



PIRITHOÛS,

THE SON OF IXION.

A New and Original Extrabaganza.

BY

F. C. BURNAND, ESQ.,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society),

AUTHOR OF

Patient Penelope, or The Return of Ulysses ; Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel; Alonzo the Brave, or Faust and the Fair Imogene; Villikins and his Dinah ; Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell; Romance under Difficulties; In for a Holiday; Dido; King of the Merrows; Deerfoot; Fair Rosamond ; Robin Hood; or, The Foresters' Fete; Acis and Galataea; The Deal Boatman; Madame Berliot's Ball, or the Chalet in the Valley, Rumpelstiltskin ; or, The Woman at the Wheel; Snowdrop, or the Seven Mannikins and the Magic Mirror ; Cupid and Psyche, or as Beautiful as a Butterfly; Ulysses, or the Iron Clad Warrior and the Little Tug of War, &c. &c.

AND PART AUTHOR OF

B. B.; Volunteer Ball; Turkish Bath; Carte de Visite; The Isle of St. Tropez; Easy Shaving; &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND, LONDON.

First performed at the New Royalty Theatre, (under the management of The Misses Pellam), on Thursday, the 13th of April, 1865, the New and Original Burlesque, illustrating the old proverb "Like Father like Son," entitled

PIRAMIDUS,

THE SON OF IXION.

The New Scenery painted by Mr. CUTBERT. The Music arranged and composed by Mr. HERMAN. Dresses by Miss KEELY and Mr. S. MAY. Machinery by Mr. SMITH. Properties by Mr. W. SMITH and Assistants. Gas arrangements by Mr. WATSON. Incidental Dances by Miss ROSINA WRIGHT. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. J. G. SHORE.

Characters.

PIRITHOUS ... (a Sporting Young Gentleman, the only Son of Ixion, reigning in Thessaly)... Miss HARRIET PELHAM.
 THESEUS (the Fast ' Friend' of the above-mentioned Youth) Miss PELHAM.
 HERCULES (Professor of the Art of Self-defence, Lecturer on Muscular Paganism, under the sobriquet of the Genuine ' Chicken,' he is Champion of the Ring) Mr. J. ROBINS.
 EURYTION (another Champion of the Ring, being in fact the chief of the Centaurs, and Master of an Imperial Circus. He will exhibit his highly trained Stud, who will perform the celebrated Trick Act) Miss LYDIA MAITLAND.

| | | |
|---|---|----------------------|
| HIPPODAMIA | (an Amazonian Princess, betrothed to Pirithous) | MISS ADA CAVENDISH. |
| CENTAURS AND CENTAURESSES (Members of Eurynion's Grand Thessalian Equestrian Troupe) | | |
| JUPITER | (King of Gods and Men) | MR. RUSSELL. |
| PLUTO | (King of Hades, and Mephistophelian Proprietor of the Shades) | MR. W. H. STEVENS. |
| JOHN STYX (Pluto's Groom, Valet, Waiter, Gaoler, and Man of All-work. An unhappy shadow of his former self, addicted to the strong waters of Lethe) | | MR. FRED. HUGHES. |
| MERCURY | (Messenger of the Gods, and Official Conductor of the Stygian Police Van) | MISS ROSINA WRIGHT. |
| PROSERPINE | (Pluto's Wife, and Queen of Hades) | MISS FANNY CLIFFORD. |
| ATE | (the Goddess of Discord, a spiteful young mischief-maker) | MISS NELLY BURTON. |
| VENUS | | MISS WILLIAMS. |
| MARS | | MISS J. BROWN. |
| CUPID | | MISS WILLIS. |
| APOLLO | | MISS HAMMILTON. |
| IXION | (The "Man at the Wheel," undergoing his sentence in Tartarus) | MISS KELLY. |
| TANTALUS | | MR. WEBB. |
| SISYPHUS | | MR. WILSON. |
| CERBERUS | ("three Single Gentlemen rolled into one." The Cunning Dog of Hades) | MR. STEPHEN. |
| THE THREE FURIES | MISSSES SMITHSON, GEORGE, & CROAKER. | |

PIRITHOUS.

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

SCENE 1. AN OPEN PLAIN IN THESSALY,

With a Distant View of Mount Olympus.

The Young Idea Shooting—the "Chicken" and the Luncheon—the Rider and the Proposition—a Runaway—a Feller—Going down for a Blow—the Sacrifice—bringing the Gods down—Solemn Invocation.

SCENE 2. EXTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF CERES.

The last day of Proserpine's Holiday—the Invitation brought by the Messenger of the Gods—wonderful instance of the sagacity of a Dog—the Goddess of Discord snubbed—first appearance here of a Blighted Being, John Styx—the Plot thickens—Pluto and Até—the Conspirators.

SCENE 3. PALACE AND GROUNDS BELONGING TO PIRITHOUS!

SCENES IN THE CIRCLE!

SCENE 4. THRESHOLD OF HADES.

SCENE 5. TARTARUS.

LAST APPEARANCE OF THE OLD FAVORITE—

IXION OR, THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

PIRITHOUS.

Costumes.

PIRITHOUS.—*1st dress:* Classic Grecian dress. *2nd dress:* one more richly decorated, wreath of flowers.

THESEUS.—Same as first dress above.

HERCULES.—*1st dress:* blue body coat, woollen comforter, white tunic, tight knee breeches, cotton stockings and ankle boots ; dark close cropped hair. *2nd dress:* flesh body, pocket handkerchief round waist (as if prepared for a prize ring).

ECRYTION.—Red satin jacket, white satin skirt, white satin breeches, top boots.

HIPPODAMIA.—*1st dress:* modern riding habit, trousers, hat and veil, riding whip. *2nd dress:* white satin richly laced, long gauze veil.

CENTAURS.—Jockey dresses.

JUPITER.—Scarlet robe, purple shirt, fleshings, gilt sandals, crown.

PLUTO.—Fancy demon's dress, red, black, and gold.

JOHN STYX.—Livery hat, cockade, footman's coat, modern waistcoat, white cravat and collar, white skirt, red tights, red morocco boots, with gilt tops.

MERCURY.—*1st dress:* White satin shirt, sandals, helmet with wings. *2nd dress:* Police helmet and coat. *3rd dress:* same as first dress.

PROSERPINE.—Crimson dress and purple mantle.

ATE.—Yellow classic robe and tunic.

VENUS.—White classic dress trimmed with silver.

MARS.—Complete suit of Grecian gilt armour.

CUPID.—Flesh body, wings, yellow satin tunic, wreath of flowers

APOLLO.—Crown of laurel, lyre, gold llama shirt, and gilt sandals

IXION.—White shirt trimmed with blue, blue drapery trimmed with white.

TANTALUS. }
SISYPHUS. } Fleshings and trunks.

CERBERUS.—A dog's dress with three heads.

THREE FURIES.—Long black robes, bare arms, and elf-locks

PIRITHOUS.

SCENE FIRST.—*Open Plain in Thessaly, View of Mount Olympus in the distance—at the foot of a tree, R., a rabbit is feeding—Music.*

Enter PIRITHOUS and THESEUS, L. 2 E., with pea-shooters and a box of salt, PIRITHOUS fires at the rabbit; rabbit runs off.

THESEUS. A miss, Pirithous.

PIRITH. This is not a fair gun,
One cannot shoot a *rabbit* with a *h'air* gun.

THESEUS. NO, in a wire once you used to nab it.

PIRITH. What! poach?

THESEUS. To trap a *hare* was once your *habit*,
(*holding up bag*) Our game is for your wedding
breakfast, eh?

PIRITH. That's the best shot that you have made to-day.

THESEUS. I quite forgot, how stupid of me this is,
Amongst your *present hits*, your *future missis* ;
Hippodamia, she's entitled?

PIRITH. Yes,
She is an Amazonian Princess;
To win a race she often has been backed.

THESEUS. She rides?

PIRITH. Like *Menken*, all *men ken* the fact.

THESEUS. I'm hungry, where's the pigeon pie? for I
Am in a mood for *pitchin'* into *pie* !
Oh, my Pi—

PIRITH. —rithous, you mean to say—
But see, the Grecian Chicken comes this way,
Professor Hercules; at some expense,
He's teaching me the art of self-defence,

Music—"The Statues." Enter HERCULES, R. 2 E., carrying an enormous hamper ; he strikes an attitude.

HERC. Six o' your flunkies, whom you choose to pamper,
 Couldn't among 'em lug along that hamper.
 So I just stopped their stupid heads to punch,
 Then took the basket. Here you see your lunch.

THESEUS. (*L., ironically*) A glorious deed! to thrash those feeble slaves.

HERC. (*walking down to him, while PIRITHOUS, R. C., undoes the hamper*) I won't thrash him as properly behaves. (*threatening*)

THESEUS. Fighting's against the law.

HERC. Oh, is it so ?

Not when your head's in *Chancery*, you know.

Now, shall we have a turn—what say you, meester?

THESEUS. Say ? that we don't want *boxing-day* at Easter.

PIRITH. (R.) Why, this is Theseus.

HERC. (C.) Is it ? who'd ha'thought it?

Fight *you* at catch weight! how I should ha' caught it.

Tip us your mawley.

THESEUS. What ?

PIRITH. Oh, give your hand.

(*to HERCULES*) DO use a language we can understand.

(*they shake hands*)

The eatables at once must be unpacked.

HERC. We're trespassing ; of course you know the fact.

PIRITH. Whose is the land?

HERC. My mem'ry's such a flighty 'un.

He was your rival.

PIRITH. Oh, I know, Eurytion.

THESEUS. A leader of the Centaurs, is he not?

PIRITH. Yes, he's the master of a circus lot,

Horse-riders, and, forgetting his position,

This *rider* chose to make a *proposition*

To my princess, and wanted her to buss him.

THESEUS. A *circus bus*, indeed !

PIRITH. Oh yes, *sir*, *cuss* him!

Hippodamia to him wouldn't stoop :

HERC. (*looking off*) He's coming with two grooms.

EURYT. (*without*) Hi! hoop la! hoop!

PTRITH. He'll treat us like a lot of poaching scamps;

HERC. Just let me give him one-two, in his lamps.

THESEUS. His lamps?

PIRITH. (*explaining*) The eyes.

HERC. Term used by them as fights.

PIRITH. You see, he speaks according to his *lights*.

THESEUS. We'll get away—Eurytion's is a wide park.

PIRITH. Conceal yourselves at once, and make it *Hide Park*.

(*Music.*— *They conceal themselves R. and L., behind trees.*—*Music, "The Bronze Horse."* A great clattering of hoofs heard without.—*Enter EURYTION, L. 2 E. on horseback, attended by two GROOMS*)

EURYT. Pull up! Gee woa! Soho, soho. (*HORSE stops*)

Just so,

We can't get any further than *Soho*. (*dismounts*)

My brave, my beautiful, my noble one,

My pale *cream-coloured*, you seem rather *done*.

The question's whether, my dear pet, I shall again

Mount— (*HORSE shakes her head and neighs*) Don't

say *neigh*, my charming Judy Callaghan.

You toss your head, as any duchess haughty;

And now she *snorts*: oh, pretty mare, that's *naughty*;

I think I'll—(*about to mount, she kicks*) No. (*gives*

her to GROOM) YOU needn't bring her back.

Don't punish her; but, take her to the rack.

Song.—"The Olga."

EURYT. Yes, take her and give her her rations. Come up.

PIRITH. (R) C' up!

THESEUS. (R. 2 E.) C' up!

HERC. (L. U. E.) C' up!

EURYT. Who was it made those observations? Come up!

PIRITH. C' up!

THESEUS. C' up!

HERC. C' up!

EURYT. Why are you talking, sir? Why, sir?

PIRITH. (*behind GROOM*) I, sir.

EURYT. What! do you give me the lie, sir?

HERC. (*behind GROOM*) I, sir.

EURYT. Mind, upon you I've my eye, sir.

Go along, can't you? Come up! (HORSE *kicks*)

PIRITH. C' up!

THESEUS. C' up!

HERC. C' up!

" *Ole Joe.*"

EURYT. There's nobody such eyes as mine are
For seeing through a trick can show,
And nobody's a nose much finer
For smelling out a rat, I know.
Woa, mare!

PIRITH. Hi gee woa!

EURYT. What? Gee woa!

HERC. Yes. Gee woa!

EURYT. Gee woa a kicking up ahind and afore,
What a fellar's call a kicking up ahind. Gee woa!

ALL. Gee woa! &c. *Exeunt* HORSE and GROOMS, L.

EURYT. Methought that here this morning I should see
The lovely girl who will not smile on me:
When I would take her hand, or wink, or nod,
Over her face there comes— (THESEUS, R. U. E.,
knocks his hat over his eyes) How very odd.
When I'd address her with a speech got pat, I'm
Snubbed, disregarded. (HERCULES, L. U. E., *knocks his
hat over*—EURYTION *looks up*) Ah! I saw
you that time.

HIPPO. (*without*) Hi! stop that horse!

EURYT. (*looking off*) A runaway, I vow!

Enter HIPPODAMIA, L. 2 E.—*her riding habit and hair in
most admired disorder. Chord.*

EURYT. Hippodamia! What's the matter now?

HIPPO. Matter indeed! why I was kicked off, nearly.

Oh, my! how he did rear!

EURYT. And kick?

HIPPO. Yes, rear-ly.

EURYT. Sweet one! (*kisses his hand*)

HIPPO. DO not repeat that odious action.

Centaur! you're not the *Centaur of attraction*—

What is it that I've ever done or said,

That, should have put it in that donkey head

To speak to me?

EURYT. With rage my hair feels bristly.

Donkey!

HIPPO. Eat *thistles* in this land of *Thistlely*. (*crosses to R.*)

What! do you think a circus man can charm me?

EURYT. I was a captain in the *horse-tryin'* army.

HIPPO. From an *Ass-yrian* corps you've p'raps ske-daddled,

Your pate is like th' accoutred horse you straddled.

EUBYT. My pate ! why ?

HIPPO. Don't you see ? because it's *addled*, (*crosses to L.*)

EURT. (R.) I can't stand this: you're helpless—

HIPPO. (*laughing*) No, I'm not,

As long as this small riding whip I've got.

Don't let your eyes flame up and glare so luridly.

EURYT. What! will you use the *lash* ?

HIPPO. I will *ash-uredly*.

EURYT. (R.) I do not care who may hear me avow it,

You shall be mine.

PIRITH. (*stepping forward*, R. C.) Oh no ! I can't allow it.

Apologise!

EURYT. I won't!

PIRITH. I'll make you feel.

EURYT. Steel weapons ?

HERC. (*squaring*) Those of *Cribb* and not of *steel*.

THESEUS, (R., *to EURYTION as second*) To win you must do everything you know.

HERC. (L. C, *to PIRITHOUS*) My pupil, hold your head up and hit low.

(*Music—they fight—one, two, three, and EURYTION falls*) .

THESEUS. That blow, my boy, was admirably stopped.

EURYT. Sir, I admit that I've been fairly whopped.

Miss, I beg pardon.

HIPPO. Oh ! I bear no malice.

(*HERCULES extracts champagne and hands glasses*)

PIRITH. Nor I. To-morrow come you to my palace.

Bring to our wedding any friends you find

Disposed to come. (*they drink*)

EURYT. (R.) Oh, thanks! you're very kind.

(*aside*) Vengeance!

PIRITH. (L. C.) By Jove!

HIPPO. What is it?

PIRITH. Why, you see it is

The proper thing for me to ask the Deities
From Mount Olympus to our wedding feast.

HIPPO. Our party 'll be considerably increased.

PIRITH. I'm very ready to make that admission,
But I'm in a peculiar position.

You'll recollect that Jupiter went rather
Out of his way to serve my poor dear father.

THESEUS. Ah ! poor Ixion !

*(all shake their heads dolefully, and empty their
glasses)*

PIRITH. Speak of him with charity.

HERC. (L. C.) HOW I remember his great popularity!

PIRITH. (C.) When fleeing from his rebel subjects' chase
He " ran " and " stopped," dear, in this very place
Three hundred nights; and then, the story *you* know,
Arose that wretched scandal about Juno,
Into the rights of which I've never gone,
Suffice it that I for a parent mourn.

HIPPO. (L.) Well, let us hope, at all events, that he
Is happy.

EURYT. (R., *eating*) Yes, wherever he may be.

PIRITH. One fact there is to which I can't show blindness,
The gods once did the governor a kindness;
Now though about my duty oft a platitude
I've heard, as yet I've shown no mark of gratitude ;
I've never visited their houses,

HIPPO. Oh!

PIRITH. My conduct's not respectable, I know.

I've never left my card on them—

HERC. What odds ?

THESEUS. (R. C.) 'Tis but polite to call upon the gods.

PIRITH. (*to HIPPODAMIA*) Call down the gods.

HIPPO. Their hearts I cannot soften.

HERC. Why I have seen you bring "the gods" down often.

PIRITH. (*up stage, c.*) We'll sacrifice a *pate* in the plain,
And o'er it pour the last drop of champagne.
Now a fuzee.

(HERCULES strikes one and lights the sacrifice)

Ah, thanks for the assistance.

(*Music*)—" No cards; you friends who're living at a distance,

Will, if you please, accept this intimation!"

THESEUS. 'Twould be correct to sing the invocation.

EURYT. Th' Olympian ' *Eaven's* eye upon you looks.

HERC. *Evans !* Hem! number ninety in the books.

Song—Air, " Going down the Hill."

PIRITH. Olympian gods, I hope that you
Will not upon us frown,

HIPPO. But do what we would have you do,
And handsomely come down.

THESEUS. Oh, Jupiter! your reverence,
We do so hope you will.

HERC. Condescend,
As a friend,
In to drop,
And not stop
On the top
Of that there hill.

EURYT. Oh ! do come down your hill,
Down the Olympian Hill.
Oh ! come and overawe us,
While we sing a little chorus,
And *do* come down your hill.

Chorus.

Oh! do, &c, &c.

THESEUS. To hear us shout—I have no doubt
That they will not be long.

EURYT. (*with glasses*) Just look about, they're coming out—
And coming out so strong.

HIPPO. (*passes on the glasses*)
That first form's Jove's, that in sight hoves.
I feel a sudden thrill.

HERC. (*passing the glasses on*)
Then there's Venus, Mars, Apollo,
Cupid, Mercury to follow,
As they all come down the hill.

THESEUS. Down the Olympian Hill!
Down the Olympian Hill!
Yes, there's Venus, Mars, Apollo,
Cupid, Mercury to follow,
Going down the Olympian Hill.

CHORUS. Down, &c. &c.

Enter JUPITER, MERCURY, VENUS, APOLLO, MARS, and
CUPID.

Irish Air, " Whack Fol"

JUPIT. Jove from Olympus, *that* exalted sta-ti-on, sir,
With all the gods has come down here to say,
We do accept your pressing invitation, sir
(*postscript*) Whack fol de riddle lol de riddle lol de lay.

New Galop.

THESEUS. HOW do you do,
Jupiter? who
Are the *cortege* heading ?

PIRITH. Cupid and you,
Mercury too,
Will pick a bit at my wedding.

HIPPO. What does it strike
You that you'd like
For to eat and drink of ?

HERCULES. If I may speak,
Bubble and squeak
Is the best thing I can think of.

ALL. Bubble and squeak,
Bubble and squeak,
Nectar we will drink of.
Think for a week,
Bubble and squeak,
'Tis the best thing we can think of.
Bubble, &c., &c.

(*eight bars' symphony, to which the GODS produce musical instruments as in the last scene of " Ixion," and then, at the beginning of singing with the plantation dance step, PIRITHOUS, THESEUS, EURYTION, HERCULES, and HIPPODAMIA walk round,*

singing alternately and beating the time with their hands—the GODS join in chorus during dance)

Plantation Dance—"The Niggers lead a Happy Life."

EURYT. 'Mongst friends 'tis very true—
 ALL. The motto fugit tempus !
 PIRITH. Divines, I see that you
 ALL. Must go back to Olympus !
 THESEUS. You've got to walk some way.
 ALL. Up *hill* work makes to limp us.
 HERC. They cannot stop to-day, so they
 Must go back to Olympus!
 CHORUS. Think of to-morrow,
 We'll } recollect { that we
 And } } with me }
 Will } }
 You'll } breakfast sup, }
 And then'get up,
 To go back to Olympus!

(after the last "Go back to Olympus," brisk dance by the Characters)

SCENE SECOND.—*Exterior of the Temple of Ceres.*

Enter PROSERPINE, L., followed by MERCURY.

PROSER. *(looking at a letter)* Well, I accept this invitation.
 MERC. Do you ?
 I'm very glad then that I brought it to you.
 To think of all the gods was no light task.
 Pirithous has settled not to ask
 Pluto.
 PROSER. He's not for pleasure parties fitted.
 MERC. And Ate's name has also been omitted;
 For if that goddess came there, to a moral
 During the breakfast she'd get up a quarrel.
 Of this no word to Pluto must you say
 PROSER. Shan't see him—yes, he takes me back to-day !
 MERC. He takes you back ? There has been no estrange-
 ment ?
 PROSER. Oh no; it is an annual arrangement.

With Ceres I have been for six months staying.
Mamma gives *hops* ; the finest *cornet* playing!
But farewell, Ceres—this the day to start is,
And leave this *Ceres* of delightful parties.

CERBERUS. (*without*) Bow, wow, wow, wow!

MERC. What makes you turn so white?

PROSER. 'Tis Cerberus. His *bark*, I know him *by't*.
Pluto is coming up ; I thought he'd do so. (*observing*
MERCURY *thoughtful*—DOG *barks*)

What is it in that *bark* that makes you *muse* so ?

MERC. He mustn't see you.

PROSER. Not ? Howe'er one tries,
One of *my size* cannot escape *his eyes*.

MERC. Dress as a dairy-maid.

PROSER. I'm not afraid

To *dare a man* dressed as a *dairy-maid*.
Here comes the monster Cerberus from *his Styx*,
Who is, like a long speech upon statistics,
Into three heads divided. Now I'll dress.

MERC. (*going*) Then I'll tell Jove that you are coming?

PROSER. Yes;

Me when attired he may there expect,
I'll be with your *one master* when I'm *decked*.

Exeunt MERCURY, L., PROSERPINE *into temple*, R.

Music—CERBERUS *rises*; then PLUTO, *holding his chain*.
CERBERUS *plays about the trap*, and bothers PLUTO as
he is coming up.

PLUTO. Here we come up, up, up, (*sharply*) pup, pup.

Your paws

Remove. He's pleased at coming out o' doors,
I'll send my wife home, then I shall be *by* myself,
To stay on earth and for a time enjoy myself.
To meet a lovely creature, I desire,

(*takes out his tablets*)

(*spells*) H-I-P—Hip, hooray! Hippodamia.
I mean to do the sly dog sort of thing,
And being off my *throne*, to take my *fling* !

Enter PROSERPINE *from Temple*, R., *carrying milk pails*,
and wearing a kirtle and hood.

PLUTO. (*aside*) Oh, Cupid! here's a pretty piece of goods!
 PROSER. (*aside*) I am disguised. What fun! a joke of
Hood's ;
 Now I can pass him, and remain incog.
 PLUTO. (*touching his hat*) Didn't you want to buy a little
 dog?
 I ain't you see a ord'nary dog fancier,
 This here's a pictur' for Sir Edwin Landseer,
 He wants to model him, and place him—
 PROSER. Where ?
 PLUTO. AS the fourth lion in Trafalgar Square.
 PROS. I've got too many.
 PLUTO. Lor', the more the merrier,
 Ye'd better have him, won't you buy the terrier ?
 PROSER. NO, let me pass.
 PLUTO. Come, say you'll take him, miss.
 Dirt cheap ! I'll let you have him for a kiss.
 PROSER. A kiss?
 PLUTO. (*aside to himself*) Oh, you Don Juan!
 PROSER. Let me pass!
 PLUTO. What, let you carry *cans*, my *canny* lass!
 And so you want to get away, eh, do you ?
 PROSER. (*to CERBERUS, who jumps on her*) Get down!
 PLUTO. The dawg takes quite a fancy to you;
 And so do I.
 PROSER. But where's your wife?
 PLUTO. My dear,
 I haven't got one—that is—she is—
 (CERBERUS jumps up and pulls off the hood, dis-
 covering PROSERPINE)
 PROSER. Here!
 You'd play Don Juan; but in you I see
 Not a *Don Juan*, rather a *Don-key*.
 (PLUTO kicks CERBERUS off, L.—CERBERUS howls)
 PLUTO. (*savagely*) Confound the dog! I am polite to ladies,
 But there's an end of it. You go to Hades !
 PROSER. Let me remain a day. (*aside*) I mustn't shew too
 Great an anxiety. (*aloud*) I want to—oh, to
 Go—
 PLUTO. Where, ma'am ? where do you expect to go to ?

Duet.—"Where are you going to, my pretty Maid?"

PLUTO. Where are you going to, my Proserpine ? (*bis*)

PROSER. I want to go, Pluto, out to dine.

PLUTO. Out to dine ?

BOTH. Out to dine !

{ I }
{ she } Wants to go, Pluto, out to dine!

PLUTO. What is the party, my Proserpine ? (*bis*)

PROSER. 'Tain't a party where I dine, &c. &c.

Enter ATE, L.

ATE. But I know the party, my Proserpine,

PLUTO. What, Ate! then tell it us in the next line,

ATE. With Pirithous you will dine.

PROSER. I will dine.

PLUTO. She will dine.

(*Trio*) With Pirithous { I }
{ she } will dine.

ATE. And we will go with you, my pretty maid.

PLUTO. Yes, we will go with you, my pretty maid.

PROSER. Nobody's axed you, mum, I'm afraid.

PLUTO. (*to ATE*) Mum, she said.

ATE. (*to PLUTO*) Sir, she said.

(*Trio*) Nobody's axed you, is what { I }
{ she } said.

ATE. 'Tis true, Pirithous, Ixion's boy,
Hippodamia weds. I wish them joy.

PLUTO. (*aside*) Ah!

ATE. (*sneeringly*) They've invited, if I hear arightly,
The gods.

PLUTO. Not me. They've slighted you ?

ATE. Yes, *slightly*.

If it were not so very rude, I'm half able
To look upon the whole affair as laughable.

PROSER. Dear, don't be angry.

ATE. (*bitterly*) Angry ! not at all,

I don't care, for myself, about a ball,

Or breakfast, or a fashionable rout,

But such neglect does rather put one out.

I'd be the last to say one word of blame,
 But I would have the last word all the same.
 "The times are out of *joint*." Ere I'm much older
 They'll know to whom they've given the *cold shoulder*.
 PLUTO. Quite so. (*to PROSERPINE*) YOU must go home
 alone, my love,
 Some bus'ness will detain me here above.
 PROSER. GO home alone! you're up to some fine tricks.
 PLUTO. John Styx will take you.
 PROSER. Who, sir?

Enter JOHN STYX, L.

JOHN (*in a very melancholy tone*) I'm John Styx.
 PLUTO. *Styx*, one of the domestics in my pay,
 (*to PROSERPINE*) Entered my service since you've
 been away.
 JOHN. "Pity the sorrows of a poor" young "man," because
 I am not, madam, what I used to was.
 ATE. He *used to wars*, a fighting hero ?
 JOHN. NO.
 I was a king up here a month ago,
 For faults I then committed that seemed venial,
 Among the shades I've come as Pluto's menial.

JOHN.—*Air, "Quand j'étais Roi."*

When I was king, not for from he-ere,
 I was not very popular;
 My subjects, me—forgive this te-ar,
 Beheaded : and I was no more.
 Yes, I'm the king—oh ! spare your laughter—
 And at my *miseree* don't scoff—
 Who walked and talked six hours after
 His head was cruellee out off.
 When I was here—
 Forgive a te-ar—
 Boo-hoo! Ba-ha ! Ba-a-a-a! Boo-hoo!
 Could I return to my society—
 This oft I've tried t' you to explain—
 Whate'er I did against pro-pri-ety,
 I'd promise not to do again.

But Pluto's servant now I'm doomed to be,
 Because a naughty life I led ;
 And if you find in me no memoree,
 Please recollect I *lost my head*.
 When I was here—
 Forgive a te-ar—
 Boo-hoo ! Ba-ha! Ba-a-a-a! Boo-hoo !

(bursts into tears)

PLUTO. YOU were a wicked monarch, and in Tartarus
 The mem'ry of the time past will come arter us.

PROSER. But there's a river Lethe.

ATE. Oh, don't think of it,
 I hope you don't allow this man to drink of it.

PLUTO. I've told him so.

JOHN. (*vacantly*) Oh have you ? it's one bubble
 Makes one forget a little sea of trouble,
 Just drink these waters, as they do at Cheltenham,
 I'm told you'll find your griefs and sorrows melt in 'em;
 And if you let this water course continue
 There'll not be left the slightest memory *in* you.
 Yes, you forget your injuries and ills,
 And utterly forget to pay your bills;
 Forget *in toto* everything unpleasant;
 Forget what's past, and scarcely know what's present,
 Forget that I have been a luckless elf,
 And go so far as to forget myself.

PLUTO. Since you left Hades you've had none, my man.

JOHN. NO.

PROSER. (*aside*) I've a flask of it: and I've a plan.

(*aloud*) Pluto, I will obey you and be good.

ATE. HOW very touching.

PLUTO. Ah, I thought you would.

PROSER. I'll go back with John Styx, at all events.

JOHN. Oh! this responsibility is immense.

PROSER. And now I'll pack.

ATE. There's mischief in her eye.

PLUTO. Your fancy! Pooh !

PROSER. (*going*) Make John Styx come and try
 To strap up my portmanteau.

JOHN. Strap? just tell her?

I'm a *small chap*, and not a *strapping fellar*.

PLUTO. GO ! (*prods JOHN, who crosses to R.*)

PROSER. (*to JOHN—aside*) I've a glass of Lethe close at hand!

JOHN. Oh! (*PLUTO turns*) Madam, I'm your servant to command. *Exeunt into house, R. C.*

PLUTO. (*mysteriously*) Ate!

ATE. What is it?

PLUTO. To this party I
Must go. I cannot—dare not tell you why.

ATE. And so must I!

BOTH. We will ; we will! we vow !

PLUTO. AS yet, I do not see exactly how.

ATE. NO more do I. Let's see !

Enter EURYTION, L.

EURYT. (*madly*) Oh, Fate's not fair!

Oh! hoop! la! tchk! woe! woe! gee woa! despair !
Pirithous ! revenge ! what's this comes o'er me !

(*PLUTO and Ate, advance, R., and lay their fingers
on their lips, like the witches in Macbeth*)

Is this a dagger that I see before me ?
Come let me clutch thee! Ha! methinks they smile
'Tis not a dagger, (*looking at PLUTO*) but a queer
old file.

PLUTO. } All hail!
ATE. }

EURYT. What mean you ?

PLUTO. By "*all hail*"—don't laugh,
We mean our measures are not *half and half*.

ATE. (L.) We'll give you means of vengeance.

EURYT. Will you ?

ATE. Plenty.

EURYT. Who are you ?

ATE. *Ate.*

EURYT. Pooh ! you don't look *twenty*.

PLUTO. (R.) Pirithous you would—

EURYT. Slay, kill, smash—

ATE. We know.

EURYT. I'd *mow* him down, like grass.

PLUTO. Ah ! a *bon mot*

Occurs to me, your sentiments expressing,

Treat him like salad, give him such a dressing.

EURYT. Talk of *addressing*, whom am I now talking to ?

PLUTO. Friends, who would join the party you are walking to.

EURYT. I have *carte blanche* to take just whom I please.

ATE. A *cart* ? then you can drive us there with ease.

Re-enter PROSERPINE, with small bonnet box, then JOHN STYX, carrying a flask—he looks more idiotic and vague than before—he is placed, R., by PROSERPINE, who by standing before him, screens him from PLUTO'S observation—JOHN STYX from time to time slowly applies the flask to his mouth.

PROSER. (R. C.) (*looking at EURYTION*) Who's this ?

PLUTO. A city friend on bus'ness, sweet!

PROSER. Oh, wont you step in, *Cit*, and take a *seat* ?

PLUTO. (C.) NO, we must go, and you too, that's a fact!

(EURYTION *cracks his whip*)

ATE. (*nervously, to PLUTO*) D'ye think our driver *sane* ?
the whip is *cracked*!

EURYT. (L.) NOW then, my animals are standing near,

(*cracks whip, bells, &c, without*)

Ha, ha ! "I am a simple muleteer."

Symphony to " The Muleteer."—Air, " Lord Lovel."

EURYT. If I had an animal what wouldn't go,

But 'ud rather lie down in the Strand,

Do you think I would wallop him ? No, no, no ;

I'd let him stand still and hee-haw, hee-haw,

I'd let him stand still and hee-haw,

Hee-haw!

ATE. Hee-haw!

PLUTO. Hee-haw!

PROSER. Hee-haw!

JOHN. (*vacantly, on being pinched by PROSERPINE in order to try and make him join in in time, sings the refrain of " Quand j'etais Roi"*) Boo-hoo !
ha-a—

ALL. (*annoyed*) We'd let him stand still and hee-haw! (*bis.*)

" *Guest Hornpipe.* "

ATE. Let us be glad, for
 We've managed capi-tally to
 That invitation get, and go to
 Breakfast and to dine.

PLUTO. Which can't be
 Commonly had for
 The asking. With my valet to
 Our home in Hades you'll return, my Proserpine.

PROSER. To do your will I'm zealous, I
 Don't fear you like some fellows I
 Hare heard of, who from jealousy,
 Would never leave their spouse.

(*aside*) I hope that Pluto will not see
 My guardian who is so tip-see,
 He's drank the water of Le-the,
 Aud him I can't arouse—ouse—ouse—ouse.

JOHN. (*vacantly singing the " Quand j'etais Roi "*) A king
 not far from he-re.

ALL. (*except JOHN*) Let us be glad, for
 We've
 I've } managed capitally to
 They've }
 An invitation get and go to
 Breakfast and to dine,
 Which can't be
 Commonly had for
 The asking with { my } valet to
 { your }
 { his }
 Our } home in Hades { you'll } return my Proserpine.
 Your } { I'll }
 EURYT. We won't dally: to
 Pirithous we'll go before the sun decline.

Dance—in which JOHN STYX does not join. PLUTO, EURYTION, and ATE dance off, arm-in-arm, waving their adieux to PROSERPINE. PROSERPINE then continuing the dance, leads JOHN STYX passively doing the steps into the centre, where she turns dos-a-dos to him and dances off alone, L.

JOHN turns R. and L., and finding no one, is about to commence a song, but forgetting the words, he taps his forehead and exit quietly, R.

SCENE THIRD.—*Palace of Pirithous*—HERCULES discovered nailing up garlands and decorations—SERVANTS doing the same—THESEUS directing.

THESEUS. Hang up the garlands on the inner wall,
They'll serve the fete to-day and evening ball.

(HERCULES hits at a nail, it drops, THESEUS picks it up bent and broken)

THESEUS. YOU maul the tacks.

HERC. I fear I've spoiled these *small tacks*.
I'd like some beer, and then you'll see me *malt tax*.
I've *hammered* in the last.

THESEUS. TOO much you've clamoured
About your work.

HERC. (*admiring it*) Well, of it I'm *en-amoured*.

(*flourish*)

THESEUS. The guests are fast arriving—I'll let *them* see
How I discharge the duties of an M. C.

(*flourish—higher*)

HERCULES. (*looking off*) Eurytion's come—the centaurs
form around him.

THESEUS. Announce him.

HERC. (*shaking his fist*) Aye, ann-ounce—I'd like to
pound him! (*flourish—higher still*)

THESEUS. That sound would raise the dullest from the
dumps.

HERC. (*looking off, L. u. E.*) Queen Proserpine! (*flourish*)

THESEUS. She must be Queen of *Trumps!*

HERC. Pirithous *leads* her!

THESEUS. (*looking off*) Flirting at this minute!
Just watch his hand.

HERC. I do! (*annoyed*) The deuce is in it!
*Flourish—drums—enter PROSERPINE, L. U. E., magnificently
attired, she is attended by MAIDS OF HONOUR, and ushered
in by PIRITHOUS who, also in a splendid dress, is paying
her great attention—tremendous drumming.*

PROSER. (*stopping her ears*) Oh dear!

PIRITH. (*to THESEUS*) GO, stop those noisy loyal souls.

THESEUS. (*L.—refusing*) I'm not drum-major. (*more row*)

PROSER. (*C.*) They'll all be in holes.

PIRITH. (*angrily to HERCULES*) Stop 'em !

HERC. (*C.—refusing*) And I'm not *Master of the Rolls* !

I'll do it though. (*crosses to, L.U.E.*) Hi stop; d'ye
hear me speaking ?

Just drop those drumsticks, or you'll taste the Chicken.
(*threatening scientifically — drums cease*)

PIRITH. (*to THESEUS*) Say when His Majesty arrives.

THESEUS. King Jove ?

PIRITH. Yes. Let my guests about the garden rove.

To let each of his pleasure take his fill,

Go tell 'em is my wont.

THESEUS. (*going*) Your wont? I will! *Exit, L. 2. E.*

PROSER. The place is lovely ; I am quite delighted!

PIRITH. You have honoured me by coming when invited.

PROSER. YOU have not spared in roof and pillars scrolled;

What poets love to call the ruddy gold.

HERC. Why do they use that epithet, my leddy?

'Cos by the *ruddy gold* they mean *the ready*.

(*PIRITHOUS intimates that that's enough and exit*

HERCULES, L. 2 E.)

PIRITH. It was so kind to come.

PROSER. If Pluto knew it—

Good gracious! it was difficult to do it.

Pluto and Discord's goddess have together

On business gone.

PIRITH. There will be stormy weather.

PROSER. YOU didn't write to Ate?

PIRITH. No, or we

Should not be, as we are, 'right to a T.'

ATE, *in a domino, leads on HIPPODAMIA, L. U. E., points to*
PIRITHOUS and PROSERPINE. *Exit ATE.*

And apropos of tea let's seek what nice is,
Refreshment temples, where they worship *Ices*.

PROSER. I seldom taste those cooling things below,

Where you let *ice* be kept, oh, do let's know.

(*both going are stopped by HIPPODAMIA, who makes*
a profound curtsey. THESEUS enters, L. U. E.)

HIPPODAMIA. (*ceremoniously*) The master of the cere-
 monies, madam,
 Waits to conduct you thither. [monies, madam,
 (*PROSEKPINE makes a stately curtsey to her. PIRI-*
THOUS bows and looks perplexed. Exit PROSER-
PINE, grandly conducted off by THESEUS, L. U. E.)

HIPPO. I most sad am.

PIRITH. Why?

HIPPO. You've been flirting.

PIRITH. Sweet! I did but stop her
 To say how pleased—

HIPPO. (*snappishly*) Such conduct's most improper.
 My feelings, while your toying with your guest,
 Are easier imagined than expressed.

PIRITH. *Oi* didn't toy!

HIPPO. Oh! *hoity toity!*
 (*getting more angry as he keeps cool*)

PIRITH. SO, it
 Appears you've got a temper and can shew it.
 I won't be bullied.

HIPPO. And I can't be cowed.
 I heard you talking in a soft tone.

PIRITH. How'd

You have me speak ?

HIPPO. A soft tone's not allowed.

PIRITH. (*his anger increasing as she becomes quieter*)

Listen! as we've been married half an hour

I must begin to exercise my power

As husband.

HIPPO. Oh! your power indeed! well, then—

Music.—Enter THESEUS, speaking through Music.

THESEUS. His Majesty, the King of Gods and Men.

*Enter JUPITER, L. U. E., leading in PBOSERPINE, attended
 by the GODS—PIRITHOUS and HIPPODAMIA still quarrel
 until he is almost between them—HERCULES re- enters.*

HIPPO. (L.) You're getting angry. (*calmly*)

PIRITH. (R., *losing his temper utterly*) Yes, ma'am! in a
 towering

Rage! (*sees JUPITER, and bows politely*) Oh ! your
 Majesty is overpowering.



JUP. (c.) The pleasure's ours and 'tis Proserpine's—
'Tis pleasing, too, to all these great divines
Who have met here for their own delectation.

HIPPO. Divines thus met! it must be Convocation.

THESEUS. (R. C, *presenting card to JUPITER*) The sports
will all take place as herein stated.

JUPIT. (*yawning*) E'en JOVE must go right through 'em,
if he's *feted*. (JUPITER, *with PROSERPINE and*
HIPPODAMIA, *go up—GODS form in groups*)

HERC. (*coming down to PIRITHOUS*) Well, this is pleasant.
(*drums, &c.*)

PIRITH. What's that horrid drumming?

EURYT. (*without, L.U.E.*) Hoopla!

HERC. That *Hoop* means there's a *cirque* a coming.

THESEUS. Eurytion with his Centaurs.

Circus Music.—EURYTION *and* TROUPE *enter—EURYTION*
in a car—MEMBERS OF CIRCUS, with them ATE and PLUTO,
masked— PIRITHOUS welcomes him—THESEUS marshals
them to their places.

EURYT. Thanks, I'm bobbish.

PROSER. (*seated L. of JUPITER, R.—to him*) I never saw
a lot of men so snobbish.

EURYT. (*presenting ATE and PLUTO, L.*) Let me present
two friends of mine. (*goes up*)

PIRITH. (to PLUTO) I say,
'Tis very odd that you come masked by day.

ATE. NO, we *come asked* by him. (*pointing to EURYTION,*
who is speaking to HIPPODAMIA)

PLUTO. And, if you ask us
What is our city, we reply, *Da-masc-us.*

(PLUTO *goes up eyeing HIPPODAMIA, to whom he is*
introduced by EURYTION—the GODS and CEN-
TAURS keep studiously apart from one another)

THESEUS. (*speaking to PIRITHOUS as he passes from one to*
another) I think the party's going off quite
charmingly.

ATE. (L., *drawing PIRITHOUS'S attention to HIPPODAMIA*
and EURYTION) Oh, look! the bride is flirting
most alarmingly.

But you're not jealous?

PIRITH. (*uncomfortably*) Oh, dear no, absurd!

ATE. Or, if you were, I'd not have said a word.

No, not for worlds a word would I have said.

(HERCULES, *who has been handing refreshments, comes down to PIRITHOUS, and points to EURYTION who is kissing HIPPODAMIA'S hand*)

HERC. I wish you'd let me punch that fellow's head.

(ATE *is delighted*)

Just let me *tap 'un*, one upon his pate deal.

PIRITH. I wouldn't have it *'appen* for a great deal.

(*goes up remonstrating with HERCULES— PLUTO joins ATE*)

ATE. YOU work Eurytion with a little wine.

PLUTO. (L.) Hippodamia must and shall be mine.

(HERCULES *hands refreshments to HIPPODAMIA SO as to get between EURYTION and her; she comes down and motions him towards PLUTO—HERCULES crosses*)

HIPPO. (R. C. *to PLUTO*) Pray, take a glass of sparkling hock, or still.

PLUTO. (L. C.) AS Irishmen might say—*Hock*, sure I will!

EURYT. (R., *filling a bumper from another bottle*) Spirits I love.

ATE. (L.) Your health. (*aside to PLUTO*) He's getting frisky.

EURYT. It's like my horse's tail.

HIPPO. Why?

EURYT. 'COS it's *whisky*.

(*they separate and go up—JUPITER and PROSERPINE come down attended by THESEUS*)

THESEUS. (to JUPITER) I fear then on a waltz you'll look askance.

JUPIT. A waltz! (*with dignity*) Oh, thanks, my friend, the gods don't dance.

THESEUS. The Centaur's Circus.

PROSER. Oh! an exhibition

I'd like to see.

JUPIT. They have my full permission.

(THESEUS *goes up and makes preparations*)

PROSER. Horses and riders! whips and saddles! say, Aren't these in keeping with a *bridal* day.

THESEUS, (B. C.) NOW for the circus ; try your best to do.

(*presenting EURYTION to JOVE*)

This is the master of the ring. (HERCULES *steps forward*)

EURYT. (*turning HERCULES into R. corner*) Not you.

Verses and Chorus.—"Mabel Waltz."

EURYT. (R. C.) I'm the man
For the tan,
Never come a cropper.

PIRITH. (L. C.) HOW she flirts! (*looking at HIPPODAMIA*)
Me it hurts,
This is most improper.

HERC. (R.) Oh that man (*looking at EURYTION*)
I could tan,
He should be a dropper.

PLUTO. (L.) NO one sees
Who I be'a
Since I told a whopper.

Chorus.

He's the man
For the tan,
Of the horse a whopper.
Round and round
On the ground
Never comes a cropper.

Second Part.

HIPPO. (R. C.) But on me
There shall I be,
Put by him a stopper.

THESEUS. (R.) This partee
You shall see
Will be quite a topper.

ATE. (L.) There'll I vow
Be a row,
Fist and sword and chopper.

PROSER. (L. C.) Who's, I ask, (*looking at PLUTO*)
In that mask,
Hiding in a wrapper? (*they repeat chorus*)
(*Music.—Circus formed.—Business*)

EURYT. (*master of the ring—his HORSE is brought in*)
 Here's a wild steed; a snorter and a starter; he
 Is known among us as the Cream of Tartary.
 For months I strove to catch him, 'till one day
 I caught him midst the barbarous *Kurds* and—
 (*HORSE is restive*) way !

(*HORSE trots round—shakes hands with EURYTION*)
 Throughout the steppes of Tartary, no such stepper
 Was ever seen—not even with Mazeppa,
 Who's bound in scanty garb upon his foe's horse,
 That can't be called by any one a *clothes-horse*,
 (*runs round with him.—Exit HORSE. EURYTION*
bows)

PROSER. You've caused us most unqualified diversion.

HIPPO. (*coming down*) You must be tired after such
 exertion :

Pray take some cider cup, and I will make it. (*going, L.*)

EURYT. Put me beside a cup, and won't I take it.

(*going*) A dash of cognac in it. (*following HIPPO-*
DAMIA)

HIPPO. (*going*) Lots of borage.

PLUTO. (*stopping him as he goes*) Better take *Hollands*.

ATE. (*aside to PLUTO*) What ? to get *Dutch courage*.

Exit HIPPODAMIA, R.

EURYT. (*to PLUTO*) I'm going to carry her away.

PLUTO (*starting*) But how?

EURYTION *winks, puts his finger to his nose, and*
exit, R. PLUTO puzzled.

ATE. (*aside*) I see my way to a delightful row.

THESEUS. (*addressing JUPITER and PROSERPINE*)

Professor Hercules, now that is done,
 Will shew the cups and belt that he has won.

(*Music. HERCULES steps into the c, wearing the*
champion's belt, and carrying a cup)

HERC. This cup they gave me when I fought my fust man,
 Bless us ! how I did smash that nubbly dustman.

(*taking two cups from THESEUS*)

I got these as a sop—it wasn't quite
 The thing; the trainers said I sold the fight.
 I fought 'em all for truth's sake—such a whacker
 I caught my trainer—how I *blow'd my backer*.

I spoil their pretty faces; but to please
 Me, they apologised and gave me these,
 Significant, in *sterling metal* cast,
 I took the *present* and forgave the *past*.
 "We give," says he who out the present lugs,
 "These 'ere two *cups*, because you spoilt our *mugs*,"
 It was enough to make a fellow melt—
 And, lastly, here's what's called the champion's belt,
 Which I have fairly won by many a tussle.

THESEUS. Now Hercules, walk round and shew your muscle,
 (as HERCULES *is just about to walk round, &c,*
hurried Music, chord, HIPPODAMIA rushes in
wildly, pursued by EURYTION ; consternation)

HIPPO. I've been insulted grossly!

PIRITH. Ha! by whom ?

HIPPO. This low-bred semi-horsey sort of groom.
 (JUPITER *rises; the GODS and CENTAURS eye one*
another with mutual aversion)

HERC. (to EURYTION) You calls yourself a man, I've seen,
 I *be*-lieves,

A better man than you made out of tea leaves!
 (*sensation amongst CENTAURS—PLUTO watching*
at back)

ATE. (to EURYTION) Hit him.

EURYT. (to CENTAURS) Will you allow this ?

CENTAURS. We will not.

HERC. (C.) 'Twouldn't take much to whop the little lot!

JUPIT. No gentleman could touch such unlicked colts.
 (*sensation—murmurs*)

Ah ! I'll—I've left upstairs my thunderbolts!

PIRITH. Clear out of this !

EURYT. We won't!

PIRITH. Then take the smacks !

HERC. (*interposing*) Let me, my *honey*, I'm a lad o'
 I'll give you all a turn in order, one down [*whacks*].
 T'other come on! I'll fight from now till sundown.

Song.—" All round my Hat."

HERC. All round your nob,
 You shall find my fists a playing,
 'Tis an easy job.

EURYT. (L.C.) Not so easy done as said!

It may be fine to make an
Offensive observation.

HERC. I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll take an'
Come an' punch your head.

Chorus—Air, "The Pirithous Hornpipe," by T. HERMANN.

HERC. Although a man of great renown,
We'll beat him blue, and black and brown;
We'll knock him down,
We'll crack his crown,
And for his fun we'll make him pay.

Although, &c.

While every one shall say—

(*Air, "Slap Bang."*)

Slap, bang,

Down he goes again ! &c.

He'll find it's no child's play.

Although, &c.

And he'll have nothing left to say—

But

Tiddle, um, &c.

Whackfollol de lay.

[fight between CENTAURS and GODS—JUPITER and PLUTO keeping aloof—ATE urging on COMBATANTS—HERCULES fights four at once, and so does THESEUS—PROSERPINE clings to JUPITER—HIPPODAMIA strikes EURYTION with horsewhip—EURYTION returns with open hand—HIPPODAMIA falls, is caught by PLUTO, L. C, who discovers himself as EURYTION, R. C, at the same moment, is felled by PIRITHOUS—HERCULES triumphant, R.—THESEUS triumphant, L. — GODS victorious—PROSERPINE fainting supported by JUPITER)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Threshold of Hades.*

Music.—"Quand j'etais Roi." Enter JOHN STYX, L.

JOHN. (*drinking*) My only comfort. Ah! yet who
would think a

Man, such as I was, could turn waterdrinker.

JOHN. (*sadly*) I have oft revelled
 In dishes—
 PLUTO. (*to him*) Silence ! (*to PROSERPINE*) And a biscuit
 devilled.
 PROSER. Peppered! 'twill make me sing out like Parepa.
 PLUTO. GO, tell our ghost cook—
 PROSER. Yes, *Professor Pepper!*
Exit PROSERPINE, L.

PLUTO. You've cleaned my boots. (*JOHN nods and snores*)
 Swept garden ? (*JOHN nods and snores*) And
 the slosh up?
 Washed up the plates and dishes ?
 JOHN. (*prodded by PLUTO*) Yes, your *wash-up!*
 PLUTO. Has Mercury from earth brought the last batch in ?
 JOHN. NO.
 PLUTO. There are two who were well worth the catchin'.
 There was a row, which has our prisons filled;
 Hippodamia by Eurytion killed—
 Eurytion by Pirithous. Those two
 (*pointing to gates L. and R.*)
 Apartments for the coming pair will do.
 (*Music " Down among the Dead Men "*)

*Enter MERCURY, C, dressed partly as a modern policeman,
 bringing in EURYTION.*

MERC. (*presenting EURYTION to PLUTO*) From earth,
 inspector, brought in Charon's barge.
 PLUTO. (R. C.) Well, better late than never. What's the
 charge ?
 EURYT. (L.) Say it; I'll pay it.
 JOHN. (L.) Silence in the court!
 (*PLUTO silences him*)

PLUTO. This *charge* that we put in makes our *report!*
 (*produces book and pencil*)

MERC. (*consequentially*) Drunk and disord'ly; 'tempting
 a release
 Of pris'ners.
 PLUTO. And—
 MERC. (*as a matter of course*) Assaulting the police.
Exit MERCURY.

PLUTO. Magistrate Minos we just now can't knock up.
 Gaoler, you'll put this pris'ner in the lock up.
 (*JOHN, who has been sipping, here wakes up, but goes off dozing again*)

EURYT. (*defiantly*) Hoop la !

PLUTO. Stop that, sir; are you not aweer
 All *hoops* abandon ye who enter here. (*PLUTO goes to gate, L., and unlocks it*)

EURYT. (to JOHN STYX) Take me outside; once there,
 my legs I'll trust 'em.
 Here's money for you.

PLUTO. (*coming down between them and taking it*)
 No, that is a custom
 More honour'd in the *breach* (*pocketing it*) than the
 observance.
 We don't allow " per-centages to servants."

EURYT. But let me go, and I will pay you well.

PLUTO. We are not to be *bought*.

EURYT. (*going into L. dungeon*) Oh, what a *cell!*
 In such a cell how can one be hilarious?
 Yet I'll dance off.

PLUTO. What dance, sir ?

EURYT. The *cell*-arius. *Exit, L.—PLUTO locks him in.*

PLUTO. Hippodamia's coming; how effectually
 To please her ? I'll delight her intellectually;
 I'll shew her what I've written, that'll please her,
 My life, I mean my Life of Julius Caesar.

JOHN. I'll scribble Caesar's life when I'm less grumpy;
J. Caesar, by the water-drinker, Pumpey.

Music.—Re-enter MERCURY with HIPPODAMIA, C.

PLUTO. The charge?

MERC. (*officially*) Another prisoner from Greece,
 A *pepp'ring* and *assaulting* the police.

HIPPO. (C.—*angrily*) Yes, put it down by all means.
 'Tis your way
 To make that charge when you've naught else to say.
 You guardians of the areas ! No sound
 Reaches your ears while on Tom Tiddler's ground,
 The burglar picks up silver, gold, a mint too !
 The safe is safe to be first broken into.

Each jewel box, whose worth the owner knew,
 And dearly *prized*, the burglar *prizes* too;
 At length you find it out, official Solon !
 And make the door fast when the steed is stolen.
 Some day such glaring robberies may cease,
 But in the meantime, where are the police ?

(*crosses to, L.*)

MERC. (C.) I beg, ma'am, as a member to observe,
 Blame those in power more than those who serve;
 We're few, our work grows heavier each day.
 Increase our numbers and increase our pay.

PLUTO. You've chattered quite enough, so go away.

Exit MERCURY, C.

I'm King of Hades.

HIPPO. Well, you needn't boast
 That fate has placed you here to rule the roast.
 Merely head cook of Tartarus.

PLUTO. Well—there !

If I'm *head cook*, why I can *dress your hair*.

(*HIPPODAMIA laughs scornfully*)

Take care—don't jest with power such as mine.
 With *rulers* you must somewhere *draw the line*.

HIPPO. Well, here I'm fixed : from hence there is no road.
 What can be duller than this dull abode ?

PLUTO. There is a spot on earth, my little deary,
 Than which e'en Hades' self is far less dreary;
 There dull and gloomy seems the brightest day,
 There desolation holds her mildew'd sway.
 The timid moonbeams never yet went near there;
 The boldest sun-ray never dares appear there;
 The London vagrant sparrow seldom goes there,
 But turns his beak up at the grass that grows there;
 At night each mongrel cur and rakish cat, too,
 Scampers and howls around the one-legged statue
 Which occupies the centre—black—alone,
 And Melancholy marks it for her own.

Yes, thank your stars you've not been banished there,
 To live within the bounds of Leicester Square.

JOHN. From your description, sir, it seems to me
 The place of all where I should like to be.

(*goes up to, L., at back*)

HIPPO. Oh ! t'will be changed : " nor does it matter aught
Who works the wonder, if it be but wrought;
'Tis time however." That is a quotation
Taken from Mr. Cowper's " Conversation."

PLUTO. A truce to this, you've not come here to quote,
But to hear me confess I on you doat.
That nose! those eyes! I never, till this minute,
Saw such a face as that with—

JOHN. (*turning bottle up*) Nothing in it.

HIPPO. Well, if you love me as you say you do,

Enter PROSERPINE and ATE, L.

And I suppose you really think so too,
You will do me a favour.

PLUTO. Let me know,

And I am yours for ever.

HIPPO. Well then-----

JOHN. (*who suddenly turns and sees PROSERPINE and ATE,
is bonnetted by them*) Oh !

Exeunt PROSERPINE and ATE, L.

PLUTO. Bother the interruption: I'll look round,
See all's safe, and find out what's that sound.
Retire to that room, dear. (*pointing to R.*)

HIPPO. 'Tis a strong one.

PLUTO. (to STYX) The right cell mind; don't put her in
the wrong one;

I'll soon return. *Exit PLUTO, L.*

JOHN. (*puzzled*) The cell on my right hand,
Which is it?

HIPPO. (*turning him round*) That depends which way you
stand.

STYX. Ah ! all right.

HIPPO. My husband I shall nibber see.
Locked in this *cell!* a life of strict *cel-ibacy*.

(*STYX opens L. gate, crosses to R. to fetch HIPPO-
DAMIA ; while thus engaged EURYTION quits
L. cell and crosses to c, where he runs against
THESEUS, who enters suddenly—JOHN STYX
shuts up HIPPODAMIA in L. cell, and then comes
down*)

Now this excitement's over. (*sees EURYTION L. of him*)

Hallo! (*sees* THESEUS, R.) TWO,
 Eh ? any more of you? (*sees* PIRITHOUS, *who enters c,*
and comes down R. c.) Ah! How d'ye do?
 PIRITH. Don't try to scream, or we shall gag you; smart!
 JOHN. Oh, please don't " gag," it isn't in the part!
 THESEUS. Herc'les is giving Cerberus the hug.
 (*HERCULES appears, c, holding CERBERUS by his throat*)
 HERC. What! would you dare to bite a brother pug?
 To kennel go, and sleep, you ugly chap,
 He'll stop his *snarling* when he takes his *snap*.
 THESEUS. Well, now he's dropped the dog's nose and his
 whine,
 Tell us your plan that we may all combine.
 PIRITH. Vengeance on Pluto!
 THESEUS. That won't easy be.
 HERC. Just book him for a *private box* with me !
 PIRITH. A rash and daring spirit has come o'er me,
 I'll do what my bold father did before me!
 Ixion in Olympus, to the Queen
 Of Gods made love ; but I, in Hades, mean
 To make as great a stir. Yes, be it mine
 To carry off from hence Queen Proserpine!
 Such practice meets the case that has arisen,
 Pluto takes my wife, hang him, I'll take his'n.
 THESEUS. She comes ; we will be near you.
 PIRITH. Get off quicker !
 JOHN. (*stopping with his bottle, which HERCULES has been*
continually preventing him from putting to his
lips) Do let me drink.
 HERC. (*threatening*) Hush, or you'll taste the *licker*.
Chorus (pianissimo).—Air, " The Wine! the Wine!"
(Roberto.)
 Pop off! pop off! Pale Pluto may be near us.
 Pop off! pop off! From peril pick your way.
 (*repeat, pianissimo*)
 Solo.—PIRITHOUS. "*Una Voce.*"—(*Barbiere.*)
 Go on so warily,
 Airily,
 Fairily,
 Warily,

Go-ing,
 With your steps charily,
 Warily,
 Airily,
 Fairily
 Going.

Chorus (pianissimo).

Pop off! pop off! Pale Pluto may be near us.
 Pop off! pop off! From peril pick your way.
*Exeunt, R. C. and L. C. at back—stepping to music,
 all except PIRITHOUS.*

Enter PROSERPINE, L.

PROSER. Pluto's *deceiving* me; this is a treat,
 I'll sit and think, I cannot bear *dis seat*, (*kicks seat
 over to R.C.*)

PIRITH. (*advancing, R.*) Madam !

PROSER. Pirithous, or I mistake.

(*HIPPODAMIA appears, L., watching*)

PIRITH. 'Tis he who has sought Hades for your sake ;
 That Grecian profile, and that graceful curve,
 O, Queen of Shades, of shades you're the *chef d'oeuvre*.

HIPPO. Wretch! (*retires*)

PROSER. What was that ?

PIRITH. Can't say; perhaps 'twas thunder.
Exeunt, R.

Enter PLUTO, L., in front.

PLUTO. NO one I've seen, 'cos *no on dere, no wondere—
 (chuckling)* You're going Pluto—yes, you know
 you are—

To sit with that fair maid behind the bar.
 Sweet one, I come. *Exit into R. cell.*

PROSERPINE and PIRITHOUS come down, L.

PIRITH. My protestations trust.

(*here HERCULES makes JOHN STYX lock R. gate,
 then they retire—during the following dialogue,
 PLUTO and HIPPODAMIA alternately appear at
 their gates, and retire*) [must—

PROSER. (*aside*) I'll make him take his wife away. He

PIRITH. Be mine.

PROSER. (*aside*) Spoil Pluto's game at any cost.

PIRITH. YOU hesitate—who hesitates is lost.

PROSER. Yes, I was lost—in thought. I understand :

You've risked a *deal* for me; now take my *hand*.

PIRITH. My partner!—you? My conduct shan't be snubbish.

PROSER. We'll win the *rub*.

PIRITH. I love you.

PROSER. Don't talk *rubbish*.

PIRITH. Won't you believe me, madam, when I speak ?

PROSER. Of your new love, my friend, the *point* is *pique*.

Come, follow me, and I'll do what I *can* for you.

PIRITH. Then, bother sentiment, and I'm the man for you.

Duet—Air.—" Fairy Fountain Polka."

PIRITH. My Proserpine,

Will you be mine ?

That rhyme, in the time, is fitting in the line.

PROSER. Pirithous,

Don't make a fuss ;

But, in a tiff,

Just tell me if,

My pretty,

You love me,

As I love you:

Why, let us express it in a *pas de two*,

With toe and heel;

Or else a reel.

Will Tullochgorum do?

"Reel."

If you are bent

On sentiment,

With dancing you must be content;

For, love, I bring

A cure—the thing

Is just to try a Highland fling.

I am not bent

On sentiment:

The Tullochgorum time I sing.
 I'll do with you
 A *pas de two* ;
 For youth, in truth, will have its fling.
(dance the fling and exeunt, R.)

PLUTO. *(breaking out of the gate, R.)* Out and—*(seeing*
 HIPPODAMIA, *who enters by L. gate)* a lass!

HIPPO. Pirithous, I see,
 Is faithless.

PLUTO. So is Proserpine to me.
 But I'll at once— *(sees HERCULES and THESEUS)*
 And who the deuce are you ?

HERC. (L. C.) We are distinguished foreyners, *mongshoo,*
Commong vous porty, keskersaykesar,
 That's French for how-d'ye do and here we are.

PLUTO. *(savagely)* To stick you with this prong would
 not be wrong.

Comprenez vous ? this prong.

THESEUS. (R. C.) *Je nong com-prong.*
Let out for very rage, if you desire,
 And we'll write up, Pluto 'let out for ire.'

PLUTO. Who let you in ?

HERC. The gates for that provided.

PLUTO. Those gates—who was it left 'em open ?

JOHN. (L.) I did. *(PLUTO threatens him)*

EURYT. Now, don't be violent, for that won't do.

PLUTO. And who let you out? *(to EURYTION)*

JOHN. 'Spose I did that too.

PLUTO. *(to HIPPODAMIA)* And you let out.

HIPPO. I will, and show my strength.
 Being let out I'll go to any length.

PLUTO. *(to JOHN)* Fix that girl with a chain: good,
bene, bene, (JOHN handcuffs her)

HERC. *(aside to HIPPODAMIA)* I'll break that chain like
 crockery or chaney.

PLUTO. *(gets to c.)* Now blow the trumpets, summon every
 To see an act of retribution done. [one

Call out the Furies, let the Harpies play
 And telegraph the Fates to walk this way.
 Let Justice Minos, who can always awe Courts,
 Sit in the new Consolidated Law Courts;

Calljurymen, John Doe and Richard Roe,
 Pale legal forms departed long ago.
 Let shiv'ring ghosts upon the Styx's brink
 Show light with many a forgotten link
 Connecting bygone 'ears, that all shall hear
 My present judgment luminous and clear.
 I'll know the reason why, when that I've got,
 I'll show you first " who's who," and then " what's
 what"

The " Invocation " from Roberto.

PLUTO. NOW list to me,
 Hear what your doom shall be,
 Be, what it shall be !
 You'll see what you'll see !

" Pour seduire Alcmene." from " Orphee aux Enfers."

THESEUS. (*walking up to PLUTO, R. C.*) Pirithous acts
 rather coolish,
 You may do all that you can say.
 Oh, isn't Pluto looking foolish,
 Because his wife has run away.

ALL. (*pianissimo, except PLUTO*)
 Ha, ha, ha! (*pointing at PLUTO*)
 Ha, ha, ha!
 Pray forgive our laughing,
 But your wife did not adore you.
 Ha, ha, ha!

Ha, ha, ha!
 Though we're laughing, chaffing,
 Yet we're very sorry for you.
 (*fortissimo—ALL, with PLUTO, who pretends to
 laugh heartily, as if enjoying the joke*)

HERC. Oh, yes, it's very well to bluster,
 And we'll excuse your getting hot,
 The Fates and Furies you may muster,
 But I will spifflicate the lot.
 Ha, ha, ha ! &c.

HIPPO. I should be blind as any newt, oh!
 If this affair had 'scaped my eye,
 Yet will I laugh to see that Pluto
 Far more unhappy is than I!
 Ha, ha, ha ! &c.

EURYT. 'Tis very pleasant to crow o'er you.
De-fi-ci-ent you are in wit.
You made me play the cat's paw for you,
And now I see the biter bit.
Ha, ha, ha ! &c.

JOHN. Most idiotic! 'tis by half too
Mysterious for wretched me.
They cacchinate, and I must laugh to
Please 'em hys-te-ri-cal-lee!
Ha, ha, ha ! &c.

PLUTO. YOU jolly dogs, laugh on! I like you!
But you a're going rather fast.
There is a proverb that may strike you,
That he laughs longest who laughs last.
Ha, ha, ha! &c, &c.

Exeunt laughing, L.—PLUTO exit, R.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Landscape or Firescape in Tartarus—
View of the River Phlegethon.*

TANTALUS (R.) *discovered in a bath, under the sign of "The
Grapes"*—SISYPHUS (L.) *on his back, like an acrobat,
kicking up a large ball*—IXION (C.) *turning his wheel*—
Enter PIRITHOUS, R., conducted by PROSERPINE.

PIRITH. What wondrous sights to note down in my journal,
Your hot-houses, your plants, your ferns infernal!

PROSER. Yes, and our furnaces for smelting.

PIRITH. Whoppers!
And all your kitchens fitted with *hot coppers* !

PROSER. I've shewn near all our noble institutions;
This is the Pavement of Good Resolutions.

'Tis artificial ice, who slips, that man
Goes farther back than where he first began.

PIRITH. Who is the acrobat ? he'll let it fall,
Playing this game of *acrobat and ball*.

PROSER. That's Sisyphus; and that's his fate for ever.

PIRITH. Upon, my word it's really very clever!

PROSER. Tantalus here; that sign the bunch of grapes
At every bob his thirsty lip escapes ;

He'll never get as long as he shall live,
 That *pound* of grapes for all the *bobs* he'll give.
 We call him Cherry-bob. He's lazy, bulky;
 Just shew the gent your tricks; he won't, he's sulky.
 PIRITH. And who is this, that I have got my eye on ?

(IXION sighs) *That sigh, my sire.*

IXION. Yes, *that's I!*

PROSER. Ixion.

IXION. I am thy father's ghost. List, list, oh, list! you!

PIRITH. And there's his Wheel! " Oh, *Wheellie*, we have
 missed you!"

IXION. One question. Answer truly !

PIRITH. DO not doubt me.

IXION. HOW's the New Royalty get on without me ?

PIRITH. Oh, excellently well, (*to PROSERPINE*) Let him
 repair

To earth, to see what they are doing there,
 Just one day's holiday, or say a week's treat,
 One night at *Dean Street*, that shall be this *Greek's*
treat!

PROSER. Well, yes, you may put down your tasks, but stay,
 Come back directly you have seen the play.

(*eight bars of "Finale to Ixion," and exeunt*
 TANTALUS, SISYPHUS, and IXION, *dancing*—
 PROSERPINE *points the river out to PIRITHOUS*—
a boat, c. at back, glides along, R. to L.)

That's Phlegethon. (*aside*) Now for Hip-po-damia.

PIRITH. Some clever fellow's set the stream on fire.

PROSER. A boat! step in! I'll show you as we glide
 Our last improvements by the river-side;
 With draining and embanking left and and right
 We'll make our stream in time a noble sight.

(*they are now in the boat*)

Sing "*I'm afloat.*"

PIRITH. I will if you desire,

But more appropriate is the "*Ship on Fire.*"

The boat glides off, R. at back, carrying them in it.—
*Music.—Then enter, R. and. L., in front—*PLUTO,
 HERCULES, EURYTION, JOHN STYX, *and the three*
 FURIES, *flourishing their whips, led by ATE and*
 CERBERUS.

PLUTO. Well, have you found dis pair ?
 ATE. NO, don't despair!
 We'll find 'em yet if they are anywhere,
 I've got an eager band the work to do—
 Three-headed dogs and cats-o'-nine-tails, too !
 He points. (CERBERUS, C, *makes a point*)

PLUTO. (L.) They come!
 THESEUS. (L. C.) I choke!
 HERC. (L. C.) I, too, feel guggley!
 THESEUS. Hold back the dog !
 ATE. Come here, sir!
 HERC. Chain up ugly! *Exit CERBERUS, R. 2 E.*
 ATE. They haven't managed to go very far :
 They're in that skiff.
 PLUTO. I'll just ask if they are.
 PLUTO *sings, accompanying himself on his two-pronged fork,*
as the boat returns from R. to C. at back—Air, " Look forth"
 Come forth, come forth, my fairest!
 (*laughs demoniacally*)
 My Proserpine, come, do! (*laughs—PIRITHOUS assists-*
a veiled lady to alight)
 Remove the veil thou wearest.
 (*laughs—she removes the veil and discovers HIPPO-*
DAMIA, who leaves the boat as also does PIRITHOUS
—consternation)
 Hollo ! it isn't you? (*drum—all R. and L.*)
 PROSERPINE *enters with the last note and comes down R. C.*
 PLUTO. What! Proserpine ! This case must be decided.
 Who set that girl free. Speak up.
 JOHN. Well, sir, I did.
 PLUTO. HO ! you again! you shall not play with me !
 Step for'ard now, and seize him Furies three!
 Bind 'em and label 'em, Tartarean deep,
 Throw in the others, let the lot go cheap.
 HERC. Get out!
 ATE. He'll try the pris'ners to release.
 HERC. Do you want *war* before we end the *piece*?
 'Cos if you do, no minute is more fit
 Than now to make a most decided hit.
 Come on!

Enter MERCURY, R. U. E.

MERC. From Jupiter I come, and charge
You, Pluto, to set all these folks at large.

PLUTO! (L.) Well, if I must, I must!

MERC. *A must-y saying!*
Renew the dance—the games that you were playing,
During the wedding feast, when there occurred
That row.

HIPPO. (L. C.) Oh, you allude to Scene the Third.

MERC. Precisely. To my mind you now recall,
That I've an invitation for you all,
From Jove himself, who sent me here to say,
Come where in happiness ends every play ;
Where troubles are forgotten—foes united ;
Vice punished—virtue properly requited ;
Where marriages are made—

PLUTO. Where do you mean ?

MERC. Let us all come at once to the Last Scene!

SCENE LAST.

JUPITER appears enthroned.

PIRITH. (R. C.) The piece is finished, we have reached the
fag end,

Ev'ry burlesque, of course, must with a tag end.

PROSER. (R.C.) "Of course!" I don't see that. Why, don't
you know

Carriages wait, and people want to go.

EURYT. (L. C.) Pooh! pooh! one must say something for a tag.

HIPPO. (C.) So "one must live," said some one, when a wag

Replied that for his part, he must confess it, he

Did not for that acknowledge the necessity.

HERC. If thus you think of tags, best not speak any.

THESEUS. One word just now, might be just one too many.

PIRITH. Well, I must try—" Like dad, like son."

EURYT. Oh, dear!

That ancient proverb.

PIRITH. Yes; but you shall hear

A new sense to it, quite unknown before.

JOHN. You'll be a *nui-sense*, if you talk much more.

PLUTO. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit.

JOHN. I've quite done;
 Resting and thankful, with the last, worst, pun.
 PIRITH. Pirithous succeeds Ixion, ah !
 Succeeds ! I hope he may like his papa;
 Then a long course Pirithous shall run.
 If those who *did* " like father," *do* " like son."

Finale.—Air, " Walk, Jaw-bone." (Finale to Ixion).

ALL. We, in this play,
 Have brought, as one may say,
 To the notice of the town another lion.
 With Pi-ritho-*us*
 We hope it won't fare *wuss*
 Than it did with our " Ixion."
 "Like father, like son ;"
 Smile, every one,
 On this our little house's royal scion ;
 And if you ask us why,
 We'll say, because he's Pi-
 rithous, the son of our " Ixion."

*(General dance by all the Characters until the
 Curtain falls)*

STYX. ATE. PROS. MERC. PIRITH. HIPPO. THES. HERC. EURY. PLUTO.
 R. C. L.

Curtain.