

# OLIVER TWIST;

OR,

THE PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

*Adapted from the celebrated Novel, by*

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

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2 OLIVER TWIST.

*First performed at the Pavilion Theatre, May, 1838—at the Royal Surrey Theatre, on Monday, November 19th, 1838.*

**Copy of the Surrey Bill.**

THE Stage is never devoted to a more noble or better purpose than when it lends its powerful aid to improve the morals, and correct the vices of the age. It is this conviction which has led to the adaptation of the impressive Work upon which this Drama is founded, opening one of the darkest volumes of life, and revealing facts that must startle the more strongly, from the previous total ignorance of their existence, even by those persons residing in the very heart of the scenes in which they are daily and nightly passing. Nothing can be more useful and salutary than the knowledge of such facts to the Public at large, against whom the offences of which they consist are practised, and the consciousness of their possessing such knowledge by the individuals themselves employed in the commission of them. "Holding the mirror up to nature," albeit in its worst light, and showing the manner in which youth is unsuspectedly seduced into crime—unmasking the nurseries of guilt—pointing out the receptacles of plunder—and warning the victims both sinned against and sinning; the object, as *The Times* newspaper of Tuesday, November 13th, 1838, in an able and eloquent article on this important subject, justly remarks, is "not for the purpose of grounding any legislative remedy against these particular nuisances, but for the sake of giving to the respectable inhabitants of every parish a general acquaintance with what goes on in the little alleys near them, and thus enabling them to exercise with the more advantage that local vigilance, which is the best, and, indeed, almost the only check upon these haunts of vice. Evidence of complete offences committed by the tenants against any specific law is not easily obtained, but constant observation, and active declared suspicion, will do a good deal in the way of prevention. Disorderly people grow cautious how they behave when they know that their practices are understood and watched. Few pockets are picked under a gas lamp."

It is possible that many persons may conceive the striking pictures presented to them in this Drama have not their parallel in real life, but are exaggerated, wrought up, and coloured, merely for the sake of effect. That such is not the case, the testimony of individuals of the highest integrity and intellect, given before a Committee of the House of Commons appointed to enquire into the subject in 1837, will sufficiently evince. "The Calendar of human sins," says the writer we have just quoted, "contains no crime, however private and domestic, which does not directly or indirectly work some social mischief, whether by the injury done to its immediate victims, the evil of its example, or by its demoralising effect on the delinquent himself as a member of society. To prove how offenders are first trained to vice, what haunts are kept open for them, and where they find their markets, there is the evidence of Mr. Wakefield. He remarks 'there did exist, and he believes exists still, a great number of people in London, whose

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sole occupation, whose trade, and whose means of livelihood, is seducing young people to the commission of crimes of depredation—many of them women, sometimes men, who watch for boys loitering about in the neighbourhood, and take opportunities of making acquaintance with them, induce them to get into debt, and then suggest to them, for the first time, the idea of robbing their masters (if they happen to be apprentices) or their parents. These persons, who sometimes keep small shops, are frequently the receivers of stolen goods.' " In illustration of that part of the Drama which relates to the infamous Fagin, and the system of decoy and training pursued by him, there is the testimony of Mr. Richard Gregory, a gentleman of much experience—speaking of lodging houses, like that to which the young, hapless hero of this Drama was conveyed, he says, "the mischief of them is, boys and girls of tender age are suffered to remain there to be fed, and they go out to thieve. The girls luring persons to these houses, where they plunder them,—the owners of the houses receiving the plunder. These boys and girls are sent out morning, noon, and night; the boys for the purpose of picking pockets—the girls for the purposes mentioned."

The city officers in pursuing that great receiver of stolen goods, Ikey Solomons, discovered cellars and trap doors, and all sorts of places of concealment, which they found full of stolen goods. There seems no reason to believe that any effectual check has been given to these depositories of crime, for Mr. Wakefield, only last year, referred the Committee to a class of houses existing in all the poorer parts of London, and kept for the use of thieves, where they meet receivers of stolen goods, plan robberies, and lie in concealment for some time after their commission of any crime which has excited observation.

Thus it will be seen in this Drama. It's great original, who verbally speaking, may truly be termed akin to Hogarth, has raised a beacon on the basis of truth to warn the erring, guide the inexperienced, instruct the ignorant to avoid the shoals by which they are surrounded, and forcibly inculcate the great moral lesson, that vice, however prosperous for a time, will sooner or later meet with punishment and disgrace, while virtue, whatever be its trials and temptations, will ultimately secure a lasting and just reward.

### Characters.

OLIVER TWIST ( <i>an Orphan Boy</i> ) .....	Master OWEN.
Who has been expressly engaged to perform in this Drama.	
MR. BROWNLOW ( <i>a retired Gentleman, residing in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell</i> )	Mr. COOPER.
MR. GRIMWIG ( <i>his Neighbour and Companion</i> )	Mr. CULLEN.
MR. SOWERBERRY ( <i>an Undertaker, of a melancholy and poetical imagination</i> ).....	Mr. FORBES.
MR. BUMBLE ( <i>Parochial Beadle of Mudfog, afterwards Master of the Workhouse</i> ) .....	Mr. W. SMITH.
MONKS..... ( <i>a Stranger</i> ) .....	Mr. SIMPSON.
NOAH CLAYPOLE ( <i>an ill-favoured Charity Boy</i> ) .....	Master YOUNG.

GILES (*Butler to Mrs. Maylie*)..... Mr. MORELLI.  
 BRITTONS (*her Footman*)..... Mr. R. GREEN.

**THE GANG.**

BILL SYKES (*a Housebreaker, of a savage and  
reckless disposition*) ..... Mr. E. F. SAVILLE.  
 TOBY CRACKIT otherwise FLASH TOBY (*a  
Lothario in his own opinion*), and one of the  
*Swell Multitude* ..... Mr. G. ALMAR.  
 FAGIN (*a Jew and Keeper of a Fence or Den  
for Thieves*) ..... Mr. HESLOP.

**THE BOYS.**

THE DODGER, alias THE ARTFUL, alias  
LUMMY JACK (*a young Gentleman, who  
possessing no property of his own, is most  
readily disposed to appropriate the moveables  
of others in more prosperous circumstances*) Mr. ROSS.  
 CHARLEY BATES (*a Youth of more mild,  
merry, and facetious disposition, but still a  
professor of that easy conveyancing species of  
business so successfully practised by the Artful  
Dodger*) ..... Mr. FRANCE.  
 BARNEY (*Landlord of the "Three Cripples"*) Mr. YOUNG.  
 ROSE MAYLIE ..... Miss COLLETT.  
 MISS NANCY ..... Miss MARTIN.  
 MRS. CORNEY afterwards MRS. BUMBLE ... Mrs. W. DALY.  
 MRS. BEDWIN (*Housekeeper to Mr. Brownlow*) Mrs. LEWIS.

**Synopsis,**

*With Extracts and Sketches of the Local Scenery and Incidents of  
the celebrated Novel of Oliver Twist.*

The Scenery either from designs made upon the spot by  
Mr. BRUNNING, or from the Etchings which so richly illustrate  
the Work, by the talented GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

**A C T I.****INTERIOR OF THE "THREE CRIPPLES,"**

Meeting of the Fence and the Thieves—The Persecutor of the  
Orphan—and the Plot.

**PARLOUR OF MRS. CORNEY.—THE TEA TABLE.**

"It was bleak, dark, and piercing cold; it was a night for the well-housed and fed to draw round the bright fire, and thank God they were at home, and for the homeless starving wretch to lay him down and die. Many hunger-worn outcasts close their eyes in our bare streets at such times, who (let their crimes have been what they may) can hardly open them to a more bitter world."

The Application for an Apprentice—The Working of the Plot—Its  
Defeat, and the just Escape of Oliver.

## THE UNDERTAKER'S SHOP. THE PAROCHIAL COFFIN.

"It's only about young Twist—a very good looking boy that, my dear." "He need be," says she, "for he eats enough."

There's an expression of melancholy in his face, my dear, which is very interesting—he would make a delightful mute—not a regular mute to attend grown-up people, but only for children's practice—it would be very new to have a mute in proportion, my dear."

"Mr. Bumble entered the shop, drew forth his pocket book, from which he selected a scrap of paper, which he handed over to Sowerberry—'Aha!' said the undertaker, with a lively countenance, 'an order for a coffin, eh?' 'For a coffin first, and a parochial funeral afterwards,' replied Mr. Bumble, fastening the strap of the leathern pocket book, which like himself, was very corpulent."

"'Work'us,' said Noah, 'how's yer mother?' 'She's dead,' replied Oliver, 'don't you say anything about her to me.' 'But yer must know,' continued Noah, 'work'us, yer mother was a right down bad un.' 'What did you say?' inquired Oliver, looking up quickly. 'A regular right down bad un,' replied Noah coolly. Crimson with fury, Oliver started up, overthrew chair and table, seized Noah by the throat, shook him in the violence of his rage till his teeth chattered in his head, and collecting his whole force in one heavy blow, felled him to the ground.—Oliver locked up for the night—he cancels his indentures."

### A C T I I.

## THE HIGHGATE GATEHOUSE. THE ARTFUL DODGER AND THE EARLY BREAKFAST.

"'Hollo, my covey, what's the row?' Oliver thought that the young gentleman who thus addressed him was one of the queerest looking boys that he had ever seen; he was short of his age, with rather bow legs, and little sharp ugly eyes. He wore a man's coat, which reached nearly to his heels. He had turned the cuffs back half way up his arm to get his hands out of the sleeves, apparently with the ultimate view of thrusting them into the pockets of his corduroy trowsers, for there he kept them. He was altogether as roystering and swaggering a young gentleman as ever stood four feet six, or something less, in his bluchers."

## Fagin's Den, in the Neighbourhood of Field Lane.

### THE INTRODUCTION.

"When they reached the bottom of the hill, his conductor catching him by the arm, pushed open the door of a house in Field Lane, and drawing him into the passage, closed it behind them. 'Now then,' cried a voice from below in reply to a whistle. 'Plummy and slamm,' answered the Dodger—this seemed to be some watchword, or signal that all was right. 'There's two on yer', said the man, 'who's the t'other one?' 'A new pal,' replied Jack

Dawkins, pulling Oliver forward. ‘Is Fagin up stairs?’ said he. ‘Yes,’ said the other, ‘and sorting the wipes—up with ye.’”

“In a frying pan which was on the fire, and which was secured to the mantel shelf by a string, some sausages were cooking, and standing over them, with a toasting fork in his hand, was a very old shrivelled Jew. Oliver ate his share of the supper, and the Jew then mixed a glass of hot gin and water, telling him he must drink it off directly;—Oliver did as he was desired, and then sunk into a deep sleep.

### THE PARLOUR OF THE MATRON.

“Mr. Bumble’s conduct on being left to himself was rather inexplicable. He opened the closet, counted the tea spoons, weighed the sugar tongs, closely inspected the silver milk pot, to ascertain that it was of the genuine metal, and having satisfied his curiosity on these points, put on his cocked hat corner ways, and danced with much gravity four distinct times round the table.”

### A PARLOUR IN THE HOUSE OF MR. BROWNLOW.

THE SICK BOY AND HIS BENEFACTOR.

“‘And when are you going to hear a full, true, and particular account of the life and adventures of Oliver Twist?’ asked Grimwig of Mr. Brownlow. ‘To-morrow morning,’ said Mr. Brownlow. ‘In the meantime, Oliver, you can go to the booksellers—say that you have brought these books back, and that you have come to pay the four pounds ten I owe him.’ ‘It won’t be ten minutes before I return,’ replied Oliver.’

“The two friends drew their chairs close to the table, and sat in silent expectation, with the watch between them. At last it grew so dark that the figures on the dial were scarcely discernible; but still there the two old gentlemen continued to sit in silence.”

### BEERSHOP IN CLERKENWELL.—THE STRATAGEM.

“‘What the devil’s this?’ said a man bursting out of a beershop, ‘Come home to your poor mother, you young dog. What books are these? Give ‘em here.’ With these words the man tore the volumes from his grasp, and struck him on the head. In another moment Oliver was dragged into a labyrinth of dark narrow courts, and forced along them at a pace which rendered his cries unintelligible.

### THE DEN OF FAGIN.—THE RE-CAPTURE.

“‘So you wanted to get away, my tear,’ said the Jew, taking up a jagged and knotted club which lay in a corner of the fire-place, ‘eh?’ when the girl rushing forward, wrested it from his hands.”

“There is something about a roused woman, especially if she adds to all her other strong passions the fierce impulses of recklessness and despair, which few men like to provoke.”

### INTERIOR OF THE PAROCHIAL ORPHAN ASYLM.

### THE JOURNEY TO LONDON.

“‘I am going to London,’ said Mr. Bumble to Mrs. Mann., An action is coming on about a settlement, and the Board has appointed me to depose the matter before the Quarter Sessions at Clerkenwell,

[*There is no charge for the performance of this Drama.*]

## OLIVER TWIST.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of the "Three Cripples."*

BILL SIKES, FAGIN, the DODGER, and CHARLEY BATES discovered. FAGIN is seated at a table by himself, gazing at a small watch, SIKES is examining a bludgeon, and on his right are the DODGER and BATES, the one smoking a pipe, the other drinking.

FAGIN. 'Tis gold!—real—real gold! By my life, a bargain!

SIKES. What are you jawing about, Fagin?

DODGER. Vy, don't you know, Bill? Fagin's got a bargain, and he's overjoyed, that's all.

SIKES. Who has he been swindling, the old thief?

FAGIN. No one, my tear—no one, Mishter Sikes. An ould pauper met me in the street just now, and sold me this watch.

SIKES. And how should a pauper have a watch?

FAGIN. It was given her by a woman she attended who was sick, fourteen years ago. But I'll tell you all about it, if you come closer to me.

SIKES approaches FAGIN. At the same moment MONK enters without their perceiving him; his manner is distracted and gloomy; he sinks into a chair behind, takes up a newspaper and reads, but presently lays it down to listen to FAGIN'S tale.

SIKES. No, Fagin—go on. (during this dialogue the DODGER and BATES amuse themselves by playing at cards)

FAGIN. About fourteen or fifteen years ago, said the ould pauper, one stormy night, a loud ringing at St. Nicholas' Workhouse gates aroused the inmates. When the gate was opened, two men entered carrying a woman, who seemed exhausted and dying. They had discovered her in the high road, sinking and worn out with fatigue and want. She was a good-looking girl, and must have walked far, for her shoes were torn to pieces,

"The two women servants ran up stairs to carry the intelligence that Mr. Giles had captured a robber. In the midst of this noise and commotion was heard a sweet female voice which quelled it in an instant."

### **SIKES' GARRET.—The Broken Promise.**

"She struggled and implored by turns until twelve o'clock had struck, and then, wearied and exhausted, ceased to contest the point any further."

### **THE WORKHOUSE PARLOUR.**

#### **THE STRANGER AND THE BRIBE.**

"She spoke of a young creature," replied the matron, "who has brought a child into the world some years before; not merely in the same room, but in the same bed in which she there lay dying."

### **London Bridge and the River Thames.**

#### **THE MIDNIGHT MEETING.**

"The steps to which the girl had pointed were those which on the Surrey bank, and on the same side of the bridge as St. Saviour's Church, form a landing stairs from the river."

"Peeping out more than once to make sure he was unobserved, Noah Claypole darted away, and made for the Jew's house as fast as his legs could carry him."

### **CITY OF LONDON—HOLBORN HILL.**

#### **The Mystery.**

"On Nancy hearing the exposition of the mystery, she hurried with great rapidity in a contrary direction, partly to recover lost time, and partly to keep pace with the violence of her own feelings."

### **THE GARRET OF SIKES.**

#### **THE MURDER—FATAL CONSEQUENCES.**

"The man struggled violently to release his arm, but those of the girl were clasped round his, and he could not tear them away."

#### **MR. BROWNLOW'S HOUSE.—THE CONFESSION.**

"The only proofs of the boy's identity lie at the bottom of the river, and the old hag that received them from the mother is rotting in her coffin."

### **AN OLD HOUSE IN JACOB'S ISLAND,**

#### *On the Banks of Folly Ditch.—The Desperado's Death.*

"In a neighbourhood beyond Dockhead, in the Borough of Southwark, stands Jacob's Island, surrounded by a muddy ditch, six or eight feet deep when the tide is in, once called Mill Pond, but known in these days as Folly Ditch."

"The murderer sat his foot against the stack of chimneys, fastened one end of the rope firmly round it, and with the other made a strong running noose. Missing his aim he fell into the ditch, and striking his head against a stone, dashed out his brains."

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Within three hours of her being brought there, she gave birth to a male child and expired. As a reward for her services, she gave the woman who attended her this watch. (*MONK listens attentively to this recital, which seems to interest him*)

SIKES. Or else the beldame stole it—eh, Fagin?

FAGIN. Can't say—can't say, indeed.

SIKES. But what became of the child?

FAGIN. He still lives—is at the workhouse, and I think they call him Oli—Oliver—yes, Oliver—Oliver Twist.

MONKS. (*aside*) Oliver Twist!

SIKES. Oliver Twist!—that's a rummy name. (*turns and perceives MONKS*) Ha! a stranger.

FAGIN. 'Tis no stranger; 'tis my very good friend Monks. Good day, Mr. Monks—good day.

MONKS. Fagin, I am glad to see you. I overheard your tale—that trinket—let me see it.

FAGIN. Yes, yes, Mr. Monks, in a moment—there is a cypher on it—"H. B. The gift of a fond father."

MONKS. Those initials too!—Give it me! (*takes it*) That cypher! By heaven I was not deceived!—'twas hers—'twas hers! (*sinks into a chair, FAGIN approaches him*)

FAGIN. You knew the owner of this watch, then?

MONKS. Knew her? Would I ne'er had seen her—I had then been a crimeless man. Knew her? Oh, Heaven! Quick—take this watch—it seems to sear me like a red hot iron! Take it—take it—it is pain to gaze upon it!

FAGIN. What means this?

MONKS. Ask me nothing—I can answer nothing—thoughts of the past torture me! Give me some brandy—quick—some brandy, I say! (*SIKES offers him a glass, he drinks, and snatches up the newspaper again*)

SIKES. There's some'at wrong in his upper story, or I'm no cracksmen.

MONKS. Damnation—'tis here again! Must I be ever haunted thus, and remined of the past? Yet, hold—this may be of service—I may rid me of my fears. 'Tis but one bold stroke and all may yet be well. (*comes forward with newspaper*) Fagin, read that.

FAGIN. (*takes paper*) An advertisement by the Board of St. Nicholas' Workhouse, offering a premium of five pounds to any tradesman who will take Oliver Twist, a parish orphan, as an apprentice.

MONKS. Fagin, that boy's fate is deeply involved with mine. Get him in your power, and you shall have a hundred pounds.

FAGIN. And what would you do with him, Mr. Monks?

MONKS. No harm—no harm—but we must have him in our power.

FAGIN. You want to have this boy in your power? Vell, I see the vay—it shall be done. Dawkins! Bates! (*they rise and come forward*) To work! ye have been idle long enough. Not a handkerchief—not a watch, or pocket-book, or anything these three days. To work—to work, ye lazy dogs? Honest folks, like me, are obliged to work hard—why not ye?

BATES. Oh, my eye! What a jolly row that ere Fagin's a kicking up about nothin'.

DODGER. I'm sure we're two as 'dustrious covies as ever nimmed a ticker, or fenced a sneezer—so don't go for to hurt our feelings any more by such injestice. Don't, Fagin, 'cause we are 'ceptible, and don't like it.

SIKES. Come, stow your gammon and cut, you young savages!

DODGER. I say, Sikes—you are a rum'un, and no mistake.

BATES. By-bye, Fagin. "We soon shall meet again," as the man said the other night at the threeatre.

*They exeunt arm-in-arm, D. F.; DODGER with a pipe, BATES with a cigar.*

FAGIN. One hundred pounds, you say, if we succeed in getting the boy?

MONKS. Yes—I have said it.

FAGIN. Enough. Sikes, come with me; you shall be the boy's master. Yes, yes—'twill do. Monks, come to my crib to-night, and you shall find Oliver Twist there. Ah, 'tis a notable scheme! 'twill do—'twill do! Come with me, Sikes, and I will tell you what to do. Good day, Mr. Monks.

SIKES. Don't forget—Fagin's crib—to-night at twelve—remember.

*Exeunt FAGIN and SIKES, D. F.*

MONKS. Yes, 'tis well—the boy once in my power, all chance of his being recognized and claimed will be at an end, and my many fears at rest. I might then with one blow rid myself of him—but, no, no—I dare not murder him. Her child, too! No, no—I must not dwell on't. And thy child, proud woman, is there, badged and ticketed—a parish child—the orphan of a workhouse—the humbled half-starved drudge—cuffed and buffeted through the world—despised by all, and pitied by none. Oliver Twist! 'Tis a good name. May he never live to bear another.

*Exit, D. F.*

## SCENE II.—*Paupers' Room in St. Nicholas' Workhouse.*

*Enter, MRS. CORNEY, R.*

MRS. C. Heyday! a pretty thing, indeed, I actually caught one of the paupers singing a song, and two other paupers a listening to her. This must to the Board! such atrocity! Heyday! here comes Mr. Bumble!

*Enter BUMBLE, L.*

Good gracious ! is that you, Mr. Bumble ?

BUMB. Yes, ma'am—it is me, ma'am—Bumble, the beadle ma'am—the parochial beadle, ma'am. These paupers are unruly, ma'am—I heard 'em singing, ma'am !

MRS. C. I am sure 'tis no fault of mine !

BUMB. Wery well, ma'am—perhaps it ain't, ma'am. I have come here Mrs. Corney, upon parochial business—parochial, ma'am—connected with the parochial orphans. Are you aware, Mrs. Corney, that you are, as I may say, a parochial delegate and a stipendiary.

Mrs. C. Why, Mr. Bumble, it was only this morning I was a telling some of the dear children, as is so fond of you, that—

BUMB. Wery true, ma'am—I'll inform the Board of your remarks.

MRS. C. You are very good, sir. Mr. Bumble, don't be offended—but you've had a long walk, or I wouldn't mention it ; will you take a little drop of something ?

BUMB. (*dignified*) Not a drop—not a drop !

MRS. C. You had better. Just a leetle drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar.

BUMB. What is it ?

MRS. C. I'm obliged to keep a little by me, to put in the blessed infants' daffy when they ain't well. (*goes to cupboard in flat, and brings out bottle and glass*)

BUMB. It's gin ! Neat, if you please, ma'am. You are a humane woman, Mrs. Corner. You give the children gin in daffy—I shall take an early opportunity of mentioning it to the Board, ma'am. You feel as a mother ; I drink your health with cheerfulness. (*drinks*) And now for business ; that boy, ma'am, that boy that was half baptised—Oliver Twist—is fourteen years old to-day, ma'am—

MRS. C. Yes, sir.

BUMB. And notwithstanding an offered reward of ten pounds, which was afterwards increased to twenty—notwithstanding the most superlative—I may say, supernatural exertions on the part of the parish, we have never been able to discover who is his father—that is, if he ever had a father—or what was his mother's settlement, name, or condition !

MRS. C. How comes he to have any name at all ?

BUMB. (*proudly*) I inventedit !

MRS. C. You, Mr. Bumble ?

BUMB. I, Mrs. Corney. We name our foundlings in alphabetical order. The last was a S—Swubble, I named him—this was a T—Twist I named him—the next was Unwins, and the next will be Vilkins. I have got names ready made to the end,

of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z.

MRS. C. Why you're quite a literary character.

BUMB. Well, well—perhaps I may be. But where is this Oliver? The Board will require something more of him than picking oakum. Where is he?

MRS. C. (*calling, L.*) Send up Oliver Twist! a perverse stubborn boy, Mr. Bumble, who thinks more of his dead mother than the live guardians of the poor.

BUMB. Wery unnat'ral—wery. But he's here!

*Enter OLIVER TWIST, L.*

MRS. C. Come here, Oliver. Make a bow to the gentleman.

BUMB. Boy, listen to me. You know you're an orphan.

OLIVER. What's that, sir?

MRS. C. The boy's a fool!

BUMB. You know you've got no father or mother?

OLIVER. Oh, yes, too—too well!

BUMB. Can you say your prayers?

OLIVER. Almost, sir.

BUMB. Well, now that you've been edicated, the Board are going to have you taught a trade. The Board can't afford to give you good thin wholesome gruel three times a day, with an onion twice a week, and half a roll on Sundays, for doing of nothin'. It's the diet of an able-bodied pauper, and those who get it must work hard.

OLIVER. Yes, sir. Please, sir, I have just had some gruel, yet I feel hungry—may I have some more?

MRS. C. More!

BUMB. More!

OLIVER. Yes, if you please, sir—I want some more.

BUMB. More! After eating the breakfast prescribed by the dietary. More! Mrs. Corney, the boy is mad!

MRS. C. I think he is, sir.

BUMB. It's well the parish have advertised him, ma'am, I say it will be well, ma'am, if the parish get him off their hands, ma'am. Mr. Burns, the justice, will be here this morning to attend to the summonses for the poor rates. It's wonderful, Mrs. Corney, what lots of summonses we has out, and agin such respectable people! It would serve the young rascal right to take him before him and have him punished!

*Enter FEMALE PAUPER, L.*

PAUPER. Some one would speak to Mr. Bumble.

BUMB. Let him come here. *Exit PAUPER, L.*  
Who can it be? Oliver, stand aside. (*OLIVER retires up*)

*Enter SIKES, L.; his dress slightly altered.*

SIKES. (*bowing very low*) Are you Mr. Bumble?

BUMB. (*proudly*) I flatter myself I am.

SIKES. The beadle?

BUMB. (*with dignity*) The parochial beadle!

SIKES. This here boy that the parish wants to 'prentice—I see'd the advertisement in the 'Tizer, and if the parish would like him to learn a light, pleasant trade, in a good chimbley sweeping' bis'nness, I wants a 'prentice, and I am ready to take him!

BUMB. A chimbley sweeper is a nasty trade.

MRS. C. And young boys have been smothered in chimblies before now.

SIKES. That's acause they damped the straw afore they lit it in the chimbley to make 'em come down again. That makes all smoke and no blaze—whereas smoke ain't of no use at all in makin' a boy come down—it only sends him to sleep, and that's wot he likes. Boys is very obstinate, and very lazy, and there's nothing like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down with a run. It's humane, too—acause, if even they have stuck in the chimbley, roasting their feet makes them struggle to extricate theirselves.

BUMB. (*whispers to MRS. C., then aloud*) We have considered your proposal, and we don't approve of it.

SIKES. So you won't let me have him?

BUMB. The Board have given me free power to act for them, and I think, as it is a nasty business, the premium should not be more than three pound ten shillings.

MRS. C. Ten shillings too much.

SIKES. Say four pound.

BUMB. Three pounds—

SIKES. Let's split the difference—three fifteen—

BUMB. Not a farthing more. It's a bargain. Go down stairs—the 'dentures won't be long in drawing out—the magistrate will be here presently, and the matter can be settled out o' hand.

SIKES. I'll get the 'dentures, immediately, and be back in a jiffey.

*Exit, L.*

BUMB. Oliver, come here. (*OLIVER comes forward—impressively*) You're a goin' to be made a 'prentice of, Oliver.

OLIVER. A 'prentice, sir?

BUMB. Yes, Oliver. The kind and blessed gentlemen—which are so many parents to you, Oliver, when you have none of your own—are a going to 'prentice you, and set you up in life, and make a man of you.

OLIVER. Make a man of me, sir?

BUMB. Yes ; although the expense to the parish is three pounds ten—three pounds ten, Oliver—seventy shillings—one hundred and forty sixpences—two hundred and ten four-penny bits ! and all for a naughty orphan, which nobody can love.

OLIVER. Love ! No, no—none will love poor friendless Oliver—all hearts harden to him.

BUMB. Come, wipe your eyes with the cuffs of your jacket, and don't cry no more. When the gentleman that's a coming here axes you a question, tell him you're very happy, and wants to be apprenticed—and if you don't, mind you'll catch it.

OLIVER. Yes, sir ; I'll say whatever you please, only don't beat me.

MRS. C. The master sweep is a coming—and I declare if here isn't Mr. Burns, the magistrate—nothing could be more fortunate !

*Enter MR. BURNS, R., and BILL SIKES, L.*

SIKES. (*whispers to BUMBLE*) The 'dentures will be ready presently. (*aside*) I have succeeded—the boy is ours !

BUMB. (*bowing very low*) Good day, your worship. We are rayther early for the summonses : the collectors are not come yet. Mrs. Corney, a chair for his worship. (*a large arm chair is brought forward, c., and a table placed before it; BURNS seats himself*)

BURNS. Now, Mr. Bumble, what business have you for me until my colleagues arrive ?

BUMBLE. Not a great deal, your worship. We only want you to sign the 'dentures of a poor little orphan, whom the parish are going to 'prentice to a respectable tradesman.

BURNS. To what trade ?

BUMB. A very respectable man, your worship.

BURNS. But what is the business ?

BUMB. A chimbley sweep, your worship.

BURNS. To a sweep ? Is the trade the boy's own choice ?

BUMB. Quite, your worship ; he is delighted with the idea. He has had lots o' time to consider, and he dreams on it. The other night, your worship, in the middle of a sound sleep, he jumped out of bed, and began crying "sweep ! sweep !"

BURNS. 'Tis an unpleasant trade ; but if the boy likes it, why I cannot withhold my sanction. Call the boy and the master.

BUMB. Oliver, dear, come to the gentleman. (*OLIVER comes forward, R.—aside to OLIVER*) Mind what I told you, you young rascal. This is the boy, your worship. Bow to the magistrate, my dear. (*OLIVER bows*)

BURNS. (c.) So, my lad, you're fond of chimney sweeping ?

BUMB. (R.) Doats on it, your worship. (*aside*) Say you doat on it, or I'll kill you.

OLIVER. Yes. (*aloud*) Say you doat on it, or I'll kill you.

BURNS. What's that he says?

BUMB. (*aside to OLIVER*) If you're such a fool, I'll knock you down!

OLIVER. If you're such a fool I'll knock you down!

BURNS. Why, what does this mean?

BUMB. (*aside*) You young rascal, I'll throttle you by-and-bye!

OLIVER. You young rascal, I'll throttle you by-and-bye.

BURNS. Why, the boy is crazed!

OLIVER. If you please, sir, he told me to say it; but if I'd thought it would have made you angry, I would not have done it.

BURNS. Told you to say it, did he? Well, you're a poor unsophisticated child, and have been much neglected—as parish orphans, I am sorry to say, generally are. And so you will be a sweep?

BUMB. If we was to bind him to any other trade to-morrow, he'd run away simultaneously, your worship.

BURNS. (*to SIKES*) You'll treat him well, feed him well, and be kind to him?

SIKES. (L.) When I says I will, I means I will.

BURNS. You're a rough speaker, my friend, but I dare say you are an honest-hearted man.

SIKES. I hope I am, sir.

BURNS. You can take the boy with you now: bring the indentures to the office to-morrow, and I will sign them.

SIKES. Thank your worship. Come, my lad.

OLIVER. (*shrinking from him*) Must I go with you? Oh, no, no—I would rather stay here and be beat, and kept without food, than go with you.

BURNS. How is this? What is it that terrifies you?

BUMB. Your worship—

BURNS. Stand aside, beadle. Now, boy, what is the matter—speak—don't be afraid.

OLIVER. (*falling on his knees*) Oh, sir, don't send me away with that dreadful man!

BUMB. Well, of all the artful and designing orphans I ever see'd, Oliver, you are one of the most barefacedst!

BURNS. Hold your tongue, beadle.

BUMB. (*incredulously*) I beg your worship's pardon—did your worship speak to me?

BURNS. Yes—hold your tongue.

BUMB. (*aside*) I'm stupefied! A moral revolution—a beadle told to hold his tongue!

BURNS. I refuse to sanction the indentures. (*rises*) Take the boy away; treat him kindly, and give him something to eat.

BUMB. (*astonished*) To eat!

BURNS. Yes, to eat—he seems to want it.

SIKES. (*aside*) Damnation! we are done.

OLIVER. Heaven bless you, sir, and reward your kindness to a poor friendless orphan. (*Music.*—OLIVER kneels, seizes the hand of BURNS, and kisses it)

BUMB. Well, I never!

(*scene closes on the group*)

SCENE III.—*The Interior of Sowerberry's House. High practicable window in flat, with shutters; door, L. 2 E.*

*A knock. Enter SOWERBERRY, followed by NOAH CLAYPOLE, R.*

SOWER. Open the door, Noah.

NOAH crosses to L., and opens the door. Enter BUMBLE, L.

BUMB. Good evening, Mr. Sowerberry.

SOWER. Good evening, Mr. Bumble. Noah, go into the kitchen—Mr. Bumble has come to speak on business.

NOAH. Yes, sir. (*aside*) Oh, crikey! if Mr. Bumble hasn't got a new top to his stick! No matter, I must cut mine.

*Exit, L.*

BUMB. (*takes out a pocket book and gives a paper*) An order for a coffin and a parochial funeral.

SOWER. (*looking at paper*) Bayton! Never heard the name before.

BUMB. Obstinate people, sir, very—proud, too, I'm afraid.

SOWER. Proud! come, that's too much.

BUMB. Oh, it's sickening—perfectly antimonial! We only heard of them the night before last. A woman who lodges in the house made an application to the parochial committee for them to send the parochial surgeon to see a woman as was very bad. He had gone out to dinner, but his 'prentice—who is a very clever lad—sent 'em some medicine, in a blacking bottle, off hand.

SOWER. Ah, there's promptness!

BUMB. Promptness, indeed! But what's the consequence? What's the ungrateful behaviour of these rebels, sir? Why the husband sends back word "that the medicine won't suit his wife's complaint, and so she shan't take it"—says "she shan't take it," sir! Good strong, wholesome medicine, as was given with great success to two Irish labourers and a coalheaver only a week before—sent 'em for nothing, sir!

SOWER. Blacking bottle included!

BUMB. Blacking bottle included. And he sends word back "that she shan't take it, sir."

SOWER. Well, I never did—

BUMB. Never did, sir ! no, nor nobody ever did, sir ! But now she's dead—we've got to bury her, and that's the direction, and the sooner it's done the better. You'll make your fortune, Mr. Sowerberry.

SOWER. Think so ? The prices allowed by the Board are very small.

BUMB. So are the coffins—he, he, he !

SOWER. Well, there's no denying, that since the new system of feeding came in, coffins are something narrower than they used to be.

BUMB. By-the-bye, you don't know anybody as wants a boy—a parochial 'prentice—who is at present a dead weight—a millstone, as I may say, round the parochial neck. Liberal terms, Mr. Sowerberry—five pounds—five pounds !

SOWER. Well, I want a boy, and I'll take him.

BUMB. Egad, that's fortunate ! The boy is outside, a waitin' for me—for I was going to take him to Mr. Slaughter, the knacker, to ax him to take him ; but this arrangement will be better. (*goes to door*) You young rascal, come in.

*Enter OLIVER, L.*

What have you been a crying for ? You are the most ungratefullest and wickedest—(*raising his cane*)

SOWER. Oh, that's the boy. He's small, Mr. Bumble—he's small.

BUMB. Why he is rayther small ; but he'll grow, Mr. Sowerberry. If you just step up with me to the workhouse we'll arrange the preambles of this affair as we goes along.

SOWER. The boy can stay here, then ?

BUMB. What blessed laws there is now, Mr. Sowerberry, for the poor. The parochial board are always contriving something for the benefit of the poor ! They divorces men from their wives without having recourse to Doctors' Commons—they objects to out-door relief because it's expensive—and in order to avoid the ills which await on repletion, they takes care not to overfeed the poor ! Oh, it's a blessed law, is the Poor Law !

*Exit, L.*

SOWER. Overfeed ! Three basins of thin gruel a day, and an onion on Sundays !

*Exit, L.*

OLIVER. Alone ! alone ! and in a strange place ! My heart feels chilled and desolate ! I have no friends to care for, and none to care for me. I wish when I creep to my wretched bed again, that my sleep may be calm and lasting—that I may quickly be borne to the church-yard, and the tall grass may wave gently over my head, while the old deep bell soothes me in my sleep—

*Enter NOAH, L.*

Who is this?

NOAH. You are the new boy, ain't you?

OLIVER. Yes.

NOAH. How old are you?

OLIVER. Fourteen.

NOAH. Fourteen! I'm seventeen—so I'll whop you by-and-bye, my work'us brat.

OLIVER. (*with naïvete*) Did you want a coffin, sir?

NOAH. You'll want one soon, if you cut jokes with your betters in that way. You don't know who I am, Work'us? I'll tell you. I'm Mr. Noah Claypole, and you're under me.

OLIVER. Under you.

NOAH. Yes, Work'us. (*aside*) I'll have a game with this chap—he can't fight, 'cause he isn't so big as me. (*aloud*) Well, my work'us brat, how's your mother?

OLIVER. (*starts—agitated*) She's dead! Don't you say anything about her to me.

NOAH. What did she die of, Work'us?

OLIVER. One of the old nurses told me of a broken heart. I think I know what it must be to die of that.

NOAH. Work'us, what makes you snivel?

OLIVER. Not you.

NOAH. Oh, not me, eh?

OLIVER. No, not you—there, that's enough. Don't say anything more to me about her—you'd better not.

NOAH. Better not! Why, you know, Work'us, it can't be helped now, and of course yer couldn't help it then—and I'm very sorry for it, and pity yer very much—but you must know, Work'us, your mother was a regular, right down, bad 'un—

OLIVER. (*quickly*) What!

NOAH. (*calm*) A regular, right down, bad 'un, Work'us; and it's a great deal better that she died when she did, or else she would have been in Bridewell, or transported, or hung—which is more likely, isn't it?

OLIVER. My heart will burst! I cannot bear it! Liar! (*he rushes upon NOAH—seizes him by the throat—they struggle—NOAH is thrown. At the same moment SOWERBERRY and BUMBLE enter, L., and start, surprised, upon beholding NOAH overcome and OLIVER standing over him in a threatening attitude*)

SOWER. Why, what does this mean?

NOAH. If you please, sir, send for the millingtary—here's the new boy a murd'ring me!

BUMB. Get up! Oliver, stand back. What flagrant atrociousness! (*OLIVER retires doggedly to R.*) So he tried to murder you, did he?

NOAH. Yes, sir. Oh, what a dreadful pain it is—sich agony, please, sir !

BUMB. Oliver, do you know me? No answer! Do you know this here woice.

OLIVER. (*boldly*) Yes.

BUMB. Ain't you afraid of it? Ain't you trembling while I speak?

OLIVER. No!

SOWER. He must be mad!

BUMB. (*after a deep pause*) It is not madness—it's meat.

SOWER. Meat.

BUMB. Meat, sir—meat. He's been overfed. I thought what would come of the justice ordering him a full meal! A artificial soul and spirit has been raised in him quite unbecoming a person of his condition. If the boy had been kept entirely on gruel this would never have happened!

SOWER. What's to be done, Mr. Bumble?

BUMB. Come with me, Mr. Sowerberry. I must inform the Board of this outrageous outrage, and we will take their advice upon this important matter. Come with us, Noah. We will lock the boy in here until our return. Why he's quite a assassin—a rebel!

*Exeunt with SOWERBERRY, L.*

NOAH. And worse nor that, sir! (*to OLIVER*) Won't you catch it, when we come back! (*OLIVER threatens him*) Oh my eye, oh my eye! (*NOAH runs off, and is heard to bolt the door outside. Stage gradually becomes dark*)

OLIVER. They are gone! The feelings that struggled in my breast while they were here can now have vent. I would not give way to them a moment since—my heart should have burst first! All is dark and silent—but they will return, and then—but, no, no—they shall not find me here. (*goes to door and tries it*) The door is fastened! (*music*) Is there no way? Ha! a window! (*approaches window*) It is too high for me to reach! (*looks around him*) Yonder's a stool! (*he goes to R., brings stool—places it under the window—gets on it—unbolts the shutters—opens them and the window—moonlight country seen beyond*) It is a cold night—the moon shines bright and clear. I will away at once. Why should I delay? They will return, and all hope will be lost! (*ascends the window cautiously—the moon shines in—he gets out—and descends slowly as the drop falls*)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Roadside to London. (1st grooves)*

Enter OLIVER, L.—he staggers on, his clothes are torn, and he seems weak and exhausted.

OLIVER. I could bear it no longer. I listened to all without a murmur till he spoke of my mother, and then I felt I should have been a poor-spirited coward had I endured it longer. I'd rather beg my way from door to door. Beg!—No, no, I can never do that. 'I am alone, friendless, and unprotected in the world, and naught is left me but to lie down and die.'

*The DODGER sings without, L.*

DODGER. "As I was going down the Strand,  
    " Luddy, fuddy, heigho, luddy heigho!  
"As I was going down the Strand,  
    " The beaks they took me out of hand,  
    " Luddy, fuddy, heigho, luddy heigho!"

*Enter DODGER, L.*

Hollo, my covey, what's the row?

OLIVER. I don't hear any row, sir.

DODGER. Vot are you after?

OLIVER. I'm after nothing, sir.

DODGER. Isn't he jolly green? I mean, what game are you on?

OLIVER. What game, sir? I can't play at any, sir.

DODGER. Ha! ha! Oh powder me blue!—Isn't he jolly green?—I s'pose you're running from the beaks, eh? You know what a beak is, I s'pose?

OLIVER. Oh yes, sir, the mouth of a bird.

DODGER. Oh, oh! oh, double me up, isn't he jolly green? Why a beak's a magistrate; but none o' your gammon.—Do you mean to say you never was on the mill?

OLIVER. I've been in the mill, sir, where they grind the flour.

DODGER. Oh, sew me up! he is a green 'un. The mill I mean is so small that it'll work inside a stone jug, and goes better when the wind is low with people than when it's high, 'cos then they can't get work-people. I'm at low-water mark myself; only a bob and a tanner; but as far as it goes I'll fork out, so sit down and I'll show you what I've got for breakfast. (*they sit down and the DODGER pulls out things from his pockets as he speaks*) First there's a twopenny buster, next, in my hat, is sixpen'orth o' ham, and here's a toothful o' heavy, or what we

London coves calls *portiver*.—So eat, drink, and make your life happy.

OLIVER. You're a strange boy, and I hope you're a good one.

DODGER. Good, good as gold, and as brassy about the countenance as a bed warmer. They calls me the Dodger! t'others calls me the Artful Dodger. Where *I* live *you* shall live if you like. Going to London?

OLIVER. Yes.

DODGER. Got any lodgings?

OLIVER. No.

DODGER. Got any money.

OLIVER. No.

DODGER. (*gives a whistle of astonishment*) What! well I'm blessed if you ain't hard up! but keep up your pecker; I knows a 'spectable old gentleman in London who'll give you lodgings for nothing, and won't never ax you for change; and don't he know *me*? Oh no, not at all neither. Oh no, certainly not.

OLIVER. He don't know you, do you say.

DODGER. Not much, only a little about the edges. There, cut away, tip your rags a flutter, my covey.

*Music.—Exit OLIVER followed by DODGER, &c.*

SCENE II.—*Interior of Fagin's house; fireplace, L.; door, R. U. E.; Fagin cooking sausages; a lot of handkerchiefs on clothes horse and line near fire; table, c., at which CHARLEY BATES and BOYS are sitting smoking; a loud laugh from CHARLEY and BOYS as scene opens.*

FAGIN. Be quiet, be quiet, I say—there's somebody coming up stairs—quiet, my tears, quiet. (*a whistle without.—He goes to D. F.*) Who's there?

DODGER. (*without*) Plummy and Sam! (*FAGIN opens door*)

*Enter DODGER and OLIVER, door R. U. E.*

FAGIN. What! two of you—where did he come from? (*looks at OLIVER*)

DODGER. From Greenland. Fagin, tip us your listener. (*whispers to him*)

FAGIN. Vhy you don't say so.

DODGER. (*introduces them*) Fagin, this is my friend Oliver Twist—Oliver Twist, my friend, Mr. Fagin.

FAGIN. I'm glad to see you, my tear; we're all glad to see you.

CHARLEY and BOYS. Yes, yes, we're all glad to see you. (*they surround him, and feel in OLIVER'S pockets, bonnet him, &c.*)

FAGIN. Quiet, there, quiet. Dodger, help me to clear the crib. (*music—FAGIN takes horsewhip, and drives them out, D. F. OLIVER gazes round room with wonder*) Vot are you staring at, my tear?

OLIVER. What a lot of handkerchiefs!

FAGIN. They're all come in from the vash, my tear.

DODGER. We're going to sew 'em together to make summer trousers of, my covey. (*aside*) He is so jolly green.

FAGIN. Ugh! Ugh! (*coughing*)

OLIVER. You've got a bad cough, sir.

FAGIN. Yes, my tear, I caught it through sleeping with my eyes open; but you must take something after your walk, Oliver.

OLIVER. No, thank you sir. I'm so sleepy.

FAGIN. (*pouring out gin from ginger-beer bottle*) Well, then, here's a nightcap for you. (*gives it to OLIVER*) Drink, my tear, drink—drink.

OLIVER. (*drinks*) Oh, isn't it strong.

FAGIN. 'Twill do you good, my tear.

OLIVER. Oh, how strange I feel, how my head aches, how the room swims round. (*music—DODGER and FAGIN place him on bed, L.*)

FAGIN. Dodger, go and look after the boys.

*Exit DODGER, door R. U. E.*

Now, then, while all's quiet, I can look at my darling treasures. He's sound, quite sound. (*music—raises small trap and takes out jewel case*) Ha, ha! how they sparkle, and the clever boys who stole them, never peached on old Fagin, fine fellows, fine fellows, staunch to the last, staunch to the last; five of 'em were strung up together—five, five! (*OLIVER has raised himself and is rubbing his eyes on bed, FAGIN turns, sees him, and snatching a knife from table, drags OLIVER down*) Ha! you're vatching me, eh? Why are you awake—what did you see? Quick, speak quick for your life!

OLIVER. I saw nothing, sir, I didn't, indeed; my head aches so, I can't sleep.

FAGIN. You're quite sure you didn't see any little articles that I had in my hand?

OLIVER. Quite sure, sir.

FAGIN. (*pats him on the head*) There's a good boy, there's a good boy.

*Enter DODGER and BATES, door, R. U. E.*

Been at work, my tears?

DODGER. Like Britons, Fagin.

FAGIN. Good boys, good boys, what have you got?

DODGER. These fogles and a couple of eelskins. (*gives handkerchiefs and purses*)

FAGIN. What have you got, Charley?

CHARLEY. (*pulls out handkerchiefs*) These wipes! (*gives them*)

FAGIN. (*taking them and looking at them*) Vhy! 'shelf my goodness! they're all cotton!

CHARLEY. Well, I didn't pick 'em, I took 'em as they come.

FAGIN. The Dodger's the best workman, ain't he, Oliver?

OLIVER. I never saw him at work, sir.

FAGIN. But you shall, my tear. (*aside to DODGER*) Take Oliver out vith you and try him. Go out for a walk, my tear, with the Dodger and Charley, and mind you do whatever they tell you.

OLIVER. I will, sir.

FAGIN. Look after him, Dodger.

*Aside, as he exits, L.*

DODGER. You heard what the old gentleman said, you're to do whatever we young gentlemen tells you.

OLIVER. I will, sir.

DODGER. Bolt!

OLIVER. What—the door? Yes, sir. (*going to door*)

DODGER. Oh, isn't he jolly green. Hook it.

OLIVER. Hook what, sir?

DODGER. Cut your stick.

OLIVER. I havn't got a knife, sir.

DODGER. Spin him along, Charley. Oh, powder me blue, isn't he jolly green. (*music—they push him off, door, R. U. E.*)

### SCENE III.—*Mrs. Corney's Apartment at the Workhouse.*

*Cupboard practicable in flat; table with tea things, and two chairs brought on by two PAUPERS.*

*Enter MRS. CORNEY, R., with teapot.*

MRS. C. Well, I'm sure we've all of us a good deal to be grateful for, if we did but know it. (*pours water out of teapot*) Drat that pot, I've scalded my hand—a little stupid thing that holds only a couple of cups; what use is it to anybody, except to a poor little desolate creature like me? Oh, dear! I shall never get another like him! (*knock, L.*) Oh, come in with you—some of the old women dying, I suppose; they always die when I am at my meals.

*Enter BUMBLE, L.*

Dear me! is that you, Mr. Bumble.

BUMB. Mrs. Corney—good morning, ma'am.

MRS. C. Good morning to you, sir, and hoping you find yourself well?

BUMB. So, so, Mrs. Corney ; a parochial life, ma'am, is not a bed of roses, Mrs. Corney.

MRS. C. Ah, that it isn't, indeed, Mr. Bumble.

BUMB. A parochial life, ma'am, is a life of worry and vexation, and hardihood ; but all public characters, as I may say, must suffer prosecution.

MRS. C. Yes.

BUMB. Mrs. Corney, I'm a going to London.

MRS. C. Lawk, Mr. Bumble !

BUMB. To London, ma'am, by coach—I, and two paupers, Mrs. Corney ; a legal action is a coming on about a settlement, and the Board has appointed me—me, Mrs. Corney, to depose to the matter before the General Quarter Sessions at Clerk-in-well—and I very much question whether the Clerk-in-well Sessions will not find themselves in the wrong box before they have done with me !

MRS. C. Oh, you mustn't be too hard upon them, sir.

BUMB. The Clerk-in-well Sessions have brought it on themselves, ma'am ; and if the Clerk-in-well Sessions find that they come off rather worse than they expect, the Clerk-in-well Sessions have only themselves to thank !

MRS. C. You're going by coach, sir ? I thought it was usual to send them paupers in carts ?

BUMB. That's when they're ill, Mrs. Corney ; we put the sick paupers into open carts in the rainy weather, to prevent their taking cold.

MRS. C. Hard weather, Mr. Bumble.

BUMB. Hard indeed, ma'am—anti-parochial weather this, ma'am. We have given away, Mrs. Corney, a matter of twenty quarten loaves, and a cheese and a half, this very blessed arternoon—and yet them paupers are not contented.

MRS. C. Of course not ; when would they be ?

BUMB. I never see anything like the pitch it's got to ; the day before yesterday, a man—you've been a married woman, ma'am, and I may mention it to you.

MRS. C. Lawk, sir !

BUMBLE. A man, with hardly a rag on his back, goes to our overseer's door, when he's got a party to dinner, and says he must be relieved. As he wouldn't go away, and shocked the company very much, our overseer sent him out a pound of potatoes, and half a pint of oatmeal. "What's the use of this to me ?" says the ungrateful villain—"you might as well give me a pair of iron spectacles !" "Very good," says our overseer, taking 'em away agin, "you won't get anything else here." "Then I'll die in the streets," says the vagrant. "Oh, no, you won't," says our overseer——

MRS. C. Ha, ha, ha ! that was very good—so like Mr. Grannet.

BUMB. Well, ma'am, he went away, and *did* die in the streets. There's an obstinate pauper for you !

MRS. C. Shocking obstinate ! Don't you think out-door relief a very bad thing.

BUMB. Mrs. Corney, out-door relief properly managed—properly managed, ma'am, is the parochial safeguard ; the great principle of out-door relief is, to give the paupers exactly what they don't want, and then they get tired of coming.

MRS. C. Well, that's very good.

BUMB. Yes, that's the reason ; if you look at any cases that gets into the newspapers, you'll find the sick have been relieved with slices of cheese—that's the rule everywhere now.

MRS. C. Will you take a cup of tea, sir ? (MRS. CORNEY goes to cupboard, and brings another cup and saucer ; BUMBLE lays down his hat and stick, and draws his chair to the table)

MRS. C. (pouring out tea) Sweet ?

BUMB. Wery sweet indeed, ma'am. (taking cup) You've a cat and kittens too, ma'am.

MRS. C. I'm so fond of them—they're so fond of their home.

BUMB. I mean to say, ma'am, that any cat or kitten, Mrs. Corney, that could live with you, and not be fond of its home, must be an ass, ma'am !

MRS. C. Oh, Mr. Bumble !

BUMB. It's a' no use disguising facts, ma'am ; I would drown it with pleasure, ma'am.

MRS. C. Then you're a cruel man, and a hard-hearted man besides.

BUMB. (tenderly) Hard-hearted, ma'am—hard ? Are you hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney ?

MRS. C. Dear me—what a curious question from a single man ! What can you want to know for ? (BUMBLE slowly rises, approaches MRS. CORNEY, and kisses her) Mr. Bumble, I shall scream ! (he puts his arm round her waist, at the same moment a FEMALE PAUPER enters, R.)

PAUPER. If you please, mistress, you're wanted in the firmary.

MRS. C. I'm always wanted when I'm——Mr. Bumble, I shall not be long.

*Exeunt with PAUPER, R.*

BUMB. No, ma'am. She's full fifty, and got a good situation —full forty pounds a-year. She's not handsome, but she's rent free—violent temper—coals and candle allowed by the Board. (he looks round the room, opens cupboard, takes out tea spoons, counts them, weighs sugar tongs in his hands, examines

*milk pot, &c.) All silver—old, but heavy! (takes out various things, which he examines carefully—takes out box, shakes it) Money! (replaces the things and dances solemnly round the table, then comes forward) Yes, I'm resolved—I'll do it. I'll have a sharer in my dignity—there shall be a beadle-ess!*

*Presently. I. G. Re-enter MRS. CORNEY, R.*

MRS. C. I'm so dreadfully put out!

BUMB. Put out, ma'am? Pray answer me, what has happened? for—for I'm on broken bottles!

MRS. C. 'Tis dreadful to think on.

BUMB. Then don't think on't.

MRS. C. That I should be hurried away to hear a dying woman confess she had stolen a watch from Oliver Twist's mother when she was first brought here.

BUMB. And did she steal it? Where is it?

MRS. C. She sold it to a Jew.

BUMB. Dreadful! Compose yourself, Mrs. Corney—take a little wine. (*goes to cupboard*)

MRS. C. Not for the world—I couldn't! The top shelf on the right-hand corner.

BUMB. (*takes out bottle and glass, and smells*) Gin! (*assists MRS. CORNEY, who drinks*)

MRS. C. I'm better now; it's peppermint, with a little—a little something else in it. (*BUMBLE drinks*) It's very comforting!

BUMB. Very much so indeed, ma'am.

MRS. C. I'm a foolish, excitable, weak creature!

BUMB. Not weak, ma'am—are you a weak creature?

MRS. C. We are all weak creatures.

BUMB. So we are. (*she sighs*) Don't sigh, Mrs. Corney.

MRS. C. I can't help it!

BUMB. This is a very complete room; another room and this, would be a complete thing, ma'am.

MRS. C. It would be too much for one.

BUMB. But not for two, ma'am—eh, Mrs. Corney?

MRS. C. Lawk, Mr. Bumble!

BUMB. (*taking her hand tenderly*) The Board allow you coals, don't they?

MRS. C. And candles.

BUMB. Coals, candles, and house rent-free—I'm fixed! Oh, Mrs. Corney, what a angel you are!

MRS. C. Dear Bumble!

BUMB. Dear Bumble! such parochial perfection! What a opportunity for a joining of hearts and housekeeping!

MRS. C. Oh, wicked Bumble!

BUMB. (*insinuatingly*) The little word—

MRS. C. Naughty Bumble !

BUMB. The one little, leetle—leetle word, my blessed Corney !

MRS. C. Ye—yes—yes !

BUMB. Once more—compose your darling feelings for only one more ; when is it to come off ?

MRS. C. (*hesitatingly*) You're a irresistible duck ! Whenever you please.

BUMB. Farewell, my love ! parochial duties call me hence, but softer duties will soon call me back again. One insinuating embrace ! *They embrace tenderly, and exeunt R. and L.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street in Clerkenwell.*

*Enter DODGER and BATES, R. running.*

BATES. Ha, ha, ha !

DODGER. Hold your noise—do you want to be grabbed, stupid ?

BATES. I can't help it ; to see Oliver splitting away at that pace.

DODGER. Yes, and the very first plant we had when he was with us, to be sich an unlucky 'un—and his begging so much to go out with us to work.

BATES. Ha, ha, ha ! work—he little thought what work old Fagin makes us do ; what a precious green 'un he is.

DODGER. Wery, Charley. I think the old chap saw us dip our mawleys into his pocket.

BATES. How can that be—didn't he turn, and there was Oliver staring with all his eyes—and then the fool ran away—and the old gentleman ran after him—and a lot of people joined him in the pursuit, all calling out “Stop thief !”

DODGER. How he did cut round the corner, and knock up against the posts, and then start on again as if he'd been made of iron—while I had the wipe all the time, and sung out arter him louder than any body : but what'll Fagin say when he comes to know we've lost him in this here way ?

BATES. Why, what should he say?—as I live this is him.

DODGER. Fagin !—

*Enter FAGIN, R.*

FAGIN. Ah, the boys are here, that's fortunate ! I heard a row, and so—But what's this—only two of you ? where's the boy ?

DODGER. Why—

FAGIN. (*passionately*) Why do you not answer me ? What's become of the boy ?—speak out, or I'll throttle you !

DODGER. Why, the traps have got him, and that's all about it. (*FAGIN seizes him*) Let go, will you?

BATES. Here's Sikes!—

*Enter SIKES, L.*

SIKES. Why, what the blazes is in the wind now?—Ill-treating the boys, you avaricious, covetous, insatiable, old fence—I wonder they don't murder you—I'd have done it long ago; no, I couldn't have sold you afterwards though, for you're fit for nothing but keeping as a curiosity of ugliness in a glass bottle, and I suppose they don't blow them large enough!

FAGIN. Hush—hush! Mr. Sikes, don't speak so loud.

SIKES. None of your mistering—you always mean mischief when you come to that; you know my name—out with it! I shan't disgrace it when my time comes!

FAGIN. Mishter Sikes, the boy's gone.

SIKES. Gone!

DODGER. We'd got a plant—Oliver was with us, and just as we had nabbed the wife, old Squaretoes turned round; we cut—Oliver ran, and they ran arter him, thinking he was the thief.

FAGIN. I'm afraid he may say something that will get us into trouble.

SIKES. That's very likely; Fagin, you're blowed upon.

FAGIN. And I'm afraid if the game was up with us you see, it might be up with a good many more—and that it would come out rather worse for you than it would for me, my tear!

SIKES. Somebody must find out what's become of him. If he hasn't peached and is committed, there's no fear till he comes out again—and then he must be taken care on;—you must get hold of him somehow.

FAGIN. Go to the office, Sikes, and—

SIKES. Me go there?—you know better, Fagin! no, no.

FAGIN. He must be found. Charley, do nothing but skulk about till you bring home some news of him—I trust to you—to you, and to the Artful for everything.

*Exit, DODGER and BATES, R.*

FAGIN.—But, the boy, we must have him; and here comes Nancy—she'll be the gal to do the job for us. We'll dress her up like a servant gal, and put her on the scent, my tear.

*Enter NANCY, L.*

Nancy, my tear, I want you to go somewhere for me.

NANCY. Where?

FAGIN. To look arter Oliver Twist, my tear.

NANCY. Shan't go.

SIKES. What do you mean by that?

NANCY. What I say.

SIKES. She'll go, Fagin.

NANCY. No, she won't.

SIKES. (*showing his fist to her*) Yes, she will, eh; won't you, you warmint?

NANCY. 'Spouse I do, what am I to say.

SIKES. Well, I'm blessed, if a woman don't know what to say, I'm blowed if a man can tell her.

NANCY. I know, Bill. I'll say I'm his sister. (*pretends to cry*) Oh! oh! who's seen my poor little brother what has been stoled away. Oh, my dear, sweet, innocent little brother. Oh, oh!

FAGIN. Beautiful, beautiful, my tear!

SIKES. She's a honour to her sex.

NANCY. Oh, my poor, dear, little brother Oliver! Oh, oh!

SIKES. There's a gal for you! there's a gal!

*Music—Exit NANCY, R., pretending to cry, SIKES and FAGIN following.*

SCENE V.—*Room in Mr. Brownlow's house. (2nd grooves)*

OLIVER seated in arm chair by fireplace, R.; a portrait of a lady on wall, R.; MRS. BEDWIN discovered at the back of OLIVER's chair; MRS. BROWNLOW in dressing gown by the side of her picture.

MRS. BEDWIN. I hope you're better now, my dear.

OLIVER. Much better, thank you.

MRS. BEDWIN. He's just had a basin of beautiful broth, sir.

MR. B. Bedwin, look there. (*points to picture over Oliver's head*) I never saw such a resemblance in my life; the eyes, the hair—and the very mouth—so like her's who—but no, no—that's impossible. It is foolish in me to dwell upon such thoughts. (*double knock*)

*Exit MRS. BEDWIN, L.*

OLIVER. Why do you look so sternly upon me, sir? You're not going to send me away I hope? Don't turn me into the streets again with those wicked men; let me stay here, sir. Oh, do, and I will be your faithful servant—I will, indeed, sir, and never—never deceive you.

MR. B. I'm sure you won't, boy; your likeness to one whom I once dearly loved—will ever make me regard you with interest and affection; let me hear your story further, and if you are deserving my bounty you shall never want a friend.

*Enter MRS. BEDWIN introducing MR. GRIMWIG, L.*

MRS. BEDWIN. Mr. Grimwig, sir.

*Exit, MRS. BEDWIN, L.*

GRIM. (*showing a piece of orange peel*) Do you see this! Isn't it a most cruel thing that I can't call at a person's house,

but I find a piece of this cursed poor surgeon's friend on the stairs; I've been lamed with orange peel once—I know orange peel will be my death; I'll eat my head if it's not—(sees OLIVER) That's the boy that had the orange, if that's not the boy that had the orange and threw the peel about the staircase, I'll eat my head and his too.

MR. B. No, no; he's had no orange. He's a nice looking boy, isn't he?

GRIM. I never see any difference in boys, there are only two sorts of boys—mealy boys, and beef-faced boys.

MR. B. And which is Oliver?

GRIM. A mealy boy. But where does this lad come from?—are you sure he's not deceiving you? I knew a beef-faced boy who was one of the greatest imps alive;—a horrid boy, with a round head, red ochre cheeks, and goggle eyes.

MR. B. Well, well, this boy is the reverse of that.

GRIM. He'll deceive you—I know he will—I can see it in his face. If that boy don't deceive yon, I'll eat my head.

MR. B. We shall see.

GRIM. We shall, we shall.

*Enter MRS. BEDWIN with a parcel of books.*

MRS. B. Oh, the books. Let the man stop, Mrs. Bedwin; there's something to go back.

MRS. BEDWIN. He's gone, sir.

MR. B. Dear me! and I wanted to pay him. He's a poor man, and may want the money. There are some books to be returned also.

GRIM. Send the boy there with them; he'll be sure to take them safe, you know. Ha, ha!

OLIVER. (*comes down, r.*) Oh! do, sir!—I'll run all the way. I should so like to be of service to you.

MR. B. You shall go, just to prove to my old friend here what a bad judge he is of faces. You'll find the books I want taken back in the next room. Give them to him, Mrs. Bedwin.

*Exit MRS. BEDWIN, L.*

There is a five pound note; pay the man his bill, and bring me back the change. Mrs. Bedwin will give you his direction.

OLIVER. Thank you, sir, for letting me go—I'll be back in no time, sir.

*Exit OLIVER, L.*

MR. B. It won't take him longer than half an hour at most.

GRIM. Oh, you expect him back, do you?

MR. B. Of course. Don't you?

GRIM. No, sir, I do not; he's got a set of valuable books with him, and a five pound note in his pocket, and he'll join his old acquaintances, and laugh at you. If ever that boy comes back again, I'll eat my head.

MR. B. (*pulls out watch, and places it on table*) He'll be back in half an hour, by my watch.

GRIM. He won't.

MR. B. He will.

GRIM. If he does, I'll eat my head and yours too.

MR. B. No you won't.

GRIM. I will, I will. (*they sit at table, disputing as they are closed in by*)

SCENE VI.—*Street. (1st grooves)*

*Enter OLIVER, L., with books.*

OLIVER. Oh, what a dear kind old gentleman, that is to trust me on an errand like this, and then the other old gentleman to mistrust me. I'll show him how wrong he is, for I'll be back before they think I'm half way there. (*going, R., meets NANCY, dressed as a servant girl, with basket on her arm and large key in her hand. She frantically embraces OLIVER*)

NANCY. I've found him, I've found him! oh! oh! my poor brother, I've got him at last.

OLIVER. Let me go, let me go. What are you stopping me for?

NANCY. Oh, Oliver, you naughty, naughty boy, come home, do.

OLIVER. I don't know you. I tell you, help, help!

*Enter BILL SIKES, a POLICEMAN and MOB, R.*

SIKES. Hollo, what's this?

NANCY. Oh, sir, make him come home, he'll kill his poor mother.

OLIVER. (*to SYKES*) Oh! help me, sir, help me!

SIKES. I'll help you, you young warmint, what have you got here? (*snatches books from him*)

OLIVER. Oh, sir, don't take them, they're not mine.

SIKES. (*aside*) No, they're mine now; come along. (*takes him by the collar*)

NANCY. Don't hurt him much, sir, but take him to his mother.

OLIVER. Help! Help!

SIKES. Silence, you young rip, or I'll break your neck, come along. (*Music—drags him off, R., NANCY following*)

SCENE VII.—*Fagin's Den, as before.*

*Music.—Enter FAGIN with a piece of candle in a cleft stick, lighting SIKES and NANCY, who drag in OLIVER, D. in F., followed by the DODGER, laughing.*

FAGIN. Delighted to see you looking so well, my tear! Why

didn't you send word you was coming, we'd ha' got some'ut nice for your supper ?

DODGER. (R., *feels in OLIVER's pocket*) Oh ! s'elp my tater, it's a five pound flimsey ! (*taking out the bank note*)

FAGIN. (*snatches it*) That's mine !

SYKES. (*snatching it from FAGIN*) No, that's mine ;—you may have the books. (*gives them*)

FAGIN. But I can't read, Bill, my tear.

SIKES. Then sell 'em.

OLIVER. Oh, no ; they belong to the kind gentleman who took me into his house. Pray send them back, and the money too, or they'll think I'm a thief.

FAGIN. Of course they vill ;—that's what we want 'em to think.

OLIVER. Then kill me if you will ; for here I'll not stay, to be thought an ungrateful, dishonest being in the eyes of those who protected me.

*Music.—Runs off, D. in F.*

FAGIN. After him, Dodger !

*Exeunt FAGIN and DODGER, D. in F.*

SIKES. (*going, D. in F.*) I'll let the dog loose on him.

NANCY. (*planting her back against D. in F.*) No you shan't, Bill, he'll tear the boy to pieces.

SIKES. What's that to you ? Stand away from the door, or I'll split your head against the door.

NANCY. I don't care for that, Bill ; you shan't set the dog on the boy—you shall kill me first !

SIKES. I'll d—d soon do that.

*Music.—He drags her from the door, as DODGER and FAGIN enter with OLIVER.*

FAGIN. What's the matter, my tears ?

SIKES. The gal's mad.

NANCY. No, she ain't.

FAGIN. (*taking up large stick*) So you wanted to run away, eh ?—you wanted to split on us, eh, you young imp ? (*raises the stick to strike OLIVER, when NANCY wrests the stick from him, and stands in front of OLIVER protecting him, c.*)

NANCY. Now, strike the boy if you dare, any of you !—I won't stand by and see it done ! You've got the boy, and what more would you want ? Let him alone, then, or I'll put that mark on some of you, that shall bring me to the gallows before my time.

SIKES. Why, burn my body, do you know what you are and what I am ? You're a nice 'un to take up the humane and genteel line.

NANCY. Heaven help me, I am. I wish I had been struck

dead in the streets before I had brought him here—he's a thief and the companion of thieves from this night forth.

FAGIN. Civil verds, civil verds.

NANCY. Who taught me to pilfer and steal when I was a child?—you!

FAGIN. Vell it vas your living, varn't it?

NANCY. Heaven help me, it was! and the cold wet streets my home, and you are the wretch who drove me to 'em—you, you! Devil that you are. (*music.—rushes at FAGIN, SIKES seizes her hands and holds her down, she laughs hysterically and falls in his arms; FAGIN seizes OLIVER, picture closed in*)

SCENE VIII.—*Front Chamber at Mr. Brownlow's.*

*Enter MR. BROWNLOW followed by GRIMWIG, R.*

MR. B. Heigho!

GRIM. Ah, you may well sigh; I told you I'd eat my head if he came back again.

*Enter MRS. BEDWIN, L.*

MRS. BEDWIN. I knew we should hear of him, poor dear; here's a person below, who says he can tell us something of Oliver. Come in, sir.

*Enter BUMBLE, L.*

GRIM. A parish beadle or I'll eat my head;—you are a beadle are you not?

BUMB. Yes, sir, I am—a parochial beadle.

MR. B. Well, my friend, do you know where this poor boy is to be found?

BUMB. (L.) No, sir—I do not.

MR. B. (C.) Well, sir, what do you know of him?

GRIM. (R.) Of course, you don't know any good of him.

BUMB. (*aside*) Oh, that's it is it. Of course I don't, sir, Oliver Twist! Lord, sir, from his birth he was the most vicious, the most treacherous, the most ungratefullest, the most maliciousest boy as never was! the most wickedest—

MR. B. There, there, that will do; if your conscience had permitted you to have given a more favorable account I would have doubled this. (*gives money*)

BUMB. (*aside*) I've put my foot in it. But, sir—

MR. B. I wish to hear no more, sir.

BUMB. But I was going to say I made a made mistake, Oliver Twist! why, he's the most amiablest—the most—

MR. B. Aye, aye, that will do; there's the door, sir.

BUMB. Oh, Bumble, Bumble, you've put your both foots in it. *Exit, L.*

MR. B. Heigho! the boy then was an impostor.

MRS. BEDWIN. (L.) I won't believe it.

GRIM. Bah! you old woman believe nobody—but quack doctors.

MR. B. Never let me hear that boy's name again, on any account.

MRS. BEDWIN. Very well, sir; poor boy, poor boy.

*Exit, L.*

GRIM. I knew you'd be deceived in him; If you hadn't I'd have eaten all your heads, and my own afterwards.

*Exit GRIMWIG, L.*

MR. B. And I imagined that boy to possess, the purest and most affectionate heart. Heigho, it's a wicked world!—a sad wicked world!

*Exit, R.*

SCENE IX.—*Fagin's Den, as before.*

SIKES, FAGIN, and NANCY, discovered, OLIVER asleep on bed, L.

FAGIN. About the crib at Chertsey, Bill: is it to be done?

SIKES. As soon as you like; Toby and I sounded the doors and shutters last night, there's one part we can crack safely.

FAGIN. Vhat part's that, Bill?

SIKES. Never you mind what part it is, you can't do it without me I know: but it's best to be on the safe side, when one deals with an avaricious old skeleton like you;—one thing we shall need, and that's a boy.

NANCY. (L.) You're going to speak of Oliver, I know you are.

SIKES. (R.) Well, 'spose I am, he's just the size.

FAGIN. (C.) And will do all you vant, if you frighten him.

SIKES. If he don't do what we want, when we once get in the job, you won't see him alive again, you may make sure of that. I've planned it all with Toby, we've hired a cart and horse, and can be off the stones, in an hour or two.

FAGIN. The boy's there, fast asleep; sound, sound!

NANCY. Do you ever sleep sound, Fagin?

FAGIN. Sometimes; and sometimes I dream.

NANCY. Of what?

FAGIN. Sometimes of one thing, and sometimes of another.

NANCY. One night of your gold, and another of the devil, to whom you sold your soul to gain it.

SIKES. (to OLIVER) Get up.

NANCY. Don't hurt him, Bill.

SIKES. Are you going to interfere again?

NANCY. No, Bill, no.

SIKES. We're off, Fagin. One cry, one sound, and you die—come. (to OLIVER, as he drags him off, D. in F.)

NANCY. (who is following, to FAGIN, as he stops her going, D. in F.) What do want? why do you stare at me so?

FAGIN. Do you mean to betray us ?

NANCY. No.

FAGIN. I don't think you will, good night.

NANCY. Good night.

*Exit D. in F.*

FAGIN. These women are a deal of trouble. Vell, she's now smooth and fair again. This vill be a splendid crack ! Toby says there's plate enough to make born gentlemen of us ! I'll make haste and get all the money I can, and then I'll turn honest and repent, and try to pray—yes, yes—I vill; when I've more gold—when I've more—more !

*Music—Exit, R.*

SCENE X.—*House, R., joined on the left by a small Outhouse, with window in it, (facing audience), with small shutter ; a wall runs across the stage at back—lights down.*

SIKES peeps over wall with TOBY CRACKIT, from L.—they descend.

SIKES. Hand the boy over. (*Toby helps Oliver over wall*) Be as bold as brass, boy.

OLIVER. I see it all now ;—robbery—perhaps murder ! Oh, do not make me steal !

SIKES. Do as I tell you ; and the moment the devil tempts you to split, or take to your heels, think that this is on one side of you. (*shewing pistol*)

TOBY. (*shewing cudgel*) And this on the other.

OLIVER. What would you have me do ?

SIKES. Be quiet till I take down the shutter. (*music—removes the shutter*) Now listen, you young warmint, I'm going to put you through there ; (*gives him lantern*) go straight along to the street door, and then open it for us. Now then, in you go, and remember ! (*music—they put Oliver through window*) If you hesitate or lose your pluck, I'll shoot you dead. (*looking through*) All right, he goes straight to the door. (*comes down stage*) All ready, Toby.

TOBY. All right. Hark !—I hear something !

SIKES. (*looks through window*) Come back—come back ! (*a pistol shot heard within*) Hark !—all's up. Come back, you young villain ! (*drags Oliver out on stage*) They've hit him, curse them—how he bleeds. (*ties shawl round Oliver's arm*) Come, Toby, we must bolt.

*Music.—SIKES takes Oliver in his arms, and gains the top of the wall, Toby follows him—pistol shots heard within—SERVANTS appear at door of house half dressed, screaming and calling "Murder"—"Murder"—"Thieves," amidst the confusion, and springing of rattles—a blunderbuss is fired at SIKES, he discharges a pistol at the SERVANTS, who scream and fall.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Hall in the House of Mrs. Maylie—(1st grooves)—Door in flat.—R. C.*

*Enter GILES and BRITTLIES, R., with two FEMALE SERVANTS.*

BRITTLIES & SERVANTS. Well, well, Giles ; tell us all about it.

GILES. Well, you must know, that when I heard the noise I jumped out of bed—pulled on my—

BRITTLIES. Giles ! ladies are present—

GILES. Be quiet—I drew on my stockings—

BRITTLIES. Oh, well—

GILES. And thought I was a dead man for certain. I heard a noise, so taking down a blunderbuss, I crept softly to the door, and just at that moment (*knock at door, R. C.*)—Oh, lord ! what's that ? (*knock again*)—Open the door, Brittles.

BRITTLIES. After you, by all means.

GILES. Let's all go together. (*they all advance cautiously to door ; GILES opens it, and OLIVER is seen to stagger in and lean against the side of door*)

GILES & SERVANTS. Murder ! murder ! thieves ! thieves !

*Enter ROSE, L.*

ROSE. What's the matter ?

GILES. The thieves ! the thieves ! There's one of 'em.

OLIVER. No, no ; indeed I am not—Oh, good lady ! pity, pity, and protection ! (*falls at her feet*)

ROSE. Why, this poor boy cannot be a robber.

OLIVER. I am not, indeed, ma'am. I am in the power of wicked men, who would make the guiltiest of the guilty ;—oh, save me from them, lady !—oh, save me ! I am a poor orphan : I never knew a father's care or a mother's love ! I have been driven by poverty and ill usage to herd with men who have forced me into guilt and misery. Do not believe me guilty, for that would kill me ; shelter and protect me, and an orphan's blessing will reward you.

GILES. (*to SERVANTS*) He don't look so very desperate, does he ?

ROSE. And is it possible that you are alone, unprotected, and forced into crime against your own inclination ?

OLIVER. Indeed, 'tis true, lady ; believe me—oh, believe me !

ROSE. Follow me up stairs, and I will question you further. (*to Giles*) Let Dr. Losberne be sent for, and if this boy's story should be true, he shall not remain unfriended. Follow me, boy.

OLIVER. The blessings of a grateful heart be on you, lady. (*music.—exit ROSE, R. followed by OLIVER and SERVANTS*)

SCENE II.—*Sikes's Lodgings—door, L.*

*A bed, c. on which SIKES is sleeping, NANCY watching him. Chairs and table; music.*

SIKES. He sleeps now; the fever is leaving him, and he has become more tranquil. Oh, would that I could leave this horrid life of crime and misery! The good lady that I have seen, promised to aid me in my good intentions, and I am to meet her to-night on London Bridge, at twelve o'clock. How shall I keep my appointment without being watched.

SIKES. (*waking*) Nance.

NANCY. Yes, Bill.

SIKES. (*sits up on the bed*) What's o'clock?

NANCY. Getting on for twelve, Bill. How do you feel now?

SIKES. As weak as water. Give us a hand to get off this thundering bed, will you? (*she assists him to rise*) Gently, do you hear? (*loudly*)

NANCY. Don't be cross, Bill.

SIKES. Shall if I like; why shouldn't I?

NANCY. Because you don't know the number of nights I've been watching and caring for you, as if you were a child; and this is the first night you have been anything like yourself, and I'm sure you wouldn't be cross with me now. (*weeps*)

SIKES. What's the fool crying for now?—don't be coming over me with any of your woman's nonsense. (*knock*) See who's at the door. (NANCY opens door L.; enter FAGIN and DODGER, with basket, L.)

FAGIN. How are you Bill, my tear?

SIKES. None the better for seeing you, you old willin'.

FAGIN. Don't call names, my tear; but see what I've brought you—show him, Dodger.

DODGER. Look here, Bill; here's a rabbit pie, made of sich werry delicate creeturs that their bones will melt in your mouth, and there's no occasion to pick 'em;—half a pound of gunpowder tea, so precious strong, that if you mix it with biling water it'll go nigh to blow the lid of the teapot off; a pound and a half of moist sugar, that the niggers didn't work at all upon, I 'spose, oh, no! not at all neither; two half-a-kervortern busters, a pound o' double Glo'ster, and to wind up, some of the richest port you ever lushed. (*pours out a glass and gives it to SIKES*) That's the stuff for trousers.

SIKES. (*holds out glass*) Give us another; I aint got the right taste yet. (DODGER fills his glass)

FAGIN. Ah ha! Bill, you'll do now.

SIKES. Do, you old wagabone! I might ha' been done altogether for what you cared. What do you mean by leaving a cove in this state for three weeks, you old wagabone!

FAGIN. I couldn't help it, I couldn't, upon my honour !

SIKES. Your what ?—here, give us another glass to wash that down.

FAGIN. Be calm, my tear ; I hadn't forgot you.

SIKES. It's a lie, you old fence ; you wouldn't have come now if you hadn't some work for me to do. If it hadn't been for the girl I might ha' died. Give us some blunt.

FAGIN. I haven't a mag about me.

SIKES. Then go home and get it.

FAGIN. Vhy, I haven't got as much—

SIKES. There, I don't want to know how much you've got, and I dare say you don't know yourself, 'cause it would take you too long to count it ; but some money I'll have to-night, and that's flat, old Fagin.

FAGIN. Vell, Bill, I'll send the Dodger home for all the money I have in the world, seven and sixpence ; here's the key of the table drawer where it is, Dodger.

NANCY. (*aside*) It must be near twelve ; my promise, my promise. (*aloud*) I'll go for the money, Bill.

SIKES. No, you won't ; go on, Dodger ; and I say, mind you're not too artful for me—don't gammon to lose the money, or—

DODGER. Vot d'y'e mean ? Vhy, I'd never deceive a friend for the world, (*aside*) unless he was green enough to let me.

*Exit, L. D., Nancy is following.*

SIKES. Hollo ! where's the gal going ?

NANCY. I want a breath of fresh air, Bill.

SIKES. Put your head out o' window then.

NANCY. No, I want to go out a bit. I shan't be long.

SIKES. (*snatches off her bonnet*) You ain't going—stay where you are.

NANCY. If I had a mind to go, it ain't such a thing as a bonnet that would stop me.

SIKES. (*forces her in chair*) Sit down, will you.

NANCY. Do you know what you are doing.

SIKES. In course I do—holding you down in this here chair.

NANCY. (*aside*) My promise ! my promise ! (*aloud*) Fagin, tell him to let me go.

FAGAN. I never interferes 'twixt man and wife, my tear. (*aside*) If they quarrel, so much the better for me. Good night, my tears.

*Exit, L. D.*

NANCY. Fagin ! Fagin ! take me with you ! Oh Bill ! Bill ! if ever you loved me, let me go !

SIKES. Why, what ails the gal ? Is she mad ? Be quiet.

NANCY. Let me go—let me go !

SIKES. I shan't. (*clock strikes twelve*)

NANCY. There, there ! twelve o'clock ! My promise ! my promise ! Too late ! too late ! (*closed in*)

SCENE III.—*Mr. Bumble's House. (1st grooves)*

*Enter BUMBLE, L. followed by MONKS.*

MONKS. Now, to business, we drank together last night.

BUMB. We did—we had six glasses of gin and water, warm with sugar.

MONKS. Call your wife.

BUMB. (*calling off*) Here, lovey ! this is the gentleman I was telling you of.

*Enter MRS. BUMBLE, R.*

This gentleman wants to *distort* a secret from us, my duck.

MRS. B. Perhaps the gentleman thinks a woman cannot keep one.

MONKS. There is one secret they will always keep till it is found out—The loss of their good name.

MRS. B. I don't understand you, sir !

MONKS. Then carry your memory back to that room in the workhouse where misery gives birth to wretched children for the parish to rear upon its stinted bounty.

BUMB. He means the lying-in room, my dear. Ah ! a great many children are born there in a very unparochial manner.

MONKS. I come to enquire of one named Oliver Twist ; his mother died in giving him birth. There was an old hag who nursed her that—

BUMB. Of course there was. You nursed her, didn't you, my dear. (*to MRS. BUMBLE*)

MRS. B. Silence. No, sir ; it was not I, it was Old Sally.

MONKS. And where is she ?

BUMB. Why, I think she's dead.

MONKS. What reason have you to think so ?

BUMB. Because they buried her.

MONKS. Did you see her die.

MRS. B. No, sir ; but I did, and she told me something about the boy's mother.

MONKS. Indeed ! tell me the truth, and this twenty pound note is yours.

MRS. B. Well, sir ; Old Sally spoke of a young creature, who had clutched in her hand while dying a small locket, with the name of Agnes engraved inside, also of a wedding ring—I have them in a parcel.

MONKS. They are the very things I want.

BUMB. Yes ; but where's the twenty pounds we want ?

MONKS. (*offers note*) Here is the money.

BUMB. (*going to take it*) Thank you !

MRS. B. Not so fast. (*snatches it*) This way, sir.

*Exit, R., followed by MONKS.*

BUMB. (*sighing*) Man and wife are one flesh, but they have two pockets. Ah! I've done a good thing for myself, by getting into the himineral halter ! *Exit, R.*

SCENE IV.—*The Stairs and Arch of London Bridge, descended by steps from R.*

*Enter NOAH CLAYPOLE, in smock frock, followed by FAGIN down steps.*

FAGIN. Now is the time for you and I to understand each other, my tear.

NOAH. I'm glad to hear it. I've robbed my master, Mr. Sowerberry, and given you twenty pounds to learn me prigging, but don't go shoving me into danger, you know.

FAGIN. You can dodge a woman, can't you?

NOAH. I believe you ; and whack her too, if that's all.

FAGIN. It's Nancy I want you to watch, and tell me where she goes, and who she speaks to. I know she's coming here ; I must go and dodge her from Sikes's, and then I'll leave the rest to you—be on the look out.

NOAH. All right!

*Exit FAGIN up steps.*

NOAH. I'pose he's doubtful of Nance, as he calls her ; afraid she's going to split. I hates a sneak, so I'll watch her and blow the gaff on her. How I hates a suspicious natur. My eye, if old Sowerberry had suspected me, I never could have robbed his till so often. Hark ! footsteps ; I'll hide and open my ears and my eyes. (*retires, R.*)

*Music—NANCY, ROSE MAYLIE, and BROWNLOW descend steps.*

MR. B. You were not here as you promised ?

NANCY. It was not my fault, sir, he kept me at home by force.

MR. B. Have you heard any more of the man who calls himself Monks ?

NANCY. I have ; a bargain was struck between the Jew and him to make Oliver a thief.

MR. B. Did you learn for what purpose ?

NANCY. I heard the man called Monks say, that "Jew as you are, you will never lay such plans for your victims, as I have for my young brother Oliver."

ROSE. His brother ! What, Oliver !

NANCY. Aye, lady, thank heaven, that you had friends to care for and protect you in your infancy—that you never were in the midst of riot, drunkenness, and crime, as I have been since a child ; the alley and the streets have been my cradle and they will be my death-bed.

MR. B. Are you not afraid of being watched ?

NANCY. No, for I gave Bill a dose of laudanum in his drink,

before I left. But this let me tell you while I have time, there are certain papers hid in our house by the Jew which Monks gave him to destroy. I know where I can get them, and if I live till to-morrow they shall be yours.

MR. B. Thank you, my good girl, but there is one thing more, you must deliver up this Jew.

NANCY. No, devil as he is and worse than devil, I will not do that.

MR. B. Well, I will consider how he can be spared, but how can I serve you? I must do something for you.

NANCY. Don't mind me, sir, I am beyond hope.

MR. B. How so? Why not quit your evil companions and accept an asylum at my hands, where you can lead a quiet and contented life.

NANCY. Too late, sir! too late! Let us part, and if I have done you any service, all I ask is that you leave me, and let me go my way alone.

ROSE. What can be the end of this poor creature's life?

NANCY. I will tell you; look at that dark and rolling river, how many times do you read of such as I springing into its depths and leave no living thing to bewail or regret them, it may be years hence, it may be only months—but be it days, or even weeks before it happens, it will come to that at last! It will never reach your ears, lady, and heaven forbid it should. Let us part, I may be watched or seen.

ROSE. Take this purse.

NANCY. No, no, and yet I should like something to remember you by, give me your handkerchief. (ROSE gives it) Thank you, thank you! good night and may your good intentions prosper. (*going up steps*)

MR. B. Nay, nay,—stay.

NANCY. Follow me not, or you may cause my destruction. Farewell, farewell, and heaven bless you.

*Music.—They go up the steps. NOAH peeps out and threatens them with his fist clenched, and cautiously follows NANCY.*

#### SCENE V.—*Front Street. Lights down.*

*Enter NANCY hurriedly, R.*

NANCY. I think I have escaped unnoticed. I hope Bill has not woke. I don't know how it is but I have such a fear and dread upon me to-night, that I can hardly stand, and I can think of nothing else but horrible things of death and misfortune; but I'll hasten home, and sleep away this gloom; I dreamt too last night, that Fagin would bring me to an untimely end. Oh, how I hate and fear that man, but I must

begone, for should Bill wake, suspicion would fall upon me, and I  
should be lost.

*Music—Exit, L.*

*Enter SIKES, FAGIN, and NOAH, R.*

SIKES. And is this true?

NOAH. As true as I am here, I heard it all.

SIKES. And so she's been playing me false, eh? She  
hocussed me did she! put laudanum in my drink; damn her I'll—

FAGIN. Be calm, Bill; be calm.

SIKES. Calm, you withered old fence! when a girl splits on  
you, and sells you to the beaks? Why, none of us are safe now.

FAGIN. Very true, my tear; very true. (*aside*) If he does  
her a mischief, so much the better for me, for then I shall get  
rid of both of them.

SIKES. (*to Noah*) You aint gammoning us, are you?

NOAH. It's all true as I've told you, 'pon my soul.

FAGIN. Yes, he's a good lad, and has vatched vell; and I've  
promised to do something handsome for him.

SIKES. And I'll do something handsome for her too. (*going*)

FAGIN. (*staying him*) Don't be rash, Bill.

SIKES. Keep off, or I'll brain you. If I don't stop her tongue  
for ever, this night, my name aint Bill Sikes.

*Rushes off, L.*

FAGIN. Follow him, Noah, and see where he goes—if you  
hear him quarrelling with Nancy, mind you don't interrupt  
them—but bring me word all about it.

NOAH. All right, old cock.

*Exit NOAH, L.*

FAGIN. Sikes knows too much; de girl knows too much.  
Vell, vell; I leave them to one another—they'll settle it. Bill  
may stop her tongue, and then who knows but Sikes may be  
brought to the gallows, and I not seem to stir in it. Last night  
I had a dream; I thought I had been condemned to die, and sat  
in my cell the night before the morning of my execution. I sat  
in the dark cold cell, and, do what I could, I could not help  
hearing some one speak, in a loud voice, the words that  
the judge had said to me, "To be hanged by the neck  
till I was dead;" and then I thought of the many men I had  
brought to the same end, and joked at them, too, because  
I saw them die with a prayer upon their lips.—Some there  
are who cannot count the number of their loves; I cannot  
number the number of my hates.—With what a rattling noise  
the drop goes down, and how suddenly changed from strong  
and vigorous men to dangling heaps of clothes. "To be hanged  
by the neck till I am dead!"—and is this—no! twas a dream,  
and dreams by contraries go. Be of heart then, Fagin—be of  
heart, for there are many good years before you yet.

*Exit, L.*

SCENE VI.—*Sikes's Garret, as before.*

**NANCY** discovered asleep on bed. Music. Enter **SIKES**, L. door; he puts out the light on table.

**SIKES.** (*rouses NANCY*) Get up.

**NANCY.** (*rises*) Is that you, Bill? Oh, I'm so glad! but you've put out the candle.

**SIKES.** There's light enough for what I've got to do.

**NANCY.** I'll open the window.

**SIKES.** Stay where you are; I want you. (*seizes her*)

**NANCY.** Oh, tell me what I've done! I won't scream or cry. What's the matter?

**SIKES.** You know well enough; you've been watched to-night; I know all about it.

**NANCY.** Then spare my life, as I spared yours. Oh, you cannot have the heart to kill to me. I will not loose my hold till you say, you forgive me.

**SIKES.** Let go, will you?

**NANCY.** Stop and hear me, Bill—I have been true to you—I have, upon my guilty soul.

**SIKES.** It's a lie.

**NANCY.** No, it's the truth. The good lady and gentleman told me of a home where I could end my days in peace. Let me see them again, and beg them to show the same mercy to you; we will lead better lives, and forget how wicked we have been—It is never too late to repent—never—never.

**SIKES.** Will you let go?

**NANCY.** No, never, till you say you forgive me.

**SIKES.** Then die.

(*strikes her with pistol—a fearful struggle ensues—and he drags her off, R., a pistol shot is heard—a pause, and SIKES re-enters trembling, he falls on the bed—a groan is heard, he starts up, goes to the R. door, looks off, staggers across, and exits, L. D.*)

SCENE VII.—*Parlor at Mr. Brownlow's. (1st grooves)*

Enter **MR. BROWNLOW**, followed by **MONKS**, who is brought on by **SERVANTS**, L.

**MONKS.** By what authority am I brought here?

**MR. B.** By mine. Edward Leeford, I was your father's oldest friend; you have a brother, named Oliver.

**MONKS.** 'Tis false—I am an only child.

**MR. B.** Your father had issue by another, whom he married under a false name, and then deserted her. She fled from the

world to hide her shame, and in the parish workhouse gave birth to Oliver and expired; soon after your father died, leaving a will.

MONKS. He did—bequeathing to myself and my mother the whole of his property.

MR. B. False, sir; he left you half only, leaving the other half to Oliver, if he survived. To appropriate the whole, you have sought to destroy the boy, but heaven sent the orphan a protector in me. Now, Edward Leeford, do you brave me still.

MONKS. (*aside*) Perdition ! does he know so much ?

OLIVER *entering*, L.

OLIVER. Oh, Mr. Brownlow, Nancy has been murdered by Sikes, and the police are seeking him everywhere !

MR. B. (*to MONKS*) Now, sir, here is your wronged brother, take him by the hand, ask for pardon, and all shall be forgotten and forgiven.

MONKS. Never ! never ! you have triumphed over me, and may my curse rest on you all ! *Exit*, L.

OLIVER. He ! my brother ?—oh let me hasten after him, and—

*Enter BUMBLE*, L.

BUMB. Oh, Mr. Brownlow, here's such a to do—they have tracked the murderer of Nancy to a house by the river side, and the people are running after him to secure him, and—

OLIVER. Oh, Mr. Brown, let not the murderer escape !

MR. B. Fear not, my boy, he shall not escape if money or zeal can prevent it—follow me, friends. *Music.—Exeunt*, L.

SCENE VIII.—*At the back, a view of Jacob's Island, with the Thames by moonlight. An old house open to the Audience. The tops of the houses with chimney pots cross the stage.—(See plate in the novel.)*

TOBY and DODGER *discovered in room playing at cards*, R. C.

TOBY. That's mine—so Fagin's nailed, eh ?

DODGER. Yes ; they nabbed him just at dinner time. I cut my lucky up the chimney—Charley got into the water butt, but they se'ed his legs sticking out at top and nailed him.

TOBY. Well, I wish you'd picked out another crib rather than this.

DODGER. Why I thought you'd like to see an old pal.

TOBY. Not when he's as likely to be nailed as you are !

*Music—Enter SIKES, l. door 2 E.; he takes a seat in silence; they both turn away from him.*

SIKES. I hear Fagin's taken; is that true?

TOBY. Yes. (*a pause*)

SIKES. Well, why don't you speak to me?—have you got nothing to say to me?—Do you mean to sell me, or let me stay here till the hunt's over.

TOBY. Stay here if you think you're safe.

SIKES. Is the—the—body buried? (*they shake their heads*) No! then why don't they?—why do they keep such things above ground for?—hark! what's that! (*starts*)

TOBY. What's what?

SIKES. That knocking.

TOBY. There's no knocking.

SIKES. But look at those eyes!—see—see—how they follow me! Dodger, let me set aside of you!

DODGER. Toby, let's go in the other room.

SIKES. What, don't you know an old pal?

DODGER. Oh yes, I know you—but don't you come near me. You murdered poor Nance, and if they come here I'll give you up; aye, and I'll do it now. Murder!—help!—down with him! (*Music—springs on SIKES*)

SIKES. Ha! you hell-cub, I'll strangle you!

TOBY. (*interposing*) Don't hurt the boy!—don't hurt the boy! (*knocking without, L. U. E.*)

DODGER. He's here—he's here! Murder!—help!

SIKES. Show me some place where I can put this devil's bird. (*TOBY opens R. D.; SIKES throws DODGER in who continues to cry, "Help," "Murder"—murmurs without*)

MR. BROWNLOW. (*without, L. U. E.*) Open, in the king's name.

TOBY. Do you hear, Bill?

SIKES. Is the door down stairs fast?

TOBY. Double locked and chained, and the panels lined with sheet iron.

SIKES. (*shaking his fist over the wall, L. C.*) Then damn you all, do your worst—I'll cheat you yet.

MR. B. (*without*) Twenty guineas to the man who brings a ladder.

TOBY. Quick, Bill, or you'll be nabbed!

*Exit into room, R.*

SIKES. Ah! here's a coil of rope! (*takes one up*) By the window I can lower myself down into the ditch, and then may the devil aid me (*music—gets out of window to the roof of house—loud yells, when he is seen by the mob, L.—SIKES shakes his fist at them, is seen to fasten one end of rope round chimney, and form a noose at the other*) I can let myself down to within a

few feet of the ground, and—then damn ye ! catch me if ye can!—stay ; let me put this noose under my arms—Ah, that's Nancy ! keep your hands off—away, curse you, keep off ! keep off !—Ah !

*Loses his footing and falls from roof, loud cheers and clapping of hands when he falls—at the same moment the door, L. 2 E. is burst open, OFFICERS enter, with BROWNLAW, OLIVER, ROSE MAYLIE, MR. GRIMWIG, &c.*

MR. B. The murderer has met his death, hung by his own bloodthirsty hands, and poor Nancy is avenged. Oliver, dear son of my only brother, your trials are over; your enemies vanquished, and a happy life is opening before you.

OLIVER. How can I thank you, sir ? words cannot convey to you the gratitude I feel towards you, and the kind friends who have befriended the poor orphan Parish Boy—Oliver Twist !

### Curtain.

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### Costumes.

OLIVER TWIST.—*First Dress* :—Grey workhouse dress; cap. *Second Dress* :—Light trousers, blue jacket. *Third Dress* :—Blue suit, changed to light trousers; cap.

MR. BUMBLE.—*First Dress* :—Beadle's dress. *Second Dress* :—Blue coat, white waistcoat, black breeches.

MR. SOWERBERRY.—Black suit.

NOAH CLAYPOLE.—*First Dress* :—Charity-boy's dress, badge, cap, &c. *Second Dress* :—Smock frock, countryman's hat.

MR. BROWNLAW.—Green coat, light waistcoat, drab breeches, and stockings, low-crowned turned up black hat.

MR. GRIMWIG.—Great coat, drab coat, nankeen breeches and gaiters, silk waistcoat, drab hat.

FAGIN.—Old grey coat black breeches, brown stockings, black waistcoat, black great coat.

THE ARTFUL DODGER.—Long-tailed black coat, cord trousers, stripe waistcoat, Blucher boots.

**CHARLEY BATES.**—Brown jacket, ragged trousers, waistcoat, and cap.

**MONKS.**—Plain suit, blue cloak.

**SYKES.**—Velveteen jacket, leather breeches, silk waistcoat, low boots, white hat, great coat

**TOBY CRACKIT.**—Blue frock coat, leather breeches, top boots buff waistcoat, flash hat.

**NANCY.**—A showy coloured dress, white cotton apron, coloured shawl, old bonnet, red ribbon, coloured boots. *Second Dress* :—Brown cotton gown, straw bonnet, coloured handkerchief on neck. *Third Dress* :—Same as the first.

**Mrs. CORNEY.**—Green damask gown muslin handkerchief, apron and pink ribbon. *Second Dress* :—Chintz gown, thick apron handkerchief, shawl, and bonnet.

**Rose MAYLIE.**—White muslin high dress, shawl or cloak, and bonnet.

**Mrs. BEDWIN.**—Quaker-coloured silk, white muslin apron, handkerchief and cap, white shawl, black bonnet.