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[Tom Taylor]

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1850.

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First performed at the New Strand Theatre, Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1849.

Dramatis Personæ.

JUPITER (a Ruler who can't keep things straight)	Mr. Leigh Murray.
MARS (Head of a reduced Naval and Military Establishment)	Mr. W. Farren, jun.
MERCURY (the Deity of "Fast Men," and original "Gent" of the Greek Mythology)	Mr. H. Farren.
APOLLO (God of Lyres, and Patron of Poetry and Fiction)	Mrs. Leigh Murray.
BACCHUS (the fine old proof spirit of the "Bottle")	Mr. H. Butler.
VULCAN (the Iron King, with too many irons in the fire)	Mr. C. Bender.
HERCULES (the King of Clubs—worshipped by all asses in lions' skins)	Mr. Tanner.
CHRONOS (the "Good Time Coming," which has been so long on the Road)	Mr. Harvey.
DIOGENES (a Cynic Philosopher who once took a Tub for his house, and mankind for his butt)	Mr. P. Emery.
CLYFAKEROS (an unlicensed Conveyancer or practical illustration of le propriété c'est le vol)	Mr. Clifton.
SCISSARION (a poverty-stricken Phœnix, a tailor, the most he can be of an honest man)	Mr. H. T. Turner.
PRATTILUS, BORUS — members of the Peace Society, who wont hold their peace, at any price—yet offered them	Mr. Mazzoni. Mr. Harris.
BAMBOOZILUS, GAMMONIDES — Railway Directors doing Mammonides' dirty work, worshipping him while he is up, and blackguarding him when he is down	Mr. Geoffry. Mr. Simpson.
MINERVA (a Blue Belle in full flower—an amazingly strong minded and proportionately unpopular Goddess)	Mrs. Stirling.
JUNO (the Mrs. Caudle of the Olympian Family Party)	Mrs. B. Bartlett.
VENUS (Authoress of "Love's Lenten Entertainment")	Miss Rebecca Isaacs.
DIANA (the Woman in the Moon)	Mrs. H. J. Turner.
CERES (persecuted by the Protectionists, and protected by Richard Cobden, Esq.)	Miss Isabel Adams.

The great Unwashed, Unshaved, Unpaid, Untaught, Unfed, by a very swell mob of Greeks.

SLOPWORKERS — fighting starvation at the point of the needle	Misses Rawlings, Brady, and Allen.

Time, 319 A.C. *Place—Olympus; afterwards in Athens.*

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DIOGENES AND HIS LANTERN.

SCENE THE FIRST.

OLYMPUS.

The Gods in council. JUPITER *and* JUNO *in the centre.* HEBE *at* JUPITER'S *elbow, with her pitcher.* BACCHUS, MARS, APOLLO, MERCURY, VULCAN, MINERVA, VENUS, DIANA, CERES.

AIR *and* CHORUS. "*Sure such a day.*"

JUP. Deuce take the world, with its bother and its battling!
Oh, who would rule o'er such a school as that down there!
They call it electricity, my thunder when I'm rattling;
And I'm the last thing thought of, when by Jove they swear.
Bacchus, sure, you've made 'em drunk: you, Mars, have made 'em quarrelsome.
None will swallow you, Apollo, save on organ barrel some.
Force physical's thought quizzical, till, Hercules deriding,
They've made him cut his club, to save his lion's hide from hiding.

ALL. Zounds! these are grounds for a total change of principles
In politics Olympian, by Jove they are!

JOVE. Yes, Gods, with a sad truth I must assail your
Attentions; we've made "an alarming failure."
The world, against Olympus' rule refractory,
Is in a state we can't call satisfactory.
Truths whirl with things: the old ways in each land
Are broken up, like Fleet-street or the Strand;
Till history's a mere toss-up with crowns,
At one gigantic game of "knock-'em-downs."
In short, each nation labours like a dray 'oss,
To start, on its own hook, a private chaos.
So how on earth to mend earth, or remake it,
We ask advice. Mind! we don't say we'll take it.
What prompts our loving wife's experience ample?

JUNO. (*Shrewishly.*) You'd better set a decenter example.

JOVE. Wife!

JUNO. Give your latch-key up.

JOVE. Why, how now, Juno!

JUNO. Give up your—— (*She pauses significantly.*)

JOVE. What?

JUNO. Ah! what, indeed! Oh, you know.

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Don't run after the—hem!—as now your wont is.
You're worse than that old king with Lola Montez.

JOVE. Peace, scold! You, Bacchus?

BACC. (*Rises, hiccoughing.*) But one method I know,—
Teach men the truth.

JOVE. What truth?

BACC. (*Holding up his cup.*) The truth "in vino."

JOVE. Peace, sot! You, Mars?

MARS. (*Rises.*) Simple and short my charm is,—
Keep all the rascals down with standing armies.

JOVE. Peace, brute! Apollo?

APOL. Music for the million,
And for sole king, Hullah, or Monsieur Jullien.

JOVE. Peace, fiddler! Ceres?

CERES. If men aren't to scorn laws,
Whate'er you do, pray don't restore the corn laws.

JOVE. We don't mean. Venus?

VENUS. If you 'd really show men
How the world *should* be ruled, rule it by women.

JOVE. Peace, minx! Diana?

DIANA. On the moon best fix;
Wise men don't answer—try some lunatics.

JOVE. Peace, moon-calf! Mercury?

MERC. The world wants "go,"
Quicksilver 'em: men are so deuced slow.

JOVE. Peace, Coxcomb!

APOL. (*Rapidly.*) Music!

MARS. Armies!

VENUS. Women!

BACC. Wine!

JOVE. Peace, all! henceforth ye are no gods of mine!
You're no more use, when by your deeds I measure ye,
Than would be just so many Lords o' the Treasury.
Henceforth I'll try a different tack, my beauties,
Thus I knock off your attributes and duties.
(*Thunder.*)
To find out what to make of you would bore me:
Wisdom, my child, as usual just think for me.

MIN. (*Rising.*) Bacchus, your grog is stopped—on earth be resident,
Of the Teetotallers perpetual president.
Sheathing the sword, you, Mars, for a variety,
Turn travelling agent of the Peace Society.
Apollo, quit the music of the spheres,
As Jullien, to cater for men's ears.
Put your pipe out, and leave the Muses' side,
For Chipp's big Drum, and Prospère's Ophycleide;
As for your gift of song, on earth bestow it,
There's full work for one lyre, as Moses' poet.
You, Venus, as *modiste* your taste display,
See if you can't invent a new corset;

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You have the full control of mode and toilet,
As you give beauty, you've a right to spoil it:
Nip waists so tight, if ladies cannot eat,
They still at least may say "grace before meat."
Dian, no more you shine as Queen of Night;
Puff, and mind don't puff out, the Electric Light.
In the moon's stead, they tell me it will soon shine—
The shareholders are sure to find it moonshine.
You, Hercules, who cleaned the Augean Stable,
For a new toil cleanse London, if you're able.

HERC. To make Thames wash it, some plan I'll diskiver.

MIN. The river wash! but who's to wash the river?
Lastly of all the Gods and all the Goddesses,
But one wants no change.

ALL. That one?

MIN. (*Striking her cuirass.*) In *this* boddice is.

(*The Gods rise indignantly, and murmur.*)

Oh! you may grumble! you would think it sport
Pallas to floor, and shut up Pallas' court.
Let those who venture on that innovation,
Look out to pay a swingeing compensation.
Change whom you like, papa, you shan't change me,
Wisdom I am, and Wisdom I will be.

(*Murmur renewed.*)

JOVE. Sit down! you know her tongue—pray don't provoke it,
Let's put her sermon in our pipes, and smoke it.

(*Gods sit.*)

Pray choose your own work upon earth, fair daughter,
Do anything you like, in any quarter.

MIN. When a man finds his child wont do as *he* likes,
The next best thing's to let her do as *she* likes.
So I'll to Athens straight. You know Diogenes,
Whose tub at once for bed, board, washing, lodging is;
He'd fain leave a successor, if he can,
And starts to-day, to seek "an honest man."
Now, as I know the hunt's rather a blind one,
I and my owl will help the old boy to find one.
Meantime, in Wisdom's absence, you must plan—
Poor things—to get along as best you can.

(*Exit conceitedly: Gods rise and grumble.*)

CONCERTED PIECE. *Barbière. Finale to Act I.*

JOVE. Cease your clatter! bolts I'll scatter,
Till far flatter, flats, you lie.

MARS. She may school and you may scowl, sir,
Let her lecture her own owl, sir.

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MERC. To blood heat it's not surprising,
That our Mercury is rising.
VULC. If it's true "pride has a fall," sir,
She shall soon sing very small, sir.
VENUS AND APOL. From Olympus all retreating,
Quit this unharmonic meeting.
ALL. Senses baffling, reason balking,
None are listening, all are talking,
Hence our chalks we'd best be walking,
Close the council, and away.

The clouds close in upon them, forming—

SCENE THE SECOND.

The Antechamber of the Olympic Hall of Council. Enter MINERVA.

MIN. Change *me!* I wont be changed. There! *verbum sat*—
And you may take your change, Pa, out of that.
So now for Athens, and my favourite nation;
I hear they've made a wondrous alteration
Since I was there; Herculean are their labours,
Every one's taken to reform his neighbours,
Till with Teetotalism, Improvements Sanitary,
Social*ism*, Commun*ism*, and all *isms* humanitary,
I shall find reasons as blackberries plenty,
And where I left one honest man find twenty.
Then there's Diogenes, my faithful servant,
How he'll receive me with a welcome fervent,
Give me a spread, p'rhaps, in his lowly tub,
Of roots and cold without—innocuous grub!
Of mental food alone he takes enough in,
If men *be* geese, he's a goose with sage stuffing.

(*Exit* MINERVA.)

VOICE. (*without.*) Way there for Jove!
JOVE. (*Entering as from council.*) Now, by ourselves we swear—
that is, by Jupiter—
Would our fair daughter were a little stupider!
To think of a blue-stocking little prim puss,
Thus peppering the nobs of all Olympus!
And after all the rest she 'd soundly rigged—
Dash our ambrosial curls, ourselves she wigged?
So "*you* are up to trap." Oh!—are you so?
"Humbugs can't humbug you." Oh!—can't they, though?
We must take down these pegs your pride that screw so,
Though we turn humbug our great selves to do so.
Yes, we'll to earth, and read her such a lesson.

(*Looks at his watch.*)

Let's see—we 've time to put a mortal dress on.

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And lest for lark these Gods the world be fright'ning,
We'll bolt the thunder, and lock up the lightning.

(*Exit* JUPITER. *As he departs, enter* JUNO, *with* MARS, BACCHUS, *and* MERCURY.

JUNO. To twit *me* with her saucy inuendoes!
MARS. Be comforted: we've all got sells tremendous,
To pay Miss Wisdom off with, *in terrorem*,
Of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo——
BAC. (*Hiccoughs*) Hic! "*Virorum.*"

(*Tries to put his cup to his lips.*)

Some slip for her 'twixt cup and lip we'll hatch.
MERC. She'll find blue stockings for black legs no match.
JUNO. There's Jove, that sly old fox, has gone to earth—
I'll be upon his scent, to mar his mirth.
I'll talk to him, talk at him, snub him, scold him,
Till I've made his own world too hot to hold him.

(*She exits angrily.*)

BAC. There! she's excited. (*Calls.*) Stop, Ma'am! I 'll protect you.

(*Shaking hands drunkenly with* MARS *and* MERCURY.)

Good bye! You both know how much I respect you!
Your health!

(*He puts his cup to his lips; then takes it down.*)

No! pledged to pump henceforth I am;
(*Aside.*) So I 'll reward my scruples with a dram.

(*As* BACCHUS *goes out, the others advance.*)

DUET.—MARS *and* MERCURY.

"*Suoni la tromba!*"

MARS. On to the combat intrepid, oh!
Wit *versus* Wisdom haughty;
Piano you shall sing for forte,
Though grand, O Miss, you are!
MERC. Neatly done brown Miss Blue shall be
By us, on earth descending.
Soon to all mockeries bending,
We 'll chouse Jove, her old Pa!
BOTH. On to the combat intrepid, oh!
Your hand; oh, there you are!

(*They take hands.*)

This precious search we 'll mar;
Your hand; oh, there you are! (*Exeunt.*)

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SCENE THE THIRD.

A view of Athens, with the Bay of Salamis, by moonlight. At one side, the house of DIOGENES, *and near it his tub, with an inscription, "To let, this desirable family residence. Inquire next door." On a pedestal in the centre stands a statue of* PALLAS.

AIR. *"There's a good time coming, boys."*

Enter TIME, *with a Watchman's coat and lantern.*

TIME. Past eighteen forty-eight, and a cloudy year.
It's all up with me since I came down here:
I find no work on earth for me to do.
Your poor old Time has no chance with the new.
I look'd out for a coachman's place in vain;
How's Time to drive against a railway train?
Offered to carry letters! Pooh! Men laugh,
They don't want Time when they've the telegraph.
I tried in Downing-street—each situation
Was filled by that vile thief, Procrastination.
I knock: it's "Call another time" with all,
As though there were another time to call.
Past—oh! I've one thing more to talk about—
You think it's eighteen forty-nine, no doubt.
That you're in London, but you're wrong; for we
Are now in Athens, three nineteen, A.C.
So that the weight of all our knaves and quacks
Lies upon Greek, you see, not English backs.
Our charlatans, whate'er their trade or topic,
Social, political, or philanthropic,
Whate'er the does they do—the tongues they speak
Aren't Christian English, but all Heathen Greek!

(*Exit, calling the hour.*)

(*Enter* VENUS *as* CASINOTIS, *a milliner's girl, with her associates.*)

AIR.—CASINOTIS.—*"Ciascun lo dice."*

Ask one to teach you, ask any fair,
Whom you should send to for dresses to wear;
Who'll never cheat you, they'll tell you "there,
'Tis Casinotis, the palm she doth bear."
That's where they send to, tho' husbands say no;
Ladies who come from the country to throw
Money away;
For I'm supreme, oh! so they all pay.
So they all pay,
So they all pay.
"Cheque!" so check-mated, oh, hubby must pay!
"Cheque!" so check-mated, oh, hubby must pay!
Yes; thanks to long bills and a foreign name,
I'm quite the rage with each Athenian dame.

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Why my new corset everybody pleases,
Grace knows, but that it everybody squeezes.
Then, Crinoline, my last invention 's made
A most tremendous bustle in the trade.
How to my prices folks submit, seems oddest,
For a *modiste*, my bills are aught but modest.

(TIME *re-enters, calling*)

TIME. "Past eighteen——"
CAS. So you look.——
TIME. I'm Time, young ladies.
Ah! little rogues; to hide my work your trade is.
Figures with forty marked, I find next day,
Thanks to your arts, with twenty cleared away.
You straighten backs where I had piled my load,
And fill up hollows where my scythe has mowed.
CAS. (*Aside.*) My mortal enemy when I was Venus,

(*She whispers the rest.*)

A score of old scores we've to square between us.
TIME. (*Looking at the girls.*) That I should have to spoil your pretty faces;
Tattoo them, and shave off the airs and graces!

(*The girls take the wreaths from the statue, and dance round* TIME.)

CAS. (*Aside to them.*) Look out, while with my wreath his wings I muffle.
TIME. Fast as you cut, still faster Time can shuffle.

(*They suddenly bind him with the wreaths.*)

CAS. They say that Time and Tide tarry for no man,
But Time must tarry when he's tied by woman.
Now, take your Time. Let's see, how can we snub him?
I have it—first we'll gag, and then we'll tub him.

(*They gag him and put him into the tub of* DIOGENES, *which they turn up over him, beating the air of "Rataplan!" on it. At its conclusion,* DIOGENES *rushes from the house in a great passion.*)

DIOG. Silence this caterwauling—worse than noise
Of any quantity of organ-boys!
How is a man to prove, 'mid all this clatter,
That there is no external world—no matter.
CAS. If there's no matter, you must plainly see
Our singing makes no matter, Q.E.D.
DIOG. Now as I'm a philosopher, I swear
These girls will drive me mad as a March hare.
CAS. We did but pay to Pallas our devotions.
DIOG. Will you be quiet with such silly notions?
Tell *me* of Pallas, when my treatise proves
She don't exist.

(*Thunder. The statue sinks, and* PALLAS (MINERVA) *herself appears on the pedestal, in an attitude of astonishment.*)

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CAS. Look! look! the statue moves!
PAL. (*Preparing to come down.*) *I* don't exist!
CAS. She speaks!
DIOG. I won't be cozened.
I've proved she don't exist—*ergo*, she doesn't.

(*The statue descends to the statue music in Don Giovanni. The girls scream and fly.*)

PAL. I don't exist. And it is you say so,
While I was standing there in *statu quo!*
You, my Diogenes!
DIOG. Now, it's no use,
Flummery wont prove more than sheer abuse.
You ought to vanish; then why don't you do it?
PAL. But here I stand.
DIOG. Pooh! nonsense! I see through it.
Go away, do—there's a good empty vision.
PAL. I came to aid you on your expedition.
I hoped to find you eager to receive me;
And now I'm come, I can't make you believe me.
For argument's sake, now, can't you grant I'm true?
DIOG. For argument's sake, I don't care if I do.
PAL. Or—hold—to prove I'm not what you just said,
Like a policeman—a mere airy shade
That disappears when wanted—there! feel that.

(*She lays her hand on him; its weight crushes him down.*)

DIOG. Matter, and no mistake! you are—that's flat?
PAL. To business, then: you want an honest man?
DIOG. I would find such a creature, if I can.
Time's hand will soon lay me upon the shelf—
I don't now occupy my tub myself,
And want a tenant for that nice dry residence,
And a lieutenant also, to whose presidence
I may entrust my pupils, when I'm gone;
And such a man must be an honest one.
PAL. And so you've left your tub?
DIOG. Why yes, you see,
With my rheumatics it did not agree.
PAL. But I thought you philosophers pooh-pooh
Such trivial things as pain.—
DIOG. Oh, so we do;
But this house was to let, and I admired it,
And so, you see, in point of fact—
PAL. You hired it.
Of course you still live in the old plain way;
Hydropathy and green meat.—
DIOG. Why, they say
That I require a more nutritious diet,
But still my style of living's very quiet.

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PAL. And are your scholars good to you?
DIOG. Oh, very;
They'll send me p'rhaps a batch of fine old sherry;
Or, at this time, a brace of birds, or pheasant.
That sort of thing you know's extremely pleasant.
PAL. Above all, when it's not oneself that buys 'em.
But you despise such things.
DIOG. Oh, I despise 'em;
There's not a bit I eat, or drop I drink,
But I despise it so, you cannot think.
PAL. To find one more such martyr is the rub:
Of course *he'll* have his quarters in the tub,
And feast on pump and parsnips, as you used to,
Till your great self-denial he's reduced to,
And eats and drinks, not like a vulgar sinner,
But with profound contempt for a good dinner.
TIME. (*From the tub.*) I can't get out!
PAL. Time's voice! I'd know it among whole Armies.
DIOG. 'Twas from my tub.
PAL. It was—*per* bunghole.
TIME. It's Time!
DIOG. For what—speak out!
TIME. I wish I could.
PAL. He can't halloo till he's out of the wood.
Ha! now we've got Time at our disposition,
We wont release him, but on one condition.
How came you there?
TIME. Some girls, rampant and boist'rous,
Gagged me with flowers, then barrell'd me like oysters.
PAL. We'll let you out if you'll the boon repay,
By lending us your lantern for the day.
TIME. Agreed!
PAL. (*Turns the tub.*) There!
TIME. (*Creeping out.*) Thank you, Wisdom, for preventing
A blow-up. I was rapidly fermenting.
(TIME *walks up and down, enraged.*)
PAL. The lantern!
(TIME *gives it.*)
See! Time's bull's-eye best throws light
On what men are—what not.
DIOG. (*Dazzled and hiding his eyes.*) My eyes! how bright!
PAL. (*Aside.*) But I'll go with him, lest he should abuse it!
Time's light needs Wisdom to teach how to use it.
Commence your hunt upon the public square.
Come, Time.—
TIME. To Athens? What should I do there?
Martyrdom for my taste is too sublime,
And half the town is bent on killing Time.
So let me beg that you wont folks be humming,
By telling them that "there's a good time coming."
(*Exit* TIME.)

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DIOG. Go with me.
PAL. I've no time for such a dance;
They call for me in Germany and France.
DIOG. In England too, perhaps?
PAL. No,—there they scout me
The House of Commons manages without me.

(*Exeunt* PALLAS, *L.*, DIOGENES, *R.*)

SCENE THE FOURTH.

Interior of the House of DIOGENES. (*Enter* DIOGENES, *thoughtfully.*

DIOG. So here goes for an honest man. I know
That I shall have an awful way to go.
Who *can* say how far off may be my goal?
Margate by railway, p'rhaps, or the North Pole.
Nay—to the latter I'm prepared to sail
In a balloon, blown by Lieutenant Gale,
An honest man's so "very like a whale."
But ere I start on this wild expedition,
I'll make my testamentary disposition.

(*Takes out his tablets and style, for writing.*)

Item, I leave—I've nought to leave, odd rot it!
And nobody to leave to, if I'd got it.
I've left my tub already, I'm afraid:
Yes—there's one thing I'll leave—my rent unpaid.

(*A knock.* DIOGENES *opens door.* CASINOTIS *appears, dressed in a bearskin paletot, smoking a cigarette.*)

Come in, Sir—(*looking at her*)—Madam, I should say—and yet—
CAS. How do, old boy? Don't mind my cigarette.
Perhaps you'll take one. (*Offers case.*)
DIOG. This must be a joke.
No, thank you, Sir—Ma'am.—
CAS. Ah! I see: don't smoke.
DIOG. (*Gazing on her.*) Yes, 'tis a woman, by smooth face and fair skin.
No—'tis a man, by 'bacco and by bearskin.
If you're an honest man——
CAS. Man—I'm a woman;
Ay, and a Greek——
DIOG. Excuse me, you're a rum 'un.
CAS. Fact is, old fellow, that I've just heard say
You start to seek an honest man to-day.
Now honest men are things which it's quite funny
How seldom women find, for love or money.
Perhaps, however, *you* may have more luck;
So take *me* on this wild-goose chase, my duck;
I'll be *so* good, you can't think: and *so* quiet——

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DIOG. Pooh! Ma'am: d'ye think I want to breed a riot?
Suppose I found one, and you claimed your rights,
He'd be the hero of a hundred fights.
He'd never 'scape heart-whole for all the wit of him,
With you girls pulling caps to get a bit of him;
You've sauce and dressing both; but if you can,
You'd best remember Mrs. Glasse's plan,
And e'er you cook, first *catch* your honest man.

(*Exit* DIOGENES. *As he goes, enter* MARS, *as* DRABIDUS, *president of a Peace Society.*)

DRAB. Here's the old fox's den, to which I've traced
Those tiny toes and that delicious waist,
And there they are——
CAS. A gentleman in drab!
DRAB. Hush—I've a secret for you: you wont blab?
CAS. I never tell a secret—(*aside*)—till it's told me.
(*Recognises him.*) Why! as I live—'tis the rogue Mars!
DRAB. Behold me!
I love!
CAS. Yes, this joke's very well between us,
But if a certain pair of eyes had seen us——
DRAB. No pair so certain as this pair——
CAS. Not Venus'?
DRAB. Venus—I know no party of that name.
CAS. No? Then I'll introduce you. (*Boxes his ears.*)
DRAB. Fire and flame!
CAS. Now, by the spark that tingler struck, d'ye know me?
DRAB. My Venus! If it didn't strike me, blow me!
Oh, give me change for that cuff with a kiss—
'Twas no mistake that you should take amiss.
Not know you? Could I fail to twig that eye
Through all disguise, I were indeed a Guy!
CAS. No more of that—our errand here's the same,
We've both in hand to spoil Miss Wisdom's game.
DRAB. I'll back our cards 'gainst hers, for these slow pumps
Of honest men don't often turn up trumps.

DUET.—DRABIDUS *and* CASINOTIS.

(*"Io son ricco," from the "Elisir d'Amore."*)

DRAB. I've been kicking, like Othello,
Joys of war to blazes blue.
She find out an honest fellow!
I'm a Dutchman if she do.
CAS. This old bore he, all the more he
Round shall pore he worse shall fare,
In this pretty search he's set to,
Truth to get to—on the Square!
DRAB. Now to pay off each old score;
She's marr'd, or I'm Mars no more!

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CAS. Now for vengeance! I abhor
Such a blue and such a bore!
BOTH. Blue and Bore, a pretty pair, oh!
To be wandering Athens o'er.

(*Polka, and exeunt.*)

SCENE THE FIFTH.

The Agora, or Public Square of Athens. On one side the shop of Telliates and Co., with numerous placards of all kinds, running diagonally across the windows, such as "Selling off at a ruinous sacrifice!" "Bankrupt's Stock!" "200 per cent. under Prime Cost!" "Awful Smash!" "Dreadful Crash!" "Must be got rid of at any price!" On the other side a projecting porch, with placards hung on it, of "The Peace Society, for making War against War." "Society for Total Abstinence from Everything!" "The Abolition of Pain Society!" "The Everybody's Business Society." "The Universal Amalgamation Office for all Railway Lines."

Enter MINERVA, *disguised as a country girl.*

MIN. First at my post! yes, a disguise was needed,
Wisdom if known was sure not to be heeded,
So here I am—a simple country lass—
A green young creature, just come up from grass.
Wife-like I'll lead him by the nose, while he
Fancies, poor creature, that he's leading me.

Enter DIOGENES *with his lantern. They dodge each other as if each wanted to pass.*

DIOG. Excuse me, Miss.
MIN. Oh no—excuse me—do, Sir.

(*They cross back again.*)

DIOG. Did you want anybody?
MIN. Eh? did you, sir?
DIOG. I did, but you can't help me.
MIN. P'raps I can.
DIOG. Why, the fact is, I want an honest man.
MIN. And so do I. I know mine, and his lodging is
Not far off this.
DIOG. His name?
MIN. Let's see: Diogenes,
I wish to enter at his school.
DIOG. Then see!
Behold your honest man.
MIN. Where!
DIOG. Here!
MIN. Who?
DIOG. Me.

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MIN. You!
DIOG. Honour bright.
MIN. (*Gives him her hand.*) Then here your school I enter.
(*Aside.*) Oh! I'll torment you sadly, my old Mentor;—
And as I've found my honest man—why not
Help you to find yours, out of this queer lot.
DIOG. But you don't want a husband?
MIN. When I do
Remind me, and I'll promise to take you.

(*They retire back, and walk about.*)

Enter JUPITER *as* NOTAXES, *a reformer, followed by a rabble crowd, who cry "Notaxes! Notaxes!"*

NOT. I had no notion, till I turned reformer—
At others' faults, a full-mouthed platform stormer,—
How great a rogue 'twas possible to be!
By Jove! I'm talking like my other me!
Not like Notaxes, come to teach this throng
Of gulls how "Everything that is, is wrong!"
MIN. (*To* CLYFAKEROS, *one of the mob.*) Pray tell us, who's that?
CLY. Who are you that axes?
Vy, that's the great reformer!
MIN. Who?
CLY. Notaxes!
MIN. (*Approaching Notaxes.*) Great sir, two humble country-folks would bow
To kiss your robe.
NOT. No, that I can't allow,
'Tis slavish, and I hate the slavish bribe.
If you respect me, to the fund subscribe,
Which I am raising to put down——
MIN. Abuses?
NOT. As yet, we're not agreed upon its uses;
But they'll be comprehensive when unfurled.
DIOG. Take in the whole town?
NOT. Town! take in the world!
MIN. Great man! whose grasp of mind, from great to small!
Reaches at once, nay—overreaches all!
NOT. How fine a thing is a fresh gushing nature,
Especially in such a fresh young creature!
Become my pupil: if you only would be——

(*Kisses her.*)

MIN. I'm not accustomed—
NOT. Then it's time you should be.

(*Kisses her again.*)

'Tis quite fraternal.
MIN. Don't, Sir, if you please;
Fraternity takes too great liberties.

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DIOG. I'll try my lantern. (*Holds it up.*)
NOT. Turn that off my nose!
Wretch! thou'rt not a policeman in plain clothes?
(*The mob cry "Notaxes! Notaxes!"*)
DIOG. I'm a philosopher.
MIN. Hark! they beseech
Your wisdom to indulge them with a speech.

(NOTAXES *gets on a block of stone. Crowd assemble.*)

NOT. Yes, friends: society is old and musty.
How do I treat a coat threadbare and rusty?
CLY. Sells it for gin.
1 MOB. Hear!
2 MOB. Silence!
3 MOB. Turn him out!
NOT. How do I treat it?
CLY. Puts it up the spout!
NOT. No, friends: I have it turned from toe to crown.
And so our world should be turned upside down:
Property must change hands.
CLY. (*Picks the pocket of* NOTAXES.) Hoorar!
NOT. Too long
Have poor been poor, and rich been rich by wrong.
Some call this change: of sense they are bereft.
No—everything that's right we would have left.
I say rich should be poor, and poor be rich.
Do ye agree?
ALL. We do!
NOT. Then act as sich!

(CLYFAKEROS *makes a second attempt on* NOTAXES' *pocket.*)

The rogue has robbed me! (*Detecting him.*)
CLY. Don't kick up a bobbery!
Hav'n't you told us "Property is robbery,"
That he's a slave who, patient, digs and delves;
And said that "Heaven helps those who help themselves"?
NOT. (*To* DIOGENES *and* MINERVA.) Popular gratitude, my friends!
Oh fie!
The time is out of joint.
A TAILOR. And so am I.
I havn't had a joint of meat this age.
You've plenty.
NOT. Silence! drag him to the cage.

(*He is dragged off.*)

Now he's gone, back to our discourse let's go.
(*To* DIOGENES.) Where was I?
DIOG. (*To* MINERVA.) Eh, where was he?
MIN. (*To* DIOGENES.) I don't know.

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NOT. The rich are all in debt, and beat their wives.

(*Mob cheer.*)

The poor are good and kind——

(*Mob cheer again.*)

Of virtuous lives.
You're poor, and so am I: but what of that?
If I am poor, I'm proud. (*Aside to man.*) Send round the hat!

(OUTATELBOS, *his man, goes round.*)

DIOG. No doubt 'tis for his fund.
MIN. Yes—in a sense:
For his peculiar fund of impudence.
DIOG. (*Observing* MIN.) I think thou'rt honest, and I think thou'rt not.
NOT. Money, my friends, is dross. (*Aside to man.*) What have you got? (*Takes hat.*)
A few odd coppers, and a pewter button!
Wretches! (*With disgust.*)

Enter SLOMANUS *and* LEVIUS, *bailiffs.*

The bailiffs here! I'm a lost mutton!

(*He tries to escape. They seize him.*)

DIOG. A writ against Notaxes. One! two!! three!!!
NOT. Farewell, my friends! Don't break the law for me.
Don't duck the bailiffs!
MIN. Bless you, they've no mind to!
NOT. Don't tear them limb from limb!
MIN. They're not inclined to.
NOT. At whose suit, minion?
BAILIFF. Whose? Vy, more than twenty.
DIOG. Don't take an honest man—they're not so plenty.
BAILIFF. Honest! I like that!
DIOG. So do I; and so
On my bail let honest Notaxes go.
NOT. The voice of gratitude 'tis wrong to stifle,
True friend! (*embraces* DIOGENES,) could you oblige me with a trifle?
DIOG. Noble Notaxes! I'm not worth a screw!
NOT. Oh! To your friendship then I'll say a doo.
MIN. Great man, we're both reformers like yourself.
Like you, for principle, we've given up pelf.
NOT. (*Kisses her hand.*) Could but those smiles my dungeon gild, I'd swear
My dungeon were Guildhall, and I Lord Mayor!

(*Enter* JUNO, *as* CAUDILIS, *his wife.*)

But if a love as pure——
CAU. Oh! where's this villain
Who leaves his wretched wife without a shillin'?

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Goes gallivanting to his mobs and meetings,
And never gives me anything but beatings!
And who's this trollop?

MIN. Trollop! I should say
That Yankee manners were more in your way.

CAU. One of his misses! Oh, I'd like to slit——

(*She goes up to* MINERVA *with open fingers as if to scratch.*)

MIN. I am a miss: I'd rather not be hit.

NOT. Hence! let me be shut up, shot, flogged, or hung.
But don't expose me to that woman's tongue.

SONG. NOTAXES.

(" *Wilt thou love me then as now.*")

You once told me that you loved me,
  But we'd scarce been wed a week,
When a course of curtain lectures
  You began, in Attic Greek.
It was painful to my feelings
  Wedlock's tie to disarrange;
But we could not be unhaltered,
  Though I felt I'd like a change.
Now to prison you'd attend me,
  Which I hope they wont allow;
For despite the silent system,
  You would nag me then as now!

(*Exit* NOTAXES *with bailiffs.* CAUDILIS *after him.*)

CAUD. I'll lecture him to the last!

(*She exits after* NOTAXES. *Mob follow her.*)

MIN. Oh! what a shame!
Well, after all, he's not so much to blame.

DIOG. To think reform should turn out humbug.

MIN. Nay,
To think humbugs should turn reformers, say.
But as the sunniest peach most insects draws,
So humbug most infests the noblest cause.
Let's take a higher flight, and look 'mongst those
Whose system gives a knockdown blow to blows.
We're sure to find, unless from our own blindness,
Within their pale some milk of human kindness.

DIOG. Unless their temperance lead them to barter
The milk aforesaid for the milk and water.

(*A great shout outside.*)

MIN. Is that a Hullah singing-class, or how?

DIOG. Some gents, I think, a-kicking up a row.

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(*Enter, from the rooms of the Peace Society,* MARS *as* DRABIDUS, BACCHUS *as* MELIMOUTHOS, PRATTILUS, *and* BORUS, *in altercation. Charivari music in the orchestra.*)

DRAB. We will!
MELI. We wont!
DRAB. You're wrong!
MELI. I say we're right
DRAB. I'll die for't first!
BORUS. I wont die.
MELI. I wont fight.
DIOG. Gracious! What means this hopeless contrariety?
Who are these game cocks?
MIN. They're the Peace Society.
DRAB. (*To* DIOGENES.) We make you arbiter. There's Borus here,
Says we should go to war for peace next year.
DIOG. Which you, being peaceful, wont.
DRAB. Not such a dunce;
I say we ought to go to war at once;
Spread concord *vi et armis,* North and South,
And carry peace, e'en at the cannon's mouth.
Put any state down that don't like another,
And lick each man until he loves his brother.
DIOG. This year or next? the difference is small.
Suppose, friends, we don't go to war at all.
MELI. That's what I say—go forth with tracts and teaching;
Don't fight, but be perpetually preaching.
MIN. I see—teach mercy to a king, with armies at his back;
Teach a nation to lie easy when it writhes upon the rack;
Teach strength that tramples weakness down, it should take off its heel;
And if strength wont learn the lesson, then teach weakness not to feel.
MELI. Just so, most gifted creature: I conjecture
That you have been a good deal used to lecture.
DRAB. But your award?
DIOG. I've an impression strong,
That you, friend Drabidus, are in the wrong.

(BORUS *is about to express exultation, but is stopped by* DIOGENES.

But I have *as* strong an impression quite,
That you, friend Borus, are not in the right.

(*They walk up and down in disgust.*)

MELI. Serves you both right for your warlike propensities;
I'd never fight.
DRAB. Not when in self-defence it is?
Wouldn't you just—
MELI. (*Angrily.*) I say I wouldn't!
DRAB. (*Still more so.*) Wouldn't you?
You'd like to fight now.
MELI. No, I shouldn't.
DRAB. Shouldn't you?

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Then I should——there!

(*A blow. They fight.*)

DIOG. As friends of peace, be cool.
BOTH. What is't to you—it's all your fault, you fool!

(*They all fall on* DIOGENES. MINERVA *calls for Police, and exits as they enter. They surround and threaten the others.*)

SONG. DRABIDUS.

"*Piff! Paff!*"

You're neat 'uns to frighten,
You precious low covies!
Of course, as for fighting,
It don't suit me noways!
'Tain't fair to provoke a mild friend as I am!
Pitch into 'em!
Astonish 'em!
Punish 'em!
Polish 'em!
Riff-raff! if I grab at 'em;
Riff-raff! rough and ready I am.

(*They seize him, and he continues to his comrades.*)

No slanging! no roaring!
Don't catch a black eye!
No, no, no; no, no, no; no, no; no black eye!

(*He is led off. Enter* CASINOTIS.)

CAS. Ha! they've walked off my Drabidus! The darling!
I'm sure he's not a man for strife and snarling!
But mild as new milk. How I've plagued and poked him!
I *can* tease: yet not once have I provoked him.

AIR. CASINOTIS.

"*Trab! trab! trab!*"

To hear them bolt upright in
The Hall of Exetere,
There pitch it into fighting,
Nor lack a wholesome pride;
Shy dirt at war, nor fear
Their drab to wear severe.
Drab, drab, drab, drab, &c.
So peaceful, queer, and dear.

There's some ne'er cease to teach ye,
And lengthy are to hear;
Not satisfied with "preachee,"
On "flogee" some insist;
Till peace at last appears
To set folks by the ears.
Drab, drab, &c. [*Exit, after song.*

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(*Re-enter* DIOGENES & MINERVA.)

DIOG. Another failure! Our allies of peace
Turn out the most pugnacious chaps of Greece.
But who comes here?
MIN. A gent all in a cruel hurry,
And such a flare-up of suspicious jewellery!

(MERCURY *enters from shop, as* TELLIATES. *He walks up and down in state of great apparent agitation.*)

DIOG. In love, or liquor?
MIN. Let us hope the latter.
If not impertinent, sir, what's the matter?
TELL. You see a gent! than whom of late none knew
Better to do a bill, or billet-doux.
But now the demdest miserable fellow
That ever broken heart and bile made yellow.
You see that shop? Plate glass—the style quite new;
In fact, "*recherché*"—"just out"—a bijou:
That stunner of a shop, we can't deny it—er,
Owns me for its demn'd miserable proprietor.
DIOG. I ne'er saw shop that more on one imposes.
MIN. Nor I—it's equal to the mart of Moses!
TELL. (*Excited.*) Say—shall I cut that shop, and my throat after,
Or, by my Albert-tie swing to a rafter?
DIOG. I should say neither;—but why thus perplexed?
TELL. Oh! I'm too honest: just read that large text.

(*He points to placards in window.*)

DIOG. (*Reads.*) "Selling off!"
TELL. I'm the seller and the sold!
DIOG. "Great sacrifice!"
TELL. That sacrifice behold!
Yes—here personified see "Awful Crash!"
And realize in me "Immortal Smash!"
Yet still my precious credit I will cherish:
I'll pay, or in the demned attempt I'll perish!

(*Changing his tone.*)

Now, if this lady wants a useful lot
Of prime long-cloths, I've an assortment got,
At quite two hundred, ma'am, below prime cost,
A chance which, really, should not be lost.
Then we've some sweet things in Barège, and Challis too.
Or if you, sir, want a superior Paletot,
Or "Pallium Tepidus," or "Ne plus ultra"
"Zephyr" for wearing when the weather's sultry;
"Chlamys," or "Palla-Gallica," or "Poncho"—
We've every variety now on show.
DIOG. What mean those crack-jaw names o'er which you rattle?
TELL. Oh! now-a-days a hard name's half the battle.

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SONG. TELLIATES.

"The tight little Island."

Such a lot of cramp names the teeth fairly lames,
I should like to know whence they can bring them;
'Twould be wrong to abuse e'en the *Fonetic Nuz,*
Could it teach us in English to sing them.
If all of us soon are crack-jawed, sir,
We must thank the schoolmaster abroad, sir,
Who, whene'er in a trip
He meets with a ship,
Sends us home all the hard words on board, sir.

Our shirts, above all, are enough to appal,—
Much worse than the shoes or the hats are:
"Zetetique," "Eureka"—they'd puzzle a seeker;
Who the deuce knows what's meant by *Corazza?*
Haberdashers must have in their head, sir,
All languages, living and dead, sir,
One's change for hard tin,
One would gladly throw in,
To have change for the hard names instead, sir!

Not a thing in our suits, from our hat to our boots,
But outlandish and ugly its name is:
Our hats are *Castoreum;* shoes, *Pannuscorium;*
And a coat's not a coat, but a *Chlamys.*
Pallium-tepidus sounds pretty rough, sir,
But even that aint half enough, sir.
If we once should begin
To go stripp'd to the skin,
They'd invent a new name for the buff, sir.

TELL. (*Continued.*) We sell to pay our debts upon the nail
And positively lose on every sale.
MIN. But I should think by selling at that figure,
Your debts, sir, would be always getting bigger.
TELL. Ah! from the country by the physiognomy,
And not up to political economy.
DIOG. Oh!—honest youth, who, to escape debt's fetters,
Sells off under prime cost! How much your debtors
Must owe you.
MIN. And how much he must owe them.
TELL. Now, for more "awful sacrifice"—*a-hem!*

(*He exits into shop, winking.*)

DIOG. To patronize this worthy youth let's go,
I really should like a cheap Paletot,
And you can see the fashions of the season.
MIN. (*Aside.*) Fashion! and I the goddess, too, of reason!
Tell *me* of Fashions? don't you know, by rights,
All Literary Ladies should be frights?

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But whilst you purchase I don't care for stopping;
You male things can't be trusted to go shopping.

(*As they exeunt into shop,* CASINOTIS *enters.*)

CAS. Minerva in a splendid bargain shop!
Oh my! for Wisdom's goddess what a drop!
She'll sure be done by those sharp blades, whose trade is
To wear white ties, and smile, and "shave the ladies."

(*Looks into Window.*)

As I was Venus once, she falls a prey
To "any other article to-day"!

(*Enter* DRABIDUS.)

What! out of quod? why, how came this about?
DRAB. Why, Mercury and Bacchus bailed me out

(*Enter* NOTAXES *behind.*)

With old Notaxes. Who d'ye think that cove
Turns out to be?
CAS. Who?
DRAB. Jupiter, by Jove
On earth, as usual, the start he's got of us,
The most successful humbug in the lot of us.

(NOTAXES *shakes his fist.*)

CAS. He! better than my Mars! Such fibs don't tell.
DRAB. Why, yes; I must own I've done pretty well.
But who was't taught me? You, you little imp!

(*They embrace. Enter* TELLIATES *from shop, laughing vehemently.*)

TELL. Don't speak to me—with laughter I'm quite limp,
Oh! if you wish to laugh till you can't stop,
Do go and see Minerva in my shop!
I stood it till I fairly misbehaved.
Ye Gods! conceive Minerva being "shaved"!
With silks and satins she's the counter smothered,
And there sits Wisdom in the midst, quite bothered.
DRAB *and* CAS. Three cheers for Mercury!
NOT. (*Rushing forward.*) Oh! have I caught you!
When snugly in Olympus housed I thought you.
Here you are at all forms of trick and theft—
Humbugging—swindling—doing—right and left.
DRAB. And may I ask what Jove himself is at?
NOT. Humbugging too! Gods! I'd forgotten that.
TELL. We came to sell Minerva.
NOT. So did I.
CAS. Here comes Diogenes—bolt—mizzle—fly!

(NOTAXES, DRABIDUS, *and* TELLIATES *run off.* DIOGENES *enters from the shop, speaking.*)

Until that lady's done I'll walk about,
Which will be when she's thoroughly cleaned out.

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Rayther the thing this paletot is! I swear
That pretty girl admires my stylish air.

CAS. Oh my!

DIOG. She's clearly struck!

CAS. Oh! did you ever?

DIOG. It's certainly a fit.

CAS. Well—no, I never!

(DIOGENES *recognises her, and turns away.*)

DIOG. 'Tis Casinotis!

CAS. (*Aside.*) All in vain his dodging is;
I wont be cut, old boy.

(*Slaps him on the back.*)

Hallo! Diogenes!
Why—you're got up regardless of expense.

DIOG. No, no—you're wrong: don't think I take offence,
But my name's not Diogenes, my duck!

(*Looking round.*)

My pupil's still a shopping. I'm in luck.

(*Chucks her under the chin.*)

No—of a very different cut my coat is.

(DRABIDUS *and* MINERVA *enter from shop.*)

DRAB. Somebody being rude to Casinotis!

(*He catches* DIOGENES *by the ears.*)

I think I've got the right sow by the ear.

CAS. He went and chucked me.

MIN. Chucked!

DIOG. My pupil here!

MIN. Why—you old fool!

DIOG. I am; but don't be hard on me;
Though I'm philosopher, I'm man: so pardon me.
Do stretch a point, or I shall burst with shame.

(*He stretches his arms out imploringly and falls on his knees. His paletot gives way in all its seams.*)

Confound my Alpaco—Guano—what's its name?

MIN. Another instance strong your case presents,
Of the expediency of lessening rents.

CAS. In coats or wearers never trust to seeming.

DRAB. Both will break out, when least of it one's dreaming.

(*Exit* DRABIDUS *and* CASINOTIS.)

DIOG. A rogue to take me in!

MIN. A rogue no doubt:
But those whom he takes in his coats let out.

DIOG. I'm sobered now—but still I must get sewn up,
Or all through Athens I shall soon be shown up.

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CHANT. DIOGENES.

Of a tailor I remember me, and hereabouts he stitches,
Whom late I noted mending a pair of dilapidated breeches;
Oh! very meagre were his looks, and seedy was his raiment,
And his hair was a sort of pepper and salt, or Oxford mixture, for grey meant.
And in his needy shop there hung a lot of remnants of cabbage,
And odds and ends that to calculate would have puzzled Mr. Babbage;
Old bits of packthread, and parchment measures, and other such trash in a row,
Were thinly scattered, as Shakspere says, to make up a sort of a show;
In short, the whole establishment was enough the horrors to give a man,
And I said to myself, as I noted his penury, now says I, if a man
Had a coat and a pair of unmentionables to repair, and would only send it him,
Here he would find, I've not the least doubt, the caitiff wretch would mend it him.
As I remember, this is the place; but all's as still as a mouse here;
Nevertheless I'll venture to knock—here, hollo! house—house—house here!

(*Knocks violently. Enter* SCISSARION—*a very miserable object.*)

SCISS. Who knocks so loud?
DIOG. Sixpence to patch these rents.
SCISS. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

(*Exit* SCISSARION *with coat.*)

(*Enter* MINERVA *from shop, and* ATTICUS *from side entrance. He is absorbed, and nearly runs against* MINERVA.)

ATTI. Could you oblige me with a rhyme to "trowser"?
MIN. (*Drawing up with dignity.*) When speaking to a lady, you might bow, sir!"
ATTI. Ha? "bow, sir—trowser"—"trowser—bow, sir." Oh! Thank you! Just what I want; quite *apropos.*
MIN. Quite *apropos* to what?
ATTI. To a proposal
Of a most knotty query that would pose all
The rhyming dictionaries to find an answer.
(*To* DIOG.) Wanting that rhyme, I was a wretched man, sir.
DIOG. Are you a maniac?
ATTI. Sir, I'm a poet—
A "nascitur non fit!"
MIN. Your garments show it.
ATTI. I tune to dress the music of the spheres!
DIOG. Excuse me, you mean music of the shears.

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MIN. Do I at last behold the bard, whose lays
Deserve a crown of broad cloth, not green bays?
Who sings of coats and vests, not gods and goddesses,
Of hats and boots, not Iliads and Odysses!
Whose Castaly has, save the shop-board, no source;
His swan a goose—his Pegasus a clothes-horse?
Whose tuneful measures raise the tailor's art,
And plant a tenth Muse in the magic mart?

DIOG. This then's that great unknown! Oh tailor-poet,
If you have got your book of patterns, show it!

MEDLEY SONG. ATTICUS.

If I had a beau
Such a fool as to go
To any but Mo-
-ses, his clothes to buy,
His trousers they'll crack,
And the coat on his back
Will fit like a sack,
And he'll look like a guy;
And when knowing ones see him, they're sure to say,
That other cuts of other marts
The magic mart excels,
In garments so exceeding smart,
The wearers look like swells!

There may, perhaps, be a second-rate sort of man,
Who to another shop goes for to buy,
But your out-and-out gents, who want style and dexterity,
Flock to the mart, its productions to try;
They fit so well, and they look so charmingly,
The ladies' tastes they all hit so alarmingly,—
When a gent sits beside 'em, such garments who wears—
That each darling will swear.
O'er her soft cheek
Oft she's felt the blushes stealing,
The clothes' mute look the fact revealing,
Which there needs no tongue to speak;
For none could come that style severe,

Save the mart, the mart so great,
That furnishes coats from six and eight,
And little boys' skeleton suits so strait,
And wrappers for wet or for dry lands.
There's mourning, too, and working men's suits;
You may fig yourself out from hat to boots;
And jackets for sporting gents that shoots,
And waistcoats for those who've a taste like Toots.
You may turn out either severe or slang,
Have a bear-skin like an ourang-outang,
Make your body a chess-board, on which to hang
The cheques that pay best in the Highlands;

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Then wont you, don't you all of you come
To the magic mart where, without any hum,
Any flummery, mummery, you'll be struck dumb
With a sight never seen in these Islands.

MIN. Your song just suits the suits that it rehearses,
Your werses are so so; their sewing worse is.

ATTI. 'Tis true, 'tis pity—pity 'tis, 'tis true,
Our friend there (*pointing to shop*) is a most terrific do.
(*Mysteriously.*) The firm is shaky. E'en what *me* he owes,
He makes me take out half in his vile clothes.
I've a good mind the magic mart to drop,
And patronize the opposition shop?

DIOG. Even he's not honest!

ATTI. (*Kissing his hand.*) Bye, bye; P. P. C.
If you should want a poet, think of me.

(TELLIATES *appears at doors of shop; and some girls, pale and poorly dressed, come out.*)

TELL. Pooh, pooh! I'm not the style of man to cozen.
What, half-a-crown for Albert stocks per dozen!
Two shillings! You can sew 'em in a week;—
I can't afford a rap more, so don't speak.

(*The girls go off dejectedly.*)

MIN. Two shillings for a week's work, by your showing;
Not much to reap from six days' constant sewing.
Can toil like theirs no better be rewarded

TELL. What is a man to do? I can't afford it.

(*Exit* TELLIATES *into shop.*)

(*Enter man, with pine, &c.*)

MIN. Oh, what a splendid pine!

DIOG. West Indian, eh?

MAN. (*Indignantly.*) West Indian? Hothouse! Stand out of the way.

(*He passes towards shop.*)

(*Enter man with hamper.*)

DIOG. And this?

MIN. A case of Sillery Champagne. (*Man goes into shop.*)

DIOG. Exhilarating drink! for them again?

(*Enter* PORTER, *with patés, pickles, &c.*)

DIOG. All for Telliates & Co., young man?

PORTER. Yes, sir, Fortnum and Mason's weekly van. (*Exit into shop.*)

DIOG. If ruined folks keep feasts like these providing,
The road to ruin must be pleasant riding.

MIN. I wonder if they think, while driving through it,
Of those poor needlewomen's bones that strew it.

(*Enter men bearing placards.*)

DIOG. (*Reading.*) AN-HY-DRO-HEP-SE-T,E,R,I,O,N. What man
Or beast's that?

MIN. Greek for a "baked-tatur can."

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DIOG. AN-TI-GRO-PE-LOS—from what foreign roots
Does that come, and what is't?
MIN. It's short for boots.
DIOG. EC-CAL-E-OBION,—Why, what the dickens
Is that?
MIN. A forcing house for hot spring chickens.

(*Enter "Zetetique shirts," right.*)

DIOG. Zetetique shirts! What togs by that name are meant?

(*Enter "Eureka shirts," left.*)

Eureka shirts! Another unknown garment!

(*Enter "Kamptulicon."*)

My brain's bewildered—Oh, what *is* Kamptulicon?
MIN. (*Aside.*) In ignorance, alas, must wisdom, too, look on.
Still for my credit I must make a bold swoop.

(*Enter "Purdonium."*)

DIOG. Purdonium!
MIN. Dog Latin for a coal-scoop.
Thank, goodness, now they've all of them got past.

(*Enter "La Veno Beno."*)

DIOG. La Veno Beno!
MIN. No, the worst comes last——
Don't ask me, pray.
DIOG. There's nobody that *we* know,
Nor any one else, that's up to "Veno Beno."

(*Enter* SCISSARION, *from house, with paletot.*)

SCISS. Are you the gent who just now gave to mend
A damaged paletot?
DIOG. 'Twas I, my friend——
Ha! quite as good as ever! (*Takes it.*)
SCISS. Yes, quite rotten:
Here's something in the pocket you'd forgotten. (*Gives purse.*)
DIOG. My purse! You're poor?
SCISS. And no mistake about it.
You're welcome to walk in, sir, if you doubt it.
DIOG. And yet this well-filled purse here you restore?
SCISS. It wasn't mine—I'm honest, if I'm poor.
DIOG. Huzza!—Huzza!—Huzza! (*Dancing about.*)
SCISS. Poor old gent, queer?
Eh, marm, I see, rather promiscuous here. (*Touching his forehead.*)
DIOG. An honest man! the Lantern, quick!
MIN. Alas!
You are a tailor?
SCISS. Yes, marm.
MIN. (*Checking* DIOGENES.) Close the glass,
We must go farther yet for our black swan,
He's but the ninth part of an honest man.

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DIOG. P'rhaps eight more honest tailors you could get ?
MIN. Seek 'em yourself.
DIOG. Oh where ?
MIN. In the Gazette.
DIOG. Come to my house, young man, good books I'll lend you,
And to my friends I'll largely recommend you :
That I don't offer money may seem hard,
But "honesty," you know's "it's own reward."

(*Exit* SCISSARION *into shop.*)

MIN. And back goes honesty, unpuffed, unknown,
To the mean dwelling where he toils alone,
Poor, cold, and hungry—yet 'midst all these ills,
A glorious presence his low chamber fills ;
An Eye of light and love upon him beams,
A large content makes beautiful his dreams ;
Such guests as his few palaces can boast ;
Peace robed in white, sits by that humble host,
And faith, and truth, and piety have part
With the clear conscience and the honest heart.
DIOG. Such company to leave he'd be a fool,
Though 'twere to be head-master in my school.

(*Trumpet sounds.*)

Hark ! a brass band ! what means that martial strain ?
MIN. The Railway King comes with a first-class train.

(*Enter* VULCAN *as* MAMMONIDES, GAMMONIDES, *and* BAMBOOZILUS, *with* TELLIATES, CASINOTIS, NOTAXES, *and* DRABIDUS.)

MAM. Give me my share-list ! (*It is given him.*) Ha ! good news, my friends,
A general ascent of dividends !
As special good investments we may mention
The lines that have our personal attention ;
To ten per cent. each dividend amounts
Where we ourselves attend to the accounts ;
So, my good friends, all of you who've loose cash,
We should advise to shun investments rash
In consols—government's a ticklish thing !—
Buy in my lines—you don't distrust your king ?
GAM. Distrust our king ! distrust a man who's made
At least two millions, in two years of trade.
1 MOB. Sixty shares !
2 MOB. Fifty !
3 MOB. Ten ?
4 MOB. A hundred, please !
TELL. Give me !
NOT. Me !
CAS. Me, honest MAMMONIDES.

(*They gather round and receive shares.*)

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DIOG. Safe ten per cent.! I must invest my all.

(*Stops as he advances to* MAMMONIDES.)

A sudden qualm—how if the shares should fall?

(*Groan from mob.*)

MAM. How if the sky should fall? I've not a word
To answer such a query, save absurd.

DIOG. But are you sure the dividend's a fair one!

(*Groans from mob.*)

NOT. Really, my good friend, you should prepare one,
When questions so naïve are to be popped.

MOB. Turn him out—

MAM. No! Let no man's mouth be stopped;
Even this poor creature's childish curiosity
Provokes in me not the least animosity.

GAM. Magnanimous Mammoni—

MAM. Silence, muff!

GAM. If you say so, I am so—that's enough.

SONG. MAMMONIDES.

"*Bow! wow! wow!*"

As now 'tis due, we give to you our last half-yearly statement,
Whence there appears, upon the year's goods traffic an abatement,
Half fares we've charged, and so enlarged our revenue decidedly;
And larger yet 'tis safe to get, I tell you so advisedly.

CHORUS. *How? How? How?*

MAM. Anybody not a noddy must know how.

DRAB. Investments rash for ready cash let others seek who care, sir;
We but pretend to dividend, of twelve per cent. per share, sir;
But as 'tis meant of twelve per cent. per share to make a call, sir,
Why, you perceive, that that will leave no dividend at all, sir.

CHORUS. *How? How? How?*

DRAB. Anybody not a noddy must know how.

(*Exeunt* MAMMONIDES, GAMMONIDES, *and* MOB.)

NOT. There goes a man of splendid—of steam powers!

TELL. Of his own fortunes architect and ours.

CAS. Let's raise a testimonial to him straight,

DIOG. Because he's very good, or very great?

NOT. Good! why he's good for any sum you'll name.

TELL. Great! why he's made two millions.

DIOG. But his fame?
His worth?

MIN. He's worth two millions—why on earth,
Knowing he's worth *that*, ask about his worth?

TELL. A what d'ye call—a statue—we might raise.

MIN. A statue in this country never pays.

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NOT. Stone's cheap!
TELL. He *has* brass.
MIN. Don't do things by half,
Gold's the true offering to the golden calf;
Let every man a thousand pounds put down,
And pay it to his bankers, Dunn and Brown.
(*To* DIOGENES.) We'll go, and delicately we'll convey to him,
The little compliment you mean to pay to him.

(*Exeunt* NOTAXES, TELLIATES, CASINOTIS, DRABIDUS.)

DIOG. While that poor honest tailor starves and stitches,
I help rich roguery to still more riches.
No—you're all humbugs, as he is, for pelf.
(*To* MINERVA.) And you're a humbug, and I'm one myself.
Humbugging here no longer I'll remain,
But seek Arcadia by the earliest train.

(*Exeunt* DIOGENES *and* MINERVA.)

SCENE THE SIXTH.

Scene changes to the Exeter Hall Arcade, with the shops shut up, and placards in the windows—"This Shop to Let. Inquire next door, if there's anybody there."

(*Enter* DIOGENES.)

DIOG. In these still solitudes and awful cells,
Where nobody, as far as I see, dwells,
I find the waste whereto I would betake me—
Let's see—I'll try if beadle they will make me;
Then here, like Alexander Selkirk, straying,
I shall be monarch of all I'm surveying.

(*Enter* MINERVA, *hastily*.)

MIN. Where am I? and what means this rueful phiz?
DIOG. If this is not Arcadia, what is?
If honesty exist in earthly mould,
'Tis here, where there is nothing to be sold;
If honest men on earth one is to meet,
'Tis here, where they've no customers to cheat.
And I'm afraid that, but on this condition,
I shan't get aught but bites for all my fishing.
MIN. Oh, faithless fool, who in one little day,
Tired of a fruitless quest, thus fall'st away.
Know, Schoolmaster, in her who shared thy search,
Wisdom's great goddess,—and dread thy own birch.
Believe, on her assurance, that no dearth
Of honesty exists—not e'en on earth.

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

GODS *discovered, as in Scene the First. A bank of clouds crosses the stage before their conclave.*

JUP. What, not among reformers? Don't say so——
MARS. 'Mong friends of peace and of the people? Oh!

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MERC. Demme! Some gent I'll find who's not a Jew.
VENUS. Extend your search among the ladies, do——
BACC. We've temperance friends would suit you to a T.
APOL. Take a poetic licence, then you'll see——
JUNO. Why fish 'mong men, who lead such horrid lives?
Just drop a line among their virtuous wives.
JUP. Then, if the naked truth we must unfold,
You're sold, sir——sold, ma'am——sold, both.
ALL. Sold, sold, sold!
MIN. They laugh best who laugh the last, but as now the joke is past,
Gods and goddesses, pray drop your masquerading.
Dodge, do, lie, trick, and sell, mere mortals quite as well
Could have helped us to, without Olympus' aiding.
To perfection every one, you have cheated, lied, and done,
Showed us most forms that humbug late has taken;—
But you're wrong, I beg to say, if you fancy that to-day
Our confidence in honesty is shaken.
DIOG. Honesty does exist as I'm Diogenes,
Still I should like to find out where her lodging is.
MIN. Not on platform or on husting, where conceit and cant are thrusting—
Not in monster fortunes suddenly amassed;
But in good deeds meekly done, in honest gains hard won—
In humble homes, where happy lives are past.
The humbugs pass away, the mighty means decay,—
But the still small voice of truth still wins a hearing;
And the mightier it grows, the more feeble wax its foes,—
Till in triumph see her fair front where she's rearing.
While crouching at her feet lie Falsehood, Cant, and Cheat,
Unmasked at Truth's radiant appearing!

(*The scene opens and discovers an allegorical group.* TRUTH, *in the centre, gazes upwards, while* FALSEHOOD, CANT, *and* FRAUD *cower around her, their masks awry, and their sceptres fallen from their hands.*)

FINALE. VENUS.

"Drin-Drin."

Pray don't suppose, if humbugs we've been playing,
That, like its theme, all humbug is our play;
As friends of peace, excuse me, pray, for praying,
You'll recommend this piece of ours to day.

CHORUS.

Bring, bring, that's the thing,
All your friends to hear us, bring, bring, bring:
Bring, bring, that's the thing,
All your friends to hear us bring.

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