

# JACK ROBINSON

AND

## HIS MONKEY

A MELO-DRAMA

IN

T W O   A C T S

BY

C. PELHAM THOMPSON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*The Shade, or Blood for Blood—The Dumb Savoyard and his  
Monkey—Nothing Superfluous, &c., &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

999732

## JACK ROBINSON, AND HIS MONKEY.

*First produced at the Royal Surrey Theatre,  
On August 20th 1829.*

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### CHARACTERS.

Jack Robinson, <i>a Shipwrecked Sailor</i>	.	MR. VALE.
Jose Rimiero, <i>the Captain</i>	.	MR. ALMAR.
Muley	.	MR. YARDLEY.
Diego	.	MR. ASBURY.
Sebastian	.	MR. PITTS.
Juan, <i>a Boy</i>	.	MISS SMITH.
Thomaso	.	MR. JONES.
Mushapug, <i>the Island Monkey</i>	.	MR. PARSLOE.
Emmeline	.	MISS SCOTT.
Isadora	.	MADAME SIMON.

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Time in Representation, One hour and ten minutes.

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### COSTUMES.

ROBINSON.—Much-worn English sailor's dress.

JOSE.—Spanish naval officer's dress.

MULEY.—Negro dress.

DIEGO, SEBASTIAN, AND THOMASO.—Spanish sailors' dresses.

EMMELINE.—Plain white dress.

ISADORA.—Spanish lady's dress.

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# JACK ROBINSON AND HIS MONKEY.

## A C T I.

SCENE I.—*Part of an Island in the Indian Sea, rich in vegetation. At the back of the stage, Jack Robinson's Hut—in the extreme distance, the sea—towards the front, R. H., plantation of ripe rye, protected by a rude paling—opposite this, his flower garden—a herd of goats occupy the R. 1 E.—a rude observatory towards the c. Time—Sunset. Numerous birds of beautiful plumage seen retiring to rest. The whole scene indicative of perfect tranquillity.*

*Music.—At the rising of the curtain, JACK ROBINSON, habited in tattered sailor's garb, working in his field of rye, putting it in sheaves—he shews sign of fatigue, but recovering himself, he determines on finishing his task. He cuts the whole down, and then advances.*

JACK Hot work this, truly—but why complain? is it not for my dear Emmeline's sake—my generous old master's daughter? Poor Miss Emmeline, I *swam* hard to keep her head above water, and now I must *work* hard to keep her head above ground—so here goes! (*stops, puffs.*) I'm as dry as a macadamised road in the month of August; though I'd scorn to kick up such a dust as that does. (*puffs.*) Dry—damme if I ain't drier than a lime-burner's wig! I must wet my sunburnt clay. (*Music.—He proceeds to the paling where hangs keg, finds it empty.*) Psha! Mary Thompson's initials, M. T. (*holding up keg.*) I must to the hut, and recharge my piece of artillery here; thanks to fortune, our little store is not yet exhausted.

(*Music.—He goes off—the Island MONKEY now appears from behind the rude observatory—peculiar business on a revolving pole, after which he descends—on reaching the ground notices*

*the field of rye, at the entrance of which hangs the sickle, or broken seaman's hanger, that ROBINSON has been using—he begins slashing and cutting—knocking down the rye sheaves, at length his eye is attracted by the raised bed of flowers—he darts among them, and in a few moments cuts the head of every flower off—but the noise of ROBINSON'S returning causes him to fly to his former place of refuge.*

*Enter JACK singing “ Grog is our larboard, our starboard!” &c.*

JACK. The man who first discovered brandy, was no fool—though brandy has made a fool of many a man since. I've heard that when brandy was first enlisted in the British navy, they found he'd play the devil with the service if he remained single—so they spliced him to a very cool, and quiet mate, called Mrs. Water, and their first boy turned out “ the sailor's delight! ” and they christened him “ Master Grog! ” (*begins to sing.*) “ Grog was our larboard ”—avast, and belay your singing tackle Jack, for here comes the queen of the island, to consult her prime minister—that's me, ha, ha. We shall have a cabinet council, but I've no messmates in my cabinet to kick out of office, as other cabinet ministers have done !

*Enter EMMELINE, R. 1 E., her dress neat, but tattered—a rude basket containing herbs and fruits hangs upon her arm.*

JACK. Been crying, Miss Emmeline! Nay, never weep while the sun shines thus so beautifully, and the birds sing so sweetly!

EMMEL. My last—my only friend! 'tis the recollection of that dread day—(three years, this day, have passed since our fatal wreck)—when all that was dear to me on earth perished—perished before my eyes.

JACK. Nay, lady; what's done can't be undone—sorrow never could revive the dearest friend. All you have for it now is, to pitch past miseries to the nor'-east, and look due south for joy and hope, as I do.

EMMEL. Oh, never can I forget that moment so replete with horrors—when exhausted with his efforts to preserve me—my father sunk beneath the wave to rise no more ; I was about to follow, when you—you—

JACK. Luckily came floating by, holding on to our thundering great hencoop !

EMMEL. Oh, that anxious moment ; 'twas then—

JACK. I caught hold of your out-stretched arm, at the very moment when that tremendous wave—which buried all our shipmates, took a fancy to us—popped us, hencoop and all, upon

its mountain back, and so dashed us almost lifeless on yonder shore ; but no more sorrow, lady.

EMMEL. You are of a happy temper, Robinson—you can jest with your misfortunes.

JACK. Pooh ! I can't afford to whimper and be melancholy ; your really brave lads never complain at the frowns of fortune, but treat dangers and difficulties as I used to treat the enemies of old England—as a set of troublesome scoundrels that it was my duty to conquer, not to fear ; but come, lady, to our duties —you, to your flower garden—I, to my corn again.

(*Music.—Each going, when, to their surprise, they see the havoc committed.*)

JACK. Hey ! hollo ! what cut-me-down fellow has been here ?

EMMEL. Alas ! behold my long nourished plants are all destroyed.

(*Music.—As they are looking about the stage to find the offender, the MONKEY, who has re-appeared, and expressed his delight at their uneasiness, drops by accident the sickle near JACK's head—he starts—perceives the cause, and knowing the MONKEY to be the author of the mischief by the bunch of flowers in his hand—snatches up his fowling piece at the foot of the observatory—fires, and brings him to the ground—the MONKEY clinging, but lets go through pain—EMMELINE alarmed, rushes to JACK for protection—the MONKEY writhing with pain, retreats from JACK, who advances to knock his brains out—EMMELINE prevents him—the MONKEY, at last (weak with loss of blood) faints and falls.*)

EMMEL. Hold ! this day is sacred. On this day our lives were spared—then spare the life, even of this now harmless animal.

JACK. When an angel pleads for the—the devil, why a man hasn't the heart to say no ! Only this, if he were in England I'd indict him under Lord Ellenborough's Act, for cutting and maiming.

(*Music.—EMMELINE rejoiced, goes to the MONKEY—finds he still lives—beckons JACK—he comes to her assistance—she goes to procure some styptic.*)

JACK. Only skin deep mayhap ! It's lucky nature gave you a good tough suit of clothes, my old boy. Pooh ! only a slight flesh wound, I see ; I didn't spread plasters in the cockpit of the Billyruffin for nothing.

(*Music.—EMMELINE now returns—applies a leaf to his arm, and tearing part of her dress, fastens it on—she then procures water from keg, and refreshes the MONKEY—he by degrees revives—he sees JACK, and darts at him, but his presenting*)

*the gun deters him, and he flies rapidly over the palings, and raising a sheaf of rye, holds it up to screen himself—JACK laughs and drops the gun—EMMELINE goes to MONKEY, but he drops the rye and flies up the rock—EMMELINE entices him to the ground by the offer of fruit, till JACK, who has prepared a noose, secures him*

JACK. So, my beauty, I've caught you, have I? Ha, ha, ha! Well, there's no accounting for likeness, but, damme, if he isn't the very image of the old admiral we took off Trafalgar; is he a relation, I wonder? *Polley woo Fransay, mounseer?* (bows—MONKEY grins and squeaks—“Oui! oui! oui!”)

JACK. *We, we, we!* Doesn't that mean yes? Oh, the wonderful ways of nature. France is a great way off, so if they are of the same family, they must be *distant relations!* Woolly woo, mounseer? (bows.)

EMMEL. Take him into your hut, Robinson; monkeys are amusing creatures, and he may beguile a weary hour.

*Music.—They prepare to go—EMMELINE releases her goats—the MONKEY gets more tractable to JACK, and with antic tricks to avoid the gun, which occasionally meets his view—the PARTY go off, R. U. E.*

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SCENE II.—*Picturesque part of the Island. A pile of firewood on first wing. Time—sunset.*

*Music.—JACK ROBINSON enters with the MONKEY, who seems very reluctant to proceed, but the gun causes him to obey—JACK now ties him to wing.*

JACK. I foresee that the old French admiral's relation here will give me lots of trouble; yet, perhaps, with a little patience, I may make him useful; so, my beauty, come to school, and have your first lesson.

*(Music.—He puts down gun, at which PUG appears delighted—he then procures a large faggot, which he throws within the reach of PUG, who throws it at JACK again—JACK has now procured a second, which he places on PUG's shoulder, but he casts it down, till the gun causes him to place it on his head instantly, JACK pats him for this, and taking up his faggot and gun is about to proceed, when EMMELINE enters, R. H.*

EMMEL. You are an industrious tutor, Robinson, and instruct your pupil by times. Pray what situation is he to hold in our household.

JACK. There I confess I am puzzled, lady, for the offices of cook, and first lord of the treasury—scullion, and chancellor of the exchequer—butler, and master general of the ordnance, are filled by your humble servant; so that the beauty must have a sinecure—unless you give him an appointment.

EMMEL. In what capacity?

JACK. As your highness's lady's maid!

EMMEL. Well, Robinson, I promise it when he is proficient; but come, let us to our evening meal.

JACK. Turn the goats over to me, lady, and I'll give beauty, here, his second lesson; I'll make a goatherd of him—and as I lead Pug, why, Pug shall lead them.

(*Music.—The string is put into PUG's hands, who, imitating*

*JACK, away they go, JACK leading PUG, and PUG the goats, L. H.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of Hut. Through an opening the full moon is seen. Loaded pistols hanging up, L. H. A door leading to an inner apartment, R. H. 2 E., near which a large piece of rock, serving as a fire place; behind which a huge piece of ship timber, to which is attached a block. A line with linen to dry.*

*Music.—ROBINSON appears busily engaged laying the table for supper. The MONKEY perched on the ship timber. ROBINSON motions him to come down, but he refuses—the instant, however, he puts his hand upon the gun he comes fawning at ROBINSON's feet, who caresses him. He then leads him to the fire place—takes lamp—lights fire—with palm leaf fan makes him blow the fire—ROBINSON retiring into an inner room—PUG fans away, but becoming tired, springs upon the fire place, but burns himself, he descends—he now takes the lamp, and in imitation of ROBINSON, he applies the fire to the rock—gets angry at its not igniting—next to the leg of the table—still disappointment—at length he espies JACK ROBINSON's last remaining shirts and pair of stockings hanging to dry; these he sets fire to, much to his delight—fanning them into a blaze—ROBINSON is heard returning—PUG jumps into the clothes chest. ROBINSON enters—starts on seeing his clothes on fire—strives to put the flame out—turns and sees the MONKEY with the lamp.*

JACK. Ah! the monkey! then perish.

(*the MONKEY, the instant he had seen ROBINSON had shut himself in the chest, but seeing ROBINSON take down a brace of pistols, he leaps out of the chest, and flies to the roof in a*

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*instant—ROBINSON rushes to the chest—raises the lid—fires into the box, but misses the object of his anger.*

EMMELINE *rushes in, D. in F.*

EMMEL. What means this alarm?

JACK. Alarm! alarm! shiver my timbers if ever I was more alarmed in all my life!—another minute, and our hut, with all our stock and stores, would have been burnt to a cinder.

EMMEL. Good Heavens! what mean you?

JACK. Mean! why that your new lady's maid, that infernal old French admiral, has been airing my linen.

EMMEL. Is that all, Robinson?

JACK. All! and isn't it enough? But it's not all; behold the sad remains of beauty once admired—what were once a decent pair of—of unmentionables.

EMMEL. 'Tis well it's no worse; but forgive him this once.

JACK. Well, well—there, you may come down, you—I won't hurt you—but you deserve it, to burn a gentleman's—But, lady, you to your journal, while I cook the supper.

(*Music.—EMMELINE sits to write at her journal, while JACK (first having put some eggs into an earthen pot on the fire,) sits at the table, paring some yams, with his back against the fire—the MONKEY, having watched all this, descends—goes to the fire, and with a spoon abstracts the eggs from the pot—deliberately cracks the ends, sucks them, and replaces them in the pot—EMMELINE rises, and PUG retreats to the ship's mast.*)

EMMEL. I have traversed half the island to-day, and exercise has created a charming appetite.

JACK. Has it? Then, lady, you shall have a charming supper; for searching the beach this morning in my usual ramble, I found some fresh laid turtle eggs; they are all for you, lady; roots shall be my supper.

(*Music—He goes to fire, takes off pot, pours water off, and carefully turns eggs out.*)

JACK. Now, lady, eat, eat; if a meal be ever so humble, let me have it hot.

EMMEL. Why, Robinson, what call you these?

JACK. I call them turtle eggs, and delicious, I warrant them, for the inside of a turtle egg is—

EMMEL. Empty! (*holding it up.*)

JACK. What hocus pocus! Damme, if they haven't been sucked! Ah! by that infernal monkey!

EMMEL. Oh, no; do not kill him!

JACK. Oh, lady—lady! you'll have cause to repent your

harbouring such a confound mischievous animal! Shiver my timbers if he won't starve us all.

EMMEL. Dismiss—drive hence, but do not kill him! Send him forth to his native woods and wilds, but harm him not, I implore it.

JACK. Well, well, your word is law with me; so come down, my beauty! I'll appoint you *foreign ambassador* to any court you like, only get out of this; so away with you—away!

(*Music.—ROBINSON with great glee throws the door open, at which moment a distant report of cannon is heard—he pauses—'tis heard again—the music expressive of a storm, but played very piano, that it may be spoken through.*)

JACK. Hark! my ear deceives me, or that was a gun upon the coast. Did you hear it?

EMMEL. But now, say you!

JACK. This instant—but hark! if 'twas the melancholy signal of distress, in a few seconds it must again salute our ear. (*gun.*)

EMMEL. Then I distinctly heard it!

JACK. The flash, too, was visible! 'Tis some ship foundering on this fatal shore! Ah! there's the light at her topmast head to tell her danger! Yes, she has struck on that infernal black rock.

EMMEL. The spot where my father perished. Why do we loiter here? Forth, forth! and aid the wretched sufferers!

JACK. Hold! not so fast; prudence must be our sheet anchor now.

EMMEL. Robinson, what mean you?

JACK. Caution! 'Tis not for myself I care a mouldy biscuit, but for my kind master's daughter; I didn't snatch her from a watery grave to see her die with hunger. Our stores and means with strictest care can support but two, and should—I say *should* some dozen poor creatures escape that wreck with life, wholly dependant on our resources—

EMMEL. I understand you; but would you—*could* you see them perish while food was stored within our hut? Robinson! you are not the man my brave father thought!

JACK. Lady, lady! you've cut me to the heart; I tell you Jack Robinson cares little for himself; but should any harm befall you? Lady, I don't deserve such a rebuke! My whole life has been devoted to your service.

EMMEL. Then prove that devotion by following your mistress to rescue those whom winds and waves assail, and shortly may o'erwhelm. Come! to the beach—to the beach!

*Runs off, door in F.*

JACK. Oh, Jack—Jack! never again let a cool, calculating selfish head destroy the noble warmth in the honest heart of

a British sailor. To the beach—to the beach, Jack! to the beach!

(*Music.—Runs out slamming the door—MUSHAPUG now jumps down, and not knowing the use of doors, in an instant is over the paling, and out of sight.*)

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**SCENE IV.—*The Bay on a stormy night. At the R. 1 E., a rude signal post, to which is attached an old square lantern—but without a light. Music.***

*Enter EMMELINE hastily, L.*

EMMEL. Alas! how dreadful is the fury of this storm, which makes the curling waves to mountain billows rise. Robinson! oh, why is he not here? He will not—cannot sure deny his aid.

JACK. (*without, L.*) Hilloa! a head there my young lady!

EMMEL. Quick—quick! Where are you?

*Enter JACK, L.*

JACK. Here, before you can say Jack Robinson.

EMMEL. Robinson!

JACK. Yes, here's the repentant Jack; ready to give meat, drink, washing and lodging to any poor devil that surely old Neptune—that most hard-hearted landlord—pooh! sea lord, kicks upon our rocky coast.

EMMEL. Have you fire arms?

JACK. As pretty a brace as ever cried "pop;" and well primed and loaded, too.

EMMEL. Discharge them, then; the sound or flash will give the poor perishing wretches notice that friends are near.

JACK. I only wait for a pause in the blast, and then— (*fires, as MONKEY enters—who falls prostrate with fright; the second shot makes him jump up again.*) Now, lady, the lantern, and then for the beach.

(*Music.—He receives the lantern from EMMELINE, and departs, L.—PUG now begins to revive from his fears, finding himself not hurt, he rises and advances towards EMMELINE, who exhausted with agitation, is leaning against the beacon post, and pulls her by the dress.*)

EMMEL. Who's that?

*Enter JACK, L.*

JACK. Jack Robinson! Eh? what has alarmed you since I went?

EMMEL. Nothing, Robinson—nothing! and yet, I surely felt—No, no—'twas my imagination! Come, good Robinson, quick—raise the beacon light.

(*Music.—They haul the lantern up, during which Pug has popped the coil of line round his neck—thrown the boat hook across his shoulders.*)

JACK. Now lady, to the black rock—oh, oh! there you are, my beauty. Ah! what take the right road? Bravo Pug—only lend us a good hand now, and I'll forgive you your former tricks, you mischievous old robber!

*Exeunt, l.*

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SCENE V.—*The Black Rock—occupying the whole l. of the stage. The Deck of a three masted Vessel as far as the main-mast appears imbedded among the Rocks. Her bulwarks shattered—Mizen by the board. The back flats represent a stormy horizon, forked lightening, &c. Music.—At the opening of the scene, loud thunder, and vivid lightning.*

*On deck, JOSE RIMIERO, the Captain, giving orders. MULEY, SEBASTIAN, and THOMASO at the pump. ISADORA, and JUAN in the front, kneeling. The CREW in active employment to the end. A terrific crash is heard. ISADORA shrieks—the CREW all rush aft. The thunder rolls heavily, then all is silent.*

DIEGO, *rushes aft.*

DIEGO. All hope is vain, and labonr useless—the ship is parting. All's lost!

ISADORA. Lost! Oh, forbid it Heaven! Guardian of the innocent and weak, protect—save my beloved child!

JOSE. (R. H.) Isadora—my wife! calm—be calm! Your grief alarms my heart—distracts my thoughts, and destroys the commander's coolness in the hour of peril! Be firm, my love—I know 'tis horrible! but be firm. (*a crash.*)

MULEY. Delay is madness! Lower the boat there!

JOSE. Hold! till I command!

MULEY. You command! Command the ocean to be still! command that north east gale to belay its fury! Command a friendly wave to clear us from this infernal reef of rocks! Do this, and your word shall be law—if not, why—Ha, ha! you've no command o'er me. I love life, and I've a fancy to keep it; so lower the boat there!

JOSE. Villain! though perils in their most fearful shape surround me, I still can punish mutiny.

(*Music.—He strikes him to the ground, SEBASTIAN is about to cut the CAPTAIN down, but THOMASO stays his hand.*)

ISADORA. Mercy—mercy ! he is my husband ! for the sake of this innocent boy !

MULEY. Fear not, we'll not harm you ; but for your husband, his fate is fixed. I have received a blow—yes, a blow ; and yet the striker lives. Now mark an African's revenge. (*the CAPTAIN is bound.*) Lower the boat there, quick ; stow provisions lads—plenty, mind ; the compass and a chart. And you, fair lady, shall share our perils, or our safety.

(*Music.—The above speech is exemplified by action ; the boat is lowered, CREW embark leaving the CHILD, THOMASO, and JOSE only on board—ISADORA forming a prominent picture in the boat, MULEY restraining her, but at length it leaves sight of the Audience.*)

JOSE. Forsaken at an hour so dreadful ; left by the mutinous rascals to perish, with my helpless boy, abandoned by all—

THOMASO. (*who has concealed himself, now appears.*) Not so, good captain ! one faithful heart still remains, old Thomaso. If I desert you in this your hour of peril, may I perish in the effort. (*Music.—Releases CAPTAIN.*) Now, bear a hand, captain. Belay the younker to my back.

JOSE. But my poor boy ?

THOMASO. Fear not for him ; I can swim like an old gander. (*putting the CHILD on while speaking.*) So hold on my young 'un ; is he all taut and belayed abaft ? then all's right ! Follow captain ! Hold on young 'un for here goes a brace of us.

(*Music.—He jumps into the wave, JOSE follows, and as they are seen floating away, the drop descends.*)

END OF ACT I.

## A C T II.

SCENE I.—Rocky Sea Shore. Moonlight. Lights half down. A rugged path along the edge of the Cliff. *Music.—The storm abated.*

MULEY amidst the rocks making signals with his handkerchief ; he descends by the pathway, and reaching the stage, faints and falls to the ground. ROBINSON appears on the rock above, he descends to the base of the rock,

JACK. All my efforts will be useless ; all hands have I fear found a watery grave ! (*Music.—He advances and sees MULEY.*)

No, here lies one poor fellow ! Ah ! a son of Afric's clime—perhaps he was a slave ; if so, death was no punishment, but a blessing ! poor fellow ! I will not mourn for you, for now no more you'll quail before a tyrant master's eye—no more your flesh will bleed beneath the torturing lash ! Your race is run, your sufferings ended ! (MULEY groans.) A groan ! then he still may be preserved. (Music.—He raises him, administers brandy from flask bottle ; he recovers, sees his deliverer.)

MULEY. Where am I ? safe, and on shore ! Yes, but alone, alone—all my comrades perished then ! yes, I saw them battling with the monstrous billows, and then—oh ! horrid thought ! I saw them sink, sink—sink ! Brandy, brandy, more brandy !

JACK. Calm, calm yourself—my poor fellow !

MULEY. (turning fiercely.) What art thou ?

JACK. Always the friend to a brother in distress ! A man with a heart to feel, and hand to succour ! Fear not—I can and will assist you—only obey.

MULEY. Obey ! preach to the wind ! Obey ! I obey myself alone ! I will have brandy ! (pause.) Hold ! forgive a shipwrecked, and half drowned sailor. I owe you much—perhaps my life ; accept my grateful thanks !

JACK. Poor fellow ; well, take the flask ; use it, but don't abuse it. (music—he gives him the flask.

EMMELINE appears behind, L. U. E.

EMMEL. Robinson ! Robinson ! where art thou ?

JACK. Here, lady, here !

(she rushes down, bearing in her arms little JUAN, followed by PUG.)

EMMEL. See ! behold this lovely boy, rescued from the all-devouring waves ! To our poor monkey this infant owes his life.

MULEY. An infant !

JACK. Ay, and a fine bonny little fellow it is.

MUEEY. 'Tis our captain's child.

EMMEL. Ah ! then his father, too, may be saved ; for see, this epaulette was stolen by poor Pug from the shoulder of a shipwrecked man, who now lies upon the beach.

MULEY. Dead ?

EMMEL. No, life is not extinct.

MULEY. (aside.) Curses on the lip that utters the hated and unwelcome news.

EMMEL. Quick, Robinson, hasten to the beach, while I bear this poor infant to our hut. Mark, friend, yonder it stands ; you cannot miss the path.

MULEY. Thanks, thanks, many thanks ; I'll follow, lady.

EMMEL. Come, Pug, now to prove how useful you can be when needs demands ; help to bear this little innocent to safety and repose. Come, sir.

(*Music.—She places child on PUG's back, and they go off,*  
L. U. E.)

MULEY. The captain living ! how could he escape the fate to which I doomed him ? Well, let him live ; what care I ? He is but one, and here, hand to hand, and man to man, I fear him not. In daring I'm his equal, in strength, superior ; then let him dread that strength and daring. We have no Court Martials here, ha, ha, ha !

DIEGO. (*behind, R.*) Hilloa !

MULEY. Ha ! my ear deceived me, or 'tis a comrade's well known voice.

DIEGO. Muley !

MULEY. Hilloa ! here, holloa !

*Music—DIEGO rushes in, R. U. E.—they embrace.*

MULEY. What, Diego ! alive ?

DIEGO. Ay, Muley, alive ; but how long to live I know not, cast as we are upon a desolate island.

MULEY. Desolate ! psha ! a land of milk and honey ! Look here's proof, *strong*, proof—proof *brandy*. (*drinks.*) When did desolation ever yield a drop of brandy like that ? Drink, I say.

DIEGO. How now ? is it fair to jest with a poor shipmate's miseries ? Muley, the flask is empty.

MULEY. Eh ? 'twas full but now ; psha ! heed it not. That bottle must have a family on the island, and we'll visit them, never fear. Look at that hut, thou old king of grief ; there, there we'll lodge for the night. I'm invited by a lady.

DIEGO. Muley—is this a time to jest ?

MULEY. I jest not—'tis true ; true as that our captain is safe, sound, and alive upon the island here.

DIEGO. Alive ! Rimiero alive ! then all is lost.

MULEY. Lost ! pooh ! all's not lost that's in danger. Will you stand firm by my side ?

DIEGO. I swear it ! firm heart and hand ; Sebastian and Fernando, too.

MULEY. What, have they escaped ?

DIEGO. They have all escaped, and Isadora too.

MULEY. Isadora alive ! Oh, demon of revenge, fire my breast ; a blow demands a life. Psha ! life for a blow is but puny vengeance ! Isadora, the beloved of his soul, whose image his very heart strings hold ; ha ! ha ! 'tis here, 'tis here ! More brandy, Diego. Come, to the hut, to the hut. Come,

brandy ! A blow ! oh, for that blow a thousand living deaths shall torture him. Come, for revenge ! Brandy, brandy and revenge !

*Music. They rush out, L.*

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Hut. Music*

*Enter ROBINSON, L, conducting JOSE, who, on the other side is supported by THOMASO.*

THOMASO. There, there, my gallant but unfortunate commander ; cheer thee, cheer thee !

JACK. Come, brighten up, sir ; here's a snug port, and safe anchorage close under your starboard bow here ; shouldn't that comfort you ?

JOSE. Talk not of comfort to a wretch who ne'er can taste of comfort more. My wife, the idol of my soul, my pretty boy, the life blood of my heart !

JACK. A boy said you—a boy ?

THOMASO. The captain's only son ; but son and mother both are lost, for ever lost. I hoped to save the child, though winds and waves contended for their prey ; I battled stoutly—though old, I'm tough and strong—my foot soon pressed the shore, the boy felt safety, and bounded from my grasp ; at that fatal moment the receding billows hurled us in the o'erwhelming surf, and thus separated, he sunk to rise no more.

JACK. Avast ! not so—he lives ! the child is safe

JOSE.  
THOMASO. } Safe !

JACK. Safe, sound, and alive in yonder hut.

JOSE. Alive—in safety ! Oh, let me fly—

JACK. Avast ! don't fly yet ; check all transports now. He lives, and in the morning, when refreshed by sleep, shall bless his anxious father's arms ; but disturb him not to-night, sir ; 'twould be dangerous.

THOMASO. Well counselled, messmate. Come, captain, yield to good advice.

JOSE. Well, Thomaso, I yield ; yet, ere I sleep, let me silently behold his cherub face ; for oh ! 'tis the image of his sainted mother.

JACK. His sainted mother ! Your—your wife is dead, then, captain ?

THOMASO. Belay ! you touch an unhealed wound. (*takes him aside.*) You see the gallant captain of a Spanish galliot, doating on his wife and child, he took them on this voyage ; at sea a mutiny broke out, planned and practised by a wily African. He met the punishment due to mutiny, for which revenge has rankled in his breast ; and when we struck upon

your rocks, all subordination ended—they lowered the boat—then bound our brave commander to the mast—forced away his wife—and left *him* with his innocent child, and this old weather-beaten trunk, to shift for ourselves. But the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft stretched forth a hand to save us. We are saved—(*kneels.*) and to the great disposer of all events, an aged seaman thus shews his gratitude.

(*kneels—clasps hands.*

JACK. Providence has indeed been kind; and there is hope that all are saved.

THOMASO. What mean you?

JACK. The African lives; I have encountered him.

JOSE. Ah! Muley escaped? Then there is hope that my wife, my beloved Isadora, yet may live!

JACK. Then trust all to me. I'll to the beach—you to repose. Nay, seek not to go with me; exhausted nature demands repose; in—in.

(*Music.—He knocks at door, PUG appears, opens door, lets them in; JACK exits L.*

### SCENE III.—*The Hut—as before.*

*Music.—At the opening of the scene, PUG is seen sitting on the bed, by the side of JUAN, who appears fast asleep. After a few bars, JOSE and THOMASO enter D. in F. They appear to be looking for JUAN, which PUG observing, lowers the sail cloth, and hides JUAN from view. JOSE now advances to the opening, passing in on one side, as PUG passes out on the other with JUAN, placing him in safety in the clothes chest, closing the lid and hiding himself. JOSE and THOMASO return.*

JOSE. Not here! At such a moment he would not, could not trifle with an anxious father's feelings; and yet he is not here. Thomaso, search yonder room, quick! Juan, my child! where, where art thou?

(*they rush out R., PUG opens lid, and JUAN exclaims—*

JUAN. Here am I, father! What, gone? Oh, no, I'm sure my dear papa wouldn't leave his poor little Juan. Here, father, here I am. (*runs after him, R.*)

(*Music. At this moment, violent exclamations without by MULEY, SEBASTIAN, DIEGO—“This way, lads, this way.”*

*PUG shews signs of alarm, goes to door, looks out, expresses terror, and jumping into box, closes the lid upon himself.—Enter EMMELINE, L.*

EMMEL. Heavens! what means this tumult?

MULEY. (*without.*) On board, there!—on board the *victualing office*, ahoy!

EMMEL. The efforts of the kind Robinson have been successful, then; part of the unhappy crew have been preserved, and come for further succour. Providence be praised, we are the happy instruments of their preservation. (*crash.*)

*Music.—Enter MULEY, SERASTIAN and DIEGO, D. in F. forcing in ISADORA, followed by PEDRO, FERNANDO and HENRIQUEZ.*

MULEY. There! what are bolts and bars to the force of hunger, thirst, and determined arms? there, lady, I told you we should soon find decent anchorage. No bad harbour this, Diego. Be seated, lady; you are welcome to all you see; and now, my lads, remain without, and give us timely notice should any untoward accident occur.

*Exit CREW, except MULEY, DIEGO and SEBASTIAN, D. in F.*

EMMEL. Lady, share all that I possess—'tis freely yours; for I have known misfortune's frown, and all the horrors of a fatal shipwreck. Though small my means, again I say, you, lady, may command them.

MULEY. You say well, lady, and we shall put your generosity to the test, I think. You must know, I detest the sight of an empty bottle—(*holding up flask.*) though I could never keep one full. (*aside.*) Brandy, you have brandy, lady?

EMMEL. We have. In yonder room our stores are kept; give me the flask, and I'll replenish—

MULEY. No, why trouble you, when we can help ourselves? So heave ahead, my lads, to the brandy store! (*aside to them.*) All's right—their provisions shall be ours. We must afloat again—our boat is thrown uninjured on the beach; the storm's abated, and curling waves, instead of mountain billows, now salute the eye—so, to the stores.

*Music.—They exeunt, D. L. H.*

ISADORA. Oh, quickly let me warn my generous benefactress of her impending danger. You know not the hardened villains that you shelter. My dear husband, and my beloved child, my poor innocent boy, both have fallen victims to their base revenge!

EMMEL. Not so, lady; your fears deceive you; the hand of Providence defeated their horrid purpose. Your child still lives.

ISADORA. Lives!

EMMEL. Lives—and is within this hut.

ISADORA. Alive—my child alive!—oh, you have recalled me from the depths of misery to joys bright summit. Juan! my boy!

JOSE. (*without, r.*) My Isadora's voice!

ISADORA. My husband!

*Music.—JOSE rushes in, r., with JUAN in his arms.—Tableau.*

JOSE. My beloved wife!—alive and in safety!—my boy, too, in his fond mother's arms!—oh, words are too powerless to express my joy! But say, my Isadora, how escaped you from that villain, Muley?

ISADORA. Caution, my dearest husband. Prudence now must take the reins from vengeance, or all is lost. Muley, with Sebastian and Diego are now beneath this roof; mark, they are armed, too, and you—

JOSE. True, true; alas! I am defenceless.

MULEY. (*without.*) Steady, Diego; Sebastian, lash on that keg.

EMMEL. They approach—listen! I can procure you arms.

ISADORE. But, alas! they are three to one.

JOSE. Not so. Old Thomaso lives; and should they threaten, he still is his master's firmest friend.

EMMEL. And with trusty Robinson, as brave as faithful, to aid your cause, the contest will be equal.

MULEY. (*without.*) Hoist sail, Diego, with the brandy.

EMMEL. Quick, quick! retire awhile, and leave all to me.

JOSE and JUAN go off, r., ISADORA sits down r.

*Enter MULEY, DIEGO and SEBASTIAN—DIEGO and SEBASTIAN loaded with bags of bread, kegs, &c., which they put down on table at back—MUSHAPUG throws them over opening.*

EMMEL. How now! is this your return for kindness in your hour of peril? What! forcibly deprive us of our slender stores? What would you with them?

MULEY. Turn them to good account when on board, with a light breeze and a good offing.

EMMEL. Oh, men, men!—would you pillage, basely rob us of our little store, then leave us here to perish?

MULEY. Leave you! fear not that—you shall both with us; so, lady fair, your hand. (*to ISADORA.*)

ISADORA. Hence, slave! Dare not pollute it with a touch so vile!

MULEY. Pollute! ha! ha! I seek revenge upon your hated husband!—revenge for a blow received. All resistance is in vain. Mark, fond wife—you're mine! (*whistle heard.*) Ha! what means that signal? Danger's abroad! Quick, to the boat, to the boat!

*Music.—They seize the FEMALES—a struggle ensues—JOSE and THOMASO rush in, R. and rescue them.*

Ah! how now? Diego, Sebastian, why pause ye?

JACK. (*appearing at door, L. C.*) Hollo!—what the devil's all this about I should like to know?

MULEY. Upon them to their hearts!

(*MULEY rushes at JOSE—DIEGO then rushes to THOMASO, who falls on one knee and holds his arm—JACK seizes DIEGO by the collar with one arm, and with the other wards off the blow from SEBASTIAN—he throws them both off.*)

JACK. Now, you rascals! you'll discover yourselves without your heads before you can say Jack Robinson!

(*combat of six—in the course of which DIEGO and JOSE are wounded. At the end of combat, MUSHAPUG jumps on table with a hatchet—knocks down MULEY. At this moment*

*Enter FERNANDO, HENRIQUEZ, and PEDRO, door L. C.*

(*FERNANDO and PEDRO seize JACK ROBINSON—HENRIQUEZ seizes THOMASO.*)

MULEY. Welcome, welcome, lads. To you we owe that we are the winners of the fight. Quick—let's profit by the chance. On board the boat, and hence without delay!

PEDRO. Both time and tide say nay to that. The boat lies high and dry—three weary hours must pass before she'll float.

DIEGO. Three hours! then 'twere as well to secure our conquered foes.

MULEY. Ay, they've shown too much courage to be left in freedom. But how to confine them? Let's see—(*music.*) MULEY looks about—opens door near fire-place.) Just tight stowage for two; so cram the captain and his old gunner in together.

JOSE. My child! my boy!

MULEY. So fond! then stow in the young brat, too, to die—ay, and the mother with them, and make a snug family party. (*music.—They seize and force them into the room.*) No bolt or fastenings? How to secure them? I have it!—that chest, my lads. (*they bring the chest and place it before the door.*) And now for you, my friend. (*to JACK.*)

JACK. Friend me no friend. Friend is a sacred word, and should never be uttered by a treacherous rascal.

MULEY. Silence, fool! and mark me well. Though I don't make much talk about my virtues, I did intend to show you some little gratitude.

JACK. Gratitude! you talk of gratitude! Why, d—e, if you know the meaning of the word; and I'll bet a guinea to a shilling you couldn't spell it!

MULEY. Silence! or my vengeance—

JACK. D—n your vengeance! Don't stand grinning at me; Jack Robinson's not the man to be frightened by your ugly black face and white teeth, Old Belzebub! (*MULEY, enraged, advances to strike.*) Do—strike an unarmed man!—the man who saved your life—the foolish fellow who crammed you with everything but gratitude; *that* stuck in your rascally throat, and could never reach your heart!

MULEY. I did owe you obligations, but you raised your arm against me, and cancelled all; and now—(*advances to strike.*) No, live—live!

JACK. Live! so I will, as long as convenient; and when I die, whoever examines my heart, will find written there—“Love to a woman—honour to a friend—and contempt for a blackguard,” like yourself.

DIEGO. Stop his prating—cut out his tongue.

JACK. You must cut out my heart first, for that prompts my tongue; and while that heart beats, the tongue shall wag against such cowardly ruffians. You, sailors! psha! you're only swabs!

DIEGO. Swabs!

JACK. Yes, swabs; and only give me a chance, I'd fight you all, one down, t'other come on.

MULEY. Hold—spare his life; but bind him to that plank.

(*they overpower him.*

JACK. Oh, for one at a time; how I'd tip it you!

MULEY. Now, lads, to the beach, and when the boat's afloat, give us instant notice.

*Exeunt FERNANDO, HENRIQUEZ and PEDRO, door in R.—*

HENRIQUEZ *first giving pistols to MULEY.*

Now, all's secure, I'll rest awhile.

DIEGO. But who will keep the watch, good captain?

MULEY. Myself; I'll keep the watch.

JACK. There's a precious lubber!—a captain to keep the watch! You'd better ask the cook to steer the vessel next.

MULEY. Peace!

JACK. Oh, stuff! (*with contempt.*)

MULEY. Lady, sit you there; and, for your life, stir not.

(*Music.—He places a stool for EMMELINE, she sits; the SAILORS stretch themselves on the ground and sleep—MULEY looks at ROBINSON, then examines pistols and falls asleep on chest. During this, MUSHAPUG goes to EMMELINE and caresses her; he takes the pistol from MULEY, and pulling it about, discharges it—MULEY and CREW start up alarmed—JACK laughs—MUSHAPUG gets on table frightened.*

JACK. Ha, ha, ha! damme, if the captain and his whole crew arn't terrified at the report of a pistol! It was only my

monkey. Ha, ha, ha ! (*Music—they look round, see MUSHAPUG, they rush upon him, and he throws all the plates upon them, and hides himself.*) Bravo, Pug ! that was a good broadside—Jack Robinson's monkey for ever !

MULEY. No matter—all's safe !

JACK. Yes, safe enough. "Safe find, safe bind," appears to be your favourite proverb.

MULEY. You be silent !

JACK. You be hanged !

MULEY. Be thankful we spare your life. To rest again, my lads, and sleep in peace. You see you have nought to fear.

(*Music—They sleep—after a time, MULEY shows signs of drowsiness, and falls asleep on chest—MUSHAPUG goes to DIEGO, and tickles his face with a straw.*

EMMEL. They sleep ! Fatigue, and the potent liquor robs them of all power. Could we but escape our present bondage, the boat would bear us in safety from the island. Yes, it must be so ! Courage Emmeline ! to your task at once.

JACK. Quick, lady—untie this cord !

EMMEL. (*trying to unbind him.*) I cannot—the villains have so tightly bound you. In vain I strive to undo the knot.

JACK. Try, then, to remove the chest from before the captain's door.

EMMEL. (*trying.*) 'Tis all in vain—my strength avails not !

JACK. Let Pug assist. You make the effort, I warrant he'll soon volunteer his strength.

EMMEL. (*goes to him.*) He does not heed me ! How to make him understand !

JACK. Try to remove it—you'll find him prompt to aid you.

(*EMMELINE and MUSHAPUG, after many efforts, remove the box, and JOSE and THOMASO come out—THOMASO unties JACK.*

EMMEL. Hush ! move in silence to the beach.

*They go off, d. in f.—MUSHAPUG gets hatchet, jumps on chest, cuts MULEY's leg—he jumps up, sees closet door open, and rushes in—MUSHAPUG pushes empty chest against door, fastening MULEY in—DIEGO awakes—MUSHAPUG puts large basket over him—MULEY makes an alarm—his CREW awake and release him.*

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#### SCENE IV.—Cut Wood, and Sea View.

*Music.—JOSE, THOMASO, ISADORA, and EMMELINE enter, ,L. followed by JACK, JUAN, and MUSHAPUG—the latter loaded with bread bags,*

JACK. Bravo, Pug ! you've taken such good care of the

stores, you shall be purser. Here, messmate, lend a hand—he's sinking beneath his load. (*they relieve MUSHAPUG.*)

ISADORA. Ha ! our flight is discovered ! See, where the villains now turn yon rock !

THOMASO. The rascals see us, and mend their pace !

JOSE. What's to be done ? we are without arms !

JACK. Arms ! but we are not without hands, and they shall procure us weapons. Here's a good four feet of mountain ash, and damme, if we don't knock their nobs about. (*Music.*

—MUSHAPUG brings on several sticks and each takes one—DIEGO and HENRIQUEZ rush in, L. and seize the FEMALES—JACK and his party rush on them, with MUSHAPUG at their head—DIEGO and HENRIQUEZ are laid flat in an instant—the others rush off to gain the boat, R., MUSHAPUG remains behind striking DIEGO—MULEY rushes in—he fires his pistol.) That shot has missed them ! This may prove more fortunate !

(as he levels, MUSHAPUG knocks him flat, picks up the pistol, and runs off. PEDRO and SEBASTIAN now enter—they raise MULEY, who receives arms from PEDRO—they all rush off, R.—DIEGO last, most miserably beaten.

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SCENE V.—*The Beach and Conical Rock at Sunrise. Winding Pass, L.—a boat, with sails, moored by the rock.*

Enter JOSE, with JUAN, R.—crosses to L., looks off, puts down CHILD—ISADORE rushes to her husband—they see boat, and run off L., appear on rock, and get in boat—THOMASO enters—sees them safe; EMMELINE rushes on and in action asks him where to fly—he then points, and she runs off and appears in boat. JACK enters R., followed by MULEY, DIEGO, and SEBASTIAN—SEBASTIAN rushes to THOMASO—short combat and fight off—THOMASO then gets in boat, after he disarms SEBASTIAN on rock, who falls in the water. JACK now fights MULEY and DIEGO. MUSHAPUG, who has climbed up a tree, L., fires a pistol and shoots DIEGO—JACK drives MULEY off R., MUSHAPUG runs off. JACK re-enters, sees DIEGO, disarms and stabs him—he then goes out, L., and then gets in boat—MULEY rushes in, sees JACK, runs out and appears on rock—fires pistol, it misses—JACK fires and shoots MULEY, who falls in the water. As MULEY falls, the boat, with sails hoisted, moves—MUSHAPUG gets on the mast.

JACK. (on board the boat, shouting.) Victory ! victory ! For England, ho ! for England ! (*Music.—“Rule Britannia !”*)

(they all shout—the LADIES waving their hands.

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN.



## Jack Robinson & his Monkey.

*MULEY* And you fair lady shall share our perils or our safety.

*Act 2 Scene last.*