

## **Candlelight Tours Audition Monologues**

### **William Henry Jefferson - African American Male – Grandfather and Stone Carver**

“Good evening to you. What a wonderful night for a visit to the cemetery. Don’t you just love the crisp chill of autumn air? It feels like something... a little magical is just waiting to occur. Can you feel it? Speaking of feeling things. If you notice a quick, little tug on your pant leg or feel a sudden gush of air brush pass your ear, it’s just Emmett. That’s my grandson. He’s a mischievous little tyke. Just two years old when he came here for his eternal rest. But, as you can imagine, a two-year old spirit finds it hard to rest or (laughing) behave. I come here to visit him as often as I can.

As for me, I am a rather modest man, but I’m proud to say I left my mark, literally, all around this cemetery. You see, I was a stone craftsman; and a darn good one, if I say so myself. But I don’t have to brag, my work speaks for itself. There are nearly 60 gravestones here that bear testament to my skill, and passion, as a stone carver.

### **Marion Cabell – White female – Gentlewoman resident of Point of Honor**

Let me introduce myself. Mrs. Marion Fontaine Cabell of the Lynchburg Cabells. And my home is that beautiful plantation house overlooking the James. I believe you know it as Point of Honor. And it is all my father, the physician Dr. George Cabell, ever wanted for his family. A place to call home.

After years of much searching for the perfect spot, in the year 1805, my father purchased 737 acres of farmland right over there. Construction began in 1807 soon after as I born, so I was able to watch it all. It was magnificent. I played on the plantation and marveled at what was around me as the house was being created. From the summit, I had an unparalleled view. The smooth, broad river rolled at my feet, and again the opposite shore presented an abrupt, high bluff, with huge rocks, of terrific wilderness in smooth conic hills and beyond all, the glorious Blue Ridge! To this I may add, freight-boats, the skimming wild duck, farms and pleasure grounds, falling gardens, rolling carts, rattling stages, thundering wagons, and a busy multitude, the long warehouses, the gay shops and elegant buildings presented a most life-stirring scene.

### **James William Mozee – African American Male – Principal and Teacher of Dunbar High School**

My name is James William Mozee. My profession is teacher. Educating my people is important to me. I was also the second colored administrator at Paul Laurence Dunbar High School here in Lynchburg, Virginia. When I came to Lynchburg, I taught at Robert S. Payne. During that time, colored parents asked the school board for a new high school. The school board granted their request and built Dunbar High School. In order to graduate from Dunbar, a student had to take four years of English, Mathematics, history, science, and Latin. The curriculum was geared to preparing students for college. The classes were small, but remember we were only two generations out of slavery. Although many colored people realized education was the key to a better quality of life, their need to survive in the immediate present did not lend itself to the luxury of attending school. So, in the beginning, Dunbar High School was a school for a small, elite group of students whose parents had the means to see that their children took advantage of it. I must leave you now but know that you should never stop learning. Remember ignorance is a tool of suppression!

### **Martha Spence Edley – African American Female – Enslaved Civil War Nurse**

My name is Martha. Martha Spence Edley. Pleasure to meet all of you. I was born into slavery in Amelia County in 1826. I lived there for 24 years, until I was sold to the Spence family, David Edley and his wife Sarah.

I worked as a nurse at the Ladies Relief Hospital. It was run by a group of Lynchburg women, the Ladies Relief Society. They were originally formed to make bandages and uniforms for the Confederate soldiers. As the war went on, we became nurses and hospital matrons.

Medicines were considered contrabands of war, and there were no disinfectants. Our hospital was not accepted in the Confederate military's General Hospital system, even though we had one of the lowest mortality rates. We women knew there was an unwritten rule - send the worst casualties in Lynchburg to the Ladies Relief Hospital.

Even though we had one of the best-run hospitals, you all today wouldn't have been able to stand the hospital. The wounds created an awful smell, and there was never enough cloth, enough bandages. You can imagine the favors we called upon in our network of women, the resources we had to ask of them, knowing that their own supplies were already desperately low. Of course there are no records of how I felt, caring for men who were fighting to keep African-Americans in bondage. But do you need records? I think you can imagine. You can imagine.

### **Hanna Betty Raatz Raasch – White Female German Immigrant**

Welcome. My family came to Lynchburg in 1904. It was my husband Carl, myself, and our seven children. We landed in New York in 1891. It was the *Slavonia* that carried us from the old country. We came from Pommern, Prussia— Germany as now it's called. Like so many others, we came looking for a better life. Our children were very brave on the voyage.

Proud of heritage as we were, in 1917 three of our sons left for war against our homeland. America entered World War I. Freddie and William joined the Army. Charlie, the Navy. How I worried. By the grace of God, the Great War ended November 11<sup>th</sup>, 1918 with all three boys alive. Freddie came back from France aboard a “wounded” transport ship having been gassed in France. Our William returned shortly after. But Charlie stayed in the Navy. I think the sea captured something of his heart. Lynchburg was too small for him anymore. There was a great big world out there.

We celebrated life, grieved death. I buried my husband and six of my ten children, but should I complain? Were our lives more difficult than others? Maybe, but I think no. We live the life we have, celebrate our moments, weather the losses— life is hard if no one ever told you. But I am so very grateful for my life.

### **Dewey Bryant – White Male Coal Miner**

Blair Mountain didn't start as a battle, but as a march. An armed march, sure, we weren't stupid. We was marching down to Mingo to help the miners unionize, and we knew that the thugs would be waiting for us. We started up at Marmet; Mother Jones, the union leader tried to get us to turn around, which was odd—usually she was the one cussing at us and telling us to fight back 'gainst the politicians and bosses. But we kept moving on. I remember I said something to Keeney 'bout Mollie—his wife, just married her in December—I said something about turning back. And he looked me in the eye and said that after all the union had done for us, it was our duty to help our brothers when they needed it.

### **Rebecca Murphy – African American Female - Formerly Enslaved Resident of The Dorchester Home**

I was about to do just that. I was a resident of what was called The Dorchester Home. This was a place that provided shelter, fuel, clothing, and food for its residents who were previously enslaved elderly negro women such as myself. Mr. Calloway, here, helped to make sure that me and the other residents was well taken care of up until our deaths. I sure appreciated your kindness. You even made sure we was taken care of after your death. We was all ever so grateful. You and Miss Amelia gave us something we had never known before... hope.”

### **William J. Calloway – African American – Co-founder of The Dorchester Home**

I thought my dreams had come true when slavery first ended but I soon realized that a whole new set of problems arose as a result of being free. Newly freed negroes had to either take care of each other or perish. We were now on our own.

Fortunately for me, I was able to benefit from hard work and foresight. I purchased the property on which the store was built in 1877. As newlyweds, my wife, also named Rebecca, and I lived upstairs until later moving a few doors down the street. The store went through several ownership and name changes over the years and is probably best remembered as Pierce Street Grocery Store.”

### **Nurse Jackson – White Male – Civil War Nurse**

(Jackson can't help himself. He goes to the Pest House and inhales, trying to figure out the stench from the Pest House.)

It's sooo unique.

One I cannot recollect ever smelling. The first day I was sure akin to a festering sewer, the source of the unpleasant odor sufficient to start the yellow fever. The next day it was like a milk factory with its peculiar, penetrating, stump tail scent. And today, I am certain it smells comparable to a fat rendering establishment with an odor precisely that of...roast mutton, only more so.

Or

Yes!! We are all drunk again We are all blootered! Silvins is sozzled in the old barn, so much so he's having to hold on while he lies down. And Lovett--I see you in the dark there, you yellow-bellied lushy! And I'm here to tell you... ..because you have refused to give us our whiskey, we are taking leave of this place and choosing instead to go to the front to fight. It cannot be worse than this.

### **Dr. John Jay Terrell – White Male – Civil War Doctor**

Though I wish to be on the front lines of the War, this is where I, Dr. John Jay Terrell, have been appointed to care for the Confederate soldiers who have been afflicted with the terrible disease of small pox and quarantined on the edge of this graveyard, far from town.

(He takes in the audience.)

Oh, I see some of your pensiveness at the mention of smallpox. I shared your trepidation a few weeks ago when I arrived. But as I told my superior officer, Dr. Thornhill, my work is to relieve suffering humanity, and I will go where I can do the most good. And there is much here that needs to be done. And modified, if these men are to have a chance.

