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...THE...

Loyal Heart of 1861

A Military Drama of the War
of the Rebellion.

BY W. HECTOR GALE.

Dedicated to
of
Second
Heavy



My Comrades
the
New York
Artillery.

ONEIDA, NEW YORK, 1898.

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CHARACTERS AND ORIGINAL CAST.

Chas. Adams, the Loyal Heart W. D. Parkell
Mr. Weston, afterwards a Confederate General M. Cavana
Mr. Bane, partner in business with Weston . . . W. Hector Gale
John Haw, a clerk with Adams, in the employ of Weston &
Bane Wm. Constantine
Herbert Lawson, Captain C. S. A Frank H. Aubeuf
Nina, daughter of Gen. Weston Miss Gertrude Munz
Harriet, the White Slave of Gen. Weston . . . Mrs. W. F. Snow
Jake Schmidt, the German sutler E. R. Boden
Pete, a servant of Capt. Lawson Charles N. Dean
Jimmy Brady, a Union Soldier Cal. McGuinness
Sam Snicker, a down east Yankee E. R. Niles
Eugene Ross, a Union boy Henry D. Burkhart
Lieut. Clark, a Courier from the front —————
Ben, servant of Gen. Weston Master John Boden
Ladies and gentlemen of Burton, S. C., police officers, sentries,
guards, Boys in Blue, Confederate Soldiers, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

ACT I—Burton, S. C., in April, 1861. Counting House of Weston & Bane. The consignment to Thorp & Co., of Boston. War talk. News from Charleston. Withdrawal from the Union. Pete and the dispatch. Adams' opinion. Pete and the champagne. Home of Mr. Weston. "For political reasons." The white slave. Will the slaves be free? Some points from Herbert Lawson. The Loyal Heart. The proposition. The refusal. Adams in danger. The escape.

ACT II—Confederate recruiting office at Burton. Jake decides to "go mit de war." Sutler's duties explained. Jake in trouble. A plot spoiled. Departure of Capt. Lawson and his Confederate company for the war. The sutler on hand. Nina's good-bye to the soldiers.

ACT III—In the Union lines. "Mother's picture." Sam's oddities. Lieut. Adams in camp. "Jimmy Brady, drunk as usual." Camp life. A song. Mail time. Brady's promise. An alarm. A darkey in trouble. The battle of Spottsylvania. The charge at the Bloody Angle. Battle Picture. Death of Capt. Lawson.

ACT IV—After the fight. Lieut. Adams missing. A sutler's troubles. He wants a battle. He becomes a Yankee. A free woman. Jake goes out on his own hook. The Confederate General and his prisoner. The sutler arrives. The drugged liquor. The escape. The search. On picket duty. Safe in the Union lines. "I save Sharlie Adams' life some more, ain't it." Died at his post. Tableaux.

ACT V—The Rebel General a prisoner. Jake's promotion. Jake and his squad. The outpost. Lieut. Brady in command. Fall of Richmond announced. Arrival of the courier from the front. Lee's surrender. Three months after. Home of Col. and Mrs. Adams in New York State. Meeting of the members of the old firm of Weston & Bane. That consignment to Thorp & Co. heard from. Old friends. Happy family reunion.

COSTUMES.

ADAMS—Act I—Plain business suit. Acts III and IV—Infantry Vol. Lieutenant's uniform. Act V.—Scene 1, Colonel's uniform; Scene 3, Dress suit.

MR. WESTON—Act I—Business suit. Act II—Confederate Colonel's uniform. Act IV—Confederate General's uniform up to last scene of Act V, then civilian's suit similar to Act I.

JAKE SCHMIDT—Act II—As Dutch as possible. Acts III and IV—Confederate blouse and cap. Act V—Scenes 1, 2 and 3, Appropriate U. S. uniform; Scene 4, Business suit.

BANE—Nervous, middle-aged man. He never becomes a soldier. Acts I and II—Business suit. Act V—Scene 2, Traveling suit; Scene 4, Dress suit.

HAW—Act I—Business suit. Remainder Confederate Lieutenant's uniform.

LAWSON—Act I—Business suit in scene 2; Scene 3, Dress suit; uniform of Confederate Captain in remainder.

PETE—Act I—Common suit. Acts III and IV—Ragged suit. Act V—Scenes 1 and 2, Blouse and cap; Scene 3, White suit.

The remainder of the characters in appropriate dress as may suggest itself in the play.

The Loyal Heart of 1861.

ACT I.

SCENE I—*Plain chamber in 3. Decks C., R. and L. Charlie Adams discovered seated at R. desk. Mr. Bane at C. desk. John Haw at L. desk. Music—"Way Down upon the Swanee River."*

Bane—Mr. Adams, what was the date of our last consignment to Thorp & Co., of Boston?

Adams—(*Referring to the book.*) February 10th, sir. Consignment of cotton in bale.

Bane—(*Rising.*) This talk about war is cursed inconvenient for us, just now. I only hope we will be able to hear from that consignment before any decisive steps are taken.

Haw—(*Writing.*) I don't believe there is going to be any war; there's too much talk about it.

Bane—(*Comes down front.*) That's where you are wrong, John. The talk is a sure prognostic. And then the trouble began long ago; before you were born, I was going to say. I am sorry to say that my belief in this matter is well grounded.

Haw—Well, for my part, I don't see anything to be sorry for. I just wish there was a war; I'd go in a minute.

Bane—Yes, that's just the way with young blood. Always in for bloody battles, and banging guns, and brass

bands, and gore generally. But you don't take into consideration, John, the fact that the State would, under present circumstances, be fighting a power that would soon subdue her. (*Goes back to desk, sits.*)

Haw—(*Throws pen on desk and leans back.*) O, pshaw ; all the Southern States would join us in less than no time. Or, if they'd only stand and look on we could whip the North. One Southerner can whip five Yankees any day.

Adams—(*Looking up.*) What's that, John ?

Haw—O well, I don't include you among the five, Charlie. I suppose that being born north of Mason and Dixon's line makes you a Northerner, by birth only, though, you don't profess to say that you are anything like that fellow that came around here last year selling clocks, and telling us all about "Skaowhegan" and "Bangaw," in the State of Maine. You are as much of a Southerner as I am.

Adams—(*Lays down his pen.*) I hope I am, John, as much of a Southerner as you are. I think I love the State of South Carolina as much as any man living, for it has been my home ever since I was a child ; and it would be strange if I did not love it.

Bane—Well said, Mr. Adams.

Haw—There ; that's just what I said ; if the State should secede, you'd stick by her to the last.

(Adams and Haw resume writing. Enter boy right with newspaper from Charleston, which he places on Bane's desk and exits right.)

Bane—(*Opening paper.*) I feel uneasy about that last consignment. If they would only postpone hostilities until we get remittances, I should be under eternal ob—li—Hello ! what's this !

(Adams and Haw drop their pens and rise.)

Bane—(*Reads.*) Major Anderson, with the U. S. forces

under his command, has evacuated Fort Moultrie, and taken possession of Fort Sumter.

Adams—That means something.

Haw—It means business !

Bane—It means war ! The State has withdrawn from the Union.

Adams and Haw—What ?

Bane—(*Rising.*) South Carolina has seceded !

(Adams sits down, places his arm on the desk, bows his head on his arm.)

Haw—Seceded ! Hurrah !

Bane—John, I appreciate your devotion to the State, but I am afraid you don't know what secession really means.

Haw—(*Excitedly.*) Yes I do, yes I do ; it means that South Carolina knows her rights as a State, and ain't afraid to say so. It means that as her sovereign rights are denied her by the Union she'll get them elsewhere. Hurrah for the plucky little Palmetto State.

(Cheering in the distance.)

Bane—Listen ; (*Cheers heard.*) I suppose they are cheering the news. (*Sits at desk.*) O dear ; O dear ! Well, I shall stick to my State, of course ; but I wish more prudent measures had been adopted.

Haw—I don't ; it just suits me !

(Enter Pete l. 2. with basket of champagne. He places basket on floor front and takes off his hat.)

Well, Pete, what brings you here ?

Pete—I jess got some bottles o' truck heah fo' Marse Herbert. He done gwine to have a party to-night, and Marse Weston he done comin' home dis evenin'. Dats what de' 'spatchum says.

Bane—How do you know Mr. Weston is coming to-night ?

Pete—Why, de 'spatchum says so.

Haw—The what ?

Pete—De 'spatchum ; de 'spatchum !

Haw—What's a 'spatchum ?

Pete—(*Laughs.*) You don't know what a 'spatchum is ? I bet Marse Bane knows what a 'spatchum is.

Bane—No, I don't, Pete ; you'll have to tell us.

Pete—Well, for de land sakes, dar's ignomus for ye ; you know Marse Lawson—not ole Marse Lawson, but Marse Herbert, my marsa ?

Bane—Yes ; yes ; we know him. The superintendent of the Telegraph Office.

Pete—Ad-zackly ; he done cotch something on de wires dat he write on a paper fo' you. Dat's a 'spatchum.

Haw—Oh, a telegraph dispatch ?

Pete—Yes, dat's it, a 'spatchum.

Bane—Well, where is it ?

Pete—(*Examines pockets.*) O, I got him alright. Marse Bane, (*Gives Bane dispatch.*) I must get up to the house, I's a very 'portant part of that party jess now, an' if I don't get home wid dis yeah basket dey won't have much of a party, shu ; Good day, gemmen. (*Exit with basket r. f. e.*)

Bane—(*Examining telegram.*) This is a cypher telegram. Mr. Adams, will you please get me the cypher book ?

(Adams gets book, which he gives to Bane. Sits at desk.)

Haw—(*Closes ledger and comes to C.*) Hang it ; I can't do any more work to-day. Charlie, what do you think of the news ?

Adams—It's like some horrible night-mare ; South

Carolina withdrawn from the Union ; can it be that our nation is in such deadly peril ?

Haw—(*Leans against his desk, l.*) Didn't you say, but a minute ago, that you loved the State as well as any one living ?

Adams—So I do, John ; but I love the Union better still. (*Rises and comes f.*) South Carolina may become an independent State, but I shall live and die a citizen of the Union.

Bane—(*At desk c.*) This telegram is from Charleston, from Mr. Weston. He will arrive here this evening, and will return to Charleston before day-break in the morning, by special train. From what I can make from the cypher, it has been decided by the State authorities to bombard Fort Sumter.

Haw—Good ; that's the right way.

Adams—(*Approaching Haw.*) The right way, John ; is it right to disgrace our government by rising in rebellion against it ? Is it right to tear down the flag of our Union and trample it in the dust ? I love the State of South Carolina as a man ought to love his home, but for her to fire upon the flag of our country is worse than dishonorable ; it is a disloyal and monstrous deed, and can only be the act of traitors.

Haw—Traitors, Charlie ?

Adams—I said traitors. If there was a word in the English language with a stronger meaning, I would use it. It is a dastardly act ; it is the act of a viper that poisons with its venomous sting the hand that has nourished it. South Carolina may hoist the Palmetto flag as her emblem, but until the flag of the Union, the glorious stars and stripes, floats above it, I shall regard her as an outcast, traitorous State.

(Music—Trem. till change of scene.)

Haw—So you side with our enemies?

Adams—I side with my country. My choice is made, if a choice must be made between loyalty and treason. I shall defend the honor of my country if it takes the last drop of my blood. (*Takes from his breast a small Union flag.*) This is my standard, and here I pledge again to my country, my life, my fortunes, and my sacred honor.

(Close in street in 1.)

SCENE II—*Street in front. Enter Haw R. Bane L.*

Bane—Are you going down to the office, John?

Haw—Yes sir, before long. The streets in this part of the town seem quite deserted.

Bane—Yes; everybody is down to the telegraph office. (*Crosses to l.*)

Haw—What do you think of Charlie's sentiments?

Bane—He's rash; he's rash; I very much fear he will get into trouble. I'm sorry, too.

Haw—Yes, so am I. But I think now that he has been making up his mind for a long time. I shall advise him to keep silent, for his own sake.

Bane—That's the best thing for him to do, no doubt; but he is rash and hot-headed, like most young men.

Haw—I think his words are treason to the State. He thinks the State is wrong, and if possible he would betray her.

Bane—I don't believe, John, that Mr. Adams would act otherwise than his conscience dictates. But he is strongly attached to the National Government. I must say I have a sort of respect for the old flag, myself. I served under Gen. Scott, in Mexico, with the stars and stripes for our standard.

Haw—Well, I have sort of a liking for the flag itself;

but the government it represents has my hearty execrations. The Palmetto flag means more to me than the stars and stripes.

Bane—John, if the Palmetto flag were to be taken to other parts of the world not one man in ten thousand would know what it was intended to represent; the generality of men would imagine that it was the national emblem of some barbarous or half-civilized island in the Pacific. But in every nation in the wide world the Star Spangled Banner is known and respected.

Haw—One would think that you were inclined to side with our oppressors.

Bane—Then one would think wrong. No, John, I am a firm believer in the sovereign rights of the State, but I wish the State would not come to an open rupture with the Nation. I can't help liking the government; I have lived under it all my life; I have fought beneath its standard, and it has never done me or my State any harm. But the State has taken a direct issue with the National Government, and I must side with the State.

Haw—Then you don't side with the State because you think she is right?

Bane—Wrong again, John. I do consider the State in the right, theoretically. But I must hasten home, Mr. Weston will be here this evening, and will return to Charleston early in the morning. You can go with him if you like.

Haw—Thank you, thank you, sir.

Bane—Oh, no thanks. Mr. Weston wishes either you or Mr. Adams to accompany him, but in view of the sentiments Mr. Adams expressed, I don't think it advisable to send him. Be at the office by ten o'clock this evening, and we will be waiting for you. (*Exit r.*)

Haw—That's good luck; I'm to accompany Mr. Wes-

ton to Charleston. Well, I must be making tracks. If there is going to be any fighting there, I want to be on hand and see the fun. Let's see, to-morrow will be Sunday; they won't bombard Fort Sumter to-morrow. Never mind; I'll find some way to stay over and see the Yankees whipped. (*Exit l.*)

(Music—Lively until Pete's on. Enter Pete l. with basket of champagne whistling. Puts basket on ground.)

Pete—Golly; ain't it hot; I 'spect dese yer baskets will kill me 'fore de party begins. Dis makes fo' baskets I'se toted to-day. I'se gwine to take a rest, anyway. (*Sits down c.*) Dem white folks have easy times, nowadays; nuffin to do but jess set 'round and boss de niggers. Dar's gwine to be war down to Charleston—war wid de Yankees. Marse Herbert says all de Yankees is got horns on der heads. I seen a Yankee down to Charleston one day, but he did't have no horns. I 'spect he was a muley. (*Takes prepared bottle from basket.*) Dis is what white folks drinks; Marse Herbert says it's Tom Paine; no, dat aint it—Sam Pain. (*Laughs.*) Sam, how do you do? Got him tied up with wire, too. I'm gwine to see what he looks like. I can tie him up again wid a piece o' fish line. (*Whistles; takes knife from pocket and cuts wire. Cork pops and champagne froths.*) Help; murder; help; stop thief; help! (*Stops and looks r. and l; looks at bottle in his hand; scratches head; laughs.*) I hope nobody heard me. Dat's a funny kind o' stuff to drink, frothing at de mouf dat way. It's fireworks, dat's what it is. Dat's de kind o' truck to drink when dar is gwine to be war. (*Smells bottle.*) Fo' de land sake; does white folks drink dat 'splosive stuff? (*Smells bottle.*) Smells good, too. Well, if it's good fo' a white man it's good for de niggah. (*Drinks facing r. c.*)

Herbert Lawson—(*Enter l.*) I believe that's that Pete. (*Slaps him on the shoulder.*) Here you rascal !

Pete—O, Marse Herbert, I didn't know it was loaded, 'deed I didn't ; he done went off hisself.

Herbert—So this is the way you do your errands, is it ? I send you with champagne to take home, and you stop and drink a bottle. But I caught you this time.

Pete—Marse Herbert, 'fo de lan' sake I didn't mean to. It done busted its boiler all by itself.

Herbert—You pick up that basket and follow me ; I'm going to sell you.

Pete—O, please don't sell me, Marse Herbert.

Herbert—Yes, I will. I'll sell you to some one that's going to war, and will take you along with him.

Pete—O, no, Marse Herbert, please dont ; I don't want to go to war ; I might get hurt.

Herbert—And I'll tell him to make you take a gun and go right into the thickest of the fight, (*Pete falls on his knees*) and where the guns are banging and the bullets are flying around.

Pete—(*Crying.*) O, Marse Herbert ; no, no, no, no ; I'll be a good boy ef you won't send me to the war to be killed.

Herbert—Pick up your basket and come along. (*Exit r.*)

Pete—(*Gets up and takes basket.*) Please don't, Marse Herbert, Please don't. (*Exit r.*)

(Draw off street.)

SCENE III—*C. D. Chamber in 3, backed with plain interior. Table or stand at L. Three chairs, tete and other indications of rich interior. Nina Weston sits at R. of table. Music, "Beautiful Girl of the South."*

Nina—O, dear, this is such a tiresome life. The winter with all its gaieties has passed away, and everything

is dull. Last summer we were at Saratoga ; we can't go there this year, "for political reasons," papa says. I don't see why these hateful politics always have to stand in the way of our enjoyments. If I want to go anywhere that papa don't want me to, or if I happen to want something he don't want me to have, he refuses "for political reasons." Even the very servants have caught the phrase. This morning Jake refused to make a fire in the kitchen at Dinah's request "for political reasons." Then Dinah, to be even with him, refused to give him any breakfast "for political reasons." It's a wonder to me that the birds don't stop singing "for political reasons." (*Takes letter from table.*) Now here's a letter from papa ; he says (*Reads.*) "I will be home to-night, but must return to Charleston early in the morning 'for political reasons.'" (*Throws letter on table.*) O, how I do detest politics. I reckon if anyone wants to be mean and hateful, all he need do is to regulate his actions by "political reasons." (*Music—Enter Harriet c. d.*) O, Aunt Harriet, is that you ? Come and sit down here, and talk with me a little while.

Harriet—(*Sitting at r. of Nina.*) I can't stay here long, Nina ; I must be over-looking the servants right soon.

Nina—Aunt Harriet, do you know it seems to me as if something dreadful was going to happen. Why is it that we must stay in Burton this summer, instead of going to Saratoga ? Do you know the reason ?

Harriet—I do Nina. You must have heard the talk of war—war between South Carolina and the Union.

Nina—O yes, I have heard all about that ; but I don't place any confidence in it.

Harriet—You will place confidence in it soon enough, then. War has been declared by the State already.

Nina—O, Aunt Harriet, that can't be true.

Harriet—It is true, nevertheless. That is what keeps your father in Charleston so much of late.

Nina—Isn't it horrible ; what is the cause of it ?

Harriet—The cause of all the misfortunes of the South—the bitter curse of slavery.

Nina—Why are you always so much opposed to slavery, Aunt Harriet ?

Harriet—Ah, Nina, I have only too much reason to be opposed to it. There is a history connected with my life of which you little dream ; but you must learn it right soon. You will be sure to learn it, and I may as well tell you now. I would rather you would learn it from me than any one else. Look at me, Nina ; look in my face, in my eyes ; look at me closely. What do I look like ?

Nina—(*Kisses her.*) You look just like my own good Aunt Harriet.

Harriet—(*Smiles.*) Ah ; that is what I look like, eh ? Now tell me who I am, and in what way I am related to you.

Nina—Why, you are papa's sister, are you not ?

Harriet—Nina, child, I know but one fact of my relation with your father. I know positively nothing of my parents ; I know nothing of my infancy. My earliest recollection is that one day, when I was a little child about ten years old, I was brought here to this house. You were then a sweet little babe, only a month old, and my sole care was to watch over you. You probably remember the shadow that crossed our home when you were only six years of age ; your dear mother died, and with almost her last breath she told me to always take care of little Nina.

Nina—I remember that, Aunt Harriet ; I remember it well.

Harriet—I have remained here ever since. I knew

you always thought me your father's sister, your own aunt. Your father probably never knew it, or he would have corrected your mistake. Nina, my relation to your father is the same as that of Dinah, in the kitchen ; I am his property, his slave.

Nina—What ; O no ; Aunt Harriet, you can't be in earnest ; you are as white as I am ; you are not a negro ; how absurd.

Harriet—It is the truth, Nina. It is claimed that there is negro blood in my veins. One drop of the blood of that race brings with it its curse.

Nina—(*Puts her arms around Harriet's neck.*) O, my dear Aunt Harriet ; O how sorry I am ; I wish you had not told me.

Harriet—Does it make you love me any the less, Nina ?

Nina—No, No, but it makes me pity you, poor Auntie, O, what a curse slavery is.

Harriet—You see now, Nina, why I am opposed to slavery. But that drop of African blood in my veins endears the whole race to me.

Nina—How will the war affect the slaves, Aunt Harriet ?

Harriet—The war can have but one ending, and that will be the total abolition of slavery. (*Music,—“Star Spangled Banner,” pp. and trem. till Harriet is off.*) America will then be truly “The land of the Free.” (*rising*) I see already the race freed from the fetters of slavery ; no more overseers in the field, no more parting of husband and wife, of mother and child, no more shame and misery, no more bondage for the poor, oppressed race. (*Clasps her hands and looks up.*) O, God, bring the end and bring it speedily ; (*Exit c. d.*)

Nina—O, what a terrible thing slavery is ; I never realized it before. And poor Aunt Harriet, a slave, the same as Dinah, and Jenny. Is it the truth or have I

dreamed it? (*Enter Mr Weston, c. d.*) O, Papa; (*rises and goes to him.*)

Mr. Weston—Well, little girl; I'm back for a few hours, Why, tut, tut, tut, you've been crying. What's the matter? Won't Pompey get out the horses for you? or has Harriet been scolding you?

Nina—(*Takes his hat and gloves.*) Papa, is there going to be war?

Weston—Why, it begins to look-like it. There will be war, unless the Government lets us go in peace. All that South Carolina, asks is to be let alone. (*Oratorically.*) In the present attitude of affairs, fellow-citizens—

Nina—(*Laughs.*) Who are you talking to, papa!

Weston—(*Confusedly.*) Well, you see—I mean—well, the fact is—I have been making so many public speeches on the subject that I forgot where I was for the moment.

Nina—Is that the way great speakers talk, papa?

Weston—Yes; when they are addressing audiences.

Nina—How nice; (*clasps her hands*) please do it again, papa; (*imitating*) "In the present attitude of affairs, fellow citizens"—papa, what do you say next?

Weston—O, Nina, you are as mischievous as ever; always teasing poor papa. (*Both sit.*)

Nina—But, papa, when the war is over will the slaves all be free?

Weston—Why, child, what has put such an idea as that into your head? It will be an extremely unlikely combination of events that will bring such an occurrence to pass.

Nina—What kind of combination of events, papa?

Weston—Well, for one thing, it would be necessary for all the Southern States—that is, all the slave-holding states, to join us in withdrawing from the Union. Then it would be necessary for that Confederation of Seceding

States to be conquered by the North. The North, being the victors would probably then emancipate our slaves. But you see the thing is very unlikely.

Nina—But if the other Southern States should not join South Carolina, the United States would soon subdue her, papa.

Weston—Perhaps, but they would not, in that case, abolish slavery in this state, and leave it in all the others ; and they would have no cause to abolish it in all the states.

Nina—But suppose they should attempt to put down slavery in all the states ? What then ? (*Music, plaintive, till Harriet is on.*)

Weston—In that case the entire South would unite, and would form a Confederation that would be unconquerable. (*Enter Harriet c. d.*) Well, Harriet, you have been taking good care of my little girl ; she's all sunshine. But, by the way Nina, you've not told me yet the cause of those tears that I saw on your cheeks when I came in. (*Nina glances at Harriet. Harriet places her finger on her lips.*) You haven't told me which one of the boys to have whipped.

Nina—I don't believe I want anyone whipped, papa. You couldn't understand what I was crying about if I should tell you. I was crying for—for—for—well, "for political reasons."

Weston—(*Laughs.*) Well, you turned my own phrase on me that time, little puss. Is there anything wanting, Harriet ?

Harriet—Young Mr Lawson would like to see you a few moments, sir, if you are disengaged.

Weston—Young Lawson, eh ? Well, tell him to come here. (*Exit Harriet.*)

Nina—Now, I think that is real mean. Why can't I have you an hour to myself?

Weston—Well, my dear child, sometimes, you see, "for political reasons"—

Nina—O, pshaw; "for political reasons." (*Exit l. 2.*)

Weston—I believe there must be something in that phrase that is offensive to Nina. She is a darling, just what her mother was at her age. This world would be cold and dark indeed to me without my child.

Herbert—(*Att. d.*) Are you alone, Mr. Weston?

Weston—Yes, entirely so. Come in.

Herbert—I excused myself from my friends at home purposely to see you, and my stay must be short. You are to raise volunteers in Burton for the state, I believe?

Weston—Yes, sir; I have received a commission as Colonel, with the requisite authority to enlist a regiment, if necessary. Of course you are in the confidence of the Government?

Herbert—Certainly, certainly. My position as superintendent of the telegraph office certifies as to that point. You are to return in the morning to Charleston, and, of course, will leave instructions with some one here to act under your directions.

Weston—That's a good point. Thank you. Now, Mr. Lawson, who do you think would be the proper person for that business?

Herbert—What do you think of Mr. Adams?

Weston—Mr. Adams is just the man, Mr. Lawson. I was thinking of him as you spoke. But I must see him to-night. I expect either Mr. Adams or Mr. Haw will return with me.

Herbert—Mr. Haw is rather young; but he is a young man of remarkably good principle. He will make a good man in time.

Weston—I am very glad you called to-night, Mr. Lawson. Your ideas are good, and your heart is devoted to the state.

Herbert—I hope it is, sir. You, of course, will see Mr. Adams before morning.

Weston—Certainly, certainly.

Harriet—(*At c. d.*) Mr. Bane would like to see you a moment, sir, if you please. (*Exit.*)

Weston—Excuse me a moment Mr. Lawson. (*Exit c. d.*)

Herbert—I think I have spoiled one match. Poor Adams. I have got into the papa's confidence, and if Adams sticks up to his principles, I shall gain Nina for my wife, yet. The only trouble is that she evidently loves Adams. O, well, the trumps are in my hand, and if I play the cards right I will win.

Weston—(*Outside.*) This way, Mr. Bane. (*Enter with Bane c. d. Bane l. Herbert c. Weston r.*) Mr. Lawson, I believe, you know. We were just talking on the subject you mentioned.

Herbert—About Mr. Adams.

Mr. Weston—Yes, about Mr. Adams. Mr. Bane don't seem to think him the man for our purpose.

Mr. Bane—O no, O no. He's too rash, too rash. He is too hot-headed, and has the wrong view of the question altogether.

Weston—You don't mean to say that he takes a Yankee view of affairs?

Bane—Well—yes. He inclines that way, I should say sir.

Weston—Well, then he won't do at all.

Herbert—I beg pardon, sir; but Mr. Bane seems to think he only inclines the wrong way. Now I would suggest, sir, that you come out decidedly with him; make him the offer we spoke of, fair and square, and it

may serve to turn his inclination in the right way. He is too valuable a man to lose without an effort to keep him.

Weston—That is a good idea. We will go down to the office now, and, doubtless, will see him. Mr Lawson, if you can leave your friends at half past nine for a while, we shall be glad to see you at the office.

Herbert—I shall endeavor to do so ; but I must return now. Good evening, gentlemen. (*Exit r. u.*)

Weston—(*Getting gloves and hat.*) Now, Bane, I guess we are ready. I want to get through as soon as possible, so I can get some sleep before I start in the morning. (*Exeunt*)

Nina—(*At l. 2 c.*) There it is again. Everybody seems to have more claim on papa than I have. I like Mr. Bane, but if he gets to carrying papa off before my very eyes in this way, I shall begin to consider him the Bane of my life. (*Enters and sits at table.*) O, dear, O, dear. And Herbert Lawson, too. I don't like him and I don't know why. (*Enter Adams c. d.*) O, Charlie, is it you? O, I am so glad you have come! Sit down now, like a good boy and tell me all about yourself,—where you've been for the last week, and why you've not called, and—

Adams—(*Sits r.*) Now stop and take breath, Nina. Aunt Harriet said I should find you here. (*Enter Harriet and sits l.*) Here she is herself.

Nina—O, Charlie, only think! Aunt Harriet—

Harriet—Never mind, dear. Charlie knows my history better than you do.

Adams—(*To Harriet.*) You have told her then?

Harriet—I have.

Adams—Nina, your eyes have been opened to some of the horrors of slavery. That curse of our land.

Nina—It is a curse. It is horrible !

Adams—Can you wonder that I have made up my mind which side to take in the approaching conflict? I shall fight for freedom, the freedom of an enslaved race.

Nina—Charlie, you won't bear arms against the state, will you ?

Adams—Nina, darling one, the cause I espouse is a sacred cause. Our Union, our blessed country, is founded upon principles of freedom. The one dark stain upon our land is slavery, and the state is in arms to uphold that sin, to deepen that stain. If the state were right, I would be torn, limb from limb, before I would lift my hand against her ; but she is bringing war upon herself. Look upon Aunt Harriet, and see the embodiment of my cause, the cause of right against wrong, the cause of freedom against slavery.

Harriet—O, Heavenly Father, I thank thee for this Loyal Heart.

Nina—Charlie, I feel that you are right. I do love our common country, and if you have determined to cast your fortunes with those of the Old Flag, you shall carry with you the prayers and love of your own Nina. You will always be to me the ideal of The Loyal Heart.

(Enter Weston and Bane c. d.)

Weston—Ah, Mr. Adams, we were on our way down street, hoping we might meet you ; but, seeing you coming in at the gate, we returned. I hope you are well ?

Adams—Quite well, thank you.

Weston—Mr. Adams, strange times have come to us in South Carolina. We have thrown off the yoke of the oppressive U. S. Government, and intend to—to—

Bane—We intend to run a little nation of our own ; and Mr. Weston—

Weston—I have received authority to raise a troop of soldiers in Burton, and if you will—

Bane—If you will boss the job, Mr. Weston will—

Weston—I will procure you a good commission from the state, Mr. Adams.

Nina at table, r. Harriet, l. Bane near c. d. Weston, near Nina. Adams, c.)

Adams—Mr. Weston, I esteem you highly, and am gratified by your proposal—

Bane—(*Rubbing his hands.*) He will accept!

Adams—But I must decline; my sympathies are altogether with the U. S. Government.

Weston—Then, sir, am I to understand that you are a traitor to the state?

(Music—Hurry till curtain.)

Adams—you are to understand that while life remains I will fight for the salvation of my country, not for its destruction!

(Enter two officers.)

Weston—Then, sir, I accuse you of disloyalty and treason to the Commonwealth of South Carolina. Officers, do your duty.

(Officers rush on Adams. He rushes by and out c. d. Officers rush after him. Nina and Harriet kneel. Tableau. Fast Curtain.)

ACT II.

SCENE I — *Plain Chamber in 3. Plain, bare table c., books, blanks, arm chair and stools. Pens and ink on table. Capt. Lawson discovered seated in chair at table, making out enlistment papers for recruit, who sits on stool by him. Fife and drum at l. u. e. playing "Dixie" as curtain rises.*

Lawson—(*When "Dixie" ceases.*) There ; these blanks are ready for the Surgeon. Lieutenant !

Haw—(*Enter l. u. e.*) Yes, sir.

Lawson—Go with this man to the Surgeon's office for examination (*Exit Lieut. Haw and recruit, r. 2 e.*) There, that fills my Company. I have done well for the past two or three weeks. Our cause is beginning already to assume gigantic proportions, and I shall be sure of promotion as time passes on. (*Look off l. u. e.*) Here's the Colonel coming up the street. I suppose he is coming to make me a visit. He's a soft old fellow, but he has great influence with the Government. Egad, he need have, to have obtained a commission as Colonel. If the war lasts long enough, I expect to have as high a position myself. (*Rises.*)

Weston—(*Enter l. 1 e.*) Good morning, Captain. I thought I would drop in for a few minutes this morning. How are you doing ?

Lawson—Very well, Colonel, thank you. Won't you sit down ?

Weston—No, I haven't time. How near is your roll completed ?

Lawson—I just enlisted my last man a few minutes

ago ; and if he passes the Surgeon my company will be full.

Weston—Good, good ! I wish we had more such energetic workers as you are. You will rank as Senior Captain, and will be in the direct line of promotion.

Lawson—I am very much pleased with my First Lieutenant.

Weston—O, young Haw ? Yes, he is a fine young man. You will be ready to leave for Charleston with your company at almost any time, I suppose ?

Lawson—Yes, at any time after to day.

Weston—Notify your men, then, to be in readiness by morning. I want you to be the first at regimental headquarters. I will go with you to Charleston. Good morning. (*Exit l. 2 e.*)

Lawson—So far, so good. My star seems to be in the ascendant. I wonder where Adams is now, nobody appears to have seen him or heard of him since that memorable Saturday night. (*Sits at table.*) Well, his absence don't worry me very much.

(Laughter outside, l. u. e.)

Jake Schmidt—(*Outside.*) You don't told me ? Well, de Captain vas in he house, anyhow, und I find it out so. (*Laughter.*) You vas pooty shmart, but I tink I vas shoost so shmart as you.

Lawson—There's the Dutchman again.

Jake—(*Enter l. u. e.*) How you vas, Captain ? Dem fellers out on the sidewalk dey dink dey vas de whole State, ain't it ?

Lawson—What's the matter, Jake ?

Jake—Dem fellers want me to go down by my shtore mid 'em, und shtand treat mit beer, und sausage, und krout, und cheese, und all dem dings.

Lawson—What do they want you to do that for ?

Jake—Vell, dey say dey vas mit de Sout Carolina army and I must stand treats out of my shtore. (*Sits.*) Say, Captain, I guess I go mit de var.

Haw—(*Enter.*) The man's all right, Captain. Here are the papers. Hello, Jake ? How do you do !

Jake—Pooty vell. How you vas do, yourself ?

Haw—O, all right. Don't you want to enlist.

Jake—Don't I vant to exlist ?

Haw—Enlist. Go in the army. Go to the war.

Jake—Oh ! go mit de var ? Vell, yes, I go mit de var ; but I don't got shoted. Say, Captain, does fellows like you, captains, und dem fellers, have to go in mit de fight und got shoted maybe ?

Lawson—Yes ; they are as likely to get hurt as anyone else.

Jake—You don't told me ! Vell, I vas going to be one of dem fellers, but if dey got shoted too, I shoost guess I shtey at home, ain't it ?

Lawson—So you expect to go to war and not get into any danger, eh ?

Jake—You dink I vas a fool, dot I go where dere vas any danger ? It vas dangerous enough business for me dot I keep my lager beer shtore.

Haw—O, well, Jake, you can get into some place in the army where you won't be in any danger. You can get some high commission.

Jake—I got me some high commissions, eh ? Vell, if its so high dot de bullets don't reach me, I take him.

Lawson—You know Colonel Weston, Jake, don't you ?

Jake—Of course I know Col. Weshton. I rent my shtore mit Weston & Bane, and I pay my rent to John here, more as a good many times a'ready, ain't it John.

Haw—Yes, that's so, Jake. The room you rent is owned by Weston & Bane, and I have often collected the rent.

Jake—And you never come in mitout I treat to beer, ain't it, John ?

Haw—(*Laughs.*) That's so too, Jake.

Lawson—Well, Mr. Weston is Colonel of this regiment. Now I think, Jake, you can get the appointment of Sutler to the regiment.

Jake—Settler ? I vas settled down in dis place more as a good many years already.

Lawson—No, no ! Sutler ! To sell things to the boys ; to have a store in the regiment.

Jake—You vas jokin' mit me, ain't it ?

Haw—O, no, Jake ! That's the truth. You would make a good Sutler, too.

Jake—You don't told me ? Vell, I guess I be a Sutler ; den I can sold sausage und crackers und cheese, und tobacco, und all dem dings, ain't it ?

Lawson—Of course, and I expect you will charge enough for them, too.

Jake—You don't told me ? Dot's good business !

Haw—For the regiment's sake, Captain, don't instruct him in Sutler's tricks ! He will learn them fast enough.

Jake—Yah, I learn 'em pooty quick. De sodgers dey sharge mit de enemy, und den I sharge, too, for de sausage, und tobacco, ain't it ?

Lawson—Yes, you understand it well enough.

Jake—(*Rises and sits on table.*) Say, Captain, you dink off I got a chance dot I sell beer, too ?

Lawson—Yes, perhaps. The boys will like beer, too, if they can get it.

Jake—Den I go see de man dot sells me beer now, un^d we have a keg before de regiment goes mit de war.

Haw—It's about noon, Captain, and our time for closing till after dinner.

Lawson—I suppose you know that we start for Charleston in the morning.

Jake—Vell, I don't can shtart in the morning.

Lawson—O you can come along anytime in a week or two. You must see the Colonel first, and get yourself appointed as Sutler.

Haw—Jake, can't you sing us a song ?

Jake—(*Laughs.*) Vell, I don't know. I don't vas a pooty good singer.

Haw—O, I've heard you sing many a time. Did you ever hear Jake sing, Captain ?

Lawson—No, I never did. Come, Jake, sing us something.

Jake—Vell, I try a song. (*Song.*)

Lawson and Haw—Good, good !

Jake—O, you tink dot vas good, eh? You shoost wait till I vas a Sutler, den I sing more as a good many songs.

Lawson—Well, we must go. (*All exit r. 3.*)

SCENE II —*Plain Chamber in 2, no furniture. Enter Colonel Weston r. 2, followed by Captain Lawson and Jake.*

Lawson—I can recommend this man as Sutler to our regiment, Colonel ; but I suppose, of course, you know him well enough without my recommendation.

Jake—I dink myself I make a pooty good Sutler, ain't it ?

Weston—It is necessary that the officers of our regiment should be men of good position, and possessed of some influence. My officers so far are men of wealth and good standing.

Jake—Dot's shoost vot I say. No man got any business dot he vas an officer mitout he keeps a shtore. Und I vos got a pooty good shtanding too, ain't it?

Weston—It is gratifying to see the foreign element siding with our cause, Captain. The State will stand in no danger when her cause is espoused by her adopted sons.

Jake—By Chiminey ! He was going to 'dopt me.

Lawson—It is indeed gratifying, sir. And I hope our friend will accompany us as our Sutler.

Weston—O, he shall do so, by all means. (*To Jake.*) You will join us at Columbia, probably ; we shall leave for Charleston to-morrow.

Jake—You don't told me ! Vell, I sell me out in de morning. Say, Colonel, you don't got mad if I send you a dozen bottles of Champagne to-night, ain't it ?

Weston—Not very mad, Sutler, I assure you.

Jake—Vell, I go me now. Und ven I vas Sutler den I—vell, I vas Sutler now, ain't it ? (*Exit r. 2.*)

Weston—Certainly. You may consider yourself as Sutler of our regiment. (*To Lawson.*) Well, the first blow has been struck for the independence of the State. The remaining Southern States will soon flock to our standard.

Lawson—The report is that Lincoln has issued a call for troops.

Weston—Fighting must be done, no doubt ; we can only gain our independence through blood. But all the State asks is to be let alone. But you must excuse me now ; I have some business to attend to. Will you join

the ladies in the sitting room? You know the way.
(*Exit l.*)

Lawson—I must see Nina before I go. I suppose I shall find her in the sitting room. (*Enter Nina r. 1*)
Ah, Miss Nina, I was just on my way to find you.

Nina—And I have found you, instead. You leave for Charleston to-morrow, I understand.

Lawson—Yes; I take my company there in the morning, and as soon as the regiment is complete we are to go to Columbia, I believe.

Nina—I wish papa would stay at home. O, how I hate this war!

Lawson—I regret my departure, I assure you Miss Nina. Do you know why?

Nina—How should I know?

Lawson—I will tell you; I regret leaving behind me the only being I love. Nina, dearest, you are not blind to my devotion?

Nina—What! Mr. Lawson! You love me? Impossible!

Lawson—Why do you say it is impossible? Is it possible for anyone to know you and not to love you?

Nina—Mr. Lawson, you must not speak so to me. I esteem you as a friend of my father, but I tell you frankly, my heart is not free. (*Crosses to l.*)

Lawson—Nina, your heart is not given to anyone, is it?

Nina—It is best for you to know the truth, Mr. Lawson. My heart is given to one who is worthy of more than my best love. But if it were not so, I would not give it to one who was aiding and fighting for this wicked rebellion against the Union.

Lawson—Miss Weston! Is it possible? Are you, then, so infatuated?

Nina—Sir!

Lawson—I can guess who it is. You are in love with that traitor, Adams.

Nina—Silence, Mr. Lawson! It does not become you to stand there in the uniform of a rebellious and traitorous State, and apply such epithets to a Loyal Heart.

Lawson—I have finished, Miss Weston. But I hope to meet your lover, my rival, in battle, right soon too.

Nina—I reckon it will be the worse for you if you do meet him, sir. (*Exit l.*)

Lawson—Dished! But I shall have my revenge, I shall have my revenge. I hope I shall meet him. O, what a fool I was, to think I could gain her so easily. Well, I shall get him out of the way yet, and then I hope I shall gain her. (*Exit r.*)

Jake—(*Enter r. r.*) Vell, by Chimminy, dot shoost beats anyding, dot I can't find my way out of de house. I open more as a good many doors, and dey all goes into another rooms. Dot was too bad, ain't it? I suppose I shoost shtay here till somebody lets me out. Und I don't can find any niggars, or anybody else dot can tell me how I can get me out on de shtreet. I vas got hungry too, und I shoost vish I had a glass of beer. I open me one door, and it vas a vindow, or else sompody move de steps away. Den I opens anoder door und it was a ped-room; den I find me another door und it vas a place dot I go up shtairs; den vas a door dot vas a closet, and some dresses hanging up in it; den I opens me anoder door, und by Chimminy, it vas locked. Now how vill I got out? Here is anoder door; I try dis one. (*Exit l. r.*)

SCENE III.—*Center Door Chamber at back, same as Act I, Scene III, with table in center, chairs at right and left of table. Enter Jake c. d. Pens and paper on table.*

Jake—Vell, I got a good joke on dis house, dot I don't

can find my vay out. If any of de folks see me going 'round dis vay, dey tink I was a bugler, don't it? Vell, it vas too bad, dot's so, Und dot nigger dot I left in my lager beer shtore he shoost vill got drunk, und by Chimminy gracious how vill I got out on de shtreet?

Nina—(*Outside c. d.*) Come into the sitting room, Aunt Harriet.

Jake—By Chimminy gracious! Dot vas a vomans, und if she sees me she'll shcream, dot's so. I shoost hide. (*Gets under the table*)

(Enter Nina and Harriet, c. d. Nina sits at r. of table Harriet sits at l.)

Jake—(*Looking from under table.*) Now how vill I got away?

(N. B.—The cloth must be arranged on the table so as to fall low in the front, completely hiding Jake. End of table to audience. When Jake speaks, he puts up cloth enough to show his head, and drops it again, when he has spoken.)

Nina—Now, Aunt Harriet, as we are alone, tell me about Charlie.

(Captain Lawson appears at c. d. and stands just outside listening.)

Harriet—Charlie is hid by some of Wilson's slaves, in the woods back of the cabins. To-night a boat is to put out from Wilson's, and it will carry him, disguised, to a steamer that is going to Charleston. From there he can get North to Virginia, and will contrive in some way to cross the lines.

Jake—(*Looking out.*) You don't told me! Dot's good!

Nina—O, I am so glad! Will you need any more more money for him, Aunt Harriet? I have another hundred dollars, if he needs it.

Jake—Chimminy gracious ! Give it to me !

Harriet—No ; we shall need no more, Nina. He is well supplied.

Nina—I shall feel relieved after to-night. But now I must find papa. O how I wish he would not fight in this wicked cause.

(Captain Lawson disappears from c. d. Nina and Harriet rise, and Nina exit c. d.)

Harriet—Preparations are still progressing for this wicked rebellion, I know not what is in store for me. Suppose Mr. Weston should be killed in battle, what would be my fate ? I shudder to think of it. How many like me have pondered these things ? How many, alas, how many, who were once as I am now, under a kind and noble hearted master, have been dragged down to infamy by a change to a brutal owner ? But I will die first ! O, my poor oppressed, enslaved race. A day is dawning for you. Behind the black cloud of war and disaster shines the glorious sun of freedom ! Your shackles shall be stricken off, you shall be free ! And God grant me life to see the day. (*Exit c. d.*)

Jake—Got in Himmel ! Dot's a smart vomans ! (*Starts from under table.*)

Lawson—(*Outside.*) Nobody in, eh ? Well, tell the Colonel I wish to see him on important business.

Jake—O, Chimminy ! Here vas anoder ! Now how vill I got out ! (*Crawls back.*)

Lawson—(*Enter c. d. and sits at l. of table.*) I have caught you now, Mr. Adams ; and you shall know that your own Nina betrayed you, but you shall not know how she did it. My lucky star is again rising. I shall have Nina Weston for my wife yet. I am glad that I had the good sense not to interrupt that little confidential

chat. A person may get a good many little pieces of valuable information by keeping still.

Weston—(*Enter c d.*) You wish to see me, the servant said, on important business.

Lawson—Yes, sir ; on rather important business. But I will tell you what it is.

Weston—(*Sits at r. of table.*) Proceed, Captain.

Lawson—It concerns your former clerk, Mr. Adams. I have discovered his whereabouts ; but before taking any steps to capture him I thought it my duty to tell you and receive your orders.

Weston—Well, I wish him no harm. I wish we could get him out of the way,—up North or somewhere.

Lawson—But if he should get North, Colonel, he might carry some important information to the enemy.

Weston—That's so ; perhaps we had better take him. How shall we do it ?

Lawson—I will write a note to the officers who have been looking for him. The same ones who attempted to arrest him, and they can capture him to-night.

Weston—Do so, write the note at once and I will sign it,

Lawson—(*Taking sheet of paper and pen, writing.*) “Burton, S. C.”—I can't write with this fine pen. I'll use a pencil. (*Tears sheet in two, and the half falls on the floor. Jake puts out his hand and gets it. Captain Lawson takes other half of sheet and writes with pencil.*) “Burton, S. C.—To Chief of Police : The traitor, Adams, who escaped the officers on the evening of the 13th of April, is now concealed in the woods back of Wilson's plantation on the Charleston road. An attempt will be made to convey him away to-night. I would recommend that a posse be sent to guard the woods and the bay.” There, I think that will do.

Weston—(*Signs the paper.*) Yes, very well.

(Jake takes paper which fell on the floor and writes, in view of the audience.)

Lawson—(*Folds note and puts it in an envelope.*) Can you send this down to the police office, Colonel? Have you a trusty servant who can take it?

Weston—Yes; I will send Ben with it. I will go and find Ben myself. (*Exit c. d.*)

Lawson—Now to direct it. Pshaw! I've broken the point of my pencil.

(Music, Pizzicato—till Weston is on.)

(Takes knife from pocket, turns back to table, leaving letter on table. Sharpens pencil slowly. Jake gets up from under table at r. and takes letter from envelope and substitutes the note which he has written, and returns under table. Lawson turns back and seals the envelope and directs the letter.)

Weston—(*Enter c. d. with Ben.*) Here is a boy, Captain, give him the note and he will take it.

Lawson—(*Gives Ben the letter.*) You know where the police office is, do you, Ben?

Ben—Yes, sah.

Lawson—Well, take that letter there and give it to the Chief of Police. Do you know him?

Ben—Yes; Marse Roberts, ain't it?

Lawson—Yes; Mr. Roberts. Just give him the letter and come back and tell Colonel Weston when you have given it to him.

Ben—Yes, sah; I'll do dat. (*Exit c. d.*)

Weston—Captain Lawson, you are a worthy young officer. If you are as vigilant in active service as you are now you will rapidly gain promotion.

Lawson—Thank you, Colonel. Such praise from your lips is praise indeed. I shall endeavor always to deserve

your good opinion. (*Rising.*) But now I must go. I will be on hand early with my men.

Weston—Everything is prepared. We shall leave at nine o'clock. (*Exit with Captain Lawson c. d.*)

Jake—(*Crawls from under table and comes f.*) Now I was in a fix, ain't it? I shoost write a note to de Sheef of Boleeses, dot I tink I send mit de Captain's letter, (*takes letter from pocket*), und by Chimminy, I take dis letter out and forgot to put him in again. Now, I was in a fix, a'ready. I must got out of dis house und den I go and give dis letter myself to de Sheef; but how I vas get out. (*Goes to c. d. and looks off r.*) Hello! (*Comes back.*) Here vas a young vomans. Vell, let her schream if she wants to. I don't got me under dat table again if I never finds the shtreet.

Nina—(*Enter c. d.*) I beg pardon. Were you waiting for my father?

Jake—(*Aside.*) Dot's de Colonel's girl. (*To Nina.*) No. I was waiting dot someone dells me how to got out on de shtreet.

Nina—I will send a servant to show you out. (*Moves toward c. d.*)

Jake—No; shoost vait one minute. (*Aside.*) I shoost told her all about it.

Nina—Can I do anything for you?

Jake—Yah! You vas acquainted mit Mister Adams, ain't it?

Nina—Yes, sir, and what of it?

Jake—Nodings; only he vas in danger.

Nina—In danger? How? (*Sits r. of table.*)

Jake—Vell, you shoost read dis letter und you find out how. (*Gives her the letter.*)

Nina.—(*Reads the letter.*) What shall I do! (*Rises and goes to c. d.*) I must find Aunt Harriet.

Jake—Shtop a leetle ! Dot letter ain't gone to de Sheef of Boleeses yet.

Nina—How did you come by it, sir ?

Jake—You shoost sit down und I dell you all about it. (*Nina sits.*) I vos got lost in dis house, und I don't can find my way out ; und I got me under dot table, und de Colonel and Captain Lawson, dey write dot letter to de Sheef.

Nina—Ah ! Captain Lawson, eh ?

Jake—Vell, you see, I was Sutler of your father's regiment, und I vas leave me my shtore mit a nigger a leetle vile, und I comes me here to see the Colonel—dot vas your father, ain't it ?

Nina—Yes ; go on.

Jake—Und de Captain he write dot letter und say he send it mit de Sheef, und I write a letter mit de Sheef, too, for to send a man to lock mine shtore. Und den ven de Captain he vas looking anoder vay, den I crawl me oui und I put my letter in de enfellop ; und I take dis letter out und I forgot to put him back again.

Nina—Good ! That's good ?

Jake—Yah ; dot vas pooty good. But I must take dot letter to de Sheef myself.

Nina—O, no ! Don't take it at all ; please do me this favor. Do you know Mr. Adams ?

Jake—Yah ; I vas vell acquainted mit him.

Nina—And you like him, don't you.

Jake—Yah ; he vas a pooty good feller.

Nina—Would you like to save his life ?

Jake—Yah ; I save his life ven he vas in danger, if I don't got in danger mineself.

Nina—If you should take this letter to the Chief of Police they would kill Mr. Adams.

Jake—You don't told me ; den I don't take it, aint it ?

Nina—O, you are a good man!

Jake—You was another! Now, if you shoost show me how I can got out of de house—

Nina—I will show you out myself. Come. (*Exit c. d.*)

Jake—Dot vas a pooty gal, anyhow. (*Exit c. d.*)

(Music, plaintive, till Harriet is on in next scene.)

SCENE IV.—*Dark Stage. Street in r. Enter Bane and Harriet l.*

Bane—Here I must leave you. I am glad that our work has been accomplished, and that rash young man is on his way.

Harriet—Ah, Mr. Bane, you have been a great aid to our plan. I expect to hear you advocating Union principles before long.

Bane—I presume you will be disappointed in your expectations, Harriet. I will follow where my State leads the way. What will Mr. Adams do when he gets to Charleston?

Harriet—He will go to Virginia, and will find some way to cross the lines. I was glad that you told him about Captain Lawson going to Charleston in the morning.

Bane—I hope I have not done wrong. But I do love that boy, Harriet, and I would do almost anything to save him. But he's rash and hot-headed.

(Music, plaintive, till Harriet is off.)

Harriet—Heaven will bless you, sir, and if the prayers of a poor slave can avail, you will be blessed in Heaven and earth for this night's work. But I must leave you now. Good night, sir, and God bless you. (*Exit.*)

Bane—Good night, Harriet. (*Solus.*) Good night, did I say? It must be nearly morning. (*Looks at watch*) No use of going to bed now. The sun will soon be up, and the volunteers under Captain Lawson will be marching through these deserted streets. O, dear; I hope for the best, but I shall fear for the worst unless the present Confederation is strengthened. (*Exit l.*)

(Music, lively till change of scene.

(Street draw off.)

SCENE V.—*Stage Lighted. Landscape in 4. Colonel Weston, Nina, Harriet, and several ladies and gentlemen at r. u. e.*

Weston—The Company will halt here when they come and will wait for the train.

Nina—Is the Company filled, papa?

Weston—Yes; the roll is completed. It will be the first Company in the regiment, and its Captain will be in direct line of promotion, being the senior Captain. (*Enter Bane r. u. e.*) Ah, Mr. Bane, good morning. You have come to see the boys off, eh?

Bane—Yes; I want to lend my countenance, such as it is, to the noble fellows who are to fight for their state.

Nina—You are becoming quite a fire-eater, Mr. Bane; I declare, I am almost afraid of you.

Bane—(*Bowing to the ladies.*) The presence of so many fair upholders of the Palmetto flag is enough to make one patriotic on such an occasion.

Harriet—I wonder when they will come.

Bane—They were preparing to start as I left the office. (*Drum in the distance.*) Listen; my ears are rather old, but I think I hear a drum.

Nina—I'm sure I hear it.

Weston—Here they come !

(Music, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," till Jake on.)

Chorus—Here they come ? Here they come !

(Enter Company, l. u. e. in grey or butternut uniform, headed by fife and drums, Capt. Lawson, Lieut. Haw and Second Lieutenant. They stand on stage, from front to back, and face l. after they are on, enter Jake, r. u. e. Captain Lawson gives necessary commands for forming them in position, which may be varied according to size of stage.)

Lawson—Parade, Rest !

Weston—Captain, you have a noble Company, and should be proud of it. I congratulate you and your officers.

Lawson—I can assure you, sir, we are all proud of our Colonel.

Jake—*Coming f.*) Und of our Sutler, too.

Weston—I would like to say a word to the boys, Captain.

Lawson—Attention, Company.

Weston—Men and Citizens of South Carolina :—We are about to leave our homes to engage in a conflict with a Government under which we have lived many years. But that Government has oppressed us, and we have thrown off its yoke. All South Carolina has asked is to be let alone, but the General Government will not permit us to withdraw in peace from the Union. Blood must be shed for our cause. Some of us may never return to our homes, but I believe we wou^ld all be ready and willing to fight to the last, to maintain the rights of the State. Your names will stand in the archives of the State, never to be blotted out, as among the first who are ready to serve the State. You are the first Company in the regi-

ment which I am to command. Be faithful and loyal and an honor to the name of South Carolina soldiers.

Lawson—Boys, three cheers for our Colonel. Hip, hip.

Company—Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Weston—Thank you, boys. Now I propose three cheers for your Captain and Lieutenants, and let them be rousers. Hip, Hip.

Company—Hurrah ? Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Lawson—I thank you men, for the compliment.

Jake—Und now, boys, shoost give me tree cheers for the Sutler. Hip, Hip.

Company—(*Laughs.*) Haw ! Haw ! Haw ! Haw !

Weston—Sutler, you are rather over stepping your bounds.

Jake—You don't told me. (*Aside.*) I vonder vot he means by dot.

Lawson—Have the ladies no word of good cheer for us ? I see the Colonel's daughter has she nothing to say to cheer the hearts of the brave boys ?

Weston—(*Takes Nina by the hand and leads her forward.*) Do say something, Nina, if it is only "God bless you, boys."

Nina—Gentlemen, you wish me to say something ; some cheering words to you, before you depart to enter the field in warfare against the United States. My father is your Colonel. I see but few strange faces among you ; the most of you have been known to me from my infancy. God bless you, boys, and bring you all safely back to your homes, before you strike one blow against the Union. (*Music, "Star Spangled Banner" pp. and trem. till curtain.*) And may South Carolina return to her allegiance, with the Stars and Stripes for her standard.

Weston—Such sentiments from the lips of my child !
Can it be possible ?

Nina—I will add as my parting sentiment to you, my brave men, “The Union now, and the Union forever, one and indivisible.”

(The Company stands in silence at r. The ladies and gentlemen at l., Nina c. of stage. Colonel Weston behind her, with hands to his eyes. Tableau and curtain.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Wood at back. “Boys in Blue” discovered seated at back on ground, some reading paper, two playing cards, one lighting pipe, one or two stretched ut oat full length. Eugene Ross and Sam Snicker f. Ross sitting on ground looking at photograph, and Sam looking over his shoulder. Music, “Yankee Doodle.”*

Sam—Wall, I swan, but she is handsome. You say it is your mother ?

Ross—Yes, my mother, Sam ; the best mother in the world, I think.

Saw—Yew don't say so ; she's young lookin', tew. I hain't got no mother livin' naow, but my mother was a good one. She used to wollop me though, when I was little. (*Stands up.*) You hain't heard from her lately, have ye ?

Ross—O, yes ; this picture came yesterday.

Sam—Yew don't say so ! Wall, I suppose yew'll be happy for another week to come, naow.

Lieutenant Adams—(*Enter r. 2 c.*) Ah, Sam ; I was looking for you.

Sam—Was ye ! Wal, I'm on hand, as the thumb said to the finger.

Adams—I would like you to do something for me, if you'r not too busy.

Sam—All right, Lewtenant ; I'm useful ef I ain't ornamental, as the pig said to the peacock.

Adams—If you will step around to my tent I will be there in a moment.

Sam—I'm off as the bullet said to the gun. (*Exit r. 2 c.*)

Adams—Well, Genie, are you feeling as if you wanted to go into another fight ?

Ross—Not very much, Lieutenant ; I can't say that I am fond of war.

Adams—I'm not very fond of it myself.

Ross—You knew father very well, didn't you ?

Adams—Yes, I did. He was Captain of our Company when he was shot.

Ross—At the battle of Fair Oaks. That's what made mother let me enlist in this regiment afterwards (*Rises.*) I got a letter yesterday from mother and she sent me her photograph.

Adams—Well, you must come around to my tent and tell me about it, and let me see the picture.

Ross—How is Captain Gleason to-day ?

Adams—He is worse, Genie. I am afraid he will never recover. That is the cause of my wanting Sam. I want him to go over to the hospital,

Ross—Poor fellow ! Well, I'll go with you now, if you are willing.

Adams—All right, my boy. Come along.

(Music, "Garryowen," till Brady on. Exit Sam and Ross r. 2 e. Enter Jimmie Brady, r. u. e., very drunk and staggering ; he comes to c. of stage.)

First Soldier—(*Rising.*) Hello, boys, here's Jimmie

Brady! (*Others rise.*) Say, Jimmie, give us a song, can't you?

Second Soldier—Yes, sing us a song, Jimmy. Come.
All—A song! A song!

Brady—I can't sing; I have a cowl.

First Soldier—O, never mind the cold. Give us a song.

Brady—Well, then, I won't sing.

Second Soldier—Birds that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing.

Brady—Whoop! I'm like a paycock—I'm a beauty, but I have no v'ice! How'll you make a paycock sing?

First Soldier—O, come Jimmy. That's a good fellow; give us a song.

All—Yes. Just one song, Jimmy.

Brady—Well, then, I'll try wan song. (*Sings. Tune, "Joe Bowers."*)

Come all ye throe-born Irishmen,
I hope ye will draw near,
And pay your close attention
To those words that you will hear—

O, I can't sing. I have a cowl.

First Soldier—O, that's good enough, Jimmy.

All—Plenty good. Try it over.

Brady—O, lave me alone! I have a bad cowl, I tell you.

Second Soldier—Just try it once more, Jimmy.

Brady—Well, I'll thry it wonce more, and if I can't sing it ye must lave me alone, now. Do ye mind? (*Sings.*)

Come all ye throe-born Irishmen,
I hope ye will draw near—

And then slitand back. I can't sing; I have a cowl; and I won't sing. I have me reasons. Whoop! I'll

fight the whole of ye's, ye spalpheens ; two be two.
(*Most of the soldiers sit down.*)

First Soldier—Well, come, sit down with us, Jimmy, or you may get into the guard house.

Brady—That's where I spend the most of me time, anyway. Whoop ! ‘Jimmy Brady, dhrunk as usual,’ as the Captain says. (*Goes to back and sits.*)

First Soldier—(*Loading off r. u. e.*) Hello, boys ! There's the mail. (*Rushes off r. u. e.*)

All—Mail ! Letters ! (*Exeunt omnes r. u. e., leaving Brady.*)

Brady—Mail, if it was a male o' vittles, begorry I'd go along wid'em.

Ross—(*Enter l, 2 e.*) Hello, Jimmy ; is that you ?

Brady—It's me, drunk as usual, me boy. (*Rises and comes to c.*)

Ross—O, how sorry I am to see you drunk again, Jimmy ! I wish you wouldn't. And you such a good friend to father.

Brady—Don't talk that way, Eugene. Your father was a friend to me—not me to him.

Ross—Jimmey, you don't know how bad it makes me feel to see you in this condition. Why, don't you let whisky alone ; if not for your own sake, for the sake of your friends ?

Brady—I have no friends to be plazed or displazed wid me conduct, so I'll go to the devil wid drink if I plaze.

Ross—But you have friends, Jimmy. Father used to write home about you, and how you took care of him once when he was wounded.

Brady—O, don't talk about that. Lave me alone.

Ross—And mother and I used to often talk about good Jimmy Brady ; and after I enlisted I told her I would

write to her about you. O, Jimmy, do quit drinking, won't you.

Brady—Begorry, Eugene, ye've touched me heart ! Ye've kissed the blarney shtone, ye have. (*Crying.*) And so you and your mother used to talk about Jimmy Brady ? Well, I'll try and lave it alone for your sake, Eugene.

Ross—Thank you, thank you, Jimmy.

Brady—But it's such a seductive crachure, it is But I'll lave it alone, if I can.

Ross—O, you can, Jimmy. Let's shake hands.

Brady—(*Giving Ross his hand*) Eugene, you've done more than anyone else can do wid me. I'll not drink the poison again.

Ross—O, Jimmy ! May I tell Lieutenant Adams of that promise ?

Brady—Tell who you plaze, I'm done wid it. It killed me father, and I was tryin' to get revinge on it, but, begorry, I'll give it up. (*Exit r. 2.*)

SCENE II—*Woods in 2. Occasional shot behind scenes, but not to interfere with dialogue. Enter Pete from l. 2, frightened.*

Pete—For the lan' sake ! Dis is what white folks call war ! I jess wish Marse Herbert had left me at home ! I can't do any good yeah ! Now, which way is de Yankees ! Dey's coming some way, wid deir blue buttons an' brass coats on, an' horns on der heads ! For de lan' sakes ! Here's one now !

Brady—(*Enter r. 2 with gun.*) What are you doin' here, nager ?

Pete—Don't shoot me, Marse, don't shoot me.

Brady—Well, who the devil wants to shoot you ; what do you want ?

Pete—Which way is de Yankees, Marse ?

Brady—The Yankees, is it, ye want ? Begorry, I'm Yankee enough for you.

Pete—O, don't kill me, Marsa !

Brady—You come wid me ye dirty nager ; come wid me.

(Pete falls on his knees, Brady takes him by the collar and drags him off r. Enter Adams with company of Union soldiers. Bugle, and drums long roll off stage at r.)

Adams—(*Entering r. l.*) Double quick ! March !

(All double quick r. to l. Exit l.)

Brady—(*Enter r.*) Begorry, I'll catch them. (*Exit l.*)



SCENE III.—*Wood at back same as in last scene. No change of scenery in any way. The stage must be open to the back of the stage, leaving two pieces of scenery in.*

(The argument of the battle to be followed is: There is firing on the picket line at l. of stage. Adams and his men double quick to the rescue. The Confederates drive them back across the stage. The Union troops under Lieutenant retreat firing. Adams does not appear. He is supposed to have been taken prisoner. As soon as Union troops have disappeared inside wings r. of stage, Rebel troops advance firing, and having reached c. of stage begin to fall back. As soon as time has been given for troops to retire within the wings and face about and form, cheers from Union side are heard and Rebel yell from Confederates. Officers on both sides give orders loud: "Forward, double quick ! Charge !" Both lines meet in c. of stage and form tableau, with guns clubbed and in other positions threatening each other. The Rebel flag is borne by the tallest man on Confederate side, near the center of line. Captain Lawson on

the flank of the Confederates nearest front of stage, on one knee, sabre raised to protect his head. Jimmie Brady in front of him has the muzzle of his gun at Lawson's breast as though he had bayoneted him. The orchestra plays "Battle Cry of Freedom" from the time Adams orders, "Forward, double quick! March!" till the tableau is formed, when, at a signal the scene at rear of stage is drawn and discloses on platform, representing a rise of ground or rocks, a Color Sergeant with Stars and Stripes and two members of Color Guard. Pin the flag back against scene back of Color Guard, as though it were waving. One member of Color Guard on his knee, a little in advance of Color Sergeant, and on side nearest to audience, aiming toward Rebel line; the other a little behind him and between the scenery to which he flag is pinned and the Color Sergeant and aiming toward Rebel lines. At the signal which opens the scene orchestra changes to "Star Spangled Banner." If the appreciation of the audience warrants it the figures in the tableau should retain their places so that the curtain may be raised a second time on the tableau. If it is decided not to raise the curtain the second time the stage should be cleared instantly of all except Captain Lawson and three or four dead soldiers, some of each side. Then the curtain should be raised at once.)

SCENE IV.—*Firing has ceased. Enter two soldiers with stretcher, pick up wounded soldier on stretcher and carry him away r. u. e.*

(Then re-enter with Pete leading, carrying lantern, and goes from soldier to soldier, apparently looking for someone, until he hears Lawson calling for water. When he begins to speak, soldiers with stretcher come down to front and form the final tableau of the act.)

Lawson—O, give me water; for the love of heaven, give me water.

Pete—Fo' de lan' sakes ! If hea' ain't Marse Herbert !
(Kneels by him.) Marse Herbert.

Lawson—O, Pete, is it you ? Give me some water.
(Gives him drink from canteen.) Is ye hurt bad, Marse Herbert?

Lawson—I am dying, Pete.

Pete—O, no ; Marse Herbert. O, no ; you'll get well.

(Music, plaintive, pp., till curtain.)

Lawson—No, Pete, I feel it coming now. It is so very—very cold and dark ! You've been a good boy to me, Pete, and I wish to set you free. Go north, Pete, and be free. Good bye. *(Dies.)*

Pete—May de good Lo'd take his soul.

(Soldiers stand back of him. Pete kneeling by his side. Slow curtain.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Wood in front. Enter Ross and Sam, r. 2. Sam r., Ross l.*

Ross—I noticed that the Lieutenant was missing early in the fight, Sam, and I supposed he was shot.

Sam—O, no ! Bless you no ! I saw him myself get right square among the Johnnies and they jest took him right along with them.

Ross—Well, I feel relieved to think he is not killed. But he may be worse treated in some prison pen than we can have any idea of.

Brady—*(Enter r. 2.)* Good mornin', boys, do you know anything about the Leftenant ?

Ross—Sam says he saw him taken prisoner.

Sam—Yes, they gobbled him up, just like a chicken would gobble up a grass-hopper.

Brady—Well, begorry, he's in a bad place, then. But I'm glad he ain't kilt, so I am.

Sam—Where air you goin', Brady ?

Brady—Jest beyant the woods there, to find some fresh 'baccy. I'll see ye when I come back. (*Exit r.*)

Sam—That's a smart Irishman, if he'd only let whisky alone. See haow bright and smart he is this mornin'.

Ross—I don't believe you'll ever see him drunk again. He quit drinking.

Sam—Yew don't say so ; well, do tell.

Jake—(*Outside l.*) You shoost leaf me alone ! You vasn't a Yankee !

Brady—(*Enter l., dragging Jake. Stands between Sam and Ross.*) Begorry I'm a full-blooded Yankee.

Jake—You vas a liar ! You vas an Irisher.

Sam—What's that yew've caught, Brady ?

Brady—It's one o' the Johnnie Rebs, and he says he's looking for a Yankee.

Ross—Who are you, and what are you doing here ?

Jake—I vas a Sutler mit de Sout' Ker'lina Army, und dem Sout' Ker'lina Rebels, by Chimminy, dey make me mad. Dey shtéal my tobacco und mine sausage, und dey don't pay me one dollar.

Sam—Wal, yew don't expect us tew collect it for ye, dew ye ?

Jake—By gracious, I don't can collect anyding. Und de battle yesterday ! Dey shoost shooted into my wagon, und by Chimminy, de sausage und tobacco und ebery t'ing vas shoost shooted away. Und I most got shooted myself.

Brady—(*Laughs.*)—Ye have bad luck, Dutchy.

Jake—Vot's de matter mit you, Irisher? It's better you don't laugh too much.

Ross—Well, we're sorry for you, Sutler. But what are you doing inside the Union lines?

Jake—I shoost vant you fellers to have a battle mit dem Rebels dot shteat my sausage und tobacco. Shoost lick dem like de dyvil.

Sam—Wal, ain't he cheeky!

Brady—If you want your rebels whipped, go and whip them yourself!

Jake—Vell, by Chimminy, shoost give me a gun, und I go und haf a battle mit 'em anyhow.

Sam—Say, if yew want tew fight the rebels, why don't yew enlist in our army? 'Then yew can get a whack at 'em.

Brady—Yes, that's the way! Fhy don't you 'list?

Jake—You don't told me! Vell, by Chimminy, I do it?

Pete—(*Enter l.*) Hello, Marse Brady?

Brady—Here's that nager agin, His name is Pater. Come here Pater.

Pete—(*Comes to c.*) Well, fo' de lan' sake! Ef dat ain't de Sutler!

Jake—Hello, Pete! Dot vas you, eh?

Brady—Pater, do you know this foreigner?

Pete—Dat's Marse Colonel's Sutler. Did you know Marse Herbert was killed in de fight?

Jake—You don't told me! Dot's too bad.

Sam—Wal, I wish we could trade off this Sutler for aour Lieutenant.

Brady—Begorry, Lieutenant Adams is worth a million such fellows.

Jake—Who vas Lieutenant Adams?

Ross—He was in command of our Company, but was captured by the Rebels, yesterday.

Jake—You don't told me ! I knowed a feller by the name of Adams in Sout' Ker'lina.

Brady—That's where the Lieutenant lived before the war.

Jake—You don't told me ; you vas acquainted mit him, Pete, ain't it ?

Ross—Our Lieutenant's name is Charlie Adams, and he lived in a place not very far from Charleston.

Jake—Und dat place vas called Burton, ain't it ?

Ross—Yes, Burton, that's the place.

Jake—Vell, it vas de same feller. I saved his life, so he could got Nort' ?

Brady—Dutchy, if I thought you wasn't lyin' I'd shake hands wid ye.

Jake—Who you vas call lying ? You vas anoder ! I save Sharley Adams' life ven dey vas write to de Sheef of Boleeses dot de niggers vas goin' to got him away so he could got Nort'.

Ross—You saved his life, eh ? I will shake hands with you ! (*Shakes hands.*)

Sam—Wal, I swan ? Here's my hand, ye darned rebel, ye. (*Shakes.*)

Brady—Dutchy, I ax yer pardon. Give us your fisht ! If anyone wants to fight you, call out for Jimmy Brady.

Jake—Vell, I go mit de Yankees. You vas bully fellers, anyhow, ain't it ? Und ven I see dem Sout' Carolina rebels in de battle, by Chimminy, I shoost shoot 'em like de dyvil ! I go me now, und I enlist mit you Yankees. Say, Pete, how you like de Yankees ? Pooty vell, eh ?

Pete—Yes, sah ; dey hain't got no horns on deir heads, an' dey don't eat darkies. (*Laughs.*) I ain't afraid of Yankees.

Ross—Well, if this man wants to enlist, lets go to headquarters. Come along boys. (*Exit l.*)

Sam—Wal, we might as well, I suppose.

Jake—Vel, I go mit you Yankee fellers. (*Exit Sam and Jake r.*)

Brady—Now, Pater, we'll go, but we won't go to headquarters. We'll go to my quarters inusthead, and have a pipe of 'baccy, if it's convaninent.

(*Music, Plaintive, till Harriet on. Exit Brady and Pete r.*)

Harriet—(*Enter l.*) Thank Heaven, I am free ! Free at last ! A kind providence has guided my steps thus far, and now, that I am within the Union lines I can feel for the first time in my life, that I am no more a slave. But, my poor Nina, I have not seen her for nearly six months, now. She is a brave girl, and I hope to see her again under the Old Flag. I wonder where Charlie Adams can be. I know he is in the Union army ; I wish I could discover his whereabouts. I must see the Union General and inform him of General Weston's contemplated attack. (*Distant bugle call at r*) I hear a bugle. That sound must come from a Union camp. That is where I must go first. (*Exit r.*)

(*Enter Jake r. l e.*)

Jake—Vell, by Chimminy ! I vas a Yankee, ain't it ? Und I vas going to have some new clothes. Dot Adams feller he vas mit de Rebels now, und I vas mit de Yankees. If I could only got ahold of him once I shoost save his life again, ain't it ? Now dot Rebel Cheneral Weshton, he t'ink he vas shoost goin' to vip de Yankees. He don't know dot I vas a Yankee himself. (*Music. Jake's song. Song may be introduced here if wanted.*) Now I shoost vonder how de Rebels was doin' mit Sharlie Adams. By Chimminy ! If I only go over dere und

find it out! Dot's shoost vat I do. Und maybe I do some good mit dat Adams feller. Und I shoost lick some of dose Rebels dot sliteal mine sausage und dings. Dot makes up my mind; I vas a Yankee, und I can shoost lick dem all. Hold on, now! I fool 'em! I vas a Yankee, und I make dem t'ink I vas a Rebel, ain't it? Dot's goot business! I go shoost de same vay dot I came. (*Exit l.*)

SCENE II.—*Landscape at back. Tent on stage. A Sentry in gray uniform with gun at r. and one at l. pacing up and down stage. General Weston seated at table c. Adjutant Haw at r. of table facing General Weston. Papers, pens and ink on table.*

Weston—You will please inform these officers, Adjutant, that a strict observance of these rules is commanded. Prisoners have frequently escaped us, and the most valuable member of my household has escaped in the same way, and only last night.

Haw—Very well, General. (*Salutes and turns to go off r. u. e.*)

Weston—Oh, Adjutant!

Haw—(*Turning back.*) Sir?

Weston—Send the prisoner, Adams, to me.

Haw—Yes, sir. (*Salutes and exits r. u. e.*)

Weston—This last fight is not so successful as I imagined it would be. These Northern men are of stubborn material, and they actually don't know when to give in. I wish that Adams had not acted so foolishly when I made him the offer of a commission at the beginning of the war. I will try him again. I need some one of his stamp, now that Lawson is killed. Advices from

the West are not encouraging either. But our Confederation must succeed in the end, no doubt. (*Enter Adams followed by a guard.*) Well, Lieutenant, you are feeling well this morning, I hope.

Adams—(*At r. of table.*) Quite well, General, thank you. (*Guard stands at r. u. e.*)

Weston—I have detained you here for purely personal reasons, Lieutenant, and did not send you to the rear.

Adams—From what I have learned of the horrors of your prison-pens, General, I presume I have great occasion to be thankful for your kindness.

Weston—You are sarcastic, sir. But I suppose that our treatment of prisoners has been very much exaggerated in the North. But that is not the subject I wish to talk about.

Adams—Nor do I wish to speak of it, sir; the thought of it is sufficient to make my blood boil with indignation.

Weston—I presume, sir, you recollect a proposal I made once to you, at the beginning of the war, in Burton.

Adams—I do, sir; and I recollect that you had officers within call to arrest me on the charge of treason, in case I refused.

Weston—Lieutenant Adams, you see how the conflict is waging—how the current seems to flow in our direction. The Confederacy is recognized by other powers and we will certainly win at last.

Adams—If your object in sending for me is to talk upon that question, you may as well send me back, Gen. Weston. The fortunes of war may favor your cause for awhile, but that you will certainly win at last is something I do not believe.

Weston—I am inclined to think you rejected my offer from a mistaken idea of duty, and am willing to give you

another chance, and an opportunity to attain eminence in our service.

Adams—Sir, you may spare your words ; I see what you wish, and do not want to talk upon the subject any more. I am a Union man, I believe this to be a wicked rebellion, that should be suppressed at all hazards. Even should it prove successful, I would a thousand times rather starve in your most horrible prison pen than hold the highest honors such a traitorous Confederation could bestow.

Weston—(*Rises*) You are a very bold young man, sir. I will not accept any reply from you until you have time for consideration.

Adams—Sir ! Again this insult !

Weston—Well, well, never mind ! You will think different yet.

Jake—(*Enter r. u. e.*) Dot's shoost vot I say. You tink different yet, ain't it.

Weston—Why, Sutler is that you ?

Jake—Who you dink it vas, Cheneral Weshton ? Maybe you dink I vas a Yankee, don't it ?

Weston—Well, we thought you were lost, or shot, maybe. Where have you been ?

Jake—I vas been a prisoner, but I vas got away, by Chimminy !

Adams—(*To Jake.*) Isn't your name Jake Schmidt ?

Jake—Dot vas de firsht letter of my name. But I don't know who you vas, ain't it ?

Adams—You used to know me in Burton. Have you forgotten Charlie Adams ?

Jake—Sharlie Adams ! Say, Cheneral, dot vas dot Yankee feller dot was in mit you and Mishter Bane, don't it ?

Weston—Yes, that is the same man, there.

Jake—You don't told me? You vas Sharlie Adams, eh? You vas sorry you vas a Yankee, ain't it?

Adams—Not so very sorry, Jake.

Weston—(*Going toward l. u. e.*) Guard remove the prisoner and see that he is well treated.

Jake—Hold on, Cheneral! I shoost like shoost a minute dot I talk mit Mr. Adams about somedings in Burton. (*During Jake's last speech guard goes to Adams and puts hand on shoulder. They start toward r. u. e.*)

Weston—Very well, guard, let the Sutler have a few words with the prisoner, and after he has finished, remove him and report. (*Exit l. u. e.*)

Adams—You appear to be a privileged character, Jake.

Jake—Vell, I pay pooty high for my privileges, too, sometimes. (*Takes flask from pocket.*) Say, dere don't vas anyding mean about me. If you vas a Yankee, shoost try some of dis.

Adams—(*Takes bottle*) I am not a drinking man, Jake, but I will not refuse your good fellowship. (*Drinks aud hands flask to Jake.*)

Jake—Vell, here vas gesundheit. (*Drinks, puts flask in Adams' hand, and whispers*) Hide it, quick!

(Adams hides flask under his coat, while Jake, facing audience, back to Rebels, takes from out his pocket another flask.)

Guard—Don't be stingy, sutler.

Jake—I don't vas stingy. You und de oder boys shoost drink all of dis. (*Gives guard the flask.*)

(Guard drinks and gives flask to sentry at r., then sentry at l., then finishes the flask himself.)

Guard—That's good liquor, boys. (*Sits at back.*)

Sentry—(*At r.*) You're right; it is.

Jake—Yes, dot's pooty good liquor.

Guard—Well, hurry up with the prisoner, Sutler.

Jake—You vas in a hurry, ain't it? Vell, maybe I got some more bottles in a little vile.

Adams—Did you want to talk to me, Jake, or did you just want to give me a drink?

Jake—I shoost vant to shpeak mit you a little. You know dot young mans dot vas mit de telegraph in Burton?

Adams—Young Lawson?

(Stage gradually darkened.)

Jake—Dot's de feller? Vell, he vas killed in de fight.

Adams—Is that so?

Jake—Dot's so, by Chimminy! Und de fight vas shoost break me all up. My sausage und tobacco vas all shooted away, too! Und all de resht vas shtolen!

Adams—That's too bad! But Jake, I am getting tired, and the evenings are getting chilly. I shall have to return, I expect.

(Guard sits at table and leans head on table, asleep. Sentinels pace slowly, and stagger a little.)

Jake—You don't told me? It's better dot you vait a little vile, I vas goin' to told you somedings pooty soon.

(Music, Pizzicato, till rebs are on in next scene.)

Adams—(*Takes bottle from pocket.*) Here is your liquor, Jake; I hardly ever use the stuff.

(Sentry at r. lies down near r. u. e., and sleeps.)

Jake—(*Takes flask.*) Vell, I take him now. I shoost take a little drink, too.

(Drinks. Sentry at l. lies down near l. u. e. and sleeps.)

Adams—I thank you, Jake, for your kind attention, but I am feeling chilly and if the Guard—(*turn around.*) Why, what does this mean?

Jake—Vat it means ? I told you vat it means ! It means dot ve got to run for it.

Adams—To run ; where ? Explain yourself !

Jake—Dis vas no time to explain ! Ve can got to de Union army if ve go now !

Adams—To the Union army ! Can I trust you ?

Jake—I bet a dollar you can trust me. Come dis vay.
(*Exit Jake and Adams r. u. e.*)

SCENE III.—*Front light wood in 3. Dark stage. Enter Haw with squad of Rebels, l. 2 e. They go to c. of stage.*

Haw—Halt ! They have certainly come this way, boys. That Yankee is altogether too cute for us ; I don't wonder at his getting away, but what in thunder did he want of that Dutch Sutler ? He has played a sharp trick. Now I think we will go a little further, but we are near the enemy's line, so I can only caution you to be careful. Boy's, remember, we wish to capture this prisoner alive, if possible. Come along this way, carefully.
(*Exit squad r. 2 e.*)

Jake—(*Enter l. as squad exit r.*) You don't told me ! Say, Sharley, ve vas beated 'em dis time, don't it ?

Adams—(*Enter l.*) Have they got out of the way yet, Jake ?

Jake—Yes, dey vas gone. Come ahead.

Adams—(*Goes to r.*) I am not so sure that we had better leave this place yet. You see there is quite an open piece of ground between this piece of woods and the woods over there, where the Union pickets are stationed, we will have to cross that open place to get to the Union lines.

Jake—Dot vas so. It's better dot ve shtay here, till de Rebels vas gone back. Shoost vait a minute. (*Exit l. 3.*)

Adams—Wonders will never cease Jake says he is a member of our regiment, and his actions certainly corroborate his words. He told me about Brady, and Sam, and Eugene, and of the death of Captain Gleason. Well, well, when I get inside the lines it will doubtless be explained.

Jake—Vell, now I vas ready.

Adams—Jake, Listen! I believe those fellows are coming back this way. They are sure enough.

Jake—Chimminy gracious! You don't told me!

Adams—Yes, they are coming, sure enough! We must get back to our hiding place Jake, Come along! (*Exit l. 2. e.*)

(Enter Haw and Squad r. 2. e.)

Haw—I am confident that they have not yet reached the Yankee lines; but we must return. (*to one of the squad*) Morris, you may stay close around here for an hour, and then return. (*Morris goes off r. 3. e.*) Now boys we will go back to the quarters. (*Exit l. 2. e.*)

(Adams and Jake reenter r. 3. e.)

Adams—Now, Jake, we must get across this clearing, and right at the edge of it we will probably fine a Union picket. Carefully, now.

Jake—Vell, you lead de vay, Sharley. I shoost follow behind.

(Music:—Trem. pp. "Just before the battle." Exit both r. 2.)

SCENE IV.—*Rocky pass in 4, and rock in l. u. e. Dark Stage. Eugene Ross discovered on picket duty, pacing at centre from r. to l.*

Ross—This is the dreariest duty of a soldier. On

picket duty at midnight. Well, it is nearly time for relief. The Officer of the Day said that this was a dangerous post, and I dare say it is. O, dear! I wish the war was over! (*At l. u. e.*) There's someone coming! Halt! Who goes there!

Sam—(*Outside.*) A friend.

Ross—O, it's Sam! Advance friend, and give the countersign.

Enter Sam l. u. e. whispers in Ross's ear and goes to c.)

Sam—Wal, Eugene, yew have got a ticklish job noaw, on this beat.

Ross—So I was told. But I haven't been bothered any.

Sam—Yew may be bothered yit. I saw a lot o' Johnnies, or ruther I heard 'em aout across the clearin'; it 'peared as if they was lookin' for somebody.

Ross—I'm glad you told me, Sam. I shall keep a lookout. Are there any more of our boys out this way?

Sam—Yes, the Irishman is out. Genie, that Irishman is as smart as lightin'.

Ross—That's so. He is smart.

Sam—Wal, I'll get to camp, I guess. Take care o' yourself. (*Exit r. 2 e.*)

Ross—(*Pacing stage from r. 2 e. to l. 2 e.*) I hope that this cruel, horrible war will soon be over. But I would rather die myself than see the South succeed. (*At l. 2 e.*) Here's someone! I expect it's Jimmy, Halt! Who goes there?

Brady—(*Outside.*) It's a friend, Eugene.

Ross—Advance, friend, and give the countersign!

(Enter Brady l. 2 e. gives Ross the countersign.)

Brady—It will be a bad night before morning, my boy. Was that Sam that came in a minute ago?

Ross—Yes, it was Sam. He said he heard some Rebs prowling around.

Brady—Begorry, I thought the same thing. So be careful of yourself, me dear boy, and kape your eyes wide open. (*Exit r. 2 c.*)

Ross—How kind those boys are to me. I must write to mother about their many repeated acts of kindness. I don't know why I feel so uneasy to-night. There seems to be something in the air that warns me to be on my guard. I expect it will rain before daylight; Jimmy said it would be a bad night yet. Now, I guess all our boys are in. I shall be on the lookout for any noises. Hello! (*Goes to r. 2 c.*) I'm sure I heard a noise. I see a rustling in the bushes there! Halt! (*Levels gun.*) Halt, or I fire!

Jake—(*Outside l. 2 e.*) It's better dot you don't shoot!

Adams—(*Outside*) It is Lieutenant Adama of the U. S. Volunteer army. I have just escaped from the Rebels by the aid of my companion.

Ross—Thank Heaven! The Lieutenant! (*Louder.*) My orders are strict, Lieutenant, not to let anyone pass without the countersign. (*Turns r. 2 c. calls*) Corporal of Picket, Post No. 6!

Corporal—(*Enter Corporal and two Soldiers l. 2 e.*) What is it, Eugene?

Ross—Lieutenant Adams and the Dutchman are out there; they have escaped from the Rebels and haven't the countersign.

Corporal and his guard exit l. 2 e. and return with Adams and Jake.)

Ross—I am very glad to see you safe out of the hands of the Rebels, Lieutenant.

Adams—You must thank Jake for that.

Ross—The whole regiment will thank you. We thought you had given us the slip

Jake—I yust save the Lieutenant's life some more, ain't it?

Adams—I shall see you in the morning, Eugene, shall I not?

Ross—O, yes, certainly. O, I'm so glad you are safe. Now, if you follow that path (*points toward r. 1 e.*) it will take you to the regiment.

Adams—All right. Come along, Jake. Good by till morning, Genie. (*Exit with Jake r. 1 e.*)

Ross—Thank Heaven! The Lieutenant is safe! And how harshly we judged the Dutchman, too. I wonder how he contrived it? Well, I suppose I will know all about it in the morning. How awfully lonely it seems! I feel a horrible dread of this post somehow! I wish the relief would come. (*Stands c., facing r. 1 e.*) This is the loneliest spot I ever saw. How many times I have talked with mother about this very kind of life—of its loneliness and danger. I wish I could see her tonight, O, mother, you little dream of your boy out here in these dreary woods, watching for any sign of the enemy!

(*Music, trem., till Adams and Jake on. Morris enters cautiously at l. u. e., aims with gun at Ross and fires. Ross drops. Morris exit.*)

Ross—What is this? Someone has killed me! O, my dear, dear mother! I shall never see you again. I shall never see you again. I cannot call for help! I am too weak, and my life is passing away. But, thank God, it is in this righteous cause!

(*Enter Adams and Jake hurriedly, r. 1 e.*)

Adams—I'm sure I heard a shot! (*Sees Ross.*) Good Heavens! They have killed Genie! (*Rushes to him.*)

Genie, my boy! Genie! Speak to me! (*Kneels by him.*)

Ross—Ah, Lieutenant! They have finished me at last.

Adams—Jake, run to camp as quick as you can and get the surgeon! Send anyone you see to this post! (*Jake exit r. 1 e*) My poor boy! Are you badly hurt?

Ross—I am dying, Lieutenant Will you write to my mother? Tell her how I was killed at my post.

Adams—I will, my boy. But cheer up! You are not dying!

(Music, trem., pp. Chorus to “Just Before the Battle,” or if preferred, chorus to “Kiss Me, Mother, Kiss Your Darling.”)

Ross—I know it too well; I’m sinking fast. Cut a lock of hair from my head and send it to mother, will you, Lieutenant? I know you will. Good bye. Good bye. Thank God you are safe.

Adams—My poor boy, I would willingly give my life to save you. All you can ask of me I will do.

(Music. Quartette behind the scenes sings, “Kiss Me Mother, Kiss Your Darling.”)

Kiss me mother, kiss your darling,
Lay my head upon your breast;
Fold your loving arms around me,
I am weary, let me rest.

(Tableau and curtain.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Kitchen in Three. Table at l, two chairs, one at r. of table, one in center. Brady in Lieutenant's Uniform discovered seated at table, writing. Pete seated on chair c.*

Brady—(*Folding letter.*)—Pater, ye spalpeen, are ye there ?

Pete—Heah's me, Marse Brady ! (*Rises*)

Brady—Take this letter to the Dutch Corporal, and tell him I'd like to see him as soon as convanient.

Pete—For de lan' sake, Marse Brady ! What do you want of him ? (*Takes letter.*)

Brady—Pater, if the Dutchman axes ye what I want wid him tell him ye don't know.

Pete—(*Laughs.*) Marse Brady, you'se cute, I tell you. Now, you want me to find de Sutler.

Brady—No, ye spalpeen ! Not the Sutler ; the Dutch Corporal, Jake.

Pete—(*Laughs.*) Dat's who I mean. You want me to find Marse Jake and give him dis yer letter, and tell him you don't know what you want him for.

Brady—Pater, ye'er a blockhead ! Give him the letter and don't tel! him anything. Now, do you mind ?

Pete—All right, Marse Brady. (*Exit r. u. e.*)

Brady—(*Rising.*) Well, begorry, this is fine. We have bated the Johnnies at last, and the war won't last long now. The regiment is changed in the last two years ; Colonel Adams was our Captain two years ago, and now I am in command of the Company. The Yankee, Sam, is Captain in a nager regiment. And our poor boy, Eugene,

may his soul shine wid the saints in Glory. Ah, Lieutenant Brady, where would you be if it hadn't been for that lad. I belave I cry every time I think of him, shot at his post of duty. That nager is a worry to me mind, too. Well, I'll go out and take a turn in the orchard this fine spring morning. (*Exit l. u. c.*)

(Enter Colonel Adams and General Weston l. u. e.)

Adams—The Lieutenant is not here, and as my room is occupied for the present, we will borrow Lieutenant Brady's quarters. (*Moves a chair to back of table.*) Sit down, General.

Weston—(*Sits at r. of table.*) Well, Colonel, the tables appear to be turned. I find myself a prisoner in your hands now.

Adams—General, about four years ago we were in Burton. The Rebellion had not fairly begun. To-day is is virtually ended.

Weston—Yes, you are right ; it is virtually ended, as you say. But we fought hard for what we deemed our rights.

Adams—Four years ago I parted from all of my early companions. I can never forget the time.

Weston—Colonel, my greatest grief now is at the loss of my child, my Nina. Only a couple of days before the flight she was missing, and I have not seen or heard anything of her since.

Adams—You may make your mind easy about Nina, General ; she has been under my care for the past week.

Weston—Is it possible ? Is that true ?

Adams—Yes, General, that is true.

Weston—Then I am content.

Adams—That is the subject upon which I wish to speak to you. When I parted from Nina, four years

ago, I carried with me her assurance that her heart was mine. It is mine now, and after the war is ended, we propose, with your consent if possible, to unite our lives in marriage.

Weston—Ah, I always suspected as much. My consent not being an absolute necessity of course it is much more graceful and becoming in me not to withhold it. So you may consider my consent as gained. May I see my child?

Adams—Certainly! (*Exit door l. f. and returns leading Nina, Harriet following.*) Here she is!

Nina—(*Kneeling to her father.*) O, papa! Please forgive me!

Weston—Forgive you? I have nothing to forgive, my child. God bless you. (*Nina rises.*) Harriet here, too? Have you a kind word for me?

Harriet—Yes, many of them, sir. You were always kind to me. You have naturally a noble heart, and I believe you are satisfied with Nina's choice.

Weston—Satisfied! Well, it don't appear to make any difference to the parties most concerned whether I am satisfied or not.

Nina—O, papa! As if I would marry without your consent!

Weston—Well, little puss, my consent is heartily given. I honor Colonel Adams, and I am glad that you have the good sense to love him.

Nina—I always was pretty sensible, as far as that was concerned, for I always did love him anyway, "for political reasons."

Harriet—Yes, Nina, I believe you always appreciated the worth of such a loyal heart.

Adams—Well, General, these were the guests that occupied my quarters this morning, and as I see Lieuten-

ant Brady coming, we will return now. (*Exeunt Omnes l. u. e.*)

Brady—(*Enter r. 2 e.*) More visitors, be the looks of the chairs. Well, they can call again.

(*Enter Pete and Jake, r. u. e.*)

Jake—(*Salutes.*) I vas here, Lieutenant.

Brady—Begorry, Corporal, you'er in luck! The Colonel is busy this morning, so he left me to perform a very pleasant duty. I have the pleasure to tell you that you are promoted to be a Sergeant.

Jake—You don't told me! Now you vas jokin', ain't it?

Brady—Divil a bit av it! Here's the warrant. (*Gives Jake paper.*)

Jake—Vell, by Chimminy, I don't deserve dot! Say, how much pay more I got?

Brady—You get a couple av dollars more.

Jake—I vish de var lasht long enough dot I got some more pay. Vell, I take him anyhow.

Pete—Say, Marse Brady, ain't it about time I got promoted, too? You know you promised to promote me.

Jake—Vat's de matter mit you? You don't vas a white man.

Brady—I'll promote you, Pater. I'll give you to the Colonel when the war is over.

Jake—Vell, und so I was a Sarjent! Dot's good business! Vot I do now?

Adams—(*Enter r. 2 e.*) Ah, Lieutenant! You are here!

Brady—Ye're right, Colonel? I'm here.

Adams—I have some company to-day, Lieutenant. I wish you would detail a Sergeant and squad to go to the Brigade Commissary and get some eggs and butter for dinner.

Brady—All right, Colonel.

Adams—Well, Jake ; how are you this morning ?

Jake—I vas pooty well, Colonel. How you vas yourself ?

Adams—(*Glances at Warrant of promotion which Jake is reading.*) First rate ! And so you have gained promotion, eh ?

Jake—Yes, I vas promoted. I vas a Sarjeant a'ready.

Adams—Well, I trust you will be an honor to the regiment, Jake. Lieutenant, you will see to the provisions, will you ?

Brady—Of course, Colonel ; of course. (*Exit Adams l. 2 e*)

Pete—Never noticed me at all !

Brady—Now, Sarjent,—

Jake—(*Looking r. and l.*) O, yah ; you vas shpeaking mit me. I forgot I vas a Sarjent.

Brady—Ye may take a squad and go to the Brigade Commissary and get some butter and eggs for us ; now be off wid ye, and be back in time.

Jake—Vell, I go. I buy some sausage, too, und I be back pooty quick.

Salutes and exits r. 3 e.

Brady—Now, Pater, fill me pipe, and fill your own too. I have no more work to do till dinner time, so we'll take our aze. The war is pretty nigh over and General Grant will borry General Lee's sword of him before long, so we may as well enjoy ourselves.

SCENE II.—*Street in front in 2. Enter Bane l.*

Bane—Well, the war is about ended. I am now inside of the Union lines, and experienced no difficulty in get-

ting here I wonder what time the train leaves here for the North. I must get to Boston. That consignment of cotton that we sent to Thorp & Co. ought to be disposed of by this time. Ah, everything is changed in the past four years. I suppose Charlie Adams is killed! General Weston is a prisoner, I know, and Harriet escaped, probably to the Union lines, two years since. And I can find nothing of little Nina. O, dear; O, dear! (*Looks off l.*) Here comes a darkey. I'll ask him about the train. (*Enter Pete l. with basket.*) Say, my boy, can you tell me anything about the trains?

Pete—(*Drops basket.*) For de lan' sake! Is dat you, Marse Bane, or is it somebody else?

Bane—My name is Bane, certainly. You—no, it can't be possible that you are Pete?

Pete—Dat's my name, Marse Bane! Whar did yo' come from?

Bane—I came from Burton.

Pete—Whar yo' gwine?

Bane—I am on my way to Boston.

Pete—Fo' de lan' sake? I suppose you'll stop an' see Marse Adams an' ole Marse Weston? (*Takes basket.*)

Bane—Where are they, Pete? Where are they?

Pete—Why, dey are jess about a mile from here. Marse Weston, he's a prisoner, but he's on de pay roll and he stays wid Marse Colonel. dat's Marse Adams.

Bane—Of course I shall see them. Come and show me the way, Pete.

Pete—Well, jess come dis way.

(*Masic—I ively till Jake says "Halt!" Exit with Bane r.*

Enter Jake with four soldiers. When at center Jake calls "Halt!" All stop.)

Jake—Halt! Vell, boys; you see the United States he tink so much of me dot he make me a Sarjent a'ready,

and I got more pay as any of you. So you shoost mind me vot I say, und remember you vas all Yankee soldiers, und make yourself look pooty, like me, Now, ve must go get dot butter und eggs. Forward! March!
(Exit l. 1 c.)

(Draw off street.)

SCENE III.—*Woods or rocky pass in five ; tents on stage. Arms stacked. Soldiers on guard. Soldiers ; guard under command of Lieutenant Brady. If there is a glee club the guard may consist wholly or in part of its members. Men are seated on floor in easy positions about the stage. Music—"Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground."*

Soldier on Guard—*(When music ceases, looking r.)*
 Turn out the Guard! Colonel commanding regiment!
 Brady—*(Drawing his saber. Position center of guard one pace in front.)* Fall in the Guard. *(Soldiers form in two ranks behind the stacks of muskets.)* Take, Arms!
 Shoulder, Arms!

(Enter Colonel Adams r. 3 e. crosses to l.)

Brady—*(When Colonel Adams reaches c. of guard.)*
 Present, Arms! *(Lieutenant Brady salutes with saber.)*
 Shoulder, Arms! Order, Arms!

Adams—*(Answers salute by touching his hat.)* Well, Lieutenant, the news has been very interesting during the past few days; Richmond has fallen; Fort Fisher has yielded to the indomitable courage of General Curtis and his brave men, and General Lee is in full retreat. Peace can not be far away.

Brady—*(Waves his hand to Sergeant of Guard, who*

has the muskets restacked quietly and the guard dismissed, resume easy positions.) You are right, Colonel, the war is nearly over. I have been tould that General Lee has sint in a flag of thruce, and asked for a bit of a talk with Ginerall Grant.

Adams—Yes, so it is reported !

Jake—(*Enter Jake Schmidt and his squad r. and stop inside line of muskets and commands*) Order, Arms ! Stack, Arms ! (*Jake salutes.*) Der Commissary vas glosed Colonel, und everybody vas gone by headquarters dot dey hear de news.

Adams—Well, all right, Sergeant, stop at one of the stores in town as you return.

Brady—Say, Sargeant, can't you and the boys sing us that song you were singing the other night ?

Jake—Vell, I guess dot ve can. Vot you say boys, all right, eh ?

All—Yes, of course.

(All the singing desired. After singiug is finished some of the men looking off to the l.)

Soldier—What is the excitement over there ?

Jake—Dere's a soldier coming on horse-back, riding like der dyvel.

Brady—He is swinging his hat ! I suppose it is news from the front !

Adams—The men are running toward him swinging their hats. (*Takes field glass and climbs on to set rock and looks off to l.*) It is an officer—an aid from headquarters, I think ! He is coming this way !

(Cheers heard in the distance.)

Brady—I can hear the cheering !

Jake—By Chimminy ! You don't told me !

Adams—(*Closes glass, returns it to case and comes from rock.*) He is coming here !

(Cheering near by, sound of horses gallop if it can be imitated. Officer bursts into camp, staggers as though exhausted and is caught by Colonel Adams and Lieutenant Brady.)

Adams and Brady—(*Together.*)—Lieutenant Clark !

Lieutenant Clark—Yes, Colonel, I have ridden all night to let you know that Lee has surrendered !

(Jake swings his hat and men cheer)

Scene closes street in 1.

(Lively music until Jake and his squad is on, the soldiers carrying bundles)

Jake—(*Enters l. 1 e. and at the center of the stage commands*) “Halt !” Bill, vot you got, eh ?

Bill—Eggs !

Jake—Eggs, eh ? Dot was right. Vot you got, Jim ?

Jim—Butter.

Jake—Butter, eh ? Dot vos right, too. Vot you got, George ?

George—Eggs.

Jake—Eggs, eh ? Dot makes two eggs und one butter. Vell, Sheneral Lee has surrendered, und de var he vas oudt, und if ve don't hurry up all de solgers vill be discharged und gone home before ve got back to camp. Shoulder, Arms ! Forward, March ! (*Exit r. 1 e.*)

(“Home, Sweet Home” till change of scene, and Harriet speaks.)

SCENE IV.—*Center door chamber at back. Parlor furniture. Stand at r. Harriet discovered seated at stand.*

Harriet—Peace at last ! The long struggle is over ; the slaves are free ; the Union is saved ! But at what a sacrifice ! Some of the noblest, truest hearts that ever beat have been forever stilled in the conflict. But, thank Heaven ! The dark night has passed away forever, and the glorious day of freedom has begun. Have I not every cause to rejoice ? Here I am, surrounded by my old friends, a welcome inmate of this house ; Charlie and Nina are united in marriage, and have urged me to make their house my home, till I was at last forced to consent.

Bane—(*Enter c. d.*) Harriet, is it you ?

Harriet—(*Rising and shaking hands.*) Yes ; and how delightful it is to see such a friend as Mr. Bane once more. Have you seen Mr. and Mrs. Adams ?

Bane—No, not yet. (*Taking off gloves, laying hat on table, etc.*) I only arrived this moment from Boston. I tried to be present at the wedding, but it was impossible.

Harriet—O, I wish you had been here. But it is better late than never. I hope you will decide to make a good, long visit before you return to Burton.

Bane—I should like to have been here, but business before pleasure, you know, has always been the rule in the house of the late firm of Weston & Bane. From what I have seen I like Oneida very much. I don't think I shall return to Burton to live. I prefer to embark in some business in this State. Everything has changed in our old home. The war has swept away the savings of years.

Harriet—We shall certainly be very happy if Mr. Bane will make his home near us. Mr. Weston no doubt feels the change in his circumstances keenly.

Bane—Then I shall be able to give him some very wel-

come information. A consignment that we sent to Thorp & Co. of Boston, over four years ago, has turned out well ; and I am in hopes that several other ventures that we undertook previous to the war, are not quite lost.

Harriet—I heartily congratulate you Mr. Bane.

Bane—I shall return to Burton and sell out all my interests in South Carolina and remove to this State. That is my present intention.

Harriet—I am sure this will be welcome news to all your old friends ; but I am keeping you from them.

Bane—I will go and find Mr. Adams. (*Exit c. d.*)

Harriet—What a joyful surprise to General Weston ; this one ray of light out of the black night of ruin.

Nina—(*At c. d.*) May I come in, Aunt Harriet ?

Harriet—(*Rising.*) Of course, child.

Nina—(*Enters.*) O, dear ! I have been having such a time. Out in the garden, running all over and looking at our place. You don't know what a perfect little paradise we have here, Auntie ! (*Sits c.*)

Harriet—I know it is beautiful, very beautiful !

Nina—Who was that in here just before I came in ? Was it papa ?

Harriet—No ; it was Mr. Bane.

Nina—What ! Mr. Bane ! (*Rising.*) O, where is he ? Where is he ?

Harriet—He went out to find Charlie.

Nina—I must see him ! Come with me, Aunt Harriet, till we find him. Come, please do ! (*Exit with Harriet c. d.*)

(Enter General Weston r. 2 e., with newspaper. He sits at table.)

Weston—This is a delightful place. I almost hate to return to Burton ; still that is where my duty is. I shall be happy knowing that my child is happy, at any rate.

I don't know how my circumstances will be ; poor enough ; no doubt.

Nina—(*Outside, Laughs.*) Come right in here, both of you. Do you hear, gentlemen ?

(Enter Nina c. d. drawing Bane by the hand. Adams and Harriet follow.)

Adams—Why, little girl, won't you give us a chance to talk ? (*Appear.*)

Weston—(*Rises.*) Bane is that you ? When did you arrive ? (*Weston and Bane shake hands.*)

Bane—I came but a few minutes ago.

Nina—Now just sit down, and tell us all about it.

(Bane sits back of stand. General Weston sits at l. of stand Nina c. Adams and Harriet stand near c. d. at l. apparently conversing.)

Bane—Well, our ship has come in, Will that do, Nina ?

Nina—What ship, pray ?

Bane—A consignment to a firm in Boston.

Adams—Not Thorp & Co., is it Mr. Bane ?

Bane—Ah, you remember it, eh ? That's the one. General, we have some money left yet, from that lucky consignment.

Weston—Is that true ?

Pete—(*At c. d.*) Marse Colonel, dey's a man want's to see you. Shall I show him in ?

Adams—Certainly, show him in Pete. (*Pete exit.*) I remember that consignment Mr. Bane. We were speaking of it at the beginning of the war, in Burton one day.

Pete—(*Outside.*) Dis way, sah.

Enter Sam Snicker.

Adams—(*Seizes Sam's hands.*) Why, Sam ! Is this you ? Where did you come from ?

Sam—Frum hum, Colonel. Wal, I swan ! I'm glad to see yew, I jest am.

Adams—Nina, this is Sam, or Captain Snicker. This is my wife, Sam.

(Nina and Sam shake hands.)

Sam—Wal, yew don't say so ! Purty as a peach tew, ain't she ?

Pete—(At c. d.) Heah's anoder, Marse.

Enter Brady c. d.)

Adams—Jimmy, is it you ? (Shakes hands.)

Brady—Begorry, it is. How are ye, anyway ? And the Yankee, too ! How are ye Sam ? (Shakes hands with Sam.)

Adams—Well, this is a surprise ! Lieutenant Brady, I will introduce you to my wife. Nina, Lieutenant Brady. General Weston, Captain Snicker and Lieutenant Brady. Also Mr. Bane.

(Appropriate business.)

Sam—Wal, Colonel, I come on a little business, tew. Yew've got a nice place here ; but your house needs one thing, yet.

Adams—And what's that, Sam ?

Sam—It needs a lightin' rod. Naow, I'm sellin' the best kind o' lightnin' rods.

Adams—I'll have one, sure. But sit down, sit down, both of you ! (Both sit l.)

Brady—Captain, the Colonel is looking fine, so he is. And it does a feller's heart good to see him.

Sam—That's so, Lewtenant. Colonel, I've got some gold tipped lightnin' rods that would just suit yew.

Adams—I'll have you put one up to-morrow, Sam, a genuine gold tipped rod. And Jimmy you have not told us yet how you came to be here.

Brady—Begorry, that's azy told. I heard ye was married from—well—from a person here thet knew you was my Colonel.

Adams—O, yes ; I understand ! You heard it from somebody that is going to be Mistress Brady, I suspect !

Brady—Well, I won't say ye'er wrong !

Weston—It is a pleasant thing, Charlie, to meet these friends, isn't it ?

Nina—O, isn't ! I envy both the Captain and Lieutenant, their feelings of pleasure.

Bane—Yes, everybody seems happy on this occasion.

Pete—(*Outside.*) You can't go in dar, I tell you ; Marse Colonel done got company.

Jake—(*Outside.*) Vell, I vas company, too, don't it ? I vas a whole regiment, all by myself ! (*Enter c. d.*) Colonel, how you vas ?

Brady—Well, if it ain't Dutchy.

Adams—Why, Jake ! (*Shakes hands*) You are welcome. Now our circle is complete.

Jake—Und here vas Chenral Veston. Say, Chenral, how you vas do ? Pooty vell ?

Weston—This isn't the Sutler, is it ?

Jake—I vas de Sutler, Chenral.

Nina—What you the old Sutler of papa's regiment ?

Jake—By Chimminy ; dot vas de same gal ! Say, dot letter don't vas got to de Sheef of Boleese yet, ain't it ?

Bane—Jake, have you forgotten all your old friends ?

Jake—You don't told me ; you vas dot Mr. Bane.

Bane—That's who I am.

Jake—(*Turns and sees Brady and Sam.*) Vell, vas de whole army here ? Und de Shtate of Sout' Carolina, too ?

Adams—Jake, this is my wife. (*Introducing Nina.*)

Jake—Vell, don't say anoder vord ! You could shoost knock me down mit a fedder.

(Arrangement of characters to suit the stage.)

Adams—Now, I feel happy, So many of my best friends here, and all by accident, gives me pleasure that I can poorly express.

Jake—Say, Colonel ! (*Beckons to Adams. Both f.*) I vas got a chance dot I go into pooty good business. Dey vas a man down here on de next shtreet dot he got a pooty good saloon, und he sold it pooty sheep und throwed a billiard table in, und I bought him out.

Adams—Indeed !

Jake—Yes. Now, venever you come by, shoost drop in und take a glass of beer. I don't sharge you anyding for it more as half de time. It's right down here on de corner.

Adams—(*Laughs.*) All right, Jake. (*Jake goes back ta Sam and Brady.*)

Bane—To-day is the happiest day of my life.

Harriet—And of mine, too. Ah, how happy we should be ! The long conflict is over at last ; and though many have suffered and many homes are desolate, we are an unbroken family, as much as we were five years ago. And that the one curse of the land is removed ; that the bond are made free ; that peace and prosperity will henceforth attend the Government ; is all owing to God above.

Nina—And our Loyal Hearts !

(Music—"Hail Columbia," ff.)

Curtain.

[THE END.]

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