

Babil and Bijou, by Dion Boucicault

First produced at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, August 29th, 1872.

PROLOGUE.

Melusine (Fugitive Queen of Fairie): Miss Ada Murray.
Mistigris (Spirit of the Earth): Mrs. Howard Paul.
Wanda (Spirit of the Water): Miss Edith Bruce.
Azurine (Spirit of the Air): Miss Alice Phillips.

Her fallen ministers and adherents.

Pragma (The Gnome Queen, usurping the throne): Mrs. Billington.
Skepsis (Her Son): Mr. J.B. Howe.

Elves, gnomes, pixies, kelpies, brownies, and all the working classes of fairy land, adherents of Skepsis.

The Spirit of *Launcelot* (a shepherd boy, the lover of Melusine): Miss Langford.

How Melusine, the Fugitive Queen of Fairyland, pursued by Skepsis and Pragma, the usurping Gnome King and Queen, confides the Regalia to the Spirits of the Air and the Water—The Arrest of Melusine—The Sylphs come to the rescue of Bijou.

SCENE I.—*A glade in the Rosewood forest. Night. An overhanging rock R.H., under which is a rude shed containing a pallet, bench, and table—A fire burning, and a Madonna cut in a niche in the rock over the pallet.—L.H. is a stream crossed by a rude bridge. In the background gigantic forest trees—through which the moon is seen.*

Music.

Enter Melusine, disguised in rags. She bears Bijou in her arms. She crosses the bridge and descends to the hut. Azurine and Wanda, similarly disguise, follow her.

MEL: We have baffled their pursuit.

AZUR: (*Looking back.*) As we entered the forest, the elfin pack, cheered on by Skepsis, topped the hill, and I fear they caught sight of us ere we reached this shelter.

MEL: Away! Azurine; hie into the air above the wood, and watch their movements.

AZU: I'll catch a bat and ride over the tree tops. (*Exit.*)

MEL: And you, sweet Wanda, Spirit of the Waters, creep down under the bank of yonder stream. If our foes have entered the forest, you will glide unobserved amidst their ranks.

WAN: I'll float down upon a water lily. (*Exit.*)

MEL: Here is the hut of Launcelot. Dear glade! The home of my love—now to awake him with a kiss. (*Enters the hut.*) He is not here—his couch is cold. (*Calls.*) Launcelot! What has taken him abroad at this hour? (*Goes out again and calls to the wood.*) Launcelot, my love, where are you? Ah! I forgot—I left my faithful Mistigris to watch and tend my darling. Where is my sprite?

Mistigris, Mistigris, where'er you be, come to me—
Nestled in some hollow tree,
Burrowed in some leafy shade,
If you be within this glade
Rouse thee—off dull slumber shake—
Mistigris—Dear sprite, awake!

Mistigris jumps out of a rabbit burrow in the root of a big tree.

MIS: Here, mistress—here—my Queen of Fairie.

MEL: A Queen no longer. My poor sprite, I bring you sad news. The working classes in fairyland have revolted. The populace of gnomes, imps, jins, and pixies, have driven out my fairy court. Pragma is proclaimed Elfin Queen, her goblin son Skepsis is Prince Royal.

MIS: But why have your subjects revolted?

MEL: Alas!—they accused me, their Queen, of loving a mortal. They watched my movements and discovered my visits to this hut, to my human husband.

MIS: Who betrayed your secret? What fair was so base?

MEL: Here is the traitor, Mistigris. My child—my darling. Bijou—my precious one. When I was driven from my palace, I wrapped her in these royal robes, and fled. Wanda, the Water Sprite, and Azurine, Spirit of the Air, my fallen ministers, shared my flight. Pursued by Pragma and her host, we sped over sea and land until we arrived here. Where is Launcelot? He has not seen our little one—his fairy child.

MIS: Alas!

MEL: Speak—why do you gaze so mournfully upon me?

MIS: For Moths past you have noticed how he wasted.

MEL: Ay, his life seemed to ebb away.

MIS: The mortal youth waned in your fairy embrace. Your sprit love consumed his life.

MEL: He is ill? Dying it may be—lead me to him.

MIS: Stay! When was Bijou born?

MEL: A month ago this very day.

MIS: At midnight? Was it not?

MEL: Ay!

MIS: At that hour Launcelot died.

MEL: Dead! Launcelot, dead?

MIS: He gave you his life—is it not there? (*Points to Bijou.*)

MEL: Dead!—Oh! Had I been mortal that word had killed me. I fled to his arms in my desolation: But he is gone from me. What is left now to Melusine?

MIS: His child. (*She leads her into the hut.*)

MEL: There—on his couch—where the shepherd boy breathed his last. (*Places Bijou on the pallet.*) Lie there, poor babe! His bier shall be your cradle. Oh! Cruel—cruel fate, to be immortal! I cannot follow him—I cannot die!

Enter Azurine hastily through the wood.

AZUR: My Queen—where are you?

MIS: 'Tis the voice of Azurine. (*Looks out.*)

AZUR: Where is the Queen? Let her escape at once!—Pragma and Skepsis, with the elfin rout, are hunting us through the forest.

MEL: What do they seek? They have my throne, let them enjoy it.

AZUR: They cannot, my liege. You have carried off the royal robes—the scepter and the diadem. They seek these, the regalia of fairy land; without these emblems of your royalty they cannot be crowned, nor clothed with your sovereign power.

Enter Wanda.

WAN: The rabble of elves and gnomes follow fast upon my heels.

MEL: (*Tearing off her rags.*) I defy them all! My person they may seize, but my power they shall never obtain! Here, Wanda, Spirit of the Waters, take my diadem. Away to your native element, and in the coral forests of the deep ocean bury my coronet.

Azurine, Spirit of the Sky, take you my robes. Let the winds carry them unto the farthest nooks of Heaven! You, Mistigris, Spirit of the Earth, bury my scepter with the dead. Begone! My foes may do their worst.

MIS: But your child—Melusine, they will kill Bijou.

MEL: They cannot! Oh! Launcelot, my own love, if my voice may reach thy spirit, come! Protect our infant. Let me suffer; but, oh! Protect our fairy child.

She falls in a suppliant attitude across the door of the hut.

As she speaks Azurine flies off into the air. Mistigris sinks into the ground. Wanda sinks into the stream, and is seen floating down under the water.

Enter Skepsis, Pragma, and a crowd of elves, gnomes, and imps. They ferret like beagles round the wood, led by Skepsis, who finds Melusine at last. Tableau.

SKEP: Perfidious Queen! You have fled before us to rejoin your mortal lover. Dethroned for your transgression, you have stolen the regalia of your forfeited kingdom. Restore those emblems.

MEL: They shall never grace the person of the usurper. Let me suffer what fate my guilt deserves. My child will live to wear them and hurl you both from my throne.

PRAG: This is folly. Your child half mortal, half fairy cannot inherit the crown and scepter of fairyland.

MEL: She can; for she has the right of election to become either. She may remain on earth, a human being, and adopt her father's race, or assume my nature and become immortal.

SKEP: Seize her, Elves! And search the forest for the infant.

PRAG: She shall come with us, and live to wed our elfin son.

SKEP: And thus confirm the dynasty of the gnomes—while you lie imprisoned in our fairy dungeons. There enclosed in a solid ruby let her lie, like a reptile in a rock. (*Melusine descends into the earth, guarded by two gnomes.*)

Pragma, who has been searching, finds the child, utters a cry of triumph in the hut, and Melusine echoes it with a cry of terror.

SKEP: Ha! They have discovered the child.

MEL: (*As she disappears.*) Bijou, Bijou.

Beckons to the crowd. Skepsis, Pragma and gnomes advance to the door.

The back of the hut opens above the couch. A bevy of sylphs descend, forming an arch over the sleeping infant. Launcelot, the shepherd youth, centre, Skepsis and the gnomes recoil.

TABLEAU.

CHORUS of protecting Spirits.

Guardian spirits o'er thee sleeping.
Spread their angel wings and charm!
O'er they bed their vigil keeping
Watch, protecting thee from harm.
Go, ye sylphs, and draw a circle,
All this ancient forest round,
Naught of mischief nor of evil
Shall within its glades be found!
Lost by Love, the old regalia,
Shall by Love recovered by;
Till that hour no base usurper
Can reign over fairie.

Time, 10 minutes.

ACT I.

Phassilis (Prince of Lutetia): Mr. Maas
Orzmarino (Admiralty): Mr. Watson
Pompano (Chamberlain): Mr. Grainger
Count Chickaforach (Finance): Mr. Moreland
Befeta (War): Mr. Jackson
Auricomos (An Idol worshipped by the Court): Mr. Lionel Brough
Pages to the Prince: Miss Minnie Edmonds; Miss Annie Brough
Typocompos (An Idol worshipped by the people): Mr. Wainwright
Hydra (His daughter): Mrs. Billington
Biceps: Mr. Gill
Weeda: Miss Vivian

Scene II- The Palace of Zanzoozee. W. Hann.

How Phassilis, Prince of Lutetia, came to lose his Throne.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—THE THRONE ROOM IN THE PALACE. *Through an immense square opening at back is seen a hanging garden, overlooking from a height the city of Zanzoozee, domes, minarets, squares, streets of white marble, sparkling with lights. Beyond the city stretches the Sapphire Bay. Galleys at anchor blockade the harbor. Over the garden hangs an immense canopy of striped pale amaranth and yellow. On the R.H. is a platform, terminating the grand staircase, with three flights of steps. On the L.H. is the throne—a long couch under a canopy. These and all the furniture in the room are of one colour—amaranth. Such is the colour of all the costumes. On the R.H. near first entrance is a telegraphic machine like a pianoforte; across it, where the music is placed, is a long sheet with one gigantic music clef on it. The courtiers are grouped about the stage. Some playing cards on the steps of the throne—some lovemaking, a pair reading poetry out of the same book, a lover is signing at the feet of his lady love—a round game of romps by a party seated on the floor. Sounds of artillery, shouts, and distant cries of battle accompany the chorus. Round a table are seated Orzmarino, Chickaforach, Befeta, Weeda.*

CHORUS, HERVÉ.—

No sighs, but those of love we know.
In Zanzoozee.
No tears, but those of laughter flow.
In Zanzoozee.
And if they do—we're not aware,
And cannot be supposed to care
In Zanzoozee.

SOLO (Males).—

We are not obliged to labour,
Why then should the poor condemn
And abuse their happy neighbor,
Who ne'er even thinks of them.

CHORUS.—

Ha! ha! ha! In Zanzoozee.
Such is our philosophy.

SOLO (Females).—

What is wisdom? What is virtue?
Leave we others to discuss;
To let nothing grieve or hurt you
Seems both wise and good to us.

Enter Prince Phassilis, preceded and followed by his Pages and Pompano.

SOLO (Phass).—

They who share not our opinions
Are to emigrate quite free;
They'll find plenty of dominions

Where unhappy they may be.
Ha! ha! ha! in Zanzoozee
That is our philosophy.
No sighs but those of love, &c., &c.

(Shouts and drums outside.)

PHASS: What noise is that?

ORZ: Your faithful mob, sire, are in arms. Your city is in their hands. What is to be done?

PHASS: Ah! The people amuses itself; let them alone.

POMP: They are burning the temples, and casting down the monuments.

PHASS: What extravagance! Pursue your pleasures, ladies. Give me a cup of coffee.

1ST PAGE: There is none, sire.

PHASS: No coffee!

POMP: For six days your palace has been besieged; we are out of coffee.

PHASS: Out of coffee! This becomes serious. Let us deliberate! Give me a cigar!

2ND PAGE: Your majesty has smoked the last!

PHASS: No coffee!—no cigars!—where is my prime minister?

ORZ: He is defending the gates against the insurgents. The mob are gaining ground. They bear aloft the idol of the people—Typocompos. We dare not fire on the Oracle.

ALL: Typocompos! The idol of the People!

PHASS: What is their grievance?

CHICK: Prosperity, sire! Their grievance is that they have none.

PHASS: Prosperity grown stale! That is a new kind of complaint!

ORZ: No, sire! Discontent is the obesity of good fortune.

PHASS: What shall we do?

POM: Let us consult Auricomos, the ancient idol of the Court. His temple lies within the precincts of the palace.

WEED: See, his cortege issues from the temple gate—he comes. (*Distant music—a march.*)

PHASS: Poor dear old figure head of the State, once the sole idol of our nation.

Enter a procession of three female acolytes, two cooks, eight dancing girls. Then Auricomos, on a velocipede chariot, propelled by two recumbent female figures, followed by three negro boys.

CHORUS.

Softly sweet in Lydian measures
Of self-indulgence sing the pleasures;
As we live so let us die
In the lap of luxury.

AURI: Bless you, my children. What can I do for you?

PHASS: Our people have revolted. We want your aid to restore peace to our city of Zanzoozee.

AURI: My son, the power that once resided in me has departed—Melusine, the guardian spirit of Lutetia has disappeared. The lovely fairy whose gentle power I wielded has deserted our temples, and I, like them, am tumbling into ruin.

PHASS: But why has Melusine withdrawn her protection from our realm?

AURI: Seventeen years ago a revolution in fairy land upset her throne—she is in exile.

ORZ: Revolution in fairy land!

AURI: Ah! It is everywhere.

ORZ: What does it all mean?

AURI: The people have taken a start at growing.

CHICK: But what are we to do with them?

AURI: Let out their clothes, and wait until they arrive at years of discretion.

ORZ: The populace have made a breach in the wall; they are pouring into the royal gardens.

BEF: Call out the royal guard to defend the palace!

ORZ: Give the word, sire, and I can signal the fleet. Give me leave to act, and I will sweep the city with my guns. I undertake to crush this insurrection in six hours.

PHASS: No; I'll reign by love and not by fear. No drop of my people's blood shall stain my royal robes! Go; some of you, and tell the leader of the movement to appear before us.

Exeunt three Courtiers.

AURI: That is my rival, Typocompos.

PHASS: Do you object to meet him?

AURI: No, not in public. But amongst idols he is regarded as a cad. A vulgar, loud fellow; anything but a gentleman.

BEF: He is here.

Enter Typocompos, Hydra, his daughter, dressed as a goddess of Liberty, four printers' devils, four Bearers, Ink bottles, Biceps, Butcher, two Smiths, and eight other followers surround a car, on which is a life-size figure dressed in white.

CHORUS.

Long live Typocompos!
The potent! The pompous!
Despotic Dispenser of praise and of blame!
Of Public Opinion
Both master and minion!
The Fountain of Knowledge! The Trumpet of Fame!

POM: Sire, let me present Typocompos, the idol of the people.

PHASS: Why does he not show his face?

AURI: He has not the face to show it.

PHASS: And who is that helpless personage in chains whom you surround and seem to lead?

TYPO: This is the great Gooroo of our temple whom we teach the people to worship. This is Public Opinion, Sire.

PHASS: But why is it a woman?

TYPO: Because it is so changeable.

AURI: Public Opinion seems to lean rather to our side.

TYPO: (*Shoving the figure into an upright position*). Here! Stand up, can't you? Come over! What are you about? Like the ancient oracles it says whatever we like, and by a mechanical contrivance we can change its colour as we please. Here, where are the strings? Now observe. (*He takes the strings and pulls them*). Monday. (*The figure changes from white to black*). Tuesday. (*It changes to white again*.) Wednesday. (*It changes to red*). Thursday. (*It changes to half red half black*). Friday. (*It changes to white and red*.) Saturday. (*He plucks at the string*.) Here, come along! Saturday. (*He plucks again*.)

PHASS: Something gone wrong inside?

TYPO: It ought to come out tricolor, come out. [*Plucks again; the figure rocks.*]

AURI: Mind what you are about, or you will have Public Opinion down on you.

TYPO: (*Looking under the figure*.) The other colours seemed to come all right, but she sticks fast at the tricolor.

PHASS: And do my people believe in that piece of machinery?

AURI: Sire, the people will believe any lie if you only tell it often enough.

Exeunt the Bearers with the figure of Public Opinion.

TYPO: I shall not notice the ribald twaddle of the debilitated old doll, but to you, Prince of Lutetia, and to your ministers and courtiers I speak. Your sloth by day, your orgies by night, are a public disgrace; we can tolerate you and them no longer. A new order of things must be instituted.

AURI: That means you want our places. Ah, the poor people! They are like waiters at a restaurant, always laying the tables for someone else to feed, and watching a repast they furnish but never enjoy.

TYPO: Silence, base minion! By your pestilent influence this court has been devoted to idle revels, and our prince encouraged in effeminate pursuits.

AURI: No, 'tis your pestilent influence over the people that breeds distrust and hate amongst the nation, for strife is the air you breathe, and discontent your sole sustenance.

TYPO: Why, you wretched old imposter!

AURI: You vulgar young humbug!

PHASS: Order! Order! Idols should never get to loggerheads. What do my people demand?

TYPO: The Temple of Auricomos must be destroyed, your ministers dismissed, your court reformed, and the hour of dinner restored to half-past one p.m.

ALL: Oh!

PHASS: What more?

TYPO: Here is our daughter, sire—what say you to her?

AURI: Is it a man or a woman?

TYPO: The people desire to see her seated beside you on the throne.

HYDRA: (*Aside.*) And my first royal act shall be to gag that intolerable old father of mine, and give him three months.

PHASS: My people dispose of my hand as if they were my masters.

TYPO: On these terms alone you may retain your throne.

PHASS: Go then and tell them that I envy the freedom enjoyed by the meanest of my subjects. 'Tis not they who revolt; 'tis I, their prince, who throw off their intolerable yoke, and rise against their tyranny. Kings are not what they used to be. There's my coronet! I abdicate!

ALL: He abdicates!

PHASS: I leave my place. Get another king. I'm sick of this puppet show of royalty.

TYPO: But, sire, you cannot leave so suddenly.

PHASS: Why not? What warding do the people give to kings whom they depose?

TYPO: But consider the inconvenience to that nation.

AURI: They want a month's notice!

TYPO: Let me return and consult with the insurgents. Give us time—we may come to terms.

PHASS: No! It is too late!

ENSEMBLE.

LE PRINCE, tenor.

POMPANO, baritone.

TYPOCOMPOS, idem.
AURICOMOS, basso.
ORZMARINO, tenor.

CHORUS.—He abdicates! He abdicates! It cannot be a fact.

PRINCE.—Why not? I recently have seen; So many sov'regins sack'd, That prudently my carpet bag I kept already pack'd.

CHORUS.—His carpet bag—his carpet bag he kept already pack'd.

TYPO.—To leave the State without a head, at such a time as this.

AURI.—It might leave him without a head, which he much more would miss.

CHORUS.—Without a head! Without a head, which he much more would miss.

ORZ.—But monarchs, sire, are scarce just now;

PRINCE.—Then what would you advise?

AURI.—For a good King of all work you at once should advertise.

CHORUS.—King of all work; King of all work we must advertise.

AURI.—Wanted immediately, a King. State age, and height, and why he left last place—the wages good; No Irish need apply.

CHORUS.—The wages good; the wages good; No Irish need apply.

PRINCE.—Address, post paid, to A B C, House of Commons, Zanzoozee.

CHORUS.—Address, post paid, to A B C. House of Commons, Zanzoozee.

Exeunt Typocompos and Hydra raging, heading their procession. The courtiers fly. The attendants of Auricomos follow Typocompos. Phassilis and Auricomos find themselves alone.

PHASS: I am free, free as a bird, to fly to the mater of my choice! Away with royalty, and welcome manhood, liberty, and love.

AURI: Take me with you. Don't leave a respectable piece of old family furniture to be demolished.

PHASS: You shall share my flight. Disguised in the liveries of two of my servants we can escape. Every night for the last three months I have emerged from this palace dressed as a gamekeeper, undetected by my own guards.

AURI: Ha! I begin to understand why you abdicated so readily. There is a woman at the bottom of this! Who is she?

PHASS: The loveliest little creature! She lives in the Rosewood Forest. I visit her cottage, where the peasants know me as Babil the gamekeeper. She loves me with a passion so pure—ah! How different from that of the ladies of my court. To-morrow was fixed for our wedding.

AURI: Wed a peasant girl—bring a rustic to your palace.

PHASS: My palace no longer. I now can descend to her cabin. Will you see her? I have her photograph here, in my royal album. *Opens it and shows Bijou.* See, it has been taken by the last new process; the figure, life-size, retains the colour and movement of the original. What do you say to that?

AURI: I'd like to have a few copies for my own collection.

PHASS: She is a foundling—the peasants have adopted her, and the simple souls believe that her presence has brought health, prosperity, and happiness to their forest home.

AIR. PHASSILIS. (*From Le Trone d'Ecosse.*)

To her who owns my heart's devotion,
What tongue or pen could justice do?
To what on earth, in air, or ocean
Can be compared to divine Bijou?
Than star, or gem, or shell, or flower
More sweet, more pure, more bright, more true!
Nor art, nor language has the power
To picture to the mind Bijou!

The ever-varying expression
Of that dear face could painters give?
The eyes that speak her soul's confession
Could sculptor make in marble live?
Of every charm a combination,
Of every grace possessor too,
Bijou!—my love!—my adoration!
There's nothing like to you, but you!

(*Shouts outside.*)

AURI: Hark! The roaring populace approach.

PHASS: Farewell, my palace; farewell, my throne; welcome, love, and liberty! (*Exeunt.*)

Enter the populace and courtiers in a confused crowd. Then Typocompos, preceding Hydra, who is carried in triumph; guards, acolytes, all Auricomo's train. Hydra is conducted to the throne amidst cries of joy.

HYDRA: Where is the prince? Where is our captive?

TYPO: Where is the idol of the Court? Bring him here, and let him be publicly broken in pieces. Where is Auricomos?

Enter Biceps and two smiths and a butcher.

BICEPS: The prince has fled.

HYDRA: Fled! Seize the commander in chief—bring me his head.

TYPO: He lost it when the people attacked the gates.

HYDRA: Phassilis—I demand Phassilis—where are his ministry?

BICEPS *and his party*: Here they are.

[
They drag forward Chickaforach, Beeta, Pompano, and Orzmarino.

HYDRA: Produce your prince—dead or alive! Until he is found you Minister of War shall get two dozen at the halberts every morning. You Lord High Admiral shall be keelhauled under the whole fleet.

TYPO: My dear child, pray moderate your transports.

HYDRA: Gag that old fool.

TYPO: Gag your father!

HYDRA: Away with him to prison.

TYPO: (*As they drag him away.*) Ah! What a monster have I begotten!

HYDRA: Will you hold your tongue, then?

TYPO: I'll do as I am bidden.

HYDRA: I give the palace to plunder and destruction. Pile up its furniture. Let fire consume this monument of our servitude. On its ruins I'll build my throne.

Chorus and wild dance, and while some of the people carouse, others prepare the destruction of the palace; an orgie, during which the glow of fire is seen to illuminate the scene.

CHORUS.

Liberty! Liberty!

Ev'ry one now is free

To do what he or she

Chooses to do.

Property's robbery!

Who has a right to be

Richer than you or me?

(Each to the other)

I, but not you!

(Uproar.)

Rank is all snobbery,

Hurrah for mobbery,

Drink to equality,

Glorious state.

What a fine world 'twill be

When in it we can see,

Nobody grand and nobody great.

(Drinking and shouting.)

END OF ACT I:

Time, 23 Minutes.

ACT II.

Bijou(a Peasant Girl): Miss Anne Sinclair

Mishmash: Miss Rose Claire

Dagmar: Miss Langford

Bruno: Miss G. Claire

Olaf: Mr. Elliot

Gurth: Mr. Lawler

Zell: Mr. Dardy

SCENE III.—BIJOU'S HUT IN THE FOREST. *W. Hann.*

How Phassilis became Babil, and how his Wedding with Bijou was interrupted. And why the Lovers set out on a Pilgrimage in Search of the Lost Regalia.

Act II.-

Third Tableau. *Bijou's hut in the Rosebood Forest.*

Music.

Enter Bruno, Mishmish, and Dagmar, dressed as bridesmaids.

DAG: (*Calling.*) Bijou! She is not here!

BRU: She must be within call. (*Calls.*) Bijou! Can she be still abed? I will awaken her. (*Runs off.*)

MISH: Asleep at this hour, upon her wedding morning!

DAG: See, here is her bridal dress—it is unfinished—what can be the matter?

MISH: She has made no preparation for the wedding feast to-day—the table is not laid.

BUR: (*Returning.*) She is not in bed, she is not in the cottage.

MISH: Where can our Bijou be?

Enter Bijou.

BIJ: I am here, Bruno.

BRU: Pale and sad.

DAG: What a face for a bride.

BIJ: Babil has not visited the forest for a week past. He who never missed a day, has left me lonely, waiting, pining.

DAG: Absent for a whole week?

BRU: Stay. Is he not a servant in the royal household?

BIJ: Yes, he is a forester.

BRU: They say the people of Zanzoozee have revolted.

BIJ: What is that?

DAG: they have attacked the palace, and perhaps Babil remains to defend his master.

BIJ: And get killed. I will go to the city at once.

BRU: Stay, Bijou; you forget that each time you have wandered beyond the edge of the forest some terrible misfortune has befallen the village.

DAG: And ever since that night, seventeen years ago, when you were picked up by old Olaf the goatherd, prosperity, health, and happiness have dwelt among us.

MISH: Stay here; all the villagers will go to seek for Babil rather than you should leave the place.

BIJ: Oh, is there no magic power in this heart to send its voice to where my love lingers?

MISH: He is coming.

DAG: Do not fear.

BRUNO: He is coming.

DUO. BIJOU and BABIL.

(With chorus unseen.)

BIJ. Sweet Echo of the forest, wake!—Repeat the name to me so dear! Babil.

ECHO. Babil.

BIJ. Oh, louder still, Babil!

ECHO. Babil!

BIJ. From tree to hill, Call, till my love shall answer make. Babil! Babil! Haste, haste thee here.

(Echo repeats Babil, &c.)

BIJ. In vain! In vain! No answering sound; No voice but Echo, rolls around.

BAB. *(In the distance.)* Bijou!

ECHO. Bijou!

BIJ. 'Tis he! My own! Be still my heart, that I may hear—

BAB. Bijou!

ECHO. Bijou!

BIJ. Peace! Rock and tree, Echo! I pray you silent be, And, let me hear his voice alone.

BAB. Bijou!

ECHO. Bijou!

BIJ. More near!

ECHO. More near!

BIJ. Hush, Echo, hush! Be dumb! Be dumb!

BAB. (*Entering.*) My love! My bride! I come. I come.

TOGETHER.—Once more I fold thee to my heart, Hence, never more in life to part.

BIJ: (*Embracing him.*) At last!

Enter the villagers. Peasants in sheep skins or other fur coats, accompanied by shepherds playing on horns, bagpipes, and pipes, all of curious forms. They dance with the girls, a kind of wild Bacchanal. Enter Olaf, a very old goatherd, playing on a shepherd's pipe. They all greet him and bring him forward. Auricomos enters with the villagers.

BIJ: Dear father Olaf, you have come to give me away.

OLAF: Who has a better right to do so. I found you an infant seventeen years ago in poor Launcelot's hut.

AURI: (*Aside.*) They little think who she is.

BRU: Since then she has been the adopted child of the village.

ALL: Yes; she is our child.

OLAF: But we give her to him only on condition he swears never to remove her from the forest.

ALL: Do you hear us?

OLAF: On that condition only. We, her fathers and mothers consent she shall become your wife.

ALL: On that condition only.

AURI: (*Aside.*) What an unanimous father and mother!

PHASS: I ask only to partake the blessing her presence brings to all.

DAG: Since she has dwelt here no one has sickened or died.

GUR: The crops have never failed.

BRU: Lovers have been true.

MISH: Husbands sober—

OLAF: And wives faithful.

AURI: A rustic millennium!

PHASS: I accept the condition.

OLAF: She brings you for her dowry this hut.

GUR: Which we, her fathers, have built for her.

OLAF: Her fields.

ZELL: Which we, her brothers, have cultivated for her.

DAG: And six new suits which we, her mothers and sisters, have woven and made for her.

OLAF: What do you bring?

ALL: Aye; what do *you* bring?

AURI: A splendid trousseau, and a wedding feast is on the way.

PHASS: My friends, I have escaped from the city barely with my life.

BIJ: Give me that!—your life; what does love want more?

AUR: (*Aside.*) Upon the honour of an idol, I would gladly exchange the worship of all my followers for the devotion of one such as she is.

OLAF: But where is the wedding feast?

BIJ: I have been so full of care I forgot all about it.

DAG: Do not trouble your dear heart. We will all go and pluck the freshest fruits.

GUR: The men will kill some game.

MISH: Come, girls, let us bring home the cows, for we shall want their sweet new milk.

DAG: Who will help me to carry here the clean white cloths for our tables?

BRU: And me to gather the knives and forks.

ALL: I—I will help—come away.

CHORUS, &c. PEASANTS:

'Tis our darling's bridal day,
Hither hasten all to pay
Homage to the happy Bride,
The forest's child! The forest's pride!
All things in it lover her—even
Bird and beast, and flower and tree,
Thrush and blackbird sing her praise,
The deer stand tenderly and gaze.
Lovingly the branches o'er her
Bows, as to a sylvan queen.
All things love her! Bless her! Horror—
Jealously ne'er scowled upon her!
With dance and song, and garlands gay,
Hail we Bijou's bridal day.

They all go out singing and dancing, and taking with them Phassilis and Auricomos. Phassilis strives to remain, but the four bridesmaids draw him away from Bijou's embrace.

BIJOU: (*Alone.*) My own—my own—he will be mine today! All mine. Ah, my pretty love-birds, you will not fight for my kisses of a morning, for they belong to another now. I have another great pet—a great big one. (*Claps her hands.*) Oh! How happy I am! What have I done to be so very, very happy? (*She sits by the fireside.*) Everyone is good to me, and they believe I bring a blessing on all I love, Dear, dear Babil, shall I bring a blessing to you?

AIR BIJOU. (*Hervé.*):

Faces in the fire
Oftentimes I see,
Fiercely some—some smilingly—
Gazing upon me!
One with strange expression,
Sweet, but sad and mild,
I could almost fancy,
Seems to say—“My child!”
Daughter of the Forest,
Me the woodmen call;
As a daughter cherished,
Loved I am by all;
Still one vision haunts me,
Waking fancies wild—

The face which, in the fire,
Seems to say—"My child!"

Soft music as Bijou gazes into the fire.

The stage grows dark. The back of the room opens, and reveals a valley of clouds, at the end of which is a brilliant star. Skepsis, Pragma, and the Elfin Court descend slowly to the stage.

SKEP: Bijou, attend.

Bijou, who has been lost in meditation, and gazing into the fire, her back turned to this movement, starts up.

BIJ: Who spoke? Who called me by my name? (*Turns and sees them.*) Who? What are you?

The music continues very lightly during the following scene.

PRAG: I am Pragma, Queen of the Elves, and this is my son Skepsis.

SKEP: We come to the rescue of a lost fairy, for you are not of the human race. Your mother, Melusine, our queen, loved a mortal; for that crime she was dethroned and condemned to prison, where now she lies, and you to live here in obscurity.

BIJ: A fairy. I—I am a fairy?

PRAG: Your unknown power has radiated joy and prosperity around you. This is the secret of your life. But now you are about to wed a mortal. We come to reclaim you.

SKEP: We come to take you away to fairy land, of which you are the Princess Royal, and heiress to the throne.

BIJ: No! No! I do not believe you. Go away. Begone; leave me.

PRAG: You do not believe us. Then you shall see one you cannot doubt.

SKEP: (*Extending his scepter.*) Five miles deep in the earth below, your mother, Melusine, lies imprisoned in a solid ruby. Enclosed like a reptile in a rock. You shall learn from her own lips the truth. Melusine, rise; come forth from your crystal bed.

The earth opens; a gigantic jewel case rises; it opens; inside is a ruby. The ruby becomes illuminated; in the interior a female form is seen embedded.

BIJ: As, I see something inside.

The ruby opens, and Melusine comes out.

MEL: Bijou, my child! (*They embrace.*)

BIJ: My mother—you my mother? You seem to be as young as I am.

MEL: Fairies never grow old.

BIJ: Oh! What joy to find a mother and a husband all in one day!

PRAG: Hold! You must renounce one or the other.

SKEP: If you consent to give up this mortal and return with us to fairy land, your mother shall be released.

BIJ: Renounce my love! Abandon Babil!

SKEP: To live in fairy land, to wield its power, and enjoy its eternal delights.

PRAG: Learn from your mother to the cruel fate of a sylph who loves a human being. Learn also the cruel destiny that awaits a mortal who loves a fairy.

MEL: He dies of the fairy embrace, even as your father died of mine. Your love will be fatal to your lover.

SKEP: Your kiss is mortal.

PRAG: Renounce this life, then—return to us, wed with our son, reconcile the races of elves and fairies, and mount the throne of fairy land.

BIJ: Oh, mother—mother—what shall I do?

MEL: They cannot wield my power until they discover my lost regalia. Go, search for them Bijou, my crown lies in the sea, my scepter is buried in the earth, my robes are hidden in the clouds.

SKEP: Vain fool; shall she succeed where I have failed? Without your guidance she cannot know where to pursue her search? Without your power how can she inhabit the sea, sail on the air, or penetrate the dull earth?

MEL: Thus I bequeath my spirit to her. Into those lovebirds I throw my power; Oh Mistigris, my faithful one, have you deserted my child?

PRAG: You call in vain. Mistigris is our prisoner, caught and condemned to inhabit the vile body of an insect; your dainty sprite crawls in some corner of the earth.

MEL: Alas!

SKEP: Away with her!

MEL: Search, Bijou, search, until you find.

She re-enters the ruby, which closes on her, and descends with her into the earth.

BIJ: Mother!

As Bijou struggles to reach Melusine, Skepsis touches her with his wand, and she falls senseless.

SKEP: The earth, the ocean, and the ethereal space we have explored in vain. We find no trace of these regalia.

PRAG: Now we have the clue.

SKEP: Where?

PRAG: There, the child of Melusine.

SKEP: Bijou!

PRAG: Her mother's last commands she must obey. Guided by fairy power, she'll lead the way to where the robes and crown and scepter lie. We need but follow and dog her footsteps.

SKEP: Fly! Ye imps, this wood surround; ye busy elves above, about this hut, disperse yourselves.

Skepsis, Pragma, and the Fairy retinue disappear; the wall closes in. After a pause Bijou rises.

BIJ: Where am I? I have been to sleep, and have fallen off my chair. Oh, what a dream I had; I remember I saw fairies, and a captive one who said she was my mother, and that Babil was a prince. Was it a dream!

MIS: *(In the chimney corner.)* No.

BIJ: Who spoke?

MIS: I did; let me out.

BIJ: Where are you?

MIS: Here, in the chimney corner.

BIJ: I hear, but I don't see you.

MIS: I am the cricket on your hearth.

BIJ: The cricket!

MIS: Let me out, go look at your love birds.

BIJ: My love birds! What do I see? Their nest is full of little silver eggs.

MIS: Break one of those eggs, and call on Mistigris.

BIJ: There then. Mistigris! (*Throws down an egg, it explodes.*) (*Mistigris jumps out of the chimney.*) Oh, what a relief.

BIJ: Where on earth did you come from?

MIS: Out of the body of that cricket. For 16 years I have lain there watching you.

BIJ: And did that egg release you?

MIS: Your mother's power is contained in them. Each egg contains a fairy command; you have but to form a wish and destroy one, and the wish will be accomplished.

BIJ: Nonsense! I have a good mind to try! What shall I wish for? Oh! I wish for a nice wedding feast all laid out for forty guests.

She throws down one of the eggs, it explodes; instantly the dresser, cupboard, bed, wardrobe, lockers advance from the walls, split or divide, and turn over in various ways, so as to form a centre table and two side tables, all covered with viands, cups, candelabra with lights burning, and flowers, Bijou frightened, runs behind a chair, and peeps out at the result.

Oh, my gracious—what have I done!

MIS: There, I told you so; but I forgot to add—that each of those eggs represents a year of your life. Each one you expend shortens your days.

BIJ: Oh! Dear! Let me see how long I have to live (*counts*), 2, 5, 8, 10!—I had 12.

MIS: You had twelve years to live.

BIJ: 17 years old added to 12 makes 29. But I spent my 29th year in a supper—well, it was the last of them all—and a long way off.

MIS: The prince returns.

BIJ: The prince. What prince?

MIS: Babil.

BIJ: My Babil a prince?

MIS: As sure as you are a fairy.

BIJ: In love with me! A poor peasant girl! Going to marry me.

Enter Phassilis and Auricomos.

Oh, if he should cease to love me when he discovers I am not a woman. I'll break an egg and wish to be a woman.

PHASS: Stop; wait until he objects.

BIJ: You know what I am?

AURI: He knows all.

BIJ: But you do not know that my love is fatal; my kiss will kill you.

AURI: Death never took so sweet a shape, murder me by degrees.

MIS: Can't you let the man make love for himself. This feast must be your betrothal, not your wedding. To-night begins our pilgrimage o'er sea and land and sky to search for the lost emblems of our fairy power; once found and united, Melusine will be restored to her throne, then Bijou will become all mortal and yours.

Enter Olaf and the Villagers laden with game, fruits, &c.

OLAF: What do I see?

ALL: A banquet.

AURI: There is the wedding feast I mentioned, and there the trousseau I promised. Take your seats, and fall to.

Music; they sit round the tables

CHORUS—"Health to the Bride."

BRIDESMAIDS' CHORUS: Health to the bridegroom and bride!

CHORUS.—Viva. What need we wish them besides?

CHORUS.—Viva. In the forest love and health
Give us happiness and wealth.
They have love; what would they more
Than of health an endless store?

CHORUS.—Viva! Viva.

ALL.—Health to the bridegroom and bride!—Viva! Love with them ever abide.—Viva!

End of Act.

Time, 20 Minutes.

Act III.-

Sunshower: Miss Shelley.

Ex-King Cod: Mr. Elliot.

His Fallen Ministers (Salmon, Skate): Mr. Gardiner; Mr. Bush

Oyster: Mr. Elmsley.

Captain Lobster: Mr. Gill.

King Octopus: Mr. Wainwright.

A Walrus: Mr. Dardy.

Oysters, Crabs, Cockles, Seals, Sea Lions, Sea Horses, Sharks, Alligators, Starfish.

SCENE IV.—*The River of Life. W. Hann.*

How the Spirit of the Earth showed to Babil and Bijou the Nine Ages of Man.

SCENE V.—*The Cavern of the Octopus. J. Johnson.*

How Skepsis and Pragma visit the Bottom of the Sea to find the Diadem.

SCENE VI.—*The Coral Grove. J. Hicks.*

How Babil and Bijou arrive in Octopia with the same object.

ACT III.

FIFTH TABLEAU.- *The River of Life. A wooded bank by which flows a stream.*

Music

Enter Mistigris leading Bijou, Phassilis, and Auricomos.

AURI: What savage place is this to which you have led us?

BIJ: Let us rest here awhile. I am weary to death.

AURI: Why don't you break an egg, and wish us at our destination.

PHASS: What! Curtail a year of her precious life?

MIS: There is nothing so selfish as an idol—he wants everything sacrificed to him.

AURI: What is a year of life! I think nothing of it.

MIS: No, because you never were young.

AURI: That is true. I am stationary! Oh, the bore of perpetuity! If Bijou would only spare me one egg, I would put an end to my continuity, and enjoy a short life, and oh—oh—such a merry one.

BIJ: There, then—there is a year of my life—take it, and be happy. (*Gives him an egg.*)

AURI: Do I indeed possess the power to become what I please? What shall I choose to be—young—lovely—(*Raises the egg.*)

MIS: Hold! You may be poor; what is the good of beauty without riches and health?

AURI: True. I'll wait and consider. (*Pockets the egg.*)

BIJ: Three eggs gone.

PHAS: One quarter of your life to come.

MIS: Squandered in a single day.

AURI: How many young people on one night's debauch spend the last years of their life to come!

BIJ: I am rested now, let us go on.

MIS: No farther; we are at our destination.

PHAS: What place is this?

MIS: 'Tis the home of Wanda, the Spirit of the Waters. I am the Spirit of the Earth, she unites me with my sister, the Spirit of the Air.

AIR—MISTIGRIS. (*Invocation to Wanda.*):
Wanda! Pure Spirit of the Waters, hear!—
Thy sister of the earth upon thee calls,
Whether disporting in some fountain clear,
Or leaping down the river's foaming falls;

Or dreamily upon its glassy breast
Floating beneath the willows.
Or bounding laughingly from crest to crest
Of the blue, deep-sea billows,
Appear! Appear! Appear!

Enter Sunshower.

MIS: You are not my sister Wanda.

SUN: I am her waiting-maid Sunshower.

AURI: Where is your mistress?

SUN: She is a captive.

AURI: A captive! Where?

SUN: At the bottom of the sea, where she went to hide the diadem of Melusine.

MIS: She searched for some obscure cavern in which to hide the fairy crown.

SUN: She discovered a dismal submarine cave, but little thought she had entered the grotto of the Octopus, the terrible sea monster. He twined his long arms around poor Wanda, seized both the diadem and its bearer. The crown gave him the power to exterminate the reigning fishes and become tyrant of the ocean.

AURI: And this fully accounts for the scarcity of salmon and the high price of cod.

BIJ: Oh, dear, what is to be done? We cannot go down to the bottom of the sea.

AURI: Even Captain Cook did not extend his tours to that country.

MIS: You must sacrifice another year of your life, Bijou.

PHASS: But if this goes on, how much of it will be left for me?

BIJ: When we unite the crown, the scepter, and the robes of fairy-land, then I can become a mortal, and my embrace will not kill you.

AURI: As we came along, I thought he took a good deal of killing of that sort, whenever you both had an opportunity.

PHASS: As she curtails her life for every egg she breaks, I'll shorten mine also by here kisses. So we may become extinguished together.

Pompano, Chicaforch, Befeata, and Orzmarino, cry outside "Froze out, froze out."

AURI: Whom have we here?

They enter.

ORZ: Your fugitive ministry, sire.

POM: Frozen out of office.

ALL: Froze out, froze out.

ORZ: You will not know your city again, sire; all is changed. The revolution has abolished all distinction in dress or in manners.

AURI: Such is the destiny of the world. All classes will be confounded. The prince will not be distinguishable from his own tailor; the peer from his own valet. Servants will wear the costumes you now are clothed in; their masters will seem to be their footmen. Lend me your wand, Sunshower! Would you behold the next generation? Your produce? Come, 1872.

He makes a pass with the wand. A row of persons, clothed in the costume of the present day, appear.

PHASS: In the name of all that is ugly, what are these? And shall we indeed come to this?

ALL: Oh! It is impossible.

AURI: You regard your progeny with wonder, but your own ancestors would look down on you with equal contempt if they could compare you with themselves. There is what you will be, now see yourselves.

He makes a pass with the wand. A row of figures, dressed as the Courtiers of Zanzoozee, appear. They regard the others with curiosity. Mistigris takes the wand.

MIS: Look back. (*Makes a pass. A row of figures dressed in the Elizabethan and preceding age, appear.*) Behold your forefathers. See with what astonishment they take your measure. Yet these again looked back upon the epoch which preceded them, and mourned their falling off from the great iron age of chivalry.

Makes a pass. A row of figures in armour appear. See, the stalwart source of royalty and peerage—the beginning of our times.

ORZ: How small I begin to feel in their presence.

AURI: Distance lends delusion to the view. They were just as small in mind as you are, and more cowards hide under their armour than under the modest grey jerkin of yonder volunteer.

PHASS: They look so grand!

MIS: Not so grand as the race of paladins that gave them birth—giants of Gaul, and demigods of the frozen North. (*He makes a pass. A row of figures in the costume of the Middle Ages appear.*) And these, the Titans, that overthrew the empire of the Caesar, were held to be but savage hordes by the great peoples that preceded them. (*He makes a pass. A row of Greeks, Romans and Egyptians appear.*) Thus flows the river of life towards the ocean of eternity. Each epoch seeming greater; nobler, than the other, till we lose the stream as it nears its source. Behold the fathers of the human race! (*He makes a pass. A row of Assyrians, Arabs, and Mongols appear.*) Still farther back show whence they came. (*He makes a pass. Two figures of Aborigines appear.*)

AURI: Where history fails, science takes up the tale. (*He makes a pass. An ape appears.*)

(Chorus and march, procession of the Ages of the Human Race.)

Thus wave after wave, Life's mysterious river Rolls rapidly on to Eternity's sea,
We scarce know what we are—and of Life the Great Giver Knows alone what we have
been, or what we may be! Then nobly—unswayed by divided opinion—Their rank in
creation let Men still maintain, Nor lend sad support to the notion Darwinian, By
making themselves into monkeys again.

End of Tableau Fifth

SIXTH TABLEAU- *The Cavern of the Octopus. Enter Lobster and several prawns and shrimps.*

LOBSTER: Ho! Where be these lazy slaves! Ho! Salmon, Skate, you scaly scoundrels!
D'ye hear me?

Enter Salmon, dressed as a cook, followed by Skate, as a housemaid.

His Majesty, King Octopus, arrives to-day. Where is the ex-King Cod.

Enter COD.

COD: Here.

LOB: You are major-domo of this palace. See that all is prepared to receive King Octopus and his imperial guests. Let nothing be wanting, or you know your fate.

COD: I shall be crimped. (*Exit Lobster.*) To what am I reduced? Once the monarch of the ocean, I am condemned to serve this ogre of the sea. My faithful ministers, too, what a fate is yours—captives—slaves—menials—I cannot bear it. (*He weeps.*)

SAL: Sire, we are proud to share your misfortune.

COD: I know it. Give me your fins. I am grateful.

SAL: You will live to recover your kingdom.

COD: Never. The season for cod is over. The tropical sea of this penal settlement has enlarged my liver.

SAL: I have not tasted a fresh river these ten years; my roe is affected.

COD: This hot water is fatal to my constitution, I feel—

OYSTER: Parboiled.

SKATE: None of your insolence.

COD: Ah! I am used to that oyster's sauce.

Enter Wanda.

WANDA: Do not despair. When Melusine fell, the world was shaken, and the dregs rose to the surface. The bottom of the sea was upturned. The kingdoms of the earth came to grief. The gnome overwhelmed fairy power everywhere.

COD: What powers can restore us?

WANDA: Peace and patience. Let the troubled waters become still, the dregs will fall once more to the bottom, and all will be clear and bright again.

SALMON: But when shall we recover our lost estate?

WANDA: When Bijou finds the lost regalia, and unites the scepter, robes, and crown of Melusine. Until then, see, I am content to serve the Octopus. I, the Spirit of the Waters am obliged to be the governess of his crawling spawn.

COD: Vile crustacean! Vermin of the sea! (*Exit Wanda.*)

Enter Octopus, Skepsis, Pragma, eight gnomes follow.

OCT: You are welcome to our favourite palace in the Indian sea. Ho! My chief cook, my butler, and my major-domo.

ALL THREE: Here, Sire!

OCT: Give me the bill of fare. (*Salmon hands it to him.*) Ha! What's here?—whale fins—boiled seal—souché of otter—what means all this amphibious diet?

COD: Sire, we are out of fresh biped, there are none left alive but those in your menagerie.

OCT: (*To Cod and the others*) Begone, ye scaly slaves, and find my fare elsewhere. See that four bipeds be provided within two hours, or, by the Great Saurian, your Cod's head and shoulders shall go to pot, and you salmon and skate shall lose six inches of your tails. Four fisheaters. I'll have them underdone, d'ye hear?—I like 'em rare.

COD: They are so, Sire;--first catch your biped.

OCT: That is your affair. (*Exeunt Cod, Skate, and Salmon. Advancing.*) Now, while we await the banquet, we will hear the object of your royal visit.

SKEP: We come, sire, to search for the lost diadem of fairy land, stolen by the fugitive queen, our predecessor; the precious crown, my inheritance, was brought into your realm. Where is Wanda, the spirit of the waters? To her care it was confided.

OCT: She is my captive, and while I hold her in my power, I wield hers. So I keep her guarded in this cavern.

Re-enter Wanda.

OCT: Here is my prisoner.

Enter Lobster.

LOBSTER: Sire, a ship has cast anchor here over your royal palace, and three human beings seem preparing to descend into the sea.

OCT: Just in time for dinner; they are welcome.

WANDA: Be not so sure of that! (*The chains fall from the arms of Wanda.*) Some free unfettered fairy power approaches. See your chains fall from my limbs? 'Tis Bijou.

The explosion of an egg is heard.

PRAG: Seize that traitor. We may yet secure the prize.

OCT: How? How?

PRAG: Bijou alone can find the crown. Let us receive her cordially—let us offer to aid her in the search.

SKEP: When found, it shall be ours!

OCT: And she shall be mine! I never tasted a fairy! Ha! Forward to the Coral forest. 'Tis there the strangers will descend.

PRAG: Hold! First let us secure that sprite, lest she betray our plot.

OCT: This cavern shall be her prison cell. Block up the entrance—guard it well.
(*Exeunt.*)

WANDA: (*alone*) Thick-headed fools, the prize you hold so dear, The diadem of Melusine is here! Here, in this cave, 'tis safely locked with me. Till Bijou's fairy voice sets Wanda free. (*Exit.*)

Enter Phassilis, Bijou, and Mistigris, ushered in by a walrus.

MIS: How do you feel?

PHAS: Delightful! After the first mouthful or two of salt water, I took to it like a fish.

MIS: The marvelous power of the egg enables us to inhabit the deep seas.

PHAS: Another year of Bijou's life gone. Eight years only remain.

BIJ: Eight years of love! Will it live so long? Where is Auricomos?

MIS: He stopped to admire the pearls that strewed our path as we crossed the oyster-bed.

Enter several oysters in consternation, followed by Auricomos, who carries two oyster-shells in his hands.

AURI: Lovely! Delicious! I never tasted finer!

MIS: Monster! What have you done? You have not surely swallowed one of the inhabitants?

AURI: Oh, lord, I have eaten a native! It never struck me in that light. Hide the traces of my crime. (*Throws off the shells.*)

MIS: Remember where you are. We are strangers in this country. Can you direct our steps towards the palace of King Octopus.

WAL: Yonder are the gates of the Royal Castle.—Here are some of the Household.

Enter Cod, Salmon, and Skate.

SAL: Ha! What are these? May I be kippered if here be not four human beings!

COD: We are saved! Biped!

SAL: In prime condition too! Ha! Yes, they will do,--these two seem young and tender.—

COD: This one will make a vol-au-vent;--but that's a tough old bird—kept too long—looks a little high—

AURI: So high your king will never get him down. I've a good mind to let the ogre swallow me.—Ha! What fun I'd have when I was inside; I'd explode my egg on his gizzard and blow him into periwinkles!

The fish dance with joy.

MIS: Foolish fish, we come to release my sister Wanda, and to restore your tribes to power. Go tell them that the hour is come when the Octopus and all the shelly monsters of the sea shall sink once more into the dark mud of mid ocean whence they crawled, and leave the bright waters to your sway. Bijou, the child of Melusine, is here.

COD: My head is safe!

SAL: My tail's secure!

MIS: Guide us to King Octopus. We will follow.

(Exeunt the Walrus, Phassilis, Bijou, Mistigris, Auricomos, Cod, Salmon, Skate.)

To reduce the length of the play, we have been obliged to omit, in representation, the following song. But Mr. Planche's lines are so powerful, I feel the reader will be obliged to me for retaining them.—DION BOUCICAULT.

SONG.

Oh, not alone in the ocean's caves or waters,
Monsters are like the fierce Octopus found.
Crawling amongst earth's fairest sons and daughters,
Such fiends in human shape, alas, abound!
Out of their dens, the graves of victims strangled,
Their fatal feelers stealthily they stretch,
Once in the deadly grasp of them entangled,
No mortal power can save the sinking wretch!
On the young guardsman, gallant, gay, unheeding,
Prodigal heir, or ill-paid struggling clerk,
So we not see some vile Octopus feeding.
Sixty per cent. Above high water mark?

Upon the turf, or a the gaming-table,
(Neither so green as those who bet or play)
In rich saloons, the ring, or e'en the stable,
Is no Octopus watching for his prey!
Are there not beings with fair female faces,
Bearing, unfortunately, woman's name,
Who daily, down with their curs'd embraces,
Drag fools from honour, duty, fortune, fame!
Cold, cruel, calculating, and rapacious,
Draining the life-blood, picking the bones bare,
And flaunting, with effrontery audacious,
Over the skeletons of men that were!
Poor eight-limbed wonder of man's vain aquarium,
What are thy deeds to those on earth we view?
In the deep sea or in its mock scenerium,
Thou doest but what instinct bids thee do.
Ah, thoughtless youth, in life's bright early morning,
Eager to plunge headlong in Folly's Fair,
Take, from the lips of age, a friendly warning,
Of the Octopus lurking there beware!

SEVENTH TABLEAU.-*The Forest of Coral.*

Enter, in procession, 8 Sharks, 8 Alligators, 6 Sea Horses, 6 Starfish, 6 Cockles and Mussels, 12 Crawfish, as Guards, with Lobster-claws Spears; then enter Octopus, Queen Turtle, Pragma, and Skepsis, Auricomos, Phassilis, Bijou.

OCT: The noble strangers are welcome to our court. In what manner may we serve them?

AURI: In this gentleman, sire, you see the most radiant Phassilis, the ninety-first prince of Lutetia.

OCT: Ho! Ah! He is welcome as the oyster in September.

AURI: A submarine equivalent for the flowers in spring. This is his bride Bijou, the daughter of Queen Melusine.

OCT: The bride? Oh! Ah! A delicate bride; she!

BIJ: (*Aside.*) How the monster eyes me.

AURI: (*Aside.*) Her Majesty Queen Turtle is ogling me.

OCT: The bride will make a souché, and I'll have the prince in a ragout.

AURI: (*Looking at the Queen.*) Tender as a chicken, I have no doubt. Ah! With a little milk-punch, what a pleasing hour I could pass with you.

BIJ: We come, sire, in search of a faithful servant, Wanda, the Spirit of the Waters, whom you retain a prisoner. I pray you to release her.

OCT: Release her! What sort of flatfish do you take me for?

BIJ: May I not see her?

SKEP: (*To Octopus.*) Beware!

OCT: Conduct them to the cell where our captive is imprisoned. They shall see her. (*Aside to Lobster.*) Once cribbed within my cavern, shut 'em up. A bride and bridegroom, ha! What a banquet.

Re-enter Mistigris.

MIS: Treason! The Octopus intends to enclose you both in the cavern where Wanda is held captive.

PHASS: Vile monster. This has been done by your command!

OCT: Ho! My guards. Seize them all.

AURI: We defy your power, thus I release both your prisoners. (*Raises his egg.*) No. (*To Bijou.*) You have the nest full; use one of yours.

BIJ: Come, Wanda! Burst from your rocky dungeon. Come!

She throws down an egg; it explodes; the guards recoil as the earth opens, and Wanda ascends. The diadem is seen on Wanda's head.

SKEP: The diadem! She has the diadem.

BIJ: (*To Octopus.*) Base and crawling creature! By the power I wear I reconstitute the empire of Wanda over the waters of the earth.

WAN: Down to the oozy deeps. Back to your native mud; your reign is over; your power has fled.

SKEP: Upon them, Octopus; a *coup d'état* alone can save your empire; strike and save your throne.

As the Octopus and his guards approach the group formed by Auricomos, Phassilis, Bijou, Mistigris, and Wanda, a diving bell suddenly encloses them; it has two great eyes. Octopus recoils.

(As the diving-bell rises the Act-drop descends.)

Time 28 Minutes.

ACT IV.

COURT OF FLOWERS:

Prince Cherry: Miss J. Anstiss

Princess Rosebud: Miss H. Massey

Otto of Roses: Miss Travers

Dewdrop: Miss Clara Shelley

Tiger Lily: Miss Vivian

Honeysuckle: Miss Poole

Grasshopper: Miss F. Coleman

Lord Pink: Miss Hervey

Water Lily: Miss Anderson

Queen Camelia: Miss Lilian Grey

Geranium: Miss Robson

Dragon Fly: Miss Meldreth

Queen Bee: Miss Vokins

Stag Beetle: Miss Manton

Heartsease: Miss Blake and Miss Morgan.

Jasmines: Miss Summers and Miss Ames.

Fuchsias: Miss Nelson and Miss Morris.

Tulips: Miss Quy and Dot Temple.

THE POPULACE OF VEGETABLES:

Tomato: Mrs. Billington.

Lord Butterfly: Mr. Fredericks

Pine Apple: Master Edmonds.

Turnip: Mr. Tellon.

Carrot: Mr. Henry.

Cabbage: Mr. Webber.

Potato: Mr. Watson.

Beetroot: Mr. Cameron.

Mademoiselle Henriette Dor (Première Danseuse of the Imperial Theatre, Moscow) Will spear in the Grand Ballet of "The Four Seasons," in the characters of "Summer and Autumn."

Mademoiselle Lavigne (from the Académie, Paris), will appear with M. L. Espinosa, as "Zephyr and Scarabee."

Scene VII and VIII.—*Garden of the four seasons. How the Vegetables and Fruits rebel against the Aristocracy of the Flowers, and hold an International Meeting. And how the*

Sceptre of Fairy Land is found. How Queen Camelia gives a grand Fête to Babil and Bijou.

GRAND BALLET.

Scene IX.—SPRING: Chorus and English Ballet.
Spring: Mademoiselle Travaille.

Scene X.—SUMMER: Chorus and Ballet of French Peasants.
Zephyr: Mademoiselle LAVIGNE.

Scene XI.—AUTUMN: Chorus and Ballet of Italian and Spanish Characters.
Autumn: Mdle. Henriette Dor.

Scene XII.—WINTER: Chorus and Ballet of Russian Characters.
Winter: Mademoiselle EMILIE DE MIORINI.

ACT IV.

EIGHTH TABLEAU.- *A kitchen garden. Night.*
Enter Princess Rosebud, followed by Otto and Dewdrop.

ROSE: Hush! Stay here. My love awaits me yonder.

DEW: If your royal mother Queen Camellia dreamed that her daughter the Princess Rosebud was sweet on a low-born vegetable, what a row there would be in the garden.

ROSE: How dare you call my Cherry a vegetable? He is a fruit and a sweet one. Are you sure no flowers observed us steal away from our beds?

OTTO: I fear the Pink was on the watch. He loves you so jealously.

DEW: Oh! If he should tell your mother you are out.

ROSE: I left Heartsease to watch his slumber.

Enter Cherry.

CERRY: My darling Rosebud.

ROSE: My sweet Cherry.

OTTO: (*Aside.*) The black-hearted fellow!

DEW: (*Aside.*) He is a perfect Bigaroon!

OTTO: (*Aside*). And they do say he has taken to the bottle. Brandy, my dear. Fancy Cherry coming to that. I have it from King Grape himself.

DEW: The fruits are all getting in to the same habit. Orange and Peach have taken to intoxicating liquors.

CERRY: I have bad news, my love. Bad news. You know how many foreigners have lately been imported into this country. Fruits and vegetables from southern climates have brought their doctrines amongst us, and spread discontent abroad among our lower orders.

ROSE: Who told you this?

CERRY: The cabbage, who though a vulgar fellow, has a good heart.

ROSE: He is godfather to one of the Roses. Well?

CERRY: He told me that an international meeting of the vegetables was to be held at his stump this very night, and a conspiracy is on foot to upset the monarchy of the flowers and to erect a republic of the vegetables.

ROSE: Who is at the bottom of this?

CERRY: Potato; he is boiling over with turbulence. He has an eye on the floral crown.

DEW: Since somebody turned him into flour, he fancies he belongs to us.

ROSE: What say the fruits to all this?

CERRY: The look down upon it; but the melon and the pine are found among the groundlings.

DEW: The melon is half a vegetable. I never thought much of a fruit that was eaten with pepper and salt.

ROSE: Dewdrop, you forget yourself. Dry up.

CERRY: I think the cucumber seduced them to join the insurgents.

ROSE: Dear Cherry, what shall we do?

CERRY: Go; wake the flowers, and warn your Queen Camellia of her peril.

ROSE: Alas! We are helpless. We have lost our good genius, the Spirit of the Earth. Oh! If she were here.

Enter Mistigris.

MIS: She is here, my Rosebud.

ALL: Mistigris.

MIS: And free.

ROSE: How glad the flowers will be to see you once again.

MIS: Tell me quick. The Gnome Queen Pragma and her son—have they appeared among you?

ROSE, DEW and OTTO: No.

MIS: Then I have won the race.

CHERRY: I am not so sure of that. Two red strangers arrived here to-day—a carrot, a tomato. They came to join the meeting.

MIS: Skepsis and Pragma, in disguise. Auricomos would delay to cook that turtle. (*Enter Auricomos.*) I knew how 'twould be! Your love of pleasure will lose us a kingdom.

AURI: That green fat was worth one—besides we dined upon a queen.

MIS: Our elfin foes are here, and by this time they may have unearthed the scepter.

AURI: Where is Azurine?

MIS: Speak, Dewdrop, where is my sister the Spirit of the Air, your mistress?

DEW: When she fled to the skies she left me with Rosebud.

ROSE: What service could she render? The fairy sceptre is hidden in the earth; that is your element—not hers.

AURI: Let her send your brothers Rainfall into the ground, passing through every cranny of the soil. Some one of them must pass the sceptre on his road to Millstream, from whose babbling Wanda can learn its hiding place.

MIS: I forgive you the Turtle.

AURI: I wish it would forgive me; she was too fond of me,--just like her sex—I showed her my partiality, and now I can't get rid of her. I say, Cherry, you have not a little brandy by you, have you?

(Enter Queen Camilla, with Bijou and Phassilis, followed by Honeysuckle, Geranium, Verbena, Pink, Jonquil, and Heartsease, and Lord Butterfly, Jasmines, Fuschias, Tulips &c.)

QUEEN C: Welcome to the Empire of All the Flowers! Your presence, fair Bijou, shall be the signal for a floral jubilee. Go, Lord Butterfly, awake my subjects—Bijou, the fairy princess—royal child of Melusine, is here.

BUT: I fly, my Queen, to obey you.

QUEEN C: And see you do not dally on the road. *(Exit Butterfly.)* He's a giddy flirt.

PINK: A parvenu; I really don't see what the flowers find in him to admire! His father was a caterpillar.

QUEEN C: Pink, I am ashamed of you! You, whose politeness is proverbial.

BIJ: May it please your Loveliness that we accomplish our errand here before we enjoy your royal hospitality.

PHAS: The sceptre we seek is buried in these grounds.

MIS: Not far from where we stand.

AURI: Has no flower ever come across it under ground?—reflect—consult your roots.

ALL: No! We have met nothing like it.

CHERRY: Nor have the vegetables—our roots have tapped no object of the kind.

MIS: Alas! I buried it below your reach; but by the wealth of Nature gathered on this spot, I know 'tis here. Leave me to search. I'll seek out Azurine.

Enter Azurine.

AZUR: She answers to your call.

MIS: My sister! *(They embrace.)*

AZUR: *(TO Bijou.)* My princess, we are your love-slaves; your bidding is our law; your pleasure is our life.

AURI: Then waste no time in reverence. The sceptre is in danger of falling into the power of the Gnome King. He is here!

QUEEN C: Here! In my realm!

AURI: Ay, here! Away with you, Mistigris, search your domain the earth.

MIS: I go, I go, To search each cranny of the earth below! (*Sinks into the ground.*)

AZUR: I into the clouds above will rise,
And send a million drops of rain as spies,
To search the under-ground in every nook.
And bring me their report unto the brook
Where gentle Wanda waits. Farewell, Bijou,
Your faithful spirits three, watch over you. (*Exit.*)

QUEEN C: Now to prepare our *fête*.

AURI: These vegetables are preparing a *fate* for you of another kind.

CHERRY: This elderly gentleman is right, madam. Your throne is assailed.

QUEEN C: By whom?

AURI: Ay, who heads the revolt?

CHERRY: The potato.

AURI: Rot the potato!

BIJ: 'Tis Skepsis has excited your subjects to rebel. He leads the movement.

LILY: What can we do against their power?

GER: They are so strong.

JON: Especially the onion.

QUEEN C: Let them send a deputation and state their grievances.

ROSE: Cherry can head it.

PINK: Let it be composed of Peach and Pear, Melon, Pine, and Pea.

CHERRY: They will not come to any terms.

AURI: Not come to terms! Then let them go to—Geneva.

Enter Stagbeetle and Grasshopper.

STAG: Madam, be quick. The whole kitchen-garden is astir.

GRASS: You have not a minute to lose. We have just left the parsley bed.

SURI: Where the infant revolution shows his head. The young Dragon.

Enter Dragonfly, &c.

DRAG: Fly, madam; their forces are at hand.

BIJ: Is there no help for you? Have you no friends? Allies?

QUEEN C: This insurrection takes me by surprise. Such sudden strange events no one foresees. I have no allies.

Enter Queen Bee.

QUEEN BEE: You forget the bees.

ALL: Queen Bee.

QUEEN B: My faithful hive you may depend,
Their own beloved flowers will defend;
The warlike wasps also, like knights of old,
Will don their helm and corslet black and gold.

BIJ: Hark! All the air's alive with buzz and hum.

QUEEN B: 'Tis my impatient body guard. They come!

Rallying of the Bees and Wasps.

BIJ: How fond they seem to be of her.

AURI: I don't envy her their attention. I prefer this Honeysuckle. (*Three bees hover round him.*) What's the matter? Get off!

CHERRY: Visitors are requested no to touch the flowers.

The three Bees carry off Honeysuckle and kiss her.

AURI: The conduct of those Bees with that Honeysuckle is a breach of all decorum.

PHAS: See yonder. The graveled paths are black with moving multitudes.

The Wasps and Bees begin to buzz, and form their ranks.

QUEEN B: Order! Stand back! For shame, you angry bees! Recover stings! Till they shall break the peace. Protect the Queen Camellia—watch and ward! And round her flowers form a body-guard.

The Queen Bee, Queen Camillia, Rosebud, Otto, Dewdrop, Verbena, Geranium, Pink, Heliotrope, Honeysuckle, Heartsease, Jonquil, and the rest go off with Bijou, Phassilis, Auricomos.

Enter a Procession of Fruits and Vegetables. Cucumbers, Cabbages, Turnips, Potatoes, Onions, Artichokes, Pears. Vegetable-Marrows, Apples, Leeks, Peaches, Melons, Pines, Oranges, Lemons, Strawberries, Tomatoes, Carrots, Plums, Mulberries, Lettuces, and Brussels Sprouts, Walnuts, with banners.

TURN: Vegetables and Fruits! I move that we resolve ourselves into a Committee of the whole kitchen.

ALL: Hear, hear.

TURN: And that our speaker Cabbage do leave the stump, and Onion take the chair.

Cabbage leaves his stump.

ALL: Hear, hear. Bravo!

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Onion takes the chair.

ALL: Bravo!

ONION: I call on our distinguished visitor from France to address the meeting.

SKEP: (*Disguised as a carrot, advances to the stump.*) The clock of Time has struck the hour of liberty, when they who sleep shall awake, and they that creep shall arise. Our day has dawned. We the useful vegetables and fruits. The supporters of the human race, have been thrust into the low places,—in the market garden and the scullery. The flowers enjoy all the places of honour in the boudoir, in the drawing-room, or carried on the breast of beauty! What good are they? Weak, useless, trifling, ornamental things; they usurp all the high offices and titles, while we hard workers, the strong, must be content to live in the kitchen, and die in the dust hole.

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Skepsis descends.

CAR: Why should not I enjoy a share of the china flowerpot on the mantel-piece?

CAB: Why should not I adorn the bosom of the fair?

ALL: Hear, hear.

ONION: Talk of the perfume of the violet—look at mine! I enter into every made dish. I am the soul of soup, and the fundamental principle of all sauce. Yet how am I disdained in private—associated with tripe—ridiculed, despised. (*Weeps.*)

CUC: That Onion brings tears into my eyes.

PRAG: What say the middle-classes to our wrongs; will the fruits unite with us?

SKEP: The wall-fruits are so intermarried with the flowers, they hesitate.

PRAG: Stony-hearted, selfish, pampered crew! They are always ready to desert at the last moment.

PINE: As king of the fruits, I declare war with the flowers.

PRAG: Providence sends that Pine to our aid.

ALL: Hear, hear! Down with the flowers!

PRAG: To arms, then, hereditary side-dishes; know ye not who would be free themselves must strike the blow!

ALL: To arms!

PRAG: Freedom for the kitchen garden! Be your cry. What else need you beside?

POT: (*Jumping on the stump.*) Justice for Ireland.

ONION: You are not in order.

POT: I never was. To the devil with your order. Two hundred years ago I was brought over from America. Bad luck to the hour! I wish I had never left Virginia.

ALL: Hear, hear.

POT: I'm going back there as fast as I can. But look at the condition of my peel—I want repealing entirely. Poverty and dirt have brought disease upon me.

PRAG: Really, we don't want to enter into this vegetable's private affairs.

ALL: No! no! no! Question! Order!

POT: I won't be put down; there's not one of yez can compare wid me. I do all the hard work of the world, and yet I'm despised.

ONION: Order!—don't excite yourself.

POT: I will if I like. What's the use of holding an indignation meeting if I can't lose my temper?

ALL: Enough.

SKEP: Our cause is ripe. The vegetables are always early risers, and first in the field. The Flowers do not awake before the dawn. To arms! Carrots, form into bunches. Onions, fall into strings. Forward!

Mistigris rises.

MIS: Hold! The Spirit of the Earth command-forbear!

SKEP: What! D'ye quail before her. She has no power over ye.

PRAG: 'Tis she who made you slaves, and kept you so, to serve here favourites-her minions. Down with her!

ALL: Down with her!

MIS: Poor foolish roots—weak leaves—you are the tools of these red strangers. They come to seek for the sceptre which is buried here amongst you—the sceptre that has raised and sustained this lovely garden all around you. Amidst your revolt they hope to seize that magic power and abolish cultivation; then you will live in the fields rude and untended, fit fodder for the beasts; and that is what yonder demagogue calls Freedom.

SKEP: Ha, she is in our power at last! Summon my elves. Fool! Do you forget that on earth I am supreme?

Enter six Elves.

PRAG: Seize upon her! Let her rejoin her royal mistress, Melusine. Back to your native earth and grovel underground.

The Elves advance upon her.

MIS: (*Extending the sceptre.*) Your power is naught—the sceptre has been found. Begone, and with thy Elves, take darkness too! Come light! Sweet Nature, wake! Welcome. (*She raises the sceptre; the scene disappears and discovers.*)

TABLEAU THE NINTH.- *The Flower Garden. Bijou, Phassilis, Queen Camillia, all the Flowers, Wasps, Bees, and Insects.*

Camellia leads Bijou to a Floral Throne R.H., Auricomos, Phassilis, Mistigris, Wanda, seat themselves round them.

Bijou, with the crown and sceptre, sits beside Queen Camillia.

GRAND BALLET OF THE SEASONS.

ENSEMBLE AND CHORUS.

Enter Spring, preceded by a chorus of children in pale green suits, and followed by a ballet of English morris dancers.

CHORUS.

Spring! Spring! Gentle Spring!
Youngest season of the year.
Hither haste, and with thee bring
April with her smile and tear.
Hand in hand with jocund May,
Bent on making holiday!
With thy daisy diadem,
And thy robe of brightest green,
We will welcome thee and them
As you've ever welcomed been!

Enter Summer, preceded by a chorus of French peasants, and followed by a ballet in cherry-coloured costumes.

Summer!—gay Summer! Child of the Sun,
Lovely and lusty, they course 'rise to run!
Come in thy glory! Come in thy might!
Gorgeous and glowing, benignant as bright.
Crowned with red roses, hast hither again.
Summer! King Summer, in splendour to reign.

From the earth rises a great black marble vase. It fills and then overflows with grapes; out of these rises the figure of Autumn. Around the vase other figures twine. Enter a chorus of Spanish and Italian peasants, and then a ballet clothed in golden-brown suits.

Autumn, right welcome art thou!
Brown are thine arms and thy brow;
But where is the monarch can mate
With Autumn in wealth or in State?
His purple and gold would be in vain
Be with those of thy grape and thy grain,
Thy house filled by plenty,
Thy cup crowned with wine,
Thy throne the full-eared wheatsheaf,
Thy canopy, the vine!

Autumn! Tawny Autumn!
What kingdom equals thine?

Enter a chorus of Russian peasants, and a ballet of skaters, then a Russian Troika drawn by six women costumed as white horses; in it is seated Winter.

Winter, welcome in thy turn,
What though in thy features stern,
Neath thy robes of ice and snow,
Thy kindly heart is all aglow!
On love and mirth 'tis thine to look
In the cosy single nook.
'Tis thine to cheer the drooping soul
With blazing log and steaming bowl.
In the house and by the hearth,
Man's best blessings have their birth!

As the above action proceeds the scene changes from Spring to Summer, to Autumn, and to Winter. Each chorus and ballet deposes its seasonable offerings at the feet of Bijou and the Queen.

END OF ACT IV.

Time 50 Minutes

ACT V.-

Aerolite: Mr. C. Harrison.
Lunar Bow: Miss Tennyson.
The Princess Fortinbrasse: Miss Helen Barry.
King Dodo(her First Husband): Mr. Watson.
Prince Phinnikin(her Second Husband): Mr. Temple.
Enpekt, Duke of Graymaria (her Third Husband): Mr. Moreland.
Phoolmeer (her Fourth Husband): Mr. Gardiner.
Boolbool: Mr. Elliot.
KoozKooz: Miss Langford.

Officers of the Princess's Life Guards.
Zemzem: Miss Annie Taylor.
Hero: Miss Berners.
Omphale: Miss Everard.
Armida: Miss Quy.
Vortex: Miss J. Anstiss.
Gorrone: Miss Ames.
Atalanta: Miss H. Massey.
Attila: Miss L. Grey.
Volscia: Miss Harrington.

Goneril: Miss Hargreaves.
Galatea: Miss Shelley.
Bellona: Miss Vivian.
Bonduca: Miss Temple.
Armadilla: Miss Hervey.
Horsa: Miss Coleman.
Fredegonde: Miss Poole.
Syphax: Miss Travers.
Lysandra: Miss Robson.

The Wild Men of the Moon, Messrs. James, Metcalf, Williams, Granton.

Scene XIII.—*THE END OF THE EARTH. How Babil and Bijou, accompanied by Auricomos, the Spirit of the Earth and the Spirit of the Air, start in an Aerial Ship on a Voyage to the Moon.*

Scene XIV.—*MID-AIR. W. Hann. How the Lunar Bow pays them a visit.*

Scene XV.—*THE MOUNTAINS IN THE MOON. W. Hann. How they enter the Zone of Melody.*

Scene XVI.—*THE SILVER CITY OF ATALANTIS. W. Hann. How the Man in the Moon is discovered to be a Woman—And the wonderful adventures of our Hero and Heroine amongst the Inhabitants of that Heavenly Body.*

Scene XVII.—*THE FORTRESS. How the Apes of the Blue Mountains revolted—And how Fortinbrasse took the Temple by assault and recovered the Robes.*

Scene XVIII.—*THE RAPTURE OF MELUSINE. W. Hann. How the Regalia was restored and united, and Bijou restores her Fairy Mother to the Throne—The Ascension of the Fairy Court.*

ACT V.- *The End of the Earth. Enter Mistigris, Bijou, Phassilis, Auricomos, Wanda, and Azurine.*

MIS: Courage. My task is done—Behold we stand upon the globe's verge. See! The busy sand and ocean wide, outstretched below us lie; above us overspread the silent sky! Here ends my realm, and here thine doth begin, my sister spirit, fairest Azurine.

AZUR: I'm in my element. Be mine the care, To be your pilot through the upper air.

BIJ: Ascend the skies!

PHAS: Above the clouds to float!

AZUR: One of these magic eggs must build a boat, A winged gondola in which we'll rise, Amongst the stars and navigate the skies.

PHAS: Another year expended! Eight are gone; Four only will remain.

BIJ: Had I but one—That one with all my love I would fill up, And only live while you should drain the cup. Then, Azurine, (*Gives her an egg.*) take my life.

AURI: It sounds like murder.

PHAS: So it is.

AZUR: How my soul bounds! I long once more to sail on the ethereal tide. Be quick, ye pow'rs, our fairy boat provide!

She breaks the egg. Thunder—A winged gondola rises.

BIJ: How lovely.

PHAS: It ought to be—it costs us dear.

AZUR: Be seated! Wanda, take the oar—I'll steer.

AURI: Stay—ere we launch—and leave this world below where we are bound to I should like to know! The sky's a wide world—where be these royal clothes where?—in what quarter!

AZUR: Heaven only knows.

BIJ: I'll solve the question, set all doubt at rest. Ye spirits of the sky at my behest, Some courier from on high, with information send.

She breaks an egg—Thunder, a mass of shining metal falls and disappears.

AURI: What's that? A stone.

AZUR: (*Looking off.*) It moves.

MIS: Ah, 'tis a sprite.

Enter Aerolite.

PHAS: Pray, who are you?

AER: My name is Aerolite, Straight from the Moon I come. Detached, I fell, At your command, obedient to your spell.

BIJ: I thank you, Signor Moonstone. Tell us where. The robes of Melusine are hidden.

AER: (*Points up.*) There.

AURI: There! Where?

AER: Yonder in the moon, among our mountains, by a comet they were flung.

MIS: Do they lie undiscovered still?

AER: Alas! They fell into the hands of Frotinbrasse, A peasant girl, who from that fatal hour, Rose from her low estate to princely power, Upsetting laws and customs, very soon—

AURI: (*Interrupting him.*) There's been a revolution in the moon!

AER: Our king, her husband, she put off the throne, And turned our social system upside down In all professions, and affairs of state, Our women rule—men are subordinate. Some fill the female offices and duties, As nurses some, but most as lazy beauties.

AURI: If all our projects could up there be sent, And in the moon tried by the experiment! How many would, approved, come back again! How many there as moonshine would remain?

AZUR: A visit to that planet we must pay.

MIST: (*In the Prow.*) Her Highness Bijou's carriage stops the way.

BIJ: (*To AER.*) Will you return with us?

They get into the gondola.

AER: I thank you,--No! I much prefer the earth. I'll stop below. Adieu. Bon voyage.

ALL: Adieu.

MIS: Up we go.

The scene descends. Aerolite disappears with it. The gondola flies amidst the clouds.

BARCAROLE.

Mistigris rowing. Bijou, Phassilis, Auricomos, and Wanda, in the gondola, Azurine steering.

Mistigris, Phassilus, Bijou, Auricomos.

SOLO—MISTIGRIS: Up! Up! The blue ether cleaving, Amid the bright stars we go. Till the dusky earth we are leaving
Itself like a star shall show.

QUARTETTE: Though clouds gather round and near us, No gloom on our hearts they throw; We have hope in our bosoms to cheer us, And love which no fear can know.
Up! Up! &c.

TABLEAU XI.- *The clouds disappear; the moon has greatly increased in dimensions.*

PHAS What's that?

AZUR: The moon. One half of our journey's past.

AURI: She's grown much stouter since we saw her last.

MIST: Look down, there swings the earth.

BIJ: That dusky ball! How grim it looks from here.

WANDA: Ay, and how small.

AURI: Europe and Asia you may frankly trace.

BIJ: See, now the clouds disperse and leave a space, Bright, clear, and sunny. What fair lands are those that lie framed in that halo of repose?

AURI: England and America, mother and son, Work divine have only just begun, And Angels clear the clouds that Heaven may see, The bloodless contest of humanity.

MIST: Forward, I say, confound your politics, The moon's our goal, on her our hopes we fix.

AURI: God save the Queen.

BARCAROLE.

SOLO—MISTIGRIS: Up! up! the blue ether cleaving, Amid the bright stars we go, Till the dusky earth we are leaving, Itself like a star shall show.

QUARTETTE: Though clouds gather round and near us, No gloom on our hearts they throw; We have hope in our bosoms to cheer us, And love which no fear can know.

The clouds close in again as before. Then disperse and discover a limb of the moon, as it might appear at a distance of 5,000 miles.

TABLEAU XII.

BIJ: How lovely! And how pure! How like a bride.

AZUR: As virgin of the skies she's deified.

MIS: Hark, in that air, what myriad sounds we hear; They seem to form the very atmosphere.

AZUR: Around the planet two great zones there be, We enter now the zone of melody,
Of all who died for love this is the rest, By such fine spirits is he zone possessed.

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS: We who in the world below, Knew of Love alone the
woe. Here its greatest bliss obtain, That of being loved again! Then loving hearts be of
good cheer; Love on! Love on! Be brave as true. What earth denies, by Heaven will here
Be given seven-fold to you!

The clouds return.

MIS: Our speed increases now.

PHAS: What may it be.

MIS: We feel the moon's attraction sensibly.

AZUR: About ten thousand miles a minute.

AURI: See below, What's that approaching?

WANDA: 'Tis the Lunar Bow

The Lunar Rainbow appears.

LUNAR BOW: Welcome, right welcome, ye spirits so fair! Thou of the waters, and thou
of the air! Like my bright sister of sunshine and shower, I'm of your kindred; but not of
your power. At your approach I appear with my bow, Around faithful lovers a halo to
throw. Welcome, Wanda, sister dear.

MIS: Our journey's done; The goal is won; Now we land gently as a bird alighting.

AURI: That sloping bank of flowers look inviting. Let's drop in there.

The gondola slides off.

MUSIC.

The clouds disappear and discover

TABLEAU XIII.— *The Palace of Fortinbrasse.—The Silver City of Atalantis.—Two sentinels on guard at the gate. Enter King Enpekt, with a satin newspaper in his hand. He is followed by a nurse, Boolbool (male), rolling a perambulator, with a child in it, Prince Phinikin and Phoolmer. One of the sentinels addresses the nurse, and flirts with him.*

ENPEKT: Have you heard the news?

PHOOL: News from the camp?

ENPEKT: The most astounding! The most incredible! Listen! (*Reads.*) “During the review a winged monster appeared in the sky, and, descending rapidly, alighted in front of the Life Guards. From its entrails four persons emerged. They announced themselves to be inhabitants of the Earth.

PHOOL: The Earth.

PHIN: Impossible!

Enter King Dodo—An ape follows him with an umbrella.

DODO: It is too true.

ENPEKT: Look there! The moment I turn my back, the good-for-nothing fellow. (*Points to the nurse and sentinel.*) My nurse flirting with a soldier! Aping the vices of their betters! (*To the Nurse Boolbool.*) How dare you encourage that young woman to address you, you shameless baggage!

BOOLBOOLL: (*The Nurse.*) Please, sir, she is my cousin.

ENPEKT: Cousin, indeed! Ah, you nurses are all alike, there’s not a man amongst you can be trusted out of one’s sight.—Mind the child.

BOOL: She has promised to marry me when she’s a corporal.

DODO: Young man, young man; you have nothing but your character to depend upon; beware of that faithless sex; their sport is our ruin.

Enter Koozkooz, conducting Phassilis, Bijou, Auricomos, and Mistigris.

KOOZ: This is the royal palace, where the princess commands you to lodge.

BIJ: I admire the intelligence of your race of monkeys; they seem to be trained to do all the hard work.

KOOZ: Monkeys! They are human beings in the last stage of degeneration.

DODO: Mankind here is gradually returning to its primaeval condition.

ENP: We lose our speech gradually, and then we subside into an animal existence.

AURI: It is very like our own world over there! I have seen many young men almost losing their speech, and sensibly dwindling into apes.

Distant trumpet calls.

KOOZ: Hark! The princess approaches the city; that is the royal challenge to the gates. Let me conduct you to your apartments, and provide you with dresses more befitting your gender.

BIJ: (*Pointing to Koozkooz.*) You don't suppose that I shall go about like that.

KOOZ: (*Going up.*) Such are my orders.

ENP: Young woman—If you entertain any regard for that unfortunate young man, keep him away from the intoxicating influence of the Court.

PHOOL: Beware of the fatal fascination of the princess.

DODO: Keep an eye on him. Man is but a weak vessel.

Distant march is heard.

KOOZ: My lords, your royal spouse approaches. You will retire to your rooms, and await her permission to appear.

The husbands exeunt.

Grand march and procession. Enter Armida, Bellona, Syphax, Horsa, Vortex. Goneril, Bonduca, Hero, Lysandra, Attela, Galeta, Atalanta, Volscia, Gorgona, Armadilla, Fredegonde, Zemzem, Omphale, and the Princess Fortinbrasse.

FORT: My brave companions in arms, your condition and discipline reflect the highest credit on your commanding officers. Your valour protects alike my throne and your homes, from whence your tender husbands and children look up to you with admiration, respect, and obedience. We deplore the occasion which calls you to arms. Arms hitherto borne with glory against my enemies must now be directed against my people. Disorders have broken out in our city of Atalantis. Where is our Chief of Police?

ZEM: (*Advancing.*) Here, your Radiance!

FORT: State your report. What new folly possesses our monkey classes? What do they want?

ZEM: A share in the Government.

FORT: What next? By our red satellite yonder, the dusky earth! Our male population will be talking of their rights next. (*To Zemzem.*) Who leads this movement?

ZEM: Two strangers, lately arrived from some unknown region, have been seen amongst the apes of the Blue Mountain rousing their tribes to revolt.

FORT: Colonel Syphax! You will proceed at once to the Blue Mountain; arrest these two foreigners, and bring them before us. (*Syphax salutes, and leads off twenty-four Amazons.*) (*Addressing Phassilis.*) Fair stranger, you will pardon my occupation with affairs of state. (*Takes his hand.*) Now I am all yours.

PHASS: Ahem! Really. I hardly know how to answer your gracious familia—I would say—your condescension.

BIJ: (*Aside.*) Her abominable effrontery.

FORT: Ask me for what your will. Accept the richest gift in my power to bestow.

MIS: The robes! Ask for the robes.

FORT: Shall it be so. They are yours! (*Phassilis bows.*) You hear and bear us witness. He has asked a boon, and we have granted it.

ALL: Hurra!

Flourish of drums and trumpets.

FORT: Give me a cup of nectarine. (*She takes a cup and drinks.*) Our royal lips have kissed the cup. Take it to him.

Horsa takes the cup to Phassilis.

BIJ: What does she mean by making those great eyes at my prince?

HORSA: He drinks, my liege; he drinks.

ALL: Hurra!

Flourish of drums and trumpets.

FORT: (*Taking Phassilis by the hand and kissing it.*) I shall send you the bouquet of white violets this evening.

PHASS: So much grace confuses me. How shall I thank your Majesty?

FORT: Your graceful confusion adds one charm more to those of which I am the slave.
(*Turns and motions to Amazons, who march off.*) Where are my aides-de-camp.

Volscia, Goneril, Gorgona, Atalanta advance.

(*She points to Phassilis.*) Attend the bride! (*Exit.*)

BIJ and AURI:} Attend the bride!

PHASS: She can't mean me!

GON: Why not?

HOR: You drank the cup!

ATAL: You accepted the gift!

ATTEL: And when you wear the white violets, the emblems of innocence, the ceremonies will be complete.

BIJ: What ceremony?

VOL: The marriage, of course!

AURI: You don't mean to tell me that we have been present at a wedding!

VOL: Certainly; what more would you require?

ATAL and BEND: Don't you see?

AURI: Here. Let me stand on my head, and perhaps I shall.

Re-enter Koozkooz with a bouquet of white violets in a salver.

KOOZ: From the princess!

He offers it to Phassilis.

BIJ: Oh, dear? What shall we do?

BEN: (*Clapping Bijou on the shoulder.*) Do! Sit down with us, and find consolation at the bottom of your first bottle. (*Bijou snatches the bouquet from Phassilis.*)

Enter Omphale.

ALL: Bravo, Major!

OMP: (*Advancing.*) Fill your cups. Ho! (*Calls.*) Wine, wine! I'm as dry as a load of hay. Whom have we here? (*Looks at Auricomos.*) Ha! A petticoat. Don't be bashful!

VOL: Major, I'll tell your husband.

VOR: The Major is a man-killer.

OMP: Don't mind those young dogs. Allow me to offer you some refreshment—a glass of nectarine.

AURI: (*Stopping her.*) No; you don't—you don't come your white violets over me. None of your emblems of innocence here.

ATAL and VOR: Courage, Major; don't retreat. For the honour of the corps, don't be defeated.

HOR: None but the brave deserve the fair.

BEN: A song, Major! Try him with a love-song! That's your forte!

VOR: Music has charms to touch his savage beast. Silence! Major Omphale will oblige.

SONG OF THE REGIMENT. (*Clay.*)
Charge your glasses, a bumper toast,
Be it morning, night, or noon,
To the First Royal Rangers
Of the Mountains of the Moon.
We are gallant lunatics,
Who fought for woman's rights,
And sent the man with his bundle of sticks
To study our new set o' lights.
The petticoat badge of slavery
We've changed for the pantaloon!
Hurrah! For the Royal Rangers
Of the Mountains of the Moon.
We are the gallant lunatics,
Who hold 'tis woman's right
To drink and smoke and go it like bricks,
But it's not good form to get tight.
So drain your glasses and fill again,
To be emptied again full soon;
Tis a way we have in the Army,
Of the Mountains of the Moon.

Re-enter Fortinbrasse.

The Officers rise and Salute. At a gesture of her arm they disappear, and curtains are lowered at the back.

FORT: (*Pointing to the bouquet in Bijou's hand.*) You have parted with my violets; do you know their import.

PHAS: Most radiant princess, I am deeply sensible of your favour, but----(*Aside.*) What shall I say.

FORT: I understand and admire your timidity.

PHAS: (*Aside to Auri.*) How shall I decline her invitation.

AURI: (*Aside to him.*) Say you have a previous engagement. Please your majesty, in the planet we inhabit no married woman is permitted a second husband until the first is dead. (*Aside.*) She will execute the lot.

FORT: What to me are the laws of yonder benighted satellite, which depends on us for light. The ceremony that binds me to that youth is irrevocable. (*Bijou bursts into tears.*) A woman in tears! For shame. This weakness is worthy only of a man.

BIJ: I love him.

FORT: And you; do you love her?

AURI: They have exchanged the white violets.

FORT: Is this true? Speak!

PHAS: How shall I answer you?

FORT: Look at us both; can you prefer that little trembling coward to me? Are you blind?

BIJ: No; but he shall be. I wish that you may hate each other.

AURI: Stop, Bijou; that egg is the last of your life.

FORT: What do you mean?

AURI: Most stupendous Princess, this is Bijou, the child of Melusine.

FORT: The child of Melusine, our beloved goddess! For seventeen years past she has not visited the moon.

AURI: She is held a prisoner in the earth by the Gnome Queen.

FORT: Our goddess a prisoner, and this girl her child.

AURI: Come hither in search of the lost robes of fairyland.

Enter Vortex, Atalanta, Horsa.

FORT: How now! What means this rudeness?

VOR: My liege, the apes of the Blue Mountains are in full revolt.

HOR: Syphax and her troops are prisoners. Led by the Gnome Queen Pragma and her son, they are attacking the city.

FORT: What madness leads the Gnome Queen hither?

AURI: To steal the robes which you found in the Mountains to the Moon.

FORT: Those sacred emblems are housed in the Temple Fortress. They clothe our goddess Melusine. Woe to the wretch who shall dare to touch the hem of her vesture.

HOR: My liege, the apes are scaling the walls of the temple. The garrison cannot withstand their onslaught.

FORT: To arms! Call out my faithful guards! Child of Melusine, come and behold how your mother's subjects can defend her Temple, and die in her cause.

Enter the Amazon Army.

Fall in. No words of mine can add fire to your souls or nerve your arms. The revelry of battle sounds from afar. Draw swords; yonder is the foe. Colonels Horsa, Vortex, and Atalanta, protect the child of our goddess. Now follow your princess to the rescue of the robes.

ALL: Forward—down with the apes—to the rescue of the robes.

Fortinbrasse leads off part of the troops. Shouts, clashing of swords, &c.

AUR: See, they engage the monsters; they fight more like demons than women; they are borne back—the princess is down!

HORSA: Fall in! Make ready to charge!

AURI: No! I see her white plume; it tops the crowd.

Shouts without.

The apes give way—they waver—they break—hurrah!—they fly!

Shouts. Re-enter Fortinbrasse bearing the robes. She gives them to Bijou. The curtains are lifted.

TABLEAU XV.- *Melusine surrounded by her fairies is seen clothed in her regalia, seated on her throne. All the characters are grouped R. and L. Phassilis and Bijou advance C. Melusine extends her sceptre towards them as they kneel to her. Skepsis, Pragma, and the Gnomes, at her feet, sink into the earth as Melusine and her court rise into the skies, discovering underneath her the clouds that bear them throughout the city of Zanzoozee.*

FINALE.

Glory to Fairyland! Hail to the hour, Of its sovereign's restoration! With the Crown of Fame, the Sceptre of Power, And the Robes of Imagination! Glory to Fairland! Faithful Fays avenge the degradation of your charming stories, your magic lays
Of the world the admiration
Glory to Fairlyand, &c.

Time, 40 Minutes. Total, with waits, 3 Hours 45 Minutes.