

NOBODY'S CHILD.

A Romantic Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

WATTS PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

THE DEAD HEART; THEODORA, ACTRESS AND EMPRESS; CAMILLA'S
HUSBAND, THE POOR STROLLERS, STORY OF THE "45,
PAPER WINGS, UNDER THE THUMB, HIS LAST
VICTORY, TICKET OF LEAVE, LOST IN
LONDON, WOMAN IN MAUVE, PAUL'S
RETURN, HUGUENOT CAPTAIN,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

THOMAS HAILES LACY
89, STRAND, LONDON.

First Performed at the New Surrey Theatre, on Saturday, September 14, 1867, (under the management of Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick) a powerfully-constructed Romantic Drama, in Three Acts, entitled

N O B O D Y ' S C H I L D *

The whole of the Extensive and Beautiful Scenery by Mr. WILLIAM CALCOTT, Mr. ALBERT CALCOTT, and numerous Assistants; the Music composed and arranged by Mr. J. A. COLLINS; the stupendous Machinery by Mr. T. LOWE, Jun.; the Dresses by Mr. COOMBS; the Appointments by Mr. LLOYD; the Scientific Illusions by Mr. COX; the Gas Arrangements by Mr. J.N.C. HINKLEY.

The Drama written by WATTS PHILLIPS, Esq. Arranged & Produced by Mr. SHEPHERD.

SIR ROBERT TREGARVON	(of Tregarvon Castle)	Mr. C. BUTLER.
CAPTAIN DUDLEY LAZONEY	(his presumed Friend, attached to the Turf)	Mr. E. F. EDGAR.
GEORGE PENRYN	(a young Cornish Squire)	Mr. ELLERTON.
JOE	(nobody's child)	Mr. CRESWICK.
PETER GRICE	(Landlord of the Tregarvon Arms, and Postmaster of the Village)	Mr. VOLLAIRE.
JACK ADAMS	(the Admiral's Coxswain)	Mr. W. HOLSTON.
HON. ALFRED PENARTH,	Mr. ALLBROOK (Members of the)	SIR WILLIAM MORVAL, Mr. NEWMAN.
CAPTAIN CALLINGTON,	Mr. DALEMAIN (Tregarvon Hunt)	MR. PETHERICK, Mr. HUMMERSTON.
LIMPING DICK	(Whipper-in and Huntsman)	Mr. EDWARD TERRY.
DAN HURLEY	(a Cornish Miner and Wrestler)	Mr. PAUL.

OLD JOHN PORNIC	(a Fisherman)	Mr. C. LLOYDS.	JOB HOLDFAST,	Mr. WILLIAMS.
JIM BODMIN		(Guard of the Falmouth Coach)	Mr. SILVAIN.	
TOM PADSTON	(Lazonby's Valet)	Mr. HASTINGS.	Mr. ROBERTS.	
LEATHER FLAP		BOB	Mr. SMITH.	
MISS LUCY TREGARVON	(Her Foster Sister—Joe's True Friend)	Miss EMMA ROBERTS.		
PATTY LAVROCK		Miss GEORGINA PAUNGEFORT.		
		FISHERMEN, PASSENGERS, VILLAGERS, POLICEMEN, ETC., ETC.		

TIME—PRESENT. SCENE—CORNWALL.

ACT 1.—THE HIGH ROCKS!

POST-HOUSE AND VILLAGE OF ST. ARVEN.
Mr. WILLIAM CALLCOTT.

ACT 2.—THE FAIRY'S WELL and TRYSTING PLACE.
Mr. ALBERT CALLCOTT.

THE RAVINE!!!

Mr. WILLIAM CALLCOTT.

ACT 3.—ROOM IN THE CASTLE.
Mr. ALBERT CALLCOTT.

TOWER OF TREGARVON and SURROUNDING COUNTRY.
Mr. ALBERT CALLCOTT.

The London rigid to this Drama belongs to Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick: out of London it is the property of Mr. Watts Phillips and Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

ACT I.

SCENE.— *The Village of St. Arven in Cornwall. To R., down stage, the "Tregarvon Arms," a small country inn, and also the post-office. Stabling and outbuildings, some benches, and wooden tables in front. At back a wild landscape, wood and rocks—a winding, irregular path goes up, and is lost among the latter—in dim distance, L., Tregarvon Castle is seen—an ancient and craig-perched pile of buildings—L., a dairy, &c., &c.—churns, agricultural implements, &c. The scene wild and very picturesque, but the detail of foreground to be as realistic as possible. Two SAILORS discovered at table, R., they knock on table for drink—POTBOY comes out of inn, R., to serve them. VILLAGE LASS comes from dairy L. 2 E., with pitcher of milk and passes off, R. 1 E.—PAGE comes on from L. 3 E., with letters, puts them in post-office, R., and passes off, R. 1 E.—MILKMAN enters from dairy with milk-cans and yoke. BOY enters with jug from, R. 3 E., he is served, business, MILKMAN exits R. 3 E., BOY exits L. 3 E., then sneaks into dairy—DAIRYMAID enters from dairy with basket of eggs and butter and exit R. 3 E.—JOHN PORNIC enters L. 3 E., goes to post-office, receives letter, shows joy and exits R. 1 E.—PEDLAR enters with wares. L. 3 E., followed by male and female PEASANTS—VILLAGER and his sweetheart from R. 1 E. shows and sells his wares, business and exeunt—SAILORS exeunt when PEDLAR comes on. All off before Lucy enters. Enter Miss LUCY TREGARVON at back, R. 3 E., wearing riding habit. As she comes down stage PATTY LAVROCK heard singing off stage, L. 3 E.*

LUCY. (R.) Here comes Patty with a song on her lips as usual.

Enter PATTY, L. U. E., *singing, she carries milk pails, and does not at first see* Miss TREGARVON.

PATTY. (L.) Joe! (*calling*) Joe! come and help me to carry the milk into the dairy. Where is he? (*about to cross stage, she sees* Miss TREGARVON) What, Miss Lucy! (*putting down milk pails and clapping her hands*) I'm so glad to see you.

LUCY. Joe has just taken my horse round to the forge. My brother and Mr. Penryn will join me here. Why, Patty how pretty you look! what wouldn't a London lady give for such a colour?

PATTY. (*laughing and rubbing cheek*) And it's a good wearing colour, too—but it's all very well for *you*, Miss Lucy, to praise *me*. When folks are as rich in beauty as yourself they can afford to be generous. I'm prouder of being Miss Lucy Tregarvon's foster sister than of any compliments that are paid me.

LUCY. (*taking her hands*) And I'm proud of having such a friend as Patty Lavrock.

PATTY. Friend! oh! pray don't talk like that, Miss Lucy—friend, indeed! what would Sir Robert say if he knew I'd made so free?

LUCY. What Sir Robert has said before, and very often that I was fortunate in having so charming a cradle companion, (*change of manner*) My poor brother! this is the last run we shall have with the Tregarvon hounds. The mortgagees sell up the dear old castle to-morrow. It's a ruined family the Tregarvon's, Patty.

PATTY. But if your uncle, the admiral, should die?

LUCY. That's not at all probable—he is such a hale and hearty man—and if he did, there's no knowing to whom he would leave his money. He quarrelled with my brother because he would not make the sea his profession, and since that time has led an eccentric, wandering life in his yacht, with only an old coxswain for friend and boon companion. There's no help for it. The assignment takes place to-morrow, and Tregarvon Castle passes, for the first time since it was built, into the hands of strangers. Sir Robert goes abroad to retrench, and I — Guess, Patty?

PATTY. I dare not. 'Twill break my heart if you also quit the neighbourhood of St. Arven.

LUCY. This morning I accepted an offer of marriage from Mr. George Penryn.

PATTY. Mr. Penryn of Penryn Court, (*clapping hands*) And Penryn Court is only two miles from here ! I'm so glad ! (*changing her tone to one of laughing banter*) But how about that splendid military gentleman who was down here, at the castle, shooting last year, and who everybody said was your most devoted humble servant when you passed the winter in London ?

LUCY. (*carelessly*) I suppose you mean Captain Lazonby ?

PATTY. Of course I do—Captain Dudley Lazonby of the Ahmednuggar Rifles, doesn't that sound nice ? Mrs. Captain Dudley Lazonby of the Ahmednuggar Rifles. It has a better ring, to my mind, than Mrs. George Penryn.

LUCY. Despite the ring, Patty, I know which is the genuine metal. Captain Lazonby, unfortunately is still my brother's friend—he is no longer mine.

PATTY. But ———

LUCY. There are no buts at all in this matter. Do not mention Captain Lazonby's name to me again. When his attentions pleased me I was a mere girl. In a week I shall be the wife of George Penryn (*moving up stage*) They must have shod Starbright by this time. Good bye, Patty. (*Exit R. 3 E.*)

PATTY. (*as she takes up pails*) Not mention Captain Lazonby! I never heard Miss Lucy speak so sharp before, (*looking towards castle on heights*) The old castle too, going out of the family ! My uncle always said that when Sir Robert took to horses he'd go to the dogs. It's a great pity though, (*going to dairy*) Joe might have got back from the forge by this time to have helped me with my pails. (*Exit in dairy, L.—as she does so the latticed window beneath the hoard marked " Post Office " is thrown open, and PETER GRICE'S head is popped out—he wears horn spectacles and a red night cap.*)

GRICE. Joe! Where's that Joe got to? If I paid him for his services, he couldn't be more neglectful than he is. (*as he draws in head, and slams too window, PATTY re-appears with a shallow basket of peas, which, seating herself I., near dairy door, she begins shelling.*)

PATTY. Now suppose I had a lover who was called-----

GRICE. (*opens window a little way, calls, and then slams it to*) Joe!

PATTY. No ! I don't mean that. Poor Joe! a queer sort of lover he'd make, (*laughs and sings as she shells peas.*)

Knees knocking together in trembling fright,
One eye looking left, the other eye right;

GRICE. (*dashing open window again—this time protruding head and shoulders*) Patty ! hold your row ! How can I sort the letters and you making that noise ? But stay I've something else to talk to you about, (*he disappears from window to re-appear at door—as he comes out, R., he puts on coat, speaking snappishly the while—R.*) I want to know if it's your intention to eat me out of house and home ? Do you hear, Miss Impudence !

PATTY. (*still shelling peas—L.*) I'm not deaf, uncle—you needn't waste the remainder of your life by saying the same things twice over.

GRICE. What's this? (*showing lump of bread.*)

PATTY. Can't tell till I look at it nearer, (*biting piece out of it*) It tastes like bread.

GRICE. (*snatching it back*) It *is* bread you baggage! bread which I found behind the large churn in the dairy—I found some milk there too.

PATTY. Very likely— isn't the dairy the proper place for it?

GRICE. (*eating the bread*) That milk and bread was put aside for some one. This morsel of bread, I say, was pilfered!

PATTY. (*rising*) Pilfered—and from me ! You're quite right, uncle, it was a part of my breakfast that I put aside for Joe.

GRICE. Joe! Joe !

PATTY. Poor Joe! He'd starve if there weren't some Christians in the village.

GRICE. What do you mean by Christians ? Do you think I'm going to fly in the face of Providence ? If I went and relieved all the starving people, what chance would Providence get for coming out strong—besides, charity begins at home, (*still eating*) And if I'm too liberal in my allowance to *you*, act honestly, and return the overplus.

PATTY. (*with an affected simplicity*) Talking of return, uncle, there's that little bit of money my mother left me which you have kept so long that-----

GRICE. (*alarmed*) There! there! that's just like you, Patty, always hurting your uncle's feelings. You're a good girl, a very good girl, (*patting her with exaggerated affection on the back*) And when I've scraped a little money together I'll make you a present of something.

PATTY. You, uncle, make me a present!

GEICE. A nice lettuce, or—or a bag of shrimps ! some little relish that we can enjoy together. Oh, don't be afraid, with me a kindness is never thrown away.

PATTY. I wish sometimes you'd throw it back, uncle.

GRICE. You're alluding to the bread, (*forcing back upon her the very small fragment now left*) Take it—take it—give it away if you like! The whole village may rob your poor uncle, and he mustn't complain.

PATTY. (*indignantly*) If nobody robs you more than Joe, you haven't much occasion to complain.

GRICE. Joe ! What have you got to do with Joe ? A half-witted vagabond—a *nobody's* child!—a human waif claimed by no one.

PATTY. (*sadly*) A drifting weed poor fellow, that has found every heart a *rock* !

GEICE. Who, because he was washed ashore here twenty years ago, tied to a fragment of wreck, thinks he's got a claim on the village. You and Miss Tregarvon spoil him,

PATTY. He must live !

GRICE. I don't see it—there's not the slightest necessity for anything of the kind. It's a piece of impertinent presumption on his part.

PATTY. He's no relations-----

GRICE. I congratulate him. Relations are always bad when they're not rich. I've always said that the most fortunate thing for a man is to be born in the workhouse.

PATTY. You think so ?

GRICE. Sure of it—no prejudice—no cant, no humbug. That's the place for freedom—there no one cares whether you live or die, as long as you keep your elbows out of their ribs, and your feet off their corns. Now, Joe. (*shouts and laughter, R. U. E.*)

JOE *rushes on pursued by BOYS. They halt at back with shout of derision, laugh, scatter, and go off as PATTY, who has stepped before JOE, indignantly turns upon them. He is a melancholy object to look at, being absolutely in rags. A wild, eccentric, timid creature. The only things bright about him are the eyes, as they glance in a quick, nervous way from beneath the matted masses of hair that fall quite over forehead. Though a fine grown man he stoops and slouches along in a furtive, half ashamed way.*

GRICE. (*as JOE comes down stage*) What are you running from ?

JOE. (*sullenly, his head down*) The boys.

GRICE. What were you doing? (*PATTY comes down R.*)

JOE. Watching the forge. There's friendship in fire. I like to see the dull ashes quicken into flame, and feel the sparks dance and tingle on my face and hands.

GRICE. Nonsense, Joe!

JOE. (*with momentary enthusiasm*) And I like to hear the hammers when fire has softened the heart of iron, as they come clanking down and beat it into form.

PATTY. (*very kindly*) What's the matter with your face, Joe?

JOE. (*who has relapsed into his habitual dull despondency, passes hand across face, looks at back of it and laughs*) It's cut with a stone that's all, Patty.

PATTY. *All!* who did it?

JOE. (*carelessly*) The miller's son. He'd have thrown another, but I got out of his way.

PATTY. Oh, Joe! I'm ashamed of you—afraid of a lad like that! (*JOE shrugs his shoulders.*)

GRICE. (*aside*) He threw a stone at *me* the other day. (*aloud*) You should have broken every bone in his body.

JOE. (*with a sort of simple surprise*) What for? If I had thrashed him, his father might have found out that he cut my face, then he'd have thrashed him again; besides, his father gave me shelter in his barn last night, and what's worth much more, he gave me kind words. He would have given me work, but he says I'm half-witted.

PATTY. Poor Joe!

GRICE. And so you expect to live doing nothing?

JOE. Why not? I'm Nobody's Child you know, and want but little. The sea's a sort of mother to me, though a cruel one; for it was she who, after dandling me in her rough lap, threw me like a pebble on the beach. I love her for all that, and am grateful when the wind blows her salt kisses on my face and lips.

GRICE. Ah!

JOE. She brings me stores of shell fish too, and hides them for me cunningly among the rocks, whilst she heaps up soft mosses for my bed in the caverns of the cliffs. (*his face brightens as he speaks, and his manner grows wildly animated for a moment to sink into the same dull despondency*) I like to watch her when she throws off her treacherous smile, and builds up a hundred watery walls, each one higher than the other to topple them over with a crash upon the shore! Who else can boast such a mother as mine? (*x's L. his voice sinks, he shakes his head dejectedly, and his head droops forward as before*) I would go

back to sleep in her bosom to-morrow if she'd only promise not to throw me again on this cruel earth.

GRICE. (*sharply, as JOE is moving up stage*) What are you going to do now ?

JOE. Sleep, and dream! sleep and dream! (*horn of stage coach heard without offstage at back.*)

GRICE. You're going to do nothing of the kind. Here's the coach from Falmouth coming in. Get the parcels down, while I attend to the passengers if there are any—dream indeed ! there's nothing got unless you're wide awake in this world, (*the coach drives on at back, R. GUARD sounding horn. VILLAGERS male and female, appear at either side as waiting for passengers and parcels. JOE assists GUARD in handing them down. Good bustling coach scene.*)

YOUNG WOMAN. Anything for me?

MAN. Have you got my parcel ?

SEVERAL VOICES. And mine ! and mine ! and mine !

GUARD. Stop a bit! stop a bit! I can't serve you all at once.

YOUNG WOMAN. Mine's a band-box !

GUARD. Then here it is. Take care my dear, the bottom's nearly out! (*as he speaks the bottom falls out and a chignon tumbles out with it, the GIRL snatches it from him, runs off amidst a general laugh.*) Your letters Mr. Grice. (*business*)

MAN. (*as GUARD lifts a, live sucking pig in hamper*) That belongs to me!

GUARD. So I should have guessed by the likeness, (*to COACHMAN*) Now then Bill put 'em along! (*pig hunt—all off, coach drives off L., GUARD playing.*)

PATTY. (*as LAZONBY comes down stage*) Oh, my ! If it isn't Captain Dudley Lazonby ! what on earth does he want at St. Arven? (*CAPTAIN LAZONBY is a tall elegantly dressed man with a certain " turfy " look in the general get up. His dress is irreproachable in cut, but " horsey" in character, quite the higher class sporting man. GRICE is stooping to pick up mail bag when LAZONBY slaps him on shoulder.*)

GRICE. (*snappishly*) What do you want ? (*turning, and then in great surprise*) Captain D ! (*dropping mail bag on table.*)

LAZON. (*laughing*) I suppose the D himself wouldn't have surprised you more—not so much p'raps, for when old friends meet you know-----

GRICE. Oh! I say, don't! now don't Captain. When a man arrives at my time o' life, he gets nervous, besides it's quite enough to remind one of past sins seeing *you* here.

LAZON. (C. *in rapid, aside*) Chut! at your age, the head should be longer than the tongue, (*turning quickly to PATTY who has approached, and taking her chin*) Ah! my pretty Patty! have you found a lover since I left?

PATTY. (L.) Oh! dear no, those sort of things don't grow freely in these parts, especially when one hasn't a marriage portion, and-----

LAZON. No marriage portion, and you the niece of a Croesus?

GRICE. (R. C.) Croesus! what's that?

LAZON. A millionaire.

GRICE. Me! me, a millionaire! oh lor! oh lor! What a world this is! Nothing but calumny and detraction. Here! (*turning out pockets*) Search me! search me from top to toe, and if you find a five shilling piece upon me, may I—may you, drop down dead directly. (JOE *laughs R.*) What are you laughing at?

JOE. Nothing! I was only thinking of those birds who fly wide of their nests, lest their eggs should be discovered. (*moves towards side. LAZONBY raises eye glass and looks at him curiously.*)

LAZON. Why it's Joe! as eccentric as ever.

GRICE. He's an idiot, an utter idiot! but don't speak any more about marriage portions. It makes me ill! I hate mercenary marriages, and any one as marries my niece shan't do it for her money. She's a fortune in herself. (x's L. c. *to PATTY*) There go along into the dairy, and send out the milk, (*catching dress, and in sharp, whispered aside, as she is about to cross L.*) And don't forget to put a dash of water in it. When I read of what they do in London, it fills my heart with envy, (to JOE) What are you about now, sir?

JOE. (C.) Nothing.

GRICE. (L., *quickly*) Then you want a job! when you've carried in those packages you can rub down the horses, and put fresh sacks in the granary! there's nothing I hate worse than to see a young fellow with his hands in his pockets.

JOE. (*laughs*) Yes, but you'd rather that than see me with my hands in yours. (LAZONBY *looks at him again curiously with his eye glass.*)

GRICE. (*gravely*) Nobody works for me without a reward Patty! let Joe have the bread I left just now. (*as PATTY and JOE move up stage, GRICE and LAZONBY come down.*)

JOE. Master Grice always gives me something to do, he never gives me anything for it. If it were not for Patty I'd rather be among the rocks. *(Exit R.)*

GRICE. (L.) Now Captain what brings you again down here ?

LAZON. (R.) Money.

GRICE. You couldn't have a more noble object.

LAZON. I've made a bad book, Peter dear, and must hedge.

GRICE. In what direction ?

LAZON. *(hand on GRICE'S shoulder)* The old one ! Miss Tregarvon.

GRICE. *(with half shriek)* Money *there!* why the Tregarvon estate goes to the hammer the day after to-morrow! if not disposed of by private purchase.

LAZON. I know it, and also know that sly cunning old Peter Grice means to be the purchaser. Come, come, Peter, there should be no secrets between you and I. I want your aid.

GRICE. *(alarmed)* Not in a pecuniary way I hope? I give you my word, and honour.

LAZON. I want your aid, and will pay for it.

GRICE. That's business!

LAZON. If you have any scruples-----

GRICE. *(testily)* Scruples! when people get to my age they shouldn't have any scruples. Scruples indeed! scruples is like feelins ! I 'ates such rubbage.

LAZON. You know that Admiral Tregarvon expressed an intention of making a will in favour of his niece, Lucy ?

GRICE. After having quarrelled with Sir Robert! but I know also that such promises go for nothing when made by a hale, hearty man with twenty years good life in him.

LAZON. Right old bird ! Precisely my way of thinking. So when Sir Robert took to the turf under my guidance—

GRICE. And was ruined.

LAZON. The one thing implies the other; when that event occurred, I reluctantly resigned a portionless young lady's heart, and-----

GRICE. Levanted.

LAZON. Retired to the continent that we might the easier forget one another. I had pretty nearly accomplished the difficult task, when I accidentally heard that the Admiral had really executed a will in Miss Tregarvon's favour, before starting on a cruise in his yacht, *(x's L.)*

GRICE. (R.) And where's the Admiral gone to ?

LAZON. (*L. with twist of wrist, pointing downwards with cigar*) Down among the dead men! (*sings.*)

" Down, down among the dead men,
There let him lie!"

GRICE. (*aghast*) What!

LAZON. (*laughing*) Drowned.

GRICE. (*in breathless surprise*) The, the old villain ! at his time of life too ! I am such eccentricity ! (*sinks on bench aside*) The scheme of a life destroyed in an hour !

LAZON. I happened to be in Bayonne at the time the news came; "Storm in the Bay of Biscay, the Petrel, Admiral Tregarvon's yacht, foundered. All hands lost." Dreadful occurrence! solemn and natural reflection! I thought of Lucy, dear Lucy ! Packed up my traps, and started for Cornwall instanter, leaving the Consul at Bayouue writing a letter to Sir Robert.

GRICE. You're a keen blade, captain, that you are—razor-edged, and warranted to shave in any climate.

LAZON. Are you still postmaster here ?

GRICE. (*still seated as overcome by news*) And postman, too. Why ?

LAZON. The letter from the Consul is in that bag (*points to mail bag on table*) it must be mislaid (*GRICE rises with a jump*) till I'm once more Lucy Tregarvon's accepted lover.

GRICE. Then?

LAZON. (*smoking*) Do what you like with it.

GRICE. What's my advantage in all this ?

LAZON. Peter, this is not the first time by many we've had *transactions* together. So it's rather late in the day to try to persuade me you're a fool. For some reasons of your own you wish to become proprietor of that old ruin up there, (*indicating castle in distance*) You'll never accomplish that if they get the letter. Lucy loves the place, and through the Admiral's solicitors will have no difficulty in repaying the mortgages *you* bought up. You see, Peter dear, I know all your little underground ways, and the nice little game you've been playing for the last ten years.

GRICE. (*reflectively, and laying hand on bag*) You're sure the letter's here ?

LAZON. Sure, but only to be found when Tregarvon Castle is yours, and Miss Lucy mine !

GRICE. She's engaged to young Penryn of Penryn Court.

LAZON. (*carelessly*) So I have learnt.

GRICE. And yet you think----- ?

LAZON. I'm sure, there are wheels within wheels, Peter. Do your part well, and I'll do mine, (*horns heard at distant*) Who's riding with the Tregarvon pack ?

GRICE. Sir Robert and Miss Lucy with some of the gentry. They're round by the Hollow.

LAZON. (*going up stage*) I'll join them. Is it a bargain ?

GRICE. (*hand on mail bag*) It is. Mutual help ?

LAZON. I swear it. (*horns sound again*) I see them, (*looking off*) down by the ford. Ta ! ta ! Peter. (*Exit U. s. R.*)

GRICE. Swear it! Some people's power of swearin's pro-digious. There was a friend of mine in the legal line who never spoke a word of truth in his life, yet boasted he'd kissed the binding off six Bibles, (*unstrapping mail bag*) He must have been a relation of Captain Lazonby. (*searching for knife*) It's forty-five years ago since Sir Robert's father had little Peter Grice whipped out of Tregarvon Castle for theft. It was a false charge for I was an honest lad, then. In time, old Sir Robert found out his error, sent for me back, placed me in this inn, and got me appointed post-master, made me his agent. I soon saw how matters were going at the castle. To gain wealth, and to keep wealth became the sole purpose of my existence. I denied myself the necessaries of life, I scraped, and saved ; they squandered and scattered, till their purses grew long as their faces; I took up their bonds wherever I could find them, and renewed them on *larger* interest. My worst blow was when old Sir Robert died—died before I could whisper in his ear, words that would have brought him down on his knees, pale and trembling, " out of this place—it is mine ! Peter Grice, the drudge and whipping block, is your master now." Those were the words I would have spoken, and now I keep 'em for the son. (*while speaking, he has opened bag, and tumbled over letters*) Here's the letter! a legal hand stiff and regular like peelers at drill. (*drawing out a large letter with official seal*) Foreign post mark—Bayonne—Seal of the Consulate. Bother the wax I wonder any one continues to use it. It costs money—gives no extra security, and is the devil's own trouble, (*as he bends over letter examining seal, ADAMS, a grizzled old sailor, a regular old salt in ragged pea jacket, blue serge trousers, and battered oil skin hat, appears at back, L. 3 E. looking about him—he walks lame as foot sore, and is covered with dust.*)

ADAMS. (*halts at back, makes a trumpet of his hands, and*

shouts) Ahoy ! (GRICE *in much confusion thrusts letter in pocket, and begins without turning to hastily re-strap mail bag—coming wearily down*) When you've overhauled that letter, mate, p'raps you'll answer signals. Where am I ?

GRICE. Out of your road. You'll find the stocks on the village green, and the cage is close beside 'em.

ADAMS. You're a nice complimentary son of a sea cook, you are ! I've only seen another such a figger head as yours, and that was on the prow of a Dutch fishing smack, and as it frightened all the fish away, it ruined the owners, (*seats himself, and strikes table with fist*) Rum!

GRICE. Glass ?

ADAMS. Bottle! do you take me for a baby? Drink, drowns care, as the ocean drowns a pebble.

GRICE. But it rolls the pebble up again, not a bit the worse for drowning, only a little smoother and rounder.

(Exit into inn, R.

ADAMS. I've finished one bottle to-day, and should have finished two afore this, but it's difficult sailing in these parts, and requires cautious steering.

GRICE. (*re-entering—putting bottle on table*) Rum ! (*pulling jug*) Water ?

ADAMS. (*seizes jug*) Say that again, and I'll shy it at you (*fills glass with rum*) A fellow that's been floating on a spar for twenty-four hours in the Bay of Biscay has had enough of water for one while. What place is this ?

GRICE. St. Arven.

ADAMS. And that ? (*pointing to castle in distance.*)

GRICE. Tregarvon castle.

ADAMS. (*jumping up*) Hoorah! port at last!

GRICE. (*as struck with a sudden suspicion*) Where do you come from ?

ADAMS. Come from ? The jaws of death, that's where I comes from, old weasel mug. The only man saved out of twenty-seven. The Admiral and I hung on to a spar till he giv' in, and went down plump like the lead line, took his soundings but never come up again, (*fills glass and drinks*) I'd half a mind to foller him, but keep afloat yer varmint ses he, and carry out my orders !

GRICE. You can't mean Admiral Tregarvon ?

ADAMS. I can't mean nobody else. It isn't much more than a couple of days since I see him as plain as I see you. No, not so *plain* as I see you, for a *huglier* mug than yours, I never clapped my two blessed eyes on.

GRICE. Now leave off complimenting me, and give a

plain answer to a plain question. *Is it Admiral Tregarvon you're speaking of?*

ADAMS. Who else would ha' thought of others at such a time? *(drinks and wipes eyes with sleeve)* Bless him! how he used to drink and swear. It would ha' done your heart good to ha' heerd an' seen him.

GRICE. *(glances round in a furtive manner, seats himself, and speaks eagerly)* And so you escaped safely? But first, my noble fellow, take another glass, *(fills and ADAMS drinks.)*

ADAMS. Thank'ee, I caught a dreadful thirst when I was a child, and it's been a serious complaint with me ever since *(drinks, tearfully)* I was his coxswain—friend, he used to call me! bless him, that was when he was drunk, "Jack Adams," eez he "you was always a drunken beast, and, as it's your natur, will continue to be so." "Admiral," see I, "hangin' on to this 'ere plank is enough to cure any man of bein' a teetotaller." "Jack," sez he, "you was never born to be drowned. Water will never enter your stomach. This contains my last will and testament. Place it in the hands of my niece Miss Lucy Tregarvon." Then he places in my hands this tin case, *(opens jacket, and shows tin case fastened by lanyard round neck.)*

GRICE. *(luzlf rising)* That contains Admiral Tregarvon's will?

ADAMS. And his *testament!* though how he got it into such a small compass passes my understanding, *(as GRICE stretches out his hand as to examine it, ADAMS draws back)* Avast there, I've got my orders, no hand touches it but Miss Lucy Tregarvon's. *(rising)* Which is the shortest road to the castle? *(lightning, low thunder.)*

GRICE. *(rising also)* Better stay, a storm's coming on. *(low thunder heard.)*

ADAMS. Don't talk to me about a cap full of wind, which is the shortest road?

GRICE. That, *(he points to path at back among rocks L.)* It's the *shortest*, *(wipes forehead hastily, and speaks in troubled aside)* And most dangerous. He didn't ask me that!

ADAMS. *(at table preparing to go up stage)* What's to pay?

GRICE. *(much troubled, and with nervous hesitation)* Nothing!

ADAMS. Nothing! Do you take me for a tramp? Don't come the liberality dodge over me with your charity oily tuppence. *(throwing down coin)* Pay yourself! I don't like your

looks, and I don't want your change. That's the shortest course.

GRICE. Yes. *(as the SAILOR moves up stage, GRICE whose manner is marked by an increasing perturbation grasps his coat)* Stop! stop ! I forgot to tell you there's another road!

ADAMS. A shorter one ?

GRICE. Much longer, but-----

ADAMS. *(who is intoxicated)* Then this is the track for me.

GRICE. *(touching bottle)* Here another glass ?

ADAMS. *(making as again about to come down stage, then stopping with a lurch)* No ! dooty afore pleasure. I'll not get drunk till I've placed this *(touching case)* in the hands of Miss Tregarvon. *(sings in drunken fashion as he ascends path L.)*

Three times round went our galliant ship,
And three times round went she-e.
Three times round went our galliant ship
Then sunk into the bottom of the sea-e!

(During the conversation between GRICE and ADAMS, a storm has been threatening. Gauzes to be arranged as to give the appearance of a sea fog rising, and obliterating by slow degrees objects at a distance. As the sailor, with staggering steps and still chanting his song, is seen moving up path among rocks, his figure becoming more, and more indistinct.)

GRICE. *(up stage watching sailor)* He'll have to cross the ravine ! well, that's not my affair. Obstinate men will have their way. I can't help accidents!

(JOE appears at side R., lumbering heavily along with truss of straw on shoulders.)

JOE. *(down stage, and without seeing GRICE, also sees the figure of sailor as it is disappearing in the fog)* Hilloh! Come back there! comeback! do you hear! *(he casts down truss leaving portions of straw in his unkempt hair, giving him a still more wild caliban appearance, and is rushing up stage, when he is met by GRICE.)*

GRICE. Joe! Joe! you're just the man I've been looking for *(holding him)* I've got a message for you to take into the next village, and you shall have a glass of rum before you start! *(pulling him towards table)* Eh ! Joe ! *(aside)* T'other one paid for the bottle, *(aloud)* One must be generous sometimes you know.

JOE. *(pointing up)* But the man.

GRICE. What man? What an idiot you are Joe!

JOE. (*struggling to rid himself of GRICE'S grasp*) The man yonder who is taking the path to the castle over the rocks. It's dangerous at any time; it's death through a mist like this! (*lights gradually up*) Let me go! (*he throws GRICE off to roughly that he falls over table upsetting bottle, and is rushing up stage when a portion of hunt, whippers in, &c., &c., come surging on behind R., cracking of whips, &c. JOE rushes against LIMPING DICK, a whipper-in, who sends him, back with a slash of his whip.*)

DICK. (L. C.) Now then stoopid, whose cart are you running into?

JOE. It's life and death, let me pass, (*they stop him every way, flicking at him with their whip lashes.*)

ALL. It's Joe! mad Joe! Nobody's Child!

DICK. Yoick! tally ho! found fox! (*they all surround JOE cracking whips as he tries to make for himself a passage, and laughing, and jeering. With an impetuous movement he wrenches whip from DICK.*)

JOE. (*fiercely*) Would you treat me like a beast of the field, (*with change of manner*) Yet why not? I'm less than they! a brute with a mind for whom no one cares! (*casts whip on ground*) A mind! (*they all laugh*) Laugh away! laugh away! I can bear, I can bear! (*with sudden revulsion of feeling, he lets his head fall on his breast, and covering his face with his hands hursts into tears.*)

ONE OF THE MEN. Put 'un in the pound.

DICK. Put him in the pond, (*they all shout and gather round JOE, with evident intention of treating him roughly, when Miss TREGARVON enters at side R., while at the same moment CAPTAIN LAZONBY, SIR ROBERT TREGARVON and GEORGE PENRYN, appear at back, R., the two last in hunting costume.*)

LUCY. You cowards! so many upon one poor fellow! And one who offers no defence, (*scattering them with her whip*) I wish my arm had a man's strength for your sakes!

SIR R. (*clapping hands*) Bravo! Lucy, a fitting correction well administered! (*as the GENTLEMEN come down stage, the whippers-in, &c., fall back and sneak off.*)

PENRYN. (*laughing*) Lucy has taken Joe under her special care. He's her *protege*—so must also be mine. (*LAZONBY, who has paused up stage to whisper some words to the whipper-in, LIMPING DICK, with whom he seems to have an understanding, comes down stage.*)

LAZON. (*raising hat*) If Miss Tregarvon has not forgotten an old friend, may I hope for a word of welcome ?

LUCY. (*starts turns, and drops riding whip*) Captain Lazonby!

LAZON. (*as SIR ROBERT and PENRYN speak aside*) May I hope the surprise is a pleasant one ? (*picks up whip and returns it with a bow.*)

LUCY. (*in quick, scornful, aside*) It is *not* a pleasant one! (*as she turns away, L., she comes face to face with JOE, who has crept awkwardly, and timidly to her side—L. c.*) Ah! my poor Joe! What do you want ?

JOE. (L.) I would thank you, Miss Lucy, if I knew how—
LUCY. There's no occasion for thanks, Joe—though, by the way, I missed my bouquet of flowers this morning-----

PATTY. (*who has come from dairy, L., and approached LUCY*) It's because the bridge over the ravine was swept away by the torrent last night, and the flowers grow far down among the rocks.

LUCY. (*turning in surprise to JOE*) And you run such peril to gratify a foolish fancy ? Now that I know the risk, you must bring me no more such flowers, (*she tosses JOE a piece of money which falls unheeded to his feet—then goes up stage talking to PATTY. PATTY leaves her, and LAZONBY again joins her. She appears to be listening to him impatiently. Cluster of SPORTSMEN on opposite side to dress scene, gauzes now shut in back of scenes ; they are irradiated fitfully by lightning, and the distant, very distant, rumble of thunder is heard.*)

JOE. (*aside, down stage*) No more such flowers ! ah ! yes, it's only such flowers she shall have from poor Joe ! (*looking back at gathering storm*) There's rough weather brewing, (*with exultation*) I'm off to the ravine ! She'll value them more p'raps, now she knows that each tiny flower was plucked at the risk of a life ! (*he is moving up stage as LUCY comes hurriedly down, followed by LAZONBY.*)

LUCY. (L. c, *in agitated voice, overheard by JOE*) Captain Lazonby you  my answer—" No! "

LAZON. (R. c, *half sneer*) A woman's nay doth stand for naught. This evening at the Fairy's Well, I shall expect you.

LUCY. I will not come.

LAZON. (*smiling*) You will, (*with change of tone to one of sharp menace, at the same time looking round quickly, but without seeing JOE who has drawn back into porch, he places hand for a moment on LUCY'S arm*) You must! (*he steps back*

a pace then follows her up stage L., where SIR ROBERT and the rest are standing.)

JOE. *(coming down porch)* Must! what could that man mean by *must* ? She seemed afraid of him—she ! If I thought *(he raises both arms with a gesture of menace as he glances towards LAZOBY who now stands grouped with others up stage; hut, the fierce light dies out of his face and he lets his clenched hands sink with a self-disdainful laugh)* Think! as if a miserable waif like me had any call to think of anything! *(as he utters the last words, the head droops as before, and the old desolate lost look comes back. He slouches forward a few paces then his eyes rest upon the piece of money still lying on the ground, he stoops instinctively to pick it up, then stops suddenly)* Alms! and from her! *(he draws away, but, as moved by another thought, snatches it up)* I shall die of cold and hunger one of these days and *this* shall be placed in my coffin, *(he kisses it)* Ah ! if they did but know how often dearer to the poor man's heart, than the gift itself is the smile that accompanies it. Now for the ravine, *(he goes quickly up stage, and plunges into the mist, and in his wild half animal way appears among the rocks.)*

GRICE. Joe ! Joe ! where's the fool going to ? *(run, but is stopped as blinded by a flash of lightning, what a flash!)* Joe! *(as he does so, there is a vivid flash of lightning followed by a loud peal of thunder. The limiting party divide into groups and rush to house, &c, for shelter. Noise as of falling rain.)* I shouldn't wonder but he's gone after the sailor! officious idiot! *(at same moment JOE re-appears springing from rock at back.)*

JOE. *(in wild alarm)* Dead! Dead!

GRICE. *(whose arm he has grasped)* Dead! Who!

JOE. The man ! the sailor ! *(GRICE shakes him off)* They found his body half down the ravine ! Look, look !

GRICE. Look! where?

JOE. There! *(as he speaks the fog lifts somewhat and a picturesque group of fishermen is seen descending path among rocks carrying the body of ADAMS the sailor. The fishermen pause at back, the lightning irradiating group. PETER GRICE, his arm still grasped by JOE, who points with look of horror up stage, averts face. The other characters group and form TABLEAU as curtain descends rapidly amidst a prolonged peal of thunder)*

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Fairy Well. A pretty bit of Cornish scenery. The Fairy Well built upon stage. A broken bit of beauty, crumbling stones, &c., &c. The well, arched over by creeping plants, and surrounded by ferns, so managed that it can be drawn off at change of scene. The sea, with glimpses of rocky coast, in the distance. CAPTAIN LAZONBY is seated on ruined coping of the well, smoking. Near him, stands LIMPING DICK, the whipper in R.*

LAZON. So Dick you find the air of Cornwall agrees with you?

DICK. Well, I'm pretty bobbish, thank'ee Captain, but might be more bobbisher perhaps if it wasn't for a little nervous feeling every time the coach comes in.

LAZON. (*laughing*) That infernal racing business.

DICK. Don't, don't, my noble Captain, it's like dropping a door key down one's back.

LAZON. (C.) A prison door key, eh? You want money?

DICK. (R.) *Don't* I want money! Oh no! (*with juggler-like dexterity he turns out the linings of his two empty pockets*) Not a solumtary individual mag! and I'm sorry to say I've mislaid my cheque book.

LAZON. I'll find you one, and fill it in with a good round sum too. Listen to me!

DICK. Ree-ligiously.

LAZON. You know why I placed you in Sir Robert's service?

DICK. (*touching his cap*) To be your werry obedient humble servant.

LAZON. And wouldn't you hedge if you could, eh, Dick?

DICK. 'Twouldn't be any use tryin', I can ride a race wi' most; but lawks, afore I'd made a start you'd be in at the winnin' post; besides, I've some gratitude.

LAZON. (*with weary contempt*) Don't, Dick; don't!

DICK. I was pretty nigh starving when you come across me. It's hard lines I can tell you to be out of collar, and on'y a few ha'pence to keep stummick and back from jining together like two flaps of a portfolio.

LAZON. (*carelessly*) Were you as bad off as that?

DICK. (*brushing his hands across his eyes*) I can't bear to think of it. You took pity on me, and giv' me a written k'racter, a good 'un!

LAZON. (*laughing*) We are always ready to give away what's not our own. (*rises and comes down*)

DICK. (*admiringly*) A beautifully written k'racter! I've got it now.

LAZON. (L.) The only good one you'll ever be able to keep. But *business* at present, if you please, (*they come forward*) Miss Tregarvon's marriage with this young Cornish squire is settled, you say ?

DICK. (R.) To come off afore Sir Robert ree-tires to the Continunt.

LAZON. Not if I know it, Dick, (*knocks ash off cigar*) When a fellow who has fallen desperately in love-----

DICK. (*astonished*) You ! (*smites his knees with a laugh*) Axin' your pardin Captain, but that's coming it a leetle too strong ! t'isn't you, as would go and risk your all upon one 'oss agin the field.

LAZON. You don't let me finish, you ill-mannered rascal. (*speaking very deliberately*) I said when a fellow had fallen desperately in love, (*gesture of intense disgust on part of DICK*) with a large fortune— (*heavy sigh of relief from DICK*) he'd run every risk before he'd resign the object of his attachment.

DICK. That's what I calls straight bowlin', you hits the wicket, and no mistake.

LAZON. (*laughing*) Love without money—bosh, eh, Dick? Love *of* money, that's the only lasting love to which we become more constant as we grow older. Now have you thought over what I asked you ?

DICK. O' course!

LAZON. And will assist me ?

DICK. O' course ! I've a plan a' ready !

LAZON. (*eagerly*) Out with it!

DICK. It's a dangerous one-----

LAZON. You know the state of my finances—I need say no more. (*sits.*)

DICK. (*drawing nearer to LAZONBY, who has re-seated himself on coping of well*) Fust, as you directed, I've contrived that some of the St. Arven folk shall see Miss Tregarvon when she comes away from this rendywoo—that is if she keep it.

LAZON. (*impatently*) She will!

DICK. (*grinning*) They're rare talkers at St. Arven—on'y once start the game an' *they'll* run it to death. Now George Penryn, Eskervier, is one of your upright, stiff-back coves as go in for fam'ly honour, an' sich like trifles.

LAZON. (*yawning*) *We* all have our weaknesses! spur on, Dick.

DICK. And I'll take care that when St. Arven begins to talk, it shall talk loud enough to reach him.

LAZON. Bravo ! In these enlightened days the people should have a voice in everything.

DICK. Next, I've been a studyin' the gee-o graffy of the castle. In consequence of the old place being turned topsy-scurvy, Miss Tregarvon's private apartments is in the west tower.

LAZON. I know it.

DICK. There's a sort o' iron balcony afore the winder—and what with the ivy, and what with the stone work-----

LAZON. Can be reached as easily as with a ladder. (*reflectively*) But the tower has two windows.

DICK. It 'ave. T'other one looks out upon the sea—a fall of ninety feet,—don't try it.

LAZON. (*dryly*) Thank you.

DICK. You mounts by the ivy, as easy as a squirrel—conceals yourself in Mrs. Lazonby's, as is to be's, private apartment, an' the moment she ree-tires to rest, your humble servant sets up a cry of thieves—open goes the door—and there *you* are, confused, of course, and only hanxious to purtect the reputation of the lady-----

LAZON. But if the brother rides rough, eh?

DICK. Let 'un! Folks don't fight dools now-a-days.

LAZON. (*laughing—rises*) That's true ! The only actions we go into now are actions at law, and then we come out much more damaged.

DICK. The things to avoid is the noose-papers, hanythink to keep it out o' them—so you does the honourable, marries the young lady, and tips your faithful Dick 'ansome for his services.

LAZON. (*giving a note*) A capital plan, there's something on account, (*looking off*) Be off! I think I see Miss Tregarvon. Dick, we shall beat them.

DICK, (*touching forehead*) By a head. (*Exit R.—LAZONBY rises from his seat on edge of well, as he does so, the rough, unshorn head of JOE is lifted from behind well—as JOE leans his arm upon the crumbling stones, some fragments fall into the well with a splash. LAZONBY turns, but not before JOE has dropped down—and during this JOE has crawled to the other side of the well, where he remains listening eagerly, partly seen by audience.*)

LAZON. A dangerous seat! She's here, (*goes up—then, as Miss TREGARVON enters L.*) Ha, Lucy ! Miss Tregarvon.

(*raises hat*) I was sure you had too much kindness of heart to refuse a despairing lover just one more meeting.

LUCY. (*cold hauteur, L.*) You hold certain letters of mine.

LAZON. Without date—fortunately.

LUCY. Written to you by an inexperienced girl.

LAZON. Just so. Only inexperienced girls ever write such letters. Experienced girls write under advice of their solicitor.

LUCY. (*indignant*) Captain Lazonby ! I still believe you would have *some* claim to the title of gentleman.

LAZON. My dear Lucy, (*raising hat*) I beg your pardon, Miss Tregarvon, gentleman is one of the most elastic words in our language ; like charity it covers a multitude of sins. If a man eats well—I mean, of course, expensively, dresses well, at the expense, possibly, of his tailor, and repudiates everybody who lives by honest industry, the world has given him hitherto an undisputed right to the title you mention, (*with change of manner*) Lucy, I'm in love!

LUCY. (*with contempt*) You !

LAZON. And love excuses all things.

LUCY. (*advancing towards him*) What use would you make of those letters—those foolish, innocent letters?

LAZON. (*very coolly*) Ha! there again pops out, the inexperience. Nothing is more misconstrued in this sinful world than the utterings of innocence—on paper. Of course, I can have no doubt, but these letters *undated*, when placed in the hands of Mr. Penryn ———

LUCY. (*passionately*) Would you dare-----

LAZON. (*gaily*) Anything! rather than lose YOU. (*with change of manner, as she draws back from him with movement of contempt—he lays his hand upon her arm, and looks fixedly in her face. At same moment, JOE half rises from, behind wall of well, and with hands raised crouches back like some fierce animal about to spring*) Take care, Lucy Tregarvon ! you have yet to learn *what* I dare do. (LUCY X 'S L.) I carry them about with me—you propose an elopement-----

LUCY. A girl's letter, written from a boarding school.

LAZON. You will have some difficulty in proving that to George Penryn.

LUCY. My brother is-----

LAZON. In my debt; I hold, that is, some friends of mine hold bills of his-----

LUCY. (*contemptuously*) Debts of honour you call them !

LAZON. Well secured, as debts of honour should be ; your brother is about to leave England. A word of mine and he exchanges Tregarvon Castle for a prison!

LUCY. And you have called him " Friend !"

LAZON. Don't! oh! don't! you must really forget the boarding school, and give words other than their dictionary meaning. "Friend " a person who backs a bill—the other person—the friend who sells him up—that's the new and correct reading.

LUCY. (*sadly*) I recognise your power, and ask-----

LAZON. (*eagerly*) What?

LUCY. (*raising head, and looking him in the face*) Your price ?

LAZON. Your hand. (*JOE again slowly sinks behind wall of well.*)

LAZON. You loved me once, Lucy Tregarvon. (*LUCY averts her face drawing back a step, as he endeavours to take her hand*) Your letters (*again touching breast pocket.*) confess it. Your brother is a ruined man, you are, pardon me, penniless; but the heart—the heart knows no such selfish calculation, and I, hearing of your misfortunes, hastened my return to renew my suit.

LUCY. (*softened*) Captain Lazonby, forget as I do the folly of a child, I never loved—I never can love, you.

LAZON. Lucy!

LUCY. Do what you will—you have my answer.

LAZON. (*R.*) Reflect! your name is in my hands—you know young Penryn's pride, (*he laughs*) The wife of Czesar must not even be suspected, (*he again lays his hand upon her arm as she is passing him, and speaks with sudden change of manner*) I give you this night for reflection. Tomorrow you consent to be my wife, (*she tears her sleeve from him, and passes a little up stage to side*) or I myself will see George Penryn—(*he is following her—she stops him with gesture of disdain*)—And consummate the ruin of the Tregarvons.

LUCY. (*proudly*) Do not follow me, do not dare to follow me another step. It is a desperate game you play, Captain Lazonby. (*as she goes L.*) And, I confess, I have not a friend to advise me in this extremity—a friend in the world. (*Exit LUCY, L., at she speaks, the dark figure of JOE is seen to rise, and stand erect. He stands motionless as a statue—his eyes, which gleam from beneath his uncombed hair, watching LAZONBY's every moment.*)

LAZON. (*looking after her*) It is a desperate game I play,

Lucy Tregarvon, but I will bend your proud spirit to the dust, and the hand you now despise, to-morrow you shall sue for on your knees, (*raising clenched hand with scowl of menace*) Ay, my lady, you shall be broken to harness yet, and I'll teach you the meaning of the snaffle and the curb. (*He exits R. as he does so JOE moves a pace or two forward.*)

JOE. (*as one in a dream*) Not a friend! Yes, those were her words, "Not a friend in the world!" and she so beautiful and young. (*He seats himself on coping of well, and placing his elbow on his knee, rests his chin in hand, while with a stick he holds in other hand he appears to be absently tracing characters in the dust*) It's hard to be without a friend (*shaking head slowly*) very hard.

GRICE. (*heard coughing off stage L.—he comes shuffling on, he has his letter-bag slung round him, as village postman—he is in great state of agitation as overcome with the heat, and without seeing JOE*) Oh, lor! oh, lor! oh, lor! What a state of mind I'm in. To think that I should have lost the letter from the consul at Bayonne, announcing Admiral Tregarvon's death. (*JOE looks up with a start*) The captain told me to mislay it, and I've done so with a vengeance. Oh, lor! oh, lor! everything seems to have gone wrong to-day. At my time of life, too, when I ought to be spared such aggravations. And that sailor! What a turn it gave me, when those officious fools brought in the body. My heart was in my mouth (*smacking lips as if tasting something nasty*) it felt like a stone. I made sure they'd got the tin case with Miss Tregarvon's fortune in it. (*JOE listens eagerly*) It wasn't there, though. The string must have broke when the drunken fool fell, and so the admiral's will is now at the bottom of the ravine. I must have it! I must—that will once destroyed, and the admiral's fortune goes to another branch of the family, while I—I, old Peter Grice, the drudge, the menial, turn out the proud Tregarvon's—ho! ho! ho! I wish old Sir Robert was alive to see it. I shall sell clever Captain Lazonby too. He'll marry Miss Lucy for her money—her money! ho! ho! ho! and come in at the wrong side of the post, (*laughs again, then stops abruptly*) But how to get down the ravine? I shudder all over when I think of it! Another aggravation. Why wasn't Patty a boy? I'd have sent her down without a moment's hesitation. I ought to be spared such risks. I'll get a lantern and rope at the castle. The castle, that recalls the missing letter! Oh, lor! oh, lor! at my time of life too. (*Exit GRICE, R.*)

JOE. (*springing from seat, coming forward*) The letter! This is it! (*drawing a letter from his pocket*) I found it behind a loose board in the granary, (*looking at it curiously*) It must be addressed to Miss Tregarvon, then. Ah, if I could but read. It was but yesterday I stood by the village school listening to the busy hum of voices, and envied—oh, with such an aching heart—the lucky ones who were allowed to cross its threshold! Ah! if I could but read!

PATTY. (*off stage R., singing*) Tra! la! la! la! &c.

JOE. (*brightening*) Ah! here comes Patty Lavrock, she can do everything. (PATTY *enters* it. *very gaily with pitcher, and runs against JOE, who has advanced to meet her. She gives a slight scream then laughs.*)

PATTY. What, Joe, are you here—dreaming as usual? Well, as you are here, help me to fill my pitcher. Stop, don't be in a hurry. Come and sit down here, and let's talk a bit. (JOE, *who has been glancing in a nervous and uncertain manner at letter, pushes it in his pocket as he moves up stage—sits.*) Why are you always so miserable? (*sitting by JOE on his R.*)

JOE. I'm not miserable, at least when I'm near you, Patty.

PATTY. Then why do you look so? Looks are everything in this world. You think too little of yourself.

JOE. (*with a sad smile*) Little?

PATTY. (*impatiently*) Nothing then.

JOE. (C.) And I am nothing! Nobody's Child, a creature without a soul, I sometimes believe—a body without a mind.

PATTY. (R.) Oh! Joe! I've heard you talk beautiful sometimes! about the sea, and the stars, and the rocks, and those wild sea birds you love so much.

JOE. (*animating*) Ah! yes! I love them well! the sea bird is the only living thing I seem to have a kindred with. It's first cradle is the furrow of the wave—it's lullaby the howl of the storm, and it's scream is heard the loudest over the drifting wreck, (*with change to a softer tone*) I love the fields too, and the blossoming hedges that scatter their flowers, and perfume to all alike. I've heard it said too, Patty, that the glistening stars are worlds, and often, as I sit among the rocks watching them. I wonder whether amidst their brightness exist the neglect and misery we see on earth.

PATTY. (*warmly*) Men are what they make themselves,

Joe. To think yourself an outcast is to become one. Why let people treat you as they do ? (*rises*)

JOE. (*carelessly rising*) Why not?

PATTY. (*still more indignantly*) They call you idiot! you, who can talk better than any of them—and coward ! you, who only last week saved widow Primrose's little boy when the mad dog attacked him! you, who caught the brute by the throat, and strangled it when every one else stood trembling by.

JOE. (*L., very quietly*) Yes, I did that.

PATTY. (*R.*) Coward indeed! Didn't you swim to the Spanish brig when she was foundering, and not another man dared quit the beach ? No, Joe : I've watched you now for a long time. You've been so accustomed to be put down, to be scorned, and insulted, that you've grown to think yourself even *worse* than they call you.

JOE. You're one of those, Patty, who think well of every body, because everybody *must* think well of you. I'm not such a fool, but I know *my* value. Oh, yes, I'm good, I'm good for nothing, that's what I am.

PATTY. (*losing her temper*) If you keep on saying that I'll box your ears, Joe ! You don't make enough of yourself, that's what it is.

JOE. (*who has seated himself at her feet, takes her hand gratefully*) You're an angel Patty, (*he kisses her hand*) and wish to make this earth like the Heaven you have left.

PATTY. (*coquettishly*) Have done, Joe ! or I'll think you're making love to me.

JOE. (*with a shrinking timidity and half rising*) I? I'm sure I never meant to insult you, Patty. I wouldn't for the world!

PATTY. (*quickly*) I forgive you—there! (*giving hand again*) But come I'll soon show you, that I'm in earnest, kneel down and don't move. You've no idea Joe, how much can be effected by a pair of scissors, (*she makes him, kneel down, PATTY sits on the wall of well, while JOE kneels before her, and rapidly cuts off, with the scissors hanging to her waist, the long matted locks of hair that cover JOE'S forehead and eyes, making a thorough metamorphosis, she talks while she does so*) There! didn't I always say you had fine eyes ? though you needn't use them in that way master Joe ! and a forehead, superb ! A man should look like a man, and not like a bear ! Now, don't be in a hurry, I've not finished yet! (*arranges hair with comb, then twists a gay coloured kerchief which she wears, round his neck. The change in*

appearance must be rapid but very startling.) Now, master Joe! stand up, not like that! hold your head up, and throw your shoulders back—more—still more ! (JOE obeys half laughing) There, (both rise, PATTY claps her hands, and dances round him overjoyed with her work, L.) Why you're as handsome a fellow as any of those who laugh at you !

JOE. (*with his old bashfulness, R.*) You're mocking me ! but mock away, I'm used to that!

PATTY. If you want a looking glass, peep into the Fairy's Well, and you'll see a fairy change, I warrant you! (*urged by PATTY, JOE bends over the well—He looks down at his reflection, then turns sharply round as doubting his own face, and expecting to see somebody behind him—He passes his hand with a hesitating, uncertain movement over his face, then leans over the well again with a long searching, penetrating gaze*) Come! you've been long enough at the looking-glass. What do you think of yourself ?

JOE. (*speaking very slowly*) I'm not quite so bad after all; I'm straighter than Limping Dick, and have better eyes than the butcher at the corner, and you know the eyes he makes at you Patty ! (*he leans again over well, then exclaims with a burst*) Why hang me ! if I don't think I'm better looking than the beadle !

PATTY. (*laughing*) I never doubted it. Now fill my pitcher, and I'm off.

JOE. (*as suddenly recollecting something*) And the letter ! what a selfish brute I am ! and she so unhappy !

PATTY. (*sharply*) She ! who do you mean's unhappy ?

JOE. (*producing letter*) Whose's name's on this letter ?

PATTY. (*about to take letter*) The seal's broken!

JOE. It's as I found it. The contents are safe enough from me—I can't read.

PATTY. (*with burst of feeling*) But you shall read ! for I'll teach you myself ! This letter is addressed to Miss Tregarvon! I'll give it to my uncle, and he'll take it to the castle.

JOE. (*with quick alarm*) No he won't!

PATTY. Why not?

JOE. I found that letter hidden in the granary. It was hidden there by your uncle.

PATTY. (*shocked*) Oh, Joe !

JOE. It announces the death of Admiral Tregarvon.

PATTY. How do you know that ?

JOE. From your uncle himself—say nothing to anybody—give Miss Tregarvon that letter, and leave the rest to

PATTY. (*doubtfully, but kindly*) To you, Joe ?

JOE. (*taking her hand, and pressing it to his lips, as they pass out*) Yes, to the MAN you have made ! (*Exeunt R.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*The RAVINE. Rocks heaped up on every side in savage confusion. At back a precipice, over the edge of which a solitary tree is growing from a heap of rock, stretching its arms in a weird-like manner over the chasm. The moon, which has been gradually rising, towards the conclusion of the preceding scene, now floods (but at intervals only) the Ravine with its light. At other times large black clouds sweep across it, throwing the stage into shadow. The whole get up to have a Salvator Rosa-like character—a sort of terrible wildness. In the extreme distance is Tregarvon Castle. FISHERMEN, &c, arc descending path among rocks, R.—with them, LIMPING DICK—as they come down, a flight of Cornish choughs, or crows, rise from the precipice at back and wing heavily away. Some of the men pick up stones to throw after them, but are checked by JOHN PORNIC an old fisherman.*

PORNIC. Let 'un be! let 'un be! They've been disappointed of a meal to-day, and it's ill-luck to throw stones at a hungry crow.

DICK. Was it hereabouts they found the body of the sailor ?

PORNIC. It was I who found 'un, on a spur of rock a dozen yards only down the chasm. I guessed something wur theer by the screaming of the birds. He wur hang, ing head downwards, caught by his jacket. (*JOE, with the spring of a chamois, is seen leaping down the rocky path.*)

DICK. (R.) You was speakin' o' the Tregarvons just now Mr. Pornice ?

PORNIC. (c.) I said I wur sorry to see the old place go out of the family. It's not to the honour of those who should support the name.

DICK. Honour ! I'm afeard there's not much of that left either. Who do you think we saw just now a-creepin' thro' the fir copse out by the bridge yonder alone ?

PORNIC. How should I know ?

HURLEY. (R. c. *with a laugh*) Why, Miss Tregarvon. W.e watched her, o' coorse.

PEASANTS. (*grouping together*) O' coorse !

DICK. She'd got an app'intment!

PORNIC. I doubt it!

DICK. (*sneeringly*) You're one of the doubting sort, you are ! When some folks take to doubting there's no stoppin' 'em under a special act o' parliament.

HURLEY. We sighted her till she reached the Fairy's Well, where who should be a-waitin' for her, but her former lover—the London swell Captain-----

JOE. (C.) You lie! (*on rocks they separate R. and L. he repeats the word and comes down c.*) Miss Tregarvon has no lover, but Mr. George Penryn.

HURLEY. (R. C. *who has recoiled not knowing JOE at first*) Who may you be ? (*bursts into a laugh*) Why it be Joe! Joe the dreamer! Joe the fool! (*all laugh*)

DICK. (R.) As has been to a weterinary surgeon's, and had his mane clipped ! (*all laugh.*)

HURLEY. (R. C. *snatching whip from DICK, and cracking it*) Here just give me elberroom ! When dogs bark too loudly they must be sent back to kennel!

JOE. (*gently*) Dan Hurley, don't repeat what you said just now.

HURLEY. What ? that Sir Robert be a bankroopt, and Miss Lucy a-----

JOE. (*half imploringly*) I've warned you ! Don't rouse me !

HURLEY. Rouse you! (PEASANTS *laugh derisively*)

DICK. He's been havin' a hextra feed of oats to-day. (OMNES *laugh.*)

PORNIC. (L.) Let 'un alone . ! there's no harm in th'lard.

JOE. Thank'ee, John, (*in a broken voice*) Dan Hurley, take John Pornice's advice, and lee me alone.

HURLEY. Who wants to meddle with such as you ! but I say again-----

JOE. (*in a hoarse voice, and wiping forehead with the ends of 'kerchief which PATTY had twisted round his neck*) Don't say it, Dan.

HURLEY. That Miss Tregarvon is a light of love—theer, now. (*as he utters the last words, JOE springs upon him with the fierceness of a tiger. The PEASANTS, &c, seek to interfere, but with a vigorous arm he thrusts them aside, upsetting two or three—then seizing DAN HURLEY by the throat—Picture.*)

HURLEY. You—you—be—c-choking me!

JOE. You have lied ! say that you have lied—or I swear by her whose purity you would traduce, to throw you over the precipice, (*and drags him half way up the rocks, R., and forces him on his knee.*)

HURLEY. (*struggling*) Help, some of you! mur-der!
PEASANTS *make a movement forward.*

JOE. (*with almost savage fierceness*) Keep back! do you hear? Keep back, every one of you, till he has sworn not to repeat the like again, (*shaking him*) Swear, or-----

HURLEY. I—I—I swear!

JOE. (*raising him, and throwing him down rocks on to stage, l. c.*) Now go! (*drawing himself up, and dominating them by gesture and look*) Go! all of you! (*they pause half threateningly, but give way as JOE advances—with an air of regal command*) I wish to be alone! (*they hurry off confusedly, R. and L.—DICK, who after a little frightened comic manoeuvring, picks up his whip which HURLEY has dropped, goes out R., the last, with a sneaking run*) They're afraid of me! (*laughs*) And they're right—I would have tossed them one after the other over the precipice, like so many pebbles, had they mentioned her name again, (*extending his arms with a laugh of almost childish triumph*) I am strong, I feel it! In my heart there was not one beat of fear. Patty was right, neither the heart nor the arm is wanting, (*placing hand on forehead*) It's something here! All is confused and indistinct, but (*with sudden laugh full of gaiety*) there's not a man in St. Arven dares raise a hand against me now. (*he is moving up stage, but draws back under the shadow of a rock as he perceives old PETER GRICE descending path, R., the same lately used by the PEASANTS on their entrance. The postmaster carries a lantern and rope and comes down very gingerly by the assistance of a stick. He growls and grumbles at each step. Having accomplished his descent, he moves up stage to brink of precipice, c., and putting lantern down, peeps over, then recoils in fright.*)

GRICE. What a depth! I don't believe it has a bottom at all. Confound the admiral and his coxswain, too! I hate sailors! None but a sailor, or a fool would think of making a will and sending another sailor to carry it about the world in a tin-case. I must risk the descent, though. The will once in my hands I'm master of the situation, and sell Lazonby! I hate soldiers! especially such a particular *old soldier* as the captain. Now if I can only reach that tree I think I may manage it. I'm a light weight and the rope's a strong one. (*he is about to ascend L. when JOE calls to him.*)

JOE. Hilloh!

GRICE. (*drops rope and lantern, the light is extinguished*) Mercy! mercy! It wasn't my fault! you did it yourself! A man at my time of life can't be answerable for accidents.

JOE. (*who has assumed his old half-idiotic manner*) Acci-

dent! there'll be more than one accident to-day, master, if you go too near the edge. These rocks are loose as marbles—see. *(he pushes one of the pieces of rock with his foot, it rolls over and down precipice. Both men pause for a moment and listen as a rumbling sound comes up from the chasm like distant thunder. GRICE recoils with a comic exhibition of fright—JOE, R., laughing stupidly and looking over)* Lucky that piece of rock wasn't you or I, master. Our bones would have been splintered into toothpicks by this time.

GRICE. *(L., uneasily)* Don't laugh in that fashion, you make my flesh creep ! What brings you here ? *(both come down on to stage.)*

JOE. *(R.)* You?

GRICE. *(L.)* Me !

JOE. I was sent to tell you that you're wanted down at the posting-house. Somebody's found a letter.

GRICE. *(with galvanic jump)* Eh ? found it—where ?

JOE. How should I know ?

GRICE. Who's got it ?

JOE. Patty Lavrock.

GRICE. *(joyfully)* My niece! *(aside)* I'll have it from her if—*(aloud)* Joe, does anyone know of this letter but Patty and yourself ?

JOE. No one.

GRICE. If it got about that I'd lost a letter—people might think me careless.

JOE. *(dryly)* They might.

GRICE. *(feeling in pockets)* It's just struck me that I haven't given you anything for some weeks.

JOE. Years.

GRICE. Well, you're a good lad, a very good lad, say nothing about this letter to anyone, and I'll remember you *(drawing hand out of pocket empty)* some other time, your next birthday, *(aside)* He never had one. *(aloud)* Where's the lantern ? *(X's R.)*

JOE. *(L.)* Here but the light's out.

GRICE. And I haven't a match, *(aside and peering about)* Where's the rope ?

JOE. *(also not having perceived the rope)* Have you lost another letter ?

GRICE. *(snappishly)* What do you mean ? Don't laugh like that! I hate people who laugh—they're always fools. Do you think I'm in the habit of losing letters ?

JOE. How should I know ? but Patty told me that if I

didn't find you, she'd take the letter up to the castle herself and explain-----

GRICE. *(with almost a shriek)* Explain! What? Run, be quick, Joe.

JOE. *(limping)* I've hurt my foot.

GRICE. *(now all fear and bustle)* Then bring the lantern after me. *(aside)* The hope and labour of my life's destroyed if that fool Patty gets to the castle first, *(savagely as he hurries off)* I hate women ! they must try to explain everything ! *(Exit GRICE, R.)* JOE watches him off, then with an utter change of manner from a lumpy clownishness to one of intelligent activity, he springs up stage and ascends the rock on which the tree is placed. The moon is again covered by flying clouds, stage for the most part in shadow.)

JOE. *(gaily)* He may run the old miser ! but Patty will be on her way back from the castle by this time. It's Patty's foster-sister. I am about to risk my life once more for, and that gives me strength and courage. I heard Grice say, the tin case with the admiral's will—Miss Tregarvon's fortune, was down the ravine, *(he draws match from pocket, re-lights lantern which he slings round his neck)* He muttered something about a rope—I've half a mind to go after him, and — *(ascends rocks L. and round until he reaches tree c.)* No! the value of the service is in the risk. A terrible descent! Scarcely a hold for the foot, scarcely, a shrub for the hand! What matters. I'm Nobody's Child, and leave none to lament me. *(on top of rock, c, dropping upon knees and raising hands)* For the sake of others I pray Heaven protect me. *(descends beneath stage—PATTY is seen descending path R., she is on her road back from, the castle—she comes leisurely down with a fragment of song fluttering about her lips as usual—a great cry is heard far down the precipice—the voice of JOE—Help !)*

GRICE. *(suddenly appearing at side, R.)* I've just met John Pornice. She is already off to the castle, *(seeing PATTY)* Ha! *(voice of JOE heard fainter)* Help !

PATTY. It's Joe's voice, *(she comes down to stage and regardless of self, springs bravely on rocks and leans over precipice)* I see a light far down! Joe! Joe ! he does not answer ! *(frantically leaning over, her voice rising to a scream)* Joe !

Voice of JOE. (fainter and fainter) Lost! lost!

GRICE. *(R., aside)* And to think that I might have been s place! How wonderful are the workings of a merciful Providence !

JOE. Help, help !

PATTY, (L., with cry of joy, snatching up the rope from, ground) A cord!

GRICE. (throwing himself upon it) 'Tis mine—give it me.

PATTY. (struggling with him) Let go, uncle. One life has already been sacrificed ; shall a second be lost, and by your fault ?

GRICE. (releasing his hold) By mine—by mine! (he stretches out his trembling hands to stay her, but she thrusts him aside, and leaping up rock, the way JOE went, fastens rope to branch of tree, throwing the other end over precipice.)

PATTY. (on her knees and paying out rope, looking over and speaking the while) The rope—the rope ! Grasp the rope, Joe! I still see the light far down, but I feel no weight, (with a scream of joy she starts to her feet) He has it now, he has it. (the branch to which she has attached the rope rapidly tearing itself away from the tree trunk) Help, uncle, help ! (GRICE horror struck and incapable of movement, has sunk back against the side of scene, his hands clasped, his eyes riveted on the courageous girl - with quick desperate action she seizes the rope with one hand, twisting it about her arm, throws the other arm round the trunk of the tree.

PATTY. Make haste, Joe; make haste, while I have strength. (JOE, without the lantern, re-appears as voice and strength is failing her—he grasps the herbage on the edge of the precipice just as the rope escapes from PATTY LAVROCK'S hand, and with the loose stones, &c, falling about him in a shower, swings himself up beside her) Saved ! !

JOE. Saved, Patty, saved, (she sinks back fainting—JOE catches her and supporting her insensible form with one arm—the moon suddenly emerging from a cloud, irradiates the group, and falling principally on JOE'S stern features and PATTY'S pale and death-like face, forms an effective tableau.

GRICE. But the case, Joe; the case.

JOE. 'Tis here, (holds it up, picture and

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—A room in Tregarvon Castle, door, L. C.
Noise of revelry without. Hunting chorus.

Enter LUCY, L. 1 E., she pauses as alarmed.

LUCY. How gay they seem! Surely with my poor brother

it must be the reckless gaiety of desperation. To think that after all the experience he has had—but a few short hours should suffice for Lazonby to regain the old, bad influence over him. At times I feel inclined to tell Robert all. My own girlish folly and this false friend's villainous threats. Then, on the very point of doing so, my heart fails me, and I dare not. Robert is in this man's debt and I have cruel knowledge how Lazonby would misuse the power he holds—and George Penryn, so good, so generous yet so sensitive and high-spirited that I would rather die than confess to him the silly weakness of a schoolgirl's heart, (*clatter of glasses and noise within, R.*) That was the Captain's voice and my brother's, loud, and in anger—
 Ah! and George—(*going rapidly to side, R.*) Ah!
 !(*with a cry of delight, as GEORGE PENRYN enters R.*) George!
 I'm so glad to see you.

PENRYN. Lucy! You here! I thought you had retired to your room an hour ago. Why darling! how pale you look and your hands (*taking them*) are cold as ice.

LUCY. I'm not ill George, but, but-----(*her head sinks on his shoulder.*)

PENRYN. (*soothingly*) Yes, yes, I understand, you feel nervous and unsettled.

LUCY. (*sobbing*) No, no, it is not that.

PENRYN. (*alarmed*) Not that? Lucy can it be that you repent at the last moment of entrusting your happiness to me? I could bear almost anything but that—that, or to think that you loved another.

LUCY. (*quickly*) Another! Oh, never! never! If I look pale and seem absent and strange to-night, it is (*hesitating*) from quite a different cause.

PENRYN. A doubt of my love for you? (*smiling*) You silly child! Never let such a doubt as that enter your pretty little head, (*tenderly*) All my happiness, present and future, is in your hands, and impatiently I count the hours till I can call you wife. Tell me then Lucy what makes your cheeks so pale, and even now is dimming your bright eyes with tears?

LUCY. (*looking up and smiling, though with difficulty*) Nothing! I'm a very foolish girl that's all! for, I see it's you that I am making anxious and unhappy now. I'm only nervous to night—nervous about Robert; take care of him, George, for my sake.

PENRYN. (*laughing*) Well, upon my word! I think he's big enough to take care of himself. Oh, Lucy! The little

biring gun that I sent to you, do you like it ? is it true to the mark ?

LUCY. I like it much, and have tried it once from my window in the tower, to scare a cruel hawk from a harmless plover.

VOICES. (*as at table off stage*) George ! George Penryn ! Yoicks ! Stole away ! stole away !

PENRYN. You hear them? I must go. Good night, darling. The roses will bloom again in the morning. (*going, returns*) Set your heart at rest, Lucy. If the old home is lost you have found a new one in which you shall reign supreme. (*Exit kissing his hand, R.*)

LUCY. (*looking after him*) Dear George ! Well, to-morrow, I'll have a long consultation with Patty. No fear that she will betray me, and she's so clever that-----

Re-enter GEOEGE PENRYN, hastily, R.

PENRYN. Lucy! I've forgotten something—something very important.

LUCY. What is it ?

PENRYN. Something I must entrust to your keeping to be returned when next we meet, (*very close to her*) Guess-

LUCY. I can't.

PENRYN. Give it up then. (*kisses her and exits laughing, R. LUCY runs off at the D. F. Hunting chorus again taken up—renewed clutter of glasses at conclusion of chorus.*)

Enter GRICE cautiously, with SLINKER, a sort of lawyer's clerk, in seedy black, L.

GRICE. Glad you came on to-night, Mr. Slinker. You hear 'em ! (*rubbing hands briskly*) We'll put a stop to *that* merriment. You've brought all the necessary papers ?

SLINK. (L.) All. But excuse me Mr. Grice, hadn't you better wait till to-morrer ?

GRICE. (*sharply R.*) Why ?

SLINK. (*humbly*) The etiquette of profession.

GRICE. Legal etiquette ! the politeness of the hangman who insists upon shaking hands with you before he places the rope round your neck! What's the good of authority to sell, if that authority is not to be acted upon.

SLINK. (*with fawning expostulation*) Excuse me ! but it is usual to give a leetle time, just a leetle.

GRICE. Nonsense! a man at my age should know the value of time, and knowing it's value, I never give it.

SLINK. But common justice, Mr. Grice.

GRICE. Common justice ! What do you mean ? Once make Justice common and who'll respect her ? You a lawyer and talk like that, I'm ashamed of you.

SLINK. But-----

GRICE. Nonsense! Justice goes blindfold that she mayn't see which scale the lawyers put the lead under! Wait below ? (SLINKER bows and exits L.) A lawyer with a conscience! He ought to be struck off therolls. He's a disgrace to his profession. Where's Joe ? What a fool that fellow is ! He's no more idea of what's in the tin case than Patty has. He won't give it up though. I hate fools, they're so obstinate, (*laughter and clattering of glasses from inner room*) Since they've got the letter, I've no choice but to act at once. Joe !

Enter JOE, followed by PATTY, L.

JOE. (*advancing, and in his former lumpish way*) Here !

GRICE. Joe ! you're a fool!

PATTY. (*bridling, L.*) Well, I'm sure !

GRICE. I don't blame you—it's not your fault. Folly's like drink, 't isn't everybody who can carry it becomingly. (*lowering voice to whisper*) You've the tin case safe ? (JOE makes movement of hand to side pocket which GRICE, with frightened glance round, represses—*aside*) Eccentric idiot! Lucky ! he's no knowledge of its contents! (*in his most insinuating manner*) My good Joe ! my dear Joe ! why do you refuse to give it to me ?

JOE. (*simply, c.*) It isn't your property.

GRICE. (R.) Not exactly, (*aside*) I'll awe him. (*aloud, and with immense importance*) In my official character as post master of the village of St. Arven, I may say that I represent her Majesty's Government, and have a right to keep all things found without a owner.

JOE. (*laughs*) In that case you'll have to keep *me*.

GRICE. (*aside*) What a fool it is! (*aloud*) You know what Patty has done for you ?

JOE. (*with momentary forgetfulness, and change of manner as he half turns towards PATTY*) Ha!

PATTY. (L.) Not more than Joe would have done for me—for anyone. He's as brave as a lion, and has the best heart in the world ! (JOE squeezes her hand surreptitiously behind her back—in coquettish *aside*) Ha' done, Joe!

GRICE. (*who has caught sight of this by-play, speaks aside*)

They like each other! At their age they'll believe anything, (*aloud, and with exaggerated burst of feeling*) I'll not be an obstacle between you! Give me that paltry tin case, and—take my blessing.

PATTY. Your blessing! oh! that's not near enough, uncle—what I want is the three hundred pounds my mother left me—and-----

GRICE. (*who, whenever money is mentioned, seems to be seized with an ague fit*) Don't! don't! you're always trying to hurt your poor uncle's feelings.

PATTY. But-----

GRICE. (*stopping her*) It's shocking! really shocking, at my time of life to contemplate the selfishness of the young! (*seizing JOE by the arm as he is moving up stage*) Where are you going to?

JOE. To ask Sir Robert's advice about the tin case, (*noise as of guests rising hurriedly from table, &c.*)

GRICE. Stop Joe. I want you—I want you as a witness. (*takes notes from pocket-book, and gives them to PATTY*) There, there's the money! (*aside*) Fifty pounds short—but love should be above calculation, (*aloud*) Now go! I've business with Sir Robert. (*door, R., opens to give egress to SERVANT in livery, carrying a salver with glasses, some of them only half emptied—staying SERVANT and drinking rapidly the remains of the wine*) I want to see Sir Robert.

SERV. See Sir Robert! at this time of night. You're out of your senses, Mr. Grice—Hilloa! what are you up to?

GRICE. I hate waste! What's this?

SERV. Port—t'other was champagne.

GRICE. (*drinks*) I'll correct the acidity, (*importantly*) Take my name.

SERV. Shan't! I prefer my own. (*Exit SERVANT, L.*)

GRICE. There! look at that fellow! Only taken from the ploughtail a month ago, pulled out of the earth green like a leek—and now he's as round and polished as a Spanish onion, (*turns to JOE*) That's the consequence of over-feeding, if he hadn't had meat every day he'd have been civil. Won't take my name—well, I'm not proud, I'll announce myself (*emphatically*) and my *business*.

JOE. (*advancing*) I say master did Patty deliver the letter all right?

GRICE. The letter! Patty's a fool and you're another—but I'll soon be rid of you both. (*Exit R.*)

JOE. That will be fortunate—for *us*.

PATTY. (*laying her hand upon JOE'S shoulder*) You won't think badly of me because of my uncle, will you Joe ?

JOE. Think badly of you! (*tenderly*) Do you remember Patty, (there's no fear that *I* shall ever forget) when I was laid up with a fever, now three years ago ? when I'd no bed but straw, and no shelter but a barn, and so weak that if I'd have had the power I shouldn't have had the heart to raise a finger to drive Death away—unless you had come and like an angel whispered words of comfort to me ?

PATTY. You mustn't call me an angel, Joe.

JOE. Why not ? When a thing of brightness and beauty stoops over the miserable bed to speak words of comfort to a poor and suffering man, she is to him the blesseddest of angels that ever walked heaven or earth. Not that I know much about them, but I've seen pictures of angels, and heard parsons and such-like talk about them, and the more I thought of what I'd seen, and what I'd heard, the more sure I was that you were one of them.

PATTY. (*very softly and tenderly*) Dear Joe !

JOE. (*emphatically*) The correct thing, mind you, marked genuine by the hand of Heaven !

PATTY. (*striving to hide her emotion*) Oh, Joe, if you go on praising me like that I shall get too proud to speak to you!

JOE. (*with change of manner and taking her hand*) Patty, do you think if you tried very hard you might ever come to love me—as I love you ?

PATTY. (*coquettishly*) If people try *very* hard, there's no knowing what they can do.

JOE. (*insisting*) But-----

PATTY. (*putting her hand across his mouth to prevent his speaking*) Hold your tongue, sir, and don't ask impertinent questions.

JOE. (*dejectedly, and with return of old manner*) Well, you're right, Patty ; how *could* any one love me ? (*looking up with a sort of hope*) But, I say, Patty, you *like* me just a little, you know.

PATTY. (*mischievously*) Yes, you stupid old thing, just a leetle, leetle, tiny bit, or else why did I take care of you when you were ill ?

JOE. (*brightening*) That's true!

PATTY. And why did I turn barber, and cut your hair ?

JOE. Why indeed ?

PATTY. And share my breakfast ?

JOE. (*simply*) It's very odd, isn't it ?

PATTY. (*archly*) Very, quite peculiar ! But if you don't wish it, Joe, I'll try to love somebody else, there's plenty to choose from.

JOE. (*with sudden fierceness*) Love ! Who ? Not Will Petherick, the cornchandler ? I'll break his neck as I'd snap a twig ! or Jim Bedruth, the butcher, who's had one wife already, and treated her as he treated his beef-steaks, whacked her to make her tender!

PATTY. (*pleased*) How fierce you are all of a sudden. I don't love *anybody*, there !

JOE. (*sorrowfully*) I thought not.

PATTY. (*quickly*) Oh, I don't mean *that*, (*checking herself*) That is to say-----

JOE. (*innocently*) What?

PATTY. That you're a great big stupid, that's all. (*she gives him a sounding kiss and is running off when he catches her and draws her towards him with a hurst of feeling.*)

JOE. Ah, if all women were like you, Patty, this world would be a better place than it is, and there would be no necessity for Heaven to place a rainbow of hope in the sky. (*as he kisses her hand resting on his breast, touches the tin case containing the will.*)

PATTY. But the case, Joe! We're forgetting Miss Lucy-----

JOE. I forget her! no fear of that!

PATTY. She keeps her room—you cannot see her to-night. Let me take it to her!

JOE. (*with decision*) No, Patty ! I alone must place it in her hands. I ask no reward for what I have done—but just to see the old pleasant smile about her lips, and her eyes brighten through their tears when she knows that at last there is a break in the clouds, and that she can save the old house from ruin !

PATTY. (*drawing slightly away from him*) I believed you only thought of me, Joe, and that you hadn't time to think of anybody else-----

JOE. (*puzzled*) Have I offended you, Patty ?

PATTY. No ; but, but you're always talking of Miss Tregarvon -----

JOE. (*with much feeling*) She is so unhappy !

PATTY. I thought I was the only person you cared to make happy, Joe ?

JOE. (*innocently*) Oh! dear, no! I'd make the whole world happy if I could, (*suddenly, as though a light dawns*

upon him, he looks her in the face) Why it's you -who are foolish now ! I love Miss Tregarvon, and I love you ! it's the star and the flower ! the one I look up to and admire—the other ! *(clasping her to his breast)* I wear next my heart!

PATTY. *(breaking away from him as a noise of voices, &c, is heard off stage, R.)* Hush! they are coming this way! You'll not leave the castle to-night, Joe ?

JOE. No. *(laughs)* It is your uncle, who has given me the order. I don't know of what he means, but he says I must stop because I'm the man in possession.

(JOE and PATTY exeunt L.)

Enter CAPTAIN LAZONBY, GEORGE PENRYN, GUESTS, SIR ROBERT, *agitated, a letter in his hand, and* GRICE, R. DICK *comes on L.*

GRICE. That's the letter ! I know the seal.

SIR R. I'm sorry that sad news should break up so pleasant aparty. Are you going too, Lazonby ?

LAZON. Why as you were kind enough to say that I might have the loan of the bay mare, and the business I have in hand is very urgent—I have arranged to ride over to Falmouth to-night, *(takes SIR ROBERT'S hand, shakes it warmly)* We meet again to-morrow, *(to DICK as he passes out)* Is everything prepared ?

DICK. *(with meaning)* Everything ! *(LAZONBY, DICK and the GUEST depart—LAZONBY and DICK whisper as they exeunt L.)*

SIR R. *(aside to PENRYN)* You'll not leave, Penryn? I'll join you in the smoking-room, *(as last GUEST passes out, SIR ROBERT turns, and comes down stage, so absorbed that he does not at first perceive GRICE)* Sad news ! yet I pray hopeful news for Lucy. My eccentric uncle's dislike never extended to her. Poor Lucy in a few days we must bid adieu to the old home for ever, *(as he turns, he comes face to face with GRICE, and makes a step backwards in surprise)* Now Mr. Grice your business with me. It should be of importance to bring you here at this hour, *(sharply)* Do you generally deliver letters with the seal's broken ? *(still more angrily)* If report speaks true this is not the first time that letters have been tampered with at St. Arven !

GRICE. *(sycophantly)* Excuse me, Sir Robert, but-----

SIR R. *(haughtily)* Your business in this house ?

GRICE. *(with change of manner, and handing a paper)* This paper will explain.

SIR R. (*glances at paper, and then staggers back in amazement*) And you dare-----

GRICE. Dare! (*with a chuckling laugh which he stops abruptly, and recoils before the fierce look and upraised hand of SIR ROBERT*) This house is mine!

SIR R. Yours ! (*again hurriedly glancing at paper*) The name of the first mortgagees are-----

GRICE. Winch and Gripper—my agents—mine !

SIR R. The bill of sale was given-----

GRICE. (*quickly*) To Lawrence and Shackelford, of Falmouth, my agents—mine ! (*laughs and rubs his hands.*)

SIR F. (*with another passionate gesture*) Rascal! your age protects you !

GRICE. No ! the law ! At my time of life there's no shield like a shield of parchment. I was your father's servant, Sir Robert. You laugh, I cried in this very room, five-and-forty years ago—cried with pain, and anger, and as I wandered down the road to St. Arven, a houseless vagabond, with tearful eyes, and a smarting back, I dreamed a dream, all alone to myself. "What if one day," so I dreamt, " you, Peter Grice, should sit as master in that very hall from which you've been chased with oaths and whipcord ?" for those were the good old times mark you, when neither was spared to men of my station. " Watch, and wait!" said I in my dream. " It shall be thrift against waste—the old race, the tortoise and the hare ! "

SIR R. (*aghast*) Impossible !

GRICE. Why impossible ? Have you never noticed a slug upon a garden wall ? It's a splendid lesson in life for a poor man—when once he's marked out his path, he sticks to it—and only let him alone, he's sure to get to the top. He may crawl, but as he crawls he leaves a trail of silver behind him.

SIR R. But for your age, Peter Grice, you should feel the whipcord now ! (*he pauses, then with an effort*) I need not ask if you have acted on this document.

GRICE. Mr. Slinker, my lawyer is below.

SIR R. Send him to the library. I will ask no favour at your hands, be assured, (*X'S R.—aside as he goes off*) Thank heaven! for one night, at least, Lucy is spared the knowledge of our disgrace ! (*Exit R.*)

GRICE. (*whose manner has shown an increasing nervous excitement, raises his hands with a swift, grasping movement of the fingers*) And now for Joe! at all hazards I will make myself master of the tin case, and its contents !

(*He exits R.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of a tower in Tregarvon Castle. The tower, whose interior is divided into two compartments, is built on stage, of which it occupies nearly the entire. On R. the ivy-clad walls descend as to a garden or rocky dell—nothion of great depth given by the tree tops, &c. L. side of tower shows a precipitous descent giving an idea of a clear fall, without break, into the sea, the wash of whose waters is heard, though not seen—only the far off sea line, upon which the shimmering moonbeams rest, and also tip with silver the tret tops, R. side of tower, whose roots are supposed to be far down in the rocky dell or garden. R. compartment of tower is the sleeping-chamber of Miss Tregarvon. Room and furniture antique, but mingled with modern adjuncts of feminine taste, the toilet table having handsome mirror, small vase of flowers, &c, &c. The bed white, small and tasteful. Curtains closed. On chair, near toilet, riding habit, hat, whip, and small fowling piece, the latter half hidden by riding habit. A night lamp on table. Window looking out upon garden or dell. Door L. opening into second compartment, which is a sort of ante-chamber with wide, arched door at back, which can be hidden by a curtain, now drawn aside—outside of this door is a sort of landing, on this landing, plainly visible to audience, the rope of an alarm bell, the bell itself is in a crumbling little bell-tower on roof, forming a picturesque object. The furniture of this compartment, antique chairs and table, and iron oil lamp so placed as to appear capable of casting a strong shadow should any object come between it and the wall, hangs low down over table. The walls covered with tapestry—panneled coats of arms, half obliterated in centre. On L. of this compartment a deep, embrasured window which, built out from lower, juts over sea. An owl starts out of the ivy about window, and flies heavily away as CAPTAIN DUDLEY LAZONBY'S head appears above flooring of stage climbing tower. He pauses as exhausted, and holding to ivy with one hand, waves the other at the bird. He then cautiously enters Miss Tregarvon's chamber by the window.*

LAZON. (*looking back, as down in garden*) What a height! enough to turn a squirrel dizzy, (*stepping into room*) She can't be long, for I saw her light gleaming like a star

ten minutes ago. How will she, who is so proud, and disdainful receive me ? What will she say to me ? By Jove ! what shall I say to *her* ? It's now or never, though—the stake's too heavy to throw up the sponge. After to-night, they'll be glad enough to make conditions. It's not exactly the race a gentleman would enter himself to run for—but what's to be done ? I hear a footstep, (*listening*) It's her's! light, yet firm—perfect breed ! a racehorse couldn't step cleaner, (*as he speaks* Miss TREGARVON *appears at back of compartment, L. She carries a small hand lamp, and a book—she is in a white peignoir.*)

LUCY. (*sighing and advancing slowly*) I can't rest to-night, and no wonder its a terrible wrenching of the heart strings to leave one's home for ever ; besides that bad man's threats are ever ringing in my ears. I can't sleep, I dare not think ; and though I've been down to the library for a book, I feel that I can't read. As I crossed the corridor just now, I heard my brother's and George Penryn's voice, in loud and passionate talk with some one, and yet my maid told me the last guest rode away some time ago. (*Xing into it. compartment, places lamp on small table, R. and sits, as she does so LAZONBY conceals himself*) My heart is full of vague foreboding, I believe Dudley Lazonby capable of every ill. (*rests her chin in her hands—bitterly*) Will nothing shake my brother's foolish confidence in this man ?

LAZON. (*who has come softly behind her*) Nothing !

LUCY. (*starts to her feet with a low cry*) A robber!

LAZON. (*laughing*) No, a lover !

LUCY. (*makes a movement towards door, by a quicker movement LAZONBY, still with a smile, interposes*) You here ! At this hour of the night in my chamber, (*drawing herself tt,p*) Begone, sir !

LAZON. Miss Tregarvon, I implore you, listen.

LUCY. Begone ! There is the door, sir.

LAZON. I'm perfectly aware of the fact. As you may perceive, I'm standing before it.

LUCY. (*supporting herself with difficulty by the table*) I implore you to quit this room.

LAZON. In everything but *that*, you shall command me. You must listen. It's imperative, Miss Tregarvon, that we understand each other.

LUCY. (*advancing*) Then it is I who quit this room.

LAZON. (*folding his arms and leaning against door*) Not yet. (*pointing to chair*) Be seated.

LUCY. (*haughtily*) A command.

LAZON. (*bowing deeply*) A prayer—a. humble prayer ! be seated—nay, I insist.

LUCY. (*as with sudden resolution*) I give you three minutes by that clock, (*pointing to small timepiece*) Speak! (*seating herself in chair.*)

LAZON. The time is short—I will make the most of it. To commence—have no fear of me.

LUCY. (*with, high proud look*) I have no fear; go on, sir.

LAZON. I have told you that I still love you.

LUCY. And having told me, there is no occasion to repeat the insult, (*indicating clock*) I gave you three minutes.

LAZON. (*bows*) I know not what feeling has replaced the sentiment you once had for me.

LUCY. Contempt! (*LAZONBY quite unmoved, bows again*) I despised you when first I knew your character . I despised and pitied you *then*—I despise and *hate* you now.

LAZON. You are severe.

LUCY. I am just, (*rising*) The three minutes have expired—leave me. Go !

LAZON. (*with emphasis*) I stay.

LUCY. You dare not.

LAZON. (*with cruel meaning*) You had better not test what I dare do—(*draws a chair towards her*)—I repeat that I will stay here, in spite of you, or anyone. I will pass the night here, and in broad daylight only, cross the threshold of the door.

LUCY. (*staggers back overwhelmed, and horror struck, and again leans on table for support*) Great Heaven ! Is it possible man can be so base ?

LAZON. (*who has seated himself between her, and the door*) No fear of intrusion in this part of the castle, (*ironically*) A lady's chamber is sacred !

LUCY. (*speaking with an effort to hide her emotion*) Captain Lazonby ! I knew you to be a cold-hearted designing man ; but I at least deemed you incapable of that last infamy of man—cowardice!

LAZON. (*half rising from chair*) Cowardice! (*recovering himself with a smile*) And to-morrow I meet your brother face to face, and the entire household of Trevargon Castle *here* ! Meet them on the threshold of your chamber, with your *letters* in my hand.

LUCY. (*faintly, her hand upon her heart*) And the alternative ?

LAZON. Simply to sign a paper I have drawn up by which you consent to be my wife, repudiating this young Cornish squire, who-----

LUCY. (*with a low cry of pain raises her hands and presses them to her temples. LAZONBY rises*) What have I done to deserve this persecution ? Heaven pity me! (*clasping hands*) and aid me against this cruel man ! (*covering face she sobs audibly*) If I have spoken too harshly I entreat you to forgive me. My brother is weak, weak and confiding, and your friend ! I am motherless and *alone*.

LAZON. Lucy ! I offer you protection and a name.

LUCY. Oh ! pity me ! If the memory of your mother still lives in your heart, pity me ! Oh ! pity me !

LAZON. Lucy !

LUCY. I love George Penryn. (*grasping his coat and in an agony of entreaty*) You could not. Oh! no! you could not be so base as-----

LAZON. (*bending over her as she kneels*) Speak on! How charmingly those tears become you! I never saw you look so lovely ! (*he makes a movement as he would take her in his arms—she repulses him, and springs to her feet.*)

LUCY. Do not approach me ! There's pollution in your touch !

LAZON. (*passionately*) You are alone, Lucy Tregarvon! beyond even the possibility of help ! and by my life I swear----- (*LUCY alarmed recoils before him, her foot slips, she staggers, and nearly falls, in doing so, she displaces riding habit, and her hand rests on fowling piece, (a light pretty weapon,) she snatches it up with a cry of joyful surprise throws up the hammers, and standing erect levels the gun at LAZONBY.*)

LUCY. And by your life ! I also swear ! you shall leave this room at once ! (*LAZONBY recoils before the levelled gun*) Begone! do not speak ! At the first word you utter, I fire ! (*LAZONBY stands a moment irresolute, then moves backwards, till his hand rests on lock of door—she the while, advancing. He with a face convulsed with baffled rage, and passion flings the door open and passes out. No sooner has he done so than LUCY springs forward, and locks it—then the gun drops from her hands, and she swoons upon the ground.*)

LAZON. (*with gesture of fierce menace, as he hears the door locked behind him.*) You forgot to exact the letters Lucy Tregarvon! If I only knew where Dick was! Ha ! I forgot the alarm bell! One touch of the rope, and I ruin

for ever the honour and happiness of the Tregarvons ! *(he rushes up to door at back of L. compartment, and discovers JOE standing like a statue in the doorway—L., not at first recognising him)* Who are you ?

JOE. (R.) Nobody.

LAZON. I know you now! The peasants jest! The village fool! What are you doing here ? Your proper place should be the cage or the stocks.

JOE. *(with marble rigidity and quite unmoved)* And your proper place ? Is it here, master ?

LAZON. *(haughtily)* Do you question me ? Let me pass vagabond!

JOE. *(with unruffled calmness extends arms across doorway)* Not yet!

LAZON. Are you mad, or drunk ?

JOE. Neither one, nor the other. You should be both to have ventured here, at such an hour, and on such an errand.

LAZON. What do you mean ? *(as he attempts to pass where rope of alarm bell is hanging, JOE calmly puts him back)* I said not yet! I would speak with you.

LAZON. You?

JOE. You called me vagabond just now, and fool. Well, hard words break no bones. Now what say you to the folly of an overcrafty fox, who having crept through bramble and briar till he has reached the nest of the dove finds himself caught in a trap ? *(laughs)* That's a fool's jest, do you know a better ?

LAZON. *(half aloud)* That rascal Dick has betrayed me ?

JOE. *(catching the words)* No, the man you speak of is one of those who carry a virtue even into vice, and gratitude forbids him to betray even *such* a master.

LAZON. May I ask who has worked this miracle, and endowed Orson with reason ?

JOE. A woman.

LAZON. Indeed! the changes her sex make are generally in quite the contrary direction. Let me now ask you—my regenerated friend, whether you have any demand to make of me ?

JOE. An urgent one.

LAZON. Name it.

JOE. Miss Tregarvon's letters!

LAZON. *(whistles, then with a short contemptuous laugh)* For a lady of birth, and breeding she has selected a strange champion.

JOE. (*without noticing the sneer*) I am of no one's selection. When Vice attacks Virtue champions start up unsummoned. I demand the letters you have threatened to use against Miss Tregarvon in consequence of your knowledge of Admiral Tregarvon's death.

LAZON. (*much startled*) You know everything it seems ! How much further does your knowledge extend ?

JOE. To the fact that Miss Lucy Tregarvon inherits her uncle's fortune.

LAZON. Your proof?

JOE. Her uncle's will.

LAZON. (*fiercely*) You lie !

JOE. Well, that is plain ; yet I do not lie. The will is in this tin case, (*he shows tin case—then replaces it in breast.*)

LAZON. (*with forced laugh*) A likely story—who could have brought it here ?

JOE. My mother—the sea; whose voice you hear booming far below—(*pointing to window.*)

LAZON. The will! impossible! (*suddenly*) How came you by it?

JOE. By the loss of one life, and at the hazard of another I found it at the bottom of the Ravine. Let's strike a bargain.

LAZON. A bargain.

JOE. Give me up those letters, I will myself conduct you out of the castle unseen by anyone.

LAZON. (*eyeing him reflectively*) A bargain. Umph, why not ? You're poor.

JOE. (*laughs*) Does all this (*points to his dress*) look like riches ?

LAZON. Place that tin case in my hands, and you shall be made happy for life.

JOE. By what means ?

LAZON. Money.

JOE. (*in his old dreamy way*) Money ! I only had but one piece of gold in my life (*aside*) and that hangs next my heart. (LAZONBY, who now stands by table draws out pocket-book, and taking from it a handful of bank-notes places them on table, as he does so, JOE, who has been watching his movement, makes a gesture of joyful triumph.)

JOE. (*aside*) I saw them. The letters are in that pocket-book.

LAZON. (*his hand down upon notes which he rustles as he*

speaks) These bits of crisp paper represent to you a fortune, and are nearly all left to me of mine.

JOE. *(aside)* There is danger in his eye. *(with something of his former lumpish manner)* A fortune, what those?

LAZON. Ten notes, of ten pounds each. Count them. *(LAZONBY takes a step back as JOE advances to table. His hand is thrust in his vest, and his smiling face becomes dark with a desperate malignity. JOE stoops over table as counting notes. He watches LAZONBY'S shadow, which is strongly defined and visible to JOE and audience from the position in which they stand.)*

JOE. One ! two! three ! all these for me ? Four! *(the arm of LAZONBY is raised with lightning quickness, JOE turns, and catches the upraised arm 'ere it can descend. In the hand there is a spring dagger knife—for a moment the two men remain thus looking into each other's eyes.)* Coward! would you murder me ?

LAZON. *(savagely)* A moment later, you meddling vagabond, and I would have struck your miserable life out, and tossed you into the arms of your mother the sea!

JOE. Rascally night hawk! do you threaten me with death! Scoundrel and villain, any death were preferable a thousand, thousand times to such a life as yours! *(as they grapple, they struggle fiercely. At same time, LUCY TREGARVON, as slowly recovering from her swoon, rises to her knees—listening vaguely at first, then eagerly. She rises to her feet, as the position breaks upon her. JOE, struck by knife utters a cry, and releases his grasp of LAZONBY—the latter at the same time wrenches from JOE'S breast the tin case, but with such violence that it escapes from his own hand and rolls to some distance on ground.)*

LAZON. Mine! and so I destroy the last hope of the Tregarvons! *(he snatches up case, and rushes up steps leading to platform and window)* Let the sea take back again the treasure she has brought, *(he is about to throw case from window when JOE, who has pursued him, seizes his upraised arm.)*

JOE. *(fiercely)* Stop!

LAZON. *(fiercely)* Fool, let go your hold !

JOE. Never with life ! *(struggle. PATTY LAVROCK enters at back and snatches case from the ground. She rushes to rope of alarm bell, which she seizes as JOE and LAZONBY, again fiercely grapple, and each striving to urge the other to the sea, disappear in, embrasure of window, L. JOE'S hand first appears outside window, desperately grasping at wall,*

as striving to find a hold, then the head and shoulders of JOE appear as lent back over water. The door of Miss Tregarvon's chamber is flung open, and LUCY standing on threshold levels the gun and fires—a cry from the deep embrasure of window, then LAZONBY is seen to fall backwards out of window, and down the precipice, the knife still in his hand.)

JOE. *(breathlessly—great noise of voices and footsteps heard)* The letters! quick! take them, *(gives LUCY the pocket-book, he then staggers, then recovers himself by an effort—adds proudly)* The blood upon them is mine! *(glare of lights—PENRYN, GRICE, SIR ROBERT, SLINKER, and DICK enter—GRICE and DICK in custody of POLICEMAN, door L., at back.)*

PENRYN. }
and } Lucy! what has happened?
SIR R. }

LUCY. *(very pale, but with head erect, speaks calmly and dearly)* A man! a villain, forced his way into my chamber, and I shot him! *(sensation—pointing to JOE, whose arm PATTY is bandaging)* This noble fellow came to my assistance, and it was to save *his* life, I fired!

SIR R. But the man?

LUCY. Captain Dudley Lazonby.

SIR R. And his aim?

JOE. Your sister's fortune! And *(placing case in Miss TREGARVON'S hands)* this is the will of Admiral Tregarvon!

LUCY.

PENRYN. } The will!

GRICE. }

(JOE passes to compartment, L., and meets PATTY—SIR ROBERT follows.)

SIR R. And you—who are you?

PATTY. My future husband.

JOE. And NOBODY'S CHILD. *(Tableau)*

CURTAIN.

COSTUMES.

SIR ROBERT TREGARVON.—*1st dress* : Scarlet hunting coat, buckskin breeches, velvet hunting cap, riding boots. *2nd dress*: Black frock coat, white vest, grey trousers.

CAPTAIN DUDLEY LAZONBY.—*1st dress*: Fashionable morning suit, dark brown overcoat. *2nd dress*: Black frock coat, vest and trousers, summer overcoat.

GEORGE PENRYN.—*1st dress* : Scarlet hunting coat, buckskin breeches, velvet hunting cap, top boots. *2nd dress*: Fashionable suit.

JOE.—Old smock frock, tattered blue trousers, red woollen shirt, hair long and dishevelled.

PETER GRICE.—Brown coat, light double-breasted vest, black breeches and gaiters, red night-cap.

LIMPING DICK.—Scarlet hunting coat, white cord breeches, riding boots, white hat.

JACK ADAMS.—Salior's blue suit, glazed hat.

DAN HURLEY.—Blue pea jacket, with large pearl buttons, drab trousers, high boots, fur cap.

JOHN PORNIC.—Blue Guernsey shirt, petticoat trousers, high fishing boots, tarpauling hat.

MR. SLINKER.—Shabby black coat, vest and trousers, white neckerchief.

Miss LUCY TREGARVON.—*1st dress* : Blue riding habit, hat and feather. *2nd dress* : Elegant silk dress, black lace shawl, white bonnet. *3rd dress*: White muslin trimmed with lace and velvet.

PATTY LAVROCK.—Light chintz gown, drawn up, blue petticoat, yellow silk neckerchief.