

**A VIRGINIA HEROINE:  
A COMEDY IN THREE  
ACTS**

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A Virginia Heroine: A Comedy in Three Acts by Susie G. McGlone

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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.



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Price, 25 Cents



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By SUSIE G. McGLONE

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## A Virginia Heroine

### CHARACTERS

MRS. DARE, *mistress of Greylawn.*  
MARGARET LEIGHTON, *sister of Mrs. Dare.*  
VIRGINIA LEIGHTON, *niece of Mrs. Dare and Mrs. Leighton,*  
*in love with Philip Lee.*  
BETTY DARE, *Mrs. Dare's daughter.*  
RUTH LEE, *a Southern girl championing the North.*  
BESSIE ALLEN } *Virginia's friends, with abnormal bumps*  
NELL CAREY } *of curiosity.*  
GRANNY ROYAL, *an old woman living on the edge of the*  
*woods.*  
TOPSY, *a self-constituted necessity.*  
NORA, *hostile to naysurs.*  
MARTHA LANE, *the village gossip.*

TIME.—A period during the Civil War.

PLACE.—Virginia.

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Sitting-room at Greylawn, the home of Mrs. Dare.  
ACT II, *Scene 1.*—House and Garden of Granny Royal.  
*Scene 2.*—House and Garden of Granny Royal at night.  
ACT III.—Room at Greylawn.



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# A Virginia Heroine

## ACT I

SCENE.—*The sitting-room at Greylawn.*

(*Topsy discovered sleeping by table. Enter MRS. DARE, C.*)

MRS. DARE. Topsy, Topsy!

TOPSY (*talking in sleep*). No, I ain't a-goin'. I ain't a-goin'.

MRS. D. Wake up, Topsy, wake up.

TOP. (*waking, rubbing eyes*). Golly, missis, is dat you?

MRS. D. What does this mean, Topsy? It isn't quite six o'clock yet. Have you been here all night?

TOP. Dat's what I has been, missis, an' I is powerful stiff. (*Excitedly.*) Say, missis, has yer been in de kitchen yit?

MRS. D. No, I haven't, but what has that to do with your being here?

TOP. Well, when yer goes inter de kitchen yer won't fin' Dinah; an' when yer goes up de back stairs yer won't fin' Liza; an' when yer goes inter de barn yer won't fin' Sam.

MRS. D. Why, what do you mean?

TOP. Well, it's dis way, missis. I went inter de kitchen las' night—I wasn't goin' ter hook nothin' ter eat, honest, missis, I wasn't—an' dar was Dinah an' Liza an' Sam a-whisperin' an' a-noddin'. Sam was tellin' dem dat he was gwine ter jine de army. He was stickin' his chest out an' tellin' dem dat de No'the'n sojers had invitationed him ter jine wid dem, an' dat he 'spected he'd be Major Johnson soon. Den Dinah an' Liza said dat if he was gwine, dey was gwine ter be free—dey was gwine ter Kentuck. Den dey seed me standin' in de door an' Sam he says (*mimicking*), "We'd better take de kid along, else she'll be puttin' dem on our tracks." Den Dinah she begun ter pack a basket wid tings ter eat. (*Smacking lips.*) Dere was chickin an' bread an' jam an' pie an' coffee an' cheese an' cake an'—



MRS. D. But tell me quickly, Topsy, how is it that you are here?

TOP. Well, Sam he ketches me by de arm an' we all skun outen de kitchen door. An' when we come ter de big gate, Sam he let go my arm ter open de gate an' I run, back as fas' as I could. He—he—he, I guess dey didn't dass ter come arter me fear you-all would hear dem. It was so dark when I got in here dat I thought I'd wait till morning.

MRS. D. You are a good child, Topsy. You had better go, now, and get some sleep. If you see Miss Leighton, ask her to come into the sitting-room, for I want to talk with her.

TOP. All right, missis. [Exit TOP., R.]

MRS. D. (*musings*). So it has come to this. I don't know that I blame the servants—it is the work of these Federals—these brave men who rob women. I never knew I could hate any one as I hate these soldiers. Though it hurt me sorely to see Robert march away, if I had ten sons I would gladly send them to annihilate these invaders. Ah, well, this won't help the present case. I suppose breakfast must be got somehow, I'll— (Enter AUNT MARGARET, C.) Good-morning, Margaret.

AUNT MARGARET. Good-morning, Alice. I met Topsy just now and heard a very excited account from her about the deserters.

MRS. D. Well, what do you think of this new outrage?

AUNT M. I suppose it is what they call the "fortunes of war."

MRS. D. Really, Margaret, sometimes you are so provokingly calm under trying circumstances that I am divided between admiration and a desire to shake you.

AUNT M. (*smiling*). It doesn't pay to get worked up about it. The only serious result is that we shall have to live on our own cooking until we can get some help—that is, provided the thrifty Dinah has left us anything to cook. Topsy regaled me with a long list of good things Dinah stowed away in her basket.

MRS. D. I suppose it would really be more sensible for me to go and get breakfast than to stand here fuming.

AUNT M. Yes, matters might be a great deal worse. (*Exit MRS. D., R. AUNT M., speaks aloud.*) They really have left us in a sorry plight, but there is no use in adding fuel to the fire of Alice's wrath by sympathizing too much with her. The next problem will be to get some one to do the cooking. I must go

out after breakfast and see what I can do about finding some one.

*Enter VIRGINIA LEIGHTON, C.*

VIRGINIA. Good-morning, Aunt Margaret. (*Dropping into chair.*) Well, you are the only one in all this troubled household who looks calm this morning. When I went into the kitchen Aunt Alice was mixing muffins, looking worried to death, while Topsy was running in and out of the pantry with an egg in one hand looking for something to break it with. She had just seized the stove lifter when Aunt Alice caught her. But really, isn't it dreadful about the servants leaving us.

AUNT M. Yes, dear, it is very unfortunate. Aunt Alice is very much disturbed over it. You know how bitterly she hates these Union soldiers.

VIRG. Yes, I know she does, but they are fighting for the cause they believe to be right. 'Tis a privilege we all have in this free country of ours.

AUNT M. Their believing it to be right doesn't make it right, and doesn't prevent our resenting their attempts to convince us that they are right. They may conquer us—though I pray that may never happen—but they will never convince us.

VIRG. My dear Aunt Margaret, given a small platform and a desk to pound on, you would be a most eloquent speaker. But don't do it, aunty, for I should have to mend my own stockings then, and you do them so beautifully.

AUNT M. You do love to tease, Virginia, don't you? But seriously, child, you seem to me all too willing to defend these soldiers. I am afraid some of these dashing boys in blue are apt to find champions among our Southern girls, so don't think too much of them, child.

VIRG. What are you driving at, Aunt Margaret? Has Martha Lane been stirring you up with her gossip?

AUNT M. No, Martha has not been here this week. I only wanted to caution you, because when the heart is young, the head is foolish.

VIRG. Don't worry. I'll give you a guarantee that my head is perfectly sane.

*(Voice outside calling, "Aunt Margaret, Aunt Margaret.")*

AUNT M. There's Betty calling for me. Will you come

with me to the village after breakfast, Virginia? We must get a cook as soon as possible.

VIRG. All right, I'll go with you. (*Exit AUNT M., R.*) I was afraid that Aunt Margaret had got drift of my secret, and I don't want even her to hear of it till after this horrid war is over. Dear old Phil! I'd love to wear the ring he gave me, but if I did, the story would have to come out. Goodness, I guess Aunt Alice would rather see me ten kinds of an old maid rather than have me marry a Northerner—or rather a Union soldier, because of course Phil is a Southerner. But I honor him for fighting for the cause which he believes to be right. And I do wish Aunt Alice would be a little more cordial to Ruth Lee. Of course she stands up for her brother, but that's no reason why Aunt Alice should act toward her as if she had some personal grievance. If she should ever find out that Ruth helps Phil and me I don't know what would happen. Oh, dear, I wish there wasn't any North and South.

*Enter TOP., R.*

TOP. Brekfus' is dished, Miss Jinny. I done helped missis git it ready, 'cos Dinah ain't de cook now, and Liza ain't de maid now and Sam (*VIRG. exit, hastily*) ain't de choreman now. Well, Miss Jinny must have been in a hurry for her brekfus'. Golly, I guess I'll surprise dem whilst dey's eatin'. I jes remembers dat I heard missis say she had ter pick up de sittin' room dis mornin'. I'll pick up all de tings for her. (*Hurries about and picks up the furniture and piles it together.*) Golly, ef Dinah an' Liza an' Sam could see me now, dey'd be mos' astonishful. Dinah she uster say, "Topsy, you'se a no 'count nigger," an' Liza she uster say, "You'se de mos' ignoramusly chil' I ever see," an' Sam he uster say —

*Enter BETTY, C.*

BETTY. What under the shining sun are you doing, Topsy?

TOP. I'se jes' pickin' up de room for missis.

BET. I should say so. (*Peals of laughter.*)

TOP. (*aggrievedly*).— What are yer laffin' at, Miss Betty?

BET. Oh, Topsy, you little goose.

TOP. (*with dignity*). Dey ain't no feathers on me, Miss Betty, an' I is very much occupationed now sence Dinah an' Liza an' Sam has went.

BET. Come, put the things back in their places and I'll