JACK ADAMS. Would you blow off the head of your own child?

Act I. Scene II.
THE

MUTINY AT THE NORE.

A Nautical Drama,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

DOUGLAS JERROLD,

AUTHOR OF
Black Eyed Susan, Rent Day, Painter of Ghent, Prisoners of War,
Ambrose Gwinnett, Bride of Ludgate, John Overy, Housekeeper,
Hazard of the Die, Martha Willis, Nell Gwynne, Schoolfellows,
Vidoeg, Desart, Tower of Lochlian, Snoked Miser,
Ramfylde Moore Carew, Devil's Ducat, Beau Nash,
Doves in a Cage, Wedding Gown, Wives by
Advertisement, Statue Loves, Law and Lions,
White Milliner, Drunkard's Life, Bubbles
of the Day, Two Eyes between Two,
Time Works Wonders, Gipsy of
Derncleugh, &c, &c.

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

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, LONDON.
First Performed at the Pavilion Theatre, 1830; and at the Royal Coburg Theatre, (under the Management of Mr. Davidge) August 23rd, 1830, a New Historical Nautical and Domestic Melo-Drama, in Three Acts, called the

MUTINY AT THE NORE;

OR,

BRITISH SAILORS IN 1797.

"There is, perhaps, no event in the annals of our history," (remarks Captain Marryat, the author of 'The King's Own,' himself a naval officer, and to whose work the writer of the present Drama is indebted for a pathetic incident, with some general information on the subject), which excited more alarm at the time of its occurrence, or has been the subject of more general interest, than the MUTINY AT THE NORE in 1797. Forty thousand men to whom the nation looked for defence from its surrounding enemies, and in steadfast reliance of whose bravery it had laid every hope in tranquillity — men who had shared every thing for their king and country, and in whose breasts patriotism, although suppressed for a time, could never be extinguished; turned the guns which they had so often manned in defence of the English flag, against their own compatriots and their own home, and with all the servility of feeling ever attending family quarrels, sank determined to sacrifice the nation and themselves, rather than listen to the dictates of reason and conscience.

The present Drama, whilst it presents a true picture of the mutiny, which for a time deprived the nation of its most precious defence—the bulwark of its Wooden Walls, faithfully develops the characters of the chief Actors in the Rebellion, their assumption of superiority to their final acknowledgement of discipline; an order, since that period, unbroken by dissension; and which, under the auspices and paternal care of him who is the head, and the pride of the British navy, must proceed increasing in benefit to the service itself, and consequently in value to the country at large.—D.——G.
CAPTAIN Arlington, (Captain of the Sandwich, and formerly suitor to Mary Parker)  Mr. King.
CAPTAIN Griffiths, (Captain of the London)  Mr. Lewis.
LIEUTENANT Sims, (Lieutenant of Marines on board the London)  Mr. Saunders.
RICHARD PARKER, (Quarter Master of the Sandwich, and subsequently Admiral and President of the Court of Delegates)  Mr. Seale.
LIEUTENANT Davis, (Lieutenant of Marines on board the Sandwich)  Mr. Smithies.
JACK ADAMS,  Mr. H. Kemble.
JACK PASSEY,  Mr. Scarboro.
BILL SENATOR,  Mr. Herbert.
TOM ALLEN,  Mr. Escofford.
BILL BILEY,  Mr. Ireland.
TIMOTHY BUBBLE,  Mr. Mortimer.
DICKEY CHICKEN, (Timothy Bubble's serving-man and factotum)  Mr. Conquest.
MARY PARKER, (Wife of Richard Parker)  Miss Watson.
MOLLY BROWN, (afterwards Mrs. John Adams)  Mrs. Lewis.
DAME GROUSE, (Housekeeper to Bubble)  Mrs. Weston.

Act 1.—**MUTINY AT SPITHEAD.**

Scene 1.—**VIEW OF THE SALLY PORT, PORTSMOUTH.**

Interview with Parker and his Wife—the wrongs of Parker—his vow of vengeance—arrival of Jack Adams on his way to join the Sandwich and his wife.


Scene 2.—QUARTER DECK OF THE SANDWICH, (lying at the Nore.)

Parker threatened with Punishment—meeting of the Sailors—Marines march off with fixed Bayonets—awful situation of Parker's child—gallantry of Jack Adams—seizure of the Child by Arlington for a sacrifice—Mutineers are reinforced—the Guns turned about upon the Officers—Humiliation of Arlington, and Triumph of Richard Parker.

Scene 4.—THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE LONDON.

The Mutineers Board the Ship.

Skirmish with Marines—Capitulation—The Admiral and Officers upon knees, and arrival of Lord Howe from London—The Admiral's Flag again hoisted—the rigging manned, and three cheers for the King.

ACT 2, Scene 1.—VIEW OF THE ISLE OF GRAIN.

Parker pursued—The fate of Captain Arlington—Parker in Custody.

Scene 2.—INTERIOR OF THE FARM HOUSE.

Scene 3.—VIEW OF THE ISLE OF GRAIN.

Scene 4.—A CABIN IN THE SANDWICH.

PARKER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

He devotes his Child to the Service of the King—Friendship of Jack Adams—the Signal Guns—Parker's separation from his Wife and Child.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXECUTION OF PARKER.

Scene Last—THE DECK OF THE SANDWICH.

Funeral Procession—Parker's Dying Address—Parker's celebrated Farewell, "Here's Health to the King—Confusion to my Enemies, and Peace to my Soul"—the last Gun—The impressive DENOUEMENT.
To resist oppression is a duty that we owe to ourselves and to mankind. He who tamely submits to insult and injury, though he claim the merit of passive fortitude, forges chains for himself and his fellow men. We mean not that resistance which accompanies the word with the blow. It is the ruffian's characteristic to oppose brute force, when the evil demands discretion and policy. To choose the right means, and the proper time for employing them, belongs to the reflecting mind. No man is a Coward who smothers his resentment till its exercise becomes most effectual. The best part of moral courage is timely forbearance:

"I did not stab him,—
For that were poor revenge!"

While thus we advocate resistance against tyranny, we would not intrust with the illiterate the means, or the degree. To resist lawful authority is the peculiar privilege of the vulgar, who forget that their station, however humble, in society, is upheld by its due maintenance; for gradations in fortune are as natural to man, as in stature or intellect:

"Order is heaven's first law; and, sins confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,—
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense."

Your jack tar is not the most efficient legislator. We can trust his honesty, for it has been proved: we can believe, knowing how much he is called upon to endure, that he would not complain without just cause; and he who has fearlessly maintained the glory of his country deserves to be heard on the subject of his griev-
REMARKS

ances, even though his plea be urged after the fashion of his element, a little roughly. But Jack is no legislator. To hold councils, and appoint delegates, is as much out of his province, as to turn his guns against his liege lord exceeds the bounds of his duty. His petitions for redress must not fly from the cannon's mouth; nor must a whole fleet be held in mutiny to call attention to his complaints. We can pardon an error in judgment, but we cannot extend our lenity to the traitor that misleads him. The thief is guilty, but he who puts the temptation in his way is guiltier still.

The mutiny at the Nore, in 1797, forms a memorable epoch in the page of history. Like the celebrated riots in London, it is a proof how dangerous is impunity even for a moment, in the hour of peril. In one case, the capital was held in subjection and terror by a lawless rabble, owing to the cowardice and imbecility of a wretched chief magistrate; in the other, rebellion hoisted its red flag, and waved it insultingly above the imperial standard of old England. The ministry, though not paralyzed, hesitated what steps to take. Unlike the recreant London rabble, whose exploits were chiefly confined to burning prisons, and letting loose the members of their own body, the mutineers at the Nore were British seamen, who had fought and bled in their country's cause, whose grievances had some foundation in fact, and whose excesses were prompted by artful agents, who hoped to profit by the general delusion. At this fearful crisis, one great spirit stood forth in defence of his country—Glorious Sheridan! When those of his followers who called themselves the friends of England hung aloof, and inwardly exulted in the embarrassment of the minister, he, singly and alone, forgetting the distinction of party, nobly grappled with the difficulty, and won an immortal wreath that shall look green and Nourish through succeeding generations. He went to Mr. Dundas, and said, "My advice is, that you cut the
buoys on the river, send Sir Charles Grey down to the coast, and set a price on Parker's head. If the administration take this advice instantly, they will sure the country—if not, they will lose it; and, on their refusal, I will impeach them in the House of Commons this very evening. The patriot's advice was taken, the country was saved, and the name of Sheridan adorns one of the brightest pages of history.

Chief of the mutineers at the Nore, was Richard Parker, a seaman. He was a native of Exeter, and had received a good education, after which, he went into the navy, and became a midshipman, but was broke for some misconduct. Having a good address and great fluency of speech, he was chosen principal of the delegates when the sailors rose on account of their wages and prize-money; on which occasion, he assumed the command of the fleet, and, for his brief day of triumph, was called Admiral Parker. He ruled with great authority for some time, to the alarm of the nation, but, when the insurrection was suppressed, he was tried and executed aboard the Sandwich, June 30, 1797.

Upon this subject Mr. Jerrold has founded his present drama. Parker is elevated to a hero, and the admiral's lady draws largely upon our pity for the scrapes her husband has unhappily fallen into, and their consequences. To render this couple more romantic, and give some sort of colour to Parker's outrages, an episode is introduced. A watch had been stolen on board the ship in which Parker served. The rebel admiral is suspected to be the thief. He denies the charge, and proclaims himself as innocent as the child unborn. His testimonials of character prevail not—he is found guilty, and punished. Subsequently, he deserts, is recaptured, tried, and condemned to death; but the sentence is commuted to a flogging through the fleet. This is done after the real purloiner has confessed the theft, and confirmed the innocence of Parker, who is nevertheless made to receive
REMARKS

his full complement of fire hundred lashes. The prime mover of this vindictive sentence is Captain Arlington, whom Parker had supplanted in the affections of his mistress. Hence the mutual hatred and desire of vengeance, and the commiseration that naturally ait, n is the fate of the mutineer. All this is allowable as fiction; but, unless the audience which we doubt, can detect the interpolations, these mitigating circumstances, when put forth in connection with history, and aided by scenic effect, are likely to produce a wrong impression—to inspire horror at the sword of justice, when justice is mercy.

Those who cannot conveniently attend a naval execution, may have their soft sympathies excited, and their curiosity gratified, by witnessing this drama. The paraphernalia of death is most correctly brought to view; and if to behold a picture of domestic agony, a frantic wife, and a poor unconscious infant, in the stern group of executioners, be an additional charm, the veriest amateur in such horrors will not be disappointed.

The Mutiny at the Nore was originally produced at the Pavilion, and afterwards at the Coburg and Tottenham-Street Theatres. It was well acted, and popular.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

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

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

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

As performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.

Petticoat, June 7, 1839.

Admiral Colours, of the London
Captain Griffiths, of the London
Lieutenant Signs, of the Marines
Captain Loch, of the Queen
Captain Arlington, Lieutenant Dickis, of the Sandwich
Richard Parker, a Sailor on board the Sandwich
Jack Adams
Timothy Bubble
Dicky Chicken
William Parker, Parker's child
Jack Morris
Tom Allen
Bill Senator
Bill Riley

Sailors, Marines, &c.

Mr. Goldsmith
Mr. Wilson
Mr. Chapman
Mr. Maynard
Mr. Harding
Mr. Jones
Mr. Cobham
Mr. Farrell
Mr. Saker
Mr. Hadaway
Miss Norman
Mr. Anderson
Mr. Payne
Mr. Lineh
Miss Webb
Miss Halland
Mrs. Clifford

Mr. Porteus
Mr. Lewis
Mr. Saunders
Mr. Brady
Mr. King
Mr. Smyth
Mr. Seef
Mr. Gray
Mr. Mortimer
Mr. Conquest
Mr. Buckstone
Mr. Brougham
Mr. Egleston
Mr. Ireland
Mrs. Westminster

Mr. Bedford
Mr. Barry
Mr. Priddy
Mr. Howard
Mr. Chapman
Mr. Brady
Mr. Fredericks
Mr. W. Vining
Mr. Marshall
Mr. Wilson
Mr. Hamilton
Mr. Brown

Tottenham Street, 1839.
Costume.

ADMIRAL COLPOYS.—Full naval uniform—laced hat—sword.

CAPTAINS GRIFFITHS, ARLINGTON, LOCKE, and LIEUTENANT DAVIS.—Naval uniforms—cocked hats—swords.

LIEUTENANT SIMS.—Marine uniform—white trousers—hat—sword.

RICHARD PARKER.—Blue jacket and trousers—Guernsey frock—black silk handkerchief—hat.

JACK ADAMS.—Blue jacket and waistcoat—white trousers—black hat.

MORRIS, ALLEN, and SAILORS.—Blue jackets and trousers—check shirts—black hats.

TIMOTHY BUBBLE.—Old man’s brown suit—sugar-loaf buttons—brown striped stockings—three-cornered hat—bob-wig.

DICKY CHICKEN.—Short green coat—black tights—white hat

PARKER’S CHILD.—Blue jacket—white vest and trousers.

MARY PARKER.—Slate-coloured dress—white apron—cap and kerchief.

MOLLY BROWN.—Chintz gown—pink petticoat—figured kerchief—check apron—straw hat—mob cap.
THE MUTINY AT THE NORE

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—A street in Portsmouth.

Enter TIMOTHY BUBBLE and DICKY CHICKEN, R.

BUBBLE. (C.) Bring the bundle along, Dicky.
DICKY. (R.) Oh, sir, but who knows that it mayn't go right after all?
BUBBLE. Who knows?—I say it can't go right. I, Timothy Bubble, late head clerk in his majesty's dockyard here of Portsmouth, now retired on my property in the Isle of Sheppy—Dick, Dick, I have a head.
DICKY. But do you know, sir?——
BUBBLE. Know?—I know the law; have it all here! Had I had my deserts, I ought to have been at the bar long ago.
DICKY. That you ought.
BUBBLE. What satisfaction it would have given me to plead against these rascals, these mutineers!

Enter JACK ADAMS, L.

ADAMS. Belay there, a bit.
BUBBLE. What, Master Adams, surely you haven't a good word for the rebellious varlets: wouldn't you hang every one of them?
ADAMS. No, I wouldn't. It's all mighty well for fellows like you and your joblolly boy there, to talk about hanging and rebellion, and all such stuff; but we'll just suppose, now, that all the hands in that fleet were strung up like
a dried haddock aboard a Dutch lugger, where the devil would you get such another navy? Would you turn to at the capstern, or should we wait till your young ones came up to stand at the wheel or go into the chains? You're a hippopotamus!

BUBBLE. Better words, Mr. Adams, better words; one would have thought that your frequent visits ashore would have polished you a bit.

ADAMS. Polished!—they've spoiled me!

BUBBLE. Spoiled you!

ADAMS. Yes; for I know a time, instead of listening to you, I should have knocked you down.

BUBBLE. Very well, very well; but when you know that every man in the fleet is a rascal that——

ADAMS. Ayast, or I'll knock in your head-rails. I know that every sailor there (though there may be something to complain of, and they've gone on the wrong tack to remedy it), has done Old England service; I know that many a brave heart there has watched, fought, bled for his country; has spent years upon the salt sea in storms and peril; has had the waves beating over him and the shots flying about him, whilst you, and such as you, have been scratching your sixpences together, taking your grog with the curtains drawn, the doors listed, your feet upon your fender, and your wife and children alongside of you.

BUBBLE. Tut, tut! we bear our part, we pay taxes.

ADAMS. Taxes! Master Bubble, there's a mighty difference a'ween such service, and duty aboard a man-of-war!

BUBBLE. I don't see it.

ADAMS. Don't you?—look, now. We'll say your lad Chicken, there, is (what he'll never have the luck to be) a sailor, and you are (what you always will be) a gurnet-headed landlubber. Well, the ship's cleared for action; now, Dick is a fine, strong, healthy fellow; the first broadside's poured in—where's Dick?—sprawling a cripple for life upon the deck; now, what are you doing all this time? why, sleeping your twelve hours a night, and taking your soft tommy and butter in the morning. What's Dick's luck?—why he's lying in the cockpit, with the surgeon and his mates, with their shirt-sleeves tucked up, clattering their knives, and saws, and there the poor fellow hies with a docked limb, thinking of his old mother or his young wife at home; thinking, mayhap, upon his babes among groans and sobs and prayers for water. This
may be every sailor’s lot in that fleet, and these are the
men you’d hang—you be d—d!
BUBBLE. Oh, as for death and wounds, and such matters,
that’s all glory, and what I admire.
ADAMS. Yes, you may admire glory clapped into a pic-
ture frame and hung over your mantelpiece; but how-
would you like it in the waist of a fourteen gun brig.
BUBBLE. Still you ought not to excuse these mutineers;
why, the whole fleet’s in a state of rebellion; there’s the
Court of Delegates, as they call themselves, here; and
heaven knows what other court at Plymouth, all under
arms!
DICKY. That’s true, sir; all the sailors are officers them-
selves now, and have run ropes from the yards of all the
ships to hang up those that may offend them: they think
no more of the admiral’s flag, a cocked hat, and a pair of
epaulettes, than I think of the great Turk; now, what I’d
do-----
ADAMS. I tell you what you do: go and fish for tittle-
bats, or shoot sea-gulls with skillygolee; don’t you talk
of British seamen; why, what have you got hugging up
here?
BUBBLE. Ah, that’s it—if I’m not knighted for that piece
of service, why there’s no reward for loyalty! You don’t
know what I’ve taken to-day?
ADAMS. No; physic?
BUBBLE. Physic! Treason, disaffection, rebellion!
ADAMS. Much good may they do you.
BUBBLE. Here it is—perhaps you haven’t seen these.
(taking a bill from his bundle and reading) “British
sailors, now is the time! Britons, strike home! Look at
your officers, consider their pay, and then look what is
yours; your grog is stopped, and no short-allowance
money; wages are not paid for seven years, and who
benefits but the purser? Now is the time—be men, and
redress yourselves. Rule Britannia! and three cheers for
Richard Parker!” There, what do you think of that?
Here is a whole bundle of them, and this I, Dicky here,
and two constables, manfully took from a rascal in the
High-street.
ADAMS. Well, you took the cargo, and what did you do
with the craft?
BUBBLE. Zounds! you don’t think we could take both.
The fellow fought like a devil: I lost a knee-buckle in the
fray; am’t you surprised? you haven’t seen any of these?
ADAMS. Havn't I? I lighted my pipe with two yester-
day. What are you going to do with them? sell 'em to
the cheesemonger?

BUBBLE. Take them to the admiral; if my exertions to
leave the British navy are appreciated, why, reward must
come—they'll make a lord of me, at least.

ADAMS. Oh, a lord—a duke!

BUBBLE. No, no, a lord.

ADAMS. A duke—the Duke of Puddle Dock!

BUBBLE. Come along, Dicky, bring the bundle; there's
enough to make your master's fortune and leave something
for his servants. Adams, if I should get any interest
with the Lords of the Admiralty, I'll add twopence a day
to your pension for wounds. Come, Dicky, mind the
parcel: his majesty shall find he has at least one faithful
servant; and I—I was loyal from my cradle, for I came-
into the world on the king's birthday, only three minutes'
and three-quarters after my gracious sovereign. Good
bye, Adams, you shall have a trifle for tobacco—yet, mind
the bundle, Dicky, mind the bundle.

(exeunt BUBBLE and DICKY, L.)

ADAMS. That fellow, now, would make a fortune on the
Goodwin Sands. Ah! these are bad times, but all's one,
it's a stiff gale that never shifts. Here comes Molly
Brown, my sweetheart: that girl's as full of talk as a
seventy-four is full of port-holes.

Enter MOLLY BROWN, R.

MOLLY. Oh, my dear Adams, I've been looking for you;
what will become of us?

ADAMS. What may happen to the best of us—I shall be
hanged!

MOLLY. Hanged? (begins to cry.)

ADAMS. Ay. Hallo, what, shipped a sea? That's the
worst of you women—you believe everything that is told
you.

MOLLY. My dear Adams, why will you frighten me?
Hanged?

ADAMS. Why, if I'm not hanged to-day I may be to-
morrow; it's as well to prepare you for it—what can you
expect.

MOLLY. Why, you are no more to blame than any of the
rest; to be sure, you're head man in the court, and, I'm
told, talk better than any lawyer.
ADAMS. Ah, that doesn't say much in my recommendation.

MOLLY. Well, but our marriage, Adams?

ADAMS. How can you be so unreasonable? Here am I, Jack Adams, captain of the maintop of the Queen, your sweetheart, to be sure, but at the head of the mutineers; and now, whilst all the fleet's in a blaze, you are talking of marriage.

MOLLY. Well, you know you promised.

ADAMS. I know that. Jack Adams stands to his word as he does to his gun. Let me again see the admiral's flag flying, and all the crew returned to their duty, and unless they run Jack up at the fore-yard arm, we'll be spliced. Though, I say, my girl, you had better have Timothy Bubble—he's a warm widower.

MOLLY. Have him?

ADAMS. Why, you know he wants to have you; he's rich, full of gold as of-----

MOLLY. Wickedness—no! It's a hard thing to say, but I really do believe I'd sooner never be married at all.

ADAMS. Hush! you don't know what you mean; however, you have my word, and when I see all that square again, why then-----

MOLLY. What then?

ADAMS. Then hey for the fiddles and white ribands.

(Exit ADAMS, L.)

Enter TIMOTHY BUBBLE, R.,

BUBBLE. Now, Sirs. Molly, will you hear me?

MOLLY. I can't help it.

BUBBLE. Depend upon it, you'll not have such another chance. You are not aware, perhaps, that I am to be promoted.

MOLLY. Promoted! Why, what can they possibly make of you?

BUBBLE. That I leave to his Majesty's consideration. It isn't for me to say whether I'll be a lord or a knight, but you know, Mrs. Molly, whichever it is, I shall be able to make you a lady.

MOLLY. A lady? No!

BUBBLE. (Aside) She begins to melt. A lady, Molly. Now, what coloured silk should you like to be married in, blue, white, or——

MOLLY. Neither. Black; it would do remarkably well for the other ceremony.
BUBBLE. The other ceremony!
MOLLY. Certainly; for, you know, if you were to be so unconscionable as to marry me, you couldn't be wicked enough to live a long time afterwards.
BUBBLE. Not live! Why you wouldn't marry me with such a prospect?
MOLLY. Do you think I'd marry you with any other?
BUBBLE. But consider, husbands are not plentiful.

Enter JACK ADAMS, with SAILORS, l.

ADAMS. Come along, lads. Eh! why, there's my Molly, and — (retires.)
MOLLY. I'm the more fortunate; I've chosen one already; there's my Adams.
BUBBLE. Adams! Ah, my dear, don't deceive yourself; he'll provide but the shadow of a husband.
MOLLY. The shadow!
BUBBLE. He hasn't eight-and-forty hours to live.
MOLLY. Not to live!
BUBBLE. Not to live. So you'd better have me, a rich, well-experienced widower.
ADAMS. (aside to SAILORS) Stand back, my lads; we'll see what tack this fellow's on.

BUBBLE. I shouldn't wonder if his death-warrant isn't made out now.
MOLLY. But what for?
BUBBLE. What for? Here has he been principal rebel, and spokesman of the whole mutinous fleet, and now you ask "what for?"
MOLLY. Oh, but that's all forgotten; the Lords of the Admiralty have promised to redress all grievances, and to publish a general pardon.

BUBBLE. (taking out a newspaper) All smoke; that's just to gull 'em, to pacify 'em a bit, till there's rope enough made to hang 'em all. Don't be alarmed, but Jack Adams, your dear Jack, as you call him, will hang higher than any of them. Look here, (reads) "House of Parliament." I'll put on my spectacles.

ADAMS. (snatches a paper from BUBBLE) Mayhap, I can read it.
BUBBLE. Adams!
ADAMS. Yes, Adams. Why, Molly, and are you to be frightened by a lubber like that?
1ST SAILOR. But the paper, Jack?
2ND SAILOR. Ah, we've been tricked! let's hear the paper, and if there's been foul play---
ADAMS. Avast, shipmate! avast! You don't believe what he says, do you?

SAILORS. But the paper—the paper!

ADAMS. (aside, looking at the paper) 'Faith, it's true enough! but they mustn't know it, either; there's none of 'em can read.

SAILORS. The paper! The paper!

ADAMS. Well, I will read it. (to BUBBLE) This is the part you mean, isn't it.

BUBBLE. Y-e-es, that's the part. Oh, that I were out of their clutches!

ADAMS. Well, let me see. (reads) "We understand that the Lords of the A-dmiralty have determined to grant the petition of the fleet at Spithead, Plymouth, and the Nore."

(SAILORS shout.)

BUBBLE. Pray, Mr. Adams, where did you go to school?

ADAMS. Where did I go to school? Why, in the main-top of the Royal Billy.

SAILORS. In the main-top, Jack?

ADAMS. Yes; you see, I was always fond of learning, even when a child. Well, Tom Cipher, he was once what they call a usher at a school in Yorkshire; he was captain of the top, and there he used to give me my education, making me spell the names of the merchantmen as they passed by us. I learnt my letters through a telescope.

BUBBLE. I should think so; and through the wrong end. I should suppose.

ADAMS. Why—what do you mean?

BUBBLE. Why, I mean to say, that if you've read that paper correctly. I know nothing of a telescope.

1ST SAILOR. I say, Jack, no half laughs; you know; we are no scholars.

Enter Bill ALLEN, R.

ALLEN. How now? didn't I say them Lords of the Ad-miralty were deceiving us?

SAILORS. Ha!

ALLEN. Why, look here, (showing a newspaper) Here's the whole account on't from London.

1ST SAILOR. Why, Jack Adams says that it's all in our favour.

BUBBLE. Yes, you know; but then, he didn't read through a telescope.

ALLEN. Our favour! Yes, till they get us all under hatches.
1ST SAILOR. Why, then, all I have to say, is this: Jack Adams has thrown out false signals, and is a disgrace to---

ADAMS. Avast! a round turn there, messmate! Jack Adams a disgrace! And are you, a loblolly-boy, to talk to Jack Adams, that was rated able seaman afore you had strength to crack a biscuit?

1ST SAILOR. Then why deceive us? then why gammon us, a’cause you had the luck of education?

ADAMS. All for your good.

ALLEN. Good! Why, Jack, you don’t flinch from the cause?

ADAMS. No; and I think I but prove my love to the cause, by keeping a set of mad fellows from running into halters. Can’t you wait quietly?

ALLEN. Wait! What’s the use of waiting? Arent we treated as dogs? Come, my lads, let Jack Adams do as he pleases—I’m for the London; who jumps into the boat with me?

SAILORS. I—I—I------

ALLEN. And, as for waiting, let ’em wait; let Adams wait—but it’s no matter; heave a-head, shipmates. (exit with the SAILORS, R.

ADAMS. Now, I dare say you think yourself as great as the port admiral, for what you have done?

BUBBLE. Done, Mr. Adams!

ADAMS. Mr. Adams! none of your gammon. I’ve a great mind to give you an upholsterer’s jacket.

BUBBLE. And what’s that?

ADAMS. Why, tar and feather you. Push off your boat. Damme, you’re like a mermaid; you never appear, but a storm follows.

BUBBLE. Mr. Ad—Good morning, sir. There’s one comfort, I shall see him hanged; and that, to a loyal subject and a good Christian, is an unspeakable satisfaction. (exit BUBBLE, L.

ADAMS. Why, Molly, you look as white as a washed hammock.

MOLLY. Oh, Adams, if, after all, any thing should happen to you------

ADAMS. Happen to me! Why, what can happen? All along, I’ve done my duty; I’ve—(a gun heard, L.) Eh there’s some mischief afloat. I must be off, or there’ll be bloodshed. Farewell! As soon as the admiral’s flag is flying at the main, then, hey for the fiddles and the white favours! (exit MOLLY BROWN, R., and JACK. ADAMS, L.
SCENE SECOND.—*Bubble’s Farm-House in the Isle of Grain.*

*Enter Dicky Chicken and Dame Grouse, R.*

DICKY. (R.) I tell you, Dame Grouse, you’ve done wrong.

DAME. That may be, but compassion, Dicky.

DICKY. Compassion! our master, Timothy Bubble, never knew what compassion was, and now he’s too old to scrape new acquaintances. There, while I have been with him to Portsmouth, you left to take care of the farm-house in the Isle of Grain (and a precious island it is, very like a lark’s turf afloat in a washing-tub), you, as I say, left here to war with the rats and spiders, must turn the place into a lodging-house, and let my sleeping-room to a genteel young woman with a flaxen-headed little boy.

DAME. Ah, Dicky, but such a young woman! I lived servant with her father eight years ago. Ah! who then would have thought the beautiful Mary Davis. Ah! this love!

DICKY. Oh! it’s the devil, dame ;—but what harm has love done to Mary Davis?

DAME. Why, if made her marry imprudently.

DICKY. How so? Was her husband poor?

DAME. Very poor; but so amiable.

DICKY. I see; not a farthing in his pocket, but plenty of gold in his heart; a man who talks guineas, though he can’t give change for any: fathers think such youths make very bad sons-in-law.

DAME. But a better man than Richard Parker does not live; though, to be sure, he’s only a common sailor aboard the Sandwich, here at the Nore.

DICKY. A common sailor! And did your young mistress marry a common sailor?

DAME. No; he wasn’t in the navy then, he was a genteel high-spirited young man, brought up in the same village with Mary, and when they married her father deserted her; then fresh troubles came.

DICKY. I see; the little flaxen-headed boy.

DAME. And then poor Richard Parker went to sea; his wife has come many a long mile to meet him,—she has lodged here this month.

DICKY. And Mr. Parker, I suppose, comes and takes tea with you here on Sundays.
DAME. It is but seldom he can come ashore, for, as ill luck would have it, he who is now his captain was his very rival in love, and persecutes him beyond all bearing. Would you believe it? Richard Parker—his wife doesn't know it, poor thing, 'twould break her heart—was accused—wrongfully accused—of theft, for the criminal afterwards confessed——

DICKY. Well?

DAME. And, by the malice of the captain, was tried, and they do say—hush! here comes my poor young lady.

DICKY. Well, truly, she's a meek and pretty creature—Dame, shake me down a truss of straw anywhere; she's welcome to my bed, board and lodging.

Enter MARY PARKER, R.

MARY. Good Dame, I—a stranger with you!

DICKY. No stranger, Mrs. Parker; I'm just a remnant, a salvage belonging to the house, a thing that takes wages—is there anything I can do for you?

MARY. I thank you; this kindness——

DICKY. Kindness! not at all. Bless you, when first I looked at you, I saw a little angel peeping out at your eyes, that said, Dicky Chicken, do what you can for this young lady—you may laugh, I heard it, and I will do what I can for you.

MARY. Again I thank your zeal, but——

DICKY. Zeal! nonsense! Now, what shall I do? shall I snare a rabbit for your dinner—kill a chicken? I'll tell master it died; or if you like a relish, shall I catch some shrimps for tea? I'm like Robinson Crusoe's rusty firelock, not very showy, but on an island like this, extremely useful.

DAME. Don't talk so, Dicky, don't talk.

DICKY. Bless me! why, there's a boat landed.

MARY. Oh, 'tis he!

DICKY. (aside) Mr. Parker, I suppose; I'm off. Dame, (takes her under his arm) come and show me the improvements about the island.

DAME. Improvements!

DICKY. Yes; when I left it, there were three cabbages on the whole place; considering we have had fine weather for this last month, there may be another sprout by this time.

DAME. Fie, Dicky; don't sneer at the land you live upon.

DICKY. The land! call this Isle of Grain-land! Why, it
lies on the top of the water, barren and bleak, like a great fish; I never go to bed, but I fear that the island may be taken for a sleeping whale, and I have a harpoon driven clean through my body. (Exit with DAME, R.

MARY. He comes—at every succeeding interview, I fancy I perceive a deeper gloom upon his brow, a more settled sorrow at his heart. Oh! Providence!—but let me not complain, a brighter day may yet arrive.

Enter RICHARD PARKER, L.

MARY. Mary! my own loved Mary!
MARY. Oh, Richard, this meeting repays me for all the anxious hours passed in silence and in solitude; why, who is this? why do you turn your eyes from mine?
PARK. I—I cannot look upon you.
MARY. Not!
PARK. When I remember that you were wooed by Fortune, had every comfort strewed about your footsteps; when I remember this, and see you torn by my hand from every hope of life, thrown a poor outcast on the unfeeling world, humiliated, broken-hearted, beggared, can you wonder if I blush to meet your eye? can you marvel if like a felon, I shrink beneath your gaze, ashamed to meet the victim I have made?
MARY. Oh, Richard, talk not so; do you think reproach can spring from love like mine? Think you I can regret the loss of wealth, and of those summer friends that clung whilst fortune shone? Oh, no! I am rich, rich in your love and in our darling boy.
PARK. My poor William!
MARY. Oh! away with such reproaches; you have manly courage, Richard, but add to it a woman's strength!
PARK. A woman's strength!
MARY. Ay, the power of sufferance; you, in the wild storm or wilder battle, hang above the heaving billow or rush upon the sword, this, this is lion-hearted daring! But think you the sailor's wife has not a deeper courage, to listen to the roaring sea, to hear the minute-gun, to read of shipwreck and of battle, yet, with terror for her daily partner, to hush the whispering fear, and with a deep tranquility of soul confide in Him who feeds the sparrow and sustains the flower? Mere courage is the instinct of brutes—'tis patience, the sweet child of Reason, stamps and dignifies the man.
PARK. My dear Mary—yes, thou'llt love me still?
MARY. Love you! Though poverty and wrong had made
you unjust to me, forgetful of yourself; though shame had
scourged you—(he starts)—how now, Richard! husband!
PARK. 'Tis nothing.
MARY. Nay, your colour goes, the veins swell within
your brow, and your lip works—what, what have I said?
PARK. Nothing, nothing, my poor wench.
MARY. Oh! it is not so; I have awakened some horrid
thoughts that still convulse and shake you—tell me, in
mercy.
PARK. Mary, I will tell you. You spoke of shame! To
a heart rightly endowed for its fellows, it is a kind of
shame to see in silence wrong and outrage done to others.
MARY. True, but----
PARK. I—I am a sailor aboard a king's ship; my mind
may be as noble, my heart as stout, as are the minds and
hearts of those who strut upon the quarter-deck and are
my masters—no matter, 'tis my fate, and I should obey
them.
MARY. For heaven's sake let not the violence of your
temper betray you to acts of mutiny—have you not seen—
PARK. Seen! I have served the king seven years; in
that time I have seen enough to turn the softest breasts to
stone, to make me look with eyes of lead upon the blackest
violence; to make me laugh at "virtue," "feelings," as
words of a long-forgotten tongue. Seen! I have seen
old men, husbands and fathers, men with venerable gray
hairs, tied up, exposed, and lashed like basest beasts;
scourged, whilst every stroke of the blood-bringing cat
may have cut upon a scar received in honourable light.
I have seen this; and what the culprit's fault? He may
have trod too much on this side, or on that—have answered
in a tone too high or too low, his beardless persecutor—no
matter: the crime is mutinous, and the mariner must bleed
for it!
MARY. Oh, Richard, and have you looked on scenes like
these?
PARK. Looked! Listen, then judge you whether, the
gloom upon my face is but the cast of a sickly fancy, or
the shadow from a deep and settled wrong: it tears my
soul to shock thy delicate spirit, yet them must know all,
that in what I henceforth may do, thy mind may justify
me. Dost thou hear me, Mary?
MARY. I'll strive to do so.
PARK. 'Tis now some four years since I had a friend, a sailor aboard a king's vessel; his fate was somewhat like to mine, for chance had given him an unsuccessful rival in love to be his captain and his destroyer. I knew the victim—knew him—but to my tale. The sailor was preferred—rare promotion for one of cultivated mind—to wait upon the steward, and do his lofty bidding. Time wore on, at length a watch was stolen: suspicion lighted on my friend, he was charged with—my heart swells and my head swims round—with the robbery—before the assembled crew, despite his protestations and his honest scorn, he was branded with the name of "Thief."

MARY. Oh, heavens!

PARK. Stripped and bound for brutal punishment—picture the horror, the agony of my friend, bleeding beneath the gloating eye of his late rival in a woman's love; picture his torment and despair to feel, whilst the stripes fell like molten lead upon his back, that keener anguish, his rival's triumph! Imagine what were his thoughts, what the yearnings of his swelling heart, towards his young wife, his precious babe at home.

MARY. Oh, horrible!

PARK. A short time after, he sought to escape; he trusted the secret of his flight to another, and was betrayed. What followed then? He was tried for desertion, condemned to death.

MARY. Gracious powers! and did they?

PARK. Oh, no, the judges were merciful.

MARY. Heaven bless them!

PARK. Stay your benediction. They were merciful, they did not hang the man—'twould have been harsh, they thought, the more so, as he who had stolen the watch, touched by compunction, had confessed the theft, clearing the deserter of the crime he had been scourged for; still, discipline demanded punishment; they did not hang the man, and thereby bury in his grave the remembrance of his shame; no, they mercifully sent him through the fleet.

MARY. The fleet?

PARK. Listen, then wonder that men with hearts of throbbing flesh within them can look upon, much less inflict such tortures. They sent him to receive five hundred lashes, so many at the side of every vessel, whilst the thronging crew hung upon the yards and rigging, to hear the wretch's cries and look upon his opening wounds. What was the result? why, the wretch
they tied up, a suffering, persecuted man, they loosed a raging tiger. From that moment revenge took possession of my soul; I lived and only breathed, consented to look on the day's blessed light that I might have revenge.

MARY. You, husband, you?

PARK. Yes, Mary Parker, I am that wronged, that striped, heart-broken, degraded man.

MARY. (throws herself upon his neck) Oh, Richard, heaven have mercy on them.

PARK. Amen. Mercy is heaven's attribute, revenge is man's. Ay, look upon me, Mary; do you not blush to call me husband?

MARY. Oh, talk not so.

PARK. You must, for I feel degraded, a thing of scorn and restless desperation; but the time is almost ripe, and vengeance----

MARY. Think not of it!

PARK. Think not of it? I only live upon the hope of coming retribution. Think not of it! Would you still embrace a striped, a branded felon?

MARY. That stain is wiped away.

PARK. No, but it shall be, and in blood!

MARY. In mercy, Richard----

PARK. Hear me swear.

Enter WILLIAM PARKER, the child, R.

WILLIAM. (running up to his father) Oh, father! dear father!

PARK. Ha, be this the subject of my oath! (kneels—the child kneeling, with upraised hands, before his father) May this sweet child, the fountain of my hopes, become my bitterest source of misery—may all my joys in him be turned to mourning and disquiet—may he be a reed to my old age, a laughter and a jest to my gray hairs—may he mock my dying agonies and spit upon my grave, if for a day, an hour I cease to seek for a most deep, most deadly vengeance!

ADAMS. (without, L.) Hollo! house, ahoy!

PARK. A stranger's voice! We are disturbed. Farewell, my love, I must aboard; to-morrow you shall hear news of me. I have promised my shipmates to bring William with me, he shall return when I do.

MARY. Promise, then, to be more calm; let patience patience, Richard, counsel you.
PARK. Farewell, (aside) Now my child shall see his father's wronger at his foot. Arlington, I come to triumph, (exeunt PARKER, and WILLIAM, L. , MARY following,

Enter DICKY CHICKEN, R.

DICKY. This way, sir, this way; I must carry it off somehow, for if it gets to old Bubble's ears that we have lodgers-----

Enter JACK ADAMS and MOLLY BROWN (now Mrs. Adams) R.

ADAMS. Heave a-head, Molly! I do think, by the cut of his canvas, 'twas he. I say (looking at DICKY) haven't we been in convoy before? Why, you're the very pinnace that old Bubble used to tow along. What, have you parted company?

DICKY. Yes, the fact is——I——our tempers didn't agree.

ADAMS. Well, I should have thought you'd have sailed capitally together.

DICKY. Why?

ADAMS. Why? Because he's all shark, and you're all flying fish.

DICKY. Likely; but, you see, my wings were too much for his jaws. Bless me! I beg your pardon, Miss Molly Brown, how do you do?

MOLLY. Molly Brown! Mrs. Mary Adams, if you please!

DICKY. Oh, changed your name?

ADAMS. Yes, Molly hoists the pendant now——king's ship, you see. I always said that when I managed to settle the mutiny at Spithead I'd be married.

DICKY. Ah, as soon as you got out of one row, get into a greater.

MOLLY. Come, Mr. Dicky, none of your impertinence; marriage is not to be joked at in that manner.

DICKY. A joke! Oh, dear me. I'm too timid to joke on such a subject. No, thank heaven, I treat marriage with all the respect becoming a stranger.

ADAMS. Now clap on your stopper and set your rum afloat.

DICKY. (aside) Rum! Timothy Bubble have rum in his farm-house. Rum——did you say rum?

ADAMS. Did I say rum? Dam'me, do you think I'm talking Japanese? Rum, I said, R, U double M, rum; isn't that English?

DICKY. Yes, that's English rum, but the fact is, we don't keep it, and all the Jamaica's out. We should have
some nice gin, but the smugglers haven't been here some time, but I tell you what we have—delicious! What do you think of a pint or a pint and a half—for stomachs vary—of nice skim milk?

ADAMS. What! milk!

DICK. With a lump of sugar at the bottom, a little nutmeg at the top, and a silver spoon in the middle of it?

ADAMS. Milk? why, I never tasted milk since I was seven months old.

DICK. You should have some now, then; it would make you again think of home and innocent childhood.

ADAMS. I tell you what, Master Dicky: unless you want my fist to run foul of your figure-head, you'll bring me a pint of good West Ingay rum: and—and—what will you have, Molly?

DICK. We have no peppermint, the aniseed is out, and we've sent to Sheerness for cloves this morning.

ADAMS. Well, then, Molly, you must have some rum, too. So, d'ye hear, bring a pint of rum for me, and half a pint for the lady. 

DICK. You'd better let me recommend our milk.

ADAMS. Milk! Do you want to poison us? Rum, I say!

DICK. Well, then, to tell you the truth, there isn't a drop of spirits in the whole island.

ADAMS. No! Why, when was this place made?

DICK. It never was made; it rose up to the top of the sea, by accident.

ADAMS. And, if there is no rum upon it, the sooner it sinks to the bottom the better. Well, Molly, I'll go off to the Sandwich, and——

DICK. What, do you belong to the Sandwich?

ADAMS. Yes; you see, I, and two or three of my shipmates, that belonged to the Queen, have been drafted aboard other ships here, at the Nore; just, you see, in case the crews should be at all obstropulous, Jack Adams and his loyal shipmates might set them a good example.

DICK. Well, it strikes me you'll have enough to do, for Mr. Parker was here just now.

ADAMS. Parker! Damme! I said 'twas he. I sailed with him aboard the Cerberus; a finer fellow never put his foot on rattlin. What ship does he belong to now?

DICK. Why, the Sandwich.

ADAMS. Here's luck! Good bye, Molly. I'll go aboard,
get fresh liberty, bring Dick Parker with me, and we'll have a night of it.

DICK. What, here, Mr. Adams?

ADAMS. Here—But stop; as this is a snug quiet place for a married man, I think it shall be here. So, look you: *(throwing money)* there, paddle over to Sheerness, bring back a hogshead of rum, a chest or two of lemons, half a dozen loaves of sugar, and—I suppose you have water? Not that we shall want much of it.

DICK. Beautiful water, and for all tastes, hard and soft.

ADAMS. Then look alive, shipmate. And there, Molly, *(kissing her)* let that comfort you till I come back. *(exit L.)*

DICK. What a considerate husband! Oh, Mrs. Molly, little did I think——

MOLLY. Now, don't you stand talking here, but go upon your errand.

DICK. That's unkind. I wished to have a little serious gossip with you. I suppose you have got Mr. Adams's will and power; because, if any unlucky shot—and, you know, shots do fly upon the sea——

MOLLY. Yes, and upon land, too; take that, *(slaps his face.)*

DICK. Well, I—but your petticoats protect you; now, if the lady within——

MOLLY. A lady! Who is she?

DICK. Quite a lady, Mrs. Molly Adams. None of your slappers.

MOLLY. Now, there's a good creature, tell me.

DICK. It's Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Adams.

MOLLY. Why didn't you tell me that before? How lucky! I shall have company till Adams returns. I'll run and introduce myself directly. *(exit L.)*

DICK. Now, here am I, and nobody within call, left with three women. I begin to be alarmed; and—Oh, dear, if Timothy Bubble, Esq., should return to his country villa, and find it turned into a house of accommodation for newly-married English sailors—but I'll trust to fortune; and so, with gold in my pocket, I'll jump into the boat, and return like a West India trader, full of rum, sugar, and lemons.
SCENE THIRD.—The quarter-deck of the Sandwich—the entrance to cabin, L. c.

JACK ADAMS, RICHARD PARKER, his child, and other SAILORS, on deck, discovered.

ADAMS. Well, well, I know mate, we have had enough to complain of, but patience; 'tis better to take the bight out of the cable than to cut it.

PARK. Patience! we have had patience, endured every kind of scorn, chastisement, and ruffianly contempt—endured it, until at length the spirit of man is roused, and walks abroad, and cries for vengeance!

ADAMS. I tell you, you are wrong, Dick; you'll have all set right by the Admiralty, you'll have your rights.

PARK. Not till we have shown ourselves determined for them. Are we not hourly goaded, spurned, treated like dogs? Even this very morning, ten of the crew, as bold and honest tars as ever braved a storm or met a foe, have been placed in irons, are now below, with marines standing with loaded muskets over them: and what have these men committed? Why, the captain did not like their looks; he thought he saw mutiny gleaming in their eye and swelling in their lip. Act as you will, Adams, I'm resolved!

ADAMS. But consider a bit, Dick; your life—

PARK. My life! Heaven is my witness, I have kept it but for this hour; let me but see that ruffian at my foot, let me but see that villain Arlington—

Enter CAPTAIN ARLINGTON with OFFICERS, from the cabin.

CAPT A. How now? (looks at PARKER, then speaks to him) Go forward, sir (pause) what, sulky again? Boatswain's mate, turn the hands up for punishment, (no one stirs) Why am I not obeyed? (the CREW murmur) Oh! is it so? (the SAILORS come forward and crowd about PARKER, R., who stands surveying ARILINGTON with a look of contempt.)

SAILOR. Now, Richard Parker, do you speak.

CAPT. A. Mutiny! I see it. Sir, (to the CAPTAIN of MARINES) march your men aft. (the MARINES march and arrange at the back, c.—the CAPTAINS and OFFICERS range towards L.) Now, you set of disaffected rascals, what would you?
SAILORS. Richard Parker! Richard Parker!
CAPT. A. Parker not that man.
1ST SAILOR. (r.) Parker, sir, is our leader! he knows what we want—'tis him you must speak to.
CAPT. A. Must! Well, Richard Parker, I will answer you: you are leader of these wretched men; you shall not, if I can help it, lose the reward of such honourable distinction—what do you want?
PARK. Captain Arlington, you bear his majesty's commission; to you are entrusted the comforts—nay, the very lives of men who never failed to risk those lives in the defence of the British flag: how have you used that commission?
CAPT. A. How! do you dare question?
PARK. Softly, sir; you see we have dared thus much: what we may dare still further, is yet to be shown.
CAPT. A. Insolent!
PARK. Fair words, sir; we have risen against the tyrant, what heed we then of the bully? Men, husbands, fathers, have been trusted to your command—how have you used them? like beasts; their torture has been your hourly pastime; now, we are resolved to wipe away the stain, we have sworn to justify the name and nature of man, violated in our persons—we will have Justice!
SAILORS. Huzza! huzza!
PARK. You heard that shout, sir—nay, I see your cheek is pale.
CAPT. A. (drawing a pistol) Villain! another word and I'll place a bullet in your brain.
PARK. Fire away, sir; (the SAILORS take pistols from their belts) you see, we have bullets too.
LIEUT. (aside to ARLINGTN) For heaven's sake, sir, be calm, the men are desperate.
CAPT. A. Desperate! Well, (to the SAILORS) what do you want?
PARK. First, the release of those men placed in irons this morning; next, your solemn pledge, before these gentlemen, of better treatment towards your crew; next—
CAPT. A. I will not release the men.
PARK. (to the SAILORS) You hear!
CAPT. A. And as to treatment, you have nothing to complain of; I have ever been considerate, merciful—-
PARK. Merciful! Oh, yes; where shall we see your mercies, Captain Arlington? Shall we see them in the worn ankles of your fettered sailors? shall we read them
in their scarred and lacerated backs? Mercies!—by hevens! an eye of stone would melt, to look upon your mercies.

CAPT. A. I know your personal malice—I know your drift—the watch—yet I acted but according to my duty. Even when I punished, I did not wrong you.

PARK. Not wrong me!—not—(turning to the SAILORS)
You my shipmates, friends, beheld me branded as a thief saw me tied up, scourged; beheld that creature look laughingly upon my writhing and dishonoured frame; you saw this; saw me cleared, acquitted; what was my consolation?—more stripes, deeper infamy; and yet he says he has not wronged me;—says so, and the lie blisters not his tongue, but thiere he stands, white, cold, and bloodless as the marble.

CAPT. A. Ruffian!

1ST SAILOR. Three cheers for Parker! (the SAILORS shout.)

CAPT. A. Men, go down below. Captain Turner, are your marines ready? Again, I say, go below, or they shall fire.

CAPTAIN OF MARINES. Make ready!

LIEUT. For heaven's sake! a moiment; (x's to c.) now, my men, let every blue jacket who remains true to his king and country, walk on this side of the deck, (after a pause, JACK ADAMS passes over to L.—his CHEW hiss him.)

ADAMS. My lads, I have fought too long for my king and country, to go the course you are steering now—if you have wrongs, as mayhap you have, write to the Admiralty.

PARK. We know our course, then; now, my lads, three cheers and to the work, (the SAILORS part and discover the forecastle guns pointed aft—at the mouth of one of the guns, little WILLIAM is seen seated on a keg, his hand in the gun, and his head resting against it, asleep—the men run up from below—matches are brought, PARKER seizes one, and is about to fire the cannon at the end of which the child is placed.)

ADAMS. (advancing before the cannon) For the love of heaven, Parker!

PARK. Stand back, or I fire.

ADAMS. Not upon one man, Parker; and he, too, unarmed—what, fire upon Jack Adams? I'm not worth powder and shot—your friend, too!

PARK. We have no friends on that side of the deck.

ADAMS. For the love of heaven! as you love your peace of mind—by all that's dear, do not fire!

PARK. Keep off!
ADAMS. If I do I'm damned! (springing forward, and catching up the child in his arms—PARKER and the CREW retail with horror) Would you blow off the head of your own child?

PARK. My boy, my boy! Adams, may he in heaven bless you for this.

CAPT. A. (seeing the child, and placing him between two Marines) Present! (the Marines turn their guns to the child) Retire, or at the first new act of disobedience your child dies.

PARK. Monster!

CAPT. A. Are you ready, marines?

PARK. (to one of the Marines) Stay! you, Davis, (turning up his sleeve, and, pointing to his arm) see you this scar? I saved your life—will you murder my child? (the two Marines shoulder their arms and go over to the CREW, R. they are followed by their comrades—ADAMS catches up the child in his arms—the Marines go over to PARKER and his party—the officers lay down their swords—ARLINGTON falls on his knee for mercy—PARKER waves his sword in triumph, shouts and, —Picture.)

END OF ACT 1.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—A view of the Isle of Grain.

Enter TIMOTHY BUBBLE and MOLLY ADAMS, L.

BUBBLE. And so you are spending the honeymoon here. Well, Molly Brown—I mean Mrs. Adams, as what is done is past remedy, and you have chosen Jack Adams, A.B., in preference to Timothy Bubble, Esq., late clerk, now landholder here in the Isle of Grain, why, there's no help for it.

MOLLY. Certainly; Mr. Bubble; that's a very sensible remark.

BUBBLE. So, as love is quite out of the question, what do you think of friendship?

MOLLY. Oh, I can have no objection to friendship.

BUBBLE. Very true; so, when Mr. Adams goes to sea—and the fleet will be off in a day or two——

MOLLY. No, indeed; not till Admiral Parker——
BUBBLE. Admiral Parker! here's a rapid promotion—but there's yet a higher destiny for him. Molly, his admiralship isn't worth a biscuit—I heard it all at Sheerness—bless you, all the crews have come round to terms; the government has acceded to everything—and at this very moment there's marines in all directions to apprehend the admiral.

MOLLY. Mercy on me! I must run and give him notice.

BUBBLE. Notice! what—(aside) Here's luck—you don't know where he is?

MOLLY. Yes, he is—but may I trust you? will you betray the generous and unfortunate?

BUBBLE. Look in my face, Molly—did you ever see more honesty crowded into one set of features?

MOLLY. Well, then; he and his wife are now at the same inn that we are.

BUBBLE. Inn! inn here—what, at the Isle of Grain? Well, I've just returned from Portsmouth, after an absence of six weeks; and when I started from here, the devil an inn was on the whole island.

MOLLY. Oh, but there is now; and your late man, Dicky Chicken, is waiter there.

BUBBLE. Why, it isn't the thatched house at the corner of the field?

MOLLY. Yes, but it is.

BUBBLE. (aside) The rascal! he's been turning my mansion into a tavern, and taking in all customers that offered. Oh, and Dicky is waiter there?

MOLLY. Yes; see, here he comes.

Enter DICKY, with a basket. L.

DICKY. Well, I've bought the fowls, the quarter of lamb, and green peas—and 'ecod! we'll make a dinner of it. Let me see: there's the Parkers, the Adamses, Dame Grouse, Dicky Chicken, and—and——

BUBBLE. The Bubbles!

DICKY. (starling and letting the basket fall) Master!

BUBBLE. Surely, you'll let your old master take a snack. How much is your ordinary at the—the—what's the sign of your house?

DICKY. The—the—the devil!

BUBBLE. Indeed! an odd sign to paint.

DICKY. Oh, we have no need to paint it, now.

BUBBLE. Why?

DICKY. The original is just come to hand, (going.)
BUBBLE. Stop—don't leave me here; for as the island is so much altered during my absence, it may be difficult to find out my way. I suppose your house is not very full?

DICKY. Why, really, I've just met with more company than I know what to do with.

BUBBLE. Never mind; you can put me anywhere.

MOLLY. Yes, anywhere will do for Mr. Bubble.

BUBBLE. Oh, yes; in the attic.

MOLLY. Or the cellar.

BUBBLE. Or the hayloft.

DICKY. Or the horse-pond, (aside) Here's a condition I'm in.

BUBBLE. Now lead the way, Dicky; Mrs. Adams and I will follow.

DICKY. (aside) What will become of me? This way, sir, I've no other chance than to turn sailor and run for it.

BUBBLE. We follow, (aside) And when Parker's disposed of, I'll lay you by the heels, depend upon it. Am I far from the house?

DICKY. (aside) Not so far as I could wish.

BUBBLE. Bless me! The paths are very dirty.

DICKY. (aside) All your paths generally are.

BUBBLE. But I suppose I shall soon get to my journey's end?

DICKY. (aside) Not so soon; for there isn't a gibbet in the whole island.

BUBBLE. And I'll reward you, Dicky, be assured.

DICKY. As for the reward, sir, the pleasure of doing good——

BUBBLE. Yes, I know all about that.

(Exit with MOLLY ADAMS, R.

DICKY. Do you? It's very recently, I take it. My only refuge is a blue jacket, and in half-an-hour ends my profession of landlord and waiter. Oh! that he might stick his foot into a clay-pit, and wait till I came to deliver them.

(Exit R.

SCENE SECOND.—Interior of Bubble's House.

Enter Richard Parker and Mary, R.

PARK. Your fears wrong the brave men whose cause I have championed. What! when I have ventured all, when I have stood foremost as a mark for peril—think ye they would fall from me, now?
MARY. No, Richard, no—and yet, 'tis a desperate stake for which you play.

PARK. Desperate evil requires a desperate remedy—but even say, I am offered up a sacrifice----

MARY. Oh, talk not so; think of your child, think of me, Richard!

PARK. Nay, 'tis a noble practice of the mind to fortify itself for the worst, that when the blow is dealt, it finds us armed to stand against the buffet. But let giddy Fortune change as she will, let her make me her meanest toy, her most wretched plaything, still, still I am revenged!

MARY. Oh, and what is vengeance, if----

PARK. What is vengeance? By my soul, when I saw that villain prostrate, when I beheld the tyrannic black-hearted Arlington writhing like a crushed worm at my foot, when I read his terror in his ashy cheek, beheld him crouch like a spurned cur beneath my glance, by heavens, in that fleet exulting moment I lived a joyous year of life—death, come when it may, hath lost half its anguish, for I die revenged!

MARY. Death! Parker, what mean you? Why speak you thus familiarly of death?

PARK. It must come one day, Mary.

MARY. Oh, yes; but when it finds you, may it find you ripe in years, may it find you circled by your children's children, rich in their love, honoured by the respect of all men—may you sink from life as into a gentle sleep, and when all is hushed, may one grave tenant you and Mary!

PARK. (with emotion) Amen! amen!

MARY. Nay, you are moved with some dreadful fears—a tear trembles in your eye—Parker, by our days of early love, when life----

PARK. Life! Oh, Mary—once how beautifully rose the world before me! with what a deep and fervent love I looked on all my fellows, with what a rich creative fancy I peopled all around me with objects tender and beautiful; the world was, in reality, all that I have since dreamed of Paradise. Your smile gave a brighter sunshine to the earth, your voice gave a deeper music to my ears! Poverty marked me with her felon brand; my heart's sanctuary was violated, for I was torn from you, from my babe, yet upon the very threshold of the world, torn, degraded, and now-----

MARY. Oh, do not sadden the aspect of the present by remembrance of the past.
PA. Nay, such recollection has a sweet and bitter feeling; wretched is the man who, looking back on thirty years, exclaims, "there is no hour I fain would live again."

Enter Jack Adams, running, l.

PA. Adams!

ADAMS. Ay, shipmate, even Jack Adams! (Parker is going) Avast a bit. Dick, you and I have been old friends.

PARK. I forgot that the moment you crossed the quarter-deck of the Sandwich.

ADAMS. Well, then, I must say you shouldn't have made such clear decks of your memory; and yet, Master Richard, it's as well I did make that tack, for had I gone on your side, I couldn't have well seen your child's head in------

PARK. Adams, forgive me—bless you, Adams, it should seem I was fated to remember only injuries.

ADAMS, (aside) I say, get your wife to part couvoy.

PARK. Mary, leave us.

MARY. Leave you!

PARK. Ay, you heard me.

MARY. Husband, this is my first act of disobedience—but I—I will not leave you, there is—I see it—Oh! too well I see it—there is some danger.

ADAMS. No, no danger in the least; only a little squall, it will soon blow over.

PARK. Proceed, Adams; you'll find her a true sailor's wife. What threatens?

ADAMS. Why, the Admiralty has given all that was asked.

PARK. Then I am rewarded.

ADAMS. Yes; only you see—you see——

PARK. Come, out with it.

ADAMS. There's a bit of an after-hank about the ring-leaders.

PARK. As I suspected. Well?

ADAMS. They've agreed that—that—you see, they—damn it! it's all coiled up in my throat, and, I can't get it out. Thus it is, Dick, the Admiralty, as a price for giving what is asked—command that—that you shall be given up to them!

MARY. Oh, husband, husband, that it should come to this!

PARK. Hush, Mary, hush!

ADAMS. (whispers him) The Marines are out after you,
with Captain Arlington—so much does he want to take you—at their head.

PARK. Ha! I'm glad of that—if I die—

ADAMS. Die! pretty fellow you are here, with a wife and child, and talk about dying. Now, I tell you what you shall do—I've taken a lot of prize-money, got a fellow lying in a creek here with a lugger; you and your wife, with the boy, bless their hearts, both on 'em! you jump into it, land on the Essex coast, then—here's a plan for you—when you get there, go right inland, change your name, mount a smock frock, take a little cottage, keep a cow and some pigs, and then, with your wife and your dear babies, live till you are as old as Monkey Island.

MARY. Oh, Richard, let us haste.

PARK. And have you such friendship towards a mutineer?

ADAMS. When you were aboard the Sandwich and carrying the day, I treated you as a mutineer; now you are here and in distress, why now I only see my friend. But come, we have no time to patter. (giving PARKER a purse)

Here, Dick; and take a sailor's good wishes with it. If you and I meet again, we'll have a stiff can together; if not, why, I shall sometimes, in the middle-watch, think of Dick Parker, and you mayhap at your cottage-fire of a night, when the wind blows, may drink a cup of your home-brewed to the health of Jack Adams.

MARY. (having brought WILLIAM from, R.) Now, then, Richard.

ADAMS. Come along. I'll show you the way; and whilst I pilot a, friend in trouble, an innocent woman, and a helpless child, it must be a cruel quicksand that—(looking out, L. u. E.) Ha! Parker, stand to your guns—the red-jackets!

Enter CAPTAIN ARLINGTON and MARINES, L. U. E.

CAPT. A. Here is the culprit. Seize him!

MARY. Mercy! mercy! Captain Arlington—

CAPT. A. Madam, once you knew not the word, (to MARINES) Advance! (they move towards PARKER, who draws a cutlass.)

PARK. The first man that stretches forth his hand I'll cleave to the earth.

CAPT. A. Draw and secure him! (the MARINES recoil)

Cowards! (he runs to PARKER, struggles with him, and disarms him,—the CAPTAIN is rushing to secure him, when
PA&JCBR draws a pistol, and shoots him—the CAPTAIN falls at the foot of MABY—PARKKR folds his arms, and stands resigned. (Picture.)

SCENE THIRD.—View of the Isle of Grain.

Enter Timothy Bubble, running, R.

BUBBLE. Bless my soul, here's an event! What a rascal! But he'll be hanged, Mr. Richard Parker will swing for it; there's comfort still.

Enter Dicky Chicken, R.

DICKY. What, you're here, are you? Well, you have made a fine morning's work of it!

BUBBLE. Done my duty, Chicken, done my duty! Shall sleep the sounder for it.

DICKY. The sounder! And don't you expect the ghost of the murdered captain to put his head through the curtains, and call upon you all through the long night?

BUBBLE. The ghost—murdered—why, Chicken, what do you mean?

DICKY. Don't you know that Parker has shot the captain?

BUBBLE. Oh, the traitor! You know I didn't see the business. I've a horror of steel and gunpowder. I heard the report of fire-arms, and then I ran.

DICKY. Why, what could you expect? What business had you to tell the marines where he was? They were passing the house, and if you hadn't called to them, like an old raven as you are----

BUBBLE. A what!

DICK. A raven—I've said it—a raven, nay, a vulture, a wild cat, a----

BUBBLE. And do you know who I am?

DICKY. Yes: havn't I just told you?

BUBBLE. I knew you that I've the power of hanging you? Have you turned my house into a nest for mutineers?

DICKY. Mr. Bubble!

BUBBLE. Well, sirrah.

DICKY. (snapping his fingers) That for you, Mr. Bubble!

BUBBLE. Why—you—I'll lay you by the heels, you—(calling) Here! halloo!

DICKY. Take my advice, now, don't raise your voice.
BUBBLE. And why not, sir?
DICKY. Because, if any of the sailors (and there are a few about the island) should happen to hear you, they'd crack your skull as they'd crack a biscuit!
BUBBLE. Here's a reward for doing my duty; but I discard you!
DICKY. Discard! You don't suppose I'd live in your house after the blood that's been shed there.
BUBBLE. Blood—phoo, phoo! what of that?
DICKY. What! Only fancy, now, on a bleak winter's night, the wind howling outside, the rain coming hissing down the chimney, you sitting alone, for nobody will come near you-----
BUBBLE. Now don't—don't.
DICKY. You sitting alone, thinking on all the knavery of your wicked life; then by degrees you are afraid to look about you; then you try to whistle, but it won't do; go to your money-chest, but for once the gold in it doesn't make your eyes sparkle or your fingers clutch together; then you draw up to the fireside-----
BUBBLE. Chicken—Chicken!
DICKY. The fire burns black, and the candle runs in the socket, the death-watch is ticking in the wall, the cat looking up at you with her green and yellow eyes, Bob the mastiff howling in the yard, and the sea-gulls shrieking at the window-----
BUBBLE. Now—don't—d-don't.
DICKY. And there you sit, cold as a rock; and the sweat stands upon your face like water on feathers, and your legs and arms hang like stones to you, and you hear your heart beat, and you breathe as if by stealth-----
BUBBLE. Chicken, I say—Chicken.
DICKY. And then poor Richard Parker's ghost rises before you, and the captain's, all over blood, and poor Mary Parker, in her grave-clothes; and then they rush and whirl about you, and laugh, and point, and mock at you; you try to shout, but your voice dies in your throat, your veins swell like whip-cord in your forehead, your brain is turned to ice, terror shakes your soul from out of your body, and when daylight comes, the neighbours find you black and stiffened in your chair—then-----
BUBBLE. (seizing CHICKEN convulsively) Hold—hold—I—(relinquishing him, and struggling for self-command) I have been to blame.
DICKY. I believe you have—blame, why —
Enter JACK ADAMS, hastily, L.

ADAMS. (rushing forward and seizing BUBBLE) You buccaneer, if I haven't as good a mind to send your life out on liberty---- (BUBBLE falls on his knees.)

DICKY. Don't, Adams, don't hurt him—you see he's on his knees.

ADAMS. Knees! What, and is a grampus like this to have one of the finest men that ever handled rope boused up the yard-arm, and to think it's all made square again if he falls upon his marrowbones? Why, I should think no more of putting a bullet through you (to BUBBLE) than of throwing the grains into a porpoise.

BUBBLE. Let me go—let me go—I'm an old man.

ADAMS. An old man! the more shame for you; those who have but little time to do duty in this world, should take care to do such things that will best count for them in the voyage they soon must take.

BUBBLE. True, true; only let me go this time, I-----

ADAMS. Scud, then, you piratical rascal; and as for your rhino, if you have any, I tell you what to do with it.

BUBBLE. What?

ADAMS. When you die—and a black heart like yoivr's can't thump much longer—leave it to Greenwich.

BUBBLE. Why, why, Master Adams?

ADAMS. Why! 'cause it's the only return you can make to the service for having robbed it of so brave a fellow as Richard Parker.

BUBBLE. I'll think of it.

ADAMS. You think of it! But shove off your boat.

BUBBLE. I'm going, Mr. Adams.

ADAMS. (shouldering him) Off, I say.

BUBBLE. I'm gone, Mr. Adams. (Exit BUBBLE, L.)

ADAMS. Poor Dick Parker!

DICKY. To-morrow!

ADAMS. Ay; Farewell, shipmate, I must aboard.

DICKY. Stop; as for living with old Bubble, I'd sooner live with Beelzebub; so, I've been thinking that I'll even turn sailor.

ADAMS. Well said; the Sandwich wants hands; come with me, and we'll have you on the books. Poor Dick—
poor Dick—but damn whimpering, let's put a stout heart on the matter, and face misfortune boldly—poor Dick—
poor Dick!

_Exeunt L._

**SCENE FOURTH - A cabin in the Sandwich.**

**MARY PARKER** and the **CHILD sleeping on sea-chests. RICHARD PARKER watching them.**

**PARK.** Poor Mary, my poor heart-stricken wife, and you, my dear and innocent babe—oh! if it were pleasing in the sight of heaven, would that this sleep might wane into the last, last slumber, _kneels_ To the bounty and the providence of heaven, I do resign these, my best-beloved; and oh, ye gentle spirits that attend the suffering, minister to her widowed heart sweet consolation, help and sustain her through the ills of earth; and when, tried by affliction, you deem her ripe for heaven, may her death be gentle, as her life was holy. My boy—my—there is the mother in his face—I cannot look upon it, bless you, my sweet one—_kisses him_—bless you, Mary—she wakes----------

**MARY.** _looking round_ Parker! Oh, cruel, cruel mockery.

**PARK.** Mary, even now you smiled, and now----------

**MARY.** 'Twas in my dream; I thought—oh, to awake from such a vision to such horrible reality—I thought we were in our little cottage by the river side, beneath that humble happy roof, where, with love to blunt the sting of poverty, we wore away eight joyous months; there, as plain as e'er I saw it, was the room, there the honeysuckle, clustering at the window; there was our little garden and the distant fields; I saw the sun rising through the trees, and heard the lark carolling in gladness to the sky; I wake and see a dungeon, hear your fetters—my husband's fetters; I see and hear all this, and yet I live—I did not think my heart so hard.

**PARK.** Live—oh, many, many years of life attend you yet, my Mary.

**MARY.** You love me not, if you would leave me long behind you!

**PARK.** _pointing to the child_ Look there, Mary, there is the golden link must hold you to the earth. If tired of this weary world, you yearn for death, look in his cherub face and learn sweet resignation. Is't not enough our
child must lose his father? would you make him wholly orphan?
MARY. For his sake, I will consent to live. But, oh, Parker, must we part? is there no hope?
PARK. Since the period of our earliest love, we have had but one soul between us. I will not sully the last hour we may spend together with falsehood. Nerve your woman's heart, my poor girl, for, as certain as the hour arrives, as certain do I perish. If you love me, Mary, be firm, be worthy of your husband, (a gun fired off, L.) Mary?
MARY. You see—I am calm—calm--------- (vainly endeavouring to struggle against her feelings, she falls into PARKER'S arms.)

Enter JACK ADAMS, L.

ADAMS. Ha! I thought I should find it this way. Richard I came all in kindness. (going.)
PARK. Stay.
MARY. (reviving) Are they come so soon?
PARK. Hush, hush, my love! 'Tis Adams, our friend.
MARY. (to ADAMS) Is there no hope? Is—
PARK. (parrying her question) See, Mary, you have awakened the child. (WILLIAM comes forward) My poor boy you have slept but badly, I fear?
WILLIAM. Oh, no indeed. But why father, are you up so early?
PARK. I—I am going a journey, William.
WILLIAM. Then I'm sure you'll take me with you, and mother, too, nay, I know she'll not stay behind.
MARY. (aside) Not long! not long!
ADAMS. Well, if that dear youngster hasn't done more than ever was done yet, for he's brought the salt water into Jack Adams's eyes. I say, Richard, suppose I take him a turn upon the main deck?
PARK. Do so. Stay, Adams, be you the witness. I have been a mutineer, my name will be stained with rebellion—murder! I leave to my king and country my child, my only child. From this moment he is England's—he may yet adorn the name of Parker with a hero's fame—may live in honour, though his father died in infamy.
WILLIAM. Died! And will you die, father?
PARK. Alas, my boy! what do you know of death?
WILLIAM. Oh, I know it to be a shocking thing. Once
at home, I had a bird, would hop into my hand, and open its wings, and whistle so; till one day I found it at the bottom of the cage, its eyes shut, its wings closed, and all its singing gone; they told me it was dead. Now do not let death come to you, or I and mother will cry so.

PARK. Take him away! Adams, remember, he is the king's!

ADAMS. Come, William; you shall come back to your father directly, (to PARKER) I'll remember. If this boy isn't admiral one day, say Jack Adams knows nothing about fortune-telling. (exit with WILLIAM, L.)

PARK. Mary, (gun fired) the time draws near.

MARY. And no hope! When one word, one little word, formed by human breath, would save you! Oh, heartless, savage men!

PARK. You judge them harshly, Mary. Though they might have saved the mutineer, they must not, cannot save the murderer!

MARY. The murderer!

PARKER. In the eye of the law, I stand convicted as a bloodshedder. I slew Arlington—I offered him up a sacrifice to my resentment! I die the happier that I leave him not to breathe the same air with you. And now, Mary, for the moments fly, let us say that bitter word, for it must be uttered----

MARY. Not yet! not yet!

PARK. Farewell! (takes handkerchief from MARY'S neck) I'll bear this with me. When next you receive it, Parker will be no more.

MARY. I will not quit you! Husband, husband, we'll die together!

Enter JACK ADAMS, with WILLIAM PARKER, L.

PARK. Look there! our child, Mary, our child! (he embraces WILLIAM.)

ADAMS. Ay, be proud of him, Richard: you know you said you gave him to your king. Well, you see, I got some powder and a needle, and gave him his majesty's mark. See here, (takes WILLIAM, and, turning up his sleeve, shows a mark) here's the king's arrow; and the little fellow, when I told him it was your wish, never flinched a bit, but looked upon the needle as if — (drum rolls L.) Richard!

PARK. I am prepared. Mary!

MARY. Oh, I cannot, will not leave you!
ADAMS. (aside to PARKER) They are here.

PARK. Farewell! farewell!

MARY. Never! nev—(music—the bell tolls—MARY stands paralyzed with horror—PARKER kisses her and the child, and, after a struggle, steals gently off, L.—a pause—gun fired—MARY shrieks and falls—ADAMS raises her and bears her off, R., the CHILD holding her hand.)

SCENE FIFTH.—The deck of the Sandwich. Preparations for execution.

PARKER, OFFICERS, MARINES, SAILORS, &c, discovered at the hatchway.

PARKER. (advancing) My shipmates, you have often seen me brave death in defence of my king and my native land; now behold me meet it on a scaffold. Farewell! Remember what we have struggled for; be loyal to your king, faithful to your country, and just to yourselves. Adams, heaven bless you!

ADAMS. Bless you, Dick! And, for your wife and boy, whilst Jack Adams has but one biscuit, they shall share it. I can't look at you, but there's my hand, (the QUARTER-MASTER hands a glass of wine to PARKER.)

PARK. My shipmates, hear the last toast of Richard Parker:—‘Here's a health to my king, and God bless him! confusion to his enemies, and salvation to my soul!’ (he ascends the ladder, a SAILOR unites his cravat, the rope is prepared, tableau, and—

CURTAIN.