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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 217.)

POOR PILLICODDY.

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

By J. MADISON MORTON,

Author of "Lend Me Five Shillings," "Your Life's in Danger," "Box and Cox," "My Wife's Second Floor," "Which of the Two," etc.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A description of the Costumes—Synopsis of the Piece—Cast of the Characters
—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on
the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

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No.		M.	F.	No.		M.	F.
75.	Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	21.	Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
114.	Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 3 3			186.	Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
167.	Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts. . .	7	3	47.	Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
93.	Area Belle (The), farce, 1 act.....	3	2	13 .	Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts.	6	5
40.	Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	200.	Estranged, an operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
89.	Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce 1 act..	3	3	103.	Fans and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts,	9	7
192.	Game of Cards (A), c medietta, 1 3 1			9.	Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials,		
106.	Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2	interlude, 1 act.....	4	1	
41.	Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	3	123.	Female Detective, drama, 3 acts.....	11	4
141.	Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	101.	Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
67.	Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	99.	Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
36.	Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	145.	First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
160.	Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	102.	Foiled, drama, 4 acts	9	3
70.	Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	88.	Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act. . . .	4	2
179.	Breach of Promise., drama, 2 acts..	5	2	74.	Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.....	7	4
25.	Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta, 1 4 8			53.	Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act. 4	2	
24.	Cabman, No. 93, farce, 1 act.	2	2	73.	Golden Fetter (Fettered), drama, 3 11	4	
1.	Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	30.	Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce,		
69.	Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act.....	4	1	1 act.....	5	3	
175.	Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts. 10		5	131.	Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.....	4	3
55.	Catharine Howard, historical play,			28.	Happy Pa-r, comedietta, 1 act.....	1	1
	3 acts.....	12	5	151.	Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.....	2	
80.	Charming pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	8.	Henry Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.....	10	3
65.	Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	180.	Henry the Fifth, historical play, 5 38	5	
68.	Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3 9 3			19.	He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.....	3	2
76.	Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act. 3 2			60.	Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.....	5	5
149.	Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	137.	His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
121.	Comical Countess, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	174.	Home, comedy, 3 acts.....	4	3
107.	Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1	64.	Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.....	1	1
152.	Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act... 1 1			190.	Hunting the Slipper, farce, 1 act.....	4	1
52.	Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1	191.	High C, comedietta, 1 act.....	4	2
148.	Cut off with a Shilling, comedietta,			197.	Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.....	14	2
	1 act.....	2	1	18.	If I Had a Thousand a Year, farce,		
115.	Cyrill's Success, comedy, 5 acts.....	10	4	1 act.....	4	3	
199.	Captain of the Watch (The), come-			116.	I'm Not Meself at All, original Irish		
	dietta, 1 act.....	4	2	stew, 1 act.....	3	2	
20.	Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4	129.	In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.....	2	3
4.	Dandelion's Dodges, far e, 1 act.....	4	2	159.	In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act... 4	2	
22.	David Arrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3	122.	Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.....	11	4
96.	Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act, 4		3	177.	I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1 4	1	
16.	Dea'er than Life, drama, 3 acts.....	6	5	100.	Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.....	9	2
53.	Deborah (Leah) drama, 3 acts.....	7	6	139.	Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts... 3	3	
125.	Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1	17.	Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	4
71.	Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	3	86.	Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.....	12	5
142.	Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4	72.	Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.....	4	2

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OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

N. 15338

NEW YORK:
CLINTON T. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
(SUCCESSOR TO R. M. DE WITT),
No. 33 ROSE STREET.

COSTUMES.

MR. PILLICODDY.—White silk hat, with green rim; gray plaid shooting jacket, white trousers, white waistcoat, shoes, red silk neckcloth.

CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE.—Large pea-jacket, broad-brimmed straw hat, white trousers, shoes, striped stockings.

MRS. PILLICODDY.—Pink muslin dress.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE.—Blue muslin dress, white silk bonnet, drab silk scarf.

SARAH BLUNT.—Striped cotton dress, brown Holland apron, cotton handkerchief.

PROPERTIES.

One slate and pencil, plants in pots, clock; watering-pot, with very long spout; handsome bonnet for Mrs. P., bracelet for Mrs. P., letter in envelope, small carpet-bag, green cotton umbrella, telescope; letter, open; poppy seeds for PILLICODDY.

SYNOPSIS.


SARAH BLUNT is the shop-girl in the floricultural nursery of Mr. PILLICODDY, and the play opens in that worthy tradesman's shop. SARAH is busily engaged in working various sums in arithmetic, dropping the multiplication occasionally to lament that her master has thrown flowers "to the dogs," so entirely is he taken up by his newly-wedded wife. The maid could stand his paying the young woman attention while he was a-courting, but after marriage she thinks that he ought to attend to his neglected business. While she is lamenting that he is getting "worser and worser" PILLICODDY enters, carrying a watering-pot. SARAH begins praising Mr. P. for his renewed attention to business, but discovers that he had been so absorbed by thinking over the beatitudes of matrimony that he had forgotten to use any water. SARAH sticks to her text, and urges her master to stick to business. He takes her reprove in good humor, but intimates that if he loses all his customers he could devote himself to his "present course of innocent dissipation without a murmur." SARAH, happening to recall the fact that Mrs. P. had been a widow, dashes the cup of bliss from his lips. This was the one bitter drop which he would fain ignore; but SARAH keeps harping about the "other chap," as she irreverently terms the first husband. SARAH, however, attends to business, and Mrs. PILLICODDY enters, and the married lovers indulge in any quantity of innocent billing and cooing, during which the lady charms her husband out of an expensive bonnet. Its cost is abundantly paid by the lady's style of saying "Thank ye." But almost every lane has a turning, and PILLICODDY is so intoxicated with happiness that he loses his head, and begins to annoy his wife by inquiries about the "dear departed," the late Capt. Fitzpatrick O'Scuttle. Indeed he appears haunted by the idea that Capt. O'Scuttle may return from the briny billows beneath which he was supposed to be quietly at rest. SARAH's suspicions of something going wrong are aroused by the arrival of a letter for Mrs. PILLICODDY by a Winchester carrier. The letter was from her mistress' cousin JULIA, who soon after arrives, bearing a carpet-bag and a green umbrella. After the usual greeting, Mrs. O'SCUTTLE recalls to her cousin's mind the day, some four years past, when they two were married, in Gosport church, to two cousins—one to Capt. Fitzpatrick O'Scuttle, the other to Capt. FITZGERALD O'SCUTTLE. Fitzpatrick went away, never to return, but FITZGERALD did return, to plague his wife. On the day of his arrival he sent his mate ashore with two letters—one for his wife, the other for one Capt. Thomas Trumpet. The latter Mrs. O'S. undertook to deliver—opened it, out of

sheer curiosity, and found that it was to inform Trumpet, among other things, that he (O'SCUTTLE) had brought "a Jenny to England with him," and goes on to say that she was a pretty creature, and as he wanted his wife kept in the dark, he (Trumpet) must take care of her for him. Upon this state of affairs Mrs. O'SCUTTLE had left her husband, and hastened to hide herself with her cousin. Mrs. P. would like to shelter her, but knowing Mr. P.'s strict ideas of female propriety, intends to find her a refuge elsewhere, but for the moment hides her in her own room. SARAH has entered, and sends her mistress off to see the milliner's girl. Capt. O'SCUTTLE now enters, unseen by SARAH, and informs us that he had followed his wife in her flight, and even fancied he had seen her enter PILLICODDY's place. He is dressed like a regular old sea-dog. He startles SARAH, when she turns and sees him, by his rough, abrupt questions. Asking if there is a young and lovely female in the house, and letting her know that he will return and see her master, he dashes out angrily, leaving no name but "Captain." PILLICODDY no sooner enters than SARAH tells him that a man has been there talking about "weighing anchors and cutting cables," and that he wanted a lady! A sailor! All poor PILLICODDY's dreams and waking visions of a returning O'Scuttle, "all seaweed and barnacles," rush upon his brain, when Capt. O'SCUTTLE enters, telescope under his arm, and hails Mr. P. in a peremptory manner, exclaiming, "She's here!" PILLICODDY tries to soothe the marine monster, but he will not be reasoned with. He says he "saw her at the window"—the window of Mrs. P.'s room! At length PILLICODDY is so fully impressed with the idea that O'SCUTTLE is the husband of his (P.'s) wife that he ventures to suggest to him that he had better leave the premises; but O'SCUTTLE demands his wife, and threatens as he goes off to return for her. Mrs. O'SCUTTLE comes on in the dark, and P., thinking it is ANASTASIA, bids her fly with him from O'SCUTTLE; but the lady tears herself from his embraces, and leaves. Soon Mrs. PILLICODDY enters. PILLICODDY is seated, with his face hidden in his hands. Mrs. P., supposing him to be O'S. looking for his wife, says that "he had better take her away at once, before Mr. PILLICODDY knows anything about the matter." This renders PILLICODDY—as he says—"crazy, mad, frantic! Ha! ha! ha!" SARAH has brought in a light, and as Mr. P. dances frantically about the room Capt. O'S. enters. PILLICODDY seizes his hand, and drags him towards Mrs. P., exclaiming, "Take her!" Taking poppy seed to "shuffle off this mortal coil," he grows wild and sleepy by turns, and when Mrs. O'SCUTTLE comes on he rushes to her, and, in disjointed sentences, tells her that the ancient mariner, O'SCUTTLE, is in the next room with Mrs. PILLICODDY, whom he loves. Then the fun grows furious. SARAH, the CAPTAIN, Mrs. O'SCUTTLE, and PILLICODDY are all in a tangle of cross purposes, when Mrs. P. enters, explanations follow, "little Jenny" is accounted for, and all ends merrily for "Poor Pillicoddy."

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Grooves.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
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 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

POOR PILLICODDY.

SCENE.—*Interior of PILLICODDY'S Shop, in 3d and 5th grooves. At c. large glass door, showing nursery grounds and greenhouse at back. On R. 3 E. a semicircular counter, with flowers, etc. Behind counter, rows of small boxes, or drawers, marked with names of seeds. Doors R. 2 E. and L. 1 E. Window at L. F. A clock hanging up.*

SARAH BLUNT *discovered behind the counter, adding up figures on a large slate.*

SARAH. No—for the life of me, I can't make it right. Let me try once more. Four and seven, eleven—eleven and nine, twenty—twenty and seven, twenty-seven—twenty-seven and ten, thirty-seven—thirty-seven shillings is one pound seventeen—put down one and carry seventeen—no, put down seventeen, and carry—no, carry seventeen and put down—it's no use! I never was a dab at figures, and, what's more, I never shall be. It's just as much as I can manage to reckon my wages—but that, somehow or other, I do contrive to do! It's no sort of use, Mr. Pillicoddy, going into a temper with me about it. As I said to Mr. Pillicoddy the other day—"Mr. Pillicoddy," said I, "you hired me as a shop girl, and not as a 'Ready Reckoner.'" He always used to do the summing up part himself till he took it into his head to get married, and now it's as much as he ever once opens his day-book, or attends to a customer. Not he! There he is, gadding about with his young wife from morning till night. It was only the day before yesterday that he sent me over to Winchester to buy five hundred tulip bulbs, and then actually went into a passion because I made a little mistake, and bought onions. I have no patience with him, that I haven't. It's all very well for a man to be polite, and attentive, and amiable—in short, to make a fool of himself, when he's courting a young woman; but, when that young woman becomes his wife, he ought to come back to the shop, and stick to business, instead of which, Mr. Pillicoddy gets worser and worser; and there's every possibility of his getting worserer still! O, here he comes—and I do declare he's got a watering-pot in his hand! Perhaps he's had a row with missus! So much the better for the business, say I. (*begins adding up on the slate again.*)

Enter PILLICODDY, at back, c. D., a watering-pot with a very long spout in his hand.

PILLICODDY (*singing as he enters*). "'Tis the last rose of summer," etc. (*looking at clock*) Past six o'clock, I declare! I'd no idea it was so late. I may say, I thought it was earlier. Upon my life I don't know how it is, but time passes so agreeably when one happens to be

married. I don't know whether that's the general opinion, but my experience—and I have been married six months—warrants me—I might say, authorizes me—publicly to repeat my observation, that time passes so agreeably when one happens to be married!

SARAH (R.). I'm glad to see you've been watering the plants, sir. It begins to look like old times again.

PIL. (L.). I certainly went out into the grounds for that purpose, Sarah, but, by the time I had half finished the job, I suddenly discovered, upon looking into the watering-pot, that I had entirely forgotten the water—which water is, I believe, generally, if not universally, acknowledged to be an important auxiliary in the operation of watering.

SARAH (*shaking her head*). Ah, sir, that shows that you were thinking of something else. Things are going on very bad, sir.

PIL. On the contrary, I think they are going on remarkably well—the bulbs especially.

SARAH. Bulbs! I mean the business, sir.

PIL. Well, bulbs *is* business.

SARAH. Ah, sir, I'd give a whole year's wages to see you standing behind that counter again, with your apron on, serving out a penn'orth of seeds.

PIL. So you will, Sarah, in time. You wouldn't grudge your master—your indulgent master—a little occasional relaxation?

SARAH. No; but the little occasional relaxation you talk of has been going on for the last six months. In short, sir, you've quite neglected the business.

PIL. I'm aware of it, Sarah. When I married, I put this question to myself, and I put it seriously, Sarah—"Shall I attend to my business, or to my pleasure?" And I at once unhesitatingly decided in favor of the latter.

SARAH. And you'll be sorry for it!

PIL. I don't know what I may be, but at present I experience no sensation of the kind whatever—on the contrary, I feel that I could devote myself to my present career of innocent dissipation for the remainder of my existence without a murmur.

SARAH. Ah, sir, if you only knew what your customers say, when they never find you in the shop.

PIL. Sarah, if my customers don't approve of my domestic habits, they may indulge their horticultural and floricultural inclinations at some other establishment. You may inform them, individually and collectively, with my compliments, that whenever Mrs. Pillicoddy wishes me to go out shopping with her, out shopping with her I will go—that if Mrs. Pillicoddy can't even go to market without me, she shall not go.

SARAH. You needn't go and get into a passion, sir.

PIL. I'm not going to get into anything at all, Sarah. I can only think of my happiness—for I consider myself the happiest man in the whole county of Hampshire. I am prepared to lay wagers to an enormous amount, that I'm the happiest man in the whole county of Hampshire—I wouldn't mind including Wiltshire. By-the-bye, has Mrs. Simcox, the milliner, been here with a new bonnet?

SARAH. No, sir.

PIL. Has anybody in the employ of Mrs. Simcox, the milliner, been here with a new bonnet?

SARAH. No, sir.

PIL. Simcox and I shall quarrel. I foresee a storm brewing between Simcox and me.

SARAH. Another new bonnet for missus! Five of them in less than three weeks! That's pretty well, I think!

PIL. If I chose to go on purchasing new bonnets every five minutes for the rest of my life, I presume I am at liberty to do so.

SARAH. But she can't wear them all, sir.

PIL. Not all at once—that I'm perfectly aware of.

SARAH. You'll excuse me, sir, but I'm afraid you indulge missus a leetle too much.

PIL. Perhaps I do—but I can't help it. Mrs. Pillicoddy has such a winning way with her. I assure you that her playful manner of directing my attention to a new shawl, or a new dress, in a shop window, must be seen in order to be appreciated. And then, when I purchase the article in question, her style of saying "thank ye"—her "thank ye's" are not at all like the general run of "thank ye's"—she says "thank ye" as if she really meant thank ye. Ah, Sarah, you don't know what it is to have a young wife.

SARAH. No—and what's more, I'm sure I never shall.

PIL. Don't be sure of anything—there's no knowing what may happen. Look at me!—wasn't I notorious for my antipathy to the matrimonial state?

SARAH. Yes, but that was before you saw Mrs. Pillicoddy as is. Ah, she certainly was a blooming young widow.

PIL. (*starting*). Sarah, how often have I told you never to allude to Mrs. Pillicoddy's former state? It's painful to me—distressing to me—the very word "widow" puts my flesh all of a creep, just as if there were several rakes being drawn backwards and forwards all over my body—up and down my back especially.

SARAH. Well, I'm sure, sir, if I had known you didn't like her to be called a widow, I wouldn't have called her a widow. And yet, if she hadn't been a widow, you couldn't have married her. My brother Tom married a widow—poor fellow!

PIL. What do you mean by "poor fellow"?

SARAH. Why, because he turned up again.

PIL. Your brother Tom?

SARAH. No—t'other chap.

PIL. O, t'other chap! May I inquire who the individual you designate as "t'other chap" is?

SARAH. Why, the first husband. He was a sailor, and everybody—brother Tom included—thought him safe and snug at the bottom of the sea. But, as I said before, up he turned, for all that. By-the-by, missus's first husband—Captain O'Scuttle—was supposed to be drowned, wasn't he?

PIL. Supposed to be drowned! What do you mean by supposed to be drowned? He *was* drowned—very much drowned. The ship went to pieces in the chops of the channel, and so did he.

SARAH. But they never found him?

PIL. No. He was so completely and entirely lost, that they never contrived to pick up the smallest possible particle of him.

SARAH. That's just what they said about brother Tom's wife's first husband; but, nevertheless, as I said before—

PIL. Hold you tongue, Sarah, and leave me! (*crosses, R.*)

SARAH. Well, but, sir—

PIL. Leave me!

SARAH. Well, I'm sure!

[*Exit, D. L. 1 E.*]

PIL. "He turned up again!" A man universally believed to have located himself for the remainder of his days among the cockles and periwinkles at the bottom of the sea, that man "turned up again." Totally

regardless of the inconvenience which he must have known would attend his reappearance, that man calmly and deliberately turned up again. Suppose my wife's first should take it into his head to follow the absurd example set him by Tom's wife's first? It won't bear thinking about—and yet the thing's impossible! I appeal to any one. Fifteen months at the bottom of the sea, and then turn up again. He couldn't do it! Then, on the other hand, it's just possible that he may be floating about still, clinging convulsively to the main top jib, or the main jib top, or waving his handkerchief, and frantically shouting for assistance, on the very summit of one of the masts. Sometimes I fancy that he may have been washed on shore on some desert island, where, at this very moment, he may be wandering about like Robinson Crusoe, with his umbrella, and his parrot, and his good man Friday. By-the-by, wouldn't Mrs. Crusoe have been warranted in marrying again? wouldn't she have been perfectly justified in setting herself down as the disconsolate widow of the late Robinson Crusoe, Esquire? Of course, and so was Mrs. Pillicoddy perfectly justified in considering that she had lost her Scuttle. And yet that wretched mariner haunts me perpetually. I dreamt about him last night. I thought he came to my bedside, stuck all over with seaweed and barnacles, with Neptune's pitchfork in one hand, and his marriage certificate in the other, and demanded his wife.

MRS. P. (*without*, L. 1 E.). Mr. Pillicoddy! Mr. Pillicoddy!

PIL. Here she comes!

Enter MRS. PILLICODDY, D. L. 1 E., with a bonnet in her hand.

MRS. P. O, my dear Mr. Pillicoddy, you are certainly the most kind, attentive, indulgent little husband in the world!

PIL. You approve of the bonnet? She approves of the bonnet.

MRS. P. It's a perfect love! (*admiring bonnet*) In short, it would be absolute perfection, but for one *leetle* drawback.

PIL. O, there is a *leetle* drawback? And what may that *leetle* drawback be?

MRS. P. Simply that it dosen't fit me.

PIL. O! Well, I dare say that is an objection. But I am confident my beloved Anastasia will do me the justice to bear in mind, that when I purchased the article in question, I did not happen to have her head with me.

MRS. P. Luckily, Pillicoddy, dear Mrs. Simcox has another bonnet which becomes me—you have no idea how *it* becomes me. To be sure, it costs a *leetle* more money—

PIL. O, it costs a *leetle* more money, does it? Never mind—consider it yours.

MRS. P. Thank ye.

PIL. (*aside*). O, that style of saying "thank ye!"—(*aloud*) Anastasia!

MRS. P. Yes, Pillicoddy.

PIL. Don't call me Pillicoddy—address me as John Peter. If you only knew how infinitely I prefer being called John Peter, you wouldn't hesitate to indulge me by calling me John Peter.

MRS. P. Well, then, John Peter—dear John Peter!

PIL. Am I really dear to you? Now, Anastasia, I put it to you. If it were in your power, would you at once summon a county meeting, and publicly declare to the assembled thousands, that I am your dear John Peter?

MRS. P. What a silly question!

PIL. Perhaps it is ; but I can't forget, Anastasia, that you've had a first ; that I'm only your second ; and, consequently, that being your second, I naturally come after your first.

MRS. P. For shame, Mr. Pillicoddy !

PIL. There, there—you're calling me Mr. Pillicoddy again ! Pillicoddy's a word of four syllables—John Peter's only three, and you prefer the four. I can't make it out. I'll be bound you had no difficulty whatever in calling your first by his Christian name. By-the-by, what was his Christian name ?

MRS. P. Nay.

PIL. I insist upon knowing my predecessor's Christian name, as bestowed upon him, at an early age, by his godfathers and godmothers.

MRS. P. Well, then—Fitzpatrick.

PIL. O, Fitzpatrick ! Then, I suppose, it used to be " Dear Fitzpatrick "—or " Fitzpat "—or Pat, without the Fitz—or Fitz, without the Pat—

MRS. P. I shan't answer you any more, sir—you're excessively disagreeable !

PIL. And Fitzpat was an angel ! I say, of course, Pitzfat—I mean Fitzpit, was an angel !

MRS. P. On the contrary, he was very violent in his temper, and extremely jealous. In short, during the three years of our marriage, he fought no less than thirteen duels on my account, and killed or wounded his adversary in every instance.

PIL. Did he ? Anastasia, suppose we change the subject ?

MRS. P. (*pouting*). You always begin it.

PIL. I know I do—and I ought to be ashamed of myself. Oblige me by telling me that I ought to be ashamed of myself. (*taking her hand*) Ah, you've got that bracelet on again—that identical bracelet, given to you by your first, on your wedding day—and which bracelet, I, your second, have repeatedly requested you never to wear again.

MRS. P. I took it up quite by accident.

PIL. You never take up any that I gave you quite by accident.

MRS. P. You never gave me any.

PIL. That paltry excuse shall not avail you any longer, for I'll instantly proceed to the nearest jeweller's, and purchase any quantity of bracelets I think proper.

MRS. P. Thank ye.

PIL. (*aside*). O, that style of saying " thank ye " !

MRS. P. You'll not be long away, John Peter, dear ?

PIL. Long away from you, Anastasia ? Judge of my impatience to be with you by the pace at which I leave you. (*runs out rapidly at c. d.*)

MRS. P. Ha, ha, ha ! Poor Mr. Pillicoddy ! What extraordinary pains he does take to make himself uncomfortable ! The slightest allusion to the late Captain O'Scuttle puts him at once into a fever of excitement that would be positively alarming, if he didn't luckily happen to be ridiculous—and yet, not five minutes' conversation have we had upon any matter whatever, since we've been married that Mr. Pillicoddy hasn't contrived, somehow or other, to introduce that unfortunate subject. (*bell rings, R. U. E.*) It's very evident to me that his mind is by no means in a quiescent state. He did nothing but talk in his sleep last night about Robinson Crusoe—and this very morning at breakfast, when I called his attention to an article in the Hampshire Chronicle, headed " Extraordinary Preservation from Shipwreck," he nearly choked himself with a bit of muffin, and asked me, in the most plaintive tone imaginable, if I particularly wished to be the death of him. What it all means I can't imagine,

Enter SARAH, C. D. R., with a letter.

SARAH (*as she enters*). I hear what you say, my good man. (*looking at letter*) A letter for missus—to be delivered into missus' own hands! A plague of these new-fashioned enwellops, I say! There's no longer any chance for a poor ignorant servant picking up a little useful information. Not that I've an atom of curiosity! (*looking into letter, R.*)

MRS. P. So it seems! (*tapping her on the shoulder.*)

SARAH. A letter, ma'am, if you please—just come by the Winchester carrier—at the back door.

MRS. P. (*taking letter*). The Winchester carrier?

SARAH. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. P. (*opening letter, and reading*). Ha! Leave me.

SARAH (*aside*). Now she's at it! (*aloud*) Yes, ma'am. (*going behind counter, R., and taking up slate*) Four and seven eleven—eleven and nine twenty—twenty and seven—

MRS. P. Sarah, I desired you to leave me.

SARAH. I'm going, ma'am. (*aside*) Rather a suspicious business this Winchester carrier! (*crosses to L.*)

MRS. P. Sarah, do you hear me?

SARAH. Yes, ma'am. (*as she goes out, L.*) Twenty and seven are twenty-seven; put down seven and carry a Winchester carrier—no, carry a Winchester carrier, and put down— [Exit, D. L. 1 E.]

MRS. P. (*watching her out*). She's gone—and now for another perusal of this extraordinary epistle from cousin Julia. (*reading*) "Dearest Anastasia—I am the most miserable woman in the world." A pleasant beginning! "My husband is a wretch—a good-for-nothing monster—and never, never, never will I look upon his odious face again! I have just arrived here from Portsmouth, and will be with you almost as soon as you receive this. Your poor, almost, if not entirely, broken-hearted JULIA." Well, Julia has certainly succeeded in exciting my curiosity. What can have happened? I suppose I must patiently await her arrival for a solution of the mystery.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE *appears at C. D. R*

MRS. O'S. Anastasia!

MRS. P. Julia!

MRS. O'S. Are you alone?

MRS. P. Come in.

MRS. O'SCUTTLE *enters, C. D. R., carrying a small carpet-bag in one hand, and a large green umbrella in the other.*

MRS. O'S. (*going up to MRS. PILLICODDY*). Anastasia Pillicoddy, look in my face, and tell me if I don't look the very picture of misery. Make me happy, Anastasia, by telling me that I look the very picture of misery!

MRS. P. (R.). Don't be foolish, Julia, but immediately explain.

MRS. O'S. The reason why you see me here, with my carpet-bag in one hand and my umbrella in the other—(MRS. P. *places chairs; they sit*) I will! It's just four years ago, Anastasia Pillicoddy, since you and I got up one very cold, frosty morning, and walked, arm in arm, to Gosport church, where we were severally united in the bonds of matrimony to the men of our hearts—you to Captain Fitzpatrick O'Scuttle, and I to his second cousin, Captain Fitzgerald O'Scuttle. At the

end of three years your husband disappeared in a gale of wind, and left you a widow. I wish I could say the same of mine.

Mrs. P. Julia, for shame!

Mrs. O'S. You think the expression too energetic. Wait till you hear the atrocious particulars. When my husband sailed on his last voyage, a year ago, I requested, as a particular favor, to be allowed to accompany him.

Mrs. P. Which request he very properly refused.

Mrs. O'S. Anastasia Pillicoddy, don't interrupt me. Well, the "Lively Polly" sailed without me, and my husband said he should return in six months. At the end of that time I got a letter from him, saying he shouldn't be back quite so soon. Three months passed, and I got another letter, saying he had been detained by contrary winds and strong currents—very convenient things these contrary winds and strong currents. A whole year passed, and I was gradually becoming tolerably comfortable in my afflicted state, when, yesterday morning, at breakfast, news was brought me that the "Lively Polly" had been signalled off the Point. Of course I went into ecstasies—but they didn't last long.

Mrs. P. What do you mean?

Mrs. O'S. Judge for yourself. I had no sooner heard the news of the "Lively Polly's" safe arrival than in came the mate of the vessel, whom my husband had sent on shore. He had two letters in his hand—one for me, and the other for an intimate friend of my husband's. I offered to deliver it. I took it, and—

Mrs. P. Opened it?

Mrs. O'S. Decidedly opened it! The contents paralyzed me! I believe I labored under a severe attack of hysterics for at least five minutes. There's the letter. Devour its contents. (*they rise from chairs.*)

Mrs. P. (*reading*). "Dear Tom"—

Mrs. O'S. Yes—the letter's addressed to one Captain Thomas Trumpet—some marine monster that I never even heard of.

Mrs. P. (*reads*). "Dear Tom—I hasten to announce"—

Mrs. O'S. Never mind that—come at once to the P. S.

Mrs. P. (*reads*). "Postscript.—I forgot to mention that I have brought a Jenny to England with me."

Mrs. O'S. You hear! He's brought a Jenny with him! Go on.

Mrs. P. (*reads*). "That pretty little creature that I told you I had met with a few months after leaving England."

Mrs. O'S. Go on.

Mrs. P. (*reads*). "Now, my dear Tom, you must take charge of her for the present, as my wife must be kept entirely in the dark—you understand."

Mrs. O'S. The wretch!

Mrs. P. Well, Julia, I must confess that your husband's conduct is certainly a little suspicious.

Mrs. O'S. A *little* suspicious! I'd give a trifle to see the expression of your face, if you suddenly discovered that Mr. Pillicoddy had got a pretty little Jenny!

Mrs. P. I should instantly demand an explanation of him, which I advise you to do of your husband, by returning to Portsmouth immediately.

Mrs. O'S. Distinctly and decidedly, no!

Mrs. P. But I am afraid you cannot remain here. Mr. Pillicoddy's notions of female propriety are so scrupulous, that I am sure he would severely blame your conduct in leaving your home.

MRS. O'S. Then I'll go elsewhere!

MRS. P. Stay; I think I can find the accommodation you require in the house of a friend of mine.

MRS. O'S. O, thank you! Ha—some one is coming!

MRS. P. Then step into my room, and I'll rejoin you immediately.
Hush—go in! [MRS. O'SCUTTLE *exit*, R. D. 2 E.

Enter SARAH, D. L. 1 E.

SARAH. Please, ma'am, here's one of Mrs. Simcox's young women wishes to know if you'd like to try on the bonnet you were looking at this morning?

MRS. P. Yes. Show her into the parlor, and I'll come to her directly. Has Mr. Pillicoddy returned?

SARAH. I haven't seen him, ma'am.

MRS. P. (*aside*). Perhaps I had better inform him at once of Julia's arrival. (*to her*) When your master comes in tell him I wish to speak with him.

SARAH. Yes, ma'am. Any orders for dinner, ma'am?

MRS. P. Ask your master.

SARAH. Yes, ma'am. Hadn't the kittens better be drowned, ma'am?

MRS. P. Ask your master.

[*Exit*, D. L. 1 E.

SARAH. Ask your master. And when I do ask master it'll be, "Ask your missus." I begin to suspect there's a change a-taking place. I thought the sun couldn't be always a-shining. Well, as I said before, so much the better for the business. And, talking of business—let me see once more if I can't make that little account right. (*takes up slate, and stands at counter, with her back to the audience.*)

Enter CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE, R. C. D., *dressed in a rough pea-jacket, large white trousers, straw hat, etc.* He enters hurriedly, looks about the stage, then begins walking to and fro rapidly.

CAPT. I can't be mistaken! No—I saw a female enter this house—a smart, rakish-looking little craft, just the same build and rigging as Mrs. O'Scuttle—but for the life of me I couldn't distinguish her figure-head. However, I've traced her to Southampton; and, by the powers, I'll not give up the chase till I discover her latitude and longitude. (*seeing SARAH*) Ha! (*takes SARAH by the arm, drags her forward, turns her towards him, and looks into her face*) No! (*walks about again.*)

SARAH. "No!" What does he mean by "No?" I beg your pardon, sir, but—

CAPT. What's the matter?

SARAH. That's what I want to know.

CAPT. Then I don't mind telling you. You must know, then, inquisitive female, that—(*as if hearing something*) Ha! (*looking off*) No! As I was going to say, you must know that it's just one year and three days since I and my "Lively Polly" weighed anchor and sailed from Portsmouth—

SARAH. Really, sir, you must excuse me; but it can't possibly signify to me what happened to you, or your Lively Polly either. I never saw you in my life before, and I know nothing whatever of the young woman.

CAPT. Silence! Well, I had intended—(*same play as before*) Ha! (*looking off*) No! I repeat, I had intenc'd to return in six months;

but I wasn't able. In the first place I was detained by the currents—

SARAH (*aside*). O, not quite ripe, I suppose!

CAPT. Well, at length we got back to Portsmouth— (*same play*)
Ha! (*looks off*) No!

SARAH (*aside*). How the man does annoy me with his "noes," to be sure!

CAPT. We made the Point at six p. m. yesterday, and I leave you to imagine my surprise and indignation when I tell you that the "Lively Polly" had no sooner cast anchor than my wife cut her cable and run before the wind! Now, what d'ye say to that?

SARAH. Why it wouldn't be much use her running after the wind; but why did she cut poor Polly's cable?

CAPT. Inquisitive female, you're slightly stupid!

SARAH. Well, I'm sure! In one word, sir, what do you want in this house?

CAPT. I want the master of it!

SARAH. Mr. Pillicoddy?

CAPT. Don't know. (*aside*) Never heard of him. (*aloud*) Very well—let's say Pillicoddy.

SARAH. Say Pillicoddy? It is Pillicoddy!

CAPT. With all my heart. But tell me first—how many women have you on board?

SARAH. On board? What, board wages?

CAPT. Pshaw! There's a lady in the house—

SARAH. Yes, sir—master's wife.

CAPT. Pshaw! I mean the other.

SARAH. His other wife?

CAPT. Pshaw! Is there no other young and lovely female here besides your mistress?

SARAH. There's only me, sir.

CAPT. Pshaw! Where's Pilli—you know. Where's your master?

SARAH. Just stepped out, sir—but he'll soon be back.

CAPT. So will I—and you may tell him so.

SARAH. Yes, sir. Please sir, what name shall I—

CAPT. True. Tell him that one Captain—No, on second thoughts, don't mention my name.

SARAH. I don't know it.

CAPT. Then be sure you don't tell him. I'll be back immediately, and, in the meantime, you can just inform this Mr. Pilli—I forget the rest of him—that if he presumes to trifle with me, by the powers I'll— (*same play as before*) Ha! (*looks out*) No!

[*Exit, R. C. D., slamming it violently after him.*]

SARAH. Was there ever such a bear! He oughtn't to be allowed to go about without a muzzle! He says his wife has run away from him. Of course she has. What could the man expect? But what can he possibly want with master, I wonder? O, here he comes!

Enter PILLICODDY, R. C. D.

Well, sir?

PIL. Well, Sarah?

SARAH. What is it?

PIL. What is what?

SARAH. Didn't you meet him?

PIL. Who?

SARAH. The individual who's just been here for you

PIL. What's the individual's name?

SARAH. Don't know, sir.

PIL. What's the individual's business?

SARAH. Can't tell, sir.

PIL. Sarah, I am now more than ever convinced that you are, by no manner of means, of a communicative disposition.

SARAH. It's no fault of mine, sir. I couldn't make head nor tail of what the gentleman was talking about. It was all a jumble about currants, and gales of wind, and lively Pollys, and weighing anchors, and cutting cables, and—

PIL. O—a sailor!

SARAH. I dare say he was. But what I can't make out is, why should he come here after a lady?

PIL. (*giving a violent jump*). A lady?

SARAH. Lor', sir—what's the matter?

PIL. Nothing. It was only a sort of a—you know I'm subject to this kind of a—But good gracious! what lady? which lady? Of course he didn't inquire for the lady without describing the lady.

SARAH. He merely said she was a young and lovely female, and as he said it wasn't me, I can only suppose he meant missus.

PIL. (*giving another bound*). Ah!

SARAH. Don't, sir!

PIL. Well, I won't—for now that I am able to reflect calmly and dispassionately upon the occurrence that has just taken place, I feel inwardly convinced that this "jolly young waterman" has mistaken this house for one of the numerous establishments for young ladies in or about Southampton.

SARAH. You'll soon know all about it, sir, for he'll be back directly.

PIL. Will he? Then inform him, with my compliments, that sudden and unexpected business will detain me for the next six months.

SARAH. Lor', sir! I told him you'd be in directly.

PIL. Thank ye, Sarah—I'm indebted to you. Perhaps you'll add to the obligation by going up into the front garret and letting me know when this jovial tar approaches.

SARAH. Yes, sir.

PIL. And, Sarah—not a word to your mistress.

SARAH. No, sir. Lor', sir, talking of missus, only suppose as how this should be her first turned up again! O crimini! what fun!

PIL. Hold your tongue!

SARAH. I've done, sir—only you know, sir, what happened to brother Tom, might happen to—

PIL. Hold your tongue, I say!

SARAH (*going*). Any orders for dinner, sir?

PIL. Ask your mistress.

SARAH (*aside*). I said so. (*taking up slate as she goes out, R. 1 E.*) Four and seven, eleven—eleven and nine, twenty—twenty and—(*stopping at R.*) Hadn't the kittens better be drowned, sir?

PIL. Ask your mistress.

SARAH (*aside*). I said so. Four and seven, eleven—eleven and nine—etc., etc.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

PIL. Horrible misgivings are floating across my brain in hideous confusion. What if my dream should be coming true! what if this mysterious briny stranger should turn out to be my friend with the sea weed and barnacles—my Neptune—my Robinson Crusoe! No; such a frightful calamity may have happened to brother Tom, but not to Pillicoddy. No; the fates couldn't be so unkind to Pillicoddy as to turn up his wife's first. I feel inwardly convinced that the aforesaid fates

could not be so unkind to Pillicoddy. Then let this salt-water individual present himself, and the sooner the better.

SARAH (*without*). He's coming, sir. Look, sir—that's him, a-leaning up against the pump over the way.

PIL. (*going to c. d.*). Yes, there he is, sure enough. Holloa! what's he about? Taking a deliberate aim at the window with some species of firearm! No—it's a telescope. Now, really—(*walks across to R.*)

Enter CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE, R. C. D., with telescope.

CAPT. (*L., to PILLICODDY*). Stop! I'll trouble you to shorten sail and bring to.

PIL. (*R.*). Bring two? Two what?

CAPT. Pshaw! So, sir, it seems I've found you at last?

PIL. It certainly does seem so—I am not prepared to deny the fact that it does seem so.

CAPT. I believe your name is Pilli something or other?

PIL. No, sir, it is not Pilli something or other—it's Pillicoddy! John Peter Pillicoddy.

CAPT. No matter.

PIL. I beg your pardon—it does matter. And now, sir, if there is anything I can do for you—

CAPT. There is. You can hold your tongue, as soon as convenient, and listen to me. (*in a very sudden and loud tone*) She's here!

PIL. (*starting*). There's no necessity, sir, for exercising your organ in that absurd manner.

CAPT. I repeat, she's here! You can't deny it. Don't speak—you haven't a word to say—don't interrupt me! How did she come here? when did she come here? why did she come here?

PIL. Really, my dear sir, the pronoun *she* being applicable to the entire female sex, I must trouble you clearly to define the particular she you mean by she.

CAPT. My wife, sir!

PIL. (*aside*). His wife! (*slightly staggering*) Holloa, Pillicoddy, what are you about? No nonsense, Pillicoddy—be firm—be firm!—(*aloud and suddenly*) Pooh! pooh! I beg to observe, there's nothing personal in my pooh! pooh! therefore, as I said before, pooh! pooh!—I know nothing of your wife—how should I? There's only one married female in this house, and she happens to be my wife.

CAPT. Don't trifle with me, Pilli—whatever it is. I saw her—distinctly saw her at a window on that side of the house—and that must be the room. (*points to door R. 2 E*)

PIL. (*aside*). Anastasia's apartment! (*looking about for a chair to faint upon.*)

CAPT. So, sir, if you've no objection we'll have her out. (*going towards R. D. 2 E.*)

PIL. (*throwing himself before CAPTAIN*). Beware, mariner—beware! I'm small, but desperate—diminutive, but determined. (*aside*) And yet, now I think of it, Sarah told me that Mrs. Pillicoddy had just gone out; so it couldn't be her he saw—it must have been his fancy—he must have seen his fancy. Ha, ha, ha! I breathe again. (*aloud to CAPTAIN*) Very well, sir; as you will insist upon it that your wife is in that room, have her out, by all means. There doesn't happen to be anybody there—but, nevertheless, have her out.

CAPT. (*unable to open door, R. 2 E.*). O, there's nobody here, eh? Then how is it that the door happens to be locked on the inside of it, eh? (*looking through the key-hole.*)

PIL. (*aside*). She must have come back! (*seeing CAPTAIN, and violently pulling him away*) Holloa, sir! No looking through the key-hole—delicacy forbids.

CAPT. Hark ye, Pili—whatever it is—don't presume to trifle with me any longer, or, by the blood of the O'Scuttles—

PIL. (*in a very plaintive tone*). The what?

CAPT. The O'Scuttles! Captain O'Scuttle stands before you.

PIL. Are you that man? (*seizing CAPTAIN'S hand*) Does this hand really and truly grasp a Scuttle? (*brings down a chair, arranges cushion, etc., and then deliberately sits down and faints—then suddenly jumps up again, and with a sudden air of gayety*) Stop—wait a bit! My dear sir, allow me to call your attention to a trifling but important fact, that seems to have entirely slipped your memory, and that is, that you are drowned.

CAPT. Oh, I'm drowned, am I?

PIL. You know you are. You are this moment at the bottom of the sea. There was no end of tears shed on your account at first; but now you are forgotten, the world gets on very comfortably without you—so why destroy the agreeable delusion? I put it to you—why destroy the agreeable delusion? Now, go back from whence you came. I have considered the point in all its bearings, and I should be neglecting a duty—a sacred duty—if I did not advise you to go back from whence you came.

CAPT. Thank ye; but I've had enough of the sea for some time.

PIL. I should think so; but you don't seem much the worse for it. (*aside*) I don't see any barnacles about him.

CAPT. Let me tell you shipwreck's no joke. It's no trifle to be wandering about on an island like Robinson Crusoe.

PIL. (*aside*). There! I thought as much.

CAPT. It's my belief I should have died if it hadn't been for the natives.

PIL. (*aside*). Shipwrecked on an oyster-bed! The luck of some people is perfectly miraculous.

CAPT. However, sir, I once again beheld the white cliffs of old England, and I forgot all my troubles in contemplating the affectionate, loving welcome of my wife.

PIL. (*aside*). Poor devil.

CAPT. But it wasn't to be, sir. Excuse these tears.

PIL. Don't mind me, sir—get rid of the superfluous salt water, by all means. (*aside*) I really feel for the man—to me there's something peculiarly touching in the contemplation of a jolly tar, when he's not jolly.

CAPT. Mrs. O'Scuttle had left her home. (*sighing deeply*.)

PIL. (*aside*). He calls her Mrs. O'Scuttle. Then he's not aware—he seems so entirely broken down by grief, physically as well as mentally, that I think I'll venture to tell him. (*aloud*) My dear sir, will you allow me to mention to you, in confidence, that when you presented yourself before me for the first time I immediately made this observation to myself within myself: "If ever there was a man cut out by nature to bear a shock like a Briton, yonder man is that man!" I don't wish to flatter you, but to myself, within myself, I made that observation.

CAPT. Indeed! And pray, sir, didn't it occur to you, at the same time, that I was just the sort of man to cut your throat, or any other man's that dared to do me any injury? (*very fiercely*.)

PIL. Why, no—I can't say—

CAPT. Can't you? Then, by the powers, I'll show you it is so, if you don't immediately and satisfactorily explain how it is that I find my wife in this house.

PIL. Your wife? When you say your wife, of course you are naturally and powerfully impressed with the pleasing but slightly erroneous idea that she is your wife.

CAPT. What d'ye mean?

PIL. Mean? (*exclaiming*) Good gracious! Did it never occur to you, as you were wandering about your island like a wretched Robinson Crusoe, that your wife might naturally fancy herself a widow—and that, fancying herself a widow, she might equally naturally endeavor to console herself for your loss by——

CAPT. What?

PIL. Can't you guess? (*lights gradually darken.*)

CAPT. No. (*PILLICODDY whispers across to CAPTAIN*) Speak out!

PIL. (*getting behind chair—shouting*). By marrying again!

CAPT. Marrying again? Ha, ha, ha! That would be a mighty good joke. Ha, ha, ha!

PIL. (*aside*). He takes it remarkably well. (*advancing*) Ha, ha, ha! (*increasing in loudness*) Ha, ha, ha! Then you're not offended? you don't mind it? You're a great creature, and I respect you. (*taking CAPTAIN'S hand*) I respect you much, but, under existing circumstances, don't you think it would be as well for you to—Umph! (*pointing towards c. d.*) In short, don't you think it would be better for you to—(*points to c.*) Umph!

CAPT. What d'ye mean?

PIL. Why, if she were to know that you've turned up again——

CAPT. She? Who?

PIL. My wife!

CAPT. I can't see how that can possibly matter to her—all I want is my wife.

PIL. Well, your wife, or my wife—it's all the same.

CAPT. All the same?

PIL. Of course. We may say our wife, eh? Ha, ha, ha! (*louder*) Ha, ha, ha!

CAPT. 'Sdeath and the devil! You don't mean to say that Mrs O'Scuttle——

PIL. Mrs. Pillicoddy, if it's the same to you.

CAPT. Bother Mrs. Pillicoddy! I repeat, you don't mean to say that Mrs. O'Scuttle——

PIL. Bother Mrs. O'Scuttle! You either can't or won't understand, that by your absurd and capricious conduct—first in getting yourself drowned, and then turning up again—you and I, at this present moment, have only one wife between us.

CAPT. What, you don't mean to say you've married my wife!

PIL. Certainly not, sir. I've married your widow.

CAPT. Widow? How can that be, when I'm alive?

PIL. But you have no business to be alive—it's the height of absurdity on your part to be alive.

CAPT. Faithless, perjured woman! But I'll be the death of her?

PIL. Then we shall be worse off than we are now—we shall have no wife at all between us.

CAPT. It certainly is a bit of a blunder.

PIL. A very considerable bit.

CAPT. However, luckily, the remedy is simple enough.

PIL. I'm delighted to hear it. What is it?

CAPT. Either I shoot you, or you shoot me.

PIL. It's very handsome of you to give me the choice. I'll shoot you.

CAPT. (*fiercely*). No!

PIL. Can anything be fairer ?

CAPT. No !

PIL. Very, well then——

CAPT. No !

PIL. Why, just now you——

CAPT. No !

PIL. You distinctly said——

CAPT. No !

PIL. Yes—you've said no several times, but——

CAPT. That'll do ! Tell Mrs. O'Scuttle——

PIL. Mrs. Pillicoddy ?

CAPT. Mrs. O'Scuttle !

PIL. Pillicoddy !

CAPT. Tell her to pack up instantly, and prepare to accompany her lawful husband——

PIL. That's me !

CAPT. Me !

PIL. Me !

CAPT. I'll be back directly.

PIL. (*not listening to him*). Me !

CAPT. You hear !

[*Exit, hurriedly, c. d.*]

PIL. Me ! (*shouting after him*) Me ! (*walking down rapidly to front*) What's to be done ? Give up Anastasia ? Never ! What would life be to me without my Anastasia ? Nothing. What would Anastasia be to me without life ? Nothing still—so let my cry be, "Anastasia or death !" with a decided preference for Anastasia. Ah—yes ! If we could only make our escape together, before this infuriated Scuttle returns—yes, yes. (*the stage is now dark. He runs to R. D. 2 E. and shakes it violently*) Open the door ! (*shakes door again*) Open the door, I say ! The house is on fire ! (*shouting. A slight scream is heard. Door opens, R. 2 E., and MRS. O'SCUTTLE appears—he seizes her and drags her forward*) It's I—your Pillicoddy—your John Peter ! My dream—my nightmare's come true—Robinson Crusoe has turned up again—I mean, your husband—no, not your husband——

MRS. O'S. (*aside*). I thought so. I was sure I heard the good-for-nothing fellow's voice.

PIL. He comes here from some distant oyster-bed or other, to drag you away from me—from me, your own John Peter !

MRS. O'S. (*aside*). Can it be possible ? Does he still love me ?

PIL. He says he adores you—so much so, that he swears he'll be the death of you, and me too—so let's fly together, beloved of my soul—let's fly together ! (*dragging at her.*)

MRS. O'S. (*aside*). Who can this be ? What matchless impudence !

PIL. Wiltshire invites us. Fly with me—your second—your own true, fond, devoted second—d—n you first—he's drowned ! I'm your husband !

MRS. O'S. Unhand me ! (*breaks from him, and runs out, c. d., and goes into greenhouse, c.*)

PIL. She breaks from me. I understand it all. She loves her first—she said so. She'll follow her first through the world—she'll put down her Pillicoddy and take up her Scuttle—she said so. O, what execrable taste ! to say nothing of the base ingratitude of the woman—after the no end of new bonnets I've given her. What will become of me ? Curiosity is not naturally one of my failings, but it would be satisfactory to me to have some faint idea of what will become of me. (*seats himself in chair, hiding his face in his hands.*)

Enter MRS. PILLICODDY, D. L. 1 E., *a bandbox in her hand. Lights down.*

MRS. P. (*aside, as she enters*). Surely I cannot be mistaken—the gentleman that I caught a glimpse of a few minutes ago, walking about the grounds. I haven't seen Captain O'Scuttle for four years—and it is almost too dark to recognize any one to a certainty—yet I could almost swear—(PILLICODDY *sneezes*) There's somebody here! Can it be he? If so, I will inform him at once of Julia's arrival. (*aloud*) Ahem! hem!

PIL. (*hearing*). Somebody with a cough, or a cold in the head.

MRS. P. (*louder*). Ahem! Who's there?

PIL. (*aside*). Anastasia's voice! She's come back to implore my pardon.

MRS. P. Is it you, Captain? (*louder*) Is it you?

PIL. (*aside*). Captain! She thinks it's Robinson Crusoe. She takes her second for her first. (*aloud, and assuming sailor's voice and manner*) Ay, ay, my hearty! Shiver my timbers! Haul away, my O, boys!

MRS. P. (*hastily, and approaching him*). Then listen to me. (*puts down bandbox*) Your wife is here. She may have acted a little imprudently, but I'm sure you'll forgive her, like a dear, kind, affectionate husband that you are. Believe me, she loves you as dearly as ever; so lose no time, but take her away with you at once, before Mr. Pillicoddy knows anything about the matter.

PIL. (*who during the above is variously agitated*). Ha, ha, ha! (*very loud*) Ha, ha, ha! (*weaker and weaker—then sinks down, crushing bonnet box.*)

MRS. P. (*alarmed*). Why, it's Pillicoddy! Help! Sarah! Sarah!

Enter SARAH, R. 1 E., *with lighted candle. Lights up.*

SARAH. Lor', missus—what's the matter?

MRS. P. (*seeing PILLICODDY*). Why, I do declare, it's your master! (*calling*) Pillicoddy! John Peter!

SARAH. (*holding candle close to his face*). It's no use, ma'am. We'd better put him to bed. You *will* leave the key of the cellar about! (*putting down candle.*)

MRS. P. John Peter, I say—dear John Peter!

PIL. (*suddenly starting up*). Don't call me John Peter—call me Pillicoddy! No, don't—call me *Mister* Pillicoddy. Go to your first! Resume your Scuttle! Follow your Scuttle throughout the world! Go, perjured, capricious Anastasia—go! Don't think to break my heart! No, no; here I'll sit, and calmly witness your departure.

SARAH. Now, do go to bed, sir. You're quite dreadful to look at!

PIL. Silence, Sarah!

MRS. P. Well, but—

PIL. Silence, I say! I'm desperate—crazy—mad—frantic! Ha, ha, ha! Tol de rol! (*singing and dancing*)

“Can you dance the Polka?

Won't you dance the Polka?”

Ha! (*looking off at c.*) He comes! Crusoe comes to claim his wife! The gentle Robinson approaches! (*shouting*) Come in, Barnacles. Don't be shy. Come in, I say—(*running to c. They hurry in, D. R. 2 E.*)

Enter CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE, R. C. D.

(*seizing hold of* CAPTAIN, *and dragging him hurriedly towards* R. D.)

She's there—take her, and my blessing along with her! (*violently bonnets CAPTAIN, and forces him off, R. D.*) And now—now—what has Pillicoddy to live for? Nothing. Ergo, Pillicoddy dies. But the means? I can't swim; so it's no use thinking of drowning myself—and apothecaries won't dispense arsenic, except for rats—and although the majority of apothecaries are proverbially credulous, still I feel it would be useless for me to attempt to pass myself off as a specimen of that species of vermin. Ha—yes—one of those numerous and long-neglected drawers (*pointing to the nest of drawers on counter*) contains poppy heads—the poppy heads, poppy seeds—and poppy seeds, when taken incessantly for several weeks, produce immediate dissolution. Happy thought! Here they are. (*coming forward with drawer*) What whoppers! Fortunate Pillicoddy—that they should happen to be whoppers! (*eating, and filling his pockets with the rest*) Anything much more unsavory—I might say nasty—I never tasted. Never mind—it'll soon be over, (*eating again*) and then an inquest will be held upon me. Twelve of my intimate friends and fellow-townsmen will—But stop—the worst of it is, that all this will add considerable to the perfidious Anastasia's worldly happiness. O, if I could only do something to destroy the perfidious Anastasia's worldly happiness before the poppy heads produce their effect. I declare they've made me quite sleepy already. Ha! what do I see? (*looking towards greenhouse, back of c. D.*) A lovely female! (*seeing Mrs. O'SCUTTLE, who is seen in the greenhouse*) And shall I hesitate? No! Anastasia, thus do I cast you off forever! Thus do I tear your once-loved image from my bosom, and supply its place with yonder exquisite stranger! Happy idea! I'll about it straight. (*stopping suddenly and yawning*) Holloa! what's the matter with me? I feel quite—it's those confounded poppies! (*shakes himself, then dances up to Mrs. O'SCUTTLE, takes her hand and leads her forward*) Enchanting being! pardon the candor of a stranger—a total stranger—but I have a request to make—a trifling one—and that is, that you will from this moment enshrine me in the innermost recesses of your heart.

MRS. O'S. (R.). Sir!

PIL. (L.). Now do—graceful, swan-like creature, do—and I swear to you, on honor of a Pillicoddy—

MRS. O'S. (*astonished*). Mr. Pillicoddy!

PIL. Yes, dove-like lass—yes. (*suddenly very drowsy—then violently shaking himself*) Yes—your Pillicoddy. So take me—all I have is yours. My house, my shop, my grounds, my flowers, my very cucumber frames!

MRS. O'S. O, sir, consider—if Anastasia only knew—

PIL. I wish her to know. I repeat, I wish—her—to—'*again very drowsy; rouses himself*') Pardon me, sylph-like beauty—I've been indulging in poppies! Yes, the sooner Anastasia knows the better, for I'm only following her example. She has recovered her Scuttle, and she is happy in that Scuttle! In short, give her a cottage and her Scuttle, and I believe she would be content.

MRS. O'S. Scuttle? (*anxiously*) Surely not Captain O'Scuttle, just returned from a long voyage?

PIL. Yes, she loves the colossal mariner! She told me so. They are now together in that very room. (*points to R.*)

MRS. O'S. Can it be possible? Perfidious Anastasia! Now I can understand her anxiety to get me out of the house. What's to be done? Sir—sir—(*going to PILLICODDY, who, during his speech, has gone fast asleep, and is standing swaying to and fro*) I say, sir—(*shaking PILLICODDY, who falls on her shoulder. She with difficulty*

supports him. *A scream is heard, and CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE comes in from R. D. 2 E., with SARAH fainting in his arms.*

MRS. O'S. My husband!

CAPT. My wife!

MRS. O'S. Let go that woman, sir!

CAPT. Drop that man, madam!

SARAH *(recovering, looks up in CAPTAIN'S face—then, modestly)*. O! *(hiding her face on the CAPTAIN'S shoulder again)*

CAPT. Don't be absurd!

SARAH *(looking up again)*. I'm a foolish, timid young creature—but really, when one hears one's self made such desperate love to—all of a sudden, too—O! *(trying to hide her face on his shoulder again—he keeps her off.)*

MRS. O'S. *(to CAPTAIN)*. There—you hear, sir!

CAPT. Pooh—it's no such thing. *(starting up)*

SARAH. No such thing? O, you vile, double-faced fellow! Didn't you swear you loved me? Yes! Didn't you call me your wife? Yes! And do you think I'm going to throw a chance away? No, no—*(making a rush at him with open arms.)*

CAPT. Be quiet—it's all a mistake. The room was so plaguy dark I thought I was speaking to—

MRS. O'S. To Anastasia, eh?

CAPT. Anastasia? Who's Anastasia?

PIL. *(suddenly giving himself a violent shaking)*. Who's Anastasia? My Anastasia! I can't give her up—I won't give her up! *(crosses to CAPTAIN)* Scuttle—my gentle Scuttle—my gallant Scuttle—don't take her from me!

CAPT. Who the devil wants her?

PIL. *(crosses to c.)*. Anastasia, he doesn't want you! Anastasia, the great Scuttle doesn't want you! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter MRS. PILLICODDY, L. D. 1 E.

MRS. P. No; I suspect all that he requires is his own little runaway wife.

CAPT. That's true enough—so come here to me, my darling. *(to MRS. O'SCUTTLE.)*

MRS. O'S. *(holding letter up before his eyes)*. First, be good enough, Captain Fitzgerald O'Scuttle, to explain that "P. S." In its present state that "P. S." reads anything but pleasantly. *(crosses to c.)*

CAPT. Ha, ha, ha! I see—jealous of little Jenny!

MRS. O'S. Yes, sir—and I insist upon knowing what that mysterious female is.

CAPT. Ha, ha, ha! Why, the mysterious female in question happens to be the most elegant little Brazilian monkey you ever clapt eyes on.

MRS. O'S. A monkey for me? O, my dear, dear husband! *(embraces him.)*

SARAH *(aside)*. The man's married! If I had only known it at the time, wouldn't I have spoilt his "figure-head," as he calls it, rather! *(seeing PILLICODDY, who is swaying to and fro, fast asleep)* Lor', ma'an—whatever's the matter with master? Only look at him! He looks for all the world like a goose a-going to roost. *(SARAH and MRS. PILLICODDY run to PILLICODDY.)*

MRS. P. Pillicoddy!

SARAH. Master! *(they shake him violently; his hat tumbles off, and a number of poppy heads fall out)* Poppies! He's gone and poisoned himself. *(they all pull him and shake him, crying)* "Rouse yourself."

PIL. That's right. Rouse me—keep continually rousing me! Anastasia, it was all on your account—I thought he was going to tear you from me!

MRS. P. He? Who?

PIL. Who? Why—Sarah, rouse me! (SARAH takes a pin out of her dress, and runs it into PILLICODDY'S arm) Thank ye. (to MRS. P.) Why, your first—my predecessor—the once supposed to be lost, but lately turned up Scuttle!

CAPT. If you mean Captain O'Scuttle, I am he—husband to this lady, and second cousin to my second cousin, the late Captain Fitzpatrick O'Scuttle.

PIL. Ah! Then you're not Roinson Crusoe—you're not my friend with the barnacles! Sarah, rouse me! (same play) Thank ye! I thought you were Patzfitrick—I mean Fatzpitrick—Sarah, rouse me! (same play) Thank ye! And now I have nothing to fear. (MRS. PILLICODDY goes from L. to C., and points to audience) Well, what of that? (to MRS. PILLICODDY) I repeat I've nothing to fear. It isn't the first time that I've stood my trial here, and, therefore—Sarah, rouse me! Thank ye! I say, I'm inclined to hope that the same indulgent jury, without ever retiring from their boxes, will once more return a verdict of "Not Guilty"—then no one will be more transported than "POOR PILLICODDY."

Disposition of the Characters.

CAPTAIN. MRS. O'SCUTTLE. PILLICODDY. MRS. P. SARAH.

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66. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch	2 1		
91. Painter's Apprentice (The), farce, 1 scene.....	5 0		
92. Polar Bear (The), 1 scene.	4 1		
14. Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act.	5 0		
45. Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 scene	6 0		
105. Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 scenes.....	4 2		
55. Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 scene.....	3 0		
81. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene.	3 0		
26. Rival Tenants, sketch	4 0		
15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act..	2 1		
59. Sausage Makers, 2 scenes.....	5 1		
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84. Serenade(The), sketch, 2 scenes	7 0		
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74. Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes	3 0		
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69. Squire for a Day, sketch.....	5 1		
56. Stage-struck Couple, 1 scene..	2 1		
72. Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene... 1	2		
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2. Tricks, sketch	5 2		
104. Two Awfuls (The), 1 scene....	5 0		
5. Two Black Roses, sketch	4 1		
28. Uncle Eph's Dream, 2 scenes..	3 1		
62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene	6 1		
32. Wake Up, William Henry....	3 0		

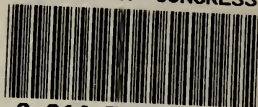
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164. Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.	6 6	196. Queerest Courtship (The), comic operetta, 1 act.	1 1
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49. Midnight Watch, drama, 1 act.	8 2	35. Silent Woman, farce, 1 act.	2 1
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46. Miriam's Crime, drama, 3 acts.	5 2	6. Six Months Ago, comedietta, 1 act.	2 1
21. Model of a Wife, farce, 1 act.	3 2	10. Snapping Turtles, duologue, 1 act.	1 1
184. Money, comedy, 5 acts.	17 3	26. Society, comedy, 3 acts.	16 5
108. Mr. Scroggins, farce, 1 act.	3 3	78. Special Performances, farce, 1 act.	7 3
188. Mr. X., farce, 1 act.	3 3	31. Taming a Tiger, farce, 1 act.	3 2
169. My Uncle's Suit, farce, 1 act.	4 1	150. Tell-Tale Heart, comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
130. My Wife's Diary, farce, 1 act.	3 1	120. Tempest in a Teapot, comedy, 1 act.	2 1
92. My Wife's Out, farce, 1 act.	2 2	146. There's no Smoke Without Fire, comedietta, 1 act.	1 2
193. My Walking Photograph, musical duality, 1 act.	1 1	83. Thrice Married, personation piece, 1 act.	6 1
140. Never Reckon Your Chickens, etc., farce, 1 act.	3 4	42. Time and the Hour, drama, 3 acts.	7 3
115. New Men and Old Acres, comedy, 3 acts.	8 3	27. Time and Tide, drama, 3 acts and prologue.	7 5
2. Nobody's Child, drama, 3 acts.	8 3	133. Timothy to the Rescue, farce, 1 act.	4 2
57. Noemie, drama, 2 acts.	4 4	153. 'Tis Better to Live than to Die, farce, 1 act.	2 1
104. No Name, drama, 5 acts.	7 5	134. Tompkins the Troubadour, farce, 1 act.	3 2
112. Not a Bit Jealous, farce, 1 act.	3 3	21. Turning the Tables, farce, 1 act.	5 3
185. Not So Bad as We Seem, play, 5 acts.	14 3	168. Tweedie's Rights, comedy, 2 acts.	4 2
84. Not Guilty, drama, 4 acts.	10 6	126. Twice Killed, farce, 1 act.	6 3
117. Not Such a Fool as He Looks, drama, 3 acts.	5 4	56. Two Gay Deceivers, farce, 1 act.	3 3
171. No hing Like Paste, farce, 1 act.	3 1	123. Two Polts, farce, 1 act.	4 4
14. No Thoroughfare, drama, 5 acts and prologue.	13 6	198. Twin Sisters (The), comic operetta, 1 act.	3 1
173. Off the Stage, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	162. Uncle's Will, comedietta, 1 act.	2 1
176. On Bread and Water, farce, 1 act.	1 2	106. Up for the Cattle Show, farce, 1 act.	6 2
90. Only a Halfpenny, farce, 1 act.	2 2	81. Vandyke Brown, farce, 1 act.	3 3
170. Only Somebody, farce, 1 act.	4 2	124. Volunteer Review, farce, 1 act.	6 6
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3. £100,000, comedy, 3 acts.	8 4	118. Wanted, a Young Lady, farce, 1 act.	3 3
97. Orange Blossoms, comedietta, 1 act.	3 3	44. War to the Knife, comedy, 3 acts.	5 4
66. Orange Girl, drama, in prologue and 3 acts.	18 4	105. Which of the Two? comedietta, 1 act.	2 10
172. Ours, comedy, 3 acts.	6 3	98. Who is Who? farce, 1 act.	3 2
94. Our Larks, farce, 1 act.	7 5	12. Widow Hunt, comedy, 3 acts.	4 4
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