

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01528251 0

Knowles, James Sheridan  
The wrecker's daughter  
Original complete ed.

PR  
4859  
K5W7  
1880



JOHN DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

# THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

THIS PLAY CAN BE PERFORMED WITHOUT RISK OF INFRINGING ANY RIGHTS.

LONDON: JOHN DICKS, 313, STRAND.

# DICKS' BRITISH DRAMA.

ILLUSTRATED.

Comprising the Works of the most celebrated dramatists.

Complete in Twelve Volumes, price One Shilling each; per post, Fourpence extra.

- Vol. 1, contains: The Gamester—Jane Shore—The Man of the World—Love in a Village—Pizarro—The Mayor of Garratt—The Road to Ruin—The Inconstant—The Revenge—The Jealous Wife—She Stoops to Conquer—Douglas—The Devil to Pay—The Adopted Child—The Castle Spectre—The Rivals—Midas—The Stranger—Venice Preserved—Guy Mannering—Fatal Curiosity.
- Vol. 2, contains: A New Way to Pay Old Debts—The Grecian Daughter—The Miller and his Men—The Honey-moon—The Fair Penitent—The Provoked Husband—A Tale of Mystery—The Wonder—The Castle of Sorrento—The School for Scandal—The Iron Chest—George Barnwell—Rob Roy Macgregor—Cato—The Pilot—Isabella; or, the Fatal Marriage—The Lord of the Manor—Arden of Feversham—The Siege of Belgrade.
- Vol. 3, contains: Edward the Black Prince—The Critic; or, a Tragedy Rehearsed—Bertram—The Foundling—Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin—Giovanni in London—Damon and Pythias—The Beggar's Opera—The Castle of Andalusia—John Bull—Tancred and Sigismunda—Ozymon—Werner—Paul and Virginia—The Three Black Seals—The Thieves of Paris—Braganza—The Lily of the Desert—A Trip to Scarborough.
- Vol. 4, contains: Lady Jane Grey—The Gold Mine—Fazio—The Orphan of the Frozen Sea—The Hypocrite—The Curfew—Every Man in his Humour—The Quaker—John Felton—The Turnpike Gate—Prisoner of State—The Lucrecia—The Roman Father—The Provoked Wife—The Waterman—The Maid of Honour—Eudæne—The Merchant of Bruges—Speed the Plough—No Song, no Supper—The Courier of Lyons—Barbarossa.
- Vol. 5, contains: Bothwell—The Claudestine Marriage—Alexander the Great—The Padlock—Theresa, the Orphan of Geneva—In Quarantine—One o'Clock; or, the Wood Demon—The Robbers of Calabria—All the World's a Stage—Zara—The Life-Buoy—The Foundling of the Forest—One Snowy Night—The Wheel of Fortune—Pipermans' Predicaments—The Meadows of St. Gervaise—High Life Below Stairs—The Maid of the Mill—The Dog of Montargis—Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife—The Soldier's Daughter—Thomas and Sally.
- Vol. 6, contains: El Hyder; the Chief of the Ghaut Mountains—The Country Girl—A Bold Stroke for a Wife—The Cullid of Nature—The Lying Valet—Lionel and Clarissa—Who's the Dupe—The West Indian—Earl of Warwick—The Panel—Tom Thumb—The Baby-Body—The Wedding-Day—Such Things Are—Under the Earth—Polly Honeycomb—The Duke of Milan—The Miser—Atonement.
- Vol. 7, contains: The Belle's Stratagem—The Farm House—Gustavus Vasa—The First Floor—Deaf and Dumb—The Honest Thieves—The Beau's Stratagem—The Tobacconist—The Earl of Essex—The Haunted Tower—The Good-Natured Man—The Citizen—All for Love—The Siege of Damascus—The Follies of a Day—The Liar—The Brothers—Lodoiska—The Heiress—The Dragon of Wantley.
- Vol. 8, contains: Tamerlane—Monsieur Toqson—A Bold Stroke for a Husband—Cross Purposes—Father Baptiste—Count of Narbonne—All in the Wrong—The Virgin Unmasked—The Mysterious Husband—The Way to Keep Frolic.
- Vol. 9, contains: The Every One has a Dealer—Apprentice in his Him—The Distress.
- Vol. 10, contains: Martin's Trial—Vows—My Spectator Office—The Gun.
- Vol. 11, contains: The and She Would—The Maid of the nonhotontheic.
- Vol. 12, contains: The Poor Gen—First Love—De—Farmer's Wife—Blame.



PR  
4291 983428  
1700  
1522

After Marriage—Old Magnatism—Lovers' Bohemians—The Re-Id—The Tender Husband—Wives—She Would—School for Arron—Confederacy—The ess Husband—Chro-ard Coeur de Lion—apegoat—Rosina—Recruiting Sergeanty—Are—He's Much to

# THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER.

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.



## Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 21.]

*As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1836.*

ROBERT (Father to Marian.) ... Mr. Knowles.  
 NORRIS ... Mr. Warde.  
 VOLF (Friend to Norris.) ... Mr. Diddear.  
 EDWARD (In love with Marian.) ... Mr. Cooper.  
 BERGMAN ... Mr. Mathews.  
 SAILOR ... Mr. Henry.

PHILIP { Wreckers. } ... Mr. Baker.  
 AMBROSE { Wreckers. } ... Mr. F. Cooke.  
 STEPHEN { Wreckers. } ... Mr. Brindal.  
 CONSTABLE ... Mr. Fenton.  
 BAILIFF ... Mr. Mears.  
 MARIAN (In love with Edward.) ... Mrs. Huddart.

**No. 313. Dicks' Standard Plays.**

## COSTUME.

---

**ROBERT.**—Heavy blue seaman's jacket—Guernsey shirt—petticoat trousers—large fisherman's boots.

**EDWARD.**—Fisherman's blue jacket—blue check shirt—petticoat trousers—light blue stockings—neat fisherman's boots—neat glazed hat—black silk neckerchief—black belt.

**BLACK NORRIS.**—Dark jacket, with coarse pearl buttons—canvas petticoat trousers—large sea boots—leather girdle—curls, fur cap. *Second dress:* Similar but better and cleaner.

**WOLF.**—A rough seaman's pea jacket—canvas petticoat trousers—sea boots—red Guernsey shirt—boit—black hat.

The rest to correspond and harmonize with the scene in which they are discovered.

**MARIAN.**—Fancy grey merino skirt and bodice—small red cloak—gipsy hat—light blue stockings, with neat buckles. *Second dress:* Plain white muslin bridal dress.

**WEDDING PARTY.**—As better sort of fishermen, with bridal favours.

---

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

**EXITS AND ENTRANCES.**—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

**RELATIVE POSITIONS.**—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R.                      RC.                      C.                      LC.                      L.

\*•\* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

# THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The shore, on the coast of Cornwall.*

Enter PHILIP, AMBROSE, and others, *r.*

Philip. Our craft is scandaliz'd! We strip the dead!

But what of that? The dead but want a grave! We give it them; we take what they can spare.

Amb. You're right; we do no more!

Philip. As to the rights

Of the living, whom they leave behind, let men

Look to their own! If not, why let it go!

Is it for us to stand the drenching rain!

Wade to our necks into the sea! perhaps

Take boat and pull among the breakers, at

The peril, every moment, of our lives,

For their behoof, while they lie snug in bed,

Loll o'er their fires, or sit around their feasts?

Methinks there's reason in the wrecker's trade!

Amb. There is. He risks, and toils for what he gets.

Philip. But then he does no mischief to the dead,

More than the waves have done!—and if there be

Among us, one that does, he's not of us.

Those marks of violence, which hands alone,

Not rocks, and waves, that have not hands, can

Are scandal to our name!

Amb. 'Tis clear, foul play

Has oft of late been done, and chiefly there

Enter NORRIS, *L.*

Where Norris takes his stand! What right has he To make that reef his own?

Nor. Who talks of me?

What of Black Norris? Humph—you envy him!

“What right has he to make that reef his own?”

The right you all would stand on if you could—

The right of might!

Philip. Who thought of seeing him?

Who dream'd that he was near?

Nor. I am a dark.

And surly man!—Am I the worse for that?

May not the heart that's here be soft as yours

The man that's ever smiling, still speaks soft—

And no one here would pass for such a man—

I'd never trust! He'll prove a hypocrite!

The sky doth change its 'haviour—'tis no rogne!

And why not man that lives beneath the sky,

If he be honest? Marks of violence

On bodies washed ashore? You want to know

How they came there? I'll tell you—Why by hands!

Is not that frank?—I'll tell you something more—

'Twas not by mine. It follows not, because

The hair is rough, the dog's a savage one!

Amb. 'Tis true.

Nor. Come, come, hang no man for his looks!

The thing's disgrace! Let's put a stop to it;

And each man do his best, to find him out,

That bring the shame upon us—he it be,

Or you, or him, or whomsoe'er it may;

And hunt him not by looks! Such hounds—you know

What hounds are, I suppose—are oft at fault!

Sleek looks may be companions of rough heart!

I have found it many a time! As for the reef

You say I make my own—you're welcome to it;

But take it if you dare.

[*Aside, and exit, L.*]

Amb. We've done him wrong.

Philip. I know not.

Amb. Think the best! Come; in the end

It may be as he says. What'e'er we've thought,

No guilt has been brought home to him—although

His father is no better than he should be,

And sees far lands, by favour of the law.

Let's keep awake! Each think the watch his own

Whispers grow loud, and we must silence them,

Else we'll be look'd to, and our trade's at end!

[*They go out on different sides.*]

SCENE II.—*Cliffs, with the shore in the distance.*

*A ship in the offing.*

Enter EDWARD and MARIAN, *R, hand in hand.*

Edw. Look blythe, my pretty Marian! The true heart

Should ne'er be a misgiving one!—My girl,

My gentle girl, look blythe!—Didst ever see

So fair a day?—There's scarce a cloud in sight!

The breeze is just the one our vessel likes;

Jibb, spanker, all will draw! Tight-water boat,

Staunch crew, bold captain,—Marian, what's to

fear?

Marian. Absence, that gives to lovers taste of death!

And, long protracted, makes them wish for death!

So wearisome to bear!—When last you left,

So long you stay'd,—life, from a precious gift,

Nor deem it loss, but gain!—my constant thought,

How time did break his promise, day by day,

To bring thee back to me. O! of the sighs,

I have heav'd in an hour I could have found a wind,

Had I the cunning to make store of them,

Would cause thy ship to heel! There have I sat,

From coming in to going out of light,

Perch'd, like a lonely beacon, on the cliff,

Watching for thee,—and if I saw a speck,

I thought thee there,—and, when it pass'd away,

I felt the pangs of parting o'er again!

How long will be away?

Edw. A month.

Marian. Say two!

I'll make my mind up to two months—and then,

If thou return'st before the time, thou know'st

It will be usury of happiness!  
Thou'lt stay two months!—Two months is a long  
time!

*Edu.* I tell thee but a month!

*Marian.* I'll not believe it;

For, if I should, and thou beyond should'st stay,  
Each hour beyond will be another month;  
So, for my two months, may I pine two score!  
Nay, for two months I will not look for thee!

*Edu.* And then we marry.

*Marian.* So my father says.

*Edu.* Oh, Marian, when thou'rt mine!

*Marian.* Thou wilt not go  
Again to sea.

*Edu.* No girl!—Another trip  
We are rich enough! How love hath made us wise!  
When boy and girl, we talk'd as man and wife;  
And 'gan to hoard 'gainst days of housekeeping  
Our first small venture what a heap it brought!  
Its value more than ten times doubled! 'Twas  
That Heaven did bless it!—Marian, that's the luck!  
And since that lucky day, whate'er we've tried  
Has thriven with us still.

*Marian.* Thank heaven it has.

*Edu.* Ay!—And the Saint who taught me on her  
knee,

"No life so happy as an honest one!"—

Thy mother!—Thy dear mother, Marian—

*Marian.* She lov'd thee!

*Edu.* Yes?—What were a wrecker's gains  
Compar'd to ours? To think that they're our own!  
None to dispute them with us!—No, not e'en  
A dead man's bones! I have kept my watch on  
deck

In a gale, the billows higher than our cliffs:  
That, looking from their tops, you wonder'd how  
The vessel could go down, and rise again,  
While as she heel'd until her yard-arms dnck'd  
You thought each moment shroud and brace would  
crack,

And every mast at once be overboard!  
Thus have I kept my watch; and then I have  
found

The best of treasures was a conscience, whole?  
And, with my venture in my chest below,  
Would not have chang'd that slanting, creaking  
deck,

To take the Wrecker's station on the shore,  
With wind and wave at work, and breaking up  
A fast and rich galleon! Marian,  
Why dost thou hang thy head?

*Marian.* My father is  
A wrecker.

*Edu.* So was mine, my Marian.

What then? We're not the children of their trade?  
Pass but another month—Well, I'll say two—  
And change of state shall bring us change of scene.  
We'll quit these haunts, and ply some inland  
calling!

Why turn'st thou pale, my girl? What frightens  
thee?

I only see Black Norris—fear'st thou him?

*Marian.* Yes!—No!—I fear, yet know not cause  
to fear—

No just cause!—Yet—Thank Heaven he's gone  
again!

*Edu.* He dared offend thee once, but paid the  
forfeit;

And durst not offer to wrong thee again;

Hast other cause to fear him, Marian?

*Marian.* When last you were at sea, the weary  
nights

Thy mother and thy Marian did beguile,  
As ever in thy absence they were wont,  
With talk of thee; and, growing sad with that,  
Old tales of marvel, from her ample store,  
The kindly dame would tell—peace to her spirit!—  
I shall not have her now to comfort me!

*Edu.* Don't speak of that! Go on!

*Marian.* One dreary night,  
A wrecker was the story—banish'd son,  
And worse than banished father, that did watch  
A vessel fast upon the Goodwin Sands.

*Edu.* I know!—the body of a man was wash'd  
Ashore. The wrecker fell to rifling it.  
But life was in the body.

*Marian.* That's the tale.  
The wrecker heard him groan—so, conscience-  
wring

He did confess—and, to secure his prey,  
Destroy'd what Heaven had bade the tempest  
spare;

Stopp'd with his hands the holy breath of life,  
And watching, for assurance that the work  
Of foulest sin was done, by the wild glare  
Of the lightning, which just then did rend the  
clouds,

And light the murderous tempest ghastly up,  
Beheld the features of his banish'd boy,  
By his own hands compress'd; and stiff in death!

*Edu.* But what hath this to do with him, the  
sight

Of whom recall'd the tale!

*Marian.* His father is  
A convict, serving in a distant land,  
His term of shame, almost expir'd; for crime  
Done on the storm-strewn shore.

*Edu.* I know he is.

*Marian.* I mus'd on them, as by my mother's  
hearth

I sat; which soon, methought, began to spread  
Into the bay—a furious tempest on,—  
Men, women, children watching here and there,  
On the look out for some unlucky barque,  
Its wrath might catch, and strand upon the shore!  
There was the lightning, and the thunder, and  
The rain and wind, and rattling shingles, as  
The billows, mountains high, came tumbling in,  
And there stood Norris, on that reef of his.

*Edu.* Go on, as 'twere a real tale thou told'st,  
Thou fixest me, with eagerness to hear.

*Marian.* Then came a vessel—a huge hulk!—  
without—

A single mast left standing;—such a one  
Was wreck'd upon the coast three winters gone,  
When thou wast far at sea—I witness'd it.

*Edu.* That ship did come to mind.

*Marian.* O how she heav'd,  
And sank, and reel'd, until at last she struck  
Right on the Wrecker's reef! when soon she went  
To pieces.—Then the body of a man  
Was wash'd on shore, and Norris sprang upon it;  
But life, as in the story I had heard,  
Was in it still; and Norris took that life!

He stabb'd the shipwreck'd man—and lo! it was  
His father!—I did dream the very same  
That very night.—And often since, in sleep,  
Ay, and in waking, too, have seen't again—  
Have seen the bay, the tempest, and the ship;  
The body floating in, and Norris there,  
Rifling it of its life—the body of  
His father! Strange things have been thought of  
him;

And never look I on that scowling man,



But I do think I see a murderer!  
But thou art going, and I talk of him!  
I know not wherefore, but I never felt  
So sad before at parting!

Edw. Fear'st for me?

Marian. No! thou art geed!—Hast trust in  
Heaven—implor'st

Its mercy night and morn! 'Twill show it thee!  
Thou'lt find it 'mid the tempest—near the shoal  
Off the lee-shore!—or, if thy vessel strike,  
Or founder, surer than the sea-bird's wing  
The sea-bird, it will float thee 'bove the wave,  
And bear thee to thy native cliff again!

I have no fears for thee!—I think—I know  
Thou wilt come back to me! Thou hast no fears?

Edw. Nene, Marian!

Marian. But thou hast!—I'm sure thou hast!

I see a trouble in thy face!—I do!  
Thou fear'st for something!—What is it?

Edw. I would

Then hadst not told me of Black Norris,

Marian. Why?

See'st aught in what I told thee?—Dost thou think  
My dream bodes ill?—that something's sure to  
come?

Think'st thou there's aught in dreams? Don't  
answer me?

I don't believe there is!

Edw. There is not, girl!

Marian. Why wish thou what thou did'st?

Edw. He gives thee pain.

Marian. I will not see him again! I nothing see  
When thou'rt away. The sun, the earth, the sea—  
All things without are gone—I have no eye,  
No ear—except within—within, where only  
There can I see and hear thee!—Where I'm with  
thee

At sea—on shore—and oft in hardest strait  
Of peril—where I'm always nearest to thee  
With superhuman power to bear thee through  
In spite of sternest danger! There's the gull!

Edw. Farewell!—

Marian. I'll see thee to the beach!—I will—  
Ay to the water's edge! That I could go  
Alone with thee!—The waves might rise and rear,  
I would not hear or see them!—Come,

Edw. Nay, here

We'll part—my messmates, girl, will laugh at thee.

Marian. Let, them! What! lose a minute—  
what an age

To come of absence! I, that would brave the sea  
To go with thee, heed those the sea doth toss?  
I'll go with thee e'en to the water's edge!  
And then mine eyes shall go along with thee!  
And when thou leavest them, and they must stop  
My thoughts—my heart—my soul—which water,  
land,

Air, nothing 'neath the sun can tear thee from!

[*Exeunt. R.*]

SCENE III.—*The inside of Robert's Cottage, Robert seated in the centre, occupied in splicing an oar.*

*Enter STEPHEN—a lad, R.*

Rob. Well, Stephen! what of the ship?

Ste. She's under way

With every yard of canvas spread,

Rob. the wind

Is fair.

Ste. A point, or more, abaft the beam.  
A ten-knot breeze, and steady.

Rob. So it seems.

'Twill change ere night.

Ste. I see no signs of it.

Rob. You know them not when you do see them,  
Stephen;

Though a good sailor, you're a young one yet;  
But I am old acquaintance of the weather.  
"A point," you say, "or more abaft the beam?"  
Then is the vane north-west. Ne'er heed the vane,  
Look ever to the cloud, the weathercock  
Behoves the shipman heed, which tells what wind  
Will come. How steers the cloud?

Ste. North-west.

Rob. That's right

Against the ship which now sails with the wind!  
Now mark my words! Ere night the wind will  
take

Her merry sails aback, and talk to her  
And bid her clew her gay topgallants up!  
There will be call for reefs, and work for sheets  
And halyards! "Fore sheet, foretop bowling!"  
Throughout the night will keep a busy watch!  
But she'll have sea-room, and no gull more a light  
Deth sit the way than she. Here! lend a hand!  
(*Stephen goes to Robert and assists him.*)

Where's Marian?

Ste. I left her on the beach.

Following the 'parting ship with all her eyes!  
I call'd to her—the sands on which she stood  
Had ears as much as she! She heard me not.  
I turn'd to mark if she did follow me—  
As well expect the sea. It mov'd, but she  
Steed still—in plight as sad, as barque that's driven  
Upon a quicksand, settling fast, and sure  
Never to come away!

Rob. Her mother's vein.

Is in the girl!—So fond a wife was she,  
That marriage, which with most is end of love,  
With me was only the beginning on't!—  
She had been early sent to school—remain'd there  
'Till she could teach where first she had been  
taught

You see the girl she made my Marian!  
She made me good, for she was goodness' self,  
Reclaim'd me from a wrecker, for a time.  
But evil habits, Stephen, like old sores,  
Are seldom safe from breaking out again!  
One night arose the cry, "A ship on shore!"  
I had been out carousing at a wedding—  
The love of my old trade came strong upon me—  
Down to the beach I flew and fell to work,  
Unheeding she did follow. Three whole hours  
Remained she standing in the pelting storm!  
I found her with the blood washed out of her,  
White as our cliff—cold, stiff, and motionless.  
My ill-got spell I soon exchang'd for her,  
Nor set her down 'till in our bed I laid her—  
But heaven did know she was too good for me;  
For from that bed she never rose again!

(*Turns from Stephen.*)

What of the ship? Go to the door and see!

Ste. She's hull down.

Rob. Any other sail in sight?

Ste. Three to the westward.

Rob. Up or down channel?—which?

Ste. Up channel do they bear.

Rob. One of the three

May come ashore to-night.

Ste. The ship has chang'd

Her course!

Rob. The wind has chang'd!—'Tis right ahead!  
She's on the larboard tack—Is it not so?

Ste. It is.

Rob. It looks thick weather round the ship,  
Does not it?

Ste. Yes.

Rob. And 'twill grow thicker! Storm  
Is in the air, though here 'tis sunshine still.  
I feel it! It will blow great guns to-night;  
The send will gallop and the waves will leap!  
A cloud has come o'er the sun! What kind  
Of cloud!

Ste. A streaky one, and black and low,  
Stretching from east to west, and in its wake  
A fleet of others.

Rob. To be sure! I know it  
As well as you that see it. Get my axe,  
Boat-hook, and grapple. Lay them here beside  
me.

[Stephen goes out and returns with the things.]

A storm is coming on from the south-east,  
Right from the sea—full on the shore! The ship  
Is lost that keeps not a good offing, for  
The sea, in such a wind as cometh on,  
Rolls in like a spring-tide, and surely sweeps  
Into our bay the unwary barque, that hangs  
This iron-bound inhospitable shore!  
What offing keep the ships?

Ste. Two miles, the first,  
And more.

Rob. She's safe. The second?

Ste. Scarce a mile.

Rob. She'll have her work to do, to clear the  
bay!

Behoves her to sail well upon a wind!

Lie high! Be lively in her stays! The third?

Ste. Not half a mile. The first ship is about!

Rob. The wind has come to her! That's the new  
wind

I told you of! the wind that brings the storm!  
Will make the tackle sing! the bulk-heads creak!  
Try braces, shrouds and all! The very wind  
For the wrecker! I did see it at one o'clock!

Ste. The second ship is now about.

Rob. She is?

Ste. And bearing from the land. The third  
ship—

Rob. Ay?

Well, what of her?—Is she about too?

Ste. No.

She misses stays! They ware her!

Rob. Is she deep?

Ste. She is.

Rob. Within the head?

Ste. Within the head.

Rob. How far?

Ste. A quarter of a mile.

Rob. A wreck!

Sure as she's now afloat!

Ste. Here's Marian.

Enter MARIAN, abstracted, &c.

Rob. My Marian! My child! Her thoughts are  
still

Upon the parting ship. How does my girl?

Marian. (Coming to herself, and running to Robert.)

Well, father, well? What have you there? Your  
axe,

Boat-hook, and grapple!—Ah!—a storm is  
coming!

You're for the shore again!—the heartless shore,  
That spares nor ship nor shipman!

Rob. Did it lighten?

Ste. It did.

(Robert rises and takes up his wrecker's  
implements.)

Marian. Stay, father, stay! Sit down again  
And listen to me.

Rob. (Resuming his seat.) Well?

Marian. How can'st thou bear  
To strip the seaman, whom the winds do strip—  
The waves—the rocks—which know not what they  
do;

But thou dost know, and ought'st to feel! To  
live

Upon the plunder of the elements!

The havoc of whose fury it should be,  
Thy labour to repair! The drowning man

Forgot, to get possession of the mite

For which he bides the perils of the sea!

And, if he sinks, is not his bubbling breath—

A testament, more strong than pen can write,  
That calls upon the friends he leaves behind—

To make assurance unto those he loves

Of aught the billows spare? Thy boat-hook:  
drops—

Give me thy axe.

Ste. The storm is on! It thunders!

Marian. It is the voice of Heaven in anger!—  
calls

On men for pity to each other—each

Alike in peril plac'd!—Let go thy axe!

Think of the axe that's lifted now above

And falling fast!—might it not light on thee?

Let go thy axe!—Oh, the poor ship—poor crew!

That hear the thunder which the ship hears not!

Oh, their poor wives! poor children! poor friends!

That pray this hour some help may be at hand!

Hear me, my father! Have not you a child?

Were you at sea!—were you within that ship!

Give me your axe—and now that coil of rope—

Your grapple—give it me!

Ste. A gun!

Rob. It is

The signal of distress.

Marian. Thy grapple, father!

Rob. I tell thee, Marian, not a soul can live

In such a sea as boils within our bay.

Marian. And shouldst thou, therefore, strip the  
drowned man?

Oh, at his death-bed, by the side of which

No friend doth stand, there is a solitude

Which makes the grave itself society!

Helplessness, in comparison with which

An ordinary death is kin to life!—

And silence, which the bosom could fill up

With thoughts more aching, sad, and desolate

Than ever uttered wailing tongues of friends

Collected round the bier of one belov'd!—

To rife him!—Purloin his little stock

Of gold, or jewels, or apparel!—take

And use it as thine own!—thou!—thou! whom  
Heaven

Permits to see the sun that's set to him;

And treasures ten times dearer than the sun

Which he shall never see!—Oh, touch it not!

Or if thou touch it—drop it, and fall down

Upon thy knees, at thought of what he was,

And thou, through grace, art still!

Rob. Her mother's voice!

Her mother's words!—Here take the coil!—Put by

My boat-hook, and my axe!—My Marian,

I'll not go to the beach!

Marian. (Having laid the things by.) Heaven guard his ship!

Rob. Thy lover's?—Fear not! She has sea room! She's

A bird upon the sea!

Marian. I am weary, father!

Rob. Go to thy bed. Thou art mind and body worn!

Marian. I will. You'll mind?

Rob. I will, my Marian.

[Exit Marian, l.]

Ste. Another gun!

Rob. And nearer than the first!

She's driving in apace! Who passed the door?

Ste. Black Norris.

Rob. He will make a mint to-night!

Ste. She takes the ground!—Her masts are overboard!

Rob. Black Norris will not spare, and why should I?

The waves won't spare, and why should he or I?

Chests, bales will come ashore!—cordage and spars,

Hatchets will go to work! No one will spare, And why should I?—Not I!—I'll have my share!

(Takes up the boat-hook, &c.)

Marian. (Rushing in.) Father!

Rob. My child, go in!

Marian. Thou go'st not forth!

Rob. I must!

Marian. Oh, father! 'tis unhallow'd work!

Rob. Go thou to rest.

Marian. And thou at work like that?

How would'st thou sleep if I were doing wrong?

I will not let thee forth!

Rob. Come from the door!

Marian. Father!—when Heaven doth bid me shut the door?

Rob. Bid thee who may, I'll open it! Give way!

[Forces her from it—she falls.—Exit Robert and Stephen.]

Marian. Father, I'm stunn'd! He's gone! How could he go!

Oh vice that's early planted! Hard to weed it!

Plant virtue early—Give the flower the chance

You suffer to the weed. To hope success

Where my poor mother fail'd—Heaven pity him,

Heaven pity him—and I, his child, on earth

And not attempt to save him!—Father, father!

[Rushes out, r.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The vicinity of the shore.

Enter WOLF and NORRIS, meeting.

Nor. Wolf!

Wolf. Norris!

Nor. For the shore?

Wolf. Yes.

Nor. Whence I come.

In my o'er haste, what think you I forgot?

My wrecker's gear! I left them behind!

My hatchet, boat-hook, grapple, e'en my knife!

(Going.)

Wolf. (Stopping him.) Tarry awhile! Take breath! Your knife and axe,

Boat-hook and grapple, are not needed yet,

'Tis but the first of flood. Until the tide

Shall lift her o'er the outer bank, she'll hold

together. Tarry here, and look at her!

I have heard of fine sights; aye, and seen them too!

Now what's the finest sight a man can see?

Nor. The finest ship?—a ship ashore, in a bay

Like ours, ten miles and more from any town;

A black sky, a white water, and a shore

All iron-bonnd, and boiling round with breakers,

No sight like that for me! What tounage is she?

Wolf. Four hundred and above. I know a ship,

And not so large a one, you had rather were

Aground than she.

Nor. I know the ship you mean;

She left the bay at noon. You're right! I hate

That ship! I hate her for the sake of one

She carries. Were my father in that ship

I'd laugh to see her drown! One whom they call

A good young man—only another name

For a limb of the devil! No young man can be good!

We are young, and know we not what we are?

Good!

What should make others better?—Better natures?

There's no such thing—all mankind are the same;

Circumstance makes a difference. Circumstance

Is not the man. Had I that fair-skinn'd girl,

Old Robert's daughter—her of the dainty limb,

Round swelling form, and dimpled lady cheek—

Had I that girl for messmate, or could have,

You'd see how soon I'd be a good young man—

Though devil at the bottom still—as he!

Wolf. You fancy her. Why not make up to her?

Nor. I told you, now, the sight which most I

love,

Would'st learn the sight which most I hate? Thou

shalt,

The show of good in man or woman—but,

In woman most. That's strange I hate the

sight

Of a modest woman! 'Tis an eye-sore to me!

I never look at one, but straight I fall

To gazing on myself; and then I writhe

At thought of what I am, and what she seems;

Until I show unto myself, a beast—

Yea, a brute beast—and stand like one before her,

Gazing and stupid,—dumb!

Wolf. 'Tis strange!

Nor. It is.

I have tried to court her—have accosted her,

But ever as that lady cheek of hers

She has turned to me, my speech has failed me,

and

I have stood stock still, confounded at myself;

And like a child cur, slunk at last away!

Strange! that the only show of goodness should

So daunt a bold man, that dares not do

The thing he dares to wish.

Wolf. You mean her fair?

Nor. I do; but e'en for fair ends cannot take

Fair means; as smiling, speaking pretty things.

Pretty behaviour, creeping inch by inch!

I'd have her at a bound—That's not the way

She would be won. With opportunity

I'd woo her though.

Wolf. What do you mean?

Nor. No matter.

'Tis said they'll marry when this trip is done.

Now would old Robert take a sail, and leave  
The girl alone, I'd promise him that's gone  
A merry wedding when his ship comes back.  
How goes it on in the bay? She has moved me—  
thinks

Since last we looked.

*Wolf.* She will not clear the bank  
Before high water, or about it.

*Nor.* And  
The storm you see holds on!—A lover's,  
Did never break a stranded vessel up!  
And plenty on't! 'Twill last till midnight. Black  
As it can look, and right in the wind's eye!  
Ay, steady that! How slow the tide comes in,  
And yet the wind to help it. O'er the bank  
And on the rough ground, she'll not hold together  
The quarter of an hour. I'll be prepared.  
Tell them I'm coming! They'll be sure to give  
A good berth to the reef!

*Wolf.* I will.

*Nor.* Make haste.

[*Exeunt, severally.*]

My feet do seem to cleave unto the ground.  
My tongue doth stiffen! Ha! (*shrieks*) I have  
broke the spell!

I'm by myself! Another minute,—not  
The girl more mad than I! They are gone! All  
gone!

The earth, and air, so thick awhile ago,  
With things that neither earth nor air do own,  
Are empty now! Mine ears, and eyes, take note  
Of nothing but what is—the booming sea—  
The yelling wind—the rattling shingles, as  
The waves roll them up and down again;  
And back my wandering thoughts return, to that  
Which brought me 'midst their uproar—to persuade  
My poor misguided father to return  
And from his lawless work to restrain his hands,  
I have traversed all the Westward shore in vain.  
I'll search the Eastward now.

(*Starts again at the same heap of weeds.*)

Not yet myself—

'Tis the same heap of weeds I saw before!

[*Exit L.*]

SCENE II.—*The sea shore, thunder, lightning, and  
wind.*

*Enter MARIAN.*

*Marian.* I cannot light on him, and not a soul  
I pass'd but I did question—Where is he?  
My brain will burst—a horrible oppression  
Hangs on me; and my senses do discharge  
More than their proper parts,—I see—I hear—  
Things that I should not.—Forms are fitting by  
me!

Voices are in mine ears, as if of things  
That are—and yet I know are not! Each step  
I fear to tumble o'er the body of  
Some drowned man!—There's one—A heap of  
weeds!

Oh, what wild work do fear and fancy make!  
Did someone cry? Well! What? Where are you?  
No!

'Tis nobody! What is't that still keeps up  
This moaning in my ears, as if of words  
Uttered in agony? 'Tis not the sea?  
'Tis not the wind—I hear them both. 'Tis not  
The wreckers on the shore—they utter nought  
But sounds of gladness. 'Tis not the ship! She's  
out—

Of hearing. Am I growing mad? What spot  
Is this I stand upon? What brought me here?  
'Tis here they say a girl one time went mad,  
Seeing a murder done! She was in quest  
Of her brother; and she saw a scuffle, and  
Approaching the struggling men, just as the one  
Did cast the other down. Although 'twas night,  
She saw a knife gleam in the lifted hand  
Of the uppermost! She tried to call—so she said,  
When reason did at last return—but power  
Of utterance was gone. Thrice it descended,  
With a dull, grinding sound; and then a voice,  
Which stab'd her heart and brain, exclaimed—  
"He's dead!"

It was her brother's voice. 'Tis strange that fear  
Should be a thing almost as strong as death!  
Should shut the lips up—and deprive the limbs  
Of motion? Yet have I a feeling how  
The thing may come to pass. The girl alone—  
The men upon the ground—one 'bove the other  
The knife in his uplifted hand—it falls!  
I feel myself a sense of choking; and

SCENE III.—*Another part of the shore.*

*Enter ROBERT, followed by NORRIS.*

*Nor.* Old Robert! Ho! Stop—Art afraid of  
me?

*Rob.* I never feared a man.

*Nor.* Why shun me then?

*Rob.* I like thee not.

*Nor.* "Two of a trade!" Is't so?

Well, I'm the luckiest wrecker of you all,  
I cannot help it. Fortune bear the blame!  
That has her favorites, as all men know.  
She has long made one of me! Is it right to hate  
A man for his good luck?

*Rob.* It isn't that.

*Nor.* It isn't that!—What else? What can you  
say

Against me else? A splinter'd spar the waves  
Do throw to you—a lock-fast chest to me!  
To me the breakers sue the captain in:  
Mate—passengers from the Indies, West or East.  
A foremast man to you—you know 'tis so,  
And like the rest do bear me envy; most  
Unlike a man! But fortune ever turns  
The evil you do wish me, into good.

I have no partner in my gains—what comes  
To hand is all my own. "Afraid of me!"  
I said it but in sport. I know you're not  
Afraid of me, or any other man,  
Or anything! Have I seen you leap  
Into a boiling sea, to save a wretch  
When his boat foundered! 'Twas a feat I doubt  
If any other of the craft would do!  
Wilt go, or tarry! Nay, there time enough?  
She holds together yet. There's lots of time.  
What speed did'st come when drove the last on  
shore!

*Rob.* Some coils of cordage; and a spar or two

*Nor.* What then did fortune, think you, throw to  
me?

*Rob.* I cannot tell.

*Nor.* One hundred guineas, all

But one, lapp'd here and there, in various coin,  
In the heavy vest and trousers of a man—  
I mean, a body—that was washed ashore.  
Here's one of them.

*Rob.* A broad Donbloun.

*Nor.* How much

Brought you your spars and cordage? How I  
langued

To see you, heavy laden, toiling home  
With a few crow's worth, and I going light  
With a good hundred guineas, all but one!  
And you don't like me!—Why?—I'm a rough  
man;

And low'ring as they say!—but has all fruit  
A fair outside? How ill-favored a one  
A walnut has—a chestnut—cocoa-nut!  
And yet how sweet within! Yea, there is milk  
Within the cocoa-nut. You never know  
Some men by their outsides! Prove them, and  
then

You'll know them. Here's another piece more  
broad

And heavier than the first. Know you the coin?

Rob. No!—it is strange to me.

Nor. Examine it.

There's something now that I would be about;  
Yet know not what it is!—Ne'er heed! The Devil  
Will prompt me when 'tis time!

(Aside.)

Rob. I cannot tell  
The coin.

Nor. Here take a look at this.

Rob. Another!

Nor. Ay!—Will you believe me now?

Rob. Black Norris, you're

A lucky man!

Nor. "Black Norris!" Well!—it is  
My nick-name. You may give it me—more black  
May go by fairer name!

Rob. I meant no harm.

Nor. I know you didn't! There's none! I tell  
you what—

There's not a man of all the crew, but one,  
I do not hate. The best were first to 'peach,  
When my old father, seven long years ago,  
Did something which he could not do by law:  
And was transported, for the lack of learning  
He did not know 'twas wrong! Well, as I said,  
I hate them all but one; and which is he?—  
Yourself—I say no more! Believe it, or believe it  
not!

Rob. Nay, rather I'd believe it.  
I never thought before you were so frank.

Nor. How could you think?—Grew samphire on  
yon cliff,

Who'd know't, if no one went to seek it there?

You keep aloof, and—strange!—yon know me  
not!

You, none of you, consort with me, except  
Young Wolf, another hang-dog as they say.  
He's a wrong'd man, and so am I—we are friends!  
For common wrongs make friends of those that  
share them.

Rob. 'Tis natural.

Nor. 'Tis right!—as common fortunes,  
So likewise doth a common vein, make friends.  
My greatest enemy allows me brave!  
I car'd for thee no more than I did care  
For any other of the churlish set!  
But, when I saw thee venture thy own life,  
With ten to one against thee, for that man,  
I took a liking to thee! That you may  
Believe or not as well as the other.

Rob. Nay

But I believe it.

Nor. You can do no good  
To me!—I have nothing to get by you!

Rob. Nothing!

Nor. Have I not!—What a silly adage that  
About old birds and chaff!

Rob. Here—here's thy gold.

Nor. Nay, keep it, an thou wilt.

Rob. Not so, good Norris.

Nor. (Aside.) A rare bird I, to turn from black  
to white!

Why, I believe you're right! 'Tis doubtful gain,  
To keep a thing that's not one's own! The ship  
Is now on the rough ground!—How fair she lies!  
Her broadside to the sea, that not a wave  
But tells upon her!—Look!—there's a sea!  
'Twill take her right amidstships—Hurra!—Hurra—  
She has parted in the waist!—Old Robert, where  
The use of words, when men may talk by deeds!  
Yon reef you know is mine—they call it mine,  
Because I make it mine!—So far it runs  
Into the bay it makes a kind of eddy,  
Whose swirl doth sweep all kind of lumber in  
That come within its reach—as prove my gains;  
'Tis thine to-day! Go try thy luck upon it.  
I'll help thee, if thou need'st—but not to teneh  
A stiver, though ten bodies should float in,  
With pockets cramm'd with gold. There's some-  
thing! haste!

The waves do snatch as readily as give,  
The tide is on the turn—the shore doth shelve  
A foot in every nine!

Rob. I thank thee, Norris.

Nor. Off to the reef—have cause, and thank me  
then!

[Exit Robert, hastily, L.]

It is a body that is washed ashore—  
I'd knew it at twice the distance. A fine torch  
The lightning! Rain will never put it out!  
A body!—I begin to see it now.

Yes, it is done!

Wolf (Entering L.) Well, Norris!

Nor. All is well.

Run to the nearest group of wreckers;  
Say you saw old Robert stooping o'er a body—  
That you suspect foul play—and bring them to  
The reef. He's there—but hold—not quite so fast;  
But let me have time to join him,—Go!—don't say  
That I am there.

[Exit Wolf, L.]

Now, pretty Marian,  
Sure as thy lover is this hour at sea,  
Thy father takes a trip and follows him.  
Bide there my tackle!—I had best go bare!

[Puts his boat-hook, &c., behind a rock, and exit.]

#### SCENE IV.—The shore close to the sea.

Enter ROBERT, dragging in a body.—MARIAN in  
the distance, slowly coming down a path cut out of  
the cliff.

Rob. The surge won't reach thee, there!—I war-  
rant me

No fear thou'lt go to it. Thy last—last draught,  
In this world hath it given thee—a celd,  
Unwelcome one! Safe bide thee here! The waves  
Are in a giving mood! I'd be at hand  
To profit by their honesty. I did think  
Someone was near me! Fancy!—How it lightens!

[Exit, R.]

Enter MARIAN, L.

Marian. The storm distracts me with its din!  
This roar  
This never-ending roar, which, round and round  
The Heavens keep up! in which the sea doth  
join,  
As though the thunder were not noise enough,  
With cries of men and women! I am blind  
With the lightning! flash and flash and flash as  
quick  
As they can follow—mingling light and darkness  
so,  
That scarce you know one moment, which is  
which!  
I'm quite bewildered!—I will look above.  
Beyond the clouds—beyond the stars! No storm  
Is there! no wreck!—no raging sea!—no thunder!  
But calm, and warmth, and brightness, as befits  
The dwellings of the blest.—My mother's there!  
O, my poor father! Here's the storm again!  
Sea, thunder, lightning—all come back again!

Re-enter ROBERT, R.

Rob. (Starts at seeing Marian). I have dropp'd  
my knife. Methinks, it's somewhere  
here!

What's that?—Is it a mortal thing? It makes  
My spirit faint within me:—'Tis the form  
Of my lost Marian!—Even so she stood  
In the storm wherein her life was cast away!  
Can she not lie in her grave for me?—Do my sins  
Break on her last rest there, and call her hence?  
I sent her thither—on such nights as this  
I have often looked about me with the thought  
That she was near me. There at last she is!  
It is my Marian risen from her grave!  
She comes to me!—O powers of grace, preserve  
me!

Marian. The strength of Heaven!—To see it, yet  
not feel it!

Before its face do what it forbids!  
And it in anger!—see the weapons of  
Its wrath in motion—feel the huge earth shake at  
them!

And never pay it awe!—stand up to it!  
Defy it—'stead of falling on thy knees,  
And asking it for mercy.

Rob. (R. C.) Mercy!

Marian. (L. C.) Ha!  
My father!

Rob. Marian!

Marian. On thy knees!—That's right—  
Fear not! That dost Heaven's bidding!—Do not  
rise

Until thou risest with its blessing on thee!

Rob. (Rising). What brought thee here, my  
child!—Thou ne'er before  
Didst follow me.

Marian. I came to look for thee;  
And to persuade thee to come home with me,  
Thou tremblest.—Thou art pale—as livid as  
The lightning! Dost thou hear? 'Tis every-  
where!

Not the clouds only, but the very air—  
The very sea—the very earth—do thunder!  
All—all is din and fire! It is right  
For man to tremble!

Rob. 'Tis not that!

Marian. What then?

Rob. I took thee for thy mother, Marian!

Marian. Think me her still, and what she'd have  
thee do,

Do, by the love thou still dost bear to her!  
Forswear this lawless life!—Thou wouldst not rob  
A living man!—'Tis manlier to strip  
The living than the dead!

Rob. This night's the last!

Marian. This night!—O, no!—The last night be  
the last.

Who makes up his mind that a thing is wrong,  
Yet says he'll do that thing for the last time,  
Doth but commence a new course of sin,  
Of which that last sin is the leading one,  
Which many another, and a worse will follow!  
At once begin! How many at this hour,  
Alive as thou art, will not live to see  
To-morrow's light!—If thou should'st be cut off!  
Should thy last sin be done, on thy last night!  
Should heaven avenge itself on that last sin  
Thou dost repentingly!—My father, come!  
O, a bad conscience, and a sudden death!  
Come home!—Come home!—Come home!

Rob. I'll follow thee.

I'll fetch my boat-hook, and my other gear,  
And follow thee.

Marian. I'll loiter till you come.

[Exit, R.]

[Goes slowly out, L.]

Enter NORRIS, cautiously, L.

Nor. Now is the time!—Now! while her back's  
to me.

Is he dead? There's warmth methinks about the  
heart,  
More than there should be! 'Tis no matter!  
Cowards

May stick at trifles—Can I find a stone,  
To knock him on the head?—What's this?—a  
knife!

'Tis Robert's!

MARIAN re-appearing and ascending the cliff.

Marian. What's that you are doing, father?

Nor. She takes me for her father—Good! She'll  
see

What I'll do, and think it is her father does it.

And when 'tis done, so will I slink away,

She can't discover her mistake!—Now for it!

(He plunges the knife into the body—  
Marian utters a faint shriek and falls  
senseless.)

She saw it! She is in my power! She's mine!

I'll hence and watch my time!

Re-enter ROBERT, L.

Rob. To leave it there  
And the last time. There's treasure—I did feel it,  
Hard, hard and bulky. Marian is away.

(Goes to the body, and empties one  
pocket.)

What have we here? Some of the bright broad  
pieces

Black Norris show'd me. What a folly 'twere

To leave them in the pockets of the dead,

And let the living go with empty ones.

I'll count them by and by—and this is full.

(Empties the other pocket.)

I'll ease it of its burthen—Gold—All gold.

Whence comes that glare. Ha—'Tis the beacon  
struck

By the lightning, and on fire.

Enter suddenly, AMBROSE, PHILLIP, and Others, L.

Amb. What do you there,

Old Robert?

Rob. Nothing that I fear do.

Amb. What hold you in your hand?

Rob. Gold!

Amb. Gold?

Rob. Ay, gold!

Phil. Let's look at the body!—What is here—a knife?

Amb. A knife!

Phil. A knife!—fast in the dead man's breast!

Amb. Pull it out!

Phil. 'Tis Robert's knife—How came this, Robert?

He is confounded!—See—he cannot speak.

Amb. Look! What white thing is that, that's lying yonder.

Phil. It is his daughter.—She has slipped her foot

And fallen—or swoons with horror of the deed

Perhaps she saw him do. E'er since the storm

Came on, has she been ranging up and down

In search of him.

Amb. Look to her! Take her home!

For him, we must bestow him somewhere till

To-morrow; and, by turns keep watch upon him.

How like a guilty man he looks! Come on!

Who ever thought to bring it to his door!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The inside of a hut.*

ROBERT discovered pacing to and fro.

Rob. A murderer!—I that do sicken at  
The sight of blood, to do the deed of blood!  
A murderer! and with a hand as free  
From blood as an infant's!—To be tried for it;  
Condemned, perhaps, and executed—I—  
That never did it!—Then my branded name,  
That don't deserve the brand, and worse than all  
To leave it to my child—my Marian!  
My fair young girl!—Good!—Good!—whom Heaven  
did send

To save her father, but he would not heed her—

Turned a deaf ear unto an angel's lips,

To listen to that devil, the greed of pelf!

That was my crime indeed—but only that;

Some one has circumvented me, but who?

Black Norris? Him or Wolf do I suspect—

But what's suspicion only?—Not a thread

To bind a man with.

Enter NORRIS, R.

Nor. Robert.

Rob. Is it you,

Black Norris?

Nor. Yes, 'tis I—Black Norris, as

You call me—come to cheer you.

Rob. Well, Black Norris?

Nor. I don't believe you did that murder.

Rob. No?

Nor. Some one has got the better of you—hid

A trap for you, and caught you—who—Heaven  
knows!

I say, I don't believe you guilty, but  
Appearances are all against you—caught  
Stripping the body, with the gold in your hand,  
And your knife sticking in the dead man's breast!

Rob. Who stuck it there?

Nor. Why, how should I tell?

Rob. (*Catching hold of Norris.*) Nay,  
Who stuck it there?

Nor. Not I,

Nor any one I know!—Take off thy hands,  
O'd man!—I did not come to wrestle with thee.

Wish'd I to play a game, I'd tackle to

With tougher sinews!—For another end

I came—to tell thee 'tis my turn to watch,

And, hast thou goods to run, the coast is clear—

Now, grip me by the throat.

Rob. Forgive me, Norris.

Nor. Forgive thee!—Fiddlestick!—Offend me  
first,

Then ask me to forgive thee. Here is gold

For that they took away from thee.—Away!

Make straight for the East coast!—Take shipping  
there,

And where thou settlest, advertise me!—Go!—

Rob. (*Going, stops short.*) My child! I had forgot  
her—seek her, seek

And bring her to me! I can't fly from death

Without my child!—I can't forsake my child!

Nor. Forsake thy child!—a stranger now to her

Availeth more than thou. What are the dead

Unto the living?—Nothing!—not the worth

Of a wheaten straw—that helps to make a light!

You can make nothing of the dead.—If you thirst—

Hunger—go naked—suffer anything,

You may for them! There's help in a live mouse

More than a dead man! And what else art thou?

Accus'd of that, the man that doeth which

The law condemns to die. Escape the law—

And then talk of thy Marian.

Rob. No more;

Thou madden'st me!

Nor. I tell thee what thou know'st

Must be? and, sooth to say, though a rough man,

I have no desire to see thee die the death!

Who meets it bravest, but puts on a mask

Which only proves the agony 'twould hide,

When at the hangman's touch, the sweat drops

starts

On the bold brow, so seeming calm; and the blood

Flies to the heart, and leaves the valiant cheek,

That would be thought to smile, without a drop

To vouch for it!

Rob. Thou harrow'st me, good Norris.

Nor. Yet what I tell thou know'st. What must

it be

When a reprieve at the last point has kill'd.

I knew a man who narrowly escap'd.

To think of what he told me, even now

Makes me breathe thick, and from my crown to my  
sole

Sets my flesh tingling; and all o'er my skin

Spreads the chill, clammy, heavy dew of death.

What at the sight of the huge, living mass

Of human faces all upturn'd he felt

As doth a living man, suppose he lay

Beside a corpse; for such, he said, he seem'd

To be unto himself. How he did freeze

At the heat of the sun, with the thought of the

grave; how life

Did stare on him from everything around him!

Fields, houses, walls, stones—yea, the grisly frame  
He stood on his last footing-place in the world!  
And he alone a spectacle of death!

The progress then—

Rob. Leave off!—I choke!—I fly!—  
The door is fast!

Nor. Thy fear hath shot the bolt!—

You see 'tis open!

Rob. (Taking his handkerchief from his neck.) Give  
my Marian this,

And be friend to her.

Nor. I will.

Rob. My child!

Nor. Soon as the seas are cross'd, what hinders  
her

Take ship and follow thee?

Rob. 'Thou'lt see to that?

Nor. I will.

Rob. My blessing on thee, Norris!

Nor. Nay—

Rob. Thou'rt the preserver of my life—and all  
That makes it life to me. As thou to me

Art good, may heaven prove good to thee. Thy  
face

Why dost thou turn away?

Nor. I do not like

That any see me weep. I had as lief

Be hang'd as thank'd. My watch is nearly spent,

The quarter of an hour, and 'tis the span

In which thy coil of life doth lie. Make haste!

Why dost thou stand bewilder'd thus! Look

Robert!

There is the door!—A minute more 'tis lock'd!

Choose on which side on't thou wilt then be found.

Rob. I take thy proffer—Norris.

Nor. If thou breath'st

Another word of thanks!

Rob. I won't! You'll not.

Forget my child? You'll be a father to her?

Swear thou wilt be a father to my child!

Nor. You note my hand is on the key.

Rob. Don't turn it!

I am gone—I fly—My Marian! My Marian!

[Rushes out, &c.]

Nor. My Marian! An open window. Ay!

Now a fast door. Whose there?

Wolf. (Without.) 'Tis I.

Nor. What, Wolf?

Enter WOLF, L.

Come in! He's off—he's fled! Art sorry, man!

I'm not much prone to pity; yet had as lief

A man that's innocent should escape as die.

Wolf. That's innocent!

Nor. Thou fool! Hast known me still

Thy master in all kinds of craftiness,

Couldst buy and sell thee, and believ'st thou yet

He murder'd him?

Wolf. Who did it then!

Nor. By my troth

Thou hast no stomach for a deed of blood

Thy own seems spill'd at only thought of one!

'Sdeath! Is't a frost, man, that thy cheek's so  
white

And thou dost shiver so? "Who did it then?"

No one. There's fire to warm thee. Be thyself.

Wolf. The knife was taken from his breast.

Nor. It was!—

What ails thy teeth to make them chatter so?

Want'st meat, or drink, or sleep, or what? "The  
knife

Was taken from his breast!" What then? The  
knife

Found nothing there it could not find within

A six weeks' buried corpse. Furies and death!

Believ'st me not—or tak'st me for a ghost,

That thou dost gaze me thus with mouth agape?

Listen! Whilst he was gone to fetch his gear,

Lay farther down the beach, did I come up,

Find the wreck'd seaman, dead—I tell thee dead!

'Sdeath, won't believe me still?—Searching for  
something

Would leave a mark might serve as evidence

That violence had been done—my hand by chance

Lit on his knife, he had dropp'd—on Robert's  
knife—

When did'st thou get the ague? What a fit—

I say by chance I lit on Robert's knife,

For which this hand of mine—not Robert's, as

Thou thought'st—Thou dog-fish! How I laugh at  
thee!—

Did find the sheath wherein thou saw'st it sticking.

Why thou wilt shake thee out of joint; what hee is

A dead man's breast a knife, more than a pin-  
cushion

A pin!

Wolf. (Stammering.) The body!

Nor. What of it?

Is it tied to thee? Art in the death grip of

The drowned man? I would not think thee, Wolf,

A chicken heart, yet never saw I man

That look'd more like a coward! Could'st thou see

Thyself and look at me—what of the body?

Did it rise up, and walk, or run, or caper,

Or offer thee a hand to shake, or talk,

Or troll a song to thee? What did the body

To make thee marvel like a man demented?

Tell me that I may play the madman too!

Wolf. Pray Heaven thou go'st not mad in  
earnest!

Nor. Man!

Wolf!—have a care—don't take me for a child

Because thyself art one. Thou wouldst not say

That life was in the body? It was warm

About the heart—(Aside.)—Sit down, good Wolf,

sit down,

Recover thee a little. Tell thy tale

Thy own way. For I see there's something—  
come—

Go on—the body?

Wolf. I return'd to it

When thou and all the rest were gone, to search

If treasure were about it. It was bleeding!

I thought it strange, but not a drop did follow

When first they drew the knife out; and I fancied

Life must be in it still—and so it was;

I felt the heart beat slow and dull—mine own

Methought would stop.

Nor. Kept the blood flowing still?

Wolf. It did—more free; and as it flow'd the  
heart

More quick and full did beat.

Nor. It had been wrong

To stop the blood.

Wolf. I didn't—I did mind

Nothing but the heart, which now beat stronger  
still,

Until methought the chest began to heave,

And so it did. And presently I heard

A gurgling in the throat of the shipwreck'd man,

And I began to freeze, expecting now

To hear the body speak.

Nor. Did it?



*Wolf.* Almost!  
A sound between a murmur and a moan.  
*Nor.* Was it repeated?  
*Wolf.* Yes; but very faint.  
*Nor.* Any more?  
*Wolf.* Yes; fainter though at every time;  
And now the heart beat faint, and presently  
Came a slight shivering o'er the body—then  
A sigh—and nothing more—the soul had fled.  
*Nor.* I thought 'twas over warm about the heart.

*Wolf.* Oh, Norris, say it not.  
*Nor.* What did I say?  
*Wolf.* You thought 'twas over warm about the heart.

*Nor.* Well! Of what value is a spark of life,  
More than a spark of any other thing?

*Wolf.* The body was thy father's.  
*Nor.* Devil—Imp  
Of Hell! Unsay it, or thou diest, with  
A lie in thy throat.

*Wolf.* Were it my last breath, Norris,  
I speak the truth.  
*Nor.* Who else has heard it from thee?  
*Wolf.* No one.

*Nor.* I am mad! No wonder if I am!  
Wretch, hadst thou stopped the old mau's  
blood—

*Wolf.* He'd have lived.  
I thought thy interest 'twas that he should die.  
I knew not then it was thy father.

*Nor.* Devil!  
Why had I anything to say to thee.  
And where's the body now!

*Wolf.* I left it where  
I found it.  
*Nor.* Fool! Thou shouldst have carried it  
To the cliff, and cast it straight into the sea  
Where ne'er the sand is dry.

*Wolf.* Would not the sea  
Have thrown it up again?  
*Nor.* The sea? The earth,  
Though it were buried in't ten fathom deep,  
Would throw it up again! Nothing can make  
A grave that's deep enough to keep it. Cast  
A mountain on't 'twould heave it off, They'll know  
it

When it is brought before the coroner.

*Wolf.* I have taken care of that.  
*Nor.* Mangled the features.  
*Wolf.* Yes.

*Nor.* Savage!  
*Wolf.* For thy sake I did it.  
*Nor.* True!  
Right—you did very right—and after all  
What was it but a piece of clay? Now, Wolf,  
Where would'st thou be?

*Wolf.* Why anywhere but here.  
*Nor.* Wilt cross the sea? Thou had'st a hand,  
thou know'st,  
In the murder.—Thou did'st finish it.—Thou let'st  
The old man die—he were not murder'd else—  
Wilt cross the sea?—I'll give thee gold enough  
To pay thy passage wheresoe'er thou'lt go,  
And set thee down there as a man,—and more,  
If thou want'st—Wilt cross the sea?

*Wolf.* I will.  
*Nor.* When wilt thou start?—to-morrow?  
*Wolf.* Yes.  
*Nor.* At dawn?  
*Wolf.* At dawn!—

*Nor.* That's good!—That's excellent!—I'm  
much  
Beholden to thee, Wolf—Thou'rt a true friend—  
Go far—Go very far!—The more apart  
The better! Stop not at a thousand miles—  
Or two—or three!—Look, Wolf! I have a jar  
Buried in the garden, full of treasure—Take it  
And luck go with you!—You will start to-mor-  
row?  
At dawn?—Take passage to a distant land,  
Will you not?—Thank you! Thank you, Wolf.  
I'll ne'er  
Forget you!—never cease to be your friend!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Inside of Robert's Cottage.*

Enter MARIAN, R.

*Marian.* My father's house! O would it were  
indeed

My father's house, as I did know it once.  
I were content to be a wrecker's child!  
But now I have a feeling as all things  
Did loathe me!—E'en the threshold which from  
childhood

I have been used to pass.—I entered it  
With doubt, as though I cross'd it 'gainst its  
will;

The very bed I have slept in every night  
For eighteen years, did seem to say to me,  
"Lie on the floor."—And when in agony  
I threw myself upon the floor, I shrank,  
As that did spurn me too, and cry to me,  
"Thou art the daughter of a murderer!"  
Me, that when household use required the life  
Of a poor brainless bird, would run a mile  
To get some other hand to take it, nor  
Could even then look on. But where is nature?  
She has been seared away, but uow returns!  
Oh, my poor father.—Oh my luckless father!  
My hapless, guilty father.—Will the day  
Never more break—I only wait for it  
To seek for him, and comfort him, and tell him  
That I am still his child—his Marian.

ROBERT, *rushing in, R.*

*Rob.* My Marian!—What! Hold'st thou back  
from me?

*Marian.* No.  
*Rob.* But thou dost!  
*Marian.* No!—No!—See there—I have thrown  
My arms around thy neck.

*Rob.* Yes!—but you turn  
Your head away.  
*Marian.* Is't turn'd away now?  
*Rob.* No.

But where's the kiss, you never met me but  
You printed on my cheek?—

*Marian.* There!  
*Rob.* Humpf!—I fear  
I have thrown away both time and risk—I came  
To seek my daughter—but she is not here—  
She has gone from me!—deserted me!—I have lost  
her.

*Marian.* No!—No!  
*Rob.* You know her?—fetch me her,—make  
haste!

*Marian.* She's here!  
*Rob.* She's not!—she's anywhere but here!  
And I am here at peril of my life  
To see her for a minute ere I go  
Perhaps for ever from her.

Marian. Oh, my father!  
I am indeed thy child!—thy Marian!  
Rob. These tears are something like her—  
begin

To think thou'rt my child—Thou art my child?  
Thou hast heard it.

Marian. Yes.  
Rob. What ponderous thing is "Yes,"  
To take a sigh like that to heave it off?

Marian. Thou art in danger.  
Rob. Great!—To-morrow, may be,  
A dungeon; there, most certainly the dook!—  
There, in all likelihood the gibbet! but  
I have a chance—that chance is now!—'Tis little!  
And, every moment that I lose, grows less!  
But I'm content it should go all—ay all!  
If I have lost one fraction of my child  
That's due to me—go all—and let it go!

Marian. I am all thy own—thy own hand not thy  
own

More than thy Marian!—Thou'rt in flight!—We'll  
fly

Together!

Rob. (Reassured). No, but thou shalt follow me,  
And speedily!—Think kindly of Black Norris!—  
He set me free—He'll be a friend to thee—  
He furnish'd me with means of flight.

Marian. With means?

[Marian goes out, and returns with a  
little purse.

Here, father, here; 'tis little; but a mite  
Is a mountain if 'tis wanting when 'tis needed!

Rob. Part of thy little store?

Marian. The rest's at sea.

Would it were here!—Its absence now is loss  
Which, though it come a score times doubled back,  
It never can repair!

Rob. And thou, my child?—

Marian. I have hands!—There's Heaven!—Oh  
father!

Rob. Dost thou think  
Thy father guilty?

Marian. I think nothing now  
Except that thou'rt in danger.

Rob. Marian,

I no more did the deed—

Marian. They will be here

And then thou art lost!

Rob. Thou dost not think me guilty?

Marian. What matter what thy Marian thinks,  
when death

Pursues thee and thou lingerest here, and not  
One moment am I certain but the next  
It may o'ertake thee—here!—in my own house!  
That's now no shelter for thee—here!—before  
Thy Marian's eyes that cannot help thee!—Fly!  
Thy life perhaps may pay for the next breath  
Thou drawest here!—The thought distracts me!—  
Fly

Rob. It cannot be thou think'st me guilty?

Marian. Fly!

Terror doth take away my senses—Fly!

Rob. I do begin to doubt thou think'st me  
guilty?

Marian. Oh, father, fly!

Rob. I am innocent!

Marian. 'Tis well!

Rob. It is not well—I am innocent. I'll swear  
it!

Marian. Thou need'st not, father.—Don't!—Fly!  
—Fly!—

Rob. By—

Marian. Stop!—

Rob. Thou think'st me guilty.—Spare thy kind-  
ness.—There

Perish thy coin! I will not use it!—Fly!—

Do anything to save my life!—If it goes  
It may go!—Here I'll sit!—E'en here! Ay,  
here!—

Here in the cottage thou wast born in, nurs'd,  
Brought up in—till now thou'rt eighteen years,  
and now

Dost tell thy father he's a murderer!

Here I'll wait for them.—Let them come and take  
me!

Take me before thine eyes!—Imprison me!

Try me, and hang me! I'll not turn my hand

To save my life! since my own child that knows  
me

Believes me guilty. I am guilty!—Yes!

Let all the world beside believe me so.

Amb. (Without). What ho!

Rob. They come!

Marian. Fly by the other door!

Rob. You hear! It is beset!

Marian. Hide somewhere!

Rob. Where?

They'll search the house!—Where there a hundred  
doors

And all were free—were there a cavern, where

No foot could follow me—I would sit here

And let them take me;

Amb. Robert!

Rob. (Opens the door). Here!—Come in!

Marian. For mercy's sake!—

Enter AMBROSE and Others.

Rob. For no sake!—Here I am,

Take me!

Marian. My father!

Rob. I am guilty!

Marian. Nay!—

Rob. She says I am—take me away!

Marian. Oh! stay!

Don't take him yet!—Good friends!—you are  
neighbours!—don't

Don't take away my father!—leave him with  
me!—

Pray—pray don't take him!

Rob. I am guilty—take me!

I am guilty!—Ask my child—my Marian!

Marian. Don't—don't!—Stay! Mercy! mercy!  
—Oh, my father!

[Exit.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A waiting-room.

Enter AMBROSE and PHILIP, L.

Amb. He is committed, and I pity him!

To be condemned upon the evidence

Of his own daughter? 'Tis unnatural

To take away the life that gave us life!

This comes of learning!—Had it been a child

Of yours, or mine, what heed would she have  
taken

Of a false oath, to save a father's life?

Her mother was a sort of lady—ay,  
The daughter of a broken gentleman.  
Took up his quarters in the cottage, while  
Old Robert's father liv'd. They fell in love,  
And at the father's death, they married.

Philip. So  
Did come her lady breeding.

Amb. Even so  
She, as her mother did before, it seems  
Doth quarrel with the freedom that we take  
With dead men's gear; and to the beach must  
needs

Follow her father. She had better far  
Have sought her death, for what a curse must now  
Her life be to her! Was't not strange she fainted  
Soon as her evidence was done, and yet  
Could give that evidence!

Philip. Here comes old Robert.

Enter ROBERT between two Constables, followed  
by men and women.—NORRIS in the background.

Rob. I am innocent! I am murdered! My own  
child

Has sworn my life away! My Marian!  
Falsely—most falsely!—When they try me, 'tis  
By her I die; not by the judge—the jury,  
Or any one but her! She gives the verdict?—  
Passes the sentence!—puts my limbs in irons!—  
Cast me into my dungeon!—drags me thence  
To the scaffold!—is my executioner!—  
Does all that puts her father in his grave  
before his time!—Her father, good to her  
Whate'er he was to others—Oh! to have died  
By any evidence but mine own child's!  
Take me to prison.

1st Con. No, we are waiting for  
The order of committal.

Marian. (Rushing in.) Oh, my father!

Rob. Thy father!—Am I so?—I prithee, girl,  
Call me that name again! It is a thing  
Too good to be believed!

Marian. What, father?

Rob. What?

Why, to be father to so good a child!

Marian. So good a child?

Rob. So good a child! I say it

Again!—So good a child!—Come, look at me!  
Give me thy hand!—the other one, and look  
Full in my face!—And fix thine eyes on mine!—  
As I do live, thou canst!—And yet canst live  
To call me father!—Thou'rt not child of mine!

(Casts her from him, she falls on her  
knees.)

Marian. My father!

Rob. Up! or I will trample on thee!

Fasten my hands in thy dark silken hair,  
And lift thee up by it, and fling thee from me!—  
Who gave thee those fine locks?

Marian. Thou!—thou!

Rob. Who gave thee

Those hands thou clasp'st to me?

Marian. Thou!

Rob. I!—I indeed!

And the rest of thy limbs?—Thy body? and the  
tongue  
Thou speak'st with—Owest thou everything to  
me?

Marian. I do!—indeed I do!

Rob. Indeed! Indeed!

Thou liest! Thou wert never child of mine!  
No!—No!—I never carried thee up and down  
The beach in my arms, many and many a day,

To strengthen thee, when thou wast sickly!—No!  
I never brought thee from the market town,  
Whene'er I went to it, a pocket load  
Of children's gear!—No!—No, I never was  
Your play-fellow that we'er fell out with you  
Whate'er you did to him!—No!—Never! Nor  
When fever came into the village, and  
Fix'd its fell gripe on you, I never watch'd  
Ten days and nights running, beside your bed,  
Living I know not how, for sleep I took not,  
And hardly food! And since your mother died—

Marian. Thou'lt kill me, father!

Rob. Since your mother died

I have not been a mother and a father

Both—both to thee!

Marian. Oh! spare me!

Rob. I was never

Anything to thee!—Call me father!—why

A father's life is wrapp'd up in his child!

Was mine wrapp'd up in thee?—Thou know'st  
'twas not!—

How durst thou call me father?—fasten upon  
me!—

That never gave thee proof, sign, anything  
Of recognition that thou wast my child!

Strain'd thee to my heart by the hour!—parting  
thy hair

And smoothing it, and calling thee all things

That fondness idolizing thinks upon

To speak its yearning love!—core of my heart!

Drop of my heart's blood, was worth all the rest!

Apple of mine eye, for which I'd give mine eyes,

Orbs, sockets, lids and all!—till words grew sob's,

And love, o'er fraught, put what it lov'd away.

To get relief from tears!—Never did I

Do this to thee!—why call me father, then,

That art no child of mine?

Marian. I am thy child?

The child to whom thou didst all this and more.

Rob. Thou stood'st not then, just now, in the  
witness box,

Before the justice in that justice room,

And swor'st my life away.

Marian. Where thou dost say,

I stood!—What thou dost say, I did!—and yet,

Not in those hours thou nam'st of fond endearment,

Felt, as I felt it then, thou wast my father!

Rob. Well!—Justify it—prove thee in the  
right—

Make it a lawful thing—a natural thing—

The act of a child!—a good child!—a true child!

Anonly one!—one parent in the grave,

The other left—that other a fond father—

A fond, old, doting, idolizing father!

Approve it such an act in such a child

To slay that father! Come!

Marian. An oath!—an oath!

Rob. Thy father's life!

Marian. Thy daughter's soul!

Rob. 'Twere well

Thy lip had been a little of the thing.

The heart had over much of it!

Marian. What?

Rob. Stone!—Rock!

They never should have opened;

Marian. Silence had

Condemned thee equally.

Rob. But not the breath

Mine own life gave!

Marian. I felt in the justice room

As if the final judgment-day were come,

And not a hiding-place my heart could find

To screen a thought or wish; but every one  
 Stood naked 'fore the judge, as now my face  
 Stands before you! All things did vanish, father!  
 That make the interest and substance up  
 Of human life—which from the mighty thing  
 That once was all in all, was shrunk to nothing,  
 As by some high command my soul received,  
 And could not but obey, it did cast off  
 All earthly ties, which, with their causes melted  
 Away!—And I saw nothing but the Eye  
 That seeth all, bent searchingly on mine,  
 And my lips oped as not of their own will  
 But of a stronger—I saw nothing then  
 But that all-seeing Eye—but now I see  
 Nothing but my father! (*She rushes towards him.*  
*and throws her arms round his neck.*)

Rob. Hold off! thou adder!  
 Sting mead think to coil about me still  
 With thy loathsome folds! Think I will suffer  
 thee!  
 Not grasp thee! pluck thee from me! dash thee to  
 The earth!

Marian. Oh, no!  
 Rob. Unloose thy coil!—my flesh  
 Creeps at thee. Hear'st thou? Come—let go thy  
 hold  
 Or I will do some violence to thee!  
 Marian. Do!  
 Rob. Strike thee!  
 Marian. Do!—Dead—dead—'twere mereifn!  
 Rob. No; suffer thee to live that thou may'st see  
 My execution.

Marian. Oh, is it thy child,  
 Thou speakest to?  
 Rob. Let go, or I will curse thee!  
 Marian. Do! so thou sufferest me to cling to  
 thee!

Oh, can you think I swore it with my will!  
 That I—thy child—thy Marian—all my life  
 Good to thee—was I not? and loving to thee!  
 Dost thou believe I love thee? What! that I—  
 Who'd suffer torture—death—ten thousand deaths  
 To save thy life—would swear thy life away  
 Willingly? willingly? oh, in my heavy strait,  
 To be an instrument of justice 'gainst thee,  
 That makes me wish—and I do wish it—thou  
 Hadst never given me being! bear thou thus  
 Unsufterably hard upon thy child!  
 Thy child as ever! Whatso'er she did!  
 Whatso'er thou hast done! That loves thee—  
 dotes

Upon thee! honours—idolizes thee,  
 As e'er did child her father.  
 Rob. Let me go!  
 Or as I am here—and am a murder'd man—  
 Murder'd by thee; I'll curse thee—let me go!

Enter 3rd BAILIFF, with a paper.

3rd Bailiff. (*Giving it to 1st Bailiff.*) The order  
 of committal.  
 Marian. (*To Bailiff.*) Stop! a minute!  
 Rob. Or loose thy hold, or bide my curse!  
 Marian. My mother!  
 That is in her grave—who gave me to thee—gave  
 me,  
 When she had blessed me on her death bed, say-  
 ing,  
 "Be mother, now, and father to our child!"—  
 For her sake, father! Am I not by her  
 Enough an orphan—would I think you would  
 Be more an orphan than I am!  
 Rob. Away!

Marian. Both, both my parents lose?  
 Rob. May—  
 Marian. (*Shrieks.*) Don't curse me, but I cannot  
 let thee go!

[*Exit.*]

Nor. (*Coming forward.*) Hold on, old Robert.  
 That's the mood. Hold on!  
 Rail at her! Spurn her! Curse her! Drive her  
 mad!  
 The more she's fit for me. Use thy own flesh  
 Like carrion! Foot it from thee! Loathe it!  
 I'm

The bird that will banquet on't—a father's blood  
 Must not be shed—although unwittingly—  
 For nothing! That's the price which I have paid  
 For her dark hair, white skin, and shapely limbs;  
 Her lady face, and fairly rounded form!  
 And I will have them—nor do prize them less  
 Because her heart would give them to another!  
 In that's the feast of hate, to taste the joy  
 That's purchased at the cost of those we hate!  
 When I confess I put the trick upon him  
 He is free! My motive—love for his fair child  
 Absolves me. Then the flight I had prepared—  
 And his own rashness marr'd—is proof enough!  
 His absence was my aim, and not his death!  
 They will but chide me, and at worst will say  
 "The scheme was daring! Yet a lover's one!"  
 Between her father's life—my rival's hopes—  
 She will not pause to choose, but vindicate  
 At once a daughter's duty, and her love,  
 And so be mine.

Enter STEPHEN, L.

Whither so fast, good Stephen?—  
 Ste. Where is my master?—  
 Nor. Fast in prison!  
 Ste. Where  
 His daughter?  
 Nor. Thou hast news—and it is bad!  
 Ste. It is!—Young Edward's ship is east away  
 Upon the coast of France, and all the crew,  
 'Tis said have perished!  
 Nor. Know'st thou what thou say'st?  
 Ste. As thou that hear'st me say it!  
 Nor. All the crew?  
 Ste. All!  
 Nor. And thou art in search of Marian  
 To tell her this?  
 Ste. I am.  
 Nor. I'll bring thee to her.  
 How I do wonder at the news, I know—  
 Which I myself have spread! I'll bring thee to  
 her.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The outside of a prison.—Marian be-  
 fore the gate, half reclining on the ground.*

Marian. Here is my death-bed. Here I'll stretch  
 myself,  
 And yield my spirit up, for I do feel  
 I am about to die. I could have borne  
 The shame of the misdeed that was not mine—  
 Submitted to it, as the will of Heaven,  
 Incurring which I had not broke its will—  
 But that the tie of nature should have snapp'd  
 Along with that of reverence for Heaven—  
 That where I found all love—all safeguard once—  
 I find all loathing—all desertion now,  
 That is too hard to bear. No kind of shame

That ever made the cheek to redden, while  
The heart was free, had made me shrink from  
him—

Mocks, scorns, repulses, nor annoyances—  
I would have cleav'd to him amid the lightning's  
Of blasting looks and voices, thundering scorns!  
Shared the dark penance of his dungeon with  
him.

Walked with him to the place of execution!  
Mounted it step by step along with him!  
And, all around him lowering, shone upon him,  
Till his last look, with reverence and love!  
They shall not shut me from his prison! have  
No right! I am his child! They should not  
heed

His anger 'gainst me which they do not share,  
And I do bear it all. Nor care how high  
The surf doth run. It cannot wax so fierce  
But I will cleave it rather than remain  
Upon this desolate and dreary shore!  
Within! within! who keeps the gate?

Enter JAILOR.

Jailor. What want you?

Marian. Admittance to my father!

Jailor. 'Tis forbid.

Marian. Open the door a little—do, good sir,  
And let me speak with you—give me but a chink  
I'll pass through it!

(Jailor opens the gate; she tries to pass,  
but is prevented. They advance struggling.)

Jailor. What mean you? Are you mad?

Marian. I am! The fury all, without the trance  
That makes it bearable! The horror of  
The dream, without the sleep. Do you know  
aught

About the ties of nature? Have you look'd  
Upon a living father, mother, brother,  
Or sister—or upon a living child  
That was your own? I have a living father,  
And he's within that prison—and I'm here  
His living child, and yearn to go to him!  
And you say I cannot. Can you say it? Will  
you?

Do you? You do not! Cannot! Will not! Oh,  
Admit me to my father!

Jailor. What's the use?  
He'll only drive thee from him!

Marian. Let me in!  
I'll find the use. Oh, do you think his heart  
Could turn to stone in a moment? Harden so  
To the very core, and 'gainst his only child?  
Admit me, and you'll see it still is flesh;  
All flesh—all beating flesh, and at the core  
Its inmost—tenderest—warmest part—his child!

Jailor. Poor girl!

Marian. You pity me! Oh, show me pity then—  
The act of pity—without which, with all  
Its melting looks and tones, its sighs and tears  
'Tis useless as a very beggar, who  
Gives all things but the needed thing—relief!  
You say, "Poor girl," and you say true! To be  
An orphan!—to be friendless!—shelterless!  
To go in rags, and they in tatters! Hang  
From morn till morn—from week's end unto  
week end,

'Twixt sustenance and starvation!—All of these  
Together but a little sprinkling make  
Of suffering to the torrent hurl'd on me!  
I can't stand under it much longer—now!

My reason totters!—reels! Another moment  
I'm a lunatic—Oh, save me from the jacket,  
The straw—the whip—the chain—open the door!  
Admit me to my father!

Jailor. It is hard

To have no option but the act of duty,  
When the heart bleeds, and that decides against  
it,  
Poor girl! Though I consort with stone and  
iron,

My heart partakes not so of their condition  
That I can see and hear thee with such eyes  
And ears, as walls and bars do turn to misery.  
Thou must endure—and heaven support thee under  
it.

All are denied admittance to his cell,  
And thou, I grieve to say it, first of all. (Going.)

Marian. (Stopping him.) Stay. Let me stop at  
the door of his cell—at the end  
Of the passage that leads to it—in the court on  
which

The passage opens—on the stairs—anywhere  
Within the prison—so that I may be  
Under one roof with him. Let me stop with you  
At the gate.

Jailor. It may not be.

Marian. Show me the window of  
His cell. Is it that—or that—which is it?

Jailor. Neither.

Marian. Is it that, then?

Jailor. 'Tis not in this quarter of  
The prison.

Marian. Which quarter, then?

Jailor. I may not tell thee.  
Don't stop me, girl. I can't stay any longer with  
thee.

Thou quite nman'st me.

Marian. Leave the door ajar—  
A moment. Let me look into the prison.

(He shuts the door.)

Go—thou dost weep. And think'st thou I'll believe  
it?

Thou art no better than the grating bolt  
That at thy will is slant and holds the door.  
I am helpless—hopeless! Would I were the bolt—  
Door—walls—bars—anything but what I am!  
And I have put him there—and if he dies,  
I hung him. Who are these that look at me,  
As they would strike me dead? I couldn't help it!  
My mother train'd me in the fear of God!  
I was forced to do it. Just as well might ye  
blame

A rock to split, when riven by the lightning,  
As my lips to part, when in the name of heaven  
The justice bade them open and speak the truth!  
I am innocent—don't spurn me—I am innocent!  
(Retreats to the wall, and supports herself against it.)

Enter NORRIS and STEPHEN, R.

Nor. There—up to her—accost her—tell your  
news!

What is it loathing I feel for her,  
Not love? It pleases me to see her thus,  
Except for her I had not done it. That  
Is rankling at my heart—sets it in storm!  
I'm all for havoc. He should die—But then  
It were another murder on my soul.

Ste. Marian!

Marian. Well, Stephen! What of misery more?  
For sure it is your errand, by your looks!  
Tell me! You can add nothing to the cup

Already that o'erflows. Is it of Edward?  
Is he dead?

*Ste.* He is. Drown'd on the coast of France.

*Marian.* I hear it—and I do not shed a tear!

Nor feel the want to weep! I welcome it!

'Tis good news! He has left a world of woe

To him—to him—for what is woe to me

Were woe to him. Would I a heart I love,

As I love his, should feel what mine doth feel!

Would I put adders where I could not bear

To have an insect sting? 'Tis well he's dead!

The friends he leaves, should put on holiday,

Not mourning clothes for him. His passing bell

Should ring a peal, and not a knell! 'Tis best

It is as it is. His welcome home had been

"Heaven help you!" not "Heaven bless you!"

Well, he's dead!

How was he drown'd?

*Ste.* His ship, they say, went down

With all the crew

*Marian.* With all the crew! He lies

In a watery grave! How fresh he looked the day

He went—What hope was in his eye, whose fire

You would have thought would ne'er go out. He

seem'd

In speed to meet good fortune, as a friend

Already come in sight—I see him now,

Stepping with gallant air into the boat,

And looking at the sea, as 'twere a thing

Stable as the solid earth! My sailor lad!

Young, comely, manly, good, and fond of me!

I little thought the look would be my last

Which promised I should see thee soon again.

Thou diest in good time—'tis years of woes

Saved by a minute's pang. I thought just now

I was past weeping! I did love him—did love

him

With all my will! No portion of my heart

But what was given to him—no portion on't

I ever wish'd were back!

*Nor.* Now is my time!

*Marian!*

*Marian.* What more? Is there more misery?

There's nothing left but death—I do not count

Death misery.

*Nor.* I come to talk to thee

Of life, not death.

*Marian.* Where is it? show it me?

Life is the opposite of death—a thing

To be preferred to it—show me that life—

For if thou mean'st such life as now I see

I had rather die than live!

*Nor.* I love thee, *Marian.*

*Marian.* Does anyone love *Marian*?

*Nor.* I repeat

I love thee, *Marian*, wilt thou marry me?

*Marian.* Marry thee? Yes, when they put on

for me

My wedding clothes—my shroud! and lay me in

My bridal bed—my grave! Then I'll be wife

To thee or anyone!

*Nor.* What would'st thou do

To save thy father's life?

*Marian.* Anything.

*Nor.* What

To have it proved that he is innocent?

*Marian.* Anything! pay the felon's penalty

Myself!—Abide the gibbet! Marry thee

Now—now!—If now thou didst leave off for me

That mountain on my heart—my father's plight!

That, heavier on my soul—my father's sin!

'This didst thou do—and stood my lover there,

Of whom to say that in his grave he's dearer

Than he was ever when in life to me,

Is to say truth—I'd give to thee my hand.

*Nor.* I take it!—

What! draw'st thou back?

*Marian.* 'Tis but to pause a moment!

No!—I'll see nothing but my father!—Think

There's no one else in the world!—I'll but see him

And the plight he lies in!—deeper—lonelier

Than shipman at the bottom of the sea!

Canst thou do this thou sayest?

*Nor.* Yes!

*Marian.* Thou'lt save

My father's life? Thou'lt prove him innocent?

*Nor.* I will!

*Marian.* The day thou dost it—I am thine!

*Nor.* Give me thy hand upon it! Draw'st thou

back

*Marian.* No!—There! One moment!—Edward!

There!

(Faints in his arms.)

END OF ACT IV.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—The vicinity of the shore.

Enter NORRIS, R.

*Nor.* It is a miracle how things that seem  
The most perverse, do work unto mine ends!  
Entanglement doth set me free as fast  
As it doth catch me! His committal, which  
I thought had marred me, makes me! He is free!  
Hard swearing op'd at last his dungeon door.  
They threaten'd me with his place, but I escaped  
With chiding, and fair *Marian* is mine,  
And this the day I go with her to church!  
I would it were to any other place!  
I dream'd of her last night. I thought it was  
Our wedding day, and, to the church door, I  
Was leading her. 'Twas shut! I knocked at it.  
One answer'd from within, "I must not enter!"  
And I did shudder, for I knew the voice.  
And yet again I knocked. When op'd the door,  
And, fear congealing sight! a spectre glared  
Upon me! 'Twas my father! It did say,  
"It is forbid—thou must not enter here!"  
I woke. It was the first night I had slept,  
To call it sleep, since that nulneky night.  
Oh! may I never sleep such sleep again!

[Exit, L.]

### SCENE II.—Robert's Cottage.

Enter ROBERT.

*Rob.* Better I had died! My child has given her  
life

To cherish mine! Even while I look at her  
She wastes away!—and what doth aggravate  
The pang to see her fall a prey to death  
So fast, is the sweet uncomplaining patience  
With which she bears the tooth that's gnawing  
her,

Working its way into the quick! She looks  
On me, the cause of the inextricable,  
Unsuferable strait she has fallen into,  
As one to pity rather than to blame!  
This is her wedding day!—far better call'd  
Her funeral day! I have left no means untried

To tempt him to forego his claim—he eries  
 “I have paid the price, and what I’ve bought I’ll  
 take!”

While prayers awaken wrath, and not remorse,  
 And his eyes lower ‘till I think I see  
 His heart, with evil at the very core.  
 The hour!—I must awaken her. Her eyes  
 Were clos’d when last I look’d—before the time  
 I would not have them open on the day  
 They’ll see at last too soon!—She has waked of  
 herself!

Is up, and dress’d, and smiling, with a cheek  
 More kin to death than life!—My Marian!

Marian.—(Having entered.) My father—what’s  
 the matter that you turn

Your eyes away? You falter when you speak!  
 Father! be cheerful—happy—look upon me!

Rob. My girl, don’t smile!  
 Marian. What my face does, my father,  
 My heart does!—It is calm!—Yea, cheerful!—not  
 That it lacks cause for grief—but has more cause  
 For gladness! I have done what Heaven ap-  
 proves—

My duty! sacrificed a little thing—  
 Much in itself, but in comparison  
 Little—to gain a great thing—to preserve  
 My father’s life!—I should smile!—Let me smile,  
 And smile along with me!

Rob. My child—my child—  
 Thou talk’d to me like angel!—clung to me!  
 Knew to me to persuade me to forbear!  
 And like a fiend I would not heed, but did  
 The evil thing, whence all this ruin grew!  
 My child, who loving me as she truly said,  
 And since has proved, beyond her life—did keep  
 Her reverence for Heaven, when lacking that  
 She might have sav’d me!—My poor child that I,  
 For doing so her duty, as she ought,  
 Did spurn—did use with violence—did suffer  
 To trail along the street, hanging to me!—  
 Whom I was nigh to curse!—I did not, Marian!  
 Indeed I did not curse thee!—A child so used!—  
 To blast her happiness—life—everything  
 For me—and do it with a smile!

Marian. My father!  
 No more of this, I beseech thee—these are  
 thoughts

That cannot profit us! and they awaken  
 Others, ’twere better for our peace we suffer  
 To sleep!—For they do madden!—Give me thy  
 hand—

Don’t speak!—My brain did reel just now—  
 ’Tis over!—I’ll go to the door and see  
 If he be coming.

Rob. Who?  
 Marian. The bridegroom!  
 Since we’re to marry, as well marry now  
 As any other time—O save me!—Hide me!

(Rushing to her father, hides her face in  
 his breast.)

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. My Marian! my girl! my love—my  
 bride—

And is thy joy to see me back so great  
 It overcomes thee?—Marian, from the hour  
 We hoisted sail to bring me back to thee,  
 The wind has never veer’d or flagg’d—We’ve had  
 A merry run of good twelve knots an hour—  
 Nothing—sheet, halyard—but the helm to ’tend  
 to,

As though the vessel with my heart did race

That still did keep before it!—Turn to me!—  
 Look at me!—Speak to me!—The face and voice  
 I have heard and seen a thousand miles away—  
 Now that I’m near to thee—within reach of  
 thee—

Touching thee, Marian!—let me see and hear!  
 Has she not power to speak or move?

Rob. My boy,—  
 The sight of thee so sudden is too much for her!

Edw. And does she love me better?—Marian!  
 Sweet—constant—fond—could I believe so  
 fond?—

’Twas never thus with thee before at meeting!  
 Unloose the hands that clasp thy father’s  
 neck—

Or, let me do it for thee—’till I fold thee  
 My fond, faithful, my adoring heart,  
 That yearns to have thee near it—Marian—  
 Know’st thou not Edward’s hand?—Does she resist  
 me?

Is it not joy that works upon her so?  
 Does my return give pain?—Is it a thing  
 Unwelcome?—Am I loved no longer by her?  
 Am I forgotten?—

Marian. Edward—no—no—no!

Thou’rt not forgotten,  
 Edw. No?—Nor lov’d no longer?

Marian. Nor lov’d no longer?—lov’d more dear  
 than ever!

Than ever, Edward!

Edw. Marian! My love!  
 My life! the ship is on her course again!  
 Steady; There’s nought ahead!—fool that I was  
 To fancy there were breakers!—Come, my girl!  
 Sit on my knee and talk to me! ’tis long  
 Since we have talk’d together, Marian!  
 Dost thou hold off!—I have been so long away  
 You are ashamed to sit upon my knee.  
 Well! There! What you like I like! Though  
 you’ve sat

Often upon my knee. Well! I have made  
 My luckiest voyage!—our peace have grown to  
 pounds!

Marian. We heard that you were shipwreck’d!

Edw. Ay!

Marian. Were drowned!

Edw. You took me for my ghost!—no wonder,  
 girl,

You ran away from me! Oh, now I see!  
 We’ve not touch’d ground we did not wish to  
 touch!

Nor shipp’d a sea since first we hoisted sail!  
 And now we marry, Marian!—What’s the matter?  
 How ill you look! What’s this?—You shrink  
 from me!

Has she been ailing, father? Where are her  
 eyes?—

I left her with a rose upon her cheek,  
 Where is it? That is not the form I clasp’d  
 A month ago!—What’s fallen? Something! Ay!  
 Something!—What is it?—both are silent!—Then  
 Something I know has fallen! To look at you  
 Is enough—enough!—’twill drive me mad!—I am  
 mad!

Tell me the truth!—Nay, then I’ll seek for it  
 Where I’m more like to find it.

Marian. Stop! Come back!

No!—Stay!—Forgive me, Edward!

(Falling on her knees.)

Edw. Marian!

Forgive thee!—Why? For what?

Marian. Don’t ask! To sea!

On shipboard, and set sail, whate'er the wind,—  
Anything, Edward, but the shore!—To sea!—  
Rocks, breakers, sands, are nothing!—all the  
perils

Of leaks, dismasting, canvass blown to threads,  
Are nothing!—Foundering!—the dismal'st plight,  
That ever bark was in, are nothing!—Yea  
Drowning, with thoughts of going deeper down  
Than ever plummet sounded, or of graves  
Made of the throats of sea monsters, that dog  
The fated vessel!—Leap into them sooner  
Than trust thy feet on land!—To sea!—To sea!

Edw. What mean you?

Marian. I will tell while I can!

Edw. Rise up then, and don't kneel to me;

Marian. Forgive me!

Edw. For what?

Marian. Ay that's the thing, you can't forgive  
me

Until you know for what, and when you know it,  
Will you forgive me then?—You will not! Yet  
Were it my last breath that I speak with to thee  
I love thee dear as ever!—dearer?—dearer!—  
I love thee dearer than I ever did!—

Edw. Then where's the harm?

Marian. Where?—everywhere!—The sun  
Is pale and cold! there is a haze in the sky,  
Chilly and thick, will never clear away!  
The earth is wither'd, grass, leaves, flowers, and  
all!

Women and men are chang'd, all cheer and com-  
fort

Departed from their faces and their tongues,  
To me!—for thou that mid'st all these to me  
Art lost!—

Edw. Am I not faithful to thee still?

Marian. Then art, and I am faithful still to thee!  
But!—

Edw. What?

Marian. Oh! father!

Rob. Well thou may'st reproach me!

Marian. No!—no! I don't reproach thee; tell it  
him—

Stop! he will know it soon enough—he's here!

Enter NORRIS and Others, dressed as for a Wedding.

Norris. Marian!—What! Edward living!—ay,  
and here!

Edw. It dawns upon me! Dawns?—'Tis open  
day

A stormy one, the sky all black, the sea  
All foam, all things portending shipwreck! ship-  
wreck

Already come! binnacle wash'd away!  
Rudder unshipp'd! not a mast standing! nothing  
But the hull—the lonesome, melancholy hull!  
With mountains breaking over it?—She's chang'd!  
She's false! She's lost! I live and she is lost!

Nor. Come!

Edw. Will she go to him before my face?  
She will!—She does!—Will she go forth with  
him?

Go forth with him to church, and leave me here?

She's gone—Come death! Well! I'm ashore  
again!

What I did wish for every hour in the day!  
Every minute!—Pray for! dream upon! live  
upon!—

More than on food or drink, with hope to get in,  
I have got at last—I am on shore again—  
Better be at the bottom of the sea.

What's to be done?—Can anything be done?—  
My destiny's too hard to bear, and yet  
I must bear it.—To be mad—Oh, to be mad—  
How can my senses stand it?—What are they made  
of?

Why don't they go to pieces?—Not one plank  
Holding by another. All toss'd here and there  
In splinters! Splinters!—Come, there comfort in  
The knowledge of a cause that wreck'd the ship.  
That I will force from her, and then I'll leave  
her—

Leave everything—Leave her, leave everything.  
[Exit.

SCENE THE LAST.—*The Inside of a Church,*

Enter CLERGYMAN, NORRIS, MARIAN,  
ROBERT, and Others.

Clergy. These nuptials are not things of lucky  
omen.

Nor. I pay no heed to omens.

Clergy. Marriage is

A holiday—a day of gladness, though  
We drop a tear in't—Bright looks are its favours—  
Lightness of gait, and ease of carriage, are  
Its proper dress—This maid has none of them.

Nor. She weds of her free will.

Clergy. You are the bridegroom.

Nor. There stands her father—question him.

Clergy. Methinks

You look not like a bridegroom; no, nor speak,  
There's sullenness upon your brow and tongue,  
Care at the heart's core, if not something worse—  
His marriage-day is still the merriest  
A lover keeps; it is his harvest home,  
When blights and winds, and autumn floods are  
'scap'd,

And all the venture of his tillage housed,  
With song and dance and thankful merry-making.  
'Tis strange; but, it is your affair, not mine.  
You are her father. Gives the maid her hand  
Of her free will.

Rob. She does; against her choice,  
She gives her hand, although it breaks her heart.  
Your Reverence must have heard, he holds her  
promise

His price for service rendered unto me  
By which her hand she gives, disjoining it  
From her heart, long given to another. Tears,  
Entreaties, prayers, all means I have tried, to  
shake

His stubborn purposes, and to pity bend him—  
All thrown away; yet have resolves the strongest  
Given way at last; perhaps the hour, the place,  
Thy sacred presence, these perhaps may give  
A way to that was powerless before.  
Look on me, Norris; I'm a father: see  
To what a strait I'm brought, upon my knees  
Before thee in the dust. Turn to my child—  
Upon her death-bed could she look more white,  
More ghastly, more like death? She loves thee  
not,

To save her father—a father less to her  
Than she a child to him—she's in the plight  
That brings her hither, if she marries thee  
It is not with her heart. Don't take her hand;  
Take that, thou tak'st her life along with it;  
Thou lay'st a corpse upon thy bridal bed,  
And not a bride. Oh, spare her, spare my child—  
Spare me in her—thysel—forego the claim.  
Release her from the word she will not break,  
Though keeping it her thread of life will snap—



Release her from it—give a young girl her life—  
 Preserve the remnant of an old man's life,  
 And make thyself, if not a happy man,  
 At least a man contented with himself;  
 Who else, must needs become a verier wretch,  
 That any that he makes.—

Nor. I am here to wed.—

Clergy. Stern man, look here—thine eyes may  
 serve the place

Of ears, no need of them to learn the cause  
 Of that poor supplicant. What has thou heard  
 Of misery that e'er came up to that?  
 Plead tears as strong, as she doth plead without?  
 Sighs? groans?—all things that serve as tongues to  
 grief?

She looks despair, as never yet was told  
 By doleful sound. Art thou a man or what,  
 What keeps thee roek, when all around thee melt?  
 Shake; fall to pieces at the spectacle  
 Which most ought thee to move? Hast thou no  
 touch

Of Earth or Heaven, which all men have beside?  
 So to contrast with all? Thon liv'st and breath'st!  
 By Him thou liv'st and breath'st by, I adjure thee  
 Forego the hand which He forbids thee take.

Nor. I am the bridegroom, there's the bride; she  
 weds

Of her free will; though hearts do not go with  
 hands,

No reason why they may not follow them.

I love her—I will have her—and I take her.

Edw. (*Rushing in.*) Angel—I know it all—but  
 know not tongue

Can speak the beauty of so fair a deed;  
 Self-særific'd to save thy father's life  
 The fairest barque that ever mounted wave  
 From duty run upon the foulest shore!  
 Art thou a man? (*To Norris*)—Oh, reverend Sir,  
 to proof,

Without the church let me his manhood put,  
 And see if in my frame that fibre lives  
 So basely weak 'twill yield, till at my feet  
 His claim upon the maiden he renounce!  
 It is not reverence to Heaven, to stand  
 And see it outraged in the thing it loves,  
 Through reverence to Heaven's servant or Heaven's  
 house.

Norris, come forth!

Nor. Yes, when I lead, a wife,

Thy Marian from the church.

Edw. She is not mine—

I do forego the maid, do thou forego  
 Her hand! If hate for me—loathing to see  
 The maiden mine—constrains thee to an act  
 To which a murder were an innocent deed,  
 I give her up. Pluck up my hopes, although  
 Their roots have struck to my heart's core, and  
 cast

Away, that they shall never flower again  
 But wither, die, and rot—Oh, give her up,  
 And take what e'er by years of toil I have made;  
 If that sufficeth not, take me along  
 To labour for thy gain to my life's end,  
 To do thy bidding, whatsoever it be,  
 On land or sea—how far soe'er away,  
 I'll be thy journeyman, will labour through  
 The four-and-twenty hours without repose  
 Or food, and set to work when they are out—  
 Only give up the maid, her word—her peace—  
 Her patience—reason—life.

Clergy. No violence!—Or is her reason gone,  
 Or she is in a trance?

Marian. 'Tis coming—

Nor. What?

Clergy. Peace.

Marian. How it scowls all around. The sea is  
 black

As the sky. From head to head as black as ink.  
 There comes the wind. You see that streak of  
 white

Along the horizon—it grows larger—See—  
 And larger—that's the wind! 'tis coming on,  
 Pacing the waves, and stirring up the spray,  
 As horses do the dust when they're in speed.  
 You hear it now—and now the sea is white  
 As it was black before.

Rob. Something like this  
 Occur'd last night, but I did rouse her, and  
 Recall her to herself.

Nor. This is no time

For list'ning to a dream.

Clergy. Speak'st thou again,  
 I'll ease them put thee from the church by force;  
 I'll hear the dream out, if it be a dream;  
 If that her senses are unsettled, you're  
 Forbid to take her hand!—I charge you, peace!

Marian. It lightens! but 'tis distant!—And it  
 thunders—

Only you cannot hear it!—for the sea  
 Doth now begin to roar! You'll hear it, though,  
 Anon;—'tis coming, listen! Hold your breath!  
 Don't speak! I heard a gun!—there 'tis  
 Again! And there's the ship, rounding the head,  
 Rising and pitching, and no pity takes  
 The storm upon her; but more furious waxes—  
 And billow after billow, fore top high  
 Do break upon her!

Clergy. If I hear thee breathe,  
 I'll force thee from the church!

Marian. She strikes! She's fast!  
 And now the waves do with her what they will!  
 She's gone to pieces!—Pieces!—What is this?  
 A body wash'd on shore, and Norris there,  
 Rifting it! Ha, he stops!—he is alarmed!  
 He sees that life is in it. What is that  
 He does? He has unclasp'd a knife! He means  
 To murder the poor man!—He will!—He does!  
 Stop! Norris!—'tis thy father!

Nor. Furies! fiends!

What mean you?

Marian. Thou dost shake! The blood is gone  
 Even from thy very lips! while all beside  
 Look as they look'd before! Thou'rt a bad man!

Nor. What heeds a raving girl?

Marian. Where have I been?  
 The church? Oh, I remember!—All is right!—  
 Here, Norris, take my hand!

(*They approach the altar—Wolf rises—  
 Norris lets go Marian's hand, and re-  
 treats several paces—the rest pause.*)

Nor. Hell! what is here?

Like something from a grave, or from the sea  
 Cast up untimely and unaturally;  
 Or, worse, a prisoner from the evil place,  
 If such there be, let out to harrow me  
 Before my time—affright me into madness!

Edw. Speak not! observe!

Nor. Wolf!—Wolf!—It is his eyes—  
 Features—but not the life that moved in them—  
 His form without his blood! Is it a thing  
 That breathes, or only would be thought to  
 breathe?

Wolf!—I would rush upon it, but my fears  
 Are bolts that pin me to the spot! Is it come

To tell upon me? Cause of blame to him  
I gave not; he went cramm'd with gold away!  
Edu. (To Clergyman.) Do you hear? That man  
has been a partner with him  
In some black deed!

Wolf. I have fled over sea, over land,  
To get away from it!—It follows me!  
I have plunged into riot—I have tried  
What solitude would do!—It talks to me!  
I see it in the dead of night as well  
As in the noon of day. 'Tis only here  
I have got a respite from it yet! In crowds  
I have been alone, with it glaring upon me,  
(gnashing its teeth, and yelling in mine ears!  
But there's another here doth come between  
With mild regards, and placid shining face,  
And gentle voice which makes, albeit so soft,  
My torturers unheard, crying, "Repeat!  
Confess!—Repeat! Confess!"

Nor. Confess!  
Wolf. I will  
Repeat, I will confess!—Then am I free!  
I am a murderer!

Nor. Be thou the fiend—I'll know thee!  
Wolf! (Rushing up and seizing him.)

Wolf. Norris!—What, has it been following  
thee?

Nor. Peace!

Wolf. (Furiously.) But there is no peace! It  
howls, and howls!

No foot is fleet enough to distance it,  
To 'scape the horror of its teeth;—the blood-  
hound,—

No stream that you can wade will clear thee  
from,—

That never gives you respite!—Except here!  
Here is a chance! This is a place methinks  
He cannot enter; he has hunted me  
Till he has driv'n me wild; but since I'm here  
His bay, methinks, begins to die away.  
Words have been whispered me, at hearing which  
'Twas told me he would slacken in his chase,—  
"Repeat!—Confess!" those were the words I  
heard.

I will!—I do!—I am a murderer.

Nor. Coward, where is my gold?

Wolf. All clotted o'er!—

Corroded, crumbled with the old man's blood  
Which thou let'st out, and I did leave to spill!—  
Nor. Fiend!

Wolf. Do not rave at me! I did not know  
It was your father!

Edu. Hear ye?

Nor. Villain!—die!

With a lie in thy throat! (Stabs Wolf.)

Clergy. Stop, wretch!

Wolf. Thou hast murdered me!

And but for thee I had not murdered him!  
But in my soul's strait on the brink of death  
I'll show thee ruth as I do hope to me  
That mercy will be shown!—"Repeat! Confess!"  
I hear not now the hoard!—"will stop with thee  
If there be mercy for a parricide!

(Dies—They seize Norris.)

Nor. You would not listen to a lunatic!

Clergy. At least, unhappy! thou'rt a murderer!

Nor. Which of you would not kill a mad dog?  
Come!

You've no right to hold me! Show me first  
Your warrant, without which you cannot take  
A man that's free to prison!—Just as well  
Hang me without a trial!—Let me breathe!  
Give me a moment's pause!—let my arms free!  
Oh, could I use them now! The blackest curse  
That lips can utter—heart conceive—alight  
On all who enter there!—May the roof fall  
And bury you alive—may it be in flames!  
And every door and window fast upon you!  
My blood lie at your doors!—the best among ye  
Is worse than I! My blood be on you all!

[He is dragged out.]

Clergy. Poor sinner! Grace is broad and free  
enough

Even to cover thee, so mayst thou find—  
Pattern of love, and piety, and duty,  
Surely in heaven thou would'st have been re-  
warded?

But heaven defers its guerdon for thee there,  
To give thee one on earth! Be blest in love!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DICKS' ENGLISH CLASSICS.

**DICKS' SHAKSPERE**, One Shilling.  
Per post, 6d. extra.—Complete, containing all the great Poet's Plays, 37 in number, from the Original Text. The whole of his Poems, with Memoir and Portrait, and 37 Illustrations.

**BYRON'S WORKS**, One Shilling.  
Per post, 6d. extra.—A New Edition of the Works of Lord Byron. 636 Pages, 21 Illustrations.

**POPE'S WORKS**, One Shilling.  
Per post, 6d. extra.—The works of Alexander Pope, complete. With Notes, by Joseph Wharton, D.D. Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.

**GOLDSMITH'S WORKS**, Ninepence.  
Per post, 3d. extra.—The Works of Oliver Goldsmith, with Memoir and Portrait. New and complete Illustrated Edition.

**MRS. HEMANS' WORKS**, Ninepence.  
Per post, 3d. extra.—A new Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Vignette.

**SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS**, Sixpence.  
Per post, 2d. extra.—New Edition of the Poems of Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated.

**LONGFELLOW'S WORKS**, Sixpence.  
Per post, 2d. extra.—New Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

**MILTON'S WORKS**, Sixpence.  
Per post, 2d. extra.—A new Edition, complete, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

**COWPER'S WORKS**, Sixpence.  
Per post, 2d. extra.—A new and complete Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.

**WORDSWORTH'S WORKS**, Sixpence.  
Per post, 2d. extra.—A new and complete Edition, with numerous Illustrations.

**BURNS' POETICAL WORKS**, Sixpence.  
Per post, 2d. extra.—This new and complete Edition of the Poems of Robert Burns is elaborately illustrated, and contains the whole of the Poems, Life, and Correspondence of the great Scottish Bard.

**MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS**, Sixpence.  
Per post, 2d. extra.—New and complete Edition, with numerous Illustrations.

**THOMSON'S SEASONS**, Sixpence.  
Per post, 2d. extra.—The works of James Thomson, complete, with Memoir, Portrait, and four Illustrations.

**THE ARABIAN NIGHTS**, Sixpence.  
Per post, 3d. extra.—A new Translation, complete, with numerous Illustrations.

**BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS**, Illustrated.—Twopence. Post-free, 2d. Unabridged Edition. [REMIT HALFPENNY STAMPS.]

DICKS' ENGLISH NOVELS.

Now Publishing, in perfect volume form, price the most Popular Authors. Each Novel contains from

Sixpence. a Series of Original Novels, by the **TEN TO TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS.**

1. For a Woman's Sake. W. Phillips.
2. Against Tide. Miriam Ross.
3. Hush Money. C. H. Ross.
4. Talbot Harland. W. H. Ainsworth.
5. Will She Have Him? A. Graham.
6. Heirs of the Mount. S. Dunn.
7. Counterfeit Coin. Author of "Against Tide."
8. Entrances & Exits. Author of "Anstrutha."
9. Ingaretha. Author of "Naomi."
10. Tower Hill. W. H. Ainsworth.
11. Rose & Shamrock. Author of "Lestelle."
12. South-Sea Bubble. W. H. Ainsworth.
13. Nobody's Fortune. Edmund Yates.
14. Twenty Straws. Author of "Carynthia."
15. Lord Lisie's Daughter. C. M. Braeme.
16. After Many Years. Author of "Against Tide."
17. Rachel, the Jewess. M. E. O. Malen.
18. What is to Be. Author of "Twenty Straws."
19. John Trevlyn's Revenge. E. Phillips.
20. Bound by a Spell. H. Rebak.
21. Yellow Diamond. Author of "Lestelle."
22. The Younger Son. Rev. H. V. Palmer.
23. Driven from Home. Erskine Boyd.
24. Naomi. Author of "Rachel."
25. Swept & Garnished. A. W. Thompson.
26. Jennie Gray. Author of "Against Tide."
27. Lestelle. Author of "Yellow Diamond."
28. Tracked. Author of "Bound by a Spell."
29. Carynthia. Author of "Twenty Straws."
30. Violet and Rose. Author of "Blue Bell."
31. Cost of a Secret. Author of "Two Pearls."
32. Terrible Tales. By G. A. Sala.
33. Doomed. Author of "Tracked."
34. White Lady. Author of "Ingaretha."
35. Link your Chain. Author of "Blue Bell."
36. Two Pearls. Author of "Lestelle."
37. Young Cavalier. Author of "Tracked."
38. The Shadow Hand. Author of "Naomi."
39. Wentworth Mystery. Watts Phillips.
40. Merry England. W. H. Ainsworth.

41. Blue Bell. Author of "Link your Chain."
42. Humphrey Grant's Will. Author of "Doomed."
43. Jessie Phillips. Mrs. Trollope.
44. A Desperate Deed. By Erskine Boyd.
45. Blanche Fleming. By Sara Dunn.
46. The Lost Earl. By P. McDermott.
47. The Gipsy Bride. By M. E. O. Malen.
48. The Lily of St. Erne. By Mrs. Crow.
49. The Goldsmith's Wife. W. H. Ainsworth.
51. Hawthorne. By M. E. O. Malen.
52. Bertha. By Author "Bound by a Spell."
53. To Rank through Crime. By R. Griffiths.
54. The Stolen Will. By M. E. O. Malen.
55. Poms and Vanities. Rev. H. V. Palmer.
56. Fortune's Favourites. By Sara Dunn.
57. Mysterious House in Chelsea. By E. Boyd.
58. Two Countesses & Two Lives. M. E. O. Malen.
59. Playing to Win. George Manville Fenn.
61. Doom of the Dancing Master. C. H. Ross.
62. Wife's Secret. Author of "The Heiress."
63. Castlere. Margaret Blount.
64. Golden Fairy. Author of "Lestelle."
65. The Birthright. Author of "Castlere."
66. Misery Joy. Author of "Hush Money."
67. The Mortimers. Author of "Wife's Secret."
68. Chetwynd Calverley. W. H. Ainsworth.
69. Woman's Wiles. Mrs. Crow.
70. Ashfield Priory. Author of "Rachel."
71. Brent Hall. By Author of "Birthright."
72. Lance Urquhart's Loves. Annie Thomas.
73. For Her Natural Life. Mrs. Winstanley.
74. Marlon's Quest. Mrs. Laws.
75. Inogen Herbert. Author of "Mortimers."
76. Ladye Laura's Wraith. P. McDermott.
77. Fall of Somerset. W. H. Ainsworth.
78. Pearl of Levenby. By M. E. O. Malen.
79. My Lady's Master. By C. Stevens.
80. Beatrice Tyldesley. By W. H. Ainsworth.
81. Overtaken. By Starr Rivers.
82. Held in Thrall. By Mrs. L. Crow.

83. Splendid Misery. By Collin H. Hazelwood.

Price SIXPENCE; post free, 9d. Except ENTRANCES AND EXITS and NOBODY'S FORTUNE, double size, ONE SHILLING. Remit Halfpenny Stamps.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Favourite Illustrated Magazines of the Day, for the Home Circle,

### BOW BELLS,

Published Every Wednesday, contains

*Twenty-four large folio Pages of Original Matter by Popular Writers, and about Twelve Illustrations by Eminent Artists, and is the Largest in the World.*

The General Contents consist of Two or Three Continuous Novels, Tales of Adventure founded on fact, Tales of Heroism, also founded on fact, History and Legends of Old Towns, with illustrative Sketches from the Original Pictures, Complete Stories, Tales, Picturesque Sketches, Tales of Operas, Lives of Celebrated Actresses (past and present), Adventures, National Customs, Curious Facts, Memoirs with Portraits of Celebrities of the Day, Essays, Poetry, Fine Art Engravings, Original and Select Music, Pages Devoted to the Ladies, The Work-Table, Receipts, Our Own Sphinx, Acting Charades, Chess, Varieties, Sayings and Doings, Notices to Correspondents, &c.

*Weekly, One Penny. Monthly Parts, Ninepence. Remit Threehalfpence in Stamps, for Specimen Copy.*

With the Monthly Parts are Presented:—Fancy Needlework Supplements. Coloured Parisian Plates, Berlin Wool Patterns, Fashionable Parisian Head-dresses, Point Lace Needlework, &c. &c.  
ALL THE BEST AVAILABLE TALENT, ARTISTIC AND LITERARY, ARE ENGAGED.

Volumes I to XXXV, elegantly bound, Now Ready.

Each Volume contains nearly 300 Illustrations, and 640 Pages of Letterpress. These are the most handsome volumes ever offered to the Public for Five Shillings. Post-free, One Shilling and Sixpence extra.

**EVERY WEEK.**—This Illustrated Periodical, containing sixteen large pages, is published every Wednesday, simultaneously with BOW BELLS, it is the only Halfpenny Periodical in England, and is about the size of the largest weekly journal except BOW BELLS. A Volume of this Popular Work is published Half-yearly. Now ready, Vol. XXV, price Two Shillings, post-free, 6d. extra. Weekly, One Halfpenny. Monthly, Threepence.

**THE HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF OLD CASTLES AND ABBEYS.**—With Illustrations from Original Sketches. The Historical Facts are compiled from the most authentic sources, and the Original Legends and Engravings are written and drawn by eminent Authors and Artists. The Work is printed in bold, clear type, on good paper; and forms a handsome and valuable Work, containing 743 quarto pages, and 190 Illustrations. Price Twelve Shillings and Sixpence.

**DICKS' EDITION OF STANDARD PLAYS.**—Price One Penny each. Comprising all the most Popular Plays, by the most Eminent Writers. Most of the Plays contain from 16 to 32 pages, are printed in clear type, on paper of good quality. Each Play is Illustrated, and sewn in an Illustrated Wrapper. Two Plays are published every Saturday. Numbers 1 to 305, now ready, price 1d. each.

**THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.**—Price One Shilling. Post free, 1s. 6d. This remarkably cheap and useful book contains everything for everybody, and should be found in every household.

**DICKS' BRITISH DRAMA.**—Comprising the Works of the most Celebrated Dramatists. Complete in 12 Volumes. Each volume containing about 20 plays. Every Play Illustrated. Price One Shilling each Volume. Per Post, Fourpence extra.

**BOW BELLS HANDY BOOKS.**—A Series of Little Books under the above title. Each work contains 64 pages, printed in clear type, and on fine paper.

- |                             |                            |   |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|---|
| 1. Etiquette for Ladies.    | 3. Language of Flowers.    | 5. Etiquette on Courtship and Marriage. |
| 2. Etiquette for Gentlemen. | 4. Guide to the Ball Room. |   |

Price 6d. Post free, 3d. Every family should possess the BOW BELLS HANDY BOOKS.

### DICKS' WAVERLEY NOVELS.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.. FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXT. WITH THE ORIGINAL NOTES.

This Edition, containing the whole of SCOTT'S NOVELS, 32 in number, with 125 Illustrations, is now publishing. The work is elegantly bound in cloth, gilt lettered, and is complete in seven volumes, price 14s. SCOTT'S POEMS, uniform with the above, are also on sale, price One Shilling. Waverley, Guy Mannering, Antiquary, Rob Roy, Ivanhoe, The Monastery, the Abbot, Kenilworth, The Pirate, Fortunes of Nigel, Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward, St. Ronan's Well, Redgauntlet, The Betrothed, The Talisman, Woodstock, Fair Maid of Perth, Anne of Geierstein. *Tales of my Landlord: The Black Dwarf, Old Mortality, Heart of Midlothian, Bride of Lammermoor, Legend of Montrose, Count Robert of Paris, Castle Dangerous. Chronicles of the Canonsgate: The Highland Widow, The Two Drovers, My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, The Tapestry Chamber, Death of the Laird's Jock, The Surgeon's Daughter.*

Note.—The price is Threepence each complete Novel, Post-free, One Penny extra.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers.

MUSIC.

DICKS' PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

his book is full music size, and contains instructions and exercises, full of simplicity and melody, which will not weary the student in their study, thus rendering the work the best Pianoforte Guide ever issued. It contains as much matter as those tutors for which six times the amount is charged. The work is printed on toned paper of superior quality, in good and large type. Price One Shilling; post free, Twopence extra.

CZERNY'S STUDIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

These celebrated Studies in precision and velocity, for which the usual price has been Half-a-Guinea, is now issued at One Shilling; post free, threepence extra. Every student of the Pianoforte ought to possess this companion to the tutor to assist him at obtaining proficiency on the instrument.

DICKS' EDITION OF STANDARD OPERAS (full music size), with Italian, French, or German and English Words. Now ready;—

DONIZETTI'S "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR," with Portrait and Memoir of the Composer. Price 2s. 6d. ROSSINI'S "IL BARBIERE," with Portrait and Memoir of the Composer. Price 2s. 6d. Elegantly bound in cloth, gilt lettered, 5s. each. Others are in the Press. Delivered carriage free for Eighteenpence extra per copy to any part of the United Kingdom.

MS REEVES' SIX CELEBRATED TENOR SONGS, Music and Words. Price One Shilling. Pilgrim of Love Bishop.—Death of Nelson, Braham.—Adelaide, Beethoven.—The Thorn, Shield.—The Anchor's Weight, Braham.—Tell me, Mary, how to Woo Thee, Hodson.

DELINA PATTI'S SIX FAVOURITE SONGS, Music and Words. Price One Shilling. There be none of Beauty's Daughters, Mendelssohn.—Hark, hark, the Lark, Schubert.—Home, Sweet Home, Bishop.—The Last Rose of Summer, T. Moore.—Where the Bee Sucks, Dr. Arne.—Tell me, my Heart, Bishop.

HARLES SANTLEY'S SIX POPULAR BARITONE SONGS, Music and Words. Price One Shilling. The Lads of the Village, Dibdin.—The Wanderer, Schubert.—In Childhood My Toys, Lortzing.—Tom Bowling, Dibdin.—Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep, Knight.—Mad Tom, Purcell.

\* \* \* Any of the above Songs can also be had separately, price Threepence each.

MUSICAL TREASURES.—Full Music size, price Fourpence. Now Publishing Weekly. A Complete Repertory of the best English and Foreign Music, ancient and modern, vocal and instrumental, solo and concerted, with critical and biographical annotations, for the pianoforte.

My Normandy (Ballad)  
And Robin Gray (Scotch Ballad)  
La Sympathie Valse  
The Pilgrim of Love (Romance)  
Di Pescatore (Song)  
To Far-off Mountain (Duet)  
The Anchor's Weight (Ballad)  
A Woman's Heart (Ballad)  
Oh, Mountain Home! (Duet)  
Above, how Brightly Beams the Morning  
The Marriage of the Roses (Valse)  
Norma (Duet)  
Lo! Heavenly Beauty (Cavatina)  
In Childhood my Toys (Song)  
While Beauty Clothes the Fertile Vale  
The Harp that once through Tara's Halls  
The Manly Heart (Duet)  
Beethoven's "Andante and Variations"  
In that Long-lost Home we Love (Song)  
Where the Bee sucks (Song)  
Ah, Fair Dream, ("Marta")  
La Petit Fleur  
Angels ever Bright and Fair  
Naught e'er should Sever (Duet)  
'Tis but a Little Faded Flower (Ballad)  
My Mother bids me Bind my Hair (Canzonet)  
Coming thro' the Rye (Song)  
Beautiful Isle of the Sea (Ballad)  
Tell me, my Heart (Song)  
I know a Bank (Duet)  
The Minstrel Boy (Irish Melody)  
Homage au Genie  
See what Pretty Brooms I've Bought  
Tom Bowling (Song)  
Tell me, Mary, how to Woo Thee (Ballad)

36 When the Swallows Homeward Fly (Song)  
37 Rock'd in the Cradle of the Deep (Song)  
38 Beethoven's Waltzes (First Series)  
39 As it Fell upon a Day (Duet)  
40 A Life on the Ocean Wave (Song)  
41 Why are you Wanderling here I pray:  
(Ballad)  
42 A Maiden's Prayer.  
43 Valse Brillante  
44 Home, Sweet Home! (Song)  
45 Off in the Still Night (Song)  
46 All's Well (Duet)  
47 The "Crown Diamonds" Fantasia  
48 Hear me, dear One (Serenade)  
49 Youth and Love at the Helm (Barcarolle)  
50 Adelaide Beethoven (Song)  
51 The Death of Nelson (Song)  
52 Hark, hark, the Lark  
53 The Last Rose of Summer (Irish Melody)  
54 The Thorn (Song)  
55 The Lads of the Village (Song)  
56 There be none of Beauty's Daughters (Song)  
57 The Wanderer (Song)  
58 I have Plucked the Fairest Flower  
59 Bid Me Discourse (Song)  
60 Fisher Maiden (Song)  
61 Fair Agnes (Barcarolle)  
62 How Calm and Bright (Song)  
63 Woman's Inconstancy (Song)  
64 Echo Duet  
65 The Meeting of the Waters (Irish Melody)  
66 Lo, Here the Gentle Lark  
67 Beethoven's Waltzes (Second Series)  
68 Child of Earth with the Golden Hair (Song)  
69 Should he Upraid (Song)

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

One Penny Weekly,

**DICKS' STANDARD P**

A Play will be published weekly until further notice.

THE LADY OF LYONS. By Sir Edward Lytton

WILD OATS. By John O'Keefe.

TOM AND JERRY. By W. T. Moncrieff.

OLIVER TWIST. By George Almar.

WOMAN'S WIT. By J. Sheridan Knowles.

"YES" AND "NO." (Two Farces in One Number.)  
By C. A. Somerset and Francis Reynolds.

THE SEA-CAPTAIN. By Sir Edward Lytton

EUGENE ARAM. By W. T. Moncrieff.

THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER. By J. Sheridan Knowles.

ALFRED THE GREAT. By J. Sheridan Knowles.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL and THE  
(Two Plays in One Number.) By H. Mayhew

MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE and THE  
BACHELOR. (Two Plays in One Number.) By  
and P. P. O'Callaghan.

RICHELIEU. By Lord Lytton.

Each Play will be printed from the Original Work of the Author, without

To the Theatrical Profession, Amateurs, and others, this edition will be  
as full stage directions, costumes, &c., are given. Remit penny stamp at  
of upwards of three hundred.

London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. All Newsagents.

PR  
4859  
K5W7  
1880

Knowles, James Sheridan  
The wrecker's daughter  
Original complete ed.

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

