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BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

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NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD.

A Domestic Drama.

IN

FIVE ACTS

BY

John
Worcester
J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

AUTHOR OF "NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD," A NOVEL; "FATHER BRIGHTHOPE," &c.

*Produced at the Boston Museum, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Smi.,
March 16th, 1857. Printed from the acting copy; the
stage business, &c., correctly marked by
J. H. Ring, Prompter.*

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P R E F A C E .

It is needless to state that the drama of "Neighbor Jack-wood" is founded upon the novel of the same name. The success of the book occasioned a demand for the play. Having had no thought of lending my own hand to the work of adaptation, a liberal proposition to that effect, from Mr. Kimball, of the Boston Museum, took me by surprise; and the encouragement thus received, together with the confidence his well-known energy and sagacity inspired, must therefore be my apology for assuming the pen of the dramatist.

Having decided upon the undertaking, my first step was to consult the Museum's clear-headed stage-manager, Mr. W. H. Smith, to whom I am indebted for invaluable hints with regard to stage business and requirements. I then proceeded to the difficult work of dramatization. A volume of over four hundred pages was to be compressed into five acts. I found myself obliged, consequently, to discard entirely episodes and personages that give interest and variety to the book, and confine myself to such as could be most effectively put upon the stage. Thus the scenes in Mobile and Montreal, Hector's adventures, the early history of Camille, Bridget, Corny, the Dunbury parents, and various other characters, — among them Edward, one of the most prominent in the novel, — I was forced to omit altogether, or dismiss with a casual mention.

On the other hand, to render the play complete as such, and not a mere version in dialogue of the book, it was necessary to change or enlarge characters retained, according to the abilities of the actors — to expand Crumlett to the proportions of Warren, and fit the paternal head to Whitman's able shoulders. And here I must express my gratification at the conscientious care and fidelity with which the piece has been produced upon the Museum boards. Few are aware how much a dramatic author owes to the coöperation of a skilful and judicious manager. The various parts of the play could not have been better cast in any theatrical company. From Mrs. Thompson's "Grandmother Rigglesty," to Miss Rose Skerrett's inimitable "Bim," the representation of each character has seemed as nearly perfect as possible. To touch upon the merits of the intermediate members of the company would swell into an article what was intended merely as a prefatory note.

J. T. T.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1857.

ORIGINAL CAST OF CHARACTERS,

AT

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

HECTOR DUNBURY,	Mr. E. F. Keach
'SQUIRE GREENWICH,	F. Whitman.
ROBERT GREENWICH,	J. Davies.
NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD,	W. H. Smith.
ADMELECH,	Miss Rose Skerrett.
ENOS CRUMLETT,	Mr. W. Warren.
MR. RUKELY,	J. Wilson
DICKSON,	E. Thompson.
OLIVER DOLE,	Wheelock.
LANDLORD,	Delano.
SHERIFF,	Willis.
LAWYER,	W. Finn.
WILTON,	Lake.
FIRST LOUNGER,	Boynton.
SECOND "	G. W. Delano.
Farmers, Sheriff's Officers, &c., by auxiliaries.	

CAMILLE (Charlotte),	Mrs. Skerrett
MRS. JACKWOOD,	Mrs. Preston
GRANDMOTHER RIGGLESTY,	Mrs. Thompson.
MATILDA FOSDICK,	Mrs. J. R. Vincent.
PRICE JACKWOOD,	Miss Ellen Wright.
BERTHA RUKELY,	Mrs. H. Eckhardt.
MRS. GREENWICH,	Miss Raymond.
ETTY GREENWICH,	Miss M. Thompson.
MRS. SPERKLEY,	Miss Mason.
Farmers' Wives and Yankee Girls,	Misses Fredericks, Mary Wright, Turner, Evans, Mrs. Wright, Miss E. Jones, &c. &c. &c.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN VERMONT.

Abim. A good deal you know! Come, what?

Ph. It's what you got — a ducking. You never get anything else, when you go a-fishing.

Abim. Wal, we did this time, any way. Can't neither of ye guess!

Mrs. J. What is it, my son?

Ph. Tell me, Bim', and I'll give ye an onion to wipe yer eyes with

Abim. It's suthin' real nice! It's a — beggar-woman!

Mrs. J. A beggar-woman! What do you mean?

Abim. You'll see. They're comin'. We found her all tuckered out, crossin' the interval. I d'n know what she'd done, if 't had n't been for me an' father. O, she's the darnedest-lookin' ol' thing!

Mrs. J. That's jest like your father, for all the world, to bring hum a stragglin' old woman! What'll we do with her, I wonder!

Ph. Let her sleep with Bim!

Abim. I guess so! There they come!

Enter MR. JACKWOOD, D. F., supporting CAMILLE disguised.

Mr. Jackwood. It's all right now! Bless your heart, my poor woman, don't tremble so! Set the big chair, mother. I told ye we'd find a warm kitchen somewheres. This is better 'n out doors in the rain, now, an't it?

Mrs. J. Why! who is she?

Mr. J. Don't stop for that; get a glass of that 'ere currant wine; she's dre'ful faint. Cheer up, poor woman, you're among friends now. Here comes mother, with suthin' that'll put life into ye. Take her wet bunnit. Here, poor woman, drink this — 't an't none o' yer pison stuff; it'll do ye good.

Ph. Don't stand staring at her, Bim!

Abim. You don't stare, nor nothin'!

(*MR. JACKWOOD holds the glass, while MRS. JACKWOOD removes CAMILLE's bonnet. A gray wig comes off with it; at the same time the spectacles fall from her eyes, and her hair falls in curls down her neck.*)

Mrs. J. (*R. of chair.*) Sakes alive!

Mr. J. (*L. of chair.*) That beats the Dutch!

Ph. (*R.*) Why, she an't an old woman, after all!

Abim. (*L.*) I swanny, I thought 't was an ol' beggar-woman!

Camille. O, you will not — Something tells me you will be my friend! (*Pleadingly, to MR. JACKWOOD.*)

Mr. J. I'd be yer friend, now I see yer face, if I would n't afore. No unfortinit critter ever come to Bim'lech Jackwood's house, that did n't find a fire to warm 'em, a good dinner, and, more 'n all that, a hearty welcome.

Cam. O, thank you! thank you!

Mr. J. No thanks; but drink this 'ere. Then you'll be better.

Mrs. J. (*R. c.*) Dear me! she don't look a bit stubbed! — How happens it you're travellin' in this way?

Mr. J. Don't ax her no questions; she's kind o' turned round. — Do ye live hereabouts?

Mrs. J. Han't ye got no home?

Mr. J. There, I would n't question her, mother! — What name shall we call ye by?

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Kitchen in the Farm-house. Window, R. C., and door, L. C., in flat, practical. Mrs. JACKWOOD setting the dinner-table, R. C. Phæbe, R., toasting bread. A storm.*

Mrs. Jackwood. Dear me, what a squall! How dark it grows! They'll git wet, sartin as the world! (*Goes to the window. Sharp flash of lightning. Starts back.*) I never! That must have struck somewheres! 'Tend to that bread, Phæbe.

Phæbe. I do; but I'm half scared to death. I'm always afraid of thunder. O! (*Flirts her hand.*)

Mrs. J. That bread is burning — I smell it.

Ph. 'T an't the bread, it's my finger. (*Sucks the burn.*)

Mrs. J. I declare, if you an't letting that toast all burn to a cinder! How can anybody be so careless? (*Drops a plate.*)

Ph. So I say, how can they? I did n't break that!

Mrs. J. (*Picks up pieces carefully.*) 'Tend to your work! It's always the way, when your father and Bim'lech go a-fishin', they never know when to come home. They might see 't was goin' to rain. (*Door flies open, F., and ABIMELECH stumbles in headlong.*) Why, Bim'lech! Hurt ye? Do shet the door quick, Phæbe!

Ph. I should think the Old Scratch was after him!

Abimelech. (*L., getting up.*) Wal! I guess you'd — That darned old doorstep!

Mrs. J. (*C.*) Why, what now, my son? Don't speak so!

Abim. Don't care! 'Mos' broke my shin. I was runnin' on ahead —

Ph. I should say you was running on your head!

Abim. Ma, make her stop! (*Flings his cap at her.*)

Ph. Ugh! your nasty wet cap! (*Takes it up with the tongs.*)

Mrs. J. There, there, children! Take off your coat, the first thing, Bim'lech. Soppin' wet, an't ye? Where's yer father?

Ph. He's bringing home the fish, I suppose; they always ketch such lots!

Abim. Wal, I did! I ketched two trout, real nice ones, and lost em.

Ph. What a smart boy you be!

Abim. Father's got suthin' 'sides fish!

Ph. I know what!

Mrs. J. Hang this on the peg, Phœbe. — Be your parents livin'?

Mr. J. Don't be pryin' into her affairs. Can't ye give her a dry gown to put on? — You come from over the mountain, did n't ye?

Mrs. J. What was yer object, in dressing like an old woman?

Mr. J. There, there, mother, you only make her feel bad! You're always so inquisitive! — What did you say your name was?

Cam. I shall be better soon; let me be quiet a little while — my brain is confused.

Mr. J. No wonder, you ax her so many questions, mother! — I forgit what name —

Cam. You can call me Charlotte — Charlotte Woods.

Mr. J. Cha'lotte — Cha'lotte Woods; that's a good, honest, respectable name. Do your folks live about here?

Mrs. J. Any relation to the Woods living under the mountain?

Mr. J. Come, don't pester her with questions any more, mother! I tell ye, it hurts her feelin's. Make her comf'table — that's all we've to think of now. — Feel as though you could eat a little dinner? Do, don't ye? That's right. Set the chairs to the table, Phœbe. We'll turn her right around, mother. Poor gal! poor gal!

Ph. (*Setting the chairs.*) Come, Bim, you can help.

Abim. I an't a gal. I wan't born to do housework.

Mr. J. None o' your nonsense, boy! Take holt and help.

Abim. I'm tired to death — perty nigh!

Ph. I should think you would be, bringing home so many fish!

Abim. I don't care; they're the meanest fish down there to Wild river! I put my hook right up to their mouths, and the great fools would n't swaller it!

Mr. J. Not so big fools, arter all, my son. — Here ye be, my poor gal! You must eat suthin', ye know. We live by eatin' here in this house.

Abim. My first two nibbles was bites, then all my other bites was nibbles. (*Places a chair at the table, and sits down.*)

Ph. Here! that's my place. (*The children quarrel.*)

Mr. J. (*L. of table, seated.*) Give Phœbe her place, my son. — Here's good home-made bread and fresh milk; the children like bread and milk; but perhaps you'd ruther have some buttered toast; that's as sweet butter as you'll find anywheres. Then mother'll give you a good stiff cup of tea, to raise your sperits.

Ph. (*R.*) Bim won't git up! He made faces at you.

Mr. J. Bim'lech! did you do that 'ere?

Abim. (*R.*) O, I did n't! There was a 'skeeter buzzin' round my nose, and I squinted to scare him away.

Ph. What a story! There an't a mosquito in the house. Come, or I'll help you. (*Pulls the chair from under him.*)

Abim. O! you old —

Mr. J. There, there, there, children! don't quarrel. What makes ye want to pester him so, Phœbe? You should n't mind it, my son; you should be above sich things.

Mrs. J. (*C., pouring the tea.*) Do you take milk and sugar? (*To CAMILLE.*) Why, do look at her, father! I declare, she's fainted!

Mr. J. Marcy on us! Bring the camphire, mother! (*Supports CAMILLE* MRS. J. runs to and fro. Confusion.)

Ph. O dear! O dear!

Mrs. J. I never . this an't the camphire ! What am I about ?

Mr. J. Don't be seart ! Some water, Bim'leeh ! She'll come to arter a little sprinklin'.

Ph. Water ! water ! *(Runs to the tea-kettle, and pours hot water upon her foot.)*

Abim. Here, I'll sprinkle her ! *(Seizes the milk-pitcher, and dashes its contents on CAMILLE and MR. JACKWOOD.)*

Mr. J. Not milk, you blunderhead ! Water ! Be quick !

(Exit ABIMELECH, D. F.)

Ph. *(Pulling off her shoe.)* I've most burnt me to death ! O dear ! Why, no, I han't, neither !

Abim. *(Reënters, D., with a large pailful of water.)* Here 's yer water ! *(Mrs. JACKWOOD brings the camphor from R. 2 E.)*

Mr. J. There, there ! you 'll strangle her to death, mother !

Mrs. J. 'T won't do no harm. Camphire is good for faintin' spells.

Mr. J. How do you feel now, poor gal ?

Cam. *(Languidly.)* Better — quite well.

Mr. J. Better ; the poor creatur' ! — O, do look at that hurt on her breast !

Mrs. J. Marcy sakes ! it 's a stab.

Cam. It's nothing, only a little hurt.

Mr. J. She 's been stabbed there, sartin as the world !

Ph. *(R., with her shoe in her hand.)* What is it ?

Mr. J. Open yer eyes, can't ye ? I want to see how ye look.

Cam. My eyelids are stiff.

Abim. *(L.)* Put some butter on 'em ! Say ! shall I ?

Mr. J. Git away with your nonsense !

(ABIMELECH recoils, and falls into the pail.)

Ph. *(Going to ABIMELECH, behind L.)* Good enough for ye ! What did you set it right there in the way for ? Now bellow, great baby !

Abim. Darn you ! *(Spatters her ; she beats him with her shoe.)*

Mr. J. What 's all this noise ? Childern ! can't ye behave your selves ? *(Exit ABIMELECH, chasing PHOEBE, D. F.)*

Mrs. J. Take her right into our room !

Mr. J. *(Lifts CAMILLE.)* Can ye walk a little ? That 's right ! You 'll be better soon, take my word for 't. Poor gal ! You 've been havin' a hard time on 't. But you 're among friends ; you 'll find good, safe, comfortable quarters in Bim'leeh Jackwood's house, I can promise ye that ! There, there, cheer up ! Poor gal ! *(Exeunt, L. 2 E.)*

SCENE II. — *Exterior of Village Tavern. Door in flat, practical.*

Enter LOUNGERS, laughing, R.

First Lounger. Ha ! ha ! she 's a stageful, by herself ! Who in time is she ?

Second Lounger. She looks like Noah's wife, getting out of the ark !

Enter STAGE-DRIVER, R., roughly dragging an odd-looking old-fashioned chest, and carrying a smashed-up bandbox

Third Lounger. Hello, driver! they say you stopped in the rain to make love to the owner of that baggage. That's what makes the stage so late to-day.

First and Second Loun. That 's so.

Stage-driver. (c.) Blast the baggage! (*Kicks the chest, and slaps the bandbox upon it.*)

Grandmother Rigglesly. (*Outside, R.*) Here, mister! You driver! don't knock that chist all to pieces. I knowed that ban'box would git jammed. (*Enters, with bag, umbrella, and arms full of bundles, preceded by LANDLORD.*)

Landlord. This way, ma'am.

G. R. Strange, folks can't be a little mite careful! Jest look a' that ban'box! (*Drops a bundle. Stooping to take it up, drops another.*) O, my back! Do pick up that pa'cel, can't ye, driver? (*DRIVER takes up the bundle, and flings it at the chest.*) I vum! (*Exit DRIVER, R.*) I could pull that fellow's ears! He's the hatefulest driver! (*Drops more bundles.*)

Land. Walk in, ma'am.

G. R. (*Drops umbrella.*) That 's the wust stage to ride in! I shan't get over it in my j'int's, I do'no when! O dear! (*stooping*) sich a dre'ful rheumatiz! (*Drops her bag.*) Do jest lay them things on my chist, can't ye? It kills me to git down so.

Land. Walk right into the sitting-room, ma'am.

G. R. Does anybody here know Bim'lech Jackwood?

Land. Neighbor Jackwood? Everybody knows Neighbor Jackwood.

G. R. Han't nobody seen him this arternoon?

Second Loun. I saw him going down the river, a-fishin', this mornin', 'long with Bim.

G. R. It's the strangest thing! Here I wrote to Bim'lech's folks, more'n a week ago, to let 'em know I was comin'. I wonder if that letter has ever got to 'em?

Second Loun. (*Crosses R.*) There's Enos Crumlett over there. He's been waiting 'round all day to make a trade with somebody. I'll zend him over to the old woman. (*Exit, R.*)

G. R. What ye laffin' at? (*To First and Third Loungers.*) Don't ye know manners?

First Loun. Manners? There's no such fellow in town.

G. R. Laf, then! Some folks don't know no better! Anything but a sassy, grinnin'—

First Loun. Come, Tom, I shall split if I stay any longer.

Crosses, R.)

Third Loun. Crackey! what a scowl! (*Exeunt First and Third Loungers, R.*)

G. R. Heugh!

Land. Supper, ma'am?

G. R. No, I guess not. I got some lunch in my bag. I s'pose, if Bim'lech's folks don't come for me perty soon, you can jest give me a cup o' tea in my hand, can't ye, without much charge? I don't care for milk and sugar.

Land. You better walk in, ma'am.

G. R. No, I guess I'll stay here. I shan't be to no trouble
Seating herself on her baggage, and opening her bandbox.) And see here, you sir! if you know of anybody that's going right by Bim'lech's house, that I can ride with, I wish you'd let me know. I don't re'ly feel as though I could afford to hire a wagon a-puppus.

Land. I'll see, ma'am. (*Exit, L.*)

G. R. Fiddlestick's eend! he'll see! These landlords! Nothing now would suit him better — Sakes alive! (*Takes a bonnet from the bandbox.*) I vum! I've a good mind — I'll have that driver prosecuted! That best bonnet, 't I've kept new, for Sundays, these nine year! (*Presses it into shape.*) I wish I'd staid to Sawney Hook. (*Sneezes.*) I knowed I was ketchin' cold. Settin' right in a draft of air! (*Pulls her shawl about her neck.*) Sich mis'erable taverns! (*On the point of sneezing again, with the bandbox in one hand, and the bonnet in the other.*)

Enos Crumlett. (*Without, R.*) Yes, much obleeged to ye; I'm in suthin' of a hurry. Keep an eye on my team, will ye? (*Entering.*) Do as much for you some time. Wal! chance for a spec'lation.

G. R. Ca-shoo! (*Sneezing.*)

Enos. (*R.*) I should think so! Might have hitched a yoke of cattle to that sneeze.

G. R. I'm ketchin' my death o' cold! It's so strange Bim'lech's folks —

Enos. Good-arternoon! how de dew? 'Pear to be travellin'.

G. R. I've had the hardest ja'nt, in that plaguy old stage! — I want to go to Bim'lech Jackwood's.

Enos. (*Aside.*) Chance for a spec'lation.

G. R. Bim'lech Jackwood's a son-in-law o' mine. Mrs. Jackwood, Betsey Rigglesy that was, is my darter.

Enos. Sho! then this is Mrs. Rigglesy? How de dew, agin? My name's Crumlett — Enos Crumlett. You've heerd tell of Enos, han't ye?

G. R. I do'nc — seems o' me I have. (*Aside.*) He's re'l kind o' perlite, any way.

Enos. Yes, Enos Crumlett. I live over by Neighbor Jackwood's. I keep house long with mother. Mother an't very well; she's been ailin' more 'n a year, now.

G. R. What 'pears to be the matter?

Enos. 'Pears to be a trouble in her spine.

G. R. That's a terrible complaint. I believe I've got a spine in my back. (*Moving.*) O, O!

Enos. Wal, 't would n't be a bit strange if you have.

G. R. It's the terrible-est crickin' pain — O, O!

Enos. That's it; my mother's the same way. She's bin a terrible sufferer.

G. R. Wal, she's fortinit in havin' a son that pities her. How I'm goin' to git over to Bim'lech's I can't consaive! You don't know anybody goin' that way 't I can ride with, do ye?

Enos. Wal, no; do'no's I dew. Le' me see, — no. I'm down here with a team, but, then, 't would be out of my way.

G. R. O, would it? Jest for accommodation, ye know. My darter's folks would be ever so much obleeged to ye.

Enos. Wal, I'm sorry; I'd like to accommodate; but I'm in a desprit hurry.

G. R. I s'pose I could pay ye for yer trouble.

Enos. (*Aside.*) Chance for a speculation.

G. R. I don't feel as though I could afford to stay here, runnin' up a bill of expense.

Enos. Wal, you're right there. The landlord — 'tween you an' me an' the side o' the house — never mind. I an't none o' the meddlin' sort — only look out, that's all I got to say.

G. R. See here! is he, though? I knowed he was by his looks. I was goin' to take a cup o' tea; but I won't. I'm glad I did n't go in. See here, what'll it be wuth? 'T won't be very much out o' your way, will it?

Enos. Don't see how I can, any way in the world. Don't like to leave ye here, though. I'm in a desprit hurry. Seein' it's you, if you're a mind to gi' me a quarter — though I don't hardly see how I can.

G. R. I guess, then, if it's goin' to be so much trouble, I won't hender you. (*Aside.*) As for paying a quarter — I guess I'll wait for Bim'lech.

Enos. Wal, mebbly ye better, on the hull. I did n't see how I could take ye, — though, of course, I would for accommodation. If Mr. Jackwood don't send for ye, I'll let him know in the mornin' you're here I've got a letter to send down to his house. (*Going.*)

G. R. O, you sir, see here!

Enos. Of course, though I'm in a desprit hurry.

G. R. Did you say a letter for Bim'lech's folks?

Enos. Yes, one I took out o' the office for him. (*Reads.*) "Abimelech Jackwood, Huntersford, on the Crick."

G. R. My stars! it's the very letter I wrote a week ago

Enos. Sho! you don't say?

G. R. I'm provoked as I can be! Send a letter to say you're comin', pay the postage on 't, too! There's three cents gone! Bim'lech is so slack!

Enos. 'T is provokin'. (*Aside.*) Chance for a speculation.

G. R. I don't see but I shall haf to git ye to carry me over, arter all. Say a shillin', can't ye?

Enos. Wal, if I must dew it, — though I'm in a desprit hurry; besides, I owe the blacksmith a shillin', and if you can just as well pay me now — Guess, though, on the hull, I better not stop. I'm in a desprit hurry. (*Going.*)

G. R. (*Taking out her purse.*) Here, sir! le' me see if I've got a shillin'.

Enos. Goin' to obleege me to take it, be ye? Wal, if I must — anything for accommodation, ye know.

G. R. It's one cent short; but I don't s'pose you'll stan' about a cent.

Enos. Wal, — no, — not exac'ly; I an't one o' that sort; but, if I'm to pay the blacksmith, I would n't like to 'pear mean. So, if ye happen to have the odd copper, ye know —

G. R. Massy sakes! do take it!

Enos. All right! Don't think I — of course, ye know (*Pockets the change.*) Ready? I'll bring my team up along. I'm in suthin' of a hurry. (*Exit, R.*)

G. R. Wal, I got off cheaper 'n I expected. He's jest about the only re'l accommodatin' man 't I've come acrost. (*Gathers up her bundles.*) I kind o' begrudged him the odd cent, though.

Landlord. (*Entering, D. F.*) I've found a man that is going right by Mr. Jackwood's house.

G. R. O, have ye? (*Aside.*) I s'pose, now, he'll make a charge of that.

Land. You can ride just as well as not.

G. R. Can I? What a pity, now, I paid that Crumlett!

Land. Crumlett? Why, he's the very man!

G. R. O, it is, hey? I hired him to go out of his way, and take me.

Land. Out of his way? There's only one road, and that goes right by Mr. Jackwood's door. He's been starting for home this hour, only he stopped to get hold of some kind of speculation.

G. R. That's his desprit hurry!

Enos. (*Reënters, R.*) Team's ready, ma'am. I'm in suthin' of a hurry.

Land. If you don't like to ride with him, you can stay and send word to Mr. Jackwood.

Enos. This baggage goes along too, I s'pose.

G. R. No; I've concluded not to go, myself.

Enos. O, have ye? Changed yer mind? Glad o' that; I did n't see how I could —

G. R. So, if you'll jest give me back the shillin' —

Enos. O, give you back the shillin'? Of course. Come to think, though — here, I gave it to the blacksmith! I'm in a desprit hurry!

G. R. (*Aside.*) Men are so hateful! Help me with these bundles, then. O, my back! (*Drops the bundles, or the bag and umbrella, as fast as Enos hands them to her. Landlord assists.*) Now, don't tear that chist all to pieces, loadin' on 't up. I wish I'd staid down to Sawney Hook! (*Exit, R.*)

Enos. Give us a lift here, landlord. — Chance for a spec'lation.

(*Exeunt, R.*)

SCENE III. — MR. JACKWOOD'S *Kitchen.* CAMILLE discovered, in a plain, neat dress, with the articles of her disguise in her hand.

Camille. How kind these good people are to me! And I must deceive them. Good Mr. Jackwood, if I might tell him everything! I am frightened at the thought of it! This repose is so delicious to me — it is so sweet to feel that I am safe for a little while! I must put this bundle away. The very sight of it reminds me of what I have suffered. (*Places it in a closet, R.*) There, I hope I shall never be obliged to appear in that wretched disguise again. Mrs. Jackwood has made me a present of this dress — how kind it was in her! They are all so good to me! (*Weeps.*)

Enter PHŒBE, D. F., singing. Stops suddenly, and looks at CAMILLE.

Phæbe. What can be the matter with her? I don't believe you like it here very well, do you?

Cam. (L.) Ah, I like it too well, Phæbe!

Ph. It is a real mean old house, I think! If father 'd build a new one, and fit it up in style, I don't know; but, as it is, I'm as unhappy as I can be.

Cam. (Aside.) She unhappy! Ah! if you only knew what it is to be without a home!

Ph. Father tells me I don't know how to appreciate a home. But I can't help it. I can't be contented here.

Cam. Perhaps, then, you will soon change both your name and abode.

Ph. I won't marry a farmer, any way! I've always said that, and I'll stick to it, if I live an old maid! (*Looks in the glass, and puts on airs.*) Father says he bets I'll go through the woods and take up with a crooked stick. I don't care; I'll have a merchant, or a lawyer, if anybody. I'm glad Hector Dunbury is come home!

Cam. (Starting.) Hector!

Ph. There an't a girl in this town but that would give her eyes to get him. I'm sure I would!

Cam. (Aside.) Hector — Hector Dunbury!

Ph. He has n't been home for a year; he's been living in Mobile.

Cam. Mobile! (*Aside.*)

Ph. You're going to stay with us a good while, an't ye?

Cam. (Troubled.) Hector! he is the same! If we should meet!

Ph. Why, what is the matter? You don't like staying here, I know!

Cam. Dear Phæbe, it is so quiet, so peaceful here, and your kindness to me, a stranger to you all, makes it seem like paradise! You had some sewing, — that collar, — bring it to me. I will show you how to work it.

Ph. O, can you show me? I have been bothered to death with that pattern! I'll get it. (*Exit, R.*)

Cam. Hector? And yet, perhaps he would not remember me.

Ph. (Reënters, R.) Here it is!

Enter Mrs. JACKWOOD, L. 2 E.

O, mother, she's going to show me how to do this pattern!

Mrs. Jackwood. You must n't go to work, now, and overtax yourself.

Cam. It is a mere pleasure to do this.

Mrs. J. You do take hold on 't handy, I must say! Some folks never can learn to do anything handy. It makes me nervous to see 'em try

Cam. I'm afraid I should draw pretty severely on your patience sometimes.

Mrs. J. You could put up with a little frettin', I guess. It's my natur' to fret!

Ph. Take my word for that!

Mrs. J. You need n't say that, now! I don't think I'm any gre't

of a fretter, I'm sure. You won't find many women that 'll put up with what I have to put up with, depend upon 't! Don't say agin'! I'm a gre't fretter, if you know what 's good for yourself!

Grandmother Rigglesly. (*Without, D. F.*) Git out! git out, you sir! (*Dog barks.*)

Mrs. J. Who is that calling?

G. R. (*Entering, D. F., with bundles.*) Strange to me people will keep a yelpin' cur!

Ph. Why, it 's gran'mother!

G. R. Pups is the hatefulest critters; an' I detest a yaller pup above all!

Ph. You are my Gran'mother Rigglesly! (*Springs to embrace her.*)

G. R. (*Dropping her bundles.*) Is this Phoebe? My sakes, child, how you have grow'd! O, Betsey, how d' ye do? (*Coldly.*)

Mrs. J. Mother! what a surprise! Why did n't you write, to let us know you was comin'?

G. R. Why did n't I write! Don't none o' your folks ever go to the post-office, I wonder? I wrote a week ago yes'day, an' the letter 's been lyin' in the office here, ever sence. (*Sitting, R. C.*)

Ph. Mother, let Bim go right down an' git it!

Mrs. J. Phoebe, run and call your father!

G. R. (*Sneezes.*) Do shet the door arter ye! (*Exit PHOEBE, D. F.*) I'm in a perty state, to set in a draft of air! You 'll haf to larn to shet doors arter ye, if I stay here. What a lookin' door-yard you 've got, Betsey! Bim'lech 's so shif'less!

Mrs. J. O, wal, mother, we have to git along the best we can.

G. R. You might keep decent and comf'table, 't any rate. Bim'lech wants me to spur him up!

Enter PHOEBE, and ABIMELECH, D. F., running and laughing.

Dear me! how rude you be, childern! You 're enough to take one 's head off!

Abimelech. (*Chasing PHOEBE around the room.*) Pheeb tickled my back, through the hole in my shiirt, with a darned old pigweed; and I'm goin' to pay her!

G. R. O! what a voice! it goes right through me, jest like a knife!

Mrs. J. Bim'lech, this is your gran'mother.

Abim. I know it!

Mrs. J. Why don't you speak to her, an' not be so boisterous?

Abim. (*Sheepishly.*) I d'no what to say.

G. R. Can't ye give me a sweet kiss, now? Phoebe did.

Abim. (*Giggling.*) I do' wanter!

G. R. You d'no what I got for ye in my chist! Mebby it 's a jack-knife, now, who knows? Wal, you 're a notty boy; and notty boys don't git no presents.

Enter MR. JACKWOOD, D. F.

How d' ye do, Bim'lech?

Mr. Jackwood. Wal, gran'mother! I'm glad to see ye agin'—glad to see ye lookin' so well an' hearty!

G. R. How can ye talk so? My constitution 's all broke to pieces! I've a dre'ful rumatiz; an', what 's wus 'n all, there 's nobody in this

world 't has the leastest mite o' charity for me, or pity on my sufferin's! (*Takes a handkerchief from bag, and wipes her eyes.*)

Mr. J. (c.) Wal, wal, gran'mother, you 'll get your reward, — if not here, herearter.

G. R. (*Weeping.*) Here I 've slaved and slaved, all my days, and brought up a large family o' childern, and edicated 'em well as childern ever need to be edicated, an' gin 'em all a good settin' out when they got married, an' that 's all the thanks I git for 't!

Mrs. J. O, no, no, no, mother!

G. R. I han't a child in the world but wishes me out o' the way!

Mrs. J. Don't, mother, talk so, and give way to your feelin's.

G. R. O, wal, if I distress people, I s'pose I must n't. (*Weeps.*)

Mr. J. Come, come, gran'mother, we all like to have you here; on'y don't make yerself unhappy. Git her a cup of tea, mother. (*Exit Mrs. J., r.*) Why, what a han'some han'kerchief you've got there, gran'mother! Look here, childern! there 's a print o' the Good Samaritan, large as life — almost!

Abim. (L.) I don't care fur her ol' han'kerchief!

Mr. J. 'Sh, Bim'lech! Try to say suthin' to please her! What a han'some han'kerchief that is, now! It 's a lesson, too, for us all. Whenever we see that pictur' o' the Good Samaritan, gran'mother, it 'll remind us to be always kind and charitable, like him.

G. R. (*Wipes her eyes with the handkerchief.*) There an't half enough Good Samaritans in this world!

Abim. (L.) I 'm real sorry she 's come here to stop! We can't have no fun while she 's round.

Mr. J. Hush up! You must n't talk so. It 's your duty to love her, an' make things pleasant to her.

Abim. (*Crosses to r.*) How can a feller? Say, Pheeb! how do ye like her?

Phæbc. (R. c.) I was in hopes she 'd be real goqd an' cosey. But I don't like her a bit; so, there!

(*Exit, D. F., ABIMELECH chasing her off.*)

Mr. J. Tut! tut! (*Approaches CAMILLE, L. C.*) To work, hey! Them don't look like farmers' wives' hands! They 're nimble enough, though! You know how to make 'em useful, I see.

Cam. I would be glad to make them so, indeed!

Mr. J. You 'd want some lady-like occupation, though, I s'pose.

G. R. Heugh! who they got there?

Cam. I would not care much what, if I could see, now and then, a kind face!

Mr. J. (*Affected.*) Poor gal! How she must a' suffered! Wal, wal! suthin' 'll turn up, if you put your trust in Providence, that 's sartin. At all events, we 'll keep ye till there does.

G. R. What on 'arth! An't ye goin' to have my chist brought in?

Mr. J. O, sartin, sartin, gran'mother!

Enter ENOS, D. F.

Enos. (R. c.) O, neighbor Jackwood! There 's one thing I come perty nigh forgittin'. Heres 's a letter for you. Hello! (*See CAMILLE.*)

Mr. J. Thank you, Enos. Phœbe told me about the letter. Quite a joke, wan't it, gran'mother?

G. R. (*Regarding them with a dark scowl.*) Joke!

Enos. By the way, neighbor, I thought I'd jest drive my team under your shed, and give 'em a handful of hay, seein' I'd brought the ol' lady over.

Mr. J. That's all right, and welcome, Enos.

G. R. I thought you was in sich a desprit hurry!

Enos. Wal, yes; wanted to git my team to chawin' on to suthin' — would n't mind a little bite myself, nuther, if it's convenient, ye know.

Mr. J. Sartin! sartin! Just help me git gran'mother's chist into the entry, then we'll see what there is in the kitchen. (*Exit, D. F.*)

Enos. Chance for a spec'lation! (*Exit, D. F.*)

G. R. That swindlin' Crumlett!

Enter Mrs. JACKWOOD, R., with tea; GRANDMOTHER R. sneezes.

Mrs. Jackwood. Here, mother!

G. R. Who is that critter?

Mrs. J. Her name is Charlotte Woods. She was travellin', an' got lost, somehow, when father found her, an' brought her home.

G. R. (*Stirring her tea.*) Fiddlesticks' eend! Do you know anything about her?

Mrs. J. Why, no; only she seems a re'l pleasant kind o' person.

G. R. Bring the critter along here, an' le' me look at her!

Enter PhœBE, R., with cake.

What's that?

Phœbe. It's sponge cake. I thought you'd like some.

G. R. Sponge cake! heugh! Le' me taste on't!

Ph. (*Aside.*) I can't do anything to please her!

G. R. What tastin' stuff! Strange, folks can't have as hulsome vittels as they used to have! Everything turns my stomach! Tea! did the water bile? O, wal, I may as well give up eatin'! (*Takes a pipe from her bag, and fills it.*) Bring me a coal, Phœbe.

Mrs. J. (*L. C., to CAMILLE, coming forward.*) You must be prepared to put up with her odd notions. You'll do that, for my sake.

Cam. What would I not do, for your sake, you have been so kind to me!

Mrs. J. This is Charlotte Woods, mother.

G. R. (*To PhœBE.*) I yum! you do mean to burn me to death droppin' hot ashes all over me! Heugh! (*Scowls at CAMILLE.*) What ye got there? (*Smokes.*)

Ph. (*Showing CAMILLE's work.*) Is n't it beautiful?

G. R. Heugh! That's a perty way to waste one's time! Time' money — 'd ye know it?

Cam. It's sometimes better than money, I think.

G. R. Better 'n money! better 'n money! What on 'arth do ye mean by that? (*Snatches the collar.*) O, I see! This is very fancical! But what does the Scripturs say about vanities? You'd better, enough on't, be to work on suthin' useful.

Cam. If I can do anything to gratify dear Phœbe, here, I am satisfied; I would not think such work useless.

G. R. Gratify her ! Useless !

Cam. If it displeases you, I can take it out of your sight.

(Exit, L. 2 E)

G. R. That guilty look ! that guilty look !

Ph. I think she 's a perfect beauty.

G. R. Beauty skin deep ! If your mother knows what 's good for you, miss, she 'll send the critter away from here, mighty quick !

Ph. Mother won't send her away !

G. R. What 's that you 're mutterin' ?

Mrs. J. Phœbe !

Ph. I don't care ! I 'd take Charlotte's part, if all the world was against her !

G. R. (Taking out handkerchief.) Wal, wal ! I expect sich treatment, an' I must larn to put up with it. (Weeps.)

Ph. There 's the good Samaritan again !

G. R. My own darter's darter sassin' on me to my face !

Mrs. J. Why did you speak so to your gran'mother ? Go along out of the room ! (Exit PHŒBE, L.) Come, mother, we want you to be happy here ; she shan't speak so to you ag'in. I 'll go an' fix your room for ye. (Exit, R.)

G. R. (Suddenly stops weeping.) The trollop ! She wants me to take her in hand ! I guess things will go a little different, now I 've come ! (Gets up, and goes peeping around the room.) What 's here ? Where does Betsey keep her presarves, I wonder ? (Goes to closet, R.) I 'll rout that hussy the fast thing ! Ho ! what 's here ? Sakes alive ! an ol' merino, sure 's I live ! (Takes out CAMILLE's disguise.) Betsey never had sich a gown. (Turning it.) It can't be Phœbe's. (Smelling it.) It 's that critter's ! Where 's the pocket ? What on 'arth ! An old woman's cap ! — Gray hair ! — Spectacles ! Marcy on me ! It all comes to me, clear as day — cap, spectacles, and all !

Enter ENOS, D. F., eating a piece of pie.

Enos. Chance for a spec'lation.

G. R. (Rushing to the door, meets him face to face.) Where is that hussy ? — Han't you gone yit ?

Enos. Wal, no ; I 'pear to be doin' perty well here. (Aside.) I 'd like a doughnut to go with this pie. (Exit, D. F.)

Enter MR. JACKWOOD, R.

Mr. Jackwood. Why, what is it, gran'mother ?

G. R. Where 's that Charlotte ? Bring her in here ! W-w-w-here is the critter ?

Enter MRS. J., R., PHŒBE, L., CAMILLE, L., and ABIMELECH, R.

Mrs. Jackwood. (R.) What 's the matter ?

G. R. (R. C.) Matter ! look a' this 'ere gown !

Mrs. J. We 've seen it 'afore, han't we ? Why, it 's Charlotte's !

G. R. I seen it 'fore ever you did ! A stragglin' woman stopped to Jacob's, down to Sawney Hook, an' she wore this very same gown, an' green spectacles, an' false hair, I can take my oath ! (Puts on the spectacles.) 'T was this critter ! Look up, here ! How green ye look ! What ye got to say for yourself, hey ?

Camille. (L.) I can make no explanation.

Mr. J. (L. c.) There an't no need. It 's all right, I 'll stan' by ye! You han't told us anything new, gran'mother.

Cam. But, to those who have trusted me, I would say this, from a grateful heart. I have not willingly deceived any one; it is my misfortunes that have brought me here, and made me what I am.

Mr. J. Poor gal! poor gal!

Ph. (L.) I believe you. I believe every word you say, and I wish folks would mind their own business!

Mr. J. Phoebe! Phoebe!

Abimelech. Pitch her out o' the winder; I would!

G. R. You—you—sassy things!

Ph. I don't care! I 'll stand up for Charlotte! I only wish some folks, who treat her so, and pretend to be pious, was half as good as she is.

Mr. J. Phoebe, I say! (*To CAMILLE, who appears faint and distressed.*) Never mind it all! Poor gal! poor gal! I 'll stand by you!

Cam. Good Mr. Jackwood, I 've brought you trouble enough, already!

Mr. J. Don't say a word about that! There, sit still. Poor gal! poor gal! Come, gran'mother, don't be unreasonable. Remember your Good Samaritan.

Abim. Send her back to Sawney Hook! darn her!

Mr. J. Bim'lech!

G. R. O dear! O dear! O dear! (*Falls in Mrs. J.'s arms.*)

Mrs. J. (*Eases her down upon a chair, R. c.*) Don't, mother! don't, for pity's sake!

G. R. O dear! O dear! (*Handkerchief.*)

Cam. (L.) Good Mr. Jackwood, let me go! do let me go!

Mr. J. (L. c.) Sit still, I tell ye! Poor gal! poor gal! Come, gran'mother, no more o' this, I beg on ye! Le's have peace an' quiet, here.

G. R. I won't stay in the house with that critter a day!

Mr. J. Then you won't stay in my house! Sit still, poor gal! sit still! Come, come, gran'mother!

G. R. I won't! I 've been trod under foot long enough! She shall go!

Mr. J. And I say she shall stay! There, there, poor gal!

G. R. O, O, O, O!

Mr. J. No more o' your tantrums! I 'm master here! There there, sit still; you are among friends. We believe in doin' as we 'd be done by, in this house, and them that don't, can go. I 've yet to larn to refuse a cup o' water, or bread and shelter, to any human critter. There, there, poor gal! poor gal! (*G. R. in a paroxysm.*)
Mrs. J. soothing her. *ABIMELECH* making sport of her, behind her back. *CAMILLE* struggling to go; *PHOEBE* and *MR. J.* detaining her (*Quick certain.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *An Orchard.* HECTOR seated on a rustic bench, c., reading. A gun by his side; a fishpole leaning against a tree.

Hector. What do these story-writers know about love? (*Flings down book.*) Here I have been watching the gate, and trying to read, these two hours. I wonder what time it is. (*Looks at his watch.*) I've been here just half an hour! I'll go a-fishing. No, I won't, — I'll shoot some squirrels. (*Takes up gun.*) I won't be a fool any longer. I'll do something besides watching for a pretty face. Of course, she can never be anything to me. I wonder — (*looks through the trees*) — no, that's Bridget. Confound Bridget! I won't go a-hunting, either. (*Takes fishpole, and arranges the line.*) I'll make some excuse, and ask her to go a-fishing with me. She would n't go; she's as shy of me as a chicken of a hawk. Fishing's a bore! (*Flings down the pole.*) I'll shoot at a mark; that's what I'll do. Let me see — that knot-hole. (*Takes aim.*)

Enter, L., MR. and MRS. GREENWICH.

Mr. Greenwich. Mrs. Greenwich! (*Motions her to walk behind him.*)

Mrs. Greenwich. O! (*Falls behind, deferentially.*)

Hec. The knot-hole is too near; a baby could hit that. I'll shoot at — (*Turns, and levels the gun at MR. G.*)

Mr. G. Ho! young man! take care! (*Steps behind Mrs. G.*)

Hec. Hello! Mrs. Greenwich, I came near making a widow of you.

Mr. G. That's a very dangerous instrument, young man!

Mrs. G. We came to tell you that Robert —

Mr. G. (*Crosses, c.*) Mrs. Greenwich! — My son Robert is expected to arrive this afternoon, and we are inviting his friends to resort to my house at early candle-lighting, this evening, to greet his return. (*A pinch of snuff.*)

Mrs. G. We have been told there is a girl staying with your mother —

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich! I prefer that you should not interpose your remarks while I am speaking.

Mrs. G. I was just going to say —

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich! (*Waves her off.*) It is my desire to see all the friends of myself and my son Robert —

Mrs. G. I was going to ask if she is the same girl Mrs. Jackwood spoke of —

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich! When that I am speaking —

Hec. It is a very proper question. It is the same person.

Mrs. G. O, yes! Charlotte Woods! Mrs. Jackwood spoke in the highest terms of her — (*Mr. G. puts up his hand.*) O, excuse me.

Hec. But Mrs. Rigglesy came, and Neighbor Jackwood's house was not large enough for both. Jackwood threatened to drown that amiable old lady in the creek; but Charlotte did not like to be responsible for the doubtful loss the family would sustain in consequence, so

she quietly went away. I found her the next morning at Mrs. Wing's, on the mountain road, when I was in search of an attendant for my mother. We — that is, my mother — is delighted with her.

Mrs. G. Well, you must come and bring her. You and Robert were such friends when you were in Mobile together! — O! excuse me

Hec. Yes, we were rather intimate.

Mrs. G. But you left long before he did.

Hec. On the contrary, Robert left Mobile at least two weeks before I did.

Mr. G. You amaze me!

Hec. Is that news? I supposed Robert kept you advised of his movements.

Mrs. G. Why, he never wrote us —

Mr. G. I am speaking, Mrs. Greenwich! — Son Robert must have been some weeks away from his business, then, without warning me of the fact. Unprecedented conduct! (*A pinch of snuff.*) Mrs. Greenwich, we will go!

Mrs. G. Don't let it trouble you, Mr. Greenwich.

Mr. G. Your advice is uncalled for. Good-morning, sir. Mrs. Greenwich! (*Exit, L., with Mrs. G.*)

Hec. There, I have got Bob into a scrape! I'm not sorry. He is up to some villany; I suspected it when he left Mobile so suddenly. O, 'Squire Greenwich! you've little idea what a wild chap that son Robert of yours is! — Heavens! Charlotte!

Enter CAMILLE, R., with a small basket. She is crossing the stage, when Hector intercepts her. She turns her face from him.

Hec. O — I beg pardon! I wish to inquire — What shall I say? (*Aside.*) How is my mother, this morning?

Camille. Better. Quite cheerful. (*Going.*)

Hec. (*Detains her.*) A moment. I want to talk with you — about — my mother.

Cam. Really, I cannot stop. I am going to Mr. Jackwood's for some pears to roast for her.

Hec. Give me the basket. There! Now you cannot go till I am ready to go with you. Why are you always so shy of me?

Cam. Shy — of you?

Hec. You turn your face from me now, as if you were afraid I would throw vitriol into it. See! I haven't any vitriol! Do you know, there is something peculiar about your face. It reminds me — How perplexing! — (*Taps his forehead.*)

Cam. (*Aside.*) O! I cannot endure this! Do please give me the basket!

Hec. Ask me in that voice, and I will give you anything — except permission to leave me. I am the loneliest wretch in the world!

Cam. You, who have so many friends?

Hec. Friends! My old schoolmates? Their talk is of oxen, horse trades, and fat hogs; — conversation agreeable enough in its way, but unsatisfactory on the whole. If I wish to lead their minds to poetry, art, or the miracles of life and growth, they branch out on the subject of onions, and tell what beds of 'em 'me and father' raised last year!

Cam. But the young ladies —

Hec. Some of them are pretty and intelligent. But see how our modern village girls are educated! Conventionality and expediency are their two hands. The principal use of their ears seems to be, to catch the answer to the important question, *What will the world say?* But the worst of all is, they have been taught by their wise mammas to subordinate all their motives and aspirations to a low matrimonial ambition. This is, in fact, the nose they follow, with one eye on convenience, the other on respectability. And they are so sharp at this practice that it is dangerous for an unmarried fellow, like myself, to approach them. It is refreshing to find one sensible girl, like you, who has no thought of being fallen in love with.

Cam. O! I? That would be insane in me, indeed!

Hec. And yet, the idea is not so absurd. Had I seen you no longer ago than when I was in the South —

Cam. (*Agitated.*) O! You must let me go now!

Hec. (*Holding her hands.*) Who — what are you?

Cam. I — a child — a mere child!

Hec. But children do not keep us at arms' length. Children are trusting and simple.

Cam. I cease to be a child when you would make me your friend.

Hec. And why not my friend?

Cam. I am not worthy!

Hec. Not worthy! Not worthy! O, Charlotte, do I not know your heart?

Cam. But you do not know my past.

Hec. Although you have told me nothing, I know how you have suffered. And it is for this I would have you my friend, and be yours.

Cam. Remember — reflect! I am but your servant.

Hec. Servant! I hate the word. It sounds too much like slave. (*CAMILLE covers her face with her hands.*) There is no servitude to the soul but ignorance and passion. Had I found you in the meanest capacity — in absolute bondage, even — Nay, do not weep! I have grieved you!

Cam. O, no; it is nothing —

Hec. And yet, I have touched some chord that suffering has made sensitive. How you distrust me!

Cam. (*After a struggle within herself, looks up earnestly in his face.*) Hector Dunbury, you have been kind to me. I cannot deceive you! If you knew my history, you would put me from you! — scorn me! It is the consciousness of this that shoots me through with pain, when I remember myself, you, and the gulf between us.

Hec. Show me that gulf!

Cam. No, no! It is there! Believe me, it can never be passed over! There! let me go! (*Snatches up the basket, which HECTOR has placed upon the ground, and runs off the stage, L.*)

Hec. (*Stupefied.*) What mystery is this! It involves my life! Charlotte! Charlotte! (*Exit, L.*)

SCENE II. — *A Roadside.* Enter HECTOR, L., and ENOS, R.

Enos. Chance for a speculation!

Hector. She passed this way. My mother called me, or I should have overtaken her. The immortal Crumlett!

Enos Good-mornin', neighbor!

Hec. Good-morning, Enos! (*Crosses R.*)

Enos. Look here, half a jiffy, neighbor. I'm in suthin' of a hurry, myself—

Hec. So am I.

Enos. Is yer ma perty well, this mornin'? I mean, perty well for her.

Hec. Yes, thank you. Speak quick!—what do you want?

Enos. Must take time to inquire about our neighbors that's sick. I kind o' feel more for sick folks than I did 'fore ma was took down. I'm afraid ma an't goin' to be with us much longer. She don't get no better, as I see.

Hec. Well, another time—

Enos. Le' me tell ye what's for yer own interest to know, won't ye? I'm in a desprit hurry, myself.

Hec. Despatch, then!

Enos. Wal, you see—You don't carry tobacker with ye, do ye?—Wal, never mind; though I can allers git along a good deal better if I have a chaw. You see—

Hec. Come to the point!

Enos. Wal, as I was goin' to say, I was over the mountain, yis'day; and as I was drivin' along there by the mill, ye know, I met a couple o' chaps in a buggy. Hello! thinks says I, chance for a speelation.

Hec. Well, well!

Enos. Don't be in sich a pucker! I'm comin' to the p'int. "Hello!" says I, "can you tell me where this road leads to?" says I. "Can't say," says they; "we're strangers in these parts," says they. "That's a perty slick-lookin' kind o' beast you're drivin'," says I. "Wal, yis," says one of 'em, says he. "She is a decent bit of hoss-flesh," says he.

Hec. Well, well!

Enos. Wait a minute. Wish I had a chaw o' tobacker! The minute I sot eyes on that mare, thinks says I to myself, I must have that critter. So, says I, "Ye an't over an' above anxious for a swap, I s'pose? be ye?" says I. "Don't know," says he. "What ye got there?" says he. "Wal," says I, "you can see for yourself," says I.

Hec. I can't stop to hear this nonsense!

Enos. Wait till I tell ye. He gi' me a chaw, an' we looked an' talked around. "Wal," says I, "what do ye say to a dicker?" says I. "How much boot ye goin' to gi' me?" says I. Says he, "I guess the boot'll be on t' other foot," says he. "In that case," says I, "I may as well drive along. I'm in suthin' of a hurry," says I. "Give me ten dollars," says he. Thinks says I, chance for speelation! "Could n't think o' sich a thing," says I. "Tell ye what I will do, though. I'll call it an even swap." I'd no idee he'd take me up on 't. But, by jingoes! he did. So you may believe I jerked up perty quick when the fish bit. "Shift the luthers," says I. An the way we stripped off them 'ere harnesses was a caution! "I'm in suthin' of a hurry," says I.

Hec. What has all this rigmarole to do with me?

Enos. Wal, ye see, that 'ere mare—she's jest the kind o' beast, now, you want.

Hec. What an everlasting fool I am! (*Rushes from the stage, R.*)

Enos. Wal, — that Hector ! he 's struck all of a heap by suthin'. Hello ! it 's that Charlotte Woods ! Jingoos ! I took a notion to that gal myself, an' if 't hadn't been for 'Tiddy —

Enter MATILDA, L.

Matilda. Enos !

Enos. Hello ! why, what 's to pay, 'Tiddy ?

Mat. I 'm all out of breath ! I 've run so !

Enos. Sho ! What is it ? Chance for a spec'lation ?

Mat. 'T an't genteel to run, I know. Was that Charlotte Woods I saw going across the lot ?

Enos. Over yender ? Yes. What about Charlotte Woods ?

Mat. (*Simpering.*) O, nothing. That an't what I got to tell you.

Enos. Come ! don't act so thunderin' silly !

Mat. Silly ? O, I 'm silly, am I ? Glad you told me ! (*Walking away.*)

Enos. You know what I mean ! Silly — of course it 's silly, to say you 've got suthin' to tell a feller, an' then act that way ! Why can't ye out with it — as I allers do ? I never talk rourd, and keep folks waitin' ! Come ! what is it ?

Mat. O, if I 'm silly, then it 's no matter !

Enos. Yes, it is matter, too ! Don't be offish, 'Tiddy ! By jingoos ! I 'll break off !

Mat. Jest as well ! If you want to break off, I 'm willin', I 'm sure ! (*Tosses her head.*) 'T an't as though I was in such a great hurry to get married ! Good fish in the sea as ever was caught ! (*Going.*)

Enos. Look here ! Le's have it understood. If you want to break the engagement —

Mat. I han't said anything about breaking the engagement. 'T was you said you wanted to break off.

Enos. I ? I don't want to break off ! If you want to, — why, of course ; only I shall expect you to gi' me back that tooth-brush I give ye. I can find somebody else that wants it.

Mat. I guess I can find somebody else to give me a tooth-brush ! I might 'ave got Hector Dunbury, if I 'd a been a mind to.

Enos. O ! ye could, hey ! O !

Mat. They say he 's going to marry Charlotte Woods. You did n't know I could a' been in her place, did ye ?

Enos. Wal, no, I did n't exac'ly ! Did you ?

Mat. He come for me to go an' take care of his mother, the very day he found Charlotte and carried her home. I 'd been two terms to Kiltney, an' Mrs. Dunbury wanted me for a companion.

Enos. O, she wanted ye for a companion, did she ?

Mat. I should 'ave gone, only you know I an't obleeged to go out for a living. So Miss Woods got the place ; but I don't care, — she 'e welcome ! Though, if I 'd taken up with the invitation, who knows what might have happened ?

Enos. (*Caressing her.*) Ye don't mean to say anybody could a' got ye away from me, do ye ?

Mat. Go 'way ! if you want to break off ! (*Crying.*)

Enos. I don't want to break off, I tell ye ! We 'll git married any time you say. Ma's health is fallin' of her so, I shall want ye to come and take charge o' things — the sooner the better.

Mat. O, you want me jest for a housekeeper, do ye? O! glad you told me!

Enos. There! by jingoes! I won't have anything more to say to ye! Good-by!

Mat. Enos! See here! I an't mad.

Enos. An't mad? What makes ye such a thunderin' fool? I tell ye, I'm goin'!

Mat. I han't told ye yet what I was going to!

Enos. (*Coming back.*) Why don't ye, then? You know I'm in a desprit hurry!

Mat. Have you seen Mr. and Mrs. Greenwich?

Enos. (*Sharply.*) No! I han't!

Mat. (*With a significant simper.*) I have.

Enos. Wal, what of it?

Mat. You'll be tickled when you know!

Enos. Let me be tickled, then! Wal, ef you an't! — Now I am goin'!

Mat. If you go you won't hear about it. Robert's coming home this evening; there's going to be a large party at 'Squire Greer-wich's; and me and you's invited!

Enos. Sho! You don't say, 'Tildy!

Mat. You may thank me! I'd be invited, of course! and as me and you's engaged —

Enos. Wal, by jingoes — chance for a spec'lation!

Mat. An't it nice?

Enos. Wal, — I swanny! What in Sam Hill has got into 'Squire Greenwich? He never did sich a thing 'fore in his life!

Mat. It's for Robert.

Enos. Do you think he cares so much for Bob as that? You're green, 'Tildy!

Mat. If 't an't that, what is it?

Enos. Why, don't you see? Chance for a spec'lation! 'Squire Greenwich is goin' to run for Congress, — don't you see? It's plain as a brickbat! He wants to make himself pop'lar.

Mat. O, yes! How sharp you be, Enos! (*Admiringly.*)

Enos. Wal, I be some sharp, I allow. Guess I know beans, when the bag's ontied. We'll go, by jingoes, 'Tildy! An' see here, — we won't quarrel any more, on the strength of that, will we?

Mat. Quarrel? Who's quarrelled? I han't quarrelled!

Enos. Why, yes, you did! You begun it!

Mat. No, I did n't!

Enos. I say you did! Come!

Mat. You always lay everything to me! You're real mean!

Enos. There! that's enough! If I'm mean, of course you won't want anything more to do with me. We'll break off!

Mat. Enos! don't go!

Enos. Good-by! If I'm mean! (*Going.*)

Mat. Don't, Enos! You'll kill me! (*Runs after him, sobbing.*)

Enos. Good-by, I say! We'll break off! Ye need n't cry — you tried that on before! If we can't get along without quarrellin' —
(*Exit, R., MATILDA following him*)

SCENE III. — Mr. JACKWOOD's Door-yard. *Set house, R. 4 R. Barn, &c., flats. Fields, farm-houses, mountains in the distance.*

Grandmother Rigglesly. (Without, L. U. E.) Git out! git out! (*Dog barks.*) Help! help, somebody! help! Bim'lech! Betsey! O! O! O!

Enter Mr. JACKWOOD, from house.

Mr. Jackwood. Who's hurt?

Enter ABIMELECH, L. U. E.

Who was that screamin' so, Bim'lech?

Abimelech. (Convulsed with laughter.) It's her!

Mr. J. Her? Who? Your gran'mother?

Abim. I'm glad on't! — Darn her!

Mr. J. Stop your laughin'!

Abim. She need n't a' got into the boat!

Mr. J. (Smiling.) Has she been in the boat? Quit your laughin', I tell ye!

Abim. You'd a laf't!

Mr. J. (Chokes back his mirth, and looks grave.) No, I would n't. She's your gran'mother. Should n't laugh at her!

Abim. She went to get an apple out o' the crick — I was watchin' behind the bushes —

Mr. J. Boy! (*Laughs.*)

Abim. She could jest tickle it with the tips of her fingers — she was in the boat, reachin' over, and groanin' about her poor old back —

Mr. J. And you have to laugh about it!

Abim. Wal, who could help it? If you'd seen Rover, when I set him on! —

Mr. J. Bim'lech! did you set the dog on to your gran'mother?

Abim. I only jest rubbed his ears a little, and said, Sick 'em, Rove!

Mr. J. O, that was all, was it, — you rogue!

Abim. O, ho! ho! You should have seen him jump on to her back! Casouse! both of 'em went together into the crick!

Mr. J. (Laughing.) B — B — Bim'lech! — don't I tell ye not to laugh!

Abim. You're laughin' yourself!

Mr. J. I? — I'm provoked with ye! Git yer gran'mother into the crick, and then laugh at her! Away with ye! Go and call yer mother! (*Laughs, but stops suddenly, as ABIMELECH looks around.*)

Start! (*Exit ABIMELECH, into the house.*) I never see the beat o' that boy's mischief! (*Exit behind the house, U. E. R.*)

G. R. (Without.) O dear! I'm drowned! Betsey! Git out, you cur! (*Dog barks.*)

Enter, from the house, Mrs. JACKWOOD.

Mrs. Jackwood. Where is she? How could she fall into the creek?

Enter CAMILLE, L., laughing.

Why, Charlotte! how do you do!

Camille. It's wicked for me to laugh — but I have been so much amused!

Mrs. J. I don't wonder. Bim'lech has gone into fits, from seeing his gran'mother tumble into the crick. Has she got out safe?

Cam. Hector helped her — they are coming.

Mrs. J. Walk right into the house. Father 'll be so glad to see you
(*Exeunt into house.*)

Enter, L. U. E., HECTOR and MRS. RIGGLESTY, with wet shoes and a dripping apron

G. R. (R.) I 'll larn her — the trollop!

Hector. (L.) Who 's a trollop?

G. R. That Charlotte! She was laffin' right to my face!

Hec. If she 's human, she could n't help it. You 're a pleasing and picturesque spectacle, grandmother.

G. R. Spectacle! — I 'll have that dog killed! — Jest look at that apern!

Hec. You seem to bear a peculiar spite against Miss Woods.

G. R. Heugh! I 've knowed her these ten year!

Hec. Charlotte Woods!

G. R. She belongs to North Nincum, where my son Enoch lives. He sent me a newspaper, with a piece in it that tells all about her.

Hec. About Charlotte Woods!

G. R. Her real name is Woodroofe. I cut the piece out — I got it in my pocket, somewheres. There it is — wet! might a knowed 't would be wet! (*HECTOR seizes the paper.*) Now, if I don't come up with the hussy! (*Aside.*)

Enter, from the house, MRS. JACKWOOD and CAMILLE.

Hec. (Excited, reading.) Disgraced her family! fled from home in disguise!

G. R. (Spreading her apron out to dry.) There 's Betsey! — O! O! my back! Bring a chair, somebody!

Enter MR. JACKWOOD, U. E. R.

Mr. Jackwood. (Cheerily.) What 's the trouble, gran'mother? Been in the crick, have ye? Lucky ye did n't git drowned! (*Laughs aside.*)

Mrs. Jackwood. (Bringing a chair from the house.) Set right down, mother. (*Mrs. J. helps her to the seat.*)

G. R. O dear! O dear! (*Aside.*) I 've give that Hector a dose!

Mr. J. There, there, gran'mother, you an 't dead, arter all. (*Observing CAMILLE.*) Bless my heart! I 'm glad to see you. Welcome home ag'in!

Camille: Good Mr. Jackwood! (*They retire up the stage, R.*)

Hec. (With a dark glance at CAMILLE.) So beautiful and so young! O, distraction! (*Strikes his forehead.*)

Mrs. J. Let me take off your wet shoes and stockin's.

G. R. No, never mind. O dear!

Mrs. J. You 'd better let me.

G. R. O, don't trouble yourself! (*Undoing her shoes.*)

Mr. J. Ho, Hector! I was so glad to see our Charlotte ag'in I for got you. How are ye?

Hec Better!

Mr. J. Have you been ailin'?

Hec. A slight affection of the heart. It's cured, now.

Mr. J. Glad to hear it. These affections of the heart are bad.

G. R. Sakes alive! look at that shoe! Them new pair, 't I bought o' that plaguy pedler o' yourn, and paid ten cents more for 'n I ever pay for shoes, on account of the extr'y soles!

Hec. You are young yet, gran'mother. When you have come to my years you will learn to beware of extra appearances. As with people, so with shoes. Give me a glass of water, Mrs. Jackwood. We are promised fish for dinner, and I have a foreshadowing of thirst.

Mr. J. Our well 's give out, this summer. Where 's Phœbe?

Mrs. J. She 's gone to the spring, for water.

G. R. She 's off readin' that nasty novil book, somewheres! I'd burn it up, if she was a child of mine!

Hec. If she was a child of mine —

G. R. Wal, what if she was?

Hec. Then you would be my mother.

G. R. There 's that hateful Bim'lech!

Enter ABIMELECH, R. U. E., and down on L.

Abimelech. Wal, what 's Bim'lech done, I'd like to know!

G. R. Do somebody help me! O dear, it kills me to move!

Mr. J. (*Assisting her.*) Come, come, gran'mother; you can walk, I guess, if you try.

G. R. O dear! O dear! (*Rising, but falls back again.*)

Cam. How do you do, Abimelech!

Abim. (*Bashfully.*) Pretty well. (*Takes a clay pipe from his pocket.*)

Cam. What do you do with a pipe?

Abim. It 's hern. I'm goin' to put some powder in 't, and blow her up, to pay her!

Hec. I take it, then, she blows you up, sometimes.

Abim. I put thistles in her han'kerchief t' other day. Golly! did n't she scream?

Hec. Charlotte! I have made a discovery.

Cam. (*Aside, with consternation.*) Heavens!

Hec. It is — there 's a good deal of sham in this world, and — Grandmother Rigglesly is a humbug! (*Exit, L.*)

Cam. Hector! Mr. Dunbury! One word, I entreat! (*Exit, L.*)

G. R. O dear! O dear! I never can git into the house, in this world!

Mr. J. Come, come! You can walk, if you only think you can.

Abim. (*Lets fall the pipe.*) By darn!

G. R. What 's that? I declare! (*Starts up.*)

Abim. Might keep your nasty pipe out of the way.

G. R. You sass-box! (*Catches up the chair, and rushes upon ABIMELECH.*)

Mr. J. Don't ye run, boy!

Abim. Keep her off, then! (*Seizes hold of the chair.*)

Mr. J. Bim'lech! Bim'lech! Gran'mother!

Mrs. J. Mother! mother! don't!

Abim. Darn her! let her come!

Mr. J. Do ye hear? Bim'lech! Gran'mother! I'll tumble ye into the crick, together! Give me that chair! (*Wrenches the chair from*

them. G. R. catches up her apron, and lashes ABIMELECH with it. ABIMELECH sets out to run, but falls. She stumbles over him.

SCENE IV. — *A Lane, G. 1* Enter PHŒBE, L., reading, and carrying a pail of water. *A horn in the distance, R.*

Phæbe. They're blowing the horn for me to come home. O dear! I never shall get through with this book. (*Horn.*) W-e-e-e-ll! I'll read this page down. I shall die if I don't find out what it was Melissa saw. (*Horn.*) W-e-e-e-ll! It's too bad! I wish I could just finish this chapter! (*Exit, R., reading. A stone thrown in. She rushes back without the pail, and off, L., screaming.*) O, O, O!

Enter, R., HECTOR and CAMILLE.

Hector. There's unexpected game!

Camille. I'm afraid she is hurt.

Hec. Not she, else she would scream less, according to the rule of shams. If a man is frightened, he blusters; if hurt, he says little; if killed, he maintains a wise silence.

Cam. Phœbe, are you hurt?

Ph. (*Reënters, L., with wondering looks.*) I guess so! I'm so smart I don't know a word I do, or anything I say!

Hec. Come here, Phœbe, and let me look at that hole in your head.

Ph. Is there one? (*Puts up her hand.*) Where?

Hec. It opens every time you speak. (*Takes her hand, and places her finger in her mouth.*) There. (*Closes her teeth upon it.*)

Ph. O! that's just like you, Hector Dunbury! If 't was anybody else, I never'd speak to you again! What was that came through the bushes?

Hec. A hailstone, Phœbe.

Ph. A hailstone? You threw it!

Hec. And it was a friendly hail. You should have hailed me pleasantly in return, instead of running off in a fright.

Ph. I guess you'd have been frightened to have a great rock come thrashing through the bushes, when you was reading!

Cam. What book have you?

Ph. Alonzo and Melissa. I set up till twelve o'clock, last night, and got so excited over it I could n't sleep a wink, but see balls of fire, and heard doors slam, and felt cold hands on my arm, all night. (*Horn blows.*)

Hec. You're a foolish girl! Good-by! Your mother is blowing the horn for you. (*Crosses, L.*)

Ph. Don't hurry off, so!

Hec. I'll bequeath you that fatal stone, Phœbe. It has waked you from one dream of romance, and it may save you from many another, if you treasure it as a type of man's heart, and contemplate it whenever you think of falling in love. — True, Charlotte?

Cam. If that is a type of man's heart, what is a type of woman's?

Hec. Still a stone; but it should be hollow! (*Exit, L.*)

Ph. An't he the strangest mortal you ever see? I'll keep this stone, see if I don't. (*Rolls it in her apron.*)

Cam. Good-by, Phoebe! Be a good girl!

Ph. Don't go!

Cam. I must! Be good and be happy, Phoebe!

(*Exit CAMILLE, L.*)

ROBERT GREENWICH *appears, creeping stealthily, R.*

Ph. Don't go! There an't nobody in this world cares for me! I wish I had somebody to love me, as Melissa had. (*Horn blows.*) Well! I wish they'd stop blowing that old horn!

Robert. (*In a whisper.*) Phoebe! Phoebe!

Ph. (*Frightened.*) Who's that? Who's there? Since I've been reading about those horrid nights in the old mansion, I'm so nervous!

Rob. (*Coming forward.*) Phoebe!

Ph. O! Robert Greenwich!

Rob. (*Imposes silence.*) 'Sh! This way!

Ph. What a stranger you are!

Rob. 'Sh! (*Aside.*) I must flatter the little goose. See here! (*Kisses her.*)

Ph. O, I should think you'd be ashamed! (*Laughing.*)

Rob. I am. Who was that just went from here?

Ph. Hector.

Rob. And who else?

Ph. Charlotte Woods.

Rob. (*Kissing her again.*) Who's Charlotte Woods?

Ph. (*Pouting.*) If you kiss me again, I'll — (*Aside.*) He's got a splendid moustache, any way. — Now, be decent, Bob Greenwich! Somebody'll see us!

Rob. (*Aside.*) The little fool! Who is that Charlotte — what did you call her?

Ph. Charlotte Woods! O, there's something real strange about her. When she first came to our house, she was dressed like an old woman.

Rob. (*Excited.*) It is she! It is she! (*Crosses, L.*) Good-by, Phoebe! Here! (*Comes back, and kisses her.*) Good-by!

Ph. Why, what's your hurry?

Rob. (*Aside.*) She shall not escape me again! Phoebe, I hear that my respectable father has been inviting a crowd in to give me a welcome home, to-night. You'll come, of course!

Ph. O! I shall be delighted!

Rob. You know this person we spoke of — this Miss Woods. Can't you bring her? I'll give you forty great apples, if you will, and as many kisses.

Ph. I'll try.

Rob. But don't say I spoke of it. Mum's the word, Phoebe! Good-by! (*Aside.*) O! this is worth a hundred thousand dollars!

(*Exit, L.*)

Ph. I never was kissed by a moustache, before! It's real nice. I didn't think I should like it; but I do. (*Horn blows.*) Well! Where did I leave my pail of water?

Enter ENOS, R., drinking out of the pail

You great lubber!

Enos. G'Ve a feller a drink, won't ye? (*Drinks.*)

Ph. Come! Enos Crumlett!

Enos. Wait half a jiffy, can't ye? I was perty nigh choked!

Drinks. Horn blows.)

Ph. (Crying.) I shall have to go back after another pailful!

Enos. You don't s'pose I'm goin' to drink all of it, do ye?

Ph. But you've dranked out of the pail!

Enos. Wal, I don't slobber! Here, take your pail! Don't make sich a 'farnal fuss about a little grain o' water! 'Tan't over an' above cold, nuther. Come, don't cry! I'm goin' over to your house to see if I can borry a standin' collar, to wear to the party to-night. I'll carry the pail for ye, shall I? May as well take toll! (*Drinks.*) I'd kiss ye, if I had a moustache, like that Greenwich feller. (*Horn blows.*)

Ph. (Weeping.) Well! I'm coming.

Enos. Wal! we're comin'! (*Drinks.*) (*Exeunt, R.*)

SCENE V.—*A Room in MR. GREENWICH'S House; c. doors used interior. MR. G., MRS. G., and ETTY discovered, seated.*

Mr. Greenwich. (c.) Now, my daughter, I will hear you recite those varses with which you are to edify the company this evening.

Etty. (Rising R.) Yes, father.

Mr. G. When you say *Yes, father*, you should execute a slight surtsey. Try again.

Etty. (Curtseying.) Yes, father.

Mr. G. Better, my daughter. (*Takes snuff.*)

Mrs. Greenwich. (L.) Hold your hands so, Etty.

Mr. G. I will dictate, Mrs. Greenwich!—What is the subject of your varses, my daughter?

Etty. My Brother's Return.

Mr. G. Give the rising inflection to *brother*, and the falling inflection to *return*; thus: *My Brother's — Return.*

Etty. My Brother's Return.

Mrs. G. You must hold up your head, my child.

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich, your assistance is not required! Remember you are a second wife, Mrs. Greenwich! which reminds me to say that I shall expect due deference shown to my remarks in the presence of our company this evening; on which occasion, when that 'Squire Greenwich speaks, it will be proper for Mrs. Greenwich to keep silence. My daughter, hold your head in this manner. Not so, but so.

Enter ROBERT, R.

Robert. (Gayly.) Hello, sis! How d'ye do, mother? How are ye, old one?

Mr. G. (Imposes silence on Mrs. G. and ETTY, who are about to speak.) Mrs. Greenwich! daughter! Son Robert, you amaze me!

Rob. That's more than I bargained for. I only meant a surprise. I left my traps at the tavern, and legged it across lots, at the rate of 2:40! (*Blows.*)

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich! daughter! silence! Son Robert, you astound me!

Rob. O, I beg pardon! (*Flings himself on a chair. R.*)

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich! — If you are indeed my son Robert!

Rob. Well! I've always indulged the notion that my mother —

Mr. G. Son Robert, this levity is unseemly! You appear entirely to have forgotten the discipline of your early years.

Mrs. G. O, well! He has been so long from home —

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich! — What could you be thinking of, son Robert, on your return, to address both your sister and your step-mother before me? Was that showing due respect to the paternal head? Then you address me as the OLD ONE! Your baggage you denominate *traps!* and you speak of legging it across lots, with a phrase borrowed from the turf!

Mrs. G. Why, I did n't see anything out of the way —

Mr. G. I am speaking, Mrs. Greenwich! (*Takes snuff.*)

Rob. Well, I'm sorry to have displeased you. But I was so glad to get home, I quite forgot myself. (*Aside.*) I must keep on the right side of the old one, any way.

Mr. G. Moreover, son Robert, I have been credibly informed that you left Mobile some time before you saw fit to advise me of the fact.

Rob. (*Aside.*) Here's a go! If the old one should find out —

Mrs. G. I would n't bring that up now, 'Squire Greenwich!

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich! do you assume to dictate to the paternal head?

Rob. All that is easily explained. The hot weather, the unhealthy season in Mobile, — then, again, business was so dull, — and, as I wish to make you anxious about me, I thought I would wait and bring the news myself. (*Aside.*) How natural it comes for me to lie!

Mr. G. But this long delay, son Robert.

Rob. I had some business to transact for our firm in New York. It took me longer than I anticipated.

Enter, L., MR. RUKELY and BERTHA WING.

(*Aside.*) Thank heaven for the interruption!

Mrs. G. O, here is our company!

Mr. G. (*Waving her behind him.*) Mrs. Greenwich! — Mr. Rukely, you are welcome to my roof. I greet you, Miss Wing! (*Crosses, R.*)

Rob. Old friends, how are you?

Mr. G. Daughter, your recitation is postponed. (*Exit, R.*)

Mrs. G. Make yourselves quite at home here.

(*Exeunt MRS. G. and ETTY, R.*)

Rob. (*Conversing with BERTHA.*) Yes; but I have been in town long enough already to hear the report.

Mr. Rukely. (*Coming forward.*) What is that?

Rob. That Miss Wing, here, is about to become Mrs. Rukely.

Mr. R. Report is not so far out of the way, this time.

Rob. I congratulate you both: you, Mr. Rukely, on your choice of so gentle and worthy a creature as our good Bertha, here; and you, Bertha, on forming a matrimonial connection with an eloquent minister of the Gospel. (*Aside.*) How she can stomach that old hypocrite, beats my philosophy!

Mr. R. We do not marry from any frivolous motive, but from a deep sense of duty.

Rob. You are right there. Marriage is a matter of religion.

Bertha. We think so.

Rob. Accordingly, when I assume the yoke matrimonial, it shall be with some fair saint, with charms to render the kingdom of heaven attractive. It's my only chance. Ah! Hector.

Enter HECTOR, L.

Hector. Bertha, how do you do! Mr. Rukely!

Rob. (*Extending his hand.*) And me!

Hec. And you, Bob! I suppose I must give you my hand; but it goes against my instinct.

Rob. Instinct! ha! ha!

Hec. Mr. Rukely, explain, if you can, my relation to this good-natured Beelzebub!

Rob. This is his peculiar style of joking. He is marvellously funny, if you only understand him. "Beelzebub" is good!

Hec. We are friends by habit, but by instinct I hate him.

Rob. More wit!

Mr. R. He seems to me to be rather in earnest.

Rob. You don't know him; I do.

Hec. No, you don't, Bob Greenwich, and you never will, until we some day quarrel royally, and thenceforward stand to each other for precisely what we are.

Rob. Quarrel! You and I! O, Damon and Pythias! is it possible? Let me tell you. (*To* MR. RUKELY.) I was with him in the South, in days of temptation. I watched over him with a shepherd's care, and brought him every night, like a tender lamb, into the fold of virtue. Hector, my Trojan! will you come? I have something to say to you.

Hec. Well, I am not proud; I am willing to go with sinners.

Rob. More wit! His peculiar style! ha! ha!

(*Exeunt* HECTOR and ROBERT, R.)

Mr. R. What makes you tremble so?

Ber. Do I? Leave me a little while! I am very foolish!

Mr. R. (*Crosses, R.*) Be calm and strong, Bertha! (*Exit, R.*)

Ber. Calm and strong! O, my rebellious heart! Why can I not love that man?

Enter CAMILLE, L.

Camille. (*Aside.*) O, why did I come here? He urged me so! Then Phoebe came and urged me, and his kindness is so winning—

Ber. Charlotte!

Cam. O, Bertha Wing! You are my friend. Tell me—this Robert Greenwich, who is he?

Ber. The son of 'Squire Greenwich—don't you know?

Cam. Yes; but where—do you know where he has been?

Ber. At the South; I believe mostly in Mobile.

Cam. (*Aside.*) Mobile!

Ber. What is the matter, dear Charlotte?

Cam. Bertha, if you are my friend, save me; help me leave this house!

Ber. What do you fear?

Cam. It is he; I cannot meet him; I must fly! I will tell you all Bertha!

Ber. How strange ! This way ! I will conceal you —

Enter ROBERT, R., followed by HECTOR and several guests.

Cam. O, haste ! Save me, Bertha ! (*Meets ROBERT face to face.*)
O, I am lost !

Robert. Not a word ! Stay where you are, and you are safe. — Bertha, will you please introduce me to your friend ?

Ber. Mr. Greenwich — Miss Woods.

Rob. Delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Woods. Allow me to introduce you to a few of our guests.

Cam. (*Aside.*) Heaven help me !

(*Takes his arm, and they walk.*)

Hec. The impudent scoundrel !

Enter, R., MRS. GREENWICH, MRS. JACKWOOD, and GRANDMOTHER RIGGLESTY, looking curiously about the room.

Mrs. Greenwich. Sit here, Mrs. Rigglesly. How do you do, to-day ?

Grandmother Rigglesly. (*R.*) O, I an't a bit well ! Sich a pain as I have all the hull of the time, from my left shoulder, clean down the small of my back ! I can turn my head so (*turns it over her left shoulder*), but I can't turn it so (*turns it over her right shoulder*), for the life of me !

Enter MR. RUKELY and MR. GREENWICH, talking, R. PHOEBE and ETTY, C. D. ; ABIMELECH pinning their dresses together. ENOS and MATILDA, C. D.

Enos. Wal ! chance for a spec'lation ! There's a tarnal snarl of people here, any way ! Say, 'Squire Greenwich, if you hear of anybody 'd like to swap for a nice four-year-old mare — He's talking ; he can't hear. — See here, 'Tildy ! You an't goin' to dance with nobody but me, be ye ? hey ?

Matilda. (*R. C.*) How jealous you be !

Enos. (*L. C.*) Jealous ! I an't jealous the least grain in the world ! By jingoes ! I'll ask Bertha Wing to dance with me !

Ph. (*Down on L.*) Bim ! What you doing ?

G. R. Law, sus ! It's that swindlin' Crumlett !

Hector. (*Approaching ROBERT and CAMILLE, seated, L. corner.*) Miss Woods, shall I engage you for the dance ?

Cam. (*Aside.*) O, how can I escape ?

Rob. Miss Woods is much obliged to you, I've no doubt ; but she is engaged.

Hec. (*To CAMILLE.*) Man is a deceiver, woman's heart is soft, and flattery is the snare of souls. Trust not one of us !

Rob. He will spite himself by inviting Matilda.

Cam. (*Aside.*) O, this torture !

Enos. (*C. L., round ad libitum.*) By jingoes ! she refuses me ! Shall I have the pleasure ? (*To PHOEBE, who continues talking.*) I'm in suthin' of a hurry ! Wal, she's engaged, too ! I'll try another. Bound to have a dance, any way ! (*Goes around inviting ladies to dance, who all refuse.*) O, you don't say ! Wal, by jingoes ! They're all engaged, I guess. Who else ?

G. R. (*R.*) That Charlotte ! I declare, if she an't here ! I thought it was goin' to be a respectable kind o' party. See here, Mrs. Greenwich ! Do you know anything about —

Rob. (L.) It is your only way ; you are safe. But, if you attempt to escape —

Cam. O, have mercy on me !

Enos. Wal, don't see but I shall haf to invite Tildy, arter all ! 'Pear to be all engaged ; or else they don't dance. Wal, Tildy, shall I have the pleasure —

Mat. (R. C.) O, thank you ! I'm sorry ; but I'm engaged. (*Retires up stage.*)

Enos. Hey? — engaged? Now, that's real mean, Tildy ! I would n't do sich a thing ! I—I—I'll break off !

G. R. Then there's that swindlin' Crumlett ! I wonder who'll iance with him? I would n't, if you was to give me all the men in creation ! He's so disagreeable !

Enos. Only one chance left, I vow ! But I'm bound to have a dance. (*Approaches Mrs. RIGGLESTY.*) Wal, you here? Heow de Jew? Glad to see ye ! I was kind o' 'fraid you would n't come.

G. R. O ! how de do ! (*Aside.*) So disagreeable !

Enos. I'd like to talk — old friends so ; but I'm in suthin' of a hurry. Dance, don't ye?

G. R. O ! I'd no idee ! —

Enos. Come, hitch on ! I'm in suthin' of a hurry.

G. R. (*Rises.*) He's real kind o' perlite, arter all !

Enos. Chance for a spec'lation ! Bound to have a dance, any way. Now I guess Tildy'll be jealous !

(*Exeunt ROBERT and CAMILLE, L., conversing.*)

Hec. I could strangle the scoundrel ! (*Exit, L.*)

(*Music. A dance. Mrs. RIGGLESTY faints.*)

G. R. O, O, O ! (*Confusion. Curtain falls.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Room in MR. DUNBURY'S House. c. door practical. HECTOR discovered with book, R. CAMILLE sewing by table, L. A knock at the door.*

Hector. Come in.

Enter ROBERT, C. I

Camille. Again ! O, torture !

Robert. Under the circumstances, I presume you are not glad to see me.

Hec. If you refer to me, I am not. I never am.

Rob. Thank you for your frankness ! I find it quite refreshing. (*Leans upon CAMILLE'S chair.*) What a consummate wit our friend Hector is ! (*Bending down.*) Camille ! I am here again. I cannot keep away.

Cam. Did I not command you to go ?

Rob. Command me (*Smilingly rests his hand upon her shoulder.*)

Cam. Your touch makes me shudder ! Is not that enough ?

Rob. You speak rather plainly.

Cam. I have endured all I can. I will no more !

Rob. You never appear so beautiful as when you are angry. I have a length and breadth of love, deep in my nature, which nothing can tire or exhaust. It has centred in you ! it holds you ! it will not let you go !

Cam. It is useless to remind me that I am in your power. (*Arises.*) Do your worst !

Rob. I am not your enemy. I have spent my summer in pursuit of you, not to do you an injury, but to show my love.

Cam. Love ! O, monstrous !

Rob. 'St ! Hector is watching like a cat ! I have something to say to you. Something you would not have me say before him.

Cam. O, the serpent ! (*Exeunt, L., conversing.*)

Hec. (*Dashes his book upon the floor.*) I'll strangle the villain ! (*Springs towards the door.*) But she loves him ! O, fool ! fool ! fool ! (*Returns, and flings himself upon a lounge.*)

Enter CAMILLE, L.

Cam. I have shaken the serpent off ! I have put my foot upon him ! O, heaven help me now ! Hector ! (*Looks with dismay at HECTOR, then at the book upon the floor.*) What is the meaning of this ? (*Stoops to take up the book.*)

Hec. (*Leaps to his feet.*) Leave it ! (*Seizes her wrist, and glares upon her.*) Are you an angel, or a fiend ?

Cam. I am a woman.

Hec. That name accounts for every inconsistency ! A woman ! Go ! (*Flings her from him. She turns in silence, and sinks down by a chair, burying her face in her hands. He paces the room.*) O, what a brute am I ! (*Approaches, and takes her hand.*) Charlotte ! Charlotte ! (*She falls at his feet.*) What have I done ? Dearest Charlotte, speak to me ! (*Lifts her up.*)

Cam. O, why have I left you deceived ! —

Hec. O, Charlotte ! if a desperate and all-controlling love could merit anything, I merited your trust ! Be still ; for, now my tongue is loosed, and you must hear me ! In spite of reason and will, I am drawn irrevocably to you. The light of the universe shines upon me through your eyes.

Cam. Let me go ! I will fly from you ! You shall never see my face again !

Hec. Fly ! — with whom ? With Robert ?

Cam. O !

Hec. You know my feeling towards that man.

Cam. Spare me ! Spare me !

Hec. I am not blind. Would that I were ! I have marked your blushes, your pallor, your faltering speech, when he has come suddenly upon you, or given you meaning looks, or whispered in your ear. Can you wonder at the fury stirred in my blood ? To-day the tiger was roused, and would have sprung at his throat !

Cam. I am to blame ! I am to blame !

Hec. O, woman ! woman ! I loved you, and tried to hate you ! I believed you worthy, and I believed you not worthy. To my mind

you appeared false and erring ; but ever in my heart you were fair, white-robed, pure, angelic. Charlotte, did I deserve your trust?

Cam. You did ! You did ! I will tell you everything to-day. I know you will cast me from you. But it will be better so.

Hec. Charlotte, read that !

Cam. (*Reads.*) What is this ?

Hec. O, she is innocent ! That is not your history ?

Cam. My history ?

Hec. O, I have been made the sport even of a silly old woman !

Cam. My history — it is darker — a hundred times darker than this ! O, do not question me ! Let me go, as I am ! I cannot, cannot tell you !

(*Crosses, and exits, R.*)

Hec. Charlotte ! Stay ! O, whirlwinds seize me ! I will solve this mystery !

(*Exit, R.*)

Enter ROBERT, L.

Robert. This is their game ! Then, by all the furies, I will be revenged ! The mine is sunk, the train is laid, and a touch — I'll blow them to the devil !

Enter ENOS, C. D., whistling.

Crumlett !

Enos. (*R.*) Wal, — how de dew ! Did n't expect to see you !

Rob. I've a job for you.

Enos. Sho ! Chance for a spec'lation !

Rob. (*Writing on a book.*) You will go to the tavern --

Enos. Wal, — I s'pose I can, — though I happen jest now to be in suthin' of a hurry —

Rob. You shall be paid. Take this to the landlord. (*Folds and addresses the note.*)

Enos. (*Aside.*) I was jest thinkin' o' going to the tavern, now — Chance for a spec'lation ! It'll be a good deal out o' my way ; 'sides I'm in a desprit hurry —

Rob. It is to be called for. (*Gives the note. Going.*)

Enos. "X. Y. Z." O ! I see ! the letter is for X. Y. Z., hey ! See here !

Rob. Well !

Enos. Is this all ?

Rob. Yes. Leave it with the landlord. Despatch !

Enos. O, yes ; but, what am I to run my legs off for, that 's what I'd kind o' like to know ? (*ROBERT gives him money.*) Thank ye ! See here !

Rob. What now ?

Enos. Ye don't happen to have a plug o' tobacker in yer trousers ? (*Exit ROBERT, C. D.*) Wal ! curis what makes some folks allers in sich a desprit hurry ! "X. Y. Z." He did n't stick it with nothin', so there won't be no harm openin' on 't, as I see. What can he mean by "X. Y. Z.," now ? I'd jest like to know ! I declare, he has put a wafer on 't — he must a' had one in his pocket ! Here's a fix ! How am I to know what "X Y Z" means ? Wal, I don't see no more harm openin' a letter that 's stuck, than one that an't stuck, if it can be did ! By jingoes ! there 't is ! I swanny, I did n't mean to ! I'd no idee ! Seein' it 's open, though, I may as well take a peep

(*Reads.*) *All right.* Wal, I'm glad it's all right. I's a-feared it might be wrong. What else? *There's something in the wind.* What's in the wind — I'd like to know! *Will see you at noon. I dare not meet you openly: so find me at the same place, in the woods. The utmost secrecy is necessary.* Sho! You don't say!

Enter HECTOR, R., *looking haggard and excited.*

Hector. Enos!

Enos. By jingoes! (*Thrusts the letter into his pocket.*) I come perty near gittin' ketched at it!

Hec. I have something for you to do.

Enos. I'm in a tearin' hurry! I got to go to the tavern.

Hec. That's just where I want to go.

Enos. What a fool I was to tell him, now! That is, I'm goin' to the tavern in a day or two, to see about, you know —

Hec. I must catch the stage. Say nothing to any one —

Enos. You an't goin' to leave town, be ye?

Hec. Put my horse before the buggy, and bring him to the door.

Enos. See here! Wal, this is unexpected, now! Do you mean right away?

Hec. I mean at once.

(*Exit, R.*)

Enos. Wal, — chance for a spec'lation! Kill tew birds with one stun, and get a ride to the tavern into the barg'in.

Enter PHOEBE, C. D., *and down L.*

Phoebe. O! Enos!

Enos. Can't stop! I'm in a desprit hurry!

Ph. Have you seen Robert?

Enos. Wal, yes, — that is, I expect to see him. Anything I can do?

Ph. If you see him, Enos, tell him I am going distracted!

Enos. Sho! You don't say.

Ph. How is Matilda, Enos?

Enos. 'Tildy's nicely. She's gone to live with Bertha, you know — I mean Mrs. Rukely. I was kind o' surprised Bertha should marry the minister, arter all — wan't you? But there's no 'countin' for tastes.

Ph. I would, if I'd been in her place! Anything is better than this suspense.

Enos. Wal, if I run acrost Bob, I'll tell him you're goin' distracted. I'm in a desprit hurry!

(*Exit, C.*)

Ph. I don't care! it's real mean in Bob Greenwich. I shall cry my eyes out!

Enter CAMILLE, R.

Camille. Gone! Gone! Nothing is left me now! O, he did not love me — else he would not despise me now!

Ph. Why, Charlotte!

Cam. Phoebe!

Ph. What's the matter, Charlotte? I never see you look so!

Cam. I — I am not well. Give me your arm, dear Phoebe! I am *stizzy* — blind!

Ph. O dear! O dear!

Cam. Don't be alarmed. There—I am better now. O, good Phœbe! You are the only friend I have! (*Embraces her.*)

Ph. (*Sobbing.*) W—w---what can I do?

Cam. Dry your tears, and listen to me.

Ph. I—I—I can't! I've been broken-hearted myself. Robert Greenwich has used me real mean!

Cam. Poor Phœbe!

Ph. He said he would see me here this morning. O! Who's there? (*Runs to the window.*) It's him!

Cam. Robert!

Ph. My heart almost hopped out of my mouth! Say! how does my hair look? Would you care, if he thought I was handsomer than you? I'm all of a flutter! His moustache is perfectly splendid, any way!

Enter ROBERT, C. D.

Robert. Ah! two birds together!—a dove and a blue-jay!

Cam. And a snake creeping in!

Rob. Phœbe, I want you to try your wings. I left a pair of gloves at your house; do, please, fly home and get them.

Ph. I have n't seen any.

Rob. Of course you have n't. They're under the clock

Ph. Will you wait for me here?

Rob. If you don't find them under the clock, look under the bureau. If they are not there, hunt for 'em in the barn. (*Exit PHŒBE, C. D.*) The goose! See her run! I have not a moment to lose. The simpleton will be back presently, unless she falls and breaks her neck, as I devoutly pray she may!

Cam. Sir, if you have come again to torture me, you lose your labor. I no longer fear nor dread you.

Rob. By heavens! you are a noble girl! When I saw Hector go, my hope returned. You have lost him. Camille! once more I offer you my love—my life!

Cam. Go! (*Points to the door.*)

Rob. Never! If his love had been strong as mine, he could not have left you. At any sacrifice, you must be mine! Camille, you shall be my wife!

Cam. Your wife! Robert Greenwich, my entire nature shrinks at the thought of joining myself to one I do not love. By no law, human or divine, can I ever, ever be yours! (*Going.*)

Rob. Stop! by heavens!

Cam. Take off your hand!

Rob. Consider—I have it in my power, I have had it in my heart, to deliver you up to a fate worse than death. I relent. I offer you my hand. Heaven judge between you and me, if you spurn me now!

Cam. I spurn you, now and forever! (*Exit, B.*)

Enter PHŒBE, C. D.

Rob. Death and destruction!

Phœbe. Why, what is the matter with Charlotte?

Rob. We have had a terrible quarrel.

Ph. About what?

Rob. About you, darling. She is jealous.

Ph. Jealous?

Rob. Horribly jealous! Of you, Phœbe. You must watch her.

Ph. Watch her?

Rob. Yes; follow her everywhere. Do not leave her a moment out of your sight. I cannot explain now—but our happiness depends upon it. (*Kisses her, and aside.*) Now, then, for vengeance!

(*Exit, c.*)

Ph. I never saw anything so strange in all my life! Robert! I forgot to tell him there wan't any gloves! He's got a splendid moustache, any way

(*Exit, c., and off l.*)

SCENE II. — *A Chamber. Enter CAMILLE, L. PHŒBE follows softly, watching and listening.*

Camille. O, my soul is sick! I did not think it would cost me so much to lose him. He was my only hope—now he is gone! I will banish him from my mind! Whom can I trust, to aid me to escape? Phœbe—she is changed; she is playing a part; she follows and watches me! O! I have one friend still! Mr. Jackwood!—Phœbe!

Phœbe. I—I am looking for a pencil I dropped.

Cam. Phœbe, why do you deceive me?

Ph. True as I live—it was a black pencil—

Cam. Dear child, listen! Robert has set you to play the spy over me. I forgive you, because you are a foolish girl. You were once good to me, and so I shall remember you kindly when I am gone.

Ph. Why, you an't a-going?

Cam. Yes, Phœbe. I shall never see you again!

Ph. O, you shan't go! I did n't mean to get Robert away from you, and make you jealous!

Cam. Hush, foolish child!

Ph. I never knew anybody half so good as you be! And I won't ever see you again!

Cam. There, don't cry about it, Phœbe. I am going to bid your father and mother good-by. Come, dear Phœbe!

(*Exeunt, R.*)

SCENE III. — *MR. JACKWOOD'S Kitchen. MR. JACKWOOD tipped back in his chair, R., smoking. MRS. RIGGLESTY, L., knitting. ABIMELECH, c., putting a wagon together. MRS. JACKWOOD kneading bread.*

Grandmother Rigglesly. How I do hate to see men settin' round the house all the arternoon! It's so shif'less!—Sonny!

Abimelech. (Furiously.) What!

G. R. What! You han't had me to larn ye manners, or ye would n't speak so! What! Come here, an' you'll see what!

Mr. Jackwood. Go to your gran'mother, Bim'lech

Abim. It's always the way—jest as I git to work on my wagon—blast it all! (*Kicks it.*)

G. R. Come, sonny; don't ye want to hold this yarn for me to wind? That's a good boy!

Abim. I knowed there'd be suthin' for me to do!

G. R. Wal, you be an abused child, I must say for 't! You wan't born to work, was ye?

Abim. No, by darn, I wan't! and I an't goin' to work every minute of the time, if I haf to run away!

Mr. J. Bim'lech! Be a good boy, now, or I shall take ye in hand.

Abim. Wind fast, any way!

G. R. You need n't be so uppish about it! 'T won't hurt ye to hold yarn a little while.

Abim. Father takes a noonin', and why can't I?

G. R. A noonin'! an' it's now a'most night! Han't yer father nothin' for the world for ye to do?

Abim. I should think so! There an't a boy nowheres round here has to tug it so hard as I do! I'm gittin' round-shouldered a'ready.

G. R. What 'll you be when you 've done as much work as I have? There, you 've held the yarn, and 't han't quite killed ye, arter all the fuss. Don't go to putterin' with that wagin, now! How I do detest shif'lessness! Go 'n' split some wood.

Abim. The axe is out in the lot, an' I an't goin' to split wood, for nobody!

Mr. J. Bim'lech!

Abim. What!

Mr. J. You go down in the meader, and fix the boards on that stack. It's goin' to rain. Do you hear?

Abim. It's jest the way! Con-demn it all! (*Kicks the wagon to pieces.*) There, I've broke it! and I'm glad on 't. I can't have a minute to myself! (*Exit, D. F.*)

G. R. That 's the ugliest young one ever I see!

Mr. J. I don't much wonder. You pester his life out of him. Why could n't ye let him take comfort fixin' his wagon? I don't believe in drivin' a boy all the time.

G. R. No; you believe in bringin' 'em up to be shif'less, like their father! O, wal! I han't a right to say anything, I s'pose. I'm an ol' woman — I've slaved my life out, doin' for my childern, an' that 's all I'm good for! (*Handkerchief.*)

Mr. J. There comes the Good Samaritan! Don't, now, go to makin' yourself unhappy!

Enter CAMILLE and PHOEBE, D. in flat.

See, here 's our Charlotte!

Camille. Good Mr. Jackwood!

Mr. J. Speak to her; it 'll please her.

Cam. How do you do, Mrs. Rigglesy?

G. R. O, 't an't much consequence about me; only keep that door shet! I can't have the wind blowin' right on to my shoulder an' neck. (*Handkerchief.*)

Mrs. Jackwood. (*R. C., to PHOEBE, glancing at CAMILLE.*) Why, how you talk!

Cam. O, Mr. Jackwood! I have come to you for help!

Mr. J. You could n't done better, if there 's anything in Bim'lech Jackwood's way

Enter ENOS, D. F.

G. R. The hussy! She must have attention paid her! Now, there 's that swindlin' Crumlett! (*Exit, weeping, E.*)

Enos. Wal, Neighbor Jackwood!

Mr. J. Good-arternoon, *Enos.* Set down.

Enos. Wal, — do'no', — I'm in suthin' of a hurry. Thought you 'd like to hear the news, so I dropped in

Mr. J. Set a cheer, Pheebe.

Enos. Thank ye; I'm in suthin' of a hurry That 'ere B:b Greenwich is a case, now, an't he?

Ph. Robert!

Enos. He 's in for a spec'lation — with his X. Y. Z.!

Mr. J. His X. Y. Z.? — what 's that?

Enos. Wal, ye see, he gives me a letter, without no name to it, on'y X. Y. Z., to be left with the tavern-keeper. Thinks says I to myself, now, what 's that? X. Y. Z., thinks says I. Of course, bein' I an't nobody's fool, I was nat'rally ruther anxious to know what it was al'about. So, thinks says I, I'll jest hang round the tavern, and mebb'y thinks says I, there 'll be a chance for a spec'lation.

Mr. J. Cut your story short, *Enos.*

Enos. Wal, of course; I'm in suthin' of a hurry, myself. You see, I kind o' hung round, tryin' to git up a dicker with somebody, till bime-by there comes up a chap that took the allfiredest swig o' whiskey 't ever I see poured into a feller's insides. Then he whispers suthin' to the landlord, and I heerd the landlord say, "O, sartin!" same time he give him a letter. Hello! thinks says I, there 's my X. Y. Z. Chance for a spec'lation! Nobody 'peared to know him, so I steps up, and says I, "You seem to be a stranger in these parts," says I. He did n't take no notice, so says I, "You don't know of anybody 't wants to swap for a nice four-year-ol' mare, do ye?" says I. "If you 're travellin' in your own conveyance," says I, "I've got jest the kind o' beast, now, you want."

Mr. J. Wal, wal, *Enos!*

Cam. (*Alarmed.*) O, Mr. Jackwood! (*Detains him.*)

Enos. Why, if you don't want to hear it — of course. I'm in a desprit hurry, myself.

Mr. J. Go on.

Enos. The nub on 't 's jest this. I could n't git nothin' out o' Mr. X. Y. Z., and I see he kind o' itched to git me out o' the way. So, says I, "If ye an't up to a dicker," says I, "I shall haf to leave ye. I'm in suthin' of a hurry," says I. Wal, sir, next minute he was makin' tracks down the road, and I arter him.

Mr. J. Ye did n't foller him, did ye?

Enos. What 's the odds, long as he did n't see me? Wal, he kind o' l'itered round, lookin' to see if anybody see him, till bime-by he starts and makes a bee-line acrost Jones's pastur'. I took a short cut through the holler, and headed him off, jest as he was comin' into the woods.

Mr. J. Come, come, *Enos!* Charlotte 's all in a fidget — you 're so slow!

Enos. Wal, sir, I got behind the wall, and there who should I see come tearin' through the saplin's, but your mustashy feller, there, Bob Greenwich

Ph. Robert!

Enos. I rec'lected what ye told me, Pheeb, 'bout your goin' dis tracted; but I kind o' thought I would n't mention it then. 'Peared

to me, my better way 'd be, to keep my ears open, an' my mouth shet. Could n't hear much, though; but I gethered 'nough to see what kind of a spec'lation they 're up tew. That 'ere X. Y. Z. chap is some kind of an officer, an' Bob Greenwich is puttin' him on the track of somebody. I thought, from what was said, 't was — Hello! what 's come over her?

Mr. J. Never mind his nonsense, Charlotte. — Don't ye see, ye 're fright'nin' her? (*Knocking.*) See who 's to the door, Phoebe.

Cam. O, Mr. Jackwood!

Enter DICKSON, D. F., with a horse-whip.

Enos. (L. C.) By jingoes! if there an't the X Y. Z. chap!

Dickson. This way, marshal! All right!

Enter OLIVER DOLE, D. F.

Mr. J. What on 'arth!

Cam. Save me! save me!

Dick. Don't let that gal escape!

Mr. J. Who be you, bustin' into a house this way? Stan' back!

Dick. (R.) Come on, marshal! That 's the gal!

Oliver Dole. Mr. Jackwood, you are resisting the execution of the law.

Mr. J. (*Flings his arm about CAMILLE, L.*) If there 's any harm comin' to this gal, it must come to me fust! My name 's Bim'leeh Jackwood!

O. D. You know me, Mr. Jackwood! (*Crosses to him.*)

Mr. J. I thought I knowed ye; and I thought you wan't the man to be huntin' a poor, friendless gal, Oliver Dole!

Dick. Cuss his nonsense!

O. D. (*Showing his warrant.*) Here is my authority. I arrest that girl —

Mr. J. Stand off, there, both on ye! Tech your hand to her, if you dare! Now, Oliver Dole, I 'll hear what ye got to say.

O. D. That girl is —

Mr. J. Is what?

O. D. A fugitive!

Dick. A slave!

Mrs. J. and Ph. A slave! (*Cross behind to L. H.*)

Mr. J. A slave! Charlotte!

Dick. Do you understand that? A slave!

Enos. Wal, by jingoes! here 's a perty how-de-du.

Mr. J. (*Holding off DICKSON and DOLE.*) Wait a bit! Put up that pistol! (*To DICKSON.*) Don't think I 'm goin' to be scart. — Enos!

Enos. (*Pretending to go.*) Did you speak? I 'm in suthin' of a hurry.

O. D. I did not look for this resistance. The law must be obeyed.

Mr. J. There 's one law above all laws, and that law I obey!

O. D. Dickson, call in our force!

Mr. J. Ha! that 's your game! (*Rushes with CAMILLE to the door. As DOLE atter pts to detain him, knocks him down.*)

Dick. (*At the w low, beckoning.*) Hurra, boys!

Enos. Chance for a spec'lation! (*Tips DICKSON out of the window.*)

Mr. J. Stan' by, Enos! Break their heads! We'll save her! Old Vermont forever! (*Hurries CAMILLE, with PHEBE and MRS. J., out at one door, while DICKSON and his posse rush in at the other.*)

Enos. I've fixel yer X. Y. Z.! (*Steps in DOLE's way, as he is rushing after MR. J.*) Hello! that you?

Dick. Whar 's that gal?

O. D. This way!

Enos. Arter me is manners! I am in a desprit hurry!

(*Exit, after MR. J.; shuts the door behind him.*)

O. D. Force the door!

Dick. Bust it open! smash through!

(*Cries, confusion; some force the door; others leap from the window. Scene closes.*)

SCENE IV. — *The Lane. Shouts heard.*

Enter MR JACKWOOD, R. Conducts a figure, covered in a large mantle. Brandishes a sickle.

Mr. Jackwood. There, there! be still, now! — Come on! I defy ye! (*Shouts without.*)

Enos. (*Entering, R.*) Come on! we defy ye! (*Spits on his hands, and rolls up his sleeves.*)

Mr. J. Ye pack o' bloody wolves! — Keep still! you shan't be hurt! (*Shouts without.*)

Enos. Ye pack o' bloody wolves!

Mr. J. Ye human thieves!

Enos. Ye human thieves! Come on!

Mr. J. Keep 'em off as long as you can, Enos! — There, there! they shan't hurt ye!

Enter DICKSON, DOLE, and posse, R.

Dickson. Hurra! we've got her!

Oliver Dole. Surround 'em!

Dick. Shoot 'em!

O. D. Don't fire! She's safe!

Mr. J. Hands off!

Enos. Jerusha mighty! Don't like the looks o' them revolvin' irons! (*Retreats behind MR. J.*)

Mr. J. Shoot, if ye want to! Guess ye'll find what the Green Mountain boys are made of!

Enos. Guess ye'll find what the Green Mountain boys - High! look out there! don't! I'm in suthin' of a hurry! (*Exit, L.*)

Dick. Stop their gab!

O. D. Surrender! it'll save bloodshed! Stand back!

(*To his posse.*)

Mr. J. Oliver Dole, you live amongst us, here; you oughter know somethin'. This t'other chap 'pears to be a stranger, and he don't.

Dick. Cuss his jaw!

Mr. J. Carry your impudence too fur, and ye'll find the Yankee farmer has got pluck into him!

Dick. You'll git yer pay for this!

Mr. J. I don't believe any man ever yet done a good action or a bad action, that he did n't get his pay. So you look out, or I'll send in my bill! (*Brandishes his sickle.*)

Dick. By Jove, marshal, I can't stan' this fool'n'!

O. D. The girl is secure; there's no use of violence. — Mr. Jackwood, it is a painful duty I have to perform; but you know — the law!

Mr. J. The law I've been larnt to reverence tells me to lift up the poor and down-trodden, and stan' by the widder an' the fatherless.

O. D. You will have to yield.

Mr. J. Crumlett has left me, has he? And how many are ye against one? Had to drum the tavern loafers into yer sarvice, did n't ye, Oliver! A perty set, to be huntin' a poor, defenceless gal!

Dick. Grab holt here!

Mr. J. Don't be so f'erce! You an't goin' to take this poor gal away from me now, I know! Ye an't so cruel as that!

O. D. Advance — in order!

Mr. J. She is human, like one o' yer own wives or childern. I love her like my own darter. Only look upon her face!

O. D. Seize them!

(*As the men rush forward, Mr. J. lifts the mantle, and discovers PHŒBE.*)

Dick. The devil!

O. D. Phœbe!

All. Phœbe Jackwood!

Dick. Cuss these Yankee farmers! Scatter, in every direction! Start! run! What a pack of cussed fools!

(*Exeunt, R., all but Mr. J. and PHŒBE.*)

Mr. J. The scoundrels! They'll larn what Yankee farmers are made of! Hurra for old Vermont!

(*Exeunt, L.*)

SCENE V. — *The Intervale. A haystack, c., near the creek. A sheep-shed built against it. Wall across front. ABIMELECH arranging boards on the stack. A storm.*

Abimelech. There, I guess that'll keep the rain off. Darn the ole stack, I say! I shall git as wet as a drowned rat! Ou! git off my toe! (*Kicks a board.*) Here, Rove! here, Rove! Where's that dog, I'd like to know? (*Whistles.*)

Enter CAMILLE, L. H.

Camille. Which way shall I go? I cannot cross the creek! I hear them shout! (*Shouts in the distance.*)

Abim. (R.) Hello!

Cam. (L.) O, Abimelech!

Abim. That you! I swanny!

Cam. Some men are hunting for me. I would rather die than have them find me!

Abim. Who be they? I'll set Rove on to 'em! (*Shouts.*)

Cam. They are coming! I don't know where to go!

Abim. By gracious! Wait a minute, till I come down!

(*Descends from the stack.*)

Cam. O, save me from this horror ! I do not fear to die ! But they pollute body and soul ! O, Father of Love, give me freedom or death !

Abim. See here ! If you 'd like to hide — (*Shouts.*)

Cam. O ! show me where !

Abim. I guess I know a place ; though I don't want father to find out ; for he told me not to dig holes in the stack. (*Pulls away the hay, and opens a cavity in the side of the stack.*) It 's real slick an' warm in there. (*Shouts.*)

Cam. (*Entering.*) O, cover me quick !

Abim. Shall I leave a breathin'-place ? (*Covering her. Dog barks.*) Hello ! what 's Rove barkin' at ? (*Runs to the side scene, and back.*) Say ! there 's a man comin' with a great big hoss-whip !

Cam. Don't let him find me here !

Abim. Keep still ! I 'll be fixin' the boards on the stack. (*Climbs the stack, and begins to whistle.*)

Dickson. (*L., without.*) Git out ! (*Dog barks.*) Git out ! (*Whip cracks.*)

Abim. He won't bite ye. Here, Rove !

Enter DICKSON, L. H.

Dick. Git out ! (*Makes a cut behind him.*) Say, boy !

Abim. I an't a boy ! I 'm a young man !

Dick. Have ye seen anybody pass this way, within half an hour ?

Abim. Pass which way ?

Dick. Any way ; along by the crick.

Abim. What crick ?

Dick. Answer my question !

Abim. I han't ben here half an hour, I should n't think.

Dick. (*Cracks his whip.*) Look a-here ! None o' yer trash !

Abim. What 's trash, I 'd like to know !

Dick. I 'll show ye ! I cut a boy's trousers-legs right off with this yer black snake, t' other day.

Abim. That an't none o' my business.

Dick. Which way did that gal go ?

Abim. What gal ?

Dick. That gal that come along about twenty minutes ago.

Abim. If there was one, I should think I 'd seen her.

Dick. That won't do ! (*Cracks his whip at ABIMELECH.*)

Abim. (*Jumping back.*) By darn !

Dick. You 'll look paler 'n that when I draw about a quart o' blood out of ye !

Abim. You darsn't !

Dick. I 'll give ye jest about a minute an' a half ; then if ye don't walk straight up to the scratch, an' spit out what ye know, you 'll have yer clo's cut right off 'm yer back, an' yer hide with 'em ! I 'll see what ye got hid round the stack, here !

Abim. (*Sliding down the side, near CAMILLE.*) Say !

Cam. O, Abimelech !

Abim. Keep still !

Dick. What 's that ?

Abim. (*Arranges the boards.*) If ye 'll help me with these boards, I 'll go up to the house with ye, and see if she 's there.

Dick. What's your name?

Abim. Bim.

Dick. Your whole name?

Abim. Bim'lech.

Dick. What's your father's name?

Abim. His name 's Bim'lech, too.

Dick. Bim'lech what?

Abim. Jackwood, of course.

Dick. You 're one o' that tribe, be ye?

Abim. Yes, I guess not! What tribe?

Dick. Time's up! Now, what ye got to say?

Abim. Ou! you better not hit me with that!

Dick. Cuss that boy! See here! I'll give ye half a dollar.

Abim. I guess so! You want me to come down and git it: then you'll ketch me, and gi' me a lickin'!

Dick. I'll larn ye to bother a feller this way! (*Strikes.*)

Abim. Come! better take care! (*Dodges.*)

Dick. If I wan't in a hurry, I'd make furrers in your hide! I'll git holt of ye, some time. (*Exit, R. H.*)

Abim. (*Descending the stack.*) See here! better try't now. Guess you better come back, had n't ye? Darn his ol' whip, I say

Cam. Is he gone?

Abim. Yes, confound his picter! Shall I go and tell father?

Cam. If you will. But be careful — let no one else —

Abim. I'll keep it from Pheeb, any way! Gracious, how it rains! Say! I'm goin', now!

Cam. Yes; go, go!

Abim. Here, Rove! here, Rove! (*Exit, calling, L.*)

SCENE VI. — *The Lane. Night. Storm continues. Enter DICKSON, R.*

Dickson. Cuss these Yankee farmers!

Enos (*L., without, singing.*) 'Tis my delight in a shiny night,
in the season of the year.

Enos enters, under a dilapidated umbrella.

The deuce! Here's the X. Y. Z. chap!

Dick. Look a-here! Which way ye go'n'?

Enos. Wal, I thought I should go this way. Any objection?

Dick. Don't ye want to earn about twenty-five or thirty dollars, to-night?

Enos. Chance for a spec'lation! Wal, I would n't mind; though I'm in suthin' of a hurry —

Dick. You know which way that gal went?

Enos. O! ye could n't find her, could ye? — Better step under my umbrel — hey?

Dick. I'm go'n' to find her! I never had one of 'em git away from me, yit!

Enos. Kind of a bad night to be lookin' arter her, — hey?

Dick. Hang it all! I would n't mind that, if I could git on to the right track once

Enos. Sho.

Dick. Ye would n't like to earn thirty dollars now, would ye?

Enos. (*Aside.*) Thirty dollars! If I only *did* know — what a chance for a spec'lation! Though, of course, I would n't. — Better step under my umbrel!

Dick. No time to lose. Yes or no?

Enos. Wal, the last I see of her, she went one way, an' me an' Jackwood took Pheeb an' went t' other. — Say, better step under my umbrel — hey?

Dick. Cuss your umbrel!

Enos. Sho! ye don't say! Wal, the last I see of her, I did n't see her at all! She was gone 'fore I knowed it. Says Jackwood, says he, Enos, says he —

Dick. Cuss these Yankee farmers! (*Exit, L. II.*)

Enos. Hello! see here! Better step under my umbrel! — Jingoos, now! if I only *had* knowed which way she went — though, of course, I would n't told. Thirty dollars! I wonder if he would a' gin thirty dollars, now! 'S no use! If 't did n't rain so, I'd go and see Tildy to-night. Kind o' feel as though I'd like to have a good time. (*Sings.*) *'T is my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year.*

(*Exit, R. II.*)

SCENE VII. — MR. JACKWOOD'S *Kitchen.* Enter DICKSON, R. II. 1 E., with a light. Rain, thunder, and lightning.

Dickson. They can't fool me! That gal's hid away somewheres in this house, and I'm cust if I don't find her. The idee of a gal's givin' a feller the slip that way! (*Exit, L. II. 2 E.*)

Enter MR. JACKWOOD; presently, MRS. JACKWOOD, R. 2 E.

Mr. Jackwood. I thought I heard a noise. That plaguy kid nabber! I would n't begrudge a night's ledgin' to the wust enemy I got; but I could a' turned him out doors into the storm, with a good stomach, if there'd been any way o' gittin' red of him!

Mrs. Jackwood. How narvous you be, father!

Mr. J. I'm consarned about Charlotte.

Mrs. J. She'll be safe there in the stack. Nobody'll ever think of looking for her there.

Mr. J. Yes; but, if 't keeps on rainin', there'll be a foot of water on the interval, 'fore mornin'! It comes down like forty-'leven Dutch pedlers! I guess I better go and try to git her off. I'm afraid we're goin' to have a flood. (*Puts on his hat, buttons his coat, and takes down a lantern.*) If I can git out o' the house withoat lettin' that plaguy kid nabber know. (*Going.*)

Mrs. J. Hark! what's that?

Enter DICKSON, L. H.

Mr. J. I shall break his head for him 'fore we're done!

Dickson. You're up late, farmer.

Mr. J. Do ye want anything p'tic'lar?

Dick. I came down to see if I could get a drink.

Mr. J. Bring him a tumbler, mother

Dick. It 's a rainy night.

Mr. J. Terrible!

Dick. I hope that gal an't out nowheres.

Mr. J. I hope no human critter alive is obleeged to be out sich a tejus night as this.

Dick. Look a-here! I 'm bent on findin' that gal, an' 't an't no use, her tryin' to get away. Now, you know all about her!

Mr. J. I wish I did!

Dick. Be reason'ble, and own up. Your rescuin' her from the hands of the officers will wind you up for this world.

Mr. J. Wal, then I 'll take my chance in the world to come!

Dick. Tell ye what, though; tell me where she is, and I 'll see 't 's made all right, an' you shan't suffer. Besides, look a-here! There 's fifty dollars for ye, if ye 'd like to 'arn it! You don't find fifty dollars in the dirt every day, I reck'n.

Mr. J. Wal, I don't; and I do 'no' 'bout pickin it out o' jest that kind o' dirt, even if I should.

Dick. I 'll make it — le' me see — sixty, seventy, seventy-five. Now, there 's a chance. Come, le's set down and talk it over.

Mr. J. You 'll have to wait a little while, fust.

Dick. You go'n' out in the rain?

Mr. J. Yes, I got to go an' look to my dumb beasts.

Dick. If that 's all, I 'll go along, an' we 'll be talk'n'.

(A wild, roaring noise, in the distance.)

Mr. J. See here! Now, you jest 'tend to your business the rest of the night, or you 'll get a broken pate! *(Noise increases.)*

Mrs. J. Father, what 's that noise?

Mr. J. Heavens an' 'arth! It 's a flood! Bim'lech! Bim'lech.

Dick. A flood! What 's that?

Mr. J. The mill-dam has broke away!

Enter ABIMELECH, L. II. 1 E., putting on his jacket.

In ten minutes the valley will be full of water! To the boat, Bim'lech!

Abimelech. The ol' thing 'll leak like a sive!

Mr. J. Bring a dipper to bail with! *(They rush off, D. F.)*

Mrs. J. The door-yard 's all afloat!

II

Enter PHOEBE and MRS. RIGGLESTY, R. II. 2 E.

Granamother Rigglesly. What in creation! My sakes!

SCENE VIII. — *Near the Creek. Storm continues. Enter, R. H.*

MR. JACKWOOD, with a pair of oars. ABIMELECH, with the lantern and a dipper.

Mr. Jackwood. Give me the lantern. Put the oars into the boat

Abimelech. The ol' thing 's half full of water.

Mr. J. Be bailin' till I come.

Enter DICKSON, R. II.

Abim. If we 're goin' for Charlotte, don't let him.

Mr. J. I 'll 'tend to him. *(To DICKSON.)* Stan' back!

Dickson. You 're goin' in the boat, I reck'n.

Abim. Break his darned ol' coccanut, — I would!

Mr. J. Bim'lech!

(*Exit ABIMELECH, L.*)

Dick. If it's for that gal, say the word, and I 'm the man to help!

Mr. J. You 've done enough for her, and for us, too

Dick. Look a-here, Farmer Jackwood!

Mr. J. We 're goin' to pick up our drownin' sheep. There won't be room in the boat.

Dick. I reck'n I 'll help as much as I 'll hender. I 'm a powerful hand at the oars. So, no fool'n'!

Mr. J. Come, at yer peril! The water's deep!

Dick. I reck'n I an't a-feared to go where you can. We may as well keep together, I reck'n.

Mr. J. (*Aside.*) Charlotte must be saved! Come, if ye will. If he's in the way, — by all the powers! I 'll duck him! (*Exit, L.*)

Dick. Jest my cussed luck, if that gal's drowned! (*Exit, L.*)

SCENE IX. — *The Stack. — An inundation. CAMILLE climbing upon the shed. Tempest, rain, &c.*

Camille. Help! help! There is no one to hear! Where am I? O, wind, and rain, and flood! O, darkness! I fear you less than I fear my fellow-men! Death is my friend! But, to be drowned — O, terrible! I will climb the stack! (*Shouts in the distance.*) I hear cries! O, heaven! I see a light! It is coming! it is coming! (*A shout.*) It is Mr. Jackwood's voice! (*The shed falls; she is swept away by the flood, R.*) O, help! help! help!

Mr. Jackwood. (L. H. U. E., *without.*) Hold yer light, Bim'lech!

The boat appears, MR. JACKWOOD steering, DICKSON rowing, ABIMELECH holding the lantern on the bow.

Dickson. Here, boy! Take this oar; hold it so-fashion — keep the boat up ag'inst the stack! . (*Mounts the stack.*) There's no gal here! Jest my cussed luck!

Abim. O! the boat's goin' off! I can't keep it! Father!

Mr. J. Reach me the end of the car!

Abim. O, quick!

Mr. J. I got ye! Keep tight holt!

Dick. Why did n't ye do as I told ye? Be ye a fool?

Abim. Darn that man! I wish he was drowned!

Mr. J. Hush, Bim'lech! Now hold yer lantern! (*Shoves off.*)

Dick. What ye 'bout? Here! take me aboard!

Mr. J. I got to look arter them lambs. Hold the lantern, Bim'lech!

Dick. Jest my cussed luck! — Don't leave a feller in this kind o' way! Hain't ye got no human feel'n's?

Mr. J. Can't ye swim?

Dick. No! Scoundrel!

Mr. J. Wal — 'tend to your case in the mornin'. Hold yer lantern, Bim'lech! (*Exeunt, in boat R. H. U. E.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Early morning. A Room in MR. GREENWICH'S House.*
Enter MR. GREENWICH, MRS. GREENWICH, and ETTY, weeping, her hands to her face. Enter ROBERT.

Mr. Greenwich. (c.) Daughter, this Sabbath morning appears a fitting occasion, and we will proceed to a settlement.

Mrs. Greenwich. (L.) The child is almost down sick —

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich! (*Sits himself.*) This way, daughter. Put down your hands. (ETTY, R. C., *puts down her right hand.*) I said put down your hands. (*She puts down her left, and puts up her right.*) Daughter! (*She puts both down.*) Now give me your eye!

Mrs. G. The poor child has such a cold in her head and eyes —

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich! How often must I request that you will not interfere in the paternal discipline? (ROBERT *whistles.*) Son Robert! is it becoming in you to whistle on an occasion of this nature? Respect the paternal head!

Robert. (R.) To be sure! (*Drums with his fingers.*)

Mr. G. Daughter, hold up your right hand. For remissness in your Latin lessons the past week, you, Henrietta Greenwich, are sentenced to one day upon bread and water. For laughing twice, while that I was speaking, on Friday night, another day. For using the unladylike expression, *O dear, I can't!* when that I gave you a task, half a day. For smiling during the divine service, last Sabbath, half a day; total, three days on bread and water, — namely, Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. Thank me, daughter!

Etty. (*Sobbing.*) Thank you, sir!

Mr. G. Daughter, you can withdraw. Son Robert, I have also treasured a few words for your edification.

Rob. Proceed! (*Hums an air.*)

Mr. G. Son Robert, a more respectful attitude will be quite as becoming in listening to the paternal head.

Mrs. G. Come here, my poor child! (*To ETTY.*)

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich! Son Robert, you amaze me!

Rob. O, do I? That's quite extraordinary! (*Assumes a prim attitude, and twirls his thumbs.*)

Mr. G. Son Robert, your conduct of late has been disgraceful to the name of Greenwich! The report is, that you indulge in dram-drinking; and you have carried your disregard for my wishes so far as to smoke cigars in my own house! (*A pinch of snuff.*)

Rob. (*Aside.*) I'll abjure Havanas, and addict myself to snuff! Go it, old white-head!

Enter ENOS, L.

Enos. Wal, 'Squire Greenwich, they ben havin' a tearin' time down the crick, — I s'pose you heerd.

Rob. Sit down, Mr. Crumlett.

Enos. Who'd a' thought Charlotte Woods was nothin' but a nigger gal, arter all? 'T was dre'ful bad, though, 'bout her bein' drowned!

Mrs. G., Rob., and Elty. Drowned !

Mr. G. Mrs. Greenwich ! Daughter ! Son Robert ! I was about to speak ! What is this you say, Enos ?

Enos. Han't you heerd, though ? She was hid in Jackwood's stack, down on the bottom ; when the dam broke away, and kivered the stack in over ten foot of water !

Rob. (Aside.) Death and furies ! Drowned !

Enos. Look here, Bob ! That X. Y. Z. chap o' yourn —

Rob. Hist !

Enos. The stack makes an island, and he's turned to a kind o' Robinson Crusoe. As for Jackwood, he's gone off, nobody knows where. It's ben a reg'lar tearin' time, tell *you* ! (*ROBERT crosses L.*)

Mr. G. Son Robert ! If you are about to leave the house, listen to the paternal voice, and remain !

Rob. (Aside.) I must know the truth of this ! Hell-fire is in me !

Mr. G. Son Robert ! Son Robert ! Detain him, Enos !

Rob. Hands off ! By heaven ! (*Rushes off, L.*)

Enos. Wal, 'pears to be in suthin' of a hurry !

Mr. G. Son Robert ! Son Robert ! Hearken ! remain ! Son Robert !

(*Exit, L. MRS. GREENWICH and ETTY follow.*)

Enos. Wal, slim chance for a spec'lation in these parts ! Guess I'll go an' see Tildy

(*Exit, L.*)

SCENE II — *A Room in Mr. RUKELY's House. A table, c. Enter MR. RUKELY.*

Mr. Rukely. What a terrible night it has been ! I could not sleep, for thinking of my sermon. (*Takes MS. from table.*)

Enter BERTHA, R., in morning dress.

Bertha. Husband !

Mr. R. How pleasant it is, indeed, to hear that word ! Husband !

Ber. I thought your sermon was finished.

Mr. R. There are one or two things I wish to alter.

Ber. I am afraid you won't see so large a congregation, to-day, as you expected.

Mr. R. It is my first sermon on the slavery question ; and I think there 'll be a pretty general turn-out to hear it. (*Seated L. of table.*) Shall I read my *fourthly* aloud ?

Ber. (R. of table.) O, certainly.

Mr. R. (Reads.) *The great danger consists in taking narrow and sectional views of a subject which should only be regarded in a broad, national light.* That seems to me to be an unanswerable point. Don't you think so, my dear ?

Ber. (Nearly asleep.) O, yes ! I think so.

Mr. R. (Reads.) *We have no right to peril the welfare and happiness of a nation, by espousing the cause of one person against the laws made to protect and regulate all.* Is not that conclusive ?

Ber. Entirely so. But I am not sure I understand. We are no: to assist fugitive ?

Mr. R. Certainly not! Is it not just?

Ber. True; I suppose so. (*Falls asleep.*)

Mr. R. For, as I go on to say, (*Reads.*) *The laws are sacred, and if those statutes —* (*Knock heard, L.*)

Ber. (*Starting up.*) Did you speak? (*Knock.*)

Mr. R. There is somebody at the door. Matilda!

Enter MATILDA, R. Knocks continued.

Ber. See who is at the door.

Matilda. (*Crosses, L.*) Perty smart, I should think! Have to call me to do everything! I wish folks could wait on themselves!

(*Knocks. Exit, L.*)

Ber. (*Arranging her morning dress.*) I wonder who it can be, at this hour! Sunday morning, too!

Reënter MATILDA, L.

Matilda. O, Mr. Rukely! There's a man out here with a horse, and some dead person in his arms!

Mr. R. and Bertha. Some dead person!

Enter MR. JACKWOOD, L., bearing CAMILLE.

Mr. Jackwood. (*c.*) Make way, Tildy!

Ber. (*L.*) Good heavens!

Mr. R. Neighbor Jackwood!

Mr. J. Help me git this 'ere poor gal to a fire.

Ber. What has happened to her?

Mr. J. She's ben drowned.

Mr. R. Drowned!

Ber. (*Recognizes CAMILLE.*) O, Charlotte!

Mat. Charlotte Woods!

Mr. R. Be calm, my dear!

Mr. J. We'd better be gittin' her dry and warm, fust thing.

Ber. Bring her right in here! Come, Matilda! (*Exit, R. 2 E.*)

Mr. J. (*Carries CAMILLE out, R. 2 E.*) Poor gal! poor gal!

Mat. I wonder if Enos knows! (*Exit, R. 2 E.*)

Mr. R. What can it mean? Charlotte Woods! (*Reënter MR. JACKWOOD.*) Shall I send for the doctor?

Mr. J. (*L.*) Mr. Rukely, you're a minister o' the blessed gospel, you got karnin' and genus, an', more'n all that, I b'lieve your heart's in the right place.

Mr. R. For mercy's sake! what is the trouble?

Mr. J. Charlotte's a fugitive, and the kidnabbers are arter her!

Mr. R. A fugitive! A slave! O, my sermon!

Mr. J. We had her hid in the stack, last night; but she got drowned out. She got on the shed, and was there when it washed away. I tell ye what, it give me a start I shan't git over in a hurry, when I got to the stack and found her missin'. Wal, I thought it all over. You know Osborne's Flats? There's a place, down there, makes a big, shaller basin, where flood-wood swims round and round, sometimes, for half a day; so when we got up with the boat, I jumped on to ol' Dan, and rode down to the turnpike; and there, arter hunt-

in' round 'dill daylight, and jest as I was goin' to give her up, I heard a sheep bl'at. Then I looked sharp, an' I see suthin' lodged agin a knoll. Wal, sir, 't was that shed-ruff; and Charlotte was on it, with two o' my lambs she 'd helped out o' the water. She was holdin' to some bushes, to keep the raft from floatin' off. I got her on to the hoss, and brought her here; and now she's safe agin, I tell ye, I feel jest like a new man!

Mr. R. Safe! (*Aside.*) My sermon!

Mr. J. She's been through a dre'ful tough night!

Mr. R. In my house!

Mr. J. I've an idee strikes me! The kidnabbers will think she's drowned—don't you see? They'll give her up; and then we'll hurry her off to Canada.

Mr. R. But, if the story should get out!

Mr. J. Jest make sure of Tildy, and I don't see how it any ways can. You've no scruples agin keepin' her, of course?

Mr. R. No scruples—that is, the laws of the country—

Mr. J. I tell ye what! I respect the laws, and I don't think I 'm a bad citizin, gen'ly speakin'. But, come case in hand, a human critter's of more account than all the laws in Christendom. When He was on 'arth (*points upward*), He never stopped to ax whether it was lawful to do a good deed, but went and done it!

Mr. R. Neighbor Jackwood, you are right! You can depend upon me!—(*Aside.*) My sermon!

Mr. J. Bless you, sir! I knowed it! When there's a duty to be done to a feller-mortal, you an't the man to stop to look arter the consequences! On'y take care o' that poor gal—(*chokingly*)—excuse me, I—I—I believe I took cold in the boat! Bless you, sir! I'll thank you some other time! (*Wrings his hand, and exit, L.*)

Mr. R. Most extraordinary! A fugitive in my house! O, my miserable, heartless sermon!

Bertha. (*At the door, R. 2 E.*) Husband, will you heat some brandy? As quick as you can, please!

Mr. R. I heat brandy for a fugitive?—I? (*Gathers up the sheets of his sermon, and hurries from the room, L. 2 E.*)

Ber. Why, husband! What are you doing?

Reënter Mr. RUKELY.

Mr. R. Kindling the fire, to heat some brandy.

Ber. But that was your sermon!

Mr. R. I hope it will do good. O, Bertha, I find there is a difference between writing from the head and acting from the heart!

Ber. What do you mean?

Mr. R. Neighbor Jackwood has taught me a lesson. I have written out cold theories, and you have assented to them drowsily; but when I tell you that Charlotte Woods, in that room, is—

Ber. What?

Mr. R. Is herself a fugitive!—

Ber. Charlotte Woods?

Mr. R. Shall we turn her from our door?

Ber. Not for all the world! O! Charlotte!

Mr. R. You are awake, now—so am I! How have we talked,

and written, and fallen asleep, with our cold, dead theories, like the thoughtless world around us! But there is a living soul in that room! We are responsible for her to our Divine Master! We will save her!
Ber. We will save her! (Exeunt, R. 2 E.)

SCENE III. — Mr. JACKWOOD'S Kitchen. Enter MR. JACKWOOD, DICKSON, and ABIMELECH, D. F.

Mr. Jackwood. (Down c.) Hope ye had a good time, out on the stack, there. Bim'lech, here, was for leavin' ye to pass yer Sunday there; but I guessed mebbly you 'd like to go to meetin'.

Dickson. (R.) All right! I shall get my pay, I reckon.

Mr. J. Wal, you 'd oughter! A man 't puts his hand to your kind o' business desearves to git his pay! You did n't see none o' my drowned sheep, did ye?

Dick. I had somethin' else to think of.

Mr. J. Glad o' that! It's Sunday, and we 'd ought all on us to be thinkin' o' suthin' else. I s'pose you 'll stay to breakfast with us. You desearve some breakfast, that's a fact. Speak to the folks, Bim'lech. (ABIMELECH goes off, R. 2 E.)

Dick. Look a-here! What's the wuth of a farm like this o' yourn?

Mr. J. Think of buyin' and settlin' amongst us, do ye? Took with our manners and customs, I s'pose.

Dick. I only asked for information.

Mr. J. Wal, in that case, — though 't is Sunday, — I don't mind sayin' that the vally I set on my property, here, is seven thousand dollars, cash on the nail! (ABIMELECH returns, and crosses, L.)

Dick. An' s'pos'n you should wake up, some fine mornin', and find you had n't no farm, an' no seven thousand dollars, nuther?

Mr. J. I should try to git along without, then; and larn to be thankful for what I did have.

Dick. I 'd advise ye to cultivate that feel'n', 'gainst the time comes an' I prophesy 't won't be slow com'n'!

Mr. J. That's perty talk from a man 't I've invited to breakfast!

Dick. I reckon your farm an't none too big to cover this little business o' yourn — ye understand? Harborin' and rescuin' that gal! The wuth of a fine, han'some piece of property, like her, an't less 'n fifteen hundred, in the fust place. These yer white ones come mighty high. Then there's fines, and imprisonment —

Mr. J. It's Sunday, an' we won't talk over business, I guess, 'fore to-morrer. But, I 'll tell ye one thing: though I set as much by my farm as any man, I would n't mind losin' it in a good cause, if I could be o' sarvice to a feller-critter by so doin', an save 'em from scoundrels and man-stealers, like you!

Dick. I'm used to these cases.

Mr. J. Wal, I an't, an' I'm glad on 't! But le's drop the subject. We'll have breakfast.

Enter Mrs. JACKWOOD and PHOEBE, R. 2 E.

Abimelech. (L.) Darned if I'd give him any breakfast! (*They sit at table.*)

Phoebe. I can't eat, this mornin'.

Mr. J. We'll excuse ye. But don't cry no more; 't won't do no good.

Dick. I s'pose ye won't object to lendin' me a hoss for a couple of hours, this mornin'?

Mr. J. I do object to lendin' you a hoss!

Dick. I reck'n I'm good for more'n one hoss!

Mr. J. Mebby; but I should want suthin' 'sides your business or your face to recommend ye.

Abim. There 's somebody come!

Mr. J. See who it is, my son.

Abim. (At D. F.) It's one o' them men! Says he wants Dickson.

Dick. I'll be thar in a minute.

Mr. J. Ask him to come in and have some breakfast.

Abim. I would n't!

Mr. J. Mind!

Abim. Darn the kidnappers, I say?

Dick. What do I owe ye? (*Takes out purse.*)

Mr. J. Not a red cent!

Dick. Don't ye never take pay when strangers put up with ye?

Mr. J. I neither lend nor sell to sich as you! Your money 's 'arnt in a bad trade, and I'd ruther have nothin' to do with it!

Dick. Cuss these Yankee farmers! (*Exit, D. F.*)

(*ABIMELECH shakes his fist behind DICKSON'S back. MRS. JACKWOOD scrapes dishes with knife, clearing table.*)

Mr. J. Bim'lech!

Abim. (Down L. c.) Say, they can't git your farm away from ye, can they?

Mr. J. (c.) You may be sartin they will, if they can! The law 's on their side, too, I s'pose.

Abim. I would n't let 'em! I'd sue 'em!

Mr. J. That 'll do, Bim'lech. We'll be gettin' ready, now, to go to meetin'. We are goin' to the house of HM — so, le's banish all selfish thoughts, and forgive our enemies — even the poor, ignorant kidnabbers, that come a-hunting their human prey into the very quiet of our homes. Come, Phoebe; come, Bim'lech. (*Exeunt, R.*)

SCENE IV. — MR. RUKELY'S Kitchen. *Enter ENOS, R., and MATILDA, L.*

Enos. Wal, 'Tildy, how de dew these times, hey? Whew! han' I put in, walkin' down here through the mud!

Matilda. Take off your coat, and set down.

Enos. (Takes off outside coat.) You've heard the news, I s'pose.

Mat. About Charlotte Woods?

Enos. Queer, an't it? (*Hangs coat on chair, and sits down.*)

E. C)

Mat. (*Seated, L.*) O, I was n't much surprised!

Enos. Wal, I was, now! I knowed her like a book. She wan't half so black as some white folks I know. She was jest dark enough to be re'l perty.

Mat. You fancy dark complexions, I see.

Enos. Of course I do —

Mat. I admire your taste!

Enos. And that's what makes me like you.

Mat. You don't call me dark, I hope?

Enos. I don't call you nothin' else.

Mat. Well, if you han't got eyes!

Enos. You're darker 'n Charlotte Woods, now, come!

Mat. I? Maybe I be! Your welcome to think so; as if I cared!

Enos. Need n't be mad! I don't mean your skin is like hern —

Mat. Which you admired so much!

Enos. You an't exactly dark — wal, I can't express it; on'y you're red — no, not red, but kind o' red and brown. Come, ye an't mad, be ye? (*Hitches his chair towards her.*)

Mat. I do wish you'd go away!

Enos. There! that's all I wanted! If you've got sich a temper, I don't see but that we may's well break off! (*Puts on his coat.*)

Mat. If you want to go, I'm sure I shan't hender ye!

Enos. Much obleeged! (*Buttons his coat.*) I'm glad you're so willin'!

Mat. Of course I am, if you've got sick of me, and want to break off! (*Beginning to cry.*) You would n't quit so, if you wan't! It's you that's got temper, I should think!

Enos. I? I han't got the least grain o' temper in the world! Look here! I guess we'll talk that over.

Mat. Set down, won't ye, while ye stay?

Enos. No! I'm in suthin' of a hurry! What do ye mean about my havin' temper? Come!

Mat. Take off your coat, won't ye?

Enos. No; I guess not! (*Unbuttons his coat.*)

Mat. You better. It's perty warm here.

Enos. Wal, you do beat all the gals! You can make a feller dew anything! (*Pulls off his coat.*) Kind o' like ye, Tildy, arter all!

Mat. I did n't know you was so well acquainted with Charlotte Woods.

Enos. O, I was n't much. Who said I was?

Mat. You; you said you knew her like a book.

Enos. O, wal, I meant I'd seen her a good many times. What do ye look so for?

Mat. So — how.

Enos. (*Imitating.*) Kind o' so. Just as if you knowed suthin' 't you would n't tell.

Mat. I? What do you mean?

Enos. Wal, I an't goin' to tease. — Folks all gone to meetin'?

Mat. I han't gone.

Enos. There't is agin! See here! what is 't, now? Anything about Charlotte?

Mat. What do you care about Charlotte?

Enos. (*Jumping up.*) There! I an't a-goin' to stan' that, any way!
(*Puts on his coat.*)

Mat. Stand what?

Enos. (*Buttoning himself up to the chin.*) You 're so everlastin' silly! So! (*Imitating her simper.*) And when I ask ye what it is, tell me it 's none o' my business! (*Puts on his hat.*)

Mat. Why, what do ye mean?

Enos. You know suthin', you know ye do!

Mat. If I do, it 's something I can't tell.

Enos. Gosh all hemlock! an't we engaged? If there 's anything you can't tell me, guess we may as well break off.

Mat. Bertha never d forgive me, if I should tell.

Enos. If you think more c Berthy 'n you do of me, that 's enough! Good-by!

Mat. Enos! look here! won't ye never tell?

Enos. Good-by; I 'm in a desprit hurry.

Mat. It 's something about Charlotte.

Enos. Sho'! You don't, though, Tildy!

Mat. Won't ye never tell, now, as long as you live?

Enos. No; hope to die!

Mat. O, I would n't have Bertha know, for the world!

Enos. Sho'! You don't say! Charlotte han't got off, has she, arter all the fuss about her bein' drowned?

Mat. She 's in this very house!

Enos. No!

Mat. True as I live! Mr. Jackwood fetched her.

Enos. In this very house! Beats everything! What 'u'd them Southern chaps give? Jingoos, Tildy! it 's the greatest thing I ever heerd in my life! (*Gets up, sits down again, and doubles himself up, embracing his knees, in a most extraordinary manner.*)

Mat. Now, don't you ever tell, in all this world!

Enos. An't it a good one? Takes me right out o' my boots! Jerusha mighty! (*Going, R.*)

Mat. Don't go!

Enos. Must; I 'm in a tearin' hurry! I got to go over to the tavern to see a man talks o' tradin' for my four-year-old mare.

Mat. Don't ye tell! (*Puts up chairs behind.*)

Enos. In this very house! O, ho! ho! he! he! I shall die laffin' over it, if I stay another minute! What 'd that X. Y. Z. chap give?

Mat. Stay just a minute, Enos!

Enos. Don't stop me! I tell ye, I 'm in the allfiredest hurry!

(*Exeunt, R.*)

SCENE V. — *The Tavern Steps.*

Enter DICKSON, L.

Dickson. Shall have to give her up, I s'pose. It makes me mad, I swear, to lose a gal that way! Handsome piece o' property, like that—

Enter ENOS, R.

Enos. Hello, you! quite a spell o' weather, arter the shower. 'T was dre'ful unfort'nit 'bout her gittin' drowned! Hey?

Dick. 'T an't all over with yet, though!

Enos. Sho'!

Dick. Things is work'n'.

Enos. I s'pose there an't no doubt 'bout her bein' drowneded, hey? Give it up as a gone case, I s'pose?

Dick. 'Mighty doubtful 'bout our ever hearin' of her again, I reckon.

Enos. 'T would n't be nothin' so very strange, though, if she was hid away somewheres right in the neighborhood, would it? Though, of course, 't an't 't all likely.

Dick. The next thing would be, to get a clue.

Enos. 'T would n't be a bad joke, hey? You 'd be tickled, I guess!

Dick. Wal, I should!

Enos. Can't help laffin'!

Dick. (*Aside.*) Something here! I 'd give a hundred dollars!—

Enos. Hey! what?

Dick. I 'd give a hundred dollars, just to have such a clue as I speak of.

Enos. You would n't give me a hundred dollars, now, jest s'pose, for instance — (*Aside.*) Goodness gracious! how it makes the sweat start!

Dick. Tell ye what I would do, just for the sake o' talk'n'. I 'd give fifty dollars, cash down, and fifty more in case the gal was found.

Enos. (*Aside.*) How like Sam Hill it makes me shiver!— But, since she 's drowneded, there an't no use talkin'. Fine spell o' weather, looks like, now

Dick. You an't goin'?

Enos. Wal, yis — I 'm in suthin' of a hurry. Ye 'xpect to stay long in these parts?

Dick. That depends. If I could lay hands on that gal —

Enos. He! he! Haf to laf! — What if I could find out suthin' about her? — though 't an't possible, of course! Oo-oo-oo! (*Shivers, and wipes the sweat from his face with his sleeve.*)

Dick. Look a-here! (*Takes gold from his pocket.*) Three — six — nine — there 's twelve half-eagles; that makes sixty dollars. Here, don't go!

Enos. (*Shivering.*) Must; I 'm in a desprit hurry. (*Aside.*) Jerusha mighty! what if I should tell? Oo-oo-oo!

Dick. But, see here!

Enos. You don't mean to say you 'd give that —

Dick. Yes, and as much more, when the gal 's found. Now, that 's fair!

Enos. So 't is; but what 's the use? Of course she 's drowneded!

Dick. That 's gold; twice sixty 's a hundred and forty.

Enos. A hunderd and twenty.

Dick. Wal, we 'll call it a hundred and forty — sixty down, and eighty on condish'n.

Enos. (*Aside.*) A hundred and forty! Jerusha mighty! Here 's a chance for a spec'lation! I 'm afraid I shall tell! — I guess I 'll be gcin'; I 'm in a good deal of a hurry.

Dick. She 's got friends up here, I reckon. They 'd buy her ruther 'n see her go South agin, would n't they? Her owner 's in New York. All he wants is the wuth of his property

Enos. That 's nat'ral. Oo-oo-oo-oo!

Dick. And 't would be a mighty sight better for you an' Mr. Jack-wood, too!

Enos. Hey! Better for me an' Jackwood?

Dick. Of course. I don't say 't I blame either of ye; but I s'pose you know the consequences of helpin' a fugitive off.

Enos. Sho!

Dick. I consider it wuth about five hundred dollars to be pitched out o' the window, that way—

Enos. Look here, now! You don't mean— O, Jerusha mighty! here 's a chance for a spec'lation! (*Aside.*)

Dick. But give me a clue to that gal, and we'll call that matter square. you shall have the hundred and forty dollars besides.

Enos. See here, I an't a goin' to be scart, O no! But, see here— (*Wipes his face with his sleeve.*)

Dick. What do ye say?

Enos. Why, I could n't find out nothin', if I should try. Though, by jingoes! I've a good notion jest to inquire 'round.

Dick. That's right! Come,—come into the tavern and take somethin'.

Enos. Can't possibly, — I — I — I'm in a despritt hurry! Oo-oo-oo!

Dick. Come along!

Enos. Why, of course, she's drowned, — so I guess, on the hull, 't won't be wuth while.

Dick. (*Puts money in his hand.*) I'll make it worth yer while! That 's to pay ye for yer trouble, any way. Come along; I'll order somethin' hot for ye. (*Exit, D. F.*)

Enos. Gold! What 'u'd Tildy say? Oo-oo-oo! Jingoes! how I sweat! — 'Fraid I'm goin' to have a shake o' the ager! Guess I may as well take suthin' hot! This come from the South — (*looks at the coin*) — who knows but I may have ketched the yaller fever! Oo-oo-oo! I'll take suthin' hot, any way! (*Exit, D. F.*)

SCENE VI. — Room in Mr. RUKELY's House. CAMILLE upon a lounge. BERTHA approaching her.

Bertha. (R.) You are better, now.

Camille. (L.) O, so much better, dear Bertha! But I am very feeble, yet. The horrors of last night haunt me still!

Ber. Do not think of them.

Cam. I dreamed that I was taken, and carried back into slavery.

Ber. You! into slavery! O, Charlotte!

Cam. Do not call me Charlotte any more. My name is Camille.

Ber. You have promised to tell me your history.

Cam. And so I will. My father was a French merchant, in New Orleans; my mother was a child of bondage.

Ber. A slave!

Cam. Do not blame them — they loved each other. I was their only child. I was petted and spoiled, — O, well do I remember those happy days! When I was ten years old, my father was preparing to take us to France — then first I knew the curse!

Ber. He died !

Cam. Too suddenly ! We were left slaves — we became the property of a cold and cruel woman, — his wife, — who hated us because he had loved us. Her cruelty broke my mother's heart. I was sold.

Ber. You, Charlotte ! sold !

Cam. Yes, — and sold again and again ! My third mistress was Mrs. Graves, the most beautiful character I ever knew ; she made me her companion, educated me, and loved me as a sister.

Ber. Why did you not stay with her always ?

Cam. Ah, Bertha, the poor slave-girl cannot choose ! Her husband sold me, in a fit of jealous rage. I became the property of a speculator in Mobile.

Ber. Property !

Cam. O, Bertha, you don't know what it is to be the property of a brutal, sensual man ! Fortunately, his wife was jealous, and protected me. It was in her house that I first saw — Hector.

Ber. Hector Dunbury !

Cam. He was brought there by a friend of Mrs. Tanwood's, named Roberts. It was this Roberts who assisted me to escape. We communicated by secret signs and notes. He brought me the articles of my disguise, and took me one night on board a vessel in the bay. O, but he proved a traitor, Bertha ! He accompanied me on the voyage to New York, not as the friend I thought him, but as a vulture, who had snatched me from other vultures to make me his private prey !

Ber. Tell me how !

Cam. All that must remain till I am stronger. The wound you discovered on my breast —

Ber. He stabbed you there !

Cam. 'T was I who placed the knife between us, to save what was dearer than life. I appealed to the captain, and he brought me to New York, and placed me on board a sloop bound up the North River, and gave me a letter to a brother, at White Hall.

Ber. And your owner, — did he pursue you ?

Cam. Not then ; but he came shortly after to New York.

Ber. And you reached White Hall ?

Cam. There I heard bad news. Captain Damon's brother had removed into the country. I set out, travelling on foot, to find him. I had been frustrated, terrified, wearied, and famished, when good Mr. Jackwood befriended me —

Enter MATILDA, D. 2 E. L.

Matilda. There is somebody coming to the house !

Ber. Who can it be ? Run and see, Matilda.

(*Exit* MATILDA, D. 2 E. L.)

Cam. O, Bertha ! I fear —

Ber. Be quiet ! I will listen !

Robert. (*Without.*) I must see her ! Give way !

Ber. It is Robert !

Cam. (*R.*) Conceal me ! Save me !

Enter MATILDA, D. 2 E. L.

Matilda. I could n't help it — he would come in !

Ber. You are discovered!

Enter ROBERT, D. 2 E. L.

Robert. I am come to save you! (*Crosses to c.*)

Cam. Then I am lost, indeed!

Ber. O, Robert Greenwich!

Rob. Lose not a moment or a word! I thought you dead! In that thought I have suffered a thousand deaths! Dickson is on your track!

Ber. Why do you doubt? Surely, he is your friend!

Cam. If I have an enemy in the wide world, it is he!

Ber. How? O, no, Camille!

Cam. I told you of Roberts, the treacherous friend. I told not one half. Roberts and Robert Greenwich are the same!

Rob. O, Camille, — as I have wronged you, all I live for now is to make atonement!

Ber. Tell us, how has she been discovered?

Rob. By a bribe — Dickson fell in with Crumlett —

Ber. O, Matilda! It is what I feared!

Mat. Enos!

Ber. Why did you tell —

Mat. I, tell! I never did! I hope to die! I never lisped it to a soul!

Ber. True, Matilda? Not even to Enos?

Mat. He promised me he would n't tell!

Ber. Matilda, what have you done?

Rob. Help, Bertha! (*Takes hold of CAMILLE.*) I have a swift horse at the door — I will take her to a place of safety — Dickson will soon be here!

Cam. Away! I will meet my fate!

Ber. No, no, Camille! He is sincere — he will save you! We cannot hide you here!

Rob. A moment's delay will ruin all! For heaven's sake! for your own sake! believe me! trust me! Hark!

Ber. (*Throwing a shawl upon her.*) O, if Mr. Rukely were here! Go, go, Camille!

Cam. I cannot! (*Knocking, D. L.*)

Rob. It is they! Save her! This way! (*Knocking continued.*)

Ber. Matilda, help! (*Crash, L.*)

DICKSON, DOLE, and Men, burst in at D. L., as ROBERT, BERTHA, and MATILDA, hurry CAMILLE out, D. E.

ACT V.

SCENE I — *A Room in CRUMLETT'S House. ENOS, C., counting money upon the lid of a trunk.*

Enos Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty — Ha! What's that? Gracious! what a start it give me! It's nothin' but a mouse in the wall. — Thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty — (*Starts.*) I'm sure I heerd a laugh! Somebody said, *Enos Crumlett! Enos Crumlett!* jest as plain! Forty-five, fifty, fifty-five —

Enter DICKSON, L.

Dickson. Crumlett!

Enos. Murder! murder! murder! (*Scrapes up the gold.*) It's you! I thought — jingoes! I never was so scart! Breakin' in on to a feller that kind o' way! What do ye want?

Dick. I want to pay you that other eighty dollars.

Enos. You han't ketched her!

Dick. No; but we're goin' to, I reck'n. I've got a clue. Bob Greenwich has been pass'n' bogus.

Enos. This an't bogus, is it?

Dick. Never you fear! Do you know a log hut off in Colyer's woods?

Enos. Wal — yes. It's a tarnal ways off, though!

Dick. Never mind that. A gang of counterfeiterers have been coinin' bogus in that hut, and it's my 'pinion it's there Bob Greenwich has carried that gal. Come, Dole is wait'n'; we want you to show us the way.

Enos. And you 'll give me the eighty dollars?

Dick. Money's ready.

Enos. Wal, I swanny, now, it's kind of a temptation! May as well go in for a hull sheep as a lamb. You're sure this an't none o' that bogus, hey?

Dick. Come along! (*Exit, L.*)

Enos. I shall be feelin' consarned about this money, now, all the time I'm gone. I — I'm most afraid to leave it. I wish I'd hid it under the floor.

Dick. (*L., without.*) Hurra!

Enos. Wal; I'm comin'! Jerusha mighty! I'm sure I shall be robbed! What a plague it is to be rich! —

Dick. (*Without.*) Crumlett!

Enos. Wal; in a minute. Jingoes! I shall haf to take it with me! 'T an't safe to leave it in the trunk.

Dick. (*Without.*) An't you com'n' to-day?

Enos. Jerusha mighty! What if he only wants to get me out one side to rob me, arter all? I'll leave it in the trunk! No, I won't! Plague on so much money! (*Exit, L.*)

SCENE II. — *The Counterfeiterers' Hut. Door R. C., in flat, with bar, practical. CAMILLE asleep within a recess, L. C., in flat. ROBERT GREENWICH, C., and MRS. SPERKLEY, R., discovered.*

Mrs. Sperkley. Why did you bring her here? My husband always said, if we got found out, it would be through you!

Robert. Nobody knows of this place.

Mrs. S. O dear! What will my husband say?

Rob. Hush! She is waking! Bring a glass of wine. *Mrs. SPERKLEY brings bottle and glass from R. 2 E.)*

Camille. O, what dream is this?

Rob. You have been sleeping.

Cam. You! *(Springs up.)*

Rob. Why do you dread me now? Have I not saved you?

Cam. O, I am weak and bewildered! Heaven pity me!

Rob. *(Takes glass from MRS. SPERKLEY.)* Drink this.

Cam. No; leave me!

Rob. You need it much.

Cam. Perhaps; but I will not drink. Go!

Rob. I am your servant.

Cam. Then obey me!

Rob. I obey. *(Hands the glass to MRS. SPERKLEY.)* Prevail upon her to drink. *(Walks aside, R.)* She is in my power, and the devil tempts me! What can I do to make her love me? O, demon! demon! *(Smites his brow.)*

Mrs. S. Why, 't an't bad; jest taste it!

Cam. I have heard of people being drugged! O, you are a woman! Be my friend! Do not let me take any hurtful drink!—promise that!

Mrs. S. Who ever heard of such a thing?

Rob. *(Thrusting MRS. SPERKLEY aside.)* Go! Leave us!

Cam. O, stay!

Mrs. S. I will come back!

(Exit, D. F.)

Rob. *(Goes to the door, bars it, and returns.)* If you can sleep, let me sit here and watch.

Cam. Leave me, sir!

Rob. O, why are you so beautiful—so lovely?

Cam. Robert Greenwich! will you go?

Rob. Camille, Canada must be reached. We will go together. The service, the love, the life, of a great and passionate soul, are yours—

Cam. Tempter, begone!

Rob. Scorn me, if you will; but consider your danger!

Cam. My danger is in you! My whole nature, my life, my very being, rises up against you!

Rob. When you deprive me of hope, you drive me to despair. I cannot lose you! O, Camille! *(Seizes her.)*

Cam. Touch me not! Serpent! Help! help!

Mrs. S. *(Without, D. F.)* Greenwich! *(Shakes the door.)*

Rob. *(Unbars the door.)* What do you want?

Enter MRS. SPERKLEY.

Mrs. S. There are men in the bush!

Rob. How many? *(Looks out.)* That accursed Dickson!

Mrs. S. Shall I open? *(Knocks at D. F.)*

Rob. Away! *(Flings her off.)* They have tracked us! Your hunters are here! Shall I save you?

Cam. What do you mean? *(Knocks continued.)*

Rob. You have distrusted, scorned me! I'm not the fool to save you for such pay.—Choose!

Cam. How choose?

Rob. Between me and slavery! Between me and a dozen brutal masters!

Cam. Come a thousand evils! come slavery! come death! I can die, but I cannot sin! (*Knocks, D. F.*)

Rob. In this house is a place of concealment. Once there, you are safe. Only promise me your love!

Cam. Save me for justice, for mercy — I will thank you! But, if for your own selfishness, I shall scorn you the more! (*Violent knocks, D. F.*)

Mrs. S. We are lost! O dear! O dear!

Rob. Is this your answer?

Cam. It is my answer! (*Sinks down in the recess.*)

Rob. Your fate be upon your own head! (*Throws open the door.*)
Dickson, I'm glad to see you!

Enter DICKSON, OLIVER DOLE, SHERIFF, and others, D. F.

Dickson. Greenwich, I'm glad to see you! Whar's that gal?

Rob. I brought her here to keep her till word could be got to you. You'll thank me when you know all.

Dick. (R.) Thank you, with a vengeance! There's your man, sheriff.

Sheriff. (C.) Robert Greenwich, I arrest you for counterfeiting.

Rob. Ha! this is your plan! (*Struggles, but is overcome, and handcuffed.*)

Dick. (*Crosses to CAMILLE.*) All right! Come, my chick!

Oliver Dole. No violence!

Dick. I reck'n you'll go along 'thout any more fuss. There's been fool'n' enough for one while.

(*CAMILLE rises, glances wildly around her, and faints in a swoon.*)

Rob. Well, gentlemen; I am ready!

Mrs. S. What are you going to do with us? *Dickson?*

Sheriff. Come along, and you'll see.

(*Exeunt SHERIFF, ROBERT, MRS. SPENCER, and others, D. F.*)

Dick. I'll fetch her out of this! I've seen such tricks 'fore to-day!

O. D. I'm astonished to find her so!

Dick. (*Roughly puts flask to CAMILLE'S lips.*) Com'n' to, a bit, be ye? That's right; it's got to *stays*, and the sooner it's over, the quicker.

O. D. Be careful with her. It's hard business enough, make the best on 't.

Dick. (*Raising her up.*) Don't ye s'pose I know what's for my interest? I'll handle her like an egg. Grab holt, here!

O. D. Good heavens! Don't drop her head that way! (*Assists to remove her.*)

Dick. Lord, she'll live through it! Seems to me you've growed mighty chick'n-hearted, since these cussed doughfaces set up such a yell against us! Cuss 'er Yankee farmers!

(*Exeunt, bearing CAMILLE, D. F.*)

SCENE III. — *Near Mr. JACKWOOD's House. Enter Mr. JACKWOOD and ABIMELECH, carrying Mrs. RIGGLESTY's trunk.*

Mr. Jackwood. Keep up your eend, Bim'lech !

Abimelech. It's plaguy heavy, any way ! Wait, and le' me spit on my hands ! (*Lets the trunk fall.*)

Mr. J. (r. c.) You're a smart boy !

Abim. (L. c.) Darn her ol' trunk, I say !

Grandmother Rigglesty. (Without, r.) I vum ! you 'll have that trunk broke all to pieces ! Sich carelissness !

Enter GRANDMOTHER RIGGLESTY, dressed for a journey, and carrying bundles. Enter Mrs. JACKWOOD, with bandbox ; Phœbe, with umbrella.

I an't no more fit to be travellin' 'n I be to fly ! I'm afraid I shan't be able to git off to-day, arter all !

Phœbe. (Runs, with alacrity, to help her.) O, grandmother !

G. R. You're mighty willin' to help, seein' I'm goin' away ! O dear ! my back ! (*Sits down on the trunk, c.*)

Abim. (L.) Make her go ! I would !

Mr. J. Bim'lech !

G. R. I'm nothin' but a burden, seems, in some places ! (*Handkerchief.*) I got this 'ere Good Samaritan han'kerchief to make a present on 't to one o' you childern ; but there han't neither on ye deserved it !

Abim. Heugh ! that ol' rag !

Mr. J. 'Sh, Bim'lech !— All ready, gran'mother. Bim'lech an' I want to put the trunk into the buggy.

G. R. I s'pose you're in a hurry to git red of me ! Wal, you won't be troubled with me agin, very soon, I can tell ye that. O dear ! my back !

Mr. J. Bim'lech ! none o' that ! (*To ABIMELECH, who dances, and shakes his fist behind her back.*) Come, mother !

G. R. Is my lunch'on in the bag ? I wish there 'd been a bit o' cold ham to go with it. Where's my umbrel ?

Ph. Here 'tis !

G. R. Wal, I'm glad to see ye willin' to wait on me, fur once, if 't is to git red of me ! Tuck my shawl round my neck, Betsey. O, ho, hum ! Gi' me your arm, Bim'lech ! O, that crick in my back ! It's killed me ! O dear ! (*Sinks back upon the trunk.*)

Mr. J. Once more, gran'mother ! Cheer up ! Here we are, all right !

G. R. (Rises.) O dear ! O dear !

Ph. Good-by, gran'mother !

G. R. That means good reddance, I s'pose ! Th' han't none of ye kissed me.

Mrs. Jackwood. (Kissing her.) Good-by, mother !

G. R. Wal, Phœbe, (*kissing her*) I hope you'll be a better gal when I come agin.

Abim. I'm glad I an't no taller !

G. R. Come, sonny ; ye han't ben a bit good boy since I ben here ; but I 'll kiss ye.

Abim. Can't reach up!

Mr. J. Come, boy, we're waitin'! Kiss yer gran'mother.

Abim. (*Aside.*) I'd ruther be licked!

Ph. Come, Bim — indulge!

Abim. I shall haf to, I s'pose! (*Makes a wry face, kisses her, and afterwards scours his lips on his sleeve.*) Agh!

G. R. There! 't an't hurt ye! O dear! Wal, I s'pose I must go!

Enter ENOS, L. U. E., in haste, and runs against her, as MRS. JACKWOOD and PHOEBE are helping her off.

O!

Enos. O! I was in a desprit hurry!

G. R. That swindlin' Crumlett!

(*Exit, L. U. E., with MRS. J. and PHOEBE.*)

Mr. J. Ketch holt here, Bim'lech! (*They carry off trunk, L. U. E.*)

Enos. Heerd the news, Neighbor Jackwood, 'bout Charlotte Woods?

Mr. J. Charlotte? They han't ketched Charlotte!

Enos. Beats all what mean folks there is in the world — don't it, now? Who do ye s'pose went and told she was in Colyer's log hut?

Mr. J. Have they found her?

Enos. Yes — Bob Greenwich, too! He's up for counterfeitin'.

Mr. J. Charlotte! Where is she?

Enos. Wal, they're takin' her 'fore 'Squire Greenwich — he's the Commissioner, ye know! Say, haf to buy her up, won't we, some of us? Of course we can't think o' lettin' her be carried back.

Mr. J. Back to slavery! Our Charlotte! I'd as soon think o' lettin' my own darter go! Bring my musket, Bim'lech! Enos, if you're a man — you shall take the axe!

Abim. Here's the ol' musket!

Mr. J. Give it here! Bring the powder and balls! Hurra for old Vermont!

Abim. I'll take the pitch-fork! Hurra for old Vermont!

(*Exeunt MR. J. and ABIMELECH, L. 1 E.*)

Enos. Wal! chance for a spec'lation! Hurra for old Vermont!

(*Exit, L. 1 E.*)

SCENE IV. — *The Jail.* ROBERT discovered in a cell, behind a grated door, R. C. in flat, his face covered with his hands. Enter, in the large hall, the SHERIFF, followed by MR. GREENWICH, L.

Sheriff. This way, 'Squire Greenwich.

Mr. Greenwich. That the name of Greenwich should come to this!

Sheriff. (*Approaches ROBERT's cell.*) Mr. Greenwich! (*To ROBERT.*) He does not hear me.

Mr. G. Leave us, sir. (*SHERIFF retires.*) O! what do I behold? Son Robert! son Robert!

Robert. (*Starts up, and springs fiercely against the bars.*) Ha! you have come!

Mr. G. (*In alarm.*) Son Robert! son Robert! What is the meanin' of this?

Rob It means death !

Mr. G. Merciful heaven ! Son Robert, you are insane !

Rob. Does it seem so strange to find me here ?

Mr. G. Assuredly, you are not guilty of this charge !

Rob. I am guilty of all ! And I might have been guilty of more, could this hand have reached you ! (*Shakes his clenched hand through bars.*)

Mr. G. What ! you would not have raised that hand against the paternal head !

Rob. My life is blasted ! my career ends here ! and I have you to thank ! Do you understand ? — You !

Mr. G. Son Robert, I do not understand ! I am overwhelmed !

Rob. Old man, hear me ! It is for the last time, so heed me ! Since the earliest years I can remember, I have had a burning hatred in my heart for you !

Mr. G. Beware, son Robert ! Remember whom you address ! Respect the paternal head !

Rob. Remember ! Respect ! — I cannot recall a single kind or loving word that ever you spoke to me ! If there was any goodness in me, it was crushed out ; while every evil trait I inherited from *you* was kept alive *by you* — by your cruel tyranny ! Now you behold me here !

Mr. G. Truly, truly, son Robert, you are beside yourself ! Who reared you up from infancy with unswerving care ? Who kept you at the Sabbath-school and at church ? Who gave you tasks from the Scriptur's, to commit to memory ! Who taught you filial reverence and respect for gray hairs ? O, wretched young man ! Where are the talents intrusted to your care ?

Rob. The talents have brought me here. You did all you boast of ; and so I say I thank you ; for the very means you used made me hate you and your lessons. I loathed the church and the Sabbath-school ; I never came near a Bible but I struck or kicked it, because of those hated tasks !

Mr. G. No more ! no more ! My pride was in you, my son, O my son !

Rob. Ay, groan, old man !

Mr. G. Still you bear the respectable name of Greenwich, and I can yet find it in my heart to render you service.

Rob. You can render none. I will accept none.

Mr. G. O, Robert, my son ! my heart is cleft in twain !

Rob. My vices ripened earlier than you thought. I had learned hypocrisy in so perfect a family school that I was able to blind even you. When I came of age, I went South, and there, in the hot-bed of vice, my nature flourished. I ended by running away with a slave-girl — this same Camille who is to be brought before you to-day.

Mr. G. Son Robert ! Son Robert !

Rob. All summer I have pursued her. As you refused me money, I got it as best I could. I joined a gang of counterfeiters — I distributed plenty of their coin. I carried Camille to our hut — but you have heard the rest. I have s'aked everything — I have lost — this is the end !

Mr. G. Merciful heaven ! Son Robert ! my only son ! the hope of my old age —

Rob. Remember what I have said. I have thrown that burden off. Now go!

Mr. G. But, my son, while that I return to my dishonored and desolate home, let me carry with me the consolation of knowing that you are contrite and repentant—

Rob. Carry with you my hatred and my curse!

Mr. G. Son Robert! Son Robert!—

Enter SHERIFF, L.

Sheriff. You are sent for, 'Squire Greenwich.

Mr. G. Ha! Yes!

Sheriff. The fugitive girl is taken to the court-room.

Mr. G. I will come. Son Robert, one word to cheer your broken-hearted father—

Rob. I have spoken it! 'Tis the last you shall ever hear from my lips. That word is—my curse! (*Shakes his hand through the bars.*)

Mr. G. Alas! I am an afflicted, dishonored old man! That the respectable name of Greenwich should come to this! (*Exeunt, L.*)

SCENE V.—*A Village Street. Enter ENOS and MATILDA, R*

Enos. Don't I tell ye I can't stop? I'm in a desprit hurry!

Matilda. Jest a minute, Enos!

Enos. Don't bother me, I say!

Mat. I have n't seen you since Sunday.

Enos. Of course you have n't! I've had suthin' else to do. I'm full o' business! Come, don't bother; I'm in a stavin' hurry!

Mat. You're going to the court-house! They've got Charlotte Woods there; they're going to carry her back.

Enos. No, they an't goin' to carry her back, nuther!

Mat. You had to go and tell!

Enos. Don't you s'pose I know what I'm about? Don't be a fool, Tildy. They'd a' found her, any way. Now we're goin' to make it all right. We're goin' to buy her.

Mat. Who is?

Enos. Me and Jackwood, and a lot of us. Do you s'pose we're goin' to have her carried back? Of course her owner wants his pay, and it's nat'ral.

Mat. You'll pay out your money for Charlotte Woods, and you would n't git me that breast-pin I asked you for—it only cost a shillin'!

Enos. Of course I would n't!

Mat. An't we engaged?

Enos. Wal,—but I an't sure o' havin' ye, arter all, and I an't goin' to no expense on't, till I be.

Mat. I knew you wanted to break off! (*Cries.*)

Enos. Who said anything about breakin' off? Look here, Tildy, ye an't mad 'cause I went an' told, be ye?

Mat. No; though I don't see what ye wanted to, for! And now you're goin' to pay out money for her!

Enos. Jerusha mighty, Tildy! I han't told ye, but I will. I shall make over a hunderd dollars by the operation!

Mat. I want to know !

Enos. I'll tell ye, some time. I got to go now, or I shan't git my money. I'm in a desprit hurry !

Mat. And you don't want to break off ?

Enos. Why should I want to break off ?

Mat. You kept away from me so !

Enos. Wal, — of course, — I thought you'd make a 'tarnal fuss, 'cause I went and told. Jingoes ! Tildy ! we'll be married next week, if ye say so.

Mat. O ! will we ?

Enos. Only let me go now, ye know ! I'm in a tearin' hurry ! There, Tildy ! good-by. (*Exit, L.*)

Mat. Enos ! Enos ! (*Exit, L.*)

SCENE VI. — *The Court-Room, c. doors guarded. DICKSON and DOLE discovered, L., supporting CAMILLE. A LAWYER at table, R. c., behind. Officers and Men. Shouts without.*

Dickson How do ye git on, my gal ? Pooty comf'table ? (*Puts flask to her lips.*) Suck this a little ; it 'll do ye good.

Cam. (*Feebly putting the flask aside.*) O !

Dick. There, I like that better. 'S long's they can make that noise there's hopes on 'em. There's a mighty sight o' sham 'bout these yer white ones.

Oliver Dole. There's no sham here !

Dick. Wal, sham or no sham, she's got to go. Git her safe out o' the reach o' these cussed abolish'nists, an' I'll have a doctor look to her. But I an't go'n' to run no risks. An't there suthin' here chokes her ? (*Roughly opens CAMILLE's throat.*) Git her up, so 's 't she can suck the air a little freer, I reck'n, marshal.

O. D. Be careful with her, — be careful !

Dick. Here, one o' you men ; grab holt here ; jest keep her from pitchin' out o' the chair. Whar's the Commissioner ? We can't wait all day ! Shoot the fust man, there !

Enos. (*Without, c. n.*) Le' me in ! Here ! don't ye go to p'intin' yer shootin'-irons at me ! I'm in a desprit hurry ! (*Enters, c. n.*)

Dick. Let that man pass. Whar's yer Commissioner, I say. (*Paces to and fro.*) Jest like yer cussed Yankees !

Enos. (*Looking at CAMILLE.*) I swanny ! that 'ere's too bad, now ! Who'd a' thought ! Look here, you !

Dick. (*Furious.*) What do you want ?

Enos. You don't happen to have a chaw o' tobacker about ye, do ye ? (*Shouts without.*)

Dick. Hear them abolish'n cusses yell !

O. D. (*Aside.*) I'm sorry I meddled with this business. How do you feel now, my girl ?

Dick. If that an't a perty marshal ! It's enough to make a man sick ! Here, I'll make her sit up ! (*Shakes CAMILLE.*) None o' yer tricks, my chick ! There ! hold her so.

Enos. That 'ere is too bad ! Say ! she 'll be bought, won't she ?

Dick. Who do you s'pose 's goin' to buy her ?

Enos. Wal, you said her owner was in New York.

Dick. What's that to do with buyin' her?

Enos. Why, there 's me an' Jackwood, an' the rest.

Dick. What 'll you give, for one?

Enos. Do'no' — that 's accordin' — I would n't mind sayin' a dollar, — dollar 'n a quarter —

Dick. You 're a fool! She 's got to go back, just for the fun o' the thing.

Enos. Jerusha mighty! I never thought o' that. Guess I better get out on't. — See here! I 'm in suthin' of a hurry —

(*Shouts without.*)

Dick. Hear 'em yell! — Whar 's that Commissioner?

Enter SQUIRE GREENWICH, C. D.

Here he comes, at last! Now le's hurry up!

Enos. (R. C.) If you happen to have that eighty dollars about ye -- I 'm in a good deal of a hurry —

Dick. You 're a fool!

Enos. There 's twice he 's called me a fool! What 'u'd Tildy say?
(*Shouts without, confusion within.*)

Mr. Greenwich. Order in the court! (*Raps on his desk.*) Marshal Dole!

O. D. Here!

Mr. G. You have procured the person named in your warrant?

O. D. She is here, your honor.

Mr. G. Bring forward the girl Camille.

Enos. (*To* DICKSON.) If it 's just as convenient to pay me now, ye know — I 'm in a desprit hurry —

Lawyer. Here are the papers, your honor. The girl's identity will be sworn to by these men.

(*Mr. GREENWICH takes the papers in an agitated manner, and writes.*)

O. D. Be on hand, gentlemen. As soon as the word is given, have your pistols ready. (*Shouts without; tumult at the door.*)

Mr. G. Take the girl.

Dick. Shoot down the fust man!

Enter HECTOR, C. D., with fury in his looks, and tears his way through the guard.

Camille. (*Starts forward, with a wild scream, flinging out her arms towards him.*) Hector!

Hector. She is mine! (*Seizes* CAMILLE *as she is falling, flings* DOLE *aside, knocks* DICKSON *down, and bears her to the front of the stage, L.; holds her upon his bosom with his left arm, and throws up his right with a gesture of triumph and defiance.*) Mine!

Enter, C. D., MR. JACKWOOD *with musket, ABIMELECH with pitchfork, neighbors with hoes, forks, &c.; after whom* MRS. JACKWOOD, PIGEBE, MATILDA, MRS. RIGGLESTY, *and others.*

Dick. (R., scrambling to his feet.) Marshal! what are ye about? She is mine, by the laws of the country!

Hec. (*Throws him aside.*) She is mine, by the one Eternal law

O. D. Advance !

(*As DICKSON, DOLE, and posse, rush upon HECTOR, JACKWOOD and the farmers, with their weapons raised, rush before them.*)

Mr. Jackwood. (c.) Stop that !

Hec. (L.) There is no power to take from me my own !

Dick. (*Brandishing his pistol.*) I call on the marshal to do his duty !

Hec. I call upon ALL to do the duty of MEN ! Dogs ! bloodhounds ! You mocker of justice, in the form of a judge ! hear me ! (*MR. GREENWICH rises up and bends forward, agitated. All eyes are bent upon HECTOR.*) Under an inhuman law, you have hunted down a human soul ! It is recorded ! (*Points upward.*) As ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto Him !

Mr. G. You are resisting the execution of the law.

Hec. (*Takes a paper from his bosom, and extends it to DOLE.*) Give that to your master ! O, Camille ! when we parted, I was stunned, insane ! But love restored my reason. I hurried to New York ; I confronted the man who called himself your owner !

Mr. G. (*Raps on his desk.*) This paper stops all proceedings. The girl is free !

Cam. O, Hector ! (*Embraces him, sobbing convulsively.*)

All. She is free ! free !

Enos. (*To MATILDA.*) Did n't I tell ye ? Of course she'd be free ! (*To DICKSON.*) See here ! Guess I'll take that eighty dollars — I'm in suthin' of a hurry.

Dick. Fool ! — You're a pack of cussed fools !

Enter MR. and MRS. RUKELY, R. MR. GREENWICH advances c.

Mr. Rukely. 'Squire Greenwich, your son has committed suicide !

Mr. G. My son ! Robert !

Mr. R. I was in the jail, attending to my official duties ; I heard the report of a pistol. I hastened to his cell — he had shot himself !

Mr. G. My son ! my son ! my son ! (*Exit, R.*)

Mr. J. Poor old man ! poor old man !

O. D. Nothing remains for me, but to dismiss my deputies.

Mr. J. And I should think, Oliver Dole, you would be glad to wash your hands of this business. As for you, Mr. Dickson, go home and tell your folks what ye think of old Vermont, and our New England manners and customs. Then, if ye want my farm, that you was goin' to have so f'erce, you're welcome to come and git it ! Our people believe in law and order ; but, le' me tell ye, show yer face hero agin, and you'll find a wus night's lodgin' than the top of a hay-stack !

Enos. See here — about that eighty dollars, if ye an't in too much of a hurry —

Dick. Cuss these Yankee farmers !

Abimelech. Ride him on a rail !

(*Execunt DOLE, DICKSON, &c., C. D., ABIMELECH flourishing his pitchfork in their rear.*)

Enos. (*To MATILDA.*) He called me a fool !

Matilda. Make him prove it !

Enos. Wai, I could do it !

Mr. J. Hector Dunbury, you're a noble fellow !

Hec. O, Mr. Jackwood!

Mr. J. You've freed our Charlotte, accordin' to law; and that's the way always to do a good thing, when ye can. And how is our Charlotte gittin' along?

Hec. For her sake, for my sake, for humanity's sake, I thank you, Neighbor Jackwood! We shall never forget who was neighbor untc her who fell among thieves!

Mr. J. This puts life into ye, don't it?

Cam. You may well say *life!* To be a thing, a chattel, a slave — then to feel for the first time that I can call myself a woman, and in such an hour to find —

Mr. J. A father! (*Gives her his hand.*)

Phæbe. And a sister!

Abim. And a brother — don't forget me!

Hec. And a husband, Camille!

Cam. O, this is the beginning of life!

Grandmother Rigglesty. And a gran'mother! You know I was allers your best friend!

Enos. We're kind o' left out, Tildy. Guess we may as well be goin'!

Mr. J. As for you, Enos Crumlett —

Enos. O! did you speak?

Mr. J. You han't played the manliest part ever was, in this business —

Enos. O! I — ye see — I'm in suthin' of a hurry —

Mr. J. But you've been of sarvice; pitchin' that scoundrel out o' the winder was the best thing you ever did in your life. So you shall stay, and help us give three rousin' cheers for Freedom —

Hec. And for Freedom's true champion — Neighbor Jackwood!

All Hurra! hurra! hurra!

SITUATIONS

ENOS.

MAT.

MRS. J.

MR. J.

HEC.

CAM.

ABIM.

PH.

G. R.

MRS. R.

MRS. R.

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| 3. Wood (a f) | 12. Roadside Inn with river and bridge (k) | 20. Villa (a f) |
| 4. Prison (c l) | 13. Foreign Hotel ext. (a f) | 21. Court of Justice (h) |
| 5. Field (a k) | 14. Ship Deck | 22. Baronial Hall (h b) |
| 6. Castle (k) | 15. Seascape (k) | 23. Proscenium, right |
| 7. Street (g) | 16. Cave (c l) | 23A " left |
| 8. Palace (d h) | 17. Mountain Pass (b k) | 24. Curtain |
| 9. Drawing-room (j) | | 25. Drop Scene. |

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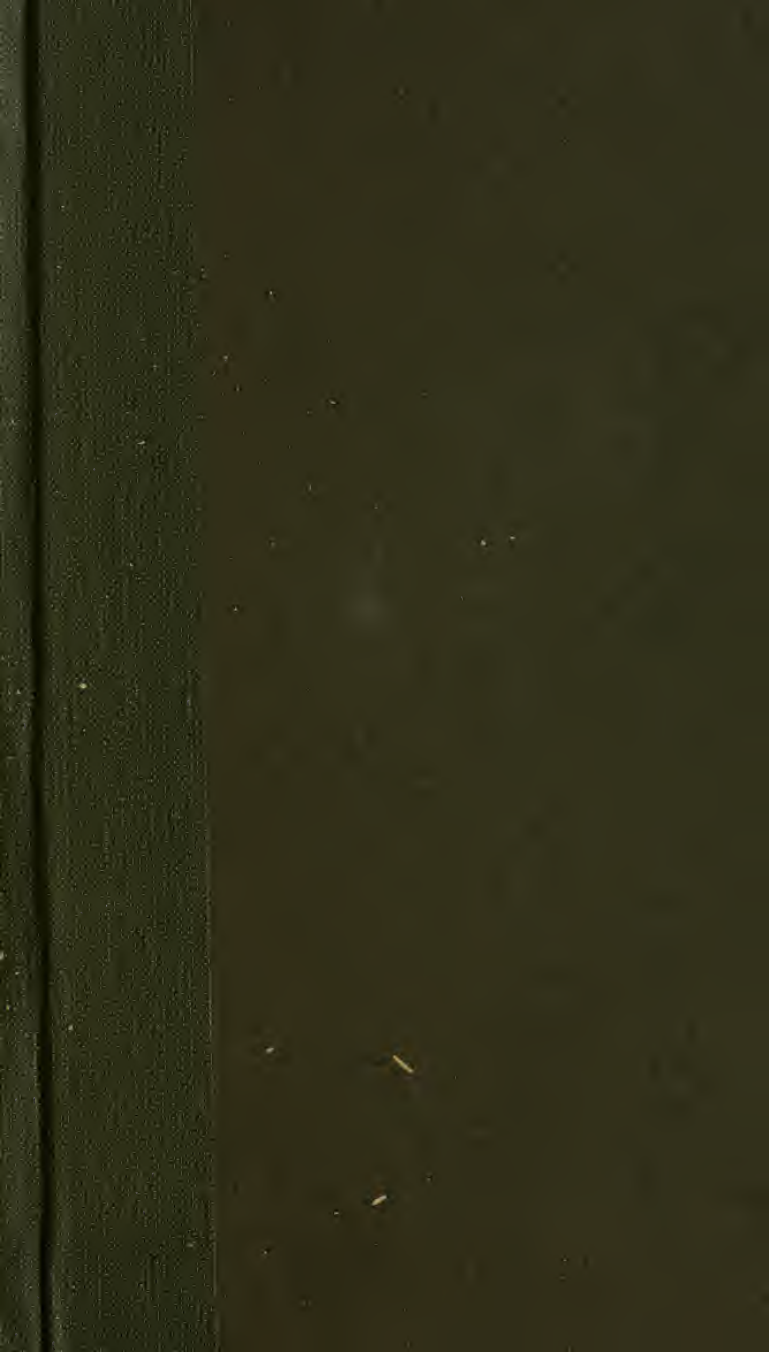
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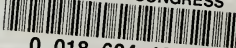
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