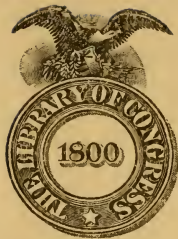


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No. CXLVIII.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

PETER WILKINS

OR,

THE FLYING ISLANDERS.

A MELO-DRAMATIC SPECTACLE,

IN TWO ACTS.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES,
RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

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SAMUEL FRENCH,

121 NASSAU STREET.

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[Catalogue continued on third page of cover.]

1
FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

No. CXLVIII.



51
1835

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OR,

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A

MELO-DRAMATIC SPECTACLE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS NOW PERFORMED IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES IN
ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the
Stage Business

NEW-YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

121 NASSAU-STREET.

1658 P.P.
AIP 45

Cast of the Characters,—(PETER WILKINS.)

<i>Peter Wilkins</i>	Boston Museum, 1854.	<i>Bowery, N. York.</i> 1852.	<i>Walnut Street, Philadelphia.</i>	<i>Federal Street, Boston, 1828.</i>	<i>London, 1827.</i>
<i>John Adams</i>	Mr. Keach.	Miss S. Denin.	Miss C. Cushman.	Miss Placide.	Mrs. Vining.
<i>Phelim O'Scud</i>	" J. Davis.	Mr. Hamilton.	Mr. E. I. Davenport.	Mr. Walton.	Mr. Horrebow.
<i>Nicodemus Crowquill</i> ..	" S. C. Davis.	" Martin.	" Radcliffe.	" Kilnet.	" Power.
<i>A Nondescript</i>	" Warren.	" Wihans.	" W. F. Burton.	" G. H. Andrews.	" Keeley.
<i>Nicc</i>	" Joyce.	" H. E. Stevens.	" W. F. Wood.	" Jones.	" Parsloe.
<i>Penderhardsby</i>	" Adams.				
<i>Quangullibat</i>	" Ralton	" Bowes.			
<i>Columbat</i>	" Stephens.		" Reid.		" Chapman.
<i>Philomarti</i>	" Delano.		" Vache.		
<i>Sendrews</i>	" Barker.				
<i>Yowrawkee</i>	Miss A. Cruise.	Mrs. Walcot.	Miss Cushman,	Mrs. Papanth.	
<i>Hallycarnia</i>	Mad. Radinski.	Miss K. Denin.	Mrs. Rogers.	" Bernard.	Miss Scott.
<i>Loolalae</i>	Miss Raymond.				" M. Glover.
<i>Zephriri</i>	" Jefferson.				
<i>Pecolati</i>	" Fredericks.				
<i>Satsce</i>	" Mason.				
<i>Kalaralee</i>	" Preston.				
<i>Nidegyron</i>	" Parker.				
<i>Harloo</i>	" Mack.				
<i>Nicoz</i>		" Gouldson.	" Hackhurst.		
<i>Mecor</i>		" Millions.			
<i>Lallie</i>			" George.		" Tryon.
<i>King</i>					

Spirits of Air, Flying Indians, Gaurics, Glums, &c.

16782

Costumes.—(PETER WILKINS.)

PETER WILKINS—Nankeen Jacket and Trousers, broad brimmed Straw Hat.

O'SCUD and JOHN ADAMS—Sailors dresses, much worn.

NICODEMUS—Green Body Coat, short Nankeen Trousers.

NONDESCRIPT—Copper colored fleshings, hair on body and limbs—short horns.

The FLYING INDIANS—White Dresses, trimmed with Crimson and colored feathers, gold beads, fleshings and sandals, wings.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left*. R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*. S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right*. C. *Centre*. L. C. *Left of Centre*. R. C. *Right of Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. C. D. *Centre Door*. D. R. *Door Right*. D. L. *Door Left*. U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left*. U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*.

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

PETER WILKINS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The South Sea. At R. 2 E. the ribs of a vessel which is lying on her side, close to a rock of loadstone, which is stuck full of iron and metal of every description, as if forced by its attraction. The sun rising gives a brilliant tint to the rock; parts of masts, sails, barrels, ropes, &c., fill up the scene. The stage becomes light soon after the curtain rises.*

Enter PETER from the ship with a box on shoulder.

Peter. [Throwing down box on stage.] Plague take that loadstone rock! Every crowbar, chain plate, staunching iron all sticking fast in it like quills on the back of the porcupine; and here stands Peter Wilkins, the only living biped on this isle, of all the ship's crew, except honest John Adams, who clung to me like a true-hearted son of Neptune as he is, till we touched land. "Evil got, evil goes," says the old proverb: this comes of piracy. Piracy! no, 'twas but a retaliation. When those Portuguese made prisoners of me and my companions, and set us to dig in their trenches like slaves, it was but natural to give them the slip when fortune gave us the opportunity. Honest Jack Adams, poor Phelim, and my cousin, Nicodemus Crowquill, were the only ones of all the ship's crew that stuck by me till she went to shivers; and since that time, now eight and twenty days, have I explored this isle in a vain search for them; yet hope clings to me that they still live. The sea is studded with small islands—they were good swimmers, and their good fortune may have steered them to one.

Adams. [Sings without, L. U. E.]—

"Ay, well may we boast now," &c.

Peter. There's John Adams with our boat, always blithe, and caroling some ditty.

Enter JOHN ADAMS, L. U. E., singing, a rifle leather case in his hand.

Peter. Well, John, returned for another cargo?

John. Ay, Peter, another cargo of the *De la Cruz*—there she is, keel upwards, like a log skeleton in pickle, nothing left of her but ribs. She was kind to us to the last, and has left us all her lading, wine, spirits, and clothing in plenty.

Peter. Rich bales of goods, tapestry, furniture, and china and plate fit for the palace of a prince. John, we should be grateful that we are not left with a bare subsistence, but with luxuries.

John. And placed on a fertile spot——

Peter. Of which we are sole proprietors.

John. And nothing wanting but that without which all is nothing—woman, Peter, woman.

Peter. True; yet, John Adams, chance may send some friendly vessel in hail. Have you fixed the signal on the back of the rock?

John. Ay, Peter; there she flies, bless her, as gaily as in the main-mast of the *De la Cruz* in a stiff breeze.

Peter. Well, I'll with our cargo to our hut. [Crosses to L.]

John. And I to wing a blackbird, or any game I chance to meet with.

Peter. Well, John, now we part on our daily voyage of discoveries—we yet have seen only part of the island. Do you explore the inland track, while I navigate my boat up the lake, and try to penetrate through the falls. If you lose your course, the signal flag on the rock, from its height, may prove a land mark to you—and be the ship our rendezvous. It is seven o'clock by the sun.

John. What is it by my dial! [Taking out his watch and steel chain.]

Peter. Have a care, or your watch and steel chain are gone too.

John. By St. Andrew, I forgot that plaguy rock.

Peter. Farewell, till dinner.

John. Peter, farewell.

[*Music.*—PETER exits with trunk, L. U. E., JOHN ADAMS, R. H.]

SCENE II.—*A thick Wood.*—*A Tree of Fruit*, L. 2 E., and a very large one, 2 E. R.

[*Music.*—*A wild fox, or beaver runs across the stage from L. 1 E., pursued by the WILD MAN, up the tree, R. 2 E., and across the top by means of branches of each meeting. WILD MAN descends tree, L. 2 E., as if in anger at the loss; some birds fly on and perch in the first tree, L. The WILD MAN creeps up the tree to pounce upon them—he misses them—he is about to descend, when the report of a gun is heard R; a large bird falls centre. The WILD MAN comes down C. of stage, and picks it up. On hearing JOHN ADAMS' voice, he rushes up the branch of the first tree, L., till he gains the top, and there crouches.*]

John. [Without.] I'm sure it fell somewhere this way.

Enter JOHN ADAMS, R. 1 E., in haste, with rifle.

Never had a better shot—as fine a bird as the Highlands ever nestled. I'm sure I hit it, and with a good charge, too. I marked it well, and could have sworn I saw it drop hereabouts. [*Music.*—ADAMS looks about and starts.] Eh? What can this be? Yes, the print of a foot in the dewey soil. I did not pass this way—no, nor is it the form of one whose foot knows the use of covering. We are not the possessors of this island. It may be that of some of my shipmates—if so, they

must be within hail. Hallo! hal—stay! Caution, John Adams, beware of ambush; load first and track the trail, and give the signal to bear down: if a friend, well—if not, he shall breakfast on the contents of this.

[During the above he reloads his rifle.

[Music.—Exit JOHN, L. 1 E.

[The WILD MAN having watched JOHN off, comes down branch by branch, stopping, retreating, hanging by his hands, then by his feet: at last takes courage, looks about, crawls on his hands like a fox, till he is satisfied no one is near, then cautiously goes the same track JOHN has gone,
1 E L

SCENE III.—A beautiful Lake.—Rocks at the sides, and foreign trees in front; in the back distant hills.—The scene very warm and glowing.—Various fish are seen in the transparent waters.—In the distance two figures are seen flying in the air; they alight behind the rocks, L. 2 E., having wings which fold up and expand occasionally.

Enter HALLYCARNIA, L. 2 E.—Music stops.

Hally. Sister, sister Yourawkee! quick, quick! this is the place; come—quick!

Music.—Enter YOURAWKEE, L. 2 E.

Why how you lag! Remember, we must return before the ball rises from the water, or my father will be angry and chide us. And, now, now, the red globe has risen, and with its fire warms the earth. We must store us with the living creatures of the waters, and, as the light of night rises, we must be on the wing to journey homewards.

Your. 'Tis a long while till then; so, dear Hallycarnia, rest on this soft ground of scented herbs, and then we will to our sports, and catch the glittering treasures of the lake.

Hally. No, no—not now.

Your. Well, then, sister, are you ready?

Hally. Yes, dear Yourawkee.

Your. You were the most fortunate when last we journeyed across the waters. This place seems more abundant than any we have yet seen; 'tis now my turn to present the greatest share to my dear father.

Hally. If you can take them, sister.

Your. Do you think I am always to be less successful than yourself? Come for the trial, come.

[Music.—As they approach the lake, the WILD MAN rushes on, L. U. E.; they scream—he catches YOURAWKEE in his arms. HALLYCARNIA runs off, 2 E. L.

Enter JOHN ADAMS, R. 2 E., rifle in hand.

Adams. In the name of all that's ugly, who the devil are you? And a female in your clutches! Let go your gripe! Ye won't! then be ye bogle or be ye devil, I'll try what stuff ye are made of.

[*Music.*—*A combat.* The WILD MAN seizes the bough of a tree—it is covered with fruit. JOHN ADAMS commences the combat with his gun, which the WILD MAN seizes and throws aside. JOHN then draws his sword—WILD MAN throws away the branch and catches ADAMS' sword in his hands, through which JOHN ADAMS draws it. WILD MAN leaves his hold in agony. During the above YOURAWKEE escapes, L. 2 E. Exit WILD MAN in pursuit.

Adams. Egad, he's blown my bellows for me. The wild cat had well nigh got the better of me. Where, in the name of all that's wonderful, is the poor thing he caught in his claws, and what was it? for it looked more like one of fairy land than a lassie. John Adams, lad, caution is the word. It's lucky I've brought my powder horn wi' me; and if I meet with the cat of the mountains, or whatever it may be, again, I'll try if his skin can stop a score of slugs.

[*picks up his gun, and exit, cautiously, R. H.*

SCENE IV.—*Outside of PETER'S Hut, with a distant view of the lake.—Moonlight.—Stage a little dark.*

Music.—*Enter YOURAWKEE, L. 2 E., quite faint—totters and falls under the window of hut. PETER appears at window, with a lamp in his hand.*

Peter. John Adams! John Adams! is it you?

Music.—*PETER enters from hut with a lamp, walks round the stage, and starts on seeing YOURAWKEE.*

Gracious powers! what is this? A female, lovely as beauty's self—she's in a trance, sure. Great Heaven! from whence came she? No matter, whatever chance has placed her under my protection, I will fulfil the charge delivered to me with a brother's anxious care.

[*Music.*—*He lifts her up in his arms, and carries her into the hut.*

SCENE V.—*Inside of PETER'S hut, very fancifully made out of the wreck. On R., in flat, a practicable window, through which is seen PETER'S boat—the moon shining on it.—Stage light.*

Enter PETER, L. 2 E., carrying YOURAWKEE in his arms; he places her on a couch near L.—Lamp on small table, C.

Peter. What innocence and loveliness! Oh, how my heart beats to know her story. Ah! she stirs.

Your. Sister, sister Hallicarnia! Sister! help! help! Ah!

[*Music.*—*Rises and sees PETER—Crouches in great fear.*

Peter. Fear not—I mean you no harm.

Your. Indeed!

Peter. No, by yon glorious light, I swear.

Your. [*approaching him.*] What are you?

Peter. A native of a far distant land, left on this island in distress.

Your. And cannot you return to your land?

Peter. No, sweet maid.

Your. No more can I. My foe—he whom you saved me from—has, I fear, for ever prevented my extending my wings to reach my loved father's embrace. Oh, then, do not harm me!

SONG.

Over rocks and high mountains,
 Over sea and wild dell,
 By Arklaes' wild fountain,
 My forefathers dwell.
 If the land of your home you e'er wish to see,
 Oh, show then your pity, kind stranger to me.
 From a fond parent parted,
 Think what sorrow and grief,
 If, like me, broken hearted,
 You found no relief.
 Then feel for the parent now pining for me,
 And pity the goury—poor, poor Yourawkee!
 Pity, oh, pity poor, poor Yourawkee!

[*The moon begins to work out of sight.*]

Peter Enchanting creature! And is it possible you have the power to ascend the air?

Your. Yes, and cannot you?

Peter. No, nor could I believe till now that any of mortal make possessed the power.

Your. How came you hither?

Peter. By such a conveyance as this.

[*Points to boat.*]

Your. And can that fly?

Peter. Ay, sweet Yourawkee.

Your. Nay, now, you don't speak truth.

Peter. I will convince you, but you are faint; rest on this seat.

Your. Kind, good stranger, I am well, and yet I cannot go.

Peter. And would you leave me, Yourawkee?

Your. I would return unto my father's land, and yet I would not leave you.

Peter. Where dwells your father? Is it far?

Your. Over mountains, lands, and waters.

Peter. What time is required to reach him?

Your. Light and darkness must come and go.

Peter. And so long—and you remain in the air?

Your. 'Ts not long.

Peter. Why came you here?

Your. To gather the living things of the waters for my dear father.

Peter. He will then follow, and bear you from me?

Your. I hope my dear sister Hallicarnia is safe. She knows the way, and will conduct my dear father and his sons in search of Yourawkee.

Peter. And till then, by every sacred power, I swear to protect you from all annoyance.

Your. Indeed, I will not doubt. Your looks, your eyes, seem to speak, and something fluttering here tells me you will not harm poor Yourawkee.

[*PETER takes castinets from table and dances to the following.*]

AIR.—YOURAWKEE.

Oh, moments precious,
 Those sounds delicious,
 What thrilling joy they give ;
 Heart palpitating,
 Each nerve elating—
 Till now I have ceased to live.
 Ah ! what delight,
 Like the bird of flight,
 When for her mate she's grieving ;
 Each welcome note,
 As in the air they float,
 Her anxious fears relieving.
 Oh, moments precious, &c.

[*During the scene the sun has risen, and its beams are seen through the window.*]

Peter. The sun has risen, and Adams is not yet returned : I must go in search of him. Dear Yourawkee, I must leave you for a short time, during which, repose your weary frame on yonder couch.

Your. Oh, if indeed I am your Yourawkee, then do not leave me, or he may again make me his prey.

Peter. Ha ! whom, dear girl ?

Your. Nay, I know not : but he was not like you in form. He grasped me hard ; and, by his cruel force am I deprived of my power to mount the air to my father's land.

Peter. Is it possible ? This island then must have inhabitants I have not seen.

Your. Let me go with you ; my limbs are refreshed : indeed I am well.

Peter. Come, then, my sweet one, you shall accompany me. Let me take my pistols. [*From table.*] If what I suspect be true, they will be needed. Now, then, come, my Yourawkee, and fear not. Nothing shall harm you while by my side. I'll guard you with my life ; for life, I feel now, is doubly precious to me.

[*Music.—PETER crosses, and they exeunt, L. 2 E.*]

SCENE VI.—*Cascade and Rock, Waterfalls, &c., terminated at the back by distant Mountains ; Pines and various Trees in the foreground.*

Enter NICODEMUS, R. 2 E.

Nic. Hillio ! hillio ! Phelim O'Scud, I say ! Was there ever so unfortunate a navigator as I am ? A plague on all pearl fishery associations, I say. This comes of looking above our sphere in life. When I was so snugly set down at old Dedimus Doubledot's, law stationers, in

Middle Row, Holborn, in the parish of St. Andrew, with a neat one pound ten shillings per week; and to give up all and sail to foreign parts, and to be wrecked on an uninhabited island, with a vertical sun that scorches our skin like shrivelled parchment. I'm shrunk already into the size of a Battersea eel; my stomach is as empty as a barrister's head after a long vacation. [*A shot without.*] There's Phelim! If he has but the good luck to have killed anything now.

Enter PHELM O'SCUD, R. 2 E.

Well, Phelim, you have had a shot?

O'Scud. Capital! Beautiful!

Nic. What, bird or beast?

O'Scud. An elegant bird.

Nic. Come, come, luck at last.

O'Scud. Luck! Oh, plenty, but that's all.

Nic. All! Why where's the game?

O'Scud. Gone!

Nic. Why I thought you were a capital shot?

O'Scud. So I am in Ireland; but the devils here with their two wings fly so fast, that before I could cock my gun to my eye, every mother's son of them walked off.

Nic. Ay, that's because you squint so plaguily, Phelim. So, as you cocked your eye one way, the birds were flying the other. I thought you were all brag.

O'Scud. Not at all. You'll find something else in me, my mighty man of Middle Row.

Nic. Lord bless you! I did not mean to offend you. Come, come, we are like the two lost babes in the wood, and we ought not to quarrel, you know.

O'Scud. Quarrel! No; for, as you say, I believe there are no other bipeds in this place, either two-legged or four-legged; and we must now and then have a bit of a skirmish, if it's only to keep my hand in.

Nic. Don't talk of skirmishing. I'm half dead already, and if we don't soon get some food, shall be quite so.

O'Scud. It's the devil's place; and if I were in the County Derry, with the crater, Norah Kavanagh, jiggling it away with a bit of shillelagh in one hand, and a noggin of whiskey in the other, if I ever came on board of ship again. I'd give you leave to baste me with one, and foment me with the other.

Nic. After escaping from that Portugal prison, and running away with their ship, to be driven bump on that magnetic rock as Peter called it.

O'Scud. The devil burn the rock for me, for it stuck every soul of us as fast to the foot of it as a mussel on a sandbank.

Nic. Don't talk of mussels; you make me so hungry: but I wish I'd broke my neck before I left Middle Row, to be wrecked like an ass on this island.

O'Scud. Oh, faith, little Nic, only leave me your sole executor, and

I'll make as good a skin of parchment out of you as any of the long-eared ever wrote botheration upon.

Nic. Oh, look, look, Phelim! what's coming down the water-fall?

O'Scud. By my soul! it's a mighty odd looking creature; but whether a fowl or a fox, or——

[*The boat, with PETER and YOURAWKEE, in perspective passes from L. to R.*

Nic. No, no; there's a man!

O'Scud. A man! Yes it is—in a boat.

Nic. Why no—yes, it's Peter!

[*Music.*

O'Scud. Hollo! stop a bit, and cast anchor.

Nic. Stop, cousin Peter. He sees us—he jumps on shore—huzza! he's here!

Music, Piano.—Enter PETER, L. 3 E.

Peter. [*In centre.*] Messmates! Phelim! Nic, is it you? I said it—I knew Providence would not desert me quite. [*All embrace.*

Nic. Oh, coz! Oh, Phelim! I—I—oh, oh!

[*Bursts out crying. PETER gives him liquor.*

O'Scud. That's right: leave piping your eye, and wet your whistle. A drop of the crater will make a dumb man speak.

Nic. Oh, coz! and is it you, indeed? Oh, I'm so glad, ha, ha! I thought you had gone to the bottom.

O'Scud. And how fared you, Peter?

Peter. Why, well, too.

Nic. What eatables, cousin?

Peter. All—all in plenty.

Music.—Enter YOURAWKEE, L. 3 E, starts—crosses to R. corner on seeing them. PETER goes to her; NICODEMUS crosses to L.

Peter, Nay, fear not, Yourawkee.

Your. Ah! what are these?

Peter. My countrymen, Yourawkee, long separated, but now most providentially found.

Nic. (L.) Oh, Phelim, what's that?

O'Scud. Oh, boderation! if it was not so long since I saw one of the dear creatures, I'd swear it was a real she woman.

Nic. Pho! Nonsense! A real woman! I know better than that.

Peter. It's a woman, lovely and in distress.

Nic. Well, only think of finding a woman on an uninhabited island; but leave cousin Peter alone for finding a petticoat.

O'Scud. And if he could, it might be acceptable; for the lady's wardrobe don't appear to be overstocked wid 'em. I say, King Peter, is this to be your little Queen of the Island?

Peter. Not without I am her choice, and with her father's consent.

Nic. What! has she got a father? Well, only think of that, now. Lord! she's very pretty. I wonder if she's got any sisters.

[*To PHELM.—PETER talks to her apart.*

O'Scud. By my soul! but for my book oath to my sweet Norah Kav-

anagh, it would be mighty pleasant to found an Irish colony with our own hands.

Peter. Dear Yourawkee, why this alarm?

Your. I know you will be kind.

Peter. And my companions, too, Yourawkee.

Your. (R. H.) Now I feel as if my wings were restored with strength to fly to my home.

O'Scud. What did the crathure say?

Nic. What does she mean by wings, cousin Peter?

Peter. Though you will scarce believe me, yet it is certain she is gifted with the power of flying.

O'Scud. Oh, bodder! she'll fly off, and laave you a sorrowful widower before the banns are finished

Nic. Yes, and then you may whistle for your pigeon.

Peter. No jesting: and mark me, as you value the friendship of him who broke your prison gates, and since has shared in all your dangers, respect the charge which Providence has placed in our hands.

O'Scud. Good luck to your heart for that. I'll watch by night and by day at her door, like a cat a mouse-hole.

Peter. Soon I'll more surprise you by a sight of honest John Adams, who escaped with me, and has been my companion since the wreck.

O'Scud. Oh, mushal is he safe? Then here we are, England, Ireland, Scotland—the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle; and we all will weave a garland to our Queen of the Island.

Peter. And the De la Cruz shall be stripped of her choicest ornaments to decorate a pavilion for my Yourawkee.

Your. O, see—see yonder black vapor.

Peter. I know; we must away. One of those hurricanes and land storms that visit the island is rising; the approach is sudden and fatal. We must hasten by the shortest path to our hut ere it overtakes us. Quick—quick! away!

[*Exeunt, L. H.*]

[*Stage dark. Thunder, lightning, and rain. Music. Violent gusts of wind bend the trees. The scud is seen to pass along the horizon. The falls of water become agitated, and foam up; forked lightning flickers along the red and stormy clouds. HALLYCARNIA enters, L. H. 2 E., in the utmost alarm, terrified at the storm, is exploring her way, when the WILD MAN rushes on, R. She avoids him by flying up on one side of a tree. He climbs the tree—she escapes. When the WILD MAN has reached the top of the tree, a dreadful explosion is heard. The waters burst the rocks asunder, and rush forward. The tree on which the WILD MAN has climbed falls with him, and he is immersed in the waters.*]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The interior of PETER'S Hut, built of the trunks of trees, and part of the wreck. The stage contracted to nearly the dimensions of such a building. On R. H. side the recess, with PETER'S bed—opposite, on the L., ADAMS'S. From the upright c. beam are suspended two hammocks; in that from R. to c., NICODEMUS—in that from c. to L., PHELIM. A cross beam from R. to L. The roof is so formed that it is visible inside and out to the audience. Over it the tops of the trees are seen—the moon shining very bright. The curtain rises to piano flute music. The WILD MAN is seen to climb from one of the trees to the roof of the hut, and to pull away the leaves, bark, and other materials, till he makes a large aperture, R., through which he thrusts his head; in doing which he lets some of it fall over the hammock in which NICODEMUS is. NICODEMUS pops his head from the hammock.*

Nic. Hallo! what's that? Oh, the wind has woke me out of such a nice dream. I was dreaming of Middle Row, Holborn.

[*Music.—He falls fast asleep muttering. The WILD MAN forces his head and body through the hole, and hangs by his foot from the cross-beam; his hands dropping into the hammock of NICODEMUS, who is startled; but, by a quick turn, the WILD MAN recovers himself, and lies flat on the beam, without NICODEMUS knowing what woke him.*

Nic. Who's there? I'm sure I felt something. Phelim, I say, awake! awake!

O'Scud. [*Popping his head up face to face with NICODEMUS.*] Botheration! what a noise you're kicking up. Can't you sleep quietly, and let others do the same? You'll disturb the ship's company.

Nic. I say, Phelim, did you put your hand on my face just now?

O'Scud. How the devil should I do that when I'm not within reach of a handspike of you?

Nic. Well, it was something like it, then.

O'Scud. Psha! it was your own foot. You were tickling yourself with your toe. You always lie neck and heels like a coil of rope. But don't bother, but resign yourself dacently into the hands of Orpheus.

[*Music.—They go to sleep, NICODEMUS grumbling. When they are still, the WILD MAN creeps quietly down by his hands and feet, and crawls all round till he comes to NICODEMUS'S cot; he claws about, and as NICODEMUS pops up his head, their faces meet.*

Nic. Peter! Peter! Cousin Peter!

[*Music.—He rolls out of his berth on to the stage. The WILD MAN runs up the supporters, then crouches down. NICODEMUS'S noise awakes PETER, who rushes out from his cabin, R.*

Peter. [*Going up to NICODEMUS.*] What's the matter?

Nic. Oh, Peter, I saw it—I saw it! Such a—oh, oh, oh!

Peter. Saw it! Saw what?

Nic. I don't know—whether a rat, or a cat, or a—oh!

O'Scud. Or your father, ould Nic.

Nic. Ay, ay, you may laugh; but it was enough to astonish a zoological garden.

Peter. Where saw you it?

Nic. This moment he thrust his nose and large rolling eyes close into my face in that cot.

Peter. Psha! you are dreaming.

Nic. No, Peter, I'll swear I saw it.

Peter. Silence, and be convinced.

[*Music.*—Takes the pistol and a lamp; he looks about, NICODEMUS sticking close to him. PETER unbolts the door, R. C., goes out and returns—the WILD MAN on the roof watching.

[*Coming down c.*] Now are you convinced?

Nic. No, Peter, I'll swear I saw it.

Peter. For shame! Go to your cot and sleep.

[*Peter retires, R. H.*

Nic. Hang me, if I do! Sleep, indeed! I should expect every minute to be clawed by some six footed ourang outang. I'll go and sleep under John Adams' truck; and if he comes again for another peep, he may claw Phelim—he's a better figure to be clawed than I am—and then he'll believe his own eyes, if he won't my word.

[*Music.*—Crawls under ADAMS' hammock. WILD MAN descends—tries to open the door—feels his way till he comes to YOURAWKEE'S chamber, L. centre—the entrance to which is concealed by tapestry; listens, seems pleased, and crawls in. After a short pause, a scream is heard. He rushes out with YOURAWKEE on his shoulders, bursts open the door, R. C. and disappears. O'SCUD starts up from cot.

O'Scud. Arrah—arrah, what's the matter? What the devil's own hubbub's here?

PETER rushes in, R.

Peter. What sound was that?

O'Scud. By my soul, it was as much like the sound of a woman's voice as I have ever heard.

Peter. Ah! if it should be—

[*Music.*—Rushes into YOURAWKEE'S recess, L. C.; at the same time ADAMS starts from his, L., followed by NICODEMUS.

Adams. What's the matter?

O'Scud. Myself can't tell.

Re-enter PETER, L. C.

Peter. She's gone—she's gone!

Nic. I thought so.

Adams. Gone! Who?

Peter. Her whom we should guard.

Adams. How? By what means?

Nic. That wild cat that popped his whiskered face into mine, just now, to be sure; but you wouldn't believe me, Peter.

Peter. Silence, dolt.

Adams. [*Who has been to door.*] The door has been forced.

Peter. Forced! Why I myself bolted it.

Adams. And see, the ground is strewed with leaves and——

O'Scud. And there's the devil's own hole in the roof of the cabin.

Peter. It must have been by that the savage gained admission, and has robbed us of our charge. Follow, comrades, we will recover her, though she were surrounded by a legion of them.

[*Music.—Exit at door, R. C.; ADAMS follows him.*

O'Scud. I'll be after following you as soon as I get this bit of shillelah in my fist, and I'll just take this bit o' whipcord wi' me. [*Taking coil of rope which hung on the supporter.*] Now if I catch him, that'll hold him, I'll engage. Come, Nic, come on, and bad luck to him, I say, that turns back

[*Exit at door.*

Nic. [*Following him and bolting the door.*] So say I; and the surest way not to turn back is for me to turn where I am.

[*Runs into ADAMS'S cabin, L.*

SCENE II.—*A chain of Rocks, those on the L. being very high, at the extreme point of which a stunted tree overhangs a dell, below the Stage at L. 2 E.*

Enter HALLYCARNIA from the dell, terrified, and exploring her way. She traverses the Stage dejectedly; and, on hearing footsteps, looks up, starts and exclaims.

Hally. Oh, 'tis my sister—'tis Yourawkee, in the power of the wild creature of the island.

[*Music.—The WILD MAN is seen with YOURAWKEE climbing the highest rock. He places her on the projecting point of it, and endeavors to recover her, but in vain. Having fastened her hands to a tree with some twigs, he leaves her in scarch of food. He descends by the back of the rock, and is seen to cross a fallen tree that extends over a chasm at the back of the stage, and when on the other side, throws it into the dell and disappears, R. H. HALLYCARNIA, who has watched with anxiety all the foregoing, rises from her concealment; at the same time YOURAWKEE stirs above.*

He is gone. The wild islander has left my sister, and I may profit by his absence and aid her to escape.

[*She is about to expand her wings, when——*

O'Scud. [*Exclaims without.*] I tell you I had a glimpse of his two ugly shanks among the rocks.

[*Music.—HALLYCARNIA retires to her concealment.*

Enter PETER and PHELIM, R. H. 2 E.

Peter. You must have been deceived.

O'Scud. Deceived! What! do you think there are two such ugly wild cats as that whiskered devil? No: he has carried his prey in his claws off among the rocks, and you'll never cage your pigeon again.

Peter. Oh, say not so. You know not how deeply you wound the heart of your friend by such levity.

O'Scud. By the hokey, but I would sooner bite the tongue clean out of my roof than give pain to a friend in distress.

Peter. Let us continue our search among the rocks and dells. He is but one; we are armed; 'tis but hand to hand—the advantage is with us.

O'Scud. Right, Peter, the odds are in our favor; and if I meet with him, my little toothpick against his claw.

Peter. John Adams is in the wake of us; if he prove too much, pipe to quarters, and we'll unite our force. Yes, Yourawkee, dear maid, I will recover you or perish in the attempt.

[*Music.—During the dialogue, HALLYCARNIA has listened, and when over she starts from her hiding place.*]

Peter. Good heavens! what do I see!

O'Scud. Oh! boderation! it's herself or another.

Peter. Pray what are you?

Hally. Sister to your poor Yourawkee.

Peter. Hallycarnia?

Hally. She.

O'Scud. This shall be my little wood pigeon.

Peter. Know you where she is?

Hally. See! Look there!

[*Music.—Points to rock; O'SCUD and PETER start.*]

Peter. Yourawkee!

Your. [*Rising.*] Sister, save your poor Yourawkee. Oh, stranger, behold my hands are bound fast—oh, aid me!

O'Scud. The devil a road do I see that even a wild goat could mount any how.

Peter. Are there no means of ascending to her?

Hally. Yes, I can reach her; but when there, of what avail? She cannot descend, and I fear my strength is too feeble to support her.

O'Scud. Take me up on your back, and I'll bring her down, I'll engage.

Peter. If this rope could be conveyed to yonder overhanging branch, by that I could reach her. [*Having taken rope from PHELM.*]

O'Scud. Right, Peter, grapple tight the end of the rope, and haul yourself up hand over hand.

Hally. Give it me, and I will fasten it as you direct.

Peter. Place it thus on the extremity of the branch. [*Making a noose.*]

[*She takes the rope, flies up, and ties the noose to the tree; the rope hangs down; PETER mounts hand over hand, and gains the rock.*]

O'Scud. That's my joy. He'll be wid you before you can say whack. I'll spit the wild cat if he attempts to board us below. [*Music.—They release YOURAWKEE—mutual joy.*] She's safe! Nothing like little England and Ireland for protecting the petticoats. But how will they get down from that devil's peak? By my soul, the Hill o' Howth is

but a mole hill to it—and, by all that's misfortunate, here comes that ugly devil, bearing down before the wind before us. Stand to your arms, Peter.

[*Music.*—The WILD MAN rushes on with a large bough of a tree; he starts at seeing O'SCUD; looks up, and is mad with rage at seeing PETER on the rock; rushes on O'SCUD, who cuts at his legs and throws him down, then seizes him by one and beats him round and off, R. H. U. E.—O'SCUD follows, flourishing his stick.

I'm hard at your heels, you devil's cat, you.

[*They reach the rock, R. H., which forms one side of the chasm; the bridge being broken, the WILD MAN leaps it. O'SCUD, continuing the pursuit, is near falling in, and rests upon the edge. HALLYCARNIA takes YOURAWKEE in her arms, and flies across with her from L. to R. JOHN ADAMS rushes on, at the moment, R. H.—levels his gun, and hits WILD MAN, who staggers and falls from rock into dell beneath. PETER descends at same time by rope, and rushes off the way YOURAWKEE was borne, exclaiming "Yourawkee, Yourawkee!" followed by ADAMS, R. H.*

SCENE III.—*Picturesque view of the interior of the Island.*

Music.—Enter PETER, R., followed by PHELM and ADAMS.

Peter. No, no, she's lost to me for ever: both—both are lost.

O'Scud. By my soul, it was a mighty flighty trick to sarve us before the wedding day was over, any how.

Adams Nay, don't despair, Peter; it is not possible they can have left the island. The slender strength of the sister could not long enable her to carry Yourawkee; but, by necessity, she must convey her to land.

Peter. On that alone I rest my hope of again beholding her.

O'Scud. They must have cast anchor, Peter, on dry land.

Adams. Then let us take different routes, and separate in search of them.

Peter. I'll steer to the right.

[*Crosses to R.*

Adams. I to the left.

[*Crosses to L.*

O'Scud. And I right before me, which is nobody's way at all but my own entirely.

Peter. And he who proves fortunate in his voyage give signal of success.

O'Scud. Right, Peter, pipe to petticoats.

Adams. No fear of our meeting that huge cat of the mountain again, I think.

O'Scud. If we do, he'll be ready cooked for the carnivorous craters of the island; for the devil was prettily peppered by you, John—stuffed like a huge hare with forced meat balls of hard lead.

Peter. We lose time: no more delay: success, shipmates.

O'Scud. Oh, the devil fear when a petticoat is the prize, Peter.

[*Exit PETER, R.; ADAMS and PHELM, L.*

[*Music*—The WILD MAN is seen to crawl in from among the trees, R. H., and after various falls and contortions, as if in the agonies of death, drags himself off on his hands and side, L. H. 1 E.]

SCENE IV.—A beautiful basaltic cavern, arched with pointed pinnacles of crystallized spar of various and most brilliant colors, with silver, pearls, shells, &c.; through the arches is seen the distant country and winding lake.

Music—HALLYCARNIA is lying in cavern—YOURAWKEE watching her. A flight of small figures are seen in the air flying from L. to R.

Your. [*Perceives them and starts.*] Ah, what! Do my eyes deceive me? Can it be? Yea, yes, it is! Hallycarnia! Hallycarnia! awake—awake! and behold your father!

[*Music*.—HALLYCARNIA starts up, expressing joy.]

Peter. [*Without, L. H.*] Yourawakee! Yourawakee!

Your. Ah, that voice! It is—it is he! [*Music.*]

Enter PETER, L. H.

Peter. Yourawkee—dear Yourawkee, and have I found you?

[*Music*.—He rushes into her arms.]

Your. Ah! this is double bliss to meet you again.

Peter. And your sister?

Your. Ah, dear Hallycarnia—

Peter. Is she safe?

Your. She is. Oh, I have such joyful news to tell.

O'Scud. [*Without, R. H. U. E.*] Peter! Peter! Hilliho! Peter!

O'SCUD enters in haste

O'Scud. Ah, there you are—and the young colleen, too. But, Peter, I wonder we are not all kilt and murdered entirely. I saw a whole swarm of creatures in the clouds, armed with pitchforks and thundering shillelahs enough to cry whack to the whole fair at Donnybrook.

[*During this YOURAWKEE has explained in action to PETER.*]

Peter. Never fear, we have nothing to dread.

Your. No, no; for my father will bless you as the preserver of his children.

O'Scud. And is it your own natural father, darling?

Your. It is my father. My sister has by this time reached him and explained all. Come, quick then, and let us show him the presence of his children.

Peter. Oh, let me haste, Yourawkee.

Crosss to R. H.

O'Scud. Oh, by St. Patrick, here's wives enough for every mother's son of us. Away, Peter, my boy.

[*Music*.—*Excunt through cavern, R. H. U. E.*]

SCENE V.—*Outside of Peter's hu'.*

Music.—*Enter O'SCUD, R.*

O'Scud. Oh, bother! I've bolted the door on the inside before I came

out, and now I can't unlock it ; or, maybe little Nic of Middle Row has barricaded it to prevent that ugly devil that's dead from getting in at the top again. Hallo, Nic ! if you're not asleep, awake and get up and let me in. It is I—myself—Phelim O'Scud, entirely.

Nicodemus. [*Popping his head out of hole in roof.*] Who's there ?

O'Scud. Now ain't you a high fellow to be popping your pate out of the skylight in that fashion, like a rusty weathercock on a rick of hay ? But come down from that, and undraw the bolt that locks the door, and let in Captain Peter and his convoy to victual, my darling Nic.

Nicodemus. Is cousin Peter safe ?

O'Scud. And sound, honey. So don't be after sticking there like a toadstool in a hotbed, but laave your ladder, and walk down stairs, or I'll larn you to keep Phelim O'Scud kicking his heels like a finger-post on the high road. Come down entirely, I say.

Nicodemus. [*As he goes in.*] Well, I'm coming. La ! what a fuss you make.

Enter NICODEMUS, from hut.

O'Scud. Ah, there you are, my mighty man of Middle Row. By my soul, little Nic, you are always a scarce article when fighting's the fashion.

Nic. Why, I don't know how it was, Phelim, but just as I had got to the threshold, I was seized with] such a sort of whizzing in my head, that when I thought I was going straight out of doors—

O'Scud. You went straight into your hammock.

Nic. Yes, and there I fell—

O'Scud. Fast asleep.

Nic. Yes, very fast. And when I awoke, hang me if the door was not fast, too ; so that, by the soul of me, I couldn't unlock it.

O'Scud. No, and by the soul of me, you wouldn't unlock it. But, now, put your tongue in quarantine, and your legs and arms into actual service. There's a whole ship's company to victual with us.

Nic. A ship's company ! Why, they'll devcur us all.

O'Scud. Never fear, there's rations, and plenty to spare.

Nic. But where do they come from ?

O'Scud. That's more than myself can tell, entirely.

Nic. No ; then what are they ?

O'Scud. Oh, a flock of mighty queer creatures—birds of passage, only just come to emigrate with us for a short season, like water-fowl in a dry summer, only to see what sort of a caboose the cook has, to pop in their beaks, and then give a receipt in full without waiting for the bill. Look ! look there !—blesse your two little sparklers with the sight of them.

[*Points off, L.*

Nic. Oh, my—why there is a convoy, indeed.

O'Scud. Male and female—young and old. Little Nic, who knows but you may run off wid one of them, my little hero of Middle Row.

Enter JOHN ADAMS, R.

Nic. Oh, John, have you seen the sight ?

Adams. Yes—and a most extraordinary sight it is. There's Yourawkee's father almost frantic with joy at having found his daughter

Nic. His daughter! What, has she got a father? How odd!

Adams. Very. They are all anxious to see you.

O'Scud. I'll be bound for them the girls are.

Nic. Why, what, are there girls, too?

Adams. Plenty on 'em, and lovely as the bonny lasses of my own dear Scotland.

Nic. Well, only to think of that now.

O'Scud. Pluck up your courage, my little Nicodemus—put your best leg forward—give them an ogle out of your love-darting sparklers, and bother them all, my little bantum of Middle Row.

Nic. Egad, and so I will. Why I was always a devil of a fellow among the girls.

O'Scud. Indeed, and you were the devil's own chick.

Nic. And if we are to remain here, why shouldn't we—

O'Scud. Why not?

Nic. Peter has got his favorite, you know.

O'Scud. And I mine.

Nic. And John Adams shall—

Adams. No, my heart is in the Highlands.

Nic. Yes, but your body is not, though.

Adams. Heart, body, and soul.

Nic. Pho! nonsense! I say we will have a general wedding, and a prodigy of our own.

Adams. But come, lads, Peter desires that we collect our best stores, and carry them to our visitors; so all hands to work for the honor of—

O'Scud. Little Ireland—

Adams. And Scotland—

Nic. And dear Middle Row.

[*Music.—Exeunt into hut.*]

SCENE VI.—*A long picturesque line of trees in perspective, fancifully decorated with Portuguese colors from branch to branch.*

[*Music.—The people of the Flying Island discovered. In the centre is the COLUMBAT or CHIEF, YOURAWKEE, HALLYCARNIA, and PETER.*]

Chief. Stranger of the unknown land, receive a parent's thanks for my child preserved by thy valor.

Peter. Father of Yourawkee, know I and my companions are of a race who hold that man's first duty is to protect the lovely form of a woman. [*Noise, L.*] But see, my friends approach with refreshments.

[*Music.—Enter, L., PHELM, JOHN ADAMS, and NICODEMUS, with flasks of wine, &c., several GIRLS following them; they offer them to the CHIEF, &c.*]

Chief. The wonders with which my children tell me you are endowed, stranger, would free my native land from a ruthless and rebellious foe; then do not deny your aid.

Your. Or if mine is needed to persuade you to compliance, behold Yourawkee thus imploring. [Kneels.]

Peter. Rise—rise, dear maid. If I were willing to risk the chance, how are you prepared to carry me to your land?

Chief. With as much ease and safety will my people bear you over land, as the bird carries food to its young.

Peter. 'Tis enough—I will go with you.

O'Scud. [*Advancing.*] Boderation, Peter, what are you about, honey?

Nic. Why, coz, you won't think of leaving us?

Adams. Consider what you risk.

Your. I trusted in your words, will you doubt mine?

Peter. No, sweet Yourawkee; my word is given, and, in my land, the word once past, it is law. When shall we depart?

Chief. Each moment now is precious.

Peter. Comrades, quick! bring hither my arms, powder, and ammunition, and the state cabin chair that shall be my ærial car. Place the stores by the lake that surrounds our dwelling, from thence will I take my ærial voyage—nay, nay, it shall be so.

[NICODEMUS, PHELM and ADAMS go despondingly out, L., many of the girls following them.]

Come, I will conduct you to our starting place.

[*Exit*, L., leading YOURAWKEE; the CHIEF follows with HALLYCARNIA—the girls dance off afterwards.]

SCENE VII.—*Outside of hut.*

Enter O'SCUD, ADAMS, and NICODEMUS, followed by some of the women; NICODEMUS shuts the door and appears at window.

Nic. Oh, the house is quite full; there's no room for another Glum.
[*Loud crash in hut.*]

O'Scud. What's that, Nic?

Nic. Oh, my! if they hav'n't smashed a little china.

O'Scud. Come along out of the house, or they'll set fire to it.

Nic. Here, Phelim, take this and this.

[*Throws out various things from window; those on the outside scramble for them. NICODEMUS and ADAMS come from hut, followed by WOMEN and MEN, one of whom has a pistol which, in playing with, goes off, at which the islanders rush off, R. H., shrieking—O'SCUD, &c., following, calling after them.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Mountains on which are numbers of the flying people, in groups.*

[*The CHIEF, PETER, YOURAWKEE, and HALLYCARNIA discovered. Cabin chair in centre, decorated with garlands, &c.*]

Enter, R. H., PHELM, NICODEMUS, and ADAMS, with guns, pistols powder, &c.

Peter. Thanks, my comrades; all is brought out that I may require?

Adams. All—powder, ball, pistols, swords.

O'Scud. And a can of the crater.

Nic. And some of the best pens, patent ink, and hot-pressed paper for you to write your flight in the air on, cousin Peter.

Peter. [*Shaking hands.*] Farewell then, companions. If success should crown my effort, I am repaid; if not, in your evening carouse, drain one cup to Peter Wilkins.

O'Scud. [*Embracing HALLYCAERNIA.*] Ods blessings on you, then remember your husband that doats upon you, and write me a long letter by return of post.

Nic. And all franked.

Peter. Farewell.

[*Crosses to CHIEF.*]

Chief. Sound the gripsacks—give the signal to depart—and through the air convey the wondrous stranger—sound, I say.

[*Music.—A general movement of the characters; trumpets sound on the hills, and from various parts.—Aerial flight of Islanders. Six of them place cords round their shoulders like the straps of a chairman; PETER seats himself—they rise with him. Various groups fill the back.*]

O'Scud. There he goes, swimming in the air, like a duck in the water.

Nic. Good bye, cousin Peter; drop a line by the next post.

John. Success, Peter—success.

[*All this is spoken as he rises.—Grand Tableau.*]

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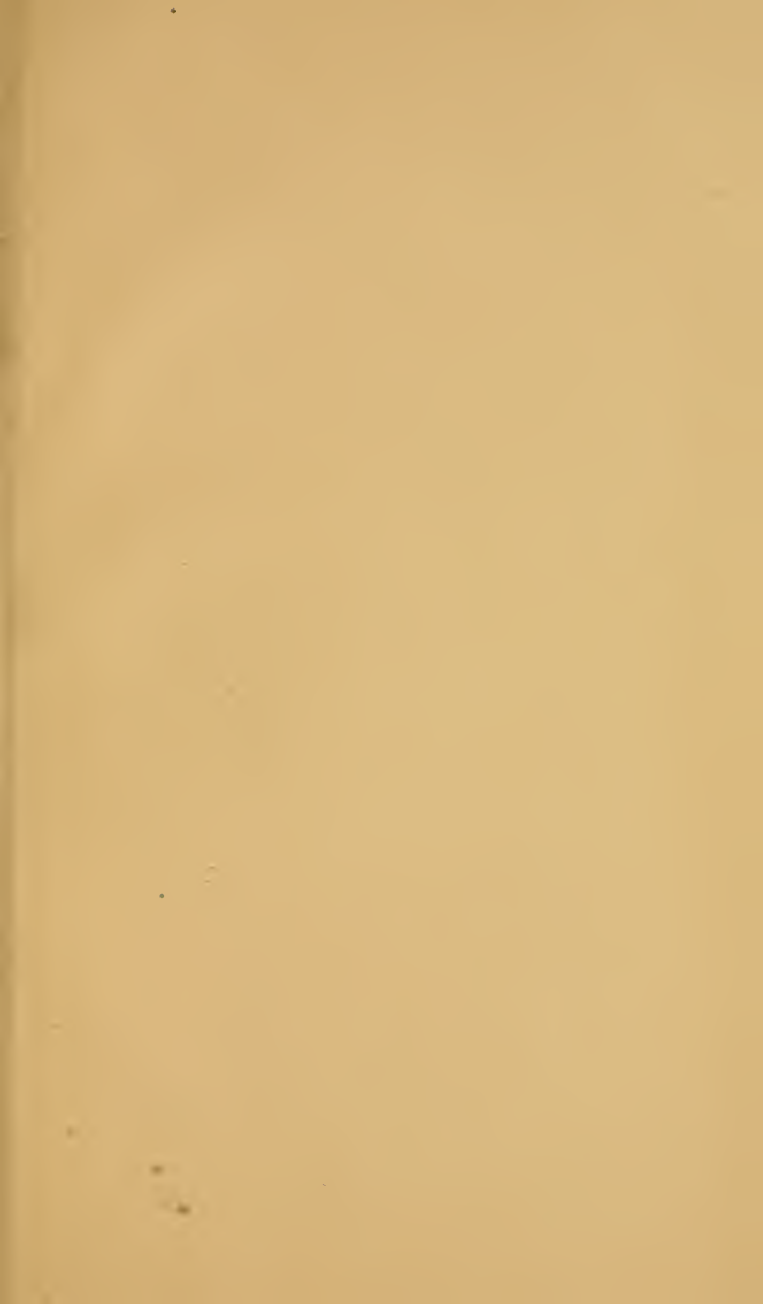
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