

**THE FALL OF THE ALAMO; AN
HISTORICAL DRAMA IN FOUR
ACTS; CONCLUDED BY AN
EPILOGUE ENTITLED THE BATTLE
OF SAN JACINTO**

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The Fall of the Alamo; An historical drama in four acts; concluded by an epilogue entitled the battle of san Jacinto by Francis Nona

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FRANCIS NONA

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OF SAN JACINTO**

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS

CONCLUDED BY AN EPILOGUE ENTITLED

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

BY

PROFESSOR FRANCIS NONA

Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi.—VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*, I, 461.

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
182 FIFTH AVENUE
1879.

Bancroft Library

10,251

TO COLONEL THOMAS W PEIRCE.

OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,

this work is respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

10.50

11.22/22

11

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA, Dictator of Mexico, and Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Army.

Don Martin Perfecto Cos,—his brother-in-law, and General in the Mexican Army.

Don Manuel Fernandez Castrillon,—General in the Mexican Army.

Don Francisco Duque,—Colonel in Mexican service.

Juan N. Almonte,—Colonel and Aide-de-Camp to Santa Anna.

JOHN DAVIS BRADBURN,—A native of Tennessee, who, having entered the Mexican service, commanded the Fort of Anahuac in the year 1832.

ELSIE BRADBURN,—his Daughter.

WILLIAM B. TRAVIS,—A resident of Anahuac in the year 1832, and Commander of the Texan Volunteers at the Alamo in the year 1836.

JAMES A. TRAVIS,—his brother, seventeen years old.

Colonel David Crockett,—Hunter, Scout, Congressman, and Champion for Texan liberty.

Colonel James Bowie,

Major Evans,

Captain Kimble,

Lieutenant Dickinson,—Commanders of Texan Volunteers under Wm. B. Travis.

Colonel J. B. Bonham,—Colonel of Texan Volunteers.

Rev. W. P. Smith,—Chaplain of the Texan Volunteers at the Alamo.

Samuel Houston,—Commander-in-Chief of the Texan Army at the San Jacinto.

Edward Burleson,—Colonel in the Texan Army.

Frank W. Johnston,—Colonel of Texan Volunteers.

John W. Smith,—called Deaf Smith, scout to General Houston.

John Austin,

Wm. J. Russell,

Wm. H. Fack,—Natives of the United States, residing in Texas in the year 1832.

Don Lorenzo Zavala,—Texan Patriot.

S. B. Patcho,—Captain in Mexican service, stationed at Anahuac.

Jose Prado,—Servant to Santa Anna.

A Surgeon.—A Jailer.—American Colonists, residing in Texas.—Texan
Volunteers.—Mexican Soldiers.

SCENE.

First Act: Partly at Velasco, partly at Anahuac, in the year 1832.

Second, Third and Fourth Acts: In and around the Alamo, in February
and March, 1836.

Epilogue: At the San Jacinto River, April 21, 1836.

THE FALL OF THE ALAMO.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

Colonists of Stephen Austin's American Colony at Brazoria (situated near Fort Velasco) are seen engaged at work in the fields. At a given signal they assemble in the centre of the stage, John Austin and Wm. J. Russell occupying a conspicuous place among them.

JOHN AUSTIN.

Again the pleasant shades of eve descend
And counsel us to close this day's account.
So let us go and homeward wend our steps;
And as in countries far across the main
The vesper-bell tolls through the mellow air
Of eventide the thankful offerings
Of dying day,—so we, our labors done,
Our thoughts abstracted from our work's concern,
Will let our joyful feelings' gratitude
Ring through our hearts, while homeward we proceed.
A sanctuary of God, but lately sprung

From His creating hand, thus seem to me
These virgin-fields, so fresh, so still, so grand
Where nearer wafts His breath into my heart,
Where clearer speaks His presence to my mind,
Where louder peals His voice into my ear.
Here, as each day succeeds its predecessor,
It leaves engraven on my memory
The luxury of every breath I drew,
The spell of every gaze I cast about,
Withal a soul-felt record of delight.
Behold this emerald sea of waving meads,
Hedged round by fields aglow with gaudy flowers,
Which, swelling to the dim horizon's brink,
By roscate tints blend earth and evening-sky,
While through the clear, transparent atmosphere
Those forest-groves, like as Elysian Isles,
Seem slowly sailing o'er the grassy main
In golden-green and amber-colored light.
Fair Italy may boast her sunny clime,
Greece may extol her azure-sky's abyss,
The Rhine parade his valley's loveliness,—
They cannot match this blessed Texan land
Which every day grows dearer to my heart.

WM. J. RUSSELL.

Thou art quite right, my friend ; I, too, enjoy
This happy climate's grateful benefits,
Marked out, meseems, for Labor's paradise.
With golden harvests here the friendly ground