

ANDRÉ, alarmed.

What's that? (*Another shot.*) We are betrayed.

Enter SMITH.

ARNOLD.

Smith, what is that firing?

SMITH.

At the "Vulture," from the shore.

ANDRÉ.

But can they reach her? (*Going to the window; cannon-shots continue.*) Ha! that they can. She looks as though she were on fire. There, she is moving.

SMITH, aside to Arnold, seeing André's uniform.

What! is he a British officer?

ARNOLD.

Oh, no! A fop of a fellow, a New York cockney, who borrowed a uniform to look big in.

SMITH.

He'll feel small enough if he is caught in it.

ANDRÉ.

Why, the "Vulture" is dropping down the river! I shall not be able to get back to her.