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HOME, SWEET HOME!

OR,

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER
AND THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

“Hame's hame, be it ever sae hamely.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EDINBURGH :

E. & S. LIVINGSTONE, SOUTH BRIDGE ;

GLASGOW : PORTEOUS BROTHERS ;

LONDON : SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co

1874.

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HOME, SWEET HOME!

A DOMESTIC DRAMA,

IN THREE ACTS:—

ACT I.—THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

ACT II.—THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

ACT III.—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

“Hame's hame, be it ever sae hamely.”

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As Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, and Willie Laidlaw were riding on their ponies, one fine calm afternoon, along the brow of the Eildon Hills overhanging Melrose, the conversation turned upon whether Sir Walter ought not to write a novel, and lay the scene in the village beneath them. To which Scott replied, "Ay, ay, if one could look into the heart of that little cluster of cottages, no fear but you would find materials enow for tragedy as well as comedy. I undertake to say there is some real romance at this moment going on down there, that, if it could have justice done to it, would be well worth all the fiction that was ever spun out of human brains."—*Lockhart's "Life of Scott,"* chap lix. 1823.

Characters.

	Age.
ANDREW WEMYSS, <i>a Farmer.</i> . . .	70.
JENNY WEMYSS, <i>his Daughter.</i> . . .	20.
ALLAN GILROY, <i>a Soldier.</i> . . .	25.
JOHN PRINGLE, <i>a Farmer.</i> . . .	50.
PEGGY PRINGLE, <i>his Wife.</i> . . .	40.

The *Scene* in all three acts is a large room in Andrew Wemyss' farm house of Holly Bush, in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

An interval of a year is supposed to elapse between the second and third acts.

Costumes.—Those of the present day.



HOME, SWEET HOME!

ACT I.—THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

The curtain, on rising, displays the room empty, and flushed with the rays of the setting sun. Then the Orchestra plays "Jenny's Bawbee," and the door in the centre of the stage is thrown open and Wemyss enters briskly with his daughter Jenny on his arm. They both advance, laughing and talking, to the front of the stage. The farmer is a hale and hearty old man, of a jovial appearance.

Wemyss—And now, Jenny, my lass, what will you give me if I tell you the best news you've heard this fortnight?

Jenny—I'll give you what you like best, father,—a kiss.

Wemyss—Well, then, give me—

Jenny—O no; your news first, and then—

Wemyss—No, the kiss first and then the news. (*Kisses her.*) Well, that's settled. Jenny Wemyss, the Pringles are coming to supper. Think of that, lass, and go instanter and get everything ready for them. There's not a nicer couple in Mid-Lothian

than Johnnie and Peggie Pringle, so give them of our best, my lassie, for they deserve it. I've to go and look at that old grey mare I bought at last Hallow Fair, and which seems to be determined to get ill once a-week, and to die in a twelvemonth ; and horse flesh so dear, too ! (*Pulls out a turnip of a watch.*) The veterinary's to be here at seven—ay, ay—it's near the time, so I had better be stirring. So whilst he and I mend the old mare, lass, do you put the kettle on. Ha, ha ! (*Sings.*)

Jenny put the kettle on,
 Jenny put the kettle on,
 Jenny put the kettle on,
 And give us a cup of tea.

(*Kisses her, and exit.*)

Jenny—(looking after him.) Poor old father ! So happy, because so ignorant ! If he but knew the truth he would sing no more. (*Weeps.*) And yet I'm not his. I'm not my own. I'm Allan Gilroy's. (*In a whisper.*) I'm Allan Gilroy's wedded wife, though they call me Jenny Wemyss ! My father hates you, Allan, because you have been unsteady and unsuccessful ; because, too, you are the son of his dead foster-brother, whom he hated, as brothers, when they *do* quarrel, hate one another. And I make up to you, Allan, in *love*, the depth of my father's hate. Which shall conquer,—love or hate ? O ! if there's a God of love in heaven watching over the people of this strange world, love must now and always conquer. It may take long, however, very long. (*Sighs,*

and prepares the supper table.) It may take long—the devil is malicious—but he *will* be slain at last. (*Allan Gilroy, in the uniform of a private soldier in a Highland regiment, taps outside window.*) Gracious heavens, it is Allan. O! if my father should see him, he'd—(*rushes to the window and opens it.*) What is it, Allan? Speak quick, for mercy sake!

Allan—Orders have been received that a detachment of our regiment must leave for Germany tomorrow. I don't yet know whether I shall be included; but, if I am, Jenny, I expect that you will go with me. You will go with the other soldiers' wives permitted to accompany the detachment.

Jenny—Go to Germany, Allan? Leave my father?

Allan—Yes, yes. He must learn, sooner or later, that we have been married privately. He must know that a wife obeys her husband before aught else on earth. But I see your father approaching. Think over this, darling. Oh, your father observes me. I must make haste. (*Disappears. Gunshot heard.*)

Jenny (closing window.)—Great heavens, my father has fired at him! Fortunately his violence ruined his aim, and my husband is safe.

(*Enter Wemyss furiously, with a gun in his hand.*)

Wemyss—Did you see that scoundrel skulking about our farm, Jenny?

Jenny—What scoundrel, father?

Wemyss—Allan Gilroy. By heavens, I fired at him as I would at a weasel or a rat. I missed him, though. What brings him here, I wonder? Some of these

confounded dairymaids, I fancy. I heard them squeal when they saw me fire. I'll dismiss that new black-eyed wench, Tibbie Thomson, to-morrow morning. We wish no reprobates of soldiers about Holly Bush farm. If they do show themselves, they must stand fire.

Jenny—If you had shot him, father?

Wemyss—I'd ha' rid the country-side of a vagabond, and the army of a scoundrel.

Jenny—If you had shot him dead, father, it would have been *murder*!

Wemyss—Murder? Call killing a rat or a weasel murder? Go to, child, you don't know what murder is. (*Puts aside his gun.*) There's one good, though, about this war in Germany—it will rid us, without any womanish scruples of murder, of all blackguards like Allan Gilroy.

Jenny—Blackguards, father? You are severe.

Wemyss—Blackguards like Allan Gilroy! I say it again. Blackguards like—great God, child! if I thought for a moment that there lurked in what I believe to be your spotless heart one grain of weakness for Allan Gilroy,—I'd—I'd—pluck it out,—aye, though ten thousand demons thwarted me! Oh, what am I saying?

(Throws himself into an arm chair, and covers his face with his hands. Jenny looks anxiously at him, her mouth quivering, and the tears falling from her eyes. The orchestra plays softly—
“Home, sweet Home.”)

Wemyss.—Forgive me, Jenny darling. I have wronged you in thinking you could harbour such a thought for a moment. I have wronged myself in fancying that any child of mine could be so base. I am a man of quick temper, Jenny, and say often what I ought not. The devil gets the better of me occasionally and speaks instead of me. But “Richard’s himself again!” Hey, I hear footsteps at the door. Open, lassie, and let our guests in. I’m sure it’s the Pringles. (*Looks out of window.*) Yes, it’s the Pringles,—Johnnie and Peggie! (*Opens door.*) Come away in. (*Shakes hands with the Pringles.*) ’Od, Johnnie man, you’ve grown stout, and that’s a braw red waistcoat you’re sporting! As to you, Peggie, if Johnnie werena standing by, I’d—kiss you.

Pringle.—Take a kiss, Andrew Wemyss. Peggie winna object, and I’ll look the other way.

Peggy (to Wemyss).—If you do, goodman, as you’re bid, you’ll need pay forfeit for it.

Wemyss.—Willingly. (*Kisses her.*) Now for the forfeit. What is it?

Peggy.—Sing us a song.

Wemyss.—Without a drop of John Barleycorn first? Never. (*Fills a glass, and after drinking, sings:*

Some say that kissing’s a sin,
 But I think it’s nane ava,
 For kissing has wonned in the warld,
 Since ever that there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu',
 Lawyers wadna allow it ;
 If it wasna holy,
 Ministers wadna do it.
 If was wasna modest,
 Maidens wadna tak' it ;
 If it wasna plenty,
 Puir folk wadna get it !

There's a good old Scotch song for you !

Peggy (to Wemyss)—You've paid your forfeit bravely. But, Jenny lass, how are you to-day ? Johnnie, you gowk, why don't you kiss Jenny, too.

Pringle—Upon my word, wife, I'm obliged to you. I should have known, after the goodman's song, that kissing's the rule in Holly Bush farm. (*Kisses Jenny.*)

Jenny—Johnnie, you're welcome to it. But Peggy, take off your bonnet and shawl and sit down. The kettle's on the fire, there's a round of beef on the table, there's good Edinburgh ale to begin with, and the best Highland whisky to follow.

Wemyss—The girl's her own father's bairn, you see, Johnnie ! He knows what's good (dosn't he, Peggy ?) and so does she.

(*Peggy puts aside her bonnet and shawl. The sun having set, the room is dark.*) Light the candles, Jenny lass, and let's see what you've got for us on the table. (*She lights the candles.*) A round of beef—roast fowls—potatoes—greens—bread and cheese—Edinburgh ale—Highland whisky—well, “Up Guards and at them !” say I, as they said at Waterloo.

(*They all sit round the table and begin to eat. A distant cannon shot heard.*) What's that, Johnnie? It's *not* the one o'clock gun, you know.

Pringle—It's the news of another victory in Germany, I suppose. 'Od to think we're all sitting so snugly here, and our brave soldier lads are dying by dozens abroad.

Jenny—Yes, but dying gloriously.

Pringle—Oh, of course, that's what's always said. Fond of soldiers, Jenny?

Jenny—They say all girls are.

Peggy—I was at your age, as Johnnie knows well. You remember Sandy, Johnnie, the fine-looking non-commissioned officer that came courting me at the same time as you did?

Pringle—Yes, I remember Sandy Dugald Maccalum Macleroch, a red-haired serjeant in the——

Peggy—No jealousy, Johnnie. He was a fine fellow was Sandy—a “poor but honest sodger,” sir,—and such should always be spoken of respectfully. Why, you gowk, you would not be sitting here so snugly to-night if it wasn't for soldier lads like Sandy Macleroch.

(*Cannon shot heard again.*)

Wemyss—Dear me, dear me, they're wasting all their powder upon us instead of keeping it for the enemy. What can it all be about, I wonder?

Pringle—I heard that a detachment of the 42nd leaves for Germany to-morrow. Did you hear that, Andrew?

Wemyss—No.

Jenny—Yes, I did. (*Aside.*) Oh, why did I speak?

Pringle—Ay, ay, lassie, I see you know all about it. I warrant you can tell every man of them too that's leaving.

Wemyss—How do *you* know, Jenny?

Jenny—Oh, father, every one does.

(*Another cannon shot. Distant church bells.*)

Wemyss rises and goes to the window.)

Wemyss—It is a beautiful night. I can see the Castle rock quite plainly. They have kindled a bonfire on the Esplanade, and there's another on the top of Arthur's Seat. There must have been a battle of some kind, to give rise to such rejoicings. I see a man passing there who may know. (*Opens window and calls.*) Ho, my man, do you know what those bonfires are for?

(*Church bells louder, the window being open.*)

Allan Gilroy's voice outside—Another victory in Germany,—but a bloody one.

Wemyss (closing window hurriedly, ejaculates aside)
—God and the devil! that man's still there.

Jenny (aside)—Oh, heavens, that was Allan's voice.

Wemyss—Yes, the man says it is another victory. But, Johnnie and Peggy, if you have plied knife and fork to your minds, let's have something to drink. Jenny, fetch the whisky and glasses, and take the kettle off the fire. I hope the water's boiling.

Jenny (bringing kettle)—Boiling, father.

(They make toddy. Allan Gilroy taps on window pane, Jenny alone noticing him. Another cannon shot heard.)

Jenny—I'll have a look at the Castle, too.

(She opens the window, Allan hands her a note and vanishes.)

Wemyss—Shut that window, Jenny. What! what did I see! *(He hastily rises and approaches window, which Jenny shuts.)* No, it was nothing; probably only the flash of a cannon; it seemed as if some one hurriedly passed the window outside. *(Returns to table.)* Now for the real Scotch drink. Talking of fighting, Johnnie, you remember Burns' lines?—

But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, such is royal George's will,
An' there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.

Pringle—Yes, a Highlander without whisky would be like a steam engine without fuel.

Jenny (aside, and looking at note.) He is one of the detachment that leaves to-morrow. What shall I do?

Peggy—Jenny lass, you'll take a thimbleful of your father's braw toddy? There's nothing like it in the Land o' Cakes,—when taken in moderation.

Pringle—Jenny will perhaps give us a song?

Wemyss—Oh yes, I haven't heard you sing for long, child. You used to have a clear pipe.

Jenny—I'd rather not sing, father.

Pringle and Peggy (beating the table)—A song from Jenny! A song from Jenny!

Wemyss—Why won't you sing, Jenny?

Jenny—I'd rather not sing just now. I don't feel as if I could.

Wemyss—Nonsense! (*To Peggy.*) Another thimbleful for Jenny, Peggy. 'Ods sake, Music and Poetry are John Barleycorn's saddle-bags. Come away, Jenny. You needn't be so bashful in your own house.

Jenny—I can only remember the words of one song, and you won't wish to hear it just yet.

Wemyss—What song is that?

Jenny—*Auld lang syne.*

Pringle and Peggy—Capital! capital!

Jenny—Well, I'll sing it then, and as I have a headache, and don't feel very well, you'll excuse my leaving you afterwards for the night.

(*She sings :*)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wandered many a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

(She rises and kisses her father, throwing her arms round his neck. Curtain falls to the tune of "Auld lang syne.")

ACT II.—THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Jenny Wemyss is found putting together some things in a parcel.

Jenny—O that it should come to this! Flying from my father's house as if I were a thief. Yet I've to choose between him and my husband, and I follow Allan. To think of him going to battle, perhaps to death, and his wife far away from him! Yet I dare not tell my father. I dare not. He hates Allan,—hates him beyond measure. Why he hates him I cannot tell; but a blind hatred is the worst of all.

(John Pringle looks in at the door.)

Pringle—Jenny! *(She does not hear him.)* Jenny Wemyss! *(Enters.)*

Jenny—Oh, Johnnie, is that you?

Pringle—Yes. You're very busy to-day, Jenny. What are you up to to-day? A big washing? Eh? Well, well, where's the old man? I've news for him. I've news for you too. Ha, ha! *(Laughs.)*

Jenny—Father's in the south park, I think.

Pringle—Ha, ha, my lass, somebody's coming to my farm-house to-night—somebody's coming to Link-ladle, Jenny, whom *you* know—

What's his name I canna say,
For that would hardly be fair,
But it begins with a "T-r-a,"
And ends, Jenny lass, with a "quair."

There's poetry for you! But I'll be off to the old man. (*Exit.*)

Jenny (looking after him)—Traquair! I know whom you mean. Tommy Traquair of Dunnerdarvie. A young feather-brained lairdie; but still a lairdie, and held in respect by the country-side accordingly. Why, Johnnie Pringle, farmer though you be, you're worth a hundred Tommy Traquairs! Ay, and Allan Gilroy's worth a thousand.

(Continues packing. Then suddenly she bursts into tears. She sings:—)

O my heart is sair, sair,
And full of care, care,
For, O Allan, I do dare
To love thee.

O my heart is sair, sair,
O the weight is hard to bear,
Yet, my Allan, I will dare
To love thee:

O my heart is sair, sair,
See my father's grey hair!
See him lost in wild despair!
O wae's me.

O my heart is sair, sair,
Yet a courage rare, rare,
Fills me, Allan, for I swear
I love thee.

(She wipes away her tears. Enter Peggy Pringle.)



Peggy—Good day to you, Jenny Wemyss. (*Peggy curtseys.*) Good day to you. You'll soon be having us all curtseying to you. Ha, ha! (*laughs.*)

Jenny—What do you mean?

Peggy—What do I mean, you sly little mouse? Wasn't Johnnie here? Eh? Didn't he say who was to be at our house to-night? Ha, ha! (*curtseys again.*) Good day to you, Jenny—Jenny—Dunnerdarvie. Oh my! I've let the cat out of the bag now.

Jenny—Peggy, you remember what the minister said last Sunday?

Peggy—Well, Jenny, he said so much I'm afraid I only recollect a little of it.

Jenny—Do you remember what he said about the sin of Frivolity?

Peggy—Well Jenny, to be plain with you, I did not quite understand what he meant by that. What is a frivolity? Is it a new kind of crinoline?

Jenny (smiling)—Not exactly. It means you ought not to laugh at everything.

Peggy—O my! Well now, I thought all the time the minister had been preaching against the fashions. I said to Johnnie going home from church, "Johnnie, what's frivolity?" He answered, stupid gowk that he was,—“I don't exactly know, Jenny, but I remember a prize cow at a Highland Society Show was called Frivolity.” The truth is, Jenny, if ministers *will* use strange words, they must just put up with strange interpretations of them. But what are we chattering about? Where's Johnnie?

Jenny—He went to meet father in the south park.

Peggy—Well then, I'll be off too. So! (*Curtseys.*)
Good day to you, Miss Jenny—I mean Mrs Dunnerdarvie. Oh my, I've let the cat out of the bag!

(*Exit laughing.*)

Jenny—Simple, foolish, intolerable people! But, what o'clock is it? Nearly three. Father will be coming in to have his sleep. Poor man—he's growing old—he's getting frail. God grant I'm doing no wrong in leaving him. God grant I'm doing my duty. And yet I love my father, and will pray for a blessing on him all my life. (*She kneels down, and prays silently. Enter Wemyss, who halts unnoticed, as he observes her.*)

Wemyss (aside)—Jenny on her knees! What's this?—I have it. Its young Dunnerdarvie. Yes, it's young Dunnerdarvie! She's praying for heaven's blessings on the match I have made for her.

(*He takes a long clay pipe from the chimney-piece, and sits down in an arm chair, his back to the window, and smokes. Jenny rises and perceives him. She falls on his neck and kisses him.*)

Jenny—My poor, dear, darling old dad.

Wemyss—Ha, ha, lass. Your dad is always thinking about you, because he loves you dearly.

Jenny—I know you do.

Wemyss—Jenny, I'm not the man I once was. I'm getting old. There's no doubt about it. And

yet I hope to live to see you blessed as a woman only can be. I hope to see you married, girl. Gad! old as I am, I'll dance at your wedding, that I shall.

(Jenny sighs.)

What are you sighing for? Married, I say—to a young man of standing, character, and fortune. Not that you will leave me empty-handed. No. As sure as you're Andrew Wemyss' daughter, you shall have a purse and portion, my bonny bride, equal to many a lady's, though your hands may not be soft and lily-white, but strong and brown, and used to the churn and the milk pail. The man I mean you to wed may be a laird, but I will show him that a tenant-farmer's daughter may bring more with her than

“A penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree.”

I won't tell you who's come of late. I will only say that when you and he are married, it will be the proudest day of your old father's life. O, to think of you, Jenny, smoothing at last my grey hairs—closing at last my wearied eyes—I—I—tell you lass, I'll die happy then. I said to your mother when she left us and went to heaven: “Jenny will be with me until I join you again.” Oh, how fortunate I am to have such a child as you, Jenny! *(He kisses her.)*

Jenny—Father, believe me, I love you dearly.

Wemyss—I know you do. I know you do. Lay your head beside mine, child, until I fall asleep.

(She bends over his chair. He falls asleep. Jenny rises and looks anxiously at the clock, and bundle.)

Allan Gilroy appears at the window.)

Jenny—He's come at last! O, how hard and cruel is my fate! (*She opens the door, and Allan enters. He is dressed as a private soldier.*)

Allan—Jenny, I have a dogcart waiting at the corner of the road, so make haste. We are to join the steamer at Granton. She sails this evening.

Jenny—I am quite ready, Allan. But look at father!—sleeping so softly—looking so kindly.

Allan—He would not do so long if he saw *me* here. But haste, Jenny, or he may awake.

Jenny (*taking a sheet of paper from a drawer*)—I wrote this, Allan, to let him know that I have left him for you—left my father for my husband. (*She bursts into tears, and lays the paper upon the table.*) There! He will awake; he will wonder where I am; he will find and read this; and he will—(*covers her face with her hands*)—oh, I tremble to think of it!

Allan—Jenny, love, make an end. I know your devotion to your father; still, delay is most dangerous, so come at once. (*She struggles, and always looks back at her father, but at last rushes out at the door, followed by Allan, bearing the bundle. After a pause, Wemyss awakes.*)

Wemyss—Yes, Jenny, I will do it. As sure as I am Andrew Wemyss, my girl shall have a handsome —Ha! where are you, dearie? Old fool that I am, I've been sleeping for an age. Jenny will be working at the dairy by this time. She never was an idle girl, like some of your "fashionable misses." Yet, Johnnie and Peggy were coming to tea, and I forgot

to tell her. I'll call to her. (*Opens the door and calls.*)
 Jenny, Jenny! Hi, my lass, I've news for you!—
 No sound—where can she be! The little fairy used
 to run when she heard me. I'll get my hat—where
 is it? (*He looks round the room—orchestra plays
 softly "Home, sweet Home."*) There seems a kind of
 unusual disorder about the room—something odd about
 it—Jenny usually keeps it so trim. Oh, there's my
 hat on the table—(*approaches table*). What's this
 sheet of paper doing here?

(*He takes it up, reads it, trembles, looks wildly at
 the door, hastily puts on his hat, rushes towards
 door, but falls prostrate and insensible on his
 face before he reaches it. The orchestra still plays.
 Enter Johnnie and Peggy. They start back with
 horror, and then Johnnie kneels down and looks
 at Wemyss, and loosens his cravat. Peggy takes
 the paper which he held clutched in one of his
 hands, reads it, and shows it to Johnnie. Both
 bend over Wemyss. Curtain falls.*)

ACT III.—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Peggy is found preparing breakfast.

Peggy—Poor old man ! he can't last very long now. I'm sure, if it wasn't for Johnnie and me, he'd have no friends to help him at all. And he has fallen off so of late. Once I had a hope he would forget that awful, that terrible marriage. I thought he might pluck up heart a bit, and hope for the best. I'm sure Johnnie and I plagued him enough with always saying we thought everything yet might turn out well. But no ; he was as hard as—as the Salisbury Crags there. Ay, my word, he was harder than savage rock. (*Lays cloth and plates.*) Yet, why should he groan, and growl, and swear, in this way ? Why should he hate Allan Gilroy because he married Jenny, and denounce Jenny because she married Allan ? I haven't seen Allan for long, but he was a braw lad last time I set eyes on him, and a braw lad *ought* to have a braw lassie (as Jenny was) for his wife. I have no notion of ugly men getting pretty wives, or a bonny girl getting a yellow-faced old man. I *like* to see a handsome couple, and I believe God intended such to wed, so that a handsome race may be kept up on earth. Oh, it must be hard, hard for Him that fashioned Man

so gloriously in Eden to see an ugly couple about to wed, or a handsome man or woman left out in the cold. (*Peeps into a looking-glass.*) I once thought I had looks,—perhaps they're gone now. Johnnie was a braw lad though ; and if anyone wants to see a nest of the prettiest birds ever reared in Mid-Lothian, let them just come to Linkladle and see our bonny children.

(*Enter Johnnie Pringle smoking a short clay pipe.*)

Johnnie—Well, Peggy girl, how's the old man? Preparing his breakfast for him, eh?

Peggy—Old Andrew's very frail, Johnnie. I can't think he'll last long now. He's "wearin' awa'," as the song says, and there's not much left of him. He's just skin and bone.

Johnnie—I remember when it took a stout cob to carry him, and the strongest lad in the parish to beat him at wrestling or putting the stone. "Times change, and we also," as the minister says. Yet Wemyss has hastened his end, wife. He's taken his daughter's marriage too much to heart. And why shouldn't she marry Allan? He wasn't so bad a fellow as all that. He was a little thoughtless—as most boys are. He had his faults,—and who has not? But, still, he was of decent parents, and showed a good heart. He did certainly enlist, but, in these days of wars and victories, half the lads' heads have been turned ; and, since this war began, I could scarcely get a good ploughman—all were off to fight for our country. And God grant it may always be so!

Peggy—Johnnie, you and I agree. I always liked soldiers.

Johnnie—Hum, hum ! You needn't go back again upon old matters. Talking of soldiers, though, now this war's over, we may expect to be seeing many of them back again.

Peggy—Yes, so we may ; and Allan Gilroy—what's come of him ?

Johnnie—God alone knows. They don't mention privates' names in the despatches. The papers are full, though, of officers killed and wounded. (*Pulls a newspaper out of his pocket.*) The letters of these " War Correspondents " are enough to put fire into the heart of the quietest lad that ever poured out his grandmother's tea. Why, here's one, filling three columns of the *Scotsman*, detailing the triumphant entry of our troops into that foreign place with the long Hieland name I can't pronounce. Peggy lass, though I never did anything warlike, I'd like to have been there. (*Reads.*) " Cannons booming "—" bayonets glittering "—" banners waving "—" girls throwing garlands of flowers "—

Peggy—Stop, Johnnie, I've had enough of it. I'm afraid you could scarcely have been trusted there.

Johnnie—Well, well, they'll all be home some day, at any rate ; and I only hope *our* girls will give as warm a welcome to the gallant lads that have fought so bravely for them.

(*Side door thrown open from within.*)

Peggy—Hush ! Andrew Wemyss is coming in.

(Enter slowly Wemyss, looking pale and emaciated, leaning heavily on a stick. Johnnie and Peggy hasten towards him and assist him to reach his arm-chair, in which he sits.)

Wemyss—Thank you, good, kind people! May heaven's blessing descend on you for helping a poor old man in his sore distress. I've had a bad night; I never could get it out of my mind all night long.

Johnnie—What?

Wemyss—It's now a year since it happened—a long year.

Peggy—*(aside to Johnnie)*—He means since Jenny left.

Wemyss—I have suffered much during that time, and I have resolved— fetch me the big Bible lying on the table there, Johnnie.

Johnnie—The Family Bible, Andrew?

Wemyss—Ay, the Family Bible, which my mother gave me at my wedding.

(Johnnie fetches a large Bible, and lays it before Wemyss.)

Wemyss—*(opening Bible)*—On this fly-leaf I have written the date of my marriage—oh! that it had never taken place; then, the date of the death of my dear wife—now an angel in heaven! Here, too, are the dates of the births and the deaths of my two sons—*(bursts into tears, and covers his face with his hands)*—my darling boys! whom I bred as farmers, whom I intended to succeed me, but—who both died in their prime. And then, here is written the date of birth of

one whom I believed to be an angel of light and purity—in whom I trusted as mortal never trusted before—my daughter—(*he covers his face with his hands. Then cries*)—bring me a pen and ink, John Pringle, and do you and your wife be witnesses to the act I now perform! (*Johnnie hesitates.*) Why don't you do as I bid? Pen and ink, I say! I have lain all night thinking about it, and I resolved that, when I rose this morning, and before I said my prayers to God, I would do it.

Peggy—Before you prayed to God, did you say, Andrew Wemyss? Then it cannot be a good act.

Wemyss—(*roars*)—Bring pen and ink here, John Pringle! Cannot I do what I will with my own?

Johnnie—I know not what you may be after, Andrew Wemyss, but I pray God it may be nothing hasty or wrong. (*He fetches a pen and inkstand.*)

Wemyss—(*dipping the pen in ink*)—Here, then, I repeat, inscribed upon the fly-leaf of this Bible, stand the name and date of birth of my only daughter, Janet Wemyss, a name sacred to me because it was her mother's, but accursed because of her eloping with a villain.

Johnnie—Your language is strong, Andrew Wemyss—too strong.

Wemyss—And so shall be my act! I take you to witness, John Pringle and Peggy Pringle, that, by drawing my pen, as I shall do, through the name of my daughter, Janet Wemyss, I do disown her utterly and for ever. I do declare her to be no daughter of mine—to be—

(Cheering heard outside, gradually getting louder and louder; then the rumbling of a carriage, which stops at the door of Holly Bush Farm. Johnnie and Peggy rush to the window.)

Peggy—Heaven preserve us! A braw coach, and a brawer couple in it!—the leddy in white satin, and the gentleman, an officer in scarlet and gold!

(The door is flung open from without. Enter Allan Gilroy in the full-dress uniform of an officer, and with his left arm in a sling. On his right arm is Jenny Wemyss in a white satin dress. Andrew Wemyss, Johnnie, and Peggy look on astonished. Cheers continue without. The orchestra plays softly, "Home, sweet Home.")

Jenny—*(coming forward to her father and kissing him)*
—My poor, dear father! Jenny's returned to Holly Bush once more.

Allan—*(advancing and falling upon one knee before Wemyss)*—I had to crave your pardon, sir, for taking away from you your daughter as the wife of a private soldier. Permit me, Captain Allan Gilroy—a title won on the field of battle alone—to present her to you again as the wife of a British officer.

Wemyss—*(after a pause, to Allan)*—Did you tell me that you had risen from the ranks to be a captain?

Allan—I did. I have been rewarded with a captain's commission and with the Victoria cross. The wound which I received when doing what gained me the cross is still fresh, and I am half afraid I may have lost the use of my left arm for ever.

Wemyss—(after a pause, to *Allan*)—You have fought and suffered in your country's cause—I respect you for doing so. You have risen from a private to the rank of captain—I respect you still more. I think I have sufficient proofs that you are well worthy of my daughter, and I forgive you for what I deemed a great injustice at the time. Johnnie, lad, put aside that Family Bible—Jenny shall still remain child of mine.

Jenny—Was there ever question of it?

Wemyss—There was. By heaven's mercy alone, child, you arrived at Holly Bush when you did. Had you been a minute later—but now that it is past, let it be past.

Peggy—And all shall be happy yet in Holly Bush farm! (*Rushes up to Jenny and kisses her.*) Oh, Jenny lass, this is better news for me than your braw, braw officer and white satin gown!

Jenny—Yes, Father, Johnnie, Peggy, all shall be happy yet in “Home, sweet Home.” Oh, how I have thought of you all, and longed to see you again, when far away! I longed for old Holly Bush farm, and my father and friends who were there. And now, heaven be thanked, I have found you once more, and seen Holly Bush again; for where on earth could I find happiness and peace but here?

(*She sings, the orchestra accompanying, and Allan, Johnnie, and Peggy joining in the chorus.*)

'Mid pleasures and palaces,
Wherever I may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like Home.

A charm from the skies
 Seems to hallow us when there,
 Which, search through the world,
 And you'll find it not elsewhere.

Chorus—Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
 There's no place like Home—
 There's no place like Home!

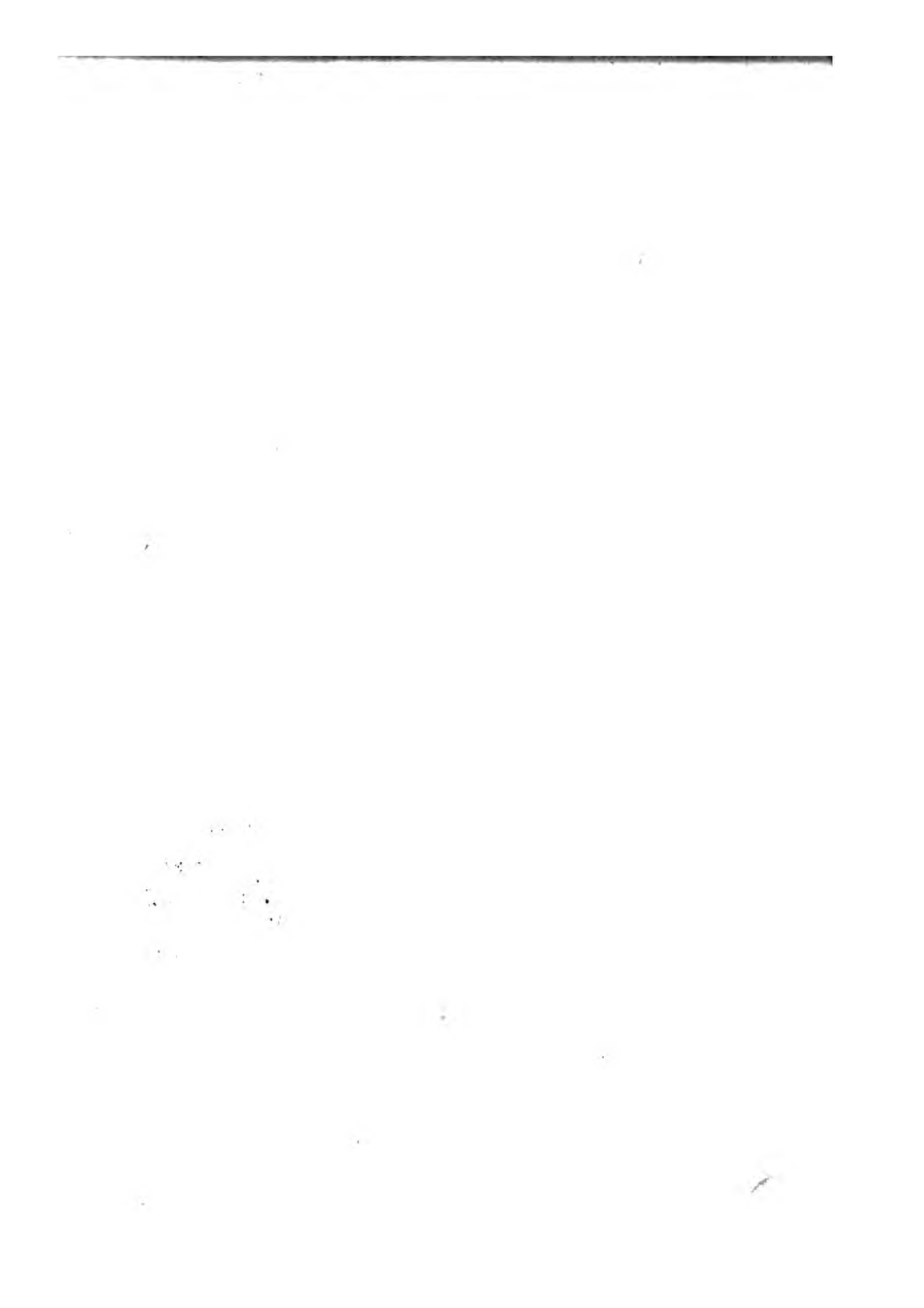
An exile from home
 Pleasure dazzles in vain—
 Oh! give me back my cottage,
 And honest friends again!
 The birds singing gaily
 That came at my call;
 And give me back my peace of mind,
 That's dearer than them all.

Chorus—Home, Home, &c.

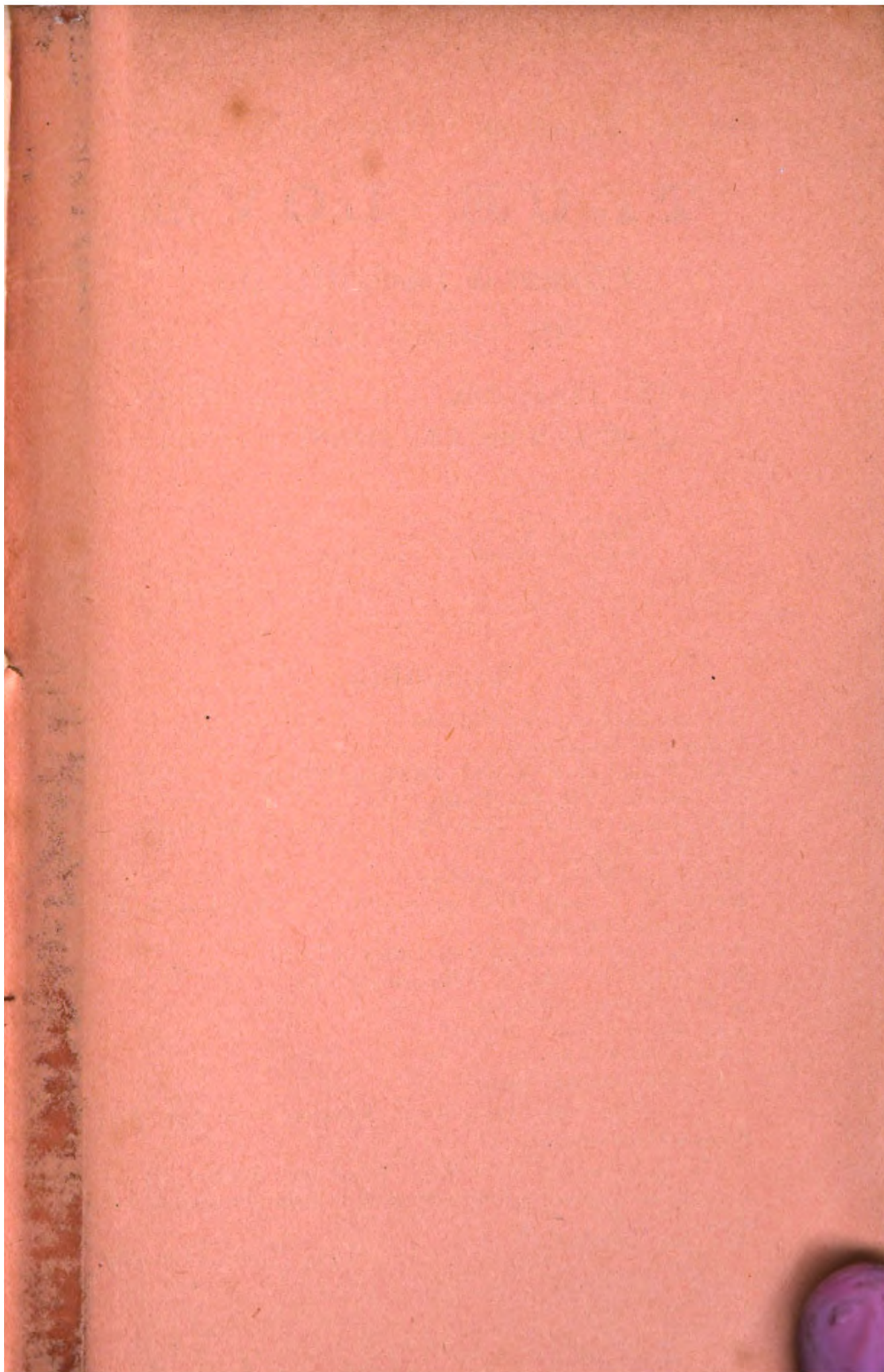
*(Jenny throws her arms round her father's neck.
 Curtain falls to the music of "Home, sweet Home.")*

THE END.









By the Author of "Home, Sweet Home!"

TRUE LOVE.

A COMEDY OF FASHIONABLE LIFE,
IN THREE ACTS.

I.—THE STAIRCASE. II.—THE PORTRAIT.
III.—THE HIGHLAND SHOOTING LODGE.

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" Ah me ! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth."

*A Midsummer's Night's Dream.*

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Characters.

HECTOR GRANT (CHARLES STUART), *an Artist.*

LORD BROADMEADOWS.

REV. CHARLES BOWDEN, *Vicar of Harley.*

SIR THOMAS OXLEY, *BART.*

FREDERICK OXLEY, *his Son.* Engaged to Clara Mowbray.

MILES, *a Circus Proprietor.*

EPHRAIM, *a Jew.* The promoter of a London Joint-Stock Company.

EVANS, *1st Footman,* } Servants of Lord
FRANCIS, *2d Do.,* } Broadmeadows.

A HIGHLAND POSTMAN.

TWO DETECTIVES.

CLARA MOWBRAY.

LADY BROADMEADOWS.

Scene.—In first two Acts, London. In last Act, Scotch Highlands.

The hero in "True Love," takes part in the revolutionary movement which occurred in London some years ago.

[To be Published shortly.]



