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LITTLE PLAYS FROM  
AMERICAN HISTORY

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

BY

ALICE JOHNSTONE WALKER



NEW YORK

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1914

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BY

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

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Dedicated

To my pupils for whom these little  
plays were written





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# HIDING THE REGICIDES

An Historical Play  
For Children  
In Seven Scenes



## NOTE

The Regicides were the judges who signed the death warrant of Charles I at the time of the great Revolution in England in 1649. During the Commonwealth period they were safe, as the Puritans were in power, but in 1660, Charles I's son, Charles II, was called to the throne and he refused to pardon the men who had condemned his father to death. At this time the Regicides, Whalley and Goffe, fled to New England, hoping for the protection of the Puritans there. They lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts Colony, and New Haven and Milford in New Haven Colony, and their last days were probably spent in Mr. Russell's house in Hadley, Massachusetts.

The seven scenes in this play take place in New Haven Colony in the years from 1661 to 1664. President Ezra Stiles' narrative has been followed in all the essential parts. Tradition as well as facts have been introduced, but it has not always been possible to preserve the historical sequence.

The great stones of glacial origin that form Judges' Cave are still to be seen on West Rock, New Haven. The inscription, "Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God," printed in rude letters on one of the rocks, is probably of a later date than 1664.



## CHARACTERS

COLONEL WHALLEY } the Regicides. Goffe is Whal-  
COLONEL GOFFE } ley's son - in - law; much  
younger.

GOVERNOR LEET, of New Haven Colony.

JOHN DAVENPORT, the New Haven Minister.

MR. GILBERT, a New Haven Magistrate.

MR. WILLIAM JONES, neighbor of Davenport's.

KIRK } King's officers searching for Regicides.  
KELLOND }

WILL LEET, eight years old.

1ST NEIGHBOR.

2ND NEIGHBOR.

QUINNIBOG, Indian runner.

SPERRY'S BOY, ten or eleven.

MISTRESS ALLERTON.

MISTRESS DAVENPORT.

ABIGAIL PIERSON, seventeen, visiting Mrs. Davenport.

ELIZABETH ALLERTON, Mrs. Allerton's granddaugh-  
ter, seven or eight.

MERCY LEET, seven years old.

## COSTUMES

The 1660 costume can be found in any illustrated United States history. Wide collars and cuffs and a broad sash worn over a little boy's coat with bloomers and shoe buckles make the men's costumes easy to arrange.

The women should have little caps and lace collars and cuffs: skirts full and waists tight-fitting.

The King's officers, Kirk and Kellond, can be more like Cavaliers: broad hats; sweeping feathers; swords.

Puritan hats for Whalley, Davenport, and the neighbors in the Guilford scene are very effective and can be made from cardboard and blacked over. Davenport and Whalley should have long capes.

The children should be dressed like their elders: the little girls' dresses going to the floor.

Quinnibog is stained brown and has quills in his topknot.



# HIDING THE REGICIDES

## SCENE I

### CHARACTERS

MISTRESS ALLERTON.

ELIZABETH, her granddaughter.

*At the house of MISTRESS ALLERTON in New Haven Colony. A Sunday in February, 1661. Late afternoon. Door at the left of the stage. Window at the back to the left. In the right-hand corner the "Secret Cabinet" made of brown paper tacked on a clothes-horse or screen. One division of the clothes-horse is arranged to open like a door. Dishes, blue plates, pewter mugs, etc., painted or drawn with colored chalk on paper covering screen, to make it look like dresser. A table; knitting-work; high stool; armchair; foot-stool.*

*Curtain rises on MISTRESS ALLERTON in armchair, reading. ELIZABETH, on stool, great Bible on her knees, lips move as though learning by heart.*

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

Elizabeth, hast thou finished committing the 23d Psalm?

## ELIZABETH

Yes, Grandmother. It is not as long as the 103d.

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

And what was the text of good Mr. Davenport this Lord's day? Thou must tell thy old grandmother, since she cannot now walk to the Meeting-House.

## ELIZABETH

It was in Isaiah xvi: 3, 4. I will read the very words. [*Reads*] "Make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." Grandmother, what does "bewray" mean?

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

[*Holding to chair, rises to her feet, staring ahead.*] "Hide the outcasts! Betray not him that wandereth." [*In a startled voice*] They are coming!

## ELIZABETH

Why, Grandmother! what aileth thee? Who are coming?

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

[*Sits.*] Nothing, child! What else did John Davenport say?

## ELIZABETH

Why—why—— Oh yes—that the Lord would love those that helped the oppressed and to bewray not him that wandereth. What is to bewray, Grandmother?

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

To deliver the outcasts to men who would slay them, my Elizabeth.

## ELIZABETH

[*Gets down from stool, puts Bible on table, goes to stand on MISTRESS ALLERTON'S left.*] Mr. Jones did weep when Mr. Davenport was preaching.

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

Aye, poor man! well he may weep. It is not three weeks since he learned that his father was betrayed to the new King and cruelly killed.

## ELIZABETH

What had he done?

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

He was one of the judges who condemned to death that man of blood, Charles I; many of those righteous

men have been pursued and slain—but not all,—not all!

ELIZABETH

And are some judges still hiding from the new King?

MISTRESS ALLERTON

Yes, some they say are in Switzerland.

ELIZABETH

They might come to New England—to New Haven! Should we have to hide them?

MISTRESS ALLERTON

Yes, my Elizabeth, and betray them not. [*Rises, walks to dresser.*] Elizabeth, seest thou that dresser? Look, it opens thus. [*Opens division of dresser.*] If any wanderer shouldst come, thou wouldst know where to hide him!

ELIZABETH

Oh, Grandmother! what a black little room! Does it go far? I never knew it was there.

MISTRESS ALLERTON

This is a secret, child! Canst keep a secret? Aye, I know well thou canst. Tell no one! Tell no one!

## ELIZABETH

[*Dancing around.*] No one! No one! Grandmother! A secret! A secret!

[*Clcock strikes six.*

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

Fetch me my knitting, child; the Sabbath is over.

## ELIZABETH

[*Fetches knitting, leans on back of MISTRESS ALLERTON'S chair.*] And wilt thou sing with me now the song thy mother taught thee in Old England?

MISTRESS ALLERTON *and* ELIZABETH

[*Sing*]

“How I love to see thee, golden evening sun,  
How I love to see thee when the day is done.  
Sweetly thou recallest childhood's joyous days——”  
etc.

## THE SETTING SUN

*Andante.*



1. How I love to see thee, Gold-en evening sun!
2. Sweetly thou re - call - est, Childhood's joyous days;
3. When in tranquil glo - ry, Thou didst sink to rest,





How I love to see thee, When the day is done.  
Hours when I so fond-ly Watch'd thy evening blaze.  
Then what heav'nly rapt- ture Fill'd my burning breast.



CURTAIN

## SCENE II

### CHARACTERS

MR. JOHN DAVENPORT.	MISTRESS DAVENPORT.
MR. GILBERT, Magistrate.	ABIGAIL PIERSON.
MR. WILLIAM JONES.	COLONEL WHALLEY.
COLONEL GOFFE.	

JOHN DAVENPORT'S *house, New Haven Colony, March 7, 1661. Night. Door as in Scene I. Window at back of stage; chairs and table center stage; lighted candles; dishes, tankards, etc., at right side. Furniture, old-fashioned.*

*Curtain rises on DAVENPORT standing behind table reading letter: GILBERT right and JONES left, listening.*

#### DAVENPORT

[*Reads.*] "As the names of Whalley and Goffe are omitted from the list of pardoned rebels, the Magistrates of Massachusetts Colony were afraid to harbor them longer. The enemies of the Colony have been exciting suspicions of her loyalty. While Governor Endicott and the Assistants were still debating whether to arrest them, the Colonels left Boston the

26th of February, presumably on their way to Springfield and thence to Hartford and New Haven." [Speaks] So reads the letter lately received from one of our brethren in Boston.

GILBERT

And their way will lead them soon to New Haven. They are not unknown to thee, Will Jones?

JONES

They were dear friends of my father's; would I could spare them his fate!

DAVENPORT

[Lays hand on JONES' shoulder.] Never fear! If they come here, they will find friends and safety. There are no traitors in New Haven Colony. *We* fled before the tyrant: *they* stayed and defied him—and should we not protect them with our lives if need be?

GILBERT

[Rises.] With *our* lives, yes, but dare we put the Colony in danger? This brave little settlement; dear to us now as no other spot under heaven. Dare we defy the King openly? Darest thou defy him, John Davenport?



## DAVENPORT

Who is defying the King? No Hue and Cry from England makes it our duty to arrest them.

## GILBERT

Yes, but the Massachusetts Magistrates expect every day a Royal Order to arrest the fugitives, and *they* dare not shelter them longer. And Massachusetts has a Charter and is older and richer and more powerful than little New Haven.

## JONES

Is not our very obscurity our safety? We have no bitter jealous enemies in our midst like Massachusetts.

## DAVENPORT

Well spoken, Will! and we will save the Colonels and harm our beloved New Haven not a whit. Let the King search! Can we not hide?

[*Enter* MISTRESS DAVENPORT *and* ABIGAIL PIERSON.

## MISTRESS DAVENPORT

[*Much excited.*] Husband, list! Two strangers be at the door asking for thee; they will not give their names and they will not enter.

[DAVENPORT *looks around at* GILBERT *and* JONES *and goes out in silence.*  
*All listen. Re-enter* DAVENPORT.

DAVENPORT

Mistress Davenport, Abigail, here are the Colonels  
Whalley and Goffe.

*[Enter WHALLEY and GOFFE.]*

ALL

Welcome, sirs.

*[Gather round—bow.]*

JONES

*[Takes the COLONELS' hands.]* My dear father's  
friends. Welcome! Welcome!

DAVENPORT

Mr. Gilbert is our Magistrate.

MISTRESS DAVENPORT

Pray be seated, gentlemen.

GILBERT

Thou didst not tarry long in Hartford, Colonel  
Whalley.

*[Shakes hands with WHALLEY and GOFFE.]*

WHALLEY

We were three or four days with Governor Win-  
throp.

## GOFFE

And with your Governor Leet yestere'en. We tarried until nightfall before approaching your settlement. What noble mountains rise to the east and west of your Plantation!

## DAVENPORT

Yes, we call them the East and West Mountains. We love them well. Boston has not the like, nor Hartford neither.

## GILBERT

If the King should send a Hue and Cry for you through the Provinces, you might find a sure shelter on one of those lofty rocks.

## JONES

[*Hotly.*] Nay, my father's friends and mine should find security always in my house under the roof built by Theophilus Eaton, my dear wife's father.

## GILBERT

[*Rising.*] But if as Magistrate I should be compelled to command a search of all houses—then——

## GOFFE

[*Rising.*] Understand, my friends, that my father and I stand ready to give ourselves up at any time to the Magistrates. We would not endanger the Colony, for the sake of our poor lives.

## WHALLEY

We would not have you risk the well-being of your settlement for outcasts whose days at best are few and evil.

## DAVENPORT

We thank you for these words, we will remember them; they but make us more determined to save such brave men.

JONES *and* GILBERT

That they do!

## DAVENPORT

And as for searchers—I fear them not. My Lord Archbishop of Canterbury sought for one John Davenport, but he found him not. Let us do our duty and God will provide for our safety.

## GILBERT

Yea, “hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth!”

## MISTRESS DAVENPORT

And now I pray thee, John, suffer the Colonels to

partake of a little refreshment; they must needs be faint.

[COLONELS WHALLEY *and* GOFFE *sit down at table.* MISTRESS DAVENPORT *and* ABIGAIL *begin to bring dishes, glasses, etc.* DAVENPORT *and* JONES *take their hats, etc.*

CURTAIN

## SCENE III.

### CHARACTERS

GOVERNOR LEET.

WILL LEET.

MERCY LEET.

KIRK            }  
KELLOND       } King's Officers.

1ST NEIGHBOR.

2ND NEIGHBOR.

QUINNIBOG, Indian Runner.

GOVERNOR LEET'S *house, Guilford, Saturday, May 11, 1661. Door and window as before; window open; table; chairs; high stool; books; papers; ink and quill pen on table.*

*Curtain rises. MERCY LEET discovered seated on high stool knitting long stocking and weeping, wipes eyes with stocking. WILL'S head appears in window.*

WILL

Mercy, what art doing? Leave thy knitting and come to the woods and pull May-flowers with me.

[*Climbs in window, sits on sill, feet inside.*] I know where they grow by handfuls.

MERCY

[*Bends over her work, but does not answer.*]

WILL

[*Laughing.*] Oh! naughty girl! must sit on the stool and knit! Oh! Oh! I know why. Thou didst laugh at prayers when the tabby cat jumped in the window!

MERCY

It is not often I have a chance to sit here, Master Will! It is thy favorite seat! Why wast thou here all yesterday forenoon?

WILL

[*Gets down from window.*] I was trying to mend father's pens for him. He was not pleased.

[*Takes quill pen from table.*]

MERCY

Have a care! thou wilt drop it!

KIRK

[*Outside window.*] Is the Deputy Governor Leet within? We would speak with him at once.

## WILL

*[Drops pen, runs to window.]* Two strangers! they would see father.

*[Enter LEET, 1ST and 2ND NEIGHBOR; KIRK and KELLOND, the King's Officers.]*

## KELLOND

Our business is important and urgent.

## LEET

I pray you be seated, sirs.

## KIRK

These letters will explain all.

*[Hands papers to LEET, who takes out glasses, wipes them, begins to read out loud.]*

## LEET

“To our trusty and well-beloved, the present Governor or other Magistrate or Magistrates of our Plantation of New England.” *[Speaks]* This is not written to me! I am the Governor of New Haven Plantation, not of New England.

## KIRK

It is for thee. I pray thee read further.



## KELLOND

And would his Honor please not read so loud.

[1ST and 2ND NEIGHBOR *take books, pretend not to listen.*

## LEET

[*Bows and reads lower but distinctly. KIRK and KELLOND fidget and look to see whether the others are listening.*] “Charles Rex: Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. We being given to understand that Colonell Whalley and Colonell Goffe, who stand here convicted for the execrable murder of our Royal Father of glorious memory, are lately arrived in New England, where they hope to shroud themselves securely from our laws; and we do expressly require and command you forthwith, to cause both the said persons to be apprehended——

## KELLOND

[*Interrupting.*] It is convenient to be more private in such concernments as this is! Will his Honor please retire with us to another room?

## LEET

Ah,—as you wish.

[*Exeunt KIRK, KELLOND, and LEET, who looks back over his shoulder.*

## 1ST NEIGHBOR

*[Throwing down book he has been reading.]* Will, hasten and fetch hither Quinnibog, the Indian runner. Here hasten. Nay, by the window. Bring him to this window.

*[Puts WILL hurriedly out of window, goes to table and writes.]*

## 2ND NEIGHBOR

*[Rises and looks over his shoulder—reads.]*  
“King’s Officers from Boston seeking the Colonels have arrived this day, Saturday, at Guilford.”

## WILL

Here is Quin.

*[His head appears and he climbs in. The neighbors help him down.]*

*[QUINNIBOG’S head appears over window-sill.]*

## 1ST NEIGHBOR

*[Folding paper.]* To Chief Davenport at New Haven.

*[Holds up paper; gives it to QUINNIBOG.]*

## 2ND NEIGHBOR

Between the Red Mountains.

## 1ST NEIGHBOR

Let not the wind catch thee!

## 2ND NEIGHBOR

[*Holds up knife.*] This shall be thine if thou goest swiftly and *secretly*.

## QUINNIBOG

[*Raises right arm in air, speaks with great dignity and slowly; impassive face.*] Quosaquash, sawsounck Totoket, mishe nahma, Mishe mokwa mudjekeewis Quinnipiack!

[*Disappears.*]

## 2ND NEIGHBOR

What did he say?

## WILL

That he will run as swiftly as the shadow of a cloud passes between Totoket and Quinnipiack.

## MERCY

Oh no! he cannot do that! I cannot run as fast as that!

## 1ST NEIGHBOR

[*Looking at MERCY.*] Oh! the little maid! Will she tell?

[*Takes up book and sits as before.*]

2ND NEIGHBOR

Nay, nor Master Will neither.

[*All are as before. Enter LEET, KIRK,  
and KELLOND.*]

KIRK

[*To LEET.*] And thou wilt see that we have fresh horses at once and the necessary papers for our urgent business.

KELLOND

Yes, Sir, at once. The papers at once!

LEET

The horses surely you shall have, but the papers are a weightier matter. I must have time for consideration.

KIRK

But we cannot wait. This is the King's business.

LEET

[*Slowly.*] When the horses are ready return hither and I will give you my decision. In every way I would expedite and advance his Majesty's service.

KIRK

Thanks to your Worship.

[*Bows, goes out.*]

## KELLOND

Your Honor.

*[Bows, goes out.]*

## LEET

*[Goes to table, looks at quill all ink, puts it down.]*  
Mercy, child, thou hast been on the penance stool long enough.

*[Takes her and stands her on stool.]*

## MERCY

I thank thee, Father. I have been a good girl. I did not tell the King's Officers that Will had fetched Quinnibog and sent him to New Haven to Mr. Dav-enport.

## CURTAIN

## SCENE IV

### CHARACTERS

GOVERNOR LEET.

WILL LEET.

MERCY LEET.

KIRK                    }  
KELLOND               } King's Officers.

GOVERNOR LEET'S *house, Guilford, May 11, 1661.*  
*Late afternoon. Same as Scene III.*

*Curtain rises on GOVERNOR LEET seated, KIRK and  
KELLOND seated on either side, talking angrily.*

KIRK

We will not be delayed longer. We are assured by the people at the Inn, who seem better informed than his Honor, the Governor, that Davenport and Jones are sheltering the Regicides.

KELLOND

That the Colonels have been seen on the street outside their houses and that Mr. Davenport but lately laid in a store of ten pounds of fresh meat at once.

## KIRK

Also men say openly that it is not possible that the Governor should be ignorant of the whereabouts of the Colonels.

## LEET

[*Mildly.*] I repeat——

[*LEET is very deliberate through this scene, as he is trying to make time.*

## KELLOND

[*Sarcastically, interrupting.*] And that also, of course, entirely unbeknownst to the Governor, an Indian runner has disappeared from the town, *since our arrival.*

## LEET

[*Slowly, politely.*] You gentlemen, I see, have been listening to the village idlers, who have always plenty of tales for eager ears. I can but repeat that it is nine weeks since I saw those you seek, and I do not know where they are. I also repeat that as a faithful servant of his Majesty I am willing to help you in every way in my power.

## KIRK

[*Roughly.*] Then give us horses; promised us these two hours—search warrants and military aid to apprehend these malignants.

## LEET

[*Slowly.*] Horses you shall have, sirs, I but sent to my highland meadow to procure you my swiftest nags. They should be here now.

## KELLOND

[*Threateningly.*] And warrants and soldiers, too!

## LEET

[*Politely.*] I fear I have no authority to furnish search warrants.

## KIRK

[*Rising.*] No authority! Why, here is his Majesty's proclamation.

[*Shows it to LEET.*]

## LEET

[*Takes letter, slowly puts on specs, takes them off, wipes them, puts on again, reads paper.*] Um! Ah! but this is not addressed to me, but to the present Governor or other Magistrates of our Plantation of New England. There is no New England Plantation. How can I assume rights to which I am not entitled?

## KELLOND

[*Rising.*] This is an idle quibble. His Majesty's command is to catch those rascals. This is New Eng-



land. Thou art a Magistrate. Give us a warrant or disobey the King!

## LEET

[*Rises, says solemnly.*] This is New Haven Colony, not New England. I am but the Deputy Governor and cannot overstep my powers. I obey the King by obeying the King's law.

## KIRK

[*Sneeringly.*] Thou hast much talk of obedience but little action.—[*Pounds on table*] *What wilt thou do?*

## LEET

[*Mildly.*] Mr. Gilbert is one of the New Haven Magistrates, too; I will give thee a letter to him, saying that I urge every compliance possible with the demands of his Majesty.

## KIRK

[*Mollified.*] That will please us well, sir.

[*Sits.*

## KELLOND

Very well.

[*Sits.*

LEET

*[Slowly goes to table, looks for paper.]* Nay, not this. *[Rises, goes to door, calls.]* Mercy, Mercy!  
*[Enter MERCY.]*

LEET

Mercy, run and ask thy mother for another sheet like this.  
*[Exit MERCY.]*

KELLOND

*[At window.]* Are those the horses, your Honor?

LEET

They are indeed.

*[Looks out of window.]*

KELLOND

Since the horses are at hand we wait only the letter.  
*[Enter MERCY with paper.]*

LEET

*[Searches on table, in room, goes to window, calls.]*  
 Will, hast thou meddled with thy father's quills?

WILL

*[From outside.]* Nay, Father, I did but——

LEET

[*Sternly.*] Answer me not, fetch them at once.

KIRK

But lo! here is a quill!

LEET

I cannot use it.

[*Enter WILL.*

LEET

Thou keepest thy father waiting! Where hast thou put the quills, meddler!

WILL

Nay, Father, I touched them not, thou thyself didst put them in the drawer.

[*Opens drawer full of quills.*

LEET

[*In surprise.*] Ah! to be sure.

[*Begins trying one after another.*

KELLOND

[*To KIRK.*] This is but slow haste.

LEET

[*Cheerfully.*] Haste makes waste. Now I can begin. My spectacles. Where are my spectacles?

[*Begins search.*

## KIRK

[*To KELLOND, aside.*] This is too much!

[*They begin to search, MERCY and WILL also.*]

## LEET

[*His spectacles are pushed back on his forehead.*] Mercy, run and ask thy mother if she hath seen my spectacles. [MERCY goes out.] Perchance they are shut up in some book.

[*All look in books.*]

## MERCY

[*Enters.*] No, Father, they——[*begins to laugh*]. Why, there they are on thy forehead, Father.

## LEET

Of a surety! [*Sits down, dips pen in ink; when clock strikes six. LEET lays down pen and rises.*] Good sirs, it is six of the clock and this letter cannot be finished until Monday.

## KIRK

[*Springing up.*] But we will not wait until Monday. What means this foolery!

## LEET

[*Gravely.*] It is now the Sabbath. We can engage

in no worldly pursuits. No man travels within this Colony on the Sabbath!

KIRK

They will escape us. Thou knowest it well!

KELLOND

[*Furiously.*] A plague upon all Puritan notions,—  
twenty-four hours' delay! Good lack!

LEET

Nay, nay, good sirs, softly! softly! on Monday I will myself accompany you to New Haven, and aid you in your errand.

KIRK

Your Worship's *aid* is indeed *indispensable*. We must needs submit, but the King shall know how the Governor of New Haven obeys his Majesty's orders.

[*Exeunt* KIRK and KELLOND, *angrily.*]

CURTAIN

## SCENE V

### CHARACTERS

JOHN DAVENPORT.

COLONEL WHALLEY.

MISTRESS DAVENPORT.

COLONEL GOFFE.

ABIGAIL PIERSON.

*Monday night, May 13, 1661, at JOHN DAVENPORT'S. Stage same as Scene II. Stage dark.*

*Curtain rises on ABIGAIL on stage with lighted candle, listening.*

*[Enter MISTRESS DAVENPORT with candle lighted.]*

MISTRESS DAVENPORT

*[Whispers.]* Didst thou hear a rap, sweetheart?

ABIGAIL

*[Whispers.]* Nay, but I thought I heard a branch snap suddenly.

*[Listens.]*

MISTRESS DAVENPORT

They may return any time, but we dare not shelter them to-night; a search of this house may be ordered.

## ABIGAIL

They were last seen on Neck Lane by the Marshal who sought to arrest them. But they beat him off. Dost thou think, Mistress Davenport, the town marshal tried very hard to capture them?

## MISTRESS DAVENPORT

Hush, my dear, of course he did, and when he returned with more men the Colonels were not to be seen.

## ABIGAIL

No; and how angry the King's Officers were that the Colonels were so near and yet not apprehended.

## MISTRESS DAVENPORT

[*Listens.*] Didst thou not hear that?

[*Both listen.* MISTRESS DAVENPORT, *with finger at lip, tiptoes out.* ABIGAIL *still listens.* *Low knock is heard at window.* ABIGAIL *puts out light and goes to window.* *Another knock.* *She opens window.* WHALLEY *is helped in; GOFFE follows in silence, and ABIGAIL quickly shuts window, draws curtain.*

[*Enter* MISTRESS DAVENPORT *with lighted candle.*

## MISTRESS DAVENPORT

The Lord be praised that thou art still safe after this dreadful day! Abigail, hast thou refreshments at hand?

[ABIGAIL sets forth refreshments. GOFFE and WHALLEY sit down at table, eat.]

## WHALLEY

We were indeed beset, behind and before, but the Lord once more delivered us.

[Enter DAVENPORT.]

## DAVENPORT

[Takes hands of JUDGES.] My heart is glad within me. But tell how you escaped the town marshal and why the King's Officers did not meet you? You were both on the same road.

## GOFFE

The good marshal was soon discouraged; it was no desperate fight.

[Laughs.]

## WHALLEY

Our staves were stout.

## ABIGAIL

There, I knew good Marshal Kimberly would never——



## DAVENPORT

[*Smiling.*] Nay now, my dear! such talk will never do. But Kirk and Kellond, the King's Officers, were perilously near thee; they must have been almost in sight!

## GOFFE

[*Stands.*] That was indeed a close rub. As we were about to cross Neck Bridge we heard galloping hoofs on the East Road. There was no shelter, no tree, no escape visible; the rapidity of the gallop made us sure the riders were our pursuers.

## WHALLEY

[*Stands.*] Suddenly we bethought us of the possible shelter of the bridge itself, and scrambling down the steep bank we waded under the bridge until the water was up to our armpits——

## MISTRESS DAVENPORT

Oh, good lack!

## GOFFE

And hardly were we in our cold retreat before the King's Officers rode by at a furious pace, rattling the boards over our heads and scattering dust upon us!

## WHALLEY

[*Sits.*] I pray we never be any nearer to them!

## MISTRESS DAVENPORT

And you have both been wet to the bone all day!

## GOFFE

[*Sits.*] No, sweet Mistress Davenport, the sun soon dried us. But how fared the day here?

## DAVENPORT

The day has been an anxious one. Kirk and Kellond suspect us and they are pressing the Magistrates for a search warrant. The Magistrates from Branford and Milford are here and they are still consulting.

## MISTRESS DAVENPORT

They may yield and give the Commissioners search warrants this very evening.

## DAVENPORT

Leet and Gilbert hold that as there is no Governor of New England, they dare not obey the proclamation. The Officers speak most insolently to the Magistrates and accuse them openly of knowing where you are.

## MISTRESS DAVENPORT

We fear that Kirk and Kellond will demand permission of us to search this house.

## DAVENPORT

This I am willing to grant them—providing our friends are no longer here. Abigail, therefore, will escort you to the house of Mistress Allerton.

## ABIGAIL

And to-morrow night Will Jones will take you to a retreat where no King's Officer can find you.

## WHALLEY

Ah, good Mr. Davenport, there is grave danger in all this for thee, I fear.

## DAVENPORT

Nay, nay, Colonel Whalley, say not so. Abigail, thy hood, child, [*MISTRESS DAVENPORT ties on ABIGAIL'S cape and hood*] and go by the way of the orchards.

[*Opens window, helps ABIGAIL out of window; GOFFE also. WHALLEY gets out.*]

## WHALLEY

[*Looking backward.*] The Lord bless thee, John Davenport! [*Disappears.*]

[*DAVENPORT shuts window softly.*]

## CURTAIN

## SCENE VI

### CHARACTERS

MISTRESS ALLERTON.

KIRK            }  
KELLOND       } King's Officers.

ELIZABETH ALLERTON.

COLONEL WHALLEY.

COLONEL GOFFE.

MISTRESS ALLERTON'S *house, New Haven Colony, Tuesday morning, May 14, 1661. Same as Scene I, table being set for breakfast, plates, dishes, etc., on side table. Vase of flowers on side table.*

*Curtain rises on MISTRESS ALLERTON and ELIZABETH.*

MISTRESS ALLERTON

[*A pail in each hand.*] Here, Elizabeth, be spry now. Run swiftly to Goody Brown's and ask her for two pails of milk this morning.

[*Gives two pails.*]

ELIZABETH

[*Surprised.*] Two pails of milk?

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

Aye, mayhap we have visitors to-day. Run along, child!

[*Exit* ELIZABETH.]

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

[*Looking after her.*] Would I had not said that! Goody Brown will surely be curious. [*Prepares tablecloth, plates, etc., goes to Cabinet, taps and then opens it.*] Colonel Goffe, thou mayest safely venture out now. There is no soul abroad and little Elizabeth hath gone to the neighbors for fresh milk.

[*Enter* GOFFE and WHALLEY from Cabinet.]

## GOFFE

Good morrow, Mistress Allerton!

## WHALLEY

Good morrow! Good morrow!

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

Good morrow, sirs, pray be seated. Here are some of our sweet New England posies.

## WHALLEY

This New England is a fair land, rich in bountiful fields, sweet flowers, and true hearts.

[*Bows to* MISTRESS ALLERTON *and sits.*]

[*GOFFE and* MISTRESS ALLERTON *sit.*]

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

There are no traitors here, indeed. These rude fellows, Kirk and Kellond, come from old England.

[*Enter ELIZABETH, astonished to see COLONELS.*

## ELIZABETH

Oh! Grandmother! and I told Goody Brown that we had no visitors, but that thou saidest they might come; and here are the Colonels.

[*Goes up to JUDGES and courtesies.*

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

[*Anxiously.*] Was there any one with thee when thou spakest with Goody?

## ELIZABETH

One of the strangers from Boston was there and he questioned me shrewdly.

## GOFFE

And what didst thou say, little maid?

## ELIZABETH

I said nay, we had no visitors.

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

And then?

[*WHALLEY and GOFFE rise and listen anxiously.*

## ELIZABETH

He said he did not believe me and he shook me  
[*begins to cry*] and then he ran towards the tavern.

[*The others look at each other in con-  
sternation.*

## WHALLEY

Shall we enter the dark room again?

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

Let me think.

## GOFFE

They will come and search and perhaps find us now  
that they suspect this house.

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

There is another way. Come quickly with me along  
Neck Lane. Hasten!

## WHALLEY

[*Going out.*] But what wilt thou say?

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

I shall know what to say, only hasten!

[*Whispers to GOFFE, who nods and  
smiles.*

[*All go out but ELIZABETH.*

[*Re-enter MISTRESS ALLERTON.*

ELIZABETH

[*Weeping.*] Oh, Grandmother! did I bewray the Colonels?

MISTRESS ALLERTON

Nay, child, nay. Look quick! dost see the Colonels, sweetheart?

ELIZABETH

[*Looking out of window.*] Yea, on Neck Lane.

MISTRESS ALLERTON

[*Impressively.*] If thou wouldst not bewray them, shut thy eyes and stop thy ears until I tell thee to open them.

ELIZABETH

[*Sits on high stool, right front, puts hands over ears, shuts eyes, begins to sing.*]

“How I love to see thee, golden evening sun,  
How I love to see, etc.”

MISTRESS ALLERTON

[*Goes out and re-enters with JUDGES and softly shuts them again in Cabinet. Goes and takes down ELIZABETH'S hands.*] Open thy eyes, child, and remember where thou last did see the Colonels.

[*Loud knocks and enter at once KIRK and KELLOND.*]



## KIRK

Where are the malignants, Mistress? I have good reason to believe that they are in this house.

*[Stamps up and down, looking around.]*

## KELLOND

*[Points to table.]* Look, there they have been breaking fast. It is too late to deny. We have them at last.

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

If by malignants you mean the Colonels, I own they have been here. *[Points to table.]* I could not deny them a morsel of food. But when the child returned they at once left the house by that door and hastened away.

## KELLOND

A likely story! Nay, they are somewhere in the house.

## KIRK

Why should they stay to be caught? Nay, they have gone, I tell thee. Away!

## KELLOND

*[Hesitates.]* If they have, every moment is precious  
—but—

KIRK

[*Spying ELIZABETH still on stool, marches up to her, shaking her by arm.*] And where are thy visitors now! Fy, little maid, to tell a lie!

ELIZABETH

Let me go, sir. I did not know they were here. I told no lie. But now they are gone and thou wilt catch them!

[*Sobs.*]

KIRK

She tells the truth! Went they towards the market-place?

ELIZABETH

No!

[*Covers her mouth with her hand.*]

KIRK

[*Shaking her.*] The Neck Lane? Speak, or the King will clap thee in prison!

[*ELIZABETH is silent.*]

KELLOND

The Neck Lane it was!

*Exeunt* KIRK and KELLOND

[*Crying.*] Neck Lane! to horse! to horse! on! on!  
[*Noise of departure continues and comes in through open window.*]

## ELIZABETH

[*Goes to window.*] Will the King clap me in prison? Will they find the Colonels? [*Cries hard, saying in her sobs*] Oh deary me! Oh deary me! *etc.*

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

[*Still standing by stool, front right, looking triumphant.*] Nay, weep not so, child!

## ELIZABETH

[*Continues.*] Oh deary me! Oh deary me! *etc.*

## MISTRESS ALLERTON

[*Goes to her, puts hand on shoulder.*] I am sure they will not. Ask me no questions, but *I am sure they will not!*

## ELIZABETH

[*Stops crying, looks into MISTRESS ALLERTON'S face, looks at Cabinet, steps towards it, looks back at MISTRESS ALLERTON, laughs, and throws arms around MISTRESS ALLERTON'S neck.*] Oh, Grandmother!

CURTAIN

## SCENE VII

### CHARACTERS

COLONEL WHALLEY.  
COLONEL GOFFE.  
JOHN DAVENPORT.

WILLIAM JONES.  
DEPUTY GILBERT.  
SPERRY'S BOY.

*Three years later. JUDGES' Cave on West Rock, New Haven Colony, October 13, 1664.*

*JUDGES' Cave in right back corner of stage. Cloth blackboards hung from ceiling over the corner, if hung askew, make good rock background. Tables underneath covered with gray shawls over inverted chairs continue idea of the real JUDGES' Cave. Green boughs and twigs tucked around the edges of the boards and where the tables fit into the walls and the gray shawl or drapery touch the floor, green boughs on the floor, on the walls, over the door, would add to the outdoor effect. GOFFE and WHALLEY must stand on the tables and the green boughs on the tables must be high enough to let them dodge down behind and hide when the SPERRY BOY comes. Stump for SPERRY BOY to place pail on. GOFFE'S carving on rock is done with piece of chalk.*

*Curtain rises on WHALLEY and GOFFE standing on rock in front of JUDGES' Cave looking off over the valley below.*

## WHALLEY

And to-day we look on this scene for the last time. Those gentle streams rolling through the goodly meadows to the sea; the mighty forests, broken by the clearings made by the stout arms of the settlers; the blue hills, lying like some great giant to the north and the smiling blue harbor and vast sea to the south.

## GOFFE

The New Haven folk dwell in a fair land. See, [*pointing*] is not that the spot where stands the Neck Bridge under which we found cold comfort the day the King's Officers galloped over our heads?

## WHALLEY

[*Looking.*] 'Tis near there, the trees hide it, but I see plainly the field of Mr. Sperry which thou crossed while making pretense of hoeing it under the very eyes of Kirk.

## GOFFE

And did I not run when I at last reached the woods! 'Tis but a small space but how vast it was that day! [*Laughs.*]

[*Sound of whistling or singing is heard.*]

WHALLEY and GOFFE bend down behind bushes.

WHALLEY

[*Whispers.*] Who comes yonder?

GOFFE

Sperry's boy!

[*Enter SPERRY'S BOY, whistling, with pail tied in cloth; leaves it by stump, goes out whistling.*

GOFFE

He has not grown much in stature in the two years we have tarried at Milford. Doth he still seek the woodman for whom his father bid him bring food every day?

WHALLEY

This hiding place was a safe shelter for us until the savage surprised us.

GOFFE

I remember well the other visitor, no less unwelcome, who with his furious cry roused us from our slumbers and sent us hurrying down the mountain to friend Sperry's.

[*Laughs.*

WHALLEY

Thou meanest the catamount who thrust his horrid head with glaring yellow eyes into our cave! We were indeed affrighted.

[*Laughs.*

## GOFFE

And to-night we flee from here, before the arrival of the four new Royal Commissioners, to the distant frontier of Massachusetts.

## WHALLEY

We have found New Haven winters biting, but those of Hadley are more bitter.

## GOFFE

The savages, Mr. Russell writes, are bloodthirsty and desperate. I would I could live a man's life again and have a set-to with them. [*Flourishes sword.*] A sorry lot we have! always outcasts and homeless wanderers, hiding by day! fleeing by night! All we fought for lost! England's liberties bleeding under the son of the tyrant! Would I had died with Cromwell, the cause of freedom is lost!

## WHALLEY

Nay, my son, freedom is not lost! With our own eyes we have seen its stormy day dawn over England. The black clouds of tyranny but make men long more fiercely for its dazzling light. Neither are all dead who love it. Why, man! if thou and I are alive this day 'tis because the men, women, and children of New England hate tyrants and love liberty!

## GOFFE

'Tis true,—thou givest me new heart. England's hope still lives while she has sons like these New Englanders to maintain in this wilderness her ancient liberties and laws.

## WHALLEY

Is there not something in the very air of this New England that bids liberty live and tyranny perish? [*Voices are heard.*] But who comes? [*Both stoop, look through branches.*] It is John Davenport, and——

## GOFFE

Will Jones and Deputy Gilbert.

[*Enter DAVENPORT, JONES, GILBERT.*]

## DAVENPORT

Good day, Colonel Whalley.

## JONES

I bid thee good day, sirs.

## GILBERT

Good day, good day, sirs!

## GOFFE and WHALLEY

Good day to you, sirs, good day!



## DAVENPORT

We have come to wish you farewell.

## JONES

You are to be in Sperry's orchard at dusk, the horses are chosen and the guide has come.

## GILBERT

It is with sorrow that we see thee go, Colonel Whalley.

## WHALLEY

Hatchet Harbor, the Lodge, and this cave have made us welcome shelters.

## GOFFE

*[Begins to carve letters on rock.]*

## GILBERT

Thou spentest several weeks at Hatchet Harbor. Is it far from here?

## WHALLEY

It is four or five miles distant. *[Turns to GOFFE.]*  
My son, I would fain clamber down to our friends; lend me thy arm—— What art thou doing?

GOFFE

[*Continues to carve.*] I would leave a message written in the rock itself for thy children's children to read, Mr. Davenport.

[GILBERT *and* JONES *help* WHALLEY  
*down.*

DAVENPORT

[*Reads*] "O-p-p-o——" What may it be, Colonel?  
[*All are watching* GOFFE.

GOFFE

[*Takes off hat to* DAVENPORT.] 'Tis graven on thy own heart, John Davenport. "Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God."

[*All remove their hats and lift them  
above their heads and exclaim:*

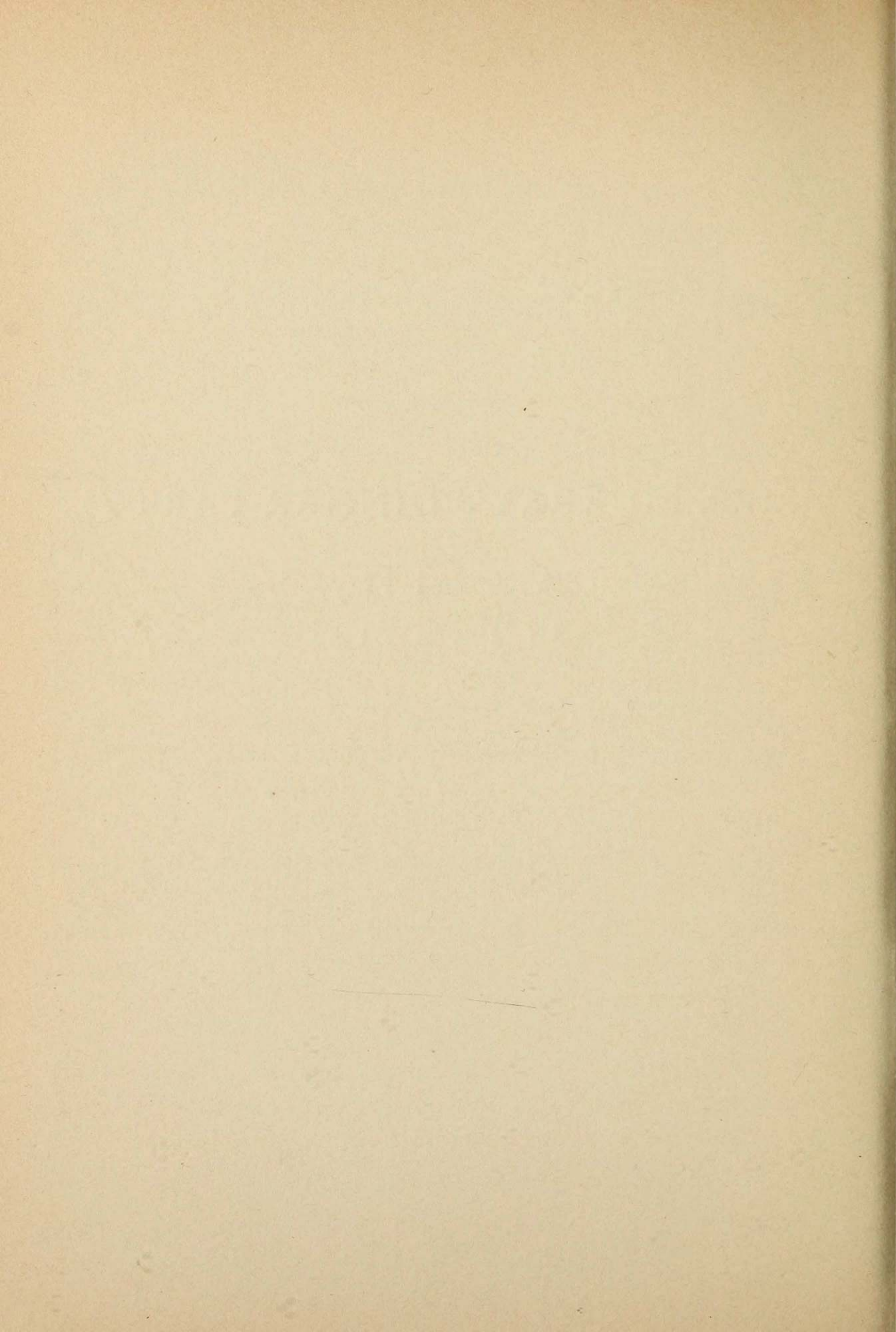
ALL

"Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God." Yea.  
Yea.

CURTAIN

**MRS. MURRAY'S DINNER PARTY**

**A School Play  
In Three Acts**



## HISTORICAL NOTE

The summer of 1776 was one of great anxiety for Washington. He was expected by Congress to hold New York at any cost against the British. But Putnam's disaster on Brooklyn Heights necessitated the retreat from Long Island and made the loss of New York City only a question of days.

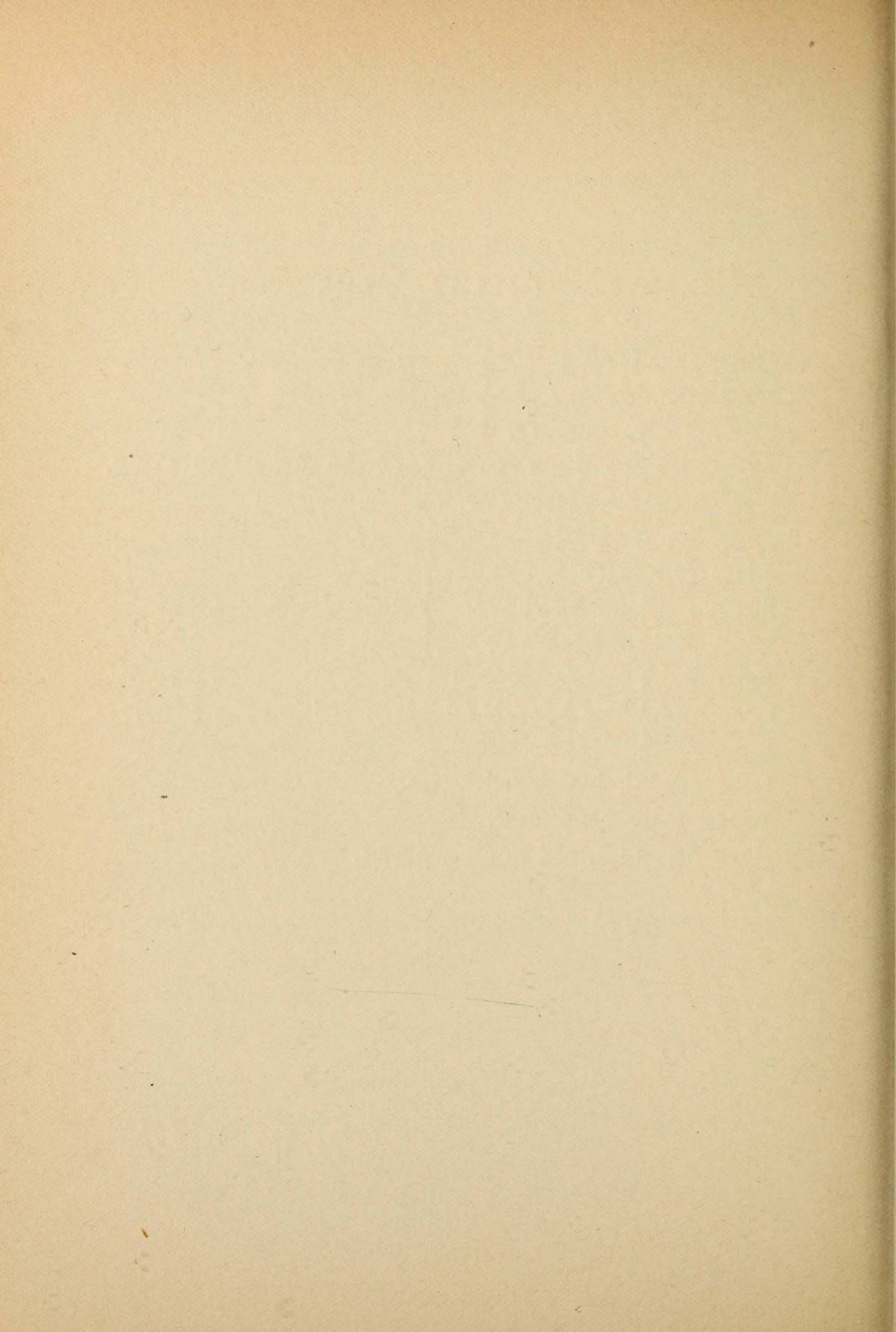
Washington's main army retreated to Harlem Heights, leaving two brigades in the city and three scattered from Fifteenth Street to Thirty-fourth Street (Kip's Bay) to watch the enemy. On the 15th of September, after a fierce bombardment of the American breastworks at Kip's Bay, the British made a landing. The Americans were panic-stricken and fled. Nothing remained but to continue the retreat to Harlem Heights. The three brigades that were posted on the East River did this; the two in the city seemed lost, for Howe, the English general, had only to stretch his troops from the East River to the Hudson to cut off their escape. Putnam through extraordinary exertions brought these brigades safely into the Harlem camp that night.

Professor Henry P. Johnston of the College of the City of New York, in his "Campaign of 1776 Around New York and Brooklyn," writes as follows: "Al-

though skilfully conducted, this escape is to be referred, in reality, to Howe's supineness and the hospitality of Mrs. Robert Murray, at whose house the British generals stopped for rest and refreshment after driving back our troops. Instead of continuing a vigorous pursuit or making any effort to intercept other parties, they spent a valuable interval at the board of their entertaining hostess, whose American sympathies added flavor and piquancy to the conversation." "Mrs. Murray," says Dr. Thacher in his military journal, "treated them with cake and wine, and they were induced to tarry two hours or more, Governor Tryon frequently joking her about her American friends. By this happy incident, General Putnam, by continuing his march, escaped a rencounter with a greatly superior force, which must have proved fatal to his whole party. Ten minutes, it is said, would have been sufficient for the enemy to have secured the road at the turn and entirely cut off General Putnam's retreat. It has since become almost a common saying among our officers, that Mrs. Murray saved this part of the American army."

## CHARACTERS

GENERAL HOWE  
GENERAL TRYON  
CAPTAIN CAMPBELL } English officers.  
LIEUTENANT TOM TREAT, of the American army.  
MR. ROBERT MURRAY, Quaker.  
MRS. ROBERT MURRAY, Quaker.  
MISS DELIGHT MURRAY }  
MISS PHŒBE MURRAY } their daughters.  
MISS FAITH MURRAY }  
PHILIP }  
SPENCER } the Morris Children visiting the Murrays.  
PATTY }  
MAMMY, their colored nurse.  
A HESSIAN ORDERLY.  
AUNT POLLY, old apple-woman.





# MRS. MURRAY'S DINNER PARTY

## ACT I

### SCENE

*In MRS. MURRAY'S Parlor, Inclenburg, Murray Hill, New York, September 15, 1776.*

*Entrances two, right and left. Small table against wall to right of window, five chairs, low chest or settle. Basket of knitting, wound balls of wool, shawl and skirt and apron in bundle on table. MR. MURRAY seated by table. MRS. MURRAY seated to right front winding yarn, which FAITH holds. PHŒBE, left front, on settle, sewing. LIEUTENANT TREAT at window, back. DELIGHT, with traveling wraps on, leans on chair, center back.*

MRS. MURRAY

[*To DELIGHT.*] Thou hast missed the pleasure of seeing George Washington; he made our house his headquarters while thou wast with thy Tory friends.

MR. MURRAY

Yes, we had several edifying talks with George. He is a man of great parts.

DELIGHT

He will lose New York as he lost Long Island, for all that.

PHŒBE

So your Tory friends say.

LIEUTENANT TREAT

He has not lost it yet. We have men here to dispute any landing Howe may attempt and Putnam's division of more than 3,000 still hold Fort Bayard in the lower part of the city.

DELIGHT

Putnam! a fine defense for the town! See how his mismanagement gave Howe Brooklyn Heights! His troops run at the sight of the enemy!

FAITH

How you talk, Delight! This comes from visiting those Tory Carletons.

LIEUTENANT TREAT

If you had been on the battlefield of the Heights, as I was, the night after the battle, you would have seen that all of Putnam's men did not run at the sight of the British.

*[Turns away.]*

MRS. MURRAY

Yes, Delight, hast thou forgotten already thy poor cousin Reuben?

PHŒBE

And the Clay boys, and the DeForests. Fy, Delight!

DELIGHT

It were a pity if there were not a few brave Americans. I suppose it is folly to blame the militia for running away when their General himself sets them such an exalted example!

MR. MURRAY

Daughter, thy language is light and ill-timed. I am satisfied that our General is acting in the wisest possible way. Putnam's defeat on Long Island made Washington's retreat imperative.

MRS. MURRAY

Delight, I blush for thee! Did not Washington, with his untrained militia, drive Howe and his regulars in hot haste from Boston only last March?

DELIGHT

Yes, but now Howe has returned with more British regulars than before and with a splendid fleet to boot,

and Washington still has his handful of untrained militia. Provincials!

#### LIEUTENANT TREAT

Yes, Mistress Delight, you are right. Washington has an undisciplined, unreliable army. Few of us have faced a cannon; we distrust one another and ourselves. But, Mistress Delight, you can tell your Tory friends that we are inspired by the noblest cause men ever fought for, and that even *Provincials* will in time become an invincible force under such a leader as George Washington!

#### FAITH *and* PHOEBE

Yes! yes! long live General Washington! Long live the army! Delight, you're a Tory!

[*Wave sewing.*]

#### CHILDREN

[*Outside.*] Oh, here comes Aunt Polly! Let us buy some apples! Come, Aunt Polly!

#### DELIGHT

Are the Morris children here still?

#### MRS. MURRAY

Yes, dear little souls!

[*Enter PATTY and SPENCER.*]

PATTY

Dear Mr. Murray, Aunt Polly is coming! Aunt Polly is coming! Could I have a penny for apples?

*[Runs to him.]*

SPENCER

Aunt Polly is coming! Oh, could we please buy some apples?

AUNT POLLY

*[Outside.]* Rich, ripe, red, rosy apples! ap-ples! apples!

LIEUTENANT TREAT

*[Catching up PATTY.]* Rich, ripe, red, rosy apples! ap-ples! ap-ples!

*[Imitates AUNT POLLY.]*

SPENCER

Oh, do it again!

PATTY

That's just like her!

*[Exeunt MR. MURRAY and SPENCER hand in hand.]*

MRS. MURRAY

Yes, bring Aunt Polly in! Here are some garments I set by for her this morning.

*[Takes from table shawl, skirt, and apron.]*

PATTY

[*To* LIEUTENANT TREAT.] Put them on and call out "apples."

[FAITH and PHŒBE *pull the skirt over LIEUTENANT TREAT'S head, fasten it, put shawl over his head, pin it under chin, tie apron. He takes DELIGHT'S parasol for a cane.*

PHŒBE

We ought to have four shawls. Here, pin it!

FAITH

I've never seen her with less than five. Now, bend over! Farther than that.

PATTY

[*Hands baskets with balls of wool.*] Here is your apple-basket.

PHŒBE

Here is Aunt Polly; see what she will say! .

[*Enter AUNT POLLY, bent double, shawl over head almost concealing face, big apple-basket in one hand, cane in other.*

AUNT POLLY

[*Calling as she enters.*] Rich, ripe, red, rosy apples! apples! apples!

[*Enter SPENCER and PHILIP.*

## LIEUTENANT TREAT

[*Imitates walk and cry of AUNT POLLY.*] Rich,  
ripe, red, rosy apples! apples! apples!

## AUNT POLLY

[*Peers at him and slowly hobbles towards him.*]

## LIEUTENANT TREAT

[*Peers at her and slowly hobbles towards her.*]

## SPENCER

Why, Philip! Why, look!

## PATTY

[*Clapping hands, dancing up and down.*] Two  
Aunt Pollys!

## AUNT POLLY

[*Shakes apple in front of LIEUTENANT TREAT.*]  
Who'll buy my apples! apples! apples!

## LIEUTENANT TREAT

[*Shakes ball of worsted in face of AUNT POLLY.*]  
Who'll buy my apples! apples! apples!

## ALL

[*Laugh.*]

## AUNT POLLY

[*Listens to him, then says dryly*] Take off thy shawl, Master Tom; I know all thy tricks.

## MRS. MURRAY

Thou canst not fool friend Polly, Thomas.

## FAITH

She found you out!

## LIEUTENANT TREAT

Good lack! Aunt Polly, you're too smart for me.

[*Laughs—takes off shawl, etc.*]

## AUNT POLLY

Thou wast always a great boy for tricks, ever since thou wast that high.

[*Points to PATTY.*]

## LIEUTENANT TREAT

I believe she wanted these herself.

[*Gives clothes to AUNT POLLY.*]

## MRS. MURRAY

Yes, they will look better on thee. Shall I put them in thy basket?



## AUNT POLLY

Nay, nay, I'll just put them on, and then I'll know where they be.

[*Puts on shawl.*]

## DELIGHT

But it is so warm to-day!

## AUNT POLLY

Ay! ay! and it will be warmer yet! What art thou doing here, Master Tom, and the Redcoats soon landing at Kip's Bay?

## DELIGHT

Why, that's right below us!

## MRS. MURRAY

How dost thou know?

## AUNT POLLY

From the top of the hill, as I tarried for a breath, I marked their boats full of soldiers making towards the land.

## LIEUTENANT TREAT

Landing! Kip's Bay! I'm away! [*Looks for hat, which PHILIP has on.*] We must hold them at the landing. This is the worst of news! Patty, have you my hat?

MRS. MURRAY

Why the worst of news?

LIEUTENANT TREAT

Because if they make us retreat from here they will cut off Putnam's division of 3,000 men back in the city. Where is my hat? We can't lose 3,000 men *now!*

MRS. MURRAY

Nay, but tarry a moment, Thomas! Will there be fighting at Kip's Bay?

LIEUTENANT TREAT

[*Still striding up and down.*] I hope so, if we Provincials do not take to our heels again. [*Makes low bow to DELIGHT. Snatches hat from PHILIP.*] Here, you little rascal! [*Kisses MRS. MURRAY'S hand.*] Farewell, dear Madame! Farewell, dear girls!

MRS. MURRAY

May the Lord protect thee, dear lad!

[*Guns are heard.*]

PATTY

[*Clinging to TREAT.*] Oh! I hear the guns! Don't go and get killed! don't go and get killed!

FAITH

Hark! Yes, those are the guns!

PHŒBE

Oh, dreadful!

LIEUTENANT TREAT

[*Stooping to kiss PATTY and loosen her hands.*] I'll come back and sell you all some more "Apples! Apples! Apples! Apples!"

[*Throws worsted balls at CHILDREN; goes out running, followed by CHILDREN.*

[*Sound of horses' feet—guns.*

CURTAIN

## ACT II

SCENE *same as Act I. Two hours later.*

SPENCER *writing at table, center; PHŒBE at his left. MAMMY knitting at left. DELIGHT at right front with PATTY in lap. PHILIP at her side, looking at picture book she is showing them.*

SPENCER

That's a good g, I like that g. Philip couldn't make such a fine g.

*[Holds up letter.]*

PHILIP

Yes, I could.

SPENCER

No, you couldn't.

PHŒBE

You'll never have done, Spencer, unless you hasten, e-n-e-r-a-l.

SPENCER

*[Writing.]* G-e-n-e-r-a-l. Now don't tell me! I know how to spell, Washington. W-a-s——

PHŒBE

Oh, Spencer! not a small w, a large one!

SPENCER

[*Anxiously.*] Is it spoilt?

PHILIP

[*To DELIGHT.*] Spencer spells Washington with a small w.

[*Laughs.*]

SPENCER

[*Indignantly.*] You couldn't spell it at all!

DELIGHT

Come, Master Philip, I thought we were looking at pictures.

PHŒBE

Perchance I can change it.

[*Bends over letter.*]

DELIGHT

[*To PHŒBE.*] The cannonading has ceased; I wonder what that can mean.

PHŒBE

Yes, I noticed that. Do you suppose we've driven the British back to their boats? Why would not Father permit us to go with him and see?

## PATTY

When Tom's beaten the British he'll come back and sell us some more apples.

## PHILIP

Like this, " Rich, ripe, red, rosy apples! " I thought there were two Aunt Pollys.

## PATTY

I knew, didn't I, Delight? I could tell him even in the dark; he says, " Apples, apples " like that.

## MAMMY

It's time you chilluns went to pick up the playhouse flo'—all yo'r toys'll jes be trompled to splinters. Soon as Master Spencer finish his Mommy's letter, we'll be 'bleeged to go and set about it.

## PHILIP

Oh, no, Mammy, not now. [*In loud whisper.*] Delight is showing us pictures and it would not be perlite.

## MAMMY

[*Placidly.*] Jes' as soon as Mas'er Spencer gets through, we starts.

## SPENCER

You needn't wait for me, Mammy; you can leave my blocks and I'll pick them up to-morrow.

## PHILIP

Yes, Mammy, I'll pick my toys up to-morrow, too.

## PATTY

I'll pick my toys up to-morrow.

## MAMMY

To-morrow don't neber come, honey; all de time you's got is jes' to-day.

## SPENCER

[*Stretches arms.*] There now, Phœbe, it's all done. It is a long letter. Mother will like it. Thank you for helping me. [*Puts arms around PHŒBE'S neck.*] Now I'll read it. [*Stands on chair.*] "My honored Mother. I read every day with Faith; Phœbe helps me write. Mrs. Murray says that I am industrious. General Washington——" Now isn't that a good G? [*Shows letter to others, PHILIP sniffs at it.*] "General Washington galloped past the window on his white horse to fight the British; he is going to beat General Howe as he did at Boston. Tom says so, and he knows. We want to see you. Patty had a ride on

General Washington's horse. My duty to my honored father. From your son Spencer."

[*Folds letter.*]

DELIGHT

That's a fine letter, in truth. Will you send it to the ferry by Aunt Polly?

SPENCER

Yes, when she comes back.

MAMMY

[*Folding knitting and rising.*] Now, chilluns, we starts for to put up dem toys, right away, imejit.

PHILIP

But, Mammy, why can't we wait till to-morrow?

MAMMY

Yo' don't neber cotch to-morrow, honey, yo' don't neber get near enough to put salt on his tail. [*Solemnly.*] All you hab is jes' to-day! To-morrow neber comes.

PATTY

Why, yesterday we had to-morrow, and to-day——

PHILIP

[*Interrupts.*] And to-day, we have to-day! Mammy is right. To-morrow neber comes.



## SPENCER

All we have is just to-day.

## CHILDREN

Come on, Mammy! all we have is just to-day! [*Go out laughing, dragging MAMMY with them.*] Tomorrow neber comes; all we have is just to-day, etc.

[*Enter MRS. MURRAY and FAITH, right.*]

## MRS. MURRAY

Thy father is coming up the drive; he was talking to a horseman at the gate and perchance he has some news of our men.

[*Enter MR. MURRAY slowly.*]

## MR. MURRAY

News! Ay, the most appalling news!

MRS. MURRAY, DELIGHT, PHŒBE, and FAITH  
[*Gather around him.*] What is it? What is it?

## MR. MURRAY

Our army is in full retreat for Harlem. They were seized by panic and fled without striking a blow!

## MRS. MURRAY

Incredible, Robert!

MR. MURRAY

Would it were not so, but I saw the last part of the affair myself.

FAITH

Oh, continue, Father; continue! I beg!

MR. MURRAY

Tom has just told me, that under cover of a cannonade from the frigates the British landed troops near our redoubts down here at Kip's Bay. Our men retired from the redoubts and drew up in line to meet the approaching foe. But although the Americans outnumbered the enemy at first, at the appearance of only sixty or seventy of the British, they were seized with panic and scattered and ran.

DELIGHT

How shameful!

MR. MURRAY

Putnam succeeded in rallying them once, but the Connecticut militia broke again before any attack was made.

MRS. MURRAY

How distressing! Was Washington there?

MR. MURRAY

Yes, and his anger was great at such cowardice.

He rode into the midst of the fleeing militia, ordering them to re-form behind the stone wall or in the cornfield.

PHŒBE

What! our cornfield?

MR. MURRAY

Yes, our cornfield; and in his bitterness he so utterly forgot his own danger, that it is said he would have been killed if one of his aides had not pulled the bridle of his horse and changed his course.

MRS. MURRAY

How brave he is!

FAITH

[*Suddenly bursting into tears.*] Oh! Oh! Oh!  
It seems as though I could not bear it.

PHŒBE *and* MRS. MURRAY

Bear what, dear child?

FAITH

To—to—to—have the Americans run from the British. Oh! Oh!

## DELIGHT

Never mind, sweetheart! It was the Connecticut militia and not the New Yorkers.

MR. MURRAY

The New Yorkers ran, too, as fast as the others! I saw Tom a moment; he told me this and could scarce look at me.

MRS. MURRAY

Thomas would feel the cowardice of his Connecticut men keenly.

MR. MURRAY

As Tom was adjusting his saddle, Putnam went by like an arrow, back into the city to try and rescue the Brigade at Bayard's Hill Fort and bring them safe to Harlem.

PHŒBE

Why, way down town! They will never get away.

MR. MURRAY

Tom no sooner spied him than he leapt to his horse and was after him; he's one of Putnam's aides.

MRS. MURRAY

If Putnam's division were captured, would that be the end of the war?

## MR. MURRAY

No, as long as we have an army in the field there is hope; but to lose 3,000 men, as well as the city of New York, will be a terrible blow. . . . A terrible blow.

## FAITH

Will Putnam try to lead his men to the army at Harlem by the Kingsbridge road, or the Bloomingdale road?

## MR. MURRAY

He must needs take the Bloomingdale road to the west of us, by the Hudson. Howe's men are in possession of the East road, the Kingsbridge road. But in ten minutes' march from this house, Howe can secure the turn of the Bloomingdale road also.

*[Draws map with cane on the floor.]*

## DELIGHT

And then?

## MR. MURRAY

*[Still pointing.]* With the Kingsbridge road and the Bloomingdale road in Howe's hands and his men holding our road across the island controlling both roads? Putnam is lost!

*[Beats hands together.]*

## MRS. MURRAY

If only our men had delayed Howe an hour or two!

MR. MURRAY

Fatal panic! Putnam could easily have saved his division with two hours' start. Now the poor fellows will strain every nerve to save themselves, only to be taken prisoners or killed at the Bloomingdale turn, and in this heat, too!

[*Goes to window.*]

PHOEBE

This withering heat! Oh, the poor men!

DELIGHT

Putnam's men are used to running; they won't mind it!

FAITH

[*Weeping.*] Delight Murray! Hold thy tongue!

MRS. MURRAY

[*To herself, center front.*] Two hours! If Howe could but be detained!

MR. MURRAY

[*From window.*] There, I was expecting it!

ALL

What?

MR. MURRAY

[*Pointing.*] The British are coming.

MRS. MURRAY

Where? Dost thou see William Howe?

MR. MURRAY

There, at the head. Tryon is with him.

*[All look out of window.]*

MR. MURRAY

I do not want to see him.

*[Turns away bitterly.]*

MRS. MURRAY

*[With decision.]* But I do! Girls, hasten! Come, Delight; we will speak to William Howe.

*[Catches up scarf, throws over head, and hurries out, dragging PHŒBE, who protests.]*

DELIGHT

What does Mother mean? Oh, I know!

*[Takes up hat and darts out.]*

MR. MURRAY

*[Looking after them, then goes to window.]* Are thy mother and sisters mad? Look, they are at the orchard wall. Howe has stopped—he is talking to them!

## MR. MURRAY

No, I do not understand thy mother and thy sisters! and thee! One moment lamenting and weeping over our defeat, the next parleying with the victorious foe.

## FAITH

[ *Holding MR. MURRAY by his coat lapels.* ] Oh, Father, dost thou not see! [ *Shakes him by his coat.* ] Mother will strive to detain the British here until Putnam's soldiers have made their escape. [ *Gives little shake.* ] Now be pleasant, Father; smile on them! Let me go! [ *Runs out, re-enters.* ] We must keep them two hours. Fetch thy best wine, Father!

[ *Runs out.* ]

## MR. MURRAY

[ *Rubs his head.* ] Truly the ways of women are amazing.

## CURTAIN



FAITH

And Mother is courtesying, and they are all bowing and talking.

MR. MURRAY

[*Indignantly.*] Is Mary Murray making friends with our enemies, flushed and boastful as they are from their shameful victory?

FAITH

See, they are riding on; no, they are turning back.

MR. MURRAY

They are dismounting! The soldiers are halted and are breaking ranks. Howe and Tryon are coming towards the house!

FAITH

Oh, why didn't we understand before! Of course! Of course!

[*Runs out.*]

MR. MURRAY

[*Looks after her.*] And now she's gone! [*Calls after.*] Faith! Faith Murray! come back!

[*Re-enter FAITH.*]

FAITH

Oh, Father: what is it? let me go! dost thou not understand?

## ACT III

SCENE *same as Act I.* MRS. MURRAY *center, seated.* MR. MURRAY *standing by her, left.* HOWE, *sitting, right front.* TRYON, *right center, standing.* CAMPBELL, *left, standing by PHOEBE and FAITH.* DELIGHT, *sitting, extreme right.* *All laughing and talking before curtain rises.*

HOWE

You were caught there, Tryon; ha! ha! she had you there!

CAMPBELL

You were routed horse and foot.

[*Laughs.*]

TRYON

[*Laughing.*] It is all very well for you gentlemen to laugh at me, but why don't you come to my rescue?

HOWE

We are far too wise, my dear General; it is too diverting to watch your struggles.

## TRYON

They say we British never know when we are conquered, so I return to the fray. I maintain you've seen the last of your runaway army, Madam. Mr. Washington I am sorry for; he is a gallant fellow, but what could he expect from a handful of undisciplined yeomanry? Why, they ran like sheep, Madam! Faith, 'twas laughable; before only sixty or seventy of our troops. The wildest panic seized them, and they ran like sheep, Madam. At the pace they were going they should be near Canada now. [*Laughs.*] Would you match such cowards against our brave regulars?

## MRS. MURRAY

No, Friend Tryon, I would not. Our men are no match for the British in running away!

## TRYON

[*Indignantly.*] In running away! Why, my dear Madam——

## MRS. MURRAY

Yes, when it comes to running away I doubt whether even Americans could flee from Concord to Boston as quickly as thy regulars did last year!

[*HOWE, CAMPBELL, and the MISSES MURRAY laugh.*]

## TRYON

But those rascally Yankees,—I beg your pardon, Madam, those rebels—would not meet our men in a fair fight, but concealed themselves like the bloody savages behind hedges and stone walls. The mode of attack unusual, the foe invisible, naturally our troops were seized with—with——

## MRS. MURRAY

[*Slyly.*] A panic?

## TRYON

——Um——er——well, yes, a—a panic, but——

## MRS. MURRAY

Yes, a panic, Friend Tryon, and they ran, thy brave regulars, they ran like sheep!

[TRYON *makes hopeless gesture and bends to MRS. MURRAY'S fingers.*]

## HOWE

[*Rises and slaps TRYON on shoulder.*] We must make our retreat, General, to withdraw you from the fire of the enemy. Panic cannot be guarded against. The most reliable soldiers succumb to it. In fact, my dear Madam, I must admit that you see one of its victims before you. [*Bows.*] You American ladies wage such deadly warfare with your keen tongues and

bright eyes, that if I do not beat a retreat instantly we shall all be taken captive.

[*Bows.*]

CAMPBELL

[*Jumps up.*] Shall I get the troops under way, General?

MRS. MURRAY

I protest, Friend William; thou shalt not go yet. Some of Robert's Madeira thou hast had indeed, but did I not promise thee a peach punch such as only Aunt Chloe can brew? I protest against such haste. Faith, speak to one of the servants about the punch.

[*Exit* FAITH,

HOWE

If, as I am told, Putnam has already escaped me——

CAMPBELL

[*Rising.*] Your Excellency's pardon, but would it not be well, as a precaution, to send ahead troops, to hold all the roads leading from the city?

TRYON

Oh, Campbell, pray be seated and talk not of catching those fleet-footed Connecticut rogues. [*Laughs.*] I tell you that, Madam Murray notwithstanding, they are at Hudson's Bay by this time.

[*Laughs.*]

## HOWE

Those Connecticut rogues cannot always be depended on to run, Tryon; would that they had run from that rail fence on Bunker Hill! Many a brave fellow of mine would be alive to-day, if those Connecticut farmers in shirt sleeves with laughable excuses for guns had not obstinately held that frail defense in the face of our most persistent attacks!

## CAMPBELL

Was it so, indeed! Untrained peasants!

## HOWE

And when their powder gave out, they fought our bayonets back with the butts of their muskets! Incredible, reckless bravery!

## CAMPBELL

A pity to lose a brush with such foes! If we pushed on at once! Perchance they have not yet escaped us!

## HOWE

My information was most emphatic that Putnam had already retreated by the Blooming—er—er—Bloomingham——

[*Turns to MR. MURRAY.*

## MR. MURRAY

Bloomingle road.

HOWE

Yes, the Bloomingdale road; and if that is the case,  
—perhaps—

[*Turns to the GIRLS.*]

DELIGHT

The sun is monstrous hot now, General Howe.

PHŒBE

—and Chloe's peach punch is always monstrous cool.

HOWE

You see, Mistress Murray, [*sinks down in chair*] my panic is justified; we are your prisoners for a few minutes more.

CAMPBELL

[*Slowly reseats himself.*]

MRS. MURRAY

'Twould indeed be a cowardly action to flee before the peach punch, Friend William.

HOWE

[*To PHŒBE.*] And may I beg of Mistress Phœbe

the favor of seeing the famous sampler of her grandmother's of which she spoke?

PHŒBE

[*Rising.*] With pleasure. It hangs in the hall. Will you come?

MRS. MURRAY

Tell all about the design, Phœbe.

[PHŒBE goes off, right, followed by  
HOWE.]

HOWE

[*As he disappears.*] Now Lady Margaret Sidney, first paints——

CAMPBELL

[*Aside to TRYON.*] I would the General would let me press on ahead; I'm not so sure this Putnam can have made his escape.

TRYON

Why, the General's advices were reliable. Patience, my hot young blade! Putnam has escaped to-day, but we'll bag all of them to-morrow. Here, Miss Delight, talk to this would-be deserter.

[CAMPBELL, TRYON, DELIGHT *talk, left.*

[*Enter SPENCER, left.*



## SPENCER

Madam, Aunt Polly wishes to speak to you and I told her to come in.

[*Enter* LIEUTENANT TREAT, *left, disguised as* AUNT POLLY, *shawl drawn way over face, and* PATTY.

## MRS. MURRAY

[*Rising, going right front with* LIEUTENANT TREAT.] What brings thee here so soon again, Aunt Polly?

## LIEUTENANT TREAT

[*Hobbles in silence to corner of stage.*]

## MR. MURRAY

[*To* TRYON.] Perchance thou hast seen Aunt Polly, the Apple-woman; she is quite a privileged character in these parts.

[TRYON *nods.*]

## PATTY

[*To* DELIGHT.] That is Tom, not Aunt Polly. Don't tell Spencer; he doesn't know.

## DELIGHT

[*Whispers.*] Are you sure?

PATTY

[*Nods.*] Yes. Don't tell Spencer.

[*Starts to dance off near* LIEUTENANT  
TREAT.

DELIGHT

[*Pulls her back.*] Then don't tell anybody! We'll have a great big secret! Here, stay with me!

[DELIGHT, CAMPBELL, TRYON, and  
PATTY *talk, left.*

LIEUTENANT TREAT

[*In Aunt Polly's manner.*] I forgot to show thee these apples.

[*Lifts his face and shows* MRS. MURRAY  
*and audience who he is.*

MRS. MURRAY

[*Looks over her shoulder.*] Why hast thou ventured in this house, reckless boy? [*Louder.*] I need no more apples, Aunt Polly! [*Softer.*] What dost thou want?

LIEUTENANT TREAT

Keep the British here for half an hour more and Putnam's division will be saved. [*Loud.*] But, Madam, these are tart and savory.

CAMPBELL

[*To* PATTY.] You know George Washington, then.

PATTY

I had a ride yesterday on his horse.

DELIGHT

He made this house his headquarters lately.

TRYON

Ah! then doubtless you know all the General's plans.

DELIGHT

Yes, I do, and I'll tell them.

[LIEUTENANT TREAT *refuses to be led out by* MRS. MURRAY, *stops and listens—grasps* MRS. MURRAY'S *wrist.* TRYON *and* CAMPBELL *stand with backs to him.*

CAMPBELL

Well, upon my word, that's monstrous civil of you!

DELIGHT

He's going to fight and——

TRYON

*[Interrupts with scornful laugh.]* Yes, and run.

DELIGHT

Yes, fight and run and fight! He will give you the slip when you're surest of capturing him. He'll attack when you least expect it. He'll never despair, and he'll end by catching you all.

LIEUTENANT TREAT

*[Makes a motion of pleasure, stands erect.]*

MRS. MURRAY

*[Draws him down, keeps him from betraying himself.]*

TRYON

*[Laughs.]* Well, Campbell, we get little comfort from this young rebel! Perhaps Miss Phœbe will be kinder to us.

CAMPBELL

Yes, show us that famous sampler, Miss Murray, that General Howe finds so fascinating.

*[Exeunt TRYON and CHILDREN, CAMPBELL insists on going out after DELIGHT and turns back in time to see LIEUTENANT TREAT straighten up and look after them.]*

## MRS. MURRAY

Out of here this instant, thou mad boy! Howe shall be kept, fear not! Only go! Oh, I am in such agony! Robert, take him away!

## LIEUTENANT TREAT

No, I shall make my escape, do not fear! I tried to send the children for you, but they insisted on my coming here. Patty, the little baggage! recognized me and kept me calling "Apples."

## MRS. MURRAY

I will not listen to thee. Go!

## MR. MURRAY

[*Who is watching at door, right.*] Begone while there is time!

## LIEUTENANT TREAT

I'm off. [*Adjusts skirt.*] But this rigging is hard to handle. I grabbed the top layer of Aunt Polly's attire and left her guarding my horse by the river. Our men should be at the turn now, but in ten minutes' march, if they knew it, the British could seize that turn of the road and trap us all.

[*Takes up basket.*]

## MR. MURRAY

I cannot have thee caught and hung from one of my trees, Thomas. This is desperate business! Hurry! Away, boy!

## LIEUTENANT TREAT

Putnam's men are a plucky lot. They are nearly dying from the heat and exertion, but they manage to gasp out a cheer for Putnam as he dashes back and forth encouraging them. We can't lose such men! Hold on to Howe!

*[Exit LIEUTENANT TREAT.*

*[Enter DELIGHT.*

## DELIGHT

Has Tom gone? What did he come here for?

## MRS. MURRAY

Putnam sent him to reconnoiter and——

*[Enter LIEUTENANT TREAT.*

## LIEUTENANT TREAT

Delight, I heard your voice and I came back to thank you for defending our General so gallantly and flouting those arrogant Britishers!

*[Drops basket, stretches hands to DELIGHT.*

MRS. MURRAY

I told thee to begone!

MR. MURRAY

Back again!

DELIGHT

Tom Treat! You tiresome creature, come with me this instant! I'll show you a short cut to the river. [LIEUTENANT TREAT *starts to leave.*] Don't forget your basket!

[*Exit* DELIGHT.

LIEUTENANT TREAT

Farewell, dear Madam.

[*Takes basket, starts again to leave.*

[*Enter* SPENCER, *right.*

SPENCER

[*With letter.*] Here, Aunt Polly, take my letter to the ferryman; please do.

MR. MURRAY

[*Holding him back.*] Nay, Spencer, nay!

MRS. MURRAY

Yes, take it quick, Aunt Polly.

[LIEUTENANT TREAT *takes letter, exit.*

Robert, wilt thou tell Chloe to send the peach punch to the north parlor?

*[Exeunt MRS. MURRAY and SPENCER, right.]*

*[Exit MR. MURRAY, left.]*

*[Enter CAMPBELL, right, walking backward and motioning and beckoning to right.]*

*[Enter TRYON.]*

CAMPBELL

I thought you would never see my signals! I wish we were away! The whole family are in a plot to keep us!

TRYON

Oh, my dear boy, you don't know these good Mur-rays yet.

CAMPBELL

I know they are monstrous civil to their enemies. And for some good reason. Look how that bewitching lady winds General Howe about her finger! Three times he has risen to go and as many times she has skilfully and apparently artlessly prevailed on him to remain!

TRYON

Howe is a courtly gentleman. All women admire him.



## CAMPBELL

Something's in the air; I feel it—— [*Walks up and down.*] What about that apple-woman?

## TRYON

[*Laughs hard.*] You are determined to be suspicious! Why, poor Aunt Polly! When I was governor I saw her nearly every day: always bent over double and rather——

[*Taps forehead.*]

## CAMPBELL

[*Silent, then suddenly grasps TRYON'S arm.*] “Always bent over double,” you say! I saw that woman stand up straight as a pike! I believe a spy has taken her disguise in order to enter our lines!

## TRYON

Oh, Campbell! you are droll! [*Laughs.*] I'm going back to the peach punch!

## CAMPBELL

That's another thing, that peach punch! it's delayed us three-quarters of an hour! Confound it!—— I'm going to have my orderly catch that apple-woman and bring her in for examination.

TRYON

[*Laughs harder.*] Yes, yes, and after that arrest the town pump!

[*Exit.*]

CAMPBELL

[*Looks after him, hesitates, then strides to door, calls*] Orderly! Orderly!

[*Enter HESSIAN ORDERLY, salutes.*]

CAMPBELL

Did you see an old woman with a basket of apples, just now?

HESSIAN

[*Salutes.*] Zum Befehl, Herr Hauptmann!

[*Enter DELIGHT, overhears.*]

CAMPBELL

Take three men and search the premises for her and bring her to me.

HESSIAN

Zum Befehl.

[*Salutes, goes out.*]

CAMPBELL

[*Stumbles over AUNT POLLY'S stick.*] What's this? [*Sees DELIGHT.*] Oh, the staff of your feeble old Aunt Polly.

[*Lifts up stick.*]

## DELIGHT

[*Carelessly.*] It does look like it. Perhaps she will return for it.

## CAMPBELL

[*With meaning.*] Perhaps she will!

[*Enter three CHILDREN and MAMMY, left.*]

## PHILIP

[*To SPENCER*] Is that General Howe?

## SPENCER

No, I'll show you General Howe; he's coming with Mrs. Murray.

[*Enter, right, HOWE, TRYON, MRS. MURRAY, FAITH, and PHŒBE.*]

## HOWE

[*With glass in hand.*] This punch surpasses my fondest hopes, fair Madam.

[*CHILDREN lined up front, left, MAMMY behind them.*]

## PHILIP

[*In a hoarse whisper.*] The one with the glass?

HOWE

[*Turns, sees CHILDREN.*] Well, Mrs. Murray, I see that I am on parade. [*To PATTY.*] Come, my pretty chuck, have you never seen a general before that you all stare at one so!

PATTY

Oh, we've seen our General Washington.

PHILIP *and* SPENCER

We want to see him again.

HOWE

You will soon see him, never fear, as I'm going to capture him.

PATTY

When?

HOWE

To-morrow. I'll bring him back my prisoner.

PHILIP

But his men won't let you. They'll fight! Tom will fight!

HOWE

I'll catch all his men, too, and make them shout for King George.

PHILIP *and* SPENCER

To-morrow?

HOWE

Yes, all you little Americans will have to turn English again, for I'm sure to catch Washington to-morrow and end the war by to-morrow night.

PATTY

But Mammy says, to-morrow neber comes!

ALL THE CHILDREN

To-morrow never comes, to-morrow never comes!

HOWE

[*Good-humoredly.*] What do you mean, you little rascals?

CHILDREN

All the time you have is just to-day; Mammy says so. So you'll never catch Washington to-morrow!

CAMPBELL

[*Aside to TRYON.*] That's a true word.

MAMMY

[*Aside to DELIGHT.*] Oh, dem chiluns, dem chiluns!

HOWE

If that's the case, you little rebels, I'll begin capturing to-day!

*[Chases the CHILDREN, who laugh and dodge.]*

*[Enter HESSIAN ORDERLY, who salutes.]*

CAMPBELL

Have you found her?

HESSIAN

Ja wohl, Herr Hauptmann.

TRYON

*[To HOWE.]* Our enterprising soldier here has found a spy. *[Laughs.]* These new brooms!

*[Laughs.]*

HOWE

A spy! Since he's been here?

TRYON

*[Laughing.]* And a woman at that? Are you not alarmed, Miss Phœbe?

CAMPBELL

Oh, sir, I beg of you——

TRYON

She must be fetched here; 'tis a monstrous solemn occasion! Bring her in, Orderly.

[*Laughs.*

[*Enter MR. MURRAY.*

[*Exit ORDERLY.*

MRS. MURRAY

A spy! under my roof? Surely Friend Campbell is jesting! Who is it?

TRYON

[*Laughing.*] That is the joke. I'll wager you have been as blind as I to the dangerous menace to society that has been walking our streets so long.

HOWE

What do you mean, Campbell? Would you accuse our hostess of introducing a spy?

CAMPBELL

Why, sir, I——

TRYON

[*Interrupting.*] Good lack! I can scarce speak for laughing. Campbell with his brilliant penetration has discovered that a spy has entered our lines, marched into this very room, counted the number of glasses of

flip Howe has dispatched and who knows what else, under the disguise of—— Oh! how you will all laugh! Under the disguise of Aunt Polly!

*[Enter AUNT POLLY and ORDERLY, who follows her closely; she shakes his hand off and hobbles, very much bent, to front center.]*

MRS. MURRAY, CHILDREN, *and the* GIRLS

Aunt Polly!

MRS. MURRAY

*[Hurries to AUNT POLLY.]* Surely thou dost not mean our dear Aunt Polly!

DELIGHT

It is a mistake!

TRYON

I thought you would have laughed soundly at Campbell's idea, Madam.

MRS. MURRAY

*[Clinging to a chair, trying to laugh.]* Vastly diverted! yes! yes!

CAMPBELL

By your leave, General, I will proceed to the examination.



## MRS. MURRAY

I beg, Friend William, that thou wilt permit me to examine our old friend in private. Friend Campbell's well-meant zeal would alarm her unnecessarily.

## TRYON

Nay, nay, Madam, I protest! Would you cheat us all of the dreadful pleasure of seeing a Yankee spy, bristling with pistols, emerge from that sphinx-like exterior? Witness my daring valor, while I remove——

*[Steps towards AUNT POLLY.]*

## DELIGHT

Oh, I pray you, stop this joke. We are all weak with laughter, and let me lead Aunt Polly to the kitchen.

*[Starts to lead her.]*

## HOWE

Captain Campbell, if the ladies——

## CAMPBELL

*[Sternly.]* General Howe, I saw this bent old woman suddenly stand erect as a young man when she thought I had left the room. She pretends to be lame, yet she completely forgot her stick. She does not (by your leave) quit my sight until I am satisfied. *[To AUNT POLLY.]* Take off your shawl, woman.

## AUNT POLLY

*[Slowly turns around towards CAMPBELL, sees her staff in his hand, makes successful grab for it, wipes it on her apron, takes former attitude.]*

*[HOWE, TRYON, and CHILDREN laugh.]*

## MR. MURRAY

Thou seest that Aunt Polly is old and eccentric, but we know her well, and if any one tried to penetrate this house in her disguise we would be the first to know.

## CAMPBELL

*[Dryly.]* Doubtless, but not the first to tell!

*[ORDERLY and CAMPBELL pull off AUNT POLLY'S first shawl, she resists—they pull off second shawl, third shawl. AUNT POLLY'S face is hid. Breathless interest by Americans. HOWE and TRYON amused.]*

## TRYON

This is no moment for hesitation; proceed to the charge! *[Laughs.]*

*[Jerks off last shawl. AUNT POLLY'S neat gray head is revealed; she is bent over and looks around with angry eyes.]*

CAMPBELL

[*Starts back.*] An old woman!

MRS. MURRAY

[*Falls into chair, laughing.*] How diverting!

DELIGHT

[*Hugging PATTY, who has climbed on a chair to look.*] Aunt Polly!

THE CHILDREN

Aunt Polly!

TRYON

[*Claps CAMPBELL on shoulder.*] So this is our dare-devil spy!

HOWE

Well, my boy! better luck next time.

[*Laughs.*]

CAMPBELL

[*Puzzled.*] This is evidently your Aunt Polly. You may laugh, sirs, but the first one was the spy. She stood straight. Look at those shoulders!

FAITH

What is a spy, Delight? Some one bad?

## HESSIAN

[*Shakes AUNT POLLY'S sleeve, she struggles, he pulls out letter.*] Was ist das, Herr Hauptmann?

[*Hands it to CAMPBELL.*]

## CAMPBELL

[*Triumphantly.*] A concealed letter! [*Opens, reads to himself.*] —hm—not in cipher. [*To MRS. MURRAY.*] Your name is in it, Madam, and yours [*To HOWE*].

[*HOWE and MRS. MURRAY draw near.*]

## CAMPBELL

[*Reads.*] “General Washington galloped past—um—he’s going to beat General Howe as he did in Boston——”

## SPENCER

Why, that’s my letter to Mother! You’ve torn my letter. I gave it to Aunt Polly the last time she was here. [*Almost crying.*] Please give it to me!

## HOWE

And you gave it to Aunt Polly when she was here before?

## SPENCER

Yes, to give to the ferryman [*takes letter from*

CAMPBELL *and smoothes it out*] and now it's spoilt, Phœbe!

*[Goes almost crying to PHŒBE to be comforted.]*

HOWE

Then your theory of a spy has a fatal blow since this letter is found on our old friend. I, for one, am glad we have no dismal scenes with spies.

PHILIP

Isn't it nice to be a spy?

TRYON

It's not nice to be caught.

HOWE

Now, my dear madam, pray accept my thanks for your amiable civility to a hungry and thirsty foe, and permit me also to wish the lovely mother of lovely daughters health and prosperity and—a change of heart.

*[Bows.]*

MRS. MURRAY

Thy visit has been most welcome, Friend William; if thou wouldst only tarry longer perhaps—perhaps our rebels hearts would change. *[HOWE smiles and*

*shakes his head.*] No? Then we will accompany thee to the porch.

*[Goes out, left, followed by HOWE.*

### TRYON

Farewell, my dear young ladies! We leave with heavy hearts such an array of beauty.

*[Bows, goes out, followed by MR. MURRAY.*

### CHILDREN

Farewell, Captain Campbell. Aunt Polly *is not* a spy.

### CAMPBELL

*[Dejectedly.]* I suppose I shall never hear the last of this.

*[Starts slowly off, left.*

### DELIGHT

*[Looks at him, starts to speak, hesitates.]* Oh,— Captain Campbell!— *[CAMPBELL turns.]* He laughs best, who laughs last! If they are too teasing, refer them to Patty!

### CAMPBELL

To Patty?— *[Eagerly.]* Ah, Mistress Murray, a truce! a truce! You tell me *now!*

*[Stretches both hands towards her.*

## DELIGHT

[*Draws back.*] No truces, with foes! but—if you ever meet a certain Lieutenant of the Connecticut Militia, ask him how tall he is—when he stands up straight.

## CAMPBELL

Then I was right! [*Jubilantly.*] I felt it! Connecticut Militia, you say. He had no panic! A thousand thanks for the balm to my wounded vanity! I kiss your hand. [*Suits action to word.*] Now, I'll laugh at Tryon. Farewell. I hope all your Lieutenants are not as brave as this Connecticut Yankee.

[*Bows, runs out, followed by every one but DELIGHT and AUNT POLLY.*]

## DELIGHT

[*Looks after CAMPBELL, then turns to AUNT POLLY.*] Oh, poor Aunt Polly! Those horrid Hessians! Did they hurt you? Did Putnam's men get by the turn? Where is Tom?

## AUNT POLLY

[*Taking a note from the hem of her apron.*] Them Britishers ain't as smart as they claim. Here's a bit of paper from Mr. Tom.

[*Enter PHOEBE, FAITH, CHILDREN, and MAMMY.*]

## DELIGHT

Oh, girls: here is a note from Tom! [*They crowd around her.*] Wait! "If you keep Howe until Aunt Polly brings you this, Putnam's division will be saved—saved by the quick wit of Mrs. Murray! God bless her!" Oh! beautiful!

[*All clap hands softly.*]

## PHŒBE

There, they are all riding off now.

[*Looking out of window.*]

## FAITH

And Mother kept them, in spite of everything!  
Darling Mother!

## PHŒBE

And how she sparred with General Tryon!  
"Madam, I beg you to remember, we won Bunker Hill!"

## FAITH

[*In MRS. MURRAY'S manner.*] "Friend Tryon, I beg thee to remember who has the Hill now!" Children, here comes Mother; let's dance around her.

[*Enter MRS. MURRAY and MR. MURRAY.*]

[*DELIGHT, PHŒBE, etc., dancing around them.*]



ALL

Mrs. Murray has saved General Putnam's division,  
etc.

*[They dance around her.]*

MRS. MURRAY

Stop! children! stop! ye make me giddy! What does this mean! How dost thou know, Delight, that Putnam is safe?

DELIGHT

Aunt Polly brought us this [*hands paper to MR. MURRAY*], in her apron hem.

MR. MURRAY

*[Reads.]* "If you keep Howe until Aunt Polly brings you this, Putnam's division will be saved—saved by the quick wit of Mrs. Murray! God bless her!"

MRS. MURRAY

What! are they by the Bloomingdale turn at last! Is Tom safe?

DELIGHT

Yes, Tom is safe and Putnam's three thousand men. Saved by Mrs. Murray's Dinner Party!

*[All make low courtesies to MRS. MURRAY, center.]*

MRS. MURRAY

*[Turns with quivering face to MR. MURRAY.]*

Oh, Robert!

*[Hides face on his sleeve. MR. MURRAY puts arm around her.]*

CURTAIN

FOUR SCENES FROM THE TIME  
OF LINCOLN



## IN BOSTON, 1864

### CHARACTERS

MRS. BEACON, cutting out clothes.

MRS. COLLINS, sewing.

MRS. DILLINGHAM, sewing.

MISS EATON, packing box for soldiers.

FANNIE, aged eleven, knitting.

GERTRUDE, aged twelve, knitting.

BARBARA, aged six, scraping lint.

CAPT. DILLINGHAM, in uniform, arm in sling.

CAPT. HILL, in uniform, leg bound in splint, crutches.

### *Costumes of 1864*

SCENE: *Sitting-room of Mrs. Beacon in Boston. Entrance left. Table right center.*

*Curtain rises on the ladies sewing for the soldiers. BARBARA sitting on the front of center table, scraping lint. MRS. BEACON standing cutting cloth at the back of same table. CAPT. HILL and MISS EATON at left of stage, packing box. CAPT. HILL has bound-up leg resting on chair. FANNIE and GERTRUDE, right front. MRS. COLLINS, left center. MRS. DILLINGHAM, right.*

MRS. COLLINS

[*To MRS. DILLINGHAM.*] If I were you I would face that with the bias; it goes faster.

MRS. DILLINGHAM

I will; I'm glad you spoke of it.

BARBARA

[*Stretching out her little arms.*] Oh, I'm so tired scraping lint. I want to play with my doll.

MRS. BEACON

[*Standing by table.*] Poor little Barbara! she has been a good girl. Every day she comes over and works for the soldiers. [*Lifts her down.*] There, Barbara, you've worked enough.

[*BARBARA plays around with her doll to left of CAPT. HILL.*]

MRS. COLLINS

How is your Captain, Mrs. Dillingham? Did I hear that he was going back to the army next week?

MRS. DILLINGHAM

His arm is nearly well. I can't keep him home much longer.

[*Enter CAPT. DILLINGHAM.*]

## CAPT. DILLINGHAM

Good-morning, ladies; good morning, Captain. [*To HILL.*] Every one busy as usual. Now don't move. I'll find a seat on the table. [*Sits on table.*] Do you know, Miss Eaton, I only heard yesterday that Mrs. Bixby, who lives right across the street from my father's house, had sent her five boys to the war and that all of them had been killed. I've played with every one of those boys.

## MISS EATON

Poor Mrs. Bixby! If you knew the boys you would be interested in this letter their mother received from the President.

## CAPT. DILLINGHAM

From Lincoln? Indeed I should.

## ALL

From the President? From Lincoln?

## MISS EATON

[*Hands him letter.*]

## FANNIE

[*To CAPT. DILLINGHAM, seeing that he cannot open it.*] Let me open it.

## CAPT. DILLINGHAM

Thank you; be good enough to read it aloud.

*[All stop and listen.]*

## FANNIE

*[Reads letter, standing left center.]* "To Mrs. Bixby, Boston. Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. Abraham Lincoln."

## CAPT. DILLINGHAM

"So costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom!"  
It seems as though I could hear his voice saying it.

## GERTRUDE

Then you've seen the President?



## CAPT. DILLINGHAM

Yes, many a time; he's very tall and thin, his eyes are deep sunken and his face has deep lines. It is full of care and sadness. But when he laughs, his eyes flash and twinkle merrily. You'd like him. All the children do.

## CAPT. HILL

And the soldiers, how they love him! Whenever he visits camp they give him a rousing welcome.

## BARBARA

[*Peering at CAPT. HILL's leg.*] Oh, Mr. Captain! have you lost your leg?

## CAPT. HILL

Oh, no, it's just spliced up for a bit. I should have lost it, though, if some little girl had not been scraping lint.

## BARBARA

Did lint save it?

## CAPT. HILL

Yes, little lady.

## BARBARA

[*Goes to table.*] Lift me up again, Mrs. Beacon; I want to scrape some more lint.

[*MRS. BEACON lifts her up on table.*]

## CAPT. HILL

When I was in the Hospital in Washington, Lincoln would often visit the sick soldiers. We had three wards of wounded Southern prisoners. I was conducting him one day, and I said, "You won't want to go in there, Mr. President; they are only rebels." I shall never forget how he stopped and gently laid his great hand upon my shoulder and said, "You mean Confederates," and I have meant Confederates ever since. He went through these three wards and his interest was as real for the welfare of the men as when he was among our own soldiers.

## MISS EATON

They tell a story of his meeting a Pennsylvanian soldier who stood six feet seven in his stockings. Lincoln is six feet four. As the President approached this giant, towering above him, he stopped in amazement as if contemplating the immense distance between the soldier's head and feet. At length, holding out his hand, he exclaimed, "Hello, Comrade! Do you know when your feet are cold?"

## FANNIE

Some people find fault with his signing so many pardons.

## GERTRUDE

Mr. Lincoln is so tender-hearted he's always finding

some reason for forgiving the men. If a man's a coward, the President says, "I never felt sure but I might drop *my* gun and run away if *I* found myself in the line of battle."

MRS. BEACON

If a soldier is poor and friendless, "I'll be his friend," Lincoln says. He's not only the Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of the United States, he's the Father of the army, and never did a man better deserve a title than he does the one the soldiers give him of "Father Abraham."

MRS. DILLINGHAM

When was that title given him?

CAPT. DILLINGHAM

It was last summer, before his re-election. Lincoln decided to issue the Proclamation calling for more men. His friends tried to dissuade him; they said such a call at that critical time meant utter defeat.

"It matters not what becomes of me," replied Lincoln, "we must have the men!"

And he got the men!

"From Mississippi's winding stream  
And from New England's shore,

Six hundred thousand loyal men  
And true have gone before:  
We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Three hundred thousand more!"

CURTAIN

# MR. LINCOLN AND THE LITTLE GIRL

## CHARACTERS

MRS. WADSWORTH.

MARY, aged seven or eight.

KITTY, aged seven or eight.

*Costumes of 1850. The little girls, pantalets, bonnets, and mitts.*

MRS. WADSWORTH

[*Looking out of window.*] The train came in ten minutes ago; they ought to be here now. This is their first trip alone by train—— Oh, here they come!

[*Enter MARY and KITTY. MRS. WADSWORTH kisses them.*

MARY

Oh, Aunt Celia! I thought I would not get here!

KITTY

Yes, Mrs. Wadsworth; she almost missed the train.

MRS. WADSWORTH

Why, tell me about it.

MARY

[*At right of MRS. WADSWORTH, standing.*] My trunk was ready to go and it was almost train time, but the hackman did not come, and I stood at the gate looking for him. It grew later and later and I thought I couldn't go, and—and——

KITTY

[*Standing at left.*] And she began to cry like everything, she told me.

MRS. WADSWORTH

That was too bad, little Mary. Did you?

MARY

[*Nodding.*] And just then Mr. Lincoln came by. He heard me sobbing, and he said: "What's the matter, little girl?" and when I told him he said, "How big is the trunk? There is still time if it isn't too big." He pushed through the gate and up to the door. When he saw my little trunk he cried: "Oh! Oh! wipe your eyes and come on quick!"

KITTY

And before she knew what he was going to do he

shouldered the trunk and was striding out of the yard.

MARY

[*Laughing.*] Yes, and I had to run like everything to keep up with him. His legs are so long! and they were going so fast!

KITTY

It was funny to see Mary all out of breath, but laughing and wiping her eyes.

MRS. WADSWORTH

I'd like to thank that Mr. Lincoln; he must be a very kind man.

MARY

And we were there in time for the train, and Mr. Lincoln kissed me good-by and told me to have a good time.

[*They all turn to walk out.*]

CURTAIN

# AT THE WHITE HOUSE—1863

## CHARACTERS

DOORKEEPER } To Mr. Lincoln's office; jolly and  
pleasant.

MR. NICOLAY, Lincoln's secretary, nervous and quick.

WOMAN, prettily dressed, 1863 costume.

BABY, four years old.

MR. A. }

MR. B. }

MR. C. }

MR. D. }

MR. E. } Well-dressed men of affairs from New York  
MR. F. } City. Dressed in style of 1863.

MR. G. }

MR. H. }

MR. I. }

MR. J. }

SCENE: *Waiting-room in White House, outside Mr. Lincoln's room. Entrance door from hall and door leading to Mr. Lincoln's room. Seats around the walls.*



*Curtain rises on MR. NICOLAY and WOMAN with BABY, all standing. DOORKEEPER before Lincoln's door.*

MR. NICOLAY

It is no use your waiting, madam. Mr. Lincoln can see no one else to-day. Come to-morrow.

WOMAN

But this is urgent, my——

MR. NICOLAY

Very sorry, Madam, but a large delegation of important men from New York are waiting and after seeing them the President must go to a Cabinet meeting. He's late now.

*[Goes out to hall.]*

WOMAN

Oh dear! Oh dear! what shall I do! I can't think. May I sit down just a moment?

DOORKEEPER

Indeed you may, Madam; all these chairs belong to the people of the United States.

*[Enter NICOLAY.]*

## MR. NICOLAY

This way, gentlemen.

[*Ushers in MESSRS. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, important, dignified, and self-sufficient gentlemen.*

[*Each gentleman must be at the front of the stage when he speaks, and step back among the others, who are strolling around the waiting-room, when he has spoken.*

## MR. A.

[*To NICOLAY.*] Inform the President at once that the delegation he is expecting from New York has arrived.

[*NICOLAY bows and goes out President's door.*

## MR. B.

I shall tell Mr. Lincoln the gunboat must be sent at once. It is impossible to have the wealthy port of New York exposed to the bombardment of a Confederate cruiser.

## MR. C.

When he realizes who we are——

## MR. D.

And that we represent one hundred million dollars in our own right!

MR. E.

[*In high voice.*] One hundred million dollars!  
Protection is due us!

MR. F.

Yes, he must see to it that we have that gunboat. Now my tenement district is right there on the river; one cannon ball——

[*Lifts his hands expressively.*]

MR. G.

Well, well, but think of my lumber yards! valued now, I suppose——

MR. H.

I say, men representing in their own right one hundred million dollars——

MR. I.

[*Interrupts*]——must be considered. Fancy the havoc a Confederate cruiser would make with my wharfs worth fifty thou——

MR. J.

[*Interrupts.*] Horrible to think of; but if Lincoln will send a gunboat to protect my railways! Why, sir, those railways are the backbone of this country!

[*All begin to speak at once, very eagerly,  
and keep it up until NICOLAY enters.*]

MR. A.

Warehouses.

*[Repeats, tries to make some one listen.]*

MR. B.

Gunboat, gentlemen!

*[Same business.]*

MR. C.

I shall say, "Your Excellency——"

*[Same business.]*

MR. D.

One hundred million dollars!

*[Same business.]*

MR. E.

*[High voice.]* Hides! Skins! Pigs! Cattle!

MR. F.

My tenements, sir!

*[Same business.]*

MR. G.

My lumber yards!

*[Same business.]*

MR. H.

One hundred million dollars!

MR. I.

My wharfs, sir.

*[Same business.]*

MR. J.

Railways, sir, railways.

*[Enter NICOLAY.]*

MR. NICOLAY

The President will see you, gentlemen.

*[The delegation file out into the President's room.]*

*[As they are disappearing]*

MR. E.

*[In high voice.]* We represent one hundred million dollars.

DOORKEEPER

*[Shuts door in disgust.]* That's the sixth set of grumblers I've turned loose on the President to-day! He'll be thinner than ever. They think Mr. Lincoln ought to give 'em each a gunboat to watch by their beds all night!

WOMAN

*[Rising and speaking timidly.]* Don't you suppose the President could see me just a moment? It is a matter of life or death. I've tried to see him for three days.

## DOORKEEPER

It is too late to-day, Madam, but you come early to-morrow——

## WOMAN

[*Interrupts.*] To-morrow will be too late. He—he is to be shot to-morrow.

## DOORKEEPER

[*With concern.*] Why, now that is bad. It is your husband you wish pardoned, Madam?

## WOMAN

[*Rapidly and excitedly.*] Yes, yes, because he slept at his post, and it wasn't his fault, he'd been marching for two days.

[*The BABY is standing on the chair playing with a cane one of the delegation left. The door is opened by NICOLAY and the WOMAN glides back to her place. The delegation file out in complete silence, collect coats, canes, hats, etc., and walk rapidly off in a humbled and mortified manner. MR. E., the last, pulls down hat to ears and puts both hands in pockets. DOORKEEPER and NICOLAY watch them go.*

## DOORKEEPER

[*With low whistle.*] Hides! Skins! Pigs and cattle! What's pricked their bubble? They're a mightily changed set of citizens!

## MR. NICOLAY

[*Laughs.*] They thought the President was much impressed by their pitiful story and the great wealth they represented. He listened most attentively, but when they concluded he said, "Gentlemen, I am, by the Constitution, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and as a matter of law I can order anything done that is practicable to be done: but, as a matter of fact, I am not in command of the gunboats or ships of war—as a matter of fact, I do not know exactly where they are, but presume they are actively engaged. It is impossible for me, in the condition of things, to furnish you a gunboat. The credit of the Government is at a very low ebb, greenbacks are not worth more than forty or fifty cents on the dollar, and in this condition of things, if *I* were worth half as much as *you gentlemen* are represented to be, and as badly frightened as *you* seem to be, *I* would build a gunboat and *give it* to the Government."

[*They both laugh.* NICOLAY goes out by hall door.

## DOORKEEPER

[*Calls after him.*] Is the President still in, Mr. Nicolay?

## MR. NICOLAY

[*From hall.*] He's gone.

## WOMAN

[*Bursts into sobs.*] Oh dear! My poor husband! They'll shoot him! I'm too late. [*Sobs.*] To-morrow at sunrise.

[*Sobs, covers face with hands, continues to sob.*]

## BABY

[*Trying to pull down her hands and, not succeeding, breaks into loud cries.*] Boo hoo! don't, Mamma. Oh——

[*And keeps it up until a loud ring is heard from Lincoln's room.*]

## DOORKEEPER

[*Disappears in Lincoln's door, comes back smiling to WOMAN.*] Mr. Lincoln says to send you to him at once.

[*WOMAN goes into Mr. Lincoln's room hastily. BABY trots after.*]



## DOORKEEPER

[*Holding door and patting baby.*] Run along, Lulu!

[*NICOLAY enters from hall.*

## DOORKEEPER

The President heard that young one crying just as he was going and nothing would do but he must come back to find out what the matter was.

## MR. NICOLAY

But he's keeping the Cabinet waiting.

[*Walks out impatiently.*

## DOORKEEPER

[*Calls after him.*] What of it? Do 'em good! You're always trying to make the President walk a straight line. Thought you had him on time for the Cabinet meeting to-day, didn't you? But the President gave you the slip at the last moment.

[*Laughs to himself.*

[*Door opens; enter WOMAN and BABY, radiant.*

## WOMAN

He's pardoned him! He's pardoned him! Mr. Lincoln's the best man that ever lived!

## DOORKEEPER

[*Adjusting her shawl.*] Madam, it was the baby that did it.

[*WOMAN and BABY start to go out.*]

CURTAIN

## ON A PLANTATION, 1863

### CHARACTERS

OLE MAMMY.

SAMBO, her boy.

CLEMENTINE }  
LILY } Young women.  
FLORA }

THOMAS JEFFERSON }  
JULIUS CÆSAR } Children.  
JULIET }

and children as many as stage allows.

*Porch before Darkies' hut, children and women grouped about the stage, some standing, some sitting on boxes, benches, old chairs, or on the ground. Turbans of colored handkerchiefs, kerchiefs, aprons, sleeves rolled up. These touches give the effect of negro costume, especially if the hair is covered up. Blacking the skin is not advised. Every one in this scene should be able to sing. The song "When Israel was in Egypt land" is one of the Jubilee Songs, and should not be hard to find, and "Wake Nicodemus" is a well-known negro song. Two entrances, one from*

*Mammy's hut, one from right or left for Flora and Sambo.*

*Every one on the stage but SAMBO, FLORA, JULIET, and MAMMY. Before the curtain rises they begin to croon, swaying in time to the music.*

CLEMENTINE

[Solo.]

“When Israel was in Egypt land,

CHORUS

Let my people go.

CLEMENTINE

Oppressed so hard dey could not stand,

CHORUS

Let my people go.

Go down Moses, way down in Egypt land

CURTAIN RISES

Tell ole Pharaoh, ‘Let my people go.’

CLEMENTINE

“Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,

## CHORUS

Let my people go.

## CLEMENTINE

If not I'll smite your first-born dead—

## CHORUS

Let my people go.  
Go down, etc.

## CLEMENTINE

“No more shall dey in bondage toil,

## CHORUS

Let my people go.

## CLEMENTINE

[*Sings.*] Let them come out.” [*Breaks off.*  
*Shouts to JULIET inside the house.*] Heh, there, you  
Juliet! Mammy said she was coming out on de  
po'ch. You bring her out.

## JULIET

[*From inside cabin.*] She's low in her sperits, and  
don' want to come.

## LILY

It's 'cause a year ago to-day Massa sold her Sambo, all de chile she had lef'. Ef I don' rouse her up she'll sit all day looking at one of his old caps. I'll fetch her out.

[Goes off.]

## CLEMENTINE

Thomas Jefferson, you go tote out her cheer for her.

[THOMAS JEFFERSON rises and goes in cabin, comes out with armchair which he places to right of stage. The Children roll out of the way and let OLE MAMMY enter. JULIET leads her. LILY follows with shawl. OLE MAMMY is settled in chair. She has a cane and her head is bent. Carries a boy's cap in her hand.]

## OLE MAMMY

[Begins talking to herself and then says distinctly.] Ole Massa, he sold my Sambo, my baby; he tole me he wouldn't. [Pause.] Just year ago Sambo said, "Mammy, I's sold down de ribber. But de new master won't keep me. I'll run away and join Massa Linkum's soldiers. I'll come back and get you, Mammy, you wait for me." But I waited and I waited and he ain't neber come back—he ain't come back!

[Begins to cry, hiding her face in the cap.]

## CLEMENTINE

Land sakes! Mammy, give him time; perhaps he couldn't git away as fast as he thought.

## LILY

Maybe he mighty far down de ribber.

JULIET *and* JULIUS CÆSAR

Let's get Mammy to sing, then she won't cry.

## JULIUS CÆSAR

[*Goes close to MAMMY.*] Mammy, you learn us children "Ole Nicodemus." We disremember de tune.

[*The Children gather about her chair.*]

## OLE MAMMY

[*Taking down the cap and wiping her eyes on it.*]  
 —he ain't come back— What you chilluns hol-  
 lerin' about?

## ALL THE CHILDREN

Learn us to sing "Wake Nicodemus."

[*They sit, kneel, and stand around her.*]

## OLE MAMMY

Well, let me see.

[*Begins to sing.*]

“ Nicodemus, de slave, was of African birth,  
 And was bought for a bagful of gold:  
 He was reckon’d as part of de salt of de earth,  
 But he died years ago, very old.  
 ’Twas his last sad request, so we laid him away  
 In de trunk of an old hollow tree,  
 ‘ Wake me up!’ was his charge at de first break of  
 day,  
 ‘ Wake me up for de great Jubilee!’

[*All sing Chorus.*]

“ De ‘ Good time comin’ ’ is almos’ here,  
 It was long, long, long on de way.  
 Now run and tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,  
 And meet us at de gumtree down in de swamp,  
 To wake Nicodemus to-day.

OLE MAMMY

[*Sings alone.*]

“ ’Twas a long, weary night,—we were almos’ in fear,  
 Dat de future was more than he knew,  
 ’Twas a long, weary night—but de morning is near,  
 And de words of our prophet are true.  
 Dar are signs in de sky dat de darkness is gone,  
 Dar are tokens in endless array;  
 While de storms which had seemingly banished de  
 dawn,  
 Only hasten de advent of day.”



## CHORUS

[*All sing.*]

“ De ‘ Good time comin’, ’ ” etc.

## OLE MAMMY

[*Sings.*]

“ Wake me up for de great Jubilee! ”

## THOMAS JEFFERSON

When is de great Jubilee comin’? When will we  
be free?

## LILY

I dun know, honey; it’s a long time comin’. Per-  
haps Massa Linkum’s soldiers’ll bring it.

[*Enter FLORA, looks behind her before  
she speaks as though she were afraid.*]

## FLORA

[*With an air of triumph.*] See what I got!

[*Shows picture of Lincoln.*]

## CLEMENTINE

Who’s dat?

## FLORA

[*In stage whisper.*] Hesh! it’s Massa Linkum.

[*Gives it to MAMMY.*]

[*All crowd around to see.*]

## FLORA

Jinny found it and she can read and it says *Abraham Linkum*. Jinny says he's de big general an' he'll set us all free sometime.

## JULIUS CÆSAR

He's got mighty sad eyes; he looks like he want to cry.

## JULIET

He's smiling at me.

## FLORA

[*Whispers.*] And I heard Massa say, if Massa Linkum's sojers come up de ribber—we'll all be free.

## ALL

[*In whispers.*] We'll all be free.

[*Shake heads doubtfully.*]

## FLORA

[*Still whispering.*] An' Jinny says, dat all de free Darkies sing a new song; Massa Linkum's sojers learned it to 'em.

## OLE MAMMY

[*Rising and leaning on cane.*] You, Flora! Did Jinny learn you dat song?

## FLORA

Yes, Mammy.

## LILY and CLEMENTINE

How does it go?

## OLE MAMMY

[*Pointing cane at FLORA.*] You, Flora, you sing dat song.

## FLORA

[*Looks all arou d, then sings very softly.*]

“John Brown’s body lies a-molderin’ in de grave,”  
etc.

“His soul goes marching on.”

[*All listen intently, their lips move. In the chorus they join one after another, always singing very softly, their heads and bodies swaying and their hands silently clapping time.*]

## ALL

“Glory, glory, hallelujah,” etc.

## LILY

[*Excitedly.*] You learn dat song, all you chilluns. Then if de day of Jubilee eber come, you sing it.

SAMBO

[*Outside, from distance.*] Mammy! Where's my ole Mammy?

OLE MAMMY

[*Starts to her feet.*] Who dat calling me?

SAMBO

[*Nearer.*] Mammy! ain't you goin' to speak to yo'r Sambo!

OLE MAMMY

My Sambo! my baby! I's waitin'!

SAMBO

[*Enters running, dressed in United States uniform; rushes to embrace MAMMY.*] I's come back, Mammy! Mammy!

OLE MAMMY

[*Crying and laughing and hugging him.*] Sambo! Sambo!

ALL

[*Cry out.*] Sambo! Sambo! Where you come from? See de brass buttons! Sambo!

SAMBO

[*Still clasping MAMMY.*] I run away and jined Massa Linkum's sojers. De gunboats are coming up de ribber. I was on de first one. And, chil-

luns! What you think! Massa Linkum signed de 'Mancipation Proclamation, an' you're all FREE!! No more selling down de ribber, Mammy, do you hear! We're all FREE!!!

## ALL

*[Shouting and cheering.]* We're all free! etc.

*[After a second or two they stop and look at MAMMY.]*

## OLE MAMMY

Massa Linkum, he done it. De Lord bress Massa Linkum! an' keep him, and cause his face to shine upon him!

## ALL

*[Fervently.]* De Lord bress Massa Linkum!

## CLEMENTINE

Hallelujah!

## LILY

Glory! Glory!

## ALL

*[Sing.]*

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" etc.

*[Children form ring and dance around MAMMY and SAMBO; clap hands, jump up and down, etc.]*

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