

# MARGARET CATCHPOLE

## THE HEROINE OF SUFFOLK

OR

## THE VICISSITUDES OF REAL LIFE

A DRAMA

IN

THREE ACTS

[Adapted from the celebrated work of the same title.]

BY

EDWARD STIRLING

AUTHOR OF

*Martin Chuzzlewit—The Rubber of Life—Woman's the Devil  
—Bachelor's Buttons—The Queen of Cyprus—The  
Rose of Corbeil—Blue Jackets—Yankee Notes  
for English Circulation—Captain Char-  
lotte—The Pickwick Club—Aline,  
&c. &c. &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

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(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

709797

## MARGARET CATCHPOLE.

*First produced at the Royal Surrey Theatre,  
March, 1845.*

This extraordinary female, born of humble parents, underwent the most singular vicissitudes that perhaps ever marked the career of woman. After meeting with many strange adventures, to obtain an interview with her lover (a celebrated captain of smugglers of the last century) she stole a horse, on which she rode to London in about eight hours; for this she was tried, and CONDEMNED TO DEATH, at the Bury Assizes, in the year 1797; was reprieved, broke out of prison at Ipswich, to join her lover, was retaken, sentenced again to death, and her punishment changed to transportation for life. She retrieved her character in Australia, where she distinguished herself in many extraordinary adventures; obtained a FREE PARDON, married a wealthy settler, who left her sole mistress of an immense fortune; she had one son and two daughters, who received the best education which England could afford, and returned to settle in their native land, to close the eyes of their affectionate parent, who died September 10th 1841, in the sixty-eighth year of her age, deeply lamented and revered by all who knew her.

*The Scene lies in England, during the First and Second Acts,  
and in Australia in the Third.*

### ACT FIRST.

#### E A R L Y S C E N E S .

Jonathan Catchpole, a reduced Farmer	Mr. HESLOP.
Will Laud, Suitor to Margaret	Mr. H. HUGHES.
Ben Luff, Mate of a Smuggling Brig	Mr. N. T. HICKS.
Muffin Pegs, an Itinerant Vendor of door-mats, hearthstones, &c.	Mr. S. H. COWELL.
Gooseberry Pip, a Country Lad	Mr. R. HONNOR.
John Barry, an assistant at the Priory Farm	Mr. FREDERICKS.
Johnson, a Smuggler	Mr. HAWKINS.
Preventive Officer	Mr. PHELPS.
Smugglers, Preventive Service Men, Peasants, &c.	
Margaret Catchpole	Mrs. R. HONN B.
Dane Catchpole, her Mother	Mrs. W. DALY.
Sally, a Country Girl	Miss MARTIN.

Interior of the Cottage of Jonathan Catchpole, at  
Nacton, in Suffolk.

First Love. The Mother's Prophecy.

### DISTANT VIEW OF THE PRIORY FARM.

Rustic Love. A Rural Enterprise.

✓ X63673A7

# SIZEWELL GAP, BY SUNSET,

*With the Smuggler's Craft lying in the Offing.*

## The Tempter of Laud.

"The Captain turned round to give the signal for his Boatmen to pull ashore, but without the least intention of giving up his prey, it was only as a cat would pretend to let her victim escape to a little distance, under the idea of giving more play."—*Vide Work*, vol. 1. p 22.

# THE COTTAGE AT NACTON,

The Lover's Farewell.

# THE BEACH BY MOONLIGHT.

## THE CONFLICT.

"The poor girl's struggles now became so strong, and her efforts to escape so powerful, that Will Laud's utmost strength could not drag her along the sand."—Vol. 2, p. 208.

# BAWDSEY CAVE.

The Stranger's Visit. Attack of the Revenue Cutter, and General Melce.

## ACT SECOND.

### THE NEW PLACE.—FRESH HOPES.

Mr. Chittenden . . . . .	Mr. LEWIS.
Mr. Wilson, Proprietor of the Bull Inn, Aldgate	Mr. C. HICKS.
Will Laud, the Smuggler . . . . .	Mr. H. HUGHES.
Luff, his Lieutenant . . . . .	Mr. N T. HICKS.
Jonathan Catchpole, reduced in circumstances	Mr. HESLOP.
Bob, Ostler at the Bull Inn . . . . .	Mr. GREEN.
Waiter . . . . .	Mr. WALL.
Gaoler . . . . .	Mr. THOMAS.
Groom . . . . .	Mr. WILLIAMS.
Pegs, Proprietor of a Travelling Exhibition —vulgo, a Penny Show . . . . .	Mr. S. H. COWELL.
Mr. Gooseberry Pip, fast bound in the tram- mels of Matrimony . . . . .	Mr. R. HONNER.
Margaret Catchpole, Servant to Mr. Chittenden,	Mrs. R. H. NNER.
Sally, now Mrs. Gooseberry Pip . . . . .	Miss MARTIN.
Mary, Chambermaid at the Bull Inn . . . . .	Miss NEVILLE.

**Parlour in the House of Mr. Chittenden, at Ipswich.****THE LOVER'S EMISSARY.**

"Margaret yielded to the artful duplicity of this man, and agreed to meet him the next night, to put her wild plan in practice."—Vol. 2, p. 208.

**The BULL INN, and Yard, at Aldgate.***The Traveller's Arrival. The Stolen Horse.*

"Margaret had actually ridden the horse from Ipswich to London, in the space of eight hours and a half, being seventy miles from that place to the Bull Inn, at Aldgate, having stopped only once on the road, at a small public house, called the 'Trowell and Hammer,' at Mark's Tay, in Essex."—Vol. 1, p. 262.

**BAWDSEY CLIFF.****THE QUARREL.****INTERIOR OF IPSWICH GAOL.****THE CONDEMNATION.**

"On the 9th of August, 1797, Margaret was tried before Lord Chief Baron Macdonald."—Vol. 3, p. 3. "Margaret seemed to be less overcome by the sentence than by the kind words of the Judge, and, in the act of retiring, fell into her father's arms."—Vol. 3, p. 19.

**ST. PAUL'S, from EASTCHEAP.***The Emigrants, and the Speculative Manager.***EXTERIOR OF THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE,  
AND YARD OF THE IPSWICH GOAL.****THE ESCAPE.**

"The clock struck Nine, Ten, and Eleven, and Margaret had not stirred; she now rose, took her shoes in her hand, and her bundle under her arm, and with the slightest tread, stole along the stone passage."—Vol. 3, p. 63.

**THE ALARM.**

MARGARET CATCHPOLE.

v

ACT THIRD.

## A U S T R A L I A.

(*A Lapse of Eighteen Months.*)

Ben Luff, a Bush Ranger . . . . .	Mr. N. T. HICKS.
Mr. Barry, a wealthy Settler . . . . .	Mr. FREDERICKS.
Pegs, a Settler . . . . .	Mr. S. H. COWELL.
Mr. Gooseberry Pip, a Settler, nearly settled	Mr. R. HONNER.
First Free Settler . . . . .	Mr. CECIL.
Second Free Settler . . . . .	Mr. GREEN.
Margaret Catchpole, a Convict . . . . .	Mrs. R. HONNER.
Mrs. Gooseberry Pip, a Voluntary Exile . . . . .	Miss MARTIN.
Mrs. Palmer, Widow of an Australian Settler	Mrs. LEWIS.

## A RUDE TRACT OF UNCULTIVATED COUNTRY,

WITH SETTLER'S HUT.

The Emigrants. A Dissertation on Natives and Native Homes.

## An Apartment in the Governor's House, The Discovery.

"Overpowered by emotions of the most conflicting kind, Mr. Barry was completely unmanned."—Vol. 3, p. 24.

## A WILD FOREST, IN THE INTERIOR.

The Bush Ranger's Fate. A Jungle. Catching a Tartar.

## A TERRIFIC STORM.

## A WILD WASTE OF COUNTRY.

THE FLOOD.

## HEROIC CONDUCT OF MARGARET.

"One family were carried away with their barn; I saw them, dear creatures, holding up their hands to Heaven, as they passed us on the sweeping flood, and imploring our help."—Vol. 3, p. 219.

## RESCUE OF MR. BARRY,

BY MARGARET CATCHPOLE.

## A D D R E S S

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## COSTUMES.

**WILL LAUD.**—Light jacket trimmed with blue, striped shirt, blue trousers.—*2nd dress.*—Guernsey frock, blue trousers, woollen cap and petticoat, long boots.—*3rd dress.*—Jacket and trousers.

**BEN.**—Red waistcoat, over Guernsey frock, petticoat, long boots, and woollen cap.—*2nd dress.*—Long smock frock, black slouched hat.—*3rd dress.*—Guernsey frock.—*4th dress.*—Same, ragged.

**JONATHAN CATCHPOLE.**—Green coat, dark waistcoat, breeches and gaiters.—*2nd dress.*—Greatcoat, slouched hat and shawl.

**PEGS**—Brown coat, drab patched breeches, red waistcoat, red neckerchief, laced boots, drab hat.—*2nd dress.*—Smart livery, white tied neckcloth, powdered wig.—*3rd dress.*—Greatcoat buttoned close.—*4th dress.*—Same as first.

**PIP.**—Countryman's dress.—*2nd dress.*—Blue frock coat, white breeches, flowered waistcoat, white stockings, nankeen short gaiters.—*3rd dress.*—Nankeen frock coat, white breeches, light waistcoat, stockings, short nankeen gaiters, straw hat.

**MR. CHITTENDEN.**—Drab frock coat, coloured waistcoat, top boots, black hat.

**MARGARET.**—Chintz cotton, gipsey hat.—*2nd dress.*—Blue cotton, small red cloak, gipsey hat.—*3rd dress.*—Drab frock coat, breeches and gaiters to correspond, black.—*4th dress.*—Light brown, with white cape.—*5th dress.*—Slate dress.

**SALLY**—Open chintz dress, white petticoat, blue ribbons, and gipsey hat.—*2nd dress.*—Figured, silk apron.—*3rd dress.*—Open silk dress, blue silk petticoat, yellow silk mantle trimmed with lace.—*4th dress.*—Blue dress with flounces, black scarf, white bonnet.

**DAME CATCHPOLE.**—Cotton dress, white muslin apron, cap.

**Mrs. PALMER.**—Light slate silk dress, lace cap, pelerine.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—2 hours.

Smart as my Lib and I am!

But not half so bright as I'll be!

## MARGARET CATCHPOLE.

### ACT I.

#### EARLY SCENES.

SCENE I.—*The Cottage at Nacton, Suffolk. A neat humble dwelling—door, L. C., and window, R. C., table, chairs, and rude easy chair.*

DAME and JONATHAN CATCHPOLE discovered—the DAME, an invalid, seated in her easy chair, R., JONATHAN leaning over it.—*Pastoral Music.*

JONATH. Gently, wife, gently! You are over hard on the lad. He's a smart quick fellow, but for his sea-going fancies, one that I should be contented to call son.

DAME. With my consent, Will Laud never weds Margaret. I have watched him with penetrating eyes—weighed well his reckless spirit—listened to his free conversation—marked and noted, husband, his daring levity. He is no match for my girl, and so I mean to tell him.

JONATH. Well, well, do so at once. He's in the meadows, walking with Margaret. Poor girl! I hope she won't take it to heart.

DAME. Better her heart ache now, husband, than break years to come. You know his determination to make the sea his home! A pretty prospect for my poor child—left to pine and grieve, whilst he's playing off his vagaries in foreign lands. No, no—I'll tell him to his face.

JONATH. Hush, dame! (points—MARGARET and WILL LAUD are seen passing the window.) They are here.

Music.—Enter WILL LAUD and MARGARET, D. L. C.—she runs to her mother—LAUD takes JONATHAN'S hand.

MARG. (kneeling before her mother.) Well, mother, ain't they beautiful? (offering flowers.)

DAME. Where did you get them?

MARG. Will gathered them for me.

DAME. Will! (*throws them aside—MARGARET appears hurt, and picks up flowers.*)

LAUD. Why do you look so gloomily, to-day?

MARG. Have we offended you, mother?

DAME. I am not gloomy. Anxious only for your future happiness.

MARG. Laud fancies you do not like him.

DAME. I like Laud very well as a visitor, but not as a suitor for your hand. You know it was never my wish he came here so often—and I have always regretted the day his uncle brought him first to Nacton.

LAUD. This is unkind, mother—I'd lay down my life for Margaret, any hour! What if I have taken to the sea? It's a gallant life, good pay, and speedy promotion—and, with the blessing of the Great Pilot above, to keep me off the breakers, I had hoped to make Margaret a lady.

JONATH. Take my word, lad, you'll have rough weather and hard work, many dangers and little profit. Stick to your uncle's business. You will find a snug cot and fresh meat better than all the chances of the sea, with a dirty cabin and salt junk.

LAUD. This may be all very true—but I hate the lazy life of a landsman. With good luck on my side, in a year or two I should be able to—with pay and prize money, to give Margaret a home worthy of her, and a hand and heart all her own.

DAME. There is much in your character, William, that requires alteration before you can either be happy yourself or make Margaret so. You may not intend to be wicked, but you ha'n't steadiness of principle—firmness of purpose—and may easily be led away. You know my objection to your companion, Luff—that man might tempt you to anything. My child is dear to me, and I foresee a life of misery if she weds with you. Take what I say in good part, and forget her.

LAUD. Forget her! Never, while life lasts! Forget her—the hope of my boyhood, the pride of my riper years, my first—my last love! Tell me to die—but as to forgetting Margaret—you don't know me, dame—(*wipes a tear away—MARGARET runs to him.*)

MARG. William!

DAME. Margaret, listen to me. You will never marry William Laud—never—he'll cause you sin and sorrow. Forsake not the paths of virtue. Promise me—promise, child, never let him persuade you to marry, except he marry you amidst your friends—promise this, and I shall die happy.

MARG. I do—I do! Dear mother, he never shall!

LAUD. (*hastily.*) I see through all this change, dame. Your mind's fixed on the gamekeeper, down at the Priory—with his smooth tongue and full purse. This is the cause of your dislike to me. Let Mr. John Barry look to himself—if we meet, there'll be mischief!

DAME. You hear him—you hear, daughter! This is the man you have chosen!

JONATH. Lad, never droop—the world be a wide one. You'll find another, perhaps even more deserving of your regard. Courage, man, courage (*slapping his back.*)

LAUD. (*bitterly.*) All went smooth enough, till he danced with her at the fair, and poured his oily and deceitful words into your wife's ears—the villain! You may start—I say, villain! Why didn't he say openly he loved her—wanted her? I'd have fought him for her, like a man—no, he must sneak and crawl into the old woman's good graces like a cur, as he is. I shan't give her up without a struggle—we'll see who's the best man. If he's to have her, damme, he shall fight for her!

JONATH. William, till this moment I respected—loved you as a son. This conduct—these threats, to an innocent young man, force me to bid you quit my cottage, and never—unless you recall your bad intentions, dare enter it again.

MARG. Father, for my sake—

LAUD. Oh, let'em go on—they shan't make a wreck of me, girl—I shall weather the gale. You'll soon have a new lover—that is, if I don't shiver his maintop. Farewell! (*going up L.*—JOHN BARRY, *with his gun on his shoulder, passes the window*—MARGARET *is weeping by her mother.*) Not a word or a look, Meg—for the last time? Where are all your fond words, and solemn vows? Have they, like your mother's intentions, changed?

MARG. Oh, no, no, William. (*rushes into his arms.*) I can never change towards you.

LAUD. My own girl! (*kisses her.*)

MARG. Yes, yes.

LAUD. They may say what they like, now—I'm happy.

DAME. Child—

BARRY appears at the door, L. C.

Is this your obedience—your love for me?

BARRY. Good morning to all. (MARGARET screams, and clings to LAUD.)

LAUD. (*wildly.*) It shall be a bad one for you, sneak! Take that—(*strikes him.*) if you're a man, resent it.

BARRY. Rascal!

(throws down his gun, attacks LAUD, a struggle—MARGARET

*runs to her mother, who faints—JONATHAN calls for help—MUFFIN PEGS rapidly passes the window, with door mats, and enters the cottage just as LAUD overpowers BARRY, and is in the act of striking him with a chair—PEGS throws mats at LAUD, and snatches up the gun.*

PEGS. (*pointing at both.*) Want any door mats and hearth stones? Here's a go!—hit a man down? Do it—and I'll riddle you with small shot like a cullender. Fair play—all upright and down straight. Move, and I'll blow you to the devil! (*Music.—Scene closes on picture.*)

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SCENE II.—*A Lane, near the Cottage, with a stile, L. 2 E.*

*Enter GOOSEBERRY PIP, over the stile.*

PIP. (*whistles* “The merry plough boy.”) She ain't come yet! Oh, Sally—Sally Slack, why don't you step out, and hasten to the arms of your own true luyer! I've been waiting for her these two hours, salamandering up and down the green lanes. What the dickens did she want up at the squire's? I bean't jealous—but that new Lunnon footman's gold laced hat plays the devil among the girls in these parts. If Sally's up to tricks wi' him, I'll smudger her, as I seed the black chap sarve his wife, in the play last week, in our barn. Ecod, it were fun —how she did kick and bawl—just like arnest. I wish Sally'd come—I'd say—

*Enter PEGS, L., he approaches close to PIP.*

PEGS. Do you want any arth-stones?

PIP. (*jumping down.*) Who be you?

PEGS. A merchant, my young grasshopper.

PIP. (*grinning.*) A marchant!

PEGS. In the general line. Importer of door mats and exporter of arth-stones and clothes-pegs. Buy a dozen?—the real sort—fit close, hold tight. Put in your finger, and try one.

PIP. No, thankee.

PEGS. Try a door mat. There's a beauty.

PIP. I arn't got no door.

PEGS. What's the odds? If but for ornament, it's worth double the money to hang up and look at.

PIP. You're a cute one, mister. Do 'ee belong down here?

PEGS. No, I belong up there—London, my flower of the valley. I merely travel for change of air—my physician ordered it. Trade pretty well here, eh?

PIP. Pretty well, thankee.

PEGS. Shocking bad in town—nothing but stagnation. My business is all gone to the dogs—so I took to the cats, and lived for six months on the intelligent animals that crawl along the roofs. But even they fell off in time, and I was obliged to sell everything but my garters.

PIP. No!

PEGS. Yes. Buy a pennorth of arth-stone? Two lumps for a penny—take three—

PIP. I don't want it.

PEGS. Buy it against you do. Think on my wretched family—they've been obliged to live on door mats and stewed leather breeches for a month, and fancy it tripe.

PIP. Oh, that's a good 'un!

PEGS. It was a bad 'un, sir—for the metal buttons stuck in my Anne Maria's throat, and choked the poor thing. What's the name of the people that live in the white cottage, there?

(points, L.)

PIP. Catchpole. Master Jonathan, and—

PEGS. Continuations—and a jolly old cock he is. I popped in just now during a squabble, and in lending a hand, Catchpole lent me a shilling, and bought a dozen lumps. Now, which is the way out of this lane?

PIP. Across the park—past the squire's house—

(points to stile.)

PEGS. Squire! I'll ax if he'll buy a mat. Perhaps he'll take some pegs, too—

(he is running off, when a hare drops from his coat.)

PIP. Halloa! be this a door mat, mister?

PEGS. Hush, you fool—it's a hare. I buy the skins.

PIP. I wouldn't give much for thine, if the keepers catch thee. It be felony!

PEGS. Don't blab. I knocked it down, to make soup for my three grandmothers—they're all singing out for drink at home, and the landlord's cut off the water-cock. Good bye, Chawbacon. Call on me, when you come to town—"Muffin Pegs, Merchant, No. 1, Aldgate Pump." *Exit, R.* Don't forget the pump! (crying.) Door-mats and arth-stones!

PIP. He be a rum customer. (*SALLY sings without.*) That's her at last, coming as lightsome as a blackbird—running, too, as fast as her legs can carry her—so she ought. Now I'll be obstropolous, and won't see her. I won't lift her over, and keep her clothes tight to hide her ancles, as I used to do.

SALLY SLACK is seen at the stile, L. 2 E.—PIP walks away.

SALLY. Gooseberry! Gooseberry! Do you hear, Gooseberry? PIP (his back towards her.) No, I don't.

SALLY. Well, I never! Help me over the stile, sir. Where's your gallantry?

PIP. I left it at home.

SALLY. Very good, Mr. Gooseberry Pip. Pretty treatment after walking all this way to meet you! But I can go back, sir—

PIP. No you can't. (*runs to stile, and lifts her over.*) There, you little man-trap! Why didn't you come before, eh?

SALLY. I couldn't. All's sixes and seven's at the Priory—servants going away—new ones coming. Margaret Catchpole is hired, and goes there to-morrow. Such confusion! I really think the devil has lit the candle at both ends.

PIP. Never mind their affairs, Sally. Do'ee think of our own true loves. Have you thought about my offer. Will you have I?

SALLY. What for.

PIP. A husband, to be sure—(*placing his arm round her waist.*)—and not a bad 'un, neither.

SALLY. Mr. Pip, have done, do!

PIP. I'll work for'ee day and night.

SALLY. What's the use of your going on so, sighing and whining like a sucking magpie. It makes a body feel as pleasant as snow in harvest.

PIP. Then why don't you melt the snow, love, and become Mrs. Pip? I'll make'ee happy, domn'd if I don't, dear! (*tries to kiss her.*)

SALLY. Remember our juxter positions, as the schoolmaster says, and don't be too rumbrunkshus. I'm a single woman, and you're a single man.

PIP. Yes, but I wan't to be a husbandman. Do'ee be mine, Sally—be charitable.

SALLY. Charity begins at home. You have nothing to live on—less to spend. I can't throw myself away.

PIP. Ecod, I know what your after now—chap with the cocked hat and powdered head. Why, he looks like an overgrown cauliflower. I've heard of your gallivanting.

SALLY. Heard of my what, you pitiful, paltry, plough boy?

PIP. A plough boy's as good as a housemaid, any day. A regular dealer in kitchen stuff and left off finery.

SALLY. Left off finery! and this to me—with ten pounds in the savings bank, two and sixpence in the tea caddy, and an uncle in parliament.

PIP. In parliament? Oh, oh—that be good.

SALLY. Yes, sir, he drives his master there every day. But you shall suffer for this. I won't go with you to the harvest

home, or the fair—you shan't buy me gingerbread nuts, silver thimbles, pin cushions, needle cases, and sugared almonds.

PIP. I can treat myself, then.

SALLY. So you may, but you shan't have the honour of paying for me. I did intend to let you treat me to all the sights in the fair—Wax-work, Giants, Wild Indians, Circus, Learned Dogs, Fat Pigs, and Calves with two heads—

PIP. And now—

SALLY. I'm satisfied with a calf with one.

PIP. Stop this bickering, and I'll give you something, more valuable than all you have named put together.

SALLY. Indeed, Mr. Wiseall; what may that be?

PIP. A young woman's best companion.

SALLY. What's that, pray?

PIP. A young man neatly bound and lettered. Let's have no more words—forget and forgive!

SALLY. I won't, sir! Remember your observations—kitchen stuff—when you know my business lies in the best parlour.

PIP. (*fondly.*) Sally!

SALLY. Don't Sally me, Mr. Gooseberry Pip. Green Gooseberry, more like!

PIP. I'll 'list for a soldier, and get shot on purpose—then my poor murdered ghost can haunt you day and night for ever and ever.

SALLY. (*laughs.*) You go for a soldier? You haven't spirit enough for it—a mean wretch! Why, you'd skin a flea's toe, for the sake of the fat!

*Exit, l. 2 E.*

PIP. She'll drive me stark mad! I won't 'list—no, I'll turn smuggler—no, I won't—I'll run away, drown my clothes, go up to that chap's in Lunnon, and call at No. 1, Aldgate Pump.

*Exit, r.*

SCENE III.—*Sizewell Gap. Set rocks, overlooking the sea—a winding path leading from the shore among the rocks—stunted shrubs scattered about.*

WILL LAUD discovered, lying among the rocks—his face hid in his hands. *Sunset.—Music.*

LAUD. (*with deep feeling.*) Margaret—Margaret, till this bitter moment I knew not how firmly—how deeply my love for you was planted here. (*striking his breast.*) I can't forget her, or the cause of my misery. Turned adrift—threatened, and for what?—my constant love and affection for her. What if I do turn sailor—am I less worthy? if my manners are rough and a bit wild—my heart's in the right place; no, no, it ain'

that—it's Barry, and his influence with the old woman has done it all. The villain! for this I am made to suffer—but, by the lord, he shall join me company in the suffering. (*throws himself on the rock again.*)

BEN LUFT *ascends the path, r.—sees LAUD.*

LUFF. Holloa, my hearty! What cheer?

LAUD. Luff!

LUFF. Will Laud! What the blue-blazes brings you there? Are you anchored to the rock, lad?

LAUD. Leave me—leave me!

LUFF. Devil a bit! (*sits down.*) What ails you?

LAUD. I am unhappy.

LUFF. So we all are. Take a pull at this—it'll soon set your heart capering. (*offers flask—LAUD drinks.*) You've been sweet-hearting up at the cottage, I'll lay. Ah, my boy—courting's like water gruel—it always makes a man feel poorly. How's the gal? (*drinks.*)

LAUD. Well, well—

LUFF. That's hearty! When are you going to be spliced?

LAUD. Never.

LUFF. I'll come to the wedding, then. (*laughs.*) Never look black, Will—you've been jilted, I see. A pirate's cut in, and cut out your craft. Think no more about her—join hands with me, and make your fortune. You know I've often made you the offer.

LAUD. To turn smuggler!

LUFF. Why not? You shall command that brig—(*points.*) the "Spanking Nancy." There she is, as tight a vessel as ever cut through water.

LAUD. I don't like the job.

LUFF. Nonsense! I took you for a fellow of more spirit. You aren't fit for this shore tame-going life.

LAUD. You took me for an honest man, Ben Luff. All your dealings appeared above board, then—now you want to make me a smuggler.

LUFF. Free trader, lad! (*laughing.*) I call mine free trade—and if I chose to employ a few free trade hands, why not?

LAUD. You may employ them with more freedom in an honest way, than running such risk of life, liberty, and property, as you do. I'm almost sorry I ever knew you.

LUFF. With all my heart—go back, and turn ploughman. You'll like that better than ploughing the waves. A lubberly landsman! I didn't think you such a fool. Here, when a silver spoon is thrust into your mouth, you will stick to a wooden ladle, and leave your old friends and messmates who

offer you good cheer, a gallant ship, and active life. Good bye, Will, good bye—go to your girl, boy, go to your girl.

LAUD. My girl's an honest one; and if you were to make her a disloyal offer, she would be the first to heave up her anchor, or cut her cable and be off.

LUFF. I make her an offer? (*laughs.*) Ha, ha! catch me at it. I hate all her sex, as I do cats. They're all alike—kissing and scratching in the same breath. But if you must have her in your eye, why not try for her sake to get a comfortable berth? a few runs, and you'd have a snug cot, and be as happy as you wish.

LAUD. How many voyages must I take to do this?

LUFF. That depends on luck. One year—perhaps two—and your berth is sure. You shall have a sixth of the profit of every voyage. Now, Bill, where's your pluck? Say the word, and the "Spanking Nancy" is under your command.

LAUD. I'm your man! (*takes his hand.*)

LUFF. That's hearty. You shall have a present for Margaret, to begin with—silks, shawls, some tea—pipes and bacca—and I'll take them to her, up at the cottage.

LAUD. She may reject my gifts, and despise me for an outlaw—a smuggler!

LUFF. Let her; and we'll take her to sea with us—run the cutter to-morrow night, when the mists fall—they'll hide us, and soon carry off the prize. She'll be at the harvest home. The barn's close to the water—once on board, she is yours as long as you like. Come, lad, we'll go down to the green cottage. The lads are all waiting to drink the health of their new captain. Bear a hand, my jolly cock.

(*Music.—they exeunt down path.*

*As they disappear, PEGS pops his head up.*

PEGS. D'ye want any 'arth stone? (*looks round.*) I twig—all snug—coast is clear! (*cautiously comes forward with two barrels and two bladders.*) I've heard every word! Nice boys, those salt sea chaps. Won't I give information to the excise, and get the reward. (*sings.*) "Oh, no, we never mention it—my name is muffin Pegs." These country trips agree with my health amazingly—suits my constitootion. (*sits on rock.*) Let's overhaul my day book. I always keeps account of what I finds and what I sells. (*takes off his hat, which has chalk marks round it.*) Here's my ledger—all round my hat! Sold sixpenn'orrh of lumps—ditto, of pegs—door mats, none—nobody wears dirty shoes here. Found, one candlestick—a flat 'un!—two spoons, a baby's cap, a game cock, one hare skin, a pound of candles, and a lobster. That's yesterday's lot. Done nothing to-day

Things very dull—very! two or three eggs, and an old ooman's jasey. (*he shows all these articles from his pockets, boots, and waistcoat, placing them on the ground.*) These tubs and bladders I found hid in the grass. I wonder what's in 'em. (*shakes a bladder.*) Can't be water! (*unties one, and smells.*) Oh, crimin' erikes! gin! the real original sort. Here's a go! Won't I have a jollification! oh, no—not at all. (*laughs.*) If my three sick grandmothers could only get hold of one of these. (*drinks*—*PREVENTIVE MEN are seen watching from different points of the stage.*) This is all free gratis for nothing. Smuggled, I lay—why not? I like smugglers, when they smuggle such stuff as this. (*PREVENTIVE MEN approach.*) Here's a health to all jolly smugglers—sons of the sea! (*drinks—turns, finds the cutlasses of the MEN at his head.*) D'ye want any clothes pegs? I'll put 'em in cheap. (*rises.*)

SAILOR. What are you doing here?

PEGS. Nothing! Sit down and help me. Take anything you like. Try that baby's cap—it'll fit you.

SAILOR. You're caught with smuggled goods in your possession; in the name of the king, surrender.

PEGS. I'll surrender in anybody's name—prisoner of war! (*SAILORS pick up tubs—PEGS collects things.*) Mind, I've done no harm. You'll all repent this! I'm free of the city—brought up by government—(*aside.*) in a workhouse.

SAILOR. Now you'll travel by government, my master.

PEGS. What?

SAILOR. You'll be transported for this.

PEGS. You be—you vagabond! (*throws hare at him, and mats at another—trips the other two up, and rushes up the rocks, pelting them with hearth stones.—Music.*) D'ye want any 'arth stones? (*they duck their heads to avoid, as he pelts—scene closes in.*)

#### SCENE IV.—*The Cottage, at Nacton, as before.*

*Enter MARGARET and JOHN BARRY, at the cottage door.*

BARRY. Margaret, you know I love you!

MARG. I feared you did, John; and it grieves me very much to hear you say so.

BARRY. But why should it grieve you? I love you honestly, and will always do my best to make you happy.

MARG. I don't doubt you in any way, and I feel very grateful for your kindness—very; but I cannot return your love.

BARRY. Not love me, Margaret? Why should you not learn to like me? I am not, indeed, like your former lover, but I think I love you quite as well.

MARG. It is impossible for me to suffer you to cherish such feelings. You won't be angry with me, I hope? (*taking his hand.*)

BARRY. Angry with you! I have come over for no other purpose than to ask you to share my home, to become my wife! Give me a hopeful answer—

MARG. I don't say, John, that there are no circumstances under which I might not be induced to accept your kindness, and for which I might not endeavour to render you the service and obedience of my whole life; but there is one circumstance which would utterly preclude my acceptance of your offer; forgive me, if I say I hope that one circumstance will for ever exist.

BARRY. What is that, Margaret?

MARG. I have told you before that as long as I know Will Laud is living, I will never marry any other man! As long as his life lasts, so long will I remain true to him!

BARRY. He leads a dangerous life. Think of the sea—it may devour him!

MARG. It may be so, but it will require something more than the bare report of such a calamity to make me untrue—false to my plighted word. Whilst he lives, I neither can or will give encouragement to another!

BARRY. Margaret, I am indeed wretched! It is my duty to strive against these feelings. I know it's wrong to give way, but here, in this country I cannot remain. I must go abroad; to live here without you is impossible! I shall never forget you—never! and may I hope that you'll sometimes think of me?

MARG. I can never forget you, or cease to be grateful for your past kindness. Heaven will prosper you—I'm sure it will! At all times my prayers shall be for your happiness!

BARRY. I know not where I shall go; but, I'll see you once more before I depart. Good bye—good bye, dear Margaret!

*Kisses her, and hurries out, dooor in F.*

MARG. (*wipes away a tear.*) And this is the honest heart I have lost for you, Will?

BEN LUFF. (*appears at the window, partially disguised, carrying a package.*) Does one Margaret Catchpole live here?

MARG. (*turning round.*) Yes, she does. What do you want with her? I am Margaret.

LUFF. Oh, you be she, be you? (*enters at door.*) Then, I be commissioned to deliver this here parcel into your hands—(*throwing pack on floor.*) and tarnation heavy it is!

MARG. From whom does this come?

LUFF. I don't know. I was at work on the marshes, when a young sailor came up to me, and asked me to carry it to one Margaret Catchpole, at Nacton.

MARG. Did he give his name?

LUFF. No; but, he gave me a roll of pig-tail and a shilling. This, he said, would remind you of him. (*takes letter from tobacco box.*)

MARG. (*reads address.*) From William? (*opens package.*) Silks, laces, caps, ribbons, shawls, tea, coffee, stuffs, gloves, and—

LUFF. Baccy! short-cut and pig-tail, for your own smoking. My eyes! what a prize. I must be going. Can I take anything back for you?

MARG. Yes, yes. Take it all back, the same way you brought it, and tell him that gave it you, that I should have valued one single pair of honestly purchased gloves more than all the valuables he has sent me. Take it back!

LUFF. Devil a bit! I've had trouble enough to bring it here; you may find somebody else to take it back. I've done my duty.

MARG. No; you have not. You are no landsman. Your duty is not that of an honest labourer. You are—I'm sure you are, concerned with the smugglers. Take these dishonest gains yourself, and tell Will Laud I despise his presents as much as I grieve for him.

LUFF. Tell him yourself! I'm off. I was to meet the young chap again to-morrow, so if you have any small love token I'll take it, if not, good day.

MARG. Hold, hold. (*taking her father's hat from a peg on wall, and tearing off the crape.*) Give him this—do give him this, and tell him I'd rather wear the like for him than all the rich things he has sent me!

LUFF. (*taking things up.*) My two eyes, what a tartar! she'd blow a seventy-four out of the water without powder!

*Exit D. F.*

MARG. (*bursting with tears.*) Oh, Will, Will! and is this the return for my constant enduring love? Why have you fallen into sin? How true were my poor mother's words—how just her warning. (*looks at letter; reads.*) "Let me see you—speak to you—only one good bye, before I quit England. I am waiting on the beach. Your own love, Will

Laud." I will see him—and strive to win him from his dangerous life—point out his sinful ways, and try to lead him back to the paths of honesty and honour. It will be a proud day to me to take his hand, before heaven and the whole world, and say, this—this is my choice, an honest man. *Exit, D. F.*

SCENE V.—*The Beach.*

*Enter BEN LUUFF and WILL LAUD, L. 2. E.*

LAUD. I'd willingly venture my share of the first run to have her snugly aboard! Reject my presents, did she?

LUUFF. Yes—and said she didn't care a d—n for you. I'd sail without her. She's too difficult a craft to manage—carries too many guns.

LAUD. She shall go with me to Holland. Look out! I do believe I see her coming towards the beach.

LUUFF. I see summat white—but that's an old cow.

LAUD. It's Margaret! tack about, and stand out to sea. I'll whistle when I want help—go!

LUUFF. Ay, ay! I wish you joy with your bargain. Such a barrel of brimstone I never came athwart before.

*Exit, R. U. E.*

LAUD. Now, Mr. John Barry, she's mine—mine for ever!

*Enter MARGARET, L.—he runs to her.*

MARG. William! why did you send for me?

LAUD. To make you happy, my love. Now's the time—my boat's ready—my ship at the mouth of the river—a snug cabin at your service—and you'll find more hearts and hands to serve you than you ever had in your life.

MARG. But where am I to go, William? What business have I on board your master's vessel? I thought you came to tell me you were prepared to marry me from my father's house, and to be a comfort and a blessing to my poor mother.

LAUD. You say you love me, Margaret; my time is short, I have come to prove the sincerity of my love, to take you to a country where we may be married. If you refuse, we may never meet again.

MARG. Why not get leave of absence, and marry me here in my native place?

LAUD. What difference does it make, whether we are married here, or in my employer's country? Marriage is marriage all the world over!

MARG. Yes, Will ; but, I've heard that marriage made in some countries don't hold good in others. Besides, you know, I promised never to wed, except in my parents' presence.

LAUD. I begin to fancy you like another better than me after all.

MARG. No, William ! I have given my word and heart to you—and in wealth, or poverty, misery—nay, even in death—will I keep it ;—you ought not to doubt me. If you knew how I am taunted, reviled, as the sweetheart of a smuggler. (WILL starts.) I meant not to hurt your feelings, you are still dear to me!

LAUD. Smuggler ! despised and taunted ! and you hear the reproaches on my name ? (laughs.) Well, well ! let it be so. The smuggler is here to claim his mistress, he is here to marry her. Will she consent ? Or am I to be condemned by her, and hunted down, like a beast of prey ?

MARG. Quit this sinful life, and enter the navy of your country. Seamen are wanted now, and the smuggler's faults would soon be forgiven, and all stains washed away under the flag of old England.

LAUD. 'Tis too late—'tis too late ! I am pledged, but if you will go with me one trip to Holland, on my return I'll sail under the gallant Nelson.

MARG. You have heard my resolution. William, urge it no more. I have now stolen away from home, and may be missed before I return. Promise me to reform, and I shall be content. (*leaning on his shoulder.*)

LAUD. I cannot.

MARG. Why not ? why not ?

LAUD. I am linked with wild, desperate men, who would take my life, if I deserted from them. Come—come with me, and share my fate. I'll be true and constant to you.

MARG. What would become of my parents ? Their hearts would break. No, no ; I cannot give myself without my mother's blessing. Come openly to her, and ask for me, in sight of all men, and I will be yours. I live for you only—will die for you !

LAUD. I mustn't come in the way you talk of—and to live without you is impossible ! Do then, do be mine !

MARG. Only on the conditions I've named.

LAUD. Then it will never be.

MARG. Never !

LAUD. No ; the smuggler and pirate—so they call me—will not a second time be spurned from your father's door. No, girl—mine you shall be on fairer terms. (*seizes her.*)

MARG. You wouldn't force me away?

LAUD. Go you shall, at all risks.

MARG. William, forbear—I will not! (*struggles.*)

LAUD. You shall—you must—resistance is useless!

MARG. Shame, shame! Are you a man, and use me thus?  
Is this your love?

LAUD. It is—it is—I mean you fair.

MARG. Your means are foul. Let me return to the cottage.  
(*struggles.*) Do not harden your heart against me—think of the misery your lawless violence will cause. My mother's dying curse will follow you through life—over land and sea—and I—I shall detest—hate you.

LAUD. On board you go! (*striving to lift her.*)

MARG. (*screaming.*) Mercy! William, listen to me—not with life—I'll throw myself into the sea!

LAUD. Then I'll follow you! No further talking—come on.

(*Music.—She screams—WILL LAUD whistles.*)

*Re-enter BEN LUFT, hastily, R. 2 E.*

LUFF. Another white squall, eh? (*catching MARGARET up in his arms.*) Now, my pretty powder monkey, you may kick and plunge as much as you like—I've got my grapplers on you. To the boat, Will, to the boat!

MARG. (*screaming.*) Help!

*Enter BARRY, L., carrying a large stick.*

BARRY. Who goes there?

LAUD. What's that to you?

MARG. Barry's voice! Help—help! save me!

BARRY. Release her, villains!

LUFF. Stop his clatter, Will—I'll make for the boat.

(*Music.—Hastens off with MARGARET, R.—BARRY tries to follow—LAUD draws his cutlass, and attacks BARRY—he defends himself with his cudgel, but is beaten off, L.*)

SCENE VI.—*Smuggler's Cave.* A large Cavern open to the sea, which is seen through a natural arch at back—large masses of rock irregularly cast about—the entrance from the land is by a draw-well bucket—lamps burning in the cave, and the moon is strongly reflected on the water—bales of goods, tubs, boxes, &c., are piled about—rude tables, mats, and benches—several flights of stairs are cut in the rocks, leading into inner recesses.

*As the scene opens, MUFFIN PEGS is discovered swinging in the bucket, about half way down.*

PEGS. Murder—murder! I'm going to the devil headlong!  
*(he rapidly descends, tumbles on the ground—at the same moment*

*Enter the GANG OF SMUGGLERS, from the various entrances—some with torches, others with pistols, culasses, &c., and surround PEGS.*

JOHNSON. (R. C.) A spy!

ALL. Down with him!

PEGS. Down with me? up with me, you mean! I'm down enough—half dead—shook to pieces!

JOHNSON. How came you in that well-bucket?

PEGS. D—n the bucket—the thought of it makes me turn pail! I was running from the preventative men, behind the cottage above, when I saw a woman lowering a man gently down. I never heard of a voyage down a well, though I'd often sent a message down a pump—so I asked her the way. She pointed to the bucket, and promised to lower me gently—she did, and be hanged to her, by letting go the handle. Round it went like mad—whirl, whirl—spin, spin—and never stopped till my head stopped it on the ground. Catch me travelling in a bucket again, that's all. (*the bucke: gradually ascends.*)

JOHNSON. You're a queer customer. I suppose you can drink?

PEGS. Like a fish. (*they bring a horn of whisky—he drinks.*) Ah, that's the sort—real moonshine, eh, my boys? It warms the cockles of your heart.

JOHNSON. Drink again, Mister—

PEGS. Muffin Pegs is my name—residence where it may happen. I shouldn't mind lodging here. Do you take in single men? (*drunks.*)

JOHNSON. Sometimes—and do for 'em.

PEGS. (*smiling.*) Ha! Do you wash and board them, eh?

JOHNSON. Another cup, and then, Mr. Muffin Pegs, you are welcome to your choice of departure.

PEGS. Sir, you're a perfect gentleman—and if you will tell me where to direct, I'll send you a dozen pegs, and half a dozen of the very best lumps. I shall not forget your hospitality.

*(going.)*

JOHNSON. Stay—we have given you the choice of departure.

PEGS. I know you have—and I'm going.

JOHNSON. It is to death!

PEGS. (*falls on his knees.*) Oh, lord ! You would not kill a poor innocent orphan in cold blood, would ye ?

JOHNSON. We are not to be sold—betrayed ! Draw swords. (*SMUGGLERS do so.*) Now take your choice—shall every man have a cut at you, or will you be rolled up in a hammock, and well shotted, sink as a sailor, to the bottom of the sea. Which will ye have ?

PEGS. Thank your honour—of the two I'd rather have neither.

(*they surround him with their weapons—at the same time, a whistle is heard, and BEN LUUFF is seen at the entrance of the cave in a boat—MARGARET lying in it, senseless.*)

LUUFF. Bear a hand, boys, to lift this queer craft ashore.

(*SMUGGLERS run to boat.*)

PEGS. I'll bear a leg, and save my neck ! (*runs up the rocks, and jumps into a large barrel that stands on a jutting piece—MARGARET is placed in the cave—during this action, WILL LAUD descends in the bucket—PEGS watching.*) There's another dip in the bucket.

LAUD. Lads, we are betrayed ! The revenue cutter is nearing the Point—Barry has given us all up ! (*runs to MARGARET.*) Poor girl ! (*she recovers.*)

LUUFF. To the boats ! The "Spanking Nancy" is all taut ! Heave the anchor, and away. (*the SMUGGLERS push off in the boat.*)

MARG. Where am I ? Where am I ?

LAUD. With me. Fear not ! (*the "Spanking Nancy" sails on, rigged and manned.*)

LUUFF. Now, boys—huzza for the broad sea !

ALL. Huzza !

PEGS. Huzza in a dry tub ! (*the Revenue Cutter appears in the distance—guns are fired.*)

LUUFF. The bull dogs are upon us—at 'em hearts, of oak !

MARG. William, they will kill you ! (*clings to him.*) Stay with me, I implore !

(*boats armed with REVENUE MEN, row on—the SMUGGLERS attack them—they land in the cave, and fight hand to hand, while the vessels engage on the sea—WILL LAUD is attacked and beat down—MARGARET shields him with her person from the raised cullass—PEGS during the melee quits the tub, and jumps into the bucket, which is instantly raised up and down, he calling for help; the SMUGGLERS' vessel explodes, and a picture is formed—the PREVENTIVE MEN being overpowered.—Tableau, and*)

## A C T I I.

THE NEW PLACE—BRIGHT HOPES.

**SCENE I.—*A Parlour in the House of Mr. Chittenden, Ipswich.***  
*Door, L. C., and looking glass, R. C. in F.*

*Enter MARGARET, L., neatly attired, followed by BEN LUZZ,*  
*disguised as a COUNTRYMAN.*

MARG. Hush—hush! For heaven's sake, don't speak loud, or my mistress may overhear us. How did you find me in Ipswich—why seek me?

LUZZ. To serve you. He, Will, sent me—and I heard you were here at service. Will's been like a madman ever since we had that bit of a brush in the cave with the revenny chaps, and you gave us the slip.

MARG. What did he say—did he forgive me?

LUZZ. Ay, ay—he's so spooney-hearted. He swore and cursed like a madman—and said we were all confederated against him but you—and you were the best and loveliest creeter in the world—'cept me—and he'd make you happy.

MARG. That he can never do.

LUZZ. Hold hard a bit! I'll let you into the secret. He's cut the sea, and turned landsman—but, for fear of being grabbed, has started for Lunnon.

MARG. Where is he now?

LUZZ. Safely anchored at the "Dog and Bone," Lambeth. This is a letter he sent me. (*takes out letter and reads.*) "Dear Ben—hurrah! I'm safe in port—my pursuers shan't easily grab me! Precious hard to leave Margaret, though! Seek her out, and put her up to the right road to find me. I've left the sea for her sake—tell her I'll marry her when she likes. But she must come incog—in man's clothing, if she can—then the officers won't follow her. Persuade her to borrow the old pony of her master, or take him with French leave—it'll never be missed—or if it is, laughed at for a good spree. Tell her this, and say we shall no more be parted. Your old friend, Will Laud, Dog and Bone."

MARG. I will go to him, since he has quitted a life he loved for me. My master will lend me his horse, and—

LUFF. Avast! Will he lend you his clothes, too? You heard what will says—they're on the watch! You will be recognised. No, no—borrow a suit of the groom's to-night—slip the horse out of the stable, and ride away like thunder and lightning.

MARG. And can't I see him by any other means? I don't like your plan. Yet perhaps he has no other to offer?

LUFF. He's not the man to offer it if he has. Once put him off again, and it'll be long before you see or hear from him. I'll help you to get the horse out. If you hesitate, I'll write to Will that you don't care for him. Will you consent?

MARG. I'll see him, though it costs me my life!

LUFF. That's hearty! I'll be at the stable in the meadows by nine o'clock to help you. Ride away to the Bull Inn, Aldgate—sell the horse if you can, and away to the "Dog and Bone."

(bell rings.)

MARG. Hush—it's my mistress's bell—wait till I return.

*Exit, R.*

LUFF. (*laughs.*) Ha, ha! what a jolly soft 'un—ha, ha! I've worked up her precious feelings. There's no Will Laud in London—he's safe stowed aboard a craft in the river. My eyes, what a ride she'll have for nix—and if she has luck, the end of her journey will be a halter, for horse-stealing. It was the only way to get rid of her, and cure Will of his love fit. He always wanted to be after her. When she's gone, he'll be all our own. Not a bad trick of mine, that letter. (*laughs.*) Ha, ha!

SALLY SLACK enters, R., rather finely dressed.

SALLY. Seafaring sailor man, Margaret can't come back to you—but she said—you might expect her.

LUFF. Very well, ma'am. (*aside.*) She shan't escape me, though. (*scraping his foot.*) Good day, ma'am! (*he looks at her.*) What a blazer!

*Exit, L.*

SALLY. How the monster smells of pitch! I wonder Peggy knows such *namfuberus* creeters. But she arn't possessed of no pride to keep herself up. See how I treat my suitors—they never know which is which. Mr. Gooseberry I encourages, and our new footman I permits. They're both nice fellows, and adores my very shoe strings, because I keeps them in their proper *spear*s. When they want to be too loving, I checks 'em. "No, no!" says I—"business is one thing, and pleasure t'other, as the gridiron said to the mutton chop."

(PEGS, showily dressed in a livery, peeps in D. R.

PEGS. Are you all alone, ducky darling?

C

SALLY. I'm solus by myself.

PEGS. Then I may kiss your fingers.

*Advances, R. C., takes her hand, and presses it.*

SALLY. (c.) Oh, Mr. John!

PEGS. Oh, Mrs. Sally! (sighs.) Oh, them eyes! how they scorch me under my waistcoat! I can't live without you. Ever since I came here to live as fumman, I've been flabbergasted! (sighs, aside.) She's got one hundred pounds in the Bank!

SALLY. (aside.) Poor young man! He looks like a dying duck!

PEGS. How I suffer when I behold your beautiful figure. I can't stand it—I'd—I'd rather dine a whole week on one joint a day than endure such torments.

SALLY. Ah, Mr. John—what am I to do?

PEGS. Nothing. I'll do it all for you, and make you Mrs. Pegs.

SALLY. What's to become of Mr. Pip? I expect him here soon.

PEGS. He's beneath your notice. Be mine, and I'll make a lady of you. What with my little odds, and your little ends, we shall do very well. (kisses her.)

SALLY. I am quite frustrated, Mr. John. I'm sure you're the devil in garnet!

PEGS. Beautiful cock robin! Consent—draw your hundred pounds out of the Bank, and you shall have all you want.

SALLY. Shall I though? Then I shall want a great deal. I'll wear feathers, and lots of flowers—red ribbons and coral beads—silk gloves, long petticoats, double frills, green bonnets, and blue shoes!

PEGS. Trifles—trifles! (taking snuff.)

SALLY. I haven't half done yet. I shall want to go to all the plays, concerts, dances, and balls—the Tower of London, Monument, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Wax Work, and I-talian Uproar.

PEGS. You shall—you shall—(aside.) and pay for it.

SALLY. Then I must have my bed warmed every night, and a fire in the room when it's cold, and always have hot muffins and crumpets, buttered on both sides, for breakfast.

PEGS. I agree—I agree, (embraces her.) you insinniwater!

*GOOSEBERRY PIP appears at D. F.—on seeing them he starts.*

PIP. I'm danged if she beant kissing and hugging again—with the new chap, too!

SALLY. Mind the pins, Mr. Pegs—there's one with the head off.

PEGS. I'm invulnerable! Be my own—

SALLY. Oh, my! (sighs.)

PIP. (aside.) You serpent!

PEGS. Think of the green bonnets, and blue—sky blue shoes!

SALLY. Have done—do.

PEGS. The Tower—Monument—Wax Work—and Uproar.

SALLY. Oh, John—don't!

PIP. (aside.) That means—do, John!

PEGS. Muffins buttered on both sides!

SALLY. You naughty man to tempt me so!

PEGS. Fresh butter—best Cambridge—a shilling a pound.

PIP. (clenches his fist, aside.) I can't stand this—I'm biling up!

PEGS. Picture to yourself our snug little back-parlour—the kettle a singing—the muffins a toasting—and I a kissing of you, and you a kissing of me!

SALLY. (throwing herself into his arms.) Stop, stop—I consent—I can't help it!

PEGS. Now we're one another's for ever. I'll put up the bands next Sunday—

PIP. (rushing between them, wildly.) I forbid 'em—you cruel parjurers!

SALLY. (screams.) Gooseberry!

PIP. Yes, marm, it be I. I've done with you—you bean't worth having!

SALLY. Not worth! with my property, ploughboy?

PEGS. Miss Sally, *teses vous reste tranquile*—he is too ignorant to talk to.

PIP. Who do you call ignorant, Master Board-wages? I'm your match any day.

PEGS. Do you mean that as an insult, sir?

PIP. I do. What then? (squaring.)

PEGS. Why, then, I shall take it as sich, and—say no more about it. (crosses, L.)

SALLY. Why don't they fight? It would be such a noration in the newspapers.

PEGS. Come, my dear, and leave this pitiful object.

PIP. Who do you call a hobject? Will you fight?

PEGS. With one of the aristocracy.

PIP. You pretend to love that thing of a girl!

SALLY. Thing of a girl! Mr. Pegs, I really hate him!

PIP. And want to take her off to Lunnon. Before you go, just stand before me for ten minutes—(squares.)—and joy go with you.

PEGS. Ha, ha, ha! Bravo! capital! green gooseberry!

SALLY. Ha, ha, ha! Bravo! capital! green gooseberry!

PIP. (striking PEGS.) There be something to grin at!

PEGS. A blow! Oh, ye gods! (throws his powdered wig in PIP's face.)

PIP. Why, I'll be flogged if it arn't No. 1, Aldgate Pump! (laughs.) He, he he! You'll be diddled, Sally, my girl!

(PEGS tries to run away. PIPS struggles with him—knocks him through the mirror in F.—crash—he falls quite through the flat—SALLY screams and runs off, L., followed by PIP.

**SCENE II.—Bull Inn, Aldgate.** An open yard—set stables, with doors, R.—the Inn, with large window, practicable window over it, and door, L.—the yard is separated from the street by a low railing, running across the stage, at the back.

SEVERAL PERSONS discovered sitting in the inn, at the bay-window, drinking—BOB the Ostler, cleaning harness at the stable door, R., singing—yard bell rings—BOB runs up the yard, and re-enters with MR. CHITTENDEN, a Magistrate, R. U. E.

MR. C. Call the waiter and chambermaid!

BOB. Yes, sir. (runs to the inn.) John! Mary!

*Enter WAITER and MARY, L.*

A gent, wants you. (returns to his work.)

MARY. A bed, please sir?

MR. C. I don't please to do anything. I'm a man of few words. How long will it be before the Ipswich coach starts?

WAITER. To-morrow morning, at six, sir.

MR. C. Very good. I must stay here, then—and I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say. I'm a man of a few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell. In the first place—bring me a glass of brandy and water—cold, no sugar, and also a tea-spoon—throw some coals on the fire, and sweep up the hearth—bring me pen, ink, paper, and sealing wax, and wafers—and let me know the time the post goes out. Tell the ostler to take care of my horse—dress him well, and stop his feet. Order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed—take care the sheets are well aired—a clean nightcap, and a glass of water. Send boots with a pair of slippers—call me at five in the morning. Ask your master what I can have for breakfast. I should

like a roast duck, or something of that sort. Desire your mistress to step in—and—and I'll tell you the rest by and by.

*Exit into inn, L. 3 E., followed by WAITER and MARY, bowing and laughing, aside.*

BOB. Ecod, he be a rum customer! (*laughs*.) If I war John, I'd put all his wants down in the bill, and charge him double. (*a noise of voices without, and faint huzza—BOB runs up the yard, and looks out*) My stars, how that chap be riding! Running at Newmarket be nothing to it—hurrah! Go it, my pippin! (*waves his cap*.)

WAITERS, MARY, and CHAMBERMAIDS run on, from L.

MARY. What is it?

BOB. A lad, galloping like mad—I lay it's for a wager! Here he comes! Go it little 'un!

(MARGARET, dressed in jacket and trowsers, gallops across the stage on horseback, from L, to R., outside the palings—BOB follows her off, R.)

There's action! (*all move down the stage—the ostler's bell rings loudly*.)

MARGARET enters boldly into the yard, leading the horse—

SERVANTS exit into inn.

MARG. (*in a quick tone*) Ostler!

BOB. Sir to you! (*running to her*.)

MARG. Rub that horse down well—and get him cool and comfortable. Give him a sup of water, and a mouthful of hay. I'll come and see him fed.

BOB. I wool. Have you rode him far, young man?

MARG. No, young man—from Chelmsford. See and rub his ears dry—you must make him look as well as you can, for I expect my master up in town to-night—and if I don't meet with a customer for this horse, he'll swear a trifle.

BOB. He's a fine horse—and if as good as he looks, worth any man's money.

MARG. He's better than he looks—and 'tisn't any man's money that will buy him. He must give a good price, whoever buys him,—But look well after him. I must go and get a bait myself.

BOB. (*takes horse up stage into a stable, R.*) Your horse 'll just suit master—I'll speak to him.

MARG. (*looks anxiously round her, and her whole manner appears to change*) To what am I reduced? Oh, guilt, guilt! I dare not reflect on the position that man has forced me into by his threats and persuasions. He would not leave till I had

done all that he counselled. Terror deprived me of the power to resist. William's safety urged me—and I fell from honesty. What bitter pangs pursue me! Thousands of eyes seem to glance upon me—I dread to look or speak, lest I should be betrayed.

*Re-enter BOB, with the horse, MR. WILSON following, R.*

BOB. That's the lad, sir.

WILSON. Is this your horse, my boy?

MARG. Yes, sir. Did you ever see a better shape? look at him—there's a chest—there's a shoulder—there's a head! look at his legs—as straight and clean as a colt's—and as for quarters, where will you find such for strength and beauty? He's six years old next grass—has never done hard work—and you won't find a puff as big as a pea in any of his sinews—quiet to ride or drive, and without fault, failing, or blemish.

WILSON. Can I have a warranty with him?

MARG. To be sure you can—I'll write it—or, if you like it better, my master will be in town to-night, perhaps you'll make a better bargain with him.

WILSON. Are you authorised to sell the horse?

MARG. If I wasn't, should I stand here talking to you about him?

WILSON. Who does he belong to?

MARG. Mr. Cooke, of Ipswich, Suffolk.

WILSON. What do you want for him?

MARG. One hundred guineas.

WILSON. May I take him for a trial?

MARG. When you've bought and paid for him. He's not to go out of my sight until I receive the money for him.

(MR. CHITTENDEN is now seated at breakfast in the inn, reading newspaper—a CHAMBERMAID up stairs, cleaning window—PERSONS passing and re-passing in the street.)

WILSON. I should like to see his pace.

MARG. Clap the saddle on him, and I'll ride him where you like.

(noise of a chaise heard very rapid—ostler's bell rings violently)

—BOB runs up the stage and exits, L. U. E.

WILSON. Well, what is the lowest price?

MARG. I told you before. You don't expect me to lower the price of my own horse, without a bid, do you?

WILSON. He's not any man's horse. I'll give you fifty guineas.

MARG. Thanks! You must bid again before you'll buy.

WILSON. Sixty—

MARG. No, more—seventy—add another ten to it, and I'll take it.

*Re-enter Bob with a printed bill.*

WILSON. It's a bargain—I'll—

BOB. Master—master! there's been a horse stealing go, down at Ipswich, last night. They're come up in a chaise about it.

(gives bill to him—MARGARET staggers.)

MARG. I—I am discovered.

WILSON. (reads.) "Twenty Guineas Reward! Whereas, last night, May 24th, a fine roan gelding was stolen out of the stable of John Chittenden, Esq., of St. Margaret's Green, Ipswich—Whosoever shall give information of the robber shall receive the above reward. The horse is sixteen hands high—is six years old—and is strong and fast."

BOB. I'm blest if I don't think this be the very indentical robber! Master, see how he changes colour! (goes to MARGARET—she bursts into tears.)

WILSON. Mr. Chittenden is in the house. We'll soon ascertain. (runs to house, calls.) Waiter!

WAITER enters—MR. WILSON speaks to him—the WAITER runs in, agitated—bells ring—MR. CHITTENDEN hastens on, followed by WAITERS, GUESTS—all the windows are filled,

L. U. E.

MR. C. My horse, eh?—where? I'm a man of few words—

WILSON. Is this yours, sir?

MR. C. To be sure, it is my favourite hunter. How came he here, eh?

WILSON. He has been stolen.

MR. C. Who by?

WILSON. That boy! (Bob brings MARGARET forward—her hat falls off.)

MR. C. Boy! this is no boy—it's my servant, Margaret Catchpole!

MARG. Forgive me—forgive! I was sorely tempted—for-give me! (falls on her knees.)

*Music.—Enter Two OFFICERS from yard, followed by Mob.*

MR. C. I'm a man of few words—to prison with the jade! (scene closed in on group.)

## SCENE III.—A Wood.

*Enter LUFF, smoking, and WILL LAUD, R.—the latter appears moody and thoughtful.*

LUFF. What's in the wind now, Will? You're as lively as a sea-pig, with a harpoon stuck in his delicate gills!

LAUD. I'm dissatisfied—wretched!

LUFF. You always are—try a bit of baccay.

LAUD. I think I shall leave the service, and marry.

LUFF. And get a halter for your pains! No, Will, my boy, you're made of sterner stuff than that. What! for the sake of a girl that cares not a tar bucket about you—and who ought to like you all the better for your spirit—and for this petticoat, would you run the land robber's risk of being hanged?

LAUD. I'll never forgive myself for the rough usage she got at our hands in the cave.

LUFF. Rough usage! Why the gals all like it—especially when it comes from handsome chaps like you and I. (*laughs.*) Don't give way to the blue devils. You'll soon have a new cutter, and your old crew—that'll be better than living on shore, in constant fear of the officers of justice.

LAUD. But Margaret—I'm anxious to ascertain her feelings—to know if she forgives me. Yet I dare not venture to the house she lives in.

LUFF. If you did, it'd be little use.

LAUD. She would refuse to see me, you think?

LUFF. I don't think about it—I know she would. (WILL LAUD sighs heavily.) Make your mind easy—she's provided for.

LAUD. I know. She's in place at Ipswich.

LUFF. And a strong place, too, by this time, if she's any luck. (*aside.*) Stone walls.

LAUD. What do you mean, Luff?

LUFF. I mean this—that I couldn't bear to see a fine spirited chap, like yourself, ruined in your perfession, through a snivelling bit of a girl—so I made up my mind to get rid of her for you—and that's an end to it. I've done it—so give us your hand, and say, "Ben, I'm jolly glad of it, my buck."

LAUD. You havn't killed her?

LUFF. Not if I know it. No, no—I only persuaded her with threats and coaxing, to borrow one of her master's nags—steal away—ride to London, and sell him.

LAUD. What for?

LUFF. To meet you at the "Dog and Bone." I palavered

about your repentance, and read a letter—which I said you sent—telling her to take the horse, and join you in Lunnon—ha, ha! the blessed creeter believed every word, and bolted. Ha, ha!

LAUD. (*overpowered by emotion.*) Rascal! cold-hearted rascal! And you have dared to do this in my name?—to bring a fond, trusting girl, to a disgraceful death; and this you call friendship for me! Was it not sufficient that I had brought disgrace and misery on her name by her love for me, but that you should inflict this cruel wrong upon her? and you live to boast it—to my face—mine! Are you a man?—have you reflection, mind, or feeling?

LUFF. My eyes! here's a hard squall! This is the way you thank me, Master Bill?

LAUD. Thank you! I owe all my misery and crimes to your accursed temptations. Had I never listened to you, I might have been a pains-taking man—blessed with a home—a wife—but you have destroyed all my hopes—made me like yourself—a pirate—an outcast—and to crown all, would now teach me to rejoice when the only true heart that ever loved me—dies for my sins on a scaffold.

LUFF. Catch me doing a good natured action again, if this is it.

LAUD. Brute! have you no sense to comprehend the villainy you have done?

LUFF. I've got quite enough not to stand much more of your nonsense, my noble captain. Kind words, and I'm your friend—foul ones, and blows must follow with Ben Luff.

LAUD. Do you threaten me?

LUFF. Merely a gentle hint, messmate.

LAUD. I'll defeat your schemes. Margaret shall be set at liberty—the whole case made public—

LUFF. And your friend given up, eh? (*laughs.*) Who'll believe you? A smuggler's—a pirate's word 'll go a long way in court, won't it? Why, you fool, you'd be clapped in limbo, too. There's a reward out for you now.

LAUD. Her innocence shall be proved, if we all die! (*going.*)

LUFF. Belay—belay! (*stopping him.*) There's my consent wanted—and as I don't want to slip my cable just now, you don't go.

LAUD. Who will prevent me?

LUFF. (*drawing his sword.*) I will! I should be sorry to hurt you, but d—n me, if I don't cut you down the middle before you shall give me up!

LAUD. Ben Luff, stand out of my path. Don't attempt to stop, or lay finger upon me, or, by my hopes of mercy, I'll slay

you as I would a dog! You have roused my evil passions—ill blood's between us—beware—beware!

LUFF. Moonshine and baccy smoke! Say no more—forget all, and give us your daddle! (*extends his hand.*)

LAUD. Don't come near me, Luff. A touch of your hand, after your cruel treatment to that poor girl, would freeze my blood. No, we are strangers for ever.

LUFF. We arn't going to part company so easily. You won't give me up—

LAUD. I'll save her at all hazards! (*going.*)

LUFF. Then here's at you—look out for squalls!

(*attacks WILL with cutlass—WILL draws—a combat.* Hurried music.—BEN LUFF is disarmed, and cast down—WILL

LAUD stands over him, his sword to his throat.

LAUD. I won't take your life for old fellowship. Live, and repent—but have a care how you cross my path again, villain!

LUFF. (rising, and firing a pistol after WILL.) Missed him! The next shot I'll make sure of you, Master Bill. (*Exit, R.*)

MARGARET singing within. —

**SCENE IV.—Ipswich Gaol.** Door in r., leading to a passage  
—a lighted lamp hung—table, couch, and chair.

**MARGARET** discovered, in a female dress, reading at table.

MARG. This good book teaches me, that to those whose repentance is sincere, there shall be neither sorrow nor suffering after death. I shall soon encounter it. My trial is over—my fate is sealed—yet my heart is consoled amidst all my misery. It was love for him that led me to crime—not for myself. Oh, how cruelly have I been deceived! I wish not to live. (*weeps.*) Life is only to be desired whilst the hope of becoming good and doing good exists. If I was restored to liberty—could leave this place, and enter into the world, I feel temptation would again assail me. Here I am resigned—thankful that my poor mother has been spared the knowledge of my disgrace. Her gentle spirit would have sank under the trial—to see the tender child of her bosom a condemned felon! (*presses her hand to her eyes.*) Oh, heaven! I must not look back—memory is busy within me—a thousand thoughts and feelings rush through my brains, at once awaking me to the sense of my despair!

(the D. in F. opens.)

JAILOR enters, ushering in JONATHAN CATCHPOLE, who rests upon a large staff.

JAILOR. Your father, Margaret!

*Retires, leaving the door partially open.*

MARG. (runs to him—throws herself in his arms.) Father—father! do not upbraid me!

JONATH. Upbraid you—(kisses her.) my ill-starred child—upbraid! When all the world deserts thee but your poor old father? Bless—bless you! poor sufferer! (weeps.) To see thee thus shut up here in this gloomy, dreary place—thee, the pride and comfort of my age—to see thee thus, is more than my heart can bear—the burden's too heavy for me—it be—it be! (sobs.)

MARG. Sit, father, sit. (leads him to chair.) If you grieve thus it will make a coward of me—forget I ever lived—Oh, would I never had—this sorrow might have been spared you. There—(takes his hat off.) there! (kneels before him.) You'll smile upon me, won't you?—cheerfully, as you used to do, when I sat a smiling innocent child on your knee—long, long since—(taking his hand.)

JONATH. My child—my child! (leaning his face on her head.)

MARG. Father, dear, listen to me—this is useless—sinful, to repine at the will of Providence. I'm content to suffer for the wrong I've done, since it is so willed. Heaven will raise up kind friends and neighbours to comfort and support your declining years.

JONATH. I cannot part with you—my own darling. What can compensate me for thy loss? No, no—the pangs of a broken heart are not so easily healed! From year to year I struggled on, with the one hope of ending my days with thee—of seeing thee settled happily in the world, honoured and blessed. All these hopes have been blighted—scattered to the winds by a villain! May my curse whither—

MARG. (starting up—interrupts him.) If you value the peace of the few flitting hours left to me, do not curse him father—leave him to repentance!

JONATH. You must quit this place—I won't part with thee! This coat, hat, and shawl will disguise thee. Tried good friends are waiting outside the walls to help your escape, and a boat'll take thee over to Holland. (takes off coat and shawl.) Come, child, put them on thee.

MARG. And you, father—you?

JONATH. Will stay in thy place. If they must have a life, let 'em take mine!

MARG. I cannot consent to this attempt.

JONATH. It is your duty to obey me. See, the door—the door! (*runs to door.*) Providence stretches its hand forth to help us. The keys are in the door. (*removes them.*)

MARG. The jailor places trust in me. What would you do?

JONATH. Snatch my child from death. You will be free, and I may yet live to bless you! Put on these things—pause not—think not—fly! A few minutes delay, and the means of escape may be for ever lost!

MARG. I dare not!

JONATH. Dare not! Where is your courage now? Your way is open. I will remain here till you're beyond their reach.

MARG. Do not urge me, father. Honour—justice forbids that I should attempt to escape. The jailor has ever been kind and merciful—striving by all the means within his power to lighten my misery. Can I, then, plunge him into disgrace and ruin, as a return for kindness I have received? Never! I'm sure you wouldn't counsel such base ingratitude. I will boldly meet my fate with resignation. Give me the keys! (*takes them from her father.*)

JONATH. Stop, stop; I command you—

MARG. For the first time, I disobey my parent.

JONATH. I beseech—I implore! Pause—you will—you will—

MARG. Do an act of justice! (*calls.*) Jailor! (*JONATHAN sinks on his seat.*)

*Enter JAILOR, D. in F., rapidly.*

JAILOR. My keys!

MARG. (*gives him the keys.*) Yes; your kindness and my gratitude forbade my making use of them.

JAILOR. Brave girl! A reprieve has arrived. You are spared—your sentence changed to seven years imprisonment.

MARG. (*screams.*) You hear, father—you hear! (*throws herself on his neck, wildly.*) Saved! saved! (*scene closes.*)

SCENE V.—London. A Street near St. Paul's.

PIP and SALLY, now MRS. PIP, heard without, L.

SALLY. Oh, look there—look here—do you see it, Pip?

PIP. I must have a hundred eyes to see all you see, Mrs. Pip!

*Enter MR. and MRS. PIP, L., arm in arm, dressed in their best—SALLY showily—she carries a large umbrella up.*

SALLY. What a wonderful place! Did you ever see a big place like St. Paul's? I should like to live in Lunnon! Of all the shows and sights it beats everything. Lor, Gooseberry! look there!—no, here!—no, this!—that side!—every side!

(turning him round and round.)

PIP. You be half crazy, Sally. For my part, I wish we were on our voyage to foreign parts. Lunnon don't relish wi' me—chaps be too sharp for I.

SALLY. Too sharp! You're too flat, and natural enough. Always brought up at a plough's tail, what would you have been, if I hadn't married you?

PIP. (aside.) A happy man!

SALLY. Didn't I make you give up your situation, and engage to go to Demon's Land, on more wages than you'll ever spend?

PIP. You'll help me!

SALLY. After the little *fracas* with that wretch, Pegs—Great Britain is unendurable.

PIP. (laughs.) Ha, ha! That wur a dead take in. Aldgate Pump was too much for ye. Sally, lass, he made love to thy pocket, not thy face.

SALLY. Mr. Pip, I beg you will be more choice in your parts of speech. Remember, when I condescended to honour you with my hand, you promised never to offend me.

PIP. Well, I've done everything to please ye.

SALLY. I deny it—you've done nothing to please me—But are constantly annoying me! When I proposed to go to New South Wales, you wanted—(a *tin trumpet is heard without, and a loud laugh.*) What's this? As I live, a peep show! Oh, I must see it! Pull out your money, Pip.

PIP. I does nothing else but pull out—pay, pay! You'd ruin the Bank of England!

*Enter PEGS, R., in a large white coat and old hat, carrying a peep show at his back, followed by a CROWD—he places it on stand.*

PEGS. (blows.) Now's your time—your golden opportunity, to see what you shall see—what you can see—and what you'll never see again—and all for the paltry charge of one penny.

(blows.)

SALLY. Ain't it cheap—ain't it?

PEGS. Here's the wonderful wonders—the battle of Bunker's Hill, and the British fleet sailing out of the Channel, all for

glory—the grand Emperor, Napoleon Bonnyparty, on a white horse, with the Kings of Russhay, Prusshay, and Holland, hanging by the horse's tail—then there's an animal, too curious to name, that runs a thousand miles an hour. He's got a nose like a deer, lips like a cow, legs like a sow, and no tail at all, but he's got two lumps on his back, one gristle and t'other bone—he never eats or drinks, and only sleeps with one eye—and cleans his teeth with a razor!

(blows—PEOPLE look at show.)

PIP. (laughs.) Ha, ha ! that be a good un, anyhow !

SALLY. Hush ! the gentleman will hear you, and won't take our money.

PEGS. Now you shall see the last new tragedy, as played at the Theatres Rural, Drury Lane and Common Garden, called "Delicate Distress, or the Gormandising Giant!"

SALLY. I must see the gormandising giant. Here's my money, sir. (runs to PEGS.)

PEGS. (starts.) What, Sally ! Miss Sally !

SALLY. Pegs ! Mr. Pegs !

PEGS. Your faithful Pegs ! Come to my longing arms !

(he is running towards her, when PIP places himself between them.)

PIP. You'll excuse me—but she be my property, Mr. Aldgate Pump !

PEGS. Married ! Is it true ?

SALLY. (sighing.) Too true !

PEGS. Then I'll shut up my theatre, discharge my company, and drown myself ! (knocks his hat on the crown.)

SALLY. Oh, Mr. Pegs—for my sake—

PIP. Don't be a fool, Sally—listening to his play-acting nonsense. Come away.

PEGS. (advancing.) Happy man ! You've married the finest woman in England—in two Englands put together.

SALLY. Do you hear that, Mr. Gooseberry ? Ask him to dinner with us—directly.

PIP. Devil a bit !

SALLY. What became of you, after you left us at Ipswich ?

PIP. Left ! After he war kicked out, you mean.

PEGS. I took to the fine arts—set up a penny show.

SALLY. Does it pay ?

PEGS. Not very well. The drama's on the decline—managers will all be ruined. I think of emigrating to New South Wales, and taking in the natives.

SALLY. Lor bless us ! We are going there to settle.

PEGS. Fortunate coincidence ! I'll put you on the free list !

SALLY. We've sold all our things, and have got plenty of money.

PEGS. (*aside.*) I'll help you to spend it.

PIP. Come, Sally—let's be going. I'm hungry, and want to pick a bit.

PEGS. So do I—we'll pick a bit together. (*places show on his back.*) We'll live together—eat together—drink together!

PIP. If you please, I'll drink first. Your drink be too dry for I. (*taking SALLY on his arm.*) Good day, Mister—(*SALLY kisses her hand to PEGS.*) What be you at, Sally? Come along, do—

SALLY. I shan't!

PIP. You shall!

SALLY. I'm missus!

PIP. I be master!

SALLY. I'll be both, wretch! You said I should before we were married, and I will—I will—

*Exeunt, disputing—PIP dragging her off, R.—PEGS blows his horn and follows, with the crowd, R.*

**SCENE VI.—Interior of the Prison at Ipswich.** Enclosed high walls (with chevaux-de-frize at top), running across the stage, backed with sky—R. walls, and a building, with windows, and large door—the Governor's house, L.—walls, with arches, leading to cells—one of the spikes on the wall is broken off.

*Enter JAILOR, from the Governor's house, L., conducting WILL LAUD, who is disguised, wearing a large great coat—his features hid by a wrapper. Dusk.*

JAILOR. It is against the rules, admitting any one into the prison so late—but Margaret is a good girl, and one we can trust. You say you're her brother?

LAUD. Yes—her brother Charles—just come from India. I've been away these eight years, and long to see the poor thing.

JAILOR. Wait here. I can only allow you ten minutes.

*Exit, R., unlocking a door under an arch.*

LAUD. I have succeeded so far. At every risk, she shall be set free. My life is miserable without her!

*Re-enter JAILOR, R., followed by MARGARET.*

JAILOR. You know the rules, Margaret—make sharp use of your time. *Exit into house, L., locking door.*

MARG. (*going to LAUD.*) Brother!

LAUD. (*turning.*) No, no—'tis I, Margaret. Don't be alarmed. I come to give you your liberty (*taking her hand.*)

MARG. (*starting.*) Why do you come here, William? A reward is offered for your apprehension. Why run this risk? I thought you had forgotten me.

LAUD. Forgotten you! I never shall, till I cease to remember anything. Forget you, dear girl? never! In storm and tempest—in calm and sunshine—in the midnight watch, or under the clear blue sky—in danger or in safety—in health or in sickness—in the hour of boisterous mirth, or in the rough hammock of the seaman—when the dash of waves, and the whistling winds swept by me, my thoughts, affections, Margaret, have always clung to you. I remembered your devoted kindness, and bitterly felt your absence. But have you forgotten and forgiven my rough conduct when last we met?

MARG. I have not forgotten, William, but I have forgiven. Much—much have I suffered on your account. Shame, reproach, and guilt have visited me through you—loss of kindred, friends and companions—but heaven has enabled me to bear all, with the hope that I should one day see you an altered man.

LAUD. The day has come, love. I am altered—greatly altered. All I ask is time for atonement—and, with you, I will become an honest, industrious man.

MARG. May you remain in the same mind till my term of imprisonment is out.

LAUD. I have come to snatch you from this place. Your escape will be certain, if you will second my efforts with courage and perseverance. I have prepared a rope for you to scale the walls—I'll be ready to receive you on the other side, and help you to descend. I have also a suit of sailor's clothes for your disguise—the lugger lies ready to take us over to Holland—there we shall live happy and contented.

MARG. I dare not agree to this. Tempt me no further—I have already refused my father's prayers.

LAUD. If you refuse me, on the word of a man, by my own hands I'll end my wretched being.

MARG. William, is this your reformation?

LAUD. I mean it! This night decides my fate. Either you are free, or I am dead. Do not hesitate. We'll fly—far, far away. The whole study of my future life shall be to atone for the past. Margaret, if you still love me, consent. (*embraces her—she wavers.*) Think of my misery—of the injustice of your punishment. Why should you suffer for another's wickedness? Summon your courage, and liberate yourself.

MARG. I shall never scale those walls.

LAUD. You will—you've a bold heart. Hold firmly by the rope—I will cast it over. Everything favours us—the night dark, and the Governor from the jail. You will try—

MARG. It will be for your sake, not mine.

*Re-enter JAILOR, L.*

JAILOR. Come, you must take your leave. We are going to lock up for the night.

LAUD. (*aside.*) Contrive to slip back—the rope will be ready in a few minutes. Good night, sister! (*aside.*) Remember—if you do not come, I am a dead man.

*Exe', L. U. E.—JAILOR locking door after him.*

JAILOR. I'll fasten the inner cells, then attend to you, Margaret. *Exit, through one of the arches, R.*

MARG. I know William's temper too well to doubt his resolution. He must be saved, even if I am lost!

*Hastens after JAILOR—a door is heard to close—a bar falls, and key turns.*

*Music.—MARGARET re-enters hurriedly with keys—locks the arch door.*

I have secured him in the inner cells! (*a rope falls into the yard, a large stone being attached to it.*) The rope! I must not shrink. Minutes—seconds, are more valuable than years now! (*the rope is drawn up, hanging just the length of the walls inside*) —MARGARET seizes it.) my life and safety hangs on a thread!

(ascends the rope, by placing her feet against the wall—she reaches the summit, where the spike is broken. Just as she does so, the report of a pistol is heard without—she screams, and sinks on one knee on the wall. Lights appear at windows—the prison bell rings rapidly—noise of voices heard without, and cries of “Murder!” “Ladders!” “A prisoner escaped!” The doors are opened, R., and SEVERAL MEN run in with lights—they see MARGARET’s situation—some fetch a ladder—PERSONS ascend from the exterior—she is assisted down fainting, just as WILL LAUD is carried in, wounded, L. U. E.—MARGARET rushes to him—the CROWD, OFFICERS, &c., group around.

LAUD. I am slain!

MARG. Who—who did this cruel deed? (*kneeling by him.*)

LAUD. Ben Luff fired at me, and fled. Don’t grieve for me. A few minutes, and all’s over—say you forgive me, and I die content.

MARG. Oh, yes—yes! (*weeping.*)

LAUD. That’s my brave girl. Give me air—don’t leave me. (*extends his hand.*) Here—here—I want you—Margaret—hullo—where are you?

MARG. Here—here!

LAUD. Ha, ha! so you are! What ship ahoy? Stand to your guns, lads! King's colours! Drop your mainsail! We'll meet 'em like Britons! Steady! take your aim! fire! huzza! huzza! (shudders.) Oh, Margaret—bless—bless me with your voice! Forgive—forgive—

(falls dead — she sinks on the body—PERSONS on the walls,  
&c. Tableau.

END OF ACT II.

[*A lapse of Eighteen Months.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Australia. A tract of rude uncultivated country—in the centre stands a hut composed of leaves, branches, skins, logs—it is open to the Audience—the only furniture is a seaman's chest.

*A net hanging from the roof extended, and a hammock slung in which is PIP, with a large cap of skins—he is very pale—SALLY is sitting on the chest, with a large stick in her hand—there is a hole in the roof.*

PIP. Oh, mercy—oh, dear!

SALLY. Oh, don't "oh dear" there! Get up and help me to kill the snakes and frogs. We shall be swallowed alive presently. Ugh—(screaming.) there's an ugly toad a making faces at me. (strikes with her stick)

PIP. Sarves me right for immigrating. What business had I with New South Wales? Old England was big enough for me. It's all your own fault.

SALLY. My fault! you wretch, you would come.

PIP. 'Cos you and that infernal Pegs made me. Nothing seems to hurt him. He says being eat up by the savages is nothing when you're used to it. Oh dear! my head!

SALLY. You haven't the heart of a shrimp. Mr. Pegs is a gentleman—

PIP. Why don't he pay me what he owes me, then? there's his passage money, and his eating. When we landed, didn't he persuade us to take to the bush, as he called it—to trade with

the blackamoors—and a nice trade it is. We've been robbed and starved!

SALLY. Pip, you're a fool!

PIP. I know I am—for being here—I'd sooner be in Margaret Catchpole's place. She's taken care of, though she be a prisoner.

SALLY. (screams.) Oh, lor! there's a great black thing stinging me. (jumps about.) Come and catch it, Pip!

PIP. Not if I know it—he may catch I, perhaps.

PEGS runs on, L., hid in a mantle of kangaroo's skin, carrying fruit, birds, and melons—SALLY screams and clings to the hammock—PIP calls "Murder!"—PEGS laughs.

PEGS. Hush, my dear friends—it's only I. (showing his head.) I found this kangaroo skin in the wood—it's what the savages use to trap birds—I've borrowed it for the same purpose. Light the fire, and let's have a feast.

PIP. Oh, yes! I can't eat poll parrots.

PEGS. Mrs. P., perhaps you'll pick a bit, or would you relish a delicate snake better. (producing snake.)

SALLY. (screams.) Take it away, or I shall go off!

PIP. I wish you would—for ever!

SALLY, I shall never be comfortable again—this place'll kill me. I'm a martyred woman.

PEGS. Let's hope not. You don't enjoy yourself. It's a glorious country—hunting, shooting, fishing—anything you want.

PIP. But eating, drinking, and lodging.

PEGS. Magnificent country!

SALLY. What's the use of the country when there's nothing in it? we're worse off than Robinson Crusoe!

PEGS. Things will improve as we go further. Who knows but some black princess may take a fancy to me—marry, and make a Prince of Wales of me.

PIP. And, perhaps her father may take a fancy to I, and make a mouthful of me!

PEGS. You're not made for travelling.

PIP. I ain't made for eating.

(*a distant shout of the NATIVES heard, L.*

SALLY. What's that—wild beastes?

PIP. I be a dead man! I shall never see my mother no more—oh!

PEGS. Hush! hush! I'll look out.

(*climbs up and pops his head through the roof.*

PIP. Tell 'em, Sally, if you can't get back, that I was swallowed up alive.

PEGS. It's the natives coming down upon us—all armed and painted—they mean mischief.

SALLY. Oh, mercy—mercy! I am a poor lost creature—mercy!

PIP. You don't deserve any for coming to foreign parts. I'm an innocent lamb led to the slaughter.

PEGS. Quarrelling's no use now! Let us try to save ourselves. You lie still in the hammock—hide your head. I'll take your wife on the roof—they mayn't find us there—if you stir, you're a dead man.

PIP. But they're sure to find me.

(noise of SAVAGES nearer, L.)

PEGS. They're near us! not a word—come—

*Music.—He ascends first, then assists SALLY to climb on the roof—a loud yell, and a party of NATIVES, armed with long spears—their bodies painted like skeletons, enter L.—they pause a moment.*

PIP. (peeping.) They're all living skeletons! (hides his head)—the NATIVES eat fruit, and throw all the things about—they dance on finding the kangaroo skin, and utter a loud yell.) That chap's found his skin. (they search the hut, using violent action—swing hammock—some run their spears into it—one jumps into the chest, throws out all the things—others put them on—they dance a moment, when a gun is heard firing—they all listen—shake their spears, and rush out with a yell.—*Music.—looking out.*) I'm digged through and through—oh, lor!

PEGS. (peeping in.) Is all right?

PIP. No, it's all wrong. I shall never sit down any more—oh!

PEGS. (to SALLY.) We may come down.

PIP. Are they gone? If they'd only fell in love with me—oh me! (a NATIVE steals cautiously back—PIP sees him, and hides his face—PEGS watches—the NATIVE examines, but gives hammock another thrust with his spear—it shakes violently—then approaches chest, jumps in, and is stooping, when PEGS unfastens the net, which is suspended from the roof, and it falls over him—PEGS jumps down, takes spear, and keeps him in it.)

PEGS. Huzza! I've caught him alive—the black rascal! Ah—would you? (SALLY descends.)

PIP. (jumping from his hammock.) Let's kill him, and stuff him for a curiosity! (laughs.) Ha, ha, Mister! (snatches spear, and runs into the net—NATIVE yells.) How do you like it, eh? Ha, ha! (ALL laugh—NATIVE struggles—PEGS drags him in net, PIP poking him with spear—closed in by)

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the House of Mrs. Palmer, at Sydney.*

Enter MRS. PALMER, R. in conversation with JOHN BARRY, altered in his appearance.

MRS. P. Your request for a person to superintend your house and home comes very fortunate, Mr. Barry. I have now under my care—placed so by Government—a most useful, well conducted young woman. She arrived a prisoner, sentenced for life in the last ship from England.

BARRY. What age is she?

MRS. P. About twenty-five. There are many remarkable circumstances connected with her sad history.

BARRY. Has she been guilty of very depraved crimes? for even in this land where we can't be over scrupulous, I should not like to receive a thoroughly wicked person.

MRS. P. From the letters I received with her—written by respectable persons in England—her sins, have been from the head, not the heart. Misplaced affections have been the cause of all her misfortunes. Since she came here her conduct has been most exemplary. She is from Suffolk.

BARRY. Suffolk! What part?

MRS. P. Ipswich.

BARRY. Her name?

MRS. P. Margaret Catchpole.

BARRY. (*starts.*) Margaret! here in this distant land—a—a felon! (*shudders.*) What is her crime? tell me quickly, I entreat.

MRS. P. Horse stealing, and attempt to escape from prison with her lover—a smuggler. He was shot, and the poor girl sentenced to transportation for life. Mr. Barry, you appear ill—do you know her?

BARRY. Know her! She was my first, my only love. As long as this poor heart of mine holds life, I shall never love any one else. I am prosperous, rich, blessed with abundance—all shall be placed at her feet.

MRS. P. You, Mr. Barry! one of the wealthiest men in the colony, marry a person in her position! Remember what she is.

BARRY. I only remember what she was—a good, innocent girl. The man that deserts a suffering woman in the hour of need, is unworthy of the name he bears. I made her an offer before I left England—I will repeat it now, and restore her to freedom. Oh, that I could have induced her years ago to join her lot to mine, and shake off her wild attachment to the man she loved—a villain, unworthy of her—but she clung to him with all the ardour of a young, true heart. Where is she?

MRS. P. Walking in the woods, after her daily labour. She always walks alone, appearing to shun all society.

BARRY. Poor girl! she feels her situation. (*distant thunder, rain.*) A storm! We shall have the river rising rapidly. I must herd my cattle, or they'll be carried away by the floods. Bring Margaret to my farm, and tell her, from me, that she is mistress of John Barry's heart and fortune; and that the same love that prompted him to offer his hand to her in prosperity, does the same in adversity.

*Exit, L.*

MRS. P. A very extraordinary young man, that! Rich—respected, and good station, wanting to marry a person like Margaret—a prisoner! It's very odd! Merely because she was his first love. Lor, bless us! Men's first loves, and second loves, and last loves, are like the fashions—generally changed every month!

*Exit, R.*

**SCENE III.—*A close and cut Wood, with the Stage open, L., forming a ravine, over which is a stunted tree, the branches overhanging the ravine. Distant thunder, rain, lightning.***

**Music.—BEN LUFF, wild and haggard in his appearance, his beard long, hair matted, and his clothes in rags, crawls on, dejectedly, R. U. E.**

LUFF. I can't stand up against this much longer! My glass is nearly run out. Starvation and fatigue have done their worst. A tough heart's softened like a woman's. I have had no rest or peace since I shot my messmate, Bill Laud. I can't forget the lad, though I escaped free. I can't run away from myself, he's always alongside, with his pale face, and bleeding wounds. (*shudders.*) I can't fly from him, he's ever on my track! After that night I took ship, and came out here to the New World, but it's no use, there's some'at here—(*striking his breast.*)—won't let me sleep or forget. I darn't ask for work, for fear of detection. The wild, outlandish country's my only chance. All this is along of that pale faced sweetheart of his. I only wish it had been her instead of Will I'd brought down. (*thunder, &c.*) My eyes! it does come down. The river's flooded already. I must climb one of these trees, and wait till daylight, or else I shall be grabbed by the wild beast or savages, and I haven't the heart to die now. (*Music—He conceals himself in the bushes, L. U. E.—Lightning.*)

MARGARET runs on, greatly alarmed, R., shading her eyes.

MARG. I've missed the path to the farm, and there is no track to lead me out of this wood. What shall I do! How foolish to walk so far from home! (*sighs.*) Home! alas, my home is far

enough away. I shall never look on that any more. Endurance and repentance is all that's left me. (*thunder.*) How awfully the tempest rages! (*loud cry without.*—MARGARET runs to the edge of the ravine, L., and looks down.) A man has fallen down the precipice! He clings to the bushes—if they prove weak, he is dashed to atoms! I dare not look at the gulph. (BEN calls for help.) He must not perish without one effort to save him from death. Poor fellow! he stands as helpless as a child. (*kneels over rock—calls to him.*) Strive to gain the rock—there—there, and I will give you my hand. He rises! That's well done. Courage! another effort, and you're saved! Now climb boldly—'tis for life! He does—(*a branch heard to break—she screams, and hides her face.*) He is killed! No, no, he staggers again, brave fellow. (*holds by the tree—the branches bend, and she extends her body over the ravine.*) Take my hand—quick—quick! Think not of me—the branches may give way. Your hand—life depends on the grasp!

*Music.—BEN LUUFF's hands are seen—MARGARET grasps them, and draws him gradually out of the ravine—he sinks on his knees, forward, L. C.*

LUUFF. Thanks—thanks! I'm all right, and be d—d to it!

MARG. This is not the language of thanks to Providence, whose mercy spared you.

LUUFF. (*laughs wildly.*) Spare me! What for? That I might bear more tortures—feel the bitter gnawings of hunger—to shun, and be shunned by my fellow men—to wander in these infernal woods, in companionship with beasts and savages.

MARG. Who are you?

LUUFF. A man. Once as brave a man as ever pulled a trigger—now worse than a woman at heart, girl!

MARG. What have you done to cause this change?

LUUFF. That, I'm ashamed of. I killed my messmate—not in a fair stand up fight, where life was opposed to life, but in the dark I stole upon him—dogged his steps, poor lad, and shot him when he most needed a hand to help him—but it was all along of her—curse her!

MARG. Where did you commit this crime?

LUUFF. Over the seas, in England. I wish I'd given myself up to justice, but I had not courage. Poor Will!

MARG. (*starts.*) Did you say William?

LUUFF. To be sure I did. Will Laud!

MARG. (*screams.*) You—you are—

LUUFF. Ben Luff, his—

MARG. Murderer! The cruel murderer of an innocent, trusting man! Wretch! expect no mercy at my hands. Fly, or I will give you up!

LUFF. You must catch me first. What is it to you?

MARG. What is it to me, villain? Everything! My liberty and happiness died with him. I am Margaret.

LUFF. The devil you are! Then my revenge has come at last! I'll pay you off old scores. It was through you I and Bill quarrelled. (*draws a knife.*) I owe you some'at!

MARG. Wretch! Would you dare harm me? Think of the crimes already on your head—repent, while you've time—

LUFF. Stuff! Palavering won't get you out of my clutches now. (*approaching her.*)

MARG. Forbear! Is this the return for perilling my life to save yours?

LUFF. I don't vally that. You're the cause of all my hardships—here's payment for it!

(*Music.—He advances towards MARGARET—she flies from him—he pursues her to the ravine—they struggle—she screams for mercy—he forces her to the edge, dropping his knife—she, by a desperate effort, releases herself, and hurls him down, picks up the knife, and stands in a fixed attitude, looking down—a wild cry, and stones are heard to fall.*)

MARG. He is dashed to pieces! (*stands in attitude—thunder and lightning.*) Closed in by

SCENE IV.—A Jungle or Wood. Distant voices heard, R.

PEGS. (*without.*) Step out, or we shall be washed away!

Enter PEGS, dragging the NATIVE in the net, R., followed by PIP and SALLY—PIP carries the spear, and is crying.

Walk on! We shall soon get to the farm. Once under cover, we shall be all right.

SALLY. We shall be starved to death, like the two babes in the wood.

PIP. And there be no cock robins here to cover us—oh!

PEGS. Courage, my bold Briton!

PIP. I bean't a bold Briton! I be a soft 'un!

SALLY. What's the use of driving that blackamoor creetur about with us?

PEGS. Prudence, Mrs. Pip—prudence! We may want to eat him.

SALLY. Ugh! I shall swoon away! Eat him!

PEGS. Or stuff him—as the case may be. He'll fetch something, to stand at the door of a cigar shop in England. (*thunder.*) There it is again!

SALLY. Here it is again, you mean! I'm drenched through and through! (*a noise of NATIVES without.*) The savages are coming again! (*frantic yells, R.*)

PIP. It's that Day and Martin's relations coming to look after him! Let him go, Pegs—let him go!

(they attempt to run out, but are stopped by NATIVES, from L.—the CAPTIVE is released from the net, and PEGS, PIP, and SALLY placed in it.)

We're all caught in our own net, now!

SALLY. Pity my youth, kind blackamoor gentlemen!

(the NATIVES caper round them.)

PEGS. We're all booked for Gravesend! Crying's no use. Prepare for a roast or a broil!

(NATIVES drag them in the net—some of them have brought on sticks and a light—they fasten the net to a spear—place sticks round the CAPTIVES, and light them—they all scream out—the NATIVES yell.)

SHOUTS. (without.) To the river—to the river—this way!

PEGS. (shouts.) This way! Ulloa! Murder! Manslaughter!

SALLY. Womanslaughter! (NATIVES appear alarmed.)

Enter a party of SETTLERS, L.—the NATIVES fly rapidly, R.—the CAPTIVES are released.

1st SETTLER. How came you in their hands?

PIP. He did it all—that wicked Aldgate Pump—he brought us out!

SALLY. And took us in—the false perjuror! Hanging's too good for him. We'll go back to our own country by the first ship.

PEGS. Britons, countrymen, and lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear. 'Tis true I took this clodpate—

1st SETTLER. We can't listen to your nonsense. Lives are at stake—the river's overflowing, and carrying everything before it. Mr. Barry's farm will be washed away—perhaps his life lost! Come—come, boys! *Exit, L.*

PIP. Take us with you. We'll go to England again! Them horrible niggers may come back again, and—

PEGS. Take my arm, ma'am—

SALLY. If you come near me, I'll slap your face! (hits him.)

PEGS. A blow! Oh, ye thunders!

(Music.—Loud yell of the NATIVES, R.—they run off, L., nearly over each other.)

SCENE V.—*An Immense Tract of Uncultivated Country, almost under water, from the river having burst its banks. The banks to L. elevated—in the R. U. E. of stage is a house nearly covered with water—trees are lying in the water, having been uprooted by its violence.*

Music.—When the scene opens, numbers of PERSONS are on the banks, L., moving to and fro—thunder, lightning, and rain—a boat is near the bank.

**1<sup>st</sup> SETTLER.** We've come too late! Nothing can save poor Barry and his people now!

**2<sup>nd</sup> SETTLER.** The river would swamp the best boat ever made.

**Enter MRS. PALMER and MARGARET, L.**

**MARG.** Save them, if you are men! Do not let your fellow creatures perish without one effort to save them.

**2<sup>nd</sup> SETTLER.** It's useless. We dare not risk our lives.

**MRS. P.** Will no one venture?

**MARG.** Do not ask them. I'll go alone, and shame these men that dare not venture. The red blush will mantle on their cheeks when they see a helpless girl dare encounter what their manly courage shrunk from!

**1<sup>st</sup> SETTLER.** We can't risk our lives for nothing—we must be paid.

**MARG.** Shame upon you! Is this your humanity? Does your heart teach you to sell your good deeds for gold?

**BARRY** appears on the roof, with Two WOMEN and Two CHILDREN, R.—waters fearfully agitated—almost concealing the house at times.

**BARRY.** (calling.) Help—help! for the love of Heaven!

**MRS. P.** Poor Barry!

**MARG.** His voice! Will you see him perish? Cowards! Dastards! give me a rope. (snatches rope.) Learn your duty from me. (calls.) Courage—aid is near you—courage!

**MRS. P.** Margaret, your life will be lost!

**SETTLERS.** Don't let her go!

**MARG.** I will—I will! I have no coward fears. My trust is in the power that rules the whirlwind and the storm!

(runs off, L., and rows on L., in a boat, conveying a rope—the boat is fearfully tossed about—rain, thunder, and lightning.

**ALL.** Huzza!

(MARGARET reaches the house, gives rope—it is held on and hauled to the roof—BARRY jumps into Margaret's boat.

**MRS. P.** They are saved!

(MARGARET and BARRY assist the FEMALES and CHILDREN into the boat, then row to bank, L.—BARRY takes MARGARET in his arms.

**BARRY.** My deliverer—my wife! Speak—speak—

**MARG.** Yours—yours for ever!

(the PEOPLE on the bank shout at their escape—the house sinks under the water—thunder and lightning—the water is much agitated.—Picture formed.

CURTAIN.