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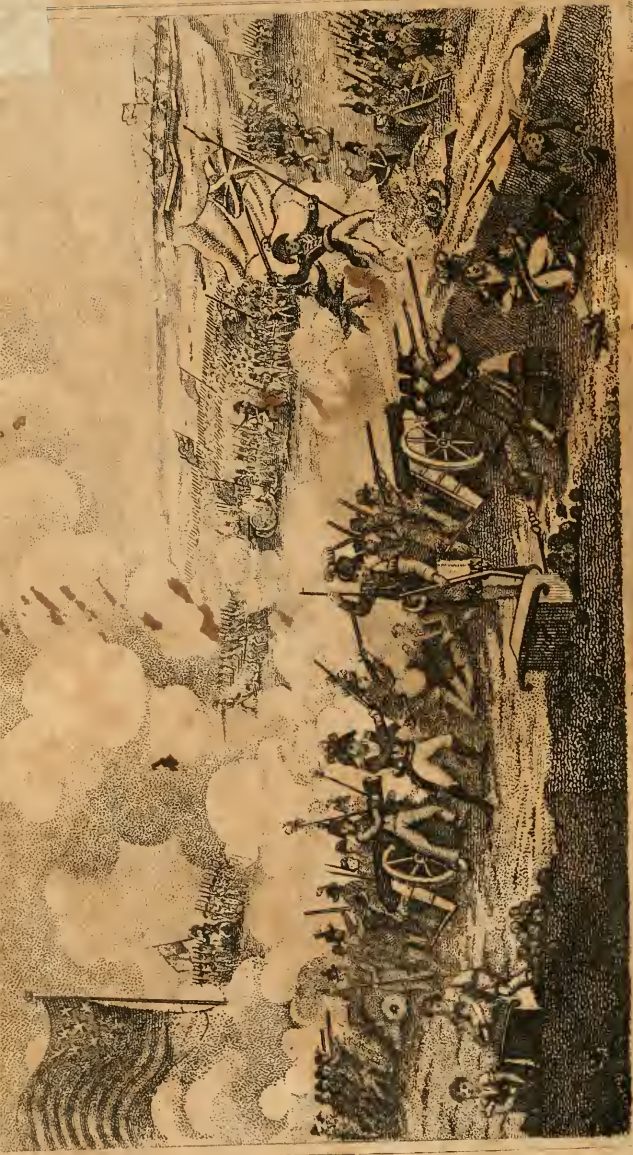
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Am. J. L.

JACKSON'S ENGAGEMENT with the British at NEW ORLEANS.
8th January 1815.

THE BATTLE
OR
NEW ORLEANS,
OR
GLORY, LOVE AND LOYALTY;
AN
HISTORICAL AND NATIONAL
DRAMA,
IN FIVE ACTS.

BY C. E. GRICE,
*Author of Leonidas, or the Grecian Father ;
Lorenzo the Magnificent, or the Merchant
of Florence ; Fraternal Feuds, or the
Lady of the Watch Tower, &c.*

Whenever the independence of a nation is endangered, by foreign invasion, "the highest military results" may be expected by a people, who, like the brave Americans, will themselves to be free.
Gen. Jackson.

NEW-YORK:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY JOHN LOW.
1819.

District of Columbia, to wit :

BE it remembered that on the sixteenth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixteen, and of the Independence of the United States of America the forty-first, C. E. GRICE, of Washington, in the District of Columbia, deposited in this Office the title of a Drama, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor in the words following, to wit:

"The Battle of New Orleans, or Glory, Love and Loyalty; an Historical and National Drama, in five acts—By C. E. Grice."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching Historical and other Prints."

In testimony of which, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the seal of my Office, the date above mentioned.

G. DENEALE, *Clk. Dist. Col.*

RECORDED
INDEXED

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



Sir Edward Pakenham, }
General Keane, } *British Officers.*
General Gibbs, }
General Jackson, *American Commander in Chief.*
General Carrol,
General Coffee,
Bishop of New-Orleans,
Colonel Oakwood,
Brien O'Flanegan,
Melville, senior,
Edward Oakwood,
Theodore Melville,

Louisa,
Charlotte,
Child,

Guards, soldiers, attendants, &c.



THE
BATTLE OF NEW-ORLEANS.

ACT I.

SCENE 1—*A Library—a table with maps, papers, books, &c.—Gen. JACKSON and EDWARD OAKWOOD—An orderly in waiting.*

Gen. Jack. Herein I am informed, young soldier, (*shewing a letter*) of your first enterprise in this campaign; and approve the spirit of the action.

Edw. Your excellency overrates the little claim I can have to merit in that achievement. But without is one, a captive in the affair, for whom I beg your generous clemency.

Gen. Jack. Perhaps the female prisoner who is mentioned here?

Edw. The same.

Gen. Jack. Let not the lady wait—admit her instantly.—(*to orderly.*)

Edw. With your permission I will lead her in.
(*exit Edward.*)

Gen. Jack. By all means. Gallant and brave—there is something in the manners of that man, speaks loudly in his favour; his noble feelings for a captive enemy are volumes of commendation.

SCENE 2—*Re-enter EDWARD leading LOUISA and CHILD.*

Gen. Jack. Madam, your servant. My young friend here, has possessed me of the particulars of your present situation, and I shall be happy to avert, as far as possible, the evils of captivity.

Lou. I thank your excellency. The kind offices of humanity can render even captivity supportable; and my heart tells me, in this land of freedom, though yet a stranger and prisoner too, they will not fail to reach me.

Edw. The lady, General,—permit me madam.

Lou. Most certainly sir.

Edw. Hearing our convent spoken of—its quiet and secure retreat from the turbulence of the present time—

Gen. Jack. Enough—your pardon—if it be your wish to retire thither—

Lou. It is indeed my petition, sir.

Gen. Jack. Granted. I think my friend the Bishop should be here by this time; to him madam, for the present we will resign you.

Child. Shall I go, mother?

Gen. Jack. O, yes my little prisoner! or will you stay with me?

Child. And be a soldier?

Gen. Jack. If you will!

Child. I would like to be a soldier, (*considering*) but ah! then I must leave my mother alone and I cannot do that till my father comes.

Gen. Jack. Brave boy! then you shall go along with your mother now, and be a soldier after.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. The Bishop's compliments, to your excellency, and waits your leisure.

Gen. Jack. Say I will attend him immediately. He comes in good time—Madam, if you please,

we will wait upon the Bishop, and you shall make your own arrangements for the convent.

Lou. This condescension exceeds my hopes indeed.

Gen. Jack. Lady, you flatter us—humanity in a soldier is but the common duty of a man; and he is unworthy heaven's best gift indeed, who hesitates to give to woman honourable protection.

Edw. Come, my little soldier, let us march together. (*exit.*)

SCENE 3—*An apartment in the house of* MELVILLE, *sen.* CAPT. O'FLANEGAN *and* MELVILLE, *sen.*

Mel. sen. Well Captain O'Flanegan.

O'Flan. Your honour.

Mel. sen. Here are aw' the papers in order; (*giving papers*) and now that affair is dispatched, and your friend discharged from his obligation, will you answer my question, in regard to Colonel Oakwood's views?

O'Flan. Will your honour first allow me to propose one?

Mel. sen. O, certainly! a thousand if you please, Captain.

O'Flan. Thank your honour; but one will answer the present purpose to match yours. An Irishman never requires odds when the difference is not much against him.

Mel. sen. Vary weel, vary weel, Captain—proceed, sir.

O'Flan. Then I would ask you, sir, what have you ever discovered in the conduct of Captain Brien O'Flanegan, that should induce your justice-ship to suspect his honour, and call in question his integrity?

Mel. sen. Integrity—Captain!

O'Flan. Sure, now! you have not lived so long by the laws, without ever a squint to that of honour!

Mel. sen. Really, Captain—I do not perceive—

O'Flan. Arrah! sure enough!—Justice is blind, and I think it would do some people very little injury, just to raise the bandage a bit, and bother their good looking eye sight.

Mel. sen. Troth, sir, I don't apprehend ye!

O'Flan. Apprehend me!—O by Saint Patrick, I'll take good care of that jewel. But if you will have it in plainer terms—this it is:—the miscreant who would betray the secrets of his friend—whatever country may claim the honour of his birth-place, by my soul, Old Ireland disowns him;—and though he can be no soldier, both himself, and he who tempts him to betray his trust, are worthy candidates for an elevated command.—
(*touching his collar.*)

Mel. sen. I see I must humor him. (*aside.*) No offence Captain. I honour your sentiments;—if there is any impropriety ye ken.

O'Flan. Impropriety!—look you, sir! I will just tell a small piece of my own private history, all the world is not acquainted with; (for I can always trust my own secrets where I can look well after them) then judge yourself.

Mel. sen. You do me muckle honour, sir.

O'Flan. Faith not much, sir—I am an Irishman; that is to say, by birth; but I am an Irish American, that is, the adopted child of humanity.

Mel. sen. I ken ye ha' gotten very respectable connexions, troth—

O'Flan. When I left my native country—oppressed, insulted Ireland—with an honest heart for my patrimony, poverty for my partner, and a plentiful stock of ill luck to begin business on—you will see I was not overloaded with good company.

Mel. sen. Vary true, vary true, indeed.

O'Flan. No matter for that. With a light heart and the world before me, I consigned my cares to the bosom of the Atlantic, and whistled to the tempest that drove me to the land of liberty and justice.

Mel. sen. Where you landed safe at last.

O'Flan. Aye, safe and sound; and then commenced my troubles.

Mel. sen. Troubles! sure I thought you had buried them in the ocean.

O'Flan. My old companions, honey,—but I made new connexions.

Mel. sen. No doubt they returned; and would, had you conjured them into the Red Sea.

O'Flan. You shall hear. Without friends; patronage, or money, I arrived a stranger in America. Before I could procure any employment, the disorders of the climate seized me; and but for the humanity of one man, would soon have finished my peregrinations. In his own house, with the kind solicitude of a parent, he watched over me, administered restoratives, and like the spirit of pity, charmed and soothed the burning rage of fever in my veins. My health restored, the friendly arm that raised me, still supported, and enabled me to place myself in a situation that promised competence and independence;—and now, sir, what should I merit for betraying so kind a benefactor?

Mel. sen. Impossible!—such ingratitude would be an act——

O'Flan. That you would have me perpetrate.

Mel. sen. How! your friend surely was——

O'Flan. Colonel Oakwood—under whose colours I have the honour to serve, and when I abandon them, or the country that gives me protection, may I be driven from the ranks of honorable men, and roasted by the red allies of the enemy.

Mel. sen. Bravo! my noble captain, I rejoice that this little trial of your principles, so amply confirms the good opinion I always had of you.

O'Flan. No blarney if you please sir. I hope this little trial as you call it, of my principles, will satisfy you that there is one Irishman, at least, who scorns to turn a traitor to his friend—and I should wish the hint to prevail among our polished neighbours of the continent, that when they make themselves merry with our eccentricities, they will not remember to forget, though an Irishman's head may be improved by the keen air of the highlands, the best affections of the heart are at home in the bogs. Sir, your servant. (*exit.*)

Mel. sen. Very weel, very weel, my fine spark; I shall find a time till take ye down a bit for aw' your blustering impertinance, the fellow kens my aversion till this Col. Oakwood, whose son aspires till the hand of my daughter; the old man is ruined by the war, and deel a baubee has the young one till bless himsel—a very begger—besides he has imbibed the political dogmas of his ridiculous old father, and chatters as familiarly of my lords Castlereagh, Liverpool, and all the ministry at home, as if himself was a nobleman, initiated intill aw' the mysteries of the cabinet; Charlotte must discountenance his attentions—I will give her a lesson till that effect immediately, for never shall my house be disgraced by a connection with an incorrigible political infidel, or the blood of the Melvilles contaminated with sic an a beggarly alliance---never, never--troth an I can prevent it. (*exit.*)

SCENE 4.—*The British Camp before New-Orleans—distinct view of the City—Soldiers on duty before the Marquee of Sir EDWARD PACKENHAM.*

Enter Sir EDWARD, followed by an Officer, giving directions—bugle flourish.

Gen. Pack. It is well, and the Officer will keep his command. Are those orders dispatched to General Gibbs?

Offi. They are, Sir.

Gen. Pack. And the notes to direction?

Offi. All, please your excellency.

Gen. Pack. Good; be *Vigilance* the word;—to your duty officer. (*exit officer.*) Thy maxims, Fabius, and thy cautious conduct; thy prudence, coolness, and forbearing temper, hadst thou commanded in a war like this, would well entitle thee to praise, more loud than, yet, the world has lauded to thy fame. By heaven, this puny warfare moves my indignation; and by the glory of my best fought field, I blush to see those troops, before whose arms the valiant of the world have fled the ground, and Europe's conquerors bowed the laurel'd crest, stooping to make their war on raw recruits; a chance collected mob of various nations, differing in interest, moving by no concert; and led by men as motley as themselves. Why it is Achilles armed against a gnat!—no more. And when they are beaten, what's the glory? Give them time and they'll destroy themselves. Proud city, tremble for thy coming doom;—within thy bounds beats many a heart with life that shall pour its purple current to appease the angry spirit of indignant Britain; and ere three suns upon thy turrets set, thy gorgeous domes will pass to other Lords—thy halls receive thy veteran warriors.

Enter a guard conducting THEODORE

Theo. Is this your General, Soldier ?

Sol. It is ; and I dare say will do for
(*half aside*)

Gen. Pack. Whom have you here ?

Sol. A deserter from the fleet, taken near
camp. We would know your honour's pleasure
how to dispose of him ?

Gen. Pack. Young man speak—who are

Theo. A prisoner, Sir, as you perceive
Sailor ; and as my accusers say, deserted
the fleet.

Gen. Pack. You tell your story with sang
however. Are you aware this crime may cost
your life ?

Theo. My life ! pray, Sir, to whom may
be forfeit ?

Gen. Pack. Your country, sirrah ; which
this base desertion you have dishonoured.

Theo. Pardon me, Sir. I think my Country
will applaud my conduct.

Gen. Pack. No doubt it will do you justice

Theo. It never justified oppression.

Gen. Pack. It never sanctifies disloyalty

Theo. It has no cause in me.

Gen. Pack. How, no cause ?

Theo. It is just and merciful.

Gen. Pack. The world allows it—it is
Briton's boast.

Theo. Indeed !—yes, they do boast those
like attributes. I stand before you now, a prisoner
chains, how they can violate and outrage either

Gen. Pack. Astonishing assurance ! I
hear no more.

Theo. Indulge me yet a little ;— you deride
ed who I was—to speak my wrongs at once
am an impressed seaman ; but not, as you

think, an Englishman—no, sir, that drop of blood, if any such there be within my veins, that holds communion, faith, or fellowship with Britain, while she rejects the laws of God and nature, trampling on both, is alien to my heart.

Gen. Pack. Presumptuous wretch, beware; nor utter here treason against the government of Britain.

Theo. Pardon the libel; it is the truth I utter the language of indignant freemen, when nature's rights by power are violated. The air I now inhale gives truth its energy; and I feel its influence at my heart. What are to me your government and laws, but objects of most deadly, rooted hate? when I am basely held an abject slave, where I have a right to be as free as you are;—compelled to bear the lash, or raise my arm in this unhallowed war against my country, and own allegiance to my soul's antipathy.

Gen. Pack. You say you are not an Englishman—the freedom of your speech declares against you. Submit, acknowledge, and return to duty, or—

Theo. Never—duty? Hold, hold, Sir, insult me not so far. My greatest boast is I am an American citizen. It was my intention to return to duty. It is in your power to give a noble proof how just a claim you have to generous feelings, when in a captive enemy you honor them.

Gen. Pack. It was your purpose, then, to join the enemy?

Theo. It was to join my countrymen;—my duty and allegiance there I owe. No power on earth can change my resolution.

Gen. Pack. You refuse to return, then?

Theo. I do. I am aware, Sir, I am in your power; and am not ignorant of British magnanimity to prisoners. For three long years of cru-

elty and bondage, I almost cursed the sun that rose upon me ; and loathed the light of heaven that saw my shame ;—have prayed for darkness to enshroud the world ; one general blank in nature to expunge me and my injuries from the roll of time. It is vain to tempt me—a thousand deaths on racks were welcome to me, if the alternative were British bondage, cooped with the bloodhounds of your boasted navy.

Gen. Pack. Insolent railer—this virulence has fixed your doom. Guards take him hence ; and await my further orders—away with him.

Theo. Approaching vengeance arms my soul with fortitude, to bear what further orders may inflict upon me. Bring out your scourges ; load me with irons ; vent all your malice on me, and be judge yourself ;—how much superior to a British chieftain is the American who knows his duty—how, with heroic courage, he endures even torture when he is sure his country feels his wrongs—when he beholds her rising to redress them.

Gen. Pack. Away with him—let a dungeon hide him. By heaven we'll curb this hot impetuous spark ; and learn him we have reins for restive spirits. Away, away. *(exit.)*

Theo. Lead on—you hear his excellency's commands—I am ready to follow you.

Sol. I had rather lead the forlorn hope than execute these orders ; yet, I dare not disobey them. Well, well, perhaps his honour may countermand them. Keep a good heart, my lad.

Theo. It is easier already. I have unpacked a freight of fretful feelings ; and my heart seems lightened of a heavy load. Now for my prison. *(exit.)*

SCENE 5—*In Melville, senior's house.*CHARLOTTE *alone.*

Cha. Heigh, ho! how dreary are these apartments. I wish my father was returned—I am weary of being alone;—since the family retired from the city and my dear Edward comes so seldom, the house seems for all the world like a deserted castle—my father's company, tho' I am sure of a lecture touching certain offences and misdemeanors of the heart, is some relief from this oppressive enuie—his plan of sending me to the convent during the troubles, revives my spirits—I like it prodigiously,—and who knows, but Edward, like a hero in romance, may risque from the enchanted tower, his lady fair, and bring her off in spite of all the dragons! The idea charms me!—behind the veil me thinks hope smiles, and groups of loves and pleasures rally round her. I hear steps in the anti-chamber, they approach—Edward!—

Enter EDWARD OAKWOOD.

Edw. Good morning my dearest Charlotte, so let me call you still, tho' father's may be obdurate.

Cha. Oh Edward, the rigid mandates of unfeeling parents, time out of mind at war with holy nature, are all too weak to bind ingenuous hearts, or force sincere affection into love or hate, as prejudice, caprice or interest dictates.

Edw. This moment recompences an age of wretched absence. The heart is jealous of its joys, that loves; believing all unsure 'till all's possess'd; I come to know my doom, from you alone to hear it,—then, tell me Charlotte thou wilt still be mine; and fortune thy utmost malice I defy.—Pronounce my destiny,—yet you are silent—then am I lost indeed.

Cha. Needs must I pause, when so unkindly questioned.

Edw. Pardon me lovely girl, for worlds I'd not offend thee.

Cha. With most ingenuous truth, my heart I gave to him who doubts the principles that moved it—when Edward received the trifle, he believed it honest.

Edw. He then was basking in a golden sun—the smiles of fortune, and the world's esteem, were his; nor dreamed he of reverses,—yet I could bear the change with fortitude, but that averted looks, even from my friends, speak to my heart a falling off indeed from fortune, sharper than dagger's wound, and rankle deeper.

Cha. As heaven is witness, never to fortune did I pay my vows, nor shall her fickle revolutions, change them ever.

Edw. O words of extacy!—now do I breathe again.—How impious to doubt such wondrous excellence—do I not know thy heart the seat of virtue, and the throne of love? Thy mind, superior to all sordid objects, towers o'er the groveling maxims of the world, and aims a flight beyond its little views;—here let me ratify again, that faith which was pledged by honour to my bosom's queen.

(kneels and takes her hand.)

Cha. Now rise, true knight, confirmed in sacred honour. Hear me Edward—my father has resolved, the better to prevent our interviews, I think; but as he says, for safety from the gathering storm, to place me in the Ursaline convent.

Edw. Inexorable man;

Cha. Yet trust me Edward. Hope whispers happiness will follow; and when my orisons rise with holy sisters, Heaven's blessing will attend my prayers and crown my wishes.

Edw. Powerful the breathings of the humble heart; not prayers of saints before the throne of mercy, more potent plead, or more prevail with heaven.

(During the latter part of this speech, Melville senior enters unperceived, and listens. Charlotte turning sees him, and rises.)

Char. My father;

Edw. Your obedient servant, sir, *(bows respectfully.)*

Mel. sen. Ye can make a very pretty speech, Mr. Oakwood. But, sir, how can you presume till address it till my daughter, wha I ha' positively denied till your society?

Edw. Pardon me, sir, if the honour of a long acquaintance with Miss Melville—

Mel. sen. Troth, I am not pleased with these intrusions.

Char. Dear Father, Mr. Oakwood—

Mel. sen. Silence, hussey—I did not bid ye speak; retire till your Chamber, immediately—go, I say. *(Charlotte goes reluctantly.)*

Edw. She goes in tears; O! that he were not her father, *(aside.)* I am grieved, sir, to be the cause of those harsh words.

Mel. sen. To break into one's apartments, encourage my daughter's disobedience. 'Tis very ill treatment, sir. You know I had forbid her till receive your visits, and will not be disgraced by their repetition.

Edw. As a man of honour, I demand to know what in my conduct, character or life, you find, that makes my visit here disgraceful to you sir.

Mel. sen. Have you not designs upon my daughter's fortune, to repair your own?

Edw. My sentiments towards that lady, are most honourable—nay, sir, I am proud to say

were I to receive her hand from you, a prize I should esteem of countless value, disgrace could never spring from that connection, unless it be disgraceful on my part. I could not buy her at her worth in gold.

Mel. sen. What are your pretensions, let me ask? are you not involved in difficulties? have you revenue till supply the wants of a wife; or, in short that rank in society, befits my heir and daughter?

Edw. Fortune 'tis true, has dealt most hardly with me, and as the world fixes for her votaries, placed me in humble rank, from more exalted prospects. I hold a commission in the service of my country, and that I deem a grade of honour, higher than mere money gives the wealthiest in the land.

Mel. sen. 'Tis a counterfeit, uncurrent coin—respect it buys not, and the world pays no devotion, till the honour of it. A commission troth!

Edw. Then sir, I have a noble title in reversion. I am heir to——

Mel. sen. Till what noble title, in a plebean country. (*contemptuously.*)

Edw. A worthy man's inheritance.

Mel. sen. How much mon, how much?

Edw. More than the coffers of your world of knaves were ever stuffed withall, fair honour. Shew me a title worthier of respect, and grace your daughter with it.

Mel. sen. Fine words and fine possessions, troth; get money mon, get money, and buy honour; a muckle fortune will do more at market than aw the titles of your honourable ancestry. Henceforth, my locks shall keep without the doors aw who would intrude without my invitation. (*exit.*)

Edw. I would the power to keep intruders out.

were more extensive than it is at present ; that other lands would hold within their limits the unprincipled ingrates, that they disembody, to heap their treasures where they vent their venom ; then might we stop corruption's putrid tide ; our country be secure from foreign taint, nor lavish nurture on a reptile race, to gnaw its vitals, and traduce its fame. *(exit.)*



ACT II.

SCENE 1—*A Street in New Orleans.*

Enter EDWARD OAKWOOD and Capt. O'FLANAGAN, Meeting.

O'Flan. Good day, friend Oakwood.

Edw. Well encountered ; my very wish to meet you.

O'Flan. And mine no less—my heart is bursting with a freight of joy ; and labours to discharge itself.

Edw. The cause of this emotion, I can judge ;—Have you not seen the Tennessean troops ?

O'Flan. You guess it rightly. I was at the review, and never have witnessed such enthusiastic zeal before—never have heard, or read such warm devotion to the common cause.

Edw. Indeed they are inspired with glorious ardor, that promises a harvest of rich honors.

O'Flan. Say but a tythe part that appears is proof the vaunting foe attacks a wall of brass ; and leads an enterprize as full of peril, as did the Persian at the Spartan pass, when at Thermopyle the immortal band slew hecatombs of slaves, and died for freedom.

Edw. The martial spirit that prevades all ranks defies defeat, and promises protection. New Orleans now may boast of her Leonidas; and future times, when they relate our story, will couple with our chief the Grecian hero.

O'Flan. It seems as heaven, propitious to our hopes, had from a host of veteran worthies culled the man, complete in every warlike quality, to lead our arms, and crown our cause with victory.

Edw. Illustrious man—most worthy of command—Language is poor to speak his merit home. He seems endowed with more than human powers; and moulds men at his pleasure. Where wild confusion and disorder reigned, system, obedience and controul prevail. Materials opposite in nature, meet, amalgamate, and move at his direction.

O'Flan. The very soul of action—he towers, indeed, superior to a man; and rules the storm of battle. But tell me, Edward, were your scouts successful? I hear you made some prisoners—'twas a brave dash, and worthy of the leader.

Edw. You flatter—we had some skirmishing of pickets; brought in some stragglers, and among them a prize of countless value.

O'Flan. I rejoice to hear it—an officer of rank?

Edw. Born to command, indeed; but yet no officer.

O'Flan. Your enigma, pray—who may it be?

Edw. No other, truly, than a gentle lady.

O'Flan. A female prisoner?

Edw. And a fair one.

O'Flan. Very handsome?—lucky rogue.

Edw. Lovely as rosebuds, ere the zephyr's wing dashes the dew-drops from their opening leaves, or Titan breathes his burning kisses on them.

O'Flan. Bravo! faith, very gallantly hit off. Heroics is the order of the day. You will become the laureate of the camp, and wear the soldier's and the poet's wreath

Edw. Poets have never feigned a fairer face; nor famed Apelles, for his Paphian queen, conceived a form so exquisitely turned, though all the charms of Greece combined to aid him.

O'Flan. Now Veffus! animate this lovely picture; and like Pygmalion let me worship it. Where have you lodged this nonpareil of beauty; say, Edward, shall I kneel before the shrine?

Edw. With that devout respect that may become my friend, a soldier's honour and a man's humanity; three powerful pleaders in misfortune's favour. The Bishop is her present guardian, whose mansion is the asylum of the unhappy.

O'Flan. You throw cold water on the flame you raised. Edward will not suspect the honor of his friend, or think him capable of sporting with the wretched.

Edw. By heaven I do not. Pardon me, Captain; I meant not to offend you. I know no heart more full of human kindness; and I am proud to share an interest in it; but I have partly heard the lady's story, and in my zeal forgot another pulse could beat as high for pity of a sufferer.

O'Flan. Edward your hand; there's no offence, indeed. How much I honor such a noble spirit.—What shouts are those? (*Shouts heard*)

Edw. The general passes from the camp; and thus the populace welcome the worthy chief. Shall we walk on and see them?

O'Flan. With all my heart—but after, you must procure me a sight of the fair incognita.

Edw. Most willingly.

O'Flan. Allons—done.

(*exit.*)

SCENE 2—*British Camp, Guardhouse.*
 THEODORE discovered in chains. *'Table, lamp.*

Theo. Am I awake indeed, or are my senses mocked with idle visions? Surely I am a prisoner here, and these are chains that hang upon my limbs—yet what has past, or is, seems but the feverish fancies of a brain long deprived of rest.—Tyrants, approach and learn a moral here. 'See that the victim of your little spite, unmoved can look at death and smile in chains. Like Regulus (composed, when for his country suffering) with firmness bear the malice of his fate; his heart unbent, unbroken, unsubdued. Ye cannot reach the freedom of the mind. 'Tis near the time the guard should visit me. I have some hope in him—he seems compassionate; and gentle pity, like a clouded sun, shines through the roughness of the soldier's manners. He comes.

Enter a SOLDIER.

Sol. Young man, I bring you food.

Theo. Thanks, good friend—I hope I shall not long be troublesome to you.

Sol. I hope so too; and wish a pardon may relieve us both.

Theo. Death will—all else is hopeless.

Sol. Still there is hope where life is.

Theo. Despair alone comes to the wretched captive of a British prison. My countrymen have learned what mercy to expect from officers well trained in British policy. 'Tis their's to——

Sol. Spare me the shame of hearing this rebuke—perhaps in part correct, but yet uncharitable.

Theo. Speak not to me of charity; of British charity. What is it but remorseless butchery, cold-blooded assassination, chains, torture, scourging? Have I not felt it, cannot I prove it all?

Sol. This is the tempest of a noble mind, frenzied by wrongs and sufferings. I am, you see, a British soldier, and ——

Theo. I perceive—yet, thou seem'st compassionate and kind. Canst thou not pity, then, a wretched man, condemned to die—die like a culprit, rather than raise his arm against his country's freedom?

Sol. By heaven I can! I do most heartily.

Theo. I pray you, soldier, sport not with me. I think thou bearest a heart unlike thy fellow's, for in thy eye the drop of pity trembles, and the soul's eloquence speaks comfort in it. If to do me service be thy wish indeed, aid my escape; and to a noble act of justice, which rewards itself, I have the means to give the ample recompense.

Sol. Think not a bribe could make me swerve from duty. Listen—first know, I too, am by birth an American. Though by a voluntary act I bear these arms, 'twas long before my country's injuries roused her to war. It is now my purpose to escape a service grown hateful to my soul; for never have I yet, and never will, in any manner, aid my country's foe.

Theo. Brave countryman, with pleasure and surprise I hear this declaration.

Sol. Be patient. I am resolved this night to quit the English camp. Say you will share the hazard of the flight, be my companion in the bold attempt, and life and liberty may still be yours.

Theo. Thanks, thanks, a thousand times, good soldier;—may heaven reward thy honesty and true allegiance. The city you besiege, contains my parents, kindred, friends. Judge by your own, what are my feelings now. Give nature scope, and do a noble action.

Sol. To night I guard your prison; secreted

with your food are implements to strike your irons off. Determined to attempt your risque, I shall be provided with disguises and the countersign—at midnight expect me—Then fortune favour, and the day is ours.

Theo. And if success but follow the attempt, my worthy friend will find a welcome home; and comforts grateful to a declining life.

Sol. I must retire—be prudent: Farewell till midnight.

Theo. And then, farewell indeed.

SCENE 3—*An apartment in the Convent.*—
LOUISA reading.

Lou. I cannot read, my wandering mind, unsteady to the book, still to its own peculiar grief recurs and fastens on its sorrows. (*rising, throws the book aside.*) O! horrid war! of heavens fell scourges worst;—wherefore, dread demon, from thy caves of night, stalkest thou to breathe contagious blasts on earth, poisoning its transient joys. Now o'er the fields, where teeming nature late scattered her harvest with a bounteous hand, thy iron arm the mild controul usurps, while smiling labour quits his peaceful reign—now to the gleaming instruments of death, the plough and sickle yield—now man to man opposed in deadly strife, with hostile menace, each to each displays the glittering pomp, and proud ostent of arms—each swelling breast with emulation pants. Nature's sweet sympathies quite, quite shut out.—They meet—they struggle. O! horror! horror! Spare, me, ye powers of mercy—let me not think that way—'tis madness, distraction. My Theodore—my husband, where, where, art thou?
(*sinks into a chair, exhausted with emotion.*)

Enter BISHOP of New-Orleans.

Bish. Benedicite lady—in tears, daughter ;—wherefore those tell-tales of a heart surcharged with sorrow ?

Lou. O My good father—thy presence ever glads me. These horrid wars, have fill'd me with alarms ; my busy fancy had pourtray'd a scene so fraught with terrors of their mad'ning fury, that nature starting at the hideous objects, rushed to the eyes, to ease my swelling breast, tortured with fears imagination raised.

Bish. Such drops do angels shed for sinning man ;—bright messengers of grace ; and holy signs of chaste affections and a virtuous heart.

Lou. But holy father, they were selfish tears. Had you some dear beloved friend exposed to all the chances of the approaching fight——

Bish. Nay, cheer thee lady ;—heaven blesses the righteous cause ;—my friends indeed, will be where danger is ; but God is just and merciful in all.

Lou. Good father Bishop, shall we not join our prayers, that heaven would keep them in the rear of danger ?

Bish. God's will be done. I came, my daughter, to receive from thee the promised brief relation of thy fortunes, and give the comfort of my holy calling.

Lou. A simple story sir, and full of sorrow. You are informed already, of my birth and parentage ; both English ;—while I was yet an infant, of my parents, death deprived me ; I was left to the guardian care of a paternal uncle, under whose fostering kindness, I scarcely felt the wretchedness of orphanage—but alas ! ere I had numbered sixteen years of life, heaven called him to his rest—his heir I was. A necessary visit of business

called me to the sea-coast; 'twas there my chance to feel that passion first, whose impulse universal nature owns—'twas gratitude inspired it. I fear I'm tedious.

Bish. I pray proceed. You greatly interest me.

Lou. One day, while walking on the water's edge to breathe the wholesome breezes of the sea, I left my friends and climb'd the fearful rocks that raised their towering heads along its margin. Too far I ventured—my brain grew giddy, and my feet unfirm, I lost my hold—the element received me.

Bish. Heaven's mercy!—lady.

Lou. The winds blew high, and the vext billows roared. While my companions shrieked and called for help, a stranger from a boat dashed in the waves, and bore me safely from their rage and fury. My grateful heart acknowledged him its lord.

Bish. Most generous man! 'twas nobly done indeed. To heaven was due thy offering, daughter.

Lou. I gave my thanks to heaven—to him my hand and fortune;—he became my husband. He was a native of this country, a young American, and a mariner. Engagements compelled him to pursue his enterprise; and for a little period, as we fondly hoped, England he left, and me to mourn his absence. Three tedious lagging years have passed away since then, while I have mourned his loss, nor know his destiny.

Bish. Alas, alas! thy story moves my pity;—pray proceed.

Lou. Sinking with fear, yet hoping for success, the courage I assumed to brave the deep, and with my infant boy seek, with a widowed heart, his father and my husband.

Bish. Mother of Saints, reward this pious labour.

Lou. The war commenced and raged. We reached Bermuda safely, where I remained, waiting conveyance to the continent; a chance occurred for Halifax;—We sailed, and after three days out, engaged a privateer that captured us; a British frigate, bound on the expedition of New-Orleans, re-took the prize, and with her I arrived. The subsequent events you know already, in the brief history of Louisa Melville.

Bish. Melville! good heaven;

Lou. What agitates you thus, good father.

Bish. I must suppress my thoughts, till all be ascertained. (*aside.*) Wonder not daughter if this recital should create emotion. Be comforted—“God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;” and doubt not of its mercy to the wanderer. Meantime all methods will be taken, to obtain a knowledge of the object of your searches.

Lou. Thanks, thanks, my reverend friend— one favour more, will swell the obligation.

Bish. Name it.

Lou. This casket of much value, I preserved; rich jewels it contains, and I would place it in your charge, what e're betide the mother, for my child.

Bish. I will religiously observe the trust; and now I take my leave—anon I will return, and hope, with cheerful tidings, bless thee daughter;—the hand of heaven is here. (*exit.*)

Lou. Farewell, good father.

Enter CHILD.

Boy. Mother.

Lou. My love.

Boy. Mother is that my father, whom you tell me of?

Lou. No boy.

Boy. Mother, you called him father—I wish he were my father.

Lou. Why child?

Boy. He is so good—he kissed me, mother, and gave me fruit.

Lou. Sweet prattler!—you must love him child, he is very kind.

Boy. Indeed he is; and sure I love him as if he was my father.

Lou. Heaven bless thee, sweet innocent, and restore thy father to us. Come, come, my boy.

(*exit.*)

SCENE 4—*Rendezvous.*

A SERGEANT and party of RECRUITS discovered at a table drinking.

Sergt. Come my lads! we'll have the other bottle, and the song; and then to business briskly.

1st. Sol. Aye! aye! full of spirits, orderly; that's your way—charged to the muzzle Sergeant, —a noble fellow, truly.

2d. Sol. Aye! and brave, and of good report; and one I warrant to rise in the war, as well as another.

Sergt. Come, come, my boys, fill your glasses; and Dick will give us the song he learnt of the Boatswain of "Old Iron-Sides," when he belonged to her.

3d. Sol. Tip us the glass first—d'ye see, I like no song, that goes by wind alone; so let us wet our whistles, and all hands pipe the chorus.

Sergt. Bravo, Dick!—here lads, drink round; here's "Success to the service." (*all drink.*) Now for the song.

SONG.

Hark ! the Clarion of war calls the sons of the brave ;
 Descendants of Sires deemed immortal in story,
 Your fathers appeal from the rest of the grave.
 To preserve from corrosion their laurels of glory
 Arise in your might,
 Snatch the wreath from the blight,
 The garland of fame, won by valor in fight ;
 On the altars of FREEDOM, your offerings raise,
 To inherit the blessing be warned by the blaze.

Let us merge in one feeling, of generous stamp,
 Every private concern, and all party dissension ;
 Let each breast be a fortress, our country a camp,
 And indignantly foil every hostile pretension ;
 Arouse, one and all,
 At the Patriot call,

“ UNITED WE STAND, AND DIVIDED WE FALL ;”
 From a Vandal invasion and Saracen glave,
 Preserve for your sons what your forefathers gave.

Will the Sons of Columbia, inert and supine,
 See their cities in flames, and their temples degraded ?
 Will LIBERTY'S heirs basely fly from her shrine,
 When their homes are attacked and their firesides invaded ?
 Disgrace whelm the slave
 In oblivion's wave,
 Who will not maintain on the top of his grave,
 His honor, his freedom, his country's fair fame
 Inviolate from insult, untarnished by shame.

'Gainst your Liberty's foes be your banners unfurled,
 To spurn from your shores every foot of invasion ;
 From aggression secure the young hope of the world,
 And as firm as your hills fix the rights of the nation.
 While Yankee blood warms,
 We heed no alarms ;

If true to ourselves, let the world come in arms,
 The slumbering Hercules roused by the shock,
 Will prove to the world his legitimate stock.

Be firm and united, resolved to maintain
 Those gifts which alone make your life worth possessing !
 The foe will retire from a contest so vain ;
 Your struggle be crowned by your God with his blessing.
 Then brandish your steel,
 And to heaven appeal ;
 Let your insolent foeman discomfited feel,
 How mighty your strength when by wisdom arrayed,
 How majestic your power when in Union displayed.

Ali hail to the band, who like Spartans have joined,
Heart and hand, to repel the assaults of aggression!
Inspired by one soul, and informed by one mind,
They will check by their deeds the inroads of oppression.

May Glory emblaze

With the prismatic rays,

The Patriot Warrior who acts above praise;
And Columbia will honour the worth of the brave
With a wreath for his brow, or a tear for his grave.

Enter Col. OAKWOOD and Capt. O'FLANEGAN.

O'Flan. Well Sergeant, what success to-day?
Get plenty of men?

Sergt. Done very well this time, Captain, very well—no keeping back now—look your honour, (*to the Colonel*) here's a parcel of as fine fellows as ever stepped to the tap of the drum.

O'Flan. I warrant, or the tap of the tavern, Sergeant.

Col. Oak. Very fine recruits, truly.

O'Flan. Bad luck to the coward who shrinks from duty, in the day of his country's danger.

Sergt. Yes, Captain, that's what I tell my men—face to the right, says I—heads up—mark time—march forward, and Yankee doodle forever!

O'Flan. Well Sergeant, take these men to quarters; and do ye hear, return to me, I have business for you.

Sergt. Very well, sir, I shall obey orders. Done very well this time, very well—come r.y lads, come on. (*exit Sergeant and Soldiers.*)

Col. Oak. Well Captain, did you succeed with Mr. Melville?

O'Flan. I did, my friend, and cancelled all the obligations. Here they are, (*giving papers,*) bonds, notes and all: and when they are destroyed, I hope to see you as cheerful as formerly.

Col. Oak. My dear friend, I have no words to thank you—how can I express my obligations to you?

O'Flan. By saying nothing at all about the matter, and allowing another heart sometimes to imitate the goodness of your own. Were you not my friend when all the world deserted me : and would you have me forget it when I have an opportunity to be grateful ?

Col. Oak. Those are sentiments worthy of a Soldier ; and more become the man than all the pageantry and pomp of power. Now do I see a man may be indeed the being he appears.

O'Flan. Enough Colonel, do not make an Irishman blush for having done his duty.

Col. Oak. What have we here ? (*looking over papers*) does this belong to the papers ?

O'Flan. Surely—I received them all together.

Col. Oak. 'Tis an error. (*reading*) “ To George Melville, esq. Yours in haste and confidence, Pakenham.”

O'Flan. Ha ! treason, by the powers—

Col. Oak. A communication with the enemy, sure enough ; and on the eve of battle.

O'Flan. To blow us all to the moon. By my faith the old one will have a little trial here of the integrity and loyalty he spoke of.

Col. Oak. I can scarcely believe the clearest proofs. 'Tis indeed a most fortunate discovery of disaffection.

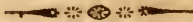
O'Flan. A master plot of iniquity.

Col. Oak. We must instantly to the General with this, and prevent the mischief before it takes effect.

O'Flan. Oh, his justiceship will make a pretty figure in a high station after all ! We will un-kennel the sly one.

Col. Oak. We have no time to lose ; justice demands the punishment of treachery, and 'tis the duty of every honest man to see it executed ; to

brand a traitor with a traitor's doom, his country's
 curses, and the world's contempt. (exit.)



ACT III.

SCENE 1—*The American Camp.*

Colonel Oakwood's regiment defiles before General Jackson's march, and draws up on either side: flourish of bugles—The General and staff, bearing a standard, enter from the tent, pass along the line and return to the front of the stage.

Col. Oak. Battalion. Present Arms! Shoulder Arms! Order Arms! Rest!

Gen. Jack. Defenders of the republic! American citizens!—by that great bond of fellowship, receive my cordial salutation. Were I now addressing an army, like that before your city, whose ravening eagles, glutted with blood and rapine, brood in darkness over our country's liberties, I could lead you back to scenes of Europe's wars, and flatter the savage feelings of our nature, with millions slaughtered for the sport of kings; shew bloody laurels reaped in foreign fields, and scars received in battles not their own—then ask you still, to yield the purple streams, in which ambitions royal navy rides to lord it freely o'er a prostrate world: How noble are our destinies!—Americans, our glory is to guard Columbia's rights; our country's gratitude, our rich reward. We wage no war for conquest or ambition, farther than may secure from rude assault, and shield the public safety from aggression. What man but feels this cause, his private quarrel—what heart, that beats not for his country's honor;—who hears me now, and

would not bleed for freedom? Have you a wife or daughter, think of Hampton; have you a son or heir, your father's legacy, was liberty;—protect your homes, your altars, laws and honor; your wives, your children. Most of all, your country demands your arm, to shield them from pollution. Merge in the general good all private feuds—the chain of union is a bond of adamant; one link dissolved, thereat destruction enters, and the strong temple of your greatness trembles, as when one stone was moved, the palace fell, of famed Baharam, ancient Persia's boast, and the world lost a wonder of the arts. If each man on his grave resolve to stand, we laugh to scorn the congregated world, and hold our empire for succeeding ages. Soldiers, this standard, civic virtue consecrates to valor; 'tis the city's gift—receive it as the pledge of patriot spirit; protect it as the talisman of freedom; perceive it as the legacy of liberty;—hung with your laurels, after times will hail this badge of victory as the sign of hope.

Delivers the standard to EDWARD OAKWOOD.

Edw. Deputed to receive this precious pledge of patriot spirit as the City's gift, here, for myself and brethren in arms, we swear with life to rally round the standard; only in death resign it from our hands; protect, preserve, transmit it down to time, graced with the laurels valour may achieve; the badge of victory and the sign of hope.
(*general shout and flourish.*)

Col. Oak. Attention! Shoulder Arms! Battalion, by platoons to the right wheel, March! (*the troops perform a march, and retire as they entered.*)

SCENE CONTINUES.—*Gen. JACKSON, Gen. CAROL and other OFFICERS of the staff.*

Gen. Jack. Is a messenger dispatched to General Coffee ?

Offi. Ere this time he is with him. Believe your excellency, what's possible to man, or can be done to urge him on with speed, will be performed.

Gen. Jack. Already his near approach has rooted from my mind a thorn of sharp solicitude.

Gen. Car. By noon, I think his troops will reach the lines, and join his power to ours.

Gen. Jack. Then as the oak, the monarch of the woods, uprooted, plunges from the river side, bearing impediment and check before it, sweeps like a tempest thro' the rapid current, so will I plough the swelling dangers up, that now surround us ; and pursue my course, while like the awful thunder thro' their ranks we drive the storm, and make destruction certain. Their numbers still increase.

Offi. Swelling and confident, they double ours.

Gen. Jack. So much the more will be our glory when we conquer them. The patriot, struggling in oppression's grasp, from superadded weight springs more elastic ; with double energy recoils, and rises in proportion to the burthen on him.

Gen. Car. And when he mounts, oppression's arm is withered. Tyrants beware : " whom heaven in wrath destroys, it first makes mad." Let modern Carthage, of her wits bereft, pause on the precipice, that yawns beneath, nor dare impending fate while yet retreat is possible : So stands the idiot on volcanic fires, his giddy mind, regardless of all danger ; sudden the hidden mischief bursts below, and sure destruction whelms him in the ruin.

Gen. Jack. We have a cause would make a dastard brave, fearless and valiant as a mailed mars; no arm in all our little band but doubles the strength and sinew of their hireling slaves. I think there's not a man we number on our party, would wish the foe a single soldier less, or bate one blow from the great debt of vengeance.

Gen. Car. By heaven I think so—they'll pay home indeed. The glorious sun in all his circuit course, beholds no scene more splendid or sublime, than a great nation, rising in its power, by justice armed to vindicate its rights.

Gen. Jack. Let them advance—we will present a front, firm as the phalanx Macedonia led, when nations trembled at her awful name, and the world's utmost limits bowed before her. By victory led our heroes shall return, their brows with ever during laurels bound; and to the genius of their country raise, a glorious monument, of trophies won, from conquerors styled invincible in arms.

Gen. Car. Invincible indeed, in confident conceit. They make them sport out of our scanty means—with taunting and unmanly gibes, antic devices, stale and pitiful, dispraise our leaders; underrate our preparation; mimic our order; ridicule our discipline; and in these humours parcel out the spoils, as they already had achieved our overthrow.

Gen. Jack. Deluded men. These are the omens of their own defeat; and sure precursors of discomfiture. Is this the breed of noble daring souls, that like a planet struck the trembling world, and tore the bloody wreaths from conquerors' brows. Hear not ye ghosts of Talivera's fields, Vittoria and Vimeria hear it not, lest very shame reanimate thy dust, and the oblivious tomb refuse to hide thee. I tell you sirs, just heaven has raised their

pride to manifest its righteous favour here—their genius left them when they crossed the seas. 'Tis our's my friends, reserved for us, to shew the admiring world the future course of empire. The time calls out for action—let us bustle. Will it please you general, to go with me?

Gen. Car. Most willingly, where we can confer on future movements. 'Tis meet we should be stirring.

Gen. Jack. Come gentlemen, let us retire together—the time will come for us to meet these foreigners—sharp be our weapons then, our wrongs to right—we'll rise in glory, though we fall in fight. *(exit into the marquee.)*

SCENE 2.—*Gen. KEANE'S Tent. (music.)*
Generals KEANE and GIBBS, discovered at chess.

Gen. Gibbs. “And modern Lombards style it pensive chess.” Move if you please General.

Gen. Keane. Check to the Queen.

Gen. Gibbs. Zounds! that's unfortunate—my Bishop gone inevitably, “our son shall win.”

Gen. Keane. Check to the King: a coup de main, upon my honour—come, a glass for that, what says your excellency?

Gen. Gibbs. With all my heart. Fortune still favours the brave; none but the grave, General.

Gen. Keane. 'Twas the play for a kingdom—observe, your Queen at the Bishop Knight's third place.

Gen. Gibbs. I perceived my situation too late to retreat.

Gen. Keane. 'Twas the precise order: I would take to win a battle here of the enemy. My life on the success.

Gen. Gibbs. Pardon me General, you played a

fearless game, and moved with spirit; yet there were points——

Gen. Keane. Upon my life, the only way to beat them; that is my argument—burst like the thunder on their timid ranks, its bolt is not more certain.

Gen. Gibbs. They have some men of tried and valiant spirit.

Gen. Keane. Aye! some they may; but then the gross, (your excellency knows our information is very clear in that) a mass of raw undisciplined recruits; militia-men, that commerce and adventure leagued together, outcasts of other countries, vagrants of their own. Are these the men to stand before our troops, whose arms the valiant of the world have fled, routed, discomfited, disgraced? No! no! at the first demonstration they will turn their backs, and fly for safety to their mountain tops.

Gen. Gibbs. I would with all my heart, the attack were ready. Snug quarters here—and the possession of this post secures the ulterior object of the enterprize.

Gen. Keane. I think before two days we are masters of it, and Jonathan removes——

Gen. Gibbs. "To the city of Kites and Crows."

Gen. Keane. Good. 'Tis near the hour Sir Edward appointed we should arrange the dispositions of the field; then if the enemy refuse our summons, fortune and victory sit upon our swords: Britons strike home and conquer.

Gen. Gibbs. Shall we wait upon his excellency?

Gen. Keane. A glass, and then have with you—*(they drink)* check to the King—ah! General.

Gen. Gibbs. I pray you spare me—a truce to that, no check to the King on this occasion, C'est mal appropos.

Gen. Keane "A palpable hit." The King and victory then.

Gen. Gibbs. Ah! victory and the King. (*exit.*)

SCENE 3.—*Gen. Jackson's Marquee.*

Enter Gen. JACKSON, followed by GEORGE MELVILLE, esq.

Gen. Jack. I pray you sir, forbear—the duty which I owe my country, is paid in the performing. It never was my vice to stoop to flattery, nor can I think that man my friend, who holds my favour at so poor a price, a coin so base, can purchase any part of it.

Mel. sen. The world still claims its privilege till praise the actions of the brave—'tis the excitement—

Gen. Jack. Say of ignoble minds, of little souls, who centre in themselves, worth, virtues, qualities they never knew; who scent the incense sycophants apply; and think such worship honestly their due. Believe me sir, the humblest soldier in our army's ranks, if he but executes his duties well, deserves as fairly of the breath of fame, as nobly his country's gratitude and love, as any plumed chief who leads him forth to combat.

Mel. sen. Excessive modesty. Indeed, dear General, you must not do sic violence till your own superior merits. Troth sir, 'tis great injustice.

Gen. Jack. No more of this sir, I besecch you—my avocations are at the present most pressing; be pleased to state plainly the business you have come upon; if I can do you service command me freely.

Mel. sen. Then to the point General—I have a suit against one Ensign Edward Oakwood.

Gen. Jack. I know the young man well—a very worthy youth, and full of promise.

Mel. sen. Overflowing sir—he has bestowed some of them upon my family, and on myself, who hold his obligations. My business here is, that he be compelled to satisfy his bond—I ask for justice.

Gen. Jack. His present engagements are to his country; that bond should first be cancelled—'tis a prior claim, and cannot be delayed at this important moment.

Mel. sen. Troth, but it must, General—Payment, security, or prison.

Gen. Jack. Pray sir, are you acquainted with the recent misfortunes of his house?

Mel. sen. I am aware of its defection.

Gen. Jack. You do know then his inability?

Mel. sen. I do—but I also know the law must have its course. I purchased at fair market his obligation. Now I would have my money. Am I not right?

Gen. Jack. His misfortunes have been in part, occasioned by devotion to the honour of his country.

Mel. sen. It would have been honourable till he had discharged his debts.

Gen. Jack. To avoid the ruin that involved him was impossible with honour. He might indeed, like many miscreants who infest the land, have gathered to himself a princely fortune, if like them he could have taught his stubborn honour to bend to interest, violated the laws of his agonizing country, and in her day of darkness, aided the assassin's dagger, to search her vitals, and pour out her life—O! 'tis a baseness, but to think on, chills my blood—let public shame forever brand the traitors.

Mel. sen. Let the authority look till it—'tis no concern of mine.

Gen. Jack. 'Tis the concern of every honest man, to point the finger of contempt and scorn, to mark with obliquy the miscreant slaves, those base and groveling reptiles, rank crawling cankers at the root of freedom, who feed and fatten on their country's ruin. Oakwood I know cannot discharge his debt at present; perhaps not give security.

Mel. sen. A prison then, will be a snug retreat from danger.

Gen. Jack. Would you arrest him on the eve of battle; and thus detain him from the public service?

Mel. sen. Shall I obstruct the proper course of law?

Gen. Jack. The present law places him beyond oppression and rapacity—surrounding dangers have compelled that martial law should take the place of civil—of this you are not ignorant.

Mel. sen. I shall insist on justice.

Gen. Jack. Then so will I. Know you this letter? (*shewing the letter.*)

Mel. sen. 'Tis a base forgery.

Gen. Jack. That will be proved. At present I command you to retire and keep the peace. An honourable man would have observed a generous forbearance rather than foment private broils; aided our glorious cause, not paralyzed an arm raised for the general safety.

Mel. sen. I shall retire sir, and pursue the course that will insure redress, and give me justice. (*exit.*)

Gen. Jack. O justice! sacred virtue! how is thy name profaned, when even the ministers who wear thy robes, dare with polluted hands approach thy altar, and with the holy law upon their tongues, suffer their hearts to violate thy rites with impious mockery—Detested crime. (*exit.*)

SCENE 4—*The gardens of the Couvent.**Enter the BISHOP and CHARLOTTE.*

Bish. Nay, cheer thee daughter—those lonely walks and contemplative bowers, whose solemn glooms appal the unpractised mind, by time become familiar, will assume an air of sweet tranquility and peace. Behold, as nature's self had sought repose, how quiet, how serene she lies before us—the balmy air scarce moves the aspin's leaf, and on the slopy violet banks below, the drowsy zephyrs droop their perfumed wings;—here contemplation prunes her plumes for Heaven, and the free soul holds converse with the skies.

Char. Father, this flower plucked from its parent stock, where late it bloomed so fresh and looked so fair, see how it hangs its lovely head and pines; even so the heart, sure sensitive as this, regrets the violence that plucked its joys, and may not choose but droop.

Bish. The heart is mended daughter by its griefs. 'Till all its worldly feelings are subdued to reason's steady rule, let the proud temper bend; and thereto solitude is salutary, for anon it heals the bruised spirit with the peace of heaven.

Char. Indeed, is solitude so sovereign?

Bish. Most potent, lady.

Char. Ah father! ere now, when I have wandered thro' the lonely walks that skirt our city, where but the murmuring brook or warbling bird disturbed the silence there, then have I caught the spirit of the scene, and cried how sweet is solitude.

Bish. 'Twas homage done to nature.

Char. I thought so father; for then a sigh would rise to fan the offering; and my full heart would often bid me wish for some congenial friend to whom I might impart, how sweet is solitude.

Bish. O! holy nature, how powerful thy elo

quence!—Yonder appears the lady Louisa and her friend Oakwood.

Char. Ah! Edward here! what can this mean.

Bish. This way they come, and seem in haste.

Enter EDWARD and LOUISA.

Lou. Rejoice with me my friends! my Theodore, my husband is restored, is here.

Bish. How say you lady—here?

Edw. 'Tis true indeed, and wonderful withal: this lady, late my prisoner, appears no other than the wife of my early, long lamented friend, Theodore Melville.

Char. Theodore Melville! gracious Heaven, my brother?

Edw. And your brother.

Char. Where will these mysteries end. Madam accept my heart's congratulations. Edward give us joy; our meeting here indeed is happy.

Edw. Most cordially do I rejoice with you.

Bish. 'Tis marvellous—where is your friend?

Edw. Within I left him with his child, while I prepared his wife to meet him.

Bish. See! where he comes, impatience gives him wings; already he is here.

THEODORE rushes in with the CHILD.

Lou. 'Tis he! it is my husband.

Theo. Louisa, my wife.

Child. Mother, Father.

Bish. Blessings of heaven upon thee.

(curtain falls on the group.)

ACT IV.

SCENE 1—*A view of the River.*

Troops landing from the transport vessels.

Gen. COFFEE debarks with suite. Salute of the forts—flourish.

Gen. Coff. Thus far success attends our enterprize, and augurs happy issue to our hopes. At length my friends we view the hostile power, the rash invaders of our sacred soil; to meet whose menaced vengeance, front to front, have we sustained the toils of many a march; and hither brought our hardy western sons, to gather laurels and acquire renown. Soon will the storm of battle burst upon them; and the proud foe in darkness veil his grandeur. My soul's on fire to meet the mighty conflict, and every hour's delay robs me of that time's glory.

Enter Gen. JACKSON and OAKWOOD.

Gen. Jack. General I rejoice to meet you. Welcome, brave champions of the common cause;—your toilsome marches will be paid with honor.

Gen. Coff. We give your excellency many thanks. Well met, indeed, in Orleans. How stands the enemy?

Gen. Jack. In instant preparation for attack and battle. His shining squadrons glistening in the sun, blaze with his beams, and counterfeit his splendor.

Gen. Coff. Let him advance in all his pomp of power—Let crimson war ensanguine all our plains—with hearts resolved to live or die like freemen, our little band will check their daring progress, and leave to after times a great example.

Col. Oak. There spoke the soldier's soul—this noble ardour thro' my heart propels the blood of age, and warms its icy current; each stiffened

nerve a youthful vigor feels, as when my hand first clutched a maiden sword, and every pulse beats high with emulation to struggle with thee for the prize of glory.

Gen. Car. What greater glory have the heavens in store, what richer crown can mortal man obtain than patriot virtue gives? The laurel wreath, that binds the hero's brow, who for his country holds all abject else, grows in the Elysian gardens of the Gods, fed with the ambrosial dews and showers of heaven—and such a crown shall every soldier wear, who draws his sword for liberty and justice.

Gen. Jack. Our country smarting with her maims and injuries, reels on the verge of ruin; but like a lion in her lair attacked, seems most majestic at her utmost stand; flushed with success, and raging with ambition, the foe directs his conquering legions hither; menacing destruction, he listens only to a base submission.

Gen. Coff. Stout be our hearts then—fight we not for justice? 'tis true indeed, the time is full of peril, but that will only prove our public virtue;—let it press hard and you will find my friends, our western wilds preserve the ancient glory. Now, as I love my country, and fear dishonor, sooner to torture would I give my limbs, than basely stoop to foreign domination.

Gen. Jack. These thoughts become the patriot soldier well—my heart is joyed to hear them—thro' all our ranks a spirit, worthy of the stake we fight for, warms every breast, creating emulation, which like an eagle, cowering o'er her nest, defies assault and promises protection; as if one soul inspired them all, they cry for vengeance on the rash invader. Now would I rather be the humblest citizen, that stands between his country and destruction, than sway the power of universal empire.

Col. Oak. This spirit roused, let Europe pour her myriad vassals forth, to awe the abject world to base subjection; our country like a towering rock will stand, and spurn the impotent waves that dash against her.

Gen. Coff. Long may she stand superior to the shock, and the world learn a lesson from her valor.

Gen. Jack. Wisdom, divine intelligence, inform her counsels, inspire her sons with fortitude and courage! Union, the bond and strength of public virtue, now with thy silver chain circle her states! Come then whole hecatombs of hostile slaves, sumless as sands on Neptune's confines washed, bar every avenue to freedom's temple, crowd out her votaries from the hallowed shrine, and sacred liberty, thy holy fanes shall own an offering worthy of thyself.

Gen. Car. May no malignant star, its influence shed, to dim the lustre of our rising hopes, or cross our wishes.

Gen. Coff. Well prayed my friend—amen! with all my heart—The brave command their destinies, while the coward, palsied with fear, foregoes the golden opportunity, and frets at fortune.

Gen. Jack. Fortune upon our banners sits propitious, and marshalls us the way to victory; the destinies fight for us—the fire-eyed god of war, in thunder clad, bares his puissant arm to lead our battles—my heart is full of confidence and hope—never did brighter prospects cheer the soldier with fairer promise of success and glory.

Gen. Coff. Glory and honor be to all and each who share with us the fortunes of this war.

Gen. Jack. Come General shall we to the camp?

Gen. Coff. Your excellency commands me.

Gen. Jack. First we'll see the disposition of

the troops, and then to council; let not the day wear out, and find us lag in any duty which the time suggests.

Gen. Coff. Away at once—the hour of danger find us on the alert, and fortune go before.

(*exit.*)

SCENE 2—*A Wood.*

Enter EDWARD OAKWOOD.

Edw. Once more alone, my heart has room to pant in. Ye lonely walks and solitary haunts, congenial to me now, I court thy quiet scenes; free to its feelings here, my joyless heart feeds on its sorrows, gluts upon its griefs unseen, unnoted, unannoyed of man. Here in these still retirements will I hide me, snatch a few moments from the idle world, hallowed and sacred to consuming sorrow. O! hope, fantastic hope, where are thy visions now; where are the joys my sanguine fancy drew, when blest with princely fortune, generous friends, my days should glide unruffled by a care, and ebb in tranquil honours! Blasted by poverty, chilled by neglect, and the most “unkind cut” of all, to bear the cold civility of summer friends, who unsuspecting nature made me think had fixed me in their hearts to wear forever. Well, well, let the cheat vanish; be these the lasts regrets I give my ill starred fortune. Some one approaches—Theodore.

Enter THEODORE.

Theo. Edward, impatient to acknowledge my obligations, I come upon the wings of friendship with my thanks.

Edw. The wings of friendship; 'tis an apt phrase, Melville, the time has been his wings with rosy wreaths were fettered; misfortune came,

sundered the easy gyves, and bade him fly the wretched.

Theo. Come, come, my friend, these melancholy moralizing moods I well remember, when you were yet a boy. Since that time, to st about as I have been, on the stormy ocean of life, I have learned to calculate for sudden squalls and counter-currents, as common occurrences in the voyage, and scarcely worth writing in the log.

Edw. But should these squalls and counter-currents drive you from your port, or wreck your hopes—

Theo. Wreck my hopes; they are too well timbered Ned, easily to founder, and as to driving from port, I bring that up, by lee-way and dead reckoning, you see. Come, I hear you have been unfortunate.

Edw. Yes, 'twould be the first thing, the world would like to tell you of—I do not deny it.

Theo. Well, I am heartily sorry for it, however—but never mind, the blind old lady has taken me by the hand.

Edw. I rejoice at that.

Theo. You shall—for while we are in connection, Edward Oakwood shall never want a share of the profits of the concern.

Edw. The same generous spirit as formerly.

Theo. I have enough to make us all happy; and though, you know, my father discarded me for my determination to enter the navy, which drove me into the merchant service, heaven has led me through some trials to a rank of independence, and conducted me home to enjoy it. My father I find has left the city.

Edw. I hear some misunderstanding with the General has caused it.

Theo. Very like—his ancient prejudices would never permit him to be well with a soldier, whose dress was not of the plaid or the scarlet.

Edw. By what strange occurrences have we met again; your wife too, my prisoner; it seems more than chance.

Theo. Directed by that power who shapes our course, steer to what point we will.

Edw. You find us surrounded with dangers; hemmed in by enemies, and on the eve of battle.

Theo. I thank my stars that brought me to a share of it. Now sweet revenge let me pay home my debt.

Edw. What is your purpose?

Theo. To join the corps.

Edw. I am going to the camp—will you accompany me?

Theo. Willingly my friend—you shall assist my suit—I am impatient till I wear a sword, and wield it in the service of the state. Not half a man is he who steps aside when his loved country beckons to come on—like friends and brothers let us stand or fall; at least by nobly daring, reach at fame, discharge a duty, and deserve a name.
(*exit.*)

SCENE 3—*General Jackson's Marquee.*

A Military Council—present, Generals JACKSON, CARROLL, COFFEE, &c.

Gen. Jack. Worthy and valiant friends, the time approaches that must decide our destiny. Either our country rises from the shock, immortal in a valorous daring spirit, or from the proudest height of glory fallen, by mercenary hireling slaves thrown down, be blotted out forever.

Gen. Coff. Ere that shall happen, come the general doom, and nature find out chaos. Forget we now the fame our fathers earned when this same foe they vanquished by their arms, and gave an empire freedom? Let not their memories re-

buke our spirit ; again let foiled invaders feel the power that nerves the arm and feeds the hearts of freemen—Again, O Liberty, thy eagle eye blast and defeat their hopes !

Gen. Jack. In vain they swarm in myriads through the land ; their thousand ships in vain assail our coast, if we resolve to guard our rights like men. What ! shall this pomp of power compel us yield the smallest natural privilege we claim, to breath with them the common air of heaven ? When I am base enough to council this, may heaven's red wrath o'erwhelm me for my crime, and blast my memory with a coward's name. Rather let desolating war rage uncontrolled, and all the world against us come in arms ; let us alone sustain the awful shock, and bury us beneath the mighty general ruin.

Gen. Car. Ignoble terms—dishonourable conditions ! Chiefs of the war, the council spurns indignant—what then remains ? Attack this giant foe, and drive him hence ; or if we fail, still let us fail like freemen.

Gen. Jack. My friends we cannot fail, if to ourselves we trust, to help ourselves, the aid of heaven will help us. With patient sufferance have we borne our injuries, till blushing shame upbraids our long forbearance ; our wrongs are multiplied ; divisions magnified ; within, dissensions nourished ; and without, scorn, insult, mockery, trample us in dust. A people's greatness is their loyal virtues, and they unconquerable who will to be so. The eternal mind is free from mortal bondage ; the chains of tyranny too weak to bind it—our cause is just, our means are ample, our country yet remains—resolve, redress is certain. Away with palsyng doubts—lead on your power, chastise oppression, and redcem your ho-

nour. Now by that sainted name, who made our wars when the republic first aspired to arms, and blessed a nation with the rights of man, I swear, till honourable peace, and rights restored, return to bless the land, to banish all thoughts else, save vengeance on my country's haughty foes.

Gen. Coff. Before our eyes St. George's banner waves, and hostile feet dare to pollute our soil; the foe already vaunts his conquest made, and bleeding liberty in chains before him.—Whether it were better to attack him first, or wait the onset of his menaced blow, let wisdom now in fair debate decide, and so determine.

Gen. Jack. So be it chiefs.

(trumpet sounded without.)

Enter CENTINEL.

Gen. A flag from the British camp attends without.

Gen. Jack. Let him approach. *(exit Cent.)*

Enter an OFFICER with a flag.

Offi. The British chief sends greeting, to his brave opponent; and next, so please you, hear my farther orders—

Gen. Jack. Proceed—the council listens to thy chief's instructions.

Offi. His excellency, anxious to restrain the war that breaths exterminating rage and death, proposes you receive his conquering troops, and stay the bloody conflict will ensue, should force compel a passage hither for his unconquered squadrons, by their arms.

Gen. Jack. What follows, if this brave be met by stern and resolute defiance here.

Offi. Defeat, and desolation to your city follow, with all the horrors that attend on war—so was I bade reply.

Gen. Jack. This is our answer then, and so report: until his hostile bands retrace their march from hence, regain their ships, and leave the land in peace, we break off farther parley; and henceforth, let force with force negotiate, and decide in bloody combat for our sacred rights. So be our answer, and depart in peace. Let him have honourable conduct hence. Farewell.

Offi. Farewell—I grieve this summons should so ill succeed. *(exit Officer.)*

Gen. Jack. Now chieftians close the council and retire. Invoke the heavens to smile upon our country, conduct her safely through the gathering storm to conquer in the conflict, fire every bosom with a holy zeal, and nerve our arms in battle. Let patriot virtue now sublime our feelings; its sacred influence possess our hearts, and make us worthy of the place we hold. *(exeunt.)*



ACT V.

SCENE 1—*Interior of General Pakenham's
Marquee.*

*An assembly of general officers—Sir EDWARD,
Generals KEANE, GIBBS, &c.*

Gen. Pack. Yet a few hours, my friends, and all our toils will be repaid with the rich recompense of victory. Let us a short time dedicate to social harmony, let pleasure now preside, while care and discontent, banished our board, take refuge with the foe, to goad and vex him. Strike on the instruments. Let music charm the stealing hours of night, and bring the glorious morrow.

(*Grand Chorus with instruments.*)

When the brazen trumpet's sound
 Fills the echoing vaults around,
 Deeds of bold emprise inspiring,
 Hero souls with glory firing—
 Hear the blast of battle roll ;
 Mark the warrior's ireful soul.
 Strong in martial pride he towers
 When the storm of battle lowers ;
 Waste and ruin spreading wide,
 Charming victory to his side ;
 Then the nations wait his nod,
 Then he seems a demi-god.

When the reign of peace returns,
 Then for tranquil joy he burns ;
 Woman's smile his heart delighting,
 Beauty's blandishments inviting ;
 Hears no more the battle roll,
 Love, transporting, fills his soul.
 Now forgot his martial feats,
 Ev'ry pulse to pleasure beats.
 Glory's wreath, and woman's smile ;
 Now reward the hero's toil ;
 Victory's garland, beauty's charms ;
 Ever crown desert in arms.

Fill for him the racy bowl,
 Cheer with generous wine his soul ;
 Venus, Mars, and Bacchus courting ;
 Woman, war, and wine transporting
 High the rich libation pour,
 Hear him fight his battles o'er ;
 Now he mounts the rapid car,
 Now directs the storm of war ;
 Victory's laurel seizing now,
 Binds it on his ardent brow !

Then to ease his swelling breast,
Sinks in pleasure's arms to rest.

Gen. Pack. Thanks, worthy friends. These cheering strains lighten the cares that press upon my mind, and warm my heart with pleasure—yet, the great business of the coming day will ever and anon intrude upon me, crossing the tide of joy—an adverse current.

Gen. Gibbs. The night is far advanced; and nature, drooping for her wonted rest, warns us away.

Gen. Pack. O, that our sluggish nature thus should weigh against the noble energies of mind, with leaden ponderance bearing down the soul, which else aspiring spurns an earthward course, and wings its flight for glory. Then give the dues to nature. Dream of victory; for ere the light of day the attack begins must give us that, or sleep on beds of honour. A bumper round, and then good night indeed. (*fill and drink.*) I will but see you fairly on the way, and then to rest myself. (*exeunt.*)

SCENE 2—*Outside of the Marquee.*

Officer's Guard, &c. cross the stage leaving Sir Edward Pakenham.

Gen. Pack. To all, and each, good night, and quiet rest. How silent all the camp; such awful stillness as precedes a storm, when nature's conflict shake the solid ball, and ruin mounts the whirlwind. How many a soldier sleeps secure to night, who, ere another, must to sleep forever. Weigh, balmy blessing, heavy on their lids, and feed their hearts with spirits.

(*enters the marquee.*)

SCENE 3—*Interior of Sir Edward's Marquee.*

The General discovered sleeping—The Genius of Dreams descends in a car of clouds; approaches and waves her wand over him.
(*soft music.*)

Filmy ghosts, e're while that trod
The varied round of life's career,
In marble vault or reeking sod,
In wat'ry grave, or church-yard drear.
My charmed invocation hear,
Arise and come away;
In mould and form of life appear,
Be quickened—rise—obey.

Ye shadowy forms of things gone by,
Whether on Lethe's banks ye lie,
Or viewless float in nether sky,
As ye were once in time, appear,
Ye fleeting shadows hither hie,
Unreal pageants greet his eye,
And mock his charmed ear,
Arise—appear—appear.

Shadows rise in the back ground, and shew the pageant of a battle; during which Sir Edward appears restless; as it progresses, becomes more agitated. Starts from sleep—shadows disappear—exclaims,

Now, now they retire! press upon them, bravely!
See! they yield; they fly—victory! victory!

GUARDS enter—he falls into their arms exhausted.

Gua. Who calls so loudly?

Gen. Pack. Ha, how now—what's the matter?

Gua. How fares your excellency?

Gen. Pack. Excellent well. 'Twas but the airy pageantry which the brain engenders in sleep. My drowsy senses have been mocked with visions, abused with dreams, and idle phantasies. The battle raged, fiercely my veterans fought; victory was ours—then all my faculties of soul engaged, sundered the bands of sleep.

Gua. A happy presage of success.

Gen. Pack. No doubt. Get you hence—once more I'll try to rest; when I awake, see all things ready as I ordered—away. (*exit Guard.*)

SCENE i.—*The American Camp.*

The troops in motion—drums beating to arms, parties of soldiers cross the stage in different directions.

Enter Col. OAKWOOD and Capt. O'FLANEGAN.

Col. Oak. The enemy so near us, say you?

O'Flan. Already, as the morning clears, his colors may be seen distinctly from our works, and hither they advance.

Col. Oak. Let them come on; thanks to our vigilance, they'll not surprise us. Is the General stirring?

O'Flan. All energy. I met him giving orders on the field, cheering the troops, who caught and look'd his zeal and ardent spirit; and as his charger dash'd along the line, their shouts expressed their confidence and courage.

L. of G.

Col. Oak. This day shall crown our hopes and bless our arms, and with a ray of glory write our names. The chosen band that fight with us this day, will make New Orleans our country's boast to all succeeding times. Now then, to join the high illustrious few, and share with them a crown of fadeless verdure. (*exeunt.*)

SCENE 5—*The American intrenchments.*

The flag flying on the works. A body of British troops, led by Sir EDWARD PACKENHAM, make the attack. Sir Edward falls—the party retires—is succeeded by another.

Gen. Pack. Now my brave fellows, cheerly and set on—plant on their works the banner of Saint George, and add another victory to your fame.—Follow your General.

(*Advances—receives the fire—falls.*)

The fight becomes general. The American Colours are shot away. Edward Oakwood is seen on the work—leaps sword in hand over them. Seizes the Colours—is attacked.

Edw. My life—or gain the Colours—(*leaps.*)

A sortie made from the intrenchments to his aid, led by Charlotte Melville, in the dress of a volunteer, who draws and fires a pistol—relieves Edward from the stroke of a sabre raised over him. He recovers the Colours. The British retreat. Charlotte, in the act of firing drops her helmet. Her hair falling, discovers her sex.

Edw. My life, brave soldier—(*recognizing her*) merciful powers—Is this real? do I behold in my preserver, my loved, my constant Charlotte?

Char. Forgive me, Edward, if unsexed to-day, you see me here, a soldier by your side. In her dear country's cause, a woman's spirit towers above her sex—and heaven in this was ordi-
nant.

Edw. Amazement checks my utterance. Not till this moment did a coward's heart beat in your Edward's bosom—a thousand dangers, now I see, surround us. Fly from this field of slaughter; make yourself safe, and I'm a man again.

Char. I must retire. I feel my strength unequal to my wish—that still would have me near you. Nature, exhausted by unusual efforts, no longer aids my will and high ambition.

Edw. Come then, my life's preserver, make me sure a place of safety holds my heart's best love.

SCENE 6—*Changes to another part of the field.*

Distant firing.

Enter two SOLDIERS wounded.

1st Sol. Plague on the wound—they have spoiled my hand for shooting. How goes the battle, comrade?

2d Sol. As well as we could wish. I met some prisoners who report three of the British Generals killed, and the army retiring before our brave commander.

1st Sol. Thank heaven he is safe. I saw him, in a blaze of fire, direct the battle. Now, said the noble General, play the man. Let this day settle

the business—and then again dashed in the thickest of the fight.

2d Sol. Hark ! 'tis the retreat is sounded—

(shouts, trumpets, &c.)

1st Sol. And shouts of victory—are they not ?

2d Sol. To be sure—and thus we answer them : huzza—

(shouting.)

1st Sol. See—they come this way, full march. Stand we aside—noble fellows—brave soldiers—stand close.

SCENE 7—*The American troops, as retiring from the battle, enter and draw up, enclosing the GENERAL and Officers, who form a group in the square.*

Gen. Jack. Thus far, brave warriors, have we backward traced from victory's hot pursuit our steady march—fairly brought off our honour and subdued the foe. Thanks, in my country's name, comrades in arms. Peace to the memories of the fallen brave. To them shall rise a monument more proud than Antigonus to his father raised, when Greece adorned Demetrius' splendid tomb, and hung her garlands on the sacred vase. Advance the standard in the army's front ; let every soldier see the unfledged bird, that tore from foreign eagles victory's wreath. Behold the banner, by a woman saved. Hereafter, should the leagured world enraged, assail those rights and liberties, so well maintained, point to that trophy of a female arm, and half unman its vengeance. Now, let your warlike instruments proclaim to the high heavens your this day's worthy deeds ; and the blue concave echo to the world, the noble

daring of the patriot band, that foiled the invader
and redeemed the land.

Hence, should a foreign foe your rights assail,
Justice and union be your sevenfold mail ;
To venial arts let vassal nations yield,
Duty and beauty are Columbia's shield.

(General flourish and shout of the troops.)

THE END

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