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OR, THE

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INVOLVING BOTH PROPHECY AND LOSS.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Samuel French, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Cast of the Characters.—[DESERET DESERTED.]

Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, Monday, May 24, 1858,
W. STUART, Manager.

Brigham Young..... Mr. Blake
Mahomet..... Mr. Whiting
Lucifer Sparks..... Mr. Lester
Tom Scott..... Mr. Davenport
Luny O'Flab..... Mr. T. B. Johnstone
Young Brigham..... Mr. Parsloo
Elder Kimball..... Mr. Grosvenor
Elder Hyde..... Mr. Colby
Mormons, Attendants, &c.

Marian..... Miss Mary Gannon
Susan..... Mrs. H. J. Allen
Sarah..... Miss Julia Tree
Jehasuret..... Miss Carman
Angels, Nymphs, &c.

DESERET DESERTED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Prairie—Music—LOONEY O'FLAB and TOM SCOTT discovered sleeping. TOM gets up, and stretches himself.*

Tom. Aw! [*Yawns*] This prairie grass ain't a bad bed after all. I've bunked in worse places. Poor fellow, I dare say he's dreaming of the blessed old Bowery and the City Hall bell, just as I was. I'll give him a home touch. [*Whistles like a New York Milkman.*]

O'Flab. [*Starting.*] Whoo! what's that?

Tom. The only thing that seemed like home was the fire last night. But then again twarn't the real thing. Dere was no machine.

O'Flab. It don't look quite right, does it, old fellow? Oh, the old woman! the old woman! And we don't seem to be any nearer finding her than when we bought them hogus tickets at Chicago, and the conductor put us out on an Illinois stump. Be the jabbers, these are hard times. Devil a bit of a baker's loaf or a Brandreth's pill have we seen for many a day, and we're tolerably hearty still.

Tom. Hold up, old hoss! Don't look so glum. Why, your face is as long as a bricklayer's ladder. Can't you get up a smile?

O'Flab. I wish I could, my darling boy. But there's no place round here where we could take one.

Tom. Hold on, O'Flab! Don't be down-hearted. Blessed if there ain't something coming on hoops. [*Music.*]

O'Flab. Can't be a buffalo. May be 'tis the elephant.

Tom. Now be quiet, and let's take a look at the thing.

O'Flab. Be the powers, it's a zaybray!

Enter LUCIFER SPARKS, dragging a donkey by the halter—the donkey is laden with packages which are labelled "Hoops," &c.

Tom. And Loo. Sparks teaming the concern. by all that's precious. [*They rush up. A melodramatic recognition, and confused greetings.*]
Are you all the way from New York? How's things?

Sparks. Things is fine. What are you doing here?

Tom. What in the world are you up to here? and what brought you into the desert?

Sparks. Desert! Call this a desert! No such thing.

O'Flab. Well, thin, begorra, it's nayther dinner nor dessert.

Sparks. Pooh! nonsense, man! Why, we send three camels a month over the Great Sahara with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the King of Dahomey and carry us lots of lemons to Crim Tartary. Adams' Express don't know anything about deserts, mountains, or that sort of things.

Tom. But where are you going to, say? Your'e bound to give us a lift.

Sparks. With all my heart. Adams' Express is bound for the Garden of Eden. Only what brought you and O'Flab here.

Tom. O'Flab brought me here.

O'Flab. You see I'm pushing off here far in the woods—for my wife, sir, there wasn't a better little woman in New York a couple of years ago, whin she tuk to reading.

Tom. And what pumpkin pies she could make; and as for chowder!

O'Flab. Now hold your tongue, will you, and don't aggravate a fellow that way!—You see we let the second floor to some gentlemen that wore Kossuths' and turn-over collars—a kind of free living set.

Sparks. Free lovers, you mean, perhaps?

O'Flab. Well, it's all one, for free-loving is pretty free-living, I guess. And there were some ladies used to come there—most of them marked in the teeth. And they all got round one another, and a big table they had, and my wife took on with them, and got a fit of passionate distraction, and she found a kind of paramount among them fellows.

Sparks. Paramour you mean, don't you?

O'Flab. Anything you like. It's something that means a Mormon preacher, anyhow; and so the poor thing was led away.

Tom. And O'Flab here, has never held his head up since; and one day we were a-looking at some pictures in the Ledger about a poor deluded kind of a girl, and somehow my blood got up, and I says to O'Flab, "Let's be off and see if we can't find poor Sairey, and put that paramount fellow through the right way."

O'Flab. And so here we are, half starved, you see, but bound to go in and win.

Sparks. Then you're the men for me. You see my patriotic Rough-and-Readys—this animal is our Trojan horse. Westward the Donkey of Empire takes its way. I'm in for the conquest of Utah!

SONG. AIR.—"My Name it is Sam."

I.

My name it is Sparks,
And I've come to catch larks,
And I think I'll find a few,
In those Prairie parks.

I'se an express man ;
 I knows the time o' day—
 Comrades ! let us toddle off to Utah !

[Dances a la Jim Crow to symphony.]

II.

The sun is somewhat high,
 And I feel rather dry,
 And I'd ask you all to drink,
 If a bar was nigh ;
 But as the only bars here
 Are grizzly ones they say,
 I think that we'll toddle off to Utah.

[Dances, &c.]

Tom. But how are you going to manage it?

Sparks. Look at me ! What do you think now, candidly, of my personal appearance?

Tom. Well, you're a decent looking sort of fellow. [Inspects him critically.] Hem ! you remind me of Lester.

Sparks. Thank you ; you are gentlemen of taste ; so are the women. Talk of taking Utah ! why, I can take Broadway any fine afternoon between two and five. The ninety-nine wives of Brigham Young have only to meet me face to face, and the day is ours. I've a trunk full of Gurney's photographs in the wagon here, and finest card of all the pack. [Jumps into the wagon and holds up a bundle, and opens one of the hoops.] They never see the Home Journal in these parts ; and these hoops, why, they'd take in the Queen of Sheba.

Tom. If they wouldn't, she must be a stunner.

Sparks. They are rather large. In fact, they'll be very useful for tents until we have stormed Utah. And now, say, will you join, friends, Romans, countrymen and lovers?

O'Flab. Don't talk of lovers, it makes me sick. I'm with you, body and bones.

Tom. And I.

Sparks. Come then, jump in. You, O'Flab, are my Wheat ; you, Tom, my Henningsen. Come where glory waits you.

O'Flab. Forward, for Sairey !

Tom. Let her went, till I can lay my hand on that cursed old paramount.

[Exeunt, with cheers, music, &c.]

SCENE II.—A Garden at Salt Lake City, in the vicinity of the Temple.

MARIAN, SUSAN, SARAH, JERUSHAH and Mormon wives, preparing for the Endowment. Mormon gentlemen around.

Susan. [To MARIAN.] Are you quite dressed ?

Marian. Not quite yet. This fig-leaf basdue doesn't set very well. How I hate this horrid ceremony !

Susan. So do I, Marian dear. Oh how I wish we were back at Madame Blancnange's school together, in Union Square.

Marian. So do I, with all my heart. But you see I caught a fit of the revival, and having had a quarrel with Looy Sparks, came of in a huff to Utah.

Susan. And I emigrated with my father, poor man. He saw the folly of it, and died.

Marian. Do you know, Susy, I've been thinking if we only could get away somehow.

Susan. Oh we can't. They watch us too closely.

1st Mormon. Come now, be quick. Zion awaits.

Marian. Well, we're being as quick as we can. Spousing Zion does wait, what of it.

2d Mormon. [*Poking SUSAN in the ribs.*] My sweet! the Endowment calls us.

Susan. Take your hands off me, directly.

[SPARKS looks over the wall.

Sparks. [*Looking back.*] Hist! hist! Here they all are. Look!

[O'FLAB pokes his head over the wall.

O'Flab. Oh! whispt! what's that? By the blood of the O'Flabs, it's Sairey.

[*Gives an Irish howl.* SPARKS and O'FLAB drop suddenly behind the wall.

Sairey. [*Coming down.*] That voice!

Mormons. [*Omnes.*] Ha! what's that?

Sairey. [*Recovering herself.*] Oh nothing! I stuck a pin in me. [*To MARIAN and SUSY, aside.*] I'm sure I heard the voice of my husband. I'd know that yelp in a thousand.

Enter an ANGEL.

Angel. How long are you women going to stay here a-rigging yourselves up—there's Adam been dressed this half-an-hour, and Eloheim is waiting, and Satan and all the endowees are on hand.

1st Mormon. We must go. Mind, you women, follow at once.

[*Exeunt Mormons.*

Sairey. [*Excitedly, to MARIAN.*] Oh! my dear child, something's going to happen, I'm sure it is. I'll swear I heard the voice of my beloved O'Flab.

Marian. Nonsense. It can't be so. Here in Utah! impossible.

[SPARKS looks again over the wall.

Sparks. [*Aside to O'FLAB and TOM SCOTT, who look over the wall.*] Just look at them! What do you think of Brigham's wives, eh?

O'Flab. [*Very excitedly.*] Oh! blood and ouns, let me get at her.

[SPARKS puts his hand over his mouth.

Sparks. Hush!

[SUSAN turns up stage.

Tom. [*Recognising SUSAN.*] By the living Jingo! It is she!

Sparks. [*Putting his hand on TOM SCOTT'S mouth.*] Hush! they'll hear us. Who is she?

Tom. My Susan.

Sparks. You don't say so! [*MARIAN turns up stage. SPARKS recognizes her.*] Gracious goodness!

Tom. [*Placing his hand over SPARKS' mouth.*] Hush! what's the matter?

Sparks. 'Tis Marian.

[*Tries to get over the wall.*

Tom. 'Tis Susan.

[*Stretches over the wall.*

O'Flab. 'Tis Sairey.

[*Stretches over the wall*

Marian. What do I see? A man!

Susan. Do my eyes deceive me? two men!

Sarley. Am I dreaming? three men, and one of them O'Flab.

Susan. My love! my life! my Thomas!

Marian. It is, it is my Sparks! Come to my arms!

Omnes. Ah ha!

Sparks. A ladder! My kingdom for a ladder.

Marian. There isn't one in Utab. Our principle is that wherever there's a wall there isn't a ladder.

Sparks. What shall we do?

Susan. Hush! some one calls.

[SPARKS, O'FLAB and TOM dodge behind wall.

Re-enter ANGEL.

Angel. Ladies, ladies, Zion is out of patience. Zion can't wait no longer.

Marian. We are ready. We follow you. [Exeunt ANGEL.

SPARKS, O'FLAB, and TOM SCOTT appear at the wall. Affectionate and melodramatic farewell between the men and women. Exeunt MARIAN, SUSAN, SAIREY and JERUSA, with LADIES. SPARKS, O'FLAB, and SCOTT climb over the wall into the garden.

Sparks. [Spies a dress.] Ha! what's here! The leaves of a flower, my boys! the lovely integuments of some delicious budding rose! All is now serene.

O'Flab. [Comes up to look at it.] Perhaps 'tis one of the patent expansible bustles. Like the horse among the trumpets snuffeth the battle afar off, so Sparks among the petticoats Ha! ha!

Tom. These skirts give me an idea.

Sparks. They give me a great many ideas!

Tom. Let's put 'em on, and come the Lucy Stone, over the left!

Sparks. Excellent! Let's be three misguided females of the most enthusiastic character and robust constitutions. I have a plan; it is this—we've come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. We've escaped the pursuit of the American Gentile army. We're prepared, that is, I'm prepared, to lead the elect up to the battle, with a Hallelujah and a deep bass voice. Tears, my boys—if you have tears, prepare to shed them now, over the piteous tale of our persecuted but victorious virtue.

O'Flab. Hush! there's somebody coming and, many women, by the noise they make!

Tom. [Runs and looks out up L. H.] Lud, I guess it is a lot of women—more gals than ever you saw in a Fulton street omnibus, on a rainy night.

Sparks. Well, then, let us be off. There's a patch of Indian corn. Let us run for that, and make a dressing-room of the stalks.

[Exeunt, each man carrying off a dress with him.

Re-enter LADIES.

Sarah. The Creation went off very badly to-day. That new Elder didn't know how to tempt. [Cries out.] Heavens! Where are my clothes?

[Other women all cry out, finding their hoops, &c., carried off.

Jerusha. Those men must have been hall-thieves that you were speaking about, Sarah, while we were in at the Endowment. They've taken our petticoats off of the trees.

Enter YOUNG BRIGHAM.

Young Brig. Where's father, I say?

Sairey. He's in the temple, finishing up the creation.

Young Brig. Well, one of you just call him, will you? and tell him to hurry it up.

[*Several of the wives run out and return instantly with* BRIGHAM, *in full prophetic costume.*

Brig. [*Gravely and majestically.*] Why all this unseemly clatter, and haste?

Young Brig. It's Jehu; he's just come from the camp.

Brig. Well, what tidings does my good and faithful servant bring? But first, ladies, you will oblige me by going to your homes at once. These are affairs for men—not for you.

[*WOMEN go off, looking dispirited and vexed.*

Young Brig. The Gentile troops are in quarters, sir. They can't move, for Congress refuses to vote them an increase.

Brig. Truly, the Lord is with us! and there are some goodly men left, even in that abomination of desolation, the Congress. Let us pray for all who are appointed to vex the wicked government of the United States, without distinction of party or color, from the Hale fellows well met of New England—even unto the Hard Shells, the Soft Shells, and the Dicky Schells, of New York.

Young Brig. And their baggage can't be moved for the want of asses and mules.

Brig. We have all the asses.

Young Brig. They have given themselves up to junketing and revelry. There came a Gentile merchant among them at Fort Bridger—his name was George Saunders—who brought with him a number of iron houses and a dressing-case full of bottles.

Brig. What had he therein?

Young Brig. A potent and pleasing beverage, as I suppose of French extraction—for they called it "Old Bourbon." I should have presumed it odious to a democratic army, but the stiffest republicans in the camp were constantly asking one another, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" This strange political liquid I thought it worth while to examine, and I annexed ten bottles of it. Here, sir, is one of them—the rest wait your orders.

[*Hands bottle up to* BRIGHAM.

Brig. [*Opens and smells it.*] A strangely agreeable odor. It resembles the fragrance of that precious oil which ran down upon the beard of Aaron, the prophet. Leave me, my son, that I may receive a spiritual impression of the true significance of this beverage. [*Exit* YOUNG BRIGHAM. *Lifts the bottle to his lips, and takes a long pull.*] The Prophet Joseph has denounced strong liquor and tobacco. But for all that, Cuba is not a bad place. [*To the audience.*] Are we going to have Cuba? Nor is Otard to be despised. [*Looks at bottle affectionately, then gradually breaks into a smile, begins to hum the Sailors' Hornpipe, and exits with a few steps of that dance.*

SCENE III.—*A Grove near Utah.**Enter MARIAN.*

Marian. I wonder if Loo Sparks is round here. Only to fancy that fellow coming out to Utah after me—because, of course, he's after me—he couldn't be after any one else—if it should be any one else—after all the attention he paid me, I'd—

Sparks. [*In woman's dress, looking out from behind a tree.*] I wonder who this is in the extraordinary costume. Can it be Marian?

Marian. Oh, how my heart beats when I think Loo is near me!

Sparks. It looks amazingly like her. I'll try her a bit.

AIR—*Fra Diavolo.*

Sparks. Oh! what's that promenading
Alone this way, in pensive mood?

Marian. Lawks! I'm sure a voice I heard
Coming from out the wood.

Sparks. Oh! maiden fair, just hear me,
Here I am behind a tree.

Marian. The tones of a man, by de jingo,
Calling aloud to me!

Sparks. Oh ho!

Marian. Who the devil are you?

Sparks. I've come expressly to Utah,
To look after girls like you.

Where is she?

Marian. Trot him out!

Marian. [*Utterly amazed, and running boldly up to the bushes.*] What in the world is this, and who is here?

Sparks. [*Coming down.*] Marian!

Marian. Looy! [*They embrace.*] What on earth brought you here?

Sparks. You, darling! You partly; the rest was driving an Adams' Express donkey here with the mails and some female notions.

Marian. Yes; but is this the uniform Mr. Adams usually obliges his employees to wear?

Sparks. Not exactly. You'll excuse me when you know all.

DUETT.—*Roy's Wife,*

Sparks. Though your Balmoral I borrow—
Which I do with heart-felt sorrow—
This robe, which has encircled you,
I will return you, love, to-morrow.

Marian. Though my Balmoral you borrow,
Which gives me most heart-felt sorrow—
As of them I've got but few,
Early send it back to-morrow.

Marian. That's all very well; but what do you intend to do with my Balmoral, as you call it?

Sparks. I have involved them with a plan.

Marian. Oh! if you have a plan, tell it me; I want so to get away.

Sparks. Well, then, listen.

Marian. Hark! Not now; I hear voices coming this way. Come, come; follow me, and I will lead you to a place of safety, where we may discuss our plans. *[Leads off the stage.]*

Sparks. A place of safety! I'm with you, to discuss that or anything else. Lead on. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter BRIGHAM YOUNG, slightly intoxicated, with a bottle of Bourbon under his arm. He gradually becomes more and more intoxicated during the entire scene.

AIR—"The Heart Bowed Down."

Brig. My head-bowed down with weight like "Dough,"
 No hope, no aid at hand,
 The load I've on, I swear by "Joe,"
 So great I scarce can stand.
 Perplexed by politics and laws,
 With wives all round me "thrown,"
 This bottle is the only thing
 I wish to call my own.
I wish, &c.

My brain, now lighted by its fumes,
 Forgets its troubles past;
 What glorious taste each drop assumes,
 But too far gone [*looking in bottle*] to last.
 "White River," or its distant source;
 The Saints may make their home;
 The Liquor Law must take its course,
 But I will take my own.

Well! Here I can do as I please; no papers, no reporters around. Why the devil does that fellow, Buchanan, persecute me, I wonder? I don't owe him anything. If I do, let him come and take it. Bah! He hasn't got airey wife. I've got fifty, more or less—particularly the more—and that makes him mad. Damned old bachelor, that Buchanan. *[Sings, drunkenly.]*

AIR—"The Pope he Leads."

"Oh! I am better off than he,
 I lead a life of jolity,
 Have wives as many as I will,
 And stuff like this my paunch to fill."
[Takes drink from bottle.]

Ah! that's the true *lignum vitæ*. If I could only get the President to chat with me over a bottle of this, and show him my wives—ha! why, we'd settle matters in a jiffy, without the intervention of Colonel Johnston. Who's Colonel Johnston? Bah! I know what I'm about. [*Gets drunker.*] Suppose the United States troops attack me—well! let 'em attack! I attack them—that makes us even. Then I attack them—then they attack me. That's all right. What of it?—Let 'em come on. Who's afraid? Suppose this was Fort Bridger, [*makes a mark on floor with umbrella,*] and this was Colonel Johnston; [*makes another mark*] why, then, all I'd have to do would be to march down so [*staggers*] on Fort Johnston, and blow up Colonel Bridger—that's your ticket! [*Laughs, very drunk.*] But, after all, what's the use of fighting? I'm good-natured. Let's shake hands, Old Buck. [*Endeavors to shake hands with an imaginary President, and misses.*] What! you don't bear any ill-will, do you? Come! give us your fist. [*Misses again.*] Well, if you're going to be kind-of stand off in this way, you'd better say so, and I'll soon let your troops know the time of day. [*Laughs.*] Why, I'll give them some of this to drink, [*drinks from bottle,*] and when they come to face my enemy, they'll see so double that it will appear twice the number. [*Reels violent, and drops his bottle—he pursues it on hands and knees on the floor, until he at length falls asleep.* *Much of this scene may be rendered ad libitum by the performer.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Entrance to the Paradise of MAHOMET.—1st Groove—A Garden wall, with broken bottles on the top—A door C. with inscription over the top: "Paradise." Left of door a small window with shutters, closed. Between window and door, a bell rope, with notice: "Night-bell." Upon the door, a plate bearing the name of MAHOMET.—Above the wall a placard "Any Christian found trespassing on these premises will be persecuted."* BRIGHAM YOUNG discovered lying asleep upon a mat L. H. *Soft music,—as the strains cease, BRIGHAM YOUNG wakes up.*

Brig. [Still slightly inebriated.] Soda-water! [pause.] Deborah! Alмира! Sophia! Somebody! Soda-water! [Looking about him and rubbing his eyes.] Hallo! What's this? Where am I? Oh, I'm dreaming! I'll take my soda when I wake up. [Turns to sleep. A short pause.] This is exceedingly queer. I could almost swear that I was awake. I'll soon find out. [pinches his corns.] Aie! I am awake. [Getting up and looking about.] This is very extraordinary: I do not recognise the spot. I know of such vegetations in the regions of Salt Lake. I fancy I hear the sound of musical instruments, and the silvery laugh of women. Can some refractory Mormon have instituted a spread in opposition to me. I must investigate this matter. Ah, an inscription over the door! "Paradise"—A Mormon Volks garten, as I'm a Prophet, with the name of the gentlemanly proprietor upon the door-plate. What's on that board? "Any Christian found trespassing on these premises will be persecuted." Any Christian! That can't refer to me. I'll ring the bell!

[Rings bell.

Mah. [without.] Go away, naughty boys. I see you!
[BRIGHAM rings again. The window is opened and MAHOMET puts out his head.

Mah. Hallo! who are you? what do you want!

Brig. My name's Young.

Mah. Of the Albion?

Brig. No, Brigham,

Mah. What do you come here for?

Brig. I would see Mahomet and speak with him.

Mah. I am he—the real, original, and unadulterated Jacobs. What do you want?

Brig. I want a free admission.

Mah. Are you on the Press?

Brig. [indignantly] Sir! Do I look as if I were?

Mah. Where then are you from?

Brig. The United States?

Mah. [in a rage] An American, in among my women! Never! go away!

[Disappears—the window closes.

Brig. Stop!

[Rings bell.

Mah. [reappearing] Come, be off! If you don't I'll have your pho-

tograph taken through the keyhole, and hung up in the office of Talmadge Pasha.

Brig. I am not an American. I'm a Mormon.

Mah. A who?

Brig. A Mormon.

Mah. Is that a bird, a beast, or a fish?

Brig. Did you never hear of Joe Smith?

Mah. When Adam was giving names to all the human race, he got tired of the job, and at last said, "Let all the rest be called 'Smith!'" How can I recollect any particular Joe—unless it be a Joe Miller?

Brig. Well, you have heard of the Salt Lake City?

Mah. Where's that?

Brig. In the western part of the great United States.

Mah. It won't do. I've studied Mitchell's Geography deeply; I have heard of Salt River, but decline all offers of excursions up that flowing stream. Go away!

[Withdraws his head—he is going to shut the window.]

Brig. Stop! *[Rings the bell.]* Upon my word, you are mistaken. Perhaps you have not kept the run of American expansions—we go on so quick that I'm not surprised that even heaven can't follow us.

Mah. Oh, I know you Americans. You get up States without any population, and cities without any houses.

Brig. Have you got a late map of North America?

Mah. I've got a Colton of 1853. I'll fetch it. *[Disappears, and closes window after him. BRIGHAM peeps through the crack of the shutter and sees strange things.]*

Brig. Merciful Powers! what do I see—the elephant in all the developments of his artistic anatomy! Oh! the delicious creatures! Music, roses, wine—fairy shapes inhaling heavenly cobblers through ethereal straws! Oh! these delights must be mine; my form must thrill with unutterable pangs. *[Just then MAHOMET has opened the window, and thrust a huge map, rolled up, into the small of BRIGHAM'S back—He starts, and squirms.]*

Mah. Stop that! It's not fair—here is the Colton required. Now, while I unfold the map do you unfold your tale. *[Unrolls the map which hangs down beneath the window, against the flat. He puts out his head and looks over the top of it.]*

Brig. You may have heard of a region called California?

Mah. I have. Deputations of the Great Unwashed of that region have frequently coveted a participation in the delights of my realm; but we have invariably referred them to a rival establishment much lower down.

Brig. Well; now follow my finger. You perceive to the east of San Francisco a territory labelled Utah.

Mah. That's so.

Brig. And in the north-east portion of that territory do you see a lake?

Mah. By my beard, I do.

Brig. And upon a little river that connects that lake with a smaller one, do you see a dot?

Mah. I do see something of the sort. Stay, it has a name attached.

Brig. Exactly! That is Salt Lake City.

Mah. Oh, mighty man! But what then?

Brig. What then! The great race that people those regions look up to me as their Prophet.

Mah. A Prophet! What, the seventh son of a seventh son? May be consulted about love, marriage, and absent friends, stolen goods found, and gray hair turned to its usual color? Allah is great, and Mahomet is his Prophet.

Brig. Well, as we are both Prophets, and I am on a visit, it would be but civil in you to send out your Common Council, and extend to me the freedom of your establishment.

Mah. I won't promise. You may be respectable—mind, I don't say you are, but you *may* be. Stay, I'll come out, and see about this new doctrine of yours. [Disappears.]

Brig. Oh, the Paradise of Mahomet! the Ultima Thule of all human happiness! Shall it be granted to me to peer into this Infinite of Ecstasy! Shall I for once behold the life of delight that is in there for me, when my soul is released from this rather exaggerated body, and assumes one that is a better fit; and seated on a throne of roses, inhaling the sweet breath of the loveliest of Houris, and intoxicating my senses with preternatural punches, look down upon the large circle of disconsolate relatives mourning my loss below! Oh, bliss inexpressible!—Ah, here comes my friend in the turban.

[Enter Mahomet from door in flat. Two servants bring out a small carpet and cushion. Two more bring a segar in a tumbler, and a glass of liquor, with a spoon in it. Mahomet sits, and lights his cigar.]

Mah. I am here! Take off your slippers in the presence of the Prophet.

Brig. With pleasure. You haven't got such a thing as a boot-jack about you?

Mah. We have no boot-jacks in Paradise. Proceed; we are all cars. Bismillah!

Brig. I am the Prophet of a mighty race—a race of pious, upright men—

Mah. Omit the men, and come to the women.

Brig. By our creed, each man is allowed one wife to whom he is obliged to remain true and faithful.

Mah. Speak!

Brig. Until he finds another that suits him better.

Mah. Ah!—Go on. Bismillah.

Brig. Marshmallow! By the bye, do you know Nena Sabib?

Mah. I do! Pourquoy, Sir Knight, pourquoy?

Brig. Well, I heard him say that in "Jessie Brown." To return to the subject.

Brig. And by a simple system of progression, I have now arrived at my sixtieth improvement upon my first.

Mah. By my beard! The rogue has filched my first idea. But I'll hear him to the end. Inshallah!—Go on, dog—Your last wife is always your Sultana—and what do you do with the others?

Brig. "If the Lord, through his Prophet, wants to give my women

to any more worthy man than I am, there they are on the altar of sacrifice; he can have them, and do what he pleases with them!"*

Mah. Good!—But your Paradise. Tell me of it.

Brig. It is upon the earth at the great Salt Lake City. Between you and me, I don't think it's much of a Paradise for anybody but myself; however, I do as I please, marry anybody I like, drive fast horses, worship the Lord to the tune of "Old Dan Tucker," and if you have got anything in your establishment, that combines these delights in a higher degree of perfection, I should feel infinitely obliged to you for showing me around.

Mah. [*very melodramatically.*] Beware, Quixotic Prophet, beware. Seek not to pry into the Arcana which lie behind that back door, and are so sedulously protected by yonder broken bottles. The sight would be too overpowering for common nerves. There are Houris within, but that is not all; by the inscrutable laws of Fate, we are obliged to admit incongruous elements in order to serve as a counterpoise to our ethereal bliss. Strange shapes will haunt your passage, and wierd shadows dog your steps; the sights that will assail you, will strike terror to your heart; and your soul will shrivel up within you like a peanut in its shell.

Brig. I am a Prophet, and know no evil. Lead on.

Mah. Again beware. Once within those sacred portals and it will be too late to recede.

Brig. I am resolved. Lead on.

Mah. Have with you then. What ho! within there!

[*Enter Servants, one bearing a gigantic turban and cloak. The other a gong. The one places the turban upon BRIGHAM'S head and the cloak over his shoulders.*]

Mah. All is now prepared [*aside to servant.*] Just go and see that the spoons are locked up. [*Exit servant.*] Snowball pound that gong.

Brig. Stop!

Mah. Well, what is it?

Brig. You will excuse me, but I think it proper to make one slight investigation before we proceed further.

[*Takes a copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper from his pocket.*]

Mah. What's that?

Brig. I merely wish to ascertain if you take in swill milk here?

[*Examines Paper.*]

Mah. Ah ha! Has it come to this? Sound an alarum, somebody.

[*Servant pounds gong violently.*]

Brig. Stop!

Mah. Well, what now? You are as full of stops as an organ.

Brig. You really must excuse me; but I must unfold my personal experience. [*Advancing to footlights.*] Ladies and gentlemen—

Mah. Oh! come, Mr. Young, draw it mild. We can't stop the piece in this fashion. Mr. Cooke, oblige me by striking up your characteristic music.

Brig. Mr. Cooke, one moment. I am not here at this juncture as Brigham Young. It is Wm. R. Blake who appeals to the public.

* Quoted by Elder Hyde.

Will the public listen to the mournful recital of my dire experience.
[Violent applause from the public, which stimulates Mr. Blake to proceed.]
 Well, then, ladies and gentlemen—

RECITATION—MR. BLAKE.

Once upon a morning chilly, came to me a milkman swilly,
 Saying, "You must willy-nilly, take this can that's at your door."
 I that day did give a dinner, and made Mistress Blake begin a
 Vain attempt at *blanc mange*, in a lot of milk left at my door—
 Milk putrescent, opalescent—cows ne'er gave such milk before,
 As that in can left at my door.

Said I to Mistress Blake, complaining, "Have you destroyed this
 milk in straining?"

Quoth Mistress Blake, "Perhaps 'twas raining, in the can left at my
 door."

Said I, "I've read Frank Leslie's paper, and e'en the nose of a street-
 scraper

Would quail before such poisonous vapor, as rises from that milk-
 can's core.

Mistress Blake immensely pale growed as I cried "The Harlem Rail-
 road

Never brought such milk before,
 Never to this mansion's door."

Then did I the milkman summon. "Come," said he, "you are a
 rum 'un.

If you suspect my milk, pray come on, and have it out outside the
 door."

Then I answered him politely, saying "Let us take things quietly ;

If I think your milk unsightly, why involve me in uproar ?

Let us end this foolish tussel, come with me before Judge Russel—

He'll fix you out for evermore."

Said the milkman, "Nary more!"

Then to me this wretch abhorrent, said, "Our milk we never warrant."

"Take," I cried, "thy lacteal torrent ; take, oh take it from my
 door.

May thy soul for aye be cursed by babes poisonously nursed!"

Then with kicks I him reversed, as I shoed him from my door,

Saying, "Come here never more."

Mah. Come now, is that all ?

Brig. I have done, Marshmallow !

Mah. Well, then ; Snowball, hammer that gong.

[Servant pounds gong violently—the scene draws and discloses

SCENE II.—*The Interior of the Paradise of MAHOMET. Tableau. Servants advance with canopy, and escort MAHOMET and BRIGHAM YOUNG to a handsome bar, furnished with liquors, &c., where both partake of mint juleps, which the bar-keeper makes up for them. They then sit beneath a canopy. Ballet.*

Brig. (At the close of the dance.) Oh dear! I can't stand this much longer. It sets me all in a twitter!

Mah. What! you the most polygamic of all the Mormons! What is it you can't stand? The women or the tods!

Brig. Both! Might I be allowed, peradventure, to descend upon the stage, and gently mingle with the ladies.

Mah. For what?

Brig. Oh! my intentions are honorable, I assure you. Perhaps if I were to glide into yonder group of houris, and expand myself thus, (imitating Ballet girl) I might, by floating airily in a graceful attitude, produce an agreeable and cooling effect.

[*Recitative and aria à la Lablache, "Una voce poco fa."*]

Mah. An idea strikes me. What, ho! without there!

Enter Servant. MAHOMET whispers to him; *exit Servant, returning immediately with an ophicleide.*

Mah. [*A la Hamlet taking the instrument.*] Will you play upon this pipe?

Brig. My lord I cannot.

Mah. I pray you.

Brig. Believe me, I cannot.

Mah. I do beseech you.*

Brig. Well, since you insist upon it I don't mind if I do have a shy at it.

[*Takes the ophicleide and plays a few notes of recitative (piccolo flute at wing) then relapses into "The Arkansaw Traveller," dancing to the air. After a few bars the ballet join in. Then BRIGHAM, at the close, falls exhausted into the arms of the women. Tableau. Drop.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—BRIGHAM YOUNG still stretched in the same place in which he was at conclusion of ACT I. He awakes, stretches himself, and, as if unconsciously, feels round, until he discovers the bottle of whiskey, which he grasps.

Brig. Hallo! where am I? Mahomet! Mahomet, I say! Where the deuce can the fellow be? [*Looks round.*] Why, what's this? Been asleep. [*Suddenly sees the bottle.*] No! Drunk, by the bones of Smith! I remember it all—that bottle of Bourbon. But what a dream it was!

* This is imitated from Shakspeare.

Those Houris—what eyes! What forms! I wonder, if by taking another drink, I could see them again. [*Takes a pull.*] Any how, I feel better. Ah! those black eyes!—those——

Enter KIMBALL and PRATT, U. E. R.

Pratt. Brigham, arouse! Your house is in danger.

Brig. No, it isn't. I havn't a single note out.

Kim. It is not loss of money that threatens you. A calamity nearer home. Your wives!

Brig. [*Starting to his feet.*] Ha! my wives. What have they been doing now? More millinery bills? I won't pay them. There's Sheba, the bonnet maker, at the corner of Jehoshaphat Avenue, she sent me in a little bill of 250 dollars the other day, for what she called trimmings, for my wife Jezebel. I trimmed Jezebel, though after another fashion.

Enter SPARKS, O'FLAB and TOM, at back, stealthily, L. U. E. They listen.

Pratt. Pshaw! I tell you there are spies—perhaps enemies, in the camp. There are three forsaken Gentiles at this moment, in your fold.

Sparks. [*Aside to O'FLAB and TOM.*] Hallo! this concerns us!

O'Flab. Be asy, Loo. He calls us Gentles. That's complimentary at any rate.

Pratt. Three wolves hankering after your lambs.

Brig. Hem! If you had to deal with some of my wives, you wouldn't exactly call them lambs, I think.

O'Flab. [*To SPARKS.*] No, begor—they're dears. Ha! ha!

[*Laughs.*]

Sparks. Shut up, you fool! they'll overhear us.

Kim. Nay, more. The ungodly ones are at this moment concealed in your house.

Pratt. And we have been informed that they are led by a profane express man, who carries the mails.

Brig. What! Does the rascal intend to carry my females too? Fire and fury! Where are they? I'll burn them alive. Let us after them. Search every cranny in the house. Come, brother Pratt. Come, brother Kimball.

[*Exeunt in haste.*]

Sparks. So the old dog has got wind of us, eh!

Tom. Yes, but if he comes to try either of us, he'll get a wind-fall. [*They advance on stage.*] But say, have you got any plans?

Sparks. Fifty.

Tom. What are they?

Sparks. Women. Don't you see?

Tom. See what? Fifty women? No thank you, one is enough for me—at a time.

Sparks. Let me suppose a case.

Tom. What? A divorce case?

Sparks. No. Suppose each of us had fifty wives a-piece.

Tom. God forbid!

O'Flab. Bedad, I'm thinkin that mine would be fifty widows that morning afther the wedding.

Sparks. That would make a hundred and fifty to three. What chance would we have if they coalesced, and turned to to whip us?

Tom. The power of finger-nails is uncommon.

Sparks. Well, those Mormon fellows are exactly in the same predicament. The odds are against them. Women, you know, are always odd and never even. All we have to do, is to bring about an insurrection among the females, hoist the red petticoat of rebellion, erect barricades of crinoline, and make the defence of Salt Lake City, and then Saragossa.

Tom. Sairy Gossa! Who is she? I'll be blowed if my Sairy shall be sacrificed.

Sparks [*Musingly.*] There's but one regret that I have.

O'Flab. And what's that, Mither Sparks?

Sparks. That I didn't import Jobson and Lola Montes here; for, between them, they'd have blown up every Mormon in the territory.

Tom. Blowed if your plan ain't a right good 'un. Count me in.

Sparks. The women ought to be here by this time. I'll see if I can't bring 'em. [*Takes a banjo and sings.*]

SONG.—Air, "Oh, Lady Dear."

"Oh! Marian dear,
I've waited here
At least since four o'clock for thee," &c.

O'Flab. Hurroo! here they are! I see them creeping through the old fellow's garden like catherpillars.

Enter MARIAN, with SUSAN and SARAH. Each man embraces his own lover.

Sparks. Marian, matters must be precipitated. We're discovered; Brigham Young has been informed of our presence. The rising must take place at once.

Marian. The sooner the better; I'm to be sealed to-morrow, and I'd rather die first.

Sparks. What! Sealed! like a letter—?

Marian. Oh, no! Marriage here is called sealing.

Sparks. Well, with your taper waist and waxen complexion, you have all the materials for the ceremony.

Marian. Oh! get along!

Sparks. Well, I am getting along very nicely, I think.

O'Flab. [*Who has been embracing his wife.*] Orrah, and so am I. Susy says she don't care a snap for that thundering ould Turk, Brigham Young, and that she loves me wid all the cockles of her heart. Be the powers, I never knew what a wife I had lost till I found her.

Susan. There! kiss me quick and let me go.

[*Releases herself from O'FLAB.*]

Sparks. This is all very well; but let us not waste our precious time in billing and cooing. Let us be stirring.

Tom. Ef I don't git a muss soon, somehow, I'll spile.

Marian. My staff is within call. Shall I summon them, in order that we may hold a consultation?

Sparks. Summon them by all means.

[*MARIAN takes a policeman's baton from her pocket, and gives the alarm raps — she also blows a police captain's whistle.*]

Marian. That will bring them.

A number of women enter, and salute MARIAN respectfully. They group themselves.

Sparks. Now, women, you have heard our champion. Are you ready to follow him?

All. Yes, to the death!

Marian. Then let us to the camp, and hang out our petticoats on the outer walls.

Sparks. You're an out-and-outer, *Marian*.

Marian. From this moment we will expose our game to the Mormon tyrants. We will throw down our hands, and take up arms. All who love me follow me!

[*Marches off followed by the females. Appropriate Music.*]

Tom. Loo, she's game, anyhow.

Sparks. Well, if she isn't game to any one else, she's dear to me.

[*The Mormons steal in at the back and set three enormous man-traps immediately behind O'FLAB, TOM, and SPARKS, who stand in a row conversing.*]

Tom. What are we to do? Follow the women.

Sparks. No. Our place is to watch the Mormons and carry information of their movements to the women's camp.

O'Flab. Well, but av they catch us, they'll hang us.

Sparks. Oh! leave that to me. I'm not such a fool as to put my foot in it that way.

[*At this moment all three tread on the man-trap and are caught.*]

The three. Ah! what's this? Trapped. by jingo?

[*The Mormons headed by BRIGHAM YOUNG rush from their concealment, and proceed to bind their prtsoners.*]

Brig. So you were going to raise a revolt, were you?

Sparks. Unhand me, villains.

Tom. Leave go of me, scoundrels.

O'Flab. Arrah lave me alone, ye blaggards. Oh, murther, they're tyin' me up as if I was a fowl.

Brig. To the prison with them. They shall hang by to-morrow's sun.

Sparks. Don't hang us in the sun, if you please, 'twill spoil our complexions.

Brig. Away with them.

They struggle with the Mormons, singing appropriate chorus. Scene closes.

SCENE II.—*A Rocky Glen, by Moonlight.*—*Enter* BRIGHAM, MORMONS, KIMBALL, and PRATT, leading SPARKS, O'FLAB, and TOM, L., by ropes round their necks.

Brig. I'm weary with walking. Let us rest here, and interrogate those Gentiles.

Kim. Be it so. We will put cunning questions to them.

O'Flab. Wirra throe! What the divil are they going to do with us?

Tom. Hang us, I calculate.

Sparks. Whatever they do, let us show the true American grit. Perhaps, after all, we can give them the slip, as the bark Adriatic did the French men of war.

Tom. That must have been rather galling to the Gauls.

O'Flab. O, Golly!

[*The MORMONS open their walking-stick chairs, and seat themselves in a row, BRIGHAM in the centre. Each MORMON holds a rope, the noose of which is round the neck of one of the three prisoners.*]

Brig. [*Hauling at his rope, and bringing SPARKS up hand over hand.*] Come up here; I wish to interrogate you.

Sparks. [*Half choked.*] You want to choke me, you mean. Confound you, you need not rope a fellow in in that manner.

Brig. Who are you? And what are you?

Sparks. That's none of your business. I havn't got any strawberry mark on my left arm, and I'm not your brother.

Brig. [*Giving the rope a chuck.*] What? Contumacious! Speak!

Sparks. Well, give me a little line, and I will.

[*BRIGHAM lets out rope, and SPARKS advances a la MARIO to the foot-lights.*]

Brig. Oh! If you're going to sing it, you'll want a line or two.

Sparks. [*In recitative.*]

Yes, in the hands of the blood-thirsty Mormons!

Yes, in the noose of the terrible lasso!

I am about to tell my melancholy story.

Air.—Valse d'Amour.

[*Sings.*] "Not far from Catharine Market I was born."

Chorus of friends. That's just so!

Mother sold fish, while father took his horn,

Chorus of Mormons. Hear him blow!

I went to school at the Bowling Green,

I whipped Bill Sykes when I was sixteen,

And I ran wid de number twelve machine.

[*Imitates New York fireman.*]

For I'm a New York boy born.

Chorus altogether. With a riddle cum dinky cum do.

So when I came to the age of twenty-one,

Chorus of Mormons. Oh! shut up!

I thought it was time for me to see some fun;

Chorus of Friends. He's a pup!

I voted the Know-Nothing ticket through,
And shipped with Walker's belligerent crew,
Where I'd nothing to eat and plenty to do.

[Snaps his fingers.]

But fighting to me is all fun.

Chorus. [Altogether.] With a riddle, &c.

My brief biography now is nearly done ;

Chorus of Friends. Oh! hoss fly!

A new dramatic career I've just begun.

Chorus of Mormons. All my eye!

I've played in dramas romanesque,
And sat for years at a manager's desk,

But never before did I play in burlesque.

[To the Audience.] Pray, how do you think I have done?

Chorus. [Altogether.] With a riddle, &c.

Brig. That's all very fine. But how are we to know whether it's true or not?

Sparks. You don't intend to insinuate that I sing false, do you?

Brig. Come; none of your jokes. Let's be moving.

Sparks. I thought my story was a moving one.

Mormons. [Groaning.] Oh! take him away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Camp of the Mormon Women. Tents—cannon—arms scattered round. The Women are distributed into various small parties. drinking lager-bier, and singing a Bacchanalian song.*

AIR AND CHORUS—"La Rose de St. Flour."

Solo No. 1. Here is the drink, so bright and beamy,
Tippy to be, ne'er fear;

Chorus. Ah!

Solo No. 2. Bury your noses in the creamy—
Take in your lager bier.

Chorus. Ah!

Toddies and whiskey skins and punches

Fuddle a man—but this ne'er fear;

Bury your noses in the creamy,

Take a long pull at your lager bier.

Drink, drink of the bier before us,

Ah! join in our jovial cheer;

'Round, 'round, take up the chorus,

Drink of the foaming lager bier!

Trio. Those who drink of lager bier

Never fuddled do appear!

Susan. What's the news from the city? Have we any intelligence of our three heroes?

Sarah. I hope my dear Tom is safe.

Marian. No intelligence as yet. I confess that I am somewhat uneasy. I have had scouts out in search of information, and a rumor reached me through one of them, that the Mormons had been seen leading three prisoners into the city.

Susan. Well, if I'm going to lose my beau in this sort of way, I'd rather give up soldiering altogether.

Sarah. And I, too. After all, I don't see the use of our fighting to gratify the ambition of one person. How happy you and I might be, Susy, in New York, going over every Sunday to Hoboken.

Susy. I'm sick of this sort of thing. Let's give up soldiering, find our beaux, and fly straight as arrows to New York.

[*Murmurs among the women.*]

Marian. What, mutiny! [*Women sing.*] Is this a mutiny? Silence in the ranks!

Susy. There's no ranks; we're all officers, like the Irish militia regiments.

Sarah. And we won't be silent. We have our wrongs.

Omnes. Yes, we have our wrongs.

Marian. Name your grievances. If they are reasonable, I, as your commander, am bound to redress them.

Sarah. In the first place, the army complain that they have got no beaux.

Marian. Proceed.

Susy. And that they are continually harrowed by scenes of war-fare.

Marian. You wouldn't have us make war foul, would you?

Omnes. Oh, oh! Put her out!

Marian. You have put me out considerably already, by your confounded rebellious behaviour. However, if you'll remain quiet and behave like men once in your lives, I have a proposition to make.

Omnes. Hear! hear!

Marian. I wish to make a stump speech. Where's my stump?

Susy and Sarah. Here.

[*Some of the women bring on a large stump, which MARIAN mounts.*]

Marian. Mormons, countrywomen, and free lovers, hear me for my cause, and leave off drinking that you may hear. You complain that this nun-like life of celibacy is irksome to you. You shall have none of it. I would not for worlds that you should waste your sweetness on the Deseret air. To all of my soldiers who are not engaged or married—I propose a gift enterprize of husbands, varying in value from one to twenty thousand dollars.

Omnes. Hear! hear! Good for you!

Marian. Every person buying twenty-five cents worth of ball cartridges, to be used against the foe, shall be entitled to a gift. I have consulted the best legal authorities, and am informed that gift enterprizes are not illegal. [*Cheers.*] Do you approve of my proposition?

Omnes. Aye! aye!

Scout. A flag of truce from the enemy!

Marian. Pass, flag of truce.

The drawing of the lottery is suspended, and a Mormon advances with a flag of truce.

Pratt. I come to offer you terms of capitulation. Your paramours are in our hands. Yield and return to your husbands, or the three Gentiles whom we have captured will at noon swing from the pine trees that grow in the Glen of Rocks. I say I come to offer you those terms of capitulation.

Marian. You've said it twice—that's recapitulation. It's no use; we prefer the death of our lovers before dishonor. Carry back our defiance to the Mormon camp, and tell the tiger of the prairies that the tigresses are around. Were we to gratify our feelings, we would treat you as Nena Sahib—in "Jessie Brown"—treated Randal MacGregor's flag of truce. But we are not Bourcicault, and we are magnanimous. Go in peace. [*Flag of truce goes.*] Women! you have heard. Sparks, the pearl of men—O'Flab, the model husband—Tom—the little and active Tom—are all in the hands of the enemy. Shall we not rescue them?

Omnes. To arms! To arms!

Marian. Bravo! To arms, then! *Au secours!* Let us descend on the Mormons, as the Assyrian descended on the Mohabites, like the wolf on the young colt.

Sarah. You forget, my dear. "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold" is the quotation.

Marian. Well, didn't I say so? The animal couldn't be a colt unless it was foaled, could it? [*Groans in the army.*] Silence in the ranks! Form in line—eyes right! [*Gives a number of military orders, and the women perform some military evolutions. Scene closes as they are marching off.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Rocky Glen.*

Enter a detachment of Mormons, leading SPARKS, FLABBY, and HOOSEY, prisoners. The prisoners are reluctant.

O'Flab. Where are you taking us to?

Brig. No farther than this. We are about to hang you from the topmost branch of the tallest pine tree.

O'Flab. Faith, you've rather high notions of an execution, my man.

Tom. Don't talk to the scoundrel—don't temporize with him. We can't but swing.

Sparks. I don't want to swing at this game—I don't hold the ace.

O'Flab. [*To TOM.*] What are you talking about temporizing for? I feel the temper running out of my own eyes as well as you do, but don't you see that by talking we gain time, and maybe the women will rescue us.

Sparks. O'Flab, you've had a rush of brains to the head.

O'Flab. Och! av you were to see the women at the pattrern of Kilcoultra, whin they wint into the faction fights wid paving-stones in their stockings, you'd know how the faymale sex can fight when they have a mind to.

Tom. Ef I had a few of the boys of my ward round here we wouldn't want any of your stockings I tell you.

Sparks. But this is a good idea. Let us detain those Mormons in conversation.

Brig. Come, to work; we're wasting our time. Get the halters ready.

Sparks. [*Advancing to him dramatically.*] Stop! is your name Young?

Brig. Yes! you knew that before.

Sparks. Brigham Young?

Brig. Yes.

Sparks. Are you he who seven years ago, upon a dark and gloomy night, when it rained and hailed, and lightened, and blew and snowed, walked down a narrow road, bordered on either side by ruined walls, and stopping at a wayside inn, where the landlord was a man with a red nose, called for a drink? Say quickly, oh! in pity say, are you the man?

Brig. Well, I think it's probable that I might have gone down such a road at night, and had a drink. I remember going to old Tucker's grocery.

Sparks. Tucker's grocery? That is the spot. You are my father!

[*Tries to embrace him.*]

Brig. No, no, I'm not your father. There, get away, you're trying to humbug me. Come along and be hanged.

Sparks. [*To himself.*] That dodge won't do, though I've seen it answer admirably on the stage.

O'Flab. [To SPARKS] I've got an idea. I'll sing a song. That will give us a little time.

Tom. Excellent! Music has charms to smooth the savage beast.

Sparks. [To *Mormons.*] Gentlemen you remember the classical fable of the death of the swan?

Mormons. No we don't—come along.

Sparks. Excuse me, its interesting. The swan was believed by the ancients just before its death to burst into a song of the most surpassing melody. My friend, Flabby, here feels rather swanlike at present, and as he is to die in a few moments wishes to take a farewell of life in melody. Do not refuse his last wishes.

Brig. Well, let him cut it short then.

SONG.—*Tom.* Air, *The Chant Chorus in "Jack Sheppard."*

Och!—why did I come into Utah?

Och!—why did I lave me swate home?

In—the flower of my youth and my beauta,*

A—corpse I am going to become.

Chorus. With your fal de rol de riddle,
Lol de rol de riddle ido, &c.

The—gallows it yawns for poor Looney;

Come—all of you give me your tears;

Now—don't go to think I'm a spooney—

I—allude to the box tiers, my dears.

Chorus. With your fal de rol de riddle, &c.

Be—fore I go dancing on nothin',

I'd—like my estate to bestow;

I—haven't got much, but I've suthin',

So—all men by these presents know:

Chorus. With your fal de rol de riddle, &c.

That—to you I bequeath this repeater,

[Takes out a huge tin watch, which he winds up with a sort of crank—he gives it to one of the *Mormons.*

This—tooth-brush to you I do leave.

[Offers seedy tooth-brush to another *Mormon.*

My—cravat, than which there's no neater,

[Takes it off and gives it to a third *Mormon.*

To—you I most generously give.

Chorus. With your fal de rol de riddle, &c.

Here—are my suspenders elastic;

[Unbuttons, mysteriously takes off suspenders, and gives one to each of fourth and fifth *Mormons.*

I—give you this one—you take that.

Now—I've run down, and give you my last tick,

Here—Guv'nor, do you take my hat.

[Gives his hat to BRIGHAM.

Chorus. With your fal de rol de riddle, &c.

* This is intended for beauty.

[*The Mormons prepare the halters, and advance to place them round the necks of the prisoners.*—

O'Flab. Oeh! wirrasthrue! wirrasthrue! But I'm the most misforthinate boy that was ever calved. To think of my coming out to this blaggard Utah, to be massacrayed by a set of thieving fellows like these. Ochone!

Sparks. Hold up, Flabby! Let's swing like men. I'm a New York boy, and don't want even to hang in company with a coward.

Tom. That's your talk! But still there's a chance. While there's life there's hope. The women may yet arrive.

Sparks. Alas! I haven't much faith in women. If Marian were true to me, as I to her, she would have been here already.

SONG.—*Air, Olga Waltz.*

Why do my friends forsake me?

Why did the Mormons take me? &c.

[*At conclusion of song, the Mormons advance with the halters, and proceed to fasten them round the necks of the prisoners.*

Brig. You are about to be hung.

Sparks. That's no noose to us.

Brig. (*To his attendants.*) At the third stroke of the gong, let them swing from the topmost bough of yonder pine tree.

O'Flab. O Lord! have mercy on me!

Sparks. It can't be helped, I suppose. I wonder if old Brigham would fight! It's an idea. Ho! [*To BRIGHAM.*] You're a coward, to take advantage of a fellow in this way.

Brig. It's a lie.

Sparks. If these shackles were not weighing down my limbs—I mean, if this rope was not round my neck, I'd prove it upon your body, pestiferous caitiff!

Brig. What, do you defy me to mortal combat?

Sparks. Aye, to the death!

Pratt. Go in, Brigham, and win. Go it while you're Young.

Brig. Egad, I've a great mind to gratify him.

Tom. I say, if it's a free fight, count me in.

Kim. I'm your man!

O'Flab. Bedad, we're going to have some fun! Who-o-o!

[*Shouts, and cuts 1 caper.*

Brig. One moment. I wish to explain to the audience, [*Advances to foot-lights.*] that trial by combat was in use in Europe as late as the eighteenth century. And in Millingen's History of Duelling, page five and three quarters, the statement will be found.

Sparks. Oh! shut up. They want to see the fight. They don't want to hear you blow in that way. Go and get the tooth-picks.

[*BRIGHAM takes six Bowery Broadwords and six shields out of a hollow tree, and hands one to each person. The antagonists range themselves in two rows, like the HORATHI and CURIATHI, with appropriate exclamations of "Come on, villain!" "Now's your time." "One for your nob," &c. A Comic Fight, in the midst of which, when the three prisoners are getting the worst of it, a number of women, headed by MARIAN, rush*

on and turn the scale. The three chief Mormons are slain—so are TOM and O'FLAB. The women and the rest of the Mormons exit, fighting. SPARKS alone survives. When BRIGHAM receives his mortal wound, he takes out an air cushion, blows it up, and lying down, calmly rests his head on it, and dies, with a few gentle kicks.

Sparks. [Wiping his sword with his fingers, after the manner of stage duellists.] Thus perish the enemies of the house of Sparks. [Contemplates O'FLAB and TOM.] But my poor friends have paid the penalty. Alas! [The Prompter's whistle is heard.] Good heavens! There's a change of scene, and those fellows are not off yet. Our great waterfall scene, too. Those confounded authors didn't think of that. [Takes the book of the play out of his pocket, and consults it.] No! He leaves them on stage. No directions. [Gives BRIGHAM a kick.] There—get off! We want to change the scene.

Brig. But, I'm dead! I can't get off. You must find some way of getting me off.

Sparks. Oh, nonsense. Never mind whether you're dead or not!

Brig. But I do mind. It's not in my part to get up.

Sparks. [Calls to wing.] Here, Mr. Levere! [LEVERE enters.] How shall we get Mr. Blake off?

Levere. Oh! get him carried off.

Brig. Carried off? I'd like to see the man that would carry me off!

Sparks. Send for a policeman, Mr. Levere.

Levere. There's one at the wing, sir.

Sparks. Excellent! [POLICEMAN enters.] Remove this man, policeman. He's interrupting the performance.

Police. [Tapping BRIGHAM with his baton.] Now, sir, move on, if you please!

Brig. Do you arrest me?

Police. Certainly. I'll arrest you, if you don't move on.

Brig. And you'll take me to the Station House?

Police. Yes.

Brig. [Folding his arms.] Take me.

[POLICEMAN looks puzzled, and scratches his head.

Sparks. I've got an idea. [Beckons to POLICEMAN, who approaches.] I know how you can get him off.

Police. How? [SPARKS whispers to POLICEMAN.] All right. I'll try it. [Turns to BRIGHAM, and says]—Gentlemen, let us take a drink.

Brig. [Starting.] What's that?

Police. Let's liquor.

Brig. [Getting up.] I'm your man. Where shall we go?

Police. Oh! just round the corner. Come boys.

[He links arms with BRIGHAM, and takes him along, followed by the crowd.

Sparks. [As he goes out, says to the audience]—That's what I call good stage management!

SCENE II.—Valley of the Silver Torrent. Inauguration of the Republic of Woman. Finale.

THE END.

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