

*Farmer B.* No broken heads, and noisy brawls, among your present wares.

*First Villager.* Sing out your merchandize, master; you need not be ashamed of them, as you roll away.

*Timbertap.* (Trundling off his barrow.) Cabbages—potatoes—apples—ribbons and thread. Oh yes! Oh yes! cabbages!

*All.* Hurra, hurra.

(MUSIC.)

(Exit.)

### SCENE 5.

(Music plays a march. Bells ring. Enter a procession, —First Villager bearing a banner,—Farmer B. with rod of office,—Schoolmaster and Queen,—four attendant girls, two and two,—the band of minstrels, decorated with blue sashes and ribbons,—girls, two and two,—others, of the company, with boquets and banners. The Queen conducted to the throne by Farmer F. The procession forms at each side and in front,—banner bearers at each side. Farmer B. proposes three cheers for the Queen. The cheers are given. The Queen acknowledges by rising and curtseying. The line in front march off, leaving those at each side, arranged, so that *no one* shall be between the audience, in *any direction*, and the centre of the platform.)

*Farmer F.* Queen of the Harvest Home;—you have been chosen by the free suffrages of Oldstyle, as presiding mistress of the day. Will you engage to conduct proceedings according to the rights and usages of this ancient ceremonial, as brought to your notice, by our representative, and your minister, the learned Mr. Blotpage? (The Queen bows assent.)

Will you engage to award worthily, and govern wisely, by means of the same minister, the learned Mr. Blotpage? (The Queen bows assent.)

We tender our affectionate homage, and promise such allegiance as the occasion may demand and you require. May the day be auspicious to the governing and the governed.

*All.* Hurrah, hurrah.

*Farmer F.* Now Mr. Catchease, as representative of the Law and Constitution, your inaugural address.

*Lawyer C.* Madam, in the name and on behalf of the inhabitants of Oldstyle, allow me to express congratulation on your assumption of the office to which you have been elected.