

he was shot; and it was right that he was,—it was right. And a British officer, by the British Commander-in-Chief sent with most malignant purpose, comes within our lines under a false name, under a false character, in disguise, at midnight, to plot with the worst enemy our cause could have,—to plot the ruin of that cause by one great perfidious blow,—goes away in the dark, hiding in his boots the plans and papers to make that blow unfailing; this man, who came upon us stealthily, like a thief in the night, and went out like a thief in the night, carrying with him a key to our very citadel of safety,—a man, who, by means gotten through his own double, treble falsehood and the deep treason of his black accomplice, would, within a week, have compassed the stronghold of our territory, shattered our army, struck despair to the whole country's heart, perhaps, aye, quite possibly, made captive Washington himself,—this man,—this man is poor André! Hanging 's too good for him.

*[Exit, followed by his companion, who makes an energetic gesture of sympathy and approval.]*