

PARIS;

OR,

VIVE LEMPEIERE,

An Original Burlesque,

BY

F. C. BURNAND, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

Patient Penelope, or the Return of Ulysses; Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel; Alonzo the Brave, 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 Rosomond; Robin Hood, or The Foresters; Fete; Acis and Galatea; 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 Tag of War; Pirithous, the Son of Ixion; Windsor Castle; Dido (second edition); L'Africaine (opera-bouffe); L'Africaine (burlesque, Liverpool); Boabdil el Chico, or the Moor the Merrier; Sappho, or Look before you Leap; Our Yachting Cruise (G. Reo's); Der Freischütz or a Good Cast for a Piece; Antony and Cleopatra, or His-story and Her-story in Modern Nilo-Metre; Olympic Games, or the Major, the Miner, and the Cock-a-doodle-doo; the Latest Edition of Black-eyed Susan, or the Little Bill that was Taken up; Guy Fawkes, or the Ugly Mag and the Couple of Spoons; Helen, or Taken from the Greek; Mary Turner, or the Wicions Willin and Victorions Wirtue; The Contrabandista, or Law of the Ladrones; Humbug; The White Fawn, or the Loves of Prince Buttercup and Princess Daisy, &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 LAGY,
89, STRAND, LONDON.

*First performed at the Royal Strand Theatre, (under the management of Mrs. Swanborough,) on
Easter Monday, April 2, 1866, a new and original Grand Classical Burlesque Extravaganza,
by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled,*

P A R I S!

OR, VIVE L'EMPEREUR.

The Overture Composed and the Incidental Music Selected and Arranged by Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE.
The New & Splendid Scenery by Mr. CHARLES FENTON. Costumes by Mr. S. MAY, Mrs. RICHARDSON, & Assistants.
Appointments by Mr. BROGDEN & Assistants. Machinery by Mr. DRUMMOND & Assistants. Petruquier, Mr. IMRIE.

The Burlesque Produced under the Direction of Messrs. F. C. BURNAND & PARSELLE.

MESSIEURS CELESTIALS.

JUPITER	(King of the Gods—the ever Juvenile)	Miss ELIZA JOHNSTONE.
MERCURY	(the Royal Tiger)	Miss ELISE HOLT.
MARS	(General of the Forces)	Mr. E. IMRIE.
APPOLLO	{ President of the Royal Academy of Music, Fine Arts, and Poet Laureate to Olympus	Miss KATE GRESHAM.
CUPID	(an Old Love)	Mr. H. J. TURNER.

PARIS.

AN ORDINARY MORTAL.

CENONE { a Shepherdess married to Mister Alexander, mentioned below } Mr. THOMAS THORNE.
by us, and by the Gods above.

AN EXTRA-ORDINARY MORTAL.

PARIS { Known among the Peasants of Mount Ida as Alexander the Little, Chairman } Miss RAYNHAM.
of the "Irregular Rips," and G.M. of the "Jolly Dog Club."
FIRST PLEASURE Miss WAITERS. SECOND PLEASURE . . . Miss BROWN.
THIRD PLEASURE . . . Miss SHAVEY.
APPOLLO'S GROOMS . . . Misses HANDLAM and LENNOX.

Scene 1.—CUIPID'S TEA-ROSE GARDENS.

Arrival of the Gods.
The GOLDEN PIPIN,

TO PARIS AND BACK.

Scene 2.—CHENONH'S COTTAGE.

The Return of Rip—He promises Rip-aration—The Broomstick—Entrance of Three Swells in Disguise—
Departure.

Scene 3.—**MOUNT IDA!**

“How Happy could anyone be with Ida.”—The Pic-Nic—Popping the Champagne Question.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

THE ROYAL ASCENT!

Scene 4.—**MERCURY'S MESSAGE OFFICE.**

GENOUÉ in Despair—The Telegram—The Gallant Cupid—The Gemini proceeding to Revenge themselves—
News of Helen and Paris.

Scene 5.—**CY THERA.**

Venus gives a Fete Champetre—Paris received among the Immortals—More News of Helen—Castor and
Pollux give an Entertainment—Reconciliation of Ehone and Paris—Grand Regatta in celebration of the
Happy event, inaugurated by

V E N U S R I S I N G F R O M T H E S E A !

PARIS;

OR,

VIVE LEMPRIERE.



SCENE FIRST.—*Cupid's Tea-Rose Gardens. House,*
L. PLEASURE *as head waiter*—various PLEASURES *in*
attendance as waiters.

Enter MERCURY, R., dressed as a royal tiger.

MERCURY. What ho! within there, Psyche ?

Enter PSYCHE, L.

PSYCHE. Here I am. (*L. C. of table.*)
(*MERCURY sits at table and takes off hat, gloves,*
bouquet, &c.)

MERCURY. Sorry to disturb you, ma'am.
You know, perhaps, the gods are at a marriage
On earth; I'm going to fetch the royal carriage.
So at the half-way house I stopped to see
How you and Cupid are, and take some tea.

(*WAITER takes the order.*)

Psyche, you're ong-bong, pointish quite.

PSYCHE. Thank'ye, (*WAITER places tea for MERCURY,*
who sits) Your uniform is very bright.

MERCURY. You may associate, as well you knows,
The name of *Bright* with this *court suit* of clothes.

PSYCHE. (*pouring out tea, MERCURY sitting at table, L*)
 Made from tea-roses; you will like the flavour.
 What is the meaning of that wedding favour?

MERCURY. (*to PSYCHE—rises*) Peleus and Thetis are
 to-day united,
 And all the gods are there.

PSYCHE. (L. C.) We were invited,
 But we don't care to meet the same old set,
 And sometimes up in earth it is *so* wet;
 And Cupid's delicate, and catches old
 So easily ; you see, were getting old.

MERCURY. Aged and immortal ! don't see the affinity.

PSYCHE. My dear, I wasn't always a divinity.

(WAITER *takes cap from MERCURY.*)

MERCURY. And what, does Cupid ?

PSYCHE. Sometimes he reposes,
 Merely from habit, on a bed of roses.
 Cupid!

(*crosses to c. A rosebud, R., opens and discovers
 CUPID awaking—he is stout, and middle-aged.*)

CUPID. I'm here.

PSYCHE. And you've been there for hours !
 I told you not to sleep among the flowers.

(CUPID *stretches himself and gets up with difficulty*)

MERCURY. Just see him rise—he used to jump and
 chirp in't—

Slowly from that *fair rose* like *Pharo's* serpint.

CUPID. Oh dear, I've got rheumatics in the wings !

(*crosses to L.*)

PSYCHE. You shouldn't go and do such stupid things.

(*" Paddy's Wedding " heard without, R., played
 on Irish pipes.*)

PSYCHE. (*looking off, R.*) Here's a new face to me.

MERCURY. Ah ! (*crosses to it.*) keep your eye on
 Our Irish constellation.

PSYCHE. (L. C.) Name ?

MERCURY. (R., *pronouncing it like an Irish name*)

Orion.

A life made up of song, fun, fighting, his is.

Enter ORION, R.

ORION. The tip-top of the morning to ye, missis.

SONG.—" *Widow Machree.* "

I've left upon airth many purty young gals,
 O'hone, Misthress Psyche!
 At Payleus and Thaytis's swate nuptials,
 O'hone, Misthress Psyche!
 The time to beguile,
 They would flatter and smile,
 And dance in the style
 Of ould Tipperaree.
 But none were down there
 Any way to compare
 Wid you, Miathress Psyche!
 But that's not praycoisely what I've got to say—
 O'hone, Misthress Psyche!
 The gods and goddesses come here to tay
 Wid you, Misthress Psyche !
 But tay made with roses,
 Bar titling our noses,
 Can't aigual, one s'poses,
 A drop o' whiskey.
 Sure, I'd be decoyed,
 If you said, " stip asoide."
 O'hone, Misthress Psyche ! *

MERCURY. Instead of that uncomfortable bedding,
 Why weren't you, Master Cupid, at the wedding ?
 You snooze away the day up here above.

CUPID. I at a wedding! (*much amused*) I, the God of
 Love!

It's too absurd, or I'd be in a passion.
 Why, don't you know that I am not the fashion ?
 'Tis Hymen's business just to tie the knot,†**

* Orion goes up with Psyche—Waiter gives Orion a tumbler of
 whiskey at back. Mercury and Cupid R. L., meet down c.

** Psyche comes down, L., Orion at back drinking.

And folks don't ask " where's love ? " but " what's he got ? " *

PSYCHE. I used to think that Hymen was your brother; You carry torches just like one another.

CUPID. Mine's a consuming torch; you'll find, I think, That *Hymen's torch* is much more like a *link*.

ORION. Is this the Cupid of the poet's lines ?
The little chap I've seen on valentines. (to MERCURY.
You'll be as bad as Discord's goddess, who
Is just a taste more ving'ry than you. (to CUPID.)

MERCURY. To this 'ere wedding she was not invited.

PSYCHE. (L.) Ate is not a party to be slighted.

MERCURY. (R.) She passed me looking very fierce and haughty. (down R.)

PSYCHE. *Ate !* she's spiteful as a maid of *forty*.
Of course I wouldn't say a single word

Against a friend like Ate, but I've heard
She's going to give the gods—(horn heard without, R.)†

MERCURY. A blow ! the coach ! (MERCURY looks off.
Diana's horn—the deities approach.

CUPID. The royal eagle! they'll have some disaster.
My—what a pace ! Who's driving ?

ORION. That's young Castor.**

MERCURY. His brother Pollux sits close by him.§

PSYCHE. Who ?

MERCURY. Castor and Pollux; don't you know the?
two ?

Twins—sons of Laeda, who, though charged with crimes
Falsely, was *the first Loeda of the Times*.

ORION. (R.) Lovely!

CUPID. (R. C.) Each boy is then Jove's-----

MERCURY. Poor relation.

They're knighted.

* Waiter is going off, R., with glass; Mercury stops him and pays him. Waiter exits into house. Orion comes down, R. c.

† Cupid goes up and looks out, while Mercury adjusts his hat, gloves, &c. Orion crosses to Psyche, L., and tries to induce her to give him another drop.

** Goes up to Cupid.

§ Coming down, drawing on his gloves to L. by Psyche.

PSYCHE. Knighted!

MERCURY. Made a constellation.

ORION. Pollux the pugilistic science loves;
He is, I'm told, a stunner with the gloves.
His nose upon me fist I've often felt—
Sure an' he'll never win Orion's belt.

(spars at CUPID, who doesn't seem to see it.)

MERCURY. Castor's a first-rate whip, and ever feels,
That *Castor's* not at home except with *wheels*.

*(Music. Grand entrance of GODS, after the manner
of a circus—CASTOR driving a car made like a
large golden peacock, POLLUX by his side; they
are both made up, as to the face, precisely alike.
In the procession are JUPITER—riding on an
eagle, and attended by GANYMEDE as tiger—
JUNO, MINERVA, VENUS, MARS, APOLLO, DIANA,
&c.)*

Chorus from "Ba-ta-can." Offenbach.

Tenor and Soprano. }	Jupiter, I
	Never say die,
	I dunno why.
	Mercury, Di-
	Ana, she's by.
	Cupid and I
	Never say die,
	Mercury fie,
	Somebody try
	Jupiter I, &c., &c.

MARS. (*bass*) Venus, Mars, and Apollo,
Mercury, Diana with her bow,
Gods and goddesses; a show
Out of Lempriere, whom we all know.

ORION. (*baritone*) Lempriere,
You are aware,
Has written legends
Of the gods whom here you now may see ;
Stories, scandals, of the gods in sandals,
Who have all, with Cupid, come in to take tea.

JUNO. (*L., descending from car*) Well, a more pleasant car one seldom sits in.

(*exeunt PSYCHE and GANYMEDE into house and return with refreshments, and hand them to the compmy.*)

CASTOR. (*C., touches his hat*) Apollo, tell your groom to take the titts in.

Pollux, take round the hat.

(*the car is taken off by APOLLO.*)

POLLUX. (*R., roughly and pugilistically*) You're not my master,

But brother; (*affectionately embracing*) well, I'll go round with the *Castor*.

(*POLLUX takes the hat round, offers it to VENUS and collects.*)

VENUS. Of such vulgarity I didn't dream

In *Castor*.

CASTOR. (*flicking his whip*) How I had to whip the cream!

All up the milky way I made 'em toil,
The hind wheels creaked; they want—

VENUS. What, *Castor*!

CASTOR. (*quickly*) Oil.

(*VENUS turns up stage disgusted.*)

JUNO. Jove, who are those low folks?

JUPITER. That's not the way

To mention my relations, Mrs. J.

JUNO. I won't have country cousins at our levees.

JUPITER. Cousins! excuse me, they are my two newies

VENUS. They need improvement—you had better send Them both to school. *Nevvy* too late to mend.

POLLUX. (*to CASTOR, they have been tossing for the contents of the hat*) Woman! a tail!

JUNO. D'ye hear, Jove, what they said?

CASTOR. (*to POLLUX*) Just look at Juno; can't she toss a head?

JUPITER. (*to JUNO*) I'd better introduce them.

JUNO. (*L. C., sulkily*) I shan't answer.

JUPITER. (*crossing to L.*) The gemini! Queen Juno!

CASTOR. (*to POLLUX*) What a prancer!

(*JOVE presents them to JUNO, who receives them haughtily—they bow extravagantly.*)

CASTOR. I hope I sees you, mum. (*takes her hand.*)

JUNO. (*wincing*) Seize me!

(*CASTOR backs on to POLLUX.*)

POLLUX. Don't shove.

Tip us your daddle, mum—excuse my glove.

(*POLLUX stretches out his hand, on which is a large boxing-glove.*)

I drives a blow: he drives a horse and chaise,
Each likes a *box*, ma'am, tho' in different ways.

JUNO. Thank you.

JUPITER. And Castor fond, too of the chase is,
And races, Castor ?

CASTOR. Yes, *Don-Castor Races*.

JUNO. Why, that's not half a joke.

CASTOR. It isn't; but

You see it's *a joke that I just cut*.

JUPITER. Now, gemini, to satisfy my dame, here,
Tell 'em all who you are and how you came here.

DUET.—AIR.—" *What do you lay it's a lie.*"

CASTOR. Oh, some of you must have seen,
Or have heard of the fact from some others,
The eminent Mister Charles Kean,
Performing the Corsican Brothers.
They were joined by a magnetic tie—
Each voice had the very same sqaeak,
When one had a blow in the eye,
The other's was blue for a week.

POLLUX. These brothers to show, I defy,
Such a likeness from crowns to their shins,
As you see in the true Gemini,
The real original twins.
We beat e'en the famed Siamese;
From one egg we've both sprang, you've
heard tell,
You may see we're as like as two *peas*,
And we came from the very same *shell*.

CASTOR. The doctor pronounced upon oath
That the likeness between us was sich,
He could never tell either from both,
And always took t'other for which;
And when we were able to run,
We puzzled our nurse and our mother,
Who settled if either was one,
'Twas evident neither was t'other.

POLLUX. In a paper we read t'other day,
'Twas under the heading of tattle,
That both of us fought in a fray,
And that one had been killed in a battle.
'Twas a fact not admitting a doubt;
With grief we were both of us filled,
Although we could never find out
Which it was of the two had been killed.

CASTOR. Jove said, when he heard what was done,
I'll knight the survivor, that's fair;
But to make sure of knighting the one,
He took us and knighted the pair.
And thus it turns out that we're here,
A shining in boisterous weather,
We never come out when it's clear,
For we're sure to get muddled together.

BOTH. For music a voice we have got,
And an ear for a tune right or wrong,
But still I am puzzled to know,
Which it has been singing a song.

(they go up talking with GODS

CUPID. *(attempting to strike an attitude on one leg)* Well,
mother.

VENUS. *(horrified)* Mother! don't come any closer.
Fat as a *butcher*, each day growing *grosser*.
My son ! Minerva!

MINERVA. *(to VENUS)* Yes, we're oft observed
It's strange how well his mother is preserved.

*(ORION comes down having his cup filled by GANY-
MEDE, with whom he has been laughing and
talking.*

JUPITER. (*calling*) Ganymede! (GANYMEDE *turns abruptly from ORION, and goes to JUPITER.*)

ORION. Gany-maid ? what maid ? Sure oi,
Up to this moment thought he was a boy. (*drinks.*)
Drink.

CASTOR. Not just now, we may get into trouble,
Because we two so easily see double.

(ORION *stops GANYMEDE as he leaves JUPITER, and gets his glass filled—he goes L.*)

POLLUX. Up in the skies, up here, if it's allowed,
I think I'd like to blow the fragrant cloud.

CASTOR. If you know sky-high manners, you should
know

What plainly you do *not*—that *clouds is low*.

Enter MERCURY with box, L. U. E., and crosses to c.

Cigars, young man ?

MERCURY. Don't put your hand upon it—
(*to GODDESSES*) 'Tisn't an artificial wreath or bonnet.
Ladies, Miss Ate, wishing to be pleasant,
Though she can't come, has sent you all a present.
Searching the carriage, 'cording to my duty,
I found this in the *boot*, (*from the bandbox he produces a magnificent golden apple.*)

VENUS. Oh, what a *booty!*
Give it to me.

MINERVA. To me.

JUNO. To me.

JUPITER. (*astonished at her conduct*) Ju-no!

VENUS. I lost one like it, oh, some time ago.

CUPID. I'll have it. (*sneezes and winces.*)

PSYCHE. No ; to bed you'll soon be toddlin'.

CASTOR. He don't want *pippins* but a little *coddlin*.

POLLUX. While they are talking, brother, one might
slip in.

ORION. Knock down the lot and take the golden pippin.

CASTOR. Halves!

POLLUX. Halves! (*they shake hands.*)

ORION. Fair halves.

JUPITER. I won't have any fighting.

MERCURY. All round the apple there's a ring of writing.

(*POLLUX and ORION appear inclined to interrupt the proceeding. CASTOR gets between them and pacifies both. At the mention of " ring " they both throw themselves into pugilistic attitudes, and hit, accidentally, CUPID, who gets between them. PSYCHE takes care of him, and ORION and POLLUX are mollified by CASTOR.*)

MERCURY. (*spelling*) " Of F-R-£ruits this is the R-A-rarest,
'Tis to be given to the F-A-I-R-E-fairest."

(*tableau, with MERCURY in the c.*)

VENUS. (C.) Ate has sent it, and it's meant for me.

JUNO. (L.) For you, dear ? No, I don't think that can be.

MINERVA. (R.) Oh, no, love, not for you the Apple's sent.

JUNO. (*crossing to MINERVA, R., and getting c.*) Then you agree ?

MINERVA. Quite so. For *me* 'twas meant.

VENUS. (L.) You're dark, you're not the *fairest*, that's the word—

MINERVA. (R.) Oh ! my dear love, your argument's absurd.

JUNO. (C.) Ridiculous, sweet pet! she's talking nonsense.

JUPITER. (*L. C.*) Let's go by dictionaries—send for Johnson's.

CUPID. (L.) Let Jupiter decide.

VENUS. Bad boy! as *you* know
He must sum up in favour of Queen Juno.

JUNO. He'd better.

JUPITER. (C.) Ah! as I've an interest here,
Why, honestly, I couldn't interfere.
Be good, and—

JUNO. You're a nice one to be moral.

MERCURY. Upon Mount Pelion you didn't quarrel,
When at the wedding—

VENUS. Oh, your month's a mealy 'un.
Pelion, pooh! we now dispute a *peely'un*.
 MERCURY. *Pollux*, you be the judge.
 POLLUX. No, I'm not game!
 You're thinking of Chief Baron *Pollock's* name.
 Divide it equally.
 VENUS. I'll be no sharer
 With anyone who may be thought the fairer.
 JUPITER. (*takes the apple*) Since all these propositions
 you deride,
 Let some unbiassed mortal this decide.
 JUNO. Agreed!
 MINERVA. Agreed !
 VENUS. Agreed ! but who ?
 MERCURY. I can,
 I rather fancy, name the very man.
 There dwells close to Mount Ida, upon earth,
 A youth, a shepherd, though of noble birth ;
 He doesn't know his true name's Paris, and a
 Peasant who reared him called him Alexander.
 POLLUX. I know the youth, a lazy merry chap,
 Never goes out of doors *except to tap*.
 CASTOR. He's married to a country girl, CEnooe,
 Of whom he's tired I will bet a pony.
 JUPITER. This notion cannot anyone embarrass—
 VENUS. Charming idea ! I've never been to Paris.
 JUPITER. (*to CASTOR, POLLUX, and MERCURY*) You
 fetch the youth—his whereabouts you'll learn ;
 We'll wait upou Mount Ida your return.
 CASTOR. But how to get to Paris, to this lad ?
 MERCURY. Pshaw!
 Summon the god of locomotion—Bradshaw!
 (*the Divine Bradshaw appears bearing a book.*
 Through obstacles o'er every road he runn'th.
 JUPITER. What's that ?
 MERCURY. His guide, sir, for the current month.
 VENUS. He's dumb.
 MERCURY. Oh, no; but though words from him fall.
 He seldom tells you anything at all. (*opens guide.*
 One forty-five—each station—forty-five—
 It starts—it does—no—it does *not* arrive.

CASTOR. (*looking over*) Three forty: that's our fellow.
 (*takes the book*) That'll do.
 It gets mixed up with what went off at *two*.
 ORION. Pooh! let me see; (*takes the book*) there, there,
 I've hit upon't,
 It stops—a station short of what we want.
 CUPID. I've got it, this arrives at *two*.
 VENUS. (*taking the look*) Dear me!
 That's very odd, because it starts at *three*.
 MERCURY. I give it up.
 CASTOR. I'm beaten.
 POLLUX. I'm done brown.
 CASTOR. I've an idea—try it upside down.
 MERCURY. Ah, here's a passage everything explains.
 Divines, you don't object to Sunday trains?
 ALL. No, no!
 MERCURY. "The Sunday trains," to this I came—
 (*finds the passage*)
 Ah, yes—"Will run on Monday just the same."
 JUPITER. (*kneeling to Bradshaw*) Marvellous guide to
 every sort of place.
 Defying equally both time and space.
 JUPITER. (*kneeling to Bradshaw*) We ask you to point
 out this way or that to us,
 VENUS. Dance not before us like an *ignis fatuus*,
 A Jack-o'-Lantern imp, or Pack-like elf,
 Explain—if you can make it out yourself.
 (*Bradshaw displays a large posting-bill with "Paris
 and back direct," &c, on it.*)
 CASTOR. Although one can go anywhere by train,
 I see that *posting's* coming in again.
 MERCURY. This all the deities I think will suit,
 "Paris and back direct—the cheapest route."

FINALE.

Air—"A Railroad Galop." By F. Musgrave.

ORION. Run up a line and go express,
 We've scarcely time to stop to dress—
 Oh! hullabaloo, the luggage bring,
 For look, the bell's a going to ring.

CASTOR. Up, up, up, up, we run,
And then go down, down, down, oh!
Ratteling under tun-
nels—taking us right into town, oh!

MINERVA. Up, up, up, we run,
The terminus we gain,
Then pass the wicket—give the ticket,
So we go by train.

*(Grand Railroad Dance of all the GODS and
GODDESSES—Tableau, and scene closed in.)*

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of a Cottage. Door, L. C.
Window, R. c.*

Enter OENONE, R.

OENONE. Well, what a wife goes through, I do suppose
Not one—that is, no *single* person knows;
Last night he smiles at me, my husband do,
And says "I'm going out," says I, "Where to?"
Says he, which ain't polite, "What's that to you?"
"Nothing to me," I says, "I only ask,
Of course, if 'Ollow 'arts will wear a mask,'
Then, as the poet says, the time will be
When, Alexander, 'You'll remember me.'"
Says he, "I shan't be late," and chucks my chin.
Says I, "Dear, I'll sit up and let you in."
As he *will* stop for just another cup,
It's he that *lets me in* for sitting up.
I've half a mind to take my shawl and clogs,
And go and fetch him from those "Jolly Dogs."

PARIS. *(at window)* Is de vild cat come home?

OENONE. *(aside by window)* Vild cat! oh, dear!

PABIS. Is de *vild cat* in?

OENONE. Vild cat! We, *mouseer*.

*(As PARIS steps in through the window she catches
him by his ear and brings him forward.)*

PARIS. Who's put me in this painful situation?

OENONE. Your wife.

PARIS. I thought it was *an ear* relation.

OENONE. What were you saying at that window, eh?

PARIS. What did I say? *(hiccuping.)*

OENONE. (*firmly*) I ask, what did you say ?
 You're tipsy—when you're so your voice is thicker.
 Speak out or taste a different sort of *liquor*, (*grouping*
broomstick.)

PARIS. (*slowly*) When I say-----

OENONE. Wild cat

PARIS. I mean (*hiccup*) wild cat.

OENONE. Oh,

Whom did you mean by wild cat ?

PARIS. (*slowly*) I don't know.

OENONE. Don't you indeed ? I must your memory jog.

PARIS. By wild cat, I suppose, I meant the dog;
 And when I say de dog, I mean my Schneider—
 He's been with me a walking, near Mount Ida—
 But there, I'll never do so any more.

OENONE. How often you have promised that before.

PARIS. But now I am in earnest.

OENONE. Could I think

You're speaking truth—

PARIS. I am; I've sworn off drink.

DUET.—" *The Lavender Girl*"

PARIS. OEnone dear, be sure that I
 To be a better boy will try;
 I have sworn off, and that is why,
 It shan't again occur.

Da Capo { You knock my heart to smithereens,
both. { We'll have no more domestic scenes,
 { To mark this day your husband means,
 { Red in the calendar.

OENONE. My A-lex-and-er, you have oft
 Promised, and my heart is soft—
 Were you unwell, or only coughed,
 I would not be a tease.
 But you knock my heart to smithereens,
 For you do live above your means—
 You'll have to come to selling beans,
 And I'll cry oranges.

BOTH. But you knock, &c.

PARIS. Now as your husband's hungry, dear, he begs

You'll lay the breakfast things and lay the eggs.

(*exit OENONE, R.*)

The only way to lead the women blindly

Is to take care to treat 'em very kindly.

I think that I will drink your health, my dear;

(*pulls bottle out of his pocket.*)

Out comes the stopper.

*Re-enter OENONE, R., she observes him and advances quietly,
but threateningly.*

And I pat it-----

OENONE. (*snatching the bottle away*) Here !

No, not another drop shall wet your lipy

You are a thorough good for nothing Rip.

PARIS. (*pretending to cry*) These tears-----

OENONE. Are womanish. I'll bet a guinea

You're only *womanish* because you're *ginny*.

You Rip Van Winkle, you— (*scattering the liquor*)

PARIS. The floor don't sprinkle,

'Tis only cider.

OENONE. Smells like *perry*, *Winkle*.

PARIS. Well, that *sounds fishy*.

OENONE. I allow cigars

Or pipes, but this is a *jar*, that causes *jars*.

O, Alexander—

PARIS. Preaching's very fine,

Suppose you hold *your jar*, and give me mine.

Come, stop your *din*.

OENONE. (*violently*) I won't! don't laugh, you grinner.

PARIS. Too much at once, a breakfast and a *dinner*,

With this poor shepherd you go much too far;

I'll seek my baa-lambs. (*going.*)

OENONE. Lambs! you'll seek the *bar*—

The tap where tipsy shepherds drink their swipes,

Smoking and singing-----

PARIS. Shepherd's tuneful pipes.

I married you because I used to love you—

I always felt myself a cut above you;

About my birth there is some sort of mystery—

I'm sure that I'm a character in history,

And since you will not let me touch the quartern,
I'll leave you, and I'll go to seek my fortun'.
Farewell! The day may come, or slow or quick,
When I may keep my *Broom*—

OENONE. Now take the *stick*.

(she runs at him with broomstick, he dodges, and the door opens, CASTOR receives the blow, and immediately passes it on to POLLUX, who "takes the smack," while MERCURY hops in at the window.)

MERCURY. Of all this violence what is the occasion ?

PARIS. Sir, I was undergoing *whacksination*.

MERCURY. I thought you have no work now; hope that I'm

Correct. You see it's whack-ation time.

CASTOR. We first prevented you from getting peppered.

MERCURY. Your name is Alexander—

PARIS. Or Jack Shepherd.

OENONE *turns on him*.

MERCURY. Yes—born here ?

(OENONE crosses in front of CASTOR.)

PARIS. Since you home the question push,

I wasn't; I was found at Shepherd's Bush.

OENONE. And who may you be ?

(trying to push past PARIS.)

MERCURY. Learn with some surprise,

That, madam, I'm a swell, tho' in disguise.

CASTOR. (L. C.) We too-----

POLLUX. (L.) Are swells.

MERCURY. On that account don't shirk us.

OENONE. We're not afraid, air, this is not a work'us.

(pushes past PARIS.)

Inspect the place all day, or after dark.

CASTOR. I'm going to make a "casual" remark:

We've come with a short message for this laddie

From your old father.

PARIS. "Daddy, kind old daddy."

I never saw him.

POLLUX. No, but some time since

We found that you're a ——

PARIS. What ?
 OENONE. (*threateningly*) Ah, what ?
 POLLUX. A prince!
 PARIS. This realizes, then, my vision dim.
 MERCURY. For Hecuba-----
 OENONE. What's Hecuba to him—
 Or he to Hecuba, the one to t'other ?
 CASTOR. Nothing *par*-ticular, except his mother.
 (OENONE gets R., CASTOR round to R. extreme, *com-*
forting her. MERCURY to door L. in flat, PARIS
 c, POLLUX L. C.)
 OENONE. His *mother—smother* me!
 PARIS. Let's see—then I am
 The son of-----
 POLLUX. Hecuba, the wife of Priam.
 MERCURY. Away ! (*taking PARIS'S arm*)*
 OENONE. What, Alexander without *me* !
 PARIS. Ma'am, from henceforth of course you'll have
 to be
 A mere nonentity, a Missis Harris,
 And drop the Alexander. I am (MERCURY *whispers him*)
 Paris!
 I'm forced to say—you mustn't be annoyed—
 Our marriage contract is all null and void.
 OENONE. What! do you mean to tell me you and I
 Aren't man and wife ?
 PARIS. Precisely so; good-bye--
 There's something to go on with—(*gives money*) make it
 do.
 OENONE. I'll give you something to go off with, too.
 CASTOR. Do take it like a lamb.
 OENONE. Oh, highty-tighty!
 PARIS. And you'll be allowed, *pendente lite*,
 Your *alimony*. **
 OENONE. That word I don't know,
 But it does sound, I must say, very low.
 POLLUX. It means, you'll leave your cottage in the
 valley,

* Mercury comes down L. C. Pollux gets L. Mercury takes
 Paris by the left arm to lead him up to door in flat,

** Paris and Mercury go up L. to back. Pollux crosses to OEnone

And scrape on with your *money* in an *alley*.

CASTOR. Where rats and mice will swarm about the craters,

Your ankles, saving you wear *alley-gaiters*.

MERCURY. (C.) No, 'tis a Paris term, she don't comprong.

Money to *allez* with to get along.

OENONE. (*sees PARIS laughing*) I'm in distress, and you can be a joker.

PARIS. (L. C.) OEnone, you're a second *Alley Croaker*.

Your voice is getting *hoarse* from being *naggy*.

I cannot love you, cos you're much too scraggy.

MERCURY. But he'll adore your memory, OEnone,*

As Paris does the memory of *Boney*.

OENONE. I am not false, like some who make a tidy

Show with a crinoline, I'm *honey fide*,

Oh, Alexander, I can't lose your love.+

(*going to him is stopped by CASTOR.*)

CASTOR. Ma'am, in a corner you shall not be druv,

'Twixt man and wife to interfere I'm loth;

Because one gets pitched into by them both.

I've got my dog-cart waiting as you'll find,

Do me the honour to jump up behind,

I'll take you both, the springs will stand the load.

OENONE. Oh, sir.

CASTOR. (*aside to PARIS*) And we can drop her on the road.

OENONE. If you'll allow me, I'll just change my cap.**

POLLUX. (C, *to CASTOR*) Your dog-cart! good, she don't suspect the *trap*.§

PARIS. Now, don't take long to dress yourself, you girl you,

* Mercury links his arm in that of Paris, as if going up L. and over.

† Castor gets up to window, R., as if looking out for the trap.

** Paris politely passes her across him, to L., and then assists in getting her shawl. Castor comes down L. C, Pollux, c. Castor follows OEnone, and gets extreme L., holding her looking-glass for her, &c.

§ Pollux gets up to window, and Mercury gets c, then Pollux gets R.

OENONE. I'll do it like a *bird*, (*doing her hair.*)

CASTOR. She means a *curl-ew*.

POLLUX. She don't use oil.

OENONE. No, I for water care,

Poured from a *jug*.

CASTOR. Ah ! very nice—*jugged hair*.

MERCURY. (*winking to CASTOR, while OENONE, at the tide, is changing her cap, doing her hair, putting on bonnet and shawl, after the rapid act of change performed by Nan in " Good for Nothing."*) Castor, of course, in driving you'll be steady ?•

OENONE. My hair's a little rough, but now I'm *reddy*.

PARIS. " I like to be a swell." (*seeing OENONE'S large umbrella*)

Oh! that umbrelly.

How Gampish!

OENONE. Yes, it looks a little *smelly*.

QUARTETTE.—AIR—" *I'd like to be a Swell.*"

PARIS. 'Tis here, OEnone, you're aware,
My moralizing ends,
I quit the country sun and air,
To go off with my friends.
I've married far below my rank,
As anyone can tell,
I always felt that, to be frank,
I'd like to be a swell.

(*doing a sliding step.*)

For if I was a swell,
I'd do the thing so well,
I'd walk this way,
That they should say,
Oh, isn't he a swell

ALL. (*moving*) For if $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{he} \\ \text{I} \end{array} \right\}$ was a swell, &c.

POLLUX. The pugilistic swell has lots
Of wraps but turns out neat;
He wears a tie with bird's-eye spots,
And highlows on his feet.

* Paris assisting her with shawl.

MERCURY. Oh, that may be your style, it's true,
 But 'twon't suit Mister P.,
 He ought to copy me, not you,
 And then a swell he'd be.
(Walking) That I am quite a swell,
 To you I needn't tell,
 With half an eye
 You'll see that I
 Am quite the tip-top swell.

ALL. *(as before)* Yes, he is quite, &c.

OENONE. In handsome gems and jewel'ry
 I'd dress when at a ball,
 My pattens and umbrella I
 Would leave down in the hall.

CASTOR. Of swells, if I'd the choice, I'd be
 A literary swell,
 And keep a broom with lots of room,
 To drive about Pall Mall.

(Walking) For I'd like to be a swell,
 A tip-top nonpareil,
 And a night afford
 For the casual ward,
 But quite as a tip-top swell.

ALL. For we would like to be swells,

All tip-top nonpareils,
 We would afford
 The casual ward
 But only as tip-top swells.

(Dance and exeunt.)

SCENE THIRD.—On *Mount Ida*.

*The GODS at a pic-nic. JUPITER, JUNO, MINERVA, CUPID,
 PSYCHE, MARS, APOLLO, &c. GANYMEDE hands round
 wine, then retires to a corner and feeds voraciously on
 some sort of tart.*

JUPITER. Confound that Bradshaw, quite against my
 will,
 He takes us to the bottom of the hill,

Then tells us we must walk to where we're seated,*
(signals to take wine with PSYCHE.+
 Because the upper level's not completed.
 Orion, hand the pie. Why, gracious me
 The fellow's mouth's as full as it can be.
(JUNO takes empty dish from him, and sternly calls
him down.
 JUNO. Come hither, boy, dost thou know young Jack
 Horner **
 Sat by himself, one Christmas, in a corner,
 Where, with big mouth but a much bigger eye,
 He feasted on the seasonable pie ?
 With thumb inserted he a single raisin
 Pulled out, and, therewith, fell himself a praisin'.
 Saying, " How excellent a youth am I!"
 Meaning that he'd not eaten *all* the pie.
(showing dish quite cleaned out.
 You're quite unfitted for the gods' society.
 ORION. No, ma'am, for I'm remarkable for *piety*.§
 JUPITER. Cupid, a glass; we've sorts of wine, sir,
 various. ||
 CUPID. The *air* upon the *hill* makes me Various.***
 MINERVA. But where is Venus, what can have delayed
 her?
 VENUS *appears on an eminence with an alpenstock.* ++
 JUPITER. She comes #
 VENUS *(in difficulties as to descending)* Assist me!

* Orion, L., extracts an enormous pie from hamper, and gets rid of hamper at wing. Ganymede pours out for Jupiter, and walks round in front to Psyche; he stands rather in front of her and fills his glass.

+ Nods to Psyche—drinks—Orion is eating voraciously—Ganymede pours out for Minerva, who takes wine with Apollo,

** Juno brings Orion down c.

§ Return to places—Juno assisted by Mars on his L.

|| Jupiter is helped by Ganymede. Drinks with Cupid.

*** Cupid has got hold of a bottle—he is about to fill for himself after drinking, when it is removed by Psyche.

++ Venus appears L. above Orion. Cupid, Jupiter, Apollo, raise their glasses and welcome her.

Orion gets L. c, looking up at her, using a soda-water tumbler M a telescope.

ORION Sure, I fly to aid her (*Ada*).

VENUS. Thanks.*

ORION. It's hard ground. I've bruises black and brown.

VENUS. Hard, being *Ida up*, not *eider down*.
I thought we were to go to Paris.

JUPITER. Pooh!

My dear, that is a thing that mortals do,+
So as *we* cannot visit Paris, thus
We manage matters—Paris comes to us.++

JUNO. When Mah'met to the mountain cannot get,
Ton see the mountain comes to Mahomet.
Our messengers, you know, were sent to get him.
Talking of *Mahomet*, they *may ha' met* him.||

POLLUX. Hallo, my hearties, have you any cup—any
Eatables ?

CASTOR. (*without*, R.) Hi—look out! tuck in your tup-
penny.

(CASTOR gives a back, POLLUX overs him and
enters R.)

Over! there's no deception.

(*they strike an attitude like acrobatic bounding
brothers.*)

JUPITER. Where's the shepherd ?

CASTOR. Found, sir; his wife's a tiger, or a leopard.
To your will, Jove, he wishes to be dutiful,

* L. C, Orion L. Ganymede assists Venus to wine, and returns to his place. Orion gallantly gives Venus his place, L., and waits upon her, standing a little behind, and rather to her R. Mars attends upon her, L.

+Minerva is assisted by Cupid on to the ground. Psyche rises and attends to Cupid, brushing him, &c.

++ Jupiter rises and comes down R.C, turns and talks to Minerva. Psyche is now standing R., talking to Cupid, who is sitting on bank. Minerva, three-quarter face, turned towards audience, standing next to Cupid, but quite at the foot of bank, talking to Jupiter, who is standing easily with one foot resting on the incline, Apollo, R. C, up the bank, lying and looking out on to the distant view at back. Juno down c, Orion L.C., a little behind Venus. Venus L., seated.

§ Castor R., then Pollux " overs " him, and gets C. and L. of Castor. Ganymede and Orion drinking.

So he has left the *plain* to see the *beautiful**

POLLUX. As we have reached the summit of the rock,
Give us a glass of *summat*.

JUPITER. Name it.

CASTOR. Oc +

A light French wine! just pass the bottle round.

ORION. French wine—*Och!* sure that has an Irish
sound. ++

CASTOR. (*calling to GANYMEDE*) Well, the champagne,
or anything that's fizzible. §

ORION. Here Paris comes—faix let's all be invisible.

(*JUPITER and the other GODS and GODESSES stand
in attitudes. JUPITER waves his hand.*)

CASTOR. I see you.

POLLUX. Ah, I'm looking at you.

ORION. (*watching*) Will yez

Be quiet, boys, a moment, I tell yez.

JUPITER. Now hide and seek—(*making JUNO get back*)
a little more, my queen.

Venus, more bac—your toes can still be seen.

POLLUX. (*to CASTOR*) And you should get a little backer
too.

CASTOR. (*to POLLUX*) If you don't get *more backer*
they'll *smoke you*.

Now then, all hide; you here, and you beside her.

What is the name of this 'ere mountain ?

CASTOR. (*shuts him up*) *Hider.*

* Juno goes up and stands on the eminence c. at back, shading her eyes as if watching for Paris coming. Venus goes L. and looks off with the same idea. Jupiter explains to Minerva in what direction Paris is coming. Apollo leans down, and gives Cupid a light for a cigarette. Psyche angry.

+ Orion comes down L. c, of Pollux with bottle, which he empties.

++ Orion shows bottle empty. Jupiter returns to his first position and re-commences eating, assisted by Ganymede; Pollux joins them.

§ Cupid comes down to Castor, and gives him a glass of champagne ; they drink. Psyche takes away Cupid's glass as he is about to drink; they return to their places R. Ganymede crosses to Psyche and gets R. of her, and Cupid returns to Psyche and Ganymede.

Enter MERCURY, followed by PARIS, L.

MERCURY. Well, here you are, young man.

PARIS. Precisely so;
And now I *am* here, what have you to show ?
Speak, for I'll go no further.

MERCURY. I won't sell you,
Though on my word I scarce know what to tell you.

ORION. Ye're very welcome, sorr.

*(PARIS nods to him—suddenly discovering eatables
and drinkables, begins examining them, much to
the disgust of the GOBS, who can't interfere.)*

MERCURY. Where are they ?

ORION. Here.

Sure they're, though lost to sight, to mimory dear.

PARIS. Another bottle! who'd ha' thought of countin'
Upon a champagne country in a mountain ?

ORION. I wish it was potheen; but faix, dame natur'
Only purvides volcanoes with the *crater*.

JUPITER. Just drop that glass—

PARIS. *(empties it)* Who dares control my choice ?

MERCURY. The chairman spoke—

ORION. The *chairman* ? 'twas the *voice*.

PARIS. An echo, p'raps, of distant mountain storms;
One wants a bench to sit on—*(MERCURY waves his wand,
and PARIS sees all the GODS)* Ha! those forms—

You've borrowed figures here from Madame Tussaud!
P'raps you'll explain—

ORION. Sure 'tis myself will do so.

AIR—" *Groves of Blarney.*"

To all the laity
Aich is a dayity
So full of gaiety,
As ye've heard befur.
This is Ju-payter,
Dayorum-pater,
With a big pur-tatur,
He is standin' ther

MERCURY. Jove nods; the father of the gods and men—

PARIS. (*like Rip van Winkle*) Ah! he's de fader of dese oders, then ?

(JUPITER *holds out glass to hob-a-nob with PARIS, and MERCURY. ORION provides every GOD with a glass and liquor during the dialogue.*)

You want to drink; I've sworn off. (JUPITER *nods.*)

Eh ? What mean you ?

But since it is the first time dat I seen you,
" Here's your good health, your family's, and may
Dey all live and prosper."

ALL. (*raising their glasses*) Rip ! Rip ! Ray !

VERSE AND CHORUS.

Ha, ha; from " Les Dames de la Halle." Offenbach.

VENUS. We raise our cup and cry hooray; we
Pledge you in every glass of cham—
Cham! cham! cham!

Cham! cham, &c.

VENUS. You'll find our company so gay, we
Welcome the son of Paul Priam—

ALL. Yam! yam! yam, &c,

Cham! cham! cham, &c.

PARIS. Gods! I hold your wide dominion,
Do just what you like with me.

VENUS. We're in want of your opinion ;
We appoint you our referee—

(*shakes*) E-e—

ALL. E-e-e-e-e.

VENUS, (*solo*) We've a plan—a capital plan—

Oh, we've a plan—a capital plan—

On, viva ! viva! viva! viva!

Rataplan.

ALL. We've a plan—a capital plan, &c, &c.

VENUS. An acquaintance thus begun, sir,

Let us hope *that* it will not drop—

ALL. Rop, prop, prop, &c.

VENUS. And as I see you're ripe for fun, sir,
 Let the champagne cork pop, pop, pop—

ALL. Pop, pop, pop, &c.

VENUS. Gods and goddesses permitting,
 We've brought Paris here by stealth;
 Would it not for me be fitting,
 To propose this gen-tle-man's health ?

(*shaking*) Ha!

ALL. Your health, your health, &c.
 (*nodding to PARIS, and PARIS to them.*)

VENUS. (*solo*) We've a plan, &c.

ALL. We've a plan.

PARIS. (*to MERCURY, taking him aside*) Why, you don't
 mean to say these are the goddesses ?
 I always thought they had no skirts or boddices;
 Upon my word you owe me some apology.

MERCURY. Why ?

PARIS. Well, do you know Smith ?

MERCURY. Smith ?

PARIS. Smith's *mythology*,
 An illustrated book; and I confess
 That—well, they never wore that sort of dress.

MERCURY. The Greeks and Poses Plastiques. But now
 society—

PARIS. Oh, sir, I'm a stickler for propriety;
 I am a married man, and couldn't bring
 My wife—

MERCURY. Pooh ! Paris can stand anything.

PARIS. I beg your pardon, one thing isn't clear,
 Why you divinities have brought me here.

JUPITER. Business is business, you are very right,
 Go ahead, girls, or we'll be here all night.

JUNO.
 MINERVA. } (*to PARIS*) Then you must know, sir, that—
 VENUS. }

JUPITER. My dears, my dears.

ORION. Och! botheration ! he's not got three ears.
 (*GANYMEDE hands the apple to JUPITER.*)

JUPITER. The whole affair in a mere nutshell lies,
 This for the fairest goddess is the prize,
 You with this apple as the judge will deal.

CASTOR. It's what they call a hearing an *appeal*.

PARIS. (*to CASTOR*) I'll joke it off. (*aloud*) I'll eat it—
how it smells.

POLLUX. Yes; and then give the *peel* to those *three belles*.

JUNO. We are in earnest.

VENUS. (*persuasively*) Come, you can't refuse me.

MINERVA. (*angrily to VENUS*) Venus ?

VENUS. Minerva ?

PARIS. Ladies, pray excuse me.

The place—

CASTOR. No better spot, though you'd range wider
For *apples*.

PARIS. Why the juice ?

CASTOR. The juice ? it's *Ida*.

(*VENUS turns to go up, her hair, of the lightest fashionable colour, reaches far below her waist.*)

PARIS. Fairest! look how it falls like golden rain.

ORION. A purty speech; sure 'tis the *hair ye mane*.

PARIS. (*looking at VENUS*) The fairest, she—

JUNO. You can't say that judicially,

PARIS. Her hair-----

MINERVA. May be produced sir, artificially.

You've only got to dye it..

VENUS. Madam!

PARIS. Why,

You cannot mean that the Immortals *dye* !

JUNO. Of course they do. Where have you passed
your days ?

Di Immortales! is a common phrase.

CASTOR. Read Lempriere, young man, 'twill make
things plainer;

One goddess always wears it.

VENUS. Who?

CASTOR. Di-ana.

OBION. Although no Faynian, she takes, I ventur,
Pomade Divine for hair, the rale *Head Scenter*.

JUNO. (*coming down to PARIS*) You are a man who
knows the world, and therefore,
Of course you know exactly what to care for.

Decide for me—wealth, power, shall be yours,
And everything enormous wealth procures.

PARIS. What, everything ? (JUNO *shakes his hand.*)

JUNO. I'll give; the fact is such-----

PARIS. (*aside*) Methinks the lady promises too much

VENUS. Juno ! (*reprovingly taking her away.*)

MINERVA. (*coming down*) I'll give you brains—oh,
there are very few with 'em.

PARIS. You're very kind.

CASTOR. (*overhearing*) He won't know what to do with
'em.

JUNO. (*reprovingly*) Minerva! (*takes her away.*)

VENUS. (*coming down to PARIS*) Paris, I never flatter,
and when you

Hear *me* say anything, be sure 'tis true.

I said you were—and what I say I mean—

The handsomest young man I'd ever seen.

PARIS. Oh!

VENUS. Yes, I noticed if you walked or sat,

A je ne sais quoi-----

PARIS. (*flattered*) I thought I had got *that*.

VENUS. Like clings to like. I know the loveliest
creature—

Most beautiful.

PARIS. A screamer ?

VENUS. Oh, a screecher.

PARIS. You'll introduce me ?

JUNO. (*angrily*) Venus!

VENUS. She speaks snappily.

Sir, you shall see her.

PARIS. (*seriously*) Yes.

VENUS. (*significantly*) If all ends *apple-ly*.

(*the three GODESSES now stand together, and PARIS
sits R.*)

JUPITER. Now we await your verdict with the others.

PARIS. I think I must consult my learned brothers

Upon a point or two of law, not fact,

Before I quite decide how I shall act.

Take any case till I return again.

JUPITER. Call the next case on.

MERCURY. Next case—of champagne.
(PARIS consults with CASTOR and POLLUX.)

CASTOR. However you decide, my boy, the losers
Will be as fierce and wild as untamed cruisers.

PARIS. That's awkward.

POLLUX. Choose the brown, or else the fair,
Or black eyes, anyhow you'll get a pair.

CASTOR. Five pounds, whatever way this case you end,
Won't cover all your damages, my friend.

PARIS. (*horrified*) Damages ! (*crosses from c. to L.*)

POLLUX. (*aside to CASTOR*) Won't he ?
(*eyeing JUNO and MINERVA.*)

If he has to tackle 'em.

(CASTOR and POLLUX exchange significant signs.)

PARIS. Damages! (*to POLLUX*) What sum covers ?

POLLUX. Home—*diaculum*.

CASTOR. You'll have to get, if both pitch in with vigour,
Plaster of Paris ! what a pretty figure.
They'll scratch your face before all these beholders.

PARIS. Lend me those things you've got upon your
shoulders.

" I would I were a bird,
That I might fly with thee."

CUPID. You wouldn't like it; travelling and jolting
Makes me unwell, (*he shakes himself and some feathers
drop out of his wings.*)

Ah ! as I thought, I'm moulting.

ORION. (*coming down to PARIS*) I've managed it, my
boy, and when ye are
Ready to go, I've got an outside car.

PARIS. But they will follow.

ORION. Ah, no, young Aquarius,

That's Ganymaid, his occupation's various.

(GANYMEDE comes forward as Aquarius, wearing on
his hack the latest improvement in fire-extinguish-
ing—" L'Extincteur" as seen in the advertising
pictures.)

GANYM. Yes; I'm Aquarius, with " L'Extincteur."
(*retires to back.*)

PARIS. What?

ORION. Oh, sure, 'tis Frinch, then, for a wathering-pot.
The wather on their wings he'll dash about.

PARIS. Won't they be fiery ?

ORION. Then they'll be put out.
To flying after you they'll not be aigual,
Och ! they won't move no more than flies in traycle.

JUPITER. Now, sir, we're waiting, and our time is short.

POLLUX. Judgment of Paris!

CASTOR. (*shutting him up*) Silence in the court!

(*CASTOR and POLLUX are about to fight, but embrace
and strike an attitude.*)

SONG—" *The Jubaree is Rising.*"

PARIS. Oh ! gentlemen and ladies,
What I am afraid is
You'll *quite* forget
That I am set
As judge here by command,
A way that seems a fair one,
For, mind, I do not care one
Jot for all the lot—
You'll " particular understand."

PARIS. } Look out, dere { I'm going to shout,
ALL. } He's going to shout,

PARIS. Look out, dere; first verdict by command.
I'm Jupiter surprising
I'm Jupiter surprising
When I say that Juno is—
Not the loveliest in the land.

(*JUNO, in a tremendous passion, is restrained by
JUPITER, R.*)

Chorus. Look out, dere, &c.

POLLUX. T'others are exulting,
He is most insulting,
To Juno, who's our step mamma.
She'd like the lad well tann'd.

CASTOR. If you raise a finger
I'll give you a stinger,

What I'll do
I wish you to
" Particular understand."

PARIS. } Look out, there, { I'm going to shout,
ALL. } { He's going to shout,
PARIS. } Look out for a verdict by command.

We're Jupiter surprisin',
We're Jupiter surprisin',
But Minerva is—

Not the loveliest of the band.
Chorus. Nor Juno nor Minerva's
The loveliest of the band.

(MINERVA, in a great rage, advances as if she was going to run towards PARIS, but JUPITER, holding JUNO'S wrist, rises suddenly and imperiously. ORION and GANYMEDE standing either side of PARIS, take one step forward as if to protect him, and CASTOR and POLLUX come one on either side of MINERVA, and so restrain her, L.)

JUNO. He is judge and jury,
I am in a fury,
And upon his ugly phiz
I'd like to lay my hand.

MINERVA. Venus, I observe her,
Laughing at Minerva;
They laugh who win,
And I begin

To particular understand.
PARIS. Look out there, I'm going to shout—
Look out there, a verdict by command,
The queen of every genus,
And type of Beauty'o Venus;
She is I swear,
And do declare,
The loveliest of the bard.

(VENUS'S balloon appears.)

AIR.—" *Dreaming of Angels.*"

VENUS. Flying away from each jealous divine,
Flying away, for the apple is mine,

To the *skey-ies* where the stars nightly shine,
 Oh, how I hope that the day will be fine.
(then quintette repeat same verse, after which chorus.

AIR.—" *Johnny comes Marching Home.*"

JUNO. On Paris we'll never call again.
 ALL. } Hurrah! Hurrah!
 JUNO. and MIN. } We are! We are!
 MINERVA. } Quite ready to try it all again.
 (As before) } Hurrah! Hurrah!
 } We are! We are!
 ORION. He will escape unless we soon
 Rush on him while we sing this tune.
 We will stick him,
 Kick him
 Out of his air-balloon.
 MINER. } Oh, let me get at Mister P. *(she is restrained by*
 MERC. } You must not get at Mister P. MERCURY.)
 CUPID. } Oh, ah! Oh, ah!
 JUNO. } He's going away with Mrs. V.
 ORION. } *(she is restrained by JUPITER and ORION.*
 JUP. } Oh, ah! Oh, ah!
 CASTOR. Away he goes, and no one knows
 If he'll come back to fetch his clothes;
 Just like
 Glaisher,
 Coxwell,
 Up in an air-balloon.
 CHORUS. Away { we } goes, and no one knows
 { he }
 { they }
 If he'll come back to fetch his clothes.
 Like to
 Glaisher,
 Coxwell,
 Up in their air-balloon.

(A rally—JUNO and MINERVA restrained by JUPITER and MERCURY, and CASTOR and POLLUX attempt to get at PARIS, who is protected by ORION and VENUS. During this a balloon descends at back; on it are the words

"Royal Cytherean Balloon," on the car, " Car of Venus." VENUS jumps in and sits L., PARIS jumps in and sits R., then GANYMEDE jumps in and stands up in it C. MERCURY and CUPID prepare to fly; the other GODS do the same just as the balloon rises, and GANYMEDE directs two hose fitted with garden-pot tips at them. PSYCHE puts up a largish umbrella over CUPID—MINERVA protects herself under her own shield—JUNO opens a parasol, under which JUPITER shelters himself, MERCURY puts a pocket handkerchief round his hat, POLLUX takes CASTOR'S head under his arm and keeps him in " chancery"—OBION flourishes his shillelagh, and waves his hat to the departing balloon.)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Mercury's General Post and Telegraph Office—Exterior. Telegraph Clerk's window, L. C. Door, L.*

Enter OENONE, L.

OENONE. For nigh six months I've walked about in search

Of Paris, since he left me in the lurch ;
 My poor umbrella's getting very old,
 And the new boots I *bought* must soon be *soled*.
 The last I saw of him was when they took me
 Off in that horrid dog-cart—how it shook me;
 Back to the horse the wretches made me get,
 Although I told them I should be upset.
 I feared a fall as we the corners rounded,
 And the event soon proved my fears well *grounded*.
 I held on by the rail, a jerk unhitched me,
 Into the middle of the road it pitched me ;
 In vain I ran and called, the only kind
 Of answer they returned me was " Whip behind!"
 Since then I've sought for Paris, naughty P.,
 Asking of everyone, " Where can he be ? "

SONG.—AIR : " *Sweet Jenny.* "

I am an unprotected feminine,
 I come o'er the mountains,
 Through the field where bees and woppes
 In the copses do buzz;

And all of my care is
 To find my young Paris.
 As I walk in bad weather
 Through heather and fuz.
 No wife could be fonder,
 As I wander on yonder,
 Oh, I would give a penny
 To know where he can be.

I'll describe my offender:
 He is fair, and he's slender,
 Of the masculine gender
 He's all gen-ti-li-tee.
 His hat cost five shillings,
 He's got a pocket handkerchief,
 It's mine ; and it's marked
 A-E-N-O-N-E.

 No wife could be fonder, &c.

I got a poet, Ovid, just to pen
 A letter to this very worst of men;
 'Cos I ain't up to that, not being taught
 Reading and 'ritin', which they ain't my *fort*,
 I've advertised in every paper livin',
 " Paris return, and all shall be forgiven."

 (MERCURY *opens telegraph office window*)

Now, how I can get at him isn't plain.

 (As *she turns*, MERCURY *closes window down suddenly. She is puzzled, and gets R. of window Punch and beadle business—hits at him with umbrella.*)

MERCURY. Hallo!

OENONE. Hallo!

MERCURY. (*reappearing*) Hi! here we are again!

 (*she hits at him ; he disappears, and closes window.*)

 OENONE *sings like Punch at his side.* MERCURY *reappears, thinking she doesn't see him.*

OENONE. (*suddenly knocking him down flat on the window sill, with a sounding rap*)

Now, then, young gentlemen, if you're the clerk,
 You don't call this attending to your work ?

MERCURY. (*still letting his head lie on the sill*) You've killed me.

OENONE. No, I've knocked you, willy nilly,
Upon the window-*sill*, you window-*silly*.
Now just get up again, and don't you sham.

(MERCURY rises.)

I want to send a gentle telegram.

What is your charge, young man ?

MERCURY. We've fancy prices.

OENONE. Name one for mine, then.

MERCURY. Oh, I can't allot it.

OENONE. Fancy a price, and fancy you have got it.
You're quick and sure ?

MERCURY. Yes; if you want to send
An urgent message to a distant friend,
Sometimes its transit takes an hour or so,
Sometimes it goes as quick as *you* could go.
You see, ma'am, the advantages ?

OENONE. I do—

I think I'd like to send a word or two-----

MERCURY. Then fire away.

OENONE. To Paris.

MERCURY. Oh, in France.

OENONE. Is he, indeed? Then do you know by
chance

What's his address ?

MERCURY. Perhaps the Rue di Rivoli.

OENONE. (*cries*) Your kindness touches me; I feel
quite snively.

The Rue de *'Revelry* must, I should say, be
Near the Place *de Carousals*.

MERCURY. Well, it may be.

OENONE. (*rapidly, while MERCURY attempts to take it
down on paper.*)

Paris, I hope as this will find you duly,
As it leaves me, which is yours very truly;
But, not that I'd insinuate a word
Of anything that's past as has occurred.
I'm still the very same soft-hearted ninny,
But I have heard of your last picaninny.

When I say picaninny, that is silly,
 Because, of course, I mean your piccadilly
 With Helen—nasty cat; I'd like to tear
 Her eyes, have five minutes at her hair.
 I wouldn't threaten, but if you forsake me,
 There's lots of chaps as would be glad to take me.
 Come back, my heart's as soft as macaroni;
 I'm on my native heath—my name, OEnone.
 That's all for sixpence.

MERCURY. Ma'am, it can't be done—
 It's fifty words.

OENONE. Then make 'em into one.

*While OENONE is engaged L. with MERCURY, enter JUPITER
 and CUPID, at door, L.*

JUPITER. Paris has left OEnone—'tis for Jove
 To comfort lonely wives when husbands rove.
 Now for a pretty speech about my heart;
 Cupid, you fire me—now shoot a dart.

CUPID. Oh, bosh !

JUPITER. For form sake.

CUPID. What's the good of firing ?
 And standing on one leg's so very tiring.

*(throws himself into the conventional attitude with
 bow and arrow. OENONE turns as MERCURY
 exits at door, L., which he leaves open.)*

JUPITER. Oh, madam, *Je t'adore*, that's French.

OENONE. Oh, lor!

Well, French or not, you'd better *shut a door*,
 Or you'll be overheard, and you'll excuse
Me, but I've got a character to lose.

JUPITER. This gentleman is Cupid, and I'm Jupiter.

OENONE. Cupid, you're stupid; as for you, you're
 stupider. *(bell rings within.)*

JUPITER. What's that?

Enter MERCURY, at door, L.

MERCURY. A telegram.

OENONE. From Mr. P ?

Down, silly flutterer; is it for me ?

MERCURY. From Venus, asking Jupiter to come.

(*sees JUPITER.*)

You here ?

JUPITER. She gives a little kettle-drum.

A party in the afternoon, when we
Always our scandal take, and sometimes tea;
With pleasure I will see OEnone there—
There's music!

OENONE. Oh, it's a *hum-drum* affair.

JUPITER. She gives a fete to  and for your eyes
I rather think she's got a slight surprise—
Paris, perhaps, (*aside*) I pity him if so.

OENONE. Paris! oh, I'm quite ready, sir, to go.

(*bringing her pattens and umbrella from wing.*)

Of model husbands he shall lead the life.

JUPITER. Model! I see you are a *patten* wife.

(*drum without.*)

Ha, ha ! who's that ?

CUPID. Upon the road some others

For Venus' party. Oh, the great twin brothers !

(*street music.*)

*Enter CASTOR and POLLUX as acrobats, L., accompanied by
ORION, with drum and Pandean pipes.*

CASTOR. We're going to perform our feats, back-jumps,
and falls,

The knives and daggers, and the cup and balls.
Our last appearance on this old earth's face,
We're so thoroughly disgusted with the place.

CUPID. Why so ?

POLLUX. (*crying*) Our sister Helen-----

MERCURY. Why this fuss ?

CASTOR. Disgracing, as she has, two stars like us.

OENONE. Helen your sister ? Helen!

POLLUX. Aye, of Troy-----

ORION. Who did you out of your oneconstant boy.

OENONE. Your sister !

CASTOR. Yes, we only had one mother;

Helen from one egg sprang, and we from t'other.

Our parent was----- (*JUPITER turns away.*)

MERCURY. That this may drop, Jove begs.

POLLUX. But she's our sister, sure as eggs is eggs.

CASTOR. Paris runs off with Helen for a whim,

And then-----

OENONE. What next ?

CASTOR. She runs away from him!

OENONE. So she's left Paris? (*hysterically*) he, he!
very funny.

(*convulsively*) Ha, ha!

POLLUX. She's left him for a man with money.

OENONE. Ha, ha! and where's she now ? Ho, ho! he's
wealfy.

CASTOR. *La Belle Helene*, she was at the Adelphi.

ORION. Jist like the women, up to thim there tricks.

It's not here two or three, but all the *six*.

POLLUX. All gals are just the same.

OENONE. That isn't right;

Your name's *Pol-LUX*, but you are not *Pol-LITE*.

CUPID. Well, you two acrobats are precious grumblers.

CASTOR. We're out of spirits, but we're *whinin'*
tumblers.

ORION. Sure aitch of 'em is sorrowful in spayches;

See, aitch is—(*laughing at them*.)

POLLUX. Don't *exasperate your aitches*.

ORION. I won't say aitch again.

CASTOR. (*to POLLUX*) He almost cries—

He drops his *aitches* and he drops his *eyes*.

JUPITER. Come on, or we'll be hindering the fun.

CASTOR. When I meet Paris I shall give him *one*.

POLLUX. And so shall I.

OENONE. In words our time we squander-

After him everywhere I mean to wander.

CASTOR. Wander, you goose! you'll lose him by
meandering.

Don't go alone a goosey, goosey, gandering.

ALL. (*singing the nursery tune*)

Goosey, goosey, gander,

Where shall you wander ?

OENONE. (*stopping them*) Forgive me, friends, for
stopping you so soon—

Those words will fit a much more modern tune.
We all will seek out Paris.

ALL. All! 'Tis plain
OENONE.

That we're in unison. Hem, *L'Africaine*.

*Unison bit from "L'Africaine." First, ORION on the drum
two bars, then altogether.*

Goose, goosey, gander,
Whither shall we wander?
Up stairs and down stairs,
In my lady's chamber.
We'll find that young man,
We won't mind his prayers—
Take him by his left

L E G,

And fling him
Do-o-o-o-own the stai-irs.

Pianissimo, with rolling drum. } Down stairs,
Down stairs!

The Donkey Cart.—AIR : " Lucy Grey."

CASTOR. I've got a dog-cart waiting at the bottom of
the hill,
Which I think the present company will
competently fill.

OENONE. I don't forget I took the air in that same cart
one day,
And if I recollect you were a driving of a
grey.

MERCURY. With loosey Grey, who ran away,
You were compelled to part.

CASTOR. I sold her to a man that drives
An ugly donkey cart.
Doodly dum, doodlee dum, *di day*, di dam, d
day, di dum;
Di dy, *do dum*, doodle dam, di dy, do dum
di doodle day.

(Chorus) Doodly, &c.

JUPITER. She'll take us safely I suppose, without
halt or slip—

CASTOR. A child might drive her with a rose, and
never use a whip;
POLLUX. She shies at pikes, she never likes a stoppage
in her way,
ORION. Sure all the hair comes off the mare, that is,
as yours is, grey.
CASTOR. But loosey Grey, she ran away,
You recollect the start,
OENONE. We'll risk our lives, unless he drives
A quiet donkey cart.
Doodle dum, &c.
(Equestrian dance and exeunt.)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Grounds of the Palace of Venus in
Cythera during a grand Fete Champetre. A few GODS
and GODESSES grouped about, chatting.*

Enter VENUS and PARIS, eating an ice.

PARIS. This is, indeed, a charming situation;
To me, too, a most perfect recreation,
To be your guest, and nothing have to pay for.
(to WAITER) A wafer here, sir; what do you run away
for?
Your guests like ices; they're the things to treat 'em
with.
VENUS. *(significantly)* I'm lucky to have such a spoon
to eat 'em with.
PARIS. It makes me wretched when a person talks of
spoons.
VENUS. Oh ! you're a cunning little forks.
How about Helen ?
PARIS. Madam, you know best;
She's false and fickle, just like all the rest.
I hate the day when I became her wooer;
'Twas all through you, you introduced me to her.
VENUS. I kept my word.
PARIS. Oh, yes, you've fully paid
That promise you upon Mount Ida made.
JUNO. If you had taken, as you should have done,
The *one I made*, and not the *maid you won*,

You'd not have caused this Grecian Trojan quarrel
By taking Helen off.

MINERVA. Oh, most immoral.
I'm glad to hear, though I would not be hard,
That you have suffered for your escapade.
Perhaps the subject isn't just at present
Agreeable. *(they laugh.*

PARIS. *(annoyed)* Oh, I think it very pleasant.

VENUS. When Helen ran from you—the biter bit;
It was absurd. *(all laugh.*

PARIS. *(aside)* Oh! I shall have a fit.

JUNO. And when you advertised in all the papers,
To hosiers, dressmakers, and linendrapers,
That you'd not be responsible for any
Debts she contracted; nor would pay one penny
To goldsmiths, or to any other craft,
Oh, how we pitied you ! and how we laughed!

PARIS. That wasn't bad ; in fact, I think I should
Have laughed myself at that.

MINERVA. *(enjoying the joke immensely)* Oh, very good !
I knew, before you'd been a month about with her,
After you fell in with her, that you'd fall out with her;
And when I saw her bracelets and her rings,
Her di'mond necklaces, and such like things;
And when I saw for dress she had a passion,
And always was beforehand with the fashion;
Her op'ra boxes, parties, traps and horses;
And when I knew your limited resources,
I said—I know you'll laugh—I said, "he's going it! "

PARIS. *(annoyed)* And yet you let me go on going it,
and knowing it!

VENUS. To laugh at a misfortune's what I hate.
Do you remember once, she came home late,
After some gambling freak and wanted money,
What a rage you got in ?

PARIS. That was funny !

VENUS. And how she said she would, as soon as look at
you,
Throw anything—a boot-jack or a book at you ?
And how she said—what you were not prepared for—

You were a person she had never cared for ?
 She only meant—she said, the fool to play with you,
 And for her own convenience ran away with you;
 Then she ran off with some rich Indian prince.

PARIS. Yes, thank goodness I've not seen her since.

MINERVA. You left OEnone, Helen, you! and that
 Is what you mortals call a tit for tat,
Lex talionis

Enter GUESTS to VENUS, R.

See, here come your cronies.

PARIS. (L.) Dancers! fresh instance of *legs Taglioni's*.

*Enter MERCURY, JUPITER, CUPID, PSYCHE, GANYMEDE,
 &c, R.*

VENUS. I think you've met before.

JUPITER. (R. C.) I've had that pleasure.

MERCURY. (*by JUPITER*) Of course we're going to
 dance a lively measure.

MINERVA. *Gavotte de Vestris* they can use their feet in.

VENUS. All these *divines* come to a *Vestries* meeting.
 (*drums without*) And who are these ?

*Enter ORION, CASTOR, and POLLUX, dressed as in Scene
 Fourth, R.*

MERCURY. You ask'd 'em; friends of Jove's—

CASTOR. We are two werry entertaining coves;

The Dioscuri in their novel show,

The jumping Gemini of Jericho.

We'll pull a boat, and race out there, (*pointing to water
 at back*) my dear,

Or we can *pull a face* from *here to here*.

ORION. Or if you tip up handsome for our coffers,

We'll show you they both can jump at offers.

POLLUX. We're musical, and we can do the waits-

Walk against time, we will, at various rates.

CASTOR. Be there and back again before we start

Walk into pigeon pies, and bless your 'art,

As to the magistrates is daily said—

Walking ! why, " he'll do that upon his head!"

(First trick with the spinning plates.

ORION. The first feat this young Castor illustrates
With, as you see, a series of plates.

POLLUX. We do not catch the knives upon our nuts,
Because that illustrates sometimes with cats.

CASTOR. The basket trick and Sphinx will follow
these—

Encourage the performance, if you please.
No change mum—thank'ye: come, the cap is filling.
(to PARIS) Now noble cap'en. (PARIS gives money) What
a dummy shilling!

Paris!

POLLUX. The same! His nose shall feel my pincers.

CASTOR. He'll feel a pair of *twincers* from these *twim
sirs*.

I said I'd do it if ever I caught 'un.

(they prepare to pitch into him—VENUS comes down,
protecting him.)

VENUS. 'Twas all my fault—'twas only his misfortun'.
Shake hands; she isn't worth a thought. (PARIS, CASTOR,
and POLLUX shake hands) That's better.

PARIS. And henceforth I'll forget. I ever met her.

" *Tootle-tum-tay.*"

VENUS. Oh, I think that you've been very fast,
But it's past—
Yes, at last,

To the winds you her memory cast,
And begin anew life from to-day.

JUNO. You with hearts have oft played fast and loose,
You're a goose,
And obtuse,

Yet for you I will make this excuse—
Tootle turn, tootle turn, tay.

PARIS. She vowed that she never would leave im,
But *she* did her best to deceive me,
Tootle turn, tootle turn,
Tootle turn, tootle turn, tay.

Chorus, &c.

POLLUX. She's my sister perhaps you may know,
What a blow!
What a go!

- I'll re - pu - di - ate *her* in to - to,
If ever she comes in my way!
- CASTOR. And, therefore my brother and I,
Don't say fie,
Are not shy
In taking your hand, because why ?
Tootle turn, tootle turn, tay.
- BOTH. We swear we will never receive her,
She is such a cruel deceiver,
Tootle turn, &c.
- JUPITER. You've all of you joined in these chants,
'Twill enhance,
And advance !
Our pleasure is all of dance,
For *there's* nothing extra to pay.
- ORION. Och ! sure sorr, the notion's not bad,
An' bed ad,
I'm the lad,
Who to play on the pipes will be glad,
Tootle turn, tootle turn tay.
Then kick up your heels and your bayver
(beaver),
Myself's the musician who's clayver (clever)
Tootle turn, tootle turn, &c.
(*Chorus*)
- MERCURY. For the dance we've our partners all got,
What a lot!
- PARIS. But I've not;
I wish I'd OENone, but what
To reconcile her can I say ?
- VENUS. If your back you politely will curve,
And preserve
All your nerve,
You may hear your wife fondly observe.
(*Presenting OENONE, who has entered and comes down c.*)
- OENONE. Tootle turn, tootle turn tay.
Now I've found you, I never will leave you,
You may talk but I'll never believe you,
Tootle turn, tootle turn, &c.

ÆNONE. I must have had a nightmare! it *does* seem
As if the past was nothing but a dream,
You're changed by sleep, you're quite a handsome chap ;
PARIS. Paris has been much altered by one *Nap*.
Henceforth I'll stop with you—

VENUS. At my suggestion.
Thus Paris settles the great *Roaming question*.
ÆNONE. Helen your fast friend left you;
VENUS. True historically,
In Lempriere, but not true allegorically.

ÆNONE. Eh ?
VENUS. I'll explain before the legend ends,
Paris and L. N. are the fastest friends.

JUNO. And where's the pretty apple ?
CASTOR. Oh, who'll care
About the apple, here's a pretty *pair*.

(*Looking at ÆNONE and PARIS.*)

PARIS. If I was asked to act as judge once more,
And to award the apple as before
Unto the fairest, then, on this occasion,
I see one body worth the appellation.

VENUS. True, for impartiality's the rarest
Quality; perhaps the public's fairest.

MERCURY. At all events they've ever been the kindest,
And also to our many faults the blindest.

CASTOR. Therefore, with this old legend told anew,
We trust we've pleased you, as we've tried to do.

ÆNONE. The story of the apple's you're aware,
One of the fruits of reading Lempriere;
Should the selection please, the author's lucky—
From what you've heard you'll gather that he's *plucky*
In choosing this old subject for his fun.
To our old classic friend he bids you run,
See " PARIS," cry " *Vive Lempriere!*" we've done.

(VENUS, who has retired after speaking, now appears
rising from the sea at the back, PARIS and ÆNONE
go up and stand before her. The rest of the
characters group themselves R. and L. of stage.)

FINALE.

(Polka, with grand accompaniment by all the characters, on pipes, reeds, and drums, composed by Frank Musgrave.)

VENUS. Oh, Paris, you united now will be
 To your little OE-no-ne,
 And never, never *go* away!
 Oh!
 Happily the story-ory ends;
 You'll each night be meeting with your friends,
 Whose good nature's sure to make amends
 For all you've suffered in the play.
 In the play—
 Well it may—
 So I say
 In the play
 Our hooray,
 We'll be gay
 Ev'ry day—
 Yes, and every night.
 Lempriere
 Doesn't care,
 You're aware,
 So we dare
 Just to quote
 The Legends that he wrote,
 And feel we are doing right.
Chorus. In the play, &c.

VENUS. PARIS. JUNO.
 JUPITER. CENONE.
 MINERVA. POLLUX.
 APOLLO. CUPID. C. MERCURY. GANY-
 PSYCHE. MARS. MEDE.
 CASTOR. ORION.
 R. L.

CURTAIN.