

First deeds, not stained, but dusted by the last ;
For, thus the long day of a useful life,
Seems burnished by its close.

HULL. My friend, had all
Been trusty as the men of your command !
But—I am great in silence and shall speak
No more of this ! What's done is for the best.

[Retiring.

OFFICER. A bleached and doting relic of stale time !
His best is bad for us.

[A squad of Volunteer Militia insultingly surround
the General, hosting and groaning.

1ST VOLUNTEER. Hull ! hold the fort !

2ND VOLUNTEER. Resist ! We'll back you up !

HULL. Insolent ruffians !

Some men are here in whose sincerity
And courage I have perfect faith—but you !—
Untaught, unmannerly and mutinous—
Your muddy hearts would squirm within your ribs
If I but gave the order to resist !
You would command me ! You who never learned
The simple first note of obedience !
Stand off, nor let me ! I regard you not.
Fine Volunteers are you, who mutinied
O'er such privations as true soldiers laugh at !
Fine Volunteers ! whom we were forced to coax,
And almost drag upon the forest march.
Oh, if I had a thousand more of men,
A thousand less of things—which is your name—
I would defend this Fort, and keep it too.
Stand off and let me pass !

[The GENERAL walks off.

1ST VOLUNTEER.
Talks well, boys, when he's mad !

The General