

THE
HOME WRECK.

A Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

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*Suggested by Tennyson's Poem of " Enoch Arden."*  
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PARTLY WRITTEN BY THE LATE

J. STIRLING COYNE, ESQ.,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society),

AND COMPLETED BY HIS SON,

J. DENIS COYNE.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

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Performed at the Royal Surrey Theatre, London (under the management of Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick), Monday, 8th February, 1869, and at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool (under the management of H. Leslie, Esq.), Wednesday, 14th April, 1869.

An Original Drama, in Three Acts, called the

HOME WRECK.

Characters.

RICHARD TRESSIDER (a Fisherman—Husband of Mary)	...	Mr. CRESWICK.	Surrey Theatre.	Amphitheatre, Liverpool.
WALTER ELLINGTON (Friend of Richard—a well-to-do Farmer)	...	Mr. WALTER CROSSIE	...	Mr. ALFRED RAYNER.
CAPTAIN HEADWAY (of the good Ship, "Happy Return")	...	Mr. EDGAR.	...	Mr. JAMES BRADE.
MR. PETER PENDOGGETT (a Lawyer)	...	Mr. VOLLARE.	...	Mr. A. DAMPIER.
JACOB WASPER (his Clerk)	...	Mr. CLINGAN JONES.	...	Mr. SYDNEY DAVIS.
TONY TROTTER (the Village Postman)	...	Mr. MAT ROBSON.	...	Mr. LESLIE DAVIDS.
ROBERT LYNDEN (Mary's Brother—an Outcast)	...	Mr. CHAS. COUTTS.	...	Mr. FRED W. IRISH.
HUGH CLEMOE (a Blacksmith)	...	Mr. PAUL.	...	Mr. W. TENNISON.
WILL BARTON (a Smuggler)	...	Mr. F. H. DALTON.	...	Mr. COYNE.
THOMAS HAWSER (Mate of the "Sea Gull")	...	Mr. HUMMERSTON.	...	Mr. W. G. CHRISTIE.
DICK TREGOOZE (an old Smuggler)	...	Mr. MATTHEWS.	...	Mr. MACLAREN.
CAPTAIN OF COASTGUARD	...	Mr. ALLBROOK.	...	Mr. MOORE.
MARY TRESSIDER	...	Miss PAUNCEFORT.	...	Mr. J. W. EVANS.
MARTHA JELLCOE (Landlady of Mariner's Arms)	...	Mrs. WALTON.	...	Miss CONSTANCE YOUNG.
JENNY TRUSCOTT (Servant at the Inn)	...	Miss ELLEN LENARD.	...	Miss E. RUDD.
CHILD (of Richard and Mary Tressider)	...	Miss A. CHARLTON.	...	Miss M. DALY.
				Miss HUNTER.

Fishermen, Villagers, Sailors, &c.

Programme of Scenery, &c.

ACT I.

THE VENTURE.

"Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice."

SCENE 1.—A CORNISH FISHING VILLAGE.

"—Red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a mouldered church."

A LAPSE OF SEVEN YEARS.

"The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year."

ACT II.

THE CASTAWAY.

"Stranding on an isle at morn,
Rich but the loneliest in a lonely sea."

SCENE 1.—THE HAZEL DELL.

"With bag and sack and basket, great and small
Went nutting to the hazels."

SCENE 2.—MARY TRESSIDER'S COTTAGE.

"And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse."

SCENE 3.—**MARY'S VISION—The ISLAND of PALM TREES.**

"—In this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill content."

A **LAPSE OF ONE YEAR.**

"So these were wed; and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed."

ACT III.

THE HOME WRECK.

"—That other reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love.

SCENE 1.—**WALTER ELLINGTON'S HOUSE.**

"—Aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never let her know."

SCENE 2.—**ROCKY PATH LEADING TO THE BEACH.**

"There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses of the haven rang."

SCENE 3.—*Storm and Shipwreck on the Cornish Coast.*

TRESSIDER'S LAST SACRIFICE.

"So passed the strong heroic soul away."

Full Orchestral Score of the Incidental Music, expressly composed for this Piece by Mr. J. E. Mallandaine, can be obtained by application to Mr. J. DENIS COYNE, 15, Bridge Road, St. John's Wood, London.

THE HOME WRECK!



ACT I.

THE VENTURE.

SCENE.—*The Green of a Fishing Village on the Cornish Coast with distant view of the sea. On the L., a Country Inn, with the sign of the "Mariner's Arms" swinging in front; a high pole, C, decorated with flowers and the Union Jack at its summit; two casks are placed behind the pole, benches and tables set around.*

VILLAGERS, *male and female, discovered, some drinking, some playing at draughts, &c.*; FISHERMEN *mingled amongst them.*
Music.—At rise of Curtain a rustic dance is performed to the music of the violin and clarionet; HUGH CLEMOE, the village blacksmith, stands near a barrel, holding a large brown jug aloft, dancing grotesquely; dance ends, the YOUNG MEN kiss their partners. WALTER ELLINGTON is discovered seated at a table, R. 1 E., leaning his head upon his hand abstractedly; some of the MEN take mugs from the tables and crowd around HUGH CLEMOE.

1ST MAN. Dancing is warm work.

TREGOOZE. (C.) Well, it's all in honour of Richard Tressider, who gives those barrels of cider to his friends and neighbours to make merry on the day he launches his new boat. He calls her the "Mary" after his pretty wife, whom he married this very day twelve months. Here then is success to the Mary!

Enter MARTHA JELICOE from Inn, L.

ALL. (*drinking*) Hurrah! Success to the Mary again and again. (MEN *drain their mugs*; WALTER ELLINGTON *now starts up with glass in hand and advances to C.*)

WALTER. I drink that toast to the bottom of my glass. The Mary—heaven bless her! (*sadly*) Heaven bless her.
Some of the VILLAGERS here exit R. and L.

MARTHA. (R. C.) Well done, Mr. Walter—well done ! That prayer came from the depths of your heart, (*aside to him*) I know what you feel.

WALTER. (R.) Martha! (*takes her hand—aside to her*) He is worthy of her and she is happy in his love. What more can I desire ? (*returns to his seat*)

MARTHA. (*aside*) Poor fellow!

HUGH. (L. C.) What can be the matter with him ?

MARTHA. I'll tell you—love!

HUGH. Don't tell me that love would make a man go about as if the heart within him was as heavy as my anvil.

MARTHA. Mark my words. He has never held up his head since the day Mary Lynden married his friend Richard Tressider. (*noise in inn*)

GUESTS, (*calling*) Mrs. Jellicoe! Mrs. Jellicoe!

MARTHA. I must go and attend to my customers.

Exit MARTHA into the Inn, cheers heard without, L. U. E.

HUGH. Ah! there's the happy fellow, (*musicpiano*)

Exeunt HUGH, and more of the VILLAGERS, L. U. E., cheering.

WALTER, (*rising—about to go*) No, I must not fly like a coward, I will stay and meet them, (*sits again*)

Enter PENDOGGETT and WASPER, L. U. E., cheers again heard without, L. u. E.

PEND. (L. C.) What are those asses braying for, Jacob ?

WASP. (R. C.) They're cheering Richard Tressider and his pretty wife.

PEND. Bah! What does the fool want with a pretty wife ?

WASP. When she might have had a rich husband, like Mr. Pendoggett, if she'd a mind to.

PEND. Who says that ?

WASP. Everybody says it; but I don't believe them, I believe nobody, I wouldn't believe you on your oath.

PEND. Is this your gratitude, you dog, for taking you out of a charity school, and teaching you all I knew ?

WASP. (*aside*) Till I became almost as great a rogue as yourself.

PEND. When people speak of me what character do they give me ?

WASP. One you wouldn't care to produce before a jury.

PEND. Ah, yes! The curs yelp when they dare not bite. What do they say ?

WASP. They say you're an old hard-hearted money-grubbing usurer, and hope to see the day when you will be hanged.

PEND. Ha ! ha! they do, do they ? I'll live long enough to make some of the rascals howl,—if I get them in my grip I'll grind them and flay them, and scorch them—ha! ha ! ha !

—especially that fellow Richard Tressider, whom I hate. I have him under my thumb, Jacob—ha! ha! under my thumb. (PENDOGGETT *sits at table*, L., WASPER *near him*)

Enter MARTHA from inn, followed by JENNY carrying a tray with jug and glasses—re-enter at the same time HUGH from L. u. E., and some others, they go to a table, L. and sit.

MARTHA. Come, Mr. Pendoggett, you'll drink a glass to wish success to the launch.

PEND. No ; allow me to decline.

HUGH. (*at L. table also*) It will cost you nothing. Richard Tressider pays the score.

PEND. Oh, he pays, does he. In that case you may fill a glass for me, Mrs. Jellicoe.

WASP. And another for me, if you please. Free liquor is the sweetest of drinks.

Exit JENNY into house after they are served.

MARTHA. (*handing glass to PENDOGGETT*) Richard Tressider is a good and true man. Heaven bless him !

HUGH. Aye! heaven bless him, and all good and true men, I say; and defend us from all rascally knaves, (*cheers*, L.U.E.)

PEND. (L. C.) Cheer away—cheer away! A pack of mouth-serving dogs. I feel as if the whole world was pointing at me as the poor dotard whom Mary Lynden rejected to marry that rough sailor fellow; but this will be my day of triumph. (*beckons WASPER to him*) Jacob, come this way. (*WASPER advances, mug to his mouth*) Put down that mug, and listen to me.

WASP. (L., *taking mug from his mouth*) I don't hear with my mouth ; my ears are open, (*drinks*)

PEND. Remain here till I return. I may want you.

WASP. I understand.

PEND. This is capital brandy, and it costs nothing. I'll take another glass inside.

Music—Exit PENDOGGETT into the Inn.

Enter from L.U. E., RICHARD TRESSIDER, with MARY upon his arm, followed by VILLAGERS, cheering.

RICHARD. (C.) My good friends and neighbours, teach me to thank you as I ought for your hearty wishes. I am happy, so happy that I almost tremble lest the bounteous hand which has filled my cup of joy to overflowing, should in the moment of my exultant pride dash it from my lips.

(VILLAGERS *go up to tables*)

MARY. (L. C.) Trust in the Providence, dear Richard, which has helped us so far on our road, and that will never desert us through life.

RICHARD. So heaven but leave me my dear wife and child I think I could bear every worldly loss, and face poverty with a stout heart.

WASP. (L.) But suppose now—I say suppose—poverty should steal upon you like a thief and lay its hand suddenly upon you. (*lays his hand on RICHARD'S shoulder*) What would you do?

RICHARD. What would I do? why I'd go to sea.

WASP. Go to sea! dear me. Leave your wife? Mr. Pendoggett must know this. *Exit into the Inn.*

RICHARD. (*crossing to WALTER, R.—MARY, L.*) What say you, Walter; am I not right?—hey—what's the matter? you look dull and downcast as a home-bound mariner in a lazy calm.

WALTER. (*rising, R.*) 'Tis nothing, Richard; I sometimes fall into these waking dreams, but when I hear your cheerful voice, see your hand locked in hers, and a tranquil joy beaming in both your faces, my life grows bright again.

RICHARD. My friend, my more than friend, my brother—do I not well remember how, when we were lads, swimming in boyish daring out to where the tide runs strongest, the current caught me, and but for your swift aid I had slept that night ten fathoms deep beneath the waves.

WALTER. And, somehow, since that day I feel a secret consciousness that heaven has given you in my charge, to help you in your need, and rejoice with you in your good fortune. (*grasps RICHARD'S hand*) For myself, I have no wish (*aside—looks at MARY*) but to forget. *Exit WALTER, R. 2 E.*

RICHARD. Mary, cast anchor here while I follow in his wake and chase away this gloom, (*all rise and look after*)

Exit RICHARD, R. U. E.—some VILLAGERS follow

MARY. (R.) Poor Walter! I fear he has some hidden sorrow at his heart.

MARTHA. (L.) Can you not guess what it is?

MARY. I?—no. Can you?

MARTHA. Yes. He loves you, Mary.

MARY. Oh, do not say so, Martha. Love me! the wife of Richard Tressider, his friend. I dare not for a moment think it.

MARTHA. It is no less the truth. A love nursed in silence from the time when you, he, and Richard played together on the beach.

MARY. I well remember those bright days. Walter was ever by my side, but Richard called me his little queen, and made a palace for me in a narrow cave beneath the cliff.

MARTHA. When you married Richard, the poor unthought-of lover held his peace, hiding a life-long hunger in his breast.

MARY. Ah me! that I should be cause of pain to one so kind and good, (*laughs, shouts, and singing from the Inn*)

" For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow, &c."

MARY. Hark, Martha; is not that my brother Robert's voice amongst them ?

MARTHA. I grieve to say it is ; I'll go and silence them.

Exit MARTHA into Inn.

MARY. Unhappy boy, neither fear nor gentle words can curb his reckless spirit that carries him madly on.

Enter PENDOGGETT with a glass of brandy and water in his hand from Inn.

PEND. (L. C.) Ha ! ha! the brandy has warmed my blood; I feel it tingling to my finger's ends—ha-ah (*sips*)—Tressider's wife !—for all her scorn, I'll speak to her; brandy has given me courage, I don't mind her frowns now. How d'ye do?—a pleasant and happy day, ma'am; pity it should be darkened by any cloud. You'll drink to me, Mary, that I may taste your sweet lip on the glass.

MARY. (R. C.) You must excuse me.

PEND. Pooh! pooh! Never look so scornfully—come, one kiss upon the glass, and we'll be friends.

MARY. You are insolent, sir.

PEND. Insolent! never mind, ha ! ha! ha! But the hour may not be far distant when you will not be so chary of your pretty lips.

MARY. Have a care. If I were to complain to my husband.

PEND. (*alarmed*) Oh, don't! I really meant nothing, and Richard is so hasty. I remember how he knocked me down one evening, before you were married, when I put my arm round that slender waist of yours—ah! I'll not forget that blow, (*aside*) Never fear—I'll not forget it, my proud young madam.

Music—RICHARD and VILLAGERS re-enter, L.U. E., MARY joins them,

PEND. I'll crush them in the midst of their happiness. Jacob!

Enter WASPER from Inn.

Have you the distress warrant with you, and the execution ?

WASP. (L.) All right. I've the instruments of torture ready. I never neglect business ; I like to see the poor devils twisting on the legal hook, (*aside*) If I could only see yourself wriggling on it, what fun it would be—ha ! ha! ha ! (*both laugh*)

PEND. Ha! ha! ha! ha! (*Music*)

Exit PENDOGGET into *Imm*,

Enter CAPTAIN HEADWAY and two SAILORS.

CAPT. H. (L. C.) Back topsails ! We're in soundings. How well I remember the place. Nothing seems changed here. (SAILORS *go up to tables*)

RICHARD. (*advances, c.*) A stranger in these parts, sir ?

CAPT. H. (L. C.) Not such a stranger as you imagine. It was in this village—but surely I know that face, you can be no other than my old schoolfellow, Richard Tressider. I'm right.

RICHARD. Yes, yes! (*they warmly shake hands*) How glad I am to see you. Why it must be nearly twenty years since we met ?

CAPT. H. Aye, twenty years since I was bound 'prentice to old Bobstay, skipper of the sloop " Busy Bee," with a crew of three men and the Captain's cat, and here I am now master and part owner of the good ship, " Happy Return," that you see lying in the bay. We're bound with a rich cargo from London to Japan.

RICHARD. Then how is it you have come to anchor when every breath of this fair wind should be carrying you to your destination ?

CAPT. H. Aye, it's a pity to lose a cap-full of it, but I'm in want of a good seaman. My first mate lost the number of his mess, fell overboard and was drowned, poor fellow—the second day of our voyage. I knew I should find many a stout heart and willing hand amongst the hardy fishermen of my native village, but the man to suit my purpose amongst a thousand is my old schoolfellow, Richard Tressider !

RICHARD. Ha, me!

CAPT. H. You ! I've heard you're a good seaman, and I know you to be a brave fellow with a heart as true as oak. Come with me, Dick, you shall be my friend and companion. You hesitate,—pshaw I you shall have a half share of my venture; we'll make our fortunes, Dick, and return home rich as two Indian kings.

RICHARD. Once I might have been tempted, but now-----

CAPT. H. Is all your love of adventure dead ? I remember when we were boys together, we used to sit on the sea shore while you read to me the heart-stirring adventures of Robinson Crusoe, or spun long yarns of verses about the palmy islands set like emeralds in the sea.

RICHARD. Ah, I remember.

" Gems of the sunny South,
Sandy shores and islets that seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote."

CAPT. H. Aye, aye, something like that, only my golden islands are more real. You may have gold for the gathering, and diamonds for the picking up, and if you are fond of oysters, you must mind how you swallow them, lest you get choked by the pearls.

RICHARD. Ah ! If I thought indeed those treasures might be won-----

MARY. (R.) He is dazzled by the glowing picture, (*aside*)

CAPT. H. I tell you they are to be had by those who have courage to seek them.

RICHARD. Ah! the longing of my life to sail amongst the sunny islands of the South may be realized; I may return with fortune, and-----

MARY. (*gently to him*) Richard! Our child!-----

RICHARD. (*turns and clasps her*) No, Mary, no;—the dream of a moment is past. I will never leave you and my boy. Headway, I cannot accept your generous offer. You see the anchor which holds me by my heart-strings moored to home.

CAPT. H. Aye, aye! I see a fair excuse, Dick. I have no such treasure to make me loath to leave the land; my ship is my home, and the sea my mistress. I love her, Dick—I love her when she storms—I love her when she smiles—and I shall love her till I find a truer and fonder mistress in a wife.

RICHARD. Such as heaven has bestowed on me. My Mary, the sweetest rose that ever lent its perfume to a poor man's garden. Look how she blushes at my praise. Come with us, old friend, and you shall see the pleasant home where we have made our nest—'tis but a step; you'll come ?

CAPT. H. Aye, and your little wife shall be my pilot.

Music— CAPTAIN HEADWAY gives his arm to MARY and exits with RICHARD, R. U. E.

Enter TONY TROTTER, R. U. E., carrying a postman's leather bag slung over his shoulder.

TONY. Post! post!

Enter JENNY from inn.

JENNY. Bless me, Mr. Trotter, how late the post is.

TONY. (R. C.) Heavy mail. Five letters to deliver this morning, and one of them double—think of that. Really the Government don't remunerate me for the arduous duties I have to perform; but I've petitioned for a rise of five pounds per annum in my salary to provide for future liabilities.

JENNY. Oh, you intend then to have future liabilities?

TONY. Certainly, my dear, when you are Mrs. Tony Trotter. How beautiful that name would look upon a letter—Mrs. Tony Trotter, Esquire. By-the-bye, that reminds me

that I have a letter for you. (*takes a letter from his bag*) Here it is—not post paid, (*gives it to her*)

JENNY. Why, this is your writing; you've brought me a letter from yourself every day this week.

TONY. Very true, my dear. The facilities of her Majesty's post enable me to carry on my correspondence economically. I write my own letter, carry my own letter, and deliver my own letter, and only charge for postage a kiss upon those cherry lips, (*he kisses her and tries to get a second kiss*)

JENNY. No, no more—a single kiss for one letter.

TONY. One kiss for such a big letter as that ? The postage is double. (*kisses her again*)

JENNY. There have done, do; I'm sure the last three I got were not worth what I paid for them.

TONY. Oh, very well, Miss Jenny, give them back to me and I'll return the postage. *Exit JENNY into Inn.*

Enter PENDOGGETT from Inn, sits at table, R.

TONY. (*looking at his letters*) Letter for Mrs. Jellicoe, Bristol post mark. Here's one for Mr. Peter Pendoggett, Solicitor, (*goes to PENDOGGETT at R. table—gives a letter to him*) Letter for you, sir,—lawyer's letter,—know by the writing, stiff, straight and hard like the bars of a prison window.

PEND. Don't be impertinent, fellow !

TONY. Where's Mr. Ellington, I've a letter for him ?

Goes up and exit, R. U. E.

Noise of quarrelling in the Inn. Then enter from the Inn ROBERT LYNDEN, drunk, without a hat, MRS. MARTHA JELICOE and SAILORS following him.

ROBERT. (C.) Refuse to serve me with any more liquor—because—I am not sober. Who says I'm not sober ?

MARTHA. Do go home now, Robert.

ROBERT. I'll go home when I like, and I'll drink as much as I like.

MARTHA. You'll bring disgrace upon your sister and her husband.

ROBERT. Ah, my sister, I love her—and Richard—I'd love him, only he's too good for me. Never mind, I'll stand glasses all round to his health.

MEN. (*cry*) Bravo, Robert!

ROBERT. Hold on! (*feels his pockets*) Hey! I've no more money, but I've friends who have plenty. Here's Pendoggett—he's made of money. Peter, you jolly old money-bag, lend me a sovereign.

PEND. Lend you a sovereign! I'd see you hanged first.

ROBERT. Not before you—but you'll lend me a sovereign ?

PEND. (*rises*) I won't. Not a sixpence, you drunken scapegrace.

ROBERT. Very good, but I only get drunk in respectable company—never got drunk with you. Come, you'll lend me the money?

PEND. No, I say no. Why don't you go to your sister, borrow from her, she'll lend you a sovereign. She's a pretty woman is Mary Tressider—and she has money—no pretty woman need want money, ha! ha! ha!

WASP. That's true, ha! ha! ha!

ROBERT. Ho! What do you say about my sister? (*seizes PENDOGGETT*)

WASPER *rushes off*; R. I E.

PEND. Ha! Help! help! help! (*they struggle round*)

Enter RICHARD, MARY, CAPTAIN HEADWAY, R. U. E.—

RICHARD *pulls* ROBERT *away from* PENDOGGETT.

RICHARD. (C.) What is this shameful strife? Ha! Robert. MARY. My brother!

PEND. (R.) Ferocious assault—wholly unprovoked. The law shall punish him! Where's my witness? (*calls* WASPER) Jacob Wasper—Jacob! *Exit* PENDOGGETT, R.

RICHARD. Robert Lynden, this is too much. The love I bear my wife has made me tender of her brother's faults; your wild and dissolute habits I still hoped would change to steadier ways. This scene of drunken violence passes my patience. Once I was proud to own you for my brother; but never call me by that name again!

ROBERT. Richard, hear me!

RICHARD. You have shamed us, Robert—speak to me no more. (*turns away*)

ROBERT. (*to* MARY) You do not think me wholly lost! Look on me, Mary—look with pity on me!

MARY. Robert, I dare not look again upon that altered face.

ROBERT. Rejected and despised! But one desperate path remains for me now! *Exit into Inn.*

Enter PENDOGGETT *and* WASPER, R.

MARY. (*weeping*) Do not blame me, Richard; fallen and degraded though he be, he is still my brother.

PEND. (R.) Very true, Mrs. Tressider—*your brother*, and by no means a credit to his family. I mean to have him before the magistrate to-morrow.

RICHARD. (C.) If your only business here be to insult and wound my wife, let me advise you to keep a wider berth.

PEND. Thank you, you remind me I have a little business in no way connected with that estimable young man who nearly throttled me.

RICHARD. Before your time.

PEND. Ha! ha! you'll have your joke—ha! ha! ha! you won't mind my mentioning this promissory note of yours for fifty pounds, two shillings and sixpence is due to-day, (*shews the promissory note—advances*, R. C.) Times are hard, and money never was so scarce.

RICHARD. So I've heard.

PEND. (*to WASPER*) So he has heard—there's cool impudence! (*aloud*) The fact is, I'm rather pressed for cash at the present time, and hope you may not find it inconvenient to take up your bill for fifty pounds, two shillings and sixpence.

RICHARD. (C.) Make your mind easy—you shall be paid.

PEND. Aye, but when, sir—I say when?

RICHARD. This moment if you desire it.

PEND. (*aside*) This moment! Confound him, he has found a tin mine!

RICHARD. Are you surprised to meet a debtor prepared to pay his debts?

PEND. Hum! I confess my dealings have mostly been with men who would rather avoid that disagreeable process.

RICHARD. Ah, you little know the honest courage that strengthens the poor man's arm when he works to give bread to the dear ones that depend upon him!

CAPT. H. (L.) Aye, boy, the courage of an honest heart that makes us do our duty in all weathers.

RICHARD. When my old boat was knocked to pieces last spring upon the rocks, you offered to lend me £50 to build a new one.

PEND. (R. C.) I wished to serve you—it was from benevolence on my part—pure benevolence.

WASP. (*aside*) Benevolence at 60 per cent?

RICHARD. Well, I accepted the loan and became your debtor for £50.

PEND. Two and sixpence.

RICHARD. Right. Then I began to build my boat and work at her from morning to night; but while she was growing plank by plank under my hands, my cash grew less every day, and I should have been left high and dry without a stiver to pay my loan if a lucky chance had not floated me into deep water.

PEND. A chance! How was that?

RICHARD. Why Mary's godmother, a rich old lady, died the other day leaving my wife £95 as a token of her affection.

WASP. (*aside*) I never had a godmother to leave me such a token.

RICHARD. We received the legacy last week, and I've got the money in my pocket in clean bank notes, so if you give me a receipt, we'll make a clean slate of it. Here they are, all spick and span new notes of the Falmouth Bank, (*produces the notes*)

PEND. (*eagerly*) The Falmouth Bank! Let me see them! (*takes the notes, looks at them, and returns them to RICHARD*) The Falmouth Bank stopped yesterday!

RICHARD. (*stunned*) The Falmouth Bank stopped !

WASP. Dead! They stop't payment yesterday morning.

MARY. (L. C.) I won't believe it! it can't be true! they could never be so cruel as to rob us of our little all!

Enter TONY and WALTER ELLINGTON, R. U.E.

RICHARD. No, Mary, no; the world is not so bad as that; I'll trust the bank.

TONY. (*down, L.*) If it's the Falmouth Bank you are speaking of, it's gone to smash. It's all here in this morning's newspaper, (*shews newspaper—RICHARD snatches it, appears to read—drops the newspaper from his hand in fearful certainty*)

RICHARD. Then these notes are worthless ?

PEND. Oh yes, you can give them to your wife, they will make a pretty lining for her bonnet box.

RICHARD. Then we are ruined, Mary ?

PEND. In that case, Mr. Wasper, go and put in the execution on the debtor's effects, house, furniture, and new boat.

CAPT. H. (L.) You won't do that.

WALTER. (R. C.) You'll give him time.

MARY. A little time is all we want. You shall not lose a penny by us, and we shall be so grateful for your kindness.

PEND. I want no gratitude—I want my money. No time—not a day—not an hour, (*to WASPER*) Why the devil don't you go and put in the execution!

MARY. You will not drive us from house and home. Leave us but our humble cottage and I will bless you—pray for you.

PEND. Ha! ha! ha! Can your pride stoop to ask a favour from me ? (*goes to table—takes from it the glass of brandy and water—proffers it to her*)

PEND. Will you drink now, Mary Tressider?

RICHARD. No, her pure lips shall never touch the glass that has been polluted by yours, (*seizes the glass from PENDOGGETT, hurls it off at wing, R.*)

CAPT. H. Bravo, Dick !

PEND. Ha ! Insulted by a pauper !—a rogue that can't pay his debts!—(*to WASPER*) What are you waiting for ? Why do

you not do your duty ? You have the execution—go. (WASPER advances from R.)

WALTER. (*stays him R. C.*) Stay! Your services will not be needed—I will pay the debt.

RICHARD. } You!
MARY. }

FEND. Are you mad, Mr. Ellington ? He is not worth sixpence in the world.

WALTER. That, is my concern. Yours to receive the money due to you, which shall be paid if you come with me to my house.

CAPT. H. (L.) A noble fellow that!

MARY. (R, *kisses WALTER'S hand*) My heart's too full for words. Speak to him, Richard; thank him for both of us, and for our babe.

RICHARD. Walter, my brother, I accept your bounty only as a loan, that if I live shall be repaid five-fold. Heaven has opened me a sudden way to wealth.

MARY. What way, my dear husband ?

RICHARD. This voyage to the East with my old sea friend here. Nay, never look so pale and frightened. We'll bring fair weather yet to all of us; so keep a clean hearth, and a clear fire for me, for I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.

MARY. (*clinging to him*) Oh, Richard, Richard, do not leave us.

RICHARD. (C.) Nay, Mary, 'tis for you and for our child I go to bring home fortune. When I return, my boy shall sit upon my knee, and I will tell him tales of foreign parts to make him merry.

WALTER. (R. C.) Come, cheer up, Mary; heaven will protect him for you.

RICHARD. I leave you not deserted utterly—here's one, when I am gone, will care for you and help you—to heaven and him I leave you until I return. (*Music till Act*)

WALTER. And may Heaven reward me as I fulfil the trust!

MARY. Richard, there's something tells me we shall never meet again. (*sobs on his breast*)

RICHARD. Take comfort, my dear girl, for I must go; put all your trust in Heaven, and fear not for me.

MARY. (*wildly*) Richard! Richard! my life goes with you. (*she faints in RICHARD'S arms*)

MARTHA. (*approaching, R. c.*) She has fainted!

RICHARD. Awake her not till I am gone—'twill spare the pang of parting. This kiss upon her pale cold lips must be my last farewell! (*kisses her—passes her to WALTER—CAPTAIN HEADWAY lays his hand on RICHARD'S shoulder*)

RICHARD. Hide her face from me, Martha, my heart will fail me if I look on it again, (*he moves slowly up with CAPTAIN HEADWAY—VILLAGERS form a picture of farewell and sorrow of parting*)

CAPTAIN HEADWAY, (*a little up*)

VILLAGERS. RICHARD. VILLAGERS.

WASP. PENDOGGETT. WALTER. MARY (*insensible*). MARTHA, TONY.

R.

L.

END OF FIRST ACT.

A LAPSE OF SEVEN YEARS.

ACT II.

THE CASTAWAY.

SCENE I.—*The Hazel Dell (3rd grooves). Clump of nut trees, C. ; another bush, L.*

VILLAGERS *discovered nutting—they have crooked nutting sticks, baskets, &c.*

VILLAGER *advances, and sings.*

Come to the woods with me,
 Come to the leafy dell,
 Where hums the honey bee,
 And the squirrel loves to dwell;
 And there we'll pluck in clusters down
 The hazel nuts so bright and brown.
 Evening approaches soon,
 Ending our holiday;
 Then, in the rising moon,
 Homewards we take our way;
 And, singing, trip towards the town
 With hazel nuts so bright and brown.

At close of song, a dance by the VILLAGERS—when the dance is concluded, TONY TROTTER and JENNY TRUSCOTT enter, L. 3 E., nutting.

TONY. (R. C.) This is prime fun, I've nearly filled Her Majesty's letter bag with the loveliest bright brown nuts; just the colour of your eyes, Jenny.

JENNY. (L. C.) Oh, never mind my eyes, but come and help me to pull down this cluster.

TONY. That one up yonder? (*makes several attempts to reach the nuts—fails*) Hey! no! hup!

JENNY. YOU can't do it, you're too short to reach them. It's remarkable, post-boys always are short.

TONY. Don't call me a post-boy, Jenny, I'm a postman in every respect, and when I get an increase to my salary, I'll marry you.

JENNY. You have been petitioning for it these last seven years, and haven't got it yet.

TONY. That only proves the difficulty of moving a great body.

JENNY. Well, Tony, it seems to me if Government himself wanted to marry, he'd soon put on £5 to his salary.

TONY. Yes; but as we are not Government, we must have patience.

JENNY. What girl could have patience to be kept waiting seven years for a husband?

TONY. Look at Mrs. Tressider, there's an example of patience—you've been waiting seven years to be made a wife, she has been waiting all that time to be made a widow. You have the pleasure of seeing me every day at 10 o'clock, a.m. Mrs. Tressider has not seen her late husband since the day he sailed with Captain Headway for foreign parts.

Enter MARTHA and HUGH CLEMOE, R. 2 E., unperceived.

JENNY. Then you really think, Tony, that Richard Tressider is dead?

TONY. I have no doubt upon the subject; if he's alive, why did he not avail himself of that great system of universal communication—the penny post?

HUGH. (R.) Aye, aye, there'll never be tale or tidings of "The Happy Return." The Underwriters at Lloyd's have paid the insurers claims, and entered her on their books as LOST!

TONY. I hear that Mrs. Tressider thinks that her husband may still be living.

MARTHA. (L.) Aye, poor thing, she clings desperately to that idea.

HUGH. And a hard struggle she has had with the world since she was left alone. The new fishing boat which Richard built was lost in her first season, and Mary failed in her little shop.

MARTHA. But she has had a good friend in Walter Ellington, his care has kept her little home together.

HUGH. Why don't she marry Walter Ellington, 'twould be a good match for her ?

MARTHA. Oh, for that matter—there's old Peter Pendoggett would give all his money bags if she'd have him, but she can't abide the sight of him, although he has been made a magistrate.

TONY. Ah, yes. Look here! (*shews printed bill*) Here's a reward of £50 offered for the apprehension of any of the smugglers who landed a boat load of tobacco last Friday night—you see signed, " Peter Pendoggett, Justice of the Peace."

HUGH. Some of the smugglers, they say, were cut off from their boat, and they suspect one of the poor fellows is lurking in this wood.

JENNY. Oh, dear! I do hope he may not fall into the clutches of that horrid Peter Pendoggett.

TONY. Hush! He's coming this way with his terrier, Jacob Wasper, at his heels.

Exeunt TONY, JENNY and VILLAGERS—*ringing chorus* L. 3. E.

Enter PETER PENDOGGETT, R.—*now dressed in an obtrusively vulgar style of fashion—followed by* JACOB WASPER.

PEND. Holiday-making! Humph! A parcel of idle vagabonds. What business have they spending a whole day nutting, when they should be at work ?

MARTHA. Well, Jacob; where's your sweetheart? Don't you see all the young folks are out courting ?

WASP. *County Courting* is more in my way, mum.

PEND. Ah, Mrs. Jellicoe ! You here amongst these young fools?

MARTHA. Yes, Mr. Pendoggett; I prefer the company of a young fool to an old knave any day.

WASP. (R.) Ah, that's one for his particular nob. (*gleefully, aside*)

PEND. (R. C.) What, ma'am, do you mean to say I'm a knave, hey? Do you know I'm a Justice of the Peace, and Custos Rotulorum ?

MARTHA. (L. C.) I don't care a fig for you or your cussed cockalorum.

PEND. Here's open treason! Have you no respect for Justice.

MARTHA. Yes, I have—when I see it.

PEND. Very well, Mrs. Jellicoe, very well. You'll be coming before me next year to have your license for the " Mariners' Arms" renewed; ha! ha! ha! I'll remember you on that occasion.

VILLAGERS *enter and cross at back.*

I've heard that your house is conducted in a manner that I don't approve of, and that you harbour fugitive smugglers and felons.

MARTHA. (*angry*) Peter Pendoggett, speak another word against the respectability of my house, or myself, and I'll make ten furrows in your face as deep as ever your cruel pen made in a poor man's heart. (*he retreats to L. corner*)

PEND. Mind what you're about, ma'am; the Bench won't be threatened with impunity. Mr. Wasper, take a note of of this—take a note of it, I say. (*WASPER takes out his note book—writes*)

MARTHA. You may take my license from me and drive me to the workhouse, but you can't take my good name, you ugly venomous old toad!

HUGH. (L. C.) Don't forget that, Mr. Pendoggett. Come, Martha, we are better out of his company.

Exeunt MARTHA and HUGH, L. 2 E.

PEND. (C.) Good, good! the world's coming to a pretty pass. Who am I?—What am I, Mr. Wasper?

WASP. (R. *reading his notes*) You're an ugly venomous old toad, sir.

PEND. Hey! what! Ah! ah! your notes—never mind, put them away. I shan't forget Mrs. Jellicoe's compliment; but I've something more important to think of now. They have not caught the smuggler yet: but he cannot escape the coast-guard I have posted round this wood.

WASP. And you've a particular wish he should be taken.

PEND. Of course, I wish to distinguish myself by my zeal and activity, and if I can only lay hold of this fellow, who I have no doubt is a desperate ruffian, it will bring me into notice, (*rustling noise in the bushes, L.*)

WASP. (*alarmed*) Hey! Did you hear that?

PEND. (*alarmed*) Yes, I heard something.

WASP. If it should be—the—the—smuggler, the d—d—desperate smuggler.

PEND. Nonsense! go and see what it is.

WASP. Me—no—no—I—I—beg to be excused, though I am but a humble clerk, my life is precious to me.

PEND. Coward! (*noise in the thicket*) Have you no public spirit?

WASP. Oh yes, I have; but I keep all my public spirit for my private use.

PEND. Let us go and search the thicket together then. Go on, Jacob. (*pushes him*)

WASP. After you, Mr. Pendoggett—after you, sir ? (*Gets behind PENDOGGETT*)

PEND. No ceremony, Jacob—no ceremony, you go first. (*puts WASPER in front again*)

WASP. Oh, dear, I couldn't think of it! (*gets behind him*)

PEND. Your cowardice is disgusting, Jacob. Don't be afraid—I'm here at your back, (*gets WASPER in front again*)

WASP. Oh! Ah ! There—he's there—I see a pair of tremendous pistols poking out through the leaves! O-oh !

PEND. Courage, Jacob—courage!

They struggle and eventually PENDOGGETT pushes WASPER behind the bush and runs off, R.

WASPER *re-enters laughing.*

WASP. It is only an old goat! He, he, he ! *Exit, L. 3 E.*

Enter MARY with an open letter, L.

MARY. It is hard that I must be persecuted by the proposals of a man whose suit I rejected when I was free. Am I free ? Have the sacred links which eight years ago bound me to a beloved husband been broken by the hand of death? Will the dark cloud which hangs over his fate never be dispelled ?

Enter her son RICHARD (aged seven) with a spray of flowers, L

CHILD. Mamma! mamma! Here are such pretty flowers growing on that bank. Look ! What do you call them ?

MARY. Heartsease, my child.

CHILD. Oh, then I'll dig some of them up, and plant them in our garden for papa when he returns from sea.

MARY. (*sadly*) Richard ! Your papa will never return.

CHILD. No; well, if he don't, I'll have another papa in Walter Ellington.

MARY. (*severely*) Richard, never say that again.

CHILD. I did not think you would be angry. Walter is never angry when I call him papa; he hugs and kisses me when I do so.

MARY. (*embraces the child*) My darling!

CHILD. (*points off, L.*) Ah, I see him there amongst the trees. I must run to him to gather me some nuts. Papa Walter! Papa Walter ! (*runs off, L.*)

MARY. (*about to follow*) No, I must not!

Re-enter PENDOGGETT, R.

PEND. (*aside*) She is here, alone and pensive. Hem! How d'ye do, Mrs. Tressider. Lovely morning for taking a mouthful of fresh air. I really believe I've not had the pleasure of seeing you since Her Majesty recognized my public services by raising me to the magisterial bench.

MARY. (*ironically*) I congratulate the magisterial bench in being ornamented by so much honour and integrity.

PEND. Really; well now I feel highly flattered by your good opinion.

MARY. Oh, my opinion of you has never changed.

PEND. Indeed. May I hope then that the fond aspirations of a heart-----

MARY. Stay, Mr. Pendoggett; did you say heart ?

PEND. Certainly. A heart that in spite of your former cruelty loves you still. Your husband has been lost at sea. Three years ago the stern of a boat, with "The Happy Return" painted on it, was picked up by an English ship off the Coast of Borneo. I repeat, he is lost, and you are at liberty to take another partner. Once more I offer to share my fortune with you. My hand and heart are yours; will you accept them ?

MARY. No, sir; heaven may have deprived me of the stay and solace of my life. I may at this moment be a lonely, desolate and widowed creature, still I am not sunk so deep in misery but that I can rise above my grief and say to you, I despise a fortune offered by a hand that has wrung drops of blood from many an aching heart! (*shews him the letter*) Here is your letter, sir; (*tears it and throws it on ground*) and there my answer. (*crosses to R.*)

PEND. (L. c.) Very well—very well, Mrs. Tressider. Wives can always be had for whistling—so good morning, ma'am. You're not the best fish in the sea. Refuse Peter Pendoggett, Justice of the Peace, and—(*about to go off in a rage, runs against WALTER ELLINGTON, entering, L.*) Pooh!—Custos Rotulorum! *Exit, L.*

WALTER. (L. C.) Why, Mary, what's the matter with old Pendoggett, he's gone off in such a flurry ?

MARY. (R. C.) It was—his folly—or perhaps mine. He has been persecuting me with his detestable addresses, and I may have answered him rudely, that was all.

WALTER. An old grey raven. He to croak of love! Had I but heard him I'd have changed his note. Yet the man had a right to speak. Perhaps he thought you meant to wed again.

MARY. (*crosses to L.*) *Me*—wed again!

WALTER. (*follows her to L. C.*) The ship was lost, Mary.

MARY. (*weeping*) Lost! lost ! From every side that word rings in my ear.

WALTER. No more of that. Mary, there is a thing upon my mind, and has been upon my mind so long that it will out at last. Listen ! Let me speak! It is beyond all hope that he who left you some long years ago should still be living. I grieve to see you wanting help, but I cannot help you as I would, unless-----

MARY. Unless?

WALTER. Perhaps you know what I would have you know. I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove a father to your boy. I think he loves me as a father, and I am sure I love him as if he were my own.

MARY. You have been kind to him and me, Walter, kind and good, as Heaven's good angel, in our house. May Heaven bless you and reward you for it with something happier than myself!

WALTER. It is to make you happier than you are that I would draw you to my heart, and bring the sunshine of your presence to my home. Remember Richard's parting words, "I leave you not deserted utterly; Walter, when I am gone, will care for you and help you; to Heaven and to him I leave you!"

MARY. Ah me! What is it that you ask?—Can one love twice?—Can you be ever loved as Richard was?

WALTER. I ask not that, Mary; I will be content if you but love me a little less than Richard, though I have loved you longer than you know.

MARY. Once I knew it not, but later I have learnt how, when you found that Richard's heart and mine were knit together from our childhood, you silently resigned me to your friend; your kindness breaks me down; I cannot look you in your face and say you nay—but, oh, dear Walter, if Richard should return

WALTER. He never will return.

CHILD. (*heard without*) Papa! papa Walter!

WALTER. Hark! your child's voice gives me the right to claim you as my own.

MARY. Your words though full of gentle tenderness have frightened me. I have no power to think or to decide.

CHILD. (*outside*) Papa Walter?

MARY. Give me a little time to turn this matter in my mind—now my brain's confused—I feel as in a maze. Where is the child? Let us return.

WALTER. Lean on me, Mary; you are tired—and for your answer, I can wait for it as I have waited all my life.

Music—exeunt, L., as scene slowly changes to.

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of Mary Tressider's Cottage (2nd grooves), plain and neat. Door, R.; Door in flat.*

Enter WALTER, MARY and JENNY, with the CHILD, door in flat; JENNY goes off, L. 2 E., and brings on chair.

WALTER. Now I have seen you safe home, Mary, I will say good night.

MARY. Good night, dear Walter.

CHILD. Say good night to me, papa Walter.

WALTER. Good night, Dick—good night, and heaven bless you all.

Exit WALTER, door in flat.

JENNY. Now say good night to mamma. (CHILD *embraces his Mother*)

MARY. May heaven guard you to-night, my child, and send you happy dreams.

CHILD. I hope I may dream of heaven, mamma, for I shall see my papa amongst the good angels. Mamma, may I dream of Walter as well ?

MARY. Yes, you may dream of him, for he is good and true and kind to us.

CHILD. And will you too dream of him, mamma ?

MARY. I—I—perhaps----- There, go to bed now, my dear boy. (*kisses him, JENNY leads him off, L.*) Dream of him—of him who loved me long ago, the friend of Richard, he, who through these long desolate years, has been our all in all.

Music.—Door in flat opens suddenly; ROBERT LYNDEN enters in a sailor's tattered dress, pale; his appearance denotes misery—MARY utters a cry.

ROBERT. (L.) Do you not know me, Mary ?

MARY. Robert! my brother !

ROBERT. Yes, your unfortunate brother who has been for three days concealed in the Hazel Wood.

MARY. Ah ! you are then the escaped smuggler ?

ROBERT. Whom Pendoggett and the coast-guard have been hunting like a wild beast. I barely escaped one of their bullets just now, but they are close on my track, and if they lay hands on me, hanging will be my fate.

MARY. Oh ! Robert, what can I do to save you ?—at the risk of my life, if needs be.

ROBERT. I do not deserve this kindness; the future may redeem it; if I can but escape this danger and make my way to Liverpool, I'll start for Australia and never return to England. (*voices outside*) Hark! you hear them ?

MARY. There is no time to lose. In my bed room there is a window, through which you may gain the open country, and you know all the bye-ways.

ROBERT. Every lane and pathway within twenty miles.

MARY. (*gives him purse*) There, fly at once; take this purse; there is little in it, but 'tis all I have. Quick ! quick ! away ! (*opens R. door*)

ROBERT. Farewell, my dear sister, farewell! (*Music*)

Embraces her and exit in room.

MARY. Heaven protect him!

Enter from door in flat, PENDOGGETT, WASPER, three COAST-GUARDS, at the same time re-enter JENNY.

PENDOGGETT. (L. C.) You'll excuse this unceremonious visit, Mrs. Tressider, but public duty, ma'am, however disagreeable, must be performed. A man—I may say a smuggler—whom we have been hunting for three days is suspected of being concealed in your house.

Enter WALTER, from door in flat, remains at back.

MARY. In my house, Mr. Pendoggett ?

PEND. Yes, ma'am, he was seen to enter here not ten minutes since; Mr. Wasper saw him.

WASP. Quite right. I saw a sailor-like man bolt out of the wood, run up the lane and make for this cottage; he opened the door and passed in, but he has not come out.

PEND. Is that conclusive evidence of the fact, ma'am, or is it not ?

WALTER. (*advancing, c.*) Yes, of the fact that you're a base slanderer, and that this is an infamous plot of yours, hatched by that miserable creature there. (*threatens WASP, who retreats behind the COAST-GUARD.*)

WASP. (L.) Protect the witness!

WALTER. Answer the atrocious accusation, Mary ; say it's a lie.

MARY. (*aside to him, R. C.*) They speak the truth.

WALTER. The truth, Mary !

WASPER *slips unperceived into Mary's room, R.*

JENNY. Why don't you search for him; there's my room, (*pionts L.*) you are welcome to rummage it; or there's Mrs. Tressider's own room : perhaps you'd like to search there.

MARY. (*to her, aside*) They must not search there.

JENNY. No. (*understands her look*) Oh!

WASPER *re-enters from R. door with Robert's hat.*

WASP. The bird has flown, but the nest is warm. Here is a hat which the runaway left behind him in his hurry. Is that a proof or is it not ? (*crosses from R. to L., getting behind the COAST-GUARD, L.*)

PEND. (L. C.) 'Pon my word this affair looks, I may say, awkward, but perfectly natural—women are so compassionate, especially to a handsome young felon flying from the law.

WALTER. Utter another word of insult to her, and I fell you to the earth.

PEND. No—no—I—I did'nt mean to—to---- (*aside*) Most extraordinary, whenever I happen to offend this female party, she has somebody at her elbow ready to knock my head off.

MARY. (*aside*) Oh, if I could explain!

WALTER. Look me in the face, Mary, and place your hand in mine, and I will believe you all that is true and pure, (*she does so*) Words never gave assurance half so strong as the unuttered language of those eyes, (*kisses her hand*)

PEND. It's all pleasant and comfortable, I see; we have missed our man this time. Let us go, Mr. Wasper—good night, Mrs. Tressider—sorry to have disturbed you to no purpose—the game is up—better luck another time. (*WALTER threatens*) Oh, ah ! good evening, Mr. Ellington.

Exit PENDOGGETT, *door in flat*, and COAST-GUARDS.

WASP. And, if I may be permitted-----(*WALTER stamps—JENNY ushers him—he exits hastily, door in flat*)

WALTER. To-morrow, Mary, I will come to know my fate ; now, good night! *Music—Exit* WALTER, *door in flat*.

MARY. (*to* JENNY) Leave me, Jenny, for my mind is strangely troubled, and I must seek the Divine assistance in prayer. (*Music—Exit* JENNY, L., MARY *kneels at chair*) You ever-waking ministers of heaven, direct me, guide me, and enlighten me—and you, blest spirits of the good, descend on me in my dreams, that I may know the fate of him, whom I have mourned so long.

(Faint Music—Clouds rise and conceal MARY—the whole apartment, when clouds work off, has disappeared—MARY is no longer seen, and a beautiful view of an Island in the Tropics is discovered)

SCENE THIRD.—*Tropical vegetation; palm trees; rocky path, R. U. E.; large practicable rock, L. 3. E.; distant view of the Ocean; a rude cross, L. 2 E. ; a palm tree, R. C.*

CAPTAIN HEADWAY *discovered beneath a palm tree, R. C., upon a rough couch of leaves, &c.; near him, a cask, on which is a calabash of water; a seaman's chest, and other fragments from the wreck also on his R.; he has on a sailor's tattered dress, and appears like a dying man.*

CAPT. H. Oh, this killing thirst that burns me! Water there—there left by Richard beside me, but—ah—I am too weak to reach it.

Music—RICHARD slowly descends the rocky pathway; he appears to have become aged; his hair is long and grey, hanging matted upon his shoulders; his beard is long and grey; he wears a dress chiefly composed of skins of animals, tattered blue trousers (his appearance entirely Robinson Crusoe-like); he carries some game (birds) upon a long stick on his shoulder)

CAPT. H. When will this struggle end, and—ah! (*sinks back*) If I should die before he returns—alone—no—no! (*Jointly*) Dick—Dick Tressider !

RICHARD. Here, my friend—here—what do you want?

CAPT. H. Water—a draught to cool my parched throat.

RICHARD. (*Gives the drink of water to HEADWAY—taking it from the top of cask*) Here, drink, John, I have been long away this morning, clambering as I have clambered day by day for all these weary years, up to the highest ridge of the o'erjutting headland and looking seaward—I saw-----

CAPT. H. You saw? What?

RICHARD. (*sitting by HEADWAY*) The tall masts of a stately ship lying a league or so to the southward of the Island.

CAPT. H. A ship! You signalled her?

RICHARD. Aye; I hoisted our ragged bit of bunting on the flag-staff and watched with breathless expectation for an answering signal—none came. The distant hull upon the slumbering waves lay mute and dark as death, until a thick grey mist descended like a veil and hid her from my sight.

CAPT. H. Ah! the only gleam of hope that we have known since we were cast upon this Island six years ago is quenched. Here we must die far from home and kindred.

RICHARD. Cheer up, dear shipmate. Bear your trials in hopeful trust of help. Here, taste these fresh fruits I gathered for you in the shady valley, 'ere the sun's hot lips had dried them, (*he proffers fruit—HEADWAY motions he cannot—RICHARD lets them fall on stage*)

CAPT. H. Oh, Richard, you have been to me a kind and faithful friend through all our troubles. Can I forget when our ill-fated ship was driven upon a coral reef, and I lay crushed and helpless on the deck, 'twas your strong arm that bore me to the boat?

RICHARD. (*L. of him*) Tut! tut! 'twas nothing. I would not see a dog perish for lack of help, much less a man, a shipmate, and a friend.

CAPT. H. 'Twas a fearful night.

RICHARD. Aye, fearful indeed!—when eight of us poor wretches took to the cutter and pulled through the surging waves that yelled and battled like hungry wolves over the carcase of our sinking ship.

CAPT. H. Right;—you are right. How many of us reached the land alive?

RICHARD. Two poor souls,—yourself and I. Our six companions, washed ashore, I buried yonder in the sand, where a rude cross of driftwood marks their lonely grave.

CAPT. H. All dead! The strong and stalwart, while I, a broken wreck, crippled and maimed, might have been laid beside them but for your tender care; but the old ship is sinking—sinking fast! Six names were carved when you set up that cross; to-morrow you will add one more—John Headway.

RICHARD. Talk not of death. Take courage! the pain, so long, so well endured, at length has cast you down; but courage, courage still!

CAPT. H. I am free from pain—at last a grateful calm has come ! and looking up into yon far blue space, I feel that I could fly. (*tries to rise—sinks back again*) Yet see, I cannot even raise my head to drink.

RICHARD. (*gives him drink*) True, you are very weak, but have no pain;—that must be better.

CAPT. H. Better indeed, for this I feel is death.

RICHARD. No, no.

CAPT. H. 'Tis so. My voyage nears its end; I've weathered many a storm, and now work into port with battered hull, torn sails, and shattered spars; but if the cargo's safe (*lays his hand on his breast*) what matters all the rest. It is no pain to die—you, Richard, are the only one will weep for me. I have no wife and child to care for—you have—but you will see them yet—believe a dying man—then, when you reach your home, remember me. (*lower lights—sunset strongly on cross—yellow lime light—sunset mediums*)

RICHARD. Remember you!—oh, John!

CAPT. H. Look to my mother's grave; I hoped to lie beside her—heaven wills it otherwise ! (*takes out a locket from his breast, RICHARD aiding him to do so*) It is her likeness! (*kisses it*) Place it between my hands—there! Ah, she is coming even now—see—see ! (*falls back*)

RICHARD. No, no ! be calm—'tis but the shadow of-----

CAPT. H. (*partly rises—Music*) The shadow of the cross, and I am dying fast. I told you so. Do you not see her ? Mother! (*RICHARD support's him*) Richard, farewell—You will escape. Look, she is there!—She smiles upon me. Mother, I come! (*shadow of the cross falls upon his face—he falls back dead—lime light off—lights down gradually*)

RICHARD. John ! John ! (*weeps by him*) Dead ! And thus his sufferings have ended—mine increased. Long have I lived in dread of this sad hour, and now 'tis here; I scarce can think it real. Are not these the birds I snared for him—these the fruits I gathered to cool his fevered lips ? 'Tis but a moment since we spoke together, and now—I am alone! alone! (*places piece of ragged canvas over Headway's body—covers the face reverently*) Ah, how I dread this frightful, silent solitude, unbroken by the sound of human life; to-morrow like to-day, and every morrow after still the same, the same; 'twill madden me. Oh, heaven, spare my reason ! Already I have feared and prayed against its loss; for sometimes when I have sat me down and strained these eyes across yon pitiless blue prison wall, our village bells have chimed upon my ear as merrily

as on my wedding day; sometimes, in wild untrodden glens, I hear my old mates hailing Richard Tressider, and oft at night, tossed on a sleepless bed, my wife—my Mary—holding forth our child—has gazed on me with pity; till, weeping, I have slept. All, all were mockeries. That ship I saw to-day was but another phantom of my brain; yet I could swear 'twas real; 'twas the chance waited and watched for during six long years, but lost as soon as found. No, 'twas a delusion, (*gun fires*) A gun! Ah, no! It is another fancy. I must o'ermaster this. If I am ever rescued let me not be restored to home and friends an idiot.

(Music—the practicable rock opens, discovering MARY kneeling at chair, as she appeared at change of scene—lime light full on her)

If I am ever rescued! When shall I see that day? Mary, my wife!—How fares she in my absence? Perhaps I am mourned by her as dead. (*MARY raises her head—RICHARD sees her—she extends her hands towards him*) No, never forgotten. She is there to chide me for the thought. Mary! dear Mary, you are still---- (*he staggers—falls senseless, R. C.—rock closes upon MARY—green mediums on*)

Enter from rocky path, R. u. E., HAWSER and three SAILORS—the SAILORS precede him down to stage.

HAWSER. (*on rocks*) Now lads, we must aboard again. The captain has tired a gun for us.

1ST SAILOR. (L.) But it seems hard if there be any poor fellows cast away here, to leave without finding them.

HAWSER. (L. C.) Aye, but orders must be obeyed. Though I'll swear that was a fresh-made footprint we saw near the spring where we filled our casks. Well, heave a-head lads, or your grog will be stopped, (*comes down—sees RICHARD*) Halloa! Why, here is a man—sure enough! (*raising RICHARD—moonlight falls on the group*)

1ST SAILOR. Dead, poor chap!

HAWSER. (*kneeling by RICHARD*) Dead! no more than you are. He has fainted—that's all. Give me some water from your calabash. (*SAILOR gives water from his keg—HAWSER dashes water upon RICHARD'S face—he partly recovers*) Now, my lad, try to swallow a drop of rum. (*gives rum to RICHARD, from flask*) Feel better now, eh? that's right, (*gun fires—RICHARD rises suddenly up at the sound*) Another gun! clap on sail, boys! Come, my hearty, we'll take you in tow. Are there any more of you?

RICHARD. (*gazes round wildly*) This is no fancy, surely,—you are real!

HAWSER. Real! I should think so. There's twelve stone of me, good sound English flesh and bone.

(Music till Curtain)

RICHARD. Yes, I am awake, it is no dream! Who are you?

HAWSER. Thomas Hawser, first mate of the good ship "Seagull," from Canton, bound for home.

RICHARD. Home! home! at last; home to Mary! Ha! ha! ha! *(falls laughing hysterically on HAWSER'S shoulder—SAILORS group)*

HAWSER. RICHARD. SAILORS,

R.

L.

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Interior of Walter Ellington's House. (2nd grooves) An oak-panelled room; fire-place with fire, L. 2 E.; arm chair; supper table, with cloth laid near the fire; alcove in flat, R., containing a small bed, on which is Richard's son sleeping; also a cot, containing a sleeping infant (Ellington's child); this alcove is closed in with curtains; large window in flat, C.; lighted candle or lamp on table; large book on mantel-shelf; another lamp on shelf, unlighted; two or three chairs, door R. 2 E. Storm of wind and occasional claps of thunder—Lights a little down—Music as Curtain rises.*

JENNY, *arranging the cloth, and* MARTHA, *knitting, discovered.*

MARTHA. Jenny, place the master's coat by the fire.

JENNY. *(hanging coat over a chair near fire)* He'll be glad of dry clothes, for the rain comes down in pailfuls. Well, I will say this for Walter Ellington—he deserves all the comfort he enjoys; but he is sufficiently rewarded now that Mary Tressider is his wife.

TONY. *(without)* Post! Post! Post!

JENNY. Oh! dear, there's that poor Tony Trotter coming through all the storm, *(opens door, R. 2 E.)*

Enter TONY, R. 2 E.

JENNY. Good evening, Mr. Tony.

TONY. Good evening, eh? That's a matter of opinion; I call it a precious bad evening. Law! the rain comes down like-----

JENNY. Cats and dogs.

TONY. Cats and dogs—more like elephants and buffaloes.

Ah! Mrs. Jellicoe, the weather is nothing to you unless it makes your corns shoot.

MARTHA. You are merry, Tony. On such a night as this I prayed for the safety of a husband, and a son, but in vain—in vain. *Exit, L.*

TONY. I've something to tell you. I've got a letter. Look at that, Miss Jenny, (*shews her a large letter*) A confidential communication from the Postmaster-General to your devoted Tony.

JENNY. Oh! what a beautiful big letter; not much in it though, (*looking at letter*)

TONY. My dear Jenny, that is the very perfection of official correspondence. The largest possible quantity of paper with the smallest possible amount of matter. Observe the noble margin, which leaves plenty of scope for the imagination.

JENNY. (*reads*) Sir,— " I am directed by the Postmaster-General to inform you that you are appointed to the office of Postmaster at Pen"— What ?

TONY. Pendywheedledon.

JENNY. (*reading*) " You will report yourself at the District Office, at Truro, on receipt of this—I am, Sir"-----

TONY. " Your obedient Servant." There's politeness ! Ah ! Government officials are the most courteous of beings—on paper.

JENNY. Oh, Tony!

TONY. Oh, Jenny! (*they embrace*) Postmaster and Postmistress, of Pendywheedledon—for you know when I have the honour of having all the mails under my charge, one female in addition will not be much extra trouble.

JENNY. Where is Pen— thingamy?

TONY. About eighteen miles from here, with a population of twenty-five, besides the cats and dogs. In that blessed spot I am to be lord of letters, plenipotentiary of postage stamps, monarch of money orders, and sultan of the savings bank—whilst you, Jenny, shall share my throne—the office stool,

MARTHA *returns with supper tray, arranges it upon table.*
and imprint the Pendywheedledon epistles with that badge of my authority—the Pendywheedledon post mark.

JENNY. We'll talk about that some time.

TONY. Make up your mind; if you love your Trotter—name the day, and make him the happiest of postmasters.

JENNY. But this is so sudden.

TONY. Sudden! after courting ever since we were so high. Say the word—will you have me ?—come, postmasters are not to be picked up in every gutter.

JENNY. I should call them a nasty drunken lot if they were.

TONT. No evasions, Yes or No ?

JENNY. Well, Tony, I think that some time-----

TONY. (C.) No more " sometimes." Now or never, that's the word.

JENNY. (R.) Hush—here's mistress !

Enter MARY, L.

MARY. (L.) Is all ready for the master ? Ah, Tony, this is bad weather for you ; a glass of hot ale would help you on your journey. Jenny, get him some, (*retires up*)

TONY. Plenty of ginger, Jenny. It keeps out the cold.

Exit JENNY, L. 1 E.

MARTHA. (R.) Have you no news to-day, Tony ?

TONY. (C.) News, ah, let me see. I suppose you heard about old Peter Pendoggett ?

MARTHA. No ; what fresh villany has he been working ?

TONY. You are wrong, now, for once, he has been guilty of a good action, and I don't think he'll ever recover it.

MARTHA. What do you mean ?

TONY. The vestry dinner took place yesterday, which Peter attended as usual, and there, according to his invariable custom, he got blind drunk.

MARTHA. Is that what you consider a good action ?

TONY. Don't interrupt me. Going home he fell off his horse and managed to break his neck-----

MARY. (*advancing*) Is he dead then ?

TONY. Well, as twenty-four hours have passed without his injuring a single person, we may conclude that he is unmistakably dead.

MARY. (L.) How shocking!

TONY. But you have not heard all the fun yet. Poor Jacob Wasper was so overcome by the suddenness of the awful event that, in his confusion, he opened old Peter's strong box and walked off with the contents. Indeed, he never regained the proper use of his faculties till he found himself comfortably lodged in Truro gaol, where he now lies awaiting the reward of his virtuous actions. *MARY retires up.*

Enter JENNY, L. 1 E., with a glass of ale.

Well if hemp cracks his neck as brandy and water did his master's, the world will have a good riddance of such vermin. (*drinks*)

JENNY. What, Peter Pendoggett ! Ugh ! The old wretch !

MARTHA. (R.) Hush ! Jenny; he is gone.

JENNY. Gone! Where ?

TONY. To a locality where he will want no ginger in his ale to keep him warm. Mrs. Ellington, your health, ma'am.

MARY. (L.) How the storm increases! (*storm—wind—rain—thunder*)

MARTHA. (L. C.) And the wind is right in-shore.

TONY. They'll have a hard time of it in that big ship which has been seen in the offing with her fore top-mast gone. (*retires up, c.*)

Enter WALTER at door, R. 2 E., wearing a great coat or pilot coat, tarpaulin hat—MARY meets him—takes his coat and hat—hands them to JENNY.

MARY. Oh, Walter ! how wet you are! Come to the fire. Where have you been this dreadful night ?

Exit MARTHA, L. 1. E.

WALTER. (*near table*) Dreadful as it is, I have been up to the look-out on the hill.

MAEY. And the poor ship fighting with the storm, how fares it with her ?

WALTER. It is possible she may weather the gale. Her masts are cut away, and she is now riding at three anchors, half a mile from the shore.

MARY. Then she may escape.

MARTHA brings on dish of fish, covered dish, &c.

WALTER. If her anchors hold; if not, she must come ashore.

TONY. (*advances*) Now, Jenny, I must move on, first thanking you, ma'am, for your very acceptable refreshment; gratitude, ma'am, warms my heart, as the ginger does my-----

JENNY. Hush ! Tony, for shame !

TONY. What do you mean? Do you think I don't know manners ? My word;, I was forgetting I had a letter for you, ma'am—that's what brought me up here—" Ellington," Australian post mark; there it is. (*gives letter to MARY*) Good night! (to JENNY) Well, when shall it be—next Sunday?

JENNY. Ridiculous! Why, it wouldn't give me time to make up-----

TONY. Your mind ?

JENNT. No—my bonnet. Be off; we'll settle it the next time I see you.

TONY. It won't be long first, then; I'd as soon be hanged as kept in suspense. *Exit, E. D., JENNY follows him.*

MARY. (*advancing, L.—opening, letter*) Look, Walter! Read! 'Tis from my erring brother, Robert. I shall never forget that night when flying from the coast-guards he took refuge in my cottage, (*she gives him the letter*)

WALTER. My poor Mary, 'twas a trying hour for you. The risk you ran was great.

MARY. I but obeyed the voice of nature. Do you blame me?

WALTER. Blame you? No. Your courage and womanly devotion increased my admiration for you.

MARY. From that moment I loved you ! Since the day I gave you my hand at the altar, my path of life has been bright with the sunshine of happiness.

WALTER. (*looking at letter*) And here is another beam to gladden it! Your brother is well and prospering in Australia. He has become a reformed man.

MARY. Bless him! I knew he would do well, if he had the chance. But I am forgetting you; come sit down. You must be hungry, and supper waits for you.

WALTER. Where are the children ?

MARY. In bed,

WALTER. True, I had forgotten it was so late. I must look at the dear little ones before I sit down.

(*Music.—He draws open the curtains—kisses the children—closes curtains and sits down R. of supper table—MARY, L., MARTHA attending*)

Enter TONY TROTTER—JENNY re-enters, puts jug on table.

WALTER. Well, Tony, what brings you back ? Have you found another letter for us ?

TONY. No, Mr. Ellington, but I thought I would call, on my way home, to tell you that the ship you were watching is dragging her anchors, and the crew are making signals of distress.

WALTER. Ah! that is bad.

TONY. (R. C.) And what is worse, none of the boats will put off to their assistance in such weather.

WALTER. (L. C, *rises from table*) What! refuse to go to the aid of those poor fellows in their hour of peril ? Is there the heart of a man amongst them? My coat, my hat, quick. Perishing under our very eyes, and no hand to help them !

(*JENNY gives coat and hat*)

MARY. (L.) Oh, Walter, consider! These men are hardy sailors, accustomed from their youth to brave the sea: they would not shrink from any common danger, and if they dare not venture to this hapless ship why should you tempt the peril they esteem too great ?

WALTER. Come—come, this is foolish.

MARY. Think of your home, your wife, and child.

WALTER. My coat, (*she aids him put it on*) Do not weep, my girl, for your sake I will be prudent, but these men may yet do much for the wrecked ship! Their hearts are bold enough—what they want is a head to guide them! I must at

least go down to the shore and give my help and counsel. (*going to R. door*) There may be husbands and fathers on that doomed vessel! Think of their wives and little ones, and say, am I to go!

MARY. Go then, and heaven watch over you!

Music—He exits at door, R.—she watches him off, then returns to table and weeps—MARTHA clears supper tray, and exits with it, then returns.

TONY. Having discharged all my official duties, I will just run down to the beach—I may be of assistance there, and if I see any danger approaching, I shall immediately rush-----

JENNY. (*alarmed, R.*) Tony!

TONY. (*L.*) In the opposite direction.

MARY. (*L., advancing*) You speak of danger. I fear my husband's bold spirit may lead him into peril—keep near him and tell him I bade you call to mind the promise that he gave me.

TONY. I will, ma'am ; and, if he only follows my example, he will certainly keep a whole skin and sound bones.

JENNY. Then look after him, Tony; he has more need to be cautious than you—having a wife and child.

TONY. And haven't I a wife and child in perspective ? I look into futurity and see myself the happy father of a tribe of tiny Trotters from that high, running down like a flight of steps to that high.

JENNY. I never heard-----

TONY. (*crossing to R.*) Now off I go; but before we part, Jenny, fulfil your promise and name the day.

JENNY. Then here's my answer. Go to the beach and look after Mr. Ellington; bring him safe home, and you may fix the day yourself.

TONY. (*kisses her*) Hooray! I'll stick to him like a postage stamp—I'll guard him like a registered letter—never fear me ! Good night, Jenny—Trotter ! (*puts his letter-bag over his head*) This has kept the Queen's head dry many a time, and it shall keep mine dry to-night. *Exit, door, R.*

MARY. (*rising*) I cannot rest here—I cannot remain still! Give me a lamp, Jenny. (*JENNY takes lamp from shelf—lights it—gives it to MARY*) I will busy myself about the house, and try not to think, (*takes up small work-basket from table—opens curtains of the alcove—looks at the CHILDREN, and exit, L., saying*) Heaven protect him !

MARTHA. Poor thing ! no wonder she cannot rest ; the sea has already taken one husband from her, and she fears it may rob her of another.

JENNY. Master has no business to go risking his life among the breakers, when he has those at home he ought to care for.

When I am Mrs. Trotter, I should like to catch my husband leaving his good supper to run after wrecks and nonsense.

(gunfires)

MARTHA. Another gun! Heaven be praised!

JENNY. Eh! What do you thank heaven for?

MARTHA. Because that sound tells us the ship holds together. Go to the mistress—she feels lonesome. *(Exit JENNY.)* Oh dear, the roar of the wind always makes me sad, though 'tis more than twenty years ago since my poor husband and our only boy were lost. 'Twas a weary trouble, *(goes to shelf, takes down a large book)* but this good book was my comfort then, and will be till I join them. Where are my glasses?—eh—mistress has taken them in the basket with her keys—*(going, L.)* Ugh! these draughts. Walter Ellington makes much of his fine new house, but to my mind 'tis not half so snug as the "Old Mariner's Arms." *Exit, L.*

Enter RICHARD TRESSIDER, *door R., in a pea jacket, high boots, glazed seaman's hat, &c, carries bundle and stick.*

RICHARD. So Martha Jellicoe is living still, and thriving too. This is a fine new house she keeps, where once the old inn stood. How all seems changed! I sought my cottage home. Strange faces met me—then I asked for Mary—Mary Tressider—they knew her not, had never heard the name, but were newcomers here—others could tell me more. But Martha—she can tell me where to find my Mary, *(goes to R. of table, puts down hat and bundle—sits)*

Enter MARTHA, *L., sees* RICHARD.

MARTHA. *(L. of table)* My good man, what do you want?—who are you?

RICHARD. You do not know me?

MARTHA. No! I don't know you—*(looks again more steadily at him, and then crosses hurriedly to R.)* Don't—don't say that I know you.

RICHARD. Am I so changed?—I dare say that I am—seven years have altered me—have changed everything. On this very spot stood your old inn—"The Mariners Arms."

MARTHA. Yes, but business fell off. The old place had gone to decay when Walter Ellington bought it, and built this new house in its place.

RICHARD. Walter Ellington! my dear old friend—he is well.

MARTHA. *(embarrassed)* Yes, Mr. Ellington is well and happy.

RICHARD. But, Martha, tell me where is my wife. Is she alive—and my child—what of them, Martha?

MARTHA. Your wife—child! Good man, I—I—cannot tell, I do not know them!

RICHARD. (L. C.) What is this pretence? You do not answer me. I know I am sadly altered; but I can read recognition in your eyes. Look in my face, (*takes her hand, draws her to the table, taking up the lamp*) and then say, if you can, you do not remember, Rich-----

MARTHA. Hush! hush! for heaven's sake! Oh, Tressider, I always dreaded this, (*agitatedly walks*) What shall I do? It has come—it has come at last! (*then sits weeping, L. of table*)

RICHARD. Martha, I see you have bad news. Tell me the worst, I can bear it.—Silent—then I am answered. She is dead. (MARTHA *shakes her head*) No?—thank heaven! What then? She is in distress—in poverty; but I can work for her; to make us a new home, this worn out frame will toil with all its youthful vigour. She lives—'tis death alone that knows no remedy—but Mary lives.

MARTHA. (*rises and crosses to R.*) Better—far better she were in her grave.

RICHARD. (L.) How! Martha, what has happened? Tell me for pity's sake, (*fiercely*) She has not-----? no, she was purity itself. It is not that, woman! it is not that! (*takes MARTHA'S hand*) Then what?—speak, Martha, your silence tortures me far more than can your words. Speak out!

MARTHA. (R.) Richard, 'tis years ago since all of us but Mary gave you up for dead. She ever clung to hope until she prayed to heaven for a sign, and the same night she saw you, in a vision, lying beneath a palm tree dead;—then she put on her widow's weeds and-----

RICHARD. So—she believes me dead?

MARTHA. She does, heaven help her and pardon me—'twas I that counselled her to-----to-----

RICHARD. To what?

MARTHA. To----- don't look so wildly at me! let go my hand! I know not how to tell you, I—I—cannot say it. Ah, you know her writing? (*crosses to table and L. of it—takes the large book and opens the fly leaf*) That will answer you.

RICHARD. Yes, yes.

MARTHA. You will forgive her? look—(*points to name—turning the book towards him on the table*) She thought you dead—indeed she did.

RICHARD. (*looks at name*) Mary----- Ellington! Ellington! then she is married? (*sinks into chair with a groan—insensible*)

MARTHA. (*going round table to him*) It will kill him, (*bathes his head with water from jug on table*) Poor Richard, it seems but yesterday he was a curly-headed mischievous boy, and to see him now. He is coming to—there, you feel better now?

RICHARD. (*recovering*) Help, help! A sail! (*rises*) Home to

Mary (*sinks on MARTHA'S shoulder*) Who's this? Ah, I recollect; 'tis Martha. Yes, you said something, and then my head whirled round, (*sees book*) Ah, I remember all now;—married, and to him. Where is she? I will claim her; am I not her husband? Who shall snatch her from me?

MARTHA. (R. C.) I cannot—do not.

RICHARD. (L. C.) Do not trifle with a desperate man. Give me my wife, I say. This is his house. You said so, and she is here; you know it. (*crosses, R.*)

MARTHA. No, no!

RICHARD. She is, and I will see her. You will not find her for me; then I will seek her myself, (*calls*) Mary! (*going, L.*)

MARTHA. (*stays him*) Stop, madman? Would you murder her? Your sudden appearance now would lay her lifeless at your feet. Listen to reason. Give me time to break it to her gently. For her sake, I beg of you to leave the house.

RICHARD. (*aside*) She is right; (to MARTHA) but must I not even see her?

MARTHA. Go, I implore you; to-morrow you will be calmer. I will seek you, and explain all; but now go for your child's sake.

RICHARD. My child, my little Richard! If his mother is denied to me, let me at least look on him. Then I will go. Where is he? (*Music*)

MARTHA. (*takes the lamp and opens curtains of alcove*) Here, sleeping in his little cot; come, look at him; then go away in heaven's name. (RICHARD gazes on his son—*kisses him—kneels by him—sobs*) Hush! do not wake him. (*aside*) He looks so wild; I dread some wonderful outbreak. If Walter Ellington returns while he is here there will be bloodshed, (*places lamp on table again*) Tressider, your promise—you have seen the child.—Now, begone! and trust me. You shall hear from me to-morrow. Come, Richard! (*he rises—perceives the INFANT—stares wildly at it*)

RICHARD. (*with clenched hands, hoarsely*) His child! her child!

MARTHA. You will not harm him!

RICHARD. Harm him! harm the innocent and helpless! Oh, do not fear! do not fear! (*leaves alcove*) I've seen enough; I will go. (*she gives him his stick and bundle*)

Enter MARY, L.—MARTHA checks RICHARD who would rush to MARY.

MARY. (L.) A stranger.

MARTHA. (C.) A poor traveller, ma'am, seeking food and shelter. (*she closes curtains—goes up*)

RICHARD. (C.) An unfortunate castaway, madam, (*aside*) The same sweet face and gentle voice.

MARY. Poor man! I pity you!

RICHARD. (*aside*) She pities me; nor dreams how much herself is to be pitied, (to MARY,) Yes, saved from shipwreck to find a home-wreck!

MARY. Oh, hard, hard fate! (*retires up—sits at talk*)

RICHARD. (*aside*) She does not know my voice—that voice whose tones were once sweet music to her ear! Yes, I am dead to her, indeed; 'tis better so, perhaps. Her face tells of content and comfort, (to' MARTHA) Say, is she happy ?

MARTHA. (R.) She *was*.

RICHARD. She *was*! She shall be still! (to MARY) Eight years ago I sailed from England in the ship, " Happy Return."

MARY. (*rises—advances, L.*) The " Happy Return ?"

MARTHA. (*aside to him*) For Heaven's sake!

RICHARD. (to MARTHA) Peace! She knows me not, and never shall. (to MARY) Our first mate was Richard Tressider.

MARY. Richard Tressider!—my husband ! What of him ? you----- he-----

RICHARD. He is-----dead.

MARTHA. (*aside to RICHARD*) What? (*he motions silence to MARTHA*)

MARY. Dead! Yes. I knew it. I saw it in the vision.

RICHARD. All went well with us till on our homeward voyage; we were caught in a hurricane, and were wrecked upon a desolate island. There, for six years, our existence dragged on, my companions dying one by one, till when the rescue came I was the only survivor.

MARY. You saw his death ? Poor Richard ! Oh, tell me all! What said he ? He sent some message, surely ?

RICHARD. I bear a token from him. (*draws a locket from his breast*) When he found his time was come, he drew this locket from his breast, and said to me, Richard-----

MARY. Richard?

RICHARD. My name is Richard also. He said, " Take this to Mary—to my wife, she knows it well; within it is a lock of our child's hair. Bear to them both my blessing—my prayers for their lifelong happiness." He closed his eyes:—soon after, murmuring "Mary"—smiled, and died, (*gives MARY the lockcet; she kisses it*) "Tis over now !

MARY. And you, good friend, were kind to him. Oh, bless you! Bless you for it! (*kisses his hand—he turns away in agony*)

RICHARD. Yes, yes, I----- (*aside*) Heaven give me strength; this is too much for my poor heart to bear, (*goes up*)

Enter HUGH CLEMOE, hastily, R. D. (storm)

HUGH. Mrs. Ellington, the ship has come ashore and your husband has put off in Polgarth's boat to save the crew.

MARY. My husband! This is what I feared—oh, take me to him!

Exit HUGH, R. 2 E.—MARY following.

MARTHA. Richard Tressider, your secret is safe with me. You have done this night the bravest deed of all your life.

RICHARD. (C.) The veil lifts from the dark future, and I behold the end of my weary journey. Martha! I will die, as I have lived, to make her happy! (*Music—closed in*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Wild Rocky Road leading to the Sea (1st grooves); thunder, wind, rain; lights down.*

Enter CAPTAIN OF THE COAST-GUARD with COAST-GUARDSMEN, they carry lanterns, ropes, life-buoys, L.

CAPT. C. G. Bear a-head with that lantern—'tis as dark as pitch!

1ST C. G. Aye, hurry along, lads, or I fear she'll go to pieces before we reach the shore.

CAPT. C. G. Here are lights coming up the road from the beach—what does that mean?

1ST C. G. 'Tis Will Barton and his crew.

CAPT. C. G. Ha, Barton! the most daring smuggler on the coast. I am certain he runs his cargoes almost under my nose, and yet I have never been able to bring any positive proof against him.

Enter WILL BARTON and FISHERMEN and SMUGGLERS—they carry lanterns, ropes, &c, and TREGOOZE with them, R.

BART. (*aside to his MEN*) Hallo, here are the Revenue men! What are they after? Well, they can find nothing against us to-night, lads.

CAPT. C. G. (*to his MEN*) They seem to be on the same errand as ourselves. They're fine fellows, and only I know them to be smugglers, confound 'em, I'd be glad to-----

BART. It's all right, boys. Don't you see they're going to lend a hand on the beach? They aren't such a bad lot after all. Look here, sir, (*to CAPTAIN*) we're all on the square to-night, trying to help that 'ere ship, and I reckon you are on the same tack. Now, we've had some little tussles with your men; but Lor' love ye, we bear no malice; so if you are willing for us all to pull together in this job why there's Will Barton's fist upon it.

CAPT. C. G. You are a brave fellow, Barton, and though this hand has been raised against you at the call of duty, it is none the less willing to grasp yours in the service of humanity, (*they shake hands*) But why are you leaving the beach? Has Ellington got back?

BART. When we left the beach the boat was holding on to

leeward of the ship. The men had a hard pull, and I suppose wanted to rest before they started again.

CAPT. C. G. Walter Ellington is a noble-hearted fellow; may he and his brave companions return in safety.

BART. Right you are, sir; they're noble fellows—one and all; and as you're not on revenue duty to-night, Captain, perhaps you wouldn't object to drink their jolly good healths before we go. (*offers Captain a flask*)

CAPT. C. G. (*aside*) He has the devil's own impudence! Ah, Barton! I should like to know where this came from?

BART. Don't be too curious, Captain. You know where it's going to, and let that satisfy you.

CAPT. C. G. Ha! ha! ha! Well, Barton, here's a safe return to Ellington and his crew. (*drinks*) Good stuff that.

BART. (*takes flask*) Glad you like it. My duty to you, Captain, (*drinks, and passes flask to TREGOOZE who drinks*)

CAPT. C. G. Thanks; the only *duty* that has ever paid, I fancy.

BART. Hum! I think we'll be moving, Captain.

CAPT. C. G. Come lads.

Exeunt CAPTAIN OF COAST-GUARD *and his* CREW, R.

BART. Now, Dick Tregooze, that flask sticks to your mouth like a barnacle on a ship's bottom, (*takes the flask from TREGOOZE*) You're not too fond of pulling an oar, but I'll back you to pull at a bottle against any man in Cornwall.

Music—Exeunt BARTON *and his* CREW, R.—*thunder—*
TREGOOZE *remains somewhat intoxicated, R.*

Enter TONY, L., *in a fisherman's boots, sou'wester, etc.—pilot coat, all too large for him—carries a coil of rope on his shoulder, and a bottle in his hand—he is drunk.*

TONY. Hallo! Ahoy there! Hold hard, messmates! You are leaving me behind. Is that the way you forsake a brother tar?

TREGOOZE. Ha ! ha! call yourself a brother tar, you little land-lubber ?

TONY. Land-lubber ! you—you son of a sea cook! Jack Tonkin lent me these clothes; he stands six feet two, and they were rather loose at first, but I found this in the pocket (*shews bottle*) and somehow I feel quite tight in them now.

TREGOOZE. Ha, brandy ! I'm reckoned a good judge of brandy, (*tries to drink*)

TONY. (*stops him*) Thankye, I'll judge for myself, (*drinks*) Aah ! not that I question your ability, Tregooze. You ought to be a good judge for you've practised long enough at the bar of the tavern, (*drinks*) A sailor's life is the life for me, " Over the sea, over the sea!"

TREGOOZE. Stow that, you're half seas over as it is!

TONY. (*drinks—puts bottle in his right pocket*) Capital brandy—

smuggled, I expect. (TREGOOZE *takes TONY'S bottle from TONY'S right pocket—drinks and slips it into TONY'S left pocket*) I'd be a smuggler myself for such liquor as —eh. (*feels in his right pocket, misses the bottle, finds it in his left pocket*) How did you get there, old fellow ? (*business of bottle repeated, now TREGOOZE replaces it in right pocket*) Beautiful tippie; if I was a smuggler, I could get it so cheap. I'll be a smuggler—I'll turn pirate and get it for nothing, (*finds bottle again in right pocket*) Ah, you're there! If you go wandering about like this you'll be getting into my head, perhaps, (*drinks*) I'll keep you safe. (*puts it under his left arm, neck of bottle behind him*) Let's see—(TREGOOZE *gets behind him and drinks from bottle*) I was saying, I'm a pirate!—No; I'm a postmaster! (*drinks—sings*) "Three jolly postmasters," &c.

TREGOOZE. You might give me a pull, Tony, (*staggers*)

TONY. I'm sorry to refuse you, Tregooze, but I do so for your good. I've lately observed (TREGOOZE *drinks behind him from bottle*) that you have given way to drink. That man is a fool who gets drunk !

TREGOOZE. At his own expense, (*drinks as before*)

TONY. Then, beware! Shun the bottle!

TREGOOZE. When it's empty! (*drinks—sinks to his knees*)

TONY. For drunkenness is such a lowering vice, that a man who is fond of liquor will stoop to anything; through drink the most upright men have fallen! (TREGOOZE *falls*) Eh! Why, you're worse than ever.

TREGOOZE. (*on ground*) Lend me a hand!

TONY. Look here! take one end of this rope, and I'll guide you. (TREGOOZE *takes one end of the rope and TONY the other end. TONT, being drunk, unconsciously describes a circle around the prostrate TREGOOZE*)

TREGOOZE. (*on ground, holding on to the rope*) Hallo! where are you going to ?

TONT. It's all right—I know—we are going to Penwhooldledon! I'm the pirate—no, the postmaster at the " Dragon."

Enter HUGH followed by JENNY and MARY—JENNY carries a lantern—TONY walking round, twists the rope around HUGH'S waist.

HUGH. Hallo! who are you? What caper is this? (*shakes TONY—TONY drops rope*)

TONY. Gently, gently; that's not the way to handle a postmaster!

JENNY. 'Tis that little wretch, Tony !

MARY. Do not delay a moment—come on—come on.

Exit MARY, R.

HUGH. I'm coming, Mrs. Ellington—I'm coming. Let go the rope, Tregooze!

TREGOOZE. I shan't!

HUGH. Then you shall come along with me!

Drags TREGOOZE off with him by rope, R.

JENNY. (*shaking TONY*) Drunk, I declare!

TONY. Don't damage me. It's against the law; I'm Government property—a postmaster.

JENNY. Are you not ashamed? A *fine* state you are in.

TONY. Yes, my dear, a live shilling *fine* state.

JENNY. Nicely you keep your promises, too. Where's my master? Didn't you say you'd look after him?

TONY. And so I did till he got in the boat, then I looked a long way after him. You should have seen me hold on to his coat tail, though.

JENNY. (L.) But you let him go.

TONY. (C.) Because he insulted me.

JENNY. Indeed!

TONY. Yes; *in deed* and word too; firstly he called me an interfering ass.

JENNY. Which was of no consequence.

TONY. Perhaps not; but, secondly, he knocked me down, which *was*.

JENNY. Well, if any harm comes to him, I'll never look at you again; and you are tipsy too, sir.

TONY. Quite an accident, Jenny. Never happen again, 'pon my honor as a postmaster. You see it was this way: I was going—no—I mean coming up you see, when I found them going and they said they were coming, so then I went—at least he went you know—and—no, let's see, there's something wrong, where was I?

JENNY. Here, now take this lantern and walk respectably if you can. (*he tries, but cannot*)

TONY. Don't keep bobbing it about in that way. (*enraged, she exits, L.*) Now steady—steady—that's it—a little more that way. (*staggers about, at last follows—Music for change of scene*)

SCENE THIRD.— *View of a tempestuous Sea; rocks running up stage, L.; rock pieces, R.; rocks in foreground; lights down. The ocean seen to break upon the rock-bound shore in the background. Distant Light-house. Thunder, lightning, wind, and rain.*

BARTON and CAPTAIN OF COAST-GUARD on rocks, L.; several MEN, SAILORS, FISHERMEN and FISHERWOMEN discovered on various points of the rocks; MEN bearing torches, lanterns, WOMEN waving their handkerchiefs—all looking off to the R.—other MEN have ropes—on rock, R., are three MEN and one WOMAN, who is bearing a lighted lantern.

BARTON. Do you think they'll reach the shore?

CAPT. C. G. I can't say; the tide turned ten minutes since, which makes it worse for them.

BARTON. They have saved the crew of the ship.

CAPT. C. G. I never thought they'd reach her.

BARTON. They never would without Walter Ellington. What a man he is. He always puts such a spirit into anything he touches. (*a scream from the women*)

BART. They nearly had it that time.

CAPT. C. G. Ah ! a narrow escape, I shall be right glad to see them all ashore, I can tell you.

BART. They make very little way. Pull with a will, lads I (*shouts*)

CAPT. C. G. Now's their time, the wind has dropt for a moment, give way, now's your chance! (*thunder*)

Enter RICHARD TRESSIDER, L.

RICHARD. S, the man who has stept into my place, usurped the love of my wife and the affection of my child, is even now fighting for his life. Yes, he is there, he whose existence is the curse of mine, whose death would give to me a life renewed ! I wish it were so. If it pleased Providence to take his life then I----- (*WOMEN scream*)

MEN. See, she has righted. Hurrah!

ALL. Hurrah!

RICHARD. What fearful joy was that which filled my heart ? Have grief and pain so much transformed me that I can stoop to murder in thought, if not in deed ? Forbid it, manhood! Walter, my boyhood's friend ! if you have injured me, it was unknowingly, and I forgive you! (*thunder—Music*)

Enter HUGH and MARY, L.

HUGH. Come, come, Mrs. Ellington, your husband is safe as yet; see, he is at the helm! (*points to R., seaward*)

MARY. No ! No ! I dare not look at him! (*kneels, C.*)

HUGH. (*going up stage*) Give way, together, boys ! (*CROWD shouts*)

BART. Ah! the bow oar has broken! Port your helm ! Port ! Ah ! she is swamped! (*shriek from the WOMEN and CROWD*)

BART, and }
MEN. } Ropes! here, ropes !

The boat works on from R., capsized; the CREW and WALTER are seen clinging to her; as she reaches centre of stage, WALTER is washed off. MEN on rocks throw ropes and life-buoys, which are caught by the CREW— boat works off L, and the CREW are helped over the rocks— CROWD cheer.

ALL. Hurrah, hurrah! all safe.

MARY. (*rushing to rocks*) Walter, my husband, where is he?

HUGH. (*pointing off, R.*) See, see, he is drifting round the point, nothing can save him now!

MARY. (*wildly*) He is drowned—Walter, dear husband, I am coming! (*rushes towards sea, but is held back by HUGH*) Oh, mercy—my husband—do not let him perish before my eyes! Is there no help, no pitying hand stretched forth to save him?

RICHARD. (*who has mounted rocks, R.*) Yes, Mary, mine! (*plunges into sea—cheers from CROWD—MARY half fainting leans against rock*)

BART. Brave fellow! (*cheer from CROWD*)

CAPT. C. G. Nobly done! (*cheer*)

BART. Ah, he has gone! No—a good swimmer! (*CROWD cheers*)

CAPT. C. G. He will not reach him!

BART. Yes; he grasps him—he bears him up! They are saved! (*continued cheers as RICHARD is seen swimming across R. to L., supporting WALTER*)

HUGH. (*raising MARY*) Look up, ma'am—he's safe! See, here he comes over the rock! Hurrah!

WALTER is helped down rocks, L., amid cheers from the CROWD.

MARY. (*rushing to him*) Oh, Walter, Walter!

WALTER. Saved, Mary! (*embraces her*) But where is my brave preserver. (*RICHARD is supported forward by HUGH who rests him, lying on rocks, c.*)

HUGH. Here, sir; and badly hurt I fear.

MARY. (*kneeling at his side*) Oh, what can I do for him!

RICHARD. (*faintly*) Peace! I am dying; but I die blest, in leaving happiness to those I love. Mary!

MARY. That voice! Oh, can it be?

RICHARD. You know me now, Mary!

MARY. } Richard Tressider! } (*he bows his head—Music*
WALTER. } } *till Curtain*)

WALTER. Richard, my friend! I have wronged you deeply; can you forgive me?

RICHARD. Your hand! (*he takes WALTER'S hand*) The fault lay not with you or her. Mary, one kiss before I die! (*she kisses him*) Home, home at last! (*his head falls back on her bosom—dies*)

CROWD.

MARY. RICHARD. WALTER. CLEM
BARTON,
and CROWD.

Curtain.

(For COSTUMES, see next page.)

Costumes, -HOME WRECK.

RICHARD TRESSIDER.—*1st Act:* Sailor's blue serge shirt and trousers, glazed hat. *2nd Act:* Dress of skins, (*A la Bobinson Crusoe*). *3rd Act:* Pea jacket, high boots, sailor's cap.

WALTER ELLINGTON.—*1st and 2nd Acts:* Walking costume. *3rd Act:* Rough overcoat over walking costume, sou'wester hat and high boots.

CAPTAIN HEADWAY.—*1st Act:* Pea jacket, gilt buttons, cap with gold band, white trousers. *2nd Act:* Flannel shirt and blue trousers, all very old and ragged.

PETER PENDOGETT.—*1st Act:* Black suit and gaiters. *2nd Act:* blue coat, brass buttons, buff vest, light trousers.

JACOB WASPER.—Shabby black suit, two small old drab gaiters, and white hat.

TONY TROTTER.—*1st and 2nd Acts:* Postman's uniform. *3rd Act:* Suit of tarpaulin overalls and sou'wester hat, all much too large.

ROBERT LYNDEN.—*1st Act:* Velveteen coat, coloured vest, drab cord trousers, all dirty and untidy. *2nd Act:* torn pea jacket, old sou'wester hat and sea boots, red flannel shirt.

HUGH CLEMOE.—Rough coat, red plush vest, cord trousers, cloth cap.

THOMAS HAWSER.—Blue jacket, gilt buttons, blue cap, vest, and trousers.

CAPTAIN of COASTGUARD.—Coastguard's uniform.

BARTON, TREGOOZE, SMUGGLERS, FISHERMEN, &c.—Pea jackets, flannel shirts, sou'westers or caps, sea boots, &c, &c.

MARY TRESSIDER.—*1st Act:* Light muslin dress, straw hat. *2nd Act:* (Grey stuff dress, walking jacket and hat. *3rd Act:* dark dress, cloak and bonnet.

MARTHA JELICOE.—*1st Act:* Print dress, white apron and cap. *2nd Act:* Stuff dress, straw bonnet and shawl. *3rd Act:* Brown stuff dress, old woman's cap, white pointed cape and muslin apron, black net mittens.

JENNY TRUSCOTT.—*1st Act:* Print dress, servant's cap, white apron. *2nd Act:* Coloured dress, straw hat. *3rd Act:* Similar dress to *1st Act*, woollen shawl and straw bonnet.

CHILD.—Blue serge knickerbocker suit, straw hat.