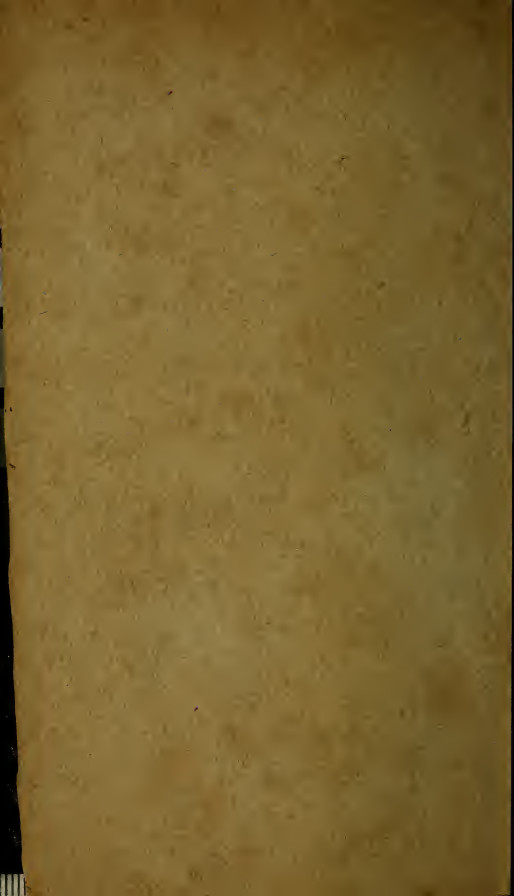


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*Author's name*  
TOM CRINGLE:

3 f  
Tom Noddy's Secret

H. C. PAGE



Tom. Cringle's  
Log.

Prompt Book

Wolfe Marks







Tom Cringle.

MAT. (*Furiously.*) Thwarted! never? thus, Stanton, blood for blood,—perish!

TOM. No quarter? then broadside for broadside, die!  
(TOM shoots him as he advances.) [SCENE LAST.]

OR,

# MAT OF THE IRON HAND.

A Drama,

*Proley* IN TWO ACTS. *Stark*

By EDWARD FITZBALL,

*Author of Walter Brand, Jonathan Bradford, Margaret's Ghost, Esmeralda, The Deserted Mill, The Wood Devil, The Sleepless Woman, &c. &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE BEST ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

*to which are added*

A description of the Costume, Cast of the Characters, Exits and  
Entrances, and the whole of the Stage Business,  
Properties, and Directions:

AS NOW PERFORMED IN THE

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

**Embellished with a fine Wood Engraving,**  
From a Drawing taken in the Theatre.

Philadelphia:

FREDERICK TURNER, PUBLISHER;  
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1836?



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Recd. M.B.S. 25 Oct. 1933

## COSTUME:

**STANTON**—Brown shape, trimmed with black, grey pantaloon, dark vest, russet boots, black hat and feather.

**MAT**—Dark shape, trunks and hose relieved with black, cap to correspond, large black boots.

**WALTER**—Scarlet shirt and hose, with dark blue doublet black hat, and scarlet feather, black boots, and black leather belt.

**TOM**—Scarlet jacket trimmed with tags, &c. loose blue trowsers, white shirt, black shoes and buckles, and red and blue woolen cap.

**ALFRED**—Green shape, trimmed richly with gold, tight white pantaloons, white shirt and russet boots.

**JACK**—Brown doublet, ragged blue pantaloons, stockings, and shoes. *Second dress*—Gown of tawday silk, black bonnet, pink petticoat, and white apron.

**ROBERT**—Brown jacket, blue shirt, blue hose, russet shoes.

**WRECKERS**—To correspond with Mat.

**SAILORS**—To correspond with Tom.

**ELIZABETH**—Open dove-coloured robe, trimmed with pale blue, neat ruff, lace apron, hair flowing naturally down the shoulders, blue slippers.

**FANNY**—Pink petticoat and black jacket, high crowned hat of black velvet, black shoes.

# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LONDON	PHILADELPHIA	NEW YORK
ORIGINAL 1834	WALNUT ST. 1835	BOWERY 1836,
Stanton.....Mr. Rumball	Mr. Porter	Mr. M'Clure
Afred....." Hemmings	" J. G. Porter	" Lenox.
Mat of the Iron Hand " O. Smith	" Jackson	" Gale
Black Walter....." Yates	" Connor	" Ingersoll
Tom Cringle....." T. P. Cooke	" W. Sefton	" J. R. Scott
Gypsy Jack....." John Reeve,	" J. Sefton	" Gates
Robert....." Morris		
Surf....." Lee.		
Elizabeth.....Mrs. Yates	Miss Mary Duff	Mrs. M'Clure
Fanny....." Vale	Mrs. Kent	" Herring
<i>Wreckers, Peasants, Sailors, Marines, etc.</i>		

*First Produced at the Surrey Theatre, May 26, 1834.*

Re. J. Stone

~~Ruby Marks~~

**TOM CRINGLE.**

ACT I

*Rising of Curtain*

SCENE I.—*An Ancient Manor House, much dilapidated, and bearing, over the Door, a Placard, "This House to be Sold." A Rockery formed of aged trees, all numbered with white chalk for the axe.*

Enter FANNY FOXGLOVE, L., followed by GIPSEY JACK—an old tin kettle at his back, and another in his hand, containing fire.

Jack. (L.) Now, Fanny—Fanny Foxglove, I say—only hear me, one moment.

Fan. (R.) Indeed, Mr. Jack, I cannot. I'm pertickly engaged this evening.

Jack. Engaged! I tell you I have depended entirely on the sort of half promise you made me this time twelvemonths.

Fan. I'm wery sorry for your depending on me—I hever goved you any encouragement. Tom Cringle's my loveyer and —

Jack. Tom Cringle! ha, ha, ha! A filthy backery sailor, who may niver come back from sea. Where's the use of depending on him?

Fan. Ah, you won't shake my infidelity, and so, Mr. Tinker, good evening. [Going, c.]

Jack. [Detaining her coarngly] But, Fanny—recollect what a pleasant life you'd have of it as my wife.

Fan. Mighty pleasant, indeed! the wife of a gipsey tinker—covered with dust as the miller's horse; wash one's linen in a roadside puddle, and dry it upon a blackberry bush. Ha, ha, ha!

*Jack.* Aye, but only think of the independence of traveling astrod your own donkey, like the Sultanny of Morocky on a drumedary—a little Gipsy Jack in the right pannier, and a little Miss Gipsy Jack in the left, I following close behind the quadruped's tail, with a fire-pot in one hand, and a large white thorn stick in t'other, bang, bang, bang—[*action of striking.*] you singing, children squalling, and I whistling, eh? delightful!

*Fan.* Oh, nonsense! You has my answer. I'm in a hurry; I'm going to call in at the manor house, at Master Stanton's here, and——

*Jack.* The very place I was a-going to. I always gets a job there—the cooks a deal of fish, and the sarce pans is a sort of yearly annuity to me; I depends upon it for lodging. [*turning round*]. But what do I see? the manor house to be sold!

[*Looking at placard.*]

*Fan.* Yes, and the old rookery trees, all to be cut down—they are numbered for the axe already. Master Stanton is going to leave the country, and take with him Miss Elizabeth.

*Jack.* What, that nice pretty young lady, his darter?

*Fan.* No, not his daughter—merely a distant relative; but she will be his daughter whenever young Alfred, his only son, returns from sea—she being engaged to he, as I is to his walley, Mister Cringle.

*Jack.* Mister! oh, la! she can't open her mouth, but out pops that Tom Cringle, like Jack-in-the-box. But poor Master Stanton—what has caused this alteration, eh?

*Fan.* Oh, losses by sea, and crosses by land.

*Jack.* Losses and crosses, eh? I thought as how I saw Master Stanton as I came along, but so changed, I scarcely knowed him. I should have made my bow, only he was talking quite mysteriously like to a tall goggish ferocious chap, as seemed to vant a little of my assistance at soldering on that necessary impendage to his right arm, a hand—at least he had a kind of a sort of a hand—only, it was not a hand, but a claw like—it was——

*Fan.* An iron hook.

*Jack.* Yes; you've hooked it, exactly.

*Fan.* [*Mysteriously*] That was Mat Ironhand—almost a new comer here. Every body's afraid of him except Master Stanton, and he and Mat are as intimate as two herrings on the same string.

*Jack.* Not the same hook——

Fan. Strange stories are told of this Mat—horrible ones!

Jack. [*Drawing nearer.*] No, tell me—of all things I loves an orrible story. Make it as diabolical as ever you can.

Fan. [*whispering.*] They say that Mat has the power of hooking up, out of the sea, with his iron hand, any fish or piece of money, or—[*Jack slips his arm round her waist—she starts.*] Ugh!

Jack. Vot's the matter?

Fan. I thought it was his hand hooking me up.

Stan. [*Without*] Fanny! Elizabeth is waiting your arrival.

Fan. For shame, Jack, don't you hea. Mr. Stanton a calling on me?

Jack. [*detaining her.*] Stay, Fanny—at least I must solder up those ruby lips of your'n—one smack. [*going to kiss her.*

Fan. [*Striking him.*] Take it. Who's to be kissed afore folks? [*Enters Manor, c. d. as STANTON comes from it*

Jack. Afore folks! what does she mean by that? [*Sees Stanton.*] Oh, hem!

Stan. (R) Well, gipsey, whither are you going?

Jack. Merely to make my beisance to your honor. I tho't your honor's culinary department might require a little repairing.

Stan. [*troubled.*] Thanks—but we have no employment to give you this time, so good night.

Jack. [*bowing and scraping.*] May be your honor won't forget the old charter, I always depinds on that, a mug o' hale and a crust of bread and cheese. I've comed along way, the roads are very dusty and choking I only comes once a year, and I wishes of all things to drink the safe return of young Master Alfred. [*tawningly.*] Nice young gentleman——

Stan. [*with emotion.*] My poor dear boy.

Jack. [*Aside*] I've soldered the old gentleman neatly—I'm sure to get the hale. [*aloud.*] Your honor's sich a perfect gentleman—so few on 'em now-a-days, sir.

Stan. My good fellow, inhospitality is a crime, which I trust I was never yet guilty of—go in, go in.

Jack. [*bowing.*] Thanks, your honor. [*aside.*] Vot a happyite I has—and if Fan ti's me any of her sarce, I'll—I wonder what's in the pantry—I really thinks I sniffs a rook pie. [*Exit through c. d. into Manor House. Horn is heard.*

Stan. [*starting wildly.*] Ah! 'tis the signal Mat agreed upon. Can it be? a ship in sight—the night, too, coming on dark and stormy. [*horn again.*] I must be gone. [*hurries off, l.*

SCENE II.—*The deck of a Vessel under sail, commanding a view of the distant land—the rigging filled with Sailors, &c.*

CHORUS.

Land, land, land!  
 Rejoice each weary tar!  
 Yes, yes, rejoice—  
 Shout every voice,  
 Huzza, huzza, huzza!

[*They wave their hats and give three cheers.*]

*Enter* ALFRED, *from Cabin*

*Alf.* Yes, shore of my birth, in distance, I again behold thee—after three years of absence once more I approach my home. My father! my dear Elizabeth! Oh, what happiness exists in the reflection that I return enriched by the treasures of India, whose only importance to me is that I shall be enabled to reinstate my father in his former independence, and confer on my future bride, my beautiful Elizabeth, the happiness her merit so well deserves. Still three tedious leagues from land! My impatience increases with every wave o'er which we glide. But where is my man, Tom Cringle, that he's not oh the look out? Tom Cringle, ahoy!

*Enter* TOM CRINGLE, *l e. r.*

*Tom.* Aye, aye, your honor!

*Alf.* (*L.*) What cheer, eh, Tom?

*Tom.* Home, sir, home. I swear I sees now, with my naked eye the tall trees of the owld rookery, where you and I used to wing them black creturs so. Caw, caw, caw! Na! ha, ha! We shall soon be popping at 'em again, master. Rook pie and parsnips are better than sea pie and lobscouse, I'm thinking.

*Alf.* Is the luggage all ready?

*Tom.* Yes, sir; there are your two trunks and your boat cloak, and, safely stowed under that, the chest of rupees, which you are towing home to your father Mister Stanton—who, though I say it, deserves jist such a present from sich a son as you are.

*Alf.* Belay, Tom, none of your fair weather palaver. Bid the men get boat under weigh—we are near enough yonder headland to quit the ship now.

*Tom.* Your honor's orders are already on the launch—the boat is now alongside, and the men stowing the cargo—see—  
[*Sailors carry the two trunks off, 2 E. R.. Two men carry off a small clasped chest, on which is written, "Alfred Stanton."*]

*Alf.* [*as they take it off.*] Be very careful of that—place it securely in the boat.

*Tom.* [*taking up the cloak.*] Won't your honor put on the cloak? The sky has a dingy look, and may be, we'll have a dash of rain, even before we hail the village. [*considering.*] Now every thing has been thought of—every thing—except my log book—I left it in the locker of my berth. Ah, thank you my lad. [*to a Boy, entering R. with a box, very small, fastened to a leathern belt, and shaped like a book.*]

*Alf.* So, that's what you call your log book, eh, Tom?

*Tom.* Sartinly, your honor—it's book shape, you see, and what's more, nobody can read it contents but myself. It was goved me, as you know, by your uncle, the nawbob of Mysore, when I saved his life in the tiger hunt. It's a sort of trophy, and so I resolved niver to part with it; though to my thinking the owld skinflint grudged it afterwards. I mean no disrespect to your uncle, sir, but I can't help remembering how stingy he always wur to yourself, whenever you passed the word about your father's distress, and—

*Alf.* Well, Tom, that's all at an end now. If my uncle refused me the means of relieving my dear father's necessities during his, my uncle's lifetime, he has, by his death, made me master of affluence. The way to happiness only, now, lies before me; so aboard, aboard, and hey for home and my dear, dear angel, Elizabeth. [*x to R.*]

*Tom.* Belay, your honor—every man to his taste. Miss Elizabeth's an angel, you say—now I left a sweetheart in yinder village, one Fanny Foxglove, and if I should return to find her any better nor a woman, skyscrapers and catheads, how moloncholy it would make me.

*Alf.* Now, Tom, ashore! ashore! [*Exit, 2 E. R.*]

*Tom.* Aye, aye, sir; I tows in your honor's wake. Good bye, my lads! and if any on you should drop anchor hereaways, don't forget to be on the look out for an owld acquaintance, make sail for the Manor House, and may be you'll hear of Muster and Missus Cringle, a snug cabin, and, damme, a hearty grip o' the fin! [*Exit, 2 E. R. The Sailors retire, singing part of the chorus, and the scene closes them in.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Stanton's House. Window in R. C. F. An old fashioned Cabinet [practicable] in L. C. F. Table and Chair on, R. Scene dark.*

BLACK WALTER enters by the Window, which opens on the ground, and shows a distant view of the sea. Stormy. He advances cautiously.

Wal. Stanton is with my father and the wreckers. Elizabeth must be in the house, alone. [*listening.*] Yes, I hear her footsteps. If yonder ship really, as I am assured, contains Alfred, to-morrow may be too late for my design to carry off his mistress. It must be done to night, or never! She comes—it is Elizabeth! [*conceals himself behind wing, R.*]

Enter ELIZABETH, R.—*a lamp in her hand.*

Eli. This may be the last night I shall pass in this, my own little chamber. The house may be sold over our heads to-morrow—nay, is so, perhaps, even at this moment. Well to what ever part of the world my benefactor may think best to retire, I'll be ready to follow without a murmur. For his sake—for Alfred's—Ah, that name! what a retrospect of anguish does it renew! Come, come, Elizabeth! for shame! is this your courage? While Fanny prepares the supper, humble as is, I'll assort my little wardrobe—all must be in readiness for departure. [*places the lamp on the table and opens cabinet.*] Ah, here is my russet skirt, with the black boddice—it is very plain—the plainer now the better. Here is the white robe unmade, which—[*a wreath falls out.*] Heavens, what is that? the wreath of roses which Alfred three days ere we parted, said should be my bridal wreath—faded, faded, faded! like the happiness of Elizabeth.

[*Walter comes forward, and looks at her with attention.*]

Wal. (R.—*rather subdued.*) Elizabeth.

Eli. (L.—*starting.*) Ah! whom see I?

Wal. Not the favored Alfred, but Black Walter, son of the wrecker, Mat of the Ironhand.

Eli. What would you? What seek you?

Wal. Your love.

Eli. You deem me alone—defenceless. Master Stanton!  
my voice——— [*going to R.*]

Wal. [*stopping her.*] Will it reach him amid the roar of elements on yonder sea beach, where, under the crazy ruins of Dunraven Castle, he, this night, links his fallen fortunes



with those of the despised wreckers, whom once, he, most of all mankind, was known to detest and persecute.

*Eli.* What infamy of falsehood is this you utter?

*Wal.* Nay, if I am not believed, look from this window forth—*[Opens window—lightning flashes, thunder rolls &c.]*—the flashing lightning will serve as a torch, or if not, there is the false beacon just kindled to decoy a strange vessel to split upon the sunken rock. See you not yon gaunt figure?

*Eli.* *[crossing to window.]* An elusion deceives these eyes or, it resembles. ———

*Wal.* Resembles, it is that of Master Stanton, I tell thee—confederate of Mat of the Iron hard. Thy guardian hath assumed the knife of the wrecker, and devoted himself to ———

*Eli.* *[interrupting him.]* I'll hear no more! I dare not listen! My poor distracted relative, to what hath misfortune driven thee? for if it be, indeed, as this man asserts, madness alone impels thy determination. *[Signal Guns are heard.]* Oh, heaven! a signal of distress—across the waves it came—a ship in trouble—those hidden rocks—that fatal beacon! I understand! He is mixing his hand with such crime! madness! *[Gipsy Jack puts his head in at the window.]*

*Wal.* You forget—I have come hither to speak of love.

*Jack.* Oh, that's it! is it?—I'm here by mistake then!

*[retires.]*

*Eli.* Love! Oh, how out of tune! Release me ruffian! let me go—let go my hands.

*Wal.* No: I have watched my opportunity too long, to relinquish thee; from the first moment I beheld thee; I resolved that you should be mine; mine; in your solitary rambles, amongst those cliffs.—Many times, I could have sprung upon you, as the wild fox springs upon the rock pigeon, but I was afraid, for there is still an awe hanging over those who dwell within the pale of honesty; I was afraid to grasp this and, as I now grasp it, till your relation, Philip Stanton, became one of my own calling, and reduced himself to the wreckers level. Now, Elizabeth Stanton, I dare to tell, even you, how I love you; you shall become my bride.

*Eli.* *[wildly]* Ha, ha, ha!

*Wal.* Mockery! scorn! all, I heed not—they only serve, in my eyes, to render you more lovely. Alfred, of whom, I have heard you speak, as if he were too good for this earth, shall never return alive to claim your hand—never!—if he be so worthy of a better world, let him seek it. *[gloomily]*

*Eli.* You say this to terrify me, I'm sure you do, Walter of the Cliff, do not drive me mad, as your father has already well nigh driven the only true friend, save Alfred, that I have in the world.

*Wal.* I, Walter of the Cliff, will be your protector, your true friend; your husband! you shall require none other—have none other.

*Eli.* Why do I listen to thee?—I that should be on the sea beach, at the knees of my guardian; to undeceive him! to avert his mistaken purpose.

*Wal.* Avert! ha! ha! ha! the web is too closely woven round both him and you, to be easily shaken off; he is already the victim of my father—you are mine.

*Eli.* [*struggling*] I understand thee not! leave me! to the sea beach, I—

*Wal.* And I attend thee.

*Eli.* No! no! no!

*Wal.* Yes; thy future home is there! there, in the Wrecker's haunt, amid the storm defying ruins of Dunraven castle! come, Elizabeth! [*Dragging her towards window.*]

*Eli.* Help! aid me heaven! help!

*JACK enters from window, FANNY, R.*

*Jack.* (R. c.) Hillo! does any body want the tinker here Any old pots or tin kettle to mend, eh? I think you called afor:, Miss, didn't you?

*Fan.* (R.) Black Walter! Miss Elizabeth!

*Wal.* (L. c.) Rascally tinker! ill looking hound, begone or—

*Jack.* To be sure, so I will; paws off, black whiskers, or depend on it you'll get a burn of my soldering iron! and as for "rascally tinker," let me tell you! if I am a tinker, I'm not half so black as you are.

*Wal.* Miserable patcher of kettles, have a care!

*Jack.* Up, soldering iron, and do your duty manfully.

[*Threatening.*]

*Wal.* Then, thus do I hurl thee grovelling to my feet.— [*striking him down*] Now, Elizabeth, leave your noble champion to Fanny, to provide a plaster for his broken crown Nay, resistance is all in vain. [*to Fanny.*] Not a cry, not a step. [*sneering.*] It is a woman's duty to attend the wounded.

[*He bears Elizabeth, fainting, through the window.*]

Fan. I'll scream the roof down! help! help!

Jack. [*lifting his head up sheepishly.*] Is he gone!

Fan. Yes, and you—why don't you pursue the villain. Ah, Jack, Jack, you're little better than a coward.

Jack. [*rising.*] I'm no coward, only it's contrary to flesh and blood to grapple with Lucifer's eldest son. One thing I'm determined to do, to save the ship, which I heard him say, was to be lured to destruction by a false beacon. I'll to the opposite side of the creek; my firepot is below, I'll set fire to the straw cottage on the cliff, that will turn the vessel into safe harbor; and if I have suffered one damned scoundrel to escape, I'll save a whole crew of brave fellers to pay for it; and then, who'll say of Gipsy Jack, that he's unworthy of the name of tinker! no, no, ven I makes a botch, I know how to mend it, that's one comfort.

[*going.*]

Fan. But don't leave me here?

SCENE IV.—*A retired part of the ruins of Dunraven Castle. Storm raging.*

Enter MAT, forcing on STANTON, R.

Mat. (r.) Remorse! stuff! what have we to do with remorse? in all probability, yon ship would founder ere day-break, and why not on our part of the coast as well as elsewhere? It will be none the worse for the crew, and all the better for us. Arouse thee! be a man!

Stan. (R) A man I dare to be, but not a murderer.

Mat. Why these scruples? said you not, if you could secure independence enough to recall your son, that you little cared how it was obtained?

Stan. I did—in desperation I did; but conscience—the world ———

Mat. The world? what has the world left thee? To-morrow it will not have left thee a home, not even a refuge for thy old age—house, land—all lost! nothing will remain to thee but——

Stan. To die!

Mat. And that you would do.

Stan. Yes, without a murmur.

Mat. A father you, and say this?

Stan. Why, awake within my heart;———Oh, Alfred! oh, agony, tormenting?

*Mat.* The poor orphan girl, too, Elizabeth, depending solely upon your fortunes; you said you loved the damsel as a daughter, that she was to be the wife of your son. Is there no responsibility in all this, which should pervert a man's thoughts from the selfish quietude of the grave?

*Stan.* [*wildly.*] Tho'rt right! right! I am too selfish; I have dreamed only of my own welfare.—[*guns.*]—Hark! the vessel is much nearer, let us to the look-out, my friend, pardon this weak timidity; I—hence humanity from my breast; nature, nature, make of me a demon! [*Mat urges him on at the same time expressing vengeance.*] [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE V.—*The ruins of Dunraven Castle, opening to the Sea, which is greatly agitated. On the 3 E. R. is an old Turret, with broken steps. Up to the door from the Turret-window, is a beacon lamp swinging to and fro. On the 3 E. L. is a Gothic doorway leading to an inner court of the castle. In the distance on the L. is a high Cliff, with a small Thatched Cottage on the top.*

WRECKERS enter 2 E. R. bearing pieces of wreck, chests, &c., which they take into the interior, 2 E. L. MAT and STANTON enter, 1 E. L.

*Mat.* [*to Wreckers, L.*] Well done, lads, more store to the magazine! away all; take each his quantum of brandy; in less than twenty minutes, yon ship—[*pointing off, v. E. L.*]—will be upon these rocks, at our mercy, a rich cargo! a rare cargo she has! In, in! and arm for action! [*Wreckers shout and enter doorway, 2 E. L.*] Still so distant!—The lantern—[*to Stanton, R.*] requires a fresh supply of oil, you'll find plenty on the head of the stairs: be it your duty to renew the declining energy of yonder flame; mine, to kindle to desperation the flame of courage, there. [*Enters Castle, L.*]

*Stan.* What infernal office have I taken upon myself? Dare I look back upon what I once was, or mediate on what I now am? Alas! it must be, that, at the hour of man's birth, Fate, in her iron book, records his destiny: Time turns over, every day, a leaf, till, at length, comes leaf the last, revealing all, that we are born alike to suffer, and alike to die. [*pausing.*] But my son, my son! waters of the deep! thunder, avenging lightnings! what ye have robbed me of, it is but just ye should give me back again. Up, up, dim fire, thou

canst not strew around these yelling waves, a wreck more deep, more terrible than this.

[Pressing his heart and hurrying into the tower, R.]

Enter WALTER, forcing ELIZABETH forward, L., her dishevelled hair floating in the wind. Storm raging.

Wal. Look there.—[pointing off, U. E. L.]—Seest thou nothing?

Eli. Oh, yes, distinctly, a labouring ship I see, it makes towards these rocks.

Wal. Yes, attracted by that false beacon.—[the lanthorn burns more vividly.] Elizabeth, whom think'st thou is in that ship?

Eli. Alas! how can I answer?

Wal. I'll tell thee, who is there.—Alfred is there!

Eli. [shrinking down, L.] Alfred! no! no!

Wal. Yes; in every craft, the Wrecker hath his spy: I tell thee Alfred is there, and the ship must perish.

Eli. Must! is there not a heaven above?

Wal. Thinkest thou the course of yonder vessel depends on Providence or the elements? No, Elizabeth, that decoying light—[pointing to beacon] draws her as naturally to destruction as the lamp flame enticeth the moth.

Eli. Great powers! Will nothing rescue my poor Alfred?

Wal. Yes! consent to become mine, when the clock of the inland church strikes the hour of eleven in the morning, and this hand, which shall not till then, demand thee as its bride, will, despite the knives of a thousand wreckers, extinguish yon false beacon, so the ship will on her way and Alfred live.

Eli. To curse, perhaps, Elizabeth! Deceiver! what is it thou would'st urge me to? Thine! I never can—or will—  
[Shuddering. Signals fired. The Ship is seen entering from U. E. L. plunging and working across to R. Storm.]

Wal. Well, be it as thou list. Nearer and nearer the ship rolls—in a few short minutes thy bridal peal is like to prove the cries of the perishing. His drowning cry amongst them—what is that to Walter? Let the sea ring his knell, Elizabeth shall still be Black Walter's bride.

Eli. [covering her ears with her hands.] Monster! do not kill me with those hideous words!

Wal. [crossing to L. and dragging Elizabeth.] Come, into the wreckers lair! [loud laughter without, L.] Listen, how their savage natures rejoices at the anticipation of plunder,

perhaps of blood—that nature is not more stern than thine! They, impelled by necessity, sacrifice their would-be-foes! thou refuseth to save all thou pretendest to love—Alfred! Come, bride thou shalt be. [pointing to castle.]

Eli. (R. C.) Thou wearest in thy girdle a knife—kill me, in mercy kill me, or—[rushing up to the back.] into the raging sea, from yonder rock, with Alfred to die!

*Enter STANTON, hastily, from Turret, R.*

Stan. How's this? Elizabeth struggling with that ruffian! Villain, stand off, or——

Wal. [Sternly.] Beware, old man! I am the son of Mat of the Iron Hand!

Stan. Were you Lucifer himself, this insult should not pass unpunished. Dog! [strikes him.]

Wal. [rushing upon him.] A blow! I never could endure that, even from my father. A blow it can only be washed out by blood. Die! [dashing him down, and presenting his knife at his throat—Elizabeth utters a scream, and falls in an attitude of supplication on her knees, on L of Walter.]

Eli. (L.) Oh, for my sake, spare him!

Wal. (C.) Yes, for thy sake, I will! both him and his son. Swear the oath I dictated—swear to become Walter's bride—eleven—to-morrow!

Eli. [wringing her hands.] Alas! alas!

Wal. You hesitate—both shall perish! you their murderers! [raising the knife.]

Eli [arresting his hand.] Ugh! stay! [distracted.] I—swear! I swear! [thunder is heard.]

Wal At the hour of eleven—mine—to-morrow!

Eli. [despairingly.] I have sworn it.

Wal. [putting his knife by.] Enough! the old man's life is already free—for Alfred——

Eli. [looking towards the ship.] There is not a moment to be lost!

Wal. [putting her across to R.] No; up thou to yonder turret top, extinguish the false beacon, while I to the Bay, and set in flames the old straw cottage on the cliff—so the ship will tack to whither she may ride in safety, and the promise of Black Walter may be performed. To the turret, thou!

Eli. Yes, yes. [enters turret, R. The Cottage on the Cliff appears in flames.]

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*Wat.* What see I? the cottage on the cliff already in flames! the devil sure anticipates my intention—still Elizabeth must deem the action mine; besides, my father's wrath I would avoid. Ha, ha, ha! [*Seeing the Beacon light expire and Elizabeth at the window, he exits behind the turret, R. at back.*]

*Enter MAT and WRECKERS, laughing and singing 2 E. L.*

*Mat.* Ha, ha, ha! Now, boys, plunder, plunder!

*All.* Aye, plunder, plunder!

*Mat.* [*seeing Stanton senseless on the ground.*] What devil's deed is here? Master Stanton on the ground? senseless! Who has done this?

*Stan.* [*recovering and rising.*] Thy son! thine—this temerity

*Mat.* Leave that to me. Where is the boy? [*turning.*] See, what flame is that on the west cliff? [*the light is broader and stronger—the ship begins to tack and sail towards it.*] Our beacon light extinguished! the ship recedes from the rocks, making towards the safe waters of the bay. Wreckers, we are foiled—I cannot tell how. Ah! who is she, that like the witch of the storm, look forth, from yonder turret upon the waters? 'tis she hath extinguished our lantern.

*Stan.* Elizabeth!

*Eli.* [*at window.*] Father, the ship is saved! rejoice, rejoice! Alfred is on-board that deck.

*Stan.* Alfred? thou—[*to Mat.*] thou knewest of this?

*Mat.* [*cally.*] I did!

*Stan.* And thou didst tempt a desperate father to kindle a false beacon to lure his only son to ruin?

*Mat.* I did!

*Stan.* Oh, fiend! fiend! what deadly injury had I ever done to thee?

*Mat.* Ask this iron hand!

*Stan.* Mysterious being! what art thou? I do not understand thee.

*Mat.* I'll thee all—[*a cry without.*] Hark! heard I not a cry from the sea? Are any of my people perishing! Where's my son—my boy Walter—is he safe? Girl, why are thine eyes so intently fixed on the dark billows? What seest thou?

*Eli.* [*at window.*] One that battles almost vainly with the waves. There are two—two! the other hath disappeared—help! help, for pity's sake! [*Storm becomes louder—TOM CRINGLE appears struggling with the waves from the L.—he*

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climbs up a rock, and the Wreckers support him forward. Mat glances at the Log, which is still round his neck.]

Mat. [reading inscription.] "Tom Cringle's Log!" doubtless a concealed treasure. 'His at least the storm hath sent ye. [Takes the Log off Tom's neck, and tosses it to Wreckers, who try to open it. At the word "Tom Cringle," Elizabeth utters a cry and disappears.]

Stan. Tom Cringle!

Tom. [wildly—thinking himself still at sea.] I hear ye, master—I am near you, master! keep up your courage—keep up your courage! A few more efforts, and all will be right. Look at the beacon light! Land! land! Master, dear master, where are you? Master Alfred!

Stan. Alfred!

Eli. [Entering hastily from turret—comes down R. of Tom.] Yes, yes—do you not recognize these features? 'tis Tom Cringle, the young mariner, who followed the destiny of Alfred to India.

Tom. [gazing wildly at Elizabeth.] That sweet voice! the spirit of the storm is watching over us! Master, listen—it uttered your name—it—oh—where am I?

Eli. Safe, safe ashore—do you not know me?!

Tom. Miss Elizabeth! but my master?

Stan. My son—Alfred?

Tom. Aye, where is he? where? where?

Stan. In yonder ship, I hope.

Tom. No, no; we quitted it together. His eagerness to behold his father—his Elizabeth—to place at their feet the wealth of his dead uncle—the sudden storm—the darkness—every effort failed us—the boat split upon the rocks—there I—I held my poor master in these arms till I had strength no longer—I saw him glide from me across the wave—I saw his pale face, turned towards me, in the light of that turret beacon—he gave me one last despairing look—a word he uttered—it was like a prayer—darkness came over me, and when again the lightning flashed poor Tom Cringle was alone—quite, quite alone—his master had perished—perished— [Faints in the arms of Wreckers, who lead him back.

Wul. [Advances from the back, down L. and takes the hand of Elizabeth.] The ship rides in safety! thou art mine tomorrow! thy oath! eleven!

Mat. (R. gazing triumphantly at Stan.) Thou art childless!

Stan. [pressing his brow.] Alas! what shall sustain me?



*Mat.* The hand of thy friend! [*A picture is formed—Tom supported in c. senseless—Elizabeth kneeling c.—Walter standing over her—Stanton, half distracted, R. Mat holding his Iron Hand towards him—Wreckers trying to open Log, at back, and the whole illumined by the flames of the Cottage.*]

## END OF ACT I.

*Roley* — *Marks*  
ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Inside of Fanny's Cottage,*

*ELIZABETH* is discovered, seated in an Arm Chair, her Head reclining on Fanny's bosom.

*Eli.* (L.) Bless thee, dear girl, for the thought that Alfred still lives—for his own sake—for his poor father's sake, how would it glad these gushing eyes to behold him once, once again. [*Weeps.*]

*Fan.* (R.) For his own, own sake, aye, and for your own sake.

*Eli.* My sake! alas, that dreadful oath!

*Fan.* Oath! what oath, Miss Elizabeth?

*Eli.* A miserable one! I swore to Black Walter, that would he save yonder ship, and spare the life of Alfred's father, that I would become his, the wrecker's bride! Fanny, Fanny, the ship is saved! though Alfred perished, my benefactor's life is spared, though he hath no longer a son!

*Fan.* And, for this you would marry Black Walter?

*Eli.* [*solemnly.*] I have sworn it! and oaths are registered in Heaven, to appear against us, at that great awful day which comes after death.

*Fan.* Not oaths such as this, they are only recorded in the devil's pocket book—you give your hand to Black Walter? yours! why, I wouldn't give mine, unless there was a rope in it to hang the wretch with at the church door.

*Eli.* What is the hour?

*Fan.* The steeple clock hath stricken ten long since.

*Eli.* [*starting up.*] Gracious Heavens! so near the time!—where's Master Stanton?

*Fan.* To-day, you know, the old Manor House is to be sold, and he's gone down, perhaps to the auction.

*Eli.* Alas, alas! what must he think of me? that I desert him in this trying moment—I'll seek him on the seabeach amongst the rocks — ——

*Fan.* Tom Cringle has gone there already, to look for and conduct him to you, here, at my cottage.

*Eli.* That's kind, very kind; but the voice of Elizabeth will have more persuasion than that of a stranger.

[Footsteps heard without.

*Fan.* Ha! some one comes.

*Eli.* It is Black Walter—he comes to demand the fulfilment of my terrible oath.

*Fan.* I'll tear his eyes out.

*Wal.* [without.] Elizabeth! [Elizabeth utters a scream and covers her eyes with her clasped hands—Walter Enters, D. in F.—advances &c.] Elizabeth, remember your oath—I am here to claim your hand.

*Eli.* (L.—after a pause—faintly.) Take it.

*Fan.* (c.—interposing as he advances.) Take the devil's hoof sooner, and that's more in your way, I'm sure,—if you dare to touch her, you'll find I'm not quite so gentle to deal with, I promise you.

*Wal.* [menacing.] Stand aside, mistress, or——

*Fan.* Oh, aye! threaten me—that's like you—to attack the defenceless is quite in your way, or you wouldn't be a wrecker.

*Wal.* Then I must force you--[Putting her aside as crosses to Elizabeth.]

*Fan.* Help! murder! Tom! Tom Cringle!

Enter TOM CRINGLE, D. in F.—he runs to Fanny.

*Tom.* Here I am, Fan—hollo! the ship in a breeze! what's in the wind now? no privateering—[to Walter.] grappling irons off, there! no skylarking in this quarter. or damn me, but you get a broadside right athwart your mizzen.

*Wal.* (c.—scornfully.) I came not here to bandy words with dross like you or you.

*Tom.* (R. c.) What the devil does he call dross? bobbing his head from one to the other, like a buoy in a rough swell?

*Wal.* [sternly.] Elizabeth, are you ready to become my wife?

*Eli.* [*mournfully.*] I must keep my oath.

*Tom.* Wife! Miss Elizabeth wife to sich a sea sarpint as that! sure I'm aground on Fog Island! what does all this mean, eh, Fan?

*Eli.* Alas, I have made a fatal vow to become his.

*Tom.* Avast! you, surely, don't mean to keep your vow to sich a swob?

*Eli.* I dare not break it; no, I feel I shall not many days perhaps, not many hours, survive this dreadful trial; I would meet Alfred there—[*pointing to Heaven.*] Can I do that, and violate this solemn compact? no! Walter of the Cliff, beyond all mankind, thou art my aversion! I did not think it was the nature of Elizabeth, to hate any living creature, deadly or venomous, as I detest thee, thou most ungenerous of men! But, there is my hand, if thou canst take it, laden as it is with professed abhorrence, 'tis thine! I dare to become thine, despising thee—but, I dare not break, even this cruel oath, to shut myself from that Heaven, where he, Alfred, awaits me.

*Tom.* Well, this may be religion, but curse me if it's gospel. And, do you think, Miss Elizabeth, as how my master whose waiting aloft, as you say, to receive you alongside on him, into the heaven of happiness, would ever forgive me, Tom Cringle, if I was to stand by here, and see you subject yourself to this impossible sort of quarantine—no, nor, I'm dammed if I does, And I tell you what, Black Walter—and black as Belzebub you are—since you are so bent upon the matrimonial noose; I'll be off to the ship there, in the Bay, presently, and you shall have noose enough, to unite your whole infarnal gang, to every tree in the owid roovery of the Manor House—so sheer off, and make the best use of your *canvass*, before you're overtaken by my *hemp*.

*Wal.* Braggart it would have been time enough for you to bully, when you had cleared the enemies decks. [*whistles—Four Wreckers Enter—they seize him, and take into the L. corner as Walter drags Elizabeth up to the door.*] You see the bridegroom hasn't come without his bridesmen!

*Tom.* The devil without his imps, you mean.

*Wal.* That fellow would sell us to the government! my father will decide his fate, and the hemp which he spoke of, not have been mentioned in vain. Now, Elizabeth, it is your wedding day. *No 3* [*Hurries her out at the door.*]

*Tom.* [*struggling.*] I shall go mad! Thunder and explo-

sions, and blowings up, are butterflies wings to this. Fanny, have you niver sich a thing as a brace of pistols, in your waist-coat pocket. Oh, you thundering swobs! only let me catch you, one of these days, astride a gun, and Lucifer's breakfast parlour under us, see what a mouthful you'll be for the owld gentleman; [*As they drag him up to the door.*] You lash me to the yard arm! not while I've powder enough in this locker to send daylight through your ugly ribs. [*As he struggles with them—Fanny snatches a sword from Wrecker's girdle—Tom breaks away, and taking the sword, stands prepared for action—Two Wrecker's run out at Door—the other two in attitude, L.—Picture.*]

Fan. (R.) Give it to them, Tom—do, dear Tom!


Tom. (R. C.) You crowd all sail, Fan, and keep Miss Elizabeth's bows above water, till I comes—[*Fanny leans against him.*]—Lord love you don't you be arter getting sterikey, now this is only fun for me, as the devil said, when he tarred the exciseman, and applied a lighted match to his pig tail—there go, Fan, there's a good gal; tell Miss Elizabeth not to cry amen, till I heaves in sight. [*putting Fanny out D. in F.*] Now you ratified rascals, which of you is for the first grizzle on my toasting iron? Don't think I'll give in as long as two planks o' me stick together. [*Combat.—He beats one off, C. in F.—strikes the sword out of the others hand, who rushes up to door and calls in the rest—they secure Tom, and bear him off by his hands and feet, through D. in F.*]

SCENE II.—*A Marine Cavern, opening to rocks and sea—R. H. a small Church—Stores, casks, &c. laying about—3 E. R. a great cavern.*

*W. G. M.*  
GYPSEY JACK. *dressed as a boatman, puts his head out of a cask L. which has a lid and hasp to it.*

Jack. Foo! what a night I've passed, stowed up in this here cask like a pickled lobster. I'm afraid if the Wreckers catch me, for setting fire to the cottage on the West Cliff, they'll sarve me as they do the ells—a pretty figure I should look running about without my skin—I thought, I might de-pind on this old gentlewoman's dress, which I found where it wornt lost, to escape out of the parish; but curse 'em, wreckers have no respect even for female innocence. All seem pretty quiet—now, if I could but put my best leg forward

[*putting out a leg.*] Let me be very careful not to expose my calf, for I must say, for a lady, it is perhaps, a little overgrown. [*noise—he recoils.*] Ha! some one coming! Diffidence befriend me.

[*conceals himself.*  
*in cask* 

Enter STANTON, R., looking wildly about.

Stan. My boy, my poor drowned boy! even now methinks I see him frowning on me—me, his unnatural father!—that lured him to his doom:—some hideous punishment awaits me—I feel as if, in a few moments, these o'erhanging rocks would descend, and bury me, and all beneath them, in their crumbling ruins!

Jack. [*popping up his head.*] Oh, dear! I feels pertickly uncomfortable!


Stan. Suicide is the only way to escape.

Jack. [*listening.*] Which side did he say to escape?

Stan. Yes, I'll adopt the certain means of departing hence unnoticed.

Jack. [*about to get out.*] I'll follow his example.

Stan. This vial—opium. [*producing it.*

Jack. Oh, la! don't let him depind upon me as his footman. [*ronceals himself.* 

Stan. [*staring.*] A voice! [*crosses to L., looking about.*] No! I am alone—all that remains to me of my fallen opulence, is here—[*shewing vial.*] This will calm my heart, and yield it dreamless sleep. Eternity, to thee, I dedicate the draught; now, while no eyes look on [Near the cask—as he holds up the bottle over the cask—Jack pops up and seizing his hand takes it from him.

Jack. Yes, but an eye does look on, and an eye will see you damned before you poisons yourself. [*Enters from cask.*

Stan. (L.) Insolent! who are you, woman?

Jack. (R.) Woman! [*aside.*] Now, if he knowses nothing on me, I may venture in safety—I'll try. [*aloud*] Who am I, your vorship? vy, I'm a lady, on a sea side excursion. [*aside*] It female pursuit shall I hit on? [*aloud.*] I'm a feminine ilor—I'm a sailor.

Stan. A sailor?

Jack. Yes—that is to say, I'm Sailor Sal. [*aside.*] if he doesn't extinguish me, I may go out. [*aloud.*] Is your honour walking my way? I wants a protector—

Stan. No, no, give me back the opiate; I wish to die.

*Jack.* Die, nonsense—don't do no sich a thing—laud bless your poor crazy head, why any fool can die—how to live is the question now-a-days—but you shan't have this stuff; if you are for a drop o' summut a little better, just see vot I carries under my vaistcoat—[*pulling up his petticoats, and producing a bottle.*] My mother, though she was in the stromy line, always carried the same antigoat about her; in winter, to keep out the cold; in summer, to keep out the heat. Drink——

*Stan.* None for me, I must be gone! Ha! Mat here!

[*Looking, L.*

*Jack.* Mat! then I'm sure I must keep up my spirits.—[*Drinks.*] In case of violence, spirit of woman's bravery, descend and comfort me.

[*Drinks, and conceals himself behind cask.*

*Enter MAT, TOM, and the Wreckers, I E. L.*

*Mat.* [*pointing to Tom.*] That fellow to be kept prisoner! Walter's in the right; we haven't been able to open, what he calls his log book, he shall teach us that secret, presently.

*Tom.* [*Aside—coming down, R.*] The sooner it come to that, mayhap, the better. I'll just keep a look out for squalls; only let me get sea room enough, and I'll teach 'em to clap me, a king's man, into their piratical bilboas.

*Mat.* (c.) Silence! no grumbling! But where's my son, Walter? ho! boy, Walter!

*Enter WALTER and ELIZABETH, followed by Wreckers, L.*

*Wal.* (F. C.) Father, I am here, with my new made wife.

*Mat.* (c.) Thy wife, boy?

*Stan.* (R. C.) Wife!

*Tom.* (R.) The devil! spliced to him!

*Eli.* [*To Stanton, and thr wing herself at his feet.*] Do not curse me, till you have heard my story.

*Wal.* [*crossing to Mat.*] Up, wife! [*to Stanton.*] Enough, to save your life at the foot of the Beacon Turret—she swore to be mine——

*Stan.* Thine! to save my life! that life, which, but now I would have cast from me as a worthless grain of sand.

*Eli.* Nay, dear sir, thy preservation was not all—he, Walter, set fire to the cottage on the West Cliff, in order to rescue from destruction, the vessel, in which, alas, I hoped that our lost Alfred— ——

Jack. (*indignantly, coming down, L.*) He sot fire to the cottage! he's the lyingest thief as ever—Oh!

[*Holding his mouth.*]

Mat. What's the matter, mother?

Jack. [*in a feigned voice.*] Nothing, nothing.—I've got the distractionest tooth-ache—oh!

[*goes up.*]

Stan. Elizabeth you shall keep no such unnatural oath.

Tom. (*coming down, u.*) No, I'm damned if she shall.

Wal. [*scornfully.*] 'Tis past recalling.

Stan. Elizabeth, speak?

Eli. Alas! I am his wife.

[*mournfully.*]

Mat. [*To Walter, shaking his hand.*] The knotting done! that's a brave boy!

Tom. The knotting done! no, not his knotting! I only wishes I may have the tying on't, and I will too, or he shall have the choaking on me, before I surrenders up to him this beautiful little craft—[*crossing Elizabeth to c.*] which is only fit to be commanded by a captain as is no longer of this arth. [*taking Elizabeth's arm.*] Come away, Miss Elizabeth, don't you cry, what's the use of crying—[*blubbing.*] don't look so frightened and pale—I'll stow you in safe harbour—come—

Wal. (*i. c.*) What insolence is this? seize that audacious scoundrel!

[*The four Wreckers advance.*]

Tom Scoundrel! you shall pay for that, when I comes back again, or my name's not Tom Cringle!

[*going, L.*]

Mat. (*L.*) Back again? Men, do my son's bidding—put him under hatches. [*the Wreckers seize him, he shakes them off.*]

Tom Damn me, d'ye think, I can't walk into the bilboes without being hauled along? [*going up, r.*] Oh, that I had you on board the 'lunderer; and were at this moment in the powder room, with a lighted link in my mawley, wouldn't I set ye flying like Belzebub's jack daws on the top of Mount Strombelow.

[*He goes up—one of the Wreckers laughs at him, he suddenly turns and knocks him down, and runs into the grated Cave, u. E. R.—they put a chain across.*]

Mat. (*c*) Droop not thou, proud Stanton, the Wrecker's son lacketh not a dowry—the old Manor House shall be his—I've bought it!

Stan. You?

Wal. You, father?

Mat. Yes boy, I—and have pledged myself to send the purchase money, to the village, in less than an hour; here's

the sum—[*Taking a canvas bag from his vest.*] You must with it to the lawyer, and bring back the deeds.

*Wal.* [*gloomily.*] I?

*Mat.* Yes, while that ship rides in the bay, it were as well for me to keep on this side the rocks. Go, I'll conduct home the bride, and give orders for a jovial feast.

*Wal.* [*sulkily.*] I'll do as you say, father—because I must; but I wish the old Manor House had been tinder, ere—

[*going up Stage.*]

*Mat.* Silence! Now, Stanton; now, daughter, to the Manor House!

*Eli.* Daughter! his! burst my heart!

*Stan.* (*Indignantly, and crossing past her to L.*) It is too much!

*Eli.* [*clinging to him.*] Keep hold of my hand! I feel as icy death already encircled me in his arms. (*Going L. Walter approaches on her R.*) Ugh! from him, support—into the sea—into my grave! any where any where! (*She hurries out wildly, L. supported by Stanton—Walter follows exulting.*)

*Mat* [*to Wreckers.*] Now, to the wedding feast—all, save you two—who must keep watch outside the cave, over the stores and the sailor till I return or send. Come, friends.

[*Exit, L.—The Wreckers follow.*]

*Jack.* [*Who has sank behind the cask, watching them out.*] Two on 'em to watch outside the cave; that's unpleasant—but surely they wouldn't be unpleasant to a female, especially one of the nautical stamp. I'll walk off.

[*Going off trippantly, L.—Walter meets him,*]

*Wal.* Stay, what's your name?

*Jack.* (*R. feigning.*) My name's Sarah—sensitive Sarah, I'm called by my mamma; but by low-liv'd fellows, Sailor

*Sal.* Good day.

[*going.*]

*Wal.* (*L.*) Hand over the bottle I saw you tipping from, a few minutes ago; it will serve as a stomachic for me, and the two Wreckers outside, who are as sulky as myself.—Come, what is it?

*Jack.* A mere drop of brandy, which I carries about me for my tooth ache; you shall have it, but the cork is somewhat broken in, I'll draw it for you. [*Walter turns up Stage.*] Curse me, if I don't give him a dose of old Stanton's opium, it will set him and his two Wreckers napping on their post.

[*Empties phial into bottle.*]

*Wal.* (*Coming down, L.*) Am I to remain here till—



*Jack.* Take it, but don't drink too much, it will get into your head. [*Tom at grating, watching.*]

*Wal.* Pshaw! [*drinks.*] excellent! here, Sam, Steven, drink to the bride, my boys! to the bride! [*Exit, L.*]

*Jack.* Ha, ha, ha! now I think I may just depend on that there stomatic to solder up their senses. He, he, he!

[*Exulting—going, L.*]

*Tom.* Jack! Gvpsy Jack, ahoy!

*Jack.* [*alarmed.*] Betrayed! I'm a lost voman! who speaks?

*Tom.* I, Tom Cringle, an owld acquaintance of yourn; d'ye think I don't remember your voice, notwithstanding your false signals! Just heave back these here bolts, and let me out of this cock-pit, there's a good fellow.

*Jack.* Will you give up Fanny Foxglove?

*Tom.* Sartinly, if she prefers you to me.

*Jack.* That vont do.

*Tom.* No! then I'll tell you what will; I'll sing out, who sot fire to the cottage on the West Cliff—for Fan told me all about it. Here goes—[*hawling.*] If so be, as how, you wreckers wants to know, who it was sot fire to the straw cottage on the——

*Jack.* [*opening the door.*] My dear fellow, come out; and though we be's rivals, you may depend on me; you don't think I could go and leave you in this sort of dilemmy, I hopes. [*aside.*] The tarry brute.

*Tom.* [*Entering.*] Why, as for the matter of that, I don't intend you should—but this is not all: pass me over that outside rigging.

*Jack.* What, my gown and petticoats?

*Tom.* Aye, every stitch on't.

*Jack.* (L.) You forgets I'm a lady.

*Tom.* (Pulling, R.) Come, damn me, unrig or I'll sink you.

*Jack.* Is this your generosity? [*undressing.*]

*Tom.* Don't think it's for myself, I consents to put on this woman's rigging; no, but if I can but get clear of these infernal wreckers, I may reach the ship, and at my bidding, the whole crew will be down upon the old Manor House just time enough to snatch Miss Elizabeth from the fangs of that black shark, Walter. [*Dressing.*]

*Jack.* I understand you. There, [*helping him.*] but what's to become of me?—they'll tar and feather me.

*Tom.* Only let them do that, that's all.

*Jack.* I'm very much obligated to you—I'd rather they would not do that, that's all.

*Tom.* (*Crossing to L.*) Avast, lubber—you keep close alongside o' me—keep a bright look out, and answer signals.

*Enter SURF, L.*

*Surf.* (*t.*) Curse me, if my two messmates ain't fallen fast asleep, arter drinking with Walter.

*Jack.* (*Aside.*) His messmates fast a'leep! that's theopium!

*Surf.* Come old woman be off with you. [*Seeing Jack*] Who the devil's this?

*Jack.* [*aside to Tom.—R.*] Who shall I be?

*Tom.* (*c.*) It's my poor child, don't say a word to him, he's only a loblolly boy, and scarcely knows a ships compass from a tar bucket.

*Jack.* [*aside.*] Tar bucket! that minds me of the tarring and feathering.

*Surf.* [*pointing to Jack.*] No orders to let him pass—you, but not him.

*Tom.* [*aside to Jack.*] Pipe your eye a bit.

*Jack.* Pipe my eye!—it doesn't smoke—

*Tom.* Blubber, fool, can't you?

*Jack.* [*roaring.*] Not go with my mother! oh—oh—o—h

*Tom.* Silence these squalls boy, and maybe the gintleman will accept a few shiners, as I have here in my locker.

*Surf.* Gold! [*aside.*] I'll nab that—[*to Tom.*] but is it really gold?

*Tom.* Only listen to the chink. [*Chinking the money on the head of the cask, lets some fall in.*] Oh, dear! [*bawling.*]

*Surf.* What now?

*Tom.* Through the crevicés of this hatchway, I've slipped a couple of pieces; there they lies at the bottom, sparkling as brightly as a brace of star-fish in a calm sea.

*Surf.* The boy can dive arter 'em. [*pointing to Jack.*]

*Tom.* He dive arter 'em! what, and break his precious foretop against the bulk-head; when I passes the word to him, he only laughs, in my face, be convinced—[*Aside making signs to Jack not to obey.*] Jackey, clamber into that berth, and bring up them pretty bits of money, will you, my child!

*Jack.* [*affecting imbecility.*] No, I shan't, mother; vot for did you drop em, you owld fool. Ha, ha, ha!

*Surf.* Ugh! jest lay hold of my pistol, I'll have em up in a jiffy. [*Giving Tom the pistol, he jumps into the cask.*]

Tom. [*aside.*] He nibbles! [*Gets to l. of cask.—Jack on R.*

Surf. [*popping up his head.*] Here they are—I shall keep em!

Tom. [*presenting pistol—picture.*] Yes, and damn me, your berth, too! down—and attempt to wake your sleeping partners outside, you're a dead man! [*Surf drops his head—they fasten the hasp, and strut out toge her, l.*

Tom. Come along, Jackey.

Jack. [*In a squeaking voice.*] Yes, mamma!

Exeunt, l. Arm-in-arm.

SCENE III.—*A solitary pass of rocks.*

Enter MAT. followed by ROBERT, l.

Mat. (R.) Can it be possible—Alfred alive, say you?

Rob. (l.) Yes, Alfred, Stanton's son, alive; and now in your cottage there—(*pointing off, l.*) I saw him, not ten minutes since, on your son Walter's bed asleep.

Mat. (*Gloomily.*) On my son Walter's bed, asleep;—from sleep to death there is scarcely one degree. Come hither, Robert, these rocks have ears. [*As he draws Robert aside, R. TOM CRINGLE, enters, l—stops on seeing Mat.*

Tom. Mat, then I must keep aft. Luckily Jack is not with-in hail he moves forward like a coal craft with her keel in the sand.

Mat. Are you quite sure, that it is really Alfred, that has escaped from drowning, at the cottage yonder?

Rob. Most sure;—he was a little confused in his upper rigging at first—what he will be when he wakes, I can't say.

Tom. [*aside, joyfully.*] My young companion alive! here's news!

Mat. Robert, there has been found on the shore, a chest of gold, belonging to this Alfred—he must not live to claim it.

Tom. [*At back.*] Ah, devil; but I'll thwart him!

Rob. You are right, Mat; what is to be done?

Mat. Return you, to the cottage, see all's clear, but do not suffer Alfred to escape till my arrival. Caution! not a word—go—

Rob. I'm gone!

[*Exit, l.*

Tom. Yes, and so am I—here's a diskivery!—see if I don't douse you lubber, and slip the moorings off the good ship Alfred, before you piratical cutthroat come to grapple.

[*Exit cautiously, l.*

*Mat.* [*who has remained in front, lost in thought.*] It is decided—why should I hesitate? this boy, Stanton's boy! he would try to break off the marriage of Walter, my son, my only son; he would appeal to the laws, for the restitution of his bride,—those just laws, which consigned to Mat this Iron Hand—that thought renews my thirst for dire revenge! enough, he is Stanton's son—and in my power—he shall die, and by this knife, with which his father's hellish minions maimed myself! [*Rushes out, L.*]

SCENE ~~4~~—*The interior of a miserably furnished Chamber. A tattered bed, R., near it in L. At a window.—Under the window a sea chest, on which is Alfred's gold laced doublet.—A broken door, 2 E. L.*

*Alf.* [*seated on the bed.*] Am I still dreaming? Are these waves which rush across my brow, or—no, I am in safety, a cottage. [*looking about.*] A bed! oh, I remember all now How exhausted, I fell near the door of this hospitable abode;—here's my doublet—carefully dried. [*taking it up.*] I'll put it on, and away to the manor house; although robbed of my gold by the avaricious deep; the welcome of my father and my Elizabeth will not, I'm sure, prove the less sincere. But, poor Tom Cringle, my faithful follower—he—

*Tom.* [*at window.*] His voice!—Master!

*Alf.* What, Tom—Tom Cringle!—is that really you, or your ghost?

*Tom.* I sir; right, real arnest flesh and blood; and are you quite sure that it isn't your own ghost passing the word to poor Tom; if not, open the portholes of your lug, and quickly, for I've sich tidings as must be told scarcely without the time to tell 'em in. [*jumping in.*]

*Alf.* That's right, jump aboard Tom.

*Tom.* [*i. Claspig Alfred's hand.*] Oh, my dear master! I niver thought the grip o'yr fin would set the blood in my brit dancing a hornpipe again. I can't help piping my eye a bit, but that's neither here nor there. You mount this swob's rigging. [*taking seaman's jacket off bed.*] Instead of your own which might betray you, and crowd all sail from this damned quicksand, for under them there rocks, I overheard sich a mutineer plot against you.

*Alf.* Against me! a stranger?

*Tom.* Ah, sir, but these people are Wreckers, reglar baa-

ditti; the master of the hut has found your money, and he's coming here to deprive you of your life, to silence all claim not only to the money but to——

*Alf.* Well, why do you hesitate?

*Tom.* I—I was thinking of Miss Elizabeth, sir, and your father——

*Alf.* Are they both well?

*Tom.* They are sadly in trouble.

*Alf.* About me—I'll fly to them at once. [*going to door.*]

*Tom.* [*drawing him from the door.*] Not that tack, sir; through the porthole if you please; under these false colors. [*taking up a jacket.*] The gold on your own jacket would betray you. Remember, sir, you have taken Tom's advice in many a less dangerous breeze than this might prove. You have never repented it, and I am quite sure you won't now. Do as I say, sir, and when we are beyond pursuit of the enemy, the whole yarn shall be uncoiled.

*Alf.* [*putting on jacket, throws his own on the chest.*] You are a strange fellow, Tom; however, I'm in no humor to cross your good intention, so lend a hand and off I go.

[*Tom assists him, and he jumps out of window.*]

*Tom.* [*calling after him.*] Keep close alongside the rock, sir, tread softly, be sure not to go down by the beaten track. I will but trick the rigging, and be in your wake in a moment. [*Taking up Alfred's doublet, he finds under it his log book.*] Curse me, if here 'ant my log! what they've been trying to break the lobster's shell and couldn't. No, no, this, which is fire-proof and water proof, is also finger proof to every one but me. [*Putting it round his neck. Light flashes through the door, R. U. E. L. us of Steel and flint.*] Avast there! striking a light to begin their dark work with, eh? To be sure this berth is more dismal than the cock-pit of——But I must sheer off, sir——[*Going to window, Black Walter appears at it, Tom shrinks down and conceals himself in front of bed.*]

*Wal.* (*drunk.*) This is my room, and that's my bed, and damme but I'll sleep in it. Ha, ha, ha! father's an old fool! pay for the Manor House, indeed! not I, I'll keep the purse, sleep away an hour here, and then go back to Elizabeth, how anxiously she will expect me. Nobody shall see me enter then nobody can tell where I've been. [*Gets in at the window goes behind the bed and throwing himself over, his legs come across Tom who crawls under and creeps out at the window.*]

*Tom.* (*exclaims*) It's all right.

[*Exit.*]

*Wal.* I can't think what the devil makes my head so confused and heavy. Deuce take me, if I don't think that infernal Sailor Sal gave me something stronger than Brandy, worse and worse; I must go to bed. (*Throws off his jacket, and throws it down.*) Yaw! the place swims round like a cork in a whirlpool. (*The Flint and Steel is renewed.—Walter, who has fallen on the bed, starts up a little.*) Ah, that's dad's voice striking a light to enter the dead house, as he calls my room. What the plague shall I say? I'll refit and crowd all sail.— (*by mistake he puts on Alfred's doublet, instead of his own.*) I can't stir, no.—Dizzy and more dizzy; here I must remain; I'll go to bed. (*Throws himself on bed, with his face upon the pillow, as the door opens softly, and Mat Enters cautiously with lamp. Robert watching at door.*)

*Mat.* Back, back, not a step further with the lamp, it glitters on the gold lace of his doublet; that's enough for me.— (*gives lamp to Robert.*) Hush! (*Robert disappears, Mat advances to the bed.*) He is fast asleep; so best; Stanton, I strike your son with my left hand, and with the self same knife with which, by your order, my good right hand, was sundered from this body *1013*

[*He goes to the bed, and stabs Walter, then rushes forward.*]

*Mat.* It is done! not a struggle! not a sigh! (*looking at his hand.*) What a sight is here!—Well, it is but blood for blood—his for mine. The body in a chest. I'll have conveyed to the Manor House, and then for my hour of triumph—to the Manor house, Walter—I am revenged, amply revenged. And Elizabeth is fully thine, ha, ha, ha!

[*Mat hurries out at door, 2 E. L., exulting.*]

SCENE V.—*An apartment in the Manor House.*

*Enter STANTON, R. hastily.*

*Stan.* A prisoner, I? not permitted to depart? a captive to the will of Mat of the Iron hand? 'tis true, I am in his power but can he betray me without betraying himself? yet, could I but escape hence, I might call on justice to save poor Elizabeth from these low ruffians. They shall not oppose my departure, again I will insist. Ah! Mat here!

*Enter MAT, T.*

*Mat.* (*gloomily.*) Walter not yet returned; 'tis singular,

the government would not dare to detain the boy; no, impossible. (*seeing Stanton.*) Ugh! (*starting.*) Who are you?

*Stan.* What mean you?

*Mat.* Nothing. At first those features reminded me of—of your son. (*aside.*) Why should I tremble. Where can Walter be?

*Stan.* Why am I a prisoner? I insist on going.

*Mat.* (*staring.*) Going! you?

*Stan.* Aye, I; do you know me?

*Mat.* Do I *not* know thee? Yes, too well I know thee—thou art the unjust magistrate who, twenty years ago, sentenced a wretched smuggler to lose his right hand.

*Stan.* Unjust judge! I well remember that event; the smuggler you spoke of, was a murderer!

*Mat.* At least he was innocent of the crime for which you punished him.

*Stan.* Proofs were most strong against him. The villain they called by the name of—

*Mat.* Paul Martinford!

*Stan.* You knew him, then?

*Mat.* Yes! I *am* he! (*Picture.*)

*Stan.* (*recoiling.*) Thou!

*Mat.* Yes, I—who after twenty years of ignominious absence, returned to my native village to find thee, my condemner, steeped in ruin—in poverty deeper than mine own; I have tempted thee to imitate the guilt for which I, by thy edict, was branded—maimed. Have I not reason to boast that I have been avenged?

*Stan.* Oh, yes—terribly, terribly!

*Mat.* My triumph is not yet complete.

*Stan.* How! have you not rendered me culpable as yourself? Elizabeth, too—she—she shall not become your victim! No, I deserve thy hate, but she—

*Mat.* She is my son's wife! the daughter of the mangled felon, who—

*Stan.* (*Crosses to, L.*) Monster! all shall not terminate here.

*Mat.* (*detaining him.*) Thou sayest rightly—all shall not terminate here. You call me a monster, and I bring thee tidings of thy son.

*Stan.* (*starting*) Of my son!

*Mat.* Aye, joyful ones! he hath escaped drowning. Now am I a monster!

*Stan.* Oh, I dare not believe thee—thee! my boy?

*Mat.* Thou shalt see him!

*Stan.* In Heaven!

*Mat.* On earth!

*Stan.* When?

*Mat.* This instant.

*Stan.* Where?

*Mat.* Here in the manor hall—come, I'll conduct thee to him.

*Stan.* Is this generosity, or scorn?

*Mat.* If there be truth on the lip of man, thou shalt behold thy son. Mat, who owes to thee this iron hand, will so repay his wrong. Am I not generous?

*Stan.* Paul Martinford, either ways, thou art avenged. Deceive me, and my heart will break with anguish—if thy words be true, 'twill burst with joy!

[*Exeunt, r.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Bannered Hall of the Manor House—the r. supported by a pillar, in is a large iron ring—the back is composed of a large window, looking into the sea, lit by moonlight.—A large chest in c.*

*ELIZABETH* discovered, seated in a gothic chair; the moonlight falls upon her face.—*FANNY* is near her.

*Eli.* Sea, sea! that look'st so calm and beautiful, as if that silver mirror of the moon, were only wrought for happy souls to gaze in; why art thou so like a treacherous murderer, that smileth in the face, of childhood—wrecking the confidence that thy falsehood lures! (*starting up.*) Ocean fiend! give me back my Alfred! I know he is in thy bosom—shall he be there, and I here? no, no, no! now frantic as I am I'll plunge into the deep abyss! Alfred is my bridegroom—I'll have none other! (*screaming.*) Ha, ha, ha! he becons me! Alfred, I come! ha! ha! ha! [*Rushing towards the sea, falls overpowered into the chair.*]

*Fan.* The sight of that nasty sea will drive her mad—and I do believe she be a dying already. Poor thing! poor hing!

[*Hanging over her.*]

*Enter MAT and STANTON, followed by six Wreckers, l e. r.*

*Mat.* Looks not the old hall gaily? this feudal hall, of which thine ancestors were so proud, Stanton—methinks it



smiles, to-night, a grimly triumph—the old banners seem to do us *equal* homage as we enter. There's not a cobweb on the fretted roof, but droops to do us *mutual* honor!

*Stan.* (*looking about*) My son?

*Mat.* (*R.*) In my excess of joy, I had forgotten thy son—look around, he is near thee.

*Stan.* Near me, I see nothing akin to me, but the pale distracted features of Elizabeth, and she scarce remembers me. (*Gazing at her.*) Elizabeth, Alfred is al——(*aside.*) Yet, at once, I'll not disclose the tidings—joy might suddenly o'erwhelm her. (*to Mat.*) Where is my boy?

*Mat.* Speak softly, you'll disturb him.

*Stan.* (*surprised.*) Disturb him! is he asleep?

*Mat.* (*maliciously*) Aye! dost thou think thy voice will wake him?

*Stan.* Certainly.

*Mat.* Try!

*Stan.* Alfred!

[*Pause.*

*Mat.* You see he is undutiful, and does not reply.

*Stan.* This is some jest; ah, he little knows that it is cruel to trifle with his old father's heart, now—call him, you, Elizabeth.

*Eli.* (*who has advanced with a degree of wild energy.*) I?

*Mat.* Aye, try the effect of your voice; love has a greater influence than duty.

*Eli.* (*looking timidly around.*) What mean you? is he alive? Alfred?

*Stan.* (*eagerly.*) Oh, summon him, Elizabeth, or——

*Eli.* (*with appalling fervor.*) From the grave? Al—Alfred!

*Alf.* (*without.*) Elizabeth!

**ALFRED** enters, U. E. L.—Stands far a moment in the back, c.—then rushes down, and catches Elizabeth on one arm, while Stanton clasps his hand, and appears overcome with emotion.—*Mat.* as if stricken torpid at the sight of Walter stands apart R.—his lips distended—his eyes fixed on vacancy.—*Chord.*—and *Picture.*

*Alf* Father, dear father! my own beloved Elizabeth!

*Stan.* I am repaid for all.

*Eli.* (*recovering.*) Ha, ha, ha! Oh, let me gaze on thee dear Alfred—let me read again thy well remembered looks—renew every recollection of past delight! Yes, yes, it is he—be clasps me again in his arms—his—ha, ha, ha! I shall go

mad with ecstasy! (*frantically laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha!

*Alf.* Calm thee, Elizabeth!

*Mat.* (*starting.*) Where is my son? I want my son! Walter! Walter!

*Eli.* (*springing from the embrace of Alfred*) Ah, powers of mercy! that name—and I am his! what am I doing? in the arms of Alfred! and I—I, Walter's wife!—Oh—

[*Falls senseless on the ground.*]

*Alf.* What said she? the wife of another?—Elizabeth!—

[*raising her.*]

*Mat.* (*maliciously.*) Yes, the wife of the despised wrecker's son—of—but who is he that sleepeth there, in thy stead? Lift up the lid of the chest, that I may know the worst? (*Two Wreckers lift the lid.*) Ugh! Walter dead! curses light on thee detested Stanton! I have murdered my own son, for thine! My poor, poor boy!

[*He falls weeping on the chest.*]

*Eli.* (*Creeping up and looking into chest.*) Yes, it is Walter—Heaven, I confided in thee—terrible, but just, retribution! I understand—I understand!

*Mat.* (*Looking wildly about, draws the knife from his belt, and advances.* Boy, I will revenge thy doom, terribly—fearfully! make fast every door, and secure me those wretches, to the iron ring in yonder pillar—quick—(*Four Wreckers seize Alfred and Stanton, and drag them to the pillar—secure them and retire to L.—Fanny runs off, u. e. L.*) My brave boy, this shall terribly avenge thee! this same knife, with which my hand was sundered, in this same hall, in which I was falsely judged! for my hand, thy hand; for my son's blood, thy son's blood!

[*to Stanton.*]

*Eli.* (*Starting up, and snatching a pistol, stands before Alfred and Stanton, in an attitude of defiance.*) Elizabeth is near thee! Now, wretches, he that moves one step to injure these defenceless beings, die!

*Mat.* (*sneering.*) See I the mild Elizabeth Stanton?

*Eli.* Aye; Elizabeth Stanton, the meek, the trembling Elizabeth, that was: but I am changed—chilled to ice by your inhumanity! my nature frozen! beware! great deeds, ere now, have been performed by women, in the impulse of terrible emotions! even by the mildest. Heaven hath given them superhuman strength, to avenge injury! I repeat it again; in the name of all that is sacred, and you know I can keep an oath; that the first, who is so rash as to approach me,

or them, in the way of violence, will I with this dagger strike dead!

[menacing.]

Mat. (L.) Fools! why recoil ye! Wreckers! and afraid of a woman! well remain, transfixed--till this knife be for my purpose, whetted, then vengeance' (*Whets the knife, kneeling.*) Ha! ha! ha! prepare! prepare!

Tom. (*Rushing on from U. E. I. and jumping upon the box*) Hollo! what cheer here? what tack are you running on, eh? owld Shylock? I was told that you and your gang, had taken a vast fancy to examine the contents of my log book—here it is.

[producing it.]

Mat. (L.) Idiot, begone!

Tom. (C) Begone! sheer off! oh dear no, by no manner of means! I'm here with a flag of truce, to negociate! give up my commander, with his father, and Miss Elizabeth, and all the cargo of money there! and you shall have my free permission to march out of the fortress, with all your crew, and your son into the bargain.

Mat. Rush upon the insolent hound, with your knives.

Tom. Avast! then since you are so pressing, share the contents of the log book amongst you. (*Opening it and taking out a pair of pistols.*) In the shape of as pretty a pair of Mysore bull dogs, as ever was crammed to the muzzle, for tiger shooting!

[Presenting, they recoil.]

Mat. What! held at bay by a single braggart?

Tom. I beg your pardon, I'm not quite alone. Shew yourself Jack! step forward like a man, and unslew that damned cord about my commander's grappling irons.

Enter JACK, U. E. I. and meeting Mat, shrinks across to R. terribly frightened.

Jack. Bless my soul, Mr. Mat, I didn't quite reckon on meeting you here, face to face! but my friend, Tom Cringle—oh dear!

[Releasing Alfred and Stanton]

Mat. (*Furiously.*) Thwarted! never, thus Stanton! blood for blood! perish!

Tom. No quarter? then broadside for broadside! die! (*Tom shoots him as he advances. The Wreckers wield their knives. A loud shout without, and in rush the ship's crew, and Marines. General scuffle, the Wreckers worsted. Marines and Sailors standing near them. The ship seen close to the window, the rigging filled with Sailors, shouting. Alfred rushes to Elizabeth*)

no 10

*in R. corner, and Stanton blesses them. Fanny runs on from U. R. L. and Tom embraces her. Jack on the chest in c. Shouting and dancing. A general Picture.*

### THE CURTAIN FALLS.

**THE END.**

A large, intricate calligraphic flourish in dark ink, featuring several large loops and elegant curves that frame the central text.







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