

THE UNSUNG PATRIOT

By:

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CHARACTERS

- (1) FIRST MERCHANT
- (2) SECOND MERCHANT
- (3) HAYM SALOMON
- (4) RACHEL SALOMON, his wife
- (5) ISAAC BEN LEVI, ^c Peddler
- (6) ~~BERNARD GRATE~~, ^c Trader
- (7) JOHN MACRAE, Salomon's business associate
- (8) BENJAMIN LEVY, ^c Grain merchant
- (9) ROBERT MORRIS
- (10) JAMES MADISON
- (11) CHILD

Action takes place in Philadelphia, during period of American Revolution.

ACT I

SCENE I. INTERIOR OF COFFEE HOUSE LOCATED AT FRONT AND MARKET STREETS, PHILADELPHIA. IT IS MARCH, 1781. HERE MERCHANTS AND TRADERS MEET EVERY WEEKDAY AT NOON TO PLACE ORDERS FOR IMPORTS FROM ENGLAND AND OTHER COUNTRIES. IN ADDITION, INSURERS FOR CARGOES MAY BE FOUND HERE, TRADERS BARGAIN WITH SHIP CAPTAINS FOR AVAILABLE SPACE ON OUTGOING SHIPS, AND, OUTSIDE, BUT ADJACENT TO THE COFFEE HOUSE, AUCTIONS ARE HELD ON GOODS NEWLY ARRIVED INTO PORT. COINCIDENTALLY WITH THIS BUSINESS ATMOSPHERE IS THE CONVIVIALITY OF MEETING WITH ASSOCIATES AND THE REFRESHMENT OF LUNCHEON AND COFFEE.

TWO MERCHANTS ARE SEATED AT A TABLE TO THE RIGHT. THEIR ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE SLIM, UNASSUMING FIGURE OF HAYM SALOMON, AGED 38. HE HAS ENTERED FROM THE LEFT AND TAKEN A TABLE ACROSS FROM THEM. A WAITER TAKES SALOMON'S ORDER AND RETURNS SHORTLY THEREAFTER WITH A FOOD PLATTER AND COFFEE.

FIRST MERCHANT: Is not that the Jew, Salomon, who has just come in and taken a table across the way?

SECOND MERCHANT: The very same. (SEVERAL INDIVIDUALS APPROACH SALOMON AND GROUP ABOUT HIS TABLE, EACH VYING WITH THE OTHER FOR HIS ATTENTION) See how like a king among his courtiers he sits, dispensing favors and feasting on his fees.

FIRST MERCHANT: I am told he came here from New York only

three months ago without a penny in his pockets, and already it is being said he has become a wealthy man.

SECOND MERCHANT: He is a veritable upstart--a parvenu, and yet I cannot gainsay the fact that everything he touches seems to turn to gold.

FIRST MERCHANT: It seems he originally came from Poland, or some such eastern European country.

SECOND MERCHANT: He has apparantly traveled extensively, for he is known to speak in five or six languages.

FIRST MERCHANT: The French and Dutch languages must be among those he is fluent in, for he is a broker in securities from these countries.

SECOND MERCHANT: It is this knowledge of languages which gives him an advantage over us in trade from abroad. For by such knowledge he is able to speak to crew members of foreign ships in their native tongues and thereby learn certain helpful information to which we would not be privy.

FIRST MERCHANT: In addition, he seems to have the uncanny knack of being able to assess political and economic events and turn their consequences to his benefit.

SECOND MERCHANT: How in the world was he able to get started in the brokerage business, if he had no money to begin with?

FIRST MERCHANT: If I am not mistaken, it was the wealthy Jewish trader, Bernard Gratz, who established credit for him with the banks.

SECOND MERCHANT: I must say it's remarkable how the members of the Jewish community assist each other.

FIRST MERCHANT: It's a good thing, too; since they are not likely to find such assistance from any other quarter.

SECOND MERCHANT: Yes, I daresay.

A NUMBER OF OTHER GENTLEMEN SIT DOWN AT SALOMON'S TABLE AND ENGAGE HIM IN WHISPERED CONVERSATION.

FIRST MERCHANT: See how he is being lionized now!

SECOND MERCHANT: The aura of success makes him appear to

others as another Solomon incarnate.

FIRST MERCHANT: Well, it cannot be denied that success invests a man with the stamp of unusual intelligence or the qualities of a seer.

SECOND MERCHANT: Perhaps there may be something in those Hebrew books he and his kind use for study and prayer ^{from} ~~which~~ which we might derive some benefit?

FIRST MERCHANT:(LAUGHING): You may be right! A man like Salomon would have an advantage over a Christian, for he can read from right to left, as in Hebrew, as well as from left to right, as in English.

SECOND MERCHANT (LAUGHING): This would undoubtedly give him a special insight into most matters, for he would be able to see both sides of a subject.

FIRST MERCHANT:(GROWING SERIOUS): And yet his presence here, as it affects our business interests, is no laughing matter. Just consider how he underbids us every time in those dealings where he has a special interest: The commissions he charges are far lower than anything we can ask and still remain in business. And when we can turn a decent profit on a transaction, he makes us appear as though we were traitors

to the Revolution. I say: A pox on all Jews and their hag-
gling ways!

SECOND MERCHANT: And so say I too. These foreigners fail
to understand that business and patriotism do not mix. It's
hard enough to make a ~~peas~~^{dollar} these days without also taking
into account what actions serve the needs of the government.

FIRST MERCHANT: True, indeed! Men like Salomon give com-
mercial affairs a bad name when he attaches morality and
conscience to matters which pertain strictly to the business
of business.

SCENE II. THE HAYM SALOMON LIVING ROOM IN HIS HOUSE AT
FRONT AND MARKETS STREETS, DIAGONALLY ACROSS FROM THE COFFEE
HOUSE. AT THE RIGHT IS A DOOR LEADING TO THE OFFICE AREA;
THE DOOR AT LEFT ENTERS INTO THE DINING ROOM. IT IS MOR-
NING OF THE NEXT DAY. SALOMON IS SEATED ON A MAHOGANY EASY
CHAIR, ENGROSSED IN THE READING OF A PERIODICAL. ENTERING
HESITATINGLY FROM THE RIGHT IS ISAAC BEN LEVY, A TALL, LEAN
INDIVIDUAL, AGED FIFTY-FIVE OR SIXTY. HIS FEATURES ARE
WRINKLED AND BRONZED THROUGH LONG EXPOSURE TO WIND AND WEA-
THER, AND HIS LONG WHITE BEARD GIVES HIM A PATRIARCHAL LOOK.
ON HIS HEAD HE WEARS A BLACK, WIDE-BRIMMED HAT WITH A FLAT
CROWN. A LARGE PACK IS STRAPPED TO HIS BACK.

ISAAC (SURVEYING THE ROOM WITH AWE): Is this the home of

Haym Salomon whom I knew as a destitute pauper just a few short months ago?

(SALOMON SMILES DELIGHTEDLY AND RISES TO GREET ISAAC AND SHAKE HIS HAND.)

SALOMON: Isaac, this is indeed an unexpected pleasure!
(EAGERLY) Tell me, have you been to New York City? Were you able to see my wife, Rachel? Tell me, please, what news do you have of my wife and child?

ISAAC: Please, dear friend, allow me to remove this heavy pack of merchandise from my back and rest my weary bones a while. Then I shall be glad to answer any and all questions concerning your family.

SALOMON: Of course, Isaac; forgive me. (HE ASSISTS ISAAC IN REMOVING HIS PACK. ISAAC REMOVES HIS HAT, REVEALING A SKULLCAP ATOP HIS HEAD. HE STRAIGHTENS AND STRETCHES HIS GAUNT FRAME)

ISAAC: Thank you, Haym. This is much better. Now I feel more like a human being and less than the pack horse most people observe when I go about my business.

SALOMON: Forgive me, Isaac, but you were going to tell me

of my family.

ISAAC: Oh, yes, of course. Please pardon this old man's failing faculties. Yes, my dear Haym, I was fortunate to be enabled to find your lovely wife, Rachel. And your infant son, Ezekial--he's a beautiful boy. Such a cunning little rascal! Do you mind if I sit, Haym? I am not as strong as I once was, and I grow weary more readily now.

SALOMON: Forgive me, dear friend. Here. (LEADS HIM TO EASY CHAIR) I am sure you will find this comfortable. (ISAAC SITS AND SNUGGLES HAPPILY IN THE CHAIR) Now, if you please, my dear Isaac, before you drive me mad by your evasive manner, please tell me of my wife and child. Are they well? Tell me of the prospects for getting them through the British lines so they may join me here in Philadelphia.

ISAAC: Please be patient with me, Haym. Actually, to spirit your wife and child through the British lines, we must proceed through unguarded paths under cover of darkness, and then we must procure a small boat with oars with which to cross the Hudson. This is not a simple task. But once the river is crossed and we are safely on the Jersey shore, it should not be difficult to secure passage on a coach bound for Philadelphia.

SALOMON: Excellent! But the arrangements--when will you make the arrangements to carry off these plans?

ISAAC: Actually, no arrangements are necessary. (LAUGHS ALOUD AND SLAPS HIS KNEE) I can keep this pretense up no longer, Haym. Your wife and child await you in the outer office.

SALOMON: You wicked scoundrel! (HE RUSHES THROUGH THE OFFICE DOOR AND SOON EMERGES WITH RACHEL AND THE INFANT, EZEKIAL IN HER ARMS. RACHEL IS PRETTY AND SEVENTEEN, WITH DARK HAIR AND LIGHT SKIN. SALOMON HUGS AND KISSES HER HUNGRILY, THEN HOLDS AND FONDLES HIS INFANT SON)

RACHEL (SOBBING HAPPILY): Oh Haym, dearest, it's so wonderful to be together again after all these months of separation!

SALOMON (KISSING HER): Yes, it's like a dream come true after being apart so long. Come sit beside me on the couch and tell me of the news of New York. (THEY SIT)

RACHEL (DABBING AT HER EYES): Let me look at you first. (SHE GAZES AT HIM EARNESTLY FOR A MOMENT) I must be sure that it is really you in the flesh. Ever since you were carried off to prison, I have had such dreams of you that I

have dreaded falling asleep. Night after night when I closed my eyes, I would see the Redcoats standing in our doorway. I am terrified by the rough manner with which they seize you and shackle your limbs. I see you starved and tortured, confined alone in a filthy cell with enormous rats as company. (SHUDDERS) Oh, it was horrible, horrible!

SALOMON (EMBRACING AND KISSING HER): You can dismiss those thoughts from your mind now. I am here before you--alive and well, and, with God's help, we shall resume our lives together here and nevermore suffer the heartbreak of separation.

ISAAC: But what of your experiences in prison, and how did you manage to escape?

RACHEL: Do not speak of the past, if it is too painful for you to remember.

SALOMON (PATTING HER HAND): I do not mind speaking of it now. It is in the past; it can no longer harm me. Actually, the Provost prison, where I was taken, was not so terrible a place as Rachel had imagined. But it wasn't a pleasant place either. The accommodations were hardly commodious; there was barely room enough for each prisoner to lie down

on the damp floor. The cells were unheated, the diet consisted mainly of a watery soup, and we were made to undergo constant interrogation with a view toward implicating others.

RACHEL (STROKING HIS HAIR FONDLY): My poor dear, how you must have suffered!

A SERIES OF DRY, HACKING COUGHS ISSUE FROM SALOMON'S THROAT. HE PLACES A HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS MOUTH.

RACHEL (ALARMED): I don't like the sound of that cough. Have you had it long?

SALOMON: It's nothing, my dear--a slight cold. It will soon pass away.

RACHEL: You should see a doctor if the cough persists.

SALOMON: I shall, I assure you. (SUPPRESSES A COUGH AGAIN)
There, it's over. (RACHEL STARES AT HIM CONCERNEDLY)

ISAAC: If you find it uncomfortable to speak, you should rest your voice.

SALOMON: I'm perfectly well, I tell you. Now, if I may continue with my narrative.

ISAAC:
~~XXXXXXXX~~ Please do.

SALOMON: Actually, it was my knowledge of the German language which led to my escape. Because I could converse in their native tongue, I was befriended by my Hessian jailers. There was one in particular I managed to convert to our cause after lengthy conversations concerning the rights of man and the free exercise of those rights here in America. When I told him that General Washington had made an offer of free farming land for any Hessian who would desert the British, he became an enthusiastic rebel. After that, when an opportune moment presented itself, he and I slipped out of the prison one night, and together we made our way to the American lines.

RACHEL (KISSING HIM): Blessed be the name of the good Lord who watched over you and led you to freedom. Perhaps now you will try to lead a more normal existence and tend to your own affairs. Let others take up the fight against the British. You have already done more than your share. It's time you rested.

SALOMON: I am sorry for the pain I have caused you, dear, through concern for my safety, but I cannot dismiss from my thoughts the cause of freedom for the American colonies. My experiences have made the pursuit of freedom so much a part

of me that I can no longer lightly lay it aside, but, come what may, I must do my share in the struggle to secure its blessings for this land of ours.

ISAAC (BEAMING): Bravo, I say! Your husband is a man to be proud of, my dear. Liberty is not something to be achieved by submitting meekly to tyrrany; it is a prize to be attained only by those who contend for it.

SALOMON: Exactly so. This is the reason why I joined the Sons of Liberty, why I helped American spies and sheltered escaped American prisoners, and why I encouraged the simple Hessian soldiers to desert their British masters. I cannot help myself, dearest wife; the cause of liberty is constantly in my thoughts, and I must do what I can to achieve that goal for myself and for ^{our} ~~my~~ countrymen.

RACHEL (TEARFULLY): But your involvement in the cause of liberty cost us everything we owned--our house, our furnishings and all our savings.

SALOMON (COMFORTING HER): But we still have each other, and I have already gone far toward recouping the fortune we have lost. After a while, I shall build you a finer, grander house than the one we left behind. Have faith, my dear; it may be that our trials and tribulations are finally behind us, and we can look forward to a pleasant life together.

RACHEL: God grant that this may be so. I do not wish for riches and grand estates; as long as I know we are safe and together, I am content to live here behind your store-front office. (THEY EMBRACE AND KISS) And now, husband, don't ~~you~~ you think it's time you showed me through this new domain over which I am to be the mistress?

SALOMON (LAUGHING): Of course, my dear. If you will but enter this door (INDICATING DOOR AT LEFT) you will find yourself in our dining room and, beyond that, is a kitchen which awaits the magic touch of your culinary skills. Upstairs you will find the bedrooms: one for us, one for Eze-kial (TICKLES THE BABY'S CHIN) and ~~one~~ which may serve as a guest-room.

RACHEL: Thank you, husband. Sit here with Isaac while I put the baby in his crib and inspect ~~the~~ the premises over which I am to preside.

SALOMON: Very well, my dear. (RACHEL EXITS LEFT)

ISAAC: I must say, Haym, I find it most remarkable how your fortunes have changed within the space of only a few months. When you first arrived here, your only possessions were the clothes you wore. And yet today, after such a short interval, you have established yourself as a broker, and you own a fine house and office in the center of town. I tell you,

I find this to be nothing short of amazing.

SALOMON: None of this would have been possible without the encouragement and assistance I received from the Jewish community here, and most particularly from Bernard Gratz, a highly-respected and influential citizen of this city. For the rest, I was fortunate in that a need existed for my services. There was no one here who had a working knowledge of international finance or the ability to communicate with foreign traders in their own language. Under such circumstances success was sure to follow.

ISAAC (SHAKING HIS HEAD): I still consider it a remarkable achievement to have attained so much in so short a time.

SALOMON: Tell me, friend, how are things going in New York? Are there any signs of rebellion against the occupying forces? Do the Sons of Liberty continue to harrass the British?

ISAAC: From what I could see, there is little of such activity going on since your departure from New York. Most of the fighters for freedom are now in prison or have crossed over to the American lines in Westchester or New Jersey. I tell you it is disheartening to see how the British are enjoying their stay in New York, feasting at banquets and dancing at fancy balls, while just beyond the city limits, our ragged troops are near starvation and huddle together for

warmth in unheated huts.

SALOMON: This is how they hope to break the will of those who fight for liberty; starve and freeze them into submission. But they have not reckoned with the spirit of freedom which has taken hold in this country; in the long run, they will find it to be unconquerable. Yet, to keep that spiritual flame burning, there is a desperate need for fuel in the form of money which must be raised to keep our men supplied with food, clothing and arms.

ISAAC: This fuel that you speak of--money--is a scarce commodity these days, I can tell you. My stock in trade--these ribbons and trinkets which I sell for pennies a piece--are no longer selling as well as in the past. It seems that most people are unable or unwilling to part with even the small sums it takes to buy my merchandise.

SALOMON: This is probably because of the uncertainties brought on by the war. People hesitate to spend for luxuries when the necessities of life become scarce or unaffordable. But you have nothing to worry about; there will always be a market for your wares.

ISAAC (SHRUGGING HIS SHOULDERS): And if not, I still get to meet an interesting clientele--in the countryside, in

the villages and in the towns of this wonderful country. Wherever I go, people seem glad to see me, for I bring them news of the outside world. Even the British have come to accept me, for much of my merchandise is sold to the Hessian soldiers, who seek to seduce young girls with colored ^{ful} baubles and showy beads.

SALOMON: It seems to me you have a rare opportunity to observe the comings and goings of the British forces.

ISAAC: I do, and I do not hesitate to convey such information to the American field commanders when I meet them on my travels.

SALOMON: If our country^{men} succeed in overthrowing the British yoke, and I have no doubts they shall, I am sure a great debt of gratitude will be owed to the Jewish peddler who sells his wares throughout the land.

ISAAC: If I am at all instrumental in assisting the cause of liberty, I do it with a sense of gratitude for the freedom and opportunities I have found here.

RACHEL ENTERS FROM THE LEFT.

RACHEL: I just fed Ezekial and laid him in his crib. He

gurgled contentedly and then fell fast asleep. It's as though he knew instinctively that he had reached a haven of safety and loving security. (TO ISAAC) And now, dear friend, you must be weary from your travels. I have a bed for you upstairs, as well as the room it occupies, and these you may claim as your very own for as long as you desire to stay.

ISAAC (RISING): Thank you, my dear. I accept your kind invitation with pleasure. It is not often I get the opportunity to sleep in a proper bed. These old bones will find it quite a change from the hayricks where I usually take me rest. (RACHEL AND ISAAC EXIT LEFT)

III
SCENE THI. INTERIOR OF HAYM SALOMON'S BROKERAGE OFFICE. AT THE REAR IS A LARGE STORE-FRONT WINDOW FITTED WITH RECTANGULAR GLASS PANES. TO THE RIGHT OF THE WINDOW IS A DOOR WHICH PROVIDES ACCESS TO THE STREET OUTSIDE. TO THE LEFT IS A TABLE WHICH SERVES AS A DESK FOR SALOMON. ON THE WALL BEHIND THE DESK IS A LARGE PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. AT THE RIGHT IS A SLANT-TOPPED BOOKKEEPER'S DESK, WITH A LARGE MAP OF THE WORLD TACKED TO THE WALL. CHAIRS ARE PLACED IN CONVENIENT LOCATIONS ABOUT THE ROOM. SALOMON IS SEATED AT HIS DESK WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL. IT IS THE NEXT DAY.

BERNARD GRATZ ENTERS FROM THE STREET. HE IS FORTY-FIVE, WELL-DRESSED, ROUND OF BELLY AND SELF-ASSURED.

SALOMON (RISING): Mr. Gratz, my friend and benefactor! How good of you to call upon me. (THEY MEET IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM AND SHAKE HANDS WARMLY. SALOMON DRAWS UP A CHAIR ALONGSIDE HIS DESK AND THEY BOTH SIT DOWN) I had sought you out on many occasions these past few months to let you know of my progress and to receive your friendly counsel, but all of my inquiries concerning your whereabouts were answered with a terse "He is away on business."

GRATZ: That, ~~infact~~, was the reason for my absence. I had ventured deep into the hinterlands of America to a place called Chicago. A trading post is located there and I go out there every year to buy fur pelts from the Indian trappers. But, enough of my affairs; tell me how you are getting on. (LOOKS ABOUT THE ROOM) It seems obvious that your fortunes have changed since I saw you last.

SALOMON: My present condition would not have been possible without your kind assistance and the credit extended to me by your bank. I owe you a debt of gratitude which I can never repay.

GRATZ: Nonsense. I did nothing more for you than one Jew would do for another in distress.

SALOMON: Nevertheless, it was an act of kindness I shall never forget.

I am also indebted to you and the other members of the Jewish community for introducing me to Isaac Ben Levi, the itinerant peddler. I am happy to inform you that he was able to find my wife and child and bring them out of the British stronghold in New York. They just arrived yesterday. Please allow me to present ^{my wife} ~~her~~ to you. She would be delighted to meet you, I'm sure.

GRATZ: Of course, my dear friend. (SALOMON GOES TO DOORWAY AT RIGHT)

SALOMON (CALLING OUT): Rachel, are you down stairs?

RACHEL (ENTERING): What is it, dear?

SALOMON: My dear, I want you to meet a cherished friend and benefactor--Mr. Bernard Gratz.

RACHEL (EXTENDING HER HAND): Pleased to meet you, I'm sure.

SALOMON: It was Mr. Gratz who took me into his home, and fed me and clothed me when I was destitute and alone in this strange city. He even arranged for his bank to extend me credit so that I could get started in business.

RACHEL (CLASPING HIS HAND IN BOTH OF HERS): I am most grateful for the kindness you have shown my husband.

GRATZ: There is no need for gratitude, for there was nothing exceptional in what I did. I was in a position where I was able to assist Haym, and it pleased me to do so.

RACHEL: Nevertheless, we cannot thank you enough.

SALOMON: I don't believe I have told my wife of the circumstances which led to our meeting, Mr. Gratz. (TO RACHEL) My dear, it was as though the good Lord guided my footsteps that night. Here I was, in a strange city--no more than a penniless beggar, tramping about the streets, seeking . . . I don't know what: a public almshouse, some discarded scraps of food, a kindly face. Night had just fallen, and my steps were drawn to a building where the lights seemed to radiate a welcome glow. I looked in through one of the windows and immediately recognized the figures inside. They were fellow-Jews, prayer shawls draped about their shoulders and their heads covered in the sacrosanct presence of the Lord, greeting the Sabbath with prayer and song, for it was Friday evening. My eyes filled with tears at this welcome and familiar sight which had been so long denied me. I kissed the mezuzah on the doorpost, and entered to take a place among the praying congregants.

The first lines I read almost made me sob aloud: "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, thy dwelling places, O Israel." I was home among my people at last. The warmth of that moment gave me an inner feeling of security I had not known

for many weeks.

After the services, I told the congregation of the struggles and sacrifices I had undergone. It was then that Mr. Gratz came forward and offered me the hospitality of his home.

RACHEL: Such a friend is deserving of a heartier reception than I am able to offer at the moment. As you can well understand, having entered upon my household duties here but yesterday, I have not had the opportunity to be able to supply such a worthy guest with suitable refreshment.

GRATZ (RAISING HIS HAND): Please do not fret yourself upon my account. I do not seek, nor did I expect, to be entertained, for I had not meant my visit to be a purely social call. Since I had taken your husband under my wing, so to speak, it was only natural that I should wish to look in on him and see how he was getting on.

RACHEL: Nevertheless, I fervently hope that you and your wife will call upon us socially, at which time we shall endeavor to show some measure of our gratitude by offering you all the hospitality of our home.

GRATZ: I am sure my wife and I would be delighted to accept such an invitation whenever you feel ready to extend it.

RACHEL: Thank you. Thank you. And now, if you will excuse me, I must return to my household duties. Please present my compliments to your wife, and tell her I trust we shall meet in the future.

GRATZ: I shall, my dear. (RACHEL EXITS RIGHT AS THE TWO MEN RETURN TO THEIR SEATS) And now, Haym, tell me how your business affairs progress.

SALOMON: Well enough, I suppose. I buy a little and sell a little. Nothing spectacular.

GRATZ: I'm sorry you couldn't see your way clear to join me in my business establishment. However, if you find at any time that you are not as successful as you anticipated in your present venture, be assured you can always find a place with me.

SALOMON: Thank you, sir. My heart is warmed by your solicitude and kindness. But I have found that I cannot put forth my best efforts when I work under the direction of another. Without meaning any disrespect to you, I need to be my own man and make my own decisions. I don't have to tell you how indebted I feel toward you for the support you gave me in allowing the use of your name as surety for my own. Without that support, I would have been unable to make

any purchases ^{with} ~~from~~ which I could derive an income, since I was unknown here to the banking and business community, and I lacked the funds or capital to enter into commercial activity on my own. But, with the impetus provided by the use of your name I am now earning a decent livelihood and can provide some comforts of life for my family. All this would have been impossible without your auspices and ~~assis-~~^{sist-}tance.

GRATZ: You were a stranger in the land, and so I took you in. We Jews are like a tiny isolated island in a sea of Gentile indifference or hostility. To survive in this alien world, each Jew must look after the needs of his fellow-Jew as though he were a brother.

SALOMON: I think your generosity and compassion far exceed the bounds of charity to be expected from a stranger, regardless of racial or religious ties.

GRATZ: (RAISING HIS HAND IN DEPRECAATION): Please, no more of this, I pray you. Let us turn to a matter which I think should be pursued by you and from which you may derive some benefit or recognition. It is a matter to which I have given considerable thought, and I think the time is ~~right~~^{right} ripe for its implementation.

SALOMON: I do not understand. What matter is this you speak

of?

GRATZ: As I recall, at our first meeting, when you recounted your unhappy experiences in New York, you said your money and property were forfeited to the Crown.

SALOMON: Actually, I had accumulated resources and effects valued in excess of ~~six thousand pounds~~ ^{thirty thousand dollars}.

GRATZ: You were also obliged to leave your wife and child behind in New York when you escaped from the British authorities and made your way here.

SALOMON: That is true.

GRATZ: In view of these circumstances, I propose that you petition the Congress for assistance in re-establishing yourself here. Relate to them your efforts on behalf of the Revolution and the deprivations you have suffered as a result of these activities. Of course, such a petition will only be a formality, for the Congress at the present time is helpless to do anything except debate and make pronouncements. But, at least, by such a petition it will have been recorded that there resides within the city of Philadelphia a Jew who has sacrificed more than most for the cause of freedom.

SALOMON: But I have no wish for indemnity or special favors. What I have done has been for patriotic reasons alone and for nothing else.

GRATZ: I am sure you were impelled in what you did by the noblest of feelings, but history takes little note of those patriots who labor quietly in the vineyards. Those who operate in the shadowy fringes of our national effort are often doomed to be disregarded by their countrymen. Due account may be taken of them collectively, but certainly not as individuals. Only those will be remembered whose deeds are acknowledged in the records of Congress or observed and reported by some chronicler of the day.

SALOMON: I am aware that only a few among those now engaged in the struggle will be remembered for their contributions. And I shall, most likely, be counted among the many who served in obscurity. It has ever been thus: The statesmen and the generals are awarded honors and medals, but the common people, who have suffered privation, injury and even the loss of their lives for a cause, are usually consigned to anonymity.

GRATZ: I applaud your unselfish devotion to the cause of freedom. But it is not the recognition of a single individual which is at issue here; rather, it is the historical

record of what a minority segment of the population has accomplished for that cause, whether ~~it~~ it be by the efforts of only one or of a group of people acting together.

SALOMON: I feel certain that persons of the Jewish faith will not be disregarded when the history of this period will have been written.

GRATZ: I wouldn't be too sure of that if I were you. I think you will find there to be a tendency among those historians, who belong to the dominant ethnic persuasion, to gloss over or disregard the accomplishments of a minority so that the deeds of the ruling class may not be overly diminished in the annals of history. Anything which is detrimental to the advancement and growth of the predominant culture would naturally be subordinated in a self-serving society.

SALOMON: I must say that your assumption appears to me to be entirely valid.

GRATZ: Then I hope you will agree with me that effort should be made to bring to the fore and place upon the records of Congress the memorable deeds which members of the Jewish race have performed in the attainment of independence for all the people of this land. This you can accomplish when you

petition Congress in the manner I have described to you, and, by such action, the patriotic efforts of Jews, in general, will indelibly be inscribed for as long as this nation shall live.

SALOMON: I bow to your judgment in this matter, and I shall do as you have directed. I only hope that my struggles and suffering may serve to aid my fellow-Jews in receiving recognition as equal citizens in a free society.

SCENE IV. DINING ROOM IN THE SALOMON HOUSEHOLD. IT IS A MONTH LATER. THE TABLE IS COVERED BY A WHITE TABLECLOTH ON WHICH IS SET A FLORAL CENTERPIECE. THERE ARE LIGHTED CANDLES, MATZOS, GOBLETS FILLED WITH RED WINE AND ALL THE OTHER TRADITIONAL FOODS ASSOCIATED WITH THE FESTIVAL OF PASSOVER.

SEATED AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE, FACING THE AUDIENCE IS HAYM SALOMON. AT HIS RIGHT SIT RACHEL AND BERNARD GRATZ; AT HIS LEFT ARE ISAAC BEN LEVI AND MRS. GRATZ. OTHERS, OF A NONDESCRIPT CHARACTER, ARE SEATED AT THE TABLE, AS WELL. ALL ARE ENGAGED IN CONVERSATION AMONG THEMSELVES. THE ATTITUDE AMONG THE GUESTS IS ONE OF CONVIVIALITY.

SALOMON (BEAMING): It is with a deep sense of gratification that I find myself once again with family and friends at this joyous season of the year. It is an occasion fraught

with symbolism for~~us~~ as a family. For was I not separated from my dear wife and child, and made to endure pain and privation in the confines of a British prison? And did not the good Lord see my suffering and open up the prison doors so that I might go free? And did He not direct my steps to this city where I have found true friends (REACHES OUT AND GRASPS THE HANDS OF BERNARD GRATZ AND HIS WIFE) and rewarding work? And did He not send one of His angels, disguised as a peddler--Isaac ben Levi (REACHES OVER TO CLASP ISAAC'S HAND), ~~XXX~~ who sought out my Rachel and our infant son, Eze-kial, in New York, and arranged for our reunion here in Philadelphia? (LOOKS UPWARD) For Thy loving kindness toward us, we are everlastingly grateful. (ADDRESSES COMPANY) And now we sit here together to give praise to the Lord for having delivered us from bondage in ancient times. But, if we think about it, is any one of us truly free, even today? Do we not all have obligations which we must discharge? And are we not all subject to the needs of others? Even our passions and our appetites, are we not driven by them? Or the vagaries of weather, do they not confine us or free us? Must we not then pray to God for each day's deliverance? At the very least, it is meet that we should come together like this, once each year, to give thanks to God for His mercy and compassion toward us, His children. Amen.

ALL ASSEMBLED REPEAT THE WORD "AMEN."

SALOMON: Come, let us begin the service. (RISES WITH WINE GOBLET IN HAND. ALL OTHERS DO LIKewise, THEIR WINE GOBLETS RAISED) Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, Who has created the fruit of the vine. Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, Who has chosen us for Thy service from among the nations, exalting us by making us holy through Thy commandments. Not the least of Thy commandments was to celebrate this Feast of Unleavened Bread, commemorating our deliverance from bondage in Egypt. This is among the holidays for joy and festivals for gladness which Thou, in love, has ordained for us as a heritage. Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Who has kept us and preserved us, and enabled us to reach this season. (ALL DRINK WINE) Please be seated.

A CHILD OF TEN OR ELEVEN APPROACHES SALOMON.

CHILD: I should like to ask the four questions.

SALOMON (BEAMING): Proceed, my child.

CHILD: Wherefore is this night of Passover different from all the other nights of the years? On all other nights, we may eat either leavened or unleavened bread, but on this particular night we eat only unleavened bread. On all other nights, we may eat all species of herbs, but on this night we eat only bitter herbs. On all other nights, we do not

dip even once, but on this night we dip twice. On all other nights, we eat either sitting or reclining, but on this night we eat reclining.

ALL ASSEMBLED: We were slaves unto Pharaoh in Egypt, and the Lord, our God, brought us forth from that land, with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm.

SALOMON: And the Most Holy, blessed be He, had He not delivered us from Egypt, then we and our children, and our children's children, would still be in bondage to the Pharaohs of Egypt.

ALL ASSEMBLED: We gather, therefore, year after year, to recount this ancient story and retell its message, which is man's burning desire for freedom and dignity.

SALOMON: The first question concerns the use of matzoh on this night. The answer is: We eat the unleavened bread because it reminds us of the haste with which our ancestors departed from Egypt. They could not wait for the bread to rise, so they removed it from the ovens while still flat.

ALL ASSEMBLED: In answer to the second question, we partake of the bitter herbs to remind us of the bitter lot of those forced to live under the yoke of slavery.

SALOMON: In answer to the third question: Why do we dip twice during the course of the service: The greens are dipped in salt water to symbolize the tears of sorrow being replaced by the green of deliverance; and the bitter herbs are dipped into the ~~the~~ sweet mixture of apples and nuts (the Charoses) to symbolize the bitterness of slavery being sweetened by the fruits of freedom.

ALL ASSEMBLED: Lastly, you ask why we eat in a reclining position. This is so because in ancient days, a free man ate his meals while he reclined. We do the same to signify our sense of complete freedom.

SALOMON RISES AND RAISES WRAPPED MATZOS BEFORE HIM.

SALOMON: Lo, this is the bread of affliction, the humble bread which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt. Let those who are hungry join us and share the food placed upon this table. And may God grant that our people, wherever they be, and under whatever condition of servitude they be found, throw off their shackles and enjoy the fruits of liberty with us next year.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I. THE HAYM SALOMON BROKERAGE OFFICE. IT IS A WEEK LATER. JOHN MACRAE, SALOMON'S BOOKKEEPER AND BUSINESS ASSOCIATE, IS SEATED AT HIS DESK, BUSILY ENGAGED IN MAKING ENTRIES TO A LEDGER. HE IS A TALL, SPARE MAN OF ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE. HIS MANNER IS SOMEWHAT ALOOF AND FORMAL. HAYM SALOMON ENTERS FROM THE STREET.

SALOMON (ELATED): Great news, John! The privateer Gull has just come into port with booty taken from nine British merchantmen!

MACRAE (SHAKING HIS HEAD): It's amazing to me how these gambles you venture into succeed, when the odds against their success are almost prohibitive.

SALOMON (SMILING): Gambles, John? I prefer to call them investments. (RACHEL ENTERS)

RACHEL: What has happened, my dear? I just heard you come in and I noted the sound of excitement in your voice.

SALOMON: You are right, dear; I am both thrilled and excited! The ship, Gull, which had been sent out on a mission to raise British shipping and commandeer enemy cargo, has just now arrived in port, her hold loaded with the prizes of war.

MACRAE: What Mr. Salomon has failed to mention is that the ship was long overdue, and the owners, in order to hedge against the probability of a total loss, offered shares for sale of whatever cargo might result from the voyage. It was a gamble, pure and simple.

SALOMON: I agree there was a certain risk involved, but I was acquainted with the captain and his crew, and I was confident, if wind and weather held, they would succeed in their undertaking. As you can see, my judgment was vindicated.

RACHEL: My heart goes out to the families of those men who were involved in such a perilous undertaking. Just think how relieved they must be at their safe return!

MACRAE: These were nothing more than pirates and adventurers, ma'am. With the addition of a few pieces of cannon, they converted commercial vessels into warlike privateers, and with these they prey upon British shipping and reap the profit of any spoils they can plunder.

SALOMON: You forget, John, we are at war with the British, and these privateers serve to assist us when they attack the enemy and seize her vessels.

MACRAE: As far as I am concerned, the whole thing smacks of

piracy. Warfare should be conducted on a more civilized plane.

SALOMON: These men are just as brave and daring as any sailor who enters combat with a ship of the line. In fact, they face a greater peril in war than do the men of the regular navy, for their ships are but converted commercial vessels and not the stout and warlike frigates expressly built and fitted for fighting.

RACHEL: I do not understand how men can love the sea so much that they leave their families and the safety of land to live and fight upon a fragile vessel in the midst of a moody and precarious ocean. What must the wives and mothers of these sailors feel, knowing their men will face not only the forces of war but the onslaughts of the stormy sea, as well. And, if they should die as a result of this dangerous business, their families will have no burial plot to remind them of their mortal existence--nothing but the wide expanse of ocean to blanket their remains and finny creatures to pick their bones.

SALOMON: My dear, the life we lead on land is quite as fraught with danger as for those who sail the sea, perhaps even more so. To make provision for the perils which the sailor faces, he, at least, is skilled in his craft of

sailing, with knowledge of tides and the signs of approaching storms. But we, here on land, are often waylaid and struck down, without warning, by the criminal elements in our midst. We are beset by fires and lightning storms and floods, against which we can only make slight provision, for the forces of nature are mightier than any barricade we can erect to contain her. Nothing which exists was meant to live in an insulated capsule, free from all the dangers of existence. To live is to dare the darkness. To live is to carry on as though life were unending. If it were otherwise, the butterfly would never emerge from his cocoon, and the infant would remain in the warm confines of his mother's womb, instead of issuing forth when his time arrives. Life worthy of the name must be lived. Anything else is not living but mere vegetation.

RACHEL: I suppose it is the feminine instinct in me which seeks to conserve life at all costs. And it must be in the character of the male to be venturesome. Perhaps, with each of the sexes vying against their basic natures, a middle path of existence ~~may~~ emerges thereby to stabilize our lives.

MACRAE DISMOUNTS FROM HIS STOOL AND GOES TO THE WINDOW, WHERE HE PEERS OUTSIDE.

MACRAE: There appears to be signs of activity outside the coffee house across the way. (SALOMON JOINS HIM AT WINDOW)

SALOMON: I do believe they may be getting ready to auction off the Gull contraband now. Would you go out, John, and keep account of the sales so that our interests may be protected.

MACRAE: Of course. How much do you reckon your share of the cargo should be?

SALOMON: *About seven thousand dollars*
~~Between twelve and fifteen hundred pounds,~~ I should imagine.

MACRAE PLACES A LEDGER UNDER HIS ARM AND A HAT UPON HIS HEAD AND EXITS THROUGH THE STREET DOOR.

RACHEL: I believe Macrae was disturbed by the success of your venture with the privateer, Gull.

SALOMON: I'm sure of it. He is extremely conservative in his views, but, ~~aside~~ *apart* from that, he is honest and diligent and most knowledgeable in matters of finance.

RACHEL: But is he loyal?

SALOMON: Of that I am sure. As you have seen, he will not hesitate to speak his mind, but he will execute my wishes to the letter.

RACHEL: I hope you are correct in your assessment of him. But, now I think I have taken up enough of your time with my chatter. Besides, my household chores will not get done at this rate, Please excuse me.

SALOMON (KISSING HER): You are excused.

RACHEL EXITS RIGHT AND SALOMON STANDS BEFORE THE WINDOW, OBSERVING THE ACTIVITY OUTSIDE. BENJAMIN LEVY ENTER FROM THE STREET. HE IS A DARK-VISAGED GENTLEMAN OF THIRTY-FIVE, SMALL AND WIRY, AND GIVES THE IMPRESSION OF GREAT ENERGY. SALOMON TURNS TO FACE HIS VISITOR.

LEVY: Good afternoon, Mr. Salomon.

SALOMON: Good afternoon, sir. I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. Levy, the grain merchant, do I not?

LEVY: Ah, I am flattered that you recognize me. It has been my intention for some time now to call upon you and become better acquainted, but the press of my own affairs has prevented it. As a member of the business community, it was only natural that I should hear of the astonishing success of your undertakings. It is being said that you have become a rich man in a relatively short space of time.

SALOMON: I must admit I have been somewhat successful in

my investments.

LEVY: You are too modest, my friend. We need men of your stamp here--men who have drive and ingenuity. There are too few such men in the community.

SALOMON: You do ~~my~~ more honor than I deserve, I am sure.

LEVY: Nonsense. I have sought you out at this time for a particular reason. It concerns a matter which I feel to be of the utmost importance to us as citizens of these ~~republics~~ ^{con-} federated states. I had been much moved by the account of your trials and suffering in New York because of your patriotic fervor. And it is precisely because of this demonstration of your patriotism that I come before you now, for I too have an interest in the welfare of this country and in the success of its revolution. I think all Jews, as well as every other minority, have an interest in the outcome of the issue before us, for this is the only government which has made a forthright and solemn declaration of its intention to grant to all equal ~~rights~~, regardless of race, religion or station in life.

SALOMON: I agree with you entirely. I, myself, was born and raised in Poland, where the Jew is despised and relegated to the confines of ghettos, where he is limited to

the lowest of trades or business pursuits, where all but the wealthiest are denied the advantages of education, the free entrance to cultural institutions or the right to own property. But here, aside from an occasional ethnic slur or isolation from the intimacies of Christian society, I have been free to pursue the livelihood of my choice, to obtain an education, if I so desire, and to count myself among the propertied class.

LEVY: I and my forebears have likewise suffered humiliation and degradation. In addition, we have been subject to the anxiety of statelessness, having been driven from Spain, ~~from~~ from Italy, from Portugal and from Brazil. Now we are settled here among the English colonies of North America, which are striving to be free and independent. If we are not to be driven out again, we must make a stand and sacrifice--even when others in this land do not--sacrifice to the limit of our resources.

SALOMON: You echo my feelings exactly. I would do anything within my power to assist the Revolution. I have already given actively of my time to advance this struggle against the enemy in New York, where I have ^{harbored} ~~harbored~~ escaped political prisoners, sown discord among the Hessian soldiers and smuggled information to the American army in the field.

LEVY: Then we apparantly see eye to eye in this matter. And yet many people have become lukewarm and complacent because of Washington's victory at Monmouth and Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga, not to mention our newly-won alliance with France. These citizens seem to think the war is as good as won. Yet, actually, we are nearer to defeat than ever before--a defeat which is boring from within and eating away at our national willingness to fight. I mean, in a word, our country is on the verge of bankruptsy because of the inflationary forces which have taken over the economy since the war began. Let me give you an example of how these insidious forces operate. When the war began, the pay for each rank in the services was set at a fixed rate. For instance, a colonel would earn ninety dollars^a a month, a captain forty-five, a private seven. Now, because of inflated prices, the Congress has been printing paper money to such an extent that its value has become almost non-existent. Thus we see, if we consider the present rate of exchange, that the colonel is earning only three dollars a month, a captain only a dollar and a half, and the private--the one who bears the brunt of the fighting--is receiving the princely sum of twenty cents a month. And that is not all. When the families, to whom the men send their pay, try to spend this money, it is usually thrown back in their faces by the merchants to whom it is offered. I ask you: How are our fighting men to have a heart for fighting if their

families are starving? And to make matters even more intolerable, the British are flooding the country with counterfeit paper money, thereby adding ~~deperation~~ ^{desperation} to an already unthinkable situation. The enemy could probably win the war without firing another shot. When there is no more money to buy food and clothing for our men, when we lack the funds to furnish ammunition for their firearms, the war will be over, and all our sacrifices will have been in vain. (A SILENCE ENSUES, DURING WHICH BOTH MEN STARE INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES). Are you ready to prove the convictions of your heart?

SALOMON: I have four thousand dollars in my bank account. You are welcome to this sum. And later, there may be as much as seven thousand more from my share of the Gull cargo. (WRITES CHECK AND HANDS TO LEVY)

LEVY (ACCEPTING CHECK): Thank you, my friend, you are indeed a patriot. Of course, you must realize, this money may never be repaid. I have gone to the others in our Jewish community, and they have also given, according to their capacities, and always with the knowledge that there is little chance of repayment.

SALOMON: I quite understand. And yet I make this investment freely and willingly, hoping that the generations which succeed me may reap the benefit of my sacrifice.

LEVY: Farewell, my brother. May the Lord of Hosts look after you and the cause of freedom. (EXIT LEVY)

STAGE IS DARKENED, AFTER WHICH SPOTLIGHT REVEALS MACRAE STANDING ALONE. HE IS HOLDING A LEDGER IN HIS HAND AND MAKING NOTES IN IT WITH A PENCIL. THE VOICE OF AN AUCTIONEER IS HEARD ABOVE A CONTINUOUS HUM OF CONVERSATION AND THE INTERMITTENT CALLING OUT OF BIDS.

VOICE OF AUCTIONEER: What am I bid for ten hogsheads of ~~Guinness~~ Jamaican rum, the finest that money can buy? I hear two hundred pounds. And two fifty, This is pure, dark, heavy rum of the finest quality. Do I hear more? (THE VOICE OF THE AUCTIONEER FADES AS ANOTHER SPOTLIGHT SHINES ON SALOMON AS HE APPROACHES MACRAE)

SALOMON (TO MACRAE): Are they bidding on the Gull cargo now?

MACRAE: Yes. The sale began some fifteen minutes ago.

SALOMON: How does it look?

MACRAE: The owners shall have little trouble disposing of these goods. Everything here seems to be of excellent quality.

SALOMON: Good, good.

VOICE OF AUCTIONEER: Need I remind you, gentlemen, that there are fifty-two and a half imperial gallons in each cask, for a total of five hundred and twenty-five gallons in all. And this is rum which is on sale here, not some insipid table wine. Do ¹ hear four hundred? That's better. Who will say four fifty? (VOICE FADES AWAY)

SALOMON: I will take my leave of you now, and see you at the office, after the auction is over.

MACRAE: Very well.

SPOTLIGHTS ARE EXTINGUISHED AND STAGE IS LIGHTED TO REVEAL BROKERAGE OFFICE AGAIN. SALOMON IS BUSY AT HIS DESK. MACRAE ENTERS FROM THE STREET.

SALOMON: I take it the auction has been completed.

MACRAE: Quite so. Traders and speculators swarmed about the hills of cargo like a flock of hungry gulls and devoured everything in sight.

SALOMON: And the money?

MACRAE: Deposited to your account.

SALOMON: Very good. (HE SUDDENLY LOOKS UP AT MACRAE) John, how do you view our current situation with respect to the struggle against the British?

MACRAE: Not good at all. Inflation is still continuing to rise, shortages of almost everything are in evidence at every hand, and, despite recent victories and our alliance with the French, the outlook at present appears bleak, at best.

SALOMON: John, I have been giving a great deal of thought to the difficulties we are facing today, and I have come to the conclusion that the greatest deterrent to our ultimate victory is a lack of adequate funds. In view of this determination, I have decided to lend to the government whatever monies I earn from my business, over and above what is needed by my family for the necessities of life. By doing this, perhaps others may be stimulated to do the same. I am convinced we now face a situation ~~so~~ desperate that all men of means must give to the utmost to preserve what we have gained and prevent the erosion of inflationary forces from eating away our national resolve. Have you any suggestions to offer?

MACRAE: Have you heard of Robert Morris? He has just been appointed by the Congress as Director of the Department of Finance, with the duty of raising money to prosecute the war.

SALOMON: I have heard many reports of him: that he is a good man who is dedicated to the Revolution. Very well, then, he is the man I must see. Will you try to arrange an appointment for me?

MACRAE: I shall try, but I'm not very hopeful that he will agree to meet with you.

SALOMON: Why do you say that?

MACRAE: He is known to have an antipathy toward Jews, in general.

SALOMON: I must say I find this almost unbelievable that one who has been placed in a position with the government for the purpose of raising funds, which are so desperately needed, should preclude one segment of the population from consideration as a source of revenue. Such prejudice at this time, to my mind, is unthinkable! Would you, if your house was in danger of being consumed by fire--would you refuse to accept water from another person because you disliked his religious preferences? In such an instance, would you not be foolish to entertain such notions? Or if you hung from a cliff by your fingers and were in danger of falling to your death below, would you refuse to accept the hand of one who could save you because you despised his mode

of life? No! You would thank the Lord for having put a savior in your path, regardless of his hateful convictions or disparate tastes. Perhaps you can prevail upon Mr. Morris to set aside his prejudices now that they conflict with his duty of raising money. Assure him that, while I am a Jew, I shall overlook his antipathies toward my race, and assist him wholeheartedly in any way that I can.

MACRAE: I shall certainly try, but he has a reputation for stubbornness which is beyond belief. I have heard he will borrow money from Quakers, Episcopalians or Papists, but never from Jews. Apparently he believes they would charge an exorbitant interest for the use of their money.

SALOMON: Such a belief is utter nonsense! Try to see him, or any of his friends, and disabuse them of such notions. Speak of my standing in the business community, of my background in financial affairs, my knowledge of language and foreign exchange. Let all know that Haym Salomon is a true patriot, and stands ready at any time to serve in the Revolutionary cause.

SALOMON FALLS INTO A FIT OF COUGHING. HE PLACES A HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS MOUTH. WHEN HE REMOVES THE HANDKERCHIEF, THERE IS BLOOD UPON IT.

MACRAE (MOVING TOWARD SALOMON): This is no ordinary cough

you have. This much more serious. I had better call your wife.

SALOMON (WIPING HIS BROW): No, John; don't do that. I don't want her to know of this, you hear.

MACRAE: Very well, but at least you should see a doctor.

SALOMON: I have already done so. It's an infirmity I acquired in the dank dungeons of the Provost prison. I fear it's a gift from the British I shall carry with me to the grave. Rest and sea air is what the doctor told me I needed. But I have no time for either. My country is in danger of defeat from a foreign enemy, and I must do all in my power to avert such a calamity.

MACRAE: Can I get you something? Are you in pain?

SALOMON: Thank you, John; I shall be all right after a moment. These attacks come and go without warning. (STRAIGHTENS UP IN CHAIR) There! I feel better now. Remember, John: nothing of this to Mrs. Salomon.

SCENE II. HAYM SALOMON LIVING ROOM. RACHEL IS SEATED ON A SOFA, ENGAGED IN KNITTING A SWEATER. SALOMON IS SEATED NEARBY, READING A NEWSPAPER. IT IS TWO WEEKS LATER.

SALOMON (RISING AND THROWING DOWN PAPER WITH DISGUST): It's a disgrace the way Congress fritters away its time in the State House! There's no order or sense to the whole thing. Is Washington to maintain his army in the field by their good intentions alone? It's unthinkable! (HE PACES TO AND FRO, HIS HANDS CLASPED BEHIND HIM)

RACHEL: Haym, dearest, you shouldn't agitate yourself over conditions you cannot control. I'm sure General Washington will find the means to feed and clothe his men.

SALOMON (STOPPING TO CONFRONT HER): My dear, without the ability to tax, Congress is about as useful as a heated house in summer or a bucket of water thrown into the Delaware. If we have no money to pay our soldiers, to feed and clothe them, to provide them with rifles and ammunition, the British need but to wait, and the war will be resolved in their favor.

RACHEL: But what can you do as a single individual? Must you fret yourself so when you see an unpleasant prospect or intolerable condition which ~~is~~ beyond your power to change?

SALOMON: I refuse to accept your ~~premise~~. Actions are possible by persons outside of government which can have a bearing upon events. And an individual can direct the flow

of ideas so that they may engulf the intellect and command its attention. It's all in seizing upon an issue in which the majority have a vital interest of concern. The urgency of our situation must be made known to our countrymen. They must be made to see that the course we follow is unalterable, that too many commitments have been made and too many lives have been lost to endure a paralysis of government leadership.

RACHEL: Please try to calm yourself, Haym. I am sure everything will work out for the best in due time.

SALOMON (UNHEEDING): If only Robert Morris would call upon me for assistance. I could at least help him raise the money he needs. Even if we are without leadership, money can grease the gears of government so they operate with less friction.

RACHEL: He will come to you; I am sure of it. No one else has your knowledge of international finance. No one else is more respected in the business community.

SALOMON: This is true. But I have tried to see him on two occasions, and twice have I been put off with weak excuses. If I did not feel so strongly about the righteousness of our cause, I would tend to my own business and let the war run its course. But there's too much at stake here to be

tossed aside without a struggle and too little time to waste in recrimination and personal vindictiveness.

RACHEL: Dearest Haym, I hate to say it, but you may be butting your head against the stone wall of Christian prejudice.

SALOMON: You may be correct in this, my dear. Apparently Morris feels the Revolution to be a Christian struggle, not to be sullied by the unbelieving hands of a Jew.

RACHEL: Then why not give it up, and let the Christians fight out the war among themselves. No matter who wins our lives will be little changed.

SALOMON: No, my dear, I disagree. The idea of equality for all, as enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, provides an impetus and a rallying point for all people--the Jew as well as the Christian, the Black as well as the White, in fact, all men who suffer under a repressive society and yearn for emancipation--to join in the struggle for freedom. For, if we succeed in our present undertaking here, events may be set in motion whereby oppressed people everywhere will find the strength and courage to rise up and throw off their chains, as well. And this is not ^{the} only consequence to follow from that which has been initiated here. For, once the inborn desire of men to live in a world free

of repression has been accomplished, the minds of men would likewise become free. Parochialism and bigotry would disappear, and men would look upon each other, not as objects of hatred and scorn, but as human beings to be respected for their ideological differences and the contrasting styles of their existence.

RACHEL: It is a grand and glorious view you have of the American struggle for independence, but I fear it is a dream impossible of realization.

SALOMON: It is only a dream now, I agree. But the fruition of a dream, such as I have described, is never achieved in one stroke of overriding brilliance; it is only gained by constant and tireless efforts to change the minds of men from the doctrines of the benighted past to the enlightenment of the future. It is as though an infant were learning to walk for the first time. He struggles to stand, but his legs are too weak to support him; when he begins to walk, each step is accompanied by a fall. But, sooner or later, the child achieves a sense of balance and he learns to walk unaided. And then you see the joy of this accomplishment upon his face and a pride radiating therefrom at being able to walk finally like a man.

STAGE IS DARKENED FOR A MOMENT, AFTER WHICH SPOTLIGHTS EXPOSE

TO VIEW A GROUP OF MEN, ~~MESEEN~~ WEARING SKULLCAPS AND PRAYER SHAWLS, WHO ARE IN THE ACT OF PRAYER. THE VOICE OF A CANTOR IS HEARD CHANTING THE KOL NIDRE. IT IS THE HOLIDAY OF YOM KIPPUR. A LOUD SOUND OF KNOCKING, AS UPON A DOOR, IS HEARD.

VOICE OF SALOMON (OFFSTAGE): What is the reason for this intrusion? Are you not aware that this is a house of worship and that this is the most solemn holiday of the year?

VOICE OF MESSENGER: I come from Robert Morris, Director of the Office of Finance.

VOICE OF SALOMON: Is he not aware that Jews are forbidden to conduct worldly affairs on Yom Kippur? Can't this business possibly wait until tomorrow?

VOICE OF MESSENGER: Please forgive me, but I was told to seek you out and deliver the message that I have here in my hand. Mr. Morris said it was a matter of the most extreme urgency.

VOICE OF SALOMON: Here, give it to me. (AFTER A PAUSE, SALOMON APPEARS AMONG THE PRAYING CONGREGANTS) Rabbi, I beg the pardon of the congregation for this unseemly interruption to our services, but a matter of the utmost importance has come to my attention which requires the earnest

consideration of each of us at this time. It is a matter which bears upon our very existence as a people.

VOICE OF RABBI: But Haym, it is a sin to even think worldly thoughts on this holiest of days.

SALOMON: Please allow me to read this message which comes to me from Robert Morris, Director of the Office of Finance, who is responsible for the raising of funds which support our armies in the field.

VOICE OF RABBI (TONE OF RESIGNATION): Very well, proceed.

SALOMON (READING): "My dear Mr. Salomon: Here are two notes which must be discounted immediately. I have tried to raise the money, but found it impossible to procure within the time I had at my disposal. The need is great, the cause urgent. I have turned to you only because our distress could be satisfied in no other manner. Sincerely, Robert Morris." (PAUSE) My friends, there is an historical basis for permitting the intrusion of worldly business during the Sabbath or other holy days, such as this one. Our rabbis have told us that ~~such~~ such conduct is permissable during times of war or pestilence or other serious calamities when the whole people are threatened with catastrophe. I believe such a time faces us now. This land which has given us refuge is in the midst of a struggle to emerge as a free

nation, dedicated to the vision of liberty for all men. Now she faces the disaster of defeat unless we, who have enjoyed the benefactions found here upon these shores, contribute some portion of the treasure we have managed to put aside--a treasure, I might add, which would have been impossible ^{to accumulate} /were it not for the freedom allowed us here to exercise our talents and capabilities. (HE WRITES A CHECK AND WAVES IT ABOVE HIS HEAD) I have three thousand dollars here. Who else will join me in this crusade?

THERE ARE LOUD MURMURINGS, FOLLOWED BY THE WAVING OF MORE CHECKS. SALOMON GATHERS THEM UP AND DISAPPEARS FROM VIEW.

VOICE OF SALOMON (TO THE MESSENGER): The notes you presented to me were for ten thousand dollars each. Will you count these checks, please?

VOICE OF MESSENGER: I count twenty thousand dollars here, but I see no provision made for interest.

VOICE OF SALOMON: Tell Mr. Morris none will be required.

SCENE III. SPOTLIGHTS ARE EXTINGUISHED AND STAGE IS LIGHTED TO REVEAL BROKERAGE OFFICE. IT IS A MONTH LATER. MACRAE IS SEATED AT HIS DESK, POSTING TO A LEDGER. SALOMON IS STARING OUT THE WINDOW, ABSORBED IN THOUGHT. HE TURNS AND

FACES MACRAE.

MACRAE (LOOKING UP): What is it? You seem troubled.

SALOMON: I am. It has been a month since I last heard from Robert Morris--a month in which inflation continues to increase and the shadow of bankruptcy is lengthening across the land. Still he has not called upon me for my services, except once during a religious holiday when he had no other recourse. But I think I have a plan to capture his attention.

MACRAE: What do you have in mind?

SALOMON: Consider this question: What is the greatest obstacle we face today in achieving financial stability?

MACRAE: The greatest obstacle is the inept Congress we have sitting in the State House. Because it does not have authority over the individual state governments, it is powerless to collect taxes or regulate interstate commerce or control the issuance of money. Under such circumstances, it is little wonder we are faced with bankruptcy.

SALOMON: This is undoubtedly true, but it is a condition not susceptible to change without the lengthy process of

rewriting the Articles of Confederation. No, there is another problem which undermines our economy.

MACRAE: You must mean the speculative trading in bills of exchange which had been issued by the French as loans to our government.

SALOMON: Exactly. Morris must sell ~~these~~ bills on the open market and convert them into cash before they are of any use to ~~us~~ ^{him}. And, depending on the fortunes of war, the market in these securities can fluctuate wildly. As a result, because the war is dragging on now with little prospect of success, these loans have little cash value because of the large discounts which brokers are taking to minimize their risks.

MACRAE: Under such circumstances, Morris is hamstrung in his search for funds, and we all suffer as a result--Washington and his men most of all.

SALOMON: Then you will agree that the stabilizing of these bills of exchange would go far toward ameliorating our condition.

MACRAE: Undoubtedly.

SALOMON: Well then, I have a plan which I think will help

to correct this situation. You know these bills of exchange, aside from any direct loans to the government, originate mostly through the quartermaster and paymaster general of the French army stationed in this country. They suffer as we do from the discounting of these securities. Now, if I were to offer to buy them at the highest price available and maintain that price consistently, then bills of exchange would have a fixed rate, and investors would have more confidence in their value.

MACRAE: But suppose the Revolution fails? You would be ruined.

SALOMON: I am willing to take that chance. If I can convince the French to have their bills of exchange sold through my hands, then Robert Morris would have to seek my services as well.

A PAROXYSM OF COUGHING OVERWHELMS SALOMON. HE FALLS TO THE FLOOR, DOUBLING UP WITH PAIN. RACHEL RUSHES IN AND KNEELS BESIDE HIM. MACRAE RAISES HIM AND PLACES HIM IN A CHAIR.

RACHEL (IN GREAT DISTRESS): Quickly, Mr. Macrae, go seek out a physician! (MACRAE EXITS TO STREET) Oh, my poor darling! (SHE KNEELS BESIDE HIM AND WIPES THE BLOOD FROM HIS LIPS WITH HER HANDKERCHIEF)

SALOMON (RECOVERING): I'm sorry you had to be witness to this indisposition of mine. I would not distress you for the world.

RACHEL (ANXIOUSLY): But Haym, I am your wife. How can I care for you, if you keep your ailments to yourself?

SALOMON: There is no need for you to be so concerned. These attacks come and go. They pass quickly and I am myself again. I shall be well in a little while. Just let me rest a bit.

RACHEL (STERNLY): You shall do your resting in bed. I am sure the doctor will forbid any more activity until you are completely rested. You have been driving yourself without pause, and this is the result.

SALOMON: But it's nothing--just a little cough.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE I. THE HAYM SALOMON BEDROOM. IT IS MORNING, A MONTH LATER. SALOMON IS STANDING BEFORE A MIRROR IN HIS SHIRT-SLEEVES. RACHEL, WITH SOME DIFFICULTY, IS ATTEMPTING TO ATTACH A RUFFLE TO HIS SHIRT FRONT.

RACHEL (EXASPERATED): Please, stand still, Haym. Your constant squirming makes it difficult for me to attach this ruffle. I must say, from your actions one might think it was General Washington himself with whom you had an appointment. I do not see any cause for excitement in the prospect of calling upon Robert Morris.

SALOMON: You may not think so, my dear, but it was toward such an eventuality as this that my thoughts and plans have been directed these many weeks past--to work with Robert Morris and share with him officially in the effort to finance this war against the British. After all this planning and effort, is it any wonder I am somewhat stirred at the prospect of fruition? (HE PUTS ON A BLACK JACKET WITH VELVET LAPELS AND OBSERVES HIS APPEARANCE IN THE MIRROR) Well, how do you think I look?

RACHEL (MILDLY REPROVING): As though you are dressed for a formal reception instead of an ordinary business conference. I am sure Mr. Morris will not be so elegantly attired.

SALOMON: Perhaps not. But for me this is a memorable occasion, and I mean to look my best. If I am to receive attention for the views I articulate, I must not only speak with conviction, but my appearance must also give off an aura of success.

RACHEL: There is no doubt that your presence is quite imposing. I only hope, for your sake, that Mr. Morris will be impressed. (SHE PASSES A THREE-CORNERED HAT TO SALOMON, AFTER BRUSHING IT WITH A WHISK-BROOM. HE PUTS IT UPON HIS HEAD AND CAREFULLY OBSERVES HIS REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR)

SALOMON: Well, I'm off to beard the lion in his den.
(KISSES RACHEL)

STAGE DARKENS, AFTER WHICH SPOTLIGHT FIXES UPON SALOMON SEATED NEXT TO THE DESK OF A RECEPTION CLERK IN THE OUTER OFFICE OF ROBERT MORRIS. SALOMON'S NERVOUS ANTICIPATION IS APPARANTX, AS HE ALTERNATELY SITS AND RISES TO PACE THE FLOOR. THE RECEPTION CLERK ENTERS.

RECEPTION CLERK: Mr. Morris will be able to see you now, sir.

SPOTLIGHT MOVES TO THE RIGHT, REVEALLING MORRIS SEATED AT A DESK. HE IS STOUT, MIDDLE-AGED, CARELESS OF DRESS AND

PETULANT OF MANNER. HE DOES NOT RISE AT SALOMON'S ENTRANCE NOR DOES HE GIVE EVIDENCE THAT HE IS AWARE OF HIS PRESENCE. HE CONTINUES TO READ SOME CORRESPONDENCE AS SALOMON STANDS UNEASILY BEFORE HIM.

MORRIS (LOOKING UP): Sit down, sir. (SALOMON SITS ON CHAIR BESIDE DESK, AND MORRIS OBSERVES HIM WITH UNSMILING CURIOSITY) You will pardon my staring at you so, but my curiosity about you has been aroused by your somewhat unorthodox activities. What manner of man is ~~is~~ this, I have asked myself, who has been able to convince the French to make him their sole agent in dealing with bills of exchange issued by their government? Surely, I mused, he must be some paragon of business acumen to be able to beguile the French into undertaking such a course of action.

SALOMON: Not at all, sir. I merely convinced them that I could maintain the price of these securities at the highest level obtainable.

MORRIS: And how, pray tell, are you to accomplish this feat of legerdemain?

SALOMON: By simply underwriting all bills of exchange tendered to me and pay the highest prevailing rate.

MORRIS: The highest prevailing rate, eh? This does not

make sense to me. Would you not then be inviting all such notes to be delivered into your hands? Aren't you taking a rather substantial risk here? Suppose I were to follow the example of the French and designate you my broker in handling these bills of exchange, how would you be able to continue upon such a course without grounding yourself eventually upon the shoals of bankruptcy? To finance an operation of such magnitude would require unlimited credit, it seems to me. Where would the money come from?

SALOMON: You need have no fears on that account. My credit standing in the banking community is well established. I have never defaulted on any commitment made in the past, and, because this fact is well-known, I am sure my bankers will stand behind me in this venture.

MORRIS: I agree your credit rating is excellent, sir, for I have taken the trouble to inquire into your background. But what is your intention in keeping up the price of these securities? What if the British should prevail, would you not be ruined financially? What consideration is it which has induced you to assume such a risk?

SALOMON: It is quite obvious you doubt my motives.

MORRIS: In a word . . . yes. I have never known a Jew to

operate in the commercial field without a profit motive.
Pray tell me what is your motive here?

SALOMON: The same motive which spurs us both--love of country. It is the same motive which caused me and my co-religionists to set aside prayer on our holiest day of the year--Yom Kippur--in order to fund two bills of exchange for you.

MORRIS: I was not aware it was a holiday. I have little knowledge of Jews altogether. In any case, it was a time of great extremity. You had offered your services and, although I disliked the necessity to call upon you, I had then nowhere else to turn.

SALOMON: Your attitude toward Jews is well known. It does not concern me. What does concern me, and I think it concerns us both, is the winning of the war. In this greater concern, which we both share, would it not be in the best interest of all to cast aside animosity and proceed to the higher goal? I stand ready to assist you in any way that I can. Will you let me help you? Allow me ~~to be broker~~ to be broker to the Office of Finance for bills of exchange, or for any other matter which requires the services of a broker, and you shall receive from me the same rates offered to the French and the same care and fidelity in all other

transactions. By allowing me this privilege, the value of all bills of exchange will be stabilized. They will become easily convertible into cash, and you will be enabled to secure the maximum funds available to prosecute the war.

MORRIS: Ah, but what commission will you require for these services?

SALOMON: Nothing, sir. I wish nothing for myself but to be a part of the Revolution and to serve, in the best way I am able, to achieve liberty for this land I have come to love as my own.

MORRIS: Noble sentiments, sir, but I insist that this transaction be placed upon a businesslike basis. The going rate of commission for dealings of this kind is two percent.

SALOMON: As I have told you, my motive in seeking this business is strictly patriotic. But if you insist ^{upon} ~~on~~ attaching some premium for my services, I will accept a token payment of one half of one percent, and that is all I will take.

MORRIS: Agreed. (THEY SHAKE HANDS) Perhaps I'm a fool, but I am going to trust your motives. The need for money right now is of paramount importance, and I would deal with the devil himself if he could show me the way out of our

present fiscal dilemma. I go within the week~~/~~to consult with General Washington. I am sure this meeting will concern itself with the matter of redoubling our efforts to bring this war to a successful conclusion.

SALOMON: Rest assured I shall not fail you.

SCENE~~XII~~. SPOTLIGHT IS EXTINGUISHED AND STAGE IS LIT TO REVEAL THE SALOMON BROKERAGE OFFICE. MACRAE IS AT HIS DESK. SALOMON PACES THE FLOOR. IT IS SEVERAL WEEKS LATER.

MACRAE: Acting the caged lion again, I see. What insoluble problems are you now mulling over in your mind? I venture to guess it is our present military situation and the fast-approaching season of winter.

SALOMON (STOPPING): You read my thoughts, John.

MACRAE: It's a simple matter to deduce, since you seem to be preoccupied with little else. It is as though you have no other reason for existence: You allow all other business matters to slide away, and you work continuously with hardly any rest. For one in your delicate state of health, such ceaseless activity will surely lead to your demise. One might be led to believe that all the burdens of the war fall upon your shoulders alone.

SALOMON: It's all so frustrating, John. Here we are with another winter coming fast upon us, and what is the situation that confronts us? Our armies will have to encamp; winter clothes will have to be found; food will become scarce; through the long months of idleness, the men are sure to become restive and homesick; they will demand their pay; they may mutiny; they may even desert. If it were not for General Washington, the whole thing would fall apart. If only a great victory were forthcoming at this time, we might weather the predicament we face.

MACRAE: Indeed! And if, at the very least, one of the armies which oppose us could be defeated, it would almost cut our military costs in half. As it is, we are confronted by a northern army, based in New York, and a southern force operating out of Virginia. To repel these troops, we have to support two armies in the field, with all the duplication of expense required by this dispersion of men and their attendant needs. These problems we face are manifold and well-nigh insoluble. And yet, aware of such monumental dilemmas and the delicate state of your health, you persist in punishing yourself physically and bankrupting yourself financially for a cause which many thousands of your countrymen reject.

SALOMON: It is true, there are many Loyalists in our midst,

who cling to the monarchy as though they were tied to it by some filial relationship, however distant and removed. They cleave to the country of their origin like insecure children, fearful of facing the rigors ^{of} ~~an~~ independent life in a hostile world. For ~~them~~, the struggle here has little ~~meaning~~. But to the downtrodden and despairing peoples of the world, this pledge of freedom and equality for all, as stated in the Declaration of Independence, stands out as a beacon of hope and salvation. I know you scold me out of love and loyalty, John~~A~~, but for me there is no greater duty or more fulfilling employment than in the service of such a cause, and I ^m ~~g~~ust continue in it, come what may.

THE STAGE DARKENS, AFTER WHICH A SPOTLIGHT ILLUMINATES A SYNAGOGUE SCENE ~~M~~*MEN WITH COVERED HEADS AND WEARING PRAYER SHAWLS READING ALOUD FROM PRAYER BOOKS. HAYM SALOMON STANDS BEFORE THEM, WAVING A PACKET OF PAPER IN HIS HAND.

SALOMON: Gentlemen, may I have your ~~a~~ttention for a moment. (THE VOICES ARE STILLED) I have in my hand, as you can see, certain bills of exchange which I have been unable to sell elsewhere. I know it is unseemly of me to dun you with financial matters when you are seeking solace and redemption through prayer and meditation. I also know I have come before you more times than you would wish. But I have nowhere else to turn, my brethren. The needs of our fighting men

continue unabated, and these needs must be filled for as long as a state of war continues with the enemy.

VOICE: Have you no pity, Salomon? Do you wish to bankrupt us all? You have already drunk the well dry.

SALOMON: Must I remind you, gentlemen, that this money I request is an investment in the future of this country? In addition, it is an investment in your future, as well, and the future of those generations which will follow you. There is no better reason for such an investment or a more worthy cause to which you may subscribe your funds.

VOICE: What funds? You are making paupers of us all with your constant demands. Many of us are already in debt.

SALOMON: Your country owes the greatest debt of all to those who are laying down their lives each day in the struggle for this nation's freedom. And you are in debt to your country for opening wide her doors and admitting you to the refuge and security which you, as landless immigrants, have found here. Remember how it was in the old country, where we were despised and rejected? Our lands and our goods could be confiscated at the whim of capricious rulers. But here there are laws to protect you against such depredations. And to perpetuate this privilege of freedom for ourselves

and for our children, you are being asked to lend money to this government--not your homes, not your lands, not your lives--only money, which, once victory is achieved, shall be ~~be~~ returned to you. There is also an additional benefit which shall accrue unto you as a result of this action I ask you to undertake, as I have asked of you in the past: When future generations shall inquire what American Jews did during the Revolution, it may be said, with some pride, they gave more than their share, in blood and treasure, to secure our statehood.

SCENE III. AFTER SPOTLIGHT IS EXTINGUISHED, STAGE IS LIGHTED TO REVEAL THE SALOMON LIVING ROOM. SALOMON IS READING A NEWSPAPER, WHILE RACHEL IS IN THE MIDST OF DUSTING AND CLEANING. IT IS MORNING OF THE NEXT DAY.

RACHEL: I'm happy to see that you are resting more in the morning, instead of rushing off, as you usually do, to engage in some business activity.

SALOMON (LOOKING UP): Actually, my dear, I would much prefer to be with you, as now, when I can sit quietly and read, or just reflect upon the good things in life I enjoy because of your love and affectionate care.

RACHEL (DELIGHTED AND SURPRISED): Really, Haym, I have not

heard you speak to me so tenderly for weeks. You are always so preoccupied with business that I think you forget I exist.

SALOMON: Forget, my dear? Impossible! I have but to look around me here in this home you have made for us out of an ordinary house, and I am constantly reminded of you. Wherever I look, your fine handiwork delights the eye--your drapes, your antimacassars, your table linens, your artful arrangements everywhere. I had never expected that one so young and lovely could be so talented as a homemaker. I just sit here and marvel at the miracles you have wrought, for you have made here a home where warmth and comfort and beauty reside.

RACHEL: And love too, I hope.

SALOMON: And love most of all. (KISSES HER HAND)

RACHEL: And yet there is something lacking in this happy Eden.

SALOMON: Lacking, my dear? I do not understand.

RACHEL: Lacking in the sense that I know so little of your other life--that life where you spend so much of your time

away from me. I know you wish to shelter me from the stresses of the outside world, but if I am truly to be a part of your life, I feel I should share your business experiences as well.

SALOMON: How do you mean "share?"

RACHEL: I don't mean directly, silly. I mean--informed. You are always so preoccupied with business matters that it seems as if a wall descends about you at such times, and I feel shut out as though I were an outsider or an intruder. Why can't you tell me some of the things you do during the day, so that I can feel that I am a part of your life more intimately.

SALOMON: You are perfectly right, my dear Rachel. You are my wife; not merely a housekeeper. As such, you deserve all the attention and respect I am able to bestow. Henceforth, I shall make it a point to keep you informed of my activities.

RACHEL (EAGERLY): Well then, tell me what you did yesterday.

SALOMON: Yesterday, my dear, I had occasion to deal with a Quaker gentleman, who was offering for sale two thousand

blankets at an asking price of three dollars a blanket. Since such articles are ^{at}practically unobtainable at this time, of which he was well aware, this gentleman would admit of no bargaining. The price was as stated--final. I knew that blankets of equal quality, when obtainable, could have been purchased for only two dollars a piece, at which price the merchant would ^{be} ~~be~~ realizing a profit of one hundred percent. And yet this man had so little feeling for his brothers, who were fighting and freezing in open fields during winter, that he brazenly sought a profit on his merchandise of two hundred percent. † told him the government was in ^{desperate} ~~desperate~~ need of these blankets, and, because of this need, I would have to allow him to enjoy this tremendous profit. But if he intended to profiteer from the war in this manner, I told him, I intended to blacken his name and undermine his business in every way I could.

RACHEL: Don't you think you were being overly harsh with the man?

SALOMON: Perhaps. But my severity with him was productive of a positive effect: He reduced his price to two dollars a blanket, and now two thousand men will be warm this winter. In addition, the government will have an unexpected two thousand dollars to spend on other needs. With money so difficult to obtain at this time, stretching the dollar

becomes an overriding consideration when making purchases needed by our troops in the field. If our soldiers and their families are being asked to sacrifice for their country, is it too much to expect some sacrifice of profit by those engaged in mercantile enterprises, especially since they only suffer a diminution of earnings, and little else besides.

RACHEL: This aspect of your character, which you have now revealed to me, has taken me totally by surprise. I have only been used to the gentler side of your nature. This unfamiliar character which seems to emerge only during business transactions is a side of you I was unaware of.

SALOMON: I have found that gentleness in business dealings is often mistaken for weakness. Sometimes, to overcome ruthlessness, one must be ruthless as well. Sometimes, sharp practices and deception achieve a beneficial aim otherwise unobtainable.

RACHEL: I find this difficult to believe.

SALOMON: Let me give you an example of how this works. A government agent, recently, was bidding on a purchase of flour. He was trying desperately to buy the flour as cheaply as possible, so as to make the limited funds at his disposal

stretch to their furthest bounds. Seeking to assist him in this resolve, I walked among the bidders and planted tidbits of information which I knew would help drive down the price of flour. To one, I said: "I have received information from reliable sources that wheat production this year is expected to bring in record yields." To another, I whispered in confidential tones, "Keep this ~~to~~ yourself, but I have been reliably informed that four French ships loaded with wheat have broken through the British blockade, and should be in port within a few days. Within minutes, my droplets of intelligence produced a tidal wave of rumor. My few minnows baited an entire shoal of flounder; my tiny saplings grew in short moments into lofty trees. What I had ~~harvested~~ ^{planted} soon bore little relation to what was harvested. Word had spread around that Salomon was predicting flour would become a glut upon the market; that twenty French ships, their holds filled with grain, had slipped through the blockade. After these rumors had taken firm hold, the bidding fell below expectations, and our agent made his purchase well within the scope of his means.

RACHEL (LAUGHING): Oh, you are deceitful beyond belief! I cannot believe you are speaking of the person I know as my husband!

SALOMON: Future prices of commodities often depend upon

present information, and the judgment of the buyer is often swayed by rumor. In this case, the greatest good for the greatest number was served through deception, for the government was saved at least four thousand dollars in this way-- funds which could be applied to other needs and other contingencies.

SOUNDS OF SHOUTING AND MUSKETRY ARE HEARD, AS FROM A DISTANCE. MACRAE, HIS FEATURES AGLOW WITH HAPPINESS, ENTERS ROOM FROM RIGHT.

MACRAE:(EXULTANTLY): Great news, Haym! The British have surrendered at Yorktown!

RACHEL (CLASPING HER HANDS TO HER BOSOM): Heaven be praised!

SALOMON (BROAD SMILE): Marvelous! How did it happen?

MACRAE: According to the journal issued today, Washington's troops marched south in company with French forces under the command of Rochambeau, and joined up with General Greene's men stationed in Virginia. Outnumbered by this military confrontation and taken by surprise, the British under Cornwallis were overthrown after a seige of seventeen days. At the same time, the French fleet had come up from the West Indies, and closed the path of escape for the British by sea.

Cornwallis was trapped and forced to surrender.

SALOMON: This is the news we have all been waiting to hear --a smashing victory in the field to unite us as a nation and restore confidence in our ability to achieve the ultimate aim of all our ^{striving} ~~struggles~~: statehood! For those who have supported the Revolution it is a triumph and a vindication of their struggles; for those of faint heart and gloomy expectation, this defeat of the vaunted British army should lay to rest their misgivings. The motherland should now see the ineptitude of her colonial policy and sue for peace.

SCENE IV. SALOMON BROKERAGE OFFICE. IT IS THE SUMMER OF 1782. SALOMON IS ALONE AT HIS DESK. BERNARD GRATZ AND BENJAMIN LEVY ENTER FROM THE STREET. SALOMON RISES AND SHAKES THE HAND OF EACH IN TURN.

SALOMON: Good day, gentlemen. I trust I find you both in good health.

GRATZ: We are both well, thank you, Haym. But how is the state of your health? It is being said that you are driving yourself beyond the endurance of any man in your official position as Broker to the Office of Finance. And now that we have this opportunity to observe you more closely, the

weariness in you is plainly apparant. When will you rest from this exhausting pace you have set yourself?

SALOMON: There will be time enough for rest when the peace is finally signed and settled. Meanwhile, the need for funds still goes on unabated.

LEVY: We are naturally concerned for your health, but there is also another matter which concerns us as well. (HESITATES)

SALOMON: What is that?

LEVY:(HALTINGLY): We dislike adding any further care or commitment beyond that which encumbers you now, but, as one of the leading citizens in our Jewish community, we require your encouragement and support in a matter affecting all of us here in Philadelphia. (HESITATES AGAIN)

SALOMON (PUZZLED): Pray, continue.

LEVY (ENCOURAGED): With the war drawing rapidly to a close, provision must be made for the return of our Jewish servicemen into the community once again. In addition, we will have to provide for the accommodation of an increased membership caused by the arrival here of families which had fled from Charleston, New York and New England. This

swelling of our membership roles has made it difficult for us to conduct services, provide instruction for our young people or meet our social needs within the small confines of the rented hall which now serves these purposes. Only larger facilities can provide the space required by our expanding community. In a word, the time has come to build our own synagogue.

GRATZ: Besides, with Philadelphia as the capitol of these United States, it is only fitting that citizens of the Jewish faith should have a house of worship whose ~~de~~dignified appearance would merit the respect accorded other recognized religious institutions. It is not seemly that other cities should have a synagogue, while Philadelphia, the capitol city, conducts its services in a rented hall.

SALOMON: Your arguments for the necessity of erecting our own synagogue are quite persuasive, and I agree the needs exists. But this is not the time, when the economy is so unsettled and the war has not yet been officially concluded, to invest in building projects. In the light of such circumstances, it does not appear feasible to expect a bank to underwrite such a venture.

GRATZ: But Haym, if the incentive exists, means can be found. And what greater incentive can there be than to build a suitable edifice to the glory of God?

LEVY: After all, it was the hand of God which guided us to the New World and which delivered us from the Oppressor. A synagogue, built in His name, would demonstrate our gratitude for His many mercies in our behalf.

GRATZ: It would show Him the reverence and love in which He is held by His people.

LEVY: Everyone in the community is enthusiastic about the idea.

GRATZ: We shall call it Mikveh Israel--Hope of Israel.

LEVY: And we shall engage the services of William Strickland, the finest architect in the land, to draw up the plans.

GRATZ: The rabbi shall be Gershom Mendes Seixes, the first native-born American rabbi. He has already consented to leave his present post in Stratford, Connecticut.

SALOMON: I ^{am in favor of} ~~subscribe to~~ the whole idea, but how will you pay for such a project--from where will you raise the money?

LEVY: The entire amount is not needed at once. All we are now asking for are subscriptions which need not be redeemed until a later date. Besides, whatever funds we find we are

unable to raise here, we can always look to other communities to aid us in this regard. We have rendered such assistance to them in the past; I see no reason why they should not return us the favor as well.

GRATZ: I am sure we shall be able to manage. After all, by such an investment and undertaking, we demonstrate to our countrymen that Jews are permanently attached to this land--that we are truly Americans and that the God of Israel ^{dw}ells among us.

SALOMON (RAISING HIS HANDS IN A GESTURE OF RESIGNATION):
Gentlemen, your enthusiasm is so infectious, I can no longer say you nay. Put me down for one quarter of the building costs. (THEY SHAKE HANDS AND EXCHANGE FAREWELLS. GRATZ AND LEVY EXIT TO THE STREET)

SALOMON FALLS INTO A FIT OF COUGHING. HE HOLDS A HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS MOUTH, HIS HEAVING BACK BRACED AGAINST A WALL. WHEN THE SPELL IS OVER, HE WEAKLY SITS UPON A CHAIR AND GASPS FOR BREATH. A DAZED EXPRESSION COMES TO HIS FACE AS HE VIEWS THE BLOOD UPON HIS HANDKERCHIEF.

SCENE V. SALOMON BROKERAGE OFFICE AGAIN. MACRAE IS SEATED AT HIS DESK. SALOMON ENTERS FROM THE STREET. IT IS SEVERAL WEEKS LATER.

MACRAE (LOOKING UP): Have you been to see Morris, as he requested?

SALOMON DROPS WEARILY INTO HIS CHAIR, AND, WITH HIS ELBOWS UPON THE DESK, COVERS HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDS.

SALOMON: I have just come now from meeting with him. (HE SITS BACK IN HIS CHAIR AND GAZES VACANTLY AT THE CEILING)

MACRAE: From your attitude, it does not appear to have been a happy encounter.

SALOMON: I should think not. Would you believe that he wants me to give an even smaller discount on bills of exchange than we have formerly. The government is now in such a deep financial bind that Morris is throwing all caution to the winds in a last, final effort to raise these desperately needed funds.

MACRAE: The man must be out of his mind.

SALOMON: Our present^s state of affairs stems from the fact that the war has ceased, for all practical purposes, and those who had previously contributed funds in ~~the~~^{sup} support of the war, now no longer see the need for such contributions. Or, it may be they have reached the limit of their resources.

And yet, in the absence of a peace treaty, as Morris points out, the armed forces must still be fed and quartered, and all other military needs must still be supplied.

MACRAE: But how can he expect you to redeem bills of exchange at a higher rate when our victory over the British has already caused the market in war commodities to drop steeply?

SALOMON: I asked him this very question myself. Are you not aware, I asked, of the unsettled condition of the market at this time? I tried to explain to him the situation we face: that most buyers, after the defeat of Cornwallis, expected a stream of goods to flow into the country, and, as a consequence, they are sitting on their money in the expectation that prices will decline. At the same time, those traders who were holding back on the sale of their merchandise during the war, in hopes of realizing a fortune through perfidious hoarding, ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{--these are now} ~~xxxxxx~~ are anxious to sell, but they can find no buyers now at any price. As a result, a precipitous decline in the market price of military goods has set in, causing ~~with the result that~~ the value of bills of exchange ~~have~~ to become watered down, as well.

MACRAE: After such a lucid evaluation of present market conditions, ~~he must surely~~ ^{surely Morris must} ~~surely~~ have seen the hopelessness of embarking upon such a course as he ~~had proposed,~~ advocated.

SALOMON: He would not budge. In fact, he was adamant. The money must be raised somehow, he said, and this was the only practical method left to us.

MACRAE: The man is absolutely mad! How can buyers be encouraged to purchase such securities at a higher price when their value has depreciated so far?

SALOMON: Perhaps there is a way out of this dilemma. Suppose I put myself in the position of bidding upon everything which has a military value to us, would not this have the effect of stabilizing the market for such items? And would not those traders, who now are so selective in their purchases, come to realize, by my action, that the war is not quite over and that British ships still prevent the free flow of maritime traffic?

MACRAE: But, if you intend to buy so extensively, what do you mean to use for money?

SALOMON: Never fear, my credit is still good, and we will not have to pay for merchandise immediately.

MACRAE: This is madness! What you propose will bring on your ruination.

SALOMON: Have faith, John. Something is sure to turn up

to help us meet our obligations. It always has in the past, and I am sure the good Lord will not forsake me now that I need him more than ever. Go out, John, and make of yourself a bulwark against the timidity and irresolution of those who hesitate to purchase at this time, and buy, buy, buy!

JAMES MADISON ENTERS FROM THE STREET. HE IS ABOUT THIRTY,
HEIGHT,
OF MEDIUM, AND SEEMS YOUNG FOR HIS YEARS.

MADISON (DISTASTEFUL AIR): Excuse me, I was told a Mr. Haym Salomon, Broker to the Office of Finance, conducts his business from this office.

SALOMON: Your information is correct, young man, and you now see that person before you.

MADISON: My name is James Madison, sir, delegate to the Continental Congress from the State of Virginia. I was referred to you by Mr. Robert Morris, the Director^{of} Finance, with whom I assume you are acquainted.

SALOMON'S INITIAL WARMTH OF MANNER TURNS COOL AT MADISON'S INSOLENT Demeanor.

SALOMON (DRYLY): Yes, I daresay we have more than a nodding acquaintance. Now, what can I do for you?

MADISON: Sir, it is a painful matter which causes me to seek you out. When I was appointed to represent Virginia in the Continental Congress, I assumed funds would be supplied for my use to maintain me in a style commensurate with my standing as a member of the government. I was soon disabused of this notion, for when I sought payment for my services as a delegate, I was told there was no money as ~~yet~~^{yet} available for that purpose. I have never been a wealthy man, sir, and my meager funds were soon expended in providing me the ordinary necessaries of life. This state of affairs caused me to secure a loan from a banking ~~institution~~^{institution}, but, since my situation has not improved in any material respect, I now find myself in danger of defaulting on my obligation. If I do not soon find relief from this depressing state of affairs, I'm afraid I shall be committed into debtor's prison. And I am not alone in suffering from this poverty of our government; many more face similar prospects. Mr. Morris has had to turn away hundreds who come to him for payment for their services, among these being soldiers separated from the service, as well as members of the Congress.

SALMON: These difficulties of which you speak are well known to me. Members of the Congress are supposed to receive a salary for their services, however small, but when they are paid, if at all, their compensation is usually in the form of Continental dollars, a currency worth little more

than the paper ^{they are} ~~it is~~ written on. And the States, whom they represent, are supposed to pay their expenses, but these political entities apparantly have more pressing problems, and so their representatives are left to shift for themselves as best they may.

MADISON: You have sounded the wellspring of my predicament precisely.

SALOMON: And now, as a last resort, you turn to the Jew, Haym Salomon--an act I am sure you find utterly distasteful.

MADISON: If I ~~is~~ sounded patronizing in any way, sir, please be assured

SALOMON (CUTTING HIM SHORT) Do not fret yourself, sir. I am used to this sort of thing. You are not the first, nor, I am sure, the last who will seek out the Jew, Salomon, for financial assistance during a time of need. As a matter of fact, I can say, with some pride, you have joined an illustrious company. Read off some of the names, John.

MACRAE: Gladly. (LEAFS THROUGH A LEDGER) There is Thomas Mifflin, John Reed, Edmund Randolph, Thomas Jefferson, Arthur Lee and James Monroe--all members of Congress. There is Steuben, Koskiusko, Mercer, Wilson, Jones . . .

SALOMON (CUTTING HIM SHORT): That will be sufficient, John. Now then, Mr. Madison, if I may know ~~know~~ your needs . . .

MADISON: I think two hundred should suffice me for the present.

SALOMON: John, will you please deliver into the hands of Mr. Madison the sum he has requested.

MACRAE OPENS A CASH DRAWER AND COUNTS OUT THE CURRENCY REQUIRED, WHICH HE HANDS OVER TO MADISON.

MADISON: There was no mention made of an interest charge.

SALOMON: And none shall be, sir. The money is yours for as long as the need for it exists. When the burden upon your purse is lifted and you find the means to make repayment, I shall be pleased to receive back the loan. There are no other conditions.

MADISON: Please forgive me, sir, but I find the manner in which you give out loans altogether unbusinesslike and unorthodox, according to what I had been led to expect. I understood that money-lenders exacted a high rate of interest for the money they advance.

SALOMON (ICILY): I am not a money-lender, sir. The funds

offered to you are given freely and without reservations of any kind. To profit from the distress of others, caused by their service for our government, would, to me, be an unconscionable act. Therefore, do not question me concerning the motives which impel me to act as I do, but take the money and go on your way.

MADISON NODS HIS HEAD IN SILENT ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF SALOMON'S GENEROSITY, AND EXITS TO THE STREET.

MACRAE: How long can this go on--this pensioning of every beggar who darkens our door?

SALOMON: You forget, my friend, I was once a beggar myself, and, were it not for the generosity of others, it is quite possible I would not be in the position of benefactor to those now in need.

MACRAE: But what thanks do you get? You continually deny your own requirements in seeing to the wants of others. You dissipate your strength through long hours of work and worry, and yet you will not rest. You may be called upon by Morris, at any hour of the day or night, whether you be well or not, to raise money for the Treasury. And when you succeed, where success seemed well-nigh impossible, are you given any recognition for your services?

SALOMON: My services, as you describe my efforts, were sought by me alone; no one forced me to undertake the responsibility I assumed; so I only have myself to blame if I falter or fall in the traces. It is enough for me to know that I served my country in the best way I could, for by the work I have undertaken, I have found happiness and fulfilment by being a part of the glorious effort to achieve statehood for this land we love.

MACRAE: If the truth were told, your services were worth more than a regiment, more than a brigade, to your country.

SCENE VI. THE BROKERAGE OFFICE. IT IS THE FOLLOWING YEAR, 1783. SALOMON AND MACRAE ARE SEATED AT THEIR RESPECTIVE DESKS, ENGAGED IN THEIR USUAL BUSINESS INTERESTS. THE STILLNESS IS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF BELLS PEALING, AS THOUGH COMING FROM A DISTANCE, THE SOUND GROWS PROGRESSIVELY LOUDER, AS MORE BELLS JOIN INTO A CHORUS OF TINTINNABULATION. CROWD NOISES MIX WITH THE BELLS. THE SWELLING SOUNDS ARE PUNCTUATED BY THE CRACKING OF MUSKETRY. SALOMON AND MACRAE PEER OUTSIDE THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW.

SALOMON: John, would you please go out and make inquiries concerning the reason for the ringing of the bells, for all the cheering and the shots of musketry. (MACRAE EXITS INTO THE STREET, AS RACHEL ENTERS FROM THE LEFT AND JOINS SALOMON AT THE WINDOW)

RACHEL (CONCERNED): What is it, Haym? Are the people rioting? Come away from the window! Some one may take it into his head to throw a rock at you.

SALOMON (LAUGHING): Have no fear, my dear; the crowds in the street are not bent on violence. Look at their happy faces. This is a scene of pure jubilation. See how they dance, they embrace, they sing, they blow horns and make noises with any instrument they can find.

MACRAE ENTERS FROM THE STREET, TEARS OF HAPPINESS IN HIS EYES.

MACRAE: It's over! The war is finally over! A peace treaty has been signed in Paris! (HE EMBRACES SALOMON AND RACHEL TOGETHER)

SALOMON (CLASPING HIS HANDS AND LOOKING UPWARDS) Praise the Lord! Thank Heaven that I have lived to see this day!

RACHEL (CLUTHERING HER BOSOM): Oh, my dear heart! Is it really true? I can scarcely believe it! Are all the years of turmoil and insecurity finally at an end?

SALOMON (KISSING HER): It's true, it's true! And now, finally, I shall be able to give exclusive thought to our own well-being and happiness. We shall build a house in the

country, and, together with our children, we shall pass our days in peace and contentment. But first, bring out some wine, or a stronger beverage, if available, and let us drink a toast to commemorate this happy event in our nation's history. (RACHEL EXITS LEFT AND SOON RETURNS WITH WINE AND GLASSES ON A TRAY. SALOMON POURS THE WINE AND EACH HOLDS A GLASS ALOFT) To the United States of America . . . To the land of the free and the home of the brave . . . Long may she live and prosper!

THEY ALL DRINK, BUT, SOON THEREAFTER, SALOMON IS DOUBLED UP BY A FIT OF COUGHING. RACHEL AND MACRAE ASSIST HIM TO A CHAIR. NO ONE SPEAKS, AND THE ACTORS REMAIN FIXED IN THEIR LAST POSITION, AS THOUGH GROUPED IN A TABLEAU. THE LIGHTS GRADUALLY DIM, UNTIL THE STAGE IS IN COMPLETE DARKNESS. A DEEP, RESONANT VOICE SPEAKS OUT.

VOICE: On January 7, 1785, in the forty-fifth year of his life, Haym Salomon was laid to rest in the cemetery of the Mikveh Israel congregation. While he never wore ^{uniform} ~~any~~ or brandished a sword, he died in the service of his country just as surely as any soldier on the battlefield. He sought no rewards for his services, and he received none. He gave of his treasure so much that, when he died, his wife and children were left penniless and in debt. The only estate he could be said to have left behind was the land he helped free

from foreign domination and, for succeeding generations,
fleeing from oppression, the hope and refuge found upon
its shores.

CURTAIN