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THE SPY OF ATLANTA,

A GRAND MILITARY ALLEGORY

IN SIX ACTS,

— BY —

A. D. AMES & C. G. BARTLEY,

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND EXITS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DE-
SCRIPTION OF COSTUME, AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS, AS PERFORM-
ED AT THE PRINCIPAL AMER-
ICAN AND ENGLISH
THEATRES.



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THE SPY OF ATLANTA,

A GRAND MILITARY ALLEGORY,

IN SIX ACTS,

—BY—

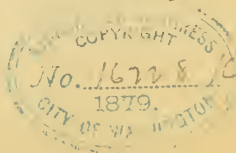
A. D. Ames and C. G. Bartley,

together with

a synopsis of incidents, the original cast of characters, a description of the beautiful tableaux, entrances and exits, list of properties and the whole of the stage business, as performed under the direction of the authors.



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[1879]

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THE SPY OF ATLANTA.

CAST OF CHARACTERS,

as originally performed at the Opera House, Plymouth, Ohio, under the management of the authors, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, September 23d, 24th and 25th, 1875.

Edwin Dalton (a Union man—afterward a spy)	A. D. Ames
Edward StClair (a Southerner and a villain)	C. G. Bartley
Parke StClair (Edward's father)	T. Webber
Charlie Dalton (son of Farmer Dalton and brother of Edwin)	Fred Webber
Farmer Dalton (a Northern and Union man)	J. Ferguson
Jake Schneider (a fat Dutchman, true blue)	Joe Weck
Capt. Mason (U. S. A.)	H. S. Vinson
Pete (a colored 'gemman')	B. F. Dimm
Gen. McPherson (U. S. A.)	Chas. Glover
Gen. Sherman (U. S. A.)	Geo. B. Drennen
Major Wilber (U. S. A.)	A. Mittenbuhler
Col. Harrison (U. S. A.)	J. M. Taylor
Corp. Ogden (U. S. A.)	Will Beelman
Sergt. Bates (U. S. A.)	Geo. Tyson
Maud Dalton (wife of Edwin)	Miss Ida Hills
Carrie Dalton (sister of Edwin)	Miss May Culp
Mrs. Dalton (wife of Farmer Dalton)	Mrs. Cli Topping
Little Willie (the drummer boy)	Master Nestor Webber
Little Nannie (daughter of Edwin and Maud)	

Ladies, troops, citizens, Union and Rebel soldiers, ladies for tableaux, etc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS,

as performed at the Town Hall, Republic, Ohio, under the management of the authors, on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday evenings, October, 2d, 4th and 5th, 1875.

Edwin Dalton (a Union man—afterward a spy)	A. D. Ames
Edward StClair (a Southerner and a villain, and afterwards an officer in the Rebel army)	C. G. Bartley
Park StClair (Edward's father)	E. Chittenden
Charlie Dalton (son of Farmer Dalton and brother of Edwin)	D. H. Crissel
Farmer Dalton (a Northern and Union man)	A. D. Scott
Jake Schneider (a fat Dutchman, true blue)	J. A. Colwell
Capt. Mason (U. S. A.)	J. A. Grover
Pete (a colored 'gemman')	Cal Brayman
Gen. McPherson (U. S. A.)	N. E. Kelsey
Gen. Sherman (U. S. A.)	A. D. Scott
Major Wilber (U. S. A.)	Chas. Karshner
Col. Harrison (U. S. A.)	A. H. Singer
Corp. Ogden (U. S. A.)	H. Melber
Sergt. Bates (U. S. A.)	W. Hamilton
Maud Dalton (wife of Edwin)	Miss Alice Hill
Carrie Dalton (sister of Edwin)	Miss Lizzie Ogden
Mrs. Dalton (wife of Farmer Dalton)	Mrs. A. D. Scott
Little Willie (the drummer boy)	Charlie Chittenden
Little Nannie (daughter of Edwin and Maud)	Mamie Bromley

Ladies, troops, citizens, Union and Rebel soldiers, ladies for tableaux, etc.

Time of performance, about three hours.



The Spy of Atlanta.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*A dining room in house of Farmer Dalton, in 4th grooves—table, c., set for dinner—small table, L. U. E.—ten chairs, coffee pot ready off L.—at the rise of the curtain Carrie and Maud are discovered arranging the dishes etc.—Farmer Dalton and Mrs. Dalton sitting right of table, the former reading a paper—Willie is with his mother—Charlie Dalton, left of table—Pete at small table, L. U. E.*

Mrs D. I am sure Edwin should have been here before this time.

Farmer D. Yes, he is late. The news yesterday, was of such a character as to cause fears of a war between the North and South, but I trust it may be averted. Where are our guests? Were they not to leave us immediately after dinner?

Maud. They went out for a walk a short time ago, but will soon be in. I hope, father, you will not talk politics any more this morning. Our guests will soon leave us, and it is better for us to part as friends, than as enemies, and for Carrie's sake it would be much better.

Farmer D. I am aware of the state of feeling, which exists between my daughter and Edward StClair, and I have no doubt, should a war break out, himself and father will both espouse the cause of the North, and be found battling for the Union.

Charlie. Father, I fear not. They have the hot Southern blood—their interests are all with the South, and in case there should be war, you will find them fighting on the wrong side.

Carrie. I fear it will be so, and I with Maud trust you will not get to talking politics any more while they are with us. They will leave immediately after dinner—their baggage has already been sent to the depot. Ah, they are here now.

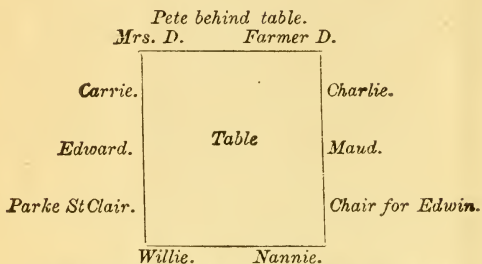
Enter StClair and Edward, L. 2 E.—Pete takes their hats and places them on the small table, L. U. E.

St Clair. Ah, we are late.

Farmer D. It does not matter. We were waiting for you and Edwin; but Pete, place the chairs around the table, we will not wait any longer.

THE SPY OF ATLANTA.

Pete places the chairs around the table. When this is done they sit as shown in diagram.



Note. The character of Nannie can be used or omitted at pleasure. As her picture is used in the Andersonville scene, it is better to have her on the stage in the first act.

Mrs D. (after they are seated) Pete, bring the coffee.

Pete. I fly.

(exit L.)

(Farmer Dalton and others of the family will proceed to wait upon the table. Care should be taken to have everything perfectly natural, and the business of the scene should not be hurried.)

Farmer D. Well, friend StClair, how have you enjoyed your walk?

StClair. Very much, indeed. Edward and myself remarked the beauty of the scenery. We think nothing need mar your happiness.

Enter Pete with the coffee, which he places on the table before Mrs. Dalton.

Edw. We are very grateful to you for the kindness you have shown us since we have been visiting you, and most earnestly hope the time is not far distant, when we shall see you in our Southern home.

Farmer D. The happiness has been mutual, I assure you. Your father and myself were schoolmates together—we have always been firm friends, and I trust at some near time in the future, our families may be still more closely united. (noise off L.) Ah, did I not hear Edwin coming? Pete, step to the door and see if it is him.

Pete. (at door) Yes, massa, it be he suah. (speaking off L.) You must be lively, massa Edwin, or you'll loose your dinnah—it is gwine mighty lively, I tole you.

Enter Edwin, L., Pete takes his hat and places it on small table, L. U. E.

Edwin. (in reply to Pete) Well, I'm not very hungry—it won't make much difference. (to the guests) Ah, how do you do, Mr. St Clair—Edward?

St Clair. { (Reply to salutation)

Edw.

Farmer D. What is the news in town, Edwin? Is there anything particularly exciting?

Edwin. Really, I do not know. I was over to see Mr. Rife, who resides two miles the other side of town. I only stopped on my return long enough to get the paper, and have not opened it. Here it is—you can read it for yourself.

Edwin takes the paper from his pocket and hands it to Farmer Dalton, who opens and reads it for a few moments. He evinces much surprise, and striking the table excitedly, rises to his feet.

Farmer D. Those cursed rebels have fired on Fort Sumter. Major Anderson gallantly defended it but for want of reinforcements, was compelled to surrender. President Lincoln has called for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months.

St Clair. It cannot be possible that war has actually begun!

Charlie. From the general aspect of affairs, it is nothing more than I expected; but of this I am convinced—the cowardly traitors at the South will soon be whipped into subjection, like unruly curs.

Edw. Do not be too sure of that, my young friend. It is a mistaken notion, that Southerners cannot fight, as the North will find to its sorrow, should we have a war, which now seems inevitable.

Farmer D. (to Parke St Clair) Mr. St Clair, we have long been friends, our forefathers fought side by side to establish this grand old Union, and I trust that in the coming struggle, yourself and Edward will be found battling for the maintainance of this government, which is so dear to us all.

Edw. Mr Dalton, I can speak both for my father and myself—we both were born and nurtured in the South—our homes are there, all our interests are centered around the dear old homes of our childhood, and we should be more than traitors, now that we are called upon to protect our sacred rights, should we be found wanting.

Edwin. Pray let this matter end here. I fear if it is continued, it may end in a quarrel, which we may all regret.

Charlie. Quarrel or no quarrel, I do not believe in letting anyone talk treason in this house—(rises)—they hung traitors in former times, and—

Edw. (rising from table and goes L.) Father, I can stand this no longer. I have sat and listened to the contemptible abuse of these cowardly abolitionists, until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue.

St Clair (rises and goes L., near his son) Be calm, my son, be calm.

Maud. (to Edwin) Oh, husband, do not let them quarrel! You are cool, ask Edward's pardon.

Edwin. (rises and goes R., Maud follows to c., in front of table) I regret this as much as anyone, but I cannot ask pardon of a traitor—no never!

The characters all rise, who arc up to this time sitting.

Edw. (L. 1 E.) Traitor, you cowardly Yankee! I do not wish you, or any of your crew to ask my pardon—it would not be granted if you did.

Edwin. (R. 1 E.) Edward St Clair, one word, we have been friends, it would have been my wish that we could have remained so; but I cannot be a friend to a traitor. There's the door, sir, begone, both of you, or I will be obliged to kick you out.

Edw. Kick me out, will you? (he rushes upon Edwin and attempts to strike him—a short struggle. They are separated by St Clair and Maud. Edwin Dalton, you have made me your bitterest enemy. This matter does not end here—we shall meet again and then it will be my turn to triumph.

St Clair. Pete, our hats. (Pete gives them from small table) Mr Dalton, allow me to wish you a-very-good-day. (St Clair and Edward exit L., followed by Pete)

Carrie. Oh father, I am so sorry this has happened. I was very much afraid it would be so.

Farmer D. Well, what is done cannot be undone; but however much I may regret it, I cannot harbor traitors beneath my roof. My name is without a stain, and I am now too old to allow any act of mine to blacken it.

(Loud knocking outside, L—in case of small stage, the table should be set back)

THE SPY OF ATLANTA.

Mrs D. Willie, there is some one knocking—go and see who it is.

(*Willie goes to door L.*)

Willie. (at door) Oh, it's Jake Schneider. Come in Mr. Schneider.

Enter Jake Schneider, L.

Jake. Why, goot morning, mine frients, goot morning. How you all vas dose morning? Dese news, vat ve vas heard, vas de virst news dot I ever saw of mine life. I spose you heard of dot Brigadier Sheneral Major Anderson was surrendered a fort mit three million men to dose rebels, vay down south dare at South Carolina, in Charlestown, only dot vas ouet in de vasser—and dey fit, und fit, und fit, und den dey surrendered mit dere flag a floating. Oh, I tole you dot scare me all up into noddings. I tink I vas lose fifty pounds since I hear dose news.

Farmer D. Yes, friend Schneider, it is bad news indeed. I suppose you will go and help to punish these rebels.

Jake. Vas I goin'? You can yoost bet I vas goin. I shall raise me one leetle company of militia all mineself, und ve vill go down and glean dose rebels ouet, dat's vat's de matter.

(*drum heard off L.*)

Willie. I hear a drum—I must go and see where it is. (*goes to door, L.*)

Jake. I vas go too.

(*Jake and Willie exit door L.*)

Maud. (L. c.—to *Edwin*) Oh, Edwin, you will not go and leave me.

Edwin. (R. c.) Dear wife, I can only do my duty. My country needs the help of all her sons, and you know dear one that Edwin Dalton is not one to avoid responsibility and duty.

Maud. It seems so hard to have you leave me. The few years of our married life have been full of sunshine and happiness, and to have you leave me and go to war, 'mid all its dangers—it seems as if my heart would break.

(*leans her head on Edwin's shoulder*)

Edwin. You must not talk so wife — let us hope the war will be of short duration, and that ere many months I shall be home again.

Maud. (*raising her head and looking into Edwin's face*) Well, dear Edwin, hard as it may be to part from you, I will not say another word to discourage but only say, go and God be with you.

Edwin. (*caressing her*) Maud, dear wife, I never felt so proud of you in all my life before. "Go, and God be with you,"—how those words will cheer me wherever I may be. By the camp-fire, on the march, or on the battle-field, wherever the duties of the hour may place me, they will always be remembered, together with the one who gave them utterance, cheering me when else I might have given up to despondency.

(*Edwin and Maud move a little to R.*)

Mrs D. (*seated L. c.*) But father, how will we ever get the crops in if the boys all go to war?

Farmer D. (*seated R. c.*) Never mind that, mother, I am pretty old but I can lend a hand.

Carrie. (c.) Yes, and Maud and I can help to plant the corn if necessary.

Farmer D. Mother, do you hear that? No danger of failing when our women talk in that way.

Enter Willie, L., he runs quickly to his mother.

Willie. (*cagerly.*) Oh, mother! you know I went out to see what was the matter, and Jake Schneider, he met a lot of the boys, and they talked about the war—and they are coming this way—and—and I'm going to war too.

Mrs D. Oh, my boy, you are too young, you could not do any good; besides we could not spare you.

Willie. Oh, yes mother, I could drum, steal chickens——

All. Steal chickens!

Farmer D. (rises, and takes Willie by the ear and leads him to door, L.) Why, you young rascal.

Willie. (at door, sees Schneider—noise of dogs barking.) Oh, here comes Schneider, now. (Willie stands L.)

Jake. (without L., as dogs bark.) Get ouet! Shoo. Get ouet.

Enter Jake Schneider, L.

Jake. Dot vas de vorst dorg dot I efer seen—he vas having von great vish to inspect mine legs. I don'd guess he better make some foolishness mitmine legs or I'll blow his prains ouet mit mine fisht right away queek. (to Dalton.) I say, vot for you keep such a dorg like dot? Vy dot dorg vas not fit for bologna sassage.

Farmer D. (R. c.) He would not bite you, friend Schneider.

Jake. Vell, I don'd know about dot. I don'd vas like so much familiarity mit dot dorg on short acquaintance.

Farmer D. Well, what were the drums beating for Jake?

Jake. (L.) I vas most forgot about dot ven der dorg mate foolishness mit me. Dot var vas pizness. Say, (beckons to Edwin who is R.—they meet in c.) Ead, I have got mine leedle gompany ouet here, und I vant you, and your brother Sharlie to go mit me. Vill you go?

Edwin. Yes, of course I will go.

Jake. (joyfully.) Dot vas pully—Shake. (they shake hands—Edwin returns to his position, R., near Maud.) Sharlie come here! (beckons to Charlie who comes to him.) I vas raisin von leedle gompany to go mit de var. Your brother here, vas going in my gompany—vill you go too?

Charlie. I have no doubt but you will make a fine captain, and I think I may as well go with you as any one.

Jake. Dot vas pully—shake. (they shake hands.) Now poys let's go down town and put our names of dot papers. Mr. Dalton, you and your frau go mit us, und de gals.

Farmer D. Yes, we will all go. Carrie, bring my hat and cane. (Carrie goes off R., stage and returns with them.) Charlie, hitch the horses to the big wagon. (exit Charlie, R.) Mother, you and the girls get your things on, so we will not have to wait. (Mrs. Dalton and Maud get their shawls and hats—Edwin helps Mr. Dalton on with his coat.) Come, Schneider.

(All exit R. 3 E., except Carrie.)

Carrie. (sinks into a chair, L. c.) They have all gone but me. Oh, Edward must it be so? F'e left us in anger, and when he thinks calmly he will not leave me, his affianced wife, to fight against his country. And yet I fear—I know not what. If I could only see him again—It seems as though my heart would break.

Enter Edward, cautiously, L. 1 E.

Edw. Dear Carrie, are you alone? I could not leave you without one word.

Carrie. Edward, you will not leave me? Oh, relinquish your wild thoughts of Southern rights, and remain with us.

Edw. Carrie, heaven knows how dear you are to me—that to part from you is like tearing asunder my very heart-strings. But there is another duty—the struggle which is to come, will be long and bloody. Years may perhaps elapse before peace will again reign over our unfortunate country. Oh Carrie, if you love me as you say you do, fly with me to my Southern home—there amid the luxuries and comforts which I can provide for you, you will scarcely know of war; Carrie, will you go—what is your answer?

Carrie. Edward, you tell me you are summoned to your duty—you surely forget that you are not the only one of whom duty has a right to claim obedience. My aged father and mother, my brothers and sisters all have claims on me, and more than this, I cannot be a traitor to my country. No, no. You may trace our ancestry from the foundation of this govern-

ment, and you will not find one single traitor to our country's flag. That you should share your father's opinions is but natural. But oh, Edward, think of it before it is too late.

Edw. Carrie, I have thought of this matter in all its forms, and there is one path and only one open before me. The South is my country, and when she calls for help, I cannot turn a deaf ear to her entreaties. No, Carrie for me to remain idle now, would be worse than treason.

Carrie. (*rises.*) If such be your resolution, I will not attempt further to change it. In your fidelity to the South you have divided your love, and I will have it all or none. I cannot go with you, and you will not remain. It will be better for both, that this interview should close. Think, Edward—on the battlefield you may be brought face to face with those I love—the thought is horrible. (*aside*) Oh, my heart will break.

Edw. Only one word more, Carrie, and then we part, perhaps forever, for when two souls turn from each other and steadfastly pursue ways as opposite as ours, how can they meet again? Oh, Carrie when I have gone, and you are happy in another's love, do not think too harshly of me, for as God is my judge, I am doing only that, which in my inmost soul I think is honest and honorable. Carrie our paths are henceforth wide apart—and now farewell. (*they embrace.*) Farewell, and may God bless you.

(exit quickly, L. 1 E.)

Carrie. (*covers face with handkerchief.*) Oh, Edward—Edward, do not leave me in anger. (*looks up.*) He has gone—and—forever.
(sinks in chair, L. C.—scene closed in.)

NOTE.—Clear the stage behind the next scene for scene third—it must be done quietly and quickly.

SCENE SECOND.—*A street in first grooves.*

Enter Parke St Clair and Edward, from L.

Edw. Well, father we must hurry or we will miss the train. Pete has gone on with the trunks. We have been basely insulted by these abolitionists, and I never can forgive them.

St Clair. I fear we have all been too hasty, It was wrong for us to allow a slight difference in political opinion to create an enmity between our families, beside you know you are to marry Miss Carrie.

Edw. No, father, I am not to marry Miss Carrie—Country first and love afterward. But come, we must not delay—(*looks at watch.*) It lacks only a few moments of train time.
(thy exit R.—Scene changes to,

SCENE THIRD.—*A street or landscape, in third grooves. As the scene opens, the voice of Jake Schneider is heard without, L., as he drills his company—"Left, left, left."—The squad should be dressed in as awkward a manner as convenient, and should vary in size as much as possible. The whole object to make everything appear as awkward as possible. Do not hurry.*

Enter Jake with sword, at head of the squad, L.

Jake. (*as they march in.*) Left, left, left. (*as they march no two keep step—when near the R., Jake gives the command*) Halt! (*The first man stops very suddenly, falling backward against No. 2—No. 2 against No. 3, etc., until one after another, all fall to stage.*) Boys, va' make you shtop so sudden—shtop kind of easy like. Now then fall een—(*they slowly rise.*)—line oop, line oop.

(*form in line.*) Dot vas goot. Vront face! (*men face in au directions.*) No, no, no! I show you. (*turns his back to them, facing the audience.*) Face shust like dot. Now, vront face. (*men all turn their backs to him.*) No, no, Shust you get your face behind you. (*men turn their faces towards him.*) No, no, no. (*places first man in position.*) Dot vas right. (*other men, one after another get position.*) Dress oop a leetle on dot under eend—Dot vas richt. Now den poys, I vas tole you somedings. Dose rebels down south, vas raisin a dundering of a muss. und I tinks by shingo ve go richt avay down, und glean um ail ouet—und dot vas why I show you how to drill mit dose guns—so you knows how to shoot mit dose guns. Ven I come to dis country I vas only a kaptiu, und if you go mit me, I make you all kaptins shust like me—dots so—vill you go? (*men reply, "yaw, you bet," etc.*) Dot vas goot. Now poys, look ouet of dose guns—Order arms! (*No. 5 man lets gun fall on his toe and makes a great fuss, groaning etc. Jake goes to him and discovers what is the trouble.*) Dot vas too pad mine friend, but dot gun must fall somewhere, und if your feet be so pig I cannot help dot. (*giving order.*) Present goons! (*All of the squad rush towards him with their guns pointed at him.*) Oh, no, no, no. (*they fall back slowly—he takes a gun and shows them.*) Some dings like dis—don'd make fools on top of y^orselves. Now, present goons! (*men present guns.*) Dot vas goot—vy poys we learn right away queek. Order arms! (*men do so in an awkward manner.*) Goot. Now poys, inspect dose goons. Make dose ramrods ouet of dose goons, right away queek. (*men draw ramrods out their guns, except the first man, Jake watches him moment.*) Vell, vot in the tuy-fuh is der matter mit you—vy don'd you take dose ramrods ouet? Take hold of dose goons! (*he takes hold of the gun at the barrel, the man at the other end, astride, back to back.*) Now pull, pull. (*after several ineffectual attempts, the ramrod slips out and each go headlong upon the stage, comic business getting up.*) Mine friend you had petter grease dot goon mit hog's talter. (*takes second man's gun.*) Vell dot vas shust as goot as nis. (*takes third.*) Py shewillaker dot vas the vorst goon dot I efer saw. How you got dose ramrods ouet? (*takes fourth gun.*) So helpe me cracious dot vas the vorst goon of any. Mine frient you had petter grease dot goon mit brick doost. (*takes fifth gun.*) Now poys dot vas a nice goon—shoost look of dot goon. I tole you all the vile dot vas a nice goon, I make dot man my high private. (*as he is examining the gun it is discharged—the men very much frightened, run in all directions—Jake tumbles to the stage, and rolls about, at last seeing he is not hurt, rises and runs about, calling very bravely.*) Fall 'een, fall 'een poys—line oop, line oop! (*they come in and form in line.*) You vas a nice set of cowyards to go mit dot var. Vat you dere there vid-ouet me? So helpe me cracious if I thought dere vas one cowyard in mine gompany, I would kick him right away ouet quick mit mine left hand. (*No. 1 man discharges his gun—Every one very much frightened, run off stage in all directions. Jake falls upon stage and rolls about ad libitum. Afterwards seeing no one is hurt, becomes very bold and rises.*) Fall 'een, fall 'een, line oop, line oop. (*goes to L., and aside.*) Godfrey tam, but I vas scart most my wits ouet. (*aloud.*) Fall 'een, fall 'een! (*men enter slowly and take position.*) Py golly poys, I guess you vas scart. Now, vront face queek—let's get ouet of dis. Right face, forward march, left, left, left, etc. (*Jake at head of column. He moves to L., and crosses in front of stage to L., continuing the order "left, left." When at L., he says, "halt!" discovers that his squad has gone off R.*) Vell, I should say I vas left. (*with very long strides he follows, R.—a pause, and squad crosses from R. to L., followed by Jake still trying to overtake them.—scene changes to,*

SCENE FOURTH.—*A street in fourth grooves. Captain Mason discovered a little back of c., with a small stand or table, a roll to sign etc.*

Enter Edwin, Charlie Dalton, Mr. Schaffer and others, L.

Edwin. Oh, good morning Captain. (*all shake hands with the Captain and exchange salutations, then go to R. of him.*) Do you want any more recruits this morning?

Capt. M. (c.) Yes I want about a dozen men to complete my company.

Schaf. (R.) Captain, did you see anything of Jake Schneider this morning?

Capt. M. No, I have not seen him.

Schaf. He has been drilling a squad of men, and says he is going to war. (*looking L.*) There they come, now.

Jake is heard upon the L. outside, "left, left." He enters at the head of the squad—when he is near Capt. Mason, he gives the command "halt!"

Jake. Shentlemens how you vas? I vas have the honor to introduce to you the gompany of Schneider Wolunteers.

All. How are you toys! (*shake hands.*)

Jake. You see, gaptin, I vas trillin dos gompany, und dey dond vas exactly understand my gomands, und dey vas run away, but I run so fast as nefer vas, und come up mit em, und they say dey vas goin to enlist mit some one vof don'd know so much like me, und if you gif us all offices gaptin, ve vas goin mit you.

Capt. M. Well Schneider, what office do you want?

Jake. Oh, I vant to be Shenerals, or gorporal, or brevet cook; or some-dings pig like dot.

Capt. M. Well, Schneider, if you go with me, I will make you gompany cook, and if you fight well, I have no doubt you will get your full rations, and it may be, get promoted.

Jake. All right, ve vill go. Poys put down your names off dose papers.

(*the members of the squad, one after another sign the paper.*)

Jake. (*the last one to sign, with much ceremony, spelling.*) Y-a-c-h, yach, H-a-u-b hub, S-c-h-n-e-i-d snide, h-e-r her, Yacub Schneider.

Edwin. Captain, if you wish to protect the remainder of your gompany put Schneider in the front ranks—he would make splended breastworks.

Jake. See here Mr. Dalton, if you don'd stop dose talk about my making breastworks for dose gompany, I will take my poys here, und make foolishness mit you. Vell poys if you've all enlisted, ve vill go und have some trill. Fall 'een, fine oop. Now forward march!

(*men obey orders and exit L.*)

Edwin. Well boys, let us put our names down—Schaffer, go ahead.

(*Schaffer signs, and any others beside the Dalton s.*)

Charlie. (*after the others have signed.*) Wait a minute Edwin until father and mother come. (*secs them L.*) Oh, here they are now.

Enter Farmer Dalton, Mrs. Dalton, Maud, Carrie and Willie, L. 2 K.

Capt. M. Good day, Mr. Dalton.

Farmer D. (L. C.) How do you do, Captain? Rather startling news we have been receiving. War sometimes, is a necessity and in this case is no doubt the only thing which will bring these secessionists to a sense of their duty. I cannot go myself, but my two boys will go in my place, if you have room for them.

Capt. M. Yes sir, I think their names will complete the list.

Maud. (to Edwin.) Oh, husband, must you go?

Edwin. Should I hesitate now, I should be weak indeed, and unworthy the name of Dalton.

Mrs. D. Well, my boys, it is sad to have you go, but I can only say, do your duty. *(Edwin and Charlie sign the roll.)*

Willie. *(to Capt. Mason.)* Captain, won't you take me? *(to Mrs. Dalton)* Mother let me go, won't you?

Mrs. D. *(placing her arm around him and looking in his face.)* We cannot spare you my boy, beside you are too small.

Capt. M. I fear you are rather small, my boy.

Willie. I can drum, Captain, and Edwin and Charlie will take care of me.

Capt. M. Well, if your mother is willing I will take you.

Willie. Oh, mother can I go? Please let me go.

Mrs. D. *(choking with emotion)* Well, my dear boy, if you can do any good—although it nearly breaks my heart to part from my last boy—go, and God bless you.

Farmer D. *(wiping his eyes)* This is almost too much—to part from Willie, our youngest, our baby—but the dear old flag must be protected, although it takes our heart's dearest treasures. May God bless you my boy, guard and keep you from all harm, is the prayer of your father.

(Exit Farmer Dalton, Mrs. Dalton, Maud and Carrie, L. 1 E.)

Capt. M. Well boys, the company is full and now come with me and I will issue your uniforms, then we will join the regiment. *(they all exit L.)*

NOTE.—Blouses for the soldiers should be ready L. so the change can be made very quickly.

SCENE FIFTH.—Landscape or street, full depth of stage.—As the curtain rises, noise of martial music is heard off L. and enter Col. Harrison L. 1 E. commanding companies—Col. Harrison gives commands so as to bring companies around three sides of stage, as follows:

Col. H. Column right, march—Column left, march—Column left, march—Halt—Left face—Right dress—Front—Order arms—Parade rest.

Enter L. Farmer Dalton, Mrs. Dalton, Carrie, Maud, and others. Carrie has a U. S. flag, she advances a little in front of the others and sings the "Star Spangled Banner," all joining in the chorus, or all may sing it, as may be deemed best.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

O say can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
 O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming,
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night, that our flag was still there;
 O say does that star spangled banner yet wave,
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

CHORUS.

O, say does that star spangled banner, &c.
 And war's clamors o'er, with her mantle hath peace.
 Once again in its folds, the nation enshrouded;
 Let no fratricide hand, uplifted e'er be,
 The glory to dim, which now is unclouded;
 Not as north or as south, in the future will stand,
 But as brothers united throughout our broad land;

And the star spangled banner forever shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

CHORUS.

And the star spangled banner, &c.

O, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and war's desolation ;
Blest, with vict-ry and peace, may the heaven rescued land,
Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation ;
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust,"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

CHORUS.

And the star spangled banner, &c.

Carrie. (after the song—to Col. Harrison) Colonel Harrison, in behalf of the ladies of this place, allow me to present to your regiment this beautiful emblem of our glorious union. May its bright stars and stripes never be trailed in the dust by traitor's hands. Rest assured Colonel Harrison, that as you are battling for the rights so dear to us all, our prayers shall always follow you. Take it Colonel, and may you carry it till its folds shall wave over every foot of American soil. *(gives flag to Col. Harrison.)*

Col. H. Ladies I accept this sacred trust in behalf of the regiment which I command, and assure you its sacred folds shall never be sullied by any act of ours. We feel that our cause is a noble one, and assure the donors of this flag, that our love for it is so great that if need be, we will die in its defense. *(to the companies)* Attention battalion—Shoulder arms—Color guard to the front, and center march. *(color guard marches c. and he hands him the flag)* About face—Battalion, present arms—Color guard, to your post, march—Battalion, shoulder arms! Order arms! Parade rest! Now boys, three cheers for the noble ladies. *(cheers)* Now, three cheers for the flag. *(cheers)* Attention, battalion! Shoulder arms! Right face! Forward, head of column to the left, march!

Music—As they march off, Edwin, Charlie, Willie and others fall out of the ranks and bid friends good bye—when all are off then the

TABLEAU OF SECESSION.—Is arranged by building, at the extreme rear of the stage, a platform of sufficient height, and covered with dark blue. In the centre is placed the Goddess of Liberty with shield and sword. Ladies representing the seceding states are upon the left, South Carolina nearest to the Goddess. Upon the right are the ladies representing the Northern states, Massachusetts nearest to the Goddess—all the states with shields. At a signal South Carolina raises a dagger to strike the Goddess, the Goddess raises her shield, and all the Northern states do so also turning towards the Goddess. All the Southern states turn their backs on the Goddess, except South Carolina. The whole brilliantly illuminated with colored fire.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Union Camp by night—Soldiers asleep about stage. A sentinel on duty L. Jake on duty as a sentinel R—Edwin Dalton reclining on blanket R. C., reading a letter, a lighted candle near in a bayonet which is stuck in the side of Willie's drum. Willie lying on stage to the R. of Edwin Dalton.*

Edwin. A letter from home. Oh, how it cheers my heart to receive them. Wife writes that all are well, and wishes that the war would soon close, so that we might be again united. Ah, dear Maud, God only knows when it will be.

Edwin falls asleep leaning his head upon his hand. The curtain draws, showing the "Soldiers dream of home." The Sentinels stop walking. This tableau should represent the dear ones at home, and may be arranged to suit the stage manager. It may also be omitted if deemed advisable.

Edwin. I declare, I fell asleep and dreamed of home, and the dear ones there. (*bugle sounds taps*) Ah, it is time to put out the light. I must try to get a little sleep, for to-morrow is my turn on picket.

(blows out candle and lies down.)

Enter Capt. Mason and Serg't. Chas. Dalton with grand rounds, L.

1st. Sentinel. Hal! Who comes there?

Charlie. Grand Rounds.

1st. Sent. Stand Rounds, advance Sergeant with the countersign.

Serg't. Dalton advances to Sentinel, who stands at "Arms Post" while Charlie whispers the countersign.

1st. Sent. The countersign is correct. Advance, Rounds;

They proceed to R. where Jake is on guard.

Jake. Say, stop a leedle. Who you vas?

Charlie. Grand Rounds.

Jake. Ish dot all? I thought it vas a geese. But you stop a leedle. You can't go by here unless you say Washington, dot's vat's the matter.

Capt. M. (*shows him how to hold his gun, and other busines ad libitum*) Sergeant, advance Guard to next post. (*Sergeant does so and they exit R.*)

Bugle sounds Reveille L. The company fall in, and the roll is called. After which the order is given to break ranks. Here may be introduced songs, dances, etc. For convenience the words of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" and "Just before the Battle Mother" are inserted. A guitar or other instrument may be used by any one who sings. Copies of the songs may be ordered of the publisher of this play.

* TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

We're tenting to-night on the Old Camp Ground,
Give us a song to cheer.
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, Tenting to-night,
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

*The words of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" are used by permission of O. Ditson & Co., Boston, who own the copyright.

THE SPY OF ATLANTA.

We've been tenting to-night on the Old Camp Ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good bye!"

CHORUS.

We are tired of war on the Old Camp Ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.

CHORUS.

We've been fighting to-day on the Old Camp Ground,
Many are lying near ;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying to-night, Dying to-night,
Dying on the Old Camp Ground.

* JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view—
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Fill'd with tho'ts of home and God ;
For well they know that on the morrow,
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell, Mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again ;
But O, you'll not forget me, Mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh I long to see you, Mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner,
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you,
That their cruel words, we know,
In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers
By the help they give the foe.

CHORUS.

Hark ! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight,
Now may God protect us, Mother,
As he ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle-Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air,
Oh, yes we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

CHORUS.

* The words of, "Just before the Battle, Mother" are used by permission of S. Brainard's Sons, Chicago, who own the copyright.

Jake. (who is still on guard) I say—I think it vas about time dot I vas relieved, don'd it? (*looks R.*) Hey, who's dot? Halt!

Enter Old Pete, R. 1 E.

Pete. Say, just you lower dat machine, if you's got no dejections. I hab got some news for you uns.

Edwin. I know this man—perhaps he has something of importance to communicate.

Pete. Ah! Massa Edwin, am dat you? I'm mighty glad to see you, I tole you.

Jake. If you got any news to tell us, spit it ouet right avay queek.

Pete. I hab deserted de rebels, Massa Edwin dar, knows dis chile, an he knows I neber wanted to fight wid 'em. Ole massa StClair didn't watch very close and I left him.

Jake. Vell, I spose you can stay mit us. We shall vatch you mighty close, I vas tole you. Go over dare, right avay queek.

(*shoves Pete to L. 3 E. among soldiers.*)

Bugle calls assembly—All fall in—Roll call.

Enter Colonel Harrison, L.

Col H. Battalion, order arms. Parade rest. (*Music—Hail to the Chief.*) Attention Battalion! Shoulder arms!

Enter Generals Sherman and McPherson with Maj. Wilber and other staff officers, L.

Col H. Battalion, present arms! (*the General's raise their hats.*) Battalion, shoulder arms!

Gen Sherman. Colonel, I wish to inspect your regiment. (*the Generals pass in front of the soldiers*) Colonel, pass your regiment in review

Col H. Battalion, right face! Forward, head of the column, to left. March!

(*they march off L. 1 E.*)

Gen S. Well, General, is there any news from the front? Can you, by any means, ascertain the number of rebel troops held in readiness to repel an attack upon Atlanta?

Gen McPherson. There is no way, General, of ascertaining the number to any certainty, except by sending a courageous and resolute man into their lines.

Gen S. Do you know of any man in your command, whom you can recommend for this perilous duty?

Gen McP. I think Colonel Harrison may be able to furnish us the man. Major Wilber, inform Colonel Harrison that I wish to speak with him.

Maj W. Yes, sir. (*salutes and exit L.*)

Gen S. General, have our troops all crossed the river?

Gen McP. Yes, General, the last regiment crossed to-day.

Gen S. Did they cross on pontoons, or have they rebuilt the bridge?

Gen McP. I think they crossed on pontoons.

Enter Major Wilber and Colonel Harrison, L.

Maj W. General, Colonel Harrison.

(*retires L. 3 E.*)

Gen McP. Good morning, Colonel.

Col H. Good morning, General.

Gen McP. Colonel Harrison, I am in want of a trusty and courageous man—one in whom I can place the utmost confidence, to send upon a perilous mission. Have you such a one in your regiment, whom you can recommend?

Col H. Yes, General, I think I have.

Gen McP. Have him detailed and sent to me immediately.

Col H. Is that all, General?

Gen McP. That is all.

Col H. Good morning, General.

Gen McP. Good morning, Colonel.

(*Col. Harrison salutes and exit L. A pause and*

Enter Edwin Dalton, L.

Edwin. (salutes) General, I was ordered to report to you for orders.

Gen McP. I have need, Sergeant of a trusty man to send into the enemy's lines. It is very important for our success, that we should know the number of rebel troops in Atlanta. Would you be willing to accept the perilous undertaking? If you are successful, you shall be promoted.

Edwin. Perhaps, like many others, I desire to advance in position, but believe me, General, it is from no such thoughts as these that I accept this extremely hazardous undertaking, for the chances are that if I am not killed, I shall be made a prisoner, but if I can be of any service to my country, I will cheerfully make the attempt.

Gen McP. It will be necessary that you exercise the greatest caution. You had better disguise yourself as a citizen, and pass yourself off as a rebel.

Edwin. What, and become a spy? Well, for the good of my country I will do even that.

Gen McP. Well, go now, and prepare yourself, and report to me as soon as possible.

Edwin. (salutes) Yes, General.

(*exit L. 2 E.*

Gen S. Gentlemen, we will now proceed to the front. I wish to make some observations. (*to Major Wilber*) Major Wilber.

Maj W. Sir.

Gen S. Have you my field-glass with you?

Maj W. I have. (*gives it to him, as they go slowly towards R. 2 E.*

Enter Edwin Dalton, L. 2 E.

Edwin. General, I await your orders.

Gen. McPherson crosses to L., and in dumb show gives Edwin instructions.

Edwin. I understand. (*salutes and exit L. 2 E.*

Generals McPherson and Sherman, with all others exit R. 2 E.—stage clear. Scene changes to

SCENE SECOND.—*Camp of the Confederate army. Soldiers discovered asleep R. C. and L. Edward St Clair pacing to and fro in front. Sgt. Bates on guard.*

Edw. Curses on the luck! Will the opportunity never come for me to have my revenge upon this Edwin Dalton? Here have I waited patiently, for, I know not how long, for an opportunity to get him in my power, but the fates seem against me. When I remember his threats to kick me out of his father's house, it makes my blood boil; but I can only wait and nourish my hatred until the fortunes of war turn in my favor.

Sgt Bates. Fall in, second relief! (*soldiers of second relief fall in facing front*) Guard right face! Forward march! (*they march off R.*

Enter Old Pete, R. 1 E., with basket on his arm.

Pete. I say, boys, don't you want to buy some provisions?

Edw. How do you sell them uncle?

Pete. Only five dollars apiece, dey is bully pies I tole you. (*soldiers feel in basket*) Boys keep your nasty fingers away from dat basket—don't take dose pies unless you pay for dem.

Edw. Do you trust or take greenbacks?

Pete. I don't want any greenbacks in my dish, and I don't trust neither.

Enter Sgt. Bates with squad, R.

Sgt B. Squad halt! Front! Order arms!

Edw. Is all quiet, Sergeant?

Sgt B. All is quiet I believe.

Edw. You may dismiss your guard.

Sgt B. Guard, break ranks! March!

(exit Edward St Clair R. 1 E.)

Pete. *(to those who have just come in)* You fellows, do you want some pies?

Sgt B. What have you got? *(they go to basket, and try to get the pies.)*

Pete. Keep your hands out of my basket, unless you buy some.

Sgt B. Boys, let's whoop this old nigger up—he's too saucy.

They get a blanket, and one man at each corner. Pete is tumbled into it, where he is tossed into the air. While this is being done,

Enter Edward St Clair, R.

Edw. That's enough, boys.

(they let him out.)

Pete. (i.) You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, to treat a cullud friend in dis manner. It's mighty rough, I tole you.

(a voice outside, "Full in, Officer of the Day.")

Edw. Fall in, boys! Shoulder arms!

Enter Colonel St Clair, L.

Edw. Guard, present arms! *(Colonel salutes)* Shoulder arms!

St Clair. Captain, dismiss your guard!

Edw. Guard, order arms, in place rest.

St Clair. Good-day, Captain.

Edw. Good-day, Colonel.

St Clair. Is there anything new at Atlanta?

Edw. Nothing, I believe, Colonel.

Enter Corporal Ogden, L., with Edwin Dalton, disguised.

Corp O. Colonel, I found this man prowling around, and he cannot or will not give a satisfactory account of himself, so I have brought him to you.

St Clair. All right, Corporal, return to your post. *(exit Corporal Ogden, L.)*
I say, my good fellow, what are you doing here?

Edwin. *(stuttering, and in a disguised voice)* I was come from Atlanta.

St Clair. What were you doing there?

Edwin. I went up to see if I could get some corn for my mule. Those internal Yankee's have stole all mine.

St Clair. Where's your pass?

Edwin. What? A pass—what is that?

Pete. *(L—aside)* De Lord hab mercy on us, if dat ain't massa Edwin Dalton. Now if St Clair done ketch him, he's gone up suah.

St Clair. A pass, yes a pass—a paper with an officers signature to pass you through the lines.

Edw. Colonel St Clair, question this man no further. We have here a spy.

All. A spy!

Edw. Is it possible that you do not recognize this man. *(he goes to Edwin and pulls off his false whiskers, wig and hat, the blanket and other disguise falling at the same time—revealing the U. S. uniform)* Behold Edwin Dalton,

St Clair. Is it possible, Edwin Dalton, that you have been foolhardy enough to enter these lines as a spy, knowing as you must, the penalty if captured.

Edwin. Colonel St Clair, I knew full well my fate if taken prisoner, and small as would be my chance for mercy if captured by others, it is still less when in the hands of yourself and son.

St Clair. Have a care, Edwin Dalton, I may have it in my power to aid you, and a little different deoprtment, under the existing circumstances, would, perhaps be more in your favor. What was your object in entering our lines?

Edwin. That sir, the direst tortures you can inflict, will never cause me to answer.

St Clair. Then sir, you shall be taken before a Military Court Martial, where you will be tried as a spy, and if found guilty, hung like a dog.

Edwin. Colonel StClair, I defy you—do your worst.

St Clair. Captain, put this man under strong guard, see that he has no conversation with any one, and for your life see that he does not escape.

Edw. All right, Colonel.

(exit Col. St Clair, L.)

Edwin. (L.—*aside to Pete*) Pete, make your way to the union lines, tell them that I have been taken prisoner, and to send a body of soldiers to my relief, as I have important news.

Edw. Come along, sir! (*seizes and tries to force him along*) Ah, you resist! Guard, seize this man! (*guard roughly seize him on each side*) Guard, forward march! (*all exit R.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Landscape in second grooves.*

Enter Pete, hurriedly, R.

Pete. Goodness gracious! Jumpin' jingo! but dat was tight squeezin', I managed to squeeze fru though. Now, if I can only manage to get back to de union lines, I guess it will be all right yet. I'll tell de general to send out five million men wid fifteen thousand cannon to release dat poor boy. If I don't, he's gwine to pass in his checks suah. Dis nigger must run like de debbil, or he'll be too late. (*runs off L.*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Confederate camp in fourth grooves. Same as scene second—Edwin Dalton a prisoner L. Edward StClair and soldiers R.*

Edw. So, Mr. Edwin Dalton, at last I have you in my power. Do you know what is to be your fate?

Edwin. Edward StClair, I expect no mercy from you. You have me in your power—do your worst you cowardly traitors.

Edw. Edwin Dalton, your idolence is unbearable. Come men, we will shoot the rascal, and save the General the trouble of a Court Martial.

Edwin. You have me in your power. I expect no mercy at your hands, neither do I ask it.

Edw. Guard, make ready, take aim. Now, if you have anything to say, say it quickly, for you have only a few moments to live.

Edwin. (*looking R.*) I have—only—one word to say—and that is, *Surrender!*

Music—A squad of union soldiers, with a U. S. flag, enter R., and overpower the rebels. Pete stands over Edward in the tableau.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Landscape in second grooves.*

Enter Edward, hurriedly L., without hat, hair disheveled, with a revolver in his hand.

Edw. So far fortune seems to favor me. In passing through yonder dense wood, by a singular stroke of luck, I eluded my guard, and am now on my way back to the confederate lines. (*listens*) They are close upon me, and I have not one moment to loose. They are coming around yonder

huge rock—they come this way—they cannot have seen me. One more of the cursed Yankees must bite the dust, be the consequences what they may. (*shoots*) Ha, ha, ha! One more miserable whelp gone to kingdom come. Ah! they are coming this way rapidly—but they will never take me alive, no, never——— (*exit quickly R.—a pause and,*

Enter Edwin Dalton with Pete and several soldiers, L.

Edwin. Ah! boys, I fear he has escaped us.

Pete. Dat's what's de matter, massa.

Edwin. Come on, we'll follow him, though I fear it will be useless.

(*they all exit R.—a pause and,*

Enter Gen. McPherson and Staff, and Gen. Sherman and Staff, L.

Gen S. (to McPherson) General, have you any news from the front?

Gen McP. Lieutenant Stickney, of the Signal Corps, but a few moments since sent me a report, stating that heavy bodies of the enemy were moving to our left.

Gen S. What preparations have you made to resist an attack, should there be one in that quarter?

Gen McP. I have ordered the Sixteenth Corps to form in line upon the left, and await my orders.

(*firing is heard L.—the beating of drums and bugle.*

Gen S. Hark! I hear firing on the left. I think the attack must have already been made.

Gen McP. I must at once ascertain the cause. (*to staff*) Come gentlemen.

(*exit with staff, L.*

Gen. Sherman and Staff exit R.—a pause of a few moments during which the noise of bugle, drums, etc., continues..

Enter Edward St Clair commanding a squad of rebels, L.

Edw. Halt! Front! In place rest! Boys, fortune has indeed favored us. The line of skirmishers, which we have just captured and sent to the rear, were taken without the firing of a gun. Should the day prove as auspicious for us, the entire Yankee army will either be captured or killed before sundown. Ah! yonder comes an officer of the Union army of high rank, —from the number of his body guard and staff, he must be a corps commander. If he comes this way, there will be one less of the blue-bellied Yankees. A moment more and he is—Halt!

(*Gen. McPherson and several of staff appear L. I R.*

Edw. Halt! Surrender!

(*McPherson, who is facing Edward slightly bows and turns away.*

Edw. Corporal Coleman, shoot the cursed Yankee.

One of the squad shoots. McPherson staggers and falls u. c. Another shot is fired and an Adjutant falls near McPherson.

Edw. (*crosses to the side of McPherson and speaks to the Adjutant, who has raised his head upon his hand*) What miserable Yankee have we here?

Adj. Sir, it is General McPherson, you have killed the best man in the Union army.

Edw. Yes, and if I had it in my power, thus would I exterminate the whole Union army.

(*stands exultingly over McPherson—The rebels give a cheer as the act closes.*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*A dark wood full depth of stage. Gen. Sherman and Staff discovered looking off, R.*

Enter Capt. Mason, R. with Edwin and Pete.

Capt M. (salutes) General, these two men have requested an immediate interview with you, they say they have something of importance to communicate. *(salutes and exit R.*

Gen S. Why, it is the spy sent out by General McPherson. Well sir, what have you to report?

Edwin. (salutes) General, I succeeded in entering the city of Atlanta. The number of troops in the city is about thirty thousand. In returning, I was captured by a squad of rebel infantry, but with the assistance of a body of union troops, which was brought to my rescue by my colored friend here, I effected my escape just as I was about to be shot by them, without even the benefit of a trial. On my way hither, I learned of the death of one of Ohio's bravest sons, the gallant Major General McPherson.

Gen S. (with emotion) McPherson dead!

Edwin. The prospects are, that we are on the eve of a general engagement.

Gen S. My brave fellow, you have done well. *(to one of his staff)* General, enter an order, recommending the immediate promotion of Sergeant Edwin Dalton, to be made Major, and A. D. C., and assigned to my staff, for brave and meritorious services *(exit one of staff.*

Edwin. General, I fully appreciate your kindness, but if there is to be a battle, I should prefer, with your permission, to take my place in the ranks.

Gen S. You can do so for the present, if you desire.

Edwin. Come, Pete, we will go to the regiment. *(exit Edwin and Pete L.*

Enter Major Wilber R.

Maj W. (salutes) General, General Dodge sends his compliments, and desires me to inform you that the enemy's lines are in motion and advancing in force.

Gen S. Sir, order the long roll sounded, and the whole command under arms immediately. *(exit Maj. Wilber L.*

Gen. Sherman and staff slowly go off L.—a pause and the long roll is sounded, bugles are heard, shouts from either side, noise of musketry, etc., the Confederate army upon the R., of stage, and the Union upon the L. General engagement and

●URTAIN.●

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.—*Battlefield by night. Moonlight. Dead and wounded lying about. Sisters of Mercy are engaged in assisting the wounded and suffering. Pete is searching among the wounded, lantern in hand. Among the wounded are Col. StClair, Edwin and Willie Dalton. Great care should be used in the make-up of the characters. Do not hurry. Slow, plaintive music—very soft.*

Edwin. (L. C.) Oh, this is terrible! Wounded, and dying for the want of water.

Pete. (R. 3 E.) Ah! dat is Massa Edwin's voice. (*goes to Edwin.*

Edwin. Pete, old friend, is that you? For the love of heaven, give me water.

Pete. Here it is, massa. (*gives canteen—Edwin drinks.*

StClair. (R. C., *raising his head upon his hand*) Water! water! I shall perish for the want of water.

Edwin. That voice! Was it not Colonel StClair?

Pete. (C.) I 'clar to goodness it is old massa. He seems to be near gone.

Edwin. Give him water—never mind me.

StClair. (*after drinking*) Oh Edwin, that we should ever meet thus. I am severely wounded, and I fear I cannot hold out much longer. If you live to get home, tell your father that I died upon the battlefield regretting my treason to the old flag. Tell me—that—you—for—give— (*falls back.*

Edwin. Heaven knows how fully I pardon you.

Willie. (R.) Help! Mother! Edwin, where are you?

Edwin. That voice, it is my little brother—quick Pete.

Pete. (*goes to him*) Bress de lord! it is our little Willie.

(*raises him in his arms and carries him to Edwin.*

Willie. Oh, Edwin, brother, I am in such terrible pain.

Edwin. Merciful heaven, for myself I could endure it, but to see you suffer so, it nearly kills me.

Enter several Confederate soldiers R., with lantern. They pass from one to another.

Willie. Never mind me, Edwin—I can't last long.

Edwin. Pete, everything is growing dark around me—I am fainting.

(*the Confederate soldiers raise Edwin up and start off L.*

Edwin. Pete, if I die, tell my wife that I fell while doing my duty. Good-bye old friend—heaven bless you. (*he is carried off L.*

The other Confederate soldiers raise Willie up and carry him off L. By this time the stage must be clear except those who are lying down, so that the tableau of decoration of soldier's graves may be represented from the platform at the rear of the stage.

CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE FIRST.—*Andersonville. The stockade across the rear of stage, behind which is a guard on duty. Prisoners discovered—among them are Edwin, Willie, Schneider and Capt. Mason. Great care should be exercised in the "make up" of the prisoners. The tableau of "Home" may be represented before the first speech of Edwin.*

Edwin. (L. c.—rising) As I have lain here and fallen asleep, I have had a vision of my dear home, my wife and child. Why could I not have slept the sleep that knows no waking? This suffering is terrible. The dampness of the earth has penetrated to my very bones, and my blood seems to have centered in my brain, which feels as if it would burst. Great Heaven! when is this to end?

Capt. M. (back of c.) Edwin, friend, have courage—it may be that we shall be exchanged.

Edwin. If it were only myself, I would try to bear it without a murmur, but Captain, I divided my last crust of bread with this boy. (*Willie c. with Edwin*)—Poor fellow, and yet it was not half enough. How can they torture us in this manner?

Enter Edward St Clair, R. 1 E.,

Edw. Oh, you cursed Yankees, what's the matter with you?

Capt. M. Sir, in the name of heaven and humanity, give us something to eat.

Edw. I have something better to do than feeding a lot of Yankees at present. Edwin Dalton, you no doubt remember a scene which occurred in your father's house, at the commencement of this war—how I was turned from your father's door like a dog. I swore at the time that I would have revenge, and now my time has come. Your wife would, no doubt, be glad to see you, in your present condition?

Edwin. My wife! For the love of heaven, Edward St Clair, you would not bring her here to see all this suffering?

Edw. Would I not? Ha, ha, ha! I have to inform you, that in reply to a letter which I wrote her, in which I told her of your condition, she is already here.

Edwin. Wretch! Fiend incarnate! You might have spared me this blow.

Edw. (sarcastically) Good day, Mr. Edwin Dalton. I wish you much joy in witnessing the anguish of your wife, on beholding your condition.

(exit R. 1 E.)

Edwin. Boys my brain feels so strangely. I feel that I am on the verge of insanity. Heaven grant that I may know my wife when she comes.

(goes L.)

Capt. M. Boys, a few more shocks like this and our brave comrade will know us no more. Speak to him, Willie.

Willie. (goes to Edwin) Brother Edwin, have courage.

Edwin. (wandering) Who is this? Away—don't touch me.

Willie. Brother, brother, don't you know me?

Edwin. (looks steadily at him a moment) Ah! Willie, Willie, dear brother, it is you! Thank heaven!

Enter Edward St Clair, R., with Maud. He points to Edwin, L.

Edw. There.

Maud. (overcome) Oh, heaven! is that my husband?

Edw. (exultingly) Ha, ha, ha!

Willie. (goes to Maud R., kisses her) Sister Maud, I fear Edwin will not know you—he is almost crazy.

Maud. This is terrible! He must know me. (*goes to Edwin, L., he turns*

away and laughs wildly) Edwin! Edwin! I am your wife.

Edwin. (wandering) My wife! Oh, no! I had a wife who loved me, Oh so well, (*gazing into her face*) but (*laughs*) no, no! you are not my wife.

Maud. (turns in agony to Willie) Oh, Willie! Willie! What shall I do? What shall I do?

Willie. Sister, I do not know. Have you not something with you—some picture that he would know?

Maud. I have the picture of our little girl, perhaps it will—here Edwin look at this. (*he takes it*) Do you not know her?

Edwin. (gazing at it) It seems that I have seen that face—long ago.

Maud. (aside) Heaven grant it may succeed. (*aloud*) It is the picture of your little girl—Nannie.

Edwin. Nannie. (*kissing the picture*) Yes, yes. I know now, (*recovering himself, and looking intently at Maud*) and you are—no, I cannot be wrong—you are my wife—thank God. (*embrace*) Oh, why did you come here?

Maud. I could not stay from you. A letter from Edward StClair told me that if I would see you alive, I must come at once.

Edw. (R.) Come, madam, this pleasant interview must close.

He forcibly tears Maud from Edwin's arms and they exit R. I E.—Edwin turns L., and buries his face in his hands.

Willie. Captain Mason, I am so hungry, can't you give me something to eat?

Capt M. Would to heaven I could, my boy.

Edwin. Boys, we must have bread or die. Bread! Bread!

All. Bread! Bread!

Enter Edward StClair, R.

Edw. What's all this noise about? Stop it, or I'll give you a dose of cold lead.

Edwin. For myself I do not ask it, but for this boy—a mere child—by the memory of your mother, do not refuse. (*Edward turns away*) He turns away! (*kneels*) See Edward, I kneel at your feet, and implore you for even a morsel for him.

Willie. Edwin, brother, do not kneel to him. Get up—be a man. Let us die like true soldiers. Do not mind the cowardly traitor.

Edw. (draws his revolver) What's that you say, you young imp?

Willie. I say that you are a miserable, cowardly traitor. Shoot me if you will, but spare my brother.

Edwin. No, no, Willie—what would you do?

Willie. Better to die, than to suffer so.

Edwin. No, no! Edward, you dare not do this terrible deed.

Edw. I dare not? Ha, ha, ha!

(shoots Willie, who puts his hand to his breast.)

Willie. I am shot.

All the prisoners except Edwin and Willie make a movement towards Edward.

Edw. (to guard) Guard, the man who advances, shoot him instantly.

As he retreats one of the prisoners follows, and the guard shoots him—exit Edward, R. I E.

Edwin. (who has lain Willie upon the stage, and is holding his head in his lap) Willie, little brother, would that I could have been spared this.

Willie. Brother Edwin—mother—where are you?

(several of the prisoners go to them)

Edwin. Here I am.

THE SPY OF ATLANTA.

Willie. Kiss me. (*Edwin kisses him*) If I could only see mother before I die. It is growing dark. I am getting weaker.

Edwin. Poor little fellow! Would to God you might be spared.

Willie. Everything is so bright around me. I do not feel any pain, and I am not hungry now—do not cry Edwin—it is better as it is—good bye—I go—tell mother—mother—

(*dies.*)

Edwin. (*slowly lays him down*) Boys, Willie is dead—Never more shall we look upon his brave young face in life. Oh! who will tell his mother of this? Poor boy, he so much wished to see her. (*rises, going back a few steps—turns and looks at the body, and with a passionate cry, flings himself down by its side*) Oh, Willie, how can I give you up? Boys, I fear again my reason will leave me. (*goes a little back from body, wildly presses his forehead—turns and sees his comrades around Willie*) May curse after curse fall upon these incarnate fiends, who follow us to our death. They are murderers—every one. Curse them! Curse them.

(*falls c.*)

Capt M. Come boys, let us lay poor Willie out. (*they lay the body on a blanket back of c.*) Place this little flag upon his breast, an emblem of the cause he so faithfully served. Now let us pray that this may soon end.

(*they kneel in an attitude of prayer.*)

A pause—and in the distance is heard the "Star Spangled Banner," which gradually grows louder, and finally, enter Charlie Dalton with Union soldiers, U. S. flag flying, with them Edward St Clair, a prisoner, and Maud. She goes to the side of Edwin.

Charlie. Boys, cheer up—we have come to release you.

(*general hand shaking.*)

Capt M. We are glad to see you.

Charlie. (*sees Jake*) Ah! here is Jake to.

Jake. (*comes forward*) Yes, all dere vas left of my peautiful form.

Charlie. But where is Edwin?

Capt M. I am afraid you have come too late. There he is.

(*Maud moves to L. and weep s.*)

Charlie. Maud, is he dead?

Maud. No, not dead, but I fear insane.

Charlie. (*raising Edwin*) Brother, do you not know me. I am your brother Charlie.

Edwin. Charlie! (*embrace*) Why did you not come sooner, and save Willie—he is dead.

Charlie. (*with emotion*) Dead!

Capt M. Yes, here is his body. (*removes blanket from Willie's face.*)

Charlie. Show me the fiend who has dared to do this deed, that I may rid the earth of such a monster.

Capt M. (*points to Edward, R.*) There he stands.

Edw. Fiend, did you say? You will remember the oath I made, when your brother turned me from your father's house. And have I not well kept it? Yet the sacrifice was dearly made—her that I loved better than ought else on earth, deserted me—my father killed—my mother dead—yet as I am to die, I would not recall one circumstance. I *did* shoot that boy as I would have shot all of you—and now, fire, you cowardly Yankee. Fire.

(*Charlie shoots and Edward falls dead.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT VI.

SCENE FIRST.—*Home of Farmer Dalton, as in act first. Newspapers, chairs, etc. Farmer Dalton, Mrs. Dalton, Carrie and Maud discovered. Farmer Dalton is reading a newspaper.*

Farmer D. Well! this is indeed glorious news. Lee has surrendered, and the war is now at an end. (*pause*) Yes, and here is something still better—the regiment our boys are in is mustered out, and they will be at home either to-day or to-morrow.

Mrs D. Thank heaven, our dear boys will soon be at home, to endure hardships and privations no more—all but one—little Willie, we shall never see his bright face again on earth. Oh, victory, dearly bought. Carrie (*or Maud or both*) sing “The Vacant chair.”

Carrie. Yes, Willie’s chair is vacant, and made so by whom? I never can feel thankful enough that, though it would seem a direct interposition of a kind Providence, I was saved from a union with that worst of all traitors—Edward StClair—a man whom I once thought I loved.

Maud. Yes, Carrie, what you then considered a sacrifice has proved a blessing. Thus do the ways of Providence manifest themselves for our good. But sister, Captain Mason is much handsomer, and has proved himself a true man. He has been a friend and companion of our dear boys through all of their hardships. Ah! I see by your blush that I have struck the right chord. Since Edwin and Captain Mason have been at home, I have noticed the growing attachment between you. Well, Carrie, I congratulate you. He is a noble man. But sing the song for us.

Carrie. Well, I will do so, though it brings up the past in a way that I fear will nearly choke my utterance.

She sings “The Vacant Chair,” accompanying herself with a guitar or organ. Maud may assist or sing alone, according to circumstances. During the song all are much affected.

* THE VACANT CHAIR.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening prayer.
When a year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye,
But a golden chord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

CHORUS.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
When we breathe our evening prayer.
At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story,
How our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bear our banner
Thro’ the thickest of the fight,
And uphold our country’s honor,
In the strength of manhood’s might.

CHORUS.

* The words of, “The Vacant Chair” are used by permission of S. Brainard’s Sons, Cleveland, who own the copyright.

THE SPY OF ATLANTA.

True they tell us wreathes of glory
 Ever more will deck his brow,
 But this soothes the anguish only
 Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.
 Sleep to-day, O early fallen,
 In thy green and narrow bed,
 Dirges from the pine and cypress
 Mingle with the tears we shed.

CHORUS.

Farmer D. (*wiping his eyes*) Come, come, this will never do. Cheer up, it will never do to meet our boys with such sorrowful faces.

Enter Pete L.—greatly excited.

Pete. Whoop! De boys hab come! De company hab come! De company is down to de depot, and dey will be up here pretty soon. Gosh, dis old nigga's glad! (*dances about and toys upon the stage, and rolls.*)

Farmer D. Well, well! we must get ready to give the boys a rousing reception. Come, Pete, get up—are you going crazy?

Pete. Oh, massa, dis nigga couldn't help it—he's so glad. (*rolls.*)

Farmer D. (*takes Pete by the ear and leads him c.*) Come, Pete, straighten up, I want to talk to you.

Pete. Yes, massa!

Farmer D. I want you to go down to the—— (*here mention some hotel*) and tell Mr. —— (*mention proprietor*) to get up a dinner for the whole company, on my account.

Pete. Yes, massa.

(*starts L.*)

Farmer D. See here, Pete.

Pete. (c.) Yes, massa.

Farmer D. Go down to ——'s Ice Cream Saloon and tell him I want a dozen freezer's full of cream, to be sent over to ——'s hotel, and charge it to me.

Pete. (*starts slowly*) I'll fly.

Farmer D. I don't believe you know what you are sent for.

Pete. Yes I does, massa, I's gwine to ——'s Shoe Store to get a dish ob ice cream, with a dozen spoons in it.

Farmer D. I knew you didn't know what you were going for. I said one dozen freezers—that is one dozen cans.

Pete. Now I know. One dozen if he can—Say, massa, if he can't, what den?

Farmer D. Oh, you crazy fellow! you are sure to blunder—I'll write it for you. (*writes and hands to Pete.*)

Pete. Shall I take dis to de post office?

Farmer D. No, take it to Mr. —— at the —— hotel. (*Pete starts L.*) See here, stop at ——'s and tell him to send up ten dozen bottles of champagne, and Pete be careful that you don't get drunk before the boy's come.

Pete. No, massa. (*aside*) Golly don't I wish de boys was here. (*exit L.*)

Farmer D. Well, mother, girls, fly around and let us get ready to go and meet the boys.

Enter Charlie, Edwin and Capt. Mason L.—Capt. Mason has one arm in sling.

Charlie. Hurrah! here we are. (*embraces all—general hand shaking.*)

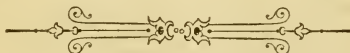
Capt M. Edwin and I, while down town, heard that the company were expected this morning, so we waited for them. (*crosses to Carrie.*)

Edwin. Well, father, mother, girls, if you are all ready, let's go and meet them. (*they all exit L.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Street in first grooves—Bummers march. Soldiers march across stage L. to R., with guns in fantastic positions, carrying chickens geese, pigs, etc., and singing "Shermans March Through Georgia." March around to L. 1 E., where soldiers leave chickens, pigs, etc., and bring guns to right shoulder shift arms and march across stage again, with Col. Harrison in command. After marching off stage, soldiers form in line, behind street scene, across R. of stage, quickly, with Rebel soldiers across L. of stage, kneeling on one knee and facing Union soldiers, holding guns ready to drop at signal. R. C. stands Gen. Sherman and Gen. Jos. E. Johnston on L. C., facing him, in the act of handing sword to Gen. Sherman. Back of scene, on platform stands tableau ladies, as in first tableau, except that South Carolina is in the act of handing dagger to Goddess, who stands ready to receive it. The other states facing toward Goddess; at first signal, draw front flats; at second signal, light red fire, and draw back flats disclosing Goddess and the States, at third signal, South Carolina hands dagger to Goddess, Johnston hands sword to Sherman, and Rebel soldiers drop guns on stage and bow heads.*

CURTAIN.

NOTE.—*For tableau background have cloud scene painted, or if this is impracticable, use large flag to cover back scene with—although cloud scene should always be used when it is possible.*

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AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

40. *THAT MYSTERIOUS BUNDLE*. A Farce in one act, by Hattie Lena Lambla, 2 male, 2 female characters. Costumes, modern. Scenery, a plain room. A Variety peice, yet can be performed by Amateurs, etc. A Mysterious bundle figures in this farce, which contains a——. Time of performance, 20 minutes.

41. *WON AT LAST*. A Comedy Drama in 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve, 7 male, 3 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery, drawing-room, street and office. Every character is good. Jennie Hight starred on the character of "Constance" in this play. Amateurs can produce it. Time of performance, 1 hour 45 minutes.

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46. *MAN AND WIFE*. A Drama in five acts, by H. A. Webber, 12 male, 7 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery exteriors and interiors. This drama is one of intense interest and is a faithful dramatization of Wilkie Collins' story of the same name. This is said by competent critics to be the best dramatization published, and it should be in the hands of every dramatic company in the country. It has become a great favorite.

47. *IN THE WRONG BOX*. An Ethiopean Farce in one act, by M. A. D. Clifton, 3 male characters. Costumes, peddler's and darkey's dilapidated dress. Scene, a wood. Characters represented, a darkey, an Irishman and a Yankee. Time of performance twenty minutes.

48. *SCHNAPPS*. A Dutch Farce in one act, M. A. D. Clifton, 1 male, 1 female character. Costumes, burlesque German. Scene, a plain room. A neat little piece for two Dutch players, introducing songs and dances. Time of performance, 15 to 30 minutes, at the pleasure of the performers

49. *DER TWO SURPRISES*. A Dutch Farce in one act, by M. A. D. Clifton, 1 male, 1 female character. Costumes, peasant's, and old man's and old woman's dress. Scene, a kitchen. A very neat little sketch, introducing songs and dances. Time of performance, about twenty minutes.

50. *HAMLET*. A Tragedy in five acts, by Shakespeare, 15 male, 3 female characters. Probably no other play by the immortal Shakespeare is produced as frequently as this one. It needs no description. Time of performance about two hours and thirty minutes.

51. *RESCUED*. A Temperance Drama in two acts, by Clayton H. Gilbert, 5 male, 3 female characters. This play visibly depicts the dangerous consequences of falling into bad company, the follies of the intoxicating bowl, and shows that even the pure love of a noble girl will be sacrificed to the accursed appetite. The solemn scenes are balanced by the funny portions, and all in all the play is a grand success. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors some neatly and some handsomely furnished. Time of performance one hour.

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AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

53. *OUT IN THE STREETS.* A Temperance Drama in three acts, by S. N. Cook, 6 male, 4 female characters. Wherever this drama has been produced it has been received with the greatest enthusiasm. Listeners have been melted to tears at the troubles of Mrs. Bradford, and in the next scene been convulsed with laughter at the drolleries of North Carolina Pete. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors. Time of performance, about one hour.

54. *THE TWO T. J.'s.* A Farce in one act, by Martin Beecher, 4 male, 2 female characters. Costumes of the day; scene an ordinary room. This is a capital farce and has two male characters excellent for light and low comedians. Good parts also for old and young lady. Time of performance thirty minutes.

55. *SOMEBODY'S NOBODY.* A Farce in one act and one scene, by C. A. Maltby, 3 male, 2 female characters. Scene, interior. Easily arranged in any parlor or hall, as it can be produced without scenery. Costumes modern with the exception of Dick Mizzle's which is hostler's and afterwards extravagant fashionable. This most laughable farce was first produced at the Drury Lane Theater, London, where it had a run of one hundred and fifty consecutive nights. It is all comic, and has excellent parts for old man, walking gent, low comedy, walking lady and chambermaid. Time of performance, 30 minutes.

56. *WOOLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.* A Farce in one act and one scene, by John T. Douglass, 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, handsomely furnished apartment. Costumes of the day. Probably no poor fellow ever wooed under more distressing difficulties than the one in this farce. It all comes about through a serious misunderstanding. A crusty old man, and a quarrelsome and very important servant go to make the farce extremely funny. Time of performance thirty minutes.

57. *PADDY MILES' BOY.* An Irish Farce in one act, by James Pilgrim, 5 male, 2 female characters. Scenes, exteriors and interiors. Costumes eccentric, and Irish for Paddy. Probably there is not an Irish farce published so often presented as this one, but it is always a favorite and is always received with great applause. Time of performance 35 minutes.

58. *WRECKED.* A Temperance play in two acts, by A. D. Ames, 9 male, 3 female characters. Scenes, drawing room, saloon, street and jail. Costumes modern. The lessons learned in this drama are most excellent. The language is pure, containing nothing to offend the most refined ear. From the comfortable home and pleasant fireside, it follows the downward course of the drunkard to the end. All this is followed by counterfeiting, the death of the faithful wife caused by a blow from the hand of a drunken husband, and finally the death of the drunkard in the madhouse. Time of performance about one hour.

59. *SAVED.* A Temperance Sketch in two acts, by Edwin Tardy, 2 male, 3 female characters. Scenes, street and plain room. Nicely adapted to amateurs, Time of performance twenty minutes.

60. *DRIVEN TO THE WALL, OR TRUE TO THE LAST.* A Play in four acts, by A. D. Ames. 10 male and 3 female characters. For beauty of dialogue, startling situations, depths of feeling, there is none on the American Stage superior to this one. The plot is an exceedingly deep one, and the interest begins with the first speech, and does not for a moment cease until the curtain falls on the last scene of the last act. The cast is small and the costumes easily arranged. It can be played on any stage. It has parts for Leading Emotional Lady, Juvenile Lady, Leading Man, Villain, Character Old Man, First Old Man, Comedy, etc.

61. *NOT AS DEAF AS HE SEEMS.* An Ethiopian Farce in one act. 2 male characters. Scene, a plain room. Costumes exaggerated and comic. Extremely ridiculous and funny. Time of performance 15 minutes.

62. *TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM.* A Temperance Play in five acts, by Wm. W. Pratt, from T. S. Arther's novel of the same name—7 male, 3 female characters. This edition is rewritten, containing many new points, and is the best ever presented to the public. Nothing need be said in its praise, as it is too well known. It is often played, and always successfully. Time of performance about two hours.

63. *THREE GLASSES A DAY,* Or, The Broken Home. A grand Moral and Temperance Drama, in two acts, by W. Henri Wilkins, 4 male, 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Scenes, interiors. First-class characters for Leading Man, Villain, a genuine down-east Yankee, which is also very funny; also Leading Lady, and a tip-top Comedy Lady. If a company wishes something with an excellent moral, at the same time running over with genuine humor, buy this: Time of performance about one hour and thirty minutes.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

64. *THAT BOY SAM.* An Ethiopian Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler. 3 male, 1 female character. Scene, a plain room and common furniture. Costumes, comic, to suit the characters. Very funny, and effectually gives the troubles of a "colored gal" in trying to have a beau, and the pranks of "that boy Sam." Time of performance twenty minutes.

65. *AN UNWELCOME RETURN.* A Comic Interlude, in one act, by Geo. A. Munson. 3 male, 1 female character. Scene, a dining room. Costumes modern. Companies will find this a very amusing piece, two negroes being very funny—enough so to keep an audience in the best of humor. Time of performance, twenty minutes.

66. *HANS, THE DUTCH J. P.* A Dutch Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler, 3 male, 1 female character. An exceedingly funny piece. Hans figures as a Justice in the absence of his master, and his exploits are extremely ludicrous. Costumes modern. Scene, plain room. Time of performance, twenty minutes.

67. *THE FALSE FRIEND.* A Drama in two acts, by Geo. S. Vautrot. 6 male, 1 female character. Simple scenery and costumes. First class characters for leading man, old man, villain, a rollicking Irishman, etc. also a good leading lady. This drama is one of thrilling interest, and dramatic companies will invariably be pleased with it. Time of performance, one hour and forty-five minutes.

68. *THE SHAM PROFESSOR.* A Farce in one act, by F. L. Cutler. 4 male characters. This intensely funny afterpiece can be produced by any company. The characters are all first class, and the "colored individual" is especially funny. Scene, a plain room. Costumes, simple. Time of performance, about twenty minutes.

69. *MOTHER'S FOOL.* A Farce in one act, by W. Henri Wilkins. 6 male, 1 female character. Like all of Mr. Wilkins' plays, this is first class. The characters are all well drawn, it is very amusing, and proves an immense success wherever produced. Scene, a simple room. Costumes modern. Time of performance, thirty minutes.

70. *WHICH WILL HE MARRY.* A Farce in one act, by Thomas Egerton Wilks. 2 male, 8 female characters. Scene, a street. Costumes modern. Easily arranged on any stage. A barber hears that one of eight women has fallen heir to some money, not knowing which, he makes love to them all. This, together with the revenge the females have upon him, will prove laughable enough to suit any one. Time of representation, thirty minutes.

71. *THE REWARD OF CRIME OR THE LOVE OF GOLD.* A Drama of Vermont, in two acts, by W. Henri Wilkins. 5 male, 3 female characters. A drama from the pen of this author is sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Characters for old man, 1st and 2d heavy men, juvenile. A splendid Yankee, lively enough to suit any one. Old woman, juvenile woman, and comedy. Costumes modern. Scene, plain rooms and street. Time of performance, one hour and thirty minutes. Easily placed upon the stage, and a great favorite with amateurs.

72. *THE DEUCE IS IN HIM.* A Farce in one act, by R. J. Raymond. 5 male, 1 female character. Scene, a plain room. Costumes modern. This farce is easily arranged, and can be produced on any stage, in fact, in a parlor. The pranks of the doctor's boy will keep an audience in roars of laughter, every line being full of fun. Time of performance, thirty minutes. Order this, and you will be pleased.

73. *AT LAST.* A Temperance Drama in three acts, by G. S. Vautrot. 7 male 1 female character. This is one of the most effective temperance plays ever published. Good characters for leading man, 1st and 2d villain, a detective, old man, a Yankee, and a capital negro, also leading lady. The temptations of city life are faithfully depicted, the effects of gambling, strong drink, etc. Every company that orders it will produce it. Costumes modern. Scene, Mobile. Time of performance, one hour and thirty minutes.

74. *HOW TO TAME YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW.* A Farce in one act, by Henry J. Byron. 4 male, 2 female characters. Scene, parlor, supposed to be in the rear of a grocers shop. Costumes modern. Whiffles the proprietor of the grocery, has a mother-in-law who is always interfering with his business. Various expedients are resorted to to cure her—a mutual friend is called in who, by the aid of various disguises frightens the old lady nearly to death, finally Whiffles gets on a "ge-lorious drunk," and at last triumphs. A perfect success. Time of performance, thirty-five minutes.

AMES' STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA.

11. *THE SERF*. A Tragedy, in five acts, by R. Talbot Esq.. 6 males, 3 female characters. Good parts for 1st and 2nd Tragedian, and Tragic lady. The character of Ossip is very powerfully drawn. The history of his early love—of his marriage—the indignities he is made to suffer, and the death of his wife, is highly wrought; and his sarcastic levity and deep revenge are unfolded with a terrible earnestness. Scene, apartments in castle. Time about 2 hours and a half.

17. *HINTS ON ELOCUTION AND HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR*. This valuable work has just been published, and contains valuable instructions that amateur actors, and every one that ever expect to make a favorable appearance in public, cannot do without it. It teaches you how to become a good and efficient reader, reciter, debater, a good actor, how to hold an audience silent, and treats on every subject that is necessary to be acquired in order to become a good and pleasing actor.

18. *THE POACHER'S DOOM*. A Drama in 3 acts, curtailed and arranged by A. D. Ames, 8 male, and 3 female characters. A thrilling drama, always a favorite. Leading man, villain, two comedies, old man, leading lady, comedy lady, etc. Costumes modern. The situations in this play, are most excellent. Time of performance, 1 hour and a half.

19. *DID I DREAM IT?* A Farce in one act by J. P. Wooler. 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, drawing room. The question "Did I Dream it" is what the farce is founded upon. Very strange things happen, and a nice little love scrape helps to color the plot. A good piece. Costumes simple. Time of performance 45 minutes.

20. *A TICKET OF LEAVE*. A Farce in one act, by Watts Phillips, 3 male, 2 female characters. A play written by this author is sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Scene, a sitting room, plain furniture. Costumes modern. Time of performance, 35 minutes. This is an excellent farce.

21. *A ROMANTIC ATTACHMENT*. A Comedietta in one act, by Arthur Wood, 3 male, 3 female characters. A most excellent little play, well adapted for school exhibitions, lodges, amateurs, etc. The scenery is simple, being a plain room, is always a favorite with every company which plays it. Time of performance, 35 minutes.

22. *CAPTAIN SMITH*. A Farce in one act, by E. Berrie, 3 male, 3 female characters. This excellent little farce is equally well adapted for school exhibitions, etc., as No. 21. The dialogue is sparkling, not a dull speech from beginning to end. The plot simple, the piece easily performed. Scene, a plain room. Costumes modern. Time of performance, 30 minutes.

23. *MY HEARTS IN THE HIGHLANDS*. A Farce in one act, by William Brough and Andrew Halliday, 4 male, 3 female characters. Scene, exterior of house in the Highlands. Costumes, simple Highland. This farce is easily produced and very effective is full of fun, caused by the mishaps of two characters, who go from the city to the country, and do not know a pig from a roebuck, nor a turkey from an ostrich. Time of performance, 25 minutes.

24. *HANDY ANDY*. An Ethiopian Farce in one act, 2 male characters. Scene, a kitchen. Costumes, exaggerated and comic. The difficulties in procuring a good and suitable servant are most ludicrously set forth in this farce. Time of performance, 20 minutes.

25. *SPORT WITH A SPORTSMAN*. An Ethiopian Farce, in one act, 2 male characters. Costumes, exaggerated sportsman's dress, and boyish dress. Scene, a wood. Time of representation, 20 minutes. A tip top negro farce.

26. *THE HUNTER OF THE ALPS*. A Drama in one act, by William Dimond, 9 male, 4 female characters. Scene in-door and forest. Costumes, Swiss. Rosalvi, the hunter of the Alps leaves his home to procure provisions to keep his wife and children from starving. meets Felix, a lord, and demands, and finally implores of him money. Felix moved with compassion gives him money and goes with him to his hut, and there discovers they are brothers. There is some fine comedy in it. The story is beautifully told. Time of performance 1 hour.

27. *PETER LANE TO GRAVESEND*. An Ethiopian Farce in one act, 2 male characters. Scene, plain room. Costume, exaggerated and comic. The two characters, Ike and Hystericks are very funny, and will keep an audience in roars of laughter. Short, easily produced, and a tip top farce. Time of performance 15 minutes.



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