

BRIGGS.

Their giving us Arnold in his place. Oh, for that, I'd hug André with my one arm. I have but the one; but look you, Colonel, I'll lay it on a block, and you may hew it off inch by inch to the shoulder, if thereby we can clutch that—what shall I say—traitor! There have been traitors before; but Arnold is something diabolically new.

VARICE.

Now that his villany is baffled, what have we to gain by taking the life of poor André?

BRIGGS.

Poor André,—what to gain? I knew a man, a brave one. I saw him fight at Princeton,—a young, strong man and true. He left a wife and babe at home in Monmouth. The day before yesterday came a letter telling him his wife was ill unto death. No mother, no sister, no brother, near her. The poor man was beside himself with grief. In that state he deserted. He was taken; and yesterday, within twelve hours of his capture,