

# The Yellow Bag

A Drama

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By James Ernest Caldwell

Author of

"Songs of the Pines," "The Castle on the Hill"

1907

C. H. THORBURN  
OTTAWA

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AND let us remember that it is in the power of every single individual, no matter to what country he may belong, to add to that store of energy which gives us the light of peace, and that there comes a moment when the contribution of one more individual unit is all that is required to convert our darkness into light.  
—*Earl Grey at National Arbitration and Peace Congress, New York, April 18, 1907.*

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# THE YELLOW BAG

A DRAMA.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

DON CASTRO—A Cuban Sugar planter, in sympathy with the rebels.

DOCTOR MIGUEL—An organizer in the Cuban rebellion.

ANTONIO MACEO—A general in the Cuban Army.

GOMEZ—General-in-chief of the Cuban Army.

PINZERO—General in the Spanish Army, in Cuba.

CAPTAIN PEDRO—Of the Cuban Army.

CAPTAIN JUAN—Of the Spanish Army.

SEBASTIAN—A private of the Spanish Army.

ANDREAS, RODERIGUE, ALPHONSE, LOPEZ AND PHILIP—privates and subalterns in the Cuban Army.

WALTER WELLMAN—A young American in the Consul's Office, Havana.

MR. WELLMAN—A New York merchant, father of Walter.

CHARLES HARTIN—Friend of Walter.

MARVEL—A press correspondent.

MANUEL AND SINKEL—Servants to Don Castro.

CASTELAR—A Spanish Statesman.

ISOBEL—A young lady of Seville, sister of Captain Juan.

CARLOTTA—Daughter of Don Castro.

MARIAN—Maid to Carlotta.

SOLDIERS—Officials, negroes, etc.

*Scene chiefly in Cuba, also in Spain and New York.*

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Andreas, Roderigue and Lopez around a small fire in a Cuban glade. Time—night.*

ANDREAS. One more day past of these delicious days,  
Wherein the tramp through slimy miles of swamp  
Is "Glory's Path!"

RODRIGUE. A path that never yet  
Was strewn with flowers! Ask Nansen if he found  
The icy coasts and isands of the North  
A paradise!

LOPEZ. But rough or smooth once in  
We must go through. For my part I'd as lief  
March all day long, and sleep beneath the moon  
Here in the bosom of this dusky glade,  
As feed a furnace in a sugar mill;  
Follow a mule amid the springing cane;  
Or stir the heavy soil with heavier hoe.  
Glory—faugh! What keeps Alphonse and  
Philip

RODERIGUE. More than I know. Four short hours  
should have been  
More than enough to reach Don Castro's place.  
An hour there to rest and feed their mules;  
Five hours on the wearier journey back  
Should, if I reckon right, have brought them  
here.

ANDREAS. Forget you that the swarming Spaniards  
come

Ever more near our present hiding-place?  
I'd give small surety that even now  
Alphonse and Philip are not hanging high,

Or feeling sore the garrotte's deadly pinch,  
As life is wrung from out them, inch by inch!

LOPEZ. If it please Heaven and such should be the  
truth,  
Think you they'll tell what treasure we have  
here?

ANDREAS. Not if I know the spirit they do bear!  
Well nurtured are they in the lore of death—  
Have seen him under all the hideous masks  
Wherewith he frights the guilty and the base;  
But they know well he is the one stern friend  
Can cut the tangled knot of misery.

LOPEZ. Enough, Andreas. I must give in to sleep.  
Your sermon makes me drowse! (*Sleeps.*)

ANDREAS. Poor foolish boy!  
(*Throws his cloak over him.*)  
He thinks it but a holiday, or like  
A happy picnic, such as his good priest  
Was wont to give the children of his flock.  
No doubt, even now he dreams of some such  
pranks—

See how he smiles, and how his lips do move,  
And hear him! How he raves! Poor boy!

RODERIGUE. (*Looks at his watch.*)  
'Tis one o'clock and time to take some rest,  
Sleep, Andreas, I will watch till morn.

ANDREAS. All right, Roderigue, even now I am—  
asleep. (*Sleeps.*)

RODERIGUE. (*Apart.*)  
Now while they snore—the trusted veteran  
And the bare-lipped boy—I'll wake up wider  
still.

Here am I, strong in lung and lithe in limb,  
And more's the wonder! After two long years

Of ceaseless worry and unnumbered toils;  
 Heart-sickening bivouacs in the tempest's teeth  
 With rumbling thunder for a lullably:  
 Soul-sickening butcheries, such as ne'er were  
 known

Since first the sons of Spain o'erran this Isle!  
 Here am I—All I own this tried machete!  
 Yonder beneath Andreas' heavy head—  
 A precious pillow—are ten thousand notes—  
 Each worth ten dollars—destined all to be  
 In Gomez' hands to-morrow. Shall they then  
 Feed hunger or quench thirst? Nay! rather  
 swell

The scope of this infernal rioting!  
 Lure more unwary youths like Lopez here  
 Off from their homes to never more know peace.  
 What then? It were an act of mercy—Nay  
 A very plain and perilous duty—  
 So to act that from such action may  
 Spring peace and rest where ravage hourly  
 grows

Like some foul plague till none escape its taint!  
 What then? I'll spill no blood—I've seen  
 enough—

Andreas sleeps like lead—I'll gently draw  
 (*Tickles Andreas ear. Andreas mutters and turns over.*)  
 His pillow thus—

(*Enter: Alphonse and Philip.*)

PHILIP. What's this? Thief! Roderigue turned  
 thief?

Halt! Traitor! Halt! (*They fire. Roderigue  
 disappears in the darkness with the Yellow Bag.  
 Andreas rises up, seizes his rifle, and aims at  
 Philip.*)



PHILIP—Fool! Drop your gun! Do you not know us?

ANDREAS. Heaven be praised! Philip its you—is it? I thought we were trapped. The treasure! The treasure!

O the money's gone! I'm a ruined man!

ALPHONSE. For which thank, Roderigue.

ANDREAS. A thousand curses on that traitorous thief!

May every dollar that he lugs away  
Bring its own separate drop of burning gall  
To scald his soul from now till Hell's his due!  
What shall I say to Gomez for this night?  
Or what will Maceo think of Andreas now?  
How shall I cleanse my most dishonored name!

LOPEZ. (*Half awake.*) What's the matter boys? Is it time to get up?

ALPHONSE. Matter enough, young stupid!

LOPEZ. I'm coming. (*Falls back asleep.*)

ALPHONSE. (*Kicking him.*) Wake up. Sleepy head!

LOPEZ. All right. I'm coming. All right. (*Falls back.*)  
(*Curtain falls.*)

## SCENE II.

*A room in Don Castro's mansion at Mertullo. Don Castro and Dr. Miquel alone.*

DON CASTRO—You needs must see we planters lie between

Two cruel factions. Do we lean to Spain,  
Then are our fields, our mills, our homes destroyed;

Our lives imperilled. Are we known to grant  
Aid and assistance to the patriot cause,  
Then treason hovers o'er us, and the hourly  
dread

Of death or banishment by Spain decreed!  
You who have put all prudence far behind,  
And staked your lives and fortunes on the game,  
Think not too hardly of such men as me,  
Whose wealth's a bond to make them keep the  
peace!

DR. MIGUEL. But, honored sir, to me your present  
course

Seems but a lengthening out of misery!  
Did you, and all the class you represent  
So worthily, but take decided stand;  
Cast all your strength, your wealth, your moral  
weight

In with the patriot cause, then—then would you  
Bring quickly down the vacillating scale;  
Give Cuba peace; destroy the tyrant's power:  
Spread joy and gladness, drive despair far  
hence,

And in the end gain ten-fold what you lost.

DON CASTRO. Some things once lost can never more  
be found.

I have a child, a priceless gift is she,  
Left by her mother—most dear testament.  
Shall I having put to wreck my fortune thus—  
Still dare to hope, after the storm subsides.  
To find my child? Strip me of her and then  
'Twere a small matter how the world should go!

*(Rings a bell—a maid enters.)*

Tell Carlotta her father calls her here.

MARIAN. Please sir, she's gone to Pompey's cabin.

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DON CASTRO. What's over there?

MARIAN. Please sir, old Dinah's sick and Miss Carlotta—

DON CASTRO. Miss Carlotta's nursing her—is that it?

Well run and fetch her—Dinah's case can wait,  
Lively's the word and lively be your gait!

*(Exit Marian.)*

No, Doctor, you have failed perhaps to note  
The invisible ties that bind us to be mute.  
Though heavy be the hand Spain lays on us,  
Yet we have borne it long, that jewelled hand;  
And *(in a whisper)* 'tis a white hand!

Thus I feel the dread

Of one participant in hellish crimes!  
Think not the myriad-groan by slavery wrung  
From uncouth lips, back through two-hundred  
years,

A bootless prayer! God's justice fails not  
Though it seems to lag—there's hope in that  
for some

And Hell for more! Here comes Carlotta—

*(Enter Carlotta)*

Carlotta, this is Dr. Miguel, Maceo's friend.

CARLOTTA. And Maceo's friend should have all kind-  
ness here!

DR. MIGUEL. On his behalf, I thank you for those  
words.

CARLOTTA. And Miguel's friend, as I trust Maceo is,  
Should have all kindness did he visit us.

DR. MIGUEL. Again Maceo thanks you through his  
friend.

CARLOTTA. And one who, like yourself, has borne a  
share

In raising fallen Freedom from the dust,  
Must have our gratitude.

DR. MIGUEL. Which I count high reward.

DON CASTRO. Sing us that little song Carlotta, which I heard you at last evening, come.

*(Carlotta plays on guitar and sings.)*

“Fairest of islands! O gem of the ocean!  
Cuba lies bleeding at Freedom’s proud door;  
Praying, with lips growing cold in devotion,  
Help me, O help me! Ere hope be all o’er!

“Fairest of islands! The glad ocean round thee  
Swelling, proclaims thee his chosen and best;  
Is there no balm for the woes that confound  
thee?

Is there no help hidden far in the West?

“Fairest of islands! Despair not in sorrow!  
Triumph o’er trouble most surely will come,  
If not to-day, then most surely to-morrow;  
God still can hear, and man is not dumb!”

DR. MIGUEL. Charming! Charming! A most charming sentiment!

How light and true your touch! How many  
years

Have you been playing?

CARLOTTA. I cannot tell you,

As long as I remember, I have played.  
Black Dinah, my old nurse, would for a toy  
Give me her old man’s banjo, so I learned  
Just as I learned to talk.

DR. MIGUEL—And sure to me

Your talk is sweetest music!

DON CASTRO. Now, my pet,

Go and complete your good old Dinah’s cure  
*(Exit Carlotta)*

Now Doctor Miguel, if she were yours  
 Would you not linger ere you brought on her  
 The miseries of houseless desolation? Faith!  
 I know you would!

DR. MIGUEL. (*Aside.*) If she were mine, methinks I'd  
 leave this brawl—

To make her mine, I'll venture life and all!

DON CASTRO. So take this word to Gomez from a  
 friend—

I wish him well; he knows what I have done  
 To aid the cause; as much I still will do.

DR. MIGUEL. Farewell! Farewell!

(*Exit, Dr. Miguel.*)

(*Enter Manuel.*)

MANUEL. Please sir, a young gentleman wishes to see  
 you.

An American, I think.

DON CASTRO. I must be at Matanzas at six o'clock  
 to meet one of the directors of the sugar trust,  
 but show him in—an American must always  
 have our most courteous hospitality.

(*Exit, Manuel*)

(*Enter, Walter Wellman.*)

WALTER. Don Castro, I believe. I am Mr. Wellman.  
 Confidential agent of the American Consul at  
 Havana.

DON CASTRO. I am most happy to meet you!

WALTER. I am entrusted with a delicate task:—

Our government, built as its freedom is  
 On stalwart acts by our forefathers done,  
 Sees with deep sorrow bleeding Cuba's state;  
 To staunch the wounds that soon must fatal  
 prove

Were a most worthy task; but well you know

The peril involved by force, how good soe'er  
 The cause: so from our president hath come  
 Conciliatory words; it is my task  
 To find what you, and other leading men,  
 Would think a proper plan of settlement  
 'Twixt Spain and Cuba.

DON CASTRO. None were more glad than I that now  
 at last

Your worthy president hath moved in this;  
 But to advise, to even hear your plans,  
 Is now impossible for lack of time.  
 I am strict bound to in Matanzas be  
 At six o'clock—'tis now quite after four.  
 At three to-morrow I will wait your will—  
 Stay where you are—all mine is thine till then!

WALTER. Thanks, and success until we meet!

*(Exit, Don Castro.)*

WALTER And is it true that I am here alive  
 Beneath the roof that shields Carlotta's head!  
 O sweet Carlotta! How that name hath run  
 With soft, sweet music through my nightly  
 dreams!

O since that hour enchanted, when we met  
 Amid the flowers and music and the gleam  
 Of dark-eyed beauty, when Havana's pride  
 Was at its height—since then no more the  
 north

Has he'd my polar star! O sweet Carlotta!

*(Pauses.)*

Did my father know what would he think?  
 He shall know—but ere then we'll weld the  
 link!

*(Curtain)*

## SCENE III.

*A public square in Madrid. Citizens crowding up.*

1ST CITIZEN. Come, let us hear the latest news from  
Cuba.

2ND CITIZEN. They say the rebels ever stronger grow.

3RD CITIZEN. Maceo hath a bloody battle won.

1ST CITIZEN. If there's not soon a change, then Cuba's  
lost,

And were she lost to-morrow who might care!

Our sons are dying there by hundreds; yes,

In loathsome, deadly hospitals, as fast

As by the rebel's bullets. Yesterday

I heard that our old friend Silvado's

Two brave boys were both of fever dead.

Another draft is coming, soon old men—

Grey-heads like us must go.

4TH CITIZEN. Better loose Spain,

Sink her, up to her very eyes in debt:

Make her the slave of foreign usurers,

Rather than slack our grasp on Cuba's throat!

So speaks our present government—We'll see!

1ST CITIZEN. Ho! Here comes Castelar!

CITIZENS. Make way there! Stand back! Make way  
for Castelar!

*(Cheers, groans and hisses from the crowd.)*

*Castelar appears and mounts a small platform.*

*The tumult increases.)*

A CITIZEN. Silence! good Citizens, lets hear Castelar!

MORE VOICES. Silence! Silence!

ALL. Silence Silence! Order! Order!

CASTELAR. Most loyal friends and neighbors of  
Madrid,

Yea, gallant sons of our beloved Spain!





While each with each did nobly vie to swell  
 The general weal—while trade increased,  
 And plenty and content, most widespread, filled  
 The peasants' cheek with smiles, our banks  
 with gold,—

'Twas then in Cuba's wilder provinces  
 Rebellion rose. Had it a righteous cause?  
 If someone in this throng should have his toes  
 Trod rudely on, should he then draw his knife  
 Or pistol, and spread death on every side?  
 Granted some acts were harsh, some laws unjust—  
 No loyal son of Spain for that will join  
 Rebellious compact 'gainst his rightful King.  
 While we with zealous promptness strove to  
 quell  
 The insubordinate, from the United States  
 Went covert aid and sympathy to fan  
 The traitorous cause.

As well expect  
 The thief to turn policeman, or the wolf  
 Assume the shepherd's care, as those same  
 states  
 Should honour majesty.  
 Sprung from rebellion, impious and vile,  
 'Twere vain, I say, to think the rightful cause  
 Of order and authority should receive  
 Aught but their scorn.  
 How well they practiced their high sounding  
 creed  
 When freedom was the watchword of the south,  
 When Lee and Beauregard were in the field!  
 Then blood was free as water—treasure trash—  
 But they must crush REBELLION—mark the  
 word!

Our south rebels, we stand for LAW—from each  
Vile sheet, poured from their venal presses forth  
The venom drops. For forty years they've  
watched,

With jealous eyes, the course of Cuba's fortunes!  
Even now a message from their president  
Comes, insolently urging us to take  
Unasked advice! *(Groans and hisses)*

Shall we the sons of Spain—of Spain that first  
Sent forth Columbus to arouse the world—  
That furnished Cortes forth to Mexico—  
That tamed the lordly Incas of Peru—  
Reared cities on the Orinoco's banks;  
Revealed the wealth of Chili and La Plate—  
Shall we, who spread our fame from Monterey  
To Patagonia's cold and cheerless plains,  
Shall we receive advice ere it be asked?  
By covert threats be turned about and cowed?

VOICES. Never! Never! Never!

CASTELAR. Never—no never! Well I knew 'twould be  
Your common answer! We have trials borne—  
Made sacrifices—but while honour lives—  
While Glory bids the Spaniard's heart beat high  
We'll count them naught—for Spain who would  
not dare to die!

VOICES. Long live the King! Hurrah for Castelar!  
Down with America! etc., etc.

*(Exuent.)*

SCENE IV.

*A room in a house in Seville—Captain Juan  
taking leave of his sister to embark for Cuba.*

CAPTAIN JUAN. Sweet sister Isobel, do not lament

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Nor weep for me—your tears distress me more  
Than all the thought of hardship, war and  
death!

ISOBEL. O that horrid word! It chills me like a blast  
From a black cloud charged thick with icy hail!  
O cruel war! Two thousand years of Christ!  
And yet men slay with thousand-fold refined  
And cruel artfulness their fellow men!  
Out on our Church that ever spreads her hands  
In benediction o'er the warrior's head!  
You as my brother, I can truly bless—  
God be thy guard and guide where'er you go.  
You as a soldier—law's paid murderer—  
Can only have my ban—O may that eye,  
So bright and clear of thine, ne'er truly guide  
The bullet that shall pierce a human breast!  
That hand of thine—may it ne'er raise a blade  
To spill the blood—the sacred blood of man.

CAPTAIN JUAN. Hush! Hush!

ISOBEL. I will not hush! My voice shall yet  
Prevail in higher courts than that of Spain!

JUAN. 'Tis ten o'clock—my regiment goes at twelve—  
Then happy hours in sunny Spain, farewell!  
For peaceful vineyard come the festering swamp;  
For joyous dance cold quaking ague come!  
For solemn music in cathedral hear  
The groans of dying men in hospital!  
Farewell my sister! Life till now hath been  
Without a background for its joyousness!  
Now will a thousand blessings wave to us  
A sad, sad salutation from the past,  
No more to meet us, vanished now and gone!  
Farewell! Farewell!

ISOBEL. Brother farewell! (Exit Juan.)

(Enter Sebastian.)

SEBASTIAN. O fairest, sweetest, dearest Isobel,  
Light of my life, and more than life to me!  
How it cuts to the marrow of my sou!  
To see thy tears, that I in vain would dry;  
To hear thy sobs, that stir me more than all  
The threats of Church or State for broken laws!  
What law can equal the sweet law of love?  
First, highest, only law to which I yield!

ISOBEL. Why speak you thus Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN. I speak thus  
Because I mean it! Even now were I,  
Swifter than wind to speed where Juan's men  
Are ready to depart, it were too late—  
The time is past—my name is now writ down  
Deserter!

ISOBEL. O horror! Say not so! Fly!  
Get you gone! Make no delay! A thousand  
times  
I'd rather see you dead than see your honour  
dulled!  
O go! For Heaven's sake go!

SEBASTIAN. How can I go!  
The time, I say, is past: and were it not,  
Yet would I leave thee not! That were a fate  
Too hard for anything outside of books!  
Thy brother and thy lover—both to go—  
That were too sad for my sweet Isobel!

ISOBEL. I am undone! I find grief hath degrees,  
Depth after depth to endless depths profound!  
My brother's gone, but I have still a brother—  
My lover's here but I have lost my lover!

SEBASTIAN. O cruel fate! O woman still more cruel!  
What I have done, I did for love of thee!

One moment cursing war, and all who war:  
The next bemoaning him who will not war—  
How can I please you, changeful breath by breath!  
Farewell! A dream! 'Tis action now till death!

(Exit Sebastian.)

(Isobel throws herself on a couch weeping.)

(Curtain falls.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Gomez' head-quarters in the eastern part of Cuba.*

*Tents with soldiers on duty. Gomez sitting in front of tent reading a paper. Enter two soldiers with prisoner.*

1ST SOLDIER. Here's a spy, General, a scoundrel of the deepest dye!

2ND SOLDIER. Shall we hang him or shoot him? I say hang him!

GOMEZ. What say you sir to this? have you not read Our proclamation to the effect that death, Instant and not to be averted, waits On all your kind?

MARVEL. I am a spy—

1ST SOLDIER. Let's shoot the villian! Brazen faced wretch!

GOMEZ. Silence!

MARVEL. I am a spy, and yet a friendly spy—

SOLDIER. You'll prove it with more than your limber tongue!

GOMEZ. Silence; I say!

MARVEL. I am a spy, a paid spy, spying for  
 The greatest paper on this continent—  
 The Manhattan Balloon, my name is Marvel.

SOLDIERS. Ha! Ha! Ha! a marvel for sure!

GOMEZ. But sir,  
 We must have proof—indubitable proof!  
 Your face no doubt wears more intelligence,  
 Mixed with a modicum of self-conceit,  
 Than ordinary men; but though your face  
 Were ten times more a brass mine than it is  
 You would not dare to wander here alone  
 With it, and only it, your transport!

MARVEL. Here's a letter from the Consul's office in  
 Havana—

Here's credentials from our editor-in-chief;  
 And here's a line from Maceo himself.

GOMEZ. The first two may be true or may be false,  
 But Maceo's, that's genuine—his hand!  
 There's a man for you! had we but a score  
 Of Maceos this isle were quickly rid  
 Of all Spain's tyrant horde! But, my dear sir  
 Why did you not reveal your quest, and save  
 Being dragg'd in this unseemly fashion here.

MARVEL. O just a tiny joke! these gallant boys  
 Just brought me where I wanted most to come!  
 When next I'm short of news, a column long,  
 Shall tell how I was taken for a spy  
 And nearly hanged. But, General,  
 Our people wish to know how goes the war?  
 A fellow feeling warms the common heart  
 Of our great nation! Well they know  
 By history and tradition handed down  
 The mighty burden that must rest upon  
 The leader of rebellion.

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GOMEZ. Thanks for that sympathy! A thousand times

When difficulties fresh have come in floods,  
 Ready to drown me and to quench the fire  
 Of slowly kindling freedom, have I thought  
 Of Washington—then like a flash—light came—  
 Erect I stood and flung abroad my fears!  
 Then you may say to all Americans,  
 In each department prospers well our cause.  
 Each day brings in fresh bands of ardent souls  
 Eager to whet their blades on Spanish skulls!  
 The sugar mills are quiet—not a soul  
 Dares to extract a single pint of juice.  
 The lordly planters feel that we have power—  
 A power that dries the current of their wealth!  
 In many a proud and stately mansion dwells  
 The fear of grinning poverty to come!  
 'Tis cruel—cruel—ruin thus to spread  
 Over our lovely island; but this night,  
 Which now hath all too few of starry beams  
 Will usher in a day of great events  
 Lit by the eternal sun of Freedom!  
 Ere that day hath lighted Cuba's vales  
 I shall have gone the way of all the earth.  
 Age checks my spirit—once I was more  
 The fiery soldier that our cause demands,  
 But shrunken as my spirit—cold my fire—  
 Both sprang to life at duty's trumpet-call!  
 Best of my days for Cuba have been spent—  
 The rest shall follow—then I'll die content!

MARVEL. Thanks, General, Now may I ask you where  
 Were you born?

GOMEZ. I can't remember but I have no doubt  
 Where many more were born, in bed.

- MARVEL. When did you marry?  
 GOMEZ. About a year after I fell in love.  
 MARVEL. What do you think of married life in general?  
 GOMEZ. I think its much the same in general  
           As in private.  
 MARVEL. What is your favourite drink?  
 GOMEZ. What burns my tongue the least.  
 MARVEL. On which side do you prefer to sleep at night?  
 GOMEZ. The under side.  
 MARVEL. What is your favourite amusement?  
 GOMEZ. Seeing the Spaniards run.  
 MARVEL. Who is your favourite author?  
 GOMEZ. A reporter who tells the truth.  
 MARVEL. Do you not think we Americans a great people?  
 GOMEZ. In truth they are the greatest that I know.  
           Matchless in wind and in the will to blow!  
 MARVEL. I hope you won't think me impertinent.  
           Business is business—  
 GOMEZ.                                 Sure enough it is.  
           And I'll to mine.

(Curtain falls).

SCENE II.

*Roderigue sitting in the shade of a wall outside the grounds of Don Castro's home at Mertullo.*

- RODERIGUE. Well! Well! Well! Well! How many more like me  
           Have said well, well, when all was very bad!  
           Here am I like a miserable tramp,  
           Hungry and tired, and worse than any tramp,



Filled with the most tormenting fearfulness!  
 Now what a heaven the past seems in compare!  
 Though we were hunted then through brake  
     and fen,  
 Still there was something to upbear the soul!  
 Now I am sunk in basest servitude  
 To my own safety, ever on the watch;  
 No friendly eye to guard while I do sleep,  
 But all who lately called me bosom friend  
 Armed to the teeth **with** wrath and hot revenge.  
 I would I were again in Maceo's camp—  
 My honour cleansed—but that can never be!  
 O Cuba! Cuba! Art thou not as I!  
 Chafing at some small troubles that in time  
 With patience, had been righteously o'ercome,  
 Thou hast become outcast from peace and rest  
 Or true increase! O thou infernal war!  
 The devil's own cure for mortal's deadly qualms!  
 Sower of hatred! Never from thee sprung  
 Aught that was good since earth was green  
     and young!

*(Enter Walter and Carlotta walking in the park, they come and lean on the wall outside of which Roderigue is sitting).*

*Roderigue hearing them approach draws himself closely to the wall.*

CARLOTTA. O Walter, what a sweet surprise it was  
     To see you yesterday!

WALTER.                     Did you e'er think  
     Of me since last we met?

CARLOTTA.                 Question unkind!  
     If you had asked if I had ever thought  
     Of aught but you it were more near the mark!

For nights and nights after we parted then  
In wakefulness I lay.

RODERIGUE. (*softly*).

Poor child!

CARLOTTA.

I often heard

That lovers could not eat, and in all truth  
So could not I.

RODERIGUE. (*softly*) Then I'm no lover now!

CARLOTTA.

I seemed as lifted to

A higher state, where grosser appetites  
Were all forgot. My father noticed it  
But doubtless thought the fearfulness that filled  
All faces at that most unquiet time,  
Had touched my spirit too. Often a fear  
Would almost make me faint, that some mishap  
Might come upon you, and I ne'er might see  
Your face again!

WALTER.

And it has been to me

A year of happiness! What heavenly food  
Love is, that such a tantalizing taste  
Should have such wondrous power!

RODERIGUE. (*softly*) Hurry up or I'll never stand  
straight again!

WALTER.

What will your father say when I reveal

How matters stand between us? Won't he  
stare!

CARLOTTA.

I cannot tell, but I have dared to hope

You oft have won in a more hopeless case.  
My father is, or was till very lately, rich;  
And in New York your father's name is known  
To have a golden sound—your looks, were I  
The judge, have fair and generous beauty—  
Forgive me if I speak too freely thus,  
I ne'er was trained in love's diplomacy;  
My tongue was e'er my heart's interpreter!

WALTER. Thus do I love thee best in candour sweet,  
 What flower was ever perfect in its kind  
 Until it opened to the wooing sun?  
 And I believe that woman happiest is  
 Who hides not all her love behind her lips.

*Roderigue rises up suddenly. Carlotta screams  
 and clings to Walter.*

RODERIGUE. Pardon me, gentle lady and kind master!

WALTER. I didn't know there were tramps in Cuba!

RODERIGUE. I am no tramp!

It were a cruel libel on their sect  
 To call me such; I think I have a heart,  
 And having ears, I overheard your talk  
 In which was nothing that might bring you  
 shame.

And being as I am, a man, I have  
 A stomach—'tis a fact at present I  
 Am not at all in humor to forget!  
 Fair lady—you are daughter in the mansion  
 Yonder rear'd. I'm in most hungry plight,  
 With travel toiled, could sleep beside a drum.  
 Grant from the kindness of your heart, where  
 love

Hath made sweet happiness a lawful guest,  
 That I may have one quiet night's repose,  
 With due refreshment of the inner man,  
 Within your father's walls? Grant me but this,  
 And I'll in payment give to you this bag,  
 And all it may contain, a gift to grace  
 Your wedding day; and not till then do you  
 Break ope its clasp.

CARLOTTA. What if your load be dynamite—we hear  
 The rebels have it in vast quantities?

RODERIGUE. 'Tis stronger far than dynamite, and like  
All things of strength, its master may destroy!

WALTER. Most likely a few flasks of rum—  
Few things are stronger than your Cuban  
rum!

CARLOTTA. Lend me your note-book and pencil,  
Walter, (*Writes*)  
Here's a line will gain you good will and ad-  
mittance.

RODERIGUE. Thanks, sweet lady and kind sir.  
(*Takes up the Yellow Bag and exit.*)

WALTER. Some poor Cuban soldier in misfortune!  
But, sweet Carlotta, it is nearly time  
To meet your father, and to hear his mind  
On Cuba's future. Now we'll in, and while  
I talk with him of how our president  
May foster peace, I'll keep another band  
Of subtler thoughts delightfully at work,  
Rearing a fair and valiant show of words  
Wherewith to brace and bolster up my suit!  
And kindest Providence be still our friend!

CARLOTTA. We'll count on that till life itself shall end.  
(*Curtain falls.*)

### SCENE III.

*Don Castro in a room of his house at Mertullo.  
Reading a letter.*

DON CASTRO. Scoundrel! Presumptuous wretch!  
this were enough  
To turn the stomach of a carrion crow!  
Infamous (*reads*) "In those troublous times a  
friend

On whom you may rely"—faith and on you  
 I never will depend (*reads*) "one word from me  
 May make or mar a fortune," make or mar  
 I do defy you! "when Cuba shall be free"  
 'Twere well if she were free of such as you!  
 "Your daughter's charms have quite enraptured me"

And your vile spirit has disgusted me!

(*dashes down the letter*)

Why doth high Heaven furnish forth such fools!  
 Thinks he my daughter something like a slave  
 That he may buy and I consent to sell!  
 I have not reared Carlotta with all care  
 To yield her now to such a knave as this!  
 Sweet Miguel, you have aimed a little high!  
 In truth how we poor fathers fondly dote  
 Over our daughter's sweetly budding charms!  
 We deem them ours and evermore we plan  
 Their future welfare, daily note their health,  
 Instruct in all the dainty arts that go  
 To make up lovely womanhood. Meanwhile  
 In some remote, unthought-of town or city,  
 Or continent upon earth's under side,  
 Some youth is filled with longing for a mate:  
 A happy chance, which is no chance at all,  
 Brings each to each—straightway a thousand  
 charms—

Swift thoughts, bright glances, lovely wiles—  
 Bind them together—then fond parent yield  
 Thy darling child; 'tis hard, 'tis hard, 'tis hard,  
 Even when the mind is wholly satisfied,  
 To yield the dearest treasure of the heart  
 Up to another's care! May Heaven bless  
 My sweet Carlotta and her chosen one!

I would, when Walter takes Carlotta's hand;  
The union may foretell a happier time  
When our sore burdened island shall have  
joined

Her fortunes with—

(Knocking.) Who then? Come in! Come in!  
(Enter Manuel.)

MANUEL. Please sir, the fellow who stopped here last  
night has left a suspicious parcel behind him.  
What shall we do with it?

DON CASTRO. Bring it here, bring it here—or wait?  
I'll go with you.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

*The courtyard. A number of negroes gathered  
around the Yellow Bag*

1ST NEGRO. No sah! No sah! yo' don' kitch dis yer  
colored gen'l'man ahandlin' dat yer object!  
Mos' likely an internal machine what blow up  
the fust man teches it! I seed de feller what  
left dat here—He look mighty funny when he  
say "dat fur de missus" I twig um!

2ND NEGRO. (Coming up to it cautiously.)

Let's listen—maybe dere's a clock in it—

3RD NEGRO. You's a nice lot of fools! You is!

'Fraid to open an old yaller bag like

Dis yer (advancing. I'll show you what's in it!

(His wife rushes from the circle and seizes him.)

O stop him! stop him! Help me hold him!

You'se a gwine to be blowed up! now!

Help me! help me! (Others join her and drag  
him away seemingly not altogether against  
his will. Enter Don Castro and Manuel.)

DON CASTRO. What's the matter now, what's the matter?

What's all this infernal riot about anyway?

1ST NEGRO. O please Massa its not an infernal riot. It's an infernal machine—dat's what it is!

DON CASTRO. O I see! it's this bag is troubling you!

3RD NEGRO. Why please Massa I wanted to open it right now, and dese heah cowardly creatures went an' held me back! You saw dem Massa! You saw dem! cose you did! I wa'nt gwine to let dat valise sca' de hull lot on us dis way, no how!

DON CASTRO. Well Sambo, take it now and open it—Let's see what's in it.

SAMBO. Now Massa, Jest you go 'way—go 'way right into de house—if dis yer machine blow up don' you stay round here, you get blowed up too! Go 'way! go 'way!

DON CASTRO. All right Sambo. (*Don Castro retires.*)

SAMBO. Now you niggers, stan' back! Stan' back over dere! Now (*spits on his hands and walks round the valise*). De bes' way to investigate de inferior economy of dis yer dishevilled composition of combustibles, is to begin,—stan' back there! what you crowdin' up for here! Stan' back I say! De best way to begin is by operatin' on de circumference—Now you niggers how on airth can I do dis yer job and you crowdin' round dis way if you don' stan' back I'll slam dis machine right in among you—d'ye hear? (*They fall back*) derefore I maintain—(*Enter Carlotta and Marian.*)

CARLOTTA. Well did I ever see a set of such  
Simpletons! Why Sambo, I thought you  
Were braver than this! Come, Marian,  
Since all these fellows fear this worse than  
death  
We'll serve ourselves and let them draw their  
breath!

(Exit Carlotta and Marian carrying the Yellow Bag  
between them.)

(Negroes surround Sambo and sing.)

Down dropp'd a humbug from de sky at noon!  
Down dropp'd Sambo—feed him wid a spoon!

CHO. Sing a song – sing a song – sing a song – sing!  
Jolly negroes – jolly negroes – round a jolly king!  
When you hear de melon plunk upon de stem  
Den you know de time is when dere's juice in  
dem!

CHO. When de ripe bannaner's meltin' in yer mouf,  
Den'de time de negro say he like de souf!

CHO.—

(Curtain falls.)

### ACT. III.

#### SCENE I.

*The American Consul's office at Havana. Walter  
Wellman and Charles Hartin at desks.*

CHARLES. I had a glorious trip to Matanzas last week.  
My father went on business, and I for pleasure.  
Finest country in the world this Cuba! Such  
a beautiful sky and such lovely landscapes!  
Those glorious palms make me think of the  
Bible stories we used to read and books about



the Cannibal Islands and the Missionaries that made me long to go a-whaling in the South Seas.

WALTER. And perhaps led you on a whaling expedition nearer home! Whom saw you at Matanzas?

CHARLES. O lots of people from brown babies up to withered old men, but chiefly a sugar planter, by name Don Castro. My father often dealt with him before the war began, but now he's much reduced, almost beggared, but the finest gentleman!

WALTER. What did he think would be the end of the present state of affairs?

CHARLES. O, he thought that Spain must lose, a Republic would be tried awhile, then probably absorption by the States; a fortune which he seemed to favour most.

WALTER. Then you, by chance, learned all that I did learn

By visiting Don Castro's place last week.  
But though I learned but little for our chief  
I gained a priceless fortune for myself!

CHARLES. How so Walter, what do you mean?

WALTER. I mean  
To wed the sweetest maiden in  
The loveliest island warmed beneath the sun!  
That's no bad fortune, is it?

CHARLES. Well, I should smile!

WALTER. And I do smile! Think what all science  
now  
Says of heredity! She's no gypsy—  
Filled with the wildest most outlandish traits—  
No beggar born whose beauty hides a mass  
Of ignorance and sordid appetites.

Four hundred years of culture, flowing down  
 From sire to son, from mother unto maid,  
 Have furnished her with sweetest grace and  
 charm.

Her heart's as pure as any new blown flower!

CHARLES. So you mean business, Walter?

WALTER.

That's the truth!

You know I met her in Havana, just  
 A year ago last Tuesday night. She then  
 Was on a visit to her aunt, a lady high  
 Up in society. It never took me long  
 To make my mind up when I saw a thing  
 That suited me, and ere we parted then  
 I knew she was the one in all the world  
 With whom, for me, the perils of marriage failed  
 To daunt my purpose—I have burnt my boats  
 And staked my fortune on this sweet event!

CHARLES. Well I congratulate you! Does your  
 father know?

When will the event take place?

WALTER. My father will not know till I am wed.  
 He would not much admire the match I fear  
 If I but wrote and told him all the case;  
 But having put the thing beyond dispute,  
 When he shall see Carlotta face to face,  
 I doubt not, he will as a daughter love  
 Her as I do my bride that is to be.

CHARLES. But the wedding—is it to be a great event?

WALTER. 'Twill be a great event for me, but if  
 You mean that all the world shall stand and  
 gaze

'Twill not be great.

CHARLES. Where will you live?

WALTER. My term is nearly up—when it expires  
 I go to join my father in New York;  
 He needs assistance such as I can give.  
 Meanwhile, we'll spend a happy month or two  
 Here in Havana.

CHARLES. Well I hope to be  
 Beside you when you take Carlotta's hand!  
 A week from now—is that the day you said?

WALTER. Ay that's the day—I would that it were  
 here!

*(Music sounds in the street. They go to the  
 window where a newly arrived Spanish  
 regiment is passing.)*

WALTER. Another regiment just arrived—See  
 The ladies from the windows throwing flowers!

CHARLES. Yes poor fellows 'tis with them as with all—  
 We start 'mid playfulness and flowers upon  
 The path which ends and only ends in death.  
*(Curtain falls.)*

## SCENE II.

*Maceo's headquarters in the western part of Cuba.  
 Maceo and Dr. Miguel in conversation before a  
 tent. Soldiers in the rear.*

DR. MIGUEL. How did you succeed in your fight at  
 Santa Maria?

Were the Spaniards taken by surprise?

MACEO. They were in truth—

We struck them like a cyclone—when they fled  
 They left behind some twenty maimed or dead

DR. MIGUEL. Had you much loss?

MACEO. Why nothing serious  
 Andreas had his leg cracked by a ball,  
 'Twas he who lost the treasure, well  
 I felt to pity him—So broken down  
 I never saw a man! I almost thought  
 It would have been a charitable act  
 To put a bullet through his wilted heart;  
 But when we raided last, and he again  
 Was given a chance to brighten up his name,  
 How he did mount his horse—a thousand men  
 Would not have stopped him till they stopped  
 his heart!

But now he lies with a limp leg on which  
 'Tis but a chance if e'er he limp again.

DR. MIGUEL. About that treasure—have you scoured  
 about?

That knave Roderigue I would have trusted  
 much

He can't have gone so far—when pay day comes  
 'Twill be a loss to mourn.

MACEO. I put a squad of my best men to search  
 The country round about—so far no trace  
 Of man or money—yet I trust our cause  
 Will still survive—it is not built on gold.

MIGUEL. What think you of Don Castro—that he  
 holds

Strong sympathies with Spain I do believe!  
 Talks of the "blacks" and how they may  
 o'errule

This island in the future worse than Spain!

MACEO. I ever thought Don Castro was our friend,  
 The flower and fruit of Spanish chivalry,  
 Brought to a nobler pitch by breathing long  
 The balmy air of Cuba—he's not false!

DR. MIGUEL. If he's not false then count me most untrue!

Here is a letter I last night received;  
He calls me "knave" and "scoundrel", "Cuba's  
foe"

With variations, such as could not fail  
To make one wish, with fire and sword, to teach  
A lesson to him of humility!

MACEO. Show me the letter.

DR. MIGUEL. That were scarcely right—  
I know I have divulged what only was  
Intended for my eye; but in my zeal  
I went some farther than perhaps I should.

MACEO. If I thought Don Castro false I'd burn  
His house about his ears before ten hours!

DR. MIGUEL. O that were cruel! Don't you know  
he has  
A lovely daughter?

MACEO. I am not swayed by daughters, though one  
hair  
Of woman's head was ne'er disturbed by me!  
But who can war and stop for woman's sake?  
Or who can walk and crush not one sweet  
flower,

Or who can dig and not destroy a worm?

No, Miguel, let him who takes the field

Forget the name of woman for a while,

Dream not of pleasure that ensnares the flesh,

And binds it down in weakness when 'tis most

The sternest stuff is needed. Don Castro false!

DR. MIGUEL. I pray you be not rash—his taunts to me  
Are nothing—I can hear all that and smile.

MACEO. 'Tis settled now—I'll have no waverers—  
To-morrow, at this time, the wind shall bear

A smoky message to Havana's walls;  
Which they who understand will thus translate—  
Maceo boils another pot of soup!

*(Exit Maceo.)*

DR. MIGUEL. Now, brave Don Castro, you shall have  
your bath!

'Twill take some of the fever from your blood!  
Next time that you are given a chance to join  
Your fortunes to a man of Miguel's stamp  
You'll not refuse! But here comes news in  
haste!

*(Enter a trooper.)*

What news Garcia?

GARCIA. The Spaniards come in force!

Weyler hath sent a mighty power to crush  
Us like a nut between his closing jaws!

DR. MIGUEL. He often tried to crack the nut before  
And hurt his teeth—'tis like he will again!

GARCIA. But they are desperate now—Mercy's a  
banished word!

'Tis fire for what can burn, and shot and shell  
For what can die! No hurricane, charged thick  
With death and woe, e'er crossed this isle with  
such

A track of merciless destruction!

DR. MIGUEL. How far are they from here?

GARCIA. Not twenty miles.

*(Re-enter Maceo.)*

MACEO. What news Garcia?

GARCIA. The Spaniards come in force.

MACEO. All we can do is act the Matadore!

Weyler's the bull, and Cuba is the ring,  
Now let him charge and we his sides will sting!

*(Exeunt.)*

## SCENE III.

*Maceo's headquarters. Alphonse and Philip in conversation outside a tent as they clean their saddles, etc.*

ALPHONSE. This is a strange proceeding, think you not?

How kindly we were treated when we last  
Stopped at Don Castro's place—the very best  
Was none too good for us—if he were but  
Acting a part well then I say, he might  
Have made a greater fortune on the stage  
Than he did out of sugar.

PHILIP. Yes that's true,  
I never met a kinder gentleman, and yet  
He must be scorched and ruined—'tis a shame!

ALPHONSE. I thought this war was aimed at foreign  
foes  
But if we must turn on our staunchest friends  
Then woe to Cuba!

*(Maceo comes out of the tent.)*

PHILIP. Heaven save us! We thought you were ten  
miles away!

MACEO. 'Tis never wise in soldiers to be critics—you  
Have heard, no doubt, obedience is your part;  
But in this present war distinctions nice  
Have oft been slighted for the common good.  
'Twould grieve me more to think that I had  
done

Injustice to a friend than lose a fight,  
And you can swear that I love not defeat!

PHILIP. And you can swear I was not more surprised,  
To see Roderigue make off with stolen wealth,  
Than when I heard that you had turned about  
And ordered ruin on your truest friend!

I doubt you've been misled—there's some  
false tongue

Been plotting for Don Castro's overthrow.

MACEO. While here we talk, our men are spurring on;  
I must myself see what this thing portends.  
If we've false men about us I must know—  
Out with a dozen of our swiftest horse—

*(Attendants rush up.)*

Each moment's priceless, now!

*Exit Maceo and attendants.)*

PHILIP. This is a perilous time for him to go  
On such a trip, with such small company!  
If he should run upon the Spanish lines  
It were a day of woeful loss to us!

ALPHONSE. God save us from such fate as that would  
be!

Without him, Cuba's cause were all at sea!

PHILIP. Did'st ever hear how Maceo come to have  
Such deep-set hatred of the Spaniards rule?

ALPHONSE. No, nothing in particular, did you?

PHILIP. Well what I heard was this;—when the last  
war

Was well begun Antonia's father lived,  
With what contentment the dark times could  
spare,

Tilling his little plot of garden ground.

One day the Spaniards came that way—a  
horde

Of lustful and debased villians, rank  
With months of plundering and devilment.

Antonio's elder sisters then were just

Well entered on the marriageable age

But never from that day were virgins more,

Antonio's father, wild with rage to see



His daughters thus by force put to their shame,  
 Made single-handed fight—but him they bound,  
 Flogging him till he seemed beyond the reach  
 Of all revival—having fired the house  
 They left them, food for anguish and despair.

That night Antonio, who had been away,  
 Returned to find his home all desolate,  
 Swept with a loathsome and soul-sickening  
 blight!

And in his boyish heart was dropped the seed  
 That now yields Spain a bitter, costly crop.  
 Henceforth the various currents of his life  
 Were all commingled in a surging flood,  
 That ever bore him onward to the goal—  
 Freedom from Spain and merciless revenge!  
 Now when he leads a charge you can suppose  
 The fire that spurs him as he spurs his steed!  
 Not merely duty, no, nor Glory's sheen  
 Can put the fierceness in the warrior's heart  
 That dwells in his! His life he counts not—fear,  
 Such being the case, finds naught to build upon.  
 O fearfulest in power is the man  
 Who while he lives doth yet consent to die—  
 Who when he dies will evermore live on!

ALPHONSE. I often wonder that he never smokes  
 Nor touches wine, for me a good cigar  
 Is little more than a necessity.

PHILIP. Listen did you not hear a sound?

*(The boom of cannon faintly heard.)*

Heavens! Are the Spaniards then so near!  
 What place would they be sacking?

*(A bugle sounds.)*

ALPHONSE. We must away,  
 Cuba hath still her fortunes in the scale,  
 To-morrow's tongue may tell a woeful tale!  
 (*Exeunt.*)

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

The courtyard of Don Castro's establishment at Mertullo. Time evening. A troop of Maceo's men, led by Captain Pedro, enter. Captain Pedro fires his carbine in the air, a number of negroes rush out in alarm.

1ST NEGRO. For the lan's sake! What's the matter boss?

CAPTAIN PEDRO. We want Don Castro tell him to come out!

2ND NEGRO. Massa's not at home—he's in Havana.

CAPTAIN PEDRO. He can stay in Havana then that's where he likes to be best. Birds of a feather! Well we'll scorch his nest—than he can stay with his dear friends the props of Spanish tyranny in Cuba! Come, negroes, out of the way there — too many of these double-tongued Spanish foot lickers about.

(*Enter Manuel.*)

MANUEL. For God's sake, Captain, spare the place till Don Castro's here himself! I am but in charge of what is not my own—For pity's sake, do not this grievous wrong, which is a wrong in that it comes unearned.

CAPTAIN PEDRO. If 'twere unearned we would not here be sent,  
 And being earned we will not now relent.

MANUEL. Think of his daughter—she will thus be turned

Out in the night—have pity—stay your hand!

CAPTAIN PEDRO. How many just as good have been unhousted.

And ravished by the gallant sons of Spain!

MANUEL. Is there no price to stay your hand a while?

CAPTAIN PEDRO. No—money weighs not 'gainst Maceo's word.

If your sweet mistress rests within those walls

Warn her out quickly—there's no time to lose!

MANUEL. This is a cruel errand—curse the time!

*(Exit Manuel.)*

*(Soldiers fire the building.)*

*(Carlotta's room—Carlotta at the window.)*

CARLOTTA. O loveliest of nights that ever I have known!

How the great earth is bathed in silence now!

How pregnant seems the air with brooding life!

I never saw such solemn beauty steal

Over the fields and far off mountain-tops.

What majesty attends the rising moon,

Even the blazing sun seems not to hold

Such peerless empire as the silvery moon.

All nature now is hushed and prostrate lies

In silent homage to the "Queen of Night."

'Tis strange—I feel a sadness, even now,

When I am happiest placed, for well I know

That any change can never bring me more

Of bliss than now is mine, and in a world

Where change doth ever come what chance

there is

That it should bring me ill. *(Pauses.)*

What sound is that?

*(Rings. Enter Marian.)*

Did you hear a shot fired, Marian?

MARIAN. O that's young Pete—he's got an old pistol  
somewhere and every evening he's practising—  
Hope it blows his head off!

CARLOTTA. It rather startled me—I wish papa  
Would never go away and leave me thus!

MARIAN. You didn't say that the last time he  
Left you alone—Ha! Ha!

CARLOTTA. O no indeed, that was the loveliest time!  
O Marian, I often scolded you  
For less than I did then! Love makes us eat  
All words which we have ever said against  
His power which seems omnipotent indeed!

MARIAN. I think Mr. Wellman an awfully nice young  
man. What lovely waves his hair is always in!  
I hate to see a man clipped till his skull shines  
through the stubbles! makes me sick—Bah!

CARLOTTA. How often I have thought papa was all  
That ever man could be to me,  
But now he seems far off, as if 'twere at  
The far horizon of my daily life.  
And Walter walks beside me every day  
And sits beside me as I sit alone.  
And I had almost said, he sleeps with me.

MARIAN. O goodness gracious!

CARLOTTA. For when I sleep he mingles in my dreams;  
And when I wake I often seem to feel  
His warm breath on my cheek while lingers  
still

Melodious words about my drowsy ears.

*(Loud knocking at the door.)*

What's that?

*(Enter Manuel.)*

Why Manuel, What's the matter?

MANUEL. O Miss Carlotta, what I've feared is come—  
 The rebels now are going to burn the place  
 You must prepare to leave—O there will be  
 A curse on this night's work!

CARLOTTA. Well if we must, we must, our time has  
 come—

They mean no violence to us?

MANUEL. 'Tis violence enough to burn your house,  
 A home like this with every comfort filled!  
 But what you fear the most, you need not fear.  
 They may be rebels, but they are not devils!

MARIAN. (*Crying and wringing her hands.*)  
 O what will become of us! What will become  
 Of us! If your rebels are not devils,  
 They are no gentlemen!

CARLOTTA. Lend a hand, now—we must save what  
 we can!

MARIAN. Let's fly! Let's fly! I see the fire already!

CARLOTTA. O what a fool you are!

MARIAN. I'm going (*picks up the Yellow Bag*). I'll take  
 this.

CARLOTTA. Farewell old room. If I had time to  
 weep,  
 I'd shed a tear or two at this farewell!

MANUEL. Come! Come!

(*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE II.

*The country south-west of Havana. General  
 Pinzero addressing a regiment of Spanish soldiers.*

GEN. PIN. Soldiers of Spain! I tender you my  
 thanks

For all the gallant deeds that you have done;  
 The tiresome marches and the fierce assaults;

Heedless of pestilence or hidden foes;  
 Again I thank you! Nobly have you proved  
 That Spain has sons that will not fail her in  
 The hour of her sorest need. Soldiers!  
 Still there is much to do—a hundred fights  
 Have checked but have not killed the baleful  
 growth

Of vile rebellion—we must weary not  
 While still the head and front of Cuba's cause,  
 Antonio Maceo, lives! He, of all others, we  
 Must silence in the dust—The man who brings  
 Him to the earth a rich reward shall earn;  
 His name shall ring from end to end of Spain;  
 His wealth be trebled and his rank advanced,  
 And in the years to come his sons shall see  
 Men point at them and say "Their father slew  
 Antonio Maceo, and saved for us  
 The wealth of Cuba and the pride of Spain!"

*(Cheers from the soldiers)*

*(Enter a scout who speaks with the general)*

GEN. PIN. Soldiers! I have just heard that even now  
 Maceo hath, for some cause all unknown,  
 Passed northward from the main part of his men  
 With a slight bodyguard. We must prepare  
 To intercept him as he shall return.  
 You Cirucejo watch the eastward side;  
 And Vallademo circle to the west;  
 While I shall see worse than a needle's eye  
 Shall be the centre for his passage back!  
 Now let each private feel the weight of care  
 A captain bears, and every captain act  
 As though all Spain hung on his single arm!

*(Cheers)*

*(Enter Don Castro, Manuel, and Sinkel evidently after hard riding).*

DON CASTRO. General Pinzero I believe.

GEN. PIN. I have the honour to be.

DON CASTRO. I am Don Castro of Mertullo a sugar planter.

Returning from Havana yesterday  
I found Maceo's men had been at work,  
My home a mass of smouldering ruins lay,  
My servants weeping and disconsolate  
And my dear daughter gone—where, none can  
tell,

I fear some brigand Cuban hath a hand  
In this atrocious crime—that cursed hound  
Miguel—

GEN. PIN. Softly, my friend, you speak too loud!

I am not young, but still my ears are sound.  
'Twere wiser did you not allow yourself  
To feel so deeply in this present case.  
You're not the only one this war has shorn  
Of property, of children or of friends.  
You must not think the world has changed its  
course

Because calamity hath bruised your heart.  
What day goes by without some anxious wife  
Being stabbed with bitter news or some poor  
child

Being orphaned.

DON CASTRO. Callous comfort surely that!

That if my heart bleeds others are the same!  
Could you not send a score of men to search  
The roads about Mertullo—if you could  
That were a comfort I could more digest!

GEN. PIN. We are not here at Spain's expense and  
cost

To trace abducted heiresses—we strive  
To pacify this island and we shall  
By doing so give safety to you all.

DON CASTRO. A little justice and fair government  
Would do more to give us settled peace  
Than all the gold and soldiers Spain can pour  
Into this island in a score of years!

GEN. PIN. So you are a rebel—care my friend,  
I will not have my sovereign so belied.  
Were't not Maceo stripped of your wealth  
I'd little stop to rid you of your life!  
Come, clear this place of your detested gang.  
Away! Guard, see them beyond the lines.  
(*Exeunt*)

### SCENE III.

*Don Castro, Manuel and Sinkel halted by roadside. Horses tied to trees.*

DON CASTRO. This is for me indeed a luckless day!  
I little thought, when last I left my home,  
And kissed my child farewell, so soon I'd be  
Houseless and childless, yea, and friendless too.

MANUEL. Kind master, say not so! though it may be,  
While God forbid it, you have lost your child,  
Yet, while I live you still will have a friend.

SINKEL. And while you may not wish to call me  
friend,  
Yet call me servant, and I shall be pleased,  
And while you're resting, faint for lack of food,  
I'll try up yonder, where a smoke is seen,  
If I can not procure at least a meal.



DON CASTRO. Take some money with you, here, what  
use

Is money to me now—My child! My child!  
Curse on the rebels! how I have been served!  
My money went in secret to their aid;  
My sympathy begot the same in more,  
How often strangers to our inward broils  
At my opinion gave both tongue and pen  
To Cuba's cause. My trade destroyed—my  
wealth

Gone with it too, yet I complained not.  
Now they have all I value, but my life,  
How soon they take that too I care not!

MANUEL. By Heaven, kind master, we may lose our  
lives

Sooner than we've expected—see what comes!

*(A troop of Cuban horsemen appear at full gallop led by Maceo. As they come up Maceo recognizes Don Castro. He halts his men).*

MACEO. Don Castro, my old friend, what brings you  
here?

DON CASTRO. That seems a foolish question—well  
you know!

MACEO. I know right well your home in ashes lies!  
But why are you not in Havana now?

DON CASTRO. Because my child is lost—my only  
child!

How could you in the face of Heaven set on  
Your men to such a piece of hellish work?  
How can you hope to quell your enemies  
While thus you drive your friends to black  
despair?

What have I done that has not been to aid

Your cause, which I still hoped would well  
 succeed,  
 But now to hope for that were sacrilege,  
 To hope for aught is more than I can do!  
 O dark the day when Cuba raised the sword,  
 For having ta'en the sword, she now by it  
 Must miserably perish!

MACEO. How your words  
 Cut to my heart—'tis as I feared it was—  
 A traitor's hand begins to show its work!  
 Most deeply do I feel this wrong with you,  
 Which though I feel makes it not light for you  
 Believe me, then, but I was given to know  
 That you of late were far from being friend.  
 I trusted Miguel too far—that's past—  
 But he played on my feelings till I vowed  
 Vengeance on you—the troop was scarcely gone  
 Till something made me think all was not right;  
 I made all haste with these few gallant boys  
 To overtake ere they had done their work;  
 But, long detours to shun the Spanish troops  
 Delayed us, till we were some hours too late.  
 God knows I feel this as a serious blow.  
 My honour is my chief dependence now;  
 The loss of that would make me poor indeed

DON CASTRO. *(springing up)*  
 Your words new-life me! I had thought you  
 false!  
 And Maceo—if he's false then who'll be true?  
 So thought I—O to lose our faith in man—  
 In truth and righteousness—O that is death!

MACEO. While you gain faith I feel that mine drops  
 down

Just like a flower some hidden worm has cut!  
I trusted Miguel—

DON CASTRO. A scoundrel pure!  
He tried to frighten me—the foolish knave!  
The price of friendship was Carlotta's hand;  
I answered him just as I felt—no doubt  
It angered him—now he has shown his skin!  
MACEO. I'll show it more! O how this treason clogs  
The first weak steps of every enterprise  
From Eden down to dark Gethsemane!

*(Sinkell returns)*

SINKELL. Here, master, is all that I could get for love  
or money, and what can't be bought for that  
is very scarce!

DON CASTRO. Two chickens and a loaf of bread.

SINKELL. As you call a dead pig, pork, so you may call  
a dead hen chicken, but I warrant you it's a  
long time since those chickens left their shells!

DON CASTRO. And methinks it is a long time since  
this bread was dough. Time was a baby might  
have stuck his finger in it but I doubt if even  
Maceo could split it with his sword!

MACEO. We have a slight provision with us—Oscar,  
bring us what you have—sit round friends—  
Here's some cold tea to wet your lips—I can't  
abide your rum!

DON CASTRO. Nor I either.

*(Tastes the tea)* Excellent! Here's to the  
health of Maceo and success to Cuba!

MANUEL. *(Aside)* The master seems to have forgot  
half his grief.

SINKELL. Yes. I never saw such a change.

MANUEL. I hope he keeps it up 'twould make me  
feel like dying too to see him as he was.

SINKELL. Where do you think has Miss Carlotta gone?

MANUEL. I think she's gone where you nor I don't know.

But, where she's gone is where she wished to go!

MACEO. (*Springing up*). By Heavens we are surrounded!

ALL. The Spaniards! The Spaniards!  
 (*They mount and disperse under fire*). (*Maceo Falls*) (*Curtain falls*).

#### SCENE IV.

*A cell in a fortress prison, Havana. Don Castro in irons.*

DON CASTRO. Now may I claim with Job that God's unjust.

And lays his strokes on with too stern a hand!  
 My wealth consumed the first, my well-loved home

All gone in smoke and ashes—then my child,  
 Dearer a thousand-fold than all beside,  
 The image of her mother, saint most sweet,  
 O where is she! It were a joy to know  
 That in a peaceful grave her body lay,  
 Where flowers bloomed above it all year long,  
 While with her mother in some higher state  
 Her disembodied spirit sweetly joined;  
 O that were kinder far than this rank fear  
 That's grown up in my heart till faith is choked.  
 I marvel that I live—a month ago  
 I had not thought it possible to bear  
 The burden of a grief such as is mine.

(*Enter the jailor.*)

JAILOR. How are you to-day, senor?

DON CASTRO. As well as any man  
Who feels the same.

JAILOR. You find rebellion pays!  
You've now free lodging and free board—I  
doubt

If it continues long however.

DON CASTRO. I pray your doubt  
Proves true. I've little now to make me wish  
To live amid the shattered hopes of time.  
What is the latest news from the field?

JAILOR. Why the latest news is, that Maceo's shot!  
The whole army is in ecstasy! The Captain-  
General is like to burst with pride! All Spain  
is illuminated! Cuba is weeping! The Americans  
are gnashing their teeth! And a devilish fuss  
is raised in general all about the son of a slave,  
who was better fit to have cut cane than to  
head an army. How the world makes a fool of  
itself!

DON CASTRO. Antonio Maceo dead! The fearless man!  
The Cuban's idol, and the woe of Spain!  
Well may all Spain rejoice, and Cuba weep  
For Spanish steel! this time hath sunken deep!

JAILOR. So perish all the enemies of Spain! in saying  
which I mean no ill to you. (*Exit Jailor.*)

DON CASTRO. Now I might to my prayers, if I  
believed  
God were a human tyrant to be praised  
Till he forgot his anger—all my life  
Have I believed in kindness, and to grant  
Forgiveness to the meanest slave that sought  
It from me! I can trust that God who worked  
All kindness through His Son is still the same.

And as I hope to be forgiven now.  
 I do forgive all who have wrought me harm;  
 But Miguel—ah, there's a bitter pill  
 I'll wait a while—

*(Enter an officer with papers.)*

OFFICER. Don Castro del Mertullo, I have the honor to inform you that at a court-martial presided over by the Captain General in person, you were convicted of aiding and abetting the Cuban rebels, at present under arms against the sovereign right and majesty of King Alphonso of Spain. That in accordance with the laws and usages of Spain enacted to suppress rebellion and all treasonable designs, sentence of death was passed upon you the same to be executed, not later than twelve o'clock noon to-morrow. For the which you may, and are hereby enjoined to make such preparatiou as your heart doth warrant you.

*(Exit officer.)*

DON CASTRO. So it has come, and yet though I had thought  
 Myself prepared, yea hoping for the worst—  
 How death doth chill the soul—ah me!  
 My sweet Carlotta! how your heart would  
 bleed,  
 If you but knew your poor old father's state;  
 Me thinks t'would be to you a harder fate  
 Than any I have feared has fallen on you.  
 O War! O Ruin! How Death loves thy name!  
 O Death! How War makes even thee seem  
 kind!

## SCENE V.

*A secluded square in the outskirts of Havana. A company of soldiers on three sides. A firing party told off. Enter Don Castro and Dr. Miguel guarded, hands pinioned. Dr. Miguel walking first. As they reach the place of execution, they are halted and for the first time Don Castro sees Dr. Miguel's face.*

DON CASTRO. Miguel!

MIGUEL. Don Castro!

CAPTAIN JUAN. Silence! Prisoners.

DON CASTRO. Since I must die, I will not fear to speak—

I would that I might die in better company!

DR. MIGUEL. A better one than you died between two  
Who surely equaled me.

DON CASTRO. If I'm a traitor, which I do deny,  
Then you're a double traitor!

CAPTAIN JUAN. Silence, I say! And will you quarrel  
thus,

While here the very grave stands open for you?

I have seen, ere this, two women quarrel

About the flowers wherewith they decked a bier;

But this moves wonder more. Soldiers attend!

*(They are blindfolded.)*

CAPTAIN JUAN. *(Aside.)* This is a kind of work I  
didn't count on—

I ne'er could watch a butcher kill a sheep—

But here I am head-butcher over these!

Soldiers make ready!

*(Enter Walter Wellman and a Spanish official.)*

WALTER. Are you Captain Juan?

CAPTAIN JUAN. I have the honour to be your humble  
servant.

WALTER. I have a pardon for Don Castro.

CAPTAIN JUAN. Show it to me—(*Reads.*) Yes true enough! You have still a chance to die in better company—Soldiers unbind the prisoner. Don Castro, I congratulate you!

DON CASTRO. (*Embracing Walter.*) My young friend! How can I show you gratitude for this!

WALTER. This is no time to talk of gratitude—  
Thank God for your escape.  
(*Soldiers fire. Dr. Miguel falls.*)

DON CASTRO. Poor fellow—he seems to die hard—  
very hard—  
Yet a moment gone and I reviled him.  
I would I had been man enough to have  
In very truth forgiven him from my heart—  
As I, too late, do now! Ah now he's dead!

WALTER. You had a close call too. It was late last night when I heard that you were to be shot to-day, as we Americans say, "I had to hustle," and in truth, it took all the skill and ability of the Consul to wring your pardon from Weyler.

DON CASTRO. My poor, poor boy! It grieves me, I must be  
The bearer of a heavy woe to you  
While this success still makes your youthful  
heart  
Beat joyfully—

WALTER. Why, what's the matter now?

DON CASTRO. Carlotta's gone—would I could say she's dead!

WALTER. If my Carlotta's gone, she's wondrous false,  
That you can wish her dead, seems crueler!



DON CASTRO. She's neither false nor am I cruel, sir,  
But where she is, I know not.

WALTER. Then well I do—  
She's in her room in the Columbian House,  
And if you came with me, I think, you'll find  
That Miss Carlotta still remembers you!

DON CASTRO. I'm weak—my legs will scarcely bear  
me up;  
Let's sit and rest here in this grateful shade  
Till I grow stronger—meanwhile please to tell,  
Why things are as they are.

WALTER. Well on the day your great misfortune fell,  
I felt a longing I could not put down to see  
Carlotta—as the trains are slow and most un-  
certain at the present time. I hired a carriage  
hoping to arrive ere night had well begun. In  
this I failed; but as I neared the place, the  
fiery glow was mounting in the sky. I guessed  
how matters went, and as we came so near  
that we could feel the glowing heat, whom  
should we meet but her I looked for most!  
You may suppose she was not much displeased  
to see me—but to make it short she said,  
that you were in Havana and would not be  
home until, at least, more than a day had  
passed. Then we decided to return at speed,  
knowing you stopped at the Columbian House;  
but when we reached it, you had left for home.  
In the excitement, we forgot to tell  
The servants where or how, their mistress went,  
A slip which came near causing endless harm!

DON CASTRO. But for it, I would never have been  
caught  
In Maceo's company, but I say in truth

'Twas worth all I have suffered to have been  
 Among the few that saw him ere he fell  
 On that most lamentable day, and know  
 As I do now, that he at least was true.

WALTER. Let us be going now if possible;  
 Carlotta waits us—with what feelings think!

DON CASTRO. Yes let us go—to meet her I'm as fain  
 As when I wooed her mother in old Spain!

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*A drawing-room in New York. Mrs. Wellman  
 and daughter, Myrtle.*

MRS. WELLMAN. I wonder how Walter is! I wish the  
 dear boy were home. Papa looks awfully tired  
 these days. It will be a great relief to him  
 when he has some one he can really trust, these  
 strangers never take the same interest in things  
 one does who really is responsible for success  
 or failure.

MYRTLE. Yes, I think Papa looks real bad. I'm  
 sure he must be worrying a great deal. He  
 thinks, that times have reached the worst, and  
 that there will soon be a decided improvement.

MRS. WELLMAN. O dear me! that's been the cry for  
 ten years past and still it doesn't come. I  
 thought when the election was over our troubles  
 would all vanish. The Gold standard doesn't  
 seem to have helped us much, yet.

MYRTLE. No more than the golden calf did the  
 Israelites! I wish Bryan had won.

MRS. WELLMAN. Nonsense! Bryan's a demagogue.

MYRTLE. If all demagogues were Bryans, and all Democrats demagogues, I'd join the party tomorrow.

MRS. WELLMAN. And you might be proud of your company.

*(Servant enters with letters. Myrtle looks them over.)*

MYRTLE. Here's a letter from Walter! *(Opens it and reads.)*

Dear Father, Mother and Sister—I have great pleasure in letting you know that I am married to the sweetest girl in Cuba. She is an heiress but her fortune till the war is over, will not be in evidence. I bespeak for her an equal place in your affections with myself. We are coming home on the West Indian Star due in New York on the 17th inst.

Love to all,  
WALTER."

MRS. W. Well this is past belief! Walter married!

MYRTLE. And to a Cuban! Who ever heard the like! I do hope she hasn't negro blood in her.

MRS. W. Well Moses married a black woman, and he's always been respected.

MYRTLE. Just to think of it! This comes of letting boys have their own way too much. Papa should never have let him go to Cuba! The idea!

MRS. W. I think I can trust Walter, I'd sooner have him write home "I'm married." as he has done than have such stories told to his disgrace as we have heard of some—its easy to do worse than marry!

*(Enter Mr. Wellman.)*

MRS. W. Why William! what's the matter? Are you ill—You look so pale and wild?

MR. W. I am not ill, but fortune has been—  
I fear we're ruined that's the short of it!  
I've done my best—

MYRTLE. O dear papa, don't look so—please don't;  
I'm sure mamma and I don't blame you!  
(*Putting her arms around him.*) You've done  
your best!

MRS. W. 'Twill be a sad return for Walter—  
Must we give up our home?

MR. W. Money's so scarce, is all the trouble; could  
I but realize a hundred thousand cash—I still  
could save our home and reputation. I have  
ample securities but money! money! Our  
whole system is largely built on faith. When  
panic takes its place 'tis like a crowd who  
throng a single door—a little time and all  
might safely pass—a wave of fear and scores  
are trampled down—What did you say of  
Walter?

MRS. W. He's coming home.

MR. W. I'm glad of that.

MRS. W. I wish you would be glad at what  
I next will tell you!

MR. W. Out with it—anything for a change—  
I've been sad enough for the past month!

MRS. W. Walter is married.

MR. W. Good! I'm very glad! Go on.

MRS. W. He's married a Cuban girl.

MR. W. Still better—if America would follow his  
example and marry Cuba, 'twould be a glorious  
wedding

MYRTLE. Well I never!

MRS. W. She's an heiress.

MR. W. More to be glad of—this is a great night  
for news!

MRS. W. But her fortune is like our own—more  
in remembrance than in fact.

MR. W. Still good—we'll have a fellow feeling from  
the start! Well be ready to give them a royal  
welcome—if Fortune drives us from our house  
we'll leave with royal courage—I feel a load  
already gone, now you both know the worst.

(*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE II.

*The drawing-room of Mr. Wellman's home in  
New York. Mr. Wellman in evening dress alone.*

MR. W. This is the last night I shall call this house  
My home! Farewell this peaceful anchorage  
Where I had thought to spend the residue  
Of my too storm-tossed life! How dreary now  
Seems the long flight of years for fortunes  
smile!

How bright it seemed when I was young and  
strong—

The road to wealth and high munificence!  
Then were the days too short for all my plans;  
My nights were full of golden-sounding dreams;  
Had I a thousand hands—unnumbered feet;  
They were too few to keep my busy brain  
Unclogged by its innumerable births!  
Soon o'er my mills the cloudy pillars rose  
By day, and all the night was reddened by  
The glow of forges where my genii toiled.

My home shone in the social diadem  
 Brighter than most, and not behind the best.  
 My voice became a power within the state,  
 None wished to call me their antagonist!  
 'Twa then I must have erred when I forgot  
 That I was here to serve, and sought to make  
 The state serve me—how fatal a mistake!  
 But one in which I was not all a lone.  
 I'm sorry for poor Walter and his bride.  
 They little know how matters stand just now,  
 But vain regrets are useless—he is young;  
 And if he's like his father will enjoy  
 The rugged climbing—O the priceless boon  
 Which millions have, yet seem not to enjoy,  
 Of being poor-born, outside of fortune's gate  
 Where all's to gain and nothing can be lost!

*(Enter Myrtle who seeing him alone goes up to where he is standing and puts her arm about him.)*

MYRTLE. O papa how sorry I feel about you!  
 Is there anything, I can do for you?

MR. W. Nothing my child, but just be brave and true—

They also serve who only stand and wait.  
 Were you to yield to fretfulness and turn  
 A scornful face to your old father now,  
 'Twould be a harder trial than to lose  
 All I have lost or ever hope to gain!

MYRTLE. O dear papa, how could I be so cruel!

*(Enter Mrs. Wellman.)*

Walter should soon be here—will you tell  
 Him anything about your circumstances?

MR. W. Not to-night—let trouble stand aside,  
 We'll greet with joy our Walter and his bride!

MYRTLE. Here they come.

*(Enter Walter and Carlotta.)*

WALTER. This is my bride, the flower of Cuba, come  
To fill with sweetness a more northern home.  
Carlotta this is my father.

*(Mr. Wellman takes her by the hand and kisses her.)*

MR. W. Cuba hath sweetness given to many a cup!  
And you, Carlotta by your countenance,  
Will keep the record good!  
I welcome you as our great nation would  
Welcome your island to our heritage,  
But that a parent stern forbids the banns!  
Welcome—most welcome! for your own sweet  
sake,  
And for the sake of Cuba!

CARLOTTA. Thanks from my heart! For you have  
made this time  
Which I had looked to with a troubled mind,  
One to remember kindly evermore,  
Like my loved island, war has shorn my wealth,  
And through my heart shot many a pang of fear,  
But Heaven has sent, amid these bitter woes,  
What far outweighs them—were you all as poor  
As I feel I am, I could still rejoice  
That love hath given me such a happy choice!

MYRTLE. *(To Walter.)*

You never told us anything about the wedding,  
What sort of dresses did the bridesmaids wear?  
Who was your groomsman, Walter?

WALTER. A young man named Harten—did you ever  
meet such a person Myrtle? By the way, I  
saw him reading a letter which seemed to give  
him a great amount of satisfaction—I could  
have sworn 'twas your handwriting.

MYRTLE. He didn't let you see—What should I know about his letters! Did you get any nice presents?

WALTER. Not quite enough to start a jeweller's shop! If we had waited till we reached New York we might have done better. By the way, Carlotta, do you remember the fellow you gave the night's lodging to at Mertullo? I believe he came to New York with us. I noticed him as we came ashore. He was looking at us with the drollest look imaginable. I couldn't think when I had seen him before.

CARLOTTA. And don't you remember he gave us an old yellow bag for a wedding gift! I believe I have it yet in my trunk; Marian carried it out the night the house was burnt and its been knocking round ever since. Come with me Walter, and we'll get it.

*Exit Walter and Carlotta.*

MYRTLE. Isn't she a picture? I think she's just too lovely for anything!

MRS. W. She seems to be perfectly well bred. I was afraid Walter had been too hasty.

MR. W. Walter's like his father—he knows a good thing when he sees it!

*(Enter Walter and Carlotta with the yellow bag.)*

WALTER. This is a present from a weary walker. Don't laugh at it please!

MRS. W. Not much fear. Whew! I wonder you'd touch such a thing, Walter!

*(Puts her handkerchief over her nose.)*

WALTER. How shall we open it?

MR. W. By its looks it doesn't seem much odds—cut it open!



*(Walter cuts it open and sees packages of new ten dollar bills.)*

WALTER. Great heavens! Its full of money! Rolls of it!

Wads of it! Carlotta this is some trick of yours!

MR. W. Thank Heaven for this!

WALTER. What's the matter father? You often saw money before!

MR. W. None that I ever was so glad of! None so welcome!

WALTER. Why so?

MR. W. This saves our home, our fortune and our all!

WALTER. Why did you not tell us this sooner?

MR. W. I wished to let you have one happy night before I chilled your blood!

MRS. W. But this is yours Carlotta—Walter?

WALTER. 'Tis Carlotta's!

CARLOTTA. And being mine 'tis Walter's.

WALTER. And being mine 'tis yours father if you need it.

CARLOTTA. 'Tis Providence has sent this timely gift;  
We'll take it thankfully, and use it well;  
When he who can a better claim set up,  
Appears, we'll yield it with all interest due;  
Meanwhile let us rejoice!

MR. W. Indeed let us rejoice! This stops the leak  
Which by to-morrow had our fortune sunk!

MYRTLE. This seems like a play!

CARLOTTA. And could we see  
The world as from some pleasant altitude,  
We'd need few plays to fill a vacant hour!  
*(Exeunt.)*

## SCENE III.

*A hospital in Havana. Sebastian in a cot, fan in hand, half delirious.*

SEBASTIAN. I came to Cuba—to fight—and I am fighting—fighting the flies! Shoo! They're like Maceo's soldiers—you drive them away on one side and they're right back on the other! This fearful head-ache how it splits my skull! Its glorious to fight—to be a soldier fighting for glory! fighting the flies. Shoo! What a horrid smell there is here—a mixture between a drug shop and a slaughter house! Whew! How is it with forty miles of fresh air blowing overhead that we've got to stifle here! Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!

DOCTOR. What's the matter my man?

SEBASTIAN. How long am I going to lie here.

Tell me the truth now!

DOCTOR. O maybe a week—just as short a time

As we can make it.

SEBASTIAN. Yes make it short—whether I die or live!  
The sooner out of here the better!

*(Exit Doctor.)*

A week—a week—each hour seems a week;

A week will be a year then will it not!

What a fool I was to come here.

*(Enter Isobel, as a Sister of Mercy,)*

Who's this? 'tis Isobel upon my life.

*(She comes beside him, and takes his hand.)*

O my darling Isobel to meet you thus,

In this infernal pit of horrors!

When last I saw you in dear old Seville,

How fair you looked but now so sweet and pale!

What brings you here? This is no lawful place  
For woman! Only devils should be seen  
In such a hell as this!

ISOBEL. Hush, Brother! hush! Such talk is mortal sin!

SEBASTIAN. Sin, is it, to call things by their names?  
'Twould be a sin—a full grown bearded sin—  
To call aught here, or fair, or sweet but you!

ISOBEL. Hush! Look not on my flesh—I have re-  
nounced  
The world and all its show! the soul alone  
Should be thy only care! soon may your flesh  
Be but a thing unclean to loath and hide.  
Are you at peace with God?

SEBASTIAN. Are you at peace, or are you only dead?  
There is a peace when all is harmony,  
And life beats on in strong and steady throbs  
That moves the world, a peace that overcomes  
Through seeing clear God's hand amid the maze  
Of so called fortune—that I have not,  
I doubt if you have either.

ISOBEL. I feel a wondrous stirring in my breast;  
A yearning for a higher life than this;  
And yet methinks it has a wildness too!  
Suggestive of some fiery pleasure-land  
Dreamed of in youth, when nature ruled us  
more.

But how came you here?

SEBASTIAN. Your words, your taunts cut to the very  
heart,  
And touched the centre of my honour hard.  
Ere I the threshold of your home had passed,  
I vowed to win my honour back or die—  
So far I have done neither!  
Hundreds have died of fever, or of wounds;

And some have won some glory as they say,  
 But I am here a miserable wreck,  
 Tossed into this vile stagnant pool of death!  
 In truth we've both been fool'd—'tis vain to try  
 To frame aught lovely of the thing called war.  
 I know it holds all Europe hypnotized,  
 As doth the reptile its weak trembling prey  
 That helpless sees its dreaded doom approach  
 By slow degrees yet cannot turn away!  
 O Isobel, I pray you for God's love,  
 Renounce this life, which not becomes you well;  
 Return to Spain; fall at our dear Queen's feet;  
 Beseech her in the name of womanhood—  
 O'er burdened by the toil we men should bear,  
 Of childhood stunted by their mother's lot—  
 Of manhood torn from natural ties to drown  
 All higher instincts in this bloody trade,  
 To cast her sceptre in the scale for peace!  
 From court to court, as an ambadress  
 Of Loving Kindness go! All powers of Good  
 Shall be around thy path to guard thee safe—  
 The voice of every man who loves the truth  
 Shall be upraised to plead and speed thy cause.  
 All priests who spread their hands to bless  
     their flocks  
 Shall waft a benison of Christlike power—  
 Thus shall the time which men have looked for  
     long  
 Be ushered in to a war-wearied world!

**ISOBEL.** 'Tis you, who have the heart to feel this so,  
 And tongue so eloquent, should preach this text.  
**SEBASTIAN.** I am too near the end of my short race.  
 I feel the week the doctor gives will see  
 The end of my campaign.

ISOBEL.

O say not so.

SEBASTIAN. I say but what I feel—O, I could weep  
 To think how I have failed in all my plans!  
 On what a slender prop I raised the walls  
 Of my poor palace, built for you and me!  
 How I had hoped to win your admiration!  
 Here I was vain. How I had hoped to reach  
 Above my rank,—how foolish, foolish that!  
 For years you were the highest court I knew,  
 To stamp my actions good or ill for me,  
 And all has come to this! O Isobel!

ISOBEL. O do not weep, or think that you have  
 failed,

If still you value my poor love at all.  
 You have it yet, increased a thousand-fold.  
 I thought I loved you as the soldier gay,  
 And so I did in truth, but now to me  
 You seem a nobler being than I dreamed!  
 Then I could criticise and see your faults,  
 But now, I can do nothing more than love!

SEBASTIAN. 'Tis sweet to hear, even on the dying bed,  
 That we have lived our loathed dishonour down.  
 'Tis a sweet opiate will drown my pain.  
 And as I dream o'er all the past and thee,  
 The deeper dream of life within this clay,  
 Shall fade and pass, and usher in the day.

*(Curtain falls.)*

CITY VIEW—March 21st, 1897.

## JOHNNY CANUCK.

## I.

With back to the north, firm-facing the south,  
 An ocean on either hand,  
 With an open eye and a tight-shut mouth,  
 And a million miles of land;  
 The glory of youth upon his brow,  
 The glory of hope in his heart—  
 Who is it the world has seen just now  
 From the waning shadows start?  
     Johnny Canuck!  
 Yes, Johnny Canuck's his name;  
 May he never bring it shame!  
     Johnny Canuck.

## II.

Not with a sword, blood-bathed, comes he;  
 Not with the bursting shell;  
 But the sound of God-like industry,  
 Is the music he loveth well;  
 Where his foot hath passed the herds increase,  
 His wand is the staff of life;  
 Where it waves, the pangs of hunger cease,  
 And the clamour of angry strife.  
     Johnny Canuck;  
 Yes, Johnny Canuck's his name!  
 May it ever mean fair fame!  
     Johnny Canuck.

## III.

The beauty of love, the dream of art,  
 Of mystic color and form,  
 Are gathering surely within his heart,  
 To burst in a glorious storm  
 That shall startle and clear the earth,  
 And sweeten the lot of all;  
 This—this is the secret of his birth;  
 This is his heavenly call!

Johnny Canuck;  
 Yes, Johnny Canuck's his name,  
 And he'll never bring it shame,  
 No—he'll never bring it shame,  
 Johnny Canuck!

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 MARK TWAIN.

Jester—sage—man! These are the titles, three,  
 We grant you in pre-eminent degree.  
 First, to awake the drowsy ear of mirth  
 With joyous call, a-rippling round the earth;  
 Then dropping in the cup of human tears  
 A pearl of wisdom—straightway hope appears!  
 Then last and best, to break the chilling ice  
 Of cold convention, piteous pride's device,  
 Warming the heart of human brotherhood—  
 For these, a precious trinity of good,  
 For these our thanks, and far beyond, above,  
 Gold, laurel, grant we you the wreath of love.  
 So wrote I heedless, but forgive me, pray,  
 You've worn that priceless wreath for many a day!

## THE CASE OF UNCLE JIM.

When Uncle Jim is told that he  
Should get a wife, he'll laugh—  
"The girl's not born would marry me—  
A sort of human calf!"  
For forty cows he always keeps,  
His years are forty, too;  
His brow a semi-circle sweeps;  
Teeth somewhat out of true.  
Two hundred acres in a block,  
And on the seventh line,  
An extra hundred for young stock  
And wood—soil very fine.  
Hard working? I should say he was!  
The snow's not off the ground  
Till he'll be sowing wheat, because  
Like others, he has found  
The early wheat escapes the rust,  
And also fills the best;  
So till the wheat's in safely, just  
Believe that he won't rest.  
Then, oats and peas and barley, all  
Are waiting in their turn;  
With twenty calves to feed in stall,  
And barrels of milk to churn!  
And now right here with Uncle Jim  
Things seem to press a bit;  
The hired man and orphan limb  
Don't have much time to sit:  
At four a.m. they're out of bed;  
Rain, shine, and Sunday too;  
Well paid, well fed, well bossed, well led  
From Uncle's point of view.



The corn comes next, for silos make  
 For dairying a chief prop,  
 And Uncle Jim would surely break  
 Did he neglect this crop!  
 In drills or hills, which is the best,  
 Has caused him serious thought:  
 Should drills point to the south or west—  
 Seed be home grown or bought.  
 But now its getting into June  
 And still no turnips sown!  
 Flowers, birds and clouds, and all that tune—  
 But turnips must be grown!  
 About this time the "man" feels tired  
 And think's he'll change his place;  
 In the back swamp a cow gets mired,  
 So Uncle mends his pace.  
 He thinks he'll surely celebrate  
 Upon Dominion Day,  
 But finds his holiday must wait—  
 The first bloom's on the hay!  
 And so the meadows were not shorn  
 Till ripened was the wheat;  
 Then barley, oats and silo corn,  
 And turnips, cold and sleet!  
 At milking Uncle Jim's at home—  
 In fact he leads the crowd!  
 The pail just gushes up with foam—  
 No roughness is allowed.  
 So Boss! is all you hear him say;  
 So Boss! and So Boss! So!  
 A hundred times and more each day  
 The soothing words will flow.

They say ten years ago or more,  
     He had a mind to wed;  
 A lady living in the Gore  
     Had almost turned his head.  
 The drive was long and early hours  
     Made him inclined to drowse;  
 While Susan often talked of flowers,  
     He sometimes mentioned cows!  
 And so it chanced he came one day  
     On Susan unawares,  
 As in undignified array,  
     She tripped down the front stairs.  
 To kindly soothe a petulance  
     She could not fail to show,  
 With gentle hand and winning glance,  
     He murmured "So, Boss! So!"

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Now when our birth-rate is discussed,  
     And preachers strive to rouse  
 Ontario's conscience, he will just  
     Lament "Too many cows!"  
 So Uncle Jim still toils away,  
     His farm is spick and span,  
 The only price he's had to pay—  
     The life of a living man!

## THE GIFT.

The past! the past! the dreadful, dreadful past!  
 The bitterness of death which it had borne,  
 Pressed on me like some burden weird and vast,  
 Till strengthless all, my tongue refused to mourn.

O for some future shore! my spirit cried  
 Where in my new, but dear-bought wisdom, I  
 May triumph over all my hateful pride,  
 Unfruitful doubt and nameless misery!

But ah! such shore, O where doth it exist?  
 Fire-mist, star, sun, alike no hope afford—  
 Heaven of my youth in gold and amethyst—  
 In the mad storm of worldliness ignored.

Then from the deep within a voice arose—  
 O pining trembler! trust, and thou shalt see  
 The morning's wings a blessedness uncloze,  
 A new white DAY, God's latest gift to thee.

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 A NEW YEAR GREETING.

A Glad New Year to thee and thine!  
 A year of friendships most benign,  
 Filled to the brim with truth and trust,  
 And honest strivings for the just;  
 Graced with all sweet amenities—  
 Visions such as the poet sees—  
 Bound by the common bond of life,  
 To wage immortal war on strife,  
 And draw from each soul's hidden keys  
 Most sweet and undreamt harmonies.

## THE CUP.

O for a draught of that enchanted cup,  
 Which Alexander lipp'd in far gone days;  
 Which buoyed the mighty Caesar's spirit up,  
 While gloom o'erspread the future's mystic maze;  
 Which fill'd with unimaginable force  
 Napoleon's footsteps to an Empire's crag;  
 To Nelson was the deep but simple source  
 Of glowing service 'neath Britannia's flag:  
 O for one draught to tense each flagging nerve,  
 To lift the mighty banner in the van  
 Of that vast army, who have sworn to serve,  
 With lowly pride, the Brotherhood of Man!

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## THE PEACE OF PORTSMOUTH.

Once more across the wide world-spaces wings  
 A heaven-born ray, to light the gloomy time:  
 Waking a sordid age to nobler things;  
 Reviving dear, long-vain imaginings;  
 The earth a-thrilling with the pulse of rhyme,  
 What of a thousand lives, a million, yea!  
 If bought by truckling to a base desire;  
 But when, with peace is ushered in the day,  
 When a high manhood, ruthless as a fire,  
 Sweeps off the chaff of narrowness and scorn,  
 Planting the hope of human lovers higher,  
 Glory to God! then such a day is born  
 As prophets long have looked for, soul-a-flame;  
 And the slow pen of Time inscribes another name.

## THE YEAR THAT IVEY DIED.

There's silence in the house at home  
And sorrow fills us all;  
The summer days have passed away  
And now it's gloomy fall;  
The flowers are gone, the sedge is sere  
By brook and meadow side;  
How sad will always seem this year,  
The year that IVEY died.

So innocent, so young, so fair,—  
By us 'twas all unknown  
How deeply in our daily thoughts  
Her gentle ways had grown;  
But now we feel that love will bind  
What Time hath ne'er untied,  
And hearts will soften as they mind  
The year that IVEY died.

"The year that IVEY died," we say,  
But something checks the breath;  
The real Ivey was not clay  
And lives unharmed by death;  
Immortal, young, beyond all fear—  
Faith rises, clearer-eyed,  
And holier memories fill the year,  
The year that IVEY died.

## LINCOLN'S DEATH CHAMBER.

Within this room, so common-place and plain,  
Lay Lincoln dying, mute and past all pain.  
Around him stood his stricken comrades all,  
In voiceless grief, as he beyond their call  
Passed out of life and light, and gracious speech,  
To dark Oblivion's timeless, tideless beach.

Oft had I heard of sacred shrines and soil  
Reached only after arduous travel-toil;  
Of battlefields where green the grasses grow  
Since drenched by crimson rains and human woe;  
But here in sight of all Columbia's pride  
This humble room of all was glorified.

For here the irrevocable seal was set  
Which man, while man, shall nevermore forget;  
On the pale brow, where killing care long preyed,  
Death placed his hand, cool, moist, and unafraid;  
He raised it 'mid the whole world's shuddering frown,  
And lo! from it had fallen the martyr's crown!

—Washington, April 17th, 1906.