

ROBINSON CRUSOE;

OR,

HARLEQUIN FRIDAY

AND

THE KING OF THE CARIBBEE ISLANDS!

A Grotesque Pantomime Opening,

INVENTED AND WRITTEN BY

HENRY JAMES BYRON,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society),

AUTHOR OF

"Cinderella; or, the Lover, the Lackey, and the Little Glass Slipper,"
"Bluebeard from a New Point of Hue," "Mazeppa," "The
Maid and the Magpie," "The Babes in the Wood," "Bride
of Abydos," "Fra Diavolo," "Jack the Giant Killer,"
"Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons,"
"The Nymph of the Lurleyberg," "Pilgrim
of Love," "The Garibaldi Excursion-
ists," &c., &c.

PART AUTHOR OF

"The Miller and his Men," and "Forty Thieves."

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market),

LONDON.

93683

*First performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre, under the Management of Mr. A. HARRIS,
on Wednesday, the 26th of December, 1860.*



Or Harlequin Friday, and the King of the Caribbean Islands!

The Burlesque Opening written by H. J. BYRON, Esq., Author of "Jack the Giant Killer!" The Music composed and selected by Mr. W. H. MONTGOMERY. The Masks, Decorations, and Appointments by MR. LABHART. The Machinery by MR. BURGESS. The Dresses by MR. COOMBS, Jun. and Miss HOGGINS. The Scenery by MR. W. TELMIS, Messrs. NEVILLE, BUCK, FENOUILLET, BROWN, and MR. J. GATES. The Pantomime produced under the direction of MR. T. H. HIGGIE.

SCENE I.—THE HARD AT THE SEAPORT OF HULL. (Gates.)

ROBINSON CRUSOE (<i>Everybody's Hero</i>).....	Mr. GARDEN.
CAPTAIN WILL ATKINS (<i>Freebooter, Smuglyler, Pirate, Buccaneer and Blackguard</i>)	Mr. J. G. SHORE.
OLD DADDY PIGTAIL (<i>Tobaconist and Parent</i>).....	Mr. COLLETT.
SERGEANT SPLENDIDSHILLING (<i>knocking down the enemy and beating up recruits</i>)	Mr. ROBERT.
CUTPURSE AND GOUGEYE (<i>his "creatures"</i>)	Messrs. DALY.
BARNEY BUNTING AND BILLY BOWLINE (<i>Old Sails, a little fresh</i>)	Messrs. PAULO & CLEMENTS.
PRETTY JENNY PIGTAIL (<i>the pride of the Hard, and the envy of the soft</i>)	Miss MURRAY.

✓ 6370933

How Will Atkins, the Smuggler, attempts to pay his duty to Jenny, how she spurns his advances, and how Crusoe cuts off his retreat—How Atkins avows his hatred and registers a vow of vengeance—How there is many a slip, &c.— How Crusoe is arrested by Atkins's cunning, and how Jenny is carried off by his *craft*.

TEMPORARY TRIUMPH OF VILLANY!

SCENE II.—THE CESTLE OF TYRANNY!

KING TYRANNY (*Who though a black-king is not remarkable for polish*) Mr. RAYMOND.
OPPRESSION (*his right-hand man*) Mr. CHARLES.
LIBERTY (*a "bright particular star," at present decidedly in the ascendant*) Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.

THE DISSOLVING VIEWS OF CRUSOE'S VICISSITUDES.

SCENE III.—THE LUCID LABYRINTH OF LIBERTY FIELD (Gates.)

A GAMBOL OF ZEPHYRS, by MDLLE. MARIE DUMILATRE,

⟨Of the principal Continental Theatres, her First Appearance in England) and Mesdames MARIE, STEVENS, TAYLOR, V. TAYLOR, J. LOVELL, B. LOVELL, E. HONEY, ENNIS, WILLIAMS, HUGHES, OSBORNE, HASSAN, A. TAYLOR, BENNETT, TAYLOR, BARNEs, HODSON, LAVENU, E. LAVENU, A. LAVENU, LOTON, FLORENCE, & RECKNELL.

SCENE IV.—THE ISLAND. (Telbin.)

THE DOG Master COCKER. THE PARROT Master COCKER-TOO.

THE GOAT (*a very lively kid*) Master BUTTS.

FRIDAY (*a very enlightened negro, not to say a lamp black*) Monsieur ESPINOSA.

HOKEE POKEE, WANKY FUM (*Vagabond Indians, all rags and tattoos*) ... Messrs. R. CATHCART & MORELAND. How Robinson Crusoe discovers a rare engraving of *Foote* in a new part—How Friday cuts on in a second and avoids being cut off in his prime—How Friday tries on a black suit, and Crusoe engages him as his servant.

THE INDIAN DRUM.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

SCENE V.—INTERRIOR OF CRUSOE'S HUT. (Gates.)

HOOP-DE-DOODEN-DOO (*King of the Caribee Islands*) Mr. H. SAKER.

(His First Appearance since his severe accident.)

This extraordinary scene impoverishes Crusoe and beggars description—The weather being hot and close, Friday sets about his cool an' airy avocations—He shows himself to be a top *Soyer* at cookery, and though *black fisted*, an uncommonly *light hand* at pastry—How the goat provides the butter, how the parrot nearly upsets Friday's *good will* by inserting his *daws*, and how Friday almost ruins the dog for life by cutting off the *end tail*. Arrival of remarkably unwelcome visitors—How the Indians take to spirits, but how the spirits by no means take to the Indians—How the Indian party are put to the *rout*, and how they keep up the *bawl*, at their unseasonable *fête*.

SCENE VI.—THE SHORE, WITH VIEW OF ATKINSS'S WRECK. (Telbin.)
Seashore fuming—prunning and cunning—Ill-timed appearance of Hokee and Wankly, who come on at an awkward juncture, and come off with an unpleasant reception—How Jenny is *mis-led* in two senses, and how she and Atkins are “taken off” by the Indians.

SCENE VII.—THE VIRGIN FOREST. (Telbin.)

PICCALILLE (*Hoop-de-dooden-doo's favourite squaw*) Miss E. LAVENU.

GRAND ABORIGINAL BALLET, composed, arranged, and supported by MONS. ESPINOSA.

How Jenny and Atkins are led into the lion's den, and come across a magnificent specimen of the *roar* material—How the *roar* material *entices* to Jane, and how the *yarn-spinning* Jenny winds him up and gets him on to a *reel*—Hoop-de-dooden-doo's *drammer* goes down with good *élat*, and Friday's *piece* goes off with great effect—THE ESCAPE.

SCENE VIII.—ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND.

In which Crusoe meets his foe and Atkins his doom—Accounts are squared in the legitimate melo-dramatic and pantomimic fashion—Virtue is rewarded, Villany punished, Tyranny banished, Liberty victorious, the blue-fire lighted, and the scene changed to the

GOLDEN GROUNDS OF CHRISSY'S BERRIES. (Gates.)

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Lacy's Acting Plays

Volume 49

Pages 5 - 6 are missing from ' Robinson
Crusoe '. The only complete edition of this
work was found at the British Drama League,
- 10 Fitzroy Square, London. Enquiries were
made at:-

Kings College, Strand,
Sussex University,
The British Museum,
and the National Central Library,
but with no success.

17th August,

1973

Brompton, December 26, 1860.

MY DEAR BLANCHARD,

It seems but a poor compliment to dedicate such an unconnected string of doggrel as this to anybody; but, nevertheless, I do dedicate it to you, in memory of the first Pantomime I ever saw (two and twenty years ago, and, need I add, one of yours); and in token of my sincere admiration for your unapproachable talent as a concocter of wholesome Christmas fun.

Ever yours most sincerely

HENRY J. BYRON.

E. L. Blanchard, Esq.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Common Hard at Hull, during the war time. A public house and a tobacconist's shop, with "Pigtail, Tobacconist" over the door. SERJEANT SPLENDISHILLING is reading the news from the seat of war to the gaping SAILORS and SEAPORT LOUNGERS; a CRIER ringing a bell, and distributing papers to the SAILORS and their SWEETHEARTS. All are laughing and chatting as the scene opens to lively music, and the scene is one of great bustle and stirring excitement.*

SERJ. (rising) Ladies and gen'lmen, I'm proud to say,
I read here in the paper of to-day,
We've beat them foreignors again.

ALL. (on the stage) Hooray!

SERJ. But here comes Daddy Pigtail's pretty daughter,
I looks to-wards her; here! more gin and water!

Music.—Enter JENNY PIGTAIL, r., followed by BILLY BOWLINE, BARNEY BUNTING, and others.

JENNY. Now go along, you good-for-nothing crew,
I like your impudence, indeed I do.

BOW. (chucking her under the chin, r.) I know you like it.

BUNT. (ditto, l.) Course she likes it.

JENNY. Pah!
You sailors smell so horribly of tar,

It's really most unpleasant; then your words
 Are terrible to hear, at least two thirds.
 Breaking young women's hearts you fancy sport;
 You have a wife you know in every port;
 Which is by no means right, as you'll allow, sirs;
 Your manners are as loose as are your trousers.

BUNT. No matter; I for one will have a kiss.

(*he attempts to kiss her, but fails*)

Enter DADDY PIGTAIL, R.

PIG. Upon my word, extremely pretty, miss,
 Such conduct I consider, Bunting—

BUNT. Pooh!

PIG. Sheer insolence! sheer off! *she are not for you!*

(*SAILORS grumble and retire*)
(bringing JENNY down) My child, I have a something
 to impart;

You know young Crusoe?

JENNY. (*aside*) Know him? yes, by heart.

PIG. He is a 'prentice, as you're well aware.

JENNY. Yes, at the Golden Teapot in the Square.

PIG. Ah, would that he were *on* the square as well.

JENNY. Oh, madness! misery! What mean you? Tell!

PIG. It wrings my heart. Oh, how—how shall I break it?

JENNY. Your heart?

PIG. No! no! (*aside*) I wonder how she'll take it.

(*aloud*) The fact is, Robinson is poor.

JENNY. But proud.

PIG. Uncommonly! And I have had a crowd

Of applications—some of them are grand.

Behold! all these are offers for your hand.

(*shews a huge bundle of letters*)

Will Atkins, who's enriched by smuggler booty,

Is very anxious, dear, to *pay his duty*.

For with affection in his bosom rent—

JENNY. Then let him pay it to the Government.

PIG. Why, here he is!

Enter WILL ATKINS, a buccaneer of the true Cobourg stamp, enveloped in a rough pea jacket, and covered with every variety of offensive weapon.

As p'raps I'm in the way,

I'll say ta ta!

Exit, R.

ATKINS. (*kneeling to JENNY*) The Government, you say?

You are *my* government, by persecution

You have induced in me a revolution :

I used to smoke and drink and use bad language;

But now my bosom is a prey to *anguage*.

JENNY. Oh, why do you torment me thus, you fright?

ATKINS. Torment! Why, this *tar meant* to be polite.

JENNY. You're too polite, much too polite, I'm loth

With such a person to *p-light* my troth.

I have no fortin'.

ATKINS. I *for tin* don't care.

I, who have *fought in* battles everywhere ;

In one I lost my eye, missing my fut

I *go-t backer*, also this *short cut*.

(*points to a piece of black plaister which extends the entire length of his countenance*)

I have a skiff—a skimmer of the sea,

And I *ask if* you will its missus be ?

'Tis in the offing ready quite for sailing.

JENNY. I've told you *offing* that it's unavailing.

ATKINS. Hah! some land-lubber's cut my hopes in two,

No one can *lub her* as I used to do.

The Golden Teapot! (JENNY starts violently)

Hah! that tell-tale start!

(aside) That smug young grocer's arts *engross her 'art*.

(aloud) Each week he serves you with his mild Bohea.

JENNY. Yes, I confess he suits me to a tea.

ATKINS. But in your cup of happiness I soon

Will make a precious stir !

JENNY. You precious spoon !

ATKINS. Durance most vile I'll quickly have you clapped in:

(shouts) Cutpurse and Gouge-eye! Hoh! assist your Captain !

ATKINS seizes JENNY—CUTPURSE and GOUGE-EYE, villainous buccaneering ruffians, enter, L.

JENNY. What would you do ?

ATKINS. In vain, proud *ge-urł*, you wrestle :
Seize her and carry her aboard my vessel !

(the RUFFIANS run after the GIRL, and, missing her, come whack against each other, this is repeated, and they come with a thump against ATKINS, who strikes them, and seizes JENNY)

JENNY. (*struggling violently as she is being carried away*)
Ruffians ! this insolence shall cost you dear.

Help ! help ! Oh, Robinson, where are you !

CRUSOE. (*without, L.*) Here !

Enter ROBINSON CRUSOE, L.—he knocks down the two RUFFIANS with back-handed blows, and floors ATKINS with a driver, then stands c. with JENNY insensible in his arms.—Picture.

Look up, my lovely Jane : she faints, she dies !

Oblige your Robinson and ope your eyes.

JENNY. (*reviving*) Where am I ?

CRUSOE. Don't you know your Crusoe's voice ?

Your Robinson, the husband of your choice ?

ATKINS. (*on the ground*) Oh, horror and despair ! *dispair* get married !

With fiendish thoughts my bosom is *old harried*.

(to CRUSOE) Young Crusoe, you'll repent that bitter blow. (CRUSOE about to strike him)

What ! raise your fist against a fallen foe ?

CRUSOE. (*kicking him*) Certainly not.

ATKINS. (*howls and rises*) A kick my frame upon !

I'll be revenged—a kick—kick—ki—kome on !

Rushes off with his MEN, R.

Enter DADDY PIGTAIL and OTHERS, R.

PIG. My child ! (*embrace*)

JENNY. He from the ruffian did me snatch ;
You must consent, papa dear, to the match.

PIG. You've saved my child, and as I'm glad to hear
Your uncle's left you ninety pounds a year—

CRUSOE. You give your kind consent ?

PIG. I do my boy ;
As you are wealthy, why I wish you joy.

I always had a great regard for *you*,
So take my blessing and my daughter too.

JENNY. Oh, rapture ! We'll have such a grocer's shop !
ROB. Isn't the prospect plummy ? Come, dear !

(*going with JENNY, l., is stopped by the entrance of ATKINS, CUTPURSE, GOUGE-EYE, & MARINES, l.*)

ATKINS.

Stop !

(*hurried music piano*)

CRUSOE. What means this interruption ? Stand aside !

ATKINS. My brave associates, seize the lovely bride.
(CUTPURSE and GOUGE-EYE seize JENNY)

And as for Crusoe, if it's all the same,
The press-gang grabs him in King George's name !
(CRUSOE is seized by the MARINES)

JENNY. The press-gang ! oh ! (*faints*)

ATKINS. You'll make a noble tar.

ROB. (*struggling*) Let me get at the villain !

ATKINS. (*folding his arms with the scornful action of transpontine melodrama*) Ha, ha, ha !

Behold, triumphant William Atkins grins !

(to JENNY) You spurned my offers. (to CRUSOE)
And you kicked my shins !

It's *my* turn now. Aboard my vessel take her,
And if she won't wake up from fainting, shake her !
As for that whipper-snapper grocer's prentice,
Drag him away !

CRUSOE. (*in an agony of rage and despair*) Oh ! am I
compos mentis ?

Music.—CRUSOE breaks away, and JENNY revives, they rush into each other's arms, but are dragged away by ATKINS and his MYRMIDONS. This is repeated, and some of the POPULACE knock down PRESS-GANG, the WOMEN fly at the SMUGGLERS, and there appears some chance for CRUSOE and JENNY, when ATKINS seizes her in his arms and carries her off, r. The PRESS-GANG take off CRUSOE, l. The bustle, confusion, and noise kept up till close of Scene.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Abode of Tyranny.*

The Scene is heavy, dismal, and dark. TYRANNY, who enters, L., is dressed completely in black, and no colour of any kind is visible in the Scene or its adjuncts. OPPRESSION enters after TYRANNY, holding a newspaper.

TYRAN. (*pacing the stage enraged*) Bring me no more reports, I'm savage,—sad,
 The way I'm losing ground is much too bad.
 King Tyranny, a monarch, once despotic,
 Become the sport of any wild Quixotic
 Adventurer, who, anxious for a row,
 Forces my purblind followers to bow
 Beneath his notions of Utopian rule !

OPPRES. Cheer up, great king.

TYRAN. (*striking him*) Oppression, you're a fool.
 But if I can't o'er nations hold my sway,
 O'er individuals perhaps I may.
 And that reminds me of my protégé !

OPPRES. That pirate smuggler, Captain Atkins, hight.

TYRAN. Ah, he's a pirate of the main and might—
 A youth who'll do me, his protector, credit.
 His deck, while strangers unsuspicious tread it,
 Covers five hundred niggers !

OPPRES. (*rubbing his hands in glee*) He, he, he !

TYRAN. Ha, ha ! the notion tickles you, I see.

(they both laugh heartily—LIBERTY rises in an illuminated bower—her dress is of shining silver, and stands out in marked contrast to the extreme darkness of the Scene)

You here ! How could you an admittance gain ?
 Oppression, didn't you put up the chain ?

LIBER. I'm Liberty—the chain's not forged that binds me.

TYRAN. (*cowering*) Oh, how she shines—her dazzling brightness blinds me !

LIBER. Yes ; Liberty shines e'en your dungeons through :
 But stay,—I've come to have a shine with you.

Duet.—Buckley's "Sleighting Song."

LIBER. Oh, in a pretty way, sir,
 You've acting been of late ;
 And I have come to-day, sir,
 King Tyranny to rate.

- TYRAN. Miss Liberty,
 You'd better be
 Polite, I beg to state;
 Or in a cell,
 You'll find, "ma belle,"
 Full time to ruminate.
- LIBER. I tingle, tingle, tingle, ting,
 Your ugly neck to wring.
- TYRAN. Come recollect,
 With some respect
 You ought to treat a king.
 You tingle, tingle, tingle, ting,
 My luckless neck to wring.
 Come recollect, &c.
- LIBER. I tingle, tingle, tingle, ting,
 Your ugly neck to wring.
 But recollect,
 With some respect,
 I ought to treat a king.

TYRAN. How didst thou enter? That fact thou concealest.

LIBER. Why surely Liberty is on the *free list*.

TYRAN. I know no free list but the public press,
 The press-gang I allude to, madam.

LIBER. Yes.

I am aware you hold that system dear,
Liberty's soldier is a volunteer,
 Who caring little for the pay or pain,
 With glory in his mind, not greed of gain,
 With honour in his heart, not hopes of wealth,
 Devotes his stock of manly British health
 To help Oppression's victims o'er the sea,
 To fling aside their fetters and be free!
 But as to the occasion of my visit,
 It is concerning poor young Crusoe.

TYRAN. (*doggedly*) Is it?

LIBER. You have oppressed him sadly, sent him o'er
 The sea a thousand weary miles or more.

A thousand weary miles.

TYRAN. Ha! ha!

LIBER. You smiled,
 As if you thought such treatment *weary mild*.

I say it's shameful! Be more generous, come.
TYRAN. He's in my power and I will use it, mum,
 For he's my William Atkins's sworn foe,
 And enemy to Tyranny al-so.

(LIBERTY waves her wand, the Scene opens, and the vessel of war in which CRUSOE is seen, appears calmly sailing before the breeze)

LIBER. Behold! his vessel rides before the gale,
 With union flying and distended sail,
 In safety through the briny foam she glides.

TYRAN. In safety, eh? No longer thus she rides.

(the view dissolves and discloses a wreck)

Behold! the ocean's shattered masts and decks.
 Hurray for old King Neptune! Vivat wrecks!

LIBER. But though a victim to your envious shafts,
 Behold, poor king, there are such things as rafts,
 On one he rides, defiant of the storm.

(CRUSOE is seen riding on a raft)

TYRAN. Confusion! I'm uncomfortably warm.

LIBER. He's saved, and having passed through numerous dangers,

Amidst extremely cannibalish strangers,
 Shall come back to his home, his snug fireside,
 His old acquaintances and blooming bride,
 Having achieved a name revered by all,
 Loved by great people, idolized by small—
 Not merely in his native land alone,
 A "household word" wherever speech is known.
 Come, as you've treated me to such a show,
 I will return the compliment—let's go
 And see my home. (TYRANNY hangs back, alarmed)

Why, what have you to fear?

TYR. Not if I know it!

LIB. Then I'll bring it here.

TYR. Surely 'gainst common sense that is a crime.

LIB. Please to remember this is Christmas time;
 Whoever looked for anything like reason
 In pieces written for this madcap season?
 Good geniuses have always had the skill
 To move their magic whereabouts at will,

The power to make her palace go and come,
Always had Liberty *ad libitum*.

(*the Scene changes to the "Lucid Labyrinths of Liberty Hall"—a shining silvery scene in which everything is dazzlingly brilliant, except the black form of TYRANNY*)

LIB. This specimen of fairy locomotion,
I think, you will admit was a bright notion.
Come, ladies, while my home my guest I show,
Please trip it on the "light fantastic toe."

GRAND BALLET.

(*tableau—closed in by dark scene, which opens and discovers*)

SCENE THIRD.—*The Island. The air of "Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe" played as it opens.*

Enter, first the Dog, then the PARROT, the GOAT, and finally, CRUSOE; he is dressed in the regular semi-savage dress, his beard is long, his hair matted.

Medley song—Air, "Robinson Crusoe."

CRUSOE. Please suppose since the last
Scene, just two years have passed;

I beg you politely to do so.

Beneath this disguise

You perhaps recognize

Unfortunate Robinson Crusoe.

I had bought my intended her trousseau;

It was premature rather to do so;

For I pressed was by force,

Which proceeding, of course,

Spoilt the plans of poor Robinson Crusoe.

Air, "Wobbledewoe."

(*looking round miserably*) "I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,"

As some future poet will say

Of this poor unfortunate brute.

Oh! wretched Crusoe, oh!

Oh! most unlucky Crusoe, oh!

(*the ANIMALS, standing in a line, join in the chorus*)

Through existence so lonely I jog,
 For company only have that
 Of my cat and my parrot and dog—
 (*very miserably*) And my dog and my parrot and cat.
 Oh ! wretched Crusoe, oh !
 Oh ! most unlucky Crusoe, oh !

Although this solitude begins to pall,
 It has some trifling comforts, after all.
 No Christmas bills for bread, for meat, for tea,
 No rent and taxes ever worry me.
 This rich ground raises me all sorts of fruits,
 And in the rainy season my corn shoots.

(*dog barks*) For lack of loaves I'm never in the hole,
 My faithful dog can always *bark-a-roll*.
 No fear of petty robberies have I,
 As no one's near I dread no fellow nigh.
 I dread no burglars, for I haven't got tin,
 No close garotting, for my *clothes go rotting*.
 A rich warm sun we luckily have got, (*reflectively observing the PARROT*)

A rich warm sun—yes, and *a poor parr-ot*.
 I feel no winter's wind, however cutting, (*the GOAT butts him*)

Rapped by my great goat, with his large *horn butting*.
 But sorrow's fruitless, so I bury mine,
 And I *sow melon-choly*, don't *reap pine*.

(*Music ; he discovers a footprint on the sand, and starts*)

Ha ! ha ! what do I see ? a footprint, surely !
 (*kneels down, and places his eye close to it*)
 It is a footprint—oh, I'm very poorly !
 The prints from some great *black*—oh dear, I wince,
 As did the foreigners at our Black Prince.
 If he's a cannibal—with fears I pant—
 He'll come and *nab* this poor in'abitant.

(*an Indian howl heard, R.*)
 Oh ! I foresee that we shall come to grief,
 That howl proceeds from some *ould* Indian chief.
 My courage rapidly is oozing from me,
 His tommy-hawk will slice my ana-tommy.

Another howl—ROBINSON skips back with the animals, R., FRIDAY rushes on, R., and hides, L.—HOKEE-POKEE and WANKY-FUM, two fierce Indians, jump on to the stage, from R., brandishing their tomahawks fiercely.

HOKEE. De pris'ner am escaped! Oh, Wanky-Fum!
(*the Indian drum heard, R.*)

De Indian drum!—tum, tum! Come, Fum.

WANKY. Some rum!

(*pulls out a bottle, flourishes it—FRIDAY comes close behind him and takes the bottle out of his hand, hides—WANKY-FUM turns upon HOKEE-POKEE, and they fight—they rush at each other, miss, and as they get to R. and L., ROBINSON strikes one and FRIDAY the other—they jump round at each other—an Indian whoop heard, R.*)

HOKEE. De signal of great Hoop-de-dooden-doo!

Wancy, me lub you.

WANKY. Hokee, me lub you.

(*they embrace and go off, R.*)

(*Music.—ROBINSON and FRIDAY advance—FRIDAY exhibits great awe and alarm—CRUSOE offers his hand in a friendly way, and FRIDAY becomes more easy, advancing, grinning, and nodding*)

CRUSOE. All apprehension, sombre party, smother;
Although you're black, you are a man and brother.
So tell me who you are, by action, nicely.

(*Music.—FRIDAY goes through pantomimic action, expressive of having been taken captive, &c.)*

You have been taken prisoner!—precisely.

(*Music.—FRIDAY expresses his horror at the idea of being eaten*)

And not desiring to be eaten, you
Gave them the slip.

(*Music.—FRIDAY expresses his grief at his forlorn condition*)

You don't know what to do?

Come now, what can you do? Canst fish?

(*Music.—FRIDAY expresses his piscatorial powers*)

You can?

(aside) He'd really make a first-rate servant-man,

And would particularly useful be ;
 He wouldn't cost me much for livery ;
 That is indeed a thing he ne'er can lack,
 Nature provides him with a suit of black.
 (*to FRIDAY*) Wilt be my servant?

FRIDAY. Oh iss, massa ; me
 You did deliber from de *massa-cree*.
 I'll be your slave.

(*kneels and places CRUSOE's foot upon his head*)
CRUSOE. My slave, soft-hearted flat !
 No, no, I place my *wee toe* upon that.

(*gives FRIDAY a playful kick, FRIDAY falls flat and appears attracted by a sound—he listens eagerly—Indian music heard pianissimo, FRIDAY becomes violently agitated*)

The Indians ! Ha ! they're coming you to nail ;
 With strong attacks to levy their *black male*.

(*FRIDAY weeps*)
 He weeps ! forth from his eyes his dreadful doom
 After the *levee* is a *drawing rheum*.

FRIDAY. (*in a state of feverish excitement*) One, two, treemen !
CRUSOE. (*alarmed*) I'd bolt at once outright,

But I am in *one too tre-men-dous* fright.
 Let's see, this day's a Friday—horrid thought !
 'Twill truly be a *fry day* if we're caught.

(*a war whoop heard, R., FRIDAY and CRUSOE fall back to back*)

We shall be boiled, or go to make a stew ;
 They'll make black puddings, my young friend, of you :
 Or cook you like a rabbit, and of course
 Of poor young Crusoe they will make white sauce.

(*the Indian drum heard—CRUSOE clutches FRIDAY and they walk tremulously across the stage to the following song*)

Air, "The Indian Drum."

CRUSOE. Hark ! 'tis the Indian drum !

(*FRIDAY supplies a refrain with a musical shudder*)
 (*faintly*) Hark ! 'tis the Indian drum !

(*FRIDAY shudders*)

(on tip-toe) Softly, softly, follow me,
Or discovered shall we be.

Hark, hark, hark! 'tis the Indian drum!

Abrupt note—CRUSOE and FRIDAY make a sudden comic exit, L.

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Interior of Crusoe's Dwelling, as described in the work, with additional modern articles of consumption, &c. A large barrel labelled "Flour," R.; a table, c., with two rough chairs; large pepper box and salt box; looking glass, clothes horse, &c.*

Music.—CRUSOE and FRIDAY appear scrambling over the palisade at the back—FRIDAY exhibits great comic terror, and they continually get in each other's way; just as CRUSOE is getting over, FRIDAY pulls him back, the same when FRIDAY is nearly over; at length CRUSOE gets over and slips on to the stage, FRIDAY follows and falls on him, CRUSOE shouts and FRIDAY jumps up and pulls CRUSOE on to his legs, apologising in extravagant action: he seizes a gigantic clothes brush.

CRUSOE. Thank'ee, be quiet, if it's all the same.

Oh! by the way, you haven't got a name;
Stay—as to-day is Friday, that'll do
As well as any other one for you;
So recollect, you're Friday from to-day:
You are my man of all work, and shall stay—
So long as you behave yourself—with me;
You'll have no wages, and you'll find your tea,
Your beer, your sugar, and your livery.
For dinner you will have to hunt about;
You'll have no followers, no Sundays out.
Should Indians come, or any such disaster,
You'll have to fight in service of your master.
Of course you'll cook my dinner, clean the plate,
Sit up to let me in when I'm out late;
If you're knocked up you're never to declare it,
And when I spank your nob, you'll grin and bear it.
Now, as I'm going out, some game to track,
Have a meat pie made by the time I'm back.

(*Music.—CRUSOE goes up and off by the ladder, over the palisade; FRIDAY goes to the flour barrel*

and fetches out some dough, which he places on the table ; then he brings on a large pie-dish, which he places, c., seizes a jar labelled " Butter," and, taking some out, butters the inside of the pie-dish, sucking his fingers after so doing, and greasing his woolly head ; he takes then a large knife, and, after feeling the edge, cuts slices of ham from one hanging, L. ; these he places in the pie-dish, then peppers violently, sneezing occasionally into the pie ; when his back is turned, the PARROT enters and snatches a slice of ham, and runs, R. ; the GOAT enters and attempts to take it from the PARROT ; FRIDAY, discovering the theft, strikes the GOAT, who butts at him and sends him backwards, in a sitting posture, into the pie-dish ; the DOG enters, seizes the meat from the PARROT, and runs to a corner with it ; FRIDAY gets out of the dish, a piece of ham adhering to his back—this he picks off and returns, carefully scraping the grease off his clothes and putting it back into the dish ; he then runs and lifts up the lid of the flour barrel, putting his head and shoulders into it ; the PARROT gives him a peck at the calf, and the GOAT tilts down the lid on his head ; he wriggles about in extreme discomfort, until he succeeds in getting himself out together with some dough for paste, which he places on the table ; he then seizes the rolling pin, flours it, beats out and rolls the paste, then places the pin on the table ; the DOG seizes it and runs away—FRIDAY after him ; he succeeds in regaining it, and strikes the DOG, who yelps ; FRIDAY returns to the work of the pie, and drops some of the dough on the floor ; he picks it up and picks out carefully several foreign substances, amongst them an enormous hair, which takes him some time to extract ; he then covers the dish with the paste, and gazes fondly on the pie with conscious pride of an artist ; the PARROT digs his long beak into the middle of the pie and rushes away with a large piece of the paste ; FRIDAY tears his wool in agony of rage ; he

catches the PARROT and seizes the paste, pulling violently; the PARROT open his beak, and FRIDAY tumbles back; he then rushes to the pie, claps the piece of paste over the hole, and beats it down with the rolling pin; just at this moment an Indian howl is heard, just outside the palisade; FRIDAY's knees drop together, he drops the rolling pin into the pie, and shivers violently; the PARROT, DOG, and GOAT tremble terribly and exhibit awful alarm, they sneak off, trembling; FRIDAY turns and observes three long feathers swaying backwards and forwards at the top of the palisade; FRIDAY, in a state of abject terror, hides himself under the table; the three INDIANS climb over the palisade—HOKEE-POKEE, WANKY-FUM, and their King, HOOPDEEDOODENDOO, a very fat monarch, completely covered with ornaments; HOKEE-POKEE and WANKY-FUM drop down on to stage, but the KING sticks on the palisade, unable to move)

HOOP. Come, treat your monarch dread with more respect,
Him not de King of Naples recollect.

(*the INDIANS help him down—he is very fat, unwieldy, and bald-headed*)

I more resemble t'other one;—What's called he?

I'm a bald Carib—oh, ah! *Carib-baldi!*

(*feeling his head*)

Me got no heir, so when I die, my friends,
The Hoopdedoodendoo dy-nasty ends.

(starts) What do I see? A human pie, by gum!

I stick to that! (*reads from bottle*) What's this?
“Jamaica Rum!”

I thought nobody libbed upon this island,
It's plain that some one's been here a long while, and—

(*seizes the pepper-box and smells it, sneezes horribly, shakes the box, and HOKEE-POKEE and WANKY-FUM sneeze; they sneeze about the stage, and bump against each other; the INDIANS taste everything, and squabble over the pie, slapping each other with the slices of ham; they fill a cup with*

rum, and sit round the table, drinking; they all have their hands on the table; suddenly, FRIDAY raps the table violently; the three INDIANS become alarmed)

HOOP. The sperrets are a rapping, Wanky-fum,
P'raps you don't know that I'm a medi-um.

HOKEE. (*sceptically*) Rubbish! their presence I should like to feel—

(*FRIDAY catches hold of HOKEE-POKEE's leg—he is in horrible alarm, and tries to get away—the others laugh immensely at him*)

Oh! oh! the sperret's got me by the heel!

(*FRIDAY raises the table, and it begins to turn; the INDIANS go round with it after the fashion of table turners; it becomes more rapid, and they tumble; FRIDAY throws the table flat on to them, and escapes into the flour barrel; comic business on the part of the KING, who looks up and gradually rises, kicking his brother INDIANS; they become jovial, when they see the lid of the flour barrel moving, and they all tremble and sneak towards the palisade; suddenly FRIDAY pops his head (covered with the table cloth which he has taken with him into the barrel) out of the barrel; the INDIANS give a simultaneous howl, and jump at the top of the palisade, they hang on; the GOAT rushes on, and butts at the hanging form of the KING; the DOG seizes HOKEE-POKEE, and the PARROT digs his beak into WANKY-FUM's back, and hangs suspended from him; FRIDAY howls, and rattles the flour barrel lid with violent gesticulations; the INDIANS swing, roaring as the scene closes*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Creek in the Island, with the Wreck of Atkins's Vessel in the distance.*

Music.—Enter WILL ATKINS, followed by JENNY PIGTAIL, who has her hair down, and has the wild determined manner of melodramatic heroines in the Third Act.

ATKINS. This in the elements is nice behaviour,
To go and wreck my copper-bottomed slavier.

We're on a desert island, lovely Jane,
 You'll never see your native land again;
 Therefore make up your mind to marry me—
 Don't silly be, but shun celibacy.
 Your Crusoe's drowned, so, Jenny, what's the use in
 Your ardent William Atkins still refusing?
 Why will you thus upon your lover frown?

JENNY. (*proudly*) My Robinson was never born to *drown*.
 Oh, Crusoe! Crusoe! oh, where art thou, Crusoe?
 Though Atkins doth your memory abuse, oh!
 For you, since Fate says we can't be a pair,
 I'll wear the willow, as your *well-o-ware*.
 In single blessedness my days I'll drag out—
 (*in great despair, and very loudly*) Oh, Crusoe!

ATKINS. (*savagely*) Silence! or I'll bring the gag out,
 And clap it on your mouth—I seldom brags!

JENNY. An honourable actor never *gags*.

ATKINS. I'm not an actor—I'm an *amateur*.

(*aside*) That is to say, that I'm in love with *her*.

(*fiercely*) You shall be mine, whether willin' or not.
 (*Music—as he advances she seizes from his belt a large horse pistol, and stands at bay*)

JENNY. Willin'! you *will* in coming on be shot,
 Therefore, come on at once! (*wildly*) Ha, ha, ha, ha!

ATKINS. (*mildly*) Miss P., you're not at the Victori-a.
 Though the lorn damsels there you thus burlesque, you
 Will find no gallant tar come to the rescue.
 I've been too long on the high seas to fear you,
 And thus I seize you, pretty little dear, you.

Music.—They rush across and miss—JENNY fires the pistol, which takes effect on HOKEE-POKEE, who is entering, R.—and ATKINS's cutlass sticks into WANKY-FUM, who is entering, L.—they fall as if done for.

JENNY. Oh dear, oh dear, I've killed a man I fear.

ATKINS. It's nothing when you're used to it, my dear.

HOKEE. (*sitting up*) But I ain't dead.

JENNY. (*running to him, and placing a flask to his lips*)
 Poor black, since you alive are,

And do not die, just try this *black reviver*.

(HOKEE takes to it very kindly—WANKY watches him)

HOKEE. Gollophus! Oh, I'm all alive with *this*.

WANKY. (*sitting up*) I beg to state *I ain't dead neither, miss.*

(*JENNY drops HOKEE's head, which has been supported by her knee—it falls with a hard thump on the stage—she runs to WANKY and gives him drink*)

JENNY. Oh, say that you're alive again, pray do, man.

ATKINS. (c., *watching JENNY*) Bewitching sight to see a tender wooman

Tender assistance to the other gender.

WANKY. (*pinching JENNY's arm*) 'Iss massa—she look berry nice and tender.

HOKEE. If she's discubbered by that chief of ours,
He berry soon will pay her his devours.

(*an Indian whoop heard—JENNY and ATKINS are terribly alarmed—and the INDIANS jump on to their feet*)

JENNY. An Indian whoop!

WANKY. 'Iss missy, berry true!

Dat ar's the whoop of Hoop-de-dooden-doo!

JENNY. Where can we fly?

HOKEE. We're berry grateful both.

And so to save you we are nothing loth:

Eh, Wanky-Fum? (*places his finger to his nose, and winks at WANKY*)

WANKY. (*repeating the action*) What—save 'em? 'Iss, of course. (*chucks JENNY under the chin*)

JENNY. Paws off! I don't want any Indian sauce.

HOKEE. Come, by the shore my old canoe you'll find.

ATKINS. (*suspiciously*) Your old canoe? Now, no ca-noodling, mind!

Concerted Piece.—“Old Bob Ridley.”

HOKEE. Oh, white folks, for you we feel pity.

WANKY. Massa brave, and Missee pretty.

HOKEE. We'll see you safe to the canoe.

WANKY. From mighty Hoop-de-dooden-doo.

JENNY. Oh! Hoop-de-dooden-doo.

ATKINS. Oh! Hoop-de-dooden-doo.

ALL. Oh! Hoop-de-dooden-doo-oo—oo.

Oh! Hoop-de-dooden-doo.

(*elaborate dance and exeunt, l.*)

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Virgin Forest.*

"Dixey's Land," played by the orchestra, with an Indian drum accompaniment. Enter a grand procession of INDIANS dancing, R., then HOOP-DE-DOODEN-DOO, accompanied by PICCALILLEE, his favourite wife.

HOOP. Stop that vile tum-tum, if you please this minute;
 Your music's good but there's a sameness in it,
 One note played for an hour appears to us
 To be a leetle bit monotonous.
 I'm used up, blasé, really sick of life.

PICCAL. Turn to your Piccalilee, to your wife;
 You loved her once, but now your favourite squaw
 It's very evident's become a baw. (*weeps*)

HOOP. You needn't blub-baw. (*she cries aloud*) Hush!
 that rows's appalling;
 (*aside*) My favourite squaw, is at her favourite
 squalling.
 Come, don't let fall those heavy sighs, please stop 'em,
 As for those crocodilish tears just drop 'em.

PICCAL. Oh, what a fool I was to marry *you*,
 To become Mrs. Hoop-de-dooden-doo;
 I might have had my cousin from Bermuda,
 The noble minded and delightful *Doodah*!
 His love for me devoured him quite he said.

HOOP. It would, but *I* devoured him, dear, instead.

PICCAL. He would have made a good spouse.

HOOP. P'r'aps he would;
 But as a *second course* he wasn't good.

PICAL. I feel I love him still; pray emulate him.

HOOP. It's no use *loving* him, because I 'ate him.

PICAL. You disagreed so with him.

HOOP. (*aside*) That may be,
 He disagreed excessively with *me*.

Enter HOKEE-POKEE, mysteriously, L.

HOKEE. Retire, great King; behind the bushes hide;
 Your Hokee-Pokee's brought you a new bride.

HOOP. My faithful Hokee—

HOKEE. Quick! they come, they come!

HOOP. Friends, I've but one word, and that word is *mum!*
(Music.—All hide behind wings and set pieces)

Enter WANKY FUM, leading JENNY and ATKINS, L.

JENNY. I don't like this at all. Where are we?—say!

WANKY. I've just discubbered that we've lost our way—
 We always chop the trees to mark our tracks.

(looking about for marks)

JENNY. In fact, when you don't know your way, you *axe*.

WANKY. Stop there—I'll seek and find a path no doubt.

Exit, R. U. E.

ATKINS. *(crying)* Oh! if my mother knew that I was out
 In these far distant wilds!

Enter HOOP-DE-DOODEN-DOO, from back, R.

JENNY. *(with a smothered shriek)* Oh! who are you?

HOOP. *(blandly)* Most interesting strangers, how de do?

(ATKINS is horribly alarmed, and shakes violently)

HOOP. *(taking JENNY's hand)* Lubly young female—

JENNY. Nigger, let me go!

Who are you?

HOOP. If you really wish to know,

(makes a war-whoop—the stage is covered instantaneously with INDIANS, as in the great scene of the "Lady of the Lake"—ATKINS falls)

HOOP. *(à la Roderick Dhu)* These are my Carib warriors
 true,

And I am Hoop-de-dooden-doo! *(chord)*

JENNY. What will become of us?

HOOP. Miss, marry me.

You've c-ribbed the heart of this poor Carribbee.

(brandishing a tomahawk) If you don't wed this
 Carib, you I'll gib dis!

JENNY. I feel that I'm 'tween Seylla and Charyb-dis.

HOOP. You shall be missus of my home and tribe—

'There's something in your looks I can't describe.

Oh, Jenny, say you'll be my squaw.

JENNY. Get out, you.

HOOP. There is such a *Jenny say s-quaw* about you.

Duet, "Carry me back to old Virginny."

HOOP. The mighty Hoop-de-dooden-doo's
A monarch absolute,
And no one ever dare refuse
To smile upon his suit.

JENNY. But I'm a British maiden bold,
And Jenny begs to state,
You're ugly, black, and much too old,
So pray absquatulate.

HOOP. (*spoken*) *Hab-squaw-too-late!*

(*sings*) Oh, marry me smack, miss, or I die,
And nebber grin no more,

JENNY. You're Caribbee black, too old for Jenny,
Too old for Jenny a score.

(*a short dance, and JENNY PIGTAIL is led up, c.—the INDIANS come and lift up ATKINS, who is too overcome with alarm to move—they place him at back*)

GRAND INDIAN BALLET.

During the revel, FRIDAY, habited in a semi-Indian costume, enters, joins the dance, goes through some extraordinary antics, and at last succeeds in arresting JENNY PIGTAIL's attention; he gives her a bottle, and expresses by action that she is to give it to the INDIANS, and that drowsiness will ensue; he does all this during his dancing—the KING and the COURT are becoming rather tipsy, and don't pay him much attention—JENNY PIGTAIL pours some of the bottle's contents into the bowl, and hands it about—all drink and become drowsy—at last they all hang their heads simultaneously at one note, and FRIDAY beckons in ROBINSON CRUSOE; he enters, L. U. E.

JENNY. (*wildly*) My Robinson!

CRUSOE. My Jane!

JENNY. (*more wildly*) What do I see?

CRUSOE. My Jane!

JENNY. My Robinson—'tis he!

CRUSOE. 'Tis she! (*they embrace*)

FRIDAY. (*after the manner of "comedy fathers"*) Bress you, my chilblains!

Music.—they steal off—as they go, FRIDAY turns and gives a tremendous "Ha, ha!" then scampers off—all the INDIANS rise, chattering, and brandishing their weapons.

HOOP. She's gone! (*turning and seizing ATKINS by the throat*)

What's come of her? Speak out! Who's got her? ATKINS. Leave me alone, you Caribbee garotter!

HOOP. (*shaking him*) Where has she gone, I say?

ATKINS. Don't know, I tell 'ee.

HOOP. (*throws him into the arms of the Indians*) Cook him at once, and serve with currant jelly.

As ven'son is just now a deal too dear,
I'll have a haunch from that fine buc-caneer!

(*they flourish their tomahawks round ATKINS's head;* FRIDAY enters and fires off a musket into the air; the INDIANS drop ATKINS, who falls flat, and scamper off in the direst alarm; FRIDAY capering about in intense glee)

SCENE SEVENTH.—*A View in the Island.* ROBINSON CRUSOE rushes on with JENNY PIGTAIL reclining fainting in his arms.

CRUSOE. Thus far into the bowels of the land,
With this small female trifle on my hands,
Have I marched on, but now I fain would stop,
And in two senses have a little drop. (*drops JENNY gently, and taking out flask, drinks; JENNY revives*)

Ha! ha! she wakes! Just taste of this, my beauty!

JENNY. (*taking it*) I looks to-wards you, Robinson—my dooty!

(*drinks*) Now I'm quite well.

CRUSOE. My Jenny rallies!

JENNY. True;

With spirits people gene-rally do.

CRUSOE. How do I find you here?

JENNY. Oh, I don't know.

There's nothing about *me*, dear, in De Foe.

CRUSOE. But talking of *de foe*, where is *de enemy*?

With his perambulating agapemone?

JENNY. (*objecting to the jingle*) *Enemy—pemone*—that rhyme's not perfection.

CRUSOE. Oh, that's a *niminy piminy* objection.

But hide thee, Jane, here comes Will Atkins, fly!

(*places JENNY behind wing R. and retires behind wing L.*)

ATKINS. (*rushing in à la Macbeth*) Why should I play the Roman fool and die,

When I may liberty by living earn?

Certainly not.

CRUSOE. (*rushing in à la Macduff*) Turn, William Atkins, turn.

ATKINS. Of all men most have I avoided thee,

For you can whack me very easily.

CRUSOE. I can; come on!

ATKINS. My weakness at you scoff;

Come on, indeed! this fight cannot come off.

CRUSOE. (*advancing*) Your head shall though, and on a pole we'll stick it.

ATKINS. What?

CRUSOE. As a frightful warning to the wicked.

ATKINS. Cut off my head?—I'll cut myself off first!

(*is rushing off, R., when the GOAT butts him back; rushes, L., when he is met by the PARROT, with open beak and distended wings*)

This is too much!—with rage and hate I burst!

Of all the concentrated villanie

Of every ruffian that I e'er did see,

Standing at bay in Scene the Last, Act Three,

Of "Obi" or the "Forest of Bon-dee,"

Boils in my veins! Lay on, lay on, my Crusoe!

Consider you're already black and blue so!

(*terrific combat, the GOAT and PARROT acting as seconds; at last CRUSOE misses his foot and falls—TYRANNY enters—ATKINS is about to despatch CRUSOE, when JENNY rushes out and wards the blow—at the same time the DOG flies on, and fastening on to the neck of ATKINS as in canine*

dramas, drags him to the ground—they rise, swing round, roll over, down to footlights and back again, &c.—JENNY goes to CRUSOE—FRIDAY enters fighting CUTPURSE and GOUGE-EYE, whom he conquers—enter LIBERTY—at her entrance the DOG looses hold of ATKINS and FRIDAY lets go CUTPURSE and GOUGE-EYE)

LIBER. Cease your insensate broils, its very clear

That it's high time for me to interfere—

Although I'm sorry thus to spoil what's fun for you.

ATKINS. I give in.

TYRAN. Give in! after all I've done for you!

Ungrateful snob, I leave you to your fate! *Exit.*

LIBER. (*to Audience*) Which is in your hands; as it's getting late,

And droller creatures still your favour wait,
Our author asks me ere he takes his leave,
As 't has some trouble taken him to weave
This web of mere absurdity together,
To kill the evenings long of wintry weather.
Not to be hard upon his rhymes,—you see,
This is the season of tomfoolery,
When criticism his stern brow relaxes,
And Britons even smile upon the taxes:

Then smile on—

CRUSOE. Crusoe.

ATKINS. Atkins.

FRIDAY. Friday too.

HOOP. (*entering*) And not forgetting Hoop-de-dooden-doo!

Finale.—“Old Bob Ridley.”

JENNY. Well, as our revels now are over—

CRUSOE. Oh, say that we may live in clover.

HOOP. Our aim is but to raise a laugh;

ATKINS. So with the clover mix no chaff.

ALL. Cheer, Robinson Cru-soe, &c.

END OF THE BURLESQUE.

TRANSFORMATION!!

HARLEQUIN	Mr. W. SMITH.
COLUMBINE	Miss CAROLINE ADAMS.
PANTALOON	Mr. PAULO.
CLOWN	Mr. A. FORREST.

SCENE I.—“The Rising Sun,” Optician’s Shop
and Everywhere Station, by A. N. Architect.

An un-fair fare—*Cabby*-listic Exhibition—Adhesive Umbrella—
Harlequin “taking an observation”—Droll “pair of spectacles”—
Funny sunny effect—Music hath charms—I calculate not—Airs v.
(H)airs—Chaff cut into a T.—Great Chinese Puzzle—“Armstrong”
against Headstrong—A Mandarin in a *Peek-ing* way—Signal to
start—*Bells* and *Beaus*—Where’s my luggage? Here. Where?
There. Crash, Smash, and—Oh, that “Burster” has blown us to

SCENE II.—A (N)ICE FROZEN LAKE,
By D. FREEZE & Co.

Oh, how cold it is, *Zero*—*His* suit and *Hirsute*—An outline of winter
clothing, and *Freising* within—A baggy coat better than none—
Port-arms in a *Portmanteau*—Miraculous appearance of

THE GREAT NORTHERN LIGHTS!
Finding a couple of *sparks*—A *Beau-real*—is the *Borealis*—*Skates*
all alive.PAS DES PATINEURS
(AN OPERA SOUVENIR.)

Slips on frozen *steppes*—“*N.B.* No Humane Society here”—*Dips*
for one, *dripping* for two—Awful *vis-à-vis*—A perfect brute—Make
your game—Black loses—“*New Tale of a Tub*,” just out, i. e., the
tail of a bear. We’ve got him. Too far *North* for a *West-failure*—
“*The Lady in White*”—*Bearskin*. Oh you *deer*, save us, save us!
—Sledge and hammer—Gee up!—“*Bolt-on* and *Watts*”—more the
Rein-deer cuts his rein and mizzles—Rather heating than eating
so go to,

A BLAZING KITCHEN, by Alfierio.

“Burns’ Justice,” Terpsichorean Imitations, &c., by Mr. A. Forrest.

A Domestic Bottle Imp—Cooking the Cook—Spirits and Spiritualism
—Table turning and overturning—A culinary Apparition—A kicking
table and an *uneasy chair*—Scramble, ramble, and get to

"The Lively B(u)oy" & his Skittle All(e)y,
performed at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

By B. Jolly.

Oh, my stars, what stripes—One of four, but not two pair—Ups and
downs at a ball—My lovely *Floor-er*—A *club* out on the *strike*—
An iniquitous, ubiquitous Harlequin—Pipes and patriotism—Naval
volunteers wanted—*Knave*-al ones obtained—A *row*, a *row*, and a
roll to the Deck of

THE PITCH-INTO-'EM FRIGATE!

By M. Y. Shipwright.

A great admiral—England's "Salts," not Epsom—More of the
downs—Saline effects—A rush to the pole. Hat elected—Pantaloons
looking over *Pail-ey*, *not* the philosopher.

GREAT TERPSICHOREAN COURT MARTIAL,
TO TRY THE
PRINCESS'S BLUE JACKETS, all A. B.

Rapid promotion—Clown made (physically) the biggest man in
the fleet—Seized by hornpipe epidemic, recovers—Pantaloons's
recollections of Cremorne,—ah! on his Cremona—Weigh anchor,
scaley affair, and bear up for

A Doctor's Shop and House to Let,

BY I. TAKE-'EM-IN.

Electricity, complicity, and duplicity—Go to Bath—Wonderful
cure—Bank of Deposit—A negative and a positive—*Inhuman*
human Electrotyping—Change in silver—Magical Milliners' basket
—Force and affection—"A Bones wanted"—Here he is—One on
his Tib(ia)by—Within an ace of spades—Gigantic Municipal Au-
thority—Taken up by the Police, (?) a question of elevation—All
sizes, all seizes—Justice takes steps to preserve order, which is
ultimately obtained in the

MIXTURE OF MANY SWEETS !!

Curtain.