

are overwhelmed, their leaders imprisoned and shot, what will become of your Captain Henry? (*Turning to Eva*) Come, Eva, you are silent; your appear sad. Don't you think as I do?

EVA.

Yes, father, I am sad, though I have no reason to be so, as the one I love is agreeable to you. But somehow or other, I cannot resist a feeling of despondency which has weighed me down for several days. I have terrible presentiments. I am as under the influence of a nightmare.

PARKER.

Girlish follies! Ephemeral shadows which the arrival of the handsome Major will suddenly dissipate. In the meantime, answer my question. Do you share my opinion in regard to Nelly's love for that poor fellow Henry?

EVA.

If you insist upon an answer, papa, I will say that, in Nelly's place, I should do as she has done. And as to the chivalrous sentiments and enthusiastic ideas with which you reproach Henry, I cannot condemn them, because Major Andre is precisely one of those superior men who follow only the noblest impulses and sacrifice everything to the cause which they have embraced.

PARKER.

Ho! Ho! Fallen from Scylla into Charydis! Even Eva, whom I thought so wise and reasonable, lapsing into sentiment!

NELLY.

(*Approaching her father*) Now, do not get angry, dear father, but it is time I should tell you that my poor Henry—so distasteful to you—will come here this evening. Having been made a prisoner, he was exchanged to day for a royalist officer. .... Before starting for West Point, he desires to pay his respects to us. I hope, dearest papa, (*kissing him*) that, for my sake, you will be kind to him.

PARKER.

Yes, yes, my love. But is not Major Andre coming to spend the evening here? How will the two get along together?