

THE DEATH OF CAPT. NATHAN HALE.

A Drama :
IN
FIVE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY DAVID TRUMBULL,
For the Hale Monument Association.

Thus, while fond Virtue wished in vain to save,
HALE, bright and generous, found a hapless grave;
With Genius' living flame his bosom glowed,
And Science charmed him to her sweet abode;
In Worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of Peace, the rising hope of War;
In duty firm, in danger calm as even,—
To friends unchanging, and sincere to Heaven.
How short his course, the prize how early won,
While weeping Friendship mourns her favorite gone!

Pres. Dwight's Conquest of Canaan, Book I.

HARTFORD.
PRESS OF ELIHU GEER, 26 STATE STREET.
1845.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



NATHAN HALE.

DEACON HALE, *his father.*

ADKINS, *cousin to Hale.*

ALICE, *betrothed to Hale.*

GEN. WASHINGTON.

CAPT. KNOWLTON.

GEN. HOWE.

AID to Gen. Howe.

CATO, *servant to Hale.*

DENNIS, *an Irish servant in the British camp.*

SCHOLARS OF HALE.

A BRITISH MARSHAL, *charged with the execution of Hale.*
Officers, Servants, &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1845, by
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DEATH OF CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE:

A D R A M A .

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Town gathering at New London, after the Battle at Lexington; a Citizen in the Chair; meeting already organized, and subject under discussion.

First Speaker, (a timid man.)—My friends, let me say a word after what has been spoken; though I don't like what the British have done before now, yet war is such a dreadful thing, I cannot think about it. O how many have been killed! And what shall we do? What shall we do?—for one, I say, let us submit; for if we resist, there will come such dreadful war—our sons will be called away to be killed, and our houses burnt up. We had better be oppressed some than be shot down; fellow-citizens, we had better stop, or we shall be all killed.

Second Speaker.—This is a time for every body to speak out his mind: but I hardly know what to say; I don't like this oppression, but I guess we can't help it. The people of the colonies are scattered, separated by mountains and great rivers, and under different governments—nothing can be gained by these little *riots*, and how can our forces be combined? And if all did get together, the English arm could crush us. I do not, I never did love the old British Lion one bit, but I am afraid of him, for if we fight with him he will tear us. My advice is, what can't be cured should be endured.

Third Speaker, (an important Squire.)—Fellow-citizens, we are here on a *great* occasion; most as great as the Town meeting when news came about the old French war. I was one of the speakers *then*, for I always loved my country, and was ready to do anything I could for her except *fight*. I never could fight, because the smell of powder made me sick, and I had sprained my ancle

when a boy—but I was ready to *say* all I could to get *others* to go. And I must say a word now. I love my country, as I said, and am glad to help her any way but fighting; I wish the glorious sun of freedom might rise and shine on us all. If powder didn't trouble me so, and if I hadn't sprained my ankle thirty years ago, may be I would go and fight myself; but, my friends, let me urge *you* all to go; go serve your country, make her free, and immortalize your names.

Some one aside.—The old Squire is 'mazin cute; that *lame foot* is a *lame excuse*; he likes to talk, but wants others to fight—powder smells so bad! ha! ha! good, but he can go out gunning a whole day and shoot woodcocks; must be *British powder*, with a bullet before it, turns his *brave stomach*!

Fourth Speaker, (a Lawyer, intelligent but fearful.)—Gentlemen, fellow-citizens, the oppressions of the mother country are severe, and it stings my very soul to think that *we*, come from the Plymouth Pilgrims who fled injustice, should have it pursue us to this wilderness home, they scarcely dead! And more—these, we may well fear, are only the beginnings of evil. What we can do I see not; it seems our fate to be oppressed, and we must make the best of it. To resist the mighty mistress of the ocean seems too fool hardy. She has at her call provisions, arms, money, and men, to any amount—can flood us with hired Saxon soldiers—with the great rough foot of war she can tear up our fair soil, our towns burn, our ships sink, our citizens butcher in our streets, and strip from us every shred of freedom. Our own town may yet suffer, and yonder fort at Groton resound, it may be, with the groans of some of *us*, inhumanly butchered within its walls. Could I see in resistance any chance of success, I would join hand and heart in the effort to throw off this yoke—but the struggle seems *too desperate*. By rebellion we shall only give our tyrants an excuse for binding us with heavier chains. This present evil let us bear, waiting patiently till we have gained more strength—then, at some time, an hundred years to come perhaps, our children may achieve that for which we are now too weak.

Hale.—Friends, too young to *teach*, I would rather *learn* from your experience—but a full bosom will have utterance—a bosom full of a sense of wrong received at the hands of a cruel mother country, which, instead of nursing us in our infant weakness, has rather fastened on us like the horse leech, to suck our life blood.

The last breeze has just come heavy with the noise of weapons and the work of death. At Lexington now, the ground is red and wet with the blood of our brothers, spilt at their own doors — and why spilt? Because they stood not quietly by as a ruffian soldiery pillaged their houses; because they began a resistance to unjust taxation, which we must all make, or become the poorest slaves. The voice of these brothers' blood calls to us from the ground — let it not call in vain. Yet none can fail to feel the force of what you have spoken, worthy friends. Danger surrounds us, we must give battle to the greatest nation on the globe — but what is the alternative? 'tis to lie down an easy prey to royal swindlers, who will drain our purses to fill their own; it is to be crushed slaves, to wear our chains, and leave to our children after us the base inheritance. This is the true question; shall we, in view of it, submit, or rise and do our best at resistance?

Several voices.—Submit no longer — let us resist, cost what it may!

Hale.—Aye, let us resist, let us be men. They that oppress us have great power — ships, money, and men; but *we* are not powerless — we can count ourselves by millions, three millions: if in all these bodies beat the hearts of the Plymouth Rock Pilgrims, England could *never* conquer us; 'tis not numbers, but courage we want. Besides, braver soldiers never carried guns than ours. How they showed their mettle in the old French war! At Braddock's defeat, the Colonial troops, under Col. Washington, saved their British protectors from destruction. But further, we are at home, and to fight for home. And then above all, there is a just God who will befriend us, and raise up helpers. We are told to wait, but we must not wait — every day the chain grows heavier. We *have* waited — we have remonstrated, and the answer has been a standing army to keep us from doing worse. When shall we be stronger? When in every town there is a garrison? Friends, we must resist now or never; if this chance go unused, England will give no other — a standing army will seize us by the throat, while she robs us of our birthright as men. And besides all, to look back it is now *too late* — the war is begun — our brothers have taken the field — we cannot leave them to stand alone — even to talk of it is to desert them. Think of it, ye sons of noble sires! British balls have already drawn blood from American hearts! British swords have already mangled the flesh of our victim brothers, and another breeze will bring tidings of new bloodshed to your

ears! While they are suffering there, shall we sit counting cost and labor here? No, we must rise and help them, though all perish in the attempt. Soon as possible let the regiment be under arms, and march to the place of strife; let such a wave of opposition flow from all parts, as shall show the invader we will not bear wrong, that while life remains we cannot be enslaved. For one, I now enlist for the whole war, and set apart my life and strength to the liberation of my native soil. The sword has been drawn; away let the scabbard be thrown, until the proud bird of freedom, bearing the olive-branch of peace, alight upon its hilt.

Fifth speaker, (a solid farmer.)—Though I am a plain man, yet I do love the soil I till; and this advice is what strikes me as just right; from the whole land let one loud note of opposition be heard; let it echo from town to town, from house to house; it will frighten the enemy and cheer ourselves; old as I am I will march right off, and with my brave young countryman here do my best, or die in trying to do it.

Many voices—Agreed—agreed.

Chairman.—Let the regiment muster to-morrow at nine o'clock; till then we adjourn to make preparation.

SCENE II.

School room—several lads present.

Enter a lad.—Boys! have you heard the news?

Several.—No, what is it?

First scholar.—Why, the British have been killing a great many people in Lexington!

Second scholar.—Killed them! Why, what for?

First scholar.—For nothing only because they would not pay taxes to old King George.

Third scholar.—Well, I wish the good-for-nothing old red coats had staid at home, to mind their own business. What right have they got to come across the water, and worry and kill our people!

Fourth scholar enters.—Hurra, boys, no school to-day! Master is going away. I went to town meeting last night, and Master Hale made a tearing down good speech—he stirred them all up, and they are going right off to help the Lexington folks. Father has got out his soldier coat and cap and sword—uncle Bill's cleaning up his old musket—Lawyer Brown, he is going too—Captain Coit is out on his big training horse—every body is

awake, even old Sam Jackson says he can't mend shoes any more, he means to fight for freedom; and Master Hale says he can't stand still and see his friends shot; so he means to start right away.

First scholar.—How I do wish I was big enough to go along, and fight the old red coats!

Enter Hale.

Hale.—Good morning, my dear boys; to-day there will not be any school. I go away, and never may see you again perhaps. I love you all, and have with pleasure instructed you, but can teach you no more; you know how some of our people here in New England have been killed by British soldiers, and everybody who can must go to stop this enemy. Much as I should delight to remain here with you, my country calls me to another more toilsome post.

Second scholar.—I wish you could stay, Mr. Hale — you have been so kind to us, we all love you.

First scholar.—Yes, that we do; and we don't know but they will kill you too, and we shall never see you again.

Third scholar.—And if they should kill you, how sorry we should all feel!

Hale.—True, my dear pupils, I may be slain, but I hope not; yet at any rate, if I knew I must die, still must I go, and act the part of a true son to my suffering country.

Fourth scholar.—Dear teacher, I wish I could go along and help you.

Others.—So do I, so do I.

Hale.—Well, you must wait a few years, and you will then be old enough, and strong enough, to fill the places of the fallen: for a long while, for years to come, this war may not be ended, and you will then have a chance to show your zeal and courage in a cause so good. And in peace or war, my boys, never forget this is your country; the land of your birth; your forefathers sleep in its bosom; feel that you never can do it too much good — whether it reward you or not, do it all the good you can. If this war end, then live to make your country happier and better. This foe conquered, strive against others — vice, intemperance, and irreligion. Many can huzza for liberty, and boast of love to their country, whose manner of life and speech are every way corrupting — but do you have its welfare at heart. Lead others to ways of obedience to law, to justice, to honesty and virtue, by walking in those

ways yourselves — for while these things prevail, freedom will live ; but the murky air of vice and crime will stifle her. Let the nation's sons be enslaved to corrupt passions, and they will be easily enslaved by any iron hearted tyrant. And now farewell, my boys. We may never meet again on earth — may we all meet in heaven ! Once more, I say, live for your country, serve her while you live, and dying bequeath to her the rich legacy of a good, a noble example !

Fourth scholar.—We shall try to remember, dear teacher, all you have said. *[Hale moves to go.]*

Third scholar, (following him and grasping his hand.)—We will try to do it, to grow up good men, that we may be good citizens.

First scholar.—But I am very sorry you must go away.

Hale.—Dear boys, I am sorry ; it is hard to leave you, but I must begone, and so again, farewell.

[Goes out, the boys following close.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Hale enters.—My excellent father, how shall I bear to leave him ! He has cared for me through youth, how would I love to sustain his age ! though his noble bosom will give but one response to my request, yet doubtless conflicting feelings have banished sleep from his pillow the whole night long ; my hardest trials are yet to come — to part with such a parent ; and with her, the fair and fond maiden whom I love, and to whom my troth is pledged. But here comes some one else. *(Enter Adkins.)*—Good morning, cousin Samuel — are you prepared to start with me in this good cause ?

Adkins.—Well, no, Nathan, I do not think I am. Why shall I fight against my king ? We have enough to eat, and to wear — houses good, and farms — are we not now happy enough ? our king is as good a king as I want.

Hale.—To be sure *now* we have all these comforts of which you speak — but *how long* shall we have them, is the question. If the king would not disturb us in them, I would be ready to resist, not aid rebellion to his authority. Look at the measures which he has urged for now a quarter of a century. Carried out, they

would make slaves of us. Hear him calling for taxes we had no hand in voting ; see him enforcing the call with bullets and bayonets, when we made bold to remonstrate at the foot of his throne. England, Scotland, and Ireland are represented in Parliament — but *we*, bone of the English bone, are shut out — Parliament makes our laws, and votes away our property without a check — yes, to save its own purse, it may vote away these very houses and lands of which you just now boast, and leave us beggars — nay, slaves.

Adkins.—O ! well, it has not done *that* yet ; when it does, it will be time enough then to resist.

Hale.—But it has already *begun* — look at the tax on every drawing of tea, and on every sheet of paper, that hated stamp act — tell me what is all this, but voting away our property without our consent ; and if it would take *one* dollar thus, then why not *every* dollar ?

Adkins.—O ! well, we won't be scared before we are hurt ; *wait* till something worse is done, and then it may be I will rebel. I have no notion to risk being shot without good cause.

Hale.—*Wait ? waiting is ruin !* would you say to your brother, wait till the lion has his paw upon your throat, and then seize your rifle — wait till some savage foe has bound you hand and foot, and then defend yourself ? Why then tell us to wait till our task masters have bound us, and made us unable to resist ? Resistance now is in our power — made now it will save us — but delay will only rivet heavier fetters on us ; a licentious soldiery will live upon us, and feed at our tables, while they rifle our pockets — we must resist now — or never. Now let a valiant blow be struck by her every son, and America is free.

Adkins.—Well, it is a fact, there is something in what you say — but you know that to jump out of the pan into the fire, is a very poor trick. As colonies, we have now the king's protection ; standing alone, France and her Indian helpers will overwhelm us with ruin.

Hale.—The king's protection ! that is rich ! we can lose all he ever did for us, and not lose much. If he would he might befriend us greatly, but he will not. It was the king's authority that drove our Pilgrim sires from their homes, nor did he aid them in their perils till the hope arose that they would yield a *revenue*. In the French war of '56 — England's own quarrel, not our own — when that *torrent* of French and Indians swept over us from Canada, who

then helped us stem the flood ? Did the king ? *No !* — he sent just troops enough from home to see ours do the fighting, and bear away the glory our own valor won. Talk not of kings' aid — so far we have done without it, and still can.

Adkins.—O well, Nathan, let that go : but we cannot do anything. This little bonfire of rebellion Britain will put out in a year at most — will hang the leaders, and let off the rest, perhaps, if they beg for life. Do you take my advice — keep quiet in your school, and don't be anxious to grace the gallows.

Hale.—I quiet ! *I cannot*, and will not be, when I hear my brethren battling for the freedom which I love, and count not dear at any cost. *My* personal welfare is as nothing when the great question is—shall the future millions of this wide land be slaves or freemen ?

Adkins.—I tell you now, you are all out of your reckoning ; listen to me, and you will see you are. If you lose, as no doubt you will, in this affair, you will be stigmatized as rebels—as rebels be hunted, killed, shot down, or hung—in history you will go down as rebels, and that very posterity, the object of so much regard with you now, will laugh at you as zealots, hot headed and crack-brained for freedom. But grant you gain all of which you dream, you will then but have your labor for your pains, and no more. Having spent the prime of life, and wasted your best strength, you will come out from the contest yourself, a man broken in health and fortune, while your countrymen, reaping the profits of your pains and toils and wounds, will forget your sufferings and yourself, and will leave you to wend a weary pathway to an unmarked grave.

Hale.—Some children, it is true, forget the parental sustainers of their youth, and provide not for the wants of their waning age. So, no doubt, many will forget us—but all will not. Some there will be, many brave men, high-minded men themselves, who never can forget those brave patriots at whose hands they shall have themselves received the rich legacy of freedom. The esteem of such, I covet ; it is worth ambition's struggle—but mere fame, the empty breath of adulation, I do loathe, and most when it comes from those selfish cowards, who only give praise as they get profit. But I have other motives—the course I have resolved upon is the course of *duty*, duty to God, to my country, to the world—and whether those benefitted shall ever know their obligation, and knowing it, shall love my memory or not, I shall have done my part, and shall lie down pleasantly to sleep in the grave, not having lived in vain.

Adkins.—This all sounds well; but you are on the wrong side, and cannot succeed. If you are bent on *fighting*, take sides with your sovereign—then will you gain the day—then promotion is your's and a pension. But this wild-goose chase of freedom will, if you fail, bury you in disgrace; and even if you win, will bring you in only a life-income of poverty and neglect. [*Exit Adkins.*]

Hale.—A fig for such time serving notions! With some men honor, wealth, applause, are every thing, their inner and their outer world. For these they live—than the puff of noisy breath they know no other motive. But I would rather *die* for freedom, battling in the last trench, than *live* to bask in the richest gifts of tyrants. No, give me liberty, to serve my God, to act the man, with a conscience unstained; and crouching slaves are welcome to gilded robes, high titles, full-handed wealth, and every badge of royal favor, which glitter only to hide from them their real degradation. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Deacon Hale.—Conflicting feelings rack my mind; within my bosom the parent and the patriot strive to sway the vacillating will. I would save my country, but I would also save my son. The anticipated support of my declining life, how can I spare him? Still the nation must be rescued from bondage, and rescued by some sons who must leave home and loving friends to brave war's risks and hardships; and if some sons, why not mine? Do I love him dearly?—but so do other fathers love their sons. Have I looked to lean on him when infirm with age? other fathers have done the same. Let all, because they love their sons, or need their aid at home, refuse them to the country, and who will go? Then I give up my noble boy—the self denying pattern I will set, and lay my son—my Isaac—on my country's altar. (*Enter Hale.*) Ah! there comes my child.

Hale.—My dear father, are you well this morning?

Deacon H.—Pretty well, for my years—though I have had but broken slumbers through the night.

Hale.—I was afraid my proposed movement would wear upon you, and drive repose from your pillow.

Deacon H.—It does trouble me—you know to ask an aged man, who has passed the autumn and entered the winter of years, to give up the son on whom he looked to lean, is no small demand.

I hesitate not because I love my country little, but because I love you much, and much need you here. Nature in her fond weakness will be heard; for while mine is a patriot's bosom, 'tis also an old father's.

Hale.—Best of fathers, what a delight it would be to fulfil your cherished hopes, to make return for the long care of youth and childhood! No gains of wealth, or honor, or pleasure, could lure me away from you—naught but the sacred cause of country tempt me hence.

Deac. H.—Much as I need you, my son, I am well aware that your country needs you more; for this cause with a melting, but whole heart, I bid you go and serve her. Serve her without stint of body or of mind; dear as you are to me I give you all up, till the oppressor's yoke is broken, and we are free; through all dangers may God keep you. Yes, my son, go, and bear the blessing of a father, who would, if strong enough, go with you—and who at home will ever pray the great God for your success, and for your country's.

Hale.—Would there were many such to invoke His aid from whom alone success can come!

Deac. H.—Yes, there our confidence must be placed; if by divine aid our point we gain, a nation will arise here prosperous, free, and happy, amid the sunshine of that lawful liberty of which the world has never tasted. But if we fail, then hope's last ray for centuries departs—perhaps forever.

Hale.—Father, my lot is hard—scarcely, now you have consented, can I bear to leave you; would that I could remain to enjoy your counsels and example ever!

Deac. H.—So, too, would I—but the private wish must yield to public good. Urgently your country calls, and every true son should speed to her aid; therefore tarry no longer, but hasten to the spot of strife; enter the ranks of freedom for the entire war; pay or no pay, for the entire war. There be strong, and show thyself a man—before the tyrant cowering never. Think you I love war? no, my son—it is the curse most awful that comes on men; but come it sometimes must in self defence, and such a time is now. Our firesides are invaded, and the invader must be driven back. As with imprisonment and death society doth punish the single handed disturber of its peace, or slayer of its citizens; so, when bloody foes band against a whole nation, such nation may, and

faithful to itself, it must, withstand these foes, with arms and war. Go then, strong in the justice of your cause, and bear you this my old and trusty sword. Twenty years ago it served the colonies against the French and their savage allies in your father's hand; never, while mine, was it drawn in a bad cause,—may it never be while yours!

Hale.—To wield it bravely, as worthily as my father did, shall be my constant effort—it will be my hope to bring it back covered with double glory, having in your hand helped to free this land from savage butchery, and in mine from the cruelty of an unnatural mother country.

Deac. H.—One word more, my son: I would have had you followed out your own desire, and have proclaimed to men the gospel of the Prince of Peace; but for the present, at least, this privilege is denied you. Still go where you may, in no place; and at no time forget—neither in camp nor counsel, nor in the din of battle, nor in moments of repose—forget not you are a christian. Be not a coward, but be not a boaster; be not too tender to do your duty, but be not cruel; use the sword as of necessity, and not of choice. As a soldier, temptations will assail you new and strong; pleasure, passion, ambition, malice, will at once beset; therefore, in the fore front, bear your christian principles, against which, as on some stout shield, each arrow of temptation shall strike vainly.

Hale.—Thanks for such fitting, paternal, christian counsels; I will bind them to my heart—and strive to honor them and thee.

Deac. H.—Come, now for the last time we will break bread together at our morning meal. Then having bid the rest farewell, you shall resume your journey. Good old Cato wishes to bear you company, and I consent.

Hale.—One moment, father, and I will be with you. Lo she approaches with whom, a short time, I fain would be alone!

Deac. H.—Ah, Alice! [*observing her as she approaches,*] she to whom your hand is pledged! My blessing on you both!—Son, I leave you, but see you bring her with you to our morning meal.

[*Deacon Hale retires, and Alice slowly advances.*]

Hale.—Good morrow to thee, Alice—'tis sweet again to see you, though, if I could, I would have spared myself with you the pang of a new parting—storing in my heart those fond words with which last we bid adieu, and bearing with me the memento I then stole from your flowing locks, as like most young lovers, we sat gilding our bark together for the sea of life.

Alice.—Gild our bark as we will, Nathan, it is destined, I fear, for a stormy sea. I know all—you leave us for war—a war to which no one can see an end—leave home, kindred, and myself, for a struggle which is so dark, so uncertain, that, in spite of all I can do, it seems to me as if I should never see you more. Hard indeed it is, that now, just when you have begun life so fair, and when I have learned to love you as my own, you should be called off to the fierce scenes of battle, and I be left to mourn not only your absence, but perhaps your untimely loss. Yes, fortify my mind as I may, there will come to it visions of bloody steel, and death-winged bullets, and of my Nathan ever foremost in the fight, lying perhaps amid a heap of the slain, or perhaps dying desolate and alone on some errand of danger.

Hale.—Nay, nay, Alice, I shall be back, I fondly trust, to redeem the pledge I have given you of my deep and lasting love, and to start our little bark happily together on the sea of life. Think how quiet and beautiful this sea will be, when the sons of liberty, who are now leaping to their arms all over the land, shall have driven from its bosom all the pirate ships of King George—that tyrant who after in vain attempting to wrest from us our property, is now striving to take from us our lives! Think how fairly the breezes will blow for us when they come loaded with the air of independence! Think how sweetly the sun will shine for us when its light is reflected from sea and shore, mountain and valley, rock and river, that are everywhere vocal with the songs of freedom! The dangers of battle—I know, my dear girl, they exist—but God blesses a just cause, and gives strength to the patriot's arm, and covers him often with the ægis of safety, and will, I trust, protect and save me in all the dangers I may have to encounter—will save me to breathe awhile the loved air of that freedom for which I now go to strive—will save me for my country, that I may live for her *peaceful* service after the war bugle is no longer heard—will save me for *you*, that the young bud of our affection may become the rich and perfect flower—though had I a thousand hopes like these, I would give them all, all up to save my bleeding country from its present bondage.

Alice.—O Nathan, these sentiments are worthy of you—so noble, so patriotic! Would that every man in this land, and woman too, felt and exulted in them as you do! Then indeed would victory soon perch upon our banners—we should be soon gloriously free. Think not I come to blame your choice—no, I would not fill your ear with one womanly repining. I know the cause in which you

engage is the great, the holy cause of liberty. It is your country that calls you, and heaven forbid that I should lure or warn you back — but —

Hale.—But I am a woman, you would say, and have nourished hopes on which war throws a cloud — have looked to love and wedded life, and Nathan by my side, and Nathan side by side with fortune too. For these you have now the pang of parting, and sights and sounds in prospect of blood and carnage, and in their midst — myself. Think not longer, loved one, of these things. Think I shall be back again, to love and bless you. Think how, when absent, I shall wear you in my heart, next to my country the jewel that most I prize — a jewel whose sparkling shall light my steps even amid the darkness and dangers of the battle field. Think of the good fame, the love and gratitude, the life of honor and reward, which await the patriot soldier, and love me as such a soldier. And Alice, tire not in your love, as well you know I never shall. Not absence, not your destiny unheard, not charm of fame, not cloud of ill repute, not youth, beauty or tenderness in others, will ever succeed to tear your image from my bosom.

Alice.—Nor thine from mine, dear Nathan. I pledged you my hand when everything was fair and smiling in our prospects. We have been looking forward to a speedy and prosperous union. These prospects are now darkened — this union is now put off, delayed, perhaps forever. But my pledge is given, and shall never be recalled. Think it not a light bubble, to be blown away and dissolved by the first breath of adversity. No, the love I bear you, Nathan, is undying — and wherever you go, whatever your fate, it will follow you, and only you. Would that it could go with you with mystic power to guard your life, and like a fairy spell turn harmless from your breast each bolt of war!

Hale.—Fond, trustful, inspiring! This is as I would have thee, Alice. It is thus that I would think of thee when I pace the tented field — when through the night, from camp to camp,

“The hum of either army stilly sounds,
And the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.”

It is with the thought of thee thus, following me with your love, and fondly and proudly waiting my return, that I would stir my soul, and nerve my hand in the dark hours of fight. But come, let us in — my father waits us for the morning meal, where we will all break bread together. This done, I must take my last farewell, and speed upon my journey. [*They retire arm in arm.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Washington and Knowlton.

Washington.—My brave Knowlton, how fortune has changed her smiles to frowns! Besides most valued officers, this defeat has cost twelve hundred men!—tremendous loss! I know not how to spare them—and more than the immediate loss, I fear it will greatly damp the half-kindled resolutions of the people. However, let us avert our eyes from this darker side; the strife shall not be given up; we have crossed this river in safety, and can retreat much farther should occasion call.

Knowlton.—Dear General, that is true; but at times all sides seem dark—look on these troops, half-starved, half-naked, unpaid—daily their discontent increasing. Look, too, how many citizens accept the offered pardon of the King; my hope would pine, my courage wither, and heart fail from fear, but for the thought why they are in the field.

Washington.—Right, right, the cause which incites their bosoms is often all that cheers me; I think it cannot be that these men, goaded by a sense of wrong, and burning to be free, can be put down by any human power.

Knowlton.—So think I—and though for a time clouds bedim our sun of hope, brighter days may come. Dear General, while you lead it shall be mine to follow—and while life is ours we will never sheath our blades till victory crowns the struggle.

Washington.—I join you in your resolution, and may our countrymen be with us in it; for we have power ample to shiver this foreign yoke to atoms. Let the nation be roused lion-like from its repose to its own defence, and not all England, nay, not all Europe joined could bind her down in vassalage. Besides, we've been wronged too deeply—spurned too basely; never will heaven bestow its smiles on those who trample into dust the laws of justice by itself set up. But now the present need claims attention; Long Island is in our foes' possession; where their next descent will be cannot be told—their plans are all unknown. The call for information is imperative, and but one path lies open for obtaining it—this I dread more than all things else in war—it is to send a spy.

Knowlton.—A hazardous resort indeed, but of late it has to me seemed unavoidable.

Washington.—'Tis my sole alternative—some one must go! can you tell me who will?

Knowlton.—Yes, *I* will—send me, I am at your command.

Washington.—No, you I cannot spare; your regiment may have hard work to-morrow. Can you not name another?

Knowlton.—In my company, for special service picked, there is a man, wise above his years—a patriot, and one who fears God; let his country call and he will stop at nothing. He is the very soul of valor; his name is Hale, a favorite of all the soldiers.

Washington.—Hale? And no less a favorite of mine. Right well know I his priceless worth, having long watched him with interest. Connecticut may well count him among the *best* of her many noble sons, who at this trying hour shed back a glorious lustre on their native soil. But it will be a dreadful risk to send him——however, do you learn his feelings, and with all despatch inform me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Hale.

Hale.—When shall these heavy sorrows of the land of my birth have an end? When shall her brave sons' blood cease flowing—when her daughters' tears! When shall smiling Peace, driven away by an unkind parent, come back again to perch upon her shores! Alas! my country; thy sky is overcast with many a cloud. Yet yield not—hope still for brighter days—thy sufferings will not, I hope, forever be thy children's theme—the *time will come* when they shall sing with the big hearts of freemen Columbia's song, hailing with joy, from year to year, the first dawn of thy returning birth day! And if *this* may be—no matter what the present costs; well were spent ten thousand lives to purchase such a boon as Liberty! (Enter Knowlton.)

Knowlton.—Good morning, my dear Hale; I hope *your* heart faints not in this dark hour.

Hale.—Dark it is, indeed, and my heart saddened by these late reverses—still my hope is *strong*; may something soon be done which shall cheer our failing spirits!

Knowlton.—There is a scheme on foot already, which to carry out I've called to ask your aid.

Hale.—Is there? well, let me know it; I love to bear a hand in any thing that promises well.

Knowlton.—The relative position of each army is well known to you: our little handful stand in a crisis of extreme peril. There are the hostile troops by thousands, and there the fleet ready to co-operate; ruin will o’ertake us, unless we either retreat farther yet—or some blow be struck, which shall change the face of war. If possible, some *information* as to the future plans of our foe must be obtained. To effect it, only two ways offer—we must learn from their deserters, or else run the painful risk of sending ourselves an emissary. Well, of the first there is no likelihood—many desert from us to them—craven souls—but none from them to us—the second is the sad and sole alternative.

Hale.—I understand you; you wish that as a spy, I should inspect the enemy’s camp.

Knowlton.—Just so; it will be an undertaking of great peril—the chance of failure is at least an even one; and if you fail, you die. But be assured no reward within the General’s gift will be withheld from you if you succeed.

Hale.—Speak not my Colonel, of rewards—these may move the base mind, but I have a nobler, larger motive—if love for my country will not move me, *nothing* will. Yet I do shudder at the disgrace—a spy—a halter—a gallows—’tis a fate dreadful to the soldier! I could lose life or limb in open battle freely; but to be hung like a dog, to wear a shroud of ignominy—to fill a grave of which the tombstone is dishonor—who, who can bear it?

Knowlton.—Yes, the character and death of a spy well may be repugnant to the soldier. Still *our* actions take their hue from our cause; what in our foes would be disgrace, with us would be true honor. Spurred by ambition they have begun the conflict, but through our bosoms burns the love of country. They fight for oppression, we for liberty—they would make us slaves, we would make ourselves freemen, and set a glorious example to the world.

Hale.—’Tis a sore case truly—but give me time to weigh the matter well.

Knowlton.—Well then, I leave you; for yourself decide, and let me hear your answer. [Exit.

Hale alone.—And now, erring and short-sighted as I am, guide me the unerring God, who from the outset can discern the issue! Dread of dishonor, affection’s bonds—these counsel me to decline this office. But here is a nation bleeding—groaning—perishing; *her* claims cannot yield. But then suppose this war should fail—

myself a rebel—what could I do for suffering friends? Perhaps on this point hinges our whole contest!—At the worst, should I fall, will they for whom I fall forget my memory—or hold me in disgrace, when that disgrace I risk for *them*? Or will my comrades leave my then friendless friends to biting penury? Nay, let me not for a moment think it of them—to the strong claims of gratitude such brave men cannot be deaf—nor can their sons, unless they shamefully degenerate from noble sires. —It comes to this: my own dear land, in time of fearful need, calls for the risk, perhaps the loss of life—yes, the *disgraceful* loss, to save her. Shall she ask in vain? No! though grisly death, with hundred perils, block up the path; though the murky mists of ignominy enwrap the way—I'll enter it, if *she* but plead! Begone all thoughts and hopes beside—come life, come death—come failure or success, I'll go—God is my trust. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Washington sitting at a table.

Washington.—How awfully important, yet welcome is my position! Immense responsibility! Interests beyond all computation hang on every passing day and hour. Future ages—uncounted millions yet to live depend on *me* for happiness or misery: upon me are cast all eyes—my fellow patriots, my country, wives, mothers, sinewy youths, gray-haired men and children, eager with interest watch my every motion. If by my faithlessness the cause of freedom fail, the present and future will join hands to overwhelm me with reproach, and an unresting conscience with sharper stings will never cease to goad my soul. 'Tis the great crisis for this land—shall it stand, or shall it fall—this will ere long be forever settled. If we succeed—then rise, O race of men! Sunken now far down below the station God designed you for, rise from your degradation—assert your rights, your birthrights—cultivate and use your noble powers. Broad land—mighty land! rouse up in thy full strength, and rend off this slavish yoke! to thyself be faithful! Already can I see floating o'er valiant men, and over rich stored ships issuing from wealthy ports, thy noble flag; and o'er the early days of happy youth I see science, virtue and religion shedding their joyous lustre. These all are fruits of freedom, and will be lost or won by *me*. May the Almighty arm uphold me! [Enter Knowlton.] Ah, Col. Knowlton! Pray what is your report?

Knowlton.—Sir, on leaving you I stated your proposal to several who rejected it—the dark disgrace they could not hazard. Then I went direct to Hale, told him the scheme; showed him our great need, at the same time owning frankly the peril to himself. In reply, he said all that he feared was the *disgrace*: but hard as the case was, he would take time for thought, on which request alone I left him.

Washington.—Then you have not brought his final answer.

Knowlton.—O yes! for I had not more than reached my quarters when he followed me; and ere he spoke a word, on his own placid brow, and in his firm step, I could read the brave decision.

Washington.—What! has he then consented?

Knowlton.—*He has*, sir, and now waits his orders. But what a sight it is! To behold a man thus on his country's altar offer up himself—the young, the wise, the brave! He is a rich jewel, and lost I know not who can his worth restore.

Washington.—Oh! so too think I. And were there ought I could resort to else, gladly would I give up this plan—too well I love my officers to throw away, or even risk their lives; but there's no alternative. However, I will myself repair to his quarters, and try to settle it with him as reason best may dictate. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Hale.

Hale.—How heavy the time hangs! how slowly doth it move! Each moment seems a day! For since the die is thrown, and go I must, would my departure were this instant! My nerves are all full strung—my mind excited works at its hardest. I cannot read, nor write, nor sleep, nor sit—but would begone, and have the horrid peril over. Hark! there's a step—Knowlton, I hope, bringing my errand.

Enter Washington.

Hale continues.—Washington! my General! what has brought him here!

Washington.—My dear Captain Hale, I am at once glad and grieved to see you.

Hale.—Beloved General, the pleasure of your visit I had not expected. The joy this condescension gives I cannot express.

Washington.—My young compatriot, say not so. Were you embarking on some enterprise full of peril, would you not look for your father to come and bid you farewell?

Hale.—True, sir, I would expect *him*; but then *you* are so o'erburdened with a thousand cares.

Washington.—Still you must know my officers and soldiers are to me like sons and brothers; they are partners of my fortune, sharers of my toils, members of my family—as such, their loss awakes my grief—our country, our cause, our aims, our hearts, all *one*; they are not my servants, but friends and helpers. With these my true feelings towards them all, and you especially, I could not without an interview let you set out on such a path of danger.

Hale.—Dear General, yours has been a father's kindness to me ever; and my heart almost breaks to think I may never experience it again; however, *duty* now calls—delay may prove our injury. I wait your directions.

Washington.—To make my designs and wishes known to you was my purpose when I came. But now I see the peril is so great, I cannot meet it—for the present let us defer the scheme, perhaps relinquish it.

Hale.—Oh, sir, do not speak thus! I am convinced my duty is to go—to go I'm now prepared, with God the issue trusting. What think you? Shall men whose heads are whitened by the winter of age, shall mothers clasping their infants, helpless children, and chaste, timid maidens, all join their supplications against this cruel enemy, and I stand mute, terrified by danger of a shameful death? No, sir: give me now your wishes, and let me start immediately.

Washington.—Still I hesitate: were you not thus firmly bent, I would not dispatch you. But now take these directions, (*gives him a paper,*) which accomplished, delay not to return.

Hale.—If possible, all shall be done.

Washington.—And now, farewell; two days hence I hope to see you, and till then, shall pray that God will keep you.

Hale.—Beloved Commander, till we meet again in this world, or a better, adieu!
(*Exit Washington.*)

Those who know him, alone can feel how hard it is to part from

such a man. Now all is ready. (*Goes to the door and calls,*) Cato!
(*Cato enters.*) Come here.

Cato.—Why, massa Nathan, what makes you look so sorry?
What is de matter?

Hale.—Well, Cato, I am going away for a day or two; but hope
to come back soon.

Cato.—I 'fraid dere sumfin wrong; now jess tell me where you
goin', massa; tink you cant trust ole Cato, what took care ob you
eber since you was a little bit o' boy, eh?

Hale.—I know you too well not to trust you. I am going to
Long Island.

Cato.—O now, massa, you aint; what, goin' among dem are old
red coats?

Hale.—Yes, I must find out what they mean to do.

Cato.—Well, I tink we know all 'bout dat soon enuff; needn't
ax 'em.

Hale.—You see I am to go as a spy to their camp.

Cato.—Wery easy ting to see you go; only wish I could see you
comin' back — 'fraid I neber shall.

Hale.—So am I — but there is no help for it, and you would not
like me to be a coward.

Cato.—Well den, if you mus' go, let me go too; dey shant hurt
you till they hab fust kill me.

Hale.—I wish you could, but it cannot be; you will certainly be
known, and then I shall be found out.

Cato.—O dear, yes, poor ole nigger carry black skin tellin' where
he come from; red coats all white folks — glad no nigger de grace
heself to be one ob 'em.

Hale.—But though you can't go there, you can stay here and
fight for your country — it is your country as well as mine.

Cato.—O massa, if I could go wid you though; I so 'fraid you
get hurt, and nobody to take care ob you. I do anyting for you,
massa Nathan — lay down my poor ole black life for you any time.
But if I cant go along wid you, den I can't; so may you hab a long
life an neber see de day ob your deff.

Hale.—Thank you, my dear old Cato, yours is true love; now
give me my cloak and hat.

Cato.—Bery much afraid dis de last time (*brushing the cloak,*)
I eber brush you agin; (*wipes his eyes with his sleeve,*) wish I could
go to de barn and cry. (*Puts on the cloak wrong side out.*)

Hale.—Stop, good Cato, you put my cloak on wrong.

Cato.—Why, massa, so I hab; my eyes so full ob big hot tears I couldn't see. (*Puts it on right.*)

Hale.—That will do; (*brushes a tear from his eye,*) good bye, old Cato; perhaps we never shall meet here again; but remember my dear old father—and meet me at last in that good place, Heaven. Good bye.

Cato.—No, I can't say good bye yet!—jess let me go a little ways and then come back agin.

Hale.—Well, that you may 'do—come, I must start; follow on quick. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

British Camp.—*Enter General Howe and Aid-de-Camp.*

Gen. Howe.—A battle has been won, at length—hard fought indeed, but won—and this clownish rebellion, led on by tailors, cobblers, tinkers, and plough-boys, is called a war for freedom!

Aid.—Poor scamps! how they did run! A few more routs like this, will send them all limping to their homes, no more to growl and dream of freedom, but to pay up their taxes in obedience to their king. I have no idea that colonies planted by our hand and cherished by our care, should refuse to pay for the protection we afford them; they should pay largely, perhaps all, for the support of our home government.

Howe.—True, they should and shall—but yet, without great outlay of money and men, they will not soon be subdued; those stern New Englanders are like the rocks and hills they live upon, invincible; their spirits will not break, nor even bend.

Aid.—Not till a halter break their necks.

Howe.—The rebel leader Washington has shown himself no despicable foe. Against myself, I am constrained to admire the man; he is fearless, skilful, prudent, worthy of a nobler enterprise.

Aid.—To be candid, I have little admiration for any of them, and still less mercy.

Enter Dennis, running.

Dennis.—Gineral Howe! Gineral Howe! Where is Gineral Howe?

Howe.—Why, stop, man—why, Dennis, what is the trouble?

Dennis.—Och, yer riverance, there's been a dale of throuble this blessed day!

Howe.—Well, what is it ?

Dennis.—Why, ye see, yer honor, there's been the ould boy to play.

Howe.—Just let me know then the disturbance.

Dennis.—Yer honor, and isn't that jist what I come for ? It was a disturbance indade.

Howe.—Come, have done with this, and tell me what you mean

Dennis.—Would ye be after knowin' what I mane—well this is what I mane ; I mane to be brief, yer honor.

Howe.—Hurry on then, and be brief.

Dennis.—Hurry ! and did I not come runnin' in such a hurry I cannot spake a single word !

Howe.—Do make your long story short—be brief, man.

Dennis.—Well thin, yer honor, to be brief and spady—I was talking with ould Pat, my croney—

Howe.—Stop this palaver, and tell me what is the matter.

Dennis.—O Sir, there's matter enough—well, I was talking with ould Pat—he's as dacent a lad as yer honor ever set yer sweet eyes on, indade he is.

Howe.—Confound the fellow ! why does he not go on ?

Dennis.—An sure, it's because ye wont permit me, jist.

Aid.—General, nothing will be gained by interrupting him.

Howe.—Well, come now, go on as fast as you can.

Dennis.—Saint Patrick ! ye have well nigh petrified me from the crown of my foot to the sole of my head ; but niver mind, I was talking with ould Pat 'bout swate Erin, the hills and the swate-hearts, and above all, the praties, when up came the marshal in a furious haste, an' says he, run to the Gineral, an' tell him, says he, a man has been taken wi' papers and all the weapons of war for writin' with ; says he, he's a very auspicious lookin' man ; and, says he, I believe it's one of them ribils come as a spy.

Howe.—What ! so daring, and so soon ! he shall have a most attentive reception from me. I'll teach his fellow outlaws a lesson not soon to be forgotten. (*Speaking to his Aid,*) Let me see him forthwith in the guard room. [*Exit Howe.*]

Dennis.—Gineral, jist step this way, I'll show the ribil to ye.

[*Ezeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Howe.—Yes, through this man's fate I must strike terror into his rebellious friends ! and besides, I'll watch how freedom

will sustain her champion when death in its most awful form impends.

Enter Marshal, Hale, and Dennis.

Marshal.—Here comes your man, sir—Captain Freedom, sir—he has achieved his independence! He's a right shy fellow—came near slipping through our fingers; but he's safe now.

Howe, aside.—Cool and unruffled! and at such a moment, too! A man of real courage, or else an apt dissembler—however, I will test that.

Marshal.—These, sir, are the papers found on him, showing what he is and why he's here.

Dennis.—Yes, yer honor, them's the weapons of war, I was spakin' about to ye.

Howe.—Young man, you are in unfriendly hands—the papers prove beyond all doubt your character and plans. What can you say in your defence?

Hale.—My defence, sir, I had rather make before the Court Martial. (*Said modestly.*)

Howe.—Pert sir, here is your only court-martial; say what you would say speedily.

Hale.—Since there's no longer need of secrecy, away with all disguise! Here let me stand in my true character: my name is Hale, a captain in the American army.

Marshal.—Rebel gang! a cowardly, cruel pack! I know all about them—they were so bad I deserted 'em.

Dennis, aside.—O, what bloody villains they be, if our wicked ould Marshal couldn't abide with 'em.

Hale.—Under a sense of duty, I forsook home to do battle for my wronged country—urged by duty again, I came hither to inspect your camp, and when well nigh home, I was accidentally found out, and am now your powerless prisoner.

Howe.—You speak your feelings very boldly.

Hale.—I know no reason now for checking them.

Howe.—Know you not your life is in my power?

Hale.—Fully.

Howe.—Well, sir, do you not fear?

Hale.—I fear no one but the great God.

Dennis, aside.—By my soul, that's nate now. Surp this man was niver meant to be hung.

Howe.—But do you know a spy's fate?

Hale.—I do.

Howe, aside.—Strange being! can he be sound of mind? (*To Hale.*)—Has this fate no terrors for you?

Hale.—If it please Heaven that *thus* I serve my country — no terrors, none.

Howe, aside.—Wonderful man! this can't be boasting in him; and if true valor, its like I never saw before. (*To Hale.*)—If you have any excuse, now is your opportunity to offer it.

Hale.—I have none — none do I wish to have; I have risked life, and shall lose it for my country, for mankind. Had I another life I would peril it in the same cause. To say more were idle; deeply do I feel that this land will triumph in the end. As to the cause 'twixt you and me, posterity will judge; to its bar I appeal, and to the page of candid history, where this day's doings are inscribed. And lastly, I appeal to that great day when both shall meet the just decision of the King of kings. Let it *then* be told which was the *friend*, and which the *enemy* of man.

Howe, aside.—Can one so noble be a misguided rebel? (*To Hale.*)—I pity you; but the inexorable code of war——

Hale.—Nay, do not pity me: *you* need *my* pity, and you have it; you are doing cruel butchery upon a people who only seek their natural rights. They would be free, you would enslave them; like another Herod, you would crush freedom in its cradle. Sir, at some coming time, you'll see and mourn your errors, and need more my pity then, than I now need yours.

Howe.—I could preserve your life! Return to your allegiance; perhaps you may be pardoned yet.

Hale.—“Perhaps pardoned!” Insult me not, sir, with such proposal. Were pardon *sure*, I'd rather die ten times the worst of deaths, than save my life an hour upon the terms you offer.

Howe.—Well, Marshal, take back the prisoner to his confinement, and wait on me for orders after sunset. [*Exit Howe.*]

Marshal.—Come along, Captain Liberty! You shall have half of my quarters. [*Exit with Hale.*]

Dennis.—O my soul, what a nate young man that is! how I'd like to see him get away! indade, if I could (*looks around,*) I'd let him go in a jiffy, I would. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Dennis.—O dare me! I can't think of anything but this young gentleman, the live long time. When we put him in prison, and the marshal went away for a chain, he was after spakin' very kind to me, and tould me how the poor people of Ameriky suffered, and are called rebels, and all jist bekase they won't pay taxes to the ould British nobles; an' when he tould about the poor soldiers and their bare feet, and great sufferins, it brought the tares down my ould cheeks; an' putting the chain on him most made my ould Irish heart break intirely, it did; niver a blink o' sleep shall I get this dridful night. (*Enter Marshal.*) Och! here comes the cruel ould Marshal.

Marshal.—Hallo! Dennis, I have just called on my friend, the rebel; he is an odd fellow—got no more feeling than a stone; first I thought may be he was trying to show his grit, but it didn't make any odds when I went again and told him the General's orders that he must be *hung* at sunrise, and that I meant to do it; he wouldn't flinch one bit—all he did was to put on a long face and kneel down awhile, and then laid down and is asleep. I aint sure whether he is not a born fool—such a stupid fellow!

Dennis.—O my! did ye say he is to be hung to-morrow?

Marshal.—Yes, to-morrow at sunrise, if I've got anything to say about it. Why what ails you?

Dennis.—Well, I feel sorry for him—here he is surrounded by his inimies, and niver one single friend; faith, it's a very hard lot, Mr. Marshal, for the poor man.

Marshal.—Poh! you're an old Irish fool! sorry for him, that's a fine story, now; well, so am I sorry, sorry he wasn't hung long ago. Why his neck *ought* to be stretched—he is a rebel.

Dennis.—Well, he's a right nate man, let me tell ye, if he is a rebel; he fights for his home and his ould father, as I would for mine. Yes, (*aside,*) and he didn't sneak away and lave them, as this ould 'riffgee' marshal did.

Marshal.—O I wish I had a good lot more of these mean, stubborn Yankees, I'd take care of their homes, and them too; I've no pity for any of them. But this fellow vexes me; he takes it so cool, he makes me mad; he can't be worried anyhow. I don't

know what stuff he's made out of—why, I want him to be in agony, to see him beg for life—down on his knees and beg and cry to me to pity him. O how I'd like to have him on the rack, and stretch him till his old proud heart bends, or else breaks.

Dennis, (aside.)—O the cruel ould villin—sure an' he'll niver see him do that. (*To the Marshal.*)—Well, but what did he say when ye tould him all that's comin' in the mornin'?

Marshal.—O, he asked me to bring him a Bible, and send a minister—he's one of these minister folks—but I won't do it; I won't take the one, nor send the other—I'll be his priest myself.

Dennis, (aside.)—O the wicked wretch—Praste, yer a praste of the ould divil, ye are, an' jist like yer miserable 'masthur.'

Marshal.—And then he asked if I wouldn't send this letter for him—but let me see it first. (*Opens and reads,*) "Dear General, I have failed of my aim—had well nigh crossed the line when seized—am not appalled at death, so near—I fear it not—the gallows of one who would free his country, is more honorable, though he be called a rebel, than the golden throne of a tyrant, though *he* be called a king. As I have lived, so do I die, a rebel against all tyrants. O that I had another life to serve you and my country with! Tell my friends, fear not, fail not, fight on, win or die!" Thunder! that's too bad—he don't say one word about how I worry him; don't seem to care a fig for all I have done. Well, I'll spite him yet; they shan't get the letter, nohow; they shan't know they had a man that *could* die so brave. (*Tears the letter up.*)

Dennis, (aside.)—By the soul of me, that is too bad. May I be shot as dead as a stone, if I wouldn't up an' knock the ould scoundrel over, and bate him, the villin. (*To the Marshal.*)—Well thin, will ye let me take him a Bible, the poor young man?

Marshal.—No, you shan't go near him—you are too sorry for him now—Dennis, you have turned fool already—next thing you'll turn rebel too.

Dennis.—Well then let me ask the parson to go an' spake a bit of a word with him.

Marshal.—No, you shan't do that either—let him be alone—and get ready to die alone—if it will give him pain. Nobody shall see him till he's strung up at the end of a rope. I'll raise him high enough in the world, and give him all the freedom he'll care for, I warrant you. Good night, Dennis; sunrise, Dennis, remember—don't sleep too late, or you'll miss the sport. *Exit Marshal.*

Dennis.—Well, Mr. Marshal, ye're a cruel bloody unfeelin' stone-hearted ould savage; ye're a proper child of your father, the *devil*, so ye be. Ye ought to be hanged yourself, ye wretched bloody ould blarrigard ye. But O dear, how can I ever see this man on the gallows, and a rope 'round his fine throat! sure it would break my heart right open in my busom! dear, dear, what shall I do? (*walks about.*) By the powers the Marshal said I'd turn a ribil yet, and I've a right good mind to agree with him for once—(*looks round,*) stop a minit—let me see—I will, I will, I'll desart, so I will, and lave this wicked pack, and be gone to the American's in a twinklin. I'm lamintin' how I can't see the young man, and spake good bye to him, tellin' him how he has won me over to the ribils—but its no use; so I'll jist try my legs, an' be off for the camp of Liberty—and the king may go to Ballyraggit with his tyranny. Good bye Mr. Marshal, if ever ye catch Dennis O'Flaunagin here again, ye may hang him too; good bye, an' bad luck to ye, ye miserable bloody villainous unfeelin' ould wretch ye.

Exit.

SCENE II.

Washington present. Midnight.—O Providence! wise but unsearchable! Dark and strange thy dealings often seem to mortals whose weak eye cannot the future scan! Yesterday the mid-day sun of fortune shone full upon our arms—joyous tidings were borne on every breeze, and hope spread her fair wings as victory succeeded victory,—and soaring, perched upon the very topmost summit of our earnest wishings—a full and quick deliverance from foreign thralldom seemed just at hand. But now how changed are all things! Across that sun there came a cloud, and then another, and another yet, till the whole sky was overcast—and then the sun went down, and shadows gathered deep, and 'tis now night, black night. And here, as if to make the midnight darker still, one of my choicest officers is gone. Brave Hale! Worth of a nobler doom! Yet is not thy worth decreased, but rather magnified; it was thy worth alone which made thee risk this doom which made thee bare thy pure bosom to receive the blow aimed at thy country! [*Enter an officer.*] Here comes my officer—Colonel, are there any tidings more?

Officer.—The sad rumor is too true; he is gone . . and no hope of reprieve remains. He was the army's favorite: I could not have loved a brother more.

Washington.—Our friends we only value fully when they are gone forever. The noble Knowlton's heart has beat its last—and now his bosom friend, the darling Hale—soon will the radiance of this bright gem be hidden in the night of death. But yet he shall not die; no! in *your* heart he'll live; he will in *mine*; his fellow-soldiers will all love his memory; and in future time fathers will tell his virtues to their children, and bid them emulate him; and many a noble youth, reading his history, will feel his soul enkindle with a generous fire of patriotic love. He feared dishonor, but his name will never feel it; nay, the page that tells his country's history will borrow lustre from the record of his worth. And perhaps some monumental stone, raised by his loving countrymen in after time, will proudly lift its summit, gilded by the tale of his immortal virtues and untimely death. We cannot give him aid now in his hour of woe; him, therefore, let us imitate!

Officer.—I trust we ever shall, and feel ourselves spurred on to nobler efforts in the same good cause by his example. But, Sir, the sentinels have brought in a man from the British camp who longs to see you. As I entered he was at the door; I bade him wait till my return. Will you see him, Sir?

Washington.—If you think proper, bring him in, for during this sad night I cannot sleep. *[Exit officer.]*

Officer brings in Dennis.—This, Sir, is the man.

Dennis.—Sir, an' have I the honor of spakin' to Giniral Washington?

Washington.—That is my name.

Dennis, (aside).—St. Patrick! I thought I'd be plased with the man, but now I'm sure I shall!

Washington.—My good friend, what have you to say to me?

Dennis.—Why an' it plase yer honor, long life to ye; I'm a poor Irishman: I kim over the water to fight for the king—but yer riverance, indade they be so cruel in hanging that poor young man that has fell into their bloody hands, I can't abide with 'em any longer at all, at all; so ye see, yer honor, I jist took a mind to rin away and lave them, the unfeelin' villains.

Washington.—Well, you are welcome, friend: and may be you can give some information.

Dennis.—Arrah, Sir, would ye be afther infirmation? then's Dennis O'Flannigan jist the boy for ye; I know a dale about 'em, the British; besides a good dale more I don't know, plase yer honor.

Washington.—Then you mean to be a soldier of freedom, do you?

Dennis.—That's jist what I do, Sir, if yer honor will permit me.

Washington.—You are most welcome then; this gentleman will provide your quarters, and to-morrow let me see and question you. For the present we must prepare some last sad rites in honor of the lamented Hale. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Hale alone, sitting. Early dawn.

Hale, rising.—Well, for the last time I have laid down and sweetly slept, and wake refreshed; soon to lie down again, in the grave's cold bed, and sleep till all awake to sleep no more. 'Tis the last morning I shall spend below the skies. Eyes! look your last on this fair land, whose every mountain, dell and stream, whose every forest, rock, and shore, shares my warm love: death now will veil them from your view ere long! O my loved country! is it reality? or do I dream that I must leave thee? Thy freedom yet not won; thy foes so many and so strong; thy friends so few, and each one dying to thee a loss! Merely to die is nothing, for the firm confidence with which my soul hangs on that Saviour, at whose holy altar I once hoped myself to minister, removes all fear, and rather makes the summons welcome, as a call to brighter realms and higher joys; but the thought that I no more can help this bleeding land, nor prop its failing fortunes—this is my grief, my bitter grief. And then my aged father, how will he bear the tidings that his son has fallen! May the divine arm be underneath him! And she too, to whom my heart is pledged—her last words—with what a sweet and painful thrill they haunt my memory now—"if thou unfaithful prove, my hand and heart shall never be another's." I have been true; still I am hers, and she still mine; and through her life she ever will be mine, her lone heart the casket of its own pure grief. God! in thee may she a helper find! Thus country, father, and my Alice, from you all I part—thus—but there comes the sun, bringing the fatal hour, and lo the marshal and his troop! [*Enter marshal and soldiers.*]

Marshal.—Come now, Captain Freedom, the sun's getting up, and it's time for you to appear; all hands are ready and waiting for you.

Hale.—They shall soon be gratified, and you not delayed.

Marshal.—I wonder now, Captain, if you don't wish you'd staid at home, and not made us this visit ?

Hale.—No, I am glad I came ; though I regret the issue.

Marshal.—Well, now, don't you think you rebels are in a bad business ? a poor half-starved, half naked crew ; you can't conquer ; you might as soon think to bail out the Sound with a pint mug — and if you should, you 'll never gain any thing ; better all come over to the king's side, as I did.

Hale.—Yes, and lick the hand that bruises you. Away with such coward meanness. The day will yet be ours — we shall be freemen, and though one half should perish in the effort, this would be a thousand thousand times to be preferred to living all in bondage !

Marshal.—Well, you may believe all that, but I shan't. Come now, get ready ; I'll wait no longer.

Hale.—And now farewell to father, friend, and bold compatriots ! And to thee, my country, trodden down by tyrant power, but destined soon thyself to crush it — covered now with clouds, but sure of a bright morning — to thee, my loved, my cherished fatherland, farewell ! *Would that I had another life to give thee !* Yes, to my brethren now struggling in the field, to the unborn millions who from this land in future shall send up their orisons of praise for liberty and independence ; to all who, free themselves, shall think of those who made them so, and bless me too, perhaps, among them, as a martyr-patriot ; to them all — now when death looks me in the face, in shape the most appalling, yet unappalled myself, and true as is the heaven in which I trust — these parting words I leave for legacy : *Would that I had another life to give thee, O my country !* Joy it would be to live and nobly strive for thee — but other, wiser, braver friends, my death may raise up for thee ! The just God on high is mindful of thy wrongs — his strong arm will save ! In his hands I leave *my spirit*, and leave *thee* ! [Exeunt slowly.]