

15

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

A Drama of Real Life.

IN THREE ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM

MRS. BEECHER STOWE'S

CELEBRATED NOVEL.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

Applause
First Performed at the Theatre Royal Manchester,
on Monday, February 1st, 1853.

Characters.

MR. SHELBY (<i>a Tobacco Planter and Slave Owner in Kentucky</i>)	MR. W. J. EVANS.
MR. HALEY (<i>a Slave Dealer</i>).....	MR. W. H. STEPHENS.
GEORGE SHELBY (<i>Son to Mr. Shelby</i>).....	MASTER F. PAYNE.
PHINEAS VAN TROMPE (<i>a Benevolent Quaker Farmer</i>)	MR. HARKER.
SIMON LEGREE (<i>a South-Country Cotton Planter</i>)	MR. H. CHESTER.
TOM LOKER (<i>a Yankee Slave Hunter</i>).....	MR. W. H. PAYNE.
MARKS (<i>his Assistant</i>)	MR. ANDERSON.
MR. YAHOO (<i>a Young American Exquisite</i>)	MR. MAXWELL.
ALFRED (<i>his Friend</i>)	MR. BELLHOUSE.
UNCLE TOM (<i>a Negro Slave on Mr. Shelby's Estate</i>).....	MR. RAE.
GEORGE HARRIS (<i>a Quadroon Slave</i>).....	MR. SWINBOURN.
LITTLE HARRY (<i>his Son</i>)	MISS FOOTE.
SAM (<i>a Fugitive Slave</i>)	MR. HENRY PAYNE.
SAMBO }.....	MR. PELHAM.
QUIMBO }..... <i>Mr. Legree's Overseers</i>	MR. W. S. FOOTE.
MRS. SHELBY	MRS. BICKERSTAFF.
MISS OPHELIA (<i>Mr. Yahoo's Maiden Aunt</i>)	MRS. HORSMAN.
MRS. VAN TROMPE	MISS BARRENGER.
RACHEL (<i>her Daughter</i>)	MISS JENKINS.
ELIZA HARRIS (<i>George's Wife, a Young Quadroon Slave</i>)	MR. J. WOOD.
AUNT CHLOE (<i>Wife to Uncle Tom, a Negro Slave</i>)	MRS. THOMPSON.
FERRYWOMAN.....	MISS LEE.
JANE }.....	MISS E. MORRIS.
ROSA }.....(<i>Miss Ophelia's Attendants</i>).....	MISS COLEMAN.
EMMELINE }.....	MISS MORRIS.
LUCY }.....(<i>Slaves</i>)	MISS ALLEN.
CASSY (<i>a Quadroon</i>)	MRS. R. GORDON.
TOPSY (<i>a Black Diamond</i>)	MR. J. WOOD.

X636587X

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

ACT I.

WAREHOUSE ON MR. SHELBY'S ESTATE, LOOKING OUT ON THE PLANTATION.

Return of the Slaves from their daily labour—Negro Melody and Chorus—“Uncle Tom, Uncle Tom”—Arrival of Haley the Dealer and sale of Uncle Tom.

PARLOUR IN MR. SHELBY'S HOUSE.

Meeting of George and Eliza.

ROAD TO THE FERRY.

The Pursuit.

ROOM IN THE FERRY HOUSE.

FERRY HOUSE AND BANKS OF THE RIVER OHIO.

With escape of Eliza with her Child over the floating ice.

ACT II.

PUBLIC ROOM IN A YANKEE TAVERN.

DELL IN THE BACKWOODS.

A Negro hunt, and a spice of the amiable Mr. Legree's character.

HOUSE OF THE BENEVOLENT QUAKER.

With kind reception of the Fugitives.

Rocky Pass and Mountain Defile.

Peril of the Fugitives—the friendly arm—“Thee isn't wanted here, friend.”

ACT III.

HALL OF JUSTICE IN NEW ORLEANS.

Negro Auction—Uncle Tom becomes the property of the tyrant Legree.

APARTMENT IN MISS OPHELIA'S.

“Ain't I bootiful!”

HOUSE OF LEGREE.

Arrival of Tom at his new Master's.

COTTON PLANTATION ON LEGREE'S APARTMENT IN LEGREE'S.

THE PLANTATION.

Death of Poor Uncle Tom.

This Drama is the property of THOMAS HAILES LACY, and cannot be performed without his written authority.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Tobacco Plantation;—Uncle Tom's Cabin in flat, 1.*

NEGROES, *Male and Female, discovered.*

Chorus.

Our work is done—our toil is o'er,
Massa says we work no more

While de moon is peeping;
Sing and prance, let us dance,
While de world is sleeping.

Uncle Tom, Uncle Tom, Aunty Chloe, and Joe,
Come along, join the song, and hear the merry banjo.

Enter UNCLE TOM, CHLOE and CHILDREN, r. 2 E., and GEORGE SHELBY.

TOM. Thankee, Niggers, thankee, Aunty Chloe. Finish, den come. (*hands a slate to GEORGE*) Will dat do, Massa George?

GEORGE. No, Uncle Tom; you must turn the tail of your *g* the other way; that's a *q*.

TOM. La, sakes! now, does it? (*comes it with difficulty*)

CHLOE. How easy white folks al'ys does these things; it's mighty interesting. I sal tell you someting.

GEORGE. But, Aunt Chloe, I'm getting mighty hungry. Is'n't that cake in the skillet almost done?

CHLOE. Mose done, Massa George; browning beautiful. Ah! let me alone for dat! Misses let Sally try to make t' cake t'other day, just to learn her, she said. "Oh, go away Misses!" says I, "it really hurts my feelings to see good vittles spile that ar way. Cake ris all to one side! no shape at all, no more than my shoe. Go away!" Here, you Mose and Pete, get out of de way, you niggers, get away! Polly, honey, Aunty'll give her baby somezing by and bye.

GEORGE. Uncle Tom, give us a dance; no one will begin till dear old Uncle Tom leads the way.

TOM. Hush! Mas'r George; here come de mas'r, bless him!

Enter SHELBY, L.

SHELBY. Go on and enjoy yourselves. Do not let me interrupt your pleasure.

TOM. Our greatest pleasure, mas'r, to see you—so good, so kind.

CHLOE. Yes, mas'r, dear mas'r! all die to serve mas'r!

OMNES. Good mas'r! we all love mas'r!

SHELBY. Tom, I have long watched your conduct, and am so pleased both with it and the service of all my negroes, that in order to encourage your future exertions I shall, if all things go right, (*sighs*) I mean if matters improve, I will, on my wife's next birthday, give Tom his liberty, and my wife will do the same for Eliza and her child. (NEGROES shout)

Enter, unperceived, HALEY, R. 2 E., who goes up and touches SHELBY on the shoulder.

HALEY. More fool you, more fool you; that chap's right up and down. (*to Tom*) Let's look at your teeth, old boy. I say, friend, (*to SHELBY*) I don't care if I trade for that nigger.

SHELBY. And who are you, that dare thus familiarly address me? Unless you instantly apologise, I shall desire my slaves to thrust you off my lands, on which you have presumed to trespass.

HALEY. I calculate you won't, though.

SHELBY. What?

HALEY. I say, friend, keep your dander down. (*pulls out pocket-book and shows bills*) Do you know these?

SHELBY. (*aside*) By heaven! he has the bills I gave. (*aloud*) May I ask how you became possessed of these bills, sir?

HALEY. No!—You didn't show me much soft sawder just now.

SHELBY. But I was promised they would be renewed.

HALEY. That is, if you're civil, quiet, and reasonable like, mayhap we may trade. I'll take part in stock.

Eliza's CHILD runs in from L.

CHILD. Dinner ready, mas'r; mammy say I come and 'muse you. HALEY. I say, I spose I may jine ye: we'll talk over matters. I've no objection to take the old nigger: and I particularly want a young 'un. I'll take this here pickaninny, too.

SHELBY. Impossible! I can part with neither.

HALEY. Well, come along, perhaps you'll alter your tone.

SHELBY. (*aside*) In the power of such a wretch! (*aloud*) Come along, sir.

Exeunt SHELBY, HALEY, and CHILD.

TOM. What dat feller say to mas'r? Him, den, slave-driver—him deal in human article. Why for mas'r not turn him out?

CHLOE. Dat bad man—bad man! I remember when—

GEORGE. No long stories, Aunty; come, let's have a dance.

A Negro Ballet, in which UNCLE TOM, CHLOE, MOSE, and PETE perform—the two latter posturers.

SCENE II.—*Interior of Shelby's. French window in flat, l. 2 e. door, R. C.*

Enter SHELBY and HALEY, the latter heated by wine, l.

HALEY. But I say you must! if not, down with the cash! I don't stand no shuffling.

SHELBY. It is impossible, I say. I have already promised the poor fellow his liberty; and as to the child, my wife would never suffer it.

HALEY. As to your wife, them women you see—

SHELBY. Speak respectfully of her, sir, or—(*checking himself*) But now, sir, your pleasure?

HALEY. My cash!

SHELBY. Can nothing move you? Why so obdurate?

HALEY. I shall return to-morrow with officers. Good evening, friend.

SHELBY. Stay a moment, I entreat!

HALEY. Whew! it's come to that, is it? Well, I'm a reasonable critter. I must have the man! I'll allow twelve hundred.

SHELBY. I have no choice—I consent.

HALEY. Hey, now, that's right!

SHELBY. I wish I could believe it.

HALEY. And the child—

SHELBY. Spare it!

HALEY. I'll allow three hundred.

SHELBY. And what if I say no?

HALEY. The entire cash, or full exposure—and soon a gaol! Give me them in the morning, and I'll renew the bills for the balance for three months.

SHELBY. Heaven help me! it is not my fault. To save my name and fame I consent; but you'll begone if you would not have me change my mind.

HALEY. Well, well, as you like; though I can't help thinking you look after these nigger creatures as if they wer' real human beings. You don't know 'em as I does. They arn't got no feelings, more nor a alligator.

SHELBY. You drive me mad! Begone!

HALEY. Good bye, Shelby; you have made a good trade to-day, I calculate.

SHELBY. And lost for ever my own self-respect.

Exeunt, l. 1 e.

Enter ELIZA from door, R. C.

ELIZA. Yes; kind mas'r has gone to see his poor slaves enjoy themselves, so I can slip out unperceived for half an hour to meet George; he promised to come over this afternoon. They are so gay down in the plantation I shan't be missed, and I must show him the smart frock missis has given our dear little Harry.

GEORGE enters, L. 2 E., and taps her on the shoulder.

La, George, is it you! how you frightened me. Well, I'm so glad you're come; I've got something to show you. Look at our dear child. (*Music—she opens the door she came in by, and points to a child supposed to be sleeping*) Oh, how fond I feel of that dear boy! Why don't you smile? Look at Harry, ain't he beautiful?

GEORGE. I wish he'd never been born. (*she looks surprised, and then bursts into tears*) I know, Eliza, it's too bad for me to make you feel so, poor girl! it's too bad. Oh, how I wish you had never seen me; you might have been happy.

ELIZA. How can you talk so? What dreadful thing has happened or going to happen? I'm sure we have been very happy till lately.

GEORGE. So we have, dear.

ELIZA. And look at that dear boy! (*takes him again to the door; he gazes in, then shuts the door and comes down*)

GEORGE. Just like you, Eliza, and you are the handsomest woman I ever saw, and the best one I ever wish to see; but I wish I had never seen you, or you me.

ELIZA. Oh, George, how can you?

GEORGE. Yet, Eliza, it's all misery, misery, misery! My life is bitter as wormwood; the very life is burning out of me. I'm a poor miserable drudge; I shall only drag you down with me, that's all. What's the use of living? I wish I was dead.

ELIZA. Oh, now, dear George, that is really wicked. I know how you feel about losing your place in the factory, and you have a hard master; but pray be patient, and perhaps something—

GEORGE. (*vehemently*) Patient! haven't I been patient? Did I say a word when he came and took me away, for no earthly reason, from the place where everybody was kind to me? I'd paid him every cent of my earnings, and every body said I worked well.

ELIZA. Well, it is dreadful; but after all he's your master, you know.

GEORGE. My master! and who made him my master? that's what I think of. What right has he to me? I'm as much a man as he is! I'm a better man than he is! I can read better than he can: I can write a better hand; and I've learned it all myself, and no thanks to him—I've learned it in spite of him. And now what right has he to make a dray-horse of me—to take me from things I can do, and do better than he can, and put me to work that any horse can do?

ELIZA. Oh, George, George, you frighten me! Why I never heard you talk so. I'm afraid you'll do something dreadful. I don't wonder at your feelings at all; but oh, do be careful! do, do! for my sake—for Harry's!

GEORGE. I have been careful, I have been patient; but it's growing worse and worse; flesh and blood can't bear it any longer. Every chance he can get to insult and torment me he takes. He says, though I don't say anything, he sees I've got the devil in me, and he means to bring it out; and some of these days it will come out, and in a way that he won't like, or I am very much mistaken.

ELIZA. (*despondingly*) Oh, dear! what shall we do? Well, I always thought I must obey my master and mistress, or I couldn't be a Christian.

GEORGE. There is some sense in it in your case. They have brought you up like their child-fed you, clothed you, indulged you, and taught you, so that you have a good education—that is some reason why they should claim you. But I have been kicked and cuffed, and sworn at, and at the best only let alone—and what do I owe? I have paid for all my keeping a hundred times over. I won't bear it; no, I won't.

ELIZA. What are you going to do? Oh, George, don't do anything wicked!

GEORGE. That's easy for people who are sitting on their sofas and riding in their carriages; but let 'em be where I am, I guess it would come home harder. I wish I could be good; but my heart burns—I can't be reconciled anyhow. You couldn't in my place; you can't now if I tell you all I have got to say. You don't know the whole yet.

ELIZA. What can be coming now?

GEORGE. Well, lately mas'r has been saying that he was a fool to let me marry off the place; that he hates Mr. Shelby and all his tribe because they are proud, and hold their heads up above him; and that I've got proud notions from you; and he says that he won't let me come here any more; and that I shall take a wife and settle down in his place. At first he only scolded, and grumbled these things; but yesterday he told me I should take Mina for a wife, and settle down in a cabin with her, or he would sell me down river.

ELIZA. Why! but you were married to me by the minister, as much as if you'd been a white man.

GEORGE. Don't you know a slave can't be married. There is no law in this country for that. I can't hold you for a wife if he chooses to part us. That's why I wish I'd never seen you—why I wish I'd never been born; it would have been better for us both; it would have been better for this poor child if he'd never been born. All this may happen to him yet. (*mournfully*) So, Eliza, girl, bear up now; and good-bye, for I am going.

ELIZA. Going, George! going where?

GEORGE. To Canada; and when I'm there I'll buy you; that's all the hope that is left us. You have a kind master that won't refuse to sell you. I'll buy you and the boy, Heaven helping me, I will!

ELIZA. Oh, dreadful! If you should be taken!

GEORGE. I won't be taken—I'll die first! I'll be free, or I'll die!

ELIZA. You won't kill yourself?

GEORGE. No need of that, they will kill me fast enough; they never will get me down the river alive.

ELIZA. Oh, George, for my sake do be careful; don't do anything wicked. Don't lay hands on yourself or anybody else. You are tempted too much—too much; but don't—but don't! Go you must, but go carefully and prudently.

GEORGE. Hear my plan: I'm going home quite resigned, as if all

was over. I've got some preparations made, and there are those that will help me. Pray for me, Eliza.

ELIZA. Oh, pray for yourself, George, and then you won't do anything wicked.

GEORGE. Well, now, good-bye! (*embraces her*)

ELIZA. Good-bye, and Heaven bless you!

Music—Exeunt GEORGE, window in flat—ELIZA, door, R. C.

Enter MR. and MRS. SHELBY, L.

MRS. S. Arthur, who was that low-bred fellow that you lugged into our dinner-table to-day?

SHELBY. Haley is his name.

MRS. S. Is he a negro trader?

SHELBY. (*aside*) It will have to come out—as well now as ever. Emily, the fact is, my business lies so that I shall have to sell some of my hands.

MRS. S. To that creature? impossible! you cannot be serious!

SHELBY. I am sorry to say that I am. I have agreed to sell Tom.

MRS. S. What! Uncle Tom! our Tom? that good and faithful creature, who has been your servant from a boy! Oh, Mr. Shelby! and you have promised him his freedom, too! You and I have spoken to him a hundred times of it. Well, I can believe anything now. I could believe now that you could sell little Harry, poor Eliza's only child!

SHELBY. Well, since you must know it all, it is so. I have agreed to sell Tom and Harry both; and I don't know why I'm to be rated as if I were a monster for doing what every one does every day.

MRS. S. But why, of all others, choose these? Why sell them, of all on the place, if you must sell at all?

SHELBY. Because they will bring the highest sum of any. The fellow made me a high bid on Eliza, if that would suit you any better.

MRS. S. The wretch! Why not make a pecuniary sacrifice? I'm willing to bear my part of the inconvenience.

SHELBY. I'm sorry you feel so about it, Emily—indeed I am—but I can't help myself. I didn't mean to tell you this, Emily; but in plain words, there is no choice between these two and selling everything. Either they must go, or all must. Haley has come into possession of a mortgage which, if I don't clear off with him directly, will take everything before it. I've raked, and scraped, and borrowed, and all but begged, and the price of these two was needed to make up the balance. Haley fancied the child; he agreed to settle the matter that way and no other. I was in his power, and had to do it. If you feel so to have them sold, would it be any better to have all sold?

MRS. S. This is the curse of slavery! a bitter, bitter, most accursed thing! a curse to the master, and a curse to the slave!

SHELBY. I am sorry, very sorry, Emily; I'm sorry this takes hold of you so; but it will do no good; the fact is, the thing's done—the bills of sale are already signed and in Haley's hands. And you

must be thankful it is no worse. That man has had it in his power to ruin us all, and now he is fairly off. If you knew the man as I do, you'd think we had had a narrow escape.

MRS. S. And that man owns that good and faithful Tom, and Eliza's child.

SHELBY. Well, my dear, the fact is that this goes rather hard with me. It's a thing I hate to think of. Haley wants to drive matters, and take possession to-morrow. I'm going to get out my horse bright and early, and be off; I can't see Tom taken, that's a fact; and you had better arrange a drive somewhere and carry off Eliza while her child is taken. Let the thing be done when she is out of sight.

Exit, L.

MRS. S. No, no, I'll be in no sense accomplice or help in this cruel business. I'll go and see poor old Tom. Heaven help him in his distress! They shall see, at any rate, that their mistress can feel for and with them. As to Eliza, I dare not think about her.

Exit, R.

ELIZA enters from r. c. stealthily.

ELIZA. Poor boy! poor fellow! they have sold you, but your mother will save you yet! (*music—writes*) "Oh, misses! dear misses, don't think me ungrateful. I heard all you and master said to-night. I am going to try and save my boy; you will not blame me. God bless and reward you for all your kindness." (*places it on the table, which she pushes off at wing—re-enters, r. c., and brings out CHILD*) Hush, Harry! mustn't speak loud or they will hear you. A wicked man was coming to take little Harry away from his mother, and carry him off in the dark; but mother won't let him. Hush! not a word!

Music—Snatches him up, and exit. L. C.

SCENE III.—*Interior of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Moon shines through window.*

Music—UNCLE TOM, CHLOE, MOSE, and PETE discovered in attitude of prayer, or listening to sacred reading. The window is suddenly dashed open. ELIZA appears for an instant with her child in her arms, then passes away.

CHLOE. (*starting up*) Good Lord! what's that? Why, sakes, if it arn't Lizzy! Get up quickly, old man, quick! there's old Bruno, too, pawing round. What on earth! I'm gwine to open the door. (*she opens the door—ELIZA rushes in*) Lord bless you! I'm skeered to look at you, Lizzy! are you tuck sick, or what's come over you?

ELIZA. I'm running away, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe—carrying off my child—mas'r's sold him.

CHLOE. } Sold him!
TOM. }

ELIZA. Yes, sold him. I heard master tell misses he had sold my Harry and you, Uncle Tom—you!—both of you!—to a trader, and

that he was going off this morning on his horse, and that the man was to take possession to-day.

(Tom falls on his knees, and covers his face with his hands)

CHLOE. Lord have pity on us! Oh! it don't seem as if it was true. What has he done that mas'r should sell him?

ELIZA. He hasn't done anything; it isn't for that. Master don't want to sell; and misses—she's always good—I heard her plead and beg for us; but he told her 'twas no use—that he was in this man's debt, and that this man had got the power over him; and that if he didn't pay him off clear it would end in his having to sell the place and all the people, and move off.

CHLOE. Well, old man, why don't you go too? Will you wait to be toted down river, where they kill niggers with hard work and starving? I'd a heap rather die than go there, anyhow. There's time for ye; be off with Lizzy; you've got a pass to come and go any time. Come, bustle up! and I'll get y'r things together.

TOM. No, no! I ain't going; let Eliza go, it's her right; I wouldn't be the one to say no. 'Taint in natur for her to stay. But you heard what she said. If I must be sold, or all the people on the place, and everything go to rack, why let me be sold; I spose I can b'ar as well as any on 'em. Mas'r always found me on the spot—he always will. I never have broke trust, nor used my pass contrary to my word—and I never will. It's better for me alone to go than to break up the place and sell all. Mas'r arn't to blame, Chloe; he'll take care of you and the poor—(sinks into a chair—the CHILDREN group round him)

ELIZA. (by the door) And now, I saw my husband only this afternoon, and I little knew what was to come. They have pushed him to the last standing-place; and he told me to-day that he was going to run away. Do try, if you can, to get word to him. Tell him how I went and why I went; and tell him I'm going to try and find Canada. You must give my love to him, and tell him, if I never see him again, tell him to be as good as he can, and try and meet me in the kingdom of Heaven. They come! I must fly! Away! Away! (snatches up child and rushes off R. 1 E. TABLEAU)

SCENE IV.—Road to the Ferry.

Enter HALEY, ANDY, and SAM, L. 1 E.

HALEY. If I only thought you had brought me round about, and given me them falls on purpose, I'd skin off your black hides, you infernal niggers!

SAM. Oh! mas'r too wise for dat.

HALEY. None of y'r rascally grinning, or—

SAM. Mas'r, me no grin. Mas'r Shelby, he say, "Guide Mas'r Haley to Ferry House." Mas'r Ha'ey, him take wrong road—Missy Lizzy 'scapy!

HALEY. None of y'r infernal lies! I know the natur of niggers. Didn't you tell me to take t'other road?

SAM. Yes, mas'r.

HALEY. And that's the reason I took this. I know y'r treacherous natur.

SAM. (*aside*) And me make you pay for dat. High!

HALEY. Who chuckled? was it you? (*HALEY lashes them, they avoid him—one of them falls, HALEY stumbles over him, the BLACKS laugh and run off, HALEY following angrily, R.*)

SCENE V.—*Inside of Ferry House.*

Enter LANDLADY, R.—Knock at door, L.

LANDLADY. Come in! what is it?

ELIZA totters in, L. 1 E.

ELIZA. Is there not a ferry which takes people over the Ohio to Burbury?

LANDLADY. No, indeed! the boat is stopped running. May be ye want to get over. Anybody sick? You seem mighty anxious.

ELIZA. Yes, yes! I've a child that is dangerous ill. I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a-piece to-day in hopes to get to the ferry.

LANDLADY. Well, now, that's unlucky; I'm really consarned for ye. I say, Solomon! (*calling from window*)

SOLOMON. (*without*) Hullo!

LANDLADY. I say, Sol., is that man going to take them ar' bar'l's over to-night?

SOLOMON. (*without*) He said he should try if it was any way prudent; but the ice does come down so. It's more nor dangerous, I calculate.

LANDLADY. (*to ELIZA*) Ah, you see! but if you arn't feared o' danger, there's a man a piece down here that's a going over with a truck, if he durst to; he'll be here to supper, so you had better wait. (*noise outside*) Ah! here comes some more strangers, I guess.

ELIZA. It is my pursuers! (*aside*) Oh, Heaven protect me! (*aloud*) Let me retire; and, as you value your own child, (*solemnly*) as you value every feeling of a mother, say not I am here—betray me not.

Rushes into door R. 1 E.

LANDLADY. Well, I declare! What can all this mean?

Enter HALEY, TOM in fetters, ANDY, and SAM, L. 1 E.

HALEY. I say missis, I wants dinner.

LANDLADY. We has dined; but if we can spare it, you shall have some supper, I guess.

HALEY. And a good cellar or out-house, where I can lock up this infernal nigger. He is handcuffed. But now he's come to a halt, I'll just manacle his legs, I calculate.

TOM. Mas'r, I'll not run away. I am foot-sore and tired, spare me the chain!

HALEY. Not I, ye infernal nigger. Ye wants to get away, but it won't do. No, no! this yer gal and her child slipped slick away, and made a coon of me. It won't hurt yer condition, and that's all I care about. (*a noise heard of a child crying*) Ah! what's that? Who's in there?

LANDLADY. What's that to you?

HALEY. I'll see. (*peeps through keyhole*) By heavens, 'tis she! Huzza! huzza! I've got her! Open this door! (*strikes at it*) Open, I say! (*knocks again*) Spiflicate me, but she's trying to get out of the window! Don't stand grinning there, ye infernal niggers. Come and help me! She'll be off! No, no, the door gives way! I have her! (*breaks open the door*) Hell and furies! she's through the window, and broke the child's neck. Quick! quick! round and catch her!

Exit hurriedly, r. 1 E.—front of Theatre very dark.

SCENE VI.—The whole stage; the Ohio frozen over in part; dangerous rocks and currents; precipitous banks. Winter.

ELIZA rushes on to a high bank, exclaims "Heaven protect me!" then leaps from the bank to a raft of ice; and springing from one block to another, reaches, with her child, the opposite shore; here a stranger helps her up. (*A girl, attired to represent ELIZA in the distance, and a CHILD to personate the man who receives her, will add much to the effect of the scene.*) **HALEY** and **SLAVES** rush on; in vain he urges them to follow.

TABLEAU of Vengeance and Disappointment on the one bank—Gratitude to Providence on the other.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Interior of Village Inn; walls display placards of Rewards for Runaway Negroes—Negro Sales, &c.

Music—LANDLORD behind bar, l. c. &c.—**NEGROES**, **VAN TROMP**, **MR. WILSON**, **LOKER**, **LEGREE**, and **MARKS**, discovered.

* **MR. WILSON.** And so you are here in search of fugitive slaves.
LEGREE. That's the univarsal truth, I calculate. I'm here looking arter a rascal as has made off; but he can't escape, especially as I've fallen in with these here chaps, whose trade it is to catch them runaways.

LOKER. Ah, alive or dead we'll have 'em—won't we, **MARKS**?

MARKS. I should calculate we will.

LOKER. I've dogs that'll tear him to pieces rather nor let him go—arn't we, **MARKS**?

MARKS. I calculate we have.

LEGREE. I say, it's all tarnation well talking, but I hates jaw. I wants my nigger. 'Spose we're off.

LOKER. Hold hard awhile, Mr. Whatever's-your-name, hold hard! I shan't stir till I've had a julep or two; besides, I've other jobs to look arter—arn't we, **MARKS**?

MARKS. I rather calculate we have.

LOKER. There's a chap from up higher, and a woman and child, and we're fairly on their track; and unless you can come down with the rowdy we shan't go out of our way; for if yer name be Legree, as I guess it is, why I hear you arn't over liberal.

LEGREE. Well, I reckon y'r uncommon 'cute. My name is Legree; and I'll give you forty dollars if you'll catch the feller, dead or alive.

LOKER. Dead, did you say?

LEGREE. Yes; that is, I'd rather have him alive, to punish him. However, he arn't much good to work; so if you can't take him alive, let the dogs tear him, or shoot him, but don't let the feller get away.

MARKS. I say, Loker, here's another nigger advertised. (*points to advertisement*)

MR. WILSON. (*goes up and reads aloud*) "Run away from subscriber, my mulatto boy, George. The said George () feet high, very bright mulatto, brown curly hair—is very intelligent, speaks handsomely, can read and write; will probably try to pass for a white man—is deeply scarred on back of shoulders—has been branded on right hand with letter H. I will give four hundred dollars for him alive, or half the sum for satisfactory proof that he is killed."

LOKER. That's the very chap we're arter.

VAN T. (*rising, goes up and tears down the paper*) There's my mind upon that.

MARKS. Why, now, what's that for?

VAN T. I'd do the same to the writer of the paper if he were here. Any man that owns a boy like that, and can't find any better way of treating him, deserves to lose him. Such a paper is a disgrace to Kentucky—and that's my mind.

MR. WILSON. I think you're altogether right, my friend; and the boy described is a fine fellow, and no mistake about that. He worked for me some half dozen years in a bagging factory, and he was the best hand, sir. He invented a machine for cleaning hemp—a really valuable affair. It's gone into several factories. His master holds the patent of it.

VAN T. I warrant he holds it, and makes money of it, and then turns round and brands the boy's hand. I wish I had th chance to meet him.

Exit.—loud knock at door.

Enter GEORGE, dressed as a gentleman, accompanied by a SLAVE—GEORGE makes considerable fuss.

LANDLORD. A stranger from the south, I guess?

GEORGE. Henry Butler, of Oatlands, Shelby county, at y'r service.

MR. WILSON. (*aside*) I've seen that face before. (*aloud*) Any news, stranger?

GEORGE. None, none. I've been travelling, and haven't heard any. (*turns and reads advertisements*)

MR. WILSON. (*aside*) I never saw such a likeness—never!

LEGREE. I say, friend, I 'spose we're off to business at once. I'll just load my rifle while you get the dogs ready. I'll give his jacket for them to know the scent; I'm sure he's not far off.

LOKER. Come along? we'll just earn yer forty dollars, and then for better game—eh! Marks?

MARKS. I calculate we will.

Exeunt all but GEORGE, MR. WILSON, and LANDLORD.

GEORGE. Get me some refreshment; and Jim, look to my trunks.

LANDLORD. I will, stranger.

Exeunt LANDLORD and NEGRO, l.—GEORGE goes cautiously to door, locks it; then turns round, and altering his manner, comes forward.

MR. WILSON. George!

GEORGE. Yes—George.

MR. WILSON. I couldn't have thought it.

GEORGE. I'm pretty well disguised, I fancy. A little walnut bark has made my yellow skin a genteel brown, and I've dyed my hair black; so you see I don't answer to the advertisement at all.

MR. WILSON. Well, George, I 'spose you're running away, leaving y'r lawful master, George (I don't wonder at it); at the same time I'm sorry, George—yes, decidedly, I think I must say that, George, it's my duty to tell you so.

GEORGE. Why are you so sorry, sir?

MR. WILSON. You see, George, if you are taken it will be worse for you than ever; they'll only abuse you, and half kill you, and sell you down river.

GEORGE. Mr. Wilson, I know all this; but (*throwing open his coat, shows pistol*) there, I'm ready for 'em. Down south I'll never go! No! if it comes to that, I can earn myself at least six feet of free soil—the first, and last I shall ever own in Kentucky.

MR. WILSON. Why George! this state of mind is awful!—it's really desperate, George!—going to break the laws of your country!

GEORGE. My country again! Mr. Wilson, you have a country, but what country have I, or any one like me, born of a slave mother, sir?—I haven't any country, any more than I have any legal father! But, I'm going to have one! I don't want any of your country, except to let me alone to go out of it!—and when I get to Canada, where the laws will own me, and protect me, that shall be my country, and its laws I will obey!

MR. WILSON. Where is your wife, George?

GEORGE. Gone sir!—gone with the child in her arms—the Lord only knows where!—gone after the north star, and when we are to meet again, or whether we ever meet again at all in this world, no creature can tell!

MR. WILSON. Is it possible! gone—fled from such a kind family?

GEORGE. Kind families get in debt, and the laws of your country allow them to sell the child from off its mother's bosom, to pay its master's debts!

MR. WILSON. George! something has brought you out wonderfully! you hold up your head, and speak, and move like another man.

GEORGE. Because I am a free man! yes sir, I have said "Master" for the last time to any man!—I'm free!

MR. WILSON. Take care!—you're not sure!—you may be taken!

GEORGE. All men are free, and equal in the grave—if it comes to that!

MR. WILSON. I am perfectly dumb-founded with your boldness, to come right to the nearest tavern!

GEORGE. Mr. Wilson! it is bold, and this tavern is so near, that they will never think of it. They will look for me on a-head and you will confess that in a freeman's dress I don't look much like a slave.

MR. WILSON. Hush! I hear footsteps!

GEORGE. Aye! they are returning! (*unlocks the door*) Mr. Wilson! you have shewn yourself a Christian in your treatment of me:—may Heaven bless you!—if ever you see *her*—tell her that if it is my fate to fall, my last words will be a prayer for her and for our child.

They go off, GEORGE c., and WILSON, R.

SCENE II.—*A wild rocky scene.*

Music—a runaway SLAVE rushes on, R. 1 E.

SLAVE. (*through music*) They are after me! I am lost! I hear the dogs! den is dere no escape?

Exit, L. 1 E.

Enter LEGREE, R., hastily, and calls loudly.

LEGREE. This way, this way! I see him! let loose the dogs! (*two dogs rush over stage*) After him, good dogs! at him, at him!

Enter LOKER and MARKS, R.

LOKER. Aye, aye! they'll have him! listen, listen! go it, Bruno, go it, Nep! Bravo, dogs! (*loud yelling cries heard, LOKER jumps on a rock*) Aye, aye! they have him, they have him! he's done! they're on his throat!

LEGREE. Stand aside, stand aside, man! it's no use trying to save him now! he'll never be fit for work! hang him! I'll have the last drop of him! I've sworn it, and I will! (*fires—a cry*) Bravo. I have brought him down! it's all over!

LOKER. Marks! come along, and tear off the dogs! too much blood will spile 'em! I say Legree! we wants the rowdy!

LEGREE. Well, well! I'll just see if that's my slave, and then we'll talk about it.

LOKER. Well, no tricks master Legree, or your life's not worth a bad dollar! is it Marks?

MARKS. No! I calculate it ain't.

Exeunt, L.

SCENE III.—*Inside of Van Tromp's Farm-house.*

VAN TROMP and his WIFE cross the stage from R., and open the door.—*Enter SIMMS, with ELIZA and CHILD, L.*

VAN T. Friend Simms! glad to see thee! what bringest thee haply in these parts?

SIMMS. Are you the man that will shelter a poor woman and child from slave catchers?

VAN T. I rather guess I am!

SIMMS. I thought so!

VAN T. If there's anybody come, why I'm ready for him, and I've got seven sons, each six foot high, and they'll be ready for 'em too!

ELIZA. May Heaven bless you!

VAN T. Now I say gal! you needn't be a bit afeard—let who will come here! I'm up to all that sort of thing! and most people that know me, know that it wouldn't be healthy to try to get anybody out of my house when I'm agin it! So now, you just go to sleep as quiet as if your mother was a rocking ye

ELIZA. Nay, I cannot sleep! I only ask a crust for this dear little baby, and a few hours rest for him, and I feel I shall be well enough to proceed!

MRS. VAN T. Nay, thee must rest thyself! Rachael, my child shall attend thee, come hither Rachael!

Enter RACHEL, they go up, and ELIZA seems to tell them her history.

VAN T. Why this is an uncommon handsome 'un.

SIMMS. Aye! and as good as beautiful—she has but one thought, and that is to save her child and rejoin her husband.

VAN T. That's natur, now, poor crittur! hunted down now like a deer—hunted down just for having natteral feelings—and doin' what no kind o'mother could help a doing!—I tell ye what, these yer things make me come the highest to-swearin' now o'most anything—You'd better just put up here for the night.

SIMMS. Thank ye, my good friend, I must be along to take the night stage for Columbus.

VAN T. Ah! well, then, if you must, I'll go a piece with you and shew you a cross-road will take you there better than the one you came on—that road's mighty bad. You get the horses ready, and I'll be with you in a minute.

Exeunt VAN TROMP and SIMMS, l.

MRS. VAN TROMP and ELIZA come forward.

MRS. VAN T. And so thee still thinks of going to Canada?

ELIZA. Yes, ma'am, I must go onward—I dare not stop!

MRS. VAN T. And what will thee do when thee gets there? Thee must think about that, my daughter.

ELIZA. I shall do anything I can find to do—I hope I can find something.

MRS. VAN T. Thee knows thee can stay here as long as thee pleases.

ELIZA. Oh, thank you! but I couldn't sleep—I couldn't rest, for fear of that man coming.

MRS. VAN T. Poor child! but thee musn't feel so.

Re-enter VAN TROMP, l.

VAN T. Is this woman prepared to receive glad tidings? but now the hand of providence seems to interfere in thy behalf.

ELIZA. Good sir? do, do! say what is it!

VAN T. Thy husband! is he called George Harris?

ELIZA. He is—he is! Say, What of him? speak, I beseech you!

VAN T. Daughter, he shall tell thee his own tale. (*goes to the door, L., GEORGE rushes in and embraces her*)

GEORGE. Oh, how happy do I feel! once more to clasp thee in my arms—what do we not owe to thee good, kind—

MRS. VAN T. Stay friend! it is not us—but rather a power above—

VAN T. To whom all thanks—thee art hungry doubtless and cold—Rachel, prepare a bed for this wearied stranger.

GEORGE. Alas! not so! even now they are on my track—even at this instant they are in close pursuit!

MRS. VAN T. Say not so!

ELIZA. Oh, George! again to lose thee and Harry! (*buries her face in her hands*)

VAN TROMP. Stay, tarry till the dawn, and I will with my sons conduct you hence—we know the country well, and though not men of blood, we'll not allow the wicked to spoil us of our guest.

Enter PHINEAS, L.

PHINEAS. Father, there be strangers in the plantation—they seek some fugitive! I see!—we've visitors—they are welcome.

GEORGE. Alas! Alas! we are fugitive slaves—those whom you but now saw seek our lives!

PHINEAS. Which, verily, they shall not obtain.

VAN T. Right, son!

MRS. VAN T. Nay, bear up. (*to ELIZA*)

GEORGE. We must instantly hence! Can you bear the fatigue, dearest Eliza? If we are discovered here we bring destruction on our kind preservers.

ELIZA. Oh! anything rather than that.

VAN T. Nay! alone thou goest not forth. Phineas, thou knowest well the rocky passes—conduct these poor children safely away, as thou valuest thy father's blessing.

GEORGE. Hark! I already hear a noise—let us hence.

MRS. VAN T. By the back way—it leads directly by the cliffs. May Heaven preserve thee!

VAN T. Amen!

PHINEAS. Come along! I carry not arms—for I hold it sinful—but my right arm shall shield thee if it can.

VAN T. Nay! no words away!

Exeunt, R.

SCENE IV.—*A Rocky Pass the sides approaching each other—about three feet apart—a very high precipitous rock joined by a single pine thrown as a bridge across the yawning abyss—a trunk of a tree on the Rock, R. The whole scene wild*

Enter PHINEAS, GEORGE, ELIZA and CHILD, L. 1 E.

GEORGE. Nay! bear up but for a few miles further and we shall be safe—

PHINEAS. Aye! if thee can't only pass this defile thou art safe!

ELIZA. I cannot, dare not indulge the hope—Ah! what noise is that?

PHINEAS. 'Tis my father—my good father. (*calls*) This way father.

VAN TROMP *rushes in, L.*

VAN T. Phineas, is that thee?

PHINEAS. Yes—what news?

VAN T. Right on behind are eight or ten of them—hot with brandy, swearing and foaming like so many wolves.

PHINEAS. On with you, if ever you did climb quick—climb quickly now.

VAN T. Come ahead—this is one of our old hunting dens—come up. (*they climb up to top of rock, L.*) Over with you—be careful for your lives (*having crossed*) That's right now, down with the bridge (*they beat it down—Music*) Well, here we all are—let 'em get at us if they can. Whoever comes here has to walk single file between those two rocks, in fair range of your pistols, d'ye see?

GEORGE. I do see, and now I am ready to take all the fighting on myself.

VAN T. Thee's quite welcome to do the fighting—but see them fellows are debating down there.—Hadn't thee better give a word of advice before they come up, just to tell them handsome 'they'll be shot if they do. (*they talk apart*)

LOKER, MARKS, and others, *come on, L.*

MARKS. Well, Loker, these coons are fairly treed.

LOKER. Yes, I see's 'em right here—here's a path—I'm right for going up.

MARKS. But they might fire at us from behind the rocks—that 'ere would be ugly.

LOKER. Always for saving your skin; but don't you know them niggers are always easily scared. (*ascends*)

GEORGE. (*on the rock R.*) Gentlemen, what do you want?

LOKER. A party of runaway niggers—George Harris, Eliza Harris, and their son—and I suspects you are one on 'em.

GEORGE. I am George Harris—I have arms to defend myself, and I mean to do it. Each man that comes up is a dead man. (*producing pistols*) I am indeed unwilling to shed blood, but for my own liberty—for the sake of my wife and child I am bound to resist.

LOKER. Ye see we shall get just as much, or nearly so, if we take him back to Kentucky dead as alive. (*fires at GEORGE, ELIZA screams.*)

GEORGE. Nay, dearest, I am not touched.

VAN T. Wilt thee keep back—nay fire not—we'll avoid blood-shed.

LOKER. I think I must have hit one on 'em.

MARKS. Let's on and see—I long for the reward.

LOKER. Up—up and seize him dead or alive (*LOKER quickly*

climbs up and reaches the summit) Now I have you. (*he springs across the gulf*)

VAN T. (*rushes forward and receives him on his hand on the chest*) Friend, thee isn't wanted here. (*LOKER falls, but clinging to the edge of cliff, he struggles for a short time, then falls into the abyss, two others fire, GEORGE returns the shot*)

TABLEAU AND END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Splendid Hall—figures of Justice, Liberty, and Mercy, in niches—a rostrum for selling Negroes—Negroes grouped about—AUCTIONEER smoking—TOM, EMMELINE, EMMELINE'S MOTHER, &c. &c. grouped.*

Enter THOMPSON and TOPSY, L. 1 E.

THOMPSON. (*to Auctioneer*) Can ye sell an extra article.

AUC. I calculate I can, stranger.

THOMPSON. Well then, sell this little vagabond—I can make nothing of her; I bought the little wretch as a boy, at Marsden's sale, and never discovered my mistake 'till I got home.

AUC. (*to TOPSY*) You're a gal, I calculate?

TOPSY. I don'no—

THOMPSON. Speak more respectful, or I'll have you whipped.

TOPSY. You're right, I guess.

AUC. What's your name?

TOPSY. Don'no—but if mas'r calls me right, tan't a pretty 'un.

AUC. Are you a Christian?

TOPSY. Don'no.

AUC. Not know your religion!

TOPSY. Oh yes, massa, I'm of the nigger sort.

AUC. Do you understand husbandry?

TOPSY. Oh, ah—I'd like to get one.

AUC. (*to THOMPSON*) We must sell her, sir, for what she'll fetch, I guess—she ain't good for much.

TOPSY. Not for nuffin.

THOMPSON. Take her and sell her—I'll call for the cash in the morning.

AUC. Stand aside—customers are coming in.

Enter YAHOO, R. 1 E., LEGREE and others, L. 1 E., meeting THOMPSON.

YAHOO (*to THOMPSON*.) Ah! Alf. what brings you here?

THOMPSON. I brought this little wretch to sell—besides I wanted a valet, and I heard that St. Clair's lot was going.

YAHOO. Spoilt niggers, every one of 'em—impudent as the devil.

THOMPSON. If I get 'em, I'll soon take the devil out of 'em. I rayther like the shape of that fellow—yes, I'll buy him, that's a fact.

LEGREE. (*addressing Tom brutally*) Where were you raised?

TOM. In Kentuck, mas'r.

LEGREE. What have you done?

TOM. Had care of mas'r's farm.

LEGREE. Likely story. (LEGREE and BUYERS begin examining SLAVES, EMMELINE and MOTHER come forward)

EMME. Mother, bear up.

MOTHER. Haven't no heart to bear up—It's the last time we may ever be together.

EMME. Oh! mother, don't say so—perhaps we'll get sold together, who knows? let us both look as lively as we can, and tell all we can do, and perhaps we shall—

MOTHER. I feel we shall part for ever, (EMMELINE bursts out loudly crying)

AUC. Stop that, you minx, no whimpering here—stand back, the sale is going to begin. Now, gentlemen, here is a stout—healthy young nigger, fit for an in-door servant—was valet to the late Mr. St. Clair—who bids? (to ALFRED) 400 dollars—thank you—450, 500, 550, 600, 700, 900, 1000, any more—no one—very cheap lot (*knocks down his hammer*) you have him, sir. (to ALFRED) Now boy, step up. (Tom steps up on the selling block) Now friends, here's a likely nigger, good hand at farming—he's a Kentuckian—very hardy, has a good character; let's say 500, thank ye—600, 700, 800, 900, 1000.

LEGREE. It ain't no use bidding against me, I'll have him—cost what it will—1200 I say.

AUC. 1200—any further bid—none. He is yours. (*knocks down his hammer.*)

LEGREE. (*seizes and pushes him aside*) Stand there, you—

AUC. Now little 'un, jump up. (TOPSY jumps up on block) Will any one buy this lot—it goes without reserve, she's sound I believe, tho' not 'cute.

TOPSY. Ain't I? well that's jolly—he! he! he!

AUC. Silence! will any one bid?

YAHOO. I've an old maiden aunt wants a critter of that sort—I'll give a 100.

AUC. No one offers more? no one? you have her, sir. (*knocks hammer*)—*Exeunt YAHOO and TOPSY, r. 1 e. with a caper.*

EMMELINE next ascends the block, and is knocked down to LEGREE for 600.

LEGREE. There get down among my lot there. (*pointing off L.—aside*) She's a fine gal—tarnation fine gal.

MOTHER. Oh! mas'r please buy me?

LEGREE. What you—you old hag—why you ain't good for nothing—I ain't going to waste my money on old worn out niggers.

MOTHER. I shall die if you separate me from my child.

LEGREE. Best thing for you.

A CITIZEN. Here I'll take you for 200—it's too much—but I really pity you.

MOTHER. Oh! try and buy my daughter also.

LEGREE. Not for 10,000 hard dollars. I've got her and I shall keep her—and if you jaw any more, I'll just flog your daughter—here bring me some handcuffs.

TABLEAU.

SCENE II.—*Handsome Interior, with window, l. c. Chest of drawers, with looking glass put on, r.*

Enter Miss OPHELIA, followed by TOPSY, l. 1 E.

OPHELIA. Well!—so my nevvy has brought you home!—to attend on me!—well, I'm glad of that!—what can you do?

TOPSY. Nothing!

OPHELIA. For shame!—you must mistake!—but stay!—I must learn some particulars from my nevvy, before he goes away.

Exit OPHELIA, l. 1 E.

TOPSY. (*dropping her demure manner, and skipping about*) Oh, golly! if this isn't spry! I wonder what the dry old 'un keeps in her store! (*goes to drawers, and brings out turban—dresses herself in it—puts a shawl on, and slips a pair of gloves, and ribbons up her sleeve*) ain't I a white 'un!—now—(*looks in glass*) La,—me—if I ain't quite bootiful! (*dances before the glass as OPHELIA enters, l. 1 E.*

OPHELIA. (*stands amazed—then comes forward*) Why, you little wretch!—how dare you touch my best turban and shawl!

TOPSY. I donno, missis!

OPHELIA. Here, strip off these! (*strips her*) To make so free with my things, was scarcely honest!

TOPSY. Me very honest, missis!

OPHELIA. What's that, peeping out of y'r sleeve! (*goes up, and draws out gloves and ribbon*) Why, you are a thief!

TOPSY. Yes, missis!

OPHELIA. Do you know I ought to order you to be whipped?

TOPSY. Yes, missy!—mas'r Thompson say it do good—always have me whipped!

OPHELIA. And did it improve you?

TOPSY. I 'spect it did!

OPHELIA. Will you be good if I spare you?

TOPSY. I 'spect no!

OPHELIA. I fear you are very wicked!

TOPSY. Oh yes,—missy,—very wicked!

OPHELIA. How old are you, Topsy?

TOPSY. Dun no, missis!

OPHELIA. Don't know how old you are? Didn't anybody never tell you? Who was your mother?

TOPSY. Never had none!

OPHELIA. Never had any mother? What do you mean?—where were you born?

TOPSY. Never was born!

OPHELIA. You mustn't answer me in that way, child!—I'm not playing with you!—tell me where you were born, and who y'r father and mother were?

TOPSY. Never was born!—never had no father!—nor mother,—I 'spect I grow'd!—I was raised by a speculator—with lots of others!—old aunt Sue used to take care on us!

OPHELIA. How long have you lived with your master and mistress?

TOPSY. Dun no, missis!

OPHELIA. Is it a year—or more—or less?

TOPSY. Dun no, missis!

OPHELIA. Do you know how to sew?

TOPSY. No, missis!

OPHELIA. What can you do?—what did you do for your master and mistress?

TOPSY. Fetch water, and wash dishes—and rub knives and wait on folks.

OPHELIA. I scarcely think I can trust you! Well now, tell me, —I know you must have taken other things since you've been in the house—if you'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time. Now tell me if you took anything?

TOPSY. Laws misiss, I took Jane's red thing she w'ars on her neck!

OPHELIA. You did! you naughty child! Well what else?

TOPSY. I took Rosa's yer rings—them red ones!

OPHELIA. Go! bring them to me this minute, both of them!

Enter JANE, R. 1 E.

JANE. Master wants you!

OPHELIA. Why Jane! where did you get y'r necklace?

JANE. Get it!—why I've had it on all day!

OPHELIA. Did you have it on yesterday?

JANE. Yes! and what is funny, I had it on all night!—I forgot to take it off when I went to bed!

Enter ROSA, R. 1 E.

ROSA. Master can't wait!

OPHELIA. (*pointing to ear-rings in ROSA's ears*) What in the world did you tell me you took those things for Topsy?

TOPSY. Why missis said I must 'fess,—and I couldn't think of nothing else to 'fess!

OPHELIA. But of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do!—that's telling a lie just as much as the other!

TOPSY. Laws, now—is it?

OPHELIA. It is indeed! and I really think the only way will be, to send you to school!—I shall consult my nephew on the subject.

Exit OPHELIA, and two ATTENDANTS, R. 1 E.

TOPSY. Who go to school? Not I!—what teach me manner! Oh golly, golly! catch me fust,—dat's all!—me too good for dat! (*dances about*) Ah! here de hundred dollars to be paid for me! (*looks in drawer*) me buy myself!—dat golly!—me be off—and jump into first boat going to Britisher's land—and then me free!—Bravo, Topsy! bravo—golly—golly! Here we goes, Topsy turvy! (*jumps out of window—music*)

SCENE III.—*Lawn in front of Legree's House.*

Enter LEGREE, TOM, EMMELINE, and others, L. U. E.

LEGREE. (*to EMMELINE*) Well, my little dear!—now we're at home! I say! you didn't ever wear ear-rings? (*touching her*)

EMMELINE. (*shrinking from him*) No mas'r!

LEGREE. Well, I'll give you a pair if you're a good girl—you shall have fine times of it, and live like a lady. Niggers, I don't keep none o'yer cussed overseers—I does my own overseering—every one has got to toe the mark, I tell ye, the moment I speak. You wont find no soft spot in me—for I don't show no mercy!

Enter QUIMBO and SAMBO leading dogs, L.

QUIMBO. Glad to see you, mas'r!

LEGREE. How now, Sambo, how have things been going?

SAMBO. Fust rate, mas'r!

LEGREE. Quimbo, ye minded what I telled ye?

QUIMBO. I guess I did!—didn't I?

LEGREE. (*to Tom, pointing off to SAMBO's whip and dogs, L.*) Ye see them whips and ye see them dogs yonder, that's what ye'd get if ye tried to run off—so mind yerself! Off with them to work!

All Exeunt, L., but LEGREE.
Now for Cassy!—she'll kick up a pretty shindy when she finds I've brought home a young gal!—somehow or other, I don't feel quite comfortable about Cassy!—but cuss me! if she shall bully me any longer!

Exit into house L.

SCENE IV.—*Plantation.*

Enter NEGROES from picking cotton, with baskets.

LUCY. Heaven help me!—I'm so sore I could not fill my basket! Oh! I shall catch it so.

TOM. Here good girl!—I give a little of mine! (*helps to fill her basket*)

SAMBO. (*coming up*) What for talking? What dat dere, you Lucy?—work—I make you. (*strikes her with his whip*)

TOM. (*interposing*) Oh! mas'r Sambo! she do no harm.

SAMBO. Cuss you, nigger!—I give it you too! (*strikes him, and goes out*)

CASSY comes in—watches for a moment.

TOM. Never mind!—I bring you more.

LUCY. Not so!—no, no! they will flog you.

TOM. No! no! not possible! (*gives her more cotton*)

CASSY. (*coming forward*) You know nothing about this place or you wouldn't have done that.—When you've been here a month you'll have done helping anybody,—you'll find it hard enough to take care of your own skin.

SAMBO. (*triumphantly*) What! what! you a' foolin'? Go along! ye'r under me now—mind yerself or ye'll catch it. (*flourishing whip*)

CASSY. Dog! touch me if you dare!—I've power enough yet to have you torn by the dogs—burnt alive—cut to pieces—I've only to say the word.

SAMBO. What de debil you here for den? Didn't mean no harm, Missy Cassy.

CASSY. Keep your distance then.

Enter LEGREE, who speaks aside to SAMBO.

SAMBO. Dat ar Tom's gwine to make a powerful deal o'trouble—kept a puttin' into Lucy's basket—all de niggers feel 'bused—if mas'r don't stop him!

LEGREE. Heyday! the black cuss!—He'll have to get a breaking in—won't he boys?

QUIMBO. Ay, ay, let mas'r Legree alone for breaking in—de debil himself couldn't beat mas'r at dat.

LEGREE. Wal, boys, the best way is to give him the flogging to do, till he gets over his notions. 'Twill break him in.

SAMBO. Lord, mas'r—I'll have hard work to get dat out of him.

LEGREE. It'll have to come out though!

SAMBO. Now dar's Lucy—de aggravatinest—ugliest wench on the place!

LEGREE. Take care, Sam, I shall begin to think what's the reason for your spite against Lucy.

SAMBO. Well, mas'r knows she set herself up agin mas'r and wouldn't have me when he telled her to—

LEGREE. I'd have flogged her into 't, only there's such a press o'work it don't seem worth o'while to upset her just now. She's slender—but these here slender gals will bear half killing to get their own way.

SAMBO. Wal, Lucy was real agravatin'—and lazy—sulkin' round, wouldn't do nothin' and Tom he tuck up for her.

LEGREE. He did, eh! Well then, Tom shall have the pleasure of flogging her—it'll be a good practice for him, and he won't put it on the gal as you devils would neither.

SAMBO. } (*laughing*) Ho! ho! haw! haw!

QUIMBO. } (*laughing*) Ho! ho! haw! haw!

SAMBO. Wal, but mas'r—Tom and Missy Cassy and dey among 'em filled Lucy's basket—I rather guess der weight's in it, mas'r.

LEGREE. I do the weighing! (*SAMBO laughs*) So Missy Cassy did her day's work?

SAMBO. She picks like de debil and all his angels !

LEGREE. She's got 'em all I believe ! (*they put up scales and begin weighing—SLAVES bring their baskets—LEGREE writes each weight on a slate, after weighing Tom's and others, LUCY comes forward*) What, you lazy beast, short again ? Stand aside, you'll catch it now ! (*CASSY gives her basket, regards him with scorn and turns from him in disgust*)

LEGREE. And now come here, you Tom. Ye see, I telled ye I didn't buy ye just for the common work. I mean to promote ye, and make a driver of ye ; and to-night ye may just as well begin to get y'r hand in. Now ye just take this yer gal and flog her, you've seen enough on't to know how.

TOM. I beg mas'r's pardon—hopes mas'r won't set me at that ; it's what I ain't used to—never did, and can't do, no way possible.

LEGREE. (*strikes him*) Ye'll larn a pretty smart chance of things ye never did know, before I've done with ye.

TOM. Yes, mas'r ; I'm willing to work night and day, and work whilst there's life and health in me ; but this I can't feel it right to do ; and, mas'r, I never shall do it—never !

LEGREE. (*exasperated*) What ! ye black beast ! tell me you don't think it right to do what I tell ye ! What have any of you cussed cattle to do with thinking what's right ? I'll put a stop to it ! Why, what d'ye think ye are ? May be, ye think yer a gentleman, master Tom, to be telling y'r master what's right and what ain't. So you pretend it's wrong to flog the gal ?

TOM. I think so, mas'r ; the poor critter's sick and feeble ; 'twould be downright cruel ; and it's what I never will do—nor begin to. Mas'r, if you mean to kill me, kill me ; but as to my raising my hand to any one here, I never shall—I'll die first ! No, no, no !

LEGREE. We'll see. Here, Sambo ! Quimbo ! give this dog such a breakin' in as he won't get over this month. (*they seize him, and drag him up, making preparations to flog him*)

SCENE V.—Room at Legree's.

Enter LEGREE gloomily, L., a NEGRO following him, places small table, chair, and drink, then retires.

LEGREE. (*speaking and drinking*) Cuss on that Sambo, to kick up this yer row between me and the new hands.

Enter CASSY, unperceived, L.

That fellow won't be fit for work for a week, now, right in the press o' the season.

CASSY. Yes, just like you.

LEGREE. Ha ! you she-devil ! you've come back, have you ?

CASSY. Yes, I have come—to have my own way, too.

LEGREE. You lie, you jade ! I'll be up to my word. Either behave yourself, or stay down to the quarters, and fare and work with the rest.

CASSY. I'd rather, ten thousand times, live in the darkest hole in the slave quarters, than be under your roof.

LEGREE. But you are under my roof, for all that, that's one comfort; so sit down here, on my knee, my dear, and hear to reason.

CASSY. (*angrily*) Simon Legree, take care! You're afraid of me, Simon, and you've reason to be! But be careful, for I've got the devil in me!

LEGREE. Get out! I believe to my soul you have, after all, Cassy! Why can't you be friends with me as you used to?

CASSY. (*bitterly*) Used to?

LEGREE. I wish, Cassy, you'd behave yourself decently!

CASSY. You talk about behaving decently! and what have you been doing? You, who haven't sense enough to keep from spoiling one of your best hands!

LEGREE. I *was* a fool,—it's a fact, to let any such brangle come up, but when the boy set up his will, he had to be broke in!

CASSY. I reckon you won't break him in!

LEGREE. Won't I! I'd like to know if I won't! He'll be the first nigger that ever came it round me! I'll break every bone in his body but he shall give up!

Enter SAMBO, r., with a piece of paper containing a lock of hair.

LEGREE. What's that, you dog?

SAMBO. It's a witch thing, mas'r!

LEGREE. A what?

SAMBO. Something that niggers get from witches!—keep 'em from feelin' when they's flogged! He had it tied round his neck with a black string! (*gives a paper, out of which falls a lock of hair*)

LEGREE. (*having picked it up*) Damnation! Where did this come from? Take it off! Burn it up!—burn it up! What did you bring it to me for? Don't bring me any more of your devilish things.

CASSY. (*aside*) I'll to poor suffering Tom.

Exeunt SAMBO and CASSY, l.

LEGREE. Yes, I threw her from me. My poor mother! her spirit seems ever here; yet, curse it! no—she's dead—she's dust. Let me drink. (*drinks*) As I burst from her, she fell; she struck her temple; her grey hairs were dabbled with blood. Never shall I forget that look. On her death-bed she sent me her blessing and a lock of that hair; to-day it recurred to me. Heaven help me! But what have I to do with heaven? (*drinks*) Cuss him! where did he get that? If it didn't look just like—whoo! I thought I'd forgot that. Cuss me, if I think there's any such thing as forgetting anything anyhow—hang it! I'm lonesome, I mean to call Em. She hates me—the monkey. I don't care, I'll make her come. (*goes up—returns*) I know one thing—I'll let that fellow alone after this. What did I want of his cussed paper. I believe I am bewitched, sure enough! I've been shivering and sweating ever since. Where did he get that hair? It couldn't have been that! I burnt that up—I know I did. It would be a joke if hair could rise from the dead. (*goes to door*) I say, wake up some of yer, and keep me company. I'll have Sambo and Quimbo up here to sing and dance one of their hell dances—and keep off these horrid notions!

Enter SAMBO and QUIMBO.

Bring more grog. (*they do so*) We'll have a night of it!—I hates this room!—Come down stairs! We'll tap the new rum. (*takes the arm of SAMBO and QUIMBO and all three shout a Negro chorus as they exeunt*)

SCENE VI.—*A miserable Shed.*

UNCLE TOM lying on straw, groaning. CASSY enters D. F. with a lamp.

TOM. Who's there? Oh! for massy's sake, give me some water. (*she pours water from jug, raises his head, and gives him drink.*)

CASSY. Drink all you want, I knew how it would be; it isn't the first time I've been out in the night carrying water to such as you.

TOM. Thank ye, missis,

CASSY. Don't call me, missis! I'm a miserable slave, like yourself—a lower one than you can ever be. (*puts his head higher*) It's no use my poor fellow, this you've been trying to do—you were a brave fellow, you had the right on your side, but it's all in vain—you are in the devil's hands, he is the strongest, and you must give up.

TOM. Give up! Oh! heaven, how can I give up?

CASSY. All goes against us here—heaven and earth, everything is pushing us into perdition; why shouldn't we go? (*Tom groans*) You know nothing about it—I do. I've been in this place five years: body and soul under this man's foot, oh, how I hate him! Here you are in a lone plantation, ten miles from any other in the swamp; not a white person here who could testify, if you were burnt alive—if you were scalped—cut in inch pieces—set up for the dogs to tear, or hung up and whipped to death. There's no law here that can do you or any of us the least good—and this Legree, there's no earthly bad thing that he's too good to do. I could make any one's hair rise, and their teeth chatter, if I should only tell what I've seen, and know to have been done by this inhuman devil. And what could I do?—nothing, unless I had done what I will yet do—kill him! Wasn't I a woman delicately bred, and he, heaven, what was he, and is he? And yet I've lived with him these five years, and cursed every moment of my life—night and day—night and day.

TOM. Missis, I can see that somehow you are quite 'bove me in everything, but there's one thing missis might learn, even from poor Tom. You say heaven takes sides against us, because it let's us be 'bused and knocked about—sufferin' ain't no reason to make us think heaven against us, but jest the contrary.

CASSY. Tom! there is no heaven *for slaves* in a lone southern plantation. Listen: my father was one of the richest men in New Orleans; his affairs became involved, and he died of a broken heart. I, the child of a slave mother, although delicately nurtured, was sold and handed about from master to master, 'till I became the property of this Legree. Ha, ha, ha, ha, his property! Now I'm lost, utterly lost, urged on by devils that torment me—

they keep goading me on, and I'll send him to them, (*muttering loudly*) by a short way too, one of these nights, if they flay and burn me alive for it.

Rushes out, D. F.

TOM. Aye, aye, there goes—a noble heart! a noble soul! lost—and for ever ruined by this cruel slavery—with such scenes round me—Oh, how blessed seems the approach of death!

Enter LEGREE half drunk, D. F.

LEGREE. So, there's two strangers come to buy this nigger! but he's a regular rebel—and they shan't have him (*goes and kicks him*) Well, my boy, how do you find yourself? Didn't I tell you I could larn you a thing or two? How do you like it, eh? Ain't quite so crank as you were last night? (*kicks him again*) Up, you black beast! (*Tom rises with difficulty*) Now, Tom, get right down on your knees, and beg my pardon, for your shines last night!

TOM. I did only what I thought was right! I never will do that cruel thing—flog a poor suffering woman—come what may!

LEGREE. I'll make you give out though 'fore I've done.

TOM. You may kill my body—but there is an eternity!—

LEGREE. Cuss you! (*strikes him—Tom falls*) Get up! (*takes out his whip and commences to lash Tom, who is extended on his straw, furiously*) Get up, you black beast—I'll cut the life out of ye but I'll make you give in. (*striking him—Cassy appears at the door with a pistol, she takes a deliberate aim and fires at Legree, he utters a loud yell and staggers to L.—falls dead*)

CASSY. There, take that—devil!—now we are quits, and if they burn me alive, I shall die rejoicing in the deed that has avenged the martyrdom of so many hapless victims;—and you, poor suffering noble-hearted creature, I have at least saved you, there are two friends of yours, who have journeyed far to see and aid you.

TOM. (*faintly*) Oh, Miss Cassy, better not let any one come!—dey will seize you, and you will suffer for dat bad man's death.

CASSY. I care not—let all the world know it—I care not! (*calls at door*) This way, strangers!—here is poor Uncle Tom.

Enter GEORGE HARRIS and Little GEORGE SHELBY, D. F.

GEORGE S. Oh, dear Tom! (*embracing him*) Do speak to me—don't you know me—your own mas'r George?—your own dear little mas'r George?—don't you know me?

TOM. Mas'r George!—little mas'r George!

GEORGE S. Yes, dear Uncle Tom—come to save, come with your friend George Harris—to save you.

TOM. George Harris!

GEORGE. Yes, Tom, George Harris, now a free man. I have left Eliza happy in Canada with our little child—your old master, Mr. Shelby, has, by the death of a relation, been once more placed in affluence; by his kindness I have been enabled to purchase my freedom with the produce of my own industry—your sale has weighed heavily upon the minds of all—your young friend obtained his father's consent to my accompanying him in a search for you—often baffled and thrown off our track, we gained the trail at last;

and now, Tom, you shall return to your family, already made happy by your old master's bounty, and happiness be yours again.

TOM. Thank you, George Harris—thank you for not forgetting Uncle Tom the poor slave, in your own freedom—thank you, dear little mas'r George, and have you come so many many miles to save the poor slave? Tank you, tank you—but—it is—too—late (*faintly*) I must die—mas'r George.

GEORGE. You shan't die—you mustn't die; don't think of it—I've come to buy you and take you home.

TOM. No, mas'r George, you're come too late—he has killed me. (*pointing to Legree*)

HARRIS. Heavens!—what is this? A man bleeding and dead! What means this?

CASSY. It means, that that lifeless fiend has caused the death of this poor victim, as he has of many—and that an avenger was found who rejoices in the deed—'twas I that shot him!

TOM. No, Cassy, don't speak so loud—let 'em think that poor Tom did it; it won't matter to me, but it will save you, who have been kind to me—they are friends and will help you for my sake,—won't you, George Harris and little mas'r George.

HARRIS. Indeed, we will Tom, but rouse yourself; all may yet be well.

TOM. It will, it will—but not here—in another place—where we shall all serve one blessed Mas'r, who will care for good white man and the good black man all as one. (GEORGE *sobs*) Don't feel so! mas'r George—gib my lub to my dear old ooman, and if you can make the children of poor Uncle Tom free, you will! (GEORGE *wrings his head*) Missy Cassy—be good, and in your last hour may you be as I am—happy—bless you!—bless you, George Harris!—bless you, dear—little—mas'r George! (*kisses his forehead—he is supported while he places his hands together in prayer—his head falls back—slow music*) TABLEAU.

Curtain.