

No. CXXXIII

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.



DAVID COPPERFIELD.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM DICKENS' POPULAR WORK OF THE SAME NAME,

By JOHN BROUGHAM, ESQ.

*With Cast of Characters, Stage Business, Costumes,
Relative Positions, etc., etc.*



AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES.



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NEW YORK
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(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

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TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

a Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Select
Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business

AS PERFORMED AT THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

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STRAND

Cast of the Characters.

First Performed at Brougham's Lyceum, Monday, January 6th, 1857

| | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------|
| <i>Wilkins Micawber</i> - - - - - | Mr. John Brougham |
| <i>Uriah Heep</i> | " John Owens |
| <i>Peggotty</i> - - - - - | " H. Lynne. |
| <i>David Copperfield</i> - - - - - | " D. S. Palmer. |
| <i>Wickfield</i> - - - - - | " H. B. Phillips. |
| <i>Barkis</i> - - - - - | " H. Hunt. |
| <i>Ham</i> - - - - - | " F. Lyster. |
| <i>Mr. Dick</i> - - - - - | " Leach. |
| <i>Bailiff</i> - - - - - | " Wise. |
| <i>Steersforth</i> - - - - - | " _____ |
| | |
| <i>Agnes Wickfield</i> - - - - - | Miss Taylor. |
| <i>Betsy Trotwood</i> - - - - - | Mrs. Vernon. |
| <i>Mrs. Gummidge</i> - - - - - | Mrs. Brougham. |
| <i>Mrs. Micawber</i> - - - - - | Mrs. George Loder. |
| <i>Emily</i> - - - - - | Miss Taylora. |
| <i>Mrs. Gummidge</i> - - - - - | Mrs. J. Dunn. |

Costume

MICAWBER.—*First Dress*: Ragged dressing-gown—p.lic vest—black
lights—shoes and gaiters. *Second Dress*: Short black coat—white ves
—rest as before.

URIAH HEEP.—Black ill-fitting dress

PEGGOTTY.—Blue pea-jacket—wide blue trowsers—check shirt

HAM.—Sailor's suit.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—Handsome morning-dress.

WICKFIELD.—Black dress-coat—gray vest—black trowsers.

BARKIS.—Large over-coat, with capes—breeches and top-boots

AGNES.—White morning-dress.

BETSY TROTWOOD.—Dark travelling-pelisse—quaint bonnet

CLARA PEGGOTTY.—Neat cotton dress.

EMILY.—*First Dress*: Plain light muslin. *Second*: Dark dress.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left*. R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*. S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right*. C. *Centre*. L. C. *Left of Centre*. R. C. *Right of Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. C. D. *Centre Door*. D. R. *Door Right*. D. L. *Door Left*. U. D. L. *Upper door, Left*. U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*.

. *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Miss Trotwood's Apartment. Dick discovered, &c., seated, and making a Kite. Miss Trotwood trimming Garden-pot, with knife and gloves, as in Picture.*

Miss T. It is really time, high time that something should be done for David. Don't you think so, Mr. Dick? [*Dick nods.*] I knew you would. They call that man mad, the fools—he is as sharp as a surgeon's lancet—has more sense than a whole bench of bishops! Donkeys, donkeys, Janet! [*Dick laughs.*] Don't be a fool, Mr. Dick—don't be a fool, whatever you are! You've heard me mention David Copperfield—now don't pretend not to have a memory, for I know better.

Dick. David Copperfield? Da-vid—oh, yes—yes!

Miss T. You know he has been living with me some time, and the question I put to you is, what am I to do with him?

Dick. Do!

Miss T. Yes, do! Come, I want some very sound advice. What shall we make of him?

Dick. [*Considers a moment.*] A kite.

Miss T. Now, some people would consider that a foolish answer, but it's full of meaning to me. A kite, Mr. Dick? Certainly, every man must have a kite—that is to say, an occupation, or he could never—

Dick. Fly!

Miss T. He means aspire. Sagacious Dick! Donkeys, Janet! Ah, here comes David, and that friend, and school-fellow of his, Mr. Steerforth. Good exterior—but I'm afraid—

Dick. Bad egg!

Miss T. And they say that man's mind's diseased! Pooh! the whole human race are imbecile!

Enter DAVID and STEERFORTH, &c.

David. My dear aunt, Steerforth and I have had such a gallop round the town, looking at the beauties of the scenery.

Steer. And investigating the loveliness of the female population.

Miss T. Pshaw! Donkeys!

Dick. Both!

Miss T. David, sit down. I want to have some serious conversation with you, if your vivacious friend will condescend to suppress his animal spirits. Donkeys!

Steer. My dear madam, my very spirits are at your command! My thermometer is below freezing point, since you wish it.

Miss T. Sit down, then—sit down.

Dick. Stop! Can anybody recollect the date when King Charles had his head cut off?

David. In the year sixteen hundred—

Miss T. Hush! Mr. Dick, no nonsense!

Dick. Certainly *not*—but I should like to know, if his head was cut off, what they did with it? They had no right to put it on my—

Miss T. Mr. Dick, it's time for you to go to bed!

Dick. Oh, no!

Miss T. Dick!

Dick. Oh! a—yes—certainly—I must take my kite. *Exit DICK, R. B.*

Steer. Isn't the gentleman a little out of his mind?

Miss T. No, sir, not half so much as you are. The whole end and aim of his existence is not confined to the enriching of tailors. He has been called mad, or I should not have had the benefit of his society and advice for ten years. Nice people they are, who had the audacity to call him so! Why, his own brothers, if it had not been for me, would have shut him up for life! Many and many a delicate mind has been tortured into madness, by the knaves who thirsted for their wealth, or the fools who did not understand the subtlety of their organization.

David. I'm afraid that's too true, dear aunt.

Miss T. I know it is! David, what are you going to do for a living?

David. Indeed, aunt, that very question has given me hours and hours of uneasiness.

Miss T. You must do something, you know. I can't support you—wouldn't, if I could!

David. I was thinking of going to London, to seek for some employment.

Miss T. You were?

David. This very day.

Miss T. Go!—Have you thought of the proctorship?

David. Yes, aunt, and I have only one difficulty.

Miss T. Say what it is, Trot. I sha'n't call you David any more, except you annoy me.

David. I am afraid my entrance into that branch of the legal profession would be very expensive—and, my dear aunt, you have expended a great deal already upon my education; and I do imagine that it would be better for me to begin life without such a large outlay to you.

Miss T. David, it will cost just one thousand pounds. I'll pay it.

David. Are you sure you can afford it, dear aunt?

Miss T. Trot, my child, if I have an object in life, it is to provide for your being a good, a sensible, and a happy man. I'm bent upon it—so is Dick.

Steer. Now, my good friends, there's no need of your taking so much pains about the matter. Copperfield can never want anything as long as I

five! Where's the necessity to poke his nose into musty old ledgers, and pine away his life in a dusty office, when I can share my independence with him! Come, and live with me, David, and be a gentleman.

Miss T. Donkeys! You're a fool! I don't mince my words!

Steer. Upon my life, you don't!

Miss T. David, remember what I said! Donkeys! [Rushes out, c

Steer Well! Of all the savage and incomprehensible old she—hippot tamusses.

David. Silence, Steerforth! She is my most valued relative and friend

Peggotty. [Outside.] Mas'r Davy bo' in here! Heave ahead! [Enter PEGGOTTY, c., and rushes to DAVID.] Why, Mas'r Davy, bo', gi us a hug! My heyes, how you be growed!

David. Do you think so!

Peg. Out o' all knowledgeableness! Ain't he growed!—I humbly beg pardon, sir! [To STEERFORTH

David. That's my friend, Mr. Steerforth—an old schoolfellow.

Peg. Anybody as has ketched a-hold of Mas'r Davy's hand in friendship, has made his mark upon my kalander! I'm glad to know'ee, sir.

David. Well, Mr. Peggotty, and how is Mrs. Gummidge?

Peg. On-common, sir!

David. And little Em'ly!

Peg. Em'ly!—Little Em'ly! Bless her soul and body! She ain't little Em'ly no more, bless you—she's grow'd, too,—on-common. Sich heyes, Mas'r Davy—sich larnin—sich writin. Writin! Why, Mas'r Davy, bo', it's as black as jet, and so large, you might see it anywhere!

Steer. You seem to be very much attached to this little Em'ly, as you call her.

Peg. I don't ezactly know what that means, sir—but if it sinafys that I love her—why, the biggest book as ever was printed hasn't words enough to say how much. For to say that I love her better nor my own life ain't nothin! There's one thing more as I has to say, Mas'r Davy, bo'—but I doesn't know rightly how to pay it out. You're a goin' into the world soon, maybe!

David. This very day, I believe, I make preparations to go to London.

Peg. Well, all I've got to say, is this here—that if maybe, in your kindness, you'd honor us so far as to take Yarmouth in your way, all on us, from Mother Gummidge to Em'ly, would take it as a favor on-common. It's a wery humble place, as you know, but there's hearts there, Mas'r Davy, as beats as true for you, as the best chronometer in the Admiralty House!

David. I would certainly do so, Peggotty, but I am pledged to my friend Steerforth. We travel together.

Peg. Let him come, too, sir. A welcome ain't made smaller by stretch ing on it out. Won't you honor us, too, sir!

Steer. Egad! I've a great mind, if it's to see this Yarmouth Venus!

David. What say you, Steerforth?

Steer. I'm with you! Anything to pass the time agreeably. Methinks I scent an adventure!

Peg. Brayvo! That ere's all right! Now I must weigh anchor.

David. No, no! You must stay and see my aunt, and have some anchorage

Fog. Well, since so be you're so kind, and hevery thing is so quiet and calm in this here harbor—[*donkey's head through window*]-hello, messmet!

Enter MISS TROTWOOD.

Miss T. Ah! Donkeys! [Takes up umbrella, and bangs donkey]

SCENE II.—*A handsome Chamber.*

Enter WICKFIELD and COPPERFIELD, R. H.

Wick. I am sorry, David, very sorry, that you cannot remain with us for some time. It has been lonely, very lonely for Agnes and me, since you have left us,—and that fellow, Heep—[*Looking round fearfully*]-Your worthy aunt is now with Agnes; I expect them here presently. David, I understand your astonished look. You see an alteration in me; I know you do; don't attempt to prevaricate. I am not the Wickfield you knew. Heaven help me, no!—but it can't be helped. My Agnes, my darling! when I think of you, and the quick current which is driving me along, what can I do but rush to the—Ah! here they come! Say nothing, David—think nothing of my words; they have no meaning.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

David. My poor friend! you are in the toils of that demi-devil, Heep! I feel it. [*Enter AGNES and MISS TROTWOOD, L. 1 E.*] My dear Agnes!—Aunt, you are here before me? Have you left Mr. Dick?

Miss T. Yes, and I'm sorry for it. I'm afraid he wants strength of purpose to keep off the donkeys. If ever there was a donkey trespassing upon my green, there was one at four o'clock this afternoon! A cold feeling came over me, from head to foot, and I know it was a donkey. But come, to business—where's Mr. Wickfield?

Agnes. He'll be here directly.

Miss T. There he is in the library. I'll go and speak to him. [*Crosses R.*] Wait here, Trot, until I come back. [*Exit into room, R. H.*]

David. Well, Agnes, my sister, my good angel! I am delighted to see you once more!

Agnes. You are kind, David, very kind; but I know that you assume this cheerfulness of manner—for you must have perceived the great, the miserable change in my dear father and in myself.

David. I never saw you looking so radiant, Agnes.

Agnes. Ah, David! this house is not the cheerful home of pure, domestic joy it was when you left us. Uriah— [*Looking around*]

David. What of him?

Agnes. You know that he has become a partner with my father?

David. What Uriah! That mean, fawning fellow worm himself into such promotion?

Agnes. Uriah has made himself indispensable to father. He has mastered his weaknesses, fostered them, and taken advantage of them,—fed and stimulated what was but a transient inclination, until it became a necessity, until—I am ashamed to speak the word—my father fears him.

David. Fears that subtle hound!

Agnes. Hush! hush! don't speak so loudly, David. Ah! I fear him, too—but only for my father's sake. His position is one of power, I don't

know how obtained—and I fear to inquire; but still he uses it with cruel wickedness! My only trust is, that if any fraud or treachery is practised against him, simple love and truth will be the strongest in the end.

David. The mean, crawling ingrate! I'll put an end to all your dread

Agnes. No, no! not for your life! Promise me that you will not interfere, or even, by a look or action, show that you imagine any thing but that we are all on terms of friendship.

David. Your request is most mysterious, Agnes; but I shall obey you. Ah, he is here!

[*Heep appears at D. F., and enters.*]

Heep. [Coming down, c.] Don't let me interrupt your conversation, my dear Miss Agnes. Ah, bless me! can it be!—My dear Mr. Copperfield, how long it is since we had the pleasure of seeing you. [Shakes hands.] How do you do?

David. (R.) Very well, indeed, Mr. Heep. [*Aside.*] His hand is as fishy as ever.

Heep. (c.) Why do you say Mr. Heep? You know how humble I am. Now, do call me Uriah. Though my circumstances have changed, yet I am as humble as ever. Won't you call me Uriah? Agnes calls me Uriah—don't you, Agnes?

Agnes. (L.) Yes, Mr. Heep—I mean Uriah. I think I hear my father—pray, excuse me.

[*Crosses to A.*]

Heep. Oh, certainly Don't neglect your dear and worthy father. [*Exit AGNES, R.*] Well, Mister Copperfield—I wish you'd let me call you David.

David. Sir?

Heep. Well, never mind. You know how humble I am—you have heard something, I dare say, about the change in my circumstances, David—mean Mr. Copperfield!

David. Yes—I have heard—

Heep. Agnes—told you, no doubt?

David. Why—a—

Heep. Yes—I see she did! What a prophet you are, Mr. Copperfield! Do you remember, once saying that I should be a partner in the house of Wickfield and Co? You forget it, no doubt, but I don't. When one is humble, he treasures everything—but the humblest persons may be enabled to do good, and I have had that blessing strewed on my path. I have done good to Mr. Wickfield, and to Agnes. I remember how you said, one day, that everybody must admire her. You have forgot *that*, no doubt!

David. [*Aside.*] What is the hound driving at! I must discover! So, Mr. Wickfield has been imprudent, Uriah?

Heep. Oh, very—very! But I'm so glad to hear you call me Uriah! It's like the blowing of balmy breezes, or the ringing of bells, to hear you say Uriah!

David. How so, Uriah?

Heep. It's a topic, David—let me say David—I wouldn't trench upon *ts* any but you. If anybody else had been in my place, for the last few years, he'd have had both Mr. Wickfield and his daughter under his thumb, as one might say—un-der his thumb! There would have been loss, disgrace—I don't know what all. Mr. Wickfield knows it—his daughter; *ts* knows it—I am the umble instrument of umblv serving him. You won't

think the worse of my clumsiness, if I make a little confidence to you, will you!

David. No, no—certainly not—go on!

Heep. [*Wipes hands with pocket-handkerchief.*] Well, then, Miss Agnes

David. Well, Uriah?

Heep. How delightful and refreshing, to be called Uriah, spontaneously. You thought her looking very beautiful—did you not?

David. I thought her looking, as she always does, superior to everything and everybody around her!

Heep. Oh, thank you!—thank you for that!

David. For what?

Heep. Why, that is, in fact, the confidence that I am going to take the liberty of reposing. Oh, Mr. Copperfield, with what an affection I love the ground my Agnes walks upon!

David. [*Aside.*] The serpent! I should like to strangle him—but I must remember her request! [*Aloud.*] Have you made your feelings known, Mr. Heep?

Heep. Oh! No—no—not to any one but you! I'm too humble! I'm not in a hurry. I know you wouldn't like to make unpleasantness in the family. [*Enter WICKFIELD, AGNES, and MISS TROTWOOD.*] Ah, my dear benefactor, partner, and friend! I'm rejoiced—humbly rejoiced, to see you looking so well! What a blessing it is to me, to feel that I can relieve your mind of the weight of business, and give you more time to devote to the affection of your family.

Miss T. What is that creature twisting about like a conger-eel for? Well, Wickfield, I suppose I may trust to you, that my securities are going on prosperously?

Wick. I—a—yes—

Heep. Certainly, certainly! I will guarantee that they are all safe, my dear madam. I think I deserve more than a shudder for that lie!

[*Aside, to AGNES*

Miss T. Well, that's all settled. But what's the matter with you man. Where are all your life and spirits? I declare, Agnes—my pretty Agnes, mopes about, too, as if some black spell were on the house! [*To HEEP.*] What's the cause of all this, sir?

Heep. Nothing, my dear madam, nothing! We may not be as ricketty and high-spirited as formerly, but we are happy, in our way. Are we not, Mr. Wickfield?

Wick. Certainly, Mr. Heep. [*Aside.*] The wily scoundrel!

Heep. Are we not, Miss Agnes?

Agnes. Yes, Mr. Heep.

Miss T. That yes sounded very like no! There's some pestilence in the air—but it's no business of mine! Well, Wickfield, I've been telling your daughter how to invest my funds, as you seem to have grown somewhat rusty in business matters—and Agnes is worth the whole firm in my opinion.

Heep. [*Bowing, &c.*] If I may humbly make a remark—I should be only too happy if Miss Agnes was a partner.

Miss T. Deuce take the man! What is he about! Do stand up straight, sir, if you can. Don't be volcanic!

Heep I humbly ask pardon, Miss Trotwood. I know you are nervous.

Miss T. Don't presume to say so! I'm nothing of the kind, sir! If you're an eel, conduct yourself like one—if you're a man, control your limbs!

Heep. I am only here in the way of business partner. If Mr. Wickfield thinks he can do without me, I humbly take my leave.

Wick. No, no, Uriah, I can't do without you—you must remain!

Heep. Oh! What a reward that is to the humble mind!

Miss T. Come in, then, both of you, and let us settle this business about Trotty's proctorship. Don't squirm so, sir, walk upright!

Heep. It ain't in my power—I'm so humble. Mr. Copperfield, remember what I said.

Miss T. Trotty, I have secured lodgings for you, at a Mrs. Micawber's, they'll be expecting you, so lose no time.

David. I shall but say a few brief parting words with my good angel Agnes, and then for a life of energy and perseverance!

[*Exeunt DAVID and AGNES, R.—The rest L. E.*]

SCENE III.—PEGGOTTY'S Ark—low door, L. 2 E.

Enter MRS. GUMMIDGE, L. 1 E.; seats herself at fire.

Mrs. G. Ah! just as usual—nobody here. I'm a poor lone creeter, always.

Enter CLARA PEGGOTTY, L. 2 E.

C. Peg. Bless us and save us! heart alive, mother—who, in the name of gracious, do you think is a coming to see us, as nateral as life, and more!

Mrs. G. No one to see me. I'm a poor, lone creeter; no one cares for me—no one—no one!

C. Peg. Yes, dear mother, but we do, all of us. But who, do you think, it is! Who, but Master David! I hain't seen him since the day that blessed soul, his mother, laid her sweet head down upon her stupid, cross Peggotty's arms, and died like a child as was gone to sleep. Here he comes, with brother and Ham, and some one else.

Enter DAVID and PEGGOTTY, L. 2 E.

C. Peg. Oh, my blessed, dear baby,—that was man,—that is—haven't you been and gone and sprouted up like the l'vies of the field, and hasn't your blessed angel of a mother, that is in heaven, lent you her sweet smile, to make everybody take to you, and love you, whether they will or no!

David. Thank you, my dear nurse, for the warmth of your attachment.

C. Peg. This is mother, you know—Mother! why—don't you see Mr. David?

Mrs. G. I'm a poor, lone creeter.

Peg. [*Crosses to Mrs. G.*] Same as ever, Mass'r Davy—thinking allays on the old 'un as was drowned!

David. Poor soul! poor soul! Let her silent sorrows be respected.—Well, Peggotty, and how is Barkis? Is he within?

C. Peg. Don't, Master David, don't. I can't abide it—drat the mar

he keeps a following me about, an saying nothing I don't know what it's a going to come to, for my part.

Peg. I do.

C. Peg. Do you, Mr. Saucebox? then keep it to yourself. Master David doesn't want any of your information, leastways, on that subject.

Peg. But where's your friend, Steerforth? Why, there he is, a talking to Emily, with Ham on t'other side of him!

Enter EMILY and STEERFORTH, HAM following—(his eyes constantly on EMILY and STEERFORTH)—L. 2 E.

Peg. There's our Em'ly, Mass'r David; ain't she growed? [*STEERFORTH and DAVID go up.*] Come here, you puss, you!—Ain't she a reg'lar mermaid, Mass'r Davy? Ah, we a'most spoils her here,—we're all so mortal fond of her—ain't we, puss?

Emily. (c.) You are—indeed, you are too kind to me, all of you.

Peg. No! we ain't, none of us! Oh, I'm so happy to-night—this here blessed night, of all others! Somethin's been done to-day—Ham knows it, so does Em'ly, too. Don't blush, princess! I must tell you all summut. I can't keep it in no longer. You see, this here little Em'ly, as is a blushing now—you see, this here little Em'ly, as has been in my house—I calls it a house—has been, what no one but such a bright-eyed creeter can be in a house. I am rough, sir, rough as a sea-porcupine; but no one can know how dear our little Em'ly has been to the heart that's kivered up in here. Well, there's a certain person as has knowed her, from a baby upwards—not much of a person to look at, some'at of my own build, werry salt; but, on the whole, an honest sort o' chap, with his heart in the right place—

C. Peg. [*To HAM.*] Will you keep quiet, and don't be a fidgeting about, like a St. Vitus's dance?

Emily. Pray, let me retire to my own room.

Peg. Not a bit on it, till I lets out the whole story. Well, what does this here tarpaulin chap do, but he loses that ere 'art of his to our Em'ly, follers her about like a great Newfoundland dog, and never has no relish for his wittles!

C. Peg. Just likes Barkis!

Peg. Now, all I wants in the world is, to see our Em'ly under articles to an honest man. If I was to be capsized in a gale of wind, I could go down quiet, if I thought there's a man ashore there, iron-true to my little Em'ly, God bless her! Well, that there thing happens this here day—that there tarpaulin chap came in with my Em'ly's little hand in his great fist, and says he to me, "Look here—this is to be my little wife."

Steer. [*Aside.*] What! Not if I can prevent so disgraceful a sacrifice.

Peg. And she says, half-bold and half-shy, "Yes, uncle, this is to be my honest, brave husband."—and then Mrs. Gummidge she gave a shout, and I flung up my hat! There, the murder's out, and I says, Hooray, to alk on it, in three times three!

C. Peg. [*To HAM.*] There, why don't you go and be happy? I never did see such a queer sort of a sweet-heart! [*They force EMILY and HAM together.*] Well, what do you say, dummy?

Ham. Nothing but this: Dear Emily, there ain't a gentleman in all the

land, or yet sailing on the sea, that can love his lady more than I. I love you. You are too good for me—that's all.

Emily. No, no, Ham—no! Not good enough! Pray, let me go—I am faint. [*Aside.*] Ah! I have been rash and hasty—too hasty. What is to become of me I know not! [*Exit L. 2 B.*]

Steer. She doesn't seem overpowered with her good fortune.

David. It's her timidity and gentle bashfulness.

Steer. Not a bit of it! I have some knowledge of human nature. That tout loves her, though. See how fixed he stands, as if he saw her still!

Peg. What, gone? [*Goes up to door.*] Bless her soul, she couldn't bear to be looked at. Hollo, Peg! It's your turn next!

C. Peg. What do you mean, you sea-hedgehog?

Peg. Barkis! Come, Ham, let's bear away! Two's company, you know, on certain occasions. Gummidge is nobody, and the gentlemen would may be like a walk by the shore.

David. I have a visit to make. I must go to my good friend, Mr. Wickfield, and make my parting adieu to him, and my almost sister, Agnes!

Steer. Come along, then—we wouldn't intrude for the world, especially at such a time.

C. Peg. It ain't nothing of the sort, now. So there you're out.

David. Ah, Peggotty!

C. Peg. Well, how do I know as it is so, when he never says nothing but just comes in here about this time, every two or three days, dumps down a lot of stuff he calls presents, sits silent for a few minutes, and if I get a sentence out of him, it's a sort of miracle! [*At door.*] Good mornin Mr. Barkis!

BARKIS enters with large Bundle, containing Apples, a small Pig, Bird Cage, String of Onions, and Bootjack. He shakes hands with PEG.—nods and winks—seats himself beside her, and takes out his presents one by one—pausing between each. When they are all out, shakes bag, makes two or three efforts to speak, and rushes out.

C. Peg. Well! did anybody ever see the like?

Barkis. [*Putting his head through window.*] "Barkis is willing."

[*PEG. throws the presents aside in a pet. All laugh, and exit L. and P.*]

SCENE IV.—MICAWBER'S Room. A Turn-up Bed—Children in it. All the et ceteras of Plate, &c. MRS. MICAWBER discovered.

Voice. [*Outside.*] Pay us, will you?

Mrs. M. Oh, voice of dire destiny! It's the bootmaker!

Voice. There's no use in saying that you're out!

Mrs. Mic. And Wilkins is now indulging in the delicate and dangerous operation of shaving!

Voice. Ain't you going to pay us:

MICAWBER rushes in, half shaved, and flourishing a razor, R. 3 B.

Mic. Partner of my woes, and sharer of my responsibilities, the accent of dire and implacable Fate, through the vulgar lips of a low-bred Snob now bellowing fruitlessly for payment of an inconsiderable sum, announces

to us the melancholy fact, that the foundation is sapped, and the tower begins to totter!

Voice. You ain't nothing but swindlers!

Mic. Ha! Listen to that opprobrious epithet, which was never before hurled at the head and front of an unoffending Micawber! The drop has worn away the stone—the last feather is added to the load of the world-laden camel! The tempered steel is left alone! Come, friendly razor! Bid farewell to soap, and prepare to revel in carnage!

Mrs. Mic. Oh!—don't!

Mic. In gore!

Mrs. Mic. Wilkins!

Mic. Blood! Red blood, red sanguinary gore!

Mrs. Mic. My Wilkins, be a Roman! The bootmaker is gone!

Mic. Then the aspiring soul of a Micawber rises superior to its destiny! Emma, my love!—thou sublimated essence of conjugal consolation, lay the flattering unction to thy soul, that thou hast saved thy Wilkins! The drowning wretch has snatched at the rope! There's a sweet little cherub now whispering within the innermost recesses of this lacerated bosom, that in the diurnal approximation—within the—in fact, next twenty-four hours, something will turn up. And when this inscrutable piece of nature's handiwork—this mortal, in point of fact, body shall emerge from the gloom, never shall I forget the heart that felt for the distresses of others, or the hand that never shrunk from the temporary disposal of such available property as could be made away with!

Mrs. Mic. My Wilkins! My heroic, struggling Wilkins—never shall your Emma desert you—never!

Mic. Soother of my insufferable sorrows, I need not asseverate more, under existing circumstances, than the—in point of fact, simple, but impressive, especially when a number of algebraical characters are appended thereunto—word of two but short syllables—*Ditto!* Now, darling, exercise your maternal duties, while I continue the painful, but necessary task, of removing the superfluous—in fact—*Shave!* [*Sings.* "The sun his bright rays may withhold, love." [*Bell rings—he stops short.*] Ah! mark the dire vicissitudes of my wretched career! When my emancipated soul was soaring on seraphic wings, through circumambient regions of ecstatic joy—to be dragged down, pinioned, and double ironed to the marble floor of insatiable destiny, by that mechanical combination of miserable wire and hollow-sounding brass—a—in point of fact, bell! Sever the agonizing chain of terrible suspense—is it tradesmen, or taxes?

Mrs. Mic. Neither, beloved! Banish despair! It's the new lodger—I see his boxes!

Mic. Then being gone, I am a—I think I may venture to say—man again! Despair is gone, and joy once more irradiates the soul of Micawber! Will my Emma give a loose to the mirthfulness of the moment, and tread with me through the familiar but fascinating mazes of the College Hornpipe?

They dance—Officer comes on, and taps MICAWBER on shoulder—he falls on bed, where children are. They squall, &c.

CURTAIN DESCENDS ON CONFUSION

ACT II.

SCENE I.—MICAWBER'S ROOM—MRS. MICAWBER attending to Twins.

Mrs. Mic. If that branch of my family, which refused its influence and support to Mr. Micawber, were to see me drudging in this miserable place, surely they would partially patch over the blot on their escutcheon with a few bank-notes, until something turned up. [*A knock, D. F.*] The baker's long account; the staff of life is in arrear. I must dissimulate. Hush! [*Knock louder.*]

Heep. [*Without, L. D. F.*] Is Mr. Micawber at home?

Mrs. Mic. It's only Mr. Heep, Wilkins' new friend. He can't have advanced any thing temporary yet. [*Opens door.*]

Heep. Good morning, my dear Mrs. Micawber. Is my excellent friend at home?

Mrs. Mic. No, sir. At present, he is doing battle with the external world, snatching the precarious morsel for self and little ones, I may say, from the very jaws of destiny!

Heep. [*Aside.*] So much the better. I must find out if he will suit my purpose. [*Aloud.*] Mr. Micawber has no permanent employment, I presume!

Mrs. Mic. Alas! none. I *did* hope that the influence of my family would be exerted to place him in some political or commercial position where his great talents might be seen and appreciated.

Heep. He is really doing nothing, then?

Mrs. Mic. Nothing definite. The opinion of the more friendly part of my family evidently points to coals. Wilkins himself rather prefers the wine; but, alas! I am afraid the long-dreaded crisis is at hand. We have tried to buffet against the current, but the tide is mastering our efforts. I don't mind intrusting the secret to you:—With the exception of the heel of a Dutch cheese, which is not adapted to the wants of a young family, there is really not a scrap of any thing in the larder! When I was with papa and mamma, I was accustomed to speak of a larder—what I mean to express is: there's nothing to eat in the house!

Heep. Dear me! dear me! [*Aside.*] This is just the reckless scapegrace that I want.

Micawber. [*Outside, L. D. F.*] Bolt it! [*Rushes in, and piles chairs against door.*] The cup is drained, the bolt has fallen,—the tree crushed! The accumulating combination of miserable circumstances has done its work, the tempest has burst, in overwhelming fury, on the devoted bark, and Micawber is a wreck!

Officer. [*Without.*] Open, in the name of the law!

Mic. Caitiff, I despise you! Burglar, I defy you! Secure within the Briton's birthright, standing within the castellated mansion of my forefathers, my banner hangs upon the outer walls, my foot's upon my native heath, my name's Micawber!

Offi. [*Outside.*] Very well, I can't wait.

Mic. In the words of the immortal Plato,—“It must be so. Cate”

Why should a man wield an unequal conflict with tyrant Fate, who is possessed of shaving-materials?

[Rushes towards door, is caught by MRS. MICAWBER.

Mrs. Mic. No, no! not now!

[Struggles with him.

Mic. The steel! the friendly steel!

Mrs. Mic. Alas! his miseries have blinded him! Don't you see your friend, Mr. Heep?

Mic. Ah! come to my arms, and be as dear as ever. Even as the beacon-light is to the storm-tossed mariner, so is that friendly face to the rescued Micawber. [Officer pushes chairs away from door, and with one leg inside, the other outside.] Ha! marauder! respect the threshold of hospitality.

Off. [Head in.] I ain't coming in, nor I ain't a going out. I've got my prog, and here I'll stay until this 'ere account is paid, or you come with me

Mic. Emma! I'm inextricably, in point of fact, floored!

Mrs. Mic. I never will desert you, Wilkins!

Heep. Come, come, don't despair. You may find a friend yet.

Mic. Who talks of friendship to a wretch like me?

Heep. I do.

Mic. Ha! a ray of sun-light dawns upon my soul; the clouds of gloom are dispersing, something is about to—in point of fact, turn up.

Heep. How much is this demand?

Mic. Originally a trifle to, I believe, the butcher?

Mrs. Mic. Butcher.

Mic. Sundries for sustenance—7 pound six.

Heep. Is that all?

Mic. Bless your unsophisticated soul, no! Divers accumulations have ensued—the little bill got wafted into Chancery Lane, where it mounted into the celestial sphere of law, until it has become a legal comet, with an irradiating tail of costs! Original bill,—7 pound six,—present sum, total £25 6s. 8d.!

Heep. I'll pay it.

Mic. My dear sir, you lay me under a pecuniary obligation the eradicating finger of time can never obliterate within the tablet of my memory Enter, Myrmidon! [Enter Officer.] Hats off, sir, in the respectable presence of a solvent debtor! Respect the man who pays three hundred per cent., without a pang. Go, sir, go; and boast amongst your fellows, that I, too, have murdered a Peruvian! [Officer exits.

Heep. You'll give me your I O. U. for the sum, just as a matter of form?

Mic. Certainly, my best friend—any description of prospective pecuniary liquidation, from 30 days upwards.

Heep. I st sign this, then.

Mic. [Taking paper.] Hail! youngest born of an extensive paper-progeny! Would that I had thy piebald brethren back, like stray sheep, within the folds of my pocket-book! There, sir,—there goes another small liability,—renewable, I suppose, at the usual terms?

Heep. My very dear friend, give yourself no concern touching this. I will make it easy for you to take the matter up.

Mic. My prophetic soul! How so?

Heep. By giving you instant and permanent occupation in my own

Mic.—that is to say, office of self and partner—Wickfield and Heep Attorneys at Law.

Mic. Fate—I have no hesitation in asserting the fact—you're a trump. Something has turned up at last!

Mrs. Mic. And just the channel through which your talent can burst upon an astonished community! Papa always said that you had a judicial mind—who knows but you may become Lord Chancellor!

Mic. My dear, let us not anticipate the decrees of fortune. If I am reserved to wear the Chancellor's wig, I am at least prepared externally. My heart, relieved from its oppressive load of grief, bounds at the anticipation of—of—in short, a small sum of ready money.

Heep. How delightful, that a humble individual like me, has the power to diffuse happiness! Won't you allow me, my dear madam, to snatch Mr. Micawber for a short period from domestic felicity, so that he may be inducted in his new vocation?

Mrs. Mic. Oh! Certainly. Wilkins, go on and prosper.

Mic. Such, partner of my joys and hopes—such is my intention. Poverty, and thy attendant train of writs and executions, avaunt! Farewell the scanty meal, and unsatisfied internal arrangements! Welcome, once more, the substantial repast—the—in point of fact, beef-steaks and bottled porter! Micawber's occupation—I may say, is about to commence!

SCENE II.—PEGGOTTY'S Ark. *Enter L. 2 E., PEGGOTTY, CLARA, MRS GUMMIDGE and DAVID.*

David. And so your name is Barkis, now, Peggotty?

C. Peg. Yes, sir. Good gracious me! bless my soul, yes, Master David—C. P. Barkis. You see, Barkis was willin, and I was willin—and as there was nobody pertickler to care about, I took to caring about him—and as we got to caring about each other, why we didn't think it worth while to care about anybody else. So what did we do, but we up and went and got married.

David. Well, he's a worthy good fellow, although he does talk so little.

C. Peg. La, bless your heart alive! he's got over that! Why, he sings about the house from morning till night, like a two-legged tea-kettle on the boil!

Enter DANIEL PEGGOTTY, L. 2 E., down R.

Peg. Ah, Mas'r Davy, bo'! this here's a unexpected pleasure! I be main glad to see you! Mother—thinking always of the old un—never get a word out of her! Sit you down, sir; no need in saying welcome to you—you know you are, to all on us! We're all here, but Ham and Em'ly; there's her place—she'll be here soon. [*Lights candle, and places it in window.*] Mrs Gummidge, there you are, lighted up as usual! You're a wonderin what that's for, sir? That's for our Em'ly! You see, the road's not over-good, so I puts the light there—that, you see, meets two objects. She says, says Em'ly, "That there's home"—and likewise says Em'ly, "Uncle's there"—for if I ain't here, there ain't no light!

C. Peg. Why, you're a baby, Dan'l! Always, and always will be nothing in the blessed world, but a baby!

Peg. [*Crosses to c.*] Well, I don't know but I am—not, may-be, to look at!

C. Peg. Not exactly!

Peg. No! Only in the feelin! Why, that 'ere candle—I knows very well, that arter she's married, an' gone, I'll put that there light there just the same as ever, and pretend I'm expecting her, just like I'm doing now! There's a babby for you, in the shape of a great sea-porkypine! Right for all that—for here she is!

[*Enter HAM, hurriedly, L. 2 E.*]

Peg. Where's Em'ly?

Ham. [*Aside to David.*] Here, sir, a minute! I don't want him to know, not yet! She's gone, sir!

David. Emily!

Ham. Gone! She that we all loved—gone!--and how is she gone?—when I would rather see her dead, here at my feet! Read this!

[*Giving him letter.*]

Peg. What's the matter? Tell me! I will know it! Em'ly is hurt—there has been some terrible accident! She is——

David. Gone!

[*All cry, and rush to PEGGOTTY.*]

Peg. Read, sir, read! Slow—slow—I don't know as I can understand!

David. [*Reads.*] “When you, who love me better than I ever have deserved—even when my mind was innocent—see this, I shall be far away.”

Peg. “I shall be far away!” Emily—far away! Well!

David. [*Reads.*] “When I leave my dear home—oh! so dear—it will be never to come back—unless he brings me back a lady. God bless all. I'll pray for all, often, on my knees—and I don't pray for my own self. My parting love to uncle—my last tears for uncle.” [*A pause.*] I entreat you, sir, to have command over yourself!

C. Peg. Daniel! My own dear Daniel!

Peg. Who's the man? I want to know his name! There's a man suspected—who is he? For some time past there has been a servant lurking about here, and a gentleman! They belonged to each other! Is it—I daren't speak the name—is it——

David. Steerforth!

Peg. The villain! The damned, black-hearted villain! [*Goes for coat.*] Bear a hand with this! Bear a hand and help me! Now, that there hat!

C. Peg. Oh, Daniel! Where are you going!

Peg. I'm going to seek my niece! I'm going to seek my Em'ly!

C. Peg. Where!

Peg. Anywhere! I'm going to seek her through the world! I'm going to find her in her shame, and bring her back! Don't try to stop me! I'm going—and never—never shall these bones find rest—until she's found! Oh, Em'ly!—Em'ly!

[*Sinks on seat by table.*]

SCENE III.—WICKFIELD'S. *Enter HEEP and MICAWBER, L. 1 E.*

Heep. Well, my excellent friend, how do you like your new employ-
ment?

Mic. An oasis, a literary and arithmetical oasis in the dreary desert of my life! It is a great pursuit, sir—a great pursuit, the study of the law! I'd be sure, to a man of exalted imagination, the objection to legal studies is the amount of detail—the mind may not have liberty to—in fact, soar—and the column of life becomes a mere succession of monotonous six-and-eightpences state. I'm thankful, immeasurably thankful to you, my disinterested benefactor! [Sits to desk.]

Heep. Then, my good friend, you can have no conscientious scruples about copying whatever I dictate.

Mic. Demolisher of my pecuniary embarrassments, how could I—why should I?

Heep. Enough! [*Crosses to R.*] I'll have use for you ere long—now go to the office. [Exit R. 1 E.]

Mic. Use for me! Disquietude flutters in my diaphragm! Use for me! I feel as if the devil were playing backgammon for my soul, and had just thrown sixes! Can it be, that villainous destiny has rescued Micawber to be a tool! If so, they shall find that he will be an edged one—an—in point of fact, chisel! But I'll prove, before I doubt, and then!

Enter DAVID, L. 1 E.

David. You here, Micawber!

Mic. My dear young friend, this is a meeting calculated to impress the mind with a sense of the instability—in fact—how do you do? You find me domiciliated here, through the instrumentality of an—in point of fact, friend—one Heep. You know him?

David. I do, indeed, thoroughly! How do you like him?

Mic. [*Shuts door.*] When a man's pecuniary embarrassments vanish before the breath of an individual, and when that individual opens his heart and his purse—one would necessarily feel inclined to honor that individual by the sacred title of—in fact, friend.

David. Certainly! but—

Mic. Allow me! I am here in a position of trust, and I would prefer not to trench on delicate subjects. I trust I give no offence to the companion of my youth?

David. Not at all!

Mic. Enough! Friend of my soul, enough! Follow the flowery path which destiny has marked out, and gravelled smoothly for your footsteps and if ever, in the course of sublunary events, pecuniary difficulties should overshadow it, remember that my right hand has not lost its cunning, and the name of Wilkins Micawber is yours, on the face of any description of negotiable paper. [Exit, L. H]

Enter AGNES and MISS TROTWOOD, followed by HEEP, R. 1 E.

David. Dear Agnes, I'm so glad to see you. I trust your father is well?

Heep. What should ail him, Mr. Copperfield? Nothing, I should say Miss Agnes!

Miss T. Drat that eel of a creature! Why don't he keep himself quiet!

Heep. I can't—I really can't—I'm so humble!

Miss T. Here's Wickfield. How changed he is! Can that be guilt I don't believe it! [*Aside*]

Enter WICKFIELD, L. I E.—AGNES runs to him, and assists him to chair.

Agnes. My dear father—Miss Trotwood and David are here.

[*WICKFIELD covers face in his hands*]

Heep. Mental capacity quite gone—quite gone!

Wick. And who has banished it? Who?

Heep. That's what I should like to know. But we are here on business, I presume?—the business about Miss Betsy Trotwood's securities?

Wick. Torturer!

Heep. I believe, Miss Trotwood, I wrote to you that they had been—

Miss T. Stolen.

Heep. Pardon me—mislaid—that was the observation.

Miss T. No, it was not. Here's your letter, in which you distinctly state that they were *stolen*, and you most unmistakably hint—don't tie yourself up in a double knot—that a near and good friend of mine—

Wick. [*Starting up.*] Did he!

Heep. Well, suppose he did. Humble as I am, I have power enough to stick to the truth. You all know how humbly I came into this office, and although circumstances are changed, I am humble still. I know that I have been useful, very useful—have I not, brother partner?

Wick. Yes, yes.

Heep. Have I not, Miss Agnes?

Agnes. Yes—I—I believe so, Mr Heep.

Heep. Call me Uriah. You would if *he* wasn't here, you know.

Agnes. Well,—Uriah.

Heep. I humbly thank you. Well, in my humbleness and usefulness, there was a great, a glorious recompense, that shone upon the distance like a radiant star. I need not say that I allude to the sweetest of her sex, Miss Agnes Wickfield. To be her father is a proud distinction; but, to be her husband—[*WICKFIELD starts up.*]—to be her husband—

David & Miss Trotwood. Her husband!

Heep. I spoke plain enough—and that's what I intend to be. I have a better right than any other man.

Wick. No, no!

Heep. Well, since you force me to the extremity—Miss Trotwood's securities were stolen—and there stands—— [*Pointing to WICKFIELD*]

Agnes. No, Uriah—I am——

[*WICKFIELD, with a cry, faints*]

David. [*Striking HEEP.*] Dog!

TABLEAU.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room at WICKFIELD'S. AGNES and HEEP enter, R. E.*

Heep. Well, I have given you the alternative. You know best; it ain't for a humble individual like me to dictate. If you marry me,—and, really I don't see any remarkable sacrifice in that—the happiness of our little so

cial circle will be complete. If you *don't*, I shall most reluctantly obliged to make public revelation of your father's dishonor!

Agnes. Silence, sir! I cannot, will not believe it!

Heep. Even if he should acknowledge it himself!

Agnes. No! My firm reliance on his integrity would still be unshaken. By cunning stratagem and plot you may make the right look wrong, but never can you force me to harbor one suspicious thought against him!

Heep. But should a jury of twelve honest men agree—

Agnes. Ah! a Court of Justice! To be in a position, even were it only of doubt, before the public gaze!—You, surely, would not be so utterly inhuman!

Heep. I'm really afraid I would, my—won't you allow me to say—love! It is no use for you to beat your little heart against the bars. Your father's honest name is dearer to you, surely, than a mere thing of inclination. You are in my power, *wholly*—my silence must be bought, and my price is *you*!

Agnes. Infamous trafficker,—peace! You may drive even the most passive heart to desperation!

Heep. What would you do?

Agnes. I know not—anything!

Heep. But save your father's good name!

Agnes. Tempter! Fiend! Who destroyed it, and with it the peace of this once happy family? Who crept like a pestilence within our midst, to poison every breath of life? Who led my unsuspecting father, step by step, to the brink of this impending destruction? Who but *you*? subtle and designing villain,—*you*!

[Crosses, L.]

Heep. Yes; I believe I did manage tolerably well, in my humble way, or I should not have the sweet anticipation that now warms my heart. Come, come; you had better yield to your fate. There's no escape—you must be my wife.

Mic. [Entering L. D. F.] Never!

Heep. What do you mean, mountebank?

Mic. I believe the enunciation was sufficiently distinct in which I gave utterance to that emphatic word, *never*! Nev-er say die!

Heep. Fool! You shall suffer for this, ungrateful scoundrel! If it were not for me, you would be swallowing swords for a subsistence!

Mic. I know I would. I haven't the remotest idea why I interrupted the conversation at that particular moment; but this I know, thou ensnarer of souls, and tripper-up of limping consciences,—that my peace is shattered, and my power of enjoyment destroyed! The canker is in the flower, the cup is filled to the brim, the worm is at his work, and will soon dispose of his victim! I can endure it no longer. I would rather be a mountebank, travelling through the country, swallowing swords and eating the devouring element! I came to find, and tell you so, and that's what brought me here at this particular juncture of—in point of fact—time.

Heep. Miss Agnes, I shall leave you to ponder on what I have told you. Remember, to-morrow must decide.—Away, fool!

[Strikes MICAWBER, and exits, L. R.]

Mic. A blow! The burning brand of indignity stamped irrevocably upon the brow of a Micawber!—It wanted but this! Tremble, consubmate scoundrel! I have that within my waistcoat-pocket, which pass to show!

Agnes. Oh, sir! Is there any means by which we can escape from the coils of that cunning wretch?

Mic. Amongst the clouds of coming events, I think I may venture to prognosticate a particularly large shadow will most probably prostrate itself before the pathway of that detestable scoundrel, Heep!

Agnes. Heaven grant it may be so, for my poor father's sake!

[*Exit, R. D.*]

Mic. So say we all of us! hip, hip, hurrah! [*Enter DAVID, L. D. F.*] Copperfield! never, in the whole course of my distressful pilgrimage, even when you relieved the pressure of pecuniary embarrassment, by a temporary loan, not yet liquidated, was I so rejoiced to see you, at as this transitory moment!

David. What's the matter?

Mic. What's the matter? What is not the matter? Villany is the matter! Baseness is the matter! Deception, Fraud, Conspiracy; and the name of the whole atrocious mass, is Heep!

David. Heep!

Mic. H-e-e-p! The struggle is over! [*Swims.*] I'll lead this wretched life no longer! Give me back myself, substitute Micawber, for the petty wretch who walks about in the boots now on my feet, and call upon me to swallow a sword, and I'll do it to-morrow morning, with an appetite, aye, even though I should be reduced to the extremity of seeing my children earning a precarious subsistence, by personal contortion, while Mrs. Micawber officiated upon the organ!

David. Pray let me know, my good friend.

Mic. No, I repudiate the familiar expression! I'll grapple no man's hand, until I have blown into fragments the diabolical serpent, Heep! I'll know nobody, until I have raised a volcanic eruption, and hurled it upon the head of that interminable cheat and liar, Heep! I'll live nowhere until I have crushed into undiscoverable atoms, the transcendant and immortal hypocrite and perjurer, Heep!!! Come to-morrow, Aunt, Agnes, everybody, and see if I dont pulverize into impalpable dust, the Arch Traitor, and pernicious Slave, Heep!!!

[*Exit Dragging David, L. H.*]

SCENE II.—*PEGGOTTY'S Lodging*—*PEGGOTTY discovered looking sad and dejected.*

Peg. Not yet, not yet! A year of misery, and no news of my darling! Come back, my child, come back, even in the heart agony of sin and shame, come back, for should the harsh judging world spurn you, my poor crushed flower, there will be more need of one warm heart to rest your drooping head against! [*Enter David, L. D. F.*] Ah! massa Davy! [*Rises.*] Thank'e, sir, thank'e! for this visit you be kindly welcome, sir! There's her place, sir, ready, and some warm clothes, when she comes back, and the light is in the window at home, in the old spot, to show her, if mayhap she should get there first, that home and hearts are open to her yet!

David. [*aside.*] I must break it to him by legrees. [*Peg deeply moved. Aloud.*] Mr. Peggotty, are all well at home?

Peg. Well, and hearty, sir, all except poor Barkis he's gone, sir—~~and~~ he was willin, and went out with the tide!

David. Mr. Peggotty, don't expect much.

Peg. Ah! you have heard news!

David. I have.

Peg. Of Emily! Alive!

David. Yes. At least, I hope so!

Peg. And coming back? Yes, yes! Say that she's coming back!

David. It may be that she is—at all events, she has left him.

Peg. She is alive, sir—my Em'ly is alive, and coming back. I have known it, awake and asleep, that I should find her, and I will! Oh! It can't be, that the blessed hope which has held me up, while I've been seeking her through land and sea, is to be beaten down at last! Mas'r Davy, I don't know where it comes from, or how it is, but I'm sure she is near me now!

David. Bear it like a man, Daniel—she is.

Peg. Ha! I knew it here! I knew deep in my heart! Where is she?

David. Nearer than you imagine, Daniel.

Peg. No, not if she was within the reach of my arm. She is, she is—
[DAVID goes to door, L. H., and brings on EMILY.] Em'ly, still our pet, our darling—have I found you at last! Don't turn away from me, my sweet, sorely tempted lamb, but come close, close to my heart! There, poor child, poor child.

Emily. I dare not lift my sinful eye, suncle. I don't deserve a thought word of kindness now.

Peg. You do, my poor faded lily—now more than ever. It was no fault of yours, it was I was to blame, for not watching over you. But come, I have you now—never to be parted again. Never, never! Come darling home, home—where all hearts are open to you—home, where your great sorrows shall be washed by our joyful tears. Come, pet. come.

[*Exeunt, L. H.*]

SCENE III.—WICKFIELD'S Office. COPPERFIELD, TRADDLES, and Miss TROTWOOD discovered. Table and Papers. Enter MICAWBER.

Miss T. Now, sir, we are ready for Mount Vesuvius, or any other eruption.

Mic. Madam, I trust you will shortly witness a pyrotechnic display! You are aware that you are assembled here, to witness the betrothal of Uriah Heep, Esq., junior partner in the firm of Wickfield and Heep, and Agnes, sole daughter of the senior of ditto, of ditto.

Miss T. Yes, yes—I know we are come to see a girl sacrificed to a fish, also to have some definite idea how the funds of Betsy Trotwood have been abstracted. This you promise.

Mic. Promise, and vow!—but 'tis not yet the time. Perhaps, under existing circumstances, madam and gentlemen, you would submit yourselves, for the moment, to the direction of one, who, although on the eve of departure for a foreign clime, feeling this too crowded hemisphere does not give his aspiring soul sufficient elbow-room, would consecrate the few hours yet left him in the land of his forefathers, to an act of justice! Further this deponent sayeth not, but the simple announcement that you may expect an—in point of fact—look out for squalls!

Exit, R., bowing. Enter HEEP, with AGNES on his arm, followed by Wick

Heep. Now this is kind—this is indeed very kind of you all!—Copperfield, my legal friend Traddles, and all, to gather round so humble an individual, on this auspicious occasion! Things are changed in this office since I was an umble clerk—but *I'm* not changed, Miss Trotwood!

Miss T. Well, sir, to tell the truth, I think you are pretty constant to the promise of your youth! Oh, for gracious sakes, don't try to twist yourself into a corkscrew!

Heep. Oh, thank you, Miss Trotwood, for your good opinion! Well, fellow partner, here we are—nothing remains but the delightful task of signing the preliminary documents, to the completion of my happiness
[*Goes to table, and arranges papers.*]

David. Dear Agnes! You will not sacrifice yourself, from a mistaken sense of duty!

Agnes. To preserve my father's honorable name, I would cheerfully yield up life itself!

David. But could it be preserved in any other way?

Agnes. Oh! I would bless the means, and devote my life to any other, but that mercenary wretch!

David. Trust in Heaven, Agnes, who will never suffer the wicked to triumph! Restrain your emotion for a short time.

HEEP having spread paper, comes down stage to WICKFIELD. MICAWBER, who has come on unseen, quickly changes paper, then takes up large ruler.

Heep. Come, fellow partner, my humble signature is made.

Wick. No, no!—'Tis monstrous! I cannot, will not selfishly sacrifice my daughter's happiness for life! Come what may—pour what infamy you can upon my head, I will not sign!

Heep. Oh, very well! I was prepared for this! The officers are at hand.

Mic. [*Aside to WICKFIELD.*] Sign, but first read!

Agnes. A moment! Sign, father, I am content!

[*WICKFIELD goes up, and looks at papers*]

Wick. What's this! The missing securities belonging to Miss Trotwood!
[*All start.*]

Heep. Ha! Who has done this!

Mic. I did—with the concurrence of my legal friend, Mr. Thomas Traddles, Esquire!—the mountebank, the sword-swallower, whose soul you thought you had purchased for a few miserable I. O. U.'s!

David. Agnes!

Agnes. Life, hope, and honor recovered! I am thine, thine forever!
[*They embrace*]

Heep. Oh, ho! This is a conspiracy! You have met here by appointment! You're a pretty set of people, ain't you, to buy over my clerk, who is the very scum of society; but I'll have some of you under the harrow! As for you, Micawber, I'll crush you yet! Give me that pocket-book—you had better!
[*MICAWBER hits him with ruler.*]

Mic. Approach me again, and if your head is human, I'll break it, you heap of iniquity! Why, this is nothing to the proofs we have obtained—my legal friend and self—of the infernal villainies, and malpractices, and

forgeries, by which you have been years acting upon the parental affections, and sense of honor—until you have plundered and cajoled this noble minded family, to the very jaws of destruction!

Heep. Perhaps you think this a triumph, all of you! But, beware! I know enough about you all! I'll have revenge—deadly, desperate revenge! I've not done with you yet! [*Going.—Enter Officers.*] Who are you?

Mic. The officers you had in readiness to arrest Mr. Wickfield! Oh, you had your plot beautifully laid—all but the last scene! It's exit Heep and officers—not officers and Wickfield!

Heep. Foiled!—Ruined!—Undermined! May the curses—

Mic. Ladies, sir, ladies! Respect feminine nerves, and retire decently, to—in point of fact, jail! Who's swallowing swords now!

[*Exit HEEP and Officers.*]

David. My Agnes restored! What can I do for you?

Wick. My peace of mind recovered! My friend!

Agnes. My father's good name preserved! My benefactor!

Miss T. My money returned! Good fellow!

Mic. You overpower me! All that this waif and stray upon life's ocean will now venture to ask, is, that you will, collectively and individually, receive from the water's edge the valedictory remarks of him, who subscribes himself your most devoted friend, Wilkins Micawber. Farewell farewell! Be happy in your respective domestic circles—and especially, let nobody forget—for I never shall—the companion of my youth, the dissipater of my pecuniary difficulties, DAVID COPPERFIELD, Esq.!

JUST PUBLISHED
Nothing But the Truth

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

By

James Montgomery
Cast of Characters

Bob Bennett
E. M. Ralston
Clarence Van Dusen
Bishop Doran
Dick Donnelly
Gwen
Mrs. Ralston
Ethel
Mable
Sable
Martha

SCENES

ACT 1. A Broker's Office

ACT 2. Parlor of a Country Home

ACT 3.

TIME: The Present

"Nothing But the Truth" is built upon the simple idea of its hero speaking nothing but the absolute truth for a stated period. He bets a friend ten thousand dollars that he can do it, and boldly tackles truth to win the money. For a very short time the task is placidly easy, but Truth routs out old man Trouble and then things begin to happen. Trouble doesn't seem very large and aggressive when he first pokes his nose into the noble resolve of our hero, but he grows rapidly and soon we see our dealer in truth disrupting the domestic relations of his partner. In fact, Trouble works overtime, and reputations that have been unblemished are smirched. Situations that are absurd and complications almost knotted, pile up, all credited to Truth, and the result of the wager to foster and cherish that great virtue from the lips of the man who has espoused the cause of truth to win a wager.

It is a novel idea and so well has it been worked out that an audience is kept in throes of laughter at the seemingly impossible task to untangle snarls into which our hero has involved all those he comes into contact with. It is a clean bright farce of well drawn characters and was built for laughing purposes only.

William Collier played "Nothing But the Truth" for a year at the Longacre Theatre, New York, and it has been on tour for over two seasons.

After three years continuous success on the professional stage we are now offering "Nothing But the Truth" for amateur production. It is one of the funniest and brightest farces ever written, and it is admirably suited to amateur production.

PRICE 60 CENTS

The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females, One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title. Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males & females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

JUST PUBLISHED.

CHRISTOPHER JUNIOR

A Comedy in 4 Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. **Modern costume.** Time, 2½ hours. Three interior scenes; 8 males, 4 females. Christopher Jedbury, Jr., having accidentally placed himself in an unfortunate position with a lady in the West Indies, is forced to marry her without seeing her. He returns to England. His father finds out about the marriage, quarrels with him, and turns him out. Jedbury, Jr., goes to India as a clerk in his father's office, there discovers defalcations by the manager, and falls in love with Doris Hedway. He is reconciled to his father, and Doris turns out to be his wife. Highly recommended for amateurs.

Price, 60 Cents.

MICE AND MEN

A Romantic Comedy. Four Acts. By Madeleine Lucette Ryley. **Costume about 1786.** Time, 2 hours, 30 minutes. Three interior and one exterior scene; 7 males, 5 females. Mark Embury, a man of over forty, is of opinion that the perfect wife must be educated from a state of ignorance and simplicity to the ideal of the man she is about to marry. He accordingly proceeds to impart his views to a girl fresh from the Foundling. His young nephew comes on the scene and Embury realizes that nature intended the young to mate with the young. This beautiful costume comedy can be played by all females, and is highly recommended for use by girls' schools and colleges. This play was originally produced by Mr. Charles Frohman with Miss Annie Russell in the leading role.

Price, 60 Cents.

SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM

A Comedy in 3 Acts. By Mark Ambient. **Modern costume.** Time, 2¼ hours. One interior scene throughout; 3 males, 4 females. Bernard Gray, a composer of music, lives in a garret in Soho. Under his charge is a young girl in the ballet, whose mother had died when she was young. Hubert Gray, the brother of Bernard, rescues a wealthy old gentleman from an accident. The latter eventually turns out to be the girl's father.

Price, 60 Cents

THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY.

The famous comedy in three acts, by Anne Warner. 7 males, 6 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

This is a genuinely funny comedy with splendid parts for "Aunt Mary," "Jack," her lively nephew; "Lucinda," a New England ancient maid of all work; "Jack's" three chums; the Girl "Jack" loves; "Joshua," Aunt Mary's hired man, etc.

"Aunt Mary" was played by May Robson in New York and on tour for over two years, and it is sure to be a big success wherever produced. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents

MRS. BUMSTEAD-LEIGH.

A pleasing comedy, in three acts, by Harry James Smith, author of "The Tailor-Made Man." 6 males, 6 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Mr. Smith chose for his initial comedy the complications arising from the endeavors of a social climber to land herself in the altitude peopled by hyphenated names—a theme permitting innumerable complications, according to the spirit of the writer.

This most successful comedy was toured for several seasons by Mrs. Fiske with enormous success.

Price, 60 Cents.

MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM.

A most successful farce in three acts, by Frank Wyatt and William Morris. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene stands throughout the three acts. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is a sprightly farce in which there is an abundance of fun without any taint of impropriety or any element of offence. As noticed by Sir Walter Scott, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive!"

There is not a dull moment in the entire farce, and from the time the curtain rises until it makes the final drop the fun is fast and furious. A very exceptional farce.

Price, 60 Cents.

THE NEW CO-ED.

A comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. Characters, 4 males, 7 females, though any number of boys and girls can be introduced in the action of the play. One interior and one exterior scene, but can be easily played in one interior scene. Costumes modern. Time, about 2 hours.

The theme of this play is the coming of a new student to the college, her reception by the scholars, her trials and final triumph.

There are three especially good girls' parts, Letty, Madge and Estelle, but the others have plenty to do. "Punch" Doolittle and George Washington Watts, gentleman of color, are two particularly good comedy characters. We can strongly recommend "The New Co-Ed" to high schools and amateurs.

Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; and the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production. Price, 30 C.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Town Down," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At that point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with a family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the whole story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 C.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

Price, 30 C.

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