

Welsh Honeymoon

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

Jeannette Marks, playwright, poet, essayist, and writer of short stories, was born in 1875 at Chattanooga, Tennessee. She grew up in Philadelphia, however, where her father was a member of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. Her education in this country was supplemented by a sojourn at a school in Dresden. She took her first degree at Wellesley College in 1900, and her master's degree there in 1903. Her graduate studies were pursued at the Bodleian Library and at the British Museum. Since 1901 she has taught English literature at Mount Holyoke.

The play here reprinted, *Welsh Honeymoon*, was one of the two--the other was her *The Merry, Merry Cuckoo*--that won the Welsh National Theatre First Prize for the best Welsh plays in November, 1911, the year after Josephine Preston Peabody had carried off the palm at Stratford-on-Avon.

She writes in her preface to *Three Welsh Plays*, the collection from which *Welsh Honeymoon* is drawn:

"'Poetry' and 'song' are words which convey, better than any other two words could, the priceless gifts of the Welsh people to the world. With their love for music, for beauty, for the significance of their land and its folklore, their inherent romance in the difficult art of living, they have transformed ugliness into beauty, turned loneliness into speech, and ever recalled life to its only permanent possessions in wonder and romance.

"Curiously enough, the Welsh, rich in poetry and music, have been almost altogether devoid of plays. But no one who has read those first Welsh tales in the 'Mabinogion' (c. 1260) could for an instant think the Cymru devoid of the dramatic instinct. The Welsh way of interpreting experience is essentially dramatic. *The Dream of Maxen Wledig*, *The Dream of Rhonabwy*, both from the 'Mabinogion,' are sharply dramatic, although then and later Welsh literature remained

practically devoid of the play form. Experience dramatized is, too, that Pilgrim's Progress of Gwalia: 'Y Bardd Cwsg' (1703).

"Every gift of the Welsh would seem to promise the realization some day of a great national drama, for they have not only the gift of poetry and the power to seize the symbol--short cut through experience--which can, even as the crutch of Ibsen's *Little Eyolf*, lift a play into greatness; they have, also, natures profoundly emotional and yet intellectually critical. They are, humanly speaking, perfect tools for the achievement of great drama. But it is a drab journey from those 'Mabinogion' days of wonder, coarse and crude as they were in many ways, yet intensely vital, through the 'Bardd Cwsg' to Twm o'r Nant (1739-1810) the so-called 'Welsh Shakespeare,' whose Interludes might, with sufficient worrying, afford delectation to the rock-ribbed Puritanism which has stood, as much as any other oppression, in the way of Gwalia's full development of her genius for beauty.

"It was, then, a significant moment when 'The Welsh National Theatre' came into existence with so powerful a patron as Lord Howard de Walden, lessee of the Haymarket, and Owen Rhoscomyl (Captain Owen Vaughan) and other gifted Welsh literati for its sponsors. And it did not seem an insignificant moment to one person, the playwright of *The Merry Merry Cuckoo* and *Welsh Honeymoon*, when she learned through her friendly agent, Curtis Brown of London, that she had received one of the Welsh National Theatre's first prizes (1911)."

Jeannette Marks's interest in Wales is the result of a number of holidays spent in wandering through its highways and byways. Books of hers like *Through Welsh Doorways* and *Gallant Little Wales* bespeak an affectionate intimacy with homes and inhabitants. In the last named, especially, the chapters called "Cambrian Cottages" and "Welsh Wales" contain material that is highly illuminating in connection with the interpretation of her plays. Edward Knobloch, the playwright, is said to have pointed out to the author the dramatic situations inherent in her short stories and sketches, a suggestion which bore fruit in *Three Welsh Plays*.

The first performance of *Welsh Honeymoon* was given by the American Drama Society in Boston in February, 1916. It has also

been produced by the Boston Women's City Club, the Vagabond Players in Baltimore, the Hull House Players in Chicago, and the Prince Street Players in Rochester.

WELSH HONEYMOON[39]

CHARACTERS

VAVASOUR JONES.

CATHERINE JONES, *his wife*.

EILIR MORRIS, *nephew of Vavasour Jones*.

MRS. MORGAN, *the baker*.

HOWELL HOWELL, *the milliner*.

[Footnote 39: PRONUNCIATION OF WELSH NAMES

1 *ch* has, roughly, the same sound as in German or in the Scotch *loch*.
2 *dd* = English *th*, roughly, in *breathe*. 3 *e* has, roughly, the sound of *ai* in *dairy*. 4 *f* = English *v*. 5 *ff* = English sharp *f*. 6 *ll* represents a sound intermediate between *the* and *fl*. 7 *w* as a consonant is pronounced as in English; as a vowel = *oo*. 8 *y* is sometimes like *u* in *but*, but sometimes like *ee* in *green*.

NOTE: *The author will gladly answer questions about pronunciation, costuming, etc., etc.*]

PLACE.--Beddgelert, a little village in North Wales.

A Welsh kitchen. At back, in center, a deep ingle, with two hobs and fire bars fixed between, on either side settles. On the left-hand side near the fire a church; on the right, in a pile, some peat ready for use. Above the fireplace is a mantel on which are set some brass candlesticks, a deep copper cheese bowl, and two pewter plates. Near the left settle is a three-legged table set with teapot, cups and saucers for two, a plate of bread and butter, a plate of jam, and a creamer. At the right and to the right of the door, is a tall, highly polished, oaken grandfather's clock, with a shining brass face; to the left of the door is a tridarn. The tridarn dresser is lined with bright blue paper and

filled with luster china. The floor is of beaten clay, whitewashed around the edges; from the rafters of the peaked ceiling hang fitches of bacon, hams, and bunches of onions and herbs. On the hearth is a copper kettle singing gaily; and on either side of the fireplace are latticed windows opening into the kitchen. Through the door to the right, when open, may be seen the flagstones and cottages of a Welsh village street; through latticed windows the twinkling of many village lights.

It is about half after eleven on Allhallows' Eve in the village of Beddgelert.

At rise of curtain, the windows of kitchen are closed; the fire is burning brightly, and two candles are lighted on the mantelpiece. VAVASOUR JONES, about thirty-five years old, dressed in a striped vest, a short, heavy blue coat, cut away in front, and with swallowtails behind, and trimmed with brass buttons, and somewhat tight trousers down to his boot tops, is standing by the open door at the right, looking out anxiously on to the glittering, rain-wet flagstone street and calling after someone.

VAVASOUR[40] [*calling*]. Kats, Kats, mind ye come home soon from Pally Hughes's!

[Footnote 40: The *a*'s are broad throughout, i. e., Kats is pronounced Kaats; Vavasour is Vavasoor: *ou* is *oo*.]

CATHERINE [*from a distance*]. Aye, I'm no wantin' to go, but I must. Good-by!

VAVASOUR. Good-by! Kats, ye mind about comin' home? [*There is no reply, and VAVASOUR looks still further into the rain-wet street. He calls loudly and desperately.*] Kats, Kats darlin', I cannot let you go without tellin' ye that--Kats, do ye hear? [*There is still no reply and after one more searching of the street, VAVASOUR closes the door and sits down on the end of the nearest settle.*]

VAVASOUR. Dear, dear, she's gone, an' I may never see her again, an' I'm to blame, an' she didn't know whatever that in the night--[*Loud knocking on the closed door; VAVASOUR jumps and stands*

irresolute.] The devil, it can't be comin' for her already? [*The knocking grows louder.*]

VOICE [*calling*]. Catherine, Vavasour, are ye in?

VAVASOUR [*opening the door*]. Aye, come in, whoever ye are. [*MRS. MORGAN, the Baker, dressed in a scarlet whittle and freshly starched white cap beneath her tall Welsh beaver hat, enters, shaking the rain from her cloak.*]

MRS. MORGAN. Where's Catherine?

VAVASOUR. She's gone, Mrs. Morgan.

MRS. MORGAN. Gone? Are ye no goin'? Not goin' to Pally Hughes's on Allhallows' Eve?

VAVASOUR [*shaking his head and looking very white*]. Nay, I'm no feelin' well.

MRS. MORGAN. Aye, I see ye're ill?

VAVASOUR. Well, I'm not ill, but I'm not well. Not well at all, Mrs. Morgan.

MRS. MORGAN. We'll miss ye, but I must hurryin' on whatever; I'm late now. Good-night!

VAVASOUR [*speaking drearily*]. Good-night! [*He closes the door and returns to the settle, where he sits down by the pile of peat and drops his head in his hand. Then he starts up nervously for no apparent cause and opens one of the lattice windows. With an exclamation of fear, he slams it to and throws his weight against the door. Calling and holding hard to the door.*] Ye've no cause to come here! Ye old death's head, get away! [*Outside there is loud pounding on the door and a voice shouting for admittance. VAVASOUR is obliged to fall back as the door is gradually forced open, and a head is thrust in, a white handkerchief tied over it.*]

HOWELL HOWELL [*seeing the terror-stricken face of VAVASOUR*]. Well, man, what ails ye; did ye think I was a ghost? [*HOWELL HOWELL, the Milliner, in highlows and a plum-colored coat, a handkerchief on his hat, enters, stamping off the rain and closing the door. He carefully wipes off his plum-colored sleeves and speaks indignantly.*] Well, man, are ye crazy, keepin' me out in the rain that way? Where's Catherine?

VAVASOUR [*stammering*]. She's at P-p-p-ally Hughes's.

HOWELL HOWELL. Are ye no goin'?

VAVASOUR. Nay, Howell Howell, I'm no goin'.

HOWELL HOWELL. An' dressed in your best? What's the matter? Have ye been drinkin' whatever?

VAVASOUR [*wrathfully*]. Drinkin'! I'd better be drinkin' when neighbors go walkin' round the village on Allhallows' Eve with their heads done up in white.

HOWELL HOWELL. Aye, well, I can't be spoilin' the new hat I have, that I cannot. A finer beaver there has never been in my shop. [*He takes off the handkerchief, hangs it where the heat of the fire will dry it a bit, and then, removing the beaver, shows it to VAVASOUR, turning it this way and that.*]

VAVASOUR [*absent-mindedly*]. Aye, grand, grand, man!

HOWELL HOWELL. What are ye gazin' at the clock for?

VAVASOUR [*guiltily*]. I'm no lookin' at anything.

HOWELL HOWELL. Well, indeed, I must be goin', or I shall be late at Pally Hughes's. Good-night.

VAVASOUR. Good-night. [*He closes the door and stands before the clock, studying it. While he is studying its face the door opens slowly, and the tumbled, curly head of a lad about eighteen years of age peers in. The door continues slowly to open. VAVASOUR unconscious all*

the while.] 'Tis ten now. Ten, eleven, twelve; that's three hours left, 'tis; nay, nay, 'tis only two hours left, after all, an' then--

EILIR MORRIS [*bounding in and shutting the door behind him with a bang*]. Boo! Whoo--o--o!

VAVASOUR [*his face blanched, dropping limply on to the settle*]. The devil!

EILIR MORRIS [*troubled*]. Uch, the pity, Uncle! I didn't think, an' ye're ill!

VAVASOUR. Tut, tut, 'tis no matter, an' I'm not ill--not ill at all, but Eilir, lad, ye're kin, an'--could ye promise never to tell?

EILIR MORRIS [*who thinks his uncle has been drinking, speaks to him as if he would humor his whim*]. Aye, Uncle, I'm kin, an' I promise. Tell on. What is it? Are ye sick?

VAVASOUR [*drearily*]. Uch, lad, I'm not sick!

EILIR MORRIS. Well, what ails ye?

VAVASOUR. 'Tis Allhallows' Eve an'--

EILIR MORRIS. Aren't ye goin' to Pally Hughes's?

VAVASOUR [*moaning and rising*]. Ow, the devil, goin' to Pally Hughes's while 'tis drawin' nearer an' nearer an'--Ow! 'Tis the night when Catherine must go.

EILIR MORRIS. When Aunt Kats must go! What do you mean?

VAVASOUR. She'll be dead to-night at twelve.

EILIR MORRIS [*bewildered*]. Dead at twelve? But she's at Pally Hughes's. Does she know it?

VAVASOUR. No, but I do, an' to think I've been unkind to her! I've tried this year to make up for it, but 'tis no use, lad; one year'll never

make up for ten of harsh words, whatever. Ow! [*Groaning, VAVASOUR collapses on to the settle and rocks to and fro, moaning aloud.*]

EILIR MORRIS [*mystified*]. Well, ye've not been good to her, Uncle, that's certain; but ye've been different the past year.

VAVASOUR [*sobbing*]. Aye, but a year'll not do any good, an' she'll be dyin' at twelve to-night. Ow! I've turned to the scriptures to see what it says about a man an' his wife, but it'll no do, no do, no do!

EILIR MORRIS. Have ye been drinkin', Uncle?

VAVASOUR [*hotly*]. Drinkin'!

EILIR MORRIS. Well, indeed, no harm, but, Uncle, I cannot understand why Aunt Kats's goin' an' where.

VAVASOUR [*rising suddenly from the settle and seizing EILIR by the coat lapel*]. She's goin' to leave me, lad; 'tis Allhallows' Eve whatever! An' she'll be dyin' at twelve. Aye, a year ago things were so bad between us, on Allhallows' Eve I went down to the church porch shortly before midnight to see whether the spirit of your Aunt Kats would be called an'--

EILIR MORRIS. Uncle, 'twas fair killin' her!

VAVASOUR. I wanted to see whether she would live the twelve months out. An' as I was leanin' against the church wall, hopin', aye, lad, prayin' to see her spirit there, an' know she'd die, I saw somethin' comin' 'round the corner with white over its head.

EILIR MORRIS [*wailing*]. Ow--w!

VAVASOUR. It drew nearer an' nearer, an' when it came in full view of the church porch, it paused, it whirled around like that, an' sped away with the shroud flappin' about its feet, an' the rain beatin' down on its white hood.

EILIR MORRIS [*wailing again*]. Ow--w!

VAVASOUR. But there was time to see that it was the spirit of Catherine, an' I was glad because my wicked prayer had been answered, an' because with Catherine dyin' the next Allhallows', we'd have to live together only the year out.

EILIR MORRIS [*raising his hand*]. Hush, what's that?

VAVASOUR. 'Tis voices whatever. [*Both listen, EILIR goes to the window, VAVASOUR to the door. The voices become louder.*]

EILIR MORRIS. They're singin' a song at Pally Hughes's. [*Voices are audibly singing:*]

Ni awn adre bawb dan ganu, Ar hyd y nos; Saif ein hiaith safo Cymru,
Ar hyd y nos; Bydded undeb a brawdgarwch Ini'n gwllwm diogelwch,
Felly canwn er hyfrydwch, Ar hyd y nos.

Sweetly sang beside a fountain, All through the night, Mona's maiden
on that mountain, All through the night. When wilt thou, from war
returning, In whose breast true love is burning, Come and change to
joy my mourning, By day and night?

VAVASOUR. Aye, they're happy, an' Kats does not know. I went home that night, lad, thinkin' 'twas the last year we'd have to live together, an', considerin' as 'twas the last year, I might just as well try to be decent an' kind. An' when I reached home, Catherine was up waitin' for me an' spoke so pleasantly, an' we sat down an' had a long talk--just like the days when we were courtin'.

EILIR MORRIS. Did she know, Uncle?

VAVASOUR [*puzzled*]. Nay, how could she know. But she seems queer,--as if she felt the evil comin'. Well, indeed, each day was sweeter than the one before, an' we were man an' wife in love an' kindness at last, but all the while I was thinkin' of that figure by the churchyard. Lad, lad, ye'll be marryin' before long,--be good to her, lad, be good to her! [*VAVASOUR lets go the lapels of EILIR's coat and sinks back on to the settle, half sobbing. Outside the roar of wind and rain growing louder can be heard.*]

VAVASOUR [*looking at the clock*]. An' here 'tis Allhallows' Eve again, an' the best year of my life is past, an' she must die in an hour an' a half. Ow, ow! It has all come from my own evil heart an' evil wish. Think, lad, prayin' for her callin'; aye, goin' there, hopin' ye'd see her spirit, an' countin' on her death!

EILIR MORRIS [*mournfully*]. Aye, Uncle, 'tis bad, an' I've no word to say to ye for comfort. I recollect well the story Granny used to tell about Christmas Pryce; 'twas somethin' the same whatever. An' there was Betty Williams was called a year ago, an' is dead now; an' there was Silvan Griffith, an' Geffery, his friend, an' Silvan had just time to dig Geffery's grave an' then his own, too, by its side, an' they was buried the same day an' hour.

VAVASOUR [*wailing*]. Ow--w--w! [*At that moment the door is blown violently open by the wind; both men jump and stare out into the dark where only the dimmed lights of the rain-swept street are to be seen, and the very bright windows of Pally Hughes's cottage.*]

EILIR MORRIS. Uch, she'll be taken there!

VAVASOUR. Aye, an', Eilir, she was loath to go to Pally's, but I could not tell her the truth.

EILIR MORRIS. Are ye not goin', Uncle?

VAVASOUR. Nay, lad, I cannot go. I'm fair crazy. I'll just be stayin' home, waitin' for them to bring her back. Ow--w--w!

EILIR MORRIS. Tut, tut, Uncle, I'm sorry. I'll just see for ye what they're doin'. [*EILIR steps out and is gone for an instant. He comes back excitedly.*]

VAVASOUR [*shouting after him*]. Can ye see her, lad?

EILIR MORRIS [*returning*]. Dear, they've a grand display, raisins an' buns, an' spices an' biscuits--

VAVASOUR. But your Aunt Kats?

EILIR MORRIS. Aye, an' a grand fire, an' a tub with apples in it an'--

VAVASOUR. But Catherine?

EILIR MORRIS. Aye, she was there near the fire, an' just as I turned, they blew the lights out.

VAVASOUR. Blew the lights out! Uch, she'll be taken there whatever!

EILIR MORRIS. They're tellin' stories in the dark.

VAVASOUR. Go back again an' tell what ye can see of your Aunt Kats, lad.

EILIR MORRIS. Aye.

VAVASOUR [*shouting after him*]. Find where she's sittin', lad--make certain of that.

EILIR MORRIS [*running in breathless*]. They're throwin' nuts on the fire--

VAVASOUR. Is she there?

EILIR MORRIS. I'm thinkin' she is, but old Pally Hughes was just throwin' a nut on the fire an'--

VAVASOUR [*impatiently*]. 'Tis no matter about Pally Hughes whatever, but your Aunt Kats, did--

EILIR MORRIS. There was only the light of the fire; I did not see her, but I'll go again.

VAVASOUR. Watch for her nut an' see does it burn brightly.

EILIR MORRIS [*going out*]. Aye.

VAVASOUR [*calling after*]. Mind, I'm wantin' to know what she's doin'. [*He has scarcely spoken the last word when a great commotion is heard: a door across the street being slammed to violently, and the sound of running feet. VAVASOUR straightens up, his eyes in terror on the door, which CATHERINE JONES throws open and bursts through.*]

VAVASOUR [*holding out his arms*]. Catherine, is it really ye! [*CATHERINE, after a searching glance at him, draws herself up. VAVASOUR draws himself up, too, and then stoops to pick up some peat which he puts on the fire, and crosses over to left and sits down on the settle near the chimney, without having embraced her. CATHERINE's face is flushed, her eyes wild under the pretty white cap she wears, a black Welsh beaver above it. She is dressed in a scarlet cloak, under this a tight bodice and short, full skirt, bright stockings, and clogs with brass tips. Her apron is of heavy linen, striped; over her breast a kerchief is crossed, and from the elbows down to the wrist are full white sleeves stiffly starched.*]

CATHERINE. Yiss, yiss, 'twas dull at Pally's--very dull. My nut didn't burn very brightly, an'--an'--well, indeed, my feet was wet, an' I feared takin' a cold.

VAVASOUR. Yiss, yiss, 'tis better for ye here, dearie. [*Then there is silence between them. CATHERINE still breathes heavily from the running, and VAVASOUR shuffles his feet. While they are both sitting there, unable to say a word, the door opens without a sound, and EILIR's curly head is thrust in. A guttural exclamation from him makes them start and look towards the door, but he closes it before they can see him. CATHERINE then takes off her beaver and looks at VAVASOUR. VAVASOUR opens his mouth, shuts it, and opens it again.*]

VAVASOUR [*desperately*]. Did ye have a fine time at Pally's?

CATHERINE. Aye, 'twas gay an' fine an'--an'--yiss, yiss, so 'twas an' so 'twasn't.

VAVASOUR [*his eyes seeking the clock*]. A quarter past eleven, uch! Katy, do ye recall Pastor Evan's sermon, the one he preached last New Year?

CATHERINE [*also glancing at the clock*]. Sixteen minutes after eleven--yiss--yiss--

VAVASOUR [*catching CATHERINE's glance at the clock*]. Well, Catherine, do--

CATHERINE. Yiss, yiss, I said I did whatever. 'Twas about inheritin' the grace of life together.

VAVASOUR. Kats, dear, wasn't he sayin' that love is eternal, an' that--a man--an'--an'--his wife was lovin' for--for--

CATHERINE [*glancing at the clock and meeting VAVASOUR's eyes just glancing away from the clock*]. Aye, lad, for ever--lastin' life! Uch, what have I done?

VAVASOUR [*unheeding and doubling up as if from pain*]. Half after eleven! Yiss, yiss, dear, didn't he say that the Lord was mindful of us--of our difficulties, an' our temptations an' our mistakes?

CATHERINE [*tragically*]. Aye, an' our mistakes. Ow, ow, ow, but a half hour's left!

VAVASOUR. Do ye think, dearie, that if a man were to--to--uch!--be unkind to his wife--an' was sorry an' his wife--his wife dies, that he'd be--be--

CATHERINE [*tenderly*]. Aye, I'm thinkin' so. An', lad dear, do ye think if anythin' was to happen to ye to-night,--yiss, *this* night,--that ye'd take any grudge against me away with ye?

VAVASOUR [*stiffening*]. Happen to *me*, Catherine? [VAVASOUR collapses, groaning. CATHERINE goes to his side on the settle.]

CATHERINE [*in an agonized voice*]. Uch, dearie, what is it, what is it, what ails ye?

VAVASOUR [*slanting an eye at the clock*]. Nothin', nothin' at all. Ow, the devil, 'tis twenty minutes before twelve whatever!

CATHERINE. Lad, lad, what is it?

VAVASOUR. 'Tis nothin', nothin' at all--'tis--ow!--'tis just a little pain across me.

CATHERINE [*her face whitening as she steals a look at the clock and puts her arm around VAVASOUR*]. Vavasour, lad dear, is that the wind in the chimney? Put your arm about me an' hold fast.

VAVASOUR [*both hands across his stomach, his eyes on the clock*]. Ow--ten minutes!

CATHERINE [*shaking all over*]. Is that a step at the door?

VAVASOUR [*unheeding*]. 'Tis goin' to strike now in a minute.

CATHERINE [*her eyes in horror on the clock*]. Five minutes before twelve!

VAVASOUR [*almost crying, his eyes fixed on the clock's face*]. Uch, the toad, the serpent!

CATHERINE [*her face in her hands*]. Dear God, he's goin' now!

VAVASOUR [*covering his eyes*]. Uch, the devil! Uch, the gates of hell! [*CATHERINE cries out. VAVASOUR groans loudly. The clock is striking: One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Eleven, Twelve! The last loud clang vibrates and subsides. Through a chink in her fingers CATHERINE is peering at VAVASOUR. Through a similar chink his agonized eyes are peering at her.*]

CATHERINE [*gulping*]. Uch!

VAVASOUR. The devil!

CATHERINE [*putting out her hand to touch him*]. Lad, dear! [*They embrace, they kiss, they dance madly about. Then they do it all over again. While they are doing this, EILIR opens the door again and thrusts in his head. He stares open-eyed, open-mouthed at them, and leans around the side of the door to see what time it is, saying audibly "five minutes past twelve," grunts his satisfaction, and closes the door.*]

VAVASOUR [*mad with joy*]. Kats, are ye here, really here?

CATHERINE [*surprised*]. Am *I* here? Tut, lad, are ye here?

VAVASOUR [*shrewdly*]. Yiss, that is are we *both* here?

CATHERINE [*perplexed*]. Did ye think I wasn't goin' to be?

VAVASOUR [*suppressed intelligent joy in his eyes*]. No--o, not that, only I thought, I thought ye was goin' to--to--faint, Kats. I thought ye looked like it, Kats.

CATHERINE [*the happiness on her face vanishing, sinks on to the nearest settle*]. Uch, I'm a bad, bad woman, aye, Vavasour Jones, a *bad* woman!

VAVASOUR [*puzzled, yet lightly*]. Nay, Kats, nay!

CATHERINE [*desperately and almost in tears*]. Ye cannot believe what I must tell ye. Lad, a year ago this night I went to the church porch, hopin', aye, prayin', ye'd be called, that I'd see your spirit walkin'.

VAVASOUR [*starting and recovering himself*]. Catherine, ye did that!

CATHERINE [*plunging on with her confession*]. Aye, lad, I did, I'd been so unhappy with the quarrelin' an' hard words. I could think of nothin' but gettin' rid of them.

VAVASOUR [*in a tone of condemnation and standing over her*]. That was bad, very bad indeed!

CATHERINE. An' then, lad, when I reached the church corner an' saw your spirit was really there, *really* called, an' I knew ye'd not live the year out, I was frightened, but uch! lad, I was glad, I was indeed.

VAVASOUR [*looking grave*]. Catherine, 'twas a terrible thing to do!

CATHERINE [*meekly*]. Yiss, I know it now, but I didn't then. I was hard-hearted, an' I was weak with longin' to escape from it all. An' when I ran home I was frightened, but uch! lad, I was glad, too, an' now it hurts me so to think of it. Can you no comfort me?

VAVASOUR [*grudgingly, but not touching CATHERINE's outstretched hand*]. Aye, well, I could, but, Kats, 'twas such a terrible thing to do!

CATHERINE. Yiss, yiss, ye'll never be able to forgive me, I'm thinkin'. An' then when ye came in from the lodge, ye spoke so pleasantly to me that I was troubled. An' now the year through it has grown better an' better, an' I could think of nothin' but lovin' ye, an' wishing' ye to live, an' knowin' I was the cause of your bein' called. Uch, lad, *can* ye forgive me?

VAVASOUR [*slowly*]. Aye, I can, none of us is without sin; but, Catherine, it was wrong, aye, aye, 'twas a wicked thing for a woman to do.

CATHERINE [*still more meekly*]. An' then to-night, lad, I was expectin' ye to go, knowin' ye couldn't live after twelve, an' ye sittin' there so innocent an' mournful. An' when the time came, I wanted to die myself. Uch!

VAVASOUR [*sitting down beside her and putting an arm about her as he speaks in a superior tone of voice*]. No matter, dearie, now. It *was* wrong in ye, but we're still here, an' it's been a sweet year, yiss, better nor a honeymoon, an' all the years after we'll make better nor this. There, there, Kats, let's have a bit of a wassail to celebrate our Allhallow's' honeymoon, shall we?

CATHERINE [*starting to fetch a bowl*]. Yiss, lad, 'twould be fine, but, Vavasour, can ye forgive me, think, lad, for hopin', aye, an' prayin' to see your spirit called, just wishin' that ye'd not live the year out?

VAVASOUR [*with condescension*]. Kats, I can, an' I'm not layin' it up against ye, though 'twas a wicked thing for ye to do--for anyone to do. Now, darlin', fetch the bowl.

CATHERINE [*starting for the bowl again but turning on him*]. Vavasour, how does it happen that the callin' is set aside, an' that ye're really here? Such a thing has not been in Beddgelert in the memory of man.

VAVASOUR [*with dignity*]. I'm not sayin' how it's happened, Kats, but I'm thinkin' 'tis modern times whatever, an' things have changed--aye, indeed, 'tis modern times.

CATHERINE [*sighing contentedly*]. Good! 'Tis lucky 'tis modern times whatever!

[THE CURTAIN.]