



## The Old Curiosity Shop.

*NELL.* —and when you are tired you shall go to rest in the pleasantest place that we can find. And I will go and beg for both. *(sobbing & falling upon the Old Man's neck)*

*QUILLP.* *(sitting on the back of a chair)* What a nice picture—pity it can't be framed.

*Act I. Scene 5*

YOUNG BROTHER BANBURY

THE  
OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

*A Drama,*

*IN TWO ACTS.*

BY  
E. STIRLING, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF  
The Pickwick Club, Rubber of Life, Woman's the Devil, Bachelor's  
Buttons, The Queen of Cyprus, Rose of Corbeil, Little Back  
Parlour, Blue Jackets, Yankee Notes for English  
Circulation, Captain Charlotte; Ondine, or  
the Water Spirit and Fire Fiend;  
Aline, or the Rose of Killarney,  
etc., etc.

THOMAS HAILES LACY  
89, STRAND LONDON.

Performed at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, on Monday November 9, 1840, (under the management of Mr. Yates) with New Music, Scenery, Dresses and Decorations, a Burletta, in Two Acts, founded on the celebrated, widely circulated, and universally-admired papers, by "Boz." Written by Mr. E. Stirling, called the

# OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

OR,

ONE HOUR FROM HUMPHREY'S CLOCK!

The Music composed and arranged by Mr. G. H. RODWELL. The Scenery by Messrs. PITT and TELBIN.  
The Dresses by Mr. GODBEE, Mr. PALMER, and Miss RAINER.

THE PIECE PRODUCED UNDER THE IMMEDIATE DIRECTION OF MR. YATES.

ACT I, SCENE 1.—TEN BY HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

MASTER HUMPHREY . . . . . MR. LYON. . . . . NELL . . . . . MR. MAYNARD.  
GRANDFATHER . . . . . MR. LYON. . . . . NELL . . . . . MRS. KEELEY.

"Why bless thee child, how could'st thou miss the way?"  
"I would have found my way back to you grandfather!"

KIT . . . . . MR. WILKINSON. "She always laughs at poor Kit." THE CHILD—AND—HER BED.  
Illustration 2,—"And alone in all this lumber and decay, and ugly age; the beautiful Child, in her gentle slumber, smiling through her light and sunny dreams."

**EXTERIOR OF THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.**

DICK SWIVELLER . . . Mr. WRIGHT. . . Mr. J. F. SAVILLE.  
 " A figure conspicuous for its dirty smartness."  
 QUILP'S LODGING, TOWER HILL.  
 MRS. QUILP . . . Miss LEE.  
 " In her bower she was, but not alone—for besides the Old Lady, her Mother, of whom mention has recently  
 been made, there were present some half dozen ladies of the neighbourhood."  
 MRS. SIMMONDS . . . Miss O'NEIL. Mrs. GEORGE . . . Mrs. GOWER.  
 MRS. NOBSCLAWS . . . Miss SIDNEY. MRS. JINWIN . . . Mrs. FOSBROKE.  
 QUILP . . . Mr. YATES.

"Go on, Ladies, go on."—Illustration 3,  
 Quilp and his Wife tete-a-tete.—Illustration 4.

**THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.**

"Tis no use for you to run away from me. Here I am and here I shall stop, until I see my sister.—  
 Illustration 5, Page 133.

QUILP'S INTERVIEW WITH GRANDFATHER—"I shall sell the sticks,"

**BACK GARRET OF MR. RICHARD SWIVELLER.**

"Fred, pass the Rosy Wine—never say die. Begone dull care."—Illustration 6.

**THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.—QUILP IN POSSESSION!**

MR. BRASS . . . Mr. GIFFIN.

"Mr. Quilp deemed it prudent, as a precaution against infection from Fever, not only to smoke himself with-  
 out cessation, but to insist upon it that his legal friend did the like."—Illustration 7.

**FLITTING OF GRANDFATHER AND NELL.**

## ACT 2.—THE CHURCH YARD.

**TOM CODLIN** . . . **MR. PAUL BEDFORD.** **SHORT TROTTERS** . . . **MR. WIZLAND**  
 "They were two men who were seated in easy attitudes upon the grass, and so busily engaged, as to be, at first  
 unconscious of intruders. It was not difficult to divine that they were of a class of Itinerant Showman."

**DUET.—PUNCH AND HIS DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**  
 "They raised their eyes when the old man and his young companion were close upon them."—Illustration 8.

**SUMMER HOUSE AT MR. QUILP'S.**

"'Tis a bargain between us, Fred. We'll start after the runaways to-morrow."

## TENT AT THE RACES.

Illustration 9, Page 198.—"Grandfather, don't look at those I talk of, and don't seem as if I spoke of any  
 thing but what I am about."

**SHORT TROTTERS ON THE "CORDE VIOLENT."**

**THE CARDS.—GAME:—**"Seven and Sixpence to me."

"Do you hear them, Nell, do you hear them? If ever they were to get away unseen, that was the very moment."

**THE OLD GATE AT SOUTHAMPTON.—PURSUIT.**

**BOY** . . . **MASTER THOMAS.** "Faster sirrah, faster."—Illustration 10.

**KITCHEN AT MR. GARLAND'S—THE FUGITIVES RECEIVED.**

**MR. GARLAND** "Now all's right for the night—Whisker's nicely rubbed down and fed."  
**MR. CULLENFORD.** **MRS. GARLAND** . . . **MRS. PEARSE.**  
**EXTERIOR OF ABEL COTTAGE.**—Quilp's plan to gain possession of Nell.

**BED ROOM AT MR. GARLAND'S.—QUILP'S EXPULSION.**

**ELEVEN BY HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.**

## THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

### ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Nelly's Grandfather discovered with his back to the audience, gazing through a small window. A solitary candle nearly burnt out on a chair. A trundle bed, two chairs, and table on.*

GRAND. (*leaving the window*) I can't see her coming, what can have happened—nothing to her? No, no, she is too innocent, too good—yet she is long over her usual time—and I want the money to make her rich. Not for myself—for her; she shall be a lady spite of all yet—I'll do it yet—I will—I will—it's all within my grasp—gold—glittering—shining—heaps—heaps (*stretching out his hand convulsively, grasping*) mine—mine—hers—ha, ha! We'll cheat them yet, Nelly—we will (*a slight tap heard at side door, R.*) Who's there? (*taking up candle and moving towards door.*)

NELLY. Only I, Grandfather—Nelly.

GRAND. (*opening door hastily*) I knew she would not disappoint me.

*Enter NELLY, followed by MASTER HUMPHREY, R. D.*

Who's this, child?

NELLY. A friend, dear Grandfather, and a kind one. He assisted me in the streets, when I lost my way in the narrow dark turnings. I was frightened and knew not which way to go, when this kind old gentleman offered to guide me home to you—to you—and I am so thankful, so happy, that I could do no less than bring him in for you to share my happiness in thanking him too.

GRAND. I do, from my soul—heartily (*shaking HUMPHREY'S hand, patting NELLY'S head*) But how could'st thou miss thy way? What if I had lost thee, Nell?

NELLY. I would have found my way back to you, Grandfather—never fear.

GRAND. (*kissing her*) Bless you! Now prepare for bed (*aside to her*) and give me the money, I must go. (*she gives him a small canvas purse*) No more ? Robber—dog—he would cheat me.

NELLY. Hush, Grandfather, you forget (*pointing to HUMPHREY*)

GRAND. Never fear. Go, love, go (*exit NELLY, L. 1 E.*) You must be tired, sir. (*placing chair*) How can I thank you for your trouble ?

MAST. H. By taking more care of your grandchild another time, my good friend.

GRAND. More care—more care of Nelly ? Why who ever loved a child as I love her?

MAST. H. I don't think you consider-----

GRAND. I don't consider ? I don't consider her ? Ah, how little you know of the truth.

MAST. H. Then why trust her out in the gloomy streets alone at a late hour ? You know danger must beset her every step—besides it always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life so young—sharing our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments.

GRAND. (*sighing*) The children of the poor know but few enjoyments.

MAST. H. But forgive me for saying this, you are surely not so very poor ?

GRAND. She is not my child—her mother was, and she was poor. I save nothing—not a penny—though I live as you see, but—(*whispering*)—she—Nelly, shall be rich one of these days, and a fine lady. Don't you think ill of me, because I use her help—she gives it cheerfully—God knows that this one child is the thought and object of my life, and yet He never prospers me—no, never!

*Re-enter NELLY, L. 1 E.*

NELLY. I have prepared for bed, Grandfather—but we must wait for Kit, poor fellow, he has had no tea, and will be so hungry, (*laughing*) How he will eat and open his huge good-humoured mouth—won't he Grandfather? (*takes his hand.*)

GRAND. Foolish girl! she always laughs at poor Kit. (*a light knock at the door, R., and noise of feet scraping.*)

NELLY. (*starting up laughing, and clapping her handt*)

That's dear old Kit come back at last, (*runs and opens the door, R.*) Come in, we've all been waiting for you.

*Enter KIT, door R., he pauses on seeing Master Humphrey, grins, rubbing his head.*

This is poor Kit. (*laughs and exits L. 2 E.*)

GRAND. A long way wasn't it, Kit ?

KIT. (*grinning*) It was a goodish stretch, master.

GRAND. Did you find the house easily?

KIT. Why then, not over and above easy, master.

GRAND. Of course you have come back hungry ?

KIT. Why, then, I do consider myself rather so, master.

*Re-enter NELLY, L., with a plate of bread and cheese, and a mug of beer.*

NELLY. I have brought your supper, Kit.

KIT. (*grinning*) Thank ye, Miss Nelly, (*takes it, retires into a corner of the stage—eats voraciously, occasionally laughing—NELLY joining. He almost chokes himself with bread.*)

GRAND. (*sighing*) Ah, sir, you don't know what you say, when you say that I don't consider her. Come hither, Nell, (*she runs to him*) Do I love thee ? Say, do I love thee or no ?

NELLY. (*laying her head on his bosom*) Yes, yes—indeed—indeed you do—Kit knows you do.

KIT. (*speaking with his mouth full*) Noboby isn't such a fool as to say he doesn't.

GRAND. She is poor now, but I say again the time is coming when she shall be rich.

NELLY. I am very happy as I am, Grandfather.

GRAND. Tush—tush! thou dost not know now. Kit, near midnight, boy, and you still here ? Get home—get home, and be true to your time in the morning. Good night—there bid him good night, Nell.

NELLY. Good night, Kit.

KIT. Good night, Miss Nell, (*laughing*)

GRAND. And thank this gentleman, but for whose care I might have lost my little girl to-night.

KIT. No, no, master, that won't do.

GRAND. What do you mean ?

KIT. Why I'd have found her, master—I'd have found her—I'd bet I'd find her if she was above ground, I would as quick as any body, (*laughs and eats. Exit laughing, R. D. NELLY, L.*)

GRAND. I thank you humbly for what you have done to-night. Indeed I am not careless of her.

MAST. H. May I ask, has she nobody to care for her but you?

GRAND. No, no—she wants no other—by waking or sleeping, by night or day—in sickness or health, she is the one object of my life. Yet it is a weary life for an old man—wearily—wearily—but there is a great end to gain.

NELLY *re-enters with hat, coat, and stick, L.*

MAST. H. These are not mine, my dear.

NELLY. No, they are Grandfather's.

MAST. H. But he is not going out to-night.

NELLY. Oh, yes he is. (*smiling*)

MAST. H. And what becomes of you, my pretty one?

NELLY. Me? I stay here, of course—I always do. (GRANDFATHER. *comes down stage—she helps him on with cloak and hat.*)

MAST. H. (*aside*) Poor child! to be left alone in this gloomy place, all the long dreary night.

GRAND. Now, sir, I am ready. Sleep soundly, Nell—and do not forget thy prayers, my sweet.

NELLY. No, indeed—they make me feel so happy.

GRAND. Early in the morning I shall be at home.

NELLY. You'll not ring twice—the bell wakes me, even in the middle of a dream.

GRAND. Bless thee a hundred times, dear! Bless thee! (*kisses NELLY—folding her in his arms. She kisses HUMPHREY, accompanies them to the door, R.—when they have passed out, she fastens it and returns to table—replacing light. Music.*)

NELLY. (*arranging her bed which stands in the room*) I wonder what made that good old gentleman ask me if I stay here alone? and when I told him I always did, he appeared alarmed, and murmured to himself "Poor child!" I see nothing fearful in being alone—nothing, unless it is the strange thoughts that will sometimes steal over me, of the danger dear Grandfather may be exposed to—wandering forth at this late hour. What can take him from home every night? I have heard of wild tales—dark secret deeds committed in great towns—in the lonely streets—escaping detection for many years. Heaven guard my poor Grandfather from all such dangers, (*music. She puts on a night robe—extinguishes candle. The moonbeams fill the apartment. Kneels in prayer, and throws herself on couch. Closed in. Clock strikes one.*)

SCENE TWO.— *Exterior of the Old Curiosity Shop. Moonlight. A light seen in the windows, through the shutters.*

*Enter MASTER HUMPHREY and the GRANDFATHER from the door in the house. The latter locks it.*

GRAND. Sir, our ways are widely different—bless you for your kindness to my little girl. She is my all—my only treasure—and though poor now, shall soon be rich—aye, very—she shall mix among the gayest and the prettiest, and take her station with the best. I have borne great poverty myself, and would spare her the sufferings that poverty carries with it—I would spare her the miseries that brought her mother—my own dear child—to an early grave—I would leave her with that which shall place her beyond the reach of want for ever. You mark me, sir, she shall have no pittance, but a fortune—a fortune—and I go now to give it her. Yes, she shall have it—she shall.

*(Exit R. Looking back earnestly at the house.)*

MAST. H. *(watching him)* There must be some hidden mystery in this, or he surely would not leave that dear child shut up in yonder gloomy dwelling, without a human being to comfort or advise her during the solitary hours of night. Does he not think of the manifold dangers that might beset her? Fire—robberies—and even murder—*(looking at house)* How cold, bleak, and lifeless the house looks! The old man must leave this place nightly for no good purpose. And that sweet girl, too—it is cruel, thoughtless in the extreme. His wandering manner and restless looks speak volumes—his seeming affection for his granddaughter, may not be inconsistent with villainy of the worst kind. The thing is a contradiction, or why leave her thus? *(a voice of laughing and singing heard without—looking off, R.)* These drunken staggerers may disturb her repose, *(retires up.)*

*Enter RICHARD SWIVELLER and FRED TRENT, R., both intoxicated, the first much so.*

SWIV. *(singing)* Too-ral-i-it-ti—ha, ha! Fred, my boy—I'm—hic—rum ti turn—and no mistake.

TRENT. You're a fool!

SWIV. Gently, Freddy, you're my friend, and I know it—hic—give us your daddlé, my noble Roman, *(takes his hand)* You're a trump—so am I—only the sun's strong in my eyes. Glorious turn out to-night, eh? hic. *(sings)* "Rosywine!"

TRENT. Silence, you besotted ape! you'll wake all the neighbourhood.

SWIV. Can't help it—they must go to sleep again. Harmony, Fred, harmony—hic—here's may the wings of friendship never moult a feather—hic—ha. ha! Bravo! another go of gin—warm without, (*sighs*) Oh, Sophy Wackles!

TRENT. Will you be quiet? We shall have the police upon us.

SWIV. So much the better—I'll soon take the shine out of them. Nice night this for the ducks, eh? Variety! (*sings*) "Happy land!" hic—hurra!

TRENT. (*shaking him by the collar*) Hold your senseless tongue and come home, or I'll knock you down.

SWIV. Knock me down, (*blubbing*) will you? You only do it because I'm helpless—hic—left an infant by my parents at an early age, who died unfeelingly before I could do for myself—hic! Here's a miserable orphan for you—hic! (*sobbing*) You have deceived an orphan, sir.

TRENT. (*laughingly*) I'll be a father to you. (*dragging him to wing.*)

SWIV. You my father, sir—bah! I'm all right, sir—I request to be left alone instantly, sir, or I'll give you in charge—police—hic!

TRENT. Come, come, Dick, no nonsense.

SWIV. My name's Richard, sir—though I was christened Dick—hic! Go, sir—go, deceiver—some day perhaps you'll waken from Pleasure's dream, to know the grief of orphans forsaken. I'm miserable, (*muttering to himself*) Two more goes and a clean pipe!

TRENT. You are mistaken, I am your best friend.

SWIV. Are you? then lend me a joey—we'll have another go, Freddy, you ain't a very bad sort after all. (*takes his hand.*)

TRENT. Now we'll go home—you know I want you to pay a visit with me to-morrow, to my grandfather—that's his house.

SWIV. No, is it, though? Let's give him a call—perhaps he likes conviviality, and may stand treat—hic! We'll give him a stir up—variety! Oh, Sophy!

TRENT. No, no—it would ruin me.

SWIV. What! ain't the old 'un friendly?

TRENT. Take my arm, we must go—come.

SWIV. As you please—I'm agreeable—with or without—three pennyworth or a shilling's worth, all the same to

Richard Swiveller, Esquire—hic! Who's afraid, eh ? (*sings*) "We won't go home till morning." Hurrah! Too-ral-i-it-ti! (*staggers off with FRED TRENT, L. 2 E. MASTER HUMPHREY, who has been watching them from R. wing, comes forward.*)

MAST. H. They have passed on quietly, leaving her safe. I feel fatigued in body and mind from this night's strange adventure. Let what may be the result, I'll watch over the child and protect her if needful. My cheerful fire is waiting for me, and my clock, with its old familiar greeting, will yield a happy contrast to the gloom and darkness I have quitted. (*Exit R.*)

SCENE THREE.—Mr. *Quilp's lodging, Tower Hill—a neat apartment—tables, chairs, tea things.* MRS. QUILP, MRS. JINIVIN, MRS. GEORGE, MRS. SIMMONS, *discovered, at tea.*

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha !

MRS. S. I was never more happy in all my born days— but lor bless me, I've never asked after Mr. Quilp. How is the dear little man, Mrs Q.

MRS. J. Oh, he is well enough ; nothing much was ever the matter with him, the wretch.

MRS. G. Oh, I wish you'd give Mrs. Quilp a little of your advice, Mrs. Jinivin ; nobody knows better than you ma'am, what us women owe to ourselves.

OMNES. I should think so, indeed.

MRS. J. Owe indeed. When my poor husband—her dear father—was alive, if he had ventured a cross word to *me* I'd have wrung his neck.

OMNES. To be sure, we'd all do it.

MRS. J. Do you hear, Betsy ? How often have I told you this ?

MRS. Q. It's all very fine to talk, but I know if I was to die to-morrow, Quilp could marry anybody he pleased.

MRS. G. I should like to catch him trying to marry any of us, eh, Sarah—Jane ?

OMNES. Ah!

MRS. Q. (*nodding her head*) I say again, he'd wheedle anybody—he has such a way with him—the best here couldn't refuse him.

MRS. S. Let him try, that's all—eh, Henrietta ?

MRS. J. Before I'd let a man order me about, as Quilp orders her, I'd kill myself, and write a letter first to say he did it

OMNES. And very proper too, Mrs. J.

MRS. G. He is the greatest tyrant that ever lived, she daren't call her soul her own—he makes her tremble with a word—even with a look he frightens her to death, poor dear! The little ugly monster, he's a perfect devil in common clothes.

OMNES. Devil! he's ten times worse, the ugly wretch! *(the door, R. opens, and QUILP stands in the entrance. Picture.)*

QUILP. Go on, ladies—go on—Mrs. Quilp pray ask the ladies to stop to supper, and have a couple of lobsters, and something light and comfortable.

MRS. Q. I—I didn't ask them to tea—it's quite an accident, *(all the LADIES leave the table.)*

QUILP. So much the better, Mrs. Quilp. These accidental parties are always the pleasantest. *(rubbing his hands)* What, not going, ladies? You are not going surely? pray stay—we'll make you up some beds—do—*(grinning)*—if it's only to supper, *(the LADIES toss their heads and turn away.)*

MRS. J. And why not stop to supper, if my daughter had a mind, Quilp?

QUILP. To be sure—why not?

MRS. J. There's nothing wrong or dishonest in a supper, I hope P

QUILP. Surely not. Why should there be? Nor anything unwholesome either, unless there's lobster salad or prawns, which I'm told are not good for digestion, eh, duck? *(to MRS. QUILP.)*

MRS. J. And you wouldn't like your wife attacked with that or anything else, that would make her uneasy, for the world?

QUILP. Not for a score of worlds—not even for a score of mothers-in-law—at the same time—even like you—and what a blessing that would be.

MRS. J. You are always alluding to me, Mr. Quilp—my daughter is your wedded wife, and ought to have her own way and she should have if she was my way of thinking.

OMNES. *(aside)* To be sure she would.

QUILP. Why ain't you of your blessed mother's way of thinking, my dear? why don't you always imitate her? She's such a beauty—she's the ornament of her sex—your father said so every day of his life—I am sure he did.

MRS. J. Her father was a blessed creature, Quilp, and worth twenty thousand of some people—twenty hundred million.

QUILP. I should have liked to have known him—I dare say he was a blessed creature then, but I'm sure he is now—I believe he had suffered a long time, Mrs. Jinivin ?

MRS. J. Ugh! you little jackanapes!

QUILP. You look ill, Mrs. Jinivin—I know you have been exciting yourself too much—talking perhaps—go to bed—go to bed.

MRS. J. I shall go when I please, Quilp, and not before.

QUILP. Please to go now. (*points to door*) Do please to go now. (*advancing to her*) Now, my dear ladies, pray don't hurry—shall I order coaches for you ? (*they all frown upon him, and back out*) When you come again, you must stop a long time, (*grinning.*)

OMNES. Ugh! the brute! I wish you'd-----

QUILP. Break your necks downstairs—hold by the bannisters, my loves—(*they exit R. D.*)—you might slip, (*turning round to MRS. QUILP*) Mrs. Quilp !

MRS. Q. Yes, Quilp.

QUILP. Clear the tea board away, and bring the rum and some cigars. As you've *smoked* me, I'll *smoke* you now. (*MRS. QUILP brings rum bottle, cigars, and light, which she places on table*) Very good, madam—now sit down here. (*places chair*) I feel in a smoking humour, and shall probably blaze away all night—but sit where you are, if you please, in case I want you.

MRS. Q. Yes, Quilp.

QUILP. (*seating himself and smoking*) Mrs. Quilp !

MRS. Q. Yes!

QUILP. Mrs. Quilp, if ever you listen to those beldames again, I'll bite you. (*Music—picture—closed in.*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*A Chamber in the Old Curiosity Shop.*

*Enter the GRANDFATHER and TRENT, R.—the former hurrying away.*

TRENT. It's no use for you to try to run away from me—here I am, and here I shall stop until I see my sister.

GRAND. *Your* sister!

TRENT. Oh, you can't change the relationship, although you hate me. I want to see my sister, that you keep cooped up here, poisoning her mind with your sly secrets.

GRAND. There's a moralist to talk of poisoned minds—a profligate—a dissipated spendthrift—one who breaks my heart with his misdeeds!

TRENT. Preaching won't do now, grandfather, I want

money, and see my sister I will. I have a friend to introduce to her, one of the right sort, too. (*at wing, R.*) Come in, Mr. Swiveller.

SWIV. (*peeping*) Is the old 'un friendly? (*enters and bows. R.*) Hope I see you well, old gentleman. Fine weather this, though I think there'll be rain, for I saw a pig with a straw in his month. I hope you'll excuse my appearance, but to tell the truth, I was out on the tiles last night, eh, Fred, my boy, a little mopsy topsy.

GRAND. (*aside*) Fool! Will you leave my house, young gentleman?

TRENT. No, I won't, old gentleman.

SWIV. (*aside to TRENT*) Is the old 'un friendly?

TRENT. What do I care whether he is or not?

SWIV. No, but is he? Well, it's a devil of a thing, gentlemen, when relations fall out and disagree. Why should a grandson and grandfather peg away at each other with mutual violence when all might be bliss and concord? Why not jine hands and forgit it?

TRENT. Hold your tongue.

SWIV. Don't interrupt the chair, gentlemen. How does the case stand upon the present occasion? Here is a jolly old grandfather says to the wild young grandson, I have brought you up, Fred, I have put you in the way of getting on in life; you have bolted a little out of the course, as young fellows often do, and you shall never have another chance, nor the ghost of half a one. Then the wild young grandson says, you've been at no uncommon expense on my account—you're saving hills of money for my little sister that lives with you, in a secret huggermugging kind of way, why can't you stand a trifle for your grown up relation? Then the jolly old grandfather blows up, and won't fork out. Now how much better it would be for the jolly old grandfather to hand over a reasonable amount of tin, and make things all right and comfortable.

GRAND. Why do you hunt and persecute me? why do you bring your profligate companions here? I am very poor, you have chosen your own path, follow it! leave Nell and I to toil and work.

TRENT. Yes, and you'll teach her to hate me.

*Enter NELLY, L.*

NELLY. Never, dear brother! I shall always love you

and grandfather, (*running to TRENT. MR. SWIVELLER bows, pulls up his collar, combs his hair, &c.*)

TRENT. No doubt!

NELLY. Yes, I always will, and if you would only leave off vexing him and making him unhappy, then I could love you more, (*takes his hand.*)

TRENT. I see. (*kissing her*) There, get away now, you have said your lesson, you needn't whimper, what have I done to be ashamed of? He'll tell you I have no natural affection for you—let him say so, I will come here when I please to see you, that's my point. I said I would stop till I had gained it, I have done so, and now my visit's ended. Come, Dick, (*going to door.*)

SWIV. Stop, before I leave the " gay and festive scene, the halls of dazzling light," I want to whisper half a word to the jolly old grandfather. Sir, the way to set things right is to fork out.

GRAND. To do what ?

SWIV. Fork out! (*slapping his pockets*) Fork out, you're awake. (*Exit with TRENT, R. The GRANDFATHER buries his face in his hands.*)

NELLY. Don't grieve, dear grandfather. Pray don't for my sake, never heed my brother.

GRAND. I will be of better cheer, Nelly, there must be fortune in store for thee. I don't ask it for myself. Tell me, child, what did Quilp say—did he send me the money ?

NELLY. No.

GRAND. No ?

NELLY. He said that times were changed with him, money was scarce, and that you must look to others for help, but he would see you to-day.

GRAND. If he deserts me now, I am ruined ! and worse, far worse than that, have ruined thee, for whom I ventured all. If we are beggars-----

NELLY. What if we are ? let us be beggars and be happy.

GRAND. Beggars—and happy—poor child, (*sighs.*)

NELLY. Dear grandfather, I am not a child in what I think! but even if I am, oh hear me, pray, that we may beg, or work, in open roads or fields to earn a scanty living, rather than live as we do now. If you are sorrowful let me know why, and be sorrowful too, if you waste away, and are paler and weaker, let me be your nurse and try to comfort you, if you are poor let us be poor together, but let me be with you, or I shall break my heart and die.

Let us leave this sad place to-morrow, and beg our way from door to door.

GRAND. (*vacantly*) Eh? what!

NELLY. Let us be beggars, I have no fear but we shall have enough, I am sure we shall. Let us walk through country places, and sleep in fields and under trees, and never think of money again, or anything that can make you sad, but rest at nights, and have the sun and wind upon our faces in the day, and thank Heaven together! let us never set foot in dark rooms or melancholy houses any more, but wander up and down wherever we like to go, and when you are tired you shall stop to rest in the pleasantest place that we can find, and I will go and beg for both, (*sobbing and falling upon the GRANDFATHER'S neck.*)

*Enter QUILP quietly, R., and sits on the back of a chair, his feet in another.*

QUILP. (*aside*) What a nice *pictur*—pity it can't be framed! (*the GRANDFATHER turns round, perceiving QUILP, starts. NELLY screams slightly. QUILP nods his head.*)

GRAND. Mr. Quilp, how did you come in?

QUILP. Through the door—I'm not quite small enough to get through keyholes—I wish I was. I want to have some talk with you in private. Good bye, little Nelly.

GRAND. Leave us, my child, (*kissing her*)

(*Exit NELLY, L.*)

QUILP. (*smacking his lips*) What a nice kiss that was—just on the rosy part, too—ha!

GRAND. Have you brought me any money?

QUILP. No!

GRAND. Then the child and I are lost.

QUILP. Let me be plain with you—you have no secret from me now—you are surprised—well, perhaps, that's natural. You have no secret from me now, I say; no—not one—for now I know that all those sums of money that you have from me, have found their way to the gaming table, your nightly haunt—this was the precious scheme to make your fortune, was it? this was the secret source of wealth in which I was to have sunk my money? That I ever should have been blinded by a shallow gambler!

GRAND. I am no gambler. I never played for gain of mine, or love of play—I call Heaven to witness it was for my child.

QUILP. And when you had lost all the money you had

laid by, you came to me, and so it comes to pass that I hold every security you could scrape together, and a bill of sale upon the stock and property.

GRAND. Yes, yes—but do not desert me now—give me some help—I must win now—I only want a little help—two score pounds.

QUILP. I don't want to hurry you, but I shall sell these sticks on Friday—the goods being once removed, this house would be uncomfortable—uninhabitable, in fact.

GRAND. What I have done has been for her. Help me, I implore you—for her!

QUILP. I shall sell the goods to-day, or Thursday—when shall we do it? there's no hurry—shall we say this afternoon?

GRAND. Mercy—mercy! spare me the money, for this one last hope.

QUILP. Can't! must sell—I shall be here in an hour with the broker—I don't want to hurry you—but as soon as you can arrange your future proceedings the better, for I must sell the sticks. *(Exit, R.)*

GRAND. I am ruined!—all—all is lost—beggary and starvation for both! Who could have betrayed my secret! It must have been the boy Kit—he has been bribed by that demon to play the spy upon me—I'm sure I shall go mad!

*Re-enter NELLY, L.*

NELLY. Is he gone, grandfather?

GRAND. Yes. Come hither, child—will you forgive me, Nell?

NELLY. Forgive you, grandfather? for what?

GRAND. For bringing you to poverty—disgrace! all is lost—all—we have no longer a home—we must leave this place—and I—I have done this to you. *(weeps)*

NELLY. Don't—pray don't grieve on my account—I am glad of it—we will be happy, we never could be here—let us steal away to-morrow morning early—let us begone from this place and never turn back or think of it again—let us wander barefoot through the world rather than linger here.

GRAND. Yes—yes—we will.

NELLY. We'll travel a-foot through fields and woods, and by the river side. It is far better to lie down at night beneath an open sky like that yonder—see how bright it is—than to rest in close rooms, which are always full of

care and weary dreams. Let us steal away to-morrow morning early and softly, that we may not be seen or heard, and leave no trace or track for them to follow us. We'll turn our faces from this scene of sorrows, and be as free and happy as the birds, trusting ourselves to *Him* who dwells above, (*music. She takes the GRANDFATHER'S hand—they kneel—he embraces her—tableau.*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*The lack garret of Mr. Richard Swiveller. Enter SWIVELLER and TRENT they sit at table. All the furniture of the apartment very mean. Bottle and glasses.*

SWIV. (*drinking*) Fred, pass the rosy wine—never say die ! " Begone, dull care.

TRENT. (*pushing the bottle towards him*) There!

SWIV. (*filling his glass*) I'll give you a little sentiment appropriate to the occasion. Here's may the-----

TRENT. Psha! you worry me to death with your chattering ; you can be merry under any circumstances.

SWIV. Why, Mr. Trent, there is a proverb which talks about being merry and wise— there are some people who can be merry, and can't be wise.

TRENT. Bah!

SWIV. With all my heart—bah again—though in polite circles, I believe this sort of thing isn't usually said to a gentleman in his own apartment—but never mind that—make yourself at home—it's no use to be cranky.

TRENT. Dick, will you talk seriously for two minutes, if I show you a way to make your fortune with a very little trouble ?

SWIV. You've shown me so many, and nothing has come of any of 'em but empty pockets.

TRENT. You'll tell a different story of this one before a very long time is over. You saw my sister Nell ?

SWIV. I should rather think I did—what of her ?

TRENT. She has a pretty face, has she not ?

SWIV. Why certainly, I must say for her, that there is not a very strong family likeness between her and you.

TRENT. Nell is nearly fourteen.

SWIV. Fine girl of her age, but small.

TRENT. The girl has strong affections, and brought up as she has been, may at her age be easily influenced and persuaded. If I take her in hand I'll soon bend her to my

will, then what's to prevent your marrying her? she'll have all the old man's money.

SWIV. What?

TRENT. I say what's to prevent your marrying her?

SWIV. Crikey, Fred! and she only fourteen.

TRENT. I don't mean marrying her now, say in two years time, in three or four, does the old man look like a long liver?

SWIV. He don't look like it, but these old people, there's no trusting 'em, Freddy. There's an aunt of mine in Dorsetshire, that was going to die when I was eight years old, and hasn't kept her word yet.

TRENT. Well, t<sup>o</sup> suppose he lives, and Nell be forced into a secret marriage with you, what do you think would come of that?

SWIV. A family! and an annual income of nothing to keep 'em on.

TRENT. Whether my grandfather lives or dies, she shall be your wife, and when you become the sole inheritor of the wealth of the rich old nuns, you and I'll spend it together, and you'll get a beautiful young wife into the bargain.

SWIV. I s'pose there's no doubt of his being rich?

TRENT. None in the world. Is it a go?

SWIV. Ain't it? *(takes his hand)* I'm your man—but how shall I get rid of Sophy Wackels? "She's like the red red rose that's newly sprung in June."

TRENT. Write her a letter, saying that your friends won't permit the match—that they forbid the banns.

SWIV. I will. I'll send her one to-morrow, and I'll blot it a great deal, and shake some water over it out of the pepper castor to make it look penitent. I'm in such a state of mind—madness! misery! I hardly know what I write—blot—if you could see me at this minute shedding bushels of tears for my past misconduct—oh, Sophy—the pepper castor—my head runs round—blot—my hand trembles—another touch of the pepper castor—I can't live—blot—blot—and can never die—pepper box—ditto—ditto! If that don't turn her up, then all's over—that the go, eh? *(Exit with FRED, R.)*

SCENE SIXTH. *The Old Curiosity Shop, as before.* QUILP, BRASS, and Quilp's BOY discovered seated, smoking.

QUILP. Smoke away, you dog! fill your pipe again—

nothing like tobacco to keep off the fever, and I think the old man had one, and that he's a bit mad. Smoke away, is it good, Brass ? is it nice ? is it fragrant ? do you feel like the Grand Turk, eh ?

BRASS. No! (*coughs.*)

QUILP. Don't stop smoking, we must sit up here all night.

BOY. There's the gal a comin' down.

QUILP. The what, you dog ?

BOY. The gal. Are you deaf.

QUILP. Oh, you—I'll have such a reckoning by and by, my dear young friend. Ah, Nelly ! how is my duck of diamonds ?

*Enter NELLY, L.*

Is she going to bed in her own little bed, or sit upon Quilp's knee ?

NELLY. I'm not going to stay at all—I want a few things out of this room, and then—I—I won't come down again.

QUILP. You're sure, then, you're not going to use your bed ?

NELLY. No, never, never again! (*bursts into tears and exits L.*)

QUILP. She's very sensitive, poor thing, (*throws himself on the bed*) This is just my size. Now, boys, blaze away till morning, (*he smokes in bed*) I'm getting drowsy, don't stop, smoke like a steam engine, (*the BOY by this time is asleep, and BRASS drowsy*) Not a bad idea of mine to pump little Nelly out of the old man's secret, (*sleepily*) Pretty Mrs. Quilp, too, she didn't like to help, she's so good—too good for this world, poor thing, I wonder she don't leave it. (*yawns*) I'll have nine winks—b-l-a-z-e a-w-a-y—or I'll—I'll----- (*falls asleep.*)

*Music.* NELLY *re-enters, L., very cautiously, looking fearfully round—pause.*

NELLY, I must have the keys to unlock the doors, or we shall not escape unseen ! He has them ! How shall I dare venture to approach him ? My poor grandfather wants to leave the house at once. And do I look upon these walls for the last time ? my own little room, too ! there are some trifles, poor useless things, that I should like to take away, but it is impossible, (*a slight tapping at window in F., and KIT heard whispering loudly.*)

KIT. Miss Nelly—Miss Nelly !

NELLY. That's poor Kit!

QUILP. Hang the dog! (*in his sleep.*)

NELLY. Hush! (*opens shutters, and KIT appears*) What do you want?

KIT. I have wanted to say a word to you for a long time but these people of Quilp's have driven me off. Pray don't believe I deserve to be driven away by old master, will you, Miss Nelly?

NELLY. No, no—but you must go away now, Kit, for if these cruel men should wake, I should be so terrified.

KIT. I only came to ask how old master was, and to ask you to come home to mother's lodging when the things are sold off here. Though it is poor, you'll find it clean, and there you can-----

QUILP. Blaze away! (*snores.*)

NELLY. Hush! (*to KIT.*)

KIT. Do try, Miss Nell—do try—the little front room up stairs is very pleasant. You can see a piece of the church clock through the chimneys, and almost tell the time, we don't want any money, only you say you'll come.

*Enter the GRANDFATHER, L., habited for the journey.*

GRAND. Nelly, let us go— are you ready?

NELLY. Go! (*to KIT*) Heaven bless you! (*KIT disappears*) Hush, grandfather, one moment, I'll get the key, and we are safe, (*moves towards QUILP, takes the key from his pillow, cautiously, then takes up her basket*) Now, now, dear grandfather, all is done—come gently—don't wake them, or they will stop us, and take you from me.

GRAND. (*gazing at the house*) In this house I was born—in this house my loved child, your mother, Nelly, breathed her last, stretched in these arms, and I had hoped to have died under it's roof, but no, no—I am driven forth a beggar—a beggar!—(*weeps*)—and you-----

NELLY. Pray, don't think of me—I am happy—let us hasten from this spot.

GRAND. Yes, we will—we will. (*stands quite still*)

NELLY. (*taking his arm*) Which way?

GRAND. (*vacantly*) Eh? (*music—she leads him slowly off at door, R. Picture, and*

## ACT II.

SCENE FIRST. *A country Churchyard on the road to Southampton. Tombstones, &c.* MR. CODLIN and SHORT TROTTERS *discovered, seated, repairing Mr. Punch. Boxes, dramatic personae, scattered on the ground. Music.* TROTTERS *is singing* "Tally hi ho, the Grinder."

CODLIN. Now, Trotters, drive another nail into Punch's head—I shall soon have the gallows ready for him. (*binding a piece of string round the gallows.*)

TROT. All right! (*hammering*) The devil wants another tin tack in his tail, too, and Judy's clothes are all in rags. (*Music.*) *Enter NELLY and GRANDFATHER. (Picture.)* Tommy, twig the old 'un. (*winking, and pointing to NELLY and GRANDFATHER.*)

CODLIN. Ah ! (*sulkily*) On the tramp.

GRAND. Why do you come here to do this, eh? (*looking much delighted.*)

TROT. Why, you see, we are putting up for to-night at the public-house yonder, and 'twouldn't do to let em see the present company undergoing repairs.

GRAND. No! (*making signs for NELLY to listen*) Why not, eh ? why not ?

TROT. Because it would destroy all the delusion, and take away all the interest, wouldn't it ? Would you care a ha'penny for the Lord Chancellor, if you know'd him in private and without his wig ? Certainly, not, mister.

GRAND. Good! (*touching MR. PUNCH.*) Are you going to show 'em to-night—are you?

TROT. That is the intention, governor, and unless I'm much mistaken, Tommy Codlin is a calculating at this minute what we've lost, through your coming upon us. Cheer up, Tommy, it can't be much.

COD. (*throwing Punch into a box*) I don't care if we haven't lost a farden—but you're too free—if you stood in front of the curtains, and see the public's faces as I do, you'd know human natur' better.

TROT. Never mind. Look here, all this Judy's clothes is falling to pieces again—she wears out more clothes than, a full grown woman, and I haven't got no needle nor thread.

NELLY. I have a needle in my basket,, and thread too—will you let me try to mend it for you ? I think I can do it neater than you could, sir.

TROT. You're very good, my dear—you shall, and thank'ye, too. (*giving her the puppet—NELLY sits down to repair it.*)

COD. (*aside*) Short Trotters, you're too free—that's a principal performer you've given her to handle—never do it—it takes away all the dignity—never let 'em see 'em off the stage.

TROT. Stuff, Tommy ! And which way are you traveling, my dear ?

NELLY. No further to-night, I think, (*looking at GRAND-FATHER.*)

GRAND. N-o !

TROT. If you're wanting a place to stop at, I should advise you to take up at the same house with us—that's it—the low white house.

GRAND. Yes ; if you'll take these there, (*pointing to puppets—laughs*) Ha, ha! they must go with us, eh, Nelly ?

COD. What a queer old codger it is, Trotters.

TROT. (*to NELLY*) And where are you going to-morrow?

NELLY. Indeed, I hardly know—we have not determined yet.

TROT. We're going on to the races—if that's your way, and you like to have us for company, let us travel together.

GRAND. We'll go with you.

NELLY. With them ?

COD. Trotters, you're too free.

TROT. Now be gracious for once, Tommy, and say you'd like 'em to go with us—they can lay down in our tent at the races, and do us no harm neither. Let's get into the house—you shall have some supper with us—a taste of something that'll do you good, and cost you nothing into the bargain, (*gathering up the things.*)

NELLY. Thank you, sir.

COD. You're too free, (*carrying the show.*)

TROT. Follow us to the white house, my dear. Now, Tommy, bring the traps, we'll give the *natives* a show up. (*CODLIN blows the pandean pipe—TROTTERS squeaks like a Punch, and both exit L. 2 E.*)

GRAND. (*laugh*) Ha, ha ! do you hear, Nelly? Now let us go on—far from this—they may follow us. (*hurriedly.*)

NELLY. We are quite safe now, and have nothing to fear indeed.

GRAND. Nothing to fear ? nothing to fear if they took me from you, if they parted us ? Nobody is true to me—no, not one—not even Nell.

NELLY. Oh, do not say that, for if ever anybody was true at heart and earnest, I am—I am sure you know I am—then why do you fancy danger lurking in every rustling tree, peeping from the boughs, lurking in every ditch? why do you fear that you will be torn away from me, and led captive to some gloomy place, to be chained and scourged, and where I could never see you, but through iron bars and gratings? Look round, and see how quiet and still it is—we may ramble where we like. Indeed we are safe.

GRAND. True, true! (a *slight noise heard. Starting*)  
What noise was that?

NELLY. Only a little bird flying from the wood, and leading the way for us to follow, (*leading GRANDFATHER*) See, what a pleasant path, and there's the bird, now he flies to another tree, and stays to sing to us. Come, come, while the sun shines above our heads, and everything is bright and happy, (*music. Beckons the GRANDFATHER off, L. 2 E.*).

SCENE SECOND.—*Muddy dock on the bank of the Thames. The summer house of Mr. Daniel Quilp.*

*Enter Quilp's BOY, R., with a broken table, three chairs, and glass, which he places.*

BOY. Now for a good 'un, he can't see me.

(*Exit BOY, R., walking on his hands.*)

*Enter SWIVELLER, with a pipe in his mouth, L.*

SWIV. Rather a queerish place to invite a friend, and a bottle to give him, too; that Quilp's as cunning as a weazel. He's completely covered Freddy with the wing of friendship, ever since his sister—my wife when I catch her—little Nelly and the old man bolted, nobody knows where. Mr. Quilp has been so uncommon kind—so much BO, that he offers to leave his business and happy home to assist us, the disconsolate, heart-broken relations, in our search after 'em. Why he does it I can't guess, but I s'pose it's all correct. I must try and get the gal, and the old man's money, or I am sure things will all go wrong with me. My aunt in the country, what wouldn't die, writes me an affectionate letter, to tell me she has cut off the supplies, made a new will, and left me out. Staggerer, Number 1—no money, no credit, no support from Fred—notice to quit the old lodgings, and the rich wife bolted.

Staggerers three, four, five, six, and seven ! Under such an accumulation of staggerers, no man can be considered a free agent. No man knocks himself down—if his destiny knocks him down, his destiny must pick him up again—so go on my buck, and let us see which of us will be tired first, (*smokes.*)

*Enter QUILP followed by TRENT, R., the former with a case bottle in his hand, and glass.*

QUILP. It's a bargain then, between us, Fred; we'll start after the runaways to-morrow morning. Swiveller shall marry little Nell, and the old gentleman shall fill up his useful time in a madhouse, while we choice spirits spend his money, eh, Dick ?

SWIV. With all the pleasure in life. Pass the rosy wine. (*QUILP fills a glass, he drinks and makes wry faces. They sit.*)

QUILP. Is it good ? is it strong and fiery ? does it make you wink, and choke, and your eyes water, does it, eh? (*laughs*) Ha, ha ! (*TRENT sits moodily apart.*)

SWIV. Does it ? (*coughing.*)

QUILP. No ! not drink it ? look here ! (*drinks from bottle*) And here—and here again ! Not drink it ?

SWIV. Well, you are a jolly fellow, but of all jolly fellows, you've the funniest way of showing it.

QUILP. (*beating the table with his elbow and hand*) Give us a toast—a woman—a beauty, and empty our glasses to the last drop ! Her name, come, (*they fill.*)

SWIV. If you want a name, here's "Sophy Wackles."

QUILP. Miss Sophy Wackles, that is, "Mrs. Richard Swiveller, that is to be, oh! ha!

SWIV. Ah, my buck! you might have said that a week or two back, but it won't do now, she's immolating herself on the shrine of Simon Cheggs, a turnip and carrot manufacturer, (*sighs*) Oh, Sophy!

QUILP. Poison Cheggs, cut Cheggs's ears off, I'll drink her health again, her father's her mother's, her sisters, and brothers, the glorious family of the Wackles, all the Wacklesses in one glass, (*drinks.*)

SWIV. (*attempting to drink*) I can't drink to that toast—Sophy sticks in my throat—besides, I must think of Miss Trent, now.

QUILP. Ah! that's the thing, it can be brought about, we'll start to-morrow; I've got a slight clue, haven't I,

Fred ? (FRED *nods*) There's my hand upon it. (*gives hand to DICK, and squeezes his maliciously*) I'm your friend.

SWIV. Yes, and you make one feel it, mister, (*rubbing his hand*) But do you really think there is a chance ?

QUILP. A chance ! a certainty ! oh, you lucky dog ! the old grandfather's richer than any Jew alive—you're a made man, rolling in gold and silver—I'll help you, it shall be done—mind my words, it shall be done, shan't it, Fred ? you're her brother, he can't alter that.

TRENT. (*snappishly*) He would if he could! confound him for that and all other kindnesses.

QUILP. It is very true, your grandfather always urged repeated forgiveness—ingratitude, riot, extravagance, and all that; but, as I told him these were common faults, but "he's a scoundrel," says he; "Granted, says I; a great many young noblemen and gentlemen are scoundrels, too."

TRENT. That'll do, nothing can come of this subject now, and let us have done with it.

QUILP. Agreed ! Why have I alluded to it ? just to show you, Frederick, that I have always stood your friend; but I always will say, that when a rich relation having two young people, sisters or brothers, or brother and sister dependent on him, attaches himself solely to one, and casts the other off, it is wrong—very, (*maliciously*.)

TRENT. In the devil's name be quiet, you'll drive me as mad as the old man. Its agreed we start in the morning : if Nell be alive, you shall have her, Dick.

SWIV. That's friendly.

QUILP. He's more than a brother to you.

TRENT. Now let us get home and prepare for our journey.

SWIV. Very good, (*going*.)

QUILP. Won't you stay, Fred, and see Mrs. Quilp, pretty Mrs. Quilp, your sweetheart before you went to sea? won't you stay to see your old love, Freddy ? (*sneeringly*.)

TRENT. Ugh ! (*rushing off, R.*)

SWIV. Don't! you've touched him on the raw—Fred's heart's so tender, an underdone rump steak's nothing to it. Stop, my boy, "together let us range the fields."

(*Exit R.*)

QUILP. (*rubbing his hands and pacing the stage hurriedly with great delight*) Ha, ha! here's sport, sport ready made to my hand; all invented and arranged, and only to be enjoyed ; I'll be revenged on the old man, have him shut up in a madhouse, when we catch him, for trying to cheat me with his gaming. Mr. Trent shall pay dearly for

having once made eyes at pretty Mrs. Quilp, leering and smirking; and that shallow-pated fool shall marry Nell—he shall have her, and I'll be the first man, when the knot's tied hard and fast, to tell 'em what they've gained, and what I've helped 'em to ; there will be a clearing off of old scores; here will be a time to remind 'em what a capital friend I was, and how I helped 'em to the heiress, ha, ha, ha ! (*laughs and rubs his hands, then exits, R. The BOY returns and clear stage.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*The tent, Southampton races.*

TROTTERS and CODLIN discovered sleeping on bundles, R  
GRANDFATHER and NELLY in the foreground, NELLY tying up flowers. *Music.*

NELLY. (*whispering*) Don't look at those I talk of and don't seem as if I spoke of anything, but what I'm about; we'll steal away quietly, for I have heard them talk together of detaining us till a reward is offered, (*aside*) They think my poor grandfather mad. (*aloud*) These men suspect that we have secretly left our friends and mean to carry us back before some gentlemen, and have us taken care of and sent back.

GRAND. No, dear Nelly ; no, they will shut me up in a stone room, dark and cold, and chain me up to the wall—flog me with whips—never let me see thee more.

NELLY. If you tremble so we shall never get away, but if you'll only be quiet we shall do so easily ; I shall find it, time when we can steal away. (TROTTERS snores and moves) Hush! that's all.

TROT. (*looking up*) 'Ulloa, what are you up to, eh my dear ?

NELLY. Making some nosegays I am going to sell these three days races, will you have one as a present ? (*offers one.*)

TROT. Thank'ee, my dear, you shall see Punch when you like, for nothing.

CODLIN. (*half asleep, rising*) Trotters are too free, you always are making the reg'lar drank so cheap.

TROT. Gammon ! I'm tired of doing nothing, s'pose we fetch two of Grinder's lot to have a cut in at cards before the races begin, eh ?

CODLIN. I've no objection premising you ain't too free.

TROT. We shall find 'em among Jetty's dogs—don't you stir, my dear, or some of them chaps might nibble the

gallows and run away with the devil, our principal performer : we shall be back in a minute with the cards.

*(Exit with CODLIN, R. 2 E.)*

GRAND. *(with wild energy—half aside)* Cards, and I have no money, *(sighs)* Should win now—all —all back again. *(NELLY sits down on bundles and appears busily engaged)* She would be rich—only a little—a very little would do it now—gold—cards—mine, mine—for her- yes.

TROTTERS, CODLIN, GRINDLE, SURLY GEORGE, and Jarley's MAN, enter, R.

TROT. Now, my jolly dogs ! we'll have a civil hand or two for luck, *(they form a table of boxes, TROTTERS shuffles cards, GRANDFATHER watching eagerly.)*

GRAND. Nelly, do you hear that sound—do you hear ? *(NELLY advances to him)* There—there—we'll have it all—I knew it—I dreamt it—all !

COD. *(playing)* What a chap Jarley's man is for winning—he always cleans us all out. *(they laugh)*

GRAND. What money have we, Nell ?

NELLY. No, no ! let me keep it, Grandfather dear. Let us go away from here—pray, let us go.

GRAND. *(wildly)* Give it me. I say—it's for thy good—I have wronged thee, but I will right thee now—where is the money ?

NELLY. Do not take it—for both our sakes let me keep it—or, let me throw it away—better let me throw it away, than you take it now—let us go—do let us go, dear grandfather, *(catching his hands.)*

TROT. Game ! seven and sixpence to me Tommy—hand over.

CODLIN. You're too free, *(throwing down money)*

GRAND. You hear, I must—I will have it—I will—I will—I'll right thee, child, never fear ! *(she gives him her little purse—he snatches it and runs to the table eagerly.)*

CODLIN. Now, old gentleman—this here end of the tent is private, unless you want to have the honour of taking a hand with us.

GRAND. I do. That is what I want, *(shaking the purse, shuffles cards eagerly.)*

CODLIN. Rather a light purse, but it may be enough to amuse a gentleman for half an hour, *(whispers to TROTTERS)* Eight as ninepence.

NELLY. *(aside to GRANDFATHER)* Come away, *(weeps)* we may be so happy.

GRAND. We will be happy—let me go—the means of happiness are on the cards—we must rise from little winnings to great—there's little to be won here, but great will come in time—I shall win back my own, and it's all for thee, my darling, all, all!

CODLIN. Now, mister, if you're not coming yourself, give us the cards, will you ?

GRAND. I am coming. Sit down, Nelly—sit down, and look on, and be of good heart, dear—it's all for you—all—every penny, (*sits to play.* NELLY *weeping.*)

NELLY. Heaven help us ! what hard fortune brought us to this place ?

TROT. (*playing*) Two to you, old gentleman.

GRAND. (*laughs*) To me—to me, Nelly !

CODLIN. Trotters, you're always too free—let the gentleman keep his own score. Let's play for a pound, eh, boys ? (*winking at the others—they nod.*)

GRAND. Yes, yes, a pound—I'll have it.

TROT. When you can get it. (*aside—they play.*)

CODLIN. You're too free, Trotters.

NELLY. How he exults in this wretched sin, sitting there so wild and restless, so terribly eager, so ravenous for the paltry money! Oh ! I could almost better borne to have seen him dead—this must be madness.

CODLIN. (*rising with the others*) That job's over—you, and I are the losers, old gentleman. Short Trotters and Jarley's wax work, the winners—so much the better for them, and so much the worse for us. (*a horn sounds.*)

TROT. George, that's your missus's horn! I wants to see the regicide pot boy ! (*laughs*) Oh ! oh ! now, Tommy, get the traps ready, we must begin the per-for-mance, and pick up the browns, (*they carry Punch out of the tent.* CODLIN *plays the pipes, TROTTERS squeaks as Punch and exit, R. 3 E.*)

TROT. (*looking back*) Don't you leave the tent, my dear, till we come back, mind that now.

CODLIN. (*calling*) Now, Trotters! (*TROTTERS runs out squeaking. GRANDFATHER stands vacantly gazing at the cards—NELLY takes his hand.*)

GRAND. The curse of poverty, Nell, (*pointing to the cards*) If I could have gone on a little longer, only a little, the luck would have turned on my side. Yes, it's as plain as the marks upon the cards—see here—and there—and here again, (*shuffling and dealing the cards.*)

NELLY. Put them away—try to forget them.

GRAND. Try to forget them ! How are we to grow rich ?  
No ! lose to-day, win to-morrow !

NELLY. Let us leave this place, pray, at once—the men  
are not noticing us now—to-morrow they may tear us away  
from each other ome! *(she leads him from the table  
gently. CODI and TROTTERS, return to the front of tent  
outside and commence Punch's exhibition. TROTTERS squeaks,  
MOB laugh.)*

NELLY. See ! they are busy now—we may escape, *(she  
moves to the tent's side, cuts a hole in the canvas large  
enough to admit them, then cautiously leads the GRANDFATHER  
to it—he breaks from her and runs back for the cards.)*

GRAND. These! these! to make you rich ! *(they exit R. 1.E  
through tent—Punch going on—MOB laughing.)*

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Old Bar Gate of Southampton.  
Dusk. Enter SWIVELLER and TRENT, through gateway from R.*

SWIV. *(laughing)* Well, I say this is doing the rural—I never  
enjoyed myself better since we left town—it's quite another  
thing this is. Following after my pretty Nelly and the old  
man ain't a very bad thing, providing the money lasts.  
*(sings)* "Follow, follow over mountains."

TRENT. Don't be such a fool, Dick ! I'm almost tired of  
the hunt—nothing but Quilp's perseverance keeps me up  
to it.

SWIV. He is an out-an-outer, there's no denying, always  
worming everything out; you see them Punch chaps at  
the races didn't escape him, and there we did get some  
little information of the "wild buffaloes," they can't be  
above a hundred miles off; capital fun at these country  
races ! the yokels are so jolly green ! How they poured  
into that fat old woman's wax work, eh ? not a bad bill of  
her's to pull'em in. *(takes out bill)* I'll take it up to one  
of the London theatres to draw in the enlightened British  
public, *(reads bill)*

"If I know'd a donkey wot wouldn't go

To see Mrs. Jarley's wax work show,

Do you think I'd acknowledge him? oh, no, no."

There's a tickler for you.

TRENT. I wish Quilp would come, he's always quarreling  
and fighting with that boy of his; I wish he had left him  
at home, with all my heart.

IV. Home, don't talk about it, it sets me a longing for  
the connubial with your sister, *(sighs)* Yet it's some con-

solation, Fred, to know that a young and lovely girl is growing into a woman expressly on my account, and is saving up for me.

TRENT. Let's walk on a bit; Quilp won't be long now, and he may follow us to the inn.

SWIV. I'm agreeable to anything, for " My boat is on the shore and my bark is on the sea."

*(Exit with TRENT, R., singing " If I know'd a donkey.'*

*Enter NELLY, slowly, R., looking round, she pauses under the gateway.*

NELLY. *(looking at the old gateway)* What a strange looking place ! how dark, and grim, and cold—it almost makes me shudder ! Poor Grandfather's quite done over with fatigue, and obliged to sit down on the step of a door to rest, while I seek out a place to shelter us for the night—poor dear grandfather if he would only forget that horrid gaming, how truly happy we should be. What peaceful days and quiet nights we have had since we turned our backs on home, if we have been tired or hungry, we have soon been refreshed, and slept sounder for it—what beautiful things we have seen, and how contented we have felt. *(QUILP'S voice heard through the gateway, R.)*

QUILP. Will you come on, you young dog—I'll warm you, pinch you to death.

BOY. *(without)* Let me be, will yer !

NELLY. *(listening, and stifling a scream)* That voice is his! Oh, *(shudders)* if he should come to tear my grandfather away! *(she conceals herself behind one of the statues in gateway)* Heaven save me from his cruelty. *(QUILP advances front R. followed by BOY carrying a large trunk. Moon at intervals.)*

QUILP. Faster, faster, you lazy hound, *(strikes him.)*

BOY. *(throws box down)* Shan't—carry it yourself, *(stands on his head.)*

QUILP. Villain, I'll crunch you for this, squeeze you dry, dry. *(cuffs BOY)* Take it up, I'll have you hung or transported. *(BOY lifts box with QUILP'S assistance.)*

BOY. It's a rare heavy load, and I've come on fast enough considering.

QUILP. You—have you, you creep, you dog, you crawl? you measure your distance like a worm ! Get on! *(strikes him with a stick.)*

BOY. You shan't hit me—why don't you hit one of your own size ?

QUILP. Where is there one of my own size, you dog, eh ? Go on, or I'll brain you ! (*the BOY passes him with the box, grumbling*) Get on!

NELLY. (*partly emerging from her concealment*) If he should chance to turn this way, he must see me—I'll try to creep back under the gateway again, (*she moves slowly under the gate, holding by the wall—the moon suddenly rising, and QUILP turning round at the same time, catchm a glimpse of her.*)

QUILP. (*starts and screams out*) It's her, by jingo ! Nelly ! (*calling*) Pretty Nelly ! won't you speak to your Quilpy ?

NELLY. (*running off through gateway, wildly to R.*) Save me ! save me!

QUILP. Save you ? to be sure I will, my darling. Run for your life to "The Red Lion," the inn on the night, and tell Trent, I have found his sister, and to follow me instantly in this direction—quick, you dog—run, or I'll murder you ! (*hastening off after NELLY, R.—calling*) Nelly ! stop ! stop !

BOY. (*sulkily*) You may run yourself, and see how you like it, old ugly ! (*walks very slowly off, L.*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*A neat Kitchen at Mr. Humphrey Garland's, Abel Cottage, D. in F.—a bird and bird cage on the wall.*

*KIT enters in a neat suit of livery, L.*

KIT. Now all's right for the night—Whisker nicely rubbed down and fed—the gates looked, and master and missus taking their warm glass of something comfortable before they go to bed. Bless 'em, they deserve it, for if ever there was good people, they're them, and I'm rather a lucky chap to have the honour of serving'em. Not a bad day's work for me when I first held the pony at Mr. Witherden's door—I was hired all along of that—the very week after poor Miss Nelly and old master went off—nobody knows where. I wonder what's become of 'em ? I'd give my head to know—perhaps they're gone to sea, and turned sailors—that ugly little man, Quilp, said they were gone to live abroad, and didn't want to be disturbed. I'm sure I watched about the old house night and day hoping to see 'em, but it was no use—when all the things were sold off, I took care of Miss Nelly's bird—there he hangs, poor fellow, in the window, light and cheerful—he's a rare one to sing ! Didn't I have a fight for him neither, with that Quilp's boy—he wanted to wring his neck, but he should

have killed me first—kill Miss Nelly's bird ! No, no! that wouldn't do at all.

MR. and MRS. GARLAND *enter, L., arm-in-arm.* KIT *bows.*

MR. H. Come, Christopher, it's time to get to bed, you must be up early in the morning—to-morrow is your first holiday, and I suppose you want to see your mother by this time, eh ?

KIT. (*laughing*) Yes, if you please, sir.

MRS. G. You're a very good lad! Of course, you'll want to take your quarter's wages home, too ?

KIT. Yes, if you please, ma'am—I promised to buy mother a new gown, and to take her and little Jacob to the play, and let him know what oysters mean !

MRS. G. Ha, ha ! That's right—that's right—always look at home ! Pray how did Mr. Whisker behave with his supper—did it please him to-night ?

KIT. He wouldn't eat a bit, sir, when I begged him only to smell it, he tried to kick.

MRS. G. Oh, what a naughty Whisker—I'm quite ashamed !

MR. H. (*laughing*) He is certainly a very strange young gentleman. Good night, Christopher—come, Mrs. Garland—mind all the doors are fastened. (*Exits with MRS. G., L.*)

KIT. (*bowing*) Good night, sir—good night, ma'am. Now I'll go off to bed, and won't I have some fun to-morrow, in spite of mother's "little Bethel," and the snivelling chap they call the preacher, (*a hasty knocking heard at D. in F., and NELLY'S voice heard.*)

NELLY. Pray, let me in !

KIT. That voice! Ha, ha! it is her ! I knew she'd come back ! (*rushes to door in flat—unlocks it, and NELLY supporting her GRANDFATHER, who appears much fatigued, enters.*)

NELLY. Kit here ?

KIT. Yes ! your Kit! don't speak, Miss Nelly, till you've had something to eat, and old master, too. Oh ! I am so glad ! ha, ha ! (*laughs and jumps about*) You shall have my bed, and my supper, and I'll give you all my wages to-morrow, and work for you all my life. I knew you'd come—they wanted to persuade me you had turned sailors, and gone to sea! (*rubbing his hands.*)

NELLY. We are pursued ! that cruel man, Mr. Quilp, is following us—that made me seek shelter here, and gave me courage to knock boldly at a stranger's door—it was to save my poor Grandfather—they want to take him from me.

KIT. Do they ? I never brag much, Miss Nelly, about what I can do, but if that Mr. Quilp shows his ugly head here, I'll pummel it off his shoulders!

GRAND. Nelly! let us go, far away, come, they'll find us else ! (*childishly.*)

KIT. No they won't, master ; I'll watch by you, you must stay here ; my new master and mistress are the best folks in the world, so's Whisker the pony ! you shall see his stable to-morrow; there's your bird, too. Miss Nelly, he's as happy as the day's long, so am I—I've two suits of livery, and six pounds a year !

NELLY. But what will your master and mistress say ?

KIT. Why, that they're both glad to see you ! Lord bless you, Miss Nelly! I've told 'em all about you both—they've often wanted to see you. (*calling*) Master ' Missus ! they're come! they're come! Oh ! I'm so jolly glad ! (*takes both their hands.*)

MR. HUMPHREY and MRS. GARLAND enter, in their night-caps, R. 1 E.

MR. H. Who have come, Christopher? Has Mister Whisker broke out of his stable again?

KIT. No, sir, no ! old master, and young missus, this is Miss Nelly, sir; they have come, tired off their legs, poor dears, and frightened to death, they want everything we can give 'em; eating, drinking, and sleeping, and if you'll please to let 'em have it, I'll pay for it out of my wages !

MR. H. Christopher! you ought to know me better; they're welcome to all my house affords, (*taking NELLY'S hand*) My dear little girl, and worthy old gentleman, I am glad to see you, in fact, we are both glad to see you.

MRS. G. Yes, that we are, bless them; my love, don't keep the poor dears standing in the kitchen. Now, my dear, (*taking NELLY'S hand*) you shall be comfortable. Christopher, get everything from the larder for supper, there's a good boy. (*MRS. GARLAND leads NELLY off; MR. GARLAND leads the GRANDFATHER, L.*)

KIT. Yes, missus, I won't be a minute; they shall have it all up. (*laughs, and runs about joyfully*) I'm so happy that I don't know what to do first! Nelly and her grandfather, I, master and missus, little Barbara, and the pony all jumbled together! ha ! ha ! If little Jacob and mother was here, I wouldn't change places with the Lord Mayor of London, or the men in armour—no, not even on a show day ! ha, ha ! (*Exits L., laughing, and rubbing his hands*)

SCENE SIXTH.—*The exterior of Abel Cottage, a, low building profusely adorned with flowers, roses, honey-suckles, &c. Night. Rain and wind.*

QUILP enters, R., he looks cautiously found.

QUILP. She has outstripped us, but I can swear to their having disappeared on this spot. If that fool Swiveller and Trent had but followed the boy on the instant from the inn they would not have escaped so easily. Even now they are loitering behind. Rare fortune-hunters, these drones, crawling snail-like along, when they should move like lightning ! What a friend they have in me ! I'll never let 'em rest or sleep till they're either hung or married! ha, ha! (KIT'S voice heard within house.)

KIT. Good night, Miss Nelly !

QUILP. Eh? (*runs to the, door and looks through keyhole in, flat*) There she is, and the old man, too—all snug and comfortable. I'll soon have her out. What a pity it rains so hard—she'll get wet, poor dear—perhaps catch cold—that would cut me up—I'm so tender-hearted—pretty Mrs. Quilp knows that, she does. (*rubs his hands and laughs.*)

*Eider SWIVELLER and TRENT, drenched with rain, R.*

What, you've travelled after me at last!

SWIV. Yes, sir, I wafted here upon the pinions of concord and damn'd wet clouds, from the " Red Lion" kitchen, to run after the jolly old grandfather, and a rich young granddaughter—Mrs. S. that is to be!

TRENT. Have you seen Nelly, Quilp ?

QUILP. Yes!

TRENT. Where is she.

QUILP. Gone!

SWIV. Where in the devil's name is she gone to ? Your boy said you had caught her.

QUILP. So I had. Your assistance was only wanted to secure her, but a rich wife is no consequence to you ? Oh, no ! you're so overburdened with money—rolling in gold and diamonds—so very rich, that you've been hunted out of all your wretched garrets in London, because you couldn't even pay your milk score ! ha, ha!

SWIV. Sir ! Mr. Quilp ! (*tucking up his shirt sleeves*) You're no gentleman, and I'll soon let you know it! (*squares up to him*) Come on, sir, I'll soon settle my score With you! (*jumps up to him and squares*) What, won't

you ? don't be bashful! I always keep an extensive assortment on hand—country orders punctually attended to—will you have any of it, sir ? (*hits out rapidly*) Don't say no—if you'd rather not! (*squares up to QUILP, and hits right and left.*)

TRENT. Don't make a fool of yourself, Dick, at this moment—let us attend to business.

SWIV. Very good! business before pleasure ! Mr. Quilp, I'll knock you into the middle of next week to-morrow morning !

QUILP. Bah! Your sister and the old man are now in that cottage.

SWIV. No! Has the sly old fox made his fortune, then, and gone to live—in a tranquil cot in a pleasant spot, with a distant view of the changing sea ?

TRENT. My sister there ? impossible! We have no friends or acquaintance in this neighbourhood, so far from town—I can't credit it.

QUILP. Can't you ? Perhaps you can't trust your own eyes—look up there ! (*points to the upper window—at one of which a light is seen, and through the holland blinds the shadows of NELLY and her GRANDFATHER are seen—NELLY leading the GRANDFATHER—she kisses him—he embraces her—they both kneel in prayer—rise and retire from the window.*

TRENT appears much agitated—SWIVELLER wipes his eyes—*both appear abstracted.*) Now, am I right ? now am I blind ? ain't the bird caught and caged, gentlemen, eh ? ha, ha!

TRENT. (*aside*) Villain!

SWIV. (*aside*) I wish I was in my back garret again! out of this! it ain't the thing, and I begin not to admire it, unless the girl likes me, and the old man's friendly.

QUILP. Ain't you overpowered with delight ? to be sure you are—you look like it—all life and spirit—ain't you making up your minds how you'll spend the old man's shining guineas—oh, how you'll make the musty old bank notes fly about, eh ? ha, ha !

TRENT. Quilp. you're worse than the devil!

SWIV. Two to one, Freddy?

QUILP. Gentlemen—(*bowing very low*) you flatter me ! Now listen—our prize is there—(*pointing to house*)—we want 'em here—when they are all asleep we'll get in—the windows are no distance from the ground—we'll secure Nelly at all events, the old man, if possible—my boy shall fetch a chaise from the inn—we'll pop her in, and drive away as fast as horses can carry us. Let us find the boy,

order the chaise, and make the attempt, (*dragging them to the wing.*)

SWIV. Oh, what a rascal I am ! Sophy Wackles, it's all your fault—why did you turn your nose up at me, and dance with Simon Cheggs, the market gardener? (*they exit R., dragged off by QUILP.*)

SCENE SEVENTH.—*A bed chamber in Abel cottage.*

*Folding doors in flat. Practicable window. Blind down.*

*L., a bed with check curtains, and a sofa with blankets and sheets. Chairs, table, drawers. (All very neat.) NELLY discovered, standing by the bed, holding her GRANDFATHER'S hand, (he is in the bed) her bonnet and shawl are thrown on a chair. A light burning.*

NELLY. Now, dear Grandfather, you can sleep soundly. No danger can reach us here—I shall be near you. The kind gentlefolks are going to let me make up a bed on that sofa—good night—bless you ! (*kisses him.*)

GRAND. My poor child ! you shall be rewarded some day for this—you shall—I'll do it yet! (*NELLY draws the curtains of bed, then arranges the clothes on the sofa—puts out the light and lays down on sofa and sleeps—music—after a pause, QUILP'S head is seen slowly rising at the window—he looks round, then gently raises window—a pause.*)

QUILP. They're fast asleep—tired, I dare say—pity to disturb 'em, poor dears ! (*creeping into the room—whispering at window, and looking down*) Come up ! it's quite easy, boys!

SWIV. (*climbing up and sighing*) Oh, Sophy Wackles! what am I going to do? (*QUILP pulls him in.*)

QUILP. Hold your tongue, if you can. (*TRENT appears*) All is as it should be, Fred—there's her bonnet and shawl, and there she is, pretty dear—all snug and comfortable. (*points to sofa—NELLY sighs—SWIVELLER starts and trembles*)

SWIV. Oh ! (*QUILP places his hand over his mouth to stifle his cry.*)

QUILP. You'll alarm the house ! Can't you see she sleeps ?

SWIV. Poor thing ! perhaps she's dreaming for me !

TRENT. (*moodily*) I'm almost ashamed of this midnight entrapping—it's so like you, Quilp.

QUILP. To be sure it is. You are such an upright, open dealing, honest young gentleman ! (*taking a handkerchief from, his pocket*) This placed over her mouth will stifle her cries—we can easily lift her from the window, place her in the chaise, then off! (*approaching bed.*)

SWIV. (*trembling*) B-u-t the old man-----

QUILP. Never mind him at present—he's sure to follow the girl, (*stealing towards the sofa*) Hush ! there she is—what a lucky man you are! if I had been single, or pretty Mrs. Quilp dead, this little tender rosy darling ——(*throwing off the bed clothes—seizes NELLY, who thus disturbed, starts up and screams.*)

NELLY. Help ! Grandfather! mercy ! pray—pray, have mercy ! (*SWIVELLER falls on his knees—TRENT appears overpowered with confusion—the GRANDFATHER starts from the bed—gazes wildly round.*)

GRAND. Nelly ! Nelly ! where's my child ?

NELLY. (*breaking from QUILP, and running to him*) Here, dear Grandfather—here !

QUILP. Seize her, Fred—we may still carry off the prize!

TRENT. Never!

Enter MR. H. and MRS. GARLAND R., and KITL., with lights.

KIT. (*seizing QUILP*) Master! Missus! this is the man that did it all—sold the furniture, and turned Miss Nelly out—now he wants to murder us, house and all! (*shaking him.*)

MR. H. (*surprised*) And who are these men ?

SWIV. A distressed orphan!

TRENT. And an ungrateful, unprincipled grandson—the brother of that suffering child, and one who thoroughly repents his former misdeeds, and present degraded situation.

QUILP. Cowards ! dogs ! is this the return for all my pains to make men of you ? Is it for this I left my home, happiness, and tender ties ? Bah ! I hate you—I despise such curs!

MR. H. I could transport you, sir.

QUILP. But you won't because they must go, too—ha, ha ! her loving brother, and tender lover—ha, ha!

NELLY. Don't! pray don't hurt my brother, sir—I'm sure he's very sorry for all that he has done—poor Fred! (*taking his hand*)

MR. H. Let that ugly little man go, Christopher, but if ever he visits Abel Cottage again, I'll send him to prison.

KIT. Do let me give one more knock, sir. (*releasing QUILP.*)

QUILP. Sorry to leave such a pleasant family party—you're all so loving! I should like to have a picture painted

of you all, with myself in the corner, (*approaching the door.*)

KIT. No, you don't go that way, mister—you comed in through the window, and you shall go out through it, or I'll throw you out!

QUILP. You're a nice boy, Kit! very ! (*walking to window*) Good night, sweet folks—pleasant dreams! Ugh! I should like to bite you all! (*disappears from window—KIT throws his hat after him—it having fallen on the floor during the struggle—then shuts window down.*)

MR. H. You shall be no more exposed to the brutal attacks of that Quilp, or any other person. This house shall for the future be your home—here, your Grandfather shall live happy and undisturbed—secure in your society. I have enough for all.

KIT. (*laughs*) Oh ! how prime that'll be !

NELLY. I cannot speak my gratitude for such kindness, sir—I have never been taught fine words, but indeed—indeed, my heart is filled with your goodness, (*to her GRANDFATHER*) You'll forgive my brother, Grandfather, won't you ? (*placing TRENT'S hand in the GRANDFATHER'S.*)

GRAND. Yes, Nelly, for you, but you shall have all the riches—all!

TRENT. Bless you ! bless you !

SWIV. Well, the old man is friendly at last, and I am satisfied. Oh, Sophy Wackles, if you would but give Cheggs, the market gardener, turnips now ?

NELLY. (*holding her GRANDFATHER'S and TRENT'S hands*) I'm very happy now. May I venture to ask and hope, you, the kind patient friends around us, you who have watched over our trials will share our pleasure and satisfaction at this happy termination to our wanderings from the

" OLD CURIOSITY SHOP !"

*CURTAIN.*

NOTE.—Mr. Garland's interest for the Grandfather and Nelly would be more natural if he appeared in the First Act instead of Master Humphrey.—T. H. L.