

**TOM HUNDLEY, THE
DRUMMER BOY OR A SECRET
THAT GENERAL GRANT
KEPT; A DRAMA OF 1861**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649015894

Tom Hundley, the Drummer Boy or A secret that General Grant Kept; A drama of 1861 by
Mrs. Annie Hundley

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MRS. ANNIE HUNDLEY

**TOM HUNDLEY, THE
DRUMMER BOY OR A SECRET
THAT GENERAL GRANT
KEPT; A DRAMA OF 1861**

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA
TOM HUNDLEY

The Drummer Boy

. OR .

A Secret that General Grant Kept

A DRAMA OF 1861

By Mrs. Annie Hundley



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA
1899

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Tom Hundley

THE DRUMMER BOY

. OR .

A Secret that General Grant Kept

A DRAMA OF 1861

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Gen. U. S. Grant.

Officers and soldiers.

Mr. Jeremiah Hundley, father to Annie
Hundley (Tom Hundley).

Tom Hundley.

Archibald, James, Richard, and Jesse,
brothers to Tom.

Two go off with Southern soldiers.

Joe Dalton, an old friend of Mr. Hundley.

Lieut. Devoe, a friend of Tom Hundley.

Rose Thorn, a young lady.

Mrs. Myers, a friend.

Boat hands, citizens, etc.

478530

THE ANGORA
2 ANGORA
TOM HUNDLEY.

ACT I.

Scene 1.

(In Kentucky.) Old Kentucky home; farm-house; stable and barn.

Soldiers on the march; they burn the Hundley homestead and take Mr. Hundley and Tom with them.

(A room in a country house.)

An old-fashioned house and furniture with plenty and comfort, but all in confusion. A large old-time fire-place; a bed of coals, over which hangs an iron pot suspended from a hook; something savory cooking for dinner; a bright-eyed girl plays with her kitten, tossing a ball of yarn, while she laughs with glee.

An old settee; a corner cupboard, with old-fashioned china, some of which came down as treasured relics from ancestors, who fought and bled at Valley Forge; guns on racks supported by deers' antlers; home-made carpets; fine buffalo and Angora goat-skins covering the floor; bees hummed and sipped their nectar from the honeysuckle and wild clematis that crept over the porch, making a very attractive picture of country life. Suddenly a shadow falls on the sunlight that streams in the open door; the girl looks up to see her father; a strange feeling steals over her and

checks the merry laugh that bubbles to her lips, as she notes the wild, haggard look in his face; he looked years older than when he parted from her that morning to look after his stock.

Mr. Hundley.—Ah, Annie, my little motherless girl, I have great news for you; the war is brought to our very door; this morning when I kissed you good-by you were asleep in your little bed, the smile of innocence on your sweet lips. I found my barn and storehouses broken open, my goods all gone, my stock driven off, and my farm hands gone. In fact, dear child, we are here alone with nothing left but this house and the contents of that pot that hangs in the fireplace.

(Mr. Hundley walks to the door and looks out.) Exclaims: "They come, they come; the soldiers will soon be here; I see the bayonets gleam as they rise that hill by the old mill.

(Annie clings closer to her father, cries and begs him not to leave her.)

Annie.—O papa! papa! you will not go with the soldiers and leave your little girl; your own little girl!

Mr. Hundley.—No, no, my precious child. When your brothers left us to join the South-

ern Army, your mother grieved night and day, until, at last, she sickened and died of a broken heart. I promised her on her death-bed never to leave you with strangers, but always to keep you with me. I will keep my word with her. You shall go with me or we will die together. Annie, before they shall separate us I will send your pure spirit to join your sainted mother and I will follow. Is it not better than to leave you alone—for what? (He puts his hand on Annie's head, looks fervently up, saying) O my God, help me now; I can not leave my child with no one to care for her! Is it not better to send her spirit pure and unsullied to that rest in heaven than to leave her to a fate too terrible to think of? Am I going mad? Annie, tell me, child, are you willing to die?

(He walks the floor showing great excitement.)

Annie.—Papa, I would rather die than have you leave me.

Mr. Hundley.—Quick, quick, Annie, a thought comes to me; run and change your clothes; put on your brother's coat and pants, and remember you are, after this, my little boy, "Tom Hundley."

Scene 2.

(Soldiers are seen approaching. Annie appears in boy's attire.)

Mr. Hundley.—Bravo! you make a fine boy, Tom; do not forget to play your part; always remember that you are "Tom Hundley," papa's little boy, and we will go together.

(Soldiers approach. Mr. Hundley takes Tom by the hand, goes to meet them.)

A Soldier.—Hello! Who is here? Any more of you?

Mr. Hundley.—Only my little boy, Tom, and I.

Soldier.—What flag do you fly?

Mr. Hundley.—Union flag.

Soldier.—That suits us well; we want just such men as you are in our ranks. (Eyes the tall, well-built man, who stands resolute and fearless before them, for Mr. Hundley feared nothing but leaving his little girl.)

(Soldier looks at Tom, who shyly clings to his father's hand.)

Soldier.—What have you here?

Mr. Hundley.—My little motherless boy.

(Tom shrinks from the soldier—clings closer to his father.)

Soldier.—Come, we must be off; there is

nothing to invite a stay in these regions; the bushes are full of Johnnies, and we are likely to have trouble. Come along, no time to lose.

Mr. Hundley (resolutely).—I am willing to accompany you if you will permit me to take my boy. If you do not take Tom and I alive, you will not care to take us dead. (Stoops over and whispers to Tom.)

Tom.—I am not afraid, papa; we'll live or die together.

(Soldier hears Tom's remark, suspiciously.)

Soldier.—What's that? What's that?

Mr. Hundley.—It means simply this: that if you want to fill your ranks, you can have two, by taking Tom and his father along; if you do not take Tom, you can walk over our dead bodies; but that will not be to your credit.

Soldier.—What will we do with the youngster? How old is he?

Mr. Hundley.—He is just ten years old.

Soldier.—He looks like a little girl, small of his age; if he was a little older we would make a drummer of him; our drummer boy was killed in a skirmish, and we are in need of one.

Tom.—Never mind my size; I can drum as