



Dunlap self-portrait (c. 1805),
Yale University Art Gallery.

THE GLORY OF COLUMBIA, HER YEOMANRY (1803) by William Dunlap

“General Washington. Those redoubts must be carried this day. By agreement with general Rochambeau, one shall be attacked by the troops under his command, while at the same moment the other must be carried by my americans. I say carried, for to doubt the event would be treason to my country.”

~ “The Glory of Columbia,” Act V, scene 1.

Painter, playwright, biographer, historian, and more, William Dunlap (1766-1839), originally hailing from New Jersey and son of a Loyalist and former British army officer, easily ranks as the pinnacle of artistic and literary versatility in the time of the early Republic. And no history of either the painting, *or* theater, *or* literature of that period can be taken as thorough and complete without due consideration of his contributions in these diverse and separate fields. One might, for example, relate the story of early American stage drama in an informed way and with frequent reference to him without being obliged to relate, or even knowing, what he achieved elsewhere as, say, a painter or biographer. Yet, paradoxically and despite the broad scope of his talent and brilliance, outside professional scholars and specialists he is a relatively obscure figure to just about everyone else.

The reasons for this are not too hard to determine, however. There were more famous and better American painters of his era. His chronicle and encyclopedia of American painters and sculptors, *A History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States* (1834), and his *A History of the American Theater* (1832)¹ are likely to only attract researchers in those two particular areas of study. Similarly, his biography of intimate friend Charles Brockden Brown most usually will draw only the attention of those interested in its subject. Meanwhile, though marvelously varied in his abilities, naturally gifted, inspired, imaginative, and perspicacious, he was not a consummate master in any of his projects; perhaps, indeed, because he did and tried to do *so* much. But to his credit, he was energetic, ever growing, ever learning, just like the new nation itself.

As well, he was, and is, diverting and enjoyable if we don’t insist on unqualified perfection. Our present topic concerns his stage play and musical “The Glory of Columbia” (1803), and that serves as an excellent illustration of what I mean. In the first part of the 19th century, it was among the top most popular American theater productions, and today it is not hard to see why. It overflows with variety – pathos, comedy, songs, action and stage spectacle. And yet beneath the loud and brash surface, the play has a visionary subtlety, and in its shades and delineations of characters and events it manages to touches on feelings and ideas that sound profoundly and deeply. Occurrences and dialogue sometimes have the uncanny subliminal effect and resonance that we later recall with striking vibrancy; much akin to how we might remember vivid portions of a yet overall foggy dream we had in our sleep. That such only take place in parts, rather than in also the work as a whole, is one explanation of why Dunlap fell short of coming to

¹ Chapter 21 of this work includes Dunlap’s own biography of himself as playwright and stage producer; while chapters 13, 14, and 15 of his art history, though repeating much of what is said in the one on the theater, has his autobiography as painter.

be known as a *full fledged* genius. Yet, this allowed, true genius is nonetheless clearly there in its germ and inception.

“Glory” is built over and around Dunlap’s 1798 “André: a Tragedy,” and in fact contains whole and extended excerpts from the latter play. Because “André” was *too* sympathetic to its subject and at the expense of domestic patriotism, it met with much disapproval in American audiences. Among other things in it, Dunlap is a bit unreasonable to the Americans. It is made to seem as if the onus of André’s demise fell solely on Gen. Washington’s decision to have him executed. Yet absolutely no reference is made in the play to Sir Henry Clinton’s refusal to exchange Arnold for André. In other words, Clinton might have saved André just as well as Washington; had he wanted enough to do so. Also, it is a trifle absurd and more than naïve to think André wasn’t courting the kind of danger he ended up finding himself in by trafficking with Arnold.

In any event, it was clear that for American audiences of the time “André” simply would not do. Today, however, it is usually presented as Dunlap’s greatest stage work; while the far more popular “Glory” is relegated to a more trivial status. This, I believe, is a mistake much to be regretted. For “Glory” is more effective as all around entertainment than “André” is credible as a tragedy. The former, with its color and diversity, has something for most everyone; while the latter suffers a lack of realism that at times risks the drama’s becoming maudlin and melodramatic. This last is not the fault of the actual André, whose death was genuinely lamented, at the time, by some American as well as British officers, but rather in the inauthentic, highly stylized, and to some degree fictitious portrayal of him. True, there is some fine poetry and interesting psychological characterizations in the tragedy, but “Glory” still is by far the superior *show*.

What follows here is the *complete* text of “The Glory of Columbia” as found in the 1817 printing.² For to present it otherwise and only in excerpts simply does and will not do the play the justice it deserves.

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**THE  
GLORY OF COLUMBIA**

*HER YEOMANRY*

A Play

IN FIVE ACTS

*BY WILLIAM DUNLAP, ESQ.*

WITH SONGS, DUETS, &C.

NEW YORK

PUBLISHED BY DAVID LONGWORTH,  
At the Dramatic Repository,  
Shakespeare-Gallery.

May-1817.

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

General Washington
Arnold
Andre
Bland

² Transcribed and copied virtually verbatim, including sometimes odd spellings, un-uniform abbreviations, and irregular capitalizations for many beginning of sentences and proper names.

Melville
Williams
Paulding
Van Vert³
Dennis O'Bogg
British officer
1st english soldier
2d do.
3d do.
1st american soldier
Two children.

Mrs. Bland
Honora
Sally Williams

ACT I.

SCENE I. – *a wild landscape near West Point, with a distant view of the Hudson – a british ship lying at anchor – moonlight.*

enter general Arnold.

Arn. What is the conflict of contending hosts, the din of battle, or the smart of wounds, to this internal war? this raging contest of opposing thoughts, discordant interests, tumultuous passions striving to o'er power the voice of struggling conscience. Avaunt tormenting phantoms! I must fly from real evil. The pressing creditor whose clamors will not cease at sight of scars received in honor's field – the prison where forgotten lies the soldier whose valor made the coward free who holds him as a slave. Gold! I must have thee! idol of mankind! I must have gold – else will my well earned name and gallant service nought avail me. Perish the public good! My private welfare henceforth be my aim! (*a boat is seen putting off from the ship and landing, afterwards returning*) see where the tempter comes! I am resolved – Andre, you shall not come in vain.

enter David Williams

Wil. A packet sir; the captain of the guard is waiting at your quarters and with him the messenger who brought those letters.

Arn. (reads) From the commander in chief!

Wil. I may as well break my mind to him by moonshine as sunshine: as my mother used to say “of all the four-and-twenty hours *now* is the best hour for business.”

Arnold. So soon! why then we must be quick! Fate urges me on. In two days Washington arrives. I am superseded in command and the power of doing this stupendous good, or ill, is wrested from me. Tis well Andre will soon be here.

Will. General! I have been sometime back waiting to break my mind to you.

Arnold. Speak freely, honest Williams.

Will. Why I always does that, you know, because I take it, it's what a man has a right to do, always saving respect to one's officers. And so, I'm not satisfied.

³ The historical person in question's name was actually written “Van Wert,” but in Dunlap's re-spelling the correct pronunciation is maintained.

Arnold. Are you dissatisfied with the service?

Will. Yes, if you please, sir, I am.

Arnold. And why – what does this fellow mean? what do you wish?

Will. To quit. To change again.

Arnold. Would you go home?

Will. No.

Arnold. Are you tired of being a soldier?

Will. No, sir, it's not that.

Arnold. Why sure you would not – (*pause*) change would you join the enemy?

Will. Me! *me* join the enemy! an't my name David Williams? an't I a Jersey man? an't I an american!

Arnold. What would the fellow say?

Will. The man who would give up one inch of this soil to the invader, much more join against his countrymen, must have such a heart as I would never button under my jacket! What a traitor? I?

Arnold. Did you not say you were dissatisfied with the service?

Will. My *present* service. I don't like any longer being a waiter, sir; I want to go in the ranks again that's all. I hope I shall never desert my country's service come what will o' the wind, I guess I shall never be a slinker or a turncoat.

Arnold. What do you wish fellow?

Will. I hope, no offense, your honor.

Arnold. Offence! what is it to me? (*agitated*)

Will. All that I mean is, I don't relish being a waiter, for though it may be kind of a left-handed promotion to tend a general, some how or other I'd rather handle my musket in the ranks and feel more like a – like a man.

Arnold. You entered my service willingly.

Will. Yes! I saw you fight bravely; I saw you wounded; I would have died for you; I wanted to help and nurse you; but now, now, I – you can do without me, and I had rather stand among my comrades again.

Arnold. You shall have your wish. Leave me.

Will. Yes, your honor (*aside*) Yes, it's time to leave you, you don't look like the man that fought by the side of Montgomery and Gates; it's time to leave you. [*exit*]

Arnold. Curse on the honest clown, he gave me a foretaste of the time when every thing of upright heart will shun me! torture! – no matter – hell do thy work! Now to the rendezvous, and seal with Britain the downfall of my country. [*exit*]

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SCENE II – *the camp – morning.*

*enter WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* So I be from brushing coats and blacking boots! dang it, pretty employment for a soldier! I be nation glad to part from the general; for certain he is changed dreadfully since I took him [sic] to serve him. Now 'fore I turn into the ranks again, I'll go and see how old father do, and Sall, and the pigs, and the cow; and then back again and shoulder my gun till no color is seen this side the water but blue.

SONG – WILLIAMS.

When the skies are o'ercast,  
And the clouds seem to brew;  
We may hope it won't last,  
If we spy up above,  
In the regions of Jove,  
But the hope-giving sight of a bit of the blue.

II

Sure the time is not far,  
If my heart augurs true,  
When the red clouds of war  
Shall our hemisphere fly,  
And nought meet the eye  
But one wide-spreading canopy, all of true blue.

*enter Sally, with a basket of fruit.*

*Sal.* Young man can you tell abody, if one David Williams is in camp?

*Will.* Why Sal! sister Sally, is it you?

*Sal.* David! o, David, I'm glad to see you.

*Will. (kisses her)* So am I to see you, but not here. I was just a coming home to see father and all – how does he?

*Sal.* Pure well! See I have brought you a basket of fruit. Why didn't you write, David, to tell us all about it?

*Will.* Why dang it some how or other I'm no dab at a pen: my fist be made for a gun or a pitchfork, I believe. But what brought you here?

*Sal.* Why first, David, I wanted to see you, and then I wanted to see the parading, and soldiers, and officers and such – for you know, David –

*Will.* Yes! I know better nor you know and so –

*Sal.* But come now let's go see camp a bit brother.

*Will.* Stop a bit, sister.

*Sal.* What's the matter?

*Will.* You're too pretty by half. While I have any interest in a petticoat I'll keep it out of camp.

*Sal.* But Lord, brother, this is our own camp, you know. All friends –

*Will.* And nation friendly fellows you'll find 'em. No, no, all camps are alike for that. If I had twenty brothers I should wish them all here under arms; but for a sister, a cow yard is better than a camp, and a milk-pail easier borne than an ill-name. Petticoats at home, say I.

*Sal.* Well, well, David, you know best; being a soldier yourself, you know the tricks of them. You'll go home with me, won't you?

*Will.* I will. Let me just run to yon tent and fetch my sidearms, for you know what foraging and thieving parties, I may happen to have use for them, and I think a few shouldn't take you from me. [*exit*]

*Sal.* Well, brother must have his own way, but I have a dreadful mind to see the officers, and soldiers, and guns, and fortifications; and yet what has a woman to do with them? I don't know. I believe we have a natural propensity to be meddling with what don't belong to us.

SONG AND DUET.

*Sal.* When a woman hears the sound  
Of the drum and fife  
How her little heart will bound  
With a double life.  
Rub a dub, rub a dub,  
And a too, too, too,  
Are the merry, merry sounds that will women woo.

*re-enter WILLIAMS, with belt and sword on.*

*Will.* When a man shall hear the sound  
Of the drum and fife  
How his swelling heart will bound  
For the coming strife  
Rub a dub, rub a dub,  
And a too, too, too,  
Are the spirit-stirring sounds that the foe shall rue.

*Both.* When the sound of the drum  
And the fife shall cease  
And the blessing shall come  
Of a glorious peace,  
Rub a dub, rub a dub,  
And a too, too, too,  
They shall still keep in mind what to valor is due. [*exeunt*]

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SCENE III – *a chamber.*

enter mrs. BLAND.

Mrs. B. Ever be this day a festival in my domestic calendar – this morn will see my husband free. Even now, perhaps, 'ere yet Aurora flies the eastern hills shunning the sultry sun, my Bland embarks. Already on the Hudson's dancing wave, he chides the sluggish hours or supplicates the gals propitious, that his eager arms may clasp his wife, may bless his little ones. – Oh how the tide of joy makes my heart bound, glowing with high and ardent expectation!

enter two children.

1st *child.* Here I am, mamma, up and dressed already.

Mrs. B. And why were you so early?

1st *child.* Why did you not tell me that papa was to be home today?

Mrs. B. We have no power to speak of certainties. And tho' we oft times believe certain that which most we wish, such confidence only leads to disappointment and grief. I do not like "perhap's" more than you do.

2nd *child.* Oh, don't say so, mamma, for I'm sure I hardly ever ask you any thing, but you answer me with "may be so" – "perhaps" or "very likely" – mamma, shall I go to the camp tomorrow, and see the general? "may be so my dear!" hang "may be so" say I.

Mrs. B. So, so, pertness!

1st *child.* But I am sure, mamma, you said that to-day papa would have his liberty.

Mrs. B. So your dear father by his letters told me.

2nd *child.* Why then I'm sure without a "may be so" he will be here to-day—what would he stay among those strange foreigners, and enemies too, when he might come to us? No—no—I've often wish'd that I had wings to fly with, for then I would soon be with him.

Mrs. B. Dear boy! Come let us to the hill; and watch each horseman that may chance this day to travel on our road, and let imagination shape him to our wishes: or viewing where the Hudson, pours through the cleft mountain in majestic stream, spy the far distant sail, and hail each bark that hither bends this day, the happy bearer of our long-lost lord! [*exeunt*]

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SCENE III—*as at first, only by daylight, and the ship under sail, moving off and quickly disappearing—enter ARNOLD and ANDRE, the latter dressed as a british officer but having a surtout over his regimentals.*

*Arnold.* The sum here specified (holding a paper) shall be immediately paid: equal rank, command, and emolument, to that which now I hold, firmly assured me.

*Andre.* Such is the agreement I have signed; and in so doing I have in nothing over-stepped the power delegated to me. Now sir, I must depart, point out the way by which I shall regain the ship.

*Arnold.* From this eminence we can see her place of anchorage—ha! She is gone.—

*Andre.* Confusion!

*Arnold.* She has probably dropp'd further down the Hudson, and awaits you. You must remain concealed till night, then by my passport you may unquestion'd deceive our outposts.

*Andre.* Why wait till night? Why passports? am I not on neutral ground? am I within your lines?

*Arnold.* Most certainly you are.

*Andre.* How! Betrayed!

*Arnold.* Betrayed? There is no traitor, sir—*(pauses)* hell—shame!

*Andre.* Waste not the time in words.

*Arnold.* I will not—you have now no road but by our posts; no means of escaping but by disguise and my passports—remain with me till night; leave your uniform with me and assume a peasant's dress; the rest be my care.

*Andre.* Why doff the badge of my profession? has it come to this? Assume disguise within an enemy's lines? assume perhaps another name.

*Arnold.* 'Tis necessary—the name of the adjutant general of the british army, would not lull suspicion if inserted in the passport—

*Andre.* And has my zeal to serve my country led me to the necessity of deceit? 'Tis well! Your pardon, sir, I attend you.

*Arnold.* We will return to my quarters and make the necessary preparations. The papers for sir Henry Clinton are ready, and if no mishap attends the coming night—our meditated blow will fall in sure destruction on their unwary heads.

*Andre.* I follow, sir.

*Arnold.* You must be cautious, sir; upon your circumspection hangs the enterprise, perhaps our lives.

*Andre.* Lead on—disguise! the adjutant general of the british army teaching his tongue a feigned tale—o fallen indeed!

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SCENE IV—a wood.

enter three english soldiers with muskets.

1st sol. Do you know this part of the country?

2nd sol. Yes, we're not far from Tappan.

1st sol. Then our comrades must have gone more to the right I take it.

2nd sol. I wish we had not straggled from them.

3rd sol. Why what do you fear, white-liver? have we not shared double booty by it?

1st sol. Hush! soldiers!

2nd sol. Where? we are lost!

3rd sol. Pshaw! soldiers in petticoats.

2nd sol. One man!

3rd sol. And a girl. He has no fire arms—retire—let's make sure of them.

2nd sol. I'll shoot the rebel scoundrel. [*they retire*]

enter WILLIAMS and SALLY.

Sal. Lud—lud—how tired I am.

Will. You needn't be tired yet, for you've got some long miles to trudge before you reach father's.

Sal. The thought of that don't make me less weary.

Will. Hang weariness! Why I'm not tired.

Sal. You have not walked half so much as I—if you had but let me rest myself at camp, I could have set off fresh again.

Will. Yes! you would awalk'd about all day gaping at the soldiers by way of resting yourself. Come let us try t'other tug. Take my arm—(*going*) if you tire down I'll take you on my back, a pretty girl is not the worst baggage in the world (*a gun is fired—they start, Sally runs to the opposite side, Williams draws*) Whiz! I like to hear a ball whistle, it's a sign it didn't hit me. That came from some rascally renegade refugee, an english soldier wouldn't a done it.

enter 3d soldier and levels his piece at Williams.

3d sol. Surrender.

Will. I won't.

2d sol. I'll fire.

Will. Fire and be hang'd.

1st sol. (*without*) Shoot him down.

Sal. O dont, dont, dont.

3d sol. Surrender! I don't want to murder you.

Will. Fire away! (*rushing on him wrests his musket which falls in the scuffle, the soldier draws and retreats fighting by—during this the 1st and 2d soldier level at Williams but Sally seizes the fallen musket, levels it, fires, and then sinks on the stage—the soldiers fly*)

enter JOHN PAULDING and ISAAC VAN VERT, habited as countrymen, but with arms and cockades.

Pauld. The firing was this way.

Van V. What! A woman?

Pauld. Sally Williams!

Sal. Run and help brother David. That way! that way!

Pauld. What's the matter? Who?

Sal. Go and see; while you're talking they'll kill him.

enter Williams.

Will. Huzza! Huzza! Yankee doodle for ever, boys. Are you hurt Sal?

Sal. Are you wounded, brother?

Will. Not a bit. Give us a kiss, my girl; you winged one of 'em. Pick up your musket—no, I'll take it. (*does so*)

Paul. David Williams?

Will. John Paulding! Isaac Van Vert! glad to see you, lads.

Pauld. What's been doing here?

Will. Sal and I ha' been skirmishing with the redcoats a little. She can pull a trigger with the best o' us. We were going as far as father's to pay *um* a visit. Come let us be jogging, Sal, we've no time to lose.

Sal. I'm dreadful tired—

Pauld. I'll show you a short cut to Tarry-town; there you may rest, get something to eat and drink and then we will go part of the way with you.

Sal. Ay do, brother.

Will. Done. I do feel as if I could take a tolerable mess of saupawn and milk or molasses; or a nice hunch of pork and rye bread. Come, Sal, cheer up, girl, let's sing a stave and go to dinner.

Chorus.

To your arms, boys! To your arms, boys!
Hark! The drum beats to arms, and the enemy's nigh;
To your ranks, boys! To your ranks, boys!
For Washington leads us to conquer or die!

Van V. (alone)

For his country bravely fighting
Conscience nerves the soldier's arm;
Victory beckons, all inviting!
Heaven shields his breast from every harm.

Chorus.

To your arms, boys, &c.

Sally Williams. (alone)

From the glorious fight returning,
Proudly glad the victors move,
Every heart with rapture burning,
Greets the brave with peace and love.

Chorus.

To your arms, boys, &c. [*exeunt*]

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*another wood—night.*

*enter* ANDRE, *disguised as a countryman.*

*Andre.* The last out-post is past! thank heaven my danger is o'er. Once more on neutral ground, there lies no obstacle between me and New-York. I fly to receive the congratulations of my friends, and ensure the overthrow of my country's foes! (*going*)

*enter* Paulding *and* Van Vert.

*Pauld.* (*comes down*) Stand!

*Van V.* (*comes down*) Stand! Who goes there?

*Andre.* Friend!

*Paul.* Which way, friend? Which way at this time o'night?

*Andre.* Tow'rds Tarrytown.

*Pauld.* You are wrong. We're going to Tarrytown and will show you the way. Have you seen any rebels outside the lines?

*Andre.* Rebels! (*hesitating*) why are not you—

*Pauld.* (*with emphasis*) *We are not* rebels.

*Andre.* Ha! Refugees then? British scouts! I'm glad to meet you. I'm on my way to the English lines and will reward you for your guidance and your company.

*Pauld.* You mistake, sir, we are neither rebels, or britons, but freemen; independent farmers; armed to defend the property and the rights we have inherited from our fathers.

*Van V.* (*placing himself on the opposite side*) You are our prisoner!

*Andre.* Ha' confusion? betrayed—lost—lost!

*Pauld.* Betrayed! There is no traitor here—unless you know of one. If you are a briton, we are your open undisguised enemies. My name, John Paulding, his name Isaac Van Vert; — such as we seem we are; our names and persons known and not afraid to be known.

*Andre.* Known? disguise? am I then? confusion! how am I sunk! how does the plain honesty of these men confound and lower me in my own esteem!

*Van V.* You seem confused. Don't be down hearted man—tho' you are a prisoner, americans know what is due to humanity.

*enter* DAVID WILLIAMS.

*Will.* Who goes there?

*Pauld.* Stand!

*Will.* So I do, ha! Paulding and Van Vert. I've seen Sal safe home—who have you got here?

*Van V.* A prisoner!

*Will.* Oho! Then let's back to camp.

*Andre.* Tis true I am your prisoner; yet my friends I hope when you consider the woes attendant on a state of captivity, and the little consequence of which a simple individual like me can be, for or against your cause, you will not detain me.

*Will.* You don't seem so nation simple either.

*Andre.* By detaining me, you will involve my affairs in ruin, distress my family and relations; and what will be the gain?

*Pauld.* We shall have done our duty.

*Andre.* Even that is doubtful. You see I am unarm'd, I could not have come here with any intent of violence.

*Will.* Yes! but you might have come for mischief for all that.

*Andre.* Let me pass on. My money is freely yours. (*takes out his purse, and offers it to Van Vert, who shakes his head and draws back—he then offers it to Paulding*) Take it!

*Pauld.* No, no, we are soldiers, not robbers!

*Andre.* Tis gold, you're welcome to it. (*to Williams*)

*Will.* No thank'ee, keep it yourself.

*Andre.* Take too my watch, (*offers it*) tis likewise gold and of great value—take all but leave me pass.

*Will.* Why I tell you what, mister, very likely there is more in that purse than father's farm's worth stock and all: but somehow or other there is a sort of something here (*pointing to his breast*) that we yankees don't choose to truck for money.

*Pauld.* To be plain, sir, your words so little suited to your dress, but the more determines us. What say you, comrades? what's to be done?

*Van V.* Our duty!

*Andre.* Why this is noble! Pardon me, countrymen, I did but try you, I am of your part and am entrusted with business of great consequence to the cause, which any longer detention might altogether frustrate, as a proof see general Arnold's passport. (*produces it*)

*Pauld.* How's this. (*reads it*) This is our general's pass. What think you? He is called John Anderson.

*Will.* Why I think it may be he is so, and it may not be so.

*Andre.* Why do you doubt?

*Will.* Why I don't know how it is, but I am apt to think, when a man gives two accounts of himself, he may as well give a third. So as we are but common soldiers, we will carry you to somebody else more 'cute at these here kind o' things, and let him hear the third story.

*Van V.* You are right, David Williams; — at any rate let us carry him to the nearest post.

*Pauld.* It must be so, there are too many circumstances not to create suspicion—beside, sir, if all is right you will soon be dismissed you know, so the sooner we go on the better.

*Andre.* I see it is in vain, I will fully confess to you who I am.

*Will.* So here comes the third story.

*Andre.* Curse on deceit! for ever shun'd by man the arts of falsehood. My name is Andre, my employment is confidential and near the person of the british commander in chief—my rank adjutant general of the british forces in North America.

*Pauld.* The adjutant general of the british troops in disguise.

*Andre.* My motive for being thus and here, it is not my intention to speak of. I have the power, once within the british lines, to gratify the utmost wish you ever formed for riches; render me this service, and I will do it. Why are you silent? come with me to New-York, giving me by your company liberty and safety, and your desires shall not suggest a sum, for each too great for your reward.

*Van V.* We are soldiers, but not mercenaries.

*Pauld.* We have firesides to defend.

*Will.* We be but poorish lads, your honor, but we have such things among us as fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and sweethearts, and wives and children, and friends and our good names, now that all these things mayhap be only trifles, yet—what sum do you think a man ought to sell *um* for?

*Andre.* Curse on the clowns! Their honesty o'erwhelms me! resolve, my friends, one hour places you on the pinnacle of fortune. an hour which ne'er can come again.

*Van V.* We have answered, we are soldiers!

*Andre.* So shall you still be—nay officers—and wear with high promotion my royal master's livery.

*Will.* Thank you kindly for myself, sir, but I don't want a master, or a livery. An american soldiers wears an uniform, to show that *he serves his country*, and never will *wear a livery* or *serve a master*.

*Pauld.* It is useless to waste time or multiply words. We mean no offense, sir, but *we will* do our duty. You *must* go with us.

*Andre.* Tis well: you have taught me to reverence an American farmer. You have given me a convincing proof, that it is not high attainments, or distinguished rank, which ensures virtue, but rather early habits, and moderate desires. You have not only captured—you have *conquered* me.

*Will.* Though we wouldn't take your coin, we'll take your compliments, sir, and thank you heartily.

*Andre.* Whatever may be my fate, you have forced from me my esteem. Lead on (*to Williams*) I am your prisoner. While I live I shall always pronounce the names of Williams, Paulding and Van Vert, with that tribute of praise which virtue forces from every heart, that cherishes her image. [*exeunt*

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SCENE II—the encampment—day-light.

enter general WASHINGTON, MELVILLE, *and* OFFICERS.

Wash. Tis well. Each sentinel upon his post
Stands firm, and meets me at the bayonet's point:
While in his tent the wearied soldier lies,
The sweet reward of wholesome toil enjoying.

Melv. They know to whom they owe their present safety.

Wash. I hope they know that to themselves they owe it:
To that good discipline which they observe,
The discipline of men to order trained
Who know its value, and in whom tis virtue:
To that prompt hardihood to which they meet,
Or toil or danger, poverty or death.
Virtue alone can save thee, o my country!
And while she hovers o'er these western shores,
No power on earth shall crush thee.

Melv. At what hour does your excellency review the troops?

Wash. At ten. Have we any message yet from general Arnold?

Melv. None, sir!

enter OFFICER, with papers, written on the back of each.

Off. General Arnold is not at his quarters, nor to be found.

Wash. Not at his quarters!

Off. A prisoner has been brought by three soldiers to the camp, on whom these papers were found.

Wash. (looking them over) A pass to John Anderson, signed Benedict Arnold: artillery orders Sept. 5th 1780, estimate of men at West point.

Melv. How's this! treachery!

Wash. return of ordnance—remarks on the works—treachery indeed! And Arnold missing! Give orders for pursuit. [*exit officer*] Come let's away my friends, and spare no labor to find out the worst and guard against the evil. Treachery among us! Oh that cuts deep and makes the heart weep blood. [*exeunt*]

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## SCENE II—the camp.

*enter SALLY WILLIAMS, in boy's clothes.*

*Sal.* So adod [sic], I've got into camp in spite of David's preachifications, for when once a girl is got a thing into her head, it never lets her brain rest, while there is any novelty in it. I wonder whether David would know me in this dress? I think I make quite a tightish little lad—adod. I'm a good mind to list for a soldier: no that wont do—I remember yesterday I was more inclined to cry out than to fight. I hope no one will ever put on the american uniform, till well assured they will never disgrace it.

SONG.

I.

He who his country's livery wears,  
His country's honor proudly bears,  
    Inglorious fear  
    Must ne'er come near  
The heart that battle's danger dares.

2.

He firmly stands by his country's trust,  
In action brave in council just;  
    By victory crown'd  
    He lives renown'd,  
Or sinks with glory to the dust.      *(retires up)*

*enter* PAULDING, VAN VERT *and* WILLIAMS.

*Van V.* Now comrades we have received the only reward a soldier ought to look for; and though the general has assured us of reward from our country, yet all a soldier should wish is the tanks of his commander.

*Pauld.* The thanks of his commander, and the approbation of his own conscience.

*Will.* Dang it, what a nice warm feel a man has here about the upper part of his waistcoat, when he knows he's been doing what he ought to do. I don't think I ever felt so proud as I did just now, when our great commander, our own glorious Washington, took me by the hand and said, "thank you," ay he said, "well done my lad, thank you."

*Pauld.* We must always remember the moment as the most glorious of our lives. The approbation of our country is at all times precious, but when that approbation is made known by such a man, so glorious and so dignified, it becomes inestimable.

*Van V.* What a noble soldierly mien!

*Pauld.* What benevolence in his smiles!

*Will.* O bless his face, says I! to a lad who has not seen any thing but continentals bills for a twelvemonth, the sight of a white faced Carolus, or a yellow George Rex, moughtent be as bad as a wet sunday; yet dang me, if I hadn't rather see a Washington's head on a deal board, than all of the golden heads in the Bank of England.

*Sal. (coming forward)* I'll try if they'll know me. I don't believe they will. *(to Paulding)* Pray, sir, can you tell me—*(laughs)*

*Pauld.* What do you want my lad?

*Sal.* I want—I want—*(laughs)*

*Pauld. (turns away)* To be whipt and sent home.

*Sal. (to Williams)* Can you tell me, sir?

*Will.* Oh yes! I can tell you.

*Sal.* Where captain—captain what's his name lives!

*Will.* Oh yes!—captain—what's his name?

*Sal.* Yes, sir!

*Will.* (*aside*) sure it is—it is the 'tarnal baggage as sure as a gun. Comrades (*to Paulding and Van Vert*) do you see yon fellow?

*Van V.* What the little fellow?

*Will.* As great a rogue as ever lived (*aside*) it's sister Sall—a spy in the camp (*aside*) I want to scare her out of these tricks. Shall we take him prisoner and hang him, or cut him to pieces on the spot?

*Sal.* What wou'd the fellow be at?

*Will.* (*drawing his sword*) Dang it, I'll whip off his head in the first place! You are discovered, you little pop-gun you!

*Sal.* Don't you know me?

*Will.* I know you! down in your marrow-bones—say your prayers and die!

*Sal.* Why, David, don't you know your own sister?

*Will.* You! no I forbad my sister coming to camp, I told her the danger.

*Sal.* Yes! you told me it was dangerous for a petticoat, so you see I left them at home. —“Petticoats at home” ha, brother.

*Pauld.* Ha, ha—fairly answered—you must forgive her, David.

*Sal.* You must forgive me, David.

*Will.* I suppose so.

*Sal.* And let me see the review, and then I'll go home and never plague you any more.

*Will.* Well take care and stick close to me though—the general reviews the troops this morning—it won't be long before we shall march I suppose to some other part o' the continent—when I'm gone be a good girl Sal. take care of father and the cows; and the children and the pigs and the rest of the live stock—come I'll take you where you shall see the troops pass, and have your heart's delight, if you are a true woman, noise, bustle and show, till your head aches. [*exeunt*]

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SCENE IV—*distant view of the camp in perspective—distant music heard.*

enter PAULDING, VAN VERY, WILLIAMS and SALLY—peasants, men and women—half way up the stage each side a sentinel—soldiers enter and relieve the sentinels in due form.

CHORUS.

See they come—the heroes come!
Hark! The hollow sounding drum!
Gives distant note of coming war.
And bids th' invaders keep afar,
Or for the battles brunt prepare.
See the stately horse come prancing,
There the musketeers advancing,

While the cannoneers prepare their thund'ring war.
 See the standards float
 Hark the trumpets note,
While every breath with conscious might,
Swells ardent for the coming fight.

2.

Seize the trump, the trump of fame!
Sound aloud each leader's name!
 Putnam see with honor grey,
 Points and leads the glorious way,
Rememb'ring many a well fought day!
 See the stately, &c.

3.

Behold Montgomery, in the north,
Rush like the tempest furious forth!
 His virtue, truth, and courage vain,
 Like Wolfe, he sinks on Quebec's plain,
A glorious death his only gain—
 See the stately, &c.

4.

On gallant Gates, see victory smiles
And leads an army to his toils.
 Montgomery, Warren, Mercer, rise!
 And 'ere they reach their native skies,
 Their country's triumph meets their eyes.
 See the stately, &c.

5.

But now to crown the glorious war,
See Washington! the battle's soul!
 His worth binds envy in her cave,
 In council sage, in battle brave!
 Great Washington, a world can save!
 See the stately, &c.

6.

See where amid the rustic bands
On Bunker's heights great Warren stands,
And strews with foes the plain beneath:
Then sinking on the field of death,
Obtains of fame the immortal wreath.
 See the stately, &c.

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ACT III.

SCENE I—*a wood—star light—an encampment at a distance appearing between the trees.*

*enter* MELVILLE.

*Melv.* Methinks I hear the tread of feet this way. (*draws*)  
My meditating mood may work my wo,  
Stand whosoe'er thou art—answer, who's there!

*enter* BLAND.

*Bland.* A Friend.

*Melv.* Advance and give the countersign.

*Bland.* Hudson.

*Melv.* What Bland!

*Bland.* Melville, my friend you here.

*Melv.* And *well* my brave young friend; but why do you  
At this dead of night, approach the camp,  
On foot and thus alone?

*Bland.* I have but now dismounted;  
My servant and my horses, spent with toil,  
Wait till the morn.

*Melv.* Why waited not yourself?

*Bland.* Anxious to know the truth of those reports  
Which, from the many mouths of busy fame,  
Still as I passed, struck varying on my ear,  
Each making the other void, nor does delay  
The colo of my hasteful business suit.  
I bring dispatches for our great commander:  
And hasted hither with design to wait,  
His rising, or awake him with the sun.

*Melv.* You will not need the last, for the blest sun  
Ne'er rises on his slumbers; by the dawn  
We see him mounted, gaily in the field,  
Or find him wrapt in meditation deep,  
Planning the welfare of our war-worn band.

*Bland.* Prosper him heaven and recompense his cares.

*Melv.* You're from the south If I presume a right?

*Bland.* I am, and Melville, I am fraught with news.  
The south teems with events, convulsing:  
The briton there plays at no mimic war:  
With gallant face he moves, and gallantly is met.  
Brave spirits roused by glory, throng our camp;

The hardy hunter, skill'd to fell the deer,  
Or start the sluggish bear from covert rude;  
And not a clown that comes, but from his youth  
Is train'd to pour from far the leaden death,  
To climb the steep, to struggle with the stream,  
To labor firmly under scorching skies,  
And bears unshrinking winter's roughest blast.  
This, and that heaven inspired enthusiasm,  
Which ever animates the patriot's breast,  
Shall far outweigh the lack of discipline.

*Melv.* Justice is ours, what shall prevail against her!

*Bland.* But as I past along, many strange tale,  
And monstrous rumors, have my ears assailed:  
That Arnold had proved false; but he was ta'en,  
And hang'd, or to be hang'd—I know not what.  
Another told, that all our army, with their  
Much loved chief, sold and betray'd, were captured.  
But, as I nearer drew, at yonder cot,  
Twas said, that Arnold, traitor like, had fled;  
And that a briton tried and proved a spy,  
Was on this day, as such, to suffer death.

*Melv.* As you drew near plain truth advanced to meet you,  
Tis even as you heard, my brave young friend.

*Bland.* What warded off the blow?

*Melv.* The brave young soldier, who this day dies was seized,  
Within our bounds in rustic garb disguised.  
He offer'd bribes to tempt the band that seized him.  
But the rough farmer, for his country arm'd,  
That sod defending which his ploughshare turn'd,  
Those laws, his father chose, and he approved,  
Cannot, as mercenary soldiers may,  
Be bribed to sell the public weal for gold.

*Bland.* Tis well, just haven! To grant that thus may fall  
All those who seek to bring this land to wo!  
All those, who, or by open force, or dark  
And secret machinations, seek to shake  
The tree of liberty, or stop its growth,  
In any soil where thou hast pleas'd to plant it.

*Melv.* Yet not a heart but pities and would save him;  
For all confirm that he is brave and virtuous:  
Known but till now the darling child of honor.

*Bland.* (*contemptuously*) And how is call'd this honorable spy?

*Melv.* Andre's his name.

*Bland.* (*much agitated*) Andre!  
O no, my friend, you're sure deceived.

*Melv.* How might I be deceived

*Bland.* Pardon me, Melville. Oh, that well-known name,  
So link'd with circumstances infamous!  
My friend must pardon me. Thou wilt not blame  
When I shall tell what cause I have to love him;  
What cause to think him nothing more the pupil  
Of honor stern, than sweet humanity.  
Rememberest thou, when cover'd o'er with wounds,  
And left upon the field, I fell the prey  
Of Britain? to a loathsome prison-ship  
Confin'd, soon had I sunk, victim of death,  
A death of aggravated miseries,  
But, by benevolence urg'd, this best of men,  
This gallant youth, then favor'd, high in power,  
Sought out the pit obscene of foul disease,  
Where I, and many a suffering soldier lay,  
And, like an angel, seeking good for man,  
Restore-d us light, and partial liberty,  
Me he mark'd out his own. He nursed and cured,  
He loved and made his friend. I loved by him,  
And in my heart he lived, till, when exchanged,  
Duty and honor call'd me from my friend.  
Judge how my heart is tortured.—Gracious heaven!  
Thus, thus to meet him on the brink of death. (*kneels*)  
A death so infamous! heav'n grant my prayers  
That I may see him. O inspire my heart  
With thoughts, my tongue with words that move to pity! (*rises*)  
Quick Melville, show me where my Andre lies.

*Melv.* Good wishes go with you!

*Bland.* I'll save my friend! [*exeunt*]

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SCENE II.—*a prison—Andre discover'd in a pensive posture sitting at a table—a book by him and candles—his dress neglected, his hair dishevelled—he rises and comes forward.*

Andre. Kind heav'n be thank'd for that I stand alone
In this sad hour of life's brief pilgrimage!
Single in misery; no one else involving,
In grief, in shame, and ruin. Tis my comfort.
Thou, my thrice honor'd sire, in peace went'st down
Unto the tomb, nor knew to blush, nor knew
A pang for me! and thou, revered matron,
Couldst bless thy child, and yield thy breath in peace!
No wife shall weep, no child lament, my loss.
Thus may I consolation find in what
Was once my wo. I little thought to joy
In not possessing, as I erst possessed,
Thy love, Honora! Andre's death, perhaps,
May cause a cloud pass o'er thy lovely face;
The pearly tear may steal from either eye;
For thou mayest feel a transient pang, nor wrong
A husband's rights: more than a transient pang

O mayest thou never feel! The morn draws nigh
To light me to my shame. Frail nature shrinks.—
And *is* death then so fearful? I have braved
Him, fearless, in the field, and steel'd my breast
Against his thousand horrors; but his cool,
His sure approach, requires a fortitude
Which nought but conscious rectitude can give. (*retires, and sits leaning*)

enter Bland unperceived by Andre.

Bland. And is that Andre! Oh, how changed! alas!
Where is that martial fire, that generous warmth;
Which glow'd his manly countenance throughout,
And gave to every look, to every act,
The tone of high chivalrous animation?
Andre, my friend! look up.

Andre. Who call'd me friend?

Bland. Young Arthur Bland!

Andre. (rising) That name sounds like a friend's. (*with emotion.*)
I have inquir'd for thee—wish'd much to see thee,
I prythee take no note of these fools tears—
My heart was full—and seeing thee—

Bland. (embracing him) O Andre!
I have but now arrived from the south—
Nor heard—till now—of this—I cannot speak—
Is this a place?—o thou, my friend!

Andre. Still dost thou call me friend? I, who dared act
Against my reason, my declared opinion;
Oft in the generous heat of glowing youth,
Oft have I said how fully I despised
All bribery base—all treacherous tricks in war:
Rather my blood should bathe these hostile shores,
And have it said, "he died a soldier,"
Than with my country's gold encourage treason,
And thereby purchase gratitude and fame.
Still is my heart the same. But there has past
A day, an hour, which ne'er can be recall'd!
Unhappy man though all thy life pass pure;
Mark'd by benevolence thy ev'ry deed;
The outspread map, which shows the way thou'st trod,
Without one devious track, or doubtful line;
It all avails thee nought, if in one hour,
One helpless hour, thy feet are led astray;
Thy happy deeds, all blotted from remembrance,
Cancel'd the record of thy former good.
Is it not hard, my friend? Is't not unjust?

Bland. Not every record cancel'd—oh, there are hearts,
Where virtue's image, when tis once engrav'd,
Can never know erasure.

Andre. Generous Bland! (*takes his hand*)
The hour draws nigh which ends my life's sad story.
I should be firm.

Bland. By heaven thou shalt not die! Betray'd, perhaps
Condemn'd without due circumstance made known?
Thou did'st not mean to tempt our officers?
Betray our yeoman soldiers to destruction?
Silent—nay, then twas from a duteous wish
To serve the cause thou wert in honor bound.

Andre. Kind is my Bland, who to his generous heart,
Still finds excuses for his erring friend.
Attentive hear and judge me.—
Pleas'd with the honors daily shower'd upon me,
I glow'd with martial heat, my name to raise
Above the vulgar herd, who live to die,
And die to be forgotten. Thus I stood,
When, avarice or ambition, Arnold tempted,
His country, fame, and honor to betray,
Linking his name to infamy eternal.
In confidence it was to me propos'd,
To plan with him the means which should ensure
Thy country's downfall. Nothing then I saw
But confidential favour in the service,
My country's glory, and my mounting fame;
I found myself involv'd in unthought dangers.
Night came—I sought the vessel which had borne
Me to the fatal spot; but she was gone.
Retreat that way cut off, again I sought
Concealment with the traitors of your army.
Arnold now granted passes, and I doff'd
My martial garb, and put on curse disguise!
Thus in a peasant's form I pass'd your posts;
And when, as I conceiv'd, my danger o'er,
Was stopt and seiz'd by some returning scouts.
So did ambition lead me, step by step,
To treat with traitors, and encourage treason;
And then, bewild'rd in the guilty scene,
To quit my martial designating badges,
Deny my name, and sink into the spy.

Bland. Thou didst no more than was a soldier's duty,
To serve the part on which he drew his sword.
Thou shalt not die for this. Straight will I fly;
I surely shall prevail.

Andre. It is in vain;
All has been tried, each friendly argument.

Bland. All has not yet been tried. The powerful voice
Of friendship in thy cause, has not been heard.
My general favors me, and loves my father—
My gallant father! would that he were here!
But he, perhaps, now wants an Andre's care,
To cheer his hours, perhaps, now languishes

Amidst those horrors whence thou sav'd'st his son—
The present moment claims my though—Andre
I fly to save thee!—

Andre. Bland, it is in vain.
But, hold—there is a service thou may'st do me.

Bland. Speak it.

Andre. Oh, think, and as a soldier think,
How I must die—the *manner* of my death—
Like the base ruffian, or the midnight thief,
Ta'en in the act of stealing from the poor,
To be turn'd off the felon's—murderer's cart,
A mid-air spectacle to gaping clowns:
To run a short, an envied course of glory,
And end it on a gibbet.

Bland. Damnation!!

Andre. Such is my doom. o! have the manner changed,
And of mere death I'll think not.
Perhaps thou canst gain that—?

Bland. (*almost in a frenzy*) Thou shalt not die!

Andre. Let me, o let me die a soldier's death,
While friendly clouds of smoke shroud from all eyes,
My last convulsive pangs, and I'm content.

Bland. (*with increasing emotion*) Thou shalt not die! curse on the laws of war!—
If worth like thine must thus be sacrificed,
To policy so cruel and unjust,
I will forswear my country and her service,
I'll hie me to the briton, and with fire,
And sword, and every instrument of death
Or devastation, join in the work of war!
What, shall worth weigh for nought? I will avenge thee!

Andre. Hold—hold, my friend, thy country's woes are full.
What! wouldst thou make me cause another traitor?
No more of this; and, if I die, believe me,
Thy country for my death incurs no blame.
Restrain thy ardour, but ceaselessly intreat,
That Andre may at least die as he lived,
A soldier!

Bland. By heaven thou shalt not die!—

(*Bland rushes off—Andre, looks after him with an expression of love and gratitude—then retires up the stage*)

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SCENE III—*the general's quarters*

*enter* GENERAL, *with papers in his hand*, and BLAND.

*Gen.* Captain, you are noted here with honorable  
Praises. Depend upon that countenance  
From me, which you have prov'd yourself so richly  
Meriting. Both from your father's virtues,  
And your own: your country owes you honor—  
The sole return the poor can make for service.

*Bland.* If from my country ought I've merited,  
Or gain'd the approbation of her champion,  
At any other time, I should not dare,  
Presumptuously, to shew my sense of it;  
But now, my tongue, all shameless, dares to name  
The boon, the precious recompense, I wish,  
Which, granted, pays all service, past or future,  
O'erpays the utmost I can e'er achieve.

*Gen.* Brief, my young friend, briefly, your purpose.

*Bland.* If I have done my duty as a soldier;  
If I have brav'd all dangers for my country;  
If my brave father has deserved ought;  
Call all to mind—and cancel all—but grant  
My one request—mine, and humanity's.

*Gen.* Be less profuse of words, and name your wish;  
If fit, its fitness is the best assurance  
That not in vain you sue; but, if unjust,  
Thy merits, nor the merits of thy race,  
Cannot its nature alter, nor my mind,  
From its determined opposition change.

*Bland.* You hold the fate of my most lov'd of friends!  
As gallant soldier as e'er faced a foe,  
Bless'd with each polish'd gift of social life,  
And every virtue of humanity.  
To me, a savior from the pit of death,  
To me, and many more my countrymen.  
Oh! could my words portray him what he is;  
Bring to your mind the blessings of his deeds,  
While thro' the fever, heated, loathsome holds,  
Of floating hulks, dungeons obscene, where ne'er  
The dewy breeze of morn, or evening's coolness,  
Breath'd on our parching skins, he pass'd along,  
Diffusing blessings; still his power exerting,  
To alleviate the woes which ruthless war,  
Perhaps, through dire necessity, heap'd on us;  
Surely, the scene would move you to forget  
His late intent, though only serving then,  
As duty prompted, and turn the rigor  
Of war's iron law from him, the best of men,  
Meant only for the worst.



*Gen.* Captain, no more.

*Bland.* If Andre lives, the prisoner finds a friend,  
Else helpless and forlorn—  
All men will bless the act, and bless thee for it.

*Gen.* Think'st thou thy country would not curse the man,  
Who, by a clemency ill-tim'd, ill-judged,  
Encouraged treason? that pride encouraged,  
Which, by denying us the rights of nations,  
Hath caused those ills which thou hast now portray'd?  
Our soldiers, brave and generous peasantry,  
As rebels have been treated, not as men.  
Tis mine, brave yeomen, to assert your rights;  
Tis mine to teach the foe, that, though array'd  
In rude simplicity, ye, yet are men,  
And rank among the foremost—oft their scouts,  
The very refuse of the english arms,  
Unquestion'd, have our countrymen consign'd  
To death, when captured, mocking their agonies.

*Bland.* Curse them! (*checking himself*) Yet let not censure fall on Andre!  
Oh, there are englishmen as brave, as good,  
As ever land on earth might call its own,  
And gallant Andre is among the best!

*Gen.* Since they have hurl'd war on us, we must shew  
That by the laws of war we will abide,  
And have the power to bring their acts for trial,  
To that tribunal, eminent 'mongst men,  
Erected by the policy of nations,  
To stem the flood of ills, which else fell war  
Would pour, uncheck'd, upon the sickening world,  
Sweeping away all trace of civil life.

*Bland.* To pardon him would not encourage ill.  
His case is singular—his station high—  
His qualities admired; his virtues lov'd.

*Gen.* No more, my good young friend: it is in vain.  
The men entrusted with thy country's rights  
Have weighed, attentive, every circumstance.  
An individual's virtue is, by them,  
As highly prized as it can be by thee.  
I know the virtues of this man, and love them.  
But the destiny of millions, millions  
Yet unborn, depends upon the rigor  
Of this moment. The haughty briton laughs  
To scorn our armies and our councils. Mercy,  
Humanity, call loudly, that we make  
Our now despised power, be felt, vindictive.  
Millions demand the death of this young man—  
My injured country, he his forfeit life  
Must yield, to shield thy lacerated breast  
From torture. (*to Bland*) Thy merits are not overlook'd.  
Promotion shall immediately attend thee. [*exit*]

*Bland. (after a pause)* And is it even so! o Andre  
How shall I dare to see they face again,  
Without one ray of comfort? [*exit*]

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SCENE IV—a village—at a distance some tents—in front, muskets, drums, and other indications
of soldier's quarters.

enter mrs. BLAND, and children, attended by MELVILLE.

Melv. The General's doors to you are ever open.
But why, my worthy friend, this agitation?
Our Colonel, your husband——

Mrs. Bland. (in tears gives him the letter) Read, Melville!

2nd child. Do not cry, Mama, for I'm sure if papa said he would come home to-day he will come yet, for he
always does what he says he will.

Mrs. B. He cannot come, dear love; they will not let him.

2nd child. Why, then, they told him lies, o fie upon them!

Melv. (returning the letter) Fear nothing, madam, tis an empty threat.
A trick of policy—they dare not do it.

Mrs. B. Alas! alas! what dares not power to do?
What art of reasoning, or what magic words,
Can still the storm of fears these lines have raised?
The wife's—the mother's fears? poor innocents,
Unconscious on the brink of what a perilous
Precipice you stand, unknowing that to-day
You are cast down the gulf, poor babe you weep
From sympathy. Children of sorrow, nurst,
Nurtured, midst camps and arms, unknowing man,
But as man's fell destroyer; must you now,
To crown your piteous fate, be fatherless?
O, lead me, lead me to him! let me kneel,
Let these, my children, kneel, till Andre pardon'd,
Ensures to me a husband, them a father.

Melv. Madam, duty forbids further attendance.
I am on guard to-day: But see your son;
To him I leave your guidance. Good wishes
Prosper you! [*exit Melville*]

enter Bland.

Mrs. B. My Arthur, oh my Arthur!

Bland. My mother! (*embracing her*)

Mrs. B. My son, I have been wishing
For you. (*bursts into tears, unable to proceed*)

Bland. But whence this grief, these tears, my mother?
Why are these little cheeks bedew'd with sorrow?
(*he kisses the children, who exclaim*)—Brother, brother!
Have I done ought to cause a mother's sadness?

Mrs. B. No, my brave boy! I oft have fear'd, but never
Sorrow'd for thee.

Bland. High praise! then bless me, madam,
For I have pass'd through many a bustling scene
Since I have seen a father or a mother.

Mrs. B. Bless thee, my boy! oh bless him, bless him, heaven!
Render him worthy to support these babes!
So soon, perhaps, all fatherless—dependent.—

Bland. What mean'st thou, madam? Why these tears?

Mrs. B. Thy father—

Bland. A prisoner of war—I long have known it—
But made so without blemish to his honor,
And soon exchanged, returns unto his friends,
To guard these little ones, and point and lead,
To virtue and to glory.

Mrs. Bland. Never, never!
His life, a sacrifice to Andre's manes,
Must soon be offered. Even now, endungeon'd,
Like a vile felon—on the earth he lies,
His death expecting. Andre's execution
Gives signal for the murder of thy father—
Andre now dies!—

Bland. My father! and thy friend! (*despairingly*)

Mrs. B. There is but one on earth can save my husband—
But one can pardon Andre—

Bland. Haste, my mother!
Thou wilt prevail—take with thee in each hand
An unoffending child of him thou weapest.
Save—save them both! this way—haste—lean on me. (*exeunt.*)

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SCENE V—the general's quarters.

*enter general with a letter, followed by MELVILLE.*

*Gen.* Here have I intimation from the foe,  
That still they deem the spy we have condemn'd,  
Merely a captive; by the laws of arms  
From death protected; and retaliation,  
As they term it, threaten, if we our purpose hold.  
Bland is the victim they have singled out,

Hoping his threaten'd death will Andre save.

*Melv.* If I were Bland I boldly might advise  
My general how to act. Free, and in safety,  
I will now suppose my counsel needless.

*enter an american officer.*

*Off.* Another flag hath from the foe arriv'd,  
And craves admittance.

*Gen.* Conduct it hither. [*exit officer*]  
Let us, unwearied hear, unbiased judge,  
Whate'er against our martial court's decision,  
Our enemies can bring.

*enter british officer, conducted by the american officer, american officer exit*

*Gen.* You are welcome, sir;  
What further says Sir Henry?

*B. Off.* This from him.  
He calls on you to think what weighty woes  
You now are busy bringing on your country.  
He bids me say, that, if your sentence reach  
The prisoner's life, prisoner of arms he deems him,  
And no spy, on him alone it falls not.  
He bids me loud proclaim it, and declare,  
If this brave officer, by cruel mockery  
Of war's stern law, and justice's feign'd pretence,  
Be murder'd; the sequel of our strife, bloody,  
Unsparring and remorseless, you will make.  
When Andre's death, unparallel'd in war,  
The signal gives, then Colonel Bland must die.

*Gen.* Tis well, sir, bear this message in return.  
Sir Henry Clinton knows the laws of arms,  
He is a soldier, and, I think, a brave one.  
The prisoners he retains he must account for,  
Perhaps the reckoning's near. I, likewise, am  
A soldier; entrusted by my country.  
What I shall judge most for that country's good,  
That shall I do. When doubtful, I consult  
My country's friends; never her enemies.  
In Andre's case there are no doubts: tis clear:  
Sir Henry Clinton knows it.

*B. Off.* Weigh consequences.

*Gen.* In strict regard to consequence I act;  
And much should doubt to call that action right,  
However specious, whose apparent end  
Was misery to man. That brave officer  
Whose death you threaten, for himself drew not  
His sword—his country's wrongs aroused his mind,  
Her good alone his aim; and if his fall

Can further fire that country to resistance,  
 He will, with smiles, yield up his glorious life,  
 And count his death a gain; and though Columbians  
 Will lament his fall, they will lament in blood. (*the general walks up the stage*)

*Melv.* Hear this! hear this, mankind!

*B. Off.* Thus am I answered?

*enter a sergeant with a letter.*

*Serg.* Express from Colonel Bland. (*delivers it to general and exit*)

*Gen.* With your permission. (*opens it*)

*B. Off.* Your pleasure, sir. It may my mission further—

*Gen.* Tis short: I will put form aside, and read it.  
 (*reads*) “Excuse me, my commander, for having a moment  
 doubted your virtue, but you love me—if you waver, let this  
 confirm you—my wife and children, to you and my country—  
 do your duty.”  
 Report this to your General.

*B. Off.* I shall, sir. [*bows and exit with american officer*]

*Gen.* Oh Bland! my countryman! [*exit with emotion, followed by Melville*]

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ACT IV.

SCENE I—a wood

*enter DENNIS O’BOGG, with arms and accoutrements and british soldier—knapsack at his back—sings
 without song—from Picture of Paris.*

1.

There was an irish lad,
 Who loved a cloister’d nun;
 And it made him very sad,
 For what was to be done:
 He thought it was a big shame, a most confounded sin,
 That she could not get out at all and he could not get in;
 Yet he went ev’ry day, he could do nothing more,
 Yet he went ev’ry day to the convent door,
 And he sung sweetly Smalilou,
 Gramachre! and Paddy Whack.

2.

To catch a glimpse at her,
 He play’d a thousand tricks,
 The bolts he tried to stir,
 And he gave the wall some kicks:

He stamp'd, and raved, and sigh'd, and pray'd, and many times he swore,
The devil burn the iron bolts—the devil take the door,
Yet he went ev'ry day, he made it a rule,
He went ev'ry day and look'd like a fool,
And he very sweetly sung Smalilou, &c.

3.

One morn she left her bed,
Because she could not sleep,
And to the window sped,
To take a little peep;
And what did she do then? I'm sure you'll think it right,
She bade the honest lad good day, she bade the nuns good night;
Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
Then jump'd into his arms, and so they ran away.
And they sung sweetly Smalilou, &c.

O'Bogg. Devil burn the fashion, but this trotting with a full knapsack on an empty stomach is apt to make a man's back ache with hunger. (*takes off the knapsack*) So, I have supported you long enough—let's see what you can do to support me. (*sits, opens his pack and takes out some cold boil'd potatoes*) What, have I nothing left but wall fruit? not a delicate piece of ration beef? or a savory rind of bacon? well, they say hunger makes sauce to a man's meat. I wonder couldn't it make meat to his sauce. (*eats*)

enter Paulding, Van Vert, and Williams

Will. Who the nation have we got there? a fish out of water!

O'Bogg. And he sweetly sung smalilou, &c. &c.

Will. No, dang it, he's a humming bird.

Pauld. You seize his arms. (*Williams takes possession of Dennis' musket*)

Van V. I'm afraid we shall spoil his singing. (*Paulding and Van Vert advance one on each side with bayonets presented towards Dennis' breast*)

O'Bogg. "One morn she left her bed, because she could'nt sleep." (*singing*)

Pauld. You're a prisoner!

O'Bogg. (*after looking round with great indifference*) You may put up your knives and forks, gentlemen, (*pointing to the bayonets*) the devil of any carving is there to do.

Van V. You are our prisoner!

O'Bogg. Will you ate a potatoe?

Will. Civil enough! have you nothing better for dinner?

O'Bogg. (*rises*) You may say that; for I ate all the best part of my dinner for breakfast. It's a trick my daddy learnt me. "Dennis," says he, for my name's Dennis O'Bogg, at your sarvice; "Dennis," says he—I had just then began to nibble at the tail of a salt herring, "Dennis," says he——

Will. Your daddy was very fond of your name; what else did he say.

O'Bogg. Always ate the best *first*, my boy, and you'll ate the best last.

Van V. Soldier, are you alone?

O'Bogg. I should be sorry to say so much in your presence. But before the company came to dinner, the devil a christian soul was there here but I and the potatoes.

Will. Dang my buttons, this fellow has fun in him—how the nation came you here all alone like a cat in a strange garret? are you a deserter?

O'Bogg. You may say that—saving any imputation on my honor. The short and the long of the story is, I never could be settled in any one place, but what with whiskey and love it grew too hot for me. So finding how your general Arnold is treated by sir Henry Clinton, at York, with honor and command, I thought I might as well get rid of my *little inconveniences*, for they will be springing up round an irishman, like mushrooms round a dunghill.

Pauld. What do you mean by little inconveniences?

O'Bogg. O, debts, and children, and wives, and such like articles. So I thought I would come and take a little fresh air in the country here, join your army a bit and claim equal rank.

Will. Rank! ha—ha—ha!—what rank? what the deuce had you to do with rank.

O'Bogg. Rank! ay to be sure! rank and file too!

Van V. We shall be glad of a strong and well equip'd soldier; but before we take you into our mess, we should be glad to hear you give good reasons for quitting New-York?

O'Bogg. Oh, then you shall have more than one.—First, by mere accident I found I had two wives in the garrison.

Will. Two wives! You *needn't* say *no more*.

Pauld. How did that happen?

O'Bogg. Without the least intention on my part—I had but just got married, t'other day, when my widow came from Letterkenny to seek me.

Van V. Your widow! how your widow?

O'Bogg. Fait, hadn't she lost her husband? and doesn't that make a widow any time?

Will. Now give us your second reason for running away.

O'Bogg. Becase, general sir Henry Clinton gives good encouragement for it.

Pauld. He encourages our soldiers to go and join him, but certainly he doesn't encourage desertion among his own troops.

O'Bogg. And a'n't that now the same thing? if it's as broad as tis long, won't it be square? if he invites your folks to come to him, doesn't he invite his own folks to go to you? isn't that plain now?

Pauld. Not plain enough for my eyes.

O'Bogg. Arrah then put on your spectacles. Talking of spectacles puts me in mind of my mammy.

Will. She wore spectacles, I guess.

O'Bogg. No, she couldn't; she had no nose.

Van V. How did spectacles remind you of her then?

O'Bogg. Be azy and I'll tell you. When my brother Teddy was hanging up in a hempen necklace, "oh, what a spectacle!" says my mammy. "Dont blubber and howl so, mammy." says I, "see they're just stringing brother Phelim, and then you'll have a pair of spectacles, and all of your own making."

Will. And how the dickens comes it they didn't hang you too?

O'Bogg. Becase, when my two twin brothers broke into the church, I was so drunk I couldn't go with them.

Van V. You're a precious fellow.

O'Bogg. You may say that.

Will. What did your brothers go into the church for, Dennis?

O'Bogg. And you may ax that. If they had kept in the way of their parents, as all good and dutiful children ought to do, and only have gone to the ale house, they might have been as pretty boys at this present spaking as our humble servant, Dennis O'Bogg.

Van V. Dennis, are you most knave or foll?

O'Bogg. I believe I'm *between* both. But if I was to speak the honest truth, to-day——

Van V. What would you say?

O'Bogg. Something I might be asham'd of to-morrow.

Will. Come, let's move on to the camp. We'll carry your arms for you, though.

O'Bogg. Fait and I'd thank you if you'd carry my legs too.

Pauld. If your good qualities on examination should sufficiently recommend you, you may perhaps be received as the comrade of an american soldier.

O'Bogg. So you list men for their good qualities—
Now in my country they pick them up for their bad.

Will. So, so! Then your army are all *pick'd* men.

O'Bogg. How is it with yours?

Will. All chosen men! "chosen," as our chaplain told us last Sunday, "to establish an empire of free-men, as an example to the world, and a blessing to our latest posterity."

O'Bogg. What I see you go to church.

Will. Yes! to *steer clear* of the ale-house and the gallows. My family are not fond of spectacles. Shall I tell you what a true yankee boy is?

O'Bogg. Fait, you shall.

Will. Listen and learn.

SONG

1.

A Yankee boy is trim and tall,
And never over fat, sir,
At dance, or frolic, hop and ball,
As nimble as a gnat, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

2.

He's always out on training day,
Commencement or election!
At truck and trade he knows the way,
Of thriving to perfection.
Yankee doodle, &c.

3.

His door is always open found,
His cider of the best, sir,
His board with pumpkin pye is crown'd,
And welcome every guest, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

4.

Though rough and little is his farm,
That little is his own, sir;
His hand is strong, his heart is warm,
Tis truth and honor's throne, sir.
Yankee doodle, &c.

5.

His country is his pride and boast,
He'll ever prove true blue, sir,
When call'd upon to give his toast,
Tis "Yankee doodle, doo," sir!
Yankee doodle! fire away!
What yankee boy's afraid, sir?
Yankee doodle was the tune
At Lexington was play'd, sir! [*exeunt*]

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SCENE II—*a prison*

*enter* ANDRE *and* BLAND.

*Andre.* Welcome, my Bland! cheerly, a welcome hither!  
I feel assurance that my last request  
Will not be slighted. Safely thy father

Shall return to thee. (*holding out a paper*) See what employment  
For a dying man. Take thou these verses;  
And, after my decease, send them to her  
Whose name is woven in them; whose image  
Hath controul'd my destiny. 'Such tokens  
Are rather out of date. Fashions  
There are in love as in all else; they change  
As variously.' A gallant Knight, erewhile,  
Of Cœur de Lion's day, would, dying, send  
His heart home to its mistress; degenerate  
Soldier I, send but some blotted paper.

*Bland.* If 't would not damp thy present cheerfulness,  
I would require the meaning of thy words.  
I ne'er till now did hear of Andre's mistress.

*Andre.* Mine is a story of that common kind,  
So often told, with scanty variation,  
That the pall'd ear loaths the repeated tale!  
Each young romancer chooses for his theme  
The woes of youthful hearts, by the cold hand  
Of frosty Age, arm'd with parental power,  
Asunder torn. But I long since have ceased  
To mourn, well satisfied that she I love,  
Happy in holy union with another,  
Shares not my wayward fortunes, nor would I  
Now these tokens send, remembrance to awaken,  
But that I know her happy: and the happy  
Can think on misery and share it not.

*Bland.* (*agitated*) Some one approaches.

*Andre.* Why, tis near the time.  
But tell me, Bland, say—is the manner chang'd?

*Bland.* I hope it; but I yet have no assurance.

*Andre.* Well, well!

*Honora speaks without.*

*Hono.* I must see him.

*Andre.* Whose voice was that?  
My senses!—Do I dream—? (*leans on Bland*)

*enter Honora.*

*Hono.* Where is he?

*Andre.* Tis she! (*starts from Bland, and advances towards Honora—she rushes into his arms*)

*Hono.* It is enough! he lives, and I shall save him. (*she faints in Andre's arms*)

*Andre.* She sinks—assist me, Bland! o save her! save her!  
(*places her in a chair, and looks tenderly on her*)

'Yet, why should she awake from that sweet sleep!  
Why should she ope her eyes? (*wildly*) to see me hang'd—  
What does she here? stand off, (*tenderly*) and let her die!  
How pale she looks! how worn that tender frame!  
She has known sorrow! who would injure her?

*Bland.* She revives, Andre; 'soft, bend her forward.'  
(*Andre kneels and supports her*)

*Hono.* Andre!

*Andre.* Lov'd excellence!

*Hono.* Yes, it is Andre! (*rises and looks at him*)  
'No more deceived by visionary forms,'  
By him supported. (*leans on him*)

*Andre.* Why is this?  
Thou dost look pale, Honora—sick and wan,  
'Languid thy fainting limbs.'

*Hono.* All will be well:  
But was it kind to leave me as thou didst?  
So rashly to desert thy vow-link'd wife!

*Andre.* When made another's both by vows and laws.

*Hono.* (*quitting his support*) What mean'st thou?

*Andre.* Didst thou not marry him?

*Hono.* Marry!

*Andre.* Didst thou not give thy hand away  
From me?

*Hono.* O, never, never!

*Andre.* Not married!

*Hono.* To none but thee, and but in will to thee.

*Andre.* O blind, blind wretch! thy father told me——

*Hono.* Thou wast deceived: they hurried me away,  
Spreading false rumors to remove thy love—  
(*tenderly*) Thou didst too soon believe them.

*Andre.* Thy father!  
How could I but believe Honora's father?  
'And he did tell me so. I revered age,  
Yet knew, age was not virtue. I believed  
His snowy locks, and yet they did deceive me!  
I have destroy'd myself and thee! alas!  
Ill-fated maid! why didst thou not forget me?  
Hast thou rude seas and hostile shores explored

For this? to see my death? witness my shame?

*Hono.* I come to bless thee, Andre; and shall do it.  
I bear such offers from thy kind commander,  
As must prevail to save thee. Thus the daughter  
May repair the ills the cruel sire inflicted.  
My father, dying, gave me cause to think  
That arts were used to drive thee from thy home,  
But what those arts I knew not. An heiress left,  
Of years mature, with power and liberty,  
I straight resolved to seek thee o'er the seas.  
A long-known friend, who came to join her lord,  
Yielded protection and lov'd fellowship.  
Indeed, when I did hear of thy estate  
It almost kill'd me: I was weak before—

Andre. Tis I have murder'd thee!—

*Hono.* All shall be well.  
Thy general heard of me, and instant form'd  
The plan of this my visit. I am strong,  
Compar'd with what I was. Hope strengthens me,  
Nay, even solicitude supports me now;  
And when thou shalt be safe, *thou* wilt support me.

Andre. Support thee! o heaven! what! and *must* I die?—  
Die! and leave her *thus*—suffering—unprotected!—

*enter Melville and guard.*

*Melv.* I am sorry that my duty should require  
Service, at which my heart revolts; but, sir,  
Our soldiers wait in arms, all is prepared.

*Hono.* To death! impossible! has my delay,  
Then, murder'd him? a momentary respite.

*Melv.* Lady, I have no power.

*Bland.* Melville, my friend, (*to Melville*)  
This lady bears despatches of high import,  
Touching this business: should they arrive too late—

*Hono.* For pity's sake, and heaven's, conduct me to him;  
And wait the issue of our conference.  
O twould be murder of the blackest dye,  
Sin, execrable not to break thy orders—  
Inhuman, thou art not.

*Melv.* Lady, thou sayest true;  
For rather would I lose my rank in arms,  
And stand cashiered for lack of discipline,  
Than, gain 'mongst military men all praise,  
Wanting the touch of sweet humanity.

*Hono.* Thou grantest my request?

*Melv.* Lady, I do.  
Retire! (*to soldiers, who go off*)

*Bland.* I know not what excuse, to martial men,  
Thou canst advance for this, but to thy heart  
Thou wilt need none, good Melville.

*Andre.* Oh, Honora!

*Hono.* Cheer up, I feel assured. Hope wings my flight,  
To bring thee tidings of much joy to come. (*exit with Bland and Melville*)

*Andre.* Eternal blessings on thee, matchless woman!  
If death now comes, he finds the veriest coward  
That e'er he dealt withal. I cannot think  
Of dying. Void of fortitude, each thought  
Clings to the world—the world that holds Honora!— [*exit*

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SCENE III—the general's quarters.

enter GENERAL and MELVILLE.

Gen. Ask her, my friend, to send by thee her packets. [*exit Melville*
Oh, what keen struggles must I undergo!
Unbless'd estate! to have the power to pardon;
The court's stern sentence to remit; give life;
Feel the strong wish to use such blessed power,
Yet know that circumstances strong as fate
Forbid to obey the impulse. O, I feel
That man should never shed the blood of man.

re-enter MELVILLE.

Melv. Nought can the lovely suitor satisfy,
But conference with thee; and much I fear
Refusal would cause madness.

Gen. Yet to admit,
To hear, be tortur'd, and refuse at last.

Melv. Sure never man such spectacle of sorrow
Saw before. Motionless the rough hewn soldiers
Silent view her, or walk aside and weep.

Gen. (*after a pause*) Admit her! (*exit Melville*) o for the art, the precious art,
To reconcile the sufferer to his sorrows!

HONORA rushes in, and throws herself wildly on her knees before him—he endeavors to raise her.

Hono. Nay, nay, here is my place, or here, or lower,
Unless thou grant'st his life. All forms away!
Thus will I clasp thy knees, thus cling to thee.
I am his wife—tis I have ruin'd him—

Oh save him—give him to me! let us cross
The mighty seas, far, far—ne'er to offend again.

(the general turns away and hides his eyes with his hands)

re-enter MELVILLE, and an officer.

Gen. Melville, support her, my heart is torn in twain.

(Honora as if exhausted, suffers herself to be raised, and rests on Melville)

An Off. This moment, sir, a messenger arrived
With well confirm'd and mournful information,
That gallant Hastings, by the lawless scouts
Of Britain taken, after cruel mockery
With show of trial and condemnation,
On the next tree was hung.

Hono. (wildly) Oh, it is false!

Gen. Why, why, my country, did I hesitate! [*exit*

(Honora sinks, faints, and is borne off by Melville and officer)

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SCENE IV—the prison.

*enter ANDRE, meeting BLAND.*

*Andre.* How speeds Honora? (*pause*) Art thou silent, Bland?  
Why, then I know my task. The mind of man,  
If not by vice debased, debilitated,  
Or by disease of body quite unton'd,  
Hath o'er its thoughts a power—energy divine!  
Of fortitude the source and every virtue  
A godlike power, which e'en o'er circumstance  
Its sov'reignty exerts; now, from my thoughts,  
Honora! Yet she is left alone expos'd—

*Bland.* O, Andre, spurn me, strike me to the earth;  
For what a wretch am I, in Andre's mind,  
That he can think he leaves his love alone,  
And I retaining life!

*Andre.* Forgive me, Bland,  
My thoughts glanced not on thee. Imagination  
Pictured only, then, her orphan state, helpless;  
Her weak and grief-exhausted frame. Alas!  
This blow will kill her!

*Bland. (kneeling)* Here do I myself  
Devote, my fortune consecrate, to thee,  
To thy remembrance, and Honora's service!

*Andre.* Enough! Let me not see her more—nor think of her.

Farewell! farewell, sweet image! now for death—

*Bland.* Yet that you shouldst the felon's fate fulfill,  
Damnation! my blood boils. Indignation  
Makes the current of my life course wildly  
Through its round, and maddens each emotion.

*Andre.* Come, come, it matters not.

*Bland.* I do remember,  
When a boy, at school, in our allotted tasks,  
We, by our puny acts, strove to portray  
The giant thoughts of Otway. I was Pierre.  
O, thou art Pierre's reality! a soldier,  
On whose manly brow sits fortitude enamor'd!  
A Mars abhorring vice, yet doom'd to die  
A death of infamy; thy corse expos'd  
To vulgar gaze—halter'd—distorted—oh!!

*(pauses—then adds in a low, hollow voice)*

Pierre had a friend to save him from such shame—  
And so hast thou.

*Andre.* No more, as thou dost love me.

*Bland.* I have a sword, and arm, that never fail'd me.

*Andre.* Bland, such an act would justly thee involve,  
And leave that helpless one thou sworest to guard,  
Expos'd to every ill. Oh! think not of it.

*Bland.* If thou wilt not my aid—take it thyself. *(draws and offers his sword)*

*Andre.* No, men will say that cowardice did urge me.  
In my mind's weakness, I did wish to shun  
That mode of death which error represented  
Infamous, now let me rise superior;  
And with a fortitude too true to start  
From mere appearances, show your country,  
That she, in me, destroys a man who might  
Have lived to virtue.

*Bland.* *(sheathing his sword)* I will not think more of it;  
I was again the sport of erring passion.

*Andre.* Go thou and guide Honora from this spot.

*enter HONORA.*

*Hono.* Who shall oppose his wife? I will have way!  
They, cruel, would have kept me, Andre, from thee.  
Say, am I not thy wife? wilt thou deny me?  
Indeed I am not drest in bridal trim,  
But I have travell'd far; rough was the road,  
Rugged and rough—that must excuse my dress.

(*seeing Andre's distress*) Thou art not glad to see me.

*Andre*. Break my heart!

*Hono*. Indeed, I feel not much in spirits. I wept but now.

*enter Melville, and guard.*

*Bland*. (*to Melville*) Say nothing.

*Andre*. I am ready.

*Hono*. (*seeing the guard*) Are they here?  
Here again! the same! but they shall not harm me—  
I am with thee, my Andre, I am safe—  
And thou art safe with me. Is it not so? (*clinging to him*)

*enter mrs. Bland.*

*Mrs. Bland*. Where is this lovely victim?

*Bland*. Thanks, my mother.

*Mrs. Bland*. My woes are past.  
Thy father, by the foe released, already  
Is in safety. This be forgotten now;  
And every thought be turn'd to this sad scene.  
Come, lady, home with me.

*Hono*. Go home with thee?  
Art thou my Andre's mother? we will home  
And rest, for thou art weary—very weary.  
(*leans on mrs. Bland—Andre retires to the guard, and goes off with them, looking on her to the last, and with an action of extreme tenderness takes leave of her—Melville and Bland accompany him*)  
Now we will go. Come, love! where is he?  
All gone!—I do remember—I awake—  
They have him—oh, murder! help! save him! save him!—

(*Honora attempts to follow, but falls—mrs. Bland kneels to assist her—curtain drops*)

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ACT V.

SCENE I—a landscape.

enter general WASHINGTON, officers and soldiers.

Gen. Now, my brave countrymen, one glorious effort more, and we shall see the termination of our martial labors. From many a check and many a doul discomfiture we've gain'd the precious jewel, dear experience. Many of those who started with us in the race have fallen; our labors done, we'll find a time to weep them. One royal army yielded in the north and crowned our arms, and Gates, with endless glory. Here in the south, Morgan and Greene, Fayette and Wayne, have nobly done their duty—one effort more, a second royal army must submit! What for the third remains?

Melv. Fight or submission! We are now very forward with our second parallel, and but for the two advanced redoubts, the enemy's works would be soon enfiladed in almost every part.

Gen. Those redoubts must be carried this day. By agreement with general Rochambeau, one shall be attacked by the troops under his command, while at the same moment the other must be carried by my americans. I say carried, for to doubt the event would be treason to my country. [*exeunt*

enter, in uniform, PAULDING, VAN VERT, WILLIAMS, and soldiers.

Will. I do envy him. I can't help it.

Pauld. Envy is a paltry mean sensation.

Will. I know it—I should be a scoundrel if I envied the glory of our general, but when a *soldier* like myself does a clever thing, I can't help wishing *I* had done it. When I heard the general ask for the three volunteers Who had brought off al the enemy's out-sentinels—o, thought I, that had been one! When I saw corporal Compton and his companion step forth, did I not envy them: but when the general told him they were excused from storming the forts, and appointed Compton to guard his prisoners, and asked him if he was satisfied, and when Compton said “no, please your excellency, can an american soldier be satisfied to remain an idle spectator, when his comrades are fighting the enemies of his country?”—oh, do you think I did not envy him?

Pauld. You should love, not envy such a man.

Will. And don't I love him, think you? if there ever was a hero with worsted epaulet, he's one. “My brave soldier,” says the general, “you shall not be left behind; and may you be the first to enter the fort.” Dang me, but I'll be the second, says I.

Pauld. How do you know we shall beat 'em?

Van V. We must beat them

Pauld. It is not for us to say so. We shall certainly try.

Will. I say we must beat 'em. Dang it, an't we ordered to carry the fort?

Van V. And what good soldier but obeys orders?

Will. Ay, sure enough. Don't you remember, lads, at the battle of Monmouth; when we marched up and found our advanced corps retreating and the british pursuing, what were the general's orders?

Van V. “Advance and check the enemy.”

Will. And we did it.

Van V. Ay, that was a glorious day.

Will. We obeyed our orders.

Pauld. Advance!

Will. And we did it!

Pauld. Check them.

Will. And we did it.

Pauld. Beat them.

Will. And we did it! they run.

All. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

Pauld. It was a glorious day.

Will. A nation hot one. That day was hot enough without fire or gunpowder. What with the yankee sun, and the English fire, some of us were glad to get into the wood—natural you know—the shade is cooling—but when the general rode up, and ask'd us what we did there? his eye was hotter than the rays of the sun, and my cheeks burnt for shame, till I returned to the charge and heard the shout of Washington and victory! It was a hot day! give us the description of it. It will prepare us for the assault of the redoubts.

SONG—VAN VERT.

The sun his fiercest ray,
On Monmouth's bloody day,
Shot ardent on the burning sands,
Where Britain's veteran bands,
 Reluctant toil'd their slow inglorious way.
Lee, close upon the rear their track pursued:
Though oft attack'd, as oft they firmly stood,
And gorged the thirsty plains with valiant blood.
Behind, bright freedom's banner flies unfurl'd!
And every patriot bosom cheers
Where Washington himself appears,
 The glory of the world!
Indignant thus to be pursued,
The gallant briton turns upon his foe,
 "Sound, sound the charge," he cries,
 And to the combat flies:
Like lightning rush the rapid horse!
Resistless in their thundering course!
 O'erpower'd—recoiling slow,
 Oft turning and returning on the foe,
Our fainting troops retreat for shelter to the wood
 To stop the inglorious flight,
See where the first of men bursts glorious on the sight!
 "Advance! advance!" the hero cries!
 "Advance!" each echoing rank replies!
 Admiring victory hears the word
 Descending lights upon his sword,
And flashes round his head insufferable light.
 The foe, appal'd, stops—falters—flies—
 And shouts of triumph rend the skies.
The war-worn briton sullenly retires,
 Or sinks without a wound
 Exhausted on the ground,
And scorch'd with thirst and heat—in agony expires—
 Thus veteran valor
 Equal valor found;
But Washington alone
With victory's wreath is crown'd.

enter DENNIS O'BOGG as an american soldier.

O'Bogg. Och! that ever I should be born to see the fate of this ugly looking day!

Will. Why what's the matter, mister O'Bogg?

O'Bogg. And by my soul it *is* matter. There is a black-guard countryman of mine that has deserted from York-town—divil burn him, why couldn't he stay where he was? by and by there will be so many irish deserters among us that we shall be call'd the blue lobsters, and the grinning thieves will say, that a little boiling would turn us all red again.

Pauld. But, Dennis, you shouldn't find fault with him for deserting.

Will. I suppose he heard that you was here?

O'Bogg. That's it. I know the *tief*. Didn't I borrow five and two-pence of him the morning I ran away? and can't I tell what it is the spalpeen is come after? but I wouldn't mind that a pig's foot, *becase* I've got my pocket full of dollars that are good for nothing, but to pay old debts. *(takes out some pieces of brown paper)* But then the news he brings—oh, that's the thing.

Will. What news?

O'Bogg. Fait, he tells me my two wives are in Yorktown here.

Will. Your two widows, you mean.

O'Bogg. So we shall fight and take the place: and what will Dennis O'Bogg get by it?

Will. More than any of us, I'm sure. Two wives! An't that enough?

O'Bogg. Yes! I shall get out of the fire into the frying pan. A pretty day's work I shall make of it! we shall silence the redoubts, carry the lines, take the town, and then I shall have two batteries open'd upon poor Dennis alone, that the devil himself couldn't *silence*.

Will. Take courage, man, you've got a good chance of being kill'd in the action.

O'Bogg. Ah, sure enough, there's some comfort in that.

Will. Besides, it's ten to one but your widows are both married.

O'Bogg. No: that's impossible. After having had Dennis O'Bogg for a husband, they could never take up with anything else.

SONG—*(from the Picture of Paris)*

1.

The turban'd turk, who scorns the world,
May strut about with his whiskers curl'd;
Keep a hundred wives under lock and key
For nobody else but himself to see;
Yet long may he pray with his alcoran,
Before he can love like an irishman.

2.

The frenchman gay with his *louis d'or*,
The solemn don, and the soft signor,
The dutch mynheer so full of pride,
The russian, prussian, swede beside;
They all may do whate'er they can,
But they ne'er can love like an irishman.

Will. Then your only chance is being shot; for if you are so wonderful lovely, you'll have no peace this side of the grave. Huzza! to arms, boy!

Soldiers. Huzza! (*drums roll*)

Ist Sol. When we carry the redoubts, let us remember New London.

Will. Remember humanity.

Ist Sol. We'll not spare them! New London!

Will. Humanity! remember we are men, and they are our fellow men! what! when we shall have charg'd and carried their works—when we are in their redoubts, and they are at our mercy—when they kneel and cry for quarter, shall we murder them?

Pauld. No, fellow soldiers!

Van V. Never! never!

Soldiers. No, never, never!

Will. Huzza! no, never! we will raise them up, and show them what treatment americans deserve. (*drum rolls*) to arms! on, lads! Let the word be—"victory and mercy." [*exeunt*

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SCENE II—*draws and discovers York-town—at a distance is seen the town, with the british lines and the lines of the besiegers—nearer are the advanced batteries, one more distant from the audience than the other—cannonading commences from the besiegers upon the town—explosion of a powder magazine—the french troops advance towards the most distant of the advanced batteries—the battery begins to cannonade—the troops advance, and carry it at the bayonet's point—while this is yet doing, the nearest battery begins to cannonade, and the american infantry attack and carry it with fixed bayonets, striking the english colors—shouts of victory.*

*enter on one side, general WASHINGTON, MELVILLE, BLAND, officers and soldiers, drums and colors—on the other, WILLIAMS, PAULDING, VAN VERT, DENNIS O'BOGG, officers and soldiers.*

*Gen.* Thanks, my brave countrymen! our toils are past. It now requires not the spirit of prophecy to see, we have gain'd our country's independence. May that spirit which has animated the sons of Columbia, in this glorious struggle, remain pure and unimpaired for then long will she be free and happy.

CHORUS.

The fight it done,  
The battle won!  
Our praise is due to him alone,  
Who from his bright eternal throne,  
The fate of battles and of man decides:  
To him all praise be given!

And under heaven,  
To great Columbia's son,  
Blest Washington!  
Who o'er the fight like fate presides!

*(a transparency descends, and an eagle is seen suspending a crown of laurel over the commander in chief with this motto—"IMMORTALITY TO WASHINGTON.")*

Chorus.  
All hail Columbia's son!  
Immortal Washington!  
By fame renown'd,  
By victory crown'd,  
Hail, Washington!

**THE END.**

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