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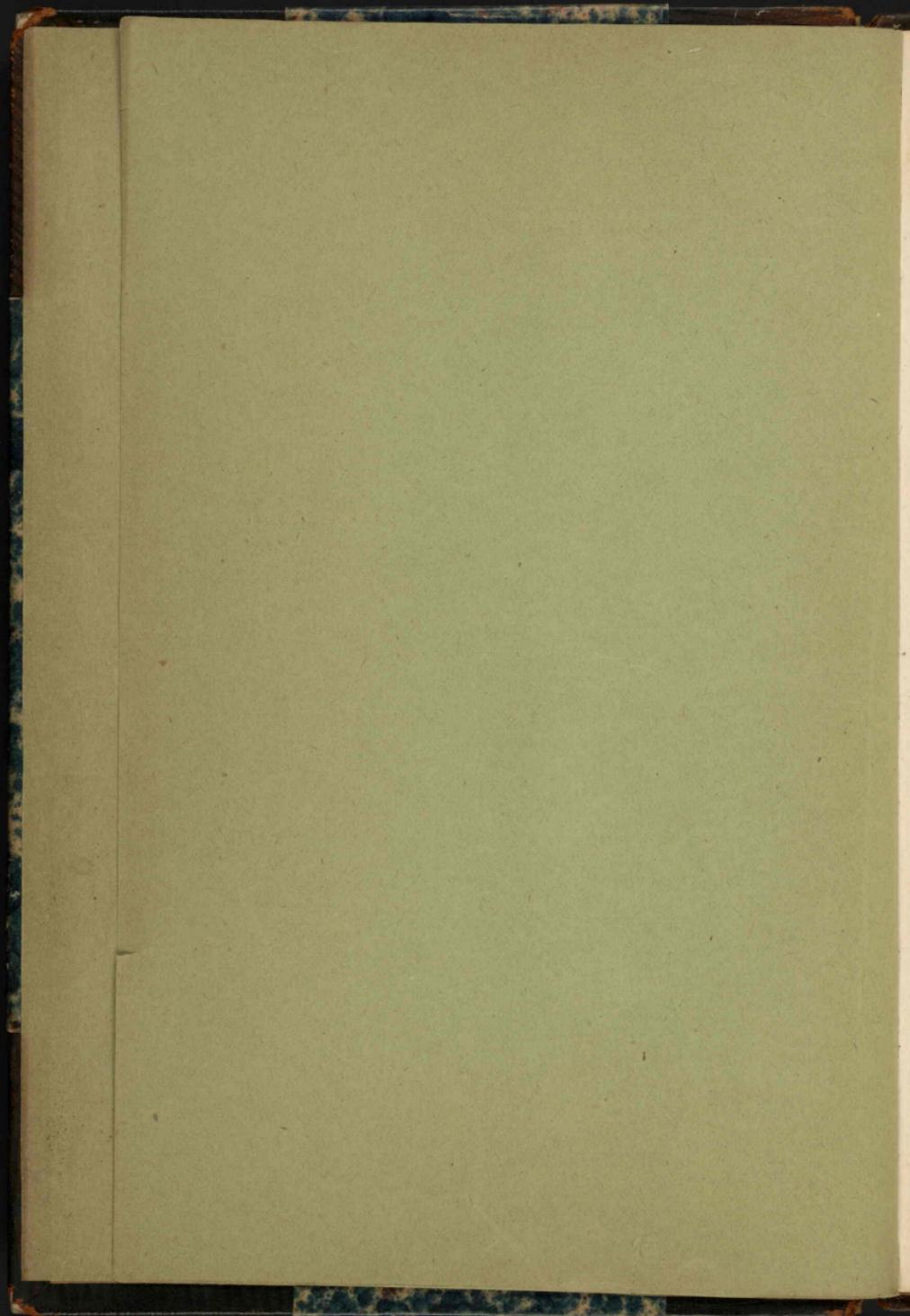
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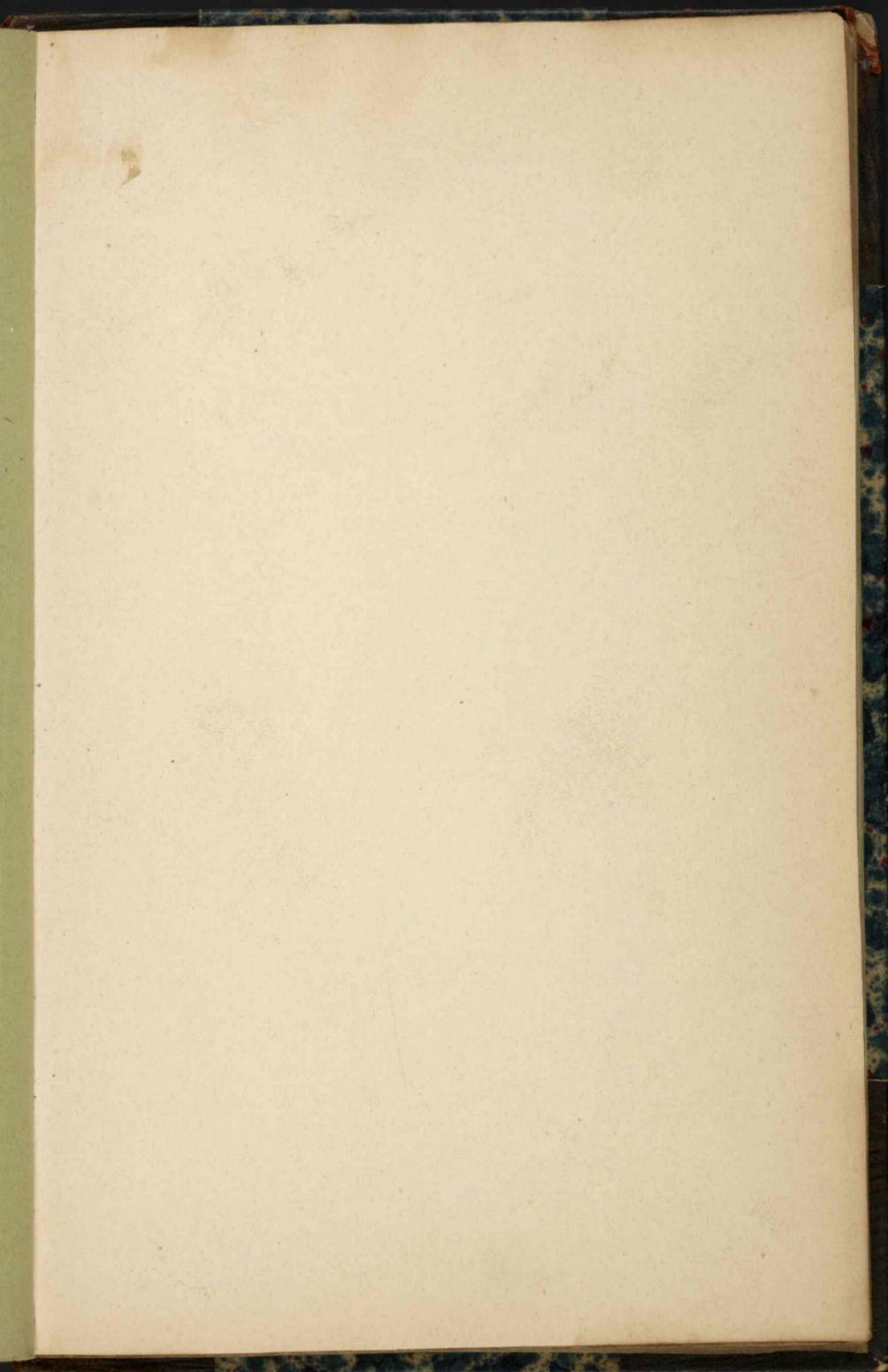
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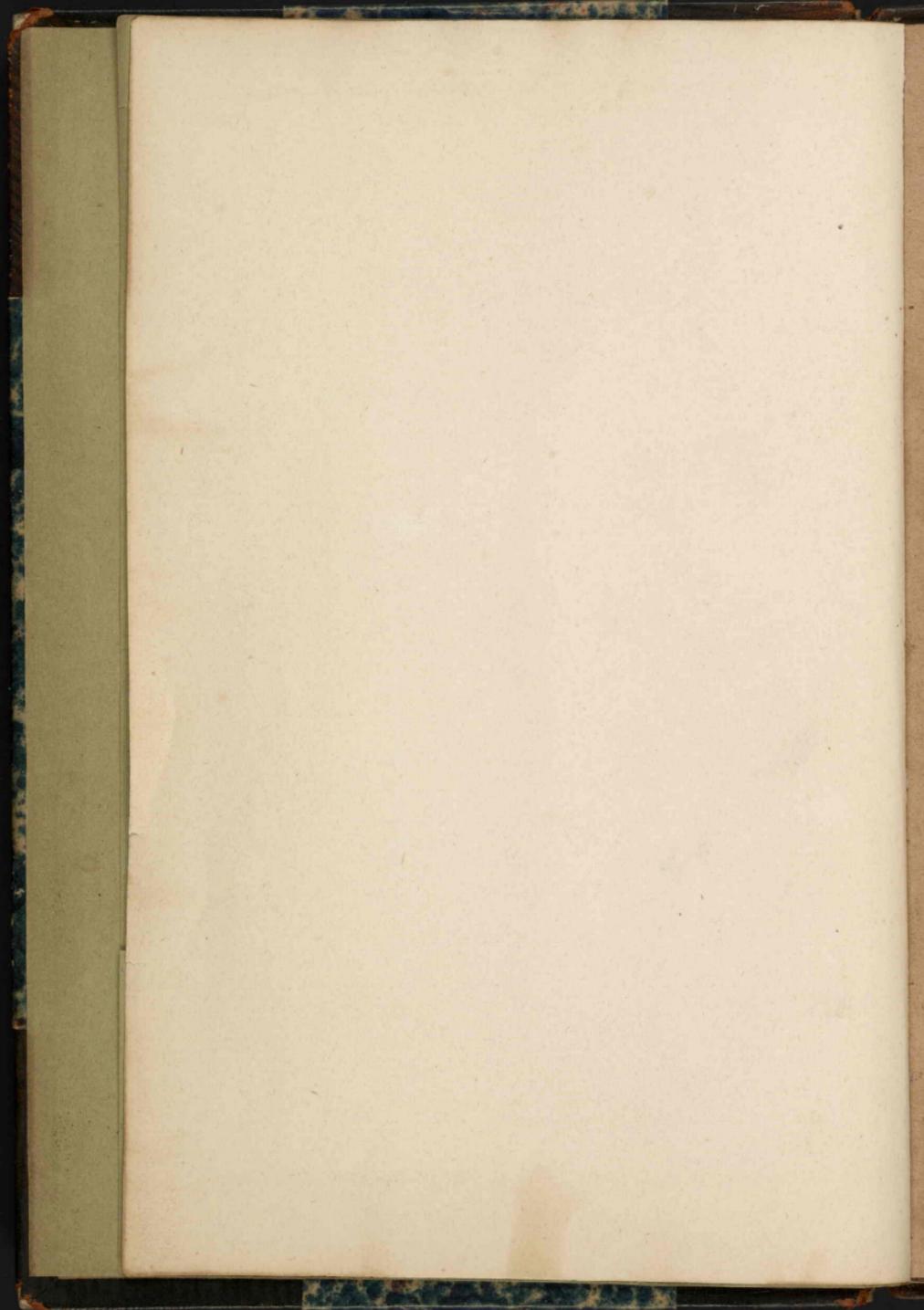
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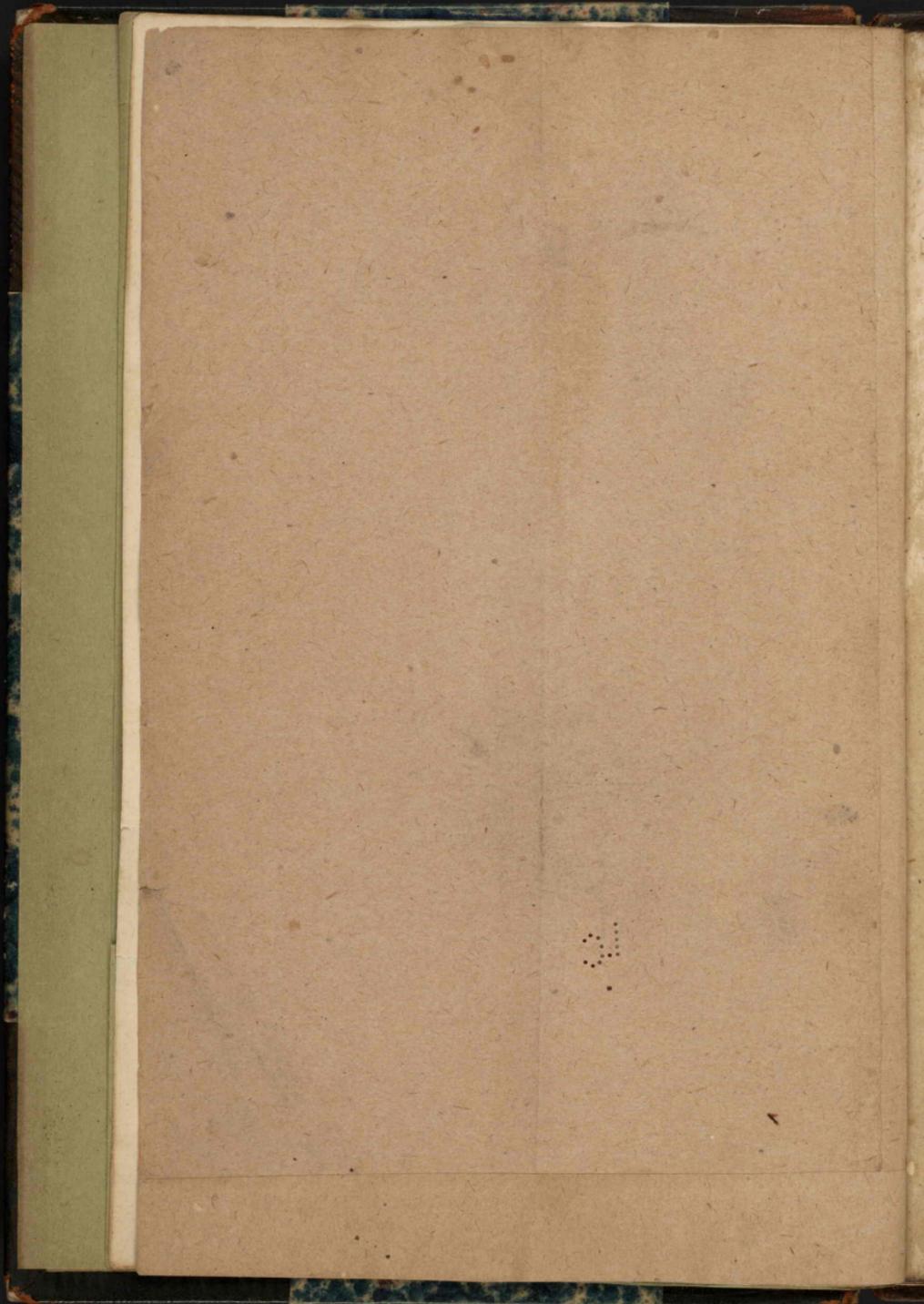
THE

ROYAL APE:

A DRAMATIC POEM.



RICHMOND:
WEST & JOHNSTON, NO. 145 MAIN STREET.
1863.



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William Russell Smith



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CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

MR. LINCOLN, *President of the United States.*
LIEUT. GEN. SCOTT, *Commander-in-Chief of Lincoln's Armies.*
MR. SEWARD, *Secretary of State United States.*
MR. GROW, *Speaker of the House of Representatives, U. S. Congress.*
MR. WILSON, *Senator from Massachusetts.*
MR. ELY, *Member of Congress from New York.*
ROBERT LINCOLN, *(a youth, son of the President.)*
CAPTAIN, (CONDUCTOR.)
GEN. BEAUREGARD.
GEN. BARTOW.
REBEL PRISONER.
SAMBO, } *Two Negroes.*
HERCULES, }
SENATORS, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS.

MRS. LINCOLN, *the President's Wife.*
KATE, } *Two inmates of the White House.*
KITTY, }
LADIES.

THE ROYAL APE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Washington City.*

Time—The night before the Battle of Manassas.

MRS. LINCOLN *and her son*, ROBERT.

MRS. L. Robert, my darling, pray where have you been?

ROBT. In fun, dear mother, chock up to my chin :
I visited the Capitol to-night,
And saw two western members have a fight ;
A real gouge ; one knock'd the other dumb ;
This, tho' he couldn't speak, bit t' other's thumb !
The members stood around upon their chairs ;
And many of them call'd each other, liars !
Bull-headed Lovejoy banter'd for a *butt*,
And old Thad. Stevens shook his cloven foot !

MRS. L. Oh ! scandalous ! and was your father there ?

ROBT. Of course he was—do n't he go every where ?

MRS. L. But what induced these men to show their spunk ?

ROBT. The truth is, mother, they were very drunk.

Anticipating a great victory,
 The Representatives got on a spree;
 And such a rumpus then was kick'd up there—
 The Springfield doggeries aint anywhere!

MRS. L. What's the state coming to? If this ca-
 rouse

Should get into the papers—that our House
 Got on a spree and fought like dogs and cats,
 'T will work advantage to the Democrats!

ROBT. Oh! never fear; on whiskey *they* are sound;
 They're always in when liquor goes around.

MRS. L. Well, tell me all about it: who got hurt?

ROBT. Bingham got lots of blood upon his shirt;
 Lean Hickman, in the scramble, got his nose
 Mash'd into jelly by some random blows;
 The Speaker, Grow, express'd his great surprise—
 (And tried to lighten up his tallow eyes,
 But failed in this) that any men should so
 Forget their dignity, and sink so low.

At that, some fellow, with a monstrous shout
 Cried: "Grow insults us, we must turn him out!"
 Then such a scene we had! The roaring sea,
 The dash of cataracts were mere mimicry
 To this eruption! Until DAD, at last,
 Rose in the scene, like some sky-piercing mast!
 His eyes so blazed, I thought they'd burn his face!
 When, pointing to the eagle on the mace,
 In thundering tones that shook the dome, he cried:
 "Dry up, dry up, ye slaves!" and so, they *dried!*
 Cromwell himself could not have done it better!
 It seem'd as if a universal fetter

Clamp'd every arm, while silence reigned supreme!
 Each look'd, as if awaken'd from a dream,
 He was rejoiced to see the phantoms gone!

MRS. L. Tell me, what follow'd next, my darling son?

ROBT. Then came the merriest scene of all, I think:
 They went with Mr. Grow, to get a drink!

MRS. L. So ends the matter: Robert, run up stairs
 And go to bed—be sure you say your prayers.

[Exit Robert.

I'll wait awhile for Lincoln: he's a *bird*,
 To quell these tempests at a single word!
 So all his actions do to greatness tend;
 He always plays the hero to the end!
 Happy Republic! Abram at the helm,
 Rebels and rebeldom we'll overwhelm. [Exit.

SCENE II. *Chambers in the White House.*

Enter ROBERT—*He raps at one of the chamber doors.*

Enter KITTY.

ROBT. Kitty, do n't lock your chamber door to-night;
 And just at 12 o'clock, put out the light:

KITTY. Oh! Prince, be careful!

ROBT. Never fear me, sweet;

I'll creep along upon my stocking feet!

I know the ropes, and I am up to *that*,

For I can walk much lighter than a cat.

Remember, just at 12: good bye till then.

Give me a kiss!

KITTY. Take six, or eight, or ten. [Exit.

ROBT. If I'm a PRINCE, I'll have a Prince's fare;
 And, in my four years' pryncedom, take my share—
 For when that's over, half the world will snob;—
 And I'll be nothing then, but simply—"Bob."

[Raps at the other chamber door.]

Enter KATE.

ROBT. Ah! Kate, my little witch; at one o'clock,
 Lower the gas; and, that I may not knock,
 Just leave the door ajar; remember, sweet,
 At one o'clock, precisely, we will meet.

-KATE. At one o'clock! 't will be an age till then:
 Why not at 12?

ROBT. Dad has n't yet come in;
 And he might stumble on us, in the rout;
 He is so very apt to be about.

KATE. Well, feed your little bird, before you go.

[Offering her mouth.

ROBT. I love to feed a pouting bird, you know.

[Kisses her with a ringing smack, and runs off.

Enter LINCOLN suddenly.

LIN. Ho! Kate, my gentle wench, what trick is this?

KATE. He smells a rat.

[Aside.

LIN.

I think I heard a kiss,

Or something very like it.

KATE.

'T was the blind,

It always shivers that way in the wind.

Listen! I hear it: do n't you hear it too?

LIN. Well, I believe it *was* the blind; I do.

But, Kate, (*approaches and talks low*) is Mrs. Lincoln
 gone to bed?

KATE. I'll run and see, sir.

LIN. Never mind—your tread
Might wake her. Kate, your eyes are very blue!
And blue eyes always pierce me through and through!
I had a dream of you!

KATE. A dream of me?
Ah! Mr. President, what flattery!

LIN. No flattery at all; I tell you, Kate,
The dream revealed that I had lost my mate,
And some how, or some *other* how, it seemed
That, out of Heaven, your face upon me beam'd!
Kate, could you love me? [*Takes her hand.*]

KATE. I already do.
There's nobody I love as well as you!
[*Lincoln kisses her hand.*]

I always name you when I say my prayers!
My father taught me to *revere gray hairs!*
[*Lincoln drops her hand and retires hastily.*]

He's very easy bluff'd! He takes a hint
Almost as easy as he takes a pint!
I should have teased him some! I wish I had:
But then how could I? He's the Prince's dad!
Ah! silly Kate, you've made a sad mistake;
You should have push'd your bark upon that lake!
He was in good time to make vows and pledges;
His watery lips ran over at the edges;
His eyes were lit with torches of desire,
And he had work'd his blood up into fire!
A little teasing would have saved, perhaps,
This royal engine from complete collapse.

But let this pass : if he 's like other men,
 He 'll certainly be after me again ;
 An old man 's love is ever on the wing :
 I 'll pet the Prince—the Queen may pet the King.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Washington City—Senator Wilson's
 Chamber.*

WILSON and ELY.

WILSON. So it is settled that the grand attack
 Comes off to-day.

ELY. The army sleeps in harness.
 Patterson is expected with his forces
 To join McDowell : but if he should fail,
 We shall be able still to whip the rebels.
 It is well ascertained, we have more troops,
 By three to one, than Beauregard. Should Johnston
 Baffle old Patterson, and bring his army
 To Bull Run, we have yet a double number.
 Should our advance be overthrown, we follow
 With fresh divisions. Scott is confident.
 The word is, "On to Richmond."

WILSON. We must be present to enjoy the sport.

[*Rings, and waiter enters.*]

'T is now past three o'clock, be ready, Robert,
 We leave at daylight.

ELY. The morning dawns,
 And I am all impatience to behold
 This coming conflict, and to take a spree
 In Richmond.

How many dozen baskets of champagne
 Did you send over? We should have abundance;
 For if we take a score of Generals,
 I'd show them how a prince in overthrow
 Should, by his conquerors, be entertained:
 I'd burn him up with sparkles of rich wine.

WILSON. I'd fill his guts with whiskey, strongly mixed
 With his own native turpentine.

ELY. Too savage, man, too savage.

WILSON. I drink no wine with rebels. I confess
 I do not like to hear you speak of it.
 The wine I sent is for more loyal lips:
 A grand carousal of the conquerors.
 McDowell is advised of our intent
 To dine with him to-day at his Head Quarters.

ELY. What is this?

[Inspecting Wilson's walking cane.]

WILSON. Simply an air-gun. 'T is the only weapon
 That goes with me to-day. It kills with whispers.
 See how it works: set up that piece of wood
 There in the grate.

*[Ely sets up the billet of wood in the grate. Wilson
 levels his cane; a noise, like the fall of a pistol
 hammer, is heard, and the wood falls out.]*

ELY. Oh! marvelous! most marvelous!
 It is completely shattered!

WILSON. Who knows, but, on this great eventful day,
 This may be useful, in the coming fray?

ELY. I do not go to kill or to be kill'd:
 My heels are all the weapons that I carry.
 I shall keep out of danger, in the rear.

WILSON. Then you'll see nothing, and in dust be covered.

ELY. Have you a good glass?

WILSON. Yes, a noble one—

It draws the moon down so that you can see
The pismires working.

ELY. There is the carriage, let's be off.

WILSON. I'll be with you directly. [*Exit Ely.*]

It is not that I love the slaves so well,
But, that I hate their masters. Insolent
And proud, they do assume all excellence,
Both for their persons and localities.
Their men are demi-gods, their women, angels;
Their slaves are better than the Northern poor man!
This is their haughty boast; and entertained
With such a strong belief, that it has fallen
Into a common maxim. These men talk
Sarcastical of Northern slavery;
And point, illustrating, to some poor girl,
Scrubbing the marble sills of an huge palace,
At three shillings a month. Fools, arrogant—
They little think what armies can be raised
Out of this pauper horde. Let Southern trade,
Which is their livelihood, be once withdrawn,
And every factory that shuts its doors
Turns out a regiment of armed soldiers;
For every man that drives a peg, or flings
A shuttle; every man that swings a carriage,
Will grow at once into a grenadier
To smite these fattening fools: even he that fixes,
With most ingenious mechanism, the fingers

That touch the musical pulses of the organ
 To minister to Southern luxury—
 All these will swarm in arms; hostility
 Will take the place of friendly intercourse,
 And this up-heaving of the Northern world
 Will overwhelm and desolate the homes
 Of these presuming braggarts.

They are learned!

They are all orators, and wits and poets!
 They deem the quick intemperance of blood,
 The flashing fires of genuine eloquence,
 To them peculiar, and denied to us
 Of the cold Northern clime! This plants a devil
 To stand forever betwixt me and them.
 I wonder if these Ciceros will fight
 Better than him of old in Cæsar's day?
 The hour is coming that will test their mettle,
 And I'll be near to see how matters settle. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *United States Senate.*

*Time—About daylight in the morning of the Battle of
 Manassas. Some Senators sleeping at the desks.*

1ST SENATOR. I do protest against the utterance
 Of counsels whose timidity should cause
 A manly cheek to burn with feverish blushes.
 Precautions such as these are but the plans
 Suggested by the over-heated brain
 Of Senators whose faith was never strong.
 Move from this holy chamber, never! never!
 To move one inch from this old Capitol,

Is the first fatal step towards a surrender.

No pillar in this edifice shall stand

Firmer than I.

2D SENATOR. Nor than I.

3D SENATOR. Nor than I.

4TH SENATOR. Nor than I.

[*Distant roar of cannon; sleeping Senators start up amazed.*]

5TH SENATOR. My thoughts are not of adamantine growth;

Nor do I feel the overwhelming power,

Or the sagacity, or yet the courage

Of the impetuous language of the Senator.

If you will feel the agitated pulse

Now of the gentleman, whose lofty tone

A moment since so moved some Senators,

You 'll find, perhaps, that he admits the force

Of that strong argument, a cannon's throat.

It is the part of wisdom, not of fear,

To save the archives of the Government.

And it may be important that the Senate

Should hold its meetings in some other place.

I'm not so much a Roman as to wait

In silence in the Forum, till the Gaul

With impious hand shall pluck me by the whiskers.

And I am not alone in this resolve.

I look around upon the vacant seats

Of many Senators. Where's Charley Sumner?

I venture he has gone to pack his trunks!

Where's that colossal intellect, his colleague,

Immortal Wilson with his rifle-stick?

That pillar of the state, the hope of Boston ;
 The pride and boast of hoary Massachusetts,
 Fitly the occupant of Webster's boots !
 And where is Tom Thumb Wade—Oh tell me, where !
 I do not mean by any means to hint
 That they have shirked their duty ; but they have
 The instincts of a Puritan sagacity.

6TH SENATOR. I do entreat the Senate to observe
 A decent fortitude. Can we believe
 Aught but success will crown our enterprises ?
 Gentlemen show a needless apprehension
 When they suppose the archives of the state
 Are not completely safe. The iron wheels
 Of many hundred cars have groaned already
 Beneath the transportation. There is little
 Left of the government in Washington,
 Except its personelle : a carpet bag
 Is not a great incumbrance. Let us wait
 To learn the issue of the impending battle ;
 Sure, if defeated, there is ample time,
 For each and all to make a safe retreat.

1ST SENATOR. I am not, as the Senator supposes,
 Changed in my sentiments, or from my thoughts
 Turned in the least by that strong argument,
 The cannon's throat, which seems to move the joints
 Of his great knees, to judge him by his quaking.
 This imputation, from so foul a source,
 I only use to hurl back in his teeth :
 The Senator may breakfast on his vomit !

[Great sensation in the Senate.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT (*in the Chair*).

Order! such utterances ill befit
 So grave a body in so grave a time.
 Now, when rebellion lifts its radiant arm,
 And with satanic insolence so threatens
 The holy precincts of the Capitol;
 Now, when the enemy united bring
 Their concentrated forces towards our gates,
 Such wrath, which tends to dread extremities,
 Instead of being wasted on each other,
 Should be directed 'gainst the common foe.

1ST SENATOR. The Senate will reflect how insolently
 The Senator provoked me.

5TH SENATOR. I recall
 What I too late perceive is misconstrued.
 I did not mean, sir, to offend my *friend*.
 If in the hurry of debate I uttered
 Aught that is thought to bear a touch unkind,
 It should be charged to the intemperance
 Of these disjointed times.

1ST SENATOR. As it becomes me,
 I do accept this prompt apology;
 And cheerfully recall th' unpleasant phrases,
 I used here in the presence of the Senate.
 But the great question of this solemn hour,
 To which th' attention of this noble Senate
 At once should be directed—has been slurr'd,
 Nay, overslaughed, for things of lesser import.
 The question for the Senate to decide,
 Is; whether, when these rebel chiefs are taken,
 To them be meted out a traitor's doom,

Or whether, as mere prisoners of war,
 They be permitted to remain alive,
 To crowd our prisons and help breed a famine?

2D SENATOR. That's the question. I go in for hanging.

3D SENATOR. By all means, there must be a general hanging.

4TH SENATOR. To hanging I incline, as high as Haman!

5TH SENATOR. 'Tis better to beware who builds the gallows;

The builders have been known to swing thereon!

I am opposed to these extreme resolves.

There be such things as double-edged swords,

And this is one. The fortunes of a war,

If history speaks truly, are uncertain.

To-day the battle may decide for us,

And victory may mount his crimson car,

And roll triumphant through the ranks of death.

To-morrow may present another scene,

When routed armies, banners torn, rent squadrons,

Scattered battalions, batteries dismantled,

And generals led to Richmond, may appall

The hardest Senators! Put off this question.

If these grave Senators are bent on fun,

The theatres and circuses are open;

Bring Haman on the stage, John Rogers to the stake,

But have no real hangings, for Abe Lincoln's sake!

1ST SENATOR. There's treason in the Senate, rank as hell!

2D SENATOR. Ranker than hell—as rank as sour
crout!

There's treason in the Senate—turn him out.

[*Amidst great consternation, the 5th Senator is arrested by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the scene closes.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The White House.*

MRS. LINCOLN and ROBERT.

MRS. L. Robert, my gentle hoosier, where's your
“dad,”

When last I saw him he was wondrous sad.

He roll'd and tumbled in the bed all night,

And kick'd the cover off with all his might.

He never was in such a fix before;

Not even when full of buckeye, running o'er.

He called on Seward in his sleep, and Chase,

And murmured something of a “*lost, lost, race.*”

And rising up in bed—he look'd so tall!

Cried, “Bob, you-rascal, bring your father's maul!”

I caught him by the shirt and pull'd him down,

And ask'd him if he wish'd to raise the town?

At that, he rush'd all furious through the hall,

And cried, “*A maul, my kingdom for a maul!*”

ROBT. The old man's mad! I thought as much just now!

There's something awful hanging on his brow;
 A tempest seems to gather in his head!
 The hollow earth gives answer to his tread!
 He makes long speeches to himself—will stare
 Like tragic actors when they pull their hair;
 He shakes like Mr. Forrest when he sees
 A ghost, and has a weakness in his knees!
 He saws the air as Hamlet's player did,
 And rolls his tongue as if he lack'd a quid;
 Then pauses and looks down upon the ground,
 As if he listened to some far off sound,
 Or heard the thunders of the earth below;
 Then stamps his foot, as if to crush a foe!
 These melancholy signs proclaim his fate:
 He could not bear the burthens of the state.
 No Hercules is nigh to help him tote
 The mortal load. Is Stanton worth a groat?
 Old Scott, himself, is quiet as a lamb,
 And pale Bill Seward isn't worth a d—.

MRS. L. Ah! Bob, my son, I cannot think it so,
 Your father's greatness just begins to show;
 'T is genius with the exigence in glow!
 Not crazed, ah! no, that never shall be writ;
 I tell you, Bob, your dad's a man of grit.
 At Springfield when the Gipsej women came,
 And read my hand, they traced long lines to fame;
 Before the fire of Heaven had lit your eyes;
 Before I felt the gladness of surprise

That cheer'd my heart and fill'd my soul with joy
 To be the mother of so bright a boy ;
 Even then it was foretold, in mystic phrase,
 That Lincoln's star should culminate and blaze,
 A beacon fire where history's torch should be
 Lit with great records for posterity !

ROBT. Well, ma, it may be so ; I hope it is ;
 You know that dad has always been a quiz ;
 These antics, let us hope, are only jokes ;
 Mahomet fainted just to gull the folks ;
 And men, I reckon, who are meant to be
 Great leaders, must be clothed in mystery ;
 And these strange starts and unexplained things,
 Are but the utterings and visitings
 Of some Egerias of the grove, some elves
 Who do not condescend to show themselves,
 When wandering from their mystical abodes,
 To any but the favored of the Gods !

Mrs. L. My son, thy bright discourse delights mine
 ear ;
 Thy classic future through thy lips appear !
 Thy budding genius now begins to shine ;
 The learned links will lengthen out the line
 Of Lincoln's lineage, whose ancestral tree
 Shall toss its branches o'er posterity .
 Go to thy books, read deep and make a scholar ;
 Here, buy some candy with this green back dollar !

[Exit Robert.]

Now what a quaint and gentle use he makes
 Of these fine thoughts ! I'll give another ball

In honor of his teacher! Did he say,
 "Mahomet fainted just to gull the folks."
 An apt comparison! Mahomet faints,
 And therefore Lincoln has a right to rave!
 And these strange starts and wild ejaculations
 Which so disturb me, simply are the answers
 That favored mortals are allowed to give
 Responsive to Egerian revelations! [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Green-Room in the White House.*

LINCOLN (*solus*). I saw the glittering columns in their
 march,
 And felt an honest pride in the display;
 While, in the murmurs and confused sounds
 That came up from the marshal'd multitude,
 I recognized too well the mingled jest
 And merry laugh of men unused to war.
 Resolves on victory or death are solemn,
 And nurse themselves in silent meditation.
 I do not like this merriment; it tells
 Of shallow half resolves; betrays impatience,
 An empty eagerness to win the fight,
 Anticipating victory as of course.
 I cannot, for my soul, disperse the clouds
 That hang these walls with gloomy apprehensions;
 For well I know the stubbornness of will,
 The soul of adamant, the iron nerve
 In which this rebel host is panoplied.
 And yet, why should I doubt? The measured tread
 Of those long columns, with this grand array

Of gleaming banners and of glistening steel,
 Courting the eye of the delighted sun
 With scénes so gorgeous and magnificent,
 Fixes assurance that the art of war
 This day will mark the map of discipline,
 With triumphs yet unknown to veterans! [*Pauses.*
 If I believed in dreams!

But what are dreams?

Not revelations of the future—rather
 The forms fantastic of the buried past;
 Mere panoramic phantoms, memoried
 Out of the half-forgotten—imps, in shadows,
 Intended to delight the innocent,
 And fright the wicked in their enterprises:
 Yet, if I did believe in dreams!

Enter GEN. SCOTT (abruptly).

SCOTT. Bring me a Bible! let me take the oath!
 The times are fitting such solemnities:
 My soul, expanding with the exigence,
 Rises in grandeur, and I feel the growth
 Of its immense proportions!

[*Looking towards Lincoln.*

Abraham!

Not the first patriarch of thy name alone
 Shall be immortal; thou shalt share with him
 A patriarch's heritage.

Lift thou thine eyes:
 Turn towards the "Sunny South!" Behold the land
 Far stretching from the smooth Potomac's bed,
 Over the mountains to the rugged shores
 Of murky Louisiana, where the zone

The pet and idol of posterity,
 With few achievements of his own; he lives,
 The radiant centre of a golden age!
 I tell you Abram, you are fortunate!
 The Fates will crowd you with their priceless honors;
 For accidents may fashion a colossus
 Even out of Lincoln!

LIN. This is no time,
 Immortal man, to play the harlequin.
 If Nero fiddled while his empire blazed,
 I do not choose to follow his example.
 Amid the solemn grandeur of this hour,
 When death makes ready for its carnival;
 Now, when the distant cannon shakes the vales,
 And rocks the towering mountains in its thunder,
 It ill befits the chief to play the jester.
 If honors come, let him who wins them wear them;
 You shall have yours: and if *disasters come*,
Let him who brings them be responsible
To me and to the country for his failure!

SCOTT. I gladly take responsibility.
 The country will be satisfied to-night.
 Better appointed legions never marched,
 And they will act the part of veterans.

LIN. This may be true, and still may come disaster.
 I am not hopeful, and I fear defeat.

SCOTT. Defeat! was ever Scott defeated?

LIN. In person, never—but you are not there;
 Your absence may be cause of a defeat.

SCOTT. You know my deep anxiety to be there.
 Ev'n now, if you consent, I gladly go.

The sun is not yet risen : I will travel
Fleet as his beams if you vouchsafe permission.

LIN. It is determined best that you remain.

We cannot risk the loss of such a man

Now, in our great emergence.

One thing, I do confess, annoys me much,

And in all candor, I will tell it you :

In the unbroken round of your successes,

'T is understood that, in your plans, you never

Stoop to provide for a *Retreat*. Your orders,

For which you are renowned throughout the world,

Furnish but plans for an advancing army,

Assuming the achievement of success.

The "On to Richmond," General, may not be

As easy as the "On to Mexico."

Fantastic Santa Anna's gaudy legions,

Firing the golden crest of Cerro Gordo,

Were Lilliputians ; those are Brobdignags—

Those men that crowd the gorges of Manassas !

SCOTT. Well said ! a critic should be classical !

Both Gulliver and Xenophon are quoted !

A rebel could not muster softer phrases

To lard a speech with—or sublimer fancies !

LINCOLN (*in a rage*). Old man ! you do presume upon
my patience.

SCOTT (*shaking his feathers*). Young man ! you do pre-
sume upon my science !

Enter the President's Private Secretary.

SECRETARY. The Senate still continues its long ses-
sion,

And a Committee waits your Excellency.

[*Exit.*

LINCOLN. We will not part in anger, General Scott.
 I do recall whatever I have said
 Offensive. You have all my confidence.
 And if my speech appear disconsolate,
 I owe it to the temper of my mind,
 Which is bewildered and o'ershadowed
 With undefined but powerful misgivings.
 To tell the truth, I had a *dream* last night!
 And such a dream!

SCOTT. Pray do not tell it me!

LINCOLN. No, I will keep these curious fancies hid—
 But still, there may be something in a dream! [*Exit.*]

SCOTT. Send out the heralds! let the army know
 That Lincoln's had a *dream*! [*Pauses.*]

I am not, as I should be—I am not
 The real chief, but simply secondary
 To Lincoln and his crusty Cabinet:
 Men of mere figures; polishers of tropes;
 Smoothers of sentences and rhetoric rounders.
 Seward's a pedant—a slim pedagogue,
 Gifted with patience and the art of teaching.
 Chase, a compounder of his interest,
 Doth reckon well enough to save his money;
 But let the marble of the Treasury
 On which he builds his columns, be as thick
 As the deep-rooted Alleghany, still 't will crack
 Beneath the mighty weight.

If I were given
 To hunting phrases of description,
 To characterize the Secretary of War,
 A fortnight's diligence would but supply

A single word, more lengthy in its meaning
Than in its letters:

Idiot!

Its echo breathes a solemn symphony,
Wound in the hollow of an empty skull!

[*After a pause.*]

No, no; I am not chief: if I were so,
I might concentrate all my energies,
And plant with a solidity of purpose
That, in a matter of such magnitude
As war, is reckon'd, of itself, success!
This purpose, being frittered by division,
Loses its strength, betrays the pithy timber
Wherein the wedges of the enemy
May rive the very heart of enterprise.
Am I not, like a straggling autumn cloud,
When winter screams from far as he advances,
Driven about by the diurnal blasts
Of raving politicians? All my plans
Are freely criticized; half finished diagrams
Are ventilated by the morning winds
That fan the paper sails of every mail craft.

[*After a pause.*]

I should not laugh at Lincoln for his dream!
The chaste Calphurnia dreamed, and warned her lord,
The noble Cæsar, of impending evil:
A world was lost when he declined to yield!
Brutus had visions in his battle tent,
Beclouding his immortal intellect;
Touching the pulse of confidence, and shaking
The startled nerves of faltering resolution!

So the inebriate Sardanapalus
Beheld the finger of th' invisible God
Tracing his fate!

At Babylon, 't is said,
The mighty Alexander so forgot
That he was Jupiter's immediate son,
As to have dreams presaging the decay
Of all his glories—mountains did spring up,
Piercing the sky, 'twixt him and Macedon!
I am, myself, beset with strange misgivings:
Should I lay off the cover of my mind,
The thick disguises of my inmost thoughts,
It would betray my weakness to mankind:
For I have felt a growing excrescence
About my throat, as if despair had planted
A polypus to herald suffocation!

[*After a pause.*

O! if I had a country, as I once had!
But I have *now* no country! And my eyes
Do strain their nerves to find a spot of earth
Which I could call my home! My native State,
Where I did hope to lay my weary body,
After this lengthened travel, will deny
Proximity 'twixt me and Washington!
Mountains will sunder us; no summer sighs
Through sweet Potomac's lucid throat will breathe
A requiem for me!

[*Roar of distant cannon heard.*

Still I am caged!

That voice betrays me, for I should be nearer—
That, in the loss of victory, I might find

A grave where I most covet one!

[*Cannon still roars.*

Again!

Patience, my heart! impatiently I teach
Thy pulses patience!

'T is in man alone

That nature thus compounds her contradictions.

Enter the President's Private Secretary.

SECRETARY. The last despatch proclaims the enemy
Gives ground, but stubbornly; that we advance
As steadily upon him!

SCOTT. Should this hold
Till noon, we will be victors, if my plans
Are not abandoned.

Let the lightning tell
McDowell to adhere to *every line*
And letter of the plan!

The plan and VICTORY. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Lincoln and Senate's Committee.*

1ST COMMITTEE MAN. We cannot, Mr. President, but
feel

A deep solicitude in the events
Of this important day. The Senate, earnestly,
Bearing most bravely (you will pardon me)
Its burthens and responsibilities,
Begs of your Excellence to let them know
What are your plans if any accident
Of serious import should befall our army?

LIN. 'T is wisdom to provide beforehand, friends,

For such calamities as war entails.
 I sent the archives, deeming it expedient;
 Some days ago, to Philadelphia;
 Not apprehending the necessity
 Of moving thither with the Government,
 But to secure, beyond contingency
 And possible destruction, the state papers.
 I do not think we'll have to run for safety.
 'T is thought impossible that any thing
 Should create the extreme emergency
 Of sudden flight. The total overthrow
 Of our great army in the fight impending,
 Would leave us ample force to guard the city.

1ST COM. MAN. Congress might well adopt a resolution,

Giving the President authority,
 If it should be expedient, to cause
 That body to assemble at such place
 As he might designate, in case the enemy
 Should occupy the present Capitol.

2D COM. MAN. I like not that; 't is true, to legislate
 Under the frowning guns of a besieger,
 Amid the tempest and continuous roar
 Of battle, would not be agreeable;
 But yet I would not move the Government,
 Nor stir an inch until enforced to go.
 The Gauls, within the Capitol of Rome
 Were yet unable to drive out the Romans,
 Who in the citadel maintained a foothold.

LIN. The rebels are not Gauls, nor are we Romans;
 We are but common people—so God help us!

Was it the Senate held the citadel?
 Not so. A few old dotards, patiently
 Folded their arms and perished in the Forum.
 It was the *military* held the citadel!
 Let no man entertain the dastard thought
 Of giving up this city to the rebels.
 But we may well contemplate in advance,
 That some emergency may render it
 Important yet to move the Government—
 For legislators are not meant for war;
 Are not expected to go out to battle:
 It is their duty to keep out of danger.
 You gentlemen have little else to do
 But to provide the money and the men!
 These are the mighty ligaments of war:
 Provide them in abundance—falter not
 And leave the rest to me and General Scott.
 And I assure you, here, before you go,
 That I will put my foot down on the foe!

[*Exeunt* Committee.]

A state of war is one of despotism.
 There should be, to control it, but one will,
 And that must be unframmel'd. Tyranny,
 Brutal, remorseless tyranny is needful
 To bring successes. If we fail to-day,
 I'll charge it all to babbling Senators;
 And henceforth I will be myself the star
 And centre of this desolating war.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. ROBERT, KITTY and KATE.

KITTY. The Prince declares that he is going out
To see the battle!

KATE. What's the boy about?
He must not think of doing such a thing;
I'll tell his mother. [Kitty and Robert whisper.

What's that whispering?
I do believe he is a double dealer! [Aside.

ROBT. 'Tis nothing, but a slight coquettish feeler!
I only thought to make you jealous, Kate.
But I'm resolved to go, in spite of fate!
If I should fall in battle, fighting, then
The girl I love can look up other men!

KITTY. The girl *you* love? I wonder who she is?

KATE. *He* love! The boy is certainly turned quiz!

KITTY. Too young, my Prince! to love without a
beard! [Feels Robert's chin.

Of such absurdity, who ever heard!

[Robert sings a war song.

KITTY. Now, Robert, do you really mean to go?

ROBT. Yes; I'm resolved, because you teaze me so.

KATE. Robert, sweet Prince, you play a serious joke;
For if you leave me, then my heart is broke!

[Aside to Robert.

ROBT. What will you give me if I stay?

[Aside to Kate.

KATE. Your will!

ROBT. I'm only teasing, Kate. I stay.

[Aside to Kate.

KITTY. 'T will kill
His mother, if he carries his design.
Run, Kate, and tell her, while I lock him in.

[*Aside to Kate. Exit Kate. Kitty sings a love song.*]

ROBT. Ah! silly girl; and did you really think
That I could quit this fountain, where I drink
Such draughts of nectar, even for an hour,
And risk the loss of this Elysian bower?
No; let the bloody minded seek the wars:
No God delights them, but the rampant Mars;
My deity the gentle Cupid is:
He dips his arrows in the sea of bliss;
Concentrates beauty on his shining spear,
And lays his victims on a rosy bier.

KITTY. The Indian wife is cheerful brought to death;
And winds around her brow the flaming wreath,
Content to follow where her lord may lead,
T' explore the untrodden regions of the dead;
Searching the garden of eternal joys
Where life ne'er sickens and where love ne'er cloys;
So I prefer the death that lives again;
And if I die, by Cupid's arrow slain,
'T is but a momentary loss of breath:
I live again to court the exquisite death.

[*Robert embraces her.*]

Enter MRS. LINCOLN suddenly.

MRS. L. Bob Lincoln!

ROBT. Madam!

MRS. L. What are you about?

ROBT. I ran against a post, and hurt my snout!

[*Putting his handkerchief to his nose.*]

KITTY. And I was trying to get the splinter out!

MRS. L. Ah! is my darling hurt? Come hither, son.
Go, get the camphor, Kitty—bring it—run! [*Exit Kitty.*]

[*Inspecting Robert's nose.*]

I do n't see any blood! no, not a bit!

ROBT. It bled a gallon, mother, but it's quit!

MRS. L. (*Examining Robert's nose critically.*)

You little knave! you've told a whopping lie!

ROBT. (*After hesitating.*)

Well, I own up! 't is useless to deny!

MRS. L. Now, Bob, where *did* you learn such tricks
as these?

ROBT. They come upon us, mother, by degrees;
To doat upon a pretty pair of eyes
Is just as natural as eating pies!
So mother, do not rail, nor scold, nor scoff—
When lips are touch'd with fire, they must go off!

[*Robert offers to embrace his mother, who after putting a little, receives him.*]

MRS. L. Well, I forgive you, Bob; but promise this:
That you will go no further than a kiss.

ROBT. If there is anything beyond a kiss,
'T were best I should not know it, for I fear
My curiosity would urge me on
Through many dangers in pursuit of it.
Since you extort a promise, I'm excited
To fever heat to see what lies beyond.
A kiss! it is Elysium's boundary!

Mother, I thought it was the jumping off place!

MRS. L. The devil, bigger than a buffalo
Is in the boy.

[*Aside.*

Come, Robert, let's go in. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Battle Field—Soldiers in line of battle—
distant cannon and musketry.*

BEAUREGARD. Gallant Virginians! your arms, to-day,
Will crowd the records of the Old Dominion
With great historic deeds. Your names shall be
Themes for the songs of poets. Every rill
And valley shall be vocal with your praise;
For classic Greece, with all her battle fields—
Plataea, Leuctra, Mantinea—here
Beholds a sister worthy to be twin
With her in glory. As the Persian horde
Found a Thermopylae, yon impious foe
Finds a Manassas, here amid the gorges
Of these grand mountains; these, the hunting grounds
Of your own Washington who sleeps hard-by,
Within the cannon's roar of this great battle.
Now, let your souls be stirr'd with the belief
That he is present, overlooking you!
Your own Virginia Johnston points the way;
Your own Virginia Jackson leads you on!

The spirits of your slaughtered friends that lie
 Around you, from their spouting wounds,
 Cry out in tones of thunder! do you hear them?
 On, then, to glory or a hero's grave!
 Let him be laggard who would live a slave!

[Exit, soldiers following.]

SCENE II.

Enter GENERAL BARTOW, leading Regiment.

BARTOW. One other charge, ye gallant Georgians,
 One other charge! ho! who will follow Bartow?
 I have it in a pledge prophetic,
 That this great day is ours!

Let the dead
 Distract not! in a comrade slain, behold
 The seed of vengeance! Here the dragon's teeth
 Are broadcast sown; fresh armies will spring up,
 Strong from the carnage of this bloody field!

[Seizes a standard.]

Lo!

Where swings the eagle with the streaming stars,
 So proudly o'er yon flashing battery!
 There, shall this emblem of a new-born State,
 Fresh in its virgin beauty, float this day!
 On! follow me, ye noble Georgians!

[Exit, bearing standard, soldiers following with acclamations.]

SCENE III. *Another part of the Battle Field—Alabama
Regiment in line of battle.*

BEAUREGARD. Now, Alabamians, for your country
strike!

In saving her, you build but for yourselves
A foot-stool and foundation for your fame.
'T is in the memory of great events
That history finds existence—glowing records,
That give immortal life to death itself;
For who dies well in battle lives forever!
Who lives, will be the darling of his country.
The school boy, in his play grounds, that to-day
Tosses his ball while you pour out your blood,
In after years, when you return again,
Will stand up with his cap off when he hears:
*“ There goes the man that fought so well that day,
In the great gorge, Manassas, where we piled
The Yankees into ridges! there he goes!”*
The crowds about will ask to see your scars;
Will honor the deformities that swords
And bullets make on brave and daring men;
An absent arm will be the badge of glory!
Who has a sister, let him now reflect,
That in her quiet home, where cottage comforts
In vain do strive to make up for his absence,
She ever thinks and ever prays for him:
At morning, when the sun comes o'er the hills;
At evening, when the night hangs out her lamps;
At midnight, when the solemn moon bewails,

In tones articulate to fancy's ear,
 Her maiden solitude—she prays for him !
 Who has a mother, let him know that she
 Has ever on her lips the syllables
 That spell his name ! and, in her christian heart,
 The image that she cradled in her brain
 Before he knew existence ! That she sees
 His manly stride upon the battle field ;
 And murmurs to herself—the Spartan dame—
 “ *The boy will do his duty, nor return
 Without his share of glory.*” Will you blast
 That mother's hopeful dream ? Who has a wife,
 But in his visits, in his nightly dreams,
 Beholds her in her holy offices,
 Tending his little darlings in their wants,
 And promising (how often earnestly)
 “ *That on some morning, should they wake by times,
 They'll see their father from the wars returned !*”
 And can he fail to note their little eyes
 Bubbling with sparkles of a fond delight ?
 That home ! that wife ! those children ! shall they be
 Made desolate by this invading horde ?
 On ! with your banner ! climb yon steel-clad height :
 Let him who falters find eternal night.

[*Exit, soldiers following.*]

SCENE IV. *Battle Field—Soldiers moving through are halted.*

COLONEL. Here comes the General, noble Beauregard:
Greet him as he deserves when he approaches;
For never lived a purer gentleman,
Nor fought a braver soldier.

He dismounts!
And quits his horse! look out for sharp work now,
He will be leader in the next grand charge.

Enter BEAUREGARD, amid acclamations.

BEAUREGARD. Cheer ye, my braves! ye have great
cause to cheer!

I bring you glorious tidings: Kirby Smith
Leads a fresh column! On the enemy
He flings his thunderbolts. From yonder hill
I saw their heavy ranks disjointed reel
Like shivering reeds before the dark tornado.
Ring out your shouts, yet louder! lift your caps!
Lo! the brave President! now greet him lustily!

[DAVIS appears in the distance, on a white horse, with
hat in hand, bowing deliberately to the soldiers
amid great acclamations.

He comes to share a common grave with you,
Or join his shouts with yours for victory!
Now, if you need to nerve your stubborn souls
For one decisive charge, be ready—ho!
And follow where I lead. [*Exit, soldiers following.*]

SCENE V. *Distant view of the Battle Field.*ELY and WILSON, *observing with glass.*

WILSON. The fight goes bravely on. We've driven them,
And drive them still; but they are stubborn devils!

[*Observing.*]

See there, how they attempt repeatedly
To take yon battery!

Now we mow them down!

They falter! lo! they form again! [*Observing.*]

Look there!

By Jove, a brave one! far in the advance
Of his battalion! bearing a banner!
Now for a centre shot!

[*Observing.*]

There, there! that brought him!

The devils now roll backward in confusion!

[*Observing.*]

A General slain!

See how the sorrow spreads,

Assuming all the features of dismay! [*Listening.*]

In the subsiding shout of the acclaim

That went up in that charge, you may observe
The feeble mutterings of deep consternation,
Subdued but general!

[*Ely points the glass in a different direction.*]

ELY. Yonder begins another fight! long lines
Of seemingly fresh troops are pressing forward!

[*Listening.*]

D' ye hear that rebel shout ! It may be, Johnston,
Eluding Patterson, has just come up !

[*Seems dismayed.*]

Lo ! the horizon swarms with men and banners !
And yonder comes a lusty cavalier,
Spurring like death was after him ! Go hail him !
And bring the tidings. I will tarry here.

[*Exit Wilson.*]

Enter guard of Federals, with one Confederate prisoner.

PRISONER. If it takes ten of you, brave gentlemen,
To guard one prisoner, I pray you, now,
Do me a little fresh arithmetic :
How many will it take to conquer us ?
And, in the mean time, that your calculations
May not be jostled by impatience,
I do assure you I am not as dangerous
As your imaginations make me.

OFFICER. Fellow, we do not wish to harm you, still
It may be better that you hold your tongue,
And not provoke us.

PRISONER. Oh ! I'll not provoke you.
Is it provoking, sir, to cast up figures ?
Ten tens one hundred make, and ten of these
A thousand ; ten of these, ten thousand—so
You see 't will take ten thousand of your men,
To guard one thousand rebels without arms !

GUARD. (*Touching prisoner with bayonet*)
Hold your infernal rebel tongue, or die !

PRISONER. To die, is my vocation, slave ! to die
Is the bright resolution that inspires
The souls of yon great army. Every man

Pack'd up his knapsack for a march to death ;
Resolving, in his heart, to crowd the highway,
Each with a dozen ghosts to wait on him !

ELY (*coming up*).

No violence, my friends ; the laws of war
Protect a prisoner from injury
Of person and from insult. This brave man
Is an American, and speaks a hero ! [*To Prisoner.*
Pray, friend, for I am not your enemy,
What General was it fell in the last charge
On yonder battery.

PRISONER. The favorite son
Of Carolina—the intrepid Bee ;
A man so fashioned that all excellence
Was centred in him. If you saw him fall,
You must have noted how he bore himself.

ELY. And what fresh troops are those that crown you
hill ?

PRISONER. That is the army that whipp'd Patterson,
And scattered all his forces, yesterday !

Re-enter WILSON.

ELY (*To Wilson*). It is reported by this prisoner
That Patterson has been demolished !
That these fresh troops are Johnston's army, buoyant
With victory !

WILSON. That courier reports
That Johnston is the chief commander here !
That Davis has arrived and takes the field !
His presence fires the army with fresh courage !

ELY. By Jove, things look a little squally, Wilson.

We are non-combatants, you know, and may,
Without disgrace, retire out of danger.

WILSON. I do not like the looks of things just now.

[Trying his glass.

Our men seem falling back in thousands!

[Listening.

Lo! by the Gods, a living hurricane
Rushes this way! What can this mean?

[Listening.

The devil take the hindmost—I am off!

[Exit, running.

ELY. And so am I. Ho! Wilson—not so fast!
He must have fleet heels not to be the last.

[Exit, running.

OFFICER OF GUARD. Pray gentlemen, do n't leave us!
What can this mean? I thought we had them whipp'd!

PRISONER. You'll never have them whipp'd!

*[Seizes a musket from one of the Guard and knocks
him down—the others, after some show of fight—
discharging one or two muskets at the prisoner,
run off.*

There is a battle worth a chronicler!
Ten routed and one slain! This fellow's dead!
Cleft by his own false musket through the head!
Ah! who comes here? Those regimentals show
A Colonel. I will take him prisoner!
He seems to be haranguing as he runs!
A mighty valiant fellow he, no doubt.

[Retires behind a tree.

Enter Federal Colonel, much exhausted.

COLONEL. Where is my regiment of ragamuffins?

Ah! where's my *reputation*? Gone to hell!
 And if I had the spirit of an ass,
 I would go after it! [Examines himself.]

I'll not despair;
 I am as whole as I could wish to be;
 And yet, I wish I had a little wound,
 Just deep enough to bring the surface blood;
 For then I could fall down to be pick'd up;
 And so create a general sympathy
 To swallow my discomfiture! A thought!
 I have a thought for this emergency;
 A trick of the imagination:
 I'll cut a gash! a terribly deep gash,
 Being very careful not to break the skull,
 Over my temple, and then go to bed,
 Amongst these leaves, and sleep till some one find me!
 I wonder if the rascals saw me run?
 But wherefore the disgrace in *me* to run,
 When all the army, with an emulation
 Truly sublime, tried to out-run itself?

[After a pause.]

Seasons there are in war as well as peace;
 And after the fatigues of such a battle,
 Ajax himself, and even Menelaus,
 Would not have scorned a little recreation:
 For these old heroes, if there's faith in Homer,
 Were fond of wrestling, boxing, gambling, running!
 Did not great Hector from Achilles run?
 Even Mars himself did fly from Diomedé!

[After a pause.]

If I had time and leisure, I could plan

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[*Examines himself.*

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[*After a pause.*

If I had time and leisure, I could plan

[*Colonel gives up his sword, unbuckles his belt, and hands the scabbard.*

COL. Here—a man without a blade
Has very little use for leather!

REBEL. This is the way to our camps—march.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *In the Woods.*

WILSON (*solus*). Ely has tak'n a tree; i cannot climb;
And yet I feel that I should hide myself;
For every copse is full of shouting rebels,
And every hedge conceals a battery!

[*Senator Wilson is encountered by a negro in grotesque Confederate uniform.*

SAMBO. Stand, Yankee (*presenting bayonet*), stand!
Who are you? What you do here? Put down dat
stick; down with it! You am dis darkee's prisoner.
S'render at screshun, or I'll blow you clean away to Bos-
ting!

WILSON. I surrender. I am not fighting. You see
I've no gun.

SAMBO. Gim me dat stick. It looks like witchcraft!
Gim me here, hoss.

[*Wilson gives up his air-gun.*

SAMBO. Now, shed! shed—and do it quick, too.

WILSON. I do n't understand you!

SAMBO. You do n't understand dis darkee! Dat is as
mush as to say dat dis nigger do n't spleak splain widout
splatterin! I say, *shed!*

[*Colonel gives up his sword, unbuckles his belt, and hands the scabbard.*

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aint proud: and nobody won't know you down thar! Dese pants ob mine 'll do *you*; they're just as good as you'll need in the 'bacco factory where you'll hab to take up your lodgins.

[*As Senator Wilson begins to unbutton his suspenders, another negro enters, with his gun aimed upwards into a tree.*]

HERCULES. I say, kune, come down out'n dar! Dis nigger is Kurnel Scott! Now, if you do n't want to come down a lumbering like a bar with his gizzard hurt, you'd better slide: just greeze your claws and come along down, or dis 'll bring you.

ELY. (*From the tree.*)

I'm coming—do n't shoot.

[*Climbs down.*]

WILSON. Well, Ely, this *is* a fix. You reckon they 'll give you any champagne in Richmond?

HERC. Do you srender at screshun? Take dem hands out'n dem pockets. (*Seizing Ely and turning him around.*) What you fumblin in dar fur? What *you* doin in dese diggins any how? Where's your milintary close? Aint you got no straps? Where's you sword? Aint you a Capting? (*Feels Ely's clothes.*) Dem's mighty fine pants. *Do-skin!* Silk coat! White gloves! Kip boots! Oh golly! I reckon you come down to a ball, did n't you?

ELY. My good man, I am no soldier. I did not come here to fight—merely to look on. I am no enemy. I have n't got even a pocket knife.

HERC. I'm dam sorry for dat, for I want one, *bad*: but you've got a pocket "*picce*;" haul *her* out. Hand *her* over! (*Ely gives up his watch.*) That's docile;

aint proud: and nobody won't know you down thar! Dese pants ob mine 'll do *you*; they're just as good as you'll need in the 'bacco factory where you'll hab to take up your lodgins.

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WILSON. Well, Ely, this *is* a fix. You reckon they 'll give you any champagne in Richmond?

HERC. Do you srender at screshun? Take dem hands out'n dem pockets. (*Seizing Ely and turning him around.*) What you fumblin in dar fur? What *you* doin in dese diggins any how? Where's your military close? Aint you got no straps? Where's you sword? Aint you a Capting? (*Feels Ely's clothes.*) Dem's mighty fine pants. *Do-skin!* Silk coat! White gloves! Kip boots! Oh golly! I reckon you come down to a ball, did n't you?

ELY. My good man, I am no soldier. I did not come here to fight—merely to look on. I am no enemy. I have n't got even a pocket knife.

HERC. I'm dam sorry for dat, for I want one, *bad*: but you've got a pocket "*piece*;" haul *her* out. Hand *her* over! (*Ely gives up his watch.*) That's docile;

only to see the battle, I reckon you 'll let me go, wont you?

HERC. Well, I blieve I will; but for fear somebody might hurt you, I'll go along with you. Yonder 's the way; just turn your nose whar you smell powder! March!

[Exit, Ely marching in advance towards the Confederate Camps.]

SAMBO. Now, Boss, you aint got off dem pants yit! I blieve you may wear 'em till we git to camp. Follow your friend, the shoemaker (*pointing towards Hercules and Ely*). March.

[The negro, not being on his guard, Wilson seizes his air-gun and levels it at him; the snap is heard, and Sambo falls as if stunned.]

WILSON. So, my rich jewel of a walking stick! Thy use is shown at last! How carefully For years I've carried thee! No talisman In Eastern story, no magician's wand, Was ever clung to so religiously As thou hast been by me! and lo, my angel! Thou didst but softly whisper death to come; He came, without alarum, trump or drum. Farewell, thou sable visitant of night: So perish all the South, both black and white!

[As Wilson is about to run off, Sambo revives, and with a tremendous flounder, springs over and catches Wilson by the heels and throws him; Sambo and Wilson have a terrible struggle; finally Sambo triumphs, gets Wilson down, with

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Robert, go bring the list ; I want to know
 Who dine with us to-day ; I'm in a glow
 Of patriotic fervor ; sweat profuse
 Rolls out, all over me, at this great news.
 Is Mr. Seward coming ?

ROBT. He is come •
 Already, strutting in the long East room ;
 And talking big as thunder, as if he
 Had any hand in this great victory.

MRS. L. Is Schuyler Colfax coming ? Mr. Grow ?

ROBT. Galusha never fails to come, you know,
 The hippopotamus, Lovejoy, is blowing
 Like forty porpoises ; old Scott is crowing
 Loud as Alectryon when, in his sight,
 Great Phœbus butted daylight out of night !
 The Green Room's full ; the whiskey room is fuller ;
 But dad's as cold as marble, and much duller !

MRS. L. I must go drive this lethargy away ;
 Abe Lincoln, son, was never very gay ;
 His head's too big for light and transient things,
 And his imagination's lost its wings.
 His very wit is dry, and though it makes
 All others laugh, *his* boots it never shakes.

ROBT. He did n't use to be so very sad
 At Springfield ; I have known him laugh, when glad,
 Riproariously, as if convulsions shook him,
 Or any very funny story took him.

MRS. L. But ah ! how different now are our affairs !
 A King, you know, my son, has double cares ;
 The weight of thirty millions on his head,
 Would surely crush a common mortal, dead !

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And he could make a sweeter moon, by far,
 Than ever show'd her bosom to a star;
 His rills were limpid rills, and clear of slime;
 And his apostrophes were all sublime!
 His lilies were as white as virgin snow;
 And when his *dove* coo'd, *love* knew where to go;
 Not Pope himself could better fix the rhyme,
 Or smoothlier mix the metre and the time.
 His roses were more perfect in their blushes
 Than real roses upon real bushes.
 But Lincoln found that this would never pay;
 And so he put his poetry away;
 Disdaining a pursuit that always fails,
 He snubb'd the Muse, and took to *splitting rails*.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The Green Room. Guests assembling for dinner.*

Mr. and Mrs. LINCOLN receiving.

MR. GROW (*to Mrs. Lincoln*). I do congratulate the President

On this great day's success. Down goes Rebellion
 At one dread swoop, and with it, slavery.
 Thus my predictions all have come to pass,
 For I and Wade foreshadowed these events.
 I knew that one grand fight would settle them.
 When throats are cannon and big words are bullets,
 These rebels are successful warriors:
 But when it comes to fighting—*they are nowhere!*

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He said, to see the *fire-works*. The dear child
Is such a baby, and delights in those
Small sports that pleased him in his infancy.

1ST LADY. Oh! such grand preparations! every house
Upon the Avenue to be lighted up.

2D LADY. And Schuyler Colfax is to make a speech!

1ST LADY. At Willard's, there's to be a midnight Hop,
Which you *must* honor with your charming presence.
Now, Mr. Lincoln—Mr. President,

I think you might afford to dance to-night;
Lay down your gravity for once, and let
The world have Cæsar for a single hour.

MR. L. Well, I will dance if you will honor me.
In Salem, when I kept a grocery,
They used to think me *some* upon the puncheons.

MRS. L. (*nudging her lord*).

Nay, do not speak of dirty Salem thus:
There are some memories were better dead. [*Aside.*]

MR. L. I *am* a very boy again. I'll cut
Such antics as the satyrs would delight in.
Here's the great chief—our matchless General:
He seems as if he thought of Lundy's Lane!

GEN. SCOTT. War makes us old, indeed, beyond our
years;

A battle lost will wrinkle a young cheek;
But victory rejuvenates like wine.
This morning I had aches all over me,
But now I am as supple as a twig.
I'll dance with Mrs. Lincoln!

MRS. L. That's agreed!
And now to dinner; General, take the lead.

[*Exeunt in couples, Gen. Scott leading Mrs. L.*]

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[*Exeunt in couples, Gen. Scott leading Mrs. L.*]

Hold—there is some one reading now.

3D CIT. (*reading*). The day
Has gone against us!

4TH CIT. Oh, hell!

3D CIT. (*reading*). Our whole army routed,
And hurrying in confusion towards the river!

[*Groans in the crowd.*]

The prisoners we took have been recaptured;
All our best batteries are lost; McDowell
'T is feared is prisoner! Cameron is dead!

1ST CIT. Now, if I dared to shout, I'd fill the skies

[*Aside.*]

With such an acclamation as would shake
The grey foundations of the Alleghany,
To tell the glorious Southron that great hearts
Here in the Capital beat hard with his!
Great heart! 't were better I said coward heart,
For *great* hearts check not their great impulses.
And I *will* shout, although an hundred guns
Be leveled at me! "Hip, hurrah! hurrah!
Jeff. Davis and the South for ever."

3D CIT. Treason, ho! seize the traitor! down with
him.

1ST CIT. Ye minions of oppression, I defy ye!
Before the dawning of another day,
The thunder of these Southern guns, whose throats
Tho' from afar, have kept you all day trembling,
Will make your bones ache, all of you that dare
To stay to hear it.

[*Enter throng of fugitive soldiers.*]

Lo! these fugitives!

OFFICER. It is an order sent me from Head Quarters.

[*Exeunt soldiers.*]

CIT. So consternation and timidity

Meet and shake hands in earnest! Oh! my country!

(*The crowd disperses.*)

SCENE IV. *Seward's Chamber.*

SEWARD and WAITER.

SEWARD. Bid the conductor come to me at once—

Tell him that Seward wants him. [*Exit Waiter.*]

The milky way is not more thick with stars

Than mine with troubles that embarrass me.

The surface of affairs is beautiful,

But all beyond is light ineffable,

Than darkness more bewildering.

This day

Is heavier to the State than that to Rome

When the swarth Carthaginian overthrew

Varro, with eighty thousand Roman knights;

The best appointed army of an age,

Whose art, whose only business, was in war!

[*Looks from the window.*]

How the streets swarm with flying stragglers! See

The coward ruffians, how they crowd about

The portals in the thronged Avenue,

Each in great haste to publish his disgrace;

To babble of the Rout, and boast of fleetness!

• VOICE WITHIN. The enemy approaches!

SEWARD. Can this be!

[*Rings, and Waiter enters.*]

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You told me once, when you supposed yourself
 Under an obligation, that in times
 Of some emergence, you would favor me.
 I do not like to ask of gratitude
 Its holy debt, and feel some hesitation
 In making my request; but circumstances,
 To which the great and small must yield, demand
 Imperatively, that your cars remain,
 For my convenience, and the State's, if need be.

COND. I thank my fortune that the day is come
 When I can serve you. My impatient heart,
 Not burthened by its load of gratitude,
 But full of sweet resolves to recompense
 The countless favors you have showered upon me,
 Will feel relief in this discharge of duty.
 You know, however, the despotic sway
 Of military rule which now controls
 The road. A meagre sentinel supplants
 The poor conductor, and my power subsides
 Into obedience. Those awful words,
 "HEAD QUARTERS," knock me up: yet I *have* power
 Which, by the risk of danger and arrest,
 I may exert; and nothing shall deter me
 In its hold exercise, if you command.

SEWARD. Then it is understood—reserve a train,
 Until the hour of 12 o'clock, to-night;
 So that if necessary for my safety,
 I may have your assistance in my flight.
 The consequences settle on my head.

CONDUCTOR. I'll have it as you wish—till 12 o'clock;
 And judging from the bustling in the streets,

You told me once, when you supposed yourself
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 And judging from the bustling in the streets,

It must be so ; old Scott is in a rage ;
 They've got McDowell in an iron cage—
 Where Tamerlane put Bajazet, you know—
 They take him " On to Richmond," for a show:

MRS. L. I'm glad they have n't got your father so.

ROBT. The news was, that we whipp'd them all the
 while,

And drove the rascals back full many a mile,
 Took many prisoners ; ten thousand slew,
 And that the balance huddled up and flew.
 But, all at once they say the mountain rose,
 And threw up half a million of fresh foes !
 Jeff. Davis, on a horse as big as three
 Huge elephants—as tall as any tree,
 And white as snow, with lightning on his mane,
 His nostrils two great Ætnas, belching flames,
 Tail smoking like Vesuvius—took the field—
 Pray, what could any mortal do, but yield !
 This is not all : dear mother, do not scream.

MRS. L. (*Abstractedly.*)

I might have known it—Lincoln had a dream !

Go on, my son, I'm patient, you observe ;

Nothing can jostle Mrs. Lincoln's nerve.

I feel my soul indued with power divine.

ROBT. I'm glad you bear it like a heroine.

The enemy's two hundred thousand horse

Approach the river !

MRS. L. Can they get across ?

ROBT. Not without swimming: the long bridge is
 fired !

MRS. L. Sure, after such a ride, they'll be too tired

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ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Green Room in the White House.*

LIN. (*solus*). I, that was sev'n feet high, am suddenly
 Shrunk into seven inches; and my body,
 In its vast littleness, doth drag my soul down
 To its own dwarf'd proportions—for I fear,
 That if I should perceive an enemy,
 Armed with a straw, did he but glare on me,
 I would be driven to crawl into a crevice,
 Or hide me in a cupboard.

Now I feel
 As did the Persian monarch on his throne,
 That overlook'd immortal Salamis,
 When his great wilderness of ships went down,
 Gorging the surfeited sea, and making
 Out of its time a flood in the vast ocean.

[*After a pause.*]

This day, that we so confidently hoped
 Would be the end of the Rebellion,
 Is the beginning of the deadliest strife
 That ever mark'd the animosities
 Of those God-imaged monsters we call men.

Enter GEN. SCOTT.

SCOTT. Oh! what a coward slave am I! too weak!
 I knew I was not ready; and this knowledge
 Should have been monitor: I was too weak
 To build my thoughts up into resolutions
 Not to be shaken by the public clamor!
 And thus I suffer for my lack of courage.

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I had that title once, when I led *armies!*
 And the name General suited excellently,
 Because the men about me *then* were heroes.
 With such materials as follow'd me
 Over the flame-clad hills of Mexico,
 I could have planted, on the icy domes
 Of cold St. Petersburgh, my country's eagle!

LIN. You but abuse your dearest friends:

SCOTT. They are
 No friends of mine! I here cast off such friends!
 He is no friend that withers all my laurels
 With the sirocco of his coward breath!
 And robs me in an hour of the renown
 Of a long life of victory!

LIN. You take this much too grievously.

SCOTT. Renown!
 Thou cozening wench! with what abandonment
 I worship'd thee! with what idolatry
 I wrapp'd the mantle of thy fascinations
 About my captivated heart! So strives
 Th' insatiate bridegroom, in his honeymoon,
 To make it run perpetual: dull fool,
 Not dreaming that his over-greediness
 Is there to cheat him!

LIN. You may be justified.

SCOTT. Oblivion has no room for huge disgraces
 Such as this is. But history will tell,
 I brought an empire to my native country:
 On that I am content to rest my fame.
 Now let me, like the immortal Thracian,
 Who, tho' he made his monarch rich in kingdoms,

I had that title once, when I led *armies!*
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MRS. L. Robert, I am afraid the gods will take
 A liking to you for your genius sake ;
 An early epitaph will tell of thee :
 This youth, o'ercharged with wit, died suddenly.
 Out on your learning : Robert, run and see
 If that Conductor means to come to me.
 He promised he would be a steadfast friend,
 If I my little influence would lend
 To help him on occasions of his need ;
 And now I want a trusty friend indeed.
 Run, Bob ; you see I'm trying, all my might
 To pack the bags—we must be off to-night.
 Your father's duds are out of place, and strewn
 All over the whole house ; his slippers gone !
 And some infernal wretch, some thieving chap,
 Has robb'd the bureau of that *old Scotch cap*.

[*Exit Robert.*]

Enter CONDUCTOR.

Now, good Conductor, we are in a pickle !
 The house is topsy-turvy ; fortune's fickle :
 I'm sweating like a porpoise.

COND.

So I see.

MRS. L. Now, will you keep the cars for Abe and me ?
 You will not leave us ? Are the rebels coming ?

COND. They are, or I mistake that distant drumming.

MRS. L. You see we're packing up, with all our
 powers ;

The girls are hunting Abram's shirts and drawers ;
 I've call'd the washerwoman, instantly
 To bring the things in, whether wet or dry.

COND. "I thank my fortune that the day is come

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For many days I was in a state of uncertainty, till I solved the problem and turned the wavering equilibrium by a most practical test; for in order to be satisfied whether or not I was Galusha A. Grow, I *bit my finger*. Thus I was resolved. And once again I “do remember me,” as Shakspeare somewhere philosophically says; when I was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, it again came into my head that I was not Galusha A. Grow; for when I stood for the first time in my ante-room, and measured myself in front of my tall mirror, it did seem impossible that I could be Galusha A. Grow, and so again—I *bit my finger*. And again I was resolved. Let me see again? On these several occasions I wanted to be Galusha A. Grow—and so I *bit my finger* with an affirmative hope! Now I don't want to be Galusha A. Grow, and so, if I bite again, it will be with a negative hope. Let's see; if it hurts, I am Galusha; if it don't hurt, I am not Galusha. I am afraid to test the experiment—for last night, in my dreams, remembering that I had made a most notable speech against Rebeldom, I thought I saw that furious South Carolinian, Lawrence M. Keitt, and that he made at me for *another* fight! If my stomach failed me, it must be charged to the fact—that *this time* he had me on his own dunghill!

Enter CONDUCTOR.

Ah! Captain, you are the very man above all the world that I'd rather see! Now things look squally, decidedly.

CAPT. Yes—one-sidedly.

GROW. I'm packed, you see; but don't want to have the appearance of running; that would n't be respectable.

For many days I was in a state of uncertainty, till I solved the problem and turned the wavering equilibrium by a most practical test; for in order to be satisfied whether or not I was Galusha A. Grow, I *bit my finger*. Thus I was resolved. And once again I “do remember me,” as Shakspeare somewhere philosophically says; when I was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, it again came into my head that I was not Galusha A. Grow; for when I stood for the first time in my ante-room, and measured myself in front of my tall mirror, it did seem impossible that I could be Galusha A. Grow, and so again—I *bit my finger*. And again I was resolved. Let me see again? On these several occasions I wanted to be Galusha A. Grow—and so I *bit my finger* with an affirmative hope! Now I don’t want to be Galusha A. Grow, and so, if I bite again, it will be with a negative hope. Let’s see; if it hurts, I am Galusha; if it do n’t hurt, I am not Galusha. I am afraid to test the experiment—for last night, in my dreams, remembering that I had made a most notable speech against Rebeldom, I thought I saw that furious South Carolinian, Lawrence M. Keitt, and that he made at me for *another* fight! If my stomach failed me, it must be charged to the fact—that *this time* he had me on his own dunghill!

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ing comes they greatly prefer the smell of a steam pipe and the snort of an engine to the sulphurous breath and obstreperous lungs of a cannon. *Exit.*

SCENE IV. *In the White House.*

MR. and MRS. LINCOLN.

LIN. Bring up my manuscripts ; they must be saved ;
These children of the brain I would have near me ;
I would not trust them to an iron safe
Out of my reach ; bring up my manuscripts.

[Exit Mrs. L.]

If history should damn me as a failure,
And write me down a tyrant on its pages,
So that the curses of posterity
Shall animate all coming generations,
On seeing the name of Lincoln, these soft lines
May link me with some gentler memories ;
And plead, that, Lincoln, being out of place,
Was not himself ; as Cicero in war,
And grand Demosthenes, in errant spheres,
Left not such blotches as to blink their glories.

Re-enter MRS. LINCOLN with bundles of manuscript.

MRS. L. I have them here, assorted and tied up
In blue and red ; thrice copied, many of them ;
For you should know how dearly I have prized them,
Seeing that I was the inspiring Muse.

LIN. Let's see ; hast labeled ?

MRS. L. Every one is marked.

LIN. This bundle, bigger than a giant's head,
And tied in blue, what is it ?

[Reads.]

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LIN. This bundle, bigger than a giant's head,
And tied in blue, what is it? *[Reads.*

These pantaloons,
 These *Boston ventilators*, rich in stripes,
 May serve you for a change!

[*Exhibiting a pair of striped pants.*

LIN. But Baltimore
 Is to be dreaded even more than Richmond!
 And I must be accoutred in disguise
 Before I take the cars.

MRS. L. The baggage car
 Affords a dressing room—there you can fix
 Your body, trim your whiskers and adjust
 Borrow'd moustaches—

LIN. I am ruled by you,
 And would be ever led by one so true.

MRS. L. Away, my lord; be careful. [*Drums beat.*
 Hark! the drums.

[*Exit.*

VOICE WITHIN. The enemy approaches!

LIN. Davis comes!
 Oh, shame, that we should thus be driven out,
 As quadrupeds to grass. His fate and mine,
 The ancient king transformed into an ass,
 Are one, except, in natural attitude,
 He stood on hoofs and could the easier browze;
 Could feel a pride to know the art to bray,
 And trumpet his advance, and kick his way
 Triumphant amidst a kindred herd:
 But I go forth, late jeering—now the jeer'd
 Of every fool whose idiot eyes may glow
 With merry glances at my overthrow!
 Ye marble palaces, ye flowering grounds;

These pantaloons,
 These *Boston ventilators*, rich in stripes,
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 Ye marble palaces, ye flowering grounds;

'T will not be hard, you are so delicate ;
 Your cheeks are variant as a maid's ; your lip,
 Like to a ripe peach when the peel is off,
 Runs rosy nectar, and without disguise
 Might woo successful any pouting youth
 To struggle for a taste ; your neck is white
 As any swan's, and needs no cozening art
 To guide the eye inquisitive ; your hand
 Electric glows—its touch is magical ;
 Your eyes play trumpeters, and seem to shout
 Alarums, as the languid boy-god lies
 Behind their fringes, ambuscaded, filling
 His quiver from their magazines of fire
 Celestial : even your voice is womanly ;
 Its tone is freighted with all harmonies,
 As tremulous it cloisters itself
 In the deep chambers of the echoing heart :
 While sportive dimples, playing hide-and-seek
 With smiles, 'twixt chin and temple, keep your face
 Animate ever, as if longing joys
 Within were dreaming of the bridal bed,
 And sighing for betrothal : thus you seem
 A veritable maid : lips, cheeks and eyes
 Are perfect ; but your hair will need disguise :
 The curls I'll fix for your Apollo face
 Shall out-do nature in the work of grace,
 So that the coldest youth, beholding you,
 Would quick grow phrenzied and begin to woo.

ROBT. Well, let's be quick about it ; hear those guns !
 The world's broke loose and all creation runs.

KITTY. I'll go and fix the things.

[Exit.]

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KITTY. I'll go and fix the things. [Exit.]

KITTY. Here, Prince, come in my room, I've got the things. [*Pulling Robert towards her room.*]

KATE. Do n't, Prince, but follow me.

[*Pulling him away from Kitty.*]

ROBT. You pluck my wings!

[*Kitty and Kate pull Robert from each other.*]
Do n't pinch so hard! I'm mortal flesh and bone!

KITTY. Now, Mrs. Kate, just let the Prince alone!
I can take care of him!

KATE. And so can I.

KITTY. O! fie! fie, Kate! where is your modesty?
To offer, in the very dead of night,
To run off with a man!

KATE. While in *my* sight,
You'd pack him in your chamber; which is worse?

KITTY. Well, let him choose between us; LOVE scorns
force!

ROBT. It is no time to quarrel, or prefer
Between you now, the enemy is near.
I want the aid of both—so do your best,
Nor stand on dignity: We're sorely prest.

[*Exeunt into Kitty's chamber.*]

SCENE VI. *Troops of women pass from the White House, carrying bundles, trunks and carpet bags, all accounted for traveling, MRS. LINCOLN following.*

MRS. L. (*solus*).

When vengeance closed the gates of Paradise,
The gentle Eve departed with red eyes;

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SCOTT. Is the city
In danger of beleaguering to-night?

COUR. Not in the slightest, General; the rebels
Were willing to play quits. Besides, the heav'ns
Are black with storms; the rain comes down in torrents;
The night is hideous; and the dismal darkness
Is fitter for escaping than pursuing.

SCOTT. Hasten to stop the train. Lay my commands
On the Conductor; take a troop with you;
Arrest all disobedient officers; [Exit Courier.
'Tis folly to accumulate disgraces. [After a pause.
There be diseases common to mankind,
That spread from limb to limb, obscening all
The goodly outside of humanity;
Innumerable the scabby family
Of poxes, fevers, leprosies and sores,
That itch their way unseen from tribe to tribe,
Involving nations in contagion;
Yet they are slow to prostrate and confound.
A rosy pimple takes a day to grow
Umbilical; and yet a week to fester;
And yet another week to slough its scales.
Diseases of the mind more quickly spread;
Pale FEAR, the mortal malady of thought,
As instantaneous as combustion, fires
The agitated heart with consternation;
And cities then, grown tremulous at shadows,
Disjointed, swing dismayed. This Capital
Vibrates at Terror's touch! Not Athens thus
Trembled at Xerxes; not, Almighty Rome
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KITTY. Fie! that's not the way!

KATE. How lucky that it is n't open day!

[Robert opens his knife and the girls cut the strings of his corset.

ROBT. I feel much better. I am nearly well;
Now let me take a long, long breathing spell!
Pull off my bonnet; let me feel the rain
Come cooling on me! Now I live again.

KATE. Here comes another hack—hey, driver, come,
And take us to the White House; we are some.

DRIVER. *Some* what?

KATE AND KITTY. We're Mrs. Lincoln's waiting maids.

DRIVER. All but the maids—ha! ha! [*Drives off.*

KATE. The devil take him!

ROBT. Oh, never mind him; let him go and thrive;
We'll save our green backs for another drive.

[Mr. Lincoln, in his Scotch cap and striped pants, passes across the stage, rapidly, as if desirous to avoid observation.

ROBT. There goes the President—O! royal dad!

MRS. LINCOLN enters, with carpet bag in hand, her skirts considerably dragged.

MRS. L. (*discovering Kate and Kitty*).

Oh! Kate! oh, Kitty—is it you? I'm glad;
Here, take this bag; I'm nearly out of breath,
This horrid night will bring me to my death.
Say, where is Robert?

[*Looking at Robert, who removes his curls.*

Who on earth is that?

ROBT. Nobody, mother, but your Springfield brat!

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The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been
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