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No. 114

# MISS ELIZABET'HS PRISONER

A Romantic Comedy in Three Acts

BY

ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS

AND

E. LYALL SWETE

— . . . —

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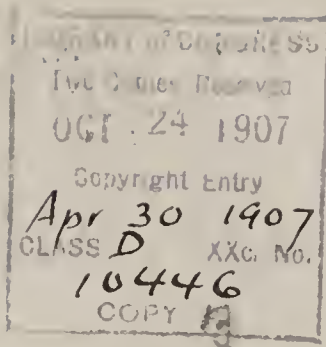
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# MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER.

## Characters.

*Produced on April 16, 1904, at The Imperial Theatre, London, with the following cast :—*

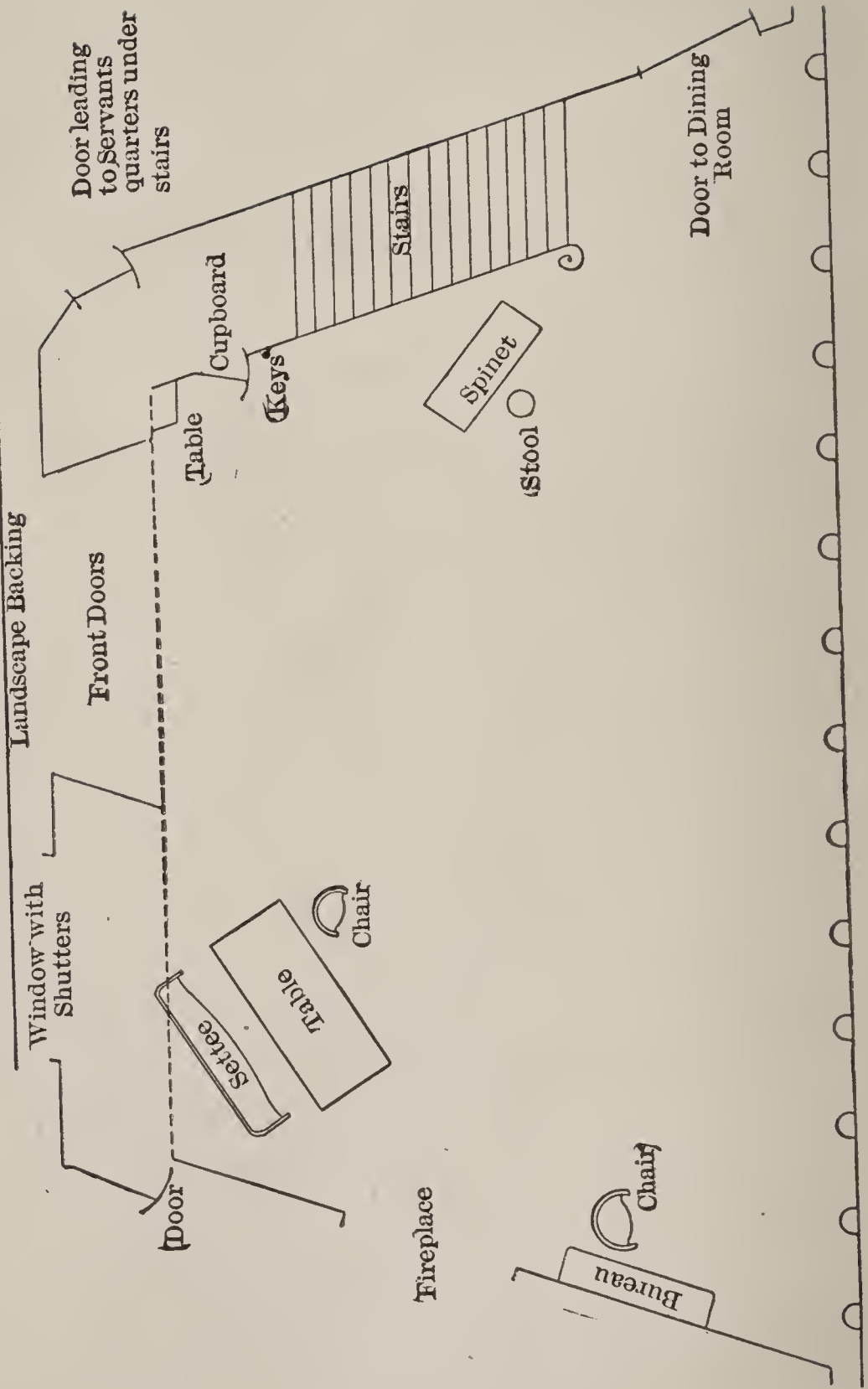
|                             |  |
|-----------------------------|--|
| CAPTAIN HARRY PEYTON....    | Of Lee's Light Horse—Mr. Lewis Waller.                       |
| MAJOR JOHN COLDEN....       | Of the King's 1st New Jersey Volunteers—Mr. Norman McKinnel. |
| SERGEANT CARRINGTON.....    | Of Lee's Light Horse—Mr. Owen Roughwood.                     |
| MR. VALENTINE .....         | Mr. E. Lyall Swete.  |
| EDWARDS.....                | Mr. Arthur Lewis.  |
| BLACK SAM.....              | Mr. H. Graves.   |
| CUFF.....                   | Mr. C. Keene.  |
| MISTRESS SARAH WILLIAMS..   | Miss Lottie Venne.   |
| MOLLY.....                  | Miss Constance Walton.                                       |
| MISS ELIZABETH PHILIPSE.... | Miss Grace Lane.   |

The action of the play takes place in the Philipse Manor House, near New York.

TIME :—Late autumn, 1778.



MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER ACTS I AND III



# MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER.

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## ACT I.

SCENE:—*The East Hall of the Philipse Manor House on the Hudson. On the right of stage a large fireplace, above it a door leading to the East Parlour, at the back, in c. the large front door of house, on either side recessed windows with shutters. Above the front door runs a landing with balustrade, leading to a door R. U. E., windows in centre of landing which terminates in a flight of stairs to the L. of stage. Under the stairs a cupboard and L. U. E. a door unseen leading to Servants' quarters. Down L. below stairs a door leading into the dining room. Over the side of staircase hangs a chandelier—one candle in it. Candle sconces right and left of fireplace. A large hall table, an easy chair, a settle by fire, etc. Afternoon twilight seen through windows—stage gloomy—every time the front door is opened you hear the wind scream. Door—Wind.*

*(As the curtain rises, the slam of an inner door is heard off L. U. E. then footsteps approaching and JOHN EDWARDS, steward to the family, enters L. U.*

NOTE. The Stage Directions throughout this play are given from the standpoint of the audience, R. meaning the Audience's Right, L. the Audience's Left.

E. *He is about 40, and is quietly dressed in dark colours.*)

EDWARDS. Ugh! What a night! What a draught! (*looking round hall*) Oh, the blessed fools! They've left the landing window open! (*goes up stairs and shuts window*) no sense! A pack of silly whining trollops. And the fire almost out again. (*he goes to fireplace, rubbing his hands, he kneels and tries to mend fire* R. *A pause. The front door C. is thrown open by BLACK SAM, a big, powerful nigger about 30, who enters with large basket of fire-wood*) Ah, there you are, Sam—Ugh! Drat it, shut the door!

(SAM *shuts door.*)

Set it down here, boy.

SAM. Yes, Massa Edwards. (*brings firewood to EDWARDS R. C. hands wood to EDWARDS R.*)

EDWARDS. 'Tis an ill job to get the fire to burn this weather. We shall be having the blue mould on the walls if we don't watch it.

SAM. Yes, Massa Edwards. Wish de fam'ly was back fro' New York. Guess dey keep de ole house wa'm.

EDWARDS. (*takes log from SAM*) They'll not return till the war's over, and not then if things bide as bad for the King's troops as they be going at present. You'll have time before 'tis dark to pluck a few of them winter apples from the long orchard if so be the rebels have left us any. You'll find a basket in the closet under the stairs.

(SAM *goes to cupboard L. EDWARDS puts log on fire.*)

A roasted apple or two won't come amiss at the



supper table. 'Tis little change we get in the victuals now-a-days, though, thank the Lord, we've plenty in the larder still.

SAM. (*coming c. leaves cupboard open*) Am dis de basket, Massa Edwards?

EDWARDS. Yes, that'll do. Have a good look round and bring as many as you can, and see you don't waste time a-chattering and philandering with any of them parsonage wenches. The last time I sent you on an errand, you spent an hour by the clock with Mistress Babcock's black Kate at the wood-house.

SAM. Oh, Massa Edwards I don't speak Mistress Babcock's lily Kate dese days. Las' time I foun' her wid one ob de Lancey cow-boys, a-sittin' on a rail. Dey was so took up admiration ob demselves, dey neber notice nothin' till I pushed dem in de ditch! "Dirty black trash!" says lily Kate when she could speak for de mud. An' I laugh and says "De black mud's dirtier," an' den de sojer feller laugh, an' I hit in de eye, an' Missie Babcock's black Kate she smack me on de head an—

EDWARDS. Well, well, (*rising*) be off with you anyway, and get back soon. 'Tis most dark now.

(*Wind.*)

(*Letting SAM out c. and locks door, goes to cupboard, and gets candlestick, shuts cupboard and goes R. to fireplace as he speaks.*)

'Tis a good thing we had new bolts to the door. What with the King's troops a-foraging on the one side, and them Continental devils a-raiding on the other, and Skinners and De Lancey a-chopping in

between, I ain't happy till the house is locked up for the night. (*coming down to fireplace*) Neutral ground they calls it. 'Tom Tiddler's more like, it's a bit too neutral, says I, and how all's to end's more than I know.

(MOLLY EDWARDS, *his niece, a smart young servant maid, enters* L. U. E. *comes lightly down to him.*)

MOLLY. Uncle! (*over table c.*)

EDWARDS. (*dropping candlestick in fireplace*) Lor', Molly! I thought you was a ghost!

MOLLY. Where's Black Sam?

EDWARDS. Gone to fetch apples. Don't ye be going about the place so sudden like. What d'ye want him for?

MOLLY. (c.) He ain't brought the firewood, the fire's almost out in the kitchen, and cook's crying agin (*coming R. c.*)

EDWARDS. There's wood—(*points to wood in basket*)

(MOLLY *puts logs in apron.*)

Help yourself, lass! 'Tis time to get supper from the look of the day outside. Leave the logs awhile, Molly, and put to the shutters. I'll have to make a light.

(MOLLY *goes to shutters.* EDWARDS *lights candle at fire.*)

MOLLY. Lor', Uncle. Don't thee light the candle till I get 'em to. (*runs to window R. and pulls the shutters*) One of them Skinners 'll be shooting through the windows else for pure devilment if they

see a light. Worse than wild Indians they be.  
(*comes down R. C. fills apron with logs of wood*)

EDWARDS. (*rising and coming to basket R. C.*)  
No worse than t'other side. Rebels or King's men  
they're all the same. Run along to cook, Molly, and  
get the victuals on.

(MOLLY, *having taken sufficient wood, is going L. U.*

E. EDWARDS *places basket above fireplace R.*)

If she'd do less snivelling and more cooking—

(*Hoofs start.*)

time wouldn't hang so heavy.

MOLLY. Lor', Uncle, what's that? (*swings round  
and comes down L. drops log of wood by stairs*)

EDWARDS. (*up R. C.*) 'Ssh!

MOLLY. Oh, don't thee, Uncle, don't thee.  
They're all about the house, I know. (*screams*)

EDWARDS. (*going up to doors C.*) Be quiet—  
listen! 'Tis horses, wench, turned off the Square  
Mile Road. They're coming up the avenue.

MOLLY. (*L. C.*) Lord send 'tis King's men!

EDWARDS. 'Tain't troops. Too light going for  
them. Look through the landing window.

(MOLLY *goes up stairs L. dropping wood.*)

Drat the girl, can't ye hold your noise? See who  
'tis.

(*Hoofs stop.*)

Be they coming to the house?

(MOLLY *drops all the logs.*)

Don't drop them logs, I tell ye.

MOLLY. (*at window landing L.*) Uncle, there's

three of 'em. They be getting down. Can't thee hear 'em? Oh, lor', we shall all be murdered. (*flops on top step, covers head with apron*)

EDWARDS. (c.) Don't ye be a fool! Come down. They'll eat our supper, and that's about the worst of it. 'Sssh!

(*Knock at door.*)

MOLLY. (*rises*) Don't thee open door, Uncle, don't thee! (*coming down three steps*)

EDWARDS. Hush, you fool! Who's there? (*at door c.*)

COLDEN. (*speaking indistinctly outside*) Make haste—open.

EDWARDS. (*louder*) Who d'ye say?

ELIZABETH. (*outside, quite clearly*) It's I, Edwards. Don't keep me standing here in the wind all night.

MOLLY. (*running down stairs, crossing to table R. C. takes candle and goes up L. C.*) It's Miss Elizabeth, Uncle. It's Miss Elizabeth!

(EDWARDS opens two doors. Wind. MOLLY holds candle, shielding it from draught. Enter MISS ELIZABETH PHILIPSE, a beautiful girl of 20, in riding habit, hair unpowdered, dressed low, then MAJOR COLDEN about 30, or so, in spic and span regimentals, large cloak, powdered hair or wig, carries basket of provisions. Then CUFF, a small black boy in groom's livery, carrying a portmanteau and green band-box. EDWARDS closes door and comes down round R. to fireplace.)

ELIZABETH. Here we are at last! What a ride! Ah, Molly, is that you, girl? Br-r-r! Light up my

chamber, Molly, and have a fire in it, then make a dish of tea and get me something to eat.

(MOLLY *going to stairs.*)

Don't leave us in the dark, child. Cuff, take those things to my room.

(CUFF *goes upstairs with luggage to room R. MOLLY returns and lights the candles in sconce L. then goes upstairs and exits by door R. on landing. EDWARDS comes round R. to fireplace.*)

Well, (*sits in chair R. C. pulling off gloves*) Edwards! I've come to spend a week at the Manor House. Lud, Edwards, your eyes will fall out of your head. 'Tis I, man, and this is Major Colden. Have you never seen us before?

(MAJOR COLDEN *takes candle from sconce L. and lights all the sconces from L. to R. then sits R.*)

EDWARDS. I scarcely expected any of the family out from New York these times, miss. There—

ELIZABETH. I suppose not. You wouldn't be John Edwards if you did.

EDWARDS. But—

ELIZABETH. Oh, I know what you would like to say. 'Tis a wild, foolish, mighty dangerous thing, but I've done it all the same. Besides, I had reasons.

EDWARDS. (*moves a step to her, anxiously*) Reasons, ma'am.

(*Wind.*)

ELIZABETH. Yes, the strongest. First—I—wished to. Second—nobody wanted me to. So, there's an end to the matter.

*(The door blows open.)*

*(Wind.)*

Oh, bless the wind.

*(EDWARDS goes up quickly and locks door c.)*

Have someone put away the horses, or they'll be shivering, *(rises)* 'tis mighty cold. *(goes to fire-place, kneels)*

EDWARDS. I'll go myself, ma'am. There's only Black Sam. *(going L. U. E.)* And he isn't back from the orchard yet.

*(CUFF re-enters R. on landing and comes down.)*

ELIZABETH. No, let Cuff go! There are chickens in the basket, and if you've any wine—

EDWARDS. Yes, miss. *(taking up basket)*

ELIZABETH. *(calling upstairs to MOLLY)* Molly!

MOLLY. *(at door)* Yes, miss.

ELIZABETH. Molly, start a fire in the room next mine for Mistress Williams, she'll be over from the Parsonage, Edwards, in a few minutes. *(to CUFF)* Cuff, get the stable key and fodder down the horses. Edwards will give it you.

EDWARDS. Very well, miss. There are the keys, boy. *(CUFF takes keys from peg by cupboard and is going c. EDWARDS pointing off L.)* No, no, the back door! I'll tell cook you'll take supper at once, miss.

*(CUFF exits L. U. E.)*

ELIZABETH. Yes, Edwards. Set it in the West Parlour, a good fire and plenty of candles, *(crosses L.)* the dear old place smells like a vault.

EDWARDS. Yes, miss. *(going L. U. E.)*

COLDEN. Tell Cuff he may feed my horse, but

not take the saddle off. I must ride back to New York as soon as the beast is rested.

EDWARDS. Yes, sir.

*(Goes off with chickens L. U. E.)*

ELIZABETH. *(at door L. I. E.)* Why, Colden, you must stay for a bite of supper.

COLDEN. *(rises)* No, thank you. I am not hungry. *(goes to fireplace)*

ELIZABETH. A glass of wine, then, if there's any in the house.

COLDEN. No wine, I thank you.

ELIZABETH. As you will. *(opens parlour door L. I. E.)* Ugh, how dark and lonely the house is. No wonder Auntie chose the parsonage to live in. *(closes door and crosses to table)* Well, I'll warm up the place a bit. Sorry you can't stay with us, Major. *(sits on table R. C.)*

COLDEN. 'Tis only you who send me away. You let me escort you here because no gentleman of your family will lend himself to such caprice, and then, having no further present use for me, you send me about my business.

*(MOLLY comes down stairs, lights candles in sconces on walls in hall, then goes into parlour, lights up length off L. I. E. lights fire and candles, comes out, goes to kitchen. During scene, servants help in laying supper in parlour, etc. General bustle of life and preparation.)*

ELIZABETH. But I do have further present use for you. You are going back to New York to inform my dear timid parents that I've arrived here safe. They'll not sleep till you tell them so.

COLDEN. One of your slaves might bear that news as well.

ELIZABETH. And are you not my slave, sir?

(COLDEN *turns away to fireplace.*)

You say so often enough. Oh, Major, (*points with riding whip*) there's a big black dog on your back.

(COLDEN *starts, goes round R. and comes down L. C.*)

(*laughs*) What a man you are! You forget that my devotion to King George won't let me hold one of his officers from duty longer than need be.

COLDEN. (*comes forward leaning on chair C.*) I've incurred the anger of your entire family by bringing you here, and yet I was as much opposed to it as anyone.

ELIZABETH. 'Twas a choice then between their anger and mine. Don't think I would not have come even if you had refused your escort. I'd have made the trip alone with Cuff, that's all.

COLDEN. (C.) I shall be blamed none the less.

ELIZABETH. Nay, I'll wager by this time my amiable papa and my solicitous mamma are in such a state of mind about me, that when you report my safe consignment to Aunt Sarah's care, they'll fairly worship you as a messenger of good news. (*jumps down off table and kneels up on chair C.*)

(EDWARDS *enters from L. U. E. with candelabras, brings one down and sets it on table R. C. goes to room down L. with the other.*)

Now do look cheerful, Jack, the journey's at an end, there is not a soldier out between here and King's Bridge. I'm as safe as a church, and you will get



back with a whole skin if a wet one. B-r-r-r! I'll have Molly make a fire in every room in the house.  
(*goes to fireplace*)

COLDEN. (*takes step forward below chair*) And attract every rebel in the neighbourhood.

ELIZABETH. La la la! They won't eat me. And as I don't wear the King's uniform, I am afraid they won't even run away with me.

(*Movement by COLDEN.*)

Oh, lud, don't be silly. You know what I mean, they don't imprison petticoats. Now, pray, don't pout, Colden. 'Tis foolish!

COLDEN. (*turns away, goes up c.*) I daresay. A man in love does many foolish things.

(*Enter EDWARDS.*)

ELIZABETH. Then we are a pair. )

(*Knock at door.*)

That must be Aunt Sarah! (*going up between table and settee*) Let her in, Edwards, the poor dear will freeze.

(*Wind. Enter MISTRESS WILLIAMS, smartly dressed and powdered, a large hooded cloak, she comes hurriedly forward and embraces ELIZABETH.*)

SARAH. Elizabeth, my dear child! What could have induced you to come out here at a time like this? Ah, my dear Mr.—Oh, lud, I forget—*Major Colden* (*curtseys*) I never shall learn to call you by your uniform. Don't lock the door yet, someone is coming. 'Tis old Mr. Valentine. He offered to show me over from the parsonage, where he hap-

pened to be calling, so I did not wait for Grace Babcock's boy.

ELIZABETH. You found Mr. Valentine pleasanter company, I suppose, Auntie dear. He's a widower again, is he not?

SARAH. Fie, child! (*sweeps round room c. to r. and sits on settee by fire*) He's but a farmer, and eighty years old at that. Though, to be sure, the attentions of a man of his experience and judgment are not to be considered lightly.

(*ELIZABETH sits on arm of settee.*)

SARAH. We started from the parsonage together, but I was impatient, and got ahead. He doesn't walk as briskly as he did twenty years ago, does he, Captain?

COLDEN. (c.) Nay, Mistress Sarah, my memory must be as poor as yours at so remote a date. We were both too young to judge.

SARAH. La, Elizabeth, hear him. What! a compliment, Colonel, and I meant to scold you for bringing Elizabeth out here. Sir, you are forgiven everything. (*makes an elaborate curtsey*)

(*Wind.*)

Ah, there's Mr. Valentine at last!

(*Enter VALENTINE, a hale old man of 80, snuff coloured clothes, bald head, covered with small brown George wig. He carries stick, lantern, and pipe. COLDEN moves down L.*)

VALENTINE. Your servant, ladies, servant, Major! (*puts down lantern on table at back L. c. closes and bolts door, picks up lantern and blows out light*)

Whew, windy night, Miss Elizabeth, windy night, Major Colden! Ah, Mistress Sarah, you left me in the lurch. (*takes off cloak, hanging it on pegs up L.*) Most blew me off my legs it did. Winter's going to set in airy this year.

(*MOLLY enters L. U. E. with tray, glasses, tablecloth, knives, forks, etc., and exits L. I. E. EDWARDS follows with tray of chickens, plates.*)

There ain't been such a frosty fall since '64, when the river was froze over as fur down as Spuyten Duyvel.

ELIZABETH. You'll stay to supper, I hope, Mr. Valentine?

VALENTINE. Thank 'ee, ma'am, I wouldn't mind a sup and a bite afore trudging back to the Hill.

(*ELIZABETH on settee R. C. and SARAH R. seated on settee. VALENTINE C. crosses to MAJOR L. C.*)

(C.) Fine pair of gals yonder, Major!

COLDEN. (L. C.) Girls?

VALENTINE. (C.) Oh, we all know what's betwixt you and the niece. How about the Aunt and me taking a lesson from you two, eh?

COLDEN. (L.) What, Mr. Valentine, do you think of marrying?

VALENTINE. (C.) Why not? I've been married afore, h'ain't I? What's to hinder?

COLDEN. Why, there's the matter of age.

VALENTINE. Oh, the lady is not so old. (*goes up C. hangs muffler on peg L. then comes C.*)

SARAH. Did you ever hear of such rashness, Mr. Valentine, a young girl like Elizabeth coming out

here in time of war? La me! I can't understand her if she is my sister's child.

COLDEN. (*crosses to chair below fireplace R.*) We all opposed it, but—you know Elizabeth! (*sits R.*)

ELIZABETH. (*rising, moving to centre*) Yes, Elizabeth always has her way.

(MISS SARAH *moves up on settee and motions* VALENTINE *to sit by her, he does so.*)

I was hungry for a sight of the place, and the more the old house is in danger, the more I love it. The place does not seem to have suffered any.

(MOLLY *enters L. I. E. and exits L. U. E.*)

They have not even quartered troops here. (*sits in chair C.*)

VALENTINE. (*sitting on settee R. C.*) Not since the American officers stayed here in the fall o' '75. (*shews pipe and 'bacca box to MISS SALLY*) Do you mind me, ma'am? I reckon you'll be safe enough here, Miss Elizabeth. (*filling pipe*)

ELIZABETH. (C.) Of course I shall! Why, the King's troops patrol all this part of the country. Lord Cathcart told me so at King's Bridge, and we have naught to fear from them.

COLDEN. (R.) That's all well enough, but there are the rebel regulars, the Dragoons, Lee's Light Horse, they will be raiding down to our very lines one of these days if only in retaliation

VALENTINE. (R. C.) Ay, 'twas but t'other day Lee's Light Horse fell upon the Hessian Jagers 'tween Dobb's Ferry and Tarrytown and killed ever so many of 'em, and I wasn't sorry for that neither.

COLDEN. (R. L.) Oho! You belong to the opposition.

ELIZABETH. (C.)

& Mr. Valentine!

SARAH. (R. 2.)

VALENTINE. Oh, I'm neither here nor there, 'tain't for me to take sides. Why, 'twas but last Spring I buried Mrs. Valentine Number Two. I can't afford to join her yet awhile.

(ELIZABETH turns her head away, laughing.)

Besides, as I said to Mistress Sally here, I shouldn't wonder—it might be Number 'Three yet—no, no, 'tain't for me to take sides, is it, Miss Sally?

SARAH. (*goes to back of settee*) Well, Heaven knows there are enough on either side to rob us of peace and comfort.

VALENTINE. Not to speak of good spirits, victuals and tobacco. (*rises, lights pipe at candelabra on table, then crosses to fireplace*)

(*Enter MOLLY with tray of tea, goes upstairs.*)

ELIZABETH. Well, I have no doubt, Edwards has contrived to hide away enough provisions for our use, so we shall not suffer from hunger, and as for Lee's Light Horse, I defy them and all other rebels!

(*Hoofs.*)

(*crosses to L.*) Ah, Molly, is that the tea, girl? Come, Auntie!

(AUNT SALLY rises and crosses to R. C.)

(*goes to staircase*) Horses! (*stands listening half-way up stairs*)

SARAH. (R. C. *whispers*) Hessians, perhaps.

VALENTINE. Or De Lancey's cowboys, they're riding towards the Manor House.

COLDEN. (*going c.*) Let us hope they are friends.  
(*Cloak falls off his shoulders. SARAH arranges it so as to hide uniform.*)

ELIZABETH. Maybe it is Lee's Light Horse, in that case, Mr. Valentine, we should tremble for our lives, I suppose.

(*Hoofs stop.*)

SARAH. Whoever they are, they have stopped before the house.

(*Knocking at door. MOLLY drops cup from landing.*

SARAH screams and clutches VALENTINE. EDWARDS enters L. U. E.)

ELIZABETH. (L.) A very valiant knock! It certainly must be Lee's Light Horse! Will you please to open the door, Major Colden?

COLDEN. (c.) What?

ELIZABETH. (L.) Certainly, to show we are not afraid.

(*Knock—knocking again. COLDEN and EDWARDS go to doors. They open both. Enter PEYTON, a smart young officer of 25, unpowdered hair or wig, blue uniform, travel-stained, and SERGEANT CARINGTON. MOLLY shows a frightened face at bedroom door R. EDWARDS closes doors at once.*)

PEYTON. Your servant, ladies and gentlemen.  
(*salutes*)

ELIZABETH. (*from staircase*) Who are you?

PEYTON. (*quite officially*) Harry Peyton, Captain of Lee's Light Horse.

ELIZABETH. What do you want?

PEYTON. (c.) I want to see the person in charge of this house, and I want a horse.

ELIZABETH. I am at present mistress of the house, and I am neither selling horses nor giving them.

PEYTON. Your pardon, Madam, but a horse I must have. The service I am on permits no delay.

(EDWARDS *shuts door.*)

ELIZABETH. I doubt not. The Hessians are probably chasing you. (*comes down stairs halting three stairs from bottom*)

PEYTON. (*coming down c.*) On the contrary, I am chasing the Hessians. At Boar Hill yonder my horse gave out. Passing here, we saw horses being led into the stables—I ordered my men to put my saddle on the likeliest, and they are now doing so.

ELIZABETH. How dare you, sir! (*coming down to foot of stairs*)

PEYTON. Why, madam, 'tis for the service of the army.

ELIZABETH. The army!

PEYTON. The army requires the horse and I have come to pay for it.

ELIZABETH. It is not for sale.

PEYTON. I regret that that makes no difference, you know the custom of war.

ELIZABETH. The custom of robbery.

PEYTON. Robbery is not for the custom of Harry Lee's Dragoons, madam, the practice of your friends must have misled you. (*taking out pocket book*) I shall pay as you choose, with a receipt to present at the quartermaster's office or with Continental bills.

ELIZABETH. Continental rubbish!

PEYTON. You prefer that, do you? (*takes from pocket book a number of bills, counts some, re-pockets rest, hands the bills to ELIZABETH*) Allowing for due depreciation there's a fair price then.

ELIZABETH. (*not touching them*) Pah! I would not touch your wretched Continental trash! I would not let one of my black women put her hair up in it. Money, do you call it? I would not give a shilling of the King's for a houseful of it.

PEYTON. Your pardon, madam. Since July '76 there has been no King in America. I leave the bills, madam. (*puts them on newel*) 'Tis all I can do, and more than many would, seeing that Colonel Philipse, the owner of this place is no friend to the American Cause, and may fairly be levied on as an enemy.

ELIZABETH. (L.) Colonel Philipse is my father, sir!

PEYTON. (L. C.) Then I am glad I have been so punctilious in the matter. Egad, I think I have been as scrupulous as the Commander-in-Chief himself.

ELIZABETH. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Clinton, pays in gold. (*cross R. C.*)

PEYTON. I mean our Commander-in-Chief.

ELIZABETH. Oh, Mr. Washington.

PEYTON. *His Excellency, General Washington.*

(CARRINGTON *goes off* C.)

I think the horse must be ready—so I bid you good evening. (*bows to ELIZABETH, then to others*)

ELIZABETH. (*rushes up to door C. looking off L.*) Oh, this outrage. It is Cato they are leading out,



my Cato under my very eyes. I forbid it. He shall not go. Where are Cuff and the other servants? Why don't they prevent this? (*turning on COLDEN*) And you, Jack?

PEYTON. (*down L.*) My troop would make short work of any who interfered, madam.

ELIZABETH. Oh, that I should have to endure this! Oh, if I had but a company of soldiers at my back you—you—*dog* of a rebel—(*paces hall, passes newel post, sees bills, tears them violently across and throws them about the floor, crossing over to R. then up table R. C.*)

COLDEN. (*C. coming forward*) Sir, I know the custom of war, but since a horse must be taken, you will find one of mine in the stable, will you not take it instead of this lady's?

PEYTON. (*coming L. C.*) Mr. Colden, if I remember!

COLDEN. You remember right.

PEYTON. (*going to him C.*) And you are doubtless now an officer in some Tory corps?

COLDEN. No, sir—I am neutral.

(*ELIZABETH turns with disgust down R.*)

PEYTON. Gad, sir. From your sentiments the last time I met you, I should have thought you'd have taken up arms for the King.

COLDEN. (*glancing quickly at ELIZABETH*) I have modified my opinions.

PEYTON. They were strong enough then. You remember how you upheld them with your rapier in Bayard's woods.

COLDEN. I remember.

PEYTON. And so you are neutral? (*laughing pleasantly*) I am glad, Mr. Colden, that we do not meet again to your disadvantage.

COLDEN. How so, sir?

PEYTON. Why! Had you worn British or Tory uniform—

(*Enter CARRINGTON C.*)

'twould be my duty to take you prisoner.

CARRINGTON. Ready, sir.

PEYTON. Right, Carrington. (*going up towards door c. turns to COLDEN*) As to your request, Mr. Colden, my saddle is now on the horse, and there is no time to change. I must ride at once. This time we part as friends.

(*COLDEN holding his cloak with both hands can only bow.*)

ELIZABETH. (*sweeping round to L. by newel*) Friends! May you ride to your destruction for your insolence, you bandit!

PEYTON. (*bowing*) Thank you, madam. I shall ride where I must. Farewell, my horse is waiting.

ELIZABETH. (*up to door c.*) His horse!

PEYTON. (*outside*) Mount! Forward! Gallop!

(*Bugle call. Hoofs.*)

ELIZABETH. Oh, the Highwayman!

SARAH. Give the gentleman his due, he paid for it with these. (*pointing to bills as she comes forward—sits c.*)

ELIZABETH. Paid! He has stolen the horse, I tell you.

VALENTINE. Egad, Major Colden, if Mistress

Sally had not covered you up when she did, he might have stolen more from Miss Elizabeth than her horse, I'm thinking. (*sits on chair R.*)

ELIZABETH. (*at door*) Your pleasantry, Mr. Valentine, is ill-timed, the discovery would have been more to the Major's credit than the denial of His Majesty's uniform.

COLDEN. Elizabeth!

(*Hoofs stop.*)

ELIZABETH. (*at door*) Oh, to see the miserable rebel mounted on my Cato.

SARAH. He must look vastly well on him!

ELIZABETH. (*coming down L. after slamming door*) Look well, the brigand!

SARAH. Nay, I think he's quite handsome.

ELIZABETH. Pah, you think every man handsome.

SARAH. Oh, Elizabeth, you know I'm the least susceptible of women. Am I not, Mr. Valentine?

VALENTINE. 'Tain't for me to take sides.

ELIZABETH. (*stamping her foot, to COLDEN*) Oh, if you had only had some troops here. (*right up c., turns and down again*)

COLDEN. (*comes c.*) I know it. May the rascal perish for finding me at such a disadvantage. 'Twas my choice between denying my colours and becoming his prisoner.

ELIZABETH. (*walking up and down*) So you knew the fellow before?

COLDEN. Yes. To do the man justice, he comes of a good stock. I met him in '75, he was passing through New York to his home in Virginia, after he had deserted from the King's army.

ELIZABETH. (*stands astonished.*)

COLDEN. Though American born, his father, through the influence of some English relatives, was able to purchase him an ensign's commission in the 63rd Foot. After doing garrison duty for some years in Ireland, he was ordered with his regiment to Boston. Once here he seems to have had some scruples of conscience.

ELIZABETH. Conscience! (*sits on chair L.*)

COLDEN. Yes, the fellow thought that he would have no more fighting to do in America against the Americans than any English officer in any English garrison town has to do against the English. When he found that it was no local squabble, but a general rising of the whole country, he wavered, the example of his fellow Virginians, Lee, Jefferson, Washington decided him, and he made up his mind to resign.

SARAH. (C.) And did he?

COLDEN. He had his resignation written out but had not handed it in when his company was marched out to attack the rebels at Charlestown. In the heat of the fight just as the rebels broke, he gave the letter to a sergeant, and told him to take it to his Colonel, then he made off. He had the impudence to relate the story to me at a coffee house in New York. I called him a rascally turn-coat—so we fought.

SARAH. And what happened?

COLDEN. He disarmed me. He had taken lessons from a London fencing master. (*crosses up R. and down to fireplace.*)

VALENTINE. So if the young man had waited

till his resignation had been accepted, he'd have been free to do as he liked.

COLDEN. Well, that's his version of the affair. (*Going to fireplace*) Such a thing was never known before. The desertion of an officer of the 63rd, and the Colonel has the word of Sir Henry Clinton that the fellow shall hang if they ever catch him.

ELIZABETH. (*rising and going up c.*) Then I hope my horse will carry him into their hands.

(VALENTINE *rises, goes R. C.* ELIZABETH *goes up c. and looks out of front-door.*)

SARAH. If our troops take him, they'll hang him. (*rises, cross down R.*) Gracious, as if there were so many handsome young men that any could be spared. Why can't they hang the old and ugly ones instead?

VALENTINE. (*coming forward*) Eh!

SARAH. (*R.*) Not you, dear Mr. Valentine, not you.

(*Enter EDWARDS L. I. E.*)

EDWARDS. Supper, ladies.

(*Exits.*)

SARAH. Ah, we'll to supper, you and I, and leave these young lovers to follow at their leisure.

VALENTINE. Ay, 'tis ill wrestling with love on an empty stomach—better to fill it, say I. Come on, Miss Sally, come on!

(*Exeunt SARAH and VALENTINE L. I. E.*)

ELIZABETH. My poor Cato, I shall never see him again. (*shutting door and coming down L.*)

COLDEN. We may get him back some day.

ELIZABETH. If you can do that, John Colden, and have this rebel hanged who dared treat me so—

COLDEN. Well?

ELIZABETH. Then I think I shall almost be really in love with you.

COLDEN. A rare promise from one's betrothed.

ELIZABETH. Heavens, Jack! Don't I do the best I can to love you? I'm sure I come as near loving you as loving anybody, what more can I do than that and promising my hand? (*extends her hand. COLDEN kisses it.*) Don't look dismal, Major, I pray, and now make haste back to New York. (*crosses R.*)

COLDEN. (*gets hat, rapier from L. I. E.*) How can I go and leave you exposed to the risk of such another visit?

ELIZABETH. Oh, that fellow showed no disposition to injure me. Trust me to take care of myself.

COLDEN. But promise that if there is any sign of danger, you will fly to New York.

ELIZABETH. That will depend.

COLDEN. (*over settee*) At least you will send a man to one of our outposts for help? I shall notify our officers below that this rebel force is out, and our men may cut it off somewhere. Farewell, then, I shall return for you in a week.

ELIZABETH. In a week!

COLDEN. (*goes toward the door, turns again*) 'Tis little reward you give my devotion, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. Why, am I not going to give you myself? My parents wish me to be married to Major John Colden, of the King's 1st New Jersey Volun-

teers, and being an obedient child (*drops curtesy*) I have consented. You should be very happy, Major.

(*Major picks up hat, turns, looks at her, is going to speak, checks himself and goes out c.*)

ELIZABETH. Poor John, he does try my obedience. (*coming down stage R. c.*)

(*Sound of COLDEN'S horse going away. Noise outside. CUFF flings himself into the hall, crying breathlessly.*)

CUFF. Oh, Missy Lisbeth, Missy Lisbeth, don't hab me whipped, for de Lord's sake, Missy Lisbeth! (*flings himself c. by chair at ELIZABETH'S feet*) Dey's gone and took Cato, dey's gone and took Cato! An', oh, Missy Lisbeth, Missy Lisbeth, I couldn't help it.

ELIZABETH. No, Cuff, you couldn't help it, braver folk than you couldn't help it, and you shall not be whipped.

CUFF. Oh, tank de Lord, Missy Lisbeth. I tole de Lord to stop dem takin' de horses. I say, "Lord, stop de horses, stop de men, stop de horses, stop de guns," but *He* neber stopped and *they* neber stopped and nothin' stopped at all. (*takes a long breath.*)

ELIZABETH. Well, Cuff, tank de Lord *you've* stopped, and now shut the door and give the stable keys to Edwards.

(*CUFF goes to door.*)

Though 'tis little use locking the stable door when the steed is stolen.

(*1st bugle call P. P.*)

(*crosses over to L.*) I will never laugh at old saws again.

(*Distant sound of firing. CUFF drops keys and bangs door.*)

CUFF. Oh, lor', Missy Lisbeth, dey's shootin'—dey's shootin' eberyting, and eberybody.

(*Firing.*)

Oh, dey's shootin' me. (*runs to ELIZABETH L.*)

ELIZABETH. Cuff, you big baby, if you behave like this any more, I will have you whipped.

(*Enter SARAH L. I. E. CUFF goes over to table R. C.*)

SARAH. Elizabeth! Oh, child, there's firing beyond Locust Hill.

It's on the Mile Square Road, Mr. Valentine says.

ELIZABETH. Mr. Valentine has a fine ear.

SARAH. He says the rebel light horse—

(*Firing again.*)

—must have met the Hessians—(*goes c.*) there 'tis again.

(*CUFF squeals and hides under the table trembling.*)

ELIZABETH. Come, come, Auntie, never show the white feather. Look how brave Cuff is. And to leave Mr. Valentine too. I'll warrant he is rating the chicken's wing at a higher value than your chicken heart.

SARAH. How can you jest so. Naturally Mr. Valentine wished to protect me, but I thought perhaps Sergeant Colden—(*cross c.*)

ELIZABETH. (L.) Colden! Oh, he's gone.

SARAH. Gone? Good gracious!

ELIZABETH. Yes, and there are only Cuff and Molly and Dinah the cook left as a bodyguard.



SARAH. (*crossing to her*) And dear Mr. Valentine.

ELIZABETH. Ah, you are right. A man who has buried two wives should be brave enough for any thing. Lock the door, Cuff. Come along to supper, Auntie, and if you are nervous afterwards, (*lowering her voice*) Mr. Valentine shall hold your hand.

SARAH. Oh, my dear!

(*Exeunt ELIZABETH and SARAH L. I. E.*)

(*Enter MOLLY on landing with lighted candles, etc.*)

MOLLY. Now then, Cuff, you little black nigger, come and help me with the sconces. We're not so short of candles that the quality need sit in the dark.

CUFF. Ain't you awful frightened? Dey's shootin' up de road.

MOLLY. Why, 'tis a mile away beyond Locust Hill. They won't shoot you.

CUFF. Oh, I'se not frightened. I take a lot of shootin' I do. Miss Lisbeth says I'm very brave man I am. You sure dey's up Locust Hill?

(*SAM, outside, running to door, throws it open.*)

MOLLY. (L.) No, they're at the door.

SAM. (*Enters L. U. E. shouting*) Cato's back, Cato's back!

(*He trips over CUFF, who is on his knees—CUFF howls, MOLLY squeals, SAM swears, MOLLY sinks on stairs.*)

SAM. Get up, you little black imp of darkness. (*boxing CUFF's head*) What for you sprawling over de floor—you very bad dirty little black nigger up-setting a colored gentleman.

(CUFF goes R.)

MOLLY. Lor, Sam, is it you? How you startled me, I thought it was cowboys! (L.)

SAM. Cato's come back. Cato's come back. Here, you damn little nigger, tell Miss Elizabeth Cato's come back. (*laughs.*)

MOLLY. (*shakes him*) What d'you say, Sam, what d'you say?

SAM. It's Cato!

MOLLY. What! (*runs to CUFF R. c. boxes his ears, and pulls him up c.*) Don't stand idling there, you little monkey. Go and put up the horse.

(CUFF and SAM go up c. SAM opens door R. CUFF opens door L. by pulling bolt.)

You too, Sam. I'll go and tell Miss Elizabeth. (*she crosses L.*)

(CUFF opening door, discloses PEYTON clinging to Cato's neck.\*)

CUFF. Dere's a soldier on his back.

MOLLY. Oh, you're full of soldiers. (*taking a step forward*) Why, so there is. Sam, come here!

SAM. (R. c.) He's wounded. Cato came galloping back with him clinging to his neck. He's fainted, I specs.

MOLLY. Or dead. Go and help the poor soldier in, you Sam.

(Exit SAM c.)

MOLLY. Go on, Cuff, don't you see he's injured?

\* Where it is not possible to bring on the horse, the characters go to the opening and look off R. as if the animal had stopped before reaching the door.

he can't hurt you. (*pushes CUFF out*) Bring him in. I'll tell Miss Elizabeth. (*runs across to supper room, opens door, speaks off L. I. E.*) Miss Elizabeth, Cato's come back! Cato's come back!

(*Enter EDWARDS. L. I. E. SAM and EDWARDS help PEYTON from his horse, and bring him in. CUFF holds horse.*)

ELIZABETH. (*outside*) Cato!

MOLLY. Yes, Miss Elizabeth. He's come back and that Captain's on his back. He's wounded, fainted, they're bringing him in. (*cross R. C.*)

ELIZABETH. (*coming in from room L. I. E.*) Nay, Mr. Valentine, stay where you are. Aunt Sarah, pray remain at table. I'll rejoin you in a minute. (*closing door firmly, stands in the doorway, watching the scene.*)

PEYTON. Don't mind me! Get on! Mount, you fool! Mount, I say. Carrington—charge!

(*SAM and EDWARDS bring him down. He staggers with MOLLY'S directing hand to chair c. his right boot is cut through. EDWARDS closes doors.*)

(*Seated*) Thanks, girl, thanks. Damn the man's sword! Give me some water.

(*MOLLY goes off L. U. E.*)

What has happened? I got home on the right, Lord! I can see him grin, his breast bone cracked against my hilt. (*rises, turns giddy*) By God, they've hit me on the head. (*sinks into seat.*)

(*MOLLY re-enters with water. SAM tries to pull off boot from wounded right leg.*)

Steady, there's blood on that boot. Where's the

troop? (*half rises*) Carrington! Carrington, I say! (*pauses, he falls back.*)

(*MOLLY takes mug to him, lifts his head, puts it to his lips.*)

Eh, what? Oh yes, water. (*drinks, looks over tumbler, sees ELIZABETH*) Here's my respects, madam.

(*Others notice ELIZABETH, they fall back from PEYTON.*)

ELIZABETH. So it is indeed the man who stole my horse.

PEYTON. Pardon, I think your horse has stolen me! He has made me an intruder against my will, I assure you.

ELIZABETH. You will doubtless not honor us by remaining.

PEYTON. (*rises, sinks back*) What can I do? I can neither ride nor walk.

ELIZABETH. But your men will probably come for you.

PEYTON. I don't think so. The field was in smoke and darkness. My troops must have pursued the enemy, 'tis not likely any saw your horse carry me away. They will think me killed or made prisoner; if they return this way, however, I can have them stop and take me along.

ELIZABETH. Then you expect that in repayment of your treatment of me awhile ago—

PEYTON. Madam, you should allow for the custom of war, yet if you wish to turn me out—

ELIZABETH. It's true then, that if you fell into the hands of the British they would hang you?

PEYTON. Doubtless, madam, but you shouldn't blame me for what they would do! How did you know?

ELIZABETH. Sam, Edwards, help this gentleman into the East Parlour. Molly, fetch some linen, shears, water—Edwards must dress his wound.

(MOLLY goes off L. U. E.)

PEYTON. (*rises, assisted by SAM*) Ah, Madam, then you make me your guest?

(SAM releases his support of PEYTON.)

ELIZABETH. My guest, you insolent rebel. No, my prisoner. I intend to hand you over to the British.

(The SERVANTS shrink back—pause.)

PEYTON. You will not—do that!

ELIZABETH. Wait and see! (*going up to door.*)

(Trumpet off R. PP. pause. Horses heard in the distance.)

PEYTON. Ah, my men returning. (*totters to staircase.*)

(ELIZABETH bolts door, stands with her back against it.)

Don't lock the door—they are my men. Call them!

(Trumpet P.)

They'll pass without knowing I'm here. Call them, you black devils!

(Trumpet F.)

Call them, I say! Quick, they'll be out of hearing.

*(Trumpet P.)*

*(Making another effort to move, but can only clutch newel)* My God, they're gone by! They'll return to our lines leaving me behind. Carrington! Carrington! Help! I am here—in the Manor House—a prisoner!

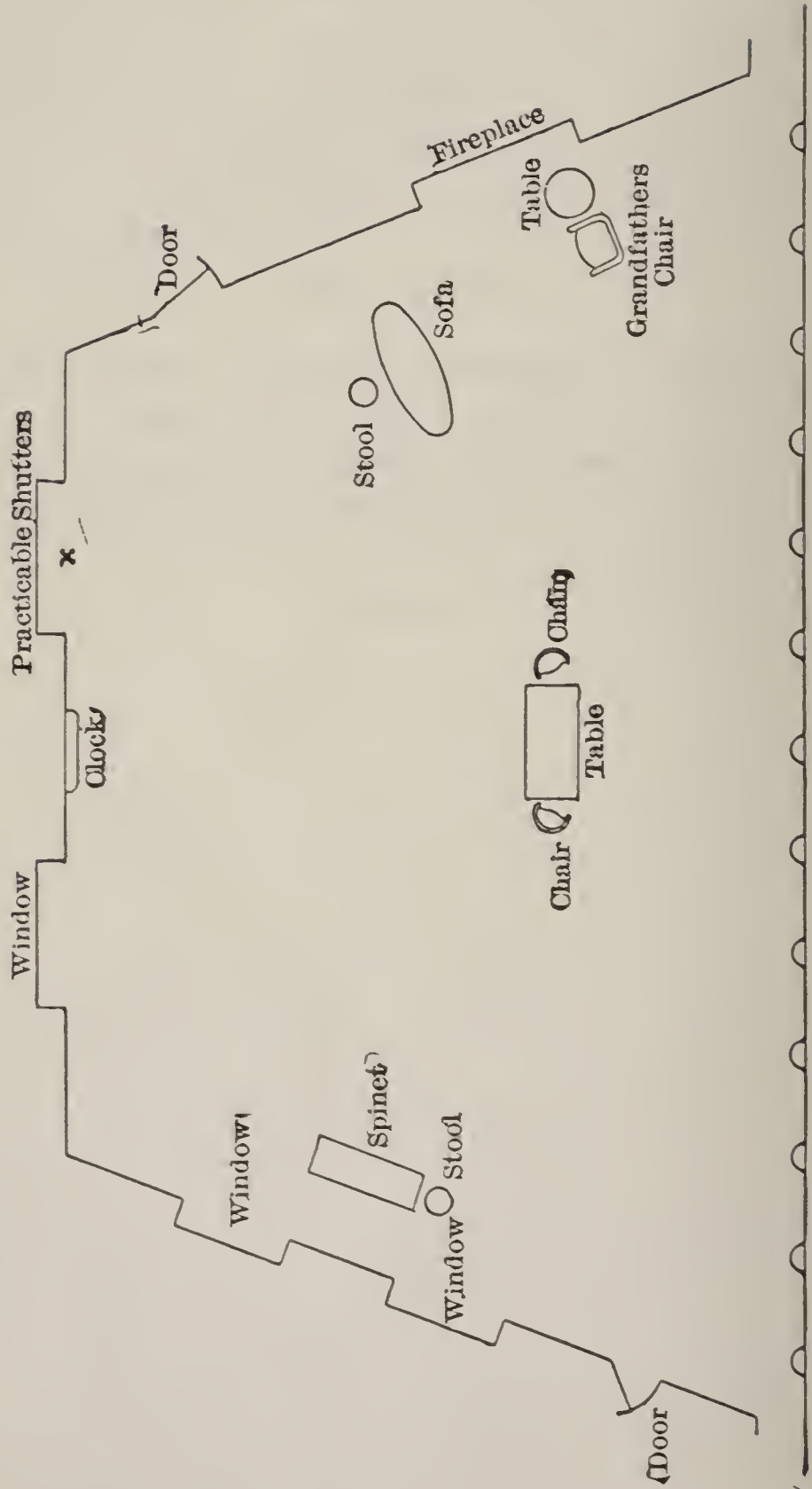
*(Trumpet PP.)*

*(Dead pause. The sound of horses dies away. PEYTON swoons, falls forward, and lies at the foot of the staircase. ELIZABETH runs down C. then pulls herself up short and stays C.)*

CURTAIN.



MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER  
ACT II.





## [ACT II.

SCENE:—*The East parlour. A large, lofty and well-furnished room of the period. Door R. I. E. Two windows above it R. C. and R. U. E. Door L. U. E. Fireplace L. C. Cupboard below it L. I. E. At the back two windows, bracket clock between them. Spinet and stool up R. C. Table and chairs C. sofa down L. C. and high backed chair by fireplace right down L. All the furniture is shrouded in holland and dust-cloths. The four windows are recessed, shuttered and curtained. The one in back flats to L. has practicable shutters.*

(PEYTON discovered on sofa L. C. His left leg is bandaged, a cut stocking like a sock of a different colour to the right leg is on his left foot, pulled over the lower part of bandage. EDWARDS L. putting slipper on left foot. CUFF kneeling by with basin etc. R. C. On the table are PEYTON'S sword, hat, his boots by sofa L.)

(*At rise of curtain, clock chimes half hour.*)

PEYTON. Ah, you should make a good surgeon, you tie so damnably tight a bandage.

EDWARDS. (*putting on slipper*) I've bound up many a wound, sir, and some far worse than yours;

'tis not a dangerous cut, the boot saved your leg, though 'twill be irksome while it lasts. You won't walk for a day or two.

PEYTON. It's remarkable that your mistress should have so much trouble taken with me, when she intends to hand me over to the British.

(CUFF rises and puts basin on table c.)

EDWARDS. Why, sir, we couldn't have you bleeding over the floor and the furniture; besides she'd wish to hand you over in good condition. (*rises and picks up boot.*)

PEYTON. I see, no bedraggled remnant of a man, but a complete clean and comfortable candidate for Cunningham's gallows. "La belle dame sans merci!"

EDWARDS. (*Picks up other boot*) There's no bell, sir. (*crosses to table R. C. gives boot to CUFF, picks up hat, coat and vest*) If you need anyone you are to call Cuff, he will be waiting outside the door, sir. There will be no use trying to get away, I doubt if you could walk half way across the room without fainting, and if you could get out of the house, you'd find me on guard with my duck-gun, and I don't miss once in a hundred times with that duck-gun.

(CUFF giggles.)

Bring those things, Cuff. (*goes up stage, pointing to sword and basin.*)

PEYTON. Leave my sword.

EDWARDS. Can't, sir. Miss Elizabeth's orders were to take it away.

(EDWARDS *and* CUFF *exeunt* L. U. E.)

PEYTON. Miss Elizabeth's orders! Queen Elizabeth I should say in this house. Gad, to be a girl's prisoner, tied down to her sofa by a scratch.

(MOLLY *enters* R. I. E.)

MOLLY. Your broth, sir. (*curtesys*)

PEYTON. Ha! so they would feed the animal for the slaughter, eh?

MOLLY. Please, sir, it wasn't they sent this, I thought of it of my own accord, sir, though with Miss Elizabeth's permission, sir. (*curtseys*)

PEYTON. Oh, so Miss Elizabeth did give her permission then?

MOLLY. Yes, sir, at least she said it didn't matter if I wished to.

PEYTON. And you did wish to; well, thank you, Molly.

(MOLLY *curtseys*. PEYTON *sips broth*.)

MOLLY. Thank you, sir. (*gets stool from behind sofa, places it at head of sofa* L. C.) You can set the bowl on this, sir, I must be going now, sir. (*going down* R.)

PEYTON. Molly, where's your mistress?

MOLLY. In the West Parlor, eating supper.

PEYTON. And Mr. Colden, whom I saw in the hall about an hour ago?

MOLLY. Major Colden rode back to New York.

PEYTON. Major Colden! Major of what?

MOLLY. 1st New Jersey Volunteers, sir.

PEYTON. What!—Then he *did* join the King's service after all. I'll never take a Tory's word again

as long as I live. Molly, stay; it is possible we shall never meet again; grant me one last request.

MOLLY. (*crossing R.*) Lor', sir!

PEYTON. Do not hesitate, I beg.

MOLLY. (*crossing L. C.*) Whatever is it, sir?

PEYTON. (*indicating cushion at left end of settee*) Place that cushion under my head.

(*She does so.*)

I thank you.

MOLLY. You're kindly welcome, sir.

PEYTON. Farewell, fair Molly!

(*Enter VALENTINE with pipe and hot toddy L. U. E.*)

My broth is getting cold.

(MOLLY *curtseys and exit R. I. E.*)

VALENTINE. Then you've no cause to waste your breath. (*comes down between sofa and fireplace.*)

PEYTON. Nay, sir, I need to husband it, the supply is running short; even now is Miss Elizabeth's fair white hand on the vent peg. Your very good health, sir.

VALENTINE. Thank you, sir.

PEYTON. What, will you not drink mine?

VALENTINE. 'Twould be waste of words to drink the health of a man that's going to be hanged.

PEYTON. The devil! you are economical.

VALENTINE. Of words, maybe, not of liquor. (*clinks his glass to bowl, drinks, goes to fireplace*) My pipe does not annoy ye, sir?

PEYTON. I love the idle weed—in others. (*leans back*)

• VALENTINE. Ah!

(Pause—VALENTINE removes wig, lays it on mantelshelf, wipes bald head, sits in armchair L., puffs.)

They say hanging is an easy death. I never saw but one man hanged; he didn't seem to enjoy it.

PEYTON. Oh, didn't he?

VALENTINE. No, he took it most unpleasant like.

PEYTON. (*half rising*) Did you come here to cheer me up in my last hours?

VALENTINE. No, I came in here for a smoke while the ladies stayed at the table.

PEYTON. Oh! (*leans back and stares at ceiling.*)

VALENTINE. I don't know how hanging will go with you; Cunningham will do the work; they say he makes it as disagreeable as may be.

PEYTON. Indeed! (*pause.*)

VALENTINE. I'd come and see you hanged, but I'm afraid it won't be possible.

PEYTON. Then I suppose I shall have to excuse you.

VALENTINE. Yes, we're killing a fine fat pig at Valentine's Hill this week. I doubt I can't spare the time. (*yawns.*)

PEYTON. Say no more, my dear sir, say no more, some future day, perhaps.

VALENTINE. Some take it easier than others; (*yawns*) it's hard with young men like you; it must be disagreeable to have a rope tightened round your neck; I don't know—perhaps—I don't know. (*sleeps.*)

PEYTON. What a cheerful companion for a man in my situation. I was beginning to forget it. Sleep well, my gay remembrancer, sleep well—

(VALENTINE *snores.*)

but if you love me, don't do that. (*covering himself with rug*) I wonder if this resolute Miss Elizabeth will keep her word. I shouldn't care to bet about it, not even in Continental bills. Pity the old gentleman's gone to sleep, he might have given me the odds; not that I want the money—there's a lot lying about the hall—but it would be nice to taste that pig. Plenty of crackling and prune sauce—delicious—no—no gravy, I thank you—well, just a little then—thanks—I am very comfortable. (*sleepily*) Dear little Molly—if it were not for this scratch on the leg and—Miss Elizabeth, a man might do worse on a night like this than make his quarters here. I wish Molly had tucked me up.

(*Pause—VALENTINE snores.*)

Damn that pig—eh! (*opens his eyes and looks at VALENTINE*) Oh! it's you, my gay remembrancer; wait a moment, old gentleman, in your land of Nod, I'm coming with you. (*sleeps.*)

(*Enter from L. U. E. ELIZABETH and AUNT SARAH.*)

ELIZABETH. Mr. Valentine—asleep!

SARAH. (*looking at PEYTON*) How handsome!

ELIZABETH. (*crosses to table c.*) Which one, Auntie?

SARAH. La! Elizabeth! (*going c.*)

ELIZABETH. I am glad I decided not to keep him here till one of our patrols passed this way. (*crosses R. c.*) Black Sam will be at the watch-house by now, he should be back with the soldiers in half an hour.

(PEYTON *turns head over sofa-back and looks at clock c.*)

SARAH. (*standing c. above table, to ELIZABETH who is R. c.*) Will the troops at King's Bridge heed a black man?

ELIZABETH. They will heed my written message; most of the officers know me, and those at King's Bridge are aware that I came here to-day. (*sits on spinet stool R. c.*)

SARAH. (*crosses to settee and looks at PEYTON*) It does seem a pity, such a gallant gentleman: such a gallant soldier. (*tucking him up in front of settee.*)

ELIZABETH. Gentleman! The fellow is neither a gentleman nor a gallant soldier. Does a gentleman or gallant soldier desert the army of his King to join that of the King's enemies?

PEYTON. (*without moving*) A gallant soldier has a right to choose his side.

(*At sound of voice SARAH starts and goes up L.*)

And a gentleman need not fight against his country.

ELIZABETH. (R. c.) A gallant soldier having once chosen his side, will be loyal to it, and a gentleman never yet bore the odious name of deserter.

PEYTON. A gentleman can afford to bear any name that is redeemed by a glorious cause and an extraordinary danger. (*sitting up*) I gave in my resignation.

ELIZABETH. But did not wait for its acceptance.

PEYTON. Ah! I was a little hasty! (*leans back again.*)

ELIZABETH. (*rises and crosses to back of table*

c.) Your enemies hold such acts as yours in detestation.

PEYTON. I am not serving in this war for their approbation.

(*Enter MOLLY R. I. E.*)

ELIZABETH. What is it now, Molly?

MOLLY. I've come for the bowl, if you please, ma'am. (*curtseys*)

ELIZABETH. Very well, play the good Samaritan if you like, child. Come, Auntie, we'll be in better company elsewhere.

(*Exit L. U. E.*)

SARAH. (*back of settee*) Oh, Molly, to think so sweet a young gentleman should be so completely wasted.

(*Exit L. U. E.*)

(MOLLY comes down to PEYTON.)

PEYTON. Eh, what, Molly, oh! the bowl. (*finishes last drop.*)

MOLLY. I hope you liked the broth, sir. (*curtseys. Places bowl on tray on table, picks up stool and places it behind settee.*)

PEYTON. Delicious, Molly! My broth drinking days will soon be over.

MOLLY. I'm—very sorry, sir. (*comes to head of sofa and arranges pillows.*)

PEYTON. So am I. (*sits upright*) To close my eyes on this fine world. Never again to ride to hounds, or sing or laugh, or play, (*chucks MOLLY*) or chuck a pretty girl under the chin. Never again to lead a charge against the enemies of our liberty;



not to live to see the States take their place among the Free Nations of the world. By Heaven, Molly, I don't want to die yet.

MOLLY. (*comes round to head of sofa*) Will it really come to that, sir?

PEYTON. As surely as I fall into British hands.

MOLLY. Oh, sir! (*comes down c.*)

PEYTON. And your mistress expects a troop of British soldiers here in half an hour to take me. Damn it! if I could only walk. (*pause—he sighs.*)

MOLLY. You couldn't get away from the house, sir; Uncle is watching outside. (*goes R. c.*)

PEYTON. I'd take my chance of that duck-gun if I could only run. I wonder—could Edwards be bribed to spirit me away!

MOLLY. Oh no, sir! Uncle would die before he'd disobey Miss Elizabeth; so would we all. (*crosses R. I. E.*) I'm very sorry indeed, sir.

(*Exit R. I. E.*)

(PEYTON *looks at clock, pulls himself by back of sofa, tries to stand, groans, falls back on sofa—VALENTINE snores.*)

PEYTON. (*savagely*) Don't do that! (*kicks at him with sound leg.*)

VALENTINE. (*wakes with a start*) Eh, what! Still here, eh? I dreamt you were being hanged to the fireplace. I was quite upset over it.

PEYTON. Then why don't you help me out of this?

VALENTINE. 'Taint possible, 'twould only anger Miss Elizabeth. (*rises*) I should lose my farm. (*takes up wig*) And I warrant Miss Sally would be

setting her cap at some other fellow. (*puts on wig, looks at himself in glass over mantelpiece*) Ugh! 'Tain't for me to take sides, no, no, it ain't possible.

PEYTON. If it were, would you?

VALENTINE. Why yes—if I could without lending aid to the King's enemies, but you see I couldn't. (*crossing R.*) I won't lend aid to neither side's enemies; I don't want to die before my time. (*going to spinet up R.*)

PEYTON. Is there no one I can turn to?

VALENTINE. There's no one within hearing would dare to go against Miss Elizabeth.

PEYTON. Miss Elizabeth evidently rules with a firm hand.

(VALENTINE *chuckles and lights his pipe at spinet candelabra R. C.*)

The degradation of it all, I—to be hanged for a girl's caprice, a wanton whim of the moment; she'll change her mind to-morrow, most like, when I am rotting. By the Lord Harry! if I could only make her change her mind to-night!

VALENTINE. (*sitting R. C.*) You couldn't, no one could, and as for a rebel soldier—

PEYTON. She has a heart of iron—the cruelty of a savage, the—

VALENTINE. Oh, you mustn't abuse Miss Elizabeth, 'tain't cruelty, it's only proper pride, and she ain't hard, she has the kindest heart to those she's fond of.

PEYTON. (*bitterly*) To those she's fond of!

VALENTINE. Yes, her people, her horses, her dogs, and even her servants and slaves.

PEYTON. Tender creature who has a heart for a dog and not for a man.

VALENTINE. She'd have no less heart for a man if she loved him.

PEYTON. If she loved him?

VALENTINE. Ay, don't I know, ain't I buried two, and please God'll do so again, that I will, pretty dear.

PEYTON. Tell me, does she love any man—now?

VALENTINE. I can't say she loves one, though—

PEYTON. By Heaven! I'll try it; such miracles have happened and I've almost thirty minutes. (*gets to chair L. of table.*)

VALENTINE. Miracles! Bain't any these days.

PEYTON. I will try it, there's one chance, and you can help me. (*gets to end of table.*)

VALENTINE. (*rising*) The devil I can! I won't lend aid, I tell you.

PEYTON. It won't be lending aid, all I beg is that you ask Miss Elizabeth to see me alone at once. (*gets from table and clutches VALENTINE*) Don't stand staring, man! Look at the clock; don't you know, thirty minutes—nay, barely twenty—for God's sake go and ask her to come. (*swings round R. C. and sinks on to spinet stool.*)

VALENTINE. (c.) But she mayn't come here for the asking.

PEYTON. She must come here, induce her, beg her, entice her, tell her—I have a last request to make of my jailor.

(VALENTINE *is going* L.)

No, no, that won't do, of course it won't. Excite her curiosity, tell her—I have a confession to make, a

plot to disclose—anything—in Heaven's name, go and send her here.

(*As he speaks VALENTINE backs up stage to L.*)

VALENTINE. I'll try, sir, but I ain't got much hope. (*turns and chuckles*) I doubt I'm getting past wheedling the women.

(*Laughs cunningly and is shoo'd off by PEYTON L. U. E.*)

PEYTON. (*sinks into chair R.*) Twenty minutes to make a woman love me! A proud woman, vain, wilful, revengeful. A woman who hates our cause and detests me. To make her love me! How shall I begin? Keep your wits now, Harry, my boy, 'tis for your life? How to begin—why does she not come? Damn the clock, how loud it ticks—will she never come—and the time is going—

(*ELIZABETH enters and stands in doorway L. U. E.*)

ELIZABETH. Well, sir, what is it?

PEYTON. (*half rising*) I—I thank you for coming, Madam, I had—that is—a request to make.

ELIZABETH. Mr. Valentine said a confession.

PEYTON. Why, yes, a confession.

ELIZABETH. A plot to disclose. (*coming forward*) What is it?

PEYTON. You shall hear—I—ah, it is this—I wish to write a letter—a last letter to a friend.

ELIZABETH. Write it; there are pens and ink.

PEYTON. But I cannot write in this position, I fear I cannot even hold a pen; will you not write it for me?

ELIZABETH. I! secretary to a horse-thieving rebel!

PEYTON. It is a last request, Madam; a last request is sacred, even that of an enemy.

ELIZABETH. (*turning to go*) I will send in someone to write for you.

PEYTON. But this letter will contain secrets.

ELIZABETH. (*stops*) Secrets!

PEYTON. Ay, secrets not for every ear; secrets of the heart, Madam, secrets so delicate, that to convey them truly I need the aid of more than common tact and understanding.

ELIZABETH. (*turns back L. c.*) But the plot—the confession?

PEYTON. Why, Madam, do you think I may communicate them to you directly? The letter shall relate them, too, and if the person who holds the pen for me, pays heed to the letter's contents, is it my fault?

ELIZABETH. I understand. (*sits at table L. c.*)

PEYTON. The letter is to Mr. Bryan Fairfax.

ELIZABETH. What, kinsman to my Lord Fairfax of Virginia?

PEYTON. There's but one Mr. Bryan Fairfax, and though he's on the side of King George in feeling, yet he's my friend, a circumstance that should convince even you that I'm not scum of the earth, rebel though you call me; he's the friend of Washington too.

ELIZABETH. Pah! who is your Washington? My Aunt Mary rejected him and married his rival in this very room.

PEYTON. And a good thing Washington did not marry her.

ELIZABETH. Sir! (*rises.*)

PEYTON. She'd have tried to turn him Tory, and the ladies of your family are not to be resisted.

ELIZABETH. (*sits l. c.*) Go on with your letter.

PEYTON. (*sits facing audience r. c.*) Mr. Bryan Fairfax, Towlston Hall,— (*spelling*) T-O-W-L-S-T-O-N. Fairfax County, Virginia.

(*Clock strikes the quarter, PEYTON starts and listens intently, then with a gasp dictates very rapidly*)

PEYTON. "My dear Fairfax, if ever this reaches you 'twill be from out a captivity destined probably soon to end—"

(*ELIZABETH raps on the table.*)

ELIZABETH. That's too fast! That's too fast!

PEYTON. (*with relief*) I hoped it was!

ELIZABETH. Sir!

PEYTON. Eh? Where was I, Madam?

ELIZABETH. "Soon to end."

PEYTON. Oh, yes! "Soon to end in that which all dread, yet to which all must come; a captivity nevertheless sweetened by the divinest presence that ever bore the name of woman."

(*ELIZABETH stops writing, drops pen; she stares at him in speechless astonishment*)

(*he does not look at her*) "'Twere worth even death to be for a short time the prisoner of so superb—"

ELIZABETH. (*rising*) Sir! What are you saying?

PEYTON. (*humbly*) My thoughts, Madam.

ELIZABETH. How dare you jest with me?

PEYTON. Jest! Does a man jest in face of his own death?

ELIZABETH. 'Twas a jest to bid me write such lies.

PEYTON. Lies—(*rising*) 'fore Gad, the mirror yonder—(*points to mantel*)—will not call them lies. If there is lying 'tis my eyes that lie, 'tis only what they tell me that my lips report.

ELIZABETH. What has such rubbish to do with your confession and your plot.

PEYTON. Can you not see, my confession is of the yielding of my heart to the charms of a goddess. (*rests wounded leg on chair and stands on the other, resting over chair-back R. of table C.*)

ELIZABETH. Who desired your heart to yield to anything?

PEYTON. Beauty demanded it, Madam. (*bowing over chair-back.*)

ELIZABETH. So then there was *no* plot?

PEYTON. A plot, yes, my plot to attract you hither, that I might console myself for my fate by the joy of seeing you.

ELIZABETH. The joy of seeing me! (*goes down L.*)

PEYTON. Ay, joy, joy, none the less that you are disdainful; pride is an attribute of Queens and tenderness is not the only mood in which a woman may conquer. Heavens! you who can so discomfit a man with your frown, what might you not do with your smile?

ELIZABETH. I do not know what I have done with my frown, nor what I might do with my smile, but whatever it be, you are not like to see it, sir. (*crosses R.*)

PEYTON. (*following on chair*) That I know and

am consoled when I consider that no other man has been more fortunate.

ELIZABETH. (*turning by door R.*) How do you know that?

PEYTON. Your smile is not for any common man, and I'll wager your heart is as whole as your beauty.

ELIZABETH. I cannot conceive why you should say all this.

PEYTON. 'Tis an easing to the tortured heart to reveal itself. I go the calmer to my doom for having at least given outlet to the flame kindled within me. My doom! yes, and none so unwelcome either, if by it I escape a lifetime of vain longing.

ELIZABETH. (*works round spinet from R. up to C.*) Your language is incomprehensible, sir, but I forget, you have been injured to-night, if you are serious it must be that some chance blow has turned your head.

PEYTON. My head is turned, doubtless, Madam, but by you!

ELIZABETH. I am sure the act was not intentional with me, I'd best leave you, lest you grow worse. (*she moves towards door L. U. E.*)

PEYTON. But you must not go—(*leaves chair*)—hear me, I beg—(*leans on table*)—only ten left.

ELIZABETH. Ten!

PEYTON. I mean ten minutes ere your troops may come for me, only ten short minutes before I leave your house for ever; do not let me be deprived of the sight of you for these last few minutes, 'tis so short a time, yet 'tis all my life.

ELIZABETH. The man is mad, I think. (*comes near sofa down L. C.*)



PEYTON. (*Goes to chair L. C.*) Mad, yes, some do call it madness, the love that's born of a glance and lasts till death.

ELIZABETH. Love! 'Tis impossible you should come to love me in so short a time.

PEYTON. (*leaning over table c.*) 'Tis born of a glance, I tell you. What is it if not love that makes me forget my coming death? Why do I not spend this time, these last moments in pleading for my life, in begging you to hide me; to send the troops away without me when they come? Because my passion blinds me to my fate, because every one of these moments I would use in pouring out my heart to you; until it ceases to beat it is beating for you—the last sands of my life I am giving to you, the life I have left me is dying for you.

ELIZABETH. I—I must go. (*going up*)

PEYTON. Nay—do not go.

ELIZABETH. You are a rebel against your King.

PEYTON. You are giving King George his revenge to-night! Ah! how can you leave me now?

ELIZABETH. You deserted your first colors.

PEYTON. (*L. of table c.*) You hang me for it, else would I wear yours. How can you leave me now?

ELIZABETH. You took my horse.

PEYTON. (*crosses to R. end of settee L.*) He rattles his hoofs on yonder road in search of the noose for my neck! How can you leave me now.

ELIZABETH. Ah! why did you desert? (*sinks on to couch L. C.*)

PEYTON. (*standing R. of couch L.*) Because I could not die. I took service to fight the King's ene-

mies, could I dream I should have to fight my friends? I came out to quell a lawless mob, I found my country, my own Virginian kith and kin arrayed against me. I made up my mind to resign—I wrote my resignation—the ink was scarcely dry ere I had to follow my regiment into action. What could I do, in honor? I could but determine that that day I would draw no sword, fire no shot, I would do the bare duty for which I was paid; I would die with my men, but no man should die through me. Do you know the history of that assault? Three times we charged the Charlestown redoubt, twice were we hurled down the hill, great gaps were cut in our scarlet lines, officers and men went down in twos and threes and rows, and yet I could not die! I was a derelict tossed rudderless on this scarlet sea, and as the bodies of our dead checked the onward rush, men spouted up like breakers against the sky line and crashed in fragments at our feet, others foundered by my side, and sank choking in the vortex of that thirsting Hell, and yet I could not die! Then suddenly God gave me breathing space—I was in the redoubt. The King had won. I planted his colors in the blood-softened turf. Then—

ELIZABETH. (*very quickly*) And then—

PEYTON. Then! I tore off my coat and bade my sergeant take it with my resignation to the Colonel. I was no longer one of the victors. I, too, was a rebel, beaten, vanquished, underfoot, in full retreat, I laughed as I ran, my mind was at ease again, I was on the right side at last!

ELIZABETH. The right side? (*rise*).

PEYTON. Ay, Madam, where my heart lay. Pic-

ture it yourself. On the one side, father, mother, brothers, sisters, arrayed against you, standing with their backs to the wall, ready to die for a principle—digging their nameless grave in the sacred cause of freedom. On the other side, what? A trained band of honorable troops inspired by their love of country, *their* duty, *their* King, the glory of conquest, and between these hard breathing peoples, a free born American whose very face shone bloodless in contrast with his British scarlet coat. The right side, Madam, ay, for me and mine the only side.

ELIZABETH. (*half rising*) I—I cannot argue with you—I—can only leave you.

PEYTON. (*staying her and sitting by her side*) Nay, do not leave me; denounce me, Madam, but do not go from me, call me rebel, deserter, horse thief, what you will, but remain with me—and—forgive me, I can worship you no less.

(*He inclines forward very near her. She puts her hand out to repel him in wonder. He takes her hand and kisses it, the spell is broken; she draws it quickly from him*)

ELIZABETH. (*rising*) How dare you touch my hand?

PEYTON. A poor wretch who loves and is so soon to die, dares much!

ELIZABETH. You seem resigned to dying.

PEYTON. Have I not said it is better than living with a hopeless longing.

ELIZABETH. (*crossing R. C.*) And yet death, that kind of death—

PEYTON. Ah, 'tis not in consigning me to the ene-

emy, that you have your revenge on me, I receive a greater hurt from your beauty than from the British Provost Marshal.

ELIZABETH. If you are so strong a man that you can endure the one hurt so calmly, why are you not a little stronger—strong enough to ignore this other hurt—this love-wound, as you call it. (*face away from him.*)

PEYTON. (*rising*) By heavens, I will! 'Tis a weakness as you imply, I *will* close my heart, vanquish my feelings. I defy your beauty, your proud face, your scornful eyes. I shall die free of your image. Go where you will, Madam.

ELIZABETH. (*turns R.*) Sir!

PEYTON. (*crosses to table C.*) It shall be no puling lover that the British hang. A snap of the finger for your all-conquering charms—Why do you not leave me?

ELIZABETH. What! Do you order me from my own parlor?

PEYTON. Go or stay, 'tis nothing to me.

(*Hoofs off L. softly at first, increasing till near.*)

ELIZABETH. (*comes up R. of table*) You rebel, you speak like that to me?

PEYTON. Ah, Madam, I will take your advice—isn't that—do you hear?

ELIZABETH. Horses? Yes, on the road from King's Bridge. (*goes to left window, undoes the shutter, looks out*) A troop of redcoats and Sam is with them. (*closing the shutters and coming down L. C.*) Go or stay, 'tis nothing to you, you said, your last insult, Sir Rebel Captain—(*sweeps past him to R.*)

PEYTON. You must not go, you must not go!

(*As she passes he snatches a handkerchief from her waistband, drops it on the floor.*)

Pardon me, your kerchief, you've dropped it, don't you see?

(*ELIZABETH turns and sees it on the floor. PEYTON stoops, picks up handkerchief, groans with pain, kisses it, hands it to ELIZABETH, staggers to spinet in agony*)

ELIZABETH. Ah! your wound (*tenderly*) you should not have stooped. (*goes to him, lays hand on his shoulder*) You should not have stooped.

PEYTON. No matter! I haven't a second! (*gasps*) My cravat—I am choking—would you—may I beg—loosen it.

(*Hoofs stop*)

(*ELIZABETH does so and meets his gaze, as he sinks on one knee, the clock strikes seven.*)

Yes, 'tis time—I love you, yes, let the troops in.

(*Sinks on the floor*)

COLDEN. (*outside*) Halt! Guard the windows in the rear, you four.

PEYTON. Colden's voice.

ELIZABETH. (*startled*) Hush! (*crosses to R. C.*) He must have been still at King's Bridge when Sam arrived.

PEYTON. A close friend!

ELIZABETH. He is my affianced husband!

PEYTON. Oh, Lord! (*collapses on floor and ELIZABETH pulls covering off spinet so as to touch*

*ground to cover him, and leans against the end of spinet as MAJOR COLDEN, SIX QUEEN'S RANGERS AND EDWARDS rush in.)*

COLDEN. (*outside*) Where is your mistress, Edwards—in the East Parlour?

(*Enter COLDEN.*)

Where is the rebel, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. (*excitedly—half laughing*) You are too late, Jack, the prisoner has escaped. Look for him on the road to Tarrytown—and be quick about it—you'll miss him, you'll lose him! Don't you understand—there's no time to lose, 'twas the rebel Peyton, he's afoot.

COLDEN. The road to Tarrytown, you say?

ELIZABETH. Yes, to Tarrytown—why do you wait?

COLDEN. To the road again, men! Are you sure?

ELIZABETH. Yes! yes! yes!

COLDEN. Till we meet, Elizabeth!

(*They rush off.*)

(EDWARDS *shuts the door.* PEYTON *rises and leans on spinet.*)

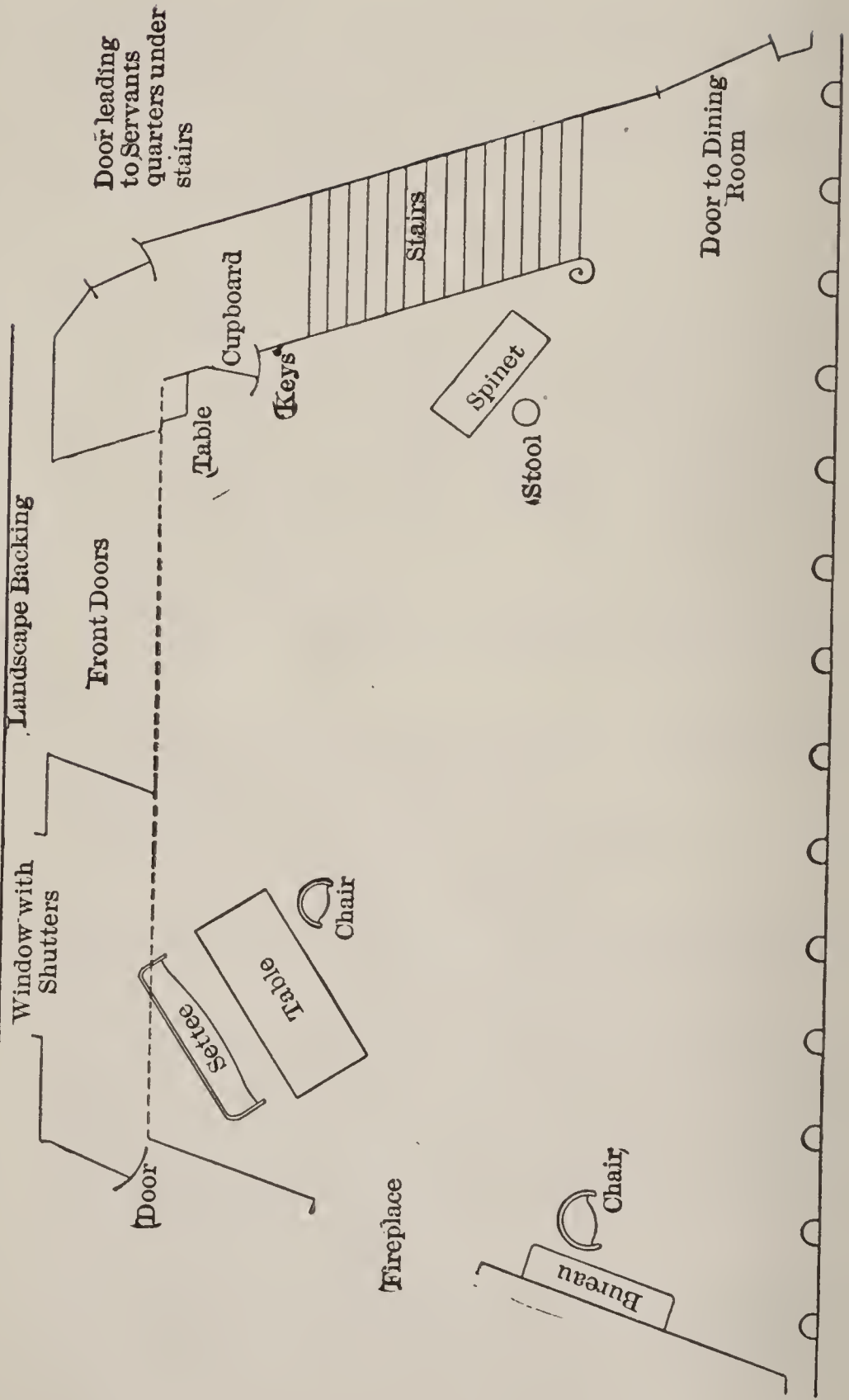
ELIZABETH. (*going up stage R. C.*) Edwards, this gentleman will occupy the South West Chamber. (*Returns to PEYTON, looks at him, drops her eyes*) it is the room your General Washington had when he was my father's guest.

(*She puts out her hand to him on the last word, he bends over it and kisses it as the Curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.



# MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER ACTS I AND III





## ACT III.

SCENES.—*The Hall as in Act I. A week later. Afternoon. Brilliantly lit with candles. Fire. Sunshine outside at first, changing to snow. Autumnal leaves and boughs in pots. Rugs on floor. Every evidence of occupation. Swords above chimney-piece.*

(*As the Curtain rises ELIZABETH is playing spinet*  
L. C.)

## SONG.

When roses blush in mossy smocks,  
And, laughing, scatter wide their dew,  
'Tis sweet to love the scent of youth  
To cull youth's sweets in loving true.  
And yet the roses softly sigh  
For endless day in which to woo!

ELIZABETH. (*after song*) "'Tis sweet to love!"

(*Then SARAH enters L. I. E. she turns in the doorway and speaks off*)

SARAH (L.) When you've finished your wine,  
Captain, you'll find a much better fire out here.

VALENTINE. (*off L.*) Thank ye, Miss Sally,  
thank ye!

*(The door is closed)*

SARAH. Sure, Elizabeth, you need not have left the table so soon. *(going c.)*

ELIZABETH. *(L. c.)* What, Auntie, would you have me hinder your dear Mr. Valentine's smoke? Once the last morsel passes his lips, I protest he sits on thorns till his pipe takes the place of it.

SARAH. *(c.)* Mr. Valentine's pipe, indeed! For my part, I would put up with the fumes for the sake of their company. 'Tis little we've seen of the dear young man.

ELIZABETH. Auntie! "Young man," why, he is eighty if he's a day. *(sings)*

"To-morrow will be St. Valentine's day

All in the morning betime!

The dear young man so gallant and gay—*(pause)*

I really can't think of a rhyme."

*(turns and faces her)* Auntie! Not even the proverbial blindness of love can make that description fit dear old Mr. Valentine!

SARAH. *(c)* I spoke of Captain Peyton, child,

ELIZABETH. *(playing)* Oh, indeed! You do wear your rue with a difference. Poor Mr. Valentine!

SARAH. I am sure I may take an interest in the Captain without hurting Mr. Valentine's feelings. *(crosses, sits c.)* 'Tis a week since he took to his bed, and this is the first day he has been able to join us at table. He leaves us, so he says, at dusk, and though you know quite well you regard him with warmer feelings than you would have me believe,

yet you are a scold to him as if he were a perfect stranger.

ELIZABETH. Really!

SARAH. Really! Otherwise, why this change of front? A week ago you were all for hanging the gallant fellow and then 'twas all the other way. The choicest food, the oldest wine, the newest books have found their way to the Captain's chamber; Sam to nurse him by night and Molly to tend him by day; Edwards to barber his head, with Cuff on a chair to powder it, and if that's not enough; then Dinah the cook, must post to the Hill to fetch Mr. Valentine to sit with him.

ELIZABETH. (*rises and stands L. C.*) Ingratitude, thy name is Sally still!

SARAH. I say to sit with him, and I verily believe that nothing prevented your turning sick nurse yourself 'but the thought that in that case I should have been in attendance too. If it suits you to blow hot one day and cold the next—(*rises*) you might at least allow the gentleman to see that other ladies of the family are gifted with a more delicate susceptibility. (*crosses down R.*)

ELIZABETH. Auntie, you are a silly little goose! You may flirt with Captain Peyton or Mr. Valentine as much as you please—oh! (*sits at spinet*) yes, and I'll throw in Jack Colden too, with all my heart, so long as you do not prescribe the necessary conduct for me. If that is your delicate susceptibility, thank Heaven I'll be indelicate after my own fashion.

SARAH. (*crossing to her*) There, there, child, I've hurt you. Now, confess—is not the Captain

something more than a mere guest, a rebel prisoner, or hostage of war?

ELIZABETH. He loves me.

SARAH. Oh, and you? (*leans on piano*) Has he spoken?

ELIZABETH. (*nods and plays—rising and crosses to fire-place*) Just enough to make me shun his speaking now.

SARAH. Ah, I see. Why did you not confide in me before, child? The dear fellow, it's quite a romance. (*down L.*) He shall have every opportunity. I may have a too tender heart—and no woman can be too careful of her chances—but, thank goodness, I am no spoil-sport. (*goes up L. c.*) No child, I'll sit all alone with Mr. Valentine by the fire in the parlor and leave you together.

ELIZABETH. (*by fireplace*) If you dare to, Auntie, I'll never speak to you again. Captain Peyton, in a moment of—great distress—intimated that he was not altogether—not altogether——

SARAH. Yes?

ELIZABETH. Oh, have I no proper pride? If he wishes an opportunity to continue the conversation he will find it—make it for himself. Colden has my word—my father's word. I'll not go out of my way to break it—but oh, if he would but speak!

SARAH. (*R. c.*) Colden! Good gracious, yes! 'Tis a week since you come. Does he come for you to-day or to-morrow?

ELIZABETH. (*goes up and gets hat, tying it on*) I don't know.

SARAH. (*R. c.*) But he will meet Captain Peyton!

ELIZABETH. (L. C.) It can be easily arranged to keep him from knowing Captain Peyton is here. I shall look to that. Come, Auntie, we will take the air before 'tis dark. Come, I'll race you to the orchard wall. (*crosses to R. turns back.*)

SARAH. What, child, as cold as 'tis!

ELIZABETH. (R.) Nonsense! The keen breeze will do us good; blow the megrims from our brains and the vapours from our hearts. (*goes up c.*) We will throw the Peytons and the Coldens over the end of the terrace into the Ha-ha, and you will have a steadier hand to hold a light to Mr. Valentine's pipe when you come back.

(SARAH *puts on a cloak, etc.* Enter MOLLY with chocolate L. U. E.)

Ah, Molly! Is that the chocolate? Set it by the fire. We shall be back soon. Tell the gentlemen, if they should ask, that we are taking the air. This way, Aunt!

(*Exit R. U. E.*)

SARAH. If they should wish to know, we are going as far as the orchard end.

(*Exit R. U. E.*)

(MOLLY *places chocolate on small table below fire*)

MOLLY. (*Valentine heard off L.* "Arter you, sir, arter you!") That's old Bluebeard!

(PEYTON *enters L. I. E.*)

PEYTON. Where are the ladies, Molly?

MOLLY. They are walking in the garden, sir. (*going L. U. E.*)

PEYTON. 'Tis a chill air they take this evening.  
(*goes to fire-place*)

(MOLLY *exits* L. U. E.)

(*Enter* VALENTINE *bringing on tray with punch, etc.*  
L. I. E.)

VALENTINE. Well, ladies, seeing 'tis Captain Peyton's last night, I thought—(*looks round*) Not here, eh? Then we'll say no more about it, but drink our punch at their fireside with all the permission in the world. (*sits chair c.*) What's this? Chocolate! Can't abide it. 'Tis no better than caudle cup. Give me ale—fat or thin, old or new, and a glass of punch with my nightcap, and thank the Lord, I'm a contented man. (*sits down and stirs glass*)

PEYTON. (*standing back to fire*) And a lady on either side of you?

VALENTINE. No, no, lad, one at a time's my motto; a quiet life for me. I ought to know—I've buried two. (*drinks*)

PEYTON. You should be a contented man.

VALENTINE. Not but what it's dull these days at Valentine's Hill. I shall miss the times we've had when you lay in the chamber above and listened to the old man who would be talking.

PEYTON. And smoking, Mr. Valentine.

VALENTINE. Ay, and smoking. I reckon my treatment of you was as good as the pap food you got. If 'bacca's good for a man when he's well, stands to reason 'tis better for him when he's sick.

PEYTON. It has that effect I'm told at first. But

I, too, Mr. Valentine, shall miss our pleasant gossips overhead.

VALENTINE. Ah, 'twould be only you and me, sir, we shall none of us like your going, and I warrant Miss Elizabeth'll miss you most.

PEYTON. Miss Philipse?

VALENTINE. Ay, Miss Philipse, or Miss Elizabeth—or Elizabeth. If I were as young as you, I'd make it Betsy afore I went. I know the signs. Sits mumchance afore you; blushes red as a ripe cranberry, she do, and then all in a quiver stands white and drawn as a peeled willow wand under the moon.

PEYTON. You are a poet, sir.

VALENTINE. Nay, that bain't poetry—'tis human nature.

PEYTON. You are mistaken, Mr. Valentine.

VALENTINE. Well, I've made mistakes afore now, 'tis certain, but I ain't ever been mistook in a young woman's eye. Watch her eye, Cap'n Peyton. Why, sir, she has acted towards you as she ain't ever acted towards any man, not even Major Colden. She's shown you, as one might say, a meekness, sir, a kind of timidity. You have to be very careful when they're timid.

PEYTON. (*sits on table*) Mr. Valentine, you are a wise old man, devoted to the family. I will tell you what occurred that night. With a dog's death in front of me, I was base enough to play upon the feelings of the lady. I swore by all I held sacred I loved her, and driven half mad by the thought of the unutterable degradation that awaited me, I used such damnable artifice—such low cunning—that I convinced her, and saved my life—I did not love her

then—but now—(*rises and crosses L.*) I have drawn sweet notes from her heart's strings as wantonly as any rat might play havoc with the strings of this spinet; and the best and the worst of it is—the rat is musical and likes the tune. (*sits on spinet stool*)

VALENTINE. Then tell her so, lad, tell her so. Make a duet of it.

PEYTON. But Colden—she's engaged to Colden!

VALENTINE. Colden! Pooh! Let him beat time to it. You tell her the whole truth, lad.

PEYTON. And if she doesn't believe the truth?

VALENTINE. Oh, she'll believe it fast enough. If Miss Elizabeth don't love you—she won't mind the loss of you, she'll fair abominate you and get it over at once. But if the young maid loves you—and I do believe she does—(*rises*) Why, Captain, she'll sing "Yankee Doodle" to your whistling every day in the week.

PEYTON. (*rises and crosses to VALENTINE*) Yes, you're right. (*shakes hands*) I'll get it over now. I'll just go and fetch my things and join her in the garden. (*going up the stairs*) Then if the worst happens I can be off to my lines at once. Mr. Valentine, a last kindness, get the *Aunt* out of the way.

(*Goes up staircase and off L. U. E.*)

VALENTINE. Willingly, Captain, willingly! (*crossing to fireplace*) She may be number three yet.

(*Enter SARAH, followed by ELIZABETH, who carries foliage L. U. E.*)

SARAH. Well, I'm glad to come in out of the cold.



I protest I have the shivers all down my back. Mr. Valentine—but where's Captain Peyton? Have you deserted him too?

VALENTINE. No, Mistress Sally, he's gone to get ready to go.

SARAH. What now?

ELIZABETH. 'Twill soon be dusk, Auntie. (*by spinet L.*)

SARAH. (*Crossing down L.*) Oh, but he must have something put up for his ride—some cordial—food—who knows, poor dear, where his next meal may come from?

ELIZABETH. (*comes down L. c.*) Don't run away, Auntie, Edwards will—

SARAH. Edwards! Bread an inch thick, I'll be bound! No! This time I'll see to his comforts myself.

(*Exits L. I. E.*)

ELIZABETH. Oh, Auntie! Auntie! What an *interest* she takes in you men. (*comes to table c.*)

VALENTINE. She ain't the only one, eh, Miss Elizabeth?

(*Movement by ELIZABETH.*)

Ah, I know the signs.

ELIZABETH. Mr. Valentine!

VALENTINE. (*crosses to her*) Oh, you mustn't mind me, Miss Elizabeth; I'm experienced, I am. Besides, *he's* took it as bad himself.

ELIZABETH. Took it!

VALENTINE. Yes, loves you to distraction, he do,

ELIZABETH. (*crosses down c.*) He told you? Oh, you horrid old man. (*flutters foliage in his face*)

*and going over to cabinet R.*) So you've been discussing me, have you?

VALENTINE. No, no, no, not discussing, only touching upon it.

ELIZABETH. Indeed! (*arranging foliage in vase by cabinet R.*)

VALENTINE. Yes, 'tis most extraordinary case, ain't it? First he *pretends* and you *like* it, then he *doesn't* pretend and *he* likes it.

ELIZABETH. Pretend! What are you saying? (*moving to him R. C.*)

VALENTINE. Oh, he's told me all about it.

ELIZABETH. About what?

VALENTINE. (C.) About pretending to love you, to save his life.

ELIZABETH. Pretending to love me! *Pretending!*

VALENTINE. Yes, that night I was his go-between with his confession—he, he, he, he! His plot! Don't you remember?

ELIZABETH. Yes, now I see! For only I could save him, there was no other way.

VALENTINE. Yes, he, he, he, he made you love him and send the soldiers away again, didn't he?

ELIZABETH. Oh, how I have been fooled. (*backs VALENTINE across to R.*) I tricked by a miserable rebel, made a laughing stock! Oh, to think he did not really love me and that I—Oh, I shall choke, send someone to me. Molly, Aunt Sarah, anyone. Go! Don't stand gazing at me like an owl! Go away and send someone!

(*Pushes VALENTINE out L. I. E.*)

Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do? I must re-

pay him for his duplicity, I shall never rest till I do! What an easy dupe he must think me. (*crosses to spinet*) Oh, his hat! (*throws it from her down R.*)

(SARAH *enters* L. I. E.)

SARAH. Elizabeth, child, whatever is it?

ELIZABETH. (*crosses down R.*) I'll pay him back, be sure of that.

SARAH. Pay whom back?

ELIZABETH. (*cross up C. and then down L.*) Your charming Captain, your gallant soldier, your admirable Peyton, hang him!

SARAH. My Peyton! I only wish he were. (*cross R. C.*)

ELIZABETH. You are welcome to him when I've done with him. Oh, Auntie, to think of it. He does not love me. (*sits on stool L. C.*) He only pretended, so that I would save his life. But he shall see! I will deliver him up to the troops after all.

SARAH. Oh no, you would never do that!

ELIZABETH. No, you are right, 'twould come out why I had shielded him, and I should be the laugh of the town. (*rises*) Oh, how shall I pay him? How shall I make him feel? Ah, I know! (*crosses down L. and returns L. C.*) I'll pay him back in his own coin. I'll make him love me and then I'll cast him off and laugh at him.

SARAH. Make him love you?

ELIZABETH. Oh, perhaps you think I can't! Wait and see!

SARAH. You will have to make quick work of it, Elizabeth, dear, if he is going to-night.

ELIZABETH. (*crossing c.*) I know, I know! But I can't do it looking like this. (*takes off cap*) He may be here at any moment, if he comes, keep him till I return; keep him as if your life depended on it. (*starting to go upstairs*)

SARAH. But, Elizabeth, wait—how?

ELIZABETH. How? By hook or crook! You must think of a way. I have other things in my mind. Keep him till I come back. If you let him go, I'll—I'll shake you. (*shakes her*) Not a word to him of what I have told you. I shall not be long. (*going upstairs*)

SARAH. Where are you going?

ELIZABETH. (*halted halfway upstairs*) Going? Going to arm myself for conquest—(*going upstairs*) Going to put up my hair! (*calling*) Molly! Molly! I want you!

(*She runs along landing and exits R. U. E.*)

SARAH. (*sits*) If I don't keep him, she'll shake me! She has shaken me! Oh, why don't they make aunts big? Why wasn't I born a great aunt? (*rises and crosses to down L.*) Besides, if I don't keep him, she will swear I have no conversation, no charm, and laugh me out of my senses! It will be very difficult. If I might only detain him for myself, it would not be so hard. I daren't say *she* wants him, and I *can't* say *I* want him. If only dear Mr. Valentine were here! Ah, his hat! (*picks it up*) He won't go without his hat a night like this. I'll hide it, ah, the cupboard!

(*She goes towards cupboard L. C. but wheels round, hat behind her, as PEYTON enters L. U. E. on stairs,*

*with cloak and sword, his boots now spurred. She giggles.)*

SARAH. Oh, la!

PEYTON. Ah, Mistress Williams, I left my hat here somewhere.

SARAH. Indeed!

PEYTON. Yes. Do you see it anywhere (*searches about.*)

SARAH. (*backs down stage, hat behind her, always facing him*) No, I don't see it anywhere.

PEYTON. 'Tis strange! (*searches*) Yet 'tis not in my room. Would you mind helping me to look for it? I must soon be on my way. Do me the kindness, Madam, will you not? (*crosses R.*)

SARAH. Why, yes, with pleasure. (*follows him about*)

*(He turns suddenly, bumps into her, she gives a little cry and drops hat.)*

PEYTON. I beg your pardon! (*stands worried*) It must have fallen to the floor.

SARAH. Why, yes, we never thought of looking there, did we? (*grabs up hat unseen*)

*(They make a tour of the room, looking under all the furniture.)*

PEYTON. (*desperately*) It must be behind something. (*up to screen R. C.*)

SARAH. (*down L. gasps*) Oh yes, of course, it surely must be behind something. (*L. I.*) Behind the chimney—by the chimney—up the chimney. Oh, look over there.

(SARAH *throws hat in dining-room.* PEYTON *turns*  
—*sees her closing door.*)

PEYTON. Ah, the dining-room?

SARAH. Oh no, it could not be in there.

PEYTON. But yes, one of the servants might have put it in there. (*goes up towards her*)

SARAH. Oh, no, no! (*stands with back to door*)

PEYTON. No harm to look. (*puts his hand on handle*)

SARAH. (*screams*) Ha! (*runs to centre of room*) Come away! Oh, come here!

PEYTON. What's the matter?

SARAH. Oh, I am going to shake.

PEYTON. (*coming to her*) Shake!

SARAH. No, I mean *shook*—*shaken*—no, *faint!!!*  
(*flops in his arms*)

PEYTON. (*supporting her*) Oh, pray don't faint! I haven't time. Let me call someone. Give me your vinaigrette, let me help you to the settee. (*tries to do so, she resists*)

SARAH. No, no, I am better now. But come—  
(*clutches his arm*)

PEYTON. Ah, I thank you for not fainting. (*releases himself and goes to door L. I. E. finds hat*) By George, I was right—Now, Mistress Williams, I think I must—

SARAH. No, no, you mustn't—

PEYTON. Mustn't what?

SARAH. Mustn't! That is—Captain—you—you mustn't! (*half crying*)

PEYTON. Pray excuse me, Madam. I will call some assistance. (*returns to go off L. U. E.*)

SARAH. No, no, good heavens not yet, you mustn't. You mustn't go out that way—

*(He turns back—SARAH gets to front door.)*

You mustn't open this door.

PEYTON. But—

SARAH. You mustn't! I say, I can't help it, I have reasons. I'm shaken enough as it is; don't blame me, don't speak—don't ask me to explain. I can't—I mayn't—I won't. But you *must—not—open—this—door.*

PEYTON. Your wishes are commands, Madam. *(bows)* I will open another. *(stands R. of spinet stool).*

*(ELIZABETH heard off R. U. E. on landing, singing. "Where Roses blush, etc" She comes down stairs, looking into a book. PEYTON stands awaiting her. SARAH gasps. ELIZABETH. curtseys, crosses to fireplace reading.)*

SARAH. Elizabeth, I—I think I'll go to bed.

*(Exit R. U. E. upstairs.)*

PEYTON. I fear your aunt requires looking to; she behaved strangely.

ELIZABETH. Oh, she is subject to queer spells sometimes.

PEYTON. Miss Philipse, I trust, Miss Philipse—when I am gone—

ELIZABETH. Oh, lud, the chocolate is getting cold. *(takes cup from table and goes to urn R. and fills it)* Won't you have some, Captain Peyton?

PEYTON. No, I thank you. The truth is, Miss

Philipse, now that I am so soon to leave, there is—something—I must say to you.

ELIZABETH. I know it. (*back to table with cup*)

PEYTON. You do?

ELIZABETH. Certainly. (*putting cup down*)  
How could you leave without saying it?

PEYTON. Without saying what?

ELIZABETH. Don't you know? You were not at all tongue-tied when you said it that—the evening you came here.

PEYTON. But—ah, you see what I said then—is not what I have to say now. That night you spared my life I did not love you. I must be honest and tell you this, though I lose my all in the telling. I did not love you then—but now—oh, you will understand—you must understand—I thought to feign, but I played with fire—I burned myself in the flames—my heart aches with the burning. I love you. Believe me—believe me and love me too!

ELIZABETH. (*crossing L. C.*) Why, Captain, what a change—ah! I know, the old house has been shut so long—the candles—this turning of day into night, all play tricks on us—it is a kind of waking sleep.

PEYTON. Nay, I have risen from my sleep. If you in waking put off love, I in waking, find it.

ELIZABETH. A somewhat sudden discovery.

PEYTON. Love is born of a glance.

ELIZABETH. Have I not heard that before?

PEYTON. Ay, when I did not mean it. now I say it again when I do.

ELIZABETH. And of what particular glance am I to suppose—

PEYTON. All are particular where you are con-



cerned, of any one of a thousand—this morning—an hour since—yes, born of a glance or what you will.

ELIZABETH. I don't will it should be born at all.

PEYTON. You don't wish I should love you?

ELIZABETH. I don't wish you should love me or should not love me, I don't wish you anything. Why should I wish for what I do not value?

PEYTON. By heavens! Say what you do value, my love shall become like it.

ELIZABETH. Value? I value poetry, music, flowers, light!

PEYTON. Poetry, music. Fashion my love into verse and set me to an air.

ELIZABETH. Lud, Captain, 'twould be sheer waste of time, you have such a taking air already.

PEYTON. Bury me stark in your garden, and a rose bush shall grow from my heart to your feet.

ELIZABETH. A very 'thorny point of bare distress.' Nay, I do not value briars.

PEYTON. You value light! Set me your heart as a beacon, and I will singe my soul at the flame.

ELIZABETH. La, now you are a moth—a moment ago a rosebush—

PEYTON. And you are ten million roses grown in the garden of Heaven and fashioned in Paradise to one perfect whole, its centre is in your heart, its perfume is in your hair, its bloom upon your cheek, and all your lovely petals enfold and bury my soul, I worship you, I worship you.

ELIZABETH. (*sits on spinet stool*) I remember! You spoke of love a week ago, with no less eloquence and ardour.

PEYTON. (*crosses L. C.*) More eloquence, I dare

swear, for ardour I did not feel. Then my tongue was not tied by a passion, it could never hope to express; and now—(*kneels*) ah, even if my tongue had power to voice my heart, you would not trust its truth, but I do love you, I do, I do!

ELIZABETH. If I could be sure you spoke in earnest!

PEYTON. In earnest? A week ago I lied to save my neck. To-night all that is true in me cries out to win your heart. What reason have I now for feigning love I do not feel? A week ago I loved my life, I loathed the shameful ending you so lightly would have put to it; but now my life is empty, worthless, naught, without you. I love you—I love you! Ah, there is no life left but in you—there is nothing in the world but you!

(*ELIZABETH during speech, her face shows her responsive to every word. She is about to yield, but pulls herself together as she speaks.*)

ELIZABETH. (*rising and crossing R.*) Mere words!

PEYTON. I'll prove them by my actions then!

ELIZABETH. Then prove them thus—say “Long Live the King!”

PEYTON. (*going c. pause*) No!

ELIZABETH. Long Live the King! Say it! Say it all!

PEYTON. Long live Elizabeth Philipse, Queen in the United States of America.

ELIZABETH. You don't love me! You don't love me!

PEYTON. I do! I swear it on my knees!

ELIZABETH. Then go on your knees.

PEYTON. (*kneels L. C. facing R.*) I do! I love you.

ELIZABETH. Both knees.

PEYTON. Both! I love you!

ELIZABETH. Bow lower.

PEYTON. I touch the floor, and love you still. Are you convinced?

ELIZABETH. Yes.

PEYTON. Perfectly convinced?

ELIZABETH. Absolutely!

PEYTON. (*still on knees*) Then my reward! You said if you could be sure I spoke in earnest—

(*She stops R. C.*)

Ah, you admit you are sure. What then?

ELIZABETH. (*turns R. C.*) What then? This—that you are now more contemptible and ridiculous and utterly non-existent to me than you have ever been, that if you remain here till to-morrow—

(*One knee.*)

You may see me in the arms of Jack Colden, and he may not be as careless of the fate of a vagabond rebel as I am. And now, Captain Crayton, or Dayton, or Peyton, or whatever you please, of somebody or other's light-fingered horsemen, go or stay as you choose; you are as welcome as any other casual passerby; for all the comical figure your impudence has made you cut—(*laughing*) Convinced! Oh, absolutely convinced! Learn modesty and you may fare better in your next undertaking, if you do not aim too high. Learn modesty, sir, and *that* piece of advice is the reward I hinted at.

(*She crosses laughing and exits L. I. E. laughing almost hysterically.*)

PEYTON. Well, I'm damned. Colden—the arms of Jack Colden! I—I'll stay and meet that man, at all events. (*sits on stool by spinet*)

SARAH. (*sings*)

And yet the roses softly sigh  
For endless day in which to woo!

(*SARAH sings as she enters, down stairs, the above two lines, she curtseys to PEYTON, who rise, bows and pushes stool under spinet.*)

Your pardon, Captain! I am looking for Elizabeth!

PEYTON. (L. C.) Miss Philipse! She went that way. (*points to door L.*) I trust you have recovered from your attack.

SARAH. (C.) My attack!

PEYTON. A queer spell I think Miss Philipse called it. She said you were subject to them.

SARAH. Well, how does she dare? I suppose that was not the only thing she said to you?

PEYTON. No, she said other things.

SARAH. They don't seem to have left you so very cheerful.

PEYTON. Not so damnably cheerful—I beg your pardon!

SARAH. Ah, excuse me, Captain, I must find Elizabeth. I have news for her. (*going towards door L.*)

PEYTON. News!

SARAH. Yes. From the parlour window I saw Major Colden riding this way.

(*Knock.*)

Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

(*Exit L. calling ELIZABETH.*)

PEYTON. Colden! Colden! I trust he will prove as strong-minded as the lady. (*crosses to fireplace*)

(*At knock CUFF enters from under stairs L. U. E. and unlocks door C. admitting MAJOR COLDEN—he enters, stamping and shaking snow from him—gives cloak to CUFF, hat and pistol on spinet.*)

(*ELIZABETH enters L. I. E. followed by SARAH.*)

ELIZABETH. Ah, Jack, at last!

COLDEN. Take my horse, boy. (*comes gladly down to ELIZABETH*)

(*CUFF goes out C.*)

Elizabeth! (*holds out his hands, she gives hers, he stoops to kiss them when PEYTON speaks*)

PEYTON. (*back to fireplace*) I wish you a very good day, Major Colden.

COLDEN. What does this mean? Elizabeth, why is this man here again? Are any of his troops with him?

ELIZABETH. No, he is quite alone.

COLDEN. (*more firmly*) Then why have not your servants made him a prisoner?

ELIZABETH. Because he has so affronted me, Jack, that the offence can only be paid for at *your* hands!

PEYTON. And as I never give credit, Major Colden, I have remained to receive my payment now.

COLDEN. A moment, sir! Elizabeth! (*aside to her*) We have only to temporise with him, some of my men have attended me from my quarters; bet-

ter mounted, I rode ahead—my fellows will be here soon and the business will be done.

ELIZABETH. 'Twill be no shame to him to be made prisoner by numbers.

PEYTON. I am waiting for my payment, Major Colden.

COLDEN. (*blusteringly*) You wish to seek a quarrel with me, sir?

PEYTON. Seek a quarrel, good lord, is not the quarrel here? Has not Miss Philipse spoken of an affront! Gad, she'd not have to speak twice to make me draw.

COLDEN. I do not fight in the presence of ladies.

PEYTON. Nor I. Choose your own place in the garden yonder, with snow on the ground, there's light enough.

COLDEN. There's no regularity in such a meeting; where are the seconds?

ELIZABETH. (*coming down*) I'll be your second, Jack; Auntie, oblige Captain Peyton.

SARAH. Oh, my dear!

COLDEN. Ridiculous!

PEYTON. Anything to bring you out. (*sharply claps sword with left hand, it comes away in the action*) Damme! I'd forgotten, 'tis all I had left! Come, sir, I'll give you the odds; I'll fight you with half a sword.

COLDEN. (*grandly*) I would not take an advantage.

PEYTON. Then break your own sword and make us equal.

COLDEN. I have too much respect for my weapon.

PEYTON. Then, sir, I must be less scrupulous than

you, I will take an advantage, you take the broken sword and lend me yours.

COLDEN. Do you think I'm a fool to put it in your power to murder me?

ELIZABETH. I'll tell you what, gentlemen, use the swords above the chimney piece yonder, they are equal.

PEYTON. Yes. (*jumps on settle to reach them down*)

COLDEN. No, Elizabeth—(*up to table*) I will not so degrade myself as to cross swords except on the battlefield with one who is a rebel, a deserter and no gentleman.

PEYTON. I congratulate you, Major, on finding an opponent with so many disqualifications, you must be singularly happy. (*jumps down from settle*) You see, Madam, 'tis no fault of mine if my affront goes unpunished, since this gentleman must keep his courage for the battlefield. Gad, sir, if your whole stock-in-trade is like the sample, 'twill need replenishing there—(*crossing to L. takes hat off spinet, bows to ELIZABETH*) Madam, my inability to shed my blood to pleasure you is but an ill reward for your generous hospitality or the admiration you inspire; yet, believe me, that in this poor coxcomb rebel horse-thief there beats an ever grateful heart. That it is not so sound as on my arrival is due less to the Major's valour than the weakness of your sex. (*goes up c.*) I take my leave of this house with much regret.

(*He goes out c.*)

ELIZABETH. The weakness of my sex! Why did you not fight him? (*cross to COLDEN*)

COLDEN. (*crosses down c.*) What was the use? He's reserved for the gallows. If only my men were here—why not send your servants after him—Sam is a powerful fellow and Edwards——

ELIZABETH. Why did you not fight him? Was it because he disarmed you three years ago?

COLDEN. You must think so if you choose.

ELIZABETH. You will find refreshments in the room yonder. (*crosses R., points L.*)

COLDEN. I would rather remain with you.

ELIZABETH. I would rather be alone with my aunt awhile.

COLDEN. As you will. (*bows*)

(*Exit quickly L. door, slamming it after him.*)

ELIZABETH. Oh, what a chicken-hearted copy of a man. And he calls himself a soldier; I wonder where he found the spirit to *volunteer*.

SARAH. From you, my dear, from you. Didn't you urge him to take a commission?

ELIZABETH. And that rebel fellow had the best of it all through. How he swaggered out, with what a look of triumph in his eye, (*crosses R. c.*) and, Auntie, he won't come back, I shall never see him again. (*sits c.*)

SARAH. Why, child, do you wish it?

ELIZABETH. Of course not, but I can't have him go away with the laugh on his side, (*rises*) "the weakness of my sex"! Oh, he *must* come back. (*cross down L.*)

SARAH. (*cross R. c.*) Elizabeth! I'll wager you are still in love with him.

ELIZABETH. I'm not, I hate him. Well, and what



if I am, he loved me, I am sure the last time he said it he did, and he's going farther away every instant.  
(*goes up c.*)

SARAH. Then why don't you call him back? (*sits R. C.*)

ELIZABETH. (*comes down c.*) I—not if I die for want of seeing him! I know, I *will* send the servants after him.

SARAH. That will be as bad as calling him yourself.

ELIZABETH. Not at all! While he's going round by the road, Edwards and Sam shall cut across the garden, lie in wait, and take him by surprise, he has no weapon, only his dear broken sword. (*R. C.*) They can make him prisoner, bring him back here bound, and he'll think he is to be handed over to the British after all.

SARAH. (*sitting c.*) And won't he?

ELIZABETH. (*kneeling with her arms on AUNT SARAH'S chair*) No! He shall be left alone here well guarded for half an hour, then I'll happen in, give him an opportunity to make love again and—and—I can yield gracefully, don't you see?

SARAH. Then you do love him?

ELIZABETH. (*rises*) I don't know, but I don't love John Colden, not a word to him of this. I am going to give orders to the men.

(*As she goes to door L. I. E. COLDEN followed by VALENTINE enters L. I. E. SARAH by fireplace.*)

COLDEN. What, Elizabeth—still angry?

ELIZABETH. Excuse me, I have something to attend to.

*(goes up c. and exits L. E. U.)*

VALENTINE. Come, Major, you will see enough of the lady after she is married to you! I was just going to say, the last lot of tobacco—

COLDEN. Oh, damn your tobacco.

VALENTINE. Damn my tobacco!

COLDEN. Yes, I've matters more important on my mind just now.

VALENTINE. The deuce, what could be more important than tobacco? *(gets up, puts on cloak, muffler, gets stick, hat and gloves)*

COLDEN. *(to SARAH)* Was ever a woman so unreasonable as Elizabeth—she'd have me lower myself to meet that rebel vagabond as one gentleman meets another.

SARAH. You met him so once.

COLDEN. I had a less scrupulous sense of propriety then.

SARAH. But as he's a rebel and a deserter, was it not your duty as a soldier to take him just now?

COLDEN. I'd have done so had my men been here. Elizabeth should have had her servants hold him, I'd half a mind to order them in the King's name, but I can never bring myself to oppose her—she is so masterful. By George, though, I'll have him yet. *(goes to window L.)* My men must be here soon. He will leave tracks in the snow, I don't see the rascals though, they've stopped at some tavern, I'll warrant.

VALENTINE. *(coming c.)* Damn my tobacco! Mistress Sally, this is the first chance I've had to speak to you alone this hour or more.

SARAH. But we are not alone.

VALENTINE. Oh, he's nobody, a man who damns tobacco is nobody, so Mistress Sarah, if you please, we'll begin where we left off. What's your answer, ma'am?

SARAH. Oh, Mr. Valentine, not now, you must give me time.

VALENTINE. That's what you said afore.

SARAH. Well, give me more time then.

VALENTINE. How much?

SARAH. Oh, I don't know; long enough for me to make up my mind. (*crosses in front of VALENTINE to L. C.*)

VALENTINE. Egad, ma'am, if my other poor dears had taken as long, I shouldn't have been twice a widower by now.

SARAH. Oh, Mr. Valentine, you know—

VALENTINE. Very likely—I *don't* know—well, take your time, ma'am, only please to recollect I haven't so very much time left, better take me while I'm here to be had. Good night, ma'am. (*going*)

SARAH. Sure, Mr. Valentine, you're not leaving us like this, when—where shall we see you again?

VALENTINE. I can't rightly say, ma'am, I've put off killing a pig this week past; I doubt I shall be too busy to come down, but Mistress Babcock can let me know if you—

SARAH. Mistress Babcock!

VALENTINE. Yes, she's coming to help with the puddins, she's a rare hand with the puddins.

SARAH. Grace Babcock! She make your black puddings! Let her dare!!! (*cross down L. and*

*return l. c.*) Anything—anything—dear Mr. Valentine, but that.

VALENTINE. I don't know. That pig 'tis fair spoiling to be killed.

SARAH. (*breathlessly*) Yes, yes, come down early to-morrow.

VALENTINE. Eh? That I will, pretty dear.

SARAH. (*working him up stage*) Good night, dear Mr. Valentine, good night. Now do take care of yourself—wrap up well—it's such a bitter cold night, and cover up your mouth and put on your hat! I like you in your hat, you look *younger* in your hat.

VALENTINE. Your servant, Mistress Sally, (*kisses her hand*) Egad, Sally, I mean—I've seen it in your eye, lovee, this while back.

SARAH. Seen it?

VALENTINE. Yes, *Mrs. Valentine No. 3*. Ah! I ought to know! I've buried two, that I have, pretty dears.

(*Exit c.*)

SARAH. (*sings*) To-morrow will be St. Valentine's day! Oh, *Grace Babcock* indeed!

COLDEN. (*at window*) Who are these coming?

SARAH. (*rises, running to window*) Mr. Valentine?

COLDEN. No, no, not that old fool—these, I mean.

SARAH. (*coming to window*) Are they your men?

COLDEN. No, mine are mounted, why 'tis Edwards and Sam, and they are bringing—why yes, damn it, 'tis he—they are bringing him back like a

trussed fowl—she's done it, after all—without consulting me. (*goes to door c.*)

SARAH. I must tell Elizabeth they have him.

(*Exit L. U. E.*)

COLDEN. This way, no, not the back door, bring him in here—put your knee in his back—so, ha, ha! My gallows bird, so you've returned to roost for good and all. (*crosses down R. back to fireplace*)

(SAM and EDWARDS thrust PEYTON through the doorway. He stumbles forward, bound, the THREE are covered in snow—SAM holds the end of the rope in one hand, EDWARDS the broken sword. They turn to shut the door. SAM on the right of PEYTON shoves it to with his left hand, EDWARDS locks it. A short pause.)

PEYTON. (*laughingly*) The hospitality of this house beats all recollection—one is always coming back to it.

COLDEN. Good, Edwards, place him in that chair, that's right—tie him up, Sam, now leave him here with me.

(SAM binds PEYTON in chair c.)

EDWARDS (*putting sword on table*) This was the only weapon he had, sir, we roped him from behind before he could use it.

PEYTON. Ay, if the snow had not deadened your sneaking footsteps, I think 'twould have served for the pair of you.

EDWARDS. I am sorry, Captain Peyton, but 'twas Miss Elizabeth's orders. (*goes toward door under staircase*).

SAM (*following him*) Yes, Massa, Missy Lisbeth's orders.

COLDEN. Yes, yes, at *my* suggestion, Edwards.

PEYTON. Ah! needs must when the devil drives. (*sharply as if in pain*) O-oh! Edwards! Wipe the snow out of my collar. (*he jerks his head forward*)

(EDWARDS *wipes neck with handkerchief.*)

Ah! Thanks! No need of a stiff neck *before* one's time, eh, Major?

(SAM *gives an admiring sniggle.*)

COLDEN. Damme, Edwards, that'll do—you may go.

(SAM *goes out L. U. E.*)

EDWARDS. Yes, sir.

(EDWARDS *following him.*)

COLDEN. Leave the door open, so you can hear if I call.

(PEYTON *catches the MAJOR'S eye with a meaning smile, and then a little reproving click of the tongue.*)

PEYTON. Tut, tut, tut!

(COLDEN *swings away muttering, to fireplace, roughly poking fire.*)

Cold, Major?

COLDEN. No, sir, I am not.

PEYTON. Ah! too warm, I see!

(COLDEN *crosses in front of PEYTON to L.*)

(*reflectively*) The little old woman is plucking her

geese full early this year. Surely your stock is not exhausted so soon, Major?

COLDEN. Of what, sir? (*down L.*)

PEYTON. Little white feathers, that's all.

(*COLDEN whirls savagely round with an oath.*)

Oh, if you look like that I shall believe you are sorry I ever came back.

COLDEN. (*L. c.*) You'll not come back the next time you leave.

PEYTON. (*seated c.*) And when will that be?

COLDEN. As soon as my men arrive. They attended me out of New York, I shall be generous and give them over to you to attend you into New York.

PEYTON. We shall enter it with an escort of our own choosing some day—and a sorry day *that* for you Tories and refugees, my dear gentleman.

COLDEN. If that day ever comes you'll have been rotting under ground a long time, and thanks to me, don't forget that.

PEYTON. Thanks to her, you coward, 'twas she who sent her servants after me.

COLDEN. I might have pistolled you here to-night, but for the presence of the ladies.

PEYTON. Or was it that you're a devilish bad shot.

COLDEN. Damn you, I'd show you how bad a shot I am but that I would rather see you on the gallows.

PEYTON. Will she come to see me there, I wonder? So you're coming to gloat on my corpse, are you? 'Twill be a famous sight! Up above a dead, sheer weight of cold humanity, a purple face hanging by a cord, and below—on your knees, Major, if you're truly grateful,—a pale coward thanking

God he has seen a better man die! And somewhere in the crowd you'll hear a woman's cry, for my spirit will kiss her on the lips, and taste the sweets of *her* revenge, not *yours*, you dog, not *yours*.

COLDEN. Not mine, then I will have mine now.  
(*strikes him in the face with his glove as:—*

(ELIZABETH *enters* L. U. E.)

PEYTON. That blow I charge against you both; the lady as well as you.

COLDEN. The lady as well as me! Yes! and this too! (*lifts whip off spinet to strike him again.*)

ELIZABETH. (*rushing in between them*) Stop! How dare you?

COLDEN. What do you mean?

ELIZABETH. (*hand on PEYTON'S chair*) How dare you strike my prisoner?

COLDEN. Elizabeth! Your prisoner! He is the King's, and as such is—

ELIZABETH. Mine, not yours. Did you take him, did you order him to be taken, are my servants your men, is this your house? (*calling off* L. U. E.) Edwards! Sam!

COLDEN. Elizabeth—you will not—

ELIZABETH. Will not? How little you know me. (*turns to PEYTON*) Sir—you will give me your word not to try in any way to escape?

PEYTON. You have it, Madam.

(EDWARDS *enters* L. U. E.)

EDWARDS. You called, Miss Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. Yes! Put my saddle on Cato's back. Tell Sam to bring him to the door. When Major Colden's men arrive, I return to New York. Be



quick! They may be here any moment, and I would not keep the King's soldiers waiting.

(*Exit EDWARDS L. U. E.*)

(*goes to undo rope*) Sir, I take your parole.

COLDEN. Nay, but Elizabeth, I protest—

ELIZABETH. You? What are you? Gentleman enough to fight him? Soldier enough to take him? No! Only when he is brought back here bound, defenceless, you are—what you are—*knave* enough to strike him.

COLDEN. Elizabeth! (*crosses down L.*)

ELIZABETH. Oh! I know my own shame in the matter, I do not seek to excuse it, but thank Heaven there is a difference between us. (*undoing ropes*) I pray you—rise, sir. I stand ashamed while you sit bound.

(*PEYTON slowly rises.*)

COLDEN. Elizabeth, I do not deserve this treatment. You—you use me very strangely.

ELIZABETH. (*going to him L.*) Because I feel strangely to you.

(*PEYTON goes to fireplace.*)

Oh, I can speak no other way. To think how you have shamed me.

COLDEN. I—shamed you?

ELIZABETH. Ever and always. In every thought of you, you have shamed me. We have been strangers all these years, absolute strangers—strangers walking in familiar ways—each endearment—oh, our betrothal has been a betrayal—I have not known you.

COLDEN. Elizabeth—you do not mean—you are—before this man, it is not fitting.

ELIZABETH. Before this man it is most fitting. I have wronged him every way. Only now when I would have called him back to receive the amends I owed him, my pride forbade me. I stooped to stratagem. I said, “He will imagine I intend to hand him over to the British, then I will release him and surprise his more generous nature into forgiveness ere I need to ask his pardon.”

(PEYTON *works round from fireplace to back of settee R. C.*)

The tables are turned indeed. I stand in a pillory of my own making. The ropes that bound him, the blow you struck him, are so much wayside filth flung in my face by the man I—I—oh! can't you see? It sickens me, it sickens me! (*crossing R. she sinks on settee R. sobbing.*)

COLDEN. (*hoarsely*) Yes, yes—you love him!

PEYTON. (*coming C.*) You—love—me— Colden, you've got the rope round my neck, but by God, your whole army shan't gag me now. (*turns to ELIZABETH C.*)

COLDEN. Curse you! I might have guessed! If only my men were here. (*goes up to door C., unlocks it and stands outside.*)

PEYTON. Sweetheart, sweetheart—nay what is a blow more or less—a man in these rough times takes them when they are due—repays them whenever he can, and forgets both, give and take at all times. Hush, hush, I have forgotten—but we've ended our game of make-believe. We've done with pretence—

we are real, you and I, then speak what your heart is beating—say those dear words to *me*.

ELIZABETH. I—I love you.

PEYTON. Elizabeth—Elizabeth—say it again! Ah, say it—say it all!

ELIZABETH. I love you!

PEYTON. (*raising her*) Now—God save your King!

ELIZABETH. You said there was no king in America! I have found him—found him here—my heart's dear king—Yes, yes, God save my King! (*falls in his arms.*)

PEYTON. Elizabeth! Elizabeth! (*folds her in his arms.*)

(SAM *enters* L. U. E. and COLDEN *re-enters* at same moment, a pistol in his hand. SAM *speaks* from L. U. E.)

SAM. Dey's sojers coming up de Avenue.

ELIZABETH. Soldiers—I give you back your parole.

(SAM *disappears* from window.)

COLDEN. Ah, my men—my men at last. You love too late. (*locks door c.*)

ELIZABETH. No, no—Cato will carry you through. (*crosses L.*)

COLDEN. No! My men shall take him! D'ye hear, you rebel. My men shall take you! D'ye hear? (*to ELIZABETH*) You have *never* known me, Elizabeth, you shall know me now. (*turns from door to ELIZABETH*) So our betrothal was a betrayal, was it? Are all your betrothals the same? Who's betrayed now? Your new lover's in the trap.

(*laughs*) The trap you made—you yourself. Did I take him? Oh, no! Not I! He shall hang, do you hear? He shall hang—hang!

ELIZABETH. No, no, Colden, no! (*crosses L.*) He's my prisoner—I will bear the blame! I—I—Oh, God!—Jack, let him go!

PEYTON. Elizabeth, you shall not. (*tries to restrain her.*)

ELIZABETH. No, no! (*she clings to COLDEN*) Jack, you shan't do it—let him go and I will give him up—I'll never speak to him again. I'll never see him again. Ah!—they are coming. I'll give him up! I *will* marry you! For God's sake, Jack, let him go!

COLDEN. No! I hold him! Move, you rebel, and I pistol you—pistol the pair of you. Move, and I'll pistol her first—

(*She sinks on her knees, clinging to him and sobbing.*)

So you'll give him up, will you? What? For me? The coward—the jilted coward—the jilted, despicable coward—the knave—the stranger—the absolute stranger, you'll give up your lover for that? For me? By God! you don't. D'ye want a second chance to humiliate me—to despise me, dishonour me? Oh, you shall have it—yes, yes, yes, you shall! You shall jilt me again, you jade, if ever his corpse goes a courting.

ELIZABETH. No, no, Colden—no, no, you can't—you can't—you can't—you can't!

PEYTON. (*strides forward, picks her up*) Elizabeth, you shall not beg for me. I want my life now,

more than ever—but not enough to see you on your knees to him. (*places her in chair R. C.*)

ELIZABETH. What will you do?

PEYTON. Fight, fight them one and all. The whole troop, the half troop, *this*. They shall all dance at the wedding. Here's the best man! There! (*slaps COLDEN on the face lightly*) That's for your coward's blow, Mr. Colden. Now fight me!

COLDEN. No, I won't fight you! I won't pistol you! You shall hang!

PEYTON. What, must I go on my knees to you too? There, there, then! (*kneels*) You were right, Colden—she's a woman—a very woman worth the loving, worth the living, worth the dying, eh?

(*Sabres and swords.*)

She loves me, do you hear? She loves *me*, we are going to be married—she and I—you were right—she jilts your lusty living body to go a courting with my corpse.

(*Noise of soldiers.*)

Oh! if you are a man at all, you'll fight me now.

COLDEN. No! you shall hang!

PEYTON. What! won't you take the last, least chance of proving yourself a man. (*laughing.*)

(*ELIZABETH rises and gets R.*)

God! he hasn't the courage even to kill me. (*rising, takes sword from mantel*) Well, your men shall do me that service. At least I'll die with a sword in my hand.

COLDEN. (*opens door C.*) Quick, my men—this way—there's a rebel here with a price for the tak-

ing. (*coming down L. again*) Quick! he's meant to hang!

(CARRINGTON *with six* TROOPERS *and* VALENTINE *enter C.*)

PEYTON. Carrington!

COLDEN. (*turning*) What—who—Lee's men!

PEYTON. Carrington! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! My men! (*pause*) Oh, Lord! Major, you've forgotten your cloak.

(COLDEN *gives a cry of rage—he takes aim at PEYTON—the pistol goes off.*)

(*The MEN secure COLDEN.*)

Missed!

ELIZABETH. Oh, thank God! thank God! (*goes to PEYTON.*)

PEYTON. Ah, Colden, I told you you were a devilish bad shot.

CARRINGTON. (*to COLDEN*) Keep still, or you'll get worse. Now then, your name, rank, regiment—

PEYTON. No, no, Carrington—we don't want him.

CARRINGTON. Colonel Lee's orders, sir. All soldiers bearing arms for the British.

PEYTON. Yes, but you see, Carrington, he's not really a soldier, are you, Mr. Colden? No, no, let him go.

CARRINGTON. Colonel Lee will hold us responsible, sir.

PEYTON. That's all right, Carrington, thanks to you, I resume my command and will answer to Colonel Lee. But, Carrington, how did you find me?

CARRINGTON. Why, sir, the old gentleman—  
(*pointing to VALENTINE.*)

PEYTON and ELIZABETH. (*as they see VALENTINE*) Mr. Valentine!

VALENTINE. (*In doorway, shaking his stick at COLDEN*) He damned my tobacco!

(*Exit c.*)

ELIZABETH. Dear Mr. Valentine!

PEYTON. Release your prisoner.

(*They release COLDEN who goes out c.*)

To horse again, Carrington—I will join you at once.  
(*crosses R. C.*)

CARRINGTON. About turn—march!

(*The TROOPERS salute and go out.*)

PEYTON. (*turns to ELIZABETH*) Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH. (*goes to him and places her hands on his shoulders*) My dear! You must not further risk your life—you must go at once. You were *my* prisoner—I set you free.

PEYTON. I am more your prisoner now than ever. You've cut these bonds. (*pointing to ropes*) When will you set others on me?

ELIZABETH. When the war is over—let Cato bring you back.

(*They embrace.*)

PEYTON. Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

SLOW CURTAIN.

## Property Cues.

### ACT I.

#### KNOCKS.

- CUE. That's about the worst of it. *Colden knock.*
- CUE. Then we are a pair. *Aunt Sally knock.*
- CUE. They have stopped before the house. *Peyton knock.*
- CUE. We are not afraid. *Peyton knock.*
- CUE. Less snivelling and more cooking.  
*Hoofs till*
- CUE. See who 'tis.
- CUE. I defy them and all other rebels  
*Hoofs till*
- CUE. Tremble for our lives, I suppose.
- CUE. Mount, forward, gallop.  
*Hoofs and die away.*
- CUE. He does try my obedience.  
*Hoofs and die away.*
- CUE. Never laugh at old saws again.  
*Distant firing, stop at.*
- CUE. Firing beyond Locust Hill.
- CUE. He says the rebel light horse.  
*Distant firing and stop.*
- CUE. Wait and see  
*Hoofs from the distance passing house  
and die away.*

### ACT II.

- CUE. 'Tis nothing to me.  
*Hoofs till clock strikes.*
- CUE. Till we meet.  
*Hoofs and die away.*



## ACT I.

CENTRE DOOR—Lock and key.  
 Handle outside.  
 Catch lock  
 Trick lines and two men to stand by.  
 Bolt.

Bar to shutter R. C.

On R. side.

Table against wall.  
 Hole in flat above fire for lime on C. door.  
 Fireplace.  
 Dogs.  
 Fire-irons.  
 Stool.  
 Sconce on wall.  
 Bureau.

On L. side.

Chair.  
 Hat pegs.  
 3 Sconces.  
 Chair above stairs.  
 Chair below stairs.  
 Spinet.  
 Music stool.  
 Handle on door.  
 Keys hanging beside cupboard L.  
 Brass candelabra hanging C. No candles in it  
 Bellows in fireplace.  
 2 candles only in each sconce.  
 Shutter up R. to be open.  
 Window on stairs to be open.  
 A taper to be on  
     the bureau R.  
     the spinet L.  
     chair up L.  
     mantelpiece.  
 All tapers and candles to be parafined.

In cupboard under stairs—

Flat brass candlestick.

Taper.

Basket (for Sam).

Dutch clock on stairs—Fastened to flat.

At C. by fire—Oak table.

Settee.

Armchair.

In fireplace a lighted night-light.

Off L. C. (Outside door) Wind box.

Door slam.

Marble slab.

Cocoanuts.

Chain to rattle.

2 Scabbards to rattle.

Firing prop.

Canes for ditto.

Knocker.

Basket of logs (Sam).

2 Portmanteaux (Cuff).

Basket and cloth (Colden).

Lighted lantern (Valentine).

Off L. U. E.—2 Lighted candelabra.

Butler's tray with dishes on it.

Small tray with knives and forks and glasses.

2 Tea-cups, 2 saucers, to put on same tray.  
(one to break).

Soup tureen and plates for butler's tray.

Off Landing R.—Lighted candle.

Table glass, etc., for lady's quick change.

Off L. U. E. (C.)—Matting.

Horse saddled.

Soap lather.

Personal—Elizabeth. Whip.

Colden. Whip.

Peyton. Dollar notes in pocketbook.

Valentine. Pipe filled.

## ACT II.

3 Chairs R.

Spinet R. C.

Music stool R. C.

Chippendale table C.

Chair each side of ditto.

Clock on bracket C.

Bar on shutter L. C.

Chesterfield sofa L.

Stool just behind it.

Grandfather's chair by fire.

Carpet rolled up by L. door.

Lighted candelabra on spinet.

2 Lighted candles on mantelpiece.

Cabinet C. under clock.

Dust covers to chairs,

Spinet,

Sofa,

Grandfather's chair and

Cabinet.

Chandelier hanging C. (also covered).

On table C.—Paper rack.

Ink stand.

2 Pens.

Pounce box.

Paper.

On sofa—2 Pillows.

Fur rug.

Fire-irons in fireplace.

By sofa—Basin, sponge, bandage.

Off R.—Tray with basin and spoon (Molly).

On chairs about room Peyton's Coat—Sword—Hat—  
Boots.

Off L.—Lighted candle.

Pipe and tobacco (Valentine).

Glass with hot port and water—Spoon and slice  
of lemon.

Clock chimes (stand by these).  
 Slab and cocoanuts.  
 Chains and scabbards to rattle.  
 Whip for Colden.

## ACT III.

Carpet down.  
 3 Skin rugs.  
 2 Swords over fireplace.  
 Spinet brought out into room L.  
 2 Lighted candles on mantelpiece.  
 Lighted candelabra on spinet  
 All sconces lighted.  
 Chandelier lighted.  
 Shutters shut.  
 Curtain on landing L.  
 Chair off at ditto for change.  
 Vase of flowers on spinet.  
 Vase with pampas grass down R.  
 On rostrum R.—Book (for Elizabeth).  
 Off R. U. E.—Pampas grass and creepers.  
 Off L. U. E.—Tray with chocolate urn and 3 cups and saucers.  
 Off L. 1 E.—Tray with two glasses hot grog and spoons.  
 Off L. C.—For Colden—Pistol (to fire).  
     Whip.  
     Gloves.  
     Rope and stick.  
     Oatmeal for snow.  
     Scabbards and chains to rattle.  
 Hanging on pegs L.—Valentine's cloak and muffler, etc.  
 On chair L.—Sally's cloak.  
 On settee.—Elizabeth's cloak.  
 On spinet.—Peyton's hat.  
 Snow going from cue.  
 Facilities for lady quick change landing R.  
     “    “ gentleman “    “    “    L.

Scenery.

ACT I.

SCENE :—The Hall.

Late Afternoon.

ACT II.

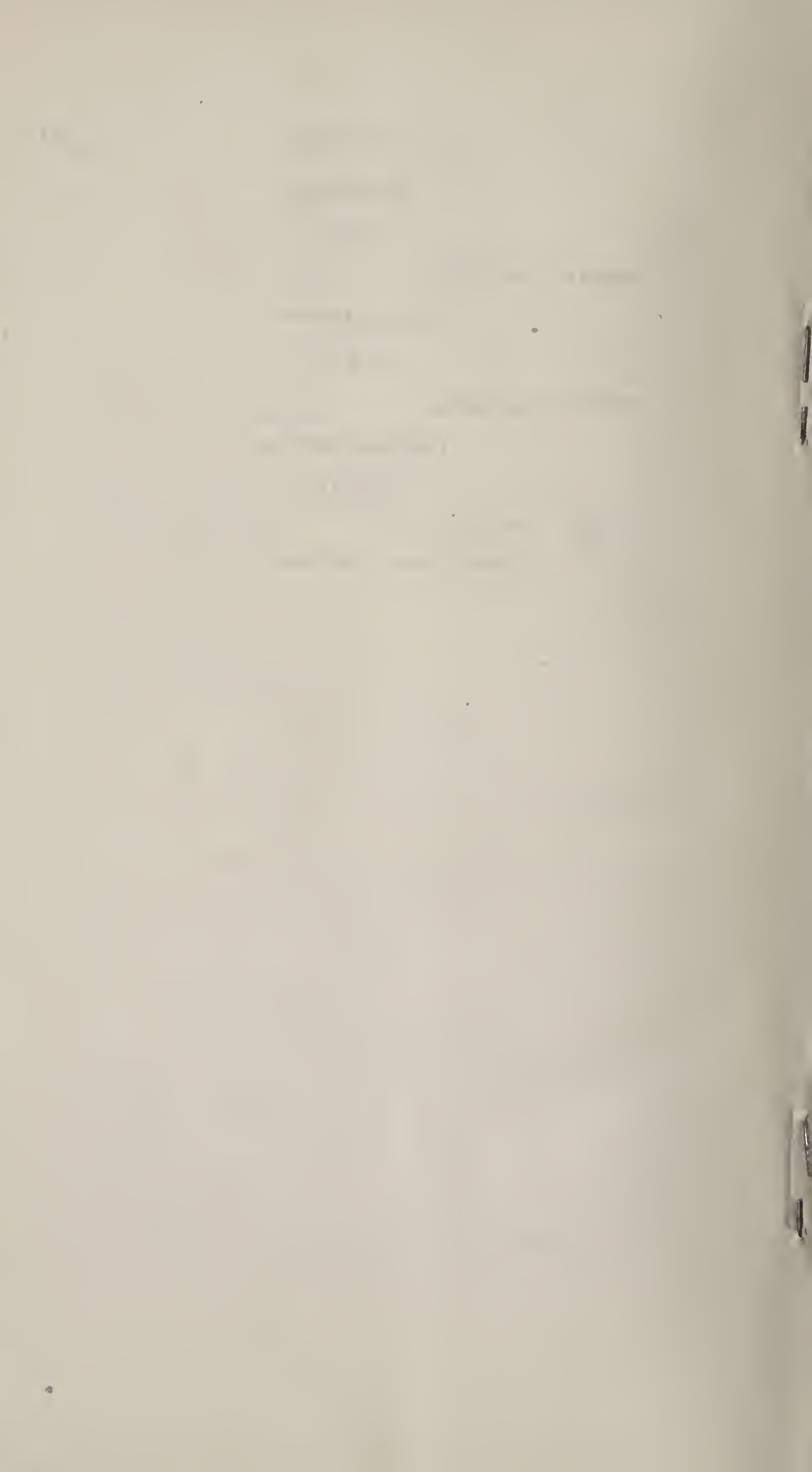
SCENE :—The Parlor.

The same evening.

ACT III.

SCENE :—The Hall.

A week later—afternoon.



(French's Standard Drama Continued from 2d page of Cover.)

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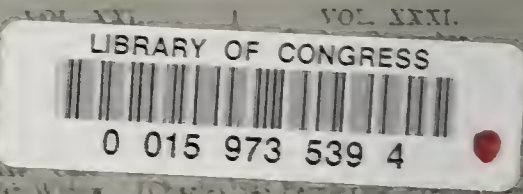
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