

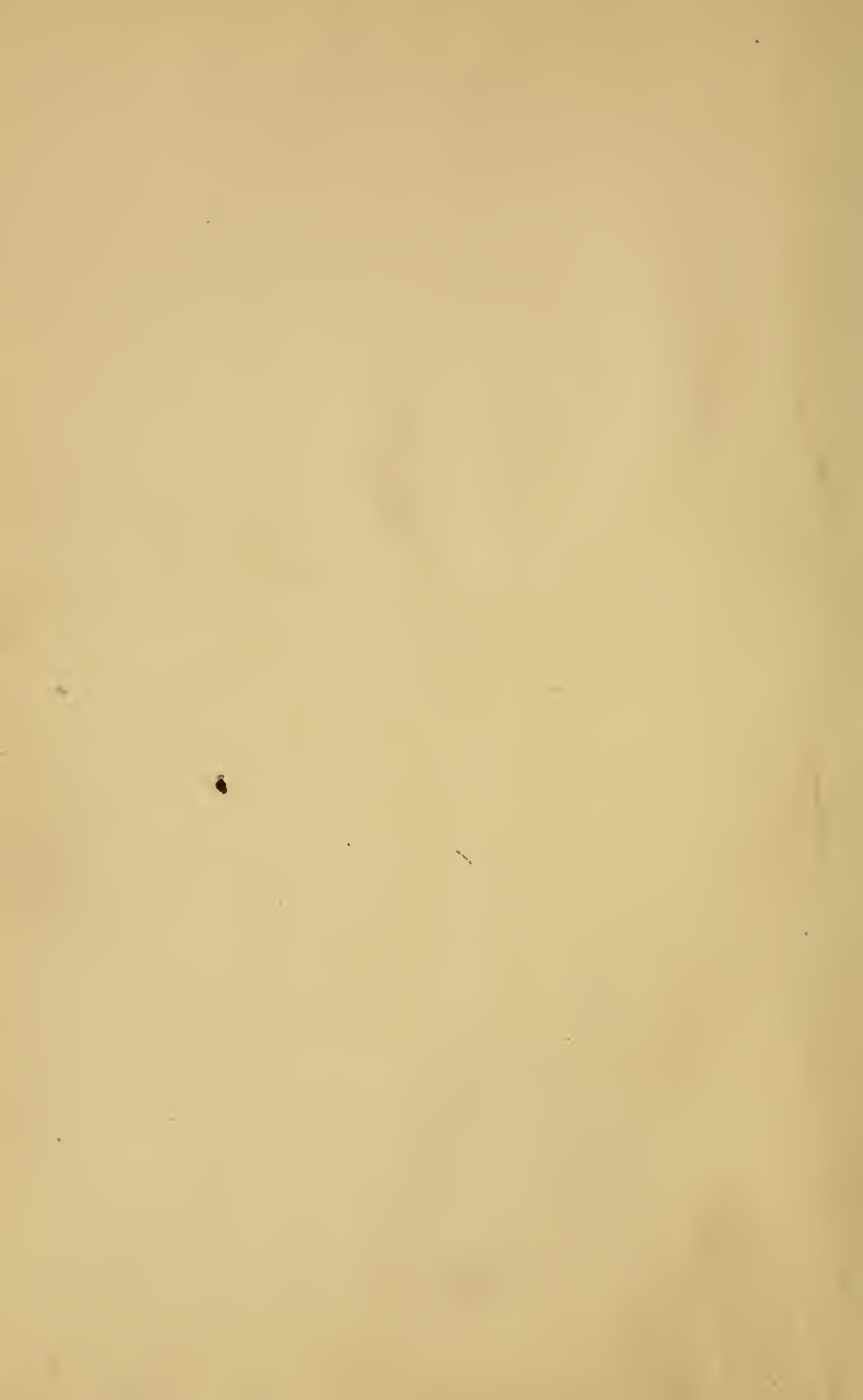
*The Tragedy
of the
Trust Cause*



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THE
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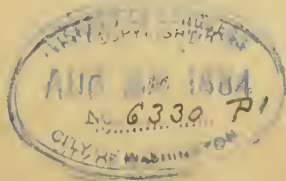
✓
BY A. ST. J. PICKETT.

—•—
A TRAGIC POEM OF THE WAR.

33
IN FOUR ACTS.
—•—

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THE
TRAGEDY OF THE LOST CAUSE.

BY A. ST. J. PICKETT.

INTRODUCTION.

The story of the old soldier ; whose silvery locks
Were lovingly mingled with the golden hair
Of a beautiful girl who was sleeping there
On his battle-scarred breast.

The great civil war of America—that heroic struggle of the southern people in defence of the Lost Cause, against the stupendous power of the North, wielded in support of the Federal Union—furnished many a tragic incident of self-sacrifice and noble devotion, worthy to be celebrated in song or woven into the fabric of romance ; but there is no private history of which I know anything as full of dramatic effects as the one I now propose to relate. Nor can I think of one more closely interwoven with those great events that have rendered this beautiful region historic—events that transpired, my child, before your fair face had made the world brighter, or these golden curls had coiled themselves so closely around your grandfather's heart. My story relates to those turbulent times when sectional animosity and po-

litical antagonism had at last culminated in the disintegration of the Union, and finally precipitated the stupendous catastrophe of war; when society was shaken to its center, and the natural ties of blood and association were uprooted and scattered as by a whirlwind; when religious fanaticism largely usurped the place of piety; when incendiary speeches were made from the pulpit, and prowling emissaries penetrated even the more remote and secluded regions of the South, and in the name of humanity and high heaven, incited the negroes to revolt and massacre, and the most horrible excesses of infuriate hatred. At the time when my story begins, the storm had not yet broken, or the seal of death been set on these enchanting scenes; but it was not long ere these peaceful valleys were made the theatre of a gigantic conflict, and the solitude of these mountain fastnesses broken by the bugle-call rallying brave men to battle. Then the tramp of armed legions was heard in the night, and streams of glittering steel poured through our valleys; nor was it long ere the clash of arms and thunder of heavy guns were heard in the wild tumult and shock of war.

The speaker was a man far advanced in years; but his tall, fine form was unbent by time, and his noble features still retained their habitual expression of command. There was in his manner a quiet dignity and conscious power, truly majestic; and the fine inflections of his voice—deep and soft as the sound of distant summer thunder—gave evidence, if that were wanting, of the thoroughly cultivated gentleman; whilst his martial bearing, no less than the deep scar which

lay in a white seam across his forehead, might well have indicated to one not knowing it, that he had been no stranger to those scenes of havoc to which he had referred; and yet, upon the lips of that stern, dark man, there was a tremor of emotion—not that of weakness, but of strength of feeling—and in his touch a tenderness like that of woman, as he toyed with those masses of beautiful hair that lay like ripples of sunlight on his battle-scarred breast, and kissed the fair, young face that nestled so lovingly against his own. But why was he silent so long? Was the story forgotten? Was the old soldier dreaming? Yes, dreaming as memory dreams of the past—dreaming of joys that were gone; of the youth that had fled; of the hopes that were dead; of the love, and sorrow, and agony of other years; of the days of desolation and night of despair! Then the glory of sunset, and the sweet, serene twilight at last.

He had been dreaming long—how long he knew not, nor cared. Still he rested his chin on the withering hand that held his heavy cane, his dark eyes fixed on scenes that no longer moved before him.

The beautiful girl, too gentle to disturb his reverie, had crept still closer to the brave old heart, and now lay fast asleep on her grandfather's breast; her fair hair mingled with his silvery locks, and the trembling sweetness of her soft, warm lips still pressed, while she slept, to the brawny cheek of that stern old warrior. But the lovely picture was lost to him; his thoughts were turned back o'er the years that had fled, and the varied scenes of his eventful life; and long he sat there, motionless, on that picturesque porch, where the luxurious honeysuckle loaded the air with

its rich perfume ; nor thought of the sweet young life whose pure current ran so close to the dark mystery of his own ; still less of the changeful beauty of the evening landscape, as the lengthening shadows crept over the valley, or the magnificent panorama of celestial loveliness passing before him.

The sun had gone down behind the purple gloom of North Mountain in all the pomp and splendor of the god of day, trailing his robes of royal purple, and crimson, and gold along the rosy-green sky ; whilst the Blue Ridge blushed beneath his parting kiss. The graceful form of Mount Massanutton, clothed in opalescent hues, lay in soft lines along the south-west horizon. Down in the valley where the blue mists had gathered, winding away through the olive-green forests, the flashing waters of the bright Shenandoah, with their green, glassy curves and feathery spray, as they curled 'round the rocks on their musical way to the broad Potomac, were lost in the distance and gloom of the coming night.

No sound disturbed the deep solitude of the hour, save the tinkle of cow-bells beyond the river, and the voice of a solitary fisherman returning from his nets, chanting a melody in a low, monotonous tone to the dip of his oars, as his eyes wandered thoughtfully backwards along the pale wake of his boat. Ever and anon, a fish broke the surface of the mirrored waters with circles of light spreading afar o'er the deep purple shadows in the quiet stream ; then all was still.

The day was spent. Over the dark curtain of mountains in the east the full moon rose with ruddy glow ; and

the solitary owl in the lonely forest proclaimed the reign of night. Close by the side of a beautiful brook, that ran through a rocky ravine to the river near by, where the clear, cool current suddenly started from its loitering way, and went dashing and flashing between the green rocks, whose purple and russet sides—sometimes silvered with a winterish frost, or covered in places with spangles of moss—were reflected here and there in the eddying pools; there stood an humble cottage, half concealed amidst grand, old forest trees, and surrounded with green grass and beds of flowers, with here and there a clump of flowering shrubs.

A certain air of comfort and refined taste, not unmingled with an unconscious evidence of gentle breeding and former affluence, surrounded the unpretentious home.

Stretching along the front of the house was a long, low porch, commanding a glorious view, and laden with masses of fragrant honeysuckle in bloom, through which the moonlight streamed, and wrought fantastic forms in bright mosaic on the floor.

In after years, at such an hour, there sat on that picturesque porch and dreamed, an old man, whose silvery locks were lovingly mingled with the golden hair of a beautiful girl, who was sleeping there on his battle-scarred breast; and the trembling sweetness of her soft, warm lips was pressed, as she slept, to the brawny cheek of that stern old warrior.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—Not far from this cottage, on the banks of the beautiful river, whose tiny wavelets now flashed in the moonlight like spangles of stars on the bosom of night, stood a hewn-log-cabin, whose appearance of cleanly comfort and contentment was in perfect harmony with the adjacent house to which it evidently belonged.

Just emerging from the door came an aged negro, who paused a moment upon the threshold and looked around; then pounding the floor with his heavy cane, he accompanied the action with a merry voice, saying—

Tom. You, Dina! You ole gal!

What you want, nigga? [answered Dina from within.]

Tom. Bring dat a' banjo hea' dis minute; d' yo' hyea' me?

Ugh! [Then lowering his voice into a wierd chant, he sung]—

Hoo, hoo-ooh; hoo-ooh!

De moon am on de riba;

Hoo, hoo-ooh; hoo-ooh!

De wata 's all a-quiba;

An' de spa'kles bright,

Like de sta's ob night,

Am trembl'n on de riba.

Hoo, hoo-ooh; hoo-ooh!

I's gwine to git de banjo, too; hoo-ooh; hoo-ooh.

[Pausing, he placed his hand to his ear and leaned forward in a listening attitude. Far away beyond the river,

amidst the forest's solitude and mountain mystery, echo answered]—

Hoo-ooh; hoo-ooh.

Old Tom. Ugh, ugh! You 's been da long 'nough to knows de voice ob Ole Tom widout ax'n me—"Who 's you!" No, sah, you ca'nt come dat on dis nigga! [And the old negro then commenced to move in a wierd sort of dance with his shadow, in a manner that showed the dexterity he had possessed in earlier years.]

Enter Old Dina, an aged negress, wife of Tom.

Whew! Lo'd a-mighty, nigga! [ejaculated the old woman, as she appeared at the door with the banjo, rolling her eyes in astonishment, and showing the ivory in her capacious mouth.]

Ugh-ugh! Gugh-faugh! Hyeah, hyeah, hyeah! [she continued, convulsed with laughter, winding up with an exhaustive slap on her knee]—

Am dat you, Tom? Fo' de lo'd, honey; if you isn't git'n young agin', sho' 'nuff.

Tom. Hyeah, hyeah? [laughed Old Tom.]

You 's shout'n now! But I say, you Dina; d' you 'memba de times when dis ole coon use to shuffle 'roun' dat a' little fat gal dat you wuz, an' tickle you unda de ribs—so! [mischievously suiting the action to the words.]

Go 'long, nigga; no you neba; [cried Dina with a broad grin, retreating behind the door.]

Ugh! Golly; but dat ole gal 's a caution, sho! [exclaimed the old man, looking around in search of something.]

Bress me; wha 's dat a' cheer done gone to?

Ugh-hugh ; hea' you is, is you? [he continued reaching around for something he felt in his rear.]

Come 'long roun' hea', now, wha' you 's wanted ; so ! [and he slowly hauled it around with the stern deliberation of a school-master who had detected a youngster pinning paper to his coat tail, and set it down before him ; eyeing it the while as if fearful it might get away again.]

Now, den [he continued], you jis stay right dar 'till Ole Tom gits de banjo ; you hea' ? [And the good old soul shuffled back to the door for his beloved instrument, where Dina had left it, with an amusingly suspicious glance backwards at the recreant stool. Having secured his treasure, he retraced his steps and sat down on the rickety old stool with such emphasis that they both went crashing to the ground. Picking himself up very leisurely, he rubbed himself in various places to ascertain the extent of the damage ; examined his banjo ; inspected the chair ; and felt the bald spot on the top of his head to see if it was still there.]

Hyeah, hyeah ! [he exclaimed.] Dah you is yit ; de same ole spot ! [Finding everything in working order, he balanced himself carefully on the three remaining legs of the stool, and began to tune his banjo. Having done so to his satisfaction, he said merrily]—

Dat ah ole song ; I neba does git tia'd ob dat ole song ; it sort o' brings back de mem'ry ub de good ole times. [Then raising his deep full voice—which trembled, however, a little with age—he sang to an accompaniment]—

Wha' de moonbeam am de brightest, da dis nigga lubs
to be,

An' dance wi' dis hea' nigga [pointing at his shadow],
dat 's de nigga shape ob me ;

An' 'magine *dat* 's de coon dat use to climb de ole gum
tree

By moon-light a'ta possums in de woods ob Tennessee.

Burden : Oh, niggas ; yes, niggas ;

An' 'magin 'dat 's de coon dat use to climb de ole gum
tree—

Oh, niggas ; yes, niggas ;

By moonlight a'ta possums in de woods ob Tennessee.

[As he paused, the voices of a company of negroes in the
distance rose in a grand chorus]—

Oh, niggas ; yes, niggas ;

An' 'magin '*dat* 's de coon dat use to climb de ole gum
tree—

Oh, niggas ; yes, niggas ;

By moonlight a'ta possums in de woods ob Tennessee.

Tom. Hyeah, hyeah! [laughed Old Tom.] Dey 's
com'n, sho! [And the old fellow slapped his knee in great
glee, and squirmed around, rolling his eyes with delight ;
then raised his voice again in song]—

Wha de moonbeam am de brightest, da dis nigga lubs
to be,

An' 'magin '*dat* 's de nigga [shadow] dat dis nigga use
to see

When I dance wid lubly Dina in de yea's so long
gone by,

Afo' de stary brightness had died out ob her black eye.

Oh, niggas; yes, niggas;
 I dance wid lubly Dina in de yea's so long gone by—
 Oh, niggas; yes, niggas;
 Afo' de stary brightness had died out ob her black eye.

[As he softly picked an interlude in a meditative way, the negro chours, now evidently nearer, again caught his ear, rising clear and full on the night air.]—

Negro Chorus. Oh, niggas; yes, niggas;
 He dance wid lubly Dina in de yea's so long gone by—
 Oh, niggas; yes, niggas;
 Afo' de stary brightness had died out ob her black eye!

[Shaking his head sadly, as if to deprecate the ravages of time, Old Tom added in a soft, low solo]—

Afo' de stary brightness had died out ob her black eye!

[Then he picked an interlude and resumed his song]—

When de moonbeam am de brightest, an' dis nigga
 [shadow] da'kest seems,

De fo'ms ob ea'ly joys come back in dis hea' nigga's
 dreams;

An' I 'magin' I is young agin, an' Dina wid dis coon
 Am danc'n by de riba in de bright light ob de moon.

Oh, niggas; yes, niggas;

I 'magin' I is young agin, an' Dina wid dis coon—

Oh, niggas; yes, niggas;

Is danc'n by the riba in the bright light ob de moon.

[Arising, he resumed that slow, grotesque dance with his shadow. And sure enough, out glided Old Dina and

skipped, and hopped, and shuffled around Old Tom to his infinite delight, until, in the excitement, they both broke into a double shuffle. And now was heard a grand chorus, swelling loud, as a large company of negroes came upon the scene and joined in the dance.]

Chorus—all. Oh, niggas ; yes, niggas ;
We 'magin' Tom am young agin, an' Dina wid dat
coon—

Oh, niggas ; yes, niggas ;
Am dance'n by the riba in de bright light ob de moon !

Shoo, dah ! [suddenly exclaimed Tom, with a gesture to enjoin silence, as he leaned eagerly forward on his cane, and peered into the gloom in the direction of the cottage.]

You niggas, git away fum hea', quick ! D' you hea' me ? Fo' de lo'd, da comes de Miss Lilly, sart'n, sho ! [The negroes all quickly roll their eyes in the direction indicated by Tom ; and with broad grins and suppressed tee-hees, shyed and shuffled away with apish antics and every form of grotesque attitude.]

[*Exeunt* company of negroes.]

Oh, here you are, you dear, dear, dear old Uncle Tom ! [exclaimed a lovely, fair-haired girl of seventeen summers, in a silvery voice, twirling by the ribbons her pretty straw hat as she bounded into view.]

Oh, how glad, glad, glad I am to see my old play-fellow once more ! [she continued, placing her little, white-gloved hand into his great, black paw].

Lo'd bress yo' heart, honey [ejaculated the old black

man, delightedly, pressing the little hand to his lips with infinite delicacy and tender respect].

Wha's you done come fum now? Fo' de lo'd, chile, I 's jis dy'n kase I 's so glad to see de little Miss Lilly, sho 'nuf, back hea'! Bress de good lo'd! [continued the faithful old creature, slapping his knee as was his wont to testify his pleasure, and fairly squirming with excess of joy]—
Golly! But it do tickle dis ole nigga, sho, to see dem eyes once agin a-fo' I dies! An' so de Miss Lilly an't done gone 'n fo'got Ole Tom a'ta all? Ugh?

Forgotten *you*, Uncle Tom! *I*? [exclaimed the lovely girl, a slight shade passing over her beautiful face]—

Do you not know that my recollections of you are associated with all that is brightest and sweetest in life? Then how *could* I forget you?

No, no, chile; bress de sweet life. I knowed *you* neba could fo'git Ole Tom. But [added the kind-hearted old negro, his voice a little thick with emotion]—it 's done gone twelve long yea's, honey, since de times ub dem happy days when Uncle Tom an' de child'n use to play all oba dese hills, an' sail de little boats down dah in de meado'-brook, and pick de wild flowas 'n de fields.

Dem was happy days, chile; yes, dey was. [And the old man wiped away a silent tear].

Yes, Uncle Tom; and oh! [she cried, clapping her hands with glee] do you remember how we used to make wreaths of them for *your* head; and lead you home captive with a rope of flowers?

Tom. Bress yo' heart, chile; I 'membas all dat zif 't was yesterday; an' sometimes de child'n 'd ride on de

back ob de ole hoss, too! Hyeah, hyeah, hyeah! Yes, indeed; yes, indeed!

Lillian. Oh, how sweet the memory of those unclouded days! Ah, me [she sighed, as a flood of sweet recollections overwhelmed her], how I should love to live those years all over again!

And so should I! [exclaimed a manly voice behind them, as Augustus Hampton came upon the scene.]

Oh! [cried Lillian with a start, the color rushing to her cheeks, and her eyes lighting up with a thrill of pleasure as she turned with mingled timidity and childish confidence]—

Oh, dear! [she continued, catching her breath, and instinctively laying her hand upon her heart]—

I knew who it was, though [she said coyly, yielding to his strong embrace, and pouting her pretty lips for his eager kiss. By this time the faithful old *playmate*, finding himself involved in such a delicate scene, and feeling that he might have outlived his usefulness, commenced to withdraw respectfully from the presence of the young folks.

Turning, he perceived a young darky standing with his arms a-kimbo, and his eyes and mouth engaged in violent competition to see which could open widest; evidently experiencing for the first time a revelation of love in high life. Cracky! [ejaculated the imp, in a whisper.]

You, Klack! You, nigga! [shouted Tom, making a dive for him] come hea', you tarnal moke! Jis lef me kotch hold 'n dat inquisitum imp; 'n if I don't makes de fur fly an' larn dat ah coon to stan' dah a-kimbo—you hea' *me!* [But Klack had vanished long before this tirade had

ended; and poor old Tom was left to shuffle away in his wake as fast as he could, but without the least prospect of overtaking him. Augustus and Lillian laughed softly at the incident.]

Faithful Old Tom [said Augustus, affectionately.] We shall miss him sadly when he goes to return no more. But, Lillian, I heard that you were coming, darling, and hastened home as fast as the wings of love and hope of happiness could bring me; but I find that you have won the race.

'Tis little worth, Augustus; if that is all [she said coquettishly.]

Aug. Tut, tut! You know full well all else was won
Ere the race of life had well begun.

But, Lillian [he exclaimed with exultant joy], how it makes my heart to stand tip-toe to see you here once more amidst the very scenes where this sweet dream of love began!

And is it but a dream, Augustus? [persisted she, with tantalizing sweetness, in tones as liquid and tremulous as the music of those crystal waters that ran beside them.] Ah, then [she continued, nestling closer against his heart], may there be in life no waking.

If it *is* a dream, 'tis one of paradise! [exclaimed her lover, rapturously, pressing the dainty form to his heart.] But listen [he added sharply.] I fancied I heard a footstep. Ah, sir; good evening, Mr. Rathmore! [he continued, with a spice of irony in his tone, as a tall, dark figure, muffled in a short cloak, emerged from the deep shadow of a clump of bushes into the full light of the moon.]

Ahem! Good evening; beg pardon, sir [said the new-comer, coolly, raising his hat with sarcastic politeness.] I was enjoying my cigar and an evening stroll, and so chanced this way. Ahem! A tru-ly delightful evening, especially for those who are in a tru-ly delightful position to enjoy it. It is, indeed! [he added, bowing repeatedly, and again raising his hat with a graceful flourish as he proceeded on his way.]

A very delightful evening, sir [replied Augustus, with stern formality, touching his hat.] I trust that *you*, sir, are in a position to enjoy it? [he continued with the same cold, ironical tone; for Augustus Hampton knew enough of Ralf Rathmore to feel assured that his presence there was not the result of accident.]

Thank you, sir; I think I am. Such displays of nature are quite refreshing [retorted the other, facing about, and allowing his eyes to rest insolently on the shrinking Lillian.] These rustic scenes are tru-ly charming in their native simplicity.

Quite true, sir; especially to a native simpleton.

Gentlemen [cried Lillian, pale and trembling with fear under that vague presentiment of evil peculiar to delicate organizations]: Will you be kind enough to desist from this? Augustus [she continued in a tone of gentle entreaty], will you please take me to the house? Good evening, sir [she added coldly, inclining her head slightly to Rathmore as she moved away.]

I crave your pardon, my lady [replied the latter with a mocking leer], for having so rudely disturbed you in your

astronomical observations. I hope no other wandering satellite or vapory meteor may come to circulate in your charmingly charmed and charming vicinity, the harbinger of ill; hugh—hugh! So, good night. But hold: What troop of wierd, fantastic forms is this that comes this way with jingling bells to tickle the ears of night? Oh, ho [he added aside]: I know them well; 'tis the Gnome of Weyer's Cave, and her spectral crew. Fair lady [he continued, addressing the lovely Lillian], there comes a mystery who can mystery unveil; mayhap she can unravel your knotty thread of life, and read your destiny. Farewell! [And the tall, dark form of Ralf Rathmore glided away into the black shadows of the night.]

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, came the sound of tinkling bells; jingle, jingle; tinkle, tinkle; here they come: mules and cows, and dirty children; horses, dogs, and ragged men; wagons full of pots and pans, bags and baggage, beds and bedding, babes and women; one promiscuous dirty muddle and squalid huddle of wandering gipsy life. On a white ass in the middle rode the Gipsy Queen—

Tall and thin; grizzled locks and cheeks sunk in;
And eyes that burned like fire:
Her toothless mouth, save here and there,
As if to add a hideous air,
A blackened fang on which to hang
Her shriveled lips,—
Looked less like that of human kind,
Than the wild creation of a frenzied mind,
Or insatiate beast of prey;
Starting from her shaggy brows like some old snag,

O'er the slimy lips of the hideous hag,
Her nose hooked round and nearly reached
Her upturned chin.

Clutching her rein with her long claw, as she appeared upon the scene, she came to a halt and slipped to the ground with surprising agility. Peering into the face of the shrinking Lillian, the old crone croaked—

Say, say, lady fair :
Can you tell us where we are,
Wand'ring in the night ?
Off,—off, ye phantoms, there :
Vanish in the misty air ;
Here we find a happy pair
Who may set us right !
Hoo—hoo—hoo, hoo !
In hollow accents running through
The shadowy throng or motley crew—
Might is right ; and following in her train,
'Round and 'round we'll come and go,
Through the carnage, wreck, and wo ;
And when 'tis done, and lost and won,
'Round and 'round we'll come again !

Then croaked the crone in a strange, sepulchral tone—
In the whirligig of time,
When the Fates avenge a crime ;
When in battle ring and rattle
The devil's chains in hideous chime ;
When the storm rolls long and far,

Bending the gates of hell ajar,—
 And belching flame in heaven's name,
 The legions damned march forth to mar
 With fire and sword the face of nature ;
 Then indeed is little heed
 Paid to beauty, worth, or age !
 So, lady fair ; take heed ; beware !
 Danger's in the trembling air !
 War, war ; wo, wo ;
 Tarry not—but go !

Have done with this, old lady ; what meaning may there be in all this mummerly ? [demanded Augustus, half laughing and half seriously.] Tell us what you want, and then be gone.

Tell ye ? And for what ? [she cried.]

Yet I *can* tell ye that will make your blood run cold !
 Yea, yea, lady gay ; and lordly gentleman though *you* be ;
 As I wander to and fro, *I* know ; *I* see ;
 Even so—even so.

Say ! [she cried, with a sudden fierceness, that made them both recoil.] Hast *thou* a *sire*, fair sir?—or *thou* ? [she continued, pointing her long bony finger at the frightened girl]—

Living or dead ; what e'er be said ;
 Can ye say it—yes or no ?

A *sire* ? Infernal wretch, would you insinuate ? [hissed Augustus between his teeth, as he glared like a tiger on the horrid hag.] Shall I tear your rotten carcass limb from limb ?

Away, you slimy reptile; or by the sacred name of her you would revile, I'll thrash the earth with your poisonous skin as long as there is a shred left of it! [But scarcely had he uttered the words ere a score of glittering blades flashed in the moonlight, and the dark forms of the gipsy crew surrounded them with menacing gestures and savage scowls.]

Stay your wrath, young master, and learn a lesson from your own vile tongue [croaked the crone, as she waved her hand slightly to disperse the savage crowd.] Folly is the father of your words, since you place *thy* meaning on the things *I* say.

I meant no aspersion on thy mother's name,
For you 'tis more the shame
To curse the old and lame.

But hark: *whom you revile has been your FRIEND*
When all the signs did only ill portend,
In times and times, and dark of moons—
When bloody red it hung low in the murky sky
Close to your star of destiny—'t was *I—e'en I*
Who broke the spell, and saved you from the jaws
of hell!

And for what? But it matters not;
Yet take you this word of warning: list—
Wandering, wandering over the earth,
With curses deep, and thirsting for revenge,
One seeks—and seeks but to destroy.

Who seeks? Seeks what? [exclaimed Augustus, impatiently; for he was strongly impressed, despite himself, by what the old creature said.]

So may ye ask; and so find out. Yet will I say—*thy father!* [cried the hag, stretching her long finger towards Augustus with a tragic air.]

Aug. FATHER! Forsooth; I have no father, hag!

Ha, ha! [croaked the crone derisively.] Cans't thou say it? Yes or no!

Here; witch or woman; what e'er you are [exclaimed our hero], take this piece of gold; and if you know aught of this, unravel now the mystery.

Keep thy gold [cried the witch]; I need it not. But ah! [she added in an altered tone, turning to Lillian]—

Here I find a lily fair;
 How I wonder who you are!
 May I hold thy tiny hand,
 And lead thee into fairy-land,
 Lily fair? Soft and sweet as summer air;
 Sunbeams in thy golden hair;
 Pure and lovely everywhere:
 Shall the Fates from evil spare?
 May I take thy rose-tipped hand,
 And in heaven's glittering band
 Seek thy star of destiny?
 Say not nay to the wrinkled, rough, and gray!

Lady fair, how I wonder who you are! [And the old creature extended her gnarly hand with such a look of entreaty, that the beautiful girl, half reluctantly, yet with a smile, suffered the hag to take her hand. The old woman turned the soft palm upwards, and bent over it as if to read the lines. Lower and still lower she bent; her glittering

eyes rivetted spell-bound upon the object before her, which she grasped with such convulsive energy that Lillian cried with pain, and tried to wrench it from her grasp.] Hey! [wildly shrieked the shrunken shrew, casting the hand away, and recoiling as if stricken with terror]—

How can this thing be?
Woe, woe, woe to thee!
Woe to thee, thou lily fair,
Now that I know who you are!

. With the water drift [she muttered in a strange, low, hollow tone]—

From the water swift;
By the water; to the water;
And *beneath* it by and by,
You shall lie—darkly die, and
As an outcast swift to flee
From life's black night to death's dark mystery!

. Farewell; so short a time, farewell! [muttered the Gnome in unearthly tones, as her bent form moved slowly backwards out of view, pointing her finger with prophetic warning at the frightened girl.]

As the wierd creature vanished, preceded by the spectral crew, the poor child sank with a low moan into the arms of Augustus.

Mas. 'Gustus! Oh, Mas. 'Gustus! [shouted the well-known voice of Old Tom.] Wha is you, chile?

Here! Here, Uncle Tom; be quick; I need you [answered Augustus quickly.]

Hea' I is Mas. 'Gustus! Good lo'd, what's de matta wid de Miss Lilly? [cried Tom in a single breath as he hurried upon the scene.]

Aug. Get some water; be quick; the Gnome has frightened the wits out of her.

De Gnome! Fo' de lo'd, Mas. 'Gustus; dat ole witch am de sista ob de debble! [muttered the old negro, as he tried in vain to break into a run; but the poor, old feet would lag behind, despite his desperate efforts.]

[Exit, Tom.]

Lillian, darling! do you hear me? [said Augustus, slowly sinking and resting the insensible form upon his knee.] Yes, yes; you do! [he cried joyously.]

Bless those sweet eyes! [he continued with passionate tenderness, as Lillian slowly opened them in a bewildering way. A sweet smile crept over her lips as she recognized Augustus; and she slowly raised her hand to his face, as if to assure herself that it was really he; then stole her arms around his neck, and sighed.]

Augustus; is it really you? Where are we, dear? [she faintly asked.] Oh, yes; oh, dear! That horrid creature! I remember now; what was it she said?

Never mind; it was nothing, darling [replied Augustus in a reassuring tone.] 'Twas but the croaking of a soulless hag, whose only object is to affright; thus making capital of the people's fears. Come; let us to the house, where you may rest.

[But now came the sound of many voices, and footsteps hurrying towards the spot. In another moment, a large

party of ladies and gentlemen, interspersed with negro servants, rushed upon the scene with exclamations of alarm, mingled with a hundred hurried questions.]

In vain Lillian tried to laugh the matter off, and convince them that nothing serious had occurred; for she still leaned heavily upon the arm of Augustus, and her face was deathly pale. Many were the imprecations, threats, and words of indignation, as Augustus, in as few words as possible, explained the strange affair. Forcing his way through the crowd, came faithful Tom bearing a basin of water.

Mas. 'Gustus; hea' 's de wata, sah! [he exclaimed with respectful solicitude.]

Thank you, Uncle Tom [replied Augustus kindly]; but you have had all your trouble for nothing; we shall not need it now.

Yes, sah; I's mouty glad [said the old servant, bowing low repeatedly as he backed away.]

You, Klack! [cried Old Dina.] Take dat wata, nigga! Da's no tell'n, Miss Lilly mout want dat wata yit; an' you jis stay 'roun 'bout hea' wha yo' mout be want'n—you hea'?

Yes'm [grunted the black scamp, as he took the basin of water from the hands of Tom.]

Aug. Come, ladies and gentlemén, let us to the house; and as the evening star leads forth the moon, so I, fair Lillian. Then may all these shadows tarry with the night when we are gone.

You, Klack! [shaply ejaculated Old Dina, as she perceived the little black imp standing in the way, staring at Lillian with eyes and mouth wide open.]

You, Klack! [ejaculated Tom on the other side.] Quick as a flash the boy whirled and made a dive to escape Tom's hand; but horror of horrors; he landed his wooly cranium square in the ample abdomen of the plethoric Dina, who doubled up with surprising agility and went spinning and hopping around, holding it tenderly in her hands, and bellowing at the top of her voice—

Oh, oh, oh! Fo' de lub uv heab'n! Ugh! Fo' de lub uv—ugh—ugh! [The unlucky Klack sank upon his knees before Dina, with eyes rolling in mortal terror, and his clasped hands extended in supplication. But she was evidently in no lenient mood, or was too busy with her own affairs to be bothered by him, and so yelled at the top of her voice, accompanying the words with a vicious kick, which Klack, however, adroitly dodged]— “You git away from hea', honey; fo' I kicks de stuf'n clar out'n yo'! You hea'!” [But instead of waiting to see her commands complied with, she went herself; vigorously caressing her tender feelings with both hands, and grunting energetically]—

Ugh! Fo' de lo'd! Ugh! Fo' de lub uv—[At this critical moment Klack again caught a glimpse of Tom's hand hovering in the air, and made another formidable pass to escape the threatened evil; and this time he took the legs clean from under another negro standing near, and sent him sprawling over his back. The two rolled over and over, and finally brought up in a sitting position, face to face; glaring at each other in mute astonishment. Ruefully rubbing his wooly pate, the rascally author of all this rumpus exclaimed with an enormous grin]—

Klack. Golly! Am dat you, Joe? What's yo' do'n 'way oba da?

I'll show yo' nigga, what I's do'n way oba da! [exclaimed Joe, angrily, as he scrambled to his feet; and as Klack sped away on his hands and knees, seeing a good opportunity, he leveled a vigorous kick at it. But the kick missed fire, and Joe came near losing his footing; but he saved himself by bracing up abruptly against Old Dina's back, giving her a terrible jolt. Thoroughly angry, he now made another desperate assault on Klack's fundamental principles; but the wary rascal was on his guard; and as he saw it coming, dropped suddenly; then, as Joe's feet went flying over his back, he sprang to his feet with a quick movement and caught it on his shoulder, sending his assailant sprawling on the flat of his back. By this time the entire company was in an uproar.

Ugh—ugh! [grunted Old Dina, wiping away her sweat and tears with the corner of her apron]— Da's no use a talk'n; dat ah chile 'll be de def ub dis ole mammy yit! [And to complete the ludicrous termination of the scene, the fat, jolly old negress, now fairly exhausted, and still puffing and blowing like a walrus on dry land, having backed up against a rustic seat, and thinking it exactly the thing she then most needed, sat down to rest. But blizzards and furies! The mischievous Klack, seeing her intention, slyly slipped in the seat the basin of water. The astonished victim scrambled out of it as fast as her fatness would permit, whilst the deal of a darky, already out of reach, and glancing back with a grin, tucked his head with a snicker and darted away like the imp of satan he was, with the irate Dina in hot pur-

suit. The whole affair was so ludicrous, that the entire party now joined in the general hilarity, and merrily followed Augustus and Lillian to the house, singing gaily]—

Chorus—all, except Augustus and Lillian :

Now, Jupiter is the ev'ning star,
 And Lillian is the moon ;
 But in the morning's golden car,
 As Venus she shall soon
 Appear before the god of day,
 In beauty's pure and bright array ;
 In beauty, pure and bright alway,
 As Venus or the moon !

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Soon the open glade was as peaceful under the serene moonlight as it was before the varied events through which we have passed in the preceding scene had disturbed its quiet. Then from the deep gloom of the surrounding trees glided a tall, dark figure, muffled in a short cloak.

So, so [quoth Ralf Rathmore, for it was he],
 'Tis an ill wind that blows no good ;
 The Gnome knows something, or the wind is ill ;
 Or the adage lies, which e'er you will.
 Well, well ; what e'er it is, 'tis better to be wise,
 Howe'er one's wisdom sends kiting to the skies
 One's vanity. Knowledge, they say, is power ;
 Perhaps this little episode unravels a knotty mystery,
 And explains the reason why I have been repelled,
 And yet, would Lillian Bellemont wed so poor a man ?

'Tis not that *I* would *wed*, that I would know ;
But that her wedding would confound me so.
Howe'er that be, in candor I must confess
He is my peer, and more, in all that makes a man—
Whate'er by fickle fortune man be made.
But why this fierce antagonism and jealous hate ?
He is, or was, her foster brother,
And this attachment may be nothing more.
Still, his gall has made him bitter to my taste,
And I must reckon him mine enemy.
'Tis very like he knows the nature of my game,
And fain would fail me.
Then be it so : the opposition, whate'er the motive to it,
Will whet my appetite, and give a certain value to the
prize.
Taken all in all, and measured by the standard
Of the common drift, 'tis a strange adventure.
There is something in it of romance ; and I am fond
of that.
Without a love affair, from time to time,
Life becomes insipid, and insufferably stale ;
Yet, too much sweetness palls upon the taste—
'Tis better when 'tis somewhat mixed.
He, ho, hum ! To break the dry hum-drum
Of social pleasures with some native fun !
Love ; romance ; as in a blissful trance,
To wander for a time in bright Elysian fields !
Ugh-hugh [he ejaculated in a peculiar tone, indicating
at once a species of contempt, and a familiarity
with such affairs]—

Upon my honor (if such a thing should chance
To be amongst my collaterals—hugh, hugh!)
She is as beautiful as a painter's dream.
No mere wall-flower; or crude specimen
Of rustic loveliness; but a type of that rare beauty
Which is the polished mirror of a polished mind.
But she is poor, and now dependent—not on *bounty*,
Which her spirit spurns—but on the fruits she garners
From the generous soil that nature gave her.
And better still, there is but one impediment in my way;
And *that* may easily be removed—hugh-hugh—by *faith*!
Young and inexperienced in the ways of the world;
Innocent as a babe—knowing no evil, and suspecting
 none;
Confiding in anything and everything, because
She knows no difference between them;
Fond of music and poetry,
Of which I have a liberal supply—
What more need a wily cuss like me desire?
This fragrant tit-bit of youth and loveliness
Will fall an easy prey!
Long experience has made of me an adept
In this profession; and I have spread successfully
My net for older birds.
I will teach this little charmer a lesson of the world;
Perhaps 'twill be of service to her when I have done.
Hist! Who comes this way? [he muttered.]
Let us gently vanish in this dark retreat,
Where one may rest, by all the rest unseen.

Something is sometimes learned whilst one is sleeping.
If perchance the gates be left ajar.
So vanish I; so rest; so sleep!

So saying, Ralf Rathmore glided out of sight, just as an elderly lady, walking slowly, and evidently absorbed in thought, came upon the scene.

It was Mrs. Arlington, a wealthy lady of Baltimore; the supposed aunt, and the foster-mother of Rathmore. She was a fine representative of that noble type of woman peculiar to a past generation; but now, unfortunately, so seldom met. Tall, and finely proportioned; her beautiful teeth still intact; her abundant hair of soft, silvery gray, done up in an antique style; and the chaste form, no less than the quickly varying expression of her beautiful features, indicating that fine quality of mind in which strength of character is tempered with delicacy of feeling; she presented a picture worthy the pencil of a master. In her bearing there was a certain loftiness and unconscious air of command peculiar to the southern lady; yet this trace of hauteur was so softened with kindness, and that exquisite grace and perfect candor that belongs to none other than pure and guileless minds, that it only made one appreciate and enjoy more fully every dainty favor that she bestowed. In her face was not wanting the withering witness of sorrow; yet this was half concealed beneath a serene composure that seemed to say that she had gained the mastery. In her large, dark eyes there was a deep, soft sadness; an earnestness in her speech; a calm strength in her manner, belonging to those old veterans only, who have fought and won the battle of

life. As she leisurely advanced to the open glade, she was communing with herself in an earnest tone—

They say her name is Lillian! [she exclaimed aloud, evidently much agitated.] Ah! [she continued in a far-away tone]—

Those beautiful, beautiful eyes! How they haunt me still!

The memories of other years; how they now crowd upon me! [she cried with suppressed vehemence, clasping her hands before her, and bowing her head in sorrow.]

They are so like those other eyes whose gentle glow
 Warmed my heart with gladness in the long ago!
 Then, is it strange the sight of them should fill
 My soul with longing, and call up
 The memory of those joys now flown forever?
 Of which these fading images are all that now remain.
 Alas [she added piteously], those days are gone,
 And I am left alone to walk the night.
 But, ah! The dream! That glorious dream!
 Was it but a fancy sprang from craving of the heart?
 I would know by what fatality I have sought these
 scenes.

Was it but vain desire, or was it instinct that led me
 here?

Perhaps some higher power impelled me hither.
 What e'er it was, or how, 'tis something more than
 strange—

This dream and its coincidence. All the sweetness

Of that beautiful vision now returns with sight of her.
'Twas that angel face that was the center of my dream!
Was it but an image drawn from memory's store,
And by the imagination's fertile power,
Woven into the fabric of that glorious dream?
Then 'tis that the loadstone of my heart lies buried
here.

There is a fascination in this place, and near,
Far greater than its native charms;
In happier days I traveled here. But now,
Alone and desolate I make this pilgrimage;
For I may say alone, for all the comfort that I have
in *him*;

Yet must I love him still, since he is all I have to love.
He is my darling sister's child; and in thus loving him,
I do but love her in what remains; I can no other love.
Within a few hours' journey towards the setting sun,
There is a place where all my fondest hopes
And happiness in life lie buried with my child!
Woe is me; buried—but in no grave or certain place,
Where I might go and bathe the sacred sod
With sorrow's ceaseless flow!
Torn from my arms to meet a fate I cannot know,
Or knowing, could not bear; oh, precious jewel—
Thy father's image, and incarnation of a mother's joy—
What power, or potent spell
Of offended heaven or insatiate hell
Could be so cruel?

It seems that I could freight my dying breath
With imprecations, and a curse !
But stay ; 'tis not the way if I would meet them *there*
[she added more calmly, extending her hands to
heaven]—
But why have these years been lengthened out ?
Why could I not have perished with my loved ones ?
Why were *you* spared to me, child of my love,
To brighten my way for one vanishing day,
Only to make sorrow's night seem the darker ?
Stay thy words, thou monitor of the soul [she cried
with a gesture, as if to deprecate some imaginary
words of comfort or consolation]—
Nothing that thou can'st say can now restore
The lost jewel of my heart, or those that sleep
'Midst the dark mysteries of the deep.
There they lie like pearls of the ocean,
Driven with the sands a thousand fathoms below—
Proud Rathmore ; dark, and fierce, and tall,
Like Ralf ; husband ; sister ; all !
None saved, save Ralf—poor sister's child,
From the wreck, and flames, and tempest wild
That swallowed all in death !
Fifteen years have rolled away ;
Yet do the flames that shrouded *them* in death
Still burn, and flout their banners in my brain !
How the imagination paints the scene—
The dark rolling of that limitless sea,
And black canopy of stormy cloud ;

The wild rush and roar of fire along the deck ;
The red flames with fiendish exultation
Mounting upwards, higher and higher,
Hurling the sails in sheets of fire
Against the blackness of the night.
See that throng of doomed unfortunates, forced to
choose

Betwixt the agony of consuming fire,
And the cold horror of the hungry deep ;
Clinging wildly, surging to and fro,
With mingled shrieks and curses,
And most piteous appeals to heaven for help ;
And in their midst was all of earth most dear to me,
Save my child—my angel child !

Oh, these memories make my heart to cease its beating.
This suffocating loneliness—this desolation of despair ;
Oh, 'tis so hard, so hard to bear ! [For one moment
pale and still she stood ; her head thrown back ;
her clasped hands raised to heaven, as her pale
lips moved in prayer.

As the summer sunshine chases the flying shadows over
the landscape, so a heavenly light stole softly over the wo-
worn face, and clouds and darkness took their flight.]

'Twas only a dream [she murmured in liquid tones]—
And yet it would seem like paradise.
And I saw *her there* ; an angel so supremely fair ;
With that same rippling, golden hair.

[Again she paused, and stood as one entranced. In her
eyes there was a light deep-glowing, like the memory dear

of some great happiness still burning like a holy light within the darkened sanctuary of her soul. Then she raised her eyes, and extending her hand towards the spangled firmament, sang in a soft, low, tremulous tone]—

Oh, tell me, thou starry-gemmed heaven so fair,
 Oh, tell me, I pray thee, is my darling there
 In one of those spheres that now glitter so bright
 On the deep, serene bosom of infinite night?
 Oh, tell me some angel—pure spirit of love—
 In which of those spheres dwells my little, lost dove?
 Oh, do ye not know how this mother's heart yearns
 With a longing as constant as your starlight burns?
 Then tell me, ye angels; oh, tell me my dream:
 Was I sleeping or waking? Are things as they seem
 Revealed in that beautiful, beautiful dream?

[As the last notes died away, she turned, as if impelled by some resistless influence, and her eyes became fixed in bewilderment upon the enchanting vision that opened before her.]

[Scene drawn, discovering Paradise.

There—there! [she exclaimed with rapture, extending her arms eagerly, and slowly sinking upon her knees]—

'Tis paradise—a scene in heaven, supremely fair;
 With golden lights and rosetints in the air!
 There in the midst, the fairest of that throng,
She leads the band, and mingles with their song
 Her silvery notes:—thus sweetly sings
 To their measured tread and beating of their wings!

[A celestial march is first heard in the distance, increasing in volume and apparently drawing nearer until the company of angels appears; then fades away with the scene. On so sweet a scene, albeit the fevered imagining of a disordered mind, let us draw the curtains and leave the weary soul to rest in paradise.]

Scene 1.—Closed in.

As the full moon glided from beneath the cloud that had overcast it at the close of the last scene, and the curtain of darkness rolled away from the familiar spot, a tall, dark figure, muffled in a short cloak, stealthily emerged from the shelter of the surrounding shrubbery and stood in a listening attitude in the open glade, cautiously peering around.

Well, she has gone [muttered Ralf Rathmore; for as may be supposed, it was he]—

Pity 'tis, 'tis not to paradise,
To join that band in the happy land.
Troth, *I* am nothing loth to grant her all that pleasure.
I might then take my ease, and enjoy her ample
treasure.

But in all sincerity, there is something here
Well calculatèd to excite my fear :
Suppose this girl—this Lillian fair—
Should prove her child—her only heir?
What right or portion would I have there?
How would a luckless devil like me fare?
A pensioner on her bounty; her slave, or something
worse—

An outcast; felon; *fiend*: my bitterest curse
 Pursue the thought!
 Let me feel sure of this; be this revealed
 Beyond a doubt, and her doom is sealed!
 Tread lightly, loves; tread softly as you like;
 Beware! I shall not rattle ere I strike!
 If this must be, what care I for eternity?
 Or life; or death, or hell, or heaven?—
 If I from affluence must be driven,
 And wrapped in rags and poverty!
 Now may this dread uncertainty
 And shadowy form of impending woe
 Take form; the full measure of calamity
 And front of frowning danger, let me know!
 By all the powers of hell;
 Ye Furies; and ye spirits damned:
 I will invoke the spell
 Of sorcery, and demand
 To know if this must be!
 I will test this thing
 By the potent power of the witch's ring.

[Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, ere the hideous form of the Gnome of Weyer's Cave glided noiselessly forth from the blackness of night, and stood motionless behind him. Turning slowly, as if controlled by some mysterious influence, he started back with a sort of horror, as he beheld the unsightly creature.]

What! So soon? Behold the moon!
 'Tis not yet on the wane! [he cried.]

Gnome. 'Tis not the moon that makes me come so soon ;
Nor wait I for the wane before I come again.
Hast not invoked the ring ?
Beware the scorpion's sting !
What cause hast thou to bring
Me hurrying here ?
To root thy fear
In certainty ? 'Tis well ; have care,
A tempest gathers in the air !
I sniff the storm and feel the jar
Of distant thunder in the sultry air !
The rumbling discord near and far,
Proclaims disaster, wreck, and war ;
Nor rides *thy* star in heavens fair !

Rath. Out upon you ! Why halt you there ?
Your tardy words impatience doth foment ;
And hot imagination doth present
Vague terrors to mine eyes ! A white-faced fear
Seems ever present, hovering near.
Be quick with it ; if there is danger here,
Condense your speech and let the worst appear !
[Then commenced to slowly wag
The Gorgon's head of the hideous hag ;
And muttering low,
In measured accents deep and slow, she said]—
There is a tale that was never told ;
A narrative new—but a memory old.
Listen ; to thee I will unfold
A story 'l make thy blood run cold,

And freeze the life-tide at thine heart.

I will tell thee *who* and whence *thou* art!

Hugh, hugh! What wilt thou? Why thus start?

Dost *fear* to know? Wouldst have the Gnome depart?

Rath. No! By the gods, what e'er you know,

I would have you stay, and fairly show.

Long have I thought there was some mystery,

Or tale of horror concerning me,

In the deep gloom and obscurity

Of your dark mind.

Now the truth unbind,

And say your say, howe'er unkind,

Or fraught with terror.

Gnome. Then mark me well;

Nor interrupt me if I dwell

Long on the things I have to tell,

Of love, and crime, and error,

And dark deeds that with terror

Make the shuddering flesh to creep,

And burn the eyes that no more weep

Because so old in sorrow.

. There is near, a lady fair,

With waves of sunlight in her hair;

Whose story is a fairy tale,

With scenes laid in this lovely vale,

And mystery, like the silvery veil

Of morning mist around it.

. Amidst the lilies, long ago—

Seventeen summers, if I know—

She was found where the musical flow

Of the limpid waters so merrily go ;
Where the violets blue and the lilies grow,
And forest-trees sway to and fro ;
On the banks of the meadow-brook.
In the beautiful stream, so cool and clear,
A little child, as it would appear,
Floating on a drifting plank,
Had stranded on the oozy bank
Where the lilies grow.
Dangling lazily over her head,
As the child lay in her watery bed,
The flowers her attention drew.
As she toyed with the blossoms, the morning dew
Sprinkled her face with the gems that flew
Glittering in the sun.
'Tis thus the statements run.
As the morning broke bright o'er the mountains of blue,
And each beautiful thing was all spangled with dew,
Along the old road where the wild flowers grew
Amidst the tangle of brush :
Came a bright little boy, with a rollicksome air,
Whose face was as free from the shadows of care,
As the heaven above him—so cloudless and fair,
Bright with the morn's early blush.
In the dust of the road, which was moist with the dew,
Were the prints of his feet, and the marks that he drew
With his bare toes spread wide to let filter through
Them the cool, soft dust.
As he capered, and pranced, and frolicked along,
Driving the cows with his whistle and song,

A sound caught his ear, which he fancied was wrong,
Coming from where it did :

Then, leaving the road, to the meadow-brook sped,
And discovered the babe in its watery bed.

Quick as a thought, and as light, was his tread,
As over the oozy earth he sped,
And parted the lilies over her head.

There, drift in the water her golden curls,
As she lay like a gem with a setting of pearls.

Lifting her tenderly up in his arms,
Nor waiting to measure the little one's charms,
He joyously carried the waif to his mother,
And told of the strange adventure.

Rath. If this be new, then things are no more old ;
'Tis many years since first that tale was told.

Gnome. The *tail* was told ; the *end* was first begun' ;
The tale may newer seem ere I have done.
You know who this infant was ?

Rath. 'Tis known of all the country 'round ;
'Twas Lillian Bellemont that was found—
A child of shame, whom they sought to drown
By casting her in the stream.

Gnome. How wise they are : they know it all so well !
Nor witch, nor wizzard, nor dream, nor mystic spell,
May e'er enlighten those that 'round here dwell.
Be thou yet wiser ; list, and heed it well—
That was the child—shall I on and tell
The unclouded truth ?

Rath. The truth ? Forsooth : and what is that ?
No ! 'Tis a *lie*, as black as night of hell—

What you imply, no less than what you tell!
I know full well the import of it all:—
A venomous lie : accursed draft of gall!
And thus you, too, whom *I* have recked my friend,
Have turned on me,—and now my *foes* defend!
Gnome. Fool—that thou art,—to wreck, not reck, a
friend;
And all that floats thee,—to the bottom send!
Because it suits thee not, the thing *I* say
Is false! Hugh—hugh, hugh! 'Tis a luckless day
When frauds and fools in folly cast away
Their only hope of knowing.
When the seeds of death are sowing,
And the dismal harvest growing;
When the adverse tides are flowing,
And the storm of ruin blowing,
'Tis then fools with wine are stowing
Their empty noggins full!
Rath. 'Tis true:—as the north wind blowing
Shakes the pale anemone,
This cold fear, in passing me,
Shakes my confidence in myself and you.
But pray proceed, and tell me true,
Speak not in riddles; say plainly all you mean.
Did you, too, hear, and witness that strange scene,
In which my aunt was principal?
Gnome. Thine aunt! Hugh—hugh!
'Tis not for thee to know when, where, and what *I* hear,
Nor less, or more, does that the thing you fear
Make true; let this suffice for you—

Ere the red sun leads forth the day to-morrow,
The Fates will set on thee their seal of joy or sorrow.
Then get thee hence, nor rest until the hour
When Lillian Bellemont lies within thy power.
What e'er thy game, be quick with it, and save
Thy state of honor,—'though thou art a knave.
Make her thy wife, thy prisoner,—thy *slave* ;
Or let her lie in chains in yonder cave
'Till 'reft of honor, health, and all save life,
She yields at last to fate, and becomes *thy wife* !
Be mine the task, a pliant tool to find
To celebrate the rite, and lawfully to bind
The human sacrifice to inhuman kind !
That done, the task is light, the senseless corse to hurl
Where the dark water's deepest currents swirl,
To drift well anchored with the sands below,
Where friend nor foe in quest may ever go !
Or in the silent horror and torchless gloom
Of that labyrinthian cave—then seal her doom,
And make of nature's sepulcher an unwilling tomb
To hold the remnant of her youth and bloom !
There let her beauty in unending night
Await the trump that summons it to light !
The marriage records keep, concealing well thy game :
Frame a fair tale, and then her fortune claim,
Or if perchance some better plot you know,
To fix thy fortunes and defeat thy foe,
'Tis well ; yet loiter not, but go.
Strike, as the lightning from a cloudless sky !
Swift as the whirlwind passing by !

With sudden wreck, as of an earthquake's shock,
Let grim ruin gibe, and in derision mock
At their calamity.

When she securely lies within thy toils—
When bound and crushed within the serpent's coils—
Be thou the foremost in the anxious search,
And loudest in expressions of regret.

Rath. Now, by the demon of your heart, I swear
We two make a most likely pair!

Your plot and passion touch me where
I live. But ere this scheme I dare
Attempt to execute, I would know
Your reasons for this belief; then show
The logic of your thoughts in thinking so.
How do you know this?—and how shall I?

And if you are *my friend*, and true,—*then why?*

Gnome. As to the last, I'll tell thee by and by;
As to the first, be still, and I will try
Thy skeptic mind to satisfy,
And prove the things I say, no lie.

..... It was *I* who stole her from the keeping
Of her negro nurse whilst they were sleeping.
In darkness thence my stealthy way I took
Until I came to the meadow-brook;
Then cast her headlong in the silent stream
To still the current of her childish dream.
Whether it was some angel near,
Offended conscience, or a foolish fear,
Pursuing footsteps I seemed to hear,—
Ever near—ever near.

Then, like a specter through the gloom of night,
Pursued by terror, I took my hurried flight ;
Nor paused until the break of morning light
Dispelled the nightmare of my guilty fears.
..... Then 'round and 'round went time in circling
 years ;
Each moment moistened with her mother's tears ;
Each night to darkness shades still deeper lent ;
Each rising sun, blood-red,—a dread' portent,
And still revenge, insatiate and intent,
My burning brain to deeds of horror bent ;
Until proud reason, shaken from her throne,
Fled from her darkened chamber, and left alone
The charred and blackened ruin to its fate !
..... When she returned, years after, 'twas too late
To 'undo aught, or e'er to change the state
Of wand'ring gipsy life, to which I had
Drift in those dark years when I was mad.
Nor would I leave the tribe that took me in,
And made of me their oracle when shame and sin
Had turned the world, and friends, and kin,
Like howling wolves, and demons on my trail.
..... As years sped on, in time I heard the tale
Of this fair girl—The Lily of the Vale
Of Shenandoah, and the meadow-brook ;
And on this fateful night the vantage took
To test my fears, and in her hand to look
For marks I made, and signs that I left there
Ere to the dark stream I gave a freight so fair,
To darken death, in darkness, darkly down to bear.

..... The marks are there! The signs are all too true!

She is that child; one hour may now undo
The work of years!—the fruits of all my crime
Be lost forever in a moment's time!

Why tarry here? Be gone! With *words* have done—
And *prove* thyself for *once*—thy *mother's son*!

Rath. Her fame was fair; her name's of good repute;—
That I am my *mother's son*, there 's no dispute!

Gnome. Thou sayest well—"her name *was* fair!"
And none dispute a thing for which none care.
But thou knowest better yet, for thou wert there
When the thing occurred; and the whole affair
Placed well on record!

But when thou better knowest, mayhap the first thou 'lt
be

To *damn* the mother who so lost for thee
All hope of heaven, and made her bed in hell!

Rath. Now, by my faith, I have no words to tell
The hate and horror that I feel towards one
Who can thus revile a mother to her son!

What e'er I am, I am not yet so base
That I can brook such insult to my face.

Bad as I am, you are so much the worse,
You horrid vulture, that even I can curse!

Then get your loathsome carcass from my sight!
Hence—to your place in black and starless night!—

And come no more to torment such as I
With groundless fears, and words that only lie!

Gnome. Fools have a license; but it is too much

That I should bear this language ;—and from *such* !
 My day is done ; 'tis only left to die.
 My night has come ; life ends in one long sigh.
 My work is vain ;—and I my soul have sold
 For dire revenge, and foul pursuit of gold ;—
 Not for myself—to fill the spendthrift purse
 Of this base ingrate,—who gives for all, a *curse* !
 But ere the morrow I will lay thee bare ;
 I'll now expose the fraud of Arlington's heir !
Rath. If in your cranium, then, you do conceal
 Some tragic mystery, now the truth reveal.
 The sullen silence of your lips unseal.
 Be it e'er so dark, now then fairly deal
 For once with me, if with none other—
 Know you aught of ill about my mother ?
Gnome. Hūgh, hugh, hugh !
 Yes !—I know aught, and ill,—enough to thrill
 Thine heart with horror, and make stand still
 With ghastly fear and deathly chill
 Thy palsied power of thought !
 Aye, aye, the deeds she wrought,
 To wreak revenge on him who brought
 Her pure young love and life to naught,
 A tale of horror is, blood-curdling, that might well
 Add terrors to the terrors e'en of hell !
 Ruined ; outcast ; flouted when with child ;—
 Her love uprooted ; her brain on fire, and wild ;
 The hapless girl, ere she became a mother,
 Saw him she loved as life, espouse another.
 Time passed ;—but with it not the hate

Succeeding love that when too late
Awoke to realize the fate
Reserved for her—that fearful state
Of desolation and dark despair.
'Twas then revenge, deep-rooted there,
Resolved their death; and followed where
Ever on earth that wedded pair
Pursued the dream of pleasure.
. At last, disguised, she trode the crowded deck
Of that fated ship which she resolved to wreck;
For *they* were there—pursued through many a clime,
For months and years of that unending time—
At last o'ertaken—at last within her power!
At last had come the dread and vengeful hour!
. Like some mighty spirit, the soft, majestic swell
Of that dark world of waters rose and fell.
Above, below, the star-gemmed heavens were seen;
The white-winged vessel drifting there between.
Dreamily she lay, becalmed upon the deep,
As one by one her human freight to sleep
Stole soft away—alas, to greet the day
No more.
Dark-rolling in the west, and high,
A storm-cloud rose, and draped the sky
With a portentous gloom;
The distant boom of sullen thunder
Called the dark waves—who raised in wonder
Their phosphorescent crests, and hollow roar
For wreck and spoil—and more—and more!

Then from the foretop came the startling cry—
“ Watch, ahoy ! The phantom ship I spy !
Away to wind’ard ; ’gainst the boding sky,
Full-rigged and white, I see the spectre fly ! ”
The watch, aghast, beneath the pall of night,
Stood ’numbed with fear as they beheld the sight ;
Nor had they long in dread to stand and wait
To see fulfilled the boding of their fate.
For soon, dark-rolling with devouring might,
Amidst the quivering sails of tarnished white,
Forth from the yawning hold—oh dreaded sight—
Belched smoke and flame, and cast a lurid light
O’er the dark drift of that unfathomed deep ;
To light the hosts who there forever sleep
On drifting sands, and cold ; and ever keep
Freighting the passing wind with mournful cries !
Higher and higher shot up the tongues of fire ;
The sails one sheet of flame ; the mast, a spire
Of flickering light, high by the wild wind driven,
Flaunting against the frowning face of heaven !
The great ship’s-bell that erst had silent hung,
O’er the wild waters the wild alarm rung ;
From dreams of peace, the watchman’s frenzied call
The sleepers ’woke with horror and apall !
Behold the flames, amidst the rigging high,
Darting their red tongues against the stormy sky !
The trembling forms of age ; the shrieking child,
There clinging to its mother, stark and wild ;
Proud youth and beauty ; strength of manhood’s prime—
All these were there, to die before their time !

Along the deck, the crackling rush of fire
Each moment brought death creeping nigher and
nigher ;

Outspreading wide the sheeted flames to shroud
In blackened horror, the shrinking, shivering crowd !

Oh, 'twas a scene that even such as I,
Rather than behold again, might fly
To some dark place where human eye
Would be no more availing !

Dark, and grim, and motionless *she* stood
Upon that burning deck in tragic mood ;
Nor deep-tongued bell, nor boom of minute gun,
Nor fire, nor death from that she had begun,
The frozen current of her thoughts could turn.

Ha ! That is he, she muttered 'twixt her teeth,
As whom she sought, with terror from beneath,
Rushed upon the deck in scant array—

'Twas *thy father*, man ; Ralf Rathmore, proud and gay !
A female form on one arm lifeless lay—

'Twas *not thy mother*, man, whate'er they say !
The other held a child, as fair as day—

'Twas *not thyself*, Ralf Rathmore, of to-day !
Oh, dark and fierce despair !

Oh, pale-faced horror there !

Oh, fires of hell deep-burning in his eye,
As like a tempest, he went sweeping by !

“Launch the boats !” he hoarsely cried,

“Mayhap those shells will ride

A time the bellowing waves !

Cast off—ye howling slaves !

Stand by—ye steady braves!
He who the helpless saves
From torment and wat'ry graves,
No meed but heaven's craves
For deeds of such noble daring!"
"Yes! Launch the boats, ye braves!"
She mocking hissed; "who saves
That wretch and his from wat'ry graves,
Fare e'en as I; as fairly, too, then die;
And on the bottom drifting ever lie!
What, ho! This man I know? Can this thing be?
Look on this faded face! Dost thou know me?
Why thus recoil? Dost thou behold aught here
To make thy shuddering soul with guilty fear
Stand back in the hour of death?
Look on these withering lips! Were they e'er near
To thine when filled with passion, and did swear
By heaven's eternal truth, and all most dear,
To desert me *never?*—e'en with thy parting breath .
To make of me thy lawful wife!
Thou perjured wretch, and vile! Thy worthless life
Now pays the penalty!
Ha, ha! The morning dew, and nectar that you drew
With tremors sweet when *thine* would meet
These lips as the moments flew—
Alas, too fast—has *poison* proved, at last!
The boats are gone! Villain; now burn and die!
In the ocean deep thy craven carcass lie!
Then may thy cursed spirit quivering fly
Down to its future home in *hell*—whither *I*

Shall follow to torment thee *there!*
It was *I* who fired the ship! 'Tis *I*
Who burns them all—that *you* and *yours* may die!"
. Then for one moment, bode the sullen hush
That oft precedes the storm—and then the rush
Of that infuriate throng! Too late!
She had escaped their frenzied hate!
Quick to the side she sped. The dazzling light
The tragic figure showed against the night!
One moment stood and gazed upon the deep;
Then turned and mocked; then made the fearful leap!
To the vessel's side the surging people rushed;
The ship lurched o'er; the deck fell in and crushed
Those 'prisoned below; a cloud of cinders flushed
The vault of heaven. Repentant ocean blushed
Beneath the farewell flames that heavenward rushed,
As headlong, 'midst the swirl and hungry roar,
The ship went thund'ring down—and all was o'er!
. Then the dark waves, in their stupendous might,
Wrangled o'er their prey through that terrific night;
And yet one human soul, if human soul it be,
Still rode the storm on that tempestuous sea!
. When lulled the storm, far through the gloom
was seen
O'er flashing waves, a ship's lights—red and green.
Where rifting clouds disclosed the glimmering sky,
There stood revealed, a dark ship hov'ring nigh.
The boats were launched; the torch's ruddy glow
Soon o'er that dismal place, moved to and fro.
. No voices answered to the boatswain's call—

Not one survivor from amongst them all!
 Then the great ship, with tolling bell, hove nigher,
 And soon illumed the sea with chemic fire!
 "A drifting boat! Erect, a white form there
 Stands with outstretched hands and streaming hair!"
 "Pull away, lads!" Nor dreamed they that they saved
 The one of all that throng on whose black soul engraved
 In letters of fire and blood, was—"Murderess!"
Rath. And *this, my mother!* You lying hag!—Confess
 This tale a foul vapor is, from some vile recess
 Of slimy darkness in your boggy mind—unless
 Your memory prompts too well, and 'twas yourself
 Performed the fiendish deed!
Gnome. Hugh! Thou say'st well! Since she was not
 thy mother,
 Then am I not myself; and thou, some other.
Thou hast no need to learn, thine *instincts* are more true!
 Bah! Why marvel me? In all the world how few
 Know of themselves or others, more than you!
 Thou soulless bubble!—hugh, hugh; thy rainbow hue
 Like morning mist, before the good and true,
 Shall vanish soon!
Thou art a lie! Thou seem'st not what thou art,
 And art not what thou seem'st, thou base upstart!
 Since thou can'st curse, now curse *I*, in *my* turn;
 So may thy soul with mine in torment burn!
 Since I for thee have sown the seed of crime,
 Now reap with me the harvest in good time!
 Thou stealthy tiger; growl, and glare on me;
 Dost think *I* fear? Dost think that *I* shall flee?

Behold what I have made myself for *thee* !
But from a hornet, can'st raise a honey-bee ?
I, too, was fair ; with wealth, and youth, and bloom ;
But one as false as thou—**THY FATHER**—sealed my
doom !

Shall I say more ? *Ingrate* ! I AM **THY MOTHER** !!!

Rath. MY **MOTHER** !! You withering, loathsome hag !

Dare you repeat it, and stand there and wag

Your serpent's head at me ? You infamous liar !

Foul MURDERESS !! Accursed fiend of fire !

'Twas you destroyed my mother and my sire !

Now may this dagger find your fiendish heart !

For *I* now know, not *who*, but *what thou art* !

Haste you ! Make your peace with hell or heaven,

Which e'er it be, ere this cold steel be driven

Hence to its hilt in your demoniac breast !

[. Then leaped the dagger from its sheath,

As *Rathmore* hissed between his teeth

Those vengeful words.

Like lightning, upwards flashed the blade—

Quivered ; and paused—the blow was stayed.

From palsied hand the weapon dropped ; and foiled,

The man before those glittering eyes recoiled

In abject fear ; then, trembling, turned to flee !

Gnome. Not so, thou slave ! *I—want—thee* ; follow—**ME** !

[So muttered she, and waved her magic wand :

He stood transfixed ; then raised a suppliant hand ;

Then step by step with her, at her command,

He followed as she becked him with her wand !

And moving thus, they vanished both from sight

Of human ken, behind the scenes of night.

Scarcely had the Gnome and Ralf Rathmore left the scene, when a dark form cautiously emerged from the shelter of the dense shrubbery, and with an expression of horror and amazement distorting his black visage, stealthily followed the mysterious pair.

It was faithful Tom, who had been lurking in the vicinity, listening to the terrible dialogue between Rathmore and his mother. Nor paused he long in his sly pursuit; but disappeared as silently as he came, just as Mrs. Arlington ré-entered the open glade. She advanced slowly, as if exhausted; then stopped and raised her face and clasped hands to heaven—

Oh, the torture of this suspense! As well
To know this hope must perish, as endure
For long this fear and suffocating dread
Of once more burying here my buried dead!
Oh, fair humanity, is there capacity
In thee for such dire deeds?
Can such things be? Oh, great eternity,
Hast thou such horrors to reveal?
Oh, *hell*; canst *thou*, in thy dark realm conceal
Such terrors from the light?
Or *thou*, high heaven, endure them in *thy* sight?
Oh, child of mine! My darling, long-lost child!
How may I restrain myself? Am I not wild
With such excess of joy?
Must I then wait for other proofs than this,
Ere I may greet thee with a mother's kiss?

What, though the truth from lying lips first springs?
Or guilty hands sweep first the trembling strings
Of nature's harp? The precious metal rings
As clear and sweet, whoever brings
Its shining parts to light!
Oh, then, fond heart—thy quivering wings for flight
Now plume, as plumes the eagle hers for heaven's great
height!

. But who are these, bestirred before the morn
From starry night hath more than half been born?

[*Enter Mrs. Hampton, mother of Augustus—*

An old lady of very noble appearance. Her gray hair waved softly over a forehead of rare beauty; and her large, dark eyes, although softened by sorrow's ceaseless care, still retained much of their pristine luster. Her features, which were somewhat strongly marked for a lady, were yet cast in a perfect mould. But that which lent so great a charm to this lovely old lady, was the indescribable sweetness and humility of her expression; and this was all the more remarkable in such a face, bearing the stamp of a proud and lofty nature. No wonder that Augustus Hampton was proud of such a mother; and that his eyes ever followed her with so much solicitude and tender admiration. With her were Augustus and Lillian Bellemont, Vix Fairfax and Will Keene, General Beaumar and Colonel Bellemont, ladies and gentlemen, and a number of negro servants—including Uncle Tom and Aunt Dina, Klack, and Banjo Joe.

Mrs. H. to Mrs. A.: My dear! Since early dawn be-
spoke the coming day,
Our joys have all been choked with boding fear;

We long have sought thee, hurrying everywhere!
What mood hath kept thee tarrying here?

A. Oh, give me joy! Give me joy without alloy!
My child! My child! My angel child!

[She cried, and wept, and laughed, and smiled,
In turn; and wept again; then crushed
Fair Lillian in her arms; and hushed
Her lips with kisses, as she blushed
Beneath such fond caresses.]

Oh, happy day! In my heart enshrined away!

Sacred, blissful, happy day;

Blessed forever and away!

I will tell you in good time

This dark tale of death and crime,

Which I have learned to-night.

But now behold! The morning light

And rising sun in glory bright,

Restores my child, and puts to flight

The spectral gloom of starless night,

And fills me with rejoicing.

Aug. [Singing]: Happy day; happy day!

We 'll remember you away!

Several voices [Singing]: Happy day; happy day!

Let us celebrate this day!

Chorus all. Away, away! ye shadows of the night!

Away; away! The morn is breaking bright!

These golden rays of the morning sun

Are but heralds of a life begun

With joy, with joy; with joy without alloy!—

A life begun with the rising sun—

A life of joy without alloy—to run,
To run its course with the golden sun!

[*Exeunt* all, marching as they sing.

Scene 2.—The shores of the Shenandoah; time, evening, Two negroes are discovered at a boat-landing, the older of the two with a banjo under his arm.

Banjo Joe. You, Klack! You nigga; go 'long now an' bale out dat dug-out; an' git de paddle up dah unda de log. Shake, boy, 'f you's gwine wi' dis coon.

Klack. Ki-yi! I shakes; I's boun' t' go wid Banjo Joe; Hoo-ya! Hoo-ya!

De gals am wait'n oba dah; hyeah, hyeah!—Hoo-da!

But I say, Joe!

Joc. What yo' wants, nigga?

Klack. Gib us tchune t' bale wid.

J. Go 'long, nigga; bale wi' de goad.

K. I say, Joe!

J. Git out, boy; don't boda me! Yo' bale out dat dug-out, you hea'?

K. I's bal'n; ki! Dah! I's done 'n busted de goad! But I say, Joe! What's all dat rumpus 'bout Miss Lilly? Fum de way dey's gwine on, reckon mebb'y she's done 'n done suf'n awful; hyeah?

J. See hea', nigga; you jis let up on dat sort o' talk; de Miss Lilly 's a mouty fine lady—*she* am!

K. De fine lady! Ki! Lor'; she's nuf'n but poo' folks no ways; an' I 'spise poo' folks—I does. Dey's wus 'n niggas!

J. Dry dat up! You tarnal moke, ur I'll bust yo'

wus 'n you busted de goad! 'Spose 'n den you 's betta 'n wus, is yo'? Tell you what, nigga; de Miss Lilly am de hono'd guess ub dis hyeah fam'ly, an' de 'panion ub Miss Vickey; an' she am *de sista*—ob de *Cunel*—ob *de a'my*!

K. Lor'! You don't say *she* am de *sista* ub de *Cunel*—ub de *a'my*!

J. Dat's de werry trufe 'f yo' neba tole it. You's mouty knowin', you is; 'f dat a' pate wus half-way right, it mout sabe de tail a mouty sight. But jis you mind, you Klack, behind; Aunt Dina 'll 'tend to yo' udda end! Why, dey say de Miss Lilly kin talk wid fo' tongues!

K. Fo' tongues? Fo' de lo'd! Whew! I's done hyeard tell how as *one* wus too many foh de women folks; ugh-ugh!—But *she* must be a stunna wid fo'! But I say, Joe; what *am* de *Cunel* ob de *a'my*?

J. Go 'long, nigga; 'f I tells you all I knows I won't know nuf'n myself. Ugh-h-h-ugh! [he suddenly ejaculated in a tone of astonishment.] Fo' de lo'd; what's dat ah? [And as he sat down on a rock, he took his knee in his clasped hands and drew himself up into as small a knot as possible, evidently in the effort to concentrate his entire forces upon the knotty problem before him—a problem, by the by, which more able minds had vainly endeavored to solve.]

[*Enter* Mr. Robin Sponger—

A person of very remarkable appearance. To a superficial observer, he had all the appearance of a common mendicant; but such was not the case; he was a very *uncommon* mendicant. Indeed, the old man was in good circumstances,

as far as the mere possession of this world's goods was concerned; but his parsimonious nature prevented him from enjoying what he had accumulated.

His apparel was old and filthy, and had evidently been cobbled up for an indefinite length of time by their bungling possessor; and yet there was in his appearance some attempt, or an apology for an attempt, at cleanliness; for his white hair was carefully kept—as that cost nothing—and his face clean and moderately-well shaven in a domestic sort of way, leaving a rim of white beard under his chin, after the manner of a Chimpanzee monkey.

His features were prominent, and indicated not only a strong native intellect, but an inflexible will; and the lips shrunken over the toothless gums, added no little to this appearance of firmness. His small, gray eyes, with restless, furtive glance, and keen, indicated a crafty nature; and a certain earnestness and directness in his manner would have convinced a close observer that he was no aimless wanderer; but that he had some deep and settled purpose in his mind, other than the one made apparent. As he came upon the scene, he was driving an old sorrel mare, stuffed and stiff, and as willful as the old man himself; but how cold and unfeeling soever he might be to others, the old man was kind and patient with her, and permitted the old creature to exercise her own sweet will. She walked up hill, and trotted down, and stopped when she listed to graze by the wayside; so she sponged *her* living largely off the highways and byways, as her master did off the people. When they were crossing a stream, she would lave her nose and splash with

her feet, and bespatter the old man with mud, evidently enjoying it as much as he did; then cross when and where she pleased. They seemed to understand each other's whims, accept the situation, and be mutually well satisfied. When she stopped, the old man would shout, "Who-o-o, Dolly; who-o!" And when the old mare would start to go, he would add his gentle approval of—"Come, Dolly; get up, Dolly!" and then Dolly would stand still again to consider the matter.

Attached to the old mare, or the old mare to it, as the case might be (for *it*, the old harness, the old man, and the old mare all seemed to be parts of the same old thing), was an antedeluvian rockaway, who had long since forgotten her pristine beauty, and was too much impoverished now to indulge in such costly cosmetics as paint, powder, or any such thing, much less in a coat of enamel, to conceal the wrinkles of age and the ravages of time. Leaving but little room for the ponderous feet of this modern Don Quixote (for, as we shall hereafter discover, he, too, had espoused the cause of oppressed humanity), a great number of boxes, and bundles, and bags, prominent amongst which was an old-fashioned carpet-bag of many bright colors, and a quaint old umbrella of no color at all, unless it was a faded green, occupied most of the seating capacity of the trundling machine; indeed, it might have been difficult for a stranger to determine which had the greater right to the aforesaid seating capacity, the old man or the old man's luggage.

Who-o-o, Dolly; who-o-o-up! [cried the peculiar voice of Mr. Sponger, with an emphatic "up!" at the end of his "who-", as the old mare came tearing down hill at

a rattling gait, with the ancient beauty shrieking, screeching and clattering at her heels; landing the entire outfit with a tremendous bump in a muddy gulch at the foot of the hill near the spot where the negroes were; and sending several bundles flying over the dash-board (or where the dash-board *had* been in the good old times), and causing the old man to involuntarily catch hold of the old mare's tail to keep from following his bundles into the mud.]

God!—*have*—mercy on *my* SOUL! [exclaimed the aged traveler in a meditative tone of voice, and evidently laboring under the hallucination that his soul was in close proximity to the tattered hair-cushion; but in no way manifesting any surprise or emotion of any kind whatever. And he began to sing some quaint old hymn in a queer, broken manner, which accorded well with his trembling voice and toothless accent of old age, as he slowly laid down the lines and prepared to alight.]

My *soul*! [he added, emitting a peculiar sound through his nose, something between a snort and a wheeze, as he deliberately crawled out and sat one foot on the ground, whilst the other remained on the hub of the fore-wheel.]

Glory to God! [he ejaculated with sudden energy, as he finished getting out; and then wiped some trickling moisture from the end of his nose on his coat-sleeve, before fumbling in his breast-pocket in search of a supplementary rag.

Who-o-o, Dolly; Who-o-o! [he continued, as if exhorting the lazy old beast to have patience, and do what there was no danger of her not doing, stand perfectly still whilst he crawled around under the wheels and beneath her heels, to recover his treasures from the mud. Having replaced them

carefully in their accustomed places, the queer old man was about to follow them into the rickety old rockaway, when he discovered the two negroes quietly observing him, with their greasy faces illuminated with enormous grins.]

Why, bless *my*—SOUL! Did I *ev*—er see the like? I didn't see *you* at—*all*! I did not [cried Mr. Sponger, cocking his head forward, and a little to one side, his small gray eyes squinting at Joe from beneath their shaggy brows; and gesticulating with both hands, much in the awkward manner of some old-time negroes].

How do *you*—do? I am so *glad*—to see—you! I am—*so* [he added blandly, moving up to Joe's side, and standing with his hands clasped behind him, bending forward in a listening attitude, with his best ear close to the black man's mouth, whilst his eyes rested attentively upon the ground, save when they shot a furtive glance in the direction of Joe's face. It was very evident from his manner, that Mr. Sponger was no respecter of persons, and considered a negro as good as anybody else. To one that knew he was a native Virginian, this would at first seem strange; but the fact was that, in his early life, Mr. Sponger was not in a position or circumstances calculated to engender very lofty ideas, but belonged to that class of small holders in the mountains who were but little superior to those whom the slaves belonging to the better families contemptuously denominated "trash." His chief excellence, in his own estimation, was his saintly character; and no doubt he was sincere, or had sincerely persuaded himself into this belief. Although he had himself never given anything to benevolent or Christian purposes, he was glad to see others do so, and

prayed continually that the work might go bravely on. He was a cold, unfeeling man, eminently selfish, and inconsiderate of the feelings and interests of others, but loud in professions of sympathy and compassion when it cost him nothing; consequently, he was far more interested in the comfort of the soul than of the body; because it eateth not, neither doth it wear costly apparel. Thus, he was ever devoted to principle when he was called upon to make no sacrifice for it; and this devotion was something marvelous when it presented the possibility of gain without labor. For instance, he was devoted to the Home Missionary work, because it furnished him a pretext to wander around the country and sponge his living. He was also devoted to the Foreign Missionary work, as it enabled him to travel about the country in the summer time, and give exhibitions in Sunday-schools and churches of a few old Chinese gods and curiosities which he possessed, and take up collections for Missionary Work in China; which collections, however, never yielded more than enough to pay for his prayers and the trouble of getting it. But to return from this long digression to the scene on the banks of the Shenandoah.]

Joe. I's mouty glad t' fin' dat out, ole Mas. [raising his voice almost to a shout, to correspond with that of Mr. Sponger, and bellowing in his ear]—

“I's done been hop'n foh't eba since I's bo'n!”

Yes! [shouted Sponger, evidently not understanding the drift of the negro's remarks]—

I *should* like to ask *you*—a *few*—ques—tions. That *is*, if you *have*—no ob—jec—tions?

Yes, sah; spec', I has [said Joe, scratching his wooly pate dubiously].

You don't *know* any Meth—o—dist family *in* 'good circum—stan—ces near about *here*? [inquired the old man eagerly, crowding his good ear anxiously into Joe's face.] Per—haps *you* could tell—*me*?

Joe. P'r'aps I could, ole Mas., 'f I don't know none; an' I don't know ary one 'cept Aunt Dina; an' I on'y knows she's one by de shout'n.

S. You don't know any Meth—o—dist preach—*er*?

Joe. Dat's a fac', sah; 'cept Aunt Dina.

S. *Nor* any Meth—o—dist Sunday—*school*—

Joe. No, sah; 'cept Aunt Dina. Mebby she's one uv 'em; she's a-most all sorts.

S. Per—haps *you*—could tell *me*—who *Aunt Dina* might —*BE*?

Joe. Gugh! Lor', ole Mas! Wall, she *mout* be a-mos' anybody; but she an't. She's nuf'n but Aunt Dina; dat's a fac'! But dah's a mouty heap ub her! An' 'f da's ary nigga 'bout hyeah as couldn't tell yo' 'bout Aunt Dina, den I don't knows de nigga, sho!

S. Is *she*—an *old*—*lady*?

Hyeah, hyeah, hye-e-ah! You's shout'n now, ole Mas! [laughed the darkey, unable to suppress an enormous grin.] Yes, sah!

S. You *say*—*she*—is a Meth—o—*dist*? Has *she*—much *money*?

Joe. Doant know, sah [said Joe slowly with a suspicious glance].

Spec' she hab, sah; seed 'er tote'n all dem ah young chick'n to ma'ket a-Satu'day; an' I knows de ole Miss gibs 'er all she kin make off'n de ga'den; so I spec' she hab, sah—but she put all de money in de *bank*, sah—*she* do [he added with an insinuating glance, as if to discourage the old man in any designs he might have upon it].

S. Yes! [exclaimed the mercenary saint, emitting one of his peculiar, wheezing grunts, at last realizing what sort of a personage Aunt Dina was.]

You *see* [he continued], I *am*—en-gaged in the Mission-ary WORK! And I *am*—collect-ing money for—Chi-na! Would Aunt *Dina*—be like-ly to *give* some of her *money* for these Chris-tian pur-po-ses?

Joe. Don' know, sah, 'bout dem purpy—what yo' calls 'em; but who's Chi-na?

S. Chi-na *is*—a gre-a-t he-then—country! The in-hab-i-tants worship i-DOLS! I *have* a gre-a-t vari-ety of cu-ri-ossities *here*; and I give ex-hi-bitions—to raise *money*—for Chi-na!

I'd like mouty well to see some ub 'em [interrupted Klack, eagerly].

S. Per-haps if I *show*—some of them—to you—you will tell *me*—what I want to—*know*?

K. Yes, sah; 'f I knows 'em.

S. All-right! I *have*—in *this*—BOX—a—GOD!

K. God! Fo' de lo'd! [ejaculated the darkey, rolling the whites of his eyes towards Joe with superstitious dread; and even Joe began to move uneasily.]

S. That is so!—*A—God!* [reiterated the old man, impressively, seeing the effect he had already produced.]

And—in that bag—is—a—DEVIL!

K. De debble!

Joe. Sho' 'nut debble, ole Mas.? [said Joe, wincing.]

S. You—shall—*see—HIM!* [exclaimed the old man, moving towards the awful bag.]

You, Joe! [whispered Klack, with superstitious awe.]

Klack! [ejaculated Joe with chattering teeth.]

K. Ki! [And away, went the darkies as if the devil were after them.]

S. God—*have—mercy on my—SOUL!* [cried the ancient professor of iconography, as he gazed in astonishment after the fugitive forms of the frightened darkies; and by way of expressing his feelings, gave a wheezing grunt, and blew his nose. When he had wiped it carefully on his coat-sleeve, he produced his filthy little wad of a handkerchief, and put on the finishing touches; then slowly crawled into the rickety vehicle.]

Aunt—*Di-na!* [said he in a meditative tone, as if weighing in his mind the chances of getting some of the chicken money.]

Blessed—*Je-sus!* *Jesus—Christ!* [he added with powerful emphasis, as the old mare started with a sudden jerk that almost knocked the breath out of his pious breast against the back of the seat.]

God—*have mercy—on my—SOUL!* [he continued, scrambling after the lines.] Come, Dol-ly; get up, Dol-ly! [And he reached out with his little hickory switch, and tapped

her gently on the tail. And so they vanished from the scene almost as suddenly as they came.]

Scene 3.—A place in the garden or grounds; time, morning.

Enter Lillian,

dressed in a white morning-wrapper; she is plucking to pieces a white rose, and humming in a low tone a favorite air, as she leisurely advances upon the scene. Stopping suddenly, she softly said—

Am I so dazed?

It seems more like a dream than a reality.

Ah! In the rude shaping of these events, things so terrible

Have been so intermingled with things so sweet,

That all has now the seeming

More of the imagination's eccentric play,

Than of sober truth. But thanks to thee,

Kind heaven, it is no dream!

List! [she quickly said, with startled look,

As half in dread, and half in fond anticipation,

The nestling fawn starts up

When first it hears the footfall of its dam.]

Is that not he? What other voice than his could sound so sweet?

Be still, thou truant heart, and cease thy beating

'Till the tingling ear shall catch once more the sound

It love's so well.

Oh, now, fond heart, cast wide thine unbarred gates,

And let the music of his voice thus unobstructed run

In richest harmony through all thy galleries ;
So may thy pave ever echo to the tread of thy fond
lord !

But he is not alone ; then shall I tarry here,
And suffer others to see me thus in blushes ?
'Tis not that I should rue to have him know—
'Tis only that I shrink to have *them* see me so.
Then why thus blush, and shy away from that
My heart so worships ?

'Tis not of shame, or fear ? Nay, nay !
Else, why hath nature made him
Thus fair and noble, so to command
The homage of my heart ?

Still, I will bide a time behind this bush until they pass.
They come this way ! [She glides quickly behind a
bush, and affects to gather roses, to conceal her
confusion.]

[*Enter* Augustus Hampton and Vix Fairfax,
walking slowly and in silence ; the latter twirling her
hat impatiently by the strings, and evidently in no pleasant
mood.]

Vix. Then, sir, as it seems, I have misconstrued the
meaning of your words, and failed to understand, through
all these years, the bent of your intentions ?

The more's my folly, a meaning to attach at all,
To *any* words of meaningless, mean man !

Aug. As mean as foolish 'tis, to care for such mean
things ;

Thus Folly's folly Folly justly stings.

What ails you, then ? What folly pricks you still ?

Unless 'tis still to folly, Folly yields her will?

Vix. So if 'tis you, 'tis Folly, then, who fills
My heart with bitterness, and bitterness distills,
Instead of honey-dew from your sweet words?

Aug. Then folly 'tis, if your distillery but this affords.
A truce to this; in all sincerity, I regret
That aught that I e'er said, or did should fret
Your spirit so; and such bitterness beget
Towards your devoted friend. Nor is it true
That I e'er wavered in my love for you.

. [Now flies the light from Lillian's eyes.

In vain her throbbing heart she tries
To still with trembling hand; fast flies
The color from her cheek; now pale and cold,
She turns away; the memories old
Are faded now—Love's tale is told!]

Vix. What now? Once more would you deceive?
Which tale, fair sir, must I believe?

Your burning words are yet scarcely cold,
In which your loves were so sweetly told—
That idyl of joys that you did unfold,
Of Lillian's love, and yours!

Fie! How, then, of yours and mine?
Would you *both* hearts with yours entwine?
Would you woo, and have us both, in fine?
Ah! Since one quick turn of Fortune's wheel,
Has changed a beggar to a millionaire,
Perhaps *your interests* make you feel
You still love best the Lillian fair!
Say, now, fairly, 'twixt us two—

Is what you say, or I say, true?

Aug. What you say, I say; I say you
Misunderstand, or misconstrue.

I long have loved you as a brother;
But my sweet Lillian, and none other,
Have I e'er thought to wed.

Nor think I much of her, as one to wife,
But as the sweeter, purer part of life!

. [Ah, me; no more could Lillian bide
Behind the bush, where she went to hide.

Confused and blushing, o'er her face
Tumultuous feelings quickly chase
Each other with a nameless grace—
As if to earth, sweet heaven a trace
Of its pure joys had given.]

Lillian. Oh, pardon me! [coming forth, she cried.]

I had no thought to hear, but tried
To 'scape the eyes of others!

I had no wish to loiter in the way,
Or listen for the words that I have heard to-day;
But since I heard them, I will joy to say

I heard them! In my heart always,
Should gloom betide, this golden ray
Of love's pure light shall cheer me.

Fie! A lady's pastime [exclaimed Vix, bitterly]
To gather flowers—and listen!

Aug. 'Tis well to understand it, as seems true of you
[said Augustus, sarcastically].

But Lillian, darling; do not so much misjudge
Yourself and me, as thus to fancy *you* are in the way;

Or are in anything to blame. *We* have intruded here.
Come [he continued gaily], if I may not invest me with
a lilly,

Then rob yourself to so enrich a rose with your sweet
nature,

That it may not blush to rest upon my breast.

Lillian. Nay, speak not so of things that God has
made

In all their parts so perfect, as if I,

In form, or tint, or fragrance might aught add

To that which nature has in beauty made divine.

Yet, if this rose might savor of my love,

Then will I give it you. [She gives him a white rose
with charming grace and delicacy.]

Here is another, full as fair [she quickly added].

If Miss Victoria will deign to have it? [and the for-
giving girl proffered the rose to Vix. But the irate beauty
hitched herself away with a flirt; and turning her back
poutingly upon Lillian, and patting the ground impatiently
with her pretty little foot, would none of it. The poor girl
felt keenly the cut, but turned sweetly to Augustus and
handed the rose to him. Her trembling hand touched his,
and in her agitation the flower fell to the ground. As
Augustus stooped to pick it up, the passionate Vix turned
sharply and crushed it beneath her foot.

If I could get my foot on *her* [she snapped in a sup-
pressed voice, aside], I would grind her, too, in the dust!

Poor little thing [said Augustus, tenderly, taking it up
and placing it in his breast]; it makes me love it all the
more. [Lillian turned coyly away to conceal her blushes,

and the light of happiness in her eyes; whilst piqued, petulant, passionate Vix. pouted her cherry lips and shrouded her brow in a thunder-cloud; vainly endeavoring to turn her back and her displeasure two ways at once; for Lillian stood upon one side, and Augustus on the other.] My lady [continued he in a more serious tone; that implied a spice of indignation, tempered with affection]; such conduct seems the less becoming, since it comes from you.

'Tis not your heart that troubles you;

'Tis simply that your vanity is piqued.

A heart-felt sorrow finds no vent in such a tantrum.

If you think otherwise, you are a stranger to yourself.

But be your passion what it may,

Why spit your fire at her?

She has done you wrong in nothing; and in nothing would.

But 'tis your woman's nature thus to vent on *her*

The bitterness that you feel towards *me*.

But, lo!—here comes your mother, Lillian;

Doubtless in search of you.

We leave you to her love, since love has need of nothing more!

[So saying, he touched his lip and gallantly saluted her; then turned to Vix and offered her his arm. But she turned haughtily away, and left the scene in high dudgeon, followed by Augustus at a respectful distance, with an amused expression curling his fine mustache.]

[*Enter* Mrs. Arlington, radiant and beautiful.]

Oh, my darling; I could no more endure you from my sight!

The laggard hours were like a ship becalmed,
Whose sails are spread to woo the tardy wind,
But idly flap against the masts instead ;
So I have sought you hurrying here.

I see you were not alone ?

Lillian. Nay, sweet mother [said the lovely girl, nestling close to the willing heart, and stealing her arms around her mother's neck] ; I had sought the seclusion of this retreat, To be alone with memory for a time, That I might try to realize what seems so sweet a dream ; Then lift my grateful heart to heaven, and thank my God.

But scarcely had I entered here ere other footsteps
Hitherward turned ; and they are but now gone.

A. I see ; now may the incense of our hearts
Ascend to heaven together ! So may your soul
Mount up the old, familiar way to those fair realms
Where I have sorrowing sought you
When I thought you dead !

Lillian. Yes, be it so. Yet let me tarry for a time,
And linger here where I may feel the beating of your
heart !

Yes, yes [she continued softly, as if communing with herself, at the same time gazing steadfastly upon her mother's face, and creeping still closer to her heart].

Yes ; 'tis the same sweet face.

Those the same mild eyes that ever seemed so full of
sadness ;

These the same sweet lips [kissing them], whose painted
image e'en

Has seemed to tremble with emotion when pressed to mine.

I *knew* it must be my mother!

Painted image? The locket! [cried the old lady, starting back and clasping her hands in a transport of joy].

Oh, have you still the locket that you wore?

The locket! Yes! Oh, would you know it now?

Is *this* the one you mean? [cried Lillian, eagerly, drawing it from her bosom and placing it in the trembling hands of her mother].

The same! The same dear, dear old treasure! [wept the old lady in low, tremulous tones, as she sank upon a seat near by, and vainly tried to open it with her trembling hands]. Lillian leaned over her shoulder and gently touched the spring as her mother held it; and as the lid flew open, there was revealed a group of three, beautifully painted on ivory—a lady and gentleman, and a beautiful infant. And long they sat there, and looked in silence, and wept. Oh, Leonidas! Leonidas; my noble husband!—Thy fond father, my child! [she cried in an agony of grief, pressing the locket to her lips as her head sank upon her breast]. Lost—lost; but not so found!

Yes; my little baby, with your sunny curls and eyes of heaven's pure blue! This other, my darling, is like your mother as she appeared ere age and sorrow had wrought their spell, and made of me this wreck of what I was.

Say not so, sweet mother [said Lillian, with infinite tenderness, as her arm crept softly around the old lady's neck, and she laid her warm cheek fondly against her mother's].

Or if 'tis so, 'tis not the dreary wreck of a beauty passed

away; but that beauty still, with its rich carnations and golden glory, changed to softer, purer white.

A. Thank you, dear child; if it do but seem so to my child, I am content. 'Twere better still if this were true of the more enduring past.

Lillian. Then better 'tis; it must be so: the one is but the bright reflex of what the other is—my sainted mother!

A. Nay, nay, my child: but hark. Are there not voices near? Methinks they come this way. Let us leave this place; for I would have you all alone. There is a shady nook; shall we enter it?

Lillian. As you like; 'tis a sweet retreat.

[Exit Lillian and her mother into the retreat.

[Enter the Gnome and Ralf Rathmore.

Rath. Now am I convinced that I am basely born,
And may a beggar be within the hour; thus shorn
So soon of wealth, and all save this base blood!
A curse on you! Misfortune's 'whelming flood
Had not o'ertaken me, if in that dark recess
Of nature you had left me; nor conceived
In shame, and brought me forth ill-starred, aggrieved;
And forced to win my fortune as a thief!

Gnome. 'Twas thus *thy father* recompensed my grief!
But as thy father got thee like a thief,
A thief thou art by nature. Let the heir
Of Arlington dispute me if he dare!
Now get thee to thy work; be wary; kill
With one fell blow ere she can change her will!
Hist! What sound was that? Be still!

Rath. I heard nothing. What if some spy is lurking here. Perhaps in this retreat [he growled, and grasped his dagger by the hilt]. With the ferocity of a tiger he bounded towards the covert where the ladies cowered in mortal terror!

Gnome. No, no! Not so! 'Twas towards the right—
off there!

[She cried, with knitted brow and stern command,
As towards the spot she stretched her bony hand.
Haste thee now; there is some prowling spy!
Be quick with it—and let the cowan die!

[Exit the Gnome and Rathmore towards the right, hastily. Exit Lillian and her mother in the opposite direction, clinging to each other in terror; they turn with blanched faces as they leave the scene, to see if they are pursued].

Scene 4.—A place in a forest.

[*Enter* Klack, with eyes rolling wildly; breathless, and shaking with fear.

Whew! Golly! Fo' de lo'd!

Whew! De dagga! [and his eyes kept rolling in every direction, as if he expected momentarily to see the dreaded weapon in close pursuit.

Good lo'd; neba touch de groun'! Flewd—flew! *Dey* flew; an' de dagga flew; an' dis hyeah nigga flew!

Seem'd zif dat ah dagga was gwine crash'n fru de back ub ebry jump dis nigga makes! Ki! [he yelled, squatting down ready for a spring.]

[*Enter* Uncle Tom, who seems much surprised at Klack's agitation.

You, Klack; wha's you been, nigga? You's been want'n; an' dey 's been—see hea', boy: you's been do'n suf'n 'roun' 'bout hea' sho', dat you's skeered o' be 'n kotched at it!

K. Skeered! [exclaimed the darkey, with true negro bravado]. Skeered! Who's skeered? Is *I* skeered? I's 'cited; *I* is! Da's nary lib'n debble kin skeer dis nigga! I's 'cited; I's done seen de debble—an' de ole witch—an' de dagga!—de dagga!! [he ejaculated with rolling eyes and chattering teeth, and shins that nearly knocked each other from under him]. Golly! Dey flewd! Dey flewd! An' dis nigga flewd!

Tom. Git out, nigga; *you's* skeered.

K. Fo' de lo'd, I is'nt skeered; I's 'cited. Ki! Da dey is!

[*Exit* Klack, like a rocket.

[*Enter* Augustus and Will Keene.

Aug. What was that?

Tom. 'Spose dat's Klack, Mas. 'Gustus—what da is lef' ub de nigga; Klack's 'cited.

Aug. Klack excited? What is he excited about?

Tom. He's done 'n seen de debble, an' de dagga, an' de ole witch; an' dey's been a chasin ub de nigga 'till dey's scar'd de wits clar out.

Aug. The boy is sick; go find him and take him to the house.

Tom. Yes, sah; but Mas. 'Gustus?

Aug. Well, Tom.

Tom. Da's suf'n wrong gwine on somewha';
De werry debble 's in de a';

'Nough to raise dis nigga's ha'—

Ugh, ugh; da an't none da' [he added ruefully, feeling his bald pate].

But Klack 's done seed suf'n, sho.

Aug. That might be. Find him and bring him here.

Tom. Yes, sah. [And the old negro bowed low and quitted the scene.]

Will. I mistrust these wretches. I fear foul play.

Aug. And I. Are you armed?

Will. Yes, but the style of this villain is that of a sneaking assassin; we shall have to watch him as we would a lynx. As to that old hag, no deed so dark but she might do a darker; I shudder at the thought of her. My word for it, they will try to be avenged on us, and yet do some hellish deed ere we are quit of them. Who comes this way?

[*Enter Tom, excitedly.*]

Mas. 'Gustus! Quick! Da's mischief brewin!

De ole witch am down da in de holla; an' sitch gwines on you neba did hea'! I didn't mind much what Klack said, a-fo'; but he said mebby dey 'd killed de Miss Lilly, an'—

Aug. Great God! Quick! Lead off—let us see what all this means!

Tom. Yes, sah; she's jis down da in de holla, Mas. 'Gustus; down da by de big spring! [said the old man, shrinking away with superstitious dread, and managing to get in the rear.]

Da! Mas. 'Gustus; jis down da in de holla! [cried Old Tom, leaning forward and stretching his arm past Augustus, and following close upon his heels.] [*Exit all.*]

Scene 5.—A place in a garden; Lillian is discovered gracefully reclining on a rustic seat, softly sleeping. She holds in her hand the open locket.

[Enter Ralf Rathmore.

He starts with surprise when he discovers Lillian—
What? And alone? How fortunate this is.
It seems the gods have not yet quite forsaken me.
The time and place are alike propitious.
There sleeps fair Lillian, now fairer still,
Because so fairly now within my grasp.
She sleeps; she dreams—she little thinks
How much that seems like *death*;
Save in her gentle breathing, that scarce leaves
A tremor on the summer air—
And the soft heaving of that bosom, full and fair:
'Tis the Sleeping Beauty; ah, this dagger can work a
spell
As potent as any other power of hell!
'Tis a magic wand; then beware the hand that wields it.
And yet 'twould pity be to launch into eternity a thing
so fair.
'Tis a dainty morsel, and I fain would taste it ere I tear.
Upon my soul (if soul there be), she is a thing to love.
Love! Forsooth; and what *is* love?
A wily thief who slyly veils himself with rosy clouds,
And then beneath so soft a seeming, appropriates
To his private use such softer things as he may chance
desire.
There is none other love; unless she find it in that realm
above,

Whither I shall send her soul, swift-winged as a dove.
 But stay; perhaps 'twere better first to try some other
 means,
 And by more devious ways attain the end.
 As coils the serpent, fold on fold,
 In spiral form, his scales of gold;
 And from the apex lifts his head
 To dart his fiery tongue, with dread
 To charm his fluttering victim—
 So will I stand with glittering steel
 And blackened front, prepared to deal
 The blow of death with a bloody hand,
 Should she dare refuse my stern demand.
 Then, when securely I have bound her,
 I can tighten my slimy coils around her;
 Aye, tighten—tighten and crush!
 Such is *love*; 'tis the style of mine.
 Hugh, hugh! What a tit-bit, fresh and fine,
 She will make to roll beneath my tongue!
 I see she holds a locket there;
 The dainty image, like as not,
 Of another tit-bit, full as fair—in *her* imagination,
 Our friend Augustus—are *you* there?
 If so, I pray you now—*beware*!
 I will take a peep at the cut of our hero's jib.
 Hero!—he, ho—you know the dog in the farmer's crib?
 Well, well; there's no accounting for a female's fancies.
 A woman must have her hero, of course;
 And if not to be had in any other way,
 She creates him herself—in her imagination.

Well, well; 'tis the same thing over again.
And since to be a hero is the fashion of the hour—
Now that the breath of war is trembling on the air—
I will be a hero, too; hugh—hugh! I will do a deed
That will make *you*, my hero, *tremble!*

Let me see [and he glided stealthily behind Lillian to examine the locket. His eyes became riveted upon the picture, while devilish passions played upon his face.

Instinctively, as it seemed, he grasped the hilt of his dagger, and partly drew the blade from its scabbard. Then slowly recoiling, with his eyes still fastened upon her, he moved to some little distance.]

So! [he muttered.] By the gods, this thing is so!
Our fears are facts; the game is up; the scheme is all undone.

That accursed thing is proof enough; and *my ruin is certain!*

Ha! I have it now; perhaps her mother has not seen it yet.

The picture shall be mine!
The proof—the secret mine—if secret still it be—
And mine, the fortune still, that of right is yours!
All's fair in love and war—now doubly fair.

By foul or fair, no matter, so I win! [Again he approaches the unsuspecting sleeper, and once more stops.]

If I awake her?—then?—[a savage scowl settles upon his face; he draws the dagger from its sheath, and takes one searching look around.

Softly, my love; 'tis safest to sleep on. Now lightly. [Approaching stealthily, he attempts to remove the locket.]

Oh! Oh, dear! [cried Lillian, bounding to her feet and clutching the locket in her hand.] Sir! How *dare* you?

What? How dare? [he hissed between his teeth.

What may a man not dare, to win a prize so fair?

[Cried Rathmore, savagely, as he seized her rudely by the arm.]

By fair or foul, fair lady, you are mine;

So fare you well or ill—the choice be thine.

How, sir? And do you dare insult a lady

With such rude speech and ruffian touch?

You are no gentleman, to be so rude.

Unhand me, sir; and suffer me to pass! [she cried, with a scornful look.]

Rath. Then pass; but in passing, pass *this* way; not *that*!

Come! nor speak one word, lest I' drive this dagger to your heart!

Sir! [cried Lillian, staggering back aghast as the fiendish purpose of the villain flashed upon her.

What insolence is this?

What other villainy do you now propose?

Hugh—hugh! 'Tis not misnamed; so I am not defamed.

But since you put it so well, why can you not foretell

What I propose? No words are needful; nor is delay.

I have a purpose that you must serve.

Come! 'Tis not that I propose; but I *command*!

Come: you must go with me! [sternly growled the scoundrel, with lowering brow, as he pointed out the way.

Monster! Never! [she shrieked.

Then *die*! [he hissed, and raised the weapon high with

murderous hand. She shrieked and swooned away; and Rathmore seized her in his arms to bear her from the scene. Never! Hugh—hugh! You shall live to lick the foot that grinds you in the dust! [dragging her off; but a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. It was that of Augustus.

Aug. Foul wretch! Leave off your slimy touch! [he fiercely cried, throwing his protecting arm around the insensible form of Lillian.

Wretch, hey? Take *that*, liar! [hissed Rathmore as he loosed his hold on Lillian, and sprang like a tiger upon Augustus—leveling a tremendous blow with his weapon at the latter's breast. But Augustus, had he been unencumbered, was more than a match for the dark assassin; and even as it was, he warded off the assault, and quickly followed up his advantage with a stunning blow of his fist, But it is hard to tell what the result of such an unequal conflict would have been, had not timely assistance arrived.

[*Enter.* Col. Bellemont, Gen. Beauman and Will Keene with a rush. Bellemont, with a bound, seized Rathmore from behind, whilst Will Keene wrenched the weapon from his grasp.

Belle. Hold! You base assassin! [Lillian slowly opens her eyes.

Will. The craven coward; to use a weapon upon an unarmed man!

Lillian. Oh, God! Is he—ah!—then heaven has spared you! [changing her voice from a cry of agony to the soft, low tones of endearment, as she became conscious that she rested in the arms of her lover.

Aug. But heaven has been more kind to you, sweet Lillian.

Belle. What fresh devilment has he attempted?

Aug. What his vile purpose was, I cannot tell; only this I saw:

With brutal violence he sought to drag her hence;
[pointing.

Then raised his murderous hand and hissed—"then die!"

Belle. So! What they have failed to gain by fraud,
No doubt they now seek to gain by force—
And *murder* those who block their game!

Will. Perhaps he sought to force her into marriage?

Beau. By my faith; a dainty way of wooing!

Most manly love, and gallant way of doing!

The accursed scoundrel; I think 'twould be no sin

To carve a hole in him, and let some daylight in!

[Snarled Will, tightening his grip on Rathmore, and nervously twitching at the dagger.

Rath. Strike! You d—d whelp! The odds are greater than before. Off with you! [he growled, shaking off their hold and fiercely confronting them.

You pack of craven curs! Liars; cowards all!

Take the weapons, you snarling hounds!

I will fight you as I am,

And tear your paltry hearts out one by one!

Come on! [he fairly yelled in his fury; and cast his coat upon the ground, and stamped upon it.

Will. Save your strength, you screeching hinge of hell,
To tussle with the prison bars.

Belle. No! 'Tis bad enough, not to publish it to the world.

It is not expedient to have recourse to law ;
Nor can we have sweet Lillian's name
Involved before the courts in this foul business.

Will. What then? 'Twill never do to let the villain go.

Aug. What then? We cannot slay him in cold blood.
No gentleman could be expected to offer him equal terms ;

'Tis no offence to be thus settled by the code. What then ?

Belle. I will waive that point, and deem it a privilege
To punish this base ruffian ; I will consider his offence
An insult, or affront ; and meet the *gentleman* (contemptuously)

On equal terms. What weapons, sir, do you prefer ?

Lillian. Nay ; I cannot suffer this on my account ?

Brother, forbear, I pray you ; and do not soil your hands
With such base blood ; if indeed, his murderous hand
spill not your own.

Belle. Child ; would you ask of me to do a wrong ?

Such demons have no right to walk the earth,
And shame with their deformity the face of nature.

Would you have me be accessory to such foul deeds
By suffering such to go? [to R.] What weapons, sir?
'Tis little odds to me [said Rathmore grimly.

When I have sent *your* soul to hell,
I'll bide me for the next !

Belle. 'Tis somewhat premature ; I think the next

With whom you have a bout, will be your master—the devil!

My friend [to Will], bring forth the foils.

[*Exit* Will.]

Aug. Now I protest; I have the prior right; so let me first.

Rath. Your time will come full soon;
And next your heels shall kick the moon!

Belle. He is a polished blade; so have it as it is,
I'll put a finishing touch to his education.

[*Re-enter* Will Keene, with long rapiers; accompanied by a surgeon, with his case of instruments.

Will hands the swords to Augustus, who measures lengths, tests, and presents the choice to the antagonists; the surgeon opens his case and spreads towels, lint, bandages, etc., upon the ground.

Sur. They are beauties; I can find the ball with them, even if it lodges in his soul. Bah! But they fight with swords!

Aug. Genuine Burmese steel! By the by, Doctor,
Where in *that* beastly carcass would you seek the soul?
[pointing at Rathmore.]

Lillian. Brother; oh, brother!
How shall I thus stand and witness this dread strife?
And mayhap see your flickering lamp of life
Thus quenched in blood!

Belle. Tut, tut, my dear; 'tis but a moment's work.
Would you have a soldier from his duty shirk? [he embraces and kisses her; then resigns her to Aug.]

Now, sir [to Rathmore]; toe the mark.

The remaining blade is yours [to Will]; stand there;

If one retreats three paces, run him through.

[The antagonists come to the scratch and cross their blades; they begin to play in a masterly manner, as if to test and estimate each other's skill and strength.]

[*Enter* the Gnome, flying like a fury.

Rathmore recoils and drops his point.

Stay! I command ye stop! Away! [she wildly cried, throwing herself between them; her upraised arms and disheveled hair adding to the wierd appearance of the demoniac creature.]

Palsied the arm that makes a pass!

I am the one to blame; alas,

I alone—I alone! [to Bellemont, tearing open her breast.]

See! 'Tis but a mother's heart! Strike *here*!

I bid him do the deed! *I* made him what he is!

I did it all—all—for dire revenge—and him!

Now strike! Nor fear to wound me more than *he*!

[To Rath.] Aye, for thee; ingrate—'twas for *thee*!

And now I bear thy curse, because I failed!

Wo is me; wo is me! My flaming crimes are nailed

In sheets of fire—with curses dire—fast to the gates of
hell!

See!—they ope; dark-rolling clouds that smell

Of sulphur, vomit forth; the lurid glare

Of smouldering fire slow-burning there

Amidst the blackened mass I see.

Hugh—hugh! The writhing inmates beckon me!

I go! I go!—I go for aye to dwell

Amidst the torments and the horrors of hell! [She sinks heavily to the earth; one moment of writhing agony, and she lies there, still and dead—the horrid remnant of a horrid life.]

[*Enter* Mrs. Arlington, Mrs. Hampton, Vix Fairfax, Tom, Aunt Dina, Klack, and others, hurriedly.

Rathmore throws down his rapier, and kneels at the side of his dead mother.

Mrs. Arlington, with an expression of horror, leans over her with mingled fear and pity. The negroes huddle together in terror. All are in strong positions.

Dr. She is dead! [Examining her. Awe and fear are depicted on every face. Rathmore rises slowly; his features are set and cold; his hands are clenched; a savage gloom rests upon his dark face; in a deep, cold, hollow voice, that had in it a deadly calm, he said]—

Rath. After all, she was my only friend; she was my mother!

Her *life* was *mine*; her *death* is *yours*! For one of mine,
the devil will give me nine!

By the friendly powers of hell,
And subtle arts I know so well,

I swear it! This dagger [picking it up from the ground where Will Keene had flung it] shall not find its scabbard, or this hand forget its cunning, while one of you has life!
I shall not rattle ere I strike!

Beware! This dagger hovers in the air!

In every shadow a demon may be lurking there!

[He moves slowly backwards, his glittering blade flashing above his head ; his hands clenched ; his teeth set ; his eyes glaring like a tiger.] .

Tableau—Curtain.

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A C T II.

Scene 1.—A place near the Hampton cottage; a rude bridge spans the meadow-brook near the cascade; a view of the rocky gorge as it descends into the Shenandoah, with the filmy forms of the Blue Ridge in the distance. Time, morning.

[*Enter* Augustus Hampton, crossing the bridge.
What! [said he, stopping to consult his watch.
Is love less swift to greet than slow to part?
Lillian is not yet here! But, darling:
'Tis not that these slow feet outrun your heart;
They were so winged with love to get the start,
And bring me foremost to this trysting place.
Ah, Lillian, for once, I've won the race!
Now, whilst I wait the sunlight of your face,
I'll set me here, in this familiar place,
And so let memory's pencil lightly trace
The course of your sweet life and love, that grace
With joyous innocence these storied scenes.
Ah, me; that heaven should choose such means,
And shape such ends for us, a marvel seems;
Nor does reality dissipate these dreams,
Or make more tangible and real things
That are the most familiar.
There is that so pure and spirituelle
In your bright life, its charm seems still to dwell
'Midst these old scenes where erst the witching spell
Of your sweet presence lulled my soul to sleep.
Ah, 'twas on the verge of yon clear pool, and deep,

Where the lilies still their virgin vigils keep.
O'er those mysterious waters that could bring
Freighted on their current so pure and fair a thing
As your sweet self. And 'twas I
Whose boyish heart so beat against the sky
With its exultant wings; and hopes so high
Made my tardy feet impatient fly
Along the dusty road as I swept by,
Bearing you home to mother!
Yes, Lillian; there
(Sings) Where the meadow-brook glides in the sun's
golden sheen,
Between banks that are blooming with flowers unseen;
And the soft summer sky lends its beautiful blue
To the stream that has given its sweet name to you;
There a dream dwells, as pure as the heaven above—
The rose-light of morning—the sweet dream of love.
Where the willow sweeps low, and bends o'er the deep
pool,
There to lave its long leaves in the current so cool;
And the dark shadows mingle their purple and green
With the quivering gold and bright spangles of sheen;
There the loves of our childhood, in letters of gold
With a pencil of sunlight, in beauty is told!

[*Enter* Lillian, softly slipping up behind him, and with a quick movement, putting her arms around his neck, blindfolding his eyes with her hand.

Aug. Forsooth! 'Tis Lillian, and none other!

Lillian. In truth! 'Tis he who *once* was called—my brother!

Aug. But since you have now found another mother;
And also have to-boot, another brother,
Who is the son of neither one or other,
But of a third whom you have called your mother—
None being kin to you or to each other,
Save this, the last; 'twould anybody bother
To solve the riddle, and adjust the claims
Of these to you, or you to all these names.
Now, first, we gave what else we could not give,
Our honest name to you whilst you did live
The object of our love in our poor home.
Then the rich Bellemonts saw and loved you so,
Dear mother thought it best to let you go
From our fond hearts and home; from their full store.
She knew that you would benefit far more
Than if she kept you 'neath our humble roof,
With all that she could do in earnest proof
Of her maternal love.

But they are gone—all save their noble son,
Who has such honor and distinction won.
Their wealth had vanished ere the silvered head
Of noble Bellemont 'midst the treasured dead
Was laid; so your scant earnings, and poor pay
Of that good son was all that smoothed the way
Of those old people, broken, worn, and gray,
Through that dark valley where the lamp of day
Goes out—and time is lost in eternity!

Lillian. But now, at last, kind heaven has restored me

To mine own mother !

Aug. Yet have you promised

That whilst the last must ever more be first,

The first should be the last only, dear, in this—

To give at last, a mother's first, fond kiss !

Lillian. And make *your* mother first and last in this ?

Ha-ha ! If being kissed, and kissing, be such bliss,

Then think not ill of me, or take it, dear, amiss—

When I kiss you, Augustus. You may kiss

Any one you like, you know—so you do not miss

The one who has most right to it !

['Twas a tempting sight, to see her on his breast,

In the full confidence of a love confessed ;

With sweet abandon lying thus caressed,

Close to the heart of brave Augustus pressed

With such exultant joy !

Glory to GOD ! [exclaimed a peculiar voice in a meditative tone, ending with a wheezing sort of grunt.

Blessed Je-sus ! God—bless—*my* SOUL ! Who-o-o, Dolly—Who-o-o !

[*Enter* Old Robin Sponger, hurriedly, with a faded and very dilapidated umbrella in one hand, and an old carpet-bag of many bright colors in the other.

How do *you*—do ? [he said smilingly, setting down his antiquated carpet-bag, the more successfully to make his obeisance, accidentally hitting himself a crack on the nose with the handle of his umbrella in doing so. Picking up his bag, and tucking his umbrella under his arm, he hastily advanced with the other extended to shake hands with the

lovers; but they merely smiled, and said kindly, "good morning, sir;" instinctively avoiding the old man's hand; for, although he seemed cleanly enough in other respects, his apparel was disgustingly filthy. Nothing daunted by this reception, he crowded his good ear almost into the mouth of Augustus, and continued in a loud voice]—

Can *you*—tell *me*—where a la-dy of *the* name of—Hamp-ton re-sides?

Aug. I am the son, sir, of that lady; is there anything I can do for you?

Sponge. God bless *my* SOUL! Did I *ever* see *the*—LIKE! I *am* TOLD—she *is*—de-vo-ted to—GOD!

Aug. Well, sir; she is a devoted Christian—yes.

Sponge. I *have*—been *in*-FORMED—that she *is*—grea-a-te-ly in-ter-est-ed—IN—*the*—mission-a-ry WORK!

Aug. Well?

Sponge. I *am* en-gaged *in*—*the*—mission-a-ry WORK! I *have* a grea-a-t va-ri-ety—of—Chi-na—cu-ri-ossi-TIES; and give a *few*—ex-hi-bitions to—the—Sun-day-schools; and re-QUEST A—con-tri-bu-tion—*for*—mission-a-ry pur-poses—in Chi-na!

Aug. We have heard of you, sir; and I think my mother would have nothing whatever to do with that business. That is her residence [pointing in the direction of the cottage], you will find her there.

Sponge. Yes! [exclaimed the pious fraud, in his peculiar, elevated tone as he grabbed his carpet-bag, and prepared to go.] Could I *get* a *sup*—of—some-thing to—moisten *my*—THROAT; and a little something to—EAT! Per-haps—[but his speech was cut short by voices without.]

Halt, there, old man! we want you! [shouted a stern voice at some distance, as the excited tones of men and clatter of horses' hoofs were heard approaching along the road.]

[*Enter* a party of patrolmen, armed and violent.

Good morning, Augustus! [said a tall, dark, fierce-looking man, evidently the leader of the band; at the same time raising his slouch hat to the lady.

Aug. Good morning, Captain; what is the trouble?

Capt. Oh, we have been watching the movements of this old fraud for some time. He has been collecting money off the people for missionary purposes and applying it to his own use; but that is a small matter, and we should never have disturbed him on that account. We have discovered, however, that this business is merely a cloak for darker designs. He has been caught amongst the niggers, using incendiary language; and we have determined to hang him! He is a d—d renegade and Yankee emissary!

Aug. There is a lady present, sir.

Capt. I beg pardon; I forgot myself [touching his hat to Lillian]. Come, old man! We want you.

Aug. Are you quite sure, sir, that you are not at fault? It is a grave thing to take the life of a human being.

Are you certain that he has done anything worthy of death?

And, besides, sir, consider his white hairs! This shall not be.

Curse his white hairs! A born Virginian, to affiliate with niggers, and incite them to burn our homes and murder

our families! The infernal reprobate and d—d traitor! Away with him! Hang him! [yelled the infuriate crowd].

Aug. These are grave charges; but are the proofs sufficiently clear? Be temperate, gentlemen; and just. For the sake of your own honor, and that of the Commonwealth, be deliberate, and indulge in no lawless violence. [Some of the rougher men growl dissent, and utter fierce exclamations and threats of violence].

Capt. You are right in that, Augustus; but see here. This book was found under his pillow! [producing a copy of the "Helper's Book," and turning to some soiled pages, evidently much used]. What do you think of this? [reads—

"If the South retains slavery, which God forbid! she will be to the North what Poland is to Russia, Cuba to Spain, and Ireland to England! Our own banner is inscribed—No co-operation with slaveholders in politics; no fellowship with them in religion; no affiliation with them in society; no recognition of pro-slavery men, except as ruffians, outlaws, and criminals! In any event, come what will, transpire what may, the institution of slavery must be abolished! We are determined to abolish slavery at all hazards—in defiance of all the opposition, of whatever nature, it is possible for the slaveocrats to bring against us. Of this they may take due notice, and govern themselves accordingly! Frown, sirs; fret, foam, prepare your weapons, threaten, strike, shoot, stab, bring on civil war, dissolve the Union; our purpose is as fixed as the eternal pillars of heaven; we are determined to abolish slavery, and—so help us God—abolish it we will! It is our honest conviction that all the pro-slavery slaveholders deserve to

be at once reduced to a parrallel with the basest criminals that lie fettered within the cells of our public prisons! Compensation to slave owners for negroes! Preposterous idea—the suggestion is criminal, the demand unjust, wicked, monstrous, damnable! Shall we pat the bloodhounds for the sake of doing them a favor? Shall we feed the curs of slavery to make them rich at our expense? Pay these whelps for the privilege of converting them into decent, upright, honest men?"

No! [roared the fierce captain].

No!! [reiterated the dark and savage-looking band].

Capt. No! You howling fanatics! You cowardly, skulking thieves! You d—d brood of vipers and sneaking assassins! Hang the old devil! [And they moved savagely towards the shrinking old man].

Lillian stepped before them.

Lillian. Nay, gentlemen; not in a moment of passion! You must not so stain your hands with blood, or sully the fair fame of your native State; and besides, it is not clear that the book belongs to this poor old man. Some other person may have left it there. [Turning to the old man, who was eagerly watching her, and who detected the sympathy in her face, although he could not fully make out what she said, she inquired]—

Is it true, sir, that this book is yours?

Yes! [he exclaimed, evidently not knowing what she had said, and putting his hand to his ear as he crowded it into her face]. What did *you* say? I don't under-stand it; I do *not*.

Is that book yours, sir? [she screamed in his ear].

Sponge. Book?

These gentlemen want to know whether that book [pointing] belongs to you or not! [cried Aug. in a loud voice, coming to her relief.]

Sponge. Yes! No—it is not *my*—book; I never saw it before—that I know of. What might the *name* of it—BE?

Aug. You are quite sure that you have never seen it, and that it does not belong to *you*?

Sponge. I—have *got*—two *books*; that *is*—all; a—test—*a—ment*—and—a—Meth—o—*dist* hymn—*book*.

Lillian. There, gentlemen; you can surely see that he is innocent.

Aug. Yes; no man could well counterfeit such simplicity. I do not believe the book was left there by him.

Capt. That may be, but we want to be rid of him, anyway.

Then let him leave the State in peace; I will see to it that he goes. Gentlemen, please let us pass—he is now *my* prisoner! [she said, with such a witching smile that those black-browed men relaxed their savage scowl, and courteously made way for her as she gently took the hand of the trembling old man and led him away to the cottage. The patrolmen gazed silently after her until she was out of sight, then turned, without uttering a word, and rode away.]

Scene 2.—A place on an unfrequented road, not far from Harper's Ferry; a view of the rocky cliffs and wooded heights skirting the Shenandoah, in the background; near the foreground, an old mill on the shore of the river; the moonlight glances brightly from the turbulent waters of the broad, but shallow stream.

[*Enter* a tall, dark figure, muffled in a short cloak; it is Ralf Rathmore. He paces up and down, with his hands clasped behind him, evidently in a dejected and desperate mood.

How vain is vanity! Alas, humanity;
How insecure are all your bolts and bars!
How fleeting, things that seem most sure to stay;
As sudden in descent as shooting stars;
Fading as the moon before the light of day!
Still, in the wild delirium of her joy,
Perhaps she has not thought to change her will,
Or scented yet my purpose set to kill!
'Tis well; I would not have your fears foretell
The danger of the toils, as some things smell
The purpose of the trapper, how e'er well
The trap be set and bated.
Tread lightly; in the dust the serpent lies!
He strikes!—Hugh—hugh; and his victim dies!
. . . . Ha! What sound is that? It comes this way,
I'll take the bush and watch, be what it may. [*Exit.*
Who—o—o, Dolly; who—o—o! [*exclaimed* a well-known
voice, accompanied by a peculiar, wheezing grunt.

Enter Old Robin Sponger, who peers furtively around in every direction; he finally deposits his party-colored carpet-bag on the ground, and carefully lays his antede-

luvian umbrella upon it. He then blows his bugle of a nose with fine effect in the silent woods, and wipes it carefully on his well-glazed coat sleeve, as usual. Fumbling about in his pockets, he produces that filthy old rag, and gives a finishing wipe to his trickling proboscis.

This *road—is—dread—ful—ROUGH!* Per—*haps* it *is* SAFE; FOR surely—no one—ever comes *this—WAY!* Blessed Je—sus. This *place—must be—IT;* there *is—the old—MILL!* That is so! Hugh! God—have *mercy—on—my—* Why, how do *you* do! [he suddenly exclaimed.

Enter an aged negro man, who takes off his hat and tucks it under his arm, and then stands looking at Old Sponger in mute astonishment; Sponger, in turn, looks at the old darkey in much the same manner. At length the silence is broken.

Ole Mas.! [ejaculated the negro, trying to move around Sponger, but keeping his eyes on him all the time].

How do *you—DO?* [exclaimed Sponger, offering his hand, which the black man seemed half afraid to take].

I *am—so glad—TO—see you!*

Old Negro. Gugh—faugh! Golly; I's mouty glad ub dat Ole Mas.!

Sponge. Per—haps—you—can tell *me* WHERE—I—AM?

Negro. Don' know, Ole Mas.; 'cept you's hyeah.

Sponge. I *am* on my way—to—Pitts—BURG!

Negro. An' wha 's pinchbug, Massa?

Sponge. Away over *there—beyond the—moun—tains.*

[Points West].

Dem mount'ns? [ejaculated the old black man with evident dread].

Yes! [cried Sponger in his peculiar treble].

Negro. Is *you* gwine to pinchbug, Massa?

Sponge. Yes! I *want* to get *there*—as soon as— I CAN!

Negro. Does you want to git da werry bad, sah?

Sponge. Yes! I do—*so!* I am a—fraid *to*—stay *here*—any *longer!*

Negro. Lo'd! Ole Mas.; is you mo' feard ub stay'n hyeah 'n you is ub gwine down da?

Sponge. Down where?

Negro. Down da to pinchbug 's you calls it! Da's nuf'n down da, Massa, but de black clouds! It's night fo' eba down da! Dem mount'ns am de cend ub de wo'ld, sah—dem mount'ns! Da's wha de sun goes to hide in de night; an' stays down da 'till de mo'n'n. Den he comes up oba de Ridge da, a' ta gwine cla' unda de wo'ld! Dey say de good folks 's gwine to come up da oba de Ridge jis like de sun! Is dat so, Ole Mas.?

Sponge. Yes! Glory — *to* — GOD! And THE — *black man* — will *be* — as bright *and* — FAIR — as *the* — SUN!

Ole Mas.! [fairly shouted the old negro].

What 's dat you say?

[Enter Ralf Rathmore.

What now? 'Tis Robin Sponger, I believe.

Have you, too, found some cause for hurried leave,

That by these devious ways you take your flight

Like a frightened owl through the gloom of night?

Sponge. Yes! [cried the old man in that peculiar treble, whose hollow and meaningless tone indicated that he had failed to hear or comprehend what Rathmore had said].

I am—en—gaged—in—the ser—vice of—God!

Rath. All that have I heard before; what else?

Sponge. Per—haps—you are in—ter—est—ed in this—WORK?

Rath. Well; I am.

Sponge. Per—haps—you have not seen—my Chi—na—
cu—ri—ossi—ties? I have—a gre—a—at vari—e—ty!

Rath. Damn your curiosities! Kite them to the sky!

Have done with this. Think you that I

Can be so duped as others by a spy?

I know you, Sponger. Knowing, I know why

You take the wings of night to darkly fly

The dangers that beset you. They are nigh

Whom you now seek. The deserted mill

Is the rendezvous for conspirators still.

You have no cause to fear.

Sponge. And who—*are*—YOU?

Rath. I am Ralf Rathmore—now in command

Of all the forces of the John Brown band

In this vicinity. [He puts a small whistle to his lips,
and blows a shrill call].

[*Enter* a motley gang of armed negroes and white desperadoes.

Sponge. Well, I *de-CLAR'*! I *never*—saw *any-thing—*
to—e—qual—THAT! I *never—did*; that *is—so*.

Rath. You see I lie not. Have you found any friends
up the valley?

Sponge. A gr—ea—a—t mul—*ti*—TUDE!

Rath. Will they rise?

Sponge. When—*ever*—needed.

Rath. Then we'll knead them, if that will make them
rise. Are they mixed?

Sponger. Yes! Most-ly—*black!* There *are*—a —*few*—
WHITE!

Rath. Enough for yeast, perhaps, to make them rise.
Well, Sponger; 'tis none too soon your carcass flies
These scenes. This night the arsenal will be attacked
At Harper's Ferry; and the arms so long there stacked
To serve no purpose, ere the morrow's dawn the brave
Army of Liberators, and downtrodden slave,
Shall trim with glittering steel!

Hugh, hugh; and there are those doomed soon to feel
Ralf Rathmore's vengeance! Craven wretches, kneel
And kiss the foot that spurns you. Caress the heel
That tramps you in the mire your own blood made!
Bless, curse, supplicate; all your hopes shall fade
Together, hugh, hugh, from the glazed eye of death!

[*Aside.*] Aye, fairest Lillian; soon your snowy breast
Shall softly swell on Rathmore's blackened chest!

[*A shot heard without.*] Ha! A shot! Our men have
fired on some patrol!

Fall in, men! Sponger; get you hence, or they'll take
toll

Of your heart's blood! Attention, company; for-
ward—march!

[*Exeunt* all; Rathmore and his gang to the front; old
Sponger to the rear. After the scene was deserted, the
peculiar voice of the queer old man could still be heard,
crying in the most appealing tones— "Git up, Dol-ly;
git up!"

Scene 3.—A place in front of the Fairfax mansion; a porch; interior illuminated, and sound of music and dancing within. The grating of carriage wheels on the gravel way, and sound of coachmen without. Negro servants in waiting to render any service required. Guests arriving and merrily entering the main portal, where they are courteously received by the host and hostess. The guests all arrived, and a company of negroes appear, availing themselves of the music within, to engage in a grotesque dance.

[*Enter Klack*, with a silver tray loaded with partially emptied wine glasses, fragments of cake, candies, etc., from the house, singing—

I's comin, comin! Niggas clar de way
Fo' de cake an' de wine, an' de candies fine,
Dat de white folks fro'd away!

Hab a glass, sah? [he said with an important flourish, offering a glass to a gentleman's gentleman; but in the nick o' time, just as the said gentleman extended his hand to receive the tempting beverage, his face all radiant with pleasurable expectation, the rascally Klack, suddenly changing his mind, coolly emptied it himself, much to the amusement of the other negroes; blandly adding—

In dis hea' wo'ld ob sudden change,
Dis change ob mine 'bout dis hea' wine,

On de whole 's nuf'n werry strange. [And he impudently put his thumb to his nose, and wagged his fingers at the victim of his joke; the other negroes laugh and jeer].

Gent's gent. On dat ah hole dis change ub mine,

Suits you as well as dat ah wine! [Slaps Klack in the mouth; who suddenly finds himself sprawling on the ground, with the cherished remnants of the feast scattered all around].

Negroes—all. We's gwine fo' de wine, an' de candies fine!

Hyeah, hyeah! Hoo-dah! [all make a dive for the good things; a general scramble, tumble, and frolic. A confused sound of voices without].

Old Tom. You, niggas; hea' dat ah noise out dah?

Dah's white folks com'n, sho! Git 'way from hea'; make yo' se'fs scarce, you howl'n mokes; you hea'?
[*Exit* negroes; Tom kicking high at the flying coat-tails of the hindmost.

Lady's voice (without). Help, help!

[*Enter* Vix Fairfax, running.

Oh, Uncle Tom; do save me! Don't let him catch me! [She takes refuge in the rear of Old Tom, and tugs at his coat-tail].

Tom. You, chile! You git behin' dah; you hea'; [and the faithful old creature excitedly brandished his heavy cane so vigorously that he kept the mischievous Vix dodging this way and that to kept out of its way].

[*Enter* Will Keene, followed by others.

Will. Oh, ho! So you are treed at last!

Catch her, Uncle Tom, and hold her fast;

Don't let her get away!

Vix. Please don't, Uncle Tom; don't let him catch me.

Will. Now, Vix; 'twas fairly won;

So please don't spoil the fun.

A game so well begun

Should not be all undone.

Come, kiss me just this once; [entreatingly]

Then kick me for a dunce

For getting in this fix
With pretty, pouting Vix!

Tom. Gugh-faugh! [burst out Old Tom, shuffling away].

Am dat what all dis 'bout?

Dey scar de wits clar out! [Exit Tom, laughing.]

I don't care; 'tis all a snare [she cried, poutingly];

'Tis downright mean, I say, Will Keene,

To make me kiss you when I don't want to—

Right here—[aside, coquettishly] before them all!

Will. Well, well, my little belle;

'Tis naught to grieve about.

But when you play another day,

Pray don't begin to pout!

Vix. Now don't get angry, Willie; will you? [entreatingly]

There! [pouting her lips for the forfeit kiss; but she turns her cheek suddenly and catches it there. All laugh at the ruse].

Will. A fraud; that was not fair!

Vix. A fraud? There is a pair!

Will. Please, Vix; now if you dare,

On those sweet lips, right square.

Vix. Well, if I must, take it, tease; [coquettishly pretending not to want to]

Take it quick, and be at ease! [turns her face up and pouts her lips. Will takes her face between his hands this time, and draws a long kiss, holding on as long as he can; she struggles and finally gets away, dealing Will a not very serious box on the ear as she slips from his embrace; the party laugh heartily and enjoy the fun].

Will. Oh, ye gods! That liquid kiss so sweet,
Has run clean through, and tingles in my feet! [he begins to skip and dance; the rest join in and make a merry time, dancing a reel to the music in the house].

[*Enter* Klack, with wine and refreshments as the music and dancing cease.

Will. Hold, hold!—for the spirits are here; [singing; takes a glass]

The spirits that come not to haunt, but to cheer!
The spirits that dwell in the golden grain;
That bask in the sunshine, and bathe in the rain!
They are laden with memories sweet of the hours
When they dwelt in the fields with the beautiful flowers;
Of the bright summer skies, of cerulean blue;
Of the fragrance of morn, and the glistening dew;
Of the carol of birds, and the drone of the bees
As they mingled with breezes that played in the trees.
Let us drink; let us drink to this rich ruby wine
From the sun-gilded "land of the cypress and vine,
Where the flow'rs ever blossom; the heavens ever shine!
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colors though varied, in beauty may vie—
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye!
Where the maidens are soft as the roses they twine;
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine!"

Chorus—all. We drink to the land of the cypress and
vine;

And the maidens as soft as the roses they twine!
We drink to the spirits so joyous and free!

Right welcome, brave Bacchus, thy presence shall be ;
A health to the lips that now gladly greet thee !
To the hearts and the feet that may trip to thy glee !
[all drink the toast gaily].

[*Enter* Gen. Beaumar, Col. Bellemont, Augustus, and others.

Beau. A truce to your giddy mood. Ladies and gentlemen, we regret to mar the pleasure of the evening, but there is cause for serious alarm. There are grave indications of servile insurrection ! We have authentic information that the arsenal at Harper's Ferry has been attacked and captured by a desperate band of Northern fanatics and negroes ; and that a detachment of them, under the villain Rathmore, is now on the march up the valley, perpetrating the grossest outrages, and inciting the slaves to murder and rapine, and the most savage excesses of demoniac rage ! Report has it that they are now but a short distance from this place ! Gentlemen, the ladies and children must at once be gathered together in a place of safety, and a guard be detailed for their protection ; the remainder of us, with such arms as we can hurriedly collect, will reinforce those who have already moved forward to meet the enemy.

[*Enter* the old negro who was seen in conversation with Old Sponger during the last scene ; his eyes rolling and teeth chattering, and his knees shaking with terror.

Ole Mas. ! Young Mas. ! Misses ! All ub yous run foh de lifes ! Dey's com'n ! An' dey's gwine to kill de las' chick an' chile !

[Great excitement ; consternation amongst the ladies ; children cling screaming to their parents ; and the old and

infirm instinctively seek the protection of the young and strong.]

Beau. Col. Bellemont, select such men as you may need to protect the ladies and children; gather them together and barricade the house. Gentlemen; now to the front. [*Excunt all, amidst great excitement.*]

Scene 4.—A kitchen; Aunt Dina discovered busily engaged making preparations, evidently of an unusual nature.

Dina. You, Klack! Bress me; wha's dat ah boy done gone to? Hea' 's Mas. 'Gustus an' my Ole Tom gwine to de wa', 'n nuf'n done got ready fo' 'em! You, Klack!

[*Enter Klack, yawning and rubbing his sleepy eyes.*]

Dina. Ugh—*you's* play'n possum, is you? [*reaching for a long gad that sat in the corner*].

See hea', coon'; you climb—now you climb an' fotch dat umbarel, an' dem slippas up da unda de bed; an' fotch dat ah habasack out dah on de po'ch; shake, nigga!

Klack. Yes 'm; I shakes, I does.

[*Exit lazily*; presently sticks his head through the door-way and flings a flour-bag into the middle of the floor.

Da's de habasack!

[*Exit Klack*; Dina picks it up; shakes it, and in doing so dabs herself in the face with a profusion of flour; then begins to fill it with a quantity of provisions.

Klack reappears at the door, and flings a guady pair of old slippers, of no small dimensions, upon the floor, with a faded umbrella in close pursuit.

Da 's dem udda property! Nuf'n mo'?

[*Exit* without waiting for a reply; the fat old negress turns to speak; but he is gone.

Dina. Da 's no use a talk'n; da 's no mak'n nuf'n out ub dat ah boy no-way! Ugh, ugh; but dis hea' wa' 's 'n awful boda, sho. Dis wa' 's gwine to be wusa 'n de Ha'pa's Ferry wa'. Da 's awful lots ub folks gwine to it, sho 'n sart'n. Ugh, ugh; dem was bad ole times fo' de niggas—dem Ha'pa's Ferry wa' times. De niggas couldn't git to go no-wha'—no-wha' 'tall! An' dis 'll be wusa 'n wusa; you see. Wonda who dey's gwine a' ta kotch'n dis time; wonda if dey's gwine to fotch 'im to Cha'lston an' hang 'im to def likes dey fotch Ole John Brown! Ugh, ugh; don't want none ub dat in mine.

[*Enter* Uncle Tom, with great dignity and importance, rigged out in part of the showy uniform of some quondam militia officer—blue coat with buff trimmings, brass buttons, and enormous epaulets; and an old-fashioned chapeau with a dilapidated, but very large plume; his legs encased in dove-colored pants, formerly belonging to his master, tightly strapped down over patent leather boots, well ventilated at the toes, evidently obtained from the same source. Swung to the wrong side, was an immense revolutionary saber, with a brass scabbard embossed and elaborately ornamented with battle scenes, and a flint-lock horse-pistol, nearly two feet long, was stuck conspicuously in a red silk sash that encircled his waist. As *Dina's* wrong side was turned that way, she failed to see the magnificent spectacle.

Tom. 'Tention, da!—you, Dina! [she turns with a start, and throws up her hands in mute astonishment].

Don't you know yo' s'peria offasa's hea'?

Fo' de lo'd! [exclaimed the good old creature, standing with arms a-kimbo, and gazing at Tom with unqualified admiration].

Am dat you, honey, sho 'nuf? Gugh-faugh! Lo'dy; you looks like de Cunel ob de A'my—dat's so!

[*Enter Klack*, with a brace of carpet-bags; he perceives the august presence of the military chief, and beats a retreat towards the door. But happening to catch a side-view of the officer's face, he is at once thrown into violent convulsions, drops his carpet-bags, and doubling himself up with a quizzical expression on his features, he brings his hands down on his knees very slowly, whilst his capacious mouth is flung wide open and stretched invitingly towards the milky-way. Ki—yi! Hyeah, hye—e—ah! Whew! Did you eba see de likes ub dat! Hyeah, hyeah, hye—e—ah! [and he cocked up his leg and gave it a ringing cuff].

Wha d' you come fum, Cunel?

Tom. Fum de camp, sah! [with dignity].

Dina. Klack! You tarnel pes'! Dah you stan' da 'n make fun ub yo' s'peria offasa? Git out! [she cried indignantly, suiting the toe of her brogan to the tune of her voice, and delivering a well-executed kick at the seat of his sensibilities; but Klack was too quick for her, and changed the base of his operations with such facility, that her foot merely

agitated the air in the vicinity of his coat-tails; but Klack vanished all the same.

Tom. We's spect'n ub o'das ebry minute, Dina, to take up de line ub ma'ch fo' de front!

Dina. Wha am de front, honey?

Tom. De front am somewha down da 'bout de Molasses Jugsum. Dah's wha we's spect'n to ma'ch to. Am dem pepa-ations done made fo' dis hea' shampain?

Dina. Lo'd, honey; I's done been mak'n dem pepa-ations dis bressed lib-long day! Hea 's de habasack ub wital. Da 's a biled ham, 'n fo' roas' chick'ns, 'n a biled tongue, 'n six loaf's ub wheat bread, 'n a pone ub co'n bread, 'n five a'ple pies, 'n a big tata pie, 'n some cake 'n cookies; da 's salt, 'n peppa, 'n pickles, 'n tea, 'n coffee, 'n cheese, 'n sitch-like; reckon mebbly dat's 'bout 's much es you kin tote. [So she hauls out a large flour-bag of about three bushels, stuffed to repletion, and sets it before Old Tom, who looks at it with evident satisfaction].

Hea 's de needles 'n fred, 'n buttons, 'n sitch-like. [She stuffs a small bag of them into his pocket].

An hea 's a roll ub flanel rags 'f you cotches cold—you an' Mas. 'Gustus; dey 'll do to put 'roun' de froat an' sitch-like. [Stuffs them into his pockets].

Hea 's dat bunch ub de wax-cends, 'n de peg'n awl, 'n de hama, 'n de pinchas, 'n sitch-like, to men' de shoes wid. [Stuffs them into his pockets, which now begin to assume plethoric proportions].

Betta take dis bottle ub pain-killa, 'n de bottle ub campha fo' de head-aches, 'n dis bottle ub dem bittas; don't

fo'git to take de bittas a-fo' gwine out 'n de mo'n'n. [She stuffs them also into his pockets].

An' hea 's yo' shirts, 'n cuffs, 'n collas, 'n unda wa', 'n sitch-like; 'n six pa' ub wool sox. Be mouty keerful to keep de feet wa'm; 'n 'f you's gwine to wa' dem fine boots, you mus fix de holes in 'm, sho. An' hea 's yo' slippas, 'n de umbarel. [Stuffs the slippers in his pockets as far as she can].

Da 's de bed'n; da 's on'y fo' blankets, 'n two pa' ub sheets, 'n two slips, 'n a comfo't, 'n a quilt, 'n two pillas, 'n a spread, 'n dat empty tick dat you kin fill when you gits da, kase it 'd be sort ub onhandy to tote—wonda now 'f I's done gone 'n fo'got nuf'n? [she exclaimed, standing in a thoughtful attitude, with her hands a-kimbo on her hips]. Well; 'f da 's ary-fing I's done fo'got, you kin jis git Mas. 'Gustus t' send in de letta.

By this time poor old Tom was loaded down like a pack-mule, so that his distinguished appearance was quite concealed beneath this burden of the comforts of life; his plumed chapeau was squelched beneath his bag of provisions; his slippers were squeezed out of his pockets; his ancient umbrella stuck impertinently up in front of his face; his sword hung dejectedly like the caudal appendage of some miserable cur; and yet his cup was not full.

Fo' de lo'd honey [continued the provident Dina], da 's de pots, an' de pans, 'n de knives, 'n fo'ks, 'n spoons; 'n sitch-like—bress me! [she exclaimed, in great perplexity; then with the inspiration of a new idea, she turned the umbrella over his shoulder and hung the pots on the rear end of it;]

filling them in turn with various kitchen utensils, etc. The last straw broke the cam—the umbrella's back, and down came pots, pans, provisions, bedding, and all with a terrible racket. The sudden derangement in the equilibrium capsized the entire cargo, and carried with it the fallen chief, who had considerable difficulty in extricating himself from the general wreck.

Tom. Da 's no use a-talk'n, Dina ; da 's nary lib'n nigga kin take up de line ub ma'ch 'n tote all dat ah !

Dina. Wall, honey ; what's you gwine to do 'bout 't ?

Tom. Da 's nary way ub do'n dat I knows on, but to lebe some o' dat truck hea'.

Dina. What *is* da', honey, dat you kin do widout ?

Tom. Mout do widout dem pots !

Dina. Mout do widout de pots, sho 'nuf.

Tom. Mout do widout dat tick, 'n de comf'ot, 'n de quilt, 'n de slips, 'n dem sheets, 'n dat pilla.

Dina. An' de cuffs, 'n de collas, 'n de—

Tom. Ugh-ugh ! can't do widout dem cuffs an' dem collas ! [Walking up to a small looking-glass that hung against the wall, and carefully readjusting some of his disordered apparel]. Mout do widout de unda-wa', 'n de slip-pas, 'n de umbarel—ugh-ugh ; can't do widout de umbarel. *Mout* do widout some ub dem pepa-ations in de habasack.

Dina. Mout do widout de ham ?

Tom. Ugh-ugh !—can't do widout de ham.

Dina. Mout do widout de tongue ?

Tom. Ugh-ugh !—can't do widout the tongue.

Dina. Mout do widout dem roas' chicken ?

Tom. Ugh—ugh!!—can't do widout dem chicken!

Dina. Mout do widout de tata pie?

Tom. No, sah!—what 'd Ole Tom do widout de tata pie? Ugh—ugh! Da 's no use a talk'n; can't do widout nuf'n ub dem pepa—ations—'cept de peppa; mout do widout de peppa.

[*Enter* Augustus and Will Keene, hastily. They stop suddenly and look with astonishment on the scene of disaster; then in turn at Tom and Dina, as if for some explanation. As they seemed simultaneously to realize the truth, they burst into a hearty laugh.

Aug. Why, Uncle Tom; what does all this mean?

Tom. Dem 's de papa—ations, Mas. 'Gustus; but da 's no use a—talk'n; I can't tote all dem pepa—ations no way, Massa.

Will. Je—whiz! Did Aunt Dina have you loaded down with all that truck? She must have taken you for a mule—or its daddy!

Aug. Come, Tom, make short work of this; take your blankets and a few necessary articles of clothing—and bring to camp a pot, a couple of tin pans, a tin-cup, a knife and fork, a spoon or two, and an ax. Good-by, Aunty!

Good-by, honey! Bress de life! Take car' ub yo'sef, chile; good-by! [said the motherly old soul, wiping the tears away with her apron].

Aug. When you pray, Aunty, don't forget me; good-by! [and the voice of Augustus Hampton was not as clear as it might have been, as he strode away towards the door].

Dina. Da 's no danga ub me fo'git'n dat, honey; an' don't you fo'git de ole black Mammy!

Aug. No, no! I shall not forget you, Aunty.

[*Exit* Augustus.

Will. Good-by, Aunt Dina; have a "tata pie" ready for us when we get back! [shakes her heartily by the hand].

Dina. Lo'd, chile; you kin hab all de tata pie you wants when you gits back hea'; dats a fac'!

[*Exit* Will.

Tom. I's gwine to say good-by to Ole Miss; [said Tom, hanging fire, and acting as if he could not toe the mark to say good-by]. Come long, Dina; I kin sort ub bar it betta when *you's* da.

[*Exeunt* all.

Scene 5.—A place on the garden front of the Fairfax mansion; a balcony with a low window opening to the floor; beneath it, a door with low flight of steps. Time, night; bright moonlight.

[*Enter* Augustus with guitar; he throws his short cloak carelessly back from his right shoulder, displaying the uniform of a Confederate officer.

How beautiful the night; how calm, how sweet, how bright;

No cloud obscures the star-gemmed heaven;

No breath disturbs the repose of earth;

And this orb of night, like an angel of light,

Keeps her ward and watch o'er the sleeping world.

She, too, is sleeping; maybe some angel pure and fair

Now hovers in the misty moonlight where

She dreams.

Ah, Lillian ; in the soft fabric of thy dream,
Where fancy's bright, fantastic patterns seem
So interlaced and woven with the woof
Of life's reality ; is there one shimmering thread to trace
The memory of our loves and joys in this old place ?

[He softly tunes his guitar, and pitches his voice in a
low tone].

[*Sings*]. My love lies softly, sweetly dreaming
These misty, moonlight hours away ;
Oh, tell me, in that world of seeming,
Is there one thought of me ?—oh, say,
Is there one echo of this love,
As pure as yon sweet heaven above,
That binds my trembling heart to thee ?—
Is there one tender thought of me ?
That binds my trembling heart to thee ?—
Is there one tender thought of me ?

[He picks an interlude ; sings]—
In that enchanted realm of thine,
Where all things seem divinely fair ;
May this impassioned heart of mine
Presume to find an entrance there ?
Is there one thought that sweetly wreathes
Those lips ?—one breath that fondly breathes
The name of him who lives for thee ?—
Is there one tender thought of me ?
The name of him who lives for thee ?—
Is there one tender thought of me ?

[*Enter* Lillian, stepping lightly from the window—upon the balcony; she is dressed in white, with a lace shawl thrown carelessly over her head and shoulders; she sings to same air—

Is there one thought not linked to thee—

One dream of joys I would not share?

Is there a voice as sweet to me

As this that trembles in the air?

There is no other heart than thine,

Where this sweet love may safely twine,

And bloom its life away for thee—

There is no other home for me!

And bloom its life away for thee—

There is no other home for me!

[*They both repeat the last verse as a duet*].

Lillian. So softly through these shimmering moon-beams

Steals your presence, and mingles with my dreams

The soft tremor of your voice—it still seems

So tempered with this witching hour of night,

That joy is yet half sadness, lest it might

Prove evanescent as a dream.

Aug. Ah, me; if space were less, or you more near,

'Twould seem more like reality, my dear!

Lillian. Then, for one brief moment hide your light,

That I may bear you, dearest, from my sight,

Whilst with quick wing I take my joyful flight

To your fond heart, Augustus. Stay; be this [*she plucks*

a white rose from her breast, presses it to her lips,

and casts it to him]

The sweet forerunner of your coming kiss !

[*Exit* into house.

Aug. Oh, this sweet herald of such coming bliss ! [he picks it up and passionately presses it to his lips ; then places it in his breast].

[*Enter* Lillian, from the door beneath ; casts herself upon his breast.

Oh, dear heart !

Aug. My life!—my love ! I could no more endure
The excitement of the camp and hurry of coming war !
'Tis crowded with a giddy throng,
Who little reck the awful wrong
Of such a conflict.

These festive scenes, with all their thoughtless train,
Ill suit my gloomy mood ; and I would fain
Pass the fleeting moments that remain,
Beneath your eyes, and those of heaven alone.

Lillian. 'Tis said so well, it needs no words to tell
The echo of *my* heart ; but why affright
With these pale phantoms of the night ?
Surely, there will be no war !

Oh, tell me that this cloud will pass ;
That 'tis portentous only with the wind !

Aug. Alas ! I fear 'twill be the dread cyclone,
That leaves but ruin in its path, alone !

Lillian. Oh, say not so !—this calm heaven above,
In such sweet harmony with this deep love,
Speaks better things.

Aug. Would that it might speak—and it alone !

But, ah!—how deep the silence of the hour!
How deceptive this seeming peace.
The shock of war already trembles on the startled air,
And rudely breaks the harmony of these scenes so fair.
See! There the pale mist begins to gather—
How wierd it looks to my imagining;
How, like a troop of spectres in their silent flight,
Shrouding those forms of beauty—making hideous the
night!

This dreamy stillness—this heavenly peace;
See; 'tis but the calm before the storm
That is gathering dark and terrible—
The storm of war—of desolation, and of death!

Lillian. Oh, then why remain?

Are there no smoother seas where we may sail?

Aug. How? Fly my country in her hour of need?

Leave *others* to battle for *my* rights?

Nay, dear Lillian; 'tis not yourself; your *fears* have
spoken.

Since war is inevitable, we must bare our breasts to its
shafts,

And endure with patience its sorrows.

Come what may, I shall stand by my country.

Your mother has painted a beautiful picture—

A picture of happiness beyond the seas,

Far from the dangers and turmoil of war;

Heaven knows what it costs me to decline her offer;

But my duty is plain, and my resolve is taken.

Neither the allurements of pleasure, nor terrors of death,

Shall separate me from my people in their hour of peril.
I shall stand where they stand, or fall where they fall!
Lillian. 'Tis like your noble self; 'tis spoken like a
man.

I would not see you placed beneath the ban
Of public virtue. You know best what 'comes a man;
What e'er your honor, and your courage claim
To be your duty—what e'er be due your name,
Or to your country's honor and fair fame—
Of these be you the judge; I cannot blame,
Because I know you are sincere.

Your honor is far more dear to me than life;
Nor with your honor gone, could I e'er be your wife.
No; go!—do your duty; *be* what you now profess;
Nor ever let *me* feel that *I* have made you less!
Prove to the world what I have learned so well—
That you are brave, and true, and noble.
More than words can tell!

Worthy the confidence and esteem of man;
Worthy the love and devotion of woman!

But my brain is on fire, and my heart is bursting.

[She buries her face in her hands, and sobs on his breast].

Aug. My darling; give not the reins to dire fore-
bodings.

Let us turn our thoughts and cares to present things.

[He caresses her tenderly].

Let me see; 'tis now well-nigh two years,
Since in this place we parted 'midst those fears
Whose prophetic shadow forecast the tears

And partings of to-day. It appears
 That our cup of joy is now filled again,
 Only to be more rudely spilled than then.
 But rest assured, through what scenes so e'er
 I may be called to pass in this dread war,
 Your sweet spirit shall be ever near
 To shape my course, as my guiding star.
 And when these dark clouds have all rolled away,
 And peace and sunshine cover our land—
 What e'er the result—be fortune what it may—
 If life be spared until that happy day;
 We shall be reunited, heart and hand,
 To be no more parted in this life—
 I your husband; you my treasured wife!
 But who comes here?
 Who walks the night in these small hours?
Lillian. 'Tis the voice of Horatio; it will not matter
 tho' he see you here.
Aug. The hour is late; let us seek repose.
 I must not keep you in the chill night air.
 Then fare you well, my love; more fair
 Than well, I fear; but at the least, a sweet good-night!
 [He embraces and kisses her; she detains him].
Lillian. Stay yet a little; these bright hours so soon
 Are fled into eternity! This sweet moon
 Flies so fast from the coming day!
 No more, brave heart!—no more, mayhap, for aye,
 So sweetly 'neath her gentle beams, may I thus fondly
 lay

My cheek upon your heart! [After a little, she raises her head and looks proudly and fondly in his face].

Aye; it has the ring and temper of a thing

That I may trust! Now go—brave heart, farewell!

[She steals her arms around his neck; one last convulsive tremor of the heart—one wild embrace—one burning kiss; and so they say farewell]. [Exit all.]

[Enter Gen. Beaumar and Col. Bellemont, in U. S. A. uniforms.]

Beau. The Federal authorities have failed to properly estimate the extent of the trouble; and this has betrayed them into a position from which they cannot recede. On the other hand, the South is determined, and she could not now retrace her steps, even were it consistent with right and honor. There is, therefore, no alternative; the issue must be determined by the force of arms.

Belle. Secession was a terrible mistake, and the reduction of Fort Sumpter an unfortunate event; still, it is useless to deplore that now. But I do hope, my dear old friend, that *you* will not follow the example of so many of our ablest men, and embark in so hopeless an enterprise.

Beau. My dear friend; it is not *enterprise*, but a sense of duty that prompts men in this trying hour; it is not optional with us to do or not to do, unless we willfully do wrong.

We cannot ignore the claims of our native land to the blood and service of her sons; we cannot become traitors without ceasing to be men and gentlemen. It is not wrong for *you* to take the stand you do, because your State has re-

mained in the Union ; it would be unworthy of you to do otherwise. What is true of you, is true of me ; and come what may—be it good or ill—I shall remain loyal to my State. She has called upon her sons, and they respond ; she commands, and we obey. I have taken no part in the political movements that have precipitated this war upon us, and I *shall* take none ; but what my people require of me, I will do. Yet would I have gladly perished ere this hour—ere I had been called upon to draw my sword against that flag, beneath whose shining stars I have proudly lived, and in whose service I have grown old and gray ! I had hoped that one day her soft, bright folds would encircle this form, then cold and dead ; but this was not to be.

Then fare thee well, old flag ; fare thee well ; the blessing of

God go with thee !

When the storm of life's passion is past,

And the reign of this wrong is over at last ;

When war and its wages are fled,

And the causes that fed it are dead ;

May the bright morning sun still salute thee, Old Flag,

As was its wont in the days that are gone ! [sits down and bows his head upon his hands, as they rest heavily on the hilt of his sword.]

[*Enter* Will Keene, in Confederate uniform ; salutes.]

General Beaumar, the Governor has arrived in camp, and would be pleased to see you ; he remains but a short time.

Beau. I will be at head-quarters presently [salutes].

[*Exit* Will.]

Bellemont, you will accompany me? Do not refuse me this last kindness. It is the last night we may pass together for many a day—possibly the last on earth. The gloom lies heavily enough around my old heart, without drawing the curtains closer.

Bell. Certainly, I will go, my friend. It will be hard for us to part, after so many years of service together. But I can delay no longer than the morrow; the rapid development of events makes it my duty to report at Washington at once.

Beau. Then to-night we may still be friends—enemies on the morrow! [*Exeunt* all.

[*Enter* Ralf Rathmore, stealthily.]

Well, the thing that brought me here, has failed;

There were too many, thus to be assailed!

Well, well;

In times like these, when love and all things fair,

Take their hurried flight from this thick'ning air—

I, too, should spread the wing; tho' black as night,

I, too, will flee the clouds, and seek the light!

There I can well prepare those deeds that might

At other times well seek the gloom of night,

Whose darkness pales with flitting phantoms white

Of troubled spirits; from whom my startled sight

Turns back with horror!

Tut—tut; such thoughts begone!

That done, the work is well begun;

And then, the better to fulfill

The purpose of my hate that still,

And even will, burn like hell within me—

I will join the army of the Union!
 Perchance the fortunes of accursed war
 May opportunity to the oath I swore,
 Give—to destroy them all!
 Hurrah for the Union!—the Army!—all!
 Hurrah for the Flag!—that funeral pall
 That changes black to white;
 That turns the day to night;
 That gilds with a tinge of glory
 The hand that is dark and gory!
 By the subtle powers of hell,
 This fierce pursuit suits me so well,
 I'll do anything—*be* anything; aye,
 I will be a surgeon—chaplain—spy—
 What e'er I may or can; what e'er they will—
 So it do but further my design to kill!
 Hugh, hugh; *anything*—so it promise well
 To give me rein to send them all to—hell!

[*Exit* Rath., desperately; *Enter* Old Tom, cautiously.

Tom. De deb'l! I's gwine fo' to tell Mas. 'Gustus! I's gwine to tell de sojas!—dey 'll tight'n de coil; dey 'll swing dat a' deb'l clar ub de groun'! Hugh! He's de Union!—he's gwine to be de stugeon ub de a'my!—he's gwine to be de spy, and de pall dat cubas all! But you's gwine to be food fo' de buzzads, you is; food fo' de buzzads, you slimy serpent!

[*Enter* Augustus and Will; Tom starts affrighted.

Aug. Food for the buzzards, Tom? What does all this mean?

Tom. Lor', Mas. 'Gustus! I jis feels de har ris' clean off dis nigga's head! [takes off his hat and feels his bald pate]. De deb'l, Mas. 'Gustus; de slimy sarpent! He's done come back hea'! He's gwine to de Union; he's gwine to be de sturgeon ub de a'my! De nasty, sneak'n, slimy sarpent! I's gwine to tell de sojas; dey'l make 'im de sturgeon ub de a'my—dey'l make 'im food fo' de buzzards—dey will. Food fo' de buzzads; hyeah, hyeah, hyeah!

Will. Whom? What buzzards? What are you talking about?

Aug. Don't you understand? That villain Rathmore is prowling around here again!

Tom. Dat's him! Dat's it; dat's de varmint!

Will. Oh, ho! I see! That bodes no good, Augustus.

Aug. So he but goes, and we be rid of him, it will not matter how, or what he serves to fill!

Do you think his mission is to kill?

Will. I take it so; we'll be on our guard.

Aug. I thought he had forever vanished;
But still I see the spectre of the bloody hand.
We must beware.

Tom. He's fit'n fo' nuf'n but de buzzads; de pisen sarpent!

Aug. Well, Tom, get our horses; we must ride to camp.

Tom. Yes, sah. [Exit Tom, bowing low.
[Enter a Confederate soldier; salutes.

Captain Hampton, our regiment is ordered to the front; it is the Colonel's orders that you report with your company ready for service without delay [salutes]. [Exit soldier.]

Aug. Orderly! [Enter a soldier.]

Tell Lieutenant Clayton to break camp and be ready to take up the line of march at 5 o'clock in the morning, sharp. [Salutes]. [Exit soldier.]

[Enter a group of Confederate officers. Salutes; greetings, and great excitement; they sing the Southern Marseilles.]

All. To the front!—to the front! [Cheers].

[Enter Gen. Beaumar, in Confederate uniform; cheers; officers crowd around him; shouts of—

Beaumar is with us! Beaumar forever! [cheers; martial music approaching—air of Dixie; rumble of artillery; noise of masses of troops in motion; cheers run along the lines, and lost in the distance.]

Beau. Soldiers, I thank you for your cordial greeting. Yes, I am with you, and shall ever be while I have life! [Cheers]. Let us do our duty; but do it nobly! No matter what the provocation, let us not forget what we owe to ourselves, to our country, and the cause of humanity; or that we are a civilized and Christian people. And remember, gentlemen, our enemies are also our countrymen; how much soever a blind fanaticism and unreasoning passion may cause them to ignore it—let us not forget it. They and their fathers have fought with us and our fathers, side by side, beneath the same old flag! [raises his hat]. Whatever that may cover in the future—treat it with respect, because of the past; the flag is not to blame!

Officer. A noble sentiment from a noble man.

[*Enter* Mrs. Hampton, Mrs. Arlington, Lillian, Vix, Will, Col. Bellemont, ladies and gentlemen; negroes in the background.

Aug. Dear mother, the hour has come to part! [embraces her]

Then good-by, dear mother—sacred heart!

Hence, at our country's call, we go to war,

Soon the deep thunder of the cannon's roar

Will startle our peaceful valleys, and rudely shake

These mountains with the conflict of the cause at stake!

Pray, my dear mother, what e'er betide *me*,

That those who survive, may live proud and free,

Dwelling peacefully 'neath their own vine and fig-tree.

Now farewell; if no more in life—then in heaven!

[He embraces and kisses her tenderly; she raises her hands; he kneels at her feet.

H. Go! In childhood I gave thee to God,

I give thee now to thy native sod,

For liberty, and thy country's good!

Fear not, my son; thy fathers stood

Where thou must stand—nor fled

The field of battle; but instead,

Like grim warriors—cold and dead,

Slept upon their arms where they had bled,

Fronting the tyrant's minions; led

By black-browed ruffians at their head,

In their abhorrent work.

Go; do thy duty; nor let me live to see

My son dishonored e'er return to me! [lays her hands upon his head]

May God in mercy spare my boy! [sinks back exhausted, in the arms of the ladies].

Augustus rises, and bids one after another good-by; general leave-taking; Augustus approaches Lillian, and takes both her hands in his.

Aug. Last, but not least, my soul's sweet sunshine.

The clouds of war now roll between us;

But we shall know, beyond this gloom and lurid glare,
There are hearts that towards each other

Feel no throb of war! And so—fare—well! [he presses her fondly to his heart, and kisses her passionately].

He finds her sinking—fainting; martial music in the distance—cheers; strong positions.

Tableau—Curtain.

ACT III.

Scene 1.—A quiet little room in a Baltimore coffee-house.

[*Enter* two Irishmen, in the uniform of Federal soldiers, with a jaunty air. Time, morning.]

Faith, Mike; 'nd the ould r-roosht 's dizolate now es iver it wuz afther we cum to it. [said Pat, twisting off his cap with a reckless flourish, kicking one chair over, and sitting down astride of another; at the same time giving a tremendous rap on the table with his knuckles, which set the glasses to jingling in the adjoining bar-room, and speedily brought the host to the inner door to ascertain the cause of the racket.]

Host. Och! Pat; is it yersilf, thin? Faix, 'nd ye 's woorse 'n a bull in a cr-rockerthy shtore! But it 's the top 'o the marn'n to yez fer a' that, Pat! Shure, 'nd it's Mike O'Flanigan 's wid yez! [shaking hands heartily with both at once.] Divil a bit uv woondther is it that ye're r-rant'n aroond i' the loiks o' that! Sit down, lads; it's mesilf that 'll do the thr-reat'n this time. What is it ye'll hev, now?

Pat. Soome o' that same, Barney.

Bar. An' fer yersilf, Mike?

Mike. Shure, Barney; 'nd it's yersilf thet's doin the thrayt'n; whativer yez loiks the best—I'll take a sup o' that.

Bar. Och! b'ys; 'nd I've a dthrop o' the best ould r-r-roy that iver yez tickled yez dthr-roy ould goozles wid! 'nd boot me to Limerick ef I've not soome o' the ginuine ould Irish pr-ratie fwisky! Bedad; 'nd yez shell hev soome o' the both o' thim. Jist hould on a bit. [*Exit* Barney.]

Pat. There's na better b'y thin Barney.

Mike. Faith; 'nd he's a heart es big es the bafe he said yez resimbled.

Pat. Bejabers, 'nd I would he were woon uv us!

Mike. 'Nd whoy 're yez woosh'n the loiks o' that, Pat?

Pat. I say, Mike; d' yez moind the toim whin we lay be the soid uv ache ither in the bludey ould housepital?

Mike. Shure, Pat; 'nd d' yez think me deminted, that I could fergit the loiks o' that?

Pat. Thaire's soomthin I'm want'n to tell yez, Mike; 'ud I'm dom shure it 'll fill yez so full ye 'll hev dom leetle r-r-room fer Barney's fwisky!

Mike. Faix, Pat; hould on a bit; it 'll niver do to miss the loiks o' that, at all, at all.

Pat. I say, Mike; d' yez moind the shwate leddy yez so mistooke fer the Howly Mither whin ye wuz ravin wid the faver?

Mike. Howly Mither, bliss the shwate loif uv 'er! Shure, Pat; 'nd she wuz an angel sint by the Blissed Virgin et the laste uv it; she wuz nothin short o' that, Pat!

Pat. She's that same, Mike; but she's one 'o thim thet's on the airth yit. D' yez moind the shwate craither fetch'n thim dainty things ivery day fer us to ate; 'nd how gintle 'nd koind she wuz; 'nd how she'd sit be the soid uv us be the hour 'nd rade out o' thim goode books? 'nd how shwately she takked to us uv the Howly Fayther, 'nd the Blissed Jaysus, 'nd the Mither of God, 'nd a' that! 'nd moind ye, lad, how she knaled down be the bed uv us 'nd laid the dainty white hand uv 'er on thim dom r-rough ones

uv ours, 'nd prayeḍ that we moight git weel, if it so plased the Fayther, 'nd live to be goode 'nd useful men; but if we had to dee, thet our immartel sparits moight feriver rest in the buzzum uv the Howly Mither! Och! me b'y; is ther a mither's son uv us thet would shtand loik dom basties 'nd say 'er hoorted?

Mike. Hoorted the divil! Faix, mon; shew me the bludey shpalpeen thet 'ud hoort a haire uv 'er, 'nd I'd mak a dthrume uv his noggin in a jiffy; that would I, lad!

Pat. Now listen to what I'm tell'n yez, Mike; it's her shwate heart, the gintleman in the doongeon, thet's to be shooted in the mahrn'n for a shpoy!

Mike. Howly Mither!

Pat. Ye may be shure I'm not mishtak'n, Mike. It wuz mesilf that was shtand'n gyard et head-quahrters whin the leddy wint in fer a pass to say the gintleman in the prayson. Och! me b'y; me heart wuz in me mouth ahl the time uv it, 'nd me thr-roat wuz es dthry es powther to say 'er shwate face ahl coovered wid tares, 'nd hear 'er plaid'n so hard! Faith, how me blude biled to hear thim thet hed niver been fit fer a doormat fer the dainty feet uv 'er, quistioning uv 'er about 'er lyalty, 'nd the loiks o' that; 'nd tahlk'n to 'er es if the barn leddy waire soome common kitchen shlop; 'nd tell'n uv 'er she wuz oncommon good-look'n, 'nd moight come i' the noight toime whin soome one would be maire et leasure, 'nd could tak the toime to attind to it. But noone o' thim hed the toime to attind to it thin; whilst ahl the toime uv it the dairty divils waire a-sit'n thaire a-shmok'n, wid ther heels cocked oop on the manthel! Thin

an arderly coome out o' the Capt'n's room 'nd handed 'er a bit o' paper; 'nd the shwate angel wint away a-cry'n es if 'er heart 'd break! It wuz thin the dairty poops wint on: och! how they tahked about the shwate craither! 'nd one o' the bastely whelps cahled 'er his game! Begorry!—if it 'd been the death o' me the next moment afther, I could'nt a helped it; fer I liveled a divil uv a blow wid the but o' me mooshkit, 'nd dom nigh shpattered the soone uv a gune ahl over the wahl! 'nd I towld the howl pack o' shnak'n curs thet I'd blowe the howl top o' thim ahf ef they hed ony more uv it to say!

Faix! Thaire's the bludey shpalpeen now; 'nd the Capt'n, too! Quick, Mike; come, lad, before they see me face; we 'll jist shtape in this ither r-room, 'nd tip an aire to what they say; it moight be soomgthin concarn'n the leddy. [Exit Pat and Mike.

[Enter Ralf Rathmore, wearing the uniform of a Federal officer; accompanied by an orderly—a villainous-looking fellow.

Rath. Sit down, Buffer; we must have a cussion
 To soften the shock and sharp concussion
 Of duty with our tender conscience!
 By name and nature you are Buffer.
 What say you?—so your belly do not suffer,
 Your pockets be well lined, and yourself veneered
 To suit your taste—so to conceal your seared
 Soul, and rude structure of your inner part—
 What need have you to care for what thou art?
 So you but seem to others of more state

And consequence than the common herd,
The full measure of the royal state
Is yours! Now, mark my word——

[*Enter* a comely bar-maid; she makes a pretty little courtesy as she perceives Rathmore, and approaches in a shy and hesitating manner, to take his order. One might suspect from her blushing hesitation and evasive look, mingled with a half fearful yet pleased expression, that she had already been the recipient of questionable attentions from that source.

Rath. How now, Maleen? Can you not welcome each,
Friend Buffer and myself with some sweet speech?

You are not wont in such coy style to greet
Your trusty customers when chance they meet
Beneath your roof, to woo your graces sweet!

[*Aside*]. And set their snares to trip your dainty feet
In some unguarded moment!

Buffer, what will you? Line your stomach well,
And fill your wine-sack; that done, I will tell
My purpose, and instruct you in your part.
But, stay; now, lest your belly get the start,
And be first served, and foremost in your heart—
While they prepare your order, I'll impart
The scheme I'd have you execute.

Maleen, give ear; nor let him e'er impute
To me a griping purse, toward Buffer, man or brute.

Buf. Maleen, what e'er yez hev that's pass'n goode,
I' the way o' dthrink, ur the loin o' food,
Br-rung on the shtooft'n, 'nd the shtooft to dthrink,

Es mooch, Maleen, es yersilf may think

I kin ate 'nd dthrink to my heart's contint!

Rath. Aye, Maleen; but be sure the ebbing tide

Be not so strong that this old tub may ride

Too far a-sea! [*Aside*]. If it pickle his hide

For immortality, 'twill no matter be,

So he serves *my* purpose with servility! [*Exit* Maleen.

Now, Buffer; we may proceed. You have been,

To my certain knowledge, a servant within

The walls of Arlington. How did you leave?—

In such good grace that they would now believe

You honest, and still trust your honest heart?—

Or do they know you, man, for what thou art?

Buf. It's not tell'n, I am, what ither folk know,

Ur what the loiks o' thim moight belave;

But give me the missage, 'nd thither I'll go,

An' be the best o' me so to behave

In sitch loik es to gain ther confidance.

Rath. Well, you know Lillian; do you know why

She pleaded so hard to see that spy

Who lies in the dungeon condemned to die

On the fatal morrow? Hugh—hugh!

Ere the red sun shall flash the eastern sky,

His sun shall set in sorrow!

Buf. Thaire's dom'd gude raison; et ony rate,

So the sarvints say.

He's 'er own ould loover thet saved her loif;

An' it wuz intinded she 'd be his woif.

Rath. Hugh—hugh! But now her wedding chimes

Shall ring the expiation of his *crimes*!

For in the very hour when he is shot,
She shall become *my* wife—unless my plot
By some mischance miscarries.

Buf. Fie, mon! Wid yer blarney be aisy.
Faix, I've none o' thim soft spots, thet ye
Should thr-r-ry to decave 'n ould timer loik me.
It's yez own cr-rimes he ixpiates ;
An' that I knows r-roit well !
Yez but pay me the money 'nd tell
Me the jowb yez want doone, 'nd spaire
Yersilf the thr-rooble o' thr-ry'n
To mak it look r-roit to me !

Rath. Good enough !
Then at the earliest possible hour,
I must get this girl within my power.
Perhaps, however, the better way
Will be to brook some little delay,
And wait for night ; for the insolent day
Will hardly promote the game we play.
So go to Arlington place to-day,
To see your friends ; great sorrow display
For your former mistress, and the way
In which she was treated on yesterday.
Say you're the Sergeant of the guard
That 'll on duty be in the ward,
To-night, where Augustus Hampton is.
Use your wit as may seem most fit,
To decoy the love-stricken beauty ;
And tell her you might, were she there to-night,

By the sacrifice of your duty,
Arrange for her a farewell meeting,
And leave her there to pass the fleeting
Hours 'till well-nigh dawn.
If you are caught, tell her like as not,
For this grave breach of duty,
'Twould be your lot also to be shot,
A sacrifice to her beauty ;
But you cannot bear to see one so fair
Thus broken and bowed with sorrow,
And feel not a care, much less seek to share
The loss she must bear on the morrow.
Now, for the rest, you know it is best
To be secret and sly as the devil ;
So, now bring the best of your wits to the test,
And see if you cannot conceal
This business from all who chance might feel
An interest in it, and too soon reveal
The affair where 'twould give us trouble.
Conduct the fair Lillian to the fort ;
Conceal her ; then come to me and report.
I will myself to the dungeon first ;
Then usher her in ; the truth will burst
With fine effect upon her !
There is some money ; I'll owe you more
The moment she enters that dungeon's door !
'Till then, farewell.

[*Exit Rathmore.*

Buf. Now, be the powers, it moosht be seen,

What the divil's becom o' the shwate Maleen.

[Exit Buffer.

[Enter Pat and Mike from the inner room.

Pat. Weel, Mike, me b'y; 'nd what d'yez think o' the twain o' thim now?

Mike. Faix, Pat; 'nd will yez ax me that?

But divil-a-bit 'll the bludey shpalpeens git the best o' me leddy in onny sitch ways es the loiks o' that; naither o' the shwate Maleen! [Then the two Irish pals quietly lighted their stumps of pipes, and sat down astride of their chairs, with their arms on the backs, and looking each other in the face for some time without uttering a word; but they were evidently not idle with their thoughts. Pat was the first to speak.]

Pat. Mike, me b'y, d' yez know whaire the leddy moight live?

Mike. She *moight* live i' the moon, Pat, fer the mather o' that; but I ween she 's nune o' thim fairies.

Pat. Well; d' ye moind the General Billmunt thet wuz wid 'er in that dom'd ould housepital?

Mike. Aye—aye, lad; that do I.

Pat. Ef ye 'll bethink yersilf, Mike, she tould us the General wuz the brither uv 'er. I ween he 's the silf-same thet soome o' the b'ys 's think'n 'll put a shtop to the shoot'n temorry.

Mike. Thin, bedad, it 'll be the prowper thing to kape the eyes uv us paled, Pat, 'nd gave 'im the thr-r-rue shtate o' the case es soon es we git the awpertyunety.

Pat. That 's ahl weel enoof, me b'y; but "ther's mony a shlip twixt the coop 'nd the lip!" Ther may be nooth'n

o' the sort i' the wind. Now, it 's in me moind, Mike, to do soomethin be the silves uv us, widout take'n the chances o' that. Mebby we kin hit on some schame to git the gintleman out uv it; what d' yez say to that?

Mike. Faix, Pat; 'nd yez tahlk'n to the loik'n o' me now. Shure' 'nd thaire 's divil a thing fer the loif o' me thet 's more to me loik'n then that; but it 's fer the sake o' the shwate angel I 'd do it, Pat; moind that.

Pat. It 's the same heare, Mike. Weel, I'm think'n thet Boofer 'll hev the kays the noight, mon; 'nd ef Boofer hes not, thin the black divil Raithmoor will. Now, we kin concale oursilves in woon o' thim impty cells, 'nd woutch fer the pesky shpalpeens; 'nd in the nick o' toime, jist tip thim woon oonder the eaire 'nd dthrag thim into the impty cell; thin we kin tak the kays 'nd lit the gintleman out uv it!

We kin waire soome aixthray clooth'n to r-rig 'im out in soome o' the same; 'nd es we 'll hev the coontersoin, we 'll hev no defookelty in the mather of git'n 'm out. But it 'll niver do, me b'y, fer the dainty, barn leddy to inter it et ahl, et ahl; we moosht put a shtop to that, lad!

Mike. Faix, Pat; 'nd ef we succade in git'n the gintleman out uv it; 'nd ef it waire not fer the lave'n o' yersilf, I 'd be afther tak'n Frinch lave o' thim, 'nd go'n alahng wid the gintleman; fer, shure, 'nd he 's the gинуine sort! I 've no loik'n fer the sarvice et ahl, et ahl; shure, 'nd it 'd be the delight uv me 'f the bluddy ould wahr waire oover. Och! Pat, me b'y; 'f yez could bay the coochman, 'nd I the garthener, ur 'some-'at o' that sort, to the shwate leddy—what the divil 'd becom o' the twain uv us, fer the very j'y uv it?

Pat. It 's mesilf thet 's wid yez, Mike; faith, 'nd it's that same; but it 's nay faith et ahl, et ahl, wid thim dom Yankees, Faix; 'nd it wuz thim thet decaved us wid ther blarney in the ould coonthry, 'nd br-r-rought us oover to mak bourd'n-house-hash uv us fer thim dom nagers! It 's mesilf, lad, thet 's not moind'n a bit o' shtif foit'n; but it 's the kill'n o' whoit gintleman fer the sake o' fray'n thim dom naisty nagers, thet I 'm objict'n to it; 'nd the sarv'n o' sitch ither es whin they do say a doonroight gintleman, sitch es the loiks o' him they 've got in the doongeon—they wants to shoot 'im doun loik a dahg! Yez be aisy, Mike; we 'll jist do that same thrick; but sock doun in yez hayversock—fer thaire cooms the shwate Maleen; 'nd the Boofer 's not far away, yez may be shur-re!

[*Enter* Maleen, with Buffer's order; she drops a pretty courtesy to the chums, quickly and dexterously spreading the refreshments upon the table, as she merrily hums an Irish ditty.]

Mal. Gintlemen, ef it plase yez, whaire kin the Boofer bay?

Pat. He 's jist shteped out, me shwate Maleen; but 'f ye 'll git us a shtake 'nd a coup o' cahfee, *we 'll* kape the flois ahf 'till the Boofer comes.

Mal. Thet weel I, gintlemen; 'nd it 's mesilf thet 'll bay mooch behowld'n to yez, Maisther McCarthy.

[*Exit* Maleen, with a charming tittle courtesy.]

Now, Mike, ould b'y; that shtoof 's too goode fer the loiks o' that pesky shpalpeen. Coome alahng, now, 'nd let 's coover the howl uv it wid our broadsides in a jiffy, 'nd

lave the shtake 'nd the cahfee fer Boofer, the dairty divil—it 'll be goode enoof fer *him*.

Mike. Och! Pat; 'nd yez a mon afther me own heart; who ilse but yez own ry'al silf 'd iver a-thought uv a thrick loik that? It's a rale schame—et is, et is! [Having knocked the ashes out of their pipes on their boot-heels, and stowed the stumps in their vest-pockets, the two friends fall to with a vengeance, rapidly demolishing the Buffer's dinner.

[*Enter* Buffer, impatiently; he eyes the two pals a few moments wistfully, as they quietly enjoy their royal repast, and then draws near, taking a seat.

Niver let on, Mike [said Pat in a low tone].

Buf. That's a dom staunch male yez got, lads, fer the loiks o' yez; thaire's a half moonth's pay in 't.

Pat. Faix, mon; I'm think'n the divil's to pay in 't.

Mike. We 'd best give the divil his due.

Pat. Divil-a-bit! Let the divil look out fer his own.

[*Enter* Maleen, with the stake and coffee ordered by Pat.

Mal. Howly Mither! [In her astonishment she drops the waiter, and raises her hands in holy horror.

Gintlemen!—gintlemen!—yez ated the gintleman's male!

Pat. Faix, 'nd it's that same, Maleen; shure, 'nd it's fer gintlemen yez intinded the gintleman's male?

Mal. Och! 'nd it wuz yersilf, Maisther McCarthey, thet tould me ye 'd kape ahf the flois 'till the gintleman coomed!

Pat. Divil-a-floy kin yez foind on the gr-r-ube now, Maleen; leastways—I kin hear no booz'n ar-r-round es yit!

Buf. Dom the loiks o' yez, onny ways! I've the moind to poond the shtuf'n out o' the bouth o' yez!

Mike. Begorry, mon; ye 'd best tak a hitch in yez breeches.

We consaydered the cook'n tu goode fer yez.

[*Enter* Barney, who tries his best to conceal his enjoyment of the joke, and look severe.

Och! gintlemen, hev doone wid yez r-r-rant'n aroond! It's ahl a mishtake; I kin say that weel enoof!

Buf. Mishtake—the divil! [roared Buffer, throwing off his coat. Barney rushes up; Pat and Mike strip for the fray.

Pat. Mike, me b'y [aside to Mike]; it's the thing I wuz want'n, lad, to ounfit 'im to woory the leddy.

Bar. Be the sowl uv me, now; thaire's no foight'n to be doone a-r-roond heaire oonliss Barney O'Niel kin hev a hand in it! Faix, 'n the foorshet mon thet br-racks the pace 'll git a pace uv his shkule knocked out o' place! I *will* hev pace in me own house—'nd dom little o' that! Coome on, now—ahl o' yez—'nd tak a dthink wid Barney O'Niel!

[*Exeunt* all, merrily, into the bar-room.

Scene 2.—A dungeon in Fort McHenry. Augustus Hampton is discovered sitting, heavily ironed and chained to the floor, by the side of a coarse deal table, upon which stand a stone water-pitcher, and a tallow candle flickering in the socket. An open Bible lies spread before him, upon which rest his folded arms and bowed head. Wearily he raises his pale face, and steadfastly gazes at the unsteady light. He passes one hand heavily over his brow; the other slowly closes the sacred volume.

Aug. Friend—farewell! No more thy sacred pages
I may turn through those unending ages
That thy story tells;
No more that story—sweet, familiar, old—
By trembling lips of age, may I hear told
Where my mother dwells.
Her withered hand may now no more unfold
To me thy treasures of untarnished gold;
Or on thy promise rest it as she prays,
Whilst she the other on me fondly lays.
Ah! 'Twas those hands that placed thee in my breast;
Then raised them up to heaven, and me blessed.
MY MOTHER! Ah, yes!
There is a name,
Than which there is none known to fame,
So pure and sweet to me;
Whose charm still seems
To run through all my fairest dreams,
And all I long to be.
There is a name,
Than which there is none less to blame,
Nor one more sweet to praise;
Around which clings

The memory sweet of all those things
I loved in childhood's days.
There is a name,
Whose gentle power is all the same,
Tho' years have rolled away ;
And manhood's cares,
And all the world's unholy snares,
Have darkened life's pure day.
There is a name,
Whose music with life's morning came,
Like ripples bright of joy ;
And lingers still
Amidst those memories that still thrill
My heart as when a boy.
There is a name,
So pure and sweet—'tis e'er the same—
The sacred name of *Mother* ;
So near and dear—
To mine eyes the unbidden tear
Comes, as for none other
Yet must I leave thee with no parting kiss ;
And all those scenes of love and childhood's bliss,
With no farewell ! Alas ; and none to tell
My freight of love ; or that I bore me well,
As 'comes a man, before the face of death !
Well do I know that with my fleeting breath,
As flickers in its socket that poor light—
Thy darkened life will end in endless night.
But nay ; why speak I thus ? Does *this* [Bible] not say

This endless night shall end in endless day?
 Then bray your trumpet, death; rattle your chain;
 Forth from your shadow, night, I shall again,
 In light and life eternal, and in glory,
 Behold my mother—no more old and hoary
 With sorrow and care; but then young and fair—
 With no more death and parting there,
 In that celestial home!
 But it is strange that I can no reply
 Receive to all my letters ere I die.
 Hark! Who comes this way?

[*Enter* a tall, dark figure, muffled in a short cloak; he wears the uniform of a Federal officer; it is Ralf Rathmore. Augustus springs to his feet, and recoils as far as his chain will permit; then stands still and folds his arms, whilst the two glare at each other in silence.

Rath. What ails you, man? Do you not know *a friend?*

What, though *to hell* he comes your soul to send!
 Or if your vaulting spirit chance to wend
 Its way to heaven, then—hugh—hugh!—you can fore-
 fend

A needy cuss like me when at the gate
 To Peter I present my shriven pate.
 Your belying soul, puffed up with vain ambition,
 In that foul slough of dark and damned perdition,
 Will hardly sink unleaded; so then fly
 To some bright, starry gallery on high—
 Far in the depths of yon unfathomed sky;

And from your lofty eminence, on such as I,
Pitying cast a bruised and bandaged eye ;
Hugh—hugh—hugh !

I come to tell you, if you know it not,
Your sentence is, ere sunrise to be shot !

Aug. You impious wretch ; I had no need of thee
To bear the sentence of the court to me.

Tho' drum-head courts may *murder as a spy*.

You know my cause, *you reprobate*, and why
I dared the ignominious death I die !

Foul MURDERER !! 'Twas your base treachery
And cunning, lured me to this *butchery* !

Your hand forged that letter—bid me *fly*,
If I would see my Lillian ere she die !

Oh, *horrid MONSTER !!* A thousand deaths for me,
Rather than such a *bloody demon* be !

Rath. Hugh—hugh—hugh !

If I could give you all of your desire,
And to a thousand, raise a thousand higher,

It should be yours ! Yet I *can* save your life ;
And if fair Lillian will become *my wife*,

You may go free. How now ? May this thing be ?

[How scornfully curled

Our hero's lips, as he fiercely hurled

These scathing words from between his teeth :

Aug. You *slimy serpent !* You *bubbling pot of hell !*

Is there a thought, or deed that words can tell,
Too horrible for your black soul to hold ?

Think you that *I* would sell, as *you* have sold,

My soul *to hell*, vile leper, and to thee?
 Is there in life or death an infamy
 To which your blackened soul can not descend?
 Am *I* such sappy stuff that *you* can bend
 And twist me into shape to suit *your* end?
 Great God! My spotless Lillian THOU DEFEND!
Rath. Hugh—hugh! You *fool!* 'Twill not the matter
 mend.

Now may your soul its way to hades wend!
 Still, I will see you ere it be too late,
 As chance your wits may prompt to change your fate.
 'Till then farewell—if well *seem fair* to thee;
 How e'er *you* will, fair Lillian's *fare* for *me!* [Rathmore
 turns on his heel, as if to go; the heavy bolt grates in the
 lock, and the door swings groaning back.]

[*Enter* Lillian, draped in black, escorted by a guard. 'Tis
 Buffer. As she beholds Rathmore standing before her,
 with a grim smile of satisfaction, twisting his black
 mustache, she staggers back in speechless horror.
 Quickly recovering, she extends her hand and averts
 her face, as if to put away the dreadful apparition,
 crying in tones of despair—
 Oh, *horror!* And are *you* here?
 Oh, brave Augustus! [reeling into his outstretched
 arms.]

What frown of fate has shadowed us,
 And draped our hearts in mourning?
 Yet, that *this* demon has a hand in it,
 My woman's instincts tell!
 No more terrible to me would be

Black-plumed Vesuvius, than sight of *him!*
Has nature framed him also for a scourge,
To bury in the common ruin such fair works,
So that his hellish fury but afflict and curse
Those meet for heaven's vengeance?
But thus to see one noble as yourself,
So bound, and banished from the light,
And made a captive to so foul a thing—
Has sorrow's flood a deeper spring?

Aug. Fair Lillian, death would have no sting,
If dying could but safety bring
To my sweet love; then could I sing
Mine own requiem, and soon wing
My joyous spirit to its rest;
But, alas; 'tis this dread test
That with dark boding fills my breast.
Were we both dead—sweet Lillian, blest
With immortality—'twould be best.

This ruffian would enfold your grace
And beauty in his foul embrace;
And make of you, pure child of light,
The sport and plaything of a night!

Rath. Have done with this; 'twas but to see *your*
 plight,

And break *her* starchy spirit with the sight,
That I arranged this meeting.

These compliments to me, and your fond greeting,
Are incidents—not objects—in this grim game.

So, fairly, then, fair lady, change your name

To mine ere sunrise—now become *my wife*,
 And your quondam lover shall be spared his life.
 Silence!—I have not done! These terms decline,
 And *he shall die*; yet *you shall still be mine*!
 No marriage mummary, or rite divine,
 With mystic meaning shall our lives entwine;
 But ere this night be o'er, tho' marriage come too late,
 You shall know the mysteries of the marriage state!—
 The captive mistress—hugh—hugh!—The *Grecian Slave*
 Of him whom you, in other days, have called *a knave*!
 Then choose your fate!—and choosing, choose to save
 Your virgin honor, and him that you call *brave*!
 Come; now say farewell—for you shall ne'er again
 Bid him adieu, who wears that traitor's chain!
 Come! [he growled, and grasped her by the arm.]
 Oh, God! [she shrieked, and clung in wild alarm
 To him she loved.]
 Villain!—unhand! Away!—you obscene wretch!
 Lay your touch on me again, and I will stretch
 Your lifeless carcass at my feet! [she cried,
 And stood with lofty mien, and thus defied
 Him as a heroine Death, before she died.
 One hand a dagger clutched—the other drew
 A pistol from her sash; like lightning flew
 Portentious fire from her flashing eye.]
 Augustus!—take the dagger, and if I
 Now fail, drive it to my heart!—So may I die
 In your fond arms. Then follow me!
Aug. 'Tis bravely said; so let it be!

[Quick flashed the steel—one burning kiss!
She fired!—but, ah, 'twas doomed to miss;
For heavily fell the minion's blow,
And brave Augustus, to and fro,
Reeled like a drunken man.

Stunned, and seized by ruffian hands,
Our hero felt fair Lillian wrenched
By Rathmore rudely from the bands
Of love he threw around her. Quenched
Was now all hope! Bewildered—weak—
He still could hear her stifled shriek
As she was borne away!

The demoniac laugh and pitiless jeers
Of those two ruffians jarred his ears;
The rusty door on its hinges creaked;
The grating bolt in its socket shrieked—
And he was left alone!

As the wounded lion springs,
Fiercely springs he at the door;
But his agony only rings
His heavy chains upon the floor!
He ground his teeth, and wrenched his chain,
As if to loose with desperate strain,
Its rocky hold!

Aug. Oh!—Cursed chain! May he who forged thee,
Be so served as it serves me!

Oh!—Slavish limb!—Could I but tear thee
From thy groaning socket and be free—
I'd grind these fingers to their roots

On these damned rocks, to reach those brutes
 And once more fold my darling to my heart!
 Oh—God! And is it *thus* that we must part?
 Lost!—Lost!—My Lillian lost—and I
 Am powerless to save!—Thus doomed to die
 The ignominious death of a *base spy!*

[There he stood in the dungeon's gloom,
 Confronting his still darker doom;
 How terrible, in that flickering light,
 Appeared those features—set and white!
 In his agony bending back,
 As if bound to torturing rack.

To heaven he raised his arms—again
 He crushed his burning, bursting brain
 Between his hands—then heavy as lead
 He sank to his seat as if dead!

Hark!

Along the arched passage rang
 The sound of voices, and the clang
 Of arms! Quick to his feet he sprang,
 And pressed his hand where one sharp pang
 Went quivering through his heart!

Aug. Great God! Has my time come?

Oh, grim-visaged death!—Art thou here?

Now to the throb of muffled drum,
 Must I march forth to front thy fear?

Oh—MY MOTHER!—*Sacred heart!*

Must we thus forever part?

Must I leave thee all alone,

By fell-fortune torn and prone
On the welcome earth?
Oh!—murderous fiend most foul—
May your soul through hades howl
Ever like a wintry wind!—
Wailing your fate—and that you sinned
So hard 'gainst heaven and me!
From your own spectre flee,
As from such bloody horror,
And ghastly form of terror,
As has no counterpart in hell!
Oh!—damned and haunted spirit, dwell
Forever there in that dark realm,
The fright and horror of yourself!
. Yet have you triumphed—and *I die!*
'Tis not the fear of death that I
So dread—nay—but must I bear
To die, and leave my Lillian there
In his vile grasp?—*to grace HIS bed!*
His *slave!*—His *creature!*—Were she dead
With me—wound in my arms—so wed—
So bound—so welded to my heart
In death, that naught could e'er more part
Her from me—death could have no chill!—
For in his cold embrace we still
Might warm our hearts, and feel the thrill
Of rapture, as of old!

[As he again sank heavily upon his seat, and buried his face in his hands, the jingle of spurs and sound of heavy

feet were heard upon the stone floor of the passage leading to his cell. They halted before the door, and a stern voice gave the impatient command to open it. The great key again rattled in the hole, the heavy bolt shot groaning back; the bar fell with a clang, and the ponderous door swung back on its grating hinges.

[*Enter* General Bellemont; our hero heard a firm tread enter the cell, but he heeded it not, nor moved one muscle as he sat. The officer stood a moment, with folded arms, and silently contemplated the sad spectacle before him; then advanced and touched the prisoner lightly on the arm.

Belle. Augustus! [At the sound of that voice our hero sprang to his feet with tremendous energy.

Aug. Horatio!—Oh!—thank God!! [he shouted, clutching the arm of his friend like a drowning man.

Quick!—quick! Mind not me!

Go!—while Lillian may be found!

From the battlements to the ground,

Search everywhere 'till that blood-hound,

Ralf Rathmore 's brought to bay—

And our sweet Lillian once more lay

Securely in your arms!

Belle. What?—Lillian here!

Aug. Aye, Horatio!—in the power

Of that fiend, Rathmore! Ere this hour

Be spent, Horatio, that spotless flower

May be the victim of this lecherous wretch!

Belle. What—ho! Officer of the guard!

Double the sentinels at the gates,
And see that *no one* pass!
Beat the long-roll, and call to arms
The garrison! With lines of steel
String the battlements, and give command
That neither officer nor man
Attempt to pass on pain of death!
Let ev'ry cell, quarter, gun-gallery—
And ev'ry nook and cranny
Of this fortress then be searched!
Where e'er found, arrest Ralf Rathmore!
Dead or alive, bring his body here!
If perchance a lady be found with him,
[He added sadly, and in a lower tone]
Offer her no insult, but with courtesy
Conduct her hither; she is not with him
Of her own accord. [*Exit* captain of the guard, saluting.
Strike these fetters [he quickly added, addressing
another officer who carried the keys, and pointing
at Augustus]
From this gentleman!
Come, Augustus, haste; let us forth to join this search!
[*Exeunt* all, amidst the sound of much confusion.

Scene 3.—Another cell in the fortress.

[*Enter* Ralf Rathmore, dragging Lillian, who lies exhausted and half unconscious upon his arm; his hand covers her mouth to stifle her voice.

Now, then, sweet marble [said he with a triumphant
chuckle, placing her on a bench];

Give vent to your soprano to your heart's content!
These rocky walls from their set purpose will relent
As soon as I! Your pent-up fury you can vent
On these dumb stones and mute; mayhap your fond
intent,

And all those soft, endearing terms, so sweetly meant,
Will be as pertinent to them as me.

. Nay, sit not there

With dejected mien and disheveled hair!

Hugh—hugh! A rare picture of desolate woe—

A *thing* of *beauty* rocking to and fro,

With trickling rain-drops falling there

From that clouded face, through those fingers fair!

Come!—Ungird yourself!—Now let your beauty

Unadorned perform your pleasant duty!

Come!—Disrobe yourself ere patience be at fault,

And I shall take your honor by assault!

[Motionless she sat, and wept, and moaned—then knelt

To God! No pangs of conscience Rathmore felt;

But stood and mocked; thus to his infamy

Adding the sin and curse of blasphemy!

Nor dreamed he compassionate heaven would hear,

Or that the vengeful answer was so near.

Then the wretch, with ruffian air,

Approaching her as she knelt there,

Stretched forth his hand, as if to tear

Her virgin purity and her prayer

At once from the grace of heaven.
Hark!—What sound is that? The drum-corps
Beats the long-roll; hurrying o'er
Their heads, the noise and measured tread
Of troops are heard, as they are led
To their posts upon the ramparts.
Rathmore turns pale; both wildly start—
He, with quick alarm; on her part,
With some vague hope in her poor heart,
Of rescue or escape.
And now along the passage rings
The clang of arms; poor Lillian flings
Herself against the door, and clings,
Shrieking for help, to those rusty things—
The rings, and chains, and bolts set there—
With her delicate fingers trying to tear
The ponderous portal open!
Fierce as a jaguar, Rathmore springs
Upon his prey; and his weapon wings
Its murderous flight!] . . . One word! [he hissed.]
'Twill be the last shall e'er be heard
From you! Now shriek!—but ere your breath
Be spent, your soul shall sink in death!
[Now turns she calmly to confront
The villain, and withstand the brunt
Of his attack! One moment stands,
Pale and still; then extends her hands
To put away the loathsome sight!
Lillian. *Foul* MONSTER!—would you thus affright?

Dost seek to make me thus comply
 With your demands? No!—*Coward*—I,
 Rather than that, would *gladly* die
 A death more terrible than thy
 Brute force can now inflict! I *defy*
 You! STRIKE!—*you villain!* I shall lie
 More sweetly in the arms of death,
 Than in *your* foul embrace!
 Ha!—No need that she should cry!
 There is no fear that they pass by!
 They try the door, and find it fast!
 Faix! [growled a voice] he's thr-r-reed et last!
 [The heavy blows fall thick and fast,
 Whilst Rathmore stands and looks aghast
 At the yielding door!
 Little by little—more and more,
 The bolts gave way as the troopers swore,
 And thundered away at the obstinate door.
 'Tis done—no bolts could long withstand
 The assault of that stern, determined band.]

[*Enter* Augustus, Bellemont, and the rest.

One shriek of joy!—and on Bellemont's breast,
 Lay Lillian, swooned away!
Belle. So!—you beastly son of hell!
 So we are up with you!—'tis well.
 Men, seize that ruffian—disarm!
 Tear those straps from the uniform
 That his conduct doth disgrace!
 Off with him to that same place

Where brave Augustus was immured
When this base miscreant allured
Him to his ruin! Now, again,
Let him so serve to ring that chain
On the dungeon's floor!

[*Exit* Rathmore under guard.

Come, Augustus; I can no more
At present, than parole thee;
But ere the sunset I will see
To it, my friend, that you are free.

Aug. At such a moment, thought can little use
Vain words; these may express the soul's refuse,
That lightly trickles from the o'ercharged heart;
But more weighty feelings, and the better part,
Cannot so soon run over.

Belle. Tut-tut! Augustus, has then our duty
No other claims than the hope of booty?
Be still; nor break the spell of my full joy
At seeing Lillian safe—and you, dear boy,
Thus well-nigh out of danger.
Now, let's to Lillian's home; your care,
And her mother's nursing, will soon restore
Her wonted spirits and gleesome air,
When she has no dread of dread Rathmore!
Officer of the guard, of the care
Of this, your prisoner, you are relieved.

[*Exeunt* all.

Scene 4.—A place near Chancellorsville; moonlight; a camp-fire; arms stacked; Federal soldiers bivouaced.

[*Enter* General Bellemont and staff, on foot.

Belle. Nothing remains to be done, gentlemen; so I shall not detain you any longer. It is now past one o'clock, and you will do well to seek repose; for, depend upon it, you will need all your energies on the morrow.

[*Enter* a cavalry officer [salutes].

Belle. Well, Captain?

Capt. General, we have reconnoitred as far front as the cross-roads; but we discovered no signs of the enemy, except a small detachment of cavalry, evidently on the same business as ourselves. As no purpose could be served by bringing on an engagement, we contented ourselves with quietly watching their movements until they retired.

Belle. In which direction were they moving?

Capt. When first discovered, they were evidently working around our right flank; but they retired on Fredericksburg.

Belle. Keep a sharp look-out in the direction of the cross-roads, Captain; and scour the country on our right. [Turning to his Chief of Staff, he continued nervously]—Let the picket-lines be reinforced, sir; and see that no vulnerable point be unprotected. We cannot be too much on the alert; the nature of the country is such that the wily adversary can effectually mask his movements; and the first intimation we have of his presence, may be a terrific blow where we least expect it. His situation is desperate, and no enterprise that promises relief will be too hazardous for

him to attempt. His only hope is in bold, fearless, decisive action; and it is not to be expected that so able a commander as General Lee will wait for us to deliver him battle. I do not share the overweening confidence of General Hooker; still, I think the present disposition of our forces is such that we may feel confidence in the security of our position. I will not keep you from your rest any longer, gentlemen; so good-night. [Salutes.]

[*Exit* all but Bellemont.]

[*Enter* Northrop, a scout [salutes].]

Belle. Ah, Northrop, my trusty fellow; I have been waiting for you. What now?

General, I have discovered the enemy moving large masses of men by his left flank, rear; he seems to be forming in columns of attack directly in our front. A cloud of skirmishers covers his advance; and this, with the dense underbrush that covers the country, renders it impossible to fully make out his intentions. I could distinctly hear the words of command on the still night air—and the bumping of artillery on the road, together with the noise of great masses of men in motion; but I was unable to determine exactly in which direction they were moving.

However, as the noise seemed gradually to approach, and then to suddenly cease directly in our front, I came to the conclusion that he was getting into position to assault our works. Nevertheless, I may be mistaken; but I thought it best to report this much before attempting to reach his left flank. If I can succeed in that, I may be able to fully make him out. At one time I fancied I heard some ominous

sounds far around to our right, in the direction of the Wilderness Church and Germania Ford; but it may have been our own troops in motion. I find it very easy, in this tangled Wilderness, to get the direction of things confused. Still, it will do no harm to look into it. That is all, sir.

Belle. You are right, my brave fellow; and, should you have anything further to report, come directly to me; do not hesitate to awaken me. The noise you heard on our right, was probably some of General Howard's corps moving up from Germania Ford. That is all; good-night.

Nor. Good-night, sir. [Salutes]. [*Exit* Northrop.

Belle. Orderly! [Writing a few lines in his note-book. He tears out the leaf and folds it. [*Enter* a soldier; salutes.

Tell Lieutenant Sumner that I desire him to report to me immediately. [Salutes]. [*Exit* orderly.

Aye, Northrop, how well you have stated what my fears foretold. [*Enter* Lieutenant Sumner; salutes.

Lieutenant, you will take this dispatch with all speed to General Hooker's head-quarters. [Salutes].

[*Exit* Lieutenant Sumner, hastily.

A flute is heard in the stillness of the night, playing "Home, Sweet Home."

Aye—"Home, Sweet Home!" [said he, stopping suddenly in his nervous walk, to listen].

How like a flood your memories sweep over me—

A soft, sweet dream of the past,

To return no more forever!

How radiant those scenes of my childhood,

Amidst the deep gloom that now covers my life!

'Twas there that our father grew gray year by year,
As the frosts of each winter touched the reverend head ;
'Twas there that our mother moved, like a bright spirit,
Scattering sunbeams wherever she went.
But those forms and those spirits that made it our home ,
Move no more amidst those familiar scenes ;
They are gone to that home whither we are all
 'hastening.

They rest where the rocks are the richest with mosses,
And the wild-flowers blossom the sweetest ;
Where the trees whisper softly of those that are sleeping
And the pure, bright waters go flashing by.

Like *their* story of life,

From their source, to their rest in the sea. . .

But it is late ; the night is now far spent ;

And I must sleep—*aye*—SLEEP !

It may be my last, *save the sleep of*—DEATH !

What shadowy form is this that flits before me,

As if to warn me of approaching doom ?

PALE DEATH will usher in the dawn,

Driving before him the red flames of battle—

Who knows but that their fiery tongues

Will lap *my* heart's red tide !

See this yawning chasm,

In whose gloomy depths the ghastly light discloses

Heaps of whitening bones !

No sound comes hence, *save human groans* !

How the heart shudders, and the spirit flees

With horror and disgust from scenes like this !

Still—'tis but the sportive play of the imagination,
Trying to affright with shadows on the wall.
And yet, if this *should* be,
I would in great eternity
Remember this midnight scene ;
It is so wierdly fair,
With mingled moonlight, mist, and air
And star-light's glimmering sheen—
And yon sleeping host, so silent there,
Now resting on their arms.
In their dreams they reckon not where
They are ; nor heed war's wild alarms.
Nor do they think of that dark flood
Of death, that soon will quench in blood
The light of life for many !
Ah—ere the morrow's sun be down,
How the shades of oblivion
Will be peopled with those now here !
Some are dreaming of home—no fear
Mingles with the scenes that now appear
Before their eyes ; those forms most dear
By love or kindred, are now near.
Alas—through death's dark mystery,
On the shores of eternity,
Forth from that dread obscurity,
How many of these in felicity
Will meet to part no more !
But the boding night will soon be o'er,
And the dreaded morn be knocking at the door,

Ere I have closed my eyes.
Then, lest I fail of the morrow's birth,
Now fare thee well, my mother, earth,
With all thy changeful beauty—
Thy sheltering arms hold many a form
That is dear to me!
Farewell, thou silvery moon,
By whose misty light love's footsteps fondly glide—
And ye twinkling stars—
At once farewell—and greeting! [*Exit* Bellemont.]

Scene 5.—A place in front of General Bellemont's head-quarters at Chancellorsville; time, night; moonlight. A sentinel is discovered pacing his beat with slow and measured tread; he suddenly halts, and comes to a charge,

Sent. Halt!—Who comes there?

Officer of the Guard [*responded a voice without*].

Sent. Advance, Officer of the Guard, with the counter-sign.

[*Enter* Officer of the Guard.]

"Sharp!" [*said he in a low voice, delivered over the bayonet.*]

Sent. Right; pass!—What of the night, sir?

Officer. It is 5 o'clock—and all 's well.

Sent. Post No. 1, 5 o'clock—and a-l-l-'s well! [*calling the hour; voices of sentinels repeat from post to post, dying away in the distance. Suddenly a distant shot is heard.*]

Officer. Ha! What is that? [*shots—1—2—3; 4—5; a*

light volley of musketry, and continued scattering shots in the distance.]

To arms!—To arms! Fall in, men! Beat the long-roll! [long-roll, hurry, and excitement.]

[The sentinel pacing his beat exits as scene 5 is drawn.

Scene 6.—An interior at head-quarters; moon-beams stream through the case-ment, and discover the form of General Bellemont reclining on a bed of blankets, asleep—his arms and accoutrements placed on a chair at his head. The long-roll, hurry, and confused noise heard without. Bellemont starts; he bounds to his feet and buckles on his sword.

'Tis as I thought [he muttered], the enemy is upon us.
Orderly!

[*Enter* a soldier, hurriedly; salutes.

Belle. Bring my horse!

Or. The horses are picketed at the door, sir.

[*Enter* Lillian, in great terror, dressed in her night-ropes, with her hair loose and streaming—

Brother! Oh, Horatio! This dreadful noise!

What does all this mean?

Belle. Lillian!—Why, child, how you tremble! Come—come, my dear—if you are determined to remain near me, you must not let your fears run away with you. [*Caresses her.*]

But, my darling sister, I protest,

This is no fitting place, at best,

For one like you.

'Tis an unwonted sight—so fair a flower

Blooming on these dark fields at such an hour!—
When death and hell with infernal power
Roll their flames and thunder o'er this seat of war!
If you would be persuaded, Lillian dear—
If not by me, then by your natural fear—
And, under escort, seek the rear
To find a place of safety—'twould appear
To me by far the better way.

Lillian. Nay, Horatio; here
I shall remain—then shall I be near,
If you be slain or wounded.
You would then need a loving sister's care.

Belle. Then have it as you will. Lillian—where
Ever you are, be the guardian care
Of angel hands as pure and fair
As yours, sweet sister, present there
To shield you from all evil.

I must now leave you for a time.
Remember, my dear, that sin and crime,
And beastly excesses hang around
The skirts of armies; are e'en found
Where you would not suspect it.
Then come what may, be firm and brave.
Should ill betide, your honor save,
E'en though your own hand for the grave
Prepare your beauty!

In death they will respect it!
If the battle should go against us,
Wait not for me, but seek the rear

In company with other ladies here.

And now, adieu!—Aye, sweet sister—

To God! Dear sister, adieu! [presses her to his heart and kisses her fondly. Great commotion without; troops hurrying to the front; distant volleys of musketry, and the boom of heavy guns; music, and cheers of troops as they pass at a double-quick. The roar of the battle now becomes tremendous.]

[*Enter* Col. Allen, Chief of Staff, excitedly; hurried salutes; touches his cap gallantly to Lillian—

General! We are flanked! Stonewall Jackson is advancing in heavy force from the direction of Germania Ford and the Church of the Wilderness, carrying everything before him! Howard has given way in utter rout and confusion, and our entire right wing is being rapidly doubled up on our centre! We have made a stand at the stone-fence, and checked his advance for the time; but the situation is most critical! [awful roar of conflict steadily approaching, nearer and nearer.]

[*Enter* a staff officer, in great haste—

General! The enemy is pushing forward an immense column to assault our position in front! They are already within short rifle-range of our first line of entrenchments, advancing with fixed bayonets!

Belle. He evidently means no play to-day. I will be with you in a moment [waving them out; salutes].

[*Exeunt* all, except Lillian and Bellemont—

Sweet sister, should it be our sad portion to meet no more in life, rest assured, my darling, we shall find each

other in heaven. Be it as God deems best, and 'till then, dear Lillian—*farewell!* [he again presses her to his heart and kisses her.]

[*Exit* Bellemont.

Lillian gazes after him in an agony dread.

Lillian. Oh, Horatio!—Then must I see you go

From my fond heart to such dread scenes of woe! [she slowly sinks upon her knees, her hands clasped in prayer, her face raised to heaven. Through the open door the red flashes of the battle, like sheet-lightning, fitfully illuminate that pale, agonized face.

[*Enter* a tall, dark figure, muffled in a short cloak, stealthily from the rear; it is Ralf Rathmore. He draws a dagger, and looks around; then advances with the stealth of a tiger upon Lillian, with a savage scowl distorting his already repulsive features. At this moment a heavy shock of battle shakes the house; Lillian starts to her feet with a scream of terror, pressing her hands to her temples, as if to still their throbbing. Turning suddenly, she discovers the dark assassin.

Fiend!—Murderer! [she cried, recoiling].

Oh, my God! 'Tis the bloody hand!

Rath. Hugh—hugh—hugh!

And to your God YOUR spirit flies!

Ha!—*In the dust the serpent lies!*

He strikes!—**STRIKES!!**—*And his victim—DIES!!* [he hissed between his clenched teeth, advancing upon her with his black eyes blazing with a strange, serpent-like scintillation, which paralyzed her with fear. But at this moment, loud

voices are heard approaching the door, and the blood-thirsty demon, gnashing his teeth with disappointment and rage, quickly draws a pistol and fires; then turns and flees. Lillian staggers back against the wall, in which the ball had taken effect just above her head; then moves slowly from the room, in almost helpless terror.

[*Enter* Old Sambo, a negro, hobbling along on his heavy cane.

Ugh!—Hyeah I is, lef a—mose all alone! Dey's all done gone 'nd clared out, 'nd lef Ole Sam to git away fum hyeah de wus ways I kin! Dat's what I gits foh de lebe'n ub Ole Mas. 'nd come'n hyeah to cook foh de Yankee off-sahs! Cracky!—whats gwine to come ub dis ole nigga, no-ways—hyeah? An' de young Miss. dat's de sista ub General Bellmawnt; what's mo' fit'n to be wid de bright angels in heb'n, 'n to be hyeah whah 't seems zif all de debbles fum hell 's lef loose to bodda her; 'nd dah's nary lib'n debble lef hyeah fer the tuck'n car ub her, sabe dis ole nigga Sam. Ugh—ugh; cracky! Jis hyeah dem awful noise! D' yo' hyeah 'em growl'n 'nd gwine on down dah like mad? Seems like dem 's de werry debble sho 'nuf! Golly! I feels dis hyeah groun' shak'n, 'nd a—shak'n so it seems zif dis ole nigga cahn't stan' still no ways—no ways 'tall! [And the poor old darkey's knees knock together, his teeth chatter, and his eyes roll with fright, while he wipes the cold sweat from his wrinkled brow]. Seems zif dey's com'n dis way!—Seems zif dey's tar'n up de werry' groun'! Woosh my parens 'd neba been bo'n; den ole Sam 'd neba been hyeah! See dah! Heb'n 'nd yarth!—Jis see dah! Dey's

toten de General back hyeah dead—sart'n—sho! Oh, Lo'dy; oh, Lo'dy—lo'dy, lo'dy, lo'dy! Oh, cracky! What's gwine to come ub us dis time?

[*Enter* a group of men, bearing Bellemont on their locked arms, accompanied by Rathmore, in a surgeon's uniform, disguised as well as possible with his hat slouched over his eyes, and a handkerchief tied over his face as if wounded; he takes a searching look around.

Get out of the way! Don't stand there shaking like a fool! [he gruffly growled, addressing the old negro.]

Lay him there [addressing the men].

That will do. Now get to your command [he added, waving the men aside, and directing them with an imperious gesture to be gone. *[Exit* soldiers, without saluting.

So we have met again [he muttered with grim satisfaction]. Hugh—hugh! “The next *you* meet, will be *your* master, the devil!” Hugh—hugh—hugh!

Your words to me now suit so well,

As *I* proceed to send *your* soul to hell! [kneels by the side of Bellemont].

[*Enter* Lillian, in an agony of grief, with many others; she throws herself wildly upon the form of Bellemont; Rathmore recoils.

Lillian. Oh!—my brother!—dear, dear brother! Oh! you are not dead! Look at me—speak to me—if 'tis but one word! Horatio!—Oh!—Horatio—Horatio! [he moves; with desperate energy he struggles to his elbow and points at Rathmore—then sinks heavily back upon the floor. Lil-

lian recognizes the dark-browed demon, and shuddering, starts back a step; then, with flashing eyes and heroic attitude, she points her hand at the cowering wretch and rushes towards him, fiercely crying—

Murderer! Reptile! Accursed assassin! Seize him, men! *That is the BLOODY HAND!* [The terrific roar of the battle surges around the house; wild confusion of troops, routed and panic-stricken, hurrying pell-mell to the rear; the triumphant yells of the victorious Confederates—make a very pandemonium. Now the door is burst furiously open and Confederate soldiers, with powder-begrimmed faces and flushed with the heat of battle, pour in—driving before them the defeated Federals. A savage Southerner raises his rifle, and is about to plunge the bayonet into the breast of the prostrate officer. Lillian throws herself upon the form of her brother; her white hand seizes the bloody weapon, and she lifts her terrified but beautiful face in speechless entreaty. The Federal soldiers rally and charge back over the remains of their beloved commander. Rathmore slinks away into a corner, near a window. A Confederate officer dashes the musket aside, and lays his sword across the breast of the savage. His eyes meet those of Lillian; both seem riveted to the spot, and speechless. It is Augustus Hampton!

The red flames of a conflagration glare upon the scene; Chancellorsville is on fire!

Tableau—Curtain.

ACT IV.

Scene 1.—A place within the Confederate lines; General Bellemont, in full military dress, is discovered lying dead upon a bier; his arms at his side, with wreaths of oak-leaves and laurel, and offerings of flowers laid upon the recumbent figure. Lillian, in deep mourning, kneels at his side, her face buried upon his breast, her hands clasped in agony, and extended across his remains. Confederate soldiers stand guard over the corpse, resting on their arms; and a group of Confederate officers near by, looking upon the scene with silent pity.

[*Enter* General Beaumar; a low murmur runs through the crowd of officers; they salute, and the guard present arms. The General politely raises his hat as he passes. He advances to the side of Lillian, and is about to touch her upon the arm, but hesitates, as if reluctant to disturb her. Gazing compassionately upon the beautiful but prostrate figure for a moment, he slowly retires to some little distance, and stands in a meditative attitude. [*Aside*]. Poor child! Ah, how my heart melts with sadness

At this sad scene! I would bear with gladness
All her sorrows, if I could. Were I her father—
Aye, if I could take the place e'en of her brother,
As he lies there cold and dead; and instead
Front that grim monster death—so dark and dread
In silent majesty; and so wed
To this twin mystery, life—at whose beck
And nod, or stern command, this mortal wreck

Yields up the spirit ; so that it no more
May spread the sails along the sunlight shore
Of time ; but on its flashing wings and white,
Wailing, takes its lone and hurried flight
Outward o'er the sea in black and starless night
Of vast eternity ! Yet is there one star
Faint-glimmering o'er the waste of waters, far
Through that awful gloom. Faith nerves the wings ;
Swifter and swifter flash those flashing things ;
Each joyous beat the joyous spirit brings
Nearer to those realms of light ! Now the welkin rings
With shouts of welcome from the host that sings
Hallelujahs on the blissful shores of heaven !
Ah, yes ; it would not be so hard for me
To take my flight into eternity.
The day of life's morning is past ;
The time of my usefulness vanished at last.
My sun now hangs low and blood-red in the west ;
And 'tis well-nigh time that I were gone to rest.
Small things their lengthened shadows o'er me cast ;
And from my path the light of day fades fast.
There is now no one to miss me, I trust,
Save from this rude tread-mill that grinds to dust
Poor, human hearts beneath the wheels of woe.
No one to love me ; no one to mourn ; no heart,
Thank God, to be so wrung when the hour to part
Rings the knell for me ; not now—no, not now—
And yet, time was when one as young and fair
As that sweet flower—broken, bending there

Beneath the storm—would have mourned for me!
How desolate she seems; how all alone.
The sun of her young life has now gone down
Amidst the purple haze and golden glow
Of all this horror, with its tawdry show
Of gilding—in this crimson flood
Of accursed war and fraternal blood!
There, on that field so dark and gory—
I found my friend—in bloody glory
Decked for immortality! Thus death's night,
On its dark and stormy wings of sorrow,
Has swept o'er him; leaving no star to light
The mournful cortege homeward on the morrow.
He is now gone; the winter of death has o'ertaken him;
And this fragile flower—this pale anemone—
Is left alone to shiver in the cold north wind. [Starts
from his reverie].

But this scene must end; such things can not endure.

[He again advances and touches Lillian; she starts wildly to her feet, but becomes reassured when she beholds her old friend.

Oh, sir! it is you? [she cried in a piteous tone].

Then you have not left me quite alone.

It is kind of you to remember me now.

May the Father of the fatherless reward you;

Friend of the friendless—and of those—

Who have—lost—lost their—their *all!*

Who have—no one—*no*—*ONE!*—oh! [Extending her clasped hands to heaven with a plaintive, wailing appeal—

Have—have pity—*have pity—on ME!* [Sinks, fainting, extending her hands towards the form of her dead. Beaumar supports her; officers crowd around, eager to render assistance; there are but few dry eyes in that assemblage.

[*Enter* Will Keene, dashing headlong through the crowd, pale and haggard; his head bandaged and bloody. General! [he cried, in an eager suppressed voice, that might have been heard a rifle-shot away.

I have hastened here to tell you that Augustus is not dead!

[Lillian slowly opens her eyes].

Lillian. Did I not hear the name of Augustus? [she faintly said].

Beau. Yes, dear child; Lieutenant Keene has just arrived, and reports him not dead.

Lillian. Oh, thank God!

Will. Lillian, I have just escaped! [he eagerly exclaimed]. He is wounded, and a prisoner; but his wound is not mortal.

[*Enter* Mrs. Hampton, Vix, and others, hurriedly, in traveling dress.

The gentlemen salute and make way for them.

H. Lillian! Oh, my poor child! Lillian—oh, my darling!

Lillian. Mother! 'Tis the voice of her I first learned to love as mother! Oh, God hast indeed pitied me!

[Throws herself into the old lady's arms and weeps].

H. Poor little broken heart! [softly smoothing the

golden hair from Lillian's brow, and kissing her tenderly. A sad smile lights the poor girl's face as she raises her head and confidently lays her cheek against that of her old foster-mother.

Lillian. So doth God temper the wind. [But suddenly reverting to her loss]. But oh! Horatio! Oh, my poor, lost brother! [And again she sinks upon the sympathizing breast of the dear old lady.

H. Sweet child, do not give way to this excess of grief; nerve your young heart. Be firm, and brave, and strong—worthy to be called the sister of that noble man. Remember that he is not dead, but sleepeth. His memory shall ever live while glorious deeds are honorable; and his brave spirit is now where manly virtue and Christian faith find their sure reward.

After all, 'tis but a little while until we meet again in that happy land where there is no more war, no more death, no more parting. Ah, this sweet hope is ever as an anchor to the soul!

Lillian. I had not thought to see you here [cried she, gently stealing her arms around the old lady's neck].

They are noble words; I shall not forget them—nay, nor the lips that have uttered them [kissing them].

I thank you all for your gentle care and words of comfort; I shall not cease to ask the favor of heaven upon you—no, not while memory lasts, or reason holds her seat.

I feel stronger now; I am able—to—to go! [sobbing, she leans heavily upon the arm of Mrs. Hampton.

[*Enter* a group of Federal officers; salutes.

Beau. Gentlemen, your parole of honor has been accepted, in order that you may accompany the remains of your chief to his last resting-place. I commend his sister to your gentle and chivalrous care.

Fd. Offi. We accept the sacred trust, sir [advancing to Beaumar]. And we desire to express our grateful acknowledgments to you and your men for the chivalrous and truly noble treatment we have received at your hands. Henceforth, we can be enemies on the field of battle only.

Beau. Sir, for my part, it is there alone that I have ever been your enemy. We are now ready [giving a signal to an officer]. Bring hither the captured colors of the dead's command, and drape them about his bier; he has won them well, although won in death! Bring also a Confederate flag in mourning, and spread it over the dead; for he was brave and human; at once an enemy and a friend. It need not blush to cover such a man!

[*Enter* an officer, bearing the standards; they drape them about the bier. The throb of muffled drums is heard without. Confederate officers, wearing crape, take their stations as pall-bearers; the bier resting on muskets.

[*Enter* a detachment of Confederate troops with reversed arms, and form in open order to the right and left of the line of march.

[*Enter* a Confederate officer, hurriedly; salutes Beaumar.

General, a flag of truce from the Federal commander craves the favor of a moment's parley.

Beau. Let the flag advance.

[*Enter* three Federal officers, under flag of truce; salutes.

Fd. Offi. General Beaumar, in the late engagement the Federal arms sustained the loss of a gallant officer—General Bellemont—who was left within your lines. The General commanding, knowing the chivalrous character of the enemy whom he now confronts, sends his compliments, and craves the favor to remove the remains, in order that we may bestow upon them the honors of war.

Beau. Sir, his *enemies* claim the privilege of bestowing these honors first. There lies the dead—the sad remains of one of the best of men; an honorable enemy; and, as a friend—true as steel! We will not separate him in death from the colors he loved in life; and this Confederate flag in mourning testifies that the sons of the South delight to honor such a man!

Fcd. Offi. Such noble words—such worthy deeds—are indeed the silver lining to the cloud of war!

A battle lost—a battle won—is no vain thing, if it do but reveal one impulse of the human heart so honorable to our race! In the name of the Government I serve; in the name of our common humanity; in the name of all that is most honorable in the heart of man, I thank you for this courtesy!

Beau. Sir, it is but a duty we have done, a tribute paid when 'twas nobly won. We will escort you to the lines, and fire a salute over the honored remains. You can send a courier forward to make our purpose known. Now let the column form. [An officer acting as marshal gives the word of command]—

Mar. Attention, escort! Forward; *March!* [and the funeral cortege moves off.] [Exeunt omnes.]

Scene 2.—An apartment in a Federal hospital; an amputating table, with surgical instruments, lint, cloths, etc.; time, night; candles; and a lamp is swung over the table.

[*Enter* two soldiers bearing a human figure; it is Augustus Hampton.

[*Enter* a tall, dark figure, muffled in a short cloak; it is Ralf Rathmore—

Lay him there! [he muttered, pointing sternly to the table,]

Aug. You *bloody demon!* What is your purpose now?

Rath. *Down with him!* Hugh, hugh; the man is delirious.

Strap him firmly to the table, and then be gone!

Aug. Soldiers! As you hope for God's mercy, do not obey this murderous wretch! Bring the Brigade or Division Surgeon!

Rath. *Silence!* Utter another word, and I'll have you gagged!

Aug. Men, for God's sake bring the surgeon; and protect me from this murderous devil 'till he comes!

Rath. Gag that d—d lunatic! Be quick with it; do you hear?

Sol. Aye, aye, sir; Mike, me b'y; shur-r-e, 'nd it's the gintleman!—'nd the ither's the bludey shpalpeen!

Mike. It's that same, Pat!

Rath. What the devil is that you 're saying? Obey my commands, you d—d Irish whelps, or I'll drive a bullet through you!

Do you hear? [he growled, drawing his revolver.]

Mike. Divil a bit 'll yez dthr-r-rive yez bullet; ur the

loiks uv us aither to do yez dairty work! [cried the Irishman savagely, as he quickly drew his sword-bayonet and confronted the villain menacingly.

Dom the loiks o' yez, onyways!

Pat, me b'y; I'll say to it thet no horm cooms to the bastely devil whilst yez foind the soorgeon!

Faix; 'nd I'll niver lit the gintleman hoort yez, et all, et all, me hearty!—but divil a bit moosht yez moove a mooshel, ur I'll be afther dthr-r-riv'n the howl lngth uv it into yez!

Pat. Be aisy, Mike; but moind, lad, 'nd doon't lit the divil git the best o' yez. I'll be back in a jiffy.

[Exit Pat, hastily.

Mike. Now, jist yez be aisy, yes dom bludey, murderin shpalpeen!

[Re-enter Pat, jubilant.

Mike, me ould b'y! Shur-r-re; 'nd here's the shwate leddy coom'n alahng wid the Soorgeon Ginerall 'nd a shtav'n cr-r-roud o' big goons! Hurrah! [and the jolly Irishman twisted off his cap and commenced to rattle off a jig.]

Aug. Oh, thank God! Lillian! My darling Lillian! [Enter Lillian, in deep mourning, accompanied by a large group of officers, amongst them the Surgeon General.

Augustus! Oh, where are you? [she sees Rathmore.]

Oh, horror! 'TIS THE BLOODY HAND! [staggers back.]

Aug. Lillian! Oh, kind heaven; 'tis thy work!

Lillian. Oh, dear Augustus! [throws herself upon her knees at his side, and clings to his breast.]

Augustus; oh, why are you here?

Has Fate again, with her dark fear
So shadowed us?

What business has this demon here?

Aug. To wreak his vengeance on a helpless man!

To cut me piecemeal into bits,

And perpetrate a bloody horror, than

Which no fiend with infernal wits

E'er concieved a thing more hellish!

Sur. Gen. Sir [to Rathmore], what operation is this you intended to perform?

Rath. I am not sure, sir, that I should have performed any, aside from an examination of his wound.

Sur. Is it your custom to strap a man to the amputating table for that purpose, sir?

Aug. The infamous liar! He has already examined my wound, sir, if torture may be styled by such a name; and he pronounced it necessary to amputate my limb at the hip; giving me no option in the case.

Rath. That is a lie! He was delirious, sir, and imagined this.

Pat. Och! And may it plase yer honer—I hyeard it mesilf!

Mike. 'Nd it's mesilf that hyeard the silf-same, General!

Sur. If the lady will please retire to the next apartment, I will examine the wound myself.

[*Exit* Lillian, with some officers; Rathmore moves towards the door.]

Sir, you will remain where you are. Men, see that he does not leave this room [the former words were addressed

to Rathmore; the latter to Pat and Mike, who quickly take positions at the door. The surgeon then examines the wound].

So, so; and it was your purpose, sir, to amputate this limb at the hip?

Aug. At the femoral joint, sir.

Sur. What! The operation is almost certain death!

Aug. That is what he proposed to do, sir; but it is not the first time that he has attempted my life.

Sur. The wound is simply a deep flesh-wound, sir; and is not at all dangerous, unless neglected or grossly maltreated.

[*Enter Lillian—*

Oh, sir; and it was this fiend who murdered my brother, and tried to murder me!

Pat. Och, gintlemen; 'nd Mike 'nd me, 'nd soome o' the ither b'ys hev seen enoof o' the divil to mak us shur-r-re thet it was himsilf, 'nd not the Johnies, thet killed the General Billmunt!

Offi. Great God! [startled exclamations, murmurs, etc., in the group.] That seems like a revelation! He was shot from behind, but his face was always to the enemy!

Another Offi. I have heard a terrible story from General Bellemont; and I think this must be the sequel. I suppose this villain is the man Rathmore.

Sur. That is the man's name, sir.

Offi. Then he is a most despicable and damnable wretch. It would be a long story to recite his atrocious deeds.

It seems he is the illegitimate son of Colonel Ralf Rathmore, whose sad fate you remember; and whose wife was sister to Mrs. Arlington, the mother of Miss Lillian Bellemont.

The mother of this monster—a most horrid creature—followed, and finally succeeded in destroying Colonel Rathmore, his wife, and infant son, together with all the passengers and crew of the ill-fated steam-ship *Lone Star*. Then, having herself alone escaped, she took her own vile offspring to Mrs. Arlington, and palmed him off as her sister's surviving child, whom she claimed to have saved from the wreck. The kind-hearted lady adopted him, and gave him every advantage.

Then his inhuman mother, to make him the sole heir to the Arlington and other estates, abducted and endeavored to drown the widowed lady's only child, who turned out in after years to be the young Miss Bellemont, who had been adopted by the parents of the General. This gentleman, whom I have met before, is the one who saved her from that sad fate, and their early life was spent together beneath his mother's roof, but she was finally resigned to the wealthy Bellemonts, because they were able to give her greater advantages than she could have had with the Hamptons.

When the whole history of this strange affair was finally exposed, and the young lady restored to her own mother, this villain endeavored first to murder them all before Mrs. Arlington could change her will. Failing in that, he sought by every foul and dishonorable means imaginable to force the young lady into a marriage with himself, in order that

he might gain possession of her property. Baffled in that, his only purpose seems now to be, to wreak his vengeance upon her and hers.

Sur. Gen. The inhuman wretch! Tear off those straps! Soldiers, secure that man! Off with him to the guard-house! If no graver charge can be sustained, his conduct here is vile enough to have him cashiered and drummed out of camp! Sir [to Augustus], as soon as you can be removed, I will accept your parole, to report in Baltimore.

Aug. Thank you, sir; I am ready now!

Lillian. Oh, brave Augustus; again kind heaven has spared you!

Aug. So has it sent my guardian angel to me!

Sur. On your parole of honor, sir, you are now free.

Aug. I as freely give it; and most joyously
Give hearty thanks, kind sir, to heaven and thee!

Mike. Faix, 'nd if ye 'll relave us, sir, o' the bludey shpalpeen fer a bit, Mike 'nd me 'll jist give the gintleman a lift!

[And the true-hearted Irishmen, at a nod from the Surgeon General, spit on their hands and lifted Augustus in their stalwart arms. [*Exeunt* all.]

Scene 3.—A room in the Old Capitol Prison in Washington. General Lateur is discovered sitting at a table covered with papers, etc.

[*Enter* an officer; salutes; delivers a dispatch to the General, who tears it open with an expression of disgust.

La. So, then, this beastly business must proceed;
And I am ordered to perform the deed!

Such bloody work I cannot but abhor ;
 For 'tis no part of honorable war.
 Yet 'tis not I who must for this atone ;
 But that dark spirit who sits alone
 In that silent chamber ; whose clouded throne
 Is charged with sullen thunder !
 Hence has the flash of luried lightning flown,
 Which has the earth with blackened ruin strown ;
 Whose echoing thunder is the dismal groan
 Of writhing human thousands ! In wonder
 And amaze, the suffering millions moan
 And mourn the loss of loved ones, dead and prone
 Upon the fields of battle—yet will he add
 To this ghastly horror by a deed so sad,
 The soul turns shuddering away.
 But 'tis the stern command without delay
 To execute these men ere noon to-day.
 Orderly !

[*Enter* a soldier ; salutes.

La. Order the officer of the guard to report to me.
 [Salutes]. [Exit Orderly.]

[*Enter* officer of the prison guard ; salutes.

La. Captain, this paper contains the name of every tenth officer on the prison-roll ; these men have been separated from the other prisoners, I believe. [Hands him the paper].

Capt. They have, sir.

La. Order these men to fall in for roll-call ; then count out every tenth man, and conduct them here. [Salutes].

[Exit Captain.]

Voice (without). God have—mercy on—my—SOUL!

[*Enter* Old Robin Sponger; stands smiling, bowing, and gesticulating with both hands, just inside the door.]

La. Well, sir; I see you are safely back; any news?

Sponge. Yes! [ejaculated the old man in his peculiar, elevated tone, wiping some trickling drops from his nose on his coat-sleeve.]

La. Where have you been?

Sponge. A-wa-a-ay up—the val-ley of—Ver-GINNY! [he drawled].

La. Well, what then?

Sponge. We have—organ-ized—the ne-groes, AND they will—soon—rise—AND de-stroy the WHITES! [Noise of feet without].

La. Take a seat, sir; this is nice business you have been in, truly.

Sponge. Yes! [ejaculated the old man in his high treble].

La. But I have another matter equally savory that must be attended to before I can hear you. Sit down, sir. [Sponger obeys].

[*Enter* a number of Confederate officers under guard; the Captain salutes; men present arms.]

Capt. General, your order has been executed. These are the men; their names are checked off on the list. [Returns paper].

Augustus Hampton is discovered amongst them.

La. Gentlemen [with much emotion],

Are you informed of the sad duty imposed on me?

Aug. We have some conception of it, sir.

La. I shall not stoop to the mockery of an apology, or an attempt to justify such inhumanity; I merely wish to wash my hands of this barbarous deed, and assure you that *I* have no sympathy with it. I have most solemnly protested against it to the Secretary of War, but to no purpose. Your blood be upon his hands; *I* am in no way responsible for it.

Aug. We can well believe that, sir.

La. This box contains a number of ballots, equal to the number of yourselves, gentlemen—I add one more for myself. [He drops in another ballot].

Three of those ballots are black; those who draw them are to be immediately conducted without the fortifications, and there shot! Should *I* draw one of them, I will die rather than execute this order [he shakes the box and sets it on the table; then turns his head and draws his ballot. It is white.

He throws it upon the floor and stamps upon it.

I had hoped [he cried] that it might be black!

Advance, sirs, one by one, and draw; it is life or death! [The Confederate officers advance as directed; draw, and stand aside. All but three are drawn, and but one black ballot. There is but one more chance for life; and Augustus has not yet drawn. They are three friends that stand there; two of them must die! Each says to the other—"draw!"

One draws; it is black! The two remaining friends look silently into each other's faces for a moment; then grasping hands, one quietly says—

Con. Offi. Augustus, it is one of us; it will not matter who draws first; there is but one to take, and one to leave. Which shall it be? Take your choice.

Aug. Draw, my friend; the will of heaven be done. [He draws, and his ballot is—WHITE!

There is no need for me to draw [said Augustus sadly].

Friends, should any of you survive, I do not doubt that you will see this foul wrong avenged; yet do I protest with my dying breath against the repetition of this barbarous act on our own sacred soil, to avenge our blood; let it not be polluted by such an act of inhumanity. Gentlemen, we have already said our adieus, and acquainted each other with our several wishes; yet will we again say—*fare-well!* [they sadly shake hands and say their last adieus].

La. Gentlemen, nothing now remains for me to do but remand to prison all save these three unfortunates.

Captain of the guard, detach a squad of your men to conduct these prisoners to their quarters.

[*Exit* prisoners under guard.

In pursuance of orders received from the Secretary of War, you will then conduct these gentlemen—Colonel Augustus Hampton, Captain Stephen Sterling, and Major John Worth—under a strong guard to that place without the fortifications designated in your written instructions; and there, after having given them the usual Christian rites and privileges, cause them to be shot until dead, in retaliation for murders and outrages committed on soldiers and citizens of the United States in the enemy's country, but within the Federal lines; and which the Government of the United

States assumes to believe are sanctioned and encouraged by the Confederate States.

You will then officially report the same to me. Gentlemen, I will now bid you farewell! [bids them a kind farewell.]

Sponge. If *you*—will per—mit *me*—I *should* like—to say *fare-well* TO—this young gentle—*man*! [pointing at Augustus.] *He*—once saved—*my* LIFE! [Lateur nods consent.]

Why—how do *you*—DO? [exclaimed the old man smilingly, rushing forward with his long, bony hand extended towards Augustus, as if he had suddenly and unexpectedly met him under the most delightful circumstances.]

Per—*haps* YOU—re—mem—*ber* ME?

Aug. I remember you, sir; yes.

Sponge. How *is*—your es—teemed—*and*—ven—er—*a*—ble—MOTHER?

Aug. Oh, my God; my God! [breaking down.]

Sponge. Yes! [ejaculated the old hard-shell in his peculiar, elevated voice, as if he had touched upon a pleasant topic, yet having some dim perception of the young gentleman's distress.]

Aug. Oh, if I could see that angel face once more,
And claim her blessing ere I seek that shore
From which no ship beats up against the wind
That drives against it ever—evermore!

Capt. Guard. It is nearly noon; the order must be obeyed. Gentlemen, we shall have to proceed. [He steps to the door; commands]—

Attention, company! Prisoners, fall in!

[*Exit* Capt. and prisoners.]

Voice (without). Forward; march! [sound of troops marching; muffled drums; dead march.]

La. Well, sir, I am now ready to attend to you.

Sponge. I am—gr-e-at-ly grieved to—see that young—man DIE!

La. Well, sir, so am I. What information have you to impart?

Sponge. He is—a fine—young—MAN!

La. Well, sir; I am aware of that.

Sponge. At the time he—saved my—LIFE! I saw his—MOTHER! an-d rec-og-nized her—after a gr-e-at many—YEARS! I knew her—

La. I shall have to insist, sir, on your coming at once to business; I have no time to listen to your stories.

Sponge. Yes! [ejaculated the old man in a tone that indicated that he had failed to comprehend the full meaning of the General; so full was he of his subject that nothing foreign to it seemed able to make any impression upon him.]

I dis-cov-ered—

La. Well, sir, be brief!

Sponge. Yes! That she—was the—

La. Will you tell me what you have learned up the Valley, sir?

Sponge. Yes! She was—THE—gra-n-d daughter—OF—old General *Jeems*—Breck-on-ridge—of—

La. What? [yelled Lateur, fiercely.]

Sponge. Yes! [looking much surprised, and in some alarm.]

Bout-e-tout—County—Ver-GINNY!

La. Great God! What was her name?—quick!—quick!

Sponge. Her name *was*—Ann—Hot—SPUR—but—

La. Oh, my God! Orderly!—orderly! [rushing frantically to the door.]

[*Enter* Orderly, hurriedly; salutes.

La. Quick! My horse!—quick! Great God! Am I the executioner of mine own son!

Orderly. The horses are at the door, sir.

La. To horse! To horse!

[*Exeunt* all, hurriedly:

Scene 4.—A place in the garden of the humble home of Augustus Hampton. It presents a sad spectacle of neglect and desolation; the few hardy flowers that remain are choked with weeds; the grass has grown rank and tangled; the graveled walks are unkept; and the house looks weather-beaten, and seems fast falling into decay. Its closed shutters are covered with dust; and across the door-ways the spiders have woven their webs; whilst in the unused key-holes they have made their homes. In the back of the house there is one solitary window whose open shutters still indicate a remnant of life within. Time, night.

[*Enter* two tall, dark figures, with martial bearing.

This is the place, sir [said the younger of the two; at the same instant the moon glided out into a clear place in the cloudy sky, and revealed the uniform of a Confederate officer; it was Augustus. The other is discovered to be General Lateur.]

La. Ah, it has an eloquence of its own.

Such desolation has sorrow alone,

My son; but now haste you onward to the door!

My hot imagination torments the more
With vague forbodings as we draw near
The object of my search, through many a year!
This dismal silence, oppresses with fear,
Lest some misfortune has befallen her!

Aug. Thus do my feet approach the sacred shrine
Of her who, next to God, seems most divine! [Tries
the door, but finds it fast. He knocks long and
loud, but there is no response from within, save the
echoing thunder from the door.

La. So well has fear been schooled in that dread past,
It has a prophet true become at last!

Aug. There is another entrance, which is never fast.
Come, we will seek our ingress there. [Exit both.

Scene 5.—A room in the same house.

[Enter Augustus and Lateur. Augustus strikes a light; a tallow candle stands upon a table, to which he applies the match; its feeble rays faintly illuminate the place. Everything had evidently been left scrupulously clean and in perfect order, but all was now covered with cobwebs and dust. The tears come into our hero's eyes as he recognizes the well-worn and familiar objects which had so often been handled by those poor old hands that now handle them no more. An open Bible lies upon the table—the old family Bible; upon the sacred volume lie his mother's spectacles, just as she had evidently left them when last used. Motionless Augustus stands, his eyes swimming in tears; then they fall to

the now naked floor, and he beholds some object there, which he quickly stoops to pick up. For a moment he holds it reverently in his hands, then presses it fondly to his lips. Turning to Lateur, he says with deep emotion—

[May be sung]. 'Tis but a single hair, sticking there
In the old, splintered floor

Where the poor old feet, with patience sweet,
Went, weary, wane, and sore—

All alone ; all alone.

'Tis but a broken hair—faded, fair—

Near the old creaking door,

Whose rusty knob turns 'round with a sob ;

For she turns it no more—no more,

Here alone ; all alone.

'Tis but a faded hair, white with care,

And sorrow's wint'ry hoar ;

A silver thread from an angel's head ;

If now on the other shore,

Not alone ; not alone !

[Why quiver his lips, and trembling grips

His hand the battered door ?

From his mother's head, is that silver thread

That lay on the dusty floor—

All alone ; all alone !

La. Alas, my son ; sorrows in cycles run ;

And mine return, as fresh as when begun.

But see, how well hath she chosen this text ; 'tis the xc Psalm [said Lateur, thoughtfully, as he stood gazing steadfastly at the open Bible]. See how appropriate it is—

“Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or even thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest men to destruction, and sayest—

“Return ye children of men,

“For a thousand years in thy sight are but yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

“Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep;

“In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

“In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

“We are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

“Thou hast set our iniquities before thee; our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

“For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

“The days of our years are three-score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we flee away. Who knoweth the power of thine anger?—even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

“So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. Oh, satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou

hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto thy children.

“And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it.”

Aye, “Return, O Lord, how long?—And let it repent thee concerning thy servants!” [he cried, with a strange intensity, as they stood with bowed and uncovered heads before those sacred pages.

Aug. And “make us glad according to the days wherein we have seen evil!”

La. “And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us!”

Aug. Nay, touch not a thing; these are all sacred as they are.

She is not here; we know not what has befallen her, or whither she has gone—mayhap to the grave. We must seek elsewhere to learn the truth. Come.

La. Hark! [he whispered, seizing Augustus by the arm.

Did you hear that door? Some one has entered here! Perhaps 'tis she; quick—she must not meet me unprepared!

Aug. True; this way; we can enter this small room. But stay, I will first put out the light.

[*Exit* in darkness.

[*Enter* a dark female figure; she strikes a light; and it is discovered to be no other than the mother of Augustus. She is dressed in deep mourning, and she looks pale and

haggard, and much older than she was. She staggers to a seat beside the table.

And I am home ! [her trembling voice piteously wailed. Home ; *nor yet home !* This dear, familiar place Seems not like home, since *his* proud form doth grace No more its halls. And yet each thing Mine eyes rest upon, sweet memories bring To mind. How kind and gentle in his ways ; How brave and noble ! But, alas, his days Are fled, *and he is DEAD !* Oh, my son, my son ! My son Augustus ! Oh, death ; and hast thou won So proud a trophy ? [And the poor old head laid its hoary sorrow heavily down on the Word of God].

[*Enter* Augustus, softly.

Mother ! [he said, standing behind her. She starts wildly].

H. Hath then his spirit left the blazing sun,
To revisit these old scenes and me, ere he begun
The blissful round of immortality ?

Aug. *Dearest mother !* [he repeated with infinite tenderness, laying his hand gently upon her].

She springs to her feet ! With a cry of joy
And folds to her breast her own darling boy !

H. My son !—my son ! By what stroke of heaven
Art thou restored to me, and thus given
New lease of life ?

Aug. That strange fatality that has marked my life
Throughout the course of this unnatural strife,
Has now at last its purpose so revealed,

That things I had not dreamed—so well concealed—
 Are now as plain as day. The history
 Of your sad life, dear mother, is to me
 No more a veiled and tearful mystery,
 Which I ne'er could fathom. I can now see
 And understand the cause of all your sorrow.

H. What dost thou mean, my son? Dost borrow
 From thine imagination thy strange words?

Aug. Nay, dear mother; 'twas *my father* saved my life;
 Who has now come to claim you as his wife!

[*Enter Lateur.* She recoils.]

At last I find you, Annie; oh, thank God!
 Whom I have mourned as dead, and 'neath the sod!
 Nay, more; aye, more; yes, by a thousand fold,
 With such deep grief as language has not told,
 In tragic tale, or minstrel songs of old.

H. What! Lateur! Hath sorrow then no bound,
 That thou must come to tear afresh the wound
 Thy broken troth and treason made when life
 Was yet a dream of paradise to me as thy young wife?

La. Nay, speak not so! Alas, that such dread grief
 Should be the fruit of love's blind unbelief!

That love should be so wed to love's most subtle thief—
 To that base passion—jealousy; and such divine
 And noble sentiment, meant by nature to entwine
 And bind together things so frail as human hearts,
 Should be thus foully served, and by the arts
 Of lower passions, thus outwitted, and so brought
 By foul malignity and lies to naught,

Must a marvel be.

H. Alas, Lateur; and wilt thou yet descend
To cloak thine infamy, and thy sin defend?
'Twere much more honorable not to lend
Thyself to this—'twould serve thine end
Far better, and be more worthy to admit
Thy shameful fault, and repent of it.

La. That very temper that makes the metal true,
Makes truth untrue, dear wife, when 'tis in you.
But I can soon convince you that you falsely drew
Your quick conclusions from reports that flew,
With pestilent breath before the people knew
The harmless truth!

H. Oh, that 'twere not merely to believe; if I could
know

That thou, whom I have ever loved and worshiped so,
Art true and worthy, so that I might throw
Me at thy feet for pardon!

La. Nay, my dear wife; *that* may never be.
Kneel you to God; you shall not kneel to me.
But her with whom foul rumor linked my name,
Was mine own sister, whose purity and fair fame
You will not question. She was the bride
Of one you know quite well; by whose side
Our brave Augustus has oft stemmed the tide
Of battle—e'en noble Beaumar!

H. Oh, tell me not, Lateur, it was the bride
Of Beaumar!—She who so early died—
So worshiped; so loved by all; the joy and pride

Of all who knew her! Oh, leave me! Let me hide
My face in shame and sorrow in the dust!

La. No, my virtuous wife; I can appreciate, I trust,
The sacrifice and suffering that you must
Have patiently endured through a sense of duty,
And of self-respect. And though your beauty
Is now withered, and the bloom of youth
Faded from your cheek, your purity and truth,
And sterling worth that have borne the proof
Of all these years beneath this humble roof,
But prove the right of that idolatry
Which, in the flash of youth, I gave to thee!
Oh, then, whoe'er hath erred, so let it be
Recked 'gainst the common lot of our humanity!
We now are old; full thirty years have sped
Since, thrilled with hope and joy, dear Annie, we were
wed!

Let then the years roll backward to the time
When merrily we listened to the merry chime
Of our gay wedding bells, that made the old church
tower
Tremble with the sweet delights of that enchanted
hour!

Let all the sorrow be forgot—buried now and dead—
And where we left the path of life, we'll now take up its
thread.

Come, come to my heart! No more—pray God!—no
more
To part again, dear Annie, this side eternity's shore!

[Extends his open arms; with a cry of joy she rushes to his breast].

H. Oh! My noble husband! 'tis I—'tis I alone
Who brought thee all this sorrow; how may I atone?

La. Hush! 'twas yesterday; we live now for the
morrow,

And shall we cloud the future, Annie, with the olden
sorrow?

[*Enter* Dina, hurriedly.

Miss Ann!—fo' de sake ub heab'n! Ole Mas.! [in
great astonishment].

La. What! Dina? Are you, too, living? [extend-
ing his hand].

Dina. Lib'n! Lo'dy, Ole Massa; say I is lib'n! Is
you lib'n?

La. I was never more alive in my life, Dina [he
laughed].

[*Enter* Old Tom, with great joy.

Mas. 'Gustus! Hyeah, hyeah! I ubsarved yo' fru de
winda!

Heb'n an' yearth! Da's Ole Mas.! [awed into sudden
sobriety].

La. Will miracles never cease? Tom! Is it possible?

Tom. Seems zif dat's a fac', sart'n! But da's nary pos-
sum 'bout dis coon, Massa; no sah! I's awful glad, but I's
awful s'prised to see you hea', sah; I is, dats a fac', sho 'nd
sart'n! Hyeah, hyeah, hyeah! An' I 's awful s'prised to
see dis nigga hea', *I* is! We 's been hab'n a dick'n ub a
time git'n hea'—me an' Mas. Beauma'! De Yankees come
mouty nigh git'n us, sho!

[*Enter* Beaumar, hastily.

Augustus!—my dear boy!—how is this? Great Cæsar!
Lateur! Am I gone mad?—do my eyes deceive me?

La. Beaumar! Oh, thank God that we so meet
In this dear presence! Beaumar, now first greet
Your sister!—*then* your brother and your nephew, here!
This is my long-lost wife, whose memory dear
You know I've treasured, lo! for many a year!
And this splendid fellow is mine own son,
Who has such luster and promotion won
In your command! Oh, life is now begun
Anew, my brother! God grant that it may run
As long in happiness as it has in sorrow.

Beau. I am o'erwhelmed with this excess of joy!
To each I give my greeting; to you, dear boy,
A double share, since you have 'scaped the fate
From which your rescue came almost too late.

H. Thus to my husband love is due twice o'er,
Since 'tis by him our son is spared once more.

Beau. Dear friends, I have no time to joy with you, or
stay;

I ventured much that I might come this way,
To give such consolation as one may
In times of such distress. But my sad voice
Has changed its key; so I may now rejoice.
Yet must I get me to the front of war,
And to the work my soul doth now abhor.
The end is near; the odds are now too great;
'Tis but the work of time to seal the fate
Of our heroic South. We are too few
To wage so fierce a war, with ten to two!

But now we gather all our strength once more,
To hurl a thunder-bolt 'gainst the iron door
Of Fate, with one great, final blow before
'Tis closed on us forever! And thus I mix
My joy with sadness; to greetings, I affix
Farewell, dear friends, at parting.

Aug. Stay yet one moment; I cannot see you starting,
And remain behind; I will accompany thee.
Dear mother, father; my bleeding country calls me!
Once more I claim your blessing. If at last it be
That death betide me, I shall at least be free,
And spared the pain of seeing my dear country
Bound in the Tyrant's chains.

La. My son, I shall remain behind. I have done
With war, and have sent in my resignation.
I shall draw my sword no more. Now, go;
And do your duty before your country's foe!

H. I need not tell thee as the dread hours fly,
My prayers go winging upwards to the sky!
Once more I bless thee; to thy country's cause
Once more I give thee—nor do I pause
To bid thee go. Yet will we belate
Our tearful parting 'till we reach the gate! [*Exeunt* all.]

Scene 6.—An elevated place near Petersburg, Va., with a view of the city and country beyond, where the Federal host lies entrenched; in the foreground a Confederate camp, with fires and arms stacked, whilst the men are busily employed preparing their frugal meal; in the middle distance the Confederate defences, with a view of Forts Alexander and Gregg. In the extreme distance the camp-fires of the enemy twinkle like stars in the starless night. Ever and anon the sudden flash and sullen boom of a heavy gun in the Federal works proclaims the state of siege.

[*Enter* an old negro man, in a very dilapidated condition, presenting a wierd and picturesque appearance in a heterogeneous collection of old clothes—partly military, partly civic, and partly nondescript, evidently the extravagant creation of his own fertile powers of invention. To judge from his appearance, it might have been difficult for a stranger to determine whether he was a Confederate general, a Northern statesman, a common soldier, or an itinerant preacher; but we all at once recognize in him our faithful Old Tom. Notwithstanding four terrible years of camp-life, and the fluctuating fortunes and long marches of many a campaign, there is the old carpet-bag still, and the old embossed sabre with its brazen sheath; but the epaulets and plumed chapeau are gone, as are also the dove-colored pants and blue coat with brass buttons. Yet Tom has enough, and to spare—a Sharpe's carbine is slung to his back, which supports in addition a knapsack of no small proportions. On one hip he carries an emaciated-looking haversack, and on the other a large dragoon revolver, which would never stay cocked; and dangling to his knapsack was a

general assortment of tin-cups, pans, and divers useful and useless articles, too numerous to mention.

Tom. I 's gwine home ; I 's gitt'n tiad ub dis hea' wah ! I 's gwine away fum hea' ! Ca'n't stay hea' no ways—no ways 'tall, wha' da 's sitch awful gwines on ! Da 's no use a-talk'n, I 's gwine back to Dina 'nd de ole log cab'n, *I* is—you hea' me ! Mas. 'Gustus said I mout, 'nd *I 's gwine !* But dat ah chile ; ca'n't lebe dat ah chile, no way. Ugh, ugh ; wha' 'd he done been gone to by dis time, 'f Ole Tom hadn't a been da to tote 'im way fum de cha'ge ? No sah ! Mas. 'Gustus an't no mo fit'n to be hea' as I is ; neba takes no mo ca' ub 'self zif de balls want a fly'n 'roun' dah likes de bees 'roun' de cida mill, and gwine cha'ge'n squa' down de werry jaws ub def, zif dey want all a drip'n wid blood ! Deb'l scotch me ; how de balls did buz ! An' dem ah calbery ! Dey come tar'n squa' oba de heads 'spect'n ebry minute to bang de brains out ! Ugh, ugh ; golly ! Looks dis way, an' dat way, an' tudda way ; an' hea' dey comes like de stone-wall ub steel ; an' da 's Mas. 'Gustus lay'n dah foh sho 'nuff gone up, an' foh um to ma'ch all oba, 'nd run de hosses oba, 'nd dribe de canons oba, an' da 's no tell'n—dey mout a killed de chile foh all I knows ! So I jis picks up Mas. 'Gustus like de bag ub corn 'nd tuck de bee line squa' 'way fum dah ; an' sitch a yell'n 'nd a cheer'n fum de sojas dis ole nigga neba did hea' ! But I got de chile 'way fum dah ; hyeah, hyeah ! Dey did n't git um dat time, sho !

[*Enter* Will Keene, whose coat collar is now decorated with a single star.

Hello, Uncle Tom ; what has become of Augustus ? He

is not in the hospital. Thunderation!—what a load ; why do you persist in carrying all that truck? Do you take yourself for a jackass?

Tom. Cah' n't 'pend on dem wagons, young Mas.—no sah! So I habs to make dese p'pa'ations 'co'd'n, to be perspiad fo' de 'casion ub de mugency! Ugh, ugh! De chile 'd sta've' fo' de wagons 'd git dah ; an' dah 's mouty little bit in um no ways when dey does git dah! Ugh, ugh ; golly! Habs to 'pend on dem ah chick'ns an' sich likes ; but dey 's git'n mouty scarce, dey is—dat 's a fac'.

Will. Well, well ; ha, ha! I'm willing, if you are. But where is Augustus? I must see him at once.

Tom. Don't 'knows, Massa ; spec' he's wid Mas. Beaumah.

Will. What? Not on duty? What of his wound?

Tom. De wound 's awful so'a, but reckon mebbly he kin bar it to trabble 'long sort ub slow like.

Will. Travel?—where?

Tom. Spec' we 's gwine home, Massa ; de sturgeon says so. Hyeah, hyeah, hye—a—h! but dat do tickle dis ole nigga, sho!

Will. On leave? Good enough ; wish I could go along. But I don't see how that can be, Tom ; for the Yankees are around there thick as hops. However, I must find him, as I have a pleasant surprise for the old boy ; his mother and Miss Lillian, together with some other friends, have managed to pass the lines and just arrived in camp.

Tom. Fo' de lo'd! You doesn't say so? Whew ; golly! see da! Hea' dey comes now!

[*Exit Tom, hastily, to meet them.*

Will. If there ever was a faithful heart, that old black man carries it.

[*Enter* the mother of Augustus, Lillian, and others, closely followed by Old Tom, again loaded down with luggage.

H. What ; is he not here? Hath then my son turned ignis fatuus.

To lead us such a chase?

Will. Oh, fie ; fiddle, say I ! But the fun has yet scarcely begun ;

As the shadows fly from the rising sun,

And so hide from his shining face,

Your knightly son from your presence doth run

To some dark and mysterious place

Past finding out ; the rascally lout—

Not dreaming, of course, that you are about !

In school-boy style, with a twist of the ear,

He ought to be caught and quickly brought here

To account for his being out.

Vix. Eucher ! You could do it, no doubt !

La. A truce to your jesting. Since he is not here,

Surely his wound can not be as severe

As popular rumor would make it appear,

And our fears had pictured, withal.

Will. No, but for all, 'twas a mighty close call ;

We thought 'twas all day when we first saw him fall.

It was faithful Old Tom, there, who bore him away

From that terrible spot where our hero lay

Unconscious, and well-nigh dead !

Had it not been for him, he must surely have bled
 To death ere he received assistance ;
 For we all supposed him dead, as I said,
 And retreating when further resistance,
 And bloody sacrifice of such brave persistence,
 Promised us no reward—our noble dead
 Were left on the field where the charge was led
 With such heroic devotion.

La. What in the world could have been the notion
 Of General Lee to thus put in motion
 A column of assault with such disproportion
 Of force at his command !

Will. Now, you're too many; he ne'er shews his
 hand ;

But the game he was playing, I so understand,
 Was deep and strong, and might well withstand
 The scrutiny of brains more able than mine.
 The plan of assault was bold ; in fine,
 Its promises were large. But it has failed ;
 And failing, great loss upon us has entailed.

La. And with this failure the lid is nailed
 On the leaden coffin of the South's Lost Cause !

Tom. Dah dey comes ! Dah dey is !

Will. Who ?

Tom. Mas. 'Gustus an' Mas. Beaumah.

All. Where ?

H. Oh, my son ! My darling boy !

[*Exit*, hurriedly, to meet him.]

La. He looks the worse for wear, poor boy ; his step
 has now

The halt and tremor of old age. [Follows H. off to meet him].

[Enter Augustus and Beaumar, with the parents of Augustus. Greetings].

Aug. Lillian! Sunlight of my soul;
How comes this happiness to pass? [Approaches her slowly, as if to lengthen out the moments of blissful expectancy; he sinks upon his knee and gently takes her hand, pressing it softly to his lips].

Lillian. Thus kind heaven favors us, my dear Augustus.

Aug. Oh, heaven!—and hast thou then such rapture until now

Reserved, that I may taste *thy* pleasures, and know how
It is in thy bright realms? [and then, with one great surge of passion, he folds her to his heart. Booming of cannons in the distance].

Hark! In this blissful moment comes a sullen boom
Like the dismal voice of Fate rumbling through the gloom,

Ah, 'tis the signal of attack; now the dreadful doom
Of the South is sealed forever!

The wide horizon blazes with a sheet of flame,
And hell her horrors belches forth in sweet heaven's name.

[The long-roll is beaten, the soldiers quickly seize their arms and exit. Hurried orders are heard without, to fall in, etc.]

From batteries, from mortar-beds, and from bristling forts

Now roars the thunder of the siege—guns' deafening reports.

The hiss of shot and shriek of shell join in the awful chorus

Of the Carnival of Death that now appears before us.

From the doomed city vast volumes of smoke and flame

Now drape the somber heavens, and make them blush for shame

Of human inhumanity. Upon the inky sky

The fiery trail of bombs inscribes the infamous lie

Of moral mockery that seeks to justify

A deed so horrible!

And now the early dawn flashes the orient;

And to this ghastly scene another phase is lent.

Far as the eye can reach, dark columns of assault

Sweep forward from the enemy's works; nor ever halt

In their steady purpose. Their numbers make them feel

Confident of victory. Forests of polished steel

Wave with majesty, glist'ning in the early sun.

So moves the pageant ere the bloody work's begun.

Before them there, in sullen silence grimly lies

The long line of Confederate works—now the prize

Of victory; the sole barrier that now stands

'Twixt independence and the iron bands

Of slavery. Along the line in their array

Are strong the grizzled veterans in coats of gray;

With knitted brows and teeth clenched fast, the fray

Await on that unequal field this fatal day!

The cold north wind unfurls the northern banners gay
O'er two hundred thousand men in battle array ;
Scarce sixteen thousand worn-out troops dispute their
way, .

And receive the shock of their assault as best they may—
Nor cower before that magnificent display
Of o'erwhelming force the foe presents to-day,
In hopes the Confederate arms will shrink away
From their imposing front in blank dismay.
Nay, the shattered remnant of those glorious arms
Has no eye for the odds, and no ear for alarms ;
But still steadily breast that wild tempest of fire,
As was their wont ere victory 'gan to tire
Of fruitless effort, and thankless sacrifice !
From the Appomattox to Hatcher's Run,
The storm-cloud lowered, and the battle begun.
From the sullen gloom of those masses in blue
The sheeted lightning and thunder flew.
'Midst the leaden hail came the screaming of shell,
With demoniac shriek, like a spirit of hell !
From the Confederate front rose the terrible yell
That on many battle-fields sounded the knell
Of death to the insolent foe. And now, to swell
The frightful clamor and roar of battle,
The blaze of musketry, and the death-rattle
Of rifles along the lines, and the thunder
Of a hundred cannon bursts asunder
The vault of heaven, and shakes with wonder
The very earth !

All along the line the Federal troops recoil
'Neath canopies of smoke; the Confederates foil
Their frenzied efforts!

Now they mass 'gainst Gordon's feeble lines,
Just to the left of where the Federal mines
Were sprung with volcanic fury; and here,
After a terrible struggle, they now appear
To have success, and for the time obtain
Possession of some works; now they retreat again,
Exposed right and left to a raking fire;
Decimated and shattered, they retire
In utter rout.

But whilst this furious contest is in progress
On the "Croler's" left, far more decisive success
Now crowns the Federal arms further to the right,
Where the enemy hurls his prodigious might
'Gainst Hill's unprotected left. But Gowan's brigade
Is no longer there where it erst had made
The place impregnable. The picket in front,
And the men at the guns, must withstand the brunt
Of the enemy's great assault. The work is done—
The entrenchments are carried—the batteries won!
Forts Alexander and Gregg are now all
That stand between them and the final fall
Of the Confederate Cause, and the hated thrall
Of northern dominion. Now with cheers and a rush
They storm Fort Alexander in the full flush
Of victory. 'Tis taken, although the men stand
Bravely to their guns, and hand to hand,
In that unequal conflict, gallantly yield life

And liberty at once in that heroic strife!
Again the Federal cohorts confidently form
In beautiful array, and now prepare to storm
The sullen front of frowning Gregg.
In all the majesty of o'erpow'ring numbers,
They move on that silent place where slumbers
The volcano's fire, and the voice of thunder.
Along the lines the battle lulls; as if in wonder,
By mutual consent the armies both stand still
In breathless expectation; hope and fear now thrill
In turn each breast. Will the garrison fulfill
The enemy's hopes, and send the deathly chill
Of irreparable disaster through their comrades' ranks?
Will they thus surrender, nor fire a gun? No!—thanks
To the brave Captain Chew and his gallant crew,
This final disgrace will be spared the few
That remain of the grand old army!
'Tis not a white flag, but a white puff of smoke—
A sheet of flame, and terrible roar that broke
The silence and dread expectancy of the hostile hosts!
Reeling, broken, the shattered mass gives way;
No longer glistening in beautiful array
Of symmetrical lines, with waving banners gay—
But routed, torn, and bleeding, in dismay,
Retreating under cover; whilst on the red earth lay
Their dead and wounded thickly strewn!
But hurrying forward, reinforcements soon
In columns dark move up to their support;
But none are there to reinforce the fort!
Now rings a shrill bugle-call, sharp and clear,

O'er the Confederate lines, sounding far and near ;
 Why curdles the blood in those brave men's veins ?
 Why blanch their dark faces at those wild strains ?
 'Tis because they know that its meaning dread
 Proclaims that all hope is now well-nigh fled !
 'Tis the stirring appeal for a Forlorn Hope—
 A devoted band who are willing to cope
 With the fearful odds before them !
 Must the sacrifice of the glorious dead,
 And the cause of the South for which they bled ;
 Must all those proud mem'ries whose luster shed
 Such glory o'er the terrible life they led,
 At last be lost ?—fruitless the sacrifice ?—fled
 Forever those memories into the past ?—
 Into that sacred, silent sepulcher at last !

Beau. Alas, gentlemen ; our fortunes are failing fast ;
 But I am now too old to heed that bugle's blast !

Will. Ha !—by Jove—the boys obey the call !
 To horse !—Farewell—I'll not be last of all.

Aug. Nor I ! Mother, your blessing ! If I now fall
 [he kneels at her feet],

Let my country's banner be my funeral pall.
 Father, farewell ! Lillian, darling ; all [embracing her]
 That I need say is that your willing thrall
 Will try to turn his face to you in death,
 And breathe your name with mother's on my parting
 breath !

Now fare you well—forever—mother—all !
 I shall not return to you when the loud recall
 Is sounded from the trumpet's brazen throat !

Farewell—farewell—I shall not heed its note!

[Exit Will.

Augustus moves away; Lillian swoons; Augustus, who has reached the door, hastily returns; he kneels at her side, and smooths the golden hair tenderly from her brow; then kisses her softly and resigns her to his mother.

Nay, I would not awaken her, even though I could,
To other fears and the agony of suspense.

Sleep on, poor heart, whilst the awful storm
Of battle decides our fate.

Oh! How the sight of her unnerves my heart,
And makes my very soul to shudder in its shell—
Filling this garish daylight with shadowy forms of fear!
But steady; my duty calls me *there!* [pointing off to-
wards the field of battle].

[Re-enter Will Keene, hastily.

Augustus! They have chosen *you* to lead the Forlorn
Hope!

Aug. So? Then I will lead it—aye; and to glory,
E'en though it be shrouded in death so grim and gory!
This day will seal our fate, and end this dark, sad story.
For four long years, oh war, your desolating hand
Has swept with fire and sword our once most happy
land.

Our wealth has perished, and our blood runs low—
The torrent is dry, and the flood cannot flow—
Yet the proud, brave spirit of our sunny south-land
Stands firm and defiant 'midst her smouldering ruins—
Overwhelmed, indeed, but still unsubdued!
But the end is near; ere the red sun is seen in the west,

All will be over, and these fatal questions be at rest.
 Ah ; will the dead or the living then be most blest ?
 Once more, farewell to all ; mother, 'tis best
 Thus to leave my darling on *my mother's breast* ! [moves
 away].

Tom. Mas. 'Gustus ! I can't bah to stay hea' ; feel zif
 suf'n awful 's gwine to hap'n ; an' Ole Tom orta be dah !

Aug. Thank you, Uncle Tom ; bless your trusty heart.
 But I cannot take you with me to-day ; you will be needed
 here. And now, good-by ; your life has been closely inter-
 woven with mine, Tom, and if the fortunes of war now
 separate us forever, remain as faithful to the loved ones I leave
 behind as you have been to me ; and remember that you
 are not the least of those who are dear to me. [Tom falls
 upon his knees and clings frantically to the hand of his
 master].

Tom. Mas. 'Gustus ! Lef me go 'long jis dis hea' once ;
 please, Mas. 'Gustus ; please !

Aug. No, Tom ; no—God bless you all—farewell !

[*Exit* Augustus.]

Lo'd, lo'd ; spa' dat chile ! [cried the devoted old black
 man, still on his knees, with his hands extended in the direc-
 tion of his master's exit. A tremendous shock of battle
 startles him to his feet]. Hea' de battle roa' ! He 's gone
 to the cha'ge ub de Fo'lo'n Hopes ; 'nd wha 's I ? Wha 's
 Ole Tom, dat orta be dah ? Who 's gwine to sabe de chile
 dis time ? An' dah 's de poo' little Miss Lilly ; all de light
 done gone out de bright little face wha de sunshine use to
 be—all da'k now ! De good Lo'd hab pity on all ub us !

H. Alas, my son; this sudden shock, and the giddy whirl

Of war's excitement, quite shakes the reason of this poor girl,

And leaves *me* dazed and 'wilder'd. [Lillian sighs heavily, and slowly opens her eyes; she presses her hand to her heart].

Lillian. Oh, then, has he gone, indeed? [She starts at the heavy crash of cannon]. Oh!—oh, dear!—that dreadful noise—so like that night of terror! Oh, my poor, dear brother! Oh, Horatio—Horatio! And what if *he* too—my brave and noble; my first and only love—oh, Augustus! if *you* be taken from me—then indeed has my sun set! Father in heaven!—oh spare—*oh, spare me that!* Gone—gone, and no farewell—no parting kiss! Nay, I remember now—he did not leave me so. But oh, that I might say farewell with reason still enthroned! I cannot bear a parting such as this! Oh, I *must* see him *once* more! There!—there!—quick, Tom; quick! 'Mount the fleetest horse—fly—fly! Tell him his Lillian *must* see him *once* more!

[Exit Tom and the rest, followed by Lillian with outstretched arms and streaming hair—crying wildly: Oh!—it is too late!—*too late!*—TOO LATE!! [Exeunt omnes.

[Ha! What now? From the Confederate lines now swoop,

Like an eagle, the Forlorn Hope—a little troop
Of heroic men! Who leads the desperate band?
With flashing sword and battle-flag in hand,
And rumbling thunder in his horse's feet?

Augustus leads the charge! Now they meet
The foe in shock of battle; they are lost
In clouds of dust and smoke! Alas, the cost
Is terrible; but the confident foe
Has received at their hands a terrible blow!
Yet is the bloody sacrifice all in vain—
For but few of that band reappear again
On the crest of the wave of battle! Now back
They are borne on the fiery tide, in the front of attack,
To the fort. The serried ranks of the foe are now seen
Again moving forward in battle array. The sheen
Of their glistening front 'midst the smoke and flame
Of the lurid scene, in ominous flashes came.
Now the roll of musketry, fast and thick,
And the roar of the rifled-guns, sharp and quick,
'Midst curses and cheers, and the bursting of shell,
Made a scene that was worthy the regions of hell!
Now the smoke lifts; the enemy reach the ditch;
They swarm up the sides; the foremost ones pitch
Headlong on their comrades below. Once, twice, thrice,
They reach the top, only to pay the fearful price
Of their temerity! And yet they bravely persevere
In their desperate efforts and mad career
Of stubborn courage!
At last the artillery ceases to play;
And the heroic garrison, driven to bay,
Club their muskets and continue the fray
With savage fury 'till the last of them lay
Dead or wounded upon the red clay
That is drenched with the blood of her sons!

Alas! 'midst their number are two loved ones
Of our dear friends there lying—
Wounded—bleeding—dying!

Scene 7.—A place near Petersburg, within the Confederate lines; time, night.

[*Enter* General Beaumar.

I fain would have broken this sad news myself,
And sought to soften the terrible blow ;
But alas! I am too late ; the work is done.
It has come upon her like the shock of an earthquake ;
And all sense and power of reason have together fled.
Augustus is gone ; his noble life has at last gone out
With the last, flickering flames of accursed war !
In that gallant charge of the Forlorn Hope,
He bravely fell in a blaze of glory !
But oh !—the waste—the ruin—the death !
And after all, our cause is lost forever !

[*Enter* a Confederate officer ; salutes.

General, there is no time to be lost, sir ; in a few moments we shall be left within the enemy's lines. Our rear guard is now moving past at a double-quick, hard pressed by the enemy's cavalry. [Sound of the retreat without].

Beau. Then farewell, these scenes of sorrow ;

Poor child, farewell ! [*Exit* all amidst great noise and confusion].

Scene 8.—A ghastly battle-field; time, night; snow is slowly falling, covering the dead and debris of war; out of the surrounding silence comes a groan, and the form of a wounded officer of high rank slightly moves. It is discovered to be Augustus.

Aug. (faintly). Was it but the echo of mine own thought,

Or the gurgle of my life's blood? So fraught
Is mine imagination with the flood
Of fancy, and the train of fevered thought
So drifts upon this ebbing tide of blood—
My thought and sense seem so confused that naught
Seems well defined; yet methought I caught
A sound that sounded like the voice of Tom!
Oh, that I could gather some of this cool snow
To quench my burning thirst! It seems sent
From pitying heaven, that we may know
How kind and gentle are the ways of God!
If I could only bare this throbbing wound
To the cold north wind; it might freeze
A crust upon it, and staunch this flow of blood.
How faint I am [sinking]; could I but turn
And look once more where that faint light doth burn,
And loved ones wait in vain for my return—
Only once—once more before I die!
Ugh [with a painful effort he turns]! there!—where
is it?

I cannot see it now; have I lost it?
May be. I turned the wrong way; no, there!
How dim it is! They do not know that I

Look so wistfully at it while I lie
Wounded and fainting, ready to die,
Amidst these ghastly horrors! But they know
That I still think of them; aye, although
Dead, and buried 'neath the drifting snow!
I know that I am dying; oh, that I
Could see them just once more before I die—
That I might feel once more my mother's kiss,
My father's touch—and oh, the heavenly bliss
Of that sweet presence that so fills
My fond soul with joy, and my heart thrills
With such excess of pleasure!
See!—how fast it fades! The light is almost gone!
Alas, 'tis gone. No—there!—yes—gone—gone out!
[He sinks heavily to the earth. A voice is heard with-

out.

Mas. 'Gustus! Oh, Mas. 'Gustus! D' you hea' me!—
oh, Mas. 'Gustus!

[*Enter* Old Tom; he stumbles over a corpse and falls.

Oh, de good Lo'd hab pity on dis ole nigga! Lef Ole
Tom go; fo' I 's no 'count no mo' no ways; but spar' dat ah
chile! Lo'd, Lo'd! Mas. 'Gustus! [Scrambling to his feet].

Aug. Tom! [faintly, in an unnatural tone. The old
negro starts and trembles so he can hardly stand].

Tom. Lo'd a mouty! Dat sounds like de ghost!

Aug. Tom—Tom! Can you not hear me, Tom?

Tom. Mas. 'Gustus! Mas. 'Gustus! [he shouted, wild
with joy]. Wha' is you, chile? Ole Tom's hea'! Mas.
'Gustus!

Bress de Lo'd, hea' you is! [kneeling and lifting the insensible form tenderly upon his knee]. I 's done been look'n fo' you all oba dis hea' place! Mas. 'Gustus! D' you hea' me, chile?—hea' I is; hea' 's Ole Tom, Mas. 'Gustus! Oh, de Lo'd hab pity!—de chile am dead! [stretching his hands towards heaven in an agony of grief, he wailed—

Mas. 'Gustus—Mas. 'Gustus! Oh—de chile am dead! [Aug. moves]. See da! He 's move'n! Mas. 'Gustus!—d' you hea', Ole Tom? I 's hea'—I is; look hea' at Ole Tom; oh, speak to me, chile, kase why de old hea't 's a break'n! Da!—look da! [terrified]. See de Jack ub de lant'n bob'n roun' da 'mongst de dead! Dat 's de eb'l spirit! [Shielding his eyes with his hand, he looks intently away over the field of battle.

No, see!—dey 's men, dey is! Dey moves dis way! Hallo!—hallo, da! Hea' he is!—hea' 's Mas. 'Gustus! Hea' we am; quick, fo' de lub uv heab'n! Dey 's com'n, Mas. 'Gustus!—dey 's com'n! Hea'! Dis way, da! Hea' we am!

Voice (without). All right, old boy; we're coming! Hold your grit! Here we are; where are you?

[*Enter* a Federal surgeon, and an assistant carrying a lantern. The surgeon is discovered to be Ralf Rathmore.

Assistant. The devil!—it's a darkey! Hello, a Rebel officer, too!

Ha, ha! [holding the lantern so that the light falls upon the upturned face of Augustus.

He must have been a knight of the Golden Circle, and a man of distinction, to judge from his appearance.

Rath. Hold that light here; let me see that face again!
What! Can it be? Ha, ha, ha! It is, by the shade
of Pluto!

Why, I know this negro well, and his master, too!

My dear Augustus, how—do—you—do! Hugh, hugh!
—how *delighted* I am to see you—*there*!

Well, well; in the way of life there is many an up and
down; and down you are at last!

But then, the large humanity of these later days—hugh—
—hugh!—imposes duties we may not neglect, and what I
can I will do—[*aside*] *to make you feel the serpent's fangs!*
[he kneels by the side of Augustus, and thrusts his hand into
his breast. Tom recognizes him, and glares ferociously upon
him, although he is shaking with terror.

'Tis as I thought!—close to the heart; see, my hand is
sopping wet!

'Tis true, 'tis warm; 'tis warm, 'tis true;

By heaven, another thinks so, too!

Ben, is there a party with a stretcher near?

The wound 's not mortal, but I cannot dress it here.

Ben. Not that I can see, sir.

Rath. Then find one; he must be removed. [*Aside,*
Hugh, hugh! That I may have the pleasure of carving him
at my leisure]. Here, give me that flask before you go.
Now haste away. [*Exit Ben.*

Rathmore writes on a leaf of his note-book. [*Reads*
aside: "Camp-follower; caught robbing and murdering
our wounded; hang the black devil! R."] [*Turning to*

Tom: Here, take this to where you see that light, and tell the officers to send assistance—quick!

Tom. I kin tote Mas. 'Gustus down dah, sah [with a distrustful glance at Rathmore, and a wistful look at Augustus. [Aside] I knows de slimy sarpent. *De vîpa! DE BLOODY HAND!*

Rath. Hugh, hugh; fool! And kill him before you get there.

Away with you, I say; and be quick, if you wish to save your master's life; there's no time to be lost! Do you hear? Go!

[Tom glances defiantly at the villain, and then kneels at the side of Augustus, pressing his cold hand passionately to his lips; then moves quickly away, muttering—aside—

To de deb'l wid de offica!—de pisen sarpent! I 'll git de 'sistance widout de bloody deb'l! [*Exit Tom.*

Rath. Haste, haste to your doom, you shadow of the devil!

Who will *now* be food for the buzzards? Hugh, hugh, hugh!

They will swing *me* clear of the ground, will they?

Fate *fills* the cup of my revenge! Hugh, hugh!

Haste! Be you ever so swift, it will be *long* ere you return!

But let me see [kneeling, he rifles the pockets of Augustus]. There may be something here of value; a watch, for instance, or some trinket to remember him by; hugh, hugh; *money* I cannot hope for on these Rebel dead. [He takes his watch and valuables; draws a locket from his breast].

Ha! What is this? A locket; let me see [opens it].
It is, as I'm a saint! [kisses it mockingly].
My own, my beautiful love!

Now I have it; there's a chance for sport! The thought is worthy a better brain than mine. I will fan this flickering flame of life [takes a pull at the flask himself; then pours brandy down the throat of Augustus]. I have something sweet to tell you, my dear Augustus. Hugh, hugh! REVENGE is *sweet!* I know 'twill be a parting joy to see your friend once more, and be assured that *I* am left to care for your little darling! Hugh, hugh; I'll tell you how kind I'll be to her—

So kind that she shall soon forget that Augustus lived.
I'll tell you that she has promised to be mine;
Nay, that she *is already—in a way!*
That she is my *prisoner*, and *my slave!*
Ha, ha! *That* will wring your proud heart's core!
You have scorned and insulted *me*; and *I will repay!*
I will bend your lofty spirit; aye, bend and break it;
And then laugh at you whilst I let you die!
I can save, but to know it makes my vengeance more
complete!

He moves; he groans; 'tis music to *my* ears.
Such sights and sounds to other eyes bring tears;
But no such gladsome sight has mine beheld for years!
Pity 'tis to disturb so sweet a sleep;
But you may sleep when I have done!

Aug. [Slowly opening his eyes, and raising himself with his last strength upon his elbow, he fiercely cried—

VILLAIN! I thank you for the draught that gives me strength

To rise and CURSE YOU! *Liar! traitor! MURDERER!!*
 Oh, that I had the strength to rise and run you through!
Robber! demon! MONSTER! Away with you,
 And let me die in peace! Or *cowardly assassin as you are,*

Finish your hellish work—AND GO! [He sinks heavily back; Rathmore shrinks away appalled, and seems suddenly seized with delirium. His eyes dilate with horror; he trembles violently].

Rath. Dead!—dead! *Oh, HORROR! Robber; MURDERER!!*

'Tis false—'tis false, I say! There—there! [casts his plunder back at Augustus]

Take back that accursed plunder!
 It burns like coals of fire from hell!

It is a lie! I did not murder; though I might have saved!
 Aye, and saved myself the knowing that I let you die!
Assassin [he hissed]! *The bloody hand!* [Looks at his bloody hands and shrinks with horror away from them].

Away!—AWAY!! And ye hideous dead—why gibe and look on me

With those fiery eyes deep-burning in their hollow sockets!

Why beck and point at me, thou spectre of the damned?
 Off—off! Touch me not, I say; touch me not! [shuddering]

My flesh *creeps* beneath thy bloody hand

Like feathers in the flame!
My brain is burning, and my limbs are cold as death!
[The picture of horror, he reels and staggers back;
pointing]—
See!—see how they flock to haunt me!
She, too, is dead; and her pale spirit seeks me here!
See how she glides along the whitened earth—
No whiter in its shroud of snow, than she—
Stooping o'er the dead to scan each rigid face.
Too well I know the form she seeks, and where it lies!
Voice (without). Miss Lilly! Oh, Miss Lilly! Come
back; come back!
De snow am deep, an' de night am bitta cold!
Mas. 'Gustus! Mas. 'Gustus!—whah is you, chile?
Rath. What!—that negro back? 'Tis strange! I
thought I had disposed of him.
No matter; 'tis a human voice, and serves to break this
frenzied spell.
So this phantom white, flitting through the frosty night,
Is not the spirit that I thought it might;
But flesh and blood. What tragic mood
Has brought her forth in such a plight?
A lovely sight; hugh, hugh; 'tis red and white
That make carnations pure and bright.
Thus blood and snow, mixed so and so,
Make pink, you know,
And white and pink, and pink and white,
Become *her* style the best—to-night.
Hugh, hugh; she comes this way! [He slinks away
out of sight].

[*Enter* Lillian, dressed in white; her hair streaming; her hands clasped and hanging down before her, and her entire attitude that of despair; her manner is that of a beautiful, but touching insanity].

She sings in a plaintive voice—

He is gone; he is gone where the battle's wild roar,
And the bugle's shrill call can awake him no more.

Now his sun hath gone down; his last struggle is o'er;
He lies dead on the field that is red with his gore!

Oh! [She starts back with terror, and presses her hands to her temples as Rathmore steps before her].

Oh, *horror!* 'Tis—The Bloody—Hand!! [She turns shuddering away to Augustus].

Rath. Hugh, hugh, hugh! Now is the hour of my revenge!

Fortune makes the triumph of my hate complete!

The serpent that was trampled in the dust

And so despised, recoils—and coils—and—*strikes!*

There!—there! [Pointing at Augustus].

That is what *you* seek!

Go, waste your sweetness—to perfume a corpse!

[*Enter* Old Tom, stealthily, in the rear, with drawn knife; he suddenly springs with the ferocity of a tiger upon Rathmore, driving the knife to its hilt in his breast; they fall; Tom clutches the villain by the throat; a convulsive quivering of his limbs; a few spasmodic gasps, and Ralt Rathmore lies still in death. Lillian, who had been steadfastly gazing upon the form of her lover, had not witnessed this silent but terrible struggle. Over-

powered, she staggers back, and comes in contact with the corpse of Rathmore ; turning, she beholds the ghastly spectacle, just as Tom has loosened his grip and risen from the body. She starts and shudders ; then turns slowly again to the object of her love, and with clasped hands and spasmodic step approaches the dead. Tom moves awe-stricken to a position behind her.

Lillian (singing). Yes, it is he—that face so fair,
With its crowning glory of waving hair ;
But the spirit that loved me, is not there. [She kneels
at his side, and smoothes the hair from his cold
brow ; toying with it playfully, as with childish
delight—for her reason has fled].

She bends over and kisses his pale lips ; sings—
They are cold ; for the true heart that warmed them of
yore,

Sends the tide of his life to his proud lips no more !
He is gone—he is gone where the battle's wild roar
And the bugle's shrill call can awake him no more !
For his sun hath gone down ; his last struggle is o'er ;
He lies dead on the field that is red with his gore !

But the pure, soft, white snow from its home in the skies,
Has tenderly covered the ground where he lies.

See how softly it falls on the form of the dead—
With its drift for his pillow, and its swirl for his bed !

[Slowly she sinks upon his breast ; Tom springs to her support, holding his bloody hand and glittering knife behind him. She starts wildly at his touch, but is reassured by the compassionate voice of Old Tom.

Tom. Miss Lilly ; come, chile, an' go wid Ole Tom ;

I 's gwine to tote Mas. 'Gustus way fum hea'; come 'nd go wid Uncle Tom.

Lillian. How dark it is; how cold the air.

Ah, *there* is the light; they are coming—*there!* [pointing to heaven].

They beckon to me; oh, how wondrously fair!

They are coming—*all* coming; a glorious throng;

And the heavens are filled with a soft, sweet song.

I am going, Tom; going. Farewell, dear Old Tom [she tenderly places her little white hand on his old, black face];

I shall look for you—*wait* for you *there!* [Looking up at the heavens; then she sinks upon the breast of Augustus, as if dead].

Old Tom. Oh! [he fairly howled, extending his bloody hand and glittering knife high above the senseless forms of his loved master and the beautiful Lillian]. May de wraf ub heb'n, and de tortia ub hell folla de cause ub all dis hea' fru de ebalast'n tarnalty ub de wus sort ub bugga-ation dah is no wha'!

[*Enter* General Lateur, the Federal Surgeon-General, Mrs. Hampton (that was), Mrs. Arlington, Vix Fairfax, and many others in great haste—the ladies weeping, wailing and bemoaning their loss; old Dina blubbering as if her heart would break, and poor Klack doubled up as if he had a case of cramp-colic.

H. Oh, my son! my son Augustus! Oh, my God!

A. Lillian! Oh, God! Oh, my child, my child! [throws herself wildly upon the prostrate loved ones].

Vix. Willie! Oh, Willie—where, oh, where are you?

A. Doctor! Quick!—quick; my child is still warm! Her heart still throbs! Oh, for the sake of heaven, be quick—save, oh save my child!

[The surgeon hastens to her.

Sur. Why, she is not dead! [He casts his cloak on the ground and quickly raises her in his arms and lays her upon it]. Here, chafe her hands, and work her arms back and forth—so [showing them]! And get some of this brandy down her throat, if you can; rub her with it, too!

La. See there! Augustus moves!

Sur. What! [Quickly kneels at his side and examines him].

H. Oh, tell me he is not dead!

Sur. So far as I can see, he has only fainted from loss of blood! See, here is the wound—by no means fatal; but he has well-nigh bled to death for the want of attention! Bring my case; I can soon stop the loss of blood, and then I think he will get along. Here, pour this down his throat, and rub his hands and feet vigorously. There; that begins to do it; so! [Augustus sighs and moves].

Good! Now, I think we have them both all right; wrap them up in our cloaks, and keep them warm. We must get them into comfortable quarters at once; gentlemen, lend a hand. [Several spring forward and raise Augustus and Lillian in their arms; some one stumbles over a body; he groans and turns over; Vix springs forward with a wild scream.

Vix. Oh, it is Willie—it is Willie! [Supports him in her arms].

Sur. Well, well ; this is not so bad. [Examines Will].
I think there is hope for this poor fellow, too !

Tom. Hyeah, hyeah, hy-e-ah ! Oh, glory !—glory !—
glory—hallelujum ! [And the old black man went capering
about in his awkward manner as if he were demented ;
whilst old Dina fairly broke into a break-down. Stopping
before the body of Rathmore, and spurning it with his foot,
the old man said—

So, dah you is, what dah is lef'n ub you ; 'nd what dah
is n't lef'n ub you 's done gone somewhah, sart'n ! Whah
am dat ah debble now dat wuz in dah, dis chile don't knows ;
but reckon mebby de days ub yo' eble doens am done gone
foh eba !

Chorus all. Away !—away !—ye shadows of the night !
Away !—away !—for the morn is breaking bright !
The golden rays of the morning sun
Will be heralds of a life begun
With joy—with joy !—with joy without alloy—
A life begun with the rising sun—
A life of joy without alloy, to run—
To run its course with the golden sun !

Tableau—Curtain.

EPILOGUE.

Brightly broke the peaceful morning
Where the clouds with sullen warning
Lowered the day before.
But the grizzled host that erst
Had bravely breasted battle's worst,
Was marshaled there no more !

No more the thunder of their guns
Speaks to the hearts of southern sons
In tones of sweet assurance !
Faded now their dreams of glory !
Their tattered banners, grim and gory,
No longer claim endurance !

The sacrifice of all those years—
The blood, and treasure, and the tears—
Are now no more availing !
Their Cause is Lost ! Their hopes are fled !
Their braves lie sleeping with the dead !
And we sit bowed, bewailing !

Oh, Land of Sun—thine azure skies
No more with gladness greet our eyes—
But cold, and gray, and weeping !
The fairest of thy sons are dead !
The haughty conqueror, instead,
Now stalks where they are sleeping !

THE REVEILLE.

Awake!—Ye sons of the South—awake!
 Ter-r-r-rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat!
 Awake!—For you still have something at stake!
 Fall in!—And still battle for that!
 Ter-r-r-rat-tat-tat; ter-r-r-rat-tat-tat!
 Ter-r-r-rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat!
 Awake!—For you still have something at stake!
 Fall in!—And still battle for that!

Fathers, and mothers, and children dear—
 Ter-r-r-rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat!
 Are waiting to welcome you, bless, and cheer!
 Fall in!—And march homeward for that!
 Ter-r-r-rat-tat-tat; ter-r-r-rat-tat-tat!
 Ter-r-r-rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat!
 They 're waiting to welcome you, bless, and cheer—
 Double quick!—March homeward for that!

Your sweet-hearts, too, are waiting for you!
 Ter-r-r-rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat!
 With flow'rs of affection your path to strew!
 I trow you would battle for that!
 Ter-r-r-rat-tat-tat; ter-r-r-rat-tat-tat!
 Ter-r-r-rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat!
 With flow'rs of affection your path they 'll strew!
 March on!—We will battle for that!

THE SEQUEL.

Lillianette! Awake, my child; the hour is late; and your mother is calling you to go to bed.

The speaker was a man far advanced in years, but his tall, fine form was unbent by time, and his noble features still retained their habitual expression of command, whilst his martial bearing, no less than the deep scar which lay in a white seam across his forehead, might well have indicated to one not knowing it, that he had been no stranger to those scenes of havoc to which we have referred; and yet upon the lips of that stern, dark man there was a tremor of emotion—not that of weakness, but of strength of feeling—and in his touch a tenderness like that of woman, as he toyed with those masses of golden hair that lay like ripples of sunlight on his battle-scarred breast, and fondly kissed the fair young face that nestled so lovingly against his own.

Oh, my! Oh, grandpa! I have been sleeping, have n't I! Oh, dear!—I have had such a long, long dream about dear papa and mama—and you, grandpa—and all of them! And, oh!—the most horrid old hag, and the wickedest man! Dear! It makes me shudder to think!

Indeed! That is a strange coincidence, my dear; for the story of their lives has been running through my mind, also, as I sat here on this picturesque porch and dreamed. Who knows but that the sunlight sails of your bright thoughts were drifting on the deep and silent current of mine own?

..... Need we say more? The circle is now complete, and we end where we began. This is the old home

of Augustus and Lillian ; and Lillianette is their child. The old soldier is General Lateur. Here they have all lived in peaceful retirement since the storm of war was over ; for the mother of Augustus could never be persuaded to exchange the sweet seclusion of this enchanting place for a more pretentious home.

Lillian's mother, Mrs. Arlington, now the wife of Gen. Beaumar, lives happily on a magnificent estate adjoining ; whilst the light-hearted Will Keene and the vixenish Vix Fairfax keenly enjoy life at Fairfax Hall.

As for faithful Old Tom and the provident Dina, they still preside over the festivities of "de ole log-cab'n," as was their wont in the halcyon days "ub de good ole times," tormented, as usual, by the mischievous doings of "inquisitum" Klack, but serenely happy for all that.

Exeunt omnes.

THE END.

ADIEU.

Gentle reader, farewell ; my story is done.
The battle is fought ; is the victory won ?
Or is the sad title, by motherless wit,
Whilst true of the theme, true also of it ?



— THE —

SUBLIME TRAGEDY

OF THE

LOST CAUSE

By A. ST. J. PICKETT.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS

Of this Great Southern Tragic Poem of the War.

IN FOUR ACTS.

The story of the old soldier; whose silvery locks
Were lovingly mingled with the golden hair
Of a beautiful girl who was sleeping there
On his battle-scarred breast.



ACT 1st.

The Echo; Song and Shadow Dance of Old Tom, a negro; Song and Chorus; Lillian Meadowbrook, the lovely heroine, and the mystery surrounding her life; The Beautiful Pastoral; The Old Hag, and the Dismal Prophecy; Ralf Rathmore, the villain, and the Old Hag; The Alarm; The Plot; The Terrible Narrative of the Hag; Love, Betrayal, Pursuit, and the vengeful sequel of fire and wreck at sea; The Ruse; The Bastard Son adopted; The Discovery of the Fraud; The Restoration of Lillian to her own mother; The Assassin's plot; The Attempted Abduction; The Rescue; The Duel; The Death of the Hag and Flight of Rathmore.

ACT 2ND.

Prologue; Love Scene between Lillian and Augustus Hampton; Old Robin Sponger, the Northern emissary; The Old Man, the Old Mare, and the Rickety Old Rockaway; Ralf Rathmore and Sponger; The Serenade and Moonlight Love Scene; The Approaching War; The Parting; The "pepations" of Dina, and mischievous doings of Klack; The Fete; Song and Chorus; The Fright; The Departure for the Seat of War.

ACT 3RD.

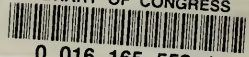
The Coffee House; The Irish Pals; The "Shwate" Maleen; Rathmore and Buffer; The Plot; The Prison; Augustus Entrapped and Sentenced to Death as a Spy; The Terrible Scene in the Dungeon between Rathmore and Augustus; The Attempted Outrage upon Lillian; The Dreadful Scene, and the Timely Rescue; The Federal Camp at Chancellorsville before the Battle; Reverie of General Bellemont; The Battle; Death of Bellemont; Rathmore Again, and his attempt to Murder Lillian; The Awful Conflict, in which Augustus, at the head of his men, Storms through the House and comes suddenly upon Lillian; The House in Flames; Tableau.

ACT 4TH.

Honors of war to General Bellemont; Lillian mourning over her Dead Brother; Gallant conduct of Confederates; Reverie of General Beaumar; The Funeral March; The Salute; A Federal Hospital; Augustus Wounded; Rathmore and his Fiendish Purpose; The Rescue; Pat and Mike; The Old Capitol Prison; Augustus Doomed to be Shot and Ordered to Execution; Robin Sponger, the spy, gives Information, Proving to the Officer Ordering his Execution that Augustus is his Son; The Race of Life and Death; The Old Homestead; Augustus and his Father; The Meeting with his Mother and the Reconciliation; The Last Effort of the War; Old Sambo; Old Tom's Dilapidated and Altered Appearance; The Great Battles About Petersburg described at Length in Verse; The Forlorn Hope for the Relief of Fort Gregg; The end of the Battle and our Cause is Lost Forever; Night on the Battlefield; The Tragic Scene between Rathmore and Augustus, Wounded; Old Tom Seeking his Master; Lillian in Delirium, Dressed in White, Singing a Requiem, Seeking her Lover amidst the Dead; Rathmore's sudden Delirium, Horror and Remorse; The Awful Scene between him and Lillian; Old Tom springs upon his Back like a Tiger, and Finally kills the Villain; Lillian Approaches the Form of Augustus; Pathetic Scene; Swoons upon his Breast; Enter Many Persons; Lillian Revived; Augustus Saved; Joyous Scene; ends with a Chorus.

Epilogue; The Reveille; The Sequel; Adieu.

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