

# THE HAPPY LAND:

*A Burlesque Version of*  
**“THE WICKED WORLD.”**

by  
F. TOMLINE [i.e., W.S. Gilbert] AND GILBERT A'BECKETT

*First performed at the Royal Court Theatre, March 3rd, 1873.  
Prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, March 7th, 1873.*

[Transcriber's note: this is in all essentials the version of the play published by J.W. Last in 1873. However, the Last text seems to have been prepared in some haste. I have silently corrected minor typographical errors; I have also made a handful of slightly larger changes, which I have footnoted.

- Andrew Crowther.]

NOTE. - *This book contains the EXACT TEXT of the piece as played on the occasion of the Lord Chamberlain's official visit to the Court Theatre, on the 6th March, 1873. Those who will take the trouble to compare the original text with the expurgated version, as played nightly at the Court Theatre, will be in a position to appreciate the value of the Lord Chamberlain's alterations.*

THE AUTHORS.

## ***Dramatis Personae.***

### MALE FAIRIES.

Ethais	...	...	...	Mr. W. H. FISHER.
Phyllon	...	...	...	Mr. W. J. HILL.
Lutin	...	...	...	Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.

### FEMALE FAIRIES.

Selene	...	...	...	Miss HELEN BARRY.
Zayda	...	...	...	Miss LOTTIE VENNE.
Darine	...	...	...	Miss BELLA MOORE.
Neodie	...	...	...	Miss R. CLAIR.
Locrine	...	...	...	Miss G. CLAIR.
Leila	...	...	...	Miss L. HENDERSON.

### MORTAL COUNTERPARTS.

Right Honble. Mr. G.	...	Mr. W. H. FISHER.
Right Honble. Mr. L.	...	Mr. W. J. HILL.
Right Honble. Mr. A.	...	Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.

PART I.	FAIRYLAND.	OVER A CLOUD.
PART II.	FAIRYLAND.	UNDER A CLOUD.

*An Interval of Two Minutes takes place between the Parts. Six Months are supposed to have elapsed.*

## ***Part First.***

SCENE: A FAIRY LANDSCAPE ON THE BACK OF A CLOUD.

[*The Earth is seen as a terrestrial globe through a rent in the cloud. Entrance to a large public building with portico, L. Statues of fairy-like beings, R. and L. Trees, fountains, &c.*] [ZAYDA and FAIRIES discovered grouped about stage. ZAYDA is standing on an eminence at back, looking at the Earth through a large telescope.]

*Opening Duo and Chorus.*

ZAYDA and DARINE.

Lullaby Fairyland,  
On the clouds blown about;  
By the soft zephyrs fann'd,  
Nothing to moan about.  
We know not vanity,  
Ne'er dream of wedding rings;  
Men doubt our sanity,  
Poor foolish things!

*Chorus.*

Our little feet we never show,  
We've never heard of Rotten Row.  
D'you think we care,  
To live in Eaton Square?  
Oh, we're such sweet and simple girls,  
We never set our caps at Earls.  
We even wear  
Our own--our own--back hair!

DARINE. Dear sister Zayda, our three brothers have been absent on that wicked world for nearly three weeks. Is there no sign of their return?

ZAYDA. None whatever.

DARINE. Can you see them?

ZAYDA. Distinctly.

DARINE. What are they doing?

ZAYDA. They appear to be dancing on an Oriental platform, illuminated by ten thousand additional lamps. They are expressing their detestation of the wickedness of the world in a Parisian quadrille!

DARINE. Poor fellows; what agonies they seem to be undergoing! See how they fling their arms about in horror at the abominations that surround them; their arms are insufficient to express their indignation, and up go their legs as well! In a paroxysm of virtuous indignation, Ethais seizes a young woman round the waist, and endeavours to whirl her away from the scene of wickedness that surrounds them. But in vain! A policeman comes up; he is collared and led away. Thus are the champions of propriety maltreated whenever they endeavour to raise their voices against the improprieties of that wicked, wicked world.

[*Enter SELENE, L.U.E.*]

SELENE. Nonsense!

DARINE. Nonsense!

SELENE. Nonsense, my dears; I've watched them very carefully since they went to Earth, and I've come to the conclusion that their report of it is not to be depended upon. I daresay it's a very wicked world, but I don't believe it's half as bad as they make it out to be. If it is, why are they always wanting to go there?

DARINE. True; and, when they do go, why do they stop so long?

ZAYDA. Oh, I'm sure they can't like it. They always return with the most dreadful headaches.

DARINE. Yes, and I've seen them so overcome by worldly influences that they have had the very greatest difficulty in walking straight.

ZAYDA. Poor fellows, they have been run in by a mortal policeman; only think of that!

SELENE. Have they? Then depend upon it they'll return to Fairyland at once. [*Looking towards Earth*]--Ha, they are on their way. Let us conceal ourselves and hear what they have to say.

[*The FAIRIES retire.*]

*Enter ETHAIS, PHYLLON and LUTIN, through the gap, as if returning from Earth.*

ETHAIS. Up in the clouds again. Once more at home---

PHYLLON. In our slow, steady-going Fairyland!

LUTIN. Compelled to be in bed by half-past six,  
To rise at five, to breakfast, dine and sup  
On apple-blossoms dressed in curds and whey,  
Here is a dismal state of things for one  
Who for the last three weeks on yonder Earth  
Has drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs!  
Here is a state of things for one--

PHYLLON. Oh, drop it!

LUTIN. Oh, drop what?

PHYLLON. Blank verse. During my spell on Earth I learnt to speak prose, and I prefer it. Oh, its a jolly world.

LUTIN. Ah! what dinners one gets down there. There's a certain dish called chops that beats our fairy food into fits; and they've a peculiar kind of nectar known as "bottled stout," which makes a fairy's hair curl to think of.

PHYLLON. Oh, that's something like a world. No need for wings down there, where omnibuses from all parts pass every door. Men think it an advantage to have wings, but they never tried 'em. Only try and lean back in an arm chair with a pair of wings on, and you're crippled for life. No, no; give me a country where all one's flying is done for one.

ETHAIS. And then their women! Now I call them something like women. What pains they take to please us! How they plot and plan to tickle our tastes. What pains they take to paint their cheeks, because we like 'em red; to darken their eyes, because we like 'em black; to bleach their hair, because we like it white; to pull in their waists, because we like 'em small!

LUTIN. Ah! and what sums they spend on their back hair because we like a lot of it. Now that's *true* modesty. Why I know a really pretty girl down there who's so dissatisfied with her personal appearance, that she devotes five or six hours every day to improving it! How different from our self-satisfied fairies up here, who are so pleased

with what nature has done for them, that it never occurs to them that it *can* be improved upon.

PHYLLON. But, I say--not a word about all this to any of our sisters up here, or they'll be wanting to go too.

ETHAIS. No, no; we must keep up the illusion that the world is a detestable place.

PHYLLON. An abandoned hole, where dissipation of every kind reigns supreme--ah, and so it does.

LUTIN. And that only a strict sense of duty [*holding his head.*]

ETHAIS. Combined with a laudable thirst for information,

PHYLLON. Reconcile us to a destiny which compels us to pay it a visit from time to time.

*Trio--ETHAIS, PHYLLON and LUTIN.*

ETHAIS. We are three unhappy fairies,  
Doomed to flit from flower to flower;

PHYLLON. And our one engrossing care is  
To improve each shining hour.

LUTIN. We're so good that for our dinners,  
We get only lotus leaf;  
Don't we envy earthly sinners,  
Fed on pure New Zealand beef!

*Chorus.*

Oh, we're three most wretched fairies,  
Bored to death by every flower;  
With our smile that never varies,  
Don't we hate the shining hour!

PHYLLON. We ne'er see the morning papers,  
Tho' we rise at break of day;

LUTIN. To cut idiotic capers,  
And on clouds at leap-frog play.

CHORUS.--Oh, we're three, &c.

ETHAIS. So we drag out our existence,  
Wearing our perpetual smiles;

LUTIN. Wishing we could span the distance,  
And retire to Seven Dials.

CHORUS.--Oh, we're three, &c.

*Enter SELENE, ZAYDA, DARINE and FAIRIES, unobserved.*

SELENE. So, sir, you are back again at last?

ETHAIS. Back again to enjoy the pure delights of this blameless land--[*mournfully*] Ecstasy!<sup>1</sup>

PHYLLON. Joy! }

LUTIN. Rapture! } [*very dismally*]

ETHAIS. Oh, we've had an awful time of it!

PHYLLON. Fearful!

LUTIN. Oh, the wickedness of the world, its artfulness, its deceptions!

PHYLLON. The repulsiveness of its women!

ETHAIS. The inferior quality of its champagne!

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<sup>1</sup> Last spells this "Ecstasy".

LUTIN. Its evening parties--its picnics--its Derby days--its flirtations--its theatricals--its Ritualistic services--its elopements--its marriages--and its divorces.

PHYLLON. Such goings on--oh! lor!

SELENE. And you--you poor ethereal beings voluntarily take upon yourselves to associate with these loathsome souls--you have to mix with them--to eat with them--to drink with them--

THE THREE. We have--we have.

SELENE. While we remain up here, basking in the sunshine of eternal idleness!

THE THREE. You do--you do.

SELENE. And shall we--shall we, I say, permit you to take this fearful burden on your ethereal shoulders?

THE THREE. You shall--you shall.

SELENE. I beg your pardon--we shall *not*. No; we are not quite selfish--we will go to Earth next time.

ETHAIS. But---

SELENE. No use talking, we have made up our minds.

FAIRIES. We have--we have.

LUTIN. [*aside to his brothers*]. Here, but I say, this won't do, you know. [*aloud*]. My dear sisters, my very dear sisters, don't be rash; you don't know what you are undertaking. It's not a place for ladies; no respectable young woman would be seen on the world on any consideration.

DARINE. But we are resolved. To be quite plain with you, we believe the world isn't so black as it's painted.

SELENE. We find it very dull up here, and we mean to try a change.

PHYLLON. But, it's an awful world!

SELENE. It's not so bad as this. At any rate, down there the balance of the sexes is about equal.

ZAYDA. Such a humdrum life as we spend up here! Up at five. Nothing to do but sing, and fly from tree to tree like ridiculous dicky-birds. Nothing to eat but fruit--and this has been a very bad fruit year. Nothing to drink but water--

LUTIN. Well, it's been a very good water year.

SELENE. It's no use; we are determined to see what mortal men are like.

LUTIN. Stop, I've a plan. You can do that, without going down to them.

SELENE. How?

LUTIN. Bring 'em up to you. We'll go to Earth, and ask our monarch, who is in England just now, to send up three mortals in our places, and then you can judge for yourselves.

SELENE [*delighted*]. What, send them up here?

LUTIN. Up here.

DARINE. Three of 'em?

LUTIN. Three of 'em.

ZAYDA. And if we like 'em, we can send for some more?

LUTIN. As many more as you like.

SELENE. Capital; go and send them up directly.

ZAYDA. But what is our monarch doing in England?

PHYLLON. He's studying political economy; they're famous for it in England. He's there as a guest of royalty.

DARINE. As a guest of royalty! And which--oh, which, of the royal palaces is placed at his disposal?

PHYLLON. It's called "Claridge's Hotel."

SELENE. Do they put up their royal guests at an hotel?

LUTIN. Invariably: it's found to be the most politically economical course they can adopt.

DARINE. But it must be rather an expensive process in the end. Isn't political economy the same thing as social economy?

LUTIN. Quite the reverse. Social economy means spending a penny to save a pound. Political economy is spending a pound to save a penny. Now then, off we go.

*Quintett and Chorus.*

ZAYDA. Send us up from yonder wicked den,  
Three very wicked men--  
Or six, or eight, or ten.

DARINE. We only wish, as proper fairies should,  
To see them grow  
Up amiable and good.

ZAYDA. They'll have to leave all joy that enervates  
--All flower shows and fetes,  
All gas and water rates.

OMNES. Oh, do go down, and hurry up  
These poor dear wicked men!

PHYLLON. What, from that world! where all deceives!  
Where man's so steeped in vice,  
He makes cigars of cabbage leaves,  
And lives on penny ice!

ETHAIS. Where literature is light and cheap  
And coals extremely dear!  
Where tragedy produces sleep--  
Burlesque--a manly tear!

LUTIN. Oh, it's such a wicked world down there!  
Such allurements for the eye!  
There's a paradise called Leicester Square,  
All walled in ten feet high.

OMNES. [repeat.] Oh, what a wicked world, &c.

[Then original strain.] Still we want from yonder wicked den, &c.

[At the end ETHAIS, PHYLLON and LUTIN descend.]

NEODIE. There, now we've done it.

ZAYDA. Oh! oh! please--please--I'm frightened.

DARINE. Oh! I wish we hadn't done it. What is going to happen?

LOCRINE. Oh, I don't want any men up here. I don't like the idea--  
at least I do like it, but it's wrong.

NEODIE. Oh! we shall all be as bad as men and women are, and  
fairyland won't be fairyland any longer.

ZAYDA. Then men will infect our atmosphere, and we shall all become  
great, coarse, hulking men.

SELENE. Nonsense! listen to me. The world is a very unhappy one,  
taken all round, but our brothers are going to send us up three  
Englishmen. Now England is an exception to every rule. I have reason

to believe that it is a very pleasant country to live in. I have heard that it is the pride of the ocean; the home of the brave and the free. People tell me that it's a right little, tight little island. Rumour says that its natives always strike home, and that they never, never, never will, on any consideration, be slaves!

LOCRINE. They are quite right.

ZAYDA. And what is the reason of this singular pre-eminence over the rest of the world?

SELENE. With all their wickedness, with all their sin,

They have one great and ever-glorious gift  
That compensates for every ill. It's called  
A Popular Government, whose ministers,  
Chosen exclusively upon the score  
Of intellectual pre-eminence,  
Are posted to such offices as they,  
By dint of long and arduous 'prenticeship,  
Have shown themselves to be most fitted for.  
Their War-Office is governed (without doubt)  
By some stout warrior whose dinted helm  
Has danced triumphant through a thousand fights.  
Their Admiralty (p'raps) is piloted  
By some First Lord whose bosom bears the scars  
Of fifty tough sea-battles--whose renown  
For well-trained pluck and cunning seamanship  
Points to him as the man of all mankind  
To rule a Navy that shall rule the world.  
And of all marvels the most marvellous,  
Their First Commissioner of Public Works  
Is (in all human probability)  
A minister whose exquisite good taste,  
Whose polished wit, whose cultured courtesy,  
Form the incessant and exhaustless theme  
Of those delighted men of Art, whose works  
Are subject to his scholarly review!

ZAYDA. Oh for one hour of such a government  
To set us all to rights! Why, after all,  
Great Britain is the type of Fairyland!

SELENE. Exactly, and my object in bringing the three mortals to Fairyland is to ascertain from them, if possible, the principles upon which their system of government is founded, and to introduce them, if possible, into our Fairyland.

DARINE. Oh! happiness!

ZAYDA. Oh! ecstasy!<sup>2</sup>

SELENE. But, hush! they are here. Let us watch them unobserved.

[Exeunt SELENE and FAIRIES.]

[The mortals, Mr. G., Mr. L. and Mr. A., come up trap.]

*Trio, Mr. G., Mr. L. and Mr. A.*

Mr. G. We are three statesmen old and tried,  
I know what I'm about!  
Mr. L. And I all figures--facts deride!  
All precedent I scout.  
Mr. A. And I love rows here, I love rows there,  
Here a row, there a row,  
Everywhere a row!

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<sup>2</sup> Last spells this "extacy" - rather charming, but still not right.

Still we are three most popular men.  
[*defiantly, with a swagger.*]  
I'd like to know who'll turn us out.

*Chorus.*

Oh, we are three most popular men!  
We want to know who'll turn us out!

Mr. G. Once on a time, what I now think is wrong,  
I thought was right.  
Mr. L. And I know some arithmetic--and  
[*indicating him*] Lutin was polite!  
Mr. A. With politeness here, and politeness there,  
Here polite, there polite,  
Everywhere polite.  
[*obsequiously*] With a low bow here, and a low bow there,  
Here a bow, there a bow,  
Everywhere a bow.  
[*jauntily*] With a bit of hauteur here, and a bit of hauteur there,  
Here a haw! there a haw!  
Everywhere a haw.  
[*energetically*] With a good row here, and a good row there,  
Here a row, there a row,  
Everywhere a row!  
Thus we became such popular men,  
That no one cares to turn us out!

*Chorus.*

And so being three most popular men,  
[*defiantly*] We want to know who'll turn us out!

Mr. G. Our foreign policy  
Is philosophical and plain.  
Mr. L. It's simply this--when we get hit  
We don't hit back again.  
Mr. A. But we get a kick here, get a kick there,  
Here a kick, there a kick,  
Everywhere a kick!  
Mr. G. With a good snub here, a good snub there,  
Here a snub, there a snub,  
Everywhere a snub!  
Mr. L. Save a ha'penny here, save a ha'penny there,  
Here a save, there a save,  
Everywhere a save!  
OMNES. Still we are three most popular men,  
And want to know who'll turn us out!

Mr. L. Why, where in the world are we?  
Mr. G. Where out of the world are we?  
Mr. A. What an awful place! What taste in Art!  
Mr. L. What lavish expenditure! Oh, lor! Statues to public benefactors! What ridiculous extravagance.  
Mr. A. Solid marble temple! Here's waste! Put marble to such purposes as these! What's to become of brick and stucco, I should like to know? Now then, the question is, being here, what are we to do? We appeal, sir, to you.  
Mr. L. We appeal, sir, to you.

Mr. G. It is perfectly clear to me, gentlemen, that there are three courses open to us.

Mr. L.}

Mr. A.} Hear, hear!

Mr. G. Firstly, to return to Earth at once. Secondly, not to return to Earth at once. Thirdly--thirdly--hum--ha--yes! there *must* be a third course, though upon my word I don't see what it is. Hullo! who are these?

[*The FAIRIES have gradually surrounded them; the three STATESMEN much pleased.*]

SELENE. We are fairies.

Mr. G. [*surveying SELENE.*] Thirdly, to remain where we are. I move that the third course be adopted.

Mr. A. Carried *nem. con.*

SELENE. [*looking at Mr. G.*] How beautiful!

DARINE. [*looking at Mr. L.*] How intellectual!

ZAYDA. [*looking at Mr. A.*] How gentlemanly!

SELENE. [*to Mr. G.*] Here is a man who would look upon an insult to his country as an insult to himself.

DARINE. [*to Mr. L.*] Here is a person who is generous to the limits of extravagance.

ZAYDA. [*to Mr. A.*] Here is an individual whose taste in Art is about equal to his courtesy to its professors.

Mr. A. Bless my soul, they've hit us off to a T.

SELENE. I hope and trust, that in bringing you up here we have not put you to any great inconvenience.

Mr. G. Well, to tell you the truth, you interrupted us at a most important cabinet council; the honour of the kingdom is at stake, and we were deliberating on the best means of saving it.

Mr. L. On the most economical terms.

DARINE. But, what was the difficulty?

Mr. G. Why this. The King of Bonny--of whom I desire to speak with the utmost respect--has laid claim to Scotland.

[*Mr. L. begins to dance a Highland Fling violently-- Mr. G. checks him.*]

Mr. A. Impulsive boy! but a convert is always an enthusiast.

Mr. G. Well, the King of Bonny has laid claim to Scotland--the question is, "What is to be done?" Now, it is quite clear that there are three courses open to us. Firstly, to give it up, unhesitatingly. Secondly, to implore him not to press his claim. Thirdly, to---

SELENE. To fight for it!

ALL. Oh, dear, no! Oh, no--no--no!

Mr. G. Oh, dear, no--no! Thirdly, to refer the matter to arbitration.

SELENE. What is arbitration?

Mr. A. Arbitration, my dear, is that conscious power which enables the strong man to take to his heels in the face of danger.

Mr. G. Now, we were just debating which of the three we should adopt, when you interrupted us. What will our brother ministers think of our desertion at such an hour?

ZAYDA. I don't think you'll be missed.

Mr. G. That may be, but it isn't pretty to say so.

Mr. A [to ZAYDA]. You mustn't talk like that; I've a monopoly of that kind of repartee, and I can't allow it to be intruded upon. It amounts to a breach of privilege.

Mr L. Now, perhaps you'll tell us why you've brought us up here?

SELENE. Certainly. We understand the people of Great Britain are distinguished from the rest of the world by the possession of a certain inestimable blessing called a popular government.

ALL. You are right.

SELENE. A blessing which they appreciate and value beyond all price.

Mr. A. Well, [hesitating] some people never know when they're well off.

DARINE. And we have brought you here that you may initiate us into all its mysteries.

ZAYDA. So just begin at once, and look sharp about it; we can't stop shilly-shallying here all day.

Mr. A. Now, upon my word, this is too bad; I really *cannot* and *will* not allow my private and exclusive forms of repartee to be trespassed upon in this manner. Upon my word, it *really* is nothing short of a breach of privilege.

Mr. L. Bear with her--remember she is wholly unacquainted with the decencies of refined society.

Mr. G. Now, the first thing to be done is to divide you into two great groups--one called Ministerial, the other Opposition.

[The FAIRIES divide and range themselves R. and L. in two parties].

Mr. A. Very good--you [to R. party] are the Government. You [to L. party] are the Opposition. Very well, the Opposition go out--out you go.

LEILA. Go out! What, mayn't we stop and hear what's going on?

Mr. A. Admit the Opposition to the Ministerial conferences! Whoever heard of such a thing? No, no--when the Government come in the Opposition go out. It's the rule; come, off you go.

LEILA. Well, I don't think much of the Government.

[Exit with FAIRIES.]

Mr. A. The leader of the Opposition never does. Now we must distribute portfolios. Who will be Premier?

ALL. I--I--I--

Mr. L. Stop--stop! we must settle this by competitive examination.

[The three men sit L. The FAIRIES range themselves in semicircle R.]

Mr. G. Now then, [to ZAYDA] are you jealous of your country's honour?

ZAYDA. No, not particularly.

Mr. G. Very good.

Mr. L. Would you submit to an insult rather than strike a blow?

ZAYDA. Decidedly, as long as the insult was only aimed at my country.

ALL THE MEN. Very good indeed; admirable.

Mr. G. If, by dint of sheer mismanagement on your part, your country had to submit to an unparalleled series of humiliations in the eyes of surrounding nations, and you were called upon by the

unanimous voice of the people to give place to a more able person, what would you do?

ZAYDA. I should resign.

THE THREE MEN. Oh dear, no! Oh, no, no! That wouldn't do on any account. [to DARINE] What would you do?

DARINE. Promise not to do so any more.

THE THREE. No, no; oh, dear no!

Mr. G. Never make a promise you don't intend to keep. You? [To the next. She doesn't answer.] You? [She shakes her head. SELENE puts up her hand to show she has an answer ready]. You--you--you? [All shake their heads]. You? [To SELENE.]

SELENE. Please, sir, I know. If through my sheer mismanagement my country were involved in a series of unparalleled humiliations, and I were unanimously called upon to resign---

THE THREE MEN. Yes, yes!

SELENE. Why, it seems to me, that in such a case there would be three courses open to me.

THE THREE. Take her down; take her down.

[SELENE goes to the top of the class, next the footlights....  
Mr. G. goes up to her and shakes her hand.]

Mr. G. [shaking her hand]. My dear, allow me. It is quite clear that you are a heaven-born Premier.

[Gives her portfolio with "First Lord of the Treasury" inscribed on it. She takes it, and falls out of the class.]

Mr. A. Now then! Examination for First Lord of the Admiralty. [To ZAYDA<sup>3</sup>]. What's the average cost of a first-class ironclad ship?

ZAYDA. Five hundred pounds.

Mr. A. No. Next.

NEXT FAIRY<sup>4</sup>. Five-and-twenty.

Mr. A. Next.

NEXT FAIRY. Fifty thousand.

Mr. A. Next.

NEXT FAIRY. Don't know.

Mr. A. Very good, but not quite right. Next. [to DARINE.]

DARINE. Please, sir, a first-class ironclad what?

ALL THE MEN. Ship, my dear--ship, ship.

DARINE. [innocently]. Please, sir, what is a ship?

Mr. A. Here's a First Lord ready made! Take 'em all down.

[Gives her portfolio labelled "First Lord of the Admiralty."  
DARINE goes to top of class.]

DARINE. But, please, sir, I don't know anything about ships!

Mr. A. My dear, it's one of the beautiful principles of our system of government never to appoint anybody to any post to which he is at all fitted. Our government offices are so many elementary schools for the instruction of ministers. To take a minister who knows his duties, and to send him to an elementary school to learn them, is an obvious waste of educational power. Nature has pointed you out as

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<sup>3</sup> In Last, the stage direction is "To DARINE", though it is Zayda who answers, as here.

<sup>4</sup> In Last, this line is given to Darine. This does not seem to make sense, given Darine's role later in the scene.

eminently qualified for First Lord of the Admiralty, because you don't know anything about ships. You take office--you learn all about ships--and when you *know* all about ships, the Opposition comes in, out you go, and somebody else, who doesn't know anything about ships, comes in and takes your place. That's how we educate our ministers.

[DARINE retires with portfolio labelled "First Lord of the Admiralty."]

Mr. L. Now then! Chancellor of the Exchequer. [to LOCRINE.] Twice two?

LOCRINE. Four.

Mr. L. No! Next; twice two?

NEXT FAIRY. Nothing!

Mr. L. Better, but not right. Next; twice two?

NEODIE. Three or five, according to circumstances.

Mr. L. Take 'em all down.

[She goes to top of class. He gives her portfolio labelled "Chancellor of the Exchequer," and she retires with it.]

Mr. G. Now then! Secretary of State for War. Who faints at the sight of blood?

LOCRINE. I do.

Mr. G. Allow me. [Gives her portfolio labelled "Secretary of State for War."] Who can't read?

NEXT FAIRY. I can't.

Mr. G. President of Committee of Council on Education.

ZAYDA. [the only one left]. Here; but, I say, what's to become of me? You appoint people to posts because they know nothing about them. Well, I know nothing about anything. Rude am I in speech, and little blessed with the set phrase of peace. I've no taste, I've no courtesy, I've no knowledge of Art, and if you don't give me something to do, I'll make the country too hot to hold you.

Mr. A. [bowing very low, and handing her a portfolio]. Allow me; we have the very thing for you--First Commissioner of Public Works.

#### FINALE TO PART FIRST.

DARINE.           By playing loose and fast,  
                  I will govern them, be sure;  
                  The talisman of all good luck at last is ours.  
                  We'll happy be at last  
                  For ever, evermore.

Chorus.

                  We'll happy be at last, }  
THREE RHT. HONS. Not never any more.   } Repeated.

ZAYDA.           I shall dreaded be,  
                  Wait and you shall see,  
                  Everlasting snubbing,  
                  Drubbing.

                  Pulling nation's nose,  
                  Treading on its toes;  
                  Wait and you shall see,

How I'll dreaded be.

Mr. G.                   With joyous acclamation,  
                          And joyous tral-lal-la;  
                          We'll elevate the nation,  
                          While singing tral-lal-la.

## ***Part Second.***

[*Same Scene as in Part First, but coloured a sober slate tint. In prominent position, R.H., notice board, on which is written "Notice.--No public meeting allowed to be held within 30 yards of the spot."*]

[LEILA and FAIRIES discovered. Cries of "No, no, no."]

LEILA. We have stood six months of this dreadful government, sisters. Shall we stand a single day more of it?

ALL. No, no!

LEILA. Are we to endure their explanations that won't go down, and their ships that won't do anything else?

ALL. No, no!

LEILA. Do we like public buildings that won't rise, and prices that won't fall? [*Cries of "No, no!"*] Do we like the whole of our native land painted slate-colour? [*Cries of "No, no!"*] Do we prefer ha'pence to patriotism? Do we like to see our country under the heel of the invader? [*Cries of "No, no!"*] And ourselves sent to bed at seven o'clock by act of parliament?

ALL. No, no!

LEILA. Then, sisters, shall we turn the government out? [*Cries of "Hear, hear."*] Strike for liberty? [*approval*]. And for what is more sacred still, a chance of getting in ourselves?

[*Great cheering.*]

[*Enter ZAYDA and Mr. A.*]

ZAYDA. I told you so! Another public meeting, and you see what is the use of that notice.

Mr. A. What's the use of it?

ZAYDA. Yes. It doesn't stop their meeting.

Mr. A. Of course it doesn't. But it irritates them, and is there no use in that?

ZAYDA. Well, you see what it has come to; they've been grumbling about those subterranean Law Courts again, I dare say.

Mr. A. Subterranean! Why not subterranean?

ZAYDA. Why, it's all in the dark.

Mr. A. Well, what of that? Isn't Justice blind? What does it matter where she sits. Listen to me. You've done *too much*. That's what you've done. You want your Law Courts? Good! You open the affair to public competition. Three hundred enthusiastic architects instantly rush to the front, and prepare designs. Very good again! You pin them all to a wall, shut your eyes, and pick out one of them. Now you begin business in earnest. You clear a site; you collect all the dust-carts in Europe; you go to work and bring in---

ZAYDA. Bricks and mortar by the hundredweight.

Mr. A. No. Rubbish! All the rubbish you can lay hold of--by the ton!

ZAYDA. And the Law Courts?  
Mr. A. Never build them at all.  
ZAYDA. Oh, if that's the way to manage public works, I shall resign; I'm tired of office.  
Mr. A. Resign? Tired of office?  
ZAYDA. Very. Don't you ever get tired of office down there?  
Mr. A. Never!  
ZAYDA. And doesn't anybody ever get tired of you?  
Mr. A. Never!  
ZAYDA. You surprise me. How do you manage to be so popular? I can't!  
Mr. A. Can't? Just answer me. Have you made streets where they are not wanted? [ZAYDA nods.] Made none where they are? [She nods.] Have you been six months building a lamp-post?  
ZAYDA. I have.  
Mr. A. And then forgotten to put a gas-pipe inside it?  
ZAYDA. I have.  
Mr. A. Have you offended all the canons of good taste--quarrelled with the architects--infuriated the contractors--insulted the surveyors--maddened the public, and trod generally on the toes of anybody and everybody?  
ZAYDA. I have.  
Mr. A. So have I, and that's the reason I'm such a popular man.  
LEILA [to ZAYDA.] The First Commissioner of Works.  
ZAYDA. [to Mr. A.] A deputation! What am I to do?  
Mr. A. Do? Insult it!  
ZAYDA. But it's so uncivil.  
Mr. A. Uncivil to insult a deputation? Here, leave it to me, I'll soon settle it for you. Now then, who are you? What do you want, and what do you mean by it?  
LEILA. Then, please, we want to know why everything in Fairyland, from one end to the other, has been painted slate-colour.  
Mr. A. Slate-colour? Of course! Why not? What colour would you have it? Good useful colour, doesn't show the dirt; will wash: and it matches the sky where I come from.  
LEILA. But we don't come from where you come from, and we've got a blue sky, and we love the good--the beautiful and--  
Mr. A. The cheap.  
LEILA. No, sir, the true. Pray, Madam First Commissioner, what is the line of beauty? I don't believe you know.  
ZAYDA. Don't I though. It's a good line in the newspapers.  
LEILA. [to Mr. A.] And that's your teaching?  
Mr. A. Mine? not at all! I don't know what a good line in the papers means! I've never had one in my life.  
LEILA. Then pray, sir, what do you consider the true line of beauty?  
Mr. A. Me? The Metropolitan line.  
LEILA. Sisters! you hear! and this is the earthly representative of Art! Ah! here's the Government. Now for a vote of censure.

[Enter SELENE, reading dispatch--followed by FAIRIES.]

SELENE. What's this? The Emperor of Gozo, overcome by conscientious scruples, has "been forced" to tear up our treaty to shreds, and gives us hereby notice of the same.

Mr. A. [looking at dispatch]. Oh! that's all right.

SELENE. All right?--to repudiate a treaty purchased with our noblest fairy blood on hard-fought battle-fields?

Mr. G. Well! it's all right. You don't see the date?  
SELENE. The date!  
Mr. A. The date--the date. Look at the date.  
Mr. L. Can't you see? Why that treaty's nearly three months old.  
SELENE. You startle, you terrify me. What then is a treaty?  
Mr. L. A treaty? Well, a commercial treaty is---  
Mr. G. No, no, not that. A treaty, to quote Homer, is---  
Mr. A. Allow me! A treaty, to quote Homer, is that useful instrument which enables the man of honour to promise, when taken at a disadvantage, *that* (which under happier circumstances) he has not the remotest intention of performing.  
SELENE. Oh, horrible! And this is earthly morality.  
Mr. A. No, that's not earthly morality. That's earthly diplomacy.  
ZAYDA. And you earthly diplomatists *thus* teach us your history--and your philosophy! Shame on you.  
Mr. G. History and philosophy? I beg your pardon, we don't teach them at all.  
SELENE. Not teach history and philosophy?  
Mr. A. No--we're trying to abolish both of them by act of parliament.  
SELENE. [*reading*]. What, new disasters. The Chinese marching on the capital, demand the instant cession of three-fourths of Fairyland.  
Mr. A.<sup>5</sup> Well, give it them.  
Mr. G. Of course, give it them at once.  
SELENE. And you would bid me sacrifice my native land?  
Mr. A. Of course! Why not? It's very much cheaper than gunpowder.  
SELENE. [*reads*]. Ah, see! they will retire, withdraw their forces and their claim, if we pay them an indemnity of sixpence--in advance.  
Mr. A. Oh, can't pay sixpence; oh, dear, no. Besides, nothing is ever paid in advance.  
LEILA. Not taxes?  
Mr. L. Oh, yes, taxes. Of course, taxes. Yes.  
SELENE. Think of the degradation--the outrage.  
Mr. L. Think of the sum total.  
SELENE. Would you not then save your country?  
Mr. L. My dear, I'd much rather save a halfpenny.

[*Enter DARINE with dispatch.*]

DARINE. [*reads*]. The whole fleet has run aground, though a retired solicitor was in command, and seven Lords of the Admiralty steered every ship, [*to Mr. L.*] and at your advice, then, I've sunk the whole fleet for a ha'porth of tar?

Mr. L. I told you not to buy tar at that ruinous price, but wait till it had come down to a farthing.

[*Enter LOCRINE with dispatch.*]

DARINE. Sister, the army!

LOCRINE. [*reads*]. Has been *outmanoeuvred, outwitted, outnumbered, outgeneral'd*. Their guns, their boots, their reputation and their commissariat have all burst together.

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<sup>5</sup> Last gives this line to Ethais. In earlier versions of the play this would have been the name by which Mr. G. was identified. However, since he also has the next line I have arbitrarily given Ethais's line to Mr. A. I know this is not the perfect solution.

Mr. A. What? When they've been directed by an Intelligencer-General, with the liberal stipend of £1,200 a-year! Oh, impossible.

[Enter ZAYDA with dispatch.]

ZAYDA. The upper ten have struck; the peers are singing the Marseillaise; and I, the First Commissioner of Public Works, have sent in my resignation. All is over--Fairyland is lost.

LEILA. You hear, sister Premier, we call on you to give place to the Opposition. We command a majority of 120. Resign!

SELENE. This is your doing. Tell me, when earthly Premiers find their country invaded, revolution at their gates, national bankruptcy staring them in the face, and a working majority of 120 against them, what do they do?

Mr. G. What? Why remember that three courses are open to them.

DARINE. And don't resign?

Mr. L. We never resign.

LOCRINE. Nor even apologise?

Mr. A. We never apologise.

ZAYDA. And do you call that patriotism?

Mr. G. We call that patriotism.

SELENE. And pray what is patriotism?

Mr. A. Patriotism? Why patriotism is the ladder by which the rising statesman ascends to the pinnacle of place.

SELENE. Then what is place?

Mr. A. Place? She wants to know what place is! Why place is the pinnacle seated upon which the risen statesman kicks away the ladder of patriotism.

SELENE. [to Mr. G.] And these are the principles you bring us from your happy land. Sisters, I've done with office; give me a peerage, and let me end my days in respectability and peace.

*Concerted Piece.*

Mr. L.       When every single art you've tried,  
              Held on through thick and thin;  
              With one supreme desire in life,  
              To take care you "keep in."

ZAYDA.       Desiring to provide a birth,  
              For every near relation;  
              And to teach one's kith and kin,  
              How sweet it is to serve the nation.

Mr. A.       Oh, it's very aggravating when your bills fall through,  
              It's very aggravating when each dodge won't do;  
              It's awfully aggravating when your bills and you,  
              Are both together hurried off to Timbuctoo.

DARINE.       When one has changed one's politics,  
              Turned coat and chopped about;  
              Gone this way and gone that in turns,  
              Gone every way but out.

Mr. G.       In hopes amid the coming crash,  
              And general degradation?  
              To pick up a snug sinecure,  
              Retire and drop the nation.

Mr. A. Oh, it's very aggravating, &c.  
OMNES. Oh, it's very aggravating, &c.

[After Concerted Piece clouds close in on tableau.]

Mr. G. Stay, don't be off!

I own I've trifled with thy truth; but, then,  
Thy truth is not as mortal statesman's truth.  
How could I tell you'd cut your party thus?

SELENE. How couldst thou tell?

Art thou so mean that thou canst understand  
No state of things that might upset thy game?  
Hast thou no knowledge of the sort of woe  
It is to note on great division nights  
Majorities grow less, to rise 'mid jeers,  
To find thy bills thrown out--read six months hence,  
Thy ministerial programme deemed a jest,  
Thy budget a financial mockery.

Oh, there are words

For other agonies, but none for this!

Mr. G. Stay thy too parliamentary tongue. The speech  
Smacks of the opposition benches.

ZAYDA. See! [looking to Earth.]

Our brothers have again got in some mess,  
And move down Bow-street in a crowd. Ah, look!  
Yes! No! They've dropped a something in the policeman's hand.  
Now spread their wings! They mount. They're coming up!

Mr. A. Then we'll be off. Come on.

ZAYDA. No, no, not yet.

Life without Lutin! What would that be worth?

Mr. A. Well, I can't say. No doubt, down there they can,  
And possibly may, taking all in all,  
Assure you that it's bearable enough.  
Nay, it's no use. I'm off; I've had a taste  
Of fairy parliamentary life. You creatures  
Don't half mind being insulted, shocked, and snubbed;  
And as I live but to exasperate,  
Let me to earth; I want another row.

Mr. L. Come, Mr. G., your motion's on to-night.

[Mr. A. and Mr. L. descend.]

SELENE. No, no! thou shalt not go! thou shalt not go.  
My chief, my trimming chief--but still my chief;  
My guide, short-sighted guide--but still my guide.  
Forgive me, Mr. G., thou hast withdrawn  
The very core and substance of my sense.  
Like earthly men, whatever mulls you make,  
I take your part. A fact, I'll be your slave.  
I'll go into the lobby at your beck  
I'll never rise to speak--I'll but divide;  
I'll ask no place of thee--yet swear by thee.  
Become a Tory, Liberal, Radical--  
All three in turns--or, all three at once.

Mr. G. Take thee down there; I love my land too well  
To bore it with thy injudicious tongue;  
We statesmen have no appetite for truth.  
You'll stay--I seek that parliamentary world

Where friends insult us only when we're out.

[Throws off SELENE--descends--business same as "Wicked World."  
Scene changes back to bright one of Part I.]

SELENE [waking]. Where are we now? Oh, what a horrid nightmare! Zayda, Neodie, Darine, are you quite sure those wretched men have gone?

ZAYDA. Quite, [looking]. I can see them now. They've just hailed a four-wheeler, and the tallest, the financial one, is bargaining with the cabman, and offering him a shilling to take the three of them to Westminster.

DARINE. How shabby! but we're no longer subject to such influences.

SELENE. No longer! They've taken all their virtues with them to their happy land.

[Enter LUTIN, ETHAIS and PHYLLON as the Fairies of Part I.]

LUTIN. Well, here we are again.

SELENE. My Ethais.

LUTIN. Well, we've got something now, a real surprise:

We bear the promise of a priceless gift,  
A source of new and endless happiness.  
Take every radiant blessing that adorns  
Our fairy-land, and all will pale before  
The lustre of this precious privilege.  
It is--now then--a popular government.

SELENE. No, no, not that! No, Lutin, no! Not that;

It is a deadly snare.--Beware of it.

Such bliss is for mankind, and not for us.

LUTIN. What, you don't want it?

SELENE. Want it? much obliged!

We're quite contented to sit here and mope,  
And leave such blessings to a HAPPY LAND.

FINALE.

OMNES. Our little feet we never show,  
We never heard of Rotten Row.  
D'you think we care  
To live in Eaton Square.  
We are such sweet and simple girls,  
We never set our caps at Earls.

We even wear  
Our own--our own--back hair!  
Poor Britannia,  
Although she rules the waves,  
Britons ever, ever, ever,  
Shall be slaves.

**CURTAIN.**