

1st MAN *pushes sledge towards side, and enters tent.*

1st MAN *looks out of tent.*

What do you think of our Ventilation*?

Does it meet your learned approbation?

We have no theories when in a tent,

Nor care which way the foul air finds a vent;

We bag our heads, then smoke ourselves to sleep,

And huddling close, each other warm we keep.

[Shuts tent door.]

ZERO. Bravo, my fox! go fetch Dean's† model bear;
The morning dawns, now I for work prepare.

If I don't freeze them as they lie asleep,

May I no other promise ever keep!

Ah! now some pleasures come indeed at last:

How sound they sleep; I have them "hard and fast."

*ZERO enters tent; his imps leave the stage; HAR-
LEQUIN leaps through the Sun‡, and changes
(the Good Spirit) DAYLIGHT into COLUM-
BINE; they dance a pas de deux.*

*BEAR enters and prowls round the tent; HAR-
LEQUIN slaps the ground near the tent, which
disappears, leaving the CLOWN grinning and
making faces; he sees the BEAR, becomes
dreadfully alarmed, and makes off for a gun;
returns, snaps the gun, which refuses to go
off; the BEAR approaches, when he succeeds
in firing at it; BEAR falls, and out roll 2nd*

* There had been much dispute among the learned doctors of the squadron as to the best mode of ventilating the ships.

† Mr. Dean, the ingenious carpenter, who made a bear for the pantomime.

‡ An oiled-silk sun which rises at the back scene.