

THE DRAMA AT HOME;

OR,

AN EVENING WITH PUFF.

An Original, Occasional, and Local Extravaganza,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

"Fortunio," "The White Cat," "Beauty and the Beast,"

"The Sleeping Beauty," "Grist to the Mill,"

"The Fair One with the Golden Locks,"

&c. &c. &c.

Correctly Printed from the Prompt Book, with
Exits, Entrances, &c.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Drama.....(in extremis).....Mrs. GLOVER

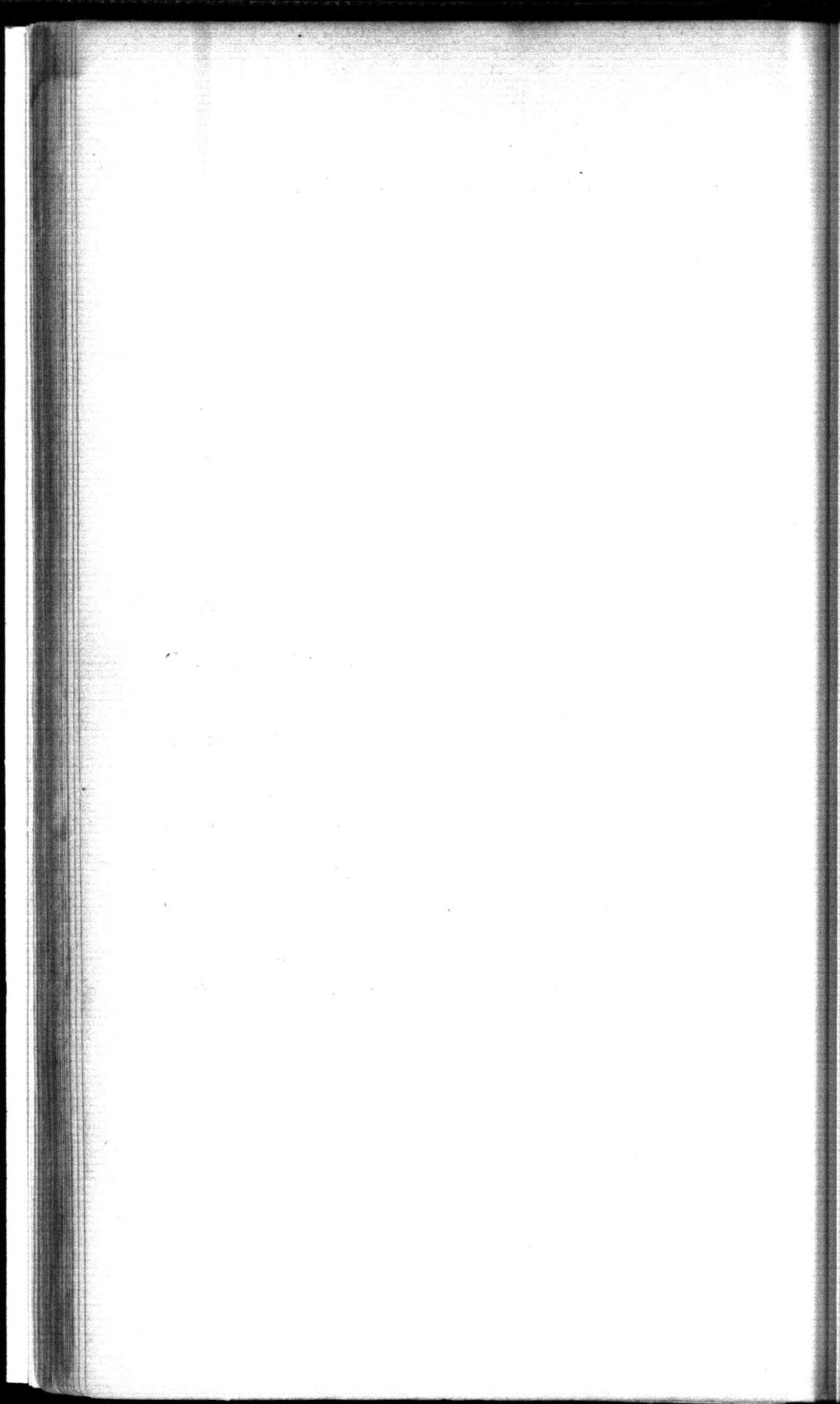
Ophelia,..(quite crazy, and no wonder)..Mrs. CAULFIELD

Puff,.....(Author of the celebrated Tragedy of the
Spanish Armada).....Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS

Ariel.....(from the Tempest, the Adelaide Gallery,
& the Royal Polytechnic Institution)..Miss P. HORTON

Punch....(from the Office—just out—though his
Mother is not aware of it).....Mr. JAMES BLAND

Portia (from the Merchant of Venice, with an entirely
New Act never contemplated by Shakspeare)..Miss LEE



THE DRAMA AT HOME;

OR, AN EVENING WITH PUFF.

SCENE—A DESERT; IN THE CENTRE THE RUINS
OF THE TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA.

The Drama, in a wretched condition, is discovered, gazing on her ruined Temple, and surrounded by her Sons and Daughters.

AIR (OPHELIA) and CHORUS.

"Over the Mountain and over the Moor."

Over the mountain and over the moor,
Hungry and barefoot, we wander forlorn;
Melpomene's dead and Thalia is poor,
We sigh for the days that will never return.
Pity, kind gentlefolks, friends of Theatricals,
Banish'd the Garden, scarce heard in the Lane,
Give us some food for our mother, for charity,
Find a snug home for the Drama again.

[*Exeunt, separately.*]

Drama. Aye, go my children, do the best ye may;
The Drama, like a dog, has had her day,
And worse than any dog she now is treated—
Turned out of doors, deserted, bullied, cheated;
Her halls in ruins, or possessed by foes,
Or opened one day but the next to close;
Reduced to the last stage, her hopes all fled,
Her hapless offspring now must beg their bread.

Jaffier is not worth half a ducat now;
 Who steals Iago's purse, steals trash, I vow;
 Poor Juliet can't afford the smallest bier;
 Macbeth has fallen quite into the sear;
 The Road to Ruin Dornton faster goes;
 No way to Keep Him, luckless Lovemore knows;
 Macheath must boldly take the road again;
 Old Justice Greedy licks his chops in vain;
 George Barnwell fails to make his uncle bleed;
 Othello's occupation's gone indeed!
 Oh, Fate! I'll lay me down at once, and die.

[*A chord. A large posting-bill appears on the wall upon which is written :—“UNPARALLELED ATTRACTION! ‘THE CRITIC,’ EVERY EVENING. PUFF BY—” the rest is torn off. Music changes to hurry; the wall opens, and*

Enter PUFF, (comes down, R.)

Puff. Die?—nonsense!

Drama. Who are you, sir?

Puff. Who am I?

Why madam, you must know me well enough,
 The Drama cannot have forgotten Puff.

Drama. Ah, Puff! “my grief was blind,” as Richard says;
 But even you can't help me now-a-days.
 Puff's put his hand to bills for me so oft,
 That in the market they are worthless.

Puff. Soft!
 No scandal against Queen Elizabeth, pray;
 I've come to show you there is still a way
 To make your fortune—sink the stage!

Drama. That's done!

Puff. I've twenty famous schemes on foot, each one
 Certain to fill the speculator's purse.
 But let me speak in prose, I can't bear verse.

Drama. E'en as you will, it matters not to me,
 So that your language but dramatic be.

Puff. Dramatic! My dear madam, don't you remember
 my tragedy—my celebrated tragedy of the “Spanish Armada,”—that they rehearsed I can't say how many times at all the houses? The language of Puff not dramatic! Genius of Sheridan!

Drama. I'm glad to hear you invoke his genius, for it was
 but the other day I was told he had none.

Puff. For tragedy?

Drama. For comedy.

Puff. And who could venture?

Drama. Oh, one of my would-be doctors, who are always prescribing for the Drama, yet can never agree as to the cause of her decline.

Puff. Late dinner hours, and bad company.

Drama. So some tell me—others attribute it to a surfeit of French dishes; but when I am starving for food, I must take what I can get,—besides, all depends upon the cooking, and I've been mighty sick upon English fare occasionally.

Puff. Did you ever try cold water?

Drama. I've had a great deal thrown on me lately.

Puff. It did melodrama a world of good at Saddler's Wells some years ago; and permit me—this is one of my favorite projects. [*producing paper.*] I have just written the prospectus of the New Metropolitan Grand Junction Hydropathic Society, or cold water for the Million Company. “The projectors of this great national undertaking, having seen an advertisement, stating that the Theatre Royal Covent Garden is to be let for any purpose for which the building is available, beg to inform the public, that they are in treaty for a lease of those extensive premises, the proprietors of which having been long in hot water, are desirous of trying cold, and trust shortly to re-open that once popular establishment under high and distinguished patronage. The stage being completely useless, will be converted into a reservoir, and the central chandelier being removed, a capacious shower bath will be erected, which, as soon as the pit is completely full, will be emptied without fail upon the subscribers, who will have the privilege of sitting in their wet clothes from seven till eleven; a period, it is imagined, amply sufficient for testing the efficacy of this admirable system. N. B.—In anticipation of the nightly overflows, an extra pit door will be opened to let the water out, after the audience is completely saturated.—No mackintoshes, or umbrellas, can possibly be admitted.”

Drama. Ah me! Time was the pit was drowned in tears!

Puff. “Those days are past, Floranthe!”

Drama. And how do you propose to benefit me or mine by this project?

Puff. You can provide for Ophelia, who has always had a tendency to cold water: I'll propose her to be resident

directress, with a bed in the grave trap, and the run of the cistern.

Drama. "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia."—Is there no other remedy?

Puff. No other? a hundred!—all equally efficacious. You remember animal magnetism.

Drama. Perfectly—a capital farce, that brought many a good half price in better days.

Puff. You'd make ten times the money by the same farce, under its new title of mesmerism, and by the personal application of it, escape a great deal of anxiety. For instance, once thrown into a state of magnetic slumber, you become insensible to pain,—I might cut off the whole free list of a theatre, the public press excepted, and you wouldn't be in the slightest degree aware of it! All complimentary admissions might be suspended without interfering with the healthful action of your own faculties, and by the communication of the magnetic fluid to the audience, roars of laughter, or floods of tears, could be produced at the pleasure of the operators.

Drama. And the audience asleep all the while?

Puff. As fast as Lady Macbeth, or Juliet, after she has taken the friar's balsam! I've spoken to both those ladies on the subject—they are delighted with the notion, and have offered themselves as subjects for experiment, one attended by her doctor, and the other by Romeo's apothecary.

Drama. Well, there is some appearance of acting in this; and therefore, I prefer it to the aquatic scheme.

Puff. And it can't signify to you, whether the audience are lulled to sleep by the five fingers of a professor of mesmerism, or the five acts of a dull tragedy.

Drama. Particularly if they can be made to applaud in the right places.

Puff. In the right places!—My dear madam, that's being a little too particular,—people seldom applaud in the right places, when they're awake—you wouldn't have them more discriminating in their dreams. If they applaud at all, that's the great thing; and if Puff has the management of the business, there shall be thunders of approbation, from the rising of the foot-lights, to the covering up of the boxes after the performances are over. They shall call for the carpenters, fling bouquets to the box-keepers, and, in the height of their enthusiasm, offer twice as much to get out of the theatre as they paid to come into it!

Drama. I can't believe you.

Puff. Not believe Puff! "Then is doomsay near." I'll give you ocular demonstration, that is, to your mind's eye, if you have a mind. [Stamps, a chair rises (R.) Be so good as to place yourself in that chair,—it is the very one Macbeth thinks he sees Banquo in. Now don't be afraid; I've written so much on this wonderful science, that I may truly say—I have got it at my finger's ends.

[*The DRAMA seats herself in the chair.—PUFF waves his hand before her eyes in the received manner, and sings—*

AIR—"Oh slumber, my darling."

Oh slumber my Drama, and Puff by his slight
Of hand, shall soon make you believe "black is white."
The stage, and the scenes, and the actors, you'll see
As perfect as Puff can declare them to be!
Then slumber my Drama—oh dream while you may;
For if you awake—there's an end of the play.

[*Flourish. and lights down. The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, rises; and as soon as the building is up, the portion beneath the portico opens, and the stage is seen with a tableau from the play of Richard III., as lately performed there.*

Now, Madam, as you are fast asleep, be kind enough to inform me where you are, and what you see?

Drama. Vision of glory!—I'm at Drury Lane
With Shakespeare,—"Richard is himself again!"

Puff. I told you so.

Statue of Shakespeare over the portico. Awake!
Beware of fibbers!
That Richard's none of mine—'Tis Colley Cibbers!

[*Portico closes—lights up.*]

Drama. Hab!—[starts up.]

Puff. Rot that Shakespeare, he always speaks the truth! I wonder what the devil they stuck him up there for. There was a leaden Apollo, with a lyre in his hand, on the top of the old building—much more appropriate to the new one,—where William Tell draws more than William Shakespeare. But you see, madam, I did not deceive you.

Drama. No, for you did deceive me—'Twas a dream, too bright to last!

Puff. What's the odds, so long as you're happy? and in

these times, you ought to be happy to find a theatre open at all, particularly one that has been crowded three nights a week, to hear—"The most eminent singer in Europe."

Drama. Oh, Puff! Puff!

Puff. Upon my honour, and no puff.

Name but Duprez, the public and the press,
Will own that he deserved "immense success."

[*Music from William Tell.*—*The portico opens, and discloses a tableau from the opera,—ARNOLD and MATILDA. Part of Duet sung from 2d. Act, and portico closes*

Drama. Well, that is very sweet, I must admit.

Puff. Twas sure to tell, as Tell was sure to hit. But you must allow me to introduce to you another distinguished foreigner, who kept open house for you before Christmas.

[*Music. The portico opens and discovers a tableau from the Ballet of the "Peri."*

Drama. Mercy upon me! Who is this, I see?

Puff. An incarnation of Terpsichore; own sister to Thalia and Melpomene, by Jupiter—according to Tatte-sall's edition of "Lempriere's Classical Dictionary." In plain English, the "Pet of the Ballet." That, madam, is the bewitching Peri who turned the benches of Drury Lane into so many Paradise Rows, and the most sceptical critics into true believers. Would you be so obliging, most beautiful Pagan, as to favor us with that lover's leap which has made Sappho's contemptible?

[*Music. The PERI leaps into the arms of ACHMET. The portico closes.*

Brava! Bravissima! Dancing has charms to soothe the savage breast!

Drama. "Music," is the original text.

Puff. Congreve's—but he knew nothing of dancing. Had he lived in these days, he would have changed his tune, or written, "Ballet-music hath charms." Music is making great strides, I allow, but dancing jumps over everything—clears a fortune at a bound—exempli gratia: and should be painted like a new Colossus, bestriding the world, with one fantastic toe in St. Petersburgh and the other in Philadelphia. Was there ever anything in mere music to equal the tour-de-force you have just witnessed?

Drama. It was more like a catch than anything else.

Puff. It was a great catch for the manager, I can tell you.

Drama. And Covent Garden! though it used me ill,

With all its faults, alas! I love it still.

Once more let me behold that noble fane.

Puff. Unmesmerised, I fear 'twill give you pain

Drama. No matter.

Puff. Well, then, to oblige you, there!

[*Music.* *Clouds descend quickly before Drury Lane, rise immediately, and discover Covent Garden; the building is almost entirely covered by an enormous red and white poster:—“THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN, — DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII EVERY EVENING.”*

Drama. Why, where's the theatre?

Puff. Before you.

Drama.

Where?

Puff. My dear madam, did you ever see the moon behind a cloud?

Drama. Never.

Puff. Of course not, because it is behind a cloud, and for a similar reason you can't see the theatre, because it is behind the poster. The great thing now, madam, is your poster, it can't be too large; the notion's a capital one, for lookye, madam, the public may not come to see the entertainment, but by Jove they can't help seeing the bill.

Drama. Then they do play something here still, according to that announcement?

Puff. Play something!—to be sure they do.

Drama. What?

Puff. The fiddle in general, and the *cornet-a-piston* in particular.

Drama. But what has the fiddle to do with the destruction of Pompeii?

Puff. A great deal, ma'am. Nero fiddled when Rome was burning; why shouldn't Jullien fiddle when Pompeii is destroyed! But the great feature is the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Drama. On the stage?

Puff. No, that's been done a hundred times; this is a perfectly novel idea—you'd never guess. What do you think of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the one-shilling gallery?

Drama. You're joking!

Puff. Am I!

[*Discordant music, accompanied by tolling of bells, thunder, beating of gongs, red fire, &c.*]

Drama. Mercy upon me! what's that?

Puff. That!—That's it.

Drama. The eruption?

Puff. Yes, the destruction of Pompeii. "Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums and thunder." The music and red fire of a melo-drama without the dialogue—a great improvement—

Drama. Or the acting.

Puff. Certainly; who cares for acting now-a-days! the public want startling effects, madam, not fine language or natural acting; "good worts, good cabbage," as Falstaff says. Get your effects, madam, no matter how, but get them, and the faster the better. Bless your soul, I've learned a great deal since I wrote the "Spanish Armada," I've a tragedy in hand now, the five acts of which contain only one detonating ball in each, and will go off as fast as the principal actors can stamp upon them. If that hangs fire, the devil's in it!

Drama. But still my Theatres Royal—

Puff. Were not licensed pursuant to the 25th of George the 2nd., for music and dancing only, certainly not; but so it is—'tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true! And, therefore, I return to my project of the Metropolitan Grand Junction Hydrophathic—but stay—a thought—as you seem quite abroad already, what do you say to emigration—one of my favorite remedies?

Drama. Emigration! whither?

Puff. "Wherever you please, my pretty little dear!"—Sydney, New Zealand, Hong Kong; you've only to choose, they're all at a convenient distance. In these wonderful days, we can put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.

SONG—PUFF. (*French Air.*)

"Ye Gods!" exclaimed a *modest* youth, "requite my fond devotion;

[blest!]

"Annihilate both time and space, and make two lovers
And really we have lived to see such powers of locomotion,
One might suppose the Gods had kindly granted his request.

Steam can over terra firma send us swiftly darting,
 And soon a flying omnibus our wildest hopes will crown.
 Every twenty minutes from the Bank you'll see it starting,
 For Greenwich or for Greenland, Hampstead Heath or
 Hobart Town.

Folks who wish for change of air may get it in a twinkling;
 Drive along the Milky Way instead of Rotten Row;
 Or if to drink the best Bohea in China you've an inkling,
 An early train will set you down to breakfast in Ningpo.

“Over land to India” now excites no admiration,
 “Over sky to Botany Bay” will soon as common sound.
 Glorious news, Old England, for your surplus population!
 Companies are forming fast to colonise the moon.

Swifter than the bullet speeds or arrow from the bow flies,
 Hasten, happy lunatics, in air to take your swing;
 Man's ambition, now, is but to travel as the crow flies;
 The time is come, indeed, to say that time is on the wing.

Come then, who's for Mexico, Pekin or Otaheite! [Bear?
 For Charles's Wain, the Pleiades, the Great or Little
 The Cloud Conveyance Company will run you from the City,
 In Coaches to the Elephant and Castle—in the air.
 Ecce Signum!

[*Music.—ARIEL appears in a flying carriage. (L.)*

Drama. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

Puff. The coach is ready; whither shall we wend us?

Drama. But who's the coachman?

Ariel. Mistress, don't you know?

I was the servant of old Prospero,
 Until he left off business—shut up shop,
 And told his Ariel the twig to hop.

Drama. What, Ariel! My brave spirit, is it thou?

I fear you don't “so merrily live now.”

Ariel. Your pardon, madam, thanks to Mr. Puff,

I get my living merrily enough;

I am engaged, ma'am, at a handsome salary,

By the proprietors of the Adelaide Gallery,

To lecture upon Ariel Navigation;

The hobby of the *Greens* of every nation,

And at the Polytechnic Institution,

To put all sorts of pranks in execution.

In my old line, “to swim, to dive, to ride,

On the curled clouds," and heaven knows wha
 So 'twixt the twain, I have enough to do. [beside ;
Drama. What are these places like—to me they're new ?
Ariel. Places they are, like our enchanted isle,
 " Full of strange noises,"—sights to make you
 smile,
 And wonder—till bewitched you almost feel,
 Though nothing shocks you, but the Electric Eel.

SONG.—ARIEL.

" *Where the bee sucks.*"

Where the fleas work, there work I,
 In the diving bell I lie,
 Tho' the public " humbug " cry
 In th' ariel ship I fly.
 At the Adelaide Gallery,
 Merrily, merrily do I live now,
 Under the favor of Puff, I allow.

Merrily, merrily, &c. &c.

Drama. Would all my children as well off I knew.

Puff. I've found employment for one or two,

Drama. Where's poor Othello ?

Puff. Posted close at hand,
 Boardman to Warren, No. 30, Strand.

[*Music.* OTHELLO enters (L) with Warren's
 blacking boards on his back.]

AIR—PUFF.

" *The Coal Black Rose.*"

Poor Othello, done quite brown,
 Driven off the boards by Fortunes frown,
 Between a pair is glad to get
 And prove he's not as black as " Warren's brilliant jet."
 Jim Crows and fiddlers bows
 Have quite put out of joint his poor black nose.

Ariel. Ah, there, no doubt, you'd influence enough,
 The blacking trade, owes much, indeed, to Puff.

Drama. And Macbeth ?

Puff. Set up a cigar divan,
 And stands at his own door as a Highlandman.

[*Music, wing (R.) changes to cigar divan shop, with
 MACBETH at door.*]

SONG—ARIEL.

"A Highland Lad my Love was born."

A Highland Chief Macbeth was born,
The London Stage he has left in scorn,
And he's opened a Cigar Divan
Where he stands at his door as a Highlandman,
Sing O ! my braw John Highlandman—
Sing hey ! my braw John Highlandman—
If you wish to smoke a real Havan—
ah, deal with my John Highlandman !

[Ariel touches MACBETH with her wand ; he leaves his door, advances to OTHELLO, who goes to meet him ; MACBETH offers him his mull, they take snuff, shake hands, and exit (R.).]

Drama. And Shylock ?

Ariel. Hush ! he's kicked up such a breeze ;
Opened a slop shop in the Minories,
And picked up money just as if 'twere dirt ;
But, you have heard—"Tom Hood's song of the

Drama. No. [Shirt.]

Ariel. 'Twas in Punch.

Drama. Still ignorance I own.

Ariel. Not to know Punch, argues yourself unknown !

Drama. I do remember, a long time ago,

There was a fellow kept a puppet show
So called, whose wooden actors played some tricks
That made folks laugh, I thought 'em precious sticks.

Puff. Not half such sticks as some of yours, I've seen.

Drama. That's not like Puff.

Puff. Oh, that's ourselves between ;
Not that I'm fond of Signor Punchinello ;
He writes himself,—no friend of mine. The fellow
Blows his own trumpet,—don't employ me,
And out puffs every puff that he can see.

[Music. PUNCH squeaks without, and a wing (L.) changes to the window of the "Punch office," at which PUNCH appears.

Punch. Roo too, too, too !

[Hits PUFF a rap with his baton.

Puff. You'll be the death of me ! be quic', do !

AIR.—PUNCH.

"Punch cures the gout."

Punch is just out,
Come buy my laugh provokers,
For I'm own'd by every man
To be the best of jokers!
Buy Punch's almanack,
Laugh till your sides you crack,
Mine is the real rack,—
Punch of a pun, sir;
Buy Punch's pocket book;
Ne'er in another look;
Every line bears a hook,
Baited with fun, sir!
Here's Punch's Christmas piece,
All other swans are geese,
Who can your mirth increase,
Like Punchinello.
Root too, too, too, too!
Down with the Devils blue!
Laugh as you ought to do,
Or you're a stupid fellow! [Pokes PUFF.]

Puff. Let me alone! [To DRAMA.] Madam, are you in-
To go to China? [inclined]

Drama. I have half a mind,
If you will puff me off.

Puff. Of course.

Drama. How long
D'ye think 'twill take to waft me to Hong Kong?

Puff. Five hours and twenty minutes, to a second,
The time has been most accurately reckoned.
You start at ten from the Chinese Collection,
At Knightsbridge—by the way, upon reflection,
If only to see Ch na is your care,
You needn't stir a step—you have it there.

Punch. Ah, Puff again! [Pokes him.]

Puff. If that's a puff, sir, choke me.

Zounds and the devil, Punch, you quite provoke me!

Punch. Why, you've cried "Wolf!" till, like the shepherd
youth,

You're not believed when you do speak the truth.

Ariel. Now, Blackwall, Egypt, China, Newfoundland!

Puff. Madam, will you allow me in to hand—

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, (R.)

Portia. Tarry a little !

All. Portia !

Portia. Even so.

Drama. Come you from Padua, from Bellario ? [roam'

Portia. No, ma'am from Westminster ; why would you

Drama. Because they've ceased to care for me at home.

Portia. Then you've not heard the news—the Drama's free!

All. Free !

Portia. To go where she will.

Drama. It cannot be;

Except to exile, therefore, in despair,

"To foreign climates my old trunk I bear."!

Portia. I say you're free to act where'er you please,

No longer pinioned by the Patentees,

Need our immortal Shakspere mute remain,

Fixed on the portico of Drury Lane ;

Or the nine Muses mourn the Drama's fall,

Without relief, on Covent Garden's wall.

Sheridan now at Islington may shine ;

Marylebone echo "Marlow's mighty line ;"

Otway may raise the waters Lambeth yields,

And Farquhar sparkle in St. George's Fields ;

Wycherley flutter a Whitechapel pit,

And Congreve wake all "Middlesex to Wit."

Ariel. Here's news indeed !

Puff. Important, if a fact.

Drama. Is that the law ?

Portia. "Thyself shall see the act."

Drama. O, joyful day ! then I may flourish still !

Punch. May ! well, that's something ; let us hope you will.

A stage may rise for you, now law will let it,

And Punch sincerely "wishes you may get it!"

Puff. A stage *may* rise !—There always was a stage
In London, for the Drama's heritage.

Drama. Where ?

Puff. In the Haymarket. Behold it !

[*Music.* *The Haymarket Theatre rises.*]

Ariel. That !

Why, there's not room in it to swing a cat.

Fancy the "Tempest in a place so small !

A storm in a puddle !" "Twouldn't draw at all.

A theatre ! A band-box ; a child's toy !

Drama. Quite large enough good acting to enjoy.
But ah! 'tis open scarcely half the yea',
When town is out of town.

Portia. You've then to hear
More news, for all the year round now you may,
If Fortune grant you sunshine, make your hay.

Puff. God save the Queen!

Punch. And hang the crier!

Puff. Hang Puff!

Punch. He'll hang himself, give him but rope enough.

Drama. Transporting tidings! What, the whole year round?
The drama has, indeed, a home then found!
From which she ne'er will move. Open the gate
That she may enter it, and take her state.

[*Music. Theatre opens; tableau. On L. SIR JOHN FALSTAFF between MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE, and on the right, CATHERINE and PETRUCIO.*

Puff. See Windsor's Merry Wives are there to greet you,
And Catherine and Petrucio haste to meet you.

Drama. My dear Sir John!—friends all!

Puff. "O sweet Anne Page!"

For thirty nights, that play was all the rage.

Punch. Puff! [Pokes him.]

Puff. Zounds be quiet!—the town knows that's true.

Punch. Then there's less reason for a word from you.

Puff. Musn't I speak at all?

Punch. You talk such stuff!

Puff. Stuff in your teeth! No critic without Puff!

I won't be put down in this bullying way.

Madam [to DRAMA] since you're at home, permit me,
To introduce some friends, I'd fain invite [pray,
To celebrate your glad return to-night.]

Drama. Well, shew 'em up—to make a merry end on't.

Punch. Leave that to Punch, he'll shew 'em up, depend on't.

Ariel. Nay, I'll be usher, since a wand I bear.

[PUFF gives her a paper.]

Punch. I bear a baton—bill-stickers beware!

Ariel. [announcing] The minor theatres for presentation,
By Mr Puff, on their emancipation.

[*Presents roll of paper to DRAMA.*

A Christmas carrol from the Adelphi!

[Enter the three Spirits, followed by SCROOGE.]

Punch.

Thieves!

Puff.

They've got the author's leave.

Punch.

You mean his leaves,

And copied them, I've no doubt, to the letter.

Drama. Well, if they're Dickens's, I can't have better.

SONG.—ARIEL.

Heav'n bless the merry gentleman,
I'm sure the poor may say,
And may he write as good a book
For every Christmas day ;
And if to help the drama's cause, he'd write as good a
'Twould be tidings of comfort and joy. [play.]

[Music. Enter Olympic banner bearer, followed by TIM TURNSTILE, from "The Road of Life, or the Cabman's Career."]

Ariel. A cabman from the Olympic!

Punch. Take his number!

I'll pull him up for driving his live lumber
Across the stage, these boards he sure might spare ;
Now, there's a wooden pavement everywhere.

[Music. Enter Victoria banner bearer, followed by SUSAN HOPELY.]

Ariel. Susan, from the Victoria.

Punch. Black-eyed Sue ?

Puff. No, Susan Hopley, a great hit !

Punch. Roo too ! [Hits PUFF.]

Drama. But have they brought out nothing at the Surrey ?

Puff. Yes, but it's what no manager will hurry.

At any time, to bring out—"The Last Shilling."

Punch. He's pretty sure to do it, howe'er unwilling.

[Music. The "Last Shilling." Enter Surrey banner bearer, followed by FARMER, DAUGHTER and SAILOR.]

Drama. But hold! you talk'd of Shakespeare, Congreve, where
Am I the better for this promise fair ?

I see no rising drama worth the name,

And now the law is surely not to blame.

Punch. It's true you don't, but still I wish you may.

Portia. Have patience, Rome was not built in a day.

Drama. But read this list of titles, Gods I'm undone!

"Jack Sheppard," "Rogues of Paris," Scamps of London,"

"The Profligate," "The Young Scamp," oh, my tears! I'll see no more, and yet a fifth appears!

[*Music.* Enter banner bearer of the Princess's Theatre, followed by Pio-Poo, from the "Magic Mirror," holding a mirror.

Who bears a glass, which shews me foreign dresses.

Ariel. A Magic Mirror, ma'am, from the Princesses.

Drama. In it, I see Italianized Othellos

And English Don Pasquales, hang the fellows!

They've done me harm enough, on their own stage; What right have they to be on mine the rage.

Hence! I'll acknowledge them on no conditions.

Puff. Will you receive the London Exhibitions?

Drama. Yes, for I'm told there are such sights to see
The town has scarcely time to think of me.

[*March.* Enter in Procession, and preceded by banner bearers and boardmen, the Ojibbeway Indians, Gen. Tom Thumb, the Centrifugal Railway, Madame Tussaud with Commissioner Lin and his favorite Consort, the Industrious Fleas, Diver and Diving Bell, and the Chinese Collection.

FINALE.

PUFF. "Jim along Josey!"

The names of two great warriors whom you here may see,
Are Pat-au-ah-quot-ah-we-be and Gish-e-gosh-e-ghe.

And after such a specimen of Ojibbeway,
I presume you'll excuse me at once If I say—

Ojibbeway—jibbeway Indians!

Ojibbeway—jibbeway O!

ARIEL—[advancing with GEN. TOM THUMB.]

"Yankee Doodle."

Yankee Doodle sent to town,
On a little poney,
This little man of great renown,
Who struts like little Boney.
Every wonder here to send,
Jonathan's a mania,

PUNCH.

I wish he'd send the dividend
Due from Pennsylvania !

PUFF. "A Frog he would a wooing go."

If a soinerset neatly you wish to throw,
Heigho ! says Rowley,
I'd really advise you at once to go—
(Though what you'd get by it hang me if I know)
To the Rowley-poley gammon and spin-again
Centrifugal Railway.

ARIEL. "Sweet Kitty Clover."

To see you in clover, comes Madame Tussaud,
O, o, o, o, O, o, o, o !
Your model in wax-work she wishes to show,
O, o, o, o, O, o, o, o.
The King of the French and Fieschi the traitor,
Commissioner Lin and the Great Agitator,
Kings, Princes, and Ministers all of them go,
O, o, o, o, O, o, o, o.
To sit for their portraits to Madame Tussaud.
O, o, o, o, O, o, o, o.

PUNCH. "Gee up Dobbin."

You talk about wonders ! just look upon these,
You'd think them two little industrious fleas;
But just through a microscope peep at their mugs,
And these two little fleas become horrid humbugs!

Gee up Dobbin, Gee up Dobbin,
Gee up Dobbin, Gee up and gee-whoa !

ARIEL. "The deep deep Sea."

O don't he look a love, [Pointing to DIVER.
In his helmet and coatee,
Rendered waterproof to rove
In the deep deep Sea ?
Than the wave he dives below,
He can cut a greater swell,
And to match this diving Beau,
Here behold a diving Bell ?
For a shilling if you please,
You inside may take a seat,
And an ocean sound at ease
In the midst of Regent Street.
Oh don't he look a love, &c.

PUFF. "Chinese dance."

Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ching ! Feast of Lanterns !
 What a crop of chop-sticks, hongs and gongs !
 Hundred thousand Chinese crinkum-crankums,
 Hung among the bells and ding-dongs !
 What a lot of Pekin pots and pipkins,
 Mandarins with pig-tails, rings and strings,
 Funny little slop-shops, cases, places
 Stuck about with cups and tea-things !
 Women with their ten toes tight tucked into
 Tiddle-toddle shoes one scarcely sees ;
 How they all got here is quite a wonder !
 China must be broken to pieces !

ARIEL. "There was a little man."

And now, good people all,
 Ere the curtain 'twixt us fall,
 I hope you won't dismiss us in a huff, huff, huff ;
 The Drama feels at home
 'Neath this cosey little dome,
 So pardon for her sake, a harmless Puff, Puff, Puff !

PUNCH.

Of course you'd but despise
 Folks who fain would ope your eyes,
 And persuade you half you hear and see is stuff stuff stuff !
 "If ignorance is bliss," you know "tis folly to be wise"
 So be led as you have always been by Puff, puff, pnff.

PUFF.

Then shall "Immense Success,"
 Be the chorus of the Press, [nough.
 And no wall to hold our bills be large enough, nough,
 And garlands and bouquets
 As the rule is now a-days,
 Fall in showers on your humble servant Puff, Puff, Puff.

[During the last two lines, PUFF takes a bouquet out of his hat and gives it to the Leader of the Band, who, at the end of the verse, flings it back to him—PUFF pretending to imagine it comes from one of the Audience, takes it up hastily and presses it to his bosom—then producing a wreath of roses also from his hat, he first offers it to PUNCH, who refuses it, and then to ARIEL, who crowns PUFF as

THE CURTAIN FALLS.