Act II - Scene 3

(Immediately afterwards, the Study of the Governor's House. May be played in front of the inner curtain.)

NARCISSA

This way, Captain Campley. I sent for you because I must speak to you at once.

CAMPLEY

I am always ready to come at your slightest call, dear lady.

NARCISSA

Father has returned this very morning, Captain, and now he has sent Patty to bring inkle here so we may be married before the morning is out.

CAMPLEY

No, it can't be so!

NARCISSA

You, sir, must go to him at once, explain to him the whole situation, and persuade him to change his mind from this resolve.

CAMPLEY

At once, though I fear facing him more than any foe I've ever come upon.

NARCISSA

Dash! I hear his voice! Quickly, this way. Then hurry around to the front again and have yourself announced.

(THEY go out as SIR CHRISTOPHER and MR. MEDIUM enter)

SIR CHRISTOPHER

Well, Medium, old man, I have sent the maid Patty to call inkle here at once. I'll go and prepare Narcissa directly; they shall be married slap-dash, as soon as he comes from the quay. From Neptune to Hymen!

MEDIUM

Well, well, I'm glad to see it under way at last.

SIR CHRISTOPHER

She shall rise to him like Venus out of the sea. But in the meantime, I'll call for Narcissa, and all shall be concluded in a second.

MEDIUM

I shall run down to the shore and see what detains him. Probably just got up and stayed behind to get his hair puff'd a bit.

SIR CHRISTOPHER

His hair puff'd! He could to have been puffing here, out of breath, by this time. Yes, do, my good Medium, go hurry him along.

MEDIUM

At once, Sir Christopher.

(SIR CHRISTOPHER hurries his off.)
SIR CHRISTOPHER

Yes, my heart's set upon this marriage. Poor Inkle! After all his rumbles and tumbles and jumbles and fits of despair -- I shall be rejoiced to see him. I have not seen him since he was that high. But, zounds, he must know I've returned, and he's so tardy in calling.

PATTY

(Entering)
A gentleman, sir, desires to see you.

SIR CHRISTOPHER

O'd's my life -- Tis he -- Show him up.
(Enter CAMPLEY uncertainly)

Inkle! Ah, the rogue is expeditious, after all. I'm so happy.

CAMPLEY

My dear fellow!

(Embraces him, shakes hands. CAMPLEY is startled.)

I'm rejoiced to see you. Welcome! Welcome here, with all my heart!

CAMPLEY

This reception, Sir Christopher, is beyond my warmest wishes. Sir, unknown to you I --

SIR CHRISTOPHER

Certainly, certainly, we shall be better acquainted by and by. Well and how, eh? Tell me! But old Medium and I have talked over your affair a hundred times a day ever since Narcissa arrived.

CAMPLEY

You surprise me. Are you really acquainted with the whole affair?

SIR CHRISTOPHER

Every tittle.

CAMPLEY

And, can you, sir, pardon, what is part.

SIR CHRISTOPHER

Poh! You were lost, how could you help it?

CAMPLEY

Very true.

SIR CHRISTOPHER

And since I first heard I have made a hundred conjectures about you. Yours despair and distress, and all that --

CAMPLEY

You can't imagine my despair and distress, sir...
SIR CHRISTOPHER
I'm sure I can, although yours has been a bad situation to say
the least.

CAMPBELL
Cruel, indeed, Sir Christopher. And I flatter myself will move
your compassion. I have been almost inclined to despair, indeed,
as you say; the black prospect before me . . . The difficulty I
have felt in bringing myself face to face with you.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
That I am convinced of — but I knew you would come the first
opportunity.

CAMPBELL
Very true: yet the distance between the Governor of the Barbadoes
and myself was so great.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
Yes indeed, a devilish way. A thousand miles at least!

CAMPBELL
No, more. Perhaps, sir, in your younger days you may have been
in the same situation yourself.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
Who? I. Sblood, no, never in my life.

CAMPBELL
I wish you had with all my soul, Sir Christopher!

SIR CHRISTOPHER
(Taken aback)
Upon my soul sir, I'm sure I'm much obliged to you.

CAMPBELL
And now, if I may venture to mention Miss Narcissa . . .

SIR CHRISTOPHER
(Chuckling)
An impatient, sensible young dog! Like me to a hair! Set your
heart at rest, my boy. She's yours; yours before the morning is
out.

CAMPBELL
Amazement. I can scarce believe my senses.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
Ah, and here comes Narcissa now. Here girl, here's your swain.

(Enter NARCISSA)
CAMPLEY
I just parted from my Narcissa, sir.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
Did you! Ah, sly dog — had a meeting before you came to the old gentleman — But here, take him, and make much of him — and, for fear of future separation, you shall o'en be tacked together directly. What say you, girl?

CAMPLEY
Will my Narcissa consent to my happiness?

NARCISSA
(Taking out a wedding veil)
I always obey my father's commands, with pleasure sir.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
I'm so happy, I hardly know what way to turn; but we'll have the carriage directly, drive down to the quay; trundle old Reverent Spintext into church, and hey for matrimony!

CAMPLEY
With all my heart, Sir Christopher, the sooner the better!

(THEY hurry out as CURTAIN opens on final scene.)
Act II — Scene 4

(Enter TRUDGE with new boots, walking along the quay with WORSKI. TRUDGE walks to show off boots.) (MUSIC)

TRUDGE

Well, there’s nothing like a little walk in a shiny new pair of boots that one’s master has suddenly given him. (Tips his hat)

Notice how they all look.

WORSKI

Aye, they look at you because you very handsome!

TRUDGE

(Singing.)

A Clerk I was in London gay
Jimmy-jimmy linkum feedle
And went in boots to see the play
Merry, merry fiddlele tuddle
I marched the lobby, twirled my stick
Diddle daddle, diddle daddle duddle
Those girls all cried: he’s quite the kick
Jimmy-jimmy linkum feedle, oh, Jimmy-jimmy linkum feedle!

WORSKI

Your London girls with roguish trip,
Wheele wheele wheele wheele;
Boast their pouting under lip
Fiddle faddle feedle;
But Wors would beat a hundred such
Diddle daddle duddle
Whole upper lip puts twice as much,
Oh pretty double wheele!

TRUDGE AND WORSKI

Rings I’ll buy to deck her toes,
Jimmy-jimmy linkum feedle;
A feather fine shall grace her nose,
Waving sidle sidle,
With jealousy I ne’er shall burst,
Who’d steal my bon-a-bona,
A white OTHELLO I, can trust
A pink old DESDEMONA!

TRUDGE

(Looking off)

Look a here, one of your countrymen coming this way — and seemingly most distraught.

WORSKI

It the queen Matroska.

QUEEN

(Entering, wrings her hands.)

Ah sir, have you seen my son?
TRUDGE
You mean that little boy? Why, with all the feathers and bells I should say it would be hard to lose him.

JoEEN
I have not seen him since the first evening we arrived, and he asked to stay outside to play a bit.

(Swering off)
Al Starlight, Starlight, someone please help me . . . !

TRUDGE
Poor woman.

TOWSKI
Look, here is your master Inkle.

TRUDGE
Well, let's continue our little turn around the town and greet him.

(THEY start to walk along as INKLE enters).

INKLE
Trudge, take the girl to the inn. I have an important errand for you.

TRUDGE
We thought we would just take a little air, Master Inkle.

(Inpatiently)
INKLE
Scurry, I need a message delivered at once.

TRUDGE
(Somewhat taken aback)
Yes sir.

(Takes TOWSKI into the Crown)

INKLE
I know not what to think. I have given her distant hints of parting; but still, so strong her confidence in my affection, she pretties on without regarding me. Poor Varicci! When I would speak, her look, her mere simplicity, disarms me. I dare not wound such innocence. Yet, must I sacrifice all my happiness to innocence?

MEDIUM
(Entering.)
Well, well, here he is! Give me your hand, nephew! Welcome, welcome, with all my heart!

INKLE
I'm glad to see you Uncle medium.
MEDIUM
News that you were safe and sound reached the ears of the governor and we as we toured the Northern Plantations, and I can tell you the old boy was very impatient to get us back and have you married to his Narcissa right off.

INKLE
Tomorrow, I hear, he expects me.

MEDIUM
Tomorrow! Directly, this moment, in half a second! I left him standing on tiptoe in hat and coat with carriage waiting by, to embrace you and whisk the happy couple off to church to be married.

INKLE
Is he so hasty?

MEDIUM
Hasty! He's all pepper, boy, and wonders you're not with him. Come, bustle, bustle. He's a rare and touchy old crotch, I can tell you; and if he takes it into his head that you show the least slight to his daughter, Narcissa, it will knock up all your schemes in a minute.

INKLE
(Aside)
Confusion! If the governor should hear of Narcissa!

MEDIUM
Ah, what say you? Why are you so pale?

INKLE
It must be done effectively or all is lost; mere parting would not conceal it.

MEDIUM
Ah, the boys at his damned square roots again.

INKLE
Time is precious, perhaps I can find Captain Bavedot who first spoke for her. Common prudence now demands it. I'm fixed; I'll part with her.

MEDIUM
What the devil are you raving about?

INKLE
Nothing uncle. Hurry along to the Governor's house and I'll meet you shortly.

INKLE
Yes — well — then make it as fast as you can.

MEDIUM
(As he goes off)
Poor boy, the woods have turned the poor boy's brains apparently!
Trudge!

Trudge

Right here sir.

(Hurries in)

Now what's the errand, sir?

Inkle

A note I want you to deliver to Yarico.

(Stops apart and starts to write)

I'll write her of my purpose. It is lucky that I taught her to
decypher characters recently. Now my labor is repaid.

Trudge

(Aside)

How good that my master can write his lady's notes. I would be nice
to be able to write little messages to my rows — but alas, she
can't read.

Inkle

(As he writes)

This is somewhat less abrupt. It will soften matters.

(Folding the note. Trudge who has been whistling Fee-Fiddle
jumps to attention when called)

Here Trudge. Give this to Yarico; then bring her hither with you.
I'll meet you there shortly. I have a piece of important business
to transact.

Trudge

Right, sir. You know me. I'll have it delivered in a minute.

(Skips off whistling happily.)

Inkle

Now, to find someone to buy Yarico from me.

Trudge

(Returning, walking very slowly, the note in his hand.
Cresses in silence.)

sir — I — I think there's a mistake in the note . . .

Inkle

What, have you read it?

Trudge

Oh no, sir!

(Swallowing)

Yes, sir, I read it. I did, sir. And Master Inkle, I can't believe
you're going to part with Yarico and sell her into slavery.

Inkle

Don't argue, Trudge, it's not your place to argue. Deliver the note.

But sir . . . !
Go I say!

TRUDGE

I would think —

INKLE

No more! Do as I say! It would be folly for me to do otherwise. I'm determined.

TRUDGE

I would think if your honor was to go and speak to poor Madame Yarico at least . . .

INKLE

Damnation! Scoundrel, how dare you off your advice? Begone, sir!

TRUDGE

Yes sir, I will sir. But one last thing, sir. I've worked for you for a long while, sir, and I've a half year's wages due the twenty-fifth, due for writing your parchments and dressing your hair — but you can have your scribbling of parchments, and frizzling of your hair — and you can have my wages, too, and I and Nows will take ourselves off together! She saved my life and rov me if anything but death shall part us!

INKLE

You shall have your wages. I absolve you from your indenture. There's nothing so bad as an insolent, familiar, servant!

TRUDGE

And you can have your boots, too.

INKLE

[Paths them before INKLE]

How we're all squared, Mister Inkle. And don't worry yourself. I'll even run this last errand for you, so you can't say Timothy Trudge, your factotum, didn't always carry out your orders as he was ought!

(_EXIT TRUDGE exits barefooted.)

INKLE

[Stares after him. Then, after a moment]

Riddance! He always ate more than he was worth anyhow.

(Looks at the boots)

And I was always good to him. But that's gratitude. I gave him these new boots, but does he look kindly on me?

(After a moment)

Yet . . . No, we have learned in business to make a decision and set on it. And so I shall. Taxi!

(Enter MRS. MEADOWS in a taxi carried by slaves)

MEADOWS

I'm sorry, Mr. Inkle, this one is taken. I'm waiting for Mrs. Nwitser, and then we must trot off to a party, but I'll be glad to send it back to you as soon as we get there.
INKLE
Madam, have you perchance seen Captain Duvedot along the way.

MEADOWS
No, his ship, the Moontide, sailed only this morning.
(To her porters)
Put me down, we'll wait for her here.

(INKLE starts to go, but PRINCE STARLIGHT discovered now chained among the four slaves, motions to him).

STARLIGHT
Sir, sir . . . Mister Inkle, isn't it?

INKLE
Yes, it is — why, it's Prince Starlight!

STARLIGHT
Fallen in station, sir, dimmed, and the most miserable of creatures; robbed, stolen, and sold into slavery, sir.

INKLE
Well, I am sure you will find your master much more pleasant than he may first seem, boy.

STARLIGHT
Will you take a message to my mother? Poor woman — I have seen the little but they sold her for all her money, and I have heard how she has waited for neighbors to call, or to be invited to the great houses — but none speak to them. When I have seen her I have hidden my face so she won't discover what a pass has come to her son. Please, tell her you have seen me and you have heard I have returned to our own country, and try to lead her to return herself.

INKLE
Why, she can return at any time, if she has money for the passage.

STARLIGHT
Civilization has been cruel to us, sir. I have seen my father, the great chief Natooka, sitting alone on the front porch of the house, rocking. Strewed across the yard were many feathers because my father, the great king, has begun to moult.

INKLE
That is the way of the world, my boy, not just the cruelty of civilization. The great Kings moult, and Starlight is turned into the fourth part of a taxi.

(Turning)
It is why we must be firm and strong in our transactions with the world.
Ah, there's Mrs. Newitzer — Starlight, move along — she doesn't see us . . . Hurry . . .
(Beats on them impatiently as they hurry out carrying her.)

STARLIGHT

(As they go)
Please, Mr. Inkle, don't forget my message.

INKLE

(Starting to go himself)
A pitiful sight indeed. One to move the sentiment of any man — and it does mine. But if we were to allow ourselves to be moved by every sorrowful thing, all our energy would be spent at tears.
(Exits.)
(Enter Governor Curry, very happy.)

SIR CHRISTOPHER

O'd's my life. I can scarce contain my happiness. I have left the couple safe in church in the middle of the ceremony. I ought to have given Narcissa away, they told me, but I capered about so much for joy, that old Spintext advised me to go and cool my heels on the quay until it was all over. O'ds, I'm happy!

INKLE

(Re-entering)
Hark'ee there, old gentleman!

SIR CHRISTOPHER

Well, young gentleman?

INKLE

If I mistake now, I know your business here.

SIR CHRISTOPHER

Goad, I believe half the island knows it by now.

INKLE

Then to the point — I have a female whom I wish to part with. If you will assure me that you will use her mildly and treat her with more kindness than is usual — for I can tell you, she's of no common stamp — we will quickly meet an agreement.

SIR CHRISTOPHER

Oho, a slave! Faith, now I think on it, my daughter now that she's married may want an attendant or two.

INKLE

She's the finest kind I assure you, but as for her treatment . . .

SIR CHRISTOPHER

Look young man, I like to be plain. I shall treat her a good deal better than you would I warrent. Though I witness the custom every day, I can't help thinking the only excuse for buying our fellow creatures is to rescue them from the hands of those who are unfeeling enough to bring them to market.
INKLE
Sharp words, sir. An Englishman won't put up with an affront.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
You use the name "Englishman", more the shame on you. Men who are so fully blessed with liberty, are, alas, doubly cruel in depriving the helpless of their freedom. But no more of that. Ask at the castle for me tomorrow.

INKLE
The castle? Oh then you are a steward with the governor. Well old man, I plan to sleep there tonight.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
How's that?

INKLE
But I don't want a word of this transaction to reach Governor Curry, because for reasons which perhaps you'll know later, I might be injured with the Governor, whose most particular friend I am.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
Oh, and I fancy, young gentleman, as you are such a bosom friend of the Governor's you can hardly do anything to alter your situation with him?

INKLE
Doubtless you know his character?

SIR CHRISTOPHER
As well as I know my own. You are well acquainted with his character I take it?

INKLE
I am. You know him as well as I — a very touchy, testy, old crotch.

(Side)
Here's a Scoundrel. I hot and touchy! I can hardly contain my passion, but I won't let him know who I am and get to the bottom of this.

(TO INKLE)
So where is this girl you want to sell?

INKLE
I have sent my servant with a message and she'll be here shortly. Depend on me, your secrecy won't be unrewarded. I'll recommend you to the governor when I see him.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
Thank you, but I'm pretty much in his good graces as it is.

(TRUDGE re-enters.)
INKLE
Now, Trudge, have you performed your message?

TRUDGE
Yes, I gave her the letter.

INKLE
And where is Yarico? Didn’t you speak to her?

TRUDGE
I couldn’t, sir, I couldn’t — I intended to say what you bid me — but I felt such a pain in my throat, I couldn’t speak a word for the soul of me; and sir, I fell a crying.

INKLE
Blockhead.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
Sblood, but he’s a very honest blockhead. Tell me, my good fellow, what said the wench?

TRUDGE
Nothing at all, sir. She sat down with her two hands clasped on her knees, and looked so pitifully in my face, I could not stand it. Oh here she comes. I’ll go and find Nans; if I must be melancholy, she shall keep me company.
(Exit TRUDGE.)

SIR CHRISTOPHER
Os’my life, as comely a wench as ever I saw!
(Enter YARICO, who looks for some time into Inkle’s face, then bursts into tears.)

INKLE
In tears! Nay, Yarico! Why this?

YARICO
Oh do not leave me.

INKLE
Now, you must listen carefully. My interest here is nothing; I can do nothing for myself. You are ignorant of our country’s customs. I must give way to men more powerful who will not have me with you. We must always pay careful care in every respect to those around us, and meet in every respect the opinions of the majority toward us.
(Turning to SIR CHRISTOPHER.)
But see, my Yarico, ever anxious for your welfare, I’ve found a kind, good person who will protect you.

YARICO
But why not you?

INKLE
I have no means.
YARICO

(Coming forward)
Take me to yonder mountain where I see no smoke from the tall, high houses filled with your cruel countrymen. None of your princes there will come to take me from you. And should they try that way, we'll find a lurking place, just like my own poor home; where many a day I sat beside you, and blessed the chance that brought you to it — that I might save your life. Come, come, let us go. I always feared these cities!

INKLE

Here we, Yarico. My countrymen and yours differ as much in minds as in complexions. We were not born to live in woods and caves — to seek subsistence by pursuing beasts. We hunt money, girl; here, tis money which brings us ease, plenty, command, power, everything — and, of course, happiness.

YARICO

No, I cannot believe any of that.

INKLE

Can't you understand; we are a complex, civilized, Christian people, and much as we would like we can't live by those impractical, fanciful values of your countrymen. You are my bar to attaining happiness, my countrymen demand, therefore tis necessary for my good — and which I think you value...

YARICO

... You know I do! So much, that it would break my heart to leave you!

INKLE

But we must part! If you are seen with me, I shall lose all.

YARICO

I gave up all for you, all that was dear to me, and still grown dearer since you sheltered there. All was left for you — and, were it now to do again, I know again I would cross the sea and follow you.

INKLE

We idle time. Sir, she is yours. See you obey this gentleman; twill be the better for you.

(Giving YARICO to the GOVERNOR)

YARICO

0 barbarous! Do not, do not abandon me!

(Holding him)

INKLE

No more. I dare not listen. You, sir, I hope will take good care of her.

SIR CHRISTOPHER

Aye, aye. Oh, mean, sordid, wretch! Dead to all sense of honor, gratitude, or humanity. I have a son-in-law who has been left in the same situation as you in America; but, if I thought him capable
SIR CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)

of such cruelty, dame if I would not return him to sea in a cockle shell. Come, come, cheer up, my girl. You shan't want a friend to protect you.

INKLE

Insolence! The governor shall hear of your insults.

SIR CHRISTOPHER

The governor! Oh liar, cheat, rogue, imposter, breaking all ties you ought to keep, and pretending to those you have no right to. The governor never had such a fellow as you in the whole catalogue of his acquaintances. The governor disowns you; the Governor disclaims you; the Governor abhors you; and, to your utter confusion, here stands the governor to tell you so. Here stand old Curry, who never talked to a rogue without telling him what he thought of him.

INKLE

Sir Christopher! Lost and undone!

(Enter MR. MEDIUM)

MEDIUM

Hello! Young multiplication! Zounds, I've searched all over for you, but here you are at last. Ah, Sir Christopher, so you are here too. Too impatient to wait at home. But here's one that will make you happy, I fancy.

(Clapping INKLE on the shoulder)

SIR CHRISTOPHER

How came you to know him?

(MEDIUM

(Chuckling)

Well, that's curious. So you two have been talking here without finding out who each other are.

SIR CHRISTOPHER

No, I have found him out with a vengeance.

MEDIUM

Why this is the dear boy. It's my nephew, that is, your son-in-law that is to be. It's Inkle!

SIR CHRISTOPHER

It's a lie; and you're a pure-blind old booby. Here comes the dear boy, the true boy, the jolly boy, piping hot from church with my daughter.

(Enter CAMPLEY, NARCissa.)
Cempley!

Cempley?

Narcissa!

Dear!

Inkle!

Dum.

Sir Christopher

Who? Cempley? It's no such thing.

Cempley

But yes sir, that's my name indeed, Sir Christopher.

Sir Christopher

The devil it is. And how came you, sir, to impose upon me and assume the name of Inkle?

Cempley

I never did, sir. Since I sailed from England and first met your daughter, my affection has increased daily; and when I came to explain myself to you, apparently you mistook me for that gentleman. Yet had I even then been aware of your mistake, I must confess the regard for Narcissa would have tempted me to let you remain deceived.

Sir Christopher

And did you, Narcissa, join in this deception.

Narcissa

I only obeyed your command, dear father.

Cempley

I am a soldier, Sir Christopher. Love and war is a soldier's motto; though my income is trifling to your intended son-in-law's, still the chance of war has enabled me to have money enough to marry. Your daughter's fortune we will not need, sir.

Sir Christopher

None of that. You will have her fortune. Give me your hand, my young hero, and bless you both. Thank you, thank you for cheating an old fellow into giving his daughter to a lad of spirit, when he was going to throw her away upon one in whose breast the mean passion of avarice smothers the smallest spark of affection or humanity.
(INKLE turns upstage furiously. Enter TRUDGE and WOJSKI)

TRUDGE
Come along, Wows. Take a long last leave of your poor mistress; throw your pretty vermilion arms around her neck.

WOJSKI
No, no. She not go; you not leave poor Wowski.
(Putting her arms around YARICO, at her feet)

SIR CHRISTOPHER
Poor girl! A companion, I take it!

TRUDGE
A thing of my own, sir. I couldn't help following my masters example. Like master, like man, you know the saying sir.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
Now, will you sell her to me for a goodly sum? She's a pretty thing.

TRUDGE
Hang me, I would not sell her for anything sir.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
(Delighted, going to then hand extended)
You are a man!
(WOJSKI who cries in TRUDGE's ARMS puts out her hand and shakes with SIR CHRISTOPHER)
Well, what say you, old Medium, for your hopeful nephew?

MEDIUM
I never speak ill of my friends, Sir Christopher.

INKLE
(Coming down)
Then let me speak.

SIR CHRISTOPHER
No, we have heard too much.

INKLE
Suppose, old gentleman, you had a son?

SIR CHRISTOPHER
Sblood, then I'd make him an honest fellow, and teach him that the feeling heart never knows greater pride than when it's employed in giving succour to the unfortunate. I'd teach him to be his father's own son to a hair.

INKLE
Even so was I tutored from infancy, bending my tender mind, like a young spangling to his will. I was taught in childhood to repeat old sayings all tending toward his own fixed principles; and the first sentence that I ever spoke was Charity begins at home.
SIR CHRISTOPHER
I shall never like a proverb again as long as I live.

INKLE
As I grew, it was proven — and by example — were I in want, I would starve for all my neighbors would care; why then, should I care for the world? Men now live for themselves. Those were his doctrines; then, sir, what would you say, should I, in spite of habit, precept, education, go against all my earliest training?

SIR CHRISTOPHER
True. Then you would be an undutiful fellow. O, curse such principles. Principles which destroy all confidence between man and man.

INKLE
Principles which I renounce.

ER?

INKLE.
Renounce entirely. Ill-founded precept has too long steeled my breast. May I put aside words. May I ask: Yarico, will you consider having me once again?

TRUBEG
(Capering about)
Wows, give me a kiss! Oh, give me a kiss!

(Embraces WOSKI, embraces INKLE and YARICO)

YARICO
And shall we — shall we be happy?

INKLE
Aye, forever and ever Yarico.

WOSKI
Oh, I so happy, but look, I can't help cry! Maybe I not so happy as I think!

SIR CHRISTOPHER
And you, young man, your hand — I am proud and happy to shake it.

MEDIUM
Well, Sir Christopher, what do you say to my nephew now?

SIR CHRISTOPHER
(Pronouncing)
I say, that it is ungenerous enough to remember the bad action of a man who has virtue left in his heart to repent it!
(EVERYBODY cheers.)

YARICO

(Coming down to the audience)
So now the play is all but concluded. Our Inkle has repeated, and
love and virtue are restored and rewarded. Yet the traveller, Lignon,
who first put down this story taken from life and from the lips of
the real and living Yarico reports that no such repentance took
place; and she was put into slavery for the rest of her life. So
then, as you can see, this is a play — undisturbed by those
perverse little spirits who disorder life — a play, wherein
we may uphold what we do not practice, wherein we may, even in
a moment reconsider all our past acts. A play — where in
the consequence of unkindness may be reversed. No tragic creatures
we, so that none dare be disturbed by us, we take care to restore
order and happily conclude. But to the memory of that far-way
Yarico, foolish, kind, unhappy girl who was not so well provided for
in life as we have been here by our author, we dedicate our
more fortunate conclusion, and end now with a finale.

(EVERYBODY comes forward. MUSIC.)

TRUDGE

Shods, now I'm fixed for life,
My fortune's fair, though red's my wife,
Who fears domestic strife —
Who cares a snare?
Merry, cheery, my pink old dear,
Shall find with her factotum here,
Nigh and day, I'll frisk and play,
About the house, with ver's!

CHORUS

Come let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes bells shall ring
Love scarce the fiddle-string,
And Venus plays the lute!

INKLE

Since thus each anxious care
Is vanished into empty air,
Ah, how can I forbear
To join the joyous dance?
To and fro, couples go
On the light fantastic toe,
While with glee, merrily,
The rosy hours advance.

CHORUS

Come let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes bells shall ring,
etc.
WORSKI
When first the swelling sea
Rither bore my love and me,
What then my fate would be,
Little did I think —
Doomed to know care and woe
Happy now our Yarico
Since her love will constant prove,
And nobly scorns to shrink!

CHORUS
(As Bells ring, etc.)
Come let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes bells shall ring
Love scrapes the fiddle-string,
And Venus plays the lute!

(CORHYDA.)