

failed, and never will fail, to do what he ought to do.

HAMILTON.

Some think he ought not to sign it.

BRIGGS.

Tories and traitors and love-sick girls.

HAMILTON.

Sergeant, you seem much moved.

BRIGGS.

Moved! I have n't slept for a week for dreaming. The instant I close my eyes, I see the cursed red-coats pouring up the heights,—our men scattered and flying, shot down like rabbits,—officers bewildered,—all dismayed, all betrayed. They've scaled Fort Putnam! There! the royal ensign waves above it! And that wakes me; and I cry for joy to find I've been dreaming. I shall do nothing but dream o' nights while André lives. But there's one condition on which I'd spare his life.

HAMILTON.

What's that?