DRAMATIC ADAPTATIONS OF THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS
OF CHARLES DICKENS, 1844-8;
TEXTS AND CONTEXTS

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Abstract

Although Dickens' familiarity with Victorian theatre has been explored with reference to his own playwrighting, amateur theatricals, style, and characterization, little work has been done on his actual involvement with the adaptation of his works for the stage. For example, even though *A Christmas Carol* remains his most staged and filmed work, few critics have explored the degree of Dickens' involvement in the 'officially-sanctioned' adaptation by one of the Victorian theatre's most prolific adaptors, Edward Stirling. Dickens' letters shed some light on his involvement in the staging of the various Christmas Books, but they do not indicate much about the adaptations themselves.

Furthermore, neither Malcolm Morley in his series of articles in the *Dickensian* nor F. Dubrez Fawcett in *Dickens the Dramatist* (1952) has considered the relationship between the final printed text of each novella, that of the corresponding official adaptation, and the original manuscript of the play that was submitted to the office of the Lord Chamberlain for licensing.

While the intention of the following dissertation is to reveal the methods employed by Dickens' stage adaptors, it occasionally reveals passages...
that, rejected for the final text of the novella, were retained in the drama, based as it was on early proof sheets. The most notable instance of such a phenomenon occurs in the Mark Lemon/Gilbert A'Beckett adaptation of the second of the Christmas Books, *The Chimes* (1844), in which Dickens seems to have modified the plot in the final stages in order to make it less controversial.

Although Dickens was not much involved in the staging of *The Chimes*, he appears to have worked closely with the company at the Royal Lyceum (his friends the Keeleys being both the comedic stars and managers of that theatre) and the adaptor, Albert Smith. In the 1846 production of *The Battle of Life* Dickens made innovative suggestions about the staging, including the transformation scene and the use of a miniature coach advancing through the background, climaxed by the appearance of a real carriage on stage. Dickens' letters attest to his being the originator of these innovations; reviews in the contemporary press attest to their effectiveness.

Finally, despite their tremendous popularity in their own day, the dramatic adaptations of the Christmas Books seem to be accorded a place neither in studies of the early Victorian theatre nor in discussions of that most formative period in the literary career of Charles Dickens, the 1840s. The
Christmas Books and their theatrical progeny occupied a good deal of Dickens' time between Martin Chuzzlewit and David Copperfield, but only recently have the importance of the Christmas Books and the scope of Dickens' works on stage been fully recognized.

Another intention of this study is to reveal the extent of Dickens' role in the dramatisation of the Christmas Books through an examination of the texts of the sanctioned adaptations and the Christmas Books themselves. The dissertation has a two-fold structure in that it consists of a critical study of the plays and their contexts, as well as a (non-critical) edition of Stirling's Christmas Carol and Lemon's Haunted Man, which exist only in manuscript. No previous writer on the subject of Dickens and the drama has attempted to bring together information on the adaptors, actors and actresses, theatres, play manuscripts and published texts. This dissertation provides an exhaustive study of what is known about these subjects while endeavouring to establish the extent of Dickens' involvement in the writing and staging of the officially-sanctioned plays based on the Christmas Books.
Would that Christmas lasted the whole year through, and that the prejudices and passions which deform our better nature, were never called into action among those to whom they should ever be strangers!

(Charles Dickens, *Sketches By Boz*, p. 210)
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Prefatory Remarks

Although the body of work on Dickens and the drama appears large, most modern criticism is concerned with theatrical elements in Dickens' style. Very few writers shed much light on the actual process of adaptation. No work to date has analyzed the initial dramatic adaptations of the Christmas Books to demonstrate precisely what problems adaptors had to solve nor how they went about their business. Finally, no work prior to this has endeavoured to analyse in detail each script, including the hitherto unpublished manuscripts of Edward Stirling's *A Christmas Carol* (1844) and Mark Lemon's *Haunted Man* (1848) from the Lord Chamberlain's Collection at the British Library. The intention of this dissertation is to provide the texts of all five officially-sanctioned adaptations and to establish their context, including their relationship to the proofs of the Christmas Books. This contextual background includes a consideration of Dickens' attitudes towards his adaptors and their work, his role in the dramatisations of the five Christmas Books, and his relationships with actors and managers.
General Introduction

i. The Theatrical Milieu

To appreciate fully what F. Dubrez Fawcett meant by "The Boz Cascade" and "The Dickens Deluge" of that novelist's works on the early Victorian stage one must have some understanding of the London theatrical scene in the late 1830s and 1840s.

The diarchy of patent theatres dating back to Charles the Second's monopolies granted Killigrew's King's Men and Davenant's Duke's Men (1660) had been broken first by the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket, early in the eighteenth century, and more recently by a number of unlicensed playhouses. At nine o'clock in the evening audiences composed largely of uneducated proletarians flocked to the half-priced seats offered in such establishments. There they saw "thrilling action, stirring emotion, spectacle, jolly farce, and an ideal image of themselves and their own lives." Sensational, brutal, vulgar melodramas, spectacular extravaganzas, low farces, tuneful burlettas, and--in season--lavish, slapstick pantomimes such audiences could thoroughly comprehend and enjoy; verse drama and "legitimate tragedy" they could not. This theatrical fare was served up by local playhouses in the "largely working- and lower middle-class districts... in the
East End and directly south of the Thames" where those from the rural parts of England were settling in the early 1800s as a consequence of poor harvests and low agricultural wages. The population of the metropolis swelled from nine hundred thousand at the beginning of the nineteenth century to nearly three million by mid-century.

To such people, the most acceptable forms of entertainment were the melodrama, the burletta (absorbed since into the musical stage show), and the pantomime. Examples of all three genres often accompanied a dramatic adaptation of one of Dickens' Christmas Books on theatre bills in the 1840s. To a certain extent, the formula for melodrama conditioned such adaptations, and the original novellas themselves:

The tendency of much nineteenth-century fiction is to the same extremes of vice, virtue, sensationalism, and pathos that one finds in the melodrama. . . . .

The main features of melodrama are familiar: the concentration on externals, the emphasis on situation at the expense of motivation and characterization, the stereotypes of hero, heroine, villain, comic man, comic woman, and good old man, physical sensation, spectacular effects. . . marked musical accompaniment, the rewarding of virtue and punishing of vice, the rapid alternation between extremes of violence, pathos, and low comedy (Booth, I, 24-25).

Like the Victorian novel, the melodrama of the period was both escapist and realistic: on the one hand, it
presented a world in which virtue always triumphs; on the other, it often treated familiar London scenes, domestic themes, and current social problems in a manner that reflected the "anti-aristocratic, anti-employer, anti-landlord, anti-landowner and anti-wealth" biases of the audience (Revels History, VI, 33), which are precisely those biases that Dickens exploits in The Chimes.

ii. The Novelist and the Playwrights: Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, and John Baldwin Buckstone

As products of the same age and reacting against the same social trends, Victorian novelists, poets, and dramatists shared a common world view and social vision. Until recently movements and individual non-dramatic writers have been praised for their moralizing sentiment and narrative power while playwrights have been condemned for exhibiting similar tendencies. But nowhere is the relationship between genres of the period more evident than in the comparative styles of Charles Dickens the novelist and the dramatists Douglas Jerrold and John Baldwin Buckstone.

One would expect some similarities to exist in the works of Dickens and Jerrold, for the two were not merely contemporaries, but also friends, social agitators, and journalists. Since Jerrold was ten years Dickens' senior and had achieved a name for himself
as a dramatist with \textit{Black-Ey'd Susan} (1829) and \textit{The Rent-Day} (1832), when Dickens was an unknown youth, some influence of Jerrold on Dickens' early works might be expected.

While it is not possible to explore extensively the relationship between the drama of Jerrold (since he produced some seventy plays between 1821 and 1854) and the early work of Dickens in so brief a space, analyses of his two most popular plays, together with a comparison of their themes to those of the various Christmas Books and their dramatic progeny, should reveal something about the formula for popular melodrama when Dickens began his literary career, and how he adapted it to serve his purposes.

Jerrold, an ex-Royal Navy man, scored his greatest theatrical triumph with a play he wrote in 1829 for the Surrey Theatre, \textit{Black-Ey'd Susan}, or 'All in the Downs,' in which the hero,

William, a great-hearted fore-mast hand, . . . is accused of striking his superior officer, Captain Crosstree, who had made an immodest proposal to . . . [William's wife] Susan. But at the time of the blow William's discharge from the service was complete, and Crosstree was not therefore his officer. This information is withheld through the malignance of Susan's uncle, Doggrass, but is uncovered just in time to spare William from hanging.

The play is a skilful compound of melodramatic elements, and Jerrold's clever hand with dialogue sustains a congruity even in such vividly coloured speech [as sailor William's seafaring metaphors].
The "Jerrold Formula" melodrama might be defined as a mixed serio-comic play accompanied by occasional music and depending upon the climactic intervention of chance to rescue hero and heroine in the ultimate scene. J. O. Bailey defines Jerrold's plays as "a complex of manipulated plots, absurd incidents, incredible villainies, and nick of time rescues" and "comic scenes... that serve no purpose in the plot..." Michael Booth adds that Jerrold's melodrama, including even the nautical and historical Black-Ey'd Susan, "contains much domestic matter" (Booth, I, 154), including the setting of the simple, country village; poverty and distress afflicting an honest and noble peasantry; a hard-hearted or negligent landlord and a ruthless steward—all elements intended to make a powerful appeal to working and lower-middle-class sentiment. "The abuse of the absentee landlord was a real one at the time, but once again poetic justice is preferred to protest" (Davies, p. 224).

Dickens' extreme familiarity with the London stage of Jerrold's day leads one to suspect that the established dramatist must have exerted some influence on the Christmas Books, and indirectly on the plays derived from them. An examination of the structure, language, and characters of Black-Ey'd Susan and The Rent-Day, indicates that the 'Jerrold Formula' had far less impact on Dickens than it had on his theatrical
Jerrold's Gnatbrain in *Black-Ey'd Susan* gives his own formula for melodrama: "one broken head--then, one stony-hearted landlord--one innocent young woman--ditto, jealous [the comic woman who serves as a foil to the heroine]--one man tolerably honest--and one somewhat damaged." Although this formula appears inapplicable to the original *Christmas Carol*, it has much to do with Barnett's dramatisation of it, and even more to do with the stage versions of *The Chimes* and *The Cricket on the Hearth*. The virtuous Meg, the much-abused and conspired-against Will, and the disappointed Richard have stepped from the stage to the pages of *The Chimes*, as have the exploitative Tackleton, Caleb's blind daughter and long-lost son for *The Cricket*. Moreover, the plot gambit involving Dot's supposed infidelity with the disguised stranger and her husband's anguish is similar to Rachel Heywood's putative adultery with the incognito Grantley in *The Rent-Day*. While spousal faithfulness and the coercion of a virtuous wife by an unscrupulous seducer do not enter into the first pair of Christmas Books, the remainder have been decidedly influenced by such plot-lines. Furthermore, the cast of characters proposed by Gnatbrain may even fit *A Christmas Carol*, with Scrooge as landlord, the fiancée of his youth as the innocent young woman, Bob Cratchit and Scrooge's
nephew as the tolerably honest and somewhat damaged men (note that both suffer financial losses in Barnett's play).

Even the names of Jerrold's characters suggest the applicability of Gnatbrain's recipe to the melodrama. While the names of the virtuous principals may be conventional enough--Susan, Rachel, Martin Heywood, and Grantley, for example--those of the comic and villainous characters tend to identify their owners by some aspect of their personality, trade, or appearance. For example, the parsimonious steward who is embezzling from the estate's revenues is aptly named "Crumbs" or "Old Crumbs," while the yokel who speaks in thick dialect is named "Beanstalk" in The Rent-Day. Similarly, in Black-Ey'd Susan the scurrilous uncle of the heroine is named "Doggrass," while the pair of roguish smugglers in league with him are "Tom Hatchet" and "Bill Raker." The corresponding characters in The Rent-Day are the rakish highwaymen "Hyssop" and "Silver Jack." With each of these supporting characters, whether comic or villainous, the name tells all. Indeed, only those characters who are in some respect developed have names that do not immediately suggest who and what they are.

Dickens' use of names in the Christmas Books involves a similar practice of letting the name suit the character, although less obvious--akin more to Field-
ing, perhaps, and less to Jonson. However, the adaptors of the Christmas Books have not been so subtle. For example, in Barnett's version of *A Christmas Carol* the two nameless workers in charity who call upon Scrooge at his office early in the novella have become "Cheerly" and "Heartly"; Barnett re-names Scrooge's nephew Fred "Frank Freeheart" and introduces a lower-class, sordid villain, a pickpocket-turned-undertaker's man named "Dark Sam" (whom Dickens had designated "the man in faded black" in the original).

Dickens' 'official' Carol adaptor, Edward Stirling, although constrained by the novelist, with whom he worked, introduced such additions as "Will O'Gap," one of those "Miners...who labour in the bowels of the earth" (*The Christmas Books*, I, 100), and dubbed the undertaker's man "Blink."

Such elaboration the adaptors of the succeeding Christmas Books do not provide, but then they did not need to. Dickens had followed Jerrold's practice with such appellations as "Cute," "Filer," "Choker," "Trotty Veck," and another "Will"--"Will Fern"--in *The Chimes*--and what more appropriate name for a minor grocer than "Chickenstalker"? In the same vein, "Tilly Slowboy," the awkward nurse of *The Cricket on the Hearth* (hardly a feminine role, and one often taken by a male comedian in the Pantomime tradition), is the employee of the old carrier (John Peerybingle) whose
diminutive wife (Dot) has apparently cuckolded him. Such names persist in the comic figures of *The Battle of Life*: Snitchey, Craggs, Clemency Newcome and Benjamin Britain. Finally, *The Haunted Man*’s Tetterbys have names which follow the method that runs through most of Dickens’ fiction, which—unlike Jerrold’s plays—does not exempt its protagonists from having to bear such whimsical, bizarre, and colourful Christian and surnames as “Ebenezer Scrooge,” “Trotty Veck,” “Peerybingle,” and “Redlaw.” Dickens’ practice here may well spring from his own earlier work rather than from the melodrama of the 1840s.

The next most obvious feature of Jerrold’s melodramas after the names of the characters is the clumsiness with which Jerrold has approached the exposition. In *Black-Ey’d Susan*, for example, Jerrold has Gnatbrain introduce the audience to the initial circumstances through a highly awkward upbraiding of Doggrass and a painfully self-conscious soliloquy in the first scene. Even more obvious a theatricality is the manner in which Jerrold has Raker and Hatchet identify themselves and their connection to Doggrass in Scene Two. In *The Rent-Day* Jerrold has Crumbs reveal himself through the standard stage-villain’s technique of recalling his misdeeds; the steward shows himself to be cruel and callous—and proud he is so—as he recollects how he drove Miles and his children to the work-
house. Similarly,

Martin Hayward [sic] cannot pay his rent owing to unprovoked misfortune, and his goods are seized by the cruel and corrupt steward Crumbs; in the distress Hayward's grandfather's chair is broken, and gushes forth a stream of coins; the landlord, no absentee profligate but that familiar figure of drama, Divine Correction, swoops upon Crumbs and disgraces him.

The self-pitying psychology of the play would offend us if it were not for Jerrold's gift of language; he has little poetry, but his prose is neat and witty and, by melodramatic standards, compressed. It is through his dialogue that he creates tension and reveals character, and we may guess that his plays acted even more pungently than they read, for the savour and relieving tartness of his lines render them eminently speakable (Davies, p. 224).

However, Jerrold sacrifices subtlety for clarity, just as Barnett does at the opening of The Miser's Warning! (a suitably melodramatic subtitle for A Christmas Carol), when his Scrooge proclaims his character and intentions to the audience: "Folks say I'm tight-fisted--that I'm a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, clutching miser" who is proud of his ability to drive a hard bargain. If in the process he drives people to the poor-house, he neither gloats--like Jerrold's Crumbs--nor feels a pang of remorse: if cruelty fuels the workhouse in Jerrold, it is lack of social conscience that does so in Dickens. Scrooge has it in him to change; the stage villain of a Jerrold melodrama does not.
Thus, although Dickens has been accused "of having created only eccentrics and stage figures, not real people," he wisely puts the sentiments quoted from the play in the mouth of his narrator in the original *Christmas Carol*, permitting Scrooge to reveal himself indirectly, as in his repeated ejaculation of "Humbug!" in reply to his nephew's "Merry Christmas!"

Of course, such Dickensian characters may seem theatrical when compared to the imaginative creations of a James Joyce, but they are quite lifelike—even complex—when put beside those two-dimensional contrivances of Douglas Jerrold. Even though Scrooge's very name may suggest that he is a tight-fisted, old screw, like its owner it does not openly and immediately proclaim the fact. While the reader is led to expect that Scrooge is parsimonious through his initial behaviour, and somewhat hard-hearted (as his Christian name, "Ebenezer" suggests), he is left to discover Scrooge's true nature for himself. Certainly such a peculiar and quirky character would never have found himself the protagonist of a Jerrold melodrama, for Jerrold's formula required a married man wholly virtuous and sacrificing, thoroughly in love with the woman he married, victim of injustice but never its perpetrator. A kindly widower such as Trotty Veck or Dr. Jeddler would have been more to Jerrold's taste; a morose academic such as Redlaw would never have been suitable. John
Peerybingle is almost the right "Jerrold" type, but he is rather older than sailor William and farmer Martin.

Whereas the action of a Christmas Book centres on just one character's problem or difficulty in the main plot (Scrooge's emotional poverty, Trotty's misanthropy, John Peerybingle's doubting his wife's fidelity, Redlaw's brooding over past wrongs done him), Jerrold builds his play around a series of actions. And since Jerrold means to entertain by creating a number of independent but tenuously-related plots, he must begin the play by a series of introductions.

His method is to weave these separate strands of action together, entangle them, then resolve them all at nearly the same time. For example, in The Rent-Day, Jerrold must solve the play's chief problem, the eviction of Rachel and Martin for the non-payment of their rent, at about the same time that the younger brother, Toby, proposes to Polly, the melodrama's comic woman. Jerrold must also reveal the true motives and identities of Crumbs and Grantley at about the same time that Hyssop and Silver Jack receive their comeupance. And, finally, all these actions must occur when Martin is at last convinced that Rachel is not an adulteress, and when Grantley is at last convinced that Martin is not in league with Hyssop and Silver Jack. Complex as this denouement sounds, Jerrold is able to accomplish it fairly effectively in the final scene, rife with
revelations.

While in his full-length novels Dickens was interested in such complexities of plot, in the short Christmas Books he contented himself with a complexity of character foreign to Jerrold. Consequently, he does not require the complicated and awkward sort of exposition Jerrold employs. As the narrator of a brief prose fiction, Dickens could use a technique far more direct and economical, though the narrative is sufficiently relaxed to describe the weather and scenery. Dickens is not forced by the exigencies of plot to make his characters say things real people on the stage of life would never say. He is able to mix satire with humourous observation into his exposition without the necessity of having to bring characters on stage to establish multiple actions.

Jerrold, on the other hand, cannot eschew the obvious and awkward devices mentioned because he must be clear. As a dramatist he must rely on self-revealing monologues and unrealistic dialogue to effect his exposition. Lesser characters have to describe major characters, their personalities and problems, prior to the entrance of these major characters. For example, in Black-Ey'd Susan Jerrold has Doggrass and Gnatbrain reveal in the opening scene that Doggrass contrived to separate William and Susan by encouraging the husband to enlist. Gnatbrain after Doggrass's exit expresses
his sympathy for the young couple in soliloquy, just as, ironically, do the miscreants Hatchet and Raker in the second scene, which further advances our knowledge of the sailor and his wife. Although in Act One, Scene Three, Jerrold finally brings on his title-character and heroine, he does not bring on the protagonist until the start of the second act, when he has firmly established William's character in the minds of the audience.

Similarly, in The Rent-Day, Toby Heywood has attested to his brother's virtue and industry in the first scene; and Silver Jack and Hyssop (who hardly share Toby's bias) have reinforced Martin Heywood's goodness while revealing that his antagonist has a sordid past and nefarious connections; with their characters thus established, Jerrold brings Rachel and Martin on stage in scene three. Jerrold's principle of exposition then is to narrate through secondary characters rather than dramatize his chief personages.

Although Dickens employs an omniscient narrative voice in the Christmas Books, in the dramatic adaptations of the Christmas Books the dramatists have often been unable to resist the temptation to retain good pieces of narrative commentary and description by placing such speeches in the mouths of the characters. In The Miser's Warning!, for example, C. Z. Barnett
has divided the initial passages of narration from Dickens between Scrooge and his timid clerk. Barnett thus has Bob Cratchit evaluate his employer for the benefit of the audience in a manner quite inconsistent with Dickens' original characterization. After a stage aside in which Bob informs the audience that Marley is dead (Stirling by contrast is subtler, having Scrooge mutter to himself in the opening soliloquy that "Old" Marley's timely death saved the firm from bankruptcy), Barnett's Scrooge proclaims himself a thorough-going villain in an expository soliloquy. This speech, adapted from Dickens' original narration, works poorly because it is entirely unmotivated and is so obviously directed to the audience as commentary.

Jerrold prefers to delay the entrance of his principals until he has had other characters evaluate them and present their circumstances. Dickens, on the other hand, in the Christmas Books does not leave his principals--Scrooge, Trotty, Dot and John Peerybingle, Dr. Jeddler and his daughters, Redlaw and the Swidgers--waiting in the wings, but gives them centre-stage from the first. Translated faithfully to the stage, the Christmas Books possess a less mechanical and more organic structure, a more direct exposition, and a greater naturalness of character and dialogue than do Jerrold's melodramas.

The difference between Dickens' Christmas Books
and Jerrold's plays stems from their differing notions of plot and character. To Jerrold, the protagonists, the virtuous victims of contrived circumstances, must be rescued by the agents of Providence at the last possible moment in order to maximize the suspense and pathos. To Dickens, characters who are worthy of a reader's attention are found in circumstances that these characters themselves are capable of resolving, although fate, chance, and coincidence may assist in the resolution. The most successful of the Christmas Books revolve around a nineteenth century Everyman—a business-man, a porter, a carrier—who finds the answers to his problems by searching out his own heart. To Dickens, a story's physical action is the outgrowth of the protagonist's moral and interior development.

Jerrold's domestic melodramas, on the other hand, rely upon stereotypical plot gambits: the attempted seduction of a virtuous wife; the eviction of good people fallen upon hard times; an insensitive or uninform ed landlord's being duped by a corrupt steward. Such scenarios, however, have helped shape the action of the Christmas Books. The Cratchit family, with its shaky finances and anticipated loss of the sickly Tiny Tim, is quite consistent with Jerrold's domestic melodrama. However, its difficulties, like those of Meg and Lilian in The Chimes or those of the Tetterbys in The Haunted Man, Dickens keeps in the background. He
does not permit so threadbare a plot-device as the conspiracy of Cute and Bowley against Fern in *The Chimes*, for instance, to stand in place of freshness of invention and the moral development of his central character.

Although their vehicles do not much resemble one another in construction, in their themes Dickens and Jerrold as fellow social reformers are much closer. For example, Doggrass, like Scrooge, is an unthinking disciple of Malthus who derides anyone who seeks to do good in his community as a "knave who busies himself in the business of others,"

(Black-Ey'-d Susan, p. 158) while Gnatbrain lays the blame for society's ills at the door of every "hard-hearted, selfish rascal" (p. 158) who is so obsessed with his own comfort that he cannot extend his sympathy to those in distress whom he might assist. Scrooge's nephew in Barnett's play, Cheerly and Heartly the philanthropists (as a pair reminiscent of Dickens' earlier mercantile humanitarians, the Cheeryble twins of *Nicholas Nickleby*), and ultimately Scrooge himself busy themselves in the affairs of their fellow men because, to paraphrase Jacob Marley, they feel that the welfare of mankind is their business. Hard-heartedness and lack of fellow-feeling are precisely those baser human characteristics that oppose both the true Christmas spirit and Christian charity that Dickens and Jerrold advocated.
As a writer of domestic melodrama, Jerrold was chiefly concerned with those forces that threatened the integrity of the social institution which, in the Victorian scheme of things, was the basis for all other relationships: the family. In his plays he reveals himself to be concerned with young, married couples, potential parents (William and Susan) or actual parents (Martin and Rachel) whose estrangement or separation would mean the dissolution of a family. While the moral reintegration of the misanthrope or cynic with the human family as a whole is the basis for the major action in most of Dickens' Christmas Books, he does extend his plots to consider the problems that beset couples, spouses, and whole families. At one level most of the Christmas Books are romances, as is evident by the prominence accorded the young lovers Meggy and Richard in *The Chimes*, Edward and May in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, Grace and Alfred, Michael and Marion in *The Battle of Life*. However, jealousy, Jerrold's standard ingredient for spousal difficulties, is a significant factor only in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, when John Peerybingle, having spied upon his wife and the undisguised Edward, assumes that Dot has committed adultery. However, whereas Jerrold merely displays Martin's anguish in a similar misapprehension in *The Rent-Day*, Dickens explores the emotional impact of
adultery on the husband, who allows his jealousy to consume him. This difference in the quality of Dickens' and Jerrold's handling of adultery is not merely the difference between novel and drama. Although it is true that

A play exhibited while a novel described; characters in novels were developed by description of their actions while characters in plays performed actions in a concrete setting, 9

even Dickens' adaptor of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, Albert Smith, in the first scene of the "Third Chirp" attempts to explore the husband's emotional response to the supposed infidelity he has just witnessed.

Although other relationships within the family unit seem to have been of little interest to Jerrold in his melodramas, Dickens' drama of human life is richer because all relationships interest him. In *Black-Ey'd Susan*, for example, Jerrold never bothers to explain Doggrass's animosity towards his niece's husband. This enmity is a given proposition, like Toby Heywood's friendship with his brother Martin in *The Rent-Day*. To Jerrold such relationships are mere necessities of plot. To Dickens, on the other hand, the motivations for such relationships are germane to the story-line. Consequently, Dickens explores such matters as Scrooge's dislike of Nephew Fred, the mutually-custodial relationship of Toby and Meg,
and Caleb's deception of his blind daughter, Bertha. Dickens' examination of human relationships is as three-dimensional in the Christmas Books as it is in the longer novels; Jerrold's as is superficial and conventional in Black-Ey'd Susan as it is in The Rent-Day.

On the other hand, a highly pronounced similarity of Dickens' Christmas Books and Jerrold's melodramas is their forced, hyperbolic diction, prominent in the speeches of heroes and heroines. For example, Jerrold's Susan and Rachel use formal, rhetorical, and somewhat stilted language that immediately sets them apart from the common characters who are their friends and relatives, and whose speech is generally more natural and colloquial. Such phrases as "If heaven give me power" in Black-Ey'd Susan (p. 162) and Rachel's "Oh! do not look so--do not" in The Rent-Day are characteristic of the speeches of Jerrold's heroines. "Another idol has displaced me" in A Christmas Carol (Stave Two, p. 79) and "as one in whom this dreadful crime has sprung from Love perverted" in The Chimes seem fairly natural by comparison, although both speeches reveal Dickens' penchant for grand diction and complicated syntax.

Generally, Jerrold's characters have a more uniform and less rhetorical mode of expressing themselves. He does attempt to establish an idiolect for
William in Black-Ey'd Susan, but this sailor's constant and self-conscious nautical metaphors bore rather than interest. By and large, however, Jerrold does not distinguish his characters by their speech. Granted, his heroes and heroines sound noble, his villains conniving (sometimes employing thieves' cant), his bumpkins fatuous (an impression reinforced by their thick dialects), his comic men whimsical, and so on, but one does not have the sense that Jerrold has achieved individual characterizations in speech. His characters' dialogues render them two-dimensional constructions, so that Silver Jack sounds like Hyssop, who both sound like Raker and Hatchet in the other play.

While Jerrold lets his characters' functions determine the manner of their speech, Dickens attempts to make each character speak idiosyncratically, though true to his class and origin and with occasional touches of dialect (for example, Will Fern in The Chimes). Dickens gives each person in the tale certain characteristic turns of phrase and expressions that establish him as an individual.

One of the devices used in such commercially successful melodramas was the stage recreation in tableau of recognizable works of art, the "realisation." Although this device was not involved in the staging of Black-Ey'd Susan, the opening of The Rent-Day brought
to life Sir David Wilkie's painting of the same name, while the play's second act recreated Wilkie's "Dis­training for Rent." The dramatic adaptors, both those chosen by Dickens to produce sanctioned versions of the Christmas Books and those who were thorough-going plagiarists, similarly attempted to realise the plates of John Leech et al., as well as Dickens' own concep­tions of the characters. Artists' renderings of the stage productions in the Illustrated London News (1844 -8) and the costume notes in the Dicks' Standard Play texts of the Christmas Plays both suggest the degree to which stage versions attempted to emulate the original illustrations in the novellas.

The final characteristic of Jerrold's melodra­mas that is worth considering in relation to the Christmas Books is the providential delivery of the hero and heroine. Jerrold's version of the deus-ex­machina is not wholly improbable; he takes some pains, for example, to prepare the audience for the secret of the grandfather's chair in The Rent-Day, and for William's exoneration (by virtue of the doc­umentation of his discharge from the navy) in Black­Ey'd Susan. That these deliveries should fall out so favourably at the last moment does, however, seem too pat to be credible. Even the mechanism of the dream-vision, which Dickens borrowed from the German Romantics (according to George Saintsbury) for Chapter
29 of The Pickwick Papers, A Christmas Carol and The Chimes, was not nearly so much of a cliché then.

In Jerrold as in Dickens the effectiveness of the conclusion must be judged by the probability with which it was achieved. How many rentless tenants would be delivered from eviction and family breakdown in the manner that Jerrold extricates Martin and Rachel Heywood from their fiscal difficulties in The Rent-Day? How many sailors, having struck their superior officers (no matter how deserving those officers might have been of chastisement), would be released because a forgotten discharge conveniently came to light just as the military tribunal is rising? Perhaps the relatively unsophisticated working-class audience was prepared to suspend its disbelief, perhaps not. The theatre is a compelling medium, for the mechanism of dramas, if it has sufficient cause-and-effect in its plot and sufficiently sympathetic protagonists, readily makes the audience wish a contrived ending true, though logic and probability both rule against it.

Dickens' endings for The Christmas Books do not stand up especially well under such rational scrutiny, though, like Jerrold, Dickens lays the ground-work for the happy ending. He prepares the reader, for example, for the ultimate disclosure in The Cricket on the Hearth that the romantic stranger is none other than
May Fielding's long-lost lover and Caleb's missing sailor-son; however, his arriving when most sorely needed, just prior to May's marriage to Tackleton, does strain credulity. Similarly, Dickens' recalling Marion to life in The Battle of Life is not without legitimate precedent--Shakespeare had done much the same thing in A Winter's Tale; but her having lived secretly with Aunt Martha all that time undetected by Grace, Alfred, and Dr. Jeddler does seem a little far-fetched.

Dickens' reasons for employing such conclusions in the Christmas Books are quite apparent: he wishes to satisfy the conventional demand for a happy ending, a conclusion consistent with the sentiments of the season, a poetic justice whose fortuitousness is unalloyed with pain and loss. The conclusion must, he realized, be a celebration of life, an affirmation of all that is generous and noble in the human spirit. Somehow, the seasonal nature of the Christmas Books excuses the improbability of the endings. For example, even the modern reader does not pause long to ponder the likelihood of Richard's marrying Meggy on New Year's Day just after Trotty has awakened from his all-too-realistic dream-vision in The Chimes. Nor does such a reader cavil at Scrooge's moral regeneration, perhaps because the miser's reformation effects Tiny Tim's salvation. No matter the actual time of the year
when one reads between the covers of the slender, red-bound volumes, it is always Christmas; and at such a season the reader will forgive his author much, providing the appropriately seasonal notes of merriment, feasting, charity, and forgiveness are sounded.

The case for a contemporary audience's accepting the conclusion of a Jerrold melodrama is more problematical. First of all, of course, while Dickens is still widely read, Jerrold is rarely performed. Modern theatre audiences have been conditioned by the traditions of the Well-made Play, the works of Ibsen, Chekhov, Wilde, Shaw, O'Neill, Miller and Williams, and the experimental theatre of Saroyan, Albee, Pinter and Ionesco, as well as by the realism of the cinema. Such audiences are fairly 'high-brow' by early Victorian standards.

Although modern theatre-goers still delight in the ridiculous conclusion of Gilbert and Sullivan's H. M. S. Pinafore, for example, one wonders what their reaction would be to the type of play that W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan were parodying, and to Black-Ey'd Susan in particular. One may speculate that, since Jerrold's characters are far less engaging personally than those of Dickens, the suspension of disbelief that the melodrama requires--with its flat, stereotypical characters, wooden dialogue, and contrived plot--would be difficult to sustain.
However, Jerrold was as popular in his own day as Dickens. The era that produced the triple-decker novel and the dramatic monologue also produced the saloon theatre, burletta, extravaganza, melodrama, and farce. It is well to note that, while Dickens was popular with all classes of society, Jerrold was favoured by an audience that had little relish for legitimate theatre and serious drama.

The decline of aristocratic, poetic tragedy and the comedy of manners in the late 1700s and the gradual rise of the novel through that same period are questions too complex for consideration here. It is important to note, however, that public taste was not at odds with the Theatre Licensing Act of 1737, for the largely working-class audiences of early nineteenth-century London cared little for the sort of fare served up by the patent-monopoly playhouses, and frequented instead the numerous (Bailey estimates the number at between 21 and 28) minor theatres of the new, working-class districts.

Although such theatres did a thriving trade in the 1830s, the much larger theatres at Drury Lane and Covent Garden were experiencing such financial difficulties that they, too, had to offer comedy or melodrama mixed with musical accompaniment to compete with the far racier entertainments (including acrobatic displays, circuses, songs and dances) given at the
minors. Although Montrose J. Moses asserts that "a wildcat competition arose, which resulted in the cheapening of theatrical performances" (p. vii), George Rowell maintains that "The patent theatres' monopoly of legitimate drama had...become unworkable."

While the seating capacity of Covent Garden, Frederick and Lise-lone Marker estimate to have been just over three thousand and that of Drury Lane just under that mark from 1833 to 1850, minor theatres had on average about one-third the number of seats to fill, permitting them to mount smaller, more economical productions, with an extended season and more frequent changes in the bill. While the owners of the monopoly houses argued that abolishing their patents would reduce the powers of the Lord Chamberlain and lower the moral standards of dramatic entertainment, their real concern was that their rivals were driving them out of business. Ironically, the champion of the minors in parliament, Edward Bulwer (later, Lord Lytton), felt that, at least potentially, "the theatre [w]as a source of education and moral improvement" for the working classes. Accordingly, contrary to its opponents' criticisms, the Dramatic Performances Bill of 1833 would have strengthened the Lord Chamberlain's authority by extending his licensing powers to all theatres in Great Britain. When what was still essen-
tially 'Bulwer's Bill' finally passed as the Theatres Licensing Act of 1843, it did indeed give the Lord Chamberlain absolute authority "to forbid performance of the whole or any part" (Revels History, VI, 43) of any piece submitted to his office for mandatory approval. This power he retained until 1968.

Again, quite opposite to what the act's opponents had feared, between its passage and 1860 "not a single important new theatre opened in London" (Rowell, p. 13) and the types of entertainment offered changed little because "the established legal boundaries of taste and subject matter... were also very much those of their audiences" (Revels History, VI, 44). Although Michael Booth is critical of E. B. Watson's contention that "by 1843 the older dramatists, like Jerrold and Planché, were too schooled in the accepted traditions of playwrighting to offer anything new to the freed stage" (Revels, VI, 44) the popularity of the burletta, devised originally to circumvent the 1737 Act, may well account for Edward Stirling's choosing to adapt A Christmas Carol in a musical rather than a straight dramatic vein early in 1844, when the possibilities of the new freedoms given minor theatres such as the Adelphi under the terms of the recently-passed Act were yet to be realized.

Besides the Adelphi (which had presented dramatic renderings of Sketches by Boz, Pickwick Papers,
Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, The Old Curiosity Shop, Barnaby Rudge, and Martin Chuzzlewit prior to Stirling's Carol), the Lyceum--also in the Strand--and the Surrey were minor theatres directly involved in the initial dramatic adaptations of Dickens' Christmas Books during the 1840s. Opening in November, 1806, as the Sans Pareil, the Adelphi as it was called after 1818 was noted for both melodrama and burletta. The theatrical trend of dramatizing Dickens' works actually began at the Adelphi in 1834 with J. B. Buckstone's one-act farce "The Christening," based on one of the early serial numbers of Sketches by Boz. The last of its numerous adaptations of the works of Charles Dickens was (contrary to The Oxford Companion to Theatre) the 1879 production of Nicholas Nickleby, possibly a revival of a play by Andrew Halliday which had run for at least 150 performances there in 1875. Although the Adelphi failed to mount a production of The Battle of Life at Christmastime, 1846, it did stage versions of all the others, from the first official adaptation (Stirling's Christmas Carol) to the last (Lemon's Haunted Man). That three of the Christmas Books are, in a sense, ghost stories, and that this theatre was "renowned for the brand of sensational melodrama known as 'Adelphi screamers'" (Marker, li) is not entirely coincidental.

A prime example of the Adelphi 'screamer' is
Edward Stirling's *The Bohemians; or, The Rogues of Paris* (1843), based on Dennery and Grangé's *Les Bohémiens de Paris*, which involves the attempted suicide of the heroine, Louise, who, seduced and abandoned, with a scream throws herself from a Seine bridge.

Yet another noteworthy Adelphi production that has relevance to the Christmas Books and their adaptations is J. B. Buckstone's spin-off from Jerrold's *Rent-Day*, a domestic burletta named *The Forgery; or, The Reading of the Will*, involving realizations of Wilkie's paintings "Village Politicians" and "The Reading of the Will" (1832).

Stirling became stage manager of the Adelphi during the management of Frederick Yates...[who] had supervised the production of Buckstone's *Forgery*. ... During the run, he characteristically provided a Lenten program twice a week called "Yates's Views of Himself & Others," interspersed with "Novel Illustrations of Shakespeare! exemplified by Tableaux Vivants, or Living Pictures". ...

The Adelphi was the theatre most given to the embodiment of illustrated fiction as pictorial drama.

Thus, it was at the Adelphi also that Mrs. Mary Keeley had starred as Jack Sheppard "in the most successful of all versions" (Meisel, p. 271) of William Harrison Ainsworth's novel, in December, 1839. The Adelphi, moreover, "made a feature of such pictoria-
lism" (Meisel, p. 116) as a realization of *Industry and Idleness* by Hogarth (March, 1832).

The second of the Strand theatres associated with dramatic adaptations of the Christmas Books, the Lyceum, re-built in 1834 on the site of "The English Opera House" (razed by fire in 1830), was managed by the Keeleys, Robert and Mary (née Goward), from 1844 to 1847. The couple had in fact met in the former building in July, 1825. Aside from their abilities as theatre managers, this husband and wife team were gifted comedians whose talents caused Dickens to transfer his sanction to the Lyceum after his earlier collaboration with Stirling and his friends Lemon and A'Beckett at the Adelphi. The Lyceum management had not taken up the fad for plays from *A Christmas Carol* that had swept London in 1844, but had, however, staged Stirling's three-act version of *Martin Chuzzlewit* from 8 July, 1844, to 5 April, 1845--"at least 105 performances." It had its own *Chimes*, again by Stirling, to rival the officially-sanctioned version at the Adelphi in December, 1844. And, finally, Dickens came to the Lyceum to help launch Albert Smith's *Cricket on the Hearth* on 20 December, 1845, and that adaptor's *Battle of Life* next Christmas. The Lyceum generally abandoned the notion of adaptations from Dickens after Stirling's farce *Mrs. Harris* (October, 1846, and March-June, 1847). After
this period, the Lyceum did not undertake another adaptation of Dickens until it produced Tom Taylor's version of *A Tale of Two Cities* (1860) and revived *Pickwick* (1871).

The third theatre involved in the initial dramatic adaptations of the Christmas Books never received Dickens' sanction for its plagiarisms. Again built on the site of an earlier theatre burnt down, the Surrey, named by its reconstructor, Robert Elliston, in 1803, was the initial venue for Jerrold's *Black-Ey'd Susan*. Under Elliston's second management (1827-31), the transpontine melodrama ran for over three hundred nights and established a vogue for such entertainment. Four years later, the Surrey took up the Dickens mania by offering a burletta, probably by its star, Buckstone, called *The Christening*. There followed versions of *Pickwick* (May, 1837), *Oliver Twist* (November, 1838), *Nicholas Nickleby* (February, 1839), and *Christmas Carol*, and sundry adaptations beyond Stirling's unsanctioned *Battle of Life* (1847).

While Dickens admired the attempts of his contemporary Robert Browning to elevate the dramatic fare of the mid-century, he seems himself more at home with the "comicalities" of a writer such as J. B. Buckstone. Dickens had seen Buckstone, ten years his senior and already an up-and-coming comedian and playwright, when he was but a child attending the
theatre in company with his father. Later, although he had protested Buckstone's pirating *The Christening* for the Adelphi in October, 1834, in *The Monthly Magazine*, at the Royal General Theatrical Fund's Dinner on 2 April, 1855, Dickens recalled how much in childhood he had enjoyed Buckstone's performances.

Besides taking part in dramas from Dickens (he played Jingle in the 1837 *Peregrinations of Pickwick* by William Leman Rede at the Adelphi, Newman Noggs in the 1840 *Fortunes of Smike* by Edward Stirling at the Adelphi, and Tilly Slowboy in the 1846 *Cricket*, probably by Ben Webster, at London's Haymarket) Buckstone produced upwards of two hundred plays, at least eighty of which were thoroughly English in character, rather than being mere adaptations from the French. However, Buckstone was a borrower rather than originator: most of these eighty plays were in fact adaptations of the works of such writers as Bulwer and Ainsworth. However, he scored his greatest theatrical triumph in the role of Philip Wakefield in his own, entirely original melodrama *Luke the Labourer* at the Adelphi in 1827. With its strong musical element, including drinking songs appropriate to Harvest Home, it somewhat resembles Dickens' *Village Coquettes* of the next decade.

The key features of this domestic melodrama are much the same as those of Jerrold's: the setting is a
rural English village; the heroes are stereotypical (the young, virtuous farmer, Charles Maydew, and Philip Wakefield, a jolly tar who may have set the pattern for Jerrold's honest William three years later); the villains are the loose-moralled, lecherous squire and his accomplice, the brooding and vengeful down-and-out labourer for whom the play is named. The courting of the comic rustic, Bobby Trot (who speaks in Yorkshire dialect), counterpoints the relationship between Charles Maydew and Clara Wakefield, whose comic counterpart is Jenny. Whereas the pursuit of Clara by Charles is decorously reserved, as Victorian propriety was coming to expect of middle-class courtship, it is the rascally Bobby, dreaming of seeing the wonders of London, who is pursued by the designing Jenny in the comic subplot. The relationship between the two couples is roughly that of the serious lovers, Alfred and Grace, to the comical lovers, Benjamin and Clemency, in Dickens' *Battle of Life*, which also utilizes the choric villagers and setting so characteristic of much domestic melodrama of the period.

While Jerrold would be content to depict a corrupt steward in *The Rent-Day* and a highly arbitrary code of martial law in *Black-Ey'd Susan*, his social protests would be far more muted than those of either Dickens in the Christmas Books or Buckstone in
Luke the Labourer. However, whereas social concerns are very much to the fore in The Chimes, for instance, Buckstone advances them chiefly through his villain Luke's pitiful tale of his wife's starving to death, although the shadow of debtors' prison, so ominous and omnipresent in much of Dickens, is cast upon the impoverished Farmer Wakefield. Having been imprisoned for a debt incurred to Luke (himself a victim of the system), Wakefield is no longer accorded the honourific "Farmer" by the villagers. In fact, Wakefield would not have been able to return to the village but for the generosity of Maydew, which seems as providential as Philip's timely arrival.

The title character, Luke, is more complex than the usual villain of melodrama, for he has been both sufferer at the hands of an unjust system as well as its manipulator. Like Scrooge, Luke is possessed of a malignity not without motive. However, the system has so brutalized and degraded Luke that he is incapable of the spiritual and social redemption that attends Dickens' miser. Even in Barnett's play, Scrooge, though proud of his sharp business practices, never pauses to consider the consequences they have for those who fall prey to them, until these ramifications are revealed to him in all their grim reality by the spirits. Luke, on the other hand, has consciously manipulated the system to ensnare Farmer
36.

Wakefield; in fact, the payment of the debt for Luke is secondary to the pleasure he derives from Wakefield's ignominy and suffering. Such villainy as Luke's does not touch the Christmas Books. Even the vile representatives of a repressive system, Bowley and Cute in *The Chimes*, are not deliberately evil so much as self-serving, while Tackleton, the other employer in *The Cricket*, underpays Caleb out of sheer parsimony, not out of vindictiveness. Such evil as Luke's is a lenten dish Dickens saves for his longer novels. At first glance, Barnett's Dark Sam in *The Miser's Warning*, the interpolated pickpocket, seems akin to Luke; but Barnett clearly shows that Sam has been driven to thievery, and is motivated by his desire to survive in a harsh environment, rather than by any malicious joy he might obtain from inflicting suffering on his fellow man on Christmas Eve.

However, the spirit of humanitarianism which prompts Maydew to assist Wakefield is an altruism marred by the fact that the benefactor is romantically inclined towards Clara Wakefield, the dutiful daughter and prop of her father's melancholy old age (a type found in both Dickens' longer novels and in such Christmas Book heroines as Meggy Veck, Bertha, Grace, and Milly). The heroines of the Christmas Books, slightly developed though they may be, are still possessed of a depth and credibility that Cla-
As can be seen, from contemporary domestic melodrama Dickens borrowed both the character-types and situations he required for the Christmas Books, which were accordingly ready-made for theatrical adaptation, especially since the penurious and unscrupulous adaptor was not legally obliged to honour Dickens' copyrights. Although Dickens admired the dramatic works of Browning and shared the popular taste for melodrama and burlesque, he gave up writing for the stage after some modest successes in the late 1830s because he knew that

...playwrighting was poorly paid. At first payments were not unreasonably low. However, in a few years [after the birth of Dickens] prices began to fall sharply. Augustin Filon recorded that about 1835 "a well-known author was glad to sell a drama to Frederick Yates, manager of the Adelphi, for the sum of 70 pounds, plus 10 pounds for provincial rights." Managers found it even cheaper to select successful plays from the Paris stage and employ clever hacks to translate them (Bailey, p. 16-17).

Dickens might encourage Macready to produce A Blot in the 'Scutcheon and even provide a prologue for J. Westland Marston's Patrician's Daughter (1842), but, as Morley reports Dickens once remarked to the actor 18 Toole, he felt he hadn't "time to write plays." He also knew very well that a young dramatist in the
1830s might get scarce thirty shillings per play--the sum which Crummles presents his adaptor-in-residence, Nicholas Nickleby.

Today such literary piracy would hardly be tolerated; but in the 1840s there was no copyright to protect either French dramatists or English novelists from the depredations of the likes of Stirling, Moncrieff, and Buckstone. "The native dramatist could find no encouragement for original work, but had to sink his talents to the level of a hack translator" (Moses, p. viii-ix).

Although, as Bolton points out, "Dickens came of age as a novelist when dramatic adaptation was the fate of novels" (p. 25), had he been born earlier the hacks would have pilfered from his works, although perhaps in smaller measures: "Garrick and Colman seemed to see no harm in brief but distinct 'quotation' of the looser sort from Fielding" (Bolton, p. 12), for example, and Defoe's Robinson Crusoe had become the basis for numerous pantomimes long before Dickens was born. By the turn of the nineteenth century it became economically imperative for playhouses which catered to working-class audiences that plays be produced as cheaply as possible. Adaptations of existing novels and French plays were the answer.
in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the basic conception of playwrighting—of dramatic authorship—was intrinsically different from our concept today. The practice of 'altering' old plays was common. In the experience of the ordinary dramaturge, the distinction between 'altering' an old play and 'adapting' an old (or new) dramatic narrative must have been slight indeed (Bolton, p. 14).

By the 1860s it was possible for a novelist such as Dickens to register a rough draft of a drama from his own work "at Stationers' Hall so that his 'stage copyright' would be secure in the event that he did find time to prepare his own dramatic version of his novel." However, in the 1840s no such protection was available.

Although Sir Walter Scott resented unauthorized adaptations of his work, he "seems to have had an avuncular affection for the 'art of Terry-fying,' as he called it" (Bolton, p. 15), Daniel Terry being a friend of the celebrated novelist and the adaptor Scott encouraged to produce Guy Mannering for the stage of Covent Garden in 1816. The success of this production and that of William Henry Murray's Rob Roy in 1819 at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, (which ran for 285 performances) convinced the theatrical establishment "that claims of authorial permission or supervision on the posters could assist at promotion of the play" (Bolton, p. 16).

Given the freebooting theatrical atmosphere
that prevailed at the time, it is no wonder that the compilers of the "Chronological Table" in The Revels History of Drama in English, Volume Six, find no new plays they are willing to call "major" staged from 1843 to 1845, the period during which Dickens wrote the Christmas Books.

The wretched state of dramaturgy in the first part of the nineteenth century G. D. Klingopulos contrasts with the initial flowering of playwrighting under Elizabeth and her successor, James I:

The Elizabethans were fortunate in the wealth of their unconscious traditions and assumptions which helped the dramatists at all levels. Possibly as a result of the limitation of the number of serious theatres to two for more than a century, as a result of the popularity of the novel with the theatre-shy middle-class, and of the predominance of great actors and mere spectacle, the Victorian theatre occupied no such central position. As Nicholas Nickleby and Pendennis suggest, the theatrical world was rather a shabby one, depending largely on poor and economical translations of bad plays.

Although Klingopulos reveals an all-too-common bias against the so-called "Old Drama" of the early Victorian period, he does touch upon some of the obvious symptoms of the moribund dramatic literature of Dickens' youth. The same sorts of allegations, in fact, witnesses made before Bulwer's Select Committee, namely
that the solid middle class did not come because of increased evangelical hostility to the theatre and because of the presence of their inferiors who corrupted the drama because they did come and liked mere entertainment and vulgar show; . . . that good authors were not to be found; that . . . people preferred reading novels to going to plays. Poets did not choose, or were unable to write well for the stage. . . . . The drama was separate from literature. As to the plays themselves, if they were comedies or farces they were frivolous and inane, if tragedies dull or extravagant, if melodramas crude and sensational. . . (Booth, I, 5).

However, as Joe Mitchenson and Raymond Mander have pointed out, by the time that Bulwer's Bill had been passed as the Theatre Regulation Act of 1843, a number of forces had combined to alter the kind of drama that the audiences of the minor theatres enjoyed. The recently-built railways brought playgoers from outside the metropolitan area, and a new, middle-class morality had taken hold:

The accession of Queen Victoria in 1837, and her marriage in 1840, began a vogue for family life and introduced Christmas as the children's festival subsequently hallowed by Dickens; even Prince Albert himself is credited with the introduction of the Christmas tree!

It was in this period of changing social mores that the works of Charles Dickens were ushered onto the boards of the Adelphi Theatre, London, by one of Boz's favourite actors, J. B. Buckstone. The début occurred on 13 October, 1834, and the piece was a
loose adaptation of "The Bloomsbury Christening," which Dickens had published in the *Monthly Magazine* the previous April. "Ironically, Dickens himself was assigned to review the production" (Bolton, p. 68) by that journal. Naturally, his feelings were ambivalent: while he was pleased with the production, especially with the acting of Mrs. Keeley as the interfering godmother, he was chagrined that another hand could so easily pilfer the results of his own labours, without retaining even a shred of the original's dialogue.

iii. Charles Dickens and The Drama

Before moving to a consideration of young Dickens' reaction to Buckstone's depredation, namely his own adaptation of "The Great Wingleberry Duel" in 1836, we should survey Dickens' relationship and attitude to the theatre from childhood to the time when the young short-hand reporter for the London daily press became Boz, the writer of fiction.

In *Circle of Fire: Dickens' Vision and Style and the Popular Victorian Theatre*, William Axton notes that Dickens' first literary production was neither a short story nor a sketch, but "a tragedy, *Misnar the Sultan of India,*" written in 1820. In the preface to the first cheap edition of his *Sketches,*
in October of 1850, Dickens recalled as his "first attempts at authorship. . .certain tragedies achieved at the mature age of eight or ten, and represented with great applause to overflowing nurseries."

Nine years later, in writing to Mrs. Howlitt, he referred to his having acted in a play of his own making.

The eight-year old author found his material in Tales of the Genii, a book in the house where he lived at Chatham--one probably read to him by his parents. No copy of that play, if one ever existed, has been preserved. Without doubt, it must have been his first completed effort at writing.

Despite his evident cynicism in both the preface and the 1859 letter, Dickens had a passionate interest in matters theatrical that had been sparked at an early age and endured his whole life, abetted by many members of his 'circle,' especially Jerrold, Lemon, A'Beckett, Macready, and Stanfield.

A juvenile production, The Strategems of Rowena, a Venetian comedietta Dickens wrote when sixteen, is all of his early dramatic work that survives. The play is, as one might expect, awkward and immature, according to Van Amerongen's The Actor in Dickens. Dickens' first published work was indeed a sketch, namely "A Dinner at Poplar Walk" (afterwards called "Mr. Minns and his Cousin"), which he published un-
der the pseudonym "Boz" in the December, 1833, issue of the Monthly Magazine. Although, as Morley notes, the Sketches "are descriptive of customs, scenes and daily events" and contain for the most part "insufficient material for drama" (p. 84), "The Great Wingleberry Duel" has all the requisites of a regulation farce of the 1830s--the two published editions (Chapman & Hall, and Dicks) style its dramatic version, The Strange Gentleman, a "Comic Burletta."

There was bustling action but the humour, compared with the original Sketch, was commonplace. Yet the piece achieved a certain success being performed over sixty times that season and revived during the next. The characters in his two-act farce all forgather in the St. James's Arms on the road to Gretna Green. It is here that the Strange Gentleman arrives anxious to avoid fighting a duel. He tries to save his honour and his skin by planning his own arrest. To effect this the duel-dodger sends an anonymous letter to Mr. Owen Overton, the Mayor, denouncing himself as a lawbreaker. Matters become very confused in consequence and various characters are mistaken one for the other (Morley, p.82-83).

However, all ends on a happily matrimonial note as the Strange Gentleman marries a wealthy widow, while his rival is united with the lady over whom the duel was originally to be fought. Remarked the literary critic who was to become Dickens' great confidant, John Forster, in the Theatrical Examiner for 4 September, 1836, of the farce: "The plot and dialogue
are totally unworthy of Boz," already known to the reading public as the author of the Sketches. Forster's remarks must be construed in light of an anti-theatrical bias that he exhibits to some degree in his Life of Dickens.

First performed at St. James's Theatre, London, on 29 September, 1836, The Strange Gentleman was given sixty-four times and occasionally revived, but rarely imitated. This circumstance . . . is probably due to the legality that, by having it performed, Dickens established dramatic copyright to it. This is virtually the only case in which Dickens wrote a Dickens drama that claimed the field without competition from pirate plays. . . (Bolton, p. 73).

Towards the middle of the run of The Strange Gentleman at the St. James's Theatre the management introduced another musical work in which Dickens had had a hand, The Village Coquettes, on 6 December, 1836. Some time prior to The Strange Gentleman Dickens had written the libretto for John Hullah, a musical friend of his sister Fanny. It was through Hullah that Dickens met John Braham, owner and manager of the St. James's Theatre. In 1835 "Hullah wanted a drama on which to base some music and he approached Dickens, whom he knew to be 'Boz' of the Sketches in 'The Morning Chronicle' and elsewhere."
Nothing could have been more conventional than this operatic burletta as it was labelled. . . . The plot tells how the wicked Squire Norton, aided and abetted by his friend Flam, attempts the virtue of Farmer Benson's daughter, Lucy. He has no success and . . . becomes repentant, making ample amends all round. . . (Morley, p. 85).

This plot-line seems a mingling of ingredients provided Dickens by Jerrold and Buckstone, although the repentance and forgiveness at the piece's conclusion foreshadow the spirit of the Christmas Books.

Dickens did something highly controversial and potentially dangerous at the conclusion of the first performance of The Village Coquettes: "he took a call after the actors had received the ovations of the audience" (Dexter, p. 164). Although the London newspapers could be scathing in their appraisals of new plays, the reviews of the piece and of Dickens' appearance on stage, after the audience had called for first Hullah and then himself, were favourable.

The music was liked and the songs encored, but the opera could hardly be termed a success achieving only nineteen performances (Morley, p. 86).

Even while he was launching his career as a novelist with The Pickwick Papers (1837) and Oliver Twist (1838), Dickens continued to write for the stage. "Not counting any share Dickens may or may not have had in the dramatisation of Oliver Twist on
March 27th, 1838, *Is She his Wife?* was the last play he gave to the St. James's" (Morley, p. 86).

What Dickens had in mind as the selling price of the acting copyright of the forthcoming farce, *The Lamplighter*, a hundred and fifty pounds, would have been double the going rate of the period for a work by a well-known author (Bailey, p. 16-17). His terms being too high for Braham at the St. James's, Dickens and Forster attempted to negotiate with William Macready of Covent Garden from December 5 to 12 to produce the new farce. Macready, unimpressed, was unsure of the piece on account of the thinness of the plot, and felt that Forster had goaded Dickens into writing something unworthy of him. The piece was withdrawn; eventually Dickens transformed it into a narrative called "The Lamplighter's Story" for *The Pic-Nic Papers* (1841).

Aside from a prologue he provided Macready for J. Westland Marston's *The Patrician's Daughter* (Dru- ry Lane, 1842), Dickens' ventures into playwrighting henceforth tended to be of an amateur nature. An interesting point about Marston's verse tragedy and its influence on Dickens is that he may well have based the title of the fourth Christmas Book on this passage in which the protagonist, Mordaunt, debates with Lady Mabel about the possibility for heroism in the present rather than in the romantic past:
I have known heroines in this modern time,
Ay, there are homesteads which have wit­nessed deeds
That battle fields, with all their bannered pomp,
Have little to compare with. Life's great play
May, so it have an actor great enough,
Be well performed upon a humble stage
(Bailey, p. 117--Act Two, Scene One).

Although such late eighteenth century poets as Gold­smith and Gray had expressed similar notions in non­dramatic verse, Dickens may well have had these lines from this serious domestic play in mind when he pondered writing The Battle of Life. The concept behind this verse tragedy set in the present was one which Dickens himself advocated in his own works.

. . . Charles Dickens wrote and Macready [who played Mordaunt in his own Drury Lane production of 1842] declaimed:
Awake the Present! Shall no scene display
The tragic passion of the passing day?

. . .
Learn from the lessons of the present day.
Not light its import and poor its mien;
Yourselves the actors and your homes the scene (Bailey, p. 110).

That Marston's play did not win the popular ac­ceptance of his novels must have been to Dickens yet another reason for him to confine himself to the writing of novels, leaving playwrighting to those better able to put up with contemporary dramatic tastes and the theatre's lesser financial rewards. Dickens henceforth relegated his theatrical efforts to amateur status:
With Bulwer Lytton and others, Dickens formed the Guild of Literature and Art, taking under his wing the theatrical performances connected with it. For the initial venture which was given at Devonshire House in Piccadilly on May 16th, 1851, Lytton wrote a five-act comedy, *Not so Bad as we Seem*, and Mark Lemon in collaboration with Dickens furnished a farce, *Mr. Nightingale's Diary*, as an afterpiece (Morley, p. 87).

The night, according to the *Illustrated London News* for 24 May, 1851, the audience of notables pronounced "the greatest success." Through subscription the Guild of Literature and Art raised in excess of a thousand pounds with an evening's theatrical entertainment that began at 9:30 and lasted three hours.

Another representation at Devonshire House takes place on Tuesday, the admission being £2. The Duke throws open his house, and a ball will follow the comedy [*Bulwer's Not so Bad As We Seem; or, Many Sides To A Character*], and a new farce written for the occasion, called "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," a farce in which Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon have principal characters. Both these gentlemen are admirable actors. It is by no means amateur playing with them. Dickens seizes the strong points of a character, bringing them out as effectively on the stage as his pen undyingly marks them upon paper. Lemon has all the ease of a finished performer, with a capital relish for comedy and broad farce (*Illustrated London News*, p. 440).

The cast of Bulwer's play included Dickens as Lord Wilmot, Jerrold as Mr. Shadowly Softhead, Forster as the member of parliament Mr. Hardman, Lemon as Sir
Geoffrey Thornside, and Wilkie Collins as Smart, valet to Lord Wilmot. An actress who had been a significant figure in the dramatisations of the Christmas Books, Miss Ellen Chaplin, played Barbara Easy.

To Macready on the same day that the review of Bulwer's play appeared in the Illustrated London News Dickens wrote:

And there is a farce to be produced on Tuesday next, wherein a distinguished amateur will sustain a variety of assumption-parts, and in particular, Samuel Weller and Mrs. Gamp, of which I say no more.

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Full of improvisations for the two authors-turned-actors, Dickens and Lemon, the piece was given again in Dickens' amateur theatricals on 19 June, 1855, together with Wilkie Collins' The Lighthouse, at Tavistock House, where Collins' The Frozen Deep (for which Dickens had supplied a prologue and in which he acted) was staged privately on 6 January, 1857.

Towards the end of his life Dickens collaborated with Collins to prevent piracies by publishing very brief dramatic versions of A Message from the Sea (1861) and No Thoroughfare (1867). Apparently Dickens objected to the 7 January, 1861, production of the former at the Britannia, Hoxton, and cancelled it at the last moment. The latter opened at the Adelphi, on 26 December, 1867.
The London production. . . , which claims Dickens as co-author, had a very good run of 200 performances, suggesting some real theatrical vitality in the piece (Bolton, p. 437).

Bolton feels that Dickens developed the first person point of view for *Copperfield* and *Great Expectations* and a more complex third person point of view in such novels as *A Tale of Two Cities* partly to frustrate his would-be adaptors, but concedes that the "declining dramatic adaptation of his most recent narratives" was a consequence of his maturation as a novelist and "the development of art from comic entertainer to tragic observer" (p. 38).

After his early flirtation with the playwright's calling, Dickens turned understandably to the wider public and richer rewards of the novel. . . . But the marks of that passion remained in the framework of his novels, so that Victorian managers seized on his strong situations and fierce contrasts of character as their predecessors had raided the romances of Scott. . . . Shorn of much of their humour and all their original observation, Dickens's novels emerged on the Victorian stage as melodramas, crude, sensational--and tremendously successful (Rowell, p. 50-51).

One must take issue, after examining the actual texts of some of these adaptations, with Rowell's contention that the adaptors chose to dispense with the novelist's original "observations," if by that term Rowell is implying narrative commentary and analysis. Although critics tend to compare the pro-
cess of adapting Dickens to that of adapting Scott earlier in the century, Dickensian adaptors were generally able to retain far more of the original material, specifically much more of the dialogue, in the Christmas Books than were, for example, Thomas Dibdin in *Kenilworth* and Fox Cooper in *Ivanhoe*. Whereas Scott's novels typically necessitated considerable trimming for a two-hour stage play, the Christmas Books provide setting and dialogue ready-made for the theatre.

As is evident from a study of the texts of the Christmas Plays, in attempting to retain authorial comments the dramatists often altered the characters as Dickens originally conceived them for the Christmas Books. Until the 1860s, Dickens' "audience was much larger than a mere reading public" (Bolton, p. 62) because his earlier works, especially the Christmas Books, were so easily dramatised.

...Dickens not only tolerated but expected and even desired dramatic adaptation of his narratives--if he was fairly compensated for them, and if their appearance did not vulgarize his characters and spoil his suspense [for the serialized novels] (Bolton, p. 45)

When Dickens failed to achieve these goals, he seems to have turned from the stage and produced a series of novels that were infinitely more difficult to dramatize than his earlier works.
During the 1860s, though Boucicault produced dramas from Nicholas Nickleby, and The Cricket on the Hearth, the general volume of such 'Dickens dramas' on the British stage declined. Several factors caused this decline: 1) Dickens's protests; 2) Dickens's sometimes legal tactic of publishing derivative quasi-dramas himself; 3) Dickens's own public readings, which partly sated demand for Dickens dramatized; 4) a diminishing theatricality in Dickens's narrative manner (Bolton, p. 45).

Dickens' early works share with many theatrical pieces of the period a marked domestic sentiment which is nowhere stronger than in the slender volumes he prepared especially for publication between the autumn of 1843 and that of 1848. A Christmas Carol in particular displays the features of burletta, melodrama, and even pantomime, the three forms that dominated the early nineteenth century stage in England. With its brevity, emphasis on dialogue, and seasonal setting, the Carol was a natural choice for dramatic adaptation. F. Dubrez Fawcett in Dickens the Dramatist (1952) lists thirty-eight dramatic, two television, and nine film adaptations. Only a third of a century later, H. Philip Bolton in Dickens Dramatized (completed in 1985, but not published until 1987) lists 357 adaptations of various types.

...since 1950, there have been well over two hundred twenty-five (225) additional live stagings, filmings, radio dramas, as well as TV plays. Remarkably enough, as many or more versions claim to be "fresh" interpretations as admit to being revivals
of versions earlier tried. This has partly to do with copyright conditions, which do not protect Dickens's long-dead interests, but do protect the rights of recent authors (Bolton, p. 236).

The remaining Christmas Books—The Chimes (1844), The Cricket on the Hearth (1845), The Battle of Life (1846), and The Haunted Man (1848)—have not shared the continued theatrical celebrity of the first of their series, but were vastly popular on the stages of their era.

The adaptation of a Christmas Book often began with a version that Dickens had 'officially sanctioned'—that is, a version based on his actual proof sheets that would take to the boards within a day or two of the story's publication. These initial dramatisations, by some of the most prolific adaptors of the time, are especially worthy of study today, partly because Dickens' interest in matters theatrical exerted so powerful an influence on his fiction generally: characterization, dialogue, setting, and plot-lines for the Christmas Books reveal the extent to which Dickens borrowed his narrative elements from the drama. Moreover, since Dickens involved himself personally with several of the productions, the official adaptation sometimes suggests fresh interpretations. Finally, in several official adaptations material that Dickens may have excised prior to the publication of a Christmas Book survives in the thea-
trical script derived from its proofs. Unfortunately, because these adaptations have either been out of print for over a century or have never been published at all, the Christmas Book Plays seem to have escaped both popular and critical notice since their hey-day. In the manuscripts filed for licensing with the office of the Lord Chamberlain passages missing from the published playscripts sometimes appear, but these have never previously been noted, nor have the techniques nor the texts of the adaptations been explored in depth for any of these early stage-versions.

Robertson Davies tersely notes how such eminent adaptors as Buckstone, Lemon, A'Beckett, Stirling, Moncrieff, Coyne, Smith, and Boucicault tackled the work: where in the original "dramatic incident was strong it was exaggerated; eccentric characters, where they existed, were made occasions for shows of professional skill" (Revels History, VI, 241). Two features prominent in stage adaptations of Christmas Books were retention of as much of the narrator's commentary and description as possible, and incorporation of the kinds of characters and spectacular effects to be found in the traditional English pantomime. Such influence is evident in the importance which Dickens assigns in the original stories to the supernatural as an adjunct to the seasonal atmosphere and as a plot mechanism. Then, too, the bleak
opening typical of the Christmas Books and Plays may be drawn from the pantomimes of this period:

When a pantomime began in hell, as it often did—the cave or other grim abode of some malevolent spirit—the visual analogies with Martin's art [paintings of historical and biblical catastrophes such as *The Fall of Nineveh* (1828)] were often striking. But a grim opening and a dark scene, and the garish malevolence of a horde of imps and demons, served to set off the paradisal character of what everyone knew was to come and had come to see. . . (Meisel, p. 184).

The physical bleakness of the season at the openings of *Carol*, *Chimes*, and *Haunted Man* in particular reflect the spiritual emptiness and pessimism of the alienated protagonists. Dr. Jeddler's withdrawal from the world and John Peerybingle's morose contemplation of Dot's supposed infidelity are less obvious reflections of the traditional opening of the pantomime.

If this line of argument implies that pantomime had a more serious and sententious nature than it does today, one should note that in Dickens' time . . . there was a tradition, instituted in 1759 at Drury Lane by David Garrick, of opening the evening with something 'worthy', principally for the benefit of the London apprentices who tended to pack the upper galleries, and who were generally considered to be in need of moral uplift . . . .

In some ways, the Christmas Plays resemble the speaking opening which had become general for the
pantomime by the 1840s, and the fairy extravaganzas of Planché that had no Harlequinade at all. Such oddities as Barnett's wise-cracking Bob Cratchit and pocket-picking Dark Sam become more intelligible when related to Joey Grimaldi's joking, filching clown, a figure as popular with young Master Charles Dickens as he was with Regency audiences generally.

As Martin Meisel points out in *Realizations*, the one constant feature of pantomime has been the transformation scene, "a monument to scenic splendour with no purpose but to be spectacular" (Frow, p. 111). Until the 1860s the most usual method of disguising the characters of the opening sequence was to engulf them in gigantic heads of papier-mâché which could be dropped through traps when the characters of the Harlequinade revealed themselves after the transformation. The Christmas Books and dramas involve two sorts of transformations; the first involves scenic effects such as the snow-storm in *The Battle of Life*, while the second involves a miraculous change-of-heart for the protagonist. Further, a character sometimes--as with Scrooge, Tackleton, and Redlaw--enacts the role of Benevolent Agent or Good Fairy at the conclusion by ensuring a happier future for the other characters. The dances which conclude the various Christmas Books and Plays symbolize the social re-integration that the misan-
thrope experiences as part of his spiritual redemption, often in the context of a Hall of Christmas, also straight out of pantomime.

All of these seasonal novellas, Michael Slater notes in his "General Critical Introduction" to the two-volume Penguin edition of the Christmas Books, fall between the early novels and those that mark his more mature style. Dickens wrote these brief novels during the Hungry Forties, when he and other social reformers were agitating for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and some amelioration of the Poor Laws. Slater contends--inaccurately--that only the first two in the Christmas Book series have genuinely seasonal settings. However, Slater is quite correct in his assessment that all make some appeal to the reader's social conscience, utilize supernatural machinery (which is incidental to the plots of The Cricket on the Hearth and The Battle of Life), and possess

a special intimacy of tone, a style more colloquial than that which Dickens usually adopted in his big novels, and...[any of the five] could be described as 'a whimsical kind of masque', the phrase which Dickens applied to all his Christmas Books when he wrote a general preface for them (Slater, I, vii).

Dickens had already experimented with seasonal settings in The Village Coquettes, which is set in the context of a Harvest Home, and in The Pickwick...
Papers, especially in Chapter 29, "The Story of the Goblins Who Stole a Sexton." However, prior to the Christmas Books Dickens had utilized co-incidences rather than supernatural machinery to effect the denouement. Finally, Dickens has unified the Christmas Books as a distinct group by providing them with the recurrent "theme of memory and its beneficial effect on the moral life" (Slater, I, viii).

To discover precisely why Dickens chose to work with an established dramatic adaptor rather than prepare the stage-versions himself, we must go beyond the dictum that "it was not financially worth his time to dramatize his own novels; his energy was so much more highly rewarded for writing new fictions" (Bolton, p. 46). Dickens' reluctance to adapt in his own right may be traced back to a disastrous adaptation of *Oliver Twist* that Gilbert A'Beckett (or possibly Alfred Wigan, or J. S. Coyne) assisted Dickens with. The first and only performance of the play was given at the St. James's Theatre, 27 March, 1838. This, the very first adaptation of the novel, was an utter failure.

The first stage version of *Oliver Twist* is not extant, so we may not judge its merits in reading. What, however, is to be said against such criticisms as the following, all taken from contemporary journals. *Actors by Daylight*: "a very meagre and dull affair and the sooner taken from the bills the better"; *The Literary Gazet-
te: "a thing more unfit for any stage, except that of a Penny Theatre, we never saw "; and from another magazine: "It was consigned by the audience to the lower depths of Tartarus.

Apparently the manager of the St. James's was howled down when he attempted to announce that the play was to be given the following night. Whether it was performed a second time is uncertain; by the 29th the Dickens farce Is She His Wife? was back with four other plays. Although at least ten stagings of the novel had occurred by the time Oliver Twist had completed its serial run (including notable successes by Almar and Coyne), Dickens had had his own version hooted from the stage where so slight a piece as The Strange Gentleman had enjoyed popular acclaim.

\[\text{In the fall of 1838, at Davidge's Surrey, Charles Dickens lay his body down on the floor in the corner of his box in dismay over the version that was probably by George Almar (Bolton, p. 104).}\]

A hack had succeeded where Dickens himself had failed: the play, later published by John Dicks, had a respectable run of 86 performances. Dickens' chagrin can only have been heightened by the fact that Oliver Twist was the most popular of his novels with dramatic adaptors and the theatre-going public.
iv. A Review of Literature on Dickens and the Drama

Thomas Edgar Pemberton, the author of the first book on Dickens and the drama, is much more interested in the stage as it appears in Dickens' novels than he is in the early dramatic adaptations.

Pemberton [in *Charles Dickens and the Stage* (1888)] infers...that, had Dickens seriously devoted himself to...[dramatic] writing, he would have shone in extravaganza and burlesque...[He] did not write for the stage because novelists were remunerated so much better than playwrights, and...the chances of getting his work properly interpreted and artistically staged were very small.

J. B. Van Amerongen's summary of Pemberton is inaccurate. It is true that Pemberton felt that "if...Charles Dickens had identified himself with the stage, he would have made upon it, both as performer and as writer, a name second to none in theatrical history." However, Pemberton dismisses the "little plays" of Dickens' youth in a single page in his introductory chapter thus: "It cannot be said that any one of them possesses distinctive dramatic merit" (p. 2-3). The dramatic adaptations of Dickens' works Pemberton discusses in the fifth chapter of *Charles Dickens and The Stage* (1888), subtitled "A Record of His Connection With The Drama As Playwright[,] Actor and Critic," but his main concern is the retailing of
theatrical anecdotes about such eminent theatrical persons as Henry Irving, Edward Stirling, and the Keeleys. He does, however, re-print the apology of William Moncrieff to Dickens for "finishing his work [The Pickwick Papers] before its time" (p. 139), and that adaptor's spirited rebuttal of Dickens' attack on such a "literary gentleman" and theatrical pirate as himself in Nicholas Nickleby. Interestingly, Moncrieff in this second defence of his art dares to challenge Dickens to "finish his 'Nicholas Nickleby' better than I have done" (p. 144).

Another writer on the subject of Dickens and the stage, J. B. Van Amerongen, discounting Dickens' strengths as "essentially non-dramatic," in The Actor in Dickens concluded that the novelist's characterization, sense of humour, "powers of observation and description are no proof whatever that he could also write a complete, well-constructed play" (p. 150). Presumably, Van Amerongen was also discounting the farces of the 1830s and Dickens' theatrical ventures with Wilkie Collins, just as Pemberton did.

Many other critics have followed Van Amerongen in this line of criticism when discussing Dickens and the theatre. In 1905, for example, Isabelle M. Pagan in "The Dramatic Element in Dickens" expressed the sentiment that, although Dickens had produced 33 "characters suited to every type of drama," his com-
mand of situation was inadequate for the production of first-rate drama. She dismissed attempts to adapt Dickens' works for the stage as "blunders" which "show little critical acumen" (p. 182).

Since Pagan described herself as the "adapter of 'Mr. Boffin's Secretary'; 'The Gentleman in the Next House'; 'Mr. Pecksniff's Pupil,' and other comedies and sketches" (p. 178), her lack of sympathy for and lack of interest in the work of other adapters of Dickens seems odd. However, such lack of interest seems typical among Dickens' major and minor critics. Notable exceptions are Pemberton, Fitz-Gerald, Van Amerongen, Fawcett, Morley, Dexter, Fielding, and Bolton.

The eminent Edgar Johnson, for example, in The Dickens Theatrical Reader states that "Whatever vitality" the plays Dickens actually wrote or assisted in writing "may have had in the nineteenth century has trickled out. . . , leaving them flabby and lifeless dummies." Understandably, in his acclaimed biography of Dickens Johnson gives little space to the highly-successful adaptations of the Christmas Books and Dickens' role in their dramatisations.

. . . if Dickens was exasperated by American pirates [of the early novels], he was hardly less plagued at home by plagiarists and imitators. . . . Hack dramatists rushed mutilated versions of all his stories to the stage. Unable to prevent these pla-
giarisms, Dickens had assisted actor friends like Frederick Yates [manager of the Adelphi] in their productions. But he never ceased to resent the fact that any hack writer could thus pilfer his work.

Johnson is silent about Dickens' collaboration with that indefatigable plunderer of Boz for the stage, Edward Stirling, in producing the first adaptation of *A Christmas Carol* early in 1844, and makes only passing mention of Dickens' working with Mark Lemon and Gilbert Abbot A'Beckett on the initial stage version of *The Chimes*. Johnson focusses instead, as indeed do many other critics and biographers, on the "overwhelming triumph" (p. 283) of his reading the proofsheets of that story to ten intimates at Forster's rooms at Lincoln's Inn Fields on Tuesday, 3 December, 1844. He also mentions Dickens' assisting "the Keeleys [to] stage *The Battle of Life* at the Lyceum Theatre" (p. 325), a production which opened only two days after the book's publication. Curiously, of the adaptation of *The Haunted Man* in which Dickens took a hand, even though this is now the least popular and least written about Christmas Book, Johnson has something more to say.

Dickens gave some aid in the writing and rehearsal of the play, though his feelings about the dramatization of a novelist's works remain unaltered. "I have no power to prevent it; and therefore I think it best to have at least one Theatre where
it is done in a less Beastly manner than at others, and where I can impress something (however little) on the actors" (p. 343).

In quoting from Dickens' letters here Johnson fails to note Boz's pecuniary motive, the hundred pounds which the Adelphi's management paid him for his assistance ("To Charles Manby," 6 January, 1849). Further, in the letter to George Hogarth (15 December, 1848) which he quotes to demonstrate Dickens' unswerving antipathy towards adaptors and their works Edgar Johnson has neglected the fact that Dickens is concurring with a sentiment that Hogarth had expressed to him. Dickens concludes that letter with the notion that his only way of improving the quality of such adaptations is to give "one the start of the rest of the base pack,—and so it comes to pass" (Letters, Pilgrim Ed., V, 458).

Johnson may well have derived his negative attitude from Forster's Life as well as from Dickens' correspondence. S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald expresses a somewhat different attitude to dramas from Dickens in "Dickens and the Stage," an article in one of the early numbers of the Dickensian which summarizes his thesis in Charles Dickens and the Drama (1910).

...there had been several very successful dramatisations of Dickens in the past—in his own days, many of which, according to Forster's "Life," the great author
Fitz-Gerald notes that many of Dickens' characters are naturals for the stage, even though he "was not capable of producing an absolutely consecutive dramatic plot in any of his works" (p. 125). The novelist, continues Fitz-Gerald, "was not always displeased to see his name on the playbills," as when he assisted Tom Taylor in the Lyceum's dramatisation of *A Tale of Two Cities* (January, 1860).

From first to last, in fact, Dickens' works have been the stuff of theatre. So voracious were the theatrical sharks that the first dramatisation of *The Pickwick Papers* appeared in October, 1836, a scant six months after the serial run had commenced, and over a year before the periodical form would cease and the volume form appear (while Fitz-Gerald dates W. L. Rede's *Peregrinations of Pickwick* to 1836, Pemberton, Morley and Bolton date it to 1837). Against Moncrieff's version at the Strand (June, 1837) Dickens protested because, although such productions might help stimulate sales of the periodical, others were directing the course of his work through their unsanctioned adaptations—for which, of course, they owed him, the originator of Pickwick and Weller, nothing whatsoever.

In order to thwart many such a "literary pur-
loiner," remarks Fitz-Gerald in *Dickens and the Drama*, Dickens felt impelled to join with one of the most notable of his predators, Edward Stirling (who had been first off the mark with *Pickwick*, according to Morley and Bolton), in getting up a stage version of *A Christmas Carol* after its publication in December, 1843. Dutton Cook, writing just three years before Dickens' death, maintained "that Mr. Dickens's works...almost invariably have undergone the process of conversion into plays,...without the author's sanction, and indeed against his earnest remonstrances" (*Dickens and the Drama*, p. 73-4). Yet, having quoted Cook, Fitz-Gerald retails Edward Stirling's anecdote (repeated by Pemberton) in which the novelist "attended several [Carol] rehearsals, furnishing valuable suggestions" (p. 190). Unfortunately, what precisely these suggestions were no one can say, and the letters of Dickens do not indicate. Morley, however, supports the contentions of Fitz-Gerald and Pemberton that Dickens was on amicable terms with Stirling during their collaboration. Despite his being considerably chagrined over the dramatic plagiarisms of *Pickwick* and *Oliver*, on this occasion

...the novelist appears to have accepted Stirling without question as the adapter of his work, whatever objections he may have had to the pilferings of that gentleman in the past.
As the reference to Pagan suggests, by the period in which Fitz-Gerald was attending to the question of Dickens and the stage (which he approximates as 1880 to 1910) there was a growing opinion that Dickens' works could not be presented effectively on stage, despite the fact that "during the years 1870 to about 1885, a large body of dramatic literature was created, and a considerable quantity of dramatic activity...took place" (Bolton, p. ix).

Fitz-Gerald countered:

Dickens aspired to the stage always, and although he was naturally angry when he found himself pirated by the hacks of the unregenerate, subsidised purveyors of dramatic fare, yet he was not always displeased to see his name on the playbills, except when outrage outraged all honesty and decency, and in a measure desecrated and burlesqued some of his most cherished creations and inventions (Dickensian, 1917, p. 125).

However, after Pemberton and Fitz-Gerald, there is a gap of thirty years before the really detailed accounts of Dickens' relationships with his adaptors appear. When Malcolm Morley, in his articles for the Dickensian between 1946 and 1963, and F. Dubrez Fawcett, in Dickens the Dramatist on Stage, Screen, and Radio (1952), discuss the various dramatisations, they are limited in their knowledge of the actual texts and emphasize the nature of the productions instead. Neither appears to have had access to the man-
uscripts in the Lord Chamberlain's Collection, although both have obviously seen printed texts. Only rarely, however, do they compare a given play to its original novella in terms of dialogue, characterization, setting, and disposition of narrative comments.

Their discussions do clarify Dickens' attitudes towards his dramatic adaptors. Although upset by unauthorized piracies, Dickens, numbering many theatrical personalities among his acquaintance, was quite aware that "these poor wretches were 'chained' to the theatre for which they wrote, and [that] frequently the highest honorarium paid for a three-act play would be £5" (Dickens and the Drama, p. 75).

The satirical attack levelled in Nicholas Nickleby against the "literary gentleman...who had dramatized in his time two hundred and forty-seven novels, as fast as they had come out--some of them faster than they had come out..." surely must be assessed in light of the wholesale piracies that transpired during the serial runs of Pickwick and Oliver. After all, since Nicholas started with Crummles' company at one pound per week, no one can maintain that Boz felt dramatists were getting rich at his expense.

Since Dickens was working on Chapter 48 of Nickleby in 1839, the butt of the satire could have been Edward Stirling himself, or anyone of a host of others such as W. L. Rede, W. T. Moncrieff, J. S. Coyne,
George Almar, C. Z. Barnett, or Alfred Mellon. Since Moncrieff rose to the bait by vehemently defending himself against Dickens' diatribe, he must have been feeling especially guilty. However, the intended target may have been Almar, if indeed any one dramatist were intended in the *Nickleby* attack. The ridicule begins shortly after the unnamed literary gentleman has ventured to assert, just as Moncrieff had in his 'apology' about *Pickwick*, that he works within a tradition hallowed by Shakespeare himself when he dramatizes a story already in print.

Shakespeare derived some of his plots from old tales and legends in general circulation; but it seems to me, that some of the gentlemen of your craft at the present day have shot very far beyond him—.. you drag within the magic circle of your dulness, subjects not at all adapted to the purposes of the stage, and debase as he exalted. For instance, you take the uncompleted books of living authors, fresh from their hands, wet from the press, cut, hack, and carve them to the powers and capacities of your actors, and the capability of your theatres, finish unfinished works, hastily and crudely vamp up ideas not yet worked out by their original projector...; by a comparison of incidents and dialogue, down to the very last word he may have written a fortnight before, do your utmost to anticipate his plot—all without his permission, and against his will... Now, show me the distinction between such pilfering as this, and picking a man's pocket in the street... (p. 595).

While Fitz-Gerald again singles out as the subject of this diatribe "T. W. Moncrieff, who was for many
years connected with various theatres" (Dickens and
the Drama, p. 74), Morley and Fawcett present a more
balanced view of Dickens' attitudes to such men of
the theatre.

. . . Dickens allowed himself to be carried
away by a sense of grievance. There was . . .
a vast difference between adapting a
book and picking a pocket. In the first
place, as we know, the practice was a ge-

eral one, and quite legal. Secondly, it
demanded a considerable knowledge of
stagecraft and public taste. Thirdly, it
was often of value to the author, for it
helped to popularize his book and his name.

Since "The authors of burlesques were some of the
most brilliant wits and playwrights of their day"
(Mitchenson and Mander, p. 22), it is just as likely
that Dickens' real object of scorn was not adaptors
per se, but rather the 1832 Dramatic Copyright Act,
which seemed to encourage such plagiarism.

Before 1832 legal rights to stage per-
formance and legal copyrights had never
coexisted in a single literary/dramatic
property. . . . At the same time, noth-
ing legally prevented a theatrical manager
from producing a published play without
the author's permission. . . . An unpub-
lished play could not legally be performed
by other than its first producers. . . .

In 1832, Parliament had legislated for
dramatic authors 'a property in the per-
mission to act.' Now the holder of a dra-
matic copyright was to be owed a small fee
for each performance of the script. . . .
However, shortly thereafter, a judge (not
a jury) had ruled. . . that dramatic copy-
right could only be established by publi-
shing a play (Bolton, p. 44).
Since the holder of such a copyright was invariably not the actual author but the publisher, the dramatic adaptors against whom Dickens railed in *Nickleby* were worse off than Dickens himself.

...the snorting Boz became more reconciled to reality. He gave his approval, even his blessing, on certain occasions, and praised performers who came nearest to his own conceptions (Fawcett, p. 52).

However, Fawcett's picture of Dickens, his adaptors, and their work was still imperfect in that it was often incomplete. Malcolm Morley's series of articles in the *Dickensian*, it was hoped, would become the basis for the ultimate work on the subject.

When it is borne in mind that Dickens was inordinately interested in the stage, and the stage and its modern derivatives have paid unremitting attention to his work, it is surprising that no more than four books exclusively dealing with the subject have been published [as of 1952]. The best of these is S. J. Adair Fitzgerald's *Dickens and the Drama*, and that appeared forty years ago. In good time, it will be replaced by the exhaustive work of Mr. Malcolm Morley which is now being presented serially in *The Dickensian*.

Although Morley continued to publish his articles in that journal for another fourteen years, he died before he could bring out the promised work. That task fell to Professor H. Philip Bolton of Mt. Vernon College, Washington, D. C., who received the permission of Mrs. Eileen Morley "to quote extensively
from her late husband's seminal work on the dramatic versions of Dickens's novels and stories" (Bolton, p. xi).

Morley seems to have had far more information (including, as he occasionally indicates, playbills and scripts) at his disposal, and his scholarship is more painstaking and accurate than Fawcett's. Both writers offer fascinating theatrical anecdotes and a plethora of stage-history trivia, but Morley actually (though rarely) compares stage-scripts to Dickens' original literary productions. Compare, for example, the passages cited from Fawcett on the previous pages with this from an early Morley article.

The lax law of copyright in the middle years of the last century allowed any dramatic hack to take material from a novel without a by your leave to the author, add to it, subtract, twist and distort the incidents into something of a play. Walter Scott, Harrison Ainsworth and Fenimore Cooper and above all Charles Dickens suffered from the conscienceless playwright. His every novel was a prize to the pirates of the playhouse who bore down upon his works for conversions to their own usages.

Together, Morley and Fawcett flesh out the skeletal details provided in the contemporary reviews of the dramatizations, and such figures as O. Smith and the Keelelys become less shadowy as we come to realize why Dickens deliberately chose to work with them in what he at first had regarded as an objectionable
Although occasional snippets may be gleaned from such peripheral works as Angus Wilson's *The World of Charles Dickens*, Emlyn Williams's "Dickens and the Theatre," and W. Teignmouth Shore's *Charles Dickens and His Friends*, there are virtually no further secondary sources of information about dramatisations of Dickens' works.

A few other works which deal with the topic of Dickens and the theatre should also be noted. In "Style as Theatre" in *The Dickens Theatre*, for example, Robert Garis compares Dickens' manner of storytelling to Bernhardt's acting in its "constant and overt intention to dazzle us with verbal devices, leading us through our impulse to applaud to a continual awareness of the artificer responsible, a self-exhibiting master of language." Garis applies this analysis of Dickens' style to twelve of the full-length novels, but to none of the Christmas Books, which is odd in light of the fact that Boz's career as a public reader began with *The Chimes*.

In *Circle of Fire: Dickens' Vision and Style* and *The Popular Victorian Theatre* William Axton is similarly interested in the direct effects of the various forms of the popular Victorian theatre upon Dickens' rhetoric. He concludes that such diverse genres as burletta, pantomime, burlesque, farce, re-
view, extravaganza, and melodrama helped shape Dickens' art.

R. C. Churchill in "Dickens, Drama, and Tradition," argues that Dickens revitalized the Victorian theatre. In the midst of "a period of stagnation in the drama," Dickens brought to the English stage a gallery of characters "all several sizes larger than life. . ." (p. 184). Whereas Pemberton had lamented that "the comedy of his whimsical imagination was never written" (p. 82), Churchill feels that Dickens' humour and imagination very profoundly influenced Victorian drama.

The unreality of all the characters does not matter. What is significant is that whereas the distorted form given to comic characters like Pecksniff. . . becomes an artistic virtue, becomes great comedy, the distorted form given to the serious characters appears to act the other way, so that wicked people like Jonas are very melodramatic and good people like the Pinches just vessels for sentimentality (p. 185).

The concluding word is the negative influence of the popular stage on Dickens, for Victorian sentimentality touches his serious characters and incidents, rendering both overblown and melodramatic, or pallid and maudlin. Earle Davis's assessment of Dickens' farce-caricature technique in The Flint and The Flame (1963) is more generous; he concludes that, had Dickens written solely for the stage, he would have lifted up farce beyond the level of Coyne by
reviving Jonsonian comedy of humours. This appraisal is somewhat optimistic; Dickens was often called the "modern Fielding," and aspired, as he wrote to his confidant and fellow-dramatist Douglas Jerrold on 13 June, 1843, to be hailed as "The Congreve of the 19th Century" in the Sunday papers. The background to this whimsical remark is that their mutual acquaintance, Benjamin Webster, had offered a prize of five hundred pounds for the best five-act comedy. By this time the famous dramatist and the rising novelist had known each other nine years, so that the two had had plenty of time to develop an amusing correspondence. In the spirit of fun Jerrold had challenged all his friends to take up Webster's challenge. This Dickens could not in earnest do, immersed as he was in Martin Chuzzlewit, but he went along with Jerrold's jest. Still, in the quip about Congreve there may be more than a grain of truth.

This is but one of the many engaging anecdotes that J. W. T. Ley offers in The Dickens Circle: A Narrative of the Novelist's Friendships (1918). Ley covers Dickens' relationships with the dramatists Talfourd, Smith, Collins, A'Beckett, Browning, Tennyson, Lytton, and Lemon, as well as Jerrold. He delves into the great novelist's friendships with actors and theatrical managers (Macready, the Keeleys, Yates, Webster, Harley, and Arthur Smith--Albert's brother),
and a host of artists (Cruikshank, Phiz, Landor, Macilise, Stanfield, Thackeray, Cattermole, Leech, and Landseer), as well as fellow authors and political figures.

Like Earl Davis, Taylor Stoehr is a critic interested in Dickens' theatrical style rather than his theatrical relationships. In his *Dickens: The Dreamer's Stance* he notes some features of the Victorian drama which Dickens practised in his prose:

(1) Dickens' use of detail as an active ingredient in setting and plot, (2) his use of rhetorical devices such as anaphora and metonymy to order and connect these details, and (3) the effect of such usages on Dickensian characterization and plotting.

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However, such matters, and whether Dickens' use of costume and tag-lines (seen in his own early plays) to individualise his characters influenced the popular stage (or whether he was merely emulating the practices of such stage comics as John Liston), are not germane to a discussion of the initial dramatisations of the Christmas Books.

Since Martin Meisel's *Realizations: Narrative, Pictorial, and Theatrical Arts in Nineteenth Century England* (1983) "explores some relations between fiction, painting, and drama" (p. 3), a number of the book's nineteen chapters deal with the influence of Dickens and his illustrators on the theatre, through
his novels as well as through dramatic realizations of those novels. Although Meisel covers a good many of the adaptations in "Dickens through a Horse-Collar" in Chapter 13, "Novels in Epitome," he is particularly interested in those works which spawned a great many dramas: Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, and Barnaby Rudge. Meisel demonstrates how the plates of George Cruikshank and Hablot K. Browne influenced specific stagings of those novels, but unfortunately does not expand his discussion to consider any of the Christmas Books. On the nineteenth-century stage Dickens' novels were apparently realized as sequences of their accompanying illustrations. "The 'after-work'--Dickens on the stage--has been thoroughly canvassed by scholars" (p. 251), Meisel maintains. If he were correct, H. Philip Bolton's Dickens Dramatized (1987) would be entirely superfluous, but, in fact, no other work serves as "both a calendar of dramatic performances and a bibliography of published texts and unpublished manuscripts derived from the novels and stories of Charles Dickens" (Bolton, p. vii).

The book's history begins with a notice in the December, 1952, issue of the Dickensian which seemed to anticipate the publication of an "exhaustive work by Mr. Malcolm Morley" (p. 31) on the subject of dramatic adaptations of Dickens. Although a better writ-
er and researcher of theatre-history than his predecessors—F. G. Kitton (1886), T. E. Pemberton (1888), S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald (1910), J. B. Van Amerongen (1927), and F. Dubrez Fawcett (1952)—Morley rarely entertained with tid-bits of theatrical gossip from Dickens' day or shed light on the specifics of the adaptors' methods and the actual stage productions. The Morley book, promised "in good time" back in 1952, never arrived. Morley died with the definitive collection of his essays of 1946-64 unpublished.

Thirty-five years later, following in "the footsteps of Malcolm Morley" (p. viii), Philip Bolton, to whom Morley's widow granted access to her husband's material, employed computer technology in his exhaustive research. Those who want fascinating theatrical anecdotes, such as that regarding the mysterious nightly disappearance of the Cratchit Christmas goose in Stirling's Carol, and gloriously detailed etchings of early dramatic renditions of Oliver and Copperfield will not find them here. However, scholars of nineteenth century theatre will very much appreciate this new research tool, the first of a series about "Novels On Stage." This 501-page volume is an indispensable guide to research and criticism related to the Victorian theatre. Although Bolton does not make reference to Meisel's Realizations, currently the
authoritative work on that topic, he deals with all influences at work on Dickens and his adaptors in five outstanding essays that begin the volume: "Dickens's Dramatic Fame and Posterity," "Historical Background," "The Contemporary Context," "Playmakers: Playwrights," and "Playmakers: Actors and Actresses."

In these fifty pages Bolton discusses such aspects of the nineteenth-century theatre as realization, pantomime, censorship, copyright, adaptations of the works of other novelists (especially Scott, Ainsworth, and Stowe), and actors who popularized Dickens with even relatively illiterate audiences throughout the English-speaking world.

Bolton begins by pronouncing his work "a hybrid--both a calendar of dramatic performances and a bibliography of published texts and unpublished manuscripts derived from the novels and stories of Charles Dickens" (p. vii). One only begins to realize the magnitude of the task Bolton set himself when one peruses "The Handlists," chronological lists of dramatic, cinematic, radio, and television adaptations (with quotations from appropriate reviews from Victorian periodicals) of every Dickens work, beginning with "Mr. Minns and his Cousin" in 1833 and concluding with The Mystery of Edwin Drood, finished by other hands for stage and screen some sixty-two times since Dickens' death. In 1952 Fawcett's listing of 38
adaptations of *A Christmas Carol*, for instance, must have seemed eminently thorough. However, Bolton not only meticulously documents 357 adaptations of that same work, but also explains why "the vast majority of plays [based on Carol] were staged and printed only after 1900" (p. 234).

One reason that *A Christmas Carol* was not so popular on stage during the nineteenth century as it has been in the twentieth century may lie in a certain Victorian diffidence about staging sacred matters. The Examiner of Plays censored from the stage quotations of scripture, recitations of prayers, or unflattering depictions of ecclesiastical figures (p. 234).

John Larpent, Examiner of Plays until 1824, set the pattern of excessive prudery in such matters as the name of the divinity because, as "a strict Methodist, [he] would allow a play to make no reference to religion except in a pious context" (Bailey, p. 19). His successors—George Colman (to 1836), Charles Kemble (to 1840) and John Mitchell Kemble—insisted on decency and permitted no reference to contemporary politics in the drama.

Whereas Morley's pieces on the dramatisations of the various works of Dickens lack a thesis, Bolton in "Playmakers: Actors and Actresses" contends that

The church fathers, many centuries before, with the Miracle and Mystery plays, had brought Christian lore to the illiterate. Now, in the nineteenth century, something similar was happening to Dickens, so
that his audience was much larger than a mere reading public. Shakespeare had taken the popular narratives of his day and freely cast them in his own new shapes upon the stage. Now in the nineteenth century, in a kind of reverse process, hacks and actors freely and promiscuously reshaped many popular narratives, and especially Dickens's novels and stories, for production upon the stage (p. 62).

Proceeding from the work of Morley, Bolton has taken Dickens-theatrical scholarship a great step forward, bringing the records of stage and film adaptations up-to-date, and assembling data on teleplays—an area of dramatisation that none of his precursors had considered. What Bolton has not done, and indeed such activities fall outside the province of the research he undertook, is to investigate the methods of the Victorian and modern adaptors, to provide authoritative texts of the plays, and to explore the relationship of Dickens to his illegitimate literary offspring, the plays his fictions bred. Those tasks have formed the basis for this dissertation, although textual considerations have been secondary to an historical and critical analysis of the sanctioned adaptations of the Christmas Books for the London stages of the 1840s.

On the Christmas Books themselves a number of articles have appeared, but only occasionally, as in Michael Slater's introduction to the 1971 Penguin edition and his 1966 essay entitled "Dickens (and
Forster) at Work on *The Chimes,*" are there references to the dramatisations. Slater's Penguin introduction is in essence a re-working of his 1969 essay in *Dickensian,* number 65. In both Slater focuses on *A Christmas Carol* and *The Chimes,* comparing their tone, social messages, characterizations, and plots. In all three pieces Slater alludes to contemporary reactions to the Christmas Books as they were published, quoting from the popular press of the 1840s to help twentieth-century readers comprehend why these works were especially suited to and successful as dramatic adaptations.
Notes to Introduction


3 Robertson Davies, "Playwrights and Plays," The Revels History of Drama in English, VI, 218.


5 Douglas Jerrold, Black-Ey'd Susan, or All in the Downs, English Plays of the Nineteenth Century, ed. Michael R. Booth, I, iii (p. 164).


7 C. Z. Barnett, A Christmas Carol; or, The Miser's Warning! (London: John Dicks, 1886), I, i (p. 3).


41 "Dickens and the Stage," Dickensian, 49 (1952), 31.


Chapter One:

Edward Stirling's *A Christmas Carol* and C. Z. Barnett's *A Christmas Carol; or, The Miser's Warning!* (1844)

One of the first stage versions of "The Carol" was from that adapter of Dickens and Harrison Ainsworth and others, the ubiquitous Edward Stirling.

At the Theatre Royal Adelphi, then under the management of Thomas Gladstane, February 4th, 1844, was produced the "Christmas Carol" and the playbills announced that it was "the only dramatic version sanctioned by C. Dickens, Esqre." The piece was "dramatised and produced by Mr. Edward Stirling." Evidently Dickens had overlooked some of Mr. Stirling's pec-cadilloes (*Dickens and the Drama*, p. 186-187).

In his memoirs Stirling (born Edward Lambert) was later to remark of his own considerable literary output, "quantity rather than quality was the order of the day." Between the start of his career in 1821 (a mere fourteen-year-old) and his retirement in 1879 Stirling produced 120 scripts; according to Bolton, "Only Thomas J. Dibdin and Charles Mungo Dibdin out-produced Stirling" (p. 52).

In youth the husband of the celebrated actress Mrs. Fanny Stirling, Edward Stirling (1807-1894), was very much a man of the theatre: actor, stage-manager and playwright. He was the first to adapt Dickens, perpetrating thirteen such thefts from Boz.
On 27 March, 1837, just a year after the start of *Pickwick's* run in the Athenaeum, Stirling's *Pickwick Papers*; or, *The Age We Live In*, a burletta in three acts, opened at the City of London Theatre, Bishopsgate, complemented by a melodrama and a farce. There followed from his pen *Oliver Twist*; or, *The Workhouse Boy*, a four-act burletta, which opened on 3 December, 1838, at the City of London.

On Monday 19 November 1838, Stirling's 'Nicholas Nickleby; or, Doings at Do-the-Boys Hall' opened at the Adelphi after Dickens's original had achieved only eight instalments (Bolton, p. 46).

Thespians closely associated with initial dramatic adaptations of the Christmas Books were involved: O. Smith played Newman Noggs, and Mrs. Keeley excelled as Smike. Although Moncrieff (born William Thomas in 1794), the manager and resident playwright for the New City Theatre (Nov., 1833, to 1836) and for various other London theatres thereafter, may have been the target of Dickens' wrath in the satirical portrait of the "literary gentleman" in *Nickleby*, Stirling's piracies must have contributed to Boz's negative feelings towards dramatic adaptation.

In the company of John Forster, who was to review Stirling's version of *Nicholas Nickleby*, Dickens went to the 'Theatre Royal, Adelphi,' on 21 Nov., 1838. At that point, only eight instalments of
the novel had appeared, so Stirling concentrated on
the Yorkshire school. Concerning this visit from the
novelist whose works he so consciencelessly plundered
Stirling quotes Dickens' letter "To JOHN FORSTER"
(23 November, 1838) as if it had been addressed to
himself.

He (Dickens) had been able to sit
through Nickleby, and to see a merit in
parts of the representation. Mr. Yates
[manager of the Adelphi as well as actor]
had a sufficiently humorous meaning in his
wildest extravagance, and Mr. O. Smith
could put into his queer angular oddities
enough of a hard dry pathos to conjure up
shadows at least of Mantalini and Newman
Noggs. . . and even Dickens, in the letter
telling me of his visit to the theatre,
was able to praise "the skilful management
and dressing of the boys, the capital man-
ner and speech of Fanny Squeers, the dra-
matic representation of her card-party in
Squeers's parlour, the careful making-up
of all the people, and the exceedingly
good tableaux formed from Browne's sketches
(Old Drury Lane, I, 95).

Stirling's account seems to suggest that Dickens
enjoyed himself, but Stirling's memory was inclined
to be selective. A week later, Dickens wrote to Fred-
erick Yates, not only to praise the production, but
also to convey his grave reservations about another
writer's placing one of his progeny upon the boards
without his consent.

To FREDERICK YATES, [29 NOVEMBER 1838]
MS Private. Date: presumably not long af-
ter CD's visit to the Adelphi of 21 Nov;
written perhaps on the 29th, since To For-
ster, 4 Dec, shows that he had a private box that Tuesday night. . . . .

My general objection to the adaptation of any unfinished work of mine simply is, that being badly done and worse acted it tends to vulgarize the characters, to destroy or weaken in the minds of those who see them the impressions I have endeavoured to create, and consequently to lessen the after-interest in their progress. No such objection can exist for a moment where the thing is so admirably done in every respect as you have done it in this instance. . . . .

If you can spare us a private box for next Tuesday, I shall be much obliged to you. If it be on the stage so much the better, as I shall really be glad of an opportunity to tell Mrs. Keeley and O. Smith how very highly I appreciate their Smike and Newman Noggs. I put you out of the question altogether, for that glorious Mantalini is beyond all praise (Letters, Pilgrim Ed., I, 463).

Whatever his biographer and confidant Forster was to recall later about Dickens' attitudes to his dramatic adaptors generally and to Stirling specifically, this letter reveals again that Dickens was ambivalent. While he might enjoy and even praise an adaptation, he still regarded what the theatres were doing to his novels as criminal—"the kidnapping process" (Letters, I, 42). Although Forster participated with Dickens in such amateur theatricals as Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour (Dean Street, Soho; 1845), he was enough of a lawyer to feel that the theatres were violating his client's rights by producing Dickens' stories on the stage without paying royalties. Under "Stage Misrepresentations" in The
Life of Charles Dickens Forster recalls the Stirling version of *Nickleby* in a far less amiable light than Dickens spoke of it to Yates:

Between that Tuesday [20 Nov., 1838] and Friday an indecent assault had been committed on his book by a theatrical adapter named Stirling, who seized upon it without leave while yet only a third of it was written; hacked, cut, and garbled its dialogue to the shape of one or two favourite actors; invented for it a plot and an ending of his own...  

Although Forster concedes Dickens' praising the production, he leaves the reader with a distinct impression that Dickens was furious with Stirling, whom he accordingly 'punished' and 'denounced' at Crummles's farewell supper in *Nicholas Nickleby*. It seems more likely that his target was adaptors in general, and in particular either Moncrieff or the author whose *Oliver Twist* so mortified Dickens the following month at the Surrey, George Almar. Clearly introducing the anecdote about Dickens' rancour at the Surrey to suggest that Dickens tarred all adaptors with the same brush, John Forster provides an account of Dickens' response to the Yates/Stirling *Nickleby* that is not altogether trustworthy.

Since the language of Dickens' reproof against the "Literary Gentleman" in Chapter 48 of *Nicholas Nickleby* is derived from Moncrieff's "Advertisement" for the New Strand's production of *Nicholas Nickleby*
and Poor Smike; or, The Victim of the Yorkshire School, which had opened 3 May, 1838, and since Moncrieff's "Proclamation," in which he rebuts the charges levelled against the "Literary Gentleman" in Nickleby, is dated June 5th, 1839, Stirling has nothing to do with the business. Apparently, in later life, at meetings of the Dramatic, Musical and Equestrian Sick Fund Association, Dickens got along amicably with Stirling. It may be, however, that in his autobiography Stirling has glossed over certain incidents in his earlier dealings with Dickens.

As Malcolm Morley says of Stirling,

There must have been something of Vincent Crummles about the man. Perhaps that is why Charles Dickens favoured this actor-playwright whose stories of picturesque, if painful, beginnings would certainly have interested him. Stirling must have spoken of his experiences to the novelist and embellished them, no doubt, with details of no mean description.

No one could have worked harder in the theatre than Stirling; his life was one of incredible activity. He played leading parts, attended to business, stage-managed and, in addition, turned out numerous plays. No wonder they were rushed in the writing; no wonder he had no time to invent a plot. Instead he took whatsoever came his way, be it novel, serial story, ballad, French vaudeville or melodrame. His first play was produced at Gravesend in 1829 and he, himself, mentioned it as a re-vamping of Ryder's version of Scott's Kenilworth which he had artfully re-christened Tilbury Fort; or, The Days of Good Queen Bess. For over fifty years, this Proteus of the theatre turned out plays. The number claimed is 190 and the claim is fairly substantiated if one counts his periodic re-writings of pieces
already sponsored by him either as original (?) dramas or, more truthfully, as adaptations.

After *Nickleby* Stirling provided a version of *The Old Curiosity Shop* for the Adelphi in 1840, and an adaptation of *Barnaby Rudge* for the Strand in the following year, with Mrs. Keeley in the title role.

One reviewer reported that 'it exhibits what may be called the striking or dramatic effects of Mr. Charles Dickens's work as far as it has proceeded. These, with a fair transcribing of the dialogue, and the author's knowledge of stage-trick, cause the piece to be entertaining' (Bolton, p. 47).

Against this background we come to the collaboration of Stirling and Dickens on the first of the *Christmas Carols* to be staged in 1844, just a few weeks after its Christmas, 1843, publication. Stirling was again working at the Adelphi, no longer under the management of Dickens' friend Yates, but, as the cover-letter (dated 28 January, 1844) to the Lord Chamberlain's office for the licensing of the new play indicates, Gladstane.

True it was not a genuine Theatre Royal, hall-marked with a patent like Drury Lane, Covent Garden or the Haymarket, but it was a popular house patronised in the higher priced seats by more or less affluent playgoers who were not without a measure of discrimination. . . . . Extravagant the fare may have been but it was not a tittle as extravagant as some of the offerings at
It opened on Monday, 5 February, for forty-two performances, sharing the bill with a burlesque of *Richard III* and "Wreck Ashore."

It remains unclear as to how the Adelphi procured Dickens' sanction, but after the little book had attained such—-in Dickens' own words--"prodigious success" (*Letters*, III, 617) that past Christmas the novelist must have anticipated the inevitable.

Despite the fact that the new book was a best-seller, Chapman and Hall having reported sales of some six thousand by Christmas Eve, Dickens felt pinched for funds. Even though the second through seventh editions, printed and sold in January, amounted to a further seven thousand copies, costs involved in printing the slender volumes with their high-quality cuts and crimson and gold bindings were considerably higher than Dickens had foreseen. The total profit on the work as of December, 1844, was a mere £726, according to Forster's *Life* (p. 315). As Slater notes, *A Christmas Carol* had to be sold at "the somewhat uneconomical price of five shillings" (*Christmas Books*, I, 34); Forster, seeing little basis in Dickens' fulminations against his publishers over the modest profit, suggests that "the truth really was, as to all the Christmas stories issued in
this form, that the price charged, while too large for the public addressed by them, was too little to remunerate their outlay" (Life, p. 314-315).

As early as November, 1843, Dickens, beset by bills attendant upon the maintaining of a life-style he could not afford, had considered moving to Italy for three years. His plight is reminiscent of young Michael Warden's in The Battle of Life, but that character was a dissolute aristocrat rather than a profligate writer. At any rate, Dickens, distraught about his unpaid bills and convinced that Chapman and Hall were doing him out of the fruits of his labours, decided to change both publishers and residences. Although Dickens had counted upon royalties of "a Thousand, clear" (Letters, IV, 42) for Carol, by early February he had received £230.

Accordingly, although he probably had little love for the business of others adapting his work, Dickens must have felt that the Adelphi's man was the best of a bad lot against whom the law offered him no protection. He must have pocketed the Adelphi honorarium secure in the knowledge that there his Carol would be translated competently to the stage.

Not taking into account the altered provisions of the Theatre Regulation Act of 1843 (which, in any case, would not have altered the popular taste), Edward Stirling chose to dramatise the novella as a
burletta. The piece could have been played quite legitimately as straight drama, as was C. Z. Barnett's The Miser's Warning! at the rival Surrey. Although a presentation required five songs per act to be considered a burletta in the 1830s, "by the early 1840s an occasional chord on the piano seems to have been all that was required" (Rowell, p. 10). Thus, even though Stirling's Carol is divided into three "staves" (as opposed to the novella's four), George Herbert Rodwell provided "some eight or nine songs, old and new" (Morley, p. 159), among the latter of which was "The Song of Christmas," published separately by D'Almaine and Company in 1844. Although carols are sung at various points in the play, only one--"God Bless You, Merry Gentlemen"--is named in the Lord Chamberlain's copy. The only original song given in the manuscript is sung by the Spirit of Christmas Present when he first appears to Scrooge. It was for permission to use one of the original Carol designs as a frontispiece to this song that Rodwell wrote Dickens shortly before the play's opening (see Letters, IV, 40).

This musician possessed of such business acumen was George Herbert Buonaparte Rodwell (1800-52), the brother of James Thomas Rodwell, a playwright and the lessee of the Adelphi Theatre until his death in 1825. George achieved fame as a musical director and
composer. Upon his brother's death, he succeeded to the proprietorship of the Adelphi, where his melodramatic burletta of Scott's *Waverley* had played in March, 1824, and where he staged his opera *The Flying Dutchman* in 1826. He worked also at the English Opera House and Covent Garden Theatre, unscrupulously anticipating the offerings of his friend Bunn at Drury Lane. Such librettists as Fitzball, Kenney, Peake, and even Buckstone supplied him with romances and burlettas, operettas and incidental songs for which he produced the musical settings, although he wrote his own words for his own musical works. Mrs. Keeley, one of the Adelphi's most accomplished singers, helped boost Rodwell's popularity because her voice was so aptly suited to his tuneful ballads. Besides numerous songs, works on musical theory, romances, farces, and over forty musical pieces for the stage, Rodwell wrote such novels as *Memoirs of an Umbrella* (1846). Unfortunately, neither Dickens nor Stirling has left evidence of what his relationship was to either of them during this production.

Imperfect as Stirling's memories of events surrounding the production must be—after all, he gives "1845" as the year in which he "Engaged to manage the Adelphi for Gladstone" in *Old Drury Lane* (I, 186)—they have nevertheless been accepted by the notable chroniclers of the Christmas plays: Pemberton, Fitz-
Among the many dramas that I produced and wrote, ranked first Dickens's 'Christmas Carol,' dramatised by his sanction. Dickens attended several rehearsals, furnishing valuable suggestions. Thinking to make Tiny Tim (a pretty child) more effective, I ordered a set of irons and bandages for his supposed weak leg. When Dickens saw this tried on the child, he took me aside:

'No, Stirling, no; this won't do! remember how painful it would be to many of the audience having crippled children' (I, 187).

This very telling comment indicates that a man of the theatre would stop at little for the sake of effect, while Dickens recognized both sensationalism and bad taste. The sensibility behind the Christmas Books, which sought to draw the attention of the affluent to the problems of those who were not, meant that Dickens would refrain from exploiting the sufferings of the poor, even though such props as the irons might have lent verisimilitude. Undoubtedly Stirling must have thought a mere crutch such as the one belonging to Tiny Tim too romantic and not sufficiently effective. Dickens was sensitive to the feelings of the individual theatre-goer; Stirling catered to the audience as a whole.

Added to the the merits of Stirling's adaptation and Rodwell's music was the production's highly capable cast, which, according to Bolton, included...
Although succeeding chapters will deal with some other cast members, the lead merits some discussion here.

He had started life as Richard Smith, but having made a big hit as Obi in Three-Fingered Jack, his friends used the initial "O" in addressing him so, as Dickens said of his "Boz," he came to adopt (Fawcett, p. 78).

Born "Richard John" at York in 1786, O. Smith had articled for the bar at Bath. However, finding legal practice dull, he signed on aboard a merchantman at Bristol and sailed for the Guinea Coast in 1803. After illegally assisting slaves to their freedom, he hastily returned to England, spending some months as a strolling player in the provinces. After a tour of Wales he joined Macready's company at Sheffield as both actor and prompter. He had appeared on stages in Edinburgh and Glasgow, before Elliston, seeing him in a production at Bath, enlisted him for London's Surrey Theatre company, where he first appeared in May, 1810. Noted for his rumbling, sepulchral tone and wild, piercing look, Smith established a reputa-
tion for roles of demonic villains in melodrama: Zamiel in Der Freischutz (1821), the nameless monster in Frankenstein (1823), and "the perennially popular figure of the accursed Vanderdecken" (Rowell, p. 45) in The Flying Dutchman (1827).

Smith, however, also played a number of characters in Dickens dramas who were not villainous. His credits from 1837 to 1849 include the following at the Adelphi Theatre, London:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Play &amp; Adaptor</th>
<th>Date Opened</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Clutchley</td>
<td>Peregrinations of Pickwick</td>
<td>April, 1837</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>by W. L. Rede</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newmann Noggs</td>
<td>Nicholas Nickleby</td>
<td>Nov., 1838</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>by Edward Stirling</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Sykes</td>
<td>Oliver Twist by T. H. Lacy</td>
<td>Feb., 1839</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maypole Hugh</td>
<td>Barnaby Rudge by Stirling</td>
<td>Dec., 1841</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scrooge</td>
<td>Christmas Carol by Stirling</td>
<td>Feb., 1844</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toby Veck</td>
<td>The Chimes by Lemon &amp; A'Beckett</td>
<td>Dec., 1844</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Peery-</td>
<td>Cricket on the Hearth by</td>
<td>Dec., 1845</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>bingle by Stirling</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phantom</td>
<td>The Haunted Man by Lemon</td>
<td>Dec., 1848 &amp; 49</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Although Dickens had admired Smith's performance in Stirling's Nickleby, as he had indicated in his letter "To FREDERICK YATES" (29 November, 1838), he damned the stage villain with faint praise after he had witnessed his Scrooge on the 20th of February, 1844. To Forster the next day Dickens wrote,
I saw the Carol last night. Better than usual, and Wright seems to enjoy Bob Cratchit, but heart-breaking to me. Oh Heaven! if any forecast of this was ever in my mind! Yet O. Smith was drearily better than I expected. It is a great comfort to have that kind of meat underdone; and his face is quite perfect (Letters, IV, 50).

Dickens found Smith's, however 'dreary,' to be the most praiseworthy performance in the production.

Less information is available on Miss Ellen Chaplin, who took the breeches part of Barnaby in the Adelphi's Barnaby Rudge; or, The Riots of London in 1780 (12 December, 1841). In the plays from the Christmas Books she was Christmas Past (1844), the Spirit of the Chimes (1844), the Spirit of the Cricket (1845), and the Boy in The Haunted Man (1848, 1849). During this period she was also Selina Gamp in Ben Webster's farce Mrs. Sarah Gamp's Tea and Turn Out at the Adelphi (26 October, 1846). Later, she played Rosina in the farce Mr. Nightingale's Diary, on which Dickens and Lemon collaborated for the amateur theatricals held at Devonshire House on 16 May, 1851. W. A. A'Beckett adds that Miss Chaplin was "a niece of Charles Kean," and that "a little later [she] was to make her mark in the 'juvenile lead' in the famous Shakespearean revivals at the Royal Princess's Theatre."

The part of Bob Cratchit, Scrooge's amiable clerk, was enacted by that incomparable comedian Ed-
ward Wright, who also had taken memorable roles in dramatisations of Dickens' works prior to 1844. He had taken the role of the Artful Dodger in the ill-fated version of Oliver Twist at the St. James's in March, 1838. If, as Malcolm Morley believes, Dickens himself was the author of the piece, and not Gilbert A'Beckett, Wright is sure to have met him at that time.

Edward Richard Wright (1813-59) began his professional acting career in September, 1832, at the Margate Theatre as Marmaduke Magog in Buckstone's Wreck Ashore, after which he was seen on stages in London (Queen's Theatre), Birmingham and Bristol, before he appeared at John Braham's new St. James's Theatre on 29 September, 1837, as Splash in the Young Widow, and as Fitzcloddy in the farce Methinks I See My Father. His fame as a comic is most closely associated, however, with the Adelphi, at which he first appeared as Daffodil Primrose, a valet in Edward Stirling's Grace Darling, or the Wreck at Sea, on 3 December, 1838. It was at the Adelphi that he achieved his first conspicuous success, as Tittlebat Titmouse in Peake's adaptation of Warren's Ten Thousand and A Year, in 1842. In his later years he often worked with Miss Woolgar (Mrs. Alfred Mellon). After an extraordinary theatrical career which had occasionally led him to other London theatres, he made
STAVE THE FIRST--THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS. WANT ... ... ... Mr. Holmes.

MARINERS ... ... ... Messrs. Rough and Rains.

EBENEZER SCROOGE (the money lender--A Christmas hater--
A name only GOOD upon
'Change ... ... ... Mr. O. Smith.

MISTER BOB CRATCHIT (a Poor
Clerk with Fifteen Shillings
a week and Six Children) ... Mr. Wright.

MR. FEZZIWIG (a London Trader
"one vast substantial
smile" only, rich and jovial) Mr. S. Smith.

MR. DILWORTH (a Pedagogue) ... Mr. Johnson.

MASTERS CRROOGE (a School Boy) Master Mouncer.

YOUNG SCROOGE and DICK WILKINS (Fellow Apprentices) ... Mr. Braid & Mr. Leslie.

STAVE THE FIRST--THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS.

Mr. O. Smith.

Mr. Maynard.

Mr. Wright.

Master Brunton.

Mr. Johnson.

Miss O. Hicks.

Miss Johnson.

Mr. F. Matthews.

Miss Lee.

Miss 0. Hicks.

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT (wife to Bob
--dressed out but poorly in a
twice-turned gown, but brave
in ribbons) ... ... ... Mrs. F. Matthews.

MARTHA CRATCHIT ... ... Miss Lee.

BELINDA CRATCHIT ... ... Miss O. Hicks.

SALLY CRATCHIT ... ... Miss Johnson.

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT (with a Song, "A Jolly
Great Glorious to see") ... ... Mr. Forman.

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT ... ... Mrs. bananas.

MARTHA CRATCHIT MRS. FORD ... ... Mrs. Woollidge.

MRS. DIBLER MRS. FORDS ... ... Miss Woollidge.

SALBY (a nurse) ... ... Miss Wilshire.

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT ... ... Mrs. F. Matthews.

MARTHA CRATCHIT ... ... Miss Johnson.

MR. DISSCRUDE and MR. FLOSS (Worldly Friends of Old
Scrooge) ... ... ... Mr. Aldridge and Mr.
Freeborn.

MR. BLINK (an Undertaker's
Man)... ... ... ... Mr. Honey.

MRS. DIBLER (a Laundress) ... ... Mrs. Woollidge.

MRS. DIBLER (a Laundress) ... ... Mrs. Butter.

MRS. FORD ... ... ... Miss Butler.

SALBY (a nurse) ... ... Miss Wilshire.

MRS. BOB CRATCHIT ... ... Mrs. F. Matthews.

MARTHA CRATCHIT ... ... Miss Johnson.

SPIRIT OF THE FUTURE (a solemn
Phantom, dressed and hooded
coming like a Mist along the
ground)... ... ... Mrs. D. Lee.

MR. BLINK (an Undertaker's
Man)... ... ... ... Mr. Honey.

MRS. DIBLER (a Laundress) ... ... Mrs. Woollidge.

MRS. DIBLER (a Laundress) ... ... Mrs. Butler.

MRS. FORD ... ... ... Miss Butler.

SALBY (a nurse) ... ... Miss Wilshire.

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Master Brunton.

Mr. Johnson.

Miss O. Hicks.

Miss Johnson.

Mr. F. Matthews.

Miss Lee.

Mr. Aldridge and Mr.
Freeborn.
his last appearance on the old Adelphi's stage as Mr. Osnaburg in the Adelphi's Welcome, Little Stran-
ger (2 June, 1858). With the opening of a new Adel-
phi in 1859 he was seen on stage for a few nights
before retiring, dying of ill-health on December
21. Macready pronounced him the best low comedian he
had seen. Often he did not know his part properly,
and resorted to the sorts of gags his public adored.
"On occasion he could be indescribably and repul-
sively coarse. Some of his performances had remark-
able breadth of humour."

Other dramas from Dickens in which Wright had
prominent parts at the Adelphi were Stirling's Old
Curiosity Shop, in which he was Dick Swiveller, "a
figure conspicuous for its dirty smartness," accord-
ing to the bill (Bolton, p. 192), and Stirling's
Barnaby Rudge (12 December, 1841), in which he took
the part of Simon Tappertit. In the pantomime tradi-
tion, Wright played the comic roles of Tilly Slowboy
in Stirling's Cricket on the Hearth (31 December,
1845), and Sairey Gamp in Webster's 1846 farce. Of
the former performance the reviewer for the Ill-
ustrated London News commented,

. . . Mr. Wright. . . was droll enough, and
drew forth roars of laughter from the gal-
lery, to which part of the house this
really clever and original performer, it
is to be regretted, usually addresses him-
self. We have a great objection to seeing
him in female characters; but we must in
candour say, that on the present occasion he subdued those peculiarities he is apt to indulge in, and which at times are actually offensive.

In the last sanctioned Christmas Book adaptation, *The Haunted Man* (20 December, 1848), Wright enlivened a rather dreary production with his comedic talents in the role of Tetterby.

Yet other cast members who would re-appear in Christmas Book dramatisations were Miss Woolgar and Mrs. Frank Matthews. The former actress began her career "in farces and burlesques...of the broadest character" (*Illustrated London News*, 3 January, 1846, p. 11), but advanced to parts requiring both sweetness and pathos. For example, she played Milly in *The Haunted Man* and Bertha in Stirling's *Cricket*. Many years later she took to comedy with the role of Tilly Slowboy in Dion Boucicault's *Dot* (a version of *The Cricket on the Hearth* presented at the Adelphi on 14 April, 1862, with a distinguished cast that included J. L. Toole as Caleb Plummer).

After her Milly, Miss Sarah Woolgar became the wife of noted Dickensian actor Alfred Mellon. She participated in the vastly popular New Adelphi production of the Wilkie Collins–Charles Dickens collaborative thriller *No Thoroughfare* (26 December, 1867); she played Sally Goldstraw.

Mrs. Frank Matthews must have been an accomp-
lished comedienne, too, for after her role as Mrs. Cratchit, playing opposite Edward Wright, she took the part of Mrs. Chickenstalker in Mark Lemon and Gilbert A'Beckett's *Chimes* the following Christmas at the Adelphi, where she was "The best-known actress in the troupe" (W. A. A'Beckett, p. 316).

S. Smith had been in C. Z. Barnett's *Oliver Twist* at the Pavilion (21-26 May, 1838). Because of his common name, Mr. Johnson, who took the minor comic role of young Master Scrooge's schoolmaster in the Stirling *Carol*, cannot be identified as being the same actor who played Mr. Wardle in W. T. Murray's *Scraps From Pickwick* at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh (27 November, 1837) and Newman Noggs in *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Theatre Royal, York (18 March, 1839) --a production in which Miss Woolgar played Smike, and her future husband, Alfred Mellon, Squeers.

Miss Fanny Maynard, taking the part of Tiny Tim for Stirling, played Oliver Twist in January, 1851, at Sheffield--truly an infant phenomenon! "The attraction of women to the role may have been practical: because women were small they could play children after they lost their appeal of youthful beauty" (Bolton, p. 107).

A few members of the large Adelphi company pop up in other Dickens dramas. For example, Sanders was to be John in the Adelphi's *Chimes* the following De-
cember. Aldridge had played Fang in Almar's *Oliver Twist*, which opened on 19 November, 1838, for 86 performances at the Surrey, had been in Blake's *Little Nell; or, The Old Curiosity Shop* at Sadler's Wells (11 January, 1841), and may have gone on to take a minor role in *No Thoroughfare*. Later, Honey would appear as Squeers at the Adelphi, Edinburgh, in an 1847 revival of *Nicholas Nickleby; or, Doings at Do-The-Boys' Hall*.

The Adelphi's production was warmly, albeit briefly, mentioned in the *Illustrated London News* on 10 February, 1844, as part of an effusion on Dickens as a rocket "in the sky of intellect" and as a "moral chymist who has analyzed the human heart to a nicety." The critic clearly wishes credit for the play's moral to go to the novelist rather than to the adaptor, who nevertheless has worked "in a most sterling manner, from the prose story of the modern Fielding," to produce a "most decided success." As later chapters will discover, the *Illustrated London News*, having ties with his circle of friends, was especially friendly to Dickens, and to the 'sanctioned' stagings of the Christmas Books in which he took a hand. There is such a bias evident here--

The acting of O. Smith, as old Scrooge, the miser, was, throughout, admirable. Wright as Bob Cratchit, the miser's clerk, presiding over his family party, was exceedingly droll. The story on which the
piece is founded is too well known to enter into particulars of it: suffice it to say, that it is one of those home-bred, natural esculents that a true dramatic palate likes to enjoy, and as such, from its enthusiastic reception, will no doubt be universally relished, and ought to correct and improve the taste of those who fly to the Continent for what can be so abundantly supplied at home.

The journalist seems as interested in inveighing against the transplanting Parisian farces to the London stage as in assessing the production. The popular French comedies of the time were unprotected by any copyright—to the detriment of England's native drama and dramatists. Wholesale theft of novels by theatrical managements can hardly have been conducive to the revival of English drama, but the reviewer finds adaptation of English novels far preferable to translations of French farces.

One wonders precisely what the "valuable suggestions" that Dickens made regarding the production were of which Stirling hints in *Old Drury Lane*. Dickens' correspondence to Forster is silent on this point. However, since he has left a better record of his involvement with other 'sanctioned' productions, it is safe to assume that his influence with Edward Stirling was less than with Mark Lemon, Gilbert A'Beckett, and Albert Smith, all of whom seem to have been closer to Dickens at this time than was the piratical Mr. Stirling.
The three-act ('stave') structure of the burl-etta was suggested to Stirling by the original nov-ella's having three spirits (excluding Marley)--hence, its title: *A Christmas Carol; or, Past, Present, and Future*.

The piece was announced as being "presented with new scenery [by Pitt and Finlay], novel mechanical effects [by Cooper], dresses [by Godbee and Grundy], dances [by Frampton] and appropriate old English ballad music." As well as the old ballads were a number of new songs specially composed for the production by G. H. Rodwell, conductor of the band at the Adelphi. In fact the play was inclined as much to the musical as the dramatic [Morley appears not to have read the script]. An elaborated item was the song "A jolly giant glorious to see," [apparently an alternate title for "The Song of Christmas"] given to George Forman as the Ghost of Christmas Present. Forman was an unfunny comedian making an early London appearance at the Adelphi. He proved no rival to Edward Wright, the gagging droll cast as Bob Cratchit who thoroughly enjoyed himself in the role (Morley, p. 161).

Although some Victorian adaptations strike the modern reader as full of high-flown rhetoric but deficient in narrative interest, Stirling's adaptation of *A Christmas Carol* remains fresh and interesting. While C. Z. Barnett, feeling that the plot of the original novella would not be sufficiently interesting when translated to the stage, created the pickpocket Dark Sam, who plies his trade on the unwary Bob and later turns undertaker's man, Stirling must have felt that Dickens had supplied him with plenty
of material. There are no radical departures from Dickens' text, although Stirling has reduced some speeches (excising some of Marley's best lines, for example) to render them more effective on stage; has given us a musical Ghost of Christmas Present; has expanded several scenes from the text; and has deleted Scrooge's visit with the Spirit of Christmas Present to his nephew's. The short vignettes of Master Scrooge's departure from his school in Stave Two and of the poor family who dwell in "a place where Miners live" (p. 100) in Stave Three are situations which Dickens had merely mentioned in the novella, but which Stirling has expanded into scenes in the action.

Although the Lord Chamberlain's manuscript of the play does not indicate much about costumes and sets, it does indicate that Stirling was attempting to realize such illustrations from the book as John Leech's cut of Marley's confronting Scrooge. When Stirling's Marley "glides on," there is the direction "picture," which must suggest a tableau. This method of 'realizing' a novel might strike a modern audience as somewhat odd, but it was then the cornerstone of the new dramaturgy described in Edward Mayhew's brief treatise, Stage Effect: or, The Principles which Command Dramatic Success in the Theatre (1840). The key unit in this new dramaturgy was just
such a moment as the point of crisis at which the hard-hearted miser and the ghost of his long-dead partner meet. Meisel's view of this new technique he presents in his "Speaking Pictures: The Drama," the third chapter of Realizations.

...the unit is intransitive; it is in fact an achieved moment of stasis, a picture. The play creates a series of such pictures, some of them offering a culminating symbolic summary of represented events, while others substitute an arrested situation for action and reaction. Each picture, dissolving, leads not into consequent activity, but to a new infusion and distribution of elements from which a new picture will be assembled or resolved (p. 38).

Mayhew had felt that the purpose of such a picture was akin "to the conclusion of a chapter in a novel" (Meisel, p. 39, citing Stage Effect, p. 46). Stirling had groped towards the methods advocated by the new dramaturgy in his first adaptation from Dickens, The Pickwick Club; or, The Age We Live In! at the City of London Theatre in 1837. "His tendency...is to use the plates for setting and costume, and render them as action" (Meisel, p. 252). Such a method of adaptation was eminently acceptable to an audience that wanted action and emotion rather than Dickensian discourse, and enabled Stirling to cut much unnecessary dialogue without producing a dramatisation too far removed from the original. In his adaptation of the still-running Nicholas Nickleby
Stirling in 1838 again had made extensive use of the illustrations, in this case Browne's, realizing the plates as tableaux.

The playbill for Stirling's rendering of *The Old Curiosity Shop* even cites the ten illustrations "with a page reference and a quotation from the text of the novel for each" (Meisel, p. 260). Yates, following the trend, promised one or two realizations to each scene of Rodwell's *Barnaby Rudge* on the Adelphi's December, 1841, playbill. "Formally, in the drama of the age, there were three sorts of tableaux: the discovery at the head of the scene, the midscene tableau, and the final tableau" (Meisel, p. 261).

The realization of the meeting of Scrooge and Marley in this play is probably of the first type. Although Stirling nowhere indicates scene divisions, each movement in the play begins with the arrival of a character. The arrival of Nephew Fred interrupts Scrooge's meditation (a passage reminiscent of the opening dialogue between Antonio and Salerio in *The Merchant of Venice*) to begin the first scene, which Fred's departure concludes. As Scrooge soliloquizes on his nephew's folly in celebrating Christmas, Bob breaks in with the request from the gentlemen who have come to solicit for the poor and destitute. Eliminating the necessity for the characters Barnett
dubbed "Cheerly" and "Heartly," Stirling has his Cratchit deliver their message of goodwill. Bob's exit and Scrooge's re-entry with his gruel mark the beginning of the fourth scene. Thus, the arrival of Marley's ghost, to which the action has been building, inaugurates the fifth scene and realizes the first of Leech's plates. However, all these scenes fall under the heading "Chamber of Scrooge the Miser."

This "chamber" is intended to represent, as in Barnett's version, both Scrooge's inner sanctum at the counting house and his bedroom; both adaptors felt it necessary to eliminate the intervening journey homeward and blended the two scenes into one sequence, which culminates with the arrival of Marley's ghost, exactly as pictured in the novella.

To detail the cuts made by Stirling to Dickens' dialogue would be tedious. However, his insertions are generally telling. For instance, whereas Fred remarks of Christmas, "God bless it!" (p. 49) in the story, Stirling's Fred, like Barnett's Frank, substitutes the less offensive "Heaven" (since the fastidious Examiner of Plays, as Bailey [p. 19] has noted, felt reference to the Deity on stage indelicate). And whereas Bob in the book "involuntarily applauded" (p. 49) in both dramatisations he is given lines: "Bravo! Encore to 'Heaven bless it,' a
double encore, Mr. Frederick" (Stirling, p. 801A); "Beautiful!—beautiful!" by Barnett. Indeed, both dramatists, identifying Bob Cratchit with the comic man of the melodrama (and writing for established comedians in their companies), have given the timid clerk of the novella new lines—and a new boldness in speaking to his crusty employer. The original Bob never would have dared to mutter aside, as Barnett has him do of Mr. Scrooge, "He growls like a bear with a sore head" (p. 3), or expose the miser's parsimony to his face, as Stirling has him do when Ebenezer says he cannot afford a contribution to the poor: "I'll put myself down for sixpence" (p. 802B). Furthermore, both dramatists assign to Bob the narrator's quip about the rain and snow's having one advantage over Scrooge: "They always come down handsomely—Scrooge never does" (Stirling, p. 803; Barnett, p. 3; Dickens, p. 46).

When Marley finally appears to Scrooge, Stirling has the mortal partner describe the ghost in language taken directly from two paragraphs of the narrator's (p. 57). While his Scrooge does not correct himself with "particular to a shade" (this is, after all, a narrative comment about what the miser felt he wanted to say), Barnett cannot resist incorporating the narrator's witticism.

The pantomime characters that pass the window
where young Master Scrooge is reading disconsolately before his sister Fan brings him home are translated directly from the novella to the stage. Though Dickens, too, may have made his acquaintance with "dear old honest Ali Baba" (novella, p. 72), the Parrot, Robinson Crusoe, and his man Friday through print as a child, all these were current pantomime characters in the 1840s. Ali Baba had been on the English stage long before Albert Smith's pantomime *Aladin* at the Lyceum (August, 1844). Similarly, James Robinson Planché had introduced Valentine and Orson prior to Smith's Christmas, 1844, pantomime in his extravaganza *Riquet with the Tuft* at the Olympic in 1836. Drury Lane's pantomime for the Christmas just gone by had just transformed the story-book brothers from walk-ons to protagonists in *Harlequin and King Pepin* (1843). Even Daniel Defoe's Crusoe and Friday were no strangers to the pantomime, having been introduced there in 1781 by Sheridan at Drury Lane. Stirling designated the whole sequence "A Child's Story Book" but might have called it "Pantomime Characters."

The next sequence, "Home for the Holidays," begins with Fan's entrance. While Barnett chooses not to dramatize Master Scrooge's departure, Stirling brings both schoolmaster and post-boy to life as a comic pair. In the novella the un-named pedagogue produces a decanter of wine and a heavy cake for the
refreshment of the departing brother and sister. His instincts as a comic actor and dramatist prompted Stirling to use this little scene (narrated entirely in the novella) as a vehicle for satirizing the mercenary nature ("Your last quarter is paid, and you leave your towels and spoon as momenti mori" p. 807) and the brutal caning (introduced by the verbal irony of "comforts and elegancies of my establishment") of the schools of the period, but recently satirized by Dickens himself in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Dilworth, though more pedantic and less brutal than Squeers, receives a suitable come-uppance, the quality of his vintage ridiculed by the brassy Postboy.

As noted above, Stirling's principal alteration of the novella (aside from providing the Spirit of Christmas Present with an introductory song) was his introducing yet a further domestic scene to complement that of the Cratchits' Christmas dinner. These fall under the heading of "Christmas Eve" on the bill, but are in fact separate scenes that are bracketed by the realizations of Leech's "Christmas Present" (the static nature of which is reinforced by the Rodwell song) and "Ignorance and Want Revealed" (the "Picture" that signals the end Stave Two on page 821, but is a mid-scene rather than a closing sort of tableau since Stirling concludes with the spectacle of a shipwreck).
Again, Mr. Stirling is not so much interested in dramatising an action as in creating an effect because his dramaturgy is very much pictorial:

...organizing a play as a series of achieved situations, or effects, created the need for even more effects. ... in fact sound and movement—"real" waves, ships sailing off the stage or sinking through it, forts blowing up and tenements burning down—these too were part of the dramatist's arsenal. Here as elsewhere in drama, sensation in its primitive sense, but sensation charged with wonder over the imitation of a difficult reality or the creation of a marvellous impossibility, was the underlying principle of dramatic effect (Meisel, p. 41).

Although the shipwreck is hardly faithful to the original, little of the book is lost and Stirling has a keen sense of visual continuity that renders the action highly intelligible as a rule. For example, the singers that Scrooge earlier dismissed as "Vagabonds" (p. 803A) appear again as Bob Cratchit hurries home with his recently-purchased goose. In contrast to the wealthy master, the poor man offers them encouragement and a contribution:

Bob .. There's a penny for you. Stop[,] here's twopence. I ought to be ashamed to offer one penny, when I can spare two (p. 814B).

Stirling's Spirit of Christmas Present, while underscoring the clerk's generosity by alluding to his weekly wages, does not attempt the pun on his
Christian name that Barnett transfers from the narrator's comments to Scrooge in his rendition, II, i:

_Scr._ ... Bob has but fifteen _bob_ a week. He pockets on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name (p. 7).

Although shorn of its humour, the passage in Stirling's version is doubly effective because it not only presents a dramatic action in the streets, replacing mere description of Christmas Eve crowds in the novella, but also permits the audience to follow Bob Cratchit home to Camden Town, a house presumably much like that in which the Dickens family lived in Charles's youth.

Here the problem of the adaptor becomes especially manifest: though many telling passages, such as the description of the Christmas pudding, are narrated in the original, the characters cannot merely consume _goose ad libitum_, without at least one character's being made to say whatever lines are required as exposition.

For example, Stirling cannot have, as Dickens has, an agitated Mrs. Cratchit leave the dining-room by herself, "too nervous to bear witness--to take the pudding up, and bring it in" (p. 96). Without a narrator he must offer a series of observations that reflect, or even read, her anxiety, prior to her triumphant return which comically contrasts
Stirling resolves the difficulty naturalistically by condensing the two descriptive paragraphs and ascribing the lines to the chief character to remain at the table: Bob. After Mrs. Cratchit has confessed that she's "all in a twitter about" (p. 817) the pudding as she exits, Bob directs the girls to assist their mother, then soliloquizes about the various causes for anxiety and subsequently lauds the aroma as Dickens' narrator had done. In fact, the overall effect of the scene is domestically touching rather than witty because Stirling has introduced such lines as Bob's "I think it[']s the chap that used to lay the golden eggs" (describing the roast goose) and "Tiny, my man, don't drink your gravy with a fork" (p. 817A).

The argument over the toasting of Mr. Scrooge is another piece of domesticity which Stirling handles admirably, eliminating redundant pieces, but adding Bob's attempting to mollify his outraged wife by calling her, "My canary bird!" (p. 817B). Her truculence Stirling conveys by eliminating Mrs. C.'s "I'll drink his health" (novella, p. 98) and having her tersely acquiesce, "For your sake. Not for his. Long life to him."

Rather than injecting the pathetic consideration of Tiny Tim's fate into the festivity as Dick-
ens has done, Stirling moves this dialogue between the Ghost and Scrooge to after the Cratchit family exeunt, playing blindman's buff. Although he has retained all of the Ghost's speech which enjoins the miser to "forbear that wicked cant" (p. 97) about the surplus population, Stirling has temporarily sacrificed one of the most quoted lines in *A Christmas Carol*, Tiny Tim's "God bless us every one!"

Another piece of domestic felicity amidst penury is the scene that Stirling invented to rationalize his introducing the effect of a mine-shaft. Will O'Gap and his wife bear their poverty with fortitude and optimism, working patiently towards their dream "of a cottage and a piece of land" (p. 819A). Although these characters are, unlike many who appear in the dream-vision, unknown to Scrooge, their connubial happiness contrasts with the miser's loneliness, showing him once again that love is preferable to riches: "A cheerful smile a contented mind makes these coals shine like diamonds" (p. 820A). The unwholesomeness of the employment is mitigated by the owner's treating the miners with some compassion as he grants them a day off with wages for Christmas, a picture consistent with Dickens' views on ideal labour/management relations at this time, epitomized by the sort of establishment kept by the Cherryble twins of *Nicholas Nickleby*. 
The interpolated scene of Will O'Gap and his wife involves not just a gratuitous effect but also an alteration of Dickens' story, replacing as it does the festivities at Scrooge's nephew's. Would a Victorian audience have been disturbed at such an innovation? George J. Worth thinks not: "changes in Dickens' prose fiction would not necessarily, other things being equal, arouse an unfriendly response from theatre audiences. . . ." Apropos of Worth's remark, Bolton notes an adaptation of *Pickwick* at the Strand in the summers of 1838 and 1839 entitled *Sam Weller's Tour; or, The Pickwickians Abroad*— in France! In this light, Stirling's digression seems almost canonical.

The most shocking scene to modern film-viewers, the one sequence that belies the jollity of Dickens' Christmas message even today, is a symbolic rather than a realistic view of poverty and degradation: the revelation of Ignorance and Want. It is a picture rivetted in the minds of any who have seen the black-and-white 1951 film version starring Alastair Sim. And as a picture that was precisely the effect that Dickens himself was attempting in the novella. As Meisel notes, Dickens exerted considerable control over his image-makers and demanded illustration that would serve as an aid to memory, recapitulating the action already covered.
The Ghost of Christmas Present's displaying the creatures that Stirling's Scrooge describes as "Ragged. Scowling and Wolfish" (p. 821A) produces one of those poses such as Rodin's *Thinker* that stick in the mind and speak to the beholder beyond words. Thus, Stirling eliminates considerable narrative comment about the twin evils of mankind, selecting from two paragraphs of narrative three key descriptive words for the appalled miser to speak. Unfortunately, the adaptor's penchant for terseness has destroyed the powerful anaphora of "Are there no prisons? Are there no workhouses?" (novella, p. 109) by eliminating the second "Are there no" (play, p. 821A). Since the direction for the spirit is "Shows children. Picture," it is logical that Stirling retained the strongly symbolic elements of the blighted, leafless tree and the factory smokestacks in the background.

The final picture to which Stirling's action builds is the scene of Scrooge's weeping over his own grave as the mysterious Spirit of the Future points at the engraving on the mortuary-stone. Its effect is all the more powerful for the contrast it offers to the macabre levity of Old Joe's marine store. Stirling has added something of Sairy Gamp to the character of the laundress, Mrs. Dibbler [in the story, "Dilber"], who remarks upon all three--
the laundress, the charwoman, and the undertaker—having "met here permiscuously as a body may say" (p. 824B). Although many of the lines the four share are not his, Dickens must have relished the racy colloquialism of "gammon" (deception), "Hooky" (expressive of incredulity), and "nibbled" (pilfered) from Cockney slang.

The transformation of the stage from Old Joe's premises to "A Church yard, overrun by grass and weeds" (p. 826A) was undoubtedly another impressive effect. Taking his cue from the book's plates, Stirling should have included the blackened, leafless tree and area railing that form the backdrop in Leech's illustration. However, in The Victorian Theatre: A Pictorial Review Richard Southern reprints an illustration of the Adelphi's production (as originally given in The Pictorial Times) that indicates a more rustic and less urban cemetery, with a bushy tree to the right, and a large conifer haloing the figure of Christmas to Come. This plate has details corroborated by the plate in the Illustrated London News of an earlier scene involving Scrooge, Christmas Present, Ignorance and Want. Scrooge appears in both illustrations in a nightcap, slippers, and a nightgown with a floral decoration.

One Barnett publisher, perhaps feeling that the graveyard scene was the crux of The Miser's Warning!
and realizing it would form the basis for an effective illustration, made a version of Leech's plate their cover print for Dicks' Standard Play Number 722. As in Barnett's dramatisation and the original, Stirling's "Spectre" never speaks, so Scrooge must speak for both. Whereas Dickens' Scrooge asks the Ghost, "Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?" (p. 123), Stirling's more melodramatically enquires, "Yet ere we part, tell me what cruel man is this that all rejoice at dead" (p. 826A). There is no looking in the office window in the play; the dramatist precipitates Scrooge directly to the graveyard.

After the transformation of the churchyard into his chamber, Scrooge soliloquizes on his newfound happiness as in the novella, but there is in Stirling's adaptation little of the wonderful merriment of an awestruck Scrooge who rehearses to himself the fabulous events of the previous night. A rather odd coincidence of Stirling's own making is that the boy whom Scrooge sends to the Poulterer's should be Peter Cratchit. Scrooge remarks that "Bob shan't know who sends" (p. 827B) the prize turkey he intends to order, and nearly makes the mistake of sending it with him, a method of delivery that would tend to de-mystify the whole proceeding. Scrooge then resolves to take young Peter with him
to Fred's--an awkward way of eliminating the necessity of involving yet another child actor. The bird is sent anonymously to Camden Town in the novella; here Stirling introduces Bob and Tiny Tim to deflate Scrooge's friendly joke before it's fairly launched. To add to the confusion, in the script Scrooge decides to take all three Cratchits with him to Fred's before raising both Bob's wages and his working conditions (Stirling transposing the speech that a repentant Scrooge makes to his long-suffering employee the next morning, at the close of "The End of It" in the book).

The bill describes the last scene as "Nephew Fred's—the Game of Hunt the Slipper; General Invitation to Everybody; and Tiny Tim's 'Blessing on Us All'" (Bolton, p. 237). Apparently the necessity for a concluding dance has overridden Stirling's passion for pictorial realisation, since the book ends with a cut of Scrooge and Bob sharing "a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop" (p. 132), while Stirling rescues from oblivion a little of the party scene he cut before, the source of the game of blindman's buff that he had the Cratchits play instead. Fred's toast to the absent Uncle Scrooge is situationally ironic in the book since, unbeknownst to him, his uncle is in fact present, in company with Christmas Present.

In the play, Fred has no sooner proposed the
toast, concluded with the Macbethian "I only wish he was here now" (p. 828B), when Scrooge, Tiny, and Bob enter. Perhaps the audience is to assume that the party has been proceeding as in the novella all this time. While there is something rather pathetic about Dickens' Scrooge abashedly remarking to his nephew, "It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?" (p. 132), the parallel scene in Stirling has the presumptuous relative announce, "We've come to dinner."

As one might expect of a Christmas play, Stirling has Scrooge address the audience directly for a parting exhortation, seconded by Tiny Tim's "Heaven bless us every one"—the line Stirling suppressed at the Cratchits' dinner earlier. Although Scrooge's wishing the patrons a happy New Year was out of place in a play opening on 5 February and closing on its forty-second performance, 27 March, they were—according to the Illustrated London News—fairly receptive to the piece, which followed so well the spirit if not the letter of Dickens' Christmas story. Besides, Wright as the hunchback monarch in the company's spoof of Richard III must have been irresistible. Bolton reports that the Stirling version "Travelled quickly to the Park, in New York, and was revived in 1859 at the Adelphi" (p. 237).

The question of a theatrical tradition, however
much Victorian audiences enjoyed Stirling's adaptation, is debatable. To begin with, since the play remained unpublished, it would have been far easier for theatre managements to commission inexpensive, fresh adaptations rather than attempt to revive Stirling's. However, since dramatic copyright could be established only by publishing a play, the work was unprotected, and available for the kind of refurbishing that old plays were customarily treated to.

Since the only plays protected by copyright were those published, there was a booming trade in 'penny dreadfuls,' the profit from which usually went to the publishers rather than the playwrights, who commonly were compelled to sign away all future rights in exchange for a lump sum. These legal circumstances account for the multiple editions of one of the Stirling version's rivals, Charles Zachary Barnett's *A Christmas Carol; or, The Miser's Warning!*, which appeared in Lacy, French, Duncombe, and Dicks. This straight dramatisation, though unsanctioned and, as Morley remarks in comparing it to the Adelphi's burletta, "far grimmer" (p. 162), may well have had the greater influence on succeeding adaptations simply because it was so widely available. Thus, even though Dickens never smiled upon it, Barnett's two-act melodrama is worthy of investiga-
tion.

The night after O. Smith opened as Scrooge, Robert Honner, another major actor of the Victorian stage, opened in the same role across the water at the Surrey. In fact, by the end of the month there were eight versions of *A Christmas Carol* running in London; apart from those at the Adelphi and the Surrey, dramatist Charles Webster had a monopoly on the plays from the novella, with productions of what Bolton feels were versions of the Webb script at the Sadler's Wells, Strand, Victoria, Britannia at Hoxton, and Queen's (the author of the one which played at the City of London Theatre has not been established). The version at the Strand which involved a diorama and was supported on the bill by Christmas "Fantasy" from Fox Cooper probably was more of a rival for Stirling than was Barnett. In *The Miser's Warning!*

...though the incidents followed in much the same order... The musical note was absent; ... and some of the dramatis personae were alien to Dickens. There was Dark Sam, a pickpocket, one of whose victims was Bob Cratchit, and there was a Mrs. Mildew, a beldam, [Dickens merely calls his charwoman "the woman"] who disposed of the miser's effects after his visioned death. A character billed as a ruined gentleman was named Euston. He was husband to Ellen [Belle in the novella], the former love of Ebenezer. ... it is interesting to note that Bob Cratchit was played by Samuel Vale. A popular comedian in the Minor Theatres, it has been claimed that Vale was the prototype of Sam Weller. His sayings were said to be in the Weller vein and the W in his speech was invariab-
ly replaced by V, such being his normal manner of speech (Morley, p. 162).

In *Dickens and the Drama* Fitz-Gerald lists the entire cast of the Surrey's production, but offers no theatrical anecdotes as he does for the Stirling version across the river. However, he does offer a comment on Barnett's dedication of the piece to Dickens:

*Ebenezer Scrooge (the miser)* Mr. R. Honner
*Frank Freeheart (his nephew)* Mr. J. T. Johnson.
*Mr. Cheerly* ... ... Mr. Hawkins.
*Mr. Heartly* ... ... Mr. Green.
*Bob Cratchit (Scrooge's clerk)* Mr. Vale.
*Dark Sam* ... ... Mr. Stilt.

Characters in the Dream.

*Euston (a ruined gentleman)* Mr. Lawler.
*Mr. Fezziwig* ... ... Mr. Dixie.
*Old Joe (a fence)* ... ... Mr. Goldsmith.
*Ghost of Jacob Marley* ... ... Mr. Morrison.
*Ghost of Christmas Past* ... ... Mr. Lewis.
*Ghost of Christmas Present* ... ... Mr. Heslop.
*Ghost of Christmas to Come* * * * *
*Dark Sam* ... ... Mr. Stilt.
*Peter (Bob's eldest son)* ... ... Miss Daly.
*Tiny Tim* ... ... Master Brady.
*Mrs. Freeheart* ... ... Mrs. Hicks.
*Ellen (Scrooge's former love)* Mrs. H. Hughes.
*Mrs. Cratchit* ... ... Mrs. Daly.

The writer of the piece, C. Z. Barnett, wrote in the printed play: "This Dramatic Sketch is adapted from Mr. Charles Dickens's very charming 'Christmas Carol' published by Mssrs. Chapman and Hall, Strand. The extreme necessity—(the consequence of its high and deserved popularity)—that so imperatively called for its representation upon the Stage, has also demanded its publication as a Drama, which it is the Adapter's sincere wish, as it is his convic-
131.

tion, will considerably augment the sale of the original lovely and humanizing creation upon which it is founded." Which was a pretty cool "advertisement" (Dickens and the Drama, p. 190-191).

Although Stirling and Buckstone may vie for the honour of being Boz's initial dramatiser, Charles Zachary Barnett had also been an early entrant into the field of adaptors. His three-act version of Oliver Twist at the Whitechapel Pavilion in the East End had appeared, in fact, prior to Stirling's four-act burletta Oliver Twist; or, The Workhouse Boy at the City of London (3 December, 1838). Barnett's Oliver Twist; or, That Parish Boy's Progress ran for the week of May 21-26. Though published as widely as his Carol, Barnett's Oliver was much more frequently produced: after its London debut, it returned to the stage at Walnut Street, Philadelphia (1 January, 1839), and at the Boston Museum (February, 1849)--its overseas popularity due to its publication?

In "Curtain Up on A Christmas Carol," Morley mentions that, subsequent to a knock-about apprenticeship at various outlying playhouses, Barnett . . . came to the Surrey and here his job was to turn out a succession of pieces as wanted by the management--and that was with great frequency. Seldom had he more than a couple of weeks to complete each effort. Can he, and others in a like position, be blamed for going to the French, or to some published story, for inspiration? These dramatists-in-waiting were
usually paid at the rate of a pound an act for their work. It was no easy living for them. Life was cheap but playwrights were cheaper. Barnett knew poverty and ended his days in the workhouse (p. 162).

To judge by the runs of his Dickens adaptations, Barnett was at best a mediocre playwright. Even with Robert Honner starring as the Stranger and his wife as the title character, his *Barnaby Rudge; or, The Murder at the Warren* ran only a dozen times at Sadler's Wells (9-28 August, 1841). With as little success Barnett also adapted Dickens' third Christmas Book, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, in two acts for London's Albert Saloon (January, 1846), shortly after the story's appearance in print.

The theatre for which Barnett was working in 1844, the Surrey, on Blackfriars Road in Lambeth, was at that point under the management of Osbaldeston, who had produced Edward Fitzball's *Jonathon Bradford; or, The Murder at the Roadside Inn*, a popular melodrama, to judge by its long run of two hundred and sixty nights.

The Surrey in St. George's Circus was one of those places [south of the Thames noted for 'transpontine' melodramas such as Jerrold's *Black-Ey'd Susan* of 1829]. . . . In competition with the Royal Victoria Theatre (now the Old Vic) it served Lambeth and the near neighbourhood. Patrons for the most part were rough and ready customers though not all of them were unappreciative of the merits in the classic and standard plays occasionally given there. The aristocrats
of Lambeth preferred the Surrey to the Victoria in those days. It was a suburban house and audiences here partook of that character. The place was suffering from depression at a time preceding the Samuel Phelps regime which was later to give it an aura of fame (Morley, p. 159-160).

Given the financial difficulties in which the house found itself at this time, it is not surprising that Barnett's cast was not as distinguished as Stirling's. However, of the few members of the company worthy of mention, the chief is Robert Honner (1809-1852). The youngest son of a solicitor, he was born in London and educated at a private school in Pentonville, where Joseph Grimaldi the younger was his schoolfellow. When his father abandoned the law to run the Heathcock Tavern, near the Sans Pareil (afterwards, the Adelphi) Theatre, Honner began to develop a taste for theatricals. After a three-year apprenticeship in ballet under Charles Leclercq, in 1820 he began a career as a dancer, performing on the stages of the Sans Pareil, Pantheon (Edinburgh), Coburg, and Surrey. From 1825 onward he appeared as an actor at the Coburg and in the provinces, in roles ranging from leads to harlequin, clown, and pantaloon in the pantomime. From 1827 to 1830 he acted under Grimaldi at Sadler's Wells, under Elliston and Osbaldiston at the Surrey, and under Ben Webster at the Old City Theatre. In 1833 he took up the post as stage-manager of Sadler's Wells for George Almar,
the noted playwright and Dickens adaptor, and then himself became lessee, while serving as acting-manager at the Surrey from 1835 to 1838. He managed the Surrey from 1842 to 1846, and, after a short lease at the City of London Theatre, took up his final post, that of stage-manager of the Standard. Prior to her marriage to him in 1836, Maria Honner (née Macarthy) had enjoyed notable success on the Irish and Scottish stages. In pathetic roles and breeches parts she was formidable, and achieved successes on the London stage with characters from Shakespeare and Dickens.

Often she and Robert played together in Dickens adaptations. She was Oliver to Robert's Fagin in Greenwood's version of the novel at Sadler's Wells (3 December, 1838, into 1839; and again, 2 November, 1840 to 25 March, 1841) and at the City of London, opening 30 March, 1846. Her Little Nell complemented Robert's Quilp in Blake's adaptation of The Old Curiosity Shop for ten performances at Sadler's Wells in January, 1841. In Tom Taylor's Dombey and Son at the City of London (18 to 26 February, 1848) she took Edith Granger, he Mrs. Brown. Also at the City of London, Robert appeared twenty-four times as Caleb Plummer in W. T. Townsend's adaptation of The Cricket on the Hearth (5 to 31 January, 1846), a rival to the officially-sanctioned version running at the Lyceum.
Like the Adelphi's O. Smith, he seems to have specialized in villainous roles, but played the part of the miser-turned-philanthropist in Carol effectively.

Heslop, too, seems to have specialized in villains from Dickens, having been Fagin in George Almar's Oliver Twist (19 November, 1838, intermittently to 7 November, 1840), and Ralph Nickleby in the Stirling adaptation (15 February to 20 March, 1839), both at Sadler's Wells. Audiences who saw him as the Ghost of Christmas Present can hardly have failed to see the incongruity of an actor noted for the roles of malefactors representing the spirit of philanthropy: he had appeared at least a hundred times as the unsavoury Fagin, and about as many as the malignant Ralph. Later he would enact another Dickens' 'heavy,' Tulkinghorn, in Dibdin Pitt's Bleak House at the Pavilion (11 June, 1853).

A few other cast members might have been associated in the minds of the audience with other Dickens characters in adaptation. Goldsmith, here Old Joe, had been Sam Weller's father in Rede's Pickwickians!!! The Club at the Surrey (May, 1837), and Mrs. Daly, here Mrs. Cratchit, had appeared as Miss Wardle in the same production. Travelling with the Stirling adaptation of Nickleby, Miss Ellen Daly (here, Peter Cratchit) had appeared as Mrs. Mantalini at the Theatre Royal, Dublin (February, 1839), and
would later be seen in the officially-sanctioned version of The Battle of Life at the Lyceum (21 December, 1846, to 6 February, 1847) as Grace Jeddler.

A theatrical aside must be made regarding the asterisks that stand in place of the actor's name for the role of Christmas to Come on the bill (a minor part, it was probably doubled). In the dramatis personae of H. M. Milner's Frankenstein adaptation, Duncombe's edition, the symbol * * * * * * stands for the part of the monster, a mute part like that of the Ghost of Christmas to Come. However, in the cast list opposite the name of the actor taking the role, O. Smith, is given. Leaving out the name of the person taking the mute part of this terrifying supernatural agent in Barnett's Carol may have been intended to imbue the non-speaking role with an air of mystery in the minds of the playgoers who perused the bill. As with Milner's monster, this admonitory spirit "alone has no speech, and this gives him a grotesque nobility." 11

The foregoing discussion of Edward Stirling's version of the Carol pointed to differences between the Stirling and Barnett methods of dramatisation. The differences between the two are not merely the differences between burletta and straight drama, nor can such differences as exist between the Stirling and Barnett versions of A Christmas Carol be attrib-
uted to the quality and size of cast each dramatist had at his disposal.

Whether one uses as his point of reference the Lord Chamberlain's manuscript, the John Dicks', or the Dumcombe edition, one soon apprehends the method of adaptation Barnett employed—and it does indeed make for a "grimmer" and less sensational sort of play than that which Edward Stirling produced with Dickens' assistance and advice. However, it does appear that Barnett's method of adaptation was a species of pictorial realization since at those moments in the manuscript when arranging the scene as in one of Leech's plates would be appropriate the abbreviation "Bus." usually appears. The printed versions of Barnett's play are much more overt in their references to the "work"—Duncombe even specifies page numbers from Dickens' novella. However, it is by no means certain that "bus[iness]" is the same as "picture" or "tableau." The term "business" usually denotes "action" or "movement" or "routine" rather than "a moment of stasis."

Like Stirling, Barnett has found it necessary to eliminate narrative exposition and open with the soliloquy of the protagonist. He has chopped the ten paragraphs of introduction and converted the indirect discourse of "the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part" (p. 47) into a
dialogue between Scrooge and his clerk. However, in attempting to retain the good humour of the narrator in the passage

Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed (p. 47)

Barnett has transformed the good-hearted but timid Bob Cratchit into a waggish—if not a snide and impertinent—wit who can taunt the master to his face with apparent impunity:

Bob. Ruin you—with such a fire in such weather[.] I've been trying to warm myself by the candle for the last half hour—but not being a man of strong imagination failed[.]  

The only real differences, by the way, between this passage in the manuscript, Dicks, and Duncombe lie in punctuation: while the printed texts attempt to provide punctuation that will assist the reader in construing the syntax and sense, the manuscript offers a bare minimum of punctuation. Otherwise, there are few differences between the three texts of Barnett's play (see p. 413 for lines not in the original ms.).

There is, however, a difference in the order of events in Barnett's dramatisation and the original:
"The Second of the Three Spirits" Acts One and Two

1. Christmas Present appears 1. I, iii
2. through the streets 2. II, i
3. "straight to Scrooge's clerk's" (p. 92) 3. II, i: Scrooge narrates
4. "a smell like. . .the pudding" (p. 96) 4. II, i: Bob describes
5. "a place where Miners live" 5. I, iv
7. "Scrooge's nephew" (p. 102) 7. I, v
8. "a foot or claw" (p. 108) that leads to the uncovering of Ignorance and Want

This schema reveals that Barnett has reversed the scenes involving the festivities at the Cratchits' and at Scrooge's nephew's.

The playwright's motive for altering the order of the scenes as presented in the published story lies in his introduction of the uncanonical Dark Sam in I, i. Had he been content with the plot as the novelist had presented it to him, Barnett need not have switched the scenes in the first place. However, after he had caused Robert to be robbed by the pickpocket and redeemed by his employer's nephew, Barnett realized that he had interrupted the dream-vision's sequence of events. Presumably (although Barnett's Marley mentions no specific times appointed for the arrival of each spirit) the visitation and travels of Christmas Past occur well after bedtime on
Christmas Eve. But logically the pickpocketing was
effectected before and not after the arrival of
Scrooge's first guide. Had Barnett placed the offend­
ing scene any earlier, however, he would still have
violated either the natural or the visionary order.
As the sequence stands in the play, the audience is
aware of Frank's generosity (which reinforces his
enunciated convictions about the Christmas spirit)
while Scrooge is not. Furthermore, had Barnett placed
I, ii any earlier, the contrast between Fan's care of
Scrooge as a boy and the grown man's neglect of Fan's
"one child" would not have been as evident to the
audience.

To return to the substance of that text, one
sees clearly how Barnett in giving Cratchit some of
the narrator's lines has actually distorted the mild
character of the clerk. The part in the Surrey cast,
as in the Adelphi cast, was moreover taken by an es­
established comedian whose verbal tweaking of the dour
master the audience would have appreciated.

To streamline the dramatic action, Barnett has
altered the chronological setting just as Stirling
has, from the afternoon to the evening of December
24, so that the protagonist may conveniently fall
asleep in his office. The alternative required a
break in an otherwise continuous action such as the
scene involving Scrooge's taking a frugal and soli-
tary repast in a chophouse in the 1951 film, a possibility that the film exploited to dramatise the transformation of the knocker into Marley (played by Michael Horden). For the sake of five fewer set changes (namely: through the streets, the interior of the chophouse, through the streets again, the front door and foyer of Scrooge's residence, and Scrooge's bedchamber) Barnett, like Stirling, has Scrooge sup on the traditional miser's fare of gruel (derived from the original story) prior to Scrooge's remarking that Marley's apparition might be "an indigested bit of beef [---] a fragment of an underdone potatoe" [sic.] (ms., p. 952), which, in the novella, the reader reasonably conjectures the frugal merchant has consumed earlier that evening "in his usual melancholy tavern" (p. 53-4).

In these respects, Barnett's adaptation seems workmanlike, but lacking in such clever touches as Bob and his employer's quibbling over whether Scrooge has given him "a shilling for a sixpence" or "a sixpence for a shilling" (Stirling ms., p. 802A). The name "Dibler" which appears in the novella as "Dilber" is more than a compositorial error since it occurs in both Dicks and Duncombe, but less than an authorial error, since it is spelled properly in the manuscript. Dicks even compounds the error by referring to the laundress as "Dibbler" (p. 9). Given the
high correlation between both printed editions and the manuscript submitted to the Lord Chamberlain (see p. 413), this error is surprising--but the double 'b' fault appears not to be Barnett's.

However, his addition of the names "Cheerly" and "Heartly" for the "portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold" (novella, p. 50) who come to solicit a contribution for a Christmas poor-relief fund is equal to Stirling's powers of invention in such innovative names as Will O'Gap, Sally Dark, and Blink. These names are consistent with the quasi-allegorical names of Dickens' principals, and it is very much the business of the adaptor to individualize and identify each speaking part in the drama. Perhaps Dickens deliberately blurred the distinctions between the two workers in charity, for instance, so that (apart from recalling the Cheeryble twins of *Nickleby*) they personify good men of business (in contrast to the good businessmen that Scrooge, spiritually dead, and departed Marley, too late repentant, represent). In the book the reader never learns to which of these good, old gentlemen (whom Stirling has his Bob describe as "the overseers and church wardens" [p. 802A] but whose "credentials" [novella, p. 50] Dickens never defines) Scrooge finally renders his deed of charity. Whereas Stirling dispenses with them entirely, Barnett uses their appearances in the play as a
touchstone to measure Scrooge's progress from misanthropy to Grace. Turned down by the miser unceremoniously in the first act after they have discreetly condemned the establishmentarian system of workhouses and prisons, the two appear again in quite a different character in Act Two, doubling as the two of the little knot of businessmen at the 'Change who consider the death of one of their number only in terms of the comestibles provided the mourners:

Heart. Well[,] I don't mind going to it [the funeral] if lunch is provided--I'm not at all sure I was one of his most particular friends[.]
Cheer. You used to stop and say how dye do --whenever you met[.] But come, we must to Change[.] /Exeunt (ms., p. 966).

Barnett has transferred this scene from the bustling Exchange to a street at night--somewhat inappropriately, since the two are supposed to be on their way to the 'Change, and not leaving it after a day's financial moiling. However, defying logic, Barnett has provided a setting that enables him to deliver the protagonist to Old Joe's marine store with a minimum of fuss, and (more importantly) that intensifies the increasingly somber mood of the scenes that culminate in the graveyard.

One might argue, of course, that Barnett has no business having the charitable pair of the first act appear in the vision of the future so out of charac-
ter when no one else appears so changed. Barnett may be merely eliminating the need for another pair of characters introduced so late in the action. Dickens has shown Scrooge his laundress and his charwoman in just such another light, however, preparing Scrooge to see himself as he really appears to others. Certainly this is how Noel Langley, the screen-writer responsible for the 1951 film version, turned the minor part of Mrs. Dilber (using the charwoman's rather than the laundress's lines) into a more important character: Scrooge's housekeeper.

The doubling, therefore, is justifiable, even if Barnett might have better deployed the twins of charity as foils to the twin evils of man's inhumanity, Ignorance and Want, by bringing them on as screen-writer Roger Hirson does in his 1984 television version—he has George C. Scott as Scrooge meet them after his spiritual reformation as he makes his way through the streets. Their obvious glee at Scrooge's whispered donation adds to the viewer's sense of joy at the reclamation of the lost sheep. Barnett was, perhaps, not so innovative as Hirson, who uses the pair to bracket Scrooge's changed character.

Given their somewhat ambiguous characters, has Barnett effectively named the pair? As I have pointed out in "The Naming of Names in A Christmas Carol" (Dickens Quarterly, March, 1987), the names of
Scrooge and Marley in particular are complicated, multi-layered symbols of the men themselves, working on the reader at both literal and connotative levels to assist in the delivery of the story's homily. And Harry Stone has noted that Dickens

. . .took enormous pains to embody in his names the elusive essence of the thing named. For Dickens, names were truly magical; they concealed and revealed identity. 13

Barnett, then, may be pointing the moral of deceptive appearances for the miser, or he may be directing the good, old souls to act out-of-character in terms of their roles and their very names.

This ambiguity is also evident in Barnett's naming of the pickpocket turned undertaker's man whom he has built upon the shadowy character who appears only at Old Joe's in the novella (dubbed "Blink" in Stirling's version). The darkness of Scrooge's future, should the spirits not effect his spiritual reclamation, Stirling had hinted at in the name of the charwoman, Sally Dark (whom Barnett christens "Mrs. Mildew" to establish an appropriate atmosphere of decay), and Barnett may be utilizing the name of this character in the same way.

In fact, as with the characters of Cheerly and Heartly, Barnett is using Dark Sam for two very different purposes. On the one hand, he intends him to
effect a plot complication for Bob Cratchit, whose pocket Dark Sam picks as the clerk is in the process of converting his meagre earnings into Christmas festivity for his family. At this level, Sam has his roots in *Oliver Twist* and such disreputable characters as Gipsy Mike (from Buckstone) and Silver Jack and Hyssop (from Jerrold), and more distantly in the low-life of John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, and in such Shakespearean antecedents as Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale* and Corporal Nym (Sam in soliloquy complains of having "nimmed" nothing prior to Bob's entrance) in *Henry the Fifth*. Frank Freeheart, as his name suggests, proves himself, as Bob says, a "trump" by lending him a sovereign, a repetition of Bob's gesture of relinquishing his odd eighteen pence which Barnett has had him saving towards the purchase of new gloves. Bob declares to Heartly and Cheerly that his "heart would feel warmer though [his] hands were colder" as he relinquishes his savings to give bread and put "a garment on a poor creature who might need" (Dicks, p. 4). Thus, the generosity of the man contrasts with the parsimony of the master. Ironically, family-man Cratchit can ill-afford such philanthropy, while the wealthy Scrooge does not care for anyone (even his sister's only son, whom he promised the dying Fan to look after) but himself. For Bob's charity, he is later robbed of
his week's wages; just as for his assisting Bob, Frank is subsequently informed of his own financial ruin attendant upon the loss of the Mary Jane off the coast of Africa. This repaying of evil for good, Barnett seems to imply, can only be rectified by yet a further act of charity--by the inveterate miser himself.

Dark Sam's second function is, of course, as undertaker's man--on the surface, a rather peculiar fusion. However, as the pickpocket purloins the property of the living so the vulture converts the leavings of the unattended dead to ready cash at the marine store later. Frank, Scrooge's nearest relative, might have prevented the plundering of the corpse had Scrooge treated him more kindly and not alienated him, Barnett seems to imply, for it was the timely appearance of Scrooge's nephew that revived Bob's hopes of a truly merry Christmas for his family. Although sordid, Dark Sam lacks the vindictiveness of Buckstone's Luke the labourer and Jerrold's Doggrass since Barnett has given him the mere motive of survival for his pilfering from the living and the dead.

In establishing so many parallels, likening the problems of the Cratchit family to the disaster that looms over Frank and his wife, and including the insolvency of the ruined Euston and his wife (Ellen,
the former love of Scrooge), Barnett is using the sorts of linkages common to the melodramas of Buckstone and Jerrold, and the larger novels of Dickens himself. And like those masters of the contemporary melodrama and novel, Barnett is employing these multiple sufferings to sound the sentimental strain. The plights of Bob, Frank, and Euston in Barnett's play are of a piece with the sentimentalism that led Jerrold to create the dilemmas of Black-Ey'd Susan and The Rent-Day. Such pathetic situations as Farmer Wakefield's being dispossessed and his daughter's nearly being raped by the evil squire in Buckstone's Luke the Labourer Dickens had already satirized in Chapter 24 of Nicholas Nickleby. Now, Barnett is making a melodrama out of a story without a villain, a tale in which a misanthrope is shown to have the ability to repent and lead a new life. And, like Buckstone, Barnett gives complexity to what, after all, is a relatively simple plot in the Dickens story by adding such elements as the robbery of Bob Cratchit and the bankruptcy of Frank Freeheart.

Barnett emphasizes the plight of the Cratchits because the audience will readily identify with this poor, honest, industrious, and cheerful lower-middle-class family. With Bob the audience contemplates the blighted future: Tiny Tim, who thus far in his life has never tasted goose, will have to wait for yet
another Christmas; and daughter Martha won't have so much as the parson's nose this Christmas. Bob Cratch-it's woeful cry "I'm ruined--lost--undone!" (p. 6, Dicks) heightens the pathos, rendering first Frank's generosity (symbolized by the sovereign) and ultimately Scrooge's largesse (of which the prize turkey is the harbinger) all the more heart-warming. Such providential deliverances as those offered Bob by Frank and Frank by his uncle are part and parcel of early Victorian melodrama, akin to the gold-filled chair in The Rent-Day.

And like the device of the chair in the Jerrold play, the business of the Mary Jane's having sunk Frank's fortunes is established early on. It is announced in the midst of his festivities to Frank, who stalwartly determines to keep the calamitous news from his wife lest he spoil her Christmas. The nephew's financial circumstances Barnett transforms from modest to precipitous so that Scrooge's generosity can redeem two families at once. Tiny Tim will get the necessary medical aid and live; Frank Freeheart will receive the requisite financial aid and remain in England (and not leave, as those profli-gate debtors Micawber of David Copperfield and Warren of The Battle of Life are compelled to do). Having earlier reviled Frank for having married "a smoothed-faced chit" (p. 4, Dicks) and taken hostages
to fortune, Scrooge experiences a change-of-heart whose outward and visible signs are a "cheque for present use" (p. 11, Dicks), a promise to indemnify his nephew's losses, and for Bob a trebling of his wages. Although Barnett's Frank may be based in part on Antonio in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, his Scrooge is no Shylock. In Shakespeare, the miser undergoes a forced conversion to Christianity and forfeits his entire estate to his Christian daughter and son-in-law; in Dickens, the miser undergoes a genuine change-of-heart and dispenses his wealth freely rather than under duress. Barnett interprets Dickens' original theme consistently by having the inner rather than the outward man be touched by the Christian message of brotherly love.

All this was there in the original work, as the name Dickens chose for his money-grubbing, flint-hearted protagonist suggests in the Hebraic origin and Puritan overtones of 'Ebenezer' (colloquially, a Methodist or dissenting chapel in the O.E.D.) and the dialectal origin of his surname. However, in fusing the two scenes from the novel which demonstrate Scrooge's new-found humanity towards his clerk and his remorse at having rejected his nephew, Barnett has heightened the effect of the transformation that the spirits have wrought. In the original story, Scrooge had appeared at his nephew's on Christmas Day
and at the office the next morning to make amends to Bob. In his adaptation, Barnett does something similar to what Stirling does, tidily conflating the two scenes with that in which Scrooge orders the prize turkey.

Whereas, however, Stirling had brought the elements together rather awkwardly, Barnett has Scrooge awaken in his office chair, celebrate his spiritual regeneration in soliloquy, then deal first with Bob (who has rushed to tell his master about Frank's bankruptcy, though how he has learned of this news is unexplained) and then with Frank (who has come to announce his departure from England). Given that the scene occurs on Christmas morning, just after the ordering of the turkey, it is still a little improbable, but it likely would intensify the audience's sense of wonder at Scrooge's miraculous renunciation of his old 'money' morality.

Virtue triumphant in a happy ending, in spite of seemingly certain disaster, became an essential feature in the flood of melodramas that followed [Holcroft's] A Tale of Mystery [in 1802] (Bailey, p. 225)

and is the final effect of C. Z. Barnett's A Christmas Carol; or, The Miser's Warning!

Barnett's concluding speech for Scrooge tries to integrate the audience into this atmosphere of moral renewal: "So may it be with all of us!" (p. 11
in Dicks, ms. p. 975). In a manner reminiscent of Jerrold's handling of Crumbs at the conclusion of The Rent-Day, Barnett has his protagonist plead for forgiveness and hope—those same chords which Browning sounded at the conclusion of A Blot in the 'Scutcheon. Although the speech that Barnett gives Scrooge is clichéd when placed beside Dickens' own highly amusing quip about the "Total Abstinence Principle" (p. 134), it nevertheless effectively underscores the original story's implicit message of the need in English society for more fellow-feeling and less cant.

Although both A Christmas Carol and its successor, The Chimes, seem to confront social problems more directly than did Buckstone and Jerrold,

By 1850 the subject matter of melodrama included slavery [as in adaptations of Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin], the urban environment [as in Moncrieff's The Scamps of London] and a nostalgia for a lost rural heritage [as in Bernard's The Farmer's Story and Smith's adaptation of The Battle of Life], temperance and the problems of drink [as in T. P. Taylor's The Bottle], industrialism and the life of the factory worker [as in Walker's The Factory Lad], the game laws, the homeless poor, and class relationships (English Plays of the Nineteenth Century, I, 27-28).

The Barnett adaptation, like the original, does not merely assail Scrooge's money-morality and Malthusian detachment about the problems of the destitute; it seeks through the flashbacks to establish
something of what has produced such men as Ebenezer Scrooge, who is in microcosm the problem of his society. Dickens had provided some motivation for his miser's hard-heartedness, just as Buckstone had explained Luke's villainy in Luke the Labourer; or, The Lost Son, and Jerrold had provided some reason for Crumbs' nefarious practices in The Rent-Day. Although "The drama of realistic social protest, implicit in Jerrold's subject, had not been invented" (Bailey, p. 260), the adaptations of Dickens' social novels from Oliver Twist onward may have played a part in the development of such a drama later in the nineteenth century.

In this growing tendency towards social realism on the stage the frankness with which The Chimes tackles the evils of alcoholism, infanticide, and prostitution comes as a shock after the adumbration of debt, urban poverty, low wages, ignorance, and Malthusian cant in A Christmas Carol. However, as noted above, the horrors of the Hungry Forties were having their unwholesome repercussions in popular fiction and drama. Realisations of Dickens illustrator George Cruikshank's grotesque series of plates entitled The Bottle (in the manner of Hogarth's two Progresses) established a vogue for temperance melodramas such as T. P. Taylor's at the City of London Theatre (Oct., 1847). However, whereas in The Chimes
Alderman Cute and Sir Joseph Bowley must take some responsibility for the fates of Richard, Meggy, Will, and Lilian, in Cruikshank's plates

The primal fall... is self-induced...
... For the playwright, however, a moral drama of the Fall required a somewhat altered mechanism. In melodrama, evil is not accidental, but essential or retributive. It is not spontaneous, but a conspiracy against the good (Meisel, p. 125-130).

Just as Taylor found it necessary to personify the social evil that the bottle symbolizes in the plates of the artist, so Barnett had attempted to use the figures of Dark Sam, Mrs. Mildew, and Cheerly and Heartly to embody such negative principles as lack of charity, disloyalty, and hypocrisy. He failed in this aspect of the realisation because, despite his utilization of Leech's plates from A Christmas Carol (which may be suggested in the ms. as "Business," but which is made much plainer in the published versions of his play), Barnett was not being true to the essential criticism that Dickens is levelling at his society in the original work.

Without getting caught up in the melodramatic mechanisms of chance and the villain-seducer, Dickens has fashioned a tale in which protagonist and antagonist are one and the same. Dickens' message depends not upon the fortuitous intervention of chance as represented by the timely arrival of Frank Freeheart,
but rather upon the misguided and self-deluded middle class, as represented by the good man of business, Ebenezer (or the boundary stone of I Samuel, vii, 12) Scrooge (or a crush, squeeze, or crowd, according to the O.E.D.) at the outset of the story. Scrooge's journey begins in ignorance, and ends in self-awareness. The tale succeeded so well in its own day, and still succeeds now, because Scrooge is us.

Although Stirling, too, gave prominence to the struggling but still loving (and lovable) Cratchit family, he wisely kept Scrooge's nephew in the background. Barnett, his roots in melodrama, felt the original tale lacked sufficient complexity; consequently, he expanded Dickens' Fred into a symbol of Christian charity and self-sacrifice and thereby offered too many figures with whom the audience would identify. Dickens would have us see the story from the miser's perspective; Barnett confuses the issue by making Frank Freeheart into a melodramatic hero. Thus, although Barnett is essentially truer to Dickens than is Stirling in his attempts to retain as much of the original's narrative and dialogue as possible, he is not nearly so true as the sanctioned adaptor in terms of retaining the spirit of A Christmas Carol. And it is, indeed, the spirit that giveth life.
Chapter One Notes

1 Edward Stirling, *Old Drury Lane: Fifty Years' Recollections, or, Author, Actor, and Manager* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1881), I, 76.


8 Edward Stirling, *A Christmas Carol; or, Past, Present, and Future* (British Library: Manuscript Div., Lord Chamberlain's Col., Add. MS. 42972, ff. 798-829; licensed 27/01/1844) p. 803B.


10 Letter received from George J. Worth, Dept. of English, University of Kansas at Lawrence, 18 March, 1987.


Chapter Two: The Chimes (1844) by Mark Lemon and Gilbert Abbot A'Beckett, and The Haunted Man (1848) by Lemon

The second of the Christmas Books was, in fact, a New Year's story; the last of the Christmas Books returned to the Yuletide setting, but had neither the charm nor the spiritual uplift of A Christmas Carol. Although related to the first of the series by the supernatural plot mechanism, The Chimes again uses the device of the dream-vision while The Haunted Man emphasizes the beneficial effect of memory on the moral life of the individual. The Chimes is far more controversial than the Carol in its political message and its depiction of social ills, The Haunted Man far less so. Both were adapted according to Charles Dickens' wish by his friend and fellow man of letters Mark Lemon, the first editor of Punch, whose collaborator, Gilbert A'Beckett, had produced (probably in conjunction with Dickens himself) the first dramatic adaptation of Oliver Twist.

The history of The Chimes begins on the first of June, 1844, when Dickens and his new publishers, Bradbury and Evans, in signing their contract mutually agreed that the Carol should have a successor. "From Bradbury & Evans," notes Tillotson in the preface to the fourth volume of the Letters, "...Dick-
ens had an advance of £2800, without conditions; he was committed only to his second Christmas Book" (p. ix). Dickens had broken with his former publishers, Chapman and Hall, over what he regarded as insufficient profits, which were, in fact, the result of his own insistence on a lavish format for the Carol. "I had set my heart and soul upon a Thousand, clear," he had written Forster (Letters, IV, 42) on the 11th of February, 1844, admitting that his anxiety was engendered by his still-unpaid year-end bills. "I have not the least doubt that they [Chapman and Hall] have run expenses up, anyhow," he wrote Thomas Mitton the next day, feeling that they were trying to demonstrate the prodigious expenses involved in publishing so that he would not venture to strike out on his own.

Reference to the Pilgrim edition of the Letters also clarifies Dickens' motivation for moving to the Continent. Although he first broached his intention to Forster in October, 1843, in his conversation the previous June with his French translator Pichot he had indicated that he might be moving to Paris. Tillo lotson suggests that "the continued demands of his 'blood-petitioners' (especially his father) had [so] exasperated" (IV, viii) Dickens that he had come to see such a move as the only way out of his financial difficulties:
I am convinced that my expenses abroad would not be more than half of my expenses here; the influence of change and nature upon me, enormous ("To JOHN FORSTER, [2 NOVEMBER 1843]," Letters, III, 590).

By mid-February the house at Devonshire Terrace was up for lease. In May, his agent had secured the Villa Bagnerello two miles outside Genoa for the Dickens family, who arrived to take up tenancy in mid-July.

Cut off from the London environs that had germinated his previous literary successes, Dickens made a sluggish start in the fall on the new Christmas Book, a "goblin story." Although this seems an unlikely subtitle for a Yuletide best-seller, the contemporary use of the term suggested spirits of a domestic character:

By the Winter of 1836/37, a fairyland had already begun its association with Christmas. In December Planché presented "Riquet with the Tuft," the first in his long series of fairy extravaganzas. . . . So Dickens' potential audience would have been prepared, and the subtitles--"a ghost story," "a goblin story," "a fairy tale," and "a fancy"--would not have seemed at all incongruous with the idea of Christmas entertainment.

Between the 9th and the 16th of October he turned out a draft of the first "quarter" of the new novella, whose general outline he detailed to Forster in a letter from Genoa dated 18 October, 1844:
I send you to-day, by mail, the first and longest of the four divisions. I hope to send you a parcel every Monday until the whole is done. I do not wish to influence you, but it has a great hold upon me, and has affected me, in the doing, in divers strong ways, deeply, forcibly (Letters, IV, 203).

On the 8th of the month he had had but a title, "The Chimes," suggested to him by Shakespeare's Henry IV, Part Two (III, ii, 220):

Shallow. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Falstaff. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

There is more, then, in Dickens' title than a chance hearing of Genoese churchbells and a joke in which he figures himself as Falstaff to Forster's Shallow (he had written line 220 and nothing more to Forster on the 8th of October). What to Dickens, who knew his Shakespeare so well, did the title suggest?

Falstaff's line refers directly to a riotous, careless youth that he and Shallow shared as students at London's Inns of Court. However, the lines that Shallow and his cousin Silence exchanged prior to the entrance of Falstaff have cast a gloom over the comic banter. In contemplating the deaths of their friends and contemporaries Shallow and Silence have become aware of their own mortality. Falstaff, who has come
about recruiting a dozen young men for military service, tries to lighten the mood with witticisms about the names of the various inductees. However, behind his jolly facade is the unpleasant truth that many of these yokels will be either killed or maimed in the wars to which this aged miles gloriosus leads them.

Falstaff's reference to the bells suggests more than the days when he and Shallow roistered in tavern and brothel to well after midnight. The chimes at midnight ring to herald the celebrations marking the ascension of a new monarch (Henry V for Falstaff, Victoria for Trotty Veck), but somberly peel at the passing of the predecessor. The chimes for Dickens, then, ring with joy for the arrival of a new year full of promise for the young, and for the transitory nature of all flesh passing from birth to death.

Dickens described to Forster in his letter of 18 October, 1844, how the ringing of the bells in the old church opposite Trotty's hovel would bracket his dream-vision, and how he would awaken to "the sound of the bells ringing the old year out and the new year in" (Letters, IV, 205). As Forster remarks in his Dickens biography, "Fern the farm-labourer is not here, nor yet his niece the little Lilian (at first called Jessie) who is to give the tale its most tragical scene" (p. 256).

Both Michael Slater in "Dickens (and Forster) At
Work on *the Chimes* and Edward Wagenknecht in "Dickens at Work: The Chimes" (in *Dickens and the Scandal-mongers*) have observed that the differences between the outline Dickens gave Forster and the published version "turn mainly on the introduction of Will Fern and Lilian," and that in "the first draft... Meg was originally destined for Lilian's fate: she does not marry Richard yet is left with 'an infant child' (the father is not specified)" (p. 110). Moreover,

.. the story as it now stands leaves no place for the christening of the neighbor's child which was first intended to occupy Toby's New Year's Eve; and the contemplated exposure of Sir Joseph Bowley has been omitted altogether. But the most striking and important change is that in the published version the Chimes do not intervene to save Meg from infanticide and self-destruction.

Having finished the story on November 3rd, Dickens conceived a passion for seeing the work through its final stages of publication. Disregarding the objections of Forster to such a whirlwind trip overland in November, Dickens determined to return post haste to London,

...not merely...to see the last proofs and the woodcuts before the day of publication...; but it was the stronger and more eager wish, before that final launch, to have a vivider sense than letters [from Forster] could give him of the effect of what he had been doing (Forster's *Life*, p. 259).
Since he had himself been greatly affected by the story as he wrote, and since his only audience had been the far-removed Forster, Dickens proposed that his friend assemble a group of intimates to hear Dickens read them the entire work in proof. He was aware, as he wrote to Forster the year previous, that unfortunately his audience were not "forty thousand Forsters, or... forty thousand people who know I write because I can't help it" (Letters, III, 591).

Dickens admitted prior to his Genoa-London trip that the overseeing of the proofs was only a minor part of why he wanted to come: "Not because the proofs concern me at all... , but because of that unspeakable restless something which would render it... .impossible for me to remain here and not see the thing complete" (Letters, IV, 208). However, Slater insists that his main intention, after he had completed the difficult and dangerous journey, was to oversee the final correction of the proofs, of which there are now two sets in existence (the one in the Forster Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum containing changes Dickens made after his return to London).

Immediately the last section of the MS. had been dispatched to Forster in London, Dickens was seized with an irresistible urge to supervise in person the penultimate stage of the book's publication, and to have the experience of reading it aloud to
a small and carefully-chosen party of friends. . . . The two private readings of the work given by Dickens that Forster organized seem to have met with a most gratifying measure of success. The painter Maclise, who was present on both occasions, wrote a description of the first one for Mrs. Dickens's benefit:

you will never be able to conceive the effect of this perusal. We should borrow the high language of the minor theatre and even then not do the effect justice --shrieks of laughter--there were indeed --and floods of tears as a relief to them--I do not think there ever was such a triumphant hour for Charles (p. 107).

Since Jerrold's own domestic melodramas had in a sense 'set the stage' for the Christmas Books, it is not surprising that he, already a member of Dickens' circle, should have been selected. To Jerrold Dickens wrote from Cremona on November 16, already on his way to London, that he hoped the new book would strike a great blow for the poor of his native land "upon that part of the brass countenance of Wicked Cant, where such a compliment is sorely needed at this time" (Letters, IV, 218). And since the book shows the influence of Carlyle, it is not surprising that Dickens had told Forster at the close of his 1-2 November letter from Genoa,

.. .I particularly want Carlyle above all to see it before the rest of the world, when it is done; and I should like to in-flict the little story on him and on dear old gallant Macready with my own lips, and to have Stanny [Clarkson Stanfield, the theatrical set-designer and noted painter; some 19 years Dickens' senior, he had been with Jerrold on the H.M.S. Namur back in
Unfortunately, Dickens does not allude to his reasons for wanting his artistic and theatrical friends present. Forster notes that Dickens felt Carlyle's attendance was "indispensable" (Life, p. 261) to his estimating what the new work's emotional and rhetorical effect would be on the public after its 16th of December release.

Although not so considerable a work as the four major novels that preceded it, this second Christmas Book was, Slater points out,

The first of Dickens's stories to be thoroughly permeated with the influence of men like Carlyle and Douglas Jerrold, [in that] it aimed to exhibit, and ruthlessly to expose, the inhumanity of a number of popular upper- and middle-class attitudes towards the poor current in the early 1840's whether the feudal paternalism of Disraeli's "Young England" Movement, or the arid logic of the Utilitarians, or the "practical common-sense" of some London magistrates ("Dickens [and Forster] At Work. . . .," p. 108).

By dint of Alderman Cute's cant about 'Putting Down' would-be suicides, it seems likely that this Cute is a caricature of a particular metropolitan justice, Sir Peter Laurie. Ironically, it was this social satire of the figures of the economist, magistrate, and landowner, and not the social realism of the rick-burner, prostitute, alcoholic, and infant-
ticide, that Dickens anticipated would create "a great uproar" (*Letters*, IV, 211). This satire is in just such a vein as Jerrold himself undertook in *Black-Ey'd Susan* and *The Rent-Day*. In contrast to the situations Jerrold developed in his melodramas, however,

... unhappiness in *The Chimes* is neither caused by a single figure of villainy nor resolved by a reformed villain [as in the Carol]. ... In *The Chimes*, Dickens has the more complicated task of exposing the fallaciousness of any complacent concept of man's common humanity. To do this he attacks the various attitudes adopted by self-proclaimed philanthropists and self-complacent social critics.

Dickens had chosen his audience well, for these progressive thinkers who were keenly aware of "the mendacity of a complacent, because selfish, society" (Kurata, p. 25) feared that the deplorable sufferings of the destitute to which the complacent middle and upper classes had turned a blind eye, would precipitate a social apocalypse.

Forster's *Life* reproduces Maclise's famous drawing of the reading "At 58, Lincolns Inn Fields, Monday the 2nd of December 1844" opposite page 267 (although, as Tillotson points out, in his letter of 2 December to his wife, Dickens remarks, "As the reading comes off tomorrow night, I had better not despatch my letter to you, until Wednesday's Post" [Let-
ters, IV, 234-235], so that the correct date of the first reading is December 3rd, 1844). In the centre is Dickens, reading aloud from what appear to be proofs; among the group an atmosphere of hushed concentration prevails. To the viewer's left are Carlyle, Blanchard, Jerrold, and Forster; in the foreground, their backs to the viewer, are Fred Dickens, Maclise himself, and Stanfield; at the right, Fox, Dyce, and Harrison.

The goblin visions which horrify Toby are equally moving to Dickens because they are the shadows of reality. Lilian's prostitution, Richard's drunken degradation, and Meg's near infanticide are fictional versions of what Dickens' contemporaries read about in the daily newspapers. Thus, . . . the "rapt solemnity" of journalist William Johnson Fox and the tears of Alexander Dyce and the Reverend William Harness at the prepublication reading. . .(Kurata, p. 26).

Conspicuous by their absence are Dickens' current dramatic adaptors, Mark Lemon and Gilbert A'Beckett. However, Dickens had provided them with a set of proofs from which to work, and prior to the momentous reading of December 3rd,

Forster [had] read the story (for dramatic purposes) to A'Beckett, who "cried so much and so painfully that Forster didn't know whether to go on or to stop."

6

At the insistence of the Reverend H. Barham (Thomas Ingoldsby) there was a second reading on the 5th of
December, at which Dickens again read, as Barham recorded in his diary, "with remarkable effect...from the proofs" (Kitton, p. 138). Apparently the adaptors were absent from this second reading also. Dickens set out for Genoa on the 8th, his mission accomplished.

So significant an event as Dickens' releasing a set of proofs to his dramatic adaptors (who were, moreover, close personal friends) in advance of the story's publication one would expect to elicit some comment from Dickens' biographer. Forster, however, merely remarks,

It is true that to the dramatisations of his next and other following Christmas stories he gave help himself; but, even then, all such efforts to assist special representations were more attempts to render more tolerable what he had no power to prevent, and, with a few rare exceptions, they were never very successful (p. 230).

Forster's view of the adaptation of The Chimes flatly contradicts the assertion of Arthur Adrian, Mark Lemon's biographer, that Dickens,

...rather than have the pirates mangle his works, ...authorized reputable persons to stage them, so that he could exercise some control over the production. Mark and a Beckett rendered The Chimes admirably: they adhered closely to the dialogue, handled some of the descriptive passages through the speeches of the minor characters, and omitted nothing essential.
Nor has Forster's prejudice infected S. J. Adair, Fitz-Gerald, F. Dubrez Fawcett, or Malcolm Morley, all of whom speak favourably of this second sanctioned adaptation of a Christmas Book. However, Adrian's and Morley's contentions that Dickens approached Lemon and A'Beckett so that he could exercise some control over the actual staging are not supported in the correspondence of Dickens that has survived.

However, this adaptation is far worthier of critical attention than the first, by Stirling, because the Lemon and A'Beckett *Chimes* is based not on the published work, but rather on the proofs of the novel as it existed two weeks or more prior to its publication.

The first stage script of *The Chimes* was made by Mark Lemon, the famous *Punch* Editor, and Gilbert Abbot a Beckett, founder of the oft-quoted journal, *Figaro in London*. It opened at the Adelphi on December 18, 1844, only two days after the publication of the book (Fawcett, p. 282).

According to Morley, Dickens had chosen this tactic "to forestall other adaptors"—but again Dickens' letters neither confirm nor refute this view. However, those upon whom he had smiled for this occasion were very particular friends of his.

As was mentioned in the opening chapter, Dickens had formed an association with A'Beckett in 1838 at the St. James's Theatre, where the latter as drama-
tist-in-waiting had assisted "Dickens himself...in transplanting the characters from the then unfinished novel [Oliver Twist] to the stage." The two young men were very much of an age, Gilbert A'Beckett being two years Dickens' senior. At the age of twenty-one he had embarked on a journalistic venture, Figaro in London, a theatrical weekly that anticipated the caustic wit of Punch, on which A'Beckett collaborated with Mark Lemon in 1841. A'Beckett, at age fifteen, had had eight plays published in Duncombe's British Theatre, and the year previous to the Oliver fiasco at the St. James's had seen four more included in Webster's Acting Drama. Dickens' illustrators Seymour and Cruikshank also provided material for A'Beckett's Figaro in London.

Earlier in the year which saw the birth of The Chimes, A'Beckett had begun his life-long collaboration with Mark Lemon (who died fourteen years after him and the same year as Dickens, 1870) on a series of burlesques.

Of all men in his circle, at one time none was closer to Mark than Charles Dickens...Sympathetic with the poor and openly hostile to nineteenth-century oppression, they both had a strong social conscience.

Exactly when the two began their friendship is uncertain...it is doubtful whether Mark's few sketches in Bentley's Miscellany in 1837 and 1838 led to any personal contact at the time, even though Dickens as editor assumed the sole responsibility for approving all contributions.
On 17 July 1841, in Dickens's *Master Humphrey's Clock*, appeared a prospectus announcing the first number of a newspaper, *Punch*. Sometime thereafter the two men met, probably through one of their friends: Jerrold, Webster, or Leech. By 6 April 1843 their social intercourse had begun. . . . (Adrian, p. 110).

Allibone lists Lemon as the author of over sixty dramas, "principally farces and melodramas," many written in partnership with A'Beckett, as well as the story *The Enchanted Doll* (1849), and *Prose and Verse* (1852). "His first editorship was that of the 'London Journal,' for which he had written the Christmas story almost from its commencement" (D.N.B., XI, 909). For his intimate friend Herbert Ingram, editor of the *Illustrated London News*, he wrote Christmas stories: "The first Christmas supplement that it published was from his pen" (D.N.B., XI, 909). Although he contributed to Dickens' *Household Words*, and although *Punch* was purchased by Dickens' publishers, Bradbury and Evans, Lemon's real bond with Dickens was not so much in writing as in theatre. Lemon's playwrighting receipts helped keep the money-losing *Punch* (jointly edited at the outset by the three part-time playwrights Henry Mayhew, J. S. Coyne, and Lemon) afloat until Dickens' publishers bought out the owners, Landells (the magazine's engraver), Last (the printer), Mayhew, and Lemon himself. Like Dickens, he gave public readings, especially of selections from his own
play *Hearts are Trumps* (1867).

The editor of *Punch* was one of the distinguished Amateurs whose activities were dominated by Dickens. They were to appear together in a number of performances with literary all-star casts for Benefits and other important occasions organised by those Amateurs. In *Every Man in his Humour*, Lemon was Brainworm to the Captain Bobadil of Dickens; and in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the latter was Justice Shallow to his Sir John Falstaff, a part for which the player needed no padding. All in all, Mark Lemon was a man after Dickens's own heart (Morley, p. 203).

At Tavistock House he played Lord Crayford in Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens' *Frozen Deep* (1856-7), and even acted semi-professionally at the Adelphi in the *Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, a benefit for the widow of *Punch* contributor Charles Bennett (1867).

The absence of such literary and dramatic practitioners as Lemon and A'Beckett from both the Dickens readings of *The Chimes* can be accounted for by the fact that likely they were busy at the Adelphi on those evenings, readying their adaptation for production. Whether Dickens approached his friends, or they or the Adelphi management of Ben Webster approached him with the notion of stealing a march on the hacks is a matter of conjecture. Dickens having given grudging co-operation in the previous February to Stirling's *Carol* at the Adelphi, it is quite possible the initiative was Webster's.

With his intimate and remarkable knowledge of
the London theatre scene, it is quite likely that Dickens knew at second if not first-hand of the various Carol adaptations that had run in competition to Stirling's. Certainly he was in London at the time, as the letter "To JOHN FORSTER, [21 February 1844]" proves:

...second extract said to be on his return from Liverpool and Birmingham, but clearly 21 Feb., the day after his visit to the Adelphi: see To Fred Dickens, 19 Feb.--"You will find me at the Adelphi tomorrow night, with Mitton, if you like to come" (Letters, IV, 50).

The year that he died Dickens remarked "to Herm-an Merivale that he 'fancied that he knew the name of every play that had been acted for years.'" It is plausible, then, that he would have taken the trouble to ascertain the strengths and weaknesses of rival adaptations, including Barnett's. Dickens' response to unfavourable press reviews of the Smith adaptation of The Battle of Life (see Letters, V, 27), like his earlier reaction to the Examiner's harsh criticism of The Village Coquettes (from which attack Dickens still smarted years afterward, as his 11 December, 1846, letter to Hullah indicates), reveals how carefully he followed the London theatrical scene as reported in the periodicals. Through Forster, Jerrold, A'Beckett, and especially Lemon, if not at first hand or through the press, Dickens is likely to have
learned of the public's reactions to the straight dramatic renderings of *A Christmas Carol*.

Fawcett's report that "Dickens was not too pleased with the casting" (p. 77) of Stirling's *Carol* is borne out by the fact that Dickens changed not only his adaptor for the second sanctioned adaptation, but much of the cast. Out of the thirty-six players in Stirling's adaptation, only five--Ellen Chaplin, O. Smith, Edward Wright, Mrs. Frank Matthews, and Mr. Freeborn--appear on the list of the twenty-two performers in the Lemon and A'Beckett play.

The career of O. Smith as an impersonator of Dickens' characters and as the villain of many a melodrama has already been detailed in Chapter Two. "There was probably no really suitable member of the Adelphi Company for Trotty, as Toby Veck was nicknamed from the pace of his gait" (Morley, p. 204), so the principal role of the bewildered, mild-mannered old ticket porter fell to Smith.

The remaining characters and cast members were given as follows in Webster's Acting National Drama:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROLOGUE (The Spirit of the Chimes)</th>
<th>Miss E. Chaplin.</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ALDERMAN CUTE</td>
<td>Mr. Edward Wright.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FILER</td>
<td>Mr. Lambert.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHOKER</td>
<td>Mr. J. Cullenford.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RICHARD</td>
<td>Mr. Charles Selby.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JABEZ</td>
<td>Mr. Munyard.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOHN</td>
<td>Mr. Saunders.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Mr. Lambert, here Filer, played a number of Dickensian roles: Caleb Plummer in Stirling's *Cricket on the Hearth* at the Adelphi (31 December, 1845, to 31 January, 1846); Old Philip Swidger in Lemon's *Haunted Man* at the Adelphi (20 December, 1848, to 7 February, 1849); and Bumble in a version of *Oliver Twist* at the Amphitheatre, Edinburgh (20-24 January, 1854). This Lambert was not Edward Stirling.

Cullenford, who appeared as Choker, subsequently migrated to the Haymarket Theatre, where he became a member of the stock company headed first by Benjamin Webster, and subsequently by Buckstone (W. A. A'Beckett, p. 316).

He also made appearances in other dramas from Dickens: Ralph Nickleby in Stirling's *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Adelphi (19 November, 1838, to 11 February, 1839) and at the Old Vic. (20 May, 1839); Gabriel Varden in Stirling's *Barnaby Rudge* at the New Strand.
(9 to 21, August, 1841); and yet another heavier role--Tackleton in Stirling's *Cricket* (Dec., 1845).

Richard was played by Selby, who was one of the "stock authors" at the Adelphi ever ready to "adapt from the French" (A. W. A'Beckett, p. 315).

Charles Selby (1802-1863) made almost a second career of enacting characters from Dickens; his first was as an adaptor and playwright. At the time of his death he had over seventy plays on the register of the Dramatic Authors' Society, having "supplied with successful characters Yates, Wright, Compton, the Keeleys, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Waylett, others" (D.N.B., XVII, 1148). He wrote *Pickwickian Adventures; or, The Sayings and Doings of the Pickwick Club* for the Queen's Theatre (11 September, 1837). After producing a melange of *Pickwick Papers* and *Master Humphrey's Clock* for the Strand (at which he had been a member of the company since 1832) which ran 10 to 26 August, 1840, Selby wrote in collaboration with Charles Melville an adaptation of *Barnaby Rudge* that saw numerous productions: first at the English Opera House (27 June, 1841), then across the Atlantic, and later at the Olympic (26 June, 1844) and in the provinces, before reappearing in June, 1856, at the Surrey. Also in June, 1842, he supplied the Strand with the popular farce *Boots at the Swan*. In a stage career spanning thirty years, Selby took such character roles as
Chenille in Jerrold's *Prisoner of War* (1842), the Duke of Cumberland in Taylor and Reade's *Two Loves and a Life* (Adelphi, 1854), and the French watchmaker in Boucicault's *Janet Pride*. One of his last roles was that of Scrooge in Stirling's *Carol* in the Adelphi's December, 1859, revival of that old favourite.

Above middle height and with a good stage presence, Selby was a useful and responsible actor. His face had naturally a quaint comic twist, such as comedians are used to cultivate (D.N.B., XVII, 1148).

Another distinguished member of *The Chimes* cast was Paul Bedford (1792-1871), an actor born in Bath who began his theatrical career through what was then the normal route, home-town amateur theatricals. Having played the provinces, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, he made his first London stage appearance at Drury Lane as Hawthorn in *Love in a Village* (1824). Macready recruited him, still as a singer, for Covent Garden in 1833. However, the second and better known stage of Bedford's career began after Yates offered him a position in the Adelphi company in 1838; his first popular role there was that of Blueskin in the Adelphi's adaptation of Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* by J. B. Buckstone (1839). He took such Dickensian roles as the venerable Thespian Vincent Crummles in Stirling's *The Fortunes of Smike* (1840), Varden in Rodwell's *Barnaby Rudge* (1841-2), and the Ghost of
Christmas Present in the Adelphi's 1859 revival of Stirling's *Carol*. During his thirty years at the Adelphi he specialized in low-comedy, making his portly figure and deep, portentous voice (both admirably suited to the part of Bowley in *The Chimes*) memorable to London playgoers. W. A. A'Beckett recalls the rollicking Bedford as the foil to comedians Wright and J. O. Toole.

Fish was entrusted to C. J. Smith, a clever little fellow who made a big hit when Jefferson appeared at the same house in Dion Boucicault's version of *Rip Van Winkle* (W. A. A'Beckett, p. 315-316).

A solid character actor, C. J. Smith took such Dickensian roles as one of the three Christmas Spirits in Charles Webb's exceptionally popular adaptation of *A Christmas Carol* at Sadler's Wells (1844), and Snawley in Halliday's 1875 revival of *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Adelphi, a production which enjoyed a run of over 150 performances.

Finally, Miss Fortescue, who here enacted Meggy Veck, the leading female part though a juvenile, had the female lead of Dot in Ben Webster's adaptation of *The Cricket on the Hearth* at the Haymarket (6 December, 1845, to 14 February, 1846), an adaptation in which the versatile and prolific Mr. Webster played John Peerybingle admirably. And Freeborn, here the Goblin of the Bell, had played Mr. Floss, a business
acquaintance of Scrooge, in Stirling's Carol.

Although O. Smith may not have looked the part of the diminutive and timorous Trotty Veck, "from all accounts, he played the part well enough and with complete understanding" (Morley, p. 204). One of the papers that Morley consulted was probably the Illustrated London News for 4 January, 1845, which stated that

Mr. O. Smith, as Toby Veck, entirely carried out the intentions of the author. His performance was marked with the greatest care, and an eye to the most artistic effect in every word and action.

In the rival production at the Lyceum Dickens' friend, Robert Keeley, in the same role (as adapted by Stirling), though a gifted comedian and solid character actor, may have been equally improbable on account of his size. However, because of Dickens' having entrusted the playwrights at the Adelphi with a set of proofs, O. Smith was first.

There seems to be some confusion, however, as to the precise opening date of the Adelphi's production. While Dicks (1887) follows Webster (1845) in indicating the opening night was "Tuesday, December 19th," both are in error. To complicate the matter, both W. A. A'Beckett and Fitz-Gerald assert that this was the date; likely, both Edwardian writers were referring to one or the other of these printed texts.
To begin with, Dickens' letters as well as the weekly editions of the *Illustrated London News* establish that the Tuesday of the week preceding the Christmas of 1844 was the 17th. Bolton agrees with Fawcett and Morley, both of whom give "December 18, 1844, only two days after the [book's] publication" (*Dickens the Dramatist*, p. 82). "Ring Up The Chimes" explains that

The first night was announced for Thursday, December 19th, 1844, but so well prepared were rehearsals that the occasion was advanced twenty-four hours (p. 203).

Whereas the Adelphi's adaptation opened a scant two days after the novella's publication, and closed February 3, 1845, the Lyceum's played only once in December (Boxing Day), and closed after its thirty-third performance (Feb. 1).

However, as Bolton notes,

. . .the story never achieved any wide or deep theatrical popularity: only a small number of playhouses [in London: five] dramatized the story at any one time; never were the sequences of performances impressively long. The decline in the popularity of Dickens dramatized continued, after having been interrupted by the fairly widespread staging of "A Christmas Carol" during the previous year (p. 268).

Even though Stirling's *Carol* was produced after the Christmas season, it ran for over forty performances, and his *Martin Chuzzlewit* at the Lyceum, which had
opened on 8 July, ran for at least one hundred and five. The "Dickens dramatizing industry," as Bolton terms the business of adaptations of the novelist's works, was probably as sound as ever, as the immense popularity of the next Christmas offering indicates.

The fault lay not so much in the Adelphi's production (after all, the Lyceum suffered similarly), but in the nature of the novella adapted. Although the protagonist, his daughter, her fiancé, Will Fern, and Lilian are sympathetic characters in both the book and the script, "...there appeared to us to be less kindliness in its intent than we have been accustomed to admire in Mr. Dickens's works..." (Illustrated London News, 21 Dec., 1844, p. 395). In fact, the problem with the adaptation may have been that Lemon and A'Beckett had been too faithful to the original:

A good half hour may be saved out of the piece, by judicious curtailment, with advantage; and this was evidently the opinion of everybody near us (p. 395).

The reviewer, obviously more taken with the previous Christmas Book's adaptations, pronounced The Chimes "certainly inferior...in pathos, humour, and interest" (p. 395). One has the sense that he found it well-acted, but not the heart-warming seasonal entertainment that the public had come to expect from the pen of Charles Dickens.
In respect to the general outline of the plot, and even to much of the dialogue, the manuscript of the Lemon and A'Beckett play and the published novel are quite similar. This scrupulous similarity, in fact, F. Dubrez Fawcett contends is a general characteristic of dramas from Dickens:

Writers on Dickens have invariably permitted themselves to be biased by his own early protests at the way his work had been "mutilated" by the dramatists, and it has become a cliche to assume that such departure from the original story was the common practice. The truth is that, except when Dickens's stories were put on the stage before their completion in serial parts, the dramatists usually kept very closely to the story. Indeed, they were forced to do so from the very fact that the public knew what had happened, and would not have tolerated any grossly unsuitable departure from the original (Dickens the Dramatist, p. 83).

Slater contends that "Lemon and A'Beckett, who worked from the proofs of the book, made hardly any alterations in the dialogue when adapting it for the stage" ("Dickens [And Forster] At Work. . . ," p. 114), except in their clarifying whose child Meg has in her possession towards the end of Trotty's vision. These, along with other minor differences between the play and the published story, suggest that Lemon and A'Beckett may have working from a set of proofs that did not include the last-minute revisions Dickens is known to have made after his 2nd of December reading.
Two sets of page-proofs of *The Chimes* exist. One is in the Dexter collection of Dickensiana, now owned by Mr. D. M. Stern of Neston, Cheshire, . . . , and the other is in the Forster Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum. As printed these two copies are identical but the second ( . . . the Forster Proof-copy) has the additional feature of manuscript emendations and additions by Dickens. Textual evidence suggests that the Forster Proof-copy is, in fact, the final set of proofs, those used by the printers when setting up the first edition.

As printed the Forster Proof-copy differs substantially from the MS. and there is reason to believe that it represents the text as emended in the first proofs by Forster to whom Dickens, while he was abroad, had entrusted all dealings with the printers. . . .

We may infer, then, that the Forster Proof-copy as printed represents the stage that the text had reached when Dickens arrived in London on November 29th, 1844 ("Dickens [And Forster] At Work. . . .," p. 124-125).

It was probably his intention to test the effect (on 5 December) of whatever changes he had made, at the second of the readings Forster had arranged. These modifications having been put in place in advance of the second reading, Dickens wrote to his wife on 2 December, 1844, that he had "been at Bradbury and Evans's all day" (*Letters*, IV, 234), probably making changes to the set of proofs now designated the Forster Proofs, so that he could report that, "The little book, is now, so far as I am concerned, all ready."

This discussion of the two proof sets suggests that Lemon and A'Beckett were given either the alter-
ed Dexter Proofs, or an even earlier set. Since Dickens failed to notify his adaptors of these changes he had made in the final set of proofs for the printers, the play occasionally deviates from the published story, and thus reveals the state of the text when Dickens arrived in London.

The method of adaptation employed by Lemon and A'Beckett was, as has been remarked, more straightforward and less pictorial than Stirling's. Furthermore, given both the adaptors' relationship to Dickens and the fact that they had a set of proofs, Lemon and A'Beckett were probably less inclined than C. Z. Barnett to invent characters and situations. Their only invention seems to be the opening, which is their method of accomplishing what Dickens had done in over half-a-dozen pages of exposition. Although a non-textual intrusion, the Prologue is theatrically effective, which the opening pages, translated to the stage, would not have been.

Although the Prologue, given by Miss Chaplin as the Spirit of the Chimes (a character who does exist in the story), is not in the Lord Chamberlain's manuscript, Morley indicates that it was delivered at the very opening of the play. Fitz-Gerald in Dickens and the Drama reprints it with slight errors in spelling and punctuation (p. 199). It makes plain the "lesson" offered by the chimes is intended to allay Trotty's
doubting "...if the poor man's heart could own/ The sympathies he deem'd were Wealth's alone..." The book establishes Trotty as its subject for moral and spiritual renewal by focusing on him from the start; Lemon and A'Beckett recognized that, in dropping the original exposition, they might lose that focus, letting such matters as the romance between Richard and Meggy, and the friendship of Lilian and Meggy assume a greater importance in the play than in the original because, while those characters and Will Fern are active agents in the plot, Trotty is, after all, only an observer much of the time.

The directions throughout the manuscript are far less detailed than those in the printed script, which may accordingly represent the way in which the play had been staged until Webster printed it in Acting National Drama in 1845, a text that Dicks has generally followed. For example, the manuscript mentions that the street musicians are "discd playing some popular melody," while the printed texts specify the tune of "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" (Dicks, p. 3; Webster, p. 7).

According to Andrew Porter's notes for Joan Sutherland's Command Performance, Vol. 2 (London OS 25777), this song from Balfe's opera The Bohemian Girl was one of Queen Victoria's favourites. Although Irish singer and composer Michael William Balfe (1808-
1860) had played in the Drury Lane orchestra after he had emigrated to London in 1832, he wrote his early operas between 1829 and 1833 in Italy. However, The Bohemian Girl, produced at Drury Lane in 1843, the most popular of his operas, belongs to the period of his success after his Italian sojourn. The ballads "When Other Lips" and "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls" from this opera were published in many arrangements at the time. Both were indeed the sort of popular melody that a street-band might have played before an alderman's house at the Christmas season, there being nothing vulgar or low about either piece. Presumably, at the time that Lemon and A'Beckett submitted the play to the Lord Chamberlain (the accompanying letter gives "Dec 12, 1844") they had not decided what piece Jabez and his band would play.

The recognizable tune would have seized the audience's attention for the scene that the dramatists have invented. Their intention, apart from providing an effective opening, seems to have been to introduce the persons of Jabez and Mrs. Chickenstalker as early as possible. The audience is thus prepared for the appearance of the amiable small-shopkeeper in the dream-vision as the wife of the odious Tugby, and for her re-appearance, along with that of Jabez and his band, at the play's festive conclusion as depicted in the final plate by John Leech. The song's title also
foreshadows Trotty's dream-vision, though there is nothing pleasant about the sights that the Goblins of the Bells present to him.

Another, though less significant, change that the playwrights made to the story was one to which the reviewer for the *Illustrated London News* warmly objected. He noted that, in the second scene at Bowl-ey Hall, when Trotty visits Sir Joseph's New Year's festivities in his dream-vision, "Trees are not accustomed to be in full leafy summer luxuriance upon New Year's Day, nor are tables laid in the open air at such a season." Such an obvious blunder indicates that Dickens, who was a stickler in such matters of staging (as his contributions to the production of Albert Smith's *Battle of Life* in 1846 suggest), probably had little to do with the play. In the original story he described Bowley Hall as "full of visitors" because "There was to be a great dinner in the Great Hall." In the third scene of Quarter Three, on the other hand, the manuscript indicates "An opening at the back shows the Park" (p. 824A). Since Lemon and A'Beckett had followed the text's suggested setting for the first scene at Bowley Hall, "a spacious library" (p. 179, Penguin), one wonders what they were about. Perhaps providing another set, that of a great hall, was inconvenient, and they felt verisimilitude could be sacrificed for ease of staging.
The non-textual prologue, the opening scene with Mrs. Chickenstalker and Jabez, and the improbability of an open-air banquet in January are less problematical than the dropping of Lady Bowley's song (p. 184 in Penguin) from her diatribe against Will Fern in absentia (Quarter II, Scene ii), and the expansion of several speeches from this scene as it stands in the manuscript.

Reading from Cute's letter, Sir Joseph says the alderman "...inquires whether it will be agreeable to us, to have Will Fern put down" (ms., p. 819B). A speech later, Lady Bowley forcefully replies, "Let him be made an example of by all means!" However, in the printed texts of the play, she goes on to complain that "Last winter," Will Fern "objected to the employment" (Webster, p. 20) of pinking and eyeholing that she had attempted to introduce to the male villagers. The novella makes explicit the fact that Lady Bowley intended this to be a "nice evening employment" (p. 184, Penguin) which would be over and above the day-labour already expected of the men, and that Fern (something of a Tolpuddlian rebel in the original) had objected, "I humbly ask your pardon, my lady, but ain't I something different from a great girl?" He is hardly the mere shirker that Lady Bowley's much-shortened speeches in the two forms of the play seem to imply. Perhaps the adaptors wished to soften some
of the play's more controversial aspects.

Another problem posed by the same scene is why Sir Joseph dictates a letter to his amanuensis, Mr. Fish, that in manuscript resembles closely the letter in the book, but in the printed texts has been trimmed considerably. In the novella, the manuscript, and the printed scripts, the speech begins with Sir Joseph's calling for his secretary's attention. In the Webster's Acting National edition:

(MR. FISH writes.) Mr. Fish inform the alderman, that as Fern has opposed all my plans, he may put him down. You have heard my remarks; now my friend, can you say that you have also made preparations for a New Year? (p. 20).

Compare this speech to its equivalent in the manuscript:

/L. B. seizes his pen/ - dictating/ "Private" My dear Sir, I am very much indebted to you for your courtesy, in the matter of the man William Fern, of whom I regret to add, I can say nothing favourable, he has opposed all my plans. Nothing will persuade him to be happy., when he might. Under those circumstances it appears to me, I own, that when he comes before you again, as you informed me he promised to do tomorrow, his committal for some short term as a Vagabond would be a service to Society. I am & so forth. It appears strange, really, at the close of the year. I wind up my account, & strike my balance even with William Fern,—Here my Friend Take the letter with my compliments, & thanks. My friend, can you say, that you have made preparation for a New Year? (p. 820A-820B).
This second version of Sir Joseph's letter in dictation is much closer to that given in the novella, although Dickens gives "ordained" instead of "strange," and some lines have been cut, including the speaker's reference to himself as one of "the Friends and Fathers of the Poor" (p. 185), and to Fern's class as "misguided." Since the speech was reduced after the script's submission to the Lord Chamberlain, the change has nothing to do with Dickens' last minute alterations. Rather, it reflects a sense of the theatrical on the part of the adaptors and the director -- so long a speech (even though shorter than that in the novella) is too static. It neither furthers the plot nor reveals Sir Joseph's character much better than the shorter version given by Dicks and Webster.

After his completing his commission at Bowley Hall, Trotty, feeling downhearted about facing the New Year unprepared, imagines (the narrator tells us) that the bells are ringing "Friends and Fathers" (p. 186-187) as he delivers Sir Joseph's letter to Cute. Instead, the dramatists give Trotty a short soliloquy in which he expresses similar feelings after he has delivered the letter to Cute. The playwrights have selected the words and sentiments that Dickens had indicated were running through Trotty's mind, so that the four sentences do not seem inappropriate or awkward. Trotty's confiding in the audience is almost
confessional, since he feels guilty about the part he may play in the series of events that will bring down this man Fern, whom he literally bumps into on his way home. This sense of guilt is not necessarily conveyed by the novella's "he only made the more haste to deliver the Alderman's letter" (p. 187). Furthermore, as in the play, the book's Trotty naively believes Sir Joseph to be "a noble gentleman" (Webster, p. 20).

Toby (as he is consistently referred to in the play) warns Fern of the conspiracy against him, and reminds him of the antecedent causes of this antipathy: "you wouldn't do eyelet holeing and wouldn't be his [Bowley's] child" (Webster, p. 22). In the story, Dickens informs the reader only that "Trotty told him what he knew, and what character he had received" (p. 188). The manuscript's Toby says Sir Joseph has determined to put Fern down "because--because you wouldn't have him for a friend and a father, & because because--" (p. 821A-821B). Trotty's sense of bewilderment is better communicated by the manuscript than by the printed texts, which make him sound rather flippant.

Curiously, Lemon and A'Beckett have altered Will's folksy "I could sift grain from husk here and there, but let it be as 'tis. What odds?" (p. 189), all of which they have reduced to "Truly" (p. 22), or
"True" in the manuscript. However, the sentence comes at the beginning of a long speech which the adaptors have not reduced. Clearly they have attempted to move the action along at the expense of such flourishes as Dickens provided to his characterizations, but these reductions were insufficient for the tastes of the reviewer of the Illustrated London News.

Although the reviewer found "the acting was, in every respect, excellent," he found the dialogue drawn right from the novella was not suitably dramatic:

. . . there was much of it which "hung" considerably. . . . This might be from the absence of all sustaining interest, no one appearing to feel particularly concerned about the fate of any of the characters; and it might also have proceeded from its length [Webster gives the "Time of representation" as "two hours" on page 4].

Despite the fact that Lemon and A'Beckett had tried to maintain Trotty Veck as the focus of the story and that Fern is but a supporting character in the play, the reviewer nevertheless gives the play's chief subject as "The grievances of the agricultural labourer"--perhaps the 'blow' that Dickens and his fellow liberals Lemon and A'Beckett wished to strike for the poor was somewhat heavy-handed for seasonal theatrical fare. And the reviewer, even if friendly to (if not a friend of) the dramatists on account of their contributions to his journal, still felt oblig-
ed to report honestly the audience's reaction to the sociological dramatisation:

...as a whole—although possibly a deeper object was aimed at than in the last year's Christmas offering [i.e., *A Christmas Carol* -- the novel, and not the play] -- it is certainly inferior to the "Carol," in pathos, humour, and interest. There were none of those touches of nature which went home to the hearts of all with such force: we missed all the characters that we looked forward to for engrossing all our sympathies, as honest Bob Cratchit, good-hearted Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig, and poor Tiny Tim, had done twelve months since.

The reviewer is apparently lumping the original Christmas Book and its numerous dramatic adaptations together, for the various plays based on the novella of 17 December, 1843, did not arrive on the London stages until early the following February. What he chooses to comment upon--the play's lack of endearing charm and domestic sentiment--is significant, but there is much about the production, including some marked differences between the play and the novella, that he does not remark upon at all. And this in spite of the fact that this review appears on the same page of the Christmas supplement as a detailed synopsis of the book.

Specifically, the review does not comment upon the introductory Prologue and Jabez-Mrs. Chicken-stalker scene, nor about the alterations noted in certain speeches, nor about the dramatists' use of
tableaux. He pointed out the folly of the open-air banquet, but did not query why Lemon and A'Beckett have Trotty produce a bit of bacon in II, iv, and then have him hurriedly exit to "try to find 'em" (ms., p. 823A), when in the novella the reader is specifically told that this is Toby's "inscrutable artifice" (p. 193) for getting over to Mrs. Chicken-stalker's "to purchase the viands he had spoken of, for ready money," and then, returning, to pretend he had encountered difficulty in finding them in the dark. Although the adaptors have shortened the sequence, they have done so illogically, detracting from the dialogue between the guest and the hostess that goes on while Trotty hastily exits, then moments later re-enters. Perhaps this piece of ineptitude went unnoticed.

The conclusion of this scene is the demarcation point between reality and dream, yet neither the novel nor the play makes it plain that such a shift is happening. Meg does not reply to Trotty's request that she harken once again to the sound of the bells from the nearby church, although Meg's describing their ringing as "strange" (Webster, p. 27) is an improvement over the novella's "loud" (p. 196, and ms., p. 824B)--presumably another change made in rehearsal after the December 12th submission to the Lord Chamberlain.
While the novella describes Meg's appearance at Trotty's second injunction that she attend to the sound of the chimes (which subtly indicates the point at which the dream-vision begins), the play does nothing to interrupt Trotty's concluding speech in II, iv. The story does not make it clear that his daughter has fallen asleep: "She listened, with her face towards him all the time. But it underwent no change. She didn't understand" (p. 196) the bells. Trotty had tapped on Meg's door to get her attention; he withdraws, but no mention is made of his closing the door to her room. In the Webster version, "Door closes" (p. 27)--but how? Not in the manuscript, this direction may be an attempt by the adaptors to indicate the precise point at which Trotty departs from reality.

Nothing achievable on stage at that time could replace the fine description of Trotty's ascending the bell-tower to view the "Goblin Sight" (p. 201), which begins so lightly but ends so somberly. Lemon and A'Beckett have excised three pages from the beginning of the third quarter, eliminating the earlier elfin pranksters entirely to render the Goblins of the Great Bells more awe-inspiring. Whereas Dickens narrates Trotty's looking down from the height to behold "his own form, lying at the bottom, on the outside: crushed and motionless" (p. 207), the collabor-
ators have put this description into Trotty's own mouth, coupled with his own exclamation from the book --"No more a living man--dead!"

Apparently "The Spirit of the Chimes" in the play was the same child who played young Lilian, "The child Will Fern had carried in the street" (novella, p. 207). The playscript creates some confusion by giving Ellen Chaplin's part the title "a Spirit of the Chimes," although her costume shows her to be more akin to the Christmas Ghosts of the initial Christmas Book in her "White shirt trimmed with holly--head dress, and a holly wreath--fleshings" (Webster, p. 2)--a costume comparable to that of Christmas Past in Barnett's Carol: "White dress trimmed with summer flowers, rich belt, fleshings and sandals" (p. 2). What indicates that the child who plays young Lilian doubles as Trotty's guide and companion through the dream-vision is that Lilian describes herself to the now-dead Trotty as "The Spirit of the Bell" (Webster, p. 29). Unfortunately, this line does not occur in the manuscript, which does not indicate, as the printed texts do, that the child Lilian wears as second dress a costume appropriate to such a spirit: "Brown net over silver tissue" (p. 4).

The Webster text of the play suggests that the companion abandons Trotty at the end of the visioned scene at Bowley Hall, because Trotty cries, "No Lil-
ian—Where is Lilian?" (p. 34) just as the tableau dissolves (also in ms., p. 829A). Later, at the climax of his vision, as Meg contemplates committing suicide by jumping into the river, he cries out again, "I see the Spirit of the Chimes among you!" (ms., p. 836A). Webster's text adds in parentheses, "singling out the CHILD, the Spirit of the Chimes appears R." (p. 42). Since the manuscript lacks this direction, and since Trotty's earlier cry of "Where is Lilian?" may suggest that he is wondering what has become of the real child, it is possible that the adaptors conceived of the idea of making young Lilian and the Spirit of the Chimes one and the same after re-reading the book. It is also possible that, since the ms. does not indicate that he had a guide at all, Dickens added this concept in proof. Only an inspection of both sets of proofs would resolve this question.

An even more perplexing difference between the printed texts of the play and the published novella that studying the play's manuscript cannot explain is the change in story-line in the first scene of the fourth quarter. Contemporary audiences familiar with the published story must have been startled to hear Mrs. Chickenstalker (now, in fact, Mrs. Tugby, although not designated as such in the play) and the Parish Doctor (Lint--a name not used in the ms., but in both printed texts, and suggested to the adaptors
from the common surgical dressing, rather than from Dickens) discuss the death of "the back attic" (ms., p. 831A; Webster, p. 38), a lodger who is not Richard but another man who has been living with Meggy since Richard's death some time earlier. Apparently, alcoholism has brought this second, unnamed man to "the same plight" (Webster, p. 38) as Richard, who has, as Mrs. Chickenstalker clearly implies in the printed texts of the play, died some time prior to this. The matter rests, ultimately, on the fact that all the play texts suggest that the dying man is not Richard, and that the alteration of just a few words and the elimination of that one line would create the opposite impression, which the novella does, namely that Richard and the "back-attic" (novella, p. 228) are the same person. If "This went on for years" (p. 231) in the novella becomes "five" years (p. 39, Webster; p. 834A, ms.) and "There he has been lying now" and "she has not been able to do her old work" (p. 232) in the novella undergo simple tense changes ("has been" becoming "was," as in the play texts) it is possible to reconcile the novella and the play. It may well be, then, that Dickens was able to make such apparently simple changes at the last minute, thereby altering the situation profoundly.

Altering the dying man's identity changes the meaning behind Meggy's surviving on her own, and then
with this second man, "like a fighting cock" (ms., p. 833B), since the simile would suggest her dehumanisation to the moral level of the barnyard, and not the acrimony of poverty wedded to alcoholism that Tugby implies the Meggy/Richard relationship was in their both having been "Fighting Cocks" (novella, p. 232). The purpose of the vision, is, after all, to show the ticket-porter that environment and not heredity produces social ills, a lesson implied in the Goblin of the Bell's telling Trotty he will "learn. . .how bad the bad are born" (ms., p. 824A). This version of the story adds an intervening step in Meg's descent into immorality before she contemplates both suicide and infanticide. Slater has not commented upon such an element in the Dexter proofs, which leads one to suspect that these were not the proofs utilised by the adaptors.

What then is one to make of the "loud scream" (ms., p. 833B) that has replaced the "cry--a sound of lamentation--from the upper story of the house" (novella, p. 232-233), presumably from Meggy's room? The originator of the "scream" or "cry" must be Meggy, watching in the sick-room. Does she bewail the loss of yet another man? Dramatically and narratively, using the death of the lodger to recall the earlier death of Richard, "Meggy Veck's husband" (as he, but not the dying man, is designated in IV, i) seems both
awkward and confusing. It is highly unlikely that the dramatists would have introduced this plot complication on their own initiative.

Further indication that Lemon and A'Beckett were working from an Ur-Chimes is that they have not altered the native county of the hard-pressed agricultural day-labourer Will Fern, who hails from "Hertfordshire" (ms., p. 837B) in the play texts, but from Dorsetshire in the novella. This was one of those final changes that Dickens effected to render the piece more topical. As Slater explains,

...a letter signed "A Dorsetshire Landlord" in Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper for April 28th, 1844...[asserted that] starving men were resorting to robbery and the situation, if allowed to continue "must endanger the country and produce a revolution not less frightful than that which France has been subjected to." Addressing a Sturminster agricultural dinner in 1843, Lord Ashley, heir to one of the great Dorsetshire landowners, said that the country was "becoming a by-word in men's mouths" because of the squalor and poverty of its peasantry (quoted in..."The Condition of England Question" in The Northern Star, Dec. 16th, 1843). An account of their deplorable state by one, Richard Sheridan, had apparently been published in 1843...and had created something of a sensation...("Dickens [And Forster] At Work...", p. 135).

In terms of the play, the difference in counties is insignificant in that the dialectal words and expressions of Fern in both the book and the play are general, rather than restricted to any particular
district. However, the presence of "Hertfordshire" in all the play texts suggests that there were no subsequent attempts to bring the script into line with the novella after 16 December, 1844, or, for that matter, after Forster had read the book to A'Beckett.

For some notion of what Lemon and A'Beckett had from Dickens to work with one might better consult his letters to Forster from Italy. These indicate that, in mid-October, Dickens had contemplated a Meg more fallen and sordid than the woman he finally delivers to the public in *The Chimes* as published: "the Bells will show her, that marriage broken off and all her friends dead, with an infant child; reduced so low, and made so miserable, as to be brought at last to wander out at night" (*Letters*, IV, 204). "The phrase 'to wander out at night' might suggest that Meg had lodgings which she left at night to wander about, behaviour which would seem to indicate prostitution" (Slater, "Dickens [And Forster] At Work. . . ," p. 111). Slater further cites the example of Eliza Cook (reported in the *Times* on 28 Feb., 1844), who, unable to pay her rent, had wandered about the streets at night before attempting suicide.

The idea of prostitution crops up again in the name that Dickens had originally selected for Fern's niece when he conceived of adding these two characters at the end of October. The name was not "Lilian"
but "Jessie," after the repentent prostitute in his friend Jerrold's *Story of a Feather* (see *Letters*, IV, 207 and note). It was apparently at about this time that, upon Forster's urging, Dickens removed his satirical attack on Disraeli's Young England Movement (whose principles are enshrined in *Coningsby*, published in May, 1844), and replaced the Young England Gentleman with "A real good old city tory" (*Letters*, IV, 209) in November. To accommodate this late alteration, Dickens had at one point to cut and paste a speech from a previous set of proofs into the appropriate point of the Forster Proof-copy (see "Dickens [And Forster] At Work. . . ," p. 134). It may well be that Lemon and A'Beckett were given a set of these very early proofs.

With this continual revision over the autumn of 1844, it is not inconceivable that the story of Meggy Veck originally resembled that which the play offers. Even up to his return from Italy, Dickens may have conceived of the man dying in Mrs. Tugby's back-attic as someone other than Richard, perhaps to suggest the heroine's moral decline after Richard's demise (rather than rejection, as projected in the 18 October, 1844, letter to Forster). The final version of the novella would then be the result of Dickens' tightening up the plot to heighten the pathos and preserve the heroine's integrity. This revision would have
been prior to those last-minute changes in proof that show Dickens "streamlining" the text, i.e. getting rid of redundant words, avoiding ambiguities, and, in sharpening the effect. . ." (Slater, p. 130).

The middle-class reader at whom the published work was aimed would have been more likely to sympathize with a Meggy thrown out of her flat on the very night of her husband's death, and not after the death of her dipsomaniacal fancy-man, as in the play. Some falsely ascribed lines in that scene (such as "Bless her! bless her," taken from Trotty in the book and given to Mrs. Chickenstalker in the play) would seem to suggest carelessness in reading and transcribing from the proof-copy rather than any intention of the collaborators to tamper with Dickens' dialogue.

Although Lemon and A'Beckett end the play with the same speech with which the narrator closes the story, they have made Meggy the narrator ("Stay, father, one minute,--/to Audience" prefacing her closing remarks), but have cut the last sentence. Their giving her this additional role is doubly appropriate in that her speech throughout the play is closest to the Dickensian narrator's standard usage, and that giving her the final say is consistent with theatrical tradition. This function is often still fulfilled by the actress taking the 'breeches part' of the young, fairy-tale hero of pantomime, and is
also reminiscent of the heroine's appeal for the audience's applause at the close of *As You Like It*.

In the tradition of Elizabethan comedy also is the dance that concludes the play and softens the social message to create a finale based directly on John Leech's plate entitled "The New Year's Dance" in the novella (p. 244, Penguin).

The "*General Country Dance by the Characters*" which follows the line "All. A dance! a dance!" (Webster, p. 44) is not given in the manuscript, which does not use the term "TABLEAU," as Dicks and Webster do. Nevertheless, the concept is present in all the play scripts, used three times in the manuscript and four times in Webster. A complication in considering to what extent the novella's plates influenced the staging is that Dickens, finding "One cut of Doyle's, and one of Leech's...so unlike [his own] idea" (Letters, IV, 234), had the artists re-do them, so the current set of plates may not be quite those that the adaptors had to work with. However, since the text of the novella runs right into the illustrations the adaptors must have seen the original plates at least.

The terms "sketch" (Webster, p. 34), "picture," and "Tableau" all refer to the theatrical equivalent of the *tableau vivant*, which Goethe first made popular in *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* (1809). The fashion
soon "spread like wildfire all over Europe. These tableaux vivants...were not shown only in the drawing rooms of the aristocracy...[but] also...at the theatre." In the popular theatre of England, such a living picture opens Jerrold's *Rent-Day* (1832), in imitation of the painting of the same name by Sir David Wilkie. However, as Meisel points out, the terms "tableau vivant" and "tableau" are not precisely the same. The latter "was not the product of the tableau vivant, ... nor should the latter form of picture-making be confounded with the dramatic tableau of effect and situation" (p. 47), because, while "the dramatic tableau arrested motion, ... the tableau vivant brought stillness to life" (p. 47).

Certainly the disciples of 'new dramaturgy' such as Edward Stirling employed the arrested-motion tableau in their adaptations of Scott, Ainsworth, and Dickens, but the effect they were striving for was somewhat different from that of Wilkie's paintings brought to life in Jerrold's *Rent-Day*:

> At the fulfilling, necessary moment (the so-called scène à faire) a skillfully dis-assembled picture came together with seeming inevitability, a sublimation of the ethos of the tableau (Meisel, p. 49).

In the Lemon and A'Beckett adaptation of *The Chimes* there is not even always a direct connection between a tableau and one of the novella's plates,
nor do their tableaux always come at the ends of scenes. In fact, the first tableau (indicated in the printed texts, but not in the manuscript) is of the mid-scene type, created by the entrance of Cute, Fil­
er, and Choker in I, i, and based (apparently) on Leech's plate "Alderman Cute and his Friends" (Pen-
guin, p. 167).

Again, although the manuscript does not use the term "tableau" in II, i, while Webster and Dicks do, the scene of Toby's delivering the letter to Sir Jos­
eph in the library of Bowley Hall is illustrated in the novella by Leech's plate "Sir Joseph Bowley's" (p. 180). Oddly enough, the first occasion on which the manuscript actually uses the term "tableau" is a moment in the story for which there is no plate. At the end of Fern's confronting Bowley in the dream-
vision is this direction in all three texts:

The whole of the persons make a movement towards FERN, Tableau—the Chimes, and Scene changes to a poor and mean garret (p. 34, Webster; Dicks, p. 13; ms., p. 829A).

There is no equivalent plate for p. 219 in the story for this end-of-scene tableau.

There is some connection between Webster's di-
rection "Enter RICHARD (see sketch)" (p. 34)—which is phrased as "Enter Richard—Meg gives Chair—Tab-
leau" (p. 829B) in the manuscript—and the plate by Leech entitled "Richard and Margaret," although in
this illustration on p. 218 in the Penguin edition
Richard is outside, approaching the "mean garret" in
which Meg is sewing, an extra chair propped conspicu­
iously against the wall, right foreground. Perhaps
the references to "sketch" and "Tableau" here are to
an earlier version of the plate which actually showed
the couple re-united. Like that scene in the library
in II, ii, this tableau opens rather than concludes a
sequence, dissolving rather than assembling before an
audience expected to be familiar with the picture imi­
tated, a picture that captures a moment of dramatic
significance.

Aside from the concluding country-dance, the
last tableau of the play is indicated in the manu­
script rather than in the printed texts. In the last
scene of third quarter, after Lilian's line "Oh Meg
what mercy & compassion /faints/" (p. 831A) appears
the instruction, "Tableau." The printed texts, on the
other hand, merely provide the direction "soft music,
she falls" (Webster, p. 36; Dicks, p. 13) as the last
scene of the act closes. This seems a logical place
to provide a tableau—if there is an established pic­
ture on which to base the attitudes of the actors. A
possible explanation is that Lemon and A'Beckett had
a proof-copy in which Doyle had provided an appropri­
ate illustration. This picture being replaced by
another elsewhere in the work, the adaptors dropped
the idea of an end-scene tableau here after submitting the Lord Chamberlain's copy. This hypothesis can be tested only by obtaining either all of the originally-proposed plates or those early proofs from which the adaptors worked. Certainly the possibility for producing tableaux was increased once the playwrights were sure what plates the book as published contained. It is possible that some last-minute modifications in blocking were made to accommodate the book's plates; thus, three such living pictures in the manuscript were replaced by five in the final acting version, which Webster's edition probably represents, since it was printed only a year later. However, so climactic was the general movement towards Fern in II, i, that the tableau was retained, even though the picture to which it alluded was no longer in the work. This conjecture is complicated by the fact that, out of thirteen plates included in the final copy of The Chimes, Lemon and A'Beckett have realized only four. In contrast, of the eight Leech plates in A Christmas Carol Stirling and Barnett realised five during the course of their adaptations.

These tableaux undoubtedly added to the charm of their adaptations. Logically, a reduced number of living pictures and an absence of songs must have made the Adelphi's production of The Chimes appear rather Spartan in comparison Stirling's Carol.
The most startling thing about The Chimes, however, is that here, in 1844, we find Dickens asserting without compromise that prostitution, drunkenness, murder, arson, and revolution come into the world . . . simply because, as our social order is constituted, some of its members never do get a fair chance for their share of the decencies of life (Wagenknecht, p. 64).

The dramatisations of The Chimes suffered from the original story's having abandoned the older notion, reflected in Jerrold and Buckstone, that social problems are caused by personal malice and the active ill-will of immoral persons, 'villains.' There is a clash here between the traditional form of stage melodrama and the new Dickensian approach and subject matter. Dickens' attempting to demonstrate in The Chimes, for example, that the social problems suffered by Victorian England were inherent in the fabric of the society itself was termed by one reviewer a virus which would estrange rich and poor, though it affects to aim at bringing them more closely together.

This review, which appeared the following Christmas, was concerned chiefly with the latest Dickens book for Christmas, the more domestic and far less controversial Cricket on the Hearth. The reviewer continues

We are heartily glad of Mr. Dickens's rejection of this troubled and troubling spirit, and we think it a judicious step; his popularity was founded in portraying the
amenities of life, and it will not be extended by sharpening its asperities or exaggerating its enormities.

Although Will Fern is no more or less satisfactory a characterisation than Bob Cratchit, his militancy and anguish are a far cry from the poor city clerk's quiet resignation and domestic sentiment. The harried labourer was probably too unsettling because of the social conditions of the Hungry Forties, conditions of which Dickens intended him to be a palpable reminder to the comfortable and complacent middle class.

It was recognised by several critics that The Chimes, despite its superficial resemblances to the Carol, was in a quite new vein for Dickens, that its tone was more serious and reflective, and, ultimately, less genial, and that the story itself was more carefully planned than had been customary with him. The Times noted its unlikeness "to any book that Mr. Dickens has hitherto published," and the Northern Star also, welcoming the book almost as if it were Chartist propaganda, declared it to be "widely different to any book heretofore written by Mr. DICKENS." The Chimes can be seen, in fact, ...as marking that point in Dickens's literary career where his writings most decisively change from "early" to "late" in both manner and matter (Slater, p. 108-109).

The elimination of the more comical and kindly "dwarf phantoms, elfin creatures of the Bells" (p. 201, novella) from the play weakens the supernatural mechanism and festive atmosphere of this rather somber story which made the public apprehensive with
what Slater styles its "Chartist thunderings." Although Dickens was already on his way back to Italy by the time his friends' theatrical rendering of *The Chimes* opened on December 18th at the Adelphi, both they and the press, as well as such intimates as Forster, must have informed Dickens of the public's reception of the play. Perhaps on account of an initial review's lamenting the play's possessing "less kindliness in its intent than we have been accustomed to admire in Mr. Dickens's works" (*Illustrated London News*, 21 December, 1844, p. 395), within two weeks the dramatists had made certain adjustments, so that the same paper could report to its readers on 11 January, 1845, that "the serious business is somewhat lightened, and the comic points tell even better than hitherto." 19

Abandoning social criticism for domestic sentiment, Dickens produced the third Christmas Book, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, for the following Christmas. For the dramatic adaptation he favoured his friends the Keeleys, actor-managers at the Lyceum, with his sanction and advice for staging, and with an early set of proofs, which were the basis for the adaptation by the *Punch* man Albert Smith.

The Christmas of 1847 came and went without a Christmas Book because Dickens was too thoroughly occupied from October, 1846, to April, 1848, in writ-
ing the monthly numbers of *Dombey and Son* to proceed
with a second project. The Christmas, 1846, adapta-
tion of *The Battle of Life*, also by Smith at the Ly-
ceum, had disappointed both London audiences and the
novella's author alike, and Dickens' friend Lemon
had had a falling out with Smith.

Whereas no evidence exists that would indicate
whether Dickens approached Lemon and A'Beckett to
adapt *The Chimes* or they (or the Adelphi management)
approached him, Dickens did actively enlist Lemon as
his adaptor for *The Haunted Man*. Perhaps he hoped to
equal the successes of *The Chimes* and especially of
the *Carol* with the company that had staged those
erly Christmas Books. Since the highwater-mark of
the Dickens theatrical deluge, *The Cricket on the
Hearth* (1845), however, the public had lost its rel-
ish for the sort of seasonal fare Dickens now wished
to serve them. The early stage successes were not to
be repeated at Christmas, 1848.

The history of Mark Lemon's adaptation of *The
Haunted Man* and *The Ghost's Bargain* (subtitled, "A
Fancy For Christmas"), which played at the Adelphi
from 20 December, 1848, to 7 February, 1849, begins
two years earlier. "The germ of the book had occurred
to Dickens during the writing of *The Battle of Life*
in the late summer of 1846," at Lausanne.
Resuming the idea in September 1847 at Broadstairs, he actually sent the first few pages to Forster on the twelfth, but a week later he remembered the agonies he had suffered in Switzerland, when he had to write The Battle of Life concurrently with Dombey and Son. The Haunted Man was wisely shelved until the summer of 1848 (Glancy, p. 65-66).

By August 20, Dickens was once again "thinking about something for Christmas" (Letters, VI, 395). With no other commitments to distract him and drain his energy, he worked at a leisurely pace through the autumn, completing the book at Brighton on the 30th of November.

Dickens had learned two valuable lessons from his 1846 Christmas book failure, The Battle of Life: unless he was really inspired, as in the case of A Christmas Carol, he could not write a novel and a Christmas book simultaneously; and he could not successfully plot a work of that length without using supernatural machinery to manipulate the change of heart inherent to his purpose. . . . . . . Here Dickens returned to the themes, structure, and strategies of A Christmas Carol (Glancy, p. 65).

So eager was the reading public for yet another crimson-and-gold bound volume that Bradbury and Evans by the evening of its publication on the 19th of December had sold 18,000 copies. Edgar Johnson continues:

Towards the end of the year a dramatic version was produced with considerable success at the Adelphi Theatre. Dickens gave some aid in the writing and rehearsal of the play, though his feelings about the drama-
tization of a novelist's works remained unaltered (Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph, p. 343).

Although F. Dubrez Fawcett lists just two dramatizations of the last of the Christmas Books, the official version by Lemon and a 1908 adaptation by E. C. Boielle on Jersey, there were others. Malcolm Morley in "Pepper and The Haunted Man" mentions two anonymous versions given at minor playhouses in London at Christmastime, 1848, besides Stirling's ill-starred adaptation that received the Lord Chamberlain's licence but was never produced, and a version staged in Boston, Lincolnshire. This was the work of nineteen-year-old Tom Robertson, who two years earlier had produced an adaptation of The Battle of Life for his father's company.

However, Fawcett is relatively correct in that, apart from a flurry of renewed interest in adapting this novella as the result of a recently-discovered optical illusion in 1863, The Haunted Man has not had a distinguished stage history. Bolton lists twenty-four adaptations, of which only two occurred in this century. "The volume... was less suited for the stage than any other of [Dickens'] earlier seasonal stories," concludes Morley, because the story lacks suspense. Fitz-Gerald feels that this complex story of a man's moral life "as a play was never particularly attractive" (Dickens and the Drama, p. 212).
Edgar Johnson dismisses even the novella as "a weak performance" (p. 343). Slater, like Glancy, sees some foreshadowing of Dickens' later works in The Haunted Man, as well as a recapitulation of themes and patterns from the other Christmas Books:

Contemporary problems reappear in The Haunted Man, with the impoverished Tetterby family--although here, as with the Cratchits, painfulness is alleviated by the emphasis placed on their domestic felicity--and with the brutalised street-urchin, prototype of Jo in Bleak House ("The Christmas Books," p. 22-23).

Dickens' letters reveal the extent of the novelist's own reservations about the Lemon production at least, as well as his direct involvement in the staging of the play. To Charles Manby on 6 January, 1849, Dickens wrote "to acknowledge...the receipt of £100--the sum agreed to be paid by the Managers of the Adelphi Theatre" (Letters, VI, 470) for his supplying both proofs and assistance about a month prior to the play's opening. Dickens' own prompting of Lemon on 28 November, 1848--"Write and say it shall be done" (VI, 449)--had led the Punch editor once again into the business of dramatising Dickens. His friend had read Lemon the third part of the story in proof "for theatrical purposes" when he had visited Dickens at the Bedford Hotel, Brighton, on the evening of December the first. Scarcely two weeks later Dickens was upbraiding Lemon for using "the uncorrected proofs"
(VI, 456) and specifying how he felt the Phantom ought to appear on stage. The Lord Chamberlain's office had by December 14th licensed the play and rehearsals were well underway.

As with past productions in which he had been involved for plays from Christmas Books, with the impending Haunted Man; or, The Ghost's Bargain, a drama in three acts, Dickens was seized by a premonition of catastrophe. He began to find the whole affair distasteful:

But in the accursed state of the law on this subject, I have no power to prevent it; and therefore I think it best to have at least one Theatre where it is done in a less Beastly manner than at others, and where I can impress something (however little) on the actors. This I can only do, by giving one the start of the rest of the base pack. . .(Letters, VI, 458).

However, Dickens is here concurring with sentiments expressed by his correspondent, George Hogarth; he readily enough accepted the Adelphi's honorarium. But he was, nevertheless, upset by the way rehearsals had been going, so that, three days after writing the previous letter, Dickens wrote to the manager of the Adelphi, Benjamin Webster. It was Monday, the 18th of December; the play was to open the next day, to coincide with the book's publication. However, Dickens implored Webster to postpone the projected opening:
I have attended the rehearsal of the Haunted Man this morning and am quite persuaded and convinced that if you bring the piece out tomorrow night, it will not succeed... [The] slovenly and imperfect state in which this version is... will disappoint the public and you too... I think it right to send you this opinion and to urge you to reconsider the matter (Letters, VI, 459).

Further, Dickens complained to Miss Coutts on the day of the play's opening that he had "discovered yesterday that barbarous murder was being done upon [him] at the Adelphi," and reported to her that he was fain to go down there and pass the day in bettering their [the cast's] interpretation of my haunted friend. I was down there at 10 this morning with the same view, and have been there all day. And as every word the actors say, is a rack to me, I am sure you will forgive my being so occupied (Letters, VI, 460).

The letters also suggest that Dickens cultivated a social relationship with these 'murderers,' for many of the small cast, except Miss Woolgar (who was the play's female lead), dined with Dickens on the 10th of December. In the final event, the play did not prove the disaster that he had feared, for "under Madame Celeste's direction [it] managed a respectable run of forty-two performances" (Bolton, p. 302).

Despite CD's fears, the actors were widely praised. The Times (21 Dec) picked out Mr Hughes (Redlaw), O. Smith (the Phantom) and Sarah Jane Woolgar (Milly); and the Examiner (23 Dec), Ellen Chaplin (the Boy-out-
cast): her "performance. . .was a picture, most life-like and real, of the uncouth, brutish, ragged creature of the low streets and lanes of London"; and the Tetterbys: "as good a picture of every day humble life as we have seen on even the Adelphi stage." The sets [by Pitt and Johnstone], "minutely copied from the. . .illustrations" (The Times, 21 Dec), were also praised. It ran, with some interruptions, until 7 Feb. (Letters, VI, 459, note).

Accompanied by The Enchanted Isle! or, Raising the Wind and Slasher and Crasher, Lemon's adaptation ran, according to Bolton, from 20-23 and 26-30 Dec.; 1-6, 8-13, 15-20, 22-27, 29-30 Jan.; 1-3 and 5-7 Feb. In Dickens and the Drama, Fitz-Gerald suggests that this version formed the basis for a Christmas, 1849, revival. The Haunted Man was given at the Adelphi from 20 June to 15 August, 1863, and again in the August of 1873. Fitz-Gerald cites an unidentified writer,

. . .in 1870, speaking of "The Haunted Man," [who] said: "At the Adelphi and the Polytechnic Institute this story, by the aid of the patent "Pepper's Ghost apparatus," was produced some three or four years since, and excited considerable attention, and the satisfactory result, in a monetary sense, was testified by the fact of the numerous audiences at each representation" (Dickens and the Drama, p. 213).

Although Pemberton mentions nothing about any productions of The Haunted Man, Morley confirms that, towards the end of 1868, the scientific illusionist Dr. J. H. Pepper would entertain audiences at the Regent Street Polytechnic by reading "a portion of the tale
and at the appropriate moment the Ghost appeared in what seemed a magical manner" (p. 189). Webster, the manager of the Adelphi still, was sufficiently impressed that he mounted a revival of Lemon's play with J. L. Toole as the Phantom. This must have been the 1863 production with three tableaux.

However, the 1848 production, despite the scenery based on the Leech, Tenniel, Stone, and Stanfield illustrations in the book, appears not to have been much in the mode of the 'new dramaturgy.' The Illustrated London News for Friday, 22 December, praises the production for representing "The scenes and situations of the book...with singular and painstaking fidelity;" but fails to mention whether any tableaux were employed. Although the illustrations offered Lemon plenty of opportunity for including living pictures, the only possible indication of such use occurs at the very end of the second act: "Boy struggling to get to her. Picture." If this direction is intended to indicate a tableau, rather than an end-of-scene 'freeze,' it is odd that there is no plate in the work that corresponds to the action involved.

The reviewer had seen the piece enacted on Wednesday, 20 December, which was the opening night. It seems that the novelist did, indeed, win a day's reprieve from Webster. Dickens records that he spent "another day's torture" (Letters, VI, 460) on the
20th in trying to bring the cast up to his own, very
great expectations. The result was that

Possibly no piece was ever placed upon
the stage with greater care at the Adelphi—certainly none has been better acted at
that theatre. . . . the characters were per­
sonated in a manner that does the greatest
credit to all the ladies and gentlemen en­
gaged in their presentation. The natural,
unaffect ed pathos of Miss Woolgar in Milly,
and the homely telling point of Mrs. Frank
Matthews as Mrs. Tetterby, were really re­
freshing on the score of their truthful­ness;
whilst Miss Ellen Chaplin's Boy was
an admirable piece of forcible—almost pain
-ful—acting; and yet possibly these clever
actresses never excited, on the whole, less
sympathy. Nor did the gentlemen accomplish
more. No two better representatives of Red­
law or the Ghost could be found on our
boards than Mr. H. Hughes and Mr. O. Smith;
and everybody knows how inimitable Mr.
Wright [who played the comic Mr. Tetterby]
is. A special paragraph should be given to
Mr. Munyard [who had been Jabez in Lemon
and A'Beckett's Chimes], who played William
Swidger. This gentleman, always clever and
effective, is destined to become a very
popular actor at no distant period. But
still, with all this talent, the play "lag­
ged" fearfully, from the utterly undramatic
nature of the book (Illustrated London News,
22 December, 1848, p. 391).

Many members of the strong cast, headed by O.
Smith (who, according to Fitz-Gerald, "created a very
weird effect as the ghost") and Henry Hughes as the
moody chemistry professor, had played in previous
dramas from Dickens. Bolton shows no likely listings
for Hughes and Boyce (Longford); but Mrs. Frank Mat­
thews had been both Stirling's Mrs. Cratchit and Mrs.
Chickenstalker in the sanctioned Chimes.
Miss Sara Jane Woolgar (1824-1909—Mrs. Alfred Mellon, off-stage), had been Stirling's Bella Morton in his Carol. "...her exquisite acting as Mary Pecksniff, in Stirling's adaptation of Martin Chuzzlewit, gave her a position on the boards of the Lyceum." With Webster she returned to the Adelphi, where, as the gawky Tilly Slowboy in Boucicault's adaptation of The Cricket on the Hearth (Dot) in 1862, "For downright grotesque yet still natural fun, ... [she could] not be surpassed" (Mullin, p. 519).

O. Smith, Edward Wright, and Ellen Chaplin also had extensive Dickens credits. Many of the cast had played in the unsanctioned version of The Cricket on the Hearth that Stirling got up at the Adelphi, while Dickens was working with Albert Smith and the Lyceum company. In particular, O. Smith, Lambert, and Woolgar had been seen in the prominent roles of Peerybingle, Caleb Plummer, and Bertha.

Although neither Fawcett, Fitz-Gerald, Morley, nor even Bolton mentions why Dickens switched from the Keeleys and Albert Smith at the Lyceum (the team that had received his sanctions for Cricket and Battle) back to O. Smith and Lemon at the Adelphi, his principal reason appears to have been the departure of the Keeleys from the Lyceum.

The Keeley management terminated on June 11th, 1847, in consequence of a disagree-
ment with Arnold, the principal landlord, and on October 18th, Madame Vestris succeeded to the vacant throne, with one of the finest comedy companies of modern days—Mrs. Fitzwilliam [mistakenly given by Fitz-Gerald as having enacted the role of Mrs. Tetterby at the Adelphi], Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Fairbrother...and Mrs. Stirling; Charles Matthews, Frank Matthews (no relation beyond the name),...Leigh Murray,...Meadows.

In short, while most of the cast of the Dickens and Smith *Battle of Life* remained at the Lyceum, their comic stars, Robert and Mary Ann Keeley, had moved to the Haymarket Theatre, where, at Christmas of 1848 they were playing in the farce *Your Life's in Danger*.

Meantime, Edward Stirling had left the Adelphi to take up the dual post of stage-manager and resident-playwright for Henry Spicer at the Olympic. Lemon, Dickens' choice for adaptor, was acceptable to the Adelphi's new manager, Ben Webster, who assembled a company second only to that of Madame Vestris's Lyceum. Webster, editor of Acting National Drama, was already an established adaptor of Dickens, having given versions of *Cricket on the Hearth* (Haymarket, 1846), and *Martin Chuzzlewit* (Adelphi, 1846); he would later adapt Dickens' *Holly Tree Inn* (Adelphi, 31 December, 1855), direct a revival of Stirling's *Christmas Carol* (Adelphi, 1859), and participate in the Liverpool production of *No Thoroughfare* (1868).

Dickens' former official adaptor, Albert Smith,
was thoroughly occupied in writing novels and editing the *Man in the Moon*, the journal he had launched in 1846 after being discharged from *Punch* by Mark Lemon. However, Lemon, Webster, and the Adelphi were not up to the task of resuscitating the theatre-going public's waning interest in plays from new Christmas Books. While versions of *The Haunted Man* were staged at the Albert Saloon, the Bower Saloon, the Queens, and in the provinces, many of London's minor theatres did not make the attempt. Henry Spicer at the Olympic cancelled what turned out to be Stirling's last adaptation from Dickens (see Bolton, p. 303), which he had scheduled for the 30th of December.

Instead of sticking with the tried-and-true seasonal entertainments of burlesque and pantomime, the Adelphi gambled on the comic talents of Wright and the horrific attributes of O. Smith, who

...was perfectly cast as the spectre, making the flesh creep and the blood run cold by his mere appearance. One can imagine him standing behind the chair of Redlaw, the haunted man of the story, with the lurid light on him, his deep-sunk eyes staring, his cadaverous face, and voice from the tomb (Fawcett, p. 89),

in realization of the "Frontispiece" by Tenniel and "Redlaw and the Phantom" by Leech from the book. It was contrived that Smith should "speak through some very short and low fragment of the strain that runs through the piece," according to Dickens (Letters,
VI, 456) to heighten the somber mood—Alfred Mellon had specially composed and arranged the score.

The problem with the play, then, was neither in its acting nor its scripting, but in the novella upon which it was based—specifically, it has a protagonist with whom it would be difficult to identify.

Redlaw, the Haunted Man, is a creation of a sad and somber hue. The most genial parts are the accounts of Tetterby, the struggling newsvendor, and his family, not forgetting Johnny and the Moloch baby, Sally (Fitz-Gerald, p. 213).

Encountered in the novella, "the Tetterbys represent a higher reach of Dickens's art than the Cratchits" ("The Christmas Books," p. 23); seen on stage, they failed to excite the audience's sympathy sufficiently to make the play more of a seasonal entertainment and less of a homily "In its exegesis of the role of memory in shaping a character's moral fiber" (Glancy, p. 65). The reviewer for the Illustrated London News has perceived this problematical nature of the play's characters:

We do not mean to say that all has not been done for it that could be, by the dramatist, but the audience appeared to take very little interest in the fortunes of the personages. Some portions of it were absolutely dangerous; we may mention the scene in which a sudden change takes place in Old Swidger's (Mr. Lambert) character, owing to the influence of the spell. There was also more tendency to moralising than appeared agreeable to a mixed audience.
At the fall of the curtain the applause was very loud, but there was also some unmistakable hissing, which led to a contest between the two parties, in which, eventually, the "ayes" were victorious. The piece will, from the very finished manner in which it has been put upon the stage, have a good run through the holidays. We advise every one going to see it, however, to read the book first; without having done so, much of it will be incomprehensible.

Because, as Glancy in her examination of the novella's proofs has demonstrated, Dickens had planned the story so well from the start, he had to make none of the kinds of last-minute revisions that separate the novel and play forms of The Chimes. Consequently, the script of The Haunted Man contains no dialogue that is not represented (albeit, sometimes more fully) in the book.

An examination of the Lord Chamberlain's ms., the only text of the play, reveals that Webster submitted the piece for licensing on the 12th in anticipation of a December 19th opening. The title of the play differs from that of the novella by a single word--"and" for the book, "or" for the play; Glancy does not indicate this to be one of those minor alterations "for the sake of grammar, or to remove ambiguity, or to provide a more exact descriptive word" (p. 76). It may, therefore, represent either a slip on Lemon's part, or the original wording of the title. The play's three acts correspond precisely to the three stages in which Dickens organized the story in
the manuscript: "The Gift Bestowed" (I, i), "The Gift Diffused" (II, i, to II, vii), and "The Gift Reversed" (III, i, to III, iv).

The Lemon method of adaptation involves salvaging as much of the dialogue as possible, although, as the play progresses, it is evident that he has been prepared to eliminate some material in the interests of stage effectiveness. Where he has pared down long speeches to emphasize dramatic action, the scene is viable; however, where he has retained long speeches the action tends to drag. Lemon has identified and utilized the tag-lines that identify such comic characters as William, Philip, and Milly Swidger. His only real innovation is his conversion of narrative comment into stage directions and dialogue.

To begin with, Lemon sets the play in "An Elizabethan Building" (ms., p. 560), although Stanfield's plate entitled "The Exterior of the Old College" (p. 306, Penguin) agrees with Dickens' original description of "the forgotten Crypt where the Norman arches were half-buried in the earth" (p. 248, Penguin). Entirely gone are half-a-dozen pages of finely-written exposition (in which Dickens identifies the origin of the work's title, and the protagonist's profession, gloominess, and social isolation) and description of an atmosphere pervaded by shadows.

Whereas the novella's dialogue begins with a
raven's "Caw!" (p. 251, Penguin) and a knock at the door, Lemon omits these details, converting the novella's "Who's that? ... Come in!" to "Who's there?" (ms., p. 560), the opening line of Hamlet (perhaps recalling another gloomy, 'haunted' man of literature for the more alert members of the audience). William's long speech which follows is almost identical to that in the novella, there being only minor differences in punctuation. It is amusing to read, but essentially static--it would probably be tedious to sit through, even when well-delivered. The dramatic possibilities of the whole story, in fact, are proscribed by this difficulty: there are far too many passages of this sort, and the action afforded by the appearances of the Phantom, the movements of Redlaw, and the comic scenes with the Swidgers and Tetterbys is insufficient for a lively drama.

The tag-lines, which Dickens employed to enable the reader to readily identify his individual comic characters as well as for humour, Lemon has retained, so that such characters as William Swidger are much more interesting to listen to than is Redlaw. "That's where it is, sir. That what I say myself, sir" (p. 252, Penguin) is slightly different in the play: ". . .say to myself, sir" (ms., p. 560), but "to" does not occur elsewhere in either the play or the novella, and may well be one of those alterations in proof
that Glancy mentions.

Act Three, Scene One, shows both the strengths and weaknesses of Lemon's approach to adapting the proofs. The first half of the scene, involving a rapid exchange of lines between the detached Phantom and the anguished Redlaw in the presence of Milly's mute shade, possesses sufficient dramatic tension and clash of wills to excite audience interest. To Dickens rather than to Lemon goes the credit: the sole difference between the play and the novella is that Redlaw invokes the Phantom as "Spirit" (ms., p. 584) in the play, but as "Spectre" (p. 325) in the book. After Milly's shadow vanishes, however, the scene begins to lag terribly as the Phantom delivers a sermonical monologue taken directly from the novel without any compression: "This is the last...you come together" is word-for-word what the Phantom says in the novella (p. 327-8). What is missing, and it is this that produces the narrative interest in the book, are the narrator's comments upon Redlaw's physical and mental reactions to what the Phantom remarks about the extent of the social problems the boy epitomizes; it is Redlaw's fear, loathing, and compassion that make this speech (an elaboration of the Ghost of Christmas Present's 'Ignorance and Want' speech in A Christmas Carol) so moving in the book. Without these narrative comments, which Lemon must have felt could
be supplied by the reactions of Henry Hughes to O. Smith's monologue, the whole passage becomes tedious and emptily rhetorical.

The example of III, i, illustrates the fact that Lemon should have been prepared to make significant deletions in the novella's dialogue; perhaps Dickens' involvement in the production prevented that salutary activity. What should have happened more often in the process of adaptation does occur in the fifth scene of the second act, in which the malign influence of Redlaw manifests itself in the heartless, critical, and utterly unsentimental exchange between Philip and William. In the last speech for the scene, Lemon has condensed almost a page of old Philip's rambling, repetitious musings into a taut speech that shows all too well that the only 'gift' Redlaw dispenses is an egocentric obsession with satisfying one's appetites and desires for creature-comforts. The relative brevity of the speeches of William and Philip in II, v, underscores the theme that, stripped of memory and sentiment, a man is but a beast capable of articulating its animal wants and needs, represented in the last speech of the scene by the berries, which, losing their symbolic Christmastime significance, become useless because inedible. Given this reductive treatment, the speech of Philip in the novella rises to a maudlin climax in the play as Lemon turns Philip's
humourous tag-line into a pathetic wail of self-pity and self-interest: "for I'm eighty Seven and a poor old man. I'm eighty seven" (ms., p. 581). Note that the repetition of "Eight-ty-seven!" (p. 319, Penguin) is gone. As we might expect, in rapidly transcribing from the proofs here as elsewhere Lemon has not been overscrupulous in matters of capitalization and punctuation. He has also neglected to put the "it" after the preceding line, "Well, I ought to have my share of. . . ." However, he probably did not intend that the script be published in this form—if at all.

Although much of the time Lemon has not attempted to assimilate the narrator's remarks into directions and especially into dialogue as such adaptors as Barnett would have, in the third scene of the second act, for example, he effectively translates the narrator's observations on the inner change Redlaw has experienced. The first half of this opening soliloquy Lemon has based on a single, highly poetic sentence in the novella (p. 305). The second part, however, involves far more than merely substituting the first-person singular and the present tense for the third-person singular and perfect tense. Lemon has had to isolate those elements that constitute Redlaw's motivation for seeking out the boy and make them sound convincing in the speaker's mouth. Finally, Lemon has had to take a generalized destination--
"the old college" (p. 306, Penguin)—and make it much more specific to provide a suitable backdrop—"Exterior of the Lodge" (ms., p. 578).

Occasionally, by focusing on the dialogue and disregarding the narrator's commentary on actions and motivations, Lemon has stripped lines of their effectiveness. For example, in II, iii, the Boy tells Redlaw: "Give me some money first then, and I'll go" (p. 578). The line corresponds exactly to that on page 308 of the novella, but in the book much happens before the pair "Exeunt." The Boy's avariciously counting "one" each time Redlaw places a shilling in his extended hand is a fine bit of business that Lemon might have left in.

On the other hand, in the succeeding passage, he gives as a monologue what might better have been left as action. Although Lemon has effectively condensed nearly a page of the narrative into one paragraph for Redlaw to speak half to himself, half to the Boy, the passage exhibits a tendency to tell rather than to show—a good example being the scene in the graveyard. In order to advance the plot, Lemon has missed an opportunity for a scene with dramatic interest.

In short, the play lacks the power of the story, which lies not so much in either plot or character as in the telling. In the play the audience is deprived of the source of some of the poetic images that Lemon
has salvaged, that source being a sensitive, perceptive, and philosophical narrator who guides, interprets, and directs. Lemon may be able to provide the words and Ellen Chaplin the actions for the Boy, for example, but only Dickens can filter the reader's perception of him as a "baby-monster" (p. 308) and "The savage thing" (p. 309).

Where Lemon's hand is most in evidence, and perhaps Dickens' least, is in the play's conclusion, in III, iv, because Lemon is left to his own devices when the dialogue runs out. He softens the highly religious speech, in which the re-sentimentalized chemist invokes God's blessing: "Thou...who, through the teaching of pure love, has graciously restored me to the memory which was the memory of Christ upon the cross, and of all the good who perished in His cause" (p. 351, Penguin) has been eliminated entirely, so that the speech jumps from "O" to "receive my thanks and bless her--" (ms., p. 595). This final part of the scene has short, crisp speeches for each of the major characters and plenty of domestic sentiment served up by Milly, William, and the Tetterbys. However, whereas the narrator mentions Redlaw's intention to "hold a Christmas dinner in...their great Dinner Hall" (p. 351) for the multitudinous Swidgers, and later tells the reader "And it was that day done" with the Tetterbys invited, Lemon accomplishes the
denouement on stage. In the play, having received Redlaw's proposal, William exits, and immediately afterwards: "Enter Guests. George. William[,] the Tet-terby's &c" (p. 596).

The play closes with this stage full of characters delivering the line that appears at the bottom of the concluding cut by Stanfield. Although, as stated earlier, the term "tableau" never appears in the manuscript, the absence of the usual concluding dance and the scene's involving the guests seated around the huge table under a mediaeval hammer-beamed ceiling in Stanfield's "The Christmas Party in the Great Dinner Hall" (p. 353, Penguin) are indications that Lemon was attempting to realize the novella's plates. He has set this closing scene in a location designated merely "Interior" (ms., p. 591), so that he does not have to move from the Lodge, the setting for the action in the novella (p. 342-351), to the little-used Dinner Hall for the festive gathering at the very end of the play.

Lemon provides the sense of forgiveness and spiritual reclamation that characterize the conclusions of all the Christmas Books, but has not taken the initiative to inject the feeling of genuine merriment the others offered when staged. In trying to follow the text of Dickens' admirably-planned Haunted Man so carefully Lemon fails to communicate something
of the spirit of the work; perhaps, given the com-
plexity of The Haunted Man, that spirit can be appre-
hended only in reading.

Despite "a respectable run of forty-two perfor-
mances" (Bolton, p. 302), The Haunted Man on the
stage failed to score the success that A Christmas
Carol and The Cricket on the Hearth had enjoyed. One
readily understands Lemon's biographer's calling the
production "an outstanding success" (Adrian, p. 111),
but Forster's recalling that The Haunted Man "had a
great success on the Adelphi stage, to which it was
rather cleverly adapted by Lemon" (The Life of
Charles Dickens, p. 392) must be taken as an indica-
tion that Dickens' biographer approved of dramatic
adaptations of his friend's works only when Dickens
exerted considerable influence over the staging.

Ironically, strict adherence to the novella's
dialogue and plot have here produced a play less in-
teresting than the pictorial dramatisation by Stirl-
ing or the melodramatic elaboration by Barnett of A
Christmas Carol. That Lemon's method of adaptation
works with The Chimes but fails with The Haunted Man
only underscores the fact the original story lacks
theatrical potential in the first place.

Such is not the case with either The Cricket on
The Hearth or The Battle of Life, whatever their
shortcomings as novellas may be. Through an analysis
of the former in particular, said to be the highwater mark of the deluge of Dickens' works upon the stage in his own time, one may apprehend which principles of adaptation that Dickens favoured could produce theatrical success.
Chapter Two Notes


10 David Paroissien, "Dickens and the Cinema," Dickens Studies Annual, 7 (1968), 68.


13 Mark Lemon and Gilbert Abbot A'Beckett, The Chimes; or, Some Bells That Rang an Old Year Out and a New Year In. A goblin drama, in four quarters (London: John Dicks [#819], ND [1887]), p. 3.


23 Mark Lemon, The Haunted Man or The Ghost's Bargain, a Drama in Three Acts (Lord Chamberlain's Collection, British Library. Licensed 20/12/1848 [MS. 43015 ff. 558-596]), p. 582.


Chapter Three: Albert Smith's

The Cricket on the Hearth (1845) and

The Battle of Life (1846)

With Dickens' publication of The Cricket on the Hearth for the Christmas book-market of 1845 came a general relief that Dickens had abandoned the disturbing social realism of The Chimes and returned to a vision of domestic felicity in a rural setting. Even before his completion of the little volume on the 1st of December, 1845, Dickens had acceded to a proposal from Albert Smith, the Keeleys, and Lyceum to assist with their dramatisation of the latest Christmas Book. According to Fawcett,

...Dickens was anxious that the first stage presentation should be in the hands of the Keeleys, and he proposed Albert Smith as the adaptor (p. 84).

However, that the proposal originated with Smith is evident from a letter to one of Dickens' illustrators for the second and third Christmas Books, Clarkson Stanfield, dated 28 November, 1845, in which Dickens expresses his intention to "answer Albert Smith," even as the printers at Bradbury and Evans were completing the new book's proofs. The subject of the letter Smith had sent Dickens was almost certainly the dramatisation of the new Christmas Book.
With the novelist's approval went the proof-sheets of *The Cricket on the Hearth*. They were given to Smith sufficiently in advance for him to make his adaptation, have it well rehearsed and ready for performance on the same date [20 Dec.] as the launching of the printed story. Eleven days were gained over the rival [Stirling] dramatisation that was to appear at the Adelphi.

In fact, Edward Stirling's was just one of many hands that dramatised the new book, "for the story lent itself most admirably to stage representation" (*Dickens and the Drama*, p. 200). Albert Smith, Benjamin Webster, Edward Stirling, Thomas Archer, W. J. Lucas, C. Z. Barnett, W. T. Townsend, E. L. Blanchard and B. F. Rayner

...had a simple task in preparing the *Cricket* for the stage; the characters were there, the well-knit story (though a little hackneyed in places, as we shall see), the dialogue, and the situations (*Fawcett*, p. 84).

Fawcett asserts that Dickens had had the stage in mind ever since he first broached to Forster the idea of "a delicate and beautiful fancy for a Christmas book" (*Life*, p. 379) early in July (although he did not actually begin writing until mid-October), since the book's three "Chirps" imply the tripartite structure typical of Victorian plays. Since some popular nineteenth-century plays, as well as Christmas Book adaptations, involve two and some three acts,
Fawcett may be jumping to conclusions. There is no doubt, however, that the new work's popularity--it doubled the sales of its predecessor on the first day--created a demand for dramatisation that the minor theatres of London were only too ready to meet.

Quite literally, The Cricket on the Hearth played EVERYWHERE. It was not only a cricket on a hearth, but a cuckoo in the nest which ousted other theatrical attractions. In one-theatre towns notices of forthcoming attractions were torn down and the Cricket pasted up instead. Nothing like this furore has ever been known in theatrical history (Fawcett, p. 85).

Ironically, what John Butt dismisses as "A trivial, commonplace story . . . barely sufficient to point the moral" had, by the middle of January, become the basis for seventeen (Morley's and Bolton's figure--Fawcett gives only twelve) different productions throughout the metropolis.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Theatre</th>
<th>Adaptor</th>
<th>Opening Date</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lyceum</td>
<td>Albert Smith</td>
<td>20 December/45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adelphi</td>
<td>Edward Stirling</td>
<td>31 December/45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert Saloon</td>
<td>C. Z. Barnett</td>
<td>1ic. 3 Jan./46</td>
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<tr>
<td>Victoria</td>
<td>Thomas Archer</td>
<td>5 January/46</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marleybone</td>
<td>W. J. Lucas</td>
<td>5 January/46</td>
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<tr>
<td>City of London</td>
<td>W. T. Townsend</td>
<td>5 January/46</td>
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<tr>
<td>Queens</td>
<td>Anon.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pavilion</td>
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<tr>
<td>Garrick</td>
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<td>5 January/46</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Effingham Saloon Anon.  5 January/46
Standard  Edward Stirling  5 January/46
Haymarket  Ben Webster  6 January/46
Princess  Thomas Archer  8 January/46
Old Bower Saloon Anon.  8 January/46
Grecian  Anon.  13 January/46
Olympic  E. L. Blanchard  15 January/46
Apollo Saloon  B. F. Rayner  16 January/46

Since the production at the Lyceum ran for sixty-one performances (closing 11 May) and that at the Adelphi ran for twenty-five (closing 31 January), by the 16th of January a playgoer could see *The Cricket on the Hearth* at any one of seventeen theatres in the metropolis. Comparisons were inevitable:

In London people went from the Lyceum to the Adelphi to compare Mrs. Fitzwilliam's *Dot* with Mrs. Keeley's, and Miss Turner's *Tilly Slowboy* with Edward Wright's, for this broad popular comic had made Tilly a typical "dame part." From the Adelphi they went to the Haymarket to see how J. B. Buckstone did it with his "comic phiz" and intimate, matey manner. At the Adelphi O. Smith must have had a difficult job to fit himself for the role of John Peerybingle, but the audience loved him. Here, too, Ellen Chaplin had her third "ghost part" as the Spirit of the Cricket (Fawcett, p. 85).

The version at the Adelphi had apparently been announced for Monday, 29 December, but was postponed until New Year's Eve, giving the Lyceum sole sway for seven nights (Bolton reports it had run eight times
by year's end). Since eight houses trotted out their **Cricket**s on 5 January, the Lyceum seems to have gained an advantage of over two weeks over most of its competitors through having the proofs.

Smith's sanctioned version at the Lyceum seems to have been the most successful, with over sixty performances (Bolton, p. 273).

Morley speculates as to Dickens' motivations for changing his preference from the Adelphi to the Lyceum.

Had he turned to Albert Smith now that his friends, Gilbert A. à Beckett and Mark Lemon, who had given *The Chimes* to the former playhouse, were not to supply the dramatisation of his latest work? Instead it was to come from the Stirling mint and Charles set no great value on the coinage of that playwright (p. 17).

These hypotheses are more plausible than either the theory that Dickens had some "aversion to O. Smith" (p. 18) or the fact that the Lyceum was prepared to make him a cash payment for the proof-sheets. He had admired Smith's performances in the *Carol* and *The Chimes*, and would have received a similar payment from the Adelphi's management for his assistance.

Dickens' reasons for co-operating with the Lyceum probably reside with the theatre's management, his friends the Keeleys, rather than with their writer-in-residence, Richard Albert Smith. The son of a Sur-
rey surgeon, Smith (1816-1860) had studied to become a surgeon himself after his time at the Merchant Taylors' School (1826-1831). Between 1835 and 1838 he studied medicine at the Middlesex Hospital; a fellow student was John Leech, later to become one of Dickens' major illustrators. However, in 1841 he had abandoned medicine for literature. "As an author he showed exceptional versatility in turning to account his powers of humorous observation" (D.N.B., XVIII, 419), these talents evident even in his early article entitled "Physiology of the London Medical Student," which he submitted to Mark Lemon's Punch for publication 2 October, 1841. The following year, his first play, Blanche Heriot, was produced at the Surrey Theatre, inaugurating a dramatic career that would last his short lifetime. In the 1840s he wrote, in addition to adaptations of Dickens' The Cricket on the Hearth and The Battle of Life, a series of extravaganzas for the Lyceum including Aladin (August, 1844) and Valentine and Orson (Christmas, 1844), all of which achieved popular acclaim thanks to the acting talents of the Keeleys. His "contributions to Bent­ley's Miscellany brought him into contact with Dick­ens who was then editing it" (Fawcett, p. 84). During these years he also contributed to the Illustrated London News, edited the journal Puck, and began a series of eight novels, published from 1842 to 1860.
Once on good terms with the editor of *Punch*, he

. . . had been reprimanded [by Lemon] for passing proofs around at the Cheshire Cheese and submitting adaptations from the French as his original compositions. After leaving *Punch* early in 1844, he started the *Man in the Moon* in collaboration with Angus B. Reach, with the express purpose of needling his former editor (Adrian, p. 105).

According to Smith's own account, the journalist "withdrew" from *Punch* after being "unable to agree" ([Letters, IV, 8](#)) with the editor. Thus it was that Smith parted company with *Punch* late in 1843, and became drama critic for the *Illustrated London News*, edited by Lemon's friend Ingram. Albert Smith "may have met CD through the *Punch* circle, or through Ainsworth; though disliked by Jerrold (MS Silver Diary) he was generally popular" ([Letters, IV, 8](#)) with other members of the Dickens circle. Dickens' letter of 2 January, 1844, to Smith reveals that the two were on cordial, if not close terms: Smith had presented Dickens with his novel *The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury* in three volumes on its first day of publication, 1 January, 1844. Fawcett adds that Smith later ascended Mount Blanc and travelled to China in quest of material for monologues to deliver before eager, paying audiences. "... till Dickens beat all records in that line, Smith achieved unique success as a single-handed entertainer" (p. 84). Albert Smith
married, on 1 Aug. 1859, Mary Lucy, who had been an actress, and was elder daughter of Robert Keeley, the comedian (D.N.B., XVIII, 419).

Since it was in this production that Mary, aged fifteen, made her theatrical début in the part of Caleb Plummer's blind daughter, Bertha, it is quite probable that their association began at the Lyceum, managed by the girl's parents from 1844 to 1847. Prior to that period, the Keeleys had made Dickens' acquaintance even before they worked with Dickens' friend, the great actor-manager Macready, at Drury Lane, in the years 1841 and 1842.

Another mutual theatrical friend, Frederick Yates, manager of the Adelphi, seems to have introduced Dickens to the comic Keeleys. Dickens admired Mrs. Keeley's handling of the role of Smike in Stirling's Nicholas Nickleby when he and Forster saw the play at the Adelphi on 21 November, 1838, but appears not to have actually met her until later that month. To Yates he wrote, "I shall really be glad of an opportunity to tell Mrs. Keeley and O. Smith how very highly I appreciate their Smike and Newman Noggs" (Letters, I, 464). It is possible that Yates did not effect the requested introduction until Mrs. Keeley played Oliver in Yates's Adelphi production, which opened on 25 February, 1839, and ran for two weeks.

Mrs. Mary Ann Keeley (née Goward), born in Ip-
swich in either 1805 or 1806, was almost forty when she starred in *A Cricket on the Hearth*. She had originally been trained as a singer, and had already been over half her life on stage at that point, having begun her career on the stages of Norwich, York, and other country towns while still in her teens. She had her London debut on 2 July, 1825, at the Lyceum. Either here, or at Covent Garden, she met the comedian Robert Keeley, a dozen years her elder. The couple were married in the summer of 1829.

A gifted comedienne, "Mrs. Keeley [was] as adept at impersonating pathetic waifs as cockney chambermaids" (Meisel, p. 257). She played one of Cinderella's ugly step-sisters in Planché's Christmas extravaganza *Riguet with the Tuft* (1836), Nell Gwynne in the farce *Nell Gwynne, or Orange Moll* (1837), Maud in *The Wife's Secret* (1848), Jane in *Wild Oats*, Rosemary in *The Catspaw*, the title role in *Betty Martin* (1855) and Maria in *Twelfth Night*. In J. B. Buckstone's very successful adaptation for the Adelphi of Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard* (1839) Mrs. Keeley established her early reputation as she made the juvenile male lead a breeches part.

However, Mary Keeley is chiefly remembered for her impersonations of characters from Dickens. Her most famous part from Boz was that of Smike. In Stirling's *Nicholas Nickleby; or, Doings at Do-the-
Boys Hall! she was seen in the part 160 times at the Adelphi, between 19 November, 1838, and 11 February, 1839. After the novel finished its serial run in October, 1839, she appeared again in the role she was said to have created in the adaptation The Fortunes of Smike; or, A Sequel to Nicholas Nickleby, which the piece's author, Edward Stirling, dedicated to her. It ran 9-14 March, 1840, at the Adelphi; 22 May (only), 1840, at the Theatre Royal, Bristol; and 16-19 November, 1841, at the Theatre, Sheffield. Her second Dickensian role was that of Oliver in Yates's production of Oliver Twist; or, The Parish Boy's Progress at the Adelphi (1839). The following year she reverted to her own gender for the part of Little Nell in Stirling's The Old Curiosity Shop; or, One Hour from Humphrey's Clock at the Adelphi, once more. Stirling's adaptation of Barnaby Rudge at the New Strand with Mrs. Keeley in the title role was not nearly so successful, playing for only several weeks in August, 1841. She rebounded in the public's favour as Mister Bailey in Stirling's Martin Chuzzlewit; His Friends, Relations and Enemies, which ran at least 105 times, from 8 July, 1844, to 5 April, 1845, at the Lyceum. She re-created the role for the Surrey's 1856 revival of the play. Just the year before her enacting Mrs. Peerybingle in the Lyceum's first sanctioned Dickens adaptation, she had been seen there in
Stirling's unsanctioned version of *The Chimes* as Meggy Veck. At Christmastime, 1846, she took her last Dickens role, that of the whimsical Clemency Newcome in the Lyceum's sanctioned *Battle of Life*. So numerous were her theatrical triumphs, in fact, that biographers (including Sir Leslie Stephen and Sir Sidney Lee of the *D.N.B.*) usually fail to mention her breeches part in Albert Smith's pantomime *Valentine and Orson*, produced by the actor-managers themselves to complement the Lyceum's *Chimes*. She was the handsome Valentine, her husband the wild man Orson from the traditional nursery tale that had been translated from French about 1550. Since on the same bill the couple were Trotty and Meggy Veck, the husband and wife must have been tireless performers. Mary Keeley outlived her husband by thirty years.

Robert Keeley (1793-1869), one of a family of sixteen children, was born at 3 Grange Court, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. His initial failures as an amateur performer did not deter him from a desire for a stage career. He rose from a professional "in the humblest capacity [at] the Richmond Theatre" (*D. N.B.*, X, 1186) to become one of the Victorian stage's great actor-managers, acting in both capacities at the Olympic, the Lyceum, and the Adelphi. After working for Macready at Drury Lane, Robert and his wife had joined Strutt in the management of the Lyceum,
from 1844 to 1847 producing and playing in burlesques and farces, as well as pantomimes and adaptations.

Keeley was a genuine comedian. His height was only five feet two inches; he had when young red hair [as Toby Veck in the Illustrated London News, 4 Jan., 1845, he is both bald and rotund], a high-coloured, handsome but in repose inexpressive face, and a slight limp. . . . In the expression of semi-idiocy or rustic wonderment, or as the suffering victim of unjust fate, he had few equals (D.N.B., X, 1187).

His versatility as a comedian is suggested by the range of roles from Dickens that he attempted: a dame part—Mrs. Sairy Gamp in Stirling's adaptation of Martin Chuzzlewit (at the Lyceum: 1845, and 1847; at the Surrey: 1856), the crochety Benjamin Britain in Smith's Battle of Life, and Toby Veck in Stirling's Chimes—the latter, according to the Illustrated London News for 4 January, 1845, "a well-sustained performance, more especially in the 'here we come, here we go' business" (p. 16). His non-Dickensian appearances on stage included such Shakespearean roles as Sir Andrew Aguecheeck, Verges in Much Ado, and Peter in Romeo and Juliet. He was the watchmaker's apprentice in Boucicault's Janet Pride (1855).

Mr. and Mrs. Keeley began a new season at the Lyceum on December 20th, 1845. The bill comprised three pieces, the first being The Cricket on the Hearth, or, A Fairy Tale of the Home, a drama in three acts. It was followed by a farce of Alfred Wigan, Next Door, and a comedy, Our New Governess,
by Shirley Brookes. Albert Smith's version of Dickens was workmanlike and, though some of the acting was adversely criticized, the play proved a considerable success (Morley, p. 18).

The *Illustrated London News* gives only one companion piece on opening night, a burlesque of the *Arabian Nights* by Albert Smith entitled *The Enchanted Horse*, which featured Robert Keeley as the Ojibbeway Indian *I-wish-you-may-get-it*, Mrs. Keeley as *Prince Firouz Schah*, Miss Turner as the *King of Bengal*, and Miss Howard as *O'rition*. If this sort of doubling is characteristic of the series of burlesques, extravaganzas, and pantomimes that Smith wrote and the Keeleys staged that season, the company of the Lyceum must have been a hard-working lot.

Bolton mentions *The Enchanted Horse*, Morley the Wigan farce and the Brookes' comedy. Probably the accompanying comedies replaced the burlesque after the holiday season. However, Bolton and Morley agree with Fitz-Gerald as to the cast:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Actor</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>JOHN PEERYBINGLE</td>
<td>Mr. Sam Emery.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MR. TACKLETON</td>
<td>Mr. Meadows.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CALEB PLUMMER (his man)</td>
<td>Mr. Keeley.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OLD GENTLERMAN</td>
<td>Mr. Vining.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PORTER</td>
<td>Mr. Yarnold.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DON'S FATHER</td>
<td>Mr. Bender.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NEIGHBOURS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A LITTLE JOHN PEERYBINGLE</td>
<td>Master Forest.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOT</td>
<td>Mrs. Keeley.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BERTHA (a blind girl)</td>
<td>Miss Mary Keeley.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MRS. FIELDING</td>
<td>Mrs. Woolridge.</td>
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</tbody>
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This went with a bang, as they say. Its human touches were and always will be irresistible.

Dickens himself took the greatest interest in the performance and in the Keeleys (Dickens and the Drama, p. 201-202).

The leading man, Samuel Emery—"ruggedly right as the carrier" (Morley, p. 18), was no stranger to Dickens dramatized. He began with the parsimonious Jonas Chuzzlewit in Stirling's adaptation of Chuzzlewit at the Lyceum (1844-5). At Christmastime, 1844, he had appeared as Will Fern in Stirling's Chimes at the Lyceum. In his farewell benefit at the Surrey in December, 1849, he starred as Quilp in an adaptation of The Old Curiosity Shop. At yet another benefit held for him, Emery duplicated this performance for one night only (4 October, 1853) at Drury Lane. He re-created his role as John Peerybingle at the Strand in November, 1857, and for Dion Boucicault's Dot, the most successful version of the Cricket, in 1862 at the Adelphi. Another role he resuscitated was that of John Browdie in Halliday's Nicholas Nickleby, which ran two hundred times at the Adelphi in 1875.

Late in his career Emery took roles from adaptations of later Dickens novels, including Captain Cut-
tle in Halliday's version of *Dombey and Son* (1873, 1874, and 1878), Boffins in Rowe's *Our Mutual Friend* (1870-71), and Peggotty in Halliday's *Little Emily* (1869-70, 1870, 1873 and 1875). The *Daily News* for 11 October, 1869, remarked that he "embodied Peggotty with all the rough and yet tender manliness, with which Mr. Dickens has invested the character."

Samuel Anderson Emery (1817-1881), the son of an actor who had specialized in roles from Scott's novels, had played in various Scottish theatres and in Liverpool before his London première as Giles in *The Miller's Maid* in April, 1843, at the Lyceum, where he established his reputation. He is reported to have had "an impetuous temper" (*D.N.B.*, VI, 772), which may explain why he was seldom long at any one house. After the Lyceum, he tried the Olympic, the Surrey, the Haymarket, and the Adelphi. He was, however, ideally suited to the role of John Peerybingle in the *Cricket*: ". . .a striking, a strong, and a picturesque actor [,Emery] had a manly bearing and much blunt pathos" (*D.N.B.*, VI, 772).

Drinkwater Meadows (1799-1869) had played in various towns in Westmorland and his native Yorkshire prior to his first London appearance as Scrub in *The Beaux' Stratagem* at Covent Garden (1817). At that theatre he had remained until 1844, having been the original Fathom in Knowles's *Hunchback* in 1832. After
the Keeleys left the Lyceum in 1847, he remained, rejoining the Keeleys later at the Princess's, where he played out his career, which ended with his 1862 retirement. He was probably fairly effective as the misanthropic Tackleton, for, although "lacking in inspiration, [Meadows was] homely, dry, and quaint in style, and seen most to advantage in eccentric comedy" (D.N.B., XIII, 191), such as the role of Alderman Cute, which he had taken the previous Christmas.

Frederick Vining had been Richard in that same production of Stirling's Chimes, and would be the rakish Michael Warden in The Battle of Life the next year. Specializing in juvenile male leads in the 1840s, he had opened as Martin Chuzzlewit on 8 July, 1844, in Stirling's adaptation at the Lyceum.

Yarnold later appeared as Tom Pinch in the Surrey's 1856 revival of that same play. He was also Acon Virlaz in Johnstone's adaptation of The Seven Poor Travellers at the Surrey in 1855, and Crake in Simpson and Merivale's All For Her, an 1876 version of A Tale of Two Cities staged at the St. James's.

Among the ladies, Mrs. Keeley excepted, only Mrs. Woollidge stands out as an actress associated with Dickens dramatised. She had been Mrs. Fezziwig in Stirling's sanctioned Carol, and would be Mrs. Snitchey the next Christmas in Smith's Battle. However, Miss Frampton had been responsible for the cho-
The company's task of bringing The Cricket on the Hearth to the stage was almost too easy; as Morley remarks, it really involved "little more than taking the dialogue and using it in the sequence prescribed by the author" (Morley, p. 17). As a novel, the story is flawed by having the sort of plot secret found in contemporary melodrama. As in The Battle of Life, the reader's sympathies are divided and his attention distracted; the plot is rather artificial, and the interest in the problems of the protagonist is reduced by the author's having introduced the difficulties of the poor artisan and reluctant bride. Finally, a relatively minor character in the machinations of the plot, the eccentric nurse, Tilly Slowboy, in the drama must be elevated to a comic lead to supply the requisite humour. The essential plot, as John Butt points out,

...is not even large enough to fill a Christmas book. The empty spaces...have to be filled by episodes, some of them charming in themselves, but with no bearing...upon the central theme ("Dickens's Christmas Books," p. 142).

The melodramatic plot-construction provides a pair of principals, the old carrier and his young wife, who undergo a moral crisis in their marriage, and a second, younger couple, May Fielding and Edward Plummer, who provide the romantic interest. The two
couples are tenuously joined: Dot is an old school friend of May's, and she and her husband have been invited to May's marriage to a local toymaker, the ogre Tackleton. The chief interest in the story is the true identity of the old stranger whom Peery-bingle brings home, and whether this young man is in fact having an affair with the carrier's young wife. As in the melodramas of Jerrold and Buckstone, Dickens resolves the dilemmas of the dual plots almost simultaneously, with the revelation that Caleb's lost sailor-son, Edward, has returned to claim his bride.

What is there in the Cricket to make such universal appeal? It has not stood the test of time like the Carol. The plot is a well-used one on the romantic side... To assure himself of his sweetheart's faithfulness to his memory since he went away, Edward presents himself in the guise of a deaf old man. Of course, he wins his bride in the end. Tackleton [the thwarted groom] is "converted," and gives the happy couple the cake he had intended for his own wedding. Good theatre, nevertheless, you will say.

But the real appeal lay in the aiders and abettors of the plot: chubby, cheery little Dot, and simple, stout-hearted husband John. . .; Bertha, the toymaker's blind assistant, who thinks the old reprobate a kind of Prince Charming. . .; Tilly Slowboy, gawky comic nursemaid. . ., and finally Caleb Plummer. . . . These characters provided admirable contrasts to each other; in fact, the chief reason. . . for the abnormal success of the play lay in the fact that every part was "a piece of cake" for the performer, and that the author was the man who had written the immortal Carol (Fawcett, p. 86).

After the unfavourable reaction from the press
towards his *Chimes* the year before, perhaps Dickens deliberately reverted to the materials and techniques of the domestic melodrama on which he had been raised. For example, his having Edward Plummer return from abroad in the nick of time to rescue May Fielding from the villainous Tackleton is reminiscent of Buckstone's resolving difficulties in *Luke the Labourer; or, The Lost Son* (1828) by having another sailor, Philip Wakefield, providentially rescue his sister from the rapacious squire.

However, contemporaries recognized that Dickens' characters were far more life-like and multi-dimensional than the stock figures of the early nineteenth-century stage. In the January, 1846, number of the short-lived *Almanack of the Month*, a critic who signed himself "W. H. W." expressed the rather interesting notion that the Lyceum's adaptation of *The Cricket on the Hearth* succeeded because "the adaptor stuck very closely indeed to the text of the original" (quoted in Pemberton, p. 158). Faithfully adhering to the texts of *The Chimes* and *The Haunted Man* did not produce anything like the *Cricket's* celebrity for Mark Lemon, but then these novellas Dickens had invested with a far more serious intent. The point that the anonymous critic in the *Almanack* makes is worth considering, however.
Although Mr. Dickens does not profess dramatic authorship, yet his writings have had a considerable influence on the stage. The characters in his novels are—despite the exaggeration with which a few of the critical fraternity charge him—completely natural; so essentially natural, indeed, that even after some of the stage adaptors and actors have done their worst upon them, they come upon the stage very like transcripts from real life. As plays they are altogether different from their predecessors. The *dramatis personae* cannot, as that of the sentimental comedy and heavy melodrama, be summarily and arbitrarily put into the various conventional classes amongst which stage managers distribute the 'parts.' One cannot safely be given out at once to the 'heavy father' of the company; another to the 'smart servant'; a third to the 'low comedian'; a fourth to the 'juvenile tragedian'; a fifth to the 'chambermaid,' or a sixth to the 'sentimental young lady' (Pemberton, p. 158-159).

Consequently, when this critic applauds Smith for having "stuck to his text," he is really asserting that the characterizations in the Lyceum's production were more "like nature" than those required by conventional melodrama and comedy.

However, as the *Illustrated London News* noted, the *corps* of the Lyceum's company seemed so "admirably adapted" to the book's *dramatis personae* that

...it would almost appear, as the *Times* remarked, that Mr. Dickens had its representation at this house in his eye when he wrote the work (27 Dec., 1845, 413).

The *Times* for December 22 had noted the book's possessing a structure ready-made for the dramatic adaptor:
The story falls so exceedingly well into the drama, that it is evident there has been adapting on both sides; and that if the dramatist has read the Book with the view of dramatizing, the romancer has written it with the view of its being dramatized (as quoted by Bolton, p. 275).

Like the *Almanack* and the *Illustrated London News*, the *Times* finds the production's greatest strength to lie in its range of characters. But the *Times* reviewer alone notes that, since the book had just been published that very day, most of the audience were judging the performance solely on its own merits as drama, and not from its resemblances to the book, in contradiction of the tendency that

Dramas founded on popular novels and tales generally succeed from a cause totally irrespective of their dramatic merit.

The principles of realisation are inapplicable to a play that would precede the public's becoming acquainted with the story's plot and characters through the print medium. Consequently, Dickens was relying on the inherent theatricality of the novella, as well as on the powers of Albert Smith and the Lyceum company, to render comprehensible to an audience the actions, dialogue, and circumstances of characters with whom that audience had no prior knowledge. Although this aspect of the Lyceum production would gradually change as the public's purchases of the new book increased, to impress the reviewers on opening night
the cast had to be highly intelligible and capable of exciting the sympathy of the audience.

The acting of everybody was so admirable, that it is difficult to say of whom we ought first to speak; in gallantry, however, we will commence with the ladies. Miss Mary Keeley, the débute, . . . from the favourable impression she created on Saturday, will, we augur, become a star of no ordinary magnitude. Her features are extremely pleasing and expressive; and when at the conclusion of the piece, upon being called before the curtain, we were permitted to see her eyes, which she had kept closed whilst playing the part of blind Bertha; we found them as bright and intelligent as her mother's. . . . Her voice is sweet, and capable of nice modulation; and she betrayed throughout. . . a perception and stage tact which could hardly have been looked for in one so young. Mrs. Keeley's Dot was perfection: we never saw her in a part in which she appeared to be so completely at home. Her busy, bustling, affectionate manner in the first "chirp" or act, and her anxiety in the last one—the little pantomime scene in which she comes and seats herself on her little stool at the feet of her husband, who has been sitting up all night at his dreary hearth—and the volubility and earnest haste with which she pours forth the explanation of her apparently equivocal conduct. . . were inimitable (Illustrated London News, 27 Dec., 1845, p. 413).

All the reviewers were, in fact, highly impressed with Mary Ann Keeley's impersonation of Dickens' Dot. The Times praised her for

. . . contrasting the native good-humour and liveliness, with the wearying, tormenting effect of the secret she dared not betray, and which so made compromised her domestic peace (as quoted by Bolton, p. 275).
And the critic of the *Almanack of the Month* closes his review of the play "with expressions of unstinted admiration for the Dot of Mrs. Keeley" (Pemberton, p. 161).

The other great crowd-pleaser was Tilly Slowboy, at the Adelphi made a dame part by comedian Edward Wright, but in this production taken by comedienne Miss Turner, whom the *Almanack* pronounced

...so life-like...[in] her acting, that we could hardly dissuade ourselves from the notion that she was "Boz's" genuine and particular Slowboy, clothed and animated (Pemberton, p. 160).

Said the reviewer of the *Illustrated London News*,

Miss Turner deserves great praise for her clever impersonation... She looked the character of the foundling handmaiden to the life, and quite acted up to her appearance. Her "Ow if you please don't!" convulsed the audience with laughter every time she uttered the phrase.

Although the *Times* allowed that this was a minor part in the drama, it appreciated

The 'dowdy' figure, the untidy hair, the semi-human state of civilization, the nonsense uttered to the baby... Though constantly on the stage, Tilly had scarcely six sentences to say. Happy Tilly! Every sentence produced a shout (Bolton, p. 275).

Finally among the principal females in the play was Miss Dawson, who took the part that Ellen Chaplin as veteran fairy of the Adelphi enacted at the rival
playhouse. As with the two previous Christmas Books there was a dream-vision; here, the fairy's task was to appear before the slumbering John, and, accompanied by a dozen dancing fairies, dissuade the distraught husband from taking vengeance on his wife's supposed lover. Remarked the Almanack,

The young lady who performed the fairy of the fireplace also deserves a word of praise. She came up through the hearth, and spoke a long speech just before the bars of a tolerably severe fire without wincing (Pemberton, p. 160).

The fire was not practicable like the kettle, so the young lady was in no danger. The reviewer for the Illustrated London News also commended her for "a very graceful declamation... , for which she was warmly applauded."

The actors did not generally receive the lavish praise bestowed upon the actresses in the press, but their performances were obviously effective.

Mr. Emery's Peerybingle fairly took the house by surprise by its excellence. His powerful acting never degenerated into rant but was throughout intense and judicious; and, in the interview with Tackleton, wherein he explains his intentions with regard to his wife, he was frequently compelled to wait until the plaudits of the audience had subsided (Illustrated London News, 27 Dec., 1845, p. 413).

The Almanack found in Emery's performance and costume so high a degree of verisimilitude that it seemed "as
if he had walked straight from the yard of the 'Blossoms Inn'" (Pemberton, p. 160), but was equally taken with Meadows' "evil genius" and Vining's contrasting a dissimulated deafness of advanced age "with all the agility and sprightliness as he displayed at that time immemorial when he first took to the juvenile line of business." The role of Edward is a relatively small one, so that "Mr. Frederick Vining had not a very great deal to do, but what he did assisted much towards forming a perfect ensemble" (Illustrated London News, p. 413).

Reviewers found Robert Keeley as Caleb Plummer suitably "grave and comic by turns" (Pemberton, p. 160), as the Almanack commented; providing a characterization imbued "with much pathos and truthfulness" (Illustrated London News, p. 413). He and his talented wife had provided Dickens with the theatrical triumph he had craved since writing Misnar, Sultan of India as a child, and which eluded him when he dramatized his own Oliver Twist for the St. James's. The curtain fell to the prolonged cheers of the packed house as the audience threw bouquets to Miss Keeley and called for the novelist and his adaptor. "The former gentleman was stated not to be in the house, but the latter bowed his acknowledgments from a private box" (Illustrated London News, p. 413).

Although Dickens was not present at the opening,
he had reported to Thomas Fraser on 19 December,

I am obliged to run away this morning
for an hour or two, to save myself from be-
ing more direfully slaughtered than is ab-
solutely necessary, at the English Opera
House (Letters, IV, 452).

Dickens here uses the name applied to the former edi-
fice that occupied the Wellington Street site until
it was razed by fire in 1834. The new theatre's full
title was the Royal Lyceum and English Opera House.
He also attended at least one rival production, that
by Ben Webster at the Haymarket which opened on the
6th of January, with J. B. Buckstone as the hilarious
Tilly Slowboy.

Mrs. Keeley wrote the Examiner of Plays at the
Office of the Lord Chamberlain for a licence only a
week before the opening, so that one would assume the
manuscript licensed on 17 December would represent
Smith's final intentions for the actual production.
French's New York edition of the play, published in
1880, is probably based on the first printed version,
that by W. S. Johnson in 1845. It is odd that French
should provide, in addition to the names of the ori-
ginal Lyceum cast, the names of the principal per-
formers in the Winter Garden, New York, production
that opened on 14 September, 1859, for that American
cast did not perform Smith's adaptation but Bouci-
cault's Dot, A Fairy Tale of Home. The major differ-
ence between the two versions is Boucicault's "Shakespearean introduction of a 'Fairy Episode' . . . associat[ing] Dickens's characters with Oberon, Titania, Puck, and Ariel" (Bolton, p. 273). Given French's error, the American publication's fidelity to the original ms. is surprising.

The Lord Chamberlain's manuscript, bearing the dates 12/18/45. and 12/17/45., is written in the same hand as the Lord Chamberlain's manuscript for the second official adaptation by Smith, *The Battle of Life* (1846), a circumstance that suggests both are the working copies penned by Smith himself. Occasionally there appear seating plans and deleted sections in the manuscript, but the text is amazingly similar to French's.

In moving from the Dickens-supplied proofs early in December, 1845, Albert Smith seems determined not to lose some of the narrator's clever remarks made prior to Dot's welcoming her husband home. These Dot gives in monologue, but more to herself rather than to "Tilly Slowboy [who] is sitting down on a low stool nursing the baby." Although Smith has recognized the necessity for eliminating some of the novel's excellent descriptions, such as that of "the convulsive little Haymaker. . .in front of the Moorish Palace" (*The Cricket on the Hearth, Christmas Books*, II, 22) on the Peerybingle's Dutch clock, he has placed
in the mouth of Dot the topical allusion to the wreck of the Royal George. Providing her with such a line makes the young country-wife appear far more knowledgeable than her original self in the novella. And her commenting upon the fact that she is "one [who] rather plumes [her]self upon [her] legs, and keeps [her]self particularly neat in point stockings" (ms., p. 146) hardly gives the audience the proper impression of this tidy, cheerful, ingenuous, self-effacing little woman.

Furthermore, while in the book she has returned from filling the kettle at the pump "less the pat­tens" (p. 22), she remarks in the play that she has "lost" (p. 146) them in the mud, as if Smith is trying to account for her not wearing them indoors. Dickens knew, as Smith may not have known, that patten­s were worn outside and in the dairy, but not on either wooden or carpeted floors.

Nevertheless, from the start it is evident that Smith is following the principle of condensation to avoid making the drama 'lag,' as Lemon's reviewers felt he had done by trying to retain dramatically-un­necessary dialogue. The two pages of authorial expo­sition Smith has reduced to a one-paragraph monologue for Dot. Unfortunately, his distortion of her charac­ter continues when he has her compare the chirping of the hearth-side cricket to the shining of a star:
"How its voice sounds through the house and seems to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star" (ms., p. 147; French's, p. 3). This poetic rhapsody, out of character for the simple wife of a humble carrier, Smith has taken directly from the original narrative. According to the play's Dot, the cricket's song always seems to say, "Welcome home old fellow: welcome home my boy!" (ms., p. 147) to her husband (French's gives "old boy," which does not agree with the book). In the novella, it was the glow of the hearth in the darkness that seemed to express those sentiments at that moment to "a certain person" (p. 26) as he was approaching the cottage.

Sometimes, however, Smith is able to improve upon the original, particularly in terms of business and blocking. For example, whereas in the book the baby must suddenly appear in Dot's arms as John arrives home, in the play she matter-of-factly tells the still-silent Tilly to give her the child. Of course, part of the original's charm is that the narrator is at liberty to make such comments as

Where the Baby came from, or how Mrs. Peerybingle got hold of it in that flash of time, I don't know. But a live Baby there was in Mrs. Peerybingle's arms... (p. 26).

The warmth of this style has been entirely lost in Dot's direction "Give me baby, Tilly: I know it is John coming home" (ms., p. 147; French's, p. 3). As a
practical man of the theatre, however, Smith realized that precise directions are what make a workable script. A good bit of realism is Smith's making "Part of the cart...seen" (ms., p. 147; French's, p. 4) by the audience through the open door by the light of the lantern Peerybingle holds.

The ensuing dialogue between husband and wife Smith has been able to lift almost verbatim from the proofs, although Tilly's interjection to the baby at the top of p. 151 (French's p. 5) is far more striking than the indirect speech retailed to the reader by the novella's narrator:

Miss Slowboy, in the mean time, who had a mechanical power of reproducing scraps of current conversation for the delectation of the Baby, with all the sense struck out of them, and all the Nouns changed into the Plural number, inquired aloud of that young creature... (p. 35).

The essence of this sort of witty commentary, in the mode of a sardonic Fielding, Smith could never hope to communicate, so he abandoned any attempt to do so, giving in the above instance only what the narrator reports Tilly said.

Although the resulting script is something less than the sum total of Dickens' Cricket on the Hearth, it reflects a firm sense of stagecraft. For example, Smith has wisely chosen to excise four pages comprising for the most part description in order to close
the scene with Tackleton's departure and Dot's showing the old stranger to his room. The conclusion of "Chirp the First" must, of necessity, be different in the play. In the book Dickens deliberately misleads the reader into believing that the cause of Dot's mysterious fit is the "young figure of a man... ever repeating 'Married! and not to me!'" (p. 50). The reader is led to suspect that the old stranger is Dot's former lover returned in disguise to blight a fruitful marriage. At this point in the novel, her husband has no inkling of the possibility of the visitor's being a rival for his wife's affections. This red herring Smith handles by having the malignant Tackleton point to Dot and the stranger in intimate colloquy. Although less atmospheric than the visions supplied John by "that Genius of his Hearth and Home" (p. 50), this bit of business ends the scene with a lift, as the audience and Peerybingle wonder what Tackleton is driving at.

To start off the second "chirp" Smith excises the detailed description of Caleb Plummer's workroom, and has the indigent toymaker explain in a brief soliloquy his deception of his daughter (and the actor of the part, Robert Keeley, really was playing to his own daughter). As the audience takes in the new set, a "room... filled with toys of all descriptions" (ms., p. 161; French's, p. 10), Caleb sings (rather
than "hum" as in the book) "a fragment of a... Bacchanalian song, something about a Sparkling Bowl... with an assumption of a Devil-may-care voice" (novel, p. 58). In the original, Caleb hummed or sang a fragment of the song later on in the scene only, but the dramatist has sensed that having Caleb sing a little of "The Glasses Sparkle on the Board" at curtain rise will make an effective opening to the second act with its new set. The directions in the original do imply that Dickens was writing with dramatic adaptation in mind, but he has still left the script-writer to decide whether Caleb is to begin humming and then break into full song, or hum only, or sing only. Smith gives his Caleb a specific set of lyrics in both instances in the scene. Apparently Keeley could do better than merely carry a tune, for Smith has inserted three songs for his star in the play's "Second Chirp."

The song to which Dickens is alluding in the book and which Smith has Caleb sing in snatches was not a new one; in fact, it predates Dickens' birth, having been written by Thomas Augustine Geary, with lyrics by W. D. Diggs, as "the celebrated new Anacreontic song" of 1803. The song's continued popularity is suggested by its many printings in London: by Goulding, Phipps, and D'Almaine (1803), Duncombe (1816), and W. & S. Wybrow (1825). This convivial and
amatory air Dickens may have heard as a child while in the company of his father at various inns, public houses, and saloon bars. The jolly song might have struck the audience as slightly incongruous for a poor man to be singing, and certainly rather old-fashioned; it is suitable for a man who deludes his blind daughter into believing they are well-paid and well-off. Caleb's discomfiture at Bertha's asking if he's tired is covered by his renewing the song "with forced energy" (ms., p. 163; French's, p. 11), which may also indicate Caleb's avoiding the contemplation of their strained circumstances.

The substance of Caleb's introductory soliloquy parallels what he says in the novella (Penguin, p. 52). However, Smith has Caleb offer a far more brief and far less detailed description than the narrator's survey of the real counterpart of the "enchanted home of Caleb's furnishing, where scarcity and shabbiness were not, and trouble never entered" (novella, p. 52). "Hush, Caleb, she is here!" (ms., p. 161; French's, p. 11) sounds awkwardly melodramatic to modern ears, but at least it underscores the deception he has practiced to protect his daughter from worrying about their income, and cues Bertha's entrance.

In bringing the story to the stage Smith has lost some of the subtle beauty of the original narra-
tion in order to heighten dramatic effectiveness. For example, in the original Caleb merely regards his employer Tackleton "with a woeful glance" (p. 59) as he shrinks from yet another act of duplicity with his blind daughter. This narrative remark furnished Smith with the motive for having Caleb speak aside, "Poor thing! How I deceived her, to make her believe he was less harsh and cold" (ms., p. 164--French's version is "I must deceive her still, to make her believe he is less harsh and cold" on p. 12). Ironically, in both the play and the novella Bertha has just kissed Tackleton's hand in gratitude for his supposed generosity towards them.

This situational irony in the original is enhanced by Tackleton's inquiring into Bertha's progress in repairing "the owl that can't sing, and oughtn't to sing, and will sing" (p. 12), by which the saturnine employer implies either Bertha or her father, who has but lately been singing. She misconstrues his intent, and somehow assumes he is referring to the "little plant [he] sent [her]" (ms., p. 164; French's p. 12), whose actual source (probably her brother) is never clarified in either the book or the play.

The plant is a symbol of what Tackleton's relationship to his employees Caleb and Bertha ought to be, just as the turkey in A Christmas Carol symbolizes Scrooge's new-found interest in the welfare of his
clerk. In this respect, Dickens in *The Cricket on the Hearth* is reverting to the earlier recipe that had brought him such success. Caleb replaces another boyish, cheerful father (Bob Cratchit), and Bertha the charming child whose life is circumscribed by a severe handicap (Tiny Tim). Tackleton's mutterings about "Bedlam broke loose" and "No gleam of reason" (ms., p. 164; French's, p. 12) are the equivalent of Scrooge's familiar, "Bah! Humbug!"

' Bertha's reference to having "stood the little plant...close beside my pillow when I went to sleep last night" (ms., p. 164; French's, p. 12) suggests that there has been a day's time lapse between the first chirp, in which Peerybingle delivers "a little plant in a flower pot, packed up" (ms., p. 154; French's, p. 7), and the opening scene of the second chirp. In the original story, although it was just such a plant, "carefully preserved in moss and paper" (p. 39), that the old carrier had discharged, Bertha in the novella refers to "a little tree" (p. 59) that she has turned to the morning sun. While retaining the plant as a misconstrued symbol of Tackleton's benevolence and an indication of time-lapse, Smith has sorted out the confusion as to its exact nature.

Narration may be ambivalent or subtle, for it gives the novelist the licence to focus the reader's attention on the smallest detail and reveal its hid-
den significance. Dramatists, on the other hand, must make the audience hear and see; such playwrights as Smith and Stirling tended to eschew the subtle in favour of the obvious. Thus, for example, when Caleb is describing May Fielding for Bertha, and gets to her eyes, Dickens uses subtlety to show how sensitive a subject this is for the blind girl, whom the reader suspects to be in love with Tackleton (or rather her father's idealized image of him) herself.

He stopped; for Bertha had drawn closer round his neck; and, from the arm that clung about him, came a warning pressure which he understood too well.

He coughed a moment, hammered for a moment, and then fell back upon the song about the Sparkling Bowl; his infallible resource in all such difficulties (p. 62).

This small effect is impossible for Smith, who replaces Bertha's delicate warning of her father's faux pas and his self-reproach with larger gestures and lines, all of which are somewhat melodramatic:

Bert. /sadly/ Her eyes--father--

She hides her face and her head sinks on his arm

Cal. /aside/ Fool that I was! /sings,

'We'll drown it in a bowl' (ms., p. 166; French's, p. 13).

Adding dialogue and providing business to clarify meaning are several ways in which the adaptor can straighten out the book's story-line and heighten the dramatic effects implied in the original. Cutting
not only narrative, but also occasionally dialogue (as when Smith combines Bertha's questions to her father about Tackleton's age and nobility of character) is necessary to move the action along.

Another aspect of dramatisation that Smith handles well is the management of scene changes. At the end of this scene, for example, Smith has the Plummers depart (presumably to the tune of "The Glasses Sparkle") and the Peerybinglees appear to the tune of "Gee ho dobbin," doubly appropriate to the entrance of the carrier, his wife, and child, with Tilly Slowboy, all of whom have just descended from the cart and have entered Caleb's house in the play. In the novella, the Peerybinglees discuss the old gentleman who is staying with them, Dot betraying some anxiety. The scene must stay. However, to avoid having to show the journey across the heath, Smith manages matters so that no one is present to receive John and Dot, who are then at liberty to discuss matters as if they were alone on their vehicle, as in the book.

In the novella, not only were Caleb and Bertha in the room--as one might logically expect--but May and her mother, as well as Tackleton, were already present. Again Smith ascribes to the good-hearted Dot remarks not appropriate to her character and drawn from the narrator's comments in the book. For example, Dickens describes the grim employer at the feast thus:
Gruff and Tackleton was also there, doing
the agreeable; with the evident sensation
of being as perfectly at home, and as un-
questionably in his own element, as a fresh
young salmon on the top of the Great Pyra-
mid (p. 70).

The image suggests not only how out-of-place
Tackleton feels, but juxtaposes the youth and age in-
congruously to reflect how unnatural he feels it is
for him to be taking a young bride. However, so good
was this observation that Smith inserted it in the
dialogue, having Dot give what is, after all, a rath-
er cutting remark aside to the audience. The gifted
comedienne, Mrs. Keeley, was the logical person to
deliver the line; Dot, the ingenuous little wife of a
simple carrier, was not.

The weaknesses as well as the strengths of the
Lyceum company appear to have influenced Smith in his
disposition of dialogue for the relatively minor cha-
acters of May Fielding and her mother. In the novel
the latter is a prolix old lady inclined to render an
opinion, whenever possible, on such subjects as "in-
fallible domestic recipes and precepts" (p. 80). In
the play they say very little. Undoubtedly Smith re-
alized that eliminating their inconsequential speech-
es would advance the action.

That the manuscript is the original, working
text of the play is suggested by the seating diagram
for this scene on page 170, with Mrs. Fielding shown
at the head of the table, upstage centre; Caleb, John and Bertha, stage right; Tackleton, May, Dot, Tilly and Baby stage left (giving Dot ready access to the audience for her aside, since she sits at the end of the table, and closest to the audience).

Blocked out on page 172 of the manuscript after "Bertha gets up and leaves the table" is this scene:

**John**  And now a song--a song!

**All**  Yes[,] a song[.]

**Caleb** (Rising) Here's a harp--a rude thing--I made for Bertha. But Mrs. Peery-bingle knows how to play it.

**Dot**  I'll do my best; John[.]

*Song. Dot.*

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**At the conclusion of the song, a knocking up the door.**

**Caleb**  More visitors! I must suppose we must say we're all at ho.

Smith was undoubtedly working within the conventions of the burletta, and such an excuse for a song would have been regarded as plausible in a seasonal piece. The enigmatic part about the scene is the identity of the person at the door, since such an interruption does not occur in the book. Possibly Smith found the scene unworkable; possibly Dickens objected to it as intrusive and uncanonical.

In the book John does not announce his depar-
ture, as in both the manuscript and printed text of the play, with "Well; this is all very well, but I must be stirring. I have got several parcels to deliver now" (ms., p. 173; French's, p. 16). His continuing with his deliveries and returning later to pick up his family at the Plummers' "was the order of the day on all Pic-Nic occasions" (novella, p. 75). Smith does not stop to explain the habitual nature of John's departure, and further deviates from the book in having Tackleton leave with him "to go down the town" (ms., p. 173; French's, p. 17).

Smith's removing Tackleton from the stage seems to have been motivated by a desire to make Bertha's expressing her regret at not being Tackleton's bride more natural and sentimental, for he brings Tackleton back later in the scene.

The second chirp closes with a melodramatic speech contrived for the play's John by Smith out of the Dickensian narrator's exclamation, "Oh Shadow on the Hearth! Oh truthful cricket! Oh perfidious wife" (p. 83). The novella's distraught husband clenches his fist, but suffers in silence and falls upon a desk rather than upon the ground, as in the play. Chopping the good-night speeches in favour of a powerful effect, Smith sends John Peerybingle into hysterics consonant with the emotional excesses of the period's melodrama.
Peerybingle, thinking he has discovered his wife's infidelity when Tackleton draws his attention to Dot's conduct with the stranger, "falls down upon the ground. As the others gather round him, Tackleton draws the curtain Tableau" (ms., p. 181; French, p. 20). However, this freeze in the action does not refer to any picture in the novella, as does the pose in which John sits at the beginning of the third chirp of the play. As Meisel notes in Realizations, the curtain tableau was designed to capture "some moment of dramatic significance" that summed up the movement of the whole preceding act for the audience.

The dramatic tableau has so strong an association with the act endings in melodrama and the use of the act drop that it invites entire identification with this function and technology. Moreover, the curtain tableau is so useful a solution to the eternal problem of getting "off" (Meisel, p. 45).

Although the term does not occur at curtain-rise for "Chirp The Third," Smith is nevertheless alluding to Doyle's picture entitled "John's Reverie" (Penguin, p. 90), his melancholy emphasized by the "plaintive music" (ms., p. 182; French's, p. 20) to which the curtain slowly lifts. Smith heightens the audience's sympathy for John through his opening soliloquy, the substance of which he has transferred and condensed from the narrator's comments on John's
thoughts and behaviour. The play's John muses aloud over the loaded gun, "I will kill him--here: in his bed!" (ms., p. 182; French's, p. 21), as the story's far more natural character never would have. This wild speech is Smith's mode of externalizing the husband's moral and emotional conflict. The speech, although very much in the tradition of the melodrama, is too articulate and hyperbolic for the carrier of Dickens' tale. For the actor who would later play Peggotty, Samuel Emery, this anguished outcry would have been easy.

While in the story the Fairy Voice gently interrupts John's meditations on Dot's perfidy, in the play the Fairy Cricket "speaks, through the music" (ms., p. 182; French's, p. 21) that had struck up as John swore to kill his rival. The basis for Smith's fairy spectacle and tableau is Maclise's "Frontispiece" (Penguin, p. 14) rather than a plate placed at the beginning of "Chirp the Third" in the book. This excellent piece of stage effect, a supernatural mechanism superfluous to the plot of the novel, the dramatist has tightened up in the manner of Shakespeare in Macbeth, the knocking of Tackleton at the door being reminiscent of Macduff's knocking that signals the end of the night on which Duncan has been murdered. Though day here, too, has arrived, bloodshed has been averted rather than prompted by
the intervention of the supernatural element, the cricket in its domestic faculty contrasting with the air-drawn dagger that led the perturbed Macbeth to the chamber of the sleeping Duncan. This closing of the fairy vision is far more effective dramatically than Dickens' management in the original, in which John has washed and changed his clothes prior to Tackleton's visit.

To heighten the sentimentalism of the conclusion, Smith makes Tackleton's apology to Dot for his misanthropy the last major speech, as if it were he and not the good-hearted John who had witnessed and profitted by the fairy vision. Certainly there is not the justification for Tackleton's moral improvement here that there is for Scrooge's at the close of *A Christmas Carol*. This epiphany Dickens justifies by having his narrator ask rhetorically, "what had the Fairies been doing with him, to have effected such a change!" (p. 118), but Smith recognizes that this road-to-Damascus conversion is a necessity of the plot and has John graciously reply to Tackleton's request to be included in the party, "We'll make you so jolly that you shan't believe you're yourself" (ms., p. 204; French's, p. 30).

Edward's request for a dance seems to arise spontaneously after John's embracing Dot in reconciliation in the play. In the novella, it comes after
the returned sailor's tales of far-off wonders. The re-appearance of the long-lost mariner in time to prevent catastrophe, particularly "just in time to rescue his sweetheart from the clutches of an old but wealthy suitor," had been a common plot gambit in naval plays from about 1760 onwards, and occurs (with the variation that the sailor rescues his sister from the dissolute Squire Chase) in Buckstone's *Luke the Labourer* (Adelphi, 1828).

If anything, Smith has underwritten what was already a minor part in the novella, so that, had one not read the original story, one might be at a loss as to the identity of the young man, let alone his having been so long absent from home while engaged in the Indigo Trade. Perhaps Smith felt that a few lines of explanation from Dot and Caleb, played by the company's principals, rather than from the lightweight juvenile of the cast, would be sufficient to jar the audience's recognition of Edward, whose biography the recently-published novella clearly presented. Edward on stage would have detracted from the intended focus of the reconciliation of John and Dot if he had been given much to say at this point.

Such ambiguity is rare in this adaptation. Although Smith's dramatisation lacks some of the sentimental appeal and descriptive vividness of the original novella, it shows every indication of being
eminently playable.

This 'Fairy Tale of Home' represents the peak of Dickens's success as a writer of Christmas Books. By the time he produced The Battle of Life many competitors, including Thackeray, had rushed into this lucrative market. Even such staunch admirers as Lord Jeffrey were disappointed with Dickens's [next] offering--what was a Dickens Christmas Book with neither ghosts nor fairies?--and the author himself was dissatisfied with it (Slater, "The Christmas Books," p. 18).

Slater criticizes The Cricket on the Hearth for its forced, overdone jocularity, "cloying and contrived effect" (p. 21), and "the strident emphasis placed upon domestic felicity" (p. 23). He dismisses it as "a piece of bloodless and far-fetched sentimentality" (p. 23). John Butt is willing to allow that both Cricket and Battle "contain some good and characteristic work," but again finds them "below the other books in merit" ("Dickens's Christmas Books," p. 141). Many have criticized The Battle of Life as a radically foreshortened novel; Butt maintains that Dickens "had chosen too short a form in which to elaborate a theme requiring lengthy treatment" (p. 142). Fitz-Gerald remarks that "the canvas selected was not large enough for the picture" (Dickens and the Drama, p. 208).

Although Slater brands the book "an interesting failure. . .[whose] only successful feature. . . is the character of the homely devoted nurse, Clemency
Newcome, . . . the forerunner of [David Copperfield's nurse] Peggotty" (The Christmas Books, I, xix), it was one of Dickens' most carefully planned works to date, a middle-class updating to the eighteenth century of Shakespeare's Winter's Tale, recalling a loved-one, thought dead, to life. Slater is not quite correct in his contention that the story "dispenses entirely with the supernatural element and does not relate in any way to Christmas" (I, xix), although the ghosts of those Roundheads and Cavaliers slain the century before in Dr. Jeddler's orchard do not appear in the play, and the Christmas ball forms an incidental backdrop to the disappearance of Marion.

Dickens himself, although enthusiastic at first, seemed disappointed with his own labours. All the same, it is a pretty and powerful story of sisterly love and devotion, and at moments intensely dramatic (Dickens and the Drama, p. 208).

Fawcett's criticism of the story from a dramatic perspective was that, although the original work contained some fine descriptive passages, the plot's artificiality coupled with the story's dividing the interest between a pair of two-dimensional heroes and an equally undeveloped pair of heroines made it weak material for adaptation. "Only two of the characters, [the servants-turned-publicans] Clemency and Britain, are touched with the true Dickens magic, which accounts for these comedy roles being
elevated to 'leads' in the dramatized versions" (p. 89). The *Times* scorned *The Battle of Life* as trash. However, the Lyceum's production had a respectable run of forty-two performances, and "the book sold well--23,000 copies on its first day of publication, and by the end of January [1847] far more than any of its predecessors" (Johnson, *Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph*, p. 325).

Dickens abandons the Hungry Forties depicted in the previous Christmas Books for a sentimentalized vision of the eighteenth century, managing to compensate for the lack of supernatural catalysts by a series of coincidences (designed to keep the reader in the dark) and spectacles that work well on stage. By the end of September, 1846, Dickens realized, as he confessed to Forster, that he had advanced too far into the action of the plot to introduce the kind of "supernatural agency" (*Letters*, IV, 625) that the public had come to expect in his Christmas Books.

As with *The Cricket on the Hearth*, the Lyceum was to be the theatre, Smith the adaptor, and Robert and Mary Keeley the stars. Once again the management paid Dickens £100 for a copy of the early proofs a month prior to the 19th of December publication so that the Lyceum would beat Edward Stirling into the fray. The furore that had accompanied the appearance of the *Cricket* did not re-materialize, enthusiasm for
an encore dampened perhaps, as Morley suggests, by

A stupid and prejudiced article in The Theatrical Times [that] inveighed against the Dickens craze in the theatre and acclaimed The Battle of Life as commonplace, undramatic and devoid of interest.

Although theatres are not likely to be so easily influenced by a single negative review, the taste for dramatisations of the latest Christmas Book was likely on the wane.

Consequently, "though they had recently staged versions of Dickens's earlier seasonal stories and serialized novels" (Bolton, p. 296), the Adelphi and Strand, like numerous other minor theatres, refrained from offering productions to rival the Lyceum's. As with his two previous Christmas Books, however, Dickens had placed

...extraordinary faith in the story, not only as a saleable fiction, but as a play. In fact, he had the theatre in mind all along, even to the extent of dividing the story into three acts. He came specially over from Paris to superintend rehearsals, but was a little fractious about them (Fawcett, p. 87).

Exactly how "fractious" is revealed in Dickens' letter of 19 December, 1846, from Forster's rooms at 58 Lincoln's Inns Fields to his wife back in Paris:

...I was obliged to engage to read the book to them [the Lyceum cast] this morning. ... Unless I had come to London,
I do not think there would have been much hope of the version being more than just tolerated—even that, doubtful. All the actors bad. All the business frightfully behind-hand. The very words of the book confused in the copying in the densest and most insufferable nonsense. I must exempt, however, from the general badness, both the Keeleys. I hope they will be very good. I have never seen anything of its kind, better, than the manner in which they played the little supper scene, between Clemency and Britain, yesterday. It was quite perfect, even to me (Letters, IV, 680-681).

The Lyceum again tried to time its opening of the adaptation to the novella's publication (the play came out just two days after the book) and the opening of the Christmas season, which in London that year saw seven houses in total offer versions by the 11th of January, 1847:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Theatre</th>
<th>Adaptor</th>
<th>Opening Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lyceum</td>
<td>Albert Smith</td>
<td>21 December/46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albert Saloon</td>
<td>Samuel Atkyns</td>
<td>4 January/47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>City of London</td>
<td>T. E. Lyon</td>
<td>4 January/47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grecian</td>
<td>Thomas Archer</td>
<td>4 January/47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bower Saloon</td>
<td>C. A. Somerset</td>
<td>7 January/47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Surrey</td>
<td>Edward Stirling</td>
<td>9 January/47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Britannia</td>
<td>G. Dibdin Pitt</td>
<td>11 January/47</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Of the seventeen metropolitan playhouses that had run versions of The Cricket on the Hearth the previous year, only five entered the Christmas Book competition in the 1846-7 Christmas season, the Sur-
rey and the Britannia not having staged the Cricket the year before. Fully twelve houses dropped out: the Adelphi, Haymarket, Princess's, Victoria, Marleybone, Queens, Pavilion, Garrick, Effingham Saloon, Standard, Olympic, and Apollo Saloon. Although the other theatres, most notably the City of London with a version by either F. C. Burnand (Fawcett, p. 247) or T. E. Lyon (Morley, p. 78; Bolton, p. 298) and the Surrey, with Edward's Stirling's inevitable entry, enjoyed little success, the Britannia, Hoxton, offered something a little more lively:

...patrons [were regaled] with a pistol duel on the stage. The duellists were the two heroes of the story, Heathfield and Warden, and Heathfield fell, apparently dying, only to recover and to make a surprising reappearance in the last act. Another novelty was a tearful attempt at suicide by Grace Jeddler, who was saved in the best traditions of Hoxton melodrama (Fawcett, p. 88).

In this version by Dibdin Pitt "Michael went through the years in the belief that he was responsible for his opponent's death" (Morley, p. 78), while Grace had attempted to drown herself when she learned of Marion's disappearance. This sensationalizing of the basic story was consistent with both the house and the dramatist, for it was there that Pitt had staged his raw melodrama Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street in 1842.

The Lyceum's version opened two weeks before any
of the others, and survived until the 6th of February

Mrs. Keeley sustaining the part of Clemency
Newcome in such a manner that, according to
the Athenaeum, "she became the life, the
soul, the salvation of the new drama." As
an after-piece, a pantomime, The Butter-
fly's Ball, introduced the Lauri family.

It was this pantomime, along with a one-act farce en-
titled Mrs. White and Tom Taylor's To Parents and
Guardians, that accounted for the relative longevity
of the Lyceum's Battle, implies Fawcett, although the
highly-capable cast, headed by the Keeleys, surely
must have helped. The full list, supplied by Dicks'
Standard Plays, No. 1,001 (published shortly after
the production), agrees with that in the Illustrated
London News:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Actor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DR. JEDDLER</td>
<td>Mr. Frank Matthews.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALFRED HEATHFIELD</td>
<td>Mr. Leigh Murray.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MICHAEL WARDEN</td>
<td>Mr. F. Vining.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MR. SNITCHEY</td>
<td>Mr. Meadows.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MR. CRAGGS</td>
<td>Mr. Turner.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BENJAMIN BRITAIN</td>
<td>Mr. Keeley.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GRACE JEDDLER</td>
<td>Miss Ellen Daly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARION JEDDLER</td>
<td>Miss May.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MRS. SNITCHEY</td>
<td>Mrs. Woollidge.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MRS. CRAGGS</td>
<td>Miss Grove.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AUNT MARTHA</td>
<td>Miss Foster.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLEMENCY NEWCOME</td>
<td>Mrs. Keeley.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—TWO HOURS.
The Period of the Drama is laid about One
Hundred Years ago.

Fawcett reports that "another member of the cast was
Mary Keeley, for whom romance was round the corner,
for she married the dramatizer, Albert Smith" (p. 88) --but that marriage did not occur until 1859, a year prior to Smith's death. Although Miss Mary had sustained the part of Bertha, the blind girl of Cricket, the year before to critical acclaim, here the sixteen year old must have occupied some such minor station as one of the villagers or guests at the ball, for her name does not appear in others' lists.

Six cast members--Meadows, the Keeleys, Vining, Woollidge, and Turner--had played in the Lyceum's Cricket on the Hearth. Again, the theatre's star comedienne, Mary Ann Keeley, was the cornerstone of the production's success. The Illustrated London News for 26 December, 1846, was most laudatory:

Such alterations only were made in the manner of developing the story as were necessary for the exigencies of the stage; and the result was a most unqualified success. For this, however, be it understood, the author and dramatist were mainly indebted to the unequalled acting of Mrs. Keeley as Clemency Newcome. . . . Otherwise the piece was somewhat wearisome; and once or twice hung in a very dangerous manner between success and condemnation, although the large audience had evidently come predisposed in its favour (p. 413).

Since the efforts of the dramatist are slighted in the reviewer's praise of Mrs. Keeley, one may suspect that the inditer of the piece was not Albert Smith. Apparently the audience called for him after the concluding dance, and Mrs. Keeley led him forward
to take a bow.

Dickens, too, had been called for, but again was said not to be in the house by the time the curtain was lowered. He had been present earlier in the evening, however: "I saw the Keeleys on the stage at eleven o'clock or so," he wrote to his wife the next morning," and they were in prodigious spirits and delight" (Letters, IV, 682). Since Dickens had been up past "two in the morning" on the previous day in dress rehearsal, he may well have gone back to Forster's rooms to rest. Dickens states that the strain of overseeing the professional production was far more taxing on him than had been the pressure of getting up his own "amateur plays." Furthermore, he had been exasperated with Miss Daly's Marion, and had entertained the worst fears about the general outcome of the production. His letter confirms that he did not venture to linger until the curtain:

Tuesday Morning.--The play went, as well as I can make out--I hoped to have Stanny's [Clarkson Stanfield, the Dickens illustrator] report of it, but he is ill--with great effect. There was immense enthusiasm at its close, and great uproar and shouting for me (IV, 682).

Despite the general approbation, the reviewer of the Illustrated London News also saw Miss Daly as a weak link:
no sooner did Marion and Grace commence their sentimentality than the audience got listless and inattentive; and now and then that restless cough was heard, which sometimes preludes sounds a little more unpleasant. The exquisite pathos of Mrs. Keeley in the third act, however, "pulled everything up," to use a theatrical term, and the curtain finally descended amidst an uproar of applause, which continued several minutes (p. 413).

Several years before Miss Daly had enacted the part of Peter Cratchit in C. Z. Barnett's version of A Christmas Carol at the Surrey, and prior to that had been Mrs. Mantalini in Stirling's Nickleby when it travelled to Dublin's Theatre Royal in February, 1839. She must have been one of those players whom Dickens singled out as inept and for whom on "The morning of the production he read his story...for their more complete understanding of the piece" (Morley, p. 77). However, in writing to his wife on the 19th of December, Dickens was pleasantly surprised with her understanding of the part:

Certainly Miss Daly knew best what she was about, yesterday--to my unbounded amaze- ment. But she is too old for Grace, and not pretty enough (Letters, IV, 680).

Roughly Dickens' contemporary, Ellen Daly--the stage name of Mrs. Philips (?1813-90)--had started her professional career at the Adelphi as Smike in the 1839 Stirling adaptation of Nickleby. "By this time a fav- ourite performer in burletta, domestic drama, and
burlesque;" Ellen Daly was, although at least thirty-three," generally regarded as 'decidedly pretty'" (Letters, IV, 680 note).

After praising Mrs. Keeley and panning Miss Daly and Miss May, the Illustrated London News lauds Frank Matthews for sustaining his role as Dr. Jeddler "with extreme care" (p. 143). His wife, as has been mentioned in Chapters 2 and 3, played a number of roles from the Christmas Books: Mrs. Cratchit in Stirling's Carol, Mrs. Chickenstalker in the sanctioned Chimes, and Mrs. Tetterby in Lemon's Haunted Man (1848). Her husband, whose long career on the stage had begun in 1829 at the Lyceum, was then noted for his "mellow, unctuous old men [that] were a delight to witness."

He was ideally suited, then, to the role "of the muddled philosopher, Dr. Jeddler" (Fawcett, p. 88), and to that of Pecksniff in Stirling's Martin Chuzzlewit, also at the Lyceum (1844). The year after his role as Tetterby in Lemon's Haunted Man (see Chapter Two), he returned to the Lyceum to open as the male lead in Planché's fairy extravaganza The Island of Jewels on 26 December, 1849: "it ran for one hundred and thirty-five nights--a prodigious length of performances considering that the matinee was non-existent" (Brereton, p. 106). He was still at the Lyceum for Once Upon a Time There Were Two Kings (26 December, 1853), which ran for seventy-nine nights. In 1862 he
succeeded Alfred Wigan and George Vining as manager of the St. James's, only to be replaced next season by Webster, though he and his wife remained in the company. Matthews' career was a lengthy one, since he was still acting in January, 1871, at the Royal Court Theatre in Gilbert's *Randal's Thumb*.

One of *The Battle of Life*’s juvenile leads, Frederick Vining, was discussed in connection with his role as the Old Gentleman/Edward Plummer in the previous year's *Cricket*. The other, Leigh Murray (1820-1870), the *Illustrated London News* noted, was a recent addition to the Lyceum company. He had been Sir Thomas Clifford in Sheridan Knowles' *Hunchback* at the Princess's in 1845. Born in Sloane Street, London, he had undertaken amateur histrionics at a small theatre in Catherine Street, Strand, while clerking in a merchant's office. There he made a début as Buckingham in *Richard the Third*, his professional coming-out occurring a year later, on the 2nd of December, 1839, at Hull, where he was seen as Ludovico in *Othello*.

Born Henry Leigh Wilson, he took the surname Murray when he appeared at the Adelphi Theatre, Edinburgh, in September, 1840. His professional London début had been comparatively recent—under Maddox at the Princess's on 19 April, 1845, in *The Hunchback*. With Macready in the autumn of 1846 he had gone to the Surrey to play secondary roles from Shakespeare.
On Dickens' own recommendation he received the part of Alfred Heathfield. In that role he was praised for his "intelligent, gentlemanly performance" in the Illustrated London News. In such roles as Old Goldthumb in Time Works Wonders, Colonel Damas and Janques in Honeymoon, Simpson in Simpson and Co., Trap in Diamond-Cut-Diamond, Loveless in The Relapse, and the Shakespearean roles of Osric, the foppish courtier of Hamlet, and William, Touchstone's rustic rival for Audrey in As You Like It,

He combined the merits of a Shakespearean and romantic actor with the grace and emotional refinement of the jeunes premiers of his time. . . . 

That Dickens chose him particularly for the role of Alfred indicates those qualities Dickens most admired in those who would impersonate his young protagonists. Murray's "comic acting was marked by refined vivacity as his serious acting was by refined feeling." He possessed both grace and charm on stage, as well as correct elocution and a "prepossessing appearance" (Marston, p. 391), but, despite his ease and style, his avoidance of mannerism and artifice, he was "wanting in robustness" (D.N.B., XIII, 1265). In 1848 he moved to the Strand, and in 1850 to the Olympic, but returned to the Lyceum to star as John Mildmay in Tom Taylor's Still Waters Run Deep (1855); af-
terwards, he was seen there as Claude Melnotte in Bulwer-Lytton's *Lady of Lyons*.

Robert Keeley was as well-suited to the role of Benjamin Britain as Leigh Murray was to the that of Heathfield. Indeed, the *Illustrated London News* remarked that "the character seems almost to have been written" for Keeley, whose "bewilderment and confusion during the signing of the contract, was inimitable." With the parts ready-made for Robert and his wife, Smith was the only adaptor to score a genuine success with *The Battle of Life*. As has been noted, Smith possessed an innate theatrical sense of when to delete and when to retain dialogue from the original.

Not even attempting to save the first five pages of the novel, which contain some of the book's finest writing (especially the description of the Cromwellian battlefield), Smith begins his dialogue where Dickens' begins. Fawcett notes that this passage was spoken, presumably in condensed form, "as a prologue before a specially painted backcloth depicting the battle" (p. 89) at the Bradford Theatre Royal in a production by Davenport (the original Crummes). Smith realized that this sort of thing would be too static, even if it would serve to explain the play's title and elucidate the ironies of history to which the Doctor and Alfred refer. The audience tends to lose track of the title's meaning if the passage is
deleted: war's wounds upon the old orchard time and nature, as with the anguish of the two sisters, have conspired to heal.

Although the manuscript does not give the play's date as "about One Hundred Years ago" as on the Dicks cover, the costumes indicated in the top-boots worn by Warden and the smalls by Britain give the drama's chronological setting as the one Dickens conceived "for the sake of anything good in the costume" (Letters, IV, 648). Specifically, the novelist was considering the "coats and gowns of dear old Goldsmith's day... or thereabouts" in the new book's illustrations. The costuming of the characters in the plates, imitated by the production, date the action to the 1770s, The Vicar of Wakefield (which Dickens mentioned to Forster in September, 1846, as a possible model for the Christmas Book) having been written in 1761-2 but published in 1766, and She Stoops To Conquer dating from 1773, the year before Goldsmith's death.

While "modern dress" had been the standard mode of costuming on the English stage from the Elizabethan era through the eighteenth century, "a kind of rummage—neither accurate nor consistent" (Bailey, p. 7), in 1824 John Philip Kemble had instructed J. R. Planché to research historically-accurate costumes for staging Shakespeare's King John and Henry IV. The theatrical husband-and-wife team of Matthews and
Vestris had followed the new method of costuming for Boucicault's *London Assurance* in 1841 at Covent Garden, having their cast wear "elegant contemporary clothing instead of the grotesque outfits usual to comedy" (Bailey, p. 7). It was, then, in the new manner of Planché's *British Costume* (1834) that Dickens had conceived of costuming his characters in the illustrations, which, in turn, would be the basis for the sets and costumes of the dramatisation.

The opening scene as described in the directions at the head of Act One, with "Grace and Marion... dancing together on the grass before the house, to the music of a harp and fiddle" (ms., p. 513), corresponds to Maclise's "Frontispiece" (Penguin, p. 128). This plate, in turn, illustrates the apple-picking scene (Penguin, p. 141) which is in progress as Dr. Jeddler gives the lines that open the play.

Without the Hardyesque touch of the dead troopers rising up amidst the affairs of the living, Smith has provided a first act whose action exactly parallels the first part of the story, although Smith has transformed Alfred's departure into a grand finale with an actual vehicle's entrance and exit. Whereas Alfred is sent off in the original by Dr. Jeddler, Grace, Marion, Clemency, and Britain (in short by the immediate family and servants), in the stage version, although at Dickens' own instigation,
The people huzzah. Alfred continues to wave his hat in reply to the farewells of Doctor Jeddler and the others. The horn sounds; and as the coach moves away the curtain falls.

Dicks gives "the drop descends" (p. 7), but has a first act that does not materially differ from that in the Lord Chamberlain's manuscript. However, the manuscript shows evidence of extensive editing. These strike-outs stem from three sorts of errors, all involving hasty transcription from the proofs: a word replaced by another that would function equally well idiomatically, a word similar in appearance to that in the proof, and a word replaced with another that occurs several lines later. Occasionally the manuscript shows fragments that do not appear in Dicks, but are supported by the novel; these may have been cut to reduce the play's running-time. Bailey asserts that

A collected play [such as Dicks'] was commonly published "as presented at" this or that theatre, English or American, with all the cuts, transpositions, and even additions of the production, and whatever errors were in the prompt book or shorthand copy taken from the performance (p. 19).

There are only a few instances of Dicks' giving a line not in the manuscript. Generally, the manuscript offers readings closer to the novella, and a good deal of excision of dialogue seems to have oc-
curred in acts two and three in Dicks when one consults the manuscript. References, accordingly, will be to the Lord Chamberlain's manuscript (the discrepancies between the two texts of the play and the novella for the second and third acts are noted on the transcribed pages in the appendix).

To return to the conclusion of the first act, when Alfred's coach arrives in steps (announced by Britain), accompanied by music, the entire spectacle is apparently one of those "extensive notions... about Scenery" (Letters, IV, 662) that Dickens mentioned to De Cerjat on 27 November, 1846, that he had contributed to the production.

...both the departure and the return will tell, I think, strongly on an audience. I have made them [the actors] very quick and excited in the passionate scenes, and so have infused some appearance of life into those parts of the play (IV, 682)

Dickens wrote to his wife on the 21st of December regarding his role of 'acting Stagemanager' as he had styled himself in writing to De Cerjat. Certainly his involvement with the casting as well as with the company's interpretation of the dialogue suggests that Dickens was serving in far more than a mere advisory capacity to the Keeley management.

Mr. Phillips and Mr. Hawthorn were responsible for the scenery, which was generally
praised; the *Era* (27 Dec.) described the "real large coach which comes along the road, and onto the stage," and the "clever scenic effect" in Act II (*Letters*, IV, 682 note)

which was almost certainly another of Dickens' innovations, the "snowstorm" or "transformation" scene in II, iv.

Whereas "Part the First" in the book ends with Marion's line, "Oh, Grace. God bless you! But I cannot bear to see it [Alfred's waving his hat from the coach], Grace! It breaks my heart" (*Christmas Books*, II, 163), Smith provides an up-beat ending to the act. He moves the direction "She falls on her sisters neck, sobbing" (ms., p. 532) to a point after her delivery of the preceding lines (in the novella, the direction comes before, but the speech would be rather muffled if delivered as Dickens suggests in the original) and deflates the sisters' sentimentality by having Britain act as spokesman for the unidentified villagers who have appeared to offer Alfred a triumphant send-off to medical school. With those minor alterations, Smith has reversed the mood at the close of the first part. Sent to the Lord Chamberlain on the 14th of December (and licensed two days later), the manuscript reveals in such details that Smith was as concerned about the scenes involving the two sisters and was trying to minimize their dolorous effect on the action.
In Act Two, Smith has nicely realized the lawyers Snitchey and Craggs. Dickens had been worried about the casting of these roles when he wrote to T. J. Thompson on 2 December, 1846: "Oxberry, I am horribly afraid, will do one of the lawyers" (Letters, IV, 673). However, as things turned out, William Henry Oxberry (1806-1852), who had just recently joined the company, was passed over by Keeley--possibly at Dickens' own insistence--in favour of Meadows. For the wry Snitchey "CD doubtless feared that Oxberry would be too broadly comic; he also had a reputation of never knowing his lines on the first night" (IV, 673 note). Curiously, Smith gives a reading at variance with the novella for Snitchey's advice to the spendthrift Warden. "You might," the lawyer suggests in the book, "get another estate by shewing yourself, the while" (p. 169). The implication is that, if Warden is not prepared to live cheaply abroad for half-a-dozen years in order to permit his much-abused estate to recuperate from its master's prodigality, he is likely to become mired irrevocably in, and even possibly be apprehended for debt. "But we don't think you could" get another estate, adds the cynical attorney. In the play texts Warden's lawyer sarcastically proposes that his client "might get another estate in that time by shewing [him]self as a wonder" (p. 534). The story's em-
phasis is on the folly of Warden's exposing himself to his English creditors while continuing to amass further debts by living in England, when he might live more reasonably out of harm's way, on the Continent. The play's emphasis is on the improbability of Warden's making much money by exhibiting himself as a carnival freak, for such spendthrifts (intimates the sardonic attorney) are all too common in the England of his day.

Had not Dickens written that Smith had confused the words of the dialogue in the copying from the early proofs, one might suspect that Dickens altered the reading of the final proofs. The reading of this line that the play texts offer is not "the densest and most insufferable nonsense" (Letters, IV, 680), but it certainly is confused.

To clarify the activities of the attorneys prior to the Christmas party (about which Dickens informs his reader during the party scene) Smith has invented a scene. In Act Two, Scene Three, the lawyers' wives argue, just as they do in the novella at the party; then Snitchey mysteriously remains behind while the other three set out for Dr. Jeddler's. This scene of domestic humour replaces a sentimental scene between the two sisters in the original.

Putting a wreath of imitation flowers--"its mimic flowers were Alfred's favourites, as Grace remem-
bered" (novella, p. 190), Grace predicts that the next such garland she places upon Marion's head "will be a marriage wreath" (p. 190). In Leech's plate "The Night of the Return" (p. 198) she is shown wearing such a wreath, and it is safe to assume that a certain amount of realisation went on throughout the production. For instance, although one does not find the terms "tableau" and "sketch" in the B. o. L. scripts, Alfred, Grace, and the others form a "picture" amidst the falling snow at the end of Act Two, the term "picture" probably referring to Doyle's cut that begins "Part the Second" (p. 164) in the book.

The care with which Grace has organized every detail towards Alfred's homecoming prepares Dickens' reader for Marion's personal sacrifice of absenting herself from home and family so that her fiancé will be free to fall in love with Grace. Dicks' printed play text has condensed the wreath speeches by the sisters, but the manuscript shows Grace adjusting her sister's hair as the curtain rises on II, iv.

The source of this discrepancy between the manuscript and the printed text may lie in Dickens' distress with the actresses playing the sisters:

But I can't make a Marion, and Miss [May] is awfully bad. She is a mere nothing all through (Letters, IV, 682)

Dickens had written his wife on Monday, 21 December.
From his friend Macready he had learned that Miss May had not worked out as Virginia in Knowles' *Virginius* at the Princess's (29 April, 1846) after Dickens had directed her in his own private theatricals the year before. The *Illustrated London News* slightly praised Miss May's Marion as the performance of one who "promises to become an acquisition to the company, when she can speak a little louder. At times, on Monday evening, she was almost inaudible." No wonder Smith pared down this scene between the sisters in favour of extra dialogue and business for the able Drinkwater Meadows and Mrs. Woollidge, veterans who at least could make themselves heard and who knew how to manage the comedic end of the business. The change was presumably made after the manuscript was sent to the Lord Chamberlain's on 14 December. Dickens did not arrive in London to see what the Keeleys had been making of the production until the 15th of December.

Discounting the above scene changes, the order of scenes and the over-all action of the novella and even the printed text of the play correspond closely, the ending of the second act matching the end of the original's "Second Part," and the beginning of the third act corresponding to the start of the "Third Part."

To imitate the change in point-of-view that Dickens effects in the novel at this point, moving
the reader out into the snow with Alfred as he approaches the house, Dickens proposed a transformation scene to the Keeleys. Although he conceded on the 2nd of December that the notion would be expensive (he had made it, apparently, through correspondence from Lausanne), the Lyceum's managers were "ready to spend money with bold hearts" (Letters, IV, 673).

The change was managed "with a sink and a fly" (p. 564) to contrast the warm parlour of the Jeddler home with the snow-covered orchard without. The term "sink" the O.E.D. dates to the end of the next decade in Punch for 5 February, 1859, when that theatrical journal referred to "Gorgeous transformations, . . . scrutin work, gas-battens, and all the resources of 'sink and fly'" (IX, 12). The term "fly" had been in use since 1805. The sinking stage had been invented recently in Germany by Fritz Brandt of the State Opera, Berlin. In the 1860s it came into general use in British theatres as a result of the production techniques of French actor Charles Fechter. The device of the sinking stage, later perfected by Adolph Linnebach and Max Hasait of Dresden, required that

The stage . . . [be] divided into several sections, each section running the width of the playing stage. The front section (bearing a complete setting) is lowered to the basement, where it is slid off to right or left. A new setting can be rolled into place from the opposite side of the basement and raised to the stage level. . . .
It is possible that "sink" here may not refer to Brandt's machinery, but rather to a system of scene-changing devised by Chetwood in Dublin in 1741 and in general use in theatres throughout the United Kingdom by the close of the eighteenth century.

...it appears that the nature of the innovation was the harnessing of wings and backscene by ropes to a common shaft under the stage which was turned by means of a barrel or drum, and thus synchronization of movement was achieved. 15

Richard Southern notes, however, that how the system worked and whether Chetwood had really devised anything new in scene-changing machinery are still the subject of considerable speculation.

If, however, the directions in the script refer to Brandt's new system of "sinking," its use at the Lyceum in December, 1846, may well have been one of the first times this system was employed in England. That the system used here was newly-acquired may be inferred from the warm review of the play carried in in the *Illustrated London News*:

The piece was very nicely put on stage. In the absence of any available points in the illustrations of the book, the artists of the theatre were left to their own suggestions; and some effective scenery was the result. A clever change, from the ballroom to the winter landscape, with the snow falling heavily, was an excellent piece of theatrical mechanism, and worked without a "hitch."
Since so many of the plates appear to have been brought to life in the production, it is difficult to see what the reviewer is driving at, especially considering that Dickens himself had provided the ideas for costumes and sets indirectly through his illustrators, as well as directly through his correspondence with the Keeleys prior to his arrival in London. However, as Dickens' "heart was in stage-management and had been since his productions in Montreal in 1842, if not before" (Morley, p. 77), the novelist must have been highly gratified with the way in which the Keeleys implemented his costly suggestions.

To give the audience the sense of that shift in point of view to Alfred in the play's dialogue, Smith translates the two paragraphs of narrative commentary into a rather effusive soliloquy for Alfred as he "enters hastily, as if from his travels" (p. 564). Although the words are merely those of Dickens' narrator transposed from the third into the first person for Alfred, the speech seems especially melodramatic in the Dicks' text. However, the manuscript's version omits "I caught. . .Marion's chamber" (Dicks, p. 12; based on novella, p. 199), making the speech less poetic and more natural. Obviously the speech was reworked and expanded to resemble the narrator's comments in the book after the manuscript had been submitted to the Lord Chamberlain.
At the beginning of Act Three Smith again converts narration into soliloquy, this time condensing several pages from the book into an expository speech for Robert Keeley as Benjamin Britain. In the novella Dickens stated explicitly that "The world had grown six years older since that night of the return" (p. 203); Smith merely mentions this time lapse in the directions at the head of the act.

Smith bases his directions here as elsewhere in the play on hints from the novella, so that, for instance, Smith's direction that Britain "drinks his tea from saucer" (p. 570) is founded on Dickens' description of Britain's "handling his saucer" (p. 209). And yet the previous stage-direction, in which Clemency "Hands Britain his tea" (p. 569) is incomplete since, in the original story, she also cuts "him his bread-and-butter" (p. 209). Britain's initial soliloquy, similarly, includes the narrator's remark about "Certain top-heavy dahlias" (p. 204). These lines the adaptor has given to Britain, but adjusted both grammar and diction to render the lines more appropriate to the servant. Smith excludes Benjamin's musing "It's just the sort of house...I should wish to stop at, if I didn't keep it" (novella, p. 205), and transforms Benjamin's more characteristic turn of phrase "She's a long time in coming!" (novella, p. 206) into "Mrs. B. is rather late" (p. 567) to communicate the
fact that Benjamin and Clemency have been married. He
does not become tediously prolix, which he might have
become had Smith attempted to retain both the best of
the narrator's remarks and Britain's own from the
novella.

Perhaps two oversights are evident in III, i's
stage directions. First, when Clemency asks her hus-
band to get Mr. Alfred to make him aware of Warden's
return, the latter "quietly interpos[es] himself be-
tween the door and Britain" (novella, p. 214). The
script, however, indicates no such direction for War-
den, even though it is clearly called for. Secondly,
after learning of Craggs' death from his surviving
partner, Warden "whispered in his ear" (novella, p.
217); but, once again, the script shows no comparable
direction. Since, however, neither the printed text
nor the manuscript includes all directions, it is a
matter of speculation as to how such situations were
actually staged. It is also possible that Smith mis-
takenly thought that Warden's whispered remark con-
cerned Clemency's marriage to Britain.

To conclude III, i, Smith has given Clemency,
Warden, and Snitchey an extra line each, based in
part on the concluding paragraph in the novella (p.
218). Dickens has lawyer and client go upstairs to
converse and perhaps share a meal in private, as im-
plied by the closing words of the paragraph: "prepa-
rations in the kitchen, for their dinner" (p. 218). In the play, at Warden's request, Clemency and Britain both repair to the larder to prepare such a meal. The intended diners, meanwhile, "take a turn or two on the green" (p. 577), going out "by door" (p. 578). The change that Smith has made in the story-line reflects the kind of set he knew he would have for the inn. Dispensing with the line about going upstairs saves the expense of providing a staircase.

The changes that Smith made to the final scene are more substantial. He has inserted new lines and directions while altering the speaker of a significant passage and entirely eliminating another character. After Alfred's departure but prior to her father's appearing on the porch with Marion, Grace has a melodramatic soliloquy based on narration (p. 222) in the original. Smith so manages affairs that he does not have to introduce dialogue for either Aunt Martha or Mrs. Snitchey. Instead, Smith has Mrs. Keeley deliver a suitably comic speech based on Dickens' description of Clemency's frantic behaviour (p. 229). Snitchey's congratulating Benjamin on his becoming the landlord Smith chooses to break—for dramatic effectiveness—with interjections by Britain and Clemency. Smith thereby allows the comic stars to steal the focus in the concluding scene from the insipid sisters, with whom it rests in the novella.
Dickens tells the reader that "A stranger had come into the orchard, after Mr. Snitchey, and had remained apart, near the gate, without being observed" (p. 229) until Aunt Martha had noticed him. In the play "Michael Warden comes down" (p. 585), from where precisely is not indicated. The rather lengthy apology Warden makes Jeddler, based closely on what he says in the novella, has been trimmed down considerably in the printed text. Rather than merely glancing at Marion, as in the novella (p. 232), he dramatically "takes Marion's hand" (p. 586).

The remainder of the scene on page 586 of the manuscript is all of Smith's creation, for Dickens only hints that Warden will propose to Marion. Although the "Old English Country Dance" is intended to celebrate the return of Marion, the forgiveness of Michael, and the anticipated marriage of the couple, the key characters are Britain, who introduces the musicians, and Clemency, who is to dance and asks the audience for their applause. The conclusion in the printed text is radically different. If Dicks' Standard Plays number 1,001 does in fact represent the play as it was actually performed at the Lyceum—and Bolton indicates that it was the basis for a number of other versions—Smith decided to conclude instead with a reprise of the "Thimble! Com--bined with a-- [Both.] (Speaking very loud and fast together.) Nut-
meg-grater!" (Dicks, p. 16). In either case, the play ends in a more vigorous and joyous manner than the novella, which stresses forgiveness and re-integration rather than music, laughter, and festivity.

Dickens himself had initially wondered about how the story should end. On 18 October, when writing to Forster about the names he had used for the story's characters, he asked his friend's advice about hinting at a happy ending in the concluding paragraph:

What do you think of the concluding paragraph? Would you leave it for happiness' sake? It is merely experimental (IV, 638).

Presumably Forster approved of the hint that Michael Warden would marry Marion Jeddler, for Dickens allowed that paragraph "to stand, with only slight verbal changes. It includes a reference to CD's own age: 'Time. . .with whom I have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance of some five-and-thirty years' duration'" (Letters, IV, 638 note).

Clearly Smith's Dr. Jeddler has the impression that Warden has proposed, since he remarks aside that the young man seems "...much improved: quite another man: and seems to be serious in his intentions. . ." (p. 586). To strengthen the suggestion that Warden means to marry Marion, Smith has eliminated "In a few days I shall quit this place for ever" (novel, p. 232) because, of course, according to the original
epilogue, he does not. Smith sees no point in souring or complicating a happy ending.

However, when Warden asks Dr. Jeddler to give him the benefit of "Clemency's library" (p. 586), he speaks beyond his proper knowledge. Warden, who never knew much about Clemency and has been absent six years, logically should know nothing about the inscription on Clemency's needle. Although a reader might ponder the line long enough to perceive the problem, an audience would not likely notice the error. Smith's intention is to connect the various characters from the different plots, and to establish the appropriate spirit of reconciliation.

Michael Warden is not the only convert to social conviviality and renewed trust in human nature, for Dr. Jeddler (heretofore something of a cynic of the Trotty Veck rather than the Tackleton or Ebenezer Scrooge school-of-thought) takes Warden's hand, with the sentiment, "But I've nothing to forgive; and I don't want to forget" (p. 586). His part somewhat expanded in the Dicks' reading, Alfred Heathfield continues in that revised text with a line of the Doctor's in the novella, "a world on which the sun... libel" (novella, p. 227; Dicks, p. 16). Perhaps as an afterthought Smith gave Alfred this highly sententious monologue to establish his presence on stage and his participation in the granting of a general
amnesty for past wrongs. He is not heard from in the manuscript. Perhaps, too, Smith felt that this note of seriousness is best sounded by the faithful and long-suffering lover rather than the whimsical misanthrope.

From the final illustrations in *The Battle of Life*, Doyle's plate of Jeddler, Warden, and the two sisters (p. 202, Penguin) and Maclise's "The Sisters" (p. 231), one would conclude that Dickens intends the focus in this final scene to be on the re-united Marion and Grace. The book as published by Bradbury and Evans is subtitled "A Love Story" (p. 131, Penguin), and in the book this scene does re-inforce the wisdom born of experience and the motifs of familial and married love. As Slater notes, "The pictorial element was, as usual, an important aspect of this fourth Christmas Book" (*Christmas Books*, II, 124), so it is reasonable to assume that the illustrations reflect Dickens' intentions. It was he who proposed the late eighteenth century for the sake of the costumes. As was his practice, Dickens had selected illustrations from drawings submitted to him by artist-friends Maclise, Doyle, Leech, and Stanfield (the latter, as noted earlier, also a theatrical set-designer). Although Dickens was initially delighted with the work of Maclise and Stanfield (*Letters*, IV, 680), a month after the book's publication he reported himself
"shocked" (Letters, V, 12) by all the illustrations except Stanfield's.

The drama's focus in the final scene has been altered, partly because of Miss May's obvious deficiencies, partly because the strengths of the production lay in the comic interplay of the Keeleys, and partly because Smith sensed that festivity and reconciliation would be more to the audience's taste than sentimentality and sententiousness. These elements he thrusts into the background as he pushes Benjamin and Clemency forward for the applause line, "I'll do my best to provide good entertainment" (p. 16, Dicks), a neat play on Britain's status as a publican and Robert Keeley's as chief comedian. Furthermore, in the Dicks' version Smith's re-iterating the thimble and nutmeg-grater and the running laugh-line "She hasn't an idea in her head!" firmly re-establish the gamesome spirit of festivity. The revised conclusion, although lacking the dance for which the ms. calls, is far more in character for Clemency than her formal address to the audience in the manuscript. The new ending's emphasis on Clemency and Benjamin, the most endearing characters in the play, underscores the genial tone of the piece.

Although like Dickens the Keeleys must have felt sure that the piece would succeed (indeed, the expense of the modifications to the Lyceum's stage be-
tokens great confidence in the production), the press and public were not so sure. Smith's version, which was one of the few to enjoy a decent run, was the only one published. The Times for 2 January, 1847, carried a lengthy and most malicious review in which the anonymous critic (in fact, Samuel Phillips)

. . . blamed CD for the annual Christmas "deluge of trash," and declared that "of all the bad Christmas Books the Battle of Life is the worst. We say it deliberately, and in the full consciousness of the meaning of the word—the very worst. . . . No one who honestly reflects upon what he reads, will discover one spark of originality, of truth, of probability, of nature, of beauty throughout the volume. . . . The whole fabric is feeble in the extreme, false, artificial, worthless" (Letters, V, 4 note).

In writing to Forster on the 7th of January, Dickens labelled this diatribe "Another touch of a blunt razor on B.'s nervous system" (Letters, V, 4).

Even the Illustrated London News, edited by Lemon's friend Ingram and previously much in favour of 'sanctioned' Christmas Book plays, had had some harsh words for the production. And Dickens' friend Douglas Jerrold had complained in Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper for 26 December, 1846, that Smith had prepared the piece with "paste and scissors," and that the original possessed "much less dramatic capability than almost any other narrative of the same author" (Letters, V, 27 note). Since Dickens had played a
significant role as consultant for the staging of the
'authorized' version of *The Battle of Life*, he must
have felt doubly wounded by such adverse reaction in
the press.

Despite the generally hostile reception of the
fourth Christmas Book, Dickens attempted one more in
the same format and according to the same formula be­
fore abandoning the genre which he had put in vogue.

. . .when Christmas 1850 arrived, Dickens
had established his periodical *Household
Words* and contributed to it a Christmas
number called 'A Christmas Tree'; and every
year thereafter until 1867 he made a similar
contribution. These 'Christmas Stories', as
they are called, constitute a distinct
group. . .(Butt, "Dickens's Christmas
Books," p. 148)

which includes "Holly Tree Inn," dramatised by J. B.
Johnstone and performed at nine London playhouses in
January, 1856.

Perhaps Dickens' heart was no longer in the
writing of Christmas Books, but his passion for the­
atrical production endured in his amateur efforts at
Tavistock House.
Notes on Chapter Three


6 Harold Francis Watson, The Sailor in English Fiction and Drama, 1550-1800 (New York: Columbia Press, 1931), p. 188.


Chapter Four:
Conclusions--Dickens and the Stage;
Film Adaptations

Young Charles Dickens' delight in the theatre led him even as a child to experiment with dramatic writing; his earliest known play, the romantic melodrama Misnar, Sultan of India, was composed and doubtless performed for his family when he was only eight years old.

His parents, though never well off, certainly took him to pantomimes each Christmas. As a young boy, he tells us, he saw the great Grimaldi himself. At about the age of ten, he was befriended by an older cousin, a keen playgoer, James Lambert... [who] was enthusiastic about the theatre and took his young cousin to plays at the Theatre Royal, Chatham.

Thus began Dickens' life-long love-affair with the theatre. Such widely divergent novels as the early, picaresque Nicholas Nickleby and the mature Great Expectations reflect in their styles, characters, and plotting the three chief forms of the Victorian stage--the burlesque, the pantomime, and especially the melodrama. Dickens, who contemplated becoming a professional actor and playwright, abandoned his Thespian aspirations after a fortuitous cold had compelled him to postpone his audition; he rejected the notion of becoming a dramatist upon consideration
of the poor remuneration and copyright protection.

Nevertheless, even after his early successes with *Pickwick* and *Oliver*, he continued to write farce and burletta for his friend John Braham, manager of the St. James's Theatre. Through his sister Fanny when she attended the Royal Academy of Music, Dickens met the young music teacher and composer John Hullah, for whom he provided the libretto to *The Village Coquettes*. Although none of these dramatic ventures was a genuine success, these little pieces had reasonable runs and gave the young writer a chance to test his penchant for melodramatic passions and plots, whimsical characters, and humourous observations. He soon sensed that

What both the reading and play-going public looked for was a great deal of sentiment and strong pathos, domestic suffering and domestic bliss, a good story line, sensation and violence, a stern morality, much positive virtue and its reward in the almost inevitable happy ending, eccentric humour, and native English jollity and spirit. This pattern of taste established itself before the accession of Victoria. . . (Booth, *English Plays of the Nineteenth Century*, I, 7).

Had Dickens scored any real success with any of these early theatrical pieces, he might well have dissipated his energies churning out such short-lived things as *The Strange Gentleman* instead of concentrating on the production of prose fiction for a print-hungry Victorian readership whose tastes could be more de-
manding than those of 1830s theatre audiences, whether at the respectable Haymarket and Olympic, or the working-class Royal Standard and Bower Saloon.

Even after his own adaptation of Oliver Twist failed Dickens was not through with the stage. During the 1840s, while continuing to develop his style and broaden his view of English society, Dickens involved himself in producing, in addition to such serialized novels as Martin Chuzzlewit and Barnaby Rudge, novel-olas for the Christmas book trade. No sooner had he written the first, A Christmas Carol, than he realized that such a work, by virtue of its emphasis on dialogue, a limited number of easily-discriminated characters, and strong plot-line with domestic and supernatural elements, naturally lent itself to dramatic adaptation.

Modern readers remember Charles Dickens not as the quaint anecdotalist of The Pickwick Papers but as the social novelist who painted a humourous, critical and pathetic portrait of his society in the long but disciplined Great Expectations, Bleak House, and Our Mutual Friend. It is arguable, however, that without the intermediate stage of the Christmas Books Dickens would have so "taxed his powers of invention by incessant improvisation" (Butt, "Dickens's Christmas Books," p. 130) for periodicals that he might never have learned how to fashion plots suitable to embody his designs.
The years intervening between *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Dombey and Son* would seem therefore to be crucial for his development as a novelist... (Butt, p. 131).

"In the years 1846-1850," notes Jeffery Tillet," Dickens spent less time on writing than at any other period of his life" (p. xi). It was during the Hungry Forties that Dickens produced his first tightly-plotted and fully-integrated work, *A Christmas Carol*, whose initial and continued popularity is founded on dramatic (and now also cinematic) adaptations.

The other Christmas Books which followed never quite hit the mark established by the first. The second, like Walker's *Factory Lad* (Surrey, 1832), reflected the social problems of the day too uncom¬promisingly for middle class readers, who were becoming attracted to the notion of seeing Dickens' works dramatised. The third Christmas Book, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, dropped the radical tone of *The Chimes*, but relied too heavily on the stock devices of melodrama: domestic strife, common (as opposed to aristocratic) protagonists, a harsh employer, a young woman about to marry the wrong man, the return of a sailor (both lost son and absent lover), a husband's anguish at his wife's supposed adultery, and an unravelling of complications for a thoroughly happy ending. This formula drama proved so popular that it spawned a host of imitations. Wrote a receptive reviewer,
It requires no entymologist to tell us that the Cricket tribe is rapidly promulgated. In a few days time there will be one chirping upon the hearths of nearly all the theatres in London. . . . however, . . . from the dramatic construction of the original work, there is necessarily very little variation. . . . (Illustrated London News, 3 January, 1846, p. 11)

between the first, 'sanctioned' adaptation and the others.

Critical and popular receptions of the fourth in the series, The Battle of Life, which also employed stock characters and a plot in the melodramatic vein, indicate that by Christmas, 1846, the taste for dramatic versions of the Christmas Books was on the wane. The Battle of Life dramatised failed to hold the stage as its predecessors had done, even though it retreated from contemporary social reality into an idealized past. The third and fourth of the series had enjoyed theatrical success partly because of the strength of the casts, particularly the comic man and woman, and partly because they contained those same elements found in melodrama: "intrigue, sensation, idealism, and domestic sentiment" (Booth, I, 22).

The final work in the series of Christmas Books --The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain--exhibits the Romantic weakness of 'Action of Character rather than Character in Action' (as Browning remarked of his own unsuccessful Strafford in its preface). Although through the Ghost in The Haunted Man Dickens
may be offering the reader a character more psychologically interesting than any of the ghosts in the *Carol*, a sort of

... Mr. Hyde to Redlaw's Dr. Jekyll... [who] provides Dickens with an essential and appropriate short cut in representing an internal dialogue" (Butt, p. 147),

The *Haunted Man* as a play is simply too static. It lacks too many of the ingredients of the popular drama to be successful on stage. It was not the press's adverse criticism but the inherently un-Christmasy nature of the book that led to the play's rejection: Slater notes that "... copies of the first edition remained unsold... as late as 1869" ("The Christmas Books," p. 18).

Dickens' quest for the thrills of public performance led in two directions. As a one-man show he became famous throughout the English-speaking world; the American tours were especially successful. His career as a reader almost certainly began with *The Chimes* and the other Christmas Books. These public performances (which developed from his readings for audiences of friends and actors), dramas in which Dickens played all the parts, offered him what his success as a writer did not--direct rapport with his audience. The second direction in which Dickens' dramatic tastes led him was towards the playhouse, as an avid playgoer and semi-professional actor-manager.
In 1848, he took on tour a production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* in aid of funds for the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust. A series of one-act farces made up the bill, including Dickens' own *Is She His Wife?* which he had written over ten years earlier in 1837. From London Dickens took his company to Birmingham and Manchester and then to Scotland. Stage management and travelling arrangements for the tour must have taken a great deal of his time and energy at this period, quite apart from acting and producing. . . (Tillet, p. xi).

With that same company Dickens staged Bulwer-Lytton's *Not as Bad as We Seem* for the Queen and her Consort at the Duke of Devonshire's London home in 1851. For the remainder of the decade Dickens operated his own private theatre at Tavistock House, Bloomsbury. To play the role of the shipwrecked sailor in Wilkie Collins' *Frozen Deep* at Tavistock House in 1857 he grew his now-familiar beard.

Through his participation in the dramatisations of the Christmas Books Dickens accomplished far more than the introduction of less stereotypical characters and more natural dialogue. Continuing where Jerrold in *The Rent-Day* and *Black-Ey'd Susan* halted in the development of socially realistic yet popular plays, Dickens helped create a drama that was neither the arid streambed of traditional, aristocratic tragedy, "cut off from the mainsprings of modern English life and thought" (Booth, I, 21), nor the vibrant but rigid half-breed, the working-class, domestic melodrama. He helped restore drama to the status of ac-
ceptable, middle-class entertainment, and assisted in laying the basis for the more realistic dramas of Tom Robertson, Henry Arthur Jones and Arthur Wing Pinero. It is probably no accident that Robertson, like Boucicault, learned his trade as an adaptor of Dickens for the stage. Like Browning, Dickens had attempted to bridge the gulf between literature and the stage, but where Browning's efforts failed to gain popular acceptance, Dickens' were enormously successful.

The writing and staging of the Christmas Books, then, mark an important point in Dickens' progress as a novelist, and also a period of half-way between the drama of Sheridan and that of Wilde and Shaw. Dickens was one of the few great Victorian literary personalities to achieve commercial as well as critical success on the stage. He did so, first of all, by grudgingly recognizing that he was not a true dramatist, and that his genius was better fitted to the novel than to the popular dramatic forms of his day.

In the second place, Dickens was content to advise the theatrical companies to whom he sold his proofs of the Christmas Books. Demanding a new sensitivity of playing, Dickens also made suggestions that produced coherent realizations of his work in terms of setting and effect. While accepting that theatrical 'hacks' would pare down his dialogue, convert his descriptions to action and scenery, and hew
his plot to meet popular expectations, he endeavoured to have the actors and actresses with whom he worked retain the sense of his words and the essential conceptions of his characters as these existed in the original. With Stirling he had too little control of the actual scripting; with his friends Lemon and A'Beckett he probably exercised too great a degree of control, compelling them to retain dialogue that, while excellent in a novel, would become tedious on stage. Stirling had wanted, above all, to create novel effects. Dickens seems to have wanted to translate his characters and situations faithfully to the stage --uncanonical interpretations deeply upset him.

In his (or the Keeleys') choice of Albert Smith for his adaptator Dickens was most fortunate. It was with the versatile Smith that 'Dickens dramatized' attained the zenith of popular success. Certainly, the star-system influenced the composition of the works that Dickens wrote for Smith's adaptation, the writer making sure there were strong comic parts for Robert and Mary Ann Keeley in both The Cricket on the Hearth and especially The Battle of Life. And a fine cast and interesting effects were even able to rescue The Haunted Man from failure on stage. Another compensation for lack of external action in the Adelphi's 1863 revival of The Haunted Man, as in the Surrey's 1819 production of Home's Douglas, was spec-
tacle. The gimmick of Professor Pepper's optical illusion made the play, despite its static talkiness, acceptable entertainment once again.

Generally speaking, however, spectacle was an adjunct to rather than a replacement for dramatic action in the sanctioned Christmas Book plays. Since the dramatisations were, in part, realisations of the illustrations in these novellas, the dramatists' tableaux were based on the plates by Leech, Doyle, Stanfield, and Maclise. However, Dickens, despite his manifest interest in visual effects in *The Battle of Life*, felt that an adaptation ought to be more than simply a realization. To Dickens the actors' understanding of the dialogue was essential to the success of the production. Smith seems to have possessed the knack, which Lemon and A'Beckett did not, of balancing the dramatic requirements of spectacle, dialogue, and action. Dickens' great contribution to early Victorian drama was his placing character and motivation above contrived incident, and internal conflict above the tension between idealized innocence and unredeemed villainy. He taught the dramatists of his age how to utilize contemporary life, with its characters, problems, and settings, as the basis for a new, realistic type of drama.

Of course, many of Dickens' unofficial adaptors felt that the Christmas Books were deficient in dra-
matic action and sought to remedy the problem by introducing new characters (such as Dark Sam in Barnett's *Carol*), additional complications (such as the sinking of the *Mary Jane* in Barnett's *Carol*) and more physical action (such as the pistol duel in Dibdin Pitt's melodramatized *Battle*).

In this same spirit, the 1951 Renown film scripted by Noel Langley added the embezzling Mr. Jorkin, whose depredations enabled clerks Scrooge and Marley to buy up 51% of the stock in the company, and expanded the role of Mrs. Dilber (Kathleen Harrison) to make her Scrooge's Sairy-Gampish housekeeper. The 1984 Enterprise film-adaptation by Roger Hirson similarly expanded the character of Scrooge's father, whom Dickens merely mentions, to account for the son's misanthropy in an unabashedly Freudian interpretation. An additional situation, comparable to that of Euston in Barnett's stage adaptation, was provided by the Ghost of Christmas Present's abandoning Scrooge to the society of a family of homeless paupers huddled together for warmth under a bridge. Curiously, Hirson curtailed the gathering of the vultures at Old Joe's marine-store shop, one of the most effective scenes in the 1951 film.

Moreover, these modern adaptations, like their Victorian counterparts, have tended to accentuate the special effects suggested by the original novella,
and to base their settings and costumes quite closely on the novella's plates. For example,

The illustrations... done by John Leech... provide the inspiration for many of the visual details in this [1984] television production, which was designed by Roger Murray-Leach with costumes by Evangeline Harrison. Mr. Scott's Scrooge does not traipse about in the familiar nightshirt and sleeping cap of the pictures, but many of the other characters are striking Leech-look-alikes. Edward Woodward's Ghost of Christmas Present, in particular, is the very image of the book's rather bacchanalian figure in flowing royal robes and crown.

Moreover, the Ghost of Christmas Past (Angela Pleasance) combined the qualities of youth and age more precisely than did its counterpart in the 1951 version, even to the provision of the candle-snuffer cap with which Scott's Scrooge can stifle unpleasant recollections that remind him of what he was, and of what he has become.

As A Christmas Carol continues to be filmed for television with ever greater care and attention to both the details and the spirit of the original, this novella has surpassed Oliver Twist as a vehicle for video adaptation. While there have been, according to Bolton, 407 adaptations of Oliver, 208 of these occurred prior to the turn of the century; this novel has been the subject of sixteen full-length films in this century, but only four teleplays. In contrast, although the Carol has only 357 listings, only 24 of
these pre-date the turn of the century, and it has since then been translated into seven teleplays, two cartoons, and twelve films. Among its close rivals, surprisingly, is the Cricket, adapted 180 times, including 110 pre-twentieth century dramatisations and a scant half-dozen films. "As might be expected, Charles Dickens has proved by far the most popular Victorian author with both American and British film-makers--" his nearest rivals being Robert Louis Stevenson, George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, and the Brontës. After Carol and Oliver, the most popular of Dickens' works on screen are David Copperfield (fifteen versions), Great Expectations (fifteen versions), and A Tale of Two Cities (fourteen versions). It is clear that popular taste has changed over the past century and a half, since prior to 1900 Nickleby was second to Oliver in popularity, while the Carol was thirteenth, with only twenty-four adaptations, while Great Expectations ranked sixteenth, with only sixteen stage adaptations.

Nor is the popularity of A Christmas Carol confined to twentieth-century cinema and television:

"The Carol" now knows the zenith of its popularity on stage. The annals of its being dramatized are unlike those of any other narrative from Dickens's pen: only in the last twenty years, have the great bulk of plays, films, radio, and television dramas accumulated. Until about 1950, at least seventy-five productions had occurred. In-
deed this is a goodly number. But since 1950, there have been well over two hundred twenty-five (225) additional live stagings, radio dramas, as well as TV plays (Bolton, p. 236).

The continuous popularity of dramatisations of _A Christmas Carol_ runs clean counter to the oblivion to which modern popular taste has consigned the other Christmas Books. Of the forty adaptations of _The Battle of Life_, for example, only a dozen have occurred since the turn of the century, and none of these is a video production. _The Haunted Man_ has been even more obscure to twentieth-century audiences, for of its twenty-four adaptations, only two (neither for the screen) have been staged in this century. Though extremely popular in the last century, with over one-hundred ten adaptations prior to 1900, _The Cricket on the Hearth_ has since been adapted only seventy times, six of these being films, seven teleplays, and one a cartoon. Finally, of _The Chimes_ twenty-nine adaptations half occurred since 1900, but the two versions for the cinema date from very early in this century: Thomas Bentley's 1914 and Herbert Blanche's 1920 black-and-white silent films.

A recent revival of critical interest in the less-well-known Christmas Books has yet to translate itself into the media of stage and screen. _The Chimes_ in particular has attracted some scholarly attention. Alexander Welsh in "Time and the City in _The Chimes_"
(1977) lauds its structural integrity. Michael Slater in "Carlyle and Jerrold into Dickens: A Study of The Chimes" (1970) investigates how the dramatist and the philosopher-historian have influenced the story. Rodger Tarr in "Dickens' Debt to Carlyle's 'Justice Metaphor' in The Chimes" (1972) traces only the influence of the latter member of the Dickens circle. More recently, Marilyn J. Kurata has offered a thoroughly contemporary re-appraisal of the story which takes into account the differences between nineteenth- and twentieth-century tastes.

Modern readers have shown little interest and less enthusiasm for a book which sold twenty thousand copies in the first month of its publication. This variation in reception is due partially to differences in nineteenth-century and twentieth-century experiences with Christmas books, a peculiar phenomenon of mid-Victorianism. In style, they ranged from the fantastic to the mock-heroic so that the reading public could thrill to the horrors of the supernatural, enjoy the pathos of domestic drama, or laugh at the cleverness of literary parody. Nevertheless, Victorian readers expected moral messages, as well as amusement, from the novelist. ... To a modern audience... Meg's movement towards infanticide, although truly Dickensian in its harrowing details, is unexpected in a Christmas story (p. 19-20).

Rodger Tarr's theory on the success of the Carol as opposed to the failure of The Chimes in popular appeal is congruent with Kurata's. Scrooge's ultimate conversion from self-centred parsimony to altruism sentimentalizes and therefore neutralizes the story's
social criticisms. "Dickens allows no such purgation for Bowley and Cute, who symbolize a system that is anathema to Justice." However, as Kurata observes, all the Christmas Books share the Carol's "miraculous revelations and sudden conversions to humanitarianism" (p. 20), so that the current obscurity of all but the Carol can be explained wholly by neither the relentless realism of The Chimes and The Haunted Man, nor the maudlin sentimentality of both The Cricket on the Hearth and The Battle of Life.

The answer to the Carol's uncharacteristic popularity in relation to the others in the series lies not simply in the differences between the modern era and that of young Charles Dickens, but also in the similarities between the two periods.

...the 1830s was in many ways a mirror of our own times: it was the decade when the great technological revolution that had been brewing for 50 years suddenly flapped its great wings and flew.

David Edgar, adaptor of Nicholas Nickleby for the 1983 Royal Shakespeare Company's production, cites such examples as Morse's code, Darwin's voyage on the Beagle, Faraday's experiments, and the advent of the steam locomotive to suggest that Dickens' early works reflect both the excitement of a fresh epoch and the regret that attends the passing of an old.
The old certainties--particularly those of the rural English village--were dissolving. Hundreds of thousands were crowding into the cities, where the old rules appeared no longer to apply. [Gone were]. . . the outmoded hierarchies and snobberies. . . [but also] the idea of a social hierarchy which not only granted immeasurable rights to the powerful, but imposes obligations on them too (p. 23).

Although present in such later works as Great Expectations, this spirit of dislocation and dissolution is nowhere so strong in Dickens as in A Christmas Carol and The Chimes. It is implied, too, in the persons of the manufacturer and the carrier in The Cricket on the Hearth, and in the rustic, eighteenth-century setting, complete with devoted family retainers and jolly villagers in The Battle of Life.

And yet in the Christmas Books Dickens dulls the edge of that stabbing sense of loss in the passing of a way of life through the spiritual renewal and poetic justice that crown their conclusions. Though the world may be changing, the characters have learned that the lessons and experiences of the past must not and should not be discarded. Memory's moral influence assists in the moral, spiritual, and social reintegration of such "a miserly curmudgeon" (Kurata, p. 21) as Scrooge or Tackleton, such a lovable cynic as Trotty or Dr. Jeddler, and such a bitter isolate as Redlaw.
Fantasy operates as a melodramatic device to entertain and effect conversion in the central character, transforming him from stage villain to sentimental philanthropist (Kurata, p. 21).

Whatever structural needs fantasy fulfills in the Carol, its real function is to offer a nostalgic, backward glance at the slower-paced life of England in the Regency, as well as an ardent wish that the future may turn out better than the bleak present augurs. In its visions of Christmases past A Christmas Carol articulates this two-fold vision more poignantly and clearly than any other Christmas Book.

David Edgar remarks that there is more to the melodramatic, wish-fulfilment conclusions of Dickens' novels than meets the eye. Sensing that Dickens was being ironic in his happy endings, Edgar altered the ending of his Nicholas Nickleby to provoke the viewers to consider a different outcome:

Nicholas leaves the party, goes to the boy sitting outside, in the darkness, picks him up in his arms, and, watched by his wife and sister, holds the child out to us, as a reminder that for every Smike you save there are still thousands out there, in the cold (p. 290).

In A Christmas Carol and The Chimes the reader senses that for every child saved and every misanthrope redeemed in this one glowing corner there remain beyond it thousands still fettered in the darkness of ignorance and want. The conclusion of the Carol, however,
is both more kindly and more believable than that of any other Christmas Book because the action develops out of the characters, and because the improvement of Scrooge is adequately motivated by the visions to which the agents of the supernatural have subjected him.

In contrast, fantasy in *The Chimes* functions as a narrative device that allows Dickens to retain a pattern of realism within the Christmas book format. Consider the ways in which *The Chimes* is more realistic than *A Christmas Carol*. First, there are no story-book villains. Second, the story demonstrates that the lower classes are guilty of arson, prostitution, and murder. Third, the economic and social lives of all the characters remain unchanged. Through fantasy Dickens was able to incorporate these realistic elements into a Christmas story that has a happy ending and a theme validating the worth of the common man (Kurata, p. 21).

Harry Stone in "Dickens' Artistry And The Haunted Man" (1962) argues that the Christmas Books should be regarded as "five opportunities" that Dickens took after his early serialized successes "to experiment with structure, symbol, and subject matter, to manipulate in exceptionally fluid and foreshortened form old elements which had troubled, and new elements he had not yet used or mastered." These elements Stone identifies as autobiographical details, social criticism in the vein of Jerrold and Carlyle, and the fantastic plot machinery of fairy-tales.
The method Dickens uses in his Christmas-book fairy tales for the times consists of taking a protagonist who displays false values and making him, through a series of extraordinary events, see his error (p. 495).

Although the plot-mechanism borrowed from fairy stories dominates three of the books, it is incidental to the other two. However, it is not the nature of the supernatural intervenors that have rendered a particular work popular or unpopular as material for adaptation. Rather, the key factor seems to be the nature of the character in error, for in both A Christmas Carol and The Cricket on the Hearth this person is a businessman and employer who reveals his money-morality through his callous treatment of his workers. In each case a proponent of ruthless capitalism undergoes the kind of change of heart that Dickens felt was necessary for the alleviation of society's miseries and the removal of the possibility of the kind of violent revolution that Squire Westwood, the factory-owner in Walker's Factory Lad, precipitates through his disregard of the traditional obligations of the employer.

Another strength of A Christmas Carol when it is viewed in the context of the whole series of Christmas Books on the stage is the reactions that so many of the story's characters are able to provoke in the audience. Because they are so well grounded in real-
ity, after the fantasy dissolves, many of these characters excite great sympathy in reader and audience as they begin to realize their human potential for goodness. The reader and audience recognize in the protagonist especially what is best in their own humanity. That joy of recognition, dependent upon the identification of audience or reader with the protagonist, imbues *A Christmas Carol* with a bitter-sweetness that is lacking in the other Christmas Books. Although the others utilize many of the elements of the *Carol*, in them the equilibrium between fantasy and reality has been disturbed. In the *Carol* the fantastic is both appropriate and believable in that it is a catalyst that motivates a change in a protagonist who is worthy of the sympathy of all classes, kinds, and conditions of men. And now, like Marley's ghost, the question of the dramatization of Dickens has emerged to haunt this generation of Dickensians in the form of Philip Bolton's recently-published *Dickens Dramatized*, which subsumes and surpasses its predecessors by F. G. Kitton (1886), Charles Pember-ton (1888), S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald (1910), J. B. Van Amerongen (1927), F. Dubrez Fawcett (1952), and Malcolm Morley (1946-64). Where this thesis adds to this enormous body of work is in its examination of the play texts, and specifically in its analysis of the techniques of the adaptors.
Notes on Chapter Four


Critical Introduction to the Play Texts

...the creation of *The Illustrated London News* in 1842, its mighty success and its brilliant development of technical and organizational possibilities, ranks among the most important cultural events of the century (Meisel, p. 33).

That the new weekly journal began just the year before Parliament passed the Theatre Regulation Bill is not entirely coincidental. Both were the result of a renewed appreciation of the theatre in the 1830s. Although the act did away with the patent monopoly of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, it extended the powers of the Lord Chamberlain to include such minor (and previously illegitimate) playhouses as the Surrey, the Adelphi, and the Lyceum. For the modern student of the nineteenth-century London stage, the Lord Chamberlain's Manuscript Collection, now housed in the British Library, is a resource at least as important as the *Illustrated London News*. While the latter offers reviews and pictures of productions, the former is the exclusive repository for plays that might have been lost, had not theatres all over the United Kingdom been obliged to send scripts to the Lord Chamberlain for approval prior to public performance.

A number of the manuscripts acquired from the British Library are still prefaced by letters requesting "the usual licence" from John M. Kemble, the
Lord Chamberlain's Examiner of Plays. Specifically, there survive Gladstane's request accompanying the manuscript of Stirling's *Christmas Carol* (25 January, 1844), Ennis' request accompanying the manuscript of Lemon and A'Beckett's *Chimes* (12 December, 1844), Mary Ann Keeley's request accompanying the manuscript of Smith's *Cricket on the Hearth* (13 December, 1845), and Thorne's request (written at Mrs. Keeley's bidding) accompanying the manuscript of Smith's *Battle of Life* (14 December, 1846). Each of these letters, bound with the play manuscript and bearing the name of the theatre at which the play was to be given about a week hence, vouches for the authenticity of the text it accompanies. The dates penned in by another hand on the upper-right-hand corner of the first page of *The Chimes* (12/13/44 and 12/17/44), *The Cricket* (12/18/45 and 12/17/45), *The Haunted Man* (14/12/48), and on the covering letter for *The Battle* (16/12/46 and 16/12/46) seem to indicate date of receipt and date of licensing respectively (see chart, page 346).

The manuscripts themselves consist of pieces of paper five inches by six and a quarter inches, written on both sides and numbered (presumably in the office of the Examiner of Plays) in the upper-right corner. While three manuscripts (*Cricket, Battle, and Haunted Man*) have each page numbered, three have only
the front of the leaf numbered. The scripts are holographic, although in handwriting different from the covering letter. The handwriting in the scripts of *The Cricket on the Hearth* and *The Battle of Life* is the same, suggesting that they share a common writer, perhaps Albert Smith himself. The handwriting of *The Chimes* differs from that of *The Haunted Man*; perhaps the former was the work of A'Beckett, the latter that of Lemon, but there is no further evidence to support this conjecture.

Transcriptions of the original manuscripts have been offered only for those works and passages that have never been published. Thus, the thirty leaves of Stirling's *Carol* (written double-spaced, in a large hand) and the twenty-one leaves of Lemon's *Haunted Man* (written single-spaced, in a very fine hand) have been transcribed into a standard form, retaining the original pagination. Changes in spelling and punctuation have been made only when required for ease of reading, and have been noted in brackets. Since these transcribed scripts are not intended to be editions, comparisons to the equivalent Christmas Books as published have not been offered. However, in the transcriptions of pertinent sections of the *Battle of Life* ms. annotations have been placed at the foot of each page to indicate the relationship between the ms., the published texts of the play, and of the Christmas
Differences between the published version and ms. of Barnett's Carol have been summarized rather than given in full for the sake of brevity.

While the printed versions of the plays often closely agree, suggesting a common source such as a prompt copy (Webster's Acting National Drama makes such a claim for No. 115, The Chimes, for instance), there are sometimes significant differences between the manuscripts from the Lord Chamberlain's Collection and the printed texts, particularly towards the end of a play. It is possible that changes were made in the production in the interval between the submission of the manuscript and opening night. It is also possible that these changes were made somewhat later, since the plays were often printed years afterwards.

Since even the printed texts of the plays based on the Christmas Books are not readily available even in relatively large research libraries, the texts from the Dicks' Standard Plays series have been included. Although numbers 722 (Barnett's Carol), 819 (Lemon and A'Beckett's Chimes), and 394 (Smith's Battle) are consistently later editions than those from other publishers such as Duncombe and Webster, the Dicks scripts are easier to read because they are photocopies of originals rather than of microforms. The Dicks script for The Cricket being unavailable, the French's script has been substituted.
Figure 2: Summary of Christmas Books & Plays.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Publication Date</th>
<th>Adaptor</th>
<th>Play Texts Licensed</th>
<th>First Performance</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Christmas Carol</td>
<td>17 December, 1843</td>
<td>Edward Stirling</td>
<td>L.C. ms. 27/01/44</td>
<td>5*February, 1844</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>C. Z. Barnett</td>
<td>Dicks 722 03/02/44</td>
<td>5 February, 1844</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Lacy 94</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Duncombe 48</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>French's 410?</td>
<td>1410?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Chimes</td>
<td>16 December, 1844</td>
<td>Mark Lemon and G. A. A'Beckett</td>
<td>Dicks 819 18/12/44</td>
<td>18 December, 1844</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Webster, XI, #115</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Cricket on The Hearth</td>
<td>20 December, 1845</td>
<td>Albert Smith</td>
<td>Dicks 394 17/12/45</td>
<td>20 December, 1845</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>W. S. Johnson</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>French's 34</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Battle of Life</td>
<td>19 December, 1846</td>
<td>Albert Smith</td>
<td>Dicks 1001 16/12/46</td>
<td>21 December, 1846</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>W. S. Johnson</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Haunted Man</td>
<td>19 December, 1848</td>
<td>Mark Lemon</td>
<td>L.C. ms. 14/12/48</td>
<td>20 December, 1848</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes--</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Dicks' Standard Plays were published from 1875: #722 (1886), #819 (1887), #394 (1883).</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Lacy was published from 1849 to 1855: #94 (1872).</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Acting National Drama, edited by B. N. Webster, was published from 1837 to 1859: XI, 115 (1845).</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Neither A Christmas Carol nor The Chimes were licensed as plays prior to their publication as novels.</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Allardyce Nicoll in A History of English Drama 1600-1900 lists the authorship of the Adelphi's Haunted Man as anonymous.</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>*Morley and Bolton give this date; Fawcett gives February 4 (p. 77).</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THROUGHOUT THIS THESIS THERE IS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF MATERIAL REPRODUCED ON GLOSSY PAPER.

THE PRINTING IS SMALL (IN SOME CASES, BROKEN) AND MAY NOT BE INTELLIGIBLE.
Theatre Royal Adelphi
Jan 28th 1844.

Sir,

With the permission of the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlain of Her M. Household, this piece will be acted on Monday Evening February the fifth.

I have the honor to be

Sir

Your Obedient Servant,

Gladstane
(Lessee)

John M. Kemble Esq.

Examiner of Plays.
Steve J. Stone. 15

Dearest Olga dear.

I cannot say a truer word, Olda, that it is a

trade to venture over gold inmerchant ships.

And the sight of a life upon the high seas,

clears the ends of the earth.

And for what I end to make it right.

Until they were not to pay for Old-

That was the one thing, if he had lived, much

To show that a ship’s chance, and do

would have figured in the gazette.

C. R. Sunderland

And...A merry Christmas, dear, dear, dear. You

And may a thousand kind wishes keep you.

And...Christmas a boating, one, you don’t mean

that you mean

because...that might have you to be merry, you’re

you enough.

The right have you to be dismal, you

are rich enough.

George Bar.

And. Don’t be cross because.

A gay, and we can be when I live in such a
Stave 1. Scene 1st.  

Scrooge's Chamber.

Scrooge Looking over a ledger/Losses, losses. this it is to trade, to venture one's gold in merchandise, to risk the gains of a life upon the treacherous deep. Draw as it were the ends of the earth together and for what[?] to feed co[r]morants with luxuries they neer intend to pay for. Old Marley was too lenient, if he had lived much longer this firm of Scrooge, Marley and Co[.] would have figured in the gazette.

Enter Frederick


Fred .... Christmas a humbug, Uncle. You don't mean that I'm sure.

Scrooge And what right have you to be merry [?] You[']re poor enough[.]

Fred. Don't be cross[,] Uncle.

Scrooge What else can I be when I live in such a
world of fools as this[?] Out upon Merry Christmas. What[']s Christmas time to you, but a time for paying bills without money[?]
If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with Merry Christmas on his lips should be boiled in his own pudding[.]

Fred . Uncle!
Scrooge Nephew. Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine.
Fred But you don't keep it.
Scrooge Let me leave it alone then. Much good it has ever done you.
Fred ... There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profitted, Christmas amongst the rest. But I have always thought of Christmas when it has come around as a good time, the only time I know in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut up hearts freely and think of people below them as if they really were fellow passengers.
to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys—and therefore [,] Uncle[,] though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good, and I say ['] Heaven bless it.[']

Bob—outside/ Bravoe! Encore to Heaven bless it, a double encore[,] Mr. Frederick.

Scrooge. Another word from you[,] Mr. Cratchit[,] and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation.

to Fred] You're quite a powerful speaker[,] Sir, I wonder you don't get into parliament.

Fred-- Come[,] Uncle[,] dine with us tomorrow.

Scrooge. I'll see you damned first.

Fred. Why?

Scrooge. Why did you get married?

Fred. Because I fell in love.

Scrooge. Ha! ha! Good night.

Fred. Nay[,] Uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as an excuse for not coming now?

Scrooge. Good night!
Fred. I want nothing from you. Why can't we be friends?

Scrooge. Good night.

Fred--- Good night[,] Uncle--a Merry Christmas to you. And a happy New Y[ear!]

Scrooge-- Humbug!

Fred. outside / A Merry Christmas[,] Bob.

Bob. Thankee[,] Mr. Frederick, and I'm sure of having it, the sight of your pleasant face so warms my heart.

Scrooge. Does it, then I'll save my coals--take out the fire[,] Mr. Cratchit--that's another fellow, my clerk. With 15/ a week, and a wife and family[,] talking about a Merry Christmas!

Enter Bob Cratchit

Scrooge. Well you want?

Bob. To shut up[,] if you please.

Scrooge. Anything to rob me.

Bob. Its over the hour[,] Sir.

Scrooge. What have hours to do with work? You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose.

Bob. If quite convenient.
Scrooge  Its not convenient and its not fair. If I
was to stop half a crown for it, you'd
think yourself ill used; and yet you don't
think me ill used when I pay wages for no
work.

Bob  Its only once a year[,,] sir.

Scrooge.  A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket.
You want the whole day.

Bob  If you please[,,] sir.

Scrooge.  What will you do with it?

Bob  Play at snapdragon with Tiny Tim and the
rest.

Scrooge --Psha! /Counting money slowly into his hand
/ I haven't given you a shilling for a six-
pence[,] have I[?]

Bob  No[,] Sir[,] but you have given me a six-
pence for a shilling.

Scrooge  Gives shilling / There. go.

Bob  I beg your pardon, Sir[,] but these papers
were left in the counting house by the
overseers and church wardens, petitions for
the poor.

Scrooge.  What have I to do with the poor.

Bob  Nothing, Sir, but they desired me to say
that thousands of poor people are at this
moment in want of common comforts, Sir, in
want of bread[.]

Scrooge. Are there no prisons?
Bob ... Plenty[, sir[,] worse luck.
Scrooge. And union workhouses, and treadmills, they
are in existence[, are they not?
Bob .. Both, Sir, and very busy.
Scrooge. I was afraid by these begging petitions
something had occurred to stop them.
Bob .. The gentlemen wished me to ask you what
they should put you down for.
Scrooge Nothing. I can't afford to make idle people
merry[.] Those that are badly off, may go
to the work-houses. Those that can't may _
Bob Die[.]
Scrooge If they like, its not my business.
Bob They shan't[!] I'll put myself down for
sixpence.
Scrooge You may go, and see that you are here early
in the morning to make up for the day you
cheat me out of.
Bob... What a flint heart. No warmth could warm or wintry weather chill him—he buttons himself up so tight in his selfishness, that no good feeling can possibly melt his heart. Even foul weather don't know where to have him—the heaviest rain that ever rained, and snow that ever snowed have only one advantage over him. They always come down handsomely[—]Scrooge never does[.]

Exit

Re enter Scrooge with Gruel.

Scrooge To my thinking all the world's going mad with their folly and waste. Merry making is the term they apply to squandering and wast[e]—what right have they to lose an hour—a minute[—]time's money. And money's too precious to be lost.

Christmas Carol sung outside

God bless you[,] merry gentlemen

When [sic] nothing you dismay."

Scrooge You vagabonds[,] if you don't move from
my door I'll have you taken up. Let some-
body else enjoy your music[,] I hate it
/Wind and rain heard/ rather a gloomy
night; it was just such another when old
Marley died. Ah[,] poor Jacob. When I look
round the room, I can scarcely reconcile
his departure. Yet he is gone--dead--dead,
as a door nail--ah! All flesh is grass!
Gho*st of Old Marley glides on. Picture[.]

Scrooge: Why its Old Marley come back--tights[,] 
boots and pigtail--transparent--no insides
--folks always said he had no bowels--I
don't believe in ghosts[,] not I--What do
you want with me[,] Mister?--Who are you?

Marley. Ask me who I was.

Scrooge. Who were you then[?] You're particular for
a shade!

Marley. In life I was your partner.

Scrooge Where [sic] you tho'[?] Can't you sit down,
Jacob[?]
[Or have you nothing to sit upon?]  

Marley. You don't believe in me.  
Scrooge I don't.  
Marley. Why do you doubt your senses?  
Scrooge Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an underdone bit of beef or an underdone potatoe [sic].  
Marley. Man, Man.  
Scrooge. You see this tooth pick? I have but to swallow it and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins all of my own creation[.] All humbug. You're a humbug.  
Marley. Man of the worldly mind, do you believe in me or not? [sic] / touches him. He falls into seat/  
Scrooge I do [,] dreadful apparition. Why do you trouble me; why do you walk the earth?  
Marley. It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men--and if that spirit goes not forth in life it is condemned to so after death, and
witness what it cannot share, but might have turned to happiness.

Scrooge: Why are you fettered?

Marley: I wear the chain I forged in life. I made it link by link. You are making, forging hourly for yourself one much longer than this.

Scrooge: Speak comfort to me[, Jacob.

Marley. I have none to give--In life my spirit never walked beyond the limits of this narrow, money getting hole--now I am ever on long[, weary journies with no rest!

Scrooge: Seven years dead and travelling all the while; do you travel fast?

Marley: On the wings of the wind!

Scrooge: You must have got over a great deal of ground.

Marley. Oh captive bound and double ironed[, not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one's life's opportunities misused[.] Yet such was I!

Scrooge. But you were always a good man of
business, Jacob!

Marley. Business. Mankind was my business. Charity, Mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were all my business. Hear me, my time is almost gone. I am here tonight to warn you, that you have yet a chance of escaping my fate—you will be haunted by three spirits!

Scrooge I think I'd rather not, if it's all the same to you, Jacob.

Marley. Without their visits you cannot hope to shun this path I tread. Expect the first tonight, when the bell tolls one!

Scrooge Couldn't I take 'em all at once and get it over[?]

Marley Expect the Second tomorrow night at the same hour. The third upon the next night at 12. Look to see me no more. And look that for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us.

Glides out through window.
Scrooge follows and looks out.

Lord bless us[!] the air is filled with ghosts, every one in chains like Jacob. Some linked together[.] There's one old ghost in a white waistcoat with a monstrous iron safe tied to his leg. He is struggling to reach a wretched woman who is shivering and crying in the colds, on a door step with a sickly infant in her arms. As I'm awake it's Graspe the money lender who died suddenly without a will. With all his struggles he cannot reach her[.] I can't stand any more of this.

Bell tolls one. Ghost of X-mas past rises.

Scrooge Are you the spirit [,] sir, whose coming was foretold me?

X. past. I am.

Scrooge What are you?

X. past. I am the Ghost of Xmas past.
Scrooge. And a long time past, I should think by your size, but—May I ask your business here.

Xmas p. Your welfare. Your reclamation. Take heed, walk with me.

Scrooge. I'm not fond of it. I'm obliged to you.

X. past. Come, touches him. Scrooge follows /

Scrooge. Don't, Stop, I am a mortal and liable to fall.

X. past. Bear but a touch of my hand there / on his heart/ and you shall be upheld in more than this[.] I will show you.

Scrooge. What?

X. past. Yourself.

Leaves and Discovers School with one boy Seated on a form reading.

X. past. Your lip is trembling—a tear is on your cheek. What moves you thus?

Scrooge. I was bred in this place. I too, [was a] boy here. Thoughts, hopes, joys and fears, long forgotten[,] come back to me, all, all at once....
X. past. Strange to have forgotten them so long--Do you observe that solitary child neglected by his friends[?]

Scrooge. I do, I do[--] tis myself. I was always left at school, holidays and all.

X. past. Yet he was happy.. His solace lie in his books--the contents were these.

leaves[..] Ali Baba and his Ass pass the window[..]

Scrooge. See[,] see. its Ali Baba[,] dear old Ali Baba. Yes, yes, I know one Christmas time when yonder solitary child was left here all alone he did come, and Valentine and Orson[;] there they go /Figures pass/--Robinson Crusoe [,] too. There's the parrot [:] green body[,] yellow tail[,] and a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head--there he goes, there goes Friday running for his life /Figures pass/ Halloa. Whoop. Halloa.

Attempts to reach window. it assumes its
Little Fan enters and throws her arms around the boy's neck.

Fan—Dear brother[,] I have come to bring you home, home, home!

Boy—Home[,] Little Fan[?]

Fan—Yes[,] home for good and all, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be that home is like Heaven. I was not afraid to ask him if you might come back[;] he said yes, and sent me in a coach to bring you, and you are never to come back here again.

Enter D. Dilworth followed by Servant
And Postboy.

Dilworth. So much the worse[,] young lady. He will have to regret the comforts and elegancies of my establishment as long as he breathes. My dear young friend. I mourn for your de-
privation, to be torn from me, from this
/Shows cane/ is too much—but we part
friends. Your last quarter is paid, and you
leave your towels and spoon as momenti
mori. Put Master Scrooge['s] box into the
coach. /offers postboy a glass of wine/

Post boy. No thankyou[,] Sir. I had one last year,
and if this be the same tap I'd rather not.

Dilworth. Vulgate!

Fan. Come[,] brother[,] all is ready. We'll be
together all the Christmas time. Come,
come.

follow[.]

X. past. These are but the shadow of the things that
have been[;] they have no consciousness of
us—Your sister is dead now. She left one
child[.]

Scrooge. True[.] My nephew Fred.

X. past. Whom you neglect!

Dilworth. Shaking boy[']s hand/ Bid farewell to
these.
Exits followed by Servant and postboy,

And Boy and Fan.

Scene changes to:
Fezziwigs house.

Enter Scrooge and Spirit

X. past-- Do you know this place?]

Scrooge. I was apprenticed here.

Enter Fezziwig

Scrooge. Why its old Fezziwig. My master--bless his
heart.

Fezzi. Yo ho there--Ebenezer--Dick.

Two young men apprentices, Scrooge and

Dick Wilkins run on.

Scrooge Dick Wilkins my fellow apprentice and my-
self.

Fezzi. Yo ho my boys, no more work tonight,
Christmas eve[,] Dick[,] lets have the
shutters up before a man can say Jack
Robinson, then for a dance under the
mistletoe--Come [,] jump[!] Clear away.

Apprentices exeunt laughing
There they go like race horses—up with the shutters[.]. All barred and ironed; come on and clear the house[,] boys. Yo ho, we'll soon be capering[.]. Let's have lots of room. Mrs. Fezziwig[,] make haste. Chirrup[,] Dick. We'll have a merry night of it.

Dances off.

X. past. He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money a few pounds[,] 2 or 4 perhaps[,] to make his servants happy[.]

Scrooge. Yet [t]he happiness he gave us was quite as great as if it cost a fortune.

X past. You have a clerk, do you make him happy[?] Scrooge. No, no, I should like to say a word to him now.

X past. There was another you cast off for gold. Behold.

Enter Bella Morton [;] follow Scrooge.

Bella. I am sure of it, Ebenezer[,] you no longer love me, another idol has displaced me in your affections, and if it can cheer you
you in time to come as I would have tried to do[..] I have no just cause to complain.

Yg. Scroo. What idol has displaced you[?]

Bella . A golden one, Money, which you so greedily worship, and which I fear is poisoning and closing roads over me--to your heart--I think of those days when the summer sun and blooming fields, had attraction for you[;] think of those happy hours when, blessed in each others love, we were happy and content

Scrooge You are ever taunting me with my love for gain[;] is it not an honest ambition to make oneself rich[,] independent--there is nothing the world is so hard on as poverty, and yet there is nothing it professes to condemn so much as the pursuit of wealth.

Bella . You fear the world too much. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one until the master passion gain engrossed you, have I not[?]
Scrooge. I am not changed to you[,] am I[?]

Bella --. Our contract is an old one, it was made when we were both poor, and content to be so. You are changed. When it was made you were another man.

Scrooge. ..I was a boy.

Bella. ..Your own feeling tells you, you were not what you are. I am[;] it is sufficient that I have thought of it and release you.

Scrooge. Have I ever sought release?

Bella. In words never.

Scrooge. In what then[?]

Bella. In a changed nature--in an altered hope--in everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight.

Scrooge. You imagine so, do you[?]

Bella. Answer me truly. If this contract had never been between us, would you seek me out and try to win me now[?] You change colour --you hesitate[;] it is too evident you would not.
Scrooge. You think so!

Bella. I know so. I would gladly think otherwise if I could. Heaven knows—you no longer love me! You who weigh everything by gain—you who have but one idea, one thought, gold! I pity and release you, for the love of him you once were.

Scrooge. Bella!

Bella. You are free to pursue your money lending[,] grasping way, through the world. I shall soon be forgotten in the whirlpool of avarice or [,,] if remembered [,,] only as an unprofitable dream from which you so happily awake—farewell[. ] May you be happy in the life you have chosen.

Exit.

Scrooge. Bella, Bella[,] listen to me.

Follows out.

X. past. She married another, is now a happy mother, wealthy and respected[,] while you.

Scrooge. Spirit[,] show me no more—I cannot bear it.

X. past. I told you these were the spirits of things that have been, that they are what they
are, do not blame me.

Scrooge : Take me back, haunt me no longer.

X. past. One Shadow more, and my task is done.

Moves his hand and Scene changes
to Fezziwig's warehouse, fitted up for the Christmas ball.

X. past You remember this[?]

Scrooge. Well, well, tis our Christmas ball, in the old warehouse. Fezziwig always gave it[,] bless him.

Fezzi. Now[,] boys[,] attend the girls--eat[,] drink[,] dance and be merry, you're all welcome.

Mrs. Fezzi. That they are[,] Jonathon, heartily, as the flowers in May - /Dragging a little boy forward / don't hide yourself[,] my boy[,] you're welcome[,] too. The poor child lives at McAnsteys over the way and I suspect he's half starved. Mary[,] give him a piece of cake. Stay[,] girl[,] give him a whole one.
Wilkins kisses one of the girls under the Mistletoe

Fezzi. That's right: kiss her again. She likes it, they all do—a dance, a dance. Never mind your places anyhow, every how, hands round and back again down the middle and up again.

Mrs. F. — Where's the Fiddler[?]

Omnès — Here, here.

Fezzi ..Now my love! Lucy[,] you take your sweetheart the baker's hand. The milk man attend to the cook—John[,] you rogue[,] don't tickle the girl over the way, behind Mr. Mopes. Now are you ready[?—I see you are. No walking, real dancing adoones retire—ho a hands with partners Cork screw[,] thread the needle, in and out and back to places[.]

**Country dance -- Spirit sinks**

**Stave Second**

Scrooge in his own chamber.

Have I been dreaming about Mr. Marleys three spirits, my old school days, Bella Morton
Her image disturbs me more than all the rest[,] it can't be real. I'm labouring under the effect of nightmare, a delusion. Spirits[,] Ghosts[,] All Humbug.

Bell tolls One, and Spirit of Christmas present appears on a throne of turkeys etc.

Present: Why do you gaze on me so earnestly--I am the ghost of Christmas present:

Song*

Though the wind blow this snow-fall
We laugh at old care today
They're dancing and singing in bower and hall
And we'll be as merry as they
The mistletoe hangs on the rafters high.

Fill, fill, every flagon with cheer.
For Christmas was meant for jollity
And cometh but once a year.
Then deck up your houses with holly.

Bring in the harrier: let the hearth blaze.
Eat[,] drink[,] and chase every pain
With joyous old carols of bygone days
We seem to live over again.

Then what care we for a wintry sky

Who dream but of sunshine here.

While Christmas was made for jollity & c

Fill every soul, fill to my toast
Here's to the maiden each heart would wed
Fresh as the berries these Holly boughs boast,
With lips too as pouting and red.
And he that can't snatch neath the miseltoe
One kiss from those lips so dear
No true delight shall of Christmas know.
Which cometh R--.

I suppose you have never seen the likes of me before[?]

Scrooge. No and never want to see you again[.]

X. pres.. You have never walked with my younger brothers and sisters.

Scrooge. Have you had many brothers[?]

X. pres . More than 18 hundred.

Scrooge. What a tremendous family to provide for.

X. pres -- Man[,] you went forth last night on compulsion
and learnt a lesson which is working now.

Scrooge. It is. Conduct me where you will, if you have aught to show me, I will profit by it.

X pres. Touch my robe.

Scrooge does so and Scene changes to Street.

People cross. Enter Fred and Mrs. Fred.

Fred .. Yes[,] dear. Uncle Scrooge refused to dine with us and said Christmas was a humbug--he
believes it too. Ha! ha!

Mrs. F.....More Shame for him, shutting himself up with his riches, it is of no use to him, he never does any good with it. He don't even make himself comfortable with it. I've no patience with him.

Fred . . .I have[,] love[.] I am sorry for him. Who suffers by his ill whims--himself.

Enter Bob Cratchit.

Bob . . . What a feast we will have. Lord Mayor's feasts rolled into one. wouldn't come up to it. Lets see[,] there's one, two, and two's four, multiply 4 by 2 and carry nought--

Runs against Fred/

Beg your pardon[,] Sir.

Fred.... What Bob? Honest Bob!

Bob . Mister Fred ./bows/

Fred.... My Uncle's clerk[,] Eliza, Mr. Cratchit.

Bob . . Servant[,] Ma'am, Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Mrs. F .. Thank you[,] Sir. The same to you.

Fred ... Your master wouldn't dine with me tomorrow after all[,] Bob.

Bob . . He's not fond of it. It wastes time an wears his teeth out[.]

Fred. . . He is the loser of many pleasant hours and
merry in his mouldy old offices or his dusty chamber.

Bob. ... Not many[,] Sir, unless he plays at hide and seek with the iron safe, or dances a reel with the three legged stool, there's nothing to keep Christmas there, except himself and he'd better be out.

Fred. . . I mean to invite him every year[,] wether [sic] he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it, if he finds me going there in good temper year after year--if it only puts him in the vein to leave you his worthy clerk £50 it'll do some good.

Bob. Leave me £50 all at one[.] Don't[,] Sir, you tike away my breath--5 times 10 and carry nothing [--] its too much[;] it would run me over at my pockets.

Fred. I wish you had it to try[,] Bob. Good night.

giving half a crown./ Drink my health tomorrow.

Mrs. F. Good night!

Exeunt

Bob. . . Drink your health. I'll drink myself dry and
then begin again--2 and sixpence, I'm growing rich--18 and two--17 and sixpence. What shall I buy first[?] The grocers[,] oh them plummery there absolutely winking at me, and asking me to taste them in a pudding. There's a goose. What a lovely image--how handsome it would look smothered in sage and onions and sent to the bakers, then the taste--apple sauce and gravy--oh the picture's too beautiful. I must have it.

Exit into Poulterers.

Christmas re-enter with purchasers._

Spirit sprinkles his Torch over them as they pass__

Scrooge. Is there a particular flavour in what you Sprinkle from your torch[?]

X. pres. There is--content.

Scrooge. Does it apply to any kind of dinner on this day[?]

X. pres. To any kindly given, to a poor one most.

Scrooge. Why to a poor one most[?]

X. pres. Because it needs it most.

Re-enter Bob with a goose.

Bob -- There's a fat un, I'm sure it's a prize
goose. What'll Mrs. Cratchit say when she sees it and what'll all the children say. And what'll Tiny Tim say when he tastes the sage and onions. And what shall I say to the leg, the wing and a bit of the gizzard --oh the gizzard sticks in my throat[.]

A Poor family enter singing a carol.

People give money.

Xmas.pres. You drove these poor people from your window last night[.]

Bob .. There's a penny for you. Stop[,] here's twopence. I ought to be ashamed to offer one penny, when I can spare two.

Exit beggars.

X. pres. You hear[?] He has 15S a week to support a wife and six children.

Bob .. Now for Camden Town.

Exit.

Spirit leaves and Scene changes. to

Bob Cratchits.

Mrs. C. Belinda Cratchit, Master Peter Cratchit discovered laying the cloth.
Mrs. C .. Now pray be careful. Lay it smooth, the crease along the middle. Belinda[,] mind your frock [---] its only been turned twice. Peter[,] be careful of your father's collar[;] don't let the corners get into your mouth so.

Enter Tommy and Sally.

Both -Mother[,] we've smelt it at the bakers[.]

Mrs. C . What?

Both The goose.

Mrs. C .. Mind the potatoes[,] Peter.. What has ever got your precious father and your brother Tiny Tim and Martha[?]

Belinda. Here's Martha[,] Mother.

X. pres...This is one of the buildings you despise[,] your clerk[']s.

Tom ... Hurrah[,] Martha. There's such a plum pudding.

Belinda. And apples and sage and onions.

Sally. And [gravy?] and apple sauce.

Mrs. C. Bless your heart alive; how late you are[,] my dear. Sit down before the fire and have a
Belinda. Mother[,] the potatoes are knocking against the saucepan lid, just as if they asked to be let out and peeled.

Tom. Here's father coming. Hide[,] Martha[,] hide.

Martha hides.

Enter Bob. carrying Tiny Tim.

Bob.... Where's our Martha[?].

Omnes. Not coming.

Bob... Not coming.

Martha. Running and kissing him/ Yes, yes, she is!

Mrs. C....Come with me and hear the pudding singing in the copper[.]

All leave after her, crying yes,

yes.

Bob . . Peter[,] you run for the goose.

Exit Peter.

I'll attend to the sauce--/beats up apples in small saucepan/ Delicious hour and sweet. Now for the glass. Two cracked tum­blers and a custard cup without a handle...

What a glorious day we shall have it. For­feits and
Punch and hot chesnuts[.]

*Family returns. Peter with goose.*

Bob -- *Makes two attempts to carve the goose/*

No[,] I can't. I'm too nervous.

Mrs. C... Cratchit, I'm ashamed of you, be a man.

Bob ... It looks too beautiful to eat--/Helps them all/ There never was such a one before .. I think it[']s the chap that used to lay the golden eggs[!]

Mrs. C... How tender!

Martha. How nice.

Bob . . How cheap. Tiny[,] my man, don't drink your gravy with a fork.. Peter[,] you're smothering yourself in sage and onions.

Mrs. C... Now for the pudding.

Tiny Tim. *Squeaking / Hurrah!*

Mrs. C...I'm all in a twitter about it.

Exit

Bob... Go with your mother[,] girls[,] for fear she should drop it. /Girls Exeunt/ Lord[,] suppose it shouldn't be done, or suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stole it? No /Sniffs / it[']s all right. I smell a smell like washing day--that's the cloth.
now the smell like an eating eating house
and a pastrycooks and a laundress's[.]
Ah[,] that's the pudding.

Mrs. C_ and Girls return with pudding.

Mrs. C. I nearly broke it in turning it out[.]
Bob .. Its like a speckled cannon ball.--Drinks,
A merry Christmas to all[,] dears.

Tiny Tim. A merry Christmas to all.
Bob . . Now, I'll give you Scrooge, the founder of
the feast[!]

Mrs. C. The founder of the feast indeed. I wish I
had him here. I'd give him a piece of my
mind. The odious, stingy[,] unfeeling man.

Bob. My canary bird!

Mrs. C. You know he is[,] Robert[,] nobody better.
Don't he make you work worse than a black a
moor nigger for--

Drink his health!

Mrs. C. For your sake. Not for his. Long life to
him.
Bob. Have you all done[?] 818
All . . Yes, yes.
Tim . All but me.
Mrs. C. Bless the child[,] he'll swallow the plate.
Bob . . Clear away, then for blindman's buff. I'll be blind.
All -- Do, do.

Exeunt

Scrooge. Spirit, tell me if Tiny Tim will live.
X. pres. I see a vacant seat in the chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner carefully preserved, if these shadows remain unaltered by the future the child will die. What then if he like to die, let him and decrease the surplus population.

Scrooge. My own sinful words.
X. pres. Man, if you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live and what men shall die; it may be
that in the sight of Heaven you are more
worthless and less fit to live than mil-
lions like this poor man's child! Oh
Heaven[,] to hear the insect on the leaf
pronouncing on the too much life among his
hungry brothers in the dust, come, come[.]

Exit with Scrooge:

Bob re-enters followed by family

Martha. Turn around and catch who you can

Blind man's buff. Bob catches Mrs. C. all
laugh and shout Scene closed in.

Scene __ A mine.

Enter Spirit conducting Scrooge.

Scrooge. This is a wondrous journey and great are
the lessons you have taught me, Spirit.
I have seen you with a generous hand be-
stowing blessings[,] content and harmless
mirth on every thing within your reach.

Spirit. Let this lesson live with you. Thus, all
you
have seen, and travelled far, and many happy homes you've visited, stood by sick beds and they were cheerful, by struggling men and they were patient in their poverty. In almshouses, hospitals and jails, in misery and every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door[.]

Scrooge. What place is this[?]

Spirit -- A place where miners live, who labour in the bowels of the earth. You are one of its considerate owners. See.

Enter Will O'Gap and his Wife.

Will... Never be down hearted[,] lass, this Christmas time too, hope for full work and better times. We shall live to be masters of a cottage and a piece of land yet, only let us bear our burdens with content.

Spirit. You hear.

Scrooge. And heed.
Wife. Content[,] Will, How can I feel it. When I
know how cruelly hard you have to labour in
this dreary place, to keep me and mine in
bread[.] For us you're toiling night and
day, year to year, scarcely ever seeing the
blessed sun.

Will. Its scarcity makes me enjoy it the more
when I do see it. And the green fields are
a sight worth seeing. Take heart.

Wife. I cannot[;] misery has chilled it.

Will. Tush! Tush. This from my Kate[,] my
merry Kate, remember our courting days
when you were all dimples and smiles[?] You
promised then and I'm sure you'll
keep your word, to be a cheerful helpmate
to me through life. And what if its voyage
be rough, will you by sighs and vain
regrets make it rougher. No, no, lend me
a hand[,] girl[,] and with a stout heart
and willing mind, help to battle
thro it.
Will -- That's brave. Now you look like old times again. A hearty laugh will do you good, it always does me. A cheerful smile and a contented mind makes these coals shine like diamonds, and if we're poor we're honest. And that's more than some of the richest and proudest can boast of. A fig for care, that for it. /Snaps his fingers/

Wife -- You never think of the condition you were in before misfortunes drove you to seek employment in these unwholesome mines? [\]

Will -- I think of it[,] wife; but I don't cry over it. Its the duty of every man to submit to providence[.]

Enter a party of Miners.

Miner . . Good news[,] Will. No more work to day. Master has given us all a holiday and full wages work and in to morrow. We shall have a jovial Christmas after all.

Will . There[,] Kate lass. Now laugh till your sides ache. Work. Wages. You shall have a
a new gown and a cap. Come[,] Boys[,] lets above ground and drink a health, a right good one. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to to our Master[.] Come.

**Exeunt merrily.**

Spirit waves his wand, and discovers the open sea, a lighthouse in the distance.

Spirit. Come.

Scrooge. Not to sea! Not to sea.

Spirit. Cast your eyes upon that dismal reef of rocks where the waters rage and clash the wild year through. Mark that solitary lighthouse.

Scrooge. I do.

Spirit. Even in that stormy coign this abode. Two men as they watch yon beacon light join their horny hands and wish each other merry Christmas.

Distant voices are heard singing the Carol

Go hear[.] Tis as hearty as the gale they buffet, profit by this. My time is short on Earth, it ends to night.
Scrooge. To night[?]

Spirit. To night at midnight[.]

Two Children[,] Want and ignorance[,] rise.

Scrooge. Forgive me, but I see something strange--points to one of their feet/ Is it a foot or a claw[?]

Spirit. It might be a claw for the flesh there is upon it--Look here. / Shows children.

Picture /

Scrooge. Ragged. Scowling and Wolfish. Are they yours[?]

Spirit. They are Man's. This boy is ignorance. This girl is Want, beware them both and all of their degree--but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow see that written which is doom unless the writing be erased. Deny it. Slander those who tell it you and bide the end --/ Children disappear /

Scrooge. Have they no refuge or resource?

Spirit. Are there no prisons, or workhouses[?]

Scrooge trembles...A storm rises. A vessel drives on. Mast falls in.

Spirit. Even in there, amid storm and peril
There are thoughts of home. Carol is sung by the crew, at intervals in the storm. The beacon throws a red glare over the waters. Spirit sinks and

End of Scene.
Scene 822

The Change.

Ghost of the future glides on beckoning

Scrooge as the clock strikes 12. Music

Scrooge. In mercy speak to me. Your sentence is dreadful[.]. Why beckon me forward with that spectral hand[?] I feel you are about to shew me Shadows of the Time that will be, that will happen in time before and will you not speak to me[?]

Spirit points to two men

Scrooge. I fear you more than any Spirit I have seen but as I know your purpose is to do me good I am prepared to obey you. You have brought me to the heart of the Change amongst the Merchants I know and trade with[.]

Enter Topper and Floss

Floss. I don't care much about it, but old Scratch has got his own at last. I only know he's dead.

Topper. When did he die[?]

Floss. Last night[,] I believe.

Topper. Serve him right. I thought he'd never die[.]
Floss. I wonder what he has done with his money.

Topper. I haven't heard. He has not left it to me that's all I know.

Floss. It's likely to be a very cheap funeral. Nobody to go to it[,] poor devil. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer[?]

Topper. I don't mind if lunch is provided, but I must be fed if I make one.

Floss. I never eat lunch, or wear black gloves[.]

I don't know of anybody who will make one. He was no friend of mine.

Topper. No friend of anybody's.

Floss. The exchange is closing, bother the door.

Thanks.

Exeunt

Scrooge. I know these men, why have you caused me to listen to their words of jokes and jibes at death[?] Why not let me see some tenderness connected with it?

Enter Bob, Mrs. Cratchit, Martha, and Peter

Mrs. C. Faster[,] father[,] pray, and don't be so slow. I have known you
Walk with Tiny Tim upon your shoulder
very fast indeed.

Peter. And so have I often.

Bob. He was light to carry: it was no trouble.

No trouble.

Mrs. C. You loved him so.

Martha. Don't mind it[,] father.

Bob. My little child /Weeps/

Mrs. C. Husband, this is useless. Heaven willed
that he should be taken from us, tell me
have you seen Mr. Scrooge's Nephew and
what does he say to you. Come.

Bob. He is the pleasantest spoken gentleman
you ever heard. I told him our loss[.]

He was heartily sorry for it, and if I can
be of any service, he said, giving his
card, that's where I live! pray come to me.

Now it was not for the sake of anything he
might be able to do for us, so much as for
his kind way, that was quite delightful. It
seemed as if he'd known
our Tiny Tim and felt with us[.]

Mrs. C. I'm sure he's a good soul.

Bob. You would be surer of it if you saw and spoke to him—he offered to get Peter a better situation[.]

Mrs. C. Only hear that[,] Peter.

Peter. I do[,] Mother. You shall have all my wages.

Martha. No, no, Mr. Peter, you will be keeping company with somebody else and setting up for yourself.

Peter. Get along do[.] I shan't./laughing /

Bob. There's plenty of time for that. Whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim, shall we[?]

Martha. Never[,] father.

Bob. Good children. I am very happy[,] very.

Exit weeping . all follow.

Scrooge. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish
essence was from Heaven(!)

Spectre waves and Scene changes
to Marine Store Shop.

Old Joe discovered smoking.

Scrooge. Why have you left the busy scene for this obscure part of town[;] it is reeking with crime, filth and misery, why bring me to this den of infamous resort[?]

Spirit points to Mrs. Dibbler who enters

Joe. What[,] Mrs. Dibbler?

Enter Sally Dark and Blink.

Mrs. D. What[,] Sally Dark! Who'd of thought it.

No! Blink, too--wonders'll never cease! The compliments of the season to you.

Joe. Let Mother Dark, the charwoman alone to be the first, and let the laundress alone to be the second and the undertaker's man alone to be the third! He's always last! No, no, the Sexton's last,

Ha! ha! /laughs/
Mrs. Dib. It[']s a rare chance for you at all
events[,] old Joe. Notwithstanding we has
all three met here permiscuously[,] as a
body may say[.]

Joe. You couldn't have met in a better place for
business, this is the shop for honesty,
real right down and no mistake, or gammon
in the scales.

Blink. aside/ Hooky!

Joe. You're all free of the house and knows
one another's ways. I'll shut the shop door
and, and then value your lumps--Now, what
have you nibbled?

Mrs. Dib. Lord! Mr. Beattie. How you does go on! What
odds what you call it, every body has a
right to take care on themselves as a body
may say. He always did.

Sally. That's true, no man more so.

Joe. Small blame neither. Don't stand staring
there as if you was afraid. We aren't
going to pick holes in one another's
coats[,] is we[?]
Of course not, governor. We're up to a thing or two.

Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like this?

Not a dead man at all events.

No indeed, mum!

Rather not.

If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead.

A wicked old Screw! Why wasn't he more natural in his life time. Then he have had somebody to look after his things.

To be sure he would. Its a judgement on him.

Ladies, be merciful. Remember you belongs to the soft sexes--very soft. Ha! Ha!

I only wish my little lot had been heavier. I couldn't lay my hands on not nothing else. What's the value of it? Speak out plain--its no sin, we're all in it.

Very common, nothing new; its a shabby lot.

Look over my little gleanings!

A Seal. A pencil case. Sleeve buttons, copper gilt no value. That's your account.

A £ [--] that's threepence over.
Blink. Is that all? Another Joe's!

Joe. Not a drop!

Blink. Old Bear—Good night, ladies.

Exit.

Joe. That chap's a disgrace to us. He picks up such finicking things. I likes solids.

Who's the next[?]

Mrs. D.. Excuse me[,] Miss, I'm in a hurry.

Joe .. Sheets[,] towels, two old silver tea spoons[,] Shuger tongs, and one boot. Why didn't you manage the pair[,] my love[?]

Sally. I've got the other one in my lot.

Joe. Bless you[,] Sally! Your always careful.

Let me see. 2.1. 6 pence & 3--Six bob, there [—] that's yours.

Mrs. D. No more!

Joe. If you ask me for another penny, I shall repent of being so liberal and knock off half a crown. I always gives too much to the ladies[.]

Mrs. D. Right you old Joe. Six shillings it's a highway robbery!

Exit.

Sally. Now for me.
Joe. Ah, these are something like curtains. You were born to be a great woman looking closely not a hole.

Sally. It was his best.

Joe. There's 12/ for you half a sovereign--its a light 'un, and two silver shillings, one on 'em's pewter. Go your ways, good night.

Exeunt.

Scrooge. I see, see and judge. The case of the unhappy man they have robbed might be my own. My life tends that way now. This is a fearful place[.] I shall not forget the lesson it has taught me. Something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it; but I know not how soon. Yet ere we part, tell me what cruel man is this that all rejoice at dead.

Exit with Spectre[partially scratched out]

Scene changes to church yard.

Scrooge. A Church yard, overrun by grass and weeds.
Spectre points to grave.

Why do you point to that stone? Answer me one question. Have I seen the shadows of things that will be, or are they the shadows of things that may be only[?] 

Spectre points  Scrooge advances to grave & reads

"Ebenezer Scrooge"! Am I, the despised, deserted Man? That none mourn for dead? Oh no, no, Spirit, hear, speak to me. I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this if I am past all hope[?] Good Spirit[,] assure me that I yet may change these shadows by an altered life.

Spectre's hand trembles.

You pity me. I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all year. I will live in the past, the present and the future. The Spirit of all three, shall strive within me. Oh[,] tell me I may hope to sponge away the
writing on this stone.

Spectre sinks. Scene changes and leaves

Scrooge in his own chamber as in 1st Sc.

Bells ringing merrily.

Yes, my own room! Oh Jacob Marley, Heaven and Christmas time be praised for this!

I say it on my knees, Old Jacob! on my knees[.] I don't know what to do I'm as light as a feather, happy as a angel, and merry as a school boy. A merry Christmas to every body[!] A happy New Year to all the world! I don't know what day of the month it is. I don't know anything[ :] I'm a baby. Never mind[,] I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. /runs to window/ Boy[,] come up. I want you.

Enter Peter Cratchit

What's to day[,] my fine fellow?

Boy . Christmas day[,] Sir.

Scrooge. I see, the Spirits have done it all in one night. points out of window / My boy[,] do you see that
Poulter's, look at that turkey hanging up there.

Boy. What[,] the one as big as me[?]

Scrooge. Yes[,] my buck. Go and buy it.

Boy. Walker!

Scrooge. I'm in earnest. Go and buy, and tell 'em to send it home, and I'll give you a shilling.

Boy. A shilling! Won't I.

Runs off

Scrooge. I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's, it['s] twice the size of Tiny Tim. Bob shan't know who sends it. Holloa, there he goes with Tiny Tim on his shoulder. Hallo[, ] man, come up quick[]. Run[,] jump. He shall take the turkey with him. No[,] he shan't[. ] I'll send it home, he shall come with me to Fred'[']. I'll carry Tiny Tim.

Enter Bob with Tim.

Bob. Good morning, Sir, may I wish you a merry Christmas[?]

Scrooge. If you don't I'll kill you. I won't stand any nonsense, will I[,] Tim[,] my man[?]

/takes child / Your salary's double. This child
of yours, all your children are mine, and you shall have another coal scuttle in your office before you dot another i. Bob[,] come along with me to my Nephew Fred's.

Peter. Outside / Turkey has come, Sir.

Scrooge. Call a cab for him. I'll come down[,] lad; now[,] Bob, Tiny my man[,] and we'll have a jolly day of it!

Exeunt.

Bob. Double salary. New coal scuttle. Father to all the children, what'll Mrs. Cratchit say to that[?].

Exit.

Last Scene. Fred's House.

Fred. Mrs. Fred and various guests discovered playing at Hunt the Slipper.

Fred. I've got it. Now for a health--"Uncle Scrooge, A Merry Christmas and a happy New Year, to the old man, whatever he is." I only wish he was here now.
Enter Scrooge with Tiny and Bob.

Scrooge. Do you[,] my boy! then here he is.

Fred. Uncle. /takes his hand./

Scrooge. Yes and your Uncles friends Mr. Cratchit and Mrs. Cratchit's son, no, my son.

Fred. Who'd have dreamt this.

Scrooge. Nobody. Bob didn't dream it. Did you[,] Bob[?]

Bob. I thought it all a dream, Sir, till I bit my finger and tried!

Scrooge. We've come to dinner. How do you do[,] my dear. Will you let us stay with you[?]

Mrs. Fred. Stay[?] I am only sorry you did not come before.

Scrooge. To be sure[,] you are, but I'll make up for it all this day now. You must come and see me. I hope every body here will come, all the world. I'll try to make 'em happy. You'll come. /They bow/
Thankee! I am much obliged to you, bless you / to audience / And may I ask you to come[?] I needn't say, how your presence will add to our happiness, and help us to keep our Christmas well. And with Tiny Tim, allow me to wish you all a happy New Year and may Heaven bless us every one—.

Curtain
A CHRISTMAS CAROL;
OR, THE MISER'S WARNING.
A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.
ADAPTED FROM CHARLES DICKENS CELEBRATED WORK,
BY C. Z. BARNETT.
First Produced at the Royal Surrey Theatre, Feb. 5th, 1844.

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.
ADAPTED BY C. Z. BARNETT.

[See page 11.]

[Mr. Cratchit] Mr. Chippings
Bob Cratchit (Scrooge's Clerk) Mr. Green
Dark Sam Mr. Still

CHARACTERS IN THE DREAM.
Ghost of Christmas to
Dark Sam Mr. Still
Peter (Bob's Eldest Son) Miss Daly
Tiny Tim Master Brady
Mrs. Cratchit Mrs. Hicks
Mrs. Freethart Mrs. Hughes
Ellen (Scrooge's former
love) Mrs. Daly
Mrs. Cratchit Mrs. Hughes
Mr. Fez FEZ FEZ FEZ
Mr. Morrisey
Mr. Lawler
Mr. Blight
Mr. Godsmith
Mr. Morris
Mr. Lowie
Mr. Johnson
Mr. Lawler
Mr. Hargrove
Mr. Godsmith
Mr. Morris
Mr. Lowie
Mr. Johnson

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

[See page 11.]

No. 722. Dicks' Standard Plays.
**COSTUME:**

**SCROOGE.—** Brown old-fashioned coat, close-colour breeches, double-breasted white waistcoat,
Second dress; dressing-gown and slippers.

**FRANK.—** Private dress.

**Mr. CRATCHIT.—** Blue coat, cord breeches, and gaiters.

**Mr. HEARTY.—** Green coat, black breeches, top boots.

**Bob CRATCHIT.—** Black old-fashioned coat, black trousers.

**DARK MAN.—** Dark green shooting coat and breeches, ragged. Second dress; shabby black coat.

**EDITOR.—** Shabby private clothes.

**Mrs. FEZIBUB.—** Black coat, black breeches, double-breasted waistcoat, and striped stockings.

**MRS. CRATCHIT.—** Slate-coloured coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons, black boots, white frill, white cap.

**MRS. FIZZYMO.—** Black coat, black brocaded waistcoat, and striped stockings.

**MR. TROUSERS.—** Shabby private clothes.

**PIPER.—** Brown old-fashioned coat, tea colour breeches, doable-breasted white waistcoat.

**PUN.—** Print dress.

**KENT.—** Brown old-fashioned coat, tea colour breeches, doable-breasted white waistcoat.

**BARKIN.—** Coat, black breeches, top boots.

**BOO.—** Park preen shooting coat and breeches, ragged. Second dress; shabby black coat.

**MODERN DRESS.—** Blue jacket and trousers.

**SCENE 1.—** Chamber of Scrooge, the Mis. One side of it is fitted up with a desk and high stool, the other as a sofa, papered. Easy chairs. Table, with candlestick upon it, etc., etc.

**SCROOGE, the Mis., Discovered near fire. BOB CRATCHIT, writing near desk, l. m.** As the curtain rises he descends from stage—approaches fire to stir it.

Ser. Bob—Bob, we shall be obliged to part.

You'll rain me in cold.

Bob. Rain you—rain such a fire, in such weather? I've been trying to warm myself by the candle for the last half hour, but not being a man of strong imagination, found it dull.

Ser. Hark! I think I hear some one in the office.

Go one who it is.

Bob. (Aside). Marley's dead—his late partner—
dead as a door nail! If he was to follow him, it wouldn't matter much.

[End, S. K. K.]

Ser. Marley has been dead seven years, and has left me his sole executor—his sole administrator—his sole residuary legatee—his sole heir—his sole beneficiary! My poor old! I was sorely grieved at his death, and shall never forget his funeral. Coming to it, I made one of the best bagpans I ever made. He, ha! Folks say I'm tight-fisted—that I'm a squeezing, wrenching, grasping,0 clutching miser. What of that? It saves me from being derided by noisy men and beggars.

So, this is Christmas Eve—and cold, bleak, biting weather it is, and folks are preparing to be merry.

Hark! what's Christmas to me? What should it be to them?

Below FRANK and BOB, S. K. K.

Bob. There's your uncle, sir. (Aside) Old cronies. (Aside) Old cronies. (Aside) Better than the rain and snow. They often come down, and handkerchiefs, too, black.

Ser. What the deuce does Bob mean?

FRANK. A merry Christmas, uncle!

Ser. You're quite a powerful speaker. I wonder you don't go into Parliament.

Bob. Don't be angry. Come—dine with me to-morrow.

Ser. No, no—

FRANK. Just why not?

Ser. Why did you get married?

FRANK. Because I fell in love.

Ser. Because you fell in love? Bah! Good evening!

FRANK. I want nothing—I ask nothing of you. Well, I'm sorry to find you on Earth—we have never had any quarrel—I have made the true in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas honour to the last—on a merry Christmas, uncle.

Ser. Good evening.

FRANK. And a happy new year!

Ser. Good evening.
A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Bob Cratchit.

Ah — but what do spirits walk the earth? Why do they come to me? Ghost. It is required of every man that the spirit within him shall walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide—\textit{if not in life}, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, yes! it is an earnest witness what it cannot share, but might have shared, on earth, and turned to happiness.

You are utterly rained! All who are embarked on board ... •smooth-faced chit, and gat a family—he must bear the consequences—I will not bear his ruin, no, not by a single penny.

Who and what are you? Frank. Is it you, my dear old father? The Ghost of Christmas Past. Your welfare—your health. Turn and bear your old friend, the Ghost of Christmas Present.

And a happy Christmas, and a merry New Year, my dear Mr. Cratchit! For I am the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, and I come to warn you that you have a chance and a hope of escaping my fate. You will be haunted by three spirits—

(A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens)
A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Children: (Looking up) Father's coming! Hush, Martha, listen! (Merrily run behind closet door re x — without further notice. MISS CRATCHIT appears through TIM upon his shoulder, r. e.)

Bob. (Looking round) Why, where's our Martha?

Mrs. C. Not coming.

Bob. Not coming upon Christmas Day?

Mrs. C. (Raising voice) I am, dear father, who praises his hand.

They embrace.

(Soon, Tiny Tim, to the washhouse door, to hear the pudding singing in the upper) (They marry Tiny Tim and.Peter a k. Z.)

Mrs. C. As good as gold. Somehow he gets thoughtful still by himself as much, and thinks the sweetest things you ever heard!

[THE CHILDREN runner with TIM.]

Children. The goose! the goose! (Peter renounced carrying the goose—it is placed on the table, &c. All sit then serves each at table.)

Sir. Bob's happier than his master! How his blessed whistles, mounting guys upon their posts, cream their spoons into their mouths, but they should shirk for goose before their turn arrives to be helped! And now, as Mrs. Cratchit kneads, sorrowful souls in the tread, a manger of delight awaits them. Taliban the handles with the hands of his knife, and freely cries hurray!

Bob. Beautiful! There never was such a goose. It's tender as a lea, and swift as dirt. The apple sauce and mashed potatoes are delicious—and now, here, for the pudding. The thought of it makes you surmiserous.

Mrs. C. Two surmises for witnesses. I must have the room alone to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Bob. Awful moment! Suppose it should not be done enough? Suppose it should break at a certain spot, and then—fall—drop—lie—roll—break—lie—roll—drop—fall? Suppose everybody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it! (Sets up and walks about, disturbed) I could suppose all sorts of horrors. All! You've great deal of steam—the pudding's out of the upper wash-day—today!—that's the child. A child like an angel, and minus a head and a tail, with a handkerchief's next to that—that's the pudding.

(Mrs. CRATCHIT rises with pudding and passes it around, which she places on table, &c.)

Children. Hushh! 

Mrs. C. (To Cratchit) I repeat as the pudding is served. I wish you had been there to see the goose when it opened its wide. (Enthusiastic.)

Bob. A merry Christmas to us all, my dear—have another! (They drink and ask him—Tiny Tim is near his father, who praises his hand.)

Mrs. C. Spirit, tell me to Tiny Tim will be?

Bob. Spirit. If he had but done so, and decreased the surplus population.

Mrs. C. Own words.

Bob. Spirit. Man—if man be to be in heart, and not advancement—forbade that worstcast until you have discovered what that surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men small-apparatus what men are and what is the true discord of your shadow, is not happening, but will happen to him in the time before us. (The Spirit slightly inclines his head.) Though well used and generally company by this time, I fear this silent shape more than I did all the rest. Those of the Future, will you not speak to me? (The Spirit's head is still pointing upward.) Lead, spirit! Lead, spirit! (The Spirit moves a few steps, then dances, &c.)

Enter CHEERLEADERS and HEARTILY.

Cheer. Yes—you and stop, and say my second day whenever you want. We're marched to Change.

'*KAUW, ft. a. (This Spirit more a few steps em, then pauses. Scrooge I allows. This Stags become light. ) Enter CHEERL and HEARTILY. ... haven't heard. He hea't left it to me. It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for I do'vet any one to go to it.

(Tbe Shnit nits slowly, /allowed by Scree**.

Mrs. M. (Themselves. She has hardly te cteee the deer when it open* apatu, e,d

MRS.

OLD JOE seated near the fire, aannckiag.

SCENE III.—Interior

Cheer. Yes— you and stop, and say my second day whenever you want. We're marched to Change.

CHEERLEADERS extend /rem ft. •. •. (This Spirit more a few steps em, then pauses. Scrooge I allows. This Stags become light. ) Enter CHEERL and HEARTILY. ... haven't heard. He hea't left it to me. It's likely to be a very cheap funeral, for I do'vet any one to go to it.

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Cheer. Yes—you and stop, and say my second day whenever you want. We're marched to Change.
The colour hurts my eyes, and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father. It must be near his hip.
Index of lines found in the printed texts of Barnett's *Carol* but not in the Lord Chamberlain's manuscript of the play

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<td>948</td>
<td>&quot;Because you fell. . .evening&quot; &quot;Well, I'm sorry&quot; &quot;Christmas [humour] to the&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>948b</td>
<td>&quot;and to all you know&quot; (p. 4)</td>
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<tr>
<td>949b</td>
<td>&quot;a few of them&quot; [Dicks gives &quot;us&quot;]</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>950b</td>
<td>&quot;There take it&quot; &quot;such men as you&quot;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>951</td>
<td>&quot;He chose to make&quot; [Dicks gives &quot;chooses&quot;] &quot;I will not avert his ruin&quot; &quot;and yet. . .for no work&quot; &quot;I suppose I must&quot; [Dicks gives &quot;you&quot;]</td>
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<tr>
<td>951b</td>
<td>&quot;glorious dinner&quot; &quot;(Takes basin. . .from hob.)&quot; &quot;(Sits. . .terrified.)&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>952b</td>
<td>&quot;I do--I must! . . .to me?&quot; (p. 5) &quot;wander this&quot; [Dicks gives &quot;through the&quot;]</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>953</td>
<td>&quot;(Binds wrapper. . .more)&quot; &quot;Scrooge follows. . .door&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>953b</td>
<td>&quot;(The clock. . .in work)&quot; &quot;(The stage. . .by a fire)&quot; [ms. gives &quot;Bus&quot;] &quot;(A figure. . .Child)&quot;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>954</td>
<td>&quot;(The figures of Valentine. . .appear)&quot; [ms. gives &quot;Bus&quot;] &quot;his wild brother&quot; &quot;(The figures. . .GIRL enters)&quot; [ms. gives &quot;Enter Little Girl&quot;]</td>
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**Conclusions**

Most additions to the play occur early in the manuscript; the published texts' much fuller directions tend to be abbreviated as "**Bus**" in the manuscript. Allowing for these differences, there is a
high degree of similarity between the Lord Chamberlain's manuscript and the two printed texts, Dicks and Duncombe. Punctuation differences between the printed texts may be accounted for by the fact that the manuscript has very little punctuation. Only on a very few occasions are there lines in the ms. that do not appear in the printed texts--for example, "dead nearly 7 years" (945b). Sometimes there are minor differences between the ms. and the printed texts: for example, the ms. gives "lose our Christmas" (947b) while the print versions have "keep," and the ms. gives "indigested" (952) rather than "undigested" as in the print versions. However, occasionally the ms. gives a better reading--for example, while Dicks' "Whatever you are?" (p. 5) seems incorrect, page 952 of the ms. gives no question mark. The spelling of the ms. generally corresponds more closely to that of the Duncombe edition.
Licensing Letter for *The Chimes*

Dec. 12, 1844

Sir:

With the permission of the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain, of Her Majesty's Household, this Drama, will be acted at the Theatre Royal Adelphi, on Decem the 19th—

Your Obed. servt.

J. S. Ennis

To the Examiner
of Plays.
The Chimes

a

Goblin Story

of Some

Bells that rang an Old Year out & a New One In

Act 1
THE CHIMES
OR, SOME BELLS THAT RANG AN OLD YEAR OUT AND A NEW YEAR IN
A GOBLIN DRAMA, IN FOUR QUARTERS
DRAMATISED BY MARK LEMON AND G. A. A. HACKETT
FROM THE STORY BY CHARLES DICKENS
First Performed at the Adelphi Theatre, on Tuesday, January 3rd, 1844.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
(The Spirit of the Chimes)

PROLOGUE
TOM YERK
TOM STRONG
FLICK
CHUCKLE
RICHARD
JANE
JOHN
SIR JOSIAH BOWLEY RINTON, M.P.

THE CHIMES

Costume Notes (P. 2) and I, i (P. 3) of Dicks' No. 819

Stage Directions

Stage Notes—Rehearsals and Photos—Photographer

[Text continues on the next page]
The CHIMES.

MAY, and Richard says, father—

(Toby says, "Shush."

Toby, what do Richard say, May?"

"Another stoppage."

Toby, Richard's a long time saying it:—

"Yes, he says, then, father, another year is ripe, and where is the man of waiting on the harvest from year to year, when it is not likely we shall ever be better; the grass is green, the hay is up, and the shirt is rent; the dew is on the grass, and the word is, they are coming now. They are coming now; and we know we are, before we knew we were. And, that if we wait people in our condition, until we see our way quite clearly, the meadow will be a narrow one indeed the common way the grave father. (Toby looks at him, and then passes him to the present). And him hard, hard, to grow old, and die, and think we might have cherished and helped each other. It is hard, hard, in all our lives, to live each other, and to grudge, apart, to much other working, changing, growing old and grey. (Toby's eye). Even when we get the better of it, and forget him (which I never could), oh father dear, how hard it was to feel so as to mine is now, and live to have it always drained out—drawn every day—without the recollection of one happy moment of a woman's life to stay behind and comfort me, and makes me better.

Toby comes to eat, and regards May, who comes entirely gone, with her head down, and a sob, and here and there a smile, and a laugh."

So Richard says, father, as his work was yesterday made certain for some time to come, and as I love him, and have loved him full three years, I cannot tell you the good offices of my New Year's—best and happiest day, he would not have to thank you."

Richard was as good a father as I suppose, and did not bring good fortune with it. It's a short notice, father, isn't it? But I haven't my fortune to be relieved, nor my wedding dresses to be made, like the great ladies, father, have I?

Enter RICHARD, down the street, very slowly, and in the same level, unexpected, I am sure, and I hope, to make you happy.

RICHARD. (Coming forward.) And see how he leaves it cooling on the step! Men don't know what it means, not she.
[The Chimes]

Chapter One

MAG awoke from his dream of the past. He felt a weight on his heart, a sense of sorrow. He had been dreaming of the English Labourer, but now he was back in the present, where the world was stark and cruel.

"What will I do?" thought MAG. "What can I do?"

He remembered the sayings of the old men: "The world is a stage and we are merely players." He knew that he must make a decision, but he was not sure what that decision should be.

"I must act," he said to himself. "I must take action in order to change the course of events."
"Richard? There she was. How lovely, how lovely!—and talking about the old times and the Bellas. I've had a dear, suffering Maj!"

"Maj. I must light a match, or I shall spoil the flowers. (Mrs. T.'s toast.)"

"Yes. But there is Richard. Why is he not here to comfort her loved one? Where is Richard?"

"Mr. L. Who's there?"

"Say, is it you, Margaret? (The door opens.)"

"Yes, yes, in—come in!"

Enter RICHARD. He is crossing to take the chair which is turned to the wall. Maj goes and sits down to rest.

"Poor—poor—that was Lilian's. (She gives him one she was sitting upon.)"

"Still at work, Margaret? You work late."

"D.C. I generally do."

"And early?"

"Yes."

"And late?"

"She said you never tired, or never owned a good hand."

"Twentieth times again—twentieth times again! Margaret, she hasn't that was Lilian's."

"When is the front to come in?"

"The muffins came so pat that—"

"What has been occurring in the house! I didn't think it was you."

"Mrs. C. She opened it."

"Mrs. L. Ay, ay! Years are like Christians in that respect. Some of 'em do hard, some of 'em easy."

"Mrs. C. It is a solemn promise—(with a knock.)"

"Enter LILIAN, who rushes to Maj. and falls upon her knees."

"Lilian! Up, dear—sweet Lilian, my own dearest!"

"Lil. Never more, never more! Here—here, close to you, holding you, feeling your dear breath upon my face!"

"Maj. Sweet Lilian! darling Lilian! Child of my heart, I love you."

"Maj. Lay your head upon my breast!"

"Lil. Never more—when I first looked into your face, you knelt before me; on my knees before you, let me die! Let it be here!"

"Maj. You have come back, my treasure! We will live together, work to live, hope to die together!"

"Lil. Kiss my lips, Maj!—fold your arms about me! I press me to your bosom!—look kindly on me, but don't raise me! Let it be here! Let it be here! Let me see the last of your dear face before my knees!"

"Maj. Oh, youth and beauty, how joyous shall be, look this—look this!"

"Lil. Forgive me, Maj! So dear, so dear! Forgive me! You know I do—see you—do—but say me!"

"Maj. I do—do, dear Lilian!"

"Lil. But I must have a sweet love! Kiss me once more! Oh, Maj, there is mercy and compassion!"

"(Soft music.—She falls.)"

END OF THIRD QUARTER.

Maj. And where should he have died, Tugby?"

"Tug. In the workhouse! What are workhouses for?"

"Mrs. C. Not for that,—(with great energy)—not for that. Neither did I marry you for that. Don't think it, Mrs. L. His wife was the most devoted, most sainted wife that ever drew the breath of life; and when I turned my back on him and house, and house and turned my face out of the burning, may I serve you right? Bless her! Bless her!"

"(Tugby signs the register, and erays to the contents of the till. The Doctor, whistling, sits upon the table-barrel, and forming little dumbs by drop out of the top upon the ground.)"

"Mrs. C. There's something interesting about that woman even now. How did she come to marry him?"

"Mrs. C. Oh, Mrs. L. Why, that is not the least cruel part of her story, sir. You see, they kept company, and she and Richard, many years ago; but, somehow, Richard got it into his head, through some gentleman told him, that a young man of spirit has been in his lady, who walks about, and does as he pleases."

"Mrs. C. Oh, then he went wrong, did he?"

"(Pinning out the west-young of the table-barrel, and waving them into the barrel through the hole.)"

"Mrs. C. I think his mind was troubled by their having broke with one another. He took to drinking, lost his character, his health, his strength, his friends, his work,—everything."

"Mrs. C. For the beauty, the grace, the mind, and the soul, if you don't want to 'rig him ten more to to-day, you're—"

"Mr. L. He's a nice fellow. I'm coming to it, sir, in a moment. This went on for five years, he sinking lower and lower. He made an end of his life, about the time that Richard was married, and knew his history, said, "I believe there is only one way to save him, if he never comes a chance of reclaiming you. Ask me to trust you no more until she tries to come near him."

"Mr. L. Ah! Well?"

"Mrs. C. No, sir, he went to her, and skimmed over her, and made a prayer to her to save him."

"Mrs. C. Remember yourself, Mrs. Tugby!"

"Mrs. C. She came to me that night to ask me about living here. 'What have you here?' she said, 'is buried in a grave—she sits by it, and her eyes open.' I said, 'yes, I know it, sir; I know it, and I'm in the hopes of saving him, for the love of the light-hearted girl who was—' We both went down to New Year's Day, and for the love of her Richard,"

"Mr. L. (Getting off the cork and stretching himself.) I saw her, I saw her, I saw her,—and married!"

"Mrs. C. I don't think he ever did that. (Wiping her eyes.) I think he always felt for her until he..."
THE CHIMES

1. fathers? Where does she go? Turn her back! I want to see her face! 

2. Margaret. The Goblins of the Bell! To desperation! Learn! It from the creature nearest to your heart.

3. Toby. How near her! Keep her, and hold it there, within her dress, next to her heart. Save her sleeping face against her.


5. I've come home again! Mr. Toby is a headstrong, violent man! He'd have made no more of speaking his mind! A life of happy years, my darling.

6. It's Mrs. Chickentalker! It's all along of my dear daughter, and it is mine.
THE CHIMES.

Has Trotty dreamed?—or are his joys and sorrows, and the actors in them, but a dream; himself a dream? If it be so, oh, listener, dear to him in all his visions, try to bear in mind the stern realities from which these shadows come; and in your sphere—none is too wide, and none too limited for such an end—endeavour to correct, improve, and soften them! So may the new year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you.

All. A dance—a dance!

(A general country dance by the characters.—Tableau.)

END OF FOURTH QUARTER.

NOW READY, IN TWO PARTS, PRICE SIXPENCE EACH,

ENTRANCES AND EXITS.

BY MRS. E. WINSTANLEY.

A Pathetic Story of Theatrical Life, with Graphic Descriptions of the Trials and Viscissitudes of a Struggling Actor.

BEING Nos. 98 & 99 OF DICKS' ENGLISH NOVELS.

JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand.
The Final Page (838) of The Chimes Manuscript

Bill, age, it like to prove a most at good of that can be, as one, and
Why, is it deade to play off there-will you hear the good night?

Ag. Stay, father, one minute. We have seen the
Holly, dreamt? or are but gods around, the
Related, in Many, but a dream, himself a
Dream. If it be, so, the Sexton, dear William
In all the world, try to turn in mind to
Then related from which this. These was
tone, in your effort-none is too wide,
none too limited, for such an air, unable
to correct, improve, until then. So may the
New Year, be a happy one to you. Happy
to many more, whole, happen! depends you.
Will Fern! Not the friend you [was hoping to] find?
Will Aye, & like to prove a most as good a [friend,]
if that can be, as one I found.
Toby Oh! please to play up there--will you have
the goodness?
Meg. Stay, Father, one minute,--/to Audience/ Has Trotty, dreamed? or are his joys & sorrows, & the Actors, in them, but a dream,--himself a
dream. If it be so, oh Listener, dear to him in all his visions, try to bear in mind, the stern realities from which these shadows come, & in your spheres--none is too wide, & none too limited, for such an end, endeavour to correct, improve, & soften them--So may the New Year, be a Happy One, to you,--Happy to many more, whose happiness depends on You.

End

Note that neither the general cry of "A dance--a dance!" (Dicks, p. 18), nor the appropriate directions to the cast, nor "Tableau" appears in the manuscript. The idea of closing with a dance probably occurred to the dramatists after the submission of the manuscript to the Examiner of Plays.
Licensing Letter for *The Cricket on the Hearth*

Theatre Royal Lyceum
Saturday Dec. 13, 1845

Sir,

I have the honour to send you herewith a copy of "The Cricket on the Hearth," a Fairy Tale of Home, a Drama in Three Acts, and to request the usual licence for the performance of the same at this Theatre.

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient Servant,
Mary Ann Keith

[The Secretary of Plays]
Theatre Royal Lyceum
Saturday Dec. 13th 1845

Sir

I have the honour to send you herewith a Copy of "The Cricket on the Hearth" A Fairy Tale of Home" a Drama in three Acts, and to request the usual Licence for the performance of the same at this Theatre[.]

I have the honour to be[,] Sir[,] Your Obt. St,
Mary Ann Keeley

To
The Examiner of plays
CRICKET ON THE HEARTH;

OR,

A Fairy Tale of Home.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIZED BY

ALBERT SMITH, ESQ.

BY THE EXPRESS PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR,

CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,

122 NASSAU STREET.
CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.]

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

RELATIVE POSITIONS, EXITS, &c.

R. means Right; L. Left; R. H. Right Hand; L. H. Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E., (or 5d E.), Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

— The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.
CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

(as. She takes the baby from Tilly, and going to the door, opens it. Part of it is seen, with a ladder. John comes in, looking with cold, curious eye on it—here she kisses his foot.)

"Goodness, John, what a state you're in, with the weather!"

John: Why, you see, Dot, it—it ain't exactly summer weather, so wonder.

Dot: I wish you wouldn't call me Dot. John—I don't like it.

I'm [Dancing her to him.] Why, little woman, what else are you?

John: [Looks at baby.] A dot, and carry—no, I won't make a dot, I wouldn't spoil it; I don't know that I ever was master of it, though I am.

Dot: You don't notice baby, John—ain't he beautiful? Now don't take precious in his sleep!

John: Very! He generally is asleep—ain't he?

Dot: [Putti ng her.] No, no—I was quite content to take them they were.

John: Dot, its chirp was such a welcome to me! It seemed so full of promise and encouragement. It seemed to say, you would be kind and gentle with me, and would not expect—I had a fear of the John, then—to find an old head on the shoulders of your foolish little wife."

John: (Patting her.) Dot, no, no—

Dot: [Beating her.] No, no!

"I should think so, Dot."

Dot: Its chirp was such a welcome to me! It seemed so full of promise and encouragement. It seemed to say, you would be kind and gentle with me, and would not expect—I had a fear of the John, then—to find an old head on the shoulders of your foolish little wife.

John: (Patting her.) No, no, no—

Dot: I wish you wouldn't call me Dot. John—I don't like it.

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Dot: You don't notice baby, John—ain't he beautiful? Now don't take precious in his sleep!

John: Very! He generally is asleep—ain't he?

Dot: [Putti ng her.] No, no—

"I should think so, Dot."

Dot: I love it, for the many times I have heard it, and the way it made my heart feel so full of happiness. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, when I have felt a little lonely and down-hearted, John, I have thought of the Cricket's little tunes—Dot—those would be a great comfort to me; I being half a child, and you not knowing my guardian than my husband; and that you might not have had the heart to try. To be able to learn me as you hoped, and perhaps you might—its chirp, chirp, chirp, has cheered me up again, satisfied me with new trust and confidence. I was thinking of the Cricket, for its sake.

John: And so do I! But, Dot! I hope and pray that I might learn to love you! How you talk! I had learnt it long before I brought you here to be the Cricket's little mistress."

Dot: [Kneels to him, then she rises.]

"John, there is no need to be afraid."

John: There are not many parcels to-night. John. [Goes to those he put down.] Why, what's this round box? Heart alive, John, it's wedding cake!

John: [Leaves a woman alone to find out that] There is, a man who never have thought of it; and, it's my belief that if you was pack, wedding cake up in a tea chest, or a turn-up bed-spread, or pickled salmon leg, or any unlikely thing, a woman would be at to find it out directly. Yes, I called for it at the pastry cook's.

Dot: [Reading.] Why, John—good gracious, John! you never me to say its Gruff and Tackleton, the baker's! Gruff and Tackleton! Was it Gruff's and Lakeleton's the to make? and would it call at pastry cooks, for wedding cake — and did its mothers know the bakes, when its fathers brought them home? Ketcher! ketcher! ketcher!

Dot: [Still looking at the parcel.] And so, it's really come about! Why, and I were girls a school together, Jean—and he's as un

unlike her. How many years older is Gruff and Tackleton, John?
John [At the table] How many more cups of tea shall I drink to- 
came to one sitting, than Gruff and Tackleton ever took in four, I 
understand that I was to eat; I eat but little; but that little I enjoy, 
not Way. But [lays down knife and fork.] Don't! 

We're remained plunged in thought since she sat spoke. She starts at the 

Don't bless me, John! I beg your pardon, I was thinking. Ah! 

These are all the parcels, are they, John? 

John! That's all—why—no—I—[Lays down knife and fork.] I de-

Don't! I've clean forgotten the old gentleman! 

The old gentleman? 

John In the cart. He was asleep amongst the straw the last time 
saw him. I've very nearly remembered him twice since I came in, 
but he went out of my head again—Halloo! yip! there!—[Goes out 
the door] reese up there!—that's my hearty! 

If — Truly! Looks about, as he hears the words. "the old gentleman," 

and turning to Dor, says, "O stranger, with baby's hand, as he en-

tered was said by John. The stranger removes his hat, and remains 
here seated in the center of the room. 

John You are such an undeniable good sleeper, sir, that I had a 
sum to ask you where the other six are, only that would be a joke 
and I know I should spoilt it. Ha! ha! very near, though, very 

Next — The stranger looks round him, and bows to John and Dor, grandly 
—then writing a note he carries on the slope, it falls asunder, and forms a 
shape of ramp-a-round — he sits down on it. 

John There! that's the way I found him, sitting by the roadside. 

Said in a mistletoe, and almost as deaf. 

Poe sitting in the open air, John! 

Mrs.如同. do the open air, just at dusk. —“Carriage paid," he said! 

and gave me eighteen pence Then he got in; and there he is! 

Sit. If you please. I was to be left till called. Don't mind me. 

If, puts on a pair of large spectacles, takes a book from his pocket, and begins 
to read. John and Dor look at him with astonishment. 

T. John, nodding his head towards Dor. Your daughter, my good 

friend? 

John Wife! 

She: Nice? 

John [Loud.] Wife! 

She: Indeed! surely—very young! [Reads for an instant, then re-

venes] Baby yours! [John and Dor frown.] Giv'! 

John [Reading.] B—0—y! 

She: Also very young—eh! 

John [Reads to Stranger's ear.] Two months and three days! —vac-

tioned just six weeks ago! Took very finely—considered, by the 
day a remarkably fine child—equal to the general run of chil-

dren at five months old—takes notice in a way quite wonderful— 

may seem impossible to you, but feels it ! legs already! 

John Hark! he's called for, sure enough! There's somebody at 

the door—open it, Tilly. 

Music—Tilly goes to the door, opens it, and in Cal, in his unkndith 

cloth coat. 

Cal Good evening, John! good evening, mum! good evening, 

Tilly—good evening, unknown! How's baby, mum? Boyer's 

pretty well, I hope? 

Dor All throwing, Caleb! I am sure you need only to look at 

the dear child, for one to know that. 

Cal And I'm sure I need only look at you, for another—or at 

John, for another—or at Tilly, as far as that goes. 

John Busy just now, Caleb? 

Cal Why, pretty well, John! this is a good time of year for the 

toy business. There's rather a run upon Noah's arks, just at pres­

ent. I wish I could improve Noah's family—but I don't see how 
it's to be done at the price. It would be satisfaction to one's mind 
to make it clearer, which was Shem and Ham, and which was 
wives. Flies isn't on that scale neither, as compared with the ele­
phant, you know. Ah! well! you got anything in the parcel 
line for me, John? 

John goes to L., and searches his coat pocket, and brings out a little plant in a 
fower pot, packed up. 

John There it is! not so much as a leaf damaged—full of buds! 

It was very dear, though, Caleb, at this season. 

Cal Never mind that: it would be cheap to me whatever it cost. 

Anything else, John? 

Cal A small box. — Here you are! [Gives box.] 

Caleb Plummer, with cash. "With cash, 

John? I don't think it's for me. 

John With care. Where do you make out " cash 

Cal Oh! I be sure. It's all right—With care!" Yes, yes, 

that's mine. Ah! if my dear boy in the golden South Americas 
bad lived, John, it might have been cash indeed! You loved him 
like a son, didn't you? You needn't say you did—I know, of 
course. [Reads.] "Caleb Plummer, with care." Yes, yes; for my 
poor blind daughter's work—it's a box of dolls' eyes I wish it was 
hers own sight in a box, John. 

John I wish it was, or could be. 

Cal Thank'ee, you speak very hearty. To think she should never 

see the dolls, and them a staring at her hold all day long. That's 
where it cuts. What's the damage, John? 

John I'll damage you, if you inquire. Dot, nearly a joke; very 

n ur. wasn't it? Stop, Caleb—here something for your governor, 
old Gruff and Tackleton. 

Cal He hasn't been here, has he? 

John Not he, he's too busy, courting.
CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

He's coming round though—he told me so. He isn't a pleasant man, is he? Don't tell lies. I'm not a liar! I think he only likes to sell those to the children uncomfortable!

He makes all the grim faces to the brown paper farmers who drive the pigs. And if you know how he reviles those hideous, hairy, red-eyed jack-in-boxes. Oh! he loves them. I think I'd better go. By the bye, you couldn't have the goodness to let me pinch Playfair's tall, brown, for half a moment, could you?

*Jot Why?* Calch, what a question.

*Cal* Oh! never mind, num: he mightn't like it, perhaps. There's a small order just come in for barking dogs, and I should wish to go as close to nature as I could for silence. That's all, never mind though, good-bye.

He turned on his shoulder, and is going out, when he is met by Tackleton on the pilliard.

*Mr. T* How now, sir! how are you, are you? Wait a bit; I'll take your hands, John Perry! Bingley, my service to you; more of my service to your pretty wife. Handsomer every day! Better, too, if possible. [Jot] And younger there's the devil of it.

If I should be astonished at your paying compliments my Mr. Tackleton left for your condition.

*Mr. T* Do you know all about it then?

*I* Have it on myself to believe it somehow.

In a very hard struggle, I suppose.

*Mr. T* Now.

It in three days' time; next Thursday, that's to be my wedding-day.

*Mr. T* Why is it our wedding-day, too?

*Jot* That's odd! You've just such another couple, just!

*Mr. T* [Half smile] What next? He'll say just another such baby, perhaps. The man's mad.

*Jot* [70 Jumps] I say, a word with you. You'll come to the wedding—we're in the same boat, you know.

*Mr. T* John How, in the same boat?

*Jot* No, we don't know better. A little disparity, you know. Come and spend an evening with us, let's suppose.

*Mr. T* Why?

*Jot* Why? That's a new way of receiving an invitation! Why, for instance, a disparity, you know, and all that.

*Jot* I thought you were never sociable.

*Mr. T* That it! It's of no use to be anything but free with you, I see. Why, then, the truth is, you have—a sort of comfortable appearance together, you and your wife. We may know better, you know better, but...

*Jot* We don't know better, then; as you like; what does it matter? I was going to say, as you have a sort of an appearance, your company will produce a favorable effect on Mrs. Tackleton, that will be.

*Jot* We've made a promise to ourselves, these six months, to keep our weddings today, though he does think to see that home.

*Mr. T* Is it? What's a home? [cally?] Four walls, a little elevation! Why don't you kill that cricket? I would; always do! I have their noise.

*Jot* You kill your crickets, eh?

*Mr. T* Why don't you kill that cricket? I would; always do! I have their noise.

*Jot* You kill your crickets, eh?

*Mr. T* [Recover] Sir. You'll say you'll come: because, you know, whatever one woman says, another woman is determined to clench always. There's that spirit of emulation among us, sir, that if your wife says to my wife, 'I'm the happiest woman in the world, and mine is the best husband in the world, and I do on him'—my wife will say the same to yours, or more; and half be so, so.

*Jot* Do you mean to say she don't, then?

*Mr. T* Don't! Ha! ha!—don't what?

*Jot* Praw! that she don't believe it!

*Mr. T* You're joking, I have the humor, sir, to marry a young wife, and a pretty wife—I am able to gratify that humor, and I do—it is my whim. But now, look there! [Points to Door, who is sitting at the fire] She honors and obeys, to doubt, you know, and that as I am not a man of sentiment, is quite enough for me. But do you think there's anything more in it?

*Jot* John I think I should chuck any man out of window, who said there was.

*Mr. T* Exactly so. We're exactly alike in reality, I see. Good night! You won't give us to morrow evening. Well, next day you go visiting. I know. I'll meet you there, and bring my wife that is to be. I'll do you good. Good night!

*Jot* As he is going, Dot gives a loud shriek, starts up, from her seat, and remains transfixed with terror and surprise. Picture: Music:


Dot falls into a fit of hysterical laughter, claps her hands together, and makes up the ground.

What is this? Mary, my own little wife—speak to me!

*Dot* [Recover] I'm better. John—John! I'm quite well—now—I'm a kind of shock—something came suddenly before my eyes—I don't know what it was—it's quite gone—quite gone!

*Jot* I'm glad it's gone! I wonder where it's gone, and what it was? Humph! Calch, come here—who's that, with the gray hair?

*Cal* I don't know, sir. Never see him before, in all my life. A beautiful figure for a nutcracker—quite a new model—with a screw jaw opening down into his waistcoat, he'd be lovely.

*Jot* Not ugly enough?

*Cal* Or for a firebox, either—what a model! Unscrew his head, to put the matches in—turn him heads upwards, for a light—and what a firebox for a gentleman's man's face, just as he stands!
bare of plaster, or that the iron is rusting, the wood rotting, and the paper peeling off. If my poor boy had lived to come back from the golden South Americas, how different it would have been. She knows not now that Tackleton is a cold and exacting master. Poor girl! I have made her believe by a little affectionate artifice that all his harsh and unfeeling reproaches are meant in joke to relieve us—and that he is our guardian angel, and she imagines her poor old father to be a man still young and handsome. Hush! Caleb, she is here!

Music. The door opens—Caleb rises and goes towards it. Bertha enters and feels her way to the spot where he was sitting. He takes her hand.

Cdl Bertha. Her. So you were out in the rain last night, in your beautiful new great coat.

Cdl [looking at her coat and shrugging his shoulders.] In my beautiful new great coat.

Ber How glad I am you bought it, father.

Cdl And of such a fashionable tailor too, it's too good for me.

Ber Too good for you, father; what can be too good for you?

Cdl I'm half ashamed to wear it though, upon my word. When I hear the boys and people behind me say, "Halloa! here's a swell!" I don't know which way to look. And when the beggar wouldn't go away last night, and when I said I was a very common man, said, "No, your honor; bless your honor, don't say that," I was quite ashamed. I really felt as if I hadn't the right to wear it.

Ber [Starting his hands with delight.] I see you, father, as plainly as if I had the eyes I never want, when you are with me. A blue coat.

Cdl Bright blue.

Ber Yes, yes; bright blue! the color I can just remember in the blessed sky. A bright blue coat.

Cdl Made loose to the figure.

Ber Yes, loose to the figure—[Laughing.]—and in it you, dear father, with your merry eye, your smiling face, your free step, and your dark hair, looking so young and handsome.

Cdl Halloa! halloa! I shall be vain, presently.

Ber Not at all, dear father, not at all. But I am illing; I can talk just as well whilst I am at work.

Cdl [Putting up the doll's house.] There we are, as near the real thing as sixteen-orth of half-pence is to sixpence. What a pity that the whole front of the house opens at once. If there was only a star-case in it now, and regular doors to the rooms to go in at, but that's the worst of my calling. I'm always dullying myself and winding myself.

Ber You are speaking quite softly; you are not tired, father?

Cdl Tire! What could tire me, Bertha? I was never tired. What does it mean?

Ber We've down it in a bowl! [Sings with forced energy.

Cdl Yes, I am all done! [Sings with forced energy.

Ber We'll down it in a bowl!" etc., etc.
"As he is singing Tackleton enters.

Bar What, you're singing are you? Go it—I can't sing—I can't afford it—I'm glad you can. I hope you can afford to work too. Hardly time for both, I should think.

Cat [Aside to Bertha] If you could only see him, Bertha, how he's winking at me. Such a man to joke. You'd think, if you didn't know him, he was in earnest; wouldn't you now?

Ber [Aside] The bird that can sing, and won't sing, must be made to sing. They say. What about the owl that can't sing, and oughtn't to sing, and will sing—is there anything that he should be made to do?

Cat [Aside to Bertha] The extent to which he's winking at this moment! Oh, my gracious!

Ber Always merry and light-hearted with us, Mr. Tackleton.

Cat [Aside] There you are—are you? Poor idiot!—Umph!—well—and being there, how are you?

Ber Oh, well—quite well: as happy as ever you can wish me to be: as happy as you would make the whole world if you could.

[RISING.

Ber I, who does not hear him, takes Tackleton's hand, and presses it to her lips.

What's the matter now?

Cat I do—this little plant you sent me, class beside my pillow when I went to sleep last night, and remembered it in my dreams; and when the day broke, and the glorious red sun—father—the red sun—

Cat [Aside] Bertha. Poor idiot!—Lump!—well—

Ber When the sun rose, and the bright light—I almost fear to strike myself against it in walking—came into the room, I turned the little plant towards it, and blessed Heaven for making things so precious, and blessed you for sending them to me.

Cat [Aside] I'll turn ber into the sun—We shall arrive at the straight walk at Andover soon; we're getting on. Ugh! Bertha, come here. Shall I tell you a secret?

Ber If you will.

Cat This is the day on which little Whate'er's name—the spoiled child—Perrylingles's wife, pays her regular visit to you—makes her fantastic pique-nique here—isn't it?

Ber Yes, this is the day.

Cat I thought so; I should like to join the party.

Ber [Gladly] Do you hear that, father?

Cat Yeh, yes. I hear it. But I don't believe it. It's one of my lies, no doubt.

Ber You see, I want to bring the Perrylingles a little more into company with May Colden. I am going to be married to May.
II, 1 (continued) of The Cricket (Pages 14 & 15)
Do! But you won't be long, John?

John. Oh, no; the old horse has had a bait as well as myself, and we shall soon get over the ground.

Do! Well, good bye, John.

John. Good bye—good bye, all! [To baby.] Good bye, young shaver. Time will come, I suppose, when you'll turn out into the cold, my little friend, and leave your old father to enjoy his pipe and his reunions in the chimney-corner—eh! where's Dot?

Do! [Starting.] I'm here, John.

John. [Crying.] Come, come, where's the pipe?

Do! I forgot the pipe!—I was such a fool ever heard of! Why, what a clumsy Dot you are this afternoon. I could have done it better myself. I verily believe.

Tu! I'll go with you, John. Ferrybingle, a little way, if you'll take me. I've got to go down the town.

Jas. Oh, willingly, willingly! Good bye, Caleb; good bye, all! I shall be back very soon.

All. Good bye, John!

[Exeunt John and Tackleton.

Dorothy. Anth. Tilly, bring me the precious baby—and whilst you help Mrs. May put the things to rights, and do everything she tells you, I shall sit with Mrs. Fielding at the fire.

Mrs. F. I should have sat at fire-places of a very different kind, if people had done by other people as the first people ought to do, especially in the Indigo trade.

Jas. [Shaking her head.] Ah! I'm sure you would, Mrs. F. Bo' when a friend asks any one to befriend that friend's friend, and the friend's friend does not act as such, we must put up with what other friends have to offer us.

Tilly. Yes, it's very true, ma'am. But now. [Putting a chair] sit down here, and while baby is in my lap, perhaps you will tell me how to manage it and put me right upon twenty points, where I am as wrong as can be. Won't you, Mrs. Fielding?

Mrs. F. I see no objection; although before that occurrence with the Indigo, which I always thought would happen, and told Mr. F. so often, but he wouldn't believe me, I never managed my babies at all, but had proper persons, whom we paid. My husband was quite enough for me to manage.

Dor. Ah! I should think so.

[Dot saws herself upon a stool, with baby near the fire, and close to Mrs. Fielding. Mrs. F. & Tilly are putting the room to rights. Caleb and Bertha come forward.

Ced. Bertha, what has happened? How changed you are, my darling, and so short a time. What is it? I'll have it.

Bertha. [Darts into tears.] Oh, father—father—my hard, hard fate!

Ced. But think how cheerful, and how happy you have been, Bertha! How good, and how much loved by many people, although I know, to be—to be blind, is a great affliction—but—
CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

Ber I have never felt it in its fullness. Oh! my good, gentle father, bear with me, if I am wicked. This is not the sorrow that so weighs me down.

Col. [aside.] I cannot understand her. What does this mean?

Ber If she loves me, it may be May. [May, hearing him, comes towards her, and touches her arm. Bertha &c. 'Oh! by the book.' Look into my face, dear heart, sweet heart! Read it with your beautiful eyes, and tell me if truth is written on it.

May Dear Bertha, yes.

Ber There is not in my soul a wish, or thought, that is not for you, good, bright May. Every blessing on your head light upon you. For him, of course! not the less, my dear May—not the less, my bird—because, to-day, the knowledge that you are to be his wife, has wrung my heart almost to breaking.

Col Is it possible—he loves her, then—Tackleton!

Ber Father—May—May! Oh! forgive me, that it is so, for the sake of all he has done to relieve the weakness of my dark life; and for the sake of the belief you have in me. When I call Heaven to witness that I could not wish him married to a wife more worthy of his goodness.

Col Gracious Heaven! Is it possible! Have I deceived her from her cruel— to break her heart at last!

Ber I don't know how (between elations.) Come, come, dear Bertha! come away with me; Give her your heart, May—no—how composition! I see, already, and how good it is of her to mind us.

Eves her. There, dear—come and sit by us. Stop; I hear some footsteps I know.

B. [false.] Whose—step is that?

Col Whose—why, it's John's.

Eves John.

Dot Why, John—how soon you have returned.

John Well, -ain't you glad of it, Dot? I met young Robbins in the street, and he is going to take the cart on, and call for us on his way back.

B. [false.] Whose is the other's step—that of a man's—behind you?

Dot She's not to be deceived.

John Why, who should I not take but our old deaf gentleman, who'd been up town to buy some things; so I brought him along with me. Come along, sir, you'll be welcome, never fear!—[The Stranger enters.]—He's not so much a stranger, that you haven't seen him once, Caleb. You'll give him house-room till we go?

Dot Oh! surely, John; and take it as an honor.

John He's the best company on earth, to talk secrets in. I have reasonable good laces, but he tries 'em, I can tell you. Sit down, sir. All friends here, and glad to see you.

C. [false.] What can we do to entertain him, John?

John Oh, nothing! A chair in the corner, and leave it sit quite silent and look pleasantly about him, is all he cares for. He's easily pleased. [Leads the Stranger to a chair, Bertha and May are talking; to a chair, Bertha and May are talking;}

to a chair, Bertha and May are talking; to a chair, Bertha and May are talking; to a chair, Bertha and May are talking;
CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

[Music. During the scene Dot has taken a candle from the table, tums it, and followed the Stranger. The light is now directly afterwards behind the door of the large window. When it becomes necessary Tackleton enters and lays his hand upon John's shoulder.]

The I'm sorry to disturb you, but a word immediately.
John I'm going to deal—it's a crisis.
[It is some time, the light is low, and the more I speak the more I am become—how pitiful it is. A cold day breaks through the storm hot.]

It's loaded—I know that; and again the demon has changed my thoughts to scourges, to urge me on. I will kill him—here in my bed."

[As he speaks, the fire, which was before nearly extinguished, burns up, and the cricket is heard. Munc. He stops and listens for an instant—the cricket it rough the music. He turns to the lid of the box.]

The cricket on the hearth! [Puts down gun] that she so loved—and told me so, with her pleasant voice. Oh! what a voice it was, for making household music at the fireside of an honest man—and she is nothing now to me—her love is another's—another's!

He bursts into tears, and sits down upon the fireside, etc. [Music continues.]

The cricket—oh, the cricket! is gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gone!—gon
The Fairy Cricket finishes speaking, the chimney, above the mantled place, opens at last, and discovers a tableauouncement—a full symbolical view of the interior of the cottage, with a miniature figure of Dot, sitting by the fire, as in Art 14. Tilly Slowbot, Baby, &c. At the same time troops of smallest figures appear from every available position; some forming a sort of border to the tableau, where runs to Joans, and pull him by the skirts, to call attention to the picture.

Cris: Is this the light, wife, you are mourning for?

[The face of Dot rises, and, an equally minute resemblance of John Perrybingle, stands at the door. She rises to meet him, helps him off with her hands, &c., replying to the business of the first scene.

Cris: Is this the wife who has forsaken you?

The music becomes louder, and hushed—a film descends in front of the tableau—the scene becomes darker, and a shadow appears to obscure it. The Fairies express consternation, and strive to rush it out, or put it on one side; when it grows away, it discovers Dot, sitting by the side of the cradle, with her hands clasped on her forehead, and her hair hanging down. The Fairies go round her, kiss her, and try to fondle her.

Cris: Is this the wife who has betrayed your confidence? Do you think that these household spirits, to whom falsehood is annihilated, would thus comfort her, if they did not believe her to be true? Reflect on this; for in all truth and kindness has it been presented to you.

The Fairy Cricket disappears, and the tableau closes. The music also ceases. John starts, as if from sleep.

John: I hear the question still: "Is that the wife that has betrayed my confidence?" But no—no; again the terrible shadow rises on my heart. [A knocking—John starts]. Who is that? [Knocking repeated.] Come in.

Enter Tackleton.

The John Perrybingle, my good fellow, how do you find yourself this morning?

John: I have had a poor night, master Tackleton. For I have been a great deal disturbed in my mind; but it's over now. I wish to speak a word or two with you.

Enter Tilly at d. r. and knock at d. l.

You are not married before noon.

Tilly: You, Plenty of time—plenty of time.

Criss. Oh! If you please I can't make nobody hear. I hope nobody ain't gone and been and died, if you please.

Tilly: She knocked at the Straggler's door, and then exits d. r.

The John Perrybingle, I hope there has been nothing—nothing rash in the night.

John: What do you mean?

Tilly: Because as I came here I looked into the window of that room. It was empty and he was gone. There has been no scuffle, eh?

John: Make yourself easy. He went into that room last night without word or harm from me, and nobody has entered it since.

Tilly: Oh! well. I think he has got off pretty easily. John: Look ye, master Tackleton, you showed me last night my wife—my wife, that I love, secretly.

Tilly: And tenderness.

John: Conceiving at that man's disguise, and giving him opportunities of meeting her alone. I think there's no sight I wouldn't rather have seen than that. I think there's no man in the world I wouldn't have rather had to show it me.

Tilly: I confess to having had my suspicions always; and that has made me objectionable here, I know.

John: But as you did show it me, and as you saw her—my wife—my wife—that I love, at this disadvantage, it is right and just that you should also see with my eyes, and look into my breast, and know what my mind is upon the subject, for it's settled, and nothing can shake it now.

Tilly: John: On, John Perrybingle. I'll listen. to you.

John: I am a plain rough man, with very little to recommend me. I am not a clever man, as you very well know. I am not a young man. I loved my little Dot, because she had been my life for years and years. There's many men I can't compare with, who never could have loved my little Dot like me, I think; but I did not—I feel it now, sufficiently consider her.

Tilly: To be sure—giddiness, frivolity, slackness, love of admiration—not considered, all left out of sight, ha!

John: You had best not interrupt me till you understand me; and you're wise of doing so. If yesterday I'd have struck down that man with a stone, who dared to breathe a word against her, to-day I'd set my foot upon his face, if he was my brother.

Tilly: I did not mean anything, John Perrybingle; go on.

John: Did I consider that I took her, at her age, and with her beauty, from her young companion, and the many scenes of which she was the ornament; in which she was the brightest little star that ever shone; to shut her up from day to day in my dull house, and keep my tedious company? Did I consider how little suited I was to her sprightly humor, and how wearisome a plodding man and woman is to her quick spirit? Did I consider that it was no merit in me, or claim in me, that I loved her, when everybody must who knew her! Never! I took advantage of her hopeful nature, and her cheerful disposition, and I married her. I wish I never had—for her sake, not for mine.

Tilly: For your own as well, John.

John: I say so. Heaven bless her for the constancy with which she has tried to keep the knowledge of this from me. Poor girl! that I could ever hope she would be fond of me—that I could ever believe she was.
John No hand can make the clock, which will strike again for me the hours that are gone. But let it be so, if you will, dear. It will strike soon. It's of little matter what we say. I'd try to please you in a harder case than that.

 Til' Well, I must be off; for, when the clock strikes again, it'll be necessary for me to be on my way to church. Good morning. John Perrybingle, I'm sorry to be deprived of the pleasure of your company—sorry for the loss and the occasion of it, too.

 John I have spoken plainly?

 Til' Oh, Quite!

 John And you'll remember what I've said?

 Til' Why, if you compel me to make the observation, I'm not likely to forget it.

 John I'll see you into your chaise—I shall not come back here, until the clock strikes.

 [Tackleton makes a rude obeisance to Dot. As he is going out with John, Tilly enters with the baby. John pauses—kisses it—and rushes out. Dot bursts into tears.]

 Til' [Crying.] Oh! if you please, don't—it's enough to dead and bury the baby—so it is, if you please.

 Dot Will you bring him sometimes to see his father, Tilly, when I can't live here, and have gone to my own home?

 Til' Ow—w! if you please, don't! oh! where has everybody gone and been and done with everybody, making everybody else so wretched—ow—w—w—!

 [As she is going off, she meets Caleb and Bertha entering.]

 Cal Heyday! What's the matter here?

 Til' What? Mary not at the wedding!

 Cal [Aside to Dot.] I told her you would not be there, mum. I heard as much last night—but, bless you, I don't care for what they say—that I don't believe 'em. There ain't much of me, but that little shoul'd be torn to pieces sooner than I'd trust a word against you. [Takes her hand.]

 Dot You are very kind, Caleb, very.

 Be' A Mary, where is your hand? Ah, here it is! here it is! [Kisses it.] I heard them musing softly among themselves, last night, of some blame against you. They were wrong.

 Cal They were wrong.

 Be' A I know it—I told them so—I scorned to hear a word. There is nothing half so real, or so true about me, as she is—my sister! Cal Bertha, my dear, I have something on my mind I want to tell you, while we three are alone; hear me kindly. I have a confession to make to you, my darling.

 Be' A confession, father?

 Cal I have wandered from the truth, and lost myself, intending to be kind to you. My dear blind daughter, hear me, and forgive me. Bertha, my dear father—so good, so kind!

 Cal Your road in life was rough, my poor one, and I meant to smooth it for you. I have altered objects, changed the characters of
people, invented many things that never have been, to make you 

happier—Heaven forgive me—and surrounded you with fancies.

But living people are not fancies, father, you can't change 

them.

Col. I have done so, Bertha. There is one person that you know, 

my dear! 

Der. Oh, father! why do you say I know? and whom do I 

know—| who have no leader—| so miserably blind!

Tell me how—

The marriage that takes place to-day, Mary's marriage, is 

with a wild, steen, grinding man: a hard master to you and me, 

my dear; for many years: ugly in his looks, and in his nature; cold 

and callous always—unlike what I have painted him to you, in 

everything, my child, in everything.

And why did you ever fill my heart so full, and then come 

in, like death, and tear away the objects of my love? Oh! heaven, 
how blind I am, how helpless, and alone! Mary, tell me what my 

home is—what it truly is.

Col. It is a poor place, Bertha, very poor and bare, indeed the 

house will scarcely keep out wind and rain another winter. It is as 

roughly shuddled from the weather, Bertha, as your poor father, in 

his smoking coat.

Ber. (Leading Der aside.) And the presents, Mary, that came at my 

birthday, who sent them, did you?

Do. No.

[Der [Studying her hand, pressing her hand, to her eyes] Dear Mary, a mo-

ment more. Look across the room where my father is, and tell me 

what you see.

Der. I see an old man worn with care and work; but striving hard, 
in many ways, for one great sacred object; and I honor his gray 

beard and his eyes.

Ber. [Leaves Der, goes toward Caleb, and falls at his knees.] I feel as if 

my sight was restored. There is not a gallant figure on the earth 

that I would cherish so devotedly as this—the grayer and more 

worn, the dearer—father.

Cale. My Bertha! 

Der. And, in my blindness, I believed him to be so different!

Cale. The fresh, smooth father, in the blue coat, Bertha—he's gone.

Ber. Nothing is gone, dearest father. No; everything is here in 
you—father—Mary—

Do. Yes, my dear; here she is.

Ber. There is no change in her. You never told me anything of 

her, that was not true!

Col. I should have done it, my dear, I fear. If I could have made 

her better than she was. But I must have changed her for the 

worse, if I had changed her at all—nothing could improve her, 

Bertha.

Do. More changes than you may think for may happen, though. 

You mustn't let them startle you too much, if they do. Bertha! 

hark! are those wheels upon the road?

Ber. [Startling] Yes; coming very fast.
me, and had bestowed herself upon another, and a richer man. I had no mind to reproach her, but I wished to see her, and to prove beyond dispute that this was true. That I might have the truth—the real truth—observing freely for myself, and judging for myself, without the influence on the one hand, or presenting my own influence, if I had any, before her, and the other, I dressed myself unlike myself—you know how—and waited on the road you know where. You had no suspicion of me, neither had—had she. [points to Dog] until I whispered into her ear at the fireside, and she so nearly betrayed me.

Dot [laughing.] But when she knew that Edward was alive and had come back, and when she knew his purpose—she advised him, by all means, to keep his secret close; for his old friend, John Perrybingle, was too much open in his nature, and too clumsy in an office, being a clumsy man in general, to keep it from him. And when she, that's me, John, told him all, and how his old sweetheart had believed him to be dead, and how she had, at last, been persuaded by her mother into a marriage, which the silly, dear old thing called advantageous; and when she, that's me, John, told him they were not yet married, though close upon it, and that it would be nothing but a sacrifice, if it went on, for that there was no love on her side, and when he went nearly mad with joy to hear it, I love her, that's me again, said she would go between them, as she had done often before in old times, John, and would sound his sweetheart, and be sure that what she, me again, John, said and thought, was right, and it was right, John! and they were brought together, John! and they were married, John, an hour ago, and here, here! [Rises to door, and brings in May] and here's the bride, and Gruff and Tackleton may die a bachelor, and I'm a happy little woman! may God bless you!

[Advancing] My own darling Dot!

Dot [Retreating] No, John, no! I won't hear of it—don't love me any more, John, till you have heard every word I have to say. It was wrong to have a secret from you, John, I'm very sorry, I didn't think it any harm. I came and sat down by you on the little stool last night, but when I knew what was written in your face that you had seen me walking in the gallery with Edward, and knew that you thought it, I felt how giddy and how wrong it was. But oh! dear John, how could you, could you think so?

John [退还] Little woman! Dot! How could I, indeed?

Dot Don't love me yet, please John, not for a long time yet. When I was and about this intended marriage, dear, it was because I remembered May and Edward such young lovers, and knew that her heart was far away from Gruff and Tackleton. You believe that now, don't you, John?

John I do, I do.

Dot No, keep your place, John. When I laugh at you, as I sometimes do, John, and call you clumsy, and a dear old goose, and names of that sort, it's because I love you, John, so well, and take such pleasure in your ways, and wouldn't see you altered in the least respect to have you made a king to-morrow.
there's old Mrs. Fielding at the door all this time, and nobody has
named her out of the chaise. Go and fetch her in. [Exit John, c.]
And now, Jacob, run to father and mother and bring them in, and
bring me a few minutes, Edward, there's the tub of
ice in the cellar, and there's the key; and Bertha shall look after
these vegetables; and we've a nice ham! What a happy, happy little
woman I mean to be!

[Enter John and Mrs. Fielding.

Join There, mum, there's your son-in-law, and a fine fellow he is!
Mrs. P. That ever I should have lived to see this day! Carry me
to my grave!

Join Not at all, mum; you're not dead, nor anything like it, nor
won't be, we hope, for many a year to come. There; let them tell
their own story, and get out of their scrapes as they can, and as I
am sure they will.

[Exit: Edward, Mary, and Mrs. Fielding together, and pushes them
towards the fireplace.

[Enter Caleb, with Dot and mother and father and one or two
neighbors. They embrace Dot.

Oh! How d'ye do, everybody? Here they are, and here are we—and
won't we be jolly? Hoi! who are you?

Enter a Man, with two parcels.

Man Mr. Tackleton's compliments, and as he hasn't got no use
for the cake himself, perhaps you'll eat it. There it is.

Oh! Law!

Man And Mr. Tackleton's compliments, and he's sent a few toys
for the baby—they ain't ugly.

Dot Why, what can this mean?

Enter Tackleton.

The Mrs. Perryblinge, it means this—I'm sorry, more sorry than
I was this morning. John Perryblinge, I'm sure by disposition, but
I can't help being sweetened, more or less, by coming face to face
with such a man as you. Caleb. That unconscious little nurse gave
me a broken hint last night, of which I have found the thread. I
thought how easily I might have bound you and your daughter
to me, and what a miserable idiot I was when I took her for
one. Friends, one and all, my house is very lonely to-day; I have
not so much as a cricket on my hearth; I have scared them all
away; I am grateful to me—let me join this happy party. Do!

Join Of course, and heartily glad we are to see you! we'll make
you so jolly, that you shan't believe you're yourself!
Licensing Letter for The Battle of Life 512
16/12/46.
16/12/46.
Lyceum Theatre
Dec. 14th /46

Mrs. Keeley's Compliments
& Mr. Kemble and I would
Kemble Esqu. feel much oblige[d] for the
Usual Licence for
the Enclosed

I Remain[,] Sir[,]
Your Humble
Servant[,] J. Thorne
THE BATTLE OF LIFE.
A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.
(FOUNDED ON MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S CELEBRATED WORK.)
BY ALBERT SMITH.
First Performed at the Lyceum Theatre, December 21st, 1846.

Dramatis Personae.

[See page 2.]

Dr. Jeeble
ALFRED HAMPSHIRE
MICHAEL WARD
MRS. MURPHY
MR. CHURCH
BERNARD ROBERT
SHEILA JEEBLE
MARION JEEBLE
MRS. NIGHT
MRS. CHURCH
AUNT MARY
CLARENCE NEWCOMBE

Mr. Frank Matthews
Mr. Leigh Murray
Mr. V. Vining
Mr. F. Montague
Mr. Turner
Mr. Keeling
Miss Helen Day
Miss May
Mrs. Woodbridge
Miss Groce
Miss Foster
Mrs. Keeley

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—Two Hours.
The Period of the Drama is laid at about One Hundred Years ago.

No. 1,001. Dicks' Standard Plays.
THE BATTLE OF LIFE

The British army, under the command of General Cornwallis, advanced against the American forces under General Washington. The battle was fought near Yorktown, Virginia, on October 17, 1781.

The American forces were numerically inferior to the British, but they had the advantage of position. The American soldiers dug in around Yorktown, with the British forces on the outside, trapped without reinforcements.

The battle lasted for three days, with heavy casualties on both sides. The American forces were able to hold off the British forces, and the British surrendered on October 19, 1781.

The Battle of Yorktown was a significant victory for the American forces, marking the end of the American Revolutionary War. It was a turning point in the war, and the British were forced to negotiate a peace treaty.

THE BATTLE OF YORKTOWN

The British forces under General Cornwallis were encircled by the American forces under General Washington. The battle lasted for three days, with heavy casualties on both sides.

On October 17, 1781, the British forces surrendered to the American forces, ending the American Revolutionary War.
THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Sait. A hundred happy returns of this auspicious day, sir. Dr. J. (In a very courteous tone.)

Clem. Return it, sir. (Bows.)

Dr. J. (Looking at his hat). Why, sir? (Bows.)

Clem. Dr. Jeddler, you are not here this morning—

Dr. J. No, it is a slow morning. (Bows.)

Clem. You have not taken it as a bad omen?

Dr. J. Dr. Clemency, I do not have the first—awful, pleasant
good day yours! (Bows.)

Clem. If you please, sir, I was the first, you know. I was the first, to say 'good morning.'

Dr. J. You are too good, sir, or I should be.

Clem. Not half a dozen agree, to this hour, on the cause or merits; and nobody, in short, over know anything distinct about it but the mourners of the skin.

Dr. J. Serious! So you allowed such things to be serious, you must go on, or die, or climb up to the top of a mountain and turn hermit.

Clem. Besides, so long ago!

Dr. J. Long ago! Do you know what the world has been doing over since? I don't!

Sait. (Sitting by his tea.) It has been going to law a little.

Clem. As much as way out has always been made too easy.

Dr. J. Heyday! What's that? (Clenches his fists.)

Clem. (To himself.) It's rather a bod boi-

Dr. J. But this is not to our purpose, Alfred. Going to be our purpose?

Clem. (To herself, speaking of Britain.) What between master and master lawyers, he's getting more and more middle-aged every day. (Nods him with his elbow.) Do you know where you are? Do you want to get warnging?

Dr. J. You don't know anything! I don't believe anything—and I don't want anything.

Clem. Ah, you're getting quite muddled in the depths of your ignorance! Truth, at the bottom of every question, is here! And the Bible was able to give you, and your studies in London cannot supply you with it, and such practical knowledge as a dull old doctor, like myself, could craft upon both, you are away, now, into the world. The first term of probation appointed by your poor father being over, away you go now, your own master, to fulfill your second term, and without any three years' terms among the foreign schools of medicine is finished and you'll have been of us. Lord, you forget as easily in six months. (Stands.)

Dr. J. If I do— But you know better! Why should I speak to you? (Nods him with his ears.)

Clem. (To herself.) I don't know anything of the sort. What you do play with your tea-cup. I haven't been a very un-

Dr. J. I don't know anything of the sort. What you play with your tea-cup. I haven't been a very un-

Clem. (To herself.) I don't know anything of the sort. What you play with your tea-cup. I haven't been a very un-

Dr. J. (Shakes his head.) That's the joke!

Clem. (To herself, speaking of Britain.) What between master and master lawyers, he's getting more and more middle-aged every day. (Nods him with his elbow.) Do you know where you are? Do you want to get warnging?

Dr. J. You don't know anything! I don't believe anything—and I don't want anything.
The Battle of Life.

Shall I not object to have you for a so-called lawyer, one of these days?

Alfr. Let it come! (To Dr. Jolliard.) Think of me! How long nurse? For a man like you?

Dr. Joll. You'll see! You'll see! But all I can say is, that if you and Marion should continue in the same foolish mind,

Alfr. What a wretched laugh! To starve for six or seven years, Mr. Warden! How long nurse? For a man like you? Of course! I mean, Mr. Craggs, I—

Alfr. Oh, my goodness, I never did! And how have you? The world looks wonderful in a little window. Oh, it's all—and so you—very, very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very—very-
THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Dr. J. Why, pass, what's the matter?
Mr. C. Nothing, man, nothing at all.
Dr. J. (Shaking his head.) You never were a real friend to me, never.
Mr. C. (Shakes his head.) Oh! bless you, nothing nie back to him. I'll wish you joy, who ever so you are, nothing to me. I'm not a friend, for I've no time to stay and look you up; I don't wish to see you, I don't wish to have anything to do with you. I'm not a friend. I'll never see you again.
Dr. J. Why, pass, what's the matter with you?
Mr. C. (Coming on with her work.) Dr. J. (Looking round.) Who rang?
Mar. (Laughs.) Yes, you're a likely subject for humour. I'm almost sure the word is now. Dr. J. (Shaking his head.) There's nothing illegal in it. I never want Mr. C.'s advice. If anything in the world is true, it is that a man will do anything for a woman. I love where he loves—and that means anything. I love where he loves, and I love her.

Dr. J. (Shaking his head.) Not a chance of it. It's as rational to think of the world as you do. We shall have plenty to do. It's not a chance of it. There's no such a sort of a husband as she will. I'm almost sure the word is now. Dr. J. (Shaking his head.) Not a chance of it. I'll wish you joy, who ever so you are, nothing to me. I'm not a friend. I'll never see you again.

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Mr. C. (Shakes his head.) Oh! bless you, nothing nie back to him. I'll wish you joy, who ever so you are, nothing to me. I'm not a friend. I'll never see you again.

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Dr. J. (Shaking his head.) You never were a real friend to me, never.
Mr. C. (Shakes his head.) Oh! bless you, nothing nie back to him. I'll wish you joy, who ever so you are, nothing to me. I'm not a friend. I'll never see you again.
The BATTLE OF LIFE.

MARRIAGE, I come. And may trust you, may I?

Clem. Yes; I trust you.

Marion. There is someone out there whom I must speak with without delay. (Clem appears in doorway of door. Michael Warden enters, speaking to Marion.)

Clem. Warden appears and receives Marion.

Marion. There is someone out there whom I must speak with without delay.

Warden appears and receives Marion.

Marion. There is someone out there whom I must speak with without delay.

Warden appears and receives Marion.

Marion. There is someone out there whom I must speak with without delay.

Warden appears and receives Marion.

Marion. There is someone out there whom I must speak with without delay.

Warden appears and receives Marion.

Marion. There is someone out there whom I must speak with without delay.

Warden appears and receives Marion.
THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

II.

Mr. G. That nasty office!

Mrs. S. I wish it was burnt down!

Crags. (Hastening.) Hey—hey—There's a little business I want to talk over with my partners ratherlate.

Mr. G. Oh! Mr. G.

Mrs. G. We know what business means. (During this exchange between Mr. S., the Doctor receives a note, which Mr. G. sees.) I wonder you didn't send for me, Mr. S.

Mrs. S. Mr. G. Mr. Crags is fortunate, I'm sure.

Mrs. G. That office to suppresses 'em.

Mr. G. An office has no business to be married at all!

Crags. Good evening, ma'am: You look charming! Your—your—your sister, Miss Mary, wasn't in.

Mrs. G. Oh, she is quite well, Mr. Crags!

Enter Musicians, n. e. l. They fly, n. f. l.

Crags. Yes; it is she here.

Mrs. S. Don't you see her yonder, going to dance?

Crags. (Puts on his spectacles.)

Dr. J. Now, fiddlers, strike up! Gentlemen, lead out your partners. Come! (Clepping his hands.) A dance—a dance! Mrs. Stitschey, may I have the honour? Mr. Brannam—Mrs. Crags, and friends.

Dance (off), during which STITSCHY ceases, and takes Crags, who is looking n. e., on the arm. He starts.

Crags. Is he gone?

Mrs. S. He has been with me. He went over everything. He looked into all our arrangements, and was particular indeed.

Mrs. G. He! Humph! Presently.

Dr. J. (In a whisper.) As it concludes, Miss Stitschey leaves her partner, looks cautiously about the room, and then quits it by door, Stitschey and Crags catching her.

Crags. You are too late, and well! He didn't recur to that subject, I suppose?

Sall. Not a word.

Crags. And he is really gone—is he safe away?

Sall. He is gone. He drops down by the river with the tide, in that steel of a boat of his. The tide was rising, "an hour before midnight—about this time. I'm glad it's over!" (Wipes his face with his handkerchief.)

Crags. What do you think?

Sall. He is gone. He looks as if he cared little. The evidence would seem to point that way, Alfred, not survived?

Crags. Not yet; except every minute.

Sall. Good! It's a great relief since I have some quarter of a mind. He is not so nervous since we've been in partnership. I intend to spend the evening now, Mr. Crags.

Mrs. S. (Advancing.) It has been the theme of general comment, Mr. Stitschey. I hope the office is satisfied.

Dr. J. (Not satisfied, with what, my dear?

Mrs. S. With the exposure of a defamacious woman to ridicule and remark. That is quite in the way of the business.

Mr. G. I really, myself, have been so long acquainted with the officers, so employed, so opposite to domesticity, that I am glad to know it as the result of my peace. There is something honest in all this, at all events,

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Mr. Craggs, your good opinion is invaluable. If a halfpenny-office was the enemy of your peace. Mr. Craggs. Not, indeed! You wouldn't be worthy of it, if you had the conduct to—

Mrs. S. (The Doctor receives a note, which Mr. Craggs sees.) I wonder you didn't send for me, Mr. Craggs.

Mr. S. Mr. Craggs is fortunate, I'm sure.

Mrs. C. You'll be glad, I know, if I decide. I will not allow one of these Chloe's—estates of Mr. Craggs. Stitschey, Sir, I shall be very happy.

Mrs. G. You'll be glad, I know, if I decide. I will not allow one of these Chloe's—estates of Mr. Craggs. Stitschey, Sir, I shall be very happy.

Dr. J. And Mr. Craggs, Mrs. Stitschey.

Mrs. S. I wish you would ask somebody else.

Dr. J. Anything been seen, Britain—anything been heard? Britain.

Mrs. G. You too dark to see far, sir—too much noise inside the house to hear.

Dr. J. That's right! The gayor welcomes for the office, if you had the candour to—

Mrs. S. (The Doctor receives a note, which Mr. Craggs sees.) I wonder you didn't send for me, Mr. Craggs.

Mr. S. Mr. Craggs is fortunate, I'm sure.

Mrs. C. You'll be glad, I know, if I decide. I will not allow one of these Chloe's—estates of Mr. Craggs. Stitschey, Sir, I shall be very happy.

Mrs. G. You'll be glad, I know, if I decide. I will not allow one of these Chloe's—estates of Mr. Craggs. Stitschey, Sir, I shall be very happy.

Mrs. C. Don't come here, my friends!—these are forms, the picture, the deep descends, the snow still falling gently.)

END OF ACT II.

ALFRED enters hastily, as if from his travels, pale, n. e. l.

Dr. J. (Advancing.) Come, friends, another dance, Mr. Stitschey, come here, my friend—look charming, Mr. Craggs.

Dr. J. (Advancing.) Come, friends, another dance, Mr. Stitschey, come here, my friend—look charming, Mr. Craggs.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Bar of the "Nansey Greater Inn," with a window looking out over the country, on a bright autumn evening, through which can be seen "Nansey Greater, by Benjamin Britain." Measures, pleads, spirits, buns, and two chairs. A small table and one chair.

As the curtain rises, BRITAIN is leaning in the window, smoking.

Brit. The show's not done a deal of good, and not left nothing thorny. This dahilla has swelled as much as the old cabbage—perhaps, a tribesmore—any way, has been the worse for liquor; but the others is all right. Mrs. B. is rather late, and the education. She hadn't mean to do, I think—there was a few little matters of business after market, but you may. Oh, here we are at last!

Music.—A chorus heard, and CLEMENCY is also heard stopping the horses. She enters, carrying several parcels and baskets, n. e. r.

You're late, Clemency!

Clem. Why, you see, Sir, I've had a deal to do. Right, now, then—where's your letter? (Cramming packages.) Oh, my basket's open—it's all right! Put the house up, Harry, and if he comes again give him a warm welcome. How's the children, Ben?

Brig. How's the children, Ben?

Brit. Ha! You've been to long at this place, I'll warrant. (Cramming packages.) How's the children, Ben?

Brig. Ha! You've been to long at this place, I'll warrant. (Cramming packages.) How's the children, Ben?

Brit. (irritated.) I've been to long at this place, I'll warrant. (Cramming packages.) How's the children, Ben?

Brig. Ah!

Clem. And I was only this very day, that I heard it whispered at the old house that better and better news had gone there. (Shakes her head, as if unintentionally puts her finger on some other thing.) What has become of this man—of his house, Ben; you'll see! But it won't bear to think about. Come, you must be ready for us! (She is putting the tea things ready during this speech; she then taken herself.) It's the first time I've been down quietly to-day. (Missal Britains it ten.) How much will this set me thinking of old times?

Brit. Ah!

Clem. Well, I'm glad you know it. (Irritated.) That same Mr. Michael Wardens lost me my old business.

Brig. And got you your husband.

Clem. Well, as I was saying, and thanks to him.

Brig. Man's the creature of habit. I had somehow got used to you, Clem. I found I should have no place to go. He went and got made man and wife. Ha, ha! Wot? Who've had thought it?

Brit. Ha! (Irritated.) That same Mr. Michael Wardens lost me my old business.

Brig. Well, I'm glad you know it. (Irritated.) That same Mr. Michael Wardens lost me my old business.

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Brig. And got you your husband.
Scene 1. The Office of Snitchey and Craggs

Snitch /laying down a deed/ That[']s all. Really[,]
there[']s no other resource. No other resource.

Ward. All lost, spent, wasted, pawned, borrowed and sold, eh?

Snitch All.

Ward Nothing else to be done you say?

Snitch Nothing at all[.]

Ward And I am not personally safe in England.

You hold to that: do you?

Snitch In no part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland[.]
Ward A mere prodigal son with no father to go back to, no swine to keep, and no husks to share with them. Eh?

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

"A dark. . .chairs" has been cut, but "on scene" after "judge's head" has been added, as has "all painted on flat" after "Marmy." The office is furnished differently in Dicks: "desk, one chair, and two high stools." Finally, in Dicks "Esquire" has been abbreviated to "Esq"(p. 7). The printed text calls the client "Mich." rather than "Ward."

Compare to the novella:

The boxes are described initially as "fireproof" rather than "deed" and have "people's names painted outside"("Part the Second," p. 165).
brought against both spinsters, and widows:
but in the majority of cases--

**Ward** cases! Don't talk to me of cases. The general precedent is in a much larger volume than any of your law books. Besides, do you think I have lived six weeks in the Doctor's house for nothing?

**Snitch** /to Craggs/ I think, Mr. Craggs, that of all the scrapes Mr Warden's horses have brought him into at one time and another--and they have been pretty numerous and pretty expensive, as none know better than himself and you and I--the worst scrape may turn out to be, if he talks in this way, his having been ever left by one of them at the Doctor's garden wall, with three broken ribs, a snapped collar bone, and the Lord knows how many bruises. We didn't think so much of it at the time when we knew he was going on well under the Doctor's hands and roof, but it looks bad now Sir. Bad! It looks **very** bad. Dr Jeddler too--our client, Mr. Craggs.

**Craggs** Mr Alfred Heathfield, too, a sort of client Mr Snitchey.

**Ward.** Mr Michael Warden too, a kind of client: and no bad one either: having [plag] played the
fool for ten or twelve years. However[,] Mr Michael Warden has sown his wild oats now--there's a crop in their box,--and means to repent and be wise. And in proof of it Mr Michael Warden means, if he can, to marry Marion, the doctor[']s lovely daughter: and to carry her away with him.

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

The underlined section in Snitchey's long speech may have been struck out; it does not appear in the print version, p. 7, although it does occur in the novella (p. 171). In Warden's (that is, in the print version, Michael's) last speech, he says in reference to his wild oats, "there's their crop in that box" (p. 8), which goes directly back to the novella (p. 171).
Snitch. Really, Mr Craggs--

Ward. Really, Mr Snitchey, and Mr Craggs, partners both, you have little to do with this. There's nothing illegal in it. I never was Mr Heathfield['s] bosom friend. I violate no confidence of his. I love where he loves, and I mean to win where he would win if I can.

Snitch. He can't, Mr Craggs: he can't do it[,] sir.

Does she?

She dotes on Mr Alfred[.]

Ward. Does she?

Snitch. Mr Craggs: she dotes on him, Sir.

Ward. I didn't live six weeks in the Doctor's house for nothing: and I doubted that soon. She would have doted on him, if her sister could have brought it about: but I watched them. Marion avoided his name, avoided the subject: shrunk from the least allusion to it with evident distress.

Snitch. Why should she, Mr Craggs; you know? Why should she[,] sir[?]

Ward. Pshaw! She was very young when she made the engagement: it's three years ago and more--and has perhaps repented of it. So perhaps--it seems a foppish thing to say, but upon my soul I don't mean it in that light, she may have fallen in love with me as I have fallen
in love with her.

Snitch He! he! Mr Alfred, her old play-fellow too, 
you remember, Mr Craggs, knew her almost from 
a baby. And yet /to himself/ there's some- 
thing in what he says. He's a dangerous sort 
of libertine to seem to catch the spark he 
wants from a young lady's eyes.

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Ward (rises and holds Snitchey and Craggs by their 
button holes) Now observe. . . .

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

This whole page after Warden's first speech does not 
exist in the printed text. Rather, after this draft 
was sent to the Lord Chamberlain's office, this page 
was cut and two speeches by Warden joined together. 
This page does occur almost verbatim on page 172 of 
the Penguin text of the novella.
Craggs I don't know.

Snitch (getting his great coat and gloves) I thought too, that pretty face was very true. Our friend Alfred talks about the battle of life. I hope he mayn't be cut down early in the day. Have you got your hat, Mr Craggs[?].

Craggs Here it is.

Snitch Very well--I'm going to put the candle out. (He puts the candle out and they grope their way through the door.)

## Chairs and tables to be carried off.

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

To conclude the scene, Snitchey merely says "Very well!" (p. 8) and directions indicate that they both blow the candles out. In this case, the manuscript follows the novella more closely, although Snitchey actually states, "I am going to put the other candle out" (p. 175). A further direction has been added: "Lights down."
trifling world: but you are agreeable ones enough. It[']s getting late though: and it is time to go to bed, for we shall have plenty to do tomorrow--[getting] making ready for Alfred[']s return and inviting our friends to meet him. There's good girls! good night. Heaven bless you, my daughters.

/ He kisses them, and they go off /

Dr J. Clemency Newcome.
Clem. Yes, Mister.

Dr J You [can finish] and Britain, may finish what is left on the table; you can sit here if you like until the fires out. Its warmer tonight here than in the kitchen. Good night

Clem. Good night, mister (Dr. Jeddler goes out)

Britain's in the kitchen all among the dinner covers and pot-lids, looking at his likeness in them. I'll ring him up /rings/ Lor: how I should like to be a missus. Perhaps I shall be some day[.]

Britain enters with a dinner-cover which he has been polishing.

Brit (looking around) Who rung?
Clem. Me, Benjamin. Doctor Jeddler says we may finish the supper here, and let the kitchen fire out.
Brit Oh very good /looks at the cover/. It don't improve a man, not having his portrait taken in this style.

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

In the printed version, Dr. Jeddler exits with his daughters, rather than remaining behind to give his servants permission to remain in the parlour. Since in the novella Clemency "descended into the kitchen" (p. 181) to talk to Britain, Dr. Jeddler's speech is clearly an invention to make plausible the servants' meeting here rather than in the kitchen, and thereby eliminating a scene change. The printed text has added "it don't" after "a man" in the last speech to make it more colloquial.

Compare to the novella:

Although based on what is narrated in the novella, this whole page of dialogue is invented. Clemency's soliloquy, which prepares the audience for her proposal to Britain, derives its description of Britain among the pots from the novella, where, however, he sits "at his ease" (p. 181), his scouring completed. The pun "a hall of mirrors" has not been translated.
in which capacity I was employed to carry about deceptions in oil-skin baskets: nothing but deceptions: which soured my spirits and disturbed my confidence in human nature. Then I heard a world of discussions in this house which soured my spirits fresh: and my opinion, after all, is that as a safe and comfortable sweetner of the same, and as a pleasant guide through life, there[']s nothing like a nutmeg grater.

Clem. That's just what--

Brit Com--bined with a thimble.

Clem. Do as you wold, you know, and cetrer, eh? Such a short cut, an't it?/Patting her elbows/

Brit I'm not sure that its what would be considered good philosophy. I've my doubts about that--but it wears well, and saves a quantity of snarling, which the genuine article don't, always[.]

Clem. See how you used to go on once yourself, you know[.]

Brit Ah! But the most extraordinary thing, Clemency, is that I should live to be brought round through you. That[']s the strange part of it. through you! Why, I suppose you haven't as much as half an idea in your head.
Clem. No: I don't suppose I [do] have[.]

Brit  I'm pretty sure of it.

Clem Oh, I dare say you're right. I don't pretend to none. I don't want any.

____________________________________

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

Whereas the ms. follows the order of the top speech as given in the novella, the printed text places "a pleasant guide through life" ahead of "a safe. . .of the same" (p. 9). Further, Britain's speech "I'm not sure. . .always" is not given in print, although it comes directly from the novella (p. 183). The connection between sewing and philosophy may be an oblique allusion to Carlyle's Sartor Resartus (1833). Carlyle being a member of the Dickens Circle, this may be an 'in' joke that might not appeal to a relatively unsophisticated audience.
Scene 3

Snitchey and Craggs' office, as before

Snitchey comes in with a candle, and
goes to desk

[Craggs at the desk writing, with a candle]

Snitchey

[Cr"aggs]

There--I believe that is the last
indenture and now, all is right. Craggs
will have it, [then] still, that we've
made it all too easy. I don't think it
will be found so. He rubs his hands and
leaves the table, looking out of windows.

B-r-r-r-r-r! This is a winter's [day]
night with a vengeance. Just a night for
the ball though, and, I hear the Doctor
has beaten up all his friends to welcome
Alfred Heathfield home. Welcome! ha! ha!
ha! Eh? Who's there?

Craggs enters in full dress

Craggs.

It[']s me. Are you coming?

Snitchey

No: not yet. I must wait[,] you know.

Craggs

I wish you were.

Snitchey

Why?

Craggs.

Because the women are getting impatient
and suspicious. I'm afraid we're too easy
with them.
Snitch  It[']s natural and proper for them to be so. Did you ever know a woman that didn't sus­pect her husband's partner[?] Mrs Snitchey is suspicious of you on principle: and Mrs Craggs suspects me by the same reason[.] A pinch of snuff, Mr Craggs[?] Thankyou. /He sneezes /

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

While the ms. indicates that the office is "as be­fore," the printed text indicates that it is "with­out the desk, stools, or chairs, &c."(p. 10). The laughter suggested by "ha! ha! ha!" after "home" is not given in print, nor is "welcome" repeated.

Compare to the novella:

This scene is not in the novella, but has been added to explain both Snitchey's initial absence from the ball and the quarrelling between the wives. Perhaps Snitchey's laughing at the idea of welcoming Alfred home is intended to function as foreshadowing, in which case it is inappropriate since the lawyers do not know what Marion intends to do. However, they may suspect Warden of planning to elope with her. Nevertheless, Snitchey would not be one to laugh at such a possibility.
Mrs S. And how long shall you be, sir?]

Snitch Perhaps an hour: perhaps more.

Mrs S. Then you may go by yourself sir; for I am not going to wait. Go, sir, alone: or with your bosom friend there, Mr Craggs.

( She bounces out of the room )

Snitch. Mrs Snitchey: my love: here--here!

/ He exits after her /

Mrs Craggs Well, sir?

Craggs Well, my dove?

Mrs C. Are you going to wait here, with your Snitchey's? Are you coming, or am I to go alone, also?

Craggs. My dear, I'm coming.

Mrs C. Then come, sir; immediately. And if you'd only place a little of that confidence in your wife, which you do in your Snitchey's there, it would be much more creditable. Now, sir: I am waiting.

Mrs Craggs seizes the candle with one hand, and draggs Craggs off with the other.

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Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

The scene, in terms of the novella, is a fabrication (see note for page 522 20). Aside from minor punc-
tuation differences between the ms. and the printed text, there is little difference, except in the final direction, which is reduced in the printed version to "She drags him off at D. in F." (p. 11).

Scene 4

The Hall, or dancing room, in Dr Jeddler's house, prepared for the ball. The scene must be so [ere] constructed as to clear away in an instant. The walls are decorated with holly and evergreens: and lighted by branches, as well as lamps from the ceiling and on the table.

Britain is nailing up some flowers against the walls: and Clemency is lighting up the candles, as the scene discovers. The musicians are seated at the end of the room and are tuning their instruments. Dr Jeddler is watching the preparations: and Grace is adjusting Marion's hair, who is sitting on an otterman.

Grace

There, dear Marion: Alfred's favourite flowers. The next wreath I adjust on this fair head, will be a marriage wreath: or I am no true prophet[,] dear[.]

Marion. A moment, Grace. Don't leave me yet. Are you sure that I want nothing more?
Grace. My art can go no further, dear girl:
    nor your beauty. I never saw you
look so beautiful as now.

Marion    I never was so happy.

Grace    Aye: but there is greater happiness in
store. In such another home--as cheerful
and as bright as this looks now, Alfred
and his young wife will soon be living.

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

The directions "Britain is nailing. . . otterman" do
not appear in Dicks, and the directions as a whole
have no counterparts in the novella. Furthermore, in
Dicks Grace and Marion are not discovered, but enter
after Dr. Jeddler, Clemency, and Britain have lines
given on p. 557 25 in the ms.

Compare to the novella:

The scene's opening line is Grace's "The next wreath
. . . prophet, dear" (p. 190). Thus, the ms. seems to
follow the novella more closely than does the print-
ed text of the play (see commentary on p. 557 25).
Doctor J  Well. Here we are, all ready for Alfred, eh?

Clem.  More than ready, mister. He won't be here till pretty late /aside/ I'm sure I wish he was come. I'm all of a totter.

Dr J  Ah, an hour or so before midnight. There'll be plenty of time for making merry before he comes. He'll not find us, with the ice unbroken. Pile up the fire here, Britain[.] 

Brit.  I'll make it blaze sir: and shine upon the holly until it winks again.

Dr J.  It's a world of nonsense, Puss--true lovers and all the rest of it--all nonsense: but we'll be nonsensical with the rest of them and give our true lover a mad welcome.

Upon my word: / looking at his girls / I'm not clear tonight, among other absurdities, but that I'm the father of two handsome girls.

Marion.  All that one of them has ever done, or may do--or may do--dearest father, to cause you pain or grief, forgive her: forgive her now when her heart is full.

Dr J.  Why[,] my love: why, Puss: what do you mean?

Marion  Say you forgive her. That you will forgive her. That she shall always share your
love. /She hides her face on the Doctor[']s shoulder/

Dr J. Tut--tut--tut: forgive! What have I to forgive? Heyday, if our true lovers come back to flurry

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

The first third of this page, from Dr. Jeddler's line at the top to Britain's "I'll...again," has been transposed to the opening of Scene Four in the printed version.

Compare to the novella:

Clemency's line does not exist in the novella, and Britain's answer to Dr. Jeddler's request to build up the fire is, in fact, the Doctor's injunction to "Let it shine upon the holly till it winks again" (p. 191). The adaptor has made Clemency more prominent a character than she is in the book, perhaps because the actress playing the part was the manager's wife, the comic star Mary (née Coward) Keeley.
like us [that] this, we must send expresses to stop 'em on the road and bring 'em a mile or two [ag] a day until we're properly prepared to meet them. Kiss me[,] Puss. Forgive! forgive what! Why what a silly child you are[!]
/ Noise as of carriages without )

Clem All the candles is lighted, mister, just in time. There's some people.

Dr J. Come Britain: bustle: and let them in[.]
/Exit Britain/ Now, darling: cheer up, here are our guests coming. Don't freeze the people on this bleak December night. Let us be light, and warm, and merry, or [I'll]
I'll not forgive some of you.

Music: through which the guests arrive.

Britain introducing them

Brit If you please[,] sir[,] this is Mr and Mrs Saunders[,] and Miss Laura Saunders!
(The Doctor receives them, with his daughters

Brit And there's a whole lot more down stairs. There's plenty of room /out at door/ up here, ladies and gentlemen. /More guests_ arrive ) What[']s your name, sir[?] Thankee. Mr Straggles! I don't know who he's got with him), sir: but reckon they're his friends. Here's Mrs Hall a coming, sir: and Miss Clifford:
walk in. [Here's a lot more How they will all eat and drink. to Dr.] Here's a party.

Clem (to Brit) I say, Britain.

Brit. Well, Clemency: be quick: you mustn't inter-

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

The sentence "Here's...drink" scratched out is actually Clemency's on the next page, so this was a copying error that was caught.

Compare to the novella:

Most of the page is a dramatisation of a single line of narration, "More and more company came flocking in" (p. 191). However, the focus has shifted from the Doctor to Benjamin and Clemency, since the latter were the stars of the production.
Clem What a lot they will all eat and drink!
Brit. Well--there's enough for them [Mr and]
Mrs Snitchey!

( Mrs Snitchey enters )
Dr J. [Why] How dy'e do--how dy'e do, Mrs Snitchey.

But what[s] become of your good husband[?]
Mrs S. I'm sure I don't know.
Brit Mr and Mrs Craggs!

( Mr and Mrs Craggs enter )
Mrs S. I've no doubt Mr Craggs will tell you,
        Dr Jeddler.
Mrs C That nasty office.
Mrs S. I wish it was burnt down.
Craggs /hesitating ) He's--he's--There's a little
        matter of business that keeps my partner rather
        late[.]
Mrs S. Oh--h! Business. Don't tell me[!]
Mrs C. We know what business means[.]

( During this short dialogue, more guests
        have been arriving, whom the Doctor receives/
Mrs C. I wonder you could come away, Mr Craggs[.]
Mrs S. Mr Craggs is fortunate[,] I'm sure[.]
Mrs C That office engrosses 'em[.]
Mrs S. A person with an office has no business
        to be married at all.
Craggs (to Grace) Good evening, Ma'am. You look charmingly. Your--Miss--your sister Miss Marion

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

Although the number of the page seems to have jumped from the previous page's "26," the other number, 559, follows on, as does the "fere" from the bottom of the previous page. Whereas the novella gives "charmingly" as in the last line, the printed version of the play gives "charming."

Compare to the novella:

Whereas Dickens has Mrs. Snitchey arrive with the Craggses, the play separates their entrances to build up the antipathy. Whereas Mrs. Snitchey remarks, "Oh--h! Business." (p. 192) in the novella and in the ms., in the printed version of the play she exclaims,"Oh, fie! Business" (p. 12).
Grace. Oh she's quite well, Mr Craggs.

Craggs Yes--I--is she here?

Grace. Here! don't you see her yonder? Going to dance.

(Craggs puts on his spectacles)

Doctor J Now, fiddler: strike up. Gentlemen, lead out your partners. Come /clapping his hands / A dance! a dance! Mrs Snitchey[,] may I have the honour? Mr Brandram--Mrs Craggs.

A Dance.

During the dance Snitchey enters, and touches Craggs, who is looking on, on the arm. He starts.

Craggs Is he gone?

Snitch. Hush! He has been with me for three hours and more. He went over everything. He looked into all our arrangements for him, and was very particular indeed. He--Humph: Presently.

The Dance finishes. As it concludes Marion leaves her partner: looks anxiously about the room, and then quits it by the door. Snitchey and Craggs watching her.

Craggs You see! All safe and well. He didn't recur to that subject[,] I suppose[?]
Snitch  Not a word.

Craggs. And is he really gone: is he safe away?

Snitch He keeps to his word. He drops down the river

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

The dance is described parenthetically as a "cotilli-on" (p. 12) in Dicks. When Marion leaves her partner in Dicks she "looks cautiously" (p. 12) rather than "anxiously." Although the novella applies neither adverb to her, Dickens describes Mr. Snitchey as "somewhat anxious" (p. 194).
with the tide in that shell of a boat of his and so goes out to sea on this dark night—a dare-devil he is—before the wind. There's no such lonely road anywhere else—that's one thing. The tide flows, he says, an hour before midnight about this time. I'm glad it's over. /He wipes his forehead anxiously/

Craggs What do you think—

Snitchey Hush! I understand you. Don't mention names; and don't let us seem to be talking secrets. I don't know what to think: and to tell you the truth[,] I don't care now. His self-love deceived him, I suppose. Perhaps the young lady coquetted a little. The evidence would seem to point that way. Alfred not arrived?

Craggs Not yet; expected every minute[.]

Snitch Good. It's a great relief. I haven't been so nervous since we've been in partnership. I intend to spend the evening now, Mr Craggs.

Mrs Snitch (advancing) It has been the theme of general comment[,] Mr Snitchey. I hope the office is satisfied?

Snitch Satisfied with what, my dear?

Mrs S. With the exposure of a defenceless woman
to ridicule and remark. That is quite in
the way of the office—that is[.]

Mrs C I really myself have been so long accustomed
to connect the office with everything opposed
to domesticity that I am glad to know it as
the

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

The punctuation in the printed text makes clear that
"The tide. . .midnight" is a direct quotation, while
"about this time" is Snitchey's observation. Dicks
has shortened Snitchey's speech, but the ms. agrees
with the novella's "a dare-devil he is" and "There's
no. . .else" (p. 194). Snitchey's next speech, begin­
ning "Hush!", has also been shortened in Dicks, al­
though the ms. agrees with the novella's "I under­
stand. . .care now" (p. 194). The original speeches
as they appear in the novella and the ms. are consid­
erably wordier, more philosophical, but less effi­
cient as dialogue.
avowed enemy of my peace. There is something honest in that at all events.

Craggs My dear: your good opinion is invaluable, but I never avowed that the office was the enemy of your peace.

Mrs C. No. Not you indeed. You wouldn't be worthy of the office if you had the candour

Snitchey to.

Mrs S. [to Mrs S] As to my having been away tonight my dear, the deprivation has been mine, I'm sure: but as Mr Craggs knows--

Mrs S [pulling him away and pointing to Craggs] Look at that man--do me the favour to look at that man.

Snitch At which man, my dear[?] Mrs S Your chosen 'companion. I'm no companion for you, Mr Snitchey[.]

Snitch Yes yes, you are[,] my dear[.]

Mrs S No no! I'm not. If you can look at that man, and not know that you are deluded--practised upon--[I pity you.] all I can say is--I pity you./Draws him away

Mrs Craggs Is it possible you are so blind to your Snitcheyes as not to feel your true position[?].

Craggs My true position, my dear[?]

Mrs C. Yes[,] sir. Could you see your Snitcheyes come
into that room, not perceiving the reservation, cunning, and treachery of that man?

Craggs I must confess I did not.

Mrs C. You never do. Does anybody but your

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

This whole, delightfully comic dialogue between the lawyers and their wives has been cut from Dicks, although it survives in the novella.

Compare to the novella:

In the novella the narrator tells the reader that Mrs. Snitchey pulled "her husband to a distance, and asking him to look at that man. To do her the favour to look at him" (p. 195). Mrs. Snitchey's speech, "No no, I'm not," has been streamlined somewhat in the ms., Smith having dropped, "I know my station. Will you look at your chosen companion, Mr. Snitchey; at your referee; at the keeper of your secrets; at the man you trust; at your other self, in short" (p. 195). Dickens' keen ear for humourous dialogue, a characteristic of Dickens' early work especially, is very much evident in this speech, but this cut, like many others in the printed text, suggests the play's running time had to be trimmed.
Snitchey's come to a festive entertainment like a burglar?

Craggs. My dear--he walked in very mildly by the door[

Mrs C  Pugh! and, here, you assert to me at noon-day.

Craggs Noonday, my love--it[']s nearly midnight.

Mrs C  (Fiercely/ Mr Craggs--you'd provoke an angel.

Dr J. /advances) Come friends: another dance. Mr Snitchey: come here, my friend. You must dance with Mrs Craggs.

Snitch. Sir--I--shall be most happy.

Mrs C. You'1l be glad I know if I decline. I wonder you can dance out of the office[

/ takes his arm /

Dr J. And Mr Craggs--Mrs Snitchey[.

[Craggs I've just danced with her sir]

Mrs S. I wish you would ask somebody else.

/ takes his arm/

Another short dance, during which

Dr J. Anything been seen Britain? Anything been heard?

Brit. Too dark to see far Sir, Too much noise inside the house to hear.

Dr J. That's right. The gayer welcome for him[.

How goes the time[?]

Brit  Just twelve, sir. He can't be long, Sir.
Dr J. Stir up the fire and throw another log on it. Let him see his welcome blazing out upon

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

Albert Smith, having sent this draft to the office of the Lord Chamberlain, changed his mind about including all of the scene between the lawyers and their wives. In Dicks, he has Dr. Jeddler intercede in the quarrel after Mrs. Craggs' line ending "had the candour to--" (p. 12). His line, "Come, friends," is therefore a little less ironic in the printed version. "I've just danced with her, Sir," is an excellent rejoinder for Craggs, although not suggested by the novella, which indicates (as the scripts do not) that the ill-feeling has abated somewhat, so that the lawyers' dancing with each other's wives becomes more plausible. The direction "Another short dance during which" does not exist in Dicks.

Compare to the novella:

The dialogue from the very top of the page down to "most happy" Dickens only narrates in the story, the "slight evasions" (p. 196) beginning the dialogue.
the night--good boy--as he comes along.

The dance continues: during it, all
the seats and tables, &c must be re-
moved to prepare for the change. Then it
finishes.

Dr J. (to Britain/ Tell them where they will find
refreshments.

Brit / aloud/ There's lots to eat and drink
in the study, ladies and gentlemen: and
I should think you wanted some. This way[--]
now[']s your time. /They go out/ Don't be in a
hurry. Plenty of room for everybody.
The guests exeunt as quickly as possible:
The instant they are gone, the scene changes
into a sink and a fly, and discovers the
orchard and house as in first scene, but
with a deep snow upon the ground. The
windows of house are transparent, and
shadows pass backwards and forwards
The lights must be down the snow
is falling heavily.

Alfred enters hastily, as if from
his travels

Alfred. I couldn't wait an instant longer.

[____] I can hardly bear my happiness[.]

Dear Marion. How often I have thought of
this time: feared that it might never come.
: yearned and wearied for it far away. How
I shall surprize them.

/He goes towards the porch, & meets Clemency)

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

In the printed version, Dr. Jeddler's and Britain's
speeches have been replaced by more precise direc-
tions as to how the change is to be effected. In-
stead of "when it finishes," Dicks gives "when the
dancers lead off their partners the third time, R.
F. E. Pull below and ring above" (p. 12). The shadows
are not mentioned, and the lights are "half down."

For Alfred's speech, Dicks adds after "longer," "I
caught. . . chamber" (p. 12) based on Dickens' own
narration in the novella, when he shifts the focus
to what Alfred perceives from outside the house as
he approaches on p. 199.
Alf. With whom? where?

Dr J. Here--/to his friends/ Disperse yourselves along the road: take my horses out: get lights: follow every and every trace that you can see[!]

Alf. The snow is falling fast and thick.
The white ashes strewn upon my hopes and misery suit them well. What traces can you find, for the footprints are hushed and covered up! Marion! Marion! where are you[?] Why have you thus so utterly crushed me.!!

He kneels down by the side of Grace, and takes one of her hands with his own, hiding his face with the other as he bursts into tears. The others form a picture. The curtain falls; the snow still descending heavily

End of Act 2

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

This conclusion to the second act resembles the corresponding section in the novella more than it does that in the printed text. On the previous page, Dr. Jeddler emerges from amongst the crowd of onlookers,
"a letter in his hand" (p. 12) in Dicks, but not in the ms. Smith has used the letter as a means of shifting attention from Alfred, whose reaction is maudlin, to the Doctor, whose reaction is more active and dramatic. The dialogue on this page was almost entirely dropped from the final version of the play.

Compare to the novella:

Although Alfred's line at the top comes directly from the novella's dialogue, the Doctor's purposeful response is not indicated in the story. In the confusion that reigns Doctor Jeddler does not attempt to take charge. His dialogue is drawn from narrative description: "There was a hurried running. . . no track or trace to follow" (p. 201). Similarly, Alfred's poetic effusion on the falling snow is based upon the narrator's comments that close the second part of the novella.
The Battle of Life

Act 3

A lapse of six years.

Scene 1.

The Bar of the "Nutmeg Grater" Inn, with a window looking out over the country on a bright autumnal afternoon, through which can be seen the sign, "The Nutmeg Grater" by Benjamin Britain. Measures, Glasses, Spirits tubs &c. A table and two chairs.

As the curtain rises Britain is leaning in the doorway, smoking.

Britain The shower of rain's done a deal of good. and not left anything thirsty. Them dahlias has swilled as much as they can carry--perhaps a trifle more--and may have been the worse for liquor: but the others is all right. Mrs B. is rather late: and it's tea time. She hadn't much to do, I think; there was a few little matters of business after market, but not many. Oh! here we are at last!

Music. A chaise heard, and Clemency is also heard stopping the horse. She enters, followed by the boy carrying several parcels and baskets.

Clem. Why, you see Ben: I've had a deal to do.

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

The "lapse of six years" is indicated between "End of Act II" and "Act III" in Dicks (p. 13). The direction for "Small table and one chair, L." (p. 13) has been added after "two chairs" in Dicks.

Compare to the novella:

In Dickens' story the somewhat taciturn Britain has far less to say as he waits for his wife. The speech about the effect of a recent shower on the flowers is derived from the narrator's remarks (p. 204), but Albert Smith has translated these observations into suitably ungrammatical dialect. While "Mrs. B. is rather late. It's tea time" (p. 205) has been used, several lines between it and "She hadn't. . .last!" have not. The directions are closely based on the narrative.
me speak to her if you please. Is she with you?]

Mich. /shaking his head/ She is not.

Clem. Not with him! He is in mourning too.

Stay--/faltering/ tell me: she is not here. He doesn't contradict me. I shall never see her again. She is dead--dead; and gone for ever!

( She bursts into tears, and hides her face on the table. Britain goes to her

Mr Snitchey enters breathless

Snitch. Good heavens, Mr Warden! What wind has blown--phew, I'm so blown myself I can hardly get on--what wind has blown you here?

Mich. An ill one[,] I'm afraid. If you could [have] see what confusion and affliction I carry with me[.]

Snitch I can guess it all. But why did you ever come here[,] my good sir?]

Mich. Come! I wanted to know what people would say to me. I see by your manner you can tell me. If it were not for your confounded caution I should have been possessed of everything long ago[.]

Snitch Our caution! Speaking for self and Craggs
---deceased / points to his hatband/ Caution!

When Mr Craggs, Sir, went down to his expected grave, in the full belief---

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

From his appearance on page 571 (5) of the ms. Warden is now designated by "Mich." in the margins; the printed text has called him this all through Acts 1 and 2. From Michael's line "I[f] you could. . . ." through Snitchey's reply to "Come!" and the remainder of Snitchey's line after he points to his hatband are not in the Dicks' version.

Compare to the novella:

Clemency's lines "I don't think . . . Mr. Warden," have been dropped, and "is she with you?" tacked on to the previous paragraph. Michael does not actually reply in words to Clemency as he does at the top of the page; rather, "he made no gesture of assent" (p. 215). Nor does Clemency respond to him verbally, but surmises, the narrator explains, that Marion must be dead. Further lines have been cut: Warden's "If you could. . . perform impossibilities" (p. 215-16) and "How should I know. . . appearing there" (p. 216). He means the answers to various questions he poses indirectly by "everything."
Mich. I had given a solemn promise of silence until I should return, whenever that might be; and I have kept it.

Snitch. Well sir: and we were bound to silence too. I was only assured, six months since, that you had lost her[.]

Mich By whom?

Snitch By Doctor Jeddler himself sir, who at last reposed this confidence in me voluntarily[.]

He--and only he--has known the whole truth for years.

Mich And you know it?

Snitch I do[,] sir: and I know that it will be broken to her sister tomorrow evening.

In the mean time let us dine here. It[']s a very good place to dine at. Self and Craggs --[deceased]--took a chop here sometimes, and had it very comfortably served.

Mr Craggs[,] sir, was struck off the roll of life too soon.

Mich Heaven forgive me for not condoling with you, but I'm like a man in a dream at present. I seem to want my wits. Mr Craggs--yes, I am very sorry we have lost Mr Craggs[.]

Snitch Mr Craggs, sir, didn't find life so easy
to have and hold as his theory it
out, or he would have been amongst us now[.]
It[']s a great loss to me. He was my right arm,
my right leg, my right ear, my right eye, was
Mr Craggs. I am paralytic without him.

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

Dr. Jeddler is indeed cited by Snitchey as his
source, but "who at last. . .voluntarily" is not in
Dicks. All of Michael's apology for not condoling
with the lawyer over the loss of his partner is not
in the printed text, and "he" (p. 15) substituted
for "Mr. Craggs, sir," at the beginning of the next
line.

Compare to the novella:

The ms. closely resembles the novella once again.
Dr. Jeddler has known the supposed truth "years and
years" (p. 216). Snitchey responds to Warden's ques-
tion that follows, "I do, Sir! and I have also reason
to know. . ." (p. 217). A substantial portion of the
rest of that paragraph has been dropped, from "They
have given her. . .we had better," and "In the mean
time let us" substituted. That the inn is actually
Warden's property has been deleted, too.
But his name remains in the firm.

Yes. I try in a childish sort of way, [I] to make believe, sometimes, that he's alive. You may observe that I speak for self and Craggs: deceased--sir--deceased.

(Michael draws his attention to Clemency)

Ah, poor thing! yes: she was always very faithful to Marion. She was always very fond of her. Pretty Marion! Poor Marion! Cheer up, Mistress: you are married now, you know, Clemency.

/sighing/ Yes--I know.

Well--well: wait 'till tomorrow.

Tomorrow can't bring back the dead to life, Mister.

No: it can't do that, or it would bring back Mr Craggs, deceased. But it may bring some comfort: wait till tomorrow.

Come: Clemency: see what you can give us to eat. It may be better than you think [you] for after all. Can we have anything[?]

/soothing/ Oh yes: you can have anything, everything. Ben: come and help me, in the larder. I can scarcely see out of my
eyes.

(Ben and Clemency go off, Clemency crying)

Snitch. And, in the mean time, Mr Warden, we will take a turn or two on the green. Mr Craggs

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

Snitchey's speech at the top of the page has been reduced to "Yes" in Dicks (p. 15).

Compare to the novella:

Warden does not have the rejoinder given him at the very top of this page. Rather, Snitchey continues after "paralytic" with "He bequeathed...deceased" (p. 217), a passage which includes the line assigned to Warden. The adaptor's intention was to break up long speeches by such interjections and make the dialogue more conversational. Everything after Snitchey's second "wait till tomorrow" has been adapted from narrative. However, Dickens has the lawyer and his client go directly upstairs to talk while supper is prepared; there is no turn upon the green, but such an exit was likely more practicable.
clear. The letter runs so, does it not[,]
my dear?

Grace Yes, Alfred: but there is something else in it that I have never told you. But tonight[,]
dear husband, with the sunset drawing near, and all our life seeming to soften, and become hushed with the departing day, I cannot keep it secret.

Alf What is it[,] love[?].

Grace When Marion went away, she wrote me here, that you had once left her a sacred trust to me, and that now she left you, Alfred, such a trust in my hands, praying and be-seeching me, as I loved her, and as I loved you, not to reject the affection she believed, (she knew, she said) you would transfer to me when the new wound was healed, but to encour-age and return it[.]

Alf And make me a proud and happy man again, Grace. Did she say so[?] 

Grace She meant to make myself so blest and honoured in your love. But see: the sun is going down. You have not forgotten what I am to know before it sets[?].

Alf You are to know the truth of Marion's history. But tell me, Grace, have you present fortitude
to bear a trial, a surprise--a shock: if so, the messenger is waiting at the gate.

Grace. What messenger? And what intelligence does he bring?

Alf. I am pledged to say no more. Do you think

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

After "honoured in your love" the printed text inserts a speech by Alfred ("Now, I know. . .the rich possession" on page 15) drawn almost word for word from page 221 of the novella, after "Hear me, my dear! No. Hear me so!" A minor alteration is that, in making this insertion to his manuscript, Smith has made "God" from the novella into "Heaven."
there were victories gained every day in struggling hearts to which these fields of battle were as nothing[?]. Thinking upon that great endurance cheerfully sustained, but of which he spoke, never known or cared for / My trial grew light and easy: and I resolved that I never would be Alfred's wife. Grace! I then loved him dearly, dearly.

Grace. Oh Marion! Marion!

Marion I tried to let you know my resolution; but was never understood: and the time was drawing near for his return. I knew that one great pang, undergone at that time, would save a lengthened agony for all of us. I knew that if I went away then, that end must follow which has followed, and which has made us both so happy, Grace. I wrote to good Aunt Martha for a refuge in her house: and just then, Mr Warden became our companion.

Grace I have sometimes feared that you married him in your self-sacrifice to me[.]

Marion Nay[,] dearest: listen. I saw Mr Warden, and confided in his honor: charged him with my secret on the eve of his, and my departure. He kept it. Do you understand me[,] dear?

Grace. Marion. I know not what to think[.]
Marion. My love: my sister: do not look so strangely on me. There are coun-
tries[,] dearest, where those who would have striven against some cherished, but misplaced feeling of the heart, [abjure] abjure [the] all worldly loves and hopes, and

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

The line at the top of the page begins, "Alfred had said that" (p. 580 14), but Marion's reference to Alfred's philosophizing about the battles of life has been lopped from the printed version, although it is indeed based on an even longer speech by Marion in the novella, p. 224.

Marion's allusion to going into a convent, again based on an even longer speech in the novella, p. 225, has also disappeared from the script as we have it in print. Both deletions make the reunion less verbose and more emotional.

Compare to the novella:

The dialogue between the reunited sisters seems especially tedious and artificial in the novella. Marion's long speeches to fill in the narrative are rather undramatic, and Smith wisely pared them down for the original script, then made further cuts after submitting the Lord Chamberlain's copy.
[retreat] retire into a hopeless solitude.

When women do thus, they call each other sisters. But there may be sisters, Grace, in the broad world out of doors, in crowded places and busy life, still trying to assist and cheer each other. And such a [nun] one am I. Grace, dear Grace: as I left here so have I returned: my heart has known no other love. I am still your maiden sister: unmarried, [makes unbetrothed: your own loving Marion, in whose affection you exist alone.

Dr J. I'm a converted man; I'm a converted man. I own it /with some feeling/. It[']s a world full of hearts with all its folly: even with mine which was enough to have swamped the whole globe. Heaven bless you, darlings, heaven bless you.

Both Dear father! /Alfred comes in, as they embrace [Dr. J] It is a world on which the sun never rises, but it looks [on some] upon a thousand bloodless battles, that are some set off against the miseries and wickedness of battle-fields; and a world we should be careful how we libel. /attended by Michael

/Snitchey and Mrs Snitchey appear at the gate/ Snitch. I beg your pardon Doctor, but have I liberty
to come in[?].

Dr J. Certainly: my dear sir: certainly[.]

Snitch (to Marion/ If Mr Craggs had been alive, my
dear Miss Marion, he would have had great
interest on this occasion. It would have sug­
gested to him, Mr Alfred, that life is not
too easy. For Mr

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

Smith has eliminated much of Marion's maudlin speech
at the top from the printed version, which picks it
up at "Grace, dear Grace," but prefaces it by "My
love--my sister--" (p. 16). In revision, Smith re­
placed Dr. Jeddler's effusion "I'm a converted man.
..bless you" with "Heyday! What's the matter?" (p.
16), and moved it to later in the scene. The speech
about "a world full of hearts. ..libel" has been
transferred to Alfred.

Compare to the novella:

Marion's speech at the top is somewhat longer in the
novella because she makes reference to her sister's
roles as wife and mother. A significant departure is
that, even in the ms., Smith has not brought Aunt
Martha on stage at this point. Consequently she has
become a walk-on, and the Doctor does not deliver an
invitation to her (p. 226). His speech does not end
with "libel" in the book, but carries on for several
lines, ending with "His lightest image!" (p. 227)
Craggs was always open to conviction.

If he were open to conviction now, I—pshaw—

Mrs Snitchey, my dear: you are among old friends[.]

curtseys

( Mrs Snitchey [bows] to the company )

Mrs S. One moment, Mr Snitchey. It is not in my

nature to rake up the ashes of the departed.

Snitch No, my dear.

Mrs S Mr Craggs is—

Snitch Yes, my dear: he is deceased.

Mrs S. But I ask you if you recollect that

evening of the ball. I only ask you that:

if you are not absolutely in your dotage.

How I begged and prayed you, on my knees—

Snitch Upon your knees, my dear[?]

Mrs S. Yes—and you know it—to beware of that man,

and be sure that he knew secrets which he

didn't choose to tell. I observed it in his

eye.

Snitch Mrs Snitchey; Madam: Did you ever observe

anything in my eye[?]

Mrs S (sharply) No. Don't flatter yourself.

Snitch Because, Ma'am that night we both knew

secrets we didn't choose to tell. So the less

said the better, Mrs Snitchey: and take this

as a warning to have wiser and more charitable
eyes another time. But stop. Miss Marion[,] I brought a friend of yours along with me.

Here[,] Mistress!

Clemency comes slowly in; followed by Britain
She is still weeping

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

The reiteration of the repartee between the Snitcheys from the night of the ball has been eliminated in Dicks, which jumps from the first "conviction" to Clemency's entrance. The direction "She is still weeping" is not in the printed text.

Compare to the novella:

Only a little editing is evident in the ms. when one considers its source. Instead of "pshaw" Dickens has used "this is weakness" (p. 228) to involve Mrs. Snitchey in the dialogue. In her lines, after "ask you that," the reiterative effect of "if you...dot-age" has been lost in the ms. because in the story it is preceded by "If you do; and if your memory has not entirely failed you, Mr. Snitchey" (p. 228). He has lost "and both knew just the same professionally" (p. 229) after "choose to tell."
commonly called, and known by the sign of

The Nutmeg Grater.

Brit. Here! he! Helloa! Clemency: do hear that[?]

There's news.

Clem (Sobbing) Yes[,] I hear. Don't[,] Ben: it[']s
too much[.]

Snitch Your wife lost one house, through my

client Mr Michael Warden, and now gains

another. I shall have the pleasure of can-
vassing you for the county one of these fine

mornings[.]

Brit Would it make any difference to the vote

if the sign was altered, sir?

Snitch Not in the least.

Brit / handing him back the conveyance / Then

just clap in the words "and Thimble"[,]

will you be so good[?]. The Nutmeg-grater

and Thimble: and I'll have the two mottoes

painted up in the parlour, instead of my

Wife's portrait.

(Michael Warden comes down)

Mich. And let me [+] claim the benefit of

these inscriptions. Mr Heathfield and Dr

Jeddler. I might have deeply wronged you

both. That I did not, is no virtue of my

own. I will not say that I am six years
wiser than I was, or [better] better: but I have known at any rate that term of self-reproach. I can urge no reason why you should not deal [gently as] gently with me. I abused the hospitality of this house; and learnt my own demerits, with a shame

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

On the previous page in the ms., "Marion is about to run towards her. Snitchey checks her," but otherwise there is little difference between the two scripts. On this page, however, Warden's apology is somewhat longer than that in Dicks, which after "reproach" jumps to "I would fain hope..." (p. 16 Dicks and p. 586 20 in ms.).

Compare to the novella:

Dickens has Aunt Martha accompany Marion as she goes to Warden, but Smith's stage sense has altered this direction to facilitate Warden's entrance downstage, beside all the others in the "charmed circle." His speech is the last of the play, for Dickens takes it upon himself to provide the denouement in a final paragraph of narrative.
I never have forgotten: yet with some profit[,]
too, I would fain hope, from one to whom
I made my humble supplication for forgive-
ness, when I knew her merit, and my deep
unworthiness.

/He takes Marion's hand/

Dr J. /aside/ He's much improved: quite another
man: and seems to be serious in his intentions,
if anything can be serious in--pshaw[!]

Michael Dr Jeddler--let me call your attention
to Clemency's library. Do as you would be
done by. Forget and forgive.

Dr J. Well: there's my hand. [I do] But I've no-
thing to forgive; and I don't want to forget.

Mich. Marion: will you extend the same feeling
towards me[?]

/she places her hand in his & retires back/

Brit. Hooray! I don't mean to take liberties; but
upon my soul I can't help it. Come, Clemency:
be yourself again. Here's our old friends all
upon the road, they have heard the news, and
are coming to welcome Miss Marion, and look
alive--there's the young ladies' good Aunt
Martha: go and help her in (Clemency
goes out, and returns whilst Britain
is speaking with Aunt Martha; followed by
neighbours, servants &c) And if you please[,] sir /to Dr Jeddler/ if I might make bold, just to suggest a bit of a dance, to shake every

Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

As noted, Warden's apology has been reduced in the printed version. Britain's speech at the bottom of the page is not given in Dicks, which continues with Dr. Jeddler's line, "I'm a converted man! 'Tis a world full of hearts, after all!"

Compare to the novella:

None of this page is based on anything in the original story.
body's feelings which have been so upset, down to their proper state, if think it would benefit us all.

Dr J. Oh, my good Britain: do as you please.

But we have no music[.]

Brit Yes there is. The identical old 'uns that were going be / four [tomorrow six] when Mr Alfred stopped 'em nine year back. They're a little less the worse for wear but here they is.

[Dr.] J. Well: as you please, I say:[for this should be a happy night for everybody]. Come[,] Clemency! You must dance.

[Clem]. If you please[,] I don't know if I haven't forgotten: but I'll try.

[Dr.J.] Of course: and this shall be a happy night for every body.

[Clem]. Yes, happy for everybody.: /to the audience/ At least: you alone have the power of ordaining whether it shall be so.

The Music strikes up and they form into couples

An Old English Country Dance

The End
Compare to Dicks' Standard Plays' printed text:

This page underwent major revision in between the time the manuscript was sent to the Lord Chamberlain and the time the play was printed. Instead of the awkward contrivance for introducing the music (no entrance of musicians is indicated), Dicks gives a reprise of the thimble-and-nutmeg-grater speech from Act Two, Scene Two, which was pictured in the *Illustrated London News* and—owing to the comic talents of the Keeleys—seems to have been a favourite with audiences. Although the printed version is more polished, the manuscript retains the initial vigour that may have characterized the production. Probability demands there be no concluding dance, but convention demands it.
The Haunted Man

or

The Ghost[']s Bargain

A Drama

in

3 Acts

Theatre Royal Adelphi

Benjamin Webster Les. Prop.

December 12th 1848

For December 19th
Dramatis Personae

Redlaw
The Phantom
Philip
Edmund
George
Tetterby
Swidger
Boy
Jonny
Longford

Milly
Mrs. Tetterby

(The Haunted Man)
(His Shadow)
Redlaw & Phantom discovered.

Redlaw. Who's there?

Enter William Swidger

William. I'm humbly fearful[,] Sir[,] that it[']s a good bit past the time to night. But Mrs. William has been taken off her legs so often[.]

Redlaw. By the wind? Ay! I heard it rising[.]

William. By the wind[,] Sir--that it[']s a mercy she got home at all. Oh dear[,] yes. Yes. It was by the wind[,] Mr. Redlaw. By the wind. Mrs. William is of course subject at any time, to be taken off her balance by the elements. She is not formed superior to that.

Redlaw. No.

William. No, Sir[.] Mrs. William may be taken off her balance by Earth, as for example, last Sunday week when sloppy and greasy, and she going out to tea with her newest sister in law, and having a pride in herself, and wishing to appear perfectly spotless though pedestrian. Mrs. William was taken off her balance by air and being once over persuaded by a friend to try a swing at Peckham Fair, which acted on her constitution instantly like a steam boat. Mrs. William may be taken off her balance by Fire, as on a false alarm of
engines at her mother['s] when she went two mile in
her nightcap. Mrs. William may be taken off her bal-
ance by Water, as at Battersea, when rowed into the
piers by her young nephew, Charlie Swidger, junior,
aged twelve, which had no idea of boats whatever. But
these are elements--Mrs. William must be taken out of
elements for the strength of her character to come
into play.
Redlaw--Yes.
William--Yes[,] Sir. Oh dear yes! That's where it
is[,] Sir. That[']s what I always say to myself[,] Sir,
Such a many of us Swidgers--Pepper. Why there's
my father; Sir, superannuated keeper and custodian of
this Institution, eighty seven year old. He's a
Swidger--Spoon!
Redlaw. True[.]
William. Yes[,] Sir. That[']s what I always say, Sir,
You may call him the trunk of the tree / Bread! Then
you come to his successor, my unworthy self! Salt!
and Mrs. William--Swidgers both! Knife and fork. Then
you come to all my brothers and their families. Swidg-
ers man and woman, boy and girl! Why, what with,
cousins, uncles, aunts and relationships of this,
that and t'other degree, and what not degree, and
marriages, and
lyings in, the Swidgers. Tumbler! might take hold of hands and make a ring round England. Yes[,] Sir! That's just what I say myself[,] Sir. Mrs. William and me have often said so. There's Swidgers enough without our voluntary contributions--Butter! In fact, Sir, my father is a family in himself--Castors--to take care of and it happens all for the best. Quite ready for the fowl and mashed potatoes[,] Sir? Mrs. William said she'd dish in ten minutes when I left the Lodge.

Redlaw-- I am quite ready.

William-- Mrs. William has been at it again[,] Sir! what I always say myself[,] Sir. She will do it! There's a motherly feeling in Mrs. William's breast that must and will have went.

Redlaw-- What has she done?

William-- Why, Sir, not satisfied with being a sort of mother to all the young gentlemen that come up from a variety of parts to attend your courses of lectures at this ancient foundation--it's surprizing how stone-chaney catches the heat this frosty weather to be sure!

Redlaw-- Well?

William-- That's just what I say myself, Sir, That's really where it is, Sir! There ain't one of our students but appears to regard Mrs. William in that light. Every day right through the course, they
puts their heads into the lodge, one after another, and have all got something to tell her, or something to ask her. Swidge is the appellation by which they speak of Mrs. William in general, among themselves[,] I'm told; but that[']s what I say, Sir, Better be called ever so far out of your name, if it[']s done in real liking, than have it ever so much of and not cared about! What's a name for! To know a person by. If Mrs. William is known by something better than her name--I allude to Mrs. William's qualities and disposition--never mind her name[,] though it is Swidger by rights. Let 'em call her Swidge, Widge, Bridge--Lord! London Bridge, Blackfriars, Chelsea, Pultney, Waterloo or Hammersmith Suspension if they like--

Enter Milly & Phillip /

William. Punctual of course[,] Milly. Here[']s Mrs. William[,] Sir! /aside/ he looks lonelier than ever to night, and ghostlier altogether.

Redlaw. What is that the old man has in his arms?

Mrs.S. Holly[,] Sir[.]

Swidger. That[']s what I say myself[,] Sir, Berries is so seasonable to the time of the year! Brown gravy.

Redlaw-- Another Christmas come[,] another year gone, more figures in the lengthening sum of recollection that we work and work at to
our torment, till Death idly jumbles all together and rubs all out. So Philip.

Philip—My duty to you, Sir. Should have spoken before, Sir, but know your ways, Mr. Redlaw—proud to say so—and wait till spoke to! Merry Christmas, Sir, and happy new year, and many of 'em. Have had a pretty many of 'em myself—ha! ha! and may take the liberty of wishing 'em. I'm eighty seven!

Redlaw. Have you had so many that were happy and merry[?]

Philip. Aye, Sir, ever so many.

Redlaw. It recalls the time when many of those years were old and new then? Does it!

Philip. Oh many, many. I'm eighty seven.

Redlaw. Many and happy was it? Many and happy[,] old man?

Philip. May be as high as that; no higher when I first remember 'em! Cold sunshiny day it was, out a walking, when some one—it was my mother as sure as you stand there, though I don't know what her blessed face was like, for she took ill and died that Christmas time—told me they were food for birds. The pretty little fellow thought—that's me, you understand—that birds['] eyes were so bright, perhaps because the berries that they live on in winter were so bright, I recollect that, and I'm eighty seven[.]

Redlaw. Many and happy! Many and happy—and remember
well!

Philip. Oh, ay, ay! I remember 'em well in my school time, year after year, and all the merry making that used to come along with them.

William. That[']s what I always say, father! You are a Swidger, if ever there was one of the family--

Philip. Dear! His mother--my son William's my youngest son--and I have sat among 'em all, boys and girls, little children, and babies, many a year when the berries like these were not shining half so bright all round us, and their bright faces. Many of 'em are gone--she's gone--and my son George (our eldest, who was her pride more than all the rest!) is fallen very low; but I can see them, when I look here, alive and healthy as they used to be in those days, and I can see him, thank God in his innocence. It's a blessed thing to me at eighty seven when I first come here to be custodian, which was upwards of fifty years ago--where 's my son[,] William? More than half a century ago, William!

William. That's what I say, father, that's really where it is. Two times ought's an ought, and twice five ten, and there's a hundred of 'em[.]
Philip. It was quite a pleasure to know that one of our founders, one of the learned gentlemen that helped endow us in Queen Elizabeth's time, for we were founded afore her time--left in his will, among the other bequests he made us, so much to buy holly, for garnishing the walls and windows, come Christmas. There was something homely and friendly in it. Being but strange here, then, and coming at Christmas time, we took a liking to his very picture that hangs in what used to be anciently (afore our ten poor gentlemen commuted for an annual stipend in money) our great Dinner Hall--A sedate gentleman in a peaked beard, with a ruff round his neck, and a Scroll below him in old English letters, Lord! Keep my memory green! You know all about him[,] Mr. Redlaw.

Redlaw. I know the portrait hangs there[,] Philip.

Philip. Yes, sure, it[']s the second on the right above the paneling. I was going to say--he has helped me to keep my memory green; I thank him; for going round the building every year, as I'm doing now, and freshening up the bare rooms with these branches and berries, freshens up my bare old brain. One year brings back another; and that year another, and those others, numbers! At last it seems to me as if Xmas time was the birth time of all I ever had affection for, or mourned for or delighted in--and they're a pretty many, for I'm eighty-seven!
Redlaw. Merry and happy.

Philip. Now where's my quiet mouse? Chattering's the sin of my time of life, and there's half the building to do yet, if the cold don't freeze us first, or the wind don't blow us away, or the darkness don't swallow us up. Come away, my dear, Mr Redlaw won't settle to his dinner, otherwise, till it's cold as the winter. I hope you'll excuse me rambling on, Sir, I wish you good night, and once again, a merry--

Redlaw. Stay! Spare me another moment, Philip, William, you were going to tell me something to your excellent wife's honour. It will not be disagreeable to her to hear you praise her. What was it?

William. Why that's where it is, you see, Sir. Mrs. William's got her eye on me.

Redlaw. But you're not afraid of Mrs. William's eye!

William. Why no, Sir, that's what I say myself. It wasn't made to be afraid of. It wouldn't have been made so mild if that was the intention. But I wouldn't like to--Milly--Him, you know, down in the building. Him, you know, my dear, down in the Buildings. Tell, my dear! You're the works of Shakespeare in comparison with myself. Down in the Buildings, you know[,] my love. Student.

Redlaw. Student!
William. That's what I say, Sir! If it wasn't the poor student down in the Buildings, why should you wish to hear it from Mrs. William's lips? Mrs. William[,] my dear, Buildings.

Mrs. Swid. I didn't know that William had said anything about it, or I wouldn't have come. I asked him not to. It[']s a sick young gentleman, Sir,—and very poor; I am afraid—who is too ill to go home this holiday-time, and lives, unknown to any one, in but a common kind of lodging for a gentleman, down in Jerusalem Buildings. That[']s all[,] Sir.

Redlaw. Why have I never heard of him. Why has he not made his situation known to me? Sick! Give me my hat and cloak. Poor! What house? What number?

Mrs. S. Oh you mustn't go there, Sir!

Redlaw. Not go there?

Mrs. S. Oh dear no! It couldn't be thought of[.]

Redlaw. What do you mean? Why not?

William. Why you see[,] Sir. That's what I say. Depend upon it, the young gentleman would never have made his situation known to one of his own sex. Mrs. William has got into his confidence, but that's quite different, they all confide in Mrs. William; they all trust her. A man, Sir, couldn't have got a whisper out of him; but woman, Sir, and Mrs. William combined!

Redlaw. There is good sense and delicacy in what you
say[,] William.

Mrs. S. Oh dear no, Sir! Worse and worse! couldn't be dreamed of! Oh dear, no Sir! He said that of all the world he would not be known to you, or receive help from you--though he is a student in your class. I have made no terms of secrecy with you, but I trust to your honour completely.

Redlaw. Why[,] did he say so[?]

Mrs. S. Indeed I can't tell, Sir, I wanted to be useful to him in making things comfortable, but I know he is poor and lonely. How dark it is!

Redlaw. What more about him?

Mrs. S. He is engaged to be married when he can afford it. I have seen a long time that he has studied hard and denied himself much. How very dark it is!

Philip. It turns colder[,] too. There's a chill and dismal feeling in the room. William[,] my boy[,] turn the lamp and rouse the fire!

Mrs. S. He muttered in his broken sleep yesterday afternoon about some one dead, and some great wrong done, that could never be forgotten, but whether to him or to another person I don't know. Not by him, I am sure.

William. And in short Mrs. William you see--has done him worlds of good. Mrs. William's apparently never out of the way[.] Mrs. William[,] Sir[,] backwards and forwards, up and
down—as a mother to him! Not content with this[,] Mrs. William goes and finds this very night a certain creature more like a wild young beast than a young child, shivering upon a door step. What does Mrs. William do but bring him home to dry and feed and keep it till our bounty of food and flannel is given away on Xmas morning. If it ever felt a fire before it[']s as much as it did; for it[']s sitting in the old lodge-chimney, staring at ours as if its ravenous eyes would never shut again. It[']s sitting there, unless it[']s bolted.

Redlaw. Heaven keep her happy, and you too[,] Philip! and you[,] William. I must consider what to do. I may desire to see this student. Good night.

Philip. I thankee[,] Sir. For Mouse and my son William, and for myself. Where[']s my son William? William[,] take the lantern and go on first, through them long dark passages, as you did last year and the year afore! It[']s a very good prayer, Mr. Redlaw, that of the learned gentleman in the peaked beard, with a ruff round his neck—Lord[,] keep my memory green! It[']s very good and pious[,] Sir. Amen! Amen!

/ Exit all but Redlaw / Enter Phantom.

Redlaw. Here again[?]

Phan. Here again[.]

Redlaw. I see you in the fire, I hear you in the music, in the wind, in the dead stillness of the night.
Evil spirit of myself, why do you come to haunt me thus!

*Phan.* I come as I am called[.]

*Redlaw.* No. Unbidden[.]

*Phan.* Unbidden be it. It is enough. I am here! Look upon me! I am he neglected in my youth, and miserably poor, who strove and suffered, until I hewed out enough knowledge from the mine where it was buried, and made rugged steps thereof, for my worn feet to rest upon[.]

*Redlaw.* I am that man!

*Phan.* No mother[']s self denying love, no father[']s counsel aided me. A stranger came into my father[']s place when I was but a child, and I was easily an alien from my mother[']s heart. My parents[,] at the best, were of that sort whose care soon
ends, and whose duty is soon done; who cast their offspring loose, early, as birds do theirs; and if they do well claim the merit, and if ill the pity. I am he who in this struggle upward found a friend[.] 566

Redlaw. I am he!

Phan. Made him, won him, bound him to me. We worked together side by side. All the love and confidence that in earlier youth had had no outlet, and found no expression, I bestowed on him.

Redlaw. Not all[.]

Phan. No, not all. I had a sister[.]

Redlaw. I had.

Phan. Such glimpses of the light of home as I had ever known, had streamed from her. How young she was, how fair, how loving[.] I took her to the first roof that I was master of and made it rich. She came into the darkness of life, and made it bright. She is before me.

Redlaw. I saw her in the fire but now, I hear her in music, in the wind, in the dead stillness of the night.

Phant. Did he love her? I think he did once, I am sure he did. Better had she loved him less[.]

Redlaw. Let me forget it. Let me blot it from my memory[.]

Phan. A dream, like hers stole upon my own life[.]

Redlaw. Ah! it did!
Phan. A love as like hers, as my inferior nature might cherish arose in my own heart, I was too poor to bind its object to my fortune then, by any thread of promise or entreaty. I loved her far too well to seek to do it. But more than ever I had striven in my life. I strove to climb! Only an inch gained brought me something nearer to the height. I toiled up! When day was breaking what pictures of the future did I see!

Redlaw. I saw them in the fire but now. They come back to me in music, in the wind, in the dead stillness of the night, in the revolving years.

Phan. Pictures of my own domestic life in after time, with her who was the inspiration of my toil. Pictures of my sister, made the wife of my dear friend, on equal terms[.]
Redlaw. Why is it my doom to remember them too well!

Phan. Delusions! for my friend (in whose breast my confidence was locked as in my own) won Agnes to himself and shattered my frail universe. My sister doubly dear, doubly devoted, doubly cheerful in my home, lived on to see me famous, and my old ambition so rewarded when its spring was broken and then----

Redlaw. Then died; died gentle as happy, and with no concern but for her brother.

Phan. Thus I bear within me a sorrow and a wrong. That I prey upon myself. Thus memory is my curse; and if I could forget my sorrow and my wrong I would!

Redlaw. Mocker! Why have I always that taunt in my ears?

Phan. Forbear. Lay a hand on me and you die. If I could forget my sorrow and my wrong I would! If I could forget my sorrow and my wrong I would!

Redlaw. Evil spirit of myself, my life is darkened by that incessant whisper[.]

Phan. It is an echo[.]

Redlaw. If it be an echo of my thoughts, as now indeed, I know it is, why should I therefore be tormented! It is not a selfish thought. I suffer it to range beyond myself. All men and women have their sorrows, most of them their wrongs--ingratitude, and sordid jealousy, and interest, besetting all degrees of life. Who would not forget their sorrows and their wrongs?
Phan. Who would not, truly, and the happier and better for it[?] Hear what I offer! Forget the sorrow[,]
wrong and trouble you have known.
Redlaw. Forget them!
Phan. I have the power to cancel their remembrance.
Say! is it done?
Redlaw. Stay! I tremble with distrust and doubt of you; and the dim fear you cast upon me deepens into a nameless horror I can hardly bear. What shall I lose if I assent to this? What else will pass from my remembrance?
Phan. No knowledge; no result of study, nothing but the
intertwisted chain of feelings and associations each
its turn [is] dependent on, and nourished by the ban­
ished recollections. Those will go[.]

Redlaw. Are they so many?

Phan. Decide! before the opportunity is lost[..] 568

Redlaw. A moment! I call Heaven to witness, that I
have never been a hater of my kind--never morose, in­
different, or hard to anything, around me. If there be
poison in my mind, and through this fearful shadow I
can cast it out, shall I not cast it out?

Phan. Say, is it done?

Redlaw. A moment longer! I would forget it if I could!
Have I thought that, alone, or has it been the thought of
thousands upon thousands, generation after generation?
All human memory is fraught with sorrow and trouble.
My memory is as the memory of other men, but other men
have not this choice. Yes[,] I close the bargain[.]
Yes! I will forget, my sorrow, wrong & trouble.

Phan. Say--is it done?

Redlaw. It is!

Phan. It is. And take this with you, man whom I here
renounce! The gift that I have given, you shall give
again, go where you will. Without recovering yourself
the power that you have yielded up, you shall hence­
forth destroy its like in all whom you approach. Your
wisdom has discovered that the memory of sorrow, wrong
and trouble is the lot of all mankind, and that man­
kind would be happier in its other memories without it[.] Go! Be its benefactor. Go! Be happy in the good you have won, and in the good you do!

/Phantom vanishes /

Redlaw. Destroy its like in all whom you approach.

Halloa! Halloa! This way! Come to the light / Enter Boy / What is it?

Boy. I'll bite if you hit me! Where's the woman? I want to find the woman.

Redlaw. Who?

Boy. The woman. Her that brought me here, and set me by the large fire. She was so long gone that I went to look for her, and lost myself. I don't want you[;] I want the woman.
Redlaw. That is not the way. There is a nearer one.

What is your name?

Boy. Got none[.]

Redlaw. Where do you live?

Boy. Live! What[']s that? You let me go, will you? I want to find the woman.

Redlaw. This way. I'll take you to her.

Boy. Give me some of that!

Redlaw. Has she not fed you?

Boy. I shall be hungry again tomorrow, shan[']t I[?] Ain[']t I hungry every day? There! now take me to the woman.

Redlaw. The gift that I have given, you shall give again, go where you will. I'll not go there to night. I'll go no where to night. Boy[,] straight down this long arched passage and past the great dark door into the yard; you will see the fire shining on a window there.

Boy. The woman[']s fire?

Redlaw bows apart. The Boy bounds out of the Chamber.

End of Act 1st
Act 2nd Scene 1st
A Small Shop Parlour

Tetterby, Johnny & Children discovered

John. There never was such a baby as our baby. Everybody knows it as well as the Postman or the Pot boy, there ain't such another baby in the world.

Tetterby. You bad boy, haven't you any feeling for your poor father after the fatigues of a hard winter day since five o'clock in the morning, but you must make a wilderness of home, and Maniacs of your parents? Must you[,] Johnny?

John. Oh Father[,] when I was taking care of Sally and getting her to sleep[---]Oh father!

Tett. I wish my little woman would come home! I ain't fit to deal with 'em. Isn't it enough that your dear mother has provided you with that sweet sister, but you must so behave yourself as to make my head swim. Your brother 'Dolphus is late to night, Johnny[,] and will come home like a lump of ice[.]

John. Here[']s Mother and 'Dolphus too[,] father[,,] I think.

Tett. You're right! yes[,] that[']s the footstep of my little woman.

Mrs. Tetterby Enters with Adolphus.

Mrs. T. Johnny[,] bring me the Baby[.]

Tett. Are you wet[,] 'Dolphus my boy? come and take a chair and dry yourself.
Adolphus. No[,] father[,] thankee.

Tett. A wonderful boy is Adolphus, he is not above ten year old and his little voice is as well known at the Railway Station as the Locomotive and runs in and out, which enables him to come home cheerful.

Mrs. T. Oh dear me! That[']s the way the world goes[.]

Tett. Which is the way the world goes[?]?

Mrs. T. Oh[,] nothing[.]

Tett. My little woman[,] what has put you out[?]

Mrs. T. I'm sure I don't know.

Tett. Your supper will be ready in a minute[,] 'Dolphus. You shall get some supper too[,] Johnny. Your mother went out in the wet to buy it. It was very good of your mother to do so.

Mrs. T. Oh Dolphus[,] how could I go and behave so. I hadn't need of being cross when I came home--but somehow, Dolphus.
Tett. I see! I understand! My little woman was put out. The times, and hard weather and hard work, make it trying now and then. Dolf[,] my man[,] here's your mother been and bought a whole knuckle of a lovely roast leg of pork, hand in your plate[,] my boy, while it is simmering--Now[,] Johnny[,] here[']s 572 yours upon a piece of bread, and put your pudding in your pocket.--Why are you swallowing there in gluttony and idleness[,] instead of coming forward with the baby that the sight of her may revive your mother[?]

Mrs. T. I am better now.

Tett. My little woman[,] are you quite sure you're better? Or are you[,] Sophia[,] about to break out in a fresh direction[?]

Mrs. T. No 'Dolphus no, I'm quite myself. Come nearer[,] Dolphus, let me tell you all about it. You know, 'Dolphus[,] my dear[,] that when I was single, I might have given myself away in several directions. At one time four after me at once; two of 'em were sons of Mars.

Tett. We're all sons of Ma's, my dear, jointly with Pa's[.]

Mrs. T. I don[']t mean that. I mean soldiers--serjeants.[sic]

Tett. Oh!

Mrs. T. Well, Dolphus, I'm sure I never think of such
things now, to regret them; and I'm sure I've got as
good a husband, and would do as much top prove that I
was fond of him, as--
Tett. As any little woman in the world--very good--
very good[.]
Mrs. T. But you see[,] Dolphus, this being Christmas
time, when all people who can make holiday, and when
all people who have got money, like to spend some,
before I durst lay out a sixpence for the commonest
thing; and the basket was so large, and wanted so
much in it; and my stock of money was so small, and
would go such a little way;--you hate me[,] Dolphus?
Tett. Not quite, as yet[.]
Mrs. T. Well! I'll tell you the truth and then per-
haps you will[.]. I felt all this, and began to think
whether I mightn't have done better, and been hap-
pier, if--if I hadn't--
Tett. If you hadn't married at all, or if you had
married somebody else?
Mrs. T. That[']s really what I thought. Do you hate
me now[,] 'Dolphus[?]
Tett. Why no, I don't find that I do, as yet.

Well[,] say[,] dear[,] we are poor, and there are a number of mouths at home here--

Mrs. T. Ah! But Dolf, Dolf! my good[,] kind[,] patient fellow, when I had been at home a very little while--how different! Then the cheap enjoyments hat I could have trodden on so cruelly, got to be so precious to me. Oh so precious, and dear!—that I couldn't bear to think how much I had wronged them; and I said, and say again a hundred times, how could I ever behave so, Dolphus[,] how could I ever have the heart to do it. / they embrace / Enter Redlaw

Mrs. T. Look at that man! Look there! What does he want?

Tett. My dear, I'll ask him, if you'll let me go.

What's the matter? How you shake!

Mrs. T. I saw him in the Street, when I was out just now. He looked at me, and stood near me. I am afraid of him[.]

Tett. Afraid of him! Why?

Mrs. T. I don't know why--I--Stop! husband!

Tett. Are you ill[,] my dear?

Mrs. T. What is it that is going from me again? what is this that is going away? Ill? No, I am quite well.

Tett. What may be your pleasure, Sir, with us?

Redlaw. I fear that my coming in unperceived, has alarmed you; but you were talking and did not hear
me[.]

Tett. My little woman says—perhaps you heard her say it, that it's not the first time you have alarmed her to-night.

Redlaw. I am sorry for it. I remember to have observed her in the Street for a few moments only. I had no intention of frightening her. My name, is Redlaw, I come from the old College hard by. A young gentleman who is a Student there, lodges in your house, does he not?

Tett. Mr. Denham[.]

Redlaw. Yes[.]

Tett. The gentleman's room is up stairs, Sir.

There's a more convenient private entrance[,] but as you have come in here it will save your going out in the cold, if you'll take this little staircase, and go up to him that way, if you wish to see him.
Redlaw. Yes, I wish to see him. Can you spare a light?
Tett. I'll light you, Sir, if you'll follow me.
Redlaw. No, I don't wish to be attended, or announced to him. He does not expect me. I would rather go alone. Please to give me light, if you can spare it, and I'll find the way.
Tett. Come! There's enough of this. Get to bed there.
Mrs. T. The place is inconvenient and small enough, without you. Get to bed.

Scene closes

Scene 2nd

A door leading into the Chamber of the Student--

Redlaw. What have I done? what am I to-Do! to be the Benefactor of mankind. It is only since last night, that I have remained shut up, and yet all things are strange to me. I am strange to myself. I am here, as in a dream. What interest have I in this place, or in any place that I can bring to my remembrance? my mind is going blind!

Edmund. Come in! Is that my kind nurse? But I need not ask her. There is no one else to come here. The cinders chink when they shoot out here, so according to the gossips, they are not coffins, but purses. Mr. Redlaw.
Redlaw. Don't come nearer to me. I will sit here.

Remain you where you are! I heard, by an accident, by what accident is no matter, that one of my class was ill and solitary. I received no other description of him, than that he lives in this Street. Beginning my inquiries at the first house in it, I have found him.

Edmund. I have been ill[,] Sir, but am greatly better. An attack of fever, of the brain, I believe, has weakened me, but I am much better. I cannot say I have been solitary, in my illness, or I should forget the ministering hand that has been near me.

Redlaw. You are speaking of the Keeper[']s wife[?]

[541.]
Edmund. Yes[

Redlaw. I remembered your name, when it was mentioned to me down stairs, just now; and I recollect your face. We have held but little personal communication together[.]

Edmund. Very little[.]

Redlaw. You have retired and withdrawn from me more than any of the rest I think? And why? Why? Why? How comes it that you have sought to keep especially from me, the knowledge of your remaining here, at this season, when all the rest have dispersed, and of your being ill? I want to know why this is.

Edmund. Mr. Redlaw! You have discovered me. You know my secret!

Redlaw. Secret? I know!

Edmund. Yes! Your manner, so different from the interest and sympathy there is in every thing you say, and in your looks warn me that you know me. That you won't conceal it, even now, is but a proof to me (God knows I need none) of your natural kindness, and of the bar there is between us. But Mr. Redlaw--as a just man and a good man, think how innocent I am--except in name and descent, of participation in any wrong inflicted on you, or in any sorrow you have borne.

Redlaw. Sorrow! Wrong! What are those to me?

Edmund. For Heaven's sake, do not let the mere in-
terchange of a few words with me change you like this, Sir! Let me pass again from your knowledge and notice. Let me occupy my old reserved and distant place among those whom you instruct. Know me only by the name I have assumed, and not by that of Longford-Redlaw. Longford?

Edmund. The name my mother bears, Sir, the name she took, when she might have taken one more honoured. Redlaw. I believe I know that history[.]

Edmund. Where my information halts, my guesses at what is wanting may supply something not remote from the truth. I am the child of a marriage that has not proved itself a well assorted or a happy one. From infancy, I have heard you spoken of with
honour and respect. Our ages and positions are so different, Sir, and I am so accustomed to regard you from a distance, that I wonder at my own presumption when I touch, however lightly, on that theme. But to no one who—I may say who felt no common interest in my mother once—it may something to hear, now that is all past, with what indescribable feelings of affection I have, in my obscurity, regarded him; with what pain and reluctance I have kept aloof from his encouragement, when a word of it would have made me rich; yet how I felt it fit that I should hold my course, content to know him, and to be unknown. Mr. Redlaw, what I would have said, I have said, for my strength is strange to me as yet; but for anything unworthy in this fraud of mine, forgive me, and for all the rest forget me!

Redlaw. Don't come nearer to me!—The time is past. It dies like the brutes. Who talks to me of its traces in my life? He raves or lies. If you want money, here it is. I came to offer it; and that is all I came for. There can be nothing else, and yet—

Edmund. Take it back, Sir. I wish you could take from me, with it, the remembrance of your words and offer.

Redlaw. You do? you do?

Edmund. I do[

Redlaw. There is sorrow and trouble in illness, is
there not?

Edmund. Yes!

Redlaw. All best forgotten are they not?

Milly /within / I can very well see now. Thank you[,] Dolf. A gentleman with him, is there!

Redlaw. I have feared from the first moment, to meet her. I may be the murderer of what is tenderest and best within her bosom. Shall I dismiss it as an idle foreboding, or still avoid her? Of all the visitors who could come here, this is the one I should desire most to avoid. Hide me! / Exit / Enter Milly

Milly. Dear Mr. Edmund, they told me there was a gentleman here[.]

Edmund. There is no one here but I[.]

Milly. There has been some one come[.]

Edmund. Yes, yes[,] there has been some one[.]

Milly. Are you quite as well to night? Your head is not so cool as in the afternoon.

Edmund. Tut! very little ails me[.]

Milly. It[']s the new muslin curtain for the window[,] Mr. Edmund[,] It will look very clean and
nice, though it costs very little. My William says
the room should not be too light just now, when you
are recovering so well, or the glare might make you
giddy. The pillows are not comfortable. I will soon
put them right[.]

Edmund. They are very well--leave them alone, pray.
You make so much of every thing.

Milly. I have been thinking, Mr. Edmund, that you
have been often thinking of late, when I have been
sitting by. Health will be more precious to you, af­
ter this illness, than it has ever been. Now isn't
that a true good thing? Ah even so, and I have seen
in your face, as plain as if it was a book, that but
for some trouble and sorrow we should never know half
the good there is about us[.]

Edmund. We needn't magnify the merit[,] Mrs. William.
I can't be made to feel the more obliged by your ex­
taggerating the case. I am sensible that you have been
interested in me, and I say again, I am much obliged
to you. Why weaken my sense of what is your due in
obligation, by preferring enormous claims upon me?
One might suppose I had been dying a score of deaths
here.

Milly. Do you believe[,] Mr. Edmund, that I spoke of
the poor people of the house, with any reference to
myself? To me?

Edmund. Oh I think nothing about it, my good crea-
ture. I have had an indisposition—which your solicitude—observe! I say solicitude—makes a great deal more of, than its merits; and it[']s over, and we can't perpetuate it[.]

Milly. Mr. Edmund, would you rather be alone[?]

Edmund. There is no reason why I should detain you here.

Milly—Except--

Edmund. Oh! the curtain—That[']s not worth staying for[.]

Milly. If you should want me, I will come back willingly. When you did want me I was quite happy to come; there was no merit in it; and if you suspect me of merely making much of the little I have tried to do to comfort your sick room, you do yourself more wrong than ever you can do me. That is why I am very sorry. Exit

Enter Redlaw.

Redlaw. When sickness lays its hand on you again—may it soon be! Die here! rot here!

Edmund What have you done? Give me back myself!

Redlaw. Give me back myself! I am infected! I am infectious! I am only so much less base than the wretches when I whom I make so, that in the moment of their transformation I can hate them. The gift that I have given, you shall give again[,] go where you will. / Exit /
Enter Redlaw.

The change within me makes the busy Street a desert and the multitude around me in their manifold endurances and ways of life a mighty waste of sand, which the winds toss into unintelligible heaps. Now that I know what I am and what I make of them, I must be alone. Yet one showed no sign of change—the boy who rushed into my room. I will seek him out and prove if it be really so. This is the lodge where the boy sought shelter. / Exit and returns with the boy /

Get up! You have not forgotten me?

Boy. You let me alone! This is the woman's house—not yours.

Redlaw. Who washed them, and put those bandages where they were bruised and cracked?

Boy. The woman did.

Redlaw. And is it she who has made you clearer in the face, too?

Boy. Yes, the woman.

Redlaw. Where are they?

Boy. The woman's out.

Redlaw. I know she is. Where is the old man with the white hair, & his son? Aye, where are those two?

Boy. Out. Somethings the matter, somewhere—they were fetched out in a hurry and told me to stop here.
Redlaw. Come with me and I'll give you money[.]

Boy. Come where? and how much will you give[?]

Redlaw. I'll give you more shillings than you ever saw, and bring you back soon[.]. Do you know your way from where you came from?

Boy. You let me go, I'm not going to take you there. Let me be, or I'll heave something at you[.]

Redlaw. Listen[,] boy! You shall take me where the people are very miserable or very wicked. I want to do them good and not to harm them. You shall have money, as I have told you, and I will bring you back. Get up! Come quickly!

Boy. Will you let me walk by myself, and never hold me, nor yet touch me?

Redlaw. I will[.]

Boy. And let me go before, behind, or any ways I like?

Redlaw. I will[.]

Boy. Give me some money first then, and I'll go[.]

/ Exeunt /

Scene 4th

A ruinous Street

Enter Redlaw--followed by Boy.

Redlaw. Three times have we been side by side, the first time in
the old churchyard among the graves. The second time when I looked up at the heavens and saw the moon in glory surrounded by a host of Stars I knew the name and histories science had appended to them. The third time when I listened to a plaintive strain of music but could only hear a tune made manifest by the dry mechanism of the instruments with no address to any mystery within me without a whisper of the past or of the future, powerless as the sound of last years running water or the rushing of last years wind. Each time I felt the expression on that boy's face was the expression on my own.

Boy. In there--I'll wait.

Redlaw. Will they let me in?

Boy. Say you're a doctor, there's plenty ill there.

Redlaw. Sorrow, wrong, and trouble, at least haunt this place, darkly. He can do no harm, who brings forgetfulness of such things here.

Philip. appears at door Mr. Redlaw[,] this is like you, Sir, you have heard of it, and have come after us to render any help you can[.] Oh, too late--too late[.] / Exeunt Red & Phil/

Scene 5th

A Mean Apartment

George Swidger discovered on bed--William & Longford standing beside.

Enter Philip & Redlaw /
Philip. Too late, you have come too late[.]

William. That's what I say[,] father--you're right[,] father!

Redlaw. Who is this?

Philip. My son George, Mr. Redlaw. My eldest son George, who was more his mother's pride than all the rest[.]

William. Why you see, Sir, why should a man ever go and gamble, and the like of that, and let himself down inch by inch till he can't let himself down any lower[?]

Redlaw. Has he done so?

William. Just exactly that, Sir, as I am told. He knows a little about Medicine, Sir, it seems, and having been towards London with my unhappy brother and being lodging up stairs for the night--he looked in to attend upon him, and came for us at his request. It[']s enough to kill my father!

Redlaw. Was it only yesterday when I observed the memory of this old man to be a tissue of sorrow and trouble[?] Are such remembrances as I saw drive away, so precious to this dying man that I need fear for him? No! I'll stay here.

George. Father!

Philip. My Boy! My son George!
George. You spoke just now, of my being Mother's favourite, long ago. It's a dreadful thing to think now, of long ago!

Philip. No, no, no. Think of it, it's not dreadful to me[,] my Son[.]

George. It cuts you to the heart, your tears are falling on me[.]

Philip. Yes, yes. So it does; but it does me good. Where's my son William? William, my boy, your mother loved him dearly to the last, and with her latest breath said, 'Tell him I forgave him, blessed him, and prayed for him.' Those were her words to me. I have never forgotten them, and I'm eighty-seven.

George. Father! I am dying, I know, I am so far gone, that I can hardly speak, even of what my mind most runs on. Is there any hope for me, beyond this bed?

Philip. There is hope for all who are softened and penitent. There is hope for all such. I was thankful only yesterday that I could remember this unhappy son when he was an innocent child. But what a comfort it is now, to think that even Heaven has that remembrance of him!

George. Oh! The waste since then, the waste of life since then[.]

Philip. But he was a child once. Before he lay down
on his bed at night he said his prayers at his poor mother's knee. Sorrowful as it was to her, and me, to think of this, when he went so wrong, and when our hopes and plans for him were all broken, this gave him still a hold upon us, that nothing else would have given.

Redlaw. The gift that I have given, you must give again--It must come.

George. My time is short, my breath is shorter, and I remember there is something on my mind concerning the man who was here just now. Father and William--wait! is there really anything in black, out there?

Philip. Yes, yes, it is real.

George. Is it a man?

William. What I say myself, George, it's Mr. Redlaw.

George. I thought I had dreamed of him. Ask him to come here. It has been so ripped up to night, Sir, by the sight of my poor old father, and the thought of all the trouble I have been the cause of, and all the wrong and sorrow lying at my door, that--

Redlaw. It is coming fast (aside)

George. That what I can do right, with my mind running on so much, so fast, I'll try to do. There was another man here. Did you see him? He is penniless, hungry and destitute. He is completely beaten down, and has no resource at all. Look after him! Lose no
time! I know he has it in his mind to kill himself[.]

Redlaw. It is working. It is on his face--his face is changing, hardening, deepening in all its shades, and losing all its sorrow[.]

George. Why d__n you, what have you been doing to me here! I have lived bold, and I mean to die bold. To the Devil with you[.]

Philip. Where's my boy William? William[,] come away from here. We'll go home.

William. Home, father! Are you going to leave your own Son[?]

Philip. Where's my own Son?

William. Where? Why there!
Philip. That's no son of mine. No such wretch as that, has any claim on me. My children are useful to me--I've a right to it, I'm eighty-seven.

William. You're old enough to be no older. I don't know what good you are[,] myself. We could have a deal more pleasure without you[.]

Philip. My son, Mr. Redlaw! My son, too! The boy talking to me of my Son! Why, what has he ever done to give me any pleasure, I should like to know[?]  

William. I don'[']t know what you have ever done to give me any pleasure[.]

Philip. For how many Xmas times running, have I sat in my warm place and never had to come out in the cold night. Is it twenty[,] William?

William. Nigher forty, it seems. Why when I look at my father[,] Sir, and come to think of it, I'm whip­ped if I can see anything in him, but a Calendar of ever so many years of eating and drinking, and making himself comfortable, over and over again.

Philip. I'm eighty-seven--and I don't know as I ever was much put out by anything. I'm not a going to be­gin now, because of what he calls my Son, he[']s not my Son. But I don'[']t know, and I don'[']t care a bit. Berries[,] eh? Ah! it[']s a pity they're not good to eat. Berries, eh? There's good cheer when there's berries. Well, I ought to have my share of; for I'm eighty-Seven and a poor old man. I'm eighty seven.
Scene 6th
The Ruined Street

The Boy crawls from the arch

Boy. Back to the woman's?


They hurry off/

Scene 7
Redlaw's Chamber

Enter Redlaw and Boy/

Boy. Come! Don't you touch me! You've not brought me here to take my money away.

Redlaw. And this is the only one companion I have left on earth!

Boy. Here's the woman coming. Let me go to her, will you?

Redlaw. Not now. Stay here. Nobody must pass in or out of the room now. Who's there?

Milly. It is I, Sir[.] Pray let me in[.]

Redlaw. No[,] not for the world[.]

Milly. Mr. Redlaw, Pray[,] Sir, let me in[.]

Redlaw. What is the matter?
Milly. The miserable man you saw is worse, and nothing I can say will wake him from his terrible infatuation. William's father has turned childish in a moment. William himself is changed. The shock has been too sudden for him. Oh[,] Mr. Redlaw, pray advise me. Help me!

Redlaw. No, no, no!

Milly. Mr. Redlaw, dear Sir! George has been muttering, in his doze, about the man you saw there, who he fears will kill himself.

Redlaw. Better he should do it than come near me[.]

Milly. He says in his wandering, that you know him, that he was your friend once, long ago; that he is the ruined father of a student here. What is to be done?--How is he to be saved? Mr. Redlaw, pray, oh pray advise me[.] Help me!

Redlaw. Phantom! punisher of impious thoughts! Look upon me! From the darkness of my mind, let the glimmering of contrition that I know is there, shine up, and show my misery! Pity me and relieve me!

Milly. Help me! help me, let me in!

Redlaw. Shadow of myself! spirit of my darker hours! Come back and haunt me day and night, but take this gift away! or if it must still rest with me, deprive me of the dreadful power of giving it to others. Undo what I have done. Leave me benighted, but restore the day to those whom I have cursed. As I have spared
this woman from the first, and as I never will go forth again, but will die here, with no hand to tend me, save this creature who is proof against me—hear me. Milly. Help! let me in. He was your friend once—how shall he be followed, how shall he be saved? They are all changed, there is no one else to help me, pray, pray let me in!

Boy struggling to get to her.

End of Act 2
Act 3rd Scene 1st

Scene 584

The Chemist's Room. dimly lighted--On the ground lies the boy. Redlaw seated in his Chair.

Music

Enter the Phantom, with it the Shade of Milly Redlaw. Spirit! I have not been stubborn or presumptuous in respect of her. Oh, do not bring her here. Spare me that!

Phantom. This is but a Shadow, when the morning shines, seek out the reality whose image I present before you.

Red. Is it my inexorable doom to do so?

Phan. It is[.]

Red. To destroy her peace, her goodness; to make her what I am myself, and what I have made of others!

Phan. I have said seek her out, I have said no more.

Red. Oh, tell me, Can I undo what I have done?

Phan. No.

Red. I do not ask for restoration to myself, what I abandoned of my own will, I have justly lost. But for those to whom I have transferred the fatal gift; who never sought it; who unknowingly received a curse of which they had no warning, and which they had no power to shun; can I do nothing?

Phan. Nothing[.]

Red. If I cannot, can any one? Ah can she? Stay for a moment! As an act of mercy! I know that some change
fell upon me, when those sounds were in the air just now. Tell me, have I lost the power of harming her? May I go near her without dread? Oh, let her give me any sign of hope! At least say this—has she henceforth, the consciousness of any power to set right what I have done?

Phan. She has not.[.]

Red. Has she the power bestowed on her without the consciousness[?]

Phan. (Descends) Seek her out[.]
Milly's Shadow vanishes/

Red. Terrible Instructor, by whom I was renounced, but by whom I am revisited, (in which, and in whose milder aspect, I would fain believe I have a gleam of hope), I will obey without inquiry, praying that the cry I have sent up in the anguish of my soul has been, or will be, heard, in behalf of those whom I have injured beyond human reparation. But there is one thing.--

Phan. You speak of what is lying here[.]

Red. I do, you know what I would ask. Why has this child alone been proof against my influence, and why, why have I detected in its thoughts a terrible companionship with mine?

Phan. This is the last, the completest illustration of a human creature, utterly bereft of such remembrances as you have yielded up. No softening memory of sorrow, wrong, or trouble, enters here, because this wretched mortal from his birth has been abandoned to a worse condition than the beasts, and has, within his knowledge, no one contrast, no humanising touch to make a grain of such a memory spring up in his hardened breast. All within this desolate creature is barren wilderness. All within the man bereft of what you have resigned, is the same barren wilderness. Woe to such a man! Woe, tenfold, to the nation that shall count its monsters such as this, lying
here, by hundreds and by thousands. There is not, one of these—not one—but sews a harvest that mankind must reap. Open and unpunished murder in a city's Streets would be less guilty in its daily toleration, than one such spectacle as this. There is not a fa-
threr, by whose side in his daily or his nightly walk, these creatures pass; there[']s not a mother among all the ranks of loving mothers in this land; there is no one risen from the state of childhood, but shall be responsible in his or her degree for this enormity. Behold, I say, the perfect type of what it was your choice to be. Your influence is powerless here, because from this child[']s bosom you can ban-
ish nothing. His thoughts have been in 'terrible companionship' with your own, because you have gone down to his unnatural level. He is the growth of man[']s indifference, you are the growth of man[']s presumption. The beneficent design of Heaven is, in each case, overthrown, and from the two poles of the immaterial world you come together.

Scene closed in
Scene 2nd

Outside of Tetterby's Shop

Tetterby looks out from door - as he takes in one of the shutters - encounters Johnny and the Baby.

Tetterby. Now then stupid boy[,] where are you coming to?

Johnny. It's baby. ( baby cries )

Tett. What's the matter with it? Eh?

John. I don't know. I 'spose it's its teeth.[]

Tett. Its teeth! There's a peculiarity about that baby [;] it's always cutting its teeth. It has certainly cut enough, if Mrs. Tetterby's to be believed, to make a handsome set for the Bull & Mouth. I don't believe it's cut any tho' every thing's been done for it, it's got a bone ring as big as a little boy's hoop--beside having the run of knife handles, umbrella tops[,] crusts and nutmeg graters, handles of doors[, ] knobs of pokers[,] besides the fingers of the family in general and of Johnny's in particular. The amount of electricity rubbed out of that child in a week is not to be calculated. Mrs T's always saying it's coming through and then the child will be herself; but it never does come through and the child continues to be somebody else.

/ Johnny gives baby a poke/

Enter Mrs. Tetterby
Mrs. T. You brute, you murdering little boy, had you
the heart to do it?

John. Why don't her teeth come through, then, in­
stead of bothering me[?] How would you like it your­
selves?

Mrs. T. Like it[,] Sir! / takes baby /

John. Yes, like it. How would you? Not at all. If
you was me, you'd go for a soldier. I will, too.
There ain't no babies in the Army[.]

Mrs. T. I wish I was in the Army myself, if the
child[']s in the right, for I have no peace of my
life here. I'm a Slave, a Virginia Slave. How you
stand there, 'Dolphus. Why don't you do something?

Tett. Because I don't care about doing anything[.]

Mrs. T. I am sure I don't[.]

Tett. I'll take my oath I don't[.]

Mrs. T. You had better read your paper than do no­
thing at all.

Tett. What[']s there to be read in a paper?

Mrs. T. What? 'Police'[.]

Tett. It[']s nothing to me. What do I care what
people do, or are done to[?]

Mrs. T. Suicides.

Tett. No business of mine.

Mrs. T. Births, deaths, and marriages, are those
nothing to you?

Tett. If the births were all over for good, and all
to day, and the deaths were all to begin to come off
tomorrow, I don't see why it should interest me, till
I thought it was a coming to my time, as to marriag-
es, I've done it myself. I know quite enough about
them. /Exit /

Mrs. T. So do I. Tetterby--So do I. I never have a
holiday or any pleasure at all from year[']s end to
year[']s end. Why Lord bless and save the child[,] what[']s the matter with her now[?]
(EXIT-shaking child) /

Scene 3rd
( Interior of Tetterby's )

Tetterby discovered seated

Enter Mrs. T.

Mrs. T. Oh you're a consistent man, an't you? You,
with the screen of your own making there, made of no-	hing else but bits of newspapers, which you sit and
read to the children by the half hour together!

Tett. Say used to, if you please. You won[']t find
me doing so any more. I'm wiser now.

Mrs. T. Bah! wiser, indeed! Are you better?

Tett. Better! I don[']t know as any of us are better,
or happier either; Better, is it? / finds a paragraph
on screen / This used to be one of the family favour-
ites, I recollect, and used to draw tears from the
children, and make 'em good, if there was any little
bickering or discontent among them, next to the story
of the robin redbreasts in the wood. 'Melancholy case of destitution. Yesterday a small man with a baby in his arms, and surrounded by half a dozen ragged little ones, of various ages between ten and two, the whole of whom were evidently in a famishing condition, appeared before the worthy Magistrate, and made the following recital.' Ha! I don't understand it, I'm sure, I don't see what it has got to do with us.

Mrs. T. How old and shabby he looks. I never saw such a change in a man. Ah! dear me, dear me, dear me, it was a sacrifice[.]

Tett. What was a sacrifice? If you mean your marriage was a sacrifice, my good woman--

Mrs. T. I do mean it[.]

Tett. Why, then I mean to say, that there are two sides to that affair; and that I was the sacrifice; and that I wish the sacrifice hadn't been accepted.

Mrs. T. I wish it hadn't, Tetterby, with all my heart and soul I do assure you. You can't wish it more than I do, Tetterby.

Tett. I don't know what I saw in her, I'm sure, certainly, if I saw any thing, it[']s not there now. I was thinking so, last night, after supper, by the fire. She's fat, she's ageing, she won't bear comparison with most other women.

Mrs. T. He's common looking, he has no air with him,
he's small, he's beginning to stoop, and he's getting bald.

Tett. I must have been out of my mind when I did it.

Mrs. T. My senses must have forsaken me. That's the only way in which I can explain it to myself.

/ they begin breakfast/
Mrs. T. These children will be the death of me at last! and the sooner the better[,] I think! 588
Tett. Poor people ought not to have children at all. They give us no pleasure.
John. Here! Mother! Father / running in/ Here[']s Mrs. William coming down the Street!
Tett. Why Lord forgive me, what evil tempers have I been giving way to? What has been the matter here?
Mrs. T. How could I ever treat him ill again, after all I said and felt last night!
Tett. Am I a Brute, or is there any good in me at all. Sophia! My little woman!
Mrs. T. 'Dolhus dear.
Tett. I--I've been in a state of mind, that I can't abear to think of, Sophy.
Mrs. T. Oh, it[']s nothing to what I've been in, Dolf.
Tett. My Sophia, dont take on. I shall never forgive myself. I must have nearly broke your heart, I know.
Mrs. T. No, Dolf, no. It was me! Me!
Tett. My little woman, don[']t. You make me reproach myself dreadful, when you show such a noble spirit. Sophia, my dear, you don[']t know what I thought. I showed it bad enough, no doubt, but what I thought, my little woman!—
Mrs. T. Oh, dear Dolf, don[']t! Don[']t!
Tett. Sophia, I must reveal it. I couldn't rest in
my conscience unless I mentioned it. My little woman--

John. Mrs. William's very nearly here[.]

Tett. My little woman, I wondered how, I wondered how I had ever admired you--I forgot the precious children you have brought about me, and thought you didn't look as slim as I could wish. I--I never gave a recollection, to the cares you've had as my wife, and along of me and mine, when you might have had hardly any with another man, who got on better and was luckier than me (any body might have found such a man easily I am sure); and I quarrelled with you for having aged a little in the rough years you've lightened for me. Can you believe it, my little woman? I hardly can myself.

Mrs. T. Oh, Dolf! I am so happy that you thought so; I am so grateful that you thought so! For I thought you were common looking, Dolf; and so you are, my dear, and may you be the commonest of all sights in my eyes, till you close them with your own good hands. I thought that you were small, and so you are, and I'll make much of you because you are, and more of you because I love my husband. I thought that you began to stoop, and so you do, and you shall lean on me
and I'll do all I can to keep you up. I thought there was no air about you; but there is, and it[']s the pure air of home, and that[']s the purest and best there is, and God bless home once more, and all belonging to it, Dolf!

John. Hurrah! Here's Mrs. William!

Enter Milly /

Milly. What! are you all so glad to see me here, too, this bright Christmas morning! Oh dear[, ] how delightful this is! Oh dear! what delicious tears you make me shed. How can I ever have deserved this! What have I done to be so loved!

Tett. Who can help it!

Mrs. T. Who can help it!

Children. Who can help it!

Milly. I was never so moved. I must tell you, as soon as I can speak. Mr. Redlaw came to me at sunrise, and with a tenderness in his manner, more as if I had been his darling daughter than myself, implored me to go with him to where William's brother George is lying ill. We went together, and all the way along he was so kind, and so subdued, and seemed to put such trust and hope in me, that I could not help crying with pleasure.

Tett. He was right[.]

Mrs. T. He was right[.]

All. He was right[.]
Milly. Ah, but there's more than that, when we got up stairs, into the room, the sick [sic] who had laid for hours in a state from which no effort would rouse him, rose up, in his bed, and, bursting into tears, stretched out his arms to me, and said that he had led a mis-spent life, but that he was truly repentant now, in his sorrow for the past, which was all as plain to him as a great prospect, from which a dense black cloud had cleared away, and that he entreated me to ask his poor old father for his pardon and his blessing, and to say a prayer beside his bed. And when I did so, Mr. Redlaw joined in it so fervently, and then so thanked and thanked me, and thanked Heaven, that my heart quite overflowed, and I could have done nothing but sob and cry, if the sick man had not begged me to sit down by him,—which made me quiet[,], of course. As I sat there, he held my hand in his until he sunk in a doze, and even then, when I withdrew my hand to leave him to come here (which Mr. Redlaw was very earnest indeed in wishing me to do), his hand felt for mine
so that some one else was obliged to take my place and make believe to give him my hand back. Oh dear, oh dear, How thankful and how happy I should feel, and do feel, for all this!

Enter Edmund.

Edmund. Kind nurse, gentlest, best of creatures, forgive my cruel ingratitude[.]

Milly. Oh dear, oh dear! here's another of them! Oh dear[,] here's somebody else who likes me. What shall I ever do!

Edmund. I was not myself, I don't know what it was--it was some consequence of my disorder perhaps--I was mad. But I am so, no longer. Almost as I speak, I am restored. I heard the children crying out your name, and the shade passed from me at the very sound of it. Oh don't weep! Dear Milly, if you could read my heart, and only know with what affection and what grateful homage it is glowing, you would not let me see you weep. It is such deep reproach.

Milly. No, no, it's not that. It's not indeed. It's joy. It's wonder that you should think it necessary to ask me forgive so little, and yet it's pleasure that you do.

Edmund. And will you come again? and will you finish the little curtain?

Milly. No, you won't care for my needlework now.

Edmund. Is it forgiving me to say that?
Milly. There is news from your home, Mr. Edmund.

Edmund. News? How?

Milly. Either your not writing when you were very ill, or the change in your hand writing when you began to be better, created some suspicion of the truth; however that is— but you're sure you'll not be the worse for any news, if it[']s not bad news?

Edmund. Sure.

Milly. Then there's some one come[.]

Edmund. My mother?

Milly. Hush! No.

Edmund. It can be no one else[.]

Milly. Indeed? Are you sure?

Edmund. It is not—

Milly. Yes it is! The young lady (She is very like the miniature, Mr. Edmund, but she is prettier) was too unhappy to rest without satisfying her doubts, and came up, last night, with a little servant maid. As you always dated your letters from the College, she came there; and before I saw Mr. Redlaw, this morning, I saw her. She likes me too! Oh dear, that[']s another!

Edmund. This morning! Where is she now?

Milly. Why she is now, in my little parlour, in the Lodge, and waiting to see you. Mr. Redlaw is much altered, and has told me this morning, that is [sic] memory is impaired. Be very considerate to him, Mr
Edmund; he needs that from us all. /Exit/

Milly. Shall we go home now[,] Mr. Redlaw?

Redlaw. Yes.

Scene 4th

Interior —

Milly. Oh dear, dear, dear, they are pleased to see me like the rest! Here are two more[.]

Enter. Philip and Swidger

Philip. Why, where has my quiet Mouse been all this time? She has been a long while away. I find that it[']s impossible for me to get on without Mouse. I--where's my son William?--I fancy I have been dreaming, William.

Swidger. That's what I say myself, father, I have been in an ugly sort of dream, I think--How are you, father? Are you pretty well?

Philip. Strong and brave, my boy.

Swidger. What a wonderful man you are, father!--How are you[,] father? Are you really pretty hearty, though?

Philip. I never was fresher or stronger in my life, my boy.

Swidger. What a wonderful man you are, father! But that's exactly where it is, "/with enthusiasm/ When I think of all that my father's gone through, and all the chances and changes, and sorrows and troubles,
that have happened to him in the course of his long life, and under which his head has grown grey, and years upon years have gathered on it, I feel as if we couldn't do enough to honour the old gentleman, and make his old age easy.--How are you, father? Are you really pretty well, though?

Philip. I ask your pardon, Mr. Redlaw, but didn't know you were here, Sir, or should have made less free. It reminds me, Mr. Redlaw, seeing you here on a Christmas morning, of the time when you was a student yourself, and worked so hard, that you was backwards and forwards in our Library even at Christmas time. Ha! ha! I'm old enough to remember that, and I remember it right well, I do, though I'm 87. It was after you left here that my poor wife died. You remember my poor wife, Mr. Redlaw?

Redlaw. Yes.

Philip. Yes. She was a dear creature.--I recollect you came here one Christmas morning with a young lady --I ask your pardon, Mr. Redlaw, but I think it was a sister you was very much attached to?

Redlaw. I had a Sister.
Philip. One Christmas morning, that you came here with her--and it began to snow, and my wife invited the young lady to walk in, and sit by the fire that is always a burning on Christmas day, in what used to be, before our ten poor gentlemen commuted, our Great Dinner Hall, I was there; and I recollect, as I was stirring up the blaze for the young lady to warm her pretty feet by, she read the Scroll out loud, that is underneath that picture 'Lord keep my memory green.' She and my poor wife fell a talking about it; and it's a strange thing to think of, now, that they both said (both being so unlike to die) that it was a good prayer, and that it was one they would put up very earnestly, if they were called away young, with reference to those who were dearest to them. My brother, says the young lady--My husband, says my poor wife--Lord, keep his memory of me, green, and do not let me be forgotten!

Redlaw. Philip! I am a stricken man, on whom the hand of Providence has fallen heavily, although deservedly. You speak to me, my friend, of what I cannot follow; my memory is gone.

Philip. Merciful Power!

Redlaw. I have lost my memory of sorrow, wrong, and trouble, and with that I have lost all, man would remember!

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here's the man, in the other room. I don't
want him.

Swidger. What does he mean?

Milly. Hush!

Boy. I like the woman best.

Redlaw. You are right. But you needn't fear to come to me. I am gentler than I was. Of all the world, to you, poor boy.

Milly. Mr. Redlaw, may I speak to you?

Redlaw. Yes, your voice and music are the same to me.

Milly. May I ask you something?

Redlaw. What you will.

Milly. Do you remember what I said, when I knocked at your door last night? About one who was your friend once, and who stood on the verge of destruction?

Redlaw. Yes. I remember.

Milly. Do you understand it? This person I found soon afterwards. I went back to the house, and with Heaven's help, traced him. I was not too soon. A very little, and I should have been too late. He is the father of Mr. Edmund, the young man we saw just now. His real name is Longford.--you recollect the name?

Redlaw. I recollect the name.

Milly. And the man?

Redlaw. No, not the man. Did he ever wrong me?
Milly. Yes!

Redlaw. Ah! Then it's hopeless--hopeless.

Milly. I did not go to Mr. Edmund last night. You will listen to me just the same as if you did remember all?

Redlaw. To every syllable you say.

Milly. Both, because I did not know, then, that this really was his father, and because I was fearful of the effect of such intelligence upon him after his illness, if it should be. Since I have known who this person is, I have not gone either; but that is for another reason. He has long been separated from his wife and Son--has been a stranger to his home almost from his Son's infancy, I learn from him--and has abandoned and deserted what he should have held most dear. In all that time, he has been falling from the estate of a gentleman, more and more, until--

Redlaw. Do you know me?

Longford. I should be glad, and that is an unwonted word for me to use, if I could answer no.

Milly. See how low he is sunk, how lost he is! If you could remember all that is connected with him, do you not think it would move your pity to reflect that one you ever loved (do not let us mind how long ago, or in what belief that he has forfeited), should come to this?

Redlaw. I hope it would, I believe it would.
Milly. I have no learning, and you have much. I am not used to think, and you are always thinking. May I tell you why it seems to me a good thing for us, to remember wrong that has been done to us?

Redlaw. Yes[.]

Milly. That we may forgive it.

Redlaw. Pardon me[,] Great Heaven! for having thrown away thine own high attribute!

Milly. And if, if your memory should one day be restored, as we will hope and pray it may be, would it not be a blessing to you to recall at once a wrong and its forgiveness[?] He cannot go to his abandoned home. He does not seek to go there. He knows that he could only carry shame and trouble to those he has so cruelly neglected; and that the best reparation he can make them now, is to avoid them. A very little money carefully bestowed, would remove him to some distant place, where he might live and do no wrong, and make such atonement as is left within his power for the wrong he has done. To the unfortunate lady who is his wife, and to his son, this would be the best and kindest boon that their best friend could give them--one too that they need never know of; and to him, shattered in reputation, mind, and body, it might be salvation[.]

Redlaw. It shall be done. I trust to you to do it for me, now and secretly; and to tell him that I
would forgive him, if I were so happy as to know for what.

Longford. You are so generous, you ever were—that you will try to banish your rising sense of retribution in the spectacle that is before you. I do not try
to banish it from myself[,] Redlaw. If you can[,] believe me. I am too decayed a wretch to make professions; I recollect my own career too well, to array any such before you. But from the day on which I made my first step downward, in dealing falsely by you, I have gone down with a certain, steady, doomed progression. That, I say. I might have been another man, my life might have been another life if, I had avoided that first fatal step. I don't know what it would have been. I claim nothing for the possibility. Your sister is at rest, and better than she could have been with me, if I had continued even what you thought me, even what I once supposed myself to be. I speak like a man taken from the grave. I should have made my own grave, last night, had it not been for this blessed hand.

Milly. Oh dear, he likes me too! That's another!

Longford. I could not have put myself in your way, last night, even for bread. But, to day, my recollection of what has been between us is so strongly stirred, and is presented to me, I don't know how, so vividly, that I have dared to come at her suggestion, and to take your bounty, and to thank you for it, and to beg you, Redlaw, in your dying hour, to be as merciful to me in your thoughts, as you are in your deeds. I hope my son may interest you, for his mo-
ther's sake. I hope he may deserve to do so. Unless my life should be preserved a long time, and I should know that I have not misused your aid, I shall never look upon him more--/Exit/

Swidger. That's exactly where it is. That's what I always say, father! There's a motherly feeling in Mrs. William's breast that must and will have went. Philip. Aye, aye, you're right. My son William's right!

Swidger. It happens all for the best[,] Milly, dear, no doubt, that we have no children of our own, and yet I sometimes wish you had one to love and cherish. Our little dead child that you built such hopes upon, and that never breathed the breath of life--it has made you quiet-like, Milly.

Milly. I am happy in the recollection of it, William dear, I think of it every day.

Swidger. I was afraid you thought of it a good deal.

Milly. Don't say, afraid; it is a comfort to me; it speaks to me in so many ways. The innocent thing that never lived on earth, is like an angel to me, William.

Swidger. You are like an angel to father and me, I know that.

Milly. When I think of all those hopes I built upon it, and the many times I sat and pictured to myself the little smiling face upon my bosom that never lay
there, and the sweet eyes turned up to mine that never opened to the light, I can feel a greater tenderness, I think, for all the disappointed hopes in which there is no harm. When I see a beautiful child in its fond mother's arms, I love it all the better, thinking that my child might have been like that, and might have made my heart as proud and happy. All through life, it seems to tell me something. For poor neglected children, my little child pleads as if it were alive, and had a voice.
I knew, with which to speak to me. When I hear of youth in suffering or shame, I think that my child might have come to that, perhaps, and that God took it from me in his mercy. Even in age and grey hair, such as father's, it is present: Saying that it too might have lived to be old, long and long after you and I were gone, and to have needed the respect and love of younger people. Children love me so, that sometimes I half fancy--it's a silly fancy, William--they have some way I don't know of, of feeling for my little child, and me, and understanding why their love is precious to me. If I have been quiet since, I have been more happy, William, in a hundred ways. Not least happy, dear, in this--that even when my little child was born and dead but a few days, and I was weak and sorrowful, and could not help grieving a little, the thought arose, that if I tried to lead a good life, I should meet in Heaven a bright creature, who would call me Mother!

Redlaw. O! receive my thanks and bless her--

Milly. He is come back to himself! He likes me very much indeed, too! Oh dear, dear, dear me, here's another!

Enter Edmund.

Redlaw. Edmund Longford, the same gentle influence which restored you has restored me. One lesson of the past which is interest in you and in your choice. Be
happy! Be my children!

**Edmund.** Generous Mr. Redlaw!

**Redlaw.** And as Christmas is a time in which of all times in the year the memory of all our remediable sorrow, wrong, and trouble, in the world around us should be active with us not less than our own experiences, for all good. Witness you and all here that I vow to protect this forlorn creature; to reach him and reclaim him.

**Boy.** You'll let me see the woman sometimes though!

**Redlaw.** Else I should have learned and suffered to poor purpose[,] child! Philip[,] your hand! How many Swidgers did you tell me there were[,] William[?] As many as would make a ring round England if they joined hands. Was it not?

**Swidger.** Why it'[']s what I did say[,] Sir[,] that's exactly where it was[.]

**Redlaw.** Then let us have as many of that good stock here[,] Philip[,] to a Christmas dinner in this hall as you have already bidden to your own fire-side, and as many more as can be assembled on so short a notice.

**Swidger.** Why Lord bless you[,] Sir, here's a regiment of Swidgers ready now, and there's Tetterby's
down to the very baby can be got in half a minute, and there's George who has been removed to the little bed up stairs, I will have him down to gladden my old father[']s heart. What a wonderful old man he is.

/Exit/

Enter Guests. George. William the Tetterby's &c

Mrs. T. /in alarm/ Ah! where's the baby?

Enter Johnny with baby.

John. Mother! Mother! It's come through--a double tooth!

Redlaw. Stay! Philip! There's a good grace worthy of the day upon the wall[.]

Swidger. Ay, ay, Mr. Redlaw[,] it[,]s a good prayer [,] Sir, and a pious prayer. It's very good and pious [,] Mr. Redlaw. Lord[,] Keep--

All. Lord[,] Keep my memory green.

End
THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS

come soon, as I am very anxious to talk with you. We can send round to Mac after you arrive, and tell him to join us at Hampstead or elsewhere. I was so utterly knocked down last night, that I came up to the contemplation of all these things quite bold this morning. If I can let the house for this season, I will be off to some seaside place as soon as a tenant offers. I am not afraid, if I reduce my expenses; but if I do not, I shall be ruined past all mortal hope of redemption.

The ultimate result was that his publishers were changed, and the immediate result that his departure for Italy became a settled thing; but a word may be said on these Carol accounts before mention is made of his new publishing arrangements.1 Want of

1 It may interest the reader, and be something of a curiosity of literature, if I give the expenses of the first edition of 6000, and of the 7000 more which constituted the five following editions, with the profit of the remaining 2000 which completed the sale of fifteen thousand:

CHRISTMAS CAROL
1st Edition, 6000 No.

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2nd to the 7th Edition, making 7000 Copies

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Figure 3. Christmas Carol Account, from Forster's Life of Charles Dickens, p. 314.
Figures 4.1 and 4.2: John Leech's plates for A Christmas Carol
Opposite: Black and White facsimile title page from first edition of
A Christmas Carol

Figures 4.3 and 4.4: John Leech's Plates for A Christmas Carol
Figures 4.5 and 4.6: John Leech's Plates for A Christmas Carol
Figures 4.7 and 4.8: John Leech's Plates for *A Christmas Carol*
Figures 5.1 and 5.2: "Trotty Veck" (left) and "Alderman Cute and His Friends" by John Leech

Figures 5.3 and 5.4: "Sir Joseph Bowley's" by John Leech, and "Trotty At Home" by Richard Doyle

Trotty found him in the street. His voice was deeper and more husky, and had a trembling in it now and then; but he never raised it, passionately, and seldom lifted it above the firm stern level of the homely facts he stated.

"'Tis harder than you think for, gentlefolks, to grow up decent: commonly decent: in such a place. That I grewed up a man and

Figures 5.9 and 5.10: "Margaret and her Child" by Richard Doyle, and "The New Year's Dance" by John Leech

Figure 6: Scene from [Stirling's] Christmas Carol at the Adelphi, from the Illustrated London News, 17 February, 1844, p. 109.
Figure 7: Scene from the Adelphi's Carol, originally given in the Pictorial Times, reprinted in Richard Southern, The Victorian Theatre, p. 19

Figure 8: Scene from The Chimes, the Illustrated London News, 11 January, 1845, p. 29
SCENE FROM THE DRAMA OF "THE CHIMES," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

Our illustration is from the Second Act of this impressive drama—the scene in which Trotty Veck, in a fit of genuine emotion, kneels down on the ground before her, and dries her wet feet on a cloth. Aysh and she laughed at Trotty’s tenderness, so cheerfully, that Trotty could have blessed her where she knelt; for he had seen that, when they entered, she was sitting by the fireside in tears.

Figure 9.1 (above): Scene from the Sanctioned Chimes at the Adelphi, from the Illustrated London News, 4 January, 1845, p. 16

Figure 9.2 (right): Robert Keeley as Trotty Veck in Stirling's Chimes at the Lyceum, from the Illustrated London News, 4 January, 1845, p. 16
Figure 10: from the *Dickensian*, 47 (1951), 202

1 second Christmas story of Dickens, *The Chimes*, it is December, 1844, and Charles, mindful of the dramatic vultures semi-literate playwrights attached to the Minor Theatres waiting to pounce upon his every novel, determined to assure some sanctioning to a transformation of his Christmas Carol. He had managed Benjami Twelve years earlier to dramatise a Christmas Carol less successfully. Dickens had felt a prodigious sense of the thefts. Though it may be for the least should be made with his approval. Gilbert Abbott, recently provided Webster with a

*THE CHIMES*

dramatised by Mark Lemon and Gilbert A. à Beckett at the Adelphi Theatre, 1844.

from the original edition.
LYCEUM.

On Saturday evening, a version of Mr. Dickens's new Christmas book, "The Cricket on the Hearth," dramatised by Mr. Albert Smith, from early proofs of the work, furnished to him by the author, was acted for the first time, and with the most complete success; indeed, it is long since we have witnessed such enthusiasm as that evinced by the audience upon the fall of the curtain.

Long before this notice comes into the hands of our readers, the greater part of them will, we expect, have read the delightful little book in question; or, indeed, if they have not, it may be found in another part of our Journal. It is not, therefore, necessary for us here to repeat it, but merely to notice the manner in which its various characters were represented by the members of the Lyceum company, to which corps its dramatic personae were admirably adapted. Indeed, it would almost appear, as the Times remarked, that Mr. Dickens had his representation at this house in his eye when he wrote the work. The cast was as follows:—John Peverilme, Mr. Emery; Fussilton (the toy merchant), Mr. Meadows; Caleb Plummer, Mr. Keeley; The Stranger, Mr. K. Vining; Dot, Mrs. Keeley; Bertha, Miss Mary Keeley (her first appearance on any stage); Tilly Snoberry, Miss Turner; Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Woolridge; Mary, Miss Howard; and the Fairy Cricket, Miss Dawson. The acting of everybody concerned was so admirable, that it is difficult to say of whom we ought first to speak; in galantry, however, we will commence with the ladies. Miss Mary Keeley, the dévouée, is a young lady of fifteen; and, from the favourable impression she created on Saturday, we augur, become a star of no ordinary magnitude. Her features are extremely pleasing and expressive; and when, at the conclusion of the piece, upon being called before the curtain, we were permitted to see her eyes, which she had kept closed whilst playing the part of Bertha, we found them as bright and intelligent as her mother's, and this is the highest compliment that we can pay to them. Her voice is sweet, and capable of nice modulation; and she betrayed throughout her personation of the part a perception and stage tact which could hardly have been looked for in one so young. Mrs. Keeley's Dot was perfection: we never saw her in a part in which she appeared to be so completely at home. Her busy, bustling, affectionate manner in the first "chirp" or act, and her anxiety in the last one—the little pantomime scene in which she comes and seats herself on her little stool at the feet of her husband, who has been sitting up all night at his dreary hearth—and the woe-fuly and earnest haste with which she pours forth the explanation of her apparently equivocal conduct, as soon as she finds herself at liberty to do so—were inimitable. We are convinced, in these points, there is no actress now upon the

Figure 11.1 (right): "John, Dot, and the Stranger," the Illustrated London News, 27 Dec., 1845, p. 413

Figure 11.2 (left): "Calbeb and Bertha Plummer"
LYCEUM THEATRE.

This theatre opened for the winter season on Monday evening last, when the version of Mr. Dickens's last Christmas book, "The Battle of Life," dramatised by Mr. Albert Smith, was played for the first time, one clear day only having elapsed between the publication of the story and the production of the drama.

Mr. F. Turner; and Benjamin Britain was admirably played by Mr. Keeley, for whom the character seems to have been almost written. His bewilderment and confusion, during the signing of the contract, in the first act, was inimitable. Mr. F. Vining was the Michael Warden.

The two sisters, Grace and Marion, were played by Miss Daly and Miss May.
On Thursday evening a Concert took end, at which Misses Birch, Miran, R. & S. and the Cases were the principal artists.

The Dumbarton concerts, besides Theatre, on Wednesday and Friday evening at Kennington, Thursday and Saturday. Mr. Allcroft's Twelfth Annual. well attended. There were upwards of four thousand, the Dumbarton N. C. Graham, Allen, Harrison, Miss Lucas, Thirlwall, and Mr. Lazarus were the last artists.

Handel's 'Judas Macasaris.'—Under Sarman, announced this evening at the Sacred Harmonic Society, conducted by Mr. Jullie. The provincial tour last with his band, was to be at Liverpool, singing at these concerts.

A young lady, named Newcombe, was a pianiste.

Musical Events.—Lahabache (the T. being engaged by Mr. Beale for tours it opera of the 'Crusaders' has been pro. Nearly £2000 were realised at the two which Mlle. Lind sang principally: Madrigal Society, and the German Lieders' services; and the prices of ads till in Hail, and Ian. 10s., 5s., and 2s. 6d., to sing on the 5th of January at Liverpool in 'Janes.'—Anther's beautiful open Chapel, by Paer, will be produced a night, Monday, Jan. 18. S. Condor, originally represented by him in Paris. Foreign Musical News.—The best on the subject of the grant of privilege been given at our last advices; the Con- bing, but had not accepted any of the to the best chance; but there were also in M.roupon for some English capitalists. Exeter, M. Meril, &c. Hall vy's, v. and the new musical burlesque, 'La F continued to be the great attractions in 'Prophets' were continued with great The composer had received trues to the King's marriage. Teresa uil*. The 'Huguenots,' and as Robert in a great success—Maas is Director of the latest of Verdi's 'Nabucco,' with Mlle. state that the Italian company has met down in Melle. Steffanni, from the La Polonse, from the same theatre, new tenor.
ILL TREATED IL TROVATORE!

THE MOTHER, the MAIDEN & the Musician.

Written by Henry J. Byron, Esq.

Maurice, (the original Wandering Minstrel, a real good fellow though a true-bad-doer)

Count di Luna, — ("Count di Magistrate") — Miss CARRY NELSON.

Fernando, — (his "creature") — Mr. R. PHILLIPS.

1st Guard, — Mr. PHILLIPS.

1st Servant, — Mr. ALDRIDGE.

The Kithkin, (a Gigolo Thief, bent on the occasion from the "Flowers of the Forest") — Mr. PHILLIPS.

Mr. J. C. SMITH, 2nd Guard, — Miss SIRMAN.

Kia, — Miss A. SIRMAN.

Leonora, (a ward of Di Luna's, eventually awarded to Maurice) — Miss SARA NELSON.

Adolphe Tetterby, (an elderly Gigolo party, with a variation on his mind) — Mr. C. J. SMITH.

1st Schoolgirl, Miss WRIGHT, 2nd Duet, — Miss STOKER.

Iris, — Miss KATE KELLY.

Notice to Authors. — The Management will not be answerable for, nor undertake to return any Manuscript left for perusal.

Private Boxes, Stalls, and Places may be obtained at the Box-office daily from 10 to 5. Children, under Three Years of Age cannot be admitted.

The Public is requested to take notice that no charge is made for looking Seats in the ORCHESTRA, BALCONY, FIRST CIRCLE, PIT, or AMPHITHEATRE STALLS, nor for Play Bils, the sale keeping of Hats and Cloaks, &c; and that the Attendants in all parts of the House are forbidden to receive any gratuity whatever.

Treasure, — Mr. J. W. ANSON.

Manager, — Mr. R. PHILLIPS.

Note: — The Gift, while it is the reproduction of the piece of the NEW AND ORIGINAL BURLESQUE EXTRAVAGANZA, founded on a famous though somewhat confusing Opera, entitled THE 그리프 다이버스. THE GIFT REVERSED.

Tableau II. — TETTERBY'S PARLOUR. A Tetterby & Co., (Newman, Confectioner, Toy-dealer, Milliner, Tobacconist, &c.)

Mr. J. L. TOOLE.

Mrs. Tetterby, — (his "Little Woman") — Miss WOOGAR—Mrs. A. WELLS.

Adolphe Tetterby, (the First-born) — Mr. W. H. ELLIS.

Johnny Tetterby, (the Second-born, and Nurse to Tetterby's Baby) — Mr. B. PHILLIPS.

Sally, (Tetterby's Baby was as well known in the neighbourhood as the postman or the pocky) — Miss A. MELLON.

Phillip, Benjamin, Edward, Samuel and Thomas Tetterby, Masters ROBBINS, CLARK, HAMILTON, JONES, HARDY.

Tableau III. — THE CHEMIST'S CHAMBER. THE GIFT DITFUSED.

The Orchestra, under the direction of MEARS J. RIVIERE, will perform:—

Overture, — "LA SIRENE," Auber.

1st Knave, — "THE RATAPLAN POLKA" (Cornet Oboe), Konig.

2nd Knave, — "THE BANG!" (for the Flagons), Weber.


Solo Flagolets, and Cornets, Messrs. BONNIBEESE.

To conclude with, at TEN O'CLOCK PRECISELY (32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th and 37th Times), THE GRAND SCREAMING BURLESQUE, ILL TREATED IL TROVATORE, THE GHOST'S BARGAIN!
Figure 15: "Interior of the Lyceum, 1834-1856," Austin Brereton, The Lyceum and Henry Irving (London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1903), p. 120
Charles Dickens and the Theatre:
A Bibliography

Much has been written on the subject of the theatrical elements in the works of Dickens, somewhat less on the novelist's own theatrical efforts, and very little on dramatisations of his works by others. There are, therefore, few critical works which discuss dramatic adaptations of Dickens' works, although there is increasing interest in the topic, as well as in Dickens' Christmas Books themselves.

Because most earlier theatrical studies examining dramatisations of Dickens' work by such critics as S. J. Fitz-Gerald (1910), Malcolm Morley (1946-1964), and F. Dubrez Fawcett (1952)—covered in sections III, IV, VII, IX—focus on stage histories rather than on actual scripts of the dramatic adaptations, the scholar's most useful resources for popular and critical reactions to the dramatic presentations of the Christmas Books from 1844 to 1848 are the reviews in such Victorian periodicals as the Illustrated London News. Among that paper's critics, all of whom remained anonymous, was Albert Smith, himself the adaptor of several of Dickens' works.

Reviewing Dickens criticism has become increasingly arduous as writing on him has proliferated since the 1970 Centenary. Fortunately, the annual and other bibliographical resources for Dickens are bet-
ter than for any other writer excepting Shakespeare. Critical commentary, analysis, and primary works published prior to the commencement of the annual bibliographies are listed in *Dickens 1970 Centenary Essays* and *A Bibliography of Dickensian Criticism 1836-1975*. However, even with such useful tools at his disposal, the researcher into Dickens must still peruse the annual bibliography in the *Dickensian*, the single most important source in this century for critical material on Dickens. Since other bibliographies seem to have missed some articles from that journal, a particularly useful short-cut to Dickens research is F. T. Dunn's invaluable *Cumulative Analytical Index to The Dickensian 1905-1974*.

Besides the *Victorian Studies* bibliography (formerly in *MP*), originally cumulated by Templeman, Wright, Slack, and Freeman (now by E. M. Cohen), and in the bibliographies in *PMLA* and *MHRA*, *The Dickens Studies Annual* and the *Dickens Quarterly* both contain indices and checklists of Dickens scholarship. Material on Dickens and his relationship with the theatre --especially with the adaptations of his novels and short stories for the stage and screen--is so extensive that it has been necessary to expand to fourteen the usual categories of "primary" and "secondary" sources. Occasionally a work may fall into more than one category, but only when the overlapping is so
great as to prove confining has the work been placed in more than one category.

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Parker, C. "Success to Dickens on the Screen." *Dickensian*, 54 (1958), 73-76.


Petrie, Graham. "Dickens, Godard, and the Film Today." *YR*, 64, 185-201.


---------. "Nicholas Nickleby As A Film." *Dickensian*, 43 (1947), 131-133.

---------. "Pickwick on the Screen." *Dickensian*, 49 (1953), 75-76.


VI. Adaptations on Stage and Screen, 1970-1987


1. A Christmas Carol


c. 1980 musical, U. S. A.


d. 1971 television film, Gt. Br./U. S. A.
e. **Scrooge**: 1970 musical adaptation, Gt. Br./U. S. A.


f. 1970 animated film, Australian

2. **David Copperfield**: 1981 (13 to 26 April) New York musical


3. **Dombey and Son**: 1978 (21 July) at Granville, Ramsgate (playwrights Dorothy Waltho and Joan Taylor)


4. **Great Expectations**

a. 1975 television film


b. 22 Nov., 1974, television production, starring Michael York, Sarah Miles, and James Mason (Joseph Hardy director, Sherman Yellen screenwriter)


5. **Nicholas Nickleby**


S[later], M[ichael]. "Nickleby and Me: A New Musical." Dickensian, 72 (1976), 37.


Hardy, Barbara. "Mister Quilp: A Reader's Digest Film." Dickensian, 72 (1976), 36-37.

7. Oliver Twist


8. The Pickwick Papers: autumn, 1982, musical


VII. Dickens as Actor, Producer, and Drama Critic


--------- "For One Night Only: Dickens's Appearances As An Amateur Actor." Dickensian, 35 (1939), 231-42; 36 (1940), 20-30, 91-102, 131-5, 195-201; 37 (1941), 7-11.


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XII. Costumes and Clothing, Style and Fashion


XIII. Dictionaries and Reference Works


Johnson, Samuel. A Dictionary of the English Language in which the words are deduced from their originals and illustrated in their different significations by examples from the best writers. To which are prefixed, a history of the language and an English grammar. 5th ed. 2 vols. London: W. & A. Strahan, 1784.


XIV. Other Works Consulted


"What's In A Name: Fantasy and Calculation in Dickens." DSA, 14 (1985), 191-204.


district. However, the presence of "Hertfordshire" in all the play texts suggests that there were no subsequent attempts to bring the script into line with the novella after 16 December, 1844, or, for that matter, after Forster had read the book to A'Beckett.

For some notion of what Lemon and A'Beckett had from Dickens to work with one might better consult his letters to Forster from Italy. These indicate that, in mid-October, Dickens had contemplated a Meg more fallen and sordid than the woman he finally delivers to the public in *The Chimes* as published: "the Bells will show her, that marriage broken off and all her friends dead, with an infant child; reduced so low, and made so miserable, as to be brought at last to wander out at night" (*Letters*, IV, 204). "The phrase 'to wander out at night' might suggest that Meg had lodgings which she left at night to wander about, behaviour which would seem to indicate prostitution" (Slater, "Dickens [And Forster] At Work. . . ," p. 111). Slater further cites the example of Eliza Cook (reported in the *Times* on 28 Feb., 1844), who, unable to pay her rent, had wandered about the streets at night before attempting suicide.

The idea of prostitution crops up again in the name that Dickens had originally selected for Fern's niece when he conceived of adding these two characters at the end of October. The name was not "Lilian"