

THE PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE

A Military Drama in Four Acts

BY
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THE PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE.



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CHARACTERS

- REGINALD VERLEY.....*A Virginian, afterward Colonel, U. S. A.*
- JACK ELLIOTT.....*A Virginian, afterward Captain, U. S. A.*
- VICTOR DUPRÉ (*pronounced Du-pray*).....*A French Creole*
- NICK BRENT.....*A gambler*
- CHARLEY PRESTON*A Southerner, afterward Lieutenant Confederate Army*
- MICKEY FREE.....*Sergeant, U. S. A.*
- LARRY LACY.....*Private, U. S. A.*
- BINGO.....*A colored servant*
- LIEUT. GREY.....*U. S. A.*
- LIEUT. VERNON.....*U. S. A.*
- KATE PRESTON.....*A Southerner, Charley's sister*
- SALLY VERLEY.....*Verley's daughter*
- TEENA.....*A colored servant*
- MARJORIE.....*Kate's child, a little rebel*

[NOTE.—BRENT can double MICKEY. PRESTON can double LIEUT. GREY.]

TIME.—The Civil War.

LOCALITY.—Virginia.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Two hours.

- Between Acts I. and II., a lapse of four years.
- Between Acts II. and III., a lapse of two days.
- Between Acts III. and IV., a lapse of a few hours.

SYNOPSIS

ACT. I.—The dance at VERLEY's house. The mysterious hand, disappearance of the ice-cream and BINGO's dilemma. TEENA's ingenious explanation. DUPRÉ's courting and KATE PRESTON's defence of ELLIOTT. BINGO and TEENA. DUPRÉ accuses ELLIOTT of cheating at cards. DUPRÉ persistent, and ELLIOTT's disgrace.

ACT. II.—The Federal camp. MICKEY FREE loses a finger. ELLIOTT arrives with dispatches; DUPRÉ's endeavor to obtain them. ELLIOTT's arrest for assaulting his superior officer, DUPRÉ. Rescue of MARJORIE. Heroism.

ACT. III.—DUPRÉ's mean revenge. KATE's defence of Confederate Generals. ELLIOTT's rescue of his company's flag. "Sheridan's Cavalry never retreats!" PRESTON a prisoner of war. ELLIOTT in charge of dispatches to Gen. Grant. DUPRÉ accuses ELLIOTT of having served a time in prison. "Yes, Victor Dupré, I spent two months of my life in the military prison of Andersonville." Honor.

ACT IV.—SALLY VERLEY's jealousy. PRESTON's explanation. ELLIOTT prepares for taking the dispatches to Gen. Grant. The loaded cigar. TEENA's assignation and BINGO's opportunity. PRESTON refuses to steal the dispatches. DUPRÉ's determination overheard by KATE. "The dispatches have been stolen!" Detection of DUPRÉ. ELLIOTT's vindication. The dispatches unnecessary. "Gen. Lee has surrendered!"

 PROPERTIES

ACT I.—Rustic bench L. C. Rustic chair R. 3. Rustic chair near house, L. 3. Tray and six glasses of ice-cream in entrance R. 2. Three cigars (for DUPRÉ). Telegram (for PRESTON). One extra glass of ice-cream in R. 2 E.

ACT II.—Rampart or wall, five feet high, from R. 3 to L. 3. (See note.) Flagpole ten feet high close to centre of rampart, United States flag on pole. Spikes on pole for ELLIOTT to climb up. Rifle effects in R. 3 E. (See note.) Legal documents in large official envelope (for ELLIOTT). Three or four rifles leaning against rampart. One loaded rifle (for LARRY; blank cartridge.) Dark pint flask (for BINGO). Riding-whip (for Du-

PRÉ). Horseshoe effects in entrance R. 3. (See note.) Cannon on rampart, L., and pointing up R. (See note.)

ACT. III.—Basket on stage, c. (See note.) Cloth for basket. Flat desk (or table) near R. 2. War maps, books, documents, pen, ink and paper on table, R. Revolver bullet (for MICKEY). Upholstered or handsome cane-seat chairs. Soft near L. 2.

ACT IV.—Legal document (for DUPRÉ). Two cigars, one of them loaded. (see note) and short piece of green ribbon (for MICKEY). Sheet of paper (for DUPRÉ). Clay pipe (for MICKEY). Rustic bench down R. Revolver, loaded (for DUPRÉ). Legal document in large envelope, in entrance R. 3. Revolver (for MICKEY). Tray, glass and quart bottle, L. 3 E. (for BINGO). Photo (for PRESTON). Horse effects, R. 3. Loaded revolver, R. 3.

COSTUMES

VERLEY. ACT I.—Evening dress. ACTS II., III. and IV.—Uniform Colonel, U. S. A.

JACK. ACT I.—Evening dress. ACTS II., III. and IV.—Sergeant, U. S. A.

DUPRÉ. ACT I.—Evening dress. ACTS II., III. and IV.—Captain, U. S. A.

BRENT. ACT I.—Sporty costume. ACTS II., III. and IV.—Lieutenant, U. S. A.

PRESTON. ACT I.—Evening dress. ACTS II., III. and IV.—Old uniform, Confederate Army.

MICKEY. ACTS II., III. and IV.—Sergeant, U. S. A.

LARRY. ACTS II., III. and IV.—Private, U. S. A.

BINGO. ACT I.—Waiter's evening dress. ACTS II., III. and IV.—Ordinary dress.

LIEUTS. GREY and VERNON. Uniform U. S. A.

KATE. ACT I.—Pretty evening costume (no train). ACTS II., III. and IV.—Neat house dress.

SALLY. Similar costumes as for KATE.

TEENA. ACT I.—Swell darkey servant's dress. Other acts, quiet.

MARJORIE. ACTS II., III. and IV.—Pretty dress for Southern child.

ABBREVIATIONS

The player is supposed to face the audience. U. S., up stage; D. S., down stage; R. 3 E., right third entrance; L. 3 E., left third entrance; R. U. E., right upper entrance; C. D., centre door; C. D. R., centre door right; D. R. 3, door right third entrance; R. C., right of centre of stage; U. S. A., United States Army.

NOTES.—Rampart or wall in ACT II. can be made by using two prison wings, up-ended, and running them clear across stage, joining them in centre; or, use unbleached muslin painted to represent wall.

Rifle effects in ACT II. Place a buggy-seat across an empty barrel, then take two rattans or canes (or stout switches) and beat buggy-seats fast or slow, as may be deemed necessary.

Horse effects in ACTS II. and IV. Cut a cocoanut in two right in the middle, use empty shells on floor, imitating horse hoofs, soft at first, gradually increase sound, then stopping, at the same time saying, "Whoa!" or "Steady!"

Cannon in ACT II. Cut out piece of board about four feet long to look like a cannon, and paint black or brass color.

Basket for ACT III. Should be large enough to contain a small dog. If necessary, place imitation dog in basket and cover with cloth. Dog should not be taken out.

Loaded cigar in ACT IV. Cut out portion of top of cigar near the end and put in a little powder, then bind a piece of tobacco leaf over top to keep powder from falling out. Tie piece of green ribbon around loaded cigar.

THE PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A garden. House at L. 3., with veranda covered with roses. Rustic bench at L. 2. Chair at R. 3. Tree back of the chair. Soft waltz music as the curtain rises.*
 ENTER BINGO, R., with tray and six glasses of ice-cream, pauses, looks at dancers, who can be seen through the window; does a funny waltz as he enters.

BINGO. Well, dey is enjoyin' demselves, an' no mistake. Reckon dey can't eat dis yar ice-cream jus' yet, an' if I goes in dar I'll get it knocked out of my hand, shuah. (*Places tray on chair near R. 3 and again watches dancers. As he does so TEENA'S black hand, near tree R., reaches in and takes a glass.*) Dar's Massa Elliott, he am dancin' wid Missy Preston. Foh de Lawd sake! Who would eber t'ink dat lady was married and had a little gal nearly two years old? She don't look no older dan Missy Sally, an' dat's a fac'. I wonder if I could sneak in wis dis yar cream. (*Turns, is about to lift tray, sees only five glasses, looks puzzled, counts them.*) Well, foh goodness gracious sake! If I didn't go an' forget one of dem glasses ob cream. Reckon I better get 'nother one right quick.

[EXIT R. 2. *As he exits the same black hand takes another glass.*]

ENTER MR. VERLEY from house, stands and looks around.

VERLEY. Bingo! Bingo! Where is the rascal, I wonder. (*Pause.*) This comes of making too much of the boy. There's no getting him to do anything. A few days in the field will bring him to his senses. [EXIT into house.]

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ENTER BINGO, R. 2, with glass of cream, is about to place it on tray, sees only four glasses, twists clear around, looks up in tree, under bench, stands looking at tray, scratches head, feels in pockets, counts glasses again.

BINGO. One, two, three, four. Foh de Lawd sake, I'se a dead nigger, shuah. (*Looks off R., starts back grinning.*) I allent knowed dat ice-cream went pretty quick, but dat is de quickest ice-cream I ever did see. (*Whistles, walks slowly down, looks off R. 2, then hides quickly in R. 2. In a moment a black hand comes out and is about to take a glass when he catches the hand.*) Not dis yar time, honey. I has yoh, shuah. Come right out yah an' lemme look at dat lubly ice-cream mouf. (*Hauls out TEENA and takes her down c.*)

TEENA (*struggles*). Yoh jes' lemme go, yoh brack nigger, yoh!

BINGO. If it ain't Teena!

TEENA. Lemme go, I say. (*Boxes his ears with right hand.*)

BINGO. What foh yoh steal dat dar cream?

TEENA. Me, sah? Me steal yoh cream? Ain't yoh 'shamed ob yohself, yoh brack colored man, to excuse a lady like me ob propriation yoh old cream. I don't like dat kind ob cream, no-how.

BINGO. But I seed yoh.

TEENA. Yoh nebber seed me, sah.

BINGO. I seed yoh han' come out like dat (*imitates*). I seed yoh. Yoh was jes' goin' to snatch dat dar cream. I seed yoh han', so. (*Imitates.*)

TEENA. Yes, sah, yoh seed my han'.

BINGO. An' yoh was goin' to steal moah cream.

TEENA. I nebber stole yoh cream. I seed one ob dem nasty yaller gal sneak up an' take yoh ice-cream, an' I knowed she was goin' to take moah, an' I was goin' to push dat tray funder along dat dar chair so dat yaller gal couldn't take no moah ob yoh cream, an' now yoh go foh to excuse me ob takin' yoh old cream. (*Cries.*)

BINGO (*as she cries, he sucks his teeth and nearly cries himself; aside*). She nebber took no cream. She nebber could take no cream. Dat dar gal's too sweet foh to do such a thing. Ef she don't like dat kind ob cream dar's no reason foh her to take dat kind ob cream. Dar, Miss Teena, don't go foh to cry. I nebber said yoh took no cream. I'se downright 'shamed ob myself, dat's what I is, an' I begs yoh pardon.

TEENA. I tole yoh I done took no cream, Mr. Bingo.

BINGO. I reckon I better go an' get some moah ob dat cream mighty quick. (*Starts R.*)

TEENA (*coaxingly*). Mr. Bingo.

BINGO. Yes, Miss Teena.

TEENA. I nebber did like dat dar *lemon* cream, but when yoh has some banilla—

BINGO. Banilla! Why, dat's jes' what dis yar cream is, banilla. (*Aside.*) I knowed dat gal nebber took no cream. (*Aloud.*) Miss Teena, if yoh would like some banilla cream, come along wid me.

TEENA. Jes' to oblige you, Mister Bingo. (*BINGO offers arm.*)

BINGO. Miss Teena, dat sweet little mouf ob yohs was made foh cream.

TEENA (*grinning, wide mouth*). Go along wid yoh, sah. Yoh conflusterate me wid yoh flopperies. [EXIT, R. 2.

[*During foregoing scene dancing can cease at any time.*

ENTER DUPRÉ from house as TEENA and BINGO EXIT, comes down, looks after them, takes out a cigar and lights it.

DUPRÉ. Oh, Love! Love! Love! What a persevering little devil you are. No matter whether the cuticle be black or white, you manage to get into the veins and make the blood run riot. (*Looks back into house.*) I would give a good deal to know if she cares for me, but I be hanged if I feel like asking her. They say her husband treated her like a brute. Well, some women deserve it. She didn't have to stand it long, at any rate. He got comfortably shot a year after they were married. Never loved him. Simply a family arrangement, and a damned bad one at that. Now she's dancing with that cad Elliott again. I wonder what in the name of Heaven women see in that fellow, anyhow? (*Up R.*)

ENTER VERLEY from house.

VERLEY (*calls*). Bingo! Confound that fellow. (*Does not see DUPRÉ.*)

DUPRÉ (*aside*). Her uncle! I'll speak to him now.

VERLEY (C.). Ah, Dupré! Haven't seen anything of that black rascal Bingo, have you? Where the devil—

ENTER BINGO quickly with tray.

BINGO. Yes, Massa Verley, I'se here. (*Tries to pass VERLEY.*)

VERLEY. Where the devil—

BINGO. Yes, Massa Verley, I'se right here. (*Tries to pass.*)

VERLEY. Where the devil have you been all this time?

BINGO. Yes, Massa Verley, dat's it, Massa Verley, a yaller debil done gone and get into dat dar ice-cream and done gone an' eat it, an' I had foh to get moah cream, Massa Verley.

ENTER SALLY *from house.*

SALLY. Bingo! (BINGO *moves crab-fashion toward house.*)

BINGO. Yes, Missy Sally, I'se right heah. (VERLEY *follows him up; he backs up steps or into veranda.*) I'se right heah.

[EXIT *into house, followed by SALLY. VERLEY is about to EXIT also.*

DUPRÉ. One moment, Verley.

VERLEY (*turns*). Certainly, Dupré. Something to say to me?

DUPRÉ. Well, the fact is—I—hardly know how to begin, but you must have seen— Oh, I may as well come to the point at once. I love your niece, Mrs. Preston, and thought you might like me to speak to you first.

VERLEY. Quite right! Quite right! Of course, my dear fellow, I have not been blind to the fact that you enjoyed her society, and—er—well—well—she is a good girl, too good, in fact, for the man she married three years ago. By Heaven, sir, if that fellow had not had the decency to die I'd have horsewhipped him. But there, I'm losing my temper. I always do when I think of what she suffered in one short year. I'll send her to you. You shall plead your own cause. (*Goes toward house.*) I suppose you would prefer to? [EXIT, *laughing.*

DUPRÉ (R. C.). I am not so sure of that. I am not so sure she even likes me. Some time ago she seemed to appreciate my society, but that was before this idiot Elliott returned from Europe. Then, she has such absurd notions as to how we should treat our slaves. Agrees with Elliott that whipping should be done away with; as if the black brutes would work without the whip. She'll get over those notions when she is my wife. (*Smokes.*)

ENTER KATE *from house.*

KATE. Mr. Dupré. (*Bows.*)

DUPRÉ (*bows*). Mrs. Preston. (*Throws cigar away.*)

KATE. My uncle—

DUPRÉ. Told you I wished to speak to you. Won't you sit down?

KATE. Certainly. (*Sits, bench L., draws wrap around her shoulders.*) It seemed so warm a moment ago, but now—

DUPRÉ. My presence chills you, perhaps.

KATE. What nonsense! I have been waltzing, and coming out here suddenly, I suppose—

DUPRÉ. I will not detain you long. Perhaps I am a little premature in what I am about to say. Perhaps I ought not to say it at all, but "Nothing venture, nothing win." You must have seen that more than mere friendship has called me to this house. I have presumed to love you. May I hope that I have found some little favor in your eyes?

KATE. Mr. Dupré, you have been frank with me and I will answer you candidly. I do not love you.

DUPRÉ. I have spoken too soon. Some other time, perhaps—

KATE (*rises*). It would be impossible for me at any time to return your affection.

DUPRÉ. May I ask why?

KATE. I have answered you, sir. Surely, that is enough?

DUPRÉ. You *did* care for me once.

KATE. Never at any time have I loved you.

DUPRÉ. But you *liked* me?

KATE. As well as any of my friends; no more.

DUPRÉ. As well as Elliott, for instance?

KATE. Mr. Elliott has nothing to do with the matter.

DUPRÉ. More than you think. Before Jack Elliott came here you liked me. I even thought you loved me.

KATE. I never gave you any cause to think so.

DUPRÉ. Listen! for you *shall* hear me. I even thought you loved me, but from the moment *he* came you have all but avoided me. Why? (*She is silent.*) Tell me, for I will know. I have a right to know.

KATE. Yes, I will tell you, though you have no right to know. Before Mr. Elliott returned I believed that you possessed reason, honor, courage, all those bright gifts that go to make a man. I found I was mistaken.

DUPRÉ. Strange you did not find this out before he returned. (*Sneers.*)

KATE. Sneer if you will, but listen! In common with many Southern gentlemen, Mr. Elliott believes in treating slaves humanely. This you call womanish. One day he visited your plantation, and you demonstrated the superiority of your method. A field hand, a woman, God help her! faint from recent illness, sat down to rest under a tree. The work was too much for her. This *monstrous offence* was committed under your very eyes, and you ordered her flogged. Mr. Elliott pleaded for her, but in spite of his entreaties, and even the protest of your own overseer, the woman received her punishment.

DUPRÉ. Discipline must be maintained.

KATE. *Discipline*, to flog a sick and helpless woman! *Discipline*, to torture a human being thrown by *accident* into your power! *Discipline*? Say rather despotism, for he who wilfully misuses such power is no longer a man. He is a contemptible coward. I wish you good-evening, sir. (*Starts as if to go up stage.*)

DUPRÉ (*in front of KATE*). One word before you go. You refuse me because you love Elliott.

KATE. I will not listen to you. (*Tries to pass.*)

DUPRÉ. Ah, but you shall! So I have hit it, eh? You do love him, this milksop who thinks it a crime to flog a nigger.

ENTER JACK *from house.*

KATE. I don't think you would call him a milksop if he were here.

DUPRÉ. You don't, eh? Why not?

KATE. Because, though he may be afraid or unwilling to flog a poor creature who never harmed him, I think he is both willing and able to thrash a coward who insults him. Let me pass, sir! (*Tries to pass.*)

DUPRÉ. What if I refuse? (*Takes hold of her wrists.*)

JACK (*down c.*). You won't refuse! Mrs. Preston, leave me to deal with this blackguard. (*KATE goes up to door.*)

DUPRÉ (*r.*). Blackguard! What do you mean?

JACK. Just what I say. When a man forgets himself as you have done he is a blackguard.

DUPRÉ. You are damnably impertinent.

JACK. No, not impertinent, simply correct; and I wouldn't swear again, if I were you. It's objectionable, you know, in the presence of ladies.

DUPRÉ. What right have you to interfere in my affairs?

JACK. So long as they concern you alone, no right whatever. In this case I act for Mrs. Preston.

DUPRÉ. Upon your own responsibility?

JACK. Upon my own responsibility.

DUPRÉ. You shall hear from me to-morrow.

JACK. To-night, if it suits you better. (*Turns to KATE.*)

DUPRÉ (*moving r.*). You crow loudly to-night, my fine bird. To-morrow I'll spoil your plumage. [EXIT, R. 2.

KATE. Mr. Elliott, what have you done?

JACK. Settled Mr. Dupré for awhile, at any rate.

KATE. But he will challenge you, and—

JACK. Get out of the way as quickly as he can. **Do not be**

afraid, my dear Mrs. Preston. The man who bullies a woman seldom has the courage to look down the barrel of a pistol.

KATE. He was awfully rude, and hurt my wrist terribly.

JACK. Poor little wrist. (*Tries to kiss it.*)

BINGO (*enters from veranda*). Ahem!

[EXIT, *crab-fashion*, R. 3.]

KATE. Mr. Elliott!

JACK. Excuse me!

KATE. Certainly!

JACK. Might I ask what the trouble was about?

KATE. Why not? (*Sits L.*) You see, I heard about the way that poor girl was flogged, and—

JACK. Gave him your opinion about it. It was a cowardly act! Lucky for him she wasn't whipped while I was there. He had the decency, or good sense, to wait till I had gone. (*Sits R. of KATE on bench.*)

KATE. I am so glad we agree on this subject.

JACK. As on many others.

KATE. Our tastes are certainly very much alike.

JACK. We differ, however, on one particular subject.

KATE. And that is?

JACK. Well, you see—you don't—that is—I don't—I might say that we don't.

KATE. Don't we?

JACK. What I meant to say was—

KATE. What you didn't say. Oh, certainly. I understand. Your explanation is excellent. (*Laughs.*)

JACK. Now you are making fun of me.

KATE. I never make fun of those I like.

JACK. Then you *do* like me?

KATE. I did not *say* so.

JACK. That's just it. That's what I meant, what I was trying to tell you just now, that—er—I liked *you*, but I did not think you liked me.

KATE. I never *said* so.

JACK. No, you didn't *say* so, but—er—*do* you?

KATE. Do I *say* so?

JACK. No. Do you *like* me?

KATE. Very much indeed.

JACK. Ah! (*Tries to put his arm around her.*)

KATE (*rising*). I think I hear Sally calling me.

JACK (*rises*). No, no; I'm sure you don't. (*Looks around.*)

KATE. Are you sure?

JACK. Quite positive.

KATE. I may have been mistaken.

JACK. I wish I was (*she looks puzzled*) *Miss-taken.* (*She laughs.*) You say you *like* me very much. Now, do you think you could learn to *love* me? (*Both sit.*)

KATE. Oh, of course I could, but—

JACK. But you don't. I knew it. It's just my luck!

KATE. Why should I love you any more than the rest? I have only known you a short time, while some of the gentlemen here I have known for years.

JACK. True, quite true. I ought to have known it. I can only ask your pardon for being so presumptuous (*aside*) and kick myself for being such a thick-headed ass. (*Moves r., as if going.*)

KATE. Don't go. (*He turns as if in hope.*) No, no; I didn't mean that. I—I meant to say that as you have mentioned the matter, I will think it over.

JACK (*comes nearer, sits*). You will think it over? You will give me a little hope, then, that some day you will be—

KATE. A mother to you. (*JACK turns as if hurt. She laughs.*) You foolish fellow, don't you know that I am a widow, nearly twenty-two years old?

JACK. You *are* making fun of me. I don't believe you even like me.

KATE. I do like you—very much. (*JACK tries to put arm around her.*) No, no, no! but as for love— (*Laughs.*)

JACK (*getting up*). You have no heart! (*Moves r.*)

KATE. Oh, yes, I have. Quite a large one, too, but not enough to go around. Sit down. (*He sits.*) Do you know this Virginia is the most awful State for love-sick boys? You will hardly believe it when I tell you, but yours is the fifth proposal this year, and as I have promised each and every one careful thought and consideration, why, it may be months before I reach your individual case. Now, I can assure you that experience has taught me a lesson, and I am not at all anxious to marry again, but if I *should* so decide—

JACK. You will! I know you will!

KATE. Well, even if I should, how can I say whether it will be Number One, Two, Three, Four, or Number Five? They are all charming, gentlemanly fellows, and they all adore me; that is, they *say* they do.

JACK. Of course, they tell you so, the brainless idiots.

KATE. You forget you are Number Five. (*Laughs.*)

JACK. There you go again, poking fun at me. (*Rises, goes r.*)

KATE. Don't be silly. You did it yourself. Sit down. (*He sits.*) Well, the other evening we were in the garden, Fred. Somers and I, when suddenly, without a word of warning, down he went on his knees, seized my hand, and— (*JACK gets up.*)

JACK. Covered it with kisses, and you allowed it. (*Moves R.*)

KATE. Don't get excited, Sit down. (*He sits.*) He has been proposing to me for the past six months. This time he simply buttoned my gloves. Oh, he is perfectly harmless. Why, I do believe if I were engaged he'd go on proposing to me at stated intervals.

JACK (*rising and speaking fiercely*). I'd like to catch him at it.

KATE. Well, if you did, pray what business would it be of yours?

JACK (*meekly*). Oh, none at all, of course, unless—

KATE. Very well, then, sit down and listen. (*He sits.*) On this particular occasion the gardener had been spraying the lawn, and when Fred. got up he looked just too funny for anything with two great wet patches on the knees of his—er—of his—

JACK. What?

KATE. Why, you know—his—his—

JACK. Trousers?

KATE. Yes, that's it. How funny I could not think of it before.

JACK (*good and strong*). And you a widow!

KATE. Well, I screamed with laughter and off he marched, trying to look dignified, and he hasn't been here since!

JACK. Oh, don't worry about it. He'll be here again before long.

KATE. When the lawn is dry. (*Laughs.*)

JACK. It is time such nonsense was put a stop to!

KATE. By whom?

JACK. Oh, well, you know what I mean, Kate.

KATE (*rising*). Mrs. Preston, if you please.

JACK. I can't say "Mrs. Preston." You don't look it, at least not to me; and Kate is such a pretty name.

KATE. Is it?

JACK. I mean you are so pretty—and young looking, that I—oh, confound it! I beg your pardon, but I *must* call you Kate.

KATE. Well, if you must, of course I can't help it, can I?

JACK. Not very well. And you will call me Jack?

KATE. Oh, no, that I couldn't do.

JACK. But you *must*.

KATE. Very well, if I *must*, why—

JACK. Of course you must. (*Arm around waist.*)

KATE. NO! NO! (*Jumps away.*)

JACK. And we will be such jolly good friends.

KATE. I am sure we shall.

JACK. And some day we will be more than friends. Some day you will promise to—

KATE. Oh, I couldn't promise anything. Remember, you are Number Five. You really must have patience.

JACK. Can't you give me some little hope? Something for my heart to feed on?

KATE. Why, is your heart so very hungry? (*Laughs.*)

JACK. If you don't, I'll do something desperate. I'll kill myself.

KATE. No, no, *Jack!* Don't say such things.

JACK. You said *Jack!* (*Arm around waist.*)

KATE. Did I? Yes, I do believe I did. But really, you are so very impulsive that—

JACK. Well, now promise me.

KATE. No, sir, I shall make no promises.

[EXIT together, whispering, L. 2.]

ENTER TEENA and BINGO, R. 2, in much the same position; stand near R. 2.

TEENA. Dar's several cullud gentlemen been done gone axed me foh to marry dem, an' I ain't a-goin' to marry ebery one of yoh. I can't do it, foh dat would be *burglary*.

ENTER JACK and KATE, L. 2. All four move slowly toward c., JACK opposite BINGO, KATE opposite TEENA.

BINGO. I tell yoh, Miss Teena, yoh has to, foh if yoh don't I jes' tell yoh what I'se goin' to do. I'se goin' to kill myself, shuah!

[All four meet in centre, pause. JACK starts from KATE and BINGO from TEENA. JACK moves up c., turns, whistles and EXITS into house. Then BINGO moves R., turns, whistles and EXITS R. 2. TEENA and KATE look at each other.]

KATE. Teena, what does this all mean?

TEENA. Yes, Missy Preston, what do dis all mean?

KATE. Teena, this is wicked, this is shameful!

TEENA. Yes, Missy Preston, dis am wicked, it am shameful!

KATE. I am surprised—shocked!

TEENA. Yes, Missy, I'se surprised—shocked!

KATE. I saw his arm around your waist. (*Going.*)

TEENA. Yes, Missy, I seed *his* arm around *your* waist.

KATE. Don't let it ever occur again. [EXITS into house.]

TEENA (*laughs loud and long*). Dis love am a terrible disease. It am no inspector of pussuns. It cotch de black folk, an' it cotch de white folk, and from de flutterin' dat's goin' on right yar (*heart*) I do believe I'se cotched dat disease. I'se cotched it bad.

[EXIT R. 2.]

[As she goes, ENTER DUPRÉ R. U., smoking; looks after KATE. Goes down R., sits.

DUPRÉ. So Jack Elliott is the man. I thought so. Curse him! She showed me some kindness until he came. I wonder who told her about that flogging business? Soft-hearted fool! I'd like to get him out of the way. It might do me no good, but it might hurt her if she does care for him. (As he speaks, ENTER BRENT, R. 3., stands near him, looking over his shoulder.) I'll get him out of the way if I can, but how?

BRENT. Fill him with lead!

DUPRÉ (*jumps*). Hello, Brent! Is that you? You startled me. "Fill him with lead?" More easily said than done. Have you seen him shoot?

BRENT (C.). Never saw him before in my life.

DUPRÉ (R.). I thought not. Well, he's the best shot in Virginia. You know what that means.

BRENT. Never misses, eh? The devil!

DUPRÉ. I wish the devil had him. But what a fellow you are for springing up in odd corners. What brings you here?

BRENT. Have you forgotten the races to-morrow?

DUPRÉ. That's so.

BRENT. Dupré, you're a fool!

DUPRÉ. Thanks. But why?

BRENT. Allowing a woman to run away with your brains.

DUPRÉ. As horse-racing does with yours. It's the first time, Brent.

BRENT. Let it be the last.

DUPRÉ. It will be.

BRENT. Hard hit, eh? Every dollar on the favorite! Field nowhere!

DUPRÉ. Confound it, yes—and no—damn it! I think I almost hate her, and as for him—say, Brent, can't you help me out?

BRENT. Help you—get rid of—the other fellow?

DUPRÉ. Exactly. It may not advance me in her good opinion, but it will be satisfaction all the same.

BRENT. Well, as you remarked, horse-racing is an expensive luxury. It has been to me lately, I know. Well, what is the delicate job worth?

DUPRÉ. I will give you a thousand dollars to get him out of the way, and another thousand the day that lady becomes Mrs. Dupré.

BRENT. I'll think it over.

[DUPRÉ takes BRENT'S arm, offers cigar.

DUPRÉ. Come to the smoking-room and have a cigar. It may help you think.

[Brent takes a cigar and they EXIT, L. 2. Quartet is heard, R. U. SALLY ENTERS and listens to music, then turns to enter house. CHARLEY ENTERS, R. U.]

CHARLEY. Don't go in yet.

SALLY. Oh, I can't stay. They would notice my absence.

CHARLEY. Nonsense! I won't keep you a minute.

SALLY. Oh, but you don't know what a tease Kate is. If she caught me out here with you—

CHARLEY. I don't see why she should talk. (*Arm around waist.*) By Jove! she's just as bad as any one, if she is a widow. (*Down c.*)

SALLY. That's just it. She takes everything so coolly.

CHARLEY. Even her cream. Look! (*Points to door.*) My sister is not very old, but she has had experience.

SALLY. I can't make out what caused her to marry her cousin.

CHARLEY. Nor I. But there, don't bother about *her*. I didn't ask you to stay out here to talk about my sister.

SALLY. I suppose you very much prefer talking about your sister's brother?

CHARLEY. Every time. (*Tries to kiss her.*)

SALLY. No! No! Charley, you must not. Some one would be sure to see you. Some other time—

CHARLEY. Smother time? Why should I smother old Father Time? He don't bother me. Now or never. (*Tries to kiss her.*)

SALLY. No, I dare not! (*Breaks away and is about to EXIT, L.*)

CHARLEY. Sally?

SALLY. Well? (*In doorway.*)

CHARLEY. I suppose you know I go North to-morrow.

SALLY (*comes back*). To-morrow! (*Anxiously.*)

CHARLEY. To-morrow! I said to-morrow!

SALLY. Why, you never told me a word about it!

CHARLEY. I was afraid.

SALLY. Afraid?

CHARLEY. Afraid it might break your heart.

SALLY (*cool*). What possible effect could your absence have on my heart?

CHARLEY. Well, that's cool!

SALLY. I find it rather warm. (*Fans.*)

CHARLEY. What's the matter now? What have I done?

SALLY. Oh, nothing! A gentleman pretends to care for a lady; tells her so a dozen times a day, then suddenly takes it into his head to run away three or four hundred miles and calls it—nothing!

CHARLEY. Oh, I see now.

SALLY. I'm glad of that. I thought you were getting blind.

CHARLEY. Now you are mad.

SALLY. Not quite insane, just yet.

CHARLEY. I mean you are angry because I did not tell you before. Well, as I only received this telegram ten minutes ago, perhaps I am not so base a villain after all. (*Hands telegram.*)

SALLY (*reads*). "Come at once. Clarke goes to Europe. No one to take his place." Oh, bother the old telegram! (*Throws it down.*)

CHARLEY. Please don't bother my only chance of providing you with bread and cheese.

SALLY. Bread and cheese?

CHARLEY. And kisses, of course. (*Tries to kiss her; she won't let him.*)

SALLY. And you *really* must go?

CHARLEY. I really *must* go.

SALLY. I do believe that you are glad to get away.

CHARLEY. Some, yes. Some, no. You see, Clarke is the right-hand man of the firm. He goes to Europe to establish another branch of the business. If he remains there I step into his shoes. See?

SALLY. What size does he wear?

CHARLEY. Oh, pshaw! I mean figuratively.

SALLY. Sizes go by figures, don't they? Well?

CHARLEY. Of course, it's well. My salary is now one thousand dollars per annum. Clarke gets twenty-five hundred dollars. I can marry on that, and—

SALLY. Oh, isn't that lovely!

CHARLEY. Not half so lovely as— (*Kisses her.*)

BINGO ENTERS R. 2 with tray and drops it.

BINGO. I seed you. I couldn't help it. (*Picks up tray.*)

SALLY. What do you mean, sir?

BINGO. I seed you.

SALLY. You saw nothing, sir. Go into the house.

[BINGO moves around toward door, back to audience.

CHARLEY (*tries to kick him*). Get out of this!

ENTER VERLEY.

VERLEY. What's the matter? What's the matter?

CHARLEY. Oh, nothing whatever.

SALLY. Bingo is very rude.

BINGO (*near door*). I seed him kiss Missy Sally! I seed him!

[EXIT *into house, grumbling.*]

SALLY. Papa, it's disgraceful the license you allow that boy!

[EXIT *into house. VERLEY looks at CHARLEY, who turns away.*]

VERLEY. Charley, is this true?

CHARLEY (R.). I am afraid it is, sir. But you will allow me to explain?

VERLEY (*down R. to CHARLEY*). Well, come into the library. There, there, my boy, don't get nervous! I know you are not a rich man, but you are Roger Preston's son; and we were boys together. (*Turns to go.*)

ENTER BRENT and ELLIOTT excitedly, L. 2, followed by two or three others, and last, DUPRÉ. VERLEY and CHARLEY up R.

JACK (R.). Now, sir, that we are no longer near the ladies, repeat your insinuations if you dare.

BRENT (L.). Well, I do. I say you deliberately substituted the ace for the knave. I saw you distinctly and can swear to it.

JACK. And I say you lie! (*Makes as if to strike.*)

VERLEY (*down c.*). Elliott! Brent! What does this mean?

JACK. Why, this man accuses me of cheating at cards; of being a common swindler.

VERLEY. Nonsense! Nonsense! A mistake, without a doubt a mistake. Brent, you must apologize.

BRENT. I am not mistaken, and I will not apologize. (*During the scene ladies and gentlemen appear and stand on veranda.*)

VERLEY. My dear sir! His word against yours. The matter admits of no argument. This is my house. You have accused a friend of mine, an honorable man, of being a common blackleg. Unless you have other proof, I must insist upon an absolute withdrawal of your charge. Come, take my advice; recall unhappy words.

ENTER DUPRÉ, L., stands L. C.

BRENT. I have spoken the truth.

VERLEY. But you have no proof.

DUPRÉ. I regret to say that I was an accidental witness. I distinctly saw Mr. Elliott change the cards.

JACK. This is a plot, a vile plot! That man (*points to DUPRÉ*) has his reasons for trying to ruin me.

KATE (L. C.). I am sure of that. The idea of Mr. Elliott cheating any one!

VERLEY (R. C.). Hush, my dear! (*Pushes her gently back.*) Mr. Elliott, while regretting that this should have occurred, I cannot refuse to accept the statement made by both these gentlemen, as I have never had just cause to doubt them, and until the matter is cleared up, I must ask you to discontinue your visits here.

JACK. Very well, sir. I will leave your house, but the day may come when you will regret this action. Until then, farewell. (*Turns as if to go, R. 1, but turns back.*) Mrs. Preston, you do not credit this hateful charge? You do not believe me guilty? (*Holds hand out. KATE moves toward him.*)

VERLEY. My child, it is not proper for you to act thus.

KATE. Proper! And do you think I will allow propriety to drown all sense of justice? Has he ever to our knowledge committed a dishonorable act? Never! Does he look like a man who would cheat at cards? No! He is a gentleman, a man of honor, true-blue, and I believe him. (*Holds out right hand. JACK meets her C. and takes hand. VERLEY moves R.*)

CHARLEY, SALLY AND OTHERS.

VERLEY.

DUPRÉ. BRENT.

JACK AND KATE.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—Interior of Battery; wall or rampart five feet high across stage from R. 3 to L. 3; landscape scene beyond it. Flagpole ten feet high at centre of rampart with flag, close against the wall. Cannon L. on wall, pointing R. Before curtain goes up one or two shots are heard. MICKEY and LARRY discovered looking out over rampart.

MICKEY (R. C.). Give me your gun. (*Takes LARRY'S gun and*

fires.) Bedad, if I didn't take the inquisitive nose off him that time may I never smell powder again.

LARRY (L. C.). An' that same is mate and drink to you, Mickey.

MICKEY. It's hungry and thirsty I am watching thim rebels eight hours on a stretch.

LARRY. It's on a stretcher some of them are since ye began to watch them, Mickey.

MICKEY. Sure, an' isn't that just where they put our brave Colonel Verley? Bedad, I thought it was all up with him, but this morning I heard that decent white nagur, Bingo, say, says he, that the Colonel was able to sit up and drink a milk punch, houlding the glass in his own fist.

LARRY. An' may it put life into him.

MICKEY. It'll take more than a rebel bullet to put him under the sod.

LARRY. Sure, the regiment couldn't spare him.

MICKEY (*whispers*). But it could the other one.

LARRY. You mean Captain Dupré?

MICKEY. That same.

LARRY. They tell me that he was a Colonel in the rebel army.

MICKEY. He was that, and not so long ago.

LARRY. An' ye don't say?

MICKEY. An' I do. Ye see, about three months ago he leaves the rebel army and offers his services to fight for the North.

LARRY. The dirty turn-coat.

MICKEY. I don't trust him. An' talk of the divil! (*Both turn as to duty.*)

ENTER DUPRÉ, L. 2.

DUPRÉ. Well, Sergeant, do you think it possible for us to hold the bridge if the enemy should discover how weak we are and come down upon us in a body?

MICKEY. An' how will they find that out, Captain, unless some one turns traitor?

DUPRÉ. True. We are well entrenched and completely hidden.

MICKEY. Besides, the colored gentleman there (*points to cannon L.*) hasn't spoken yet, an' sure, he could sweep the bridge of a thousand of them.

DUPRÉ (*looks at cannon, and aside*). If I only dared spike that cannon! (ENTER BRENT, L. 2.) Ah, Brent, just the man I want. The enemy have shifted their base. Send half a dozen sharpshooters to the upper window, and warn the ladies to keep below until the firing ceases. (BRENT *salutes and is about to*

EXIT.) Oh, by the way, Brent, one word more. (*Takes his arm, whispers, and EXIT L. 2.*)

MICKEY. "One word more." I wouldn't trust either of yez. (*Shot is heard, bullet zips, MICKEY's hat falls.*) Ow-wow! but they're at it again.

LARRY. An' it's a bit of your hat that went that time.

MICKEY (*picks up hat*). An' that same new a week agone. (*Looks over fortification, shakes fist at enemy.*) Ye dirty black-guard, if I had yez here I'd— (*Zip and sound of rifle shot; MICKEY drops hand.*) Howly murther, but he had me that time!

LARRY. Ow-wow! Ow-wow! (*Looks at MICKEY's hand.*) An' it's the finger that's gone.

MICKEY. Whist, no, there's the half of it left. (*Tries to stop blood.*)

LARRY. Be off wid ye to the doctor.

MICKEY. Is it me? Divil a bit. I'd stay here an' fight if they killed me.

LARRY. Mickey, there's only a few of us left.

MICKEY. Bad cess to it! (*Fumbles with finger.*) It's bleeding like a pig I am.

ENTER KATE, L. 2.

LARRY. I'll fix it for you. (*Looks at it.*) Man! Man! Ye'd better go to the doctor.

KATE. What is it? Mickey wounded? Let me see. (*Approaches.*)

MICKEY. Faith, ma'am, an' I couldn't ax a gentle lady, an' a Southern woman at that, to bind up a scratch on the hand of a poor Union soldier.

KATE. Say, rather, one of her noblest defenders. Ah, Mickey, when a brave man is wounded a true woman forgets whether he wears the Northern blue or the Southern grey. (*During this speech she tears her handkerchief in two and is binding wound.*)

MICKEY. Bedad, it's the fine lady ye are, an' all the harm I wish ye is that ye could be born over again—and—further North. (*Distant shouts and firing.*)

LARRY (*looking off R.*). He's coming! He's coming!

MICKEY. Is it the enemy?

LARRY. No, but one man, an' him riding like the very divil. (*Sounds of approaching hoofs.*)

MICKEY. If they don't hit him quick he'll get behind that clump an' he's safe. (*Sounds of firing, and hoofs a little louder.*)

KATE. There, Mickey, go and find the doctor.

MICKEY. I'll go, but I'll be back. [EXIT L. 2.

KATE (*looking R.*). He must be the bearer of most important dispatches. Brave fellow. God preserve him!

LARRY. Ye needn't pray for him, miss, he's out of the line of fire. (*Firing ceases, horse hoofs very loud.*)

ENTER DUPRÉ, *sees KATE, bows, but she takes no notice of him.*

DUPRÉ. Mrs. Preston, will you not speak to me? Surely my punishment has been severe enough.

KATE (*crosses L.*). No punishment can be too severe for a coward, who by falsehood sent an honorable man to a living death. [EXIT L. 2.]

DUPRÉ (*aside*). Curse you! I'll find means to humble you yet. (*Aloud.*) A messenger, and in hot haste. I wonder what's up now? (*Aside.*) Happy thought; the main body is detained. I may yet find a reason to give up the bridge, and by so doing retrieve myself in the eyes of General Lee. I cannot sustain this farce much longer.

ENTER JACK ELLIOTT, *salutes DUPRÉ.* EXIT LARRY, L. 3.

DUPRÉ (*L. C., laughs sarcastically*). So this is Mr. Elliott, eh? Sergeant Elliott. Oh, well, though you were not very polite to me the last time we met, I'll not bear enmity. Come, shake hands and be friends.

JACK (*R. C.*). I should prefer not. (*Tries to pass.*)

DUPRÉ. Not so fast, my dear fellow. Remember that I am your superior officer and it is your duty to obey me.

JACK. I am on special duty, and I do not recognize your authority. (*Tries to pass.*)

DUPRÉ. One moment.

JACK. Stand aside. I am the bearer of important dispatches to Colonel Verley.

DUPRÉ. Give them to me. I will see that they are safely delivered.

JACK. No!

DUPRÉ. Why not?

JACK. Because, Victor Dupré, I do not trust you.

DUPRÉ. You don't trust me? Why?

JACK. I have proof that you are a rebel spy!

DUPRÉ. What! (*About to strike. JACK looks squarely at him.*)

JACK. Be careful, Captain Dupré. If your memory serves you well, you ought to know you cannot bully me.

DUPRÉ. Don't be a fool. Surely you recognize this uniform?

JACK. The *uniform*, yes! The *man*, no!

DUPRÉ. Give me the dispatches!

JACK. They are addressed to Colonel Verley.

ENTER MICKEY, L. 2.

DUPRÉ. Give them to me!

JACK. My instructions were to deliver them to Colonel Verley.

DUPRÉ. Don't bandy words with me, fellow. I am Captain Dupré, and in command here.

JACK. If you were General Grant himself, I would deliver them only to Colonel Verley.

MICKEY. Good! (DUPRÉ looks at him.)

DUPRÉ (*aside*). Obstinate brute! (*Aloud.*) Sergeant Free, show this man to Colonel Verley's quarters.

[EXIT MICKEY, L. JACK is about to follow.]

ENTER KATE, R. L. 3.

KATE. Mr. Elliott, is it possible? Don't you know me?

JACK. Mrs. Preston, you here?

KATE. Where have you been? Why have you for years neglected old friends—friends who believed in your innocence?

JACK. I cannot tell you all now. I have been abroad. (DUPRÉ looks on sneeringly.) I did not return until some time after the war began. I have been very ill.

KATE. Very ill?

JACK. For months.

DUPRÉ (*down L.*). Your dispatches, sir, must be of great importance. You will pay dearly for this neglect of duty. Follow me! [EXIT, L. 2.]

JACK (*to KATE*). Do not be alarmed. He can do me no harm. Pardon me, another time. (*Bows and EXITS, L. 2.*)

KATE. Poor fellow! What unkind fate again throws him in the pathway of his old enemy? Dupré can and will work him harm. His superior rank gives him the opportunity. Thank God! the doctor thinks my uncle will soon be able to take command again.

ENTER TEENA with MARJORIE, L. 2.

KATE. My darling! (*Kisses her.*) Why did you come here?

TEENA. The Colonel am busy, Missy. [EXIT TEENA, L. 2.]

MAGGIE. They turned me out of the room and they turned my doggie out, too.

KATE. And where is doggie?

ENTER MICKEY, L. 2.

MAGGIE. He is eating a big bone and wouldn't come.

MICKEY. Oh, she's a soldier, ma'am. The firing don't seem to scare her a bit.

KATE. Are you sure there's no danger here, Mickey?

MICKEY. Divil a bit, unless you get up on top of the mound there, where I got hit awhile ago. Are yez going away to-night, ma'am?

KATE. No, Mickey. The house is perfectly secure, the Colonel says, only the upper story being at all visible to the enemy. They don't want the house. They desire to capture the bridge.

MICKEY. Oh, yes.

KATE. Yes.

MICKEY. An' they'll not do that same.

KATE. Their force is very much superior to ours, and they may destroy the bridge before the main body arrives.

MAGGIE. Mamma, I'm awfully thirsty.

KATE. Mickey will find you some water, dearest. Don't be afraid. Go with Mickey.

MAGGIE. I'm not afraid, mamma. The bullets never hit anybody.

MICKEY. They must be Spanish bullets! Listen to that, ma'am, listen to that! She'll be carrying a sword presently.

MAGGIE. Mickey, attention! Left face! (*Music and drums heard.*) Forward! March! (*MICKEY marches off, followed by MARJORIE, L. 2.*)

KATE. Jack Elliott here. Poor fellow! he must not, shall not remain. Dupré would make his life miserable. Dear Jack! I believe I came near loving him once—what madness! Yes, he had better go, for if he remained who knows what old dreams might return. Dear me! yes, he had better go.

ENTER JACK, L. 2.

JACK. Mrs. Preston. (*Takes her hand.*)

KATE. Mr. Elliott! So soon?

JACK. Too soon, apparently. (*Drops her hand.*)

KATE. What makes you think so?

JACK. I know it.

KATE. You know it? How?

JACK. Your eyes revealed it. You seemed afraid of me.

KATE. Say, rather, afraid of myself.

JACK. Yourself? You mean—

KATE. Do not ask me. I hardly know what I mean. Your appearance was so unlooked for. It is so long since I last saw you that—

JACK. That you had almost forgotten there was such a person in existence. (*She looks reproachfully.*) Forgive me. I should not have said that.

KATE. We did not know if you were alive. You gave no sign.

JACK. Why should I? Of what use could it have been? Who cared whether such an outcast as Jack Elliott even existed?

KATE. I—cared.

JACK. You cared?

KATE. I believed you innocent. I believe so still. I liked you better than any man I had ever known. Therefore, I cared!

JACK. I am glad you did not forget.

KATE. How could I?

JACK. Every hour since I last saw you has been a torture to me, filled with rebellious murmuring against the fate that so cruelly forced me from the side of the woman I had learned to love.

KATE. Hush! You must not.

JACK. I cannot help it. Think how long I have kept these feelings pent up in my breast. I ask for nothing in return, nothing but this: promise me that if I am ever freed from the disgrace that now overshadows me that you will listen to all I have to tell. (*She does not answer, but turns away; pause.*) You cannot?

KATE. I do! I do! (*Gives both her hands.*)

JACK. You hesitated.

KATE. Do not doubt me. I— (*Aside.*) If this goes on I shall certainly make a fool of myself.

ENTER BINGO, L. 2., looks quizzically at them.

BINGO. De Massa, Colonel Verley, am done gone waiting for you, Missy Preston. (*JACK drops KATE's hands.*)

KATE. Yes, perhaps I had better go. You will not leave without seeing me again.

JACK. If you will permit it. If you think it well. (*Takes her hand.*) Yes, yes; the Colonel is waiting. You had better go at once. (*KATE EXITS L. 2. JACK looks after her.*) No, no!

'Tis worse than madness. Before I drag her down to my level, 'tis I who should go at once. [Turns, crosses, EXITS L. 2.

BINGO (R. C., *looking after him*). Go at once. Dis yar's de second time you done gone and make love to Missy Preston! Dat am Massa Elliott, dat cheated at cards. But he never cheated at no cards. I knows it. No gentleman ever did cheat at cards, and Massa Elliott allus was a gentleman. (*Takes bottle out, stands with back to L. 2.*) Massa Elliott, here's to yoh berry good health, sah.

ENTER MICKEY, L. 2, *hits BINGO on the back*. BINGO turns head over heels. ENTER LARRY, L. 2.

BINGO (R.). Foh de Lawd's sake, if I didn't think one ob dem cannon-balls done gone an' fetched me in de middle ob de back.

MICKEY. Out wid it, nagur! [BINGO takes out bottle.

LARRY. Oh, the blackguard! A whole pint of whiskey, an' him the *only* man houldin' it.

MICKEY. Nagur, give us a sup or I'll brain you. Shure, two mouths is better nor three when there's only a pint. (*Takes bottle.*)

BINGO. Dat's my medicine for de cramps.

MICKEY. Yes, I have 'em bad. (*Drinks.*)

LARRY. Sure, I'm never widout 'em. (*Takes bottle and drinks*. BINGO looks on. LARRY holds up bottle.) Here's to the gallant Seventh, the *last in the field* and the *first to leave it*. (*Drinks.*)

MICKEY (*taking bottle*). Larry, you're wrong. Here's to the gallant Seventh. *Equal to none!* Now, Bingo, here's your bottle, an' hould on to it. An' as the enemy has retired in short order an' there's no fightin' to be done for awhile I'll do as I promised and tache you how to handle a rifle, you poor, forlorn Ethiopian ignoramus. Now, watch me while I tache you. (*Goes through drill to quick music; afterward puts rifle in BINGO's hands and gives him commands, which BINGO executes awkwardly*. MICKEY takes gun and pokes it at him.)

ENTER JACK up L. 3. BINGO jumps L. and plumps down on CAPT. DUPRÉ's foot as he ENTERS L. 2. DUPRÉ crosses L. C.

DUPRÉ. Confound your black carcase! What the devil are you doing? Take that, and that! (*Whips him.*)

KATE (ENTERS L. 3). Captain Dupré, what does this mean?

DUPRÉ (c.). It means that I am thrashing this cursed nigger for walking all over my feet.

KATE (L. c.). No, you are beating the poor boy because you know he cannot retaliate. You would not dare touch one of these men. (*Points to others.*) Remember, sir, that he is no longer a slave, but as free as yourself.

BINGO. That's what I is.

DUPRÉ. This is no place for you, Mrs. Preston.

KATE. No place for me? Captain Dupré, I am an American woman, and can come and go as I please.

DUPRÉ. Well, if I want to lick a nigger I shall do as I please.

KATE. If you *must* strike, you coward, strike me. (DUPRÉ makes for BINGO. KATE stands in his way. DUPRÉ pushes her out of way; strikes at BINGO. JACK enters quickly and knocks him down. KATE up stage.)

KATE (down, hand on JACK's arm). Mr. Elliott, what have you done?

JACK. The only thing there was to do.

DUPRÉ (R., rises, a little dazed). Sergeant Free, arrest that man!

MICKEY (up c.). I'll be damned if I do!

DUPRÉ. Sergeant Free, did you hear me?

MICKEY. Sure, Captain, I didn't (*aside*) want to hear ye.

DUPRÉ. Arrest that man!

MICKEY (hand on JACK's shoulder, loud voice). Ye z are under arrest. (*Aside.*) More power to ye z, why didn't ye kill him?

ENTER TEENA, L. 2.

TEENA. Oh, Missy Preston! Missy Preston! Miss Marjorie—

KATE. What of her? Where is she?

TEENA. She done gone get away from the house, Missy Preston, an' she's down near de bridge.

ALL. The bridge!

KATE. The bridge! My God! They may commence firing again. (LARRY and MICKEY are now looking over rampart.)

DUPRÉ. Sergeant Free, take that man to the guard house.

MICKEY. The devil a bit while the child's in danger.

JACK (now looking over wall. Firing commences). She is making for the open ground, and must soon be in the line of fire. (*Bullet whistles, shot is heard.*)

KATE. My baby is in danger. I will go to her.

JACK. Stay here. You could do no good. This way is the shortest. I will go this way.

MICKEY (*holds JACK*). The other way may be the longest 'round, but you'll catch her before she gets to the open. (*Struggle.*)

JACK. But I might be too late. This is the way for me! (*Mounts flagpole.*)

DUPRÉ. Stop, sir! Let somebody else go. You are under arrest for striking your superior officer.

JACK (*on rampart*). When an innocent child is in danger, damn my superior officer! (*Jumps over from wall.*)

DUPRÉ. Return, or I will fire upon you! (*Draws pistol.*)

KATE (*between DUPRÉ and wall*). You could not! You dare not!

DUPRÉ (*R.*, *furiously*). He has broken his arrest! Fire upon him!

MICKEY (*fumbles with gun*). I would, Captain, but my finger is that nervous I can't find the trigger.

KATE. You coward! You miserable coward!

DUPRÉ. Fire! Fire! I command you!

COLONEL VERLEY ENTERS L. 2, *leaning on a cane.*

VERLEY. And I forbid! The man who lifts a hand against that gallant fellow must answer to me.

MICKEY. Oh, Colonel darling! when the Captain told me to fire I couldn't raise me gun. It weighed a ton.

LARRY (*looking over wall*). Bedad, he's down! They've hit him. No, he's up again and running like the devil. Oh, the darling!

VERLEY. Dupré, what does this mean?

DUPRÉ. He struck me and I ordered him arrested. (*Crosses L.*)

VERLEY (*L. C.*). Even so, he's risking his life to save a little child, and you would have prevented it. Leave me, sir. You are neither a soldier nor a man.

LARRY. She's out in the open. Sure, they can't hit her, ma'am. She's too small.

KATE. My baby! My baby!

MICKEY. Bedad, she's running to meet him!

LARRY. He has her! He has her! An' now he's coming back. Sure he must be hit, for he runs hard.

MICKEY. Oh, the blackguards! firing at him, the hero that he is. Wow! but he nearly went that time. It's crazy he is to come back the same way, an' the bullets raining so thick.

LARRY (*to KATE*). Don't ye cry. He's the boy that'll bring her back safe to you. (*Firing ceases.*)

MICKEY. Good luck to him. It's an Irishman he ought to be.

VERLEY. The firing has ceased. They have seen her, and rebels though they are, they scorn to fire upon a little child!

KATE. They are my countrymen, fighting to the death for their rights. Rebels if you will, but they are men, and will not harm my little Marjorie. (*Faint cheers heard as from enemy.*) Hark! They are cheering him!

MICKEY. Good for yez, Johnny rebs. Yez are all gentlemen, every one of yez. (*Loud cheering in and around Battery.*)

KATE. Where is she? Where is my baby?
[JACK appears on Battery. MICKEY takes child from him and hands her to KATE. JACK falls c., arm around flagpole. Loud cheers all over Battery till curtain.

CURTAIN.

ACT. III.

SCENE.—A parlor, with door at c. Garden or landscape drop at rear. Desk (or table) near R. 2. Fancy chairs near table. Large chair just behind it, but none left of table. Sofa near L. Two chairs R. and L. of door c. Basket down c. KATE, MARJORIE, LARRY and MICKEY discovered all looking at MARJORIE'S pet dog in basket, KATE and MARJORIE behind it.

MICKEY (*who has been kneeling near dog*). He's dead, ma'am. Bad luck to the blackguard that killed him, say I. (*Looks at dog again.*) Faith, he's dead as Brian Boru.

MAGGIE. No, Mickey, he's only asleep. He often lies down like that.

KATE. How did it all happen?

MICKEY. The divil a bit do I know, ma'am. Sure, yesterday we couldn't find him at all, and to-day I was forinst the fort there, keeping my eye open an' my gun ready for a stray Johnny reb, when who should walk up on three legs and looking like a hencoop in a hurricane but the poor bit of a dog there. There he stands an' looks me in the face wid a look that would go to your heart, an' he sez—

LARRY. Did he spake?

MICKEY (*looking at him with disgust*). An' he sez, Mickey, I'm done for.

MAGGIE. Look, mamma! I saw him move!

MICKEY. Divil a move. An' with that he makes a spring at me as if he'd like to kiss me good-bye.

LARRY. An' he did that?

MICKEY. An' he did. Then I stoops down an' he kisses me on the cheek just as humanlike as you plaze.

LARRY. An' then dies?

MICKEY. An' then dies!

LARRY. Sure, the dog was poisoned.

MICKEY. Then he laid down on his side and never said another word. (*Looks defiantly at LARRY.*) I then lifted him up in me arms and brings him here.

MAGGIE. Mamma, can't I wake him?

KATE. No, dear. Your little doggie is dead. He must have been shot by a stray bullet, Mickey.

MICKEY. Sure, it was more than one bullet that hit him, ma'am. (*Shows bullet.*) An' this bullet here didn't come from a rebel rifle, but from a revolver that was fired near by.

KATE. You mean that he was shot by one of our own men?

MICKEY. Divil a one of our own men. There's not one that would do it.

LARRY. They all loved him like a brother.

KATE. If not one of the men, whom do you suspect?

MICKEY. Sure, ma'am, you might guess. There's only one man here would do it.

KATE. I cannot believe he would be so base! Mickey, you must be mistaken.

MICKEY. Maybe I am—not!

MAGGIE (*tearfully*). Won't my little doggie play with me any more, mamma?

KATE. No, dear. He is dead. There, there, don't cry, and some day mamma will buy you another little doggie. Don't cry, darling.

MAGGIE (*bravely*). No, mamma, I won't cry, because you told me that all good people go to Heaven when they die, and my little doggie was very good; so when I die I shall go there and see him, won't I, mamma?

KATE. Yes, dear, if you are good you will go to Heaven. Come now, come with mamma.

MAGGIE (*gives hand to mamma*). Good-by, my little doggie. I am not going to cry, mamma, because (*little sob*) he was a good little doggie. I won't cry (*sob*), but oh, mamma! he was such a nice little doggie (*sob*). He used to play (*sob*) with me, and now I won't see (*sob*) him any (*sob*) more. (*KATE leads her off L. 2, crying loudly. As they EXIT LARRY and MICKEY look at each other.*)

LARRY. I feel like crying meself. (*Snivels.*)

MICKEY. It's soft-hearted ye are; but yez are young yet. When ye're a man grown yez'll be hard like me. Bad scran to the man that killed the poor little divil. If I had him by himself I'd scrape the nose off him wid me fist. I'd—(*snivels*) I'd—I'd—

LARRY. Yez are crying yerself.

MICKEY. Ye're a liar!

LARRY. Sure, I saw the water coming out of yer eyes.

MICKEY. 'Twas prespiration. I'm that warm.

LARRY. Mickey, ye have a tender heart with all yer brave talk.

MICKEY. Give yer mouth a chance an' we'll go bury the dog.

LARRY. We'll bury him just forninst the bridge. (*Slow march played as they go up, MICKEY carrying basket, and pause in c. d.*) Mickey, ye hav a tender heart. I saw ye cry.

MICKEY. Ye're a liar!

[EXEUNT C. D. L.]

ENTER KATE and SALLY, D. L. 3.

KATE (*looks around*). Why, they have taken him away already. Poor Marjorie! Her little heart was broken.

SALLY (*looking D. C. R.*). Here comes Captain Dupré. I think I shall retire.

KATE. Ditto.

SALLY (*still looking*). Wait a moment. He has stopped to talk to Brent. It's all right. They are going back.

KATE. Thank Heaven! I could not have met him just now. Mickey thinks he shot Maggie's dog.

SALLY. The brute! I hardly believed it possible for me to really hate any one, but I do think I have a very healthy hatred for that man.

KATE. Hatred is vulgar, dear. Don't encourage the feeling. We shall soon be rid of him at any rate. Dispatches received by Colonel Verley this morning point to the early return of our own second-in-command, Major Reynolds, who has been absent, you know, on sick leave.

SALLY. Which means exit Captain Dupré. Thank goodness, for the credit of the South he is not a typical Southerner!

KATE. Typical, indeed! No. Whatever their faults may be, contemptible meanness is not one of them.

SALLY. It seems impossible to me that such men can belong to the same race as *Grant! Sherman! Sheridan!* What splendid

fellows they are! Brave and true always, almost godlike in their devotion to duty and the cause for which they fight.

KATE. Noble men, truly; none can dispute it. Worthy of all praise. But for me, born and bred in the South, there can be but one ideal. Give me that man among men, the gallant soldier, the pride of chivalry, the Bayard of the South, Robert E. Lee!

[During this speech MAGGIE has entered unobserved and stands listening, c. d.]

MAGGIE. That's what I say. Give me Robert E. Lee. He's just my style. (*Slaps her knee.*)

SALLY (*rushing and taking her in her arms*). Why, you little rebel, where did you come from? Mamma told me she left you crying for your little doggie.

MAGGIE. I did cry for him; but Bingo says he knows where he can get me a more *beautiful* one.

KATE. More *beautiful*, dear.

MAGGIE. Bingo said more *beautiful*, mamma, and he knows.

SALLY (*to KATE*). You see, dear, you don't know everything.

[EXIT D. L., *hugging* MARJORIE.]

ENTER VERLEY, C. D. L.

KATE (R.). Well?

VERLEY (C.). He will be here in a moment. Now I don't just approve of your being present, but—

KATE. You could not be so cruel as to say "no." Remember, he saved my child.

VERLEY. Brave fellow, yes! I like him, Kate. In spite of all, I like him.

KATE. So do I.

VERLEY. Yes, I believe you do, foolish girl.

KATE. Why foolish? Did you not just confess you liked him in spite of all?

VERLEY. Yes, but that's different, you see.

KATE. No, sir, I *don't* and I *won't* see. If *you* like him there can't be anything wrong in *my* liking him, an—I can't help it, indeed I can't.

VERLEY. Oh, well, that settles it. I haven't another word to say. (*Down L.*)

ENTER JACK and MICKEY, C. D. L. MICKEY *stays* C. D.

VERLEY. Elliott, I have sent for you to tell you that I have

prepared a full statement of all that has occurred, and to-morrow a special messenger shall bear it to headquarters.

KATE. Let me be that special messenger.

JACK. Mrs. Preston, no. I would not hear of such a thing.

VERLEY. No, my dear. I admire your courage, but the risk would be too great.

KATE. Did he think of the risk when my child was in danger?

MICKEY. The devil a bit.

VERLEY (*looks sharply at MICKEY*). Sergeant Free!

MICKEY. Yes, sir! (*Looks out c. d.*)

VERLEY. One of the men will do as well, my dear, for no time must be lost.

KATE. I would appeal to General Grant myself. He would not refuse my prayer.

VERLEY. Elliott was decidedly in the right, and coupled with his gallant conduct, I have every reason to hope for the best.

MICKEY (*down l.*). Sure, Colonel, he's always up to some devil-me-care trick. Ask him about the regimental colors a month ago.

VERLEY. That will do, Sergeant.

MICKEY (*salutes*). Yes, sir. (*Turns away c. d.*)

KATE. Mr. Elliott! Jack! Tell us all about it.

JACK. Oh, it was a mere nothing.

MICKEY (*aside*). Listen to the lying devil.

JACK. Only a matter of duty. Any one would have done as much.

MICKEY (*aside*). But they didn't.

VERLEY. What were the circumstances, Sergeant Elliott?

JACK. Well, you see, during the fight at the ridge a Sergeant who carried the colors was shot down, and one of the enemy was bearing them off.

MICKEY (*excitedly, coming down*). One of them! There was three!

VERLEY. Sergeant Free!

MICKEY (*salutes*). Yes, sir. (*Retires to c. d.*)

VERLEY (*to JACK*). Well?

JACK. And I recovered them. You see, there was nothing extraordinary in the affair.

VERLEY. Well, you had to fight for them.

JACK. Oh, yes; for a few moments there was a little fuss.

MICKEY (*aside*). A little fuss! (*Comes down.*) Colonel, I can't stand it, sir. I must speak or I'll bust.

VERLEY. Some other time.

KATE. Let him tell us. He seems to know more about it than Mr. Elliott is willing to tell. (*JACK down r., near KATE.*)

VERLEY. Very well, go on, Sergeant.

MICKEY. If ever there was a hero outside an Irishman, there he stands. Ye see, sir, it was this way. The battle had been raging hot and heavy. Colonel Fordyce and a body of Sheridan's cavalry had been forced to—to turn back for a few moments.

VERLEY. You mean retreat.

MICKEY. No, sir! Sheridan's cavalry never retreat.

JACK. Not very often, Mickey, but they came pretty near it that time.

MICKEY. Pretty near, but not quite. Colonel Fordyce was anxiously surveying the fields, when suddenly, not more than two hundred yards away, he observed three of the enemy in hot pursuit of the man who bore aloft the colors of his regiment. Some one else near him saw the danger. "Can I go?" he shouted. "You can," says the Colonel, and he was off like the wind, but before he could get there down went the colors.

VERLEY. They captured them?

MICKEY. Aye. But before they knew it a whirlwind was upon them. Cut and thrust, parry and feint. Three against one. But that one had an eye as steady as a rock an' an arm like steel, an' he was fighting for the honor of his regiment. Three against one, but it was all over in quick time. The old flag was saved, and there's the man that saved it. (KATE grasps JACK's hand.)

VERLEY. A splendid deed!

JACK. I only did my duty, sir.

MICKEY (*aside*). That's a man as modest as meself. (*Up c.*)

VERLEY (*crosses to JACK*). Sergeant Elliott, you have won my sympathy and admiration. Your country will not forget you. (*Shakes hands.*)

JACK. I thank you, sir, for your kindly feeling. Mrs. Preston—
[Bows, EXITS c. d. l. with MICKEY.]

VERLEY (L.). A noble fellow. Egad! if my request is refused I'll go and plead his cause in person.

KATE (R.). And you'll take me, won't you, you dear old uncle?

VERLEY. I don't know, my dear. I have heard that our Commander-in-Chief thinks that *home* is the proper place for the ladies.

KATE. That's because he is jealous of us.

VERLEY (*laughs*). That's it. That's it. He declares that just as soon as an officer falls in love he might as well throw up his commission,

ENTER MICKEY, C. D. L.

MICKEY. A messenger, Colonel, with special dispatches. (*Hands dispatches.*)

VERLEY. News from the front! Ah! Richmond has fallen.

KATE. Oh, I hope not!

VERLEY. Young lady, do you remember where you are?

KATE. Uncle, my mother was a Southern woman.

VERLEY. But your father was one of our bravest officers.

KATE. And he lies buried in a Southern grave.

VERLEY. Remember at whose hands he perished, and pray for the fall of Richmond so that others you love may be spared to you.

[EXIT, *arm around her*, C. D. L.]

MICKEY (*looks after them*). No wonder the boys all love her, even though her heart is with the South. There ain't many like her this side of Heaven. (*Turns to go.*)

ENTER DUPRÉ, C. D. R.

DUPRÉ (*down L.*). What's the matter, Sergeant?

MICKEY. News from the front. (*Going.*)

DUPRÉ. What about?

MICKEY. Sure, sir, I couldn't see inside the envelope. (*Going.*)

DUPRÉ. What did the Colonel want with Elliott?

MICKEY. I think he sent for him just to shake hands with him.

DUPRÉ. Shake hands with him!

MICKEY. The same as one brave man will shake hands with another brave man.

DUPRÉ. Is he a brave man?

MICKEY. None braver.

DUPRÉ. You seem to think highly of him?

MICKEY. There are others.

DUPRÉ. You mean the men here.

MICKEY. And the women.

DUPRÉ. Oh, some women are soft.

MICKEY. I have observed that *most* women admire a brave man!

DUPRÉ. Some men have the opportunity thrust upon them.

MICKEY. Yes, and they grasp the opportunity—

DUPRÉ. While others?

MICKEY. Look the other way. That is, when there's any danger.

DUPRÉ. You seem to admire him greatly, yet I heard you tell Lacy that at one time he served a term in prison.

MICKEY. Oh, did you hear that? Did he tell you where?

DUPRÉ. No. I don't care to talk to jail birds.

MICKEY. Jail birds?

DUPRÉ. Jail birds!

MICKEY (*aside*). He's on the wrong track. (*To DUPRÉ.*) Captain, there's many an innocent man goes to jail, and many a damned scalawag stays out! [EXIT C. D. R.]

DUPRÉ. Damn his impudence! (*Noise heard R.*) Ah, a prisoner. By heavens, it's Preston!

[EXIT C. D. R. *Nearly knocks down BINGO, who ENTERS hurriedly C. D. R.*

BINGO. Missy Sally! Missy Sally! (ENTER SALLY D. L. 3.) He am here, Missy Sally.

SALLY. Who, Bingo?

BINGO (*down R.*). He am here, Missy Sally. They have done gone and took him prisoner.

ENTER TEENA *hurriedly*, D. R. C.

TEENA (*up R.*). Oh, Missy, they's took him! They'se took him shuah.

ENTER KATE D. L. 3.

KATE. Who, child, who?

TEENA (*looking scared and off R.*). They'se took him prisoner.

KATE. Are you both crazy?

SALLY (*looking off R.*). Why, here's Charley, your brother, and they are bringing him this way.

BINGO. That's it, Missy. They's done gone and cotched him.

KATE. Why is he here? What could have happened? Surely he has not run such a risk just to see you.

BINGO (*R.*). They done take some papers away from him.

TEENA (*R. C.*). They was sewed up in his coat.

BINGO. I seed 'em do it.

TEENA. Dey jes' rip de coat open and spoil de coat.

BINGO. An', Missy Preston, he fight like de berry debbil, an' dey had to hit him ober de head to keep him quiet so dey could take de papers away.

TEENA. Dat's what dey did.

SALLY (*L. C.*). Oh, the brutes.

KATE (L.). My poor, foolish brother.

SALLY. What does it all mean?

KATE. It means, my dear, that he has been captured while carrying dispatches.

SALLY. Will they shoot him? (BINGO looks off C. D. R.)

KATE. Not unless he was a spy.

SALLY. A spy, indeed! Charley never could be so mean.

KATE. There's nothing mean about it. It's part of a soldier's duty to find out what the enemy is doing.

BINGO. Dar he is, Missy. Dey is bringin' him right dis way. (Down R.)

ENTER DUPRÉ, C. D. R., and crosses down L. ENTER PRESTON, D. R. C., somewhat dazed and bleeding, guarded by MICKEY. They stand C. SALLY and KATE retire up L. DUPRÉ down L.

DUPRÉ. Place him in the south room. Keep him under strict guard until further orders.

PRESTON. You do this? You, an officer of the Confederate Army! Oh, I forgot. Pardon me. I hardly know what I am saying. I forgot you had changed the color of your coat.

DUPRÉ. You will find it greatly to your benefit to change yours.

PRESTON. Never!

DUPRÉ. You may change your mind. A prison cell is not the most enjoyable thing in life. Liberty, my boy, is sweet.

PRESTON. To me, honor is sweeter. I would not change this ragged coat of gray for yours to save my life. No true Southern heart could ever beat beneath the Northern blue.

BINGO. Bully for you, Massa Preston! (DUPRÉ looks angry a moment, then turns away.)

TEENA (pulls BINGO back). Shet yoh mouf, yoh fool niggah!

DUPRÉ (aside). Don't judge too hastily. I may be able to help you. (To soldiers.) Place him under guard and report to me. [EXIT L. I.]

KATE. Charley! (Down to PRESTON.)

SALLY. Charley! (Down to PRESTON.)

CHARLEY. Sally! Sister!

KATE. What madness is this?

CHARLEY. I was carrying dispatches from Lee to Johnston. Ride which way I would there seemed to be nothing but Federal soldiers. Twice I narrowly escaped capture, then I made a detour, hoping to avoid them, only to find myself near the bridge and completely hemmed in.

SALLY. But you are wounded.

The Prisoner of Andersonville

CHARLEY. Oh, that is nothing. The surgeon will soon fix that. (MICKEY taps him on shoulder.) All right, sir. I am with you.

KATE. We will see Colonel Verley at once.

CHARLEY. It will do no good. He can do nothing.

SALLY (*aside*). You are not a spy, are you? They did not catch you spying? You won't be shot?

CHARLEY. Well, I hope not.

SALLY (*drawing deep breath*). Oh, I am so glad you won't be shot.

CHARLEY. So am I. It isn't pleasant. No, the worst they can do is to hold me prisoner. (MICKEY again taps him on shoulder.) I must go.

SALLY. We will see you as often as we can—as often as papa will permit. (*Moves as if to kiss him. He looks at MICKEY.*)

CHARLEY. Not now! Remember, I am only a rebel!

SALLY. I don't care if you were a hundred rebels, so there! (*Kisses him.*)

[EXIT CHARLEY, C. D. L. TEENA stands with back to MICKEY. MICKEY hugs her and quick exit. BINGO is mad, but TEENA pacifies him.]

KATE. I am not quite sure you did the proper thing then.

SALLY. I am quite sure.

KATE. Now, to see the Colonel. Something must be done.

SALLY. He will at least allow us to talk to the poor fellow, will he not?

KATE. Perhaps! I am not sure. You see, it may not be exactly the rule.

SALLY. Then we must persuade him this is the exception.

[EXIT D. L. 3.]

BINGO. Dis am de debbil. Massa Elliott a prisoner an' Massa Preston a prisoner. (*Drum taps are heard L., then bugle call.*) Dar's somefin' goin' on. (*Looks off C. D. L.*)

TEENA (*looks off C. D. L.*). Dar's somefin' goin' on, shuah.

BINGO. An' dis yar niggah is goin' foh to see. [EXIT C. D. L.]

TEENA (*looking after him*). Dat is the purlitest niggah I eber did see. When we is married I'll teach him foh to leave a lady in distress. (*Looks off L. Drums and bugle call.*) Um! um! but dar's somefin' goin' on. (*Looks quickly.*) Foh de Lawd's sake, if dat dar black rascal ain't a-talkin' to dat yaller trash Liza. Dar's somefin' goin' on, an' I is goin' to know what dat somefin' is. Look out dar, yoh yaller trash! Look out dar, yoh false, deceibin' man! I'se a-comin'. [EXIT C. D. L.]

ENTER VERLEY, D. L. 3, followed by SALLY.

VERLEY. It's utterly impossible, my dear, for me to give you a decided answer just now. Matters of the utmost importance require my immediate attention.

SALLY. Very well. (*Turns to go, turns.*) Can he take dinner with us?

VERLEY. I doubt if he would care to just at present. Besides, you should not take such an interest in a man who is an enemy to our cause.

SALLY. But, papa, I am engaged to him.

VERLEY. That, my child, is a thing of the past. The less said about it the better.

SALLY. But I gave him my word.

VERLEY. I tell you it is impossible. There, there, I know all you would say. Run away now, for I expect the officers here immediately. (*She turns away, pouting.*) Come, come, no tears. To-morrow I will see what can be done.

SALLY (*runs and kisses him*). Oh, I knew you could do something.

VERLEY. I did not say so. I do not see how it is possible.

SALLY. But you'll try?

VERLEY. To-morrow.

SALLY (*going*). To-morrow. (*Sighs.*) Oh, dear, that seems as far off as Christmas. But, papa—

VERLEY. There! there! (*Sits behind table, R.*)

SALLY. Oh! [*Pouts and EXITS, D. L. 3.*]

VERLEY (*calls MICKEY*). Sergeant Free!

ENTER MICKEY, C. D. L. VERLEY writes.

VERLEY. Ah, Sergeant, just the man I wanted. How's the finger?

MICKEY. Oh, the stump, Colonel?

VERLEY. Eh?

MICKEY. It's all right, Colonel—that is, what's left of it.

VERLEY. Take this order. Escort the prisoner Elliott here at once.

MICKEY. Yes, sir. [*Salutes and EXITS, C. D. L.*]

VERLEY (*reading paper*). A very fortunate thing for him. I am glad of it, very glad indeed. Dupré acted like a cur. (ENTER BRENT, C. D. L. *Goes L.*) Ah, Brent, you are prompt. I hope the rest will not keep us waiting. (ENTER *two officers*, C. D. R., *salute, then go R.*) Gentlemen. (*Returns salute.* ENTER DUPRÉ, L. I.) Ah, Captain, glad you have come. These dispatches

are of more importance than I first thought. It is necessary they should be conveyed to General Grant at once. All here now, I believe. No, all but Lieutenant Grey.

GREY (*enters*, C. D. L.). Here, Colonel. (*Down R.*)

ENTER MICKEY and ELLIOTT, C. D. L. COLONEL *does not see him, as he is reading.* ELLIOTT, C. MICKEY, L. C.

DUPRÉ (L., *to* JACK). If you desire to see Colonel Verley you had better choose some other time. You may retire.

MICKEY (*dryly*). He is here by the Colonel's orders.

DUPRÉ. The Colonel's orders?

VERLEY (*looking up*). Yes, yes, Dupré, that is all right. Before we go into the matter of the captured dispatches I have some other business of importance to transact. Sergeant Free, you may go, but remain within call. (MICKEY *salutes*.)

MICKEY (*aside*). I'll go, but I'll remain within—hearing.

[EXIT, C. D. L.]

VERLEY. Elliott, step forward. (ELLIOTT *advances a step and salutes*.) Gentlemen, you are all aware, of course, that the prisoner is under arrest for striking Captain Dupré, his superior officer. Speaking from a moral point of view, it is my opinion that he was justified in so doing. No man, whether he wears a uniform or not, can stand idly by and fail to protect a woman in distress. It is an undisputed fact that Captain Dupré permitted his temper to get the better of his judgment. This is to be regretted. Notwithstanding the fact, however, that Elliott was morally justified in acting as he did, it is also certain that his conduct was prejudicial to Military Discipline. When a private soldier strikes his superior, except in self-defence, he renders himself liable to severe punishment, extending even to the death penalty. But *did he strike his superior officer?* If these papers are to be relied upon, and they undoubtedly are, it would seem that he did not. (*All look surprised*.) The offence was committed on the *seventh* day of April. I hold here a communication which informs me that for gallant conduct in the field *Sergeant John Elliott* was on the *fifth* day of April *appointed Captain in the United States Army!!* Therefore, on the day he struck Captain Dupré he was, by virtue of this document, the *Military equal* of the man he chastised. (ELLIOTT, L. C., COLONEL, R. C.) *Here, sir, is your commission.*

JACK. I have done nothing to deserve this.

VERLEY. The devil you haven't. Well, sir, General Grant is of a different opinion. (*All the officers except BRENT and DUPRÉ congratulate him.* VERLEY *crosses L.*)

VERLEY (*aside to DUPRÉ*). I feel sure, Dupré, that you will bear no malice toward this man.

DUPRÉ. Oh, it does not matter. We are not likely to be together long. What we can't cure, you know, Colonel.

VERLEY. You seem to hate him.

DUPRÉ. Perhaps.

VERLEY. Bad. Bad! (*Turns to officers.*) Now, gentlemen, all your attention once more. (*ELLIOTT turns to go.*) Remain, Captain Elliott. It is entirely within my province to release you on parole pending the action of the President, and this concerns you as well as the rest. These papers were taken from the person of Lieutenant Preston, an officer in the rebel army. They contain information of the utmost importance from General Lee to General Johnston, and it is necessary that they should be placed in the hands of General Grant at the earliest possible moment. Now, who volunteers to perform this dangerous errand.

ALL. I do.

VERLEY (*surprised*). You all spoke, I know, yet it seemed as though I heard but one voice.

ELLIOTT. It was but one voice, sir, the voice of duty.

VERLEY. Well, well, you can't all go.

DUPRÉ (*who has been whispering to BRENT*). As the senior in rank here, I think I am entitled to the honor.

VERLEY. Well, I suppose that would be the easiest way to settle the matter. (*About to hand papers.*)

JACK. One moment, Colonel. But a short time ago Captain Dupré was an officer in the rebel army. I have reason to believe that once in his hands those papers would never reach General Grant.

DUPRÉ. This is an outrage. I have sworn allegiance to the United States. Colonel Verley, you will not permit this insult to go unpunished?

VERLEY. No, no. Elliott, *you* have made a very grave charge, and I must ask for more definite information.

JACK. Though I should for certain reasons have preferred to wait, I can no longer keep silent. Colonel Verley, you are not likely to forget the seventh day of March. On that day a small force under your command, and acting under orders from General Sheridan, proceeded up the James River to New Market. Your mission was to destroy the banks and locks of the canal. Your command was surprised by the enemy in overwhelming numbers and nearly cut to pieces. You were terribly wounded and barely escaped with your life. Treachery was then suspected. It has since been proved.

VERLEY. Proved? How, man, how?

JACK (R.). Less than ten days ago two of the men who took part in the attack were taken prisoners. They were afterward overheard discussing the affair. They gave the name of the man whose information led to the disaster. The name of this traitor who had sworn allegiance to the United States was Captain Victor Dupré!

DUPRÉ (L.). You lie! (*Draws sword on JACK. VERLEY crosses swords with him. Picture.*)

VERLEY (C.). Captain Dupré, you have drawn your sword against an unarmed man. There can be no justification for it but your entire innocence of this charge.

DUPRÉ. Where are the men who gave this extraordinary information?

JACK. Prisoners of war with Colonel Fordyce, and within thirty miles of this place.

DUPRÉ. Within thirty miles, but *not here.* (*Laughs.*) You see, Colonel, an utterly impossible story and without any proof.

JACK. Colonel Verley, I stake my life on the truth of what I have said, and I believe that I speak for all when I say that these dispatches should not be entrusted to that man.

VERLEY. Gentlemen, I leave it to you. Shall Captain Dupré bear these dispatches to General Grant or not?

OFFICERS. No. (*Very strong.*)

VERLEY. Captain Dupré, though I cannot without some corroboration take any steps toward placing you under arrest, you must see that it is impossible for me to give these papers into your charge. Gentlemen, you all seem so anxious for the honor it is somewhat hard for me to decide.

GREY. Let us draw lots.

VERLEY. I think that would be the fairer way. Let me see, there are seven of you. Well, here are seven blanks. (*Tears papers quickly.*) One of them I mark with a cross. (*Places paper in hat. They draw.*)

VERNON. Blank. Just my luck!

GREY. Blank. I knew it!

BRENT. Blank. Never expected to get it!

ELLIOTT (*draws paper with cross, smiles.*)

BRENT. Of course! I knew he'd get it. Such luck, and twice in one day! Captain Elliott must have been born under a lucky star.

JACK. You think so? (*Looks straight at BRENT.*)

COLONEL, L.

JACK, R.

DUPRÉ, *up c.*

BRENT. So it would appear.

VERLEY. Here, sir, are the dispatches. Guard them with your life.

[As ELLIOTT is about to take them DUPRÉ steps between.

DUPRÉ. Without wishing to belittle Captain Elliott's courage, it seems to me that such important papers should only be entrusted to a man with an honorable record. (Crosses L. *quickly.*)

JACK (*starts to strike DUPRÉ*). Captain Dupré!

VERLEY. One moment, Elliott. (*To DUPRÉ.*) I think I understand what you mean.

DUPRÉ. Four years ago this man—I beg pardon, Captain Elliott—was kicked out of your house for cheating at cards. (*Murmurs among officers.*)

JACK. It was an infamous plot, and you know it.

VERLEY. Not kicked out, Dupré. I simply requested Mr. Elliott not to visit us until the matter was cleared up.

DUPRÉ. Well, it never has been.

BRENT. And never will be!

VERLEY. All this happened years ago, and has little bearing on the case. If we stirred up old scores, some of the best and highest in the army might be found wanting. *Since* he entered the service Captain Elliott's record has been an honorable one.

DUPRÉ. I am not so sure of that.

VERLEY. What do you mean?

DUPRÉ. I mean that, with your permission, I will ask Captain Elliott a few questions.

VERLEY. Certainly. But it will be entirely optional with him whether he answers them or not.

JACK. I am ready to answer any question Captain Dupré may see fit to ask.

OFFICERS. That's fair.

DUPRÉ (*to ELLIOTT*). Have you ever been in prison?

VERLEY. Come, come, Dupré, this is nonsense!

DUPRÉ. I know what I am about. Colonel (*to ELLIOTT*), have you ever been in prison?

JACK. I have.

[DUPRÉ looks triumphant. All are astonished.

DUPRÉ. May I inquire how long you were there?

JACK. Two months.

[DUPRÉ again looks triumphant at VERLEY, who looks pained. Officers whisper.

DUPRÉ. Would you mind telling us *where* you served your time?

JACK. In that hell upon earth where thousands of my gallant

countrymen suffered the tortures of the damned. Yes, Victor Dupré, I spent two months of my life in the military prison of Andersonville.

VERLEY, C.
ELLIOTT, R. C. DUPRÉ, L. C.
OFFICERS, R. BRENT, L.
CURTAIN.

Second Picture: VERLEY hands papers to JACK; or, curtain call.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Exterior of VERLEY'S house. Garden or landscape drop at back. A chair R. and L. of rear. Set house L. 3 E. Rustic bench down R. CHARLEY PRESTON discovered sitting up R.*

CHARLEY. I wonder what's the matter with her? Not a word, not a smile, not even a look; haven't seen her for two long hours, and small comfort when I did see her; informed me that I was a rebel, that all rebels were villains, and that she had given her word to the Colonel not to speak to me—not to see me, even if she looked my way. Then she stamped her foot and declared she meant to keep her word; that she hated rebels, anyway, and then—then—she burst out crying and ran away. Now, what the devil did she cry for?

SALLY (ENTERS L. U., stops short as she sees him, then aside). There he is now. I mustn't speak to him. I ought not to look at him; but, then, he isn't looking at me, so I suppose it's all right. I've tried to hate him, but I can't. What girl could hate a boy like that, rebel or no rebel?

CHARLEY. Oh, Lord, I'm blue! (Pause.) Haven't been so blue since I found myself in hospital with my brains turned topsey-turvey by the butt-end of a rifle. Let's see, that was nearly eight months ago. (Takes out picture and looks at it.)

SALLY (coming down a little, then aside). Why, where did he get my picture? Dear fellow! he wears it next his heart, too.

CHARLEY. Yes, sir, there's the date; nearly eight months ago. Then she came, and away went the blues. Gee! how the boys

VERLEY (C.). Well, Miss?

SALLY (L.). It was all a mistake.

VERLEY. A big mistake.

CHARLEY. It was all my fault, sir. I made her jealous, and—and—well, you know how it is yourself.

VERLEY (*sternly*). What do you mean, sir? And you, Miss, what brought you here?

SALLY. It was quite by accident.

VERLEY. Don't let such an accident occur again. Into the house, Miss! Into the house! (EXIT SALLY, *pouting, into house*.) And you, sir, confound it! you want to steal my child—you, a rebel, an enemy, want to steal my only child.

CHARLEY. No, Colonel, I can't see it that way. You are on one side of the fence, I am on the other. But it cannot be so for long. Such a flimsy barrier isn't enough to separate brother from brother.

VERLEY. Maybe you're right, my boy; maybe you're right. See here. Suppose we go in and drink that barrier down.

[EXIT L. 2, *arm in arm with* CHARLEY.]

ENTER DUPRÉ, R. U.

DUPRÉ. What's up now, I wonder. My friend the enemy seems to have captured the old man. (*Pause*.) The papers—I must have them if I knock him on the head to get them. Curse him! If he'd only get drunk, but he's such a *virtuous* young man.

ENTER BINGO, L. U., *carrying bottle and glass on tray*. *As he enters he sings "I'd leave ma happy home," etc.* EXITS *into set house*, L. 3.

DUPRÉ. Well, I'll be hanged, the saint does drink! (*Calls*.) Here, you! (*No answer*.) Here, you, I say! (BINGO *appears in door*.) Did you hear me call you?

BINGO. No, sah!

DUPRÉ. Don't lie.

BINGO. No, sah. I heard some one call out in a very pow'ful voice, "Here, you!"

DUPRÉ. Well, why didn't you come?

BINGO. My name ain't "Here, you." My name is Bingo, sah, B—I—N—G—O, Bingo! (*Spits out last "BINGO" sharply*.)

DUPRÉ. What were you doing with that whiskey?

BINGO. Didn't have no whiskey, sah.

DUPRÉ. What was in that bottle?

BINGO. Ginger ale, sah.

DUPRÉ. Ginger ale?

BINGO. Yes, sah. Foh Captain Elliott, sah.

DUPRÉ. That will do.

BINGO. Yes, sah. [EXIT *into house*.]

DUPRÉ. By heavens, I have it! He's to sleep for a couple of hours before he starts. Here's my chance, and if Preston will only move into line the thing is as good as done. (BINGO comes from house and moves toward L. U.) Where's Captain Elliott now?

BINGO. Coming right dis way, sah. (*Points L. U.*)

ELLIOTT ENTERS L. U.

BINGO. Captain Dupré done ax for you, sah, yes, sah.

[EXIT, L. U.]

JACK (*to DUPRÉ*). Well, sir?

DUPRÉ. I simply asked where you were. I don't want you. (*About to move L.*)

JACK (*stands in his way*). But I want you! I want you to listen carefully to what I have to say. In carrying these dispatches to General Grant I run the risk of being captured or shot. Should I be lucky enough to get through I mean to return, and when I do I want you to right the wrong you have done me.

DUPRÉ. What do you mean?

JACK. When you corroborated Brent's story four years ago you lied.

DUPRÉ. Take care, Captain Elliott!

JACK. You lied in order to degrade me in the eyes of Mrs. Preston. Your falsehood gained you nothing then; it will gain you nothing now or at any time, therefore I ask, will you confess the truth?

DUPRÉ. Pardon me, my time is limited. (*Tries to pass.*)

JACK. Answer my question.

DUPRÉ. Really, I had almost forgotten the circumstance.

JACK. Then take my advice: refresh your memory at the earliest opportunity. I will bear this disgrace no longer. In striking at my honor you robbed me of my life. When I return you shall vindicate me before the world or *your* life shall pay the forfeit. (*Points R.*) Go! (DUPRÉ EXITS R. U. JACK takes papers from pocket, looks at them.) All safe. Now for a couple of hours' sleep, and then a hard ride and a fast ride, with a "God-speed you and keep you" from Kate, my bonny Kate.

[EXIT *into house*.]

ENTER MICKEY and LARRY, R. U., *talking*.

LARRY (R.). Have you them wid ye? (LARRY *has gun*.)

MICKEY (L.). To be sure I have. (*Takes two cigars from pocket*.) The powder's there, an' I have it plugged.

LARRY. An' where did ye get them?

MICKEY. From who but that illigant lady Mrs. Preston. The saints presarve her.

LARRY (*looking at them*). Thim's the same the Colonel smokes?

MICKEY. The same.

LARRY. It's a shame intirely to throw one of thim away on the nagur.

MICKEY. It's the fun we'll have, bedad! The nagur will smell powder this time.

LARRY. An' where is he now?

MICKEY. Oh, he'll be around somewhere. (*Takes a piece of green ribbon from round his neck*.) Here's a piece of green ribbon I've kept this many a day. I'll tie a strip of it around the cigar that's loaded, and (*ties it*) I'll put thim both away, so that I'll take thim out quite natural. The nagur is getting that suspicious of me on account of the jokes I do be having wid him every wanst in a while.

LARRY. It's a mane trick ye played him yesterday.

MICKEY. An' this one will make it even. We'll walk down here a bit an' give the poor divil a smoke. (*Turns to EXIT R. U. LARRY sees some one.*)

LARRY. Halt! An' who goes there?

BINGO. Dat's me, Massa Lacy. Jes' you put down dat gun, sah, or I'll fly away, Massa Lacy.

LARRY. It's the nagur.

MICKEY. An' him a-goin' to fly. Come here, nagur. Sure, we wouldn't kill ye for the world. (ENTER BINGO, R. U.) Have ye a match? (MICKEY *takes out cigar*.) I think I'll take a smoke. Larry, me boy, will ye try a cigar?

LARRY. Thank ye kindly, Sergeant, an' I would, but I have palpitation of the jugular vein. An' sure, I'm on guard.

MICKEY. True for ye. Nagur, will ye smoke a cigar with a gintleman?

BINGO. Yes, sah. Dis yah cullud gintleman ain't got no flop-eration ob de jag on de ear in the brain. (MICKEY *goes to hand him a cigar, stops, looks puzzled, then at LARRY. BINGO is busy hunting for another match.*)

MICKEY (*aside*). Say, Larry, darlint, whisper! Which cigar did I put the ribbon on?

LARRY. Sure I know, for be the same token I was looking at ye, Mickey. Yez put the ribbon on—yez put the ribbon on—

MICKEY. Yes?

LARRY (*very confidentially*). Yez put it on—the other one

MICKEY. Yis? On this? (*Shows cigar with ribbon.*)

LARRY. An' no other.

MICKEY. But where's the powder?

LARRY. Sure, it's there.

MICKEY. But where?

LARRY. Underneath the green ribbon.

MICKEY. The divil fly away wid ye! Would I be after trying to blow up the Irish green?

LARRY. Niver wanst. 'Tis the one wid the strip on that's all right.

MICKEY. Here ye are, nagur. (*Hands him good cigar.*) Sure, it's the best of the two I'd be after giving ye.

LARRY. That same an' no other!

MICKEY. It's one of the Colonel's best. Light up. They're that mild a child could stand them.

[*Both strike matches. MICKEY holds his near cigar, but does not light it; watches BINGO light his, at the same time casting sly winks and glances at LARRY, finally lights his cigar, explodes pistol shot in wings, knocks MICKEY over. He picks himself up slowly. BINGO roars, turns himself around, laughs immoderately. LARRY tries to suppress laughter.*]

MICKEY (*to LARRY*). Is it laughing ye are? Ye'd laugh, I suppose, if the head wint off me shoulders.

LARRY. Sure, they're that mild a child could stand them.

BINGO. Him kick up Massa Sergeant.

MICKEY. It near burned the mouth off of me.

BINGO. Come along wid me, Massa Free. I give yoh some whiskey, sah.

MICKEY. Say, nagur, you're a great man. Lade on, McBingo, an' damned be he who first cries quit, by Jingo! (*Turns, winks at LARRY and nods head as if to come.*)

LARRY (*in a whisper*). Faith, I can't. I'm on guard.

MICKEY. That's so, an' it's too bad, but yez had a good laugh; yez had a good laugh on me, Larry.

LARRY (*calling after him*). Lave a drop in the bottle, Mickey, darlint. I'll be off guard in a while.

MICKEY. Take a drop out of yer gun there. Faith, it's a whole barrel ye have. Come, nagur, let's go find the lake in that bottle. [EXIT R. I *with* BINGO.]

LARRY. Bad luck to ye, Mickey, the devil a leak will there be whin ye get through. (*Turns R., walks.*) Ow-wow, I am that dry!
[EXIT, R. U.]

ENTER TEENA *mysteriously*. *Looks after sentry, then all around.*

TEENA. Mister Bingo! Mister Bingo! Where de debbil is dat fool niggah? He done gone an' make an assassination to meet me here at dis berry hour. (*Looks around, then down c.*) Dere ain't nobody around, but I feels kinder scared. (ENTER BINGO, R. U.) Dere ain't nobody safe dese days. Supposin' one ob dem rebellious rebels should come right heah an' creep right up behin' me (*meanwhile BINGO has crept up*) an' put his arms right aroun' me (BINGO *puts arms around her*), an'—put—his—arm—right—aroun'—me! (*Teeth chatter.*) Oh, Lawd, I'se a dead niggah, shuah! (*Faints in his arms.*) BINGO *grins, tries to hold her up, finally kisses her. She shakes right foot, he kisses her again. She shakes left foot, he kisses her again. She opens her eyes, looks at audience.*) Dat ain't no rebel. Dar ain't no rebel debbil goin' to kiss me like that. (*Sees BINGO.*) Foh de Lawd's sake, Mister Bingo, you done scared me out ob my lehen-teen senses!

BINGO. Here dey come, Miss Teena, more dan a thousand rebels.

[TEENA *screams and faints in his arms, but he does not kiss her. She pouts her lips, then jumps away from him.*

TEENA. Mister Bingo, you ain't got no more sense than a plantation mule.

BINGO. Get out here quick! Here am de sentry.

[*Hustles her off L. U. and is about to EXIT after her.*

ENTER MICKEY, R. 2.

MICKEY. Hold on there, nagur. Where's the other party?

BINGO (*innocently*). I'se all alone, Massa Free. I'se jes' examin' de moon.

MICKEY. Don't lie, now, or I'll blow the head off ye. (*Points revolver. BINGO dodges from side to side.*)

BINGO. I ain't tellin' no lies, Massa Free. I was jes' habin' a talk wid Miss Teena.

MICKEY. Well, it's good ye told me the truth. Get out of this, ye black devil. (*Prods him off L. 2.*) Bedad, the nagur's in luck. Petticoats are mighty scarce around here. [EXIT L. 2.]

The Prisoner of Andersonville

ENTER DUPRÉ and PRESTON, R. U.

CHARLEY (*crosses down L.*). I'll be damned if I want to take the chances for any money. If I were caught I should be shot without a doubt.

DUPRÉ (C.). But you won't be caught; the thing is impossible.

ENTER KATE, L. U.

KATE (*aside*). I thought they had passed on. (*Turns to go.*)

DUPRÉ. Now, listen. When I get the papers—

KATE (*stops, aside*). The papers! (*Listens.*)

DUPRÉ. I will give them to you. Have your horse ready, ride like the devil, and they will be in Johnston's hands before morning. (*KATE retires behind house.*)

CHARLEY. And suppose I am challenged by some of the men?

DUPRÉ. I have attended to that. This pass, signed by Colonel Verley, will see you through.

CHARLEY (*about to take pass, then draws back*). No, I guess I won't!

DUPRÉ. Don't be a fool, man. Those papers once in the hands of Johnston, your advancement is certain. It will be Colonel Preston inside a week.

CHARLEY. Colonel Preston. That sounds well. The temptation is strong, but it won't work, Dupré. I have given my word of honor not to escape and I will not break it.

DUPRÉ. Not even to save your country?

CHARLEY. There are some things a man of honor cannot do even to save his country. [EXIT, L. I.]

DUPRÉ. Getting particular as you grow older, eh? Well, needs must when the devil drives. Those papers shall go through if I have to take them myself. It's about time for me to quit, anyway.

ENTER MICKEY, L. 2. *Crosses to R. U.*

DUPRÉ. Oh, by the way, Sergeant Free!

MICKEY. Yes, sir. (*Salutes.*)

DUPRÉ. See that my horse is saddled and kept in waiting.

MICKEY (*salutes*). Yes, sir. (*Aside.*) An' while ye are at it I wish ye'd ride to the divil. [EXIT, R. U.]

DUPRÉ (*down R.*). So far, so good. The sentry is out of the way. Now for the papers. (*Turns up toward house, sees KATE, who has entered from behind house and now stands in front of door with arms outstretched.*)

DUPRÉ (*starts back*). Well, what are you doing here?

KATE. I am here to prevent you bringing further disgrace on the man I love.

DUPRÉ. Do you know what these papers are?

KATE. I know they contain important information from Lee to Johnston.

DUPRÉ. More. A thousand times more. If they fail to reach their original destination our cause is lost.

KATE (*sarcastically*). *Our* cause! (*Down a little.*)

DUPRÉ. Aye, *our* cause. Think you because I wear this coat my heart is with the North? I hate them all. I hate them because, jealous of our wealth and prosperity, envious of our cheap labor, they would crush us under the shallow pretence of benefitting the slaves. But *you*—have *you* forgotten that you are a Southern woman?

KATE. No. Nor have I forgotten the blight you cast upon an innocent man.

DUPRÉ. You mean that in your love for him you have forgotten your country's cause?

KATE. I mean that through you he bears a dishonored name, and while I can prevent it he shall not again suffer at your hands.

DUPRÉ. What if he were innocent of the charge? What if I could prove it?

KATE. You would not if you could.

DUPRÉ. I can and I will. Now let me pass. (*Moves as if to go.* KATE *rushes in front of door.*)

KATE. No! No! (DUPRÉ *takes her arm.*) Help!

DUPRÉ. Hush, you fool!

ENTER MICKEY.

MICKEY. Did you call, ma'am?

DUPRÉ (*aside*). I can and will prove his innocence. I swear it.

MICKEY. Did you call, ma'am?

KATE. I—I—no.

MICKEY. Oh, ye didn't?

KATE. No, Mickey, no!

MICKEY (*aside*). Oh, but ye did. Faith, if I only dared I would give him one thump that would send him to sleep till the war was over. [EXIT, R. 2.

DUPRÉ. Not a word.

[EXIT *through door*, L. KATE *looks after* MICKEY.

KATE. He doubted me. I could see it plainly. Yet what could I do? Everything depended on my answer. I had no time to think.

ENTER DUPRÉ.

DUPRÉ. I have them safe. To-morrow I will keep my word.
[EXIT, L. 2.]

KATE. To-morrow! What have I done? Jack will never forgive me. No, no! I did wrong to consent. He would not give up those papers to save his life. No, not even to redeem the past. I will call Dupré back. He shall restore them at once. (*Goes toward L. 2, turns back.*) No, he would not do it. It is too late. (*Thinks.*) It is *not* too late. I will awaken Captain Elliott. There is yet time to recover them. (*Taps at door.*) Mr. Elliott! Jack! It is I! (*JACK appears at door in shirt and pants.*)

JACK. Kate, you here? What is it?

KATE. Quick! The papers! The dispatches! They are gone!

JACK. Gone! No, I have them here.

KATE. They have been stolen, I tell you. (*He turns L.*) It is useless to look for them. Dupré has stolen them. I saw him take them.

JACK. My God! Why did you not awaken me?

KATE. Never mind why? There is no time for explanations. It is not too late to recover them.

JACK. I can recover them? Tell me—tell me how!

KATE. Dupré himself is to take them to the rebel camp. His horse is ready to bear him away.

JACK. He must pass this way to get it. See, even now he is coming. (*Pushes KATE aside.*)

ENTER DUPRÉ, L. 1, hurriedly. JACK steps forward, places hand on DUPRÉ'S shoulder. KATE EXITS, L. U.

DUPRÉ. Hands off! Who the devil are you?

JACK. Jack Elliott, and I want those papers!

DUPRÉ. I have no papers.

JACK (*resolutely*). Give me those papers!

DUPRÉ. I tell you, I have none. Stand aside! (*Makes as though to pass.* JACK takes him by the throat, forces him to his knees.)

JACK. The papers, you scoundrel. (*Chokes him.*)

DUPRÉ. Damn it—don't—choke—the life—out of me!

JACK. Those papers, I say!

DUPRÉ (L.). Let up and you shall have them. (*JACK takes papers as VERLEY and the rest enter L.*)

VERLEY (L. C.). What's all this about? The dispatches stolen?

JACK (R.). And the thief caught.

ENTER MICKEY, R. 2, and stands near PRESTON, R. PRESTON
down R.

VERLEY. Explain, my boy, explain.

JACK. Mrs. Preston will tell you all about it, Colonel Verley. All I know is, that hearing that this man had possession of the dispatches, I forcibly recovered them. (*Moves up stage, then down L.*)

VERLEY. Dupré, what does this mean? How came these documents in your possession? (*Pause.*) I am waiting, sir. (*No answer.*) You will not tell me?

KATE (R. C.). Then I will. They were stolen from Captain Elliott's room by Captain Dupré. I overheard him tempting my brother to bear them to the rebel camp.

VERLEY. Preston, is this true?

CHARLEY (R.). Well, I don't see what is to be gained by denying it. My sister speaks the truth.

DUPRÉ (L.). It's a lie! Damn you, take that!

[*Fires at PRESTON, who is near R. 1. ELLIOTT, who has got near DUPRÉ, knocks pistol aside as it explodes. MICKEY has been standing near PRESTON and a little above him, with his hand holding pipe in his mouth. As shot is fired pipe is seen to fly from his mouth and fall on stage. At the same time JACK takes revolver from DUPRÉ.*]

MICKEY. Bedad, there goes another finger! (*Counts fingers of right hand.*) One, two, three, four. Faith, it was only me pipe! It was only me pipe! (*Crosses and stands near DUPRÉ.*)

CHARLEY. You white-livered cur! Is that the way you treat a man because he refuses to break his word? Captain Elliott, you saved my life a moment ago, and even now I can in part repay you. Colonel Verley, I have to report the death of Lieutenant Brent, who was severely wounded yesterday. Before he died he placed in my hands a written confession. In the presence of two witnesses he swore that when he accused Captain Elliott of cheating at cards he lied, and that he was bribed to do his dirty work by a certain Victor Dupré.

KATE. I knew it, uncle. I told you so.

VERLEY. Yes, my dear, you saw through their little scheme, as I should have done if I had not been a thick-headed old donkey. (*BINGO roars and TEENA hits him a whack on back.*)

TEENA. Shet up yoh big fool mouf!

The Prisoner of Andersonville

VERLEY. Captain Dupré, retire to your quarters, sir, and consider yourself under arrest.

[EXIT DUPRÉ, L. I. *Salutes as he goes. Horse heard galloping, off R.*

MICKEY. There's some one coming in double-quick time. (*Looks off R. Horse effects gradually louder.*) Sure, everything seems to be coming in double-quick time. My head's that dizzy I don't know if I'm myself or the nagur. (*Horse stops, orderly rushes on with dispatches; or BINGO can run off and get them.*)

VERLEY (*takes dispatches from orderly, opens and reads quickly. To JACK.*) Give me the dispatches, sir, and remain with the woman you so nobly deserve.

JACK. It is my duty, sir, to carry them through, and I will yield that honor to no one.

VERLEY. My boy, it will not be necessary. This dispatch is from General Grant. General Lee has surrendered. It is God's will that the North and the South shall be one country now and for ever.

[Orchestra plays "The Star-Spangled Banner."

LARRY, UP R.

TEENA AND BINGO, C. BACK.

PRESTON and SALLY, DOWN R.

JACK and KATE, C. COL. VERLEY, L. C. MICKEY, L.

CURTAIN.

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HENRY HANSELL, a mechanic.....	<i>Leading juvenile man.</i>
ARISTOTLE THOMPkins, a friend of the Judge.....	<i>Walking gentleman.</i>
HORATIO SQUASH, another intimate friend.....	<i>Walking gentleman.</i>
HANS VON SANDT, the Judge's cook.....	<i>Character comedy.</i>
JULIUS, an ebony "spark".....	<i>Negro comedy.</i>
NEB, "who raises the wind".....	<i>Negro comedy.</i>
POLICEMAN.....	<i>Utility.</i>
LAURA BELL, the Judge's ward.....	<i>Leading juvenile lady.</i>
MRS. HANSELL, the mechanic's mother.....	<i>Walking lady.</i>
DOLLY, frisky and pert.....	<i>Soubrette.</i>
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