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—THE—
"UNION SCOUT,"
—IN—
Marching Through Georgia.

*A Historical Military Drama of Sherman's March to
the Sea, in Five Acts and Five Spectacular
Tableaux, localized by*

Corporal J. W. ✓ Clemson,

Late Co. I. 46 O. V. Veterans.

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1884:
G. E. Waters, Printer,
Crawfordsville, Ind:

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“UNION SCOUT”

—IN—

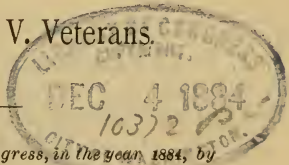
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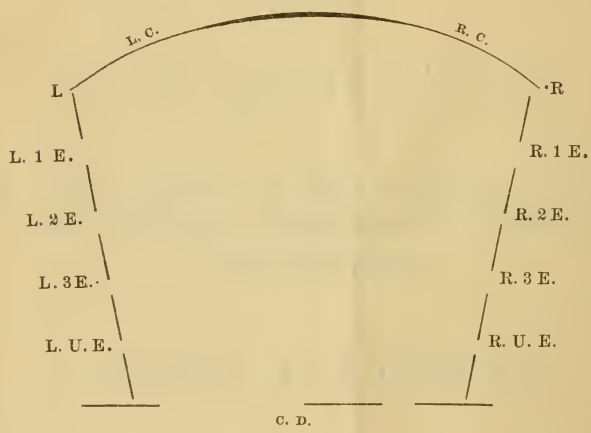
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EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.

AUDIENCE.



L.	Left.	R.	Right
L. 1. E.	Left 1st Entrance.	R. 1 E.	Right 1st Entrance.
L. 2 E.	Left 2nd Entrance.	R. 2 E.	Right 2nd Entrance.
L. 3 E.	Left 3d Entrance.	R. 3 E.	Right 3d Entrance.
C. D. Center Door.			

TMP92-008857

Dramatis Personea.

FEDERALS.

FRANK HARRISON, the Union Scout.

THOMAS HARRISON, a loyal Northern merchant.

JOHN HARRISON, a young son of Mr. Harrison.

MRS. MARTHA, wife of Mr. Harrison.

MISS ALICE, daughter of Mr. Harrison.

PHIL SMITH, }
FRED JONES, } Friends of the Harrisons.

YOCKUP STINE GRUMBLEBOCK, a loyal Dutchman

COL. WALLACE.

CAPT. CARRINGTON.

GENL. SHERMAN, Commanding Military Division of the
Mississippi.

MAJ. DAYTON, A. A. General

SOUTHERNERS.

MONROE COBB, a wealthy Georgian.

HARRY, son of Mr. Cobb.

MABLE, daughter of Mr. Cobb.

UNCLE TOM a colored servant of the Cobbs.

JOHN MOORE, Sergt. 10th Georgia Tigers.

SAM CRAWFORD. “

GENL Johnson, Commanding Army of Tenn. C S A.

THE UNION SCOUT

—IN—

Sherman's March Through Georgia.

ACT 1.

SCENE 1.—*Plain room; table R. C., breakfast on table;*

MRS. HARRISON *and* TOM *arranging for breakfast; door in flat, L H. eight chairs—music.*

MRS. HAR. Now, Tom, ring the bell: breakfast is ready.

TOM. Yes, Misses, and dat am a r'ale ole Norvern breakfas', (*Rings bell*) (*Aside.*) Dis am de bes' country I ebber seed. No whippin' ob niggers hyar, no blood-houn's to tar us to pieces, and the brack man am as free as de white man (*Recognizes the music;—sings*)

[*Enter* MR. H *and* MR. C., *arm in arm.* HARRY C. *and* ALICE H. *All take seats at table.* *Enter* FRANK *and* MABLE *slowly* *Love business.*

MR. H. Friend Cobb, as this is such a fine morning, suppose we take a drive in the country.

MR. C All right, Harrison, you know I enjoy a ride with you very much.

MRS. H. Uncle Tom, coffee, please.

TOM. Yes, Misses. [*Business.*]

MRS. H. Mr. Cobb let me help you to coffee. [*Passes coffee.*]

MR. C. Thank you, Mrs. Harrison, you Northern women make excellent coffee.

MR. H. Alice, pass Harry the buckwheat cakes. Cobb, do not forget the maple molasses. It is very fine this year. You must all help yourselves.

MRS. H. Harry, allow me to help you to coffee; Mable, would you like coffee?

MABLE C. If you please. Your coffee is much better than we have in Georgia. You Northern women certainly understand the art of distilling to perfection.

MR. H. Cobb, things look as though you and I are to become related as well as old school-mates. [*All look at Mable and Frank.*]

MR. C. Yes, but you know we were young once, ourselves. [*All laugh.*]

MR. H. O, certainly, Well do I remember some of your old love-making times while we were in college.

MR. C. Harrison, we can never forget the many pleasant days we have passed under your roof, and Sir, we expect, in the near future, to see you all at our Georgia home.

HARRY. C. Be sure to come when the oranges are ripe and the magnolias are in bloom.* [*All look at Frank and Mable, laughing.*]

MR. H. Many thanks, many thanks, friend Cobb. You may look for us at no distant day. We will be delighted to see the old mill, the cotton fields, and the orange orchards of the sunny South.

[*Enter JOHNNY H. L. 2. E. with mail.*]

JOHNNY H. Father, I was detained at the store by some country customers. Here is the morning mail. [*Hands the mail to Mr. H.*] There is great excitement down town. The telegraph office was open all night and Capt. Wallace has been getting dispatches from Washington.

MR. H. [*Hands Mr. C. letter.*] Did you notice in the late papers that trouble is brewing at Charleston Harbor?

MR. C. Yes, but I do hope all difficulties may be settled amicably.

MRS. H. Now, gentlemen, please do not resume these old political arguments, It will only end in trouble between old friends. Mr. Cobb thinks the South has been imposed upon, while, father, you are equally strong in your abolition views.

MR. H. O, no, mother; if we do differ on the political issues of the day, we are, nevertheless, firm friends. We stood shoulder to shoulder too long in college to become enemies now.

MR. C. I trust, Harrison, we will never be enemies. I feel that we both have better sense than to disagree on such a subject.

MR. H. [*Rising excitedly, reading paper.*] The infernal traitors! Every one should be shot down! Retaliation for the death of John Brown!

FRANK H. What has excited you, so, father? What is wrong!

MR. H. *Excited!* Why, the news is enough to excite the whole world! [*Points to paper*] The South has declared for secession and Beauregard has compelled Maj

Anderson to evacuate Ft. Sumpter. The government will hang every one of them.

MR. C. What is that, Harrison? Have they really commenced hostilities?

MR. H. Yes, indeed they have, and I tell you, in the name of Old Hickory, "The Federal Union must and shall be preserved!" [*Bringing fist down on table.*]

FRANK H. The ignorant traitors! They certainly do not expect to succeed.

HARRY C. Frank Harrison, that is a bold expression for you to make. I tell you that the people of the South know what they have suffered at the hands of the North; they have felt the indignities heaped upon them, and they are prepared to fight, yes, fight to the bitter end.

TOM. [*Aside*] Dar am guwine to be trouble hyar D'ey am gittin' bilin' hot. [*Business.*]

MR. C. Yes, you are right, my boy. Cotton is King. The North has long been sending such men as John Brown among us to excite our Negroes to theft and murder.

FRANK H. Mr. Cobb, and Harry, I have studiously avoided the the subject of politics when in conversation knowing, as I do, the wide difference of opinion existing between us, but I can tell you, if the South is determined upon war, we of the North will meet you face to face, and if we do, the South will be routed, horse, foot, and dragoon. Remember what I say, we will have but one flag and one government in America, and one people undivided.

MR. H. Nobly spoken, my boy. That sounds like Old Tippecanoe.

HARRY C. You Northern men are afraid to fight. You are cowards. One Southern man is equal to five Yankees of the North. You have no hot blood for fighting, like Southern men.

MABLE C. Father, and brother, for Heaven's sake cease this unpleasant conversation. Do you not know that there are as brave men in North as there are in the South?

FRANK H. Let others do as they may; I will defend the old flag and Union as long as I live, God helping me.

MABLE C. That is right Frank. Equal rights for all has ever been my motto. Distance may separate us, but our hearts may throb as one. The old flag is long enough and broad enough to cover this whole country.

Enter boy L. 2. E. with telegram for MR. C.

MR. C. [*Opens telegram and reads*

MILLEDGEVILLE, GA. }
April 16, 1861. }

“MR. COBB: Come home. Georgia has seceded. We are raising troops for the Confederate army. I have appointed yourself and Harry officers in the 10th Georgia Tigers

GEORGE E. BROWN,
GOVERNOR of Georgia.”

[*All rise excited.*] Tom, Tom! pack the baggage, We are off for Georgia at once.

TOM [*Aside*] Dat am all right; but dis darkey am not gwine back wif you all if he knows hisself. He's gwine to took de under-ground railroad. [*Business.*] [*Exit L. 1. E.*

HARRY C. Yes, we are off. We will do all in our power to repel the invasion of our sacred soil by your internal Lincoln hirelings who must turn niggars-stealers.

The South is in earnest, deeply in earnest. Should you Northern Lincolnites attempt to invade the South, we will welcome you with bloody hands.

FRANK H. Be careful what you say. You are still in the North. You might spill some of your *hot* blood before you get back South.

HARRY. Take that back, you miserable nigger-iover! [*Business for COBB.*]

FRANK. That I'll never do for a traitor!

HARRY. Then, Sir, you will regret it. We may meet upon the battle field. If we do, your life is mine.

FRANK. I have no fears. Leave this house before I compel you.

MR. C. Harry you and Tom prepare at once for departure, We will take the first train for the South.

MR. H. Mr. Cobb, and Harry, heretofore we have kept strictly in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country; and the preservation of the Federal Union. You of the South have sought to overthrow the best government on earth. I bid you go; befoul yourself with treason and may God in his mercy forgive you! [*Business.*]

[*Exit HARRISON C. D. COBBS L. 2. E. FRANK and MABLE come down. Music.*]

FRANK. Mable, the time has come for us to part—the first sad parting of our lives. We may never meet again, and the cords, now torn asunder, may never heal. We have already avowed our intentions. War is about to break out between the North and South. What shall be our decision? I first owe my allegiance to the dear, old flag, and the government that says I am a free man. Next to that allegiance, I owe you all. In my heart I

I have sworn to "love, cherish and protect" you as long as I live. At which shrine shall I offer my sacrifice? Your answer shall be mine.

MABLE Frank Harrison, my answer is this; I know we are dear friends. I also know our intentions. I love you with all the devotion of a true heart. I love you for yourself—love you for your devotion to the dear old flag—[*Points to flag*—that emblem, handed down by our forefathers, pure and unsullied. Notwithstanding the friends I love dearest are deceived by the hallucinations of treason, I love that dear old emblem of freedom. You will go forth to battle for that flag. My friends will oppose you: Perhaps you may meet in deadly conflict. Terrible as the thought is, my only advice to you is, do your duty as a true man. I will go with my father praying the war may soon end, and that we may yet see many happy days. My earnest prayer will ever be for the dear old union, undivided, inseparable!

FRANK. Mable, this parting almost breaks my heart! But fear not; I will be ever true to my country and to you. On the march, in camp, and on the battle field, you will be ever present in my mind. The memory of that sweet smile will light me on my way, and the echo of that dear voice will cheer me in my lonely hours. Think of me sometimes, when I have gone, and in your prayers, whisper the name of Frank Harrison. Take this little flag; it is the emblem of our country's greatness, and of the free institutions of America. [*Gives flag.*]

MABLE. O, Frank, how can we part! How the memory of the happy past will rise up before me! [*Sobs.*]

Frank, here is a testament; take it for my sake, on the march, in camp, or on the battle field, read it; it will teach you the true way; you will find my photograph inside. Perhaps you think this a poor offering, but 'tis fitting for an American union soldier; for you are to battle for your country, and your country's God,

FRANK. (*Placing ring on Mable's finger.*) Dearest Mable, good—by—good—by—[*Kissing her.*] My country calls, [*Drums without.*] and I must go. Captain —— is calling for volunteers, and I will go and enlist.

MABLE. (*Sobbing.*) Good—good—bye, Frank. [*Ex. L. 2. E. with handkerchief to face.*

[*Ent. YOCKUP STINE L. I. E. Dogs bark; YOCK. tumbles in; business.*]

YOCK. Hello, Frank! *Vot vas matter mit dot dog? He pite himself mit some pody, don't it?* [*Business.*]

FRANK. O, he wont hurt you

YOCK. Vy you ton't tie dot dog loose?

FRANK. He is only glad to see you.

YOCK. I don't vas glad to meet mit him some. Look of dot koat. don't dot look like some pody vos shipwrecked mit a railroad? Say, Frank, who vos dot gal I seed youst now; vos dot your gal from down South?

FRANK. Yes. Why what is this? [*Business.*]

YOCK. O, dot vos some swheet violets my gall vos gif me. Say, Frank, I hear dot some var was all proke oud, eh?

FRANK. Yes, war has been declared. It now becomes the duty of every American citizen, native and adopted, to take up arms in defense of his hearthstone. Won't you

enlist under your country's banner?

YOCK Eh? I vos a pully poy. I go und fight mit dem rebils. I vos raised a gumpany from schmall infantree, and vos going town und clean all from dem vel- lers oud. [*Enter TOM L. 2. E. with baggage.*] Say nigger, you vas in some free States and don't must go South mit your master.

TOM. Am dat so, Massar Frank.

FRANK. That is so, Uncle Tom; you had better take the baggage down and tell your young mistress you are going to stay.

TOM. I'se gwine to do dat as sure as you are bo'n, honey. [*Business.*]

YOCK. Say, placky, I vos got some leetle gumpany. Ve vos going down py South Carolina to clean oud some of dem Cheff Davis mens. Vont you go mit me in my gumpany?

TOM. 'Scuse dis culled chile. Ise not gwine wid de Dutch or Irish trash. I'se a free nigger, I is. Massa Frank done tole me so.

[*Scene closes in.*]

SCENE II.—*Street.* [*Enter MR. COBB, HARRY, MABLE, and TOM with baggage. Music.*]

MR. COBB. I tell you the people of the North are terribly in earnest, and will give us trouble before we are a free and separate government.

HARRY. O, the Northern nigger-worshippers are not going to fight. As soon as they find we are in earnest, they will back down.

MR. C. Do not deceive yourself; the same blood courses through their veins as in those of the South.

HARRY. But they have no chivalry in the North.

TOM. (*Aside.*) What am I? Ise shibalry.

MR. C. Do not under-rate their metal. Think how hot blooded the Harrison's were.

HARRY. Yes, we were basely insulted. I can never forgive them. We may meet upon the battle field; if we do, there will be one Frank Harrison less.

MABLE. Brother do not be too sure; Frank may be as vigilant on the battle field as you.

HARRY. So, you take sides with that nigger lover.

MABLE. Harry!

MR. C. Mable, oblige me by not mentioning his name. You shall never marry that Abolitionist, never! The fair name of Cobb shall never be disgraced by him.

TOM. (*Aside.*) Don't fool yourself, Massa. When a woman sots her head, de debble hisself can't stop her. [*Aloud to Mable.*] Say, missie, Ise gwine to stay wid Massa Frank. I knowed you an' him am mighty sweet. [*Business.*]

MABLE. (*Aside.*) All right, Tom, and the first chance you have, come home and bring me word from him.

MR. C. Come, we must hurry along, or the train will leave us. [*Looking at watch.*]

TOM. (*Sings.*) Ise not gwyne to Dixie (*Music Exit Omnes* R. 2. E.

SCENE III.—*Street. Sign, 100 Recruits Wanted for the — Regt. Stand, muster rolls, Capt. Carrington seated, flag, drum, etc., etc.*

[*Enter YOCK. with awkward squad L. 2. E. Scene opens out.*]

YOCK. Hay-foot, straw-foot! (*Business.*) [* * * * *
* * * * * *Exit L. 3. E.*

[*Enter FRANK HARRISON, FRED JONES, PHIL SMITH; all shake hands with CAPT. C.*

FRANK. Capt. Carrington, have you room for any more men in your company. We have heard that the rebels have insulted the flag of Washington, and think it the duty of every loyal man of the North to rally to arms.

CAPT. Well spoken, young man. With an army of such men, we can whip the world. I want a few more good men.

[*Enter YOCKUP L. 1. E. singing Dutch song.*]

YOCK. Hello, poys, don't you heard someting 'pout dot repels town py South Kerolina? I telled you it vos te duty uf efery citizens vot live from America, to dake his goon unt go town unt glean dem rebels oud.

(*Enter TOM L. 2. E., runs against YOCK; business, coat covered with feathers.*)

TOM. Git out ob de way, Dutchy. (*Business.*)

YOCK. Vell, vy dond you schlock um? Do you tink I been afraid frum a nigger? I vas going down to fight mit Seigle Vot vos the matter mit you? (*Business.*)

FRANK. Tom, where did you get all those feathers on you?

TOM. I done got in a box down at de depot to hide from ole Massa, when de bulljine lef. (*Business.*) Am dis de Captain?

YOCK. Say, schtove-pipe, do you vant to go met der var?

TOM. Sartin sure.

PHIL. All right. We will take him along for company cook.

TOM. Ise gwine 'long as M. D.

PHIL. M. D.? What is that?

YOCK. Dot vos mule driver.

Enter JOHNNY HARRISON L. I. E. running.

JOHNNY. Captain Carrington, pa and ma says I may go with you.

CAPT. I fear you are too small for a soldier, boy.

JOHNNY. Well, I can go as drummer.

CAPT. Can you drum?

JOHNNY. See if I can't. (*Drums.*)

YOCK. Vell, you leedle puger. (*Business.*)

TOM. Look at dat chile.

FRED. Come, boys, let us enlist.

(All sign muster roll.)

CAPT. Come Yockup, sign your name and go with us.

YOCK. Vot you say, placky, let us go mit de var?

TOM. Well, I 'spect I will honey; all de white trash am gwine.

FRANK. Why don't you come up and write your name down?

YOCK. I don't vill go of you take dot nigger.

CAPT. He is going as company cook.

YOCK. Vell dot is all right; I go den. (*Takes pen,*

but hands it back) You write him, myself.

CAPT. What is your full name.

YOCK. Vy, don't you know my name? Dot was vun-ney.

CAPT. Spell it for me.

YOCK. Yockup Stine Grumblebock, uf Hoben Grike. (*Business.*)

CAPT. Frank Harrison, fall the men in ranks. We will march down to camp and draw uniforms and commence drilling.

FRANK. Come, boys, fall in. (*He stands the Awkward Squad in line, one by one—Business for YOCK and TOM.*)

YOCK. Dot vos settled him. I don't vill fool mit dot nigger. All dose droubles vos apout the nigger.

CAPT. Attention! Right face! Forward march!

[JOHNNY at head of company with drum awkward squad business; music. Exit OM. L. 3. E. ready to reenter.

[*Enter MR. and MRS. H. R. 1. E.*]

MR. H. Thank God! the dark cloud lowering over our country, and ready to burst fourth in a deluge of blood, threatening to destroy at once the noble fabric of constitutional liberty, shows to us, and to the world, that America's sons are worthy the heiratage bequeathed to them by our noble sires. Their patriotic hearts are fired, and they are ready to offer their lives as a sacrifice upon their country's altar. May the God of battles go with and protect our dear, brave boys. Mother, we may as well make up our minds to bid the boys good-bye. The — regiment has been ordered to

the front.

MRS. H. It grieves me to see the boys go, but it is all right. The country is in danger and needs their service.

MR. H. The ladies are at the city hall, making tents and flannel shirts for the boys of the —— regiment.

MRS. H. Oh! how many of our dear boys who now march so proudly to the beat of the drum, will return to make our hearts glad! Ere this war ends how many chairs will be made vacant.

MR. H. The regiment is coming out on parade. The ladies are going to present them a stand of colors. Here come the ladies now.

[*Enter ladies, R. 1. E., ALICE with flag—music.—Enter Regt., COL., CAPT., ADJ., FRANK, and JOHNNY with drum; they march around the stage and halt at back.*]

COL. Halt! Front! Right-dress! Order arms! (*He turns to HARRISON and salutes.*) Good morning, friends.

MR. H. Good morning, Col. Wallace; the ladies of —— desire me to state to you that they wish to present your regiment a stand of colors, before you leave for the field.

[*ALICE sings "Red White and, Blue," or "Star Spangled Banner."*]

ALICE. Col. Wallace, the ladies of —— wish to present your command with this beautiful flag; this emblem of freedom, feeling assured that in your hands, we can safely intrust it. Our fore fathers raised this flag aloft in the name of God; carried it proudly over many a well-worn battle field, and maintained it unsullied, while it

floated over the land, cities and towns, which they rescued from despotic rule. Soldiers, reflect where our ancestors have carried this flag, and raised it in protection of our glorious liberty. Through what storms of shot and shell it has passed. How many heroes its folds have covered in death. How many have lived for it, how many have died for it. How many tears have gleamed upon it. How many hearts have been made glad by it! The groans of the world have been hushed by it, and the light of liberty has reflected from it. We have stood beneath its folds and defied the world. Take it, (*presents to Col.*) plant it where the *traitor's* flag falls. You go forth to battle, fired by patriotic devotion to our insulted flag. We remain at home to aid you with our prayers

COL. Ladies and friends: In behalf of this regiment, I take this flag. We thank you. If there is anything intended to cheer us on to victory, it is love of our country and our country's flag. We will find the South worthy of our steel, but we can assure you that we will not halt till it waves over the very dome of Secession. Let us give three cheers and a tiger for the ladies of ————— (*They give three cheers and a tiger*) Boys, will you ever desert the banner that has been presented to us.

BOYS. Never! never! never!

COL. Then remember Buena Vista, and swear on your bended knees that you will never desert your regimental colors. Let us kneel and swear. (*All kneel, raise right hand and repeat.*)

ALL. We do solemnly swear to remember Buena Vista. (*All rise.*)

COL. Attention!—Shoulder—arms! Present—arms! Shoulder—arms! Order—arms! Now, boys, these fair ladies have presented us this beautiful flag. Who shall be the color-bearer. [*Calls of Sergt. Harrison; he marches to center of line and faces.* COL.] Color guard, to the front, march! [*He marches forward*] Halt! [COL. *gives flag to FRANK.*] Sergeant Harrison, you have been intrusted with the greatest honor of a soldier; that of color-bearer. We shall expect you to plant you colors upon the very ramparts of Secession, and we will follow. Color guard, about—face! To your post. March. [*Enter little girl R. in dress and turban of U. S. flag.. Exclamations of soldiers: See the little daisy, The infant of Liberty, the baby Goddess, etc., etc.*] Boys are you willing to adopt this little girl as the daughter of the regiment?

ALL. Yes, yes, yes!

YOCK. (*Taking her on his shoulder,*) Dis is dot gal I don't vill leave pehind me some,

[*Inspection.*]

CAPT. Prepare for inspection. Spring rammers!

FRANK. *Ad lib.* Fathers, mothers, and friends, we call upon you to aid us with your prayers and benedictions. May not your gray hairs go down to the grave with the sad recollections that you have lived in vain. May you live to see how proudly your sons can defend the flag you have handed down to us.

Regiment kneel; Harrisons invoking blessing—TABLEAU

Slow Curtain

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*The Bivouac by night—Street—Sign, “Chattanooga Hotel.”—Soldiers sleeping on blankets—Two Sentinels on duty R. and L.—FRANK reading testament—CAPT. writing on drum, candle in bayonet.*

CAPT. Sergeant Harrison, we have had many hard battles and marches. Three years of warfare has cut our company down to a mere handful

FRANK. Yes, Captain, many of our comrades were left at Ft. Donaldson, Shiloh, Stone River, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, and Mission Ridge. (*Points L.*)

[*Enter YOCK. L. 2. E. with goose.*]

CAPT. What on earth is that you have?

YOCK. Dot vos a goose. He hisses at dot American flag. Dot make me so mad as I never vos. I say, schtop a leedle. Dot geese he don't vod obey orders, oond I know he been a Secesh. (*Business.*)

FRANK. You was marked absent at roll-call this morning.

YOCK. Vos dot so?

CAPT. We will excuse him this time.

YOCK. Yaw, vere is dot nigger?

FRANK. Tom has been gone four or five days. I think he has gone to his old home in Atlanta.

[*Enter TOM R. 4. E.*]

YOCK. Hello, nigger! Vot vos the matter mit you?
Business.)

CAPT. Where have you been, Tom?

TOM. Indeed, massa Captain Carrington, I done went home whar I was bo'n.

FRANK. Did you see them, Tom?

TOM. Yes. I done seed some one else, too. (*Business.*)

FRANK. Who was it, Tom?

TOM. You done knowed who, massa Frank. Yah! yah! yah!

YOCK. Don'd I told you so.

TOM. Dar; she done gib me dis, (*Hands paper to FRANK.*) and tole me to bring dat paper to you, and if de Johnnies catch me for me to eat it up.

FRANK. (*Unfolds paper and reads:*)

"Dear Frank: Tom is here. This is the first I have heard from you for three years. I am still true to both unions. I send you the Rebel countersign. I got it out of father's pocket. It may be of value to you. Yours truly, MABLE." (*Drops small paper*) What! she has sent me the Rebel countersign for the next fifteen days. She is a Union spy in the heart of the Southern Confederacy. This will be of great value to General Sherman.

(*Tattoo—Lights out.*)

CAPT. We must put out this light and get some sleep. To-morrow we move out on the Dalton road.

TABLEAU.

[*Every thing quiet; guards tramp their beats—Enter officer of the day and relief.*]

PHIL S. (*Emphatically*) Halt! Who comes there?

FRED J. Sergt., with second relief.

PHIL S. Stand—relief! Advance, Sergeant, and give the countersign, (*Sergeant gives countersign,*) The countersign is correct. Advance relief

FRED. Relief, forward, march! Halt! (*To sentinel*) The orders are very strict to-night. There are rebel spies around. Look out for the officer of the day. Relief forward—march! (*March across stage:*)

[*Enter CAPT. R. I. E.*]

YOCK. Schtop. Advance and give dot curiosity. Do you think I vos some goose? (*Buss*)

CAPT. Let me see your gun. (*To YOCK*)

YOCK, I ven't do dot. (*Buss*)

CAPT. (*To YOCK*) What are your instructions?

YOCK. Dot vos none of my pisiness. Don't you bin glad you found oud. Of you don't look a leedle oud I let you see my son-of-a-goan vot I got in my pocket. (*Pulls out bottle—Business.*)

CAPT. That is all right Keep a good watch. [*Exit*
L. 2. E.]

YOCK. Dot Captain veller dink he vos schmard.
[*Bugle call without—All rise as from sleep, and fall in line for roll-call—FRED JONES calls roll.—Buss.*]

FRED. Right—face! Break—ranks! March!
[*Life in Camp, songs, dances. cards, cooking meat on a stick, fall in line for jiggers—Bugle Call—Poem—Buss—Adlibetum—Sherman's march to the sea.*

[*Enter YOCK with hog, L. 2. E.*]

YOCK. Dunder as blixim, (*Looking R.*) uf dier don't comes dot old Vitesides, looking for dot sow-pelly. I vos killed dot hog. (*Points to hog.*) Now for some shoaks mit dot old repel. (*Spreads blanket over hog*)

[*Enter WHITESIDES R. L. E.*]

WHITESIDE Say, Yank, did you see my old sow.

YOCK. Vare vos dot old hog.

WHITESIDE. I seed her here when I left the house. (*Points L.*)

YOCK. Say, old Sheff Davis, Cum du har. (*Buss.*) Vos you ever see von mans vot dide mit small pox (*Raising blanket.*)

WHITESIDE. Thunderation! you blue bellied Yanks are goin' to give us the small pox. [*Runs off R. 2. E. excited.*]

YOCK. Dot vos vone pully joke, vot I blaid on dot old repel mans. [*Exit L. 2. E.*]

[*Bugle Call—Assembly fall in, in front of camp-fires.*]

FRED. Attention! In each rank, count twos. [*They count by twos.*] Captain, the Company is formed. [*Without.*] Captain --- Company D. is formed Lieutenant, company K. is formed.

[*Enter COL. L. 2. E., takes position—Without:* Attention, batillion! Present, arms!]

COL (*Removes hat.*) Batillion, shoulder, arms! Boys, we are ordered to take the advance, to-day. Have your canteens filed. There will be hot wot work before night Shoulder, arms! Right, face.

[*Bugle call forward—Regt. march off R. 3. E.—Music, "Hail to the Chief—Enter GEN. SHERMAN and staff—*

—*Staff in silent conversation, and the Gen. smoking and walking stage in study.*]

GEN. S Major Dayton, order Gen. McPherson's army Tennessee, out on the Villanow and Snake creek road, to move on Resacca. Gen. Thomas' army Cumberland to move on Tunnel Hill. Gen. Schofield's army Ohio, to Rocky Face Order them to move with great caution, feeling their way.

MAJ. DAYTON. Your orders shall be executed. (*Sending out soldiers and staff officers.*)

GEN. S. It will be necessary for me to have further information in regard to the enemy's movements. (*Reflects*) Maj Dayton, order Col. Wallace to report to me at once. [*He sends orderly L.—Reenters R with COL. who salutes.*]

COL. Good morning General, I was ordered to report to you.

GEN. S. Col. Wallace, I am about to commence a campaign of great importance. I require the services of a brave, shrewd. and intelligent man; one that I can trust on a very important secret mission. Can you furnish me one from the —— regiment?

COL. Yes, General.

GEN. S. Then, sir, have him report to me at once.

COL. Is one enough? I have a regiment of such men

GEN. S. I know, we have an army of brave men, but one good man is sufficient.

COL. [*Salutes—Exits R. and reenters with FRANK—*

—*Both salute.* Here is a man you can rely upon

GEN. S. Sergeant, I have sent for you on important secret business. Are you willing to take upon yourself, the solemn obligation of a scout?

FRANK. Yes, General, I am willing to do anything for my country's good.

GEN. S. Then, sir, you will enter the enemy's lines, go to Dalton and obtain all the information you can concerning his movements. Here is a passthrough our lines and the countersign.

FRANK. General, I have the Rebel countersign. (*shows countersign.*)

GEN. S. Sir, how did you gain possession of that?

FRANK. I dislike to tell you, but as you have taken me into your confidence, I will confide in you. The only woman I ever loved lives four miles from Atlanta, at Cobb's mills on Entrenchment creek. She sent me the countersign by an old colored man. She is true blue General.

GEN. S. Ah! then there is a woman in the affair. The love of true-hearted women encourages brave men to deeds of daring. If discovered you will be shot.

FRANK. General, I have fully weighed the matter, I know the risk. Although my life be in jeopardy, I offer it on my country's altar. I will be off in an hour
Shake hands and exit L]

GEN. S. (*To staff.*) We will go down to the railroad, as I wish to arrange with Col W. W. Right, Chief

of Transportation, in regard to keeping up supplies with the army. [*Exit* L. 2. E.]

Scene closes in.

SCENE II.—*Street—Atlanta—Cotton Exchange—Rebels march on stage from* L 2. E.

MR. C Halt! Front—right, dress! Order, arms! Rest.

[*Enter* MABLE R. 1 E. *and ladies with Rebel flags for aprons.*]

HARRY. My dear sister, have you at last doned the flag of the Confederate States?

MABLE Yes, brother (*Aside.*) I must not betray myself. Let them think I am a rebel. Frank is at Chattanooga. I have sent him the Rebel countersign, and I must keep a look-out for him.

MR. C. Attention! (*Reads orders from commander*)

} DALTON, GA.
} May 6, 1864.

“Mr. Cobb: You will move your regiment at once to Resacca. The Federal forces are collecting for a campaign against us. My opinion is, Atlanta is the objective point he is striking for. We must check him at all hazards. Atlanta is the gate city of the Confederate States.

J. E. JOHNSON.

Com. Military Division, C. S. A.”

Yes, my brave men, we must move at once, The **Yankees** are gathering at Chattanooga by thotsands. We must meet and defeat these Licoln hirelings. Our homes are in danger, our wives, sisters, and daughters may be at the mercy of these vandals, and we, men of Georgia must repel them or sacrifice our lives. But I know of

what metal you are made. I have not a doubt of your will and ability. Ere another month rolls around, you will meet, defeat, and drive them back from the sunny South, and have wiped out the foul stains of pollution with Yankee blood, and made bright the fair escutcheon of Confederate States.

[*Regt cheers and waves flag—Mr. C. and HARRY shake hands with ladies, and kiss MABLE goodbye.*]

SAM CR.

“’Tis hard for we’uns to lay in camps;
 ’Tis hard for we’uns to fight the Yanks;
 ’Tis hard for you’uns and we’uns to part,
 Since you’uns has got all we’uns’ hearts.”

MR. C. Attention! Shoulder—arms! Right—face! Forward—march! [*Exit, ladies L. 2 E., regt. R. 3. E. MABLE remains on stage*]

MABLE. I will show them that there is *one* loyal heart yet in Georgia. (*Tears off Rebel flag and shows U. S. flag.* There, take your dirty emblem of Secession. My heart ever beats for the old flag of the free! [*Exit L. 2. E.*]

SCENE III.—*Top of Kenasaw Mt.—Rebel lines HARRY in Com.—Music—“Dixie.”*

HARRY. Now, boys, the country is full of spies. I was almost sure there was a Yankee spy in camp at Big Shanty.

SAM CR. [*Noise without.*] Halt! Who goes there?

FRANK. Friend with countersign.

SAM CR. Advance, friend, and give the countersign. [*Enter FRANK boldly from R. 2. E. and gives countersign.*]

SAM SR. The countersign is correct. Pass, friend.

[*FRANK passes boldly and salutes HARRY.*]

HARRY. To what command do you belong?

FRANK. Forty-eight Alabama.

HARRY. Where have you been outside our lines?

FRANK. After our defeat at Resacca, Dallas and New Hope church, General Johnson sent me as spy into the Federal lines

HARRY. What success did you meet with?

FRANK. None. Sherman has every road and pass doubly guarded.

[*Enter MR. C. L. 1. E.—FRANK salutes*]

HARRY. Co', this is one of our spies.

MR. C. Indeed! I am glad to meet you, sir.

[*Exit FRANK L. 2. E.*]

MR. C. Look yonder! (*All look R.*) There is the whole Federal army marching by the right flank.

[*Fed. troops move so as to be seen at back of stage.*]

HARRY. Yes, and I suppose we will have to evacuate. But didn't we give it to the Yankees on the 27th as they came charging up old Kenesaw?

[*Enter Orderly with orders for COL. C.*]

MR. C. The orders are to evacuate Kenesaw Mt.

HARRY. Fall in, boys. Right face! Forward, march!

[*Exit R. 2. E., when YOCKUP enters with gun ready, R. 1. E., and captures three men.*]

YOCK. Schtop a leedle or I vill haf my poys pull dier schnappers on you. I vos got you all surrounded.

SAM CR. Now, boys, ready! aim! (*All aim at YOCK.*)

YOCK. Down mit dem shooters. (*Business.*)

SAM CR. We will surrender. (*Puts white handkerchief on bayonet.*)

YOCK. Schtack goons, or my poys vill schoot. (*Buss.*)
[*Noise without—Rebels stack arms quickly.*]

[*Enter TOM with prisoner, R. 2 E.*]

TOM Come along hire, or you are a dead Johnnie, Reb. Golly! I done cotched dis chap.

YOCK. (*Getting between Rebels and their guns.*) I vos got all dem vellars myselluf. The virst Chonny vot makes some drubbles mit himsellaf, gets some Yankee bills.

TOM Dutchy, we must took dese, Gray cusses to de rear.

YOCK. (*Examines his men*) Py chemmenny, dot goon vos not loaded some. (*Loads*) Dere goomes Shen-eral Sherman! [*Enter SHERMAN & Staff, L. 1. E.*] Shen-eral, dere vos some vellars vot don't got away. I vos surrounded dem py myselluf

TOM Dat Johnny was fooling around hire Dis chile out flanked him. I learned dat from you, massa Gen'l.

GEN. S. (*To rebels.*) Well, my men, are you tired of fighting?

ALL. Yes, General.

GEN. S. Conduct them to the rear. Treat them well. Give them something to eat. [*Exit L. 2 E—GEN. [looks through glass,] There is the proud city of Atlanta. Looks off R.*]

MAJ. D. Yes the gate city of the South.

[*Enter FRANK H., R. 3. E.*]

FRANK Good morning, General. (*Salutes.*)

GEN. S Good morning, Sergeant, you are back! Where have you been.?

FRANK. I have been to Atlanta, General.

GEN. S. Ah! And what have you to report.

FRANK. The enemy's fortifications are well selected, and very strong. I drew complete maps, and have them. (*Gives maps.*)

GEN. S. Did you gain other information?

FRANK. Yes, General, I learned that Gen. Johnson has been relieved by Gen. Hood.

GEN. S Ah! indeed! Your information is of much value. You may rest a day or two, and then return to the enemy's line. Gentleman, we will return to Marietta. [*Exit Omne. L.*]

Scene closes in.

SCENE IV.—*Wood—Enter HARRY and guard, quick time, L. 2. E —Music.*

HARRY. Guard, halt! Front Right-dress! Order-arms. In place! Rest. (*They fall down.*) Now boys, we will take our stand here. We have been driven back till I am at home.

SAM CR. Yonder is your home. (*Points R.*)

HARRY. Yes, the place where I was born, the dearest spot on earth. Sergeant Moore, take three men, go down to the ford and watch it well. If any one comes bring them here.

JOHN M.. Fall in guard. (*Guard fall in.*) Guard right-face! Forward, by file left—march! [*Exit L. 3. E.*]

HARRY. The first Lincoln dog that puts foot on this farm, dies.

SAM CR. Stand firm, Lieutenant, we will help you defend your home.

HARRY. Keep a sharp lookout; Killpatrick's cavalry may gobble us up. (*Noise without—Enter TOM disguised, E. 2. E.*) What are you doing outside the lines? Have you a pass?

TOM. No massa, I aint got any of dat. (*Aside.*) Golly, if dar aint massa Harry.

HARRY. Who gave you permission to run around

TOM. Massa General.

HARRY. General of what.

TOM. Ob de critter company.

HARRY. O, you mean General Wheeler.

TOM. Yes, Wheelum, or rollum, or something like dat.

HARRY. Where are you going?

TOM. I done come ober yer to see if you all d'dn't want ter buy some nice chickens. (*Pulls chickens out of bag.*)

HARRY. Where did you get them? Stole them from your master?

TOM. No, massa Gen'l, dis chile don't steal.

HARRY. Then you are an exception of an nigger
[*Exit L. 2. E.*

TOM. What was dat he called me? (*Buss.*)

SAM CR. O, nothing bad. Say, did you see any Yankees as you came along?

TOM. No, massa, but de Gen'l said dar was heaps

down on de odder side ob Atlanta. (*Points R.*)

SAM CR. (*Tries to take TOM's sack.*) You black rascal, give me those chickens.

TOM. Let dem chickens 'lone. Dat am all you'uns am good for, stealin' chickens.

SAM CR. What is that? You black rascal! Boys teach him how to talk to white folks. (*They whoop him up on blanket.*) There boys

TOM. Dat am mighty lively business for de ole man, but you all don't get de chickens. (*Keeps hold on chickens.*)

[*Enter HARRY L. 2. E.*]

HARRY. Hello! What is the matter, old man. You look frightened.

TOM. De Lord! massa, day like to shook de ole man's toe-nails off. (*Aside*) De Lord help dem ignirant white trash. Massa Gen'l Sherman am gwine ter eat em up

HARRY. Fall in, officer of the day. (*Forms guard.*) Present, arms!

[*Enter MR. C. L. 2. E.*]

Shoulder arms! Order arms! In place! Rest. (*Col. salutes*)

TOM. (*Aside.*) If dar aint ole massa Cobb! Dar's blood on de moon. De ole man am mad.

MR. C. Is every thing quiet in front to-night?

HARRY. All quiet so far. How is everything at home? You have just come from there.

MR. C. I am of the opinion that Frank Harrison has

been there.

HARRY. What aroused your suspicions?

MR. C. The actions of your sister. He is in Sherman's army, and, I heard, was a successful Yankee scout. I have orders to shoot him upon sight.

HARRY. If he was there, she would give him over to the authorities. She is true to our cause.

[*Noise without—Enter JOHN MOORE with FRANK under guard, l. 2. E.*]

TOM. (*Aside.*) If dat aint massa Frank! Dat boy'll hab to pass in his checks if ole massa Cobb cognizes him.

JOHN M. Lieutenant, this man came to our lines and wanted to go through. I have brought him to you, according to orders

HARRY. That is right, my man, obey orders

FRANK. (*Aside*) Well, here is a pretty fix. Both the Cobbs and Tom.

TOM. (*Aside.*) Corn has fell, but Cobbs have riz

HARRY. Well, sir, what can we do for you?

FRANK. Nothing; but let me pass. I am on important duty.

MR. C. Important duty for whom?

FRANK. For the Confederate States.

MR. C. Where are your papers, sir?

FRANK. (*Takes paper out of shoe and gives to Mr. C*)

There are the proper papers.

MR. C. (*Examining papers*) The countersign is correct as far as it goes, but General Johnson is not in

command of the army now, and the countersign change with commanders.

FRANK. I am aware of that, but I was on duty inside the Federal lines at Peach-tree creek; have not seen General Hood since the change.

MR. C. Then you are one of our spies.

FRANK. Yes sir.

MR. C. Then pass on. Be careful, or you will be caught by the Yankees. Lieutenant, go with him as far as the ford. See him across.

[HARRY goes near FRANK who stoops to replace paper in shoe, when MABLE'S photograph falls out of pocket, and is recognized by HARRY.]

HARRY. Sir! What does this mean? (*Picks up photo and shows to Mr. C.*)

TOM. (*Aside.*) Dat do settle it. A woman am always gittin' a man into trouble.

MR. C. How did you—

HARRY. I know. This is Frank Harrison, the Yankee scout.

ALL. A union scout?

MR. C. The son of my old friend inside our lines!

TOM. De Lord hab mercy! Was dere ebber a po critter in jest such a fix?

HARRY. Now is the time to get even with him. Revenge, how sweet! (*Buss.*)

FRANK. (*Aside to Tom*) Tom, make your escape and tell Colonel Wallace to send aid immediately.

TOM. All right, massa, I's off. I's gwine ty tell

missa Mable. [*Exit R. 2. E.*]

MR. C. I fear, young man, I can do nothing for you.

FRANK. [*Boldly.*] I have not asked you to do anything for me, yet.

MR. C. Tell me all you know of General Sherman's plans, and I will do what I can for you.

FRANK. Sir, I will die before I will divulge one word

HARRY. O, how brave! Point a loaded musket at his breast if you want to see him wilt.

FRANK. If every stolen musket in your rotten Confederacy were pointed at me, and Jeff Davis stood ready to command, fire, I would not weaken.

MR. C. Form your guard, Lieutenant, and march the prisoner to the mill. It will answer for a guard-house. Put on double guards. See that he does not escape. He shall be shot at daylight.

HARRY. Attention, guard! The first attempt at escape, you will be shot down like a dog. Guard, forward, by file! left, march! [*Exit L. 2. E.*]

SCENE V.—*Garden at Cobbs.*—*Enter TOM, L. 2. E. breathless.*

TOM. I wonder whar Missa Mable is. Dat boy's a gonner sho, if I don't do sumpin. Golly! I would'nt be in his shoes fer de whole Cornfed'cy. Day 'll shoot dat chile so full ob holes dat he wont hold cobs—Cobbs, dat's what I said.

[*Enter MABLE, L. 2. E.*]

MABLE. Why, Tom! What on earth are you doing

here.

TOM. I 's come to find you, missa.

MABLE. There is something the matter I know! Tell me, Tom, quickly! Have—have you seen Frank?

TOM. Yes, missa. I done come to tell you bad news.

MABLE. O, what is it Tom? Tell me?

TOM. Dey've cotched massa Frank.

MABLE. Who?

TOM. Massa Cobb an' Harry.

MABLE. O, what shall I do!

TOM. Dey'll shoot him, sho.

MABLE. O, Tom!

TOM. Sartin, sho.

MABLE. O, Tom, where *is* he?

TOM. Dey've done took him to de ole mill.

MABLE. I fear the worst!

TOM. Sumpin' must be done, missa.

MABLE. What can be done, Tom? I am willing to do anything, I would offer my life, if that would ransom him.

TOM. Dat wont do, missa.

MABLE. Did they recognize you, Tom?

TOM. No, dey nebber 'spected this c hile.

MABLE. Then you can be of service to me. (*Ad lib.*) Frank shall be rescued if I loose my life in the attempt I must now choose between a father and brother's love or Frank's. God help me to choose aright! Childhood's happy hours, the dearest recollections of home, all, all must be weighed in the ballance—but the heart

that swells with love for its country, will throb as true for me, and I will be true to him, if all the world scorns me! I know I shall bring the wrath of my father down down upon my head; I know I shall turn a brother's love to hatred; yet I have counted the cost, and will hazard all for the one I love. Come, Tom, we must be off. * A rescue or a death.

TOM. But I don't want to furnish de co'pse for de funeral. [*Exit both, L. 2. E*]

SCENE VI.—*Exterior mill—Door open c.—Sacks of flour seen through door—Enter guard with FRANK hand-cuffed—Music.*

HARRY. Guard, halt! Sergeant, leave two good men at this door. Do not allow the prisoner to escape for your lives. Guard, forward march! [*Exit L. 2. E.*]

[*Enter TOM with pitcher and basket*]

SAM CR. Halt! Who goes there?

TOM. Nuffin' but me wid good grub.

SAM CR. Advance and give up the good grub.

[*TOM advances and gives basket and pitcher.*]

TOM. [*Aside*] When dem Johnnies drink dat milk, dey'll be done gone Missa gim dem a big dose. [*Sentinels eat and drink, smacking their lips.*] (*Aside*) You all wont smack yo' lips arter while. [*Exit L. 2, E.*]

SAM CR. Goomully! This is better luck than we've had for many days This makes me home-sick. [*Both get drowsy; sing, "Away down in Dixey"—Sleep.*]

[*Enter MABLE and TOM cautiously I. 2 E*]

TOM. Dar dey is; hof down.

MABLE. Now, if he has not forgotten the signal. (*Two raps—FRANK puts head out.*) All clear. Quick!

FRANK. Mable! (*Embrace.*) How can I thank you enough for my life and your bravery?

MABLE. By proving true to your God, your country, and your duty [*Rebel army march across stage in sight.*] See. (*Pointing.*) Fly for your life, fly! Tell your commander that Gen. Hardee is crossing Entrenchment creek, at Cobb's Mills to attack McPherson early in the morning.

FRANK. And you—

MABLE. Never mind me; I am not worth your thought.

FRANK. You are all the world to me.

MABLE. You have no time to lose, quick!

FRANK. Then, good-bye! God bless you, my brave girl! (*Exit FRANK and TOM, R. 3. E.*)

Scene closes in.

SCENE VII —*Landscape—Picket post—Ad lib.*

SAM. CR. (*Without R.*) Hello! over there, Yank.

FRED J. (*Without L.*) Hello! Johnny; what do you want?

SAM CR. Have you-all got any coffee to trade for te-backer?

FRED J. You bet we have.

SAM CR. Lay down your guns and we will meet half way.

FRED J. All right Johnny.

[*Enter Reb, R. 1. E. and Yank. L. 1. E.—shake hands—*

Exchange coffee and tobacco—FRED takes chew.]

FRED J. That is bully tobacco. Where did you get it?

SAM. We have mor tebacker than any thing else. Say, Yank, if we cetch your Uncle Sam, we'll give him hell.

FRED. You bet, our Uncle Sam is a bad man, and the sooner you fellows stop this fooli-hness the better,

SAM. Lookee hyar; what did you-all come down hyar to fight we'uns for? We-all aint mad to you-all.

FRED. Old Jeff Davis and a few of your hot-heads rebelled against the flag of the Union, and we are going to whip you back again, if it takes all summer.

SAM. Are you a r'al live Yankee.

FRED. You bet I an. I eat wooden nut-megs and feed my mule on shoe-pegs oats. We have four millions more up north, and banks full of Lincoln Greens. We are going to take Atlanta. (*Sings:*)

In a few days, in a few days,
We're going to take Atlanta,
And then we're going home.

SAM. You-all can have it now for all I keer. Well, Yank, I must go back to my post

FRED. So must I. Look out, Johnny, when you get over there. We are going to shoot.

SAM. Good-bye, Yank. [*Exit L. 1. E.*]

FRED. Good-bye, Johnny. That was a good joke I played on that Johnny. I was all week saving up that invoice of coffee-grounds. (*Exit R. 1. E.*)

[*Two shots fired on the Fed. side and one on the Reb. side.*]

SCENE VIII. *opens out.*—*Headquarters—Sherman and Staff, examining maps—S. looks off R, with glass—Enter CAPT. ——— with FRANK and TOM R.—Salute.*

CAPT. General, these men were driven into our picket-line by the enemy. They have important information.

GEN. S. This is Sergeant Harrison!

FRANK. Yes, General, and came near being too late. Generals Hardee and Wheeler, crossed Entrenchment creek at Cobb's Mills, and are marching on the Decatur road to attack General McPherson's right and will follow up any success he may gain, by marching Gen. Cheatham's corps upon Gen. Schofield, hoping to draw our army from the South.

GEN. S. Well done, my brave boy! Your little love affairs may yet prove quite beneficial to our cause. Major Dayton, order Gen. McPherson to face to the rear, as Hardee will attack his right.

MAJ. D. Your order shall be executed.

GEN. S. Order the whole army under arms. Sound the assembly. Have the long-roll beaten.

FRANK. Come, Tom, let us join the old —— regiment. They are going into the fight.

GEN. S. You had better go into my tent and get something to eat.

TOM. Yes, massa Gen'l, I'd like to took some nourishment of hard tack and sow-belly.

[*Start—Picket firing in the distance—Exit FRANK and*

TOM, L. 2. E.—*Assembly sounus—Long-roll beats—Cheering.*

CAPT. C. Now, boys, once more—CHARGE! Logan is here!

Grand Battle Scene.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Battle field by night—COL. COBB, JOHNNY H., TOM, Dead and wounded of both armies—Rebs. rifling pockets—Sisters of Mercy—Surgeon amputates arm.*

MR. C. Water! water! O, this is terrible; wounded and dying for the want of water.

JOHNNY H. (*Rising on elbow*) Who wants water? Here is some in my canteen. I will divide with you, be you friend or foe.

TOM. If dar aint massa Johnny and ole massa Cobb, bofe shot, sho.

MR. C. (*Raising head slowly, drinks.*) Oh, my boy—what! Johnny Harrison! the son of my old friend! My boy—for—for—give—Oh! Tell—tell—your—father—to—for—give—me. I—I—have—paid—the—price—of—treason—death! (*Falls back dead.*)

JOHNNY H. Tom, Tom, help; I am wounded.

TOM. P'o' chile! Dar am heaps ob de boys killed and wounded. What will dat ole mudder say when she hears ob dis?

JOHNNY O, Tom, I will get well and go home to her.

[* * * * * *Enter HARRY with men, R. 2. E.*]

HARRY. Here, boys, take him This is Johnny Harrison. One step toward revenge.

TOM. Hole on dar. Hole on dar. (*Buss.*)

JOHNNY. Good-bye Tom. Tell Frank I am a prisoner in the hands of Harry Cobb.

[*Exit Rebs with JOHNNY, R. 2. E.*]

Tableau, "After the Battle" "Burying the Dead. Curtain,

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Exterior—Headquarters—Army in field—*

GEN S. and staff discovered—Enter MAJ. DAYTON I.

MAJ. D. General, the scout, Harrison, has just come in and wishes to report to you,

GEN. S. Show him in.

[*Exit MAJ. D. returns with FRANK, L. 2. E.*]

GEN S. You have areport, what is the nature of it?

FRANK. Gen Hood is crossing the Chatahoochee river, twenty-four miles south of Atlanta, and is marching on our rear. He expects to capture Altoona, the base of supplies.

GEN. S. Order the 20th corps to hold Atlanta, and the rest of the army north of Kinesaw mountain, to march at once. Order Gen Corse to Altoona (*Buss.*)

MAJ. D. All right, General. (*Orderly buss.*)

GEN. S. Break up those headquarters. Move them

to the top of Kenesaw Mountain. Sergeant Harrison you will go with me I have important business for you. Your services to our country shall never be forgotten.

FRANK. I have only done my duty.

GEN S. Maj. Dayton, when we are in communication with Washington, send special orders to have Sergeant Harrison appointed Major, and assign him the——regiment.

[*Exit Omne* R, 2, E.]

SCENE II. *opens out—Kenesaw mountain—Signal Station—Firing heard in the distance—Musc, “Hold the Fort”—Enter SHERMAN and staff, R. 1. E.*

GEN. S. There is Hood’s line of march. (*Points R.*) You can see his camp-fires. I was determined not to be led off on a wild-goose chase after him. Where is that firing?

SIGNAL O Gen. Corse at Altoona, he signals for reinforcements.

GEN. S. Signal him over the enemy’s heads, to hold the Fort, I am coming.

SIGNAL O [*Looking through glass—Commands flag-man.*] 231—14—114—111—5. 1—5—1114—14—142—1—5. 25—11—2314—5. 234—14—2314—1—22—142 555. Ah! he signals back (*Reads slowly,*) We have whipped Frenchman’s Division of Hood’s army. Half my men are dead. My own head is half off, but we can whip all h—l yet.”

GEN. S. Good for Corse. Now it is plain that Hood intends to transfer the seat of war back to Tennessee.

MAJ. D. All things point that way.

GEN. S. Thomas and his veterans are able to attend to Hood in Tennessee. I will take the rest of the army and march to the sea. An army at Columbia, S. C., will end the war.

MAJ. D. Unless it should be destroyed.

GEN. S. I am not afraid of that. With this army and twenty days rations, with one hundred rounds of cartridges each, they would be ready in an instant to march to the end of the earth and fight anything that can be brought against them. They are true types of honest, self-reging American soldiers, such as the world has not equalled in the eighteen centuries that war has been a profession.

MAJ. D. They are the bravest hearts of the Union.

GEN. S. The veterans of this campaign shall end the war

[*Exit Omne.*]

SCENE III! *opens out.—Andersonville prison Stockade across rear of stage—Dead line—Sentinels on duty—JOHNNY, PHIL, FRED, and others in torn and dirty clothes—Music.*

JOHNNY. Comrades, have you anything to eat? I am so hungry.

PHIL. No, no, my boy, nothing. O, what would our mothers say if they could see us now?

FRED. O, how costly their devotion to the old flag!

JOHNNY. Cheer up! cheer up! Our government will yet release us

SENT. N. 1. Post No. 4. Half past 8 o'clock and all is well, and Atlanta gone to h—l.

[*All on stage and behind wings shout for SHER.*]

JOHNNY. Didn't I tell you our government is bound to win?

PHIL. Atlanta has fallen, and Sherman is marching to the sea?

FRED. Bully for Sherman!

[*Enter HARRY and guard C. D.*]

HARRY. Shut up, you infernal Lincoln dogs, or I'll turn the blood hounds loose among you.

JOHNNY. Do it if you dare, you cowardly—

HARRY. (*Strikes him.*) Take that, you saucy little fiste. Buck and gag him. (*Buss. for guard.*)

ALL. Bread! bread!

HARRY. If you miserable pack don't shut up, I'll have the artillery fire upon you. You don't need to boast; we whipped Sherman at Atlanta.

FRED. It was the sickest victory you ever won. An other victory like that would make your rotten old Confederacy ready for a coroner's inquest.

[*Enter FRANK C. D.*]

ALL. Fresh fish! fresh fish!

FRANK. Where is Johnny? (*Buss.*)

FRED. There. (*pointng.*)

FRANK. Who did this cowardly deed? (*Buss.*)

PHIL. There [*Pointing to Harry.*] is the brave soldier who struck a boy!

FRANK. Harry Cobb.

HARRY. Do my eyes deceive me? Oh! Frank Harrison, my revenge shall be at last I will have both your lives before you leave this prison.

FRANK. I am so tired and thirsty. Brother, would you bring me a drink?

JOHNNY. Gladly. (*He goes near dead line when Sentinel fires at him; he falls as if dead*)

HARRY. That's right: every man who kills a Yankee gets a furlough.

[FRANK advances toward HARRY.]

ALL. Go for him Frank, go for him.

HARRY. Attention, guard, ready, aim, fire! (*Guard fires; two men falls. Exit with HARRY C. D.*)

JOHNNY (*Rising.*) I am not killed! (*Shows wound, All quiet Bell strikes ten.*)

SENT, No. 2. Ten o'clock and all is well.

FRANK. (*Aside*) Now is the time to escape. (*He and JOHNNY approach sentinel with negro disguise.*)

SENT. Halt! Who comes there?

FRANK (*Mimics negro*) Friend wid de countersign. Golly, de nex' time dis nigger comes in hyar I want you-all to stick a ba'net in him.

SENT. The countersign is correct. Pass on.

[*Stage light up. Bugle Call—Enter HARRY C. D.*]

HARRY (*Looking about.*) Where is Frank Harrison? He shall not see the light of another day Johnny was shot by a sentinel. That saved me the trouble Frank's turn is next.

PHIL. Ha! ha! Frank and Johnny are safe under the folds of the Star Spangled Banner.

HARRY. Why? How?

PHIL. They have escaped.

HARRY. That fellow beats the devil. but the blood-hounds will catch him

PHIL. He has beaten you, and you are worse than the devil.

HARRY. Never mind, I'll make you think I am a whole army of devils. Prisoners fall in. General Winder and Capt. Werz have ordered you transferred to South Carolina.

PHIL. Yes, the throne of Jefferson the First—and last, is about to take a tumble. (*Aside.*) I will escape before I get very far from here, and join Sherman on his march to the sea.

Scene closes in

SCENE IV.—*Exterior. Enter "bummers,"* L. 2.

E. *Foraging—Buss.—Ad lib—Mule brays without—Whips must crack as if driving mules.*

ALL. Here's your mule! (*Bugle Call Halt*)

COL. Halt! Front! Fix bayonets! Stack arms! General Sherman's orders are to camp here to-night.

ALL. Bully for Uncle Billy!

YOCK. Yaw, Pilly vos von pully poy. [*Exit R. 2. E*

CAPT. Boys, you must not leave camp.

TOM. Dey burned massa Cobb's Mills Missa Mable went norf; some day dar will be a splicing. [*Buss.*]

[*Enter Sherman and staff*]

GEN. S. Colonel are the troops and wagon trains over the Ocmulga river?

COL. All across safely and the pontoon bridges taken up and reloaded.

GEN. S. Kilpatrick is still driving Wheeler's cavalry. March along slowly. Give the men time to forage off the country. Lookout for my scout, Maj. Harrison; he expects to join us on the march. Walcott's Second Brigade, First Division, 15th Corps, defeated Cobb's Georgia Militia at Griswoldville, yesterday. (*Exit with Staff, R. 1. E.*)

[*Enter YOCKUP R. 2. E.*]

COL. What are you going to do with that?

YOCK Dot vos von fifteenth commendment. (*Exit R.*)

[*Enter TOM with pig.*]

TOM. Look at dat feller. De ole woman had him in de ban'-box, but I done foun' him.

CAPT. I believe you "bummers" could find a needle in a hay stack.

[*Enter YOCK. L. 2. E with bee stand.*]

(*Exit TOM L. 2. E.—Buss.*)

YOCK. Dot vos some stidgers vot fite mit dere tails. *Sets down bee hive Buss. for troops Enter TOM with rouser L. 2. E.)*

COL. Bees as I live!

TOM You done bet day live. You pick one of dem up you see how hot his little feet am.

(Exit YOCK 12 E)

COL. The "bummers" will devastate the whole South.

TOM. De "bummers" am lively chaps, Kunnel.

COL. They certainly are, Tom.

[Enter YOCK. with rooster.]

COL. What have you now?

YOCK. Dot vas a shickens.

COL. Where did you get it?

YOCK. (*Pointing L.*) I vas vent down py dot house unt vas talking Sherman to dot shickens, ven der olt vomans goomed to der door unt say: "Vat you do mit my shickens?" I say dot I vas only trilling dose chickens, dot Sheneral Sherman's bummers trill oofery day, unt I learn dose shickens to march drough Shorgia? Den dot old vomans say: "Dot von't do; dese shickens been all bullets;" unt she look so schweet, youst like mine gal, dot I let all dose shickens go but dot olt shentleman hen. He wouldn't keep shtep, I dook him brisoner Vat vas some commands, geptain?

CAPT. We cross the Oconee river to-morrow, and march for Savannah

(TOM to YOCK.)

TOM. I'll bet my rooster con curflummix your ole Billy Sherman.

YOCK. Vell, goom along mit your olt Pete Beaure-

gard. (*Cock fight, Boys Cheer.*)

ALL. Go for him Uncle Billy.

TOM. Don't get too cantankerous. You must lick dat ole Billy, or I'll put you in de pot to' bile.

YOCK. Vat you say now, nigger? Dot vas do vay ve march drough Shorgia.

CAPT. (*Pointing L.*) Boys, don't take all those sweet potatoes.

COL. There is the plantation (*Pointing L*) of Howell Cobb, one of the leading rebels of the South.

Enter R 2 E FRANK, JOHNNY, and PHIL. All shake hands.]

TOM. Glory hallelujah! If dar aint dat boy done got away from de Johnnies (*Business for TOM and JOHNNY.*)

YOCK. Dunder und spikes! Vere did you goom from? [*Business.*]

FRANK Where is Gen. Sherman? I must see him.

COL. Gen. Sherman's headquarters are just over there. (*Exit FRANK L 2 E*)

JOHNNY. I am almost gone, but the sight of the dear old flag gives me new life. Where is my drum?

CAPT. Boys, get his drum.

PHIL S. We have gained our liberty at last. We have much to thank the kind-hearted colored man for, who assisted us through. [*Drum handed to CAPT.*]

CAPT. Here Johnny is your drum. We found it after the battle of Atlanta.

JOHNNY. (*taking drum*) Dear old companion, you can almost smile. (*Throws arms around drum—Ad libitum.*) How I have missed your cheery voice and happy ring. Dear, intimate friend, n y love for you can never die. We have clung together through many tiresome marches. We have stood side by side in many a hard fought battle. We have bivouaced together on many a stormy night, and I have often pillowed my weary head on yours. * See, there is where the ball struck before it struck me. (*Shows hole in drum.*) You even stood guard to save my life.

[*Bomb drops in Camp.*

ALL. Grab a root. [*Mule runs off—Buss.*]

Bugle Call forward march—Regt. Exit R 3 E, JOHNNY at head, beating drum. GRAND TABLEAU—Decorations and National Cemetery—Slow Curtain.

ACT V.

SCENE I—*Home of the HARRISONS;—Plain room, chairs, stand, etc.—MRS. H., ALICE and MABLE—MR. H. reading paper.*

MRS. H. Father, is there no news of our dear boys? *Breaks down and weeps.*)

MR. H. (*Jumps up excited*) Glorious news! Sherman and his brave army have captured the city of Savannah. They are marching through the Carolinas for

Richmond. Now the backbone of the so-called Southern Confederacy is broken. That is the greatest victory, the greatest military achievement known to the world. Think of it! Cutting loose from his base of supplies, marching three or four hundred miles through the enemy's country to a new base, and without the loss of scarcely a man. The history of Sherman's march through Georgia will be handed down to future generations to the end of time, as the greatest military campaign of the world (*reads*) Later:—Lee has surrendered to Grant. Hurrah! Later Still:—Johnson has surrendered to Sherman.

MRS. H. Our boys will soon be home. Thank God!

ALICE. Yes mother, all that are left.

MRS. H. O, to think of the many vacant chairs and desolate hearthstones throughout our grief-stricken land.

MABLE. Yes, and the orphans' and widows' tears that glitter in victory's sun.

ALICE. Our dear boys are spared, after many hard-fought battles and weary marches. But we should not forget our neighbors:—There is scarcely a house that the shadow of the death-angel's wing has not passed over, for many brave boys sleep in far off graves.

MABLE. Still, through all our gloom, a bright ray of light bursts in a flood of glory. Thank God, the flag of the free, handed down to us by our forefathers, still waves over an undivided country, and the clouds of

gloom are gilded by this glorious thought. [*Shows small flag.*]

MR. H. [*reading*] The troops have been reviewed at Washington, and Johnny Harrison has been christened "The Drummer Boy of Atlanta," by Genl's. Grant and Sherman.

MR. H. (*reading*) Hurrah! The old — regiment is on the way home.

[*Enter TOM L 2 E in a grand tumble.—Chord.*]

TOM. Hoop-a-law.

MR. H. What on earth is the matter? Who is this colored man?

TOM. Dis chile am so glad to got hum.

MABLE. Why, this is Uncle Tom.

ALL. Uncle Tom! Uncle Tom! (*Shake hands—Buss*)

TOM. Don't you 'cognize dis culled gemmen?

MRS. H. Why, Tom, we are so glad to see you.

TOM. I'se mighty glad, too, I tole you.

MR. H. Where did you leave the boys?

TOM. Dey done sent me on ahead to tole youall dat dey'd be here on de next train, prebious to de one dat follows—

MR. H. Why Tom you are so badly excited that you can't tell anything.

TOM. O I'se not 'cited. It's de eblution ob de gushin' spirits ob youth.

MR. H. Tom, can you tell us when the boys will be here?

TOM. Dey'll be hire on de cattle guard.

MR. H. Tom, did they send any word or letter?

TOM. Dat's it, massa, dat's it. (*Fumbles in all his pockets and finally hands Mr. H letter.*)

MR. H. [*opens letter*] Ah, I thought you were addled (*Reads.*)

WASHINGTON, MAY, 24th. 1865.

Dear friends at home:

Fearing to shock you by a too sudden appearance at home, we send Tom as advance guard. We have been mustered out and will take the morning train for home. Will arrive at 4 o'clock. With loving anticipations, I remain,

Ever Yours,

FRANK.

TOM. Dey'll be 'at de smoke stack on de 4 o'clock tender!

MR. H. We must prepare to give them a rousing reception. The best in the land is none too good. Tom, can we depend upon you for assistance?

TOM. You can put me down for a full hand at de table. [*Buss.*]

MR. H. I'm afraid you are so badly rattled, you are not to be depended upon.

TOM. O, I'll be dar, when de ginerall roll is called I'll be dar.

MR. H. I will attend to it myself. Mother, what shall I get? Remember the whole regiment will be here.

MRS. H. What is left of them!

ALICE. But the memory of all will be with us!

TOM. An' I'll be here sartin, suah.

Scene closes in.

SCENE 11.—*All business—Regt. march across stage—Wear veteran stripe across sleeve; some with arms in sling, some with head tied up and some on crutches—Colors, torn and dirty, carried by one.*

SCENE III. *opens out—Harrison's parlor*

Mr H. Mrs H. Alice, & Mable—*Enter*

FRANK, JOHNNY, and YOCK., L. 1. E.—*Grand handshake all around—FRANK and MABLE ad lib.—MRS. H. clasps JOHNNY in her arms and kisses him.*

MR. H. Boys, we are over-joyed to see you.

MRS. H. Yes, this happy moment dispels the clouds of gloom that has so long hung over us.

YOCK. I vos glad I vos alive. We licked old Sheff Davis und all oof dem Shonnies.

MRS. H. Yes, dear boys, you have done well, and our country owes its existence to the brave boys in blue. [*FRANK and MABLE talk apart—*Lover business—Ad lib.**]

JOHNNY. Never mind Frank and Mable. [*Exit L. 2. E.—*All laugh.**]

YOCK. Vell, Frank vos von pully poy, ven he vos in dot var mit Uncle Pilly, marching through Georgia.

TOM. Dat am so Dutchy.

YOCK. I vould yoost so soon be a Dootchman as a monkey. Say, Frank, I vos gone to get me a vife.

FRANK. I am sure you deserve one. You were a good soldier and will make a good husband, and—father.

TOM. O, shoot de fadder! Well, if all de white trash

an gwine to git married, I's gwine to splice too.

MRS. H. Tom has as good a right to marry as anybody. You are a free man now, and are entitled to all a freeman's rights.

TOM Whoopee: I'se gwyin' up!

ALICE. There is a little secret that Mable has imparted to me, and as you are all more or less interested, I will divulge. (MABLE *hides her face*.) There is to be a wedding at the little church this evening, in which Mable and Sherman's Scout will figure conspicuously. (*Exit L 2 E*.)

YOCK. Unt I peen von for the brides-maids. (*Exit L 2 E*.)

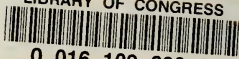
TOM. I'se gwyin ter be de groom's best man:—de right bower. [*Exit L 2 E*]

FRANK. Yes friends, the happiest moments of my life are these, and I and this dear girl tender you all a cordial invitation to be present at our nuptials.

MABLE. Yes, after long years of heart-ache, after watching and praying for loved ones, after the gloom of war comes peace and happiness. I join Frank in extending a cordial invitation, hoping you will mingle your smiles with ours, and let our joys be shaded by the memory of the dear ones who died for our UNION. * *

FRANK. Hoping that in after years the scenes through which we have passed may be reflected upon your blazing hearthstones, and that you may sometimes think of the "Union Scout," in Sherman's March through Georgia. [*Johnson's Surrender to Sherman—Tableaux—Grand Finale—Slow Curtain*.]

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