

FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CXLV.

D R E D :

OR,

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIZED (BY SPECIAL PERMISSION) FROM MRS. HARRIET BEECHER
STOWE'S NOVEL.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the
Stage Business.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by JOHN
BROUGHAM, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of
New York.

NEW-YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

Cast of the Characters,—(DRED.)

	<i>Bowery, New York.</i>
<i>Uncle John,</i>	Mr. Brounham,
<i>Harry, (the Slave Brother.)</i>	J. E. McDonough,
<i>Old Tiff, (gardener, coachman, cook, house-keeper, and man-of-all-work to the Peyton branch of the Crippses,</i>	T. D. Rice,
<i>John Cripps, (a speculator in sundries, and general trader in a small way.)</i>	Davidge,
<i>Dred, (an outlawed runaway.)</i>	Conrad Clarke,
<i>Tom Gordon, (a roue, white brother to Harry.)</i>	A. T. Morton.
<i>Mr. Clayton, (a philanthropist.)</i>	Duncan,
<i>Mr. Frederick Augustus Carson, (a prime old bachelor, one of the rejected.)</i>	Whiting,
<i>George Emmons, (a romantic young gentleman, another of the rejected.)</i>	James Dunn,
<i>Tomtit, (a black-bird.)</i>	Denham,
<i>Old Hundred, (a consequential old darkey coachman.)</i>	W. H. Bailey,
<i>Father Bonnie, (an easy-going parson, without perplexing prejudices,</i>	Bellamy,
<i>Ben Dakin,</i>	Randall,
<i>Jim Stokes,</i>	Post,
<i>Harry Dreadnaught,</i>	Frank Hodges,
<i>Bill Hardy,</i>	Carpenter,
<i>Peacock,</i>	Baker,
<i>Canary,</i>	Simpson,
<i>Teddy,</i>	Miss Lizzie Wallis,
<i>Pomp,</i>	Mr. Schneff,
<i>Cæsar,</i>	Burke,
<i>Dulcimer,</i>	Bilby,
<i>Nina Gordon, (the heiress of Canema.)</i>	Madame Ponisi,
<i>Lisette, (slave wife of Harry.)</i>	Miss Fanny Denham,
<i>Mrs. Cripps,</i>	Miss Kate Reignolds,
<i>Madame Gordon,</i>	Mrs. Hield,
<i>Mrs. Nesbit,</i>	Carpenter.
<i>Polly Skinflint,</i>	Miss McDonough,
<i>Fanny Cripps.</i>	E. Reignolds.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

Costumes.—(DRED.)

HARRY.—*First Dress*, Plain black suit. *Second*, same, much dilapidated. *Third*, check shirt and sailor trowsers.

OLD HUNDRED.—White top-coat, with large capes, large black hat, with gold band, white vest and trowsers, large shirt frill.

OLD TIFF.—Very ragged long coat, grey trowsers, profusely patched, pair of spectacles.

DRED.—Red flannel shirt, loose striped pantaloons.

CARSON.—Blue dress coat, white trowsers, white hat.

EMMONS.—Fashionable walking dress.

CLAYTON.—Plain black suit.

CRIPPS.—Green frock coat, very shabby; striped vest, and short trowsers.

BEN DAKIN.—Blue flannel overcoat, high boots, trowsers tucked in.

JIM STOKES.—Same sort, but different color.

TOM GORDON.—Rough pea jacket, dark vest, and pantaloons.

PEACOCK,
DULCIMER,
TOM TIT, &c. } As negro servants.

NINA.—*First dress*, Fashionable morning dress. *Second*, Dark silk. *Third*, Gray travelling dress.

MRS. CRIPPS.—White loose robe.

MRS. NESBIT.—Gray silk, very plain and formal.

MADAM GORDON.—Elegant morning dress.

POLLY SKINFLINT.—Overdressed, tawdry finery.

LISETTE.—*First*, Neat servant's dress. *Second*, Dark travelling dress.

D R E D ;

OR,

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

ACT I.

Interior of handsome Southern residence—Verandah visible, with evergreens, &c., garden flower stands.—Negro Servants grouped on Verandah.

OPENING CHORUS.

Pretty Carolina rose,
Won't you hear, won't you hear?

Pretty Carolina rose,
Won't you hear?

Dis is de bressed morn,
Our good missis she was born
Every hour to adorn,
Pretty Carolina rose.

Pretty Carolina rose,
Won't you hear, won't you hear?

Pretty Carolina Rose,
Won't you hear?

De sun, he 'gin to shine—
Dat's a berry lucky sign,—
Happy days be eber thine,
Pretty Carolina Rose!

Enter MRS. NESBIT, UNCLE JOHN, NINA, and MRS. GORDON.

Uncle J. Your people don't forget to make noise enough on your birth-day.

Mrs. G. Now John, I'm sure I think they sang remarkably well.

Uncle J. Of course you think so, because I don't. Be off, you cater wauling rascals! Ah! if I had the handling of you, I'd make you smart, I'll warrant.

Mrs. G. No, you wouldn't.

Uncle J. Wouldn't I!—What are you grinning at, you impudent catfish!—vanish!—Stop, here are a few shillings to get some sweet stuff for these young vagabonds; but don't let them venture within the length of my cane. [*Servants exit, singing part of chorus.*] Ah, you're at it again, eh! Was ever man so tormented, and plagued, and harassed by a set of black scoundrels? Nobody knows why they were ever invented, except to raise the devil with us.

Nina. Uncle, I don't find any fault with my people.

Uncle J. I know you don't, and that's the reason they are so infernally impudent.

Mrs. G. I'm sure they're nothing of the kind.

Uncle J. I only wish they were mine for a month or so, I'd touch them up. [*Enter Tom Tit with a somerset and a bouquet.*] Look at that—what sort of conduct is that, I should like to know!

Nina. It's poor Tom Tit; he's nothing but a living hoax, an incarnate joke.

Uncle J. What do you want, you jumping Beelzebub?

Tom T. Missis' birth-day. Quality folks give bokays, me quality too,—dere Miss Nina. "Bet my money on de bob tail nag." [*Sings*

Uncle J. Here's propriety, here's decorum—oh, what a moral establishment! Get out, you scoundrel—Oh! take care of the stick, you fool. Suppose I had accidentally cracked your curly head for you?—Come here—what's your name?

Tom T. I'se Tom Tit. ha, ha! Missis gib him to me.

Uncle J. Did she? She ought to be ashamed of herself. What can you do?

Tom T. Nethin', ha, ha!

Uncle J. If I had you up at Gordon Hall—

Mrs. N. I have often counselled Nina to change her inconsiderate system with those benighted children of darkness; but even as the adder is she deaf to the admonition. As for that wretched boy, he is incorrigible.

Tom T. Dat's right, ma'am, I is so bery courageable. "Whose a gwin to bet upon de gray?" [*Sings.*

Mrs. N. My hand is absolutely painful still from being burnt by the handle of the tea pot, which I am persuaded the evil-minded savage heated purposely.

Tom T. De Lor, missus, Ise alays 'tickler to set de nose round to de fire.

Mrs. N. No, you did not, sir. You stuck the handle right into the fire, as you always do.

Tom T. Laws now, wonder if I did—'pears to me as if I neber can 'member which ob dem dare is nose and which handle. Now Ise a studyin' on dat ere all de mornin'.

Mrs. N. You need a sound whipping, sir.

Uncle J. I only wish I had the chance to give it to him.

Tom T. 'Pears to me as if I do—we's unprofitable servants, all on us. Lor's marcy we a'n't 'sumed, all on us.

Mrs. N. Leave the room, sir. How dare you make such a reply!

Nina. What do you expect from him, aunty? Pray, be reasonable; we keep the means of education from them, and then very consistently wonder that they are not Ethiopian Chesterfields.

Mrs. N. That's right. encourage the wicked wretch.

Nina. If he were wicked, my dear aunt, I certainly should not encourage him; but he is as naturally harmless as any wild, untutored animal, and it would be unjust, both to him and ourselves. to look for ought else here: and now, 'Tom Tit, obey me; go and attend to your duties, and keep out of mischief.

Uncle J. He'd better, or keep away from this.

Tom T. Missey lick me, if she like, but you're not my master; dat stick not long enough to reach Tom Tit.

Uncle J. Why you—

Tom T. [*Sings.*] "Oh, I'm a goin' to glory! want you go along with me?" [Exit, c. 2.]

Uncle J. This it is to have a plantation managed by a girl. I know what it will end in.

Mrs. N. I'm ashamed of you, Nina, to laugh at the irreverent heathen.

Nina. I can't help it, aunty; you see uncle Gordon can't help it in his heart.

Uncle J. I'm not laughing at him, the curly-headed abomination.

Mrs. G. Yes, you were.

Nina. Well, what were you laughing at, uncle?

Uncle J. I was laughing to think how the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Presbyterians will whale sin and each other at the camp meeting.

Tom T. [*Outside.*] "Oh, come, my loving brethren!" [Sings.]

Uncle J. There's that aggravating scoundrel back again.

Enter TOM TIT.

Nina. Did I not tell you to attend to your duties, Tom? I shall be angry if you do not mind what I tell you.

Tom T. Bless your heart. laws me—sure, I'm at my duty now—only bring some love-letters for you, missey—tree of dem.

Uncle J. Ha! ho! there's a torpedo you didn't expect.

Tom T. Good laws, forgot to put dem on a waity. "Im a goin' to glory." [Exit.]

Uncle J. I give you joy of your sable Mercury. Three love-letters, eh! Why, Mrs. Gordon, that's more than the old-fashioned allowance!

Mrs. G. No, indeed, it is not.

Uncle J. That's right, old girl, don't let the young uns crow too much. [TOM TIT quarrels outside—great noise.]

Oh, that's beautiful; I must bring a cowhide with me next time.

TOM TIT enters.

Oh, dar! Miss Nina, Rose won't let me have no waity.

Nina. [*Snatches letters.*] I could pull your hair for you, you mischievous image.

Tom T. 'Pears to me, ain't no kind of order in dis house, 'pite of all

I can do; one says, put letters on waitey; another one won't let you have waitey to put letters on dem, Miss Nina comes and pulls letters away: jus de way things is goin' on in dis house all de time, but I doesn't care, for I'se a goin' to glory, and— [Exit.

Uncle J. Why don't you open your letters, Nina?

Nina. Oh, they are not of much consequence, bye and bye will do.

Tom T. "Come along, my lively boys." [Enter.] Please, Miss Nina, Mr. Harry want to know if you ready to look over de books with him?

Nina. No; stay! Yes; I'll ring when I am ready.

Tom T. No; stay! 'Pears to me dat's a curious message. but "I have a hope up yonder." [Sings—exit.

Uncle J. Get out, you bellowing black bull of Bashan! That's a fine honest-looking devoted fellow, that Harry of yours; a little sulky, though. I wish I had him at home, I'd soon take the sulks out of him.

Nina. He is honest—he is devoted: my dear father loved him sincerely, and educated him liberally; he is the sole supervisor of the estate; I would trust my life in Harry's hands.

Uncle J. That wouldn't I for any dingy rascal among them; they're all villains themselves, and earthly Beelzebubs; but if you say this chap, Harry, is so mindful of your interest, I'll make the rascal a small present of a farm, or such like, one of these days: of course, the vagabond is free!

Nina. Not yet, uncle: simply because I am not acquainted with the legal forms, I only wait for the proper instrument to be drawn up.

Uncle J. Let him have it, by all means, it will serve him right, the scoundrel, to cast him off, and let him shift for himself—I wouldn't do it myself, out of principle. Another thing; I couldn't deprive myself of the pleasant excitement of cobbing the villains; it's my only amusement. Lord, Lord, how I could harrow up the hearts of some Northern old ladies by the description of my daily atrocities; but you want to look over your accounts, so I'll take the paper and groan over the state of the country for a little while; it has been going to the devil, steadily, every day, for the last half century, and the weather ain't a bit warmer now than it was at first. [Exit.

Mrs. N. I must see about dinner; there will be nothing done if I do not attend to it; my path of duty is a vexatious one.

Nina. What do you think of my new hat, aunty?

Mrs. N. My dear child, I care not for such vanities. Such a dying world as this is, and spend so much precious time and thought on dress!

Nina. Why dear me, aunty, it was only yesterday that you spent two whole hours thinking whether you should turn the breadths of your black silk dress down side up, or upside down, and this was a dying world all the time; but now do look at these flowers, are they not beautiful?

Mrs. N. Turn off my eyes from beholding vanity.

Nina. Is it not the most natural thing in the world to love flowers, aunt?

Mrs. N. Real ones, perhaps, soberly, and within proper limits; but

artificial flowers only feed vanity and a love of display. Why are you so fond of such profitless things?

Nina. Simply because I think they improve my appearance; and awful though the admission may be, I like to look as handsome as I possibly can.

Mrs. N. Oh, what worldliness!—Oh, what compromising ideas!

Nina. Not at all, aunt. I like to look well; and, moreover, I don't think there's a bit of real religion in not liking to look well; and depend upon it, there is oftener a deal more pride, and of a coarser description too, concealed beneath the prim folds of a solemn colored garment, than is openly shown amidst gay dresses and artificial flowers.

Mrs. N. Oh, the human heart—the human heart! what a stubborn thing it is!

Nina. Very!

Mrs. N. The valley of darkness—the valley of darkness!

Tom. T. "I can't stay in de wilderness, few days, few days."

Enters, MRS. NESBIT strikes him.

Mrs. N. Stand out of the way, you good for nothing reprobate.

Tom T. [Roars.] Golly, what a stinger!

Nina. It's only a specimen of my aunt's practical piety. Tom Tit—what do you want?

Tom T. 'Pears to me, I don't know 'zactly. Dat piety knock ebry ting out ob my head—oh, dat's it—Mister Harry want to know if you ring?

Nina. I'll see him now—where is he?

Tom T. At de do'. Come in, Mister Harry. [Exit singing.]

Enter HARRY, with papers, &c.

Nina. Well, Harry, so you will plague me with those terrible accounts?

Harry. It is absolutely necessary, Miss Nina, that you should know the state of your affairs.

Nina. Will my knowing them make them a bit better or worse? I'm satisfied that you do the best you can, Harry; that's enough for me.

Harry. But not enough for me, Miss Nina. A new owner must come some time or another. I would like to render a clear account of my stewardship

Nina. A new owner—what do you mean, Harry?

Harry. It is not likely that you will remain single all your life, Miss Nina.

Nina. What nonsense! Ah! I see you are tired of keeping accounts, with me to spend the money; and after all, where is the use? When money's spent it's spent, and all the book-keeping in the world won't bring it back.

Harry. But it is consoling to know where it is gone to, for instance, here's a bill from Madame Les Cartes, \$450.

Nina. Oh! she's from Paris, you know, and we have to pay whatever she pleases to charge.

Harry. Although there are seamstresses in your very neighborhood who could do it just as well, for a quarter of the sum

Nina. Exactly, Harry; that's what we call fashion.

Harry. And a very unpatriotic fashion it is. Then, here's your music master, Signor Cantati.

Nina. Oh! he's from Italy; and who could talk of vulgar dollars to a child of song!

Harry. Ah! I suppose not. All I can say is, that when those children of song grow up, they'll be rather expensive household necessities. I do wish you would get married, Miss Nina, and give some good man a right to manage your affairs.

Nina. Some good man, Harry? You speak as if that article was abundant—where am I to find one? I've been looking about me for a long time, and hold—I have a secret to communicate to you, Harry. As I never keep anything from you, know that I am engaged.

Harry. Engaged—indeed!

Nina. Yes, indeed!—three deep—ha, ha!

Harry. I don't know what you mean, Miss Nina.

Nina. Just what I say, and no more. For the fun of the thing, I engaged myself to three sighing swains; it was the easiest way to get rid of them, or perhaps I'll keep them dangling on the hooks until I see which of them I like best

Harry. May I ask who they are?

Nina. To be sure: and what's more I'll tell you. Well, then, the first on the list is—no, he's not the first—there's Mr. Carson, he's a rich old bachelor, horridly polite, one of those little bobbing men that always have such shining collars, and such bright boots, superbly educated in the matter of operas and concerts, he wouldn't take no for an answer, so I said yes, to keep him quiet.

Harry. And the next?

Nina. The next is George Emmons—he's one of your pink and white men, you know, who look like cream candy, as if they were good to eat—he's of your sentimental sort, writes romantic notes on pink paper, and all that sort of thing.

Harry. And the third?

Nina. Well, I don't think that I like *him* a bit, so we won't talk about him at all. He a'n't handsome, as proud as you please, and inclined to be very dictatorial in such a provokingly cool way, he isn't polite a bit, won't jump to pick up one's handkerchief or bouquet, like the others. In short, he's altogether unendurable, and I don't know by what accident he got me to say yes.

Harry. And are you corresponding with all these lovers?

Nina. Yes!—a'n't it fun!—their letters can't speak to each other, you know; law, if they could, what a scene there would be.

Harry. Miss Nina—you must excuse me if I ask you, do you think it right to trifle with the feelings of any body in that way?

Nina. Why not. All's fair in war; don't they trifle with us every chance they get, and sit up so pompous in their rooms, and smoke cigars, and talk us over as if they had only to put out their finger and say "come here," to get any of us.

Harry. Miss Nina, what if they should all come at once.

Nina. What a droll idea, wouldn't it be fun! My gracious, I was forgetting all about my letters. [*Opens note.*] Ah! this is from the pink one, very pretty and flowery—oh! Harry, you are as good as a wizard, here's one of them coming at all events this very day. [*Reads another.*] And as I live, the old smooth shining bachelor is coming too. Oh! this is delicious—won't I plague them! [*Opens other letter—gets up agitated.*] Clayton coming too! I didn't expect this—how provoking, that he should select this day of all others. Harry, you were right; I perceive my folly when it is too late; they are all coming here to-day—what shall I do, thoughtless creature that I was. I will not see any of them—I'll run away. Harry, advise me—how am I to act?

Harry. Tell them the truth, Miss Nina, whatever it is; if you have a preference, say so, boldly.

Nina. But I have none, at least very little—I cannot see them: no, [*Rings bell.*] I'll ride over to Uncle John's, and stay there until night.

Enter TOM TIT.

Tom T. 'Spect you ring, missey.

Nina. Tell Old Hundred to come here.

Tom T. Law's mercy, he layin' off elegant with his pipe; he'll cob me if I 'turb him now!

Nina. Do as I bid you.

Tom T. Reckly, missey. (I'se a goin' to glory.) [*Sings and exits.*

Harry. I'll wager that he'll make a thousand excuses. Indeed, I am truly sorry that you have got yourself into such a fix, Miss Nina.

Nina. [*Reads another letter*] Oh, Harry! here's a dreadful letter, that I fear will make your position much worse than mine; my brother Tom will be here to-day.

Harry. Then farewell to my peace of mind; I must prepare for the exercise of his petty malice; he suspects, and rightly, that I influenced your father to leave the family property, unconditionally, to you. Well, thanks to my past experience, I have learnt how to silently endure: let him act as he pleases. I can never forget, that, in the eyes of Heaven, at least, I am his brother, though men's beautiful laws have sundered us as far as light from darkness.

Enter OLD HUNDRED.

Old H. Want to speak to Old Hundred, missey!

Nina. Yea, I want the carriage, directly.

Old H. Why, bless you, chile, it ain't possible no way.

Nina. But I must ride over to the hall, now.

Old H. Law, child, you can't do it, dese yere hosses, nor dis yere carriage can't stir out dis yere afternoon, no way you can fix it; mout go, perhaps, to-morrow or next week.

Nina. Why can I not have it now?

Old H. Law, chile, de curtains be all off.

Nina. Let them be put on again.

Old H. 'Tain't possible, no how, and dat ain't all; Pete was took with the thumps last night, powerful bad; I hač to be up with him

'most all de time.' The horses, poor critters, has got someat ailin' on em too, dreadful; I wouldn't work 'em now not for nuffin, an' the wedder, too's, abominabler nor ever you see. It's a gwine to rain; I've been feelin' dat ar in my corns all dis yer mornin', an' de roads is just miserable, hi! ought to see de mud down dar by de creek—man drowned in dat yer creek once.

Nina. The short of the matter is, you are determined not to go; but I tell you you shall go, so get out the horses immediately.

Old H. De lor · hile, hi! the ting ain't no ways reasonable; I'd do most anything for you, chile, but de hosses is my 'ticklar compartment; your blessed pa told me to be careful of 'em, and I ain't a gwine to tote dem out, not even for you, Miss Nina, when I know it ain't good for deir constitutierums. [Exit.]

Nina. Did any one ever hear such a provoking creature—fate is against me in every way. How well he writes—how different to the rest of them; and here's Tom's blotted scrawl. Oh, Harry! Harry! I am ashamed of my selfishness; what are my petty annoyances compared with your great sorrow, but they shall soon be over; if I have the power to put an end to them, you shall be free, Harry.

Harry. Free!—oh! what an electric joy thrills through my heart at that little word, kind, and good, and generous, as you are. Free—oh! there's a flood of light and life in the thought, for existence is but a living death without it.

Nina. If I dared to speak to Aunt Nesbit about this.

Harry. Why should you not! You are mistress of yourself and all your actions, as yet.

Nina. As yet, Harry—that's bringing the matter awfully near—it looks as if I were really caught, and I'm afraid I am. So I'll even pluck up courage, and tell my aunt all about it.

Harry. Freedom!—Freedom!—with what a greedy hungering of the soul I yearn to call thee mine. Freedom—those only who have thee not, can fitly estimate the greatness of the loss—and yet, how many amongst those who shout out thy sacred name in crowded assemblages, and in well rounded sentences enforce from sympathising listeners floods of tears, care one jot beyond the grateful plaudits that accompany their labored oratory—no, it is a convenient rocking horse, whereon to canter easily into present celebrity, while the earnest, honest few, bow down their heads with shame to see hypocrisy and worldly greed so clothe themselves in the garments of humanity and justice.

[Throws himself into chair.]

ACT II.

Exterior of a poor Cottage—Old Tiff discovered washing clothes and rocking a rude Cradle—Mrs. CRIPPS in Rocking Chair—Children grouped around.

Mrs. C. Tiff, do you think he will come to-night?

Tiff. Laws, laws, missus, how can old Tiff tell!—don't see nothin', nor hear nothin'.

Mrs. C. It's so lonesome—so lonesome without him.

Tiff. So ho—Teddy, bub dar, my man, don't you make no noise, cos yer ma's sick, and sis is gwine for med'cin'. Tiff 'll sing for my little man

“ We're bound for de land ob Canaan.”

Be still, you dere chil', play wid yer pretty toys, and see what yer pa 'll bring home—de Lor', but dis is a heavy wash for old Tiff dis bressed day.

Mrs. C. What should we do without you, Tiff?

Tiff. Bress you, mus' support de pride ob de Peyton blood.

Mrs. C. I don't think I can last much longer, Tiff—I must give up.

Tiff. Bress de Lor', no, missus, no use in gibin' up; we'll be all right agin in a few days—work has bin a kind ob pressin' lately—de chil'en's clo'es a'n't quite as 'spectable as I wants 'em. cos ob de Peyton blood—but den, Ise doin' heaps ob mendin'—see dat. [*Holds up child's pair of pantaloons.*] Dat ar hole won't go no funder, and de way Ise put de yarn on dem dar stockin's a'n't slow—oh, let me alone—he! he! he! Ye didn't keep ole Tiff for nothin' missus, ho! ho!

Mrs. C. Tiff, you're a good creature; but you don't know how solitary it is to be alone, day after day, night after night, and he off nobody knows where, and all he does don't amount to anything, trading off old rubbish, and bringing home worse. I'm worn out, Tiff, and I believe it would be better for all of us if I were to die at once.

Tiff. Oh, no, no!—bress de Lor', no, for den how could you be a lookin' on, so angel-like, while Ise a workin' for dese yere Peytons!—it's drestful hard, so it is—but, times 'll mend. Massa 'll come round, and be more steady like, this yere Teddy 'll grow up, and help his ma', and as for dis, why dere a'n't a faster young un alive. [*Takes child out of cradle.*] Hi! hi! stretch away my pretty, stretch away—he! ho! Lor', if he a'n't got his mammy's eyes for all de worl'—see him, missus, a'n't they? Mamma 'll take de leetle man, while ole Tiff makes a cup of tea.

[*Sings, and gets tea ready.*]

My way is dark and cloudy,

So it is, so it is.

My way is dark and cloudy,

All de day.

Yes, an' bress de Lor', it a'n't much brighter at night.

[*Mrs. CRIPPS presses baby to her heart, and sinks her head.* Dere now, she's a grievin' over dat, as a mother ought to be rejoicin' to look at—poor crittur, poor crittur. I must cheer her up. [*Sings.*

“ But we'll jine de forty thousand, by and by,
 So we will, so we will,
 We'll jine de forty thousand upon de golden shore,
 And our sorrows 'll be gone for ever more, more, more.”

[*Blows at stove.*]

Bress my soul, Ise drestful strong in my bress! Lor' dey might a used me in blacksmiffin'—wonder what keeps Miss Fanny so long. I can't see nothin', can't hear nothin', but dem ar pine trees, dey's always a talkin'—whisper, whisper—de Lor' knows what it's all about, dey neber tells folks what dey wants to know. [FANNY sings without.]

“ If you get there before I do,
 I'm bound for the land of Canaan.”

TIFF—*energetically.*

“ Look out for me—Ise comin' too,
 I'm bound for de land ob Canaan.”

Bress de Lor', here she be at last.

Enter FANNY.

Lors, Miss Fanny, Ise so glad you's come. Ma's powerful weak dis arternoon—bring de med'cin'?

Fanny. Yes, here it is—my poor dear mother, I'm come.

Mrs. C. Go away, child, go away. I wish I had never been born—I wish you had never been born—oh! this pain, this pain!—will he never come back?—my child—my child!

Tiff. Ise consarned about her—'pears as if her mind was a wanderin'. dis yer comes ob quality marrying dese yer poor white folks—neber had no 'pinion on't—'nuff to break one's heart to hear her groanin' an' a moanin'—come, missus, take a leetle nip ob dis yer tea—warm you up, an' put a leetle life into you—'spects to fry you a morsel ob chicken too, by'm by—honey dere, wash away de troubles. I reckon dere's good angels somewheres a lookin' down, as 'll bring us all right in time.

Mrs. C. [*Shaking hands with Tiff.*] Oh! Tiff, Tiff, poor old black, faithful Tiff! what should I have done without you!—so sick and weak and lonesome as I've been; but it's coming to an end at last. Yes, yes, I feel that I am going, and my greatest grief is, that those children have to live—if I could take them all in my arms, and all lie down in the grave together, oh, I should be so glad!

Tiff. Lor' bress you, missus, don't be talking dat are way, why if so as you are called away, ole Tiff can take care ob de chil'en. I can bring dem up powerful, but you a'n't a gwain' yet, it's only yer sperits is low.

Cripps. [*Without.*] Hallo, there! [*Children run away to hide*]

Tiff. Dar's massa, sure's I'm alive!—look at de bressed woman natur, if her eyes a'n't brightened up like two stars at de bery sound ob his voice.

Mrs. C. Heaven be thanked!—children, wha do you leave me!—Fanny, come here.

Cripps. [*Without.*] Here, Tiff, you lazy old coon, why don't you come and help me with the merchandize!

Tiff. Bress de Lor', more trash.

[*Exit.*]

Cripps. Here, take this, and be careful how you carry it.

Tiff. Why it a'n't nothing but a burnt out ole stove pipe.

[*Enters with stove, &c*]

Cripps. Now take this box—mind how you go—there's moneys-worth there, you old porcupine in specs. [*Re-enter Tiff, with box.*]

Enter CRIPPS.

Cripps. Hallo, Bub, hallo, Fan, hallo, Sis—how's the young un, and how's yourself!

Mrs. C. You're come at last. I thought I should die without seeing you.

Cripps. Nonsense! you a'n't a goin' to die; your cheeks are as red as roses.

Teddy. Pa, see the baby!

[*Kneels down by cradle, and takes coverlid off.*]

Tiff. Bress de Lor', you mustn't do dat.

Teddy. I will, if I like, it's our baby.

Tiff. Ya, ha! dars de blood of de Peytons.

Cripps. The blood of the fiddles, you old fool; don't put such stupid ideas in my children's heads.

Tiff. Your children? Well, de 'sumpshin of some people.

Cripps. Come, sis, I think you'll agree that I have done a tolerable fair stroke of business this time; but, first of all, look here—[*Takes bottle from his pocket.*] here's someat as would bring a dead cat to life. if she was at the bottom of a pond, with a stone round her neck. Dr. Puffer's Elixir of the Waters of Life. warranted to cure janders, toothache, 'spepsia, 'sumption, and all the rest of the thundering things: a teaspoonful of this here, every night and morning, and in a week you'll be round again, as pert as a cricket.

Mrs. C. I'm so thankful that you thought of me.

Cripps. Why shouldn't I, old girl! [*Opens box.*] Get me something to eat, Tiff, I'm ravenous.

Tiff. Dere, now, you always is; 'specks he'll be eating like a judgement; wish, now, I'd killed de old gobbler—good enough for him—real tough, he is; dis yer, now, was my primest chicken, dat I dissuade myself to cook up fer de poor sick Peyton dere; and dere, I'll be bounded she'll jist sit and see him eat it, and not touch a mouthful herself, though she's a dyin' for it: oh, dese women!

Cripps. [*Takes out old-fashioned straws bonnet.*] There, Sue, I've got about twenty dozen of them—bought them from a chap, up in Raleigh, for a mere song.

Mrs. C. They look to me very like what used to be in fashion when I was a g'irl.

Cripps. Well, the fashions does come round now and again. What do you think of them, Tiff?

Tiff. Fust rate for scarecrows, Massa Cripps. Ya! ha!

Cripps. Pooh! you old fool, what do you know about women's

fixins! There, I gave fifteen dollars for the whole lot: I'll clear, at least, fifty, by the speculation.

Tiff. If dere was anybody to wear 'em 'bout here. Ha! ha!

Cripps. Wear them, you old mummy! they'll be breaking their hearts for them—real Leghorn—every one. I got a lot of shoes and boots from the same fellow; some on ems' mates, and some ain't, but that don't make no difference; folks don't always wear shoes alike; but come, hurry with the grub, I'm starving!

Tiff. So's all of us, Massa Cripps, powerful fast; ders nothin' but this yer bit of chicken, and dat sick mother shall have it, or I'll fry it up into a coal on de spot.

Cripps. Well, never mind, got a bit of cracker in my pocket, that'll do for the present. Hand over the demijohn, Tiff, there's some old Bourbon there that'll make the hunger fly. [*TIFF brings demijohn—CRIPPS pours out horn and drinks.*] Ha! that's the real care-killer—here, Ted, hold your mouth up.

Mrs. C. John, John!

Teddy. No, I thank you, pa, I don't love it.

Cripps. Don't be a snivelling fool, here.

Tiff. [*Taking glass, throws away liquor.*] Bress de lord, dere's great big fly in de glass; musn't be bodered by dese youngsters any more; time dey all a-bed. Come along you little plagues of Eryp! don't go to smoke dat yer pipe, massa, 'tain't good for missus—see how its a set her coughin'.

Mrs. C. No, no, John, don't put it down, I like to see you enjoy yourself.

Cripps. Enjoy myself? ain't much enjoyment here. This old nigger-driving Gordon has given me notice to quit, and swears, if I'm not off the premises, he'll hunt us out with his dogs; devilish hard, in a big world like this, if a fellow can't have a few yards of ground to live on.

Mrs. C. I'm so glad you've come home, John, because I've had things that I wanted to say you. I know I'm going to die soon.

Cripps. Bah! don't be bothering a fellow with any of your hysterics.

Mrs. C. John, John! it isn't hysterics; look at my hand, at my face. I'm getting weaker and weaker every minute; but it is not to trouble you that I talk, heaven knows it is not; nor to upbraid you, for I believe you have done your best to provide for us, but you didn't know the way; and it is no fault of yours—but the children, John. I don't want them to grow up and be like what we have been. Oh! do contrive to let them learn something—to read.

Cripps. Bah! what's the use? I never learnt to read, and I'm as good a fellow as I want: I tell you there's nothing ever comes of this here learning—it's all a sell—a regular Yankee hoax; I was always cheated by these damned reading Yankees, whenever I tried to trade with them.

Mrs. C. If there was some school for my children now, or a church that they could go to, that they at least might have some hope after death—

Cripps.—Now don't bother about that—hand out the stuff, Tiff—I must take another horn, or this woman 'll give me the horrors right out. [*TIFF fills.*] That's you: so't; "care killed a cat;" whose afraid?

Sings—Good whiskey is the doctor,
The doctor, the doctor,
Good whiskey is the doctor
That cures all earthly ills.

I'm going to lie down a spell. Sue, old girl, keep up your spirits—
it 'il be all right by and by. [*Goes into cottage.*]

Mrs. C. Oh, Tiff, Tiff! Good old friend, this is hard to bear; but he means nothing harsh, I know; it is his ignorance only makes him appear careless.

Tiff. Bress you, it ain't no account talking to him; I don't mean nothin' dis'speckful, but de fac is, dem dat isn't *born* gentlemen cant be speckted to see through dese things like us of de old families; now just leave dis yere matter to me—dere never was anything Tiff couldn't do when he tried—he, he! Miss Fanny, she have got de letters right smart; an' about de children goin' to church, and all dat ar sort of ting, why, bress your souk, Missey, I'se bound for de land of Canaan de best way I can myself, and I'm sartin I shoul'n't go without taking de babbies along with me—dat's what I shoul'n't; de children will have to be with Tiff, wherever he is. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter PEACOCK.

Pea. Oh, Massa Tiff, you must be done gone, you and all dese, right off; Massa Gordon come after me like locomotive, in a deb'l of a passion, blown hisself out mighty hard, say de place must be clear dis day; Missey Gordon come too, to make sure.

Mrs. C. The blow has come at last. I cannot go Tiff; he will let me die, will he not? It won't be long before I go, please Heaven, for, oh! I am so weary, so weary of life!

Tiff. Bress de Lor, dis is terrible work, surely; don't take on, darlin'; don't I know you're a weary—enough to make you.

Pea. Here dey come frettin' and worryin' like a par of stage horses up hill.

Uncle J. Holloa there, you black villain, you Peacock; I'll cut the skin off of you, you scoundrel, if you don't listen to me. [*Without.*]

Mrs. G. No, you won't, John; no, you won't. [*Without.*]

Enter CRIPPS.

Cripps. What, in thunder's, the row, Tiff!

Tiff. Ole Massa Gordon only comin' to clar us all out.

Cripps. The devil!

Tiff. True as preachin'. 'Nuff to frighten the life out of a well person, let alone she as am so peakin' over dere.

Cripps. Oh, she'll do well enough after a bottle or two of Dr. Puffer's elixir. [*The children group around Tiff.*]

Tiff. My precious pets, where'll you go to now? No roof to shelter you. 'Pears to me dere's something wrong in de managin of de world somewheres, my babbies.

Cripps. What in thunder's the use in whimpering over them? You never think of me, any of you—what's to become of me?

Tiff. Well, you ain't much account, das a fac.

[*UNCLE JOHN* heard without. *TIFF*, *CRIPPS*, and children run in door of cabin.

Enter *UNCLE JOHN* and *Mrs. GORDON*.

Uncle J. Well, you audacious vagabond, you Peacock, are these people gone? Have you rooted 'em out? Mustn't have any pauper trespassers squatting on my grounds. Nothing but robbers, marauders, pirates. I'd hang the whole lot sky high, I would by—[*Sees Mrs. CRIPPS*]—holloa! that woman's sick, that woman's very sick; why the devil didn't you tell me, you heartless rascal, that there was a sick woman? How dare you be sick here, ma'am? We can't have anybody sick! What are you looking so reproachful at? It's no fault of mine, is it? I'll bet you haven't got a drop of comfort in that devilish ig bag of your's, just because it's wanted.

Mrs. G. Yes, I have.

Uncle J. [*taking bottle of wine*]. That's wonderful. Here, ma'am, you must take a glass of this. Although its my poison, ma'am, it may be your meat. Don't be afraid of it; it's Madeira, ma'am; you must take a big swallow of it.

Mrs. G. She mustn't do anything of the kind.

Uncle J. What brought you here, ma'am?

Mrs. C. We had no where else to go to, sir; we camped at Mr. Durand's last, and the overseer pulled the cabin down over our heads.

Uncle J. The unfeeling brute! But what was he to do? You have no right, you know, to be there.

Mrs. C. I am well aware, sir, that we have no right to be alive.

Uncle J. [*Enter children*]. Not a bit. Holloa, whose children are these?

Mrs. C. The unfortunates are mine.

Uncle J. Ma'am, I don't understand this: those little dears—I mean wretches—look half starved, Where's your husband?

Enter *CRIPPS*.

Cripps. Here he is, squire, such as he is.

Uncle J. You're a pretty fellow, ain't you, to raise such a nursery as this right under my nose? [*Enter TIFF*]. Holloa! Must have your nigger, too: what do you do for a living?

Cripps. 'Most anything that comes round; tried all ways in my time, but somehow always manage to get out at the small end of the horn, doing a little in the general merchandize way now, with a notion of small groceries, and infallible patent medicines. I'd like to recommend Dr. Puffer's Elixir of the Waters of Life.

Uncle J. You've got some of it in that demijohn yonder, I suppose; that's the horn, my friend, that you get out of, I imagine; this is pretty work, upon my soul; I'm sorry for you, my friends, but you'll have to start.

Mrs. G. No, they won't.

Uncle J. I can't have any such interlopers on my grounds.

Mrs. G. Yes, you can

Uncle J. Hold your tongue, Fanny.

Mrs. G. No, I will not, John.

Uncle J. What are you, and what's your name?

Tiff. Bress de Lor', Ise nothin' but ole Tiff, de cook, an' de washin' woman, an' de house cleaner, and de chile maid, and I raises bits ob vegebles, an' de likes, for de family.

Uncle J. And steal my hens, I've no doubt, when you want to stuff out your infernal black skin—if I catch you at it, I'll flay you alive.

Mrs. G. No, you won't.

Tiff. Bress your heart, if your chickens were to fly into my pot with their feathers plucked off, dere's nobody in dis yer family, not our part ob it, would touch a moufful, not if we was at de las gasp—we'se Peyton blood, we is—no stealin' in dat breed.

Uncle J. You ought to be welted within an inch of your life, for keeping these poor children in such a hungry state.

Tiff. Old Tiff' not enough of a gardner to raise mutton chops out ob de swamp—

Uncle J. But you knew where my house was, you confounded chin-chilly-headed piece of hardhearted India rubber, and you can wag that impudent tongue of your's when there's no necessity to be saucy. What do you stand gaping and grinning at me for, you Peacock? Why don't you take a can or a bucket, or something, and go down to my kitchen and tell them I'll flog every one of them alive if they don't empty the larder into it. Run, you villain, run. [Exit PEACOCK.]

Mrs. C. Oh! bless you, sir, bless you.

Uncle J. Stupid woman, hold your tongue. [All the children crowd round Uncle.] Get away, you little ragged rascals; don't you know that I'm your enemy?

Teddy. No, you're not; you're going to give us some dinner.

Uncle J. Upon my soul, it's too bad; it 'll just end as it always does—I'll have to take care of the entire boodie, and it's enough to make a man fly the country.

Cripps. I'm sure I do the best I can; the brats are a bother, I know; but fortune may change—let us sincerely hope it will. In the meantime, in return for your kindness, allow me to present you with a bottle of Dr. Puffer's Elixir of the Waters of Life.

Uncle J. Why, you atrocious pirate, would you kill me? Well, I suppose I deserve it.

Mrs. G. I'll take it, it may be useful.

Uncle J. To be sure you will—it's the women keeps these confounded quacks alive, always swallowing some devilish compound or another. balm of this and cordial of that—damme, if I don't believe it's all brandy and water in disguise.

Cripps. You wouldn't be offended now, if I was to offer you a bonnet of the very newest style? [Presents Leghorn.]

Uncle J. Come along, Fan, or this poor devil will give away all his household goods; remember you can't stay here unless you allow me to have my own way, and put the place into something like a habitable shape. I wonder you're not ashamed to be seen grubbin about in such muck: but mind, if you don't pay me my rent to the very minute. I'll

set a pack of lawyers at you that will tear the soul out of you in short order.

Mrs. G. No, you won't, John.

Uncle J. Won't I! By the Lord Harry, you'll see. Damme, if I'll have any thriftless vagabonds on my grounds with their unruly children: give me a kiss, you little ragamuffin, give that to your mother, my man, [*Giving bill.*] you'd better get well, mam, soon—that's all I have to say to you. Come along, Fan. [*Exeunt.*]

Cripps. Well, that's a jolly good-hearted old trump, though he has a queer way of showing it.

Teddy. See what he gave me for mother.

Cripps. A ten dollar bill, by jingo. Nonsense, it was for me. What good would it be to your mother? I have a deuced great mind to get a lot of hard rum down here, and open a sort of groggery.

Mrs. G. Are you mad, John! Have you no thought for these poor children, and to what fearful examples they would be subjected?

Cripps. What the devil does that signify so long as a fellow can haul in the tin?

Tiff. Dat are ain't nateral, no how, an' I'se agin it powerful. What! the Peytons selling whiskey?—dem as give whole cords of it to the country round.

Cripps. Hold your tongues, all of you; I believe I'm the only judge of what's best to do.

Mrs. C. No, no, no, John! for mercy's sake, anything but that. My poor dear Fanny, what will become of you when I am gone?

Cripps. Confound it, don't keep whimpering there about going; you ain't goin' yet, I guess I'll have to stand your delightfully cheerful society long enough yet.

Tiff. Massa Cripps, don't you, don't you see de sweet lamb's meek face a trying now to hide de pain dat's killing her? Better for you to pray a prayer, if you knows one, for de time's a coming fast when de blessed heaven will have another angel!

Cripps. You'll worry me out of my senses, all of you, with such trash—I must finish my nap. [*Sleeps in a chair.*]

Mrs. C. Tiff, my good old friend, come near me. I have a feeling in my heart just now, as though it had stopped for an instant, and then with difficulty crept sluggishly into life again: my strength is nearly gone. Tiff, I know that I am dying—thank God, dying at last. Let him alone, don't annoy him, he can do me no good—is it getting dark, Tiff!

Tiff. No, bress me, de sun is shining yet.

Mrs. C. Never more for me, Tiff! Place the baby in my arms, Tiff,—that's kind—my child, my poor deserted child—where's Fanny!

Fanny. Here, dear mamma, are you going to sleep?

Mrs. C. Yes, my beloved, I am going to sleep—to sleep for ever!—God bless you all—all—Tiff, take care of them—

[*Dies—Tableau.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Same as Act I.—Evening.*LISETTE *sings without.*

Come on, ye rosy hours,
 All joy and gladness bring,
 We'll strew the way with flowers,
 And merrily, merrily sing.

Enter HARRY.

Harry. My wife comes, slave and chattel, like myself; but happy, most happy, for that her simple thoughts go not beyond the limited boundary of present joy: now must I restrain my burning heart, and simulate content, for her sake.

Enter LISETTE.

Lisette. I've brought you your shirts, Harry, all so nicely ironed and plaited by myself; your new white suit, too—see what a smart wife I am.

Harry. You are indeed, Lisette; I have something to show you also.

[Showing parcel.]

Lisette. Have you, Harry?—Oh, my, what is it?—Do let me see!

Harry. Not yet, little curiosity; I must plague you a bit. What do you suppose it is?

Lisette. I don't know—something for me, I hope.

Harry. Is every thing in the world to be for you? my little good-for-nothing.

Lisette. Yes; every thing you can get for me, dear Harry—do let me look!—Ah! I see.—Oh! Harry, it's silk—a silk dress—a beautiful silk dress!

Harry. To make me a summer coat.

Lisette. A summer coat, indeed! I saw the color, Mister Harry—do let me open it.

Harry. There, then, what do you think of that? Our kind mistress, Miss Nina, brought it for you on her birth-day.

Lisette. How glad I am!—I didn't forget her, Harry—see, there's a beautiful bouquet I gathered from our own dear little garden for her, my own self. Oh, how lovely!—what a dress—real silk—dear, dear, how happy I am—how happy *we* are—Harry, a'n't we happy?

Harry. Yes!

[With a sigh.]

Lisette. Yes!—why, what a gloomy, sad, uncomfortable yes.—Ah! you don't know what it is to have a new silk dress, or you wouldn't say yes, with such a big sigh. I wonder how I'm to have this made! Harry, did you see Miss Nina's dresses?

Harry. Yes.

Lisette. Oh! do tell me about them.

Harry. Well, there's a lovely pink gauze, covered with spangles, to be worn over white satin.

Lisette. Oh, how good, with flounces, Harry?

Harry. With flounces.

Lisette. How many?

Harry. I really don't remember.

Lisette. Don't remember how many flounces!—Oh, Harry, how stupid you are!—but I'll ask Miss Nina to show it to me herself, there now, and I won't forget how many flounces there are. Are we not fortunate, Harry, in having such a kind friend, every thing goes just as we want it—don't it, Harry?

Harry. Oh, yes, yes—nearly every thing, dear wife.

Lisette. There's something the matter, what goes wrong? Why don't you rejoice as I do? You've been working too hard, I know, at these books and things. You want something to cheer you up.

Enter Tom Tit, with Banjo.

Tom T. Glory, glory, I'm gwine to glory! Missa Nina here.

Lisette. Oh, that's the very thing. Give me that banjo, Tom Tit, and I'll sing Harry a song.

Tom T. De Lor', may Tom Tit listen! "Glory, glory."

Lisette. Hold your noise, you bad boy.

Song.

What are the joys of white man here?

What are his pleasures, say?—

He great, he proud, he haughty, fine,

While I my banjo play.

He sleep all day, he wake all night,

He full of care, his heart no light,

He great deal want, he little get,

He sorry, so he fret.

Me envy not the white man, here,

Though he so proud and gay,

He great, he proud, he haughty still,

While I my banjo play.

Me work all day, me sleep all night,

Me have no care, my heart is light,

Me think not what to-morrow bring,

Me happy, so me sing.

Tom T. Oh, golly, glory, a'n't that like 'lasses—oh, my, it so good, took all message out ob my head.

Harry. What was your message, Tom Tit?

Tom T. 'Pears to me it was to tell Missa Nina dat company wer comin'.

Harry. I'll tell her—come, Lisette, perhaps you may have a chance to find out the proper number of flounces to put on your new dress.

Tom T. Here, missus, now, 'pears to me in a bery bad temper. Golly, Ise be off. Glory, &c.

[*Exit.*]

Enter NINA and MRS. NESBIT.

Nina. I'm tired of such cold calculations. [LISETTE presents bouquet.] Ah, Lisette, I'm glad to see you: 's this lovely bouquet for me? Oh, thank you, my good Lisette—thank you

Harry. Tom Tit has just been here, Miss Nina, to say that a gentleman had arrived.

Nina. I was in hopes they were not coming. Dear me, I tremble all over!

Harry. Come, Lisette, we must defer the business of the flowers, to a more convenient time.

Lisette. It's no matter now, Harry. She smiled so, like an angel, as she is, when I gave her those few simple little flowers, that I wouldn't care a' most if I hadn't a founce at all. [*Exeunt.*]

Nina. Those three men will be here directly, aunt, and yet you sit there so tormentingly placid and icy, while I am in a fever.

Mrs. N. My dear, it is no fault of mine; I did not compromise you; I told you you'd get into trouble one of these days.

Nina. Oh, you *told* me so! Now I hate any one to say—I told you. Pshaw! I know I've been foolish, but how am I to remedy it? Here are three gentlemen coming together, that I would rather almost anything happened than that they should meet each other. And in my presence, too! What *am* I to do?

Mrs. N. Do just as you please—as you always do, and always would. I wonder what o'clock it is?

Nina. Just half-past ten, aunt. Why do you ask?

Mrs. N. I was thinking, my love, that perhaps it would be as well if you would send a message to—

Nina. Yes, aunt—to whom?

Mrs. N. To Rosa; and let her know that there was too much onion in the stuffing yesterday.

Nina. Aunt Nesbit, you are the most selfish person I ever met with in my life.

Mrs. N. Nina, child, you astonish me! Why so?

Nina. Aunt Nesbit, if a dog were to come to me and tell me he was in trouble, I think I should listen to him, and show some kind of interest to help him. You see me in a perfect tornado of excitement, and the only sympathy you show me is to talk about onions and stuffing.

Enter MR. CARSON, a prim old bachelor.

Carson. Mrs. Nesbit, your humble servant! My dear Miss Nina, your devoted slave! Brought you my little floral offering. Permit me! [*Kisses her hand.*] Our peculiar relation to each other gives me the delicious privilege! Warm weather for walking, Mrs. Nesbit! Crops looking lovely, Miss Nina! So do you,—excuse the remark.

Nina. Thank you, Mr. Carson, for the compliment.

Carson. How cold and formal, Nina, after the blissful avowal! Why don't you call me Fred? I like to be called Fred. It reminds me—

Nina.—Of the last century, no doubt.

Carson. No, not exactly; but of my youthful days, when—

Nina. What a fine memory you have, Mr. Carson!

Carson. Yes, it's pretty good. Dear me, you're destroying that bouquet!

Nina. Flowers are sufficiently plentiful, sir.

Carson. Well—yes! so they are, and so they ought to be. Oh, had I my wish, your existence should be passed entirely amongst them!

Nina. I'm very much obliged to you, but I should greatly prefer a comfortable house, and a reasonable larder.

Carson. Why—yes! To speak within bounds, that is not an unusual preference. I think I may venture to promise, *Nina*, when you belong to me—

Nina. Belong to you, sir! Do you look upon me as a piece of household furniture! Belong to you, indeed! What next?

Carson. What next? Excuse the remark. I think the next thing we had better be thinking of, is the happy ceremony—the—

Nina. Ceremony! How dare you mention such nonsense?

Carson. Nonsense!—the marriage ceremony nonsense, *Nina*!

Nina. I won't be called *Nina*.

Carson. Is it not your name? And don't the marriage ceremony generally follow such engagements as we have together?

Nina. On the contrary, sir, it never follows such an engagement.

Carson. Never, *Nina*!

Nina. Never! Engagement, indeed! You ought to know what a New York engagement amounts to—a mere convenient arrangement to secure the attention of a bouquet-holder—a person to carry one's lorgnetto, put on one's shawl gracefully, and be smiled at when we want to make an effect upon the house—a kind of well-dressed servant out of livery, whose engagement terminates with the opera season.

Carson. But does it occur to you what is to become of my heart!

Nina. Don't be alarmed, Mr *Carson*; if you happen to have so rare a curiosity about you, it is neither sugar nor salt—it won't melt away.

Carson. But I assure you, upon my honor, I love—

Nina. I know exactly what you love. You love good eating, good drinking, fine clothes, nice houses, and a good time, generally; and you'd like to have a nice little wife as part of the programme.

Carson. I do believe you have just hit the mark.

Nina. Now, understand me, sir, I'm not going to be mixed up with bricks and mortar, broadcloth and beef-steaks, in any man's affections, that I can tell you.

Carson. You are a singular wild, wayward, bewitching, teasing, little home angel, and I don't know what to make of you.

Nina. Sit down, Mr *Carson*, if you please.

Carson. Certainly, if you wish it.

Nina. Well, do, for gracious sake, these shoes creak most abominably; they make me nervous.

Carson. Dear me, I thought you were going to relent.

Nina. Never, sir. Ah, here comes another of them. Dear, dear, what am I to do, my heart beats like a clock, and there's that imperterbable mummy of an aunt of mine, doesn't drop a single stitch of her inexorable crotchet.

Enter GEORGE EMMONS.

Geo. E. Peerless and beautiful, upon the wings of love, and—

Nina. Mr. Carson, Mr. Emmons ; I believe you have never been introduced to each other !

Geo. E. Haven't had the pleasure, sir. your most obedient ; you'll pardon the exuberance of an overflowing soul when I cast politeness to the illimitable winds, and on the sweet breath of poesy, apostrophise the sweetest——

Nina. You don't see my aunt, Mr. Emmons.

Geo. E. Truth compels me to say, that I did overlook my inestimable friend, for the instant blinded, I may say, by the superhuman light of that one dazzling luminary—the soul-star of my dearest hopes—the——

Nina. You have evidently been studying astronomy, lately, Mr. Emmons.

Geo. E. The whole celestial hemisphere contains but one bright planet.

Carson. This is a very flowery kind of gentleman ; who is he, Nina !

Nina. Oh, nobody ; one of my New York engagements. I met him at the opera.

Geo. E. Nina, my concentrated constellation, who is that well-brushed old gentleman ?

Nina. Another star-gazer, that's all.

Geo. E. Ha ! does he dare——

Nina. Don't go into heroics, that's not your role ; stick to the romantic, you're amusing enough when you're not serious.

Geo. E. But I *am* serious, desperately, dangerously serious. Nina, if this elderly Adonis is a rival, the earth cannot hold us both. Nina, there's a tinge of blood in my thoughts ; let him but dare to lift his presumptuous hopes to thee, and annihilation is his doom !

Nina. There can be no rivalry where there is no love, Mr. Emmons.

Geo. E. Ten thousand thanks for that delicious word.

Nina. I'm glad you're so easily satisfied.

Mrs. N. I see Mr. Clayton coming up the walk.

Nina. Now, I'm lost, lost ! what will he think of these intrusive butterflies !

Geo. E. Nina, dear.

Nina. Don't call me Nina, sir : by what right are you so impertinently familiar ?

Geo. E. Surely you cannot have forgotten, my sweetest.

Nina. For gracious sake don't be so absurdly foolish.

Geo. E. Why, my precious one, are we not engaged to each other ?

Carson. Mercy on us, what do I hear !

Geo. E. What's the matter with the star-gazer ?

Nina. Now, indeed, am I in a dilemma. Aunt, do, pray have some humanity !

Mrs. N. A judgment, my dear—a judgment ! I knew how it would be !

Carson. May I ask you to explain your last remark, sir, touching your engagement to that young-lady ?

Geo. E. I will, sir, when I learn what business it is of your's !

Carson. Know, sir, that I have the honor to stand in that relation——

Geo. E. You, sir!

Carson. I, sir.

Enter CLAYTON.

Nina. Oh, what terrible mortification!

Clay. Hey-day! Why, Carson, Emmons, you appear to be somewhat unduly excited in the presence of ladies. Mrs. Nesbit, your servant! Miss Gordon, I hope you are well.

Carson. Egad! enough to make me excited, Clayton.

Geo. E. Presumptuous greybeard! [*Aside.*]

Clayton. Nothing of any consequence, I presume, Miss Nina. Although, now that I look closely, you seem to be somewhat less self-possessed than usual.

Nina. Yes, sir!—No!—I mean—I wish I could cry!

Clayton. My dear Mrs. Nesbit, you assure me by your placidity that this apparent tempest is but a trivial blow, else I should hardly know how to construe this scene of agitation. Would it be presuming too far to ask the cause of this outbreak?

Mrs. N. A judgment—a simple but deserved judgment—upon the headstrong and the self-willed.

Geo. E. You'll pardon me if I inquire, Miss Gordon, if the ridiculous observation made by this old gentleman is true?

Nina. It is, sir.

Carson. There, silly and obtrusive juvenile! Of course, his impertinent assertion is false.

Nina. It is not, sir.

Geo. E. You don't mean to say you are engaged to both of us?

Clayton. What's that I hear!

Nina. To both of you.

Clayton. Oh, this is shameful.

Geo. E. Unprecedented!

Carson. Unpardonable!

Nina. Have you no reproaches for me, Mr. Clayton?

Clayton. None, Miss Gordon, if these gentlemen speak truly. I have no right to venture an opinion on the subject.

Nina. How cool and calm, and yet how kind and noble! But I won't be outdone in candor, if I am in generosity. Yes, you have a right, Mr. Clayton—an equal, if not a superior right, to those gentlemen; for, were we not engaged to each other last?

Geo. E. and Carson. What!

Carson. Good gracious! What an ante-nuptial Bluebeard! One comfort—there's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Miss Gordon, I dare not risk the expression of my distracted thoughts, and so, good morning! [*Exit.*]

Geo. E. After all, it don't much signify. The money affairs are in a queer state, I hear, and the plantation is rather run down. Miss Gordon, although the last link is roughly sundered that bound my heart to earthly enjoyment, yet may you be happy! Bright meteoric vision, ethereal intangibility, farewell for ever! [*Exit.*]

Nina. Mr. Clayton, I dare not look in your face; I am heartily ashamed of myself.

Clayton. I'm glad to hear it, Miss Gordon; but be under no apprehension with regard to me—I tender you back the engagement you made with me—of course, simply as a matter of thoughtless amusement!

Nina. But you will despise and hate me—I know you will.

Clayton. Never, Nina! I mean, Miss Gordon, never. I was in earnest, though you were not.

Nina. And dare I hope that you will continue to be my friend and adviser!

Clay. In all things.

Nina. Then call me Nina; I like to hear you call me so, although I could not bear it from those frivolous people—perhaps in time you may forgive my foolish thoughtlessness.

Clay. In time, Nina!

Nina. Let it be soon, for indeed I need a true friend. I have hitherto been making a *game* of life, and saying and doing everything that came into my head; just in sport, I permitted myself to be engaged to those men.

Clay. And just in sport you permitted yourself to be engaged to me.

Nina. No, not in sport, yet, not enough in earnest. I scarcely know myself; yet, bear with my waywardness, Clayton, and believe me I shall not be unworthy of your kindly interest.

Enter HARRY, greatly agitated.

Harry. Pardon me, Miss Nina, I knew not you had visitors.

Nina. What's the matter, Harry? Heavens! you are hurt, your face is cut across.

Harry. And by your brother, my brother's hand, Miss Nina—forgive me, Mr. Clayton, but slave, and less than brute though I am, I cannot silently submit to such an outrage.

Clay. Indeed, I sympathize in your position deeply, Harry.

Nina. Oh! this is fearful—how did you offend him?

Harry. By not a word or look, as I have life; he rode up to the outer gate, and called to me to hold his horse while he dismounted; in doing so the animal happened to swerve on one side. With a bitter imprecation, he declared it was my fault. I respectfully denied, when “Rascally slave,” he cried, “how dare you answer me!” and slashed me across the face with his whip. The blow is nothing; but, the degradation, public as it was, the servants looking on, it is that which stings me to the soul, and urges me to tell you that I cannot stay here while he remains.

Nina. You shall not, Harry, make any excuse to be absent. Take one of the horses at once, and go anywhere.

TOM GORDON, without.

Hallo, Nina, where are you?

Nina. He's here. Heavens! what's to be done? Clayton, stay and protect us.

Clay. I will, with my life, if necessary.

Nina. Thanks, oh, thanks, my good kind friend. *Harry, go quick.*

Enter TOM GORDON.

Gordon. This is a pretty house, nobody to welcome a fellow.—Ah! here's the impudent boy again—slave! stand out of my way!

Harry. I am no slave of yours, Mr. Tom Gordon.

Gordon. Why, you infernal hound, have I not marked you with the slave's mark?

Harry. Which I shall never forget.

Gordon. Does the hound threaten?

[*Goes to strike HARRY, CLAYTON interferes.*

Nina. Away, Harry, away!

[*Exit, HARRY.*

Gordon. Who the devil are you?

Clay. A man, who will never stand tamely by, and see brutality unchecked.

Gordon. Well, upon my soul, you're a gay sort of chap, I suppose. *Nina,* this is one of your beaux—damned independent, I must say!—Why don't you introduce a fellow?

Nina. This gentleman is Mr. Clayton; Mr. Clayton, my brother.

Gordon. All right. Hallo! if there a'n't old starchy—how are you, old girl!

Mrs. N. Thomas, I'm glad to see you.

Gordon. No, you're not. None of you a'n't glad to see me, I know that well enough, so don't you go Thomasing me, old pussy cat.

Mrs. N. I must see that your room is prepared, Thomas—Tom!

Gordon. You can't gammon me, old un: an excuse to get out of the room, that's all. Well, cut along; pretty lot of relatives I've got, to be sure, it's lucky I brought a couple of chaps with me that will rouse up the cobwebs of the old house. I have just as good a right to do as I like nere as any one else, and I mean to exercise it, though some rascally sneak did forge a will for my father.

Nina. Tom, how dare you make such an assertion.

Gordon. Oh, none of your high strikes with me.

Clay. Mr. Thomas Gordon, listen to me, sir, for a few minutes.

Gordon. Fire away, old horse.

Clay. Miss Gordon and her household are under my protection, the hospitality of her establishment is of course tendered to you, as long as you do not abuse it; but whether I am present or absent, be assured that, should you transgress too far the bounds of propriety and gentlemanly conduct, I shall not suffer such an outrage to pass by with impunity.

Gordon. You won't, eh! And by what right do you talk so big in this house!

Nina. By the right which I have given him, the right of its future mastery, my intended husband.

Gordon. Whew! that's the way the wind blows, eh! Well, you're a lucky fellow, that's all I have to say, though a little too sassy for me. Go ahead; you want to look at the moon and talk spoonery to each other, don't you? Cut away! only send a fellow something to drink, won't you? Ah! here are my friends—jolly chaps—though they do look a little rough—let me introduce them before you go.

Enter BEN DAKIN and JIM STOKES.

Yes, this is Ben Dakin, one of the primeest nigger-hunters in the country, except, maybe, his friend, Jim Stokes; I believe his dogs are a little more furious. [*NINA and CLAYTON go out, not noticing them.*]

Ben. Hollo! is that your tip-top manners!

Jim. 'Pears to me a sort of insultin'—

Gordon. What does it signify; we'll have a jolly time, boys. Hollo, there! why don't some one bring the rum! [*Enter TOM TIT with decanter and tumblers—Tom strikes at him, which he avoids, and exits, singing—"Glory, glory! I'se a bound for glory."*]

Ben. Devilish purty place, this here; eught to be your'n, ought'ent it?

Gordon. I'll try if I can't make it mine one of these days.

Jim. Fine wood to hunt niggers through, the trail would tell beautiful.

Ben. A little too close to the swamp. Once the rascals get there, it's all up with the hunt.

Jim. Not a bit of it. My dogs would go plum through the bottomless pit after a darkey. [*Lisette appears at window.*]

Gordon. Halloa, there's a likely lot enough. Come in, my dear, and let us look at you, Do you hear! Damn it, don't pretend to be shy; that sort of cock won't fight with me; come along. Who do you belong to?

Lisette. I'm Harry's wife, Mr. Tom.

Gordon. Then your husband is the most infernally saucy white nigger unhung, my dear, and it's a pity anything half so pretty should belong to such a rascal.

Lisette. My husband is a good, kind, honest man, Mr. Tom; and I love him as I love my life.

Gordon. How deliciously romantic! And I must say that the scoundrel has devilish good taste! [*Tries to lay hold of Lisette; she avoids him.*] Come, none of that sort of gammon.

Lisette. Please to let me go, sir.

Gordon. Not a bit of it, my dear.

[*LISETTE cries. HARRY rushes on, and flings TOM GORDON off. BEN DAKIN and JIM STOKES pull out pistols.*]

Harry. Stand off, cowardly ruffian!

Ben Dakin and all. Shoot him down!

[*Enter NINA and CLAYTON. NINA rushes before HARRY and LISETTE. CLAYTON in centre. Tableau, curtain.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Wood.*

Enter UNCLE JACK, MADAM GORDON, NINA, CLAYTON *and* MRS. NESBIT.

Uncle J. Ha, ha ! only to think of an unconverted old reprobate, like me, going to a camp meeting.

Mrs. G. You're nothing of the kind ; and why shouldn't you go there as well as any one else ?

Mrs. N. For my part, I think these camp meetings are productive of much good : they soothe the agitated soul, and enable the poor wanderer on this earth to bear the burden patiently. Where is that Old Hundred, to make us walk up this great hill ? it's enough to kill one with heat and dust.

Uncle J. Practice what you preach, ma'm. See how quiet our poor Nina is, notwithstanding that vagabond, Harry, has so unaccountably absented himself, wife, and all. Oh, I only wish I had him near me now.

Nina. He could not avoid it, uncle ; my brother's riotous and most unprincipled conduct was more than he could endure.

Clay. We shall most probably see him at the camp meeting ; he keeps aloof, no doubt, only to avoid meeting with Mr. Gordon.

Uncle J. Ah ! here comes Old Hundred ; he has patched up his broken traps, I suppose. Now for the camp ; egad, your grave face, Clayton, will be quite appropriate to the scene ; I sho' 'dn't wonder if they'll ask you to join in the ceremonies.

Clay. Every christian should be ready to do so—it is a comment upon our religion that such offices are thought peculiar to clergymen.

Uncle J. I honor that sentiment : a man ought not to be ashamed of his religion, anywhere, no more than a soldier of his colors. I believe there's more true religion hid in the breasts of honest laymen than is starched into your stiff white cravats. I suppose they wouldn't, any of them, give me a chance of heaven, because I rip out with an oath every now and then ; but the fact is, what with bad niggers and worse white trash, my chances are dreadfully limited.

Enter OLD HUNDRED.

Old H. Ladies and gen'l'men, I sorry to obserbe dat you'll hav' to pre-amblat a trifle mo ; one ob my hosses is gone dead lame on a suddent, and tother's so sorry at it, dat he won't pull an inch, no how I can foteh him ; 'tant werry far to walk, now—only top of dat der hill, a lookin' at de swamp. [Exit

Mrs. N. I declare if it ain't the most vexatious and provoking thing I am so delicate and nervous.

Uncle J. Take it easy, ma'm ; you can have a chance to mortify the spirit, you know—do you good, maybe—who knows. As for you, Mr. Parson, you must confess *this* little penitent,—wants a spiritual director, my boy. There isn't a girl like that in all Carolina. There's blood, sir, but you must humer her a bit, and give her her head, and she'll draw well at last. I always like a creature that kicks to pieces harness,

wagon, and all, to begin with, they turn out best when they're broken in
Clay. Miss Gordon must feel complimented by your simile.

Uncle J. To be sure she is, she knows I mean right, the gipsey, and all the rest is humbug.

Clay. Nina, you heard the advice your uncle gave?

Nina. I did; have you any inclination to follow it?

Clay. You know that my very soul is yours.

Nina. Well, then, if you will have the bad taste to insist upon liking me, let me warn you that I'm a very unformed impractical person; I don't keep accounts; I'm nothing of a housekeeper; I shall leave open drawers, and scatter papers, and forget the day of the month; so, now, won't you take warning?

Clay. No!

Nina. No! then you are either a very desperate or a very courageous man. [*Banjo and chorus without.*]

Uncle J. Hollo! who have we here?

Clay. As I live, some of my people, headed by that mischievous scamp, Dulcimer.

Enter DULCIMER and three NEGROES, with banner, on which is inscribed
"The Magnolia Grove Troubadours."

Dul. 'Scuse de trobadroers, ladies and gents; knowed you were a goin' to camp meetin', so got a kind of bit of music, out of respect to master—good master, he too: will it please you to hear him?

Clay. There is no occasion, now.

Nina. Oh, certainly, by all means.

Uncle J. To be sure; roar away, Troubadours.

o *Song and Chorus.*

1st Voice. Oh, massa's often absent—do you know where he goes?

2d Voice. He goes to North Carolina, for the North Carolina rose.

Chorus. Oh, de North Carolina rose;
 Oh, de North Carolina rose.
 We wish good luck to massa,
 And his North Carolina rose.

1st Voice. Oh, I see two stars a shining,
 Up in de shady skies.

2d Voice. No, boy, you are mistaken;
 'Tis de light of her fair eyes.

1st Voice. I see two roses blowin'
 Together on one bed.

2d Voice. No, boy, you are mistaken—
 Dem are her cheeks so red.

*Chorus—*Oh, de North Carolina rose, &c.

Oh! she walks on de veranda,
 And she laughs out of de door,
 And she dances like de sunshine
 Across de parlor floor.

Her little feet dey patter
 Like de rain upon de flowers,
 And her laugh is like sweet waters
 Through all de summer hours.

Chorus—Oh, de North Carolina rose, &c.

Uncle J. Ha, ha! Don't blush, Nina. Egad! you brought it on yourself. Clayton, my boy, your darkey minstrels do your poesy much honor. Egad! your inky Helicon hath the true Ethiopian smack. I'd advise you to open a hall somewhere: it pays, my boy—it pays. There, you squeaking rascals, go and prepare yourselves for repentance, at the camp meeting exercises.

Dul. Three cheers for Mas'r Gordon, and de North Carolina rose.

[*Exeunt* TROUBADOURS.]

Mrs. N. Well, I do sincerely hope that the exercises will lead you to think more seriously.

Uncle J. [*Seriously.*] Lord! what about, what earthly harm have I done to anybody but myself! And what does it signify what becomes of me? Ain't my very niggers better off than I am! Do I ever have any chickens, or eggs, or cucumbers? All my chickens die, and the cutworm plays the devil with my cucumbers; but the niggers can raise 'em and grow 'em; they flourish like a green bay tree; and, of course they sell 'em to me. I buy 'em and cook 'em, and then they eat 'em. If the truth was known, I'm worse off than the poorest woolly-head among 'em—be hanged if I ain't.

Nina. Oh, uncle, do see what old Tiff has rigged up to carry his children to the camp meeting; I declare, when I see that devoted, loving old creature lugging about those children, I always think of an ugly thorny moss-rose tree, with its beautiful blossoms.

Clay. I respect and reverence the simple faith and fidelity of that good old servant.

Uncle J. Confound the old villain! He's given me mere uneasiness of mind than all the noisy professors at camp meeting could produce; I never can pass that miserable little hole they live in but he's either darning or washing, or else stretched out like a great old Newfoundland dog, with the young ones scrambling over his uncouth carcase. Ah! there's a heart inside of that animated lump of ugliness that broad-cloth or brocade seldom covers! Oh, see! there's some of the poor fellow's rickety harness given way. Here, Old Hundred. [*Enter* OLD HUNDRED.] Go and assist your brother in misfortune; in the meantime we'll jog on. [*Exeunt.*]

Old H. I'se 'stonished at that there Gordon, to want to make one of de family so cheap with poor white folk's niggers. I ain't a guine to touch the tumble-down concern—not me, indeed.

Tiff. [*Outside.*] Woa! steady! Bress de Lor! what sperrits de hoss is gone got to-day, surely! No keepin' of him in no way.

Enter Tiff, driving a singular-looking vehicle. (*See book for description.*)
The children are seated in the conveyance.]

Tiff. Dat you, Old Hundred! Your dresful old, rumble-up of a

coach broked down, eh? Ya, ha! too much heavy weight of coachman, 'spose; dere now, dere goes anoder trace; never mind—easy to mend him. [*Gets down from seat.*]

Old H. Well, I never did see such a miserable concern as dat you. Ha, ya! You looks elegant, don't you, with dem poor white folks' chil'ren, a puttin' der sides up, as if dey was people!

Tiff. You go long talking bout what you know nothing bout. I like to know what you knows bout old Virginny families. Gordon's is a nice family. Ain't nothin to say agin the Gordon's; but whar was you raised, dat you didn't hear bout de Peytons! Why, old Gen'ral Peyton—didn't he use to ride out with six black hosses afore him, as if he'd been a king! and der wa'nt one of dem hosses dat hadn't a tail as long as my arm.

Old H. Laws! how dese old niggers will lie! Deys always zaggeratin' deir families, makes de very har rise on my head, to hear dese yer old niggers lie so

Tiff. You tink dat folks as takes to lyin is using up your business, don't you? I tell you, nigger, any one dat says a word agin dese Peytons here, I'se down on to dem slick.

Old H. Laws! dem chil'ren ain't Peyton's—deys Crippses. Deys poor white folks: a body may see dat, stickin right out all over 'em.

Tiff. You shut up. I don't bleeve you was born on de Gordon place, cos you ain't got no manners; I specks you some old second-hand nigger Colonel Gordon must a took for a bad debt some time, from some of dese yer mean Tennessee families; but I've no time to talk to mean niggers nobow, cos "Ise bound for de land of Canaan." [*Sings.*]

Uncle J. [*Without.*] Holloa, you Old Hundred, what are you loitering there for?

Old H. De Lor! if I didn't clean forgot de family.

Tiff. Ha, ha, nigger! De ole major, he make your back hot, I specks.

Fanny. Uncle Tiff, where is the land of Canaan?

Tiff. De Lor a massy, chile—dat is what I'd like to know myself.

Fanny. Is it heaven, Tiff?

Tiff. Well, I reckon so - maybe.

Fanny. Is it where ma is gone?

Tiff. Chile, I reckon it is.

Fanny. Is it down under ground.

Tiff. Yo! ho! no—why what put dat ar in your head?

Fanny. Didn't ma go that way through the ground?

Tiff. Lordy, no chile. Heaven's up, up dar, ahead of dem pine trees

Fanny. And how do we get there, Tiff!

Tiff. I don't know, chile. 'zactly, how dey works it. Ise studin' dat for you—maybe camp meeting 'll tell us, dough Ise been to plenty ob em, and I neber could see my way quite clar. 'Pears like dey talks about ebery ting else more an dey does about dat—woa, beauty!—how sperited he is—dere's de Methodists, dey cuts up de Presbyterians, and de Presbyterians pitches into de Methodists, and den both ob 'ems down on de 'Piscopals, and when dey's all blowin' away at each other. Ise a wonderin' whar's de way to Canaan; but, pless de Lor' we'll find

find out all about it at camp meetin'. Now mind, Miss Fan'y, order me round well, let folks hear you, whar's de use on your habin a nigger an' nobody known it? Hi' git along, dar we goes—a'n't it fine, children? [*All laugh.*] We'll all lib like princes, won't us!

[*All—aye, aye—TIFF sings—Exit.*]

Enter TOM GORDON and BEN DAKIN.

Gordon. I tell you the scoundrel's off to the swamp, he and his wife too, and they must not escape. That cunning viper of a sister of mine bought her from her mistress, and just forestalled me about ten minutes; and it was that undermining meddler Clayton, who posted the money; it will go hard if I don't make this place too hot to hold him. There are plenty of dare-devil boys here that will do anything for whiskey. I'll ply them well and stir them up against this fellow Clayton, and her also—we can easily persuade them that they connived at the fellow's escape, and I may get my property back—then let them look out.—They'll find they had better have a wild wolf in their path, when my blood is up. I want you to get your dogs out after that fellow, and tear him piecemeal if he don't submit—having taken to the swamp, they're outlawed you know, and anybody can shoot them down.

Ben. Well, you see, can't you wait until after camp meetin'? I'm going on to religion just now, full chisel. The nigger can't get out of the swamp, no how; so he'll either have to starve or come in.

Gordon. No, you must set about it at once; the rascal has got my blood up, and I'd pawn my very soul to punish him.

Ben. Well, I 'spose I must. Business is business, and camp meetin' 'll have to wait—so I'll go for the dogs.

Enter JIM STOKES.

Jim. Hallo, Mr. Gordon, goin' to give Ben's dogs a job? they a'n't no account compared with mine. I've seen one on 'em snake a nigger in his mouth like he'd been a sponge. Mine's the true grit—real Florida bloodhounds, and no mistake.

Ben. Oh, gas! shut up. Your'n a'n't dogs at all; they a'n't nothin' but overgrown skunks, poor old broken down varmint, they couldn't hold a nigger no-how.

Jim. Damn'd if I don't knock that ar lie down your throat!

Ben. Two can play at that—come on!

[*They are about to fight.*]

Enter FATHER BONNIE, with rifle and book.

Bonnie. Hey, boys, what devil's work is this you've got on so near camp meeting ground. Desist, I say, and follow me to the field of fields, where we shall do battle against wickedness and sin.

Ben. I'll be with you, Father Bonnie, by and bye. I've got to catch a nigger or two first.

Bonnie. Let the niggers run, you can catch 'em after meeting's over. Mr. Gordon, are you not going to set an example, by giving your attendance at the place of worship?

Gordon. No; I'm neither knave nor hypocrite enough to join in your mumery. Come, Ben.

Bonnie. Reflect, reflect, benighted one; what is the value of a captured nigger compared with your immortal soul!

Ben. Well, I ain't good at mathematics; but souls must be fed, Father Bonnie. *Exit GORDON and BEN.*

Bonnie. Oh! the selfish worldliness of the age! You are coming Stokes, are you not!

Jim. I don't mind if I do. A real strong spell of preachin' comforts a fellow some times.

Bonnie. Ah! my friend, this awakening is good—how's business?—got a good cook in your lot?

Jim. A prime one—number one cook, and no mistake—picked her up real cheap. I'll let you have her for eight hundred dollars, seeing as you're a minister.

Bonnie. You must think preaching a better trade than it is, if you imagine a minister can afford to pay such a price as that.

Jim. It's dirt cheap, I tell you. A sound, strong, hearty woman, a prudent, careful housekeeper, and a real pious Methodist, I ought to get a thousand for her; but I always think right to make a discount to ministers.

Bonnie. You wouldn't like to take seven fifty?

Jim. Couldn't do it, no how. She's got a child about four years old, suppose I shall want a hundred for him.

Bonnie. Oh! that won't do. I don't want any more children about my place.

Jim. But he's a fine likely fellow, and you might as well keep the two together. You won't miss his keep, and before you know it, you'll have a thousand dollar hand grown on your own place.

Bonnie. Well, that's something. I'll talk to you about it after camp meeting's over. *[Exeunt.]*

Music.—Enter DRED

Oh, ho! camp meeting and driver's camp right alongside of each other! Shepherds that sell the flock, and pick the bones: ye oppress the poor and helpless, and hunt the stranger. Hear this, ye that swallow up the needy, and make the poor of the land to fail: The Lord hath sworn, saying, I will never forget their works; I will surely visit you. Blow ye the trumpet in Zion; sound an alarm in the holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the earth tremble—for the day of the Lord cometh. *[Distant shot heard.]* Ha! Another victim marked for the slaughter! *Jegar Sahadutha.* The God of their fathers judge between us, for judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off. Wilt *Thou* hold thy peace for ever? Behold, the blood of the poor crieth unto Thee; behold, how they hunt for our lives; behold, how they pervert justice, and take away the key of knowledge. *[Distant noise of pursuit.]* Ha! some poor panting wretch seeks the sanctuary: speed him, Powers of Good, that he may have strength to reach the land of safety! *[Stage darkens.]* Descend, ye rolling clouds, and veil his footsteps! break, thunder, and with thy tremendous voice cry, Beware! to the soul-slayer!

Enter HARRY, supporting LISETTE; they are greatly fatigued, and their dresses torn, &c.

Harry. Ha! Who's there? I'm desperate. Your life!

Dred. Life! What is life! He that loveth his life shall lose it.

Harry. Dred! Oh, thank Heaven, it is you; they are on our track; my poor wife faints from loss of blood; the demons shot at and wounded her in the arm. Where are we? Are we safe here?

Dred. Safe! Ha, ha! While the storm lasts, perhaps—for even the dogs won't run at such a time—but I overheard the hunters of men here on this spot, their hands red with the blood of the poor, in conversation with the ministers of that gospel which entreateth all men to love each other, and they were about to go up to the sacrifice together. Oh, false witnesses, woe unto your lying prophecies! I left a man dead in the swamps, whom their dogs had torn; his wife is a widow, his children orphans; and yet they eat, and wipe the mouth, and say, What have I done!

Harry. Lisette, look up; we have escaped them—we are safe.

[Noise without.

Dred. Not yet; but in an instant more you shall be. Follow me!

[Exeunt. Noise, shot

SCENE II.—*The Dismal Swamp. Tree to strike with lightning prominent—Thunder*

Enter DRED.

Dred. Wake, O arm of the Lord—awake, put on thy strength—rend the heavens and come down, to avenge the innocent blood. Cast forth thine arrows, and slay them; shoot out thy lightnings, and destroy them utterly.

[Flash of lightning strikes the tree: the foliage disappears, leaving the naked trunk blasted.]

Enter HARRY and LISETTE.

Harry. Ha! it is Thy work. I hail it as a sign. Oh, thou unrighteous ones who lift your heads so high and prosperous, as yonder tree is in a moment stripped of all its pride of verdure, so will the fulness of your earthly glory be rent from ye, even in the twinkling of an eye—for, doth He not say, I will show wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath—blood, and fire, and vapor of smoke!

Lisette. I am stronger now, Harry, and won't complain any more. Where are we? Are you safe from harm?

Harry. Yes, Lisette, for the present, I hope: we are in the swamp. Dred is our protector and friend; they will hardly dare to follow us here.

Dred. Beneath that tree have I laid many a gory witness, who have yielded life up, sore pressed and wearied to the death, or killed outright by the men-hunters; and many more shall rest there, till the appointed day. Oh, how long must we endure this heavy burthen? Is it to be a curse and a reproach for all time?

Harry. Is there no way to escape to the coast. Dred!

Dred. None, for me. This is my mission upon earth, and I must stay here to fulfil it—to harbor the panting fugitive and speed him on his way, or add others to the bloody register of which yon blasted trunk is now the fit memorial.

Harry. But for us—is there a chance to pierce the living barrier that surrounds this sanctuary?

Dred. There is but one way, and that most hazardous. If it be your wish to go, I'll guide you, one false step though, and the treacherous swamp will draw you down to certain death.

Harry. Lisette, have you the heart to venture?

Lisette. Anywhere with you, Harry.

Harry. Lead on, then, Dred, for even should the worst ensue, it will be far better to die at once than suffer living death, through each succeeding day, of shame and torture. *[Distant shouts, red light.]*

Dred. There is a lurid light in the air! Those shouts! What has happened? Some deed of violence, no doubt! *[A whistle.]* Ha! the signal of one of my secret friends. Few of our oppressors know what constant information I have of every circumstance that transpires around me.

Enter PEACOCK.

What has happened?

Peacock. There's the worst crowd raised you ever saw, got up by Mr. Tom Gordon, Ben Dakin, and Jim Stokes; they're a burning down Abijah's place, only just because some one said he saw him selling powder to you; they abused Father Dickson awful for interfering; they threaten to lynch Mr. Clayton, and are going over to Miss Nina's place. Mr. Tom Gordon talks about her and Mr. Clayton dreadful, and likely as not they're a going to burn down her place too.

Harry. What do I hear? Miss Nina in danger!—the kindest and most generous lady breathing! The miserable drunken ruffians! Harm must not come to her. Dred, that must be prevented, at all hazards.

Peacock. Oh, Harry, he swears to have you and Lisette, dead or alive, and has offered a thousand dollars for you to be brought in to him one way or the other.

Harry. No matter; my duty, above all duties, is to protect her—if need be, with this worthless life. Heaven knows how gladly I would yield it up to preserve her from the slightest danger. *[Noise of pursuit.]* Powers of mercy, what do I see!—the infuriated wretches are hunting Mr. Clayton, and she clings to him. Ha! Tom Gordon—brutal and unnatural wretch—heads the pursuers against his own sister! Your rifle, Dred! My heart stops still, and my limbs are moveless; I cannot slay him, for he is my brother.

Dred. I'll guide the fugitives to the right path, but let those who follow tempt me not too sorely. I am but an instrument in the hands of unswerving justice. *[Exit.]*

Harry. They gain upon them fearfully. Ah! desperation and despair! that I must stay and look upon their terrible strait, and have no power to help.

Lisette. Will she escape from them, Harry! Ah! my heart beats painfully at her great danger.

Harry. Ha! I see by the light of the pine torches, one of the pursuers has sunk in the yielding morass—it is Dakin, the ruffianly man-hunter; they dare not venture near enough to assist him, for fear of sharing his fate, and slowly and hopelessly he perishes before their eyes. It is indeed a fearful risk to cross that yawning death-ground, even for liberty.

Dred. [Without.] One more effort, and you are safe.

Harry. Heaven be thanked, they are here.

Musical.—Enter DRED, CLAYTON, and NINA.

Dred. You may here breathe awhile; it will be some time before they reach this, if they ever do. I see one of the crew has sunk in the swamp already; that may deter the rest from advancing further.

Clayton. Nina, dear Nina, look up—speak to me! They will not, dare not, harm me. Oh, Heaven, the excitement has killed her!

Lisette. Oh, no, say not that.

Harry. Mistress, dear mistress!

Nina. I have been sleeping, have I not? Clayton, are you here?—where are we?

Clay. Safe, and amongst friends.

Nina. Oh! I am so grateful—is not the room cold—very cold and dark! I cannot see you, Clayton. Oh! there's such a chill about my heart, and my tongue is parched—water—a little water. [HARRY brings water.] But it is nothing, a little fatigue. Good night, dear friends, don't be alarmed, I shall be better in the morning. [Noise outside, she starts up.] Ha! my memory returns! vividly, too vividly!—that fearful scene—what would they do!—kill you perhaps in the blindness of their insane fury! But they shall not. On, on! I am strong now—Heaven is not all pitiless; in the darkness of the wood we may have shelter. I heed not the fatigue—ah!— [Faints in CLAYTON'S arms.]

Dred. Ha! the devils have found the hidden path, these cursed blood-hounds are on the trail; a few moments more, and they will be here;—but thank heaven, they can go no further. A dozen steps forward, and pursuit will be baffled, unless by miracle—follow me.

Clay. She revives again:—be merciful, oh, Heaven! be merciful!—Come, Nina, you will soon have rest.

Nina. Yes, Clayton, rest,—a long, long rest!

Clay. Do not despair, Nina, this peril will soon pass away, and happiness be ours.

Nina. I'll pray for it, Clayton, though against all hope.

[HARRY and CLAYTON lead NINA after DRED.]

Enter TOM GORDON, STOKES, and others.

Tom. Keep the dogs back there, I don't want my sister hurt, bad as she is.

Stokes. They're here, I know. I almost saw the brush wood yonder part as they made way through.

Gordon. If so, here goes to send half a dozen leaden messengers after them, hit or miss.

[*Draws pistol and is about to fire—a shot is heard, he cries and falls*
Dred. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. I will repay.

Stokes. It's that outlawed nigger, Dred; fire after them, boys, he ha murdered Mr. Gordon.

They fire—DRED laughs—Tableau.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of CRIPPS' Cottage—TIFF discovered mending boys pantaloons.*

Tiff. Bress de Lor', but Ise in de worstest sort of bad sperits dis yer day; my sweet little babby's gone home after his mother; ebery ting in de worl 'pears to be right out ob kelter, somehow; poor Miss Nina an her sweetheart a skulkin' around de swamps; Since Massa Tom Gordon was shot by that ar Dred, as the whole country is up against—but, he, he! de Lor' he don't care, he go through de softest place like a sand-piper, even de bery mocasins are feared to follow him. Ise most tired a patchin' up dese yer, massa's always a premisin' to bring home some cloth for to make a more 'spectable pair; but laws dere's no trustin' to dat 'scription of people, jiggeting up and down de country, drinking at all de taverns, and fetchin' disgrace on de family 'spite ob all I can do—long time since he be home, shouldn't wonder if de man wid de poker cotched him afore now; it wouldn't be not much loss, he a'n't much profit to de family, drinks up all my chicken money—well, bress de Lor', we must do de best we can, we'll all land on de Canaan shore at last.

Sings.

My brother, I have found
De land dat doth abound
With food as sweet as manna,
De more I eat, I find
De more I is inclined
To shout and sing hosanna!

Shoo! shoo! get out you chickens, will you neber larn nothin'? 'Pears to me I neber did see any kind of critter so shaller as hens, puts me out to see dem crowkin' and crowin' on one leg, cos dey haint got sense enough to know whar to set down toder.

Cripps. [*Without.*] Hello, you nigger, dead or alive, eh!

Tiff. Ky! dat's his voice, he's live enough, worse de luck; bress de Lor', what's dat he got wid him? 'pears to me it's a strange woman; what de debil in de wind, now?

Cripps. [*Without.*] Jump, you old porcupine, will you?

Tiff. I'm a comiu fast as I can; ki! hi! what a bundle of dry goods!

[*Exit.*

Cripps. [Without.] Bear a hand with these fixins.

Enter Tiff, with a quantity of Band-boxes, &c.

Tiff. 'Pears to me he's a goin' to set up a millinary 'stablishment :

Enter CRIPPS and POLLY.

Cripps. Here's your home, Pol; 'taint much to look at, but better times 'll come, and then we'll build, old girl.

Polly. Well, it ain't over elegant, I must say. Who are you staring at, nigger; did you never see a lady before? [Sits on bedside.

Tiff. Yah! ha! don't know as I sees one now.

Cripps. Shut up, Tiff: this is your new mistress—plaguey nice girl, too—thought I'd bring the children a mother, to take care of them

Tiff. Well, you have done it now, no mistake, mas'r. Oh, my poor children!

Polly. See, here, I don't want no herbs sticking around where I am. You nigger, just heave out that there trash.

Tiff. Miss Fanny's favorite flowers; de Lor', what's to become of us all?

Polly. Did you hear me, or not? [Strikes Tiff on the face.

Cripps. Come, come, Poll, you be still, Tiff ain't used to such ways.

Polly. You go 'long; didn't you tell me, if I married you, I should have a nigger to order round as I pleased?

Cripps. Well, but I didn't think you'd want to go walloping him first thing.

Polly. I will, if he don't shin round lively when I order, and you too.

Cripps. Just my luck; darned if I don't think I'm soid again in this here trade.

Polly. What do you mean by that, you weazen-faced anatomy: you may's well know at once that I mean to be mistress here.

Cripps. Well, go ahead, Poll, only don't put on the screws too tight, at first; let us get broke into it by degrees like. Where's the children, Tiff?

Tiff. Oh, dey's around the diggins somewheres, a getting wild grapes. Here they come; and it's little dey knows what a beautiful surprise you have done and got for dem.

Enter FANNY and TEDDY, full of glee.

Fanny. Oh! see, Tiff, what a lovely bunch of grapes I brought for you.

Teddy. No, mine de biggest—me love Tiff de most.

Tiff. Bress de Lor', children, don't you bring de tears. Look dar, don't you see Pa's come home [They hang back.

Cripps. Come and kiss me, don't be afraid, I've brought home a new ma for you

Teddy. We didn't want any new ma.

Fanny. Nobody but Tiff.

Teddy. Yes, Tiff, Tiff's ma enough for us.

Cripps. Not a bit of it; come along, my little man, there's your mammy, now. [Pushing him towards POLLY.

Polly. Confound the darn young uns. I told you, Cripps, I didn't want no brats of 'tother woman's, be plague enough when I get some of my own; get along you snivelin' varmint.

[*Pushing FANNY away.*]

Teddy. Don't you push sis, or I'll lick you—see, if I don't.

Tiff. De Lor'! de Peyton blood agin de worl'.

Polly. Darned if I wouldn't break your sassy head if I had a stick handy.

Cripps. Ease her, old girl, don't be so savagerous at the first go off.

Polly. Who are you talking to? you'd better keep civil, or I'll leave a few marks on your lanky jaws to know my property by.

Cripps. Come, I ain't a goin' to stand that, no how; you knuckle under, or there'll be a row.

Polly. Sooner than you think, maybe; I ain't afraid of your bluster.

Cripps. [*Seizing her in his arms.*] You just make tracks, or, by the great writing master, I'll dot your eyes for you. Come along in, I say.

[*He carries her into the cabin, she struggling; they are heard quarreling within.*]

Fanny. Oh, Tiff! oh, dear good old Tiff! what's the meaning of all this?

Tiff. De Lor', sir, you may well ax, chile; yer pa's gone and married that drefful low white trash, as ain't fit for no Christian children to speak to.

Teddy. Oh, what shall we do, what shall we do?

Tiff [*Weeping.*] 'Pears to me de sense knocked clear out of dis ole lump of foolishness. I've a good mind to go off wid you into de wilderness, like dem ar children of Israel, dough dere ain't no manna a fallin' dese yer days; anyting's better dan to stay a degradin' de Peyton blood among such riff-raff. F'an, my angel bird, you mus' get up all yer little clothes and Teddy boy's in a bundle, creep to your own room, and when de dark come, I'll just carry you right straight off; dey's very busy at dat yar demijohn, now, and won't mind yer a goin' up—go, beauty. [*FANNY and TEDDY enter house.*] Bress de Lor', we's a gwine out ob de land of darkness an' Egypt'. [*Sings.*]

For I have a hope up yonder,

Few days, few days;

I have a hope up yonder,

We'se goin' home!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Cut Wood.* NINA discovered resting on a bank, CLAYTON beside her and LISETTE, HARRY looking out anxiously.

Harry. I'm certain that this is the spot Dred appointed for our final rendezvous.

Clay. His absence at such a critical moment is torture.

Harry. I know his devotedness too well to fear anything, but that he has been intercepted by the men-hunters.

Clayton. Dear Nina, how do you bear up against this terrible crisis!

Nina. Bravely, Clayton—bravely; my very soul is strengthened by hope and joy, even in this wild wilderness, for you are with me; my

weariness is gone—quite gone, and the fervid warmth of renewed existence now pervades my frame.

Clayton. Thank Heaven for that especia' mercy.

Harry. May it be continued until this cursed boundary is passed, and freedom's genial atmosphere surrounds us!

Lisette. Hush! I hear a distant sound. Listen!

Harry. I can distinguish nothing. Yes, 'tis the crackling of branches through the brushwood; not a sound—for fear it should be other than the friend we so ardently expect and need. [*Low whistle.*] It is Dred—I see him now—he makes his way towards us.

Nina. Be still, thou wildly throbbing heart! Fear not for me now, Clayton. I am strong, courageous, resolute, and blissful thoughts of life, and love, and liberty with thee, raise up before me pictures of happiness as new as they are beautiful.

Harry. He comes—and with good news, I'm sure.

Enter DRED. He is wounded. Conceals his pain at first.

Dred. Ha, ha! you are saved—saved! I have baffled the bloodhounds—the way is clear, down to the coast—a schooner hired which will take you on board to-night. My scouts have arranged it all, with certainty of success. Go, then, and be happy in that freedom which I can see afar off, but never, never can enjoy on earth! Hark! some one approaches in this direction! Close, close, while I go reconnoitre. Oh, it would be maddening now, after the sacrifice, should all your hopes and mine be dashed to pieces! Ha! it's poor old Tiff! Something desperate must have urged him to see me here, for it was only in such extremity that he could be forced to take the step.

Enter TIFF.

Tiff. Bress de Lor', I've found you! What! Mas'r Clayton and Miss Nina! Harry, too, and Lisette! More chil'ren ob Israel a'-strugglin' out ob darkness into de light!

Dred. What would you with me, Tiff?

Tiff. I wants to grope my way out of Egyp, me and de rest ob de Peytons, or we'll all be worsen slaves to dem Crippses than de chil'ren was when dey made de bricks.

Harry. This very night, Tiff, we leave this place for ever, if it please Heaven to second our exertions.

Tiff. An' you'll take old Tiff and his babbies? Bress de Lor' for dis.
[*DRED staggers from the effect of his wound.*]

Nina. See, great Heaven—he is wounded! [*Dred falls.*]

Dred. Peace! peace! It cannot longer be hidden! I thought to have kept you from this sorrow, and in solitude ended my sad mission; but it was not to be! Behold! I go unto the witnesses who cry day and night! Oh, earth, earth, earth, cover not my blood! Harry, before you go to-night—for all is nearly over—lay me beneath the heap of witnesses, and let the God of their fathers judge betw een us!

[*Dies. Tableau. Music. Closed in.*]

SCENE III.—CRIPPS' Cottage.

Enter CRIPPS, very drunk, singing.

Cripps. "Here's a health to all good lasses," &c.

Most at home, I bleeve, dunno exactly—home, great idea that, now, drov out to the doggerly, first day, a'n't got no more home. I'm a miserable wretch, there's no two ways about that, can't find the darned bed no how; begin to think I must be a little sprung or so; didn't drink much either, not more 'n twenty horns this artemnoon, darned shy sort of head as can't stand that—good gracious, how slippery the floor is, must a been freezin' this artemnoon, think—what the deuce is this? [*Feels the door.*] Ha, ha! by jingo, that's good, hanged if I'm inside at all. Can't make it out rightly, the confounded door's gone round to the other side: and now it's running a race with the fence; there they go, hi, hi! go along door, now fence! he's a gainin' on you.

[*Business, ultimately falls through door, stage dark.*

Enter TIFF.

Tiff. That there drunken Cripp's broke his nose. I bleeves, I hope, he bery quiet; now's de time for to take my chil'en from de house ob wretchedness and shame. [*TEDDY runs on.*

Teddy. I've been waiting for you, Tiff; I hid in there from that bad new ma.

Tiff. Hush! don't make no noise, and you'll never see her no more. Is you dere, Miss Fanny? [*FANNY appears at window.*] Got dem dere clothes ready? [*FANNY throws out bundle.*] How de gracious will you get out you sef, bress de Lor' I no tink ob dat. Oh! I got it, here. [*Takes board and places it against window*] squeeze yourself out, an I'll fotch you down, easy as a pigeon lighin' on de groun'. [*Business, FANNY descends.*] Now den, we're off to de land ob Canaan. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Sea cloth. with rocky shore in front, stage very dark. Storm. Schooner enters laboring against the waves. TIFF and the Children, CLAYTON, NINA, HARRY, LISETTE, and two Sailors seen on board. Men on the shore with torches. Great noise.*

Dreadnaught. See, see, there are women and children on board: they must go to pieces on these rocks; is there no one to man the life-boat?

Bill. Where's the use? she wouldn't live ten minutes.

Dreadnaught. Let another man volunteer with me, and I will go, rather than see them perish without an effort. [*Crowd hurrah.*

Bill. Here goes then, in Heaven's name!

[*Crowd hurrah, Give us a rope. The life-boat is shoved out to sea, and with difficulty reaches the schooner; all are received into the boat, except TIFF, who waves his hand and remains on the schooner. The life-boat is towed to shore. All arrive on land. Meantime the schooner parts in the middle and sinks. Music throughout.*

Harry. She's gone!—and with her, that noble-hearted, true, and devoted servant, and more than father to those poor children! Sad.

sad! that our first entrance upon the shores of freedom should be clouded by so great a calamity!

Fanny. Where is he? Where's poor Tiff, we love so dearly!

[*She and TEDDY express great sorrow.*]

Nina. Grieve not, sweet innocents! If ever there was a sure passport to never-dying happiness, it is of a certainty possessed by the pure soul that dwelt within that uncouth body. Nobly and unselfishly he yielded up his life, that we should not be perilled.

Enter Tiff. Bress de Lor', not yet. [*FANNY and TEDDY run to him.*]

Fanny. Oh, dear, dear Tiff!

Tiff. 'Deed you don't get shot of old Tiff dat ar way—won't get shot of him until yer fatched up and able to do for yerselves.

Harry. By what miracle did you escape?

Tiff. No miraculum at all: only de good Lor' above—he help me. I jis up an' told *Him* it was no matter 'pon my own 'count—but dese yer Peytous, I couldn't leave dem no way. Sur' enough, a big wave toted me clar up right on de sho', and here I is—ya, ha!—in de land ob Canaan at last, with my darlin' children, and I'll never leave dem no mo', until I goes to sleep for eber an' eber.

Nina. Then let us, in deep humility and heartfelt gratitude, thank that benignant and merciful Power which has so signally protected us through our late peril. The clouds have broken away; the valley of the shadow of death passed; and now the blessed light of hope and joy illumines our onward path. May we so profit by the teachings of the time gone by, as to make beautiful the records of our future lives!

THE END.