

**THE LITTLE TIN GODS-ON-
WHEELS; OR, SOCIETY IN
OUR MODERN ATHENS**

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The Little Tin Gods-on-wheels; Or, Society in Our Modern Athens by Robert Grant

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ROBERT GRANT

**THE LITTLE TIN GODS-ON-
WHEELS; OR, SOCIETY IN
OUR MODERN ATHENS**

THE
LITTLE TIN GODS-ON-WHEELS;

OR,

Society in our Modern Athens.

A TRILOGY AFTER THE MANNER OF THE GREEK.

FROM THE "HARVARD LAMPOON."

CAMBRIDGE:
CHARLES W. SEVER.

1879.

4 *The Little Tin Gods-on-Wheels.*

We should not wish to be worldly and beautiful,
Foolish and frivolous. No, not for anything.

Enter MR. CARNATION with his opera hat, embossed with a gorgeous monogram, under his arm. He scans the various groups with a troubled air, and then soliloquises as follows:—

CARNATION.

O, what a selfish place is this gay world !
Alas ! it wounds me to the quick to see
That ghastly row of unattended maids
Glued, meek as heifers, to the garnished wall.
Shy, shrinking flowers, who but need the sun
Of some man's smile to bloom in peerless beauty ;
And others plain as pikestaffs, but with minds
Cultured and stored with lore of Greece and Rome,
(Ah, what is beauty but a trap and snare,
Unless there is a mind to back it up !)
Around the door a throng of callous brutes,
Who claim the name of men, stand unconcerned
And see these frail exotics droop and wilt
Without a pang, and then go idly home.
Not such am I. This noble spirit stirs
Me up to action. I will show these curs
That Chivalry lives still and cannot die.
What ho ! there ! Crocus, will you kindly give me
An introduction to that girl in pink ?

CROCUS.

Great Caesar's ghost ! My dear boy, do you know
That that rare maid in pink is she whom men



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Who know her style in playful irony
"Old Prob," because she ne'er was known to talk
Of anything but weather, winds, and rain?
You will be stuck as sure as you are born.
Believe me, I should much prefer to be
"A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,"
Than talk to her.

CARNATION.

Stop, ruthless man! thank Heaven
My heart is not yet hardened by the world.
Poor lamb! I'll talk to thee for all thy weather.

CROCUS.

Carnation, in the name of goodness, pause!
Let not your tender nature rule your reason;
I vow she's nothing but a mere barometer.

CARNATION.

I swear I'll speak to her. Unhand me, Crocus;
By Heaven! I'll make mince-meat of him that stops me.

He drags CROCUS up to MISS TIGERLILY. CROCUS introduces him and immediately leaves. CARNATION begins to talk to her in the most charming and animated way in the background. She replies languidly.

CHORUS OF FASHIONABLE YOUNG MEN.

Nothing refineth the young like experience.
He the impetuous, green and undisciplined,
Won't be so eager to talk with that serious-

Minded young damose! after he's been with her
 All of an evening, stuck on her terribly.
 We the long-suffering, taught by experience,
 Foxy as Lucifer, ne'er will be caught again,
 Not if we know ourselves, you bet your hat on it!
 That is the species of hair-pins that we are!

During the chorus CARNATION and MISS TIGERLILY have approached the front of the stage. His face, having gradually grown graver and graver, has now assumed an expression of mingled despair and horror.

CARNATION (*having made several attempts at conversation, tries again*).

You say you do not care for parties much,
 You probably have many outside interests?

MISS TIGERLILY.

Yes. Was it raining when you left the street?

CARNATION.

I think it was, but, faith, I did not notice.

MISS TIGERLILY.

What dreadful weather we've been having lately!

CARNATION.

Does not the winter meet your approbation?

MISS TIGERLILY.

I really hardly know. Sometimes I think
 That snow is nicest, sometimes I like rain;

The Wallflowers.

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Often a thaw delights me, and a freeze
Perhaps is better; pleasant, too, is hail.

Pauses as if frightened at having made such a long speech.

CARNATION (*to change the subject*).

Shall we not try the entry for a change?

MISS TIGERLILY.

No, thank you; I'll stay here. I don't like draughts;
I think the wind is high to-night. I hope
It will go down before the peep of dawn.

CARNATION.

I hope so, truly. Will you have some supper?

MISS TIGERLILY (*brightening up*).

Yes, thank you; I will take a glass of water,
Some beef, or if there is none, some croquets,
A napkin, and a plate of frozen pudding.

CARNATION helps her to all these. She says nothing except that the croquets are too hot and the ice too cold. Having removed the last plate, CARNATION does not return, but moves to the other end of the room, apparently a blighted being.

CARNATION.

All, all is gone! The milk of human kindness
Within me is dried up. Now am I fit
For murder, treason, stratagem, and spoils;
Now could I strangle babes, and smile to see
A cannibal tear beings limb from limb
And roast their joints before a red-hot fire.