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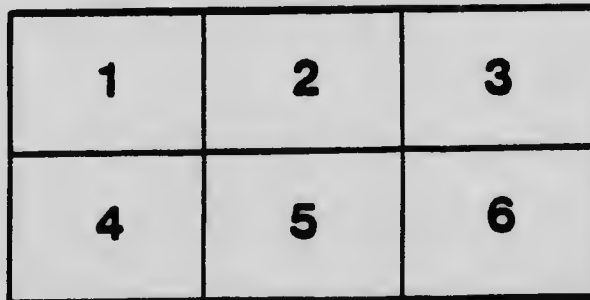
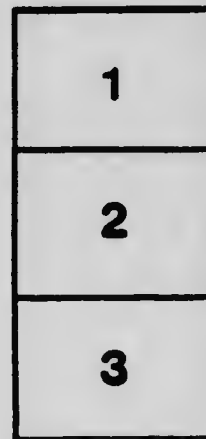
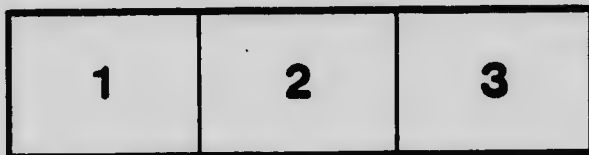
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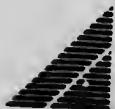
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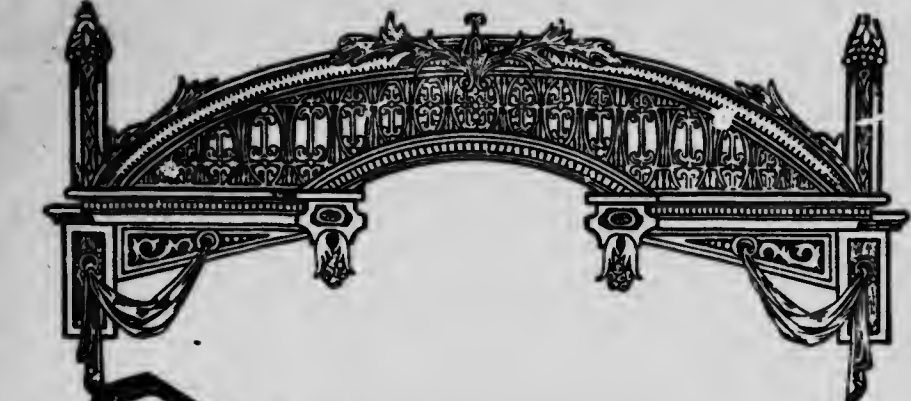
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33414

HAMILTON

A Play in Four Acts

by
**Mary P. Hamlin
and George Arliss**



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*Comm. Hamiltons Play P.
Fam*

HAMILTON

CAST.

Alexander Hamilton
Thomas Jefferson
Senator James Monroe
Senator William B. Giles
General Philip Schuyler
Count Tallyrand
James Reynolds
Zekial
Chief Justice John Jay
Robert Morris
Colonel Lee
Betsy Hamilton
Angelica Hamilton
Mrs. Reynolds
Melissa
Mrs. Zackery Whalen
1st Man
2nd Man

PS3515

A434

H35

1917

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ACT I.

TIME—*Morning in August, during Washington's first administration.*

SCENE—*The Exchange Coffee House in Philadelphia. It is a great room with low ceiling and neatly sanded floor.*

Against wall, back, are cupboards with shining pewter tankards and dishes; Center, a great fireplace with wide stone hearth, and high-backed settles on each side. Against wall, stand stout-backed slat-bottomed chairs. Running up right, table with chairs about it at irregular intervals. Right, back, tub full of water stands on floor and contains melons, cucumbers, bottles of wine and a pitcher of milk cooling. Over fireplace is a large crimson silk liberty cap, with these words above in large letters, "Sacred to Liberty." On wall near is the following, in large print: "Breakfast—Two Shillings (fifty cents.) Dinner, with grog or toddy Three Shillings (seventy-five cents.) Quart of Toddy—One and Six (Sixty cents.) Best Madeira—Six Shillings a Quart (one dollar, fifty.)"

ENTRANCES—*Upper Right, Left in flat.*

A crowd of eight or ten men, including two or three Quakers, smoking Churchwardens, discovered sitting, standing, drinking. Mainly men of the better class—not rubble. "Elissa, the barmaid, is serving drinks. Men come and go during act.

John Reynolds, a handsome, dissipated, ne'er-do-well of about thirty-five, slightly the worse for liquor, but not drunk, is center of a somewhat jeering crowd at top of table R.

Monroe and Giles are sitting at small table down L. C. They are not drinking. Monroe is reading some manuscript that Giles hands to him—possibly a draft of a Bill for Congress.

As curtain rises there is a general hubbub—Reynolds voice dominant.

REYNOLDS—I'm selling, I'm selling.

MEN—Keep quiet there, will you?

REYNOLDS—I'm selling, I'm selling.

FIRST MAN—Can't hear ourselves speak.

REYNOLDS—What's the use of keeping quiet? Where's a gentleman to do business if he can't do it at the Exchange Coffee House?

SECOND MAN—Oh—where's the gentleman?

FIRST MAN—Send the gentleman here.

REYNOLDS—I'm the gentleman. (*Laughter*) I'm selling, I'm selling, I'm selling.

MEN—Sit down.

FIRST MAN—Melissa, a tankard of porter, my dear.

REYNOLDS—I'm selling.

FIRST MAN—Sit down, Reynolds. How can you be selling when there are no buyers? Ask that gentleman if he's nearly finished with the newspaper, Melissa. (*You see some business between Melissa and the man with the newspaper.*)

REYNOLDS—Don't any of you gentlemen want to make money? I'm offering you states' securities for the price of the printing. Here's a hundred dollars going to the highest bidder. Will anyone bid five?

FIRST MAN—What state is it on?

REYNOLDS—South Carolina (*Loud laughter.*)

FIRST MAN—I'll give you six pence for it.

GILES—Where'd you get all his paper, all of a sudden, Reynolds? (*William B. Giles is a small, squat man, with swarthy, dirty-looking skin and sharp eye. His features are thick and his manner coarse. His boots are heavy, his dress untidy, and his voice loud. He has the air of a successful bully and prize-fighter.*)

REYNOLDS—Oh, how do, Senator Giles. I got it from the soldiers, Mr. Giles—the poor soldiers have entrusted me—

GILES—Huh, they'll be very poor soldiers if they trust you. (*General laugh.*)

REYNOLDS—Here's six months' pay due Private Hiram Mott—\$96.00 due from the state of Virginia.

MONROE—It's a lie. Virginia's paid every cent she owes. (*James Monroe is a tall man, but because of broad shoulders and stocky build looks shorter than he is. His manner is the aggressively plain-citizen type. He is dressed plainly. He lacks Jefferson's gracious bearing, but does not reach Giles' roughness.*)

REYNOLDS—Ah, Senator Monroe, it's easy to see you come from Virginia—but the poor soldiers—

GILES—Poor soldiers be damned! It's the fortune of-war.

TALLYRAND—(*He has been settling the score with Melissa up-stage. He speaks with a slight French accent.*) Ha! Ha! The fortune of war! You bring about the war, your soldiers fight for you and conquer your enemies and then you repudiate their claim for pay. The fortune of war! The war for them—the fortune for you, eh?

(*Tallyrand is very tall, with legs too small for his fat body. His blond hair is worn in long ringlets over his shoulders. His blue eyes, under heavy lids, have a look of scrutiny. His nose is pointed and aristocratic, but his mouth is large and coarse. His manner is watchful, but pleasant. He is dressed in the height of a janyty fashion. He wears a great hat with long eurling white plume.*)

MONROE—Well, Tallyrand. I thought you had decided to return to France. Changed your mind, eh? Rather risky yet for the aristocrats to go back.

TALLYRAND—I leave to-morrow. I am settling my score with the beautiful Melissa.

MONROE—You're going to take the chance, eh? Well, I hope to follow you in a very short time.

TALLYRAND—To follow me, Senator Monroe?

MONROE—As Minister to France.

TALLYRAND—Ah, yes, how charming! President Washington has already appointed you, eh?

GILES—Not yet, but we shall get it all right.

TALLYRAND—We? Oh, you also! Two ministers?

GILES—No, not two ministers, but it sometimes takes two men to get one job.

TALLYRAND—Ah! You mean it is not so easy. You have to deal with Alexander Hamilton.

GILES—We'll deal with him all right. Alexander Hamilton—

(*Enter General Schuyler, L. Front. General Philip Schuyler is a large man, inclining to stoutness. He has a gouty foot and walks with a slight limp. He wears short breeches, ruffles, knee and shoe buckles, hair powdered and tied in a quene. His dress suggests the gentleman and the aristocrat, but his manner is open and genial. He is a handsome, lovable old gentleman.*)

MONROE—shh—Here's General Schuyler.

SCHUYLER—Howdy, everybody.

TALLYRAND—(*Goes to him effusively*) Ah, General Schuyler, how are you? And how fares your illustrious son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton?

SCHUYLER—Why, I guess he's all right. I've just come from Albany, but I've been over to Alexander's house and find he's not at home.

TALLYRAND—Ah, 'tis good for him to get away from his labors sometimes.

SCHUYLER—Well, it's a queer thing for him to be away this time in the morning. I thought he might be here. Everybody calls here.

TALLYRAND—Yes, everybody comes to see everybody at the Exchange Coffee House. I find it amusing. It is club, restaurant, merchants' exchange, everything.

SCHUYLER—Ah, we'll alter all that in time, Count Tallyrand. We're young, you know. Give Alexander Hamilton time to sow some seeds. We'll have a real Merchants' Exchange and a real live country that will be able to pay its debts. (*Twinge of gout*) And I hope I shall have a real foot, which I haven't at this moment. And if you don't mind, Melissa, my girl, I'll just rest it in the parlor before I hobble along. Good-day to you, Count Tallyrand.

TALLYRAND—I shall call on Alexander before I leave.

SCHUYLER—He'll be extremely glad to see you. (*Twinge*) Oh, damn this foot. (*Goes off R.U.E.*) (*During this, Melissa has brought some Madeira for Giles and Monroe.*)

REYNOLDS—(*Who has been drinking and conversing with one or two shady-looking characters*) I'm selling, I'm selling! Now, Count Tallyrand, before you return to la belle France, wouldn't you like to buy up the whole of the French loan? I'll sell it to you for ten cents. (*Laughter*) (*Enter L.C. Thomas Jefferson. He is a man over six feet tall. His red hair is unpowdered. He has pointed features and a freckled face. He is loose-jointed, and has a slovenly down-at-the-heel appearance. His corduroy breeches are much worn. His neck-cloth is dirty and awry. He wears a tricolor badge and his whole manner is theatrically republican. There is a general murmur of "Jefferson" as he comes in.*)

JEFFERSON—Good-day to you, Citizens.

MELISSA—(*Coming forward with a curtsey*) Good-day to you, Mr. Jefferson.

JEFFERSON—Good-day to YOU, Melissa. And how is your 'father to-day? Mending, I hope.

MELISSA—Yes, Your Honor. Thank you, your Honor.

JEFFERSON—No "Honor" for me. Just plain citizen, Melissa. Tell him I asked after him.

MELISSA—Thank you, sir.

JEFFERSON—(*Finger in protest*) Leave off the "sir."

MELISSA—Yes, sir.

JEFFERSON—A little Madeira, now, Melissa. (*She goes hurriedly*) Good evening Citizen Giles. (*Shakes hands.*)

GILES—Howdy, Tom. Jefferson.

JEFFERSON—Citizen Monroe. (*Shakes*) Ah, Citizen Tallyrand.

TALLYRAND—COUNT Tallyrand, if you please.

JEFFERSON—In America there are no titles, Citizen Tallyrand. In this land of the free all men are equal.

GILES—And they say titles ain't so very popular in France just now.

JEFFERSON—Ah, France! What a glorious change! The apostle of liberty and fraternity.

TALLYRAND—Liberty! Fraternity! What do you mean by liberty, Mr. Jefferson?

JEFFERSON—(*Oratorically. Points to cap over mantel*) Ask your own countrymen, Count Tallyrand: there you behold the symbol of the liberty of your great land of France. To us in America, that crimson cap stands as a symbol of freedom—a symbol—

TALLYRAND—You call that dirty rag a symbol of liberty? I call it a symbol of license, of lawlessness, of murder. What say you, Thomas Jefferson, to the murder of my king, Louis of France? Is that, too, a symbol of liberty, of fraternity?

JEFFERSON—It is the indomitable will of the people. The time is not far distant, Citizen Tallyrand—a hundred years perhaps—when every king in Europe will have been swept into the dust heap of history.

MONROE—Louis XVI was an oppressor of the people.

JEFFERSON—A tyrant.

GILES—Yes, sir.

TALLYRAND—(*To Jefferson*) You say that—you who for five years were Minister to France and enjoyed his friendship? You who have sat at his table!

JEFFERSON—Even then I could hear the murmur of the not far distant revolution. It was necessary to use the arm of the people. Fate decreed that your newly founded Republic should be cemented with the blood of aristocrats.

GILES—Down with aristocrats! Down with tyrants everywhere!

TALLYRAND—Yes. I know your idea of liberty! Down with aristocrats! Down with everybody who is in your way!

GILES—I'll tell you one thing, Citizen Tallyrand, and I'll tell it to you NOW. There are some damned aristocrats in this country that'll get the same treatment your king got if they don't go careful.

TALLYRAND—Who helped you win your freedom? The king of France.

GILES—Well, we ain't goin' t'have kings in this country.

TALLYRAND—Who desires to be king?

GILES—(*Fiercely*) George Washington does.

MONROE—And Alexander Hamilton wants to be Prime Minister! WANTS to be! He is Prime Minister this very minute. Prime Minister of America! Huh! (*By this time everybody in the room is listening.*)

JEFFERSON—(*Conciliatory*) I assure you, Citizen Tallyrand, Citizen Giles and Citizen Monroe voice the sentiments of the great body of the American people. (*Murmurs of assent from the crowd.*) There is a growing unrest all over this land at the aristocratic tendencies of our president. There is bitter and righteous opposition to Alexander Hamilton's efforts to centralize the government and assume the debts of our thirteen free and independent states. Such centralization of power would inevitably lead to monarchy. I stand on the platform of the Rights of Man—the rights of the individual—the right of each state to its freedom. And I tell you, Citizen Tallyrand, that the gravest danger that threatens America to-day rests in the persons of those men who are striving to centralize the power of the United States; striving to establish a military dictatorship.

MONROE—A condition that will involve us in European quarrels in which it should be our policy to take no part.

TALLYRAND—How can you keep out of European quarrels when your interests are bound up with those of Europe?

MONROE—Our riches and resources can bid defiance to any power on earth. It is only when our rights are invaded that we should make preparation for our defence.

TALLYRAND—(with a shrug) Yes, and then it will be perhaps too late.

JEFFERSON—Citizen Tallyrand, I look for the day when the ocean which separates the two hemispheres shall be regarded as divided into two parts; on the hither side of which no European gun will ever be heard, nor an American on the other.

TALLYRAND—The millennium, eh?

JEFFERSON—Yes, the millennium. When, during the rage of eternal wars in Europe, the lion and the lamb within our regions shall lie down together in peace.

TALLYRAND—Yes, they would lie down together—until the lion (felt hungry,—then he would get up and eat the lamb.

MONROE—Against this tendency towards centralization, we who love the freedom of our state will fight to the death. (*Murmur of approval.*)

TALLYRAND—Yes, thirteen jealous states all working against each other. How are you going to pay your debts without a central government? You have no credit abroad. Your paper is not worth five cents on the dollar. Why don't you pay the men who furnished you supplies for your war? Why don't you pay the soldiers who gained you that liberty that you love so dearly?

GILES—Damn the soldiers. This country's goin' to put a stop to Washington's damned coddling of the army.

TALLYRAND—It was the soldiers who won you your precious freedom.

MONROE—Well, Virginia's paid her soldiers.

TALLYRAND—Has South Carolina? Has Rhode Island?

MONROE—That's no affair of Virginia.

GILES—No, sir.

TALLYRAND—Why not? Did not the soldiers of Rhode Island help Virginia to her liberty? Each one fought for the common good. Each one should be paid.

JEFFERSON—By that, Citizen Tallyrand, I understand you to mean that the government should assume the war debts of all the states.

TALLYRAND—Those debts were the price of your liberty. If you have a government, it should pay the country's debts.

JEFFERSON—Citizen Tallyrand, you are simply speaking from Alexander Hamilton's platform. You are an aristocrat.

MONROE—So's Hamilton.

JEFFERSON—As such you cannot possibly understand the love of liberty that burns in the heart of every American. This attempt by Alexander Hamilton to compel the central government to assume the debts of the thirteen states is merely a trick, a manœuver, to give greater power to that central body and to ruthlessly crush the freedom of the state. We, as Virginians, love Virginia. Her freedom—we will fight for her freedom—

TALLYRAND—Fight! Mon Dieu! Where were you when Alexander Hamilton stormed the redoubts of Yorktown?

JEFFERSON—As you know, Citizen Tallyrand, I am not a soldier. I am a man of peace.

GILES—(*Winking at Monroe*) Jefferson ain't never been no fighter, you know, Citizen Tallyrand.

TALLYRAND—Citizen! Citizen! Citizen! You prate and boast about the rights of man, and you sneer at Alexander Hamilton as an aristocrat. Have any of you worked for the Rights of Man as he has? When it was an affair of fighting for your liberty, he fought. At the age of nineteen-twenty years he had risen to Colonel and was leading the victorious charge at Yorktown. And at the hour when liberty was assured he lay down his arms and commenced to make a nation of you. I tell you I have known all the great men of my time—Pitt, Fox, Washington—and of them all it is my boast that I know Alexander Hamilton. Adieu! (*He sweeps out*).

GILES—The damned—

JEFFERSON—Hush! He's right, friend, he's right. Hamilton is a great man, but his energies are misdirected.

GILES—Great man! Why he ain't got half the following you have!

MONROE—That infernal French aristocrat has put the whole thing in a nutshell. Hamilton and Washington are working against the interests of the individual. They're working against us.

JEFFERSON—Come, come, we mustn't say that.

MONROE—Well, it's true!

JEFFERSON—That may be, but—

GILES—Well, what you going t' do about it? (*The crowd gradually goes out during the ensuing scene, leaving Reynolds the only prominent figure in the background. Reynolds is obviously listening.*)

JEFFERSON—Citizen Monroe, I came in the hope of finding you here this morning because I have decided that it is necessary that you and I should make a friendly call upon Alexander Hamilton.

MONROE—A friendly call!

JEFFERSON—To conciliate him.

MONROE—With what object?

JEFFERSON—We need his cooperation. The decision of the location of the Capital of the United States is now a matter of urgent necessity. It is vitally necessary that we should secure the Capital for the South, where our influence is paramount.

MONROE—Don't see any need to worry about that. The North hasn't got any chance anyway. Why, Washington's a Virginian—if he is under Alexander Hamilton's thumb.

GILES—George Washington ain't got a damned bit of loyalty in him!

JEFFERSON—Come! Come! I cannot discuss this matter with you, Citizen Giles, unless you refrain from invective.

GILES—Well—he's a Virginian, and yet he is just as interested in New York and Massachusetts as he is in Virginia. It makes me sick.

MONROE—The Capital of the United States don't go to the North as long as James Monroe has a kick in him.

JEFFERSON—Let us consider our own position. Hamilton is straining every nerve to pass through Congress his Bill for the government assumption of States' debts.

MONROE—And we're blocking it, and will continue to block it to the last ditch.

JEFFERSON—Yes, without our cooperation—which we cannot possibly extend—his Bill cannot go through.

MONROE—Then what's the use of us going to ask favors of him when he knows perfectly well that we are the most active opponents of his Bill.

GILES—I say, fight him.

MONROE—I believe you're right, Giles, fight him.

JEFFERSON—Come, come, Monroe, a lot more flies are caught with molasses than with vinegar, and you know you've set your heart on being appointed Minister to France.

MONROE—I have.

JEFFERSON—Hamilton's word will go a long way with Washington. Come, we'll make a friendly call.

GILES—Hamilton will fight tooth and nail to have the Capital in New York.

JEFFERSON—That may be: Hamilton is a New Yorker.

GILES—(Sneer) Is he? He comes from God knows where.

JEFFERSON—Sh-sh!

GILES—A bastard, born in the—

MONROE—We don't need to discuss his arrival in the world, Giles. I am far more interested in his removal.

JEFFERSON—We must be prepared for his opposition to the South—

MONROE—It will be a lasting disgrace to this country if the Capital is not in Virginia.

JEFFERSON—Too remote, Monroe. You see we've no postroads. Inaccessible from New England.

GILES—Damn it! Ain't you workin' for Virginia?

JEFFERSON—I'm afraid we cannot hope for Virginia. I believe, though if we go carefully, there is a chance for getting it for the South.

MONROE—Where?

JEFFERSON—On the Potomac.

GILES—Well, that's a damned sight better than New York.

JEFFERSON—We will call on Hamilton this evening—a friendly call—after supper, perhaps. But remem-

ber we must steer clear of any mention of the Assumption Bill.

MONROE—It doesn't suit me to go begging to Hamilton.

GILES—He's got the President wound round his little finger.

MONROE—And the people trust him.

GILES—Shake the people's faith in him, that's the thing.

JEFFERSON—He's honest, Giles. We've tested his honesty.

MONROE—Yes, the Anti-Federalists have attacked his honesty as Secretary of the Treasury from every possible angle, and he's always beaten us.

GILES—We ain't used up our whole bag o' tricks yet, not by a damned sight.

JEFFERSON—Then, Citizen Monroe, we will meet here this evening at nine. We will make a late call on Hamilton, as I wish our visit to be regarded scarcely as one relating to business. *(he gets up)*

GILES—*(Scratching chin)* If we could only make the people BELIEVE that Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury, ain't playin' fair with the gate receipts—why we'd have the bull bloomin' country in our pockets.

(Enter Schuyler from parlor, followed by Melissa)

SCHUYLER—I think I'll be hobbling off, Melissa. My regards to your father.

JEFFERSON—Good-day to you, Citizen Schuyler. *(Advances and shakes hands.)*

SCHUYLER—*(Not cordial)* Howdy do, Mr. Jefferson. Howdy do, Senator Monroe.

JEFFERSON—And how's the gout?

SCHUYLER—I can't tell you in the presence of this young lady.

MONROE—We were just talking about your son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton.

SCHUYLER—*(With a grunt)* Ah! That doesn't surprise me.

JEFFERSON—Mrs. Hamilton is not back from England yet?

SCHUYLER—No, Betsey's not back yet.

JEFFERSON—I understand she went over to see your other daughter who was sick. I trust she is better.

SCHUYLER—Yes, she's all right now, thank God!

MONROE—Mr. Jefferson and I propose to drop in and see Alexander Hamilton to-night.

JEFFERSON—I hope that he is well.

SCHUYLER—Yes, he's as well as you fellows will let him be.

MONROE—What do you mean by that, General Schuyler?

SCHUYLER—You know what I mean.

JEFFERSON—Come, come, do not let us quarrel. We're coming in to have a little chat with Citizen Hamilton concerning the location of the Capital. (*Schuyler looks interested*) Citizen Schuyler, I bid you good-day, sir. Good-day to you, Citizen Giles.

MONROE—Good-day.

GILES—God-day.

(*Exit Jefferson and Monroe*)

Give my love to Alexander. (*Grins*).

SCHUYLER—(*At door*) You're cooking something for him between you, and you're the chief stoker.

GILES—I'm a fighter, if that's what you mean.

SCHUYLER—Yes, you're a fighter, but a damned poor sportsman. When your party wants to circulate any damnable insinuations about Alexander Hamilton, they go to Giles of Virginia and he does the dirty work. Because you and your gang know that Alexander has the confidence of the people and that he means to make the government assume the states' debts, you are forever trying to trip him up—shouting corruption in the Treasury, dishonesty in the Treasury, and God knows what. I don't say who's the author of the accusations. I don't say it's Tom Jefferson or Senator Monroe, but I know where to put my hand on the man who does the dirty work. Yes, you're a fighter, but you know only one knock-out blow, and that's the one below the belt. You needn't glare at me. I wouldn't soil my hands with you, but this is one of the times when I wish I had gout anywhere but in my feet. (*Exit Schuyler*) (*Giles thinks hard and looks ugly.*)

REYNOLDS—(*Edging up to Giles from his listening place*) Shake the people's faith in him.

GILES—What d' you say?

REYNOLDS—Shake the people's faith in him.

GILES—You've been listening, eh?

REYNOLDS—Well, that's the only way I get a living, Mr. Giles—keeping my ears open.

GILES—Well, keep your mouth shut.

REYNOLDS—Pretty hard job to shake the people's faith in Alexander Hamilton, ain't it?

GILES—Mind your own damn business.

REYNOLDS—You've tried to prove him incompetent; you've tried to prove him dishonest; but there is one thing you haven't tried, Mr. Giles.

GILES—Go to the devil.

REYNOLDS—And it's strange you haven't thought of it. How about a woman? *(Giles is silent a moment) (Rolls totpick round his mouth, spits it out, replaces it with another, and looks at Reynolds.)*

GILES—You're a little gentleman, ain't yer, Reynolds.

REYNOLDS—Women are the deuce for tangling up a man's finances.

GILES—You know all about it, don't you?

REYNOLDS—Yes, I know a good deal about women. I'm married, you know.

GILES—Yes, I know.

REYNOLDS—I know a good deal about men, too. Mrs. Hamilton is away, been away a long time in England. Now, what do you say—

GILES—I don't want any advice from you. Besides, as you know so much, you know that Hamilton hardly ever leaves his house.

REYNOLDS—Makes it all the easier. Send her to the house.

GILES—What the devil do you mean?

REYNOLDS—It's a matter of choosing the right woman and the right moment. You've seen Mrs. Reynolds, haven't you?

GILES—Your wife?

REYNOLDS—Yes.

GILES—God, you're a bad un, ain't you?

REYNOLDS—I'm what may be called a Soldier of Fortune, Mr. Giles.

GILES—You come in on the blackmailing end of the game, eh? You'd do any damned thing for a ten dollar bill, wouldn't you?

REYNOLDS—Yes, I'm afraid my price is a little lower than yours, Mr. Giles. You might see Mrs. Reynolds. She's a nice little thing. I'm very fond of her, but she's too good for me.

GILES—Oh!

REYNOLDS—Yes, it's clothes, you know, that cause the trouble. She must have pretty clothes. She's young, you see. We ain't exactly living together at the moment. That's her address (*Hands paper to Giles*).

GILES—She be at home now?

REYNOLDS—'Yes. I think so. You've seen her with me, haven't you?

GILES—Yes.

REYNOLDS—She's a pretty little thing, ain't she? (*Giles loks at him sideways*). She's a clever little thing, too. Good-day, Mr. Giles. (*Exit Reynolds*).

GILES—(*As he looks at address*) —A pretty little—clever little—(*Folds up paper and puts it in his waistcoat pocket*) useful little thing.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

TIME—*Evening of the same day.*

SCENE—*Living-room in the house of Alexander Hamilton, 79 South Third Street, Philadelphia. It is a large room in a brick house of the period. Wall-paper dull gray, with hunting scenes. Doors solid mahogany with cut-glass handles. Woodwork of windows and fireplace handsomely carved and painted white. Room suggests dignity and comfort rather than elegance. The furniture is mahogany and heavy. Portraits of General and Mrs. Schuyler on the wall. Up-stage R. there is a door leading to a hall and street door which can be seen by audience. Down L. a door leading to other part of house. C. at back, long French windows give onto narrow iron balcony on front of house. Light t'rough window suggests street lamp without. Large and small chairs stand about. (L. front stands a large carved mahogany chair with claw feet, and elaborately carved arms. It is handsomely upholstered in tapestry.) L.C. a large, low writing table with a pile of manuscript at one end and furnished with ink and quill pens. (Against wall a table containing books and a work-basket.) When the curtain goes up Alexander Hamilton is discovered seated at desk writing. He is a man of medium height, thirty-three years of age. He is dressed in the height of fashion. In spite of heat, his ruffles are immaculate and his stock secure. He wears his own hair unpowdered and tied in a queue with a black ribbon.)*

(Enter R. Zekial, an elderly negro serving man.)

ZEKIAL—'Scuse me. Marse Ham'ton, but es mighty high nine o'clock.

HAMILTON—Is it, Zekial?

ZEKIAL—It cut-ny am, sah.

HAMILTON—Well, what of it?

ZEKIAL—Cunnel, you ain' had searsly no food all day, an, dad fetch me, dinnah's been waitin' these fo' hours.

HAMILTON—Has it? Well, bring it in here.

ZEKIAL—Hi: Yo don' eat at all then, sah. Yo jes' 'boks at it an goes on wo'kiu'. Ef ye come in de dinin' room, now—

HAMILTON—I'm engaged on a difficult task, Uncle.

ZEKIAL—Yo shore mus' be, Marse, Ham'ton.

HAMILTON—Trying to make bricks without straw.

ZEKIAL—Bricks! They cut'ny do seem a mighty pore substute for dinnah, Marse Cunnel. (*Knock.*)

HAMILTON—I'm still out, Zekial.

ZEKIAL—Reckon you-all bettah be home, Marse Cunnel, an' quit wokin' fo' tonight.

HAMILTON— I'm out, Zekial, I'm out. (*Zekial goes out L. Schuyler heard.*)

SCHUYLER—(*Without*) What! Still out? I'll come in, Uncle and wait.

ZEKIAL—(*As Schuyler stumps in*) So hep me, Gen'al, 'tain no good yo waitin.' (*Enter L. General Schuyler.*)

HAMILTON—(*Who had gotten up as soon as he heard voice*) Why, Father, I've been expecting you for hours.

SCHUYLER—Well, I called on you hours ago. (*To Zekial*) You black nigger, you I don't believe he's been out at all!

ZEKIAL—Why he say he were out, and I done think he were.

HAMILTON—Uncle, I thought you knew I was expecting the General.

ZEKIAL—I don' know nothin' 'cept what you tells me, so hep me, Marse Ham'ton.

HAMILTON—I'm sorry, Father, but you see as Secretary of the Treasury I'm a target for all kinds and conditions of people.

SCHUYLER—People who come to borrow money, eh?

HAMILTON—Exactly. There is still a large section of the public who regard the Treasury as a sort of savings bank, so constructed that they have the privilege of withdrawing money without the preliminary inconvenience of depositing it.

SCHUYLER—Well, the people are slow to understand. It's only the last few years that we've had a Treasury.

HAMILTON—Yes, we have a Treasury, but it's an empty one—we haven't any treasure. And that's why I have to be out—out—out. How did you leave President Washington?

SCHUYLER—How do I find Colonel Hamilton? That's what I want to know.

HAMILTON—I'm perfectly well (*puts his hand across his eyes,*) but I believe I'm tired.

ZEKIAL—He ain' had no victuals sence mawnin', Gen'l.

HAMILTON—Ah, perhaps that's it. I believe I'm hungry.

SCHUYLER—Didn't Mrs. Hamilton charge you before she went away to see that the Colonel ate his meals regularly?

ZEKIAL—Yes, sah, Mis' Betsey she charge me, but fo Gawd, Marse Schuylah, I cain' get him to eat scarsely a mouf'ful.

SCHUYLER—So that's the way you look after your master, is it?

ZEKIAL—Sometimes, Gen'l, you kin tak an lead a mule up to de truff, but ef that thar mule tak it into his haid not to drink—wall—yo cain' do nothin' bout it.

HAMILTON—Uncle, you never said a word about drink. You've been worrying me to eat all day. (*To Schuyler*) What do you think I've been doing, Father?

SCHUYLER—The Lord knows! Everybody's work as usual, I suppose.

HAMILTON—I've been building a National Bank.

SCHUYLER—Well, you can't do it on an empty stomach.

HAMILTON—Why not? I'm doing it on an empty treasury.

SCHUYLER—Uncle Zeke, you go and get up the best supper you know how, and I'll see that the Colonel eats it. And a bottle of wine.

HAMILTON—You'll join me in that?

SCHUYLER—No, I've got a milk-fed foot.

HAMILTON—(*Laughing*) Milk for General Schuyler.

ZEKIAL—Yass sah. (*Zekial exit, R. happy.*)

HAMILTON—Well, what news? You saw General Washington?

SCHUYLER—He's in the lowest depths of depression, Alexander.

HAMILTON—About the financial conditions.

SCHUYLER—He's not as young as you, you know. He was born to fight, but not to fight politicians.

HAMILTON—Well, I'm going to do the fighting now. (*Picks up pens*) Here's a whole new bundle of pens and

I'm going to stick a man with every one of them.

SCHUYLER—The opposition have half a dozen to your one, and they poison the points.

HAMILTON—That's just it. They use too many pens and so the poison fails to take effect. I've got them sticking all over me, and I can't even feel them.

SCHUYLER—But Washington suffers. They're always attacking him. The latest is an accusation that he is drawing more salary than he is entitled to.

HAMILTON—Whose work is that, Tom Paine's?

SCHUYLER—No, the Clerk of the House. But Tom Paine has written him a letter too, accusing him of incompetence, calling him "Traacherous in private friendship, a hypocrite in public life."

HAMILTON—Sounds like Tom Paine.

SCHUYLER—And heaven knows what besides.

HAMILTON—Ungrateful scoundrels.

SCHUYLER—The thing that hits him hardest is their everlasting hooting about the army. George Washington loves his army as he would have loved an only child.

HAMILTON—He has beggared himself in an attempt to meet the country's promise to pay. It's the old story. The greater the achievement of the man, the more violent his detractors. Monroe, Clinton, Randolph, and even Thomas Jefferson, his own Secretary of State, are shouting "Dic ator" and accusing him of trying to make himself king. And they know it's a lie.

SCHUYLER—Of course it's a lie—that's why the politicians are using it.

HAMILTON—You can't lead the people with a lie. The truth, and a bundle or two of these quills, are going to be the power behind Washington and his party. (*Enter Zekial with food.*)

SCHUYLER—And the leg and the wing and the breast of a chicken are going to be the power behind the quill, Uncle Zeke. I wish you had been here a moment sooner to have heard your master talking about the value of telling the truth. It might have done you good.

ZEKIAL—'Fo Gawd, Marse Gen'l, the only lie I evah toll is to say Marse Ham'ton's out when he's in—as shorely thas a mighty white lie fo' a gent'man ob my colah. (*Zekial sets tray on table.*)

HAMILTON—Well, Zekial, if anyone calls, I'm in for tonight.

SCHUYLER—Unless they want money out of the Treasury.

ZEKIAL—Very well, Marse Hamilton, yo's in fo to-night. No, yo eat that thar dinnah, an' I'll bring yo mo to follow. (*Exit Zekial R.*)

SCHUYLER—Now! What have we here? Chicken.

HAMILTON—Ah!

SCHUYLER—And bread and butter. Damn it, there's no pie.

HAMILTON—No pie! Good heavens!

SCHUYLER—(*Calling*) Zekial.

HAMILTON—I'll wager he's gone to get the pie.

SCHUYLER—Well, it doesn't seem much to go building banks on.

HAMILTON—No. How can I build banks without pie?

SCHUYLER—It's time Betsy came back. Thank God, she will be home next week.

HAMILTON—Haven't you had a letter by the last packet?

SCHUYLER—No. Why I've been on the road from Albany the last five days. What's wrong?

HAMILTON—Nothing wrong. But Betsy writes that Angelica isn't able to come as soon as they expected. It will be another month before they are here.

SCHUYLER—It's a damned shame the way you've been left with no one to look after you. Sit down and eat. Betsy had no sort of business to go off and leave you at all. I say it if she is my own daughter.

HAMILTON—(*Unfolding napkin*) Why you begged and prayed of her to go.

SCHUYLER—Well, she ought to be back. (*Bangs table.*)

HAMILTON—She's coming back. (*Bangs table*) You sent her that she might bring Angelica over with her, so you can't expect her to come without her. God knows, I miss Betsy.

SCHUYLER—(*Fuming*) President Washington leans on you like a child on its mother, and not a damned soul in this whole town sees to it that you have any—any—(*fumes.*)

HAMILTON—Any pie!

Eat I say—eat! (*knock*) Now, there's somebody else. Hope that nigger has sense enough to say you're out. Eat.

HAMILTON—Come on then, join me. I'm hungry as a hunter. (*passes milk.*) There's yours.

SCHUYLER—Milk! Hell! (*Enter Zekial.*)

ZEKIAL—Here's a old lady at the door with a baby in her arms. She wants to see you sah. Is you in or out?

SCHUYLER—OUT!

HAMILTON—What does she want?

ZEKIAL—She says as how she's de wife ob one of de soldiers.

HAMILTON—(*To Schuyler*) You see—she comes to me for money—money out of the Treasury—ha! I'll see her, Uncle. (*Zekial goes out L.*) Can't send her away, Father.

SCHUYLER—(*Mutters*) You can't live without food. What's the use— (*Enter woman with baby in her arms.*)

HAMILTON—What can I do for you?

WOMAN—Are you Colonel Hamilton?

HAMILTON—Yes. Sit down. (*She sits*) What is it?

WOMAN—(*She comes only a little way into the room and sits by door*) My husband is Zackery Whalen, Sir. He fought in the war, sir. He's a cripple and can't work. He fought under you, sir. It was that winter at Valley Forge—his feet froze so many times, Sir. He's on a pension, Sir, but we can't get the money.

HAMILTON—Can't get it from your state?

WOMAN—We get it sometimes, but not lately at all—only promises, Sir. You see, ours is due from Rhode Island. If it had been Virginia or New Hampshire, it'd been all right, because they are paying their men, but Rhode Island say they can't.

HAMILTON—What do you wish me to do?

WOMAN—I heard General Washington spoke at a meeting of the soldiers last night and he gave his word that everyone would be paid. I know he will keep his word, Sir, but we can't wait.

HAMILTON—(*Kindly*) Why did you come to me?

WOMAN—They told me that you were Secretary of the Treasury, where all the money is.

HAMILTON—I wish I could make you understand. The Treasury at present is only a name—an empty name. (*Takes paper*) This is Rhode Island's promise to pay. Mrs. Whalen, I am trying to make the country keep this promise; I'm trying to make them pay.

WOMAN—How long shall we have to wait, Sir?

HAMILTON—I don't know. Here, take this. (*Gives her a coin.*)

WOMAN—Thank you, sir. (*She is going.*)

HAMILTON—I can only say that I'll do my best to see that you are paid. You're hungry, aren't you?

WOMAN—Yes, Sir.

HAMILTON—(*Takes four corners of cloth with food inside and hands to her*) Take this, and have a jolly good supper with your husband. I'm afraid there isn't much for the—Ah yes, milk for the baby! (*Takes milk from Schuyler. Zekial and Schuyler very protesting.*) Zekial, show Mrs. Whalen out. Tell your husband I'm fighting for the men who fought for me, and it's a harder struggle than we had that winter at Valley Forge. But that I mean to win in the end, as we won at Yorktown.

WOMAN—Thank you, Sir. I'm sorry to have troubled you, but it's hard on the women. When the war broke out, we had to let our men go and we were proud of 'em—and when my husband came back disabled and useless, everybody took him by the hand and helped him. That was when the war was on. But now it's finished. He's only a cripple that has to be kept. Good night, Sir. (*Exit Woman L.*)

HAMILTON—(*Turning to Schuyler with a groan*) The disgrace of it! The men who won our freedom left to starve!

SCHUYLER—If Tom Jefferson and those damned anti-Federalists would let your Assumption Bill go through, why the soldiers would be paid.

HAMILTON—You see, Father, Jefferson never smelt the smoke of battle, so he lacks sympathy for the soldiers.

SCHUYLER—Yes, Jefferson's a pacifist. All he and his flock do is to go around shouting states' rights.

HAMILTON—Thomas Jefferson and the Rights of Man! He gets his followers to do the shouting while he writes for posterity.

SCHUYLER—Yes, he writes well.

HAMILTON—He writes music—the music of well-chosen words.

SCHUYLER—And the people listen to him.

HAMILTON—We all listen to Tom Jefferson's music. He's like the Pied Piper. He pipes and he pipes, and the people follow spellbound.

SCHUYLER—He can certainly pipe.

HAMILTON—Of course there is always the danger that he will lead them into the sea.

SCHUYLER—Well, there's a lot of rats running after him that'd be all the better for drowning.

HAMILTON—There are always rats running up the backstairs trying to nibble their way into office.

SCHUYLER—Would'nt be if the offices were kept clean.

HAMILTON—Only a strong government can keep the offices clean. This policy of every man for himself is leading the country to anarchy.

SCHUYLER—Alexander, I've a suspicion that James Monroe—

(Enter Zekial.)

ZEKIAL—Reckon I betah get yo some mo suppah, Cunnul?

SCHUYLER—Don't you get me any more of that damned milk.

ZEKIAL—Mebbe I'd bes bettah fetch a little in a feedin' bottle, Gen'l, yah, yah! *(Exit Zekial.)*

HAMILTON—What about Monroe?

SCHUYLER—Wher Zekial lied to me this morning and said you were out I went round to the Exchange Coffee House.

HAMILTON—To get a milk punch?

SCHUYLER—To look for you. Monroe was there.

HAMILTON—Talking sweetly about me?

SCHUYLER—I've nothing to say against Monroe, except that he's no friend of yours, nor of General Washington's either. I've nothing to say against Jefferson—

HAMILTON—Except that his neck-cloth needs washing. Proceed.

SCHUYLER—I saw several of the rats there, and I'm convinced they're hatching something for you.

HAMILTON—I always associate hatching with chickens, but I dare say rats do it. Well?

SCHUYLER—Be on your guard. Jefferson and Monroe are coming to see you about the location of the Capital.

HAMILTON—*(Unconcerned)* Oh, the Residence Bill! Well, what about it?

SCHUYLER—*(Nettled)* What about it!

HAMILTON—I mean where do they want the Capital? In Jefferson's parlor, I suppose.

SCHUYLER—That's just where they do want it. They want the Capital of the United States in the South. My God!

HAMILTON—But—excuse me, General, did I interrupt you?

SCHUYLER—(*Fuming*) My God!

HAMILTON—Is that the end of your prayer, or the beginning, Father?

SCHUYLER—The South!

HAMILTON—Well, why not?

SCHUYLER—Do you mean to say you'd let the Capital of the United States go to the SOUTH?

HAMILTON—Where do YOU think it should be?

SCHUYLER—Where SHOULD it be? Why Albany of course!

HAMILTON—(*Laughs*) Oh, your home town.

SCHUYLER—The finest city on God's earth!

HAMILTON—(*Laughs*) In your parlor, I suppose. No, General. Certainly not Albany.

SCHUYLER—(*Nettled*) Oh, certainly not Albany, eh? And WHY certainly not Albany? I suppose you want it in New York!

HAMILTON—New York! Nao-o—

SCHUYLER—Well, in heaven's name, where do you want it?

HAMILTON—Anywhere that's handy to get at.

SCHUYLER—Well, I'll be damned! Haven't you any patriotism, Man?

HAMILTON—I don't care where the Capital is, or whether it's built of marble or whether it's made of timber, so long as they get the right men inside—to restore law and order to this limping, half-starved government.

SCHUYLER—Alexander—

HAMILTON—What ARE the reasons why the Capital should be in the North?

SCHUYLER—Why! All the traditions connected with our struggle for independence cluster about the North.

HAMILTON—There's the truth in that.

SCHUYLER—It was in Philadelphia that the Declaration of Independence was signed.

HAMILTON—(*Checking the fingers*) So it was.

SCHUYLER—It was in New York that Washington took the oath of office. (*Hamilton checks.*) In New York the Government had its beginning. Why, ALBANY commands the commerce of the four corners of the earth.

HAMILTON—(*Checking*) Hummm—

SCHUYLER—And—and there's not a damned bit of reason why the South should have it anyway.

HAMILTON—But if the North has all the glory of the traditions of the past, isn't it a good reason why the South should be glorified with the hopes of the future? Hasn't the South, at any rate, as much claim as the North? (*Enter Zekial, L.*)

ZEKIAL—Secatary Jeff'son and Sentah Monroe call in' to see you, Marse Ham'ton. Reckon you's out.

HAMILTON—I reckon I'm in, Zekial.

SCHUYLER—Here they come to talk to you about the Capital, and now you're going to concede it without a struggle.

HAMILTON—Father, you're the best friend I have in the world, but I daren't trust you in a matter of diplomacy. I'm going to send you out onto to the balcony to cool down. It's a lovely night. I'll see the gentlemen, Zekial.

ZEKIAL—I jes got some mo suppah ready to bring up.

Schuyler—Well, bring it in, Zekial, and the country be damned.

HAMILTON—Out in the cool air, Father. Oh, General, I've noticed that there sometimes comes a moment in diplomatic conferences when a little diversion is most valuable. Should I call for you, come in. (*Schuyler grunts*)—and be pleasant. (*Schuyler starts for balcony*) Father, if I could only get hold of Jefferson and Monroe!

SCHUYLER—To back your Assumption Bill?

HAMILTON—Yes.

SCHUYLER—If you could only get hold of the moon! (*He goes out. Hamilton paces up and down once, thinking. Zekial brings in Monroe and Jefferson.*)

HAMILTON—(*Coming forward and extending hand*) Mr. Jefferson. Senator Monroe.

MONROE—Howdo, Hamilton.

JEFFERSON—Citizen Secretary, I trust we do not call at an inconvenient or unseasonable hour.

HAMILTON—Your time, Gentlemen, could not have been better chosen. Zekial, a bottle of wine.

ZEKIAL—A bottle of wine and a sandwich. Yes, sah. (*Exit Zekial, R.*)

JEFFERSON—Mrs. Hamilton is not back yet?

HAMILTON—No, my wife will not return I fear, for a month or more. Take this chair Mr. Jefferson. Will you take this one, Senator? (*Monroe flings himself into large arm chair*) It is the chair General Washington always sits in when he is here. (*Monroe coughs uncomfortably*) I'll sit here at my desk, if you don't mind. (*There is general constraint.*)

JEFFERSON—You are still working, even at this late hour, Citizen Hamilton?

HAMILTON—Oh, no. This is my recreation. (*Puts hand on pile of manuscript.*)

MONROE—And what is your recreation?

HAMILTON—The establishment of the Bank of the United States—a national bank; an institution that will be necessary for the full development of my Bill of State Debts. (*Monroe coughs uncomfortably. Jefferson is bland.*)

JEFFERSON—A very charming room you have here.

HAMILTON—Very charming.

MONROE—Devilish hot, though.

HAMILTON—Allow me to open this door. (*Opens balcony door.*) I should mention that General Schuyler, my father-in-law, is on the balcony smoking a cigar—if our business is private.

JEFFERSON—No, no, not in the least. Pray consider our visit as quite informal.

MONROE—We came to have a little friendly chat with you.

HAMILTON—Gentlemen, I am indeed relieved to find that you have come in this friendly spirit. It gives me courage to approach you in a perfectly friendly way on a subject of great importance.

(*Jefferson catches Monroe's eye.*)

JEFFERSON—I trust it is within our power to be of use to you.

MONROE—Without sacrificing the principles for which we stand.

JEFFERSON—Why of course, Citizen Hamilton apprehends that.

HAMILTON—President Washington is deeply concerned at the country's neglect to pay its debts—the debts

incurred during the war.

MONROE—You mean the neglect of certain states to pay their debts?

HAMILTON—I mean the neglect of the nation.

MONROE—Virginia has paid every cent she owes.

HAMILTON—That saves the honor of Virginia, but not the honor of the nation. Gentlemen, my bill provides that these debts shall be assumed by the central government. Why do you continue to oppose it? All I need is the sanction of Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe.

JEFFERSON—What you suggest would be helping Virginia help to pay the debt of South Carolina. Why South Carolina has three times the debt of Virginia.

HAMILTON—Incurred in gaining Virginia her freedom. Gentlemen, if the interests of the thirteen states continue to clash, there is no hope of continued independence. I appeal to you both, as patriots, not to squander the time of the country by discussion of party interests; not to sacrifice its dignity to local prejudices. We are builders of a nation, let us build strongly, let us build on the foundation stone of honor. The nations of the world are watching us. Let them sneer at our poverty, let them sneer at our youth, but let them never cast a slur on our honesty.

JEFFERSON—You plead merely for the honor of the nation: I plead also for the rights of the people. Do you realize that the rights of the people of this great land are at stake?

HAMILTON—The right of the people is the right to cast aside personal interests for the greater good of the nation. The only safety for any people is in a government that can command the respect of the world.

MONROE—You mean monarchy!

HAMILTON—I mean a republic.

JEFFERSON—What you suggest would destroy the republic. It would rob the states of their individual power. It would transform this new-born republic into a monarchy.

MONROE—George Washington is trying to set up a monarchy and make himself king. (*Gets up out of Washington's chair.*)

HAMILTON—Take this chair. I think you'll be more comfortable. (*Gives Monroe another chair*)

MONROE—Suppose the government should say the

state debts, the men who lent the money wouldn't get it.

HAMILTON—Why not?

MONROE—You know as well as I do that the patriots who put up the money to carry on the war have long ago given up all hope of ever being paid by the bankrupt states. Their claims have passed into other hands, sold for a song.

HAMILTON—That is in many cases unhappily true, but the claims remain—and a promise to pay is a promise to pay.

JEFFERSON—Citizen Hamilton, I am pledged to the people, and I cannot pick the pockets of the man who trusts me in order to pay another man's debt. (*Rises.*)

HAMILTON—(*Rising*) Gentlemen, this is repudiation—the last stage of national humiliation.

JEFFERSON—I have tried to see your point of view. Citizen Monroe has tried to see it.

MONROE—Oh yes, I've tried. (*Rises.*)

JEFFERSON—You have appealed to Congress many times, and have always been defeated.

HAMILTON—The last time by a majority of two.

JEFFERSON—The majority was small, it is true—mainly owing, I fear to the eloquence of your address, Citizen Hamilton.

HAMILTON—From Thomas Jefferson that is indeed praise. But I fear my eloquence has curtailed our friendly chat, and that was really what you came for.

JEFFERSON—Some other time—

MONROE—Well, Jefferson, time is short—

HAMILTON—Your visit, I realize, is quite informal, but perhaps not entirely without object.

JEFFERSON—It is true we wished to prefer an important matter, but to be frank with you I had hoped to avoid any discussion of the states' debts, in which we are your honest opponents. This discussion having arisen, I find myself diffident in seeking your cooperation on another matter.

HAMILTON—I beg that you will not deprive me of the privilege of turning the other cheek—pray sit down again. (*They sit*). You are sure you are comfortable in that chair, Mr. Monroe?

MONROE—Yes, thank you, I was never made to occupy a throne.

HAMILTON—I am at your service, Gentlemen.

JEFFERSON—You know that the Residence Bill

must be voted on without further delay.

HAMILTON—I understand that immediate decision is necessary.

JEFFERSON—I will not disguise from you that I consider the geographical position of the Capital a very vital matter.

HAMILTON—Undoubtedly.

JEFFERSON—And we do not underrate your influence, not only with the President, but with Congress, in arriving at a decision.

HAMILTON—That decision, Gentlemen, is a very grave and serious matter.

MONROE—It certainly is.

HAMILTON—But I think we ought to find no difficulty in reaching an agreement.

MONROE—Now, that's talking sense.

JEFFERSON—I am pleased to find that you are willing to meet us in the matter.

HAMILTON—We should have no difficulty, because, to me—and surely to all who have gone into the matter as deeply and seriously as, I am sure, we all have—there can be only one possible location for the Capital.

MONROE—And that is?

HAMILTON—Albany. (*A distinct ejaculation is heard from Schuyler outside*) Excuse me. I thought I heard my father-in-law calling. (*Goes to door and pulls it to.*)

JEFFERSON—Albany?

MONROE—That old Dutch town!

JEFFERSON—And why Albany?

HAMILTON—Because it commands the commerce of the four corners of the earth. (*Schuyler is seen moving outside.*)

JEFFERSON—But I fear you do not consider—

HAMILTON—I know much may be said in favor of New York and Philadelphia—but—

MONROE—You talk as if Albany, New York, and Philadelphia were the only places in the Union, Sir?

HAMILTON—(*Surprised*) Had you any other places in mind?

MONROE—Hasn't the South as much claim as the North?

HAMILTON—Certainly not, Sir. The South could not possibly be considered. (*The Albany door slightly*

opens, and Schuyler's face is seen by audience.)

JEFFERSON—Why not, Sir?

MONROE—What's your reason for the North, except you're a Northerner yourself?

HAMILTON—*(Oratorically)* Why, Gentlemen, all the great events connected with our glorious struggle for independence cluster about the North. *(Schuyler's face expresses amazement. Hamilton lightly touches his fingers, as he enumerates the followings)* It was here in this city—in Philadelphia—that was signed that important document from your hand, Mr. Jefferson—the Declaration of Independence.

MONROE—What's that got to do with it?

HAMILTON—It was in New York that Washington took his oath of office. It was there that the government had its beginning, and—and—there's not a d—there's no reason on earth why the South should have it. *(All this spoken with great conviction.)*

MONROE—The South will make a damned good fight for it.

JEFFERSON—Is that your final word, Citizen Hamilton?

HAMILTON—My decision in this matter, Mr. Jefferson, is just as irrevocable as that of yours and Senator Monroe regarding my Bill. You'll excuse me, I'm sure I heard the General calling. *(Going to door)* I'm afraid of the evening air, for your gout, Father-in-law. You'd better be getting home. *(Enter Schuyler.)*

SCHUYLER—Good evening, Gentlemen.

JEFFERSON—Good evening, Citizen Schuyler.

MONROE—Good evening.

SCHUYLER—I won't interrupt you. I'll just toddle along.

HAMILTON—Toddle? With that foot!

SCHUYLER—The foot's better, Alexander. Good night, Gentlemen.

HAMILTON—Excuse me while I see the General to the door.

SCHUYLER—*(To Hamilton as they go off)* Toddle? Why I've been dancing on the balcony. *(They go off, L.)*

JEFFERSON—What do you make of that last remark of his—as irrevocable as our decision regarding his Bill?

MONROE—Sound like an invitation to strike a bargain.

JEFFERSON—Is it worth it?

MONROE—We can't do without him, damn him.

JEFFERSON—Shall we support his Bill in return for the Capital?

MONROE—It's worth anything to get the Capital away from the North.

JEFFERSON—It will be hard to explain this change of front to the people. I've said so much about state rights.

MONROE—You can make some excuse.

JEFFERSON—It will be difficult to explain away.

MONROE—Tom Jefferson, you can explain away anything. Give you a pen and ink and there ain't equal for that in the universe. Besides we may not have to give up a thing.

JEFFERSON—What do you mean?

MONROE—Well, Giles of Virginia has some scheme on. He said if Hamilton got us into a corner, he knew how to fix him.

JEFFERSON—Monroe, Giles is a rascal, and I'll not be identified with any of his underhand schemes.

MONROE—(With a grin) Neither will I. I'll just leave him alone and trust in providence. (Re-enter Hamilton.)

HAMILTON—Forgive me for leaving you, although I'm afraid, Gentlemen, our interview is at an end.

JEFFERSON—Citizen Hamilton. I have been credited with being a diplomatist.

HAMILTON—Your record, as Minister to France, places that beyond dispute, Sir.

JEFFERSON—I find, that in settling arguments of all kinds, it is necessary to give and take.

HAMILTON—The best diplomatist, I presume, being the man who gives the least and takes the most.

JEFFERSON—In this instance, Citizen Monroe and myself propose to give a great deal, in order that the Southern States shall not be overlooked.

MONROE—Treated with contempt.

JEFFERSON—With regard to the Capital, I have a proposal to make. We cannot agree upon the selection of a city. Why not build us a new city—clean and new and full of the idea of liberty and fraternity? Why

choose a city like Albany or New York, marred with the scars of the British tyrant—bristling with the memories of our servitude?

HAMILTON—Certainly an original idea. A new city. On the Hudson?

MONROE—No, not on the Hudson.

JEFFERSON—On the Potomac—half way between the North and the South.

HAMILTON—I regret to have to refuse you, Mr. Jefferson, but my decision is irrevocable.

JEFFERSON—I think you said as irrevocable as our decision regarding the States' Debts.

HAMILTON—Did I? I think I did.

JEFFERSON—Suppose we—make—a—concession.

HAMILTON—Strike a bargain, do you mean?

JEFFERSON—Well, I wouldn't care to use that word, Mr. Hamilton.

HAMILTON—No? We won't use it, then. We'll call it concession.

JEFFERSON—Suppose we pass your Assumption Bill in return for the Capital.

HAMILTON—This is a surprising proposal. I fear I must have time to think it over.

MONROE—You're a quick thinker when you like, Hamilton.

HAMILTON—Yes, when I like the proposal. But I am afraid I am getting the worst of the bargain—er—concession.

JEFFERSON—We're offering you something you've been fighting for for years.

HAMILTON—You will admit, at any rate, yours would be the spectacular victory. The Capital wrested from the North!

JEFFERSON—I do not care for popularity. I am thinking only of what is best for the greatest number.

HAMILTON—If I could feel convinced. You need my answer now? Can you not give me a week to think it over?

MONROE—A week! Good Lord, Hamilton.

JEFFERSON—I do not like to press you, but—

HAMILTON—Three days.

MONROE—This must be decided now.

HAMILTON—Very well, Gentlemen, I agree.

MONROE—(*With alacrity*) Shall we put it in writing?

JEFFERSON—I think our verbal pledge is sufficient.

HAMILTON—Your word is your bond. In fact, I would rather take your word, Gentlemen, than the bond of any state in the country—even Virginia. (*Enter Zekial with food and wine.*) May I offer you some refreshment? (*Knock heard.*)

JEFFERSON—Thank you, no. Citizen Monroe will agree that we have already detained you too long. (*Zekial goes to outer door.*)

MONROE—(*Shaking hands*) Good night to you, Hamilton. It was a damned good proposition of yours.

HAMILTON—Pardon me, Gentlemen, the proposition came from you.

ZEKIAL—(*Announcing*) Coun' Tallyran' (*Enter Tallyrand.*)

TALLYRAND—My dear Hamilton—Oh, a thousand pardons. I see you have the Citizens with you, I intrude.

HAMILTON—(*Pleasantly*) Does the Count intrude, Gentlemen?

JEFFERSON—We were about to take our leave. Good night, Citizen Hamilton. We have already made our adieux to—

TALLYRAND—(*Politely*) Citizen Tallyrand. (*Exit Monroe and Jefferson.*)

HAMILTON—Tallyrand, I needed someone to drink a toast with me. (*He gives Tallyrand a glass, and fills another*) Here's to the Government that's going to pay its debts. (*They drink.*)

TALLYRAND—I drink to that because I like to drink, but drinking will not make your government pay.

HAMILTON—It's going to pay! It's going to pay!

TALLYRAND—Who is going to make it?

HAMILTON—(*Pointing*) Jefferson and Monroe.

TALLYRAND—You have reformed them?

HAMILTON—I have—and never struck a blow.

TALLYRAND—(*Refilling glass*) I drink, then, to Alexander Hamilton—the greatest of them all!

HAMILTON—That gives you an unfair advantage with the wine. If you will substitute the name of George Washington, I will drink with you. (*Tallyrand drinks.*)

TALLYRAND—(*Shrugs shoulders*) Ah, George Washington—yes.

HAMILTON—(*Fills glass*) To George Washington, the first American!

TALLYRAND—(*Fills glass*) Well, I will drink anyhow. (*They drink.*)

HAMILTON—(*Good-humored*) You have never appreciated the greatness of General Washington.

TALLYRAND—Oh, yes, he has a great, big nose.

HAMILTON—And a great big heart and a great big soul.

TALLYRAND—But the brain, it is yours. Don't let's quarrel over your General. I come to say good-bye.

HAMILTON—You leave by tonight's boat?

TALLYRAND—Yes, or rather it sails in the early hours of the morning.

HAMILTON—Then you have plenty of time. Sit down and have supper with me.

(*Enter Zekial with more food.*)

TALLYRAND—Oh, no—you Americans take too much food. Will you never stop eating?

HAMILTON—Well, when I once start, Count, I don't think I ever shall.

TALLYRAND—(*Extending hand*) I come to give you one last embrace. I am in haste. I must leave you. Adieu.

HAMILTON—Why not stop and gossip? I've finished work for to-night.

TALLYRAND—To be frank with you, I have to make my adieux to some—er—ladies.

HAMILTON—Oh!

TALLYRAND—I cannot resist your American girls.

HAMILTON—I cannot blame you.

TALLYRAND—Hamilton, you have finished your work for tonight. Why not come with me? (*The sudden thought startles Hamilton.*) A little spree, eh?

HAMILTON—(*Getting up and smiling uncasily*) Why—what do you call a little spree?

TALLYRAND—(*Shrug*) Oh-h- a leetle spree. You are so good, Alexander, and I love you for it, but I see the boy leap into your eyes when I say a little spree. (*He puts hands on Hamilton's shoulders.*) (*Exit Zekial.*)

HAMILTON—(*Hands on Tallyrand's shoulders.*) Do you, Tallyrand? By Jove, I believe I deserve it!

TALLYRAND—We are all of us human—except General Washington. A little spree will do you good.

HAMILTON—(*In moving his hand falls on Betsy's workbasket.*) No, I don't think it will, Count. I think I'll stay at home.

TALLYRAND—Oh yes, I know—Mrs. Hamilton is charming—I adore her, but she is away—she is away so long.

HAMILTON—(*Pulling himself together*) No, I think not, Tallyrand. *Au revoir.* (*Takes hand*) Sail home as fast as a fair wind will take you. Your genius is universal, but your morals are indigenous to Paris. God speed!

TALLYRAND—I cannot tempt you!

HAMILTON—I'm afraid you might. That's why I say good-bye. (*Enter Zekial.*)

TALLYRAND—*Au revoir*, dear friend. When I am in France and I think of America, one big figure will come before my eyes—Alexander Hamilton! The man who makes the fortune of his country in order to get a living for his family. (*Exit Tallyrand, followed by Zekial.*)

HAMILTON—(*Standing at door*) Goodby. *Bon voyage.* (*Door slams*) Bolt the door, Zekial, we've had enough for tonight. (*Walks across stage restlessly*) (*Enter Zekial*) We'll go to bed, Zekial.

ZEKIAL—Fo do Lawd's sake, Marse Cunnol, ain yo goin' to eat no suppah?

HAMILTON—Supper? Yes.

ZEKIAL—That's 'bout the fourth suppah I brought in this night, and yo ain' goin' t'eat it.

HAMILTON—I'm going to eat all that supper, and finish that bottle of wine.

ZEKIAL—Don' yo drink it on an empty stomach, or it'll go straight to you' haid. An' dere's noder bottle ain' been touched yet, an' de corkscrew a-lyin close long side.

HAMILTON—Zekial, there's a conspiracy amongst you to lead me into temptation.

ZEKIAL—Well, dats cutny part of de lawd's prayer, Marse Ham'ton—that lead me into temptation. I jes' remembers de words but I nevah did understan' de signification.

HAMILTON—Well, go to bed, Zekial, and try to remember the rest of it.

ZEKIAL—(*Giggling*) I jes' couldn't help heah what Cunnel Coun' Tallyran' say to yo 'bout goin' on a little spree.

HAMILTON—Ah, you mustn't be shocked, Uncle. He's a French Count you know.

ZEKIAL—Law, no, I ain' shocked. I think him right, Mars' Ham'ton, quite right.

HAMILTON—What?

ZEKIAL—Yo-all been stickin' too close to wo'k. Leetle spree do yo sight ob good.

HAMILTON—Uncle!

ZEKIAL—Why, thar ain' been no lady in this house—cep' that soldier's wife—for de Lawd knows when.

HAMILTON—Go to bed, Zekial.

ZEKIAL—(*Giggling*) If I been wo'kin night an day, sames yo been a doin', reckon I'd lak to go on a leetle spree myself.

HAMILTON—Why, you black nigger—at your age!

ZEKIAL—Yah, yah, yah, wall thas ony thing at ud pavent me, Marse Cunnol.

HAMILTON—(*Shouts*) Get off to bed.

ZEKIAL—Yas, sah. Good night, Marse Cunnol. (*Exit Zekial, R.*) (*Hamilton laughs, walks over to table, looks at food, drinks glass of wine. Feels weariness, feels heat, opens door onto balcony, turns out some lights, leaving stage dimly but prettily and tolerably lighted. He goes to desk, lays his hand affectionately on a pile of manuscript that we have already associated with National Bank. There is faint knocking at outer door, which he hardly hears and attaches no importance to. He sits as though with sudden weariness. The knocking is repeated louder. He listens. It comes again. He opens room door and waits. It comes again. He goes out and unbolts door and opens it.*)

MRS. REYNOLDS—(*Outside*) Is this Mr. Alexander Hamilton's house?

HAMILTON—Yes, this is Mr. Hamilton's house.

MRS. REYNOLDS—Is he at home?

HAMILTON—Yes, he is at home. What do you want?

MRS. REYNOLDS—I want to see him.

HAMILTON—Won't it do to-morrow?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Oh no. I must see him tonight.

HAMILTON—Come in. (*Door closes.*) (*Enter Hamilton and Mrs. Reynolds*) (*Mrs. Reynolds wears a short white muslin dress, filmy and simple. It is short waisted, and cut low. She wears a thin, lacey scarf over her shoulders, and over this a straight, black cape, with a little hood on back. Her hair is in ringlets, and tied with a blue rib-*

bon, going across forehead as in Romney portraits. She looks like a sweet, little school girl. Her slippers are black, with white stockings and with black ribbons crossed over ankle.)

MRS. REYNOLDS—May I see him?

HAMILTON—I am Mr. Hamilton.

MRS. REYNOLDS—May I see him?

HAMILTON—I am Mr. Hamilton.

MRS. REYNOLDS—(*Wide-eyed*) Oh-h- are you Alexander Hamilton? I thought he was quite old. Why you're young, aren't you?

HAMILTON—(*Smiling*) Not very young.

MRS. REYNOLDS—Why you ARE. You look quite boyish. It's very late, isn't it?

HAMILTON—Rather late for business hours.

MRS. REYNOLDS—Were you just going to bed?

HAMILTON—Why yes, I think I was.

MRS. REYNOLDS—Oh, then I ought not to have disturbed you. When I got to your door I thought perhaps it might be too late. That's why I knocked with my knuckles instead of with the knocker.

HAMILTON—Yes, I wondered why you did that.

MRS. REYNOLDS—(*Smiling sweetly*) Yes, it hurt them too. (*Taking off her gloves to look.*) It was mighty kind of you to let me in.

HAMILTON—What is your name?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Reynolds—my name is Mrs. Reynolds.

HAMILTON—(*Surprised*) Mrs.? But you're—

MRS. REYNOLDS—You're the Secretary of the Treasury, aren't you?

HAMILTON—Yes. What do you want?

MRS. REYNOLDS—I hardly like to tell you—I want money.

HAMILTON—(*Laughing*) I thought perhaps you did. But, my child, I have no money.

MRS. REYNOLDS—You're the Secretary of the Treasury?

HAMILTON—Yes, but—

MRS. REYNOLDS—Oh, I don't want much.

HAMILTON—What do you want it for?

MRS. REYNOLDS—I want enough to run away with.

HAMILTON—To run away?

MRS. REYNOLDS—(*Unexpectedly sobbing*) Oh, I'm very unhappy! (*She sits*).

HAMILTON—Come, come. What is it?

MRS. REYNOLDS—I'm not going to cry. I'm not going to make a scene. I know men hate that. (*She is brave and bewitching*) I've stood all I can stand.

HAMILTON—From whom?

MRS. REYNOLDS—My husband.

HAMILTON—Your husband? Why you're a child!

MRS. REYNOLDS—I'm twenty-six. I don't look it, do I? (*ingeniously*) And you look so young too. It's wonderful to be talking with you here—and the room's so cozy.

HAMILTON—When did you last see your husband?

MRS. REYNOLDS—To-day—to-night; he struck me. Oh, he's been nothing to me for a long time, but tonight he came to my lodgings where I've been living and he struck me here. (*Touching her breast.*) I ran away and I've been walking the streets for hours.

HAMILTON—Why did you come to me?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Why, I'm an American. I'm in need of money, and I thought that it was the place of the Secretary of the Treasury of my OWN country to help me. If I'd ever seen you, I wouldn't have come.

HAMILTON—Why not?

MRS. REYNOLDS—You're so young—and—and (*Puts her hand over his for a second*) I don't know—I wouldn't have come.

HAMILTON—Why didn't you go to some friend—some woman friend?

MRS. REYNOLDS—I daren't. He knows all my friends and he'd have followed me. And I'm afraid. I thought if you could give me the money, that tomorrow I'd go to New York.

HAMILTON—And tonight?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Oh, I can go back to my lodgings. He won't come there again tonight.

HAMILTON—What did you say your name was?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Maria is my first name.. I was called Joy at home.

HAMILTON—Joy!

MRS. REYNOLDS—Yes, Joy—I haven't had much joy since I married (*Breaking down.*) Oh, but I want it! I want joy and happiness and love. I'm lonely—so lonely.

HAMILTON—Come, come! Things will look brighter tomorrow.

MRS. REYNOLDS—No, I've waited for years for things to be brighter tomorrow. I know now. I'm twenty-six, you see, not sixteen.

HAMILTON—I fear you are very tired.

MRS. REYNOLDS—I am, and I've had nothing since morning.

HAMILTON—Haven't you? (*Suddenly remembering.*) Why, neither have I!

MRS. REYNOLDS—Nothing to eat since morning! (*Rising*) Why, you poor boy! (*Putting her arms on his and then going quickly to table*) Why, you've got all sorts of things here—and wine.

HAMILTON—Will you have a glass of wine?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Oh yes. I love wine. (*He gives it to her. She drinks*) But I don't think I should have had it—I've had nothing to eat.

HAMILTON—In that case, I believe, it goes straight to the head.

MRS. REYNOLDS—Aren't you going to have one?

HAMILTON—Yes, I'm going to have one. Here's wishing that joy may come back into your life. (*Drinks.*)

MRS. REYNOLDS—(*Going to him impulsively*) I believe you're lonely too.

HAMILTON—I believe I am.

MRS. REYNOLDS—Two lonely people alone. Have you nobody to talk to?

HAMILTON—Nobody—but you. And that is why I am going to be inhospitable enough to send you away. But first, you'd better have some food.

MRS. REYNOLDS—(*Gently*) Oh no—not if you're afraid of my staying. I see you think it isn't right.

HAMILTON—I think it's better not. But you must have some food.

MRS. REYNOLDS—No, no, thank you. I will go.

HAMILTON—Then, what money shall I give you, as Secretary of the Treasury?

MRS. REYNOLDS—No, I see I was wrong. I had no right to ask you for money.

HAMILTON—But I can't let you go like this.

MRS. REYNOLDS—No—no—I'd better go (*takes his hand and looks into his face*) I don't know why it is—but

I feel as if I'd known you always. Will you—will you—
(*she reels slightly.*)

HAMILTON—(*Catching her*) What's the matter?

MRS. REYNOLDS—I don't know what's come over me. I feel so hot and funny. It must be the wine. (*The street lamp that has helped to light the room goes out.*) What was that?

HAMILTON—They've put out the street lamp, that's all. (*The room is very somber.*) Sit here. (*Sits on sofa.*)

MRS. REYNOLDS—Thank you. Feel my face how it's burning. (*Takes his hand and puts it on her face.*)

HAMILTON—I'll get you some water. (*As he goes, she takes shawl from her shoulders with a quick movement, which shows the audience she is acting. He gets water. She drinks.*)

MRS. REYNOLDS—It's so wonderful to be with someone who is kind to me.

HAMILTON—Are you feeling better?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Yes, yes. Let me stay—just a moment. (*She takes his hand*) Now, I'll go. (*Rises.*)

HAMILTON—I'll call my old negro servant. He shall take you home.

MRS. REYNOLDS—Oh, no, no! What would he think? No, I'll go, thank you.

HAMILTON—What money did you want? I'll send it to you. You are too young and frail to suffer so.

MRS. REYNOLDS—If I could get enough to take me to New York and keep me a few days, that is all—I should find something to do.

HAMILTON—If you will tell me where you live, I'll send it to you tomorrow.

MRS. REYNOLDS—No, no, I don't think so. You might think badly of me taking money from you. Besides I shouldn't like anyone to know.

HAMILTON—No one need know.

MRS. REYNOLDS—But they might, perhaps. That's where I lodge. (*Gives paper.*)

HAMILTON—No one shall know.

MRS. REYNOLDS—You are so kind, so kind to me. I feel better and less lonely now. (*He opens door. Sound of rain is heard.*)

HAMILTON—Why, it's raining!

MRS. REYNOLDS—Oh yes. Only a shower, I think.

HAMILTON—I'm afraid you'll get wet through.

MRS. REYNOLDS—My clothes are very thin, but it is only a little way.

HAMILTON—Put this around your shoulders. (*Puts cloak around her*) It is one of mine and very big for you. I'll see you to your door. (*Takes his hat and cloak.*)

MRS. REYNOLDS—You're very, very kind.

HAMILTON—(*As they go out*) It has set in for the night, I think.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—*Same as Act II.*

TIME—*October of the same year. There are flowers about, accentuating the feeling that the woman of the house has come back.*

Betsy is discovered on steps, hanging last pair of curtains, assisted by Zekial.

BETSY—Now, Zekial, slide these off, and then slide the other ones on.

ZEKIAL—I can only do wish you'd let me come up them steps stead of . . . , Mis' Betsy.

BETSY—Why you poor old nigger, you stay where you're safe.

ZEKIAL—Yo've come all cross de ocean and yo still alive. Don' want nothin' to happen to yo no sooner'n yo got on tera firm. When yo' come home last night, I cut'ny was glad to see yo'—an' Mis' Angelica too—and Mars Ham'ton has been jumpin' about lak a school boy evah since.

BETSY—No, slide that on so, and remember, Zekial, when you get married and have a house of your own—

ZEKIAL—(*Yapping*) Me git married! Ha! Ha! Yo sure is amusin.' Guess if I evah get mar'd, I won't have nothin' ob ma own.

BETSY—Remember you don't have lace curtains in October—and if you do, you have clean ones. (*Enter Angelica Church in street clothes.*)

ANGELICA—Why Betsy Hamilton, I called to see if you were up. I see you are.

BETSY—Angelica Church, the next time you have scarlet fever, I hope you'll have it in your own country and not drag me over to England to take your temperature. The state of this house is beyond belief.

ANGELICA—Betsy, if you're going to mount any higher, you'd better let ME come and hold those steps. (*Goes to steps.*)

BETSY—Zekial, take those curtains and give them to Mary for the wash.

ZEKIAL—I will do dat, Mis' Betsy, I cut'ny do hope

Mars Ham'ton don' come in an' fine you riskin' yo life yo fust day home. (*Exit Zekial.*)

ANGELICA—How you can do it, I don't know. I've felt the motion of the boat all night. I wouldn't do that if you paid me.

BETSY—If I could afford to pay you, Angelica, I'd employ somebody who knew how. (*Angelica shakes steps in retaliation. Betsy screams.*)

ANGELICA—Where's Amiable?

BETSY—Angelica, I don't think it's fair that you should have a pet name for my husband.

ANGELICA—Well, I've always called him Amiable because it fits him so much better than Alexander. Where is . . .

BETSY—I sent him to walk three times around the Common, while I changed these curtains.

ANGELICA—He's a darling. I wonder you can bear to let him out of your sight.

BETSY—(*Sitting on top step*) I can't dear, I can't. Oh, I'm so glad to be home. But when I came in here this morning, I couldn't see anything but dirty lace curtains, so I had to send him out.

ANGELICA—(*Laughing*) And then, it'll be nice to see him come in again, won't it?

BETSY—How do you think he looks? (*Again sitting on top step.*)

ANGELICA—Hale and hearty.

BETSY—Do you? I thought he was looking quite thin and pale.

ANGELICA—Oh, because you've been away of course. Well, I'm very sorry, but I think he looks fat and well.

BETSY—I ought not to have left him.

ANGELICA—You're terribly in love, aren't you?

BETSY—I am, Angelica, and I can't get over it. You know Alexander is the most wonderful man in the world.

ANGELICA—Is he? What about my husband?

BETSY—Oh, well, John Church is a dear old thing, but you couldn't possibly be TERRIBLY in love with him, could you? Besides he's an Englishman.

ANGELICA—What do you mean, Betsy Hamilton? I am terribly in love with him.

BETSY—I know you are dear, but you couldn't possibly love John as I love Alexander.

ANGELICA—And why not?

BETSY—Well, he's a dear, but he has no brains—now has he?

ANGELICA—He has very good brains for an Englishman. Besides he's easier to manage that way.

BETSY—He's very nice and he's very rich, but he isn't Alexander.

ANGELICA—Well, as I prefer having a husband of my own, it's just as well he isn't. (*They both laugh. Betsy resumes her work*) Betsy, it's sheer nonsense, you're going on forever doing all the work in this house as you do.

BETSY—I like it.

ANGELICA—You don't like it, and you know it. A daughter of General Schuyler doing this kind of work—it isn't right.

BETSY—Well, you know Alexander's salary, don't you? Three Thousand dollars a year.

ANGELICA—Why don't you let father make you a decent allowance?

BETSY—Alexander would rather die than take a penny from anyone.

ANGELICA—Then why don't you make him give up working for his old country and let him work for himself and for you? Father says he could make twenty thousand dollars a year easily as a lawyer in private practice.

BETSY—The life of this Republic is dearer to him than anything else in the world.

ANGELICA—Oh dearer than his wife and family, I suppose?

BETSY—There's no question of that. I know his ambitions and I'm proud to be helping—if it's only in this way.

ANGELICA—Three thousand dollars a year! The Government ought to be ashamed of itself. (*Shakes steps.*)

BETSY—(*Balancing herself on the top step*) If you get so excited at the bottom of these steps, Angelica, I shan't need anybody to provide for me. (*Enter Hamilton. Hat and cane.*)

HAMILTON—Betsy Schuyler! Come down at once. What on earth are you doing up there?

BETSY—(*Beaming at him*) I wanted to get a good view of you as you came in, dear.

HAMILTON—Come down, Madam, immediately, or I'll come up and fetch you.

BETSY—(*Extending both arms invitingly*) I dare you to kiss me. (*He dashes for the steps.*)

ANGELICA—Now, if there's any kissing to be done, Amiable, you start at the bottom of the ladder. (*She kisses him.*) I've left my husband in England, and I'm starving to death. (*Kisses him again.*) Good morning, Amiable.

BETSY—I'm coming down. (*Descends hurriedly.*)

HAMILTON—I hadn't the heart to refuse her, Betsy. (*Embraces Betsy fondly.*) I've been starved so long myself.

ANGELICA—(*Folding up steps and putting them against wall.*) Well, my duties as a labourer being finished, I suppose I ought to go, but as I only got a glimpse of you last night, Amiable, I'm going to share you with Betsy for the next five minutes.

BETSY—Shall we let her?

HAMILTON—Yes, yes. Let's be kind to her.

ANGELICA—Well, the vanity of these men! Now, tell me ALL you've been doing since Betsy went away.

BETSY—You've only got five minutes, you know.

ANGELICA—I'll stay then.

HAMILTON—Even then I am afraid I shall have to leave some things out.

ANGELICA—Ah! Those are the things I should like to hear. Well, what have you been doing? (*They all sit.*)

HAMILTON—Well, now I'll tell you—but pay great attention—these are state secrets. Part of my time has been spent in attempting to save this country from rack and ruin.

ANGELICA—What's rack?

BETSY—Order, Mrs. Church.

ANGELICA—I know what ruin is. It's the salary the country pays you for saving it.

HAMILTON—Order in court.

ANGELICA—If you're the judge, you've no right to be embracing that lady. (*Betsy is nestling during this.*)

HAMILTON—But MOST of the time—

ANGELICA—Ah!

HAMILTON—MOST of my time has been spent in trying to find the things that Betsy put away before she WENT away.

BETSY—Why, Alexander, I put everything in its proper place.

HAMILTON—That's what caused all the trouble, Betsy. That's why I could never find anything till I had looked everywhere else.

ANGELICA—Now, if that isn't just like John Church! Husbands are all alike.

HAMILTON—(To Betsy) You've seen her husband, Betsy?

BETSY—Yes, dear.

HAMILTON—Has she any right to make that statement?

BETSY—No, dear.

HAMILTON—Am I like her husband?

BETSY—NO, dear! (*Assuming horror at the thought.*)

HAMILTON—Then the court discharges her with a caution. We will proceed with the next case. (*Folds Betsy in his arms.*)

ANGELICA—For which, I presume, no witnesses will be called. Well, I'll go back to my father.

BETSY—Oh, don't go, Angelica.

ANGELICA—Well, I won't, because father's coming here to fetch me. But I'll go into the kitchen and talk to Mary and Zekial. (*Hamilton makes movement.*)

ANGELICA—Don't leave the bench, Judge. I can open the door of my cell. (*Exit.*)

HAMILTON—Betsy! (*Kisses her fondly.*)

BETSY—(*Fondly*) You're a real lover, aren't you, dear?

HAMILTON—They've been long months without you. It seemed you were never coming back.

BETSY—It was dreadful of me to stay away so long. But you know I couldn't help it.

HAMILTON—You must never, never go away again.

BETSY—I never will, dearest. (*She kisses him.*) But now that I am back, I'm going to be a dreadfully expensive wife. I'm going to take away all your savings. There are no end of things wanted for the house—and of course, I haven't got a rag to my back. (*Laughs.*)

HAMILTON—(*Laughing uneasily*) Well, Betsy, we'll pay a visit to the rag shop at once, and the house can wait.

BETSY—No, no, we'll do the house first—and I'll wait. But you must have untold wealth hidden away. Why there's two quarters' salary since I've gone—and no wife to spend it for you.

HAMILTON—(*Distressed*) Betsy, I've had some unexpected expenses recently—but NEXT quarter—

BETSY—Why it's all right, dear. Everything can wait. Only I didn't know—I thought you'd been at home, busy, and hadn't much opportunity of spending.

HAMILTON—I've had some expensive presents to make—diplomatic presents, you know.

BETSY—Oh, bribes.

HAMILTON—I'm afraid it almost amounts to that.

BETSY—That doesn't sound like you Alexander. I can't bear to think—(*Knock heard*) Now here's somebody coming to take you away from me, I suppose.

HAMILTON—Today is your day. Betsy, and wild horses shall not drag me from you. (*Zekial opens street door and admits Schuyler and Chief Justice Jay.*)

SCHUYLER—Mr. Hamilton at home, Uncle?

ZEKIAL—Walk right in, suh.

SCHUYLER—Here's Chief Justice Jay, Alexander. I met him on the door step.

BETSY—(*Advancing*) How do you do, Judge Jay?

JAY—I'm delighted to welcome you back, Mrs. Hamilton. (*Shakes hands.*)

BETSY—(*Kisses Schuyler*) Good morning, Father.

SCHUYLER—Morning, my dear.

HAMILTON—(*Giving his hand*) Judge Jay, it is good of you to honor me with a visit.

JAY—I have been away for the past month uttering words of wisdom to some of the jealous and restless states. On my return I went first to General Washington, whom I now find installed in the Morris Mansion at Germantown.

HAMILTON—Yes, the place was available and was convenient as temporary quarters for the President.

JAY—I then came to pay my respects to Mrs. Hamilton and to congratulate you on your having converted Jefferson and Monroe to the support of your Bill.

HAMILTON—That is gradually filtering to the other states, eh?

SCHUYLER—Alexander's a wonder!

HAMILTON—Jefferson has withheld the news of his capitulation as long as possible. He's desperately afraid of what his followers will say.

JAY—It's amazing. I didn't believe that Jefferson would yield one inch.

SCHUYLER—After all his yelling and shouting

about the rights of man. Alexander's a wonder!

JAY—(*Laughing*) What excuse will he make to his constituents?

HAMILTON—He'll just take his pen in his hand and write a sonata, and his constituents will all lift up their voices and sing.

SCHUYLER—Sing what?

HAMILTON—Jefferson's praises, of course.

BETSY—How did you do it?

HAMILTON—Bribery. Bribery and corruption!

BETSY—You didn't give Mr. Jefferson your two quarter's salary?

HAMILTON—No, my dear. I gave him the Capital of the United States.

BETSY—But there isn't one!

HAMILTON—That's what made it easy.

SCHUYLER—If it could only have been in Albany.

HAMILTON—(*Laughing*) Your home town.

JAY—Of course, there's no doubt it should be in New York.

HAMILTON—(*Laughing*) YOUR home town. Well, let us resign it to Jefferson—on the Potomac. It's a long way from civilization, and the river will carry away the refuse of debate. The representatives of the separate states can pour their slander and vituperation into the Potomac—until they damn it, and the Hudson will remain unrestrained to carry on the business of the country.

BETSY—Good morning, Your Honor. I must tell you that my husband has promised this day to me.

HAMILTON—Are you on business, Judge Jay?

JAY—I think I shall not detain you long.

HAMILTON—Then, my dear—

BETSY—(*Smiling*) You said wild horses should not drag you from me.

HAMILTON—I believe the Chief Justice hardly comes under that class, Betsy. You see he is controlled by the harness of the state.

JAY—Which makes him a very tame horse indeed.

BETSY—In ten minutes, then, I shall take the reins and drive you away. (*Exit.*)

JAY—You must be proud of your daughter, General Schuyler.

SCHUYLER—Proud! Why, since they've been back

my bosom has so swelled with pride that my foot has sunk into insignificance.

HAMILTON—Mr. Justice, will you sit down. Father, here. (*Indicates chair*)—unless you prefer to dance on the balcony.

SCHUYLER—Ah! if only it could have been Albany.

HAMILTON—The greatest city on God's earth! (*They laugh*) (*To Jay*) There was something you wished to say to me?

JAY—Yes-er-yes. Ahem! Nice, pleasant room you have here, very nice. (*Tentatively.*)

HAMILTON—I'm beginning to doubt it, Judge Jay.

JAY—(*Surprised*) To doubt it, why?

HAMILTON—Because I've noticed my visitors never make that remark unless they are trying to decide the pleasantest way to say something unpleasant to me.

JAY—You are right. I have something that is not easy to say to you.

SCHUYLER—Do you wish me to go, Judge?

JAY—No, General, I very much desire that you should stay. Mr. Hamilton, it is sometimes difficult to determine how far a public man realizes the extent of his influence on the character of others. You are a modest man, but I think you must know that the eyes of the nation are turned toward you as an honorable man who is to steer this country clear of grave dangers.

HAMILTON—I am, at any rate, conscious of great responsibilities.

JAY—That is so—great and grave responsibilities. No one but yourself can deal successfully with those internal enemies who would drag us into war between France and England, thus endangering our liberty for which we have fought and struggled. No one but yourself can persuade the government to assume the debts of the states.

HAMILTON—The cooperation of Monroe and Jefferson on that issue cannot be overrated.

JAY—Yes, they are with you so long as they have to be. But they are always looking for a loophole—a way out.

HAMILTON—And—?

JAY—Ahem! (*Coughs*) (*Hamilton drums his fingers on the table inquiringly*) Your position as Secretary of the Treasury—is one of great trust. (*Pause. Hamilton waits. A knock is heard at the front door.*) I will be frank

with you. I have been several times annoyed by the receipt of anonymous letters threatening exposure of some scandal connected with the Secretary of the Treasury. I wished you to remain, General Schuyler, because I want it understood that my confidence in Colonel Hamilton is unbounded. We have traced these letters to a man named Reynolds.

HAMILTON—Oh, yes.

JAY—You know him?

HAMILTON—Yes.

JAY—He was recently arrested for perjury in connection with a state case. Do you know anything of the case?

HAMILTON—No, but the prosecution was made through the Treasury Department. He therefore wrote to me, begging me to use my influence to obtain his release.

JAY—And you refused.

HAMILTON—Yes, I refused.

JAY—Had he any reason to believe that you would help him?

HAMILTON—Yes, good reason.

JAY—Why did you refuse?

HAMILTON—Because, although I knew nothing of this particular case I know him to be a scoundrel, and I have never used my public office for my private ends.

JAY—By that I understand that the man has some claim upon you?

HAMILTON—Yes.

JAY—It has come to my knowledge that since his arrest certain papers or letters have fallen into the hands of Senator Monroe, and that some information has been passed on to the unscrupulous Giles of Virginia. (*Enter Zekial.*)

ZEKIAL—Sentah Monroe an' Sentah Giles to see yo, sah.

HAMILTON—It loks to me as if your information was correct, Judge Jay.

JAY—I'll take my leave.

HAMILTON—Excuse me. I ask you both to remain. Show them in, Zekial (*Exit Zekial.*)

JAY—Understand, Hamilton, my confidence in your integrity is unshakable. (*Enter Zekial.*)

ZEKIAL—Sentah Monroe an' Sentah Giles. (*Enter Monroe and Giles.*)

HAMILTON—Gentlemen, you honor me.

MONROE—I'm sorry if I interrupt you, Mr. Hamilton, but my errand is important. (*Hamilton bows.*)

GILES—How do, Hamilton.

HAMILTON—Senator Giles. (*bows.*)

MONROE—Citizen Jay.

JAY—Senator Monroe. (*They bow.*)

GILES—How do, Judge. (*Jay doesn't bow to Giles.*)

HAMILTON—Judge Jay called—Won't you sit down, Mr. Monroe? (*He sits. Giles remains standing.*) Judge Jay called to express his pleasure at your cooperation in connection with the states' debts.

MONROE—Yes, I trust we shall have no reason to alter our decision on that point.

HAMILTON—I, too, trust that you will not find it expedient to break your word.

GILES—It's not a matter of breaking words; it's a matter of public opinion.

HAMILTON—Oh, I was not referring to you, Senator Giles. Everybody knows that you would never be guilty of a breach of faith.

GILES—Ugh!

HAMILTON—Unless it was made absolutely worth your while.

GILES—That remark is uncalled for, sir!

HAMILTON—True. Tell me, Mr. Giles, what HAVE you called for?

MONROE—We have called, Citizen Hamilton, on business of a private character.

HAMILTON—Do you wish us to be alone?

MONROE—I think you would prefer it.

ZEKIAL—*Announces*) Mr. Thomas Jefferson! (*Enter Jefferson.*)

HAMILTON—(*Greets him.*) Mr. Jefferson!

JEFFERSON—You will excuse me, Mr. Hamilton, but I received a note from Citizen Monroe asking me to meet him here at this hour. I trust I do not intrude.

MONROE—I told Mr. Jefferson that the business was urgent.

JEFFERSON—Otherwise, I assure you I should not have taken the liberty.

HAMILTON—(*To Monroe*) Does your business relate to my public office as Secretary of the Treasury?

GILES—It does.

HAMILTON—Then I am gratified that you are here,

Mr. Jefferson, and I shall ask your permission, gentlemen, to allow the Chief Justice and General Schuyler to remain.

MONROE—If you wish it.

HAMILTON—Pray be seated, Mr. Jefferson. (*Jefferson sits. There is a slight pause.*)

MONROE—Mr. Hamilton, I am compelled to ask you if you are acquainted—

HAMILTON—It may facilitate matters if I say that I AM acquainted with a man of the name of Reynolds.

GILES—James Reynolds.

HAMILTON—I'm not sure of his first name. He is hardly an intimate acquaintance of mine—but I believe it is James. You probably know his as Jim. Won't you sit down. (*Giles sits*) That is General Washington's chair. (*Giles sits uncasily, but defiantly.*)

MONROE—The man Reynolds has placed in my hands certain letters which show that he has recently received from you considerable sums of money.

HAMILTON—You are apparently in his confidence. Mr. Monroe.

GILES—The letters were brought to us unasked.

HAMILTON—I see. The letters were also uncalled for.

MONROE—You say you are not intimately acquainted—what was that money paid for?

HAMILTON—May I be allowed to see the documents in question? (*Monroe takes them from his pocket book, and hands them to Hamilton.*)

GILES—What was the money paid for?

HAMILTON—Didn't your friend Jim tell you—I mean before he was taken to prison for perjury?

GILES—(*Holly*) He's not my friend! I never saw the man till he came to me on the subject of these letters.

HAMILTON—Are you sure?

GILES—Of course, I'm sure! (*Crosses his legs undecidedly.*)

HAMILTON—Strange! Senator Monroe couldn't get comfortable in that chair either. (*Giles gets up angrily, pushes chair away and takes a small one.*)

MONROE—There seems to be no doubt that you paid him the money.

HAMILTON—There seems to be no doubt about that.

MONROE—Mr. Hamilton, I should not be here if I had not been forced by the facts before me. But I cannot

disbelieve the evidence of my own eyes. There are your letters proving that the money was paid, and we are compelled to ask you why you paid it.

HAMILTON—Who compels you to do that?

MONROE—Our sense of duty, Citizen Hamilton.

HAMILTON—Duty to whom?

MONROE—To the country—to the people—to the citizens of this Republic.

HAMILTON—This has nothing to do with the country or the people. This is my own private affair.

GILES—To know why you paid the money—Reynolds told us.

HAMILTON—Oh you know, do you?

GILES—Yes, we know.

HAMILTON—Then you haven't come for information—but merely for the love of sport.

JEFFERSON—They apparently desire to verify the statement of the man.

MONROE—That money was paid out of the Treasury of the United States.

HAMILTON—It was paid out of my own personal account.

MONROE—That we shall require to have proved. But you know what it was paid for.

HAMILTON—Yes, I know what it was paid for.

MONROE—It was paid to this man that he might buy up the States' paper—the States' debts.

HAMILTON—For what purpose?

MONROE—For your benefit.

HAMILTON—What!

MONROE—A stock-jobbing gambol.

JAY—Come, come, Mr. Monroe. You have only the man's word for that.

SCHUYLER—The word of a man who is arrested for perjury.

MONROE—Reynolds gives conclusive evidence that you gave him advance information of the proposed Government assumption of the State debts; that you gave him the money to buy up the paper at bargain prices; and that your share in the spoils will be a cool five millions.

HAMILTON—(*Genuinely surprised*) So that's what he told you, did he? That's the reason for the whole—thing.

MONROE—And there are proofs of the money you

gave him. (*Pointing to paper in Hamilton's hands.*)

HAMILTON—(*Looking through letters*) Thirty dollars—ten dollars—sixty dollars—a hundred dollars—five dollars. Very modest amounts (for purposes of speculation.

JAY—Very.

GILES—Just as dishonest to steal ten dollars as ten millions.

MONROE—You can't dodge, Hamilton. I owe it to this country to expose this damned business. You use your inside information as a member of the President's Cabinet to rob the patriots who raised the money to save this nation! You make them believe their loans will never be paid, and then you hire a ruffian to buy up their claims—and hoodwink us into passing your bill for you!

JAY—Senator Monroe, we entirely lack proof of this.

HAMILTON—Gentlemen:—Let us try to be frank with one another. You have come here today not because you believe me guilty of this accusation, not because you feel any duty to the public, but because you repent the bargain you made with me to vote for my Bill. You are afraid of your own party. Your courage has failed you, and you believe this to be a tremendous opportunity to free yourselves from your promise. (*Jefferson protests.*) That is the true statement of fact, Mr. Jefferson, whatever you may think to the contrary. You dislike me—you are afraid of me—and this is part of an organized conspiracy to force me to resign, and so end your difficulties. This is not the first time by many that you have accused me, but it is the first time that I have been unwilling to strike back at you. There are men in your party who are incessantly busy in their attempt to undermine all props of public security and private happiness. If these men should luckily stumble upon some irregularity in the life of an opponent, it becomes at once, in their hands, a two-edged sword by which to wound the public character and stab the private felicities of their victim. Time and again you have charged me with dishonesty in the Treasury. Three months ago you set the trusty Giles on to covertly accuse me of cooking the accounts. Within ten days, as you know, after going through endless records, I proved that there was no shadow of foundation for your accusation, and you slunk away like curs before the whip. And now here you are yelping at my heels again and ready to tear me to pieces. This time you are bolder. You come to me with

an open accusation of absolute dishonesty. This accusation is based on the evidence of one James Reynolds, an obscure, unimportant and profligate man. Had I desired to embark upon the dishonorable undertaking of which I am accused—should I have been driven to the necessity of unkennelling such a reptile to be the instrument of my cupidity? Gentlemen, it is not a reasonable accusation. If I felt that you really believed that this was even remotely connected with my office, I should not hesitate to give you proof to the contrary. But you know that what you accuse me of has no foundation in truth, I admit that I had transactions with the man Reynolds, but they were of a private nature, and I swear that my connection with him is in no way bound up with my public office. I make my appeal to your sense of justice, and I ask you, Gentlemen, to drop this investigation.

JAY—In deference to Mr. Hamilton, I think, Gentlemen, that should close the matter.

SCHUYLER—There is no question of the honor of Alexander Hamilton.

JEFFERSON—Mr. Hamilton has indeed made a very moving appeal.

MONROE—If the facts are not as we stated, why not tell us what they are!

HAMILTON—Because such disclosure would be useless to you and would cause much suffering to some who are very near and dear to me.

JEFFERSON—Well, in that case, Citizen Hamilton—

MONROE—But I don't see how—Do you mean it's a domestic affair?

HAMILTON—(*Uneasily*) In a measure, yes.

MONROE—Something that reflects upon your wife?

HAMILTON—(*Restraining himself*) Something that affects my wife—not reflects upon her, sir.

GILES—Mr. Hamilton, as a trusted representative of the state of Virginia, I feel it my duty to ask you a few questions.

HAMILTON—(*Great restraining*) Yes.

GILES—First of all, in what way is your wife mixed up—

HAMILTON—(*Furious*) Stop! There shall be no more of this. I am ashamed of the act that has led to this inquiry, but I am more ashamed of my cowardice and ignorance in begging your charity and appealing to your honor.

(*Goes to his desk and opens drawer.*) Here are the papers that form the sequel to those you hold. During the absence of my wife abroad, I became intimate with Mrs. Reynolds—it doesn't matter how or where, but the thing happened—to my eternal disgrace. Since that night I have been paying hush-money to the husband, Reynolds. He has never ceased to blackmail me. There are the letters with requests for money couched in words that will prove even to Mr. Giles that my story is true. You will see that the requests and the amounts correspond with those mentioned in the letters which you procured. There are also three or four love letters from Mrs. Reynolds to me, which I am sure you will enjoy reading.

JEFFERSON—No, no.

SCHUYLER—(*Thunderstruck.*) Alexander!

HAMILTON—Father, I have no excuses to make.

JAY—It is hardly necessary—

HAMILTON—Since the accusation has been brought, I must insist on your reading all those documents. These are his—and there are hers. They both form part of the plot in which you are now involved. You will find no mention of state debts in them. The last one is written from jail offering to keep silence forever if I would say the word which would give him his freedom. But I refused. Her letters are an attempt to drag me into a prolonged liason, and were necessary for the full effect of blackmailing. Will you read them or must I read them to you? (*He pulls off the tapes from her letters and reads.*) “Wont you come to me as soon as you get this? My greatest fault was in loving you too much.” (*Throws the letter over to Jefferson.*) “For God's sake do not deny me”—(*Enter Betsy.*)

BETSY—Alexander! Oh, I beg your pardon, Gentlemen, I thought you had gone. (*The men rise and there is an awkward pause.*) But this was to be any day with my husband. Won't you let him off till tomorrow? We've been parted so long, you know—Won't you, Mr. Jefferson?

HAMILTON—(*Crossing to her rapidly*) In a few moments, dear—in a few moments, and then I'll come.

BETSY—But you look so tired, dear—so tired and old. I've never seen you look old before.

HAMILTON—I've grown old in your absence, dear. I'll come in a few moments—very soon.

BETSY—And we'll look at the shops—and you'll be my boy again.

HAMILTON—(*Kisses her hand*) Yes, dear.

JAY—I don't think we need to ask Mrs. Hamilton to withdraw. Our business is over, and I apologize for having kept him so long. You came to take the reins, eh, Mrs. Hamilton? I think I will go before you use the whip. (*Schuyler has joined Betsy by this time. Jay shakes hands with Betsy and draws Hamilton away. To Hamilton*) I sincerely regret that you should have been subjected to this. (*Jefferson has crossed to Betsy, as Jay leaves her. He shakes hands with her.*)

JEFFERSON—Good day to you, Mrs. Hamilton. (*He leaves her and crosses to Hamilton.*)

BETSY—(*By instinct*) Is something the matter, Father?

SCHUYLER—(*Tries to distract her attention.*) It's all right, my dear, it's all right.

JEFFERSON—(*To Hamilton*) Citizen Hamilton, I am heartily ashamed of having intruded myself into this business. I hope you will not refuse to take my hand. I give you my word that not one syllable of this shall ever pass my lips. (*Betsy is conscious of something the matter, and lingers, although you see Schuyler is trying to get her away.*)

GILES—(*Who has been walking restlessly to and fro*) Wait a minute, wait a minute. I don't want to speak before Mrs. Hamilton, but this thing hasn't been brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

JEFFERSON—Surely there is nothing more to be said.

JAY—Mr. Hamilton has met you fairly and straightforwardly.

GILES—I have nothing to say against Mr. Hamilton, but—

JAY AND JEFFERSON—Sh—sh!

GILES—(*Loudly and pugnaciously*) I won't be muzzled. I am a trusted representative of Virginia, and it is my duty to do the best for my State.

HAMILTON—I think, Gentlemen, we none of us desire to restrain Mr. Giles in the execution of his duty.

GILES—If Mrs. Hamilton will be good enough to retire—(*Betsy looks toward Hamilton, rather worried and scared, as she goes towards exit.*)

HAMILTON—No, gentlemen, with your permission, I shall ask my wife to remain. (*Sensation. Slight pause.*)

GILES—Oh, I see you want to gag me.

HAMILTON—On the contrary, I am hoping that you will remove the seal from my own lips.

GILES—You mean that you want me to speak out?

HAMILTON—(*Loudly and startlingly.*) Yes, I want you to speak out.

GILES—(*Slightly taken back by his tone.*) Very well, Alexander Hamilton, you don't like me, but I am going to prove to you that I am the best friend you have in the world. (*Hamilton glances at him.*) You don't believe it, but I am going to prove it to you. What would you say if the newspapers got hold of this story?

HAMILTON—Which—my story or yours?

GILES—Now, it's no use getting personal—it isn't my story, it's Reynolds. What would you say if the newspapers came out tomorrow with the story that the Secretary of the Treasury had borrowed the nation's money to speculate with—to buy up the States' paper?

HAMILTON—(*Looking at his wife, who has started and is being restrained by Schuyler.*) For the moment, I don't know what I should say, Mr. Giles.

GILES—It wouldn't be any use trying to get your Government Assumption Bill through then, not even Jefferson and Monroe behind you. Public opinion would be too strong.

JEFFERSON—(*Rising*) Citizen Hamilton, you must excuse me, I cannot stand by while Citizen Giles continues in this way. I wish to express my regret that a representative of Virginia should behave in such a deplorable manner. (*Bows to Mrs. Hamilton.*) I take my leave. (*Exit.*)

GILES—Well, Jefferson, words don't alter facts—at least not with me they don't.

JAY—Is there any danger of the newspapers getting it?

GILES—There's more than a danger; it's a fact that the Advertiser has got the story and is going to publish it in tomorrow's issue, unless—

HAMILTON—Unless—

GILES—I think it would be better if Mrs. Hamilton—

HAMILTON—Mrs. Hamilton is your hostess. You said, unless—

GILES—Well, unless, of course, you deny it, which you couldn't very well because there are the proofs that

the money was paid to Reynolds, and you can't explain why.

HAMILTON—You've got me, haven't you?

GILES—Now, Mr. Hamilton, if you will withdraw your Bill, I'll guarantee the story shall not be printed. You might just as well, because the Bill will be killed anyway. When the story appears the Bill is as dead as a door nail, so why not prevent the scandal?

BETSY—No, he must not do that. He mustn't give up that Bill. He's worked and saved and gained the confidence of all the world with that Bill, and now—no, he must not give it up!

HAMILTON—Can you bear the alternative, Betsy?

BETSY—I must bear it.

HAMILTON—Can you bear that I, the Secretary of the Treasury, should be accused of cheating the people?

BETSY—Bear it! Why, of course, because I know it isn't true.

HAMILTON—How do you know it isn't true?

BETSY—What do you mean? Because I know you, Alexander.

HAMILTON—Do you know me—do you?

BETSY—Tell me what you mean?

HAMILTON—Why don't you suspect me—why do you trust me?

BETSY—Don't, don't! Tell me what it is. You can prove it isn't true.

HAMILTON—I can, but I dare not.

BETSY—You dare not?

HAMILTON—I dare not tell the truth. I did pay certain sums of money.

BETSY—What for? What did you pay it for?

HAMILTON—Blackmail! To keep from the light something of which I am ashamed—to hide something shameful from you.

SCHUYLER—Alexander, have you no feeling for my little girl? Have you no feeling for your wife? Betsy, go—

HAMILTON—It's better that she should know. Betsy—

SCHUYLER—Alexander, you're not going to drag that woman—

BETSY—It's not a woman! *(They are both silent)*
Oh!—

SCHUYLER—Betsy, my girl!

BETSY—Why do you tell me this before these men?

HAMILTON—Because they are my accusers, my accusers, my judges, my jury—and they are waiting for the verdict.

BETSY—Does anyone else know?

HAMILTON—Mr. Jefferson, that is all.

BETSY—(*Looking at them*) Will they tell?

JAY—No.

BETSY—Then it need never be known. The story you are going to publish I can bear, but if this thing were known, should die of shame.

GILES—If he withdraws his Bill, we stop the publication of that story.

SCHUYLER—That seems to be the only way out.

HAMILTON—No—no—(*Turns to Giles and Monroe*) I can't do it. I've done with bargains. I've bargained with my conscience long enough. I'm covered with shame and remorse, but I can't stand in the mud and barter what I believe to be America's honor. My Bill stands. Go out and tell your story, and I'll tell mine.

GILES—What'll you tell?

HAMILTON—The truth! The whole degrading, sordid truth. You may strip me and stone me to make me cry for mercy, but you can't strip me as naked as I'll strip myself. In tomorrow's newspaper, I'll publish every word, every letter, every fragment of evidence connected with my shame and disgrace with this woman. (*Picks up letters.*) If there is to be dishonor, it shall fall on me and not on this administration for which President Washington is responsible. I sacrifice my office—I sacrifice my wife—but by God, Betsy, I can't sell my Country. (*Seizes hat. Exit.*) (*Betsy stands erect. Schuyler goes to her. Monroe and Giles look after him incredulously.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

TIME—*The next morning.*

SCENE—*Large room in Hamilton's house with folding doors at back, which, when opened, disclose a smaller ante-room. The door is closed. General Schuyler discovered standing in center of room dejectedly with paper clutched in hand. Boy calling paper heard through window. (In case papers were not called in street at this time. Schuyler will remain stationary.)*

Enter Angelica. She has evidently been crying. She goes up to her father and kisses him sympathetically. He instantly puts paper behind back.

SCHUYLER—Where's Betsy?

ANGELICA—Still in her room.

SCHUYLER—I wish Alexander would come.

ANGELICA—He's still locked in his study.

SCHUYLER—He's been writing since early morning. Can't you get him out?

ANGELICA—I've tried. I told him there were people waiting to see him. He called out, "Let them wait."

SCHUYLER—But this room (*Pointing to doors up-stage*) is full of men—Senators, Congressmen, and heaven knows who besides. It's not like him to run away.

ANGELICA—He won't run away.

SCHUYLER—The thing's done. He's got to face the music

ANGELICA—He'll face it.

SCHUYLER—Betsy's all broken up, I suppose.

ANGELICA—She's deadly quiet. I wish she'd cry or rave—be more human.

SCHUYLER—She's determined to go.

ANGELICA—Yes, I can do nothing with her.

SCHUYLER—It's a bad business—a bad business. (*Paper behind him.*)

ANGELICA—You needn't hide that paper. I'm not ashamed of it.

SCHUYLER—(*Surprised*) You're not?

ANGELICA—Oh Father, isn't he wonderful?

SCHUYLER—Who?

ANGELICA—Alexander.

SCHUYLER—Well—er—

ANGELICA—Oh, I wish he were my husband—I should be proud of him.

SCHUYLER—Angelica, if you'd only been a man—if you'd been my eldest son instead of my eldest daughter, I'd have taken you by the hand and called you a fine fellow (*Shakes hands with her*), but these are hardly the proper sentiments for a young married woman.

ANGELICA—If he were my husband, I'd show him how a woman can forgive.

SCHUYLER—But he isn't your husband, and that makes all the difference. Don't be hard on Betsy. It's easy enough for one woman to forgive another woman's husband. (*Enter Zekial.*)

ZEKIAL—Speakuh Mullenburg an' Mistah Morris has jes' come.

SCHUYLER—Did you say Mr. Hamilton was engaged?

ZEKIAL—Yaas sah, but they said lak de odders dat dey'd wait, so I done showed 'em into de room wid de rest of 'em.

ANGELICA—Very well, Zekial.

ZEKIAL—They ain' goin' to do nothin' to Marse Hamilton, is dey, sah?

SCHUYLER—No, no, no!

ZEKIAL—(*Going out*) Wol, I done wish dey wouldn't all stan' roun' waitin' for him. (*Exit.*)

ANGELICA—I'm glad I'm not your eldest son after all, Father.

SCHUYLER—What is it now, Angelica?

ANGELICA—If these are fair samples of men, I'm glad I'm not one of the tribe. All waiting around to kick a man when he's down. (*Enter Betsy, dressed for the street.*)

SCHUYLER—Oh, there you are, Betsy! Going out? (*Assumed brightness.*)

BETSY—(*Dead*) Yes, I'm going, Father. Has Alexander come down?

SCHUYLER—Not yet. Where are you going?

BETSY—I'm going to Albany, Father, to wait for you. I'm going home.

SCHUYLER—Won't you stay and see him?

BETSY—Tell him that I have taken nothing. Things for him will go on just as if I had not come back from Europe. That is all. He can resume that life. The coach

for Albany leaves at noon.

SCHUYLER—You'd better see him, Betsy.

BETSY—I've seen the morning paper.

ANGELICA—And so have I—read every word of it—twice.

SCHUYLER—Well, if your sister's determined to go, you had better get your things together, Angelica, and go with her. She can't go alone.

ANGELICA—Why don't YOU go with her?

SCHUYLER—I can't leave Alexander at a time like this.

ANGELICA—Well, neither can I. Betsy's the only person who can leave him so she must go alone.

SCHUYLER—Come, come, Angelica. You mustn't talk like that.

BETSY—Don't, Father. I'd much rather go alone. I can't bear to see or speak to anybody, I'm so ashamed—I can't face even you. (*Going.*)

ANGELICA—Betsy, are you going to leave that man?

BETSY—Yes.

ANGELICA—Good. He doesn't need you. He never needed you less. If you can't appreciate his courage and bravery, you are no fit mate for him. God knows there are few enough men who are willing to sacrifice everything for the truth. If you're going, go. Go and join these men in there who are all waiting to take a peck at him.

SCHUYLER—Angelica!

ANGELICA—I know. Alexander's done a wicked, disgraceful thing. That's what makes the difference between a human being and a white-washed saint. I'm human being myself, and I'm going to wait here for Alexander. (*Enter Zekial.*)

SCHUYLER—Well?

ZEKIAL—It's a lady callin', Mis' Betsy.

BETSY—(*Interested*) Who is it?

ZEKIAL—(*Lanely*) It's a—Mrs. Reynolds, Ma'am.

SCHUYLER AND ANGELICA—(*Together—indignantly*) What!

BETSY—Tell her Mr. Hamilton is out.

ZEKIAL—She wants to see you, Mis' Betsy.

ANGELICA—(*Indignant*) I never in all my life!

SCHUYLER—(*Going*) I'll soon settle her.

BETSY—Wait a moment, Father. I'll see her. (*Zekial going.*)

ANGELICA—No, no, Zekial.

BETSY—(*Firmly*) Show her in, Zekial. (*Exit Zekial.*)

ANGELICA—Do you mean to say you're going to see that disgraceful woman?

BETSY—Yes. Will you and father go away, please?

ANGELICA—But why? Why do you want to see her?

BETSY—Perhaps there's something of the human being in me, too.

SCHUYLER—Come on, Angelica. I've got two daughters, and your dear mother at home, but I'll be hanged if I understand the first thing about women. (*Exit Angelica and Schuyler. Betsy waits somewhat nervously. Enter Zekial with Mrs. Reynolds.*)

ZEKIAL—Mrs. Reynolds. (*Mrs. Reynolds stands pretty and demure. She waits for Zekial to go, looking to see that he's gone before she speaks. Zekial goes off. Betsy stands looking at Mrs. Reynolds.*)

MRS. REYNOLDS—You're Mrs. Hamilton, aren't you. Mighty nice of you to see me.

BETSY—What do you want?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Why—of course, you've seen the newspaper.

BETSY—Yes.

MRS. REYNOLDS—(*With conscious pride.*) Yes, it's made quite a stir, hasn't it? Why I came because I thought you might feel badly about it. I thought you might feel angry with him.

BETSY—With whom?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Why, with Mr. Hamilton. I don't see how anyone could—he's so nice, but—

BETSY—What is it you want to say?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Well, I wouldn't like you to be cross with him. You mustn't blame him because it wasn't his fault.

BETSY—Whose fault is it?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Well, it was mine in the end, but at first it was Reynolds.

BETSY—Reynolds?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Yes, Reynolds arranged it because some of his friends—political gentlemen—wanted to get Mr. Hamilton talked about. And of course when I went, I hadn't an idea what Mr. Hamilton was like—and

when I found he was so nice, I half wished I hadn't said I'd do it.

BETSY—But you did it!

MRS. REYNOLDS—Well, I'd given my word you see—and then you were away, and I'd never seen you. YOU'RE pretty too, aren't you, only in a different way from me, and older. Don't you hate to think of growing old?

BETSY—Mrs. Reynolds, have you no sense of right and wrong?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Oh yes, I know—I know when I'm doing wrong—but you see I have nobody to keep me straight.

BETSY—Do you realize that you have broken this home, and ruined a man's life? Isn't the thought of that enough to keep you straight?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Oh you're not going to leave him! You can't do that. That's why I came, because I thought you might be cross with him.

BETSY—Have you no decency? Your name flaming in the newspaper—your shame on the lips of every man and woman in the city!

MRS. REYNOLDS—Well, yes, of course, it is bad in a sense, but then it's different for me to what it is to you, because it does give me a sort of a position. You see I've never had any position before, and now my name being in the paper coupled with Alexander Hamilton—

MRS. REYNOLDS—It'll make Reynolds behave a good deal better to me, I know. Mean old thing! Of course you're good, with good husband, and you don't understand. I suppose everything depends on the way you're brought up, doesn't it? I don't mean to be wicked—I wish I wasn't!

BETSY—Good morning, Mrs. Reynolds.

MRS. REYNOLDS—(*Naively*) Oh, that means I'm to go. But you won't leave him, will you?

BETSY—We have nothing more to discuss.

MRS. REYNOLDS—Mrs. Hamilton, I didn't want to come here today and face you. It took some courage, I can tell you. But when I saw his confession this morning, I reckoned that took some courage too. I knew you had come home and that you'd see it all in the paper, and I made up my mind that you should know it was all a planned thing. I was set on to get him, anyway; but when

I saw him and spoke to him and he thought I was in trouble and was so kind to me, I just fell in love with him and I didn't mean to let him go.

BETSY—How can you stand there and tell me this?

MRS. REYNOLDS—Because I don't want you to be hard on him. He's a good man—but I made up my mind that he shouldn't get away from me, so he isn't to blame, is he? (*Enter Schuyler and Angelica hurriedly, R.*)

SCHUYLER—Alexander has left his room. I think it would be better if I let this young woman out by the side door. This way, please.

MRS. REYNOLDS—(*Crossing*) You won't leave him, will you?

BETSY—Please go.

MRS. REYNOLDS—Good women are very hard, aren't they? (*Mrs. Reynolds exits with Schuyler.*)

BETSY—I shall not see Alexander, Angelica. (*Going.*)

ANGELICA—Did you hear what that woman said? Good women are very hard.

BETSY—Yes.

ANGELICA—I think God put those words into her mouth for you to hear. (*Enter Hamilton, L.*) *After a moment's pause* Alexander—Betsy—(*Hamilton puts his hand up and silences her, looking at Betsy as though to say, "Let Betsy speak."* *Betsy avoids looking at him and goes off R. hurriedly, as though she feared she might break down.*)

HAMILTON—I suppose Betsy is going to leave me.

ANGELICA—(*Almost breaking.*) Yes.

HAMILTON—She is right.

ANGELICA—(*Going to him in tears*) Oh Alexander, you've wronged her cruelly, but you stuck to the truth.

HAMILTON—It's a great price to pay—but it was the only way—the only way for me.

ANGELICA—And you'd do it right over again.

HAMILTON—Yes, but life for me is over. (*Enter Schuyler.*)

SCHUYLER—Alexander, you've got to see these people. There's a whole crowd waiting for you.

HAMILTON—The wolves are clamoring at the door, eh? They will die of overfeeding. Who are they?

SCHUYLER—Jefferson, Monroe, Madison—

HAMILTON—Ha! Ha! Of course.

SCHUYLER—John Jay, Robert Morrison, John

Marshall, Robert Livingston, and many others besides.

HAMILTON—My friends too! My friends of yesterday. Well, they are right. Have you seen them?

SCHUYLER—Not yet. Zekial tried to get rid of them, but they seem to be waiting with grim determination in there, and won't be moved.

HAMILTON—In here! (*Going toward doors at back*) Well, we'll meet them this way. You, dear friends, have been my allies—I release you and I'll stand alone—not very strong morally or physically, but we won't lose our courage. Angelica, dear girl, you have been too good, too indulgent to me, and not quite fair to Betsy. Go and give her what comfort you can. She will need it—at first.

ANGELICA—(*Goes toward door R.*) You'll stay, Father?

SCHUYLER—(*Testily, to cover his emotion.*) Get out, get out! Why should I run away? I'm not a senator, thank God! (*Exit Angelica.*)

HAMILTON—(*With hand on door.*) Father, after this, I'm going to disappear. I shall probably go back to the West Indies where I was born. I will write to you. You will hear from me, but you will not see me. Here's an end of the Federalist Party, and an end of my ambitions, and an end to Washington's chance of a second term of office—which would have meant so much to the Country. (*Breaking down.*) I am defeated. And I cannot endure defeat. (*His head drops for a moment on his arms as he holds the handles of the doors. During that moment, Betsy enters R.I.E. Schuyler sees her, but she motions him to be silent. She has taken off her outdoor clothes. She remains standing behind the door, so that she is hidden from everyone during the following scene. Hamilton has not seen her. He pushes open the folding doors and at once becomes a different man.*)

(*The room is filled with men—about a dozen or more, if possible. Present are Marshall, Morris, Jay, Jefferson, Monroe, Livingston, Madison, Muhlenburg, etc.*)

Gentlemen, good morning! (*He backs to R. corner of stage and addresses them as they enter.*) I regret that it was necessary for me to keep you waiting, but the publication of the morning newspaper did not immediately relieve me of my duties as Secretary of the Treasury and I had pressing work. But now, Gentlemen, I am here for

your consumption. (*They have all entered now and formed a group around Jefferson.*)

JEFFERSON—Colonel Hamilton, you see amongst us political adherents, and political opponents—friends and foes. But I have been requested to be spokesman, and to express—

HAMILTON—Mr. Jefferson, I know how painful must be the duty which has fallen upon you. Let me relieve you of it. I am glad you have come—both friends and foes. I know the object of your visit. You have come in advance of President Washington's orders to relieve me of my office. You are justified, and I have no excuses to offer. I am pained and ashamed at this inglorious end of my career. But at last I must still have the courage of my political opinions. Since early morning I have been working to clarify these two documents which I now pass on to your keeping. This one is the Bill for the Assumption of States' Debts without which this Country has no honor—and the other is the establishment of a national bank, without which this Country has no credit. Both these bills will now be overwhelmingly defeated, but though they are mine and I am disgraced and dishonored, no power on earth can prevent their ultimate adoption, and so I deliver them into your hands for safe keeping. (*Hands Documents.*)

JEFFERSON—Alexander Hamilton, you have mistaken our mission. I have been asked to tell you that every man in this room—every man in this city—and, when the news is known—every man in the United States—takes off his hat to you. It is the bravest thing a man ever did. Your vindication of the honor of the Secretary of the Treasury, the servant of the nation, at the expense of the honor of Alexander Hamilton, the man, is a display of personal courage that will rouse the admiration of the world. Citizen Hamilton, I am proud to take your hand. (*Shakes him by the hand. There is a buzz of approval. Morris comes forward.*)

MEN—Mr. Morris! Mr. Morris!

MORRIS—(*Takes his hand*) Alexander!

HAMILTON—Mr. Morris!

MORRIS—It was I who advised President Washington to make you Secretary of the Treasury, and I'm proud I had a hand in it.

MONROE—(*Takes him by the hand.*) Colonel Hamilton, nothing appeals to the masses like personal courage.

You need have no fear of your Bill. Your action will swing the whole country. I hope I know how to appreciate courage, and how to acknowledge defeat.

(Enter Colonel Lear.)

JAY—Colonel Hamilton, here is Colonel Lear.

HAMILTON—Colonel Lear, you come from the President?

LEAR—Colonel Hamilton, I have the honor to announce that President Washington has left the Executive Mansion and is now on his way here to express to you in person the high opinion he holds of your integrity. *(Loud buzz of satisfaction.)*

JAY—Good day to you, Colonel Hamilton. *(They all shake his hand.)* Will you convey our respects to Mrs. Hamilton. She is not here of course—no—no—very awkward!

MONROE—Yes, yes, naturally. *(Everybody going toward exit doors at back. There is some constraint on the mention of Mrs. Hamilton.)*

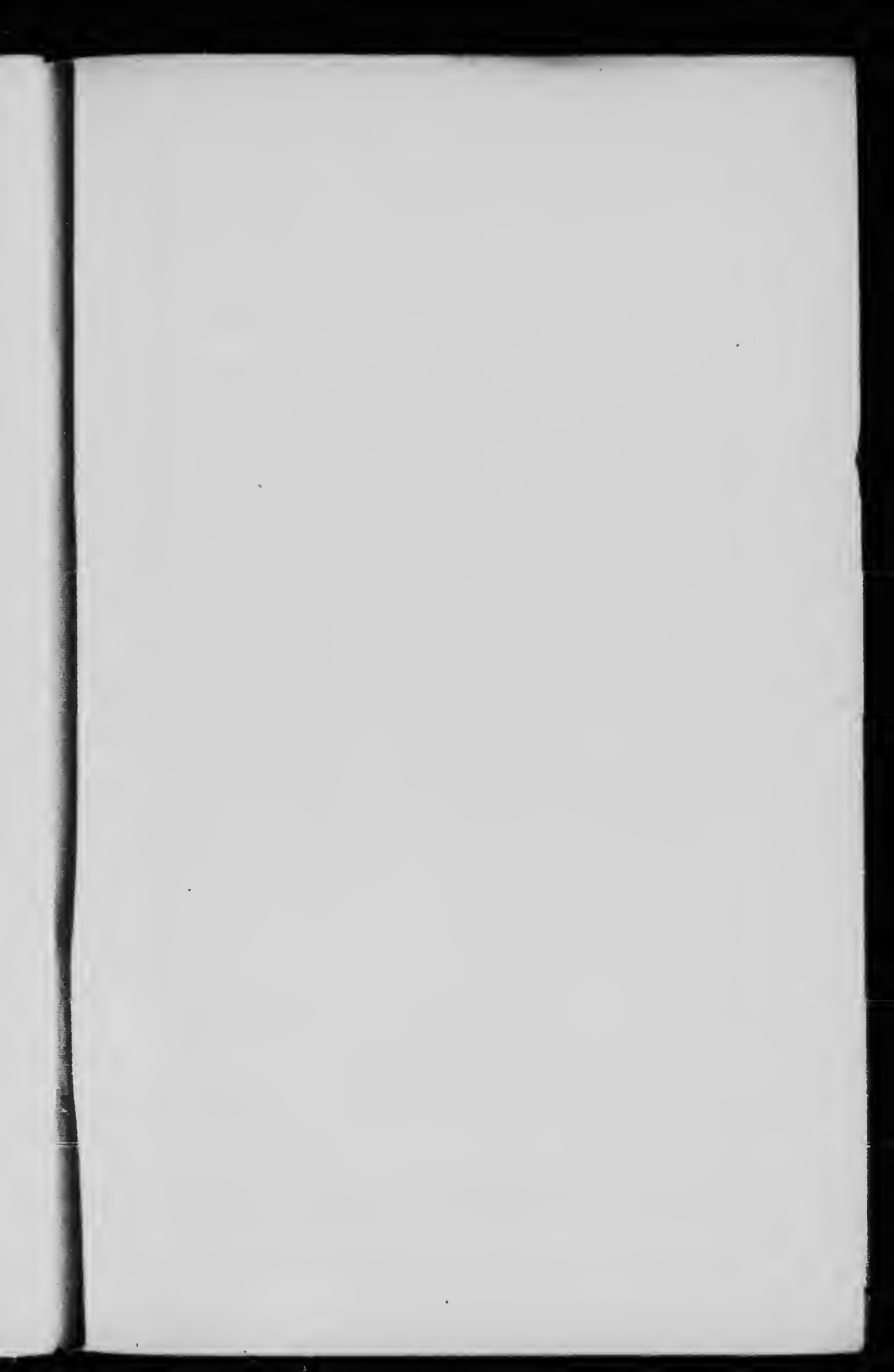
JEFFERSON—You will give her our respects. *(Betsy comes forward and takes his hand. Speaks boldly.)*

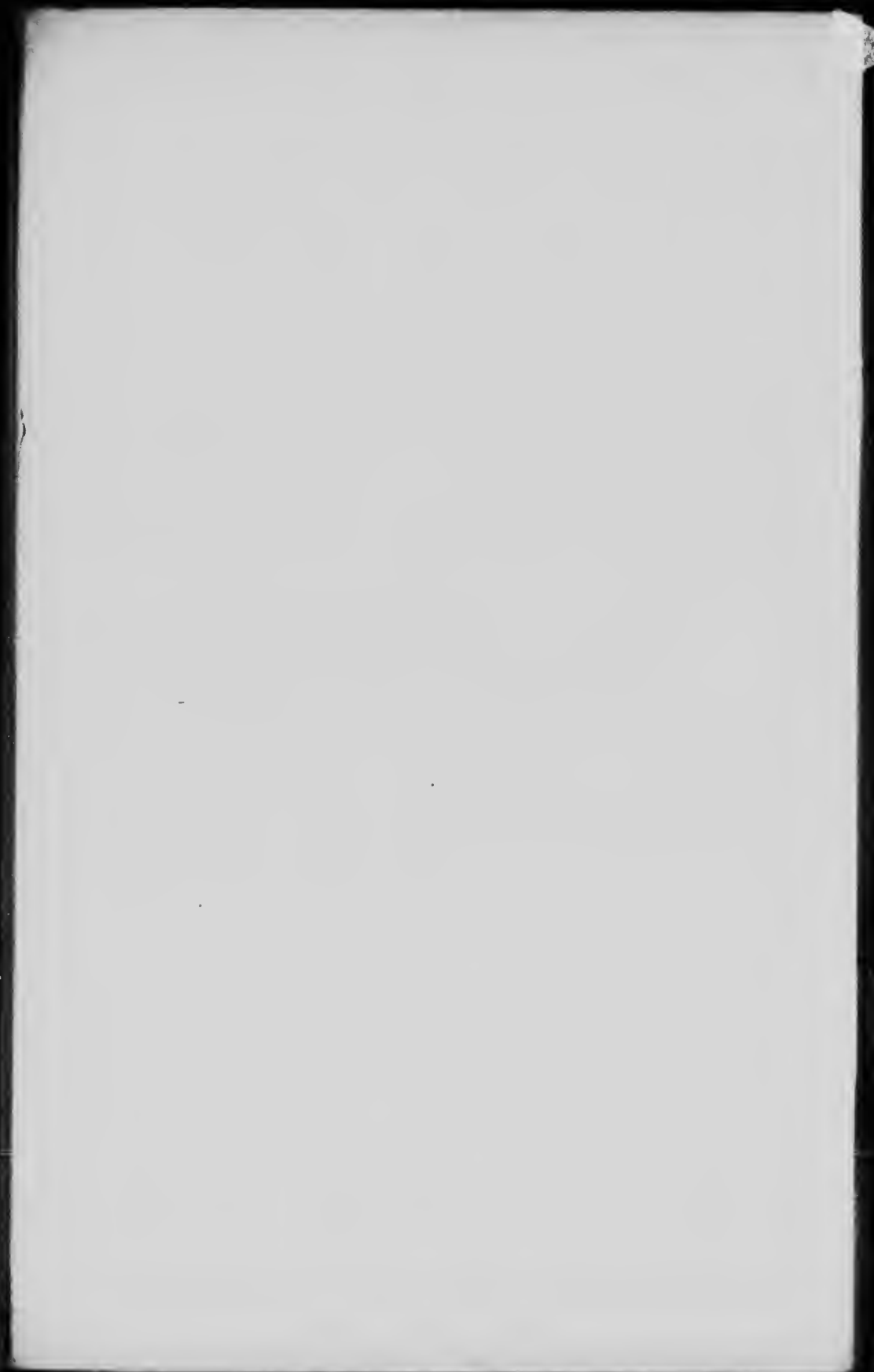
BETSY—Gentlemen, forgive me for not being here to receive you with my husband, but I thank you for your visit, and whatever kindness you have shown to Colonel Hamilton, that you have also shown me. *(She shakes hands with all as they go. Schuyler is last. He gives her a grateful look and kisses her as he goes off, leaving Betsy and Hamilton together.)*

HAMILTON—*(Fearfully)* Is it true—is it true, Betsy? You mean this? You mean this with your heart?

BETSY—Oh, I don't know—I don't know—but I love you! You are brave and, oh, Alexander, I love you! *(They embrace as curtain falls.)*

END OF FOURTH ACT.





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