

# DOING BANTING.

*An Apropos Farce,*

IN ONE ACT.

BY

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AUTHORS OF

*The Census; A Shilling Day at the Great Exhibition; The Pretty Horsebreaker; The Colleen Bawn Settled at Last; A Valentine; The Wooden Spoon Maker; An April Fool; My Heart's in the Highlands; The Area Belle ; The Actor's Retreat, &c. &c*



THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, LONDON.

DOING BANTING.

*First performed at the Adelphi Theatre (under the management of Mr. Benjamin Webster), on Monday, October 24th, 1864.*

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**Characters.**

PROFESSOR PANKEY (*an Itinerant Lecturer*) ..... Mr. J. CLARKE.  
ALDERMAN PODGE (*a retired Tallow Chandler*) ..... Mr. C. H. STEPHENSON.  
DOLLOP (*a fat Butler*) ..... Mr. R. ROMER.  
DR. LAVENDER (*a young Surgeon, in love with Miss Patty*)..... Mr. BRANSCOMBE.  
POLICEMAN A..... Mr. PAULO.  
POLICEMAN B..... Mr. HITCHENSON.  
MISS FATIMA PODGE (*Sister to Alderman Podge*)..... Mrs. H. LEWIS.  
MISS PATTY PODGE (*Daughter to Alderman Podge*)..... Miss A. SEAMAN.

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**Costumes.**

PROFESSOR PANKEY.—Tight black suit: rather shabby.  
ALDERMAN PODGE.—Blue coat, brass buttons; white waistcoat; Nankeen trousers.  
DOLLOP.—Butler's coatee; livery waistcoat; black trousers.  
DR. LAVENDER.—Frock coat; black suit.  
MISS FATIMA PODGE.—Brown satin dress.  
MISS PATTY PODGE.—White muslin bonnet; black silk cape.

## DOING BANTING.



SCENE.—*Dining Room in the House of Alderman Podge, in a Provincial Town. Doors C., L. C., and R. C. in flat; a window L. U. E.; doors L. and R.*

Dr. LAVENDER and PATTY discovered seated at talk, C.

LAVEN. (L.) I tell you, Patty, it is our only chance.

PATTY. (R.) Oh! but, Edward dear, it's such a dreadful step to take.

LAVEN. Not at all, dearest. Say rather the first step to our happiness.

PATTY. But an elopement, Edward!

LAVEN. Well, we shall not be the first pair of true lovers who have adopted that method of cutting the Gordian knot of parental obduracy.

PATTY. But are there no means of melting pa ?

LAVEN. No, I wish there were. It's just because I can't melt him down that I am ordered out of the house, and forbidden to aspire to your lovely hand—your father, my dearest Patty, expects me to perform impossibilities; since he has retired from the tallow trade, and has gone in for high society he is disgusted with his corpulent figure, and aspires to be slim and genteel; and because my medical skill is unequal to the performance of a miracle, he called me an ignoramus, and told me to go to—well, never mind where it was, it wasn't Bath.

PATTY. Oh, Edward!

LAVEN. And, worst of all, he has forbidden me to see you again. Say, Patty, could you bear the separation for ever?

PATTY. Oh! no, no.

LAVEN. Then prove your love for me by consenting to the arrangement I have proposed. Be ready to-night to elope with me by the mail train to London. You can stop at my mother's until we are married; then we can return and defy the fattest father in the universe.

PATTY. But what will people say ?

LAVEN. Say ? they'll say that I'm the luckiest dog alive, to get such a charming wife, and that you have acted like a brave true-hearted girl.

PATTY. Edward, I am yours.

LAVEN. (rises) That's right; and mind my signal will be three whistles outside this window, and now, until the hour, adieu. *Kisses her hand and exit, L.*

PATTY. I am sure I shall never be able to conceal my agitation. Ah! I hear papa and my aunt coming ! I'll go to my room and make my preparations. *Exit, R.*

*Enter ALDERMAN PODGE and MISS FATIMA PODGE, C.*

PODGE. (*puffing and blowing, L.*) Those confounded stairs will be the death of me, and if this sort of thing is to last, I shall be obliged to have a crane to hoist me up like a hogshead of tallow.

FATIM. (R.) Well, brother, there's no doubt that both of us are getting rather stout.

PODGE. Rather stout, Fatima! what do you mean by rather? Why, I'm as fat as a boiled leg of pork, and you're the very picture of the pease-pudding.

FATIM. But we didn't mind it so much when we were in trade.

PODGE. No, but trade is naturally gross, Fatima; and retirement on a competency is slim and genteel, or if it isn't, it ought to be.

FATIM. Do you know, brother, I don't think we take exercise enough.

PODGE. Exercise ? how am I to get exercise. Haven't I joined the rowing club, and the very first time I got into the boat, didn't I swamp her, and the vessel go down with all aboard ?

FATIM. Still, there are other kinds of exercise besides rowing.

PODGE. Of course there is; I joined the county hunt, didn't I, and the moment I got on the horse, didn't he go down on his knees as if he was a praying of me to come off again ? There ain't a hunter in the county can carry me, and you wouldn't have an alderman ride to the hounds on a dray horse.

FATIM. And young doctor Lavender said he could do nothing for you.

PODGE. Young Doctor Lavender is a humbug, an impostor; he says we mustn't interfere with nature.

FATIM. A pretty thing, indeed ! What's the use of a doctor, if he doesn't interfere with Nature ?

PODGE. What indeed! but I've ordered the fellow out of the house, and he shan't come here any more.

*Enter DOLLOP, the fat butler, with a letter, L.*

Now there's another fat 'un. When that young man first

came to me as an apprentice, he was as thin as a herring ! I fancy the tallow must have got into our systems There's a man, now, if you could only put a wick into him, you could burn him like a short four! What is it, Dollop ?

DOLLOP. (L.) A gent at the door, sir, told me to give you this letter, sir, and he's waiting for a answer.

PODGE. Let's see what it is. (*opens letter*) A circular, eh? The honour of my patronage is solicited for a lecture at the Town Hall. Ah! a lively thing that will be, ha ! What's this?—"A Lecture on Corpulence, and how to get rid of it," by Professor Pankey, a disciple of the renowned Banting!

FATIM. Oh ! good gracious, Peter!

PODGE. Is the Professor waiting ?

DOLLOP. He be, sir.

PODGE. Then show him up instantly. Stop; is he thin?

DOLLOP. Thin as a farthing rushlight, sir.

PODGE. Show him in, then, directly.

DOLLOP. Yes, sir.

*Exit, L.*

FATIM. (*reading circular*) " Professor Pankey."—Oh ! then he's sure to be clever, if he's a Professor!

*Enter DOLLOP, L.*

DOLLOP. (*announcing*) Mr. Professor Pankey, Esquire.

*Enter PANKEY, L., with a box. Exit DOLLOP, C.*

PANKEY. (L.) I have the honour, the distinguished honour, I presume, of addressing the Right Worshipful Alderman Podge ?

PODGE. (C.) You have, Pankey, my boy, you have; commonly called the Alderman and Corporation.

PODGE (*crossing to C.*) I have also the distinguished honour, the extreme felicity, if you will allow me to say so, of addressing Mrs. Alderman Podge.

FATIM. (R.) You are mistaken, sir. I am the sister of the Alderman.

PANKEY. And Corporation !

PODGE. (L.) Pankey, my boy, will you allow me to call you " My boy ?"

PANKEY. Certainly, sir; I rather prefer it than otherwise—it sounds hospitable. If you will allow me to say so, it is a form of address highly significant of an invitation to partake of something!

PODGE. Well, Pankey, my boy, what shall it be ?—say the word.

PANKEY. You're very good, sir. And since you have given me so wide a range, I'll say in general terms, liquor!

PODGE. (*motioning PANKEY to be seated*) Fatima, my dear,

bring out the wine. (FATIMA goes to door R. in flat, and brings wine and glasses) I've got some very fine old full-bodied port! sits L. of table)

PANKEY. (seated R. of table C.) Which no doubt takes after its fine old full-bodied master.

FATIM. (at head of table) Which will you take, sir, red or white ?

PANKEY As to colour, ma'am, I'm strictly impartial, but as regards measure, I prefer it full.

FATIM. Oh, I beg your pardon. (fills up the glass—PANKEY drinks—aside to PODGE) The Professor isn't over polite.

PODGE. Genius never is, my dear; the two great signs of genius is a want of polish, and a love of liquor.

PANKEY. (smacking his lips) Your wine, sir, does honour to your head and heart; you may always judge a man, sir, by the wine he keeps. Yes, sir, let me have the furnishing of a nation's wine cellars, and I care not who provides their laws.

PODGE. Well, well, Pankey, my boy, but about this lecture of yours ?

PANKEY. (rising) A lecture, my dear sir, upon the new system by means of which persons overcharged with adiposity may get rid of the affliction, or as my esteemed friend and preceptor, Mr. Banting, terms it, the parasite of corpulence, by avoiding all kinds of sugar in your food, and all kinds of starch in your shirt collars. Adiposity, my dear sir, is—is—

FATIM. Yes, yes, what is a depository ? is it something they put into the savings' bank ?

PODGE. (L. of table) Be quiet, my dear, you don't know anything about it; let the Professor explain. (to PANKEY) What's adiposity, Pankey, my boy ?

PANKEY. Adiposity is, ah—a sort of thing that fat men are troubled with, you know; a sort of, that is a case of, well, the fact is you cannot explain it in English, but it's what they call in Latin a *casus belly*.

PODGE. You're a prodigy of learning, Pankey—you're a stunner.

PANKEY. I have been, sir, a sixteen stunner. (rising)

FATIM. Good gracious ! and you've brought yourself down to this by leaving off clean collars ?

PODGE. (to FATIMA—rises, down, L.) You shut up, don't interrupt the Professor. Go on, Pankey, my boy, what were you saying about corpulence ?

PANKEY. (C.) Corpulence, my dear sir, as my esteemed friend and preceptor, Mr. Banting, states, is a parasite.

PODGE. A parachute, you mean; a thing that's blown out, like a balloon.

PANKEY. Well, some call it parasite, some parachute;

there's no rule about it, but it's all the same thing. Well sir, as I was observing, this parasite—

PODGE. Chute.

PANKEY. Site.

PODGE. Chute.

PANKEY. You prefer "chute"—very well, sir, call it parachute.

FATIM. I've always heard it called a parasol.

PODGE. Shut up! don't interrupt the Professor; go on, Pankey, my boy, about corpulence.

PANKEY. Well, sir, this is a representation of the prize-pig state of existence I was doomed to while I indulged in starch and sugar. (*produces from box his picture as a very fat man*) You see what I am now! Look upon this picture and upon this!

FATIM. Wonderful!

PODGE. I could scarcely believe it!

PANKEY. I don't suppose you could, sir, but I will give hocular demonstration. (*takes a large waistcoat from his box*) Oblige me by trying on that waistcoat.

PODGE. Certainly, sir. (*puts on waistcoat—it is much too big for him*) And do you mean to say this ever fitted you?

PANKEY. I'll prove it to you, sir—you want more hocular demonstration! You shall have it. Here's a frame-work I have had made for my lecture, representing the exact size I used to be, before I left off starch and sugar. (*puts on a wire frame, giving the outline of a very fat man\**) Now, sir, oblige me with that waistcoat. You perceive it fits me exactly. I trust you are satisfied.

FATIM. Wonderful!—just for all the world like Daniel Lambert.

PODGE. And do you mean to say that you could bring anybody down like that?

PANKEY. Certainly; by avoiding starch!

FATIM. Is there any objection to soap and soda?

PODGE. Shut up! don't interrupt the Professor!—Tell me, Pankey, could you reduce me, for instance?

PANKEY. To a shadder!

PODGE. Then come to my arms!

FATIM. And mine! (*they both embrace PANKEY, and squeeze the wire frame flat*)

PANKEY. Really this flattering—I may say flattening—reception—is quite overpowering!

PODGE. All right, Pankey, my boy, you must make my house your home, while you remain in the town.

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\* This frame should be made of copper wire, so that it can be bent into its original form after being pressed flat.

FATIM. And I'm sure anything we can do to make you comfortable, we'll do with the greatest of pleasure. (*goes up*)

PANKEY. Thank'ee, mum, very much obliged to you. (*aside*) I've stepped into a nice thing here. I hope they go in for suppers, for I haven't had a meal for a week.

PODGE. (*ringing bell*) Now, Professor, my man will show you to your room.

PANKEY. (*aside*) Then they don't go in for supper—that's bad.

FATIM. (C.) And when you hear a gong, that means supper's on the table.

PANKEY. Then they do go in for supper. I breathe again—saved!—saved! (*slapping his stomach*)

*Enter DOLLOP, C.*

DOLLOP. I beg your pardon, sir, but those stairs of yours get steeper every day, and if it goes on much longer, I must give warning.

PODGE. It isn't the stairs, Dollop; it's the starch you've been eating!

DOLLOP. Starch!—sir?—I haven't been eating the starch! I suppose you'll accuse me next of eating the hearthstone!

PODGE. Don't talk to me, sir. Show this gentleman to his room. (*to PANKEY*) The supper will be ready directly, Professor—we shall expect you to give us a practical lesson on the Banting system at once.

PANKEY. Sir, I am eager to begin my experiments; only shew me how thin you would like to be, and I'll reduce you to a hair's breadth! (*aside*) What a nice thing I've tumbled into. Won't I punish their supper; and if it should happen to be tripe and onions, oh, lor! (*to DOLLOP, who has gone to sleep on PANKEY'S box*) Now, then, Adiposity, wake up!

DOLLOP. All right, sir. (*takes up box, and exit R.*)

PANKEY. And if not tripe and onions, let's hope a baked sheep's head and tatars! *Exit, R.*

FATIM. Oh! Peter, if the Professor can only succeed in making us slim—oh! won't it be nice?

*Enter PATTY.*

PATTY. I've packed up all my things, and got every thing ready. (*starts*) Papa and my aunt here!

PODGE. (L.) So you are here, are you, Patty? (*she crosses to C.*) That young doctor you are so sweet upon is a humbug! He says it's impossible to make me slim and genteel. Now, there's a party in this house, at this moment, a disciple of the celebrated Mr. Banting, that can make me slim and genteel!

FATIM. (R.) Make both of us slim and genteel, brother? He is a Professor, he is.

PODGE. The Professor's the man for my money; and I'll tell you what it is, Patty, if the Professor succeeds in his experiments upon this *habeas corpus*, and gets rid of the parachute that I suffer from, that man shall be your husband.

PATTY. What, a man I've never seen, papa ?

PODGE. But you shall presently; and when you have seen him, you'll be ready to exclaim with the monumental bard, "Take him for all in all, I ne'er shall look upon his like again."

FATIM. That's just what you'll say, my dear. Now, don't say you won't, because it's just the sort of expression that would naturally rise to a young lady's lips on such an occasion.

PATTY. Oh! aunt; but I love Edward Lavender !

FATIM. Mr. Lavender, my dear, is no husband for you—a man so ridiculously ignorant of the first principles of his profession !

PODGE. Can't do what he's told to do, by a wealthy Alderman, who's got plenty of money to pay for anything.

FATIM. And doesn't choose to interfere with Nature!

PATTY. And I think he's quite right. Nature ought to be allowed to take its course.

PODGE. Oh! I dare say. Just see what your aunt and I have come to, by letting Nature have it all her own way.

*Enter DOLLOP, R.*

DOLLOP. Please, sir, the Professor says, can you lend him a clean collar ?

PODGE. Certainly, Dollop—a dozen, if he wants them—I'll get him one directly.

FATIM. He certainly wants one, for he didn't look over clean, or over well dressed.

PODGE. Another sign of genius, my dear; genius is apt to be careless about clean linen, and, as a rule, is somewhat disposed to borrowing. I'll go and look him out one (*crosses to R.*) and remember, Patty, what I said—if the Professor reduces me-----

FATIM. And me-----

PODGE. Shut up. Don't interrupt an alderman when he's speaking. If he reduces me to something like genteel proportions, I shall reward him with your hand. *Exit, R.*

FATIM. A very cheap way of paying him. Oh, my brother Peter was always very economical. *Exit, C.*

DOLLOP. (*who is laying the cloth for supper*) Ah! the Professor is in luck. I must keep in with him.

PATTY. (*aside*) You'll reward him with my hand, will you, dear papa? thank you, but I'll dispose of that prize myself.

*Exit, C.*

DOLLOP. Well, if they're all going in for getting thin, I don't see why I shouldn't be treated like one of the family. I'm not precisely a sylph either. I wonder if the operation's painful? Now to serve up the supper.

*Exit, C.*

*Enter PANKEY, R., having put on the Alderman's collar, an extensive "stick-up."*

PANKEY. What a wonderful place I've got into; such a bedroom, covered all over with carpet, as if they lived there—a washstand with a marble slab on the top of it, just like a fishmonger's, and beautiful little cakes of soap, that smelt so nice that I could hardly keep from eating of them, and two towels—what can a man want with two towels? and they were both clean too! and the bed so big and grand, and so white that it seems almost a shame to spoil it by sleeping on it—and two taps too, one with cold water, and the other with hot; what can the hot water be for? I shouldn't wonder if it's for making grog, if a fellow should want a drop in the night.

*Enter DOLLOP, C., with supper which he places on the table.*

Hollo! my adipose friend, what have you got there?

DOLLOP. Supper, sir.

PANKEY. (R.) Supper!—Supper is a vague expression. I have known it to signify anything—from of a ha'porth fried fish, or a farthing trotter, up to cold brisket and pickles. But of late, in my experience, it has never soared beyond a bloater, or a baked potatoe. Let us see what you've got. (*takes off cover*) Ducks, by jingo! Now, I've frequently heard of ducks—I have seen ducks—I've smelt ducks—I have even dreamt of ducks. In fact, ducks have been presented before me in every way, except upon a clean plate, with an invitation to become practically acquainted with their flavour.

DOLLOP. You like ducks, then?

PANKEY. (R.) My knowledge of ducks having been hitherto entirely theoretical, I don't like to commit myself to an opinion; but speaking without prejudice, my impression is that I do like ducks!—Do you?

DOLLOP. (L.) Don't I, that's all! But it's very seldom we get a chance of any down stairs. Do you think they're good for master, sir, and he so very stout?

PANKEY. Eh?—Let me see, how many are there? (*lifts covers*)—Only two. No!—I should say the less your master eats of them, the better!

DOLLOP. So I say—but I suppose a bit wouldn't hurt me ?

PANKEY. Allow me to feel your pulse. (*does so*) No! I think duck will do for you, and you shall have some—(*aside*) when I've done!

DOLLOP. Shall I ?—then I'll tell you something to your advantage.—I heard master say, that if you made him thin, he would give you his daughter for a wife!

PANKEY. You don't say so !—Will she have any money ?

DOLLOP. Lots!

PANKEY. (*aside*) Then, by Jove! I'll starve him to a skeleton. My good fellow, here's half-a-crown for you! (*gives him a coin, crosses to L.*)

DOLLOP. (*looking at it*) Why, it's only a halfpenny !

PANKEY. Is it ?—So it is. Well, never mind, I'll pay you the balance when I'm married !

DOLLOP. They're coming, sir.—Not a word of what I told you.

PANKEY. All right! Don't forget that I owe you two and five pence halfpenny, and you shall have some duck to-night on account.

*Enter* PODGE, FATIMA, *and* PATTY, L.

PODGE. Now, Pankey, my boy, allow me to introduce my daughter, Miss Patty Podge. (*introducing*) Professor Pankey—Miss Patty Podge.

PANKEY. Miss Patty Podge, I'm charmed to make your acquaintance. (*aside*) My style of girl exactly!

PATTY. (*curtseys and aside*) What an object!

PODGE. Now, then, supper.

PANKEY. (*aside*) Now to penetrate the great mystery of ducks ! (*rushes to his seat at table*)

FATIM. (*waiting to be conducted to table*) Professor, my niece is waiting for you to lead her to her seat.

PANKEY. (*jumping up*) I beg your pardon, Miss. (*hands her to seat, and aside*) I should have thought she was big enough to walk alone!

FATIM. (*to* PODGE) The Professor doesn't seem over burdened with good manners.

PODGE. Genius never is, my dear. (*they all sit at table, DOLLOP waiting*)

FATIM. (*carving*) Professor, will you take a little duck?

PANKEY. (*aside*) What a question to ask a man. (*aloud*) Yes, Madam, I will. (*aside*) At last I am about to experience duck ! (*a plate is brought to him by DOLLOP*) What a morsel! I'm glad she had the honesty to say a " little duck ! "

FATIM. Patty, my dear.

PATTY. Thank you, aunt. (*a plate is brought to her*)

FATIM. Brother, you will, of course, take a whole one for your share, as usual. The Professor will excuse you, I'm sure.

PANKEY. (*starting up and seizing the plate with a whole duck, which DOLLOP is handing to PANKEY*) No ; I'll be hanged if I do !

PODGE. (*angrily*) What do you mean by that, sir ?

PANKEY. What ?—Think of your adiposity !—Think of the parachute! How do you suppose I'm to reduce your figure, if you go on eating duck ?—a whole one too ! Why, duck, sir, is the most corpulentest thing as is. Here, I'll take charge of this.—I wouldn't let you touch it for the world! (*puts duck down beside him*)

PODGE. Well, it's hard lines, but I suppose that the Professor knows best. But what am I to have for supper!

PANKEY. What ? let me see. (*looking about the table*) Here, take this bit of crust, it's the only thing I can allow you if I'm to do you any good.

PODGE. (*takes crust*) Well, it's hard, (*biting it*) uncommon hard.

PANKEY. (*seeing FATIMA helping herself*) My dear madam, you are not going to eat duck, surely ?

FATIM. Mustn't I?

PANKEY. Not for the world—couldn't allow it at any price. Permit me to take charge of that dish, (*takes it*) there's a crust for you, ma'am, too.

FATIM. Well, if this is the way we're to live—

PANKEY. (*aside, eating*) My anticipation did not deceive me—duck is simply heavenly.

PATTY. Mr. Pankey, will you allow me to ask for a little more?

PANKEY. You ? permit me to feel your pulse. (*does so*) Oh, yes, I can let you have some. (*looking at her affectionately*)

PATTY. (*getting up*) Papa, he squeezed my hand !

PODGE. Quite right, my dear, quite right—we'll drink the Professor's jolly good health. (*pours out wine*)

FATIM. Professor, your good health. (*pours out wine*)

PANKEY. Wine, my dear sir and madam! you mustn't drink. Allow me. (*takes glasses from them*) If there is one thing more than another conducive to adiposity, it is wine—(*drinks off one glass*) particularly wine of this description. (*drinks the other*) There, that is out of the way of harming you at any rate.

PODGE. Hang it, Pankey, my boy, what are we to drink?

PANKEY. Water, my dear sir, water.

PODGE. What! and with nothing in it ?

PANKEY. Eh ? well, if you like, you can soak your crusts in it—it will give it body.

FATIM. Well, brother, I don't know what you think of this treatment—

PODGE. Shut up. Don't interfere with the Professor's operation; I feel myself shrinking rapidly.

PATTY. Papa and aunt, you will excuse me. (*aside*) I ever dream of marrying a thing like that! Not if I know it. *Exit, C.*

PANKEY. (*aside*) And for fear of accidents, and to prevent that adipose couple doing themselves any injury, I'll take charge of this spare duck myself. I may want a bit by-and-bye. (*wraps duck in paper and puts it under table*)

FATIM. (*rising*) Brother, do you know I don't feel as if I had had any supper ?

PODGE. It's very odd, my dear, but I feel just like that myself.

PANKEY. (*aside*) I never had such a tuck-out in my life. Now, Alderman, cheer up, why don't you be jolly ?

PODGE. Well, you see, Professor, you don't allow us much to be jolly on.

PANKEY. Pooh! pooh! fill your glasses. (*all go to table*)

PODGE. Now, pass the Madeira, Pankey.

FATIM. Yes, I'll take a little Madeira.

PANKEY. Not if I'm to be your medical adviser; (*seizing bottle*) surely you can flourish your glasses about just as well with water in them as with wine. (*fills their glasses with water*) Here, come, I'll promote the harmony of the evening, and sing a song.

PODGE. Well, go ahead, Pankey, let's have something, if it's only a song.

PANKEY. Fill up.

*Song.*

" S O C I E T Y. " \*

Oh, how strange are the forms and the features

Of society.

What singular notions abound,

Amongst what are called rational creatures;

What variety

Of follies and fashions are found.

You can't wed on three hundred a year,

A wife's crinolines cost you so dear,

So much boot, so much ankle displayed,

Impropriety!

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\*Published by Hopwood & Crew. May be had of all Music and Booksellers.

Of such prancers the men feel afraid.  
     But propriety, in society,  
     Demands this display.  
     And society brings anxiety—  
     Of the world, 'tis the way.

'Tis not merit that makes a sensation  
     In society;  
 But something outrageous and strange.  
 Pretty horsebreakers get reputation,  
     Notoriety;  
 So do millionaire bankrupts on 'Change.  
 A novel, with murder well stuff'd,  
 Like the Davenport Brothers, gets puffed.  
 Bubble shares go up briskly in town,  
     Cre-du-li-ty—  
 And the Anthropoglossos goes down !  
     Cre-du-li-ty in society,  
     Vencering, and sham—  
     All society to satiety  
     Is filled with such cram.

Mr. Babbage 'gainst organs is ranting  
     Notoriety:  
 He's got in the papers by that.  
 While the organs digestive of Banting  
     Obe-si-ty,  
 No longer distress him with fat.  
 Shunning sugar, potatoes, and bread,  
 He's got thin as a lath or a shred ;  
 And of flesh he would so folks deprive  
     With his diet-y,  
 Till there's not a fat man left alive.  
     But society to satiety  
     Will eat as of yore,  
     And his diety so disquiety  
     Gets voted a bore.

The police now look after folks' morals  
     And propriety,  
 And the night houses shut up at one,  
 With drunken streets riots and quarrels,  
     Inebriety,  
 And with Haymarket orgies we've done.  
 The fast man, the swell, and the gent  
 Home to bed, like good boys, now are sent,  
 With the milk they no longer come in,  
     Sobriety,

Or night's echoes awake with their din.  
 Tul-le-liety,  
 Inebriety,  
 Fight, rumpus, and row,  
 But propriety  
 And sobriety  
 We go in for now.

PODGE. (*after song*) What will you allow us to say after that, Pankey, my boy?

PANKEY. Well, I think after that, we'd better say good night. (*all rise*) Early hours, my dear sir, are a portion of my system. (*aside*) I shall have a smoke as soon as I get rid of them.

FATIM. We're in your hands of course, Professor. Oh! how hungry I do feel.

PODGE. Well, come along, Pankey, you'll find your candle in the hall. (*rings bell*)

PANKEY. You have no idea how light and comfortable you'll feel in the morning after my experiment. You'll both of you wake up, and find yourselves so slim and aristocratic, that you'll begin to think that your ancestors came over with the Conqueror—good-night.

*Exit, R.*

FATIM. Good-night—this way.

*Exeunt, R. C.*

*Enter DOLLOP, L. C.*

DOLLOP. Ha! they've rung to clear away, (*looking on table*) and there's nothing to clear away—but a backbone and a drumstick—and he promised me some duck. He's broke his faith, and run into my debt to the ruinous extent of two and five pence halfpenny. Such is life! (*takes away supper things, and blows out the candles, leaving stage in darkness*) *Exit L.C.*  
*Enter PANKEY, R., quietly, with bedroom candle, and white night-cap.*

PANKEY. As I've now got rid of my patients, I'll have a quiet smoke ; and as I don't like a dry pipe, I'll hunt about and see if I can't find another bottle of the old chap's Madeira. (*goes to cupboard and brings out a bottle and tastes*) Ketchup ! by jingo ! (*brings out another bottle and tastes*) Vinegar ! by Jove ! (*brings out third bottle*) Brandy! by George! Now, then, to enjoy myself. (*takes bottle to table, sits down, drinks, and is about to light his pipe, when he is startled by a noise*) There's somebody coming, I must get out of the way. (*retires into cupboard, R. C., with bottle and candle*)

*Enter FATIMA, R., in her dressing gown and night-cap, carrying a bedroom candle, R. C.*

FATIM. I feel so hungry—I can't sleep. I must have some-

thing to eat—Banting or no Banting! (*goes into cupboard, and re-appears with a knuckle of ham*) I'll take this to my room and enjoy it. Eh! there's a footstep. I wouldn't be seen here for the world.—I'll hide. (*goes into cupboard, R.*)

*Enter* PODGE, R. C., *in dressing gown and night-cap, with candle.*

PODGE. Flesh and blood can't stand it! I wouldn't own to being hungry until my sister went to bed. But I must have something—if it's only a mouthful of that cold pigeon-pie we had for dinner. Here goes! (*goes into cupboard, and returns with pie*) Fortified by this, I shall be able to do Banting to-morrow! Hollo! who's coming?—I must not confess to breaking down already. I'll conceal my corpulence and my pork-pie in the next room, till all's quiet. *Exit, L. C. D.*

*Enter* DOLLOP, C., *with his coat off, and candle.*

DOLLOP. The Professor hasn't left me any duck, but I know there's a knuckle of ham and cold pigeon-pie in the larder—and I'll go and have a mouthful to sustain Nature.—Mine's a Nature that wants a good deal of sustaining! (*goes to door of cupboard, and hears a noise*) Eh! what's that? I thought everybody was in bed—they mustn't catch me here. (*shuts himself in cupboard, L. flat*)

*Enter* PATTY, C., *dressed for walking—a candle in her hand.*

PATTY. They're all safe in bed now, and it's just the time Edward said he would be here. This is a rash step I am taking—but it is the only plan. Now to give the signal. (*waves candle three times at window, and is answered by whistle outside*) 'Tis he! (*opens window, and*)

*Enter* EDWARD LAVENDER, *through window.*

LAVEN. (*embracing her*) All is safe, so far, dear! but there's not a moment to be lost.

PATTY. Oh! Edward, one moment, one moment!

LAVEN. Hush! I hear steps in the garden, below the window—let us be off at once by the back door. *Exit, L. C.*

*Enter* POLICEMAN A, *at window, with bull's-eye lantern.*

POLICE. A. I can't think what's become of cookey to-night, with my usual little supper! But I saw a man come up this ladder, and I believe it was that young fellow from the green-grocer's, who has come to court my Jemima Jane, and eat my cold pie! I'll serve him out! I'm here in the execution of my duty, and I'll give the alarm, and take him into custody. (*springs rattle, which is answered outside*)

PODGE. (*peeping out, L.*) What's all this row about?

POLICE. A. Oh ! there you are ; I've caught you !—Come out!—no resistance ! (*drags him out*)

PODGE. What do you mean by this, fellow!—assaulting an Alderman in his own house !

POLICE. A. I ask your pardon, sir, but there are thieves in the house—I saw them come in. (*FATIMA screams in room, R.—*

POLICEMAN A. *runs and pulls her out*)

PODGE. Fatima here!

FATIM. Oh ! brother, what is the matter ?

POLICE. A. She ain't the right 'un, then. But I'm sure he's somewhere here about. (*DOLLOP sneezes in pantry, L. flat*) Ah! that's him—I know his sneeze ! (*pulls him out*)

PODGE. } Dollop!

FATIM. }

DOLLOP. Caught cold, by Jove! going without my coat!

POLICE. A. Why, then he ain't the party either.

PANKEY. (*sings in cupboard, R. C. flat*) " For he's a jolly good fellow," &c, &c.

POLICE. A. Ah ! now I've got him. (*pulls him out*)

PANKEY. (*drunk*) First-rate brandy, capital brandy.

POLICE. A. Come, none of that game. I've got you.

PODGE. Good gracious! he's arrested the Professor. You're mistaken, Policeman, that gentleman is my friend—he's all right.

PANKEY. And tight.

POLICE. A. You know him, sir: then where is the thief?

FATIM. Ah! where, indeed.

*Enter* POLICEMAN B., C., *bringing on* LAVENDER *and* PATTY.

POLICE. B. (*down B.*) Here they are, sir. I caught them cutting out by the back door.

PODGE. My daughter!

FATIM. And Doctor Lavender turned thief.

LAVEN. Yes, sir, I came to-night to steal the greatest treasure which your house contains—your daughter.

PANKEY. (C.) Burglary and high treason! lock him up, Policeman.

LAVEN. What! you here, little Pankey ?

PANKEY. Found out, by jingo!

PODGE. What! do you know the Professor?

LAVEN. Professor indeed! he's no professor, he's a runaway apprentice from a druggist's in Clerkenwell, and an arrant quack and impostor.

FATIM. Well; if I didn't think so now.

PANKEY. Then why didn't you say so before ?

PODGE. And this ignorant pretender undertook to do what you told me was impossible. Dr. Lavender, I believe you are right. I ask pardon—we've had enough of Banting.

LAVEN. Don't blame Mr. Banting, sir, because a mercenary quack has tried to impose upon you. His system is no mystery, and needs no charlatan to teach it—you can buy the book for sixpence, and follow the rules if you like.

PODGE. Well, for the present, I propose that we all have something to eat.

POLICE. A. Hear! hear!

PANKEY. And something to drink as well.

PODGE. Leave my house this instant.

PANKEY. But what about my lecture at the Town Hall?

PODGE. Your lecture, indeed? we don't lend our Town Hall to impostors like you.

PANKEY. Bother your Town Hall! who cares for your rubbishing little Town Hall. It won't hold above a hundred people. I'll take a larger place than that for my lecture—I'll give it nightly at the Adelphi Theatre, with the kind permission of Mr. Benjamin Webster, (*to audience*) and if you'll only come and patronize me, and send your friends—I have no fear of any lack of audiences to witness our attempt at —  
DOING BANTING.

LAVENDER. POLICE. PANKEY. POLICE.

PATTY.

PODGE.

DOLLOP.

FATIMA.

R.

L.

**Curtain.**