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# GAME OF CHESS:

A

POWERFULLY *Mis-Constructed*

*Comic Operatic Spectacular*

## BURLESQUE EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN FOUR ACTS,

BY

George E. C. Buffington,

INTRODUCING IN GORGEOUS AND NOVEL COSTUMES

THE

*Kings, Queens, Knights, Bishops, Castles,  
and Pawns of the*

**CHESS BOARD.**



PROVIDENCE:

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1875.

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KING GNOTTOBOUGM, a "decidedly bad lot," revengeful, remorseless, and cruel, the Great I Am, to whose indomitable will all knees must bow.

MARIA, his gentle and loving, but sadly persecuted sister, every inch a Queen, and yet very much a *subject* for the King's caprices.

SIR PARDOLPH, one of the conspirators, who finally turns "informer," although he is no relation of Jayne.

SIR GRYVE, a swell of the most approved type, with an unreturned penchant for his Queen.

POLLIO, King Gnottobougm's right bower, a man whose ambition led him to the brink of the precipice, and whose carelessness carried him over, a living example of the adage that "murder will out."

TARDO, a Re-publican and a sinner on a smaller scale.

SCIEPCEVICK, the generous host, who has taken out the usual license for a show, but find himself "taken in."

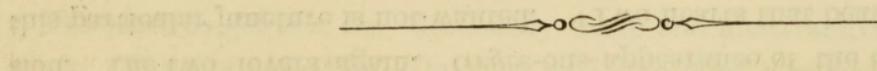
CLIENTA, his lovely bride, a little blind in one ear, but who was *won e'er* she knew it.

SIR NAEDHAM, the real hero, in love with Maria, who, by his chivalrous and doughty deeds, secured his prize at last, as heroes always do.

SIR DULLE, another handsome Knight—no telling what he might do if opportunity offered.

MORTALANDO, a dignified old party, who has not forgot how it was when he was a boy.

NEBUSCO, a plainer edition of Mortalando.



## Synopsis of Scenery and Incidents.

### *ACT 1st. The White Palace and Utopian Gardens.*

Meeting of the Pawns and the result. A horrified Bishop, and what he knew about dancing. Two Bachelors and two tales of woe. The fortune-teller. Reckless declaration. "Two souls with but a single,"—but never mind, the course of true love never did run smooth, even in Utopia. Agonizing mishap and awkward predicament. An

announcement that makes Sir Naedham's spirits *so low* that he takes refuge in a *quartette*.

### *ACT 2d. The (Penny) Ante-Room.*

The Bishops in secret council. Pollio makes a "statement," to which is added a "bill of particulars." Unlooked for interruption, and hasty exit. Grand Operatic Welcome by the host and hostess. Naughty Gnottobougm's sentiments on this occasion. The two lovers again. *Gryve-ous* appearance of the the third party, who at this particular juncture is not wanted. "Two hearts that beat as *won*."

### *Scene 2. The Banquet Hall.*

Great preparation for the dinner. How the red Knight turned blue. The effects of *encore us* on the appetite. Surprising variety of dishes—mostly empty, but here and there a little *toast*. "First appearance" of the original "Castles in the Air," which it is hoped the audience will be glad to see *realeyed*. Grand game of double shuffle, in which everybody takes a *foot*.

### *ACT 3d. Scene 1. A Drawing Room.*

Pollio in a quandary. The host in trouble, and how the lovely hostess dispelled his blues. Cruelty of King Gnottobougm, and consequent mutiny of his subjects. The plot. The letter. The counterplot.

*Scene 2. The trap laid and Pollio caught.*

*Scene 3. A Sub-Drawing Room.*

The place to get *ails*, &c., decidedly damp and unattractive. The conspirators at work. The plot unfolded. Its effect on Pollio, and how he was obliged to "brace up."

*Scene 4. King Gnottobougm's Bedchamber.*

Entrance of Pollio and the conspirators. Hairbreadth escape of the King. Sudden appearance of the Queen. Consternation! Mortification! Vexation! Lamentation! Elimination! The explanation, anticipation, realization, and grand operatic termination!

*ACT 4th. The Game-Room.*

The happy, yet wretched, pair. Personal interference of the heartless brother. Frightful collision!—but nobody hurt. Discovery of Pollio's weakness and duplicity; and of course his downfall is next in order. Fatal stabbing affray!—interrupted just in the nick of time.

**THE CHALLENGE!****THE ACCEPTANCE!****GRAND PROCESSIONAL MARCH.**

Hard fought battle, in which the killed and wounded walk out one side and breathe the fresh air to get recuperated for the next performance. How Sir Naedham won his bride, and how everybody was at last made happy.

# ARGUMENT.

—o—

AT some period, more or less remote, there lived in one of the most luxurious regions of Utopia a race of people peculiar to themselves, known as Chess.

Their form of government was monarchical, but it possessed a singular law to the effect, that in the case of a plural birth, each child was an heir-apparent, and equally entitled to the throne, while the marriage of one necessitated the abdication of the other.

Suffering the same distinctions of color as other mortals, they were divided in as many clans, each clan, however, maintaining its own king and cabinet.

Dissensions and strife were common amongst them; in fact, they formed the principal amusement of the nation.

At the commencement of our story, the aged and infirm rulers have considerably given up the ghost, leaving us a fresh lot to start with.

The young white King, (Sciepccevick) has recently married, and of course is deeply in love with his beautiful bride, (Clienta).

At the palace of the red King, (Gnottobougm) however, another picture is presented. The Queen, (Maria) is his twin sister, and her Knight, (Sir Gryve) having fallen in love with her, the King is aware, that unless he can prevent the marriage, he must lose his crown. As the prospect is not particularly pleasing, he seeks his Bishop, (Pollio) upon whose advice he relies, and asks for counsel.

This Bishop has enjoyed the confidence of the family for many years, but he is crafty, ambitious, and like Wolsey, reaching for a higher position—secretly he would be King. Therefore, he counsels the young King advantageously—for his own ends. The latter becomes morose and cruel, threatening his sister's life if she should dare to marry, but both he and the Bishop labor under an erroneous impression, as the Queen does not reciprocate her Knight's passion.

At the tournament given by the white King she becomes enamored of the latter's Knight, (Sir Naedham) and is equally beloved by him, but fearing her brother's threats, and aware that the real facts would increase his anger, should he discover them, she is very unhappy.

This fact does not escape the notice of her loyal subjects, who, being of sensitive natures, and quite unaccustomed to the brutal treatment they have received from the King, lay a plot to dethrone him, and thus free her.

An accident reveals to them the Bishop's aspirations, and naturally indignant, they resolve to punish him by turning his

desires to their own purposes. They therefore acquaint him with their design, and ingeniously lead him to think that the King once out of the way they will place him upon the throne. They thus secure his alliance to the plot, which is now turned to murder, he believing that thus supported by the people, he can displace the Queen.

At the dead of night the conspirators proceed to the King's bedchamber and are about to accomplish their bloody purpose, when they are surprised by their Queen, who having been awakened by the noise, rushes in, just in time to save her brother's life. Bewildered, she promises secrecy, and bids them depart just as the King awakens and demands the cause of her presence in his apartment. Pointing to their retreating forms, she declares a band of masked ruffians sought his life, which he now owes to her. Touched with compassion, he offers to submit to her union with her Knight and abdicate in peace. Thinking it a favorable opportunity, and hoping that his gratitude may overcome his prejudices, she tells him the true state of affairs. All his old anger quickly returns, he renews his threats upon her, and vows never to permit it.

Shortly afterwards he discovers his Bishop's duplicity, and believing Sir Naedham to have been in league with him, he draws a dagger, and in a moment of rage attempts the white Knight's life. The host now interferes to protect his Knight, the red King is disarmed, while the challenge is quickly given, accepted, and the bloodless battle on the chess-board shows the victors and the vanquished.

### CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

#### RED.

GNOTTOBOUGM.	<i>The King</i>	BASS.
MARIA.	<i>The Queen</i>	SOPRANO.
SIR PARDOLPH.	<i>King's Knight</i>	BASS.
SIR GRYVE.	<i>Queen's Knight</i>	BARITONE.
POLLIO.	<i>King's Bishop</i>	BARITONE.
TARDO.	<i>Queen's Bishop</i>	BARITONE.

#### WHITE.

SCIEPCEVICK.	<i>The King</i>	TENOR.
CLIENTA.	<i>The Queen</i>	SOPRANO.
SIR NAEDHAM.	<i>King's Knight</i>	TENOR.
SIR DULLE.	<i>Queen's Knight</i>	BARITONE.
MORTALANDO.	<i>King's Bishop</i>	BASS.
NEBUSCO.	<i>Queen's Bishop</i>	TENOR.
CASTLES and PAWNS as <i>Chorus</i> .		

# Game of Chess.

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*Just before the curtain rises, chorus of female voices, waltz movement in overture to "Poet and Peasant."*

Light, happy and gay are we,  
From care and sorrow free,  
O, thus may it ever be  
Day after day.  
Tra la, la. *And repeat, retarding, and exit.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The gardens adjoining KING SCIEPCEVICK'S palace.*  
*Rustic seat. L.*

*Enter [R. U. E.] Two RED PAWNS, arm in arm.*

*1st Pawn.* Well, here we are; we've roamed the gardens through;  
I'm nearly tired out, old boy, arn't you?

*2d Pawn.* I am. So please you, let's be seated there,  
And tell me all you know of this affair.

*1st Pawn.* With all my heart. [They sit.] Well, now, you see  
this King,

Whose guests we are, thought it would be the thing  
To give an entertainment, a parade

That would cast all his neighbors in the shade.

The times are very bad, of course you know,

But then he could afford to make a show,

Throw open his house, send out his invitations

And let friend Humphreys superintend the rations,

The idea pleased him, so he set about it

And when he told his wife, (he had to shout it—

She's slightly deaf and couldn't hear without it

But interesting though, and don't you doubt it,)

She seemed as pleased as any little kitten,

Much more than fellows who have "got the mitten,"

And said she'd do the honors, never fear,

Although they'd not been married half a year,  
 'Twas rather soon, perhaps, to give a party,  
 But wonders never cease you know, my hearty.  
 We live in a fast age, the more's the pity,  
 And pay a *heavy* bill to *light* the city.

Towards something new the city council leans.

2d *Pawn*. Is't oil or tallow candles?

1st *Pawn*. No, its *Beans*!

The husband wished to make an awful spread  
 Let cost no matter what it woud per head.  
 A very generous spirit filled his breast ;  
 But said his wife, I hardly think it best,  
 If you should lose your hold and tumble down,  
 You'll hurt your head and may be crack your crown,  
 While if you start from off the bottom round  
 The ladder's top will hold you, when it's found.  
 Allow me to suggest, an invitation  
 Be given to the red clan of our nation.  
 We'll hold a festival, a tournament,  
 And sports both rare and new we will invent.  
 He acquiesced, as all good husbands do ;  
 We're here to see the sport, and help them through.

[*They rise and come down.*

2d *Pawn*. Here comes two other pawns.

1st *Pawn*. Despairing creatures,  
 The cruel marks of war are on their features.

Enter TWO WHITE PAWNS. L. F.

1st *White P.* Good morning, friends, we're really glad to see  
 you,

2d *White*. You ain't agoing home to-morrow, be you ?

1st *Red*. Why bless you, no, we came to see the fun,  
 We'd stay forever, every mother's son ;

This place is lovely—we are quite enchanted.

2d *White*. I say, old boy, don't talk so loud. Its *haunted*.

1st *White*. His *aunt* did scare him when he was a boy.

1st *Red*. His father's hope, [To each other laughing.]

2d *Red*. Yes, and his mother's joy.

1st *White*. And that's the reason he is now so foolish.

1st *Red*. It strikes me it is getting rather coolish ;  
 What say you to a dance, will you join in ?

1st *White*. We might, but Bishop thinks it is a sin  
 To dance ; he is so strict.

2d *White*. O, he is horrid,  
 And yet his face is awful full and florid.

*2d Red.* Perhaps he's only strict when he is near you,  
For when he's quite alone—he does'nt fear you.

WALTZ. *Thousand and One Nights.*

*As they are dancing, enter MORTALANDO.* L. U. E.

*Mort.* O, O, what are you doing, tell me quick,  
[They stop; agitation of the White Pawns.]

I seem to feel my flesh with needles prick;  
You're dancing now before my very face?  
I'll hasten to the church and state the case. [Going.]

*1st Red.* Ahem! I say!—most reverend father!  
*Mort.* Sir? [Stops.]

*1st Red.* O, now I've hit it right. We might infer  
You meant to join us.

*Mort.* So I did, but knock me,  
If these proceedings didn't really shock me.

*1st Red.* [Brings him down, and slipping his arm through the  
BISHOP'S.] Perhaps you think our pastime is all folly.

*2d Red.* [Taking the BISHOP'S disengaged arm.] But we assure  
you that it's awful jolly.

*Mort.* [Looking from one to the other.] It is. I never heard of  
such a thing.

*1st Red.* You do not think it really wrong to sing?

*Mort.* [Shaking his head slowly.] No, but it leads to dancing  
as you see;

To avoid the one, [Pushes off one of the Pawns.]  
You must from the other flee. [Pushes off the other.]

*1st Red.* My Christian friend, do you enjoy your life?

*Mort.* I do.

*2d Red.* Where did you get such Quaker notions?

*Mort.* [Quietly.] Oh, they grew.  
This breast has always been serene.

*1st Red.* [To audience.] I doubt it.

*Mort.* If such is life, I'll get along without it, [Going.]

*2d Red.* But stop. Don't get along so fast. Are you sick?  
Now get a short turn back, [Jerking him round,] and face  
the music.

*Mort.* Young man! I fear you do not know my station,  
I am a holy friar

*1st Red.* Botheration!

I've got some fine old port, come, take a wink,

*Mort.* Ha! Ha! Where's Packard, [Then remembering himself,]  
Sir, I never drink,

My bark, sir, minds her helm, when in the lee,  
I never go for port when I'm at sea.

1st Red. O "that's too thin." But never mind, old rover,  
You'll want to see port 'fore the storm is over.

2d Red. It seems to me your life would be more pleasant,  
If you would let us tempt you,

Mort. Not at present.

1st Red. Come join us. Just a harmless little dance

Mort. I wouldn't, not for all the gold in France.

1st White. O Bishop, do, we'll promise not to tell.

Mort. And would you bid me walk the road to — [Drum.]

1st Red. Come, my good man, just throw aside your *scruples*  
And have a *grain* of nonsense with your pupils.

2d Red. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

1st Red. A *pennyweight* of fun at least you'll find.

2d Red. An *ounce* prevention's worth a *pound* of cure.

1st Red. Try the *Boston*, and drop your *Simon Pure*.

Mort. The follies of this life are not for us

[Aside.] Except upon the sly

1st Red. O that is worse.

Mort. What say?

1st Red. I heard aright, you can't deceive me.

2d Red. [To audience.] I thought as much.

Mort. You mean you don't believe me?

1st Red. Of course I don't, we have a Bishop, too,

He likes a merry life, and so do you.

Mort. [To White Pawns.] Well, pawns, your hands

[taking them]

And mind you keep it quiet,

I'll take a step to show what I'm spry at.

*Dances with them to refrain of waltz, when enter SIR GRYVE, a swell Knight, gotten up regardless.* R. 3 E.

Gryve. O my! [Dances a few bars with the odd Pawn, then down.] I feel so "full of light and love," [dancing ceases] I'm hungry, too, could pitch in to a dove, I'm not *squab-sided*, least I do not think so, She always tells me that, it makes me wink so, She likes to see me wink—the Queen—I mean, Although I am not *fat*, towards her I *lean*.

2d White Pawn. I'm glad to see you. [Offers hand.]

Gryve. [Taking it.] O my, quite delighted;

I couldn't bear to see a fellow slighted.

[Eyeing him.] It seems to me, my friend, we've met before.

Pawn. And so it seems to me. 'Twas at a store,

Where coffee, eggs, and sugar, flour and rice,

Molasses, oil, and everything that's nice

Promiscuously lay upon the floor.

They paid you three and a half a week,

[*Relinquishing hand.*]

No more.

*Gryve.* [Aside.] He's telling *real lies.*

*Pawn.* [Aside.] I realize it,

I never spoke the truth nor learned to prize it.

*Gryve.* [To him.] O, sir, you've made a great mistake, I fear,

[*To audience,*] What grocer's boy resembles me round here,

I am another fellow, different quite.

I'll tell you who I am.

*1st Red P.* So do.

*Mort.* That's right.

SONG: SIR GRYVE. *Music: "Cork Leg."*

I am a red Knight, as you clearly can see,  
 Bespangled with gems, like an icicled tree,  
 My head is quite light, but my heart is not free,  
 For its bound up in something that's known as a she.

A wig, a wag, a wig a wag wag,  
 A wig a wag wag, away.

When she was eighteen, she was queen at the ball,  
 So delicate, slender, so graceful and tall;  
 Her beautiful hands and her feet were so small  
 That a gingham umbrella would cover them all.

A wig, a wag, a wig a wag wag,  
 A wig a wag wag, away.

I did fall in love with this beautiful maid,  
 I asked her to have me; what think you she said?  
 O run along, Reddy, and don't be afraid  
 To open a store and solicit a trade.

A wig, a wag, a wig a wag wag,  
 A wig a wag wag, away.

But another she probably had in her eye,  
 For to me she was callous and wouldn't say aye;  
 My hopes were sunk deep, and I then became shy,  
 And never again would I venture to try.

A wig, a wag, a wig a wag wag,  
 A wig a wag wag, away.

*Enter SIR NAEDHAM. L. F.*

*Sir Naed.* "Now is the winter of my discontent"

Why is't my thoughts on her are always bent?

*Mort.* [To him.] Your brow seems clouded,

[To pawns who are laughing.] Now please make less clatter.  
[Pawns retire up.]

*Sir Naed.* I am in love.

*Gryve.* Same here.

*Mort.* That's what's the matter.

In love, [laughs] I never heard of such a thing.

*Sir Naed.* I have.

*Gryve.* So have I. Got a dose last Spring.

*Mort.* Who is the lady?

*Sir Naed.* O, I'll never tell;

I've loved "not wisely, but too well."

*Gryve.* [To Sir N., pompously.] Was she so very far above your station?

*Sir Naed.* "Go West, young man." We've quite done with inflation.

*Mort.* Describe her.

*Sir Naed.* O I can't. She was a *Goddess*,

Lovlier than Venus, and as modest:

I worshipped her; I always shall adore her.

*Gryve.* He loved above him and she was his *Flora*!

[Leaning on his shoulder.]

Preferred a *Baron* p'raps before a Knight.

*Sir Naed.* [Shaking him off.] O, no, don't *bare* on me so heavy quite.

*Mort.* Coquette, like all the rest I'll count her there.

*Sir Naed.* [Savagely shaking his fist in the *Bishop's* face.] My dukes, go, get, or off 'll come your hair. [Walks up.]

*Gryve.* [To *Bishop*.] An awful sight your pate would be un-tresseded.

Each *draft* would make you sneeze, although protested.

[Exit Pawns.]

*Mort.* [To *Gryve*.] Sir Naedham's got a miss. He don't like joking

Unless the fun at some one else he's poking;

There's evidently something on his mind

That don't exactly please him. He's a kind

That take things rather hard. It's a surprise

With perfect sight, he don't *feel loss of eyes*.

*Gryve.* Your holy office does proscribe you from  
Doing anything but that, though some,  
Dare say, having longings for a different life,  
And find it hard to do without a wife.

*Mort.* I love my fellow man, but then, kind sir,  
With my philosophy, *feel loss of her*.  
You know not what a lonely monk does suffer  
In taking on the sacred yoke. Its rougher,

Than all the Corliss engine controversy  
 Between the *Press* and *Journal*. O, have mercy,  
 And pity do, a poor benighted sinner,  
 Who, appetiteless often goes to dinner  
 Because the garment he essayed to don  
 Was useless quite. It had no buttons on.

*Gryve.* I sympathize with you. I, too, am single,  
 I know a wife would make my money jingle  
 But then if I could have the girl I'd die for  
 My life, no longer, sir, would be a *cipher*.

*Mort.* O no, because the girl would come to *naught*.

[*Aside.*] I sigh for one that's ten times harder caught.

*Gryve.* The one I'd have I fear I cannot catch  
 Her brother under me some plot would hatch.

[*SIR NAEDHAM* listens.]

And send us both to our destructi-on  
 At paces faster than I travel upon.

[*Rapturously.*] O lovely creature, beauteous one divine!

[*Raising hands.*] O live for me, I worship at thy shrine.

*Mort.* [*Touching him.*] Ascension day has not arrived.

*Gryve.* [*Pettishly.*] O bother!

*Mort.* You love her then as strong as this?

*Gryve.* Well, rather.

*Mort.* Who is the girl that you would make so happy?

*Gryve.* Our Queen.

*Sir Naed.* Ha! Ha!

*Mort.* [*Aside, laughing.*] They say she thinks he's sappy.

*Sir Naed.* Is he a *rival*? O it cannot be,

It's my *arrival* that'll let me see.

[*QUEEN MARIA* heard without, singing.]

*Mort.* What angel voice is that?

*Gryve.* It is the Queen.

She nearer comes.

[*Voice heard more plainly.*]

*Mort.* Let's go, we may be seen. [*Exit with GRYVE.* R.

*Sir Naed.* It is her voice. Her voice that greets my ear,  
 How sweet it sounds. I think she's coming here.

[*QUEEN* appears at window.]

I cannot go and quietly evade her.

Instead of that I'll stay and serenade her.

#### DUET—*SIR NAEDHAM* and *QUEEN MARIA*.

*Music*—“*When beneath my window*,”—*GENEVIEVE*; with the original words, after which *QUEEN* comes upon the stage.

*Queen.* Can you tell fortunes?

*Sir Naed.* O I have told scores;  
 If you'll permit I'll try and tell you yours.

*Queen.* [Gayly.] O that's so nice, why it's "perfectly splendid."

[*The reverse*] I wonder how I'll feel when it is ended?

*Sir Naed.* [Taking her hand.] You are a twin, a(s)sister to your brother

In governing your clan.

*Queen.* [Aside.] Some way or other.

*Sir Naed.* A woman weak you are, and so on you Your brother roughly treads.

*Queen.* [Aside.] O dear, how true.

*Sir Naed.* He quite ignores you in affairs of state, Forgetting that by law you are his mate, He tramples on your rights because he feels That he's a man, and says so with his heels. [Stamps.] He's cruel, too, and often makes you ill, By heartless exhibitions of his will.

You are in love.

*Queen.* That's wrong, you're "led astray."

*Sir Naed.* I'm sure you will be soon.

*Queen.* [Bashfully.] O, go away. [Withdraws hand.]

*Sir Naed.* I haven't told you half yet. Now I'll try

To tell you what will happen by and by.

[Takes her hand and scans it more closely.] There is a man whose face is smooth and young, Who counts himself your followers among; He's tall and handsome, harmless as a dove, And generally "full of light and love." He wears a single goggle on his eye, And prefaces expressions with "O my," His dress, it is *armorial*, and he Is a *more real* swell than General C— He has a very haw haw sort of air, But still for you he's deftly laid a snare, He'll balance up and down to get quite steady And then propose.

*Queen* Why he's done that already.

*Sir Naed.* [In surprise.] You know the one I mean.

*Queen.* Of course, my Knight.

*Sir Naed.* [Aside.] Confusion!

*Queen.* [Overhearing him.] What's the matter?

*Sir Naed.* [Putting his hand to his neck.] My collar's rather tight.

What answer did you give to this young fellow?

[Aside.] I'd like to give him one to make him bellow.

[Illustrating.]

*Queen.* What, asking questions?—thought you did predict.

*Sir Naed.* [Aside.] I'd really like to have that fellow kicked.

*Queen.* Why, what's the matter?

*Sir Naed.* [Sees he is caught and tries to turn the subject.] O, I beg your pardon.

What lovely flowers we have within this garden

O let me pick you, do, a nice bouquet

And bring you in a fresh one every day.

The fragrance of the flowers I know will cheer you,

Their odors, like my thoughts, will linger near you.

*Queen.* What! changed the subject, why you naughty man.

Now tell my fortune just as quick's you can.

*Sir Naed.* Let's see Where was I? [Thinking.] O I know, your answer;

What did you tell him?

*Queen.* There you are again, sir.

Questioning me just as you did before.

Now stop, before you get to be a bore.

You know a lady always should conceal

The woes of one who at her feet do'st kneel.

*Sir Naed.* [Seeing the point.] O ho, you won't tell me? then I'll tell you,

And all I tell you now, I'll swear is true.

This nice young man, [Aside.] I've mentioned that before, [Aloud.] You simply liked him as a friend. No more.

I see another, quite a different face,

And that'll be another sort of case.

*Queen.* Who is it? Tell me, is he dark or fair?

*Sir Naed.* He's light. Now look and see if you see him.

*Queen.* [Looking off.] Where?

*Sir Naed.* He wears a knightly armour, much like this,

And how he longs to greet you with a kiss.

[Appropriate by-play.]

*Queen.* A knightly kiss. Of course I'd tell him nay.

[Aside.] But then, I think I'd like one every day.

*Sir Naed.* He'll be here soon, and tell you all himself,

And I know what you'll say, you little elf.

*Queen.* And if I love him—

*Sir Naed.* [Earnestly.] As I hope you will.

*Queen.* I'm destined to remain a maiden still.

*Sir Naed.* O, why these cruel words? They are not true?

*Queen.* [Sadly.] They are, alas! [Changing.] But never mind. Will you

Do me a favor?

*Sir Naed.* Yes, but tell me first

The story; for I—I must know the worst.

*Queen.* Particularly interested, ar'n't you?

*Sir Naed.* The man's my nearest friend. O, tell me, can't you.

His form is just like mine, and in his face  
 The features here you see, you'd quickly trace.  
 His gait, his action, manners, all combined,  
 In me, the very counterpart you'll find.  
 O tell me, "Queen of Hearts." [She hides her face with her  
 fan at this compliment.] Don't raise your fan;  
 [Drops on one knee.] My bird, I love you, and I am that man!

[Voices without. QUEEN runs off. R. F., as enter L. U. E., POLLIO, TARDO and SIR PARDOLPH.]

Tardo. Hallo! Is this the way he takes his ease?

What is he doing there upon his knees? [Sir N. rises.]

Pollio. Why, that's an easy way of getting cold.

Tardo. You don't say so?

Pollio. Yes, so I have been told.

Sir Pard. [To Sir Naed.] Why, man, you're trembling like a  
 leaf. Trouble up?

Speak out. You twig? And let your tears bubble up,  
 Confined they won't be. Is'n that quite true?

Sir Naed. O I can find no sympathy with you.

Pollio and Tardo. Within this breast, O, sick and suffering  
 brother.

You'll find the tender feelings of a mother,  
 We minister to many minds diseased.

Pollio. Directly after dinner.

Tardo. When appeased  
 Our appetites become.

Pollio. Tell us your woes.

[Aside.] We'll witness now his agonizing throes.

Sir Pard. He's been proposing. That was the posish—  
 By looks of things she didn't grant his wish.

Sir Naed. O gentlemen, your cruel jests have been  
 Against the royal person of your Queen.

Tardo. O murder! [General Confusion,]

Sir Pard. [To Pollio, falling in his arms.] Support me.

Pollio. [Letting him down.] I'm very weak,  
 I can't.

Tardo. And I'm so scared that I can't speak.

Sir Pard. We very,

Tardo. very

Pollio. humbly

Tardo. beg

Sir Pard. your pardon.

Pollio. And hope

Sir Pard. towards us

Tardo. your feelings

Sir Pard. will not harden.

Each one bowing.

*Sir Naed.* Enough, my friends, there's nothing now to frighten you.

*Pollio.* [To *Sir Naed.*] You're in the dark, perhaps, and we'll enlighten you.

I'll ask a single question, then proceed.

Is't our Queen's hand you seek?

*Sir Naed.* [After some hesitation.] It is.

*Tardo.* [Looking at each other.] Indeed!

*Sir Pard.* [In surprise, speaking together.] You heed!

*Pollio.* Know then, that she can never married be;

She single stays. It is the King's decree,

He doesn't care to lose his crown, you see,

Makes her his slave by keeping her thus free

It is his will. Of course she must obey.

[Aside.] If he swallows that, I'll call for my back pay.

*Sir Naed.* She has an equal right with him?

*Pollio.* I know.

*Sir Naed.* Then hasn't she a right to have a beau?

*Pollio.* And see him vanish into their air oh,

Dear, no, the King would quickly take his life

Or her's.

*Sir Naed.* Or her's?

*Pollio.* She'll never be a wife.

[*SIR NAEDHAM walks R. The others cluster together, L. and consult.*]

*Sir Naed.* There is some trickery and meanness here,

Won't let her marry? That is very queer

Subjection by her peer! It's usurpation!

It's a disgrace, a stain upon the nation.

I love the maid, aye, better than my life,

I'll make her free, and she shall be my wife.

[*The others come forward.*]

*Pollio.* To soothe your wounded heart, we would suggest

Another plan. Perhaps you'll think it best,

There is the Countess Naada. She's as fair

As any one that you'll find anywhere.

*Sir Pard.* Aristocratic, very.

*Sir Naed.* That is true,

But then her age.

*Tardo.* She's only forty-two!

MALE QUARTETTE. *Music composed expressly for this piece by Robert Bonner, Esq. [Without accompaniment.]*

We know a little beauty,

A countess and a belle,

A maiden fair, with jetty hair,

Whose age 'twere hard to tell.

O, you would never guess it,  
For everybody tries.  
Just twice a year, without a fear,  
She regularly dies.

All covered are her wrinkles,  
Enameling beneath,  
Her lips so red, are quite as false  
As all her pearly teeth.  
This is a portion only  
Of all her little arts,  
If you're close by, and seem to pry,  
Just notice how she starts.

3 Voices. { We'll let you in the secret  
Known only to us few,  
This maiden fair, with jetty hair,  
Is only forty-two.  
1st Tenor. { To such they recommend me,  
It makes me rather blue,  
A maiden fair, with jetty hair,  
And only forty-two.  
3 Voices. Then your attentions turn to her.  
1st Tenor. I do not think she'll do;  
3 Voices. Keep up your fortitude my boy.  
3 Voices. She's only forty-two.

END OF ACT FIRST.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in KING SCIEPCEVICK's palace. Table and four chairs. R.*

*Enter C. D. MORTALANDO and NEBUSCO, carrying baskets of food and wine. They seat themselves at the table. Enter POLLIO and TARDO, who are welcomed and seated also.*

*Mort.* A little time to ourselves now we'll have,  
It is a thing that even Bishops crave.

[*They arrange dishes, glass, &c., on the table.*]  
Here is good health to all, [Holds up glass.]  
Companions bold. [They drink.]

*Tardo.* A song.

*Neb.* Polly sings us the "Monks of Old."

**SONG. POLLIO.** *The Monks of Old.* [With the original words, chorus at end of each verse, after which POLLIO comes down.]

*Pollio.* Well, "here we are again" as you perceive.

Sir Naedham loves Maria, I do believe,  
If she loves him, as possibly she may,  
I'll have to change my tactics right away.  
I've noticed some of late, that there's not been  
Congenial feelings 'twixt our Knight and Queen;  
But does she love Sir Gryve? Aye, there's the rub,  
I hardly think she does. She calls him "bub,"  
And plays with him as if he were a toy,  
Or nothing more important than a boy,  
Now if she were to marry, don't you see  
The King would have to abdicate. But he  
Is young and just ascended to the throne,  
He's not much willing to give up his own,  
At least for her—he doesn't see the point,  
But if I get the chance then out of joint  
His nose shall go. I'll use my little wiles  
Here, [putting his hand on his heart.]

I am black, but here, [pointing to his face,]  
I'm always smiles.

I want the throne myself—I would be King,

Build new hotels and all that sort of thing,

[*A knock is heard,*]

When once upon that throne I'd banish fear,

But how I'm going to get there's not so clear,

O well, I'll watch and wait and be discreet

Something will turn up or I shall be beat.

[*Knocking heard again.*]

Somebody knocks, 'twont catch them napping. [Pointing over his shoulder to the other Bishops who have been putting away their bottles, &c., in haste.]

[*Knocking.*] Hear it?

A rap will set them (*w*)rapping up their spirit.

[**MORTALANDO** and **NEBUSCO** with their baskets run off, R., accidentally hitting POLLIO.]

They're *spiritualists* as you can see,  
For they can't go past without *Joslin* me.

[**TARDO** comes down and takes POLLIO's arm.]

*Tardo.* Let's go before we're caught.

Caught, O dear!

[*Exit, L.*]

*Enter C. D. a White Pawn.*

*Pawn.* No one answered my knock. [*Looking round.*]

There's no one here. [*Exit.*]

*Enter all, except Castles, arm in arm, colors sandwiched, first the Pawns, then the Knights, then the Bishops, and lastly the Kings and Queens, all except Host and Hostess, R., they L.*

*King S.* Kind friends, we bid you welcome to our palace,  
We're neighboring clans and should live free from malice.  
From envy, spite, and other jealous feelings,  
Our clanly love should be shown in our dealings.  
And so for this I've brought you here together,  
To roam about and wear out your shoe leather.  
To eat and drink, to laugh and take your ease,  
And to be just as merry as you please.  
Stroll from the wine vault up into the dome,  
Where'er you go, pray make yourselves at home.

DUET—*KING SCIEPCEVICK and QUEEN CLIENTA.*

MUSIC—“*Nay, bid me not.*”—*Don Giovanni.*

*King.* Pray, make yourselves at home, then,  
While with us you do stay;  
And kindly us remember  
When you have gone away.

*Queen.* Give up all care and sorrow,  
Be happy while you may  
Let all be bright and merry  
On this our gala-day,  
On this our gala-day.

*King.* The time we will pass gaily.

*Queen.* We will promenade each day.

*King.* Up and down Westminster street.

*Queen.* Or ride in that “one hoss shay,”  
Or ride in that “one hoss shay.”

*King.* Here then, here then,  
Pray make yourself at home, do.

*Queen.* While with us you do stay.

*King.* Of course you'll not regret

*Queen.* Having a holiday.

*King.* So make yourselves at home, then,

*Queen.* While with us you do stay.

*King.* The time will we pass gaily,

*Queen.* We will promenade each day,

*King.* Up and down Westminster Street,

*Queen.* Or ride in that "one hoss shay."

*King.* Now this is our Programme.

*Queen.* Yes, clan and clan uniting,

*Both.* We will allow no fighting,

But live in joy and peace.

*King.* Come, friends.

*Queen.* Yes, friends, our friends.

*King.* Our friends.

*Chorus.* Yes, clan and clan, &c.

*All except KINGS AND QUEENS, SIR NAEDHAM, POLLIO and SIR GRYVE* *exeunt, C. D.*

*King G.* [Stepping down to footlights.] Allow me to observe, now no one's round,

A harder man than I am can't be found.

When I ride out I drive a handsome span,

As ————— or any other man.

I wear good clothes but never pay my bills,

I sponge the cloth and that my conscience stills.

Go out of town on Sundays for a spree,

With other people's money making free.

One day last week I met a little boy,

In Featherbed Lane, and he did me annoy,

By sitting down and begging for a story.

I stabbed him, and thus made an alley gory.

I don't like boys. I don't like anything

But self and power. Well, happily I'm King;

My supreme right there's no one to dispute,

Except the one I keep down with my boot. [Clienta sits, L.

COMIC SONG—KING GNOTTOBOUGM. *Music—"He Vowed He Never Would Leave Me."*

Yes, I know I'm a very bad man;

In a horn, you will mourn,

When I tell you as plain as I can,

They all wish I had never been born.

I am noted for conduct severe,

And I grow, as I know,

Decidedly worse every year,

Over which I am happy to crow.

But I set all the world at defiance,  
On my Bishop I place my reliance.  
Tudlecome, tudlecome, tudlecome,  
Tudlecome, tudlecome, tudlecome, tay.

Now my sister, Maria, the tit,  
Has a beau, that is so,  
But then, if I a marriage permit,  
Right off of my throne must I go.  
But I'm not such a fool as to do  
All of that, for the brat.  
I have no tender feelings, it's true,  
For I am not that kind of a cat.  
So I set, &c.

[*Omit Tudlecome.*]

*Sir N.* Mark me, I'll hinder you.

*Gryve.* I'll get the wind of you.

*Maria.* Do not be cruel I pray.

*King G.* [Turning.] Thank you, you helped me out on the last line,

Now p'raps you'll help me to a glass of wine, [Waits.]  
No wine. Now *why* in the deuce do they refuse, eh?  
I wouldn't take enough to make me boosy,  
But just a little for my stomach's sake  
Of S—T—1860—X, by *Drake*'  
So bitter seems the world to me of late  
Feel half inclined myself to take a mate;  
I'll walk around a bit. Try to discover  
If some fair damsel does not want a lover.

[*Circulates himself.*]

*King S.* [To his wife.] My dear, [She being a little deaf, does not at first hear him; he raises his voice.]

I wish that you were not that way.

*Clienta.* Can't help it, love, what were you going to say?

*King S.* I must absent myself.

*Clienta.* O, please don't go,  
For when you're gone I am so lonesome.

*King.* Pshaw!

I'll soon be back, I'm only going to pin a  
Little notice up about the dinner.  
Excuse me, friends, I merely wish to say  
Our dinner hour is six o'clock each day.  
The dining room is just across the hall,  
And plenty large enough to seat you all.  
I'm going to leave you now in my wife's care,  
When the gong sounds I hope you'll all be there. [Exit, L.]

POLLIO and SIR GRYVE R., the others L.

Gryve. O my, I feel so "full of light and love,"  
I'm hungry too, about this time, by Jove  
I'm always happy when I hear the dinner bell,  
[To Pollio, poking him in the ribs.] And quite as much as  
you, old sinner.

Pollio. Well,

Gryve. I never get up hungry.

Pollio. That is right.

Gryve. You often get up with a happy t'ight.

Clienta. [To Maria.] Why, what a handsome man your  
brother is,

I think I never saw so fine a phiz.

[SIR NAEDHAM and MARIA walk up.

King G. [Approaching her.] You flatter me.

Clienta. [To King G.] A little louder, please.

King G. O, I perceive, I'll talk in sharper keys.

Clienta. [Drops fan.] Now that was purely accidental.

King G. [Makes a bungle in picking it up.] Yes?

Clienta. [Aside.] Not natural for him to stoop, I guess.

King G. Ah, may I write a line, here is a space.

Pollio. That's slightly out of character, your grace.

King G. [Savagely.] No teaching, sir, of yours I want just  
now.

Pollio. I wish he'd hold his tongue, I fear a row.

Gryve. O my, "give us a rest." [KING writes on fan.

Pollio. [To Gryve.] I will, with pleasure,

What will you have it in—a bushel measure?

King G. [Handing back fan.] I had no time to do it very neat,  
Nor much to say, but couldn't go off beat.

Clienta. [After reading.] A noble sentiment, my hand in token,  
[Offers hand.] That friendship 'twixt our clans may ne'er  
be broken.

King G. O what a plump, soft hand, I'd often make  
A lengthy run to dwell on such a shake.

Pollio. These jokes on music are too dry, by far,  
They make me want to see the double bar.

Clienta. What is the time?

King G. It lacks of five, a quarter.

[She does not hear him and he repeats louder.

Clienta. O, I heard that.

King G. Well, I should think you ought'er.

Clienta. Well, then, we've time to take a little jaunt,

[Rising.] We'll walk around the gardens.

King G. [Aside.] O, I can't,  
I must make some excuse. What shall I say?

Such yelling will bring on diptheri-a.

[*To Clienta.*] I'd like to go but I'm not very strong,  
Suppose instead, I sing a little song. [QUEEN bows assent.]

SONG—KING GNOTTOBOUGM—*Music—“Looking Back.”*

Two years ago my father died;  
To me he left his lands and crown,  
I'm now possessed of acres wide,  
Power, honor and renown.  
And long before he died did I  
In secret long his crown to wear,  
And often thought I'd like to try  
That life in which I saw no care.  
Looking back to childhood days  
A pleasant scene before me lays,  
Now my life, I'm free to say,  
Is full of trouble every day.

Now, dear young friends, take my advice,  
For I have once been “through the mill,”  
Before you wish or speak think twice,  
And never try your time to kill.  
Improve each hour—let well enough  
Alone, and keep your conscience clear,  
I hope you all won't be as tough  
As I have been this many a year.  
Looking back, &c.

[*During the song SIR GRYVE casts longing glances at QUEEN MARIA and attempts to go to her, but is held back each time by POLLIO.*]

*Clienta.* That's charming. Let us go and find the King,  
He ought to know how nicely you can sing.

[*Exit with KING G. L. F.*

*Continued by-play by SIR GRYVE and POLLIO, they finally exit  
R. 3d. SIR NAEDHAM and MARIA come down.*]

*Sir. N.* Dear Queen, have I been too presumptive; say  
But one word, you'll change this knight to-day.  
Dispel the clouds that lurk around my brow,  
Make bright my life, much brighter than 'tis now,  
O, touch the tender chord within my breast,  
By those sweet magic words, the dearest, best.  
I know I'm but a Knight, it's very true,  
But really, I cannot help loving you.

[*SIR GRYVE opens door in flat and looks in.*

Queen. Sir Naedham, my brother's selfish trait  
 Has seemed more terrible of late,  
 Than e'er it has before. I do not think  
 The last few nights I've slept a single wink.  
 I've been thinking of —

Sir N. Well,

Queen. Of —

Sir N. What—of me.

[*Folding her in his arms.*] O precious dove!

Queen. [After a moment.] Can anybody see.

Sir N. O, no, we are alone. I'll guarantee.

Queen. O, if he should come in and catch us here,  
 How I should tremble. 'Tis his wrath I fear.  
 This is his very sorest point. [Exit GRYVE.] What's that?  
 I thought I heard a step.

Sir N. [Looks.] Only the cat.

And I have not made quite so bad a guess;

I thought you loved me; [tenderly,] don't you, darling?

Queen. [Softly and very shy.] Yes.

Sir N. I'll find a way and we will married be,  
 In spite of him, and his unjust decree.

Queen. My life he's threatened if I dare accept  
 An offer. Forms have chased me if I slept.  
 That seemed like hideous creatures from below;  
 And all because he's raved and threatened so.

I never cared for Gryve, although he's been  
 A good and faithful Knight unto his Queen.

And if my brother's threats then moved me thus,  
 Why, now they'll make me feel a great deal worse.

Sir N. Cheer up, my pet; I'm sure the time will come,  
 When you and I will share a common home.  
 We'll put our trust in Providence, and fate  
 Will surely guide us to that happy state  
 Of matrimony. Why, it's nearly six,  
 And time for dinner.

Queen. [Hurriedly, in alarm.] Let me go and fix  
 My hair. Oh, quick; say, is it coming down,  
 Does it look'd ruffled? [Putting hands to her head.]

Sir N. No, saved by your crown,  
 And now before we go, Maria, dear,  
 Say once again thou lovest me.

Queen. What here?

DUET—SIR NAEDHAM and MARIA. Music—“Tell me Again.”—  
 Pasquale.

Say once again thou lovest me,  
 Say that thou wilt be mine;

My heart beats only love for thee,  
 I worship at thy shrine.  
 We will deceive the King to-day.  
 And our proceedings he'll not stay.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Banquet Hall.*

Enter several WHITE PAWNS with table, tablecloths, dishes, &c.  
 They set the table. Gong sounds. Enter all except SIR GRYVE and the Castles.

GRAND CHORUS. *Music.*—“Heaven to You.”—*Martha.*

We will all sit down to dinner,  
 We'll do honor to our host,  
 To the viands we'll do justice  
 And we'll drink to every toast.

*All sit except the PAWNS, who wait on the others. QUEEN MARIA at the right corner. Any impromptu conversation that may suggest itself can be indulged in here, for a short time.*

Enter SIR GRYVE, R, very forlorn, pulls at QUEEN MARIA'S dress. She turns and motions him to a seat at the table, which he declines—he sinks on his knees at her side.

DUET—SIR GRYVE and MARIA. *Music*—“Maid of Athens.”

*Sir Gryre.* Maid of chess, why need we part?  
 Take, O take me to thy heart,  
 Love, O love me just a mite  
 Make me not a cloudy Knight.

Hear my woe,  
*Queen.* O, go 'long.  
*Gryve.* Hear my woe;  
*Queen.* Now do go 'long.  
*Gryve.* My dearest Queen, I love you,  
 O let my pleadings move you;  
 Hear my prayer, O maiden fair,  
 And drive me not away.

Ever since you were a child  
 You I've loved, but put it mild;  
 Had I known this match was brewing  
 I'd have sold myself for blueing.  
 Hear my woe, &c. [Change without interlude to

ARIA—MARIA. *Music—“My Dear Little Hubby”—Pasquale.*

My dear little Knighty,  
Now don't be so flighty,  
Be patient, forgiving and think of your ma;  
I'll give you a cookie  
And a nice picture booky  
And take you to ride in an Olneyville car.

[*Laughter among the guests.*]

King S. [To King G.] My dear fellow, that is too good.  
Speaking of jokes, have you seen my jesters?

King G. No, but I'd just as leave.

King S. [Aside.] Another, he's an inveterate punster. [Aloud,]  
Well you shall see them and hear them, too.

King G. Good. I have not the slightest objection to being  
amused.

It promotes digestion.

King S. [To Pawn.] Naperto.

Nap. Hear, Your Majesty.

King S. Naperto, call in my jesters, and tell them we are in a  
humor to be entertained.

Nap. Yes, Your Majesty.

[*Exit c.*]

King S. These are the most comical fellows in the world.

King G. Descendants of Yoric, I suppose?

King S. Well, yes, I suppose they are. Most probably the con-  
nection is a little distant, though. But here they come;  
you shall judge for yourself.

Enter NAPERTO with the CASTLES. [*Comic business.*]

King G. [Rising.] Jesters, indeed, why these are castles.

King S. They are, the original and veritable *air* castles, that  
everybody has helped to build. You included, I take it?

King G. To my sorrow, yes.

[*Sits.*]

Nap. [Calling off.] Ten paces forward, advance!

1ST CASTLE steps to front of stage, each following in turn as  
orders are given. They drop their windows and call the roll.

MALE QUARTETTE—CASTLES. *Music—“Sneezing Catch.”—  
Paxton.*

If hungry my nose, why not give it some ease,  
Your box for a pinch; just a pinch if you please;  
For believe me, 'tis pain and a pleasure to sneeze.  
[*Castles back.*]

HARMONIZED CHORUS—“*I'd Choose to be a Daisy,*” and “*Skida-  
malink.*”

NEBUSCO *at R.*

O dear, what is this feeling,  
 So softly o'er me stealing?  
 Entrancing music pealing,  
 My senses ravished are.  
 Could it have been the sherry  
 So quickly made me merry,  
 And turned me jolly, very,  
 And so peculiar.

SIR PARDOLPH *at L.*

Together.

O here and there, and everywhere around this little nation,  
 We'll stroll about where'er we like, we'll have no hesitation.

A week of fun, without a dun, must be a nice sensation;  
 No washerwoman hanging round with small vituperation.  
 And if we see a pretty girl who wants a sly flirtation,  
 Why backward we will never be, we'll have deseculation.  
 And should we fondly of it grow by much ingemination,  
 We'll call our friends around to celebrate our adunation.

CHORUS, *all down, F.*

{ RED. O here and there, &amp;c.

{ WHITE. O dear, what is this, &amp;c.

Dance and colored lights.

END OF ACT SECOND.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A drawing room in the Palace. POLLIO discovered at a table L. writing. Evening.*

*Pollio.* The die is cast. It's all up with our Queen.  
 I'm old—that I confess, but I'm not green,  
 I have not got glass eyes. My sight's not dim,  
 And so I see that young *lass* sighs for him.  
 The case stands thus: That if the Queen should marry,  
 The King no longer on his throne would tarry,

His stepping "down and out" would please me much,  
 For then I seem to see within my clutch  
 The throne on which I long to sit. But why?  
 The Queen's still left that throne to occupy.

[*Folds up his papers, leaving one on the table, rises and walks slowly out, C. D. in meditation.*]

[*Enter KING SCIEPCEVICK. he sits at table in a petulant mood.*  
*Soon after enter Clienta.*]

*Clienta.* O here you are. Why, I've been looking for you everywhere.

*King S.* [Abstractedly.] You have.

*Clienta.* Just now I saw you  
 Come here. You see I quickly followed you,  
 And left them all. You're looking ill.

*King.* [With Emphasis.] I'm blue.

Discouraged. I'm disgusted with the cheek  
 That's been displayed here during the past week,  
 There's nothing safe from that King's ruthless hand;  
 He struts about as if he owned the land.  
 No less than forty pheasants he has shot,  
 And threatened to annihilate the lot.

He's frightened all the pigeons from the cotes,  
 And fed the lion several times with goats.  
 He culls the flowers for button hole bouquets,  
 In quantities to suit. I've seen him raise  
 An inoffensive rabbit by the ears,

[With emotion.] And pinch him till his little eyes were  
 filled with tears. [Clienta conceals her emotion behind  
 a handkerchief.]

But he is not much worse than all his band,  
 For they on little ceremony stand.  
 Examples set, they do not hesitate,  
 To follow them, and I must say, I hate  
 To speak about these things in public, so  
 I meekly swallow all. I think I'll go  
 And punch somebody's head.

*Clienta.* O please don't pout,  
 It don't improve you, dear.

*King.* [Snappishly.] Go way, get out!

*Clienta.* Why, my dear Sciepcevick; I'm thunderstruck;

[Handkerchief again.]

*King.* I did not mean to be so cross, my duck,  
 [With increasing voice to end of line.]

But I'm provoked, enraged, disgusted, mad,  
For guests to act this way is quite too bad.

*Clienta.* Well, if you speak that way, I shall be blue.

[*Handkerchief.*

*King.* I beg your pardon, dearest, but this stew  
I'm in has made my blood just boil. My dear,  
Come sing me something, and my spirits cheer.

[*The QUEEN may here introduce any song in which she will be  
most likely to do herself justice.*]

*King.* Ah! many thanks, already I feel better,  
You see you're always making me your debtor;  
Your voice and presence influence me so,  
I very soon forget my care and woe. [*Voices heard without.*]

[Enter, one after the other, and falling on their knees at KING  
SCIEPCEVICK'S feet, the RED PAWNS.]

*1st Pawn.* Protection, O your Grace, extend to us.  
Save us!

*2d Pawn.* O save us from this awful muss!

*King S.* Well, what is this? What is the matter now?

*3d Pawn.* O, sir, our King is raising such a row.

*4th Pawn.* He's striking right and left, no matter where,  
For age nor sex, he doesn't have a care,  
Just now he knocked me down.

*5th Pawn.* And me.

*6th Pawn.* And me.

*7th Pawn.* He's getting just as bad as he can be.

*8th Pawn.* I never saw him as he is to-day.

*Enter C. D. KING GNOTTOBOUGM.*

*King G.* What's this? Get up. [*Striking at a Pawn.*]

*1st Pawn.* O don't, my lord, I pray.

*King G.* Get up now, every one of you, you hear?

'Tis I your master am. You'd best revere

The man to whom you look for bread and cheese,

Or I will send you all where you won't freeze.

*King S.* [Rising.] My Lord— [*Pawns rise.*]

*King G.* Shut up, and don't you interfere.

*King S.* [Aside.] That's good to begin with.

*King G.* [To King S.] Now just see here,

I rule this band myself, you intermeddling lout.

*King S.* [Aside.] As I'm of no account I might as well step  
out. [*Exit with CLIENTA, L, 3D.*]

*King G.* Where's my Bishop? His hide I'll have to tan.

## Enter POLLIO. R. 3D.

*Pollio.* Here I am, sir. You see the "coming man."

*King G.* You'll give these men the lash for disobeying My orders. [3D PAWN takes from table the paper accidentally left by POLLIO.]

*Pollio.* Well, sir, would you mind conveying The number, sir, of blows for each? Your wish shall Be carried out by the proper official.

*King G.* As they've always been accustomed to plenty, Just march 'em out and treat 'em each to twenty.

*Pollio.* If they've offended you—been very naughty, That isn't half enough, say, make it forty.

*King G.* [Savagely.] Do as I bid. Attend you to my wish, [Shaking fist in his face.] Or I will upset your kettle of fish. [Exit, R. F.]

[POLLIO cringes and bows low.] *Pollio.* [Looks at Pawns.] It strikes me I've a lengthy job before me,

[Looks.] I hope they won't get mad and try to floor me.

[Produces bottle.] Well, here is luck. [Drinks.]

I need a little bracing,  
If I have got to give them all a lacing.

[As he recorks bottle and puts it away.] Come here, you vagabonds, I say. Fall in!

[They get into line.]

[SIR PARDOLPH and GRYVE are about to enter C. D. they pause.] Stop!

Now keep so still that I can hear a gum drop,  
You're ordered twenty lashes on your backs  
For being caught in several wicked acts,  
Exactly what, I'm not prepared to state,  
They've been so very numerous of late,  
But that's enough for you, so forward, paddle!

[Gets nearly off R. F. and turning, finds no one has moved.] Why don't you come along? See here, now, sad'll,  
Be your circumstances if you wait

I'll give you all a double dose, you great—

1st Pawn. [In a tone of command, interrupting him.] We've heard enough of this and we won't stand it.

[SIR PARDOLPH and GRYVE unperceived come down to back of Pawns. R.]

Be off, or we'll rebel! [POLLIO comes back to Pawns with a very menacing air, discovers GRYVE and SIR PARDOLPH, who intimate to him in pantomime that he had best retire, —he suddenly changes tone and manner.]

*Pollio.* [To Pawns.] If you command it. [Exit, R. F.  
*Sir Pard.* [Coming forward.] Pawns, I am going to make a proposition.

*1st Pawn.* Name it. [The others cluster around him.]

*Sir Pard.* That you shall change your sad condition.

*Gryve.* O my!

*2d Pawn.* I wish we could.

*Sir Pard.* I'll tell you how.

[Mysteriously.] Meet me at twelve o'clock—

*3d Pawn.* O tell us now.

*Sir Pard.* [The same.] No one must hear.

[Looks cautiously around.]

*1st Pawn.* [The same.] No one.

*Sir Pard.* [In a loud whisper.] Dethrone our King! [Chord.]

*4th Pawn.* Whoever heard of such a wicked thing?

*Sir Pard.* Aside from all he's done to us, you know,  
We must not see him treat his sister so.

*Pawns.* [Shout.] Long live the Queen!

*Sir Pard.* Yes, she's indeed our friend;  
Why shall we not to her deliverance send?

*Pawns.* We will.

*Sir Pard.* Then all of you meet in an hour  
Down in the cellar, underneath the tower  
Of the left wing.

*1st Pawn.* No one can hear us there.

*Sir Pardo.* In secret we'll this dreadful deed prepare.

*3d Pawn.* [Handing the paper to SIR PARDOLPH.]  
Just look at that!

*Sir Pard.* [Looking at it.] Ha! ha! by Pollio signed,  
Why, where did you this open letter find?

*3d Pawn.* 'Twas lying on the table.

*Sir Pard.* I will read it;  
If it concerns the church, of course we need it.

[Reading.] Dear Commodore. [Looking up.] Why, it's to  
Henry C.;

[Reading.] You'll be surprised, perhaps, to hear from me,  
As I am getting old and rather gray,  
But I shall die a King, I hope and pray.

[Looking up.] And I'm aching to get that knave at bay.

[Reading.] I've got a little plan in preparation,  
And if it works, 'twill much improve my station.  
Young GNOTTOBOUGM, my friend, I really think,

Is standing very close upon the brink  
Of a precipice; and he'll soon go over,  
When I shall wear his crown and roll in clover.

If I can only fix the Queen to suit me,  
And no one else here rises up to boot me.

[*Folding it.*] A pretty piece of business, I declare.  
I'll show it to him.

*1st Pawn.* Won't it make him stare.

*2d Pawn.* Let's take him in our plot.

*Sir Pard.* A good idea.  
He would'nt dare refuse.

*3d Pawn.* Get him to steer  
The job.

*Sir Pard.* Hush! this we must a secret keep;  
[*Bell strikes twelve.*]  
Now towards the rendezvous in silence creep. [*Exeunt. R. F.*]

*Enter C. D. the KINGS and QUEENS.*

*King S.* 'Tis midnight now; King and Queen of the red;  
The time our household —

*King G.* Say it.

*King S.* Go to bed.

QUARTETTE—KINGS and QUEENS. *Music—“Good Night.”—*  
*Martha.*

*Queen M.* Midnight bell.

*Queen C.* Midnight bell.

*King S.* Midnight bell.

*All.* Midnight bell.

*King S.* Good night, most royal party,

You have had your evening bite.

Ah! pray see no sprites nor goblins

In your slumbers. Good night.

*Clienta.* You will find the servants waiting

In the left wing—no, the right,

Call on them for aught you're wanting,

Wish you happy dreams. Good night.

*King G.* Good night, yes, good night, good night.

Where's my light? O where's my light?

Say, Maria, have you got some matches?

[*To Maria.*] Come, be starting. [*To host and hostess.*] Good  
night, good night.

*King S.* The stars shall all watch over thee,

And the moon shall lend her light;

May'st thou sleep well. Good night. [*Scene closed in.*]

SCENE II.—*Enter POLLIO, L. F. Fumbling about his clothing.*

*Pollio.* Where did I put that letter? It is funny,  
I wouldn't lose that for a crowd of money,  
I wonder where it is. [*Still searching.*]

Enter SIR PARDOLPH, R. F.

Sir Pard.

Lost something?

Pollio. [Hesitating.] Yes—a—no.

Sir Pard.

Better throw your wish up.

Pollio. What wish?

Sir Pard. What wish? the wish to be our King.

Pollio. Why, man, I never dreamed of such a thing.

Sir Pard. Perhaps you didn't, but look there and see

[Handing paper.] The proof of your intended villiany!

Pollio. My letter! O I'm dished, I'm done, I weaken,

Bright hope no longer shines within my beacon.

Bury me on the hill-side *very* deep,

The bottom's all knocked out.

[Blubbers.]

Sir Pard.

You needn't weep,

You may die a King yet.

Pollio.

The prospect's poor.

Sir Pard. Well, as to that, I am not quite so sure.

Pollio. Don't tantalize me, now I'm in your power.

Sir Pard. I do not mean to. [Goes up to him; soft music.]

Look, within the hour,

Our clan as mutineers together meet,

To oust our cruel King.

Pollio.

Eh?

Sir Pard.

Then his seat

[Significantly.] Will be vacant.

Pollio. [Becoming interested.] The Queen, however, stays;

No getting rid of her.

Sir Pard. [With a knowing nod.] We have our ways.

We are the power behind the throne.

Pollio. [Thinking.]

Chess so.

Sir Pard. Come down and talk it over.

Pollio. [With returning hope.] It's a go! [Exeunt R. F.

SCENE III.—*The conspirators in the cellar.*—“O Summer Night.”—Pusquale—played piano in orchestra. The RED PAWNS scattered about the stage asleep. They snore an accompaniment. SIR GRYVE C. on an old tub. Stage dark.

Sir Gryve. [Gaping.] O, my! it's time that Sir Pardolph came back.

1st Pawn. R. I guess I'll take a little smoke. Say, Jack, [Reaching out to him.]

Wake up. It's so dark I can't see to light

My pipe. Got a match?

2d Pawn. [Handing it.] Here. [Two raps on door R. C.

1st Pawn. [Rising.] Two raps. All right.

[Enter SIR PARDOLPH and POLLIO R. C. POLLIO takes a survey of the room R. C. while SIR PARDOLPH goes L. C. All wake up and centre around him.]

*Sir Pard.* [In a loud whisper.] The bird is caged. The plot we'll now unfold; [Dumb show.]

*Pollio.* It's damp unpleasant here, I shall catch cold.

What a queer room it is. [Shivers.] O there's a crack, 'Twill send the rheumatiz all down my back.

I'll slip down on this floor. Just see the mould.

The slippers that you *buy* are seldom *soled*.

As heavy as I'd like to have them quite,

For such a place as this they're much too light.

I wish I hadn't come. 'Twill make me ill.

*Sir Pard.* [Coming down R.] Bishop, this night, our King, sir, you must kill.

*Pollio.* I'm struck with awe! [GRYVE comes down R. and slaps him on the shoulder.] Or something else.

[SIR PARDOLPH slaps him on the left shoulder.]

Creation!

This is a very striking situation.

*Sir Pard.* [Holding him.] This night he dies.

*Pollio.* [Looking from one to the other.] Which knight? It seems there's two.

[Struggling.] Release me long enough I'll settle both of you.

You didn't mention murder.

*Sir Pard.* Well, we've changed our mind. The other plan won't do so well, we find,

'Tis but a moment's work—a knife you jab in. [Illustrating.]

*Pollio.* And I'm so unaccustomed, sir, to stabbin'.

*Gryve.* But say, old coon, we'll go along to back yer.

*Sir Pard.* And bar the doors so the police can't track yer, Now swear that you the King will make away with.

*Pollio.* [Throwing them off.] Be gone! You've picked up the wrong tool to play with,

I'll never use edged instruments in strife,

And be hedged in behind the bars for life.

*Sir Pard.* How long would you perform your task diurnal If that [Producing paper.] was published in the *Morning Journal*?

*Pollio.* [Falling on his knees between them, voice trembling with emotion.] O dear sirs, if you'll only call this square And let me go. I want to take the air.

*Sir Pard.* This letter is sufficient proof of guilt, Wilt do this job just as we bid?

*Pollio.* [In subjection.] I wilt. [Rises.]

I say, come hitherward, my little Pawn

[3d PAWN goes: *c him.*]

[*Aside to him.*] I want a cherry cobbler. Make it strong  
[*Exit PAWN.*]

[*To Sir Pard.*] But how about the Queen? I'm not a fool,  
When he is gone, she'll still be left to rule.

*Sir Pard.* She don't amount to much—how could she stand  
Opposed by all the people in the land?  
When we *arise* in all our power and show  
Her how we do dictate a *raze*, you know,  
You'll see how you *arose*.

*Pollio.* Precisely so.

*Enter PAWN with cobbler, POLLIO drinks.*

[*Laughing and smacking his lips.*]

I'll engage quarters in some nice hotel  
To spend "the season" at. I'll be a swell.

*Gryve.* You can.

*Pollio.* Promenade Fifth Avenue in style,  
And for this mitre, [*Taking it off.*] Might I wear a tile?

*Sir Pard.* You may.

*Pollio.* Hurrah! I shall be happy yet,  
Hang out a sign—Bishop's office to let.

[*Suddenly.*] No, I won't, [*to them*] One thing more I've  
got to tell,

You know the office I'm in now?

*Sir Pard.* Yes.

*Pollio.* Well,

I don't want to give it up.

*Sir Pard.* Want 'em both?

*Gryve.* Well, you're a greedy man, upon my oath.

*Pollio.* I'll wear the crown you know, but I implore  
You'll let me boss the church as heretofore.

I attend to other jobs some, you're aware,

But principally, interest is there, [*They hesitate.*]  
'Twill save the bother of a new election.

*Sir Pard.* Well, don't too often take up a collection,  
We're poor now, having but recovered lately  
From the panic by which we suffered greatly.

[*Pollio is jubilant.*]

*Pollio.* I want another cobbler. [*Pawn goes.*] Not so fast,  
[*In his ear.*] I want this cobbler stronger than the last.

[*Exit Pawn.*]

[*Aside.*] I'm in their power and must do as they wish,  
 Although I must confess this is a dish  
 Not to my taste. I did not contemplate  
 To kill the King and thus disgrace the state  
 And church as well. [*Shakes hands with SIR PARD.*]  
 We are fast friends.

*Sir Pard.* That's so.

*Pollio.* Remember, too, that you are not to blow  
 On me if I should fail to settle him forever.

*Sir Pard.* We're in the same boat and we'll sink or swim  
 together. [*Pawn brings cobbler to POLLIO, who drinks.*]

CHORUS. *Music—“Conspirators”—Madam Angot.*

We are a band of conspirators,  
 We are plotting now, much against the laws,  
 But on one another we'll ne'er go back,  
 In a body go, for the attack.  
 Softly and silently creep we in,  
 Face covered up, all except the chin;  
 Each one to act as he sees fit,  
 And there our bloody crime commit.

[*POLLIO assumes command and marches the conspirators out, R. C. military step.*]

SCENE IV.—KING GNOTTOBOUGM's bedchamber. *The King's robes and crown discovered on a chair, L. Bed in flat with curtains drawn. Enter POLLIO, R. F., with an immense wooden dagger, SIR PARDOLPH, GRYVE and the PAWNS following, all masked. Stage dark. Introduction of chorus in orchestra.*

*Pollio.* Is this a dagger, jack-knife or a razor  
 That I'm about to stick into our Kaiser?

I have thee tight, and yet I see— [*Looking round.*]  
 How still it is.

*Sir Pard.* [*Nervously.*] Don't falter now, come hurry up and  
 do the biz.

*Pollio.* Art thou not, brother conspirator, sensible  
 To feeling that this thing is reprehensible?  
 Or art thou like the city tax assessors  
 Who always have their Webb in which to catch us?  
 [*At the bed.*] I have thee yet. Lie still, O King, and snore.  
 [*King tosses.*]

While I this carver run to thy heart's core.

Ha! Ha! he stirs—he wakes—I see him move,

[*Moves a step away.*]

[*To audience.*] Now if he were awake would he approve  
Of all this bloody business?

*King.* [In his sleep.] Come.

*Pollio.* O hist!

He's dreaming, may be.

*King.* [In his sleep.] Take a hand at whist?

*Pollio.* [Starts and comes down.] A man don't play whist with  
his eyes both closed,

And if they're open I am much opposed

To staying here. I think I'd better go.

[*To them.*] I'm going to close the outside window. [Going.]

*Sir Pard.* [Short, intercepting him.] No.

*Pollio.* It will rain in.

*Sir Pard.* No matter, you proceed.

*Pollio.* [Aside.] Well, this old coon is pretty nicely treed.

[*Picks up one of the King's long boots and giving one end to GRYVE, holds the other while he sharpens his dagger upon it.*]

“If it were done” [stroke] “when 'tis done,” [Stroke.]

“Then 'twere well” [Stroke, GRYVE becomes alarmed.]

“It were done quickly,” [Violent stroke, upsetting GRYVE,  
POLLIO holding the boot in one hand and the dagger in the  
other.] Ah, there is the bell. [Bell strikes one.]

The bell invites me, [Brandishing both boot and knife and  
moving towards the bed.]

Hear it not, O sleeper!

Forever closéd stays your little peeper.

*King.* [In his sleep, tossing.] “Avaunt!”

*Pollio.* [Starts.] He wakes.

*Sir Pard.* He dreams.

*King.* [Still tossing.] “And quit my sight.”

*Pollio.* [Throws the boot at him and comes down.]

[Weakly.] O dear! he's given me a fearful fright,  
“Take any shape but that.”

*Sir Pard.* Come, don't dissemble.

*Pollio.* And my firm nerves will never, never tremble.

[*Moves carefully toward the bed.*]

This time it is an actual go.

Really?

[*POLLIO is about to stab the KING, when enter QUEEN MARIA,  
L. F. in night-dress. All except POLLIO, who does not see her,  
fearfully agitated.*]

*Pollio.* [Observing them all.] You're frightened now. Why  
act you all so queerly? [Turns and sees the Queen.]

O Lord, where's the trap? I want to go through.

[Falls into Sir Pardolph's arms.]

*Sir Pard.* Stand upon your legs. [Lifts him up.] That 'll exactly do.

*Queen.* [As soon as she can recover herself.]

What's this business, you wretched carpet-bagger?

Who are you? [Pulls off his mask.]

[In surprise.] Pollio! [Tragically.] Give me the dagger. [Takes it.]

Hence, wicked man, and silence I will keep,

To save you from disgrace. [Aside, trying to cry.] I'll try to weep.

**CHORUS.** *Music—“Depart Ye Sons of Aaron.”—Athalie.*

*Queen.* Depart, depart, you wicked people, go,  
This wretched business here be ended,  
For it is not to be commended.

Depart, depart, you wicked people, go.

*Female Pawns.* It was our Queen, 'twas she,  
That we did try to free,  
That we did try to free.

*Male Pawns.* We go, we go, of course we'll have to go,  
It was our Queen, &c.

*Queen.* It was for me, it was for me,  
Their murderous hands, their hands were raised.  
Their murderous hands were raised,  
Depart, you wicked people, go.

*Chorus.* We go, we go, of course we'll have to go,  
We go, we go.

[As the QUEEN stands waving off the last man, her brother wakes and puts his head through the curtains of the bed.]

*King.* What's all this noise about? Explain it, will you?

*Queen.* Brother, those cruel men were going to kill you.

*King.* Kill me? What men? Why, there is no one here,  
Are you asleep? You're acting duced queer.

*Queen.* I'll tell you all. I came in here just now  
Attracted by the symptoms of a row,  
I paused a moment there on yonder threshhold,  
For I beheld a sight that turned my flesh cold:  
A crowd of ruffians standing round your bed,  
All masked, and one flourished above his head  
A fearful looking knife. Had it descended,  
Your life, dear brother, would soon have been ended,  
But I cried out—you should have seen them stagger—  
Give me the knife. You see? [Showing it.] It is a dagger.

[KING gets out of bed, looks at her rather suspiciously, and examines the knife.]

*King.* [With emotion.] Well, sister dear, to you I owe my life,  
 [More emotion.] So take Sir Gryve, you may become his wife.

*Queen.* O thank you, dearest brother, for my freedom.

[Is about to speak, then hesitates.]

*King.* Confound those mince pies. I thought I had thirteen mothers-in-law all visiting me at one time.

*Queen.* O not Sir Gryve. I love—I love—Sir Naedham.

*King.* [In a passion.] The White King's Knight? O, fool, I might have seen it,

I withdraw all I've said. I did not mean it.

Ha! Ha! much sooner I'll your windpipe sever;  
 Give my consent to that? No never, never!

[QUEEN faints and falls. KING stoops down, raises her partially up, and fans her with his night-cap.]

Enter KING SCIEPCEVICK, L. F., in night-dress, candle in hand.

*Sciep.* If my wife is deaf, she vows she heard a racket

And started me right off without my jacket.

She says, I know there's some one in the house,

And you can't always lay it to a mouse.

It gets too thin. And you're not certain quite  
 That in *affright* she may be more'n 'alf right.

[Boldly.] Now I don't think there's anything the matter.

[Turns and observes the two, drops candle, trembles violently, &c.]  
 Is that a ghost or man? [Goes and ascertains.]

It is the latter.

What does this mean, sir, if I might inquire?

*King G.* Listen and you shall hear.

[Throws her violently from him.]

Wake up, Maria.

TRIO. MUSIC—"Her Grace's Intercession"—Lucretia.

(For words see vocal score.)

END OF ACT THIRD.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Grand Salon.* Enter SIR NAEDHAM, L. 3 E.  
SOLO. *Music*,—“*The Shadows Deepen*”—*Don Munio*.

The shadows deepen on the castle walls,  
And soon the lesser orb of day,  
Will throw its mellow radiance round  
And so proclaim the coming of the night;  
While in this palace will I wait to meet my love.  
Patience, O longing heart, and open wide your door,  
The love that fills her breast, response does find in thee.

O thou, my star, in darkest night!  
O thou my brightest light of day,  
My joy when thou art in my sight,  
My food for dreaming when away.

For thee my heart is ever longing,  
From out them all it loves thee best;  
My thoughts to thee are ever thronging,  
When thou art present I am blest.

Waft her. O breeze, my tend’rest greeting  
Her brother’s rage is all I fear,  
We’ll quiet him and then be meeting,  
O come, sweet love, I’m waiting here.

Enter QUEEN MARIA, L. F.

## RECITATIVE MUSIC.\*

*Sir N.* My love, how glad I am to see you once again. But you seem in trouble, dear. Why look so sad and weary?

*Queen.* I am wretched now, indeed—my brother knows all. He knows my love for you.

*Sir N.* And what said he?

*Queen.* That it should never, never be; much sooner would he take my life.

*Sir N.* The villain! But cheer up, darling, I have a premonition that something is about to happen.

Look on the bright side, and all may yet be well.

[They walk up.

Enter POLLIO., R. F., a little off perpendicular.

*Pollio.* [Spoken.] Ha! ha! ha! [Laughing.] The game is up, all spoiled. Why didn’t somebody tell me that

\* The recitative music in this act composed expressly for this piece by Robert Bonner, Esq.

woman was—coming—there. I think if they had, I should have been minus just about that time. [Laughs.] What is the reason, that just as soon as a man gets all his plans laid, and gets right up to the very [Hesitates for a word.] brink of success, something or somebody upsets his little pail of milk. I never could see the use of it. But such is life. [Sees SIR N. and MARIA.] Well friends, how are you getting on? Day fixed? Trosseau ordered from Paris? Wish you joy! I wish you joy! [Aside, to audience, hand to his mouth.] 'Sh! I'm in her power, too.

*Enter KING GNOTTOBOUGM, L. U. E. MARIA hastily goes, R. SIR NÆDHAM joins POLLIO L. Enter TARDO and CLIENTA, L. U. E.*

#### RECITATIVE MUSIC.

*King G.* [To Maria.] So, so, you still continue to meet him against my express commands. You think you can tease me into submission, perhaps—I think I'll calmly give up my throne to you, and a foreigner, a hated foreigner. But nothing of the kind will occur, and I give you fair warning that if I catch you two together again, I'll—

[Assumes a threatening attitude towards her. To escape, she runs in front of him, is sheltered by her lover, who, as the KING turns, meets him face to face.]

*Sir N.* [With drawn sword.] Well, what will you do?

*KING in too great rage to answer. POLLIO laughing. TARDO and CLIENTA. R. Tableau.*

TRIO. *Music—“Life Has No Power”—Belisario.*

(For words see vocal score.)

#### RECITATIVE MUSIC.

*King G.* [To Pollio.] And as for you, sir.

[Enter KING S., R. U. E.

*Pollio.* [In surprise.] Me!

*King G.* Yes, you,—you in whom I trusted so implicitly, whose every breath I deemed so pure and so sincere.

*Pollio.* My liege, “what should this mean?”

*King G.* You in whose honor my father had so long reposed confidence before me. You have deceived me!

*Pollio.* 'Tis false!

*King G.* "Tis true! You have forfeited your honor, you have made a hood of your office to cover your iniquities.

*Pollio.* The proofs, my Lord!

*King.* [Handing papers.] Behold them, knave, behold them!

*Pollio.* [Reading.] My secret letter to the Commodore, and this—my own written confession of the attempted murder. Defend me, O, ye powers! "What new advice will beat this from his brain." [To the *King.*] This is a base forgery, a conspiracy, a plot to injure my good name and reputation in your eyes. Where are my slanderers that I may crush them?

Enter SIR PARDOLPH, R. I. E.

*King G.* Forgery indeed! Call you it forgery now?

[Points to SIR PARDOLPH, and glares at POLLIO in triumphant rage; after walks up.]

*Pollio.* This paper has quite undone me. Fool that I was to have written it. Nay, then farewell, a long farewell to all my fancied greatness. I shall fall like a peacock's feathers when he observes his pedal extremities, and no man see me mourn.

QUINTETTE. *Music—“What Restrains Me”—Lucia.*

(For words see vocal score.)

#### RECITATIVE MUSIC.

*King G.* [Who has been listening and watching through the quintette. To SIR N.] So this is all your work. You regret that Pollio did not succeed. Ha! ha! I see it all, and this is my revenge. [Draws dagger and attempts to stab SIR NAEDHAM. He is quickly surrounded and disarmed.]

*Sir S.* [To King G.] We'll have no more of this. An insult to one of my court is an insult to me. For such behavior you shall repent. What, ho! my men—the cloth prepare. [The chess cloth is laid.]

*King G.* [In fear.] Aha! [In confidence.] The challenge is accepted. Make haste, say I.

*Chorus.* Make haste say we. [Exeunt R. and L. F.

## GRAND PROCESSIONAL MARCH.

MUSIC—WOLLENHAUPT'S “MARCHE HONGROISE.”

*Enter in the following order, RED, R. U. E. ; WHITE, L. U. E. KINGS and QUEENS, then BISHOPS, KNIGHTS, CASTLES and PAWNS, in pairs. They march down directly in front of the wings to curtain line, turning right angles, across, passing at c. up on the opposite sides, in to c. at back, and down in fours, KINGS on the outside. Halt. First section, which consists of each KING, his BISHOP, his KNIGHT and his CASTLE, about face. (RED, left about; WHITE, right about.) They march to first four front squares nearest the wings. Halt. About face as before. March to next four upper squares; halt, and about face as before.*

*Second section, which consists of each QUEEN, her BISHOP, her KNIGHT, and her CASTLE; forward squad, left, (red;) and right, (white;) to front corner squares; left and right again covering first four squares and halt. Left and right about.*

*Outside halves of third section, which consists of the PAWNS, right and left oblique, to occupy the eight front centre squares, column forward, squad left and right as before, to second outside row of squares; left and right again, and up, occupying them. Halt and about face.*

## THE BATTLE.

*Each KING calls the moves, the piece taking his place to minuet music.*

1. White King's Pawn to King's 4th square.
2. Red King's Bishop's Pawn to Bishop's 4th square.
3. White Queen to King's 2d square.
4. Red Castle's Pawn to Castle's 4th square.
5. White King's Knight to Castle's 2d square.
6. Red Castle's Pawn to Castle's 5th square.
7. White Queen to Bishop's 4th square.
8. Red Castle to Castle's 4th square.
9. White King's Knight to Bishop's 4th square.
10. Red Queen's Knight to Bishop's 3d square.
11. White King's Knight takes Castle.

12. Red Queen's Knight to Castle's 4th square.
13. White Queen takes Red King's Knight.
14. Red King's Bishop's Pawn takes White King's Pawn.
15. White King's Knight to his 7th square. Checkmate !

*Sir N.* [Coming down to C.] My love !

*Maria.* [Coming down to C.] My own !

*Sir N.* Can anything prevent our marriage now ?

*Maria.* Nothing, if our kind friends in front only approve.

*Pollio.* [At C. back of them.] If you will kindly allow me to officiate—'twill do something towards giving me a new start in life. [They seem undecided.] I've reduced my price, you know, now. Just allow me to say the usual —[They hesitate a moment, then assent.] Bless you, my children, bless you. [Sir N. gives him a large envelope, he goes R. of him, tares it open and commences unfolding a very long paper. The other characters in the following positions :

Sir Pard.	Clienta.	King S. Pol.	Sir N. Maria.
R. C.	C.	Mort.	King G. 1st Wh. P.
			Gryve.

R. L. The others form background.]

*Sir Pard.* Sir Gryve, I am sorry for you.

*Gryve.* Are you ? Thank you, my dear boy, thank you kindly. But you see, I came to the conclusion that, ah, I did not care to be king after all. The work is pretty hard, and might, ah, wear me out too soon, you know.

*Sir Pard.* [Aside.] There's philosophy for you, a la butterfly.

[Aloud.] Then you are happy, I suppose ?

*Gryve.* O perfectly, and "so full of light and love." O my !

*King S.* [To King G.] I hope you don't take your defeat very much to heart, my dear fellow.

[Mortalando indulges in a quiet step dance.]

*King G.* [Aside.] Kills me and then calls me his dear fellow.

[Aloud.] Take it to heart. O, no, it would be impossible to get it there—even if I had one. That avenue has long been blocked up worse than Dyer Street in the excursion season. [Observing Mortalando.] Why, Mortalando, what's the matter with you ? Have you got the ague ?

*Mort.* My feet are nervous. They haven't forgot it.

*King G.* What ?

*Mort.* What they used to do when they were young.

*Pollio.* [Reaches the end of his paper, and in disgust,] A torn ten-cent scrip. Not redeemable.

*King S.* [Looks at Mort, a moment in surprise, and then.]

Well, Morty, I'll forgive you this time, for my own feet feel very much that way, so we will all dance in honor of our victorious Knight and his happy Queen.

*King G.* P. S. If our kind friends will only spread the mantle of charity over any errors they may discover, and feel generous enough towards us and our object to fill the house as many times, and we can retain Mr. Von Olker's indispensable assistance, we will dance for you, not only to-night, but a thousand and one nights.

*All waltz to "One Thousand and One Nights," colored lights, and*

CURTAIN.