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NO. 102.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE,

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WRECKED IN PORT,

A NAUTICAL AND TEMPERANCE DRAMA

IN THREE ACTS,

—BY—

W. HENRI WILKINS.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES, AND EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS
OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COS-
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Catalogue continued on next page of cover.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE,

OR

WRECKED IN PORT,

A NAUTICAL AND TEMPERANCE DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS,

— BY —

W. HENRI WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF

Rock Allen the Orphan; Three Glasses a Day; Mother's Fool; The Coming Man; The Reward of Crime; Etc.

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34
—
Mr. Wilkins' highly popular Plays are published only by A. D. Ames.

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"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which,
Taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."—SHAKESPEARE.

—
To MR. and MRS. T. A. COOTEY, as a token of my sincere friendship and esteem, I respectfully dedicate this play; hoping as fond lovers of the drama, they will approve my efforts.

W. H. W.

— o —
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(1880)

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

CHARACTERS.

PS 635
.29 W 7168

Jonas Aldrich,..... *A Fisherman of the Coast*
 Capt. Hugh St. Morris,..... *Commander of the "Tidal Wave"*
 Col. Ellsworth,..... *A wealthy ship owner*
 Herman Clyde,..... *Captain of the Pirates*
 Bowie Knife Jack, { *Pirates*
 Sling Shot Rube, {
 Pepper,..... *A colored individual,*
 Aunt Rebecca,..... *The Fisherman's wife—a quiet body*
 Susie Aldrich,..... *The Ocean Waif*
 Lillian Lacy,..... *Clyde's deserted wife*
 "Frisky"..... *With no one to love*

PERIOD.—1879.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—One hour and forty-five minutes.


SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT FIRST.—The fisherman's home—reminiscences of the wreck. The gathering storm—Reference to the money—Entrance of the Pilot—Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of him—Pepper tells his story—The sunset gun—The storm breaks—Susie's secret—Pepper struck by lightning—A signal of distress on the water—Clyde's proposal—"I have the power"—Lillian's secret—"Why can't I die! He has forfeited all claims to honor or respect, and hopelessly cast me off, yet notwithstanding all this, I love him."—Entrance of Clyde, "You here! Begone and let your lips be sealed, or I'll cut out your quivering heart and throw it to the fishes who sport in yonder deep"—Clyde's soliloquy "Ah, Capt. St. Morris, a fig for your gilded castles built on air."—The pirates rob the house.

ACT SECOND.—Frisky's communings—She and Pepper have a little falling out—Pepper's pursuit of knowledge under the table—Clyde shows his colors and plays his first card, "Then my answer must be 'yes,' though it break the heart of my child."—The old man tries to drown his sorrow—Pepper goes for clams—Entrance of Lillian, "Yes, pirate though you are, and chieftain of the hunted crew, I love you still! The time will come when you will find I am the truest friend you ever had."—Aunt Becky relieves herself of a few ideas and Pepper gives her a few more—The old fisherman falls a victim to Intemperance, and Aunt Becky expresses her opinion of "sich doins."—The meeting of Clyde and St. Morris—The combat—Death of Clyde, "Oh, Heaven! I am his wife."—Tableau.

ACT THIRD.—One year later—Company expected—Pepper has a "werry curis" dream—Capt. St. Morris relates a story to Susie—Love-making interrupted by the old fisherman—His resolution to reform—Aunt Becky thinks she is 'slurred.'—Lillian communes with her own thoughts—The Colonel arrives—Pepper takes him in charge and relates a wonderful whaling story—Restoration of the stolen money—"The same face, Heavens! I cannot be mistaken." "It's all out."—The Colonel finds a daughter—He tells the story of his escape from the wreck—Old friends meet—The Colonel's proposal and acceptance. "Bress de Lawd."—Happy ending, with song and chorus.—"WAIT FOR THE TURN OF THE TIDE."

NOTE. The best manner in which to represent the firing is a base drum struck by a handkerchief made into a ball, and held in the hand. The blow should be quick and hard.

 See last page for a description of Costumes and Properties.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE, OR WRECKED IN PORT.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Jonas Aldrich's residence near Gloucester, door back C. window L. C., fire-place R. C., table extreme L., chairs L. C., R. C., R. & L., desk R. Enter Jonas Aldrich R. with fish lines which he places on table and proceeds to arrange after seating himself at table.*

Jonas. These lines are enough to try the patience of a much more even tempered man than I am. Every time that black rascal attempts to straighten them he is sure to get them into a worse snarl than ever. The only way I can keep them in order is to see to them myself. But bless my soul! why hasn't that boat got in? I hope no harm has come to the boys. The waves are running high and the breakers are capped with foam, and there's a storm cloud gathering in the west. The indications are that the night is going to be a rough one. It was on such a night, eighteen years ago that the "Silver Moon" was driven on our coast and went to pieces, and none of the passengers or crew were left to tell the horrible tale. The next morning as I was on the shore, waiting for the turn of the tide I found a little waif wrapped in blankets and shawls, and securely lashed to a spar. On examination I discovered that life was not extinct. I took the little one in charge and before noon she was sleeping quietly, apparently not much the worse for her rough voyage on the stormy waves. Bless me how time flies. It's hard to realize that our Sue is that little ocean waif of eighteen years ago. But we've never had cause to regret the coming of the little stranger. She's been a joy and comfort to me and the old woman through all the years since that memorable night. We found nothing to indicate who she was except a tiny ring on which was engraved "Little Susie." Now she's one of the handsomest and best girls along the coast. But dear me, one of these days I suppose some chap struck by the glance of her bright eye and witching smiles will be taking her away from us. Heaven grant that he may not prove unworthy of her.

Enter Mrs. Aldrich, R.

Mrs. A. Jonas Aldrich, I never see sich a man as you be, always bringing them nasty fish lines right in here, daubin' up every thing they touch. You jist take 'em and march yourself out on the stoop, I won't hev sich carryings on in my house.

Jon. Easy old woman, you seem to think you hold first mortgage on these premises, I thought there was a storm brewing, but I did not think it would get here so soon. Don't you see the lines were all in a snarl and I wanted to get them in order for my trip in the morning.

Mrs. A. What's that to me, I didn't snarl 'em did I?

Jon. Oh no, you didn't snarl the lines but you manage to keep in a snarl yourself pretty much of the time, and if you had some men they'd straighten you out in much less time than it has taken me to disentangle these lines.

Mrs. A. Jonas Aldrich, you're the hatefulest man I ever saw. But where's Hugh and Mr. Clyde?

Jon. Been gone out to Capt. Hugh's vessel these two hours, and why

they are not back before now is more'n I can imagine. Wife have you noticed any change in Capt. Hugh lately? It strikes me that since this Herman Clyde has been stopping here that the Captain is getting just the least bit reckless.

Mrs A. I've noticed it, and I don't think Mr. Clyde's influence will work any improvement on the morals of anyone with whom he associates. Herman Clyde is older, has seen more of the world and is not so likely to be carried away with every passing fancy that overtakes him. But gracious goodness! what's come over you? Your face is darker and gloomier than the cloud gathering in the west.

Jon. And cause enough there is for it, I should think, when the moral character of one of our best friends is assailed. That's an insult, and in the absence of Mr. Clyde, I dare to say so, though that insult comes from you. Herman Clyde is every inch a gentleman, and my fondest hope is, to some day, make him one of the family. Our Sue, deserves a good husband, and that Mr. Clyde has lost his head in that direction, anyone with half an eye can see.

Mrs A. It's a great wonder to me, how you ever come to be so much smarter than anyone else. If our dear child ever becomes his wife, may heaven protect her, for Herman Clyde would not.

Jon. Well, well, it does no good to argue with you. "Never count your chickens &c.," you know is an old and trite saying. But Becky, how much money have we in the house? you know the mortgage money falls due in a few days, and if possible, I mean to meet the payment promptly, and own the roof over our heads.

Mrs A, Jonas, I am glad to say that we shall be able to pay every dollar on that paper.

Enter Bowie Knife Jack, stealthily L., stands at back unseen by either of them.

Mrs A. The money is safe in that desk, and I hope it will remain so 'till the payment is made. (*sees Jack*) Sakes alive! man who are you?

Jack. Ha, ha, ha! my good people, don't be alarmed. I'm only a poor sailor, out of a job, and hearing that the "Tidal Wave" was to sail in a few days, I didn't know but me and a messmate of mine might get a chance to ship in her. Say, my jolly old tar, is Capt. St. Morris stopping here?

Jon. Capt. St. Morris makes my house his headquarters when in port, but if you wish to see him you will have to call at some other time—the Captain is not at home.

Mrs A. Say, Mr. What's-yer-name, I don't like the looks of you! you look more like a miserable tramp, than an honest sailor. If you want to see Capt. St. Morris, you can go over to his vessel most any time. At any rate, take yourself away from here.

Jon. (aside) Sh, sh! old woman, don't anger the man.

Jack. Well, well, my old nor'easter, don't get breezy! I'm here on business.

Mrs A. Well, your business ain't my business, and I'll clear out; if my old man wants to waste his wind talking with you, he can, but it's time the tea was on if we have any supper to-night. (*exit R.*)

Jon. You mustn't mind her my hearty, she's subject to them spells.

Jack. I certainly ought to be able to sustain a light shock like that, if you've managed to weather it all your days. (*takes black bottle from pocket and places it on table*) Look ye, messmate, do you ever indulge? If so, get a couple of tumblers and we'll double Cape Horn.

Jon. Can't say I am proof against its charms, I don't think a nipper once in a while hurts an old salt like me, a hooter. (*exit R.*)

Jack. Ha, ha! it'll be an easy job to shorten his sails. So the money's in that desk, is it? that'll be an easy place to cast anchor.

Enter Jonas R., with tumblers, puts them on table—Jack pours out two drinks.

Jack. (holding up glass) Here's luck to the Captain, the same to you,

and that my next haul will be a good one, (*aside*) all shiners. (*both drink*)
Jon. You're a good judge of the article, I see. I haven't seen anything to equal that, since years ago, when old Capt. Stearns brought some home from Calcutta.

Jack. (*puts up bottle*) Well, good day, my hearty. (*at door L.*) Perhaps I'll see the Captain on my way to town. (*looks out*) 'Pears as if we're goin' to hev a blow. (*aside*) In that desk! I wout forget it. (*exit L.*)

Jon. Rather a rough customer that, but then sailors as a class are rough. There the lines are all right now I think, and all I have to do is to put them on the reels.

Enter Pepper L., advances, looks back at door.

Pepper. Say, Marsa Jonas, who was dat gimlet-eyed individual what I met comin' up de path? I think he wears purty ferocious lookin' jewelry.

Jon. That's a sailor who wishes to see Capt. Hugh. Here, Pepper, take these lines and reel them, we must get an early start to-morrow.

Pep. Yaas sah, but Marsa Jonas, I don't like de looks ob dat fellow. I'ae seed him before, when I was up in de town with Marsa Clyde, de oder day. As I was roamin' 'round de streets yer know, takin' observations ob —ob de peoples, an'—an' de codfish, I seed dat ole snoozer an' anoder w'il-lainous lookin' covy talkin' 'long wid Marsa Clyde, down on de wharf. Dey hed on der swords, an' revolvers, and a big bowie knife stuck in der sashes, and dey was habin' de greatest confab 'long Marsa Clyde, yer eber did see. Marsa Jonas, dars mischief brewin', I feels in my marrer bones. Dey jis better keep away from dis chile, or dey'll get a dose ob pepper sass dey won't like. Keep yer eyes open Marsa Jonas, keep yer eyes open, an' look out fer yer spondulix. (*exit L. with lines*)

Jon. Bless me, what ails everybody? I guess the old woman's been telling her surmises in that darkey's hearing. Clyde's all right, but it's no use to argue with Becky, she's bound to have her own way in every thing, and I find the easiest way is to let her. We'll see who's right. Time'll tell, time'll tell. (*exit R.*)

Enter Susie Aldrich, L. back.

Susie. I've just been down to the shore to see if I could catch a glimpse of Capt. St. Morris' boat. They should have been back long ago, unless they had some business at the town, and have gone there. (*gun heard r. followed by the rumble of distant thunder, and the whistle of the wind*) Ah! 'tis the sunset gun, and the wind is begining to blow a perfect gale. I hope the storm will soon spend its fury. (*lightning*) No boat could ride the sea in such a tempest. The waves come swelling in from the great outer depths, like battallions routed from a lost battle field. Broken, crowding on each other,—(*thunder and rain*)—trampling plumes and banners into foam, they come heaving forward, terrible in their force. It was on such a night, I am told, that they found me, cast by those angry waves high up on the beach. Oh, cruel, cruel ocean! you robbed me in one short hour of all who loved me then, and left me on the shifting sands of life, to be moved by every wave that washed the shore of my lonely existance. (*lightning, thunder, wind and rain*) Ah, lonely! did I say? No, it is not always thus. I was under the eye of One who never sleeps, and kind hands rescued me from the sad fate that befel my parents. My parents! who are they? Who am I? That is a question that can only be answered on the bright shores of Eternity.

Enter Frisky, R.

Frisky. What a storm, Miss Susie! (*lightning*) Did you know Captain Hugh's boat had been found on the beach all dashed to pieces. (*thunder*)

Susie. (*starting up, putting hand to head*) Is this true child? Yet 'tis as I feared. He is lost, and he never knew how much I loved him. Louviska tell me about it.

Fris. Ha, ha, ha! Miss Susie, I didn't mean to frighten you. It's true the boat was found as I said, but Captain Hugh isn't lost so but what he is quite easily found. He is up stairs changing his clothes. Then you love him? Well, I'm glad of it.

Susie. Child, I hardly know whether to be angry with you or not. But don't you for the world, breathe a word of what you have heard me say to a living soul, Frisky. I think I can trust you? (lightning)

Fris. Nobody shall ever be the wiser for my hearing your secret. You might trust me with your very life. (thunder) Oh, I wish I had some one to love!

Susie. Why child, you have many to love, and many who love you. We all love you I'm sure.

Fris. Oh yes, I know, that's all well enough. But I mean a man. A real nice one with a moustache. ha, ha, ha!

Susie. Why girl, what an idea!

Fris. Funny isn't it. But I've noticed most all girls get that same idea sometime or other. Why don't you smile on Captain Hugh once in a while? you might bring him to your feet just like honey. He'd swallow the bait, I know he would. Fool if he wouldn't.

Susie. No Frisky, that could never be. Even should he care for me, he would never stoop to a union with a nameless waif. So keep my secret.

Fris. Oh pshaw! You talk as if you hadn't a friend in the world.

Susie. No, my dear, I love the good people who call me daughter, very, very much, and I'm sure they both love me, else they would never have been so kind to me.

Fris. Fiddlesticks! I shouldn't a bit wonder if some day you found your father or mother, or perhaps both. Stranger things than that have happened. (lightning, thunder and rain—*Frisky goes near Susie*) Mercy on us! what a terrible storm.

Susie. Yes, but I am in hopes by its sudden violence it will soon spend its fury and become quiet before midnight.

Enter Pepper, L.

Pep. By golly dat yer last crack struck dis chile right on top ob de hed but I guess it didn't git much satisfaction, cause my old cocoanut happened to be nuf for it. But I feel de jar all ober.

Fris. Ha, ha! Do you pretend to say Pepper that you were struck by lightning?

Pep. Dat's a fact Frisky, dat's a fact, and if it hadn't bin done so awful sudden I guess you'd seen me strike back. By golly I can smell de wool now.

Susie. I hope Pepper, there are no vessels off the coast, to be driven on shore by the tempest. (lightning)

Pep. Can't tell, Mistess Susie, can't tell. It hab growed dark so mighty fast for de last few minutes dat yer can't see a ship's length on de water. But de last obwersation dat I took, de coast war all clear. (looking out) But here comes de Capt'in an' Marsa Clyde.

Enter Captain St. Morris and Clyde, L.

Clyde. Ah! Miss Aldrich, the Captain and myself have had quite a little adventure since we went out! *

Susie. So Frisky has been telling me. I am glad it was no worse. (looking shyly at the Captain) Pray tell us how it happened.

Clyde. (aside) That glance, it is as I suspected! (aloud) Perhaps the Captain can better explain? (thunder and lightning)

Capt. Never mind, go on Mr Clyde.

Pep. Yaas tell us how you managed to get ashore widout any boat, an' dem big waves a rollin' an' de wind roarin' hard 'nuff to take de gabriel end right off de house.

* Situations. *Frisky extreme R., Susie R., Clyde R., Capt., L., Pepper extreme L.*

Clyde. Well, you see we had just left the vessel, when one of the locks gave way and we were driven on a point of rock, and a hole stove in the boat, which rapidly began to fill. Our cries attracted the notice of a passing tug boat, and we were taken on board and carried to town, none the worse off, except getting pretty wet by the rain. (*gun heard*) Hark! What was that?

Capt. It must be the signal of some vessel in distress. I had hoped there were none off the coast in danger of being driven on the rocks.

Fris. Pepper says that before the darkness closed in, there was no vessel in sight.

Capt. True, but the tide is coming in, greatly accelerated by the wind, and a vessel, unless firmly anchored would be in great danger. (*gun*) There is another. I hope she will pass by in safety, if not, perhaps we can be of assistance.

Fris. (*looking out*) There goes a rocket, and I can see blue lights at the same point! (*thunder and lightning*)

Capt. Then let us away! (*going R.*) I'll see Uncle Jonas and be ready in a moment. (*exit R.*)

Fris. And I'll get some blankets ready, and heat some bricks, and start up a hot fire. Come along Pepper. (*exit R.—gun is heard.*)

Pep. (*going R.*) Yaas you get de blankets and hot bricks, and I'll jest git a hunk ob gingerbread and foller de Captain. I haint had a mouthful since breckfus. (*exit R.*)

Susie. Are not you going Mr Clyde?

Clyde. Directly; but Miss Aldrich, I must have a word with you, now we are alone. Pardon me, but you cannot fail to have seen the tender regard which I have long since had for you, and I want you for my own. (*attempts to take her hand, which she withdraws*) Pray do not withdraw your hand—Miss Aldrich—Susie, I love you, and ask you to be my wife. I have wealth and can make you happy. (*she beckons him off*) Do not reject my pleading, when one smile from your lips is worth more to me than the riches of the Indias. (*thunder, lightning—gun*)

Susie. (*drawing herself up*) Mr. Clyde, this is no time to talk of love, when your fellow creatures are in peril. Besides it would make no difference, for I do not, could not love you. So away, and speak not to me again of love.

Clyde. Perhaps you love another?

Susie. Sir! That is a question you have no right to ask, and one that I decline to answer.

Clyde. (*aside*) It is as I suspected, but I will not be beaten or outwitted. (*aloud*) Nevertheless your tell-tale blushes are all the answer I ask. I go (*going R.*) but I will not give you up.

Susie. Mr. Clyde never another word to me on this subject. You have asked me to be your wife, and in almost the same breath you have insulted me. Now, hear my final answer, *never*. (*gun*)

Clyde. (*fiercely*) Don't think to baffle me! You shall be mine. If you will not consent, I will have you without, for let me tell you now, *I've got the power*. (*exit R.*)

Susie. I'm glad he's gone. What can he mean? He got the power to compel me to marry him? I'd like to see him try it—he will find I am not the weak girl he takes me for. But what am I saying? he was angry, and when he comes to reflect, he will be ashamed of the language he used. If I did not think so, I'd tell father, then Mr. Clyde would get his walking papers at once. But no, I'll let it pass and not bother the dear old soul with any of my petty troubles. (*thunder and lightning*)

Enter Mrs. Aldrich R.

Mrs A. Sue, child, what are ye mopin' your time away here for. I declare to goodness! this is one of the worst nights I ever knew. Here I'd got my supper almost ready, when in comes the Captain pell mell, and

he and Pepper, and the old man have gone away in the storm without stopping for as much as a bite, except the nigger—catch him forgetting his stomach. They've all gone off on a tom fool's errand, jist as if they could do any good to a vessel half a mile or more at sea. (*gun*) I declare betwixt one thing an' another I'm in sich a flurry I hardly know what I'm about.

Susie. Why mother, how you talk! There may be some poor unfortunate cast upon the sand in the same condition you (*thunder*) once found a little waif. Would you have them sit idly by with the cry of distress sounding in their very ears? (*lightning*)

Mrs A. Land sakes! no child, but it's so dark and the storm rages so, that they might as well waited 'till morning. Now my supper'll all be ruined, for they may be out all night. (*going R.*) Well I never! (*returning*) if I didn't like to forget what I came in for. Miss Lacy is in the kitchen helpin' Frisky prepare for any castways which may be found on the shore. She run in to escape the storm, and we was havin' a pleasant chat, when the Captain rushed in so sudden like. I'll send her in to keep you company, for you looked as lonesome as a graveyard when I came in.

Susie. Lillian here? Send her to me at once. (*exit Mrs. Aldrich R.*) Mother is odd, and often says things she does not mean, but she's been a good mother to me. My own could not have been better, and father too, the dear old man, his heart is warm and true, though it beats beneath a rough exterior.

Enter Lillian, R.—Lightning.

Susie. Oh, Lillian! how glad I am to see you, why did you not find me at once? (*thunder*)

Lillian. I was busy talking with your mother after I first came in, and was just coming to find you, when Pepper came in and said Mr. Clyde was keeping you company (*shivers*) and I cared not to see him here.

Susie. What a story! He wasn't here five minutes. But—I don't know as I ought to tell you, but we've always been warm friends, Lillian, since first we knew each other, and surely you will not divulge a word I may say. And perhaps I shall feel better for telling some one.

Lil. My dear, and only friend! Speak freely, and rest assured your words will be held sacred as a sister's.

Susie. Well then, why do you suppose Herman Clyde lingered here, for the little while he did?

Lil. (*starting*) Surely he did not ask you—

Susie. To be his wife?—Yes.

(*lightning and thunder*)

Lil. (*claspings hands and staggering*) Heavens! Has Herman Clyde dared to do that? O, pity me, pity me!

Susie. (*frightened*) Oh, Lillian, Lillian! what's the matter? What is that man to you, that this story should cause you to act in this strange manner?

Lil. (*with an effort, recovering herself*) Oh, nothing, nothing! Have pity on me and do not ask me that, which o answer, would be worse than death itself. Sometime if worse comes to worst, you shall know all. But not now, oh, not now! (*sinks into a chair*)

Susie. Dear Lillian, quiet your beating heart, and believe me, I meant not to alarm you.

Lil. You are not to blame. But (*looks up as Susie leans over her chair*) tell me, oh, tell me, do—you—love—that—man?

Susie. No, I do not love him, neither can I respect him after the language he used in my presence to night.

Lil. Thank heaven, for that!

(*lightning and thunder—storm*)

Enter Mrs. Aldrich, R.

Mrs A. Come girls, supper's all ready, and no one to eat it but ourselves, come right along, both of you. (*exit R.*)

Susie. Come Lillian, you will feel better after a good cup of tea.

Lil. No, no! I could not eat. Let me remain here while you join your mother in your evening meal.

Susie. I don't like that a bit, but if you will not come, there's the latest papers on the desk. I won't be long. (exit R.)

Lil. Oh, Herman, Herman! have you no pity for me? Must I live on the lie I am? Why can't I die. Sometimes I am tempted to throw myself from yonder cliffs, deep down into the green gulfs beneath. But no, that would be suicide. Oh, how tired of life I am! I've followed him from place to place, earning my living from day to day in the most humble manner. Long ago he cast me off and sometimes with the most horrible threats, and and at others with solemn promises forced me to keep the secret which is eating my very life away. Am I a child that I tamely submit? No! He has forfeited all claims to honor and respect, and hopelessly cast me off. Yet, notwithstanding all this, I love him! Oh, Herman, Herman! *(bows her head on chair-back and weeps)*

Enter Clyde L., with rubber coat and cap on which are wet, advances, sees Lillian, stops—thunder and storm.

Clyde. You here? and in such a storm as this? 'Twill never do. Begone! and let your lips be sealed or I'll cut out your quivering heart and throw it to the fishes that sport in yonder deep.

Lil. (rising) No doubt you would, and rejoice when the deed was done. Well, I'm ready. *(places her hand to her heart)* There's the spot—strike and I'll bless you for it.

Clyde. Fool, begone! and never cross my path again, or I'll invent a tale, compared to which death would be a blessing.

Lil. Oh, Susie, Susie! my one true friend. *(to Clyde)* Yes I'll go—out into the darkness of the storm and leave you to plot on in your schemes of villainy. (exit R.)

Clyde. Ha, ha! Go, keep the name you have chosen, and I'll woo on. I know who you are my pretty ocean waif, and when once you are mine, we'll jump aboard the "Flying Scud" and set sail for the shores of England and claim the fortune which rightfully belongs to you. 'Twas a glorious thing for me when the Silver Moon went down, and none but you were saved. That deed was grandly done. After being plundered by the pirate brig, the cables of the Silver Moon were parted, and she was set adrift—while we were safely anchored far out at sea. Ah! my aquatic bird, how well I remember the terrified expression of your father, the Captain, as he read their fate in the approaching tempest. But I'll back to the shore 'ere they miss me and wonder; Ah, Captain St. Morris! soon the tide will turn and then a fig for your gilded castles built on air. *(storm continued—exit L.)*

Enter Bowie Knife Jack C., goes R., listens, goes L., and listens, goes C., and signals.

Jack. Whist, whist!

lights down

Enter Sling Shot Rube, C.

Rube. Is the coast clear?

Jack. Yes, for the present. You watch while I get to work.

Rube. And be lively too. We don't want to waste any of our precious time in this place. *(watches alternately R. and L., this is kept up to the end.)*

Jack. *(goes to desk, takes bunch of keys from his pocket, after several attempts succeeds in fitting one to the lock)* Ah, ha! Rube, we're in luck if we can get away with whole heads. *(opens desk and takes out a small tin trunk)* What shall we do with it for the present?

Rube. It will never do to keep it in our possession, for you'll be suspected as soon the swag's missed, and me too, as like as not.

Jack. We'll hide it in the "Bat's Retreat," down among the cliffs. It will be safe there.

Rube. Well thought of, pard, lets out of this. Come on.

Jack. Don't blunder now; Captain Clyde ought to promote us for this. For at last the tide has turned in our favor. Lead on. *(storm as they exit C.)*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as before—Frisky discovered dusting furniture and putting things in order—broom standing against fire-place.*

Fris. I suppose I must sleek up a bit, but it dos'n't make but little difference to any one in this house, how things go now. Oh, dear! (*sits in chair R.*) What a world this is! Misfortunes never come singly. First, on that night of the storm the house was robbed of the money which Uncle Jonas—poor old man—had lain away to pay the note which soon falls due. This was a sad blow to him, and to drown his grief he has taken to drinking. And now there is some fresh sorrow under which he is sinking, and what it is, I am unable to determine. One thing I know, that Herman Clyde holds some power over the old man from which he cannot escape. And Susie, too, I haven't seen her smile for a week; while Aunt Becky scolds worse than ever, and seems to take delight in torturing us all when an opportunity occurs. Something is the matter with them all except Captain St. Morris, he moves about the same as ever, and if anything troubles him he does not manifest it to others. We all thought one while he was going to the bad, but since he has cut the friendship of Mr. Clyde, there has ben a decided improvement in his conduct. I wish Mr. Clyde would go away from here and never come back, for my idea is he's at the bottom of the whole trouble. (*listens*) Some one is coming; I mustn't sit here. (*dusting*)

Enter Pepper, L.

Pep. By golly, you'se as frisky as a young lamb dis mornin', 'aint ye? Whar's Marsa Jonas?

Fris. Don't know. (*dusting*)

Pep. Whar's de Cap'n?

Fris. Don't know. (*dusting*)

Pep. Hab you seen Marsa Clyde dis mornin'?

Fris. No. (*dusting*)

Pep. See here Missis Frisky, I think you'd make frustrate pie crust.

Fris. Why. (*dusting*)

Pep. 'Case—'case you'se so short.

Fris. Ain't you ashamed you good for nothing black rascal. (*attempts to hit him with duster—Pepper dodges*) Come move about, you'll get all dust in here.

Pep. Dat means, you want me to get up an' dust, don't it?

Fris. Yes, go along about your work, you black lazy thing. (*dusts*)

Pep. I'se lazy, is I? Well now you jes don't know. I took Marsa Jonas' boat an' I'se been out fishin' eber since four o'clock dis mornin'. Marsa won't do nuffin since he's took to whiskey.

Fris. That's a likely story. Where's your fish? (*dusts*)

Pep. Didn't cotch any.

Fris. What does it amount to then, if you don't catch any fish? (*dusts*)

Pep. Why you great gump head; somebody's got to 'sport dis family.

Fris. Your a perfect nuisance, and I waste my breath talking to you. I'll go up and make the beds, and then I'm going for a walk. (*exit L.*)

Pep. Wase her bref! I don't think she better, case she'll need it all when Aunt Becky is—(*looking R.*) For de Lawd's sake! who am dat comin' dis way? It am Marsa Jonas an' dat miserable snake Clyde. Dar's somethings dat's goin' on in dis yer house what I don't jest understand'. I'll git under de table an' see if I can't git posted up a little. (*creeps under table L.*) Dis am a pretty tight squeeze, but I guess I can stan' it.

Enter Clyde and Jonas Aldrich R.

Clyde. Now my friend it's time this business was settled. I've waited a week and I must have an answer to-day.

Jon. But the poor child can't bear the thought of such a thing.

Clyde. What of that? It all rests with you. She's indebted to you for all you've done for her, you've fed and clothed her, given her a good education, and now as she knows it is your wish, if she has any regard for parental duty, she will not resist.

Jon. Our Sue has ever been a dutiful child, and as I've told you before that were I to choose myself, there is no one whom I'd rather have for a son-in-law than you.

Clyde. Then it remains for you to say 'yes' or 'no.'

Jon. And suppose my answer is 'no'?

Clyde. Then I'll turn you all out of house and home.

Jon. (*starts*) You? You can't do it, and Mr. Morgan will surely give me time, now he knows of the misfortune I have met with.

Clyde. Ha, ha! You don't know me yet. Did you take me for a fool?

Pep. (*under table*) By golly, I tooked ye fer a willain.

Clyde. Mr. Morgan has got every cent you owe him, and that paper is in my possession. Behold it! (*holds up paper*) Henceforth I am the man you've got to deal with. Old man, the simple fool may give you time, but I shall not, unless your answer is 'yes.' The hour that sees your daughter my wife, will place this paper in your hands; refuse, and out you go.

Pep. (*under table*) De ole tom cat's out ob de bag now, sure's yer born.

Jon. Herman Clyde, I know you now! Was there no other way by which you could be content to gain our child?

Clyde. No sure way, friend Jonas. Ha, ha, ha! I love the girl and could not bear the thought of giving her up.

Jon. But the girl does not love you.

Clyde. What of that? She will in time. All young girls have foolish notions in their heads at sometime.

Pep. (*under table*) Dey must be foolish notions if dey cared anyting 'bout you.

Jon. Are there no other conditions under which you will give up that paper?

Clyde. (*folding his arms*) None.

Pep. (*under table*) You ole rhinoceros!

Jon. Then my answer must be—yes, 'though it break the heart of my child. (*sinks in chair in front of table L.*) You have played a sharp game Clyde, and won, I only hope you will treat my daughter kindly. Leave me now, I would be alone.

Clyde. Very well, 'though I don't see why this should make you so gloomy. (*at door R.—aside*) I thought that would bring him to terms. (*aloud*) Good day my friend, I hope when next we meet you will be in better spirits. (*exit R.*)

Pep. (*under table*) You needn't worry, he'll be drunk de fust chance he gits.

Jon. Susie, my dear child, I have sacrificed you to save myself. But what could I do? That man, if he saw fit could turn us out of doors, and render us dependent on the charities of a cold and unfeeling world. Yet now, I doubt if my gray head can ever rest in peace on the pillow purchased at such a price. Oh, that I could be free from this great wave of sorrow which is crushing me beneath its heavy burden. If I could only drown it, but no, no, no! (*exit R.*)

Pep. (*creeping from under the table*) I jist 'bout broke my back under dat table. I'se heard 'bout persuin' knowledge under difficulties, but dis am de fust time I eber persued him under a table. By golly! dat chap's got Marsa Jonas' sails pretty well clewed up, an' de 'teller right in his own hand, an tinks he's goin' to run dis ship hisself. We'll see 'bout dat, he jis better look out for dat scalp ob his, or fust he'll know he'll get mutinated. I 'clar I'se so billin' ober wid indignation dat I must go and cool off, 'fore some one gets hurt. Thinks I'll take de basket an' go down on de shore an' dig ciams. Dey don't make fus'rate grub, but if things go dis way much longer we'll all be glad to git clams. (*exit R.*)

Enter Lillian L.

Lil. All gone, well perhaps 'tis better that I have a few moments to calm my fevered brain. Oh, my God! how long must I endure this terrible suspense? Every hour of my life, I suffer agonies untold, and yet I dare not speak. And why? Because of my love for him. Oh Herman, I would to heaven I did not love you. Yes, pirate though you are, and chieftain of the "Hunted Crew" I love you still. Yet were I to breathe a word of the terrible and wicked life he leads; with one stroke of his bloody sword he'd lay me dead at his feet. But rather than see my best friend fall a victim to this man's power and passion I'll tell to the world the secret of my life, well knowing that the hour I do so will be my last. If by the sacrifice of a miserable life like mine I can save another from a fate worse than death, I will gladly make it, and feel that I have done my duty. Ah, some one is coming.

(tries to compose herself)

Enter Susie, C.

Susie. Lillian, my dear, why do you seclude yourself here in this manner? Or were you communing with your thoughts. If so I hope they were not so sad and gloomy as my own. Oh Lillian! you know not what I suffer. Is there no way by which I can be freed from this terrible weight of woe under which I am sinking?

Lil. *(gently draws Susie to her)* Yes, dear Susie, I was communing with my thoughts, and I assure you they were anything but pleasant. There is a way to lift this great sorrow from your young mind, and rest assured it shall be done. *(aside)* Would she accept it if she knew the sacrifice which I must make? *(pauses)* No, no! I'll not tell her now, it would only be a fresh wound in her bleeding heart.

Susie. Dear Lillian! tell me your thoughts, your language is a mystery to me. "It shall be done;" what do you mean? You speak as if the power were yours to free me from my grief, and yet you withhold it from me, And still you say, you are my friend,

Lil. Be patient, and trust me and I will not fail you. I know, dear Susie this must seem strange to you, but I cannot explain now, and for both our sakes do not seek to know. The time will come when you will find I am the truest friend you ever had. But come let us go out and get a breath of this fresh morning air, and again I say to you, be patient and trust your sister friend.

Susie. Oh Lillian, forgive me! I will not doubt you, I'll try to be patient, and sometime perhaps the tide will turn, and I shall be able to look back on these days, and the sorrow as simply things of the past. Yes, I'll go with you, I'll get my hat and be ready in a minute, come. *(they exit R.)*

Enter Mrs. Aldrich L.

Mrs A. Things are coming to a pretty pass I should think. My old man makes a perfect baby of himself ever since the money's took; just as if there's any use crying for spilt milk. Why don't the old idiot spunk up a little and go to work. If I ain't greatly mistaken last night his breath smelt of whiskey. Just let me catch him in any such scrape and I'll make this place too hot to hold him. Where is every body I'd like to know? Not a soul in the house I can find. That Frisky is getting to be a perfect shirk. It's Sue that I pity, poor child, I'm just 'going to put my wits to work and see if there ain't some way to save her from that miserable scalawag, who she hates as she does the evil one himself. I've got an idea what that critter is, but I'll keep it to myself 'till I'm a leetle more sartin'. There's a suspicious lookin' craft anchored out in the bay last night, and Clyde was seen going aboard of her just at dusk, and I'll bet a mess of flapjacks he's Captain of a band of cutthroats.

Enter Captain St. Morris, with sword and uniform.

Mrs A. Good gracious! Captain what does all this mean? What makes you wear that savage looking thing on shore. *(pretends to snivel)*

Capt. (smiling) Don't get terrified Aunt Becky, I've been aboard the Tidal Wave, and being in something of a hurry I did not stop to don my citizen's dress. Besides I have another reason, and a very important one it is too.

Mrs A. Land sakes! Captain du tell, or is it none of my business?

Capt. I came on shore for the express purpose of seeing Captain Herman Clyde of the brig For-get-me-not.

Mrs A. Captain Herman Clyde? Then my suspicions are true, and ain't that vessel the suspicious lookin' critter that anchored in the bay last night?

Capt. I don't know what your suspicions may be, but that is certainly the vessel, and I have pretty positive information that Clyde is in reality the head man, who spends a portion of his time on shore, and for what reason you and I well know. This also accounts for his mysterious absences every few weeks. Aunt Becky, that brig is a pirate, and Clyde is her Captain, and was seen going on board of her last evening in full regalia, unless my informant was greatly mistaken. I've (*pacing back and forth*) got an account for him to settle. He has insulted me, and be he pirate or friend unless he apologises in a proper manner, I'll run him through the heart, miserable coward that he is.

Mrs A. For mercy's sake, Captain Hugh, don't get that villain mad. You risk your life when you do it.

Capt. I shall take my chances. My own honor and that of another is at stake. I long to meet him, face to face, and if he is not a coward, he will not refuse to cross swords with his most bitter enemy. At all events I'll give him an invitation. If any one asks for me send them to my room. (*exit R.*)

Mrs A. Well, here's a pretty kettle of fish! Every body around here a worryin' and a frettin' but me—I'm the only tranquil person in the house.

Enter Pepper, L. 3 E.—He stands quietly at back of stage.

Pep. (to himself) Not a clam! I git up early in de mornin', go out in de boat, come back—not a fish! Den I takes de basket an' goes down on de shore, come back—not a clam! I almost got 'scouraged.

Mrs A. What are you talking about there, you lazy, good-for-nothing, black imp of darkness? Where have you been all the morning?

Pep. All de mornin'? What time ob day do you tink dis am? It am after noon, and I'se been out eber since fo' 'clock dis mornin' arter perwisions fer de family, and I'se hungry as a whale. Now you call me lazy. I tell you ole hoss fly, I ain't goin' to stand such abuse much longer.

Mrs A. (enraged) I'm thunderstruck! How dare you talk to me in this manner? I've a notion to break your foolish head for you.

Pep. Well, I'se been lightnin' struck, an' dis yer head stood de shock fast rate. But I 'clar dis am a different ting — I almost 'gin to feel weak in de knees.

Mrs A. (taking him by the coat collar) I'll see if you are going to talk to me in this way. (*shakes him*) Right in my own house, too. (*shakes*) Take that will you! If the old man don't tend to your case, I'll take you in hand. (*shakes*) I'll let you know you can't run over me. (*shakes and pushes him away*)

Pep. You jess leff me alone, now. I'se had just about enough o' dat. You better not shake dis pepper box much more, 'cause if yer do, I'll forget you are a female, an' den somebody'd git hurt. An' anoder ting, dis ain't your house—Marsa Clyde's de boss ob dis here shanty, so you'd jess better go slow.

Mrs A. I don't believe a word you say.

Pep. Can't help dat, but sich am de melumcolly fac'. He tole Marsa Jonas he'd got dat paper ob Mr. Morgan's, right in his pocket—an' dat am so, 'cause I seed it.

Mrs A. (interested) Where did you see it?

Pep. In his pocket, I tole you.

Mrs A. Where were you?

Pep. I was under de table a'pickin' up de scrums, an' scrowbars, an' pin-

afores, an' wheelbarrows, an' Marsa Jonas an' Marsa Clyde come in, an' I was doin' what I tole ye—an' dey had some conversation, an' purty soon Marsa Clyde took de paper out o' his pocket, an' tell Marsa Jonas if he didn't do so an' so, he'd got to git up an' git.

Mrs A. What were the conditions? Tell me all about it.

Pep. He said—Marsa Clyde you know—dat Marsa Jonas must let him marry Miss Susie, else he'd turn you all out doors. An den he—Marsa Jonas yer know—said arter dey'd argered de case a while, dat dey'd call it a trade. Now you knows as much about it as I do, an' more too I guess.

Mrs A. Why didn't you tell me of this before? You're a nice man, you are, Jonas Aldrich. You're a pretty father to a poor orphan. I'll give you a piece of my mind if I can move my tongue.

Pep. (aside) It never went back on de old lady yit.

Mrs A. Pepper, where's your master?

Pep. Don't know. Ain't seen him for some time.

Mrs A. Where've you been?

Pep. Down on de sho' arter clams.

Mrs A. Well, I'm glad of that. We'll have a clam chowder for supper. There's nothing I like better, and I have'nt had one for a long time.

Pep. An' dar ain't much prospect we'll hab one fer a long time to come, unless somebody cotches de clams.

Mrs A. What! Do you mean to stand there and tell me you've been out hunting clams all the forenoon, and come back with an empty basket?

Pep. Dat's a fac' sure's yer born. I do'no what de matter was, but dey wouldn't bite. Guess it was because I forgot to spit on de bait.

Mrs A. (siezing broom) You get out of this room or I'll break your head. (*Pepper runs, she chases him around the stage and hits him over the head as he exits, L.*) I declare, there ain't many women that would stand that darkey's impertinence and not get their temper disturbed. But I've learned that in order to get along in this world, a body's got to have patience. There's no use in frettin'.

Enter, Jonas R., considerably intoxicated.

Jon. (sings) "Let the cannons boom as they will,
We'll be gay and happy still."

(*Mrs. A. is very much surprised*
Becky Maria, look at me, and behold your admirer, your protector, and supporter.

(*holds on to back of the chair*

Mrs A. (very loud) Sup-porter! Jonas Aldrich, you old fool, you've been supping whiskey. But it's just what I expected.

Jon. (still holding on) An' you know Becky Maria, I wouldn't disappoint your expectations for the world—hic. I feel like a new—hic—man, and Becky Maria, I wish you could experience as great a change in—hic—some way. You're too much of a sameness—hic—too much you know—hic—the same all the time. You ain't proportioned right—hic—(*leaning over chair*) not'n 'nuf heart and too much jaw—hic. I've supported you a good many—hic—years, Becky Maria—hic—and you ought to have some respect for my feelings.

Mrs A. (in a rage) Supporting me! Jonas Aldrich, I should like to know who was supportin' you, now?

Jon. Why—hic—don't you see Becky Maria, that this chair's supportin' me?

Mrs A. (siezing broom) I've a great notion to whack you over the head with this broom. To think that after all these years I should see you in such a plight as this. (*raises broom*) Now take yourself out of my sight, or I shan't be responsible for the consequences. Come, start.

Jon. (standing up) Becky Maria, I've changed—hic—turned over a new leaf. I'm different from what I was. You've ruled this roost—'ic—long 'nuf, and I'm going to cast my anchor right here,—(*raises himself on his toes and comes down on his heels—staggers*)—and run this craft myself.

Mrs A. Old man, I've a great notion to scratch your eyes out. You're making a perfect beast of yourself, and I'm disgusted with you. You're disgracing the whole family. Our Sue will be mortified to death when she sees her father in such a condition. I declare you ought to be horsewhipped.

Jon. (*trying to put his hand on her shoulder*) Calm your feelings Becky Maria—hic—'taint no use. Suke's got to shirk for herself. I've—hic—done a good thing for the gal, and I can't 'ford to do it any longer. The Cap'n 'll soon look after her, an' if he does as well by her as I have by you—hic—he'll make her a good husband.

Mrs A. You'd better take yourself out of this room, and go to bed, you miserable, drunken brute. You've no regard for yourself, nor the feelin's of any of your family, and the quicker you're out of my sight the better.

Jon. I tell you Becky Maria, you needn't get mad. I don't bear you no ill will. But I want it 'stinctly understood, that from this time, henceforth and forever forward, I ain't goin' to be bulldozed. Now, kiss me and let's make up.

Mrs A. (*slaps him in the mouth—he staggers backward hitting a chair into which he quickly drops*) I'll learn you to talk to me in that way. Me kiss such an object as you are. Your breath smells of whiskey strong enough to knock me over.

Jon. Pr'aps you're right, Becky Maria. Pr'aps that's what knocked me over, but I thought I felt something a leetle more sartin.

Mrs A. You old heathen! If I hit you again, I'll make you lay still a while. If you had some women to deal with, they'd kill you outright. You are enough to try the patience of Job.

Jon. (*still sitting*) Job was poor, wasn't he? You know Becky—hic—Maria, if you should kill me, you'd be my widder and have all my property. (*takes bottle from pocket*) There's lots of fun in this, Becky Maria—lots of good times. (*drinks*) Lots of fun in me—lots of good times. (*reaches bottle towards her*) Better have some, old woman—hic—better have some—lots of fun.

Mrs A. (*snatching the bottle*) We'll see whether you get any more of this or not. Rather than give it up, I'll smash it over your head.

Jon. (*trying to get up, at last succeeds, and attempts to get the bottle. She runs around the stage and he with great effort follows*) Don't be a hog Becky Maria, don't be a hog. (*follows her around stage, she runs out, L. He not seeing her exit, continues around the stage, saying*) Hold on Becky Maria, hold on, and I'll divide with you. (*sees she has gone*) Hallo! Becky's gone, and the bottle's gone—one'll come back and t'other won't, and its sure to be the wrong one. (*wraps table spread around him and lies down upon the floor*) If I've got to sleep alone, I'm going to bed. (*pause*) Lots of fun—lots of good times. Don't be a hog, Becky Maria—(*pause*)—lots of fun—lots of good times. (*sleeps*)

Enter Pepper, c.—sees Jonas and laughs heartily.

Pepp. By golly, dat ole rooster's tired—he tinks dis am de lodgin' room. By fury, he's got de table cloth wrapped right around him. Dis nebber'll do, not right in here. Somethin's got to be did.

(*tries to roll him over so as to get the table spread.*)

Jon. (*asleep*) Becky Maria, keep your cold feet away. (*Pepper laughs and tries to pull off the spread*) Hold on! Hold on there! Becky Maria, you're gittin' all the clothes.

Pepp. By golly, de ole rhinoceros tinks I'se a femaic. (*takes him by the shoulder and raises him to a sitting posture*) You had better be toddlin' afore somebody sees you.

Jon. (*half awake*) Lots of fun! Lots o' good times! (*wakes*) Pepper, you here? And—hic—there's yer twin brother right side on ye.

Pepp. By chowder, de ole man's got 'em, as sure's yer born.

Jon. Come, stand still, and—hic—help me up. (*business ad lib, getting up*)

Pepp. Come, stir yourself now, and git out o' here afore the ole woman sees you. (*Jonas leans heavily on Pepper, and they move slowly towards L.*)

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

Jon. This all comes of Becky Maria's quick temper. (*sings as they go*
 "Help one another boys, do it with a will,
 And never push a man, because he's going down the hill."
(they exit, L.

Enter Clyde R. cautiously. He wears a long, black coat, with cape.

Clyde. The coast begins to look a little hazy, and I've made up my mind that the sooner the Forget-me-not and her crew leave these parts, the better. But I am bound not to go without the prize. I expect warm work, but if the boys do not desert me, I hope to be successful. If it wasn't for that meddlesome Captain St. Morris—curse him—the thing would be much easier; but we've got to take things as they come. (*looking L.*) And they are beginning to come already.

Enter Captain St. Morris, L.

Capt. Ah, Captain Herman Clyde, this is a fortunate meeting. I have been hoping to meet you for some time.

Clyde. I am at your service, sir—pray make known your business, and then I demand to know why you addressed me as Captain.

Capt. My reason, sir, is because it belongs to you as Captain of the worst band of pirates on the water; and my business Captain Herman Clyde, is to demand a retraction of the slanderous reports you have circulated about another person and myself—the other I do not choose to name. Sir, will you comply with my request? I await your answer.

Clyde. My answer is *no!* Now defend yourself if you can.

Clyde throws off his cloak which is only buttoned at the top, showing the uniform of a pirate captain, with sword, knife and revolvers. At the same time drawing his sword, and taking position. Captain St. Morris also draws his sword.

Capt. Be sure I'll try, sir. Come on.

They fight. Captain St. Morris at last makes a sweeping stroke upward, apparently striking Clyde on the left side of his head, knocking off his hat. Clyde instantly puts his hand to his head, turns and shows the side of his face covered with blood. At this point, enter hastily from L. Lillian, Susie, Frisky and Pepper, and at the same time from R. Bowie Knife Jack and Sling Shot Rube, with knives drawn. Pepper and Frisky draw revolvers and shoot them, and they fall R. Clyde also staggers and falls in front of the centre of the stage.

Clyde. (*having fallen*) It's all up, but I die game.

Lil. (*screams*) Heavens! He is killed!

(staggers and is supported by Captain St. Morris.

Clyde. (*with an effort raises himself upon his elbow and draws a revolver—to Lillian*) I owe this to you, curse you! (*his strength fails, he falls backward, and the revolver is discharged in the air*)

Capt. Miss Lacy, what are you to that man?

Lil. Oh, heaven! I am his wife. (*faints and is supported as before*

Lillian L., Capt. St. Morris beside her. Susie, Frisky and Pepper, L. C. Bodies of Jack and Rube, R. Clyde, dead, front of C.

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN.

There is supposed to be a lapse of one year between the second and third acts.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Best room in Jonas Aldrich's house. Lounge R. C., chairs R. L. and C. Nautical pictures on the walls. Looking glass hangs back of stage, L. C.*

Enter Frisky, L., with duster, and dust-cap on her head.

Frisky. Oh, dear! I hope we shan't have any more company for one while. Here I've been all over the house, sweeping and dusting, dusting and sweeping, and Aunt Becky right at my heels finding fault with everything I do. This room is where I commenced, and here's where I'll stop. (*arranges cover on lounge, etc.*) Precious little comfort anyone in this house has taken for the last year. Uncle Jonas has taken to drink so that the family have had to manage every way to keep the wolf from the door, and I fear this could not have been done had it not been for the mysterious presents which have been received. I know well-enough where they come from—Captain Hugh is the donor, and a nobler and better man never walked a ship's deck. I'm thinking it won't be long before he and Sue will set sail on the voyage of life together. Well, I hope they will—I wouldn't mind such a voyage myself, if I could find a good mate. (*looks in glass*) I declare, I must look like a fright. (*takes off cap, and hangs up duster*) It's time Colonel Ellsworth was here, now—he's coming up from Boston to see Captain Hugh about the new vessel which is being built. The Colonel is fitting her out for the mercantile service, and Captain Hugh is to command her. The Colonel has taken a great fancy to him ever since they became acquainted, but this will be the first time he has ever been here, and I guess he'll think we're awful dirty—(*dusts her shoulders with her handkerchief*)—everything is so stirred up.

Enter Pepper, R. in time to hear the last remark.

Pep. If dat's de case, why don't you keep still an' let tings settle?

Fris. I suppose I must primp up a little before the Colonel gets here. I do wish folks would stay at home—I don't like company. I wish I could do something to frighten him as soon as he comes. If I could, I declare I'd do it.

Pep. By golly, I know what'll do it, sure's yer born.

Fris. What is it, Pepper?

Pep. Go bang yer hair.

(*laughs*)

Fris. Go 'long off with your nonsense.

Pep. An' if dat don't fetch him, unwind a few yards ob Pinafore—dat'll send him a hoppin' like a grasshopper in June.

Fris. Pepper, I really think you're too bad. You take every opportunity that offers to poke fun at me. You'd better go and see where your master is—he has been gone all the forenoon.

Pep. Marsa Jonas can jist take care ob himself for all dis chile. I can't help it if he makes a swill-tub ob himself. 'Sides I've got somethin' else to tend to. I tell you what 'tis Frisk, I had de most wonderfulest dream last night ye eber heerd on, and ebry time I tink ob it, I feel a sort ob come-all-oberishness dat I can't account for.

Fris. Ha, ha, ha! Poor fellow! I do not believe in dreams, but I should like to know what could effect you in the manner you describe.

Pep. Well, you know, Miss Frisky, de night we had dat scrimmage wid de pirates?

Fris. Yes, I shall never forget it. Go on.

Pep. Well, if I recomlect right, dey got euchered, didn't dey?

Fris. What of that? Why don't you go on with your story?

Pep. Well, as I was saying, arter dat scrimmage, one ob dem debils afore he kicked de bucket, was out ob his head and kept raving all de time, and he kept talkin' about de wild waves, an' de wessel, an' de bat's retreat down

on de shore, and last night as I was telling you, I had a very curious dream about dat chap.

Fris. If you are going to tell me your dream, why don't you do it?

Pep. Does yer think I'se going to tell yer any more? Yes, I guess not. I'll jest wait till I go down dar, an' when I gets back I tole yer all about it.

Fris. You're the biggest nuisance I ever saw. I'll leave you to talk to the walls.

Pep. Can't help dat. It was a very curious dream. (*laughs as Frisky exits L.*) Dat gal ain't got any more patience than a setting hen. (*laughs*) Well, I'll go down to de shore and den I'll know more about de dream. By golly it was a curious dream, anyhow.

(*about to exit, L.*)

(*exit, R.*)

Enter Captain St. Morris and Susie, L.

Capt. Yes, Susie, I have a story to tell you. Come, sit by me.

(*they sit upon the lounge.*)

Susie. Thanks. Go on, I am ready for the story.

Capt. Well, once it happened, many years ago, that a vessel set sail from Portsmouth, England. The Captain had on board, his handsome young wife, and their infant daughter. The voyage proved rough and stormy, and the vessel was six days behind time. When within twelve hours of the American coast, they fell in with a band of pirates, and after a long chase, their vessel was captured and plundered, the passengers and crew were bound, and the vessel set adrift in the very face of an approaching storm.

Susie. I would to heaven that such horrible scenes were less frequent, even now. But I am interrupting you.

Capt. Well, the English vessel was wrecked in port, and all on board perished save one. That one was the young child who was cast up by the waves, and was found the next morning at the turn of the tide, by a kind old fisherman, and adopted as his own, as no clue was found to tell who she was.

Susie. Alas! How very much like my own sad experience!

Capt. Yes, they were very similar, indeed. But to continue: the little waif was well taken care of—the years rolled on and she blossomed into a charming young lady, and as good as she was beautiful. In the course of time she formed the acquaintance of a young sailor, who was a little inclined to be wild at times, but who soon learned to love her with the whole wealth of his affection—(*Susie toys with her handkerchief*)—but whose tongue was silent because his love was not returned.

Susie. Your story has been very interesting, but what was the name of the vessel which was wrecked when almost in port?

Capt. It was "The Silver Moon."

Susie. And the little waif—

Capt. Was the one who now sits by my side, and whom I have, and still do love better than life itself, and as circumstances have changed within the last year, I have reason to believe my love is returned. (*puts his arm around her waist and takes her hand*) Pray do not keep me in suspense, but tell me if the hopes of the past years are all in vain, and I must lose the prize I have so long desired to win.

Susie. Oh, Captain Hugh, I like your story, but I expected to hear something new—this is the same 'old story.'

Capt. Those words give me new hope. Oh, tell me that at last you have learned to love me.

Susie. That I cannot do, for I learned it long ago. But you are aware of the circumstances under which I was placed, and over which, as an obedient daughter, I had no control. And then you know, (*with a smile*) most young ladies do not give their hearts away without the asking.

Capt. Ah! now you are trying to tease me, but the words you have just spoken more than repay me for all the agony I endured during those dark days when I thought you lost to me forever.

Susie. But dear Hugh, there is one thing you seem to forget—you are aware of my poor father's sad misfortune, and yet you would——

Capt. (interrupting) Yes, poor man, overburdened with care and sorrow, he sought to drown it in the sparkling cup. But that does not, and never can, change my deep love for you; and heaven grant that your poor father may yet be saved from filling a drunkard's grave.

Enter Jonas Aldrich, R., in time to hear the last remark.

Jon. (c.—all rise) And my dear boy, heaven has heard your prayer. I have not drank a drop to-day, and I stand before you for the first time in more than a year, entirely free from the terrible curse. I have sworn to east it aside forever, and when the old man once makes up his mind, the thing is settled. Sue, my child, I have been a disgrace to you, but henceforth I will atone for the suffering I have caused you, by kind acts and loving deeds, and from this day, rest assured you will never see your old grey headed father reeling home at night.

Susie. (who has been weeping, places her hand on his shoulder) My kindest and best of friends, and the only father I ever knew, how true that blessings like misfortunes, never come singly. How happy I shall be to know that you will be free from that deadly poison.

Capt. Accept my congratulations for your good resolution—that it will be a permanent one I have no doubt.

Jon. I have spent the last year of my life in dissipation, but I feel that I have got strength enough left to be once more a man. But why do I find you two here caged up like a couple of canary birds? *(to Captain)* Hugh, my boy, has your faint heart at last found courage? *(to Susie)* And Sue, my child, what makes the roses bloom so quickly on your cheeks? Come, tell us all about it?

Capt. Yes, Uncle Jonas, I have learned that my fondest hopes were not in vain, and this—*(indicating Susie)*—little "Gem of the Ocean," has condescended to be my "first mate" in the voyage of life.

Jon. Well, well, it is all right—I am glad of it. I interfered once, and I've found I didn't better matters, so this time I wash my hands of the whole business.

Susie. Never mind, father, you meant all for the best. Come, Hugh, we will go and find Lillian.

(they exit R., arm in arm.)

Jon. (watching them) That is a pretty good looking couple. So the Captain is going to make my Sue first mate. Well, if she is like some women, it will be a great wonder if she don't promote herself to Captain at last.

Enter Mrs. Aldrich, L., so as to hear the last.

Mrs. A. That was meant for a slur on me, old man, and I know it. Don't you think it looks well for a man to be all the time casting reflections on his own wife? Jonas Aldrich, I am not going to stand your abuse much longer. Here I'm digging and scrubbing, scrubbing and digging, from morning till night, and you off all the time, drunk. Pretty man you are, Jonas Aldrich, to talk in the way you do, to your own lawful wife.

Jon. Yes, you are a lawful wife, and an *awful* wife, too. But one thing I tell you, Becky Aldrich, I'm not drunk—havn't tasted a drop to-day, and when you see me the worse for liquor again, I hope you, or some one else will be merciful enough to shoot me on the spot. I have seen what it leads to; when I went out to-day, I saw two men, drunk, drawn knives in their hands, eyes glaring, and both their faces covered with blood—and for what? Some petty dispute caused by rum, and the end was, the death of both. When I saw this, I began to see my own folly, and the dangerous road upon which I was traveling. From that moment I resolved to cast aside the poison forever, and that resolution I intend to keep.

Mrs. A. Well, I declare! You talk well enough, but I don't believe you'll hold out.

Jon. Time will tell, time will tell! I am going to my room now, sober, for the first time in many a day. *(exit, c.)*

Mrs. A. That's so, old man, that is if you are sober now, and I guess you are; and I hope to goodness you'll keep so. But it is pretty hard when a habit is once formed to break it off all at once, and if it was anybody else I should have my doubts, but I've found out that when Jonas Aldrich once puts his foot down, that foot's going to stay. But I mustn't fool away my time here. It's time that Major, or Colonel or somethin', was here—I wish he'd stay to home and mind his own business, but out of respect for Captain Hugh, I couldn't refuse to tidy up the house a bit, and unless my eyes deceive me, there's one here besides the Captain who doesn't dread his coming. When we first found out that he was coming up here, I saw the sparkle in her eyes, and her face turned red all over. I vum that gal is a mystery—but a better critter never lived. We took her in here when she was left out in the cold. But she'd better stayed there than to live in the way she had been, when that good-for-nothing man of her's was alive. Thank goodness, he won't trouble her any more, and she was a fool to keep her secret as long as she did—I'd sent him hoppin' long before. But if I don't look out I shall talk to myself here all night. *(looks off, r.)* Well, I never, if there ain't Captain Hugh and our Sue settin' out under that grape vine together. I wouldn't wonder a mite if he popped the question to-night. I've been expecting it for a long time—*(looks)*—and I vum she ain't got a thing around her, only a coat sleeve, and in this night air. A coat sleeve is good as far as it goes, and it generally goes as far as it can, but it won't always answer. *(loudly)* Sue, child, tie your handkercher over your ears, or you'll catch your death 'o cold. Well, well! I mustn't stay here another minute. *(exit r.)*

Enter Lillian, L., with an open letter.

Lil. So our guest has not arrived yet. At times I dread his coming, while at others I feel that a sight of the features I used to know, would awaken the memories of by-gone days, and be a relief from the dull monotony of our quiet every day life. I wonder if he will be changed so very much! And will he know me? It is many years since I have looked upon his honest face. At times I am foolish enough to believe that he would not have come up here, had he not learned from Captain St. Morris that his old friend was here. Ever since he learned of my whereabouts, he has sent me letters at regular intervals, and I—I hope I have not done wrong—have answered them. And now he writes that when we meet, he hopes the friendship of earlier days may be renewed, and that can only mean—— But I will not anticipate, I'll go up and sit by my window, and not be the first to meet him. *(exit, c.)*

Pep. (outside, r.) Right along dis way, Colonel. We's been expectin' you for some time.

Enter Pepper and Colonel Ellsworth, r. Pepper has the little trunk under his arm.

Pep. Dis is de room, Colonel, but it's sleeked up so I didn't know it at fust. Make yourself to home, till we has more company. *(showing box)* Here's what I found in de 'Bat's Retreat'—I knew all de time dat dream meant something. Won't de ole boss feel good now? And if de ole jay bird goes to callin' me a good for nothin' nigger any more, I'll jest spread myself right on de spot, and gib her a few ob my choicest sentiments.

Col. Here, my colored friend, I do not know what your name is, but can you tell me how long Jonas Aldrich has resided here?

Pep. Ob course I can. My name's Pepper—Pepper Mace. I'se de spice cb de whole family. Uncle Jonas, de boss, has lived here all his days, so I've heard him say many a time.

Col. Then he must have been here when 'The Silver Moon' was wrecked on this coast nineteen years ago?

Pep. Been here? Guess he was. He saved de life ob de only soul dat survivid dat terrible time.

Col. Then they didn't *all* perish?

Pep. All but de little gal.

Col. All but the little girl! Can it be? No, I am foolish to entertain such a thought. It was doubtless one of the young lady passengers.

Pep. If you's interested in dat smash-up, de boss can tell you all de particulars. Say, Colonel, was you eber a sailor?

Col. Yes, my friend, I have spent the greater portion of my time on the water. I suppose, living here, you must be quite at home there. No one can command my respect any quicker than a good sailor. Were you ever on board a whaler?

Pep. (*aside*) I'm bound to hab dis old chap's respect anyway. (*aloud*) Yes, sir. When I was a youth, I shipped for a whalin' voyage to de North Seas. I went wid my father who was de Captain ob de good ship "Crazy Jane." You see boss—sit down won't ye—(*they sit*)—my old man was a good whaler, he had practiced so much on me, that he'd got quite exquirt at de business. I was a little afraid to undertake de voyage at first, 'cause I'd heard a story about a chap dat went on a similar voyage once, and got badly took in. His name was Jonah. Perhaps you've heard de story?

Col. (*smiling*) I think I remember it, Pepper.

Pep. Jonah was fool enough to try to swallow a whale, and it made him so seasick dat he had to spit him out. We steered for de source ob de Aurora Borealis, and cruised about for a long time afore we could get a single whaler. Well, yer see, one day I was takin' my turn at de look-out, when I seed something white in de distance, and I 'mediately shouted 'sail ho!' Den de Captain cleared de deck mighty sudden, and put it in his pocket. "Reef de anchor," he yelled. "Splice de fore-castle, haul up de main brace, all hands 'round, swing yer partners, grand right and left." De mate wanted de old man to board de strange vessel, but he said he didn't feel able to board anybody since his son had developed sich an appetite. But it turned out dere wasn't any wessel to board. What I seed was an iceberg. Den ebery body got mad. My father grabbed a rope, and took me into de cabin on a whalin' voyage.

Col. That must have been a serious voyage?

Pep. Yes, yer right. Dat voyage was productive of more *blubber* than any he eber made, 'fore or since. Well, one morning my father and his good lookin' son was a standing on de fifty cent deck—we didn't hab anything as cheap as a quarter-deck on our wessel—and he pinte out Davis' Strait to me. He said dat was de most dangerous strait he eber encountered.

Col. Why so, my friend?

Pep. Don't know, but I asked him if it was as bad as 'whiskey straight.' Den he mopped de deck wid me, and went straight to de cabin, locked himself in and got blind drunk.

Col. Well, this far exceeds any experience I ever encountered.

Pep. Dat's what I thought. Well, a few days after dis, our ship was caught in a calm—it was de most violent calm I eber seed. De ship was still for as much as a long time, 'cause dar wasn't any wind to fill de sails. Den de Captain got three sheets in de wind, but it wasn't enough to start us. After dat, we run out ob perwisions, and I didn't eat anything for six weeks but one egg—and I shouldn't had dat but for de foresight ob de ole man.

Col. (*aside*) I'll humor this fellow. (*aloud*) An egg! How did you get eggs on board a whaler in the North Seas?

Pep. Well, you see de Captain ordered de ship to 'lay to,' and he gib me one ob 'em. (*laughs*) After dat, all dis chile had to eat was a piece ob an ole suspender.

Col. Yes, I see. But how did you survive?

Pep. Surwibe! We didn't. We all starved, and were jest casting lots to see who should die first, when a couple ob whales where sighted to lee-

ward. We went for 'em and harnessed 'em to de ship, and drove 'em Southard at de rate ob sixty-two miles a minute, reaching port in safety on de afternoon ob de second day.

Col. When did you make this remarkable voyage?

Pep. I think it was in nineteen hundred and seventy-leben.

Enter Jonas Aldrich and Captain St. Morris, L.

Capt. Glad to see you, Colonel. I did not know that you had arrived.

(they shake hands.)

Col. I overtook Pepper on the way and was shown in by him.

Capt. (introducing) Colonel Ellsworth, let me make you acquainted with my friend, Jonas Aldrich.

Jon. Very glad to meet you Colonel. *(they shake hands)* Ours is a homely place here, but you are very welcome to it. Make yourself at home.

Col. Thanks, I shall do very well.

Pep. (showing the little box) Marsa Jonas, I'se found de money dem villains stole de night ob de storm. Here it is, safe and sound.

Jon. The money that was taken from my desk? Impossible! Yet surely this is the same box. Where did you find it?

Pep. You see boss, I had a very curious dream, and I see de box up among de rocks by de shore, and I went down dar and found de money jest as I saw it in de dream.

Jon. Quite a remarkable as well as profitable dream. Pepper, you shall not go unrewarded.

Pep. It's all right, boss—I don't ask a cent. *(looking L.)* But here comes de females.

Enter Lillian and Susie, L.

Col. (upon seeing Susie—aside) The same face!

Capt. Ah, truants, where have you been? Lillian, let me present you to our friend the Colonel. I believe you are not entirely strangers?

Col. No, Captain, Mrs. Clyde and myself used to be friends, and I hope the friendship may be continued.

Lil. Thank you, Colonel—I am very glad to renew our acquaintance.

Jon. Colonel, this is our Sue, the best girl along the coast.

Col. Happy to—*(raising his eyes to her face)* Heavens! I cannot be mistaken. Pray excuse me, friend Aldrich, but if I am rightly informed, this is not your own daughter?

Jon. Who's a better right to claim her? It is true however, that I did find her down on the shore, after the wreck of "The Silver Moon," nineteen years ago.

Col. Nineteen years ago! And this young lady now is—

Jon. Not far from twenty-one years old. Of course we have no means of knowing her age, only when we picked her up we judged her to be a little less than two years old. But why do you take so much interest in an entire stranger?

Col. Because nineteen years ago I was Captain of "The Silver Moon," and at the time of her wreck, my wife, and a daughter of about that same age, were on board—and another stranger coincidence is, that you have given her the same name that we had given our little one.

Jon. Colonel, there ain't anything strange about that—the name was on a little ring we found with her.

Col. True, I had forgotten that. Let me see the little trinket, if you have it. *(Susie advances and holds out the ring, which she has suspended by a chain around her neck. He examines it.)* It is the same—I remember it well. My child, can you realize that I am your father whom you supposed dead years ago?

Susie. I am so glad to know you. *(puts her hands on his shoulders)* I have never wanted for parental care, but I have so longed at times to know who I was.

Enter Mrs. Aldrich, c.

Col. The proof is positive—you are my child; but if more were needed you have it in your face—you are the very image of your mother.

Mrs. A. Well, I never! Wonders will never cease!

Pep. Bress de Lawd!

Lil. Susie, remember what I have often told you. You know 'truth is stranger than fiction.'

Mrs. A. Well, I should say it was.

Capt. Colonel, you are leaving me out in the cold. I thought you came up to see me on business?

Col. All in good time. However it was not our business alone, that called me here. There's another in the secret, one who I trust will not object to my visit.

(glances at Lillian.)

Mrs. A. That's it. I knew something had been ailin' that gal, all along.

Lil. Why, Aunt Becky! Of course I am glad to welcome any old friend of mine at any time.

Jon. I shall regret to loose Sue, but I will bear the sorrow the best I can, knowing that your claim is prior to mine. But then it will make but little difference, for the Captain there was going to take her away from me before long, and doubtless will not give up his intentions, even now. He's a persistent young fellow, Colonel.

Col. Yes, I suppose he is. Well, I will not be too severe on the Captain, for I've been thinking of the same thing myself.

Capt. Let us change the subject. You have not yet told us how you survived the wreck of "The Silver Moon."

Col. The story is short. When the vessel went to pieces, I found myself in the water, apparently some distance from the others, and the first presence I felt was a plank washed against me. I clung to this and was washed against a point of rock near the shore, but I could not keep a hold upon it, and I dare not let go the plank. I remained in this position until the tide turned when I was carried out to sea and picked up by the very band of pirates which set the vessel adrift. But ere this, the storm was past and the pirates had left their leader on shore, and were then bound on a new expedition. I was made their prisoner, but fortune was in my favor and I escaped from the vessel when near a small island, they doubtless thinking I had been lost in the waste of waters. I remained on this island two days when I signaled a ship which was bound for Calcutta. I was taken on board and carried to that port. I read the account of the wreck, and saw the statement that not a soul was saved and but few bodies found. Then after the loss of my family, I did not care to dispute the report. I remained in Calcutta ten years, and when I returned to Boston the circumstance of the wreck was merely a thing of the past.

Jon. Have you ever made any inquiries since your return?

Col. Yes, but could learn nothing.

Jon. Well, that isn't to be wondered at. Nearly every one here supposes this girl to be our own child.

Enter Frisky, B.

Fris. I'll tell you what it is, if—— *(sees Colonel Ellsworth)* Excuse me, I had forgotten about our visitor.

Pep. Yaas, Miss Frisky, dis is de Colonel, *(bows)* and I tell you he's a screamer—he's de Roberson Grewso ob de new world.

Capt. Colonel, I suppose our business can wait till to-morrow?

Col. Yes, and longer. I am obliged to leave in a few hours, besides we do not want to talk of business affairs now. If you will give me as warm a welcome as you have this time, I will come again in a few days.

All but Lillian and Pepper. We certainly will.

Pep. We shall feel highly honored wid your presence at any time Colonel.

Col. But Mrs. Clyde—Lillian, why are you silent? Your wishes I shall respect the most.

Lil. You may rest assured I shall be glad to see you at any time.

Col. But I shall only come as an accepted suitor for your hand. There, I've said it, and now I will await your answer.

Lil. But Colonel, it is so sudden. And there is a matter you seem to forget—I was once the wife of a——

Col. (*interrupting*) No, I have not forgotten, and I honor you for the course you took, because he was your husband.

Lil. And I could not forget our first year of happiness—but a change came, when his love was changed to hate, and he became so bad.

Col. Never mind that. Will you give me your answer? Shall the old vows be renewed?

Lil. Colonel Ellsworth, if you will be content to take me, knowing my history as you do, then I say, yes.

Col. (*taking her hand*) Thank you for those words, Lillian. Your trust shall not be misplaced.

Jon. Well, Colonel, I am surprised.

Mrs. A. Of all this world! Wonder on wonder!

Pep. Bress de Lawd! (*Susie and Captain, l. c.*)

Fris. (*r.*) I'm forgotten by all, (*sighs*) with no one to love. I'm left out in the cold.

Pep. (*l.*) Waal now, if you is really pinin' for some one to love, you can cast your affections onto me, de bold rover ob de seas. Hm!

Fris. Pepper you're a nuisance.

Jon. Sometimes fate comes in queer forms to aid us. To me it came years ago in the guise of a little ocean waif, to cheer and comfort me. I have nought to regret except the life of the last year. But through all, a kind Providence has allowed me to see the life of the late past in all its hideous deformity. It has, as by a vision, shown me a high and holy path, that in it I may walk henceforth, cheered and strengthened by the smiles of these loved ones. This old hulk has been bruised and battered by the cares and storms of life; soon I shall be called to enter the Eternal port of Rest, but I do not fear—I patiently await THE TURN OF THE TIDE.*

SONG—*The Turn of the Tide.*

In sailing along the river of life,
 Over its waters wide,
 We all have to battle with trouble and strife,
 And wait for the time and the tide.
 Men of each other are prone to be jealous,
 Hopes are illusions, and not what they seem,
 Life and its pleasures, philosophers tell us,
 Go floating away like a leaf on a stream.

CHORUS.

Then try to be happy and gay my friends,
 Remember the world is wide,
 And Rome wasn't built in a day my friends,
 So wait for the turn of the tide.

Why people sit fretting their lives away,
 I can't for a moment surmise,
 If life is a lottery as they say,
 We cannot all turn up a prize.

**The Play may end here.*

*A folly it is to be sad and dejected,
 If fortune shows favors, she's fickle beside,
 And may knock at your door some day unexpected,
 If you patiently wait for the turn of the tide.

CHORUS.

Then try to be happy, etc.

Man is sent into the world we're told,
 To do all the good that he can,
 Yet how many worship the chink of the gold,
 And never once think of the man.
 If you're poor, from your friends keep a distance,
 Hold up your head though your funds may be small,
 Once let the world know you need its assistance,
 Be sure then you never will get it all.

CHORUS.

Then try to be happy, etc.

Situations at close.

R.

Frisky. Colonel & Lillian. Mr. & Mrs. A. Captain & Susie. Pepper.

L.

CURTAIN.

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COSTUMES.

Jonas Altrich.—Sailor or fisherman's dress, dark pea jacket, loose trowsers, dark turnover and tie, flat top sailor's cap.

Captain St. Morris. Act 1st.—Citizen's dress except sailor's cap and turnover collar and handkerchief. Act 2nd.—Sailor captain's dress, sword-sash etc. Act 3rd.—nearly the same as Act 1st.

Col. Ellsworth.—Gentleman's dress, gray wig to correspond with a gentleman of fifty years old.

Herman Clyde.—Act 1st.—Gentleman's dress, with wide black felt hat. Act 2nd.—Sailor hat, dress of a pirate, sword and belt with knife and pistols, high top boots turned over, long dark coat reaches nearly to feet covering other dress.

Bowie Knife Jack, and Sling Shot Rube.—Similar dress to Clyde's in 2nd Act, only rougher.

Pepper.—Pea jacket, sailor cap, large pants too short for him. His dress should be varied in the different Acts.

Aunt Rebecca.—Dark calico dress, hair done up in a twist at back of head, collar and apron. Act 2nd—Same dress. Act 3rd.—Any similar dress for change, cap etc.

Susie Aldrich. Acts 1st and 2nd.—Grey dress, collar and cuffs, sailor hat. Act 3rd.—Dark dress.

Lillian Lucy. Acts 1st and 2nd.—Plain dress. Act 3rd.—Dark suit.

Frisky. Act 1st and 2nd.—Light print dress. Act 3rd.—Pink calico dress with white bib apron.

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PROPERTIES.—Fish-lines, basket, pistols, knives, swords, small tin trunk, letter, note for Clyde, ring, bottle and tumblers, papers on desk in Act 1st., duster etc.

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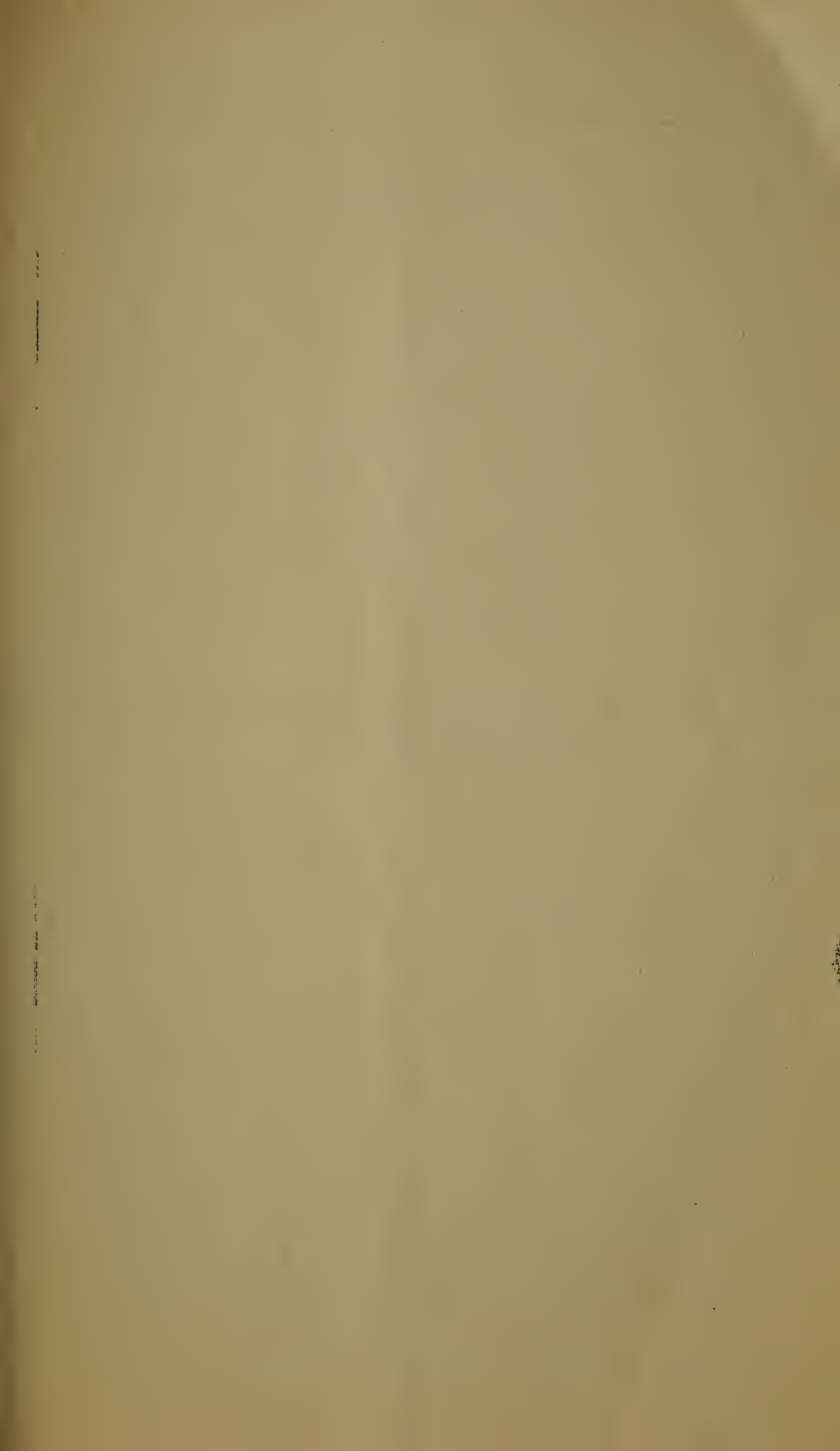
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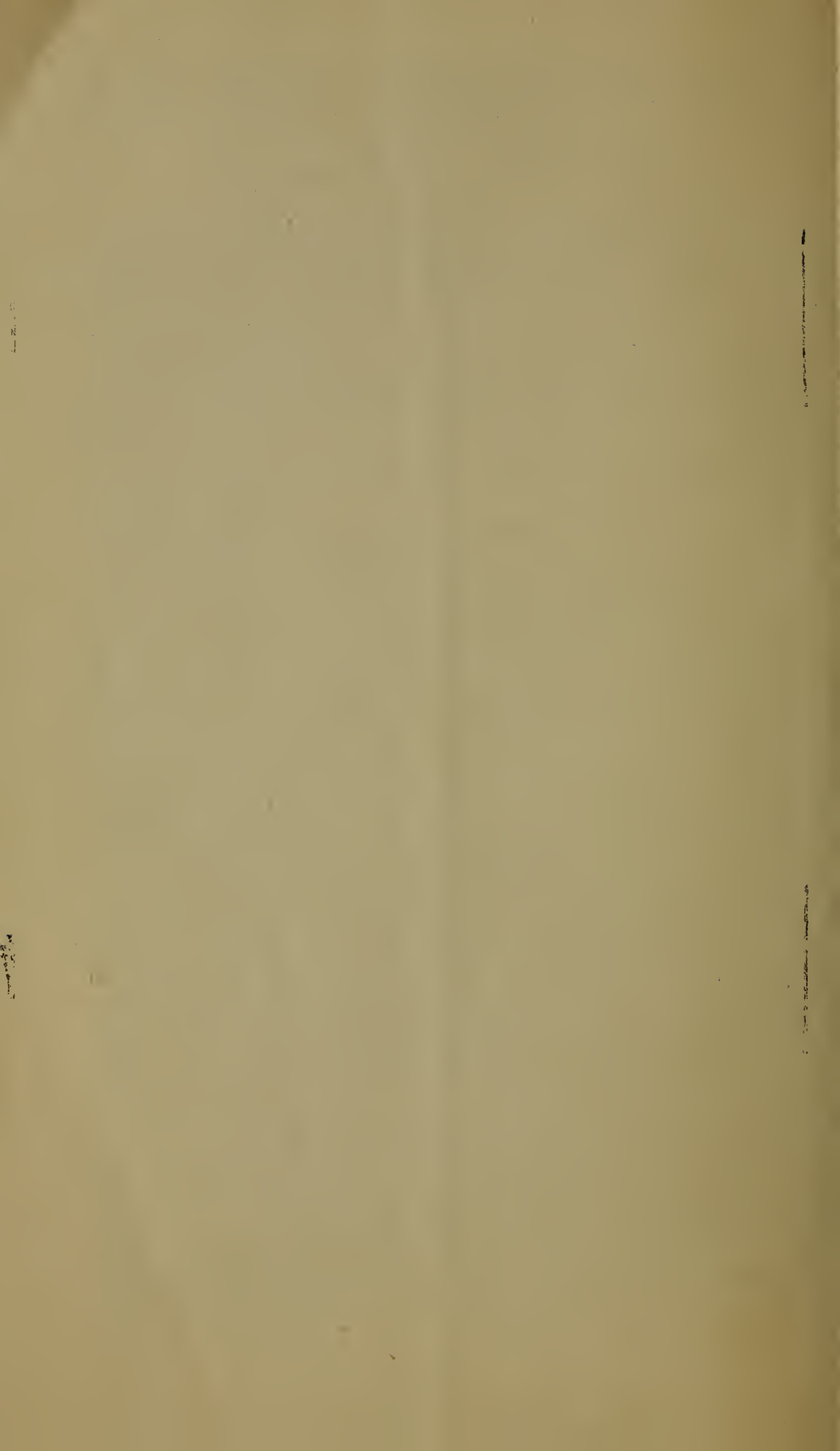
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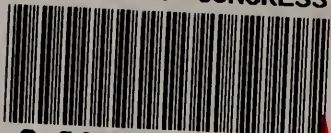
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SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

- ACT 1st. Home of Farmer Dalton. "don't talk politics." The dinner hour. News from Fort Sumpter, and call for 75,000 men. Quarrel of old friends. "They hung traitors in former times." Oath of vengeance. The patriotic Dutchman. His wonderful story. Husband and wife. "Go, and may God bless you." Little Willie. "Dot dog." The Dutchman organizes a company. Parting of lovers, and "parting for ever." "Country first and love afterwards." Schneider, the Dutchman, and his new company. He means business and shows his "poys" that he understands military business. Enlisting. Schneider and his company sign the rolls. The Daltons. "Husband, must you go?" Duty. Little Willie. "Please, mother, may I go?" Presentation of the flag. Parting of loved ones.
- ACT 2nd. Camp by night. The letter from home. Army duties. Songs and merriment. "Tenting on the old camp ground." Inspection of the regiment. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from Atlanta. A brave man required. The dangerous mission. Promise of promotion given by McPherson. Departure of the spy. The Confederate camp. Capt. St. Clair's soliloquy. Plotting. Pete. The old Negro is used rather roughly. Father and son. The man who stutters so badly. The discovery. "A spy." "Do your worst, you cowardly traitor." Pete makes himself useful. "No chance of life." Thrilling tableau and capture of St. Clair. Escape of St. Clair. The pursuit. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from the front, McPherson preparing for battle. Firing on the left. "I must at once ascertain the cause." The rebel squad. McPherson's danger. "Halt and surrender." The fatal shot. "It is General McPherson; you have killed the best man in the Union Army."
- ACT 3d. Return of the spy. Sherman hears of the death of his friend. The enemy's lines in motion. The long roll and general engagement.
- ACT 4th. Battlefield by night. "Water! I am dying for the want of water." Little Willie. The traitor forgiven. Edwin and Willie are made prisoners. The discovery, and renewal of the oath of vengeance.
- ACT 5th. Andersonville with all its horrors. Hope of being exchanged. The last crust of bread. St. Clair informs Edwin of the arrival of his wife. Fears of insanity, and prayers to God for reason to know her. The maniac. "Oh, brother, don't you know me? I am your brother Willie." Maud arrives. Terror on beholding her husband. "He must know me." The picture. The recognition of the picture, and "you are—no I can not be wrong, you are Maud, my wife, thank God." Villainy of St. Clair. The cry for bread. Bravery of Willie. The fatal shot, and death of the brave boy. Madness. The curse. "Boys, let us pray that this may soon end." The rescue.
- ACT 6th. News of the surrender of Lee. The new love. The vacant chair. Happiness of Pete. Return of the boys, and joyful meeting of loved ones. Bummer's march, and beautiful tableau.

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