

THE BOOK OF
The Pageant of Elizabeth

— BY —

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SECOND REGIMENT ARMORY

October Twenty-Eighth

1914

Introduction



THE Pageant of Elizabeth is presented for the double purpose of commemorating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the town, and of bringing to the consciousness of the present generation an appreciation and interest in the past.

In selecting the historical events to be represented in the pageant, the choice has been governed by a desire to show that Elizabeth was founded on the principles of freedom and neighborly co-operation. Her struggle to preserve this freedom in spite of the threatening

tyranny of New Jersey's early governors; her self-sacrifice during the dark days of the Revolution; her energetic efforts to support the Union cause and defeat slavery; and the development of her industrial progress toward a prosperity founded on peace and fostered by the shelter offered the oppressed of other nations, form a chain of episodes which are typical of true democracy.

The pageant presents, in dramatic form the history of Elizabeth from the first purchase of the land on which the city stands to the end of the Civil War. In addition to the historical episodes, the symbolical interludes which accompany these episodes are intended to portray through personification, the forces that have built up the city. Thus in the Prologue, the figure of Elizabeth stands veiled and mysterious—not yet called into being by the efforts of the settlers. Gradually the figure reveals herself, as each event contributes its share to the community ideal, until finally, Elizabeth, strong and prosperous in peace, sheltering all the nations, stands forth, her eyes upon the greater future yet to come.

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EPISODES OF PAGEANT

PROLOUGE—The Red Man's Vision of the Land.

EPISODE I.

SCENE 1—The Purchase of Land.

SCENE 2—Arrival of Carteret.

SCENE 3—Rent Riot.

INTERLUDE—The Vision of the Early Settlers.

EPISODE II.

SCENE 1—The Slave Market.

SCENE 2—Founding of Princeton College.

INTERLUDE—Vision of Knowledge.

EPISODE III.

SCENE 1—London Trading.

SCENE 4—Battle of Springfield Bridge.

SCENE 2—Boudinot Wedding.

SCENE 5—Hannah Arnett's Plea.

SCENE 3—Raid on Liberty Hall.

SCENE 6—The New Government.

INTERLUDE—The New Freedom.

EPISODE IV.

SCENE 1—Railroad Comes to Elizabeth.

SCENE 2—Civil War.

FINALE

MUSICAL PROGRAM

(Each Scene is announced by the trumpet call of the Heralds.)

PROLOGUE.

The Water Spirits—Waltz Brillante.....Chopin
The Earth Spirits—Hungarian Dance.....Brahms

EPISODE I.

SCENE 1—Entrance and Dance—Natoma.....Victor Herbert
SCENES 2 AND 3—No Music.
INTERLUDE 1.

EPISODE II.

SCENE 1—Entrance to “Sunny South”.....Lampe
SCENE 2—The Vision—NailaDelibes
Old Nassau.

EPISODE III.

SCENE 1—No Music.
SCENE 2—Entrance—MinuettBocchorini
SCENE 3—No Music.
SCENE 4—Yankee Doodle.
SCENE 5—No Music.
SCENE 6—Song to Washington.
INTERLUDE 2
War Spirits—Marche Militaire.....Koelling
Freedom—LiebesfreudKreisler

EPISODE IV.

SCENE 1—Patriotic Airs.
SCENE 2—John Brown’s Body.

FINALE.

Coming of Industry }
The Nations } Triumphant March.....Aida
Spirits of Peace—Morgenstimmung.....Grieg
Procession of Past—March of Priests.....Mendelssohn
Peace Hymn.....Weston Gales

Prologue

In the dim light of an early dawn, a veiled Figure gradually emerges from the background. This Figure symbolizes the city that is to be. She stands gazing straight before her, but the Indians sitting at her feet are unaware of her presence. One Indian sits by his birch canoe; the other mends his bow, then examines his arrows. These Indians represent the first children of Civilization, who have only begun to guess the meaning of Nature. As they sit lazily dreaming, the Nature Spirits dance before them.

First to come are the Water Spirits, clad in the shimmering greys and greens of the inland waters. Their movements are simple and quiet, but gradually the dance quickens and grows more confused as the Water Spirits are blown upon by the breeze, or swept by the tides toward the open sea. As they disappear one of the Indians gets to his feet and raises his paddle. Turning away, he goes to follow the call of the Water Spirits. To him, the Water Spirits are only the bearers of his canoe. He has not yet learned how else they may be made to serve him.

The Earth Spirits now enter to dance triumphantly before the remaining Indian. They are dressed in the rich purples, reds and browns of the autumn. Among them are the Spirits of the Trees and of the Wild Grape, others are Spirits of the Golden Corn. They personify the wealth of Nature. Their movements, therefore, are strong and expressive of power. To the Indian sitting there, these Spirits suggest to him only the forest paths and the hunt. He is ignorant of the gifts which these spirits are keeping locked within the earth.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

SYNOPSIS.

EPISODE I.

SCENE 1.

THE FOUNDING OF ELIZABETH.

In October, 1664, a group of three men living in Jamaica, Long Island, negotiated with the Indians of Staten Island the purchase of certain lands on which to found a settlement. The lands in question were accurately described as to their boundaries in the document drawn up for the Indians to sign. The tract was bounded on the south by the Raritan and thence stretched northward up by Achter Kol Bay. The price paid included a certain quantity of arms and ammunition, wampum, and the usual trading goods which the Indians were desirous of obtaining. It is noteworthy that the active transactions with the Indians were friendly, and it was conducted to the satisfaction of both sides.

SCENE 2.

The original associates joined to themselves others of their friends and neighbors, many of whom came originally from Connecticut and other New England colonies. Governor Nicolls had confirmed the Indian grant or sale to the associates, and they, thus believing themselves secure in their title, had proceeded to found a small settlement of some four houses. But in August, 1665, a ship arrived from England and the Island of Jersey, and anchored near Elizabeth-Town Point. On board this ship was Philip Carteret, recently appointed Governor of the "Province of New Jersey" and a party of settlers, among whom were many French laborers from the island of Jersey.

It seems that the Duke of York had made a special grant of this part of the country to two powerful courtiers, Lord John Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. These in turn had fitted out this expedition and appointed Philip Carteret governor of the new province. At first the associates were inclined to dispute the claim of the newcomers, since the title the associates had received had been confirmed in good faith and the land paid for. But there was no disputing the royal grant which superseded the act of Governor

Nicolls. Governor Carteret, however, showed at first every disposition to settle the matter amicably. The terms of his grant gave great freedom to the government of the province, placing it on a representative basis and guaranteeing liberty of conscience. The associates, therefore, accepted Carteret as their governor and took the oath of allegiance. Thus from the outset the "concessions," as the charter of the settlers' rights was called, gave greater freedom to the inhabitants than was the case in many of the other colonies. Carteret chose the original settlement as his capital, and named it Elizabeth-Town, after the Lady Elizabeth, wife of Sir George Carteret, his cousin.

SCENE 3.

Soon after Carteret's arrival and installation as Governor, friction began to develop between the original settlers and the new authorities. Carteret claimed the right to collect a yearly quit rental from all the lands—a tax to be paid to the Lords Proprietors in England. The associates claimed that their purchase from the Indians was an absolute title and therefore, they were not liable for a tax imposed by absentee claimants. Furthermore, only freeholders were entitled to own land and no man could be a freeholder without the consent of the town meeting. Carteret violated this provision of the charter and granted land to one of his servants, Michell. The associates resented this, destroyed the fence around Michell's land and triumphantly defied the governor's authority. Thus the democracy emerged victorious from their first conflict with autocratic government.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE I.

SCENE 1

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 1.

AN INDIAN SCOUT.

MATTANO, *Chief of the Indian tribe.*

COWESCOMEN, *Headman of the Indian village.*

DANIEL DENTON, <i>School Master and Justice of the Peace.</i>	} <i>From Jamaica, Long Island. Associates.</i>
LUKE WATSON.	
JOHN BAYLEY, <i>Keeper of an Ordinary.</i>	

CHARLES HORSLEY.	} <i>Men accompanying the associates.</i>
RANDAL HEWITT.	

Indian warriors, squaws and children. A group of white men, guards and escorts to the associates.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

EPISODE I.—1664-1673.

THE FOUNDING OF ELIZABETH.

The creation of a community founded on the principles of neighborly co-operation and the love of freedom.

SCENE 1.

October, 1664. Staten Island. An Indian village. The peaceful Indians are busied with the preparation of skins. One or two hunters arrive with raw furs. The women take the skins and give the hunters food. An Indian scout rushes in, breathless. He comes before the chief.

Indian Scout.

The white men, O chief! White men! They are coming!

Chief.

It is well. We dwell at peace with the white man. We have nothing to fear.

Cowescomen (a headman of the tribe).

They have come to barter with us. Where did you see these white men?

Indian Scout.

They have drawn their boat up on the shore and left a warrior to guard it. The others will be here soon.

Chief.

See that they are received with friendship. Hide away your bows and arrows. (*The Indians rise and the women hastily gather up their belongings.*) Cowescomen, take some warriors and guide the white men to our village.

Cowescomen and a few warriors go out. They return almost immediately with John Bayley, Daniel Denton and Luke Watson. A few other white men, including Charles Horsley and Randal Hewitt accompany them.

Chief (rises—with great dignity).

Welcome, white men!

Luke Watson.

Speak to them of our business, Daniel Denton—you know their tongue.

Denton (stepping forward).

Great Chieftain—we have come to bargain with you and your people.

Chief (with a gesture of interruption).

First we shall smoke a pipe to our friendship.

Cowescomen hands the chief the pipe, which one of the women lights.

Luke Watson.

What is the meaning of this, Daniel?

Denton.

Before the chief will listen to us he wishes to smoke the pipe of peace.

Bayley.

It is a heathen custom. Is it lawful for a Christian to smoke the pipe of peace with these savages?

Luke.

There is nothing against our consciences in that.

Denton.

I'll answer for your conscience, John Bayley.

Luke.

These Indians are not troublesome, if we do them no harm.

Chief.

Smoke to the Great Spirit, O white man! May he grant peace to our lands between thine and mine.

Denton (to Luke).

He bids us smoke to a peace between us.

Luke.

It shall be as he says. Lay down your arms, men.

The men accompanying them lay down their arms. Luke takes the pipe ceremoniously from the chief, and they sit and smoke in turn.

Luke (at the conclusion).

Speak to the chief of our business, Daniel Denton. Tell him we wish to buy of their lands.

Bayley.

Aye—tell him we shall drive a fair Christian bargain.

Denton.

Chief, we have come among you not to buy skins or food—but to purchase of your lands.

Chief (starts).

What lands? Say on, White Man.

Denton.

We desire to build a town on the lands bounded on the south by the Raritan river, lying northward up by Achter Kol bay, across from this island.

Chief.

These lands are rich in game, and pleasant to dwell upon. They are the hunting grounds of our fathers given us by the Great Spirit in the days long forgotten. It shall lie heavy on our hearts to part with these.

Denton.

We offer a fair price, Chieftain.

Chief.

There is no price, O White Man, equal to our inheritance.

Luke.

What does he say, Daniel?

Bayley.

Offer him fair terms, Daniel—but not too much. Remember, these savages are simple-minded folks—not like our New England traders.

Denton.

O Chief, we desire to come among you in peace—to dwell beside your people and to trade with you. If you agree to this, we shall protect you from the other white men to the north.

Chief.

What say you, Cowescomen?

Cowescomen.

Ask the white man, O chief, what wealth he offers? Will he make a treaty not to seize more than he asks?

Chief.

We cannot barter our lands till we know if your coming means peace to our people.

Denton.

This we shall swear—in any way binding to us and not against our consciences as Christians.

Chief.

Will you swear it by the Great Spirit?

Denton.

Aye—and teach you to know Him as we know Him.

Chief.

It is well. What do you offer us for these lands?

Denton (producing a parchment).

We, lawful associates, John Bayley, Daniel Denton, and Luke Watson, husbandmen of Jamaica which is in Long Island, will pay to you twenty fathoms of trading cloth, two made coats, two guns, two kettles, ten bars of lead, and twenty handfuls of powder.

Cowescomen.

It is not enough for our hunting grounds!

Denton.

Peace! I have not finished. Furthermore, we agree to pay four hundred fathoms of white wampum, or two hundred fathoms of black wampum, after a year's expiration from the day of entry upon the said lands.

Cowescomen.

What say you, O Chief? Shall we let these men have our lands?

Chief.

Aye—for peace is better than war.

Cowescomen.

They are few and weak! Refuse!

Chief.

Nay—though they be few, yet they know magic stronger than that of our folk. They would slay my people with the lightning sticks which they call guns.

Bayley.

How goes the trade, goodman Denton?

Denton.

They will grant our terms.

Bayley (shaking his head pessimistically).

I would you had only offered them half as much.

Chief.

It shall be as you say, White Man. Have you brought the wares with you?

Denton.

Aye. (*To the men.*) Bring forth the goods. (*To his friends.*) They agree—it is a famous bargain, brethren—much to our credit and theirs.

The cloth is measured, the kettles and guns produced, the bars of lead, and the twenty handfuls of powder are ladled out into an Indian earthenware jar with great care. A group of all interested is formed around the principals as this transaction is completed.

Denton.

Charles Horsley and Randal Hewitt, stand you ready to make your marks as witnesses of the Indians' signatures.

Bayley.

How much does it come to in money?

Denton.

A matter of thirty-six pounds and fourteen shillings.

Bayley.

'Tis a goodly sum for mere savages.

The Indians take the agreement and study it curiously, turning it over to look at the back. The chief fingers the great red seal. Denton hands the chief the quill pen and points.

Denton.

Make you a mark there. (*The chief does so.*) Now you, Cowescomen.

The latter snatches the quill from Denton—hesitates, but at a word from his chief, signs too. The witnesses sign, Hewitt by making his mark.

Denton.

That business is concluded, my associates. We shall build us a goodly town.

Luke and John Bayley.

Aye! That we will!

Bayley.

These lands are richer than Long Island.

Chief.

Here are presents for the white men—pledges of the peace we have sworn between us.

The Indians bring forward skins and food.

Chief.

Let us feast in honor of this.

They all sit. The warriors form a circle and dance a dance of rejoicing.

Luke (rising).

We must return to Governor Nicolls. He shall confirm to us this grant of lands.

Bayley.

Aye—the tide will be against us if we go not soon. But we shall not pay him one penny more for these lands—it must be a free grant—were he twice our governor.

Denton.

Governor Nicolls will do all in his power to further our settlement. Shall we away?

The Others.

Aye!

Denton (to the chief).

Farewell, O Chief! May much peace and prosperity flow from this beginning here today.

Chief.

That shall be as the Great Spirit wills!

They bid the Indians farewell with much ceremony.

Denton (going).

To Governor Nicolls with our grant!

The men shoulder the gifts received from the Indians and go. The Indians go in the opposite direction. The scene closes.

END OF SCENE 1.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE I.

SCENE 2.

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 2.

DANIEL DENTON,	}	<i>Associates of the Colony.</i>
LUKE WATSON,		
JOHN BAILEY,		
THOMAS BENEDICK,		
NATHANIEL DENTON,		
JOHN FOSTER,		
JOHN OGDEN, JR.,		

MRS. BAILEY, *John Bailey's wife.*

PHILIP CARTERET, *Governor of the Province of New Jersey.*

ROBERT VAUQUELLIN, *Sieur des Prairie.*

HIS WIFE.

Associates, laborers, sailors and others.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

EPISODE 1.

SCENE 2.

The arrival of Philip Carteret and the settlers from the island of Jersey.

August, 1665. Scene, near Elizabeth-Town Point. The original associates have come as four families to live upon their lands. They have built them four houses and have tilled the soil. They are in peaceful possession of their lands and are ignorant that Carteret and his followers are on their way to lay claim to this part of the country, under a grant from the Duke of York. Other associates and laborers have joined the charter group. It is early morning and a slightly dim heat haze hangs on the landscape. Enter Luke Watson and John Bailey with agricultural implements. Mrs. Bailey follows at a brief distance.

Mrs. Bailey (hands on hips).

John Bailey! *(Pause—louder.)* John Bailey!!

Bailey (turns—humbly).

Yes, my dear?

Mrs. Bailey (in one breath).

Do you think to go off and idle in the fields leaving me no wood for the fire? Shame on you for a lazy good-for-nothing—perhaps you think you are still keeping a tavern in Jamaica, with servants to wait upon your every want—I warrant you.

Bailey (to Luke).

Aye—a woman's tongue! 'Tis our warning against seeking too much pleasure in the vanities of this world. *(To his wife.)* I am coming, Susannah—I thought there was wood enough to last the day.

Mrs. Bailey.

Belike you did—but it is not your thinking that will keep a fire alight, John Bailey.

Luke.

I'll await you here, goodman. I need your help to stack our corn. One hundred and sixty acres of good standing corn—a tidy bit. *(He rubs his hands.)* A good season's work for us, John.

Mrs. Bailey.

You would do better, Luke Watson, to thank the Lord for heaping His blessings upon you, instead of taking credit to yourself for His works.

Luke.

And so I do, Mrs. Bailey—I am but a weak sinner in His hands.

Enter Daniel Denton, followed by Thomas Benedick, Nathaniel Denton, John Foster, John Ogden and a few others.

Luke.

A ship!

Denton.

Aye—see! (*Points.*) She is making this way.

Mrs. Bailey.

Bringing us no good, I warrant you. We have mouths enough of our own to feed with the winter coming on us.

Bailey.

Peace! See, they have let go the anchor. What make you of this, Daniel Denton?

Denton.

I know not—but we have nothing to fear. If these folks come seeking lands, we have Governor Nicholl's grant and confirmation of our purchase from the Indians. They must go further on, if they would settle.

Mrs. Bailey.

You would do well to cut the Holy Book, Daniel Denton, and see what the Lord adviseth.

Denton.

Well rebuked, Mistress Bailey. Who are we to trust in our own strength? (*He opens the Bible and reads.*) "The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." (Isaiah, 35.1.) Why then we have nothing to fear!

Luke.

A boat is putting off—aye, and another. They appear to be filled with armed men.

Denton.

We wear the armor of the Lord—Thomas Benedick, fetch you my gun and powder horn.

All.

Aye!

They run off and fetch arms, while Denton stands gazing off at the landing. The others re-enter.

Mrs. Bailey.

I can help with the loading. When I dwelt in Connecticut—by the Lord's mercy—I could use a fowling piece with any man alive.

Luke.

They have landed. Go toward them, Daniel Denton—and speak them fair.

Enter Philip Carteret, Robert Vauquellin and his wife, and Captain James Bollen, of New York. In addition there are some laborers, French artisans, and women to the number of about thirty. Note: This is the historical number.

Denton.

What ship and what men are you, in the name of the Lord?

Carteret.

In the name of his majesty and our sovereign lord, King Charles the second, Defender of the Faith, we claim these lands under the grant of his royal highness, the Duke of York. I represent the Lords Proprietors of New Jersey—as this province has been named.

Denton.

Have you warrant and authority for what you say?

Carteret.

Aye—under the royal seal. I, Philip Carteret, Seigneur of the manor of La Houque, in the Parish of St. Peter, on the island of Jersey, lawfully constituted governor of the Province of New Jersey, call upon all men to recognize my authority. None can hold lands save at my pleasure.

Denton.

Say you so? And we, associates of this colony, hold these lands under the grant of Governor Nicolls, after lawful purchase from the Indians.

Carteret.

I warn you, whoever you may be, not to trifle with the authority of the Lords Proprietors vested in me, Philip Carteret.

Denton.

Who are these Lords Proprietors, as you call them?

Carteret.

Lord John Berkeley, Baron of Stratton, in the county of Somerset, and my cousin, Sir George Carteret, Knight and Baronet of Saltrum in the county of Devon.

Mrs. Bailey.

'Faith, here are titles enough—could your ship bear so many and not sink with the weight?

Bailey.

Peace, good wife. Do not meddle with what does not concern you. Leave these affairs of state to men.

Mrs. Bailey.

No man—be he my husband or another—shall yield my farm to strangers—and cavaliers at that, by the look of them.

Bailey.

The good wife speaks truth. It was our hard-earned goods and our labor that paid for these lands—tell you that to the Lords Proprietors as they style themselves.

Carteret.

Who spoke of taking away your lands? You let the cart run down hill without the horse. I but demand recognition of my authority as Governor of this province—and that I must compel, if there be no other way to obtain it.

Denton.

We are neighbors—friendly people, knowing one another since long time—we have not felt the need of governors or government—dwelling as we do at peace in the fear of the Lord.

Luke.

Aye! We have come here in search of freedom—of liberty of conscience. Had we needed governors, we knew where they are to be found. Least of all do we wish men of another faith from overseas to settle in our lands.

Carteret.

Speak no treason and it will be the better for you. Here is my patent as governor of the Province of New Jersey.

Shows document, which Denton takes and reads.

Denton.

Aye—there is no mistake—here is the Duke's seal. (*He shakes his head and hands it back.*)

Luke.

What shall we do, Daniel?

Bailey.

Can we not send a messenger to Governor Nicolls?

Carteret.

My grant supersedes his authority. You must hold your lands of me.

Denton (producing parchments).

Here is our deed of purchase from the Indians; this our confirmation under the governor's seal. We have acted in good faith in settling these lands.

Carteret (taking papers).

Aye, so it appears. What say you, Vauquellin? (*He shows them to Vauquellin.*)

Vauquellin.

These papers seem in order—and yet the date is after the grant made to the Lords Proprietors—therefore their rights are not infringed. If these men will agree to recognize lawful authority, my advice is to leave them in full possession—since we need colonists.

Carteret.

Good advice, Vauquellin. (*To Denton*) You have nought to fear as to your liberties. The government of this province guarantees freedom to all holders of lands.

Denton.

First we should like to hear these concessions—we are freemen and have no desire to live under a tyrant—lawful or otherwise.

Carteret.

Briefly they are these: the governor shall have a council appointed by himself and an assembly chosen annually by the freemen of the province. This assembly will direct the manner of laying out the lands, and the governor shall not impose any tax upon the people not authorized by the general assembly.

Denton.

So far, so good.

Carteret.

For the lands thus granted a yearly quit rent of not less than one half penny per acre is to be paid, not falling due, however, before the year 1670.

Bailey.

Aye—there lies the catch. Why should we pay money to men we have never seen, for lands they never tilled?

Denton.

We cannot deny our King, John Bailey.

Carteret.

Furthermore, liberty of conscience is guaranteed to all becoming subjects of England, who swear allegiance to the King and faithfulness to the Lords Proprietors.

Denton.

These concessions are fair—what say you, my associates?

Bailey.

Fair enough, if they are kept.

Carteret.

They shall be kept, have no fear.

Denton.

Will you then confirm to us the lands we already hold?

Bailey.

Say rather, will he recognize our lawful claims. There's no confirmation needed.

Carteret (indicates Vauquellin).

The surveyor of this Province, Robert Vauquellin, shall determine the boundaries and apportion each man his share according to his present holdings.

Mrs. Bailey.

I warrant—they have titles enough with them to spread over all the lands in Christendom.

Denton (to Carteret).

And these men with you—are they to be freeholders?

Carteret.

Nay—most of them are Frenchmen—laborers—whom I have brought to set up a salt works.

Mrs. Bailey.

A salt works, in faith? To whom will you sell this salt?

Denton.

We have no lack of salt. The ships bring it in ballast from the Tortugas.

Carteret.

I was not so informed. I shall put them to work felling trees—they are sturdy men and well seasoned to work.

Denton.

Do you then agree to recognize my associates here as freemen and freeholders of this Province of New Jersey?

Carteret.

I do. And do you then recognize my authority as governor of this province?

Luke, Denton, Bailey and others confer apart.

Denton (stepping forward).

We do. *(He holds out his hand.)*

Carteret.

Nay—kneel.

Denton (firmly).

We are freemen.

Carteret.

Have it so. *(Takes his hand.)* And now I name this settlement Elizabeth-Town, in honor of the virtuous and beautiful Lady Elizabeth, wife of my cousin, Sir George Carteret, one of the Lords Proprietors of the Province of New Jersey.

All cheer and cry out "Elizabeth-Town"—"the Lady Elizabeth." Carteret picks up a hoe and swings it on to his shoulders. He faces his men.

Carteret.

I take this hoe as symbol that I shall labor with you in good fellowship to make these lands fruitful. *(Another cheer.)*

Denton (raises his arms).

May the blessing of God rest upon and abide with Elizabeth-Town forever and forever. Amen!

END OF SCENE 2.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE I.

SCENE 3.

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 3.

MICHELL, *a servant illegally made a freeholder.*

GEORGE PACK, *his friend.*

MEEKER, *leader of the townsfolk.*

JOHN OGDEN, JR.

LUKE WATSON.

TOMSON.

SAMUEL MARSH.

GOVERNOR CARTERET.

PARDON, *a justice of the peace.*

} *Freeholders of Elizabeth-Town.*

Townsfolk, boys and attendants on the governor.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

EPISODE 1.

SCENE 3.

1671. *The dispute with Carteret over the right to award lands.*

SCENE.

A farm on the outskirts of Elizabeth-Town, early morning. It is not quite light. Enter Meeker and Luke Watson.

Meeker.

Here is the place. See, the scoundrel has even dared to build him a fence to enclose lands which are not his.

Luke.

Not content with taking away my commission as lieutenant of militia and forbidding my men to train, this Governor Carteret gives away our lands without consent of the town meeting.

Meeker.

Aye—and to a servant, this fellow Michell, who is not a freeman and can by no right be made one without vote of the town.

Luke.

Did we have guarantees of our liberties, or did we not?

Meeker.

We did—most solemnly pledged us by the Lords Proprietors. We took an oath to obey our laws—not to obey the breaker of them,—governor or no governor. Bring hither your militia men—let them gaze upon this infamy.

Luke.

Alack—they dare not obey me without the governor's commission.

Meeker.

Then fetch we men who will resent this injury the governor has put upon us. Give land to this Michell, will he? Without our consent? Does he think he is in England—or dwelling among freemen? Answer me that?

Luke.

Nay, I know not.

Meeker.

Lend me a hand, while I tear down this fence.

Luke.

Have we warrant for what we do?

Meeker.

Warrant? We have our rights to maintain. Need you more warrant than that?

Luke.

We are but two—let us bring hither other townsfolk.

Meeker.

Bah—you are like your troops—to make a fine show when the governor goes a progress. I'll fetch men for this task.

He goes out, Luke expostulating in the rear. Enter cautiously with a lantern Michell and George Pack. They peer about and Michell examines his fence.

Michell.

Heard you voices, George Pack?

Pack.

Aye—goodman Michell, that I did. And angry ones too.

Michell.

I much fear these townsfolk will do me some harm because the governor, Heaven reward him, gave me this land. They say I did not ask them for it.

Pack.

Do they hold the governor without authority in his own province?

Michell.

They are strange people—and brook no interference. Long years have I served the governor faithfully and worked hard for this land. And now that I put a fence about it men cry out upon me. It is not justice, George Pack.

Pack.

Aye, but where shall a man find justice in this world?

An angry murmur of voices is heard off.

Pack.

Heard you that?

Michell.

It is as I feared—they come to drive me from my land. Take you a stout cudgel, George Pack.

They seize stout sticks and the voices grow nearer. Enter Meeker, Tomson, Samuel Marsh, John Ogden, Jr., and Luke Watson, with others. They too are armed with cudgels. It has now grown light. Pardon follows them at a little distance.

Michell.

What do you seek here?

Meeker (grimly).

Our rights as freemen. Townsmen, down with this fence.

Michell.

These lands are mine, given me by the governor. You touch them at your peril.

Meeker.

Then at our peril be it. Do you forewarn me not to touch your fence, Michell?

Michell.

Aye.

Meeker walks up to the fence and knocks a bar off the top. Michell aims a blow at Meeker's head which the latter parries. Others attack George Pack. Michell and Pack are driven off, while Pardon looks on. Meeker collides with Pardon.

Meeker.

Have you come to help pull down the fence?

Pardon.

I am a justice of the peace, as you well know. I did not come here to help pull down the fence but to take notice what you do.

John Ogden, Jr., shakes his fist under Pardon's nose.

We care not if a hundred such fellows as you take notice of what we do. Fetch Governor Carteret to watch us, if you will.

Meeker.

Aye—show him what we think of tyranny.

Pardon.

You speak very saucily. A few days in the stocks would mend your manners.

Meeker.

He will have to put the whole town in the stocks then. Come, lads, to our work.

Meeker kicks another bar off the fence.

Ogden.

Here, Luke Watson, take hold of this end with me. (*Seizes a bar.*)

Luke.

Nay, if I am here, it's as good as if I pulled it down.

Meeker.

Luke, you cannot sit on this fence, if you would. To it man!

Pardon.

There's one among you with judgment, it seems.

Luke.

If you say that, I'll put my hands to it with the others.

He goes up and gingerly removes one log. The others now shout and rush at the fence which they speedily demolish.

Meeker.

Now around to the back, men, and let the hogs in on his garden.

Ogden.

Aye, let them root it up.

Several dash around to the back and are heard smashing things, off stage.

Meeker (contemplating the ruin.)

There's a good morning's work done. Now for the house.

Governor Carteret and attendants enter in haste—a motley throng.

Carteret.

What's the meaning of this—a riot?

Meeker.

Call it what you will. We will not be put upon by any usurped authority.

Carteret.

Pardon, as justice of the peace, cite this fellow to appear before me for riot and breaking the peace. Such a thing has not happened before in this province.

Ogden.

Aye—'tis the first time our governor has overridden the will of a free people.

Carteret.

Of that, more anon. Luke Watson, assemble your militia and deal with these disturbers.

Luke.

Your pardon, your excellency. You have revoked my commission. I have no militia.

The crowd shout with laughter at Carteret's discomfiture.

Carteret.

Tut—'tis no matter—but I warn you, Meeker, and you Ogden, you shall pay dearly for this!

The crowd jeer and hoot. Carteret in disgust turns and walks away, accompanied by Pardon and only a few others. The majority remain.

All.

Meeker! Meeker! *(They cheer.)*

Ogden.

Since we are here, let's call a town meeting. *(Another cheer.)* I propose we elect Goodman Meeker constable of Elizabeth-Town!

All.

Aye! Constable Meeker!

Ogden.

We shall see then what this governor will do with us.

All.

We are free men! Free men! Constable Meeker! *(Cheers.)*

Meeker.

I thank you, townsmen! *(a cheer.)* Let Governor Carteret put this in his pipe and smoke it!

Another cheer, and the crowd lift Meeker on to their shoulders and carry him off in triumph, with shouts of joy.

END OF SCENE 3.

INTERLUDE 1.

During the years that have passed since Elizabeth Town was founded, the settlers have begun to conquer the Nature Spirits. Unlike the Indians, the white men know that the Nature Spirits can be made to serve the future as well as the present. It is toward this future that the town is now looking.

Carteret stands on one side of the shrouded Figure seen in the Prologue, and the Associates on the other. Further off and hardly to be seen, the retreating Indians pass by, looking backward at the white men as they go.

The Nature Spirits approach and as they draw near, the Figure partly raises her veil with a slow movement of her arms. She is thus seen more distinctly, and from a formless shape, having existence only in the imagination of the first settlers, she assumes a personality. The Nature Spirits disappear, as do Carteret and the Associates, leaving the personification of Elizabeth Town as the dominating note in the scene.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE II.

SCENE 1.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

SYNOPSIS.

EPISODE II.

SCENE 1.

During the middle of the Eighteenth Century, in the years preceding the Revolution, Elizabeth-Town grew rapidly in wealth and material prosperity. A picturesque feature of the times was the old Slave Market on Broad Street, near the mill and the bridge. Here batches of newly arrived slaves were auctioned off to the highest bidders, and all the elements of the comic and the tragic common to this traffic were often enacted in the otherwise quiet street. The sale of lottery tickets for various purposes was another characteristic of the life of the day. The Town Crier with his bell was wont to proclaim a lottery sale for the building of a "new parsonage" or to notify the inhabitants of a new consignment of slaves.

SCENE 2.

In the year 1747, the Reverend Jonathan Dickinson, a graduate of Yale College, and resident of Elizabeth-Town, received a charter for the founding of the College of New Jersey. The college first assembled with six students and a tutor, Caleb Smith, at the Reverend Jonathan Dickinson's house in Elizabeth-Town. This was the beginning of the institution known to-day as Princeton University. Jonathan Dickinson died in the first year of the founding of the college, and after his death, it was moved to Newark and finally to Princeton.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE II.

SCENE 1.

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 1.

JOHN MARTIN, *A Slave Trader.*

THE TOWN CRIER.

ROBERT MILBURN, *A Blacksmith.*

EDWARD SEARS, *A Well-to-do Farmer.*

BENJAMIN PETIT, *A Lottery Ticket Vendor.*

MRS. WOODRUFF, *of Elizabeth-Town.*

Slaves, Townspeople and Children.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

EPISODE II.

SCENE 1.

THE COLONIAL PERIOD.

Elizabeth-Town, having acquired a prosperous position as a community, begins to build for the future generations.

SCENE 1.

1746. The Slave Market. Broad Street, near the old mill and bridge.

A group of negroes, led by the auctioneer, John Martin, enter and pause by a little block or stand center. The Town Crier rings his bell and the townsfolk begin to gather. Among them are Robert Milburn, the town blacksmith; Edward Sears, a well-to-do farmer; Mrs. Woodruff; and a little apart from the others Benjamin Pettit who has lottery tickets for sale. When the crowd has gathered in sufficient numbers, Martin signs to the Town Crier who thereupon rings his bell lustily and proclaims:

Town Crier (reading from a paper).

Hear ye—Hear ye—To be sold in Elizabeth-Town:

A likely parcel of negro boys and girls from twelve to twenty years of age, who have all had the small-pox. Who will buy? Who will buy?

(Rings his bell furiously again).

Robert Milburn.

I need a stout lad to tend my forge. What price, John Martin?

Benjamin Pettit.

By your leave, I have a matter of public importance to proclaim, before you proceed with this business.

John Martin.

What is your business that interrupts mine, Benjamin Pettit?

Pettit.

My business is the Lord's—which is more than may be said for the slave trade.

John Martin.

Each man to his trade, neighbor. Speak, but be brief. I have other things that press.

Pettit.

People of Elizabeth-Town!

He seizes the Town-Crier's bell from that horrified functionary, and waves it over his head.

I have here the scheme of a lottery in Turkey—in Elizabeth-Town—tickets fourteen shillings each.

All laugh and cheer.

Pettit.

Nay, this lottery is in a worthy cause. It is to raise a sum of money for building a parsonage-house. I have fourteen hundred and fifty tickets for the small sum of fourteen shillings apiece.

Milburn.

What prize does a man stand to win in this lottery?

Pettit.

The highest prize is thirty-pounds. Think of that. Thirty pounds for fourteen shillings.

Mrs. Woodruff (fumbling with her reticule).

Aye. Think of that.

She counts out her money nervously, dropping some of it. Two boys rush to help her pick it up and knock their heads together. She cuffs one of them and then hands her money to Pettit. He gravely gives her a ticket which she clutches tightly.

Pettit.

I thank you, madam. You have performed charitable act—you have cast your bread upon the waters—it *may* be returned to you a hundred fold. Who will buy the next? Will you?

John Martin.

Will you buy one of my slaves?

Pettit.

I'll give you lottery tickets for 'em—

John Martin.

Nay, I'm not that big a fool, Benjamin. (*The Town Crier takes the bell from Pettit.*)

Pettit.

Men of Elizabeth-Town.

There is another shout of laughter, the Town Crier drowns him out with the bell, and the crowd good humoredly hustle him down from the platform and off. Mrs. Woodruff appears much distressed at his treatment.

Mrs. Woodruff.

Alack! My fourteen shillings. He said he would give me thirty pounds for them. (*The crowd all laugh.*) When shall I see my money again?

Milburn (drily).

You've laid your treasure up in Heaven, Mistress Woodruff. *She turns away shaking her head.*

John Martin.

(*Takes a negro and places him on the block.*)

What am I bid for this healthy man?

Milburn.

Fifteen pounds.

Sears.

Sixteen pounds.

Milburn.

And ten shillings.

Sears.

And twelve.

Milburn.

Seventeen pounds.

John Martin.

I am not giving him away. Let me have an honest bid—the negro is worth every penny of twenty guineas.

Milburn.

Twenty pounds.

John Martin.

Twenty pounds bid. Who says twenty-one? Come—a splendid lad—see the muscle in his arms. Who bids twenty-one. (*Silence.*) Who bids twenty-one. Going at twenty—going—going—gone. Sold to Robert Milburn the blacksmith at twenty pounds. As fair a bargain as ever I saw. I am loser by a good two pounds.

Milburn.

(Coming forward and leading away the negro.)

I shall rest easy over your loss.

John Martin.

Next.

He takes a negro woman and leads her up. A negro man steps forward, imploring in dumb show—they can speak no English yet—Martin to sell them together. Martin waves him back.

What am I offered for this woman?

The negress bursts into tears and flings herself at his feet. He shoves her back roughly and threatens her with his whip.

Sears (stepping forward).

Stay your hand. This woman may be your chattel, but she is one of God's creatures. I'll suffer no cheating trader to raise his hand against her.

The crowd cheer and call threateningly at John Martin.

John Martin.

(Changes his tone as he sees the crowd hostile.)

I am as honest a man as you Edward Sears. Who raises his hand against a girl? I did but threaten.

Sears.

Then threaten no more. Name your price for the lot of them, and I'll see them well taken care of on my farm.

He goes to the negro girl and comforts her.

John Martin.

Two hundred pounds for the whole parcel—a dead loss to me of fifty guineas.

Sears (ironically).

Aye—your kind heart will cost you dear, I know, I'll take them.

John Martin (eagerly).

Have you the sum with you?

Sears.

Aye—my fox—I have.

He tosses a bag of gold to John Martin. The crowd cheer as he raises up the negro girl, joins her hand to that of the man and leads the slaves all away. The two negroes beam upon him in gratitude, while part of the crowd follow. The others jeer Martin off in the opposite direction.

END OF SCENE 1.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE II.

SCENE 2.

Scene 2. The Founding of the College of New Jersey, 1747.

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 2.

THE REV. JONATHAN DICKINSON, *President of the College of New Jersey.*

CALEB SMITH, *Tutor.*

ENOS AYRES,

BENJAMIN CHESNUT,

HUGH HENRY,

ISRAEL REED,

RICHARD STOCKTON,

DANIEL THANE,

The First Students.

CHARACTERS IN THE INTERLUDE.

KNOWLEDGE.

THE NINE MUSES.

Chorus of male voices.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

EPISODE II.—1747.

SCENE 2.

The Founding of the College of New Jersey. The college meets for the first time with the Reverend Jonathan Dickinson in Elizabeth-Town.

Caleb Smith, the tutor, leads in the six students from one side, and the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson enters alone from the other side. They await him silently, bowing as he takes his seat. Then they all sit down. They bend their heads in silent prayer a moment.

Dickinson (raising his head).

As the log college at Neshaminy, Pennsylvania, has been closed,—there was left no facility for the pious youth of our province of New Jersey who wished to apply themselves to preaching the word of God. To remedy this state of affairs, certain God-fearing men have applied to our governor for a charter for founding the College of New Jersey. He has graciously granted us this charter, and the trustees have chosen me president. (*He hands a paper to Caleb Smith.*) Will you read this notice to these young gentlemen, Tutor Caleb Smith?

Smith (takes paper and reads).

Whereas a charter with full and ample privileges, has been granted by his Majesty, under the Seal of the Province of New Jersey bearing date the 22nd, October, 1746 for erecting a college within the said province, by which charter equal liberties and privileges are secured to every denomination of Christians, any different religious sentiments notwithstanding: the Trustees hereby notify all persons who are qualified by preparatory learning for admission that beginning with this May, 1747, they may be admitted to an academic education. (*Students all incline their heads.*)

Dickinson

Young gentlemen of the College of New Jersey, there is no need for me to remind you of the seriousness of our purpose in gathering together beneath my humble roof. Learning is a privilege which comes only to the few. Its value is the use they see fit to make of it. Apply yourselves to your books, walk in the fear of the Lord, and serve your fellow-men. These three alone make the torch of knowledge blaze and light up the dark corners of the earth.

Caleb Smith.

Amen.

The Students.

Amen.

Dickinson

The first step to knowledge is self-control. Without this such learning as your tutor or I may give you will avail you nothing. You will go forth into the world when your term is over to preach the

Word of God. Remember that the best preacher is he whose deeds reflect most truly his words. And now I declare the first session of the College of New Jersey ended. Spend your leisure today in preparation for your tasks tomorrow. You will meet me here for divine prayer at six in the morning. May the blessing of God rest upon and abide with you forever. Amen.

All.

Amen.

They rise, and each as he passes the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, bows. The Rev. Dickinson remains alone. He is silent in thought a moment, then striking flint and steel, lights a solitary candle on the table before him. He carefully adjusts a pair of large horn spectacles, opens a Bible, and begins to read. As he does so, he begins to nod after a few minutes, and gradually his head falls forward upon the Book. He sleeps. There then comes to him the Vision of Knowledge.

INTERLUDE 2.

THE VISION OF KNOWLEDGE.

From behind the hanging draperies behind him appears Knowledge with her flaming torch. She comes to the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson and bends over him, then dancing about the stage with her torch she waves on the Nine Muses, who appear one by one. As the Muses group themselves and pose, a distant chorus is heard singing, very faintly at first, the strains of "Old Nassau." Gradually it grows nearer, swelling into a mighty song of triumph, and a Chorus clad in modern cap and gown enter. At the end of their song they pass out of sight, leaving the Rev. Jonathan Dickinson sitting alone once more. The candle has all but burnt out. He awakens with a start, shoves back his glasses, stares about him, starts to his feet, seizes the candle, and gazes blankly about the empty stage. Everything is as when he went to sleep. Shaking his head, he goes slowly out through the hangings at the back, carrying his candle—to symbolize his torch of knowledge, holding it just as Knowledge held her torch.

END OF SCENE 2 AND INTERLUDE.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE III.

SCENE 1.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

SYNOPSIS.

EPISODE III.

SCENE 1.

ELIZABETH-TOWN DURING THE REVOLUTION.

1778. In the autumn of 1778, there were great preparations on foot in Elizabeth-Town for the wedding of "Caty" Smith and Elisha Boudinot. In spite of the proximity to the enemy on Staten Island, General Washington and the Marquis of Lafayette attended the function in state.

Tradition has it that Miss Smith, disregarding the embargo which had been placed on trading with the enemy, procured her silk wedding dress by contraband traffic with Staten Island. Such trading was known as "London Trading" and throughout the Revolution, Elizabeth-Town was a center for illicit merchandise of this kind. The town also contained, at this time, a number of Tory spies and sympathizers who kept the British informed of all that went on. Thus we find a Tory plotting to surprise General Washington on the occasion of his visit, and, if possible, to betray him into the hands of the enemy.

SCENE 2.

The wedding of "Caty" Smith and Elisha Boudinot was held in October, 1778, at the Belcher Mansion. All the notable people of the day assembled for this event, no less a person than Alexander Hamilton acting as "master of ceremonies." General Washington arrived with his staff, accompanied by the Marquis of Lafayette, Governor Livingston and others. Lady Kitty Stirling, the three beautiful Miss Livingstons, and all the youth and beauty of the State were on hand to wish the bride happiness and prosperity. One would not have supposed that the country at this time was passing through the darkest days of the crisis, so much did this social function seem for a day to overshadow the greater events of the grim war. But when the minuet was being danced summons came of the treachery of a Tory which threatened a British raid, and the subsequent happenings brought much misery and destruction to Elizabeth-Town before the American armies finally triumphed.

SCENE 3.

Governor Livingston of New Jersey is taking tea at his residence, Liberty Hall in Elizabeth-Town. Among the articles of con-

traband, in which the patriots were forbidden to deal, was tea. Various substitutes were used in its place, among the favorites being strawberry leaves. But in spite of the desire to be loyal to the cause, the young ladies of the Governor's family occasionally deceived their father by giving him the real article under another name. Considering the privations caused by the war, it is not surprising that the temptation to indulge in a forbidden luxury occasionally overcame the scruples of the most patriotic.

This particular tea-party at Liberty Hall was interrupted by a British raid from Staten Island. Fortunately the Governor escaped, and his valuable papers were saved from falling into English hands by the quick wit of one of his daughters. She made the British officer believe the real papers were a collection of her love letters, persuading him to take instead an assortment of her father's old legal documents of no military value. The British, however, pillaged the house and burned or destroyed the principal public buildings in Elizabeth-Town.

SCENE 4.

The Bridge at Springfield. After their successful raid on Elizabeth-Town, the British received a severe check at Springfield Bridge. Here the Minute Men rallied and drove the English and Hessians back. But at the moment of victory, powder for wadding the flint-lock muskets ran short. This lack nearly proved fatal to the Americans, as it rendered their guns useless. The Reverend Mr. Caldwell rose to the emergency. Dashing away to the meeting-house, he reappeared with an armful of hymn books. These were distributed to the Minute Men, whereupon the Reverend Mr. Caldwell exhorted the troops to give the English "Watts"—which they proceeded to do. The British were again driven back to Staten Island and Elizabeth-Town was reoccupied by the Americans.

SCENE 5.

The days were at their darkest and the hearts of our grandfathers were weighed down with doubt and despondency. Defeat had followed defeat for the American troops, until the Army had become demoralized and discouragement had well-nigh become despair. Lord Cornwallis, after his victory at Fort Lee, had marched his army to Elizabeth Town (Dec. 1776), where they were now encamped.

On the 30th of November, the brothers Howe had issued their celebrated proclamation, which offered protection to all who within sixty days would declare themselves peaceable British sub-

jects and bind themselves neither to take up arms against their Sovereign, nor to encourage others to do so.

It was to discuss the advisability of accepting this offered protection, that a group of men had met in a large old-fashioned house in Elizabeth-Town at this time. There were many of these houses occupied by prominent families at this period.

Isaac Arnett was a man well thought of; a trustee of the church, and one whose advice was worth considering.

SCENE 6.

On April 30, 1789, General Washington, on his way to be inaugurated first President of the United States, stopped in Elizabeth-Town for luncheon at Boxwood Hall, the home of his old friend Elias Boudinot, who had been President of the Continental Congress. President Washington was accompanied by a Committee of Congress. All Elizabeth-Town turned out to do honor to the Father of his country. Young ladies strewed his paths with flowers. After luncheon, thirteen sailors, dressed in white, and representing the Thirteen States, escorted President Washington to his barge, and on this he was conveyed to New York, there to take the oath of office.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE III.

SCENE 1.

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 1.

AN AMERICAN OFFICER.

A TORY.

CORNELIUS HATFIELD, JR., *a Traitor to the American Cause.*

MISS KATHERINE SMITH.

FRANCIS, *a "London Trader."*

Three or four Minute Men.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

EPISODE III.

Elizabeth-Town during the Revolution. Elizabeth contributes its share to the building of the nation.

Scene 1. "London Trading." 1778.

It is nearly dusk of an autumn afternoon in 1778. Broad Street, near the bridge. An officer of the Minute Men enters with a half dozen American soldiers.

Officer (reading a despatch).

The enemy are massed in force again on Staten Island. We may expect a raid at any time (*to his men*). Nathaniel, make ready a tar barrel on a pole. Put it on the highest ground near the point. If you hear the alarm given tonight, set fire to it. It will rouse the country for miles.

The soldiers salute and go out, except one. Enter Cornelius Hatfield, Jr.

Hatfield, Jr.

Good evening, captain. Any news from the front?

Officer.

I have nothing more than the official report. Sir, good evening.

He goes.

Hatfield, Jr. (looking after him).

(Gives a low whistle. Enter a Tory loyalist.) Sh—! Have you learned, Thomas, why the Minute Men have been called out?

Tory.

Aye—there's strange doings afoot.

Hatfield, Jr.

Speak, man, quickly.

Tory.

General Washington is coming.

Hatfield, Jr.

Washington?

Tory.

That's not all. The Marquis of Lafayette will be with him and only a small force of men. You'll never guess what he is coming for.

Hatfield, Jr.

To attack Staten Island from the rear, perhaps?

Tory.

Staten Island?

Laughs loudly and Hatfield, Jr., covers his mouth to silence him.

He is coming to a wedding.

Hatfield, Jr.

Are you mad?

Tory.

No, but he is. A wedding—"Caty" Smith and Elisha Boudinot are to be married—and General Washington will be here to see it.

Hatfield, Jr.

How many troops and Minute Men have these rebels got to guard him?

Tory.

Not above a thousand.

Hatfield, Jr.

By heaven, we've got him in a trap then. Quick—go you to Staten Island to the British commander—tell him I'll meet his force near the point and guide him over the back road to Elizabeth-Town. Haste now—and remember—if the Minute Men catch you they'll string you up on the nearest tree.

The Tory goes out and Hatfield, Jr., shrinks back up stage as Miss Katherine Smith steps out of the center door. It is quite dark. She looks down the street toward the Point. Hatfield, Jr., watches her. She betrays some anxiety and nervousness. Enter cautiously the "London Trader" with a huge bundle. He crouches and hurries along, glancing over his shoulder frequently.

Miss Smith.

Francis.

The trader starts and pauses. Then he catches sight of her and goes quickly to her. Hatfield, Jr., unobserved by them, watches with keen interest.

Miss Smith.

Did you get it, Francis?

Francis.

Aye—that I did, Miss Smith—and it is no easy task to slip by the Minute Men. The guard is doubled tonight. They had as soon shoot poor Francis as a Hessian—I who've served under Washington doing this work. It's against my conscience, Miss Katherine.

She takes the bundle from him as he speaks.

Miss Smith.

It's against my conscience, too, Francis—but you wouldn't have me marry in homespun, would you? I had to have a silk dress. Is it my fault they won't let us trade openly with Staten Island?

Francis.

Buying a silk wedding dress is giving aid and comfort to the enemy, Miss Katherine—it's treason like. General Washington has forbidden all trading.

Miss Smith.

Nonsense. I shall tell General Washington all about it when he comes tomorrow. Will he blame me for wanting to be married in silk, do you think?

Francis.

No one could blame you, Miss Katherine—asking your pardon—when you look at them with your blue eyes. I am a patriot, but you made a traitor of me this night. You could do the same to General Washington himself.

Miss Smith (laughs).

Rubbish, Francis. You shall be well rewarded, and dance at my wedding besides. Come in and rest yourself before the kitchen fire.

She follows him in, hugging tightly her bundle. Hatfield, Jr., emerges and watches them, scratching his head. The American officer and his guard march back up the street.

Officer (to Hatfield, Jr.).

Halt! Who goes there?

Hatfield, Jr. (advancing).

A friend.

Officer.

Oh, is it you, Cornelius Hatfield, Jr. It's nine o'clock, citizens must be within doors.

They pass out.

END OF EPISODE 3, SCENE 1.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE III.

SCENE 2.

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 2.

MR. AND MRS. ELIAS BOUDINOT.

MR. ELISHA BOUDINOT, *the groom.*

MRS. ELISHA BOUDINOT, *the bride, formerly Miss "Caty" Smith.*

WILLIAM PEARTREE SMITH, *the bride's father.*

REV. MR. CALDWELL.

MRS. CALDWELL.

GOVERNOR LIVINGSTON.

THE THREE MISS LIVINGSTONS.

LADY KITTY STIRLING.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

THE MARQUIS OF LAFAYETTE.

FRANCIS, *a citizen.*

AARON OGDEN.

COLONEL F. BARBER.

AARON BURR.

Staff officers, friends, and guests. A negro butler.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

EPISODE III.

SCENE 2.

October, 1778. The wedding at the Belcher Mansion. The scene is the garden of the house. The bridal procession enters with great formality. At the head comes Alexander Hamilton, master of ceremonies. Behind him come Mr. Elisha Boudinot and his bride (neè Miss "Caty" Smith), then her father, William Peartree Smith; the Rev. Mr. Caldwell and Mrs. Caldwell, Governor Livingston, the three Miss Livingstons, Lady Kitty Stirling, General Washington and his staff, and the Marquis of Lafayette. The other guests, friends and relatives bring up the rear. A table is set out with a punch bowl, glasses, a ladle, and is presided over by a negro attendant in livery. Much bowing and exchange of formalities as the group is formed.

Alexander Hamilton (holding up a glass of punch, after the group has formed).

A toast to the bride, to Mrs. Elisha Boudinot, New Jersey's fairest daughter.

All. (Shout. Punch glasses are handed around.)

To Mrs. Boudinot.

Elisha Boudinot.

Friends. I thank you all on behalf of Miss Smith (*laughter and interruption*)—I mean—Mrs. Boudinot. (*There is much talk and laughter and a babel of sounds.*)

Washington (stepping forward).

As commander-in-chief, I assert the privilege of my rank. I claim the favor of kissing the bride. (*He goes up to Mrs. Boudinot.*)

Alexander Hamilton (interposing laughingly).

As master of ceremonies, General Washington, I maintain that I outrank you in the present occasion.

Washington (laughing).

Mr. Alexander Hamilton, I cannot, sir, acknowledge your authority in a matter of this kind. By your leave—

Alexander Hamilton (also laughing).

I protest, General Washington. I refer this important question of precedence to the most noble, the Marquis de la Lafayette. Let him judge between us.

Lafayette.

I shall render a judgment of Solomon between you, gentlemen. (*Turns to Mrs. Boudinot.*) Madame (*kisses her hand*) which of these gentlemen, General Washington or Mr. Alexander Hamilton, may claim the privilege of the first kiss?

Mrs. Boudinot.

You put me to too difficult a choice, Monsieur de Marquis. If the days of knight errantry were not over, I would advise a tournament, then the victor could kneel at my feet.

Alexander Hamilton.

Excellent—with you as the Queen of Beauty.

Lafayette.

But since this solution no longer serve—I shall again become Solomon.

Lafayette goes up to Mrs. Boudinot and kisses her himself. All laugh and applaud.

Lafayette.

You see, gentlemen—I have solved this difficulty for you.

Washington.

That is not fair, General Lafayette.

Lafayette.

Ah—but it is war. There are not many men, general, who may boast of having overcome you with their strategy.

Washington and Lafayette bow and exchange snuff boxes.

Alexander Hamilton.

I trust that our two countries—France and the United States of America—will never have a more serious quarrel than this.

Lafayette bows and he and Hamilton talk apart as the Rev. Mr. Caldwell advances to Washington.

Caldwell.

General Washington, as a patriot I feel considerable alarm over your presence at Elizabeth-Town—so near the enemy. General Skinner's raiders from Staten Island might welcome such an opportunity.

Washington.

Sir, you may set your mind at rest. I am willing to let the enemy think I have walked into a trap. But I have a strong army posted beyond Connecticut Farms—and our Minute Men are on guard between here and Elizabeth Point. General Skinner and the British will get a warm welcome if they come.

Caldwell.

I am glad to hear it. You are perhaps aware that we still have a suspected traitor among us—Cornelius Hatfield, Jr. He disappeared from town this morning, and I fear he has gone to give the enemy news of your coming.

Washington.

One of my staff officers reported this to me. I purposely let him go because a British attack upon Elizabeth-Town would suit my present plans very well. Later we can deal with this man's treason.

Alexander Hamilton (coming forward).

Gentlemen, choose your partners for the minuet. General Washington, here is your chance to revenge yourself upon General Lafayette.

Washington.

I shall do so, Mr. Hamilton—if I can obtain the lady's assistance. *(Bows to Mrs. Boudinot.)* Will you do me the honor, madam, to dance with me?

Mrs. Boudinot (curtsies).

With pleasure, General Washington. *(She takes his arm.)*

Alexander Hamilton hovers about, pairing off the couples.

Lafayette.

Miss Livingston.

He bows and offers his arm. The minuet is danced through, and as it finishes there enters hastily a citizen, breathless, who pushes through the crowd.

Citizen (greatly excited).

General Washington, the British are coming. They have crossed from Staten Island and are landing above Elizabeth Port.

Washington.

Good. Calm yourself—I received word of this an hour ago, but would not interrupt our festivities. Are you a Minute Man?

Citizen (salutes).

Yes, general.

Washington.

Then report to your commander at once. *(The citizen salutes and goes.)* General Lafayette, I regret that our presence is required elsewhere. *(To Mrs. Boudinot.)* Have no fear, madam. My forces in overwhelming numbers are nearby. We shall drive the British back easily.

He bows and kisses her hand, as does Lafayette. The staff and all the other guests depart. The stage clears.

END OF SCENE.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE III.

SCENE 3.

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 3.

GOVERNOR LIVINGSTON.

KITTY, }
SUSAN, } *his three daughters.*
SARAH, }

REV. MR. CALDWELL.

MRS. CALDWELL.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

COL. STIRLING, *of the British Army.*

A MINUTE MAN.

AN ENGLISH SERGEANT.

Minute Men, Continentals, British Soldiers, and Hessians. A Servant.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

EPISODE III.

SCENE 3.

Scene 3. The Raid on Liberty Hall, the residence of Governor Livingston. The yard in front of Liberty Hall, dusk. Governor Livingston comes out the door, followed by his three daughters, Sarah, Susan, and Kitty. They sit at a little table and a servant serves tea.

Livingston (sipping his cup).

Susan, this beverage tastes strangely like tea.

Susan.

Does it, father?

Livingston (tastes again).

Does it—I'll take any oath it is tea. You haven't been trading with the enemy have you? Come now, confess.

Susan.

Why of course not, father. *(the two sisters look at her as if to interrupt)*. This isn't real tea, father—it only tastes like tea. I made it of strawberry leaves, dried.

Enter Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton.

Good evening, your excellency. *(Bows.)* Ladies, your most—most devoted slave. *(The girls rise and curtsy to the ground as he bows again)*. Ah, the three Livingston graces—they do well to call such charming ladies so.

Susan.

A cup of—er—strawberry tea, Mr. Hamilton?

Hamilton.

With pleasure. *(To the Governor)* Do you take snuff, your excellency? *(Hands his box)*.

Susan pours and gives Hamilton a cup of tea.

Livingston.

Sir, I thank you.

Hamilton.

And how do you find country life, your excellency?

Livingston.

I chose a rural life, sir, because I wished to be delivered
“From ladies, lap-dogs, courtiers, garters, stars,
Fops, fiddlers, tyrants, emperors, and czars.”

Hamilton.

Very good—you are a philosopher, I see. But, gad's me—I have all but forgot my business in the pleasure of my entertainment.

Livingston.

Business, sir? At my house?

Hamilton.

You will pardon me, I am certain, when I reveal its nature. The tories have set a price upon your head.

Livingston.

Aye—the unconscionable dogs—I've set many a price on theirs which they've paid at a rope's end.

Hamilton.

Quite so—but this time they have induced General Skinner's raiders from Staten Island, and a strong force of British under Colonel Stirling to make a bold attempt against your residence, Liberty Hall. The watch at the Point report they have crossed the river—two regiments of them, and are on their way here, led by the traitor Hatfield.

Livingston (springs to his feet).

Impossible.

Hamilton.

Unfortunately, there can be no doubt of it.

Livingston.

Mr. Hamilton—you and I must ride at once to General Washington's headquarters at Connecticut Farms.

Hamilton.

But the ladies, Governor?

Livingston.

Are quite safe here. The English do not make war on women and children. Quick sir, there is no time to lose, if we are to save Elizabeth-Town. My riding whip—my hat—my cloak.

As he asks for each of these three things his daughters hurry after them and return with them. He puts them on.

Livingston.

Come, Mr. Hamilton—We will arouse the Minute Men as we go.

He kisses his three daughters good-bye. They leave. The three daughters seat themselves again about the tea-table and work on samplers and other embroidery.

Enter Rev. Mr. Caldwell.

Caldwell (breathless).

Is your father at home, Miss Livingston?

Susan.

No—he and Mr. Hamilton have just gone to General Washington's headquarters.

Caldwell.

Thank God for that. The British are even now entering the town. That traitor, Hatfield, guided them by the back road. They have slipped past our guard. (*A distant shot is heard.*) Hark—there they come now—(*More shots—nearer*). Into the house, ladies—this is no place for you now. (*More shooting*).

A wounded minute man staggers in, the blood flowing from his temple.

Minute Man.

The British—The British—Fly for your lives.

He sinks to the ground and Susan gives him a drink. The shooting is very near now and a fife and drum is heard playing "Yankee Doodle." Several men enter retreating. They have with them a flag. Their officer tries to rally them.

Officer.

Stand. Ready, aim. Fire.

The Minute Men fire a scattered volley. A bugle is heard off and a heavy answering volley crashes out near at hand. The Minute Men retreat again. The first British troops, led by Colonel Stirling appear.

Col. Stirling.

After these rebels, my men. Run them to the woods.

Several soldiers dash by—Stirling pauses.

Col. Stirling.

Is this Liberty Hall—where the rebel governor lives?

Susan (facing him).

This is Liberty Hall—the residence of Governor Livingston of New Jersey.

Col. Stirling (to his soldiers).

Have him out. We'll teach this rebel a lesson he won't forget.

Susan.

My father is not here. He has gone several—hours—ago.

Col. Stirling.

Search the house. My pretty young rebel, I am not as easily tricked as all that. (*To his men*). Fetch him out, alive or dead.

The troops dash into the house and a noise of breaking doors, etc., is heard. Col. Stirling walks over to the tea-table, coolly and pours himself a cup of tea.

Col. Stirling.

Tea, by Jove. Some one has been breaking a rebel law. I thought all you rebels were starving.

Susan (defiantly).

We shan't starve as long as we can capture English ships so easily.

Col. Stirling chokes over his cup of tea. The soldiers return, their arms full of plunder, some of which they smash deliberately. A sergeant salutes. He is carrying a small strong-box.

Sergeant.

We've searched the house, Colonel. The rebel is not there. We've found this box of papers. (*Holds up the strong-box.*)

Col. Stirling.

Let's have it open. Here, a blow with the butt of your musket, sergeant. It's the rebels' papers.

Susan (wringing her hands).

My father's papers are not in that box. Please, don't break it open.

Col. Stirling.

Ah—ha. I think we'll open it, sergeant.

Susan (seizing the sergeant's gun).

No. The box is mine.

Col. Stirling.

Love letters, eh? Sly? Well, he's a lucky dog—whoever he is. What will you give me not to open this?

Susan.

My father's papers.

Col. Stirling.

So—a bargain—done.

Susan dashes into the house and returns with a huge pile of law briefs which she throws at his feet.

Susan.

There—Take my father's papers—and let me have my box.

Col. Stirling.

I shall be as good as my word. (*Hands over box to her*). Sergeant, take these papers. They are important rebel plans. Miss Livingston, I regret I must bid you good afternoon. Come, sergeant—we must get the rest of those minute men.

Col. Stirling and his soldiers hurry out.

Kitty.

Susan, did you give that British officer father's papers?

Susan (laughing).

No, those were old law briefs. My father's papers are in this box. (*Holds up the strong-box, and hurries into the house with it.*)

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

EPISODE III.

SCENE 4.

THE BRIDGE AT SPRINGFIELD.

The British enter in full retreat, closely pursued by the Minute Men. The latter fire as they advance. The British flee and disappear. The fire from the Americans slackens, and the men seem to be having difficulty with their muskets. The Rev. Mr. Caldwell appears at the bridge.

An American Officer.

Halt! Pursue no further! We have no more powder to wad our guns.

Caldwell (coming forward).

Powder to wad your guns? Aye—but we have. The hymn books in my meeting house! Come, boys, this way!

He leads some of them to the church door and they return with great armfuls of hymn-books.

Caldwell.

Tears inside out of books and hands them to soldiers.

Now, then boys! Give them Watts! Give 'em Watts, my lads!

Minute Men.

Aye! Give them Watts!

Cheers. They open fire again, and pursue the British with a shout.

THE SCENE CLOSES.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE III.

SCENE 5.

(Dialogue arranged by Helen Clark Crane.)

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 5.

HANNAH ARNETT.

ISAAC ARNETT.

Group of 12 men, leading men of Elizabeth-Town.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

EPISODE III.

SCENE 5.

Scene: Arnett's home—group of men gathered in dejected attitude, around a large table, discussing the question of signing the Howe brother's proclamation.

Arnett.

Brothers, we have discussed long and gravely upon the proclamation of Lord Howe. We must come to the vote. By signing it, we declare ourselves peaceable British subjects, and bind ourselves neither to take up arms against the King, nor encourage others to do so. So will the British army give us protection and full pardon for the past!

First Man.

And if we sign it not,—what lies before us but utter defeat? The love of liberty is a noble sentiment, but to make an irreconcilable enemy of a power that could crush us in a moment—is the height of folly!

Second Man.

I value liberty as I ought, but I value my country more; and 'tis my firm opinion that further resistance on our part will arouse the worst passions of our enemies, and expose our soldiers and our defenseless wives and children to still greater cruelties.

Third Man (impatiently).

But what are sufferings, and even death, weighed in the scales against liberty! Shall we not gladly espouse the cause of our country, and endure the trial, for our children's sake?

Second Man (addressing the Third Man gloomily and shaking his head).

We are but a handful of men against the armies of the King, and we shall be wiped out of existence; t'were safer to bear the ills we have, than fly to others we know not of.

Fourth Man.

Washington is in virtual retreat, and fragments of his army pass through Elizabeth-Town clad in tatters.

Fifth Man.

What army we have seems melting away, and even New York City is abandoned by the colonists.

Third Man.

Aye, truly, the sky is dark.

Arnett.

So, brothers, the opinions of men whose integrity and courage I could never doubt, seem to tend altogether toward prudence and deep concern for their country's life and welfare. We *must* come to the final vote, for the hour grows late. Those in favor of accepting the proffered protection and pardon of Lord Howe—please manifest it by voting "Aye."

All (like a groan).

Aye.

Arnett.

Those opposing the motion?

Silence. Enter Hannah Arnett.

Hannah Arnett.

Have you made your decision, gentlemen? Have you chosen the part of men or traitors?

First Man.

'Tis a helpless cause: our army is starving, half-clothed and undisciplined; England's resources are unlimited—England has everything.

Hannah Arnett.

You have forgotten one thing which England has not, and that thing is the *right*. God is on our side. Every volley of our muskets is but the echo of His voice. We are few, and poor, and weak; but our God is mighty! We entered this struggle with pure hearts and prayerful lips. We counted the cost. We should be willing to pay the price, even if this be our heart's blood. Now, because the day is going against us, would you give up and sneak back like cravens, to kiss the feet that have trampled upon us? You call yourselves men: ye sons of those who once gave up home, and fortune, and fatherland, to make for liberty a resting place here in the wilderness! Shame upon you to be so cowardly! As for me, I will stand with my country. I married a good man and true. Isaac, we have lived together for twenty years, and I have been faithful; but if you take the "protection" of the British—you lose your wife; and I—I lose my husband and my home.

She leaves the room, and the men look at each other silently. First man reaches for proclamation and tears it into pieces slowly.

First Man (says to Isaac Arnett).

I move you, sir, that we stand by the cause we have adopted and by the land of our birth, through good or evil, and spurn the offers of our tyrants and foes, as the deadliest insults.

All.

Aye! Aye! (*A great shout as they all stand with right hand raised.*)

CURTAIN.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE III.

SCENE 6.

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 6.

ELIAS BOUDINOT, *one of the signers of the treaty of peace, owner of Boxwood Hall.*

M. DU PRES.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

RICHARD HENRY LEE,
THEODORIC BLAND, } *of Virginia.*
ARTHUR LEE,

GENERAL KNOX, *Secretary of War.*

TRISTAIN DALTON, *of Massachusetts.*

WILLIAM SAMUEL JOHNSON, *of Connecticut.*

CHARLES CARROLL, *of Maryland.*

GOVERNOR LIVINGSTON, *of New Jersey.*

RALPH IZARD.

THOMAS TUDOR TUCKER, *of South Carolina.*

EGBERT BENSON,

JOHN LAWRENCE,

JOHN JAY, *of New York.*

CHANCELLOR LIVINGSTON.

*Notable people
accompanying
Washington.*

Captain Meeker, of the Light Horse, Captain Crane, of the Grenadiers, Captain Williamson of the Infantry, Captain Williams of the Artillery, officers of the New Jersey troops. Townspeople, officers, children, sailors, etc.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

EPISODE III.

SCENE 6.

Scene 4. April 30, 1789. Boxwood Hall, Elizabeth-Town. General Washington meets the Committee of Congress and takes luncheon at Boxwood Hall on the day of his inauguration. (Boxwood Hall was the home of Elias Boudinot, President of the Continental Congress.)

Elias Boudinot and M. Du Pres enter. Townspeople are busy putting up red, white and blue bunting, wreaths, etc.

Boudinot.

Monsieur Du Pres, you arrive at Elizabeth-Town on a fortunate day as you see by these preparations of our town's folk.

Du Pres.

Indeed? You are then celebrating your new freedom—the independence you call it?

Boudinot.

The new freedom—yes. But it is more than that. Today General Washington comes with his staff to do me the honor to take luncheon with me. He passes through Elizabeth-Town on his way to be inaugurated President of the United States of America.

Du Pres.

Ah—you must be very proud of your town and your new land of freedom—you who have done so much for both.

Boudinot.

It is in no spirit of boasting that I proclaim my pride in my country, sir. When I was at Philadelphia, monsieur, considering terms of peace with England, I still longed for my house at Elizabeth-Town. I wished nothing so much as to return to it. And now I am proud that our free land can offer you an asylum.

Du Pres (bowing).

Sir, you do me too much honor!

Boudinot (with fervor).

Elizabeth-Town has suffered heavily during the war. It will take us long to rebuild—but when we do, a greater and more beautiful town shall arise! Our house of worship—the court-house, the school-house and barracks—all were burned by the British. (*Sadly*) Even our homes did not escape pillage and plunder.

Distant cheering is heard, and a lot of children come running. The far-off strains of patriotic music are heard. The townspeople begin to gather quickly.

Boudinot.

General Washington is coming! Your pardon, Monsieur Du Pres, I must hasten to meet him.

Boudinot joins the Committee of Congress who form to receive Washington. A group of little girls in white enter, strewing flowers and singing. There are many flags. Then Washington enters, surrounded by staff officers and high officials of government. He bows right and left to the cheering and flag waving.

Boudinot.

General Washington—welcome to Elizabeth Town!

A great cheer goes up and the music bursts into a patriotic air.

General Washington.

My fellow citizens, I thank you for your greeting.

Another cheer.

Washington.

We who have lived through the dark days of trial know best how to value the blessings of peace and freedom. Our work is but begun. We now put our hands to the task of building up in this land a great republic which shall stand for liberty and righteousness among the nations.

Cheers.

Boudinot (coming forward).

General Washington—will you honor me with accepting my hospitality before proceeding in your barge to New York?

Washington.

With pleasure, sir.

Boudinot leads Washington to his home. The group of townspeople, notables and soldiers following the procession with flags and music forms again. Thirteen sailors dressed in white (one for each of the states) with oars, precede General Washington on his way to the barge. The entire town escort him, and he passes out with cheers, the pelting of flowers and waving of flags.

END OF SCENE 4.

INTERLUDE 3.

A nation of democracies has come into existence after years of struggle and doubt. Another step forward toward the day of universal freedom has been taken. Elizabeth has done her full share in helping to found the nation.

The warlike Spirits who have won Freedom for the nation enter to a military march. Their dance symbolizes the struggle through which the Thirteen States have just passed. At the climax of the dance, the Spirit of Freedom appears, clothed in white. As she comes forward in triumph, the warlike Spirits fall back. The Spirit of Freedom crowns the figure of Elizabeth, and lifts from her face the veil.

SYNOPSIS.

EPISODE IV.

SCENE 1.

In 1834 the railroad reached Elizabeth-Town. This marked the completion of the first section of what was afterwards the Pennsylvania Railroad from Jersey City to Philadelphia. The coming of the railroad was fraught with great consequences for the future economic development of the city. The importance of the railroad to a new country overshadows any other single factor in modern economic evolution, and for that reason, the event deserves to take its place among the historic occurrences which have contributed to the upbuilding of Elizabeth. Although the conservative portion of the community shook their heads over this new method of transportation, the majority of the citizens recognized its value and welcomed the railroad with appropriate ceremony.

THE CIVIL WAR.

SCENE 2.

At the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 there was no more loyal supporter of the Union cause in all the North than the community of Elizabeth. It not only contributed an unusually large share of recruits to the Federal army, but also made heavy financial sacrifices to preserve the nation and stamp out slavery.

General Winfield Scott, of Virginia, the Mexican War veteran, was a resident of Elizabeth at the outbreak of the war. His loyalty to Virginia, his native State, was sorely tried during the early days of the struggle.

SCENE 3.

This scene is intended to show something of the sacrifice made by the citizens of Elizabeth during the war. A father and mother are shown bidding farewell to their three sons who have just enlisted. As they send them away with brave words ringing in their ears, the father and mother start to return to their now empty house. On their way, there comes to them a prophetic vision of the battle in which their sons are to lose their lives. They see the charge and retreat, the clash of the contending armies, and the final outcome with their sons lying dead on the battlefield. But that the sacrifice of Elizabeth's citizens has not proved vain, is shown in the final tableau. Elizabeth, now grown strong amid the blessings of peace, is yet conscious of the devotion and influence of the past. Each step in her history has been a link toward the new and greater city of the future. All that has gone before has been but preparation and growth. The goal still lies ahead. As her citizens file out singing the Hymn of Peace, the Figure of Elizabeth stands with her eyes fixed on that future.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE IV.

SCENE 2.

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 2

A SURVEYOR.

A CITIZEN.

SECOND CITIZEN.

AN OLD LADY.

THE MAYOR OF ELIZABETH-TOWN.

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE RAILROAD.

THE ENGINEER.

THE CONDUCTOR.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE PAGEANT OF ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

EPISODE IV.

SCENE 2.

Scene 2, 1834. The coming of the Railroad. Broad Street, early morning. A crowd begins to gather. A young surveyor with instruments and a crew of workmen enter.

Surveyor.

Yes, sir. We're going to carry her right through to Philadelphia.

Citizen.

You don't say! Well, I hope it's all right—but there's nothing can take the place of the horse. You can't make a machine that'll work better than one of God's own creatures!

Surveyor (the crowd gathers around to listen).

I tell you the steam railroad is the greatest invention of modern times. Why, man, you'll be able in a few years to travel all the way to Philadelphia at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

An old lady throws up her hands in horror.

Old Lady.

Twenty miles an hour, young man?

Surveyor.

Yes, madam—that's what I said—twenty miles an hour.

Old Lady.

Its sacrilege to tempt Providence with such speed. What's gone over the world, I can't think.

Surveyor.

What's more—the time is coming when the railroad will carry you all the way to the Pacific Coast.

The crowd laugh.

Citizen.

Not much! It'll never carry me. New Jersey's good enough for me. I don't want to trust myself to any steel and iron contraptions.

Surveyor.

Think what this railroad is going to mean to Elizabeth-Town—for your home town right here! A quick road to market for the farmers—a chance to sell your products right in New York.

Citizen.

How about the boats? We've got all the outlet we need now.

Surveyor.

Well, look what the steamboat has done for you. Then there's all the back country that has to haul its stuff to the water. When

the roads are bad the farmer can't do business. The railroad is going to change all that. Every farm will be able to sell where it wants to—factories can place themselves by the nearest water power, because the railroad can take care of their goods.

Citizen.

It's a fine theory, young man. But when you are as old as I am, you'll know there's a long road between theory and practice.

Surveyor.

When I'm as old as you are, I shall see this country crossed with a net-work of railroads—with twice the population and twice the wealth! I can't stand here all day talking to an old moss-back. Come on, men! We've got some work to do!

He gathers his workmen together and leads them off.

Citizen.

He's a good boy, but too much schooling has turned his head. All these modern ideas they teach nowadays are upsetting. The three "Rs" is enough for any man to know.

Second Citizen (comes running in).

She's whistling! She's a-coming!

Citizen.

What?

Second Citizen.

The first train into Elizabeth-Town. I saw the smoke and heard her whistle. She's stopped for water up the road a piece.

Old Lady.

Mercy on us! Is there any danger?

Second Citizen.

Well, madam, if you've got one of them War of 1812 horses hitched out in front of the town hall, I advise you to put her in the barn.

A great many citizens enter, following the mayor, in top-hat and a reception committee. They have a banner, "Elizabeth-Town Welcomes the Railroad." A whistle is heard and a cheer off. Then enter a Railroad Superintendent, the Engineer, the Conductor, the Traveller and a crowd of the curious.

The Mayor.

Fellow citizens! This is a great day for Elizabeth-Town! We welcome the iron steed whose snorts and prancings you have heard. We welcome them because this railroad will link Elizabeth-Town more closely to our neighbors.

The crowd cheer.

The Superintendent.

I thank you, Mr. Mayor, on behalf of the railroad company.

The Mayor and Superintendent talk apart, a group of small boys gather admiringly around the Engineer and Conductor.

Old Lady (to the Engineer).

Mr. Engine Driver, do you think it's safe to go rushing over the country at twenty miles an hour?

Engineer.

Madam, it's just as safe as settin' on your rocking chair on the piazzzy at home, ain't it, Henry?

The Conductor.

Safer. There ain't no danger of the horses running away with you.

The Traveller.

Madam, perhaps you will accept my testimony. I have seen something of the world, having travelled extensively in New England, and I may say that for comfort and convenience, the railroad is unequalled. One sits back at one's ease and watches the country fly past.

Old Lady.

Indeed, sir? I've no wish to try the experiment. My old gray Dobbin will last my time. It would break his heart if he saw me get on the railroad.

Superintendent (steps forward).

The express mail-train for Jersey City is now starting.

A cheer. The drum and fife burst into music, and the crowd eager and excited follow them off.

The Pageant of Elizabeth, New Jersey

EPISODE V.

CHARACTERS IN SCENE 2.

A RECRUITING SERGEANT.

A CITIZEN.

SECOND CITIZEN.

GENERAL SCOTT, *a resident of Elizabeth.*

A FATHER.

A MOTHER.

THEIR THREE SONS.

Townspeople, an Officer, Recruits, Soldiers, etc.

The Civil War. Broad Street. A recruiting sergeant's desk, with chair, papers, flag, and sentry. Throngs of citizens in the streets.

Citizen.

Any news?

Second Citizen.

Nothing yet. Pshaw! the war won't amount to anything. Half the Southern States will be at each other's throats in another month. We shall end the whole business in six weeks.

Citizen.

I'm not so sure. They are a stubborn lot down there. They'll fight and fight hard. I tell you there are dark days coming for the Union.

Second Citizen.

Nonsense. What's the good of being a pessimist? When the South sees we mean business, they'll give in. What can they do against the resources of the North?

Enter newsboy running, with a bundle of newspapers.

Newsboy.

Extra! Fort Sumpter bombarded! Extra! Terrible loss of life! Fort Sumpter fired upon!

The crowd quickly gathers around him and buy his papers. Groups read them eagerly over each other's shoulders and discuss the news.

Citizen.

What did I tell you?

Second Citizen.

A flash in the pan—it'll all be over in a month.

Citizen.

Well, I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to enlist, if they'll take me.

He walks up to the Recruiting Sergeant, while the crowd cheer him as he fills out a paper. The Sergeant pins a red, white and blue favor to him.

Citizen (addressing the crowd)

Fellow citizens, the day has come. We can no longer stand aside and argue—the time has come to fight. (*A great cheer.*) They've fired on the flag down there—they've killed our men. Are

we going to save the Union or are we going to let rebellion undo all that we have been building up in this country for the last ninety years?

The Crowd—"The Union—one and inseparable."

A Voice—"Hurrah for Abe Lincoln."

Citizen.

Then my advice to you is to step up to this desk and do as I have done. Abe Lincoln needs men. Let's give him our share.

Another cheer and men crowd around the Recruiting Sergeant offering their services. There is great excitement and people hurry backwards and forwards. A drum and fife is heard and a company of soldiers enter. The crowd cheer them wildly, and the girls deck the soldiers with flowers and hang flowers on their guns. Old General Winfield Scott—white-haired with a black coat slung over him—enters. He is feeble but straightens up when he sees the halted soldiers. With a comedy gesture, he salutes the flag, and the crowd cheer him: "General Scott—Hurrah for Winfield Scott."

General Scott (to citizens).

What's all this? Eh? What's the matter, sir?

Citizen.

Fort Sumpter has been fired upon, General Scott.

General Scott.

Come—come! This will never do! Fired upon? Impossible.

Citizen.

Unfortunately, there is no doubt of it. The Southerners want—

General Scott (with dignity).

Sir, the South does *not* want war—she wants justice, sir. (*The old general turns angrily away and stumps off*).

The recruits fall in awkwardly behind the soldiers. They sing "John Brown" in a rousing chorus. Then enter three young soldiers, brothers, with their father and mother. The latter is weeping.

Father.

There, there, mother. It must be. We must all make sacrifices to save our country. There is no price too great to pay for that. Even unto our three sons. Remember what the Bible says: "Shall your brethren go to war, and shall ye sit here?" (*Numbers, 32.6.*)

Mother.

Why must they take my all—my three boys?

Father.

They must do their duty—and we must do ours, by letting them go.

Officer.

Fall in.

....

The mother embraces her three sons in turn, weeping.

Mother (to her sons).

My children, I have a few words to say to you. You are going out in a just cause to fight for the rights and liberties of our country. You have my blessing and prayers that God will protect and assist you. (*She breaks down, but recovers herself.*) If it should happen that you fall—His will be done. Only let me beg of you, my children, that if you fall, it may be like men.

She again bids them farewell. The father shakes each by the hand. As they fall in with the other soldiers, the fife and drum strike up. The soldiers and recruits march off, followed by the singing and cheering crowd. The father leads the weeping mother down stage to one side. The music dies away.

Father.

Remember, mother, we are not the only people who are called upon to make sacrifices today. There will be many a lonely fire-side in Elizabeth tonight.

Mother.

But if they don't come back? My little James—it was only yesterday I taught him to say his prayers. Why did they take him?

Father.

James is a man—like his brothers. Now, mother, you would not have even our youngest boy shirk his duty? If only I were not too old to go.

Mother (she clings to him).

Thank God for that. They can't take everything from me.

Father.

There, mother, it will be all right. Things are not as bad as they seem. Come, mother, let's go home to supper.

Mother.

I can't bear to enter our empty house. (*A very faint distant bugle is heard. The lights grow dim.*) What's that? (*Clings to Father.*)

Father (looking around puzzled—listens).

Only the soldiers marching, mother.

The bugle sounds again, and the rolling of a drum is heard. They turn and the stage at the back gradually fills with silent figures in blue and grey.

Mother (screams a piercing cry).

Look—Our sons.

The battle tableau forms. The troops charge and fight in silence. Not a sound is heard, as the wounded and dead fall. Gradually the movement ceases, and the tableau is complete of two armies facing each other on a battlefield. Conspicuous near the centre, stretched upon the ground, are the three sons. They are dead, the youngest with a great blood splash on his forehead—his face upturned to the sky.

Mother (in an agonized voice).

James—my James.

Father (leading her away).

Come Mother—it is only a bad dream—a trick of our imaginations in the dusk. Come home, mother.

He leads her away, looking fearfully over his shoulder as he does so. The lights grow dimmer and the figures all disappear—very slowly. The movements of the living mask the disappearing of the fallen.

END OF EPISODE 5.

Finale

Elizabeth receives the homage of the Industries and Social Activities which have grown up under her protecting shield. One by one the allegorical figures representing the principal industries and other elements of the community life take their places on either side of the central figure of Elizabeth. They represent the great forces that have built up the city of today. All the nations that have aided in the development take their position in this Symbolical Group.

To this group come the Spirits of Peace, pleading with Elizabeth to stand for a **great** ideal. They ask for Industrial and Community peace, that the people may labor and prosper. They plead with her to remember her early ideals of co-operation and love of Freedom. They ask that she should take her stand for world-wide peace.

As Elizabeth raises her shield signifying her desire to stand for the great ideal, the Spirits of Peace dance joyously forward calling to the Past to gaze with them toward the vision of the Future. Majestically, the various groups representing the Past march toward the figure of Elizabeth, and standing under her shield, they raise their voices in the plea for peace.

FLIZABETH



HYMN OF PEACE

Composed for the Celebration of the 250th Anniversary of the founding of
Elizabethtown, New Jersey. By Weston Gales.

I.

Two hundred years ago and more
The Pilgrims sought our native
shore,
Resolved to conquer wind and
wave
And dominate the savage brave;
To found a state, to build a home,
To which the nations all might
come;
A refuge from the tyrant's rod,
A haven safe to worship God.

II.

Once more to-day the pilgrim comes
To seek the shelter of our homes,
A victim of the wrath of kings,
Whose lust of power and conquest
brings
Death and destruction to the land,
And desolation on each hand,
While loom and shuttle idle lie
And man and beast are left to die.

III.

Like as the pilgrim of old times
Found safety in these foreign climes
To work in peace—free from all
fear
Of harm to those he held most dear.
So now Elizabeth—to these
Thy children falling on their knees
Grant peace, prosperity and health.
God save the State and Common-
wealth!

Piano by courtesy Mason Hamlin Co.

250th Anniversary

of the Founding

OF THE

City of Elizabeth, New Jersey

Municipal Day

Tuesday, October Twenty-Seventh

Nineteen Fourteen

CIVIC MEETING
IN
THE OLD FIRST CHURCH
(Founded in 1664)

TEN A. M.

ORGAN RECITAL.....PROFESSOR THOMAS WILSON

TEN-THIRTY A. M.

Civic Meeting Called to Order by EDWARD NUGENT, Esq.
Introducing HON. WILLIAM J. MAGIE as Chairman

INVOCATION.....REV. WILLIAM FORCE WHITAKER, D. D.

HYMNAmerica
MALE DOUBLE QUARTETTE AND AUDIENCE

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.....HON. VICTOR MRAVLAK
Mayor of Elizabeth

ADDRESS.....HON. JAMES F. FIELDER
Governor of the State of New Jersey

SELECTION.....MALE DOUBLE QUARTETTE
“It Is the Lord’s Own Day” by G. Kreutzer

ADDRESS.....HON. FRANCIS J. SWAYZE
Justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court
President of New Jersey Historical Society

ADDRESS.....PROFESSOR WILLIAM F. MAGIE
Dean of the Faculty of Princeton University

HYMN.....Star Spangled Banner
MALE DOUBLE QUARTETTE AND AUDIENCE

TWELVE NOON

Public Reception in the Rotunda of the Union County Court House,
where opportunity will be given to personally greet the
Governor and Special Guests of the City.

ONE P. M.

Luncheon in the Carteret Arms to the Governor and Special Guests
of the City.

ONE-THIRTY P. M.

Start of Parade at Jackson Park of representatives from every school in the City, escorted by details from the Boy Scouts of America, who will decorate the following historic monuments:

Battleship Maine Memorial	- - - -	Jackson Park.
Address, Dr. Charles Mackel		
Ancient Property Marker	- -	Branch Library, Liberty Square
Address, Elias D. Smith		
William A. M. Mack Monument	- - -	Liberty Square
Address, Rev. John V. Ellison		
Minute Man Monument	- - - - -	Union Square.
Address, Rev. C. G. Fischer		
Spanish Cannon	- - - - -	Olympia Square
Address, Major William B. Martin		
Civil War Cannon	- - . - - - -	Scott Park
Address, Rev. John T. Kerr		
Revolutionary Cannon	- - -	Union County Court House
Address, Hon. Clark McK. Whittemore		
Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument	- -	North Broad Street
Address, Rev. Louis B. Crane		

THREE P. M.

Dedication of Tablet presented to the City by the Society of Colonial Wars, commemorating the 250th Anniversary of the Founding of the City.

Guests of the city march from Carteret Arms to St. John's Church on Broad Street, for ceremonies attending unveiling of Commemorative Tablet.

PRAYER by REV. L. E. HUBARD, Rector of St. John's Church.

PRESENTATION OF AND PLEDGE TO THE COLORS.

HYMN - - - - - America

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, - - REV. L. E. HUBARD,
Rector of St. John's Church

RESPONSE BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM LIBBEY, of Princeton University.

READING OF PREAMBLE OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE
SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS.

The guests and audience go outside of church to witness the dedication of the Tablet.

Unveiling by MISS HELEN TOWNLEY, of Elizabeth, New Jersey.

EIGHT P. M.

Band Concert, Magnolia and Madison Avenues.
Band Concert, Branch Library, Liberty Square.

FINANCE AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

(Appointed by the Mayor)

GEN. DENNIS F. COLLINS
JOHN K. ENGLISH
CHARLES H. K. HALSEY
NATHAN R. LEAVITT
AUGUSTUS S. CRANE
LUCIUS T. RUSSELL

JOSEPH EILBACHER
EDWARD NUGENT
EVERARD K. TUCKER
JAMES J. MANNING
WALTER H. BALDWIN
WALTER A. SUMMERTON

WILLIAM B. MARTIN, Chairman of the General Committee
HARRY F. BREWER, Secretary of the General Committee

MUNICIPAL DAY COMMITTEE OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE

F. M. VOORHEES
C. H. K. HALSEY
REV. J. H. M. DUDLEY
H. M. WOODARD
W. B. TIMMS
JOHN E. CLARK
A. W. BECKER
R. T. CALHOUN
W. T. COX
J. A. LAURIE

B. B. MILLER
L. E. TODD
F. E. WALLACE
W. D. WOLFSKEIL
W. McMANUS
M. MacDOUGAL
A. A. STEIN
JOHN M. BYRNES
S. W. ELDRIDGE
ED. NUGENT

COMMITTEE FROM SOCIETY OF COLONIAL WARS

HON. GEORGE T. PARROT

WALTER CHANDLER

GEORGE C. THOMAS, *Chairman*

