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HAROLD ROORBACH, Publisher, 9 Murray St., New York.

SOLON SHINGLE

OR

THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER

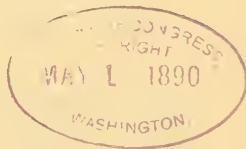
A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

BY

J. S. JONES

NEW AMERICAN EDITION, CORRECTLY REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORIZED ACTING EDITION, WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAMS OF THE STAGE SETTINGS, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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SOLON SHINGLE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*National Theatre,
Boston, 1839.*

ROBERT HOWARD (*the People's Lawyer*)
HUGH WINSLOW (*a Merchant*)
SOLON SHINGLE (*a country Teamster*)
CHARLES OTIS (*a Clerk in Winslow's service*)
JOHN ELLSLEY (*also a Clerk*)
JOHN (*a Porter*)
TRIPPER (*an Attorney-at-law*)
TIMID (*a Lawyer*)
JUDGE OF THE COURT
SHERIFF
CLERK OF THE COURT
THOMPSON } *Police officers*
QUIRK }
FOREMAN OF THE JURY
ELEVEN JURYMEN
MRS. OTIS (*Charles' Mother*)
GRACE (*her Daughter*)

Mr. Hudson Kirby.
Mr. W. Marshall.
Mr. G. H. Hill.
Mr. W. M. Leman.
Mr. C. H. Saunders.
Mr. Simonds.
Mr. G. H. Wyatt.
Mr. Clapp.
Mr. Haynes.
Mr. Robinson.
Mr. Beals.
... { Mr. Samuels.
Mr. Thomas.
Mr. Sampson.

Mrs. Pelby.
Miss Anderson.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—ONE HOUR AND A HALF.

THE ARGUMENT.

CHARLES OTIS and JOHN ELLSLEY are fellow clerks in the service of HUGH WINSLOW, a merchant. ELLSLEY, the son of rich parents, is prodigal and fast, while OTIS is poor but respectable and honest, and enjoys the confidence of his employer. WINSLOW tempts OTIS to give false testimony in a suit at law, offering an increase of salary as the price of the perjury; but on the latter's refusal to comply, he is discharged, with curses from his situation. Subsequently ELLSLEY goes to WINSLOW's office, there meeting SOLON SHINGLE from whom he borrows fifty dollars with which to replace money that he had abstracted from the safe. OTIS, meanwhile, returns to his comfortless home and recounts to his mother and sister the

story of his temptation and loss of employment. ELLSLEY calls upon him shortly after and reveals the theft of WINSLOW's watch, begging OTIS not to betray him; he is apparently induced, however, to restore the property and confess its theft, OTIS consenting to write a confession for him. While he is so engaged, ELLSLEY leans over him and drops the watch into his pocket, asking him to keep the document until morning, and to preserve the secret inviolate, to all of which OTIS agrees. Shortly afterward, the discharged clerk is arrested, charged with the theft of the watch which, with the written confession, is found on his person. WINSLOW then appears and denounces his former employé, who, despite his protestations of innocence, is hurried off to prison.

Circumstantial evidence bearing very strongly against him, and the prosecution being urged by WINSLOW to conceal his own crimes, there seems little hope of OTIS' acquittal. Meanwhile his sister GRACE has become engaged to ROBERT HOWARD, apparently a poor mechanic, but in fact a rich philanthropist widely known as THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER. The trial comes off and ELLSLEY testifies falsely against his former friend; other damaging evidence is adduced, and SOLON SHINGLE convulses court and spectators on entering the witness-box. Just as the case seems most desperate for OTIS, HOWARD interposes in his defence, recalls ELLSLEY and wrings from him a confession of perjury which implicates WINSLOW who, meanwhile, is indicted and arrested on a charge of forgery. The jury renders a verdict of "not guilty" and OTIS is vindicated. The good tidings are conveyed to his mother and sister who are in waiting, SOLON SHINGLE makes everybody happy, and GRACE finds that, instead of being united with a poor mechanic, she is about to become the wife of THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.

COSTUMES.

SOLON SHINGLE.—Dark, drab, old-fashioned surtout with capes; gray trousers; lead colored striped vest; old style black stock; cowhide boots; broad brim low crowned hat; bald flaxen wig.

HOWARD.—Workingman's dress and blue cloak in Act I. Ordinary suit in Act II.

OTHER CHARACTERS.—Costumes of the day.

PROPERTIES.

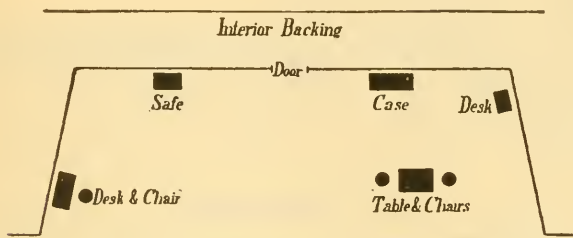
ACT I. *Scene 1.*—Desks, chairs, tables, barrels, cases, etc., as per scene-plot. Account books and writing materials on desks. Document for HOWARD. Lighted candles and matches on desk R., and table L. Spectacles for SOLON. Key for JOHN. Very large bladder for SOLON, inside of which is a bag containing a roll of bills. Crash, lampblack and flour off C. D. Pistol in desk L. *Scene 3.*—Furniture as per scene-plot. Ornaments on L. table. Drawings, writing materials and books on R. table. Watch and chain for ELLSLEY. Sealed letter, containing bank note, for HOWARD.

ACT II. *Scene 1.*—Letters for GRACE and HOWARD. 2 pistols for WINSLOW. *Scene 2.*—Old plaid cloak and umbrella for SOLON. Bell off

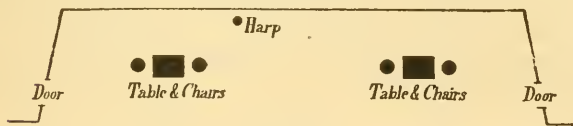
stage. *Scene 3.*—Indictment and book for clerk. Whip for SOLON. Watch for OFFICER. Document for TRIPPER. *Scene 5.*—Furniture, etc., *ad libitum.* Harp as in Act I, Scene 3.

STAGE SETTINGS.

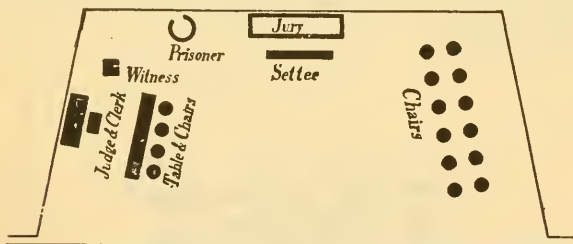
Act I. Scene 1.



Act I. Scene 3.



Act II. Scene 3.



SCENE PLOT.

Act I.

SCENE I.—A counting room in 3 G., backed with an interior drop, representing a loft, in 4 G. Door C. in flat, opening into the loft in which are seen barrels, cases, etc. Desk and chair R. Safe up R. Table and chairs L. Dry-goods case up L. Desk at L. 3 E.

SCENE 2.—A street in 1 G.

SCENE 3.—A plain chamber in 2 G. Doors R. 1 E. and L. 1 E. Tables and chairs R. and L. A harp up R. C.

Act II.

SCENE 1.—Same as Act I, Scene 3.

SCENE 2.—A street in 1 G.

SCENE 3.—A court-room in 4 G. Jury box C. against flat, with settee in front of it. Judge's bench R., with clerk's desk in front of it. Witness stand and prisoner's pen up R., between judge and jury. Long table (for lawyers) and chairs R. C., before clerk's desk. 12 chairs L.

SCENE 4.—A street in 1 G.

SCENE 5.—A drawing room in 4 G. Furniture, ornaments, pictures, etc., *ad libitum*.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

In observing, the player is supposed to face the audience. R. means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D. F., door in the flat or back scene; R. F., right side of the flat; L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; C. D., centre door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves; UP STAGE, towards the back; DOWN STAGE, towards the audience.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

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SOLON SHINGLE.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*Accounting-room, opening into a loft, in which are seen barrels, cases, etc.; a desk R.; desk L. 3 E.; table and chairs L.; a dry goods case near the desk; an iron safe R. Door C.*

CHARLES OTIS *discovered at R. desk writing; enter MR. TRIPPER, C. D. from L.*

Trip. Mr. Winslow has not yet returned, Mr. Otis?

Cha. I have not seen him, sir. He has not been in the counting-room since my return.

Trip. Is Mr. Ellsley in the store?

Cha. No sir, but he soon will be in sir—(*continuing writing*)

Trip. Smart young man is that, Ellsley. He will one day be a rich man; I think, however, you are the favorite with Mr. Winslow.

Cha. I am happy to enjoy the confidence of my employer, and it shall be my constant effort to deserve it.

Trip. Say to Mr. Winslow that I called, and if he wishes to see me, I shall remain an hour at my lodgings.

Cha. I will sir—(*exit, TRIPPER, C. D. and L., passing JOHN ELLSLEY, who enters at the same time, C. from L.*)

John. Charley, where's the old man?

Cha. I don't know.

John. Do you know who that man was that just went out?

Cha. Mr. Winslow's attorney. He has been complimenting you.

John. Has he? I'm glad of it—I wish I could raise the wind somewhere; or Lawyer Tripper, or some other lawyer, will be jogging my memory, I'm afraid. I must take the benefit of the act, Charley—how much do you think I spent last week?

Cha. I cannot guess; I heard you say that you had been extravagant.

John. A cool hundred—sleigh rides, balls, etc., hot suppers do

melt up the cash. But you know nothing about it, you won't go in for a bit of fun.

Cha. I cannot afford it, you know it.

John. Didn't I offer to stand the blunt? it would not have cost you a red cent.

Cha. Pleasures that I cannot afford to pay for, I cannot indulge in at the expense of others. John, there is one thing I cannot understand. Tell me how can clerks with small salaries spend so much money in imitating the habits of men of fortune? You may indulge—your father is rich.

John. Why Charley, my boy, it is not the salary the clerk depends upon, so much as his perquisites. They tell the story.

Cha. Perquisites!

John. Yes, the self-given privilege of investing the cash balances—helping themselves when they find themselves short, and their employers with something over.

Cha. Stealing?

John. Stealing! That's the name of the science of abstraction; even, if a fellow is so unlucky as to be found out; men who spend for their own purposes, funds entrusted to their care, are not called thieves, but defaulters—not stealing, Charley, but financiering. Well, how much longer are you going to stay, working here by candle light? I shall close my books.

Cha. Mr. Winslow requested me to stay till he returned; as I must be here, I prefer work to idleness.

John. You are a favorite of the old man's—I think the old man is in love with your pretty sister; if he should marry her, and take you in as a partner, how you would flourish.

Cha. Don't interrupt me, now.

John. There's a great ball to-night, and that pretty Miss Blazon is to be there; I am going, and the way I'll take the shine out of some of the boys will be high. I shan't go till nine. Charley, if Mr. Winslow wants me—I wish you'd go, I'll get you a ticket.

Cha. I cannot go, I have no wish to go.

John. You need not tell the old man that I am going to a ball. He's too religious to believe in dancing. We clerks know a thing or two; and sometimes hear our master's voices through thin partitions, in places that they don't carry their wives. I mean to publish a book—call it the Clerk's Guide, to show young men from the country how to forget ploughing, planting, sowing, hoeing, mowing. Well, Charley, if you won't go, I will; I shall go out the back way; leave a key for me, I may want to come into the store after the ball is over. I'll have a night of it; good-bye, Charley.

Exit, C. and R.

Cha. (*comes forward*) A night of it! He knows not of my poverty, or he would not have asked me to go to a ball, or wonder at my refusal. Daily, sums of gold and silver pass through my

hands, sufficient to purchase splendor and independence. Yet not mine. Nightly do I go to a home where poverty is ever present, and distress may suddenly come, with a temptation to use what is another's. The evil one shall not overcome me ; I can bear my privations. I will be honest. (*goes again to desk, R.*)

Enter, MR. WINSLOW, *from C. D.*

Win. Are you still here, Charles? Where is Mr. Ellsley?

Cha. He has just left the store, sir.

Win. I will not detain you long. I wish to speak to you on a subject of some importance. Has my attorney called?

Cha. He has, sir.

Win. Charles, you recollect, I dare say, that some time since, Colonel Spencer gave me a check on the Bank of Mobile?

Cha. I recollect seeing him sign a check, but I thought it was on a bank in the city.

Win. No, 'twas the Bank of Mobile ; you remember he spoke of his extensive interest in it.

Cha. He did speak of a bank, but I still have an impression that the check related to a bank here.

Win. No doubt you think so, you are wrong—what are you doing now?

Cha. There's a trifling error in Mr. Ellsley's cash here, I'm trying to trace.

Win. Never mind that now. This check is of considerable consequence to me ; and I assure you it will be greatly to your advantage to remember rightly ; for should the matter be made the subject of a legal controversy, I must depend on your knowledge to evidence the facts in the case. Colonel Spencer is dead—I am apprehensive of trouble with his executors—just think again.

Cha. I am thinking sir, but——

Win. The thing is undoubtedly coming to your mind as I represent it.

Cha. My memory is somewhat confused on the subject ; but reflection, seems only to confirm my first impression.

Win. 'Tis strange. By the way, Charles, your work is hard, I will raise your salary, another hundred dollars. To-morrow, I believe, ends the quarter—take the advance.

Cha. Sir, I thank you ; I will deserve your bounty.

Win. But, about the check ; you will have no objection to tell the good Jury of the Court, should we have a trial, that you saw Colonel Spencer give me a Mobile check, signed by him ; remembering all the time, that in performing this little act of friendship, or I might say duty, you are materially benefitting yourself.

Cha. I will most cheerfully tell them all I know about it, for I should be glad to convince you of my devotion to your interests.

But not for worlds, would I testify to a circumstance, of the truth of which I'm not positive.

Win. Of course not—in this case you testify upon my word ; should you make a small mistake, the blame be mine. The day may come, Charles, that will see you a partner in my establishment, as a reward for your devotion to my interests. There is profit and honor in connection with the name of Winslow, the merchant ; think of it, Charles.

Cha. I cannot, for my life, sir, speak aught but the truth.

Win. The truth should not be spoken at all times ; my lawyer shall instruct you what to say. He will lead you to the proper answers.

Cha. You have mistaken my character, sir ; a lie is a lie, disguise it as you may. I am young, sir, but have not forgotten the precepts of my father, or the example of my mother.

Win. Your conscience, young man, is of too tender a kind to aid you in the acquirement of wealth ; you are poor—this over honesty will keep you so.

Cha. I own, I do feel the pangs of poverty ; I have left this place of toil for a home, where no meal was ready to appease the cravings of hunger ; a fireless hearth, a mother with her children in tears, were my only welcome home. It was home, the home of honesty ; and sooner shall this body be consumed by hunger, sooner shall my tongue be torn out by the roots, than I infringe one little hair's breadth upon the law which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Enter, ROBERT HOWARD, C. D., *from L., in a plain working-dress ; stops center.*

Win. Then may my curses fall on thee, thou base son of a baser father ; and they shall, if my influence over thy destiny is moved by hate. Hence, presume not again to set your foot within my door ; the character I will give you shall shut you from all hopes of another situation. You have goaded the lion, and may test his strength. (CHARLES, *closing his books and preparing to leave*)

How. (*aside*) The Lion, no, the Viper, is disturbed, and he may feel his fangs.

Cha. Mr. Winslow, I have ever done my duty—good night, sir—(*aside*) poor mother—poor sisters. Exit, C. D. and L.

Win. Fool ! (*seeing* HOWARD, *who comes down R.*) You have listened to my conversation, sir ?

How. Unwillingly sir, to your harsh reproof to your clerk. I come, sir, on business. Will you give me an immediate answer to that proposition ? (*holding a paper*) I called this morning—you were out.

Win. (*reads*) "From the widow of Mr. Worthy." I have but

one answer—all that the law compels me to pay is ready. I know my ground. She has no money; I have. The time that must elapse before a judgment can be given against me, with the expenses contingent upon the continuance of the suit, will force her to abandon her claim; you have my answer.

How. And this is your answer? Do not deceive yourself, Mr. Winslow; the battle is not always for the strong. I am instructed to inform you that the widow's claim will be defended by competent counsel, who will, if necessary, furnish the requisite funds. I speak upon the authority of one who never pleads except where he sees oppression preying upon poverty and innocence.

Win. I know whom you mean; a demagogue, seeking political advancement, basing his ambitious views upon affected generosity and patriotism. The man they style the "People's Lawyer," the people's friend. His services may be bought by my gold. I will retain him myself.

How. His services cannot be bought, sir. I have performed my duty, and will return your reply; as a humble citizen I may speak my thoughts. Hugh Winslow, do right; though you pile heaps of gold as stumbling blocks in the path of Justice, still will the righteous judgment overtake the evil doer.

Win. Go, sir; no longer insult me in my own house. I am determined.

How. To do wrong.

Win. Fellow, leave the place this instant, or I will throw you from a window to the street.

How. I have little to fear from your threat; I will spare you the attempt; I shun an affray, sir, but will defend myself from any assault. *You shall some day know who I am, and be sorry for this injustice.* **Exit C, and L.**

Win. So much for the education of the poor. Here is a common mechanic, bullying a gentleman in college style. I thought Charles Otis had been more pliant to my will; if I cannot have his testimony, I must make sure he's not used against me. His good name is his pride, his honesty his great defense; I must find means to blast this airy fabric; Ellsley has a rich father—he is a profligate. I'll try him, and at once. *(sits at desk, R.)*

Enter, SOLON SHINGLE, C.

Sol. Squire Winslow, how do you do? I most broke my shanks on your stairs.

Win. *(interrupted—aside)* Quite well, sir.

Sol. I kinder conjured that your shop would be shut up, but I see'd a light through the winder, so I thought I'd come in.

Win. When did you come to town? *(waiting)*

Sol. I come this morning, bright and early. Well, how do matters and things stand with you, considerin'? *(takes chair)*

Win. Much as usual, sir. (*still writing and betraying much embarrassment—SOLON goes to desk and looks over writing*) This is a private affair, Mr. Shingle.

Sol. Jest so ; well, then, you don't keer about my reading on it. If I pester you any, jest say so ; I'll take the hint without the kick.

Win. I'm happy to see you, but I wish you had come a little earlier ; if you can, call to-morrow.

Sol. Call to-morrow—I shall be dreadful busy to-morrow. I'll wait till you get through your pucker. I've got a case in court about a brindle cow, and Squire Dingle asked me how I was going tu sware, and I told him I should sware like lightning agin him ; these are revolutionary times—my father fit in the revolution, that is, he druv a baggage wagon.

Win. (*aside*) What devil sent him here now ?

Sol. Mr. Winslow, you are the head horse in the temperance team ; and as I——

Win. You have some business with me ?

Sol. Jest so, Mr. Winslow—what's good to cure the mumps ?

Win. Mr. Shingle, I am engaged this evening, on very particular business ; I am now going out and shall not return.

Sol. Jest so, well ; my cattle are outside there ; there's no danger on 'em, is there ?

Win. I presume not ; what have you got to say ?

Sol. I've got a little account agin your society, and I want tu know who foots it.

Win. Some other time I'll see about it—John, you may close the store, Mr. Otis has gone home. Mr. Shingle, urgent business compels me to leave you—come to-morrow. Exit, WINSLOW, C.

Sol. Jest so—(*goes up to desk R., takes ledger, sits down, puts on spectacles, and with candle in one hand is reading*) Jest so ; (*reading*) Cash Dr.—Dr. Cash, for Rhubarb \$2000—what a dose ! Dr. Cash. He is a great doctor, he cures every disease.

Enter, JOHN, the porter ; replaces books ; blows out candle ; having finished, he comes to SHINGLE.

Sol. John, how du you du ?

John. Very well, sir—when you have done with that book, sir, I should like to put it in the case.

Sol. Just so, pretty writing, ain't it, now ? whose is it ?

John. Mr. Ellsley's, sir.

Sol. The dogs it is ! Old Zack Ellsley's boy, John ? His father and I were old cronies, and between you and me, John Ellsley come pretty near being my son instead of Zack's.

John. Indeed, sir, how so ? (*JOHN brings chair and sits next to him—SOLON rests his leg on JOHN's lap*)

Sol. How so ? Why, Zack and I courted the same gal, Patty

Bigelow ; and she had Zack instead of me—if she hadn't gin me the bag John Ellsley might have been John Shingle ; however, my gal Nabby and John are going to get married.

John. I want to shut up the store and go home.

Sol. Jest so, well, take the light and see if my team has started.

John. I can't spare the time, Mr. Shingle.

Enter, ELLSLEY, C. *from L.*

El. Where's Mr. Otis?

Sol. Gone home, sir. Mr. Winslow wants to see you at his house immediately.

El. (*aside*) The devil he does ! I shall be too late for the ball, and I have no money ; (*aloud*) ah, daddy Shingle, I'm glad to see you. (*aside*) What the devil sent him here ?

Sol. How de do ? where's Nabby ?

El. Nabby, yes,—she's well. John, go and tell Mr. Winslow that I will come to him directly. I will shut up the store and bring you the key.

John. Yes, sir. (*gives him keys and exit C. and L.*)

El. What does Winslow want with me to-night ? Has he discovered the error in my account ? Charles has made a memorandum ; I will destroy that. (*goes up to desk R., finds paper left by OTIS, tears it up and puts the pieces in his pocket. SHINGLE has followed him about*) Mr. Shingle, have you got any money ?

Sol. No great amount in value.

El. I want fifty dollars. The key of the safe is not here. I'll give you an order on my father for it.

Sol. You shall have it, as you are going to marry my darter. (*takes out a very large bladder, inside of which is the bag with bank notes*) Here's the money.

El. (*has written the order at table L.*) Thank ye, sir ; (*hands SHINGLE the paper and takes the bills*) this must replace the sum I spent last night. Mr. Shingle, just be kind enough to go into the loft, and bring me a small case, you will find there. 'Tis a present for Nabby, a very small case.

Sol. (*having read the order, &c., lights a candle*) A very small case, John ?

Exit, C. and L.

El. What the devil sent that fool here this time of night ? I wish he would fall through the scuttle—now for it. (*opens the safe and deposits the money*) All safe for this time ; now to know what Mr. Winslow wants. (*crash heard C. D.*)

Sol. (*without, C. D.*) Hollo, Mr. Ellsley ! the light's gone out. (*enter C. D.*) I can't find no very small case there. (*he is all over lampblack and flour*)

El. What have you been about ?

Sol. I went to reach upon a shelf, the light went out, my foot slipped, and—

El. Lampblack and whiting fell upon you.

Sol. Jest so, but I didn't find the case.

El. (*aside*) That's not strange, as there is none there. (*aloud*) I advise you to take a warm bath. This way—I'll show you the way.

Exit, C. and L.

Sol. Don't be so pesky quick. (SOLON goes up to desk, L., and examines it, and finds a revolver; takes it out—looks at it) What on earth is this? &c., &c. (re-enter, ELLSLEY, C. from L., slaps him on the shoulder—the pistol goes off—scene closes quickly)

Scene II.—A street in 1 G.—Night.

Enter, ROBERT HOWARD, in a blue cloak, followed by a man, R. I E.

How. Be sure that Thompson follows the directions I have given; remember that I do not wish it known that I am in the city. (exit MAN, L. I E.) She is indeed a charming girl; I blushed for the unfeeling senseless blocks that treated her thus rudely; however, good may come out of it; in my disguise I shall try her affections, though I cannot doubt the purity of her heart, in any situation or under any trial. My friends may deride my low-born bride—but she may decline my offer when 'tis made. If I do get a wife, I am determined it shall be my personal attractions, however slight their value, that shall win her. I'll make the trial.

(SOLON outside, R.)

Sol. Whoa, there, Buck! go along! whoa, darn your skins! run, will you? I'll make you step out.

Enter, SOLON, R. I E.

How. What's the matter, friend?

Sol. Them cattle of mine are acting like fried snakes; they ain't used to staying out late nights.

How. Why, Mr. Shingle, is this you?

Sol. Jest so, Mr. Howard; can you tell me a good tavern tu go tu, and put up the darned critters? I went tu Mr. Winslow, just now, on business, and I left my cattle afore the door, and while I was gone somebody's gal, over the way, begun tu play on the pianner, and that got Satan into my team tu look in and see what made the music; and when I come out, I found the cattle all over the sidewalk, trying tu get into the winder.

How. I am sorry for your trouble; I will show you a good place to put up for the night.

Sol. I knew you would. I'm always unlucky when I come to the city—I'm on law business, too.

How. Indeed!

Sol. Yes; I wonder who is the best lawyer tu go tu, on a cow case. Squire Dingle offered to leave it out, if I'd gin him ten dollars—there's my cattle dancing agin—they don't know city fashions! whoa! darn ye, Buck!

How. Come, sir, shall I show you a house for your accommodation? It is late.

Sol. Jest so; I'm going into a bath, head and heels; then I'll see you. Whoa! there! &c., &c. **Exeunt, R. I E.**

Scene III.—*A plain apartment, table with ornaments, L.; 2 chairs R.; 2 chairs L.; table R., on it drawings and books—a harp, R. C.*

Enter, GRACE, L. I E—*takes off her bonnet and shawl, placing them on a chair R.*—**enter MRS. OTIS, R. I E.**

Mrs. O. Grace, what detained you so long? I was alarmed; you are weeping!

Grace. (L.) Am I?

Mrs. O. What has happened, Grace?

Grace. Have the rich no feelings, or do they suppose the poor have no hearts? Mother, my blood hath run as molten lead through my veins.

Mrs. O. Did you not see the lady that advertised for the drawings?

Grace. I did see the lady. I was shown into a room where were assembled a large party of the lady's friends. My threadbare dress was the mark for their ridicule, and their glasses were leveled at it. I blushed for the things, wearing the forms of men, that could thus cruelly insult a female for her poverty. I shall hate the rich.

Mrs. O. They are not all alike, my child.

Grace. I conquered my feelings, and calmly walked to the table to display my drawings. As they passed from hand to hand, the lady asked her daughter what she thought of them. In most contemptuous terms she replied—they looked like her first attempts. My heart was bursting with suppressed emotion, when a voice, in manly tones, replied to her: "Then your first attempts were very beautiful, and I advise your mother to collect them immediately." But for this kind relief I should have fallen on the floor. Mrs. Germain will send what she thinks the pictures worth.

Mrs. O. Don't weep, Grace. Ought we longer to keep that harp? Our best friends have hinted that so valuable a piece of furniture looks like extravagance in our humble dwelling.

Grace. Don't ask me to part with that—the only present from my dear father. I wish I knew who the gentleman was that spoke for me at Mrs. Germain's; I owe him double thanks.

Mrs. O. Did you not see him?

Grace. I did not—

Enter, CHARLES OTIS, pale and dejected, L. I E.

Mrs. O. Are you ill, Charles?

Cha. No, mother, I am well. I have been strangely tempted to be dishonest, and rich.

Mrs. O. And you resisted?

Cha. I did, inother—I did resist—but heaven knows it may be the ruin of us all. Mr. Winslow has discharged me from his service.

Mrs. O. Discharged you? for what?

Cha. Because I would not lie.

Mrs. O. You have done well.

Cha. Mother, was my father an honest man?

Mrs. O. Who doubts it?

Cha. Mr. Winslow, in his rage at my refusal to do his wicked will, called me the base son of a baser father. 'Twas in my mind to kill him for the word, but I forebore.

Mrs. O. He uttered a falsehood, Charles. Your father's inflexible honesty was a bar to his specious plans for wealth.

Grace. (*who has been at the harp, comes down R.*) Mother, we must sell the harp.

Mrs. O. Grace, Charles has had no supper. Be composed; the storm of adversity is gathering over our heads, 'tis true, but there is a Power above that can dispel the clouds, and make all sunshine and brightness.

Exeunt, both, R.

Cha. (*a knock heard at door, L. I E.*) Come in. (*enter, ELLSLEY*) John, is that you?

El. Yes; I have just heard that we are to lose you; I was going to the ball, but as soon as I heard of your quarrel with Winslow, I hastened to see you.

Cha. Quarrel—we have had no quarrel.

El. 'Tis the same thing. I'm sorry to lose your society. Mr. Winslow will be sorry, too, before long—and that reminds me of a secret I want you to help me keep.

Cha. I don't like secrets; they are apt to make mischief.

El. Not if they are well kept; this will hurt nobody; now promise not to reveal what I am going to tell you.

Cha. I do.

El. Then here, (*taking out watch and chain*) here is the eye-tooth of our hard-hearted master.

Cha. Why, John, it cannot be possible that you have really practiced—

El. Hocus-pocus, you mean? agrimento, presto, cockolorum, change, as the jugglers say; nothing truer—master by this time has missed his time-keeper. He will suspect me, and I want you to keep it till the first fuss is over, then you shall have half its worth.

Cha. Not for the world! take it back, John, to Mr. Winslow—confess your fault. He will forgive you. I will not receive it.

El. Do you think that I am an idiot, take this back and ask for—

givenness of a man whose creed is revenge? No, if you refuse, I must take my chance. He has wronged you, and if you had any spirit, you would set fire to his store, or in some way make him feel your revenge.

Cha. If you ever mention such things to me again, we cease to be friends.

El. I did this thing for you ; at any rate, you will not betray me.

Cha. I have given my word, and you must return the property.

El. I will ; what way shall I return it and save myself a mortifying acknowledgement?

Cha. Write a confession. I would.

El. Do it for me, Charles, will you?

Cha. I will, with pleasure—(*sits down at the table, R., and writes*; ELLSLEY, *looking over him, slips the watch and chain into CHARLES' pocket*)

El. This will make all right, Charles ; I am sorry I entered into the business ; but as I have begun I must finish.

Cha. There John, that is enough.

El. Nothing could be better, keep it for me, until the morning ; I am going to the ball, in the dance I might drop it ; mind, Charles, you let no person see it.

Cha. It shall be sacred—(*takes the paper, folds it, and puts it into his pocket*)

El. Thank you ; Charles, good night, I am sorry you can't come to the ball.

Cha. Good night, John.

Exit, ELLSLEY, L. 1 E.

Enter, GRACE, R. 1 E.

Grace. Charles, your supper is ready ; 'tis not an inviting meal.

Enter, MRS. OTIS, R. 1 E.

Mrs. O. Charles, what did John Ellsley want with you ? I never liked that young man.

Cha. A friendly injunction of secrecy is imposed upon me. Grace, I have no appetite for food. (*a knock at the door, L. 1 E.*) Come in

Enter, HOWARD, L. 1 E., *as a workman.*

How. Mrs. Otis, I have a note from Mrs. Germain to your daughter.

Mrs. O. (*taking it*) Grace, read it.

Grace. (*opens and reads*; HOWARD *observing CHARLES at table*)

"Mrs. Germain begs Miss Otis to accept the enclosed bank note ; upon a second examination of her drawings, she is pleased to say, she discovered their beauties, and will feel obliged if Miss Otis, will permit her to select from her collection still undisposed of."

Mrs. O. Well, Grace, that is kind after all.

Grace. Will you say to Mrs. Germain, I am gratified for her notice and kind enclosure?

How. I will do so, Miss Otis, in your own words.

Grace. That voice—'tis he that saved me, mother—can it be? Sir, accept my thanks for your timely assistance this evening. I should have acknowledged the obligation at the door, but my escape, and the circumstances embarrassed me.

How. I am repaid, Miss Otis, and regret the cause that needed a manly arm to protect, in the street of a city, a helpless woman from insult. I am most proud that from me the succor came.

Cha. What insult was this?

How. A drunken brawler, that annoyed your sister on her return from Mrs. Germain's. 'Twas my fortune to be near, and it required a blow to convince him that he was a brute.

Cha. Sir, I thank you for my sister; though we are strangers, I trust I may know you better.

Grace. 'Tis the voice of the gentleman—Sir—do you know—I mean—seen—Mrs. Germain!

Mrs. O. But for your appearance, my daughter had thought, she met you at Mrs. Germain's.

How. Appearance! I am what I appear; a mechanic! I have learned my trade. I have, in this capacity, served Mrs. Germain, and shall be glad to work for your family. Still I lose not, I trust, my right to the title of a gentleman, because my hands are hardened by labor.

Mrs. O. She is in error—you speak not like a mechanic—one bred to toil; but have more the manner of one that has studied in the halls of science.

How. What should hinder the son of toil, when genius stimulates, from acquiring the highest fund of knowledge that science gives? Our country is a free one, and education flows from the public fountain for all who thirst for its refreshing streams. Good night. (*is going—a loud knock*, L. I E.) Shall I open the door?—

Mrs. O. If you please. (*HOWARD opens the door*, L. I E.)

Enter, THOMPSON and QUIRK, L. I E.

Tho. Which is Charles Otis?

Cha. I am the person.

Tho. Then sir, you are my prisoner.

Cha. Prisoner?

Tho. Yes, sir, to execute our duty, we must search your person.

Cha. Stand off, would you treat me as a thief?

Tho. A charge of theft is alleged against you.

How. Young man, offer no resistance to the officers in the discharge of their duty.

Cha. I have a paper entrusted to my care, which they must not see.

How. Give it to me.

Grace and Mrs. O. Charles, what does this mean? (*QUIRK takes the watch from the pocket of CHARLES*)

Tho. The property described in the warrant is here. (*shows watch*)

Cha. I am innocent.

Grace. How comes the watch in your possession?

Cha. I know not what this means.

Tho. Sir, I demand to see that paper.

How. Is that your brother's writing?

Grace. It is. Charles, explain this. (*HOWARD, after reading, hands paper to THOMPSON*)

Mrs. O. Charles Otis, am I the mother of a thief? Have I endured the stings of want, to rear a felon! speak—if you are guilty, may you fall dead at my feet!

Cha. Mother, I am not guilty.

Mrs. O. I believe you.

How. So do I.

Enter, WINSLOW, L. I E.

Win. I do not. (*THOMPSON hands paper to WINSLOW*) Why is not that thief in prison? Madam, he is like his father. By death he escaped my vengeance; so shall not the son.

Cha. Speak of me as you will; assail not the good name of my father. I am innocent.

Win. A jury's verdict will satisfy me better than your words—away with him!

How. Go not too far, Mr. Winslow.

Win. What I do here, is no concern of yours.

How. I may choose to make it so.

Win. To prison with him! A virtuous family is here!

Cha. Slandrous villain! (*GRACE and MRS. OTIS holding him*) Hold me not—(*CHARLES seizes a chair and is in the act of striking WINSLOW, when HOWARD interferes*)

TABLEAU.

THOMP.	CHARLES.	QUIRK.	GRACE.	HOWARD.
MRS. OTIS.				WINSLOW.

QUICK DROP.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*Same as last scene of Act 1st, except that there is no harp on—GRACE discovered—in her hands an open letter which she is reading.*

Enter, MRS. OTIS, L. 1 E.

Grace. So soon returned, mother?

Mrs. O. Yes child. I have seen Charles. The lawyer gives me but little hope; circumstances are so strong against him, and Mr. Winslow urges the trial.

Grace. Who purchased the harp?

Mrs. O. A stranger. I saw Robert. He assures me that Charles will be acquitted.

Grace. Then there is hope. Should Robert call in my absence, I will soon return—*(as GRACE is going L., enter WINSLOW, L. 1 E.)*

Win. Do not leave the room, Miss Otis; I have something to say, which I wish you to hear.

Grace. Excuse me, sir.

Win. I may be of service to you. *(GRACE turning away)* Madam, in my zeal to bring the guilty to punishment, I may have gone too far. If you wish your son's release, it may be well to listen.

Mrs. O. Well, sir, be seated, we may listen. *(all seated, WINSLOW in center)*

Win. It is needless for me to allude to the peril which Charles is now in, or for me to mention your praise-worthy efforts in his defense. I have heard that you have disposed of part of your furniture to enable you to retain the services of a lawyer.

Grace. *(R.)* Sir, you will spare our feelings by confining your conversation to that which we do not know so well. My mother has reproved you; she is unable to bear calmly our mortifying and painful situation.

Win. I came in friendship, I wish not to wound your feelings; you deem me, I know not why, your enemy—why is this so?

Grace. Go to my brother's cell; ask that innocent boy, torn from home, confined with thieves, ruffians, and murderers, hardened in crime, and amid the clank of chains—listen to his answer.

Win. I can save him from the verdict which will for years doom him to the horrors of a prison. I alone can save him; there is a way. I can point that way.

Mrs. O. Save my child, and buried be all former wrongs, forgotten present feelings.

Grace. Save my brother and Heaven will reward you.

Win. I look for the reward here.

Grace. The means of his deliverance, sir? do not deceive us, the means?

Win. I am the prosecutor—with my concurrence there are many ways, a principal witness may be absent; I will not appear against him.

Mrs. O. This is evading Justice and may fail.

Win. Let him be convicted and appeal to another tribunal; I will assert my belief that he is not guilty, and be myself his bail; then send him in one of my vessels on a foreign voyage, to convince the world I believe him honest, and shield him from punishment.

Grace. I am ignorant of the forms of law, but the principles of justice are deeply rooted here. I do not approve of your proposed means. Flight implies guilt. His good name is tarnished, mother; his country's verdict alone can wash clean the stain.

Win. So shall it be: your scruples are those of virtue, and they please me. I know he is innocent. I would have it appear so.

Mrs. O. With the feelings of a mother strong within me, I would welcome any means that gives Charles his liberty.

Grace. I must go to him, and comfort him in his affliction.

Win. Stay, Miss Otis; if we both construe alike our thoughts, I may share your distress and relieve it; again I tender you my hand, which if you take, you take my wealth, and your brother's safety.

Grace. I must decline the hand; I could not accept, if my life depended upon the act; there are reasons which render it impossible.

Win. Reasons! Madam, advise your daughter; you know her; you know me; much depends upon her answer.

Mrs. O. Her acts are free. I cannot bias her in such a choice.

Grace. Mr. Winslow, I once before answered such a question. I am now betrothed to——

Win. Do I understand that you now reject me?

Mrs. O. Not so harshly, sir. Grace!

Win. The form of words affects not me; if you do reject me, your brother is a convicted thief ere the sun sets. Will your new lover marry the sister of a sentenced felon—who is he? answer me.

Enter, HOWARD, L. I E.

How. He is here, sir, and will answer for himself.

Win. Indeed! a powerful rival! A poor mechanic dares to thwart the wishes of a merchant! Have a care, sir, or I will prove you an accomplice in crime, with the one whose cause you espouse!

How. Sir, I know you—the difference of our positions in society gives me no cause of fear.

Win. Miss Otis, I congratulate you on your proposed alliance with this vagabond—

How. Vagabond, sir—(*smiling*)

Win. Vagabond, yes, I repeat the word—who are you? Marry him, Lady Otis. He is your brother's friend—the champion of a thief; himself no better.

Mrs. O. You are a brave man, sir, thus to inflict abuse upon two helpless women. I envy you not the delicacy of feeling you possess.

Win. There is the defender of the virtue of the name of Otis; let him redress your grievances. Why does he not answer for himself and you?

How. I make no hasty answers, to angry men's words of passion; my answer will come, and like the thunder of Heaven, it shall silence your voice of impotence—my tongue in this presence shall not speak your proper name.

Win. Beware how you glance at my character; speak, if you dare, aught against me.

Grace. For heaven's sake, Robert, let him not anger you!

Win. Spiritless hind! even the weapon of speech he dare no longer use. How dare you, sir, hint aught against me.

How. Go on, sir.

Win. Retreat, sir, or with a blow I'll chastise you.

How. Vent your rage in words, and I will hear it; raise your arm to strike, and in mine own defense I stand; beware the consequences; no child's strength is here.

Grace. Robert—Mr. Howard!

Win. A word with you. Here are the weapons gentlemen use, even in encounters with those beneath them. (*produces pistols*) To chastise you, I will raise you to my level. I talk not of vulgar blows.

Mrs. O. This is my house! Commit no murder here.

Win. If the ladies will withdraw, I will settle with the coward.

How. Coward! Do not hold my hand, madam! Stand from before him! I have listened to his insulting language; but for your presence, I had shown him that he was but man, and I his equal; leave us; he dare not die in any cause. I promise that no blood shall be spilled.

Grace. You promise that?

How. I do.

Mrs. O. Robert, be not rash.

Grace. He has promised, mother; come.

Exeunt, GRACE and MRS. OTIS, R. I E.

How. We are alone, sir. The right of choice, by the barbarous code which governs men in their misnamed honorable meetings, is mine. If in this act I engage, I break my country's law and

heaven's. You say I have wronged you ; I will give you satisfaction ; give me a weapon. (WINSLOW *gives him a pistol*) Now, sir, prove your manly spirit ; give me your hand ; we are strangers ; now, breast to breast, I fight you, thus : fire, if you dare ; I give you the word—fire !

Win. Hold ; this is murder.

How. Indeed ! Give me your weapon, and talk of courage and honor elsewhere. I ask from you no degrading apology ; you must respect me. I ask no more from friend or foe.

Win. I will take early opportunity to convince you, sir, what I dare do. I will have revenge for this. (*aside and exit L. I E.*)

How. 'Tis well. I know the limits of his power.

MRS. OTIS *and* GRACE re-enter, R. I E.

Grace. I am glad he is gone.

Mrs. O. I hope you have made no rash promise to meet this man.

How. Fear not ; he will no more offend you by his presence here.

Grace. Mr. Howard, we thank you.

How. Grace, dearest Grace, call me Robert, still ; you have not known me long, 'tis true ; I trust his offer has not made mine, humble as it is, of less value.

Grace. Robert, your prospects in life may be blasted by a union with the sister of a felon.

How. Dearest Grace, let our marriage depend upon Charles' acquittal, and the measures I have taken will not be in vain.

Grace. Prove my brother's innocence, and I am yours.

How. I will do so. You will pardon me for inquiring too closely into your affairs. Charles has told me his story ; it shall be used to his advantage. This must be your home no longer. Take this letter, Grace, to the house with the Grecian Portico—that which pleased you so well, in our walk last Sunday—wait till the owner arrives ; he will serve you and Charles. He has heard of your misfortunes, and would see you. When the trial is over I will bring you tidings of the result. Let no anxiety tempt you into the Court House ; the forms of a criminal trial are too harsh for a sensitive mind—much less a mother's or a sister's, when a brother is arraigned.

Grace. I hope all will go well. But for your persuasion I would have found the People's Lawyer and begged him to act in Charles' cause ; you know Mr. Winslow has threatened that he shall be against him at the trial.

How. I am sure he will not. Fear not. Our laws are just, our judges honest men, our jurors are our equals. The right will prevail. 'Tis near the hour ; in our next meeting, Grace, I shall

claim you for my wife. Mother, let me call you so, be of good heart. (exit MRS. OTIS and GRACE, R. I E.) Now, Hugh Winslow, beware! The snare your subtle thought set for the innocent shall close upon the guilty one.

Exit, L. I E.

Scene II.—*A street, with signs of attorneys, &c., represented as Court street, in Boston.* SOLON SHINGLE enters, L., with an old plaid cloak and umbrella—citizens, male and female, cross to R. and L., and exeunt.

Sol. I wish I could catch the plaguy critter that stole my applesarse. Where' bouts am I? (*reading signs*) I'm among the law shops—jest the right place to find rogues. I wonder where the Court House is. By Jove, I'll let folks know I fout in the revolution. (*goes up stage and talks to a man that is passing from R. to L.*)

Enter WINSLOW, R.

Win. Just as I expected. The forgery is detected—the draft returned, and it will be traced to me, and from the obstinacy of this boy I may be ruined; I must hasten his conviction. (*the man leaves SOLON laughing, and exit, L. I. E.*)

Sol. Jest so. (*laughs, sees WINSLOW*) Ah, Mr. Winslow, how dey do? By Cain, I got lost this morning, or I should have been in to see you.

Win. (*aside*) I wish, with all my heart, you had never been found.

Sol. That ain't all; I've lost my apple sarse out of the tail end of my waggin; it is sich a prime lot, tu; as good as that I sold tu the chap from the Southard, and in your store.

Win. Man from the Southard—I remember—do you know what we were talking about that day, Mr. Shingle?

Sol. Yes, about the revolution; how the fellers had to eat off the head of a barrel, without knives or forks. Mr. Winslow, are you a judge of clothes? I bought this coat at a vendue and this umbrella—what is it worth; cash down?

Win. I don't know, indeed; do you think you could tell the story in Court, if I wished it, about the check Col. Spencer gave me that day?

Sol. The day I sold him the apple sarse?—guess I could; your clerk was there—he could tell better than me. I was figuring out how much caliker it would take tu make my Nabby a fashionable gown. But, I say, they du tell me that your clerk was a rogue.

Win. To-day his trial comes on; after 'tis over, come and see me. I should like to talk the matter over with you, about Col. Spencer.

Sol. How he laughed when I told him about the battle of Bunker Hill. (*bell rings*)

Win. You had better come into court. I'll be there.

Exit, WINSLOW, R.

Sol. Jest so, thank you ; tell the judge I'll be there. Whenever I hear that bell, I always consate there is trouble brewing. Whenever I du go tu court, I'm sure tu make some alfred mistake or other ; once I drove right strait intu the prisoner's stall ; they told me tu stand up, and I did ; they asked me if I had anything tu say ; says I, no ; and while they were trying me, the real rogue got off. But if this Otis boy stole the watch he might have stole my apple sarse. I'll go in, and if there's any barin on the case, I'll speak. I don't like tu make a speech among these law chaps. They work a feller up so he don't know his head from his heels ; I shall have law enough. I 'spose, for that John Ellsley won't marry my Nabby ; I considered her as good as married, and now her markit's spoiled ; my darter and the apple sarse may work for the Lawyers yet—jest so.

Exit, R.

Scene III.—*Court room, in 4 G. ; the judge discovered on the bench R. ; before him the clerk, jury sitting ; 12 lawyers, CHARLES OTIS in prisoner's box ; sheriff in his place ; ELLSLEY, THOMPSON and QUIRK on seat near witness stand—WINSLOW enters and sits near ELLSLEY as scene changes—the clerk is standing reading the indictment ; the prisoner is also standing.*

Clerk. (*finishing indictment*) What say, you, Charles Otis—guilty or not guilty ?

Cha. Not guilty.

Trip. (*rises*) May it please your honor, gentlemen of the jury, in this case, Commonwealth, versus Charles Otis, for stealing a watch and chain, the property of Hugh Winslow, we shall occupy but little of your time. The evidence offered will be found so conclusive that I shall probably not find it necessary to detain you with any argument. I shall proceed at once to the examination of the witnesses. The witnesses in this case will please come forward.

Clerk. Hugh Winslow, Peter Thompson, John Quirk, John Ellsley. (*enter SOLON SHINGLE—he goes to table quietly, and shoves them all aside ; lays down hat and whip, and offers to lay down umbrella ; is prevented by officers*)

Sol. I've got in, by Cain !

Clerk. Are you concerned in this case ?

Sol. Well, I 'spose its likely I am, or I ought to be.

Clerk. Your name, sir ?

Sol. Solon Shingle.

Clerk. Solon Shingle ?

Sol. Jest so. (*business*)

Clerk. Hold up your right hands. (*they do*) You solemnly swear etc. (*all are sworn*)

Trip. Mr. Winslow, will you take the stand, sir? (*he does so*)
You have had your watch stolen?

Win. I have, sir.

Trip. Is the watch in Court? (*an officer hands the watch to him*)
Is that your watch?

Win. It is, sir.

Trip. That is all, for the present, Mr. Winslow. Mr. Thompson,
take the stand if you please. (*he does so*) You arrested the prisoner?

Tho. I did.

Trip. State to court, if you please, what you know.

Tho. I had a warrant for the arrest of the prisoner; I found him
at his house. When I made known my business he was agitated
and denied the charge. I proposed to search him, he resisted.

SOLON *by this time has fallen asleep, and snores occasionally.*

Trip. He resisted—well?

Tho. We searched him, and upon his person found the lost
property.

Trip. This is the watch you found in the pocket of the prisoner?

Tho. It is, sir. (SOLON *snores*)

Trip. Very well. Mr. Quirk, take the stand.

Quirk. (*takes the stand*) I went with Mr. Thompson. We found
the watch and a paper, which he first gave to a young man who
was there.

Trip. Did he refuse to give you that paper?

Quirk. He did, sir.

Trip. Very well, sir, stand down.

Tim. I should like to ask the witness the nature of that paper,
and that is if——

Trip. In time, sir, I will produce it soon enough for your client's
good.

Tim. The paper having been mentioned, I should like to know
what it has to do with the case.

Trip. I will not produce it now; I know my duty, and shall per-
form it; next witness.

WINSLOW and TRIPPER *are in conversation; SHINGLE being next
in order, an officer awakens him, and he goes to the stand.*

Sol. Jest so.

Trip. Ah, Mr. Shingle, what do you know of this affair?

Sol. Well, sir, I can't say; you know there's no telling who's
Governor till arter 'lection. So I guess.

Trip. Mr. Shingle, I think I had the pleasure of examining you
once before in a case.

Sol. Yes, and you didn't get much ahead on me, did you?

Trip. This time you may tell what you know in your own way.

Sol. Jest so. But I don't tell all I know, for nothing—as I said in the last war, for my father fit in the revolution.

Trip. Never mind that, sir—an article has been stolen, as you are aware ; now confine yourself to this fact.

Sol. Jest so. I was in Mr. Winslow's the other night ; I left my team in the street—two yoke o' cattle and a horse.

Trip. Why tell us of that ? let your team go.

Sol. That's what I'm coming to—my team did go, for I couldn't bring 'em up into the shop ; so I was talking to Mr. Ellsley there, about matters and things—my Nabby's getting married and so on, and how things worked ; Squire, I wish you'd hand me a pen there tu pick my tooth, I eat three cent's worth of clams, afore I came into court, and really believe there's a clam atween my eye tooth, and 'tother one next tu it.

Judge. Mr. Shingle, this has nothing to do with the case.

Sol. Well. I didn't say it had, Squire.

Trip. Just confine yourself to the facts in the premises, if you please, Mr. Shingle.

Sol. Well,—I don't exactly understand what you mean by premises.

Trip. Why, sir, I thought every fool knew as much as that.

Sol. Jest so ; well, as I come out of the store, I knew that my cattle would natrally look tu me, and I took off the chain.

Jud. The watch chain, Mr. Shingle ?

Sol. No, Squire, the back chain.

Trip. The back chain, what's that ?

Sol. Why I thought every fool knew what a back chain was. I had him there, Squire, by Cain.

Jud. Mr. Shingle, the loss of the article is proved without your evidence. 'Twas found in the prisoner's pocket—as you doubtless heard.

Sol. In his pocket ?

Jud. So said the witness.

Sol. Then his pocket must have been as big as a hog pen, to hold my barrel of apple sarse.

Jud. 'Tis a watch that has been stolen.

Sol. A watch—Then I must have been asleep while you have been goin' on. I know nothing about any watch.

Jud. Then you know nothing about this case, it appears—there is some mistake, Mr. Tripper.

Trip. So it appears. Mr. Shingle, how came you here ?

Sol. Well, I come to see about my apple sarse ; but either the clams that I eat, or a little rum toddy that I took arterwards made me sleepy.

Jud. You may stand down, Mr. Shingle, for the present.

Sol. Jest so ; you've swar'd me then for nothing, however I'm ready for the next time. (*stands down*)

Trip. John Ellsley. Mr. Ellsley, please to take the stand; you have been sworn, sir?

El. I have, sir.

Trip. You are a clerk in the employment of Mr. Winslow?

El. I am, sir.

Trip. You have been intimate with the prisoner?

El. Prisoner? I—you mean—yes, sir.

Trip. Give us if you please a history of your knowledge of this affair.

Cha. John Ellsley—tell the truth.

Jud. Silence, prisoner—go on, Mr. Ellsley.

El. On the morning that Charles was discharged, I called on him at his house. He said he had a secret he wished me to keep. I declined—he then offered me a watch and chain, which I knew to be the property of our master. He told me he had taken it, and offered to give me half, if I would keep it for him, which I refused.

Trip. Did you not advise him to return it?

El. I did. He promised to do so and wrote a confession.

Trip. Which I will now read,—(*reads*) “To my wronged master; tempted by circumstances, which I will hereafter explain, I took from you your watch and chain. Conscience will not let me keep the ill-gotten bauble, and penitently, I implore you to receive it, and forgive the commission of the crime.”

Timid. Let me see the paper,—it is not signed, or proved to have been written by my client.

Trip. 'Twas found in his possession—we will soon settle that. Mr. Ellsley, is that the handwriting of the prisoner?

El. It is, sir—I saw him write it.

Cha. I did write the confession. I do not deny it.

Timid. Do not speak, sir—admit nothing.

Trip. Mr. Ellsley, you may stand down. I shall rest the case here, without remark. Mr. Timid, any question you may wish to propose, I am ready to hear.

Timid. May it please the Court—the case appears circumstantially to be this. I mean to say that if evidence of good character can avail, I can fill this court-room with such testimony. (*HOWARD enters and comes forward—speaks to CHARLES and shakes his hand—then comes to TIMID and whispers*) I am not exactly prepared, but I do not doubt that if a little delay—

Trip. Certainly, sir,—by all means.

How. I thank you, sir,—may it please your Honor, I have listened to some of the evidence in this case, as well as the remarks of the learned gentlemen for the Government. I am here to speak in defence of that innocent young man.

Trip. This is unfair, sir. I appeal to the Court, if this interference is not improper.

How. I shall be pleased to meet any fair argument against my appearance here, as counsel for that young man, the victim, in my opinion, of a base conspiracy—which I think I shall be able to prove, unless my right to practice in this Court be denied me.

Jud. Go on, Mr. Howard, there can be no good excuse for objection.

Sol. Why, that's the People's Lawyer—things will turn, I reckon. Mr. Howard, I've lost a barrel of apple sarse.

Sheriff. Silence in the Court.

Sol. Jest so. (*sits down*)

How. John Ellsley, take the stand again. (*he does so with evident unwillingness*) Though the law may sometimes shield a villain with its broad hand of power, in honest hands 'tis an engine the evil-doer dreads. John Ellsley, you are under oath, a solemn oath, and upon the words spoken by you—under the penalty of broken oaths—rests the fate of one who was your companion, your friend. I charge you, sir, with uttering what is untrue, and advise you to recall the dark deed which you have here committed.

Trip. Is this brow-beating a witness—this sermonizing to be allowed, sir?

How. Speak not, sir; by courtesy—by right—the witness is mine. I will use him till he speaks the truth. Look at me, sir; knowest thou not that the eye of the eternal Judge is on you, that he has this day, with his pen of fire, written perjury, against thy soul.

WINSLOW and TRIPPER in anxious conversation; ELLSLEY attempts to do as WINSLOW directs.

How. Look not there. If you dare not meet my eye, look at your victim. Tell me how you will feel to see his youthful form wasting away in the walls of a state prison, his friends weeping over him as one dead, worse than dead—disgraced—and by thy false words. John Ellsley, ere it be too late, confess.

El. I will confess the truth. All I have uttered is false. I placed the watch in his pocket—for me he wrote the confession. I would have ruined my friend for paltry money. Mr. Winslow knew it all.

Win. 'Tis false. I knew nothing of it.

How. Hugh Winslow, silence. A day of judgment will come for you. I claim a verdict of acquittal for Charles Otis.

Jud. If Mr. Ellsley retracts his evidence, the action cannot be sustained. Gentlemen of the jury, the case is for your decision. (*the jury consult—WINSLOW is about leaving the court*)

How. Mr. Winslow, remain; I have procured an indictment against you for forgery.

Win. Sir, do you mean to insult me?

Jud. Silence.

Foreman of the Jury. We have agreed.

Clerk. What say you ?

Foreman. Not guilty. (CHARLES comes from box)

How. (takes his hand) Officer, your duty. (WINSLOW is arrested)

Sol. Right side up ; jest so. (MR. WINSLOW in custody of two officers ; animated tableau)

Scene IV.—*A street—a crowd of people pass over the stage as from a trial ; with them SOLOM SHINGLE—when all are off, SOLOM speaks.*

Sol. Well, now, who would have once thought of sich a thing ! It's jest the way some fellows' mouths are jinted ; they will strain 'em out of jint not to swaller a mouse or a grasshopper, and slide down an ox waggin, or a breaking up plow, so tu speak. Well, my gal's lucky that she didn't marry that John, arter all ; and as for myself, if ever anybody catches me inside of a court house agin, I'll agree to be proved non pompus—and that means a tarnal fool, according to law books. Yes, jest so.

How. (enters) Ah, my friend, you will find your daughter at my house. I thank you for your assistance. I am now in haste ; the widow Worthy shall have her rights. Exit.

Sol. Well, squire, that's first rate for the widder ; but look here ; off again ; odd critter, that lawyer ; so was his father ; jest as odd as three oxen ; he fit in the revolution, tu. Well, it's no use my travelin' round all day. These city folks will skin me out of my old plaid cloak, that I bought ten years ago ; hat, boots, and trowsers, tu, far as I know. I've been here long enough. I'll follow arter the squire, find my Nabby, buy a load of groceries, and get home as quick as my team will go it. When I'm in this 'ere Boston, I get so bewildered I don't know a string of sausages from a cord of wood. Jest so. Exit.

Scene V.—*A splendid drawing-room ; pictures ; the harp discovered—MRS. OTIS enters with GRACE, L. I E.*

Mrs. O. 'Tis, indeed, a splendid mansion. It's beauties are dimm'd by the thoughts of the news we may hear.

How. (enters L. I E.) Have I kept you waiting, Grace ? Charles has returned, has he not ? He left the court house with me.

Mrs. O. He has.

How. Mrs. Otis, request your son's attendance here.

Mrs. O. I will seek him.

Exit, R. I E.

Grace. Robert, this place is a perfect paradise ; what does it mean ? How may one in your situation be intimate with the owner of such a mansion—and there too is my harp—what does this mean ?

How. It means, my dearest Grace, that you are to be henceforth the mistress of this place that you think a paradise. I purchased the harp for you, knowing how you valued it. Grace, a clergyman is in attendance with a few friends; let that harp be the first present from your husband—this place is mine—I am rich.

Enter, CHARLES and MRS. OTIS, R. I E.

Cha. Mother, there stands my deliverer—Robert Howard, the People's Lawyer.

Grace. Is this so, Robert?

How. It is. I first saw you at Mrs. Germain's; your appearance interested me; you character, upon inquiry, pleased me—I determined that my riches should have no weight in the lady's choice selected to be my wife—hence my disguise.

Grace. Then you are not a mechanic?

How. I am. My father, though wealthy, was governed by caprice, and insisted upon my learning a mechanical trade, besides educating me for his own profession, that of the bar, which I have practiced with success. In my character of a working man I became acquainted with the misdoings of Charles' master, which enabled me, as his attorney, to prove your brother's innocence.

Cha. For which, sir, accept my gratitude.

How. Let it be considered a family matter, now. I shall aid you in your future plans.

*** Enter, SOLON, L. I E.**

Sol. Mr. Howard, that plaster you put on to my friend Winslow, is likely to stick; and now he's gone to jail.

How. He will meet his just reward—his ill-gotten gains will scarcely shield him from the punishment due to fraud—he is accused of forgery.

Sol. Jest so—Mr. Howard, is this the gal you are going to marry?

How. Yes, sir. (*to GRACE*) a friend of my father's.

Grace. Your friends must be mine. (*to SOLON*) I'm glad to see you.

Sol. My name's Shingle—I know'd your father, Miss Otis. Otis is a good name—but you change it for a good one tew. My darter, Nabby,—well, I guess I will not talk about her. I'll stay to the wedding and take a bit of cake home to my old woman and drink a glass of wine with you—and wish you good luck, and a dozen boys, if you want 'em—Mrs. Otis, you mustn't mind my talking; you might as well try to back a heavy load up a hill, as stop my thoughts coming right out in homely words.

Mrs. O. We doubt not your meaning is good.

How. Grace, this is your home, do with all as you please—and,

I trust, more delicately than I can—you will explain my good intentions to your friends.

Grace. Few words will suffice—for one who has for others plead so well, I plead—I am interested in the result—for my sake—if not for his own—I trust that in the Court you will admit to full practice—THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.

GRACE.

How.

MRS. O.

CHA.

SOL.

CURTAIN.



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
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ACT III.—The angel child.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's mischief.—Eva's request.—The promise.—pathetic scene.—Death of Eva.—St. Clare's grief.—“For thou art gone forever.”

ACT IV.—The lonely house.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's keepsake.—Deacon Perry and Aunt Ophelia.—Cute on deck.—A distant relative.—The hungry visitor.—Chuck full of emptiness.—Cute and the Deacon.—A row.—A fight.—Topsy to the rescue.—St. Clare wounded.—Death of St. Clare.—“Eva—Eva—I am coming.”

ACT V.—Legree's plantation on the Red River.—Home again.—Uncle Tom's noble heart.—“My soul ain't yours, Mas'r.”—Legree's cruel work.—Legree and Cassy.—The white slave.—A frightened brute.—Legree's fear.—A life of sin.—Marks and Cute.—A new scheme.—The dreadful whipping of Uncle Tom.—Legree punished at last.—Death of Uncle Tom.—Eva in Heaven.

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ACT II.—Winter quarters.—Colonel Hastings and Sergeant Tim.—Moses.—A message.—Tim on his dignity.—The arrival.—Playing soldier.—The secret.—The promise.—Harry in danger.—Love and duty.—The promise kept.—“Saved, at the loss of my own honor!”

ACT III.—Drawing-room at Falconer's.—Reading the news.—“Apply to Judy!”—Louise's romance.—Important news.—Bertha's fears.—Leamington's arrival.—Drawing the web.—Threatened.—Plotting.—Harry and Bertha.—A fiendish lie.—Face to face.—“Do you know him?”—Denounced.—“Your life shall be the penalty!”—Startling tableau.

ACT IV.—At Uncle Toby's.—A wonderful climate.—An impudent rascal.—A bit of history.—Woman's wit.—Toby Indignant.—A quarrel.—Uncle Toby's evidence.—Leamington's last trump.—Good news.—Checkmated.—The telegram.—Breaking the web.—Sunshine at last.

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ACT II. SCENE AS BEFORE; time, night.—Dark clouds gathering.—Changing the jackets.—Father and son.—On duty.—A struggle for fortune.—Loved for himself.—The divided greenbacks.—The agreement.—An unhappy life.—The detective's mistake.—Arrested.—Mistaken identity.—The likeness again.—On the right track.—The accident.—"Will she be saved?"—Latour's bravery.—A noble sacrifice.—The secret meeting.—Another case of mistaken identity.—The murder.—"Who did it?"—The torn cuff.—"There stands the murderer!"—" 'Tis false!"—The wrong man murdered.—Who was the victim?—TABLEAU.

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