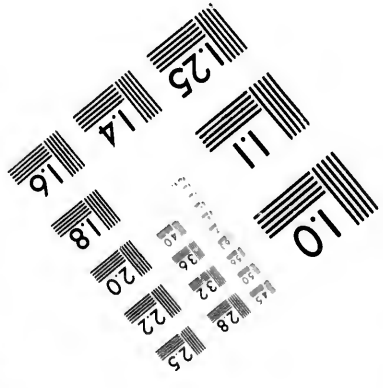
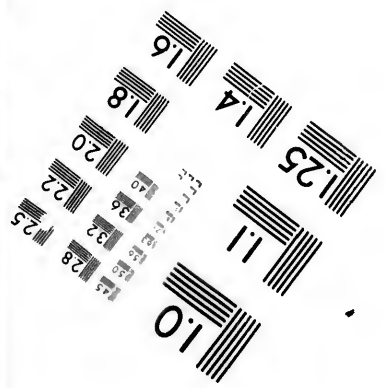
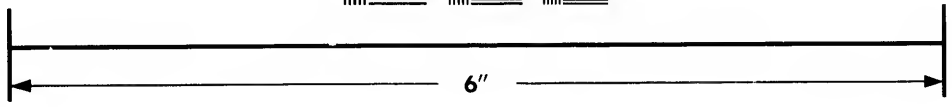
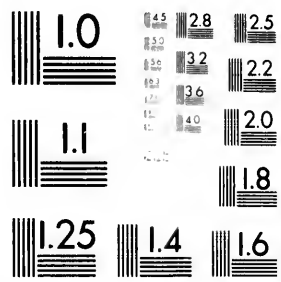


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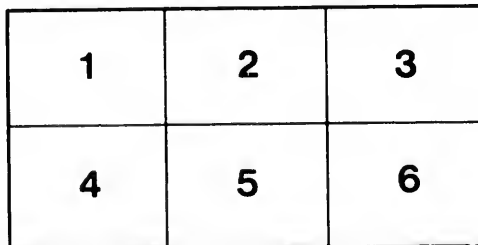
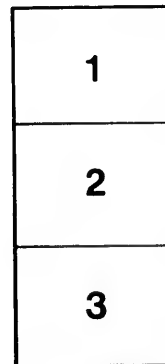
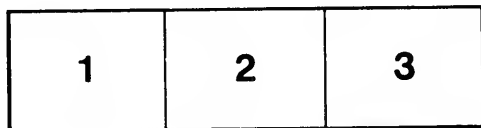
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elure,
à

"WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING"

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA

IN III. ACTS,

— BY —

CATHARINE NINA MERRITT (U.E.L.).



TORONTO :

ROWSELL & HUTCHISON, PRINTERS.

1897.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

ENTERED according to the Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year of our
Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven, by CATHARINE
NINA MERRITT, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.

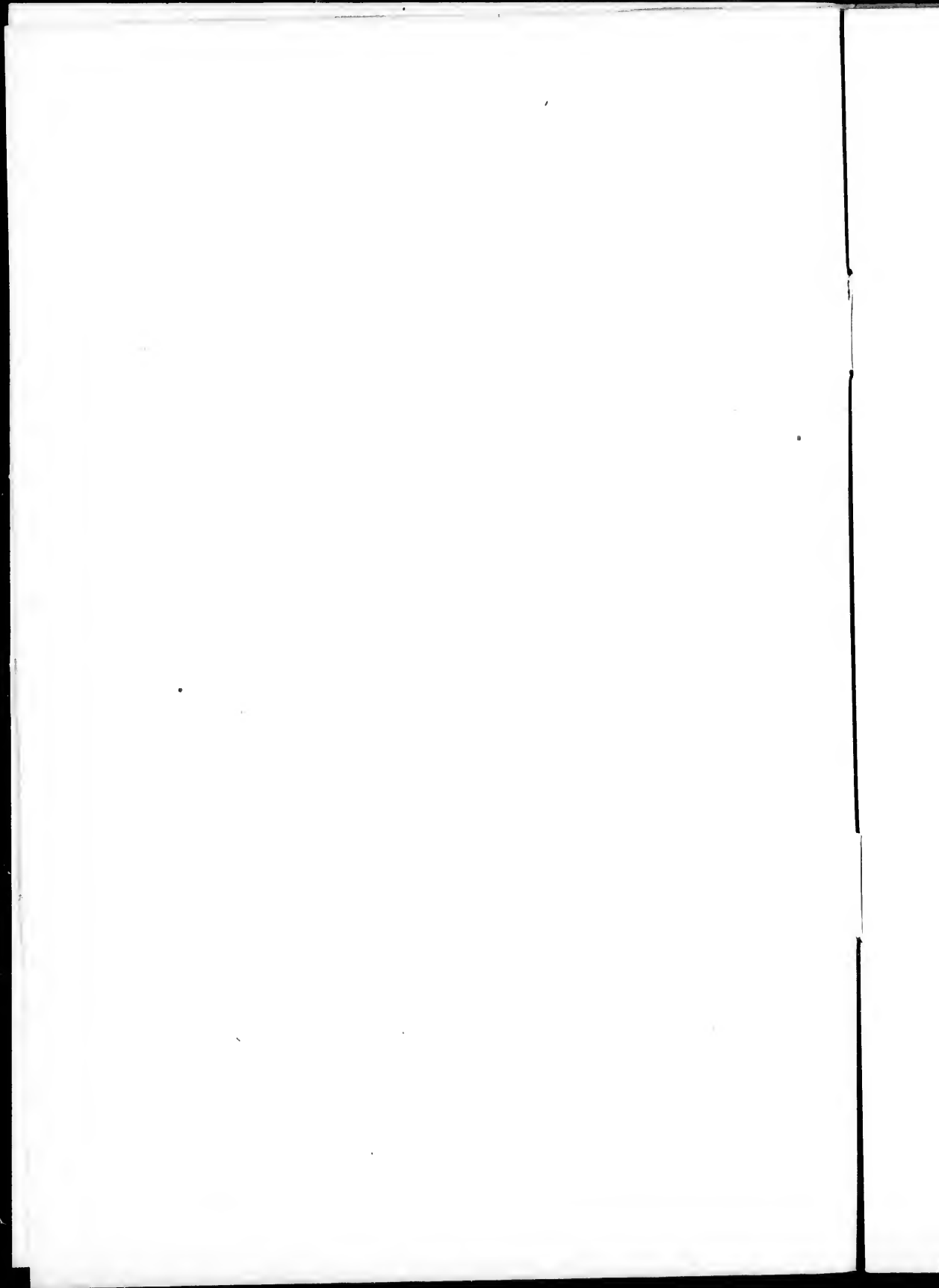
Mr. Fordyce, a gentleman of good circumstances and position, is living near Albany. His daughter, Margaret, is engaged to a rising Boston lawyer, from whom they first learn of the serious condition of affairs in that town. Margaret, on learning his disloyal sentiments, breaks her engagement and dismisses him. Mr. Fordyce is suspected by the rebels of secretly working for the Loyalist Party, and being a strong opponent, they endeavor to have him brought to Philadelphia under the pretext of his presence being required for some legal business. In the absence of Mr. Fordyce, the despatch is handed to Col. Wallace, the man supposing him to be the master of the house. Angry words pass between them, the result being that Col. Wallace is shot.

ACT II.

During the rebellion, two British officers riding through the country take shelter in the house of Mr. Fordyce. The rebels track them and search the house, but the officers being concealed, they fail in their object. The men have no sooner emerged from their hiding-place than a Scotchman comes to warn Mr. Fordyce that the rebels are returning to take him prisoner and have been ordered to leave a strong guard in the house. In consequence of this timely warning, all the men are enabled to escape to Canada. The women are left, trusting to Gen. Schuyler's promise of protection. They are afterwards taken as hostages to Albany, but are eventually allowed to join their family.

ACT III.

Mr. Fordyce, having settled his wife and daughter, goes to rejoin his regiment, taking Henry with him. Their home-coming brings joy to the women. Andrew declares his love to Margaret, which is reciprocated, and the announcement of their being affianced causes general satisfaction. The sudden appearance of a band of Indians brings consternation, but it is soon discovered that they are friendly. Elizabeth has a vision of a hundred years in the future.



CHARACTERS :

WILLIAM HENRY FORDYCE,	King's Attorney-Gen.
MRS. ELIZABETH FORDYCE, (his wife.)	
MARGARET FORDYCE, (his daughter.)	
HENRY FORDYCE, (his son.)	
NATHANIEL CRAWLEY,	Boston Lawyer.
COL. JAMES WALLACE,	(Retired.)
MRS. CAROLINE WALLACE, (his wife.)	
ANDREW WALLACE, (his son.)	
REBECCA,	Negro Woman-servant.
NED,	Negro Man-servant.
COL. HOFF,	Officer in Rebel Army.
CAPT. BENNETT,	In British Army.
MACDONNELL,	Scotch Settler.

Rebel officer. Men attending Rebel officers. Rabble.

ACT I.—1773, December.—During Boston Riots.

ACT II.—1776, June.—During Rebellion.

ACT III.—1783, May.—Refugees in Canada.

ACT I.

DRAWING ROOM IN MR. FORDYCE'S HOUSE. HENRY AND NED DISCOVERED.

- HEN. Go on Ned, never mind the silver, what did the King do then? Did he set to work and build himself another castle?
- NED. De King? de King? Heah de chile! Why bless yo' heart, honey, kings don't do nuffin, dey jes' set round!
- HEN. Do you think our King George does nothing but just "set round," Ned?
- NED. (*Scratching his head.*) King George, him mighty big king, Mass' Henry, I guess him lie down.
- HEN. You think he lies down? And do you think that is why he cannot stop the riots in Boston, because, if a man is lying down, you know, he cannot do much, can he?
- NED. (*Looks puzzled.*) No! Mass' Henry, no sah! he don't do much!
- HEN. But Ned, do you think if King George got up he could make those Whigs behave themselves?
- NED. Why how you do talk, honey! Heah de chile! De King! him so far 'way! him not do nuffin! him not stop de fightin'! not de Boston fightin'!
- HEN. Oh! you do not think so? Well! never mind the bothersome old Whigs, Ned, tell me about the King in your story. What did he do, after his unruly subjects knocked down his castle? (*Pushes him into a chair.*) Go on, Ned! what did he do?

- NED.** (*Resisting.*) Now! Mass' Henry; leabe de ole niggah do his work, honey! Bime by, him tell you what de King do! Him mus' go shine de silver; Mass' Henry, you leabe him go! (*Enter REB.*)
- REB.** Why! what you doin' heah, you lazy niggah? I done been looking all frou' de house fo' you, you good-for-nuffin black man! Heah's folks comin' diinah dis evenin', an' you sittin' der jes' de same es if you was de massa hisself, an' nuffin to do but jes' talk, talk!
- HEN.** Now! do not be so cross, Rebecca, it is my fault; I was making him tell me a story. You do not look pretty, when you are cross, Rebecca! (*Exit NED, avoiding REB.*)
- REB.** Mass' Henry! aint you 'shamed o' yo'sef? What yo' faaver say! Makin' he pore ole niggah set down in de palar, an' tellin' you stories, an' de silbah! —(*Grumbling to herself, and dusting.* *Enter MAR. and CRAWLEY.*)
- HEN.** Good day, Mr. Crawley! Margaret! you have just come in time to put Rebecca in a good humor; she is cross at Ned, because he was telling me stories. (*Mar. crosses to Reb.*)
- Have you had a nice ride, Mr. Crawley?
- CRA.** A very enjoyable ride, my young friend; but rather too cold! I find the animals over-fresh on these frosty mornings!
- MAR.** Never mind, Rebecca! do not be cross! Old Ned will work all the better for a few minutes' play, and our guests are sure to be late; for they have a long way to come, you know. Now, I am going up to put on my frock for dinner. You will come and help me, in a few minutes, will you not, Rebecca? Mr. Crawley, I crave your pardon for leaving you; I would have speech with my brother. Come, Henry! (*Exit MAR. and HEN. CRAWLEY follows to door, then turns.*)
- REB.** Dat blessed chile! What fo' she marry dat long-legged Yankee, dat pore tan trash! Him play possum mighty good! (*Exit REB. Enter MR. FORDYCE.*)
- CRA.** Ah! sir, I was about to seek an interview with you! And if I am not eneroaching too much upon your valuable time; may I be permitted to crave your attention for a short space?
- FOR.** Surely! surely! Take a seat my young friend; I shall be glad to serve you in any way within my power; but we shall have ample opportunity to discuss all matters of interest at our leisure. Your stay, I trust, will not be limited?

CRA. Sir! I am forced to leave your hospitable roof, I regret to say, this evening. I received a dispatch this morning, as I rode forth with your daughter, calling me back immediately to Boston on important business. Sir! I wish, before I leave, to settle definitely the date of my marriage with your estimable daughter. I should feel at ease if we could fix it for next month, towards the end. We cannot tell what may happen from day to day. Man is but mortal; and, as for her dowry, sir!——

FOR. Stay! stay! Be not too hasty in your conclusions. Have you spoken to our daughter of this hasty marriage. She is yet over-young to leave her parents' roof.

CRA. Nay, sir! I have not! She but gave me her consent to our union at some future time! I made no mention of any special date, but when she hears of my prospects, I make no doubt, she will consent.

FOR. Your practice is increasing, then? It is well! Had I not understood that you were a man of ability and industry, I could never have consented to your marriage with our precious child! To be candid, I am averse to your religious views, and for some time I demurred, thinking, perhaps, it were wrong to allow our daughter to unite with one professing a different form of worship; but she seemed so much to have set her heart upon this match, that I yielded to her entreaties, and, sir! I hope you are too much of a gentleman to urge upon her a creed which may be contrary to her convictions.

CRA. You may trust me, sir! as if I were your son I shall endeavor to promote her happiness to the best of my means and ability.

FOR. Then, you have my consent to address her yourself regarding the time of your marriage. We shall miss her sorely—she is always such a bright spot in our old home—but if this union constitutes her happiness, we must not be selfish enough to keep her from its consummation. And now, tell me, I pray you! what do you think are the chances of quelling these riots in Boston? I have had but little opportunity of seeing you alone to question you on the subject, and I do not wish to discuss it before my wife and daughter lest they should become alarmed at the serious aspect of affairs. A few more such men as my friend, Governor Hutchinson, would soon bring the leaders of these riots to their proper minds, methinks, without the necessity of using military force.

CRA. Nay, sir! I do not think that even one hundred such men as Governor Hutchinson would be sufficient to subdue the spirit of the Boston people. Sir! you cannot understand the determination of these men. They are desperate; they will go to any length to obtain their rights. I have here the dispatch, which I received this morning, containing intelligence, which, I fear, will be pain and disappointment to your hopes. The first consignment of the East India Company's tea arrived in Boston Harbor about a week since. The people boarded the ship and threw every case into the sea.

FOR. It is incredible! What wanton, cowardly destruction!

CRA. (*Opens letter and reads.*) My friend says, that "Men and women, rich and poor, standing together, threw into the sea £18,000 worth of something they prized," and further on, "Governor Hutchinson saith, if they go to the lengths which they threaten, he will be obliged to retire to the castle, as he cannot otherwise make any exertion in support of the King's authority; he doth greatly fear another attack upon his house." (*Folds letter.*) And now, sir! doth that convince you of the powerlessness of Governor Hutchinson and his like,—nay! of every man, in the service of King George the Ty—(*recovering*), King George the Third?

FOR. This is worse than I suspected,—far worse! We live here, so unmolested, and secure in our homes, that we cannot realize the truly terrible state of confusion and rebellion existing in your part of the world.

CRA. My good sir! you will be forced to recognize it shortly. The spirit of liberty is spreading with the rapidity of a forest fire.

FOR. But they are mad! They are mad! Let them but have patience; their grievances will be heard by parliament and, in due time, redressed! They repealed the Stamp Act, and I doubt not sir, that our government will settle the tax question to the satisfaction of both parties on this continent, would the Whigs but give them time! The war with France in Canada was reopened entirely for our safety and protection, and is it not just that we should bear our share of its expenses?

CRA. It may be so; but such talk in Boston would but doom a man to destruction and exile!

FOR. Destruction? Exile? Then let me be destroyed! But here comes my daughter. (*Enter MAR.*) Not a word of this before the ladies! Ah! Margaret, my blessing. Your fine appearance makes me realize the lateness of the hour, and the unfitness of my habit! Good sir! I beg that you will pardon my absence! My

daughter will entertain you, doubtless, better than I can do. Margaret, will you undertake the task? (*Exit FOR.*)

MAR. It will not be such a hard one, father (*laughs*), nor the first time I have tried it!

CRA. (*Excited.*) Ah! Margaret! How beautiful you are! When I see you, I forget everything I have left behind me, and everything that lies before, and my one desire is to call you "wife," now, at once! Yet, I know, that cannot be. Such things require a few arrangements—fine ladies, like you, must have fine frocks and farthingales!

MAR. And plenty of time to bring them across the seas!

CRA. 'Ay! ay! But listen, Margaret! There are times when we may not wait for all we want, but must take what we can get. At such times, one moment's delay may lose us all!

MAR. What mean you by these words? Your looks are more serious than your speech would warrant.

CRA. I mean, that I want you to say that you will fix the date of our marriage in one month from now. I have your father's consent to speak with you. Tell me, Margaret, that you will grant my wish! I must return to Boston this evening. Send me back the happiest man in all America! Margaret! tell me that I may return in one month and take you to my home.

MAR. Nay! nay! be not so hasty, my dear Nathaniel; it is no proof of any change in my affection, that I cannot grant your wish.

CRA. Cannot! why cannot? What lies in the way?

MAR. My parents lie in the way, and my brother, he is overyoung to be left without me. He hath never had another companion or play-fellow beside, and he would miss me more than anyone. In a few years he will be grown old enough to go to Harvard College, and then, there will not be so great need for me to stay at home, and I shall be of a fitter age to take upon me the duties of a wife.

CRA. In all your calculations you do not take me into account. Why should I be obliged to give up my desire, to please your parents and your young brother?

MAR. Because, in so doing, you will be pleasing me.

CRA. (*Impatient.*) But you are frivolous! You do not consider the importance of our immediate marriage. If we are not wedded within a month, we may never have another opportunity.

MAR. Why so? What is to come between us? If there is chance of either breaking faith, 'twere better proved!

- CRA. Nay! You do not understand,—how should you? I have business on hand of the greatest importance, which may keep me so busy at home that I shall have time for naught else; or, it may take me abroad, and keep me close in some foreign land.
- MAR. Then, should your wife have but a dull time of it, 'twere better she should bide at home where she hath companions about her who have the leisure to think of her, and talk to her.
- CRA. Ah! I see there is no use trying to persuade you in this manner. I must risk something. Margaret! I will trust you, and tell you all. Can you keep a secret?
- MAR. I *can*, and *will*! What is it?
- CRA. (*Whispers.*) Margaret! If you will marry me now, I will raise you to be one of the highest ladies in the land,—your beauty and lofty bearing shall help me to climb up, step by step, into power and wealth, and who knows? one day you may be the wife of the President of the greatest Republic in the world.
- MAR. (*Frightened.*) Republic! I know not what you mean!
- CRA. (*Excited.*) My love! you have heard of these riots in Boston? These rough men are but the band-dogs, the tools in the hands of a few men of intellect, who have met in secret council, and have determined that this glorious land of America shall be free from the rule of the Tyrant! It shall no longer be oppressed and submissive to the dictates of his pampered minions. Margaret! Among the names of those men who have taken solemn oath to free this country from the rule of George the Tyrant is that of Nathaniel Crawley! Margaret! my love, do not draw away. Come! share with me the glory and renown of being one of the first men to stand for the freedom of this glorious land.
- MAR. Traitor! stand back! Do not approach me! do not touch me! Happily, you have revealed your true nature, by your words, before it was too late; and your effort to win me, by your proffered share of gain, has but lost me to you forever. You must have been woe-fully mistaken in me if you thought that I, the daughter of a Tory, and one of the most loyal in America, would aid you in your treacherous design to overthrow the King.
- CRA. Nay! But, Margaret! hearken! There is no treachery!
- MAR. Speak not again! I cannot persuade myself that you are the same man before me, whom late I sanctioned to address me tender words. Oh! shame!—if my father

knew of this, methinks his anger would outstride his hospitality. I will keep my pledge of secrecy as best I may, but I cannot trust myself if you remain within my sight; nevertheless, by reason of my late regard for you, I would wish that no injury may come to you while in this house; therefore, I beseech you, take your departure without delay. I will invent some excuse which will satisfy my parents' fears.

CRA. It is hopeless, then? *You will not* let me speak? (MAR. *shakes her head.*) Then must I go, without a word, without one little ray of hope, that I may live?

MAR. One word of hope I give you, ere we part. That you, and all your pack of hounds, may well be punished by the King, as you deserve! Go! go! (*Exit CRA.*) (MAR. *sinks into chair and buries her face in her hands, sobbing. Recovers herself as ELIZ. enters.*)

ELIZ. How now, Margaret? Where hath Mr. Crawley gone? Your father hath informed me of his desire to carry you away from us in January. Hath he been speaking with you on this point, my child? (MAR. *nods.*) And what hath been your verdict—to go, or not to go? (MAR. *shakes her head.*) I own, I am not over-anxious for this match, and never was; but if it makes my child the happier——

MAR. (*Sobbing, throws herself at her mother's feet and hides her face.*) Oh! mother! mother! I will never leave you. I told him so: he has gone; he will not come back again, never! I could not leave you all!

ELIZ. There! there! be quiet; calm yourself! What now you tell me, does me good to hear. I never fancied much your choice; but then your father thought him clever, shrewd, a man of intellect and power in law. It is true his parents are of humble birth, and worship with a sect called "Independents." I know not what they are—they may be worthy people, too! Nevertheless, the young man pleased me not, and right glad am I to know that you prefer to bide at home, I hope for many years. Come! dry your eyes, for presently our guests will be arriving, and you would not wish to have them catch you thus, in such a plight! Go! wash away the traces of your tears, and put away your troubles, in the entertainment of our guests. (*Exit MAR.*) Poor child! There's something lies beneath her mere reluctance to be married soon,—she hath discovered something in the man to disappoint her hopes. (*Enter FOR.*)

FOR. What? Crawley gone? What hastened his departure? But now, I met young John, the groom, who said

he saddled Mr. Crawley's horse some ten minutes since, and that he rode away with speed. What means this haste?

ELIZ. He hath had speech with Margaret, and not only did he fail to persuade her to marry him in January, but now, she doth declare, she will not marry him at all. Methinks they must have quarrelled, and he left her in a huff. For my own part, William, I should not be sorry to see this match broken off entirely.

FOR. Hum! hum! I know not what to think. These lovers' quarrels ever end in smoke. But, hark! I hear the crunch of wheels within the drive! Our guests arrive! (FOR. *goes to door.*)

ELIZ. 'Twill not take much to shake his admiration of Nathaniel Crawley. 'Twere best to say no more.
(*Door thrown open by NED, who takes cloaks, etc. Enter COL. WAL., CAR. and AND.*)

FOR. Welcome, madam! Welcome, sir! 'Tis many weeks since we have had the pleasure of your company. I trust you both enjoy the best of health! And our young friend, just finished with his college course! We need not ask him how he fares, for youth is ever light and strong. Margaret! Where is Margaret? She will be rejoiced to see her old companion back again. (*Enter MAR.*)

Ah! here she comes!

ELIZ. (*To COL. WAL.*) How these children grow! 'Tis hard for us to realize that they are children now no more. How fares it with your sons? They both are with their regiment? You must be glad that they are old enough to fill your vacant place. And doth your wound still trouble?

WAL. Ay! sometimes it doth, in cold weather, most of all; but, I would go through the same again to be at another taking of Quebec; and, 'tis not so bad that I could not raise a carbine still in face of any of the King's enemies at home or abroad!

MAR. What mean you, that you will not touch my hand! You surely must be jesting!

AND. I mean, that with this hand I have perjured mine honor and my soul, and until I have redeemed the one and chastened the other, I dare not call myself a gentleman; and none but a gentle man, in thought at least, should take the hand of any gentle maid! (*They all look in surprise.*)

WAL. My son! what meaneth this? What have you done, that you need be ashamed to take a lady by the hand?

AND. Father, I have purposely concealed from you what now I am about to tell. Mr. Fordyce is my revered godfather; his wife, my well-loved godmother, and his daughter, my — my companion and cherished friend. It is more bitter to me to confess my crime before these, than to you and my mother alone. My punishment deserves to be the most severe I know of, therefore, let me speak!

CAR. My son! you speak in jest,—you mean not all you say!

AND. Mother! I mean it all; let me speak! You are aware that I but lately returned from a visit to one of my Harvard friends in Salem, near Boston, and that I did not remain as long as I had intended; the reason of my hasty departure I am about to relate. (CAR. *tries to interrupt him, but he stops her with a motion of his hand.*) On the night of the 5th, my friend and I were invited to sup at a young men's club,—all Whigs, my friend being also of these politics. After supper, there were some bold speeches made; one man, rising, proposed a toast to the freedom of America and the downfall of George the Tyrant. In an instant I was on my feet, crying, treason! treason! Immediately, they seized me, held down my arms, and bound them to my sides. I struggled desperately; they laid me on the floor, and forced my teeth open with a wedge, determined that I should drink the toast. Glass after glass they poured into my mouth, but I resisted swallowing, so that the wine flowed all over my face and on the floor. Gradually, as the fumes began to stupefy me, I lost all power of resistance, and at last, was in such a state of intoxication that when unbound I could not raise myself from the floor. After this, I knew nothing until I awoke the next morning in my friend's house. Saxter came in and congratulated me on having joined the "winning side," as *he* called it, and told me *that which* made me burn with rage. He said that when unconscious, they had held my hand, and made me sign a document, swearing allegiance to "Free America," and renouncing my King as "George the Tyrant." I would not believe it! He took me to the club, and there in the presence of ten members, he read me that accursed document, most villainously signed, "Andrew Keith Wallace." I tried to seize the paper, but was dragged away. I struggled, and struck out. My blows were returned tenfold. Seeing I was overwhelmed and powerless, I retired baffled and beaten, and left the house of John Saxter—my friend no more—with the

firm resolve to join the Queen's Rangers and be among the first to strike a blow for our good King, and give the lie to that damning evidence, now held in traitor hands! Father! can you forgive me? (*Sinks into chair and hides face.*)

WAL. Good God! my son, what news is this?

FOR. Take it not thus, my friend, the lad hath nobly done, it was no fault of his, he was overpowered. The fellows were cowards all! Come! Come! my lad, take heart, the fault was no more yours than Margaret's here! Stand up, and bravely face the lie, for lie it was, and never hand of yours that wrote! Come forth, my lad! come take the air! A little saunter in the garden now, will somewhat clear away the clouds and lend you better appetite. (*AND. rises.*) Margaret! will you join us in our stroll?

MAR. Ay! that I will!

FOR. We'll go and visit Cherry in her stall, and take her carrots to subdue her greed. Margaret! you tried her pace to-day, I warrant. (*Exit FOR., MAR. and AND.*)

CAR. My poor boy! how terribly he doth take this disgrace to heart, and yet it was no fault of his!

ELIZ. Indeed! no fault of his! He is a noble lad to have endured so long such brutal usage as they put him to. What fiends are men, when unrestrained by any high resolve!

WAL. Such men, indeed, are brutes and fiends, and any country governed by their like, would be a very hell! Heaven guard this land from rule of selfish men, who turn the raging rabble loose to serve their hateful ends. (*Enter three men. One advances and extends paper to WAL.*)

STRAN. You are bid to follow me, I am to escort you to Philadelphia. Read!

WAL. Who bids me go? That paper bears not the seal of the King. *I will NOT read!*

STRAN. The King! Ha! ha! (*All the men laugh.*) We do not know the King. Mean you the Bastard Tyrant, Geo. the Third?

WAL. (*Seizes poker and threatens stranger.*) I'll teach you to insult the name of the King!

STRAN. And I'll teach you to defy the authority on which I act (*draws pistol and fires, the other men level pistols at the women, WAL. springs after him, he fires again. WAL. falls.*)

STRAN. To horse! to horse! (*Exit three men.*)

HEN. (*Enter HEN. running.*) What! Shot! Who did it?

ELIZ. Make haste, your father's gun, fly! (*Exit HEN.*)

- CAR. (*Loosing WAL.'s neckcloth.*) Oh! my husband! He is quite unconscious, quite, James! James!
- FOR. (*Enter in haste FOR., MAR. and AND.*) What were the shots we heard? How? Wallace wounded, who hath done this deed?
- ELIZ. Three men, who entered, armed, to carry him away, he defended himself and the name of the King! One fired, and then they all escaped!
(*Enter HEN. with gun.*)
Here is your gun, you yet may get a shot at them.
- HEN. Father! There's five of them, they took the road, and if you run across the lawn, you'll catch them at the old thorn hedge! (*Exit FOR.*)
- AND. Find me a gun, good boy, and run with it to where your father's gone. The hounds! (*Enter NED and REB, Exit AND. and HEN.*)
- CAR. He does not speak to me! he's still unconscious; oh! what if I should never hear his voice again?
- NED. Sakes, alive! ef Massa Wallace ain't been shot?
- ELIZ. Ned! get the brandy quickly, Reb, some cold water.
(*Exit NED and REB.*)
Mrs. Wallace, take heart, he lives, he breathes, and yet, I fear the wound lies in a vital part; we cannot staunch the flow of blood!
- CAR. Oh! if he would but speak!
- ELIZ. (*Enter NED and REB.*) (*Gives brandy.*) This will restore him to consciousness.
- CAR. My husband! speak to me, one word, just one!
- WAL. (*They raise his head.*) My country! my poor country!

[END OF ACT I.]

ACT II.

DINING ROOM IN MR. FORDYCE'S HOUSE, INCONGRUOUS FURNITURE. UNION JACK HANGING ON WALL.
ANDREW AND CAPTAIN BENNETT SEATED
AT BREAKFAST, SERVED BY NED.

- BEN. I doubt if we shall gain Niagara, if reports be true, that all this country is being scoured by General Schuyler's troops.
- AND. Ay! but under cover of night, we may win Sir Guy Johnstone's Indian encampment, where the loyal Chief Brant will give us safe conduct for the rest of the way. I doubt not; but methinks many inhabitants of this district, are either loyal, or indifferent in their feelings.
- BEN. That may be so: but so long as Albany is in the hands of the rebels, it seems that no man's property is

safe, and scarcely their lives, methinks, from what one hears of the marauding and looting in the past year.

AND. Ay! it hath been terrible, and many loyalist families have already abandoned their homes and their farms, and have taken refuge in the back woods of Canada.

ELIZ. (*Enter ELIZ.*) I trust that Ned hath been looking after you, gentlemen, it is but poor fare that we can offer you in these unsettled times. The country is constantly being scoured and robbed for the provisioning of General Schuyler's troops, and everything is rising rapidly in price! (*NED clears table and exits.*)

AND. Indeed! my dear godmother, we have fared admirably; and feel hugely refreshed by your hospitality, after our long night's ride; but I fear we must further trespass on your goodness, for we dare not journey forth in daylight. Mr. Fordyce tells us there are spies in all directions, and numerous scouting parties, therefore, we beg that you will bear with us until to-night.

BEN. We have no great desire to spend our strength shut up as prisoners of war. Our horses, too, have need of rest and food.

ELIZ. And you, yourselves, have need of rest and sleep. Indeed! it is no imposition to entertain our friends; and news, fresh from the seat of action is most acceptable. My husband hath been longing for some information for weeks past. It is difficult for us to obtain any letters from our friends; for they are generally intercepted and sent to Albany.

BEN. Have you ever been molested by these bands of marauders that infest the country?

ELIZ. Indeed! we have, last year they surrounded this house, under pretence of searching for hidden arms and ammunition; they overturned the whole place, carrying away whatever they could lay their hands upon.

AND. What? They entered the house, the thieves!

ELIZ. Ay! entered the house and picked up everything they thought of any value, in many cases, when the articles were too cumbersome to take away, they dashed them on the floor, or threw them out of the windows.

BEN. Wanton destruction! Was there no chance of making resistance to such conduct? You have many loyal Scotch settlers among you, I understand, could you have done nothing in self-defence?

ELIZ. Useless! A month before this occurrence, General Schuyler marched here from Albany with 3,000 men, and forced all the loyalists (a small number) to lay down their arms, allowing my husband alone, to retain

his carbine, only on these conditions would he promise to leave us unmolested.

AND. I warrant Mr. Fordyce consented to these terms for the sake of the women and children.

ELIZ. Ay! for their sakes. Nevertheless, resistance would have been useless, some twenty men against 3,000? What could they do? 'Twere wiser to bide their time and strike when the blow will count.

BEN. And what of the General's promise? it doth not appear that he hath kept it very well!

FOR. (*Enter Fordyce breathless.*) Andrew, Sir! You must seek some place of safety; if you do not wish to be carried away to Albany. From the hill behind the stables, I saw a band of rebels some 300 strong, marching along the road, and I concluded that this house is their destination, as there is no outlet beyond the farm, and they know the country well! Where can we store these gentlemen in safety, Elizabeth?

ELIZ. (*Thinking.*) I have it! On the roof, the parapet will hide them; go you too, William, you know not what orders they may have, or what they may consider as their duty.

FOR. 'Tis true! It may be prudent not to show myself; trust to a woman's wit to find a hiding-place.

BEN. And your wife? Will they respect her sex?

FOR. Ay! They must, I have a promise signed by General Schuyler, when we delivered up our arms, to leave the women unmolested, and I have no fear for them. 'Tis my own humble person that they wish to lay their hands upon; they're doing everything within their power to hinder us from making our escape, and take up arms against them. (*Enter HEN. running.*)

HEN. Father! Mother! Rebels coming up the road!

ELIZ. Go! get you to your hiding place, and keep yourselves in close concealment till I call.

HEN. Mother! where go they? (*Exit FOR., AND. and BEN.*)

ELIZ. To the roof! Go! tell the men to lock the stable doors and hide the keys, and they themselves to keep well out of sight. (*Exit HEN.*)

REB. (*Enter REB.*) Sakes! Miss Lizzie, here tum dem white debils again! Dere ain't much lef' fur dem to take away, 'cepen de wimmen!

ELIZ. I must go and speak with Mrs. Wallace, she will greatly fear these men after her husband's cruel death. (*Exit ELIZ.*)

REB. Sakes alive! I done ben lef' heah all 'lone, I guess I folla Miss Lizzie. (*About to exit, lumps against NED.*)

- REB. Wey you! where you ben, you lazy niggah? Heah's de lebel comin' long de road, en you not doin' nuffin to proteck de missus. Heah's poo' Miss Wallace mos scared to death!
- NED. Shoo', now, you go long and quit yo' callin' names. You don't know nuffin, I ben protectin' de missus, I ben fightin', fightin' hard.
- REB. Dat true, Ned? Why! where you been fightin'?
- NED. Fightin'? At de war! Bless yo' soul, I ben to de war! I cut an' I slash, an' I cut an' I slash, till I cut all de feet off!
- REB. Shoo! you silly ole black niggah! What fo' you not cut off de heads?
- NED. Ha! ha! What you take me fo', you take me fo' one stupid white Yankee fool? Ha! ha! De heads was off befo'! (*Enter ELIZ., CAR. and MAR.*) (*Shouts without.*)
- ELIZ. Ned! I told you not to show yourself; go! go at once and hide within the barn. (*NED lingers.*) Do you want to go as prisoner to Albany? Go! I command you! (*Exit NED muttering. ELIZ. sits with embroidery.*)
- CAR. I cannot feign indifference! Am I pale? I am trembling all over! Margaret, child, come near me!
- MAR. Have no fears, we are safe enough, the General promised it. (*Knocks heard. ELIZ. signs to REB. to open door, she hesitates.*)
- ELIZ. Rebecca; open the door at once! (*REB. opens. Two rebel officers enter, ELIZ. rises to meet them.*)
- Do you wish to have speech with me, sir?
- HOFF. I am Col. Hoff's. Have I the honour of addressing Mrs. Fordyce? (*She bows.*) I regret to say, madam, that I have orders to demand the surrender of two British officers, who were seen to enter this house early this morning. If you do not give them up instantly, the house must be searched.
- ELIZ. There are no British officers within this house.
- OFF. (*Holly.*) Do you deny that they were here?
- ELIZ. Sir! I do not deny that they were here; I said they were not in this house, nor are they, at this present.
- OFF. It is a lie! The house hath been watched; they have not been seen to leave it. We will search the house.
- HOFF. Keep thy whetted tongue within thy teeth. I am thy superior officer, and I can execute my orders, I guess!
- HOFF. (*To ELIZ.*) Do you refuse to tell me where the officers have gone?
- ELIZ. I do.

- HOFF. (To OFF.) Then go and search the house and leave no corner unvisited. (*Exit OFF, releasing dignity*) And now I guess I'll take my ease, for marching don't altogether suit my constitution or style of beauty. (*Sits himself with feet on table and pulls out cigar.*) Wall, old lady, I guess I wouldn't object to somewhat wherewith to slack my thirst. What ha' ye got? I'm told that you soft-living Tories have the best wine-cellar in the country! Now, let us see what you can do for us. What will ye bring forth wherewith we may drink the health of General Washington?
- ELIZ. Sir! our cellar hath been sacked of its contents, and naught remains us save a little home-brewed ale, shall my servant fetch you that?
- HOFF. Anythink! anythink! Half a loaf is better than no bread. (To MAR.) Eh! my pretty?
- ELIZ. (To REB.) Rebecca! go and fetch a jug of ale and biscuits to refresh this gentleman. (*Exit REB.*)
- HOFF. Ha! that sounds good to a famished warrior. (*Sees flag*). Ho! what have we here? I'faith a pretty bit of colour: t'will serve to make my wife a jaunty petticoat, for which she stands in need. (*Goes towards flag*.)
- ELIZ. (*Placing herself in front of flag*.) Touch that flag if you dare, I defend it with my life. (*CAR. and MAR. join her in line.*)
- MAR. And I with mine.
- CAR. And I. (*Enter REB. with ale and biscuits.*)
- REB. You lay yo' fingah on dat flag, yo' po' white trash, you Yankee man, an' dis yere niggah smash yo' spotty face, so's you brudder not know you, not ef he was to see you at de meetin'-house.
- HOFF. Wal, ladies, if you are so mighty set on keepin' that there old rag, I guess I ken afford to be magnanimous, and leave you keep it. Mayhap, my wife would rather have a red satin petticoat, anyways. Do not you excite yourselves, now, my dear ladies, I will let the old thing hang till the next time I come round. (*Drinks from jug*.) Here's to the health of General Washington. Pretty nice ale this! Who'll drink the toast? (*Offers jug to MAR.*) Here! you take a pull, 'twill do you good, you have a scared look!
- MAR. Sir! I am not scared and I will not drink.
- HOFF. Come now! Miss Haughty! None of your high and mighty airs with an American officer. Them ways may go down with the British curs, mayhap; but they suit not our metal. (*Enter OFF.*)
- OFF. We have searched from attic to cellar, and not one living soul we've clapt our eyes upon. I guess we had

better take the women along than go empty-handed.
(*Seizes MAR. by wrist, she screams.*)

HOFF. You leave go, you hound! I have my orders from the General not to touch the women. I obey! I am thy superior officer, that's me! I am a perfect gentleman. You do my bidding, hear? Wal! I guess they ain't so fur upon the road, that if we gallop fast we cannot overtake them. Farewell, ladies! I regret that I must leave you, a thousand thanks for your hospitable entertainment. The next time I am in these parts, I will give you another call. Come, men, to horse. (*Exit HOFF and OFF.*)

CAR. Thank heaven! They have gone! (*Falls into chair.*)
How faint I feel.

MAR. Oh! the bullies, the cowards, how I hate them!

ELIZ. Hush, my child, they may be still in earshot.

REB. (*Shaking fist.*) I says no', I calls 'em debils, ebery one.

ELIZ. Rebecca! Call your master now, he climbed out by the trap door on the roof. (*Exit REB.*)

CAR. My dear friend, I cannot thank you enough for your goodness to us, my son had surely been taken prisoner if you had not thought of so excellent a place of hiding. Your kindness and generosity to myself I never can repay; ever since my husband's death you have given me a home—

ELIZ. My poor friend, do not speak of that, were I in like circumstances, you would do the same for me. Yet, methinks, we cannot stand this life for long: we soon must seek a home in Canada, where we may live in quiet, undisturbed.

CAR. Ay, Canada, where there is three months summer and nine months winter, I am told; yet 'twere better to freeze in liberty, than to boil and burn with indignation here. (*Enter FOR., AND. and BEN.*)

FOR. Our positions have been somewhat cramped. Methinks the rebels must have known they had us cooped up in uncomfortable quarters, and kept us there as long as possible. (*Enter HEN. shouting.*)

HEN. Hurrah! They've all gone; gone down the road towards Albany. They spied me peeping through the hedge; they dragged me out, and tried to make me tell them where the officers had gone, but I would not, I held my peace, and so they held me hanging in the well, and cried, "Tell us now, or we will drop you down," but I never spake. Verily, I believe one of them would have let me go, if it had not been for the loud man, he seemed to think it all a good joke; so they

let me free, and he said, "Wall, sonny, I guess you'll be another General Washington afore long."

BEN. Well done, my boy! You have good pluck. I should be proud to own such a son, and such a wife and daughter. I trust, ladies, that you have not been greatly alarmed; we need to make our most humble apologies. This annoyance, I fear, hath been entirely on our account, and doubtless 'twere better if we made our way north at once.

FOR. You cannot do so; Lake Champlain is in the hands of the rebels; those who were repulsed from the attack in Canada. You must strike west from here, until you fall in with Sir Guy Johnstone, and his friendly ally Brant.

BEN. I have heard much of that extraordinary man. Is it true that the rebels tried to win his favour?

FOR. Ay! quite true! It hath never been my good fortune to meet him; but shortly before his escape, Sir John Johnstone told me that they sought to gain his sympathy through Mr. Wheelock, a former Indian Missionary. The reply of Brant was full of tact and firmness. He alluded to the days of his education, and expressed the deepest gratitude for all that he had learned while under the Doctor's roof. He said he never could forget the family prayers, and one passage in particular was so often repeated, that it never could be effaced from his memory, it was the prayer that they might be able to live as good subjects to "Fear God and Honour the King."

BEN. It was well answered; I warrant they tried no further their persuasions.

AND. I am told that Sir John hath been driven from his estates and hath escaped to Canada!

FOR. Ay! They came to seize his person, but happily he was warned in time to make his escape with some of the friendly Indians. (*Enter NED.*)

NED. Massa! 'Dere be one Scotchman, him run mighty hard! him big hurry! him got no bref!

FOR. Show him here instantly. (*Exit NED.*) I doubt not some new annoyances have transpired; they are now becoming matters of daily occurrence. (*Enter NED. and MAC., REB. following.*) Ah! Macdonell, be seated, take your time to regain your breath.

MAC. No time! Escape! At once! Dispatch sent to meet Hoff at Curtis' Inn! Woman heard envoy bragging that he is to take you back to Albany, alive or dead. Strong guard to be left in house. Woman ran to tell me. They must have reached Inn by now. If you

are seen you will be shot! No time to lose; I will go along with you. We will make for Sir Guy's Indians.

FOR. The ladies must come too, I cannot leave them here alone. Come ladies, pack yourselves in shawls and off! Ned! fetch that box of papers from my study; hide it in the ash pit. Rebecca! get the Bible, where the births and deaths are registered. Come, my wife!

ELIZ. Nay! William, nay, my husband! we are safe! they will not harm us here; we should but stay your speed. Nay! tarry not, but go! Where is Henry? Here, my boy, I would have speech with you!

MAC. The lady speaks the truth; we'll all be caught for sure, unless we run, and runnin' with a woman on your back is no an easy task; an then the roads is awfu' rough out west I'm told. You'd better hearken, sir, to what the lady says!

FOR. It breaks my heart to leave you, my dear wife! I cannot, I will stay and face the worst!

ELIZ. Nay! that you shall not do, I am determined! Of what protection would you be to us, when made a prisoner? Come Henry you must bear your father company, you are a boy; but soon will be a man, and strong enough to combat for your King. Farewell, my husband! come again and bear with you a goodly company to carry us away! (*Embraces her husband and son.*) My little boy, my son! farewell! go cheer your father on! (*HEN. about to go, sees flag, jumps on chair, pulls it down and waves it.*)

AND. (*Embracing his mother.*) Take heart, dear mother! have no fear for us; you presently shall hear of our safe arrival at Niagara, and 'twill not be long before this rebellion is put down; we soon shall meet again, farewell.

HEN. Hurrah! hurrah! for the Union Jack!

AND. (*To MAR., who is sobbing.*) Farewell, dear Margaret.

ELIZ. Well done, my boy! bear forth the brave old flag, and plant it safe on British soil. Now God be with you all, and guard you from all harm. (*Exit FOR., HEN., AND., BEN. and MAC. NED. hangs back.*) What, Ned! not going with your master, wherefore?

NED. De niggah too slow, Miss Lizzie; him not run berry good, Miss Lizzie; ole Ned. stop and proteck de ladies. Him got to get dat dere box o' papers fo' de massa. Guess him bettah go fetch 'em now, Miss Lizzie, befo' dem Yankee folks comes 'long.

ELIZ. Ay! do you go, and get one of the other servants to assist you! bury it well, that it may not be discovered. (*Exit NED.*) In happier times, and when this rising

- hath been quelled, they may return to find the papers still unharmed. Now you Rebecca go and fetch the Bible from the hall. (*Exit REB.*)
- MAR. Think you that I should gather the few trinkets left us, mother, in case the rebels over-run the house?
- ELIZ. Ay! There's little worth the taking; still 'twere wiser to keep that little than lose all. (*Exit MAC. Enters with chair.*) Ah! weary day!
- CAR. How can you sit so still, and look so calm, when any moment we may be molested by those rebel hands. I scarcee can speak for fear.
- ELIZ. Nay! calm yourself, you cannot better matters by your fears. I must devise some plan to keep them here awhile, and so, gain time for our dear one's escape. If only I had that wherewith to feast them well and make them tarry long!
- MAR. (*Enter MAR.*) I have them, all that hath been left to us, and now, I wish that they would come; if come they must! (*Tramping and shouts heard without. Enter REB. and NED.*)
- NED. All done, Miss Lizzie; not too soon neither; dey come purty neah seein' me and Jake coming out ob de ash-bin. (*REB. lays Bible on table.*)
- Lock the door. The longer we can keep them there, the better for our fugitives. (*Knocks.*) If only I can find some means of holding them for just an hour; I fear the hope is vain.
- MAR. Can we not get them something to eat, mother? (*Knocking.*)
- ELIZ. We have nothing sufficiently to tempt them. (*Shouts and sounds of broken glass.*)
- CAR. For heaven's sake let the door be opened; I am fearful that their rage will be augmented by this waiting. (*More broken glass.*) They are throwing stones. (*Shouts.*) Oh! let the door be opened!
- ELIZ. I fear that we must yield our fortress. Ned! undo the door! (*NED. opens slowly; crowd tries to push in and is held back by HOFF, who enters with officer and two men, swearing, he locks door.*)
- HOFF. Wal! ma'am and ladies, I guess you did not expect to see me back so soon. I got a little love letter, a piece o' w'n the road at the Inn, and I would like to show it to Mr. Fordyce; I guess he might perhaps be interested in it, an' I don't mind tellin' you, lady, in confidence, that he had better show up without delay; for I've got written orders to shoot him, if he don't, and I obey my orders; that's the sort of man I am!
- ELIZ. Shot? (*Falling on knees.*) You will not shoot him! you could not have the heart to shoot him! you have a

wife! you are the father of a family! think if it were yourself in such a plight! you never could do such a cruel thing!

HOFF. I can't help it! it ain't no concern of mine! bring him here and we will take him along quiet and peaceable!

ELIZ. Let me consult with my friends, good sir!

HOFF. Wal! go along! so long as you don't take too much time to it! (*Sees Bible.*) What is this? If it ain't the family Bible with the births and deaths. We have particular orders to destroy such documents, and I always obeys my orders; that's the sort of man I am! (*Tears front leaves out of Bible.*)

ELIZ. We must try to keep them awhile from searching the house; we must feign alarm to make them think they are concealed. (*HOFF tears up leaves, after looking at them, REB. tries to prevent him, and is dragged roughly away by officer; ELIZ. turns and sees fragments.*) Cowards! what good can this wanton destruction bring to you; you have destroyed our records; you have no more respect for the Word of God than for the honour of man.

HOFF. Wal! I guess I know my dooty, an' I perform it; that's the sort of man I am! an' look here missus, no more of this dilly-dallying; are you going to give up your man peaceable, or shall we be forced to take him, eh?

ELIZ. Sir! we cannot bring our hearts to give him up!

HOFF. (*To officer.*) Then let the house be searched!

ELIZ. Nay! nay! but give us time to think, good sir! (*MAR. and REB. try to bar the way.*)

MAR. You shall not go! (*ELIZ. seizes HOFF by arm; he tries to free himself, and is confronted by NED. with his master's carbine.*)

[END OF ACT II.]

ACT III.

EXTERIOR OF SETTLER'S HUT IN WOODS, PARTLY
CLEARED. NED CHOPPING TREES. REB.
WASHING.

REB. Ned! you bettah quit dat choppin', you ruin yo'sef; you mighty proud; cause yo' come to a new lan' you tink yo'sef jes' like a young man again. You bettah chop de little trees, you nebbah get fro' dem big trees, Ned! De massa, him do it mighty soon, when him come home agin,—an' massa Henry, him strong.

- NED. (*Straightening his back, and grinning.*) Dat be purty good work fo' de ole niggah. I done chop two trees dis mornin', an' de day befo', I done chop——
- REB. (*Laughing.*) Mighty po' trees dey was, mighty po' trees, mos' rotten, I guess, or maybe's big as a close line. Heah! yeu gimme dat aeth (*seizes axe*); you go do de washin'. (*Ned goes to tub and pulls up sleeves.*)
- NED. Dat right; dere aint nuffin dat dis niggah afeard of; him mighty handy. Him chop, him wash, him dig, him bake, him wait, him——
- ELIZ. (*Enter ELIZ. and MAR.*) What now, Ned? at the wash tub? I warrant you will be turning ladies' maid next. Here is your master come home! Go you and Rebecca, and prepare supper for him,—he has gone to refresh himself with a bathe in the river, and will return shortly.
- REB. Suppah, Miss Lizzie? Why? what de time, Miss Lizzie? (*looks up*), de sun aint gone five o'clock yet?
- ELIZ. Never mind the time; your master is too hungry to wait for the usual hour. Go and kill a chicken, Ned; Miss Margaret and I will hang out the clothes. (*Exit NED and REB.*)
- ELIZ. Here! Margaret! help me wring out this sheet. Where is the rope? It is not on the trees! Look and see!
- MAR. Here it lies! (*They lie rope across trees.*) I wonder why they took it down. Now, the pegs! Where are they? Ned made some new ones yesterday. Oh! I see them (*laughing*); they are odd! Look, mother!
- ELIZ. Everything is odd, Margaret! (*hanging sheet.*) The life is odd and the country is odd, but we are free from insult and oppression; and our good friends in Niagara, though distant some ten miles, will never let us want or suffer hunger (*still hanging clothes*). This land is well situate, too; we have the river near, and it hath a pleasant elevation. (*Enter FOR.*)
- FOR. Well done!—an excellent, healthy occupation for the ladies. Where is our friend, Mrs. Wallace? I have news to give her of her sons. Andrew hath been with us for the past year. I could not return with him and Henry, for, as you know, I was obliged to go to New York on business; but they should be returning about this time. I thought to have found them here before me! It hath been reported that James Wallace is killed. Edward was wounded, slightly; he is in Halifax recruiting his health, where he removed when our troops evacuated New York. When he hath recovered sufficiently he will visit his mother here.

- MAR. Poor lady! the death of her son will be a terrible blow to her; yet, methinks, had it been Andrew, it would have afflicted her more sorely!
- ELIZ. Ay! that is so! She hath had but poor health and spirits since our removal here,—the winters try her greatly! Scaree can I believe that it is over a year since Henry went away with you! What a great lad he will have grown! He was over-young to fight; but go he would,—there was no denying him!
- FOR. I hear that there are thousands of loyalists coming into Canada, and many, doubtless, will take advantage of the escort of the Rangers. You will have plenty neighbors now. Our government hath granted to us each two hundred acres, and, methinks, we have chosen a most pleasant situation!
- MAR. Ay! and our little river looks so pretty in the Spring, when all the wild flowers bloom along the banks.
- ELIZ. You have not told us how your business fared. Is there any likelihood of our gaining redress for all our property? Within the past year, I have received but one letter, three months since, by the hand of our friend, Mr. Secord, in which you told me that the war was over and the peace with England signed.
- FOR. Ay! and it never would have been signed so soon if Congress had not feared that the French were desirous of retaking Canada. 'Twas signed without the knowledge of the King of France!
- MAR. Father, think you that the rebels could have conquered without the aid of France?
- FOR. Nay! Margaret! They could not, 'tis sure! They never would have sought protection from their late foes if they had not greatly feared their own weakness. But now, 'tis over, they must learn to stand alone!
- MAR. But, father! tell us of our property,—be seated here, and tell us what you saw!
- FOR. I saw naught, my child! I journeyed to New York and appealed to the Governor of the State to allow me to visit my former home, and recover my papers or any other articles that could be traced. He said, if I returned to my estates the penalty was death, unless I first officially renounced my fealty to King George, and swore allegiance to the thirteen States, to be called the "United States of America."
- ELIZ. Ah! 'tis as I feared. Where, then, have our poor people gone?
- MAR. And our horses? My good Cherry,—who hath taken her?

FOR. Be comforted for them! You may assure yourselves, directly after General Schuyler took you hostages to Albany, he sure they found a master. As for my property, the State hath handed it to one General Kirby, as recognition for his services during the war. Truly, a generous gift! And for the papers, he saith he cannot guarantee that they are safe; if so, maybe they can be bought,—he knows not into whose possession they have fallen!

ELIZ. And thus, your mission was a fruitless one. Ah! well! our lives are spared, and now we have a roof to shelter us, so let us take these losses with philosophy. Methinks we have much cause for thankfulness. Now, tell us of our friends! What news of Mr. Tempest's family in Philadelphia?

FOR. News? The worst! He failed to leave the town with General Clinton, as many thousands did, and tried to keep possession of his property, but still refused to swear allegiance to the States, and thus he brought upon himself the punishment that left his family bereft and penniless.

MAR. What was it, then, father? What could it be?

FOR. He, with another loyalist, ——, were hanged!

ELIZ. Hanged! (*Horridly covers her face.*)

MAR. Hanged? How horrible! Father, if it had been you?

FOR. Indeed! it is too horrible to think on! Thank God! you have been spared such pain. And this is not the only case I heard of, every day were tales of like atrocious nature poured into my ears. I was thankful that I had you both safe out of the country. I endeavoured to have Mrs. Tempest and her family conducted hither: but so far have not succeeded. I will, however, make every effort to facilitate their removal.

ELIZ. This is indeed terrible, I fear to make further enquiries; yet would I fain hear of the safety of our friend Governor Hutchinson, and of his family, heard you aught of them?

FOR. In his case I can give you pleasant news; he hath long been in England, enjoying his ease and comfort, by the bounty of the King; together with many other loyalists who have held office under the Crown; and, Margaret, your old admirer, Mr. Crawley, hath been appointed Minister to Russia, see what an opportunity you threw away.

MAR. I blush to think that ever I received that odious man's addresses, tell me no more of him! If we had gone to England, father, should we also have received assistance from the King?

- FOR. We have received it here, my daughter, in goodly land; for I am young and strong enough to work and cultivate the earth; and, with my brave comrades in the war, to help in opening up this country. (*Enter REB. from house.*)
- REB. Miss Lizzie! Massa! Heah's Mass' Henry an' Mass' Andrew, jes comin', dey be indoors, biddin' good day to Miss Wallace. Dey be awful hungry. Sakes! dey be dat brown—— (*Enter HEN. and AND.*)
- HEN. Here we are again, turned up like bad pennies. How fares it, mother? Margaret? Father, I saw thee, not long since.
- AND. (*To ELIZ.*) Madam, I trust your health is sound as ours.
- ELIZ. I thank you for your wish, I cannot much complain. (*Exit REB. into house.*)
- AND. (*To MAR.*) Margaret, I have done all that youth and strength can do to wipe out wrong, our deeds are stronger than our words. I now can take you by the hand without a blush.
- MAR. Oh! Andrew, speak not thus, I never blamed you. Nay! I thought you were most wrongly used. (*AND. leads MAR. back, where they converse.*)
- HEN. Father! What news did you bring from New York? Heard you aught else of the fate of poor Major André?
- FOR. Too much, too much, alas! He was hanged! His last request denied! A blot forever on Washington's career.
- HEN. Hanged, father? It was murder, naught but murder, it rages me to think on it!
- FOR. One of the brightest, bravest, most promising young men I ever met. He showed the greatest courage in his death, even his enemies will testify to that. (*Enter CAR. from house.*)
- CAR. Where is my boy, I fain would feast my eyes upon the lad. Methinks I feel a lighter heart since his return.
- AND. (*Leading MAR. forward.*) Here mother, and I come not empty handed neither. I bring you something better worth, to feast your eyes upon. Here is a daughter for you.
- CAR. Why, how is this? You do rejoice my heart, Margaret affianced to you, Andrew? Let me take my daughter in my arms! Mr. Fordyce, what say you to this arrangement? Hath my son consulted his god-father in this undertaking?
- FOR. By my faith, he hath not, and I have a mind to rob him of his prize for such audacity, what says my wife, Elizabeth?

- ELIZ. I say, God bless them both. I could not wish a nobler lad for Margaret's husband than our Andrew here!
- MAR. I must go and see if these, our hungry warriors, are soon to be refreshed! (*Exit MAR.*)
- FOR. And both you lads had better follow my example, take a plunge in yonder stream, it will refresh you greatly.
- AND. The very thing we crave! (*Exit FOR., HEN. and AND.*)
- CAR. I am over-joyed that our children have become attached to one another, this hath been secretly, my wish for many years; but I feared to give it utterance! for in such matters, youth is ever averse to the dictation of age.
- ELIZ. Your pleasure can be no greater than my own. I esteem Andrew, after my own son, and I trust he will be able to obtain a grant of land adjacent to our own. (*NED crosses with pail.*) You go to fetch some water Ned? Be careful that you fall not in the stream.
- NED. Dat so, Miss Lizzie, de niggah be mighty heabby dese days. (*Exit NED.*)
- ELIZ. Come, Mrs. Wallace, you must rest awhile before the supper hour, you must not try your growing strength too much, and I will see what I can do to help the preparations forward. (*Exit ELIZ. and CAR.*)
(*Immediately Indians appear from behind trees, and look about cautiously. The glow of sunset appears through the trees, they gather together and dance a war dance, one Indian having previously pulled down the sheet, etc. When dance is over. Enter NED., who upsets pail of water, and runs to the house, yelling.*)
- NED. De debil, de debil! (*All the women appear, MRS. WALLACE falls fainting, MAR. supports her; NED. and REB. peep out.*)
- ELIZ. Calm yourselves, these Indians may be our friends, a part of those who fought with Brant, we soon shall make it sure. (*Exit ELIZ. to house.*)
- NED. I wish de massa wuz heah. Dis niggah ain't no mo' good dan a woman to kill dem debils.
- MAR. Rebecca, help me to support poor Mrs. Wallace, or get some water.
- REB. I go get some wattah, Miss Margaret, you keep her dere, I comin' back d'reckly. (*Exit REB. behind house. Enter ELIZ. with Union Jack, which she plants in the ground.*)
- ELIZ. Come forth and gather underneath the flag, to show them who we are. (*MRS. WALLACE reviving, MAR.*

leads her to flag. Enter REB. cup in hand. She and NED. join group under flag. Indians give signs of satisfaction. Enter FOR., HEN. and ANL.)

FOR. How now? You have added to your party in our absence; have you invited these our friends to sup with us? These are likely some of the Six Nation Indians, who fought so bravely for the King's cause all through the war. They, like ourselves, for sake of loyalty have sacrificed their lands and friends, and though our side hath lost the issue, many lives we owe to these, our allies. *(Chief comes forward and makes signs to show they wish to smoke the pipe of peace.)*

FOR. Now, see, he wishes us to smoke the pipe of peace, Mrs. Wallace; take heart, these Indians are no foes, they are our friends.

AND. My dearest god-mother, I trust you were not over-much alarmed at the sudden innovation of these Indians. You did right well to think upon the flag, they know it, and respect it too, I warrant.

ELIZ. Ay! The good old flag doth speak a language of its own that every nation understands; it speaks of peace, of mercy, and of justice wrought to suffering men. But, husband, children! What is this I see before me rise? A vision of a hundred years from now! This little hut hath multiplied a thousand-fold, it is the prototype of buildings made of brick and stone. These trees have changed in aspect, as I look, and some are lofty chimneys, some are spires, and in the streets I see the busy men, a steadfast, loyal, law-abiding race. I see the women, and their little ones, and all their faces shine with happy smiles. Within an open space I see a staff, and on it floats the Union Jack. And now the people gather round its base, and there with clasped hands, as if in prayer, they cry with one great voice, "God bless the noble men who sacrificed their wealth, their homes, their friends, their all, to save the good old flag, and plant it safe upon Canadian soil, where underneath its folds we may enjoy justice and liberty and peace.

HEN. Hurrah, for the Union Jack!

ALL Hurrah! Hurrah!

HEN. Long live the King.

ALL Long live the King. Hurrah! Hurrah! *(In the distance is heard chorus of "God Save the Queen.")*

FOR. Silence! Hark! What far off strains are those?
(All listen in wonder, singing continues as curtain falls.)

[THE END.]

