

JESSY VERE;  
OR, THE  
RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

An Original Domestic Drama,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY  
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AUTHOR OF

*Going to Chobham, Mary Price, Phillis Thorpe, Jenny Foster,  
Jerry Abershaw, Lilla the Lost One, Who's the Victim ?  
Our Tea Party, &c. &c.*



THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.



JESSY VERE;  
OR,  
THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Picturesque View of the Vale of Taunton. The Parsonage of Joshua Vere, R; a hedge and stile run across the stage at back.*

*Music.*—Enter JOSHUA VERE from house, followed by JACOB THORN.

VERE. Indeed I am sorry for you, and as far as my little store will go I am willing to share with all. (*gives money*) I have known you from a boy, Jacob: I am well aware that you wish for work, not charity; but scruple not to take this, and should it be in your power to repay me, do so, not for my sake, but for others like yourself, who may need assistance in their time of trouble.

JACOB. Bless you, sir; I only wish that times may change soon that you may see I am not ungrateful; it be a hard thing for a honest mind and a willing hand to be under obligation, but when sickness and want come to a poor man's threshold, he is little prepared to meet them, and were it not for a kind hearts like yours, many a weary soul would sink under its burden, and leave the way of honesty for the downward path of disgrace and crime.

VERE. No thanks, Jacob, I have my reward in finding that those principles of honesty you were taught in our humble village school still influence your mind, and keep you a sober honest man.

JACOB. Aye, sir, but many a time my mind has been sorely shaken, for is it not hard to see plenty before your very eyes, and feel the pangs of hunger within us. Does not the land yield golden grain enough for all? Does not nature bless us with bounteous harvest, and flocks and herds in plenty? But man—greedy, grasping man—stands like a fiend between the food of life and his fellow creatures. Heaven sends its blessings for our use, and woe on those who put an unjust price upon them, and wring their hard earned coin from the homesteads of suffering poverty.

VERE. You speak strongly, Jacob.

JACOB. Because I have suffered deeply, sir. If it were not for the likes of you, many a man would have been forced into crime to support those near and dear to him.

VERE. I'm afraid you speak truly, and it is to visit such as those you mention that I am about to take my morning walk. Keep a trusting heart and honest mind, Jacob, and strive to meet life's trials with hope and fortitude. *Exit, R. U. E.*

JACOB. Yes, yes, I must still hope, but with a weary heart, and yet that's bad. Well, well, I'll do as kind Master Vere bid me, I'll look life boldly in the face with a trusting mind.

*Music.—Enter JESSY from Parsonage.*

JESSY. That's right, Jacob, and may life still have its charms for you; keep a stout heart, and who knows but that it may be in my power to befriend you.

JACOB. Thank you a thousand times, Miss Jessie—I'm almost ashamed to receive so much kindness. I know I'm unfit to offer service to the likes of you; but only show me how I can be of use, and I'd risk my very life for you.

JESSY. I'm sure you would, Jacob; and better days will come, never fear.

JACOB. I'm sure I hope so, if it's only to prove that your kindness lives in my heart, and is eager to render like for like. (*goes up*)

JESSY. (*aside*) How happy shall I be when my marriage with Arthur may be made known! How many people can I then make happy at the same time?—my father, my sister, and all those dear friends to whom my marriage is a secret. And then, who knows but I may take some high and proud position in the world; for though Arthur assures me he is but a plain gentleman with two hundred and fifty pounds a year, still I am almost certain he is but jesting with me, and conceals his real circumstances only to dazzle and confound me with his true estate. Oh! what happiness to take my father and sister by the hand—"Welcome, dearest friends of my heart, to opulence and comfort."

JACOB. (*going*) Good day, Miss Jessie, I'm going round to the farmers, to see if I can meet with a job among any of them. (*going, L.*)

JESSY. Stay, Jacob, let me bear you company—my word may go farther than yours; and as we proceed, if you will show Jessie Vere any poor soul to whom she can bring comfort and assistance, she will, as far as she is able, alleviate their wants, and endeavour to shed a ray of comfort on their humble lot.

JACOB. You're an angel, that's what you are, Miss Jessie; and may the blessings of the many grateful hearts you have befriended hover over you, and brighten your pathway of life into a happy smiling future. *Music.—Exeunt JACOB and JESSY, L. 2 E.*

*Enter ARTHUR TEMPLE and SIGISMUND, R.*

SIGIS. Arthur, my dear boy, you really astonish me—married, and to a mere rustic! Well, I must confess that if I were Arthur Fanshawe, with only one frail life between me and a wealthy baronetcy, it should be something more than a pretty face that would have tempted me into the noose of matrimony.

ARTH. It *was* something more than that Sigismund, that tempted me, for Jessy is one of the most charming and beautiful of creatures, and no more ambitious of wealth and station than I am to enter a monastery.

SIGIS. Arthur, you are—but no matter, I know it's useless talking to a man labouring under the insanity of love: but take care—you may be preparing a future of misery, not only for yourself, but for this poor girl. Before twelve months are past, the refined grace and courtly elegance of such women as Alice Merton will return upon your imagination, with a brilliancy and power, infinitely heightened by contrast with the mindless rustic who has temporarily caught your fancy, and you will bitterly and vainly repent your present mad infatuation.

ARTH. Lady Alice Merton ! pshaw, Sigismund, that woman is an incarnation of mere worldliness—she has neither heart nor soul.

SIGIS. AS you please; but she has at least a charming person and a sparkling cultivated wit, and to me it appears rather a proof of good sense, that she, some two years since, looked coldly upon the advances of a young gentleman like yourself, who, unless his elder brother dies without male issue, is condemned to vegetate upon a poor fifteen hundred a year.

ARTH. It's useless your talking. With the beautiful and gentle Jessy, I shall glide calmly down the stream of life, heedless of a vain and fickle world, for which I feel neither sympathy nor regret.

SIGIS. A dream, Arthur, a silly womanish dream; which will be followed, I fear, by a very bitter waking. But enough—we part friends, I hope?

ARTH. You persist in not remaining, then ?

SIGIS. I should only involve myself, without in the least serving you. You are at least independent of your elder brother, to the tune of fifteen hundred a year, and should Sir Edward Fanshawe precede you to the world of shadows, why then—

ARTH. Shame on you, Sigismund! do you think ?—

SIGIS. Well, be it so: I am, at all events, no hypocrite, and this system of begging every child but one in order to maintain family dignity, is scarcely one to cultivate fraternal affection. You have an income, although perhaps, an insufficient one, whilst I unfortunately, have no dependance save on the influence of the House of Fanshawe. You know Sir Edward's pride of birth and ancestry, and cannot, therefore, be blind to the folly I should commit by appearing to countenance your unequal marriage. Besides, the fewer witnesses of it that remain here the better. The retention of the name of Temple, too, will be as well.

ARTH. That was an accident—a mere caprice ; and I shall probably soon resume my own.

SIGIS. You had better not at present; take this advice, at least.

ARTH. Sigismund, envy and discontent have not only soured your once frank and joyous temper, but perverted your sense of right and wrong.

SIGIS. Say rather that they have sharpened my wits: younger brothers like myself are made somewhat precocious by necessity,

it is only your elder born who can afford to remain fools for ever. Adieu, I shall, at all events, keep your secret, and at the same time I wish you a safe voyage over the quicksands before you.

*Exit SIGISMUND, L.*

ARTH. After all, I was foolish to call myself Temple instead of Fanshawe: yet what does it matter? one name will do as well as another to juggle with: but still I have often thought how delightful it will be to witness Jessy's astonishment when I tell her she has married into the distinguished family of the Fanshawe's—to be sister-in-law to the rich Sir Edward; but no, that would not be prudent: better to draw a veil before the grandeur that would but mock our own comparatively poor means of life. Yes, yes—I'll take Sigismund's advice in this one instance, at least, and leave time to work its own changes. Jessy first knew me as Arthur Temple, and as Arthur Temple for the present I must remain.

*Enter JESSY, L. 2 E.*

JESSY. Ah, truant, are you there? Come, give an account of yourself. Where have you been all this morning, sir?

ARTH. Speaking with Sigismund, dearest, upon business matters—he has but just left me.

JESSY. I must confess I don't like him. I am certain there is something treacherous in that man's nature; and whenever his eye meets mine, I feel such an unpleasant sensation, that really his absence is a relief to me.

ARTH. Prejudice, Jessy; nothing but prejudice. Sigismund, as you are aware, is only my half-brother; but I believe there is as much real affection on his part as if the same mother had borne us both, so let me hear no more on that point. Try to regard him with kinder feelings, for I am convinced he has a worthy heart.

JESSY. Well, then, dear Arthur, for your sake I will try to do so.

ARTH. And when you have seen more of him you will find how much you were mistaken. (*looks L.*) But what is that fellow running this way for in such haste? One would think that life or death depended on his speed.

*Enter ROGER, hastily, L., with a letter in his hand.*

ROGER. Oh, here you be, sir. I'm so rejoiced I found you; the postman was looking for you everywhere. He said he thought this letter was particular; and as I knew you were here, I hope you'll excuse my bringing it to you with all speed. (*gives letter*)

ARTH. (*aside*) From London, and sealed with black! What can have happened? (*reads aside*) "Sir—I have to inform you that your elder brother, Sir Edward Fanshawe, died suddenly last night at his residence in London. I have the honor now of addressing you as Sir Arthur Fanshawe, and beg your early arrival in London to favour me with your commands. Your obedient servant, Thomas Bailey. Lincoln's Inn." Is this possible? My brother dead! and I so suddenly raised from plain Mr. to Sir Arthur Fanshawe. Here, my man—there's a sovereign for your trouble. (*gives it*)

ROGER. A sovereign! Oh, ain't I glad I brought it instead of the postman. *Exit* ROGER, L.

JESSY. Is it good news, Arthur? If so, let me be a sharer in your happiness.

ARTH. (*aside*) Shall I tell her? No, no—I'll see Sigismund first. No, Jessy; not good news—rather bad news—that is—you must excuse me saying more at present. (*aside*) And yet, why should I not let her know my real name and true position? But then she, so lowly born, to mingle in the circles of fashion as the wife of Sir Arthur Fanshawe. Oh, now do I feel the truth of Sigismund's remarks. Yes, yes, Jessy; for the present you must know nothing of this.

JESSY. This is unkind, Arthur. Something has happened, I am sure of it—something that distresses you. Will you not let me be a sharer in your grief as in your joy?

ARTH. It is nothing, Jessy—nothing of consequence; merely business matters, which you would not understand. (*aside*). Unfortunate chance that ever directed my footsteps to this unlucky spot!

JESSY. Here comes my father—we must part.

ARTH. No, no—stay; I have something to say to him.

JESSY. Oh, yes, dear Arthur; it is to declare our marriage—I am sure it is.

ARTH. No, no, not at present; but—but—

JESSY. But what, dear Arthur?

ARTH. Hush! here he is.

*Enter* JOSHUA VERE, L, U. E.

VERE. Good morning, Mr. Temple. Many thanks to you for the interest you always take in the welfare of the poor of these parts. Your last gift to me in their behalf has brought sunshine into many a happy home;—long may you remain among us, sir, to cheer the poor and deserving with your bounty. Let me hope that you will permanently reside here, as a pattern to those whose means enable them to smooth the rugged path which the poor and aged must ever tread in the downward road of life.

ARTH. I fear, sir, I cannot promise that. Business of a most pressing nature calls me to London, and I purpose departing to-night.

JESSY. (*aside*) Oh, merciful powers! what do I hear? No, no—you cannot be in earnest, Arthur—that is, Mr. Temple, I mean—you surely—Father, I—I—(*aside*) Oh, what can be the meaning of this sudden resolve?

VERE. You see, sir, like me, she well knows the loss you will be to us. She is ever speaking in your praise; and I am sure her prayers and good wishes, like mine, are ever for your welfare.

JESSY. (*aside*) Oh, now do I feel the want of a father's counsel to guide me in my extremity.

ARTH. (*aside*) I begin to perceive that this affair will give me a deal of trouble. Who could have foreseen that events would have taken such a favourable course with me. Farewell, Mr. Vere, for the present; (*looking at* JESSY, *and catching her eye as he exits*) for the present. *Music.—Exit* ARTHUR, L. U. E.

VERE. Come, cheer up, Jessy—why should you take this so much to heart?

JESSY. (*aside*) And I dare not tell him.

VERE. I see, I see—you are not well; you exert yourself too much for others. All the morning you have been visiting one poor creature and the other; you have overwheeled yourself. Come in, dearest, and rest yourself awhile.

JESSY. I will, father. (*aside*) For heaven knows I shall need all my strength, to bear up against the news I have just heard.

VERE. Come, darling, come—lean on my arm ; come, come.

*Music.—They exeunt into house.*

SCENE II.—*Roadside View. First grooves.*

*Enter JACK NIGHTINGALE and CHIRRUP, L.*

JACK. Come along, Chirrup, my bird, let's take a walk up the hill. Here's a lovely morning to brace up your nerves ; unbutton your eyelids, and observe the beauty of the hemisphere.

CHIR. Splendid! "What a lovely sky, it looks like a dish of fried eggs and bacon; as a man of taste, it creates a taste in me of the most voracious nature.

JACK. Then let me tell you there's little chance of its being gratified. The last Derby was a floorer to me. I thought I stood to win a thousand at least.

CHIR. Only the wrong horse came in first: you backed the favourite for better or for worse, and found it was the worse for the better.

JACK. Yes, Chirrup, the knowing one was done for once.

CHIR. My plan was the safest. I used to keep a betting shop, and give or take whatever odds they liked against any horse that ever ran, and still I always found myself the winner, because all bets were to be paid the day after the race, but I used to bolt the day before. Ah! (*sighs*) that was something like a safe spec. Mine was a floating capital, which I used to float off with.

JACK. So, then, you went into service, eh ? Got a place as groom ?

CHIR. Yes, till the gov'nor found out I'd been speculating on the turf, then I had notice to cut ; but lor bless you ! I made it all right with the cook—master thought I'd left his place; but I lived with him three months after that. Jack, I'm actually surprised at a man of your personal attractions not marrying a woman with money. Why, there's the landlady of the " Pig in Pattens " would have you directly.

JACK. Why, she was fifty, if she was a day ; and do you think that in the very pink and flower of my youth I'd marry a woman of fifty ? I'd rather take two at five-and-twenty. But see! (*looking off, L.*) here's a gentleman of my acquaintance coming this way, by one of the luckiest chances in the world. Now, Chirrup, put on your best manners, for this is a real earnest gentleman, and no mistake.

CHIR. Then he'll meet with another—who's not at all proud, but

ready and willing to afford him the honor of my acquaintance.  
(*they retire*)

*Enter SIGISMUND, L.*

SIGIS. If I overrate not my persuasive powers, my words have made some impression on my gentle, easy brother Arthur. Oh ! fool that he is—and yet his headstrong folly concerns me but in a remote, improbable contingency. I had rather, however, he had not married yet. The fatal seeds of consumption, which it is thought Sir Edward inherits, lurks very probably in his veins. But then should Arthur's wife have issue by this marriage, my hopes—hopes, did I say ? yes, it is even so—I should lie to my own heart if I denied it: but is the blame mine? does not the cruel law of entail and primogeniture beggar me to enrich them. And after all they are but my half brothers—they have no share in the vigorous maternal life which—

JACK. (*coming down, R.*) Good morning, sir; I hope you're well, sir.

CHIR. (*coming down, L.*) So do I, sir: sound wind and limb, and perfect in all your pints.

SIGIS. (*to JACK*) Who is this fellow ?

JACK. A friend of mine, sir; he's—he's a celebrated fancier.

SIGIS. Of what?

CHIR. Anything, sir: whatever I sees I fancies, and whatever I fancies I collars.

SIGIS. (*to JACK*) And how dare you let such a fellow accost me ? Begone, you rascal, (*to CHIRRUP*) or I'll have you put in the stocks.

CHIR. Well, I'm blessed!—hark at that! (*to JACK*) Demand an explanation for me, or else, tell him, he knows the consequences. Pistols for two, toss for first fire: heads, I win—tails, he loses; he's popped off, and I walk off.

JACK. (*crosses to CHIRRUP*) Can't you keep that tongue of yours quiet ? If this gentleman was to tackle you, your heart would melt away like a snowball, and run into your boots. Suppose he took you at your word, what would you do then ?

CHIR. Throw myself upon you for protection.

SIGIS. (*aside to JACK*) You may be of use to me. Meet me here in an hour.

JACK. All square, sir. (*to CHIRRUP*) Come along.

CHIR. Has he made an ample apology ?—is my honor safe ? If so, live; (*to SIGISMUND*) live and repent—my honor's satisfied. (*crosses, R.*)

JACK. It shall be in a minute. *Kicks him off, R., and follows.*

SIGIS. No sooner does a man plot mischief, than a willing instrument starts up at his elbow. Ha ! here comes Arthur. (*looks, L.*) Why does he run to meet me with such haste?—he's waving an open letter in his hand : good news I should say by his speed.

*Enter ARTHUR with a letter in his hand hastily, L.*

Why, Arthur, my dear fellow, what's the matter? Good news or bad, that you come to meet me at such a break-neck pace ?

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ARTH. Both. This letter, which I have just received, contains the intelligence of the death of Sir Edward Fanshawe, my elder brother.

SIGIS. (*starting*) Is it possible? (*aside*) And he married to Jessy Vere!—that removes me further than ever from my hopes. Were it not for Arthur's lovely wife, I yet might reach the haven of my hopes; aye, and will so still: if fair means fail me, I must have recourse to foul ones.

ARTH. Well, Sigismund, has the news stricken you dumb?

SIGIS. The surprise,  suddenness of the event, and your good fortune all amaze me. Poor Sir Edward! I little thought when I parted from you in London, that I had seen you for the last time.

ARTH. Sudden indeed! The giddy height to which I am suddenly raised, dazzles and confounds me: to be Sir Arthur, the richest baronet in the county!—it is like some fleeting dream of happiness, from which we wake to find ourselves deceived.

SIGIS. Now does not your conscience remind you of your imprudent marriage. Can you take your wife, the simple Jessy, into the brilliant circles of fashion, to be pointed out as the silly gadfly, who burnt his wings at the light of rustic beauty. My dear Arthur, I pity you, for if ever a man married in haste and repented at leisure, that man will be yourself.

ARTH. True—very true, Sigismund; I see now the immense difference between my position and hers, but still my marriage—

SIGIS. Is known only to a few, my two servants and myself—I can answer for their silence, at least.

ARTH. And do you think, then, I would abandon Jessy? You are surely not the man to harbour such a thought.

SIGIS. (*aside*) I have gone a little too far I find. Abandon her?—oh, certainly not—you are quite right. I never did harbour a thought of that kind; what I meant was, that for the present she should be ignorant of your true position: get her to leave this place—there are many quiet little spots, about the outskirts of London, where you could have a snug establishment on the sly, and not a soul but you and I the wiser.

ARTH. But will Jessy consent to this? leave her home and friends, and bear the name of a runaway—forfeit even her good name?

SIGIS. A woman will do anything for the man she loves;—I've tried them often.

ARTH. But her honor will suffer.

SIGIS. So will your family pride, my dear fellow; you'll be cut by everybody in the circles of fashion if you don't take my advice. By Jove, here she comes. (*looking, L.*) I'll retire. (*crosses to R.*) Be firm, Arthur; remember what is due to yourself, your position, and your family. *Exit SIGISMUND, R.*

*Enter JESSY, L.*

JESSY. Oh, Arthur, why have I to seek you thus? You were ever by my side till lately; why is this sudden change? If ill news

or misfortune has befallen you, who so fit to share your sorrows as your wife? Speak then, dear Arthur—tell me how I can serve you, and see you smile again as you did yesterday, before this gloom came o'er your brow. Ah, that letter! let me know the worst. (*striving to take it*)

ARTH. (*putting it in his pocket*) Stay, Jessy; there are some things which a man ought to object to even his wife knowing.

JESSY. Who so fit to know, as her who has given her heart to him she is bound to love and honor? Come, dear Arthur, make me your confidant: if it be ill news—

ARTH. It is not ill news, and let that suffice. To-night, Jessy, I leave this place, and you must go with me.

JESSY. And my father—

ARTH. Must know nothing.

JESSY. Not of our marriage?

ARTH. Not at present.

JESSY. But to leave my father to think that his daughter had fled from his roof to shame and infamy, you cannot surely wish me to do that? It would kill the poor old man, and then my sister!—Oh, Arthur, this is asking of me too much.

ARTH. Other interests than mine demand it, dear Jessy, you will know all in time. Have I not made you my wife?—Can I do more?—Let others think what they may, you at least can ever feel secure in the knowledge that our hands like our hearts are united for ever.

JESSY. But it is a cruel silence that bids me see a father mourn for a child who is innocent of that which will bring him with sorrow to the grave, to know that a dear sister's love will be forfeited, and a parent's heart broken. Oh this is too much, Arthur. Ask yourself if the trial is not more than a trusting—loving—girl can bear.

ARTH. Then I must depart alone, for there is no other way, keep your secret and your husband, or tell all and lose me for ever.

JESSY. Oh relentless fate, that bids me make so hard a sacrifice. Father and sister on one hand, and a dear husband on the other. Oh, Arthur, spare me this cruel choice.

*Enter JACOB unobserved, R. U. E.*

ARTH. Come, come dearest, you never were destined to live in this obscurity. London, the city of pleasure and fashion, is open to you with all its charms; then why hesitate?—still undecided? Then let me speak for you.

JACOB. (*comes down, C.*) No, let me.

JESSY. No, no, good Jacob, pray leave us—you are mistaken—you can be of no assistance to me now.

JACOB. Yes I can, Miss Jessy; I can save you.

ARTH. Save her—from whom?

JACOB. From herself. I know full well the struggle that she feels within her mind, when love and duty strive for victory. You are a man of the world, she an unexperienced girl: it would be no credit to you to triumph over her.

ARTH. Really, my good fellow, I can't help laughing at you, for you are making a most considerable fool of yourself.

JESSY. Leave us, Jacob, leave us.

JACOB. Miss Jessy, listen to me. I had a sister, fair and pure as you: in an evil hour she listened to the tempter's voice, and was lost. I remember how she died—heart-broken and scorned. There was no one at hand to counsel or protect her, or she might have been saved. Let my homely words and kind intentions save you from a future of misery. Pause, even at the eleventh hour; reject not my humble counsel, scorn not my words, or dark will be thy lot, and ruin fall on a happy home.

JESSY. You are mistaken, Jacob; I thank you for your kind intentions, but this gentleman is—

ARTH. Beware, Jessy.

JESSY. (*weeps*) I had forgot, I had forgot.

JACOB. What, are you so far in his power that he can bid you be silent at his command?

JESSY. No, no, Jacob. (*aside*) Unfortunate meeting: he will tell my father all.

ARTH. (*crosses, R.*) Meet me at sunset, in Atherton Copse. Remember, not a word. *Music.—Exit ARTHUR, R.*

JACOB. Don't be angry with me, miss; pardon my boldness, but I look upon you as a dear sister. I know it's not for the likes of me to compare myself with you, but we're all so fond of you, and the thought of seeing you in danger—

JESSY. You forget yourself. By what right do you speak thus to me?

JACOB. Don't despise me, miss, if my respect for you made me speak too plainly; I'm sure your kindness can find an excuse for me: the service that comes from the heart should never be despised, and you have been so kind to me and mine, that to save you from danger, and see you happy, I'd lose my very life for you.

JESSY. (*aside*) Why has Arthur forbidden me to speak of our marriage? I feel humbled and degraded by this poor fellow's offer of kindness. And then to fly, to leave them all without a word; to suffer in silence the reproaches they shower on me; to do this, or lose him for ever. Oh, heaven pity me, but I have much to bear. *Music.—Exit JESSY hastily, L.*

JACOB. Can it be that I was an unwelcome visitor here? Does she wish to teach me the difference there is between us? Well, well—mayhap it is so. But what I did had honest feeling with it, and surely she's a girl of too much sense to be ill friends with me on that account. I won't see her run into danger though. I'll watch her, for her own sake and that of her good old father.

*Music.—Exit JACOB, L.*

*Enter JACK NIGHTINGALE and CHIRRUP, R.*

JACK. (*to CHIRRUP*) Now I tell you what it is, if you don't conduct yourself with more civility and gentility when my noble friend and I meet again, I'll split on you to the Beaks, and get you

sent to where most of your acquaintances are—you understand me, Mr. Chirrup ?

CHIR. Don't do that, Jack; I'll control my feelings for the future ; what I said to the gentleman was a spontaneous bust o' natur. I'll keep myself corked down on our future meetings.

JACK. You'd better; for if I lose that gentleman's countenance, (*sparring at CHIRRUP*) I'll revenge myself on yours.

CHIR. I yields, I yields !—beauty surrenders to valour.

JACK. That's enough ; one gentleman's word given to another is quite enough.

CHIR. Certainly; honor among thieves—friends I mean—all the world over.

*Enter SIGISMUND, R.*

SIGIS. You are punctual I see.

CHIR. We always are, sir, when business is to be done. When Jack and I knocked down—

JACK. Will you be quiet ? (*striking him*)

CHIR. That doubles me up. (*retires*)

SIGIS. I've got some work for you.

JACK. Orders executed with promptitude and despatch.

SIGIS. Can you carry off a woman ?

JACK. I'll carry off a horse if you pay me well.

SIGIS. I expect she'll give you some trouble.

JACK. She wouldn't be a woman if she didn't.

SIGIS. (*gives money*) Do your work well, and I'll double the amount.

JACK. (*kissing notes*) Oh, blessed mother of the Mint, do I behold thee once again ! (*puts notes in pocket-book, and places it in his coat-pocket*)

SIGIS. I want this girl taken out of the country—can you do it ?

CHIR. (*comes down*) I'm sure he can, sir, for he was taken out of the country once himself.

JACK. When is it to be done ?

SIGIS. To-night; come with me and I'll direct you further.

(*going, R.*)

JACK. I'm with you, sir.

SIGIS. Not a word to a soul.

JACK. Not a whisper, sir; where I once take a liking you may depend on me.

CHIR. (*aside*) And where I once take a liking, nobody can ever depend on me. (*steals pocket book from JACK'S pocket as JACK follows*)

SIGISMUND *off, R. and follows, R.*

SCENE III.—*Cut and close Wood.*

*Enter SIGISMUND, JACK, and CHIRRUP, R.*

SIGIS. You understand me then ?

JACK. Perfectly; you want the gal kept out of the way—taken across the water, if possible : make your mind easy, I know how to manage an affair of that sort. Is the trap ready ?

SIGIS. The post chaise is waiting at the edge of the road, heed

not her cries or resistance, but rid me of her, and I'll find a way to silence my gentle brother. The girl must pass this way to go home, so now's your time.

JACK. All right, she'll be safe enough with us.

CHIR. It's sure to be all right, sir; the moment she claps eyes on me the business is done. There's a mysterious power of fascination about my manners which is quite irresistible ; for as the poet says,

" If to his share some trifling errors fall,  
Look in his face, and you'll forget them all."

SIGIS. (*looks R.*) Here she comes; I must not be seen. (*going R.*) No violence, but be resolute. (*music. Exit SIGISMUND, R. 2 E., JACK and CHIRRUP retire as JESSY enters, L.*)

JESSY. How shall I decide ? If I dared make a confidant of my sister, she might advise me in this painful struggle between love and duty: but no, no, I dare not tell her, it would only wound her pure and guileless heart to know how much I had disregarded my dear old father's counsel. No, no; alone must I suffer in silence the dread secret which I am forced to keep within my heart. One look at my humble, happy home, it may be the last. (*going R., JACK and CHIRRUP come down*)

JACK. (*R.*) Good day, my dear; nice weather for walking.

CHIR. (*L.*) Could you tell me the correct time, miss, by your repeater ? I didn't wind up my watch last night, and I've a most particular appointment.

JESSY. I have no time to answer idle questions; you are strangers to me, and I never enter into conversation with those I do not know. (*going*)

JACK. (*stops her*) Hold hard !

CHIRRUP. Stop her! Ease her !

JESSY. What is the meaning of this, would you dare to interrupt me?

JACK. I want you, come along. (*seizes her by the arm*)

CHIRRUP. (*does the same*) Yes, come along; there's money bid for you, and you're knocked down to us.

JESSY. Villains, let me go ! Help, help! (*music*)

*Enter JACOB, L. 2 E, and as JACK and CHIRRUP are dragging JESSY R. he knocks them down, throws his left arm round her waist, and with his right arm extended keeps them off.*

JACOB. So, gentlemen, I was just in time, eh ? Who are you that dare to stop honest folks in broad day ? Off with you, or you'll find yourselves in the horse pond, and get tossed dry in a blanket afterwards.

JACK. (*rising*) I say, Chirrup, we're two to one ; are we to lose our prize through this fellow ?

CHIRRUP. Certainly not; go and pitch into him, while I have a round or two with the lady.

JACK. Stick to me.

JACOB. Keep back, or it will be the worse for you. (*music.*)

*Enter ARTHUR, L. 2 E., and knocks JACOB down with the butt end of his riding whip.*

ARTH. Fool! meddle with what concerns you. Come, Jessy; and as for you, (to JACK and CHIRRUP) dare to follow me, and I'll send a bullet through you. (*music*)

*Exit with JESSY, R. 1 E., and presenting a pistol at them.*

CHIRRUP. Well, I'm blessed! we've got opposition in the job: somebody else is in the same line as ourselves.

JACK. Well, this is a rum start; but he shan't take the job out of my hands; let's follow him. (*going*)

*Enter SIGISMUND, R. 2 E., meeting them.*

SIGIS. Stay where you are, it would be dangerous to proceed further in this affair at present.

CHIRRUP. (*looking at JACOB, who is still on the ground*) It was all this chap's fault, sir; we should have been clean off with her but for him: but there's one consolation—he seems to have got one for himself that has sent his senses out for a walk. Oh! how I should like to give him one for his nob for spoiling our job.

SIGIS. I have a better plan than that. (*SIGISMUND takes pocket book from his pocket and places it in the pocket of JACOB'S smockfrock*) I'll get this fellow sent out of the way, that will do his business for him.

JACK. I twig; you've been robbed of your pocket book, and this yokel's to be nabbed for boning it.

CHIR. Call me as a witness, and I'll swear through a brick wall to convict him.

SIGIS. We must part company for the present, but don't be out of the way, I may want you. *Exit, R.*

CHIR. All right, sir; we'll stick to you while you've got a shilling.

JACK. (*going L.*) Come along, Chirrup, before he opens his peepers.

CHIR. (*looking at JACOB, and singing*)

" Oh slumber, my darling, sleep while you may,  
While we step it from you, and leave you to pay."

*Exit, L.*

JACOB. (*reviving*) Jessy, Jessy, they shall not take you from me, I'll fight for you to the last, for your old father's sake. (*rising and staggering*) I'll stand by you till—what! gone! taken off by those villains, and I not to stretch forth a hand to save her! but I'll find her yet, I'll go to the end of the world after her; Don't fear, Jessy, don't fear, poor Jacob's after thee, ready and willing to die to save thee. (*music*) *Exit JACOB, R., hastily.*

SCENE IV.—*Interior of the Parsonage, large window, through which the open country is seen, C. Doors R. and L.; an enclosed scene. JOSHUA VERE and EMILY seated at table, L. C. reading.—Music.*

EMILY. Father, where's Jessy?

VERE. She's out, my dear, upon some mission of charity and kindness, I'll be bound: bless her innocent heart, she lives but to do good. Oh! how grateful I ought to be for having such a child.

EMILY. And I such a sister. Dear Jessy, you are indeed a treasure to us—but I never knew her so long as this, father.

VERE. Nor I, Emily, but I warrant she has good reasons for her absence; we shall have her home directly, telling us with her kind voice and tearful eye, how she has raised the drooping spirit of some poor wayfarer in life's thorny path. Happy and pure must that nature be, that finds pleasure in soothing with kind words and helping hand, the suffering and the wretched.

*Music.*—Enter ROGER, D. in F., *hastily, with Jessy's straw hat in his hand.*

ROGER. Oh, Master Vere, where be Miss Jessy?

VERE. Not here, my friend, she left home some time since. What has happened?

ROGER. Walking by the copse near the five acre field, I found this. (*shews hat*)

EMILY. Look, father, look—'tis Jessy's.

VERE. No, no,—not Jessy's.

ROGER. Upon the ground I saw footsteps, as if there had been a violent struggle, and a little further on, marks of blood.

VERE. Oh! mercy heaven; mercy for my child.

ROGER. Try to bear up, master. I'm going to assemble all the neighbours, and we'll search day and night till we've found her. (*going, D. F.*)

*Music.*—JACOB *rushes on wildly, D. F.*

VERE. Jacob, there is something in your manner that makes my old heart swell to bursting. Quick! let me know the worst, and ease a wretched father's mind.

JACOB. (*aside*) Oh! how can I—how can I speak the words that may go nigh to kill thee.

VERE. I must know, I tell you I must; tell me, and quickly, if you would not wish to drive me mad.

JACOB. Then since it must be so, listen while I speak the words that will make thy heart drop tears of blood: Jessy has fled from you, a lost and dishonored daughter.

VERE. (*staggering on the shoulder of ROGER*) Oh, powers of mercy! Oh! Jessy, Jessy, Jessy!

JACOB. But think not that I stood calmly by, and did not strive to save her. I would have died for her sake; and had not sense and reason left me, I would have followed her to the world's end, to bring her back to her father and her home.

*Music.*—Enter SIGISMUND, JACK, CHIRRUP, and VILLAGERS, D. F.

SIGIS. (R) Believe him not, Mr. Vere; but rather behold in that ruffian, the cause of all this misery. (*points to JACOB*)

VERE. (L.) What, that poor lad?—no, no, sir—you know him not, you know him not.

SIGIS. 'Tis you who know him not.

JACOB. (C.) But I know thee, villain. These are the men (*points to SIGISMUND, JACK, and CHIRRUP*) who have brought misery on our happy valley, and who have carried off your child.

VILLAGERS. Shame ! shame on them !

SIGIS. One moment, my good people, and I think I shall be able to prove the contrary of what that rascal has said. 'Twas he, Mr. Vere, who for money entrapped your daughter to the spot from whence she was carried off; he, and he alone, planned and contrived your daughter's abduction.

JACOB. (*about to spring upon him, but held back by VILLAGERS*) Villain ! I dare thee to say one word that can prove me the rascal thou wouldst make me.

SIGIS. What, fellow ! have you got the very wages of your guilty work in your possession. Search him, and all of you bear witness that I speak the truth. (*the VILLAGERS take pocket book from the breast pocket of JACOB'S smockfrock*) Now, who speaks the truth ?

VERE. It is, alas, too true ! Oh, Jacob, Jacob, what have me or mine ever done to thee, that thou shouldst plan our destruction ?

JACOB. Oh, heaven have mercy on me, what is this ? Mr. Vere, hear me—I am not the ungrateful villain you think me—hear a poor man's simple words of truth, and trust to time to prove my innocence. As I stand here before you, my kind, dear, benefactor, I know naught of this money, believe me, sir—oh, believe me; you have known me from a boy, and would I, sir—oh, ask your heart—would I crush my benefactor. (*kneels to him*)

VERE. But the money, Jacob, the money?—poor lad, poor lad—thou hast fallen into temptation, thy poverty was stronger than thy honesty; the tempter has triumphed, but I will pray for thy forgiveness, though thou hast struck me a cruel blow—my daughter ! my poor—poor lost daughter ! (*weeps*)

JACOB. (*rising*) No, she shall yet be your pride and joy, to bless thee in thy old age, and clear me in your eyes, and those of all the world. I'll follow her—I'll save her—I'll die for her. (*going, D. F.*)

SIGIS. (*calls off, D. F.*) Come in there !

*Music—Enter two OFFICERS, D. F.*

I charge that man with robbery—to prison with him. (*they seize him*)

JACOB. Nay, I'll not be taken—despair gives me a giant's strength to fight my way among a thousand. (*throws them off, and goes to R.*) And thou, (*to SIGISMUND*) who hast branded me with the name of thief and ingrate, thus will I drag the lie from thy black and bitter heart.

*Music.—Rushes on SIGISMUND—JOSHUA VERE comes between them, staying JACOB'S arm.*

VERE. Hold, unhappy man, add not already by a fresh crime to the misery thou hast brought to a once happy hearth. Emily, (*she goes to him*) I have still you left to me: let us from our hearts offer up a prayer for your poor sister, fallen from virtue into guilt, but

still dear to our hearts in the hope that the wanderer may return to the fold, that the sinner may yet be saved.

*Music.—Kneels with EMILY, C.—JACOB turns away, hiding his face in his hands.—Tableau and Drop to fall slowly.*

END OF ACT I.

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*Three years are supposed to elapse between the Acts.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Handsome Chamber; window C. and balcony, doors R. and L. Time—evening.*

*Enter POLLY and CHIRRUP, L., CHIRRUP dressed in a livery.*

POLLY. Well, Mr. Chirrup, and how do you like your new place ?

CHIR. There's not enough life here for me, I've always been used to more excitement. When you come to make a hack of a race horse, an animal's feelings get hurt. I've been trying to climb the slippery pole of life all my days, but never could succeed in reaching the top. You see, Polly, I was too ambitious ; love of company was my ruin; in my desire to taste the sweets of life, I got stuck fast, like a fly in a treacle pot.

POLLY. You've seen something of the world then ?

CHIR. I believe you, Polly, all that I wanted to succeed in it, was impudence: I was always too modest—I ought to have been born a woman.

POLLY. Oh, Mr. Chirrup, if you had, what a handsome man we should have lost!

CHIR. And now look at me—here I am, reduced to base and menial servitude. I tried to live upon my wits, but having broken for want of stock, I was forced to bring my calves into the market.

*(looks at his legs)*

POLLY. And I'm sure you couldn't serve a nicer lady, I never did.

CHIR. Yes, she's well enough, for the matter of that; but no wonder—she's obliged to be civil, I know too much for her.

POLLY. You do, Mr. Chirrup ?

CHIR. Yes, I was blighted in my affections in that quarter: I once thought of making her mine, but on second thoughts I aspired to something higher, and like a gay and giddy butterfly, I scorched my wings at the brightness I couldn't conquer, and got extinguished by the snuffers of misfortune.

POLLY. But I say, Mr. Chirrup, do you know who our master really is ? I've my suspicions he's something more than plain Mr. Arthur Temple.

CHIR. Have you ? then keep your suspicions to yourself, or you'll lose your place—your character, and *(mysteriously)* perhaps your life!

POLLY. (*starting*) You don't say so! I knew there was a horrid mystery, that's the reason poor missus is so melancholy; poor dear young lady, I'm sorry to see her in tears so often as she is; I think if it wasn't for her dear little boy, she wouldn't be long amongst us. (*bell*)

CHIR. That's for me. Remember, Polly, don't let your curiosity overcome your reason; think of the fate of Blue Beard's wives; and if you regard your latter end, beware how you unfold your tale. *Exit* CHIRRUP, L.

POLLY. Poor young missus! I think master don't treat her as kind as he ought; he's always out, here, there, and everywhere, while poor missus is left moping at home, hanging her pretty head and weeping over her child till my heart feels like a pin cushion full of pins to see her. (*looks, R. D.*) Here she comes, if I could only see her happy, I wouldn't mind being a little miserable on my own account.

*Enter* JESSY *fashionably dressed*, R. D.

JESSY. Has your master come home yet, Mary?

POLLY. Not yet, ma'am. (*goes up*)

JESSY. Another tedious day and I have not beheld him. It surely must be some business beyond his control to make him so frequently absent: I dare not think that I have grown indifferent to him. Oh, no, no; I cannot believe that! for did I not give up all for him—father, sister, home and friends? Letter after letter have I written home, and no reply. Yes, yes, they despise me; they look upon me as one lost to truth and honor—a disgrace and stain upon their honest name.—Mary! (*POLLY comes down L.*) When Mr. Temple comes home, say I wish to see him, will you?

POLLY. Oh, that I will, ma'am; I'm proud to do anything for you.

JESSY. Thank you, my good girl, you have a kind heart, and I shall ever remember your good feeling.

POLLY. Thank you, ma'am, and I'm sure I shall ever remember you, ma'am. (*aside, wiping her eyes*) I mean to say that every man who has a heart as hard as her husband's ought to be sent to the mangle, and rolled into a petrefaction.

*Exit* POLLY, L.

JESSY. And I that was once so happy with him, and thought I should be so for ever. Alas, it was many days before a shadow flitted past, and dimmed the young morning of my joy; but now I cannot conceal from myself that I am, in the first blush and prime of wedded life, a widow (a widow, in the saddest and most grievous acceptation of the word) estranged from my husband's affections. Were it not for my child—my dear little Arthur, I should have died; for alas my husband can now find no charm, no solace in the devoted affection of the trusting woman who gave up all for him.

*Music*—VOICES *without*, "Stop thief, stop thief! follow him, follow him!"

*Enter JACOB at window, C, his appearance miserable and dejected, he falls at JESSY'S feet.*

JACOB. Mercy, mercy, do not give me up to them ; pity a poor hunted wretch, who is as innocent of crime as you are: hide me, conceal me, anywhere, and you will save a fellow creature's life, whose only crime is poverty—whose only sin is that he has dared to oppose in their guilt the villains who would crush him.

JESSY. What, can it be ? poor Jacob Thorne !

JACOB. Yes, lady, I am that wretched man. *(rises)* But who can you be to have knowledge of the likes of me ? Jessy Vere! *(recognizing her)* Oh, wretched girl, do I meet thee thus ?—poor as I am, branded with unmerited crime, hunted like a dog, still do I scorn the Eer given to me by a being like you, who brought disgrace on her honest family, and hast broken a fond old father's heart.

JESSY. Oh ! speak, Jacob—tell me of my father—not dead! no, no, tell me not that; say that he still lives—in mercy let me hear that I have not killed him.

JACOB. He does live, Jessy, but oh, how changed ! How could you treat your poor old father so ?—how could you leave the honest home of virtue, and the loving hearts that blessed you, to become the mistress of a man, who will one day cast you from him, uncared for and despised.

JESSY. His mistress! Oh, yes, yes—such was the penalty paid by my silence. For his sake I left a blight upon my good name: for his sake I let myself be scorned by all—but it shall not be so no longer. *(goes to smallbox on table and brings out certificate)* Read, Jacob, read the proof of my marriage, and think what I must have suffered by the agonizing silence that was breaking my heart.

JACOB. What, can it be ? His true and lawful wife!

JESSY. Now think what I must have suffered since I left you—to be compelled to think how others must have regarded me with scorn and contempt, and I had the power to clear my good name, and dared not speak the word.

JACOB. But why not, Jessy, why not ?

JESSY. I was forbidden, and I kept the secret for his sake.

JACOB. Poor girl, poor girl! bitter must have been the trial to thee, but it shall be so no longer: and to think that I was bad as thee, but now I can make amends, and far and near, I'll clear thy name in the eyes of the world, and where is the heart that will not pity and admire thy devoted constancy. Oh, Jessy! when I shall stand before thy poor old father, and tell him—

JESSY. You must tell him nothing.

JACOB. What! not tell him that which will give him new life ? Not let him know that his dearest child is still his pride and joy ?

JESSY. No, no, it must not be at present; you must promise me you will tell no one, you must indeed.

SIGISMUND. *(without, L.)* But, my dear fellow, it's impossible; we shall not have time.

JACOB. That man here again ! 'Tis he that had me hunted like a wild beast, who falsely accused me of robbery, and would have

had me branded as a felon. Oh ! if you knew how he has tracked me from place to place to crush me, your heart would bleed as mine does, at the want and misery I have suffered.

JESSY. Fear not, they shall not harm you under this roof—go in here. (*opens R. D.*) Fear not, for if need be, I'll lose my own life in protecting yours.

JACOB. Bless you, Jessy, bless you!

*Exit* JACOB, R. D.

*Enter* SIGISMUND and ARTHUR, L. ; ARTHUR *slightly intoxicated*.

ARTH. But I tell you we've plenty of time. Time!—pooh!—time was made for slaves and not for gentlemen. Well, my dear, (*to JESSY*) not gone to bed yet ? really you stay up too late—you ought to go to bed, (*aside—hiccuping*) and keep there.

JESSY. I was waiting until you came home, dear Arthur. (*takes his hand*)

ARTH. Don't annoy me, I'm busy: Sigismund and I are after a fellow who has escaped him a long time. There's a warrant out against him: it's devilish fine sport I can tell you. We've been chasing him to-night round the streets like  pack of hounds; we missed him just by here—I can't think where the fellow went to.

JESSY. What has the man done ?

ARTH. 'Pon my life, I don't know—something, I suppose, or if he has not, it's of no consequence ; he's a poor half starved devil, and such people are fit for nothing else than to afford folks like us a little amusement, eh, Sigismund?

SIGIS. My sentiments exact  The fellow's fair game, and we are only doing out duty to society, by ridding it of such vagrants.

ARTH. Precisely so. I'll just step into the bed room for my pistols, and then I'm with you. (*going, R. D.*)

JESSY. (*placing herself before him*) No, no, Arthur, you must not.

ARTH. Must not!—what does the woman mean?

JESSY. Why persecute this poor man who has never harmed you?

ARTH. If he has not harmed me, he has Sigismund, who wants to lay him by the heels : and as brothers ought to help each other, I'm going with him. Will you stand away?

JESSY. Stay at home, dear Arthur, the night is getting late; you are not yourself to-night, wait until to-morrow.

ARTH. Is the woman mad ? What do you think of this, Sigismund?

SIGIS. (*aside to ARTHUR*) She has some reason for not wishing you to go in that room.

ARTH. So I think, but I will though. (*going to door*)

JESSY. One moment, Arthur. (*aside*) How can I save poor Jacob? If they find him here, the poor fellow will be sent to prison, and I shall be unable to prevent it. They shall not harm him: no, come what may, they shall not.

SIGIS. (*aside to ARTHUR*) Do you mark her hesitation. There is some mystery in that room.

ARTH. Am I master in my own house? Obstinate fool!—will

you oblige me to use force ? (*taking her by the hands to remove her from the door—Music*)

JESSY. (*struggling with him*) Fly, Jacob, fly!—quick, they shall not harm you!

JACOB *enters R. door, and makes for the window.*

SIGIS. (*seeing him*) Ha, he is here! Stay, villain, stay! (*advances to seize him*)

JACOB. Stay thyself.

*Strikes him down and escapes by the window. ARTHUR by this time has released himself from the grasp of JESSY, and is following SIGISMUND who has risen and made his exit by the window after JACOB, when JESSY again clings to him.*

JESSY. Arthur, Arthur, spare the poor fellow—spare him, spare him. (*falls exhausted at his feet*)

ARTH. So this was her reason for wishing me not to enter the room, poor, weak, tender-hearted fool. (*rings bell on table*)

*Enter POLLY, L.*

Your mistress is not well; take her to her room.

POLLY. (*raises her*) Oh, madam, what is this ? (*aside*) Poor lady, it breaks my heart to see her thus. Come with me, ma'am—come, come. *Leads her off in room, R.*

ARTH. It's quite as well this has happened, it must have come to it at last—I can get out of her way now, with a good excuse for my absence. My brother's prophecy has been indeed accomplished—I execrate the fetters in which I madly bound myself, and each succeeding day adds to their galling, maddening pressure.

*Re-enter POLLY, R. door.*

POLLY. She's asleep now, poor lady. Oh, sir, do send for some advice, for my poor mistress is very sadly.

ARTH. Mind your own affairs, and listen to me. I am about to leave this place, and it is not likely that I shall very soon return.

POLLY. Oh, sir, what do you mean?—you cannot intend to desert my mistress and your child? No, no; it is impossible you can be so base.

ARTH. Have the goodness to remember to whom you are addressing yourself. It must have been long apparent to you, that your mistress and I are not suited to each other. This I have long and bitterly felt; I have therefore determined, as much for her happiness as my own, to leave her.

POLLY. Oh, sir, the blow will kill her!—be patient but for a few months; her health is gone, and she will not, I fear, trouble any one very long.

ARTH. It's useless to waste words with me—my purpose cannot be shaken.

POLLY. Hark! (*listening*) I surely heard a step, and yet I left her asleep, such broken sleep, at least as lately has been hers. I must have been mistaken—'twas nothing.

ARTH. Little more need be said at present. I shall write in a day or two and fully explain my views; in the meantime you must prepare your mistress, as gently as you can, to give up her child, who—(*starts*) What was that? Did you hear nothing?

POLLY. Go on, sir, with your brave and honest purpose, no one hears you but heaven.

ARTH. A properly authorized agent will be here in a few days, who will arrange and dispose of this establishment; your mistress will reside where she pleases, and of course will receive a sufficient sum to support her in comfort.

POLLY. You carry this matter with a high hand, sir, and think that your unhappy wife must resign herself to your cruel will. But I trust you will at least inform her who and what are the family into which she has so unhappily intruded; this in common justice you are bound to do, for should death overtake you, your wife will be without resource, claim or kindred.

ARTH. Oh! fear not, so improbable a contingency would be duly provided for: but I have no further time to spare, I wish to leave London by the mail train, and must therefore go at once.

POLLY. Then go, sir; and may He in whose temple you uttered the vows you have have wantonly and infamously broken, avenge and—

JESSY. (*rushing out*) No, no, no—do not curse him, for my sake.

ARTH. I thought to have avoided this scene—I was anxious, Jessy, to—

JESSY. (*averting her face*) Leave me, sir, leave me—go—begone! We are true and honest people, and do not want your money. I would not that this honest girl should curse you—but begone, begone!

ARTH. (*aside*) Why do I hesitate?—I knew it must come to this at last. Yes, yes, I am now nerved to it, and no weakness of mine shall shake my predetermined purpose.

*Music.—Enter* ✓ARTHUR, L.

JESSY. (*weeping*) He is gone, he is gone! Come with me, Mary, come with me; (*seizing her by the arm wildly*) we may be overheard here. You heard him say that he would have my child, we will disappoint him; yes, yes, Mary, heaven has shown me how—come, come, come.

*Music.—Exeunt* JESSY and POLLY, R. D.—JACK and CHIRRUP *peep on when they are off, from L.*

JACK. All right, they went in that room; you and I have got to watch her, Chirrup, on Mr. Sigismund's account.

CHIR. With the greatest of pleasure, this establishment is to be broken up, and I must get an honest living somehow; so if there's anything to be done, short of murder, I'm to let on reasonable terms.

JACK. Oh, what a blessing it is to find a thorough bred 'un like you! you're always ready to do anybody and anything on the shortest notice. Here comes the servant, (*looks, R. D.*) don't let her see us. Where shall we go?

CHIR. Into the kitchen, and see if we can lay our hands on anything in an honest way.

JACK. My idea exactly. I'll come with you, and help you to count the spoons. *They exeunt, R. 1 E.*

*Enter POLLY, R. D.*

POLLY. Oh dear, oh dear, poor missus is getting as light-headed as a feather! she dozes off into a slumber, and then wakes and sighs fit to break her poor heart: if I could only see her composed I should be easier in my mind. I'll fetch Dr. Bailey to her, for she looks so wild and distracted, that I'm fearful of her mind. Never fear, missus, though all the world desert you, Polly Perkins will be father, mother, sister, brother to you, and travel by your side the wide world over. *Exit POLLY, L.*

*Music.—Enter JESSY, R., plainly dressed, carrying her child wrapped up in a shawl.*

JESSY. Come, poor unfortunate, abandoned and despised as we are, they shall not part us; no, no, together we will meet the rough waves of misfortune, which threaten to o'erwhelm us; together we will live and die, through weal or woe, sorrow or joy. Come, poor child, come, and ere I part with thee, they shall take the wretched life that exists now but for thy sake. (*going, L.*) Ha! footsteps! Oh, merciful heaven. perhaps they come to take my child from my—oh, where, where can I conceal myself.

*Music.—Hides behind table, as CHIRRUP and JACK enter, R. 1 E., with bundles.*

JACK. A very decent haul for the lower regions.

CHIR. (*going to L. 2 E.*) I think there's a trifle to be picked up in here.

JACK. I'm with you—tread softly.

CHIR. Soft as a butterfly on tip-toe.

*Music.—They go in room, L. 2 E.*

JESSY. (*coming out*) Fit servants for such a master;—apt and cunning knaves, who are ever ready to rob the hands that feed them—now, while these villains seek their plunder, I can leave the house unobserved. Like the prodigal of old I will return to my father, and falling at his feet, with tears of bitter anguish and repentance will I ask his pardon, mingle my last sigh with his, and end my bitter life in penitence and prayer: he will not spurn the poor wanderer from his fold—no, no, I know his kind heart too well for that—that heart which his disobedient child must have broken—my father, my father, my poor father!

*Music.—Exit JESSY cautiously, L. 1 E.*

SCENE II.—*Street in London. Night.*

*Enter JESSY, L.*

JESSY. Providence be thanked! I have left the house unobserved. I will seek some conveyance, and reach my once-loved happy home,

never to leave it more: let me but gain my poor old father's pardon, and my future life of penitence shall be passed by his side. Even now he may be sinking into that grave his own child has brought him to; even now he may be weeping tears of anguish for the disgrace he must imagine I have brought upon his name. I can at least show him this, (*looks at certificate*) and prove to him and all the world, that I am not the lost and guilty one they have long thought me. Let me then hasten to my father, and trust that he may fold me to his heart once again, and call me his own dear child.

*As she is going, R., SIGISMUND enters and confronts her.*

SIGIS. How is this, madam—why do I find you absent from your husband's house? Have you no feeling for your child, that you bring it from home at this hour?

JESSY. So much feeling for it that I have brought it from beneath a roof, where men, such as you, would break my heart, by robbing it of its dearest treasure.

SIGIS. Let me entreat you to return.

JESSY. Never, sir; go your way, and leave me to go mine.

SIGIS. Not exactly; I demand that child.

JESSY. (*presenting pistol at him*) Come and take it! I am a desperate, maddened woman. I care little for life. Harm me or this child, and worlds could not save you from the death you merit.

SIGIS. (*advancing*) But hear me.

JESSY. Not one word—stay me not; my finger is on the trigger, bar my way at your peril! Leave me, leave me, I say. (*crosses round to R. presenting pistol*)

SIGIS. (*calls off, R.*) Jack!—Chirrup! Where are you?

*Music.—Enter JACK and CHIRRUP, R.; they seize JESSY, and wrest the pistol from her, SIGISMUND at the same moment takes the child from JESSY.*

JESSY. Help!—help! mercy! help! (*JACK and CHIRRUP force her off, R.*)

SIGIS. (*with the child, L.*) Ha, ha!—bravely won! now comes my turn.

*Enter JACOB, L., he takes the child from SIGISMUND rapidly.*

JACOB. (*strikes him down*) And mine.

*Exit JACOB with the child, R.*

SIGIS. (*rising*) What, ho! Jack!—Chirrup! stop that fellow!—stop him, I say, stop him!

*Music.—Rushes off after him, R.*

SCENE III.—*View near the Harrow Road—2nd grooves.*

*Enter ARTHUR, L. 2 E.*

ARTH. Where could I have missed that fool, Robert, with my horse? Perhaps he may have met Sigismund, and he has employed

him to assist in obtaining the child; when that is within my power I shall have the game in my own hands, and leave me alone to make the most of it. (*going, R., meets JESSY who enters, R.*) Jessy here!

JESSY. My child! my child!—oh, in mercy give me my child!—take my life, debase me, degrade me as you please, but oh, restore my child.

ARTH. Leave me; I do not understand you.

JESSY. 'Tis false ; you told me that it should be yours, that I must yield it up to you—you employed the villains who have deprived me of it, and never will I leave your side, till I again clasp my child to my heart.

ARTH. (*crosses, R.*) The woman's mad !

JESSY. Heaven help me, I am almost. You have broken the trusting heart that gave up all for your sake, and now you rob me of the only tie that solaced me in the hours of misery.

ARTH. Leave me, I have no time to speak longer with you. (*going, R.*)

JESSY. You must—you shall! (*holding him*) never will I leave you till I see my child again. Oh, Arthur, by the love you once had for me, by the remembrance of those happy days, gone never to return, think of my poor old father, whose love I sacrificed for yours—oh, Arthur, do not quite crush the woman who once adored you.

ARTH. (*aside*) They have the child, then—everything prospers with me. I must endeavour to find them. (*going*)

JESSY. Stay, oh stay!

ARTH. Not one moment; your child is—

*Enter JACOB with the child, L.*

JACOB. In its mother's arms. (*gives child to JESSY*)

JESSY. Oh, my boy, my boy—do I once more hold you to my heart.

JACOB. (*extending his fist to ARTHUR*) Now, only try to take it from her.

ARTH. (*looks, R.*) Ha! they come. (*calls off*) This way, friends!

*Enter JACK and CHIRRUP, R.*

Knock that fellow down. (*JACK and CHIRRUP pause, look at JACOB, and hesitate*)

JACK. Come on, I'm always ready for a dozen such.

CHIR. Go on, Jack.

JACK. After you.

CHIR. I couldn't think of such a thing.

JACOB. Oh ! brave men, that you are! ready to attack the weak and defenceless, but cowards in your very heart, when a poor honest lad stands up to defend the unfortunate. Haste, Jessy, haste, and if one of these rascals attempts to follow, I'll send him on the broad of his back, and the other rascal a top of him to keep him down.

JESSY. Bless you, Jacob; you are the only friend I have in the world.

JACOB. Fly, my lass, fly ! *Music.—Exit JESSY, L.*  
Now, who's for the first broken head?

ARTH. Stand by me—I'll settle that rascal. (*rushes on JACOB—  
they struggle; JACK and CHIRRUP are advancing on JACOB*)

*Enter POLLY, L., with umbrella.*

POLLY. What, three to one ?—never will a British female stand by and see a man in distress, without lifting up her umbrella to defend him ?

*Pitches into JACK and CHIRRUP, beats them off, R. and follows.*

JACOB. (*again throwing ARTHUR off*) Now, follow me if you dare.  
*Rushes off, R.; ARTHUR follows.*

SCENE IV.—*Apartment in the House of Joshua Vere—1st grooves.*

*Enter EMILY, L.*

EMILY. 'Tis three years to-day since poor Jessy left us, and ever since that time, father has seemed to get weaker day by day; she was his favourite child, and the blow has well nigh killed him. He has not left the house these six weeks: I have prevailed upon him to walk out this morning, in the hope that it will calm his mind: if he would but cease thinking of her so often, I am sure he would be better.

VERE. (*without, R.*) Emily, where are you ? Come to me, my child.

EMILY. Yes, father. His step grows feebler every morning. Oh ! Jessy, Jessy, you have much to answer for.

*She goes off, R., and returns with VERE dressed for walking—  
he appears more aged and feeble than in the First Act.*

VERE. Bless you, Emily, you don't forget your old father.

EMILY. Nor ever will while life remains, to watch over you and attend to your every comfort.

VERE. You are a good child to me, Emily. I had another daughter—but there, there, I won't think of her, for the shame she has brought upon our name almost breaks my old heart. Thank heaven, her mother's dead!—had she lived to see her Jessy the mistress of a heartless libertine, she would have been bowed to the earth with shame and disgrace. I'll think no more of her—I'll do as she has done, banish from my heart all thoughts of those happy days when I kissed her fair brow, and hoped for a better fate for her than that of a wanton and an ingrate. But there, there, let her go; when I am laid in the peaceful grave, her ungrateful heart may perhaps know the pangs that mine feels now. (*weeps*)

EMILY. Come, come, father, you promised me you would be more cheerful to-day.

VERE. And so I will, Emily; you mustn't mind me; I know I'm an old fool to fret for her, and I dare say you think so, yet—

EMILY. Oh, father! (*kisses him*)

VERE. No, no, I didn't mean that—I shouldn't have said that to you, for you are now my only child. Bless you, Emily; and as

you pass through life, may your voyage be happier than your poor sister's.

EMILY. (*weeps*) I trust so, father.

VERE. But come, come, no more of this: let us walk through the field, and worship bounteous nature for all her blessings, and as the tender ivy clings to the aged oak, so let your kind arm support and embrace your old father. In life's morning, Emily, choose well the path that you are to tread through life; remember that good actions beget virtuous deeds, and that one step from the heavenly way of happiness and innocence leads to the road of temptation and sin. Heaven grant that you may find a happier lot than your lost sister. Come, Emily, come, come.

*Music—Exeunt VERE and EMILY, R.*

SCENE V.—*Churchyard. Wall at back, &c, as in picture.*

*Music—Enter JACOB with JESSY, R.—JACOB carries a bundle.*

JACOB. Come, come—courage, Jessy; we shall soon reach thy home.

JESSY. Home! Oh, in that little word what memories rise before me: the rustic porch clothed with honeysuckles, where when a little child I crept from my mother's arms, to pluck the daisies that grew before our door; many a time have I passed the threshold with a heart as pure and as light as a summer morning, and now, a repentant wanderer, an ungrateful child, I dread even to behold it. Oh, no, no, the very roof would fall and crush me.

JACOB. Not so, Jessy, not so ;—when thy father knows all, how thou wert tempted, and how thy heart ever pointed towards home, he will forgive thee—only let me see thee once more happy in thy father's and sister's arms, and I can depart with a better and lighter heart.

JESSY. Depart, Jacob !—where ?

JACOB. To sea, Jessy;—character be all that a poor man like I have to depend upon, and is not mine gone for ever? Was I not falsely accused of robbery, and am I not branded in my native village as a thief ?

JESSY. But who believes it, Jacob—all here know thee too well for that.

JACOB. I know but little of the world, Jessy, but I have been grieved to find, that the folks in it would sooner believe evil than good of us. In other parts I may wipe away the unjust stain upon my name, and find better friends among strangers than I have among my own kinsfolk. But come, let me place you in your old father's arms, and then for a happier home in other climes.

JESSY. One moment;—let me rest awhile, and gather strength for this bitter trial—the thought of my once happy home would be more than I could bear. Let me meet my father here, Jacob, it will spare me many a bitter pang.

JACOB. Well, if you wish it so, Jessy, I'll go and seek the old man. (*places his bundle down*)

JESSY. I can never hope to repay you for your kindness.

JACOB. I am repaid already. I see a hope of restoring you to your home and friends, and though I be wretched myself, yet I do think if there's a way of being happier, it is by doing a kindness to those unhappier than ourselves. *Exit JACOB, R.*

JESSY. How many times in this old churchyard have my play-mates and I wandered among the old tombs, little thinking that it would have been better for me had I perished then. Oh! could we but foresee our destiny, how many would turn with horror from the fate to come, and find oblivion in the grave. (*looking at tombstone, C.*) Here rests my poor mother who gave me her dying blessing, and prayed for my happiness and welfare. (*places child down with its head resting on bundle*) Rest there, my child, unconscious of the gloomy future which is yet to open to thee in the rough world, and which the weak and helpless have to struggle with. (*kneels by grave*) Oh, spirit of my dear mother, if thou art permitted to hear thy penitent child, forgive her the many pangs she has inflicted on her father's heart, let my tears fall on thy hallowed grave, and plead with thee for pardon. (*weeps*)

EMILY. (*without*) Step gently, father—don't hurry.

JESSY. (*starting up*) My sister's voice! oh, how those once loved tones strike a thrill upon my heart which quite overpowers me (*looks off through gate, C.*) Ha, see, my father!—he comes, he comes. Oh, heaven, grant me strength to sustain this trial, let me meet him and throw myself at his feet, let me plead for—for—no, no, I cannot meet him.

*Music.* — JOSHUA VERE, supported by his daughter, enters a gate—JESSY sinks overpowered on the grave; EMILY, after picture, leads VERE down.

EMILY. There, father, I am sure you are all the better for this exercise. (*sees JESSY, L., screams*) Oh, father! father! Look there—our Jessy, father—see, see.

JESSY. (*falls at his feet*) Pity, my father; pity, and pardon.

VERE. Away, girl, away—you are none of mine! my child would not have disgraced me; my child would not have left me to die of grief and shame. I have but one daughter now, for you are lost and abandoned, a reproach and a disgrace.

JESSY. No, father—no, no!

VERE. Unhappy girl, seek not to add to your crime by falsehood. Have you not brought yourself low enough? Look on these furrowed cheeks, down which many a tear of your causing has rolled; look on these white hairs and trembling limbs—this is your work; the work of a wanton, the mistress of a villain—

JESSY. No, father, no; I was lost to the sense of duty, but to the sense of virtue, never. (*shews him the marriage certificate*)

VERE. (*gazing at it*) What, what!—can it be? yes, yes—it is, it is, Emily, embrace your sister. Jessy, come to thy father's heart—thou art once more his dearest child. She has returned—she has returned to bless me, and close my old eyes in peace. (*embracing her*)

JESSY. No, father, you shall live to see many happy years yet. I will never leave you more : peace of mind and a father's love, are worth all the splendour that the world can give.

VERE. Thanks to heaven, it has heard an old man's prayer. Come, poor wanderer from your father's roof, and be again the pride of that father's heart which never has forgotten thee;—your child shall be my comfort and my solace, you shall smooth the old man's path in his declining days, and never leave him more. Thus hand in hand we'll seek our humble home, and from that lowly roof, a prayer of gratitude shall rise to Him, who still inclined a dear child's heart to home, to virtue, and her poor father.

*Music.—Exeunt* VERE, JESSY, *and* EMILY, L.

SCENE VI.—*Roadside View.*

*Enter* SIGISMUND, JACK, *and* CHIRRUP, R.

SIGIS. Psha !—nonsense!—you are a couple of fools. Leave me; there were two of you, and still you have not accomplished my orders. Was not my brother Arthur also with you?—then what prevented you from having the child ?

CHIR. A fellow with a pair of fists as big as cannon balls, who hits as hard as a horse kicks—ask Jack.

JACK. Fact, governor; I had one crack on the head from him, and my head's been singing like a tea kettle ever since.

SIGIS. All this is folly; I must bring matters to a crisis—my last effort shall be a bold one. Jack. (*calls him aside—they whisper*)

CHIR. What a man that is, he's hatching more mischief. He couldn't have come to two better chaps than Jack and I—we're always ready to help anybody that pays well. There's another job afoot, I know there is; how my hand does itch to be sure—I'm going to take some money from somebody, I know I am.

SIGIS. (*comes down with* JACK) That's settled then ?

JACK. It soon shall be, and the other party too.

SIGIS. Strike home; remember, this last job makes your fortune and mine. (*crosses, L.*) 'Tis a bold step, and if successful will place me at fortune's height. *EXIT, L.*

CHIR. Anything up ?

JACK. Lots, and a lot to knock down.

CHIR. Who ?

JACK. (*whispers to him*) It's a fact.

CHIR. Gracious cauliflowers!

JACK. If I succeed my fortune's made.

CHIR. But s'pose you don't ?

JACK. I must, if you'll help me. Ha ! see, (*looks, R.*) here's the victim; (*takes out knife*) one blow, and it's done. (*CHIRRUP shudders and trembles*) What are you trembling for ?

CHIR. Trembling ? I was dancing.

JACK. Be firm. Mr. Sigismund can't exist any longer if his brother does, for he's so bottled up with debt and difficulties, that he must take a bold step to extricate himself; I'm in about the

same predicament, so here goes, in for a penny, in for a pound—pleasure and plenty, or bad luck and a burst up. Now mind what you're arter, keep him in conversation, while I watch my opportunity. (*retires, L.*)

CHIR. (*trembling*) Oh, lord—oh lord!

JACK. (*looking out*) Can't you stand still, you fool? you'll spoil all. (*retires*)

CHIR. I'd run away if I could, but I can't, my legs feel as weak as half sucked lollipops.

*Enter ARTHUR, R.*

ARTH. Where can Sigismund be?—we had better return to London, for something tells me we are on dangerous ground here.

CHIR. (*aside*) You are, and no mistake.

ARTH. Now, fellow, have you seen my brother?

CHIR. (*trembling*) Oh yes; I've got a message for you.

ARTH. Well, what is it?

CHIR. (*aside*) I can't think of a lie for the world.

ARTH. Well, sir—speak, speak!

CHIR. Speak!—well I am speaking, ain't I? I can't talk and speak both at the same time.

ARTH. Have you any message for me?

CHIR. Oh no—I mean, oh yes.

ARTH. Well, what is it?

JACK. (*rushes out and stabs him in the back*) This!

*Music.*—ARTHUR *turns and struggles with him*—CHIRRUP *hides, L.*  
—*as ARTHUR'S back is turned, SIGISMUND enters and shoots ARTHUR who falls.*

SIGIS. That's the way to manage matters—you'd be a month at it.

JACK. What a man you are, sir; you've got nerves of iron with steel springs.

SIGIS. Where's that fool gone?

CHIR. (*comes out trembling*) Here I am, sir.

SIGIS. Throw the body into the ditch, and meet me at the cross roads—I've more work for you yet.

*Exit SIGISMUND, R.*

JACK. What are you letting your teeth knock together for at that rate?

CHIR. I was only warming them.

JACK. Lay hold of his trotters. Now, fool, shake yourself together.

CHIR. I'm all of a shake—don't you see?

JACK. Now then, quick, and keep your peepers open.

*Music.*—JACK *lifts ARTHUR by the shoulders, CHIRRUP by the feet, they carry him off, R.*

*POLLY peeps on, L.*

POLLY. O, you sanguinary assassins, you thought nobody was by, eh?—you thought you were quite safe? so you are, safe to be

hanged; I'll do all I can to bring about so happy an event. There they go. Courage, Polly, courage—you've no time to faint away now, you must put that off till there's somebody to catch you.

*Music.—Exit cautiously, R*

SCENE VII.—*Interior of the Parsonage, as in Act I., Scene 1.*

*Music.—SIGISMUND, JACK, and CHIRRUP enter cautiously at window.*

CHIR. Can't you do without me ?

JACK. I'll do for you if you're not quiet.

SIGIS. One obstacle is removed from my path, and now for the other. This is her father's house. The old man and his daughter will be here shortly; we'll conceal ourselves in the house, and when they're off their guard, off goes the child.

CHIR. That infant is the cause of a precious deal of trouble ;—when I was a babby, nobody ever wanted to run away with me, I was found in a chicken basket at Christmas—I was presented to the parish as a curiosity.

SIGIS. Silence. Hark! they are coming; hide yourselves, and be ready. (*music.—they conceal themselves, R. and L.*)

*Enter VERE, EMILY, and JESSY, D. F.*

VERE. Thanks, Providence, thanks!—when I left this roof, I little thought I should return with my lost child in my arms, to bless my latter days with peace and comfort.

JESSY. How familiar every object seems to me; the old house remains unchanged, while I have lived to see him I loved almost spurn me from him—but I will think no more of that, I have my father to live for now, whose love will never change;—my father and my child shall henceforth be my only thought, my only care.

EMILY. This has been too much for you, father—you tremble so.

VERE. It is with joy then;—these tears which course down my old cheeks are not drops of anguish, child, but tears of gratitude to the Giver of all good, for restoring you to my heart.

JESSY. You must take some rest, you must indeed, and I'll watch over you: fear not, I will not leave your side.

VERE. Poor girl, you need rest far more than I do: your poor child must also be cared for—never mind me, Jessy, never mind me.

EMILY. Do, dearest father—I'm sure you feel wearied.

VERE. Well, well, my children, if it will ease your minds, I'll do as you wish. Thanks, merciful Providence; thou hast heard an old man's prayers.

*Music.—Exeunt VERE, JESSY, and EMILY. R. D.—JACK, SIGISMUND, and CHIRRUP come down.*

JACK. The old chap's gone to have a snooze—now's our time.

SIGIS. Don't hurry, we must wait till they are off their guard.

CHIR. So we must, the women will scream if they see us, and perhaps bring the neighbours here.

JACK. True;—why, you're not such a fool as I thought you, Chirrup.

CHIR. I know what the women are; why, my mother was a woman. Hark ! here they are again. (*they conceal themselves*)

*Enter JESSY and EMILY, R. D.*

JESSY. He sleeps already, with my dear child pillowed on his breast, smiling in the poor old man's face, as if an angel blessed him in his slumber. Oh, Emily, may our father yet live many happy years, to witness that I am still a grateful daughter.

EMILY. I'm sure you are, Jessy, and ever will remain so.

JACK. (*aside*) Now's the time.

SIGIS. I'll do it; stay you here.

*Exit SIGISMUND in room, R., and returns with child.*

JESSY. But father must take some refreshment when he wakes; let us—(*looks round and sees SIGISMUND with child*)—Ha! my child—my child! (*advancing to him*)

SIGIS. Jack ! Chirrup ! keep her back ! (*JACK and CHIRRUP seize EMILY and JESSY*) Call for help, and I fire, (*presents pistol*) Follow me; (*going*) I'm off for London.

*JACOB meets SIGISMUND as he is going, D. F.*

JACOB. No you ain't, not yet. (*wrests pistol from him, and rescues the child, presenting the pistol at SIGISMUND*) Come in, neighbours!

COUNTRYMEN *enter, D. in F., and seize SIGISMUND, CHIRRUP, and JACK.*

Jessy, take thy child. (*gives it to her*) Now, what have you got to say, you precious gang of rascals? Hold them tight!—there's more work for me yet. (*to SIGISMUND*) You think to be a barrow knight, don't you?—a wheelbarrow is about as much as you'll get, and that shall take you to jail. Here goes to put a spoke in your wheel. *Exit JACOB hastily, D. F.*

CHIR. Jack, we're cotched.

JACK. Water gruel diet again, and mill exercise before breakfast.

SIGIS. (*to JESSY*) Curses on you and your child, you have been my ruin and my bane !—but I have yet one sweet revenge, I have parted you from your husband for ever—he is—

*ARTHUR enters, D. F., followed by JACOB.*

ARTH. Here, villain.

SIGIS. Alive!

JACOB. Aye, and never was dead yet;—don't that twist you eyebrows for you? (*to SIGISMUND*)

ARTH. My eyes are now opened to your black heart, and bitter hate to that poor wronged girl. Away with him! and as you go to that punishment which awaits you, behold me take my dearest Jessy to my heart, never to be parted from it—no more the plain unknown wife of Arthur Temple, but Lady Fanshawe, the mistress of my soul and proud domain. Don't weep, Jessy, or if you must, on this unworthy breast let your tears fall, as precious tokens of forgiveness for my past cruelty, while I clasp you to my heart with our child, my long neglected treasure.

JESSY. (*rushes to him*) Can it be? Oh joy! oh happiness!

JACOB. Where's the old man?—I must have him out. Huzza! huzza!—I'm going stark mad, I'm sure I be. Master Vere, Master Vere—where be you? *Exit in room, R.*

ARTH. Away with those villains, and let the law punish them as they deserve.

SIGIS. Take me where you please; I played boldly for a high stake, and I have nothing to regret. I neither expect or hope for mercy. *Exit with COUNTRYMEN, D. F.*

CHIR. Don't I though. Here I am in the flower of my youth, nipped in the bud. Come, partner in misfortune, give us your arm. (*takes JACK'S arm*) Thus hook and eyed together, let us meet our fate. Good bye, everybody; don't wait dinner for us, for we can't tell what time we ll be back. Adieu! *au revoir!* and if we should be knocked down for fourteen penn'orth—we expects a grateful country won't forget us.

True patriots we, for be it understood  
We leave our country—for our country's good.

*They are taken off, D. F.*

*Enter JOSHUA with JACOB, R. D.*

VERE. What do I hear? Jessy restored to happiness and to her husband?

ARTH. (*Kneels*) Who kneeling at your feet implores your pardon for the past, and your blessing with your daughter.

VERE. May you be happy, children, and the wiser for this trial.

ARTH. (*to JACOB*) And you, my poor persecuted friend, how can I ever repay you for what you have suffered?

*JACOB runs to door and brings on POLLY, D. F.*

JACOB. Stop a moment, sir, here's one who deserves reward more than I do; she did it all, sir, she shewed me where you were, and the way to save you.

ARTH. Both your fortunes shall be my care, you shall have a farm of your own, and Mary there for a wife.

JACOB. A wife and a farm both at the same time.

POLLY. A husband and property all in a breath! Now's the time to faint. (*falls in JACOB'S arms who revives her*)

ARTH. (*to VERE*) But you have been the greatest sufferer; for the future you shall live with us, and I will ever vie with Jessy in striving to increase your happiness.

VERE. My happiness can never be more complete than it is now, for do I not see all around me with happy faces. Children, neighbours, friends, may an old man's blessing light upon you, and may those who have known sorrow like mine, find as I have done, that afflictions bitter cup may yield in its dregs the twin jewels of life, virtue and contentment.

JESSY. (*comes forward*) And dare I hope that all will be as lenient to poor Jessy; forgive her faults, and you complete our happiness.

Let her each night still strive to make amends,  
To husband, father, home, and friends.

Curtain.