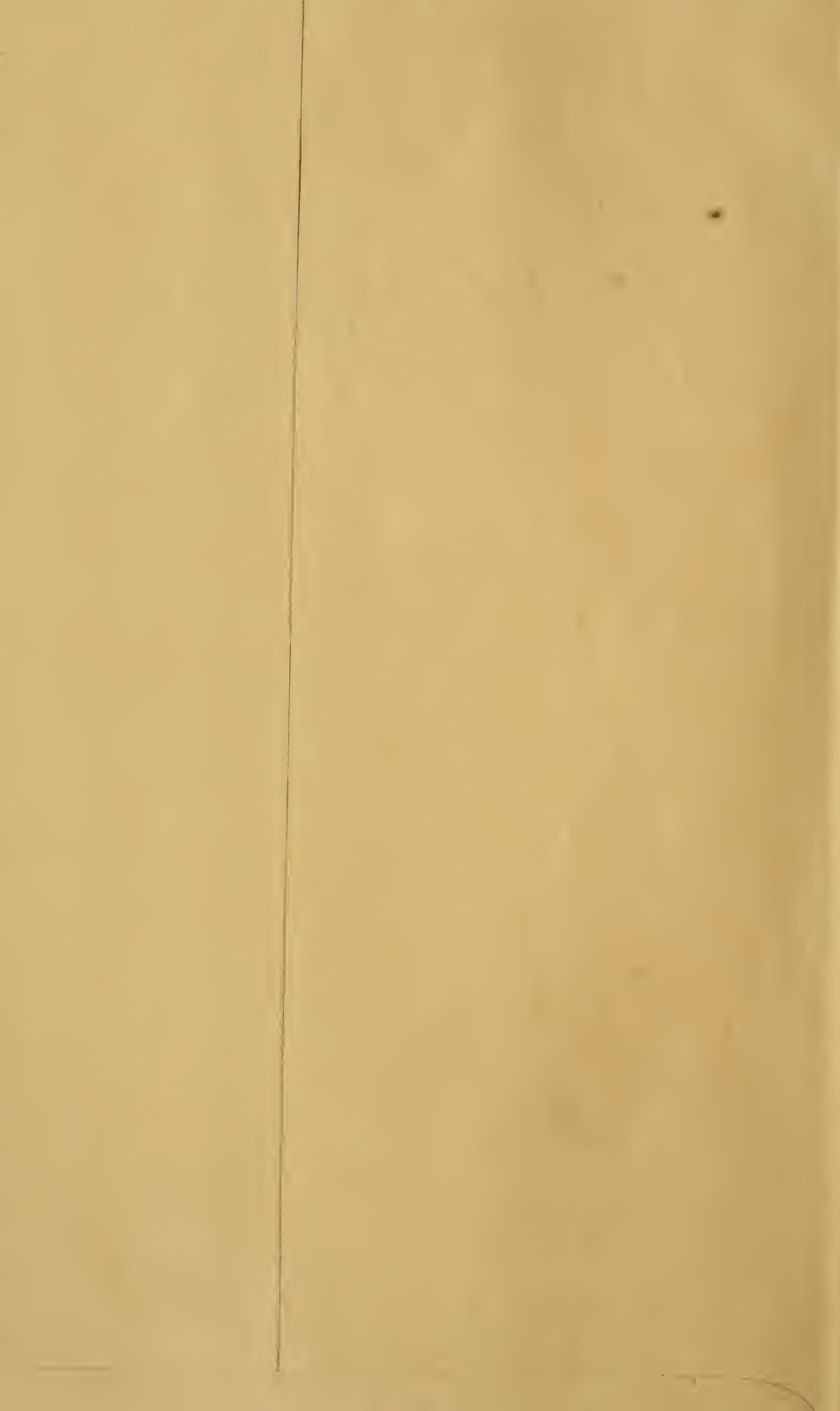


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A MORAL DRAMA.

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**From Slavery to Citizenship;**

AND,

From the Cotton Fields to Grasshopper Plains.

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By C. S. SMITH,

*Pittsburgh*

EX-MEMBER OF THE ALABAMA LEGISLATURE.

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27. 1864 - 65

*Pittsburgh*  
1862

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

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UNCLE BILLY.....RELIGIOUS AND FORGIVING.  
COL. JONES AND WIFE.....WARLIKE AND BITTER.  
JANE AND JOE..... MISCHIEVOUS AND COMICAL.  
SCHOOL MISTRESS.....TRUE AND FAITHFUL.  
AUNT MARIA.....DRY AND AMUSING.  
BALD EAGLE ORATOR.....ELOQUENT AND DETERMINED.  
POMPEY JONES .....LOYAL AND DARING.  
HEZEKIAH.....EARNEST AND MUSICAL.

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# A MORAL DRAMA.

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## From Slavery to Citizenship;

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### ACT I.

[PART I.—SCENE.—The slaves' midnight meeting. Place, a swamp; hour, midnight, and no light but a single torch. Position on the stage, extreme rear. An insurrection proposed by the young men, but Uncle Billy persuades them to forbear.]

SPEAKER No. 1.—Fellow sarvants, I say dat ole massa is 'ginnin' to be too cruel. He used to treat us sort ob half-way right, but eber since dey hung massa John Brown he's got so dat he hardly 'lows us to speak to one annuder. He wont let us hab no meetin', not eben a praver meetin'; an' he tells us dat we mustn't pray any more. Now, I tell you dat I'se g-ttin' mighty tired of dis here ting, and for one I'se in tor doin' as dey did in Kayti.

A VOICE.—How was dat?

No. 1.—Why de slaves got up a resurrection and murdered all de white folks.

VOICE.—How do you know?

No. 1.—Kase I hear massa talking to de oberseer about it one day.

SPEAKER No. 2.—Well, if dat am so, dat's jis what I'm in fabur of us doing. Kill de white folks, I say. Kill 'em and

take all dar land. Dey mou't as well die as us, for dey're killin' us by inches, any way.

SPEAKER NO. 3.—I say kill 'em, too. We ain't got no guns, bet we can take de shovel and de hoe, and go to dey're houses when dey're asleep, and knock dem in de head.

SEVERAL VOICES.—Kill 'em! Kill 'em! And let's do it dis here wery night. Let's start, and de Lord dat fout for Israel will fight for us.

[Uncle Billy addresses them thus:]

Chil'ren, most ob you am young, and you ain't bore de burden and heat ob de day like de ole man, and I want you to listen to all dat I hab got to say.

You say, kill massa and missis, and take dey're land. Now dat ain't right. And you say dat de Lord will fight for us. But you're mistaken. You see you can't read de Bible like de ole man can. De Lord say, lub your enemies and pray for dey dat spitefully persecute you. Moreober, He say, in dis world ye shall hab tribulation, but be ob good cheer, I hab overcome de world. De fust shall be last, and de last shall be fust. I know dat ole massa's got mighty mean and dat we hab hard trials and tribulations. But we must bar dem if we say dat we's de childeren ob de Lord. Why, dey crucified de Sabiour and nailed him to de cross, and yet, like a dumb lamb, he opened not his mouf. Now, we's to be like Him, and you know He say, when dey smite de right cheek, turn to dem de oder also. Why, dey hab been smitin' me for lo dese many years, and yet I wouldn't hurt a hair ob ole massa's head. It won't do, childeren. Listen to de ele man, and let's go home and pray for de angel to come down and shake our dungeon as he did in de days ob Paul and Silas. De ole man is growin' feeble and he'll soon be gone, and I'se got to say, dat dey may beat upon my body, but dey cannot harm de soul; I'll jine de forty t'ousand by and by. De good Lord send me news from heben de oder night.

VOICES.—What am it?

UNCLE B.—Why de angel Gabr'el 'veals it to me how dar's gwine to be a mighty war in dis here land, and dat de Lord's gwine to lead us out ob de house ob bondage, as he did de childeren ob Israel.

VOICES.—Good! Bress de Lord! Do you tink dat will be soon, Uncle Billy?

UNCLE B.—Yes, I tink it will come to pass eben in my day, and dat's why I say let's go home and work, and wait de coming ob de Lord.

VOICES.—All right!

UNCLE B.—But, childeren, before we go let us kneel in secret praver, and den sing dat good old song, "Keep me from sinking down."

(*Curtain falls.*)

## PART II.

[SCENE.—Southern home. Conversation between a planter and his wife. Time, evening. Planter returns from city, enters parlor with an excited appearance, takes a newspaper from his pocket and begins to read. He is followed by his wife, when the following conversation ensues:]

WIFE.—Good evening, my dear. I'm glad to see you, as tea is ready.

PLANTER.—Well, I don't feel much like eating tea.

W.—Why, what's the matter? Are you sick?

P.—Sick? I'm worse than sick.

W.—O my dear, what's the matter?

P.—Well, sit down and I will try and tell you. [Wife sits down.] There's going to be a war.

W.—War! Where?

P.—In this country.

W.—Why, who is there in this country to go to war?

P.—This morning's papers predict a war between the North and South. For a long time, as you know, a lot of Yankee devils have been trying to stir up a fuss about the South holding slaves.

W.—Well, what is that to their business?

P.—Nothing; but the infernal wretches are trying to make it their business, and seeking to interfere with our constitutional rights. Our men are insulted in Congress, branded as a set of heartless wretches, and charged with having no humane feelings for the slaves.

W.—What impudence!

P.—You see these Yankees had slaves themselves once, but it was too cold for the niggers up North, and so they were shipped down South and sold to us, and now we are invited to set them free; but we'll never do that until the last drop of Southern blood has been shed.

W.—Well, my dear, I guess they're just trying to scare us; but, you know, they can't do that.

P.—No, they're not trying to scare us, and they intend to take our slaves from us if they can; but by the powers of heaven they'll never succeed in doing that.

W.—What do they intend to do?

P.—They're going to split the Union and form a government of our own by the formation of all the Southern States into a confederacy.

W.—Good! That's just what ought to be done, and they ought to hang every sneaking Yankee that's caught in it.

P.—You needn't fear but what we'll do that. I was going to send to Richmond for some more slaves, but I have concluded

to wait and see what is going to be the result of the present agitation.

W.—I would not wait, my dear. I would send for them. We need some right away, if we're going to stock the new plantation.

P.—Yes, I know; but I've received a circular to-day which has been sent to all the large slaveholders, advising them not to invest any more money in slaves or other property at present, but to keep it in hand, lest it be needed for war purposes.

W.—But, my dear, do you really think there's going to be a war?

P.—Yes, it is bound to come. The Southern representatives are going to resign their seats in Congress, and it is known to a few that a meeting will soon be held to plot secession.

W.—Is there no way to prevent it? War is a terrible thing, you know.

P.—There is only one way, and that is for us to submit to Yankee tyranny, and give up our slaves.

W.—Give up our slaves? Never! How could we get along without them? Who would raise our cotton and corn, and wash and cook, and do our house-work? Do the Yankees think that refined and delicate Southern women can do these things? Why the idea of such things fills me with indignation. I would cut the heart-strings out of the Yankees before these delicate hands should go into the wash-tub. O, the thought of it makes me sick!

P.—Hush! I thought I saw some one peeping from behind the door just now.

[Jane enters.]

JANE.—Massa, supper am ready.

P.—Have you been standing at the door listening?

J.—Why, la me! no, massa, I jis come from de kitchen.

P.—Well, you go back there and wait until we come.

[Exit Jane.]

W.—I'll tell you, ever since these niggers heard about old John Brown they've got mighty sly, and we'll have to be careful what we say when they're around.

P.—Knock the first one down you catch listening, or send them to me and I'll fix them so they won't listen any more.

W.—Wouldn't you like to have a hot toddy before supper?

P.—I would rather have some of the peach brandy I brought home last week.

W.—Well, I'll have some brought. [Rings bell. Joe, the house-boy, enters.] Joe, get your master some peach brandy out of that new demijohn which sits on the bottom shelf of the side-board.

JOE.—Yes, marm. [Goes.]

P.—I'm going to attend a meeting this evening, when I'll learn more about the reports that have been received to-day. [Joe



enters with waiter, etc.] You needn't wait for these things; you can come after them while we are at supper. [Exit Joe.]

W.—Say, my dear, I want to show you the new bonnet I received to-day. [Takes bonnet from box and puts it on.] Isn't it a beauty?

P.—Indeed it is, and it makes you look very handsome. But here! I want to ask you a question. Would you rather that we should go to war than give up our slaves?

W.—Yes, my dear, yes! Anything to keep our slaves. But if it comes to that, there won't be much of a war, as I have always heard pa say that one Southern boy could whip a dozen blue-bellied Yankees.

P.—Well, don't be uneasy. Keep close watch over the servants that are around, and be careful not to mention any of these matters in their hearing. Let's go to supper. [Exeunt]

[Joe enters, followed by Jane.]

JANE.—O, Joe! Great day! What do yo' tink? I done heard massa and missis say dat dar's gwine to be a war, and dat de Yankees am gwine to set us free.

JOE.—Go way, nigger, wid your foolin'.

JANE.—I declare fore God I did, and missis say dat we done got awful sly here ob late.

JOE.—Am dat really so?

JANE.—It am, sure's you 're born.

JOE.—Did you hear what Uncle Billy say de oder night at de meetin'?

JANE.—No! what am it?

JOE.—Well, some ob dem wanted to raise a resurrection and kill massa and missis; but he tell dem not to do it, fore we're soon gwine to be free, kase de Angel Gabriel 'veal it to him dat dare's gwine to be a mighty war in dis here land, and dat God's gwine to bring us out ob de house ob bondage like he did de children ob Israel.

JANE.—Dat am so; fur dat's jis what massa and missis talk about dis ebenin', an' I hears dem, fur I was standin' at de door listenin', and massa tinks he sees me, and I tell him I hears nuffin'—dat I jis come from de kitchen. Glory to God! And I hear missis say she gets sick when she tinks if we get free maybe she hab to go in de wash-tub.

JOE.—Yes, and massa hab to hoe de cotton and de corn. O, won't dat be glorious?

JANE.—How does I look in missis' bonnet? [Takes bonnet from table and puts it on.]

JOE.—Yes, and how does I look wid massa's hat on? [Puts on massa's high hat, and both prom-nade before the mirror.]

JANE.—Dis am de kind ob bonnet I'm gwine to hab when I get free.

JOE.—Yes, and I'm gwine to hab a hat jis like dis. Won't

we be gemmen and ladies den. [Jane swings around and says, "Shoo, ain't I some pumpkins?"] Let's promenade here on mis-sis' carpet. [They lock arms and promenade. Joe attempts to steal a kiss from Jane and receives a slap in the mouth.] Look here, nigger, if it wasn't for mis-is' bonnet, I'd mash dat head ob yours. Better take dat bonnet off' anyway 'fore you fill it wid lice.

JANE.—You's a fool. I washes my head and I greases it wid coon fat ebery morning. I got some 'fumery, too, dat my sweetheart brings me.

JOE.—Say, who is yo' sweetheart?

JANE.—None o' yo' business.

JOE.—I knows. It am old Sam Sleekemchop, and he's got a mouf as big as a corn-crib.

JANE.—You's a liar, Joe, and I'll mash dat chicken roost ob yours. [Strikes at Joe's nose, but Joe dodges, and massa's hat falls off. He picks it up, and they both look at it to see if it is soiled. It is all right, and they make friends by Jane kissing Joe. They promenade.]

JANE.—Joe, when I tinks dat we's gwine to be free I feels like shoutin'.

JOE.—You'd better not—massa hear you.

JANE.—Dey're coming.

JOE.—[Pours out a glass of brandy and hands it to Jane.] Here, nigger, drink dis quick. [Helps himself, and they both skip out.]

[Planter enters and rings for Joe, who comes in.]

PLANTER.—Joe, I'm going to lie down on the sofa a while, and I want you to keep the flies off of me. [Lies down, and Joe gets a fly-brush and obeys the order.]

[Planter's wife enters suddenly and hands him a dispatch, which he opens and reads.]

PLANTER.—Joe, you may go. [Exit Joe. Planter springs to his feet.] Great heavens! Fort Sumter has been fired upon, and I am requested to report immediately at Richmond.

WIFE.—[Excitedly] What! You don't tell me?

P.—Yes, it is so. Read this. [Hands her the dispatch.] Well, I must get ready to go to Richmond.

W.—What? You going to Richmond, and leave me here.

P.—Yes, I am bound to go.

W.—Well, my dear, before you go you had better make arrangements to have the field servants sent to Mississippi tuncle, for if the Yankees should reach here they will certainly take them away.

P.—Well, I'll see about it. Go and have my valise packed and get Joe ready to go with me, while I go and see the overseer.

(Curtain falls.)

## PART III.

[Recruiting office scene. Three colored individuals enter and ask the officer if any more troops are wanted.]

OFFICER (savagely).—Yes; but what do you suppose we want with you coons? Don't you know that this is a white man's fight, and that we don't want any niggers in it?

BILL.—Well, you needn't talk so saucy about it.

O. (angrily).—Look here, you skedaddle out of here, or I'll give you my boot. [Exeunt hurriedly.]

O. to Examiner.—The idea of niggers talking about fighting. Who ever knew a nigger to fight any thing but a ham bone?

Ex.—Yes, but maybe they would do some pretty good fighting now, as they think they would be helping to free their race

O.—Free their race! That's not what we are fighting for, and if I thought it was I would never raise my hand to help the government. We're fighting for the Union.

Ex.—Yes, I know; but after all it will result in the emancipation of the slaves. O, say, did you read in the *Tribune* this morning about our forces being pushed; and I'll tell you if things don't change speedily we'll have to call on the niggers or some one else to assist us.

O.—Yes, I read that, and things do look rather gloomy. I wonder what message this is now. [Boy enters and hands the officer a message.]

O. reads and says:—The devil! It's instructions to enlist colored troops. [Colored individuals have heard the news and return.]

BILL.—Wall, I reckon you'll enlist us now.

O.—Yes, but you'll have to be examined first. Come up here and pull off your coats, and let this man [pointing to Examiner] sound you.

B.—What does he want to sound us for?

O.—According to the law a man has to be of a certain age, hight, and sound in body and mind.

B.—Well, I reckon I's sound enough.

O.—Well, we'll soon see. [Examiner first inspects Bill.] Will he do?

Ex.—No.

B.—What's de matter wid me?

Ex.—Why, your mouth is too big. It would take too many hard tack to feed you.

[Next, Jim.]

O.—Will he do?

Ex.—No.

JIM.—Well, what's de matter wid me?

EX.—Your feet are too big. If the rebels were to get after you you couldn't run fast enough.

[Next, Sam.]

O.—Will he do?

EX.—No.

SAM.—What's dat you say? What's de matter wid me?

EX.—You're cock-eyed. You couldn't shoot straight.

BILL.—Well, I suppose you ain't gwine to 'list us.

O.—No; we can't. You don't come up to the standard.

B.—Look here, white man. You didn't want us in de fust place. [Exeunt, growling.]

O.—Those niggers are mad.

EX.—They would make red hot soldiers. Did you notice the fellow that had only one sleeve to his shirt?

O.—Here comes another one.

[Forlorn colored individual enters and seems to have got into the wrong place.]

O.—Halloo! Sam. Come here. Don't you want to enlist?

S.—'List! What for, massa?

O.—To fight for your freedom.

S.—What does you mean by dat?

O.—Why, to join the army, go down South and fight to free your race.

S.—Me? I don't go to races, fur I's got no hoss nor no money to bet on nobody else's hoss. I's awful poor, and I comes around to see if you wouldn't give me a penny to buy ginger bread.

O.—I'm not talking about "hoss"-racing. I mean to go down South and fight for your people.

S.—I aint got no people; done dead long ago.

O.—Well, fight for your aunts, and uncles, and cousins.

S.—Aint got none ob dem, eder. Dey's all dead, too.

O.—You're a fool, nigger.

S.—Yes. Well, massa, do you tinks I could fight?

O.—I suppose so, if you wanted to.

S.—Well, look here, massa, I tinks so, too. But did you eber see two dogs fighting for a bone?

O.—Yes.

S.—Well, did you eber see de bone get up and fight?

O.—No, you fool you.

S.—Well, I's de bone ob dis here war, I tell you. Now who's de fool? [Sam. moves toward the door, and the officer throws an ink bottle after him.]

O.—[To Examiner.] Well, after that sell, let's go and take a drink. [Exeunt.]

(Curtain falls.)

## PART IV.

[SCENE.—Procession entering place of meeting. Temporary platform decorated with flags, bunting, &c. Cheers rend the air as the crowd move toward the stand. Programme—1, meeting called to order by the chairman; 2, reading proclamation; 3, oration by the “bald eagle” orator, George Washington Fitzsimmons; 4, song, “Shout, we are free,” and dismissal.]

CHAIRMAN.—Fellow citizens: We 's come to-day to celebrate our deliberance from de house ob bondage. Pharaoh and his host hab been drowned in de Red Sea, while we hab crossed ober, and like de childrenen ob Israel we stand on Canaan's shore and shout—sound de timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea, Jehobah am triumphed; his people am free. [Cheers.] But I 's not gwine to deliber a 'ration. Brudder Simmons is gwine to do dat. I only gits up here to make a few 'liminaries, and to see dat all tings am right in de 'ginnin'. I hope you'll all gib good 'tention and listen to what's gwine to be said. Miss Julia, de school teacher, will now read de news from massa Lincum. [Miss Julia reads the proclamation of emancipation, which is received with tremendous cheering.]

[The “bald eagle” orator is now introduced to deliver himself as follows:]

Ladies and gemmen:—It am a mighty task dat I is to 'form dis day. When I look upon dese flags and all dese happy people and 'members from whar we come, my throat chokes up wid eloquence, and I can't find thought to 'spress my langwidge. But hoping you will bar wid me I will try an' say somethin' wordy ob your 'membrance. Our faders told us dat dis day would come, and dis am de day for which dey prayed. I neber spected to lib to see it, but I t'anks God dat I am spawed to 'jice wid you dat freedom's come. [Cheers.] We's now free to go whar we please an' to come when we gits ready. When we work now we can eat de fruits ob our own labor, an' I hope dat we all will work. We hab nobody to do anything for us, and we must trabel de hard road ob Jordan for ourselbs. De white folks say dat kase we're free we'll starb to def. But am dat so? [Voices, No!] Can't we work now de same as we eber did? [Voices, Yes!] I know dat. De white folks jis say dat kase dey're mad dat we am free. But we's gwine to lib and hab de promised land. [Voices, Amen!] De Lord hab said dat de fust shall be last and de last shall be fust. Well we's been last all de time and now we's gwine to be fust. [Voices, Yes, Lord!] We raised corn and cotton for massa, and we kin raise it for ourselbs. But massa says dat we shan't work his land—dat de Yankees done sot us free and dat dey can take care ob us. He say dat dey's gwine to bring de Jawmans, and de Weeds, and de Kanes to

raise de cotton, and gib us nuffin to do. Rut kin dey starb us? [Voices, No!] Dat's so; kase we can hunt de 'possum an' de coon, an' git de persimmons and blackberries, and lib on dem. De Jawmans an' de oder white folks won't stay her long, dough, for de sun am too hot. [Voices, Dat's so!] Now, gemmens and ladies, I tell you don't let us tink kase we am free dat we's got nuffin to do. We must work an' try to eddicate our chillun an' hab a home ob our own. If we do dis de Lord will help us, de Yankees will be glad, an' eben ole massa will come roun' after a while an' say you done better den I spected. In conclusion let me say dat de auction block, de bull whip, de oberseer an' de blood hounds am gone forebber. [Voices, Praise de Lord!] Dat we's no more to be separated from each udder, and to be beaten wid many stripes. Tink of dis: Dat when de sun is settin' behin' de westawn hills, an' de jaybird goes to roost, an' de eagle spreads forth its wings, dat de poor black man, as well as de white man, cay say, sweet am de cup ob liberty. I t'anks you for your attention. [Great cheering.]

CHAIRMAN.—Some ob de young folks wanted to hab a dance, but we's come to de conclusion not to hab it, as dis is a kind ob religion meetin'. We will now be dismissed by marching 'round and singin' Brudder Joe's new song "Shout, we are free."

(*Curtain falls.*)

## ACT II.

[PART I.—SCENE.—School room. Curtain rises. Mistress seated at desk—children playing in background. Bell is rung, school assembles. First class in arithmetic called to recite. During recitation a dilapidated individual enters. Is invited to sit down by the teacher, when the following colloquy ensues:]

TEACHER.—I suppose you want to come to school.

GAWK.—Yes, ma'am.

T.—What is your name?

G.—George Washington Andrew Jackson Thomas Jefferson Josiah Johnson.

T.—[Repeats the name.] That's a pretty long name.

G.—Not very.

T.—How old are you?

G.—Don't know.

T.—Do you know when you were born?

G.—On Christmas, 'bout de time de stars fell.

T.—Is that all you know about your age?

G.—Yes, ma'am, 'cept dat Aunt Mariah was dar when I was born. She can tell you.

T.—Have you ever been to school?

G.—No ma'am.

T.—What book is that you have?

G.—A blue back speller.

T.—Do you know your alphabet?

G.—Alferbet? No, ma'am, I neber seen it.

T.—I mean your A B C.

G.—O yes, ma'am, I can spell way ober to baker.

T.—You can?

G.—Yes, ma'am.

T.—Who taught you to spell?

G.—Uncle John.

T.—Well, spell baker.

G.—B-a-k-r, baker.

T.—Spell it again.

G.—B-a-k-r.

T.—That isn't right. B-a ba, k-e-r ker, is the way to spell it.

G.—Well, dat's de way I spell it; b-a-k-r.

T.—What letter is this? [Pointing to *B* on the alphabet chart.]

G.—Dat?

T.—Yes.

G.—Dat *d*.

T.—Look again.

G.—No ma'am, dat's *g*.

T.—No, that's *b*.

G.—Yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am, dat's so.

T.—What letter is this? (Pointing to *f*.)

G.—Dat's *e*.

T.—Look again.

G.—No, ma'am, dat's *r*.

T.—Well, I see you need to learn the alphabet. Now look here. [Calls over the names of the letters, which he repeats, and then shows him a seat and tells him to learn them. Class in spelling called up. Gawk studies too loud and is requested by the teacher to desist. He hasn't been accustomed to being confined and soon falls asleep. Tommy Jones sees him and sticks a pin into him, which causes him to spring up rather suddenly. The school is in an uproar.]

TEACHER (excitedly).—What's the matter?

GAWK.—A bungle bee stung me.

MARY SMITH.—Tommy Jones stuck a pin in him.

G.—[Slaps Tommy over the head with his book.] I won't stay wid such varmints. [Goes out, Tommy is reprimanded and order is restored.]

[Enter Aunty and Uncle.]

TEACHER.—Glad to see you; take seats. Well, I suppose you have come to visit our school.

AUNTY.—Not zackly dat, Miss Jane. Me an' de ole man has got no place to put our Sunday-go-to-meetin' cloes, an' so we

taut dat we 'd come roun' an get you to write to Massa Grant fur our bureau ; an' when you writes we want you to tell him to send us a bureau wid a marble top an' a lookin'-glass.

T.—I don't understand. Please explain.

A.—Well, yo' see, Miss Jane, dey tells us dat de Freedmen's Bureau bill am passed, an' dat all we cullud people am gwine to git a bureau.

T.—O, no! That is not what it means. That was a law passed by Congress to establish schools for the education of the colored people in the South, and to appoint officers to protect them. President Grant hasn't any bureau to send you.

A.—Well, ole man, did yo' eber since yo' was born? Yo' see dat now, don't you? Dese niggers roun' here tink dey know a heap, but dey knows nuffin'. Dat 's jis like de forty acres ob land an' de mule.

UNCLE.—Well, I tells you not to come, but yo' would. So now let 's go home an' finish pickin' de cotton.

[Aunty and Uncle rise to go, but stop when Mary Smith cries out.]

MARY SMITH.—Ba!

T.—What 's the matter, Mary?

M. S.—Tommy Jones stole my 'possum an' eat it all up, so he did.

T.—Tommy, come here! [Puts a dunce cap on his head, and stands him on a chair, a proceeding which greatly amuses Aunty and Uncle.]

A.—Look dare, ole man! I 'clare 'fore God dat I wouldn't hab one ob dose tings on my head fur two bureaus. Dat 's right, Miss Jane; ef dese varmints don't mind you, you put de debil's bonnet on dem ebery time. [Exeunt Aunty and Uncle amid the laughter of the school.]

T.—Well, children, it 's time for dinner. Close books and stand up. Now sing for me—"They Crucified My Saviour."

(*Curtain falls.*)

PART II.

[Scene.—Midnight conclave of the K. K. K. Lights lowered. Assemble stealthily, each one alone. The Grand Cyclop presents the following communication to the faithful:]

To the Grand Cyclop and faithful of sub-division 41, section 22.—Honored braves and bold defenders: Your attention is called to the existence of a nuisance in our community in the shape of a nigger school, which is taught by a very saucy wench, and we respectfully request you to abate said nuisance without delay, as the niggers have taken all the children and sent them to school, and we have no one to nurse for us or to wait upon us.

Certified to by secret communicant 4-7-9.



G. C.—What is your will—warning, whipping, or death? If she shall be warned, give the sign. [No sign given.] If she shall be whipped give the sign. [No sign given.] If she shall be killed give the sign. [Sign given—a groan. Communication steeped in blood and burned, and the following order given.] To the vigilant here assembled: I command you to proceed forthwith to the dwelling place of a nigger wench named Julia Hayden, and execute the decree of death, and damned be he who opposes your way. Inspect! [Each one examines his weapons and raises them as the sign of well prepared. Exeunt.]

## PART III.

[Scene before the cabin door. K. K. knocks heavily.]

[From within.]—Who's dar?

K. K.—Open and see.

[From within.]—Who are you?

K. K.—Grand Signor Monsell, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh.

[From within.]—What do you want?

K. K.—Water.

[Uncle Joe rises and opens the door, when he halloos out from fright.]

K. K.—Don't be frightened, old man. Aint going to hurt you. I want some water, as I have had nothing to drink since I was at the battle of Shiloh. [Uncle Joe brings a dipper full.] Bring the bucket full and hold it before me that I may drink my fill. [Has a false pouch concealed, and while pretending to drink pours the water in it and so adds to the fright of Uncle Joe, who begins to think that the visitor is a ghost in fact.] Now where is the school teacher?

U. J.—She not here.

K. K.—You lie, you old black rascal, and if you don't bring her out [raises a pistol] I'll blow your brains out.

TEACHER.—[Awakened and understanding the situation.] Uncle Joe, come away—don't you get hurt. They want me. I have done nothing, and am willing to die if they want to kill me. Write and tell mother that I die for my God and my race. [She approaches the door, is shot, and falls back into the cabin.] O have mercy, God! [Dies.]

K. K.—[Again discharging his revolver, but in the air.] Ku Klux!

OTHER K. Ks.—[Seemingly stationed some yards apart and firing in the same way.] Ku Klux!

## PART IV.

[SCENE.—Burial of the teacher, according to the old time way, in which the pupils participate. Her body is conveyed away amid the solemn sounds of "Hark! from the Tomb," etc.]

(Curtain falls.)

## ACT III.

[PART I.—Political meeting. Discord and tumult. The struggle for a hearing. Eloquence of the “bald eagle” orator.]

A VOICE.—I move dat Uncle Billy take de cha’r. [Motion seconded and carried.]

VOICE.—I moves dat Jim Jones be selected fur to keep de minits.

VOICE.—Mr. Cha’rman, Jim Jones cant keep de minute , for he isn’t got no watch.

CHAIRMAN.—De motion means to select Jim Jones to write down de proceedings.

VOICE.—Yes, sah ; all right.

CHAIRMAN.—Gemmen, what’s de object ob dis meetin’.

POMPEY SMITH.—Mr. Cha’rman, de object ob dis meetin’ is to get up a ’tition to send to Congress to hab de cibil rights bill passed.

BOB GLEED.—Mr. Cha’rman, I moves to lay dat motion under de table.

BEN ROYAL.—Yes, an’ I moves to frow it out ob de winder.

POMPEY S.—Mr. Cha’rman, dats de way ebery time we meet we gits up a confusion. Now, sah, we’s bin asked to sign a ’tition to help ’long de bill. Senator Spencer says dat de moah names goes in de stronger de cause, an’ I don’t see why we can’t come togedder and sign de ’tition an’ stop so much foolin’.

VOICE.—Dere s nuffin’ ’fore de house.

POMPEY S.—Hush your mouf, I’s got de floor. I say dat if we hab any respec’ for our wives and chillun, we should hab dis bill. We pays as much money as de white folks for our ticket, but when we gits on de train dey puts us in de Jim Crow car, an’ dey won’t gib us nuffin to eat at de hotel unless we go to de kitchen, an’ den de cook will try to spoil all our good close wid greasy dish water. Now, I say dat one dollar am as good as anoder dollar, an’ dat a man ought to hab his money’s wuf an’ git what he pays for. I hopes dat we’ll pass de bill.

VOICE.—Mr. Cha’rman, what’s ’fore de house?

VOICE.—Anything you wants to bring here.

CHAIRMAN.—Order, gemmen.

VOICE.—I say, Mr. Cha’rman, what’s ’fore dis house?

VOICE.—Sit down.

BALD EAGLE ORATOR.—Gemmen, let’s act like white folks. Some ob us am hard to understan’. De question is, wedder we shall sign a ’tition for de cibil rights bill or not. Now, Mr. Cha’rman, I hab bin thinkin’ about dis matter a heap, an’ I tell you dat I hab come to de conclusion dat we had better leave dat bill alone. In de fust place, sah, what good am it gwine to do us. If de white folks don’t want us to ride in de same car wid dem dey will shut de door, an’ what can we do? Eben if de

bill am passed dey hab got all de law an' de judges an' de juries, an' de money, an' if you take a case in court dey will frow it out. Now, some folks tinks dat we can sue 'em an' git heaps ob money, but I tells yo' dat dat's no account. We hab got along very well an' dar's no use trying to walk 'fore we crawl. If we sign de 'tition de white folks will t'ink we want to stick ourselbs in dey're houses an' court dey're darters, [Voice, Don't care what dey t'ink.] an' sit up in dey're pawlors, an' de fust t'ing we know dar be a fuss an' we'll had anodder war. [Voices, Sit down.] I ain't gwine to do it. [Voices, Put him out.]

CHAIRMAN.—Order. [Voices, Make him sit down. He's ole white folks' nigger. Don't want to hear him.]

CHAIRMAN.—Order! Order!

VOICE.—Order yo'self. Make dat nigger set down. He's a Judas.

CHAIRMAN. (Rising.)—Gemmen, dis am a shame 'fore God, an' if you don't keep quiet I 's gwine home.

VOICE.—Go, den.

BALD EAGLE ORATOR.—I moves we 'journ.

POMPEY JONES.—[Munching a pie and rising.] I knows as much about de biography ob dis country as any man, an' I say dat we aint gwine to 'journ till we signs dat 'tition.

B. E. O.—Look here, Pompey, I reckon yo' tinks yo' hab a felogical edication, don't you?

P.—Yes, I have.

B. E. O.—Well, show me some o' your gymnastics, den.

P.—[Pulling off his coat and moving toward B. E. O. in a fighting attitude.] Squar' up, an' I'll show yo' dem.

CHAIRMAN.—Stop, gemmen, or I'll hab yo' 'rested.

P.—[Pointing to B. E. O.] Dat nigger am a Democrat—a wolf in sheep's clothin'.

B. E. O.—[Fiercely.] Mr. Cha'rman!

VOICES.—Put 'im out.

CHAIRMAN.—I 's gwine to speak or die. Dey say I'm a Democrat.

VOICES.—So yo' are.

CHAIRMAN.—It am a lie. 'Fore I 'd be a Democrat I 'd cotch de sun by its fetlocks, soar fru de efereal regions, an' swink in de seas ob oblivion. [Great cheering, during which some one pulls his seat back, and he sits down on the floor, which causes the meeting to break up in great confusion.]

## PART II.

[Colloquy on "De Cibil Rights Bill" between Josiah and Uncle Billy.]

J.—Good mawnin', Uncle Billy. You heard de news?

B.—What? 'Bout de bustin' up ob de Freedmen's Sabin' Bank?

J.—No! 'Bout de swivel rights bill.

B.—What 'bout it?

J.—Why, it am passed de Senate ob de 'Nited States wid-out a mumble.

B.—Well, what good dat gwine to do us?

J.—Why, yo' see, Uncle Billy, we 's gwine to be 'lowed to ride in de fust class car wid de white folks, put our foots on de percushion, an' when de conductor come 'long to ax us fo' our ticket, we 's gwine to tell him to send to Washin'ton, dat de swivel rights bill am passed.

B.—Am dat so, Josiah?

J.—Dat am so, Uncle Billy. And, Uncle Billy, we 's gwine to be lowed to go to de fust class hotel, set at de head ob de table, whar we can git de biggest slices ob de ham an' de chicken, eat squail on toast, pick our teef wid a fedder, go in de pawlor, sit down on de sofia, sp t on de carpet an' hear de white gals play on de pianner; an' when de 'prietor comes roun' wid his bill, we 's gwine to tell him to charge it to Massa Grant, dat de swivel rights bill am passed.

B.—Go 'way, 'Siah! Yo' are foolin'.

J.—It am so, Uncle Billy. An' Uncle Bill, we 's gwine to send our childeren to de white folks school, whar dey larn ortografy, emology, swinetax, hogany, Greek, Dutch an' Choctaw.

B.—Great hebens! Josiah, dat can't be so?

J.—It am so, Uncle Billy. An' Uncle Billy, when we die we 's gwine to de grabe yard in de white folks' hearse, an' be put in a italic coffin wid a lookin'-glass ober our face, an' gwine to be buried on top ob de white folks, so dat in mawnin ob de resur-rechshun when de Angel Gabriel comes along an' blows his trumpet, he 's gwine to say "Toot-a-toot! All ye cullud gemmen rise fust!"

B.—Josiah, you don't tell me so.

J.—It am so, Uncle Billy; and de perwisions ob dat bill—

B.—What's dat you say, Josiah?

J.—De perwisions ob dat ar bill—

B.—Stop dar, Josiah! Say dat again.

J.—Well, as I was gwine on to tell you, de perwisions ob—

B.—Stop right dar, Josiah! Dat will do. If dar am any perwisions in dat dar bill, come along [takes hold of Josiah and moves out] and git me a sack ob flour right now, for I's hungry.

(*Curtain falls.*)

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PART III.

[Exodus at the river bank. Waiting for the boat to take them to Kansas. General conversation and promiscuous movements are manifested, until Col. Jones appears with jug in hand and addresses them thus:]

COL. J.—Now, boys, look here! There's no use of this. What in the world do you want to go way for? Why, look here, you're not going to leave the old plantation, where we used to play together and have our good times? Let's talk this matter over, for I don't think that you fully realize the disastrous results that will follow the step you are about to take. I thought once that I would say nothing to you, but in my dreams last night I saw you up North, standing out in the cold, shivering and almost starved to death; and I was so impressed that I concluded to come down and have a friendly talk with you, and see if I couldn't persuade you not to go. I'm interested in your welfare, and always have been, but the Yankees care nothing about you. Some of you think that you're going to get a farm in Kansas, but you won't. Didn't the Yankees fool you once by telling you that they were going to give you forty acres of land and a mule. [A voice, Dat's so massa Jones.] And didn't they get you to put your money in a bank and then steal it all from you; and didn't the carpet-baggers tell you that if you put them in office they would take away the white people's homes and give them to you. [A voice, dat's so, too, massa.] But did they do it? No! They robbed us all and filled their pockets and left you with the bag to hold. They took the turkey and gave you the buzzard. You can't trust a Yankee. He's as slippery as an eel. They say they set you free, and can't you see they want to get you North to work for them to pay for it. I know that you have had a hard time and haven't been treated right; but I was at the Vicksburg convention and all the leading white men agreed to give all the colored people better wages, put down the Rifle Clubs and White Leaguers, and allow you to vote the same as we do.

A VOICE (pointing to the jug).—What's dat you got in dat jug, massa?

COL. J.—Whisky.

VOICE.—Will you gib us some?

COL. J.—Of course I will. Come and help yourselves. Have you got anything to drink out of?

VOICE.—Yes, sah. [Hunts up the cups to drink.]

VOICE.—Dis am de bes' corn juice I drinks in a good while, massa.

COL. J.—I wouldn't offer you anything but the best. How does that taste, Joe?

JOE.—Too good to tell you, massa.

COL. J. resumes.—It was a grand convention at Vicksburg. I wish you could have seen how the white men and colored men locked arms, shook hands and sat together in the same seats.

JANE.—Massa, would you lock arms wid me now?

COL. J.—Of course I would. [Takes her arm.] In that convention they resolved to bury the hatchet and be one hereaf-

ter. Times are getting better, cotton will be higher, and everybody will have plenty of money. I know there are some who say let you go, but it is only the poor trash, and you needn't care for them. A nigger always was better than a poor white man. The men who own the land don't want you to go. [A voice, We knows dat.] And I don't want you to go, and I am willing to do what's right by you if you'll stay. I will rent you land for ten dollars an acre and furnish you meat at twenty-five cents a pound, and meal for a dollar a bushel. I will also let you have a garden spot to raise vegetables and won't charge you anything for it. You can also use my mules to haul your wood, and ride them to town once a month. Aint that fair ?

VOICE.—Dat's what you say, massa.

COL. J.—Well, aint that what you say, too ?

VOICE.—We's not got nuffin to say. We's gwine to Kansas.

COL. J. (earnestly).—Yes, and you'll wish you were back here before six months. I've been up North and the sun don't shine there all day like it does here, and the colored people are a great deal worse off there than they are here. There are no Dutch and Irish here to keep you from getting work. You have all the work here to do.

A VOICE.—Dat's true.

COL. J.—Of course it is, and that's why I want you to stay.

VOICE.—We's done gone hawt our tickets.

COL. J.—Well, never mind that. If you will agree to stay I'll give you what you paid for your tickets and send my wagons down to haul your things back. What do you say ?

SEVERAL VOICES.—Well, massa, I reckon we'll hab to go since we started, an' if we don't like it den we'll come back.

COL. J.—No, you won't, for, if you go, by the time the Dutch and Irish get through with you there will be nothing left of you to come back. Well, if you will go I'll not get mad with you. Come and tell me good by. [All approach and shake hands. Jane begins to cry.]

VOICE.—What's de matter wid you, Jane ?

JANE.—I don't want to leave massa.

VOICE.—Well, stay wid him den.

COL. J.—That's right, Jane ; you've got some sense. [He takes Jane and goes out, and sends Uncle Billy down to talk to them.]

UNCLE B. (with jug in hand, and seemingly surprised).—Why, la me ! chillun, what's all dis mean ? Whar you gwine ?

VOICES.—We's gwine to Kansas, Uncle Billy.

U. B.—Why, la, me ! chillun, don't you know de grasshoppers eat Kansas up long ago ?

VOICES.—No dey habn't. De Lord done kill all de grasshoppers and sated Kansas for our promised land.

U. B.—You 'll see. Mind what I tell you. Wasn't I jigs

now readin' in de newspaper dat de grasshoppers bin in Kansas so tick dat dey put de sun out, and de people had to light deir candles at noonday, and dat dey eat up eberyting in de fields an' den marched into de kitchen an' eat up eberyting dar eben to de dish rag.

HEZEKIAH.—Look here, Uncle Billy, dat won't do, fur how could dey eat up de dish rag widout eatin' up de dish pan too.

U. B.—Well dat 's what de 'spatches say.

[Jane is seen coming back.]

H.—Why, la me! here comes Jane. [Enter Jane.] Halloo, Jane! what brings you back?

JANE.—Why, I ask massa who he 's gwine to git to, work fur him now, an' he say he gwine to git de Shineeman wid pig-tails. I tells him I couldn't stay wid dem critters, an' I turns back, an' he tries to cotch me, but I beats him runnin'.

U. B.—Now dat nigger am lyin', fur he tole me dat he don't know who he 's gwine to git ef yo' go 'way. I tell yo', children, dat ole massa aint de meanest man, after all. He sees me last night, an' he tells me all about what he 's gwine to do fur you if you stay. He 's gwine to be mighty good.

H.—He ought to done some ob dat goodness long ago. Look here, Uncle Billy, do yo' tink we ought to stay?

U. B.—Ob course I do.

H.—Well, I don't. Massa tell us dat we'll git nuffin up Norf; well, we git nuffin here. We 's bin workin eber since 'mancipation, an' we 's got nuffin. Ebery year massa tell us dat he 's gwine to do better, an' den when Christmas comes he tells us dat we 's in debt to him. Aint dat so, childeren?

SEVERAL VOICES.—Dat am jis so.

U. B.—Well, how comes dat?

H.—How comes dat? Easy 'nuff. Massa he comes out an' tells us he's gwine to settle wid us, an' takes his pencil an' tells us how much he was to gib an' how much we git from him, an' den he 'gins to add, an' he adds an' he adds, an' den he 'gins to multiply, an' he multiplies an' he multiplies, an' den he 'gins to carry, an' he carries an' he carries, till he carries eberyting off, and den he goes to town an' he sing, "Naught 's a naught, and a figger am a figger, all fur de white man an' none fur de nigger." An' den do yo' tink we 's gwine to stay here? No, sah! We 's gwine to Kansas if de grasshoppers eat us up an' dance on our grabes. Massa send you here anyway, an' we 'specks you, Uncle Billy, but don't make us mad by axin' us to stay here and work for nuffin.

U. B.—Massa didn't send me here; I come myself, and I don't kar if de truf does make you mad. I tell you dat up in Kansas de snow am fifty-five feet high an' de ice don't melt all summer. Yo' go dar now, an' if it aint so yo' jis say dat Uncle

Billy is one ob de biggest liars dat eber chased a coon in Buck Hollow.

JOE.—[Pointing to the jug.] Say, Uncle Billy, what's dat yo' got in dat jug?

U. B.—Corn juice.

J.—Will yo' gib us some?

U. B.—Course I will, childeren. [All scramble for their cups and drink.]

J.—Uncle Billy, aint yo' gwine to drink?

U. B.—No, I's done jined de Murphy club. Don't you see my red ribbon? [Holds up a red rag.] Massa done jine it too.

JANE.—Why, la me! massa done drink wid us. Dedn't he?

SEVERAL VOICES.—Yes.

U. B.—Well, I specks he done fell from grace.

JANE.—Yes, an' I specks he didn't hab far to fall. [General laugh.]

U. B.—Well, now, look here, children; it am no time to laugh. Dis am a serious matter. Just tink ob whar you gwine to leab behind. You gwine in a strange land, what you knows nobody and nobody knows you. You're gwine to cross riber, an' hills, an' mountains, wid nobody to show you de way, an' if you git lost fo' forty years in de wilderness, jus' tink ob what ole Uncle Billy say. You'll hab no money when you git dar, not eben to buy a gingerbread.

H.—Yes we will, Uncle Billy, for de white folks up Norf am takin' up 'scriptions, an' all we's got to do when we wants anyting is to stand on de corner ob de street and hold out our hand an' say we's from de Souf.

U. B.—Who's been foolin' you, son? When de Yankees were down here and we gib dem de spring chickens, didn't dey go and take de ole hens an' look roun' fur de roosters, an' snatch de hoe cake off ob de griddle, and den yo' specks dey's gwine to put money in your hand. I wouldn't believe dat 'cept de Lord himself say so. No, childeren, yo' are here, an' yo' know all 'bout dis land—

VOICE.—We know too much 'bout it.

U. B.—Here we's been bawn an' growed up. Here we's danced an' frolicked an' chased de 'possum an' de coon. Here am de ole plantation, de cabins, de meetin'-house, an' de grabes ob our faders an' childeren, and you's gwine away to leab all ob dese?

SEVERAL VOICES.—Yes, Uncle Billy, we's bound to go.

U. B.—Hezekiah, can't de ole man 'swade you to stay? Yo' gwine to leab me? O, no! Remember de old man's gray har's an' dat he's trying to 'swade you for de best.

H.—Yes, Uncle Billy, I know; but we want to go up to de promised land, whar we can get lots ob milk and honey.



U. B.—Childeren, hab yo' ever taut who 's gwine to take kar ob yo' up dar ?

H.—Uncle Billy, yo' 'member dat good ole song we used to sing : “De Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want” ?

U. B.—'Deed I do. An' won't yo' sing dat for de ole man 'fore de boat comes along ?

SEVERAL VOICES.—Ob course we will. [They sing.]

(*Curtain falls.*)

PART IV.

[Weeping, wailing and great lamentation, consequent on disappointment. Enter forlorn individual, shivering and cold, with others making their appearance from time to time, until they number about the same company that we just took leave of. Sick of Kansas and going to return South.]

HEZEKIAH (looking about for some place to get warm.)—I wonder if dar am any fire here. Who-o-e-e! Talk 'bout dis yer Norf bein' de promised land. My Lord, de win' aint done nuffin but whistle hark from de tomb, under my coat tail since I's bin here. Massa done tell de truf when he say dat de Souf am better for a black man. [Sees some one coming.] I wonder what forsaken lookin' contraban' dis am comin'. [Enter Jane, clad in rags and pretty well bundled up.] Why, bless my life ! if dis aint Jane.

JANE (drawing back).—Who am you ?

H.—Don't you know me, Jane ? I's Hezekiah.

J.—Why, Hezekiah, how am you ? You's looking awful hard. Whar's you bin ?

H.—Well, chile, I's so cold I ken hardly tell you. Aint you got sumfin you ken loan me to wrap my limbs wid. [Jane hands him a piece of an old quilt.] Well, now look here, Jane, let's sit down an' talk ober t'ings in ginerel. You ask whar I's bin. Well, de 'mittee on 'ception of refugees sends me 'long wid some white man to 'Peka, and he makes me drive de hosses all day in de snow, an' don't gib me nuffin to eat but bean soup an' corn bread. He gib me nuffin but an ole coat to wear, an' when I ask him if dat am all he gibs me, he says dat I am a saucy nigger an' if I don't like dat I can jus' git up and git, an' so I 'cludes to git. I tell you dat dis Norf won't do an' I's gwine back Souf.

JANE.—Dat am jis so, Hezekiah, and I'll tell you dat de cullud population hab no business here. Dey send me 'lond wid a white woman and she makes me git up 'fore day, start de fire all ober de house, carry water fru de snow, an' feed de cows, do all de washin' an' scrubbin', an' didn't want me to go to meetin' kase, she say, dat de Norvern niggers would spile me an' make me no 'count.

She 'specks me to do eberything, an' when I ask her for money she say I got no business wid it, dat I had none when I was in de Souf. She scolds me all de time an' talks 'bout beatin' me, an' I gits mad an' tells her dat she's a fool, dat no white woman ker' beat me, dat I's free, an' den she says dat I's a saucy black wench, an' dribes me out ob de house an' wouldn't let me take de ole close dat she gib me. I tell you dat dese white folks t'ink kase we come from de Souf dat we don't know nuffin. But dey's fools. I'm gwine back to ole massa.

JANE.—[Looking out.] Bress my life! Here am Uncle Pompey, Aunt Sally, Cousin Sue, an' all de rest ob de folks a comin'.

H.—Whar?

J.—[Pointing to the entrance.] Look out dar.

H.—Sure 'nuff. But I knows dey were comin', fur I gits a letter from Uncle Pompey.

[Enter all, looking seedy and forlorn.]

H. and J.—[Approaching them.] So glad yo' come. Mighty lonesome here by ourselves.

UNCLE POMPEY.—La me, chillen, de ole man didn't 'speck to see yo' any moah dis side ob Jordan, [sits down] for he tinks dat he wud freeze to def dis winter. But de good Lord has spawed my life an' I wants to git back to de ole plantation. We's had nuffin but trials and tribulations since we's been here. It's been so cold dat I feels my bones freeze in de night time, and when I goes out de tears freeze on my eye-brows, an' de spit hangs like 'cicles on my beard. Look here, chillen, aint dar no fire round heah?

J.—Not a bit, Uncle Pompey. De man say dat dey take de stove out in Apral.

U. P.—Take it out in Apral? I should tink dey ought to hab stoves here all summer. Moriar, whar 's de skillet?

MARIA.—It's here. What yo' want wid it?

U. P.—I's gwine to see if we ken hab a little fire. Joe, go see if you can find some pieces of brick an' a few chips an' we'll make a little fire in de skillet, 'nuff to warm our fingers. Reckon white folks won't kar.

[Joe goes out and returns with the bricks and chips, and Uncle Pompey sets the skillet upon the bricks to keep from burning the floor, and tries to make a fire. There is too much smoke.]

WHITE MAN.—[Entering.] Put out that fire!

U. P.—Look here, white man, we 's cold an' we wants to hab a little fire.

W. M.—Can't help that. I'm sorry for you, but I'm afraid the building might catch fire. [Puts water on it.]

U. P.—What time does de kars git here?

W. M.—[Going out.] Pretty soon; you won't have long to wait.

U. P.—He 's sorry, yes! Dey say dat in de Norf a white man am as good as a nigger if he behabes himself, but I aint seen de fust white man behabe hissself since I 's bin here. Dey 's all mean. Talk 'bout dis land flowin wid milk an' honey! Why I aint seen a bungle-bee, let alone any honey. If it am here de white folks gits it all.

AUNT MARIAH.—Well, ole man, dare aint no use grumblin. Uncle Billy told us dis 'fore we come. It aint only de white folks but de niggers am mean too. De fust time dat I went to de meetin' some ob dem was so proud dat when I goes to sit down dey gits 'way from me like I was some varmint. And sich a meetin'! My Lord! It was so cold dat I didn't feel de spirit all de time I was dar. Dey didn't sing nuffin but new fashioned songs, and de preacher talks 'bout de sun an' de moon an' de stars, and some infiddle dat he calls Kurnel Niggersoll, instead of preachin' de truf. No sich meetin' as we hab on de ole plantashun, when de sperit come down so pow'fully dat it makes yo' fear an' trem'le.

COUSIN MARY.—Dat am so, Aunt Maria, for I isn't felt de sperit sence I 's bin here.

U. P.—[Taking a paper out of his pocket.] Look here! I want some ob you chillun to read dis paper dat a cullud gemmen gib me de oder day when he was tellin' me 'bout a camp meetin dey had last summer.

J.—I'll read it.

U. P.—[Handing it to her.] Well, here den, read it.

J.—[Looking at it for a moment.] Why, it aint nuffin but 'bout a camp meetin'. Dere 's a heap ob names on it.

U. P.—Well, read dem.

J.—[Reading.] The followin' preachers will assist at de meetin': Rev. John Jones, B. D., Rev. T. A. Jackson, B. D., Rev. James Lewis, B. D.

U. P.—Dat will do, Jane; I understans de names, but I want yo' to tell me what de B. D. means.

A. M.—Ole man, I specks dat means bury de debil.

J.—No it don't, Aunt Moriar.

A. M.—Well, what does it mean den? Yo' tinks yo' is so smart.

J.—It means dem preachers am boss darkies. [All laugh.]

A. M.—I know'd Jane 'ud come wid some ob her foolishness.

VOICE.—Some ob yo' laffin, but I 's too cold to laf—so cold I hab to cry.

U. P.—Well, now, look here, chillun. Dat am so, but we 's had 'nuff weepin', an' wailin', an' lamentation. We 's done bin fooled, but we mout as well laf as cry. Ole massa send us money to git back home wid, an' de bullgine will soon be here. Tink dat we 's gwine back to de ole home in de Souf, an' be hawpy. Hezekiah, sing us a good ole song.

SEVERAL VOICES.—Dat's it! Sing us a song.

H.—Well, I 's got a new song, an' yo' must all jine in de chorus.

VOICES.—All right. [Song, "I 's done been to Kansas."]

FINALE.



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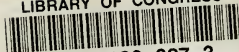


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