No. LXXXIX.

THE MINOR DRAMA

"A GOOD FELLOW;"

A PETITE COMEDY, IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES M. WALCOT, COMEDIAN.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

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(Catalogue continued on third page of cover.)
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TO WHICH ARE ADDED
A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relatives Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE AMERICAN THEATRES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by Charles M. Walcot, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU STREET.
Cast of the Characters.—("A Good Fellow.")

FIRST PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, 1854.

Mr. Felix Umbraton, . . A Good Citizen, . Mr. Walcot.
Mr. Rushton Sunnyside, . A Good Fellow, . { Mr. Brougham.
{ Mr. Lester.

Costume.—Modern.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.


** The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.
"A GOOD FELLOW."

SCENE.—A neat Apartment in the House of Mr. Umbraton.—Mrs. Umbraton discovered at needle work.

Mrs. Umb. It's all very well for Felix to preach, as he does, on every possible occasion, about it's being the imperative duty of every family to live strictly within its means, and of every wife to add as much as she can to the common stock by doing all she can to lessen the household expenses; he knows I can't argue with him, and the result is, almost whenever I have made up my mind to go to some particularly grand concert, or especially fashionable ball, or to take a day for a little harmless shopping, he treats me to one of his sermons, at the end of which I am pretty sure to find myself up to my elbows in flour, making pies and puddings, or bewailing my fate while mending his socks. Oh, dear me! I don't know how it is that I don't fly out and insist on doing as other people do, who are no better off than we are. I'm sure our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Rushton Sunnyside, who live opposite, go to every conceivable expensive place, and do every imaginable expensive thing, and I don't believe she even knows her husband's income; and I've heard several tradespeople declare they haven't an idea of it. However, on this one point I am resolved—

Mrs. Sun. [Heard outside, l.] Never mind Susan, I'll not take you from your ironing, if your mistress is up stairs I'll find her.


Mrs. Umb. Oh dear, how provocative; here comes Mr. and Mrs. Sunnyside, to catch me in the midst of this horrid mending and patching.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Sunnyside, l. d., 2. e.

Mrs. Sun. Well, Mary, dear, how are you to-day?

Rush. Sun. My dear Mrs. Umbraton, pray don't answer to so outrageous a question.—Celia, I'm astonished at you! how can our dear friend be in other than the best possible health, looking so charming as she does.

Mrs. Sun. Oh stuff, Rushton. I thought I'd run in as I was passing, Mary, to see if you'd like to go with me to look at Madame Frippe-
rie's new stock of laces and embroideries just arrived from Paris, and to be opened to the public for the first time to-day.

Rush. Sun. Frightened to death, my dear Madam, that you should get there before her, and buy up all the most becoming articles, and so outshine her at the great fête on the 20th.

Mrs. Sun. Rushton, what nonsense!

Mrs. Umb. I, Sir? Oh dear no; Celia knows too well that my fate confines me too closely to home-spun matters, to dread in me a rival in expensive fashions.

Rush. Sun. Ah, that's just like me, I'm sure to get wrong if it's possible. Now I fancied that the novelty and costliness of the articles were their principal recommendations to you ladies.

Mrs. Sun. Do you suppose our home-spun friend is going to plead guilty to any such impeachment? But bless us and save us, Mary, what are you about? Why, ha, ha! Excuse my laughing, dear, but upon my word I can't help it.

Mrs. Umb. Oh, don't apologise, I'm not altogether either surprised or vexed at your laughing. Pleasant, isn't it, to be stuck down here stitching, stitching, stitching, and darning, darning, darning, while all the rest of the world are enjoying themselves out of doors?

Mrs. Sun. Decidedly unpleasant, and most emphatically wrong, and therefore, may I take the liberty to ask why you do it?

Mrs. Umb. Well, my dear, the children can't be allowed to go out at elbows, nor, I suppose, would it be particularly agreeable to Mr. Umbraton to find his feet progressing beyond the originally prescribed limits of his socks, therefore—

Rush. Sun. [Crosses to c.] Therefore, whenever Mr. Umbraton's socks evince a disposition to allow Mr. Umbraton to run out of bounds they should be instantly replaced by a new supply. To say nothing of the comfort, look at the economy of having things new as often as possible. I'm sure, now, I should not mind making a wager that it would take less than half the time to go to Stewart's, and buy any number of dozens of socks, than it must take to—what do you call 'em. Darn—that's the horrid word; I shall never believe in the value of the operation; the expression always struck me as so frightfully vulgar:—Darn your socks! oh, dreadful!

Mrs. Umb. Ah, that's all very fine; but where's the money to come from?

Rush. Sun. Eh! oh, upon my life I don't know.

Mrs. Sun. And I'm sure I'm never curious enough to inquire; why should I? I never use any.

Mrs. Umb. Oh, come, come, Celia, that's carrying the joke a little too far; you never use money! ha, ha, ha! How was that elegant mantle, and that duck of a hat, and that sweet dress, paid for, I should like to know?

Mrs. Sun. Would you? well now, that's a matter I never feel the least anxiety about. I take it for granted that things are paid for, because, paying for things seems to be a sort of business understanding, and as such, I always leave it entirely to Rushton.

Rush. Sun. Ah, you wicked puss! and very cruel it is of you, when
"A GOOD FELLOW;"

you know how forgetful I am, and how stupid I alw  

yes was at figures. It's a positive fact my dear Mrs. Umbraton, [crosses to c.] that from childhood up to the present hour, arithmetic has been the chief stumbling block of my existence. I've had addition, multiplication, and subtraction, arrayed before me on an amount of slate more than sufficient to roof the Opera House, and the only correct proof I ever gave in my life was, that I couldn't tell one rule from the other. As to the Rule of Three, I've always looked upon it as a direct imposition, from the conviction that, for all practical purposes, there can be no occasion, as a general rule, for any other rule than a Rule of One. I make the oddest mistakes in mere figures you can imagine: I had occasion to send a man some dollars the other day for some rare peaches. He had sent a bill, I looked at the figure supposed to represent the amount, and sent the sum to the fellow. Gad, he came back in ten minutes and said I'd sent one third too little! What do you think? ha, ha! I'd looked at his bill up side down, and sent him six dollars instead of nine! ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Umb. Well, I've often thought that women ought not to be bothered about money; what do I know, for instance, of any business understandings?

Mrs. Sun. My dear, the thing's preposterous, we should always be making some absurd mistake or other. I admit that poor Rushton is as stupid as any one need be in such matters, for he never seems to thoroughly comprehend half the tiresome accounts that those frightful tradespeople will insist on boring him with; however, he always pretends to be very business-like, and gives them something they call notes of hand—I think that's the name of them—and there's an end, though of what earthly use they can be, I can't conceive. But come, do throw off this Dame Durden air for an hour or two, and come with me; it's downright monstrous to mope in doors, when all the fashionable world is abroad.

Mrs. Umb. Oh, but my dear Celia, you've no idea what a host of things I have to attend to; there's a basket of clothes that will take me three good hours to set to rights.

Rush. Sun. Ha, ha! what a funny idea! set clothes to rights—ha, ha, ha! My dear madam, take my advice and set em to music, instead; you'll find it much more amusing, and it would tell immensely. Just imagine: "The Stocking Quick Step" and the "Night Cap Polka." Oh, you'll become as famous as Julien in no time, and while he is creating a furor with his brilliant arrangement of a new set of quadrilles, you will take the town by storm with your matchless arrangement of a new set of shirts.

Mrs. Sun. For shame, Rushton! But, my dear child, you have no business with such things at all! Where's your seamstress? [Sunny-side goes up embarrassed.] No man in his senses surely expects you to consume your life in keeping his mind at rest on the subject of wrist buttons and collar strings. Have a proper person for the purpose in the house, my dear; it's the handiest thing in the world; for I admit that men are apt to get very cross about the absence of a few buttons, so that of course it's worth one's while to have them attended
to; but I have a nice diet young girl always in the house who takes all
that trouble off my hands, and does a hundred things besides, I've no
doubt, that I've not an idea of; now, doesn't she, dear? [To Rush.
Mrs. Sun. Nor do I care to have, as long as Rushton don't grumble;
for I'm convinced if I were even to offer to dismiss her, and do the
work myself, he'd never hear of it, would you now, Rushy?
stroll in the fresh air would be of immense advantage to me.
Mrs. Umb. Well, I never thought of that, and I certainly do think
that Felix might afford such a small additional expense as that must be.
Mrs. Sun. Afford it! why of course; Rushton jumped at the opportu-
nity the moment I suggested it; took the whole affair at once into
his own hands, made all the necessary inquiries, found a suitable per-
son, and has never even troubled me with the payment of her wages.
He settles with her, and I presume to their mutual satisfaction, eh,
Rushy, love?
Rush. Sun. Oh, entirely, dear—I may say, in fact— [Aside.] No,
I don't think I'd better say any more than the exigencies of this very
trying case imperatively demand.
Mrs. Umb. I certainly will suggest it to Felix, but I know he won't
be bothered with finding such a person.
Mrs. Sun. Never mind that; only get his consent, and Rushton
shall see to getting you a suitable assistant.
Rush. Sun. [Aside.] There's a chance to get out.
Mrs. Sun. Oh, he don't mind attending to those little matters, I
know—eh, dear?
Rush. Sun. Certainly not, dear—in fact, I'll go and get my ponies
and commence the search at once—I'm a deuce of a fellow when I
once undertake anything!
Mrs. Umb. Oh, don't use any particular haste, sir, I beg.
Mrs. Sun. [To Rush.] Won't you walk with us, then?
Rush. Sun. Well, no love—not under the circumstances; the con-
versation appears to be taking rather a lively turn, and I might find
myself slightly in the way—so, good bye—
Mrs. Umb. Nay, but really, Mr. Sunnyside—
Rush. Sun. No, 'pon my honor; you don't know me: queerest chap
you can imagine. I'm so bent on this business, that I shall never get
straight again if I don't go at once; in short, I—ha, ha, ha! I
really don't feel safe another moment in the house. I wish you a
very good day.
[Exit l., 2 e.
Mrs. Sun. Go then, dear, put on your things, don't be long, and I'll
amuse myself as I best can, till you are ready.
Mrs. Umb. Well, I do feel that the fresh air would enliven me, so I
will go; if you get tired of waiting while I make my toilet, you can
amuse yourself in a variety of ways—from wristbands to collars in
abundance.
Mrs. Sun. Oh, the horrid things! Wait, I'll go with you.
Mrs. Umb. What, are you afraid you may be tempted?
Mrs. Sun. Yes, to throw them out of the window.
[Exeunt, laughing, r. d., 2 e.}
"A GOOD FELLOW."

Enter: Mr. Felix Umbraton 2 e., l. d.

Unab. So, that intolerable Mrs. Sunnyside here again. Of all the dangers by which a simple minded, properly disposed wife, can be beset, there is no one so great as your gadabout married woman of the world. She hovers around the happy home of others' domesticity like a hawk over a dove-cote, and wo betide the hapless inmate that ventures forth into the fatal circle, or innocently admits the treacherous stranger, bent on destruction of the peaceful brood. My poor good Mary, bless her heart, is as unfit to cope with this dragon-fly of society as a wren with the talons of a kite. But I am resolved, at any cost, to keep my heart untainted by these pests, who gad and flirt, and run in debt for their amusement—only too happy when they have reduced another to their vicious level. And this woman's husband, too, abets her in her course—plays the same game, and thrives on it. Gives dinners, soirees, lavishes his means (too meager to support a twentieth part of the career he runs) on fools and scamps, that they may puff and herald him abroad, the Prince of Company—a right "Good Fellow." Pshaw! there I go, hurrying on full charge against that for which neither he nor she, perhaps, deserves the greatest blame. Parents will have "smart" children now-a-days, and "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." But while pity moderates the accent of reproach, prudence must guard against contamination. This woman may infect my wife; I must purify my house.

Mrs. Sun. [Outside r.] I vow, now, you'll do amazingly—the men will have no eyes for me.

Umb. Lesson the first:—the pupil inducted into the delightful, honorable art of fascinating other men than her husband.

Mrs. Sun. No, no, child, not that antediluvian veil—lay that aside; at Mad. Fripperie's you must select a new one.

Umb. Lesson the second:—the pupil taught to despise all she possesses, that her husband's pocket may learn the improvement in her taste; they come—I'll try a lesson in another branch.

Enter Mrs. Sunnyside and Mrs. Umbraton, r. 2 e., dressed for walking.

Mrs. Sun. Ah, my dear Mr. Umbraton, how charmed I am to see you; I've just prevailed upon this little drudge of yours, to shake off the dull toils of housewifery and treat the gay world with an hour of her presence.

Umb. Are all the cheerful of mankind out of doors, Madam?

Mrs. Sun. That's fishing for a compliment, and therefore I'll not indulge you; besides you misconceived me; by the gay world, I meant the world of fashion.

Umb. True, I did misconceive you, then, for in my experience the gay world of mere fashion are generally the dullest set on earth. But what is to become of those unfashionable jolly fellows who would fain share their hilarity with their wives at home?

Mrs. Sun. Why, my dear sir, according to the most modern and approved rules of society, such people are treated as a species of fog.
or damp air, out of which it is the province and duty of the beaumonde, to remove the young and delicate flower, wife, as quickly as possible—

Mrs. Umb. To transplant it into the hot-house of frivolity and licentiousness, where, after a brief and artificial summer, the damps too soon intrude in the more bitter form of penitential tears.

Mrs. Sun. Oh, lud! you're in for a sermon, I see.

Mrs. Umb. A charity sermon, Madam. Have you anything to give?

Mrs. Sun. Yes, a word of advice. Never preach straight-laced doctrines to a fashionable congregation, or make your sermon a moment longer than will suffice for the cursory contemplation of the most modish toilets present, or—no matter how excellent your discourse, it will be very apt to produce the effect of an old farce at a theatre, and drive the auditors out of the house.

Mrs. Umb. Oh, fie, Celia! surely no assemblage would be so indecorous as to——

Mrs. Umb. Oh, yes they would, my dear. Mrs. Sunnyside is quite right; the man who attacks the follies and vices of the age, may be read of a hundred years after his death, but his life will very generally resemble that of the actor in a worn out farce—he'll find himself a great talker with no listeners.

Mrs. Sun. To which predicament I now sentence you! so come along, Mary, dear—[Mary crosses with Mrs. S., L. ]—you can hear the rest over the next half dozen collar strings, and give it to me in a revised and abridged form whenever we have no new fashion to discuss.

Mrs. Umb. [To Umb.] You don't look pleased, dear, has anything annoyed you?

Mrs. Umb. Nothing that you can exactly comprehend at present, Mary; but a letter from your brother has arrived from England, which more than compensates for any trifling vexation I may feel.

Mrs. Umb. From dear brother George? oh, how delighted I am; he speaks too, of my dear, dear father and mother and all my equally dear brothers and sisters. Oh, do let me see it, Felix, I cannot restrain my anxiety.

Mrs. Umb. Nay, my child, why these ecstacies? 'tis only a dull family letter, full of straight laced doctrines. Mrs. Sunnyside is waiting for you, and, as she justly observes of such matters, you can hear it over the next half dozen collar strings, or I'll give it to you in a revised and abridged form whenever you have no new fashion to discuss.

Mrs. Sun. "Thank you good sir, I owe you one." So then, I am not to have your company, Mary?

Mrs. Umb. Oh, dear Celia, pray excuse me; to you the loss of my society will be nothing, but to me, one hour's delay in hearing from my dear parents and family, separated from me by so many thousands of watery miles, would render me at once the dullest companion and the most unwilling of gadabouts.

Mrs. Sun. There, say no more. You're incorrigible. I'm afraid I must despair of ever making anything of you; so adieu! and remember, Mr. Parson, as the man says in the play, "I owe you one."

Mrs. Umb. [Smiling.] The old farce of "Affection" you see, madam, can still secure an audience.
"A GOOD FELLOW."

Mrs. Sun. Yes, but like the hackneyed play of Married Life, the points are so well known, that we laugh more at the actors than the jokes, after all.

[Exit Mrs. Sun., 2. e. l., laughing.

Mrs. Umb. [Laying aside her hat, &c.] Oh, I'm so glad you did not let me go without telling me of this letter, Felix, dear. Come—now for it, I'm all impatience.

Umb. Sit down, Mary.

Mrs. Umb. Yes, dear—now then, where is it? give it to me.

Umb. I can't, Mary, I haven't got it.

Mrs. Umb. [Rising.] Felix!

Umb. Sit down, my dear; you think I have deceived you, and you are partly right.

Mrs. Umb. [Sits.] You have no letter for me, then? and you amused me with the expectation, merely to prevent me going out.

Umb. Precisely.

Mrs. Umb. Then, Felix, you have been guilty of a most ungenerous subterfuge, and treated me as a school-girl, not as your wife.

Umb. Upon the surface, true; but a letter is come, though not to my hands, yet.

Mrs. Umb. Intolerable! Is this, then, what I must expect? Is this the sweet domestic peace you preach about—the peace of slavery; nay, worse than that; the thraldom of the mind that must be still a child's and know no will or purpose of its own. Ungrateful man, is this the recompense for my close study of your every wish? Too easily, I find, we women may be led to acquiesce in the mere selfish plans that husbands form to shut us from the world, debaring us the harmless recreation of a cheerful friend's discourse and company, only to keep us closer to the round of daily drudgery and domestic toil.

Umb. Have you finished, Mary?

Mrs. Umb. No, Felix, not while you treat me as a silly fool. Let me at least defend the slender brains a woman may possess.

Umb. Give proof of stouter wits my love, by closer lips; one good listener gains more than a thousand bad talkers.

Mrs. Umb. Of course; go on—I may as well be still.

Umb. Much better, trust me, or I'd not advise it.

Mrs. Umb. One question: is this to be a sermon or a catechism?

Umb. Both, or neither;—but I doubt not both. You're angry now, and not quite in the mind to take, in the true spirit, such reproof as the fierce onslaught I've endured deserves; so I'll not scold, but state myself the wrongs with which you charge me, only giving each the simple benefit of fair excuse.

Mrs. Umb. Proceed!—yet stay: may I object, or must I take for law—

Umb. Only so much as that self-styled slender brain shall own is just.

Mrs. Umb. [Unwillingly mollified.] Go on, Felix.

Umb. You think that I maintain you in a style beneath our station?

Mrs. Umb. Others, no better off, live better.

Umb. And happier?

Mrs. Umb. Why not? Does luxury mar happiness?
"A GOOD FELLOW."

Umb. It can't insuire it, never can create; it can but supervene where happiness has risen from that surest basis—honesty.

Mrs. Umb. Is it dishonest to love luxury?

Umb. No, not to love it—no, nor to indulge in it, just so far as good sense prompts, and your purse will reach, without stretching. How much does either license sway the Sunnysides?

Mrs. Umb. They always appear happy.

Umb. I did not speak, love, of appearances; many things seem that never had reality. Your friends, the Sunnysides, who live in luxury, never consider how it is procured. Their house was newly furnished; all the world applauded their fine taste; within a twelvemonth the upholsterer failed—the sum they owed him would have saved his credit. Who thought of the upholsterer? he was a poor man just beginning life—his wife had helped to earn the scanty capital with which he started; they were an honest pair—eat, drank and lodged always within their means, and so began to thrive. At length, a gentleman, living in style, (no matter how obtained,) gave him an order: mark me—a gentleman who wore the latest fashions, gave great parties, kept his trotting horse, and other fancies of like costly ilk that call for money down; whose lady-wife shone forth in rich brocades, and sported, too, the most distingué carriage in the town. These were the liberal patrons—and so thoughtful, too—they recommended the upholsterer to several of their friends, who also gave him orders, but no money: what of that? they were high people—fashionable folks! Alas! he thought them so—mistook the tinsel for pure ore, and gave them credit on their show of wealth: why, they were simply swindlers, one and all—traders on false appearances and a name obtained by lavish outlay in excesses of funds that should have paid their butcher, tailor, and the host of those whose industry supplied their actual wants. A crisis came—but with it no relief for the poor tradesman; your friends, the Sunnysides, were lavish in regrets—for all the world swears Rushton's "A Good Fellow!" he took his creditor by both his hands and shook them warmly—vowed it was a shame that money was just then so "horrid tight"—gave him a glass of unimpeachable Madeira, and left for Saratoga—there, in less than one short month, to squander more than would have saved the upholsterer from ruin. But Rushton Sunnyside was "A Good Fellow!" Oh, costly, worthless title! for the vile things of men who work the bellows to that dulcet tune, soon stop his organ who can't raise the wind—so, though starvation glare on all beside, the man who will be puffed must pay the blowers.

Mrs. Umb. A shocking picture, Felix; but may not a hundred harmless pleasures be indulged, whose whole united cost could ruin no one?

Umb. If really harmless, yes—else not; come, name them.

Mrs. Umb. Well, now, the Sunnysides are going to the grand fête on Thursday—is that extravagant?

Umb. Ask their washerwoman, who duns them daily for one twentieth part the sum that fête will cost them.

Mrs. Umb. They gave a hundred dollars to the fund being raised to
"A GOOD FELLOW."

11

take young Pampermore out of prison—and he, you know, is of a noble family.

UMB. A swindler! And they refused five dollars to a poor widow, whose husband broke his neck by falling from a house-top; but true, he was not of a noble family, and so the charity would make no noise.

MRS. UMB. At least it is not much that they should have a seamstress in the house.

UMB. The dearest item in their whole establishment!

MRS. UMB. What can that cost?

UMB. The breach of plighted faith!

MRS. UMB. [Rising.] Felix!

UMB. [Rising.] Shall we have a seamstress, Mary?

MRS. UMB. Oh, Felix—husband! Pardon—pardon!

[Throws herself on his neck.]

UMB. Pardon!—for what, my simple, honest wife? Because you've quoted from a stupid book you couldn't understand? No pardon is needed where no wrong is meant;—and as for those who hawk such wares abroad, to tempt the unvary from the paths of virtue, the very ends they seek must work their punishment.

MRS. UMB. Dear Felix, I now see that happiness does not depend upon frivolities, and shall but prize my home comforts the more for the bright tints with which you've set them off, in opposition to the clouded atmosphere of would-be fashion.

UMB. Ay, "would-be fashion!" that's the mischief, Mary. Let it be our plan, by wise frugality, not sordid niggardness, to achieve the means, and we may claim the right to live in any fashion,—nor doubt a cordial welcome to the ranks of the only true aristocracy,—Mind and Merit!

RUSH. SUN. [Outside.] Don't leave the horses' heads, Bob. I shan't be five minutes.

UMB. Hark! Here comes Rushton Sunnyside.

MRS. UMB. Let me go to my room.

UMB. No, no! remain, by all means. You'll understand me better after hearing him, now. He's just the kind of glossary that will expound me clearly.

Enter Rushton Sunnyside, L. 2 R.

RUSH. SUN. Ah, my dear Felix, how are you? [Takes both Umberton's hands and shakes them cordially—crosses c.] My dear Mrs. Umberton, I shall achieve a great success in your mission: don't look wise, old fellow;—shan't tell you anything about it. But come—I've got my team of 2 : 40's at the door—want you to come with me, Felix. Going to give 'em a slight brush on the Avenue. Thousand apologies, my dear Mrs. Umberton, on behalf of my trap, that is, pray excuse me—waggon—to cars polite; these horrid things are only capable of two outside—literally not room to talk in it; shameful thing, as far as ladies are concerned—but not my fault, upon my word. Insisted on having a thing built with unmistakable seats in it—really something to sit upon, so that Celia might ride with me sometimes;—builder wouldn't do it;—sajd I didn't care what the cost might be;—no use,
wouldn't go to work—can't imagine why. All I could get for answer was, that as he was not in the habit of executing such peculiar orders as mine, there might be some failure, in some way or other, connected with it, and that, therefore—in fact—he'd rather not. Celia was so angry that she found some fellow immediately that had a great Noah's-ark sort of a coach for sale, and she told him to send it home instantly. I've no idea what she means to do with it; it looks to me as if it would be a capital thing, with the wheels off, for one of those patent incubators. Can't conceive anything more honestly air tight. The internal warmth of the contrivance must be intense,—struck me for a moment that I should like, of all things, to be a dozen of eggs, for the mere luxury of being hatched so handsomely.

_Umb._ A strange conceit, Rushton. But pray, what did you pay for this eccentric vehicle?

_Rush._ Sun. Gad, the drollery of the deuced thing put me into such inordinate good humor that I told the fellow I didn't much care what he charged for it. He laughed—confound him—and I felt, for the moment, as if some one that I didn't care to mention was very likely to be taken in.

_Umb._ Didn't he betray any such suspicion?

_Rush._ Sun. No, no, hang him; that will no doubt appear when he sends his bill in. But come, Felix,—I know Mrs. Umbarton will spare you for an hour.

_Mrs._ Umb. Oh, sir, Mr. Umbarton will be guided by his inclinations; I should be sorry to say that I can ever spare him.

_Rush._ Sun. There, Felix, that's a new brocade, or a suit of sables to your account at least. I'm witness to the extent of the compliment, and, on behalf of Mrs. Umbarton, I insist on full remuneration for value received.

_Umb._ With all my heart. [Crosses.] I don't generally offer more than my note of hand in such cases, except in private; however, nothing like prompt payments, so there, Mary. [He kisses her.

_Rush._ Sun. Oh, shameful! that's discounting your own note at a most usurious rate of interest.

_Umb._ A paradox, Rushton. It is the amount of interest that we take in such transactions that insures their legality.

_Mrs._ Umb. Right, Felix; and we wives only complain of feeling the discount when our husbands can no longer take any interest.

_Rush._ Sun. Oh, dear, I can never stand this; you are too much for me. I must begone. But come, Felix, you will ride with me?

_Umb._ No, Rushton, thank you.

_Rush._ Sun. Oh, hang it,—why not?

_Umb._ I can't afford it.

_Rush._ Sun. Afford! what's that?

_Umb._ A pertinent question, truly. Why, simply, that I have neither carriage nor horses, nor the means to hire them—and therefore I can't return the compliment.

_Rush._ Sun. Compliment! Stuff and nonsense, my dear fellow—it's no compliment; people expect me to have fast horses, so of course I have 'em—and people ride with me because, I suppose, they find it pleasant.
"A GOOD FELLOW."

Umb. And cheap. Rushton, no truly independent man will ever sponge upon the fortunes or the follies of his friend. If my pocket can't afford to share in an extravagance, my pride forbids participation at another's cost. I am no churl. I can dine with a man whose honest wealth sanctions a dinner for a prince, and the one simple dish my slender purse restricts me to, when he becomes my guest, calls up no blush of shame or inequality.

Rush. Sun. 'Pon my life, Felix, you're a riddle, and I give you up.

Mrs. Umb. I've made two or three stupid guesses at him lately, Mr. Sunnyside, but I think I solve him now.

Rush. Sun. Never solved anything or anybody in the whole course of my life. In fact, I've remarked, as an invariable rule, that so sure as I set my stupid wits at a man, with a view to solve him, it was always certain to end in his proving insolvent.

Mrs. Sun. [Outside.] Nonsense, my good man, it must be a mistake; I'll satisfy you of that in a moment.


Enter Mrs. Sunnyside, l., 2 e.

Mrs. Sun. [Excited.] My dear Rushton, is it your intention to move?

Rush. Sun. Move, my dear? I've been going for the last half-hour, but Felix says no.

Mrs. Sun. Says no—I should think so, indeed; but there are two low persons down stairs who—to use their own unintelligible jargon—say, that if you don't "poney up," they seize!

Mr. & Mrs. Umb. Seize?


Mrs. Sun. Rushton, don't be an idiot; the fellows say they have instructions to remove every article of furniture out of our house.

Umb. Is it come to this?

Rush. Sun. Move—remove! That's what it is to keep 2: 40's and go against time. I started, as it seemed to me this morning, in February, and have driven so fast that I'm right up to the 1st of May, without knowing it.

Mrs. Sun. [Tearfully.] The 1st of April, rather, and a pretty fool you're being made.

Mrs. Umbraton goes to Mrs. Sunnyside.

Umb. Rushton, be serious, for decency's sake!

Rush. Sun. Serious, my dear fellow! What do you all mean? I pledge you my word I've given no orders for any moving—why the deuce should I? Landlord's the nicest old creature in the world. Other people are bothered about rents, and that sort of thing—and yet it isn't more than three months ago that he said if I couldn't spare any money—which of course I could not—he was willing to take some document or other that would answer the purpose. Of course I consented—though I didn't exactly see what practical use that was to him, as it seemed mainly to consist of an inventory of pots and pans, and chairs and tables.

Umb. Exactly—a chattel mortgage, most likely—and the next flag
"A Good Fellow."

your 2 : 40's will come up to, will be the red flag of the auctioneer.

Rush. Sun. Nonsense! you don’t mean that! Confound his chattel mortgage! I don’t want to sell anything. [Goes to window.] Eh! why, hang the rascals, what are they at? ! All run to window, c.

Umb. Carrying out the condition of the chattel mortgage.

Rush. Sun. Yes, my dear fellow—but they’re carrying out the furniture, also.

Mrs. Sun. Oh, Rushton, stop them at any rate.

Rush. Sun. At any rate! yes—but how am I to stop that chap that’s driving off my trotters? I know devilish well I can’t stop him at any rate slower than 2 : 40.

Mrs. Umb. Can nothing be done to save your property?

Umb. No but paying the landlord, that I am.

Rush. Sun. Who wants to see anything better than that? by jove, it’s a capital idea; I shouldn’t have dreamt of such a thing in ten years; first-rate, my dear fellow—pay him and astound him!

Umb. I pay him? why the amount is, no doubt, far beyond my means, even if I—


Umb. Nearly my whole year’s income; I can’t afford it, Rushton.

Rush. Sun. There’s that infernal word again; just now you couldn’t afford to oblige me in that which wouldn’t cost you a penny—and now you can’t afford to oblige me, when the outlay would be absolutely respectable—not to say handsome.

Mrs. Umb. [Crosses r. c.] Felix, dear, wouldn’t my little legacy help to——

Rush. Sun. I’ve not a doubt it would, if it were to try.

Umb. What! No, Mary; not to prolong such fickle sunshine one short hour. In days gone by I’ve started out in many a pelting storm, so poorly clad that, but for the sweet smile and warm embrace that shut out thought of cold, the flesh had winced of many a stouter man than I; and this I bore, rather than flinch one coin from that small store that might ward off a rainy day from you. Who has the courage, then, to ask for that?

Mrs. Sun. [Tearfully.] Oh, no, no! not for all the world. [Mrs. Umb. raises up stage, i. to Mrs. Sunnyside.

Rush. Sun. My dear Celia, you talk nonsense. You know I make no pretensions to extraordinary courage; but although I wouldn’t think of asking such a loan for all the world, I think I could muster nerve enough to accept it for part of the furniture.

Umb. No, Rushton; I will not lend to you.


Umb. And you shall find me one: but not the world’s Good Fellow that you mean, who, now that you are broken, will pass by you. I daren’t afford to minister to fruits with which I’ll not upbraid you in your fall. But I can, ay, and will afford the shelter of my roof to you and yours, till time and dear experience shall prove there’s something better far, worth living for, than that misnomer you have lived alone for—"A Good Fellow."
Mrs. Sun. Mary, dear, I am very thankful for your generous offer, and Mr. Umbraton is quite right in all that he has said; but my resolve is made. As for you, sir, [crossing to Rush. Sun.,] I have only this to say: You married me, representing yourself as a man of fortune; — I threw myself away solely on that consideration, and therefore I shall go immediately home to my family, and make them prosecute you for obtaining goods under false pretences.

Exit, crying, l. d., 2 e.

Rush. Sun. [Appearing wounded.] She's gone! Cruel, ungrateful and unfeeling woman! Is this my recompense for all—

Mrs. Umb. Oh, Mr. Sunnyside, don't despair. Celia, I'm sure, will never think of leaving you: don't think her capable—

Rush. Sun. [Affecting distress.] No, no! it isn't that; it is not that!

Umb. All may be well yet, Rushton. Remain here till—

Rush. Sun. No, Felix, no; I'll never leave her. I swore to cleave only unto her, and cleave I will, though she cuts me.

Umb. Never fear but her heart will turn to you, despite all this unpleasantness.

Rush. Sun. [Rises and walks to l.] It isn't that—it isn't that. No, I could bear much, even the loss of her affection; but I never can desert her interest.

Mrs. Umb. Generous man!

Umb. Her interest?

Rush. Sun. Yes, Felix, yes: the world may think me thoughtless and upbraid me with frivolity, but never will I desert her while I can stretch forth this hand to receive and cherish the interest on her portion of ten thousand dollars.

Umb. (l.) Ah, Mary, is that happiness? Self—only self—the spring of both their minds. Good riddance then, and welcome once again to sweet Content; and if I have not been so severe towards them as such faults deserve, I trust it will only be looked upon in the light of that charity we all need, and induce those before us to view as leniently the demerits of

"A GOOD FELLOW."

Time—40 Minutes.

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