

Doctor Bolus: a serio-comic-bombastic-operatic interlude: in one act .. To which is added a prologue / By George Daniel.

Contributors

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D

DOCTOR BOLUS;

196 37/P

John North
Dorcas Rolan

A close-up photograph of a piece of aged, yellowish paper. The paper has a textured, slightly mottled appearance. In the center-left, there is a large, stylized, reddish-brown pencil marking that resembles a capital 'P' or 'R'. To the right of this, there is another large, stylized, reddish-brown pencil marking that resembles a capital 'E'. The markings are drawn with a pencil, showing some texture and shading. The overall tone of the paper is a warm, aged yellow.



R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner,

Doctor Bolus.

King. Zounds! here's a pretty dust! A precious frolic!
Madam, is this the way you cure the cholic?

Scene III.

M

D

A SERIO-COMIC-BOMBASTIC-OPERATIC INTERLUDE:

In One Act.

BY GEORGE DANIEL,

AUTHOR OF "THE DISAGREEABLE SURPRISE," &c. &c.

PRINTED FROM THE AUTHOR'S MS.

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, EXITS AND ENTRANCES,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As Performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

TO WHICH IS ADDED A PROLOGUE, SPOKEN BY MR. WILKINSON,
IN THE CHARACTER OF

GEOFFRY MUFFINCAP, MOUNTED ON AN ASS.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,

By Mr. BONNER, from an original Drawing by Mr. R. CRUICKSHANK.

LONDON, 1826.

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 19, LUDGATE-HILL.



street.



J. W. FOOTE

REMARKS.

It would be impossible to judge by any dramatic rule, ancient, or modern, so *outré* a species of composition, as a mock tragedy; Kings, Queens, and Maids of Honour, intriguing and tippling, killing each other one moment, and coming to life again the next, must, to all intents and purposes, like Garrick's Ode to Shakspeare, be said to "*defy criticism*." Such being the *dramatis personæ* of "Doctor Bolus," we must be excused from entering into any minute examination of a piece altogether so heterogeneous. The author's intent and aim were evidently to produce a hearty laugh; and, independent of any other merit that may possibly attach to this piece, it is fairly entitled to that of having fully answered the purpose intended. "Tom Thumb," as *originally* written by Fielding, though extremely entertaining in the closet, would be wanting in effect upon the Stage: tragic parodies, however ludicrously conceived, and excellently represented, are not sufficiently *palpable* for a modern audience: the joke must be more apparent and *picquant*, it must be an absolute *clencher*, to excite universal risibility. It is therefore to the genius of Kane O'Hara, who transformed "Tom Thumb" into a *Burletta*, that it owes its great popularity. Comic words, adapted to serious music, produce an instantaneous effect. Parody never conceived a happier burlesque (as regards the *performance*) than "Hope told a flattering tale." The author of "Doctor Bolus," following the example of O'Hara, has enlivened his piece with various musical parodies; and that his judgment was correct, as far as relates to public opinion, the effect they produced, aided by the powerful talents of the performers, renders sufficiently apparent.

Although acknowledged disciples of Democritus, we will not go so far as to declare, that a *mock* tragedy is as good as a *real* one: yet who is prepared to say, that the latter, in the dog-days, would not be a most oppressive infliction? Laughter, in summer time, comes as naturally to us, as sunshine and flowers: the tree of mirth is then in full bearing, and fun becomes as plenty as blackberries;

for ourselves, we would husband a portion of our mirth to enliven the dreary months of winter, and, in the true spirit of economical drollery, be merry all the year round.

Let care's dull sons with gloomy malice rail,
May mirth be still the hero of our tale ;
Care is our foe, so let us strive to kill it,
For life's an empty glass, unless we fill it !

King Artipadiades found a most efficient representative in Mr. Harley : his hat and wig were eminently super-royal ; the very skirts of his coat wore an air of majesty ! His solemn delivery of the ludicrous passages ; with his countenance half serious, and half comical ; together with his bombastical action, were the perfection of burlesque. As a burletta singer, he proved himself the legitimate successor of Edwin and Suett. *Queen Katalinda* is a character wholly dissimilar to Miss Kelly's general line of acting : yet, in this instance, she afforded another proof of the extreme versatility of her talents ; for, were we called upon to decide, on what occasion she produced the loudest mirth, we should in justice say, in the comical *Tragedy-Queen Katalinda*. Her duet with Mr. Harley, "*My daisy—my darling,*" deserved all the applause it obtained ; while her truly comic madness in the last scene, was so admirably conceived and hit off, that it made that part, which was considered the most *hazardous*, the most *effective* ; and stamped the complete success of the piece. Some diurnal critics ill-naturedly accused her of *imitating* Miss O'Neil, which produced from Miss Kelly the following very spirited reply :

" *To the Editor of the British Press.*

" SIR,

" I have so often felt indebted to the very liberal approbation that your paper has bestowed upon my exertions, that I feel the greater pain on finding it select me as an object of censure, as severe as it is unmerited. I allude to a paragraph in "*The British Press*" of this day, which, in noticing the first performance of the new interlude called "*Doctor Bolus,*" accuses me, in direct terms, of having dragged forward Miss O'Neil in second-hand *imitation*. This charge, I as directly disavow. I unequivocally assert, that it never entered my thoughts to attempt an imitation of any actress whatever ; and I am too sensible of the difficulties of my profession, and of my own imperfections as an actress, to degrade excellence by holding up it's

peculiarities to ridicule, or to court applause by resorting to a practice which I have always taken the liberty to condemn in others.

“As the accusation which has drawn upon you the trouble of reading this letter, is calculated to do me serious professional injury, I confidently rely upon your justice to afford me the opportunity of a public disavowal of the charge undeservedly preferred against me.

“I have the honour to be, Sir,

“Your obedient servant,

“F. M. KELLY.”

“Wednesday, July 22, 1818.”

Poor Chatterley, now no more, was the original *General Scaramoucho*: his cocked hat and feather, his jack boots, long spurs, and enormous mustachios, were in excellent keeping with the character; which he performed with a great portion of rich comic humour. The gravity of *Doctor Bolus* was confided to Mr. Wilkinson, who, we are happy to say, is alive and merry, and he proved himself worthy of the trust. If he made the *dramatis personæ all alive* in the last scene, he has continued to make his audiences so, in *every scene* ever since.

Mr. John Reeve has played the *King*, to the late Mrs. Allsop's (Mrs. Jordan's daughter) *Queen Katalinda*: both of which performances were distinguished by very considerable merit.

The present edition is carefully printed from the author's MS., and contains all the *additional* music.

Q D—G.

Cast of the Characters as performed at the Theatre Royal,
English Opera.

<i>King Artipadiades</i>	Mr. Harley.
<i>General Scaramoucho</i>	Mr. W. S. Chatterley.
<i>Dillydundos, his Aide-de-camp</i>	Mr. Lancaster.
<i>Doctor Bolus, the King's Physician</i>	Mr. Wilkinson.
<i>Gaoler</i>	Mr. Salter.
<i>Herald</i>	Mr. Richardson.
<i>Fiddlers</i>	Messrs. Hart and Brown.
<i>Ghost</i>	Mr. Huckel.
<i>Queen Katalinda</i>	Miss Kelly.
<i>Poggylina</i> } <i>Mopsa</i> } <i>Maids of Honour</i>	{ Miss J. Stevenson. Mrs. Pincott.
<i>Mute, Assistant Maid of Honour</i>	Miss Dennett.

Courtiers, Soldiers, &c.

Costume.

KING.—An antique royal suit of purple velvet, long flowing wig, tall three-cornered hat, with feather, rolled stockings, high-heeled shoes, garter, sword, and baton.

GENERAL SCARAMOUCHE.—Antique Field Marshall's suit of regimentals, cocked hat, high feather, long sword, jack-boots, and spurs, large whiskers and mustachios, bob-wig, &c.

DILLYDUNDOS.—Antique suit of regimentals, bob-wig, sword, jack-boots, and spurs.

DOCTOR BOLUS.—Full dress antique suit of black cloth, long sleeves, powdered bob-wig, long pigtail, sword, &c.

GAOLER.—Brown suit with jerkin, scratch, belt and keys.

HERALD.—Antique herald's suit, richly embroidered, and wig.

FIDDLERS.—Ancient clown's dress, one fiddler with a wooden leg, the other with a patch on his eye.

GHOST.—Long flowing white robe; the dress in other respects *à libitum*.

QUEEN.—First dress: Full court dress of flowered satin, head dress high with feathers, and powdered, richly embroidered antique stomacher, hoop petticoat, drop earrings, diamond necklace and bracelets, high-heeled shoes with rosettes, large Chinese fan. Second dress: Full dress of white satin.

POGGYLINA.	}	Antique dress of white silk, bordered with flowers, head-dress high and powdered, hoop petticoat, high-heeled shoes, large green fans.
MOPSA.		
MUTE.		

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

The instant a *Character* appears upon the Stage, the point of *Entrance*, as well as every subsequent change of *Position*, till its *Exit*, is noted, with a fidelity which may, in all cases, be relied on; the object being, to establish this Work as a *Standard Guide to the Stage business*, as now conducted on the London boards.

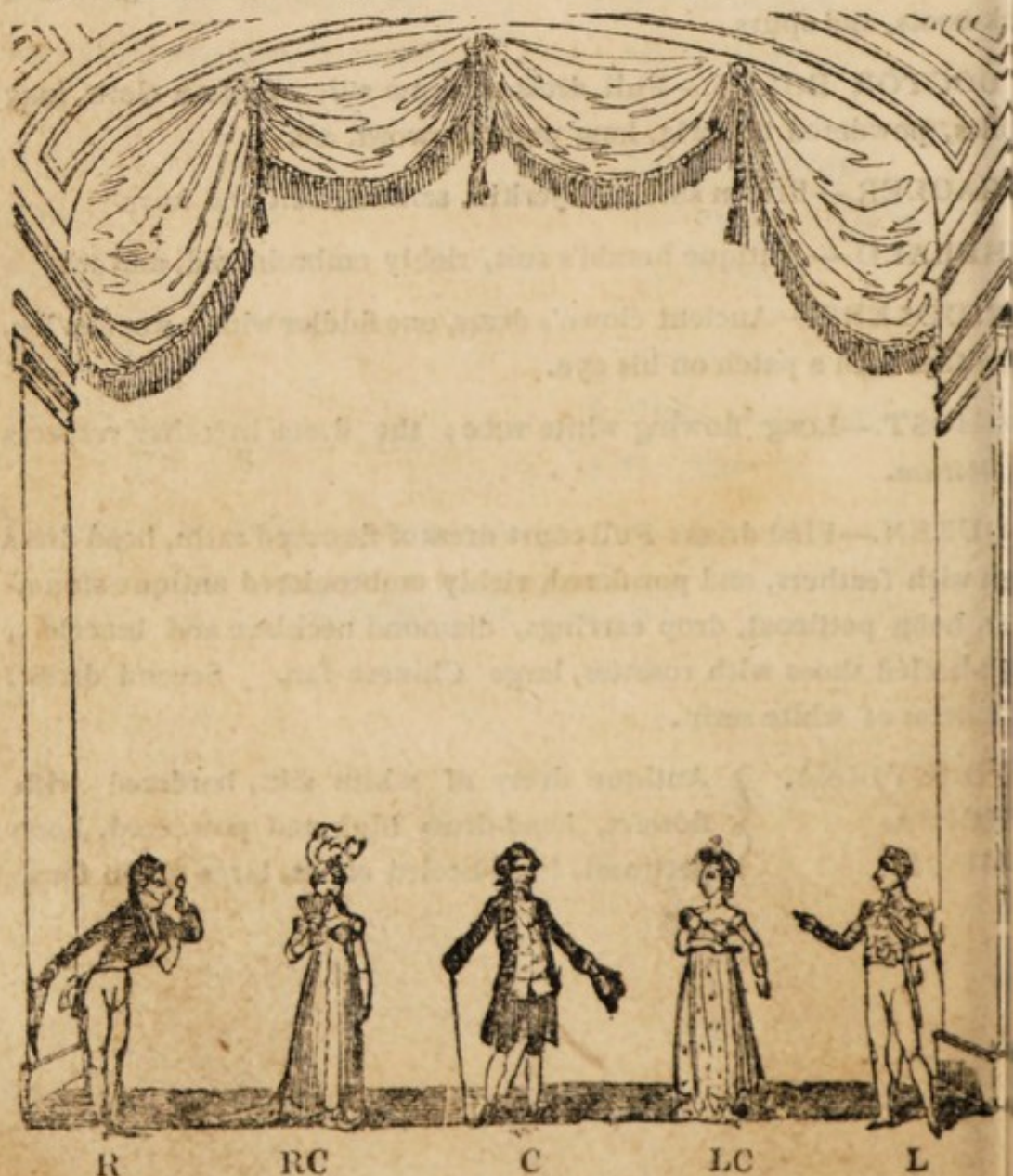
EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*. The following view of the Stage with Five Performers in front, will, it is presumed, fully demonstrate the *Relative Positions*.

* * * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.



J. P. York
~~J. W. F. FOOT~~
DOCTOR BOLUS.

SCENE I.—*A Court-yard in the King's Palace.*

Enter DOCTOR BOLUS and COURTIER, L.

AIR.—BOLUS and COURTIER.

(TUNE.—“O dear! what can the matter be?”)

O DEAR! what can the matter be!
Dear, dear, what can the matter be!
O dear, what can the matter be!

Our Queen sure the ghost will give up.
Here is a wretched, unfortunate pack of us;
His Majesty will make an end, in a crack, of us;
O'twill be Dickey with ev'ry man Jack of us!—
[*The King appears at a window above, R.*

King. Zooks, what a noise you kick up!

Bolus. Artipadiades! pray smooth your brow:
For Majesty, the Queen is—

King. What's the row?

Now, by our sword of vengeance, so much dreaded,
You all of ye deserve to be beheaded!

Bolus. My honour'd Liege, the Queen will die.

King. Then let her!

Bolus. She's got the cholic, Sire.

King. So much the better!

Bolus. She'll kick the bucket—

King. Silence! prithee, hush!

My Lords, and Doctor B——, you'd better brush.

AIR.—KING.

(GLEE.—“Poll with the milking pail.”)

Ye varlets ! a'nt ye asham'd of yourselves !
 Ye courtiers, rude and uncivil !
 To make such a brawl about nothing at all ?
 I wish you were all at the Devil !

There's Wigsby too !
 And Grigsby too !

I'll have 'em as sure as a nail !
 My Lord of the Bed,
 I'll cut off your head !

And, Bolus, I'll cut off your tail !

Chorus. My Lord of the Bed
 He'll cut off your head !

And Bolus, he'll cut off your tail.

[*The King shuts the window. The Scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the KING, to soft music, L.

King. Whether first nature, or long course of drinking
 Has made me doat on brandy, I've been thinking ;
 By punch inspir'd, the minutes quickly roll,
 It suits the jovial habit of my soul !
 But, ah ! I feel a sort of flutt'ring here,
 I'm rather comical, and somewhat queer :
 See, Poggylina comes : ye Pow'rs above !
 I shouldn't be surprised if I'm in love.

Enter POGGYLINA, R.

Poggy. Your Majesty will pardon this intrusion.

King. What charming modesty ! what sweet confusion !
 I'll tell her of my passion, try to carry her,
 And should the Queen pop off—egad, I'll marry her !
 Fair Poggylina, upon such a thing dumb
 I cannot be ; my heart's a little kingdom
 Wherein you reign ;—in short, to drop all metaphor,
 You've gain'd my love, which you shall be the better for.

Poggy. Be still, my heart !

King. I've that within, sweet wench,
 Which not the Lunnun Water-works can quench ;
 A raging fire, that burns me to a coal :
 Mine is a desp'rate case, upon my soul !

AIR.—KING.

(TUNE.—“O no, my ~~no~~”)

What beautiful vision before me is brightning—
 My soul is in flames, and I burn with desire;
 Those eyes, so bewitching, are flashes of lightning,
 To set both my heart and my kingdom on fire.

Then smile on my passion, nor cruelly mock it; *[Kneels.]*
 Behold a poor King on his marrowbones fall!
 Here take ev'ry farden I have in my pocket,
 My Crown, Star and Garter, my Sceptre, and all!

Poggy. I can hold out no longer—don't deceive me;
 For I shall cry my eyes out if you leave me.

DUET.—KING and POGGYLINA.

(TUNE.—“Cease your funning.”)

Poggy. Love's a feather, April weather,
 Sometimes sun, and sometimes show'r;
 Fickle, changing; fond of ranging,
 Like the bee, from flow'r to flow'r!

King. He who'd grieve thee, he who'd leave thee,
 Lovely lily, newly blown!
 Learn from me, love, is no bee, love,
 But a false deceitful drone!

King. When I prove false, may pride forsake the flirt;
 Lawyers hate fees, and poets wear a shirt;
 On cabbage-stalks may honeysuckles grow—

Enter SCARAMOUCO from behind, R.

Scara. The King with Poggylina; there's a go!

Poggy. And when I run, your Majesty, my rigs,
 May monkeys play at cards, and sapient pigs,
 Like Toby, give their *Converzationes*,
 To entertain their fashionable cronies.

King. Of this enough:—we'll some refreshment try;
 My Joy's a-hungry, and my Love's a-dry.

Poggy. A good proposal! let us in to lunch.

King. And wet our whistles with a glass of punch.

[Exeunt King and Poggylina, R.]

Scaramoucho comes forward.

Scara. I'll turn a rebel ere to-morrow's sun ;
The odds are in my favour, ten to one !
I will dethrone this Monarch, trounce the jade,
False Poggylina—damme, who's afraid ?

AIR.—SCARAMOUCO.

(TUNE.—“ *The Dandy, O !* ”)

I'm a soldier ready made, and fighting is my trade,
At rank and file, retreat and charge, quite handy, O ;
To Mars I am bound 'prentice, I kill my foes by twenties,
And live on smoke, fire, gunpowder, and brandy, O !

When standing with my hat off, I look like Hetman Platoff,
Or some fierce, powder'd, whisker'd, German grandee, O ;
Geramb or Scheffenhausen, or wonderful Munchausen,
Or Blucher, that old redoubtable dandy, O.

Then, King, 'twixt you and I, I'd have you mind your eye,
For, 'pon my word, I do not understand ye, O !
And, Poggylina, you your coquetry shall rue,
When I mill that royal lad o' wax, your dandy, O.

[*Exit, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A Chamber.*

*Queen KATALINDA discovered sitting in a pensive manner,
with her Maids of Honour—Two Fiddlers attending.*

Queen. If music be the food of love, I crave,
Good Gentlemen, the favour of a stave !

[*They play, “ Drops of Brandy.”*]

That melancholy strain to heav'n might carry me :
Play something soothing—“ Nobody coming to Marry
Me.”

[*They play “ Nobody coming to Marry Me.”*]

Enter KING, L.

King. Zounds ! here's a pretty dust ! a precious frolic !
Madam, is this the way you cure the cholic ?

Queen. That air, methinks, it had a dying fall !

King. Base Catgut Scrapers ! Devil take you all !

[*Kicks them out*]

Avaunt, and quit my sight ! and you, too, ladies ;
I want to tell the Queen, that she a jade is.

[*Exeunt Mopsa and Poggylina, R.*]

AIR.—KING.

(TUNE.—“ *The good old days of Adam and Eve.*”)

O scandalum magnatum ! O Tempora, O Mores !
All the town is quizzing us, and telling funny stories !
Little Mopsa loves a drop sir—muzzing, buzzing—some
too,
Nod and wink, and say they think your Majesty rum-tum
too !
By the beard of Jupiter ! by the foot of Pharoah !
Fiddlers, Queen, and Maids of Honour, all shall live on
air O !
And when you're dry, the pump is nigh, you'll find the
water middling.
I'll cut your sport, and capers, short—and, damme, spoil
your Fiddling !

Queen. Are these your kingship's super-royal airs ;
I would be private—mind your own affairs !

Queen. You've grown a downright savage.

King. Don't provoke me !

Queen. A Hottentot, by Jingo !

King. Rage will choak me !

Soon, Madam, I will better manners teach you,
Our Chancellor, Lord Wigsby, shall impeach you :
The bus'ness shall be done as soon as said ;
You'll look quite comical without your head.

DUET.—KING *and* QUEEN.

(TUNE.—“ *Madam Fig's Gala.*”)

King. Come, Queen, you had better be quiet,
And give your loquacity quarter !
Don't breed in my palace a riot,
Or a head you shall soon be the shorter.

Queen. I laugh at your threats full of spite,
And them you shall see I'll be kind for ;
So, if you are willing to fight,
Come, let us see what you've a mind for.

DUET.—KING and QUEEN.

(TUNE.—“*Over the Water to Charley.*”)

Queen. My Daisy, my Darling, give over this snarling,
I did not intend to ill use you ;

King. To chide you was cruel ; come, kiss me, my
Jewel :

Queen. Here goes, for I cannot refuse you.
In the best govern'd houses, some wives by their
spouses

Will never submit to be check'd, Love ;
And a dust now and then with the dearest of
men—

King. Is what married folks must expect, Love.

Enter a HERALD, with his Wig awry, R.

King. Soul of a Grasshopper ! wherefore those alarms ?

Herald. My Liege, brave Scaramoucho is in arms ;
He vows destruction, swears he'll have your life, or
Your Crown :—his Force, two Drummers and a Fifer ;
Some ten or twenty Soldiers ta'en at random,
With a blind Sergeant Major to command 'em.

King. Presumptuous slave ! hie to my royal stud,
And saddle Dobbin, that rare bit of blood !
Fetch me my patent blunderbuss and spurs,
That I may punish these rebellious curs ;
And, as for Scaramoucho, woe betide him !
My soul is up in arms ;—I long to hide him !

AIR.—KING.

TUNE.—“*My love is so pretty.*”—(Con spirito.)

Run to my stable *
As fast as you're able,
Take halter, or cable,
Cry “ Dobbin, gee ho ! ”

My favorite bay-horse,
A capital shay-horse !
As big as a dray-horse !
A good one to go !

Between you and I too,
He's blind in one eye too,
And frisky, and shy too !
So mount him with care—

He's touch'd with the glanders,
With queer understanders !
I bought him of Saunders,
At Bartl'emy Fair !

Then run to my stable
As fast as you're able,
Take halter, or cable,
Cry " Dobbin, gee ho !"

He'll snort like a true one,
He'll kick like a new one !
Tho' never a shoe on !
And run to the foe !

[*Exeunt King and Herald.*]

Queen. Ah ! cruel fate !

Enter SCARAMOUCO, disguised, from behind.

What means that martial figure ?

'Tis Scaramoucho's form, though rather bigger.

[*He throws off his disguise.*]

"Tis he ! 'tis he !—I die—I swoon—I faint !

Scara. She's dead as mutton—damme, if she an't !

Re-enter the KING, unperceived, R.

King. What noise was that ? Ha, ha ! confound her
mewing !

Here's a fine dish of cuckoldom a brewing !
To watch their pranks, our Kingship I'll deposit,
O'ds, blazes, squibs, and crackers ! in this closet.

[*Goes into the closet, at the back of the scene.*]

Scara. Look up, my Love.

Queen. I'm something better now—

O Scaramoucho, here's a pretty row !
But ere we talk on bus'ness, answer, Dear,
This question,—how the devil came you here ?

Scara. In this disguise, the outposts of the town
I pass'd, and tipp'd the sentinels a crown ;

Next at the palace gate I bargain'd hard,
 It cost me one pound one to bribe the guard—
 But quickly let us fly—deuce take this reck'ning !
 Sly Cupid sits upon your shoulder beck'ning.

Queen. I fear you gammon me.

Scara. Hear this, great Mars,
 Juno and Jupiter, Sun, Moon, and Stars !
 When Aldgate-pump shall stand in Paul's church-yard,
 And the King's Sceptre be a Tailor's Yard ;
 When London-bridge shall come to Waterloo,
 Men walk on four legs, donkeys walk on two ;
 When in Fleet-ditch we catch Newcastle salmon,
 Then, Katalinda, you may say I gammon.

DUET.—QUEEN and SCARAMOUCO.

(TUNE.—“*When I was an Infant, the Gossips would say.*”)

Scara. Please your Majesty, let us away,
 Come, my Sweeting,
 Drums are beating,
 Cupid mocks our dull delay ;
 So march along with your soldier.

Queen. You'll persuade me, do what I can,
 How I could blush if I had my fan !
 Lord, what sport
 Will be at the court
 When they hear that the Queen's run away with
 a Man !

Both. { All the world and his wife will be there,
 Grinning, vapouring,
 Courting, capering,
 How the Lords and Ladies will stare,
 When $\frac{\text{you}}{\text{I}}$ scamper off with $\frac{\text{your soldier}}{\text{my}}$.
 [Exeunt Queen and Scaramoucho, R.]

King comes forward from the Closet.

King. There needs no further proof—the murder's out !
 My horns begin to grow—I feel 'em sprout !
 To be, or not to be—aye, that's a puzzler !
 My Queen, heav'n bless her mug ! is grown a guzzler :
 If I could get within her royal throttle
 Of Cordial Balm of Gilead half a bottle,
 'Twould do her bus'ness without fear or risk ;
 Then hey for Poggylina and a frisk !

AIR.—KING.

(TUNE.—“*Och, Whack ! Cupid's a Manikin.*”)

Rogue, liar—vile Scaramoucho !

He shall be dish'd, by Jupiter, an' he stir !

Blood, fire—Pistol in pouch O—

I'll rap his breadbasket, I'll crack his canister !

For he's my rival, and basely cornutes me—

A rascal obscene,

Who gallants with my Queen ;

But if, as the devil would have it, he shoots me—

From his shot,

And what not,

Lēt his Granny stir —

Blood, fire—vile Scaramoucho,

I'll rap your breadbasket, I'll crack your canister !

*Enter DOCTOR BOLUS, L.**Bolus. [Aside.]* The King is in a passion, singing solus.*King.* Thrice welcome to our presence, Doctor Bolus !*Bolus. [Aside.]* His tone is alter'd—this some artful lure is.*King.* The Queen—perdition seize her—hell and furies !
Death, fire and faggots ! for my torment sent is.*Bolus.* My Liege, you're mad—that is, *non compos mentis.**King.* Enough to drive one mad, to make a sot o'me.*Bolus.* We must phlebotomize.*King.* O damn Phlebotomy !

Doctor, your ear—Gadzooks, you're mighty pale !

You wear a wig—and thereby hangs a tale—

[Lays hold of Bolus's pigtail.]

You deal in physic—I abhor my Queen—

You're up to snuff—can fathom what I mean—

To men of your discernment, *verbum sat*—

So Bolus, you must finish her—that's flat.

DUET.—KING and DOCTOR BOLUS.

(TUNE.—“*O what a monstrous gay day.*”)*King.* O what a merry contrivance !

The Queen shal' go off in a huff ;

All her bad humours we'll drive hence,

For she shall have physic enough !

Bolus. Julap, cathartic, elixir,
Snug in her liquor I'll drop ;
If 'tis your pleasure, I'll mix her
All the contents of my shop.

Both. Then hey for the pestle and mortar !
And hey for th' infallible pills !
No plan on earth can be shorter
To cure our good Queen of her ills.
[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE IV.—*A Tent.*

SCARAMOUCO discovered asleep—A Ghost rises up, and sings.

Hey Scaramoucho ! ho Scaramoucho !
An't you asham'd to be snoring and dozing ?
Quick ! dispatch ! and come up to the scratch,
The enemy's nigh, and will soon pop his nose in !
Hey Scaramoucho ! ho Scaramoucho !
The trumpets they sound and the cannons they rattle ;
With a hey-day-diddle, the drum and the fiddle,
The King and his Courtiers are coming to battle.
[*Ghost sinks.*

Scara. [In his sleep.] Charge, ev'ry mother's son ! Con-
found the lagers !
Bring me another horse ! mine's got the staggers !
There scampers off the King !—my bow and arrow ;
I've wing'd him—down he tumbles like a sparrow !

Enter DILLYDUNDOS, R.

Dilly. There lies our Gen'ral sleeping—devil take him !
I just will take the liberty to wake him. [Tweaks his nose.

Scara. I'm wounded ! mercy, ye inhuman crew !
[Starting.

Ha, little Dillydundos ! is it you ?

Dilly. Gen'ral, our forces have been waiting long,
We've muster'd more than five-and-twenty strong ;
They're all prepar'd for battle, arm'd in mail.

Scara. Ere they begin, let half a pint of ale
To each be given, with a mess of porridge,
To warm their honest hearts and stir their courage.
Now to your post—my soul their zeal partakes,
And I'll be with you in a brace of shakes.

[*Exit Dillydundos.*

With doubt and fear my heart begins to knock,
 The Queen was to be here at two o'clock ;
 How dreadful is the thought of fire and slaughter !
 Fly swift, ye minutes—still it wants a quarter—

[Looks at his watch]

'Twixt love and vengeance my poor brains are addled—
 I'm out of sorts to-day—Is Jacko saddled ?
 How hard my fate, to lose the best of matches
 By this confounded King of Shreds and Patches !

AIR.—SCARAMOUCO.

(TUNE—"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.")

Slave ! when you my Squadrons spy,
 You'll have other fish to fry,
 Making love is all my eye
 Till the battle's done.

When hot cannon-balls assail,
 Whizzing round your sconce like hail,
 Faith, you'll tell another tale !
 How you'll cut and run !

Rage within my bosom stirs,
 By my whiskers, boots and spurs !
 Regimental coat of furs !
 And this martial frown.

By my Charmer's peepers bright,
 If in the approaching fight
 I catch this monarch—blow me tight !
 But I'll crack his crown !

[Exit, R.]

SCENE V.—*A Field of Battle.*

KING ARTIPADIADES, DOCTOR BOLUS, and soldiers, L.

King. Thus have our arms with victory been crown'd,
 And sundry rebels, whom the devil confound,
 Have sorely been discomfitted, or slain—

Enter a GUARD, R.

Guard. My Liege, the Gen'ral Scaramoucho's ta'en.

King. Rare news !—To night he shall with Pluto sup—
 Conduct him here, and let me—blow him up !

[Exit guard]

Bolus, is all prepared ?

Bolus. Quite snug and clean,
Fair Mopsa, Maid of Honour to the Queen,
Who with an eye of passion looks upon
Your faithful subject, for she has but one,
A pill dropp'd in her liquor, heav'n preserve us!
Which Doctor Diddle'um calls Anti-nervous.

King. You are the best of Doctors! by this light,
And shall be well rewarded,—honour bright!

Enter SCARAMOUCO, in chains, guarded, R.

Ha, Slave!—

Scara. I scorn your words! behold these fetters,
Usurper!

King. Pray, be civil to your betters!
I am the King, your master.

Scara. What am I—
A soldier—

King. And a traitor—

Scara. That's a lie!

King. I cannot in my kingdom find your brother,
Rebel and raggamuffin—

Scara. That's another!

King. Prepare a dungeon—does the rascal mutter?
As narrow as the Black Hole at Calcutta;
There let him lie, deprived of light and air,
A little bread and water be his fare;
And, as he's whisper'd to our Queen some fine tails, —
First cool his courage with a cat-o-nine-tails;
Confine him close within our prison's borders,
His jobbernowl shall wait for further orders.

[Exeunt Scaramoucho and Guards.]

To feast were now the wisest plan, I think;
Heroes, like us, should sometimes eat and drink:
I'm grown quite sharp, no reason can be stronger;
And see no fun in fasting any longer. *[Exeunt Omnes, R.]*

SCENE VI.—A Dungeon.

*SCARAMOUCO sitting in a melancholy Posture, with Pipes,
Tobacco, a Bottle and a Glass, upon a Table before him.*

Scara. O Scaramoucho, wretchedest of dogs!
You've to a precious market brought your hogs!
Alack! my heart is swelling with a big tale
Of woe—let's see, I'll try a little pig-tail,
[Takes some tobacco.]

SCENE VII.—*A Hall in the Palace.**Enter MOPSA and POGGYLINA, L.*

Mopsa. The morn is overcast, the sun looks sad ; —
It pours of rain—her Majesty is mad :
She'll hop the twig.

Poggy. 'Twere better that she should !
'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Mopsa. Ill wind ! What does my Poggylina mean ?

Poggy. That, Mopsa, I shall probably be Queen !
The King declar'd he'd wed me could he doff her.

Mopsa. Last Saturday he made me, too, an offer !

Poggy. Faith, that's a good one ! You have ta'en the
wrong Beau.

Mopsa. You, Poggylina, you have drawn the long bow.

DUET.—MOPSA and POGGYLINA.

(TUNE.—“ *Out of my sight, or I'll box your ears.*”)

Poggy. Out of my sight, or I'll box your ears !

Mopsa. I'll fit you, Ma'am, for your gibes and jeers !

Poggy. I'll cock my cap, for all you, at the King—

Mopsa. Then I'll pull it off if you do such a thing.

Poggy. I should like—Odd rat it !

To catch you at it ;

I'd claw your cheeks, and I'd damage your paint !

Mopsa. Tho' you look so demure, you are not quite a
Saint,

But a pert little Hussey, hang me, if you an't !

Enter KING ARTIPADIADES, L.

King. To end this queer disturbance, on my oath,
Should the Queen prove defunct, I'll have ye both.

*Enter QUEEN KATALINDA, in a full dress of white satin—
mad.*

AIR.—QUEEN.

(TUNE.—“ *Last Night, a little bowsy.*”)

Last night, while sitting solus,

Of Scaramoucho thinking ;

Comes little Doctor Bolus,

Who look'd as he'd been drinking ;

When down he knelt,
 My pulse he felt,
 Ah! little then a rat I smelt!
 He swore he rid
 Along to bid
 Good morning to my Nightcap!

Queen. I'm dead and buried, though they say I'm not;
 Poor Scaramoucho, too, he's gone to pot!
 You'll break my heart—peace, trembler!—how it jumps
 I've shuffled—four by honours—spades are trumps!

AIR.—QUEEN.

(TUNE.—“*Jolly Dick, the Lamplighter.*”)

Peter Quill, the Scrivener,
 Whose Dad in Chancery pleads,
 Was shipp'd one day to Botany Bay,
 For forging title deeds.

Queen. Poor fellow! he was comical and rum too:
 No matter; it is what we all must come to!

Enter SCARAMOUCO, R.

Scara. O piteous sight—speak, Katalinda fair!

[*She stares him full in the face*

Mute as a mack'rel—mad as a March hare!

King. This to my face! hie, you audacious brute O,
 To Styx! and give my compliments to Pluto.

[*Stabs Scaramoucho*

Scara. I'm dish'd—O murder! Katalinda, fly!

Oh! I can live no longer; so I'll die.

[*Dies*

Queen. My Lover kill'd! my beautiful brave Lad!
 I'm craz'd already—soon I shall be mad!

[*Sings*

(TUNE.—“*For Robin, sweet Robin, was all my Joy.*”)

For sweet Scaramoucho was all my joy!

Too low he's a cup

He's now doubled up!

There never was seen such a beautiful boy!

In war how brave he was, in peace how gracious!
 Did ever hero boast such long mustachios?
 His martial beaver—now my phrenzy stirs!
 And—that way madness lies!—his boots and spurs!

But now he's finish'd ; thus I pay my thanks—
Take that, my Maids of Honour, for your pranks !

[*Stabs Mopsa and Poggylina.*]

Poggy. We die !—

Mopsa.

Tip it the Queen !

King.

Sweet maids, I will—

A dagger's quicker med'cine than a pill. [*Stabs the Queen.*
Queen. Ah !

Who calls on Katalinda ?—see, I'm beckon'd !

I'll come, my Scaramoucho, in a second.

It grows quite dark ; my eyes are dim—good bye !

Good riddance to bad rubbish.

King.

So say I !

And now, to end the plot, as life's a bubble,

I'll kill myself, to save all further trouble ! [*Stabs himself.*]

Enter DOCTOR BOLUS, L.

Bolus. Death has been playing here a trick most scurvy :
Kings, Queens, and Maids of Honour, topsy turvy !

[*The King blows his nose.*]

What noise was that ? [*The King looks up.*] Ha, ha !—I see,
old Priam !

Your Majesty is no more dead than I am !

And you, Queen Katalinda, rise with speed ;

Poison in jest, I meant—I did, indeed !

I'll rouse these Maids of Honour, or belabour 'em ;

Mopsa and Poggylina, don't sham Abr'am !

Brave Scaramoucho, stir your stumps, my hearty !

We want your presence to complete the party.

[*They all rise.*]

FINALE.

(TUNE.—“ *Never think of meeting Sorrow.*”)

King. Just escap'd from Charon's ferry,

Anger's useless, bick'ring's vain ;

Let's be all alive and merry,

Loudly chaunt a jovial strain !

Singing Fal, lal, &c. &c.

Queen. Spousy, with my Maids of Honour

Don't be seen to toy and kiss ;

Poggylina, fie upon her !

Mopsa, she's a romping miss !

Singing Fal, lal, &c.

Poggy. Is it right, that, in a frolic,
Pot should call the kettle black?

Mopsa. Certain Queens, who've got the cholic,
Should be mum, and hold their clack.
Singing Fal, lal, &c.

Scara. Doctor Bolus, prithee stop, Sir;
Do not on my manor poach.

Bolus. Will you marry me, fair Mopsa?
Answer, and I'll call a coach!
Singing Fal, lal, &c.

THE END.

A PROLOGUE,

Written by the Author of *Doctor Bolus*,

Spoken by MR. WILKINSON, at the Theatre Royal, English
Opera, in the character of

GEOFFRY MUFFINCAP, MOUNTED ON AN ASS.

ZOOKS ! let us pass—good folks, don't breed a riot ;
We've come to see the Opera—be quiet !
For dulcet harmony, 'tis pretty clear
My Neddy's got a most surprising *ear* !
Strike up your tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee—

[*To the Band.*

Music has charms my friends—and—so have *we* !

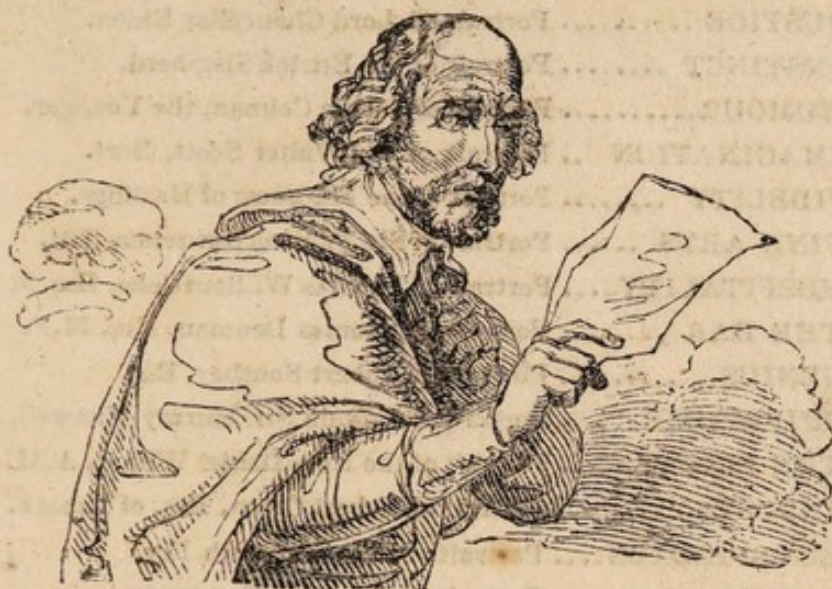
Ladies and gentlemen, with zeal most fervent,
I'm Geoffry Muffincap,* your humble servant !
An old acquaintance, steady as *Methusalem*—
And this—my dandy charger, from Jerusalem !—
There's not a prettier blood at Epsom races,
How charmingly he canters ! mark his paces !
And if, sometimes, when on his back he gets you,
He kicks to shew his mettle, and upsets you,
Tho' all your bones are shaken by the fall,
Look in his *face*, and you'll forget it all !—
My master, Mr. O. P. Bustle†—one
Who chatters faster than my horse can run,
Gave me a holiday—Says I—I'feggs !
As sure as bacon's bacon—eggs are eggs !

* A celebrated character, performed by Mr. Wilkinson, in the popular farce of "*Amateurs and Actors*," written by that lively and eccentric genius, Mr. Richard Peake, whom the author of this prologue is happy to call his friend.

† Mr. Harley.

We'll take a ride, in spite of wind and weather,
 I and my nag, to see the town together !
 Where ladies walk half double, now a-days ;
 No wonder—since the dandies wear the *stays* !
 Each holds her head so queer, and carries on it,
 (In shape *what's* like a coal-skuttle !) a bonnet,
 Three stories high, with hollyhocks and roses,
 And ty'd so close, we only see their noses !
 There's Vauxhall gardens, fam'd for Madam Saqui,
 And Billingsgate, for fishwomen and jackey !
 There's Gog and Magog ! Pidding ! Bish ! and Branscomb !
 Where gulls, for prizes, all with open hands come !
 And then, O crimini ! the fair of Bartle'my !
 Where sights I saw, my wig ! enough to startle me !
Dermot Macshane O'Shinnaghly, the gorgon ;
 And that great wonder, little Lady Morgan !
 The things they call *Velocipedes*, surpris'd me,
 I mounted one, which *wery* near *capsiz'd* me !—
 But what I relish'd most, tho' these the rage are,
 Was *Hookey Walker* * walking for a wager !
 He's quite the go—among the bloods a trump,
 And carries all before him—but his *hump* !
 He's five feet four—with *sich* a gimlet eye,
 Pretty and interesting—so *am I* !
 I'm smart and dapper—he not better made is !
 Nor more, I think, a favorite with the *ladies* !
 I'll turn *pedestrium* too !—come, who'll attack me !
 Kind patrons, I'll march *forward*, if you'll *back* me !
 Geoffry shall rival valiant *Hookey* yet,
 And *walk*—to keep from *running* into debt !—
 But *tempus fuggit* !—which I thus translate—
 The supper's ready, and the lodgers wait,
 So, Neddy, lets be starting for the plate ! [Exit.]

* A character also performed by Mr. Wilkinson, with considerable effect, in Mr. Peake's farce of "*Walk for a Wager*."



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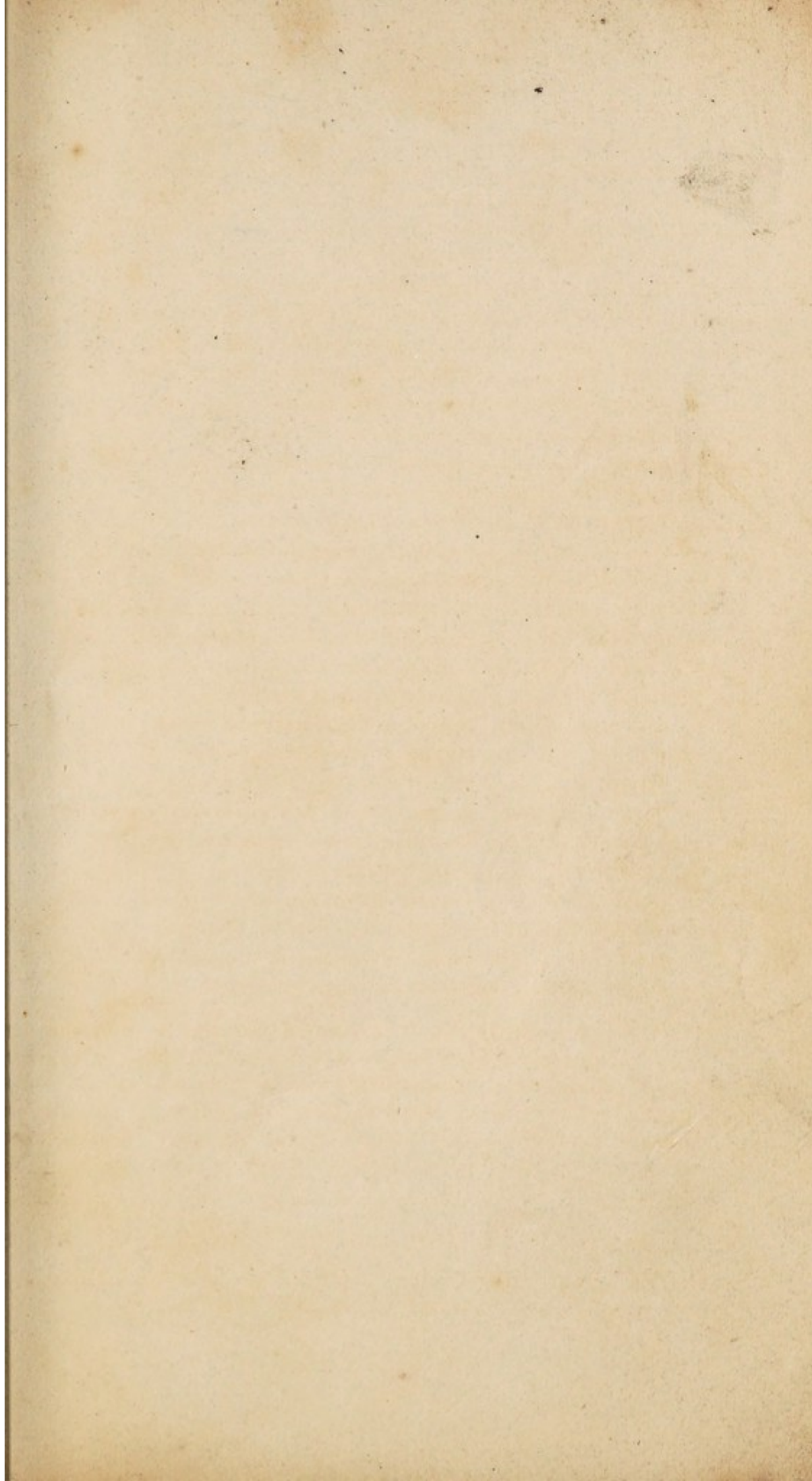
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Hold here is a mere
neighbours you are
welcome with Plea
you join the dance
the more gazers

— trip it with
My wife is - at your
if it be no offence
Take a turn with

— by your leave
& good evening

— Sir
Goulds what a

— better before
tutored Goulds I am
to see your husband
he likes were he the

— 94 is free
be sworn it is
The dance
let home

