SENSE & SENSATION;

OR, THE

SEVEN SISTERS OF THULE.

A New and Original Morality,

IN A PROLOGUE AND SEVEN SCENES.

BY

TOM TAYLOR, ESQ.,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.)

AUTHOR OF

Our American Cousin, The Ticket of Leave Man, Babes in the Wood, The
Fool's Revenge, Nine Points of the Law, Payable on Demand, The House or the
Home, The Contested Election, An Unequal Match, Victims, Still Waters
Run Deep, Going to the Bad, A Nice Fijn, A Blighted Being, To Oblige
Benson, A Trip to Kissengen, Diogenes and His Lantern, The
Philosopher's Stone, The Vicar of Wakerfield, To Parents
and Guardians, Our Clerks, Little Red Riding Hood,
Helping Hands, Prince Darius, &c. &c.; and
one of the Authors of Masks and Faces, Plot and
Passion, Slave Life. Two Loves and a Wife,
The King's Rival, Retribution, &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, LONDON.
EXPLANATORY PREFACE.

This piece is an experiment—though it may prove an un-
successful one—to restore to the stage something like the old
"Morality" of the Tudor age.

Accustomed as our audiences are, in the rhymed pieces of the
present day, to practical fun and broad burlesque, peppered with a
profusion of puns, it is not much to be wondered at if they should
turn with disappointment from a piece in which the forms of
rhymed extravaganza are combined with a satirical, and almost
didactic aim, and which hardly affects word play.

The exigencies of representation, which required the piece to be
played after the long drama of the Ticket-of-Leave-Man, have
also rendered it necessary to cut down Sense and Sensation till my
intention in this piece is hardly recognizable.

I have printed the piece as originally written, the theatre
scene, which ends the acted piece, being followed by two others,
one, on the Stock Exchange, satirizing Sensation in money-
making; the other, in a therapeutic establishment, hitting at
Sensation in its applications to the healing art—such as hydro-
pathy, homeopathy, the rival alcoholic, and low diet systems,
animal magnetism, and spirit-rapping.

I have also restored the passages cut out, after the production of
the piece, from the part actually brought upon the stage.

I have prefixed these few remarks to the printed piece, in order
that those into whose hands it may fall may be in a position to
judge it, in some degree, from the writer's point of view, and with
reference to his intentions, as these are so imperfectly discoverable
from the piece in its acted form,

TOM TAYLOR.
SENSE AND SENSATION!

OR, THE

SEVEN SISTERS OF THULE.

The Machinery by Mr. Chapman. The Properties by Mr. Lightfoot. The Dresses by Mr. S. May, Mrs. Lewis and Assistants. The Musical Arrangements by Mr. J. H. Tully. The Scenery under the Direction of Mr. W. Telson.

PROLOGUE.

Scene 1. THE COTTAGE ORNEE OF SENSE,
IN THE ISLAND OF THULE.

KING SENSE (an abdicated Monarch living in retirement in Ultima Thule) .......... Mr. Atkins.

His Seven Daughters:

FAITH.......................... Miss Lydia Foot.
HOPE........... Miss Kate Rowan. (her First Appearance here)
CHARITY.......................... Miss Sheridan. (her First Appearance here)
COURAGE......................... Miss Rayburn.
PRUDENCE.......................... Miss E. Turner.
TEMPERANCE......................... Miss Maryston.
JUSTICE.......................... Miss F. Haydon. (her First Appearance here)

Scene 2. PALACE OF SENSATION IN THE REALMS OF OBLOS.

SULTAN SENSATION.......................... (Unwary of the Throne of Sense) ............. Mr. Brounold.

His Seven Sons:

PRIDE.......................... Mr. G. Vincent.
SLOTH.......................... Mr. R. Souter.
ENVY.......................... Mr. H. Rivers.
GLUTTONY.......................... Mr. H. Cooper.
ANGER.......................... Mr. H. Wiman.
AVARICE.......................... Mr. Mackian.
LUXURY.......................... Mr. C. Coghlan. (his First Appearance here)
I. SENSATION IN SCHOOL.

SCENE. GARDEN ATTACHED to the PYE-CRUSTE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTION

SENSE as STUBRINS (an old Gardener) and MR. SOBERSIDE... (Paterfamilias and Victim)...... Mr. Atkins.
SENSE as PROFESSOR SCHWINDLER (Ph. Doc. of all the obliques in particular and conscience in general).......................... Mr. Reynolds.
PRIDE as DE LA PLUCHE (Groom of the Chambers).............................. Mr. G. Vincent.
LUXURY as SIGNOR MAESTOSO... (Master of all Arts but that of singing small).... Mr. C. Cochran.
ANGER as DR. BITTERS (Medical Doctor, Professor of Physiology, Biology, and Nine-Mathematics to the Institution)........... Mr. H. Woolan.
GLUTTONY as BETTY...(a Cook’s woman)........................................ Mr. H. Cooper.
ENVY in PROPER PERSONA........................................................................ Mr. H. Bower.
SLOTH as MR. MAKEWEIGHT (School Committee-man of the Institution)...... Mr. B. Soutar.
Avarice as MR. SCREWBY... (Bill Discounter and Man of Business to the Institution) ...... Mr. Maclean.
MRS. ALAMODE (Lady Principal of “The Pye-Cruste Pye-Collegiate Institution for the formation of the Female Mind”)................................................. Mrs. Leigh Murray.
TEMPERANCE as MISS SOBERSIDE................................................................................... Miss Marston.
FAITH as MISS LILY .......................................................................................... Miss Lydia Foote.
CHARITY as MISS VIOLET (of the Institution)..................................................... Miss Sheridan.
HOPE as MISS ROSE......................................................................................... Miss Kaye Ranor.
PRUDENCE as MISS TITE .................................................................................. Miss E. Turner.
COURAGE as MISS PAGE..................................................................................... Miss Raynham.

II. TEMPERANCE INTEMPERATE.

SCENE. A TEMPERANCE HOTEL AND DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

TEMPERANCE as MISS HORNBLOWER... (a Lady with a Mission)...................... Miss Marston.
ANGER as DOBERGUES HOWLET... (a Worthy Law from Exeter Hall)........... Mr. H. Woolan.
III. THE SEWING MACHINES.

SCENE. WEST END ESTABLISHMENT OF GRINDOFF, SNAP, AND NEVERSINK. COURT MILLINERS AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS.

SENSATION as MR. SNAP .................................................
Proprietors of a large Plant { ......................................... Mr. Rigold.
AVERS or MR. GRINDOFF.................................................
of Sewing Machines { ................................................. Mr. Maclean.
GLUTTONY as CAPTAIN CRAM.......(Led Captain and Toasty of Mrs. De Bustleton) .................Mr. H. Cooper.
SLOTH as the HONORABLE DROPMORE DRAWEIGH (a merry Swell, also in attendance on
Mrs. De Bustleton) ................................................................. Mr. E. Soutar.
LUXURY as LARIO MAESTOSO ....(Arbitre de l'Opera, lodging on Mr. Grindoff's Second Floor) ...Mr. C. Comlan.
MISS KEVERSINK .................................................(Forewoman and General Superintendent of the Work Rooms) .......... Miss Stephens.
COURAGE as MISS STEELE .................................................
PRUDENCE as MISS FARSIGHT............. Young Ladies, Victims { ......................................... Miss E. Turner.
FAITH as MISS PALMER .......... offered up to La Mode and .......... Miss Julia Foote.
HOPE as MISS SEEIGHT .................. La Mart { ......................................... Miss Kate Range.
CHARITY as MISS MEIK .................................................
ANGER as MRS. DE BUSTLETON (a Purveyor, always dreading to be distanced in the Race with Fashion) Mr. H. Whalan.

IV. JUSTICE LAW REFORMING.

SCENE. IN CHAMBERS.

JUSTICE as NEWBROOME ..............................................(Chairman, Condemner, and Reformer of the Law) .......... Miss F. Haydon.
SENSE as SOBERSIDE ................................................................. Mr. Atkins.
PRUDENCE as MISS FARSIGHT ................................................... Miss E. Turner.
V. SENSATION ON THE STAGE.

Scene. THE STAGE OF MR. GRAVETRAP'S THEATRE.

SENSATION as MR. GRAVETRAP.............(a Manager on the most brilliant break-neck principles)..........Mr. Rixold.
PRIDE as MR. HAUT-EN-BAS...........................(Mr. Gravetrap's Leading Man)..........................Mr. G. Vincent.
ENVY as MR. VERJUICE ......................................(Theatrical Critic)..................................Mr. H. Rivers.
LUXURY as LARGO MAESTOSO...........................................(Tenore Rolento).......................Mr. C. O'Sullivan.
ANGER as MR. WORBIT ......................................(Mr. Gravetrap's Stock Author)..................Mr. H. Wigan.
SLOTH as MR. WIND-EGG.................................(Stage Manager).................................Mr. E. Scott.
AVERSE as MR. PENNEWISE.................................(Tresmer)........................................Mr. Maclean.
SENSE as MR. OLDBUCK...............................(an old-fashioned Player)..............................Mr. Atkins.
FAITH as MISS GREEN..............................(with a belief in high Art and the destinies of the Drama)....Miss L. Foote.
HOPE as MISS BEAMISH (with an eye to the Theatrical Profession and Rose-coloured Spectacles) Miss Kate Rangor.
CHARITY as MISS DOVE (leaning on the generosity of the British Public, the kindness of Critics, the justice of Managers, and Broken Reeds in general).............................Miss Sheridan.
COURAGE as MISS GOLIGHTLY (a young Lady of strong Gymnastic, Choreographic, Lyric and imitative powers, ready to break her own neck or the English language, to jump down anything and climb up anywhere).................................Miss Raysham.
PRUDENCE as MISS OLDBUCK...........................(a young Lady rather old-fashioned)..................Miss E. Turner.
JUSTICE as MISS NEWBOOKE............................Not exactly at home}................................Miss F. Haydon
TEMPERANCE as MISS HORNBLOWER ....................} in the Theatre}....................................Miss Marston

Last Scene. TEMPLE OF THE VIRTUES.
SENSE AND SENSATION.

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PROLOGUE.

SCENE FIRST.—The Cottage Ornee of Sense in the Island of Thule, L.; pretty and picturesque, with lawns and shrubberies; a cultivated landscape in middle distance, passing into grand mountainous scenery.

SENSE discovered in his arm chair, reading an old book.

Music.—"Placidoe il mar."

SENSE. Howe'er the world change for its sov'reign brook,
'Tis clear that abdication suits my book:
While fierce Sensation, Bounce, Brag and Pretence,
Dispute succession to the throne of sense,
Contented here, with my seven daughters, coolly
I jog along, as Lord of Ultima Thule;
Till, thanks to Squire Sense and his seven sweet daughters,
Thule's the happiest isle in Western Waters.

Song—Air, "I'd like to be a Baby."

The world is grown a baby,
With new whims every hour,
From niggers takes its music,
Of Blondin makes a power,
To see into the future
Trusts Spirit-rappers' row;
When Sense was king men were not
Such fools as they are now.
The world is grown a baby,
Sensation's raised to power;
So Sense is sent to Thule,
And Nonsense rules the hour.
"Morris Dance."

Here in Thule, while I'm king,
   My quarters, quarters,
May be bounded by a ring
   Of waters, waters—
But ring-fences are the thing
   For daughters, daughters;
Virtues e'en, if in the world, in love might fall!
Lovers here ne'er appear,
  'Twould weary, weary
Every one, though 'twere Lord Dun—
   Dreary—dreary:
Sigh away and die away
   Are out of place in such a case,
So safe, you see, my girls must be,
  Whate'er befal!

(looking off)    Hah! hither come my eldest—Faith
and Charity:
Here they can work together—that's a rarity.

Enter Faith and Charity, their arms round each other's
waists, L. U. E.

Both. Good day, papa!
Sense.    Well, dears, what news this morning?
Faith. (L.) I'm worn out with exhorting, preaching, warning.
         Chapel will snub Church, Church on Chapel frown!
Charity. (R.) Luckily I was there to smooth them down,
         Proving, how hard soe'er the stones they fling,
         That both, in fact, aim much at the same thing.
Faith. Her poor are so content? (pressing Charity's hand)
Sense, (C.) That is surprizing!—
         Few ladies visit without pauperizing.
Charity. The secret of bright hearths, and well-filled
shelves
         You've taught me—help the poor to help themselves.
Sense. A secret Charity from Sense must learn.
         But now work's over, pleasure takes its turn-----
         Our promised pic-nic!
Faith.    When the rest arrive——
Charity. Here comes sweet Hope, to keep us all alive.
         (Hope sings without h)
Music.—Air, "Sempre Libera."

Truce to sighing!
Sorrow defying,
Cull the rose wherever you may:

From to-day ever flying,
On to-morrow relying,
Hope can shed a sunshine undying;
Hers-is a light that outlasts the day!

La, la, la!

Enter Hope, L. 2 E.

Hope. Come, pa! come, girls!

Sense. (Looking at the sky) Change! see! the clouds look grey.

Hope. Nonsense! I feel 'twill be a glorious day.

Sense. Consult barometer.

(Faith, Hope and Charity go towards cottage)

Hope. (L. C.) No! Don't look there:
I've nailed its tiresome index at "Set Fair."

Sense. (R. C.) A fair set-down! But, as Hope's apt to sell us,
You girls may just as well get your umbrellas,
(Faith and Charity go up to cottage)

Hope. (Joyously) How jolly we shall be! Cold lamb and flowers,
Sunshine and salad!

Sense. Water-cress and showers.

Hope. Nay! It won't rain, I'm sure, if you won't ask it.
(Takes umbrellas from Faith and Charity)

Charity. (Joyously) Here's Temperance, with the provi-
sion basket.

Music.—Exttev Temperance, L.U. E., from house, with
portly luncheon-basket.

Temperance, (L.) I've packed cold lamb and salad, fruit—
Hope. (Very eagerly and earnestly, L.) And beer?
Temperance. (Sternly) Ginger! you know we've nothing stronger here.
SENSE. The deuce we've not! *consolatorily to Hope*
Saves trouble with the corks.
FAITH. Here's Prudence.

*Music.—Enter Prudence, L. (with shawls.)*

PRUDENCE. You've packed salt—and knives and forks?
Your wraps! or we shall have you all in bed
With rheumatism.
HOPE. (R.) Do say colds in the head.
Depend on't, dear old Pru, that is the worst
We can expect.
PRUDENCE. (L. C.) You're always laid up first;
And yet you *will* see things couleur de rose.
HOPE. It's so wise not to look beyond one's nose.
SENSE. (C.) Where's Justice?
PRUDENCE. She'd a case or two to settle.
SENSE. And Courage? I must have my lass of mettle.
HOPE. See, here she comes!
SENSE. Old Sense's favourite scion!

*Music.—"Rule Britannia."—Enter Courage, R. I. E.*

But how is this, love? You've not got your lion?
COURAGE. Sir Edwin Landseer begged I'd let him sit
For Nelson's column. Leo jump'd at it,
And so did I!
HOPE. Didn't I *always* say
That column *would* be finished some fine day?
FAITH. And Faith believed you!
SENSE. (to Courage) So you've been in Britain?
COURAGE. Yes; made mybusiness there with pleasure fit in:
The friends I've found the voyage were every bit
worth—
MacMurdo, Cowper Coles, Armstrong and Whitworth.
HOPE. But come,—(*all group*) the pic-nic waits; let's off
like winking, (*all going*)
COURAGE. Stop! (*a pause*) This last walk of mine has
set me thinking:
'Tis plain, papa, that since your abdication,
The world's gone to the bad, thanks to Sensation;
Sense is all nonsense, if not up and doing,
And we no Virtues while life's fight eschewing;
Unbreathed and cloister'd here, our flags are furled: Hoist them again! Back with me to the world! (produces banners from behind her shield and gives them to VIRTUES—each bears a Virtue's name and attribute. — FAITH, a "Lily;" HOPE, an "Anchor;" CHARITY, a "Pelican;" TEMPERANCE, a "Bridle;" PRUDENCE, a "Rule and Square;" JUSTICE, a "Sword and Scales." )

FAITH, (R.) Agreed! I want a wider field for preaching.
CHARTY, (R.) I could do such good visiting and teaching!
Were there for Charity no other scene, She'd find a long life's work in Bethnal Green!
TEMPERANCE, (L.) The Temperance movement requires Temperance sadly. [badly.
PRUDENCE, (L.) Kings and republics both need Prudence
SENSE. (C.) Take care! (to COURAGE) Hard fighting's very well, my dear, But you'll find there a different place from here. At Rome, do as Rome does! Back in the world, From Virtues down to women you'll be hurled; Tried, tempted—by yourselves must stand or fall; Take mortal chances—crinoline and all; And if you're wooed and won, mind you must wive.
HOPE, (L. C.) We'll risk it, pa'—trust us to look alive.
SENSE. The world is sown with pitfalls all about.
PRUDENCE. We won't fall in.
COURAGE. (R. C.) If we do we'll get out.
SENSE. Religious strifes!
CHARITY. (putting her arm round FAITH) Faith will in concord seal them.
SENSE. Sorrows and sufferings!
FAITH. (taking the hand of CHARITY) Charity will heal them.
SENSE. Excess and riot!
HOPE, (puts TEMPERANCE forward) Temperance to aid.
SENSE. Mad speculation!
COURAGE. (clapping PRUDENCE on shoulder) Prudence ain't afraid.

* The Banners are made with the shafts in two, so as to shut up telescope-fashion, that they may be disposed of behind the shield of Courage, and afterwards hoisted by the Virtues.
SENSE. Pretension rampant, friendless merit daunted,
Humbug set in high place!
COURAGE. (calling) Justice! you're wanted!
Music.—Enter JUSTICE, L.
HOPE. Pack up your sword and scales; your bandage doff;
We're for the world, (takes off bandage)
JUSTICE. Who's we?
COURAGE. All.
JUSTICE. What, Justice venture in the world, oh law!
FAITH. P'raps they'll employ you a new code to draw.
HOPE. Harness the family coach.
SENSE. Who'll horse it, love?
HOPE. Her lion, (pointing to COURAGE) and my eagle,
and Faith's dove.
SENSE. That would be a nice unicorn team indeed,
But perhaps the railway's best for cost and speed.
PRUDENCE. But who is to insure our bones and brains?
SENSE. Ride first class, and avoid excursion trains.
PRUDENCE. But accidents will happen.
SENSE. So they will;
Still I'm for railway, and I pay the bill.
Chorus of Sense and Virtues.—"Old Men's Chorus," from Faust.

SENSE. Caution's fitting, when the hair's hoary,
I don't forget I've been a boy:
Youth is a radical, risk is its joy;
Age is a cautious old Tory.
Wherefore not stay here at your ease?
Thule is capital quarters!
Do men t'other side of the seas,
Ask for old Sense and his daughters?
CHORUS. Caution's fitting, when the hair's hoary,
Do not forget you've been a boy;
Youth's the time in work to employ.
Danger's the passport to glory,
Would we but sit safe and at ease.
Thule is capital quarters,
But men t'other side of the seas,
Call for old Sense and his daughters.
Waltz—Faust.

**THE VIRTUES.**

Danger scorning,
Laugh at warning,
Though we double
Toil and trouble,
Till Sensation's
Usurpations
O'er the nations
Nod to their fall.
Cheerily, cheerily,
Merrily, merrily
March away,
Glad and gay,
Banners and all!

**SENSE.**

Rest is jolly,
Risk is folly;
Wherefore double
Toil and trouble?
Let Sensation's
Usurpations
O'er the nations
Work their own fall!
Wearily, wearily,
Drearily, drearily,
Soon you'll stray
Back this way,
Singing so small!

Quick let us hence,
Soon to burst Sensation's bubble,
Brag and Pretence!
We shall prove a match
for them all.

Leave it to Sense,
Soon to burst Sensation's bubble:
But if you'll hence,
Sense is not a match for you all!

*He yields reluctantly to their enhancement—they waltz off, dragging Sense with them.* R. 2 E.

**SCENE SECOND.**—The Palace of Sensation in the realms of Eblis. A vista of richly decorated but lurid halls, in the Moresque or most florid Renaissance style. Profusion of ornament and glare of colours. Folding doors carved and gilt, closed in the centre. Music, loud and brassy, and in emphatic contrast with that of the First Scene.

*Enter, on either side, Demons with papers, which they slip through letter slit in door.*

FIRST DEMON. "Times!"
SECOND DEMON. "Daily News!"
THIRD DEMON. "Telegraph!"
FOURTH DEMON. "Morning Post!"
FIFTH DEMON. (bearing plateau with tea equipage) His majesty's gunpowder tea and toast!
The folding doors, C, work back and discover Sensation in a recess, sitting on a throne of fire.

Sensation: (after looking at papers—seated) The world is getting on, that is, in my sense. Each day my viceroys more and more defy sense. Already school and shop, Change, studio, stage, proclaim Sensation monarch of the age. Truth, conscience, taste, outlawed as spooney, slow, In their place I've installed Bounce, Brag, and Show. I've closed the round-about old ways—instead, Opened short cuts to all, cried "Go a-head, Sit on the safety valve. Pace men should mind most, Life's golden rule is, Devil take the hindmost."

(he jumps up as if his throne were too hot for him)

Music—Enter, as before, Demons with telegrams, R. and L. —they look pale.

Sensation. An ill wind blow ye hence, ye cream-faced pack! What say the telegrams? (opens and reads) "Sense coming back!"

(Opens others) Ha! all in the same tale? Can it be true?

If Sense come back, Sensation may look blue. (a letter jumps out of a hole in the scene over which "Pneumatic Post" appears, in illuminated characters)

Here's a despatch by the pneumatic post. (Reads) "Sense, and seven daughters, landed on the coast."

Arm! arm! and out. Oh! had I duteous children! But their disputes are perfectly bewildering. (row without, R.) I give them every indulgence, still They bully one another—cross my will; (row without again) They seek a quarrel, as to water ducks hurry. Pride, Envy, Wrath, Sloth, Gluttony, Avarice, Luxury!
Music—Enter The Seven Sons of Sensation, quarrelling, R.

Chorus of Sensation and the Vices—"Questa Besilia," from "Il Barbiere."

If you're smart, sir, I am smarter;
To such temper who'd be martyr?
Bully me! You shall see, you shall see,
You've caught a Tartar!
Not a fig do I care for ye; all your tempers I'll out roar,
I'll out roar, I'll out roar; all your tempers I'll out roar!
If you're smart, sir, I am smarter,
To your temper who'd be a martyr!
I'll out roar ye! I abhor ye! pretty story! soon I'll floor ye!
You're a bore! you're a bore! you're a bore!
Hold your roar!

Sensation.

Was there ever such a martyr,
Jew or Christian, Turk or Tartar!
List to me! Do agree! There you see
The game they're arter!
Such a row and such a roaring, I'll your tempers bear no more,
Bear no more! Bear no more! I'll your temper bear no more!
Was there ever such a martyr,
Jew or Christian, Turk or Tartar!
Hot and stormy! they out roar me, flout and floor me—
Triumph o'er me! Hold your roar!
Peace, give o'er! [brood!

Sensation. Silence! Hold hard! shut up, ye bickering
What means this strife, ne'er ending, still renewed?

Pride, (R.) They won't treat me with deference or respect!
(crosses, L.)

Sensation. No more they will me; what can you expect?

Envy. (R.) Expect! That Captain Pride shan't rule the roast.
(crosses to L.)

Anger. (R. C.) 'Twould make a fellow eat his hat, almost.

Sloth. (R.) Gov'nor, I can't stand this—I'll go to bed!

Gluttony. (R.) Do! and I'll bone your grub, old sleepy head!
AVARICE. (R. C.) If with their pocket-money you'd trust me-----
LUXURY. (L.) I want the run of the girls, and a latch-key!
SENSATION. Was ever father cursed with seven such sons?
   Only be quiet—you shall have your runs,
   But not down here: the world—thanks to my ruling,
   Is just the place to finish off your schooling.
   (gathers them round him)
   You've such a little game there now! Fast doubt
   (all listen eagerly)
   Old Sense's seven sweet girls are coming out!
   Once in the world, without corks they'll be swimming,
   No longer abstract Virtues, but weak women.
   Be yours the task to tempt, trip, and cajole them;
   Shew the old fogy that he can't control them,
   Till floored himself, his daughters led astray,
   He creeps back to his island, there to stay!
PRIDE. I'll tempt them with my wealth, my rank, my power.
ENVY. I'll have them by the ears within an hour.
ANGER. I'll spoil their tempers.
SLOTH. On their strengths I'll feed.
GLUTTONY. I'll tempt their palates.
AVARICE. I'll awake their greed.
LUXURY. The little dears! Old Sense's cold instructions
   Shall soon thaw to the warmth of my seductions!
SENSATION. Harness my fiery chariot! Hence! To earth!
   Bless you, my babes! Do credit to your birth!

Chorus of Vices.—"Soldiers' March."—"Faust."
   Thee, glorious sire, we, thy sons, adore;
   And for the moment we spar no more!
   Sense and his insolent girls, we'll floor,
   And when the fight's o'er, we'll settle our score!

March from "Faust," round the stage. The VICES
   lift SENSATION, and bear him off in triumph on
   their shoulders, R. I E.

END OF PROLOGUE.
SENSE AND SENSATION.

SCENE—The Garden attached to the Pye-cruste Pan-Collegiate Institution for the Formation of the Female Mind. Façade of the house, an old and picturesque red brick one, running up \( \text{L.} \); high garden wall at back, overgrown with creepers, ladder against it—massive pillars and richly wrought iron gates, \( \text{R.} \). Large board with inscription " \( \text{P. C.} \)—\( \text{P. C.} \) Institution." Summer-houses \( \text{L.} \) and \( \text{H.} \)—garden chairs \( \text{R.} \) and \( \text{L.} \).

Music for the entry of GIRLS, monotonous. As the scene opens the SCHOOL GIRLS are seen filing in through the iron gates two and two, headed by FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, and TEMPERANCE; COURAGE and PRUDENCE as governesses, bringing up the rear.

PRUDENCE. Young ladies, till Miss Alamode comes back,
Take turns about the lawn—keeping the track.

(yawning—to COURAGE) If you'd look after them—

COURAGE. And your day too!

PRUDENCE. Courage, you're selfish.

COURAGE. Prudence, so are you.

PRUDENCE. I'm worn out. If I sit, my eyelid sinks.

COURAGE. I'm fit to drop.

PRUDENCE. I must have forty winks.

(they sit in garden chairs on opposite sides, one with work, the other with a book, and both at once go to sleep—Music, "We're a Nodding"—the GIRLS cease walking and steal on tip-toe, to the SLEEPERS)

FAITH. Miss Tite's asleep!

CHARITY. And so's Miss Fagge!

HOPE. I say,

Here's a chance; and old Alamode away!

SENSE appears as STUBBINS the gardener, at work, \( \text{R.} \). TEMPERANCE. Mind, there's old Stubbins;

HOPE. Oh! he's much too busy
To see us—aint you? What's that, eh? (shews money)

SENSE. (pocketing it) A tizzy?
SENSE AND SENSATION. [Sc. 1.

FAITH. (coaxing) He was a dear old boy;
CHARITY. (turning his back towards them) He always sets
   His eyes that way. (all coax him)
SENSE. You pretty, coaxing pets!
   (they run up to consult with the other girls)
   They little think it's Sense in Stubbins' guise,
   Who keeps on them a pair of watchful eyes!
   Here, six months since, I left four of my daughters,
   In what the sporting men call training quartefs
   The sort of place, where, for a thumping stipend,
   Virtues, if they're not ruined, will be ripened.
   Courage and Prudence, meanwhile, slave it here
   As teachers—each for thirty pounds a year.
   The drone—who works the bees, and sacks the honey—
   Expects all the Seven Virtues for that money!
   Justice has found a task to last till doom,
   To revise England's statutes under Brougham;
   I fear, though gaily she the task assumes,
   To cleanse that stable will take sev'ral Brooms.

Music.—FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, TEMPERANCE, and GIRLS
   come down gaily.

TEMPERANCE, (goes to gate, an I looks off R., calling) Betty!
FAITH. (giving Stubbins money) Stubbins can't see us.
CHARITY.

Enter GLUTTONY, as BETTY the Cake Woman, gate, R. C.

GLUTTONY. Bless your souls!
   Here's toffee! tarts! pork pies! and sausage rolls!
   Choose what you like, my dears, I'll score it to you;
   Eat away—hard! and much good may it do you.
   (they eat greedily)

(Music.—Miss ALAMODE, attended by LUXURY,
   appears at the gate"—sensation—a shriek from
   the GIRLS, PRUDENCE and COURAGE wake and
   jump up)

Miss ALAMODE. (examining basket) Tarts! dreadful! and
   pork pies! more dreadful still!
GLUTTONY. Dreadful! Just try one.
Miss A. Back! I shall be ill!
Oh, Signor Maestoso, did you ever?

LUXURY. Tremolo! Agitato! I did never.

MISS A. (severely to PRUDENCE and COURAGE) So!

PRUDENCE. Please, ma'am.

COURAGE. (c.) No excuse! Prevaricators!

(to STUBBINS) Where were your eyes?

SENSE. Eyes, ma'am! here, in the tatars!

MISS A. (pointing to BETTY) You saw this wretch?

SENSE. I were among the s'rubs;

Gard'ners has to look arter their own grubs!

MISS A. Can nobody explain this awful sight?

TEMPERANCE. (L.) We're half starved!

MISS A. Ladies own to appetite!

TEMPERANCE. Yes; all's cram here but meals, and they're—

ALL (shuddering) Oh, lor!

FAITH. (R.) We couldn't learn less.

HOPE. (L.) And could eat much more!

MISS A. You shan't corrupt my school—that I can tell you,

You bold, bad girl; an the spot I expel you!

Pack up your boxes: I'll prepare a letter

To your papa!

_Éxecut_ Miss ALAMODE, indignantly into house, L.—

and GLUTTONY, L. LUXURY flirts with HOPE, apart.

FAITH. Expelled!

HOPE. _Éxecut_ Miss ALAMODE, indignantly into house, L.—

CHARITY. So much the better!

COURAGE. She'll tell papa how they starve, flag and fleece us,

I'm sure he'll come down, post haste, to release us!

(TEMPENANCE takes farewell of SCHOOL GIRLS)

SENSE, (aside) Will he? best they should suffer some time longer;

Suffering can teach—its lesson will be stronger.

Still, as papa I'll show, lest worst betide,

So, exit Stubbing—enter Soberside.

_Exit, R. 1 E._—_school bell heard._

(Music.—TEMPERANCE takes tender farewell of her sisters—her boxes are brought out and carried off—Miss ALAMODE re-enters, orders in the GIRLS
MISS A. Audacious girl! all discipline despising;
To bring a horrid woman with pork pies in!
Pack, bag and baggage—(TEMPERANCE attempts to
remonstrate) no excuse! no question!
I leave you to remorse—and indigestion!

(TEMPERANCE goes off by gate, and Miss ALAMODE
into house—HOPE exchanges signals with LUXURY
as they go off—LUXURY and PRIDE enter from
the house, L. U. E.)

LUXURY. Bravo! my Hope won't long be Hope deferred!
PRIDE. (L.) And Faith is mine!
LUXURY. (haughtily) What, sir! Doubt my word?

SENSE as SOBERSIDES appears outside the gate with his
portmanteau—rings bell—PRIDE opens gate.

SENSE. Take my portmanteau and this card.
PRIDE. (looking contemptuously at portmanteau, and taking
card) I'll call
The luggage porter, he waits in the hall. Exit to house, L.
SENSE. That pampered menial don't do things by halves—
Goes the whole hog, and also two large calves.

Re-enter Miss ALAMODE, L., followed by SENSATION as PROFESSOR SCHWINDLER, and ANGER as DR. BITTERS.

MISS ALAMODE. Most welcome to our 'umble institution,
Where your sweet girls expand in calm seclusion,
Under my eye, and that of my assessors,
And our large staff of eminent professors.
(producing "Times") See my prospectus in the
leading journal?
"Palatial house and grounds—system maternal.
No extras—no vacations—no frivolity—
Diet unlimited and of the best quality."
My charge's progress you would like to test?
SENSE. I'd like to see them in the playground best.
SENSATION. Our only rest is change of occupation;
Our play's competitive examination.
ANGER. Our institution has no time for leisure;
We work the mental engine at high pressure.
We've a professor here for every "ology"
Including the last started, anthropology,
Whence we deduce how small, a mere scintilla,
The difference between man and the gorilla.

(ANGER and SENSATION bow to each other)

LUXURY. For music—affetuoso, grazioso,
Eccone, Signor Largo Maestoso!
I teach to sing, where ozers teach to squall,
Maestro of all styles, but de sing small.

SENSE. (to Miss ALAMODE) DO you teach nothing?
MISS A. (L. C.) My sphere lies more high;
"Tis mine to superintend. It's all my eye.

SENSE. I dare say!
MISS A. This way to the studious bowers,
Where our sweet bees improve the shining hours.

Ceremonious Music—exeunt Miss ALAMODE and
SENSE into house, L.

Enter Pkrde, SLOTH, Avarice, Envy, and GLUTTONY
from house, L.

SENsATION. Sense little thinks Sensation has his eye on
him,
And as Professor Schwindler, looks awry on him.
ANGER. Thanks to the style in which we've played our
roles,
He'll find his daughters let down several holes.

PRIDE. (R.) I've humbugged Faith!
LUXURY. (L.) Hope sings but in my key!
SLOTH. (L. C.) Courage I've sapped!
ANGER. (R. C.) And I've soured Charity!

AVARICE. Prudence is mine!

ENVY. (L.) I hope he has caught a Tartar!
GLUTTONY. (L.) And Temperance to Gluttony falls a
martyr!

SENsATION. Virtue defy Vice! When doves brave the
vulture!

So much for best boarding school virtue culture.

ANGER. Ha! ha! The female mind we here advance,
As geese's livers are enlarged in France;
Each process to one course its patient dooms,
Cram and keep dark in over-heated rooms!
SENSE AND SENSATION. [Sc. 1.

SENSE. Good boys! I'm proud of you—but to our tasks,
    They need smooth faces and sleek looks—your masks!
Music.—Exeunt SENSATION and the VICES into the house.

Enter SENSE agitated, R. 1 E., as STUBBINS.

SENSE. Yes! you were just in time, Paterfamilias;
    To leave these girls here Sense has been a silly ass;
    E'en Virtue's guard Cupid aside can shove,
    They're all five over head and ears in love!

Enter FAITH from house, L.

FAITH. I've dodged papa! (sees SENSE) Oh, Stubbins,
    don't stay here,
    Those plants want potting. Go, there's an old dear—
    A pint of beer, now that the weather's hot—
    (giving money)

SENSE, (aside) I must take care that she don't go to pot!

Exit SENSE, R. 2 E.

FAITH. So proud—so high born, and to stoop so low!
    I never dreamed to what lengths love could go.
    A nobleman to condescend to livery,
    And brave what rhyme bids me pronounce diskivery!
    'Tis like mythology, when gods sought hovels,
    And I don't know how many lovely novels!
    Oh, could I but proclaim the faith I've in him,
    And from his livery delivery win him.

Song. —" Le Parlate d'Amor " (Faust.)
    If my school was a bore,
    'Tis so no more;
    Spite of his velvet plushes,
    Spite of a Virtue's blushes,
    Ne'er did my heart before
    Thrill to the core'.
    Such disguises of yore
    Immortals wore;
    I've put my pride in my pocket,
    Here is his hair in a locket,
    Cherished for evermore—for evermore,
    Yes, evermore—yes, evermore!
Enter PRIDE from house.

PRIDE. My own adored! too late your love arrives;
But—down proud heart!—I had to clean the knives!
FAITH. That those hands in such menial work should move!
PRIDE. Yet, what task's base that is inspired by love?
Waiting, I think she's waiting now for me!
Brushing the boots, 'tis thy sweet soul I see!
Answering the door, I hear my belle of belles,
And every ring with marriage rapture swells!
Yet my heart bleeds under this lace—these shorts—
FAITH. Thou that were born only to wait in courts!
PRIDE. Thy sisters' natures, prejudiced and funky,
Cannot detect the noble in the flunkey.
Thy soul 'bove buttons, not e'en livery spurns,
The man's the man for a' that, vide Burns.
At ten to-night I'll be outside the gate,
With a fast fly—fly in it to High Fate!
FAITH. Some one approaches.
PRIDE. 'Tis your sister, Rose!
FAITH. What she'll think, if she sees us, goodness knows!
PRIDE. Into the arbour—quick! nay, never fear,
Are you not safe while De la Pluche is near?

Exeunt FAITH and PRIDE into arbour, a. 1 E.

SENSE, as STUBBINS, appears from behind a shrub, R. 2 E.

SENSE. So—so—Miss Faith! going off on the sly!
Take a fly—will he?—no, not if I'm fly.

Enter HOPE from house, L. u. E.

HOPE. Oh, I'm so happy! I'm in such a flutter
I've actually left my bread and butter!
In this dull place poor Hope seemed fairly blighted,
But Cupid's link once more Hope's lamp has lighted;
'Twas at the instrument the deed was done!
There Maestoso wooed, and I was won;
My fingers ran false scales—my eyelids dropt:
I sighed—he squeezed my hand; I paled—he popt!
Enter LUXURY as LARGO MAESTOSO from house, L.

Duet.—HOPE and LUXURY.—"La ci darem."

LUXURY. Here, in this place, there are no
Close prying eyes to see;
Though I have to speak piano
Forte's my love for thee!

HOPE. To fly, or not to fly,
The question is a bore;
So pleasing is his sigh,
I'd like to cry " encore!"

LUXURY. That wall the ladder set to.

HOPE. Such lengths that I should get to.

LUXURY. Say yes—piano or forte.

HOPE. I feel the thought so naughty;
To fly, or not to fly—

LUXURY. Away, love!
Away! away! my sweetest!
At ten, of flies the fleetest,
Shall wait beyond the door.

Exeunt LARGO MAESTOSO—soothingly taking her
up to arbour, L. 2 E.

Enter CHARITY, from house, L.

CHARITY. I'm sick of strife disguised as emulation;
Oh, this competitive examination!
My sister's jealousy too plain I see,
As Bitters says, makes this place death to me.
In all our competitions I outstrip 'em,
No wonder they can't love me when I whip 'em.

Enter ANGER, from house, L.

ANGER. Miss Violet.
CHARITY. Ah, doctor!

ANGER. May I say,
Essence of violets! how are we to-day?
(Feeling her pulse) Thready and feverish; our cruel
sisters
Have been again applying moral blisters.

(CHESTNY sighs)

You feel a want of tone?
CHARITY, (R., sighing)   Yes.
ANGER, (L.)   Nervous twitters?
   Y’ou sigh—cry?
CHARITY.   Yes.
ANGER.   The only thing is Bitters.
Tonics must be thrown in—try Bitters neat;
Behold self and" prescription at your feet!
Take me in either sense, take me in both, (kneels)
To disagree with you I should be loth.
I'll throw up medical attendance here,
Devote myself to thee
CHARITY.   He is sincere.
ANGER. True as the drugs compounded at the Hall.
Prescription—fly, at ten, outside the wall.
   (SENSE is seen to steal out at the gate
CHARITY. Yes, I will leave this place.   Why should I stay
When Faith has failed me, and Hope turned away.
FAITH and HOPE come out of the arbours R. and L.
exchanging farewells with PRIDE and LUXURY—
BITTERS goes up after a passionate farewell of
CHARITY—as the three VICES go off at the gate
they exchange looks of triumph and exeunt.
STUBBINS returns, locks outer gate, comes down
and takes ladder—the GIRLS surround him with
coaxing looks and gestures.
HOPE. Oh! Stubbins, you’re so kind! Do leave it.
SENSE. Why?
FAITH. We’ve found a chaffinch nest.
CHARITY. Ever so high.
HOPE. Ten feet up, every inch.
SENSE. More of the chaff I fancy than the finch.
CHARITY, (pointing to FAITH) She’s studying oology and
begs
   To see the nest (he looks incredulous) As sure as
   eggs is eggs—
SENSE. Want to peep in the nest, not to pop out of it?
HOPE. What?
FAITH. Bun away?
CHARITY. Absurd!
SENSE. There's not a doubt of it.
For fear of such absurdity, d'ye see,
I'll lock the ladder up—here's the gate key.

(Shews them gate key—brings ladder down and
takes it into summer-house, R.)

Charity. Oh, this will drive us mad—our lovers madder!
Faith. The gate locked! our lads there—and here no
ladder.
Hope. Baulked!
Faith. Baffled!
Charity. Blighted!

(Sensation appears outside gate, shews key, and
flings it over)

Hope. (picking it up) What is this I see?
Faith. I know—Professor Schwinder's master key!

(Stubbins appears from summer house, R.—they
conceal the key and go up)

Sense. (Aside) Gatefast—fly caught and ladder locked away!
The birds may beat their wings—here they must stay.

(Pretends to go off, but lurks behind shrubs, R., listening)

Sense, Faith, Hope and Charity—"Three Blind Mice."

Still as mice,
Off let us run;
The virtues and women within us at strife,
From cutting a school to being a wife,
Is a change one only makes once in a life; so,
Still as mice,
Off let us run.

Sense.

Still as mice,
Off they would run;
The honeymoon oft closes in strife,
So Sense says wait ere you settle for life,
And turns the key on each would-be wife,
As still as mice, &c. Exeunt, L. 2 E.

Enter Avarice and Sloth from house, L.

Avarice. (R.) Refused by that old fool! Prudence con-
Till he appeared. [sented

Sloth. (L.) Miss Courage has repented.

Well, marriage would have been no end of trouble.
Avarice. Think of the joy Sense and his girls to bubble.
SC. 1.]   SENSE AND SENSATION.  27

SLOTH.  (sits)  Don't seem to see it much.
AVARICE.      Arouse! for shame!
SLOTH.  Why Courage likes me 'cause I am so tame.
AVARICE.  What Prudence likes in me, is the sharp City man.
SLOTH.  That don't suit me—my right berth's school
        committee man.
Life's summum bonum—such the light I view it in;
Nothing to do, and an arm chair to do it in.
AVARICE.  We'll win them yet—'e'en virtues have their
        My teeth once set, I hold on like a vice.  [price ;
(SLOTH sleeps)
He's off again,  (wakes him)
SLOTH.  I only closed my peepers
AVARICE.  One of the seven sins!—One of the seven sleepers.
(SLOTH sits, L., sleeps again.  AVARICE claps a bee
hiv'e over his head—bees fly out—SLOTH screams
and struggles off, L. 2 E.)
AVARICE.  That is a night cap with no nap upon it.
        He's wide awake, though he have bees in his bonnet.
          Exit, L.

Enter PRUDENCE and COURAGE, with SENSE, as SOBERSIDES,
        from house, L.
SENSE.  Prudence!  how could you?  Courage too!  how
dare you,
        Run into the first noose spread to ensnare you?
COURAGE.  If you'd been teacher here, pa', you'd been glad,
        To jump at the first offer that you had.
SENSE.  You two to choose without consulting me—
        As for your sisters—thanks to lock and key
        They're safe.  (whistle heard)
PRIDE, ANGER and LUXURY, appear outside gate—FAITH,
        HOPE and CHARITY, steal in muffled, from the house, L.
SENSE.  What's that?
PRIDE.  Hist!  Lily!
ANGER.      Violet!
LUXURY.      Rose!
FAITH.  (groping) Ten struck!
HOPE.  How dark it is!
CHARITY.  Can't see one's nose!
SENSE. (chuckling) No key! no ladder! no coach! Let them try! (they open the gates—moon bursts out—the gate is shut in his face)

What's that? Opening the gate? Hoy! that's my fly!

Quartette and Chorus.—Air from Nozze di Figaro.

SENSE. Good gracious! skedaddled! my sense seem addled! Good gracious! Their father they've cheated, my caution defeated, And shewn that though Virtues true women they are.

COURAGE. { The house we'll awaken, and have them retaken,
PRUDENCE. } With low men to Hymen is going too far.
FAITH. { Your plans have miscarried. We're off to be married,
HOPE. } We're off to be married.
CHARITY. Good evening, papa!

SENSE. To grieve me and leave me, outwit me, deceive me; But Sense with three school girls was ne'er on a par! Policeman! fire! murder! policeman! fire! murder! Fire! murder! elopement! 'tis going too far!

Enter Miss Alamode and School Girls from house, L.

Miss A. and School Girls.

This squalling and bawling, and rumpus forbear!
In a fly, my three boarders!—Police, are you there?
COURAGE. } In a fly, your three boarders, we saw—we were there;
PRUDENCE. }

MISS A. and SCHOOL GIRLS.

Now arrest him, arrest him—with handcuffs invest him!
He's robbed me of three parlour boarders, I swear!
COURAGE. } Don't seize him, don't tease him! From handcuffs release him!
PRUDENCE. He's guiltless of any connivance, we swear!

SENSE. Outwitted, thus fitted! What have I committed?
What have I committed, the darbies to wear?
Release me, you villain, I'll give you a shilling—
I'll give you a shilling, the matter to square!

Tableau—closes in.
SCENE SECOND.—Room in a Temperance Hotel—(front grooves)

Enter TEMPERANCE, L.

TEMPERANCE. Since my expulsion, how changed my condition—
No school-girl now, a woman with a mission.
In vain I try to inculcate moderation—
E'en Temperance now, it seems, works by Sensation;
Parades on platforms—trusts to puffs and spouters,
And thinks her case proved by denouncing doubters.
In vain we strive! Wine, Spirits and October.
Those Bottle Imps, still tempt—folks won't be sober!
Nor pledge, nor pump, howe'er it spout, they heed,

Enter ANGER as HOWLET, behind, R.

ANGER. What's this I hear? Forlorn? Our gifted sister
Tired of the great work in which to enlist her!
Whose mission 'tis to pour vials of wrath
On all who will not walk in our strait path—
Of which we stone the road, and keep the wickets,
And on our terms issue the turnpike tickets.
(gives letter) This letter for Miss Hornblower!

TEMPERANCE. For me!

ANGER. Read it, weak sister.

TEMPERANCE, (looking at the letter) 'Tis Hope's hand!

Let's see. (opens letter and reads)
"My dearest Temperance, I write to say
Don't be surprised to hear we've run away!
We were too wretched, so we fell in love;
We knew such weakness we should be above
As Virtues—but as women, couldn't help it."
Unhappy girls! tumbled into that fell pit!
"Our lovers turn'd out wretches, but we've taken
Steps to teach them respect, and save our bacon;"

* This and the subsequent Scene have been, since the productio
of the piece, omitted in representation, owing to the length of the performance.
We still mean to see life—don’t think us undone
When you learn we’ve got work to do in London.
If it don’t answer, we can still elope;
F., P., C., C. send loves,—Your loving Hope.”
Poor girls! Quick! (going) Let me save them from
perdition! (pause)
But how to find them out? And then—my mission!

ANGER. (coming forward) What are five sisters to a
million sinners,
Who still commit malt liquor with their dinners?
What? Leave the work while pipe’s and pot’s abuse
Aren’t held good reason to forbid their use?
While headstrong men on sinful freedom bent
Won’t be made good by Act of Parliament,
But scorning tracts, platform and pulpits’ powers,
Prefer perversely their own way to” ours,
You are your mission’s—and your mission’s only!

TEMPERANCE. But they’re my sisters, tempted ’praps and
lonely!

ANGER. What business has a saint with home affections?

TEMPERANCE. My heart will turn to stone.

ANGER. I’ve no objections.

Sins of omission, or commission, ever
May be forgiven—sin ’gainst a mission, never!

TEMPERANCE. Pardon a sister’s weakness—

ANGER. Sisters! Fie upon’t!
As they have made their bed, so let them lie upon’t!
If sinners won’t stand our way, let them fall—
Come with me, we’ve a meeting at the Hall.
For our new work of usefulness and piety—
The Putting-down-all-we-don’t-like Society,

(gives out and sings psalmody)

"How blest the man who facts defies,
And to conclusions jumps!
We’ll walk in Temperance’s ways,
A pair of strong-soled pumps.”

Exeunt, L.
Scene Third.—The West-end establishment of Grindoff, Snap and Neversink, Court Milliners and General Outfitters, opening by large folding doors into a suite of magnificent Show Rooms.

The Young Ladies are discovered at work, presided over by Miss Neversink.—Lights are burning. Shutters closed. All except Miss Neversink appear overwhelmed by fatigue, and almost dropping off their chairs.

Miss Neversink. (C.) Miss Steel, no nodding! Miss Farsight, don’t sigh! Miss Sebright, I declare you’ve closed an eye! Miss Meek, don’t look so pale and die-away!

Charity. (L. C.) I’m faint. *

Miss N. Gross affectation! Sit up, pray.

(Charity makes an effort, but sinks back, Faith takes the salts from the table, as Charity faints)

Well then, Miss Palmer, let her smell the salts.

(all rise)

Now, can’t one faint but the whole work-room halts? Business, young ladies, (rising) we have made a night of it!

(Faith and Courage busy themselves about Charity. — the rest sigh wearily as Miss Neversink rises)

Tired! Stuff and nonsense! You see I make light of it.

(opens shutters—the daylight streams in—she puts the candles out while speaking)

’Twill soon be breakfast time. Then, for a quarter Or half an hour’s rest, and some nice fresh water! Ladies of course, who are anxious to be drest; Can’t be expected to mind your night’s rest.

Courage. (L) If we might raise a window.

Miss N. Window! Where?

Courage. Here.

Miss N. Why?

Courage. To give Miss Meek a breath of air.

Miss N. Air, indeed! Girls are all airs, now-a-days, Fainting! I can’t abide such dainty ways!
When I was a young lady—that's not long—
Miss Steele, how dare you snigger?—we were strong.
We'd no such thing as nerves, sinkings, or vapours;
We'd none of that stuff that now fills the papers;
'Bout opening windows—keeping bed-rooms airy,
'Taint sanitary—it's in-sanitary.

CHARITY. (faintly) I'll try to work, ma'am.
FAITH. Let me do your share.
HOPE. No, me! My eyes feel quite fresh.
COURAGE. I don't care!
She must have rest, ma'am, or she'll die!
Miss N. (astonished) Eh! must?
COURAGE. She shall have fresh air, though it raise a dust.
(Opens window)
Miss N. Well, I've work'd up to forewoman from gal,
But it's the first time I've heard must and shall!
CHARITY. (resuming her needle with an effort) Forgive
Miss N. Gross insubordination! [her, do!
No, if she don't know hers—I know my station.
HOPE. (aside to COURAGE) Beg pardon.
[At hers!
COURAGE. (angrily) Pardon! My eyes burn! I'll fly
Miss N. I must send Snap and Grindoff, the proprietors,
They'll let you know.
Exit Miss NEVERSINK, R.—all rise.
COURAGE. I'll let them know my mind—
I'm sick, my dears, of this perpetual grind.
FAITH. Why work ourselves to death to feed their knavery?
HOPE. Let's try elsewhere—all service can't be slavery.
PRUDENCE. Leaving the ills we know's all very well,
But those that we may fly to—who can tell?
Enter SENSATION as GRINDOFF, with AVARICE as SNAP, R.
SENSATION. Now, what's the row here?
COURAGE. Let me give it breath—
One of your slaves dropp'd in the race with death.
HOPE. Another life risk'd at the needle's point.
(pointing to CHARITY)
SENSATION. Well, and what then?
AVARICE. The times are out of joint,
When for such trifles a girl cheeks her master.
SENSATION. I thought some dress had met with a disaster.
Avarice. Come, be good girls, and with our usual bon-homme,
We'll teach you some political economy.
Now the machine invades our trade and means,
We must treat our young ladies like machines.
The machine eats no meat—of iron made is—
Sews without resting—so must our young ladies.

Sensation. Still, while both work, girl 'gainst machine
won't pay;
But when both come to grief, 'tis t'other way.
Machines cost money to replace or mend 'em—
Young ladies pay us premiums to end 'em.

Avarice. If this girl's weakly, to her friends restore her.
Sensation. It don't suit our book to pay doctors for her.

Hope. To common feelings, sir, we are appealing.
Avarice. But you want us to have uncommon feeling.
It can't be done in these days of sensation,
On profits of industrial speculation.
Sensation. There's one's advertisements—
Avarice. One's monster posters.
Sensation. A man can't be bill'd down by b bounced boasters;
And while the public will keep puffs rewarding,
The shortest road to fortune is by hoarding!

Avarice. Throw bills enough, and some of them will stick,
If one fool reads in ten, you've done the trick.

Sensation. Then, besides printing, and bill sticking, and
(Which is)
Still dearer) rows of animated sandwiches, [for ?
D'ye think our plate glass fronts nothing were made

Avarice. Gilding, French polish, mirrors must be paid for.
This outlay met, the surplus just supplies
Return for capital and enterprise.
Sensation. You see 'twould be Utopian insanity,
To allow the slightest margin for humanity.

Avarice. While customers are rare, and workers rife,
The cry must be, " their money, and your life!"

Hope. Is it needs must when competition drives,
Though the road's pav'd with hearts, hopes, and lives?

Avarice. It is, my dear; the truth you seem to feel—
We are all spokes of Competition's wheel.
HOPE. Suppose, instead of groaning, grinding, creaking,
The lower spokes had sometimes chance of speaking.
SENSATION. Nonsense! What could the poor things say,
you know?
FAITH. Unto the common weal they might cry woe!
Recall a truth that's apt to be forgotten—
First floor cannot be safe while basement's rotten.
SENSATION. Incendiary doctrine such as this is
Threatens society—master and missis!
AVARICE. Another word on't—each young lady mizzles!
You'll find us two sharp files!
HOPE, (aside) A brace of chisels!
(they busy themselves with
Miss MEEK—all sit)
SENSATION, (aside to AVARICE) Let's see; since passion
baffled in its force is,
If misery can't drive them to ill courses, (rubs his
hands)
Now to set Pride, Gluttony, Luxury on,
They must succumb to all if not to one.
AVARICE. There's out-door sin, if indoor slavery tire.
SENSATION. Out of the frying pan into the fire!

Exeunt SENSATION and AVARICE, R.
Enter ANGER as MRS. DE BUSTLETON, L., escorted by SLOTH,
as DROPMORE DRAWLEIGH, and GLUTTONY as CAPTAIN
CRAM—her manner is imperious.
ANGER. Miss Neversink!
HOPE. She has just stepped town stairs.
ANGER. Provoking! When one has missed morning
prayers
To keep one's dressmaker's appointment, she
Gives one the slip. That's how one's served, you see.
GLUTTONY. 'Gad, it's enough to spoil one's appetite.
SLOTH. Getting up in the middle of the night.
ANGER. Is my dress finished?
HOPE. Which, may I presume
To ask?
ANGER. Which? That for to-day's drawing-room.
HOPE. We've worked at it all night, ma'am.
ANGER. All I care
Is that it should be done—when's your affair.
HOPE. We were just finishing the *bouffans*—
ANGER. Well?
HOPE. When Miss Meek fainted.
ANGER. Did she?
SLOTH. Horrid sell!
ANGER. I can’t bear girls who faint, I’d not employ one.
   They do it, I believe, just to annoy one.
GLUTTONY. Ah! shouldn’t wonder—perhaps it’s over
SLOTH. Laziness, perhaps.
ANGER. At any rate it’s cheating.
I pay to have my dress done to the day.
COURAGE. But it’s done through the night. For that we
ANGER. Insolence added to unpunctuality! [pay-
COURAGE. We set our suffering against your quality.
ANGER. Oh, if I am to stand here to be bullied—
   *(taking up the dress)* And the silk stain’d, too!
FAITH. With our tears ‘tis sullied;
   And nothing’s so hard to get out again!
CHARITY. Would every dress that costs them shewed
   their stain.
ANGER. Well—as the train is—I must try it on.
   *Exit into show room, attended by* FAITH and
   PRUDENCE, *R. 3 E.*
SLOTH. *(aside to GLUTTONY)* And we must try it on
   here, while she’s gone.
 *(to COURAGE)* Poor little hard-worked victims! How
   I feel for you! *(they sit near the girls, coaxingly; L.)*
GLUTTONY. And that old woman’s regular flint and steel
   for you.
SLOTH. You were not meant for toils, but *loves* and
   GLUTTONY. Eating and drinking, and the higher pleasures.
SLOTH. Let me protect you—life shall slip away,
   In one delicious round of rest all day:
   We’ll travel slowly, to some sunny clime,
   Where I’ll act up to the old nursery rhyme—
   “Milliner, milliner, will you be mine,
   You shan’t sew yourself stupid nor stitch
   yourself blind;
   But sit on a cushion and toy at a seam,
   And you shall have strawberries, sugar and
   cream!”
GLUTTONY. Let's seal the bargain!
SLOTH. These fair taper fingers
   Invited my lips ----- 
   (he is about to kiss Miss STEELE'S hand, and
   CAPTAIN CRAM to kiss Miss SEBRIGHT'S lips,
   when each receives a rattling box on the ear)

GLUTTONY. Oh! SLOTH. Oh! a brace of stingers!

Enter ANGER, from show room, R., with FAITH and
   PRUDENCE and Miss NEVERSINK.

ANGER. At romps, as I expected, with the men!
   I'll not expose myself to this again.
   (ironically) Good morning, ladies!

GLUTTONY. (crest-fallen) Your brougham let me get.

Exit CAPTAIN CRAM, L.

ANGER, (indignantly) A nasty, dressy, brassy, lazy set!
Exit MRS. DE BUSTLETON, followed by DROPMORE
   DRAWLEIGH, L.

MISS N. So, pretty doings! Romping in broad day,
   And driving carriage customers away!
   Young ladies, there must be an end of this!

ALL. So we all feel, (all rise) We're going!

MISS N. (to COURAGE) Are you, miss?
   There's not one of you but a premium owes.

ALL. We will go!

MISS N. No you won't! We'll stop your clothes!

Exit Miss NEVERSINK, R.—the GIRLS talk angrily
   and loudly.

Enter LUXURY, as LARGO MAESTOSO, with music paper in
   his hand, c.

LUXURY. Oh Dio! Che burrasca! I no more
   Can hear my music on the second floor,
   Your music's here so loud, (recognizing HOPE) What
   do I see? (comes down, L. C.)

   Rose!

HOPE. Largo Maestoso!
LUXURY. Can it be?
HOPE. Though I'd not trust his honour, truth or bravery,
    Perhaps he may help to free us from this slavery.
SIGNOR, you praised my voice?
LUXURY. So sweet as honey.
HOPE. Tell me how I can turn my notes to money;
    We're worn out with this toil of day and night.
LUXURY. The theatre—the opera—all right!
    You will come back den to your Maestoso?
HOPE. I but ask him to help us.
LUXURY. He will do so.
    You shall all make success, furore, engragement,
    Seguite! I will find you an engagement.

Chorus.

LUXURY and VIRTUES.

You've sighed wearily.
    We've toiled drearily.
    Henceforth cheerily,
    Onward, you fare,
    Off to the theatre,
With lightened hearts you go.

And hopes that overflow,
For high art all a glow,
    Off to the theatre!
Though Prudence will not smile,
    We're safe as Virtues yet awhile
We've sighed wearily,
    We've toiled drearily;
Now unwarily
Onward you fare!
    Not to the theatre—
Its dangerous wiles forego,
The pitfalls well I know,
That Virtues may o'erthrow,—
    Not to the theatre,
For Prudence cannot smile,
To see you bound for Circe's isle!

(Scene closes.)
SCENE FOURTH.—A Room lined with Books bound in Law Calf. A vast compartment of folio volumes on each shelf, labelled in characters legible from the front, "Statutes at Large." A shelf with only two small duodecimo volumes, the shelf bearing the inscription, "Statutes Condensed." Some dozen shelves of blue books labelled, "Reports of Criminal Law Commissioners." A shelf, entirely empty, labelled, "Criminal Code."

Enter JUSTICE, R, dragging in upon a truck a large pile of volumes with a label, "Reports in all the Courts." Justice pauses as if exhausted, and wipes her brow. Her sword and scales are hung on the truck handles which make her a seat.

JUSTICE. No wonder Justice scarce her breath can draw, Under the weight of such a load of law; I've got to wheel this heap of legal mess hence, Of which this pocket volume holds the essence. (produces a very small book) And that but shows what law is—when for me The point's to make law what it ought to be. (takes up her sword and feels it) My sword is blunted, gapped like an old saw, With hacking at these cross-grained knots of law; The lawyers bid me trust it to their care, I know they'd sharpen it to split a hair. And trim my scales to weigh a legal scruple, But in their law school Justice is no pupil; Now to my task—(met) To waste life and lamp oil, In dreary, weary, hazy, mazy toil; From all this chaff (pointing to books) to sift the legal grain, That lawyers may pour in their chaff again. And, like Penelope, toil nights away Weaving, for Parliament to unweave next day. Here's nuts poor Justice has to crack for man, A mighty maze, and all without a plan! (lets down part of her truck as a desk, sits and works)

Enter PRUDENCE, L.

PRUDENCE. Justice!
JUSTICE. (jumping up joyously) My Prudence!

JUSTICE. I'm so glad to find you!

PRUDENCE. Would that I had! a rash resolve they've taken.

JUSTICE. I heard—to fall in love.

PRUDENCE. No, that's forsaken!

JUSTICE. We've had no end of troubles, grief and trial!

PRUDENCE. But first, dear, your advice?

JUSTICE. Fear no denial!

PRUDENCE. Though my opinion, lawyers would agree.

JUSTICE. Can't be worth much, as I don't ask a fee!

PRUDENCE. State your case.

SENSE. (heard without, L.) Nonsense! I won't go away!

JUSTICE. Papa's voice!

SENSE. (without) I've no card; her father—say!

JUSTICE. (rushing to the door) Papa!

SENSE. (entering—eagerly) My darling! (embrace)

JUSTICE. Dear papa!

SENSE. Though the rest fail'd me, I might come to you!

PRUDENCE. (coming down, L.) Include me, pa, in that.

SENSE. Prudence! at large!

PRUDENCE. Married! While you were in charge,

SENSE. Courage and I stopp'd short—

PRUDENCE. Oho! turned tail!

SENSE. When our intendeds wouldn't be your bail!

PRUDENCE. To have saved two from a bad husband's rod,

SENSE. Prison I'd bear—tis quid pro quo for quod.

PRUDENCE. But you're free?

SENSE. With the facts brought face to face,

PRUDENCE. Even the justices dismiss'd the case.

SENSE. No thanks though to Miss Alamode—old rogue

PRUDENCE. Who shut me up: actions are not in vogue,

SENSE. With Sense's kith and kin. But I am bent,

PRUDENCE. On trouncing her for false imprisonment.

SENSE. (to JUSTICE) I want your aid.

JUSTICE. It isn't worth a straw.

PRUDENCE. Why consult Justice, when you go to law?
SENSE. [bitterly] As for your sisters------
PRUDENCE, (imploringly) Oh, say you've relented !
They've thrown their lovers over and repented.
Howe'er our rash behaviour may have hurt you,
Not one of us forgot she was a Virtue.

Alone, left to ourselves, in this great city,
Too poor for idleness, too proud for pity,
Arm'd with our needles, using all our strength,
We couldn't keep starvation at arm's length.

SENSE. (shaking his head) Small odds, methinks, whether
the verdict saith,
Found dead, for want of work, or work'd to death.
Poor darlings! but the lesson brings its good—
Deadly experience, if not liveli-hood.

PRUDENCE. But we've rebelled! we've thrown our slavery
over!
I feel like a starved filly, loose in clover.
As for the rest, my fears I cannot smother,
They've but 'scaped one shoal to run on another!
That oily Maestoso dares engage
To bring them out—oh, horror !—on the stage !

SENSE. Well, girls of sense might choose a worse
profession,
If they but have valour's best part—discretion !
Still from this Largo Maestoso's fetter,
The sooner that I rescue them the better.

PRUDENCE. To Gravetrap's Theatre I know he's taken
them!
Quick, papa—to their peril to awaken them, (going)

JUSTICE. Stop; here the law can help you!

SENSE. That most odd is !

JUSTICE. A Habeas Corpus will bring up their bodies ;
You've but to sue the writ—'tis given, of course—
This side the sea, at least, it's still in force.
Here, the Queen's Bench is Justice's half-way
house.

SENSE. But how is Sense to get inside the playhouse ?
No matter, I'll try, and perhaps, not in vain.
I have got in, and may get in again.

JUSTICE. If it can take you in, Justice 'twill swallow.
I'll shoot my legal rubbish, and then follow.
And, besides Law, your passion to restrain,
Temp'rance is here, I'll bring her in my train.
(JUSTICE wheels off truck, R., and re-enters with TEMPERANCE)
SENSE. Ha! He is ne'er refused with cash who ventures—
I'll say I want some of Gravetrap's debentures,
Come, girls, (offers his arm) Sensation's Thespian rage is o'er,
When Sense and Prudence knock at the stage door!
Exeunt, L.

SCENE FIFTH.—The Stage of Mr. Gravetrap's Theatre.

SENSATION discovered, with PRIDE, ANGER, ENVY, and SLOTH.

SENSATION. Still baffled! but till now I've only trifled,
Now I bring up my big breach-loaders, rifled!
My Armstrong, and my W(h)it-worth more than theirs;
My theatre's the trap that Virtue snares!
Here, o'er my happy family, (looking round at them)
I rule
As manager of the Sensation School!
The world's a stage—acting is universal,
But still the Vices need a dress rehearsal!
Now work, Wrath's scowl, Pride's sneers, and Envy's snarlings,
For look, where Luxury brings the little darlings!

Enter LUXURY, L., conducting FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY.—
SENSATION receives them with exaggerated civility.

Sublime artiste!
LUXURY. (in the same tone) Illustrious Impresario!
Greater than Bunn! (bows)
SENSATION. (bowing in return) Tenor, surpassing Mario!
LUXURY. (aside to FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY) Humbug!
(to SENSATION) Three votaries at the shrine of drama,
Where you, great man, preside at the Grand Llama!
All three so eager, they'd take no denial!
SENSATION. Well I've agreed to let them have a trial!
Lent them parts in the new Sensation Play,
Whose dress rehearsal I have called to-day!
This is?

LUXURY. (introducing FAITH) Miss Green! loves high art!

SENSATION. Eight. That’s why
Blondin is such a draw, his art’s so high!

FAITH. Rope-dancing and high art, Oh! (shocked) Far
in time,
I see the Stage of the Future loom sublime (rapt)

SENSATION. Where?

FAITH. In my mind’s eye, Horatio, ’tis seen!

SENSATION. In your mind’s eye I see a deal of green!
Slight! sweet! blue-eyed! Miss Green, I think you’ll
do:

In my eye I have just the part for you!

FAITH. Oh joy! Some heroine of romance or history.

SENSATION. No! real life. A woman with a mystery!
Loveable, light-haired, no remorse to fetter her,
A taste for forgery, bigamy—et cetera!
And perhaps, just to top up the sensation,
A slight aroma of assassination!
In short, of that romantic realm, a denizen
Where Newgate Calendar abuts on Tennyson.

LUXURY. (introducing HOPE) Miss Beamish! such a voice!

SENSATION. The point for me
Is her pitch in my scale of £. s. d.
Her salary?

HOPE. I’ve formed no expectations
Of that low kind. All high anticipations,
Bright visions, rosy prospects, flattering hopes!

SENSATION. Hem! I see—what we call on the high ropes.

LUXURY. (introducing CHARITY) Miss Dove! if grace
and modesty have merit------

SENSATION, (interrupting) Old style; our swells go in for
girls of spirit.
Slangy and sporting—touch and go—first flight!
With a thumb always ready for a sight.

(puts thumb and finger to his nose)
High spiced and horsy—and a little mannish—
That’s the style lets your stalls, and sacks "the
Spanish."
Faith. But you would not drive high art into banishment?

Sensation. Drive't where you will, so it's driven out of management.
   That is a steeple chase, with cash for steeple;
   But come, let me present you to my people.
Miss Green—De Haut-en-bas, my leading man.

Pride. (bowing loftily) Who will be glad to teach you all he can.
   Your equal in devotion to high art,
   (drawing himself up) The man is here, Miss Green,
   but where's the part?
   Ask Verjuice.

Envy. (authoritatively) No new play's fit to be read.
   (taking snuff)
   The drama, critically speaking,'s dead!
   In cases of suspended animation,
   Galvanic shocks may re-awake sensation;
   So shock your public.

Sensation. Spoke like our first critic.

Pride. (bowing to Envy) Searching!

Anger. (with same deferential manner) Severe!

Sloth. Acute!

Avarice. And analytic!

Sensation. Worrít, stock author! (introducing Anger)

Envy. (aside) With his scissors' blade.
   For leading article of stock-in-trade!

Sensation. Worrít's a great card, if he wern't so lazy.

Anger. With this sensation stuff driving me crazy,
   Managers finding fault, actors suggesting,
   Why I've not time for work, much more for resting;
   His bare ideas where's a man to seek,
   When Jeffs has parcels only once a week?

Sensation. (introducing Avarice) Pennwise—quite a treasure of a treasurer.

Anger. (aside) Of salaries disgustingly close measurer.

Sensation. But business—business! We are here to-day,
   About the getting up of our new play—
   The season hit! which I mean to keep running
   All this year and half next.

Faith. Oh, wondrous cunning!
   Of art that can hundreds of nights enthral,
   Art that can elevate, attract, appal!
SENSE AND SENSATION. [Sc. 5.

SENSEATION. Art that keeps houses full, and profits rising,
Great art of——

FAITH. Acting!

SENSEATION. (contemptuously) Pooh—of advertizing!
Acting's all very well to set runs flowing,
But it's advertisements that keeps 'em going.
Don’t believe actors, authors, they're all boasters;
The theatre's true pillars are the posters!

ANGER. That grow and grow, till they outgrow the
boardings!

No wonder builders now let out their hoardings.

FAITH. (ruefully) Is all success a sham?

SENSEATION. A leetle's genuine,
But it's so rare—by that you'll scarce a penny win;
While Brummagem successes, cast in brass,
Bring you in thousands, and as genuine pass.

SLOTH. (interrupting) Now, sir, the painters, carpenters
are waiting.

AVARICE. (peevishly) An extra day’s work they’ll be
calculating.

SENSEATION. (calling and bustling about) Now, scenes and
props! I should explain, young ladies,
Our new effect out of an earthquake made is.

HOPE. That should bring down the house.

SENSEATION. Why, yes; you see, I
Have brought out the "Destruction of Pompeii;"
Wall paintings, bronzes—sent a man to see ‘era,
As far as the Borbonico Museum!

ANGER. Bid for some real lava—pound a pot!
Only we found it couldn't be kept hot.

SENSEATION. Then we'd—as realism now the tone is—
Jerusalem besieged, with real ponies.

ANGER. And actual wall—that is, some true bricks
hid in’t;
The ponies drew like bricks—but the bricks didn’t;
Next came the avalanche—that ran two winters.

HOPE. Was it a hit?

ANGER. Hit! Knocked the stage to splinters,
Besides endangering the orchestra's bones,
Of course we went in strong, with real stones;
The Alpine Club advis’d—we’d a high pass,
With the low comedy man in a crevasse.
SENSEATION. That might have run till now; but when Miss Batt
Went lame, Miss Shakerly objected—flat,
To be pitch’d from the flies, tied to a boulder.
So we’d a dummy, and the house grew colder.
I bought a cup, for the company to present me—
Gave ice-creams gratis—got a St. Bernard lent me—
Worked in six desperate headers for the hero—
All was no use, our snow piece fell to zero.
And then I did feel queer: after volcano,
Siege, sack, fire, avalanche, all things seemed piano.

ANGER. Even ghosts are a drug—they had their merits.
But Town’s been dosed, till folks are sick of spirits.

SENSEATION. When’gainst an old book on a stall he rubb’d—
(points to ANGER contemptuously)

ANGER. Ah, that’s the way creative minds are snubb’d.”

SENSEATION. And soon the dead walls will be all alive.
(importantly—unfolds an immense poster)

"The Lisbon earthquake—seventeen fifty-five.”
" We all flew at the piece like tiger-cats.

AVARICE. We’ve gone to ruinous expense in flats.

SENSEATION. What flats have cost, flats will ere long repay,
When we produce our great sensation play.
(a MESSENGER whispers AVARICE, who goes off)
So clear the stage, we’ll try the convent scene,
With the strong situation for Miss Green.

ANGER. (reads) "Convent set—roof fallen in—walls
cracked all through." (flats are run on)
Earth yawns three times.”

ENVY. Hope the house won’t yawn too.

SENSEATION. Why did not the Earth yawn ?

ANGER. Traps not quite right.
(reads) "Inez appears." (FAITH appears on balcony)
(reads) "Balcony is heard cracking." (crash—FAITH
screams—balcony gives way)

FAITH. Oh, dear!

ANGER. That’s not your scream, (reads) “Clings to the
backing.”

SENSEATION. Now your speech!
FAITH, (clinging to the wall) I can't speak — oh! I shall fall!

ANGER. Not yet; you hang spread-eagled on the wall,
Till Don Terrafuego down can snatch you.
(cooly) If you slip, there'll be carpenters to catch you.
Now?

FAITH. "Where's my lord—my love—my Terrafuego?"

ANGER. (repeats with exaggerated emphasis) Where is my lord—my love—my Terrafuego!

FAITH. "Leaving me in this plight, can he away go?
"The earthquake's flung me out of that vile cell
"Into this; none such such nun e'er befel."
A pun in such a place—"tis too absurd, sir!

ANGER. Pooh! Now-a-days all plays plays upon words are.
Now, (reads) "Donna Sol groans under the great bell,
"Floranthe heaves three sighs out of the well."

(CHARITY as DONNA SOL groans accordingly, and HOPE, as Floranthe, sighs out of the well)

SENSATION. Now, heave 'em up! Heave higher! To the flies!
You'll make no hit with one of your own sighs!
HOPE. "Inez! up there!"

FAITH. "Floranthe!"

HOPE. (appears from well) "I am here!"

FAITH. "Have you seen Terrafuego?"

HOPE. "Yes, my dear."

FAITH. Isn't that too familiar?

ANGER. Oh, no; it's realistic—you'll find it will go.
HOPE. "He fled, even as the convent fell—I followed him,
"When, horror! Earth opened its jaws and collared him."

ANGER. Give that with your contralto deeper—swallowed him!

CHARITY. "Help!"

FAITH. "Donna Sol's voice!"
HOPE. "Yes! I know it well!"

FAITH. "Where are you?"

CHARITY, (rising from the bell) "Buried under the big bell."
"Might I look out—I should like to be seen,
And the bell makes a lovely crinoline."
"It tolled thrice, and then tumbled on me—see,
"It's cracked itself, and very near cracked me."

FAITH. "Our Terrafuego dead! Let us all die."
HOPE. "Inez!"
CHARITY. "Ha! that cry."

ANGER. Pooh, nonsense! Hang it all, do' you call that crying!
Chorus it out, as if all three were dying.

(FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY repeat the line)

SENSEATION. (calling down) That's your cue down there.

PRIDE. (under stage) "Inez!"

FAITH. "Ha! that cry."

(FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY repeat the line)

ANGER. (prompting) "My Terra"——-

PRIDE. "Inez!"

ANGER. (prompting) "My Terra"——-

PRIDE. "No! my terror! Look, old chap,

(toANGER) Every time I'm shot up by that star trap
I risk my life—I ought to be insured.

ANGER. Never mind—if you're killed we'll have you cured.

ANGER. Sir, I'm not Bacon!

ANGER. Griev'd your toes I've sore gone on.

(aside to ENVY) If he were, he might try his novum organ-on.

SENSEATION. I tried to insure the company—en masse,

But the Accident Insurance, like an ass,
Declined the risk. (PRIDE flirts with HOPE)

ANGER. Now, Haut-en-bas, have done!

FAITH. "My Terrafuego!"

HOPE. "My Terrafuego!

CHARITY. "My Terrafuego!

ANGER. "How now! Three to one!

(at well) Nay, do not sink! (at bell) Do not faint!

(at well) Do not fall!"

HOPE. "Save me."

FAITH. "Me!"

CHARITY. "Me!"

PRIDE. "Two must go to the wall:
I've won three—to two I must misbehave;
Shall I leave all to perish, or which save?
My mind is racked—what's here? a marrow-vedi!"

(takes coin out of pocket)

ANGER. Marra!
PRIDE. Association of ideas,
I'd marrow bones for supper—
ANGER. You have ears.
PRIDE. (begins again) " My mind is racked—what's here ?
   A maravedi!
   Let this decide which is the lucky lady :
   Heads, Inez; tails, the others—vanish doubt!
   (tosses, the coin disappears)
   Rolled down the chasm, whence I've just been shotout;
   The hand of fate! Come bell, come well, come wall!
   I'll save all three, or cherish."
ANGER. Perish------
PRIDE. Well, perish then! Don't interrupt my burst,
   Or else your tragedy will come off worst.
ANGER. (reading) " Tree to fall."
SENSATION. Look out! (tree falls against balcony)
ANGER. (reads from MS.) " Goes up hand over hand."
   Now start.
PRIDE. I shan't!
SENSATION. You must!
PRIDE. I'm neither ancient mariner, nor monkey;
   I can't climb, and I won't!
ANGER. Come, don't be funky.
SENSATION. We must employ a substitute.
FAITH. Oh, dear!
   How long am I to be kept dangling here ? [wreck ;
SENSATION. Your lover should have saved you from the
   (contemptuously) But he has not the pluck to risk
   his neck.
HOPE. (from well) Please what have I to do ?
SENSATION. You grasp that stone.
   It falls ! (to PRIDE) You leap down.
PRIDE. Best leave well alone.
   Suppose I've leapt.
ANGER. Oh, this won't do indeed!
   Without your header how can we succeed ?
SENSATION. Gymnastics now are three parts of attraction,
   And one must risk necks to give satisfaction.
FAITH. But this is not what is by acting meant, is't ?
HOPE. To Leotard we should have been apprenticed!
SENSATION. Can't say how high your salary I'd raise,  
If you were game to sing on the trapeze!
CHARITY. But how do I get out?
ANGER. That we'll soon settle.  
The convent's fired—the fire melts the bell metal—  
You're rescued as your robe begins to frizzle—  
Pumped on, put out, offer a prayer, and mizzle!  
(hands her out of the bell)

FAITH. My exit's wretched.
HOPE. So's mine.
CHARITY. Mine's still worse.
FAITH. Oh, please, sir, couldn't we each have a curse?  
It would be so nice.
HOPE and CHARITY. Curse, please!
PRIDE. That be bothered!
Stand here with women's curses to be smothered!
For treatment such as this was 'e'er the stage meant?
Curse me, if I don't throw up my engagement!
Exit PRIDE, L.—scene shifters run on a pair of flats.

SENSATION. I fear, though in so many points you're charmers,
You haven't pluck for our sensation dramas.
FAITH. Don't say you can't engage us!
HOPE. Don't go back from what you promised!
CHARITY. (R.) Don't give us the sack!
HOPE. (L.) Let me but realize those dreams of mine!
FAITH. (R. C.) Let me entice High Art back to its shrine!
ANGER. (L. C.) High Art? ha—'I've a notion! we'll invent something to bring in a balloon ascent.
ENVY. (R.) Nadar has made one draw a house, we find.
AVARICE. (R.) The wind floored that—'p'raps ours might raise the wind.
ANGER. We'll have the ballet hung from a balloon, 
And call the piece "A Journey to the Moon!"
ENVY. For second title, barring inuendo,  
You might take "de lunatico inquiringo."
SENSATION. The title would be apropos in one sense,  
Earth and sense used up—try the moon and nonsense.  
(SENSATION walks about reflecting)
ANGER. Or why not Shakespeare?
"Tis not my vocation.

Believe me, you'll find no such peg to hang
Fine dresses on, scenes, supers, fights—slap bang!
He's strong enough, on his broad shoulders jolly,
To carry his own wisdom and our folly.
As we've a Will, try my way with his plays,
And serve 'em up disguised a la Francaise.

Well said! Queen's English and good taste
be blowed!

Go, dish a dish of Shakespeare, a la mode.

Re-enter Avarice, R.

Avarice. (to Sensation) A party wants to see you.

Sensation. Say I'm busy.

Avarice. I did—he won't go.

Sensation. Not an author, is he?

Avarice. No, I don't think so.

Sensation. Why?

Avarice. 'Cause he's got money.

Wants to invest in your debentures—(grinning) funny!

Sensation, (taking a sight) Int'rest immense!

Avarice. Security but shaky.

Sensation. All promises are pie-crust—mine are flaky.

Speak to him kindly; beg him to walk in.

Exit Avarice, R.

He shall have high (stage) int'rest for his tin.

Enter Sence as Mr. Oldbuck, Prudence as Miss Oldbuck, with Justice and Temperance, R., shewn in by Avarice, R.

Sence, (aside) No trace of them as yet [see, sir,

Sensation, (striking his foot on the boards) Ah! here you

The planks that with his fortune carry Caesar.

Sence. And with our fortunes, too, who take your shares.

Sensation. Yours the fifteen per cent., and mine the cares.

Sence. Well, that's uncommon generous, I must say;

Such dividends aren't declared every day.

Sensation. Your funds to oil the wheels—my brain to start 'em,

We'll show the world one stage secundum artem.
SENSE. How about profits?

SENSATION. Speaking within bounds, I should say—(pausing) at least—twenty thousand pounds.

SENSE. Prodigious! and with this huge mine of pelf, To think you shouldn't keep it all yourself!
SENSATION. Ha, ha! Sensation is my line, you see; This is sensation brought to £ s. d. Of course you know the rule my fame was won by?

SENSE. (aside) I should say, "Do as you would not be done by."

SENSATION. (aside) To make folks ope their eyes, use golden ointment.

Enter AVARICE, R.

AVARICE. Party with ghost in cab, sir, by appointment.

SENSATION. No! patent's in dispute—the ghost won't answer, he Might give me Pepper—get my nob in Chancery.

Exit AVARICE, R.—Re-enter ENVY, L.

ENVY. Another party, with ghost number two.

SENSATION. Tell him we've given up the ghost—won't do.

Exit ENVY, L.—Re-enter AVARICE, R.

AVARICE. No end of parties, with no end of ghosts.

SENSATION. We can't as guests take in these ghostly hosts. Bid 'em pack hence! all graveyard laws they're scorning; They've no right out after one in the morning.

Exit AVARICE, R.—Re-enter ENVY with card., L.

AVARICE. From Miss Golightly.

SENSATION. Show her in. Exit ENVY, L. (to SENSE) Fine creature! Good breeches figure! hair! eyes! be a feature! SENSE. (looking off, L.) "Feature! She's black!

SENSATION. Yes, made up for Othello, Your nigger now's a highly popular fellow; And if the Moor should prove beyond her range, We can try bones and banjo for a change."

SENSATION. I'll try her with my "genuine Parisians," See pictures from "La Folie," last editions.
Enter Luxury as Cassio—and Sloth as Montano, r.
(The following Scene is spoken throughout in broken English)

Luxury. "Thanks to the valiant of this war-like isle,
That so approve the Moor: 0, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!
Voice. (without) "A sail! a sail! a sail!
Sloth. " 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the General,
He has had most favourable and happy speed,
Tempests themselves, high seas and howling winds
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona!
Luxury. "She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago.
0, behold!
The riches of the ship is come on shore!

Enter Anger as Iago—Charity as Emilia—and Faith as Desdemona, l.
"Hail, to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Faith. "I thank you, valiant Cassio!
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Luxury. "He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
(kissing Emilia)
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding.
Anger. "Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough!
Faith. "Oh, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Charity. "You shall not write my praise.
Anger. "No, let me not. [praise me?
Faith. "What wouldst thou write of me, if thou should'st
Anger. "0, gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical,
See how my muse labours, and thus she is delivered:
She that was ever fair, and never proud—
Had tongue at will, and yet went never loud—
Never lack’d gold, and yet went never gay—
Fled from her wish, and yet said 'now I may—'
She was a wight, if ever such wight were------
FAITH. "To do what?
ANGER. "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.
FAITH. "A most lame and impotent conclusion, (trumpet)
ANGER. "The Moor—I know his trumpet.
FAITH. "Let's meet him and receive him.

Enter COURAGE, as OTHELLO, L.

COURAGE. "Oh, my fair warrior!
FAITH. "My most dear Othello!

COURAGE. "It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. 0 my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! if it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate.
FAITH. " The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow,
COURAGE. "Amen to that, sweet powers!
And this, and this, the greatest discord is,
That e'er our hearts shall make, (embrace)
ANGER. (aside) "O, you are well tun'd now;
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.
COURAGE. "Come, let's to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done; the Turks are drown'd—
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them!
Come, Desdemona!
Once more well met at Cyprus."
Whilst to refresh my soul, tired of the sea,
I'll try a burst of native melody!

_Song—Courage—Air, "Hop light, Loo."

I'm what is called a stunner in the language of the day,
Great in nigger melodies, and bones and banjo play;
Where I'm not brass, I'm whalebone from head to foot,
'tis true,
From burlesque to strong sensation there's nothing I can't do.
I'll hop nights through, nor complain of my poor feet,
show more than pretty feet!
And now I'm learning coach wheels like small boys in the street!
Then hop light, Loo, engage me, if you can,
And if you don't secure me, why you're a silly man!

"I'm as happy as a King."

High art I think a bore, it brings managers to sorrow;
Sensation is the thing, though the sense in it be small:
And if dialect, like plays, from France you care to borrow,
My English I can break, French graces sport and all;
Good taste perhaps, may grieve, but facts there's no denying,
Your old style, now-a-days, will scarce a penny bring;
So over milk that's spilt, as there's no use in crying,
Give whatever pays the best, and be happy as a king.
All's bosh about high art, it brings managers to sorrow,
Keep up the sensation, let folly have its fling;
So you succeed to-day, let the deuce take to-morrow—
Engage such girls as me, and be happy as a king!

_(nigger dance in which Prudence, Justice and Temperance are gradually joining)_

SENSE. Hold hard, young ladies; this must go no farther.
Come home! (takes off his wig)

FAITH.
HOPE.
CHARITY.
PAPA!

PRIDE. Who are you?
SENSE. These girls' father.
FAITH. HOPE. CHARITY.

VICES. VIRTUES.

So exit poor your We all feel a vocation for the stage.

SENSE. Girls, don't put me in a rage!

HOPE. We all feel a vocation for the stage.

CHARITY.

SENSE. Nay, then, I must invoke the aid of law;
My writ of habeas corpus forth I draw, (takes out writ)
(to LUXURY) Dare to resist it!

LUXURY. Serve it if you can!

SENSATION. (calling below stage) Lower first trap, 0. P.—
(trap sinks, with SENSE on it) Exit, old man!

Concerted Piece, "Vada si via di qua."

SENSE from the stage we'll bar,

Sensation. Did the old fogey think to him we'd yield?
As if the theatre were not my field!

ANGER. As if he'd find his blaze of triumph here—
Where SENSE is held so cheap—nonsense so dear!

SENSATION. Sense gone, Sensation is himself again!

ANGER. After that drop he'll scarce resume his reign!

SENSE re-appears in the dress he wore in the Prologue,
sceptre in hand, through opposite trap, L.

SENSE. Won't he? You'll find it ne'er rains but it pours—
Take that—and that—and bless the wholesome showers! (strikes SENSATION and VICES with his sceptre—they fall)

See, girls, how sinks Sensation's swollen pretence,
Before th'avenging touch of sovereign Sense!

You're suffering from your struggle with the world.

FAITH. We tried to ride men rough-shod—we've been purled!

COURAGE. Learnt—This world e'en in good needs self—No place for Virtues' triumphs but their trial.

HOPE. Back to Utopia—in its sunny plains,
Forget our disappointments, aches and pains!
CHARITY. And when all seven are once more hale and hearty,
We will return to earth—a family party!
TEMPERANCE. Look ere we leap!
PRUDENCE. Not mistake geese for swans!
JUSTICE. Our plans by men square—not men by our plans.
SENSE. Well said! How'er Virtues may suffer, still,
With help of Sense, they'll quell the brood of ill.

(Scene changes)
Hence to Utopia! there awhile I'll leave you,
Till I've made Earth more ready to receive you.

Transformation to the Temple of the Virtues.

Finale.—"Lo son rico tu sei bella."

SENSE. Wrath looks red and envy yellow,

Sensation. Avarice and Pride look blue.

While peccavi, must bellow,
Knocking under Sense unto.

HOPE. Now sonorous raise a chorus,
O'er the Vices prostrate laid.

FAITH. Let the Virtues learn a lesson
From the game by Vices played.

CHORUS. Sense unto his throne restore—
Leave Sensation on the floor!


GLUTTONY. TEMPERANCE.
ENRY. JUSTICE.
LUXURY. CHARITY.
SLOTH. COURAGE.
Avarice. PRUDENCE.
PRIDE. SENSE. FAITH.
ANGER. HOPE.

CHARITY.

Curtain.
SCENE SIXTH.—Screwby’s Office, with a large central window looking into Capel Court, and the entrance to the Stock Exchange.

Characters.

AVARICE .................................... SCREWBY.
SENSATION .............................. EL DORADO.
SENSE ..................................... SOBERSIDE.
PRUDENCE (in person) ________

Enter AVARICE.

AVARICE. So, so, Miss Prudence! you throw Screwby over,
            Unless old Sense approve him as a lover.
            They come here to be satisfied—rare sport!
            Prudence and Sense enticed to Capel Court!
            Now, Sire Sensation! Avarice to aid, ho!

SENSATION rises through trap.

SENSATION. Anything in my way? Stocks, shares, debentures—
            Mexican bonds—Greek coupons—here’s your ventures.
            Buy or sell—for delivery or account;
            Any stock—any price—any amount!
            Let idiots go to Ballarat gold digging,
            The safest gold ships, are those of my rigging.
            Prospectus for my pick, I head the rush;
            Fools strike the reefs only for me to crush.
            Transmuted into gold my brass I see,
            And make all geese lay golden eggs for me!

AVARICE. I want your help! Now weave your syren spell,
            To dazzle Prudence, and stern Sense to quell!

(EL DORADO waves his wand)
SENSATION. Come bulls and bears! List to my magic chaunt!
     But, ye lame ducks and losers hence—avaunt!
     What ho! our slaves! each one to his vocation—
     Hot Greed, blind Chance, and madd'ning Speculation!
AVARICE. Rashness that overlooks near loss for far gains,
     Goes for the account, and smashes on time bargains!
SENSATION. Knavery that blows—folly that buys the bubble!
AVARICE. Idleness that wants riches without trouble!
SENSATION. The fiend of play in business's disguise!
BOTH. It is the hour of Change—arise I arise!
      (the blind of the large central window flies up—
      clouds of vapour fill it at first, then clear away,
      and discover the entrance to the Stock Exchange
      in Capel Court—the buyers and sellers in full swing)

Enter SENSE and PRUDENCE.

AVARICE. (meeting them and noticing that SENSE walks lame)
     You limp—I hope you have had no mishap!
     Not a lame duck?
SENSE. Wasn't quite up to trap!
A fall—mere nothing.

AVARICE. I call this most kind!
PRUDENCE. (looking out of window) Oh, what a noise!
(SENSATION is about to pull down the blind)

SENSE, (stopping him) No; don't pull down the blind.
PRUDENCE, (putting her hand to her brow) I feel a kind
     of swimming!
SENSATION. Take a chair! (she sits)
      (aside) The fumes of Capel Court! Give her fresh
      air!
      (aside) She breathes the madd'ning gas!
SENSATION, (looking out—aside) Stags at their sport!
SENSATION, (to PRUDENCE, explanatory)
     The entrance hall to 'Change by Capel Court!
SENSE. To Change! Where England's solid merchants
     meet,
     To heap the world's wealth at Britannia's feet!
SENSATION. Pardon me—that is the Exchange you mean?  
This is the Stock Exchange—a diff'rent scene!  
There Commerce lumbers on its rusty springs,  
Here sportive Speculation spreads her wings!

SENSE. And not unfrequently they do say burns 'em!  
SENSATION. The gains are swift—immense!  
SENSE. For him that earns 'em!  
But how many small losers does it take,  
Ere one of those large winners you can make?

PRUDENCE. (jumping up and rushing to window) Papa!  
Let's join them?

SENSATION. (stopping her and putting her back on her seat)  
Keep your seat, dear—Steady!

AVARICE. Don't close the window.

SENSE. The air's heady!

AVARICE. Curse his cool head!

SENSATION. (to PRUDENCE) Our sires trod work's dull  
Laboriously adding pound to pound; [round,  
We take a short cross-country cut to riches;  
The ride's a lark!

SENSE. If you escape the ditches.

SENSATION. Here's Screwby wins his hundreds in a day.

SENSE. To lose 'em next—light come, light go,' they say.

SENSATION. Each turn of the market makes a millionaire!

SENSE. And beggars by the gross—the account to square.

PRUDENCE. (passing her hand across her brow) I see now:  
what seemed solid earth is vapour,  
And much that looked like gold is only paper.

SENSATION. (aside) Confound him!

SENSE. From the point don't think I'm rambling,  
But if that's business, what do you call gambling 'i  
AVARICE. Horrid! Risk thousands on a roulette ball.

SENSE. Why not? you do it on a rise or fall!

AVARICE. Stake money on the chance of red or black.

SENSE. You risk for the account, why not the pack?  
On yon Exchange, or round Homburg's green cloth,  
Disguise it as you may, you are gamblers both.  
Not such the arts honest men's means should swell.  
Call this an office? I call it a hell!

AVARICE. That's actionable!
SENSE. 'Tis as true as Bible.
Avarice. Sir, you forget; the more truth the more libel.
Sense. Come, we've seen Speculation face to face.
And Sense and Prudence ought to leave the place!
Prudence. There's something so entrancing in the air.
Sensation. Stay and inhale it! (about to open window)
Sense. She shan't!
Sensation. Shan't she? There! (he smashes it)
Prudence. I come! (rushes towards window)
Sense. Nay then, I breathe! You stately stags
Turn rascals—gold take wing—broad cloth be rags!
(he breathes from window—the handsome clothes of
the Speculators are changed to rags—the air is
full of paper, and money-bags fly up on wings)
So, breaking the fools' necks who sought the moon,
Collapses Speculation's huge balloon!
(a gaudy balloon, inscribed with SPECULATION
in large characters on a band round it, seems to
fill the court as he speaks, and bursts with a loud
explosion and clouds of vapour. Music—Sense
bears off Prudence in his arms)
Sensation. Baffled once more! Then quackery to our aid,
In science's big wig and mask arrayed!

Execut Sensation and Avarice.

Sensation in the Healing Art.

Characters.

Sensation as Dr. Rooker (Principal of the Establishment,
a Spiritualist, with an eye to all mediums, but especially the circulating one)
Anger as Dr. Savage (a Medical Dissenter and Chromother-
mallist)
Luxury as Dr. Flashington Coodle (Homoeopath)
Envy as Dr. Wetblanket (Hydropath)
Sloth as Dr. Stopwatch (on the watching system)
Gluttony as Dr. Feeder (all for high feeding and port)
Avarice as Dr. Lowry (all for low diet and pump)
Pride as Dr. Mellow (a most regular Probationer)
The Virtues as Invalids (attached by their ailments to the establishment)
SENSE AND SENSATION.

SCENE SEVENTH.—The Morning Room of Dr. Booker’s Hydropathic, Homeopathic, Allopathic, and Pantopathic Establishment for Invalids.

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, TEMPERANCE, and JUSTICE discovered as invalids, becomingly shawled and hooded, reclining on couches and lounging chairs.

HOPE. Here’s a sad plight! The Virtues’ health all failing!

TEMPERANCE. My battle against beer has left me ailing!

JUSTICE. Hot water scalded you—Justice one burn is baited to fever-heat by wild attorneys!

FAITH. And here a fixture on this couch I am a Disabled victim of sensation drama!

I slipped down from the wall, and sprained my knee.

HOPE. Hope deferred made an invalid of me!

Every gay vision was a gay deceiver!

CHARITY. Here’s Charity laid up with bilious fever!

FAITH. To see all the best business given to others!

HOPE. Girls played by women that might be our mothers!

CHARITY. Our names put in small letters in the bill!

HOPE. Oh, is it any wonder we’re all ill!

(PRUDENCE is carried in on a couch, attended by ANGER as DR. SAVAGE, and insensible, L.)

Prudence, what is the matter? She looks blue!

ANGER. Capel Court sufferers generally do!

Case of stock-jobbing fever—more’s the pity;

But if young ladies will go in the city—

The faculty say “bleed!” I say “neat brandy.”

(takes out brandy bottle)

TEMPERANCE. Poison!

ANGER. Pooh! Panacea! Always handy!

[administers brandy to PRUDENCE—COURAGE is brought in, insensible, and attended by LUXURY as DR. FLASHING'N COODLE, L.)

HOPE. Courage! What is it?

[bled her!

ANGER. (looking up and fiercely) Syncope! They’ve
COURAGE. (faintly) Put out my ankle, in a desperate
LUXURY. (soothingly) There! she revives! [header!
(takes out box of homoeopathic drugs)
ANGER. (holding out bottle) You'd better try my dose
LUXURY. This globule! Arnica! Stuff!
ANGER. LUXURY. (administers globule) Down it goes;
Its powerful operation will be plain,
When you hear each holds a half millionth grain.
(ENVY, as Dr. Wetblanket, comes down)
ENVY. Bosh! Let me pack you, ladies, in the lump—
We've proved the best physician is the pump.
(SLOTH, as Dr. Stopwatch, comes down. R.)
SLOTH. Stuff! The true system's "leave alone!" To
cure ye
Nothing like vis reparatrix natures!
(GLUTTONY, as Dr. Feeder, comes down. L.)
GLUTTONY. Diet's the point! Cram good things fast
enough in,
None but a goose can disapprove of stuffing;
Try grape cure—milk cure—cure by curds and whey,
Anything but cold water—I should say.
(AVARICE, as Dr. Lowery, comes down. R.)
AVARICE. High feeding is 'gainst science and 'gainst
sense;
My system is the strictest abstinence.
To husband life's lamp-oil best keep it low.
ANGER. 'Till one fine morning out your patients go! 

Enter PRIDE as Dr. Mellow, R. crosses and down C.
PRIDE. A set of empirics and quacks! Dear ladies
Consult one who in medicine's higher grade is:
I am a regular M.D. and Fellow
Of the College of Physicians—Dr. Mellow:
Quackery and innovation I abhor,
And never give what's not been given before.
ANGER. Sooner than one abnormal cure essay,
You'd kill a thousand in the established way.
You're asses all.

Enter SENSATION as Dr. Rooker, L.
SENSE AND SENSATION. 63

SENSEATION. Nay, friends, drop strife and scoff;  
While Doctors differ, patients may drop off.  
In my establishment the truth's the thing;  
Till that's found, let all systems have their swing.  
For my own part, my private diagnosis  
Makes me smell spirits underneath all noses.  
I've an idea; by the raps I've heard,  
Some of you must be mediums.

JUSTICE. Absurd!  
FAITH. (shaking her head) Don't know! There's more  
in heaven and earth, you see,  
Than is dreamt of in our philosophy!  
HOPE. If spirits do turn up, I hope they'll tell  
Something beyond the fact that they can spell.  
{rap heard}

SENSEATION. Hark there's a rap!  
Music.—SENSE, in royal roles, rises from trap, 1.  
He knocks down SENSATION with his sceptre,  
and the VICES, one after another.

SENSE. There is, and there's another!  
And there, and there! lie each Vice by his brother!

(For the conclusion see page 55.)