



Floating Beacon.

Jack Junk defying Angerstoff and Ormoloff.

THE
FLOATING BEACON:

OR THE
WILD WOMAN OF THE WRECK.

A Melo-Drama,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY
EDWARD FITZBALL,

AUTHOR OF
THE PILOT, INNKEEPER, OF ABBEVILLE, AZAEL, FATHER
AND SON, JOAN OF ARC, THALABA THE DESTROYER,
DUEL IN THE SNOW, MOMENTOUS QUESTION,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION,
AND REMARKS BY D-----G.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, LONDON.

The whole to conclude with a New and Original Melo-Drama with New Scenery, Dresses, and Decorations called the

FLOATING BEACON!

Or, THE NORWEGIAN WRECKERS.

Music and a New National Overture by Mr. ERSKINE. The Scenery by MESSRS. TOMKINS & WALKER

ANGERSTOFF, Captain of the Beacon
FREDERICK, an Orphan, Mr. ROWBOTHAM.
ORMOLOFF and MAURICE, (creatures of Angerstoff) JACK JUNK, a British Sailor, Mr. GALLOT
WEIGNSTADT (a Benevolent Fisherman) Mr. LLOYD and Mr. J. SMITH
MARINETTE (the Mysterious Woman of the Beacon) Mrs. W. CLINFORD
CHRISTINE (the Fisherman's Daughter) Miss HEALY
Sailors, Marines, etc., etc.

Sailors Glee, by Messrs. SMITH, FISHER, FRY, and MILLER, from the Coburg Theatre.

In the course of the Piece, the following New and Splendid Scenery—

A Panoramic View on the Coast of Bergen, with the Ship Public House, Weignstadt's Cottage and the Eagle Sloop and Vessels at Sea.—TOMKINS.

Interior of Weignstadt's Cottage.—Walker.

The Deck of the Beacon Lighted up During a Storm.

In this Scene the Stage is completely transformed into the Interior of a Vessel, with Cordage, Rigging, Cabin, &c., so as to give an exact idea to the Audience of the circumstances represented.—Walker.

Rocky Coast &c., after a Storm.—TOMKINS.

Hold of the Beacon, Berth, &c.—Walker. Deck of the Beacon by Moonlight.—Walker.

WITH PERILOUS SITUATION OF MARINETTE AND FREDERICK, TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE EAGLE SLOOP. AND

**Casa of the Characters,
As Performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.**

	<i>Swery.</i> April 19, 1834.	<i>Sadler's Wells.</i>	<i>Adelphi.</i> 1833.
Angerstoff, Captain of the Beacon	Mr. H. Kemble.	Mr. Mortimer.	Mr. Yates.
Maurice } Ormoloff }	{ Mr. Lloyd. Mr. Smith.	Mr. Saunders. Mr. Matthews.	Mr. Sanders. Mr. S. Smith.
Weignstadt, a benevolent Fisherman	Mr. Loveday.	Mr. W. Vining.	Mr. Butler.
Frederic, an Orphan	Mr. Rowbotham.	Mr. Clifford.	Mr. Hemmings.
Jack Junk, a British Sailor	Mr. Gallot.	Mr. Gallot.	Mr. Gallot.
Mariette, { the Beacon }	Mrs. W. Clifford.	Miss Poole.	Mrs Edwin.
Christine, Weignstadt's Daughter	Miss Healy.	Miss Healy.	Miss Apjohn.

Sailors, Marines, &c.

Costume.

ANGERSTOFF-- Black wig and cap (a-la banditti)—crimson jacket, with tabs, trimmed with black—brass clasps—broad brass belt—blue and white broad striped shirt—white petticoat trousers—dark blue Blockings—brass buckles—buff-leather shoes.

MAURICE—Brown jacket trimmed with black—black belt—red trunks—brass loops—russet boots—red and white striped shirt—dark blue cap—black hairs.

ORMOLOFF—Same as Maurice, in other colours.

WEIGNSTADT.—Fisherman's rough blue jacket—broad hat, covered with black oil-skin—gray bald beaded wig—Guernsey vest—black neckcloth—petticoat trousers—russet belt, with brass buckle—fisherman's boots.

FREDERIC—Blue tabbed jacket, trimmed with red—petticoat trousers, trimmed with red—black morocco belt—light blue and white striped short—red stockings, with black clocks—buff shoe—blue cloth cap, bound with red trimming.

JACK JUNK.—Asailor's dress—glazed hat, with an eagle painted on the front.

MARINES—Blue jackets, trimmed with red—white Kerseymere small clothes—black gaiters—black caps, with red binding.

MARIETTE.—Slate-coloured elderly dress, with drapery and head piece, all trimmed round with black.

CHRISTINE.—Blue boddice—large hanging sleeves—buff petticoat, with black and blue trimming—blue stockings.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R, means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; F. *the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage* ; D. F. *Door in Flat* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; C. D. *Centre Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; L. E. *Upper Entrance*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. meant *Right* ; L. *Left* ; C. *Centre* ; R. C. *Right of Centre* ; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

REMARKS.

The Floating Beacon.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years have well nigh elapsed since Sadlers Wells (how many pleasing recollections are associated with this once *primitive* little theatre!) first treated the town with a *nautical drama*. The convenient proximity of Sir Hugh Middleton's handy work suggested to the managers the happy expedient of availing themselves of so valuable a neighbour. It being therefore announced that the obedient stream would make its first appearance on any stage, we failed not to be at our post to witness the reception of our old friend, on whose translucent bosom, when an urchin—

"Creeping, like snail, *unwillingly* to school,"

we had whiled away many a summer's morn ; and right glad were we to find (to adopt a pun almost as *ancient* as itself), that it was received by an *overflowing* house, with *torrent** of applause. From this time the nautical drama became a popular entertainment; yet at every theatre possessed not the advantage of *real water*, the mechanist and the painter were called to contribute *their* art to the illusion of the scene; and we most confess (*waving* occasional misbaps), that many oceans have been got up in a very tempestuous and satisfactory manner. Still, the fashion runs upon reality—*real horses* (like King Richard) have been found to enact more wonders than a *man*, and draw a house, when Shakespeare has hardly paid candles. Who remembers not the *real* elephant?—Yet *his* bulk dwindled into nothingness by the side of the *real* dwarf; and this once *great* attraction stood lower in public estimation than his diminutive rival, who had no legs whereon to stand. Then, that interesting importation of *real* savages which charmed as some years since at the English Opera, with their *real* warhoops, musically contrasting with the old-fashioned worn-out strains of Purcel and Mozart. The force of *reality* could no further go, unless to snatch a grace (*without saying one!*) beyond the reach of art, they had, cannibal like, fallen to, and really devoured one another.

We know not if Mr. Ball has taken out a *patent* for nautical dramas ; but, if he possess not the exclusive *right*, he certainly does the power, of producing these popular entertainments. The tide

runs in his favour—the public crowd to his shop; and all other productions of the *hoary deep* are deemed counterfeits, unless, (like Rowland's *Kalydor* and Warren's blacking,) they bear the name and stamp, of the original maker! The Floating Beacon (which lighted up the stage of the Surry Theatre, for more than one hundred and forty nights!) is immediately identified as one of the same family as the Pilot and the Flying Dutchman. It is founded on a tale of terror; and, bating a goblin, is as well calculated to give the hair a *perpendicular direction*, and to fright the souls of full-grown infants

(" For some great poet sings-- I'll take my oath,
Man is an *infant*, but of larger growth")

as any other of those dramas for which Mr. Ball is so justly celebrated. The Floating Beacon may be said (like the lawyers) to act both for poor rogues and against them ; warning them from rocks and quicksands, and treacherously (like the will o'whisp,) lighting them to their doom; for, without revealing too much of the story, and thereby anticipating the rich feast that awaits the reader's curiosity, we may just hint, that the captain and crew of the Floating Beacon are not exactly the sort of messmates we should select for a voyage of business or pleasure. The interest is well maintained ; and, though the first act lets us partially into the secret of the second, we sit with satisfaction to the close. All that the painter and the mechanist can bestow, are called forth to give effect to this piece. Let the reader judge, if enough in the way of spectacle alone be not offered for his money !—The deck of the Floating Beacon lighted up during a storm ! the explosion and foundering of the Beacon, with its total disappearance , and the life-boat riding with the *piece* and the passengers, in safety ! All this is so ingeniously contrived, and skilfully effected, that we hardly miss the presence of real water. The acting was perfectly good. We were happy to recognise our old acquaintance, Mrs. Edwin, in the mysterious woman of the Beacon : she played with her usual spirit and judgment.—A more perfect assassin than Mr. Yates, in Angerstoff, we never had the good luck to light on; to him we may justly apply Macbeth's compliment to the murderer of Banquo—
" Thou art the best of cut-throats !" His portrait was blunt, jocular, and horrific. Nor is Mr. Gallot undeserving of praise in Jack Junk : he rolled, looked, and roared like a true son of Neptune.—The remaining characters, without exception, were respectably filled ; so much so, that we give the preference to a *little* theatre, even in its *minority*, to a *larger* one in its *dotage*.

 D.----- G.

THE FLOATING BEACON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Sea-Coast at Bergen, with boats and shipping in the distance—a Cottage, R. s. E.—a small Public-House, the sign of the Ship, L. s. E.—A boat near the shore, L.—The curtain rises to lively music, discovering Christine at the cottage window.*

Enter JACK JUNK and SAILORS, from the Inn, L.S.E.

CHORUS.—JACK JUNK *and* SAILORS

Freight, brothers, freight, aboard repair,
The sea runs smooth, the wind sets fair;
The canvass spread, away we go,
Huzza! huzza! for England, ho!

Chr. [At the window.] Stay, prithee, stay 'tis almost night.

Sore 'twere time at morning's light,—
With day-break, say, should storms assail,
Were it not best to meet the gale?

Jack J.— Avast there, pretly maid, I pray;

Blow high, blow low, stilt no delay,—
Despite the tear in your black eye,
Your sweetheart, now, must cry good by!

Chr. Sailors, whence this speed?

Mischance, in yonder clouds I read;
The canvass spread at morning's glow,
And then huzza for England, ho!

Jack and Sailors. Blow high, blow low,

Still we must go.

Chr. All, no, no, no.

Jack J. Three cheers! three cheers!

Chr. Ah, no, no, no!

Three cheers, three cheers, for England, ho!
[Retires from the window.]

Enter WEIGNSTADT, from the Cottage, R.

Wei. (R. c.) So, my friend, all's prepared, and you are for getting aboard the sloop with our Frederic to-night, ha!

Jack J. (c.) Never let the wind slip, that's our to on board the Eagle sloop, for she's a ticklish lady, like

most of her sex, d'ye see, and won't come to hand, just when she's wanted : we watch for her, not she for us ; but where's this young spark of yours, that means to share our voyage to old England,—his heart don't begin to fail him, does it?

Wei. Fail him ! no, no! he's too brave a lad for all that; he's no fair-weather chicken, not he indeed. I can assure you, that his hand, young as he is, has saved many a poor wretch from a watery grave. Why, I've known him, on a dark night, when the sea ran mountains high, at the cry of distress, leap into the boat, and off he was like a shot to assist the unfortunate.

Jack J. What country is the lad ?

Wei. You know he's not my son ! I should think him English.

Jack J. Think him English ! Dam'me, I'm sure of it.

Wei. [*Eagerly.*] How ! what is't you say ! English ! why ?

Jack J. Because, there never yet was a true Englishman, that thought of his own danger, when he could save another in the hour of distress.

Wei. I've heard as much before, Jack, and I hope that the English may never do anything abroad to disgrace the glorious name they have earned at home.

Jack J. They never will, they never shall—dam'me, they never can.

Wei. Ah, it's now sixteen years, come St. Mary's night, since a terrible storm took place off this coast; an English ship was wrecked ; not a soul escaped—all perished—no, I forgot—not all, this boy of mine, whom I call Frederic, came floating to shore on a raft.—Well, I took the child home—he was too young to be sensible of the peril he had just encountered—at first he would cry for his poor mother, which was the only word he could utter—what the deuce is the matter with my old eyes—the sand has blown into them, I think, to make 'em water thus ?

Jack J. The sand hag blown into my young eyes, I think, for the pumps are all at work like—Well, you gave the youngster a berth—ha !

Wei. To be sure I did : d'ye think I could have the heart to turn my back on an innocent babe, whose only parent perhaps perished in a wat'ry grave ?—No, no: though no Englishman, Jack, I had lived long enough in the world to know, there is no blessing so de-

lightful, as that which centres in the performance of a good action!

Jack J. Bravo, my old boy ! damme, if you are *not* an Englishman, I'm sure you must be his first cousin.

Wei. Ha, ha, ha! well, to cut the matter short, the boy turn'd out a good son to me—he is now the staff, the pride of my age—and when he returns from this voyage to England, which is solely for the purpose of endeavouring to learn something of his family, I intend that he should marry my daughter Christine—they love each other tenderly, and all I have shall be theirs—but they are here.

Enter FREDERIC and CHRISTINE from *the Cottage*, R.

Fre. (c.) Now, my dear father, I am ready to embark ; ere dawn, the vessel will be under weigh.

Jack J. [*Getting into the boat.*] Aboard!—aboard! yo—ho!

Wei. Heaven's blessing attend yon, my boy : in fulfilling this cherish'd wish of your heart, you'll not fail to re-
= with the same captain and by the same vessel.

Fre. No, doubt it not; my inquiries will be brief and to the purpose, I hope ;—should I succeed and prove the son of respectable parents, it will be the better for you and my dear Christine—but it grows late.

Chr. You are sure, you'll not forget us in your absence, Frederic.

Fre. Forget you, Christine ! can you love me, and ask that question ?—could I cease to remember, that to your father I owe even life itself? Farewell! farewell! whatever scenes pass before my eyes, still, Christine, I shall turn with new delight to these grateful shores, and to the happy fisherman's hut on the coast of Norway ! Farewell! farewell !

Wei. Prosperity, my boy ! prosperity ? =

Jack J. Avast, there! my masters. Aboard, aboard !—
 for England, ho !

[*Music.—Exeunt Jack Junk and Frederic into the boat.*
L., Christine and Weignstadt into the cottage, R.

SCENE II.—*Interior of Weignstadt's Cottage—A Window and Door in the Flat, L.*

Enter CHRISTINE, L.

Chr. (c.) Heigho! in the absence of my beloved

Frederic, I am afraid the moments will pass heavily ; nobody to express one's apprehensions to, when the sea roars, and the wind whistles through the pine-branches at night; and, if I turn pale or tremble, father will only blow a huge whiff of tobacco from his pipe, and cry, nonsense! all's fair over head !—But, Frederic, he was always so kind and so affectionate!—with him, even the fisherman's cottage possess'd the peace and happiness of a palace.

SONG —CHRISTINE.

When rude gales are blowing,
And storms overcast,—
When raindrops are flowing
Through tempest and blast;
Oh, then, my own true love,
Thou'lt think upon me,
And the fisherman's hut
On the cliff of the sea..

When lightning is flashing,
And death strides the main,—
Where breakers are lashing,
And groans burst in vain;
O, then, my own true love,
Thou'lt think upon me,
And the fisherman's hut
On the cliff of the sea.

Enter WEIGNSTADT, *hastily*, L. D. F.

Wei. (L. c.) Surely the boat will put back! I observed nothing till this instant.

Chr. (c.) You are agitated, father; what is it you apprehend?

Wei. Nothing, child, nothing.

Chr. Gracious heaven! yon tremble, too!—I hear! 'tis the wind that howls so fearfully—one of our sudden storms rising—is it not so, father?—Speak.

Wei. I thought the clouds seemed unexpectedly over-casting the heavens ; it is nothing but my conceit.—I am old, Christine, and apt to forbode—'tis nothing. [*Thunder.*]

Chr. Ah, father ! do you call that nothing ? Frederic cannot have reached the vessel—the boat will be upset.

Wei. Nonsense !—set a woman's fears afloat, and it runs nine knots an hour ; why, how terrified the girl looks!—If there were aught to apprehend, shouldn't I be alarmed, think you?

Chr. Yes, father, and you are so; don't attempt to

deceive me by a show of fortitude which you do not possess ; that you should study to disguise your terrors does but magnify mine—Oh, Frederic ! Frederic ! why leave us till day-break ? [*Thunder.*] Agony !—Another crash !

Wei. The boy has ventured to sea in much worse weather.

Chr. Ah ! he is too brave!—Hark !

Wei. What was that ?

Chr. There ! it sounds again!—I hear it though the hollow pauses of the storm !—'tis the cry of some dying, drowning wretch, that calls on heaven for protection !—Listen !—how the rain and hail patter against the casement!—

Wei. Silence ! I can endure this suspense no longer—it grows dark—awfully dark. Should they be thrown upon the sand-bank, they are lost!—Open the window—see whether the lantern of the Floating Beacon be not lighted yet,—that alone can warn them of the danger. [*Hail*] Stay!—I'll open the casement myself, you are too tremulous.

[*MUSIC.—As he opens the window, a gun is fired.*]

Chr. Ah! mark how the sea rages !—There—there's the boat in distress !—they fired a signal of despair !—Oh, Frederic!

Wei. But see—the lanterns of the Beacon are lit!—now they'll pull the boat towards land!—Bring me my sea cloak and a torch !—this way, girl!—I'll to the rocks and watch. This way! [Exit, L.]

Chr. [*In tears.*] Oh, Frederic ! dear, lost Frederic !

[Exit, L.—*Thunder and storm continue.*]

SCENE III— *The Deck of the Floating Beacon—a mast with rigging, from which is suspended the lighted lanterns—ANGERSTOFF sleeping on the hatchway—casks, ropes, etc.—a glass door, L. r. E., opening into the cabin—Music.*

Enter MARIETTE, wildly, from the cabin, with a lamp in her hand—she stands for an instant, listening to the tempest.

Mar. Another, and another dreadful flash succeeds ; the breakers beat fearfully against these rocks, as if to usher in new victims to the sanguinary assassins of this desolate beacon,—the beacon of death !—the abode of horror and despair! [*Puts down the lamp*] Angerstoff

asleep!—Gracious heaven !—Can the guilty sleep thus in the hour of tempest and destruction ? while I, the distracted victim of another's crime, wildly, frantically press my scorched brow in all the anguish of untold, unutterable woe!—Oh, Deity ! when wilt thou hearken to the prayer of Mariette?—from the dark deep waters, when,—when release her tortured soul from the miseries of hated existence ?

Music—FREDERIC *appears, clinging to the ride of the vessel, amidst the tempest, R.*

Fre. Help—help—help !

Mar. Horror! another human voice ?—Silence, miserable youth, or you are lost; plunge again into the deep ocean, rather than enter here—the waters, raging furiously, are less merciless than the monsters of the Floating Beacon.

Fre. [*Nearly sinking with exhaustion.*] I alone am safe, all else sunk in the boat,—merciful providence—I—oh !

[*Attempting to board, he falls across the side of the vessel.*

Mar. Alas, alas ! he is for ever lost—poor, hapless boy !

[*Music.—MARIETTE goes cautiously to ANGERSTOFF, takes the lamp from a barrel, and observes that he is still asleep—then approaches cautiously to FREDERIC and raises him up in great agitation—he slowly recovers, and supplicates—she motions him, in hurried alarm, to summon his strength and begone—then come forward—he points to a wound which he has received in his forehead, and, whilst endeavouring to rise, sinks at her feet.*

Fre. I am exhausted ;—the rugged edges of these rocks have lacerated my brow. I bleed—I am strengthless—pity !—

[*Music.—As Mariette gazes on him, Angerstoff awakes, listens and pretends to sleep.*

Mar. Wounded ? Alas—alas ! You are young and prepossessing ; doubtless you have hearts akin to your own in affection—you have friends whom you love, and who love you tenderly. Ah, if you would ever behold them again, summon your strength, and quit this vessel.

Fre. (R. C.) Yes, I have friends who idolize my very name ; they will seek me here—they will—

Mar. (c.) Find only your murdered corse—unless, indeed, meagre poverty has so marked you for its own, that you possess not the least pittance to gratify the sor-

did grasp of remorseless guilt; even then, perhaps, your blood—your's,—may wantonly be given to dye the yelling waves.

Fre. Who is it shall dare to dispossess me of existence ?

Mar. [*Cautiously.*] There are wretches so lost, even in this Beacon.

Fre. And you—you exist here?

Mar. True, I do exist here, as the slave of a demon, abide beneath the influence of an abhorred master. () God ! how often have I prayed for death, that my blood, mine—could be shed upon the ebbing tide, and bear to yon distant shore a crimson testimony of wrongs never to be effaced ! A moment only is left me—here, on the dark vessel's deck, amid the roaring tempest and the howling waters!—hear me, heaven-sent stranger, relate a tale of maddening, heart dissolving woes !—hear it, and fly to save yourself, if not to avenge my wrongs !—I am—

Ang. [*Rising.*] (c.) How now, Mariette, begone—stranger, whence this intrusion ?

Fre. The boat in which I lately quitted the shore, was upset in the storm: I struggled with the overwhelming waters till I reached your vessel; a rope served me to ascend—I demand your hospitality.

Ang. You shall have it.

Mar. [*Hastily.*] No, no, no!

Ang. [*Furiously.*] I say, yes!—Shall I, on such a night, pitiless as the storm itself, refuse shelter to the lone, oppressed wanderer ?—Ha, ha, ha ! heed not my wife, young man, she's mad—ay, and mischievous into the bargain ; but these women have all perverse and hard hearts, where they take a distaste.

Mar. (L. c.) Monster !—Heed him not, youth—heed him not; he smiles, while his treacherous fingers wrestle with the secret poniard, intended for the breast of innocence.

Fre. What am I to understand ?—I require merely shelter and compassion.

Mar. Seek it, then, in the flood from which you have so recently escaped, rather than here!—He that dashes bravely down the roaring cataract, may escape with life; but he that leisurely confides in the oath of a heartless murderer, like that—

Ang. Maniac !—you forget yourself.

Mar. Is that wonderful, when heaven seems to forget me?

Ang. Mark what impiety—you are convinced now of her madness.

Fre. To me, her wildness implies a broken heart: you know her grief, and can best speak to the truth of my conjecture. From my heart I pity her misfortunes, be they what they may.

Mar. Pity, pity for Marietta!—Hear that, ye raging winds, hear it and be still!—Hear it, ye loud thunders ye darkly gathering clouds, and bid it dissolve your elemental horrors to the blue calm of one expanding ether!—'Tis the first accent of compassion, that, for sixteen years, has lit upon my desolated soul;—it makes me weep—it—bless thee, poor boy!—bless thee, bless thee!—Thou shalt mix with angels presently!

Ang. [*To Frederic.*] You hear,—you are convinced?

Fre. Too well!—but is there no aid?

Mar. [*Choking with grief.*] Aid for Mariette?—Oh, no!—Had there been aid, human or divine, for struggling innocence, think you that, when the dying cries of my lost, murdered husband, cleft the horrid roof of this floating charnel-house, it would not have burst forth from the very depths of creation?—Think you—

Ang. [*Whistles.*] Her distraction becomes intolerable.

Enter ORMOLOFF and MAURICE, L.U. E.

Take away Mariette—she rages.

Mar. [*As they seize her.*] Unloose me, wretches!—There's blood upon your hands—I know it—'tis Malvern's blood!—Horrible—horrible! [*Rushes out, L. U. E.*]

Fre. [*Aside.*] Malvern!—that name, 'tis familiar to my ear. Malvern!—can it be—[*Taking a bracelet from his breast, and gazing on it.*]—'Tis the same!

Ang. Follow her not—she'll now busy herself about the domestic concerns; we shall hear no more of her to-day, at least. Come, young man, you need refreshment, 'tis here at hand.

Fre. The storm abates: if you have a boat, I would to shore immediately, or to buy

Aug. You familiar to this coast and not know that convicts, like me, transported to this vessel, are condemned perpetually to trim the beacon light, and to quit this place of exile but with life.

SCENE III.] THE FLOATING BEACON.



Fre. But I am no convict.
Ang. True ; but, as we have no boat, you must remain with us till the government men bring us our supplies of food and oil.
Fre. Which will be in-----
Ang. In three days—console yourself, you are welcome.
Fre. [*Aside.*] I like not the appearance of these men That mysterious woman—the same name! Malvern !—
And-----
Ang. Come, come, seat yourself—bring forward the table there
Fre. The fishing-beats are forbid to approach this beacon
Ang. True: once here, they are determined not to let us escape—eat—you seem exhausted.
Fre. [*Seating himself.*] I thank you, I am so; but-----
Aug. You belong to these parts, I suppose?
Fre. You are right.
Ang. I hope you lost nothing material in being upset.
Fre. Nothing; the dearest treasure I depend on is still safe, here in my breast.
Ang. A treasure !
Fre. Yes—to me an invaluable one.
Ang. It consists of-----
Fre. A coral bracelet and clasp.
Ang. A—what

Enter MARIETTE, L.U.R.

Fre. A bracelet and clasp.
Ang. Is that all ?
Fre. Every thing.
Ang. I'm ! I suppose it is a gift of your sweetheart; or what have you to do with such a childish bauble?
Fre. A few words will explain,—you remember, perhaps, that, fifteen or sixteen years ago, an English ship was wrecked off these rocks.
[*Maurice and Ormoloff listen and draw near—Mariette, at the mention of " English ship," seems almost convulsed—the rest are too intent to notice her agitation.*]
Ang. A—a—aa English ship! ay, yes, I recollect the circumstance—it was a fearful storm, not a soul escaped.
Fre. Yes, there was one escaped; one who has never been able to recount the story of that dreadful night.

Ang. [Aside.] He means Mariette—you are certain what you speak is true—one escaped !

Fre. Quite certain; that one was myself.

Ang. Yourself!

Fre. Yes : I was an infant, and this bracelet, which I mentioned to you, was found about my neck—and the clasp had on it the name of—

Ang. What—what.

Fre. Malvern.

Mar. Malvern ! merciful heaven !

[She falls senseless on the ground

Aug. Mariette here again—we shall be betrayed — drag her into the cabin and look the door ! *[To Frederic.]* You'll excuse this singular conduct.

[Mariette is carried into the cabin, L. U. E.

Fre. It requires no forgiveness.

Aug. Seat yourself—I must arrange for your accommodation below; make yourself at home, in an instant I'll return.

Music.—Exit, R. S. E., beckoning to Maurice and Ormolloff, who, having locked the cabin-door, and thrown the keys of a cask, follow him.

Fre. What am I to think of these people! The chilling department of the man, the singular phrenzy of his wife—both were alike dreadfully agitated at mention of the name on this bracelet: a mystery seems attached to their conduct, which I vainly struggle to comprehend. *[Mariette seen at the cabin window.]* They have locked—she comes to the window—'tis me she beckons—the keys left on yon cask—I'll speak to her—there must be danger, or-----

[Music—He goes to the door of the cabin, unlocks it, as Mariette is about to enter.

Ang. [Without.] All's right—all's right!

[Music.—Mariette gives Frederic a paper, and hastily closes the door—he replaces the keys, and returns to his seat.

Fre. [Reads.] "Be on your guard!—Drink, and you are lost; seem to sleep:"—but—still I do not comprehend—I'll-----

Enter ANGERSTOFF, ORMOLOFF, and MAURICE, L.

Ang. All is well arranged ; you'll sleep soundly at night, I'll warrant.

Fre. [Aside.] As if I were in my grave, perhaps.—

Psha! what motive can they have for my death? [*To Angerstoff*] You are very good, sir.

Ang. Not at all: I'm glad you are safe with us—but you didn't finish your story, I think—however, we'll have a flask of wine first; a hearty draught will keep out the cold.

(Ormolloff brings forward wine, and indicates that something is misplaced—Angerstoff feels in his belt, and points hastily to a chest, from which Maurice takes out a vial, pours the contents into a cup, and sets it on the cask.

Fre. [*Aside, observing Maurice.*] That vial—what dreadful secrecy is this?

Ang. Now, Ormoloff, fill the cup. [*Taking wine, and presenting it to Frederick, mixed with the contents of the vial.*] Here, friend, drink and refresh yourself, you are fatigued—drink.

Fre. After you, if you please.

Ang. Another cup, there, Ormoloff, for me; well drink together—come—come.

Mar. [*Calling from the cabin window, as they are about to seat themselves round a cask, R.*] Angerstoff! Angerstoff!

Ang. [*Rushing hastily to the cabin window, and showing a dagger to Mariette.*] Silence, mad woman, or-----

Fre. Providence, I thank thee—now to change the cups.

[*Changes the cup on the cask, so as to be seen by Mariette.*

Mar. [*Laughing, wildly.*] Ha, ha, ha!

[*Retires from the window.*

Ang. [*Returning to his seat against the cask, R.*] Let us shake hands and be friends; your health.

Fre. [*Sitting against the cask, L.*] And your's.

[*Both drink.*

Ang. [*laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Fre. You are merry.

Ang. 'Tis the strength of the wine.

Fre. Its effects are powerful—nay, instantaneous, or I am exhausted with fatigue.

Ang. I perceive you are overcome: compose yourself a little, it will recover you—we'll leave you for half an hour.

[*Rises.*

Fre. Thank you.

Ang. [*To Ormoloff.*] Mariette's locked in the chamber?

Orm. Yes—here are the keys.

[*MUSIC.—Angerstoff, Ormoloff, and Maurice retire, R.& E. and return with daggers.—Frederic pretends to sleep.*

Ang. He sleeps! all's right! I tell you he has heard too much of Mariette's story—should he quit the beacon alive, we are lost—he must die—'tis well he is in our power.

Fre. The woman, then, is my friend!

Orm. What was that?

Ang. He spoke in his sleep—come, we have steeped our bands in blood, and with blood only can we purchase security.

Fre. [*Starting up.*] Horror! what is it you say?

Ang. You are awake!

Fre. Yes, what would you?

Ang. I am weary, and come to rest in my own chair.

Fre. And your men-----

Aug. They—they have to trim the light yonder at all hours; you can go. [*Exit Ormolloff and Maurice, down the hold.* c] There, we'll sleep by each other's side. [*Sits himself, R.*] What the devil ails my limbs—a cramp-like feeling steals over me—my blood becomes thick and cold—I—

[*Falls asleep.*]

[*Music.—Frederic takes the lamp, draws Angerstoffs sword, looks cautiously about, and is stealing towards the ladder—*

Enter MAURICE and ORMOLLOFF, from the hold, R. C, and rush at him with their swords.

Orm. Hold! or you die!

Fre. Pursue me not—I insist on quitting the vessel— I know you—I changed the wine—I knew I was betrayed—away, and let me pass.

Both. Never, never! give up the sword!

Fre. When I no longer possess strength to grasp it, then, and not till then, will I become your victim!

[*Music.—A furious combat—Frederic is nearly overcome, when Mariette suddenly rushes in from the cabin, and stands over him with a brace of pistols—Picture formed as the act-drop falls.*

MARIETTE.

ORMOLOFF.

MAURICE.

FREDERIC.

ANGERSTOFF. [*ASLEEP.*]

R.]

END OF ACT I.

[L.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Rocky Strand, and Sea by Moonlight.**JACK JUNK and Sailors discovered.*

CHORUS.

Push about the grog, boys.
 Merry be ashore,—
 Now the storm is past, boys.
 We'll all afloat once more ;
 In spite of wind and weather,
 Ah ! who so blithe as we,
 We'll joke and laugh together
 At the dangers of the sea.
 Here's a hearty swig, boys, to every jolly dog.—
 Push about the grog, boys, push about the grog.

Jack J. (c.) Ha! ha ! ha! 'tis luck; Ben's cag came afloat after us, or, shiver my timbers ! but we should all have been drier than pickled herrings, notwithstanding our ducking! This has been the devil of a hurricane, though—the boat completely upset—and now my lady moon is shining as beautifully as a ship's candle through a cat's head.—So so, here comes old Weignstadt with signals of distress hanging out of his cabin windows—what cheer, my hearty, what cheer !

Enter WEIGNSTADT, L.

Wei. (L. c.) My good friend, you were mistaken: I have been along-side the Floating Beacon—my poor boy Frederic is not there, he is lost!

Jack J. Lost, the devil!—I tell you, when we were upset, I saw him swim as manfully as a dolphin, to the Beacon side, and up he was in an instant—I should have followed by the same rope, only it broke, you see, and left me to flounder about in the water, till I got hold of a plank that brought me safe ashore. And, dam'me, here I am, as jovial as ever—ay, and ready, too, to give the enemies of old England a drubbing, and drink success to the pretty girls, by sea and by land. [*Drinks.*]

Wei. What am I to suppose? The captain, whom I hailed on board, assured me, upon his word, that no one had entered his vessel, except the government-men, for many a long year.

Jack J. Avast! avast ! I don't believe a word on't:

he might well attempt to tell me there isn't a petticoat aboard.

Wei. A woman on board the floating Beacon ! it cannot be.

Jack. J. I don't know whether it can be or not, but I know it is; I discovered it through the purser's glass, from the mast head of our 'sloop, no longer ago than yesterday.

Wei. Such a circumstance is against all law; yet, should the sailor speak the truth, it may account for the man's reluctance to admit strangers ; but he so solemnly denied Frederic's presence that---

Jack. J. Denied it?—Well, well, I'll just pop alongside the lubber, with a little bit of oakum in my fist, and, if he dare but to give me the lie in the same way, I'll teach him to sail under false colours a vengeance, or don't say my name's Jack Jurek. A lie, ha !

Wei. But how to get aboard the Beacon f

Jack. J. How ! why, with the use of my grappling-irons here, and a rope-ladder, to be sure.

Wei. You know not, that, except in cases of distress, the convicts are forbid to admit strangers ; their business is merely to warn vessels off the sand banks.

Jack. J. And isn't mine a case of distress ! don't I seek a messmate ! and hasn't the rascally poltroon sent me word I lie?—Don't I demand justice ?

Wei. I'm afraid, justice, without other interference, will obtain you no entrance aboard the Beacon.

Jack. J. But I say it shall ! If they don't bring my messmate forward, I'll serve him one way or another, for I'll blow the Beacon to the devil ! Talk of justice not being able to bring me aboard ! I'll let 'em see that I was born in a Christian land, where justice stands on no ceremony at all,—no, she walks into the poor man's cabin, and the rich man's parlour, without axing leave ; and, wherever she finds a rogue, lays 'her paws upon him, and be damn'd ! A lie !—Ha ! a British sailor lie !—Fire and fury ! I'll knock the fellow down if he were as big as a three-decker, and I only the size of a cock-boat. A lie !—ha !

Wei. Well, well, compose yourself. Good Heaven ! here comes Christine—my distress is insupportable!—How shall I answer her anxious inquiries ?—Only by—

Jack. J. A lie ! a lie ! ha !

Wei. My poor child ! it will be impossible to--
Jack J. Hold your jawing-tackle ; leave me to settle the matter ; mayhap, she'll believe what I say Avast avast!

Enter CHRISTINE, L..

Chr. (c.) He is not here ! Father, where is Frederic ?
 —Do tell me ?

Jack J. A lie!—Ha !

Chr. How!

Jack J. Frederic's aboard the Beacon, my lass: I'll soon steer him safe ashore. This lie sticks in my throat most confoundedly.

Chr. No !—will you bring him to me ? will you, indeed ?

Jack J. Ay, ay, I'll soon slew him to an anchor in the haven of your arms, depend on't.

Chr. Dear father, this is not jesting, is it ?—Frederic is safe !—Is he safe, father ?

Jack J. Fire and pitch! I seem to be getting a bad-dish name here, and all through that box'd-up lubber in the Beacon.—A lie !—Ha!

Wei. Yes, child, you may believe honest Jack: he saw Frederic enter the vessel on the sand-bank.

Chr. Gracious Providence! hear and accept my heartfelt prayers, and ever, ever be thy especial charge the poor sea boy amid the wreck of storms—the unfortunate mariner in the tempest's rage.

Jack J. That's just what my Poll said, when I parted from her last, at Deptford. Jack, snivelled she, looking as sly as an angel, and brushing away a tear with the back of her hand, thus—Jack, said she, and then she gave me this here 'bacca-box—so you are going to sail the salt seas ; well, I hopes as how, when there's a stiff breeze aboard, there'll be a little chirrup aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack. Then, dear creature, she sat herself down on the grass to cry, quite overcome, ye see ; and so I sat down, too, and I kissed away her tears, and then I was quite overcome ; and what followed, I can't describe. [*Wipes away a tear*] However, there is no time to be lost; so you, Weignstadt, go with my comrades to the sloop, state particulars, like, to the Captain, while I take your boat, and put away to the Beacon ; and, if they don't immediately produce the youngster, I'll just ram my fist down their ugly

throats ! In case of resistance, be on the look-out for signals. That's all—you know my whistle.

Wei. Alas ! what should induce them to conceal--

Chr. You alarm me ! What--

JackJ. Give over! give over! Leave me alone to bring the lad ashore; I'll soon find him, I warrant; it won't be the first time I've found a friend in an enemy's locker. So, to sea! to sea! and, d'ye mind, look out for signals. [Exeunt *all but Jack Junk and Christine, L.*] Now, my lass, I'll just pop into t'other boat, and bring your sweetheart in a whiff.

Chr. I shall be wretched here, by myself; even ten minutes of delay is an age in love's calendar. Do, pray take me with you to the Beacon.

JackJ. Oh, with all my heart! you are a brave girl, and deserve a husband : so, come along ; we English sailors are never so happy as when contributing to the happiness of others, and especially to that of the ladies.

[Exeunt, R.]

SCENE II.—*The Deck of the Floating Beacon, as before.*

Music.—ANGERSTOFF and ORMOLOFF *discovered.*

Ang. (c.) Is the old fisherman gone towards the shore ?

Orm. (L. C.) Yes! he turn'd his boat with a heavy heart, as if satisfied that the boy was drown'd, and quitted the sand-bank in silence.

Ang. What did he call himself?

Orm. Weignstadt.

Ang. Weignstadt!—however, it matters not; the boy is completely in our power ; nobody but Mariette knows of his being here, and, if she attempt to open her lips on the subject, why she shares his fate, that's all. Are we to live all these years in security, and then be betrayed by a fisherman's foundling ?—No, no, no ! The night-watch is nearly up—suppose we extinguish the lanterns !

Orm. The sooner the better, I think.

Ang. Yet, stay ; not just yet, it may excite suspicion ; so come down, and let us be certain our captive is secure, and then take a glass of grog, and to our berths ; it may prevent mistrust, should any more of these prying fowls be on the look-out.

Orm. You determine to put an end to the boy ?

Ang. Ay ; or the consequences will prove—he will put an end to us, and we shall swing for all, at the top

of yonder mast; he knows too much of Mariette's story : once ashore, the government-men would listen to him. And, now I think on't, I'd a strange dream last night.

Orm. Psha! you're so superstitious ; why, it was but last week, you fancied you saw the ghost of the man we murdered sixteen years ago,—ha, ha, ha ! *[Laughing.*

Ang. You laugh, but I saw him, for all that—there—on the level deck, standing in the pale moonlight, his ghastly terrible looks were full upon me !—Why—why remind me of them ?—I like it not.

Orm. Why, captain, you are getting crazed, of late ; you catch it of Mariette, I think. I wish that woman had been at peace, long ago.

Ang. Silence ! isn't she my wife ?

Orm. Your wife, ha, ha ! Oh, yes, your wife, hut she hates you, as the devil hates holy water, nevertheless. However, 'tis the case with most wives, I think,—I know it was the case with mine, or I had never been sent here: she denounced me to the magistrates, and for what,—merely because I robbed a monastery of its plate and rosaries, which she, forsooth ! called sacrilege.

[Music.—Exit, R.

Ang. Hark! what's that?

Enter JUNK and CHRISTINE, in a boat, aside the Floating Beacon, R. U. E.

Jack J. *[In the boat.]* Aboard, there ! aboard ! what cheer, ho!

Ang. Your business here ? what seek ye ?

Jack J. The young fellow who came up the side of the Beacon, in the storm.

Ang. When?

Jack J. Come, come, you know; yo-ho! yo-ho! all hands aboard, yo-ho!

Ang. Silence ! There's no one besides the present company, and a person called Maurice, in the vessel.

Chr. *[In the boat]* Alas ! surely, Frederic-----

Jack J. You hear what he says !he tells me to my face, I lie ! you said so, before. You say I lie ! *[Pointing to his hat, which has an eagle painted on the front of it.]* Do you see this picture on my hat ?

Ang. Well, what of it ?

Jack J. Why, only that's just to let you know as how I belong to the Eagle sloop ! I am Jack Junk, of Dept-

ford, and, if you don't please to deliver up your prisoner, dam'me ! I'll pour such a broadside into your upper lights, as shall send you to the devil, twisting and sprawling like a wasp in a whirlwind.

Ang. I neither care about you, nor your sloop ; I am only answerable for what's on board this Beacon to the tyrants of my own nation ; and, as for your lying, or not, 'tis all the same to me.

Jack J. Oh, ho ! then you mean to sneer at my sloop, do ye ? That's worse than all the rest of your bravado put together. I'll soon let you see!

[Jumps on the deck and assists Christine out of the boat.

Chr. For heaven's sake! be more calm. 'Tis only Frederic we seek—a young man who was upset in the storm to-night.

Ang. He is not here

Chr. Alas! alas! then I have been deceived. He is lost for ever! Oh, Frederic ! Frederic! *[Faints.*

Jack J. [Holding her.] Here's a precious to do ! here's an upset! I tell you, Christine, all shall be right—only just open your daylight's a few minutes, merely to see fair play, and I'll give this lubber such a douser, as shall send him to the bottom in a jiffey.

Chr. I'm better. Let us return, come.—Ha ! what is it I discover! that bracelet on the floor—'tis Frederic's ! 'tis marked with the name of Malvern !

Jack J. I know it; he showed it *me*, last night.

Chr. Ah! then he must have been here! A fearful thought rushes through my mind—they have murdered him!

Jack J. Murdered him ? I only wish they might, that's all!

Ang. Away ! or-----

Jack J. Will you give up your prisoner ?

Ang. You have no right here ; begone !

Jack J. Masts and mainsails ! not till I've given your honour an English steel pill. Yo-ho ! yo-ho !

Ang. Miscreant! Secure him!

Jack J. Yo-ho! yo-ho!

[Music.—A Combat, in which Jack Junk beats off Angerstoff—Ormoloff rushes in with a sword, R., and Maurice, L—they fight with Jack Junk, while Christine hurries into the boat—Jack Junk, being hard-pressed in the combat with Ormoloff and Maurice, retreats towards the boat, R., jumps on the gunwale of the vessel, and draws a pair of pistols from his belt.

Jack.J. [*Presenting a pistol in each hand to Ormoloff and Maurice.*] Mayhap, you don't know I'm an old cruiser, and not without my bull-dogs for foreign varment, like you.

Aug. [*Calling.*] Fire-arms, below, there !

[*Music.—Exeunt Maurice, Angerstoff and Ormoloff, hastily, L.*]

Jack.J. Ah, you may fire, and bedamn'd! I'll soon return, and crack your shell about your ears, my fine fish, depend on't. Yo-ho ! yo-ho !

[*Jumps into the boat, and exit with Christine, R. U.E.*]

Re-enter ANGERSTOFF, ORMOLOFF, and MAURICE, L,

Ang. Escaped ? Run and watch the boat from the lower windows, Maurice; you, Ormoloff, put out the lantern ; then they'll founder, perhaps, on the rocks ; and see, the moon is setting—out with the lights.

[*Exit Maurice, L.*]

Orm. That's well thought of: now we have only to despatch the boy, and throw him into the sea, for here's the bracelet, dropped out of the girl's hand, and they have no evidence against us.

Ang. That's fortunate—out with the lights.

Orm. [*Putting out the Beacon light!*] 'Tis done.

Ang. Now below ! let us prime with brandy, and then-----

Orm. To business, ha! ha ! [*Exit down the hold, R. C.*]

Ang. [*Going, stops suddenly.*] What was that ?—Did it not glide past me again ?—I saw it, yet there's nothing now,—'twas but the moonshine on the white mast;—out, ye distempered fancies, from my brain—it was not always thus : I grow infirm of mind, while still my purpose is young and ripe, as in its summer noon, so were my thoughts, but for these blasts of conscience, which burst upon me in my feebler hours. Yon slave was right—why did I save Mariette ?—My lenity, and not her hate, will ruin me. Ere this I would have stabbed her while she slept. but then her looks, so pale, so deadly still, seemed like my mother's, as with fleeting breath she poured her latest blessing on my head! O righteous judge ! how have I marred that blessing ?—Vice led to crime, and crime to crime succeeded—I must not think thus—recollection drives me mad ;—wine, there ! wine, there, Ormoloff! [*Exit. L.*]

MUSIC.—*Enter MARIETTE, from the cabin, with a lamp, L*

Mar. What noise was that?—Should it be the government-men, then there's hope: 'tis fortunate I succeeded in forcing back the bolts of my prison—I never felt so strong till now. Ah! some one approaches! *[Listening]* 'Tis me he seeks—then I am lost—no, thank heaven, he comes not—dreadful situation! could I but save the life of this poor boy even at the hazard of my own.

[Music.—She lifts a trap-door in the centre, and descends.

Enter ANGERSTOFF, L., and ORMOLOFF, from the hold, R. C

Ang. Is that you, Ormoloff?

Orm. Yes.

Ang. Well, did you find Marietta's door secure?

Orm. I did; here's the key.

Aug. That's right: but hadn't you a light in your hand?

Orm. A light—when?

Ang. Just now.

Orm. No.

Ang. I'm sure I saw a light.

Orm. Then it was Maurice—here he comes.

Enter MAURICE, from the hold, with a lamp.

Mau. Did you speak?

Ang. Yes: we can't see in the dark—now lift up the trap-door, and let us despatch our victim; I wish it were done.

Orm. *[Tries to open it.]* 'Tis so long  we used this door, its old hinges are incrustated with rust, and will not yield, or else it must be fastened on the inside.

Ang. Fastened! that's impossible: but it doesn't matter, the boy cannot resist our attack; so let us take a sup of brandy to animate us, and then rush upon him by the iron door below.—Come—come—despatch.

[Exit down the hold.

SCENE III.—*The Hold, lighted from the ceiling by an iron lamp—a bed partially concealed by a tattered curtain in a recess in the flat, R.—a low grated door in the flat, L.*

MUSIC.—*FREDERIC discovered kneeling, L. c.*

Fre. What a miserable fate is mine! ere I knew the blessings of existence, I was deprived of my only parents

by calamity ; and, now that I have attempted to discover them, I am pursued by a more rigorous destiny ; must I become the prey of fiends, more remorseless than wolves ? Beloved Christine ! good old Weignstadt! [*Rises.*] Why did I leave your hospitable cottage ?—Your fond endearments ?—To perish in dark inexplicable mystery—no ray of escape !—no hope !

Music.—*Enter MARIETTE through a pannel which opens behind the bed.*

Mar. Suppress your astonishment: only this one dreadful moment is spared us! the bracelet you spoke of, where is it?

Fre. [*Aside.*] What sordid avarice! yet she has proved herself a friend—the bracelet! [*To Mariette.*] Why do you ask for it?

Mar. In pity, delay not an instant!

Fre. Know you not, they have robbed me of it,—should your wish to restore it to me—'tis—

Mar. Of red coral!

Fre. True—and the name it contains—

Mar. Engraved on an onyx—

Fre. You have found it, then ?

Mar. No, no ! but I have seen it oft, in happier days—let me gaze on thee a moment—sixteen years since, you were wrecked—on the eve of St Mark.

Fre. Yes! you remember the wreck ?

Mar. O, too well I remember it!—it was full of nameless horror for me—methinks, even now I hear the roaring of that night's tempest! again the forked lightnings seem to warp my brain ! till that night, boy, thou hadst a father—a fond, doating, noble father !

Fre. Gracious powers !—you know, then—speak!—he perished in the storm !

Mar. True, he perished in the storm, but not by the overwhelming deluge—no !—long he battled with the furious breakers, and still upheld his senseless wife, till he bore her in safety to this detested Beacon—here he sought protection of men—he had wealth about his person, he sought protection—and they gave him—

Fre. What?

Mar. A dagger!

Fre. A dagger! monsters ! and my mother!

Mar. Thy mother lives !

Fre. Lives! and cannot I one moment behold her! One moment! gracious heaven!—

Mar. It was her hand placed that bracelet round thy neck. Ah! little did she then think how soon the merciless waves would dash thee from her arms, she lives perhaps to bear thy curses to her grave; for know, and let the thought madden thee, as it has done me—she is now the wife of thy father's murderer!

Fre. Impossible!

Mar. Ay! so heaven and nature might alike declare: death had been a paradise—slavery, want, beggary, an empire of bliss compared to the hell of tortures she was doomed to sustain.—She heard the last untimely groan of her husband, to whom her devoted soul adhered, like sea-tossed wretches, clinging to one lone raft on ocean's broadest depth, yet she died not;—her wits wandered, but hated existence still remained! she lived the slave of these three wretches, who now seek thy life; tears were useless; to avert a dreadful fate, and to save herself from the brutal insults of two ruffians, she consented to become the wife of a third, even more relentless; a mock ceremony was performed by Ormoloff, who calls himself the Beacon priest,—it was done to quiet the reason of thy devoted mother, but it plunged her still deeper in despair, deeper into frenzy,—curse her, curse her! that she may die!

Fre. Alas, alas! and wherefore should I curse her. No, no! though unparalleled adversity hath sunk her to the wretch's bitterest portion, her soul may still be unstained and pure as mountain ice! O, that I could clasp her for an instant in these extended arms, and when I ceased to love, to honour, and to cherish her, it must be with the last throb of my own grateful heart!

Mar. [*Rushing into his arms.*] My child, my child! I am thy wretched mother!

Fre. Thou—thou—heaven's blessing on thee, dearest—dearest mother!

Mar. Providence, this one moment of delight amply repays me sixteen years of suffering!

Fre. They approach! we will die in each other's arms!

Mar. But not here.—Through yonder pannel, which conducts to a trap, opening to the deck of the vessel—a fatal entrance constructed by your father's assassins for the purpose of aiding scenes of blood, too often acted in

SCENE III.] THE FLOATING BEACON. 31

this dreadful place, whenever fate has thrown into their power, victims like him, worthy their remorseless avarice—through that pannel we may escape—stay a moment, I'll draw back the bolt and listen.

[Exit with the lamp, L.D. F

Fre. If I could but possess myself of a sword, with my best strength—

Re-enter MARIETTE, L. D. F

Mar. Alas! alas ! as I lifted up the trap-door, some one rushed towards the spot. I am pursued, 'tis the light which directs the intruder.

[Frederic blows out tht light.

MUSIC.—*Enter ANGERSTOFF and ORMOLOFF, L. D. F., followed by MAURICE, with a light—Frederic, who is behind the door, blows out the light, and escapes with Mariette.*

Ang. How now ! you've put out the light !

Orm. It was the sea-wind, rushing through the door.

Ang. Well, go and rekindle it. *[Ormolloff goes out, and returns with a light.]* Have you closed the door ?

Orm. Yes, there. *[Shuts the door*

Ang. Where is the captive ?

Orm. On the bed—see, he shakes the curtains now.

Ang. Who—who's to strike the blow?

Mau.

Orm. } All! our danger is mutual.

Ang. Well, well! now!

[He hurries towards the bed, the curtain is rent down.

MUSIC.—*Enter JACK JUNK, with a party of Marines, through the pannel, at the back of the bed.*

Jack J. I said I'd batter your house about your ears, you precious rascals—so have at you.

Ang. Confusion! betrayed! fly! fly!

[Exit hastily at the grated door, L., which they fasten.

Jack J. Ha ! they've fairly given us the slip ; they can't escape, though, for I hauled up the cabin ladder again: so, after them, lads. *[Tries the grated door, L.]* The door fast—this way, then, or they'll come the black hole with us—this way—but where's Frederic, I wonder—I'm sure I heard him within hail—yo-ho, Frederic, yo-ho ! *[Exuent through the pannel, over the bed, R.*

SCENE IV.—*The Deck of the Floating Beacon, with the lights out, and ladder up.*

Enter MARIETTE and FREDERIC, from the cabin, L.

Fre. Come, dear mother, let us fly ; let us throw a plank into the sea, and trust to providence.

Mar. Our pursuers are at hand—what will become of us ?—We must perish—for myself, death were nothing, but to witness thy destruction!—till now I never knew the climax of misery—my son ! my son !

Fre. Must we, then, ultimately mingle our dying blood together, in the solitudes of the ocean, unpitied, unrevenged—comfort, dearest mother! we have met, we embrace each other tenderly—let as even for that be grateful.

Mar. [*Rushes into his arms.*] Frederic ! Frederic!

Music.—*Enter ANGERSTOFF, MAURICE, and ORMOLOFF, from the cabin, L.*

Ang. (C.) Destruction to Mariette! the trait'ress shall not escape!

Fre. (R.) Approach thee, monsters ! and strike your victim in the arms of her son!—We are prepared to die!

Music.—*As they rush towards Frederic, enter JACK JUNK and Followers, R. s. E.*

Jack J. Who the devil wants you to die!—Nobody shall die here—but these rascals—a broadside here!

MUSIC.—*They fire—Angerstoff and his party are killed—the vessel is fired—Jack Junk and his party give three cheers, and the Eagle Sloop comes in sight, with Weignstadt, Christine, &c.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.



FREDERIC.

MARIETTE.

JACK JUNK.

ORMOLOFF.

ANGERSTOFF

MAURICE

THE END.