
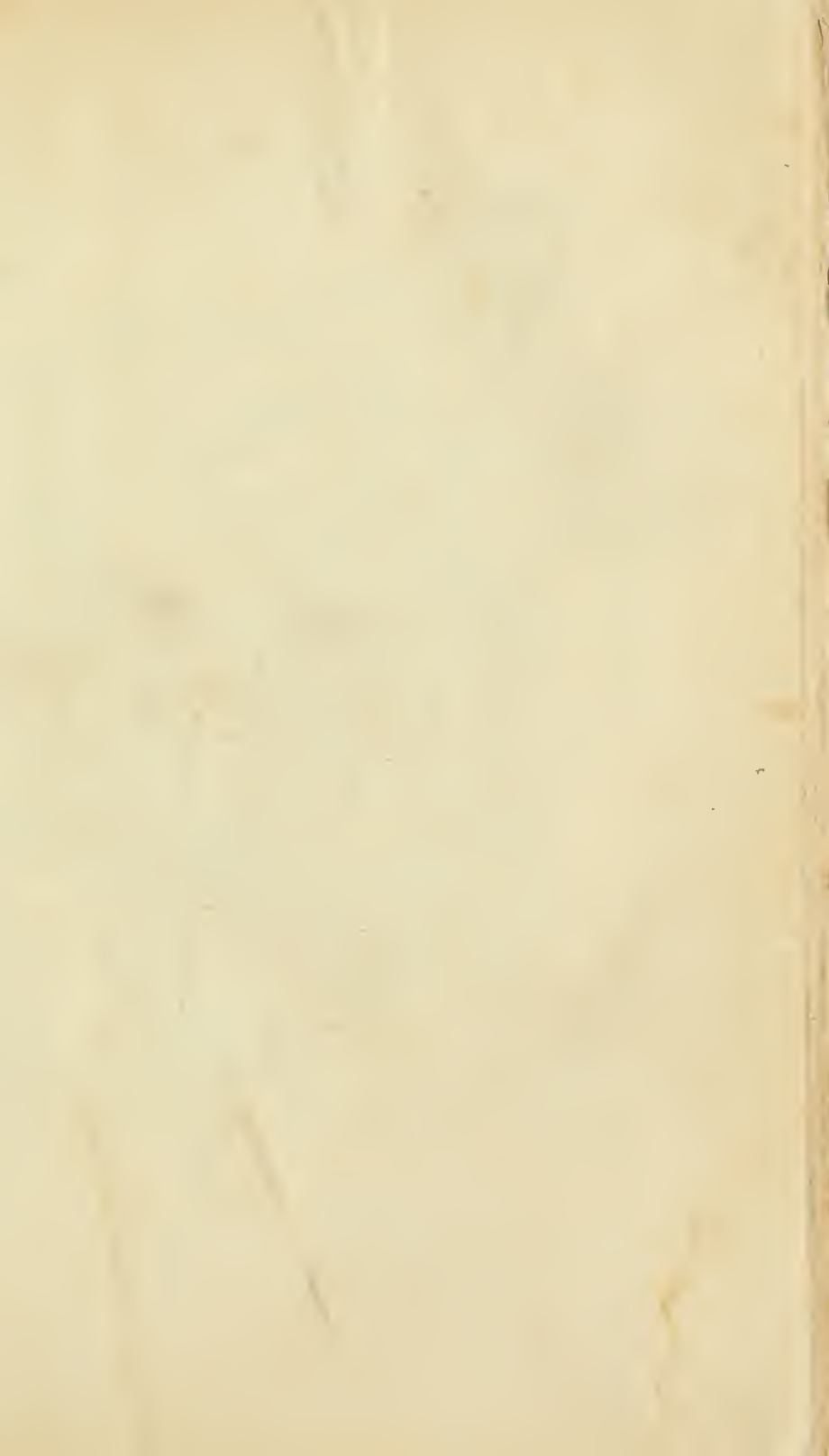




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MAJOR ANDRE.

Sketched by himself, with a Pen, the day before his execution.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

BENEDICT ARNOLD



By GEO. CANNING HILL.

PHILADELPHIA:
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BENEDICT ARNOLD.

A Biography.

BY

GEORGE CANNING HILL.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1865.

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P R E F A C E.

THE author has designed the present series of Biographies more particularly for the young. And, in pursuing his original plan along to its termination, he has set before himself the following objects, to which he invites the reader's attention :

To furnish from the pages of the world's history a few examples of true manhood, lofty purpose, and persevering effort, such as may be safely held up either for the admiration or emulation of the youth of the present day ;

To clear away, in his treatment of these subjects, whatever mistiness and mustiness may have accumulated with time about them, presenting to the mental vision fresh and living pictures, that shall seem to be clothed with naturalness, and energy, and vitality ;

To offer no less instruction to the minds, than pleasure to the imaginations of the many for whom he has taken it in hand to write ;

And, more especially, perhaps, to familiarize the youth

of our day with those striking and manly characters, that have long ago made their mark, deep and lasting, on the history and fortunes of the AMERICAN CONTINENT.

The deeds of these men, it is true, are to be found abundantly recorded in Histories; but they lie so scattered along their ten thousand pages, and are so intermixed with the voluminous records of other matters, as to be practically out of the reach of the *younger* portion of readers, and so of the very ones for whom this series has been undertaken. These want only *pictures of actual life*; and, if the author shall, in any due degree, succeed even in sketching interesting *outlines*, he will feel that he is answering the very purpose that has long lain unperformed within his heart.

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BENEDICT ARNOLD.

CHAPTER I.

YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD.

A TRAITOR is despised of all the world. I have stated in my preface, that it is the design of the Biographical Series of which this volume is a part, to “furnish from the pages of the world’s history a few examples of true manhood, lofty purpose, and persevering effort, such as may be safely held up either for the admiration or emulation of the youth of the present day;” and I am sure it is needless to add that the life of Benedict Arnold offers no such example. On the contrary, his memory will be detested as long as time shall help to keep it alive.

Yet it is not impossible that the highest forms of manhood may be studied, sometimes, by the

contemplation of their strongest contrasts; especially, in cases where it was just as easy for men to be heroes as villains, and all attending influences should have nerved them to deeds of patriotism and nobility. And I have thought it may be so in the present case. Arnold had opportunities such as few men are offered; but he threw both them and himself away.

The treason of Arnold is known wherever the English tongue is spoken. The details of the story, however, have been in a great degree forgotten, or merged in that universal sentiment of detestation of the man, which seems to have swallowed all else up; and even those honorable services which he did render his country on certain occasions, are willingly, but quite wrongfully, left out of the account. It is the purpose of this narrative to do justice to his merits, while sparing in no manner his unparalleled crimes; for in no other way than by comparing one side of his character with the other, can one hope to make up a judgment that will be either just or lasting.

The ancestors of Benedict Arnold settled originally in Rhode Island. One of them, after whom

he was named, was the president of the colony immediately succeeding Roger Williams. His father emigrated from Newport to Norwich, in Connecticut, together with another brother, Oliver, not long after the year 1730. They both followed the trade of coopers, which Benedict very soon after left for a commercial life. It is said that he sailed to England, in the prosecution of his new business, and likewise carried on a very thriving trade with the West Indies, for which the town of Norwich was in those days much noted. As soon as he had secured a sufficient amount to furnish him with a reliable business capital, he left his voyaging and foreign trading, and betook himself to the occupation of a merchant.

For a long time he enjoyed uninterrupted success. His profits came in steadily, and his prospects and position in the world ought to have been good enough to satisfy any man of reasonable desires; yet it appears that he was regarded with feelings of suspicion by his fellow citizens, and failed to secure anything like that respect for himself that gives life one of its highest values. In time, therefore, he became insensible to the good opinion of others; neglected his business; took to

drinking and dissipation; and, in the natural order of things, grew to be poor, idle, and a burden in the public mind.

During the years of his prosperity, however, he had married a widow lady of Norwich, Mrs. Hannah King by name; and the fruit of this union was six children,—three boys and three girls. The oldest was a boy named Benedict; but as he died in his infancy, the same name was given to the next son, who is the subject of this narrative. It appears that Benedict had for many generations been a favorite name with the Arnolds, and it was to be finally illustrated, in the case of the child who last took it, by a record of infamy from the very thought of which the upright mind shrinks with an instinct of dismay.

Benedict, the Traitor, was born, therefore, on the 3d day of January, 1740; which made him forty years old at the time of the consummation of that stupendous villany with which his name will ever be associated. All the other children, except himself and his sister Hannah, died in infancy. Very little is positively known as to the sort of education Benedict was permitted to get from the schools of his native town, although it is highly

probable, from the fact of his father's being in such affluent circumstances during his early youth, that he certainly had the advantages of all that could be reached. Besides this, his mother was a lady of exemplary piety and of a highly consistent Christian character; and sought on every occasion to instil into his nature those lessons of virtue and purity which should have finally made the boy a noble man.

The following is a fragment of a letter written by Arnold's mother to her son, in these days — while he was away from home in Canterbury, twelve miles from Norwich: —

“NORWICH APRIL 12 1754.

“dear childe. I received yours of 1 instant and was glad to hear that you was well: pray my dear let your first consern be to make your pease with god as itt is of all conserns of y^e greatest impotence. Keep a stedy watch over your thoughts, words and actions. be dutifull to superiors obliging to equalls and affibel to inferiors.

* * * * *

“from your afecionate

“HANNAH ARNOLD.

“P. S. I have sent you fifty shillings youse itt prudently as you are accountable to God and your

father. Your father and aunt joyns with me in love and servis to Mr Cogswell and ladey and yourself Your sister is from home.

“To Mr

“Your father put
twenty more

benedict arnold
at
canterbury

Benedict is said to have been placed at one time under the instruction of a Dr. Jewett, of Montville, — a little country town some half dozen miles below Norwich. He was afterwards bound out to serve an apprenticeship with a couple of gentlemen in Norwich, named Lathrop, who were very extensively engaged in the drug and medicine business. He was still quite a lad when he went into their store, and it is likely that he was taken away from school as early as he was, in consequence of the fast sinking character of his father. The Messrs. Lathrop, too, were distantly related to his mother, and she no doubt thought her son would receive at their hands as good a training as it was possible for her circumstances to allow him.

All accounts agree that Benedict was a perverse young fellow, from the very beginning. There are several stories in existence that go to show this

fact beyond dispute. His heart was bad, at the outset. He possessed a vicious temper, which he would neither control himself, nor suffer any one else to control. He loved mischief, not, like some boys, for the sake of mere roguery and fun, but rather because he had a decided love for visiting other persons with his malice. All the teachings and precepts of his mother seemed to have made but a slight impression upon him.


Very few boys, at his age, could take much delight in robbing birds' nests, unless they were really bad at heart. But he would go out into the orchards and fields, and tear them from the trees with an inward chuckle of maliciousness, crushing the eggs he found, and pulling the helpless and unfledged young cruelly limb from limb. He took a downright pleasure in making the young birds cry out with his savage torments, that he might see the old ones flying around him in distress, wailing for the destruction of their innocent offspring. He would likewise, when he began his apprenticeship in the drug store, strew broken bits of glass, pieces of vials and bottles, in the road near the school-house, in order to mangle the feet of the unsuspecting boys who went bare-

footed through the summer weather. The odd vials that came in the crockery crates were the property of the apprentices, according to the custom of those days; and young Benedict used to place them not far from the store where the school children would be likely to pick them up, not supposing that any one would ever claim them again: and as soon as they had started off with their treasure, he would dart out from his hiding place with a whip in his hand, shout after them that they were little thieves, and commence laying the lash about them without any compunctions.

Mixed in with this malicious love of mischief, was a dash of boldness, or recklessness, which occasionally drew forth the wonder and admiration of all the boys of the town. Most boys, with a temper like his, are apt to be arrant cowards; but it cannot be said that Arnold was a coward in any sense. He delighted in doing what no one else would dare to do, or even seriously think of. For example: when he carried the corn to the town gristmill for his employers, and while waiting for it to be ground, he sometimes caught hold of the great water-wheel at the mill, which was exposed to view, and, going round and round

with it on its circuitous journey, displayed himself to the astonished crowd, now in the water, and now high up on the very top of the wheel. Such a feat as this gave him real delight. He loved applause, no matter how it was obtained; and when he failed to secure that, it was all the same if he was only able to make himself notorious, and generally talked about. One who carefully studies marked traits of boyish character like these, cannot very well help tracing out the future career of the man who still possesses them. Arnold showed himself a reckless, bad boy; it is easy to conclude that as a man he would prove to be not very much changed.

He soon grew tired of the business to which his mother had apprenticed him, and formed the determination to run away. About this time, the Old French War broke out, in the year 1755, which is described in the biography of Gen. Israel Putnam; and the next year, 1756, Arnold being only sixteen years of age, he was so captivated with the thought of being a soldier, that he cherished the secret purpose of going off to the wars with the others who were at that time drafted from all parts of the Connecticut Colony. He saw in a



military career something to excite and inflame his imagination; the irregular mode of life in a camp had many attractions for a spirit so uneasy and impatient of restraint as his; his young mind found much to desire for its own enjoyment, in the stirring scenes of battle, in hard and trying journeys through the wilderness whither the armies had already gone, and beneath the glories of an open sky; and no sooner was his impulsive purpose taken, than he was in equal haste to carry it into execution.

Men were flocking to the colonial head quarters from all directions, to join the army that was then forming against the French in Canada; and Arnold managed to reach Hartford safely with the rest. He let none of his friends know a syllable of his intention, not even his employers, or his mother; but, slinging such few clothes as he could hastily collect across his shoulder, he went off on foot to the rendezvous whence the Connecticut men were to start for Lake George and its vicinity. His poor mother was in great distress; so much so that she went to the minister of the parish, Dr. Lord, and prevailed upon him to interest himself, with others, in her design of getting the

boy back before he should finally march away into the wilderness. The minister exerted himself to perform the office which the boy's mother so eagerly desired, although he cared little enough, probably, whether he returned into the town or not, such a name for mischief and malice had he succeeded in establishing; the result was, that he very soon came back to his mother and his employers, having been discharged from the army on the strength of the representations of his mother's friends.

But he was restless and uneasy still. Already he pined again for some such novel excitement as he had just had a taste of. It was but a little while after his return that he took it into his head to try it once more, and this time he ran away in downright earnest. It was not worth while to send for him again, and so he was allowed to go. He very soon reached the region around Lake George where the fighting between the two hostile armies was going on, and found himself a soldier in reality.

The times were dull, however, and he grew as impatient of restraint as before. His restless spirit chafed at the thought of lying idle through

the season, when so much bloody excitement might easily be had. Coming to the conclusion that camp life, after all, was by far too monotonous and inactive for him, he deserted the army of his own accord, found his way back to Hartford, and thence returned to Norwich and his friends. His mother was overjoyed to recover him, as may be supposed; and no doubt she thought that this brief experience which he had gone through would be of essential service to him. The Messrs. Lathrop were willing to receive him back into their store, admiring his courage and spirit, even if they had little confidence in the steadiness of his character. One day not long after his return, an officer of the British army came into the town to look around after deserters, who were quite easily to be found in some places at that time. Arnold's friends heard that such a person was in the place, and immediately took him and hid him away in a cellar during the day, and at night sent him off several miles into the country, where he remained until all danger of detection was over.

The mother of young Arnold was tried with him in every way. His conduct was so different from what she had hoped for in the only son that

was left her, there is little doubt that her heart was overburdened with grief and sorrow, and her hold on life became less and less strong in consequence. She died not a great while afterwards, disappointed in her cherished hope of having a son to lean upon in her declining years, of whom she might be as fond as she was proud.

At twenty-one, according to the legal articles by which he was bound out to learn the trade of a druggist, he became his own master, having served out his apprenticeship. About this time he left home and went off to New Haven, where he determined to set up in the business for himself. The Lathrops helped him, probably because of their feeling of interest in one of their own relations, and because they likewise knew this would be the best method of saving him to society; so that he began his career in his new and enlarged sphere of action under very favorable and encouraging auspices. [He had money, and he had friends; and that is more than many a young man could say in those times, who afterwards made a far better citizen than did Benedict Arnold.]

In the garret of the house he occupied while in New Haven, the sign was recently found that hung

over the door of his store. It is black, with white letters, and painted alike on both sides. The lettering is as follows: —

B. ARNOLD, DRUGGIST.

Bookseller, &c.;

FROM LONDON.

Sibi Totique.

The Latin motto means — for himself and for the whole.

As his business increased, in consequence of the close attention he gave to it, he extended his operations to other branches of trade. He went into the sale of merchandise of all kinds. [At length he engaged in the West India trade, and began to ship horses and cattle, mules and provisions, to the islands that compose the group known by that name, which was a great business in New Haven at that day, and continued to be for some time afterwards.] This same business, too, his father had followed in Norwich before him, and became the possessor of his wealth in consequence. Like his father, too, he commanded his own vessels, and made voyages to the West Indies on his own account. He was considered a very hard captain, and did not seem to multiply his friends anywhere

very fast. It is recorded that he fought a duel with a Frenchman, while absent on one of these trading voyages, and was likewise engaged in difficulties of all sorts with those around him. (Hardly less than this was to be expected from his overbearing, hot, and impulsive temper.)

Perhaps it was in consequence of these same traits that his ventures in the West Indies finally turned out unsuccessful. His speculations all proved unfortunate, and he ended his career in that quarter with bankruptcy and the utter loss of his reputation. There were plenty of people who believed him dishonest and knavish. He at once returned to his old business in New Haven, at which he worked as hard as ever. He was a man of great energy when he set before himself some particular object for accomplishment, and pretty sure to recover, under favorable circumstances, from his misfortunes.

In New Haven he soon got into trouble again. He was still carrying on his business as usual, and I copy an advertisement of his from the "Connecticut Gazette," a paper which was started in New Haven during the year 1755. It reads thus:—

“BENEDICT ARNOLD. — Wants to buy a number of large genteel fat Horses, Pork, Oats, and Hay. And has to sell choice Cotton and Salt, by quantity or retail; and other goods as usual.

New Haven, January 24th, 1766.”

The trouble alluded to was the whipping of a sailor who had served with him on one of his vessels to the West Indies, and who now came forward and openly accused Arnold of having smuggled goods into the port, and thereby defrauded the custom-house. Arnold gave him a severe thrashing, and forced him to make a solemn promise to leave the town and never come into it again. The sailor, however, did not go as he engaged, and Arnold took him in hand for failing to keep his word. As Arnold tells the whole story himself in a letter which he wrote to the publisher of the Connecticut Gazette, it will be more interesting to give it in his own words, as follows: —

“MR. PRINTER: *Sir* — As I was a party concerned in whipping the Informer, the other day, and unluckily out of town when the Court set, and finding the affair misrepresented much to my disadvantage and many animadversions thereon,

especially in one of your last by a very fair, candid gentleman indeed, as he pretends; after he had insinuated all that malice could do, adds, that he will say nothing to prejudice the minds of the people. — He is clearly seen through the Grass, but the weather is too cold for him to bite. — To satisfy the public, and in justice to myself and those concerned, I beg you'd insert in your next, the following detail of the affair.

“The Informer having been a voyage with me, in which he was used with the greatest humanity, on our return was paid his wages to his full satisfaction; and informed me of his intention to leave the town that day, wished me well, and departed the town, as I imagined. — But he two days after endeavored to make information to a Custom House Officer; but it being holy time was desired to call on Monday, early on which day I heard of his intention, and gave him a little chastisement; on which he left the town; and on Wednesday returned to Mr. Beecher's, where I saw the fellow, who agreed to and signed the following acknowledgment and Oath.

“I, Peter Boole, not having the fear of God before my Eyes, but being instigated by the Devil, did on the 24th instant, make information, or endeavor to do the same, to one of the Custom House Officers for the Port of New Haven, against *Benedict Arnold*, for importing contraband

goods, do hereby acknowledge I justly deserve a Halter for my malicious and cruel intentions.

“I do now solemnly swear I will never hereafter make information, directly or indirectly, or cause the same to be done against any person or persons, whatever, for importing Contraband or any other goods into this Colony, or any Port of America; and that I will immediately leave New Haven and never enter the same again. *So help me God.*

NEW HAVEN, 29th January, 1766.

“This was done precisely at 7 o’clock, on which I engaged not to inform the sailors of his being in town, provided he would leave it immediately according to our agreement. Near four hours after I heard a noise in the street and a person informed me the sailors were at Mr. Beecher’s. On enquiry, I found the fellow had not left the town. I then made one of the party and took him to the Whipping Post, where he received near forty lashes with a small cord, and was conducted out of town; since which on his return, the affair was submitted to Col. David Wooster and Mr. Enos Allen, (Gentlemen of reputed good judgment and understanding,) who were of opinion that the fellow was not whipped too much, and gave him 50s. damages only.

“*Query.* — Is it good policy; or would so great

a number of people, in any trading town on the Continent, (New Haven excepted,) vindicate, protect and caress an informer — a character particularly at this alarming time so justly odious to the Public? Every such information tends to suppress our trade, so advantageous to the Colony, and to almost every individual both here and in Great Britain, and which is nearly ruined by the late detestable stamp and other oppressive acts — acts which we have so severely felt, and so loudly complained of, and so earnestly remonstrated against, that one would imagine every sensible man would strive to encourage trade and discountenance such useless, such infamous Informers. I am Sir, your humble servant,

BENEDICT ARNOLD.”

The above account lets one pretty thoroughly into the real nature of the man. Unquestionably he had been guilty of certain illegal practices, of which the sailor knew, and which he did not himself deny. But he was irritated at the thought of exposure, and resolved to silence his informer by driving him out of town; and after administering to him the second whipping, he appears in a card in the newspapers, and tries to divert public attention from the meanness of the act by showing the

citizens what a lasting injury informers like this sailor could inflict upon the interests of trade. The whole affair illustrates Arnold's impetuous temper, and his determination to brook control at the hands of no one.

A story is also told of him, at about this time, that one day he was engaged with his men in driving some cattle on board a vessel, when an ox of an obstinate temper refused to go. The animal finally turned on his tormentors with fury, and fled beyond their reach. Arnold instantly mounted a horse in pursuit, overtook the runaway, seized hold of him by the nostrils, — which is a very tender place, and thus held him fast until he was subdued.

Arnold had three sons while he lived in New Haven, Benedict, Richard, and Henry. The former died while quite a young man, in the West Indies. It is believed that he came to an untimely and violent death, in consequence of his uncontrollable temper. In this respect he was very much like his father. Mrs. Arnold, who was originally a New Haven lady, died about the time the Revolutionary War commenced. Hannah, the only sister of Arnold, removed from Norwich

to live with her brother, whom she loved with all a sister's devotion. And not until the whole world was assured of his deep and irreparable disgrace, did she give him up. She died at last somewhere in Canada.

CHAPTER II.

TAKING OF TICONDEROGA.

WHEN the ^{Rev} War broke out, Arnold was just thirty-five years old. His residence was in Water street, near the ship-yard; and within a few years his house was still standing. At this time he was Captain of a military company called the Governor's Guards. The news of the skirmish at Lexington reached New Haven about noon. Capt. Arnold at once called out his company, and proposed to them, while drawn up on the public green, to go on to Boston with him and take part in the fighting there. More than forty out of the entire number, which was fifty-eight, consented to go. But they had no ammunition. That was a serious obstacle indeed. There was a quantity stored in the town powder-house, of which Arnold of course knew. The selectmen of the town were in ses-

sion the next day, to consider what was best to be done in view of the outbreak at Lexington. While they were in session, Arnold, who had already drawn up the men who had volunteered to follow him to Lexington, put himself at their head and marched forthwith to the house in which they were assembled.

He formed the company in front of the house, and proceeded at once to summary measures. He sent in word to the selectmen, that unless the key of the powder-house was delivered up within five minutes, he would give orders to his men to break open the building and help themselves to the contents. The threat produced exactly the effect he desired. The key was surrendered, and a sufficient supply of powder was dealt out.

Arnold set off for Cambridge with his company without delay. On the second night of their march, they reached the town of Wethersfield, where the people received them with every demonstration of delight, and offered them all possible attention. The legislature of Connecticut was in session at that time in Hartford, and certain persons were talking up a bold project among themselves, for which they hoped to obtain the favor of

that body, to march a force up through the country to Fort Ticonderoga, and suddenly wrest that fortress from the hands of the British. The moment Arnold caught the whispered hint, he was impatient to share the glory which such an expedition, if successful, would be certain to bring. So that as soon as he arrived at Cambridge with his handsomely uniformed company, he laid the plan before the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, as if it were altogether original with himself; and went on to show them how easy it would be to carry it out. He set forth his design with all the enthusiasm of his easily moved nature. He showed to the Committee the splendor of such an achievement, and described in glowing terms the electric effect it would produce on the dejected heart of the country. The expedition was painted in the warmest colors, laid on with a lavish hand. And at the close of his remarks, he declared that he would freely undertake to do all this himself, if they would only furnish him with the necessary means. They accepted his proposal with eagerness; and gave him a commission with the title of Colonel, with authority to enlist not to exceed four hundred soldiers in the western part of Mas-

sachusetts, and wherever else along the line he might be able.

Accordingly, on the 3d day of May, 1775, Benedict Arnold assumed his new command. Meantime, the Connecticut men already spoken of had been active in carrying forward their plans, and had already started off up the valley of the Connecticut on the projected expedition. They had got the Green Mountain Boys, with the famous Ethan Allen at their head, to join them. The Connecticut legislature voted them a thousand dollars to begin with, although its aid was still kept a secret from the public at large, for prudent reasons. When this party left for Castleton, in Vermont, they numbered two hundred and seventy men. Allen was placed at their head, by a vote of a council of war. The whole body was then divided up into three commands, each one of which was to take a different route, and finally arrive before Ticonderoga at the same time with the others.

The Massachusetts Committee of Safety furnished Arnold with an outfit of a hundred pounds in money, two hundred pounds' weight each of powder and lead balls, a thousand flints, and ten

horses. They likewise gave him authority to draw on them for a sufficient amount to furnish stores and supplies for his troops by the way.

He reached Stockbridge, in Massachusetts, and there learned to his dismay that the Connecticut party was before him. Col. Easton had collected a force of some forty men in Berkshire, and marched on to Bennington, and there joined Ethan Allen. Arnold was in a fury of impatience at receiving this most unexpected intelligence. He now saw his coveted laurels plucked from his brow, and his honors suddenly withered like autumn leaves by a frost. He did not pause long to consider, and certainly he would have been the last living man to turn back because others were before. Accordingly, he left his men to follow after at their own convenient pace, and himself pushed on after the expedition at the top of his speed.

At Castleton he came up with the whole of them. There he proceeded to make the first exhibition of his real character. Taking the piece of parchment from his pocket upon which his commission was written, he exhibited it to the officers of the other expedition with an air of





ARNOLD CLAIMING THE COMMAND.

haughty triumph, and claimed the right to exercise supreme authority over the entire body himself, by virtue of his title.

This was a sorry occurrence, to begin with. The Green Mountain Boys never would have served in any undertaking of the kind, unless they could have been allowed to do so under their favorite commander, Ethan Allen. The men collected from Connecticut, as well as those under Col. Easton, were secretly in the pay of the Connecticut Assembly, and of course refused to obey any directions but such as were received, first and last, from the Legislature itself. And for a time it was feared that the enterprise might fall through altogether, just from an unhappy division of counsels and an irritated state of feeling.

But Arnold saw at a glance how the matter stood, and thought best to control his ardor. Had he persisted in his claims, it is very certain he could not have distinguished himself as he did. He made up his mind, therefore, to join the expedition as a volunteer, though he insisted still on retaining his rank and title of Colonel. As such, his services were accepted, and they all went off towards the lake in the three squads just mentioned.

The division under Allen arrived at Shoreham, a little village opposite Ticonderoga, in the night time. This was on the tenth day of May. As it happened, the division which was to have captured certain boats at Skenesboro', on the lake, had not yet sent down their boats to Shoreham, as expected, and how to proceed was a truly puzzling problem. There were only eighty-three men with Allen, in all; and to assail an armed fortress like Ticonderoga with a puny force like this, seemed hardly less than madness. Yet it was more dangerous still to remain there idle. Nothing could come of waiting but increased hazard.

Allen accordingly procured the services of a young lad in the neighborhood, named Nathan Beman; his father was an honest and patriotic farmer, and was glad to do the party a favor. This little boy had been in the habit of crossing the lake and playing about the fortress with the other lads who belonged within its walls, and by this means had grown familiar with every secret passage and winding way there was about the place. Allen wanted him to go along as a guide.

They crossed the lake in such boats as were at

hand, dipping their oars silently in the water as they went. It was necessary to save every moment now, for the gray of early morning was just beginning to show itself in the east. In good time, however, they reached the opposite shore, where they were drawn up noiselessly in three ranks. Allen now walked rapidly up and down the line, talking to them with a great deal of energy, but in low and earnest whispers. He then called Arnold to his side, and started off at the head of his followers at a quick pace for the fortress before him. It was a bold step, and few men would have dared to take it. But Ethan Allen was a bold man, and one just suited to an emergency of such a character.

With the lad to show them the way, they soon came to the sally-port, through which they entered. A sentinel, who was thunderstruck by what he saw, hastily snapped his fusee at Allen, but fortunately it missed fire, and he ran off through a covered way within the fort. Rushing on close behind him, the assailants pushed their way to the parade within the barracks, where they at once found themselves masters. The garrison were of course aroused from their sleep by the

loud shoutings and hallooings of the victorious party, and sprang from their beds in a state of great alarm. But as fast as they made their appearance at the doors of the barracks, they were seized by the enthusiastic party of besiegers and made prisoners.

Allen told the boy Beman to show him the way to the door of the commander's room, Col. Delaplace. In an instant he sprang up the steps and thundered away upon the door with the hilt of his heavy sword. He shouted out to him that he must get up and come to the door at once, or the whole garrison would be sacrificed. Col. Delaplace chanced to have been awakened by the noise of the Americans when they first sent up their shouts in the parade; and he and his young wife hurried out of bed and were all ready to open the door the moment Allen made his startling demand.

Both commanders were old friends. As soon as Delaplace, therefore, could manage to see by the aid of an unsteady light who it was that had so boldly disturbed his slumbers, he rather presumed upon his former acquaintance, and asked Allen in a tone of authority why he was there at

such a time of night, and what he wanted. Allen replied, glancing significantly at the men he commanded, — “I order you to surrender this fort instantly!” “By what authority do *you* demand it?” returned Delaplace. “In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!” answered Allen, in tones that reverberated through the place. Delaplace was on the point of saying something further; but Allen impetuously raised his sword over his head, and ordered him, in a voice whose temper he dared not lightly regard, to keep silence and surrender the fortress at once. Delaplace gave directions to the entire garrison, which consisted of only forty-eight men, to parade without their arms, and gave up everything into the hands of his courageous conqueror.

The demand of Allen seemed quite preposterous, since the “Continental Congress” by whose authority he claimed to speak had never met as yet, and did not meet until ten o’clock on that very same day. But the phrase sounded grandly enough for him, and no doubt assisted in striking terror to the heart of the surprised commander of the fortress. The spoils which thus fell into the

hands of the Americans, consisted of one hundred and twenty pieces of iron cannon, fifty swivels, two ten-inch mortars, one howitzer, one cohorn, ten tons of musket balls, three cart-loads of flints, thirty new carriages, a considerable quantity of shells, a warehouse filled with materials for boat building, one hundred stand of small arms, ten casks of powder not worth a great deal, two brass cannons, eighteen barrels of pork, thirty barrels of flour, together with a quantity of beans and peas. The garrison were sent, with the women and children, as prisoners of war to Hartford, in Connecticut.

But the fortress of Ticonderoga was not surrendered many hours, before the unquiet spirit of Arnold began to hatch further mischief. His pride was for the moment soothed by Allen's asking him to enter the fort side by side with himself; but as soon as the victory was secured, he thought it was a barren triumph for *him* indeed. He held no authority, and was regarded by none of the men as their commander. To such a situation he did not intend to submit, especially when he thought of the parchment commission in his pocket, and the powers which

had been entrusted to him by the Massachusetts Committee of Safety. It is needless also to say, that, as human nature is generally made up, there are few men who could have brought themselves tamely to acquiesce in what Arnold thought, in his own case, was a sort of conspiracy against him. And his native perverseness of temper came in to aggravate the wound which his feelings received, and made it much more difficult for him to be reconciled.

He therefore set up his authority within the fortress as the commander, and began to issue his orders to the men. But his chagrin and rage were excessive, to find that none of them were obeyed, or, in fact, paid any attention to. The Connecticut Committee held a council and went through a formal election; choosing Ethan Allen their commander, and delegating to him supreme authority over the fortress and its dependencies. They also requested Allen to remain where he was until they could hear again from the Connecticut Legislature, or perhaps from the "Continental Congress" in whose name Allen had demanded the surrender. The Committee declared that this undertaking was one purely their

own; they had first conceived the plan, and afterwards first set it on foot. They added that the men who were raised in Massachusetts were in the pay of the Connecticut Legislature, as well as themselves; and that Arnold, by joining them as he did merely as a volunteer, conceded that his parchment commission gave him no authority as an officer over any part of the expedition.

The result of the misunderstanding was, Arnold sent a narrative of his wrongs to the Massachusetts Legislature, under whose patronage alone he claimed to act; and the Committee from Connecticut sent their statement directly after his to the same body. The Massachusetts Legislature thought the matter over, and finally concluded that, as long as the other party had entered upon the undertaking first, they would relinquish all claims, and so remove every obstacle to the harmony which was certainly so much to be desired. They therefore sent a message to Arnold, directing him not to attempt to assume any authority there on the strength of their support, but to aid in the enterprises in that locality to the best of his ability. He yielded in silence

once more, and became no more a commander than any of the rest of the soldiers about him.

But in a few days he saw his opportunity come again. About fifty recruits, whom his captains had drummed up in Western Massachusetts, reached Ticonderoga, and placed themselves under him according to the conditions of their enlistment. These men were in the pay of Massachusetts, as the others were in the pay of Connecticut. They came on to Ticonderoga by way of Skenesboro', bringing with them the vessel that had been captured from Major Skene, of that village. Arnold did not wait a moment to put himself on board this little vessel with the men who were now properly under him, and sailed at once down the lake to St. John's, where was a British sloop-of-war, which he captured with a mere handful of his own men, and also surprised the garrison and captured the fort. He burned several bateaux, and, taking four others, loaded them with provisions from the fort, and proceeded up the lake again with his trophies to Ticonderoga.

Allen started off on the same expedition; but Arnold was anxious to distinguish himself, and

hurried matters forward with the greatest speed; so that when he was on his return in triumph up the lake, that triumph became doubly sweet to him from fortunately meeting Allen and his hundred and fifty men coming slowly along on the very same errand of war. Lake Champlain, therefore, with its forts and strongholds, came all at once into the control of the Americans. The whole work was accomplished in little more than a week. The capture of two renowned strongholds like Ticonderoga and Crown Point, was an event worthy of special commemoration all over the country; and that it soon received at the hands of an astonished and admiring people.

Just then came a story that the British and loyal Canadians were forming in the vicinity of St. John's, with the intention of coming up the lake in their boats and making an attempt to retake the lost forts. This news was almost exactly what Arnold was waiting for, as he thus had an excuse for separating himself and his little force from Allen, and setting up the business of war rather more on his own account. He therefore hastened to improve the opportunity by taking personal command of the two ves-

sels, — the schooner captured at Skenesboro', and the sloop-of-war captured at St. John's, — and, joining with them the several bateaux that had likewise been taken, he styled himself the naval commander of the lake, and put out upon the water. His previous experience on board his own vessels between New Haven and the West Indies gave him considerable advantage in this capacity, and he showed himself familiar enough with the manœuvring and working of small water craft to really deserve the title and place which he had so eagerly assumed.

Once out by himself upon the water, he sailed for Crown Point with the determination to make a stand there and receive the enemy from above. He had at this time some hundred and fifty men under him. Arriving before this other fortress, he proceeded to arm his little fleet with the guns which he took from the same, placing on board the schooner four carriage guns and eight swivels, and on board the sloop six carriage guns and twelve swivels; and he then appointed a commander to each vessel, with the usual title of captain.

Thus he busied himself for some time in pre-

parations for the enemy's coming. The cannon, mortars, and stores, which were captured from the British, he got ready to send off to Cambridge to the army, where such things were greatly in demand. At Albany, large quantities of flour and pork were received, and sent forward according to his directions. This was one of the terms on which, in fact, he procured his commission from the Massachusetts Committee.

But even had an opportunity offered for action on his part, he would have been deprived of the privilege of distinguishing himself in consequence of the representations that were now freely sent on to the Connecticut and Massachusetts Legislatures. The former body, in order to heal all divisions, appointed Col. Hinman to the command of their troops around the fortresses, while the latter, not altogether satisfied with the way in which Arnold was represented to have employed his authority, despatched a committee to Lake Champlain to inquire into the troubles that had arisen there, and to report exactly how matters stood. Their instructions also were to investigate Arnold's "spirit, capacity, and conduct," and, if thought necessary, to send him

back to Cambridge to give an account of his doings at head-quarters. Now for a man already invested with a colonel's commission, as Arnold was, to be weighed and measured by men whom he did not, and could not recognize as his superiors, holding no rank whatever of their own, and by the very nature of their errand casting suspicion on himself and his own character, it is a rather hard thing, it will be confessed on all sides. It is very certain, too, that the letters which had been forwarded by those whom he had alienated by his arrogant manner, had taken pains to set forth the worst points of his conduct, and in the worst possible light. In their eagerness to express their entire dislike of what they thought a high-handed assumption on his part, they went to the other extreme, and forgot even how to be fair and just. It is human nature now, and we can readily believe it was human nature then.

But before this Committee of Inquiry came upon the ground to do the work on which they were sent, Arnold had been busy in still another way. Having the advantage of a personal acquaintance in certain parts of Canada, and espe-

cially in Montreal, he privately despatched parties to the latter city to serve him as spies and bring back information of the British forces in that quarter. The latter were under the command of General, or Governor Carleton. The result of these investigations he forwarded to Congress as soon as they reached him, and in laying this intelligence before that body, he most urgently set forth the possibility of capturing the whole of Canada with a single effort. He said it could be done with so small a force as two thousand men, and volunteered to put himself at the head of such an expedition and be responsible in his own person for the result. He wrote to Congress that he well knew both Montreal and Quebec, having previously carried on commercial business with persons residing in those two cities; these latter had given him the information he had desired so much. He further represented to Congress that there were less than six hundred fighting men at Montreal under Carleton at that time, and they very much scattered among the various posts thereabout; likewise that certain parties in Montreal, whom he knew, and on whom he could rely, had engaged

to throw open the gates of the city to the Americans whenever they should make their appearance.

It is told that these representations of Arnold were quite reliable. He knew very well, it is said, what he was talking about. But Congress hesitated; perhaps because the requisite number of men were not to be had as soon as desired. Enough was pressing upon their attention, in the troubles that were going forward at Boston and the country around. Men and means were not to be had so easily, especially the latter. If this proposal of Arnold had been acted upon at that time, however, there is no telling what a new face it might suddenly have put on the character and results of the war just begun.

As soon as the Massachusetts Committee came upon the ground to begin their inquiry and investigations, Arnold's temper underwent a change. It has already been shown, too, how natural it was that it should. He was a bold and brave volunteer, even if he was an ambitious and impetuous one, and was serving the common cause; and while engaged in that service, with the proper title and authority in his pocket, he

was visited by a Committee of men who pulled out their certificates, and informed him that they had been sent on to look into his conduct and capacity. He could not bear such a thought with patience; few men of spirit would have borne it; he gave loose to his passion, and denounced with fury and indignation the men who sought thus to hold him up to public scorn, declaring that he would submit to no such insults, and that he would continue no longer in any such service.

He spoke of his services already, and what they had cost him; of how much he had expended of his own private means, in order to help on this very enterprise upon the shores of the lake; of his great surprise that he should at first be the recipient of the confidence of the Massachusetts Committee, and that afterwards they should send out men to look into the matter and report if he had skill and capacity; and finally, of his indignation that they should have the effrontery to place him now under the command of an inferior officer, which they did by directing him to obey the orders thereafter of Col. Hinman, of Connecticut.

With this explosion, he at once forwarded a letter to Cambridge, enclosing his resignation. Then he proceeded to discharge the men who had volunteered to serve under him. This last step made a good deal of trouble for the time, as perhaps he meant it should. For the men under him shared the feelings of their brave commander, and did and said all they could to increase the perplexity. Their pay was behind, and so was that of the other troops; and having thrown out that it would not be remitted to them at all, a scene of confusion and disorder began to show itself which it took all the art and address of the Committee alluded to, to quell. The latter assured the troops of Arnold that they should certainly be paid in good time, and finally succeeded even in inducing the most of them to enroll themselves under Col. Easton, who already had in his command the body of the men from Western Massachusetts, that originally joined the Connecticut troops and Allen's forces in Vermont.

Thus thrown out of command, and thoroughly disappointed in his plans, he quitted the region and went back to the American camp in Cam-

bridge. He complained at head-quarters, however, bitterly. Nothing could exceed the intensity of his rage at the course pursued by the legislature of Massachusetts.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

ARNOLD returned to Cambridge in July. Congress, then in session in Philadelphia, had been planning an expedition against Canada, which was to be under the command of General Schuyler, and to proceed by way of the great lakes. A committee came on from Congress to consult with General Washington about the project, and, if possible, to devise some way by which another party might be made to coöperate with that under Schuyler.

The complaints of Arnold, all through the month of July, were loud and frequent. He declared that he was shamefully treated by the Massachusetts Legislature, and appeared uneasy in the inactive condition to which it had doomed him. It was admitted, both by Washington, who had just come on and assumed the office of

Commander-in-chief of the army, that he was a brave man, and could perform as much service for the colonies as any other; it seemed a pity, therefore, that he should be condemned to idleness and inaction, when there was so much to be done.

The Committee from Congress having conferred a long time with Washington on the subject, it was at last determined to send a military force into Canada by way of the Kennebec river, in Maine. Thus the two forces would finally come together before Quebec, and be able to operate to advantage against this greatest stronghold of the enemy. The next question was, who should command this expedition? It lay in Washington's power to answer that question, and he was not long in making up his mind. He knew very well the impetuous courage and hot-headed daring of Arnold, and rightly concluded that he was just the man to be placed at the head of such a hazardous enterprise.

Accordingly he tendered him the appointment, together with the title of Colonel in the Continental army. Perhaps, too, he put him in this position in order to keep so uneasy a spirit quiet,

as well as to secure such valuable services as his to the interests of his country. Arnold accepted the appointment, and, with his new title of Colonel, got his command in readiness to move northward at the earliest day possible.

There were eleven hundred men under him in all, composing thirteen different companies, which were detached from the regular army for this special purpose; ten companies of New England musketeers, and three companies of riflemen from Virginia and Pennsylvania. The field officers were as follows: Lieut. Col. Christopher Greene (afterwards the hero of Red Bank on the Delaware), Lieut. Col. Roger Enos, and Majors Meigs and Bigelow. Capt. Daniel Morgan commanded the riflemen, a man who became very well known as a brave partisan leader in the progress of the war.

The men being all ready, they started off from the camp and marched down to Newburyport, at which place eleven transports were waiting to convey them to the mouth of the Kennebec river. The next day after reaching Newburyport they went on board the vessels. Several small boats had previously been sent to explore the coast, in

order to learn if any of the enemy's ships were hovering near, but nothing being seen of them, the expedition set sail as already stated.

A large force of carpenters had been sent to the Kennebec from Cambridge some little while before this expedition set out; they were to construct as many as two hundred bateaux against its arrival, and get all things else in readiness, so that when the regiment reached Gardiner, which they did after a sail of two days, they found matters exactly as they would have desired. Only a slight mishap befell them on the way, and that was the grounding of a couple of the vessels on the bars in the river; but this did not occasion them any delay, and caused no damage whatever to the transports. The bateaux were built at Pittston, on the bank of the river over against Gardiner, and the men and provisions were taken from the transports and placed on board them at once. They then all met together again at Fort Western, opposite the city of Augusta, and a few miles farther up the river.

It was at this time late in the autumn. The enterprise was certainly a hazardous one at any period of the year, but more especially so with

winter and the wilderness before them. The region was new to them all, and comparatively unknown to everybody. Some St. Francis Indians had previously visited the American camp at Cambridge, and given our officers some more distinct ideas about that tract of country than they ever possessed before ; and from them, too, it was very well known what sufferings this party of stout-hearted men would be obliged to endure. Still, it was thought best to run the risk and put the plan to a trial.

Colonel Montessor, likewise, an officer in the British service, had gone through the whole of this howling wilderness about fifteen years before, and kept a journal of his experience on that route. Arnold had an imperfect copy of this journal in his possession at the time he started off, which, with the information given by the Indians spoken of, was quite all he had to guide him. Montessor, however, had gone up the Chaudiere river from Quebec, crossed the highlands not far from the head-waters of the Penobscot, and, after sailing over the surface of Moosehead Lake, struck the Kennebec river at its eastern branch. The route mapped out by Arnold

was in many important points a different one and therefore quite as difficult to traverse, perhaps, as if Montessor had never written any journal at all.

In the first place, then, a small party was sent forward to Chaudiere pond, or Megantic Lake, to look about and see what was to be done there to help along the main body whenever it should come up on its toilsome journey. Then another party was despatched to the Dead River, a remarkably still and sluggish stream flowing into the Kennebec, to ascertain its course and distances. To describe these two rivers as they stand relatively each to the other,—the Chaudiere and the Kennebec,—it may be said that, taking their rise but a few miles apart in the highlands of that region, they flow on, one to the St. Lawrence on the north, and the other to the Atlantic ocean on the south; thus, though they empty at points so widely apart, it is nevertheless but a few miles between them at their sources. The task before the American party was, therefore, to force their way up the Kennebec as far as they could, cross the country with their bateaux to Lake Megantic, which is the

head-waters of the Chaudiere, and afterwards embark on the latter river and pass down it to the St. Lawrence and the city of Quebec.

The little army knew they had a hard task before them, but it was even much harder than they had thought for. Encumbered with their arms, accoutrements, baggage, and provisions, at the very outskirts of a wild and untravelled forest, two hundred miles of the rockiest and sternest country imaginable stretching between them and the French settlements on the frontier, with fierce river currents and precipitous torrents offering their obstacles to their daily progress, it would not have been very much to be wondered at, if many of them had given out at the first appearance of such astounding difficulties and dangers. If they got on, they knew it must be done only by a resolution and perseverance such as few men, and never any ordinary men, are known to possess. And then the thought that winter was approaching so fast was quite enough to appal almost any, even stouter-hearted than they.

But the journey was at length seriously begun. As before related, Arnold pushed forward a party

of half a dozen men to explore in the region of Lake Megantic, and collect what intelligence they could from the Indians who were known to be out on their annual autumn hunt in that vicinity; and another party of the same number was sent on to explore the courses, currents, and distances of Dead river, which emptied into the Kennebec from the westward. Then the army itself started. It was divided into four sections, each following the other at a distance of a day between, which prevented all confusion and perplexity at the several carrying-places along on the river. Morgan led the first division, which was composed of the riflemen, whose weapons would be of most service in the forest they were to penetrate; then came Greene and Bigelow with three companies of musketeers; next followed Major Meigs with four companies more; and finally came Major Enos with the three companies remaining. The very last man to leave Fort Western was Arnold himself, who had thus stayed behind until every soldier had been safely embarked.

As soon as they were all off, he got into a light birch canoe and started on after them. He

passed the several divisions on their way up the river, shooting by in his own lighter craft with all possible celerity; and on the third day after leaving Fort Western, he overtook the party of Morgan's riflemen in the van, which had already reached Norridgewock Falls.

At these Falls, or a little way below them, on a fine open plain stretching out upon the eastern bank of the river, was once an Indian village, peopled by the ancient Norridgewock tribe; and a French Jesuit, named Father Ralle, a learned and zealous missionary, had resided among them for twenty-six years, wielding a great and salutary influence over their untutored minds. The story of this mission is as romantic in some particulars as it was tragical in its termination. The British settlers in Massachusetts considered Father Ralle their enemy, believing that he prejudiced the minds of the savages against them, and they therefore set on foot an expedition to destroy the entire settlement. A party of soldiers came upon them very suddenly, and struck terror into their hearts. Unable from the nature of the attack to rally themselves for a concerted defence, they were put to the sword indiscrimi-

nately, and not one allowed any quarter. Every one belonging to this devoted little settlement was slaughtered. Old Father Ralle was barbarously scalped, together with many of his Indian disciples. This bloody drama was enacted in the year 1724, just a year over half a century before Arnold came upon the place. He found the remains of the church and altar, however, most melancholy memorials of the wild havoc that had desolated this once happy spot. A dictionary of the language of these Norridgewock Indians, in the handwriting of Father Ralle, is still preserved in the library of Harvard College.

At this place the toils and perils of the devoted little army began in good earnest. None of them had any conception of the dangers and sufferings that were in store for them, or they would have turned back appalled. Norridgewock Falls were to be gone around first, and that was no slight or easy undertaking. It was a long mile-and-a-quarter around to the upper side, where they were to launch their fleet of boats again; and this distance they had to travel with their bateaux, provisions, ammunition, and stores besides. The river banks, too, on both sides, were extremely

rocky and difficult, without the first sign of roads or paths, the scowling wilderness hemming them in on the right and the left, and the roar of the Falls filling their ears with its steady thunder.

The work was slow and toilsome. A good deal of the bread which they brought along with them was spoiled by exposure to the weather, which would now make them come short. Other provisions also proved worthless, upon examination. The boats leaked; the men did not know how to manage them, either; and it was seven days before they completed this mile-and-a-quarter journey around the Falls with their remaining provisions and unwieldy burdens. Much of that time was consumed by the carpenters in making repairs and putting the boats in their former condition.

Arnold plunged his canoe into the river again as soon as he reached it, and, taking an Indian with him for a guide, paddled swiftly on past the last division of his little army, until he arrived at the Carratunc Falls; here they all went through the same trials and delays as before, but succeeded in getting around the falls much sooner than they had passed the Norridgewock. The

other two divisions of the army were still ahead of him.

Pushing on, however, in a couple of days after leaving the Carratunc Falls he overtook the rest of the men at what is called the Great Carrying Place. This is at the point twelve miles below where the Dead River joins the Kennebec on the east, the angle of whose junction is almost a right angle. The men were there waiting for him to come up, before they proceeded to take another step forward. On reckoning up his whole force again, Arnold found that they counted only nine hundred and fifty out of the original eleven hundred. This considerable falling off was owing in part to sickness, and partly to desertion. On their way up to the Great Carrying Place, they had been in the water much of the time, pushing the bateaux before them as they waded in the shallow places, the current running strongly against them, yet all the while keeping up most cheerful spirits and evincing the stoutest resolution. The enthusiasm which their commander showed, they could not help catching themselves. It was chiefly that which helped, or led them on.

While pausing to look over his muster-roll and reckon up the amount of his stores, he found that he had provisions for twenty-five days, whereas he calculated that he could reach the Chaudiere River and the straggling French settlements along its course in ten days, at the farthest. The first stretch, from the Great Carrying Place to the Dead River, was a distance across the country of fifteen miles. Three ponds broke the land travel, the first of which was some three miles from the Kennebec. The road was craggy and very difficult. They were obliged to procure oxen to drag the bateaux across the land, which was done by the patient animals only with the greatest labor. The men strapped their baggage to their own backs, and likewise loaded themselves with the provisions and stores.

This picture of an army tramping through the wilderness, was a wild and most exciting one. It was a passage quite as heroic as the more famed retreat of the Ten Thousand described by the Greek writer, Xenophon. It was in the Fall time, and all the splendors of the season were at their highest. The weather was superb. The leaves in the forest were changing rapidly, fur-

nishing the most gorgeous colorings on which the eye could desire to rest. The waters in the ponds they came to were calm and unruffled, and in the placid bosom of each the spacious dome of the sky was perfectly reflected. And the stained leaves of Autumn scattered themselves over the surface of the ponds as they fell, forming a beautiful mosaic pavement around their borders which heightened indescribably their sequestered beauty.

The boats were launched on the bosom of the first pond, and the men embarked again. They found great abundance of luscious salmon trout within the lake, which they caught in astonishing numbers. Probably these tempting fish, now sought after by the sportsman with so much eagerness, were never before disturbed by the approach of the white man. If the Indians drew them out, as we have good reason to believe they did, they took no more of them than just enough to satisfy their immediate wants. But we venture to say that this superb fish was never hunted by *an army* before. This timely wild game afforded the troops a great deal of comfort, jaded and dispirited as they were getting to be, and in want, too,

of some such delicacy as this new food was fitted to furnish them. A couple of oxen were likewise killed, and thus a morsel of fresh beef was divided up among those who most stood in need of it.

Alternately by water and land they passed on, now launching their boats on the ponds, and now dragging all after them from one portage to another. Arnold directed the carpenters to build a block house at the second portage, within which were placed such as were sick and otherwise unable to withstand the hardships of the journey. He likewise ordered a second house of this description to be erected on the banks of the Kennebec river, for the purpose of storing what provisions might be sent up for the army from Norridgewock. In case he should find it necessary to retreat, on account of the enemy's advance or the assailing rigors of approaching Winter, he wished to have something to fall back upon, and to feel that he was at the same time safe.

It was during this slow passage of the little army across from the Great Carrying Place on the Kennebec to the Chaudiere river, that Arnold himself learned how pleasant was that same spirit

of treachery which he afterwards practised on a much larger scale. He formed the design of sending forward a couple of Indians, one of whom was named Eneas, to certain gentlemen of his acquaintance in Quebec, and likewise to General Schuyler, with whom it was intended that his command should coöperate. With these Indians also went a white man, Jakins by name, whose orders were to search for the French settlements along on the Chaudiere river, obtain all the information he could, make as friendly an impression upon them as he was able, and then return and report his success. The two Indians carried letters in Arnold's hand-writing to the gentlemen in Quebec, upon the reception of which much depended. But the letters never reached those to whom they were sent. The Indians proved arrant traitors. Instead of obeying the directions given them, they delivered them into the hands of other parties, and thus sowed a crop of mischief for Arnold and his men, the harvest of which they reaped not a great while after. It was always supposed, from the best information that could be obtained about them, that they were carried directly to the Lieut. Gov-

ernor of Canada, who was thus put on his guard against the approach of the bold American party. In fact, Eneas, the treacherous Indian fellow, was some time after seen in Quebec by those who knew him in the army.

With a new feeling of joy they at last came to the banks of the Dead River. This was certainly one step gained, and a very important one, too. They were conscious of having met and conquered difficulties, before which three short months earlier they would have stood appalled and disheartened. They had accomplished more than they thought mortal man could accomplish.

Dead River was so named from its slow and almost motionless current. It was rather devious in places, but, with the exception of a few slight falls, or rapids, was everywhere as calm as a summer's morning; never fretting and fuming like many a little inland stream, and nowhere disposed to chafe against its banks because impatient to get on faster. All along its course its path was placid, gentle, and dreamy. It was on such a stream as this that the men launched their boats anew, with hearts refreshed at so much more agreeable prospects. They came in sight

of a very high and bold mountain as they sailed onward, whose base came down to the river, and whose distant summit was already covered with snow. It seemed like a great friend to them all,—a huge rock casting down its welcome shadow in the wilderness. Here they encamped for a couple of days. Arnold believed it was a good place to find rest. There was not a single one, either, who was not glad enough to lie down under its broad shelter.

It is said Arnold run up the American flag to the peak of his tent while here encamped ; and it is solely on account of this slight incident that the little settlement since built up on the spot goes by the name of the "Flag-Staff." There is likewise another story connected with this same mountain, which deserves mention as well. It is a pleasant tradition that has become smoky from being told so many times in all the old chimney-corners of the neighborhood. Major Bigelow — so says the tradition, — climbed to its top, expecting when there to rest his longing eyes on the far-off hills of Canada, and the roofs and spires of ancient Quebec. It was a very courageous undertaking, and the man who carried it through

certainly deserves more than a mere mention for his exploit. From this circumstance the mountain received the name Mount Bigelow, which it has faithfully kept to this day. The enterprising Major failed to find the particular objects after which he gazed from its height into Canada; but his eyes were greeted with another view that must have afforded him quite as agreeable an impression, if he was a lover of nature in her inmost solitude. There were mountain peaks all around and beneath him, and he the king, as it were, of them all. Not an echo broke the solemn stillness of the scene. The wild animals that peopled this awful solitude, were unused to the footfall of man, and had never learned to flee from the intrusion of his presence. Beavers and other wild game frequented the coverts and the glens, sharing the gloom and the silence with none but those who were made after their own kind.

While they rested at the foot of this mountain, Arnold found that their provisions were coming short, and sent back a party of ninety for a new supply. And immediately upon issuing this order, he started forward again. Morgan had

already gone ahead with his party of riflemen, and Arnold came close after. Hardly had they begun their march, when a violent rain set in that continued for three days, successively, drenching them all to the skin and damping their ardor excessively. Everything about them was soaked with water, clothes and provisions alike. Late one night they lay down in their hasty encampment on the bank of the stream, when the swollen torrents from the surrounding hills came rushing down upon them, the river rising eight feet at the time; so suddenly were they assailed, that they had just got up and left their camp when the waters poured over the spot in a flood. Many of them must have been drowned, had they remained where they were but a few minutes longer. The men took to the boats with all possible haste, to find the entire plain submerged, a roaring torrent all around them, and the channel completely choked up with the drift wood that had been brought down by the swollen current. As it was, seven of the bateaux were overturned by the headlong violence of the angry stream, much of the remaining provisions was lost, and the men barely escaped with their lives.

This was a severe blow indeed. Arnold had sent back for a fresh supply of provisions already; and now to lose a part even of what was left, was enough to infuse terror into hearts much stouter than theirs. They were thus more perplexed than ever. It was next to impossible to tell which one of the many streams, now all swollen to the size of the river itself, conducted them in their true course; and hence they paddled far up into many a creek and bay, down which they were soon obliged to retrace their way.

Plunged into a maze of dangers and difficulties like these, Arnold found himself still thirty miles distant from the head of the Chaudiere River, with provisions enough to last them not more than a fortnight. A little undecided what to do, he called a council of war. The officers looked the matter straight in the face, bad as it was, and decided that it was best to send back the sick and disabled, and to push on with all rapidity themselves.

Colonels Greene and Enos were with the rear party. Arnold despatched to them a written order, directing them to hasten forward with as

many of their able-bodied and healthy men as they could supply with provisions for a fortnight, and to leave the others to make their way back to Norridgewock. Enos behaved either like a coward or a fool; for he instantly led off his whole division, and returned to the American camp at Cambridge again. The army was greatly excited to see them back again, especially as it was known in what a situation they had left their imperilled comrades. Enos was tried by a court-martial, but acquitted because it was proved that he was in the heart of the wilderness at the time, and without sufficient provisions to sustain his division. But Washington never looked upon him with favor again, and Enos saw it; he therefore left the army at the earliest opportunity that offered.

As Arnold pressed forward with a small detachment of sixty men under Capt. Hanchet, intending to reach the settlements as soon as he could and send back provisions, the weather suddenly grew colder, and snow began to fall in large quantities, chilling them through. While they were dragging and pushing their boats through the water, ice was forming in the river, and in all the ponds and marshes in which the

Dead River took its rise. They passed around seventeen different falls in this region; and on one of the bleakest and most blustering of late Autumn days, with the snow lying two inches deep on the ground, they came to the Highlands to which the streams of New England and Canada both trace their origin, and from which they both flow in opposite directions to empty themselves at last into the Atlantic. From the Highlands they had to drag their bateaux four long miles more to a little stream that took them to Lake Megantic, the source of the Chaudiere River.

Lieuts. Steele and Church had previously been sent forward from the Great Carrying Place on the Kennebec, with a small party to explore the way and make paths at the portages as they went along; and here at Lake Megantic they were found, glad enough to see signs of the army coming up. Jakins was with them — the same who had been sent forward to the French settlements along the Chaudiere; he brought word that the people were quite friendly in their disposition towards them, and that they would receive the little army with expressions of joy.

There are mountains all around Lake Megantic, which is itself a body of water thirteen miles in length and about three in breadth. On the eastern shore Arnold formed his camp. The very next morning he ordered fifty-five men, under command of Capt. Hanchet, to follow the lake along its shore, while he took thirteen men, together with Lieuts. Church and Steele, with five bateaux and a birch canoe, and hastened on down the Lake and Chaudiere to the French settlements. He was desirous of obtaining provisions and sending them back to the suffering army with all despatch.

This journey by water was a fearful one for them all. The moment they got out of the outlet of the Lake and struck the river,—which was some three hours after they started from the little camp in the morning,—they found their boats plunged into a seething and boiling current from which it seemed impossible to extricate them. They were forced to lash their baggage and provisions fast to the boats, and trust to the merciless madness of the stream. They had no guides with them, and knew no more of the course they should pursue than they did of the



SURPRISED IN THE RAPIDS.

treacherous whirlpools and angry flood which threatened every moment to overwhelm them. The bed of the river was of rocks, over whose jagged surface the waters foamed and fretted like fabled furies. Of a sudden their hearts were filled with a new terror. The roar and thunder as of a waterfall sounded like the ring of fate in their ears. They were plunged among the rapids without the least warning. Three of the boats were instantly dashed to fragments against the rocks, and the six men in them were thrown into the boiling current. They managed, however, to escape with their lives, but it was only after a long struggle in the water.

This accident proved but a merciful providence, however, for just beyond the rapids was a high fall, over which they must all have been plunged, had they not been thus fortunately warned of their danger. It was one of the six men who were rescued that made the discovery. They were all struck dumb with terror, at the thought of their narrow escape.

For seventy miles they sailed on, now and then carrying their boats, as before, around other falls, until they reached the little French village

of Sertigan, four miles beyond where the river Des Loupis joins the Chaudiere. There they were received in the most friendly manner by the simple inhabitants, and Arnold was freely supplied with what provisions he wanted for the detachments he had left behind. He paid them for all he took, and received abundant expressions of their favor and gratitude in return. As lately as the year 1848, one of the old settlers in this charming valley of the Chaudiere, showed to an American traveller an order for cattle and flour signed by Arnold, which had been treasured as a most valuable memento of those days. The old man was ninety-three years of age, and all of the old settlers there, as well as himself, were wont to speak of this descent of the "good Bostonians" into their peaceful and happy valley, as one of the most important and memorable events of their lives.

Arnold sent back the flour and cattle by some Indians and Canadians, and the supply arrived just in time to save the remainder of the little army from total annihilation. They were in a truly lamentable condition, suffering for want of needful food. They had already butchered their

last ox, and eaten him; all their boats were destroyed, together with the provisions they contained; the men even dug and clawed into the sandy beach, like animals, and tore out such roots as they could discover there; they washed their moose-skin moccasins in the river, scraping away the sand and dirt with great care, and then threw them into a kettle of hot water and boiled them, hoping to extract some little mucilage from them for nourishment; they even chewed the tasteless leather itself; a dog was killed and they made broth from his flesh; and General Dearborne, who was of the party, gave up his dog, which was a very large one and a general favorite, to one of the companies, and they killed and divided him up, eating every part of him, not even excepting his entrails.

Had not aid reached them as it did, they must all very soon have perished from want. As it was, they had been without food for forty-eight hours already. Now they took fresh courage, and soon emerged from the forest and came forward in separate detachments, uniting again at Sertigan. From this place, all along the banks of the Chaudiere to the St. Lawrence, was one

of the most beautiful valleys known, and those who peopled it were peaceful, happy, and industrious, and surrounded with all the comforts that make life desirable.

Before he left Cambridge, Arnold had been furnished by Washington with copies of a proclamation to the inhabitants of this valley in the French language, which he was directed to scatter among them very freely. This paper only set forth the origin of the present war with England, and expressed the wish that the people addressed would at once join themselves to the cause of America and Freedom. It was written in good taste, and calculated to produce the desired effect. Arnold circulated copies of this paper with great judiciousness, and found that it gained him friends wherever it went. No man ever went away from a place leaving so many and such strong admirers behind him. He paid promptly for all he took, and received the ready and willing coöperation of the population in return.

Taken all together, this is one of the most romantic and remarkable expeditions on record. For thirty-two days the men were in a trackless

wilderness, with no guides, and meeting no face of human settlers along the whole of that weary route. Yet there was no murmuring. They pushed on with persistent courage and energy. Troops made of stuff like this, it was impossible to vanquish anywhere. There were women, too, following in the train of the army, who bore up as stoutly against disaster as any of the rest. They all alike were obliged to wade through the mud and the water, the ice on the surface of the latter being sometimes so thick that the soldiers had to break it with the butts of their guns.

Of those who accompanied Col. Arnold on this desperate expedition, there were not a few who afterwards became celebrated in the history of our revolutionary struggle, and earned the lasting gratitude of their countrymen. Among those may be named Morgan, Dearborne, Greene, Febiger, Meigs, and Burr. Aaron Burr was then an amiable and accomplished young man of but twenty years, and held the rank of a cadet. This was excellent discipline for them all, and such as they would be likely to carry into the service whenever they were called out into action.

CHAPTER IV.

GOING AGAINST QUEBEC.

ARNOLD took forty Norridgewock Indians along with him under Natalis, and hastened forward from these peaceful French settlements in the direction of Quebec, the object of all his hopes and ambition. In ten days he reached Point Levi, over opposite that city. Here he waited for his little army to come up. By the 13th day of November they were all with him again. Eneas, the rascally Indian, had previously given up the letters he entrusted to him into the hands of the enemy, and by this means they were apprised of Arnold's approach. Eneas said himself that he had been taken prisoner, but the probability is that he told an outright lie about it.

There were no boats, therefore, on the southern side of the St. Lawrence river, the British having

removed them all, lest the American party, of whose approach they had heard, should use them for crossing. But Arnold contrived, through the aid of his Indian allies, to get together some thirty or forty birch canoes, with which he set out to cross on the evening of the same day, at nine o'clock. They paddled across as silently as possible in the dark, managing to pass the frigate Lizard and a sloop-of-war that lay anchored in the river, which had been ordered there for the very purpose of preventing their approach. Three several times did these frail boats carry their freights of armed men, and by early dawn five hundred troops were transported to Wolfe's Cove and nearly ready to begin offensive operations. They had just landed the third party, leaving a hundred and fifty yet to be sent for, when some sentries in one of the enemy's boats detected their movements. The American party on the instant fired into the boat, and three men fell over the sides into the water, dead. Of course to think of going across, after that, for the remaining hundred and fifty, would have been the height of foolhardiness.

Upon this sudden and most unfortunate alarm,

Arnold saw that he must make haste or it would soon be over with him. If the garrison was aroused, all would be lost. It was now a little past four o'clock in the morning. He put himself at the head of his five hundred men, and led them up the sides of the frowning precipice on whose summit lay the immortal Plains of Abraham. The young and heroic General Wolfe had led an army up those same heights sixteen years before, and died just as the cheering sounds of victory rang in his ears. The ascent was rugged and extremely toilsome, but they had an Arnold to lead them on, and there was no faltering with him. Up, up, up they climbed, until at last their eyes rested on the sight they had so long coveted. There was Quebec before them, its roofs and spires pencilled dimly against the gray sky of the early morning. From the day on which they marched out of camp at Cambridge with the good wishes of the whole army following them, all along through their solitary and painful pilgrimage in the wilderness, wading and paddling and pushing their boats up the lakes and rivers, this single view had danced like a dream of delight before their eyes; and now, on this cold

and dreary morning of November, it was realized.

There was the city, and here were not many more than five hundred men, worn and weary and dispirited, with whom to take it. Was ever any enterprise so foolish on the very face of it? Did it look as if the leader in this fearful expedition had first sat down and counted the cost? They were without artillery, and almost half of their muskets had been spoiled on their march. The garrison within the massive walls of the castle and fort had been strengthened by fresh accessions of troops from Sorel and Newfoundland, and was now quite eighteen hundred strong. These were made up of regulars, militia, and marines. Many have wondered that so superior a force did not at once sally out and destroy the weaker one; but it is to be remembered that a majority of the militia were ready to desert to the Americans, in case an opportunity was offered them, and it was not deemed safe to run the risk of giving them the opportunity.

Arnold, however, still placed great reliance upon the friendly feelings of the inhabitants of the city, as well as of the militia composing the

garrison, and who were supposed to be at least two-thirds of the whole. He wished to be perfectly well satisfied of this friendship, and so resorted to an expedient which he thought would decide the matter at once. Drawing up his little band before the walls, and within eight hundred yards of the same, he ordered them to give three rousing cheers; by this means he was in hope to bring out the regulars on the open plain, when the militia, together with the people of the town, would throw wide open the gates and permit them to enter without opposition. The men gave the cheers as directed, but the only substantial answers they got were sent them from the mouths of the cannon that were fired in return from the walls. To be sure, the parapets of the walls were dark with clustering people, and they huzzaed in return; but Cramahè, the Lieut. Governor, knew better than to trust too much to the loyalty of the population. The disaffection was very widely spread, the old animosity between the English and French races continuing as deep and strong as ever. The English were dissatisfied with the French laws, and the French had no objection to seeing their ancient enemy humiliated.

Failing in this artifice, Arnold tried another; and this seems to have been even more shallow and foolish than the first. He sent a flag to the commandant of the garrison, summoning him, with all the pomp of inflated language, to surrender without further delay. Inasmuch as the garrison were more than two to Arnold's one, this looks to us a little preposterous. The commandant not only treated the approach of the flag with contempt, but fired upon it as soon as it came within range. Some of those who were there with the Americans at the time, thought Arnold did this more for display than anything else, and to gratify his excessive vanity. He was once in the habit of buying horses of certain persons in Quebec, which he shipped from New Haven to the West Indies, in the way of his trade; and among these persons he was still known by the name of the "horsejockey." He was therefore quite anxious to impress upon these persons a new idea of his importance, bearing, as he did, the honorable military title of Colonel. This second stratagem is chargeable almost entirely, therefore, to his vanity, and his disposition to establish of a sudden a great name

among those who never saw any special greatness in him before.

Arnold went through all the military forms and ceremonies in the matter, however. The summons to surrender which he entrusted to the flag, to be placed in the hands of Lieut. Governor Cramahè, was made up of high sounding phrases, invoking him in the name and authority of the Congress of America to yield up his position, and throwing out the most terrific threats in case he should either refuse or delay obedience to his demand. As before stated, the very idea of receiving a flag with a message from so inconsiderable an enemy, was hooted down with disdain, and the bearer was fired upon from the walls and compelled to make good his retreat. The British were safely and snugly entrenched within a strongly walled town, with an abundance both of defences and provisions; while the little American force were shivering and half starved upon an elevated plain, with the wintry winds howling around them from every quarter, and the sullen skies promising them no more welcome visitants than the icy sleets and snows that were to blow out of them.

Yet this same scanty, ill-fed, and freezing body of men struck a sort of terror into the hearts of the Canadians, too, and it was a terror mixed somewhat with admiration. They believed it was only by the aid of some great miracle that an army could have emerged from the depths of a gloomy forest at such a time of the year; indeed, it was a wonder to them how they had threaded this wilderness at all, with its streams, and swamps, and mountains, and rocks. Besides this, they gave credence to the stories about the vast numbers of the strangers, and were ready to believe that the entire wilderness was swarming with them. Morgan's company of riflemen, who led the van, wore linen frocks, which was the usual uniform at the time for troops of that character; and the inhabitants soon got the story going around that they were cased in iron, and that their courage and physical strength corresponded to such a massive style of defensive uniform.

It was just then that Arnold received the news that Governor Carleton, who had managed to make his escape from the British fleet that was stopped at Sorel by the American batteries, had

suddenly started on for Quebec, and would soon be there. Arnold stopped short, therefore, where he was, and examined into the condition of his force. He was astounded to learn that a great number of his men were invalids, that more were entirely destitute of needed clothing, that nearly a hundred of their muskets were good for nothing as weapons to fight with, and that nearly all the cartridges for the balance of the guns were spoiled by the water, there being not more than five rounds left to each man. Right upon this followed the intelligence that the enemy were getting ready to sally out into the plain from the city, and give them battle. It would have been foolhardy to expose his crippled and diminished force to such superior numbers, and he therefore prudently resolved on a retreat. *Point aux Trembles* was some twenty miles above, and thither he set out on the instant. At that place he intended to await the approach of the troops under General Montgomery, from Montreal.

Arnold reached *Aux Trembles* with a few more men than half the number he led out across the wilderness from Cambridge. They numbered in all six hundred and seventy-five. He arrived

only to learn that Carleton had just left the place before him, and even then he could distinctly hear the sound of the cannon that were firing at Quebec in honor of his arrival at that city. Arnold did not delay an hour in sending to Montreal to General Montgomery and informing him of the sad condition of his troops. Clothing and provisions were very soon sent down to them in response to Arnold's statement, and thus they were made more comfortable.

Above Quebec, all Canada was in possession, at the time, of the Americans; they had control of the river St. Lawrence, and of every post of any importance; nothing remained for them to take but the powerful capital itself, and it was the sole object of this expedition. In order to accomplish this purpose, therefore, it was necessary for Montgomery to join Arnold with his forces as soon as he could.

He left only a weak garrison at Montreal at best, and hurried away with three hundred men, three mortars, and artillery; these he placed on board the vessels that were captured from the enemy at Sorel, and all set sail down the river together. On the first day of December, he

landed at *Point aux Trembles*, and at once took command of both forces, numbering in all only nine hundred fighting men. It was with such an army that he was to undertake to reduce a fortified town with a garrison just twice as numerous. On the next day they set off from this point for Quebec again. A furious storm of snow was driving into their faces at the time, at first almost blinding them as they marched. It soon began to pile in the roads, and to blow and drift so much as to seriously obstruct their progress. They moved forward, therefore, but slowly, wading as they went, and finally came in sight of Quebec on the fifth of December. The houses where the two commanders took up their quarters are still shown to travellers. The body of the Americans were encamped in a suburb of the city, called St. Roche.

They did not happen to know inside the walls how great was the disparity between the two forces, or the besiegers might not have been left unmolested as long as they were. Arnold wrote on to Washington, while at *Point aux Trembles*, that it would take fully twenty-five hundred men to storm Quebec with any hope of success; and

still they found it necessary to advance to their perilous work with but a trifle more than a third of that number. Montgomery's first device was, what Arnold had vainly tried before, to send a summons to Carleton to surrender; but the Governor refused to allow a flag to come within shot range of the walls of the city. But a letter was finally sent to Carleton from Montgomery through a citizen, in which he demanded of him to give up the town without delay, or he would make an assault for whose results he could not become responsible. He likewise tried to make Carleton think he had a great many more men than he had. But the Governor was not so easily frightened. No doubt he believed the ~~assailing~~ force of Americans was stronger than it was, yet he chose to take his own course.

It still continued to be a favorite idea of Montgomery and Arnold that the inhabitants of the city felt friendly towards them, and would turn out in their support as soon as a good chance offered; but they were afraid of the troops that composed the garrison; it was this alone that held them in check. For three weeks almost, they remained in their present position, trying in

every way to effect an entrance into the city. It was a curious, and a wretched picture; and yet it compelled admiration for the courage and pluck that were displayed on every side. Here was a poorly fed, poorly clad, and poorly supplied army, the mere remnant of what it was when it set out on this formidable winter expedition; they had no heavier ordnance than three mortars and a few light pieces of artillery; the snow was falling on their little half-protected encampment almost incessantly; their limbs were bitten with the severe frosts almost every night they lay down to their broken slumbers; the leader himself was nearly ready to despair, in the face of so many obstacles both of man and of nature; and a gradual feeling of disappointment and depression seemed likely to take possession of the sinking hearts of the whole.

Nothing less than the lofty courage of such a nature as Montgomery's could have kept alive the spirits of the troops as long as it did; though a native of Ireland himself, and still a young man, he nevertheless loved his adopted country with all the ardor of a son. Orators like Chatham, Burke, and and Barrè thought his name worthy

of their splendid eulogies on the floor of the British Parliament; and even Lord North, the Prime Minister of King George in the Revolution, exclaimed in regard to him, after conceding his worth and manliness,—“Curses on his virtues,—they have undone his country!” He had taken the general command in consequence of the illness of Schuyler, and received the commission of a major-general just before reaching Quebec, and while on his way to assail that town. But alas for the land of his adoption! it was to be but a very brief time that he would wear the honors with which she sought to reward him.

This brave young officer could not help reflecting what a blow it would be to the hopes of the patriots of America, if he should retreat or even falter now; and he therefore nerved himself to make the greater effort where they were. He thought that outright death was easier to be contemplated than retreat. As long as the Governor refused to treat with him, he determined to treat with the Governor; and so he began to throw bombs from the mortars over the walls among the houses of the city. This he found produced no such effect as he had reckoned on; it did not

seem to harass the enemy in the least. Accordingly it occurred to him to try another plan, and make a more forcible demonstration.

The men set to work with earnestness, and soon collected heaps of snow and ice at a point within seven hundred yards of the walls, upon which he mounted a battery of six guns; and then he opened with all his force against the entrenched enemy. But he might as well have played against the walls with pop-guns. He made no impression whatever. Next, the two armies had skirmishes with each other in the suburbs of the city; in which there were a few men killed, and some houses were burned.

Thus three weeks spoken of slipped away, and nothing was effected. The term for which many of the companies had enlisted was now expiring, and they began to think longingly of the quiet and secure comforts of home. Mutiny likewise began to show itself in various forms. That terrible visitor in the camp, the small-pox, also made its appearance among the troops, and the prospect was, certainly, of the entire dissolution and ruin of the army. The mutinous disposition was brought on by the breaking out of a fierce quar-

rel between Arnold and one of his captains ; the captains of two other companies took sides against Arnold, and for a time the danger of a general breaking up was imminent. But it was soon laid at rest by the discrimination and firmness of Montgomery, who ascertained where the trouble arose, and took speedy and decided means to reduce the rebellious troops to subordination again.

The quarrel, it appears, grew out of an old difficulty between Arnold and a Major Brown at Ticonderoga ; Brown improved the occasion to widen the breach between Arnold and his captain, and managed to draw still other companies into it, so that he might get them detached from Col. Arnold's command, and joined to his own. The matter had gone so far that they refused to serve unless they could be so transferred, according to Major Brown's purposes.

In the midst of thickening dangers like these, with foes within as well as without, a council of war was called in order to determine what was best to be done. It was resolved to make a decided movement at once and try and carry the works by assault. The town was to be

attacked at different points at the same time, it being calculated that by thus dividing the effective garrison, success would be more sure. The army was divided into two bodies; Arnold was to lead his around by the way of the suburb named St. Roche, and Montgomery was to follow the bank of the river with his, and pass around by the base of Cape Diamond.

The troops were ordered to parade at two o'clock on the morning of the last day in the year. They were all promptly on the ground. The real plan was then made known. The first and second divisions were to attack the lower town on opposite sides at the same time; while a third was to make a feigned attack upon the upper town from the Plains of Abraham.

Montgomery led his men down from these plains to Wolfe's Cove, to the south of the city, and at once began a march towards the lower town, by the road that ran along the margin of the river, and under the frowning front of Cape Diamond. Arnold led on his division towards the north side of the town, and both parties were at length to meet, and force Prescott Gate.

It was snowing furiously at the time they set

out, and it was so dark as to render it difficult for them to find their way. At the foot of the high precipice called Cape Diamond, was a strong block-house, forty or fifty feet square, which only left a cart-path, on each side, for the travel along the road; and within this block-house was mounted a battery of three-pounders, charged with grape and canister shot, which raked the entire avenue. In the face of this appalling obstacle went Montgomery with his division, the precipice on the one side, and the river on the other. He stopped within fifty yards of the block-house to look about him. He listened intently. All was profound silence. Not a sound was to be heard within the building, and they concluded that the men who served the guns must have fallen asleep on their watch. Montgomery stepped forth in the gray of this winter's morning, with the snow sifting down all around them, and cried out, in a loud voice, "Men of New York! you will not fear to follow where your General leads! march on!" — and at once rushed forward to charge the battery.

But they had sadly miscalculated. The artillerymen were at their posts all the while, with

lighted matches in their hands; and, being able to distinguish the movements of the Americans, by the dim morning light, applied the matchès as soon as they came within forty paces. The effect was terrible. General Montgomery fell dead at the first fire, and both of his aids and several soldiers were slain with him.

The men saw they had lost their leader, and a panic instantly seized them; they turned and fled at the top of their speed. But the cannon kept up their thunderous roar in the gorge, and the grape and cannister rattled like hail all up and down the deserted road. And this aimless fire was continued for the space of ten minutes, with no enemy to slaughter. After Montgomery fell, his whole division retreated to Wolfe's Cove, where they rested, without any further disposition to fight an enemy so strongly entrenched. No more attempts were made to join Col. Arnold on the other side of the town, but they left him to fight his own way through as well as he could.

He was even then advancing, at the top of his energy. The fallen snow had drifted and banked up on his route along the St. Charles, much more formidably than it had where Montgomery led



DEATH OF MONTGOMERY

his division, by the banks of the St. Lawrence. At length, after pushing through the drifts till their strength was well nigh spent, they came to a narrow street named *Sault au Matelot*, where was a battery of two guns, mounted just under a high rock that jugged over the way. Arnold here displayed his customary intrepidity. It was never in him to hesitate or be behind the rest; he took the lead in an instant, and shouted to his men to come on. He put himself at the head of Lamb's artillery, and advanced to the barrier, charging upon it with great impetuosity. The guns of the battery belched forth their fire, and the musketry mingled in their sharp report with the deeper roar of the cannon. A ball struck Arnold in the leg below the knee, and shattered the limb. He was taken up by his comrades and carried off to the general hospital, where he learned for the first time of the death of his commander, General Montgomery, which filled him with dismay.

Daniel Morgan, the famous rifleman, then took the command, and held the men hard at the fight amid the rain of balls and shot, for a full hour; and they finally carried this defence by their

persistency, and the unerring aim of the body of riflemen. Nothing could stand against the deadly skill of their marksmanship. Having carried this, they rushed on to the second barrier, which commanded two streets at once ; and here they fought with an unsurpassed courage, that amounted even to ferocity, for the space of three hours. Numbers were killed, on both sides, and more were wounded. The American party were forced to take shelter in the houses on each side of the street. They were still exposed, however, to the enemy in houses near by, as well as from the city walls above their heads. Capt. Lamb, of the artillery, had his jaw partially carried away by a grape-shot, and was removed from the field soon after.

The assailants took the barrier at last, and were on the point of making a final desperate charge on the town, when Gov. Carleton sent out a force through Palace Gate, to attack them in the rear. The news of Montgomery's death had been carried to him, and he took fresh courage. Capt. Dearborne had already been stationed near Palace Gate, to guard against surprises ; and suddenly the two ponderous halves of it flew

open, and out poured a detachment of troops, in full force, upon him. He was so taken by surprise that he could not make any defence, and his party were obliged to surrender at discretion.

Morgan was driving on, in another direction, into the town, at the moment he got the news of the death of Montgomery, the capture of Dearborne's party, and the movement to his rear. He was thunderstruck. Thus he found himself almost entirely surrounded, with no resources at his call, and no place of safety to fall back upon. There was nothing left them but to surrender, and that unpleasant step was instantly taken. In all their prisoners, they counted four hundred and fifty-six. They were confined in a seminary within the city walls. A part of the division, however, had retreated, leaving a field-piece and some mortars behind them. The killed and wounded of the Americans numbered one hundred and sixty; the loss of the British was only about twenty. Gov. Carleton treated his prisoners with a kindness of which they ever afterwards spoke with gratitude. Major Meigs was sent out into the American camp to procure the clothing and baggage of the prisoners, which was furnished them for their comfort.

Search was made for the bodies of those who fell fighting with Montgomery, as soon as the battles were over; and, deeply buried in the snow, were found thirteen men, including the body of Montgomery himself. Carleton for a long time refused to believe that Montgomery had fallen; but his corpse was recognized by a captured field-officer, who stood there in the guard-house in the presence of all, and, with tears running down his cheeks, delivered a pathetic funeral oration over his cold remains. The lieutenant governor, Cramahè, took charge of the body, and had it buried within a wall that enclosed a powder magazine, the better for its safety. General Montgomery had a watch in his pocket which his wife wanted exceedingly; she sent word to that effect to Arnold, and he offered Governor Carleton almost any sum he chose to ask for it; Carleton at once sent the watch to Arnold, refusing to receive anything in return. The body of Montgomery was disinterred in June, 1818, and buried at the foot of the monument erected to the hero's memory in St. Paul's churchyard, New York, by direction of Congress.

After his first burial in Quebec, one of the

English officers wore his sword in his own belt ; but the American prisoners were so affected at the sight of it, that he instantly laid it aside. It was the same officer who identified the general's remains, when they were removed in 1818. When Montgomery was ready to set out and join Schuyler on this northern expedition, he was living at Rhinebeck, on the Hudson ; his brother-in-law was walking over the grounds with him a day or two before he left home, and the young patriot suddenly stopped and stuck a willow twig into the ground, saying, as he did so, — " Peter, let that grow to remember me by." It is now a noble tree, growing in the spot where he stuck the twig, with a trunk fully ten feet in circumference.

Arnold at once took command of the remnant of the little army, which now numbered only eight hundred men. The moment Congress heard the news of this gallant storming of Quebec, they made Arnold a brigadier-general, as a token of their appreciation of his skill and bravery. He had well earned so significant a compliment. They likewise reinforced him with more troops, taken from New Hampshire, Ver-

mont, and Massachusetts ; and these new troops reached Quebec only by walking on snow-shoes and carrying their own provisions.

Arnold retired about three miles from the town, and began to entrench himself, as if he were seriously blockading the city. He certainly did cut off supplies from the garrison and the inhabitants, but Carleton was sure of receiving reinforcements from England as soon as the ice started out of the St. Lawrence in the Spring, and so waited quietly for that time to come round. General Wooster, who was a townsman of Arnold in New Haven, was his superior officer, and had command in Montreal ; on the first of April he moved down to Arnold's position and superseded him altogether. What with the added force of Wooster and the new troops from New England, the entire army now counted some twenty-eight hundred men ; of whom eight hundred were down with that loathsome and contagious disease, the small-pox.

Wooster began to get ready to beleaguer the city without delay. He erected one battery on the Plains of Abraham, and another at Point Levi, and opened a brisk cannonade ; but it did

no good whatever. Arnold's horse fell with him at this time, throwing himself upon his rider's wounded leg,—the same that had been twice wounded before; Arnold was totally disabled for active service for a time, and procured leave from Gen. Wooster to retire to Montreal. There was no good feeling wasted between these officers, and each was glad to turn his back on the other. It is naturally supposed that as Arnold generally managed to have a good number of quarrels on his hands while living in New Haven, he may have been in trouble with Wooster along with the rest.

CHAPTER V.

FIRST NAVAL COMBAT WITH ENGLAND.

AS he held the highest military rank of any one in the city, Gen. Arnold of course took command of Montreal, and for six weeks did nothing, because there was nothing to do. Gov. Carleton received reinforcements under Burgoyne, and the Americans vacated the neighborhood of Quebec as fast as they could go.

In the spring of this year, 1776, a party of about four hundred Americans, under Col. Bedell, held a post on the northern side of the St. Lawrence river, at a point called the Cedars. In May, Capt. Foster came down the river from Oswegatchie (now Ogdensburgh), with a force of five hundred Indians, under Joseph Brant, and a hundred and fifty English and Canadians, and made for the fort. Bedell had gone down to Montreal at the time, leaving the fort in com-

mand of a Major Butterfield. Both were arrant cowards, as the sequel shows. The instant the British and Indian force made its appearance, Butterfield surrendered; he did not even strike a blow. Bedell had conveniently kept himself out of the way.

Arnold sent Major Sherburne, with one hundred and forty men to strengthen the garrison; but he arrived too late: the post was ignominiously surrendered on the very day he arrived. Being quite ignorant of this, however, he pushed on towards the fort, only to find himself of a sudden surprised by Indians and Canadians, who sprang out of their ambuscade upon him. The Americans fought with desperation for more than an hour; but in a little time the Indians had gradually formed a comple circle around them, and, a signal being given, rushed upon them, man for man, and disarmed them entirely. So enraged were the savages at the resistance of the little party, they began to butcher and hack them up with knives and tomahawks, and, after stripping the remainder nearly naked, drove them off to the fort, which, through Butterfield's cowardice, had just fallen into their hands. Fifty-two Americans were thus massacred.

The blood of Gen. Arnold boiled at this intelligence, and he resolved on instant revenge. Taking eight hundred men, he hurried to St. Anne's, on the western end of the island. The very moment he arrived, he happened to descry the enemy taking their prisoners from an island about three miles off, and carrying them across to the main land opposite. His boats had not yet come round as expected, and he could therefore do nothing. A party of friendly Caughnawaga Indians returned while he was idly waiting, whom he had sent over in the morning to demand the surrender of the prisoners from the hostile Indians; they brought back word that the prisoners would not be give up, and that if Arnold attempted their rescue, they should — the whole five hundred — be butchered without ceremony.

But Arnold paid no heed to their threats. His boats having arrived, he sprang into them with his troops and rowed as fast as they could go to the island where the prisoners had been confined. Five naked and nearly starved soldiers had been left behind on this island, and they were all. The rest were taken to Quinze Chiens, four miles

below, except two, who were butchered because they were too feeble to bear the journey. Arnold pushed on for the latter place with all despatch. They fired on his little flotilla as he came near the land, and, it being night, at last compelled him to retreat to St. Anne's again. Here he held a council of war. At midnight a flag arrived from the British captain, making a proposal to Arnold that he should sign an agreement, which Capt. Foster had already compelled his prisoner, Major Sherburne, to sign,—providing that as many British soldiers should be delivered up as there were American prisoners, and also that the latter should, as soon as released, march off home and never take up arms against the British power again. Four American captains were to be sent down to Quebec, to be held in captivity there until the agreement was fully carried out. The British officer represented that unless Arnold would consent to this proposal, which Major Sherburne had already signed, he could not answer for the consequences; the savages could not be restrained from putting all the prisoners to death.

This was truly a horrible alternative. Com-

mon humanity compelled Arnold to do all that lay in his power to save his countrymen who were in the enemy's hands; and still he flatly refused to be bound by any such terms as that they should never again, if released, take up arms against the British. He therefore consented to sign the agreement proposed by Capt. Foster, but refused his assent to this clause of it. Foster finally waived this, and the convention being duly signed, the prisoners were released.

Congress subsequently refused to be bound by this proceeding, inasmuch as it had been forced upon Arnold by threats of cruelty towards the five hundred prisoners for whose safety he was chiefly anxious; but Washington gave it his sanction as the commander-in-chief of the American forces, chiefly because it was consummated according to military rules and formularies. There was much indignation felt all over the country when the facts came out; and to this day the transaction remains a foul blot on the military honor of the nation whose agent proposed such a base and inhuman alternative.

As soon as this affair was over, Arnold returned with his detachment to Montreal. It was now

dark and gloomy on every side. There was a great deal of disaffection in the camp, and a much stronger dislike had been conceived against the Americans by the Canadian inhabitants. The British had just been strengthened by a large body of experienced troops from Europe, that had fought their way all over the continent, while our army was continually dwindling and tapering down, and becoming less and less able to make an effectual resistance on Canadian soil. The small-pox, too, had done a terrible work with them, and was still active with its ravages.

Just at this crisis, a committee came on from Congress, consisting of Franklin, Carroll, and Chase, to see how matters stood, and to make a report on the same. They found that little hope remained. There was no further encouragement to attempt to secure a foothold within the British possessions. The Americans were driven out of Quebec, and came up the St. Lawrence and made a stand at Sorel. Pursued thither, they tried to maintain their ground, but vainly, in the face of such superior numbers; the encampment was hastily broken up, and the entire force came sailing down Lake Champlain to Crown Point; here they were within their own territory again.

Arnold remained at Montreal, however, as long as it was safe, and at the very last moment hurried off for St. John's, a post on the Sorel, or Richelieu river, conducting into Lake Champlain. General Sullivan was with him, and took a leading part in this retreat. Arnold had himself been down to St. John's a couple of days before, directed an encampment to be closed, and ordered a vessel then on the stocks to be taken in pieces, the pieces numbered, and the whole to be sent off to Crown Point. Both commanders wished to stand and defend the fort at St. John's, but the troops refused outright to serve any longer in Canada; nothing, therefore, was left them but to embark in their boats, which they did without delay, and sailed up the lake to *Isle aux Noix*. On the occasion of this retreat, Arnold again showed out all his natural bravery and impetuosity. After every boat was loaded with troops, he took Wilkinson, his aid, and rode back two miles to reconnoitre. Burgoyne was discovered with his advanced division, marching on at a rapid pace. Arnold sat on his horse and studied their appearance quite as long as it was safe, and then rode back at full speed to the lake. Their

single boat was waiting to receive them. They stripped the horses of their saddles and bridles, shot them, ordered the rowers all on board, and then followed themselves. Arnold was the last man to leave the shore, and pushed off the boat with his own hands and jumped in.

It was sunset already. Night soon settled down upon them. They plied their oars with vigor, and before midnight overtook the main body of the army at *Isle aux Noix*.

General Arnold next proceeded to Albany, where were Generals Schuyler and Gates, the latter having but recently been invested by Congress with the command of the northern army. These three officers having learned that the Americans under Sullivan had left *Isle aux Noix* and retreated still farther up the lake to Crown Point, they all repaired to that post with the design of arranging a regular system of operations. Carleton was expected to be after them with a fleet every day. A council of war was held, at which it was determined to give up the idea of holding Crown Point, but to retreat fifteen miles up the lake to Ticonderoga, and there make as strong a defence as they were able.

Some of the field-officers protested against this abandonment of so strong a position as Crown Point, but their opposition had no effect on those who had formed their resolve at the council board. Both Congress and Washington expressed their surprise that such a step should be taken, and Gates and Schuyler defended it in letters which they addressed them in explanation. It was afterwards acquiesced in as the wisest plan that could at that time have been pursued. To have divided their force and tried to hold two posts, would have weakened them inevitably; whereas to keep them united in defence of a single position, would be the surest guaranty of their success in staying the further progress of the enemy.

While the army was at Ticonderoga, a serious difficulty arose in relation to certain goods Arnold seized from Montreal merchants, which he took for the use of his soldiers. He was careful to give the merchants certificates for the value of their property, and pledged himself that all demands thus certified by him would be paid by the United States. Many parcels, however, were carried off in the haste and confusion of leaving,

which were not thus certified, and bore no other proof of ownership than the merchant's name marked on the parcel. Col. Hazen was under Arnold at the time, and to his care he entrusted the packages at Chambly, directing them to be despatched down the Sorel and the lake to Ticonderoga. Hazen nursed a hostility to Arnold, and so paid but a careless attention to his instructions; he first suffered the goods to lie out on the river bank exposed to the weather till many of them were spoiled in consequence, and afterwards gave them such slight attention that many of the packages were broken open and rifled by soldiers.

The owners followed their goods down even to Crown Point, and there they presented their claims for what had been taken from them. They accused Arnold, and Arnold accused Hazen; and the matter came to such a pass that the latter was finally tried for disobeying the orders of his superior officer. One of Arnold's witnesses on the trial was a Major Scott; but the court set him aside because he was an interested party. At this Arnold flew. He sent the court a letter, in which he used language such as no military court was ever known to tolerate.

The court insisted that he should forthwith apologize for his insult; but he flatly refused; and not only refused, but told them he was quite ready to give each and every one of them satisfaction whenever they wished; in other words, he sent them what might be considered a *challenge*. This was out of all sort of rule, and without precedent; they appealed to the commander, General Gates, and he was thrown into a quandary. Arnold stood high with him then, and he knew too well what the services of such a man were worth in the army. He likewise had it in his mind to give Arnold the command of the fleet of vessels which was in course of preparation to meet the enemy, now advancing up the lake.

In order, therefore, to solve the problem and get himself out of his perplexity, he suffered the matter to pass unheeded, and gave orders to dissolve the court. He afterwards wrote to Congress, explaining his conduct, saying that he assumed all the responsibility himself, and that "the United States must not be deprived of that excellent officer's (Arnold's) services at this important moment." The court, however, acquitted Hazen, which was about the same thing as con-

demning Arnold. But the latter was in no sense guilty of any breach of honor, much less of any criminal intent in the transaction; his letters to Schuyler at the time he took the goods, explaining that he was directed by the Congressional commissioners to take them, — and afterwards to Sullivan, in which he spoke of the way Hazen had treated the same, abundantly show this, and are to be set down as his effective vindication. It is not at all likely, from what evidence can be obtained, that he ever intended to carry valuable articles of merchandise out of Canada for the sake of enriching himself.

Another difficulty arose at this time between Arnold and Major Brown, growing out of an old feud at Ticonderoga, when both were there before. While in Canada, Arnold sent on letters to Congress accusing Brown of the same crime which had just been imputed to himself; Brown heard of it, and demanded an investigation, but Arnold managed, as long as they were in Canada, to have it evaded. Now they were both at Ticonderoga, Brown again demanded a trial, and Congress issued express orders to have a court of inquiry held upon the matter; but Gates put him

off just as he had done in the case of the court martial on Hazen. Arnold was his particular pet, and he protected him openly on all occasions.

Gates now concerted active measures to meet the enemy whenever they might choose to approach. Materials for building craft of any kind were very scarce in the vicinity, and as for obtaining carpenters and workmen, it was almost an impossibility. For the latter, they were obliged to send to the sea-ports. Yet, in spite of all obstacles, between June and August they had worked with so much industry and zeal, that quite a little squadron of vessels had been built and equipped, consisting of a sloop with twelve guns, three schooners, one of which carried as many guns also, and the others eight, and five gondolas, with three guns each; making, in all, a floating armament of fifty five guns.

Arnold was placed in command of the whole, as much on account of his experience on the water as his title and distinguished services. It was late in August when he set sail down the lake from Ticonderoga, with directions from Gates not to pass beyond *Isle aux Têtes*, or the Canada line, near which Rouse's Point now is;

he was also ordered to act only in defence of his own force, and to strive to check the enemy, rather than attack them. He went down the lake as far as Windmill Point, four miles from *Isle aux Têtes*, and there halted to reconnoitre.

He found that island covered with both British and Indians, and accordingly drew off some ten miles further back, to *Isle La Motte*. His squadron was increased considerably here, so that it now numbered two sloops, three schooners, three galleys, eight gondolas, and twenty-one gunboats.

Governor Carleton had heard of the activity of the Americans at Ticonderoga, and began to prepare for them in season; so that, by this time, he had collected a large number of vessels, which were built at St. John's by the seven hundred men he had sent forward from Quebec for that purpose. Arnold knew nothing of the extent of his force, and therefore deemed it prudent to withdraw to a point where he might hope for some advantage. So he retreated still further, and chose his position between Valcour Island and the western shore of the lake, which was nothing more than a narrow channel.

Carleton appeared off Cumberland Head with his fleet, at an early hour on the morning of the 11th of October. He had about thirty strong and well-built vessels and boats, including one ship with three masts, a flat-bottomed boat carrying heavy guns, which was called the *Thunderer*, and twenty-four gun-boats, each provided with a piece of ordnance; forty boats, laden with provisions, also accompanied the fleet. On they came in proud array up the lake, steering to the east of Valcour Island, so as to reach its southern point, and cut off Arnold's retreat by the channel. Capt. Pringle was commodore of the fleet, and his flag-ship was named the *Inflexible*. Edward Pellew served under him, afterwards Admiral Viscount Exmouth, one of the most noted men in the British navy.

At precisely twelve o'clock, the battle began. The British opened fire on the schooner *Royal Savage* and the three galleys which Arnold had ordered to advance to meet them. The schooner was badly managed, and soon ran aground. She was burned, but her crew contrived to effect their escape.

An hour later, the battle was at its height, and

every one of the British vessels, except the ship and schooner, was closely engaged with the American force. The American vessels fared badly enough. The Congress, on board which Arnold was, was hulled a dozen times; received seven shots between wind and water; had her mainmast shivered in two places, the rigging torn and tattered, and lost a great number of her crew. This brisk style of cannonading with grape and round shot was kept up for nearly five hours, without cessation. The men became so scarce on board the Congress, after a time, that there were not enough to work the guns, and Arnold sprang to, and labored with all his zeal, pointing his guns at the enemy with his own hands. The British likewise sent a body of Indians ashore on the island, while the conflict was raging, and these kept up the firing with muskets from their new position, but fortunately to little purpose. During the time the battle was raging Arnold's little fleet had lost in all, counting the killed and wounded, about sixty men. The solemn shadows of night curtained the sanguinary scene at last, and the combatants were compelled to separate, neither side being able to claim a

victory. The two fleets, however, anchored but a few hundred yards from each other.

So active a spirit as that of Arnold would not permit slumber to come near his eyelids on such a night. He hastily called a council of his officers, and it was resolved by them to try and make their way back to Crown Point before morning. It was a hazardous undertaking — perhaps hardly a possible one. Yet it looked as if little else now was left them. The enemy were vastly their superior, both in the number of their vessels and their men, and would be more than likely, if they came to another engagement, to sink them, in their present shattered condition, without any trouble.

It was to guard against just such a step that the British commander stretched his vessels in a line, across from the island to the mainland on the western side, thinking to hem them in. Fortunately, a stiff wind was blowing from the north at the time, and continued to blow through the night. It looked like a direct interposition of Providence, for their escape. The moon was new, and threw down no light upon the lake to betray them; dark and angry clouds, too, had piled up

in the sky, overshadowing the whole scene with their dense gloom.

In the dark, and with all the silence and secrecy possible, Arnold weighed anchor and set sail at about ten o'clock. The north wind, which was still blowing strongly, filled their canvas, and wafted them all safe and sound through the enemy's lines. The latter did not know a whisper of it all, until they descried the few lagging boats of the American fleet a long way out of their reach, in the early morning. The watch on deck had looked in vain to find them where they lay anchored at sunset, and only awoke to their surprise on turning about and seeing them far away in their rear! So bold a movement was calculated to set all ordinary feelings of astonishment at fault.

The shattered little American fleet made good its retreat for about ten miles, to Schuyler's Island, where they set to work to repair damages with all despatch. Their sails were almost entirely gone, and the leaks in the vessels became dangerous. But the moment the British commander found how skilfully his enemy had escaped him, he ordered instant pursuit. His entire fleet

started off accordingly. Meantime Arnold had set sail again from Schuyler's Island, intending to place a still greater distance between himself and his pursuers. Towards evening the wind changed again, blowing this time from the south, and, of course, directly in the face of the enemy. But it also retarded the advance of the Americans as much.

The next day was the 13th. At an early hour of the morning, the British vessels were descried advancing, and it was apparent they were now gaining on the Americans rapidly. Arnold still lingered behind with his new flag-ship, the Congress, together with the Washington and four gondolas, unable, on account of his crippled condition, to keep up with the body of his fleet. The British vessels continued to gain upon him, in spite of all he could do. Very soon three of them came up alongside; the Carleton, the Inflexible, and the Maria. Gaining a proper position, they applied the matches, and poured in upon his already disabled craft a fire so galling and destructive that the Washington was compelled to strike her colors, and the Captain, with all his crew, surrendered themselves prisoners.

Then they turned their whole energies upon the Congress, on board which was General Arnold. For four long hours the battle raged with great violence. Gun answered gun in quick succession. The British fleet was manned by a disciplined force, and they worked their armaments with unerring precision and destructive effect. Such odds were tremendous for a single vessel, like that which Arnold commanded, to encounter; yet he unflinchingly held his ground for all this time, and fought with an obstinate courage that sheds a lustre on his name.

His vessel was already reduced nearly to a wreck, and there were seven of the enemy's sail fast crowding upon him and hemming him in. But one way of safety lay open to him, and that was to run his crippled galley and the four gondolas ashore. Quick as the thought itself, his resolution was taken. The vessels were all grounded, high and dry, on the bank of a small creek on the east side of the lake, about ten miles distant from Crown Point. They were every one fired by their crews as they deserted them, and the latter jumped into the water and waded to land, carrying their muskets in their

hands. Arnold immediately drew them up on the beach in martial order, so as to prevent parties of the enemy from coming off in boats and quenching the flames. He did not mean that any vessel he commanded should pass as a trophy of war into the hands of the British.

He was himself the last man to go ashore. He never struck his flag, but, amid the flames and the smoke, he kept it proudly flying at the mast-head of his vessel, till that and all the rest were totally consumed. Then he placed himself at the head of his men, and marched off at a rapid pace through the woods to Crown Point, which he reached in safety, and found the rest of his little fleet arrived before him. It was fortunate for him that he made as much haste as he did; for the British had sent the Indians forward to lay in ambush for his party at a particular place, which place he passed just an hour before they reached it.

Waterbury and his men, who had been taken prisoners, arrived at Crown Point on parole the next day, and forthwith the entire American force at that place went on board their vessels and retreated southward to the fortress at Ticon-

deroga. Carleton came up and occupied Crown Point, and for a little while seemed to menace Ticonderoga, appearing in its vicinity as if it was his design to attack it. It was while he was in the neighborhood that Arnold ventured out from the reach of protection, to reconnoitre. He was in a small boat, and young Pellew (afterwards Lord Exmouth) caught sight of him and chased him. His pursuers gained so fast upon him that he was obliged to run his boat ashore, leaping out of it with inconsiderate haste, and leaving his stock and buckle as spoils for the enemy behind him. This stock and buckle are said to be still in possession of the Pellew family.

General Carleton very soon withdrew with his fleet down the lake again, satisfied that nothing further could be accomplished at so late a period of the year. In the two days' engagement with the enemy, the American loss was not far from ninety men, while that of the former was about forty. And this brings us to the close of the year 1776.

By the display of so much courage and gallantry in times of peril, and by his superior address in deceiving and defying an enemy so

much his superior in all particulars, Arnold's name was passed over the country with accompaniments of the highest praise. None spoke of him but in terms of admiration. His popularity was now secure. If he had rested under a cloud of public prejudice before, his recent bravery had served to dissipate all its darkness. From this day he began to be a popular idol, and whenever his name was publicly mentioned, it was only to call up recollections of some bold and daring deed, for which that name had now become justly celebrated.

CHAPTER VI.

INJUSTICE TO ARNOLD.

THE British army having gone back into winter-quarters in Canada, a large detachment was drawn from the American force at Ticonderoga and sent forward to Washington's camp in New Jersey. Arnold went along with them, and presented himself to Washington, on the western side of the Delaware, exactly a week before the famous battle of Trenton. The Commander-in-chief had just forwarded a letter to him, ordering him to go to Rhode Island and aid General Spencer in enlisting recruits in New England, with a view to prevent the enemy's advance; into the interior for they were already hovering off the coast, and did a very few days afterwards take possession of the town of Newport.

Arnold stayed in the camp of Washington but

three days, and then posted off for Providence, which was the head-quarters of the eastern army. And thus the two forces kept their position through the rest of the winter. Arnold was quite active in devising plans for harassing the British and finally driving them from the land, but the chances of enlisting men enough for carrying out any plan to attack them, were extremely few and feeble. He went on to Boston to lay the matter before the legislature through some of the most influential men of the State, but nothing resulted from his errand. The people of New England were anxious enough to drive the hostile invaders beyond their borders, but there were a great many obstacles that practically prevented such an undertaking then. The last year's campaign had well nigh drained them of their resources, and what was more, they were calculating almost with certainty on the British army's marching down out of the northern country in the spring.

Late in the winter of 1776-7, Congress advanced five officers, each of them of inferior rank to Arnold's, to one above his own, making them Major-Generals in the Continental Army; while he was slightly passed by without any public

notice, and left with nothing but his old rank of a brigadier. The transaction showed a motive on the face of it; for certainly no one of the five men promoted had ever rendered such brilliant services as he, nor done a fraction of what he had done to inspire the minds of the soldiers with enthusiasm.

Washington was sorely perplexed at this slight on the part of Congress, for he knew as well as others, that no conduct of Arnold had ever earned it; and he felt as well assured of the mischief such a course would make throughout the army. He therefore set himself to work applying the remedy.

Assuming at first that it was nothing worse than a mistake on the part of Congress, he addressed a letter to Arnold at Providence, begging him to keep perfectly quiet and neither do nor say anything rash, but promising, so far as lay with himself, to see that this manifest wrong was made right. A second letter he forwarded to Lee, then in Congress, in which he said of Arnold, — “ Surely, a more active, a more spirited, and sensible officer, fills no department of your army. Not seeing him, then, in the list of major-

generals, and no mention made of him, has given me uneasiness, as it is not presumed, being the oldest brigadier, that he will continue in service under such a slight."

Arnold immediately wrote back to Washington, on receiving his letter, — "I am greatly obliged to your Excellency for interesting yourself so much in respect to my appointment, which I have had no advice of, and know not by what means it was announced in the papers. Congress undoubtedly have a right of promoting those whom, from their abilities, and their long and arduous services. they esteem most deserving. Their promoting junior officers to the rank of major-generals, I view as a very civil way of requesting my resignation, as unqualified for the office I hold. My commission was conferred unsolicited, and received with pleasure only as a means of serving my country. With equal pleasure I resign it, when I can no longer serve my country with honor."

He closed his letter by protesting that he was even willing to spend his life for the welfare of his native land, and insisting that a court-martial should at once be ordered to examine into his

public conduct during the war; and added, that he did not intend to do anything rashly, but should continue in command of his present post at Providence until he could relinquish it without bringing the general cause into any needless risks and danger.

Congress afterwards explained the grounds of their action to Washington. It appeared that they had made the new promotions with as careful a view to the *geography* of the country, as to its productions in the line of men; and as Connecticut had already furnished two major-generals, they deemed it quite proper that in the new promotions, candidates should be taken from other States. Washington wrote to Arnold that it was "a strange mode of reasoning," yet he did not see on what grounds the latter could ask for a court of inquiry; adding in complimentary phrase,— "Your determination not to quit your present command, while any danger to the public might ensue from your leaving it, deserves my thanks, and justly entitles you to the thanks of the country."

It was not long before matters were in train to bring Arnold out before the public eye again.

He obtained leave to proceed to Philadelphia and lay his claims for a court-martial before Congress; at all events, if that much should not be granted him, he was desirous of settling his accounts, and as soon after as possible of quitting the public service.

It so happened that the Americans had a large deposit of stores and provisions at Danbury, an inland town in Western Connecticut, some twenty-five miles from the coast; and Gov. Tryon, the British General, set off by water with a force of two thousand men, intending to pass up the Sound from New York, and, after landing at a favorable point, to march across the land and capture them. This expedition was on the move at the very time when Arnold was passing through Connecticut on his errand to Philadelphia.

Tryon's force was a mixed medley of Americans, British, and Irish refugees, and made their way along the Connecticut shore in a fleet of twenty-six sail, the sight of which filled all the peaceable settlements on the coast with terror. He landed this body of troops at Compo, a point of land near Fairfield, and close by the mouth of

the Saugatuck river. A handful of raw militia flocked to give them a warm reception; but a few cannon balls speedily dispersed these and left the way open for the enemy's advance. The men all went ashore from the vessels just at evening on Friday, the 25th day of April.

Arnold had proceeded as far on his journey as New Haven, when he heard the intelligence of the enemy's approach; and without a thought more of the way in which he had been treated by Congress, he mounted his horse on the instant, and, in company with General Wooster, set off at a rapid pace for Fairfield, where was General Silliman, commander of the Connecticut militia. It was a long ride of between twenty and thirty miles. They roused the people as they went along, and there was many a hamlet, and many a plain and sequestered farm-house, that gave its generous and ready quota of men to the work of driving the enemy from the soil.

The British marched on seven miles into the interior that evening, and encamped for the night. During the night it rained. They started again at an early hour, and by eight o'clock reached the town of Reading, only eight miles from Dau-

bury, where they stopped and breakfasted. There they procured the services of a couple of young men, named Jarvis, and Benedict, who showed them the route to Danbury, and went along with them. It was between one and two o'clock in the afternoon when they reached the village, and they had proceeded so expeditiously that none of the people heard of their coming till they were within a few miles of the town. And then there was such a confusion, flying and lamenting and hasty arranging for the safety of the sick and aged, as baffles all attempt at description.

At the little village of Bethel, Tryon and his whole force of two thousand men were suddenly brought to a stand by the boldness of a single individual named Holcomb. This man wished to give the inhabitants of Danbury as much time to escape as possible, and he rode to the brow of a hill the enemy were on the point of climbing, and, turning his back to them and waving his hat as if he were addressing at least a whole army, cried out the top of his voice, — "Halt, the whole universe! Break off into kingdoms!" Tryon did not understand what sort of a force might be collected on the other side of the hill, and brought

his army to a sudden halt; he then ordered his cannon to the front, and displayed strong parties at the flanks to prevent a surprise. Holcomb saw that he had carried the stupendous joke as far as it would answer, and drove the spurs into his horse and galloped off to Danbury.

The Americans collected from all quarters as fast as they could, and set off after the marauders in hot pursuit. It was eleven o'clock at night, however, when they arrived at Bethel, and the mischief had all been done before then. Bethel is four miles from Danbury. They rested here until morning, resolved then to form and cut off the enemy's retreat to their shipping.

At the time the British came upon Danbury, there was a body of militia-men an hundred and fifty strong in the town; feeling themselves too weak in numbers to offer resistance to a force so much their superior, the commanders left the town by the north road as the British entered by the south, and during the night took a circuitous route and joined the rest of the Americans at Bethel.

This invasion of Tryon will ever be remembered in western Connecticut, for it was little

less than a continued series of burnings and cruelty and rapine. The moment his troops entered the town, they began their piratical work. The people were insulted and outraged in every imaginable way. It is stated that what first brought on the serious part of the business, was the indiscreet conduct of four men who had stationed themselves in a dwelling house near the court house, and fired upon the British, though without effect, as they marched by. One of these zealots was a negro, and they were all excited with the too free use of liquor. But they paid dearly enough for their folly; they were instantly seized by the enemy, who rushed with fury into the house, thrust them down into the cellar, and fired the building over their heads! All four perished in the flames.

An anecdote is narrated of an old man named Hamilton, who was bent on saving a piece of woollen cloth which he had left at a clothier's at the south end of the village. He got his cloth, tied one end of it to his saddle, and had just jumped on his horse to ride away with it, when the British troopers came up. Three of them at once set off in pursuit. His beast was slower



OLD HAMILTON SAVING HIS CLOTH.

than theirs, and the chances were all against him. One of them pretty soon caught up with him, and called out in a taunting way, — “ Stop, old daddy! stop! we’ll have you!” “ Not yet!” was the old gentleman’s answer; and at that moment his cloth began to let itself out on the wind. Such a fluttering did it make as it streamed far out behind him, that the troopers’ horses could not be made to approach any nearer, and by the means he got several rods the start of them. They chased him all the way to the bridge at the north end of the town, where they were obliged to give over. Several times they raised their sabres to cut him down, but the troublesome streamer of cloth was always tangling itself up and flirting in their way. He carried off his prize, and most courageously had he earned it.

Having begun their work in this way, they next attacked the public stores. The Episcopal Church was filled up to the galleries with flour and pork, and provisions were likewise stored in two other buildings. These were immediately sacked, and the stores thrown out into the street. The soldiers drank freely of the ardent spirits they found, and were very soon more or less

intoxicated. Indeed, they gave up the rest of the day and night to a general carouse; nor could their officers have stopped them if they had tried.

The night came on dark as pitch. Those who were already sober were too much fatigued from their two days' march to keep awake; and the others certainly could not have done so. Tryon found it a difficult matter to procure even sentinels enough to keep the necessary watch. In fact, there were not over three hundred men out of his whole two thousand, on whom he could at this time rely. Could the Americans have been apprized of his real condition, they might have attacked him in the night, and won an easy victory. This was what Tryon chiefly feared. He did not sleep a wink that night himself, but remained in a state of helpless suspense until morning. A tory brought him word of the rapid gathering of the Americans at Bethel, and he concluded it was best for him to be off as soon as he could start.

He therefore began his retreat out of town before daylight on the 27th. This was Sunday morning, quiet and holy. The houses of the tories in the town had all been marked the even-

ing before with a cross that could easily be distinguished, and these were spared. To the remainder the torch was applied, and before the day broke in the east the flames were lighting up the country all around with their lurid radiance. And thus was a beautiful and inoffensive village devoted to destruction by an enemy that hoped to conquer a peace by such ruthless barbarities.

By this attack on Danbury, three thousand barrels of pork and over one thousand barrels of flour were destroyed, together with four hundred barrels of beef, seventeen hundred tents, and two thousand bushels of grain. The spirits and sundry other articles likewise destroyed were in the same ratio. The entire loss to the American army in money was more than seventy thousand dollars; but it was not easy to estimate it in such a way, at a crisis like the one we were then passing through.

It is as well to add in this place, that the two fellows — Jarvis and Benedict — who had piloted the British army across the country to Danbury, left that part of the country forthwith. Jarvis went to Nova Scotia. He returned to Danbury many years afterwards, and went to his father's

house; but the people, as soon as they heard of it, procured a coat of tar and feathers, and surrounded the house with the determination to capture him. They demanded of his friends that they should give him up, and some of them entered the house to take him; but his sister hid him in an ash oven, and he lay thus concealed until the search was over and they had all gone. He then secretly took himself out of the town forever. Benedict came back, intending to spend the rest of his days among those who could not help despising him; but on hearing loud threats of being ridden out of town on a sharp rail, he concluded he could find more peaceful quarters elsewhere.

The Americans were now six hundred strong at Bethel. The Generals divided them into two parties, having heard that Tryon had shaped his course south-westerly, instead of south-easterly, by the way he came; one division, consisting of two hundred men, commanded by Wooster, and the other, of four hundred men, was led by Generals Arnold and Silliman. The plan now was, both to harass the enemy in their rear and to cut off their retreat to their shipping.

Wooster started after them at nine o'clock in the morning, and was not long in overtaking them. This was before they reached Ridgefield. He at once fell upon the rear guard, and captured forty prisoners after but little fighting. Two miles out of Ridgefield they had another brush, on broken ground which favored that kind of fighting. The British were hidden behind a hill, and Wooster was urging his men forward to another attack. A discharge of artillery, however, seemed to make them a little timid. "Come on, my boys!" shouted Wooster from his horse; "never mind such random shots!" He had hardly spoken the cheering words when a musket ball entered his side, and he fell from his horse mortally wounded. His men at once fled in disorder. He was carried from the field and removed to Danbury, whither his wife and son hastened to solace him in his dying moments; and there he lingered along till the 2d of May, when he died. It is a standing shame to the town that to this day even the place of his burial cannot be distinguished. At the time he fell fighting so bravely, he was an old man of sixty-seven years, with all the fire of youth still burning in his heart.

Arnold and Silliman started across the country to head the British off. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that Sunday they reached Ridgefield, having five hundred men under their command. Arnold chose his position on the road by which the British were coming, and began to get ready to receive them. He hastily threw up a barricade of carts, logs, earth, and stones across the road, having a house and barn on his right, and a ledge of rocks on his left.

By and by the British approached. The moment they saw what a formidable obstacle lay across their path, the main body advanced in solid column, while other detachments made a movement to gain the American rear. In this they were finally successful, since they so greatly outnumbered the handful of Americans and could readily accomplish it. Arnold ordered a retreat when he saw that no more could be done to stay their progress, and was himself engaged in bringing away the rear when a whole platoon of British muskets belched forth their fire upon him from the ledge, and his horse instantly fell, coming down on his knees. Arnold found his feet entangled in the stirrups, and for a moment

was not able to rise. A tory villain seeing the plight he was in, ran up with fixed bayonet, intending to capture him whether dead or alive. "You are my prisoner!" shouted the tory. "Not yet!" answered Arnold; and with great presence of mind he drew a pistol from the holsters and shot him dead in his tracks. He then extricated himself from the stirrups, and fled to a swamp near by, volleys of the enemy's bullets whistling after him all the way.

So cool an action is very rarely recorded of any one in a time of great danger. It drew forth the admiration of all to whom it soon after became known. A few years ago, an old man, who was a boy at the time of this transaction, declared that himself and a few other boys skinned Arnold's horse, after the battle, and found nine bullet holes in his hide! It was wonderful that the brave rider should himself have escaped.

That night, the British stayed in Ridgefield. The Americans still hung on their rear, while Arnold again took the saddle and threw himself in the way of their advance. His own force was now considerably strengthened by two companies of artillery and three field pieces.

The enemy saw where he had posted himself in their way, and at once turned off to take another route, intending to ford the Saugatuck river. Arnold hurried to get across the bridge below the ford, with the design of taking them in flank; but he found he was just too late. Still, the field pieces were brought to bear, and a hot skirmish of fifteen minutes ensued, during which seven or eight men were killed. He continued to push on in pursuit as far as Compo, where they had just landed, which was now about three miles distant to the south. Here they had another skirmish with the right flank of their rear; and had it not been for the sudden assistance which came from the marines who were sent on shore from the ships, they would all have been made prisoners and carried back into the interior. A great many Connecticut farmers had collected at this place through the day, and Arnold exerted himself with his usual energy to induce them to go into the fight; had it not been for their strange cowardice, the enemy would have been overcome.

While urging them forward to the conflict, a second horse was shot under General Arnold, and a bullet passed through his coat collar.

The enemy finally took to their boats under the protection of the marines, and escaped in safety; the latter afterwards, by a sudden movement, secured their own escape. It was sunset by this time, and the British fleet weighed anchor and sailed out of sight.

The Americans lost during this invasion about an hundred men; the British lost three times as many. The infamous Gov. Tryon was safe on board his ship, but he did not leave the soil without carrying away a souvenir of his unwelcome visit in the shape of a wound.

Congress was obliged to confess to the bravery of Arnold in these engagements, and at once directed the quarter-master to "procure a horse and present the same, properly caparisoned, to Major-General Arnold, as a token of their approbation of his gallant conduct in the action against the enemy in the late enterprise to Danbury." At the same time they promoted him to the rank he had so long and unjustly been deprived of, as the order just quoted shows. Still, it left him below the other four Major-generals, and the case was as bad as before; besides, by making the appointment now, the old geograph-

ical objection to it was destroyed, and unless there was some secret feeling against him, he should have been given the seniority to which his brilliant services fully entitled him.

The gift and the promotion, therefore, appeared to betray an inconsistency on the part of Congress; with one hand they gave, and with the other they took. Washington saw the injustice, and felt it keenly; writing to the president of Congress about Arnold, he said,—“He has certainly discovered, in every instance where he has had an opportunity, much bravery, activity, and enterprise. But what will be done about his rank? He will not act, most probably, under those he commanded but a few weeks ago.”

Still, nothing was done. Washington gave him the command on the Hudson, thinking thus to testify his own appreciation of his services, and likewise to heal the wound which Congress persisted in keeping open. It was as honorable a position as any Major-general in the army could have desired: but Arnold declined it, determined to go on and prosecute his demands himself before Congress.

Arrived at Philadelphia, he saw what a deep

prejudice existed against him among the members, and how fruitless almost it would be for him to try to make head against it. All the old stories about him at Ticonderoga had been brought up, and were having their influence. There is no disputing that, even if Congress took the right view of his real character and felt a disposition to treat him with distrust, they did not deal with such a man with the good judgment and skill we should have expected. It is unquestionable that they made a serious mistake, or rather a series of mistakes; and the natural fruit was borne a little more than three years afterwards.

Arnold wrote to them, — “I am exceedingly unhappy to find that, after having made every sacrifice of fortune, ease, and domestic happiness to serve my country, I am publicly impeached (in particular by Lieut. Col. Brown) of a catalogue of crimes, which, if true, ought to subject me to disgrace, infamy, and the just resentment of my countrymen. Conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, however I may have erred in judgment, I must request the favor of Congress to point out some mode by which my conduct

and that of my accusers may be inquired into, and justice done to the innocent and injured."

His letter was referred to the Board of War, who reported that they saw no fault whatever to find with General Arnold, but, on the contrary, they thought that his character had been "cruelly and groundlessly aspersed." Congress accepted this report, thus subscribing to the opinion of the Board; yet they did not restore him to the rank to which he was properly entitled, and thus opened the way for all the calamities that naturally followed such unjust conduct.

Arnold next presented his accounts to Congress for final settlement; and while these were under the examination of a committee, he was appointed to the command of the army near Philadelphia, which was concentrating to oppose the advance of General Howe across the Delaware into Pennsylvania. He was soon after sent forward to a point on the river above Trenton, where he could be of more immediate service in conjunction with the main body of the army under Washington. Howe made a movement from Brunswick towards Washington's position, but soon retired to that place again; and finding

nothing was likely to be done, Arnold went back with his force to Philadelphia.

Still, Congress made no progress with his accounts. He was irritated at the delay beyond measure, and forthwith sent them a letter resigning his commission. He said that he still loved his country as much as ever, and was still willing to risk his life in her imperilled cause; "but," he continued, "honor is a sacrifice no man ought to make; as I received, so I wish to transmit it inviolate to posterity."

CHAPTER VII.

THE NORTHERN ARMY.

VERY unexpectedly to all who kept their eyes fixed on the army in the vicinity of Ticonderoga, that fortress was suddenly deserted by the American troops, and the British advance under Burgoyne made their way downwards from the north unmolested.

Burgoyne had been gathering his forces at St. John's, on the Sorel river, for some time, preparing for the descent he afterwards made. In fact, the whole of the memorable campaign of the year 1777, at the end of which he and his army were taken prisoners, was mapped out by Lord Germaine, the British Secretary of War, and himself, some time before he came over and took command. Governor Carleton, of Canada, gave the plan all the aid possible. By the 1st of June, therefore, six thousand men were assembled at

St. John's, ready to take boats and go up the lake. They immediately embarked, and set sail for Cumberland Head, where they waited for ammunition and stores, and then pushed on. At the river Boquet, a few miles north of Crown Point, they landed and held a council with the Indians. Burgoyne made a war-feast for the savages, and then addressed them in a pompous speech, which at this day sounds no more ridiculous than it must have sounded then.

St. Clair was in command at Ticonderoga, and his scouts brought him word of the enemy's coming. They had seen their boats, their vessels, and the savages, with the smokes of their wigwams on the hillsides. The enemy's number was greatly exaggerated, and St. Clair felt frightened. He wrote down to General Schuyler, who was stationed at Fort Edward, about it, and the latter despatched the letter to Washington, urging that reinforcements should be sent immediately to his relief. Enjoining it upon St. Clair likewise to keep a sharp look out on the east and west sides of the lake, he started off himself from Fort Edward for Albany, to get what aid was to be had there.

Every sign went to show by this time that the British intended to invest and finally capture the fortress at Ticonderoga. They were so shaping matters as to cut off all communication of the garrison with the country below. Forces were assembling on the east and west, to make ready for the final demonstration. Schuyler promised St. Clair that he would help him if help was possible; but no symptoms of aid showed themselves, and day after day slipped rapidly by. The enemy's vessels were coming nearer and nearer. At Ticonderoga the garrison could hear the morning guns of the British fleet, over the water, continually. The enemy are in front of them; the enemy are seeking to post themselves around them; and they will very soon wind a complete coil about their position, in whose folds there is no chance of escape.

St. Clair waited for succor, and waited in vain. It was already the last of June.

On the 1st of July, Burgoyne came within four miles of the fortress; here he encamped, began to erect works for defence, and threw a heavy boom across the lake. He issued at this place another pronouncement to the savages, even more full

of nonsense than the other. Schuyler had in the meantime been doing all he could. He made a draft on Gen. Putnam at Peekskill for men, but they had not arrived at Albany, as expected, on the 5th. He said he should go without them, if they did not arrive on the 6th; they did not arrive, and he set out with a force of militia on the 7th.

He had gone only as far as Stillwater, on the Hudson, when the astounding news reached him that St. Clair had evacuated Ticonderoga, and made his retreat to Fort Edward. Some of the troops belonging to St. Clair's army had had a fight with the British, who pursued them, while St. Clair himself had disappeared into the forest, and not been heard of since by any one!

St. Clair had abandoned his post, which was a strong one, without firing a gun. Washington was struck dumb with the intelligence; he could not conceive its cause or meaning. In this dilemma, he had vast plans resting upon him indeed. It was necessary for him to hold the posts on the Hudson, to prevent the junction of Burgoyne on the north and General Howe from New York; Philadelphia must likewise be guard-

ed, since the enemy were already making a feint in that direction; and on the east, the necessity of remaining as strong as possible was just as apparent now as it was on the day the British determined to destroy the stores at Concord. The enemy likewise had another plan, which they began to put in operation as soon as Burgoyne commenced his march southward; Lieut. Col. St. Leger, with a force of seven hundred Canadians and regulars, was to effect a landing at Oswego, and, joined by the Tories and Indians under Johnson, was to distract the attention of Schuyler by passing down the Mohawk Valley towards the Hudson, besiege and capture Fort Stanwix (or Schuyler), lay waste the settlements along their route, and at last unite with Burgoyne about the time he should arrive at Albany from the Lake.

It was a fine plan, if it had only worked well. With such diverse and widely separated points to protect, it is easy to understand that Washington had as full a weight of responsibility upon him as even his large and comprehensive mind could well bear.

It was while matters were in this state, Con-

gress having done nothing as yet in the way of justice to Arnold, that the latter sent in his letter of resignation. At the same moment came also a letter from Washington to Congress, requesting that Arnold should at once be sent to the northern army; "I need not enlarge," said he, "upon his well-known activity, conduct and bravery. The proofs he has given of all these have gained him the confidence of the public and of the army, the Eastern troops in particular." Arnold reflected upon the matter, agreed to waive for the present all thought of his injuries, and asked that his letter of resignation be left unconsidered until he could first go and render the service needed on the northern frontier.

Washington set matters in train for defence against the irruption of the British from the north, without delay. He never despaired, let the skies look as dark as they might. He ordered all the vessels not needed at Albany to move down to Fishkill, so as to be ready to transport the troops there to the northward, the moment Howe began his advance up the river. He next issued circulars to all the brigadier-generals in Western Connecticut and Massachusetts, request-

ing them to concentrate at least a third of their militia forces at or near Saratoga, or wherever Generals Schuyler and Arnold might direct.

Schuyler now had deserted Fort Edward, and moved down four miles below to Moses Creek; and the men were engaged in throwing up works of defence. While here, several letters passed between him and the commander-in-chief relative to the work to be done; the latter suggested, among other things, that if Fort Stanwix should be threatened, General Arnold would be just the officer to take command of that position, for he could do as much as any man to inspire the garrison and the inhabitants in the neighborhood.

While Burgoyne and his semi-barbarous force were at Fort Anne, some distance below Lake Champlain, he contemplated several plans by means of which he might make his Indian allies of service to him. They were treacherous fellows, and already occasioned him a deal of trouble. And the Canadian interpreters, or go-betweens, were the knaves who successfully imposed upon both himself and them. Many of these very same savages had previously served with the French against the British, during the Old French War.

At this time it was that a tragedy occurred in the vicinity of the deserted Fort Edward, which has left one of the foulest blots in history upon the name and fame of Burgoyne; and yet he may not himself be held altogether responsible, since the plan of employing Indians to help them fight their battles in America, was a favorite one with the Ministry at home.

There was a young man named David Jones in the division of General Frazer, an American by birth, yet still loyal to the King. Previous to the revolution, he had been living near Fort Edward. A young and lovely girl, named Jane McRea, the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman in New Jersey, likewise lived about five miles below the Fort at the same time; her father was dead, and she had made her home with her brother. Thus, being neighbors, a strong and fond attachment sprang up between the young man and the young girl, and they soon exchanged vows of fidelity and devotion. In fact, they were all ready to be married when the war between America and the mother country broke out.

The Joneses, however, favored the royal cause;

while the family in which the beautiful Jane McRea lived were devoted to the cause of America. It was therefore quite natural, even if it were not necessary, that the former should move off into Canada, where all were royalists alike. Young Jones was there invested with a Lieutenant's commission. Still, absence served to make no inroad on their affection. They kept up a correspondence with one another, and proffered all the former tokens of devotion on the one side and the other.

Just at this present time, Jones was serving with General Fraser, who had advanced with his division to within a short distance of Fort Edward; in this neighborhood the young man felt perfectly at home again. His youthful lady-love had just previously left her brother's, below Fort Edward, and gone on a brief visit to a Mrs. O'Neil, who lived at the Fort.

As soon as the news spread that Burgoyne was approaching with his army of British and Indians, the people began to scatter. Miss McRea's brother sent for her to come home as quick as she could, intending to take all and go down to Albany. She did not obey at once,

however, for there were too many inducements for her to remain a little longer where she was. Her lover was with the British army just above, and the lady with whom she was staying was likewise a royalist; she had not rested her eyes in a long time on the form of her betrothed; she knew there could be nothing to fear, with friends all around her; and she kept delaying, and delaying, determined to have an interview with her lover if she could reach him.

Her brother sent up a second message, urging her in stronger terms to come away and join the family, and setting forth the danger of remaining where she was, at the Fort. Still she did not go. She felt no fear, even should Burgoyne come and capture the Fort; for then she would only be united with the one whom her heart had so long treasured.

More messages came from her brother; so emphatic and urgent now, that even her infatuation began to yield; and she got ready, with several other families, though not without much reluctance, to embark on a large and commodious bateau, and make her way down the river.

But her resolution, alas! was taken a little too

late. Had she gone before, her life would have been spared. On the very morning set for the journey, a band of Indians made an irruption into the neighborhood, sent out by Burgoyne to plunder and annoy all who remained near the camp of General Schuyler. Early in the morning they came and burst into the house of Mrs. O'Neil.

A black boy who belonged to Mrs. O'Neil saw them coming just in time to give the alarm to his mistress, and then ran off himself to the Fort. The only persons in the house were the old lady, young Jenny McRea, two small children, and a black female servant. The latter caught up the children and fled to the kitchen, which in those days stood a few feet distant from the house; as soon as she gained this place, she opened a trap-door in the floor and climbed down with all haste into the cellar. Jenny and Mrs. O'Neil ran on after her as fast as they could. Jenny got to the trap-door first, and managed to descend into the cellar before the savages came up; but the old lady was not quite as agile, and got but part way down when her Indian pursuers espied her, and, seizing her by the hair of her



THE INDIANS SEIZING MRS. O'NEIL.

head, violently dragged her up again. They next went down and found Jenny, and pulled her out of her hiding place also. The black girl they fortunately did not see, on account of the darkness; and so she and the two children escaped.

Jenny and the old lady they bore away in triumph to the camp of Burgoyne. Coming to the foot of a hill, they captured two horses that were grazing there; on one of them they tried to place Mrs. O'Neil, but she was so heavy and unwieldy that they did not succeed, and so hurried her on up the hill. Jenny, however, they lifted to the other horse's back, and set out with her thus mounted for the camp, furnishing her with as ample and attentive an escort as she could ask.

Mrs. O'Neil was carried directly into camp by the Indians, and forthwith began to upbraid General Frazer, who was her relative, for permitting his Indians to use her in this way; but he declared he did not know she was in that part of the country, and made haste to make her as comfortable as he could.

While she was thus detained, two parties of savages came in bringing several scalps reeking

with blood. The old lady looked at them with a chill of horror. As she gazed, her fears told her that the long silken tresses by which *one* was held, could be none other than the beautiful locks of her dear Jenny! It was, alas! too true. No language can fitly describe the anguish of her heart. She could scarcely have suffered more intensely, had she been put to the torture by the savages herself.

These luxuriant locks of the young girl were said to be a yard and a quarter long; and the hues were such as greatly heightened the natural attractions of her face and features.

The Indians, on being brought to account for this atrocious murder of an innocent girl, explained that they were coming along the road near the spring by a well-known pine tree, when a bullet was shot from the gun of some American scouting party, which brought her from the horse she was riding to the ground. Not being able then to bring *her* in as a trophy to the camp, they resolved to do the next best thing, and carry in her scalp! They of course expected their reward.

It was told around at that time, that young

Lieutenant Jones had employed these Indians to go to the house where she was staying, and bring her into the camp; and that they had stopped at the spring with her, and fallen into a quarrel about the amount of the reward they were to get for performing their errand; in the midst of which one savage chief suddenly slew her, as the best way to finish the dispute.

But the truth was otherwise. The real story has been told by a man who was also taken prisoner by the same party of savages, Standish by name, and a lineal descendant of the famous Miles Standish, of Pilgrim memory. He said that he was carried off a little ways from the spring and pine tree alluded to, and there left to himself for a few moments, while the savages gathered about the spring, which was a sort of rendezvous with them. Presently he saw another party of Indians coming up the hill, bringing along their youthful prisoner. He knew her well, for he had often seen her at Mrs. O'Neil's house. Not many minutes after the second party came up, a dispute arose between them and the other party, in the course of which warm words were used, and excited gestures; and at last they fell

to belaboring one another with the stocks of their muskets. One of the chiefs seemed to be in a towering rage, so that he could not control himself; and in the heat of it, he suddenly stepped up in front of Miss McRea, presented his musket to her breast, and fired! She fell dead instantly.

The savage then drew his knife and took off her scalp so skilfully, that nearly the whole of her long hair came with it; and seizing this bloody trophy in one hand, he sprang up and shook it in the face of the rival chief, at the same time giving a yell of barbarous delight. After this, the quarrel was at an end; and the Indians hurried off to the camp where General Frazer was, fearing lest they might be overtaken by the aroused Americans below.

When the body of Miss McRea was found, it was pierced with several wounds, as if made by a knife. Her brother was informed of the transaction, and immediately came up from below and took charge of her corpse. It was to him a heavy blow indeed; and aroused his hatred of the British, who could employ these savages in their warfare, to its highest pitch.

The feelings of the hapless lover, on first be-

holding the scalp and the matchless tresses of young Jenny, it is not possible to describe. He secured this melancholy relic of the object of his devotion, and, with such a strange possession, settled down into a state of despondency and gloom. Some aver that he rushed madly into the subsequent battle at Bemis Heights, desirous of throwing away a life that had become already worse than worthless to him. At any rate, it is known that he not long after left the army, retired into Canada, and lived only to cherish that dark melancholy into which this horrible tragedy so suddenly plunged him. He became an old man, never marrying, and keeping away from society altogether. On the anniversary of this tragical day, which came in July, he always shut himself in his room from the observation of every one, and gave himself up to his sorrowful reflections. He was never known to allude to the war afterwards.

Jenny's grave is still to be seen near the ruins at Fort Edward, marked by a plain white marble slab about three feet high, with nothing but the simple inscription — JANE McREA.

This murder very soon did its legitimate work.

The hearts of those Americans that never had been moved before against the enemy, were now filled with indignation. The story went with the wind; it aroused the entire northern country as no other appeal could have done. General Gates addressed a letter to Burgoyne on the subject, charging home upon him and his government these most barbarous practices, and citing many instances where equal cruelty had been employed with his knowledge and at his instigation. Burgoyne denied the whole of the charges, and asserted that this was the only case of murder that had transpired; which was known to be untrue. Edmund Burke told the harrowing tale in eloquent language, in the British House of Commons, and it very soon became a familiar story throughout Europe. Burgoyne dared not punish the savage who was proved guilty of this crime, for the rest of the warriors threatened, in case he did, to desert the army altogether.

The moment Arnold heard of these incursions of the Indians, he detached two bodies of troops to overtake them on their retreat; but it rained very hard after they began their march, spoiling nearly the whole of their ammunition, and oblig-

ing them to fall back again. It is not likely, however, that they would have fallen in with the Indians, had they kept on; for the latter had made as swift a retreat as possible to the camp of their scarcely more civilized employers.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLES OF BEMIS HEIGHTS.

ON the very next day after this murder, Burgoyne moved his army down and took possession of Fort Edward; Schuyler withdrew at the same time to Stillwater. While there, Congress took action on the question of Arnold's appointment; they voted against his promotion, three to one. He was both mortified and indignant to learn the result, and this was the first decided expression they had given to their opinion respecting him. He instantly told General Schuyler that he should leave the army; but the latter persuaded him not to heed the partisan clamors that might be raised against him, but to lend his further valuable services to his country; at this critical juncture, too, they were needed more than ever.

Then came the news from the westward, that

St. Leger had begun his march from Oswego, and was already laying siege to Fort Schuyler, while his Indians and Tories were devastating the valley. Only a handful of men held the fort; Herkimer had been defeated at the battle of Oriskany, only eight miles off—a bloody battle, in which the brave old man showed the heroic stuff of which his nature was made; and right upon all, an order was sent on from Congress, superseding Schuyler in his command with General Gates.

The history of this last transaction would take us too much out of our way just at this time; it is enough to say of it, that it was the most unfortunate thing that could have happened to an army, now, if ever, needing all possible strength and harmony within its own ranks.

Schuyler, therefore, had a chance to practice the same virtue of submission to which he had so earnestly urged Arnold. He wrote to a friend in Congress on the subject,—“I am incapable of sacrificing my country to a resentment, however just; and I trust I shall give an example of what a good citizen ought to do when he is in my situation.”

He looked at Fort Schuyler, and saw that its

fall would be the signal for indiscriminate murder and rapine through the valley; and he determined to send forward a force to the relief of the garrison. His officers in council opposed the plan, knowing that they were themselves none too strong, with Burgoyne approaching from the north; and one of them whispered that he meant to weaken the army. He was pacing the floor and smoking his pipe, at the moment, and overheard the slander. Instantly he turned upon his officers, biting the stem of his pipe in several pieces as he did so, and said,—“Gentlemen, I shall take the responsibility upon myself! Where is the brigadier that will take command of the relief? I shall beat up for volunteers to-morrow.”

Arnold was the man for the service, and he stepped forth and volunteered to take the command. At drum beat the next morning, August 16th, a force of eight hundred men was collected, ready to march to the relief of their beleaguered comrades. The fort was finally saved, and saved through nothing but the sagacity and generalship of Arnold; he sent forward, first, a worthless refugee, with several bullet holes in his coat, to

make St. Leger believe that he had barely escaped hanging for being taken as a spy; he was also employed to tell St. Leger that Arnold was approaching with an army of over two thousand men. Others were sent forward directly after him, who communicated precisely the same false intelligence. Believing it to be true, St. Leger made as rapid a retreat as he could. He tried to keep the Indians orderly, but it was an idle endeavor. They stole the liquors of the officers, became intoxicated, and acted out their savage natures. St. Leger broke up his camp in the greatest haste at noon, leaving his tents still standing, and relinquishing all his artillery and the most of his ammunition and stores to the Americans. Panic reigned alone.

As soon as the news of this most timely success reached the ears of Schuyler, he rejoiced beyond measure. Washington heard of it with undisguised satisfaction. The effect was unmistakable. The battle of Bennington had just been fought by brave old General Stark, who told his men in the morning that the red-coats must be theirs before night, or Molly Stark "would be a widow," — and the result was received by the

country with the greatest delight. Those who were indifferent towards the American cause before, came eagerly into the ranks of the patriots now, swelling the army around Saratoga to a very effective number. A new energy seemed to have been suddenly infused into all minds; when as if some dark fate was in it, General Gates arrived in the camp and took from General Schuyler the entire command. This was one of those steps taken by Congress at a critical period in our revolutionary history, which always seem at such times to come in for the purpose of confusing all previous arrangements.

Schuyler accepted his subordinate position without a murmur. His conduct at that time stamped him a greater hero than even his courage in the trials and risks of hostile encounters. Gates, however, was a very different man. He came and found his work all blocked out for him. As another writer has observed, everything was ready for the sickle to be put into the harvest when he arrived in the camp. His letters to the commander-in-chief show how large was the measure of his self-conceit, and how delighted he was to find a splendid victory nearly ready to his hand.

General Arnold retraced his steps, after Fort Schuyler was relieved, towards the Hudson. He took the command of the left wing of the army, which was posted at Loudon's Ferry, on the south bank of the Mohawk, about five miles distant from where it joins the Hudson. This position was chosen in order to check Burgoyne, should he attempt to cross the Mohawk and push down to Albany. But the battle of Bennington on the east, and the loss of Fort Schuyler on the west, together with the defection of numbers of his Indians just at this juncture, made it necessary for him to be cautious and remain where he now was at Fort Edward. Crowds were flocking to the American standard. In particular, the story of the Jane McRea tragedy had a wonderful influence in raising up an indignant population to join against a cause that employed such base and cruel agencies to secure its success.

Gates now advanced up the Hudson to Stillwater, and resolved to fortify there; but the Polish officer Kosciusko advised him to retire upon Bemis Heights and fortify that place, which he finally did. Here the Hudson is very narrow, the valley is of trifling width, and the hill on the

west is extremely abrupt and well calculated for a strong defence. A line of breast-works about three-fourths of a mile long were therefore stretched along the brow of the hill, with batteries at the extremities and the centre; these swept the entire valley. An intrenchment was likewise thrown up from the foot of the hill across the flats to the river; at this point was a floating bridge, made to swing around with the tide if necessary, which was protected by a battery. Half a mile above, another battery with breast-works was erected near a small stream called Mill Creek; and this was the extent of the American fortifications.

Matters continued comparatively quiet until the middle of September. General Lincoln had been making demonstrations to Burgoyne's rear, which quickened the resolution of the British general very materially; he saw that he was liable to be cut off from his connection with the lakes if he remained long where he was, and he therefore made up his mind to move forward and open the contemplated communication with the South. He did not so much as call a council of officers, fearing they would advise to a retreat

rather than an advance. On the 13th and 14th, he crossed the Hudson; on the 15th, he moved down to Do-ve-gat; and on the 18th, he moved still further down to Wilbur's Basin, only two miles from the American camp. Here he made ready for the conflict of the next day.

It was a still and cloudless morning, — that of the 19th of September, — and the ground was white with the heavy autumn frost. Each army could hear the roll of the other's drums, calling to the reveille. They both lay extended over the hills, stretching westward from the Hudson, and were in fact face to face with each other. Gates resolved to run no hazard, but to act strictly on the defensive. Burgoyne was all ready to commence the attack. He had planned it that the Canadians and Indians in his camp should assail the American centre, while himself and Fraser were to make a wide circuit and unite their forces in the American rear. Their union was to be made known by the firing of three signal guns; on hearing which the artillery was to assail the American front and right, cut their way through, and scatter and destroy them as they went.

The interval between the two camps was irreg-

ular on its surface, and mostly hidden with forest trees; so that fighting was not the work it would be on an open plain. The bright uniforms and glittering bayonets of the British troops were seen through the forest vistas at an early hour in the morning, as they began to advance to their work. Gates was informed from time to time of their motions, but he made no movement in return himself. It got to be ten o'clock in the morning, and the whole British army was reported to be coming on, in three divisions; one on the river road to the east, one around the west, and the third against the centre. Still Gates was quiet and unmoved at his quarters in the farmhouse.

Arnold's spirit chafed beyond control. He had command of the left wing of the army, as before stated. It galled him beyond description to know that the enemy were coming up, but no orders issued as yet from the commanding general. He kept sending most urgent messages to Gates all through the morning hours, describing the movements and position of the enemy, and declaring that it was certain ruin to allow them to advance further, without opposition. Finally

Gates gave way before his hot importunity, and the advice of Arnold was carried into effect. It was about half-past two in the afternoon. Morgan, at the head of his famous riflemen, made an impetuous assault upon the Canadians and Indians in the ravine, and charged with such resistless fury that his men were scattered in all directions in the woods, and he suddenly found himself almost entirely alone! He sounded his shrill whistle in a moment, however, and his gallant riflemen came flocking back to his support; whereupon he charged again, carrying all before him.

There was also a severe skirmish going on at the same time between the American pickets and detachments of the enemy on the margin of the flats near the river. Burgoyne and Fraser likewise moved rapidly forward to attack the Americans in front and on the left flank. Fraser tried to turn the latter, and Arnold saw the movement and made a vigorous assault on Fraser's right; Arnold found the position too strong, however, to be carried with what force he had, and sent a despatch to Gates asking for reinforcements; but the latter refused, declaring that he "could not

suffer his camp to be exposed." He waited for nothing more; but dashed on and made a counter-movement to turn Fraser's left. This of course brought him face to face with the main line of the British army; and he fought at this crisis with a courage and headlong impetuosity that could not but be resistless. For a brief space of time, it seemed as if he would cut the wings of that proud army in twain.

The British dragoons under the German Baron Reidesel came up at this juncture, and so did a detachment of artillery under Phillips, dragging their heavy pieces along through the woods as fast as they could. Arnold, too, was reinforced with four fresh regiments. The British were already beginning to yield, so furious was the assault of Arnold's division; but they were just saved by the timely approach of the artillery and the heavy dragoons. Victory was thus snatched from the hands that were stretched out, ready to grasp it.

The conflict from that time continued without interruption. The whole of the British right wing was engaged. Hand to hand almost they fought, eager to vanquish the enemy they had so

long waited to engage. For four long hours during that September afternoon, they kept it up; now one side advancing, and now the other. Morgan did terribly destructive service on the British with his sharp-shooters, having the wood to cover them. Burgoyne ordered his troops to clear the woods at the point of the bayonet, and they undertook the task. Each dash of the hostile wave, as it struck against the American position, was at once scattered harmless over the intervening plain. The Americans held their post with dogged resolution; from that it seemed impossible to drive them.

Our division rested on one hill-side, and the British on another opposite; the contest lay between. While the Americans fought from their own position, they fought successfully; but whenever they made a sally on the other hillside, they did so only to retreat at length to their old post again. The two armies were so near, that in the lulls of the battle the Americans could distinctly hear the word of command passed along down the enemy's lines. The fighting continued like the ebb and flow of a surging sea, with scarcely any rest or interruption. Not until the sun went

down at night did the booming of the cannon and the crack of the musketry cease their echoes between these peaceful hills. The Americans retired within their lines, and the British lay on their arms on the field of battle.

Though this was not a rout for the enemy, it was a victory for the Americans; for the former were checked in their advance, and their entire plan of battle was broken up. They tried to assail the position of the main body of the Americans, but found it could not be done. If this was not defeat, it would be difficult to say what is. The loss of the Americans in this engagement was about three hundred; that of the British about five hundred. The maiming and wounding was terrible to contemplate.

Had Gates seconded Arnold cordially in this memorable battle, the enemy would have been totally vanquished; but it was believed that the former did not intend to oppose Burgoyne at all, until Arnold absolutely compelled him to it. Gates did all he could, through his adjutant, to cripple Arnold's forces, and the latter General found himself more than once issuing orders during the battle which his superior countermanded!

Few men but Arnold could have accomplished what he did under such circumstances. Gates also showed his jealousy of Arnold's reputation in another way, which was still more noticeable; he refused, in writing his despatches to Congress, to mention the name of Arnold at all in what he had to say of the battle, but merely stated that "the action was fought by detachments from the army."

Of course there could be no concert of action, when it was most needed, too, with such a state of feeling between the general officers. Arnold sought Gates, and told him plainly what he thought of his meanness in leaving him out of his despatches to Congress, and insisted that it not only did himself a wrong, but it was a greater wrong to the brave troops that had so successfully fought the battle. Gates had a high temper, as well as high self-esteem; they exchanged angry words, such as men never like to recall afterwards, and parted in the heat of their passion; Gates twitted Arnold with having resigned his office already, and said that he could claim no military standing whatever; he further assured him that he was of no sort of use in the army,

and might go home whenever he wanted to ; also that General Lincoln would take his command as soon as he arrived in camp.

Arnold demanded his pass to go and join Washington. It was at once granted him, and he prepared to leave the camp ; but after his passion cooled down, he saw what an imputation might be cast on him if he deserted the army just before another battle was coming on, and he therefore resolved to remain a little longer where he was. But he need not have had any concern about his reputation ; for Burgoyne himself, after his surrender, told at Albany, even in the presence of Gates, that Arnold was a wonderfully brave man and an active officer.

From the 20th of September till the 7th of October, the hostile armies were industriously engaged in strengthening their respective positions. General Lincoln joined the army on the 29th, and took command of the right wing, Gates himself assuming the command of the left ; so that Arnold was deprived of all place and authority whatever.

Sir Henry Clinton was trying to force his way up the Hudson from below, and managed to get word to Burgoyne that he should attack Forts

Clinton and Montgomery on the 20th. The latter, therefore, felt encouraged that by delaying a little he should finally be able to unite his forces with those advancing up the river. The two armies lay almost in parallel lines, and within cannon shot of each other. Day after day passed, and yet no tidings came to Burgoyne from Clinton. On the 1st of October, he was compelled to put his soldiers on short allowance; his own stores were diminishing rapidly, and nothing in the shape of provisions was allowed to reach him. The American ranks were filling up every day, the farmers flocking to the patriot standard from all the country round.

Burgoyne tried two or three times to send word to Clinton, telling him what a condition he was in; but he never received a syllable from Clinton in return. He knew himself that he could not hold out where he was longer than the 12th, and at length he came to his determination. One of two things he must do, and that without much more delay; he must either advance and fight, or retreat in disgrace. One alternative seemed just as dangerous as the other, for the Americans were now both on his front and his rear.

At a little after two o'clock, therefore, on the afternoon of the 7th, he opened the conflict; inasmuch as Gates declined to take the initiative, he resolved to wait no longer, but to take it himself. The British army was all arranged with consummate skill, so as to take advantage of every favorable turn of the approaching battle. General Fraser — who was on that day the soul of the British army, was stationed in advance of their right wing, with a force of five hundred picked men, to fall upon the American flank the moment the attack was made on their front. Morgan saw the design, and suggested to Gates that another force should be sent around to fall upon the flank of Fraser, as soon as the assault was made on the British left. Gates thereupon sent Morgan himself, with his irresistible riflemen, to do the work; and he set off to occupy the heights on the enemy's extreme right. Wilkinson, his adjutant, brought in reports of the position of the British right, left, and centre, and Gates now thought the battle might as well begin in good earnest.

The American troops under Poor marched steadily up the hill to the British right, took their

fire in silence, and then rushed on to the assault. Again and again they dashed up to the field pieces, captured and lost them alternately, and finally held and turned them with deadly effect against the ranks of the enemy. At the same moment with this attack, the sharp crack of rifles was suddenly heard on the British right, and Burgoyne was filled with astonishment.

Gates remained at his head-quarters, and did not go upon the field at all. Arnold, ~~as we have stated already,~~ had no command. But the moment the firing began, his impetuous nature refused control. It was a new thing for him to remain quiet, while the thunder of British guns was sounding in his ears. He tried to be calm, but it was in vain. All the old feelings of indignation at thinking of the way in which he had been treated, came up freshly in his heart. He chafed like a hound in the leash. Not a syllable reached him from Gates all this while, as if the latter neither knew nor cared that he was in the camp. It was for just this conflict that he had thought better of his former resolution, and concluded to stay where he was; and now to let it all come and go without lifting a hand for his coun-

try, was something to which he could not reconcile himself.

Springing upon the back of his large brown mare, he dashed off at a headlong pace, to join the force under General Poor on the left, and soon showed himself at the head of the line. The soldiers knew him as he rode up in such hot haste, and received him with shouts which the British could not understand. Gates saw him at the moment he dashed out of camp, and despatched his aid-de-camp, Major Armstrong, to bring him back; "he'll do some rash thing!" said he. Arnold caught sight of Armstrong, and knew his errand; he put spurs to his horse, therefore, and kept the latter on a wild and fruitless chase after him for more than half an hour.

Being the superior officer on the field, his directions were followed all through the battle. He rode with lightning speed up and down the lines, throwing himself into the very jaws of death, as if he was willing on that day to become a sacrifice. His horse was covered with foam, and seemed to partake of the fiery desperation of its rider. Again and again he led the troops on to the charge, attacking the Hessians in the centre

with such fury that their solid lines wavered and finally gave way. He brandished his sword about his head like a glittering flame. His shouts and cries imparted to the troops a great share of his own madness. The frenzy that possessed him, many of the soldiers declared they had never before seen equalled by mortal man. So uncontrollable was his excitement, he struck an officer over the head during the battle, wounding him very severely; and when told of it afterwards, he declared that he was not aware of having done anything of the kind. It was said that he was intoxicated; but there is not the slightest ground for such a rumor to rest upon. The story originated with Wilkinson, and he certainly had reason enough to feel jealous of Benedict Arnold for that memorable day's work.

At the same time that Arnold was dashing his impetuous columns against the enemy's left and centre, Morgan and his riflemen were making great havoc on the extreme right. General Fraser was the leading spirit there, and kept the fiery American soldiery at bay. He was mounted on a splendid iron grey horse, and equipped in his showy uniform; and Morgan's sharp-shooters

could not fail to be attracted to so conspicuous a mark. Morgan saw that on him alone depended the fortune of that part of the field, if not the fate of the day; and he ordered one of his best marksmen, Timothy Murphy by name, to take his stand and pick him off. It may seem cold-blooded and even cruel, in the narration; but it nevertheless belongs to the bloody practices of war. Murphy climbed up into a tree, and from his high perch took a more deliberate aim. The first ball cut his horse's crupper; the second grazed his mane. His aid came up to him and said, — "It is evident that you are singled out, General, by the enemy's marksmen; you had better change your ground." "My duty forbids me to fly from danger," was his reply. In five minutes he fell from his horse, a bullet having been shot through his body. He was carried off by a couple of grenadiers to the camp.

The moment the British saw their gallant leader fall, a panic spread all along the line. A large reinforcement of New York troops came up at this time, which encouraged the Americans wonderfully. Burgoyne saw the critical condition of affairs, and rushed forward to take the

command in person. But it was too late. Even the presence of their commander could not revive the courage of the already panic-stricken and disheartened British troops. In vain he exerted himself to hold them to the terrible work; they gave way in solid column, and broke and fled within their intrenchments with all the eager haste of fear. A detachment under Phillips and the German baron, Reidesel, covered their confused retreat as well as they could, and barely saved them from utter annihilation.

Arnold, on finding the victory within the grasp of the Americans, determined to pursue every advantage. He put himself at the head of his troops and led them on to a vigorous assault upon the camp itself. There was thus a very fierce and bloody fight at the enemy's intrenchments, which Arnold tried to carry at the point of the bayonet; but they were defended too well to be taken by a force without artillery, and otherwise placed at a disadvantage.

Like a flash, therefore, Arnold wheeled his foaming horse towards the right flank of the British camp, and, with but a handful of men behind him, undertook to force his way into a sally-port;

the Hessians deserted it, leaving the British camp badly exposed. A shot at that moment killed the faithful horse of Arnold, and again wounded the leg that had before been shattered with a bullet at Quebec. He was carried off the field, but not until victory was assured to the Americans. That was decisive and complete.

Night now began to settle down upon the bloody work of that autumn afternoon. The British remained quiet within their camp, and the Americans lay on their arms upon the field, prepared to renew the battle at the earliest hour of the morning. The scenes that occurred on that day and the next, are affecting in the extreme. Wounded soldiers, dying officers, delicate ladies, just now bereaved of their husbands, — there are pathetic stories in plenty about these, in the British camp, that make one lament with all the more sadness the terrors and cruelty of war.

Burgoyne took advantage of the night to change his position, retreating a mile to the north. The Americans in the morning occupied his abandoned camp. Burgoyne evidently meant to make the best of his way back to Fort Edward; but Gates had laid all his plans to head him

off, and compel the surrender the latter so much dreaded; accordingly, he despatched a force over to the high grounds on the east side of the Hudson, and another still farther up towards Lake George.

Burgoyne began his retreat in the night, and continued it slowly through the whole of the next day. It rained continually, making the roads extremely difficult to travel. At evening he came to Saratoga. He could get no farther; it was still raining; and the soldiers had to lie down in their soaked clothes, the rain still falling upon them, and catch such sleep as they could. They were exhausted, and could hold out against nature no longer.

Again Burgoyne moved backwards, and began to fortify; but the Americans were swarming all around him. They cut him off alike at the fords and the bridges. He could get no word from Sir Henry Clinton below, and his own provisions would hold out but three days longer. He called a council of war in this emergency, to see what was best to be done. Negotiations were immediately opened with General Gates, and continued for several days. While Burgoyne and

his officers were consulting what step it was best to take, an eighteen pound cannon-ball tore through the tent and drove across the table at which the council were sitting.

The papers being all prepared, and signatures exchanged, on the 17th of October the British surrendered to the Americans, on the plain in front of old Fort Hardy, — a fort thrown up by Dieskau in 1755. Gates had, with a true sense of delicacy, ordered his army within their lines; so that when the enemy marched down on the plain, formed into parallel lines, grounded their arms, and emptied their cartridge boxes, not an American soldier was to be seen. The only officer who witnessed the transaction, was Wilkinson, the adjutant.

Burgoyne then wished to be introduced to General Gates. His staff accompanied him. Gates and his officers met him at the head of the American camp. Burgoyne was in full uniform, shining with scarlet and gold; Gates wore only a plain blue frock-coat. Wilkinson presented the gentlemen, each to the other, as soon as they reined up. "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner," said Burgoyne. "I

shall always be ready to bear testimony," answered Gates, "that it has not been through any fault of your excellency." After these ceremonies were over, all the gentlemen went to Gates's headquarters, — an old farm-house now standing, — and sat down to a bountiful dinner.

Burgoyne was a large man, while Gates was much smaller, and wore spectacles. The former stepped backwards when he surrendered, and presented the hilt of his sword to Gates; who took it into his hand, and immediately returned it to his captive again.

The Americans gained a fine train of brass artillery by this event, together with about seven thousand stand of arms, much clothing, a quantity of tents, and military stores. The vanquished army afterwards passed between the columns of the Americans, who were drawn up for the purpose, and, with an American flag at their head, were marched off under a proper escort three hundred miles to Boston. There they took vessels and returned to England, having engaged to serve no more during the war.

Arnold was carried to Albany after the battle he had himself chiefly won, it being discovered

that the bone of his leg was badly fractured; that leg seemed to be a very unfortunate one. Here he remained during the entire winter, shut up closely in his room. Though he had no command on the 7th of October, yet his was the controlling spirit of that memorable battle. He led the troops up to victory himself; while Gates, it is said, was in the house he made his headquarters, discussing idle questions with Burgoyne's aid-de-camp, who had been wounded and taken prisoner! To Benedict Arnold, aided by the gallant Colonel Morgan, was mainly due the success of that most important day in American history.

CHAPTER IX.

ARNOLD AT PHILADELPHIA.

AFTER all this, there would have been less excuse than ever for Congress to refuse to do justice to Arnold; and they directed Washington to give him the full rank to which he was entitled. The commander-in-chief accompanied the act with a friendly letter, in which he expressed the wish that he would repair to his own quarters as soon as he had sufficiently recovered, as he desired his personal services in the next campaign. In the spring he passed a month in Middletown, in his native State, and then returned to New Haven. As he approached the latter place, he was received with military honors; a company of soldiers marched out to meet him on the road, and crowds of the citizens accompanied them. Cannon were likewise discharged to testify to the public appreciation of

his services. These demonstrations should have filled the soul of a brave man like himself with the sweetest satisfaction.

In May, Arnold went on to the camp of Washington, at Valley Forge. The British were then in possession of Philadelphia, but evacuated a few days afterwards, when Arnold was tendered the command, and proceeded to make his headquarters in the city. His wound did not suffer him to engage in field service, and no better post than this could have been found for him.

He had but a regiment under him here, and his duties were light; yet the situation was a delicate and difficult one, on account of the long stay the British had made; the people were become largely disaffected, and, in fact, a great part of the most respectable inhabitants decidedly favored the British cause. There were disputes about property of all kinds, especially of merchandise.

The temptations, on these accounts, to a person of not the most fixed resolutions, were many and powerful. ~~For a man like~~ Arnold, ^{was}—hasty, ambitious, petulant, fond of show, and inclined to almost any extravagance to sustain it,—it was a great trial indeed. What made his position

still more hazardous, his authority was not properly defined: thus leaving him at liberty to take such advantages without restraint as came in his way. He was put almost entirely upon his own discretion; and he must be a man of fixed and firm principle, who can successfully resist strong temptations like those which beset Arnold, with no guidance or check save what he chose to impose upon himself.

He had been in Philadelphia but a month, when he thought seriously of quitting the army and joining the naval service. He wrote to Washington about it, speaking of his wounds as likely to keep him out of the field for some time to come, and urging that, if he did not finally conclude to retire to private life again, he might be appointed to the command of the navy. Washington would not give any encouragement to his application, but pleaded ignorance of naval matters, and said that he was not a proper judge at all of Arnold's qualifications. Arnold had already made enemies in the city, and that did not better his situation much; the difficulty arose from a conflict between himself as a military commander, and the authority of the State.

Congress had ordered that no goods or merchandise should be sold until a joint committee of Congress and the Council of Pennsylvania should decide to whom they rightfully belonged,—whether to the loyal citizens, or to those who openly favored the royal cause; and Arnold issued a proclamation, notifying the people that he should enforce this order of Congress strictly. Many became enraged against him in consequence; and he was charged with privately buying and selling goods for his own advantage, while he prevented others from doing only what he was doing himself.

While he resided in Philadelphia, he kept up an extravagant style of living; his house was one of the finest in town; he supported a carriage and four, with which he used to appear in the public streets with imposing effect; his servants were very numerous; he gave expensive dinner parties; and, generally, he gave himself up to a way of life that could not but excite scandal against a leading officer in an impoverished country. Add to this that Congress had not yet settled his accounts, and that he was openly charged with mercenary practices, in the buying

and selling of goods, and it is easy to conceive that his reputation was suffering much from his own voluntary practices. He seemed to forget that he was a commander now, with the responsibilities of properly governing a large city on his shoulders; but began to busy himself in traffic, just as much as when he was purchasing horses in Canada and shipping them from New Haven to the West Indies. He even conceived the design of fitting out a privateer, for the purpose of making such captures from the enemy as he could upon the ocean. He likewise used the public moneys that passed through his hands, and exerted himself in every way to secure the wealth that would allow him to indulge his extravagant inclinations.

While occupying this position, he saw and fell in love with Miss Margaret Shippen, then residing in Philadelphia, and one of the reigning belles of the city. Her family were not inclined to favor the cause of America, and his addresses were therefore set down to his further prejudice. At any rate, it is certain that at that time he kept company more with the friends of Great Britain than of America.

Arnold did one generous thing, however, for which he must receive the admiration of all parties. He took a lively and tender interest in the four young orphan children of Gen. Joseph Warren, the only legacy besides his name that he left his country; and it was through his personal efforts that Congress offered to educate the oldest son, while it was expected that Massachusetts would take care of the rest; but as it did not, he addressed the following kind letter respecting them to Miss Mercy Scollay, of Boston, in whose care they were placed:—

“About three months ago, I was informed that my late worthy friend, General Warren, left his affairs unsettled, and that, after paying his debts, a very small matter, if anything, would remain for the education of his children, who, to my great surprise, I find have been entirely neglected by the State. Permit me to beg your continuing your care of the daughter, and that you will at present take charge of the education of the son. I make no doubt that his relations will consent that he shall be under your care. My intention is to use my interest with Congress to provide for the family. If they decline it, I make no doubt of a handsome collection by private sub-

scription. At all events, I will provide for them in a manner suitable to their birth, and the grateful sentiments I shall ever feel for the memory of my friend. I have sent to you by Mr. Hancock five hundred dollars for the present. I wish you to have Richard clothed handsomely, and sent to the best school in Boston. Any expense you are at, please call on me for, and it shall be paid with thanks."

He kept his word faithfully. Money was sent on with regularity. He tried to raise private subscriptions, but that came to nothing. He likewise engaged the attention of Congress in the matter, and a committee reported that the rest of the children ought to be maintained at the public expense till they were of age, when a thousand pounds apiece should be given them. The aid was not finally granted in this shape, but Congress voted them a major general's half-pay from the date of their father's death, which amounted to nearly seven thousand dollars to begin with.

Only six weeks before he betrayed his country, he wrote to Miss Scollay on the subject of these children again. This incident is one that goes far to redeem his character.

While hostility was making head against him in Pennsylvania, he set on foot a scheme for founding a settlement in western New York, then a tract of wild land; he intended to engage in it all the officers and soldiers who had ever been in his command, and the expedition was to set forth as soon as the war should come to an end. He took letters from distinguished men, and started for Albany about the 1st of January, 1779, to complete his arrangements.

Hardly was his back turned, when the Council of Pennsylvania began to rake over their prejudices against him, and to put their complaints in form. They passed resolutions that affirmed that he had shown himself a military oppressor, that his conduct was unworthy of his rank, that it was an injury to the American cause, and wanting in respect to the State authority. These charges, eight in number, were sent to Congress for their action. Copies of them were received by Arnold while on his journey to Albany; he immediately sat down and wrote a letter to Miss Shippen, trusting that these things would have no effect upon her, for they could in no way harm him.

Next he issued an address to the people, going into a strong defence of his own conduct, and attempting to refute the charges of the Council. He stated that he had desired Congress to order a court-martial on his conduct, and hoped the public would reserve their opinion till such inquiry was made.

There were two parties on this question; one favored Arnold, and thought he was persecuted; the other upheld the authorities of Pennsylvania. These parties found their way into Congress, as a matter of course.

Arnold meant to resign his situation in Philadelphia in January; but he afterwards thought it best to wait till the committee brought in their report. They did so about the middle of March, and cleared him of every suspicion of guilt. This elated him, and without another thought he resigned his post. But he was in too great haste; Congress itself had not yet acted on the report. Instead of passing directly upon it as they should have done, they referred it again to a joint committee of their own body and the assembly of Pennsylvania. Inasmuch as he was just then in the midst of preparations for his

marriage, these proceedings inflamed and irritated him to an extreme degree. And it was but natural they should; for few ladies of character would wish to connect themselves with a gentleman, against whom were still pending similar charges of criminality.

There was a hot debate in Congress over the measures recommended by this joint committee, which finally ended in empowering Washington to order a court-martial. Arnold was indignant that he should again be tried, after having once been put to that test and trouble; he said that Congress had taken this step merely to please the authorities of Pennsylvania, and were ready to sacrifice him in order to be at peace with them.

He was married to Miss Shippen five days after Congress had voted this court-martial; she remained true to him through it all.

Washington appointed the trial for the 1st of May; but, from one reason and another, it was postponed till Arnold's patience was nearly exhausted. While delayed in this way he continued to reside in Philadelphia, where his habits grew more expensive and ostentatious than ever.

He was assaulted in the streets at one time, so great was his unpopularity, and he asked Congress for a body-guard, declaring that "no protection was to be expected from the authority of the State for an honest man." Congress tartly answered him that he must look to the State for protection, "in whose disposition to protect every honest citizen they had full confidence, and highly disapproved the insinuation of every individual to the contrary."

Nothing was done by the court during the whole of that season. The army was in the field, but Arnold was ignominiously laid on the shelf. He could serve his country neither in one capacity nor another. His spirit rebelled against this treatment; it would, indeed, have been difficult for almost any man of spirit to endure.

The army had gone into winter-quarters, when the court began its session at Morristown. Only four out of the eight original charges were brought before them. He was acquitted on two, and found guilty on the other two; yet the verdict explained that no fraud was proved against Arnold, but that his conduct had simply been found to be *irregular* and *imprudent*; and the sentence

was, that he be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief. Congress confirmed this sentence on the 12th of February, 1780.

After all this, in spite of the harmless character of the finding of the court, Arnold felt the deepest and bitterest resentment. It is not difficult for those who are given to trace the line of cause and effect, to see in this transaction of Congress, yielding as they did to the virulent prejudices of Pennsylvania, the natural stimulus and inducement to that crime which will make the name of Benedict Arnold forever detestable.

Washington reprimanded him; but he did it in as mild a way as possible, knowing something himself of the sensitiveness of the brave soldier. His words were these:—"Our profession is the chastest of all; even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favor, so hard to be acquired. I reprehend you for having forgotten, that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment towards your fellow-citizens.

"Exhibit anew those noble qualities which

have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

In March, Arnold started another plan; it was an expedition, to be equipped with several vessels of war and three or four hundred troops, of which he wished to be placed in command. But so many men could not at that time be spared from the army, and the project was abandoned. On this he obtained leave of absence from Washington for the summer, urging as reasons for asking it his severe wounds and the small prospect there was of an active campaign. He then went back to Philadelphia, where he lived in even a more extravagant style than before. The house he occupied was the old mansion of the Penns. It was expensively furnished, and he entertained in a manner calculated to strike people with wonder. The truth was, the one weak point in Arnold's character was his love of display. To procure money with which to gratify this passion, he resorted to expedients from which most men in his position, especially if they were true patriots, would instinctively have shrunk. When the

French fleet arrived off our coast, and it was expected that the British would be compelled to vacate New York, Arnold entered into a regular partnership with two other individuals, for the purpose of purchasing goods within the enemy's lines to as large an amount as an hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This was a transaction with which he should have scorned to have anything to do.

He still dinged it into the ears of Congress that it was high time his accounts were settled; but they were a long time getting to them. This delay stung him as much as anything could. Finally the committee to whom they were referred, made a report; and the Treasury Board took the accounts in hand to settle them. But the settlement did not satisfy Arnold any better than the delay about getting to it did before; he inveighed against them till all parties got thoroughly tired out with hearing about it, and it seemed as if, between one side and the other, he had lost his friends altogether.

In such a state of mind, full of anger and disappointment, his pride wounded in its most sensitive part, he approached M. de la Luzerne, the

French envoy, with the design of getting from him, in some way, pecuniary aid. Luzerne held him in the highest admiration, and Arnold thought he could take advantage of so favorable a fact. To him, therefore, he opened his heart freely; he rehearsed the history of his services for his country, the wrongs with which that country had visited him, and the persistent and groundless malice of his enemies; he said that the war had ruined him, and he must either obtain pecuniary aid, or relinquish the army altogether; in short, he made an outright proposal for the King of the French to purchase him, by favoring him with a loan of money.

The envoy was struck with astonishment. He declined the proffer of Arnold with firmness and candor, telling him that the transaction would degrade both of them. "When the envoy of a foreign power gives, or, if you will, lends money," said he, "it is ordinarily to corrupt those who receive it;" and still admiring the unprincipled man who had thus addressed him, he strove in every honorable way to bring him back to the path of honor and integrity. He kindly expostulated with him; and told him that if he wished

to exhibit that devotion to his country which he professed, he need not wait for a better time than now; it was very easy to show that the malice of his enemies could not harm him, and that their prejudices were without foundation.

But Arnold cared nothing for his expostulations or his advice. He found there was no chance to make money out of the envoy, and turned from him with an increased determination to carry his services where they would bring the highest market price. On that day he had crossed a line over which he could not easily expect to retreat.

CHAPTER X.

PLOTTING TREASON.*

THE greatest crime in the whole catalogue of crimes, Arnold now began deliberately to plan. He was the only one of all the officers of the Revolution who proved traitorous to his country. The two motives that hurried him on to this step, as the reader must see for himself, were his wounded pride and his sordid disposition. When the authorities of Pennsylvania were making war upon him, he confined his resentment to them alone; but as soon as Congress took up their cause, and ordered a court-martial that finally found him guilty of improper and unmilitary conduct, he transferred his hatred to those who were acting on behalf of his country, and of course to that country itself.

* I am much indebted to Sparks's "Life and Treason of Arnold" for many of the details to be found in the chapters that follow.

He was covered with debt, and he had a feeling also of having been publicly disgraced; he had been delayed in the settlement of his accounts; the way in which he had been treated in the matter of his military rank it galled him to think of; he had sunk in the estimation of the French envoy; he had been for months in correspondence, in one way and another, with the enemy; creditors were following him up for debts into which his extravagant habits had led him; and he resolved to make one move more, no matter how desperate it was, to extricate himself from his position, and place himself in possession of the stake for which he was willing to risk all.

With characteristic boldness, he opened a correspondence direct with Sir Henry Clinton, in New York. He disguised his hand, and adopted the name of *Gustavus*. In these letters he set forth that he was an officer in the American army, who was opposed to the recent alliance of America and France, and ready to signify his disapprobation by coming back to the support of the king. As a further inducement to this, all he asked was that the loss of property he would be obliged to suffer in consequence might be

made up to him again. And in order to interest Clinton the more in what he wrote, he gave items of intelligence respecting the Americans from time to time, which proved soon after to be true. —>

Clinton became interested, and told his aide-de-camp, Major John André, to return proper replies; which the latter engaged in, under the fictitious name of John Anderson, and in a disguised hand. Thus this correspondence was carried on for months. Clinton saw as yet no great advantage likely to grow out of it, because, when he came to find out who this *Gustavus* was, it occurred to him that the latter then held no actual rank in the service, and could sell nothing more than himself and his personal endeavors. This was hardly worth the trouble; almost any other man of equal courage would answer just as well.

Seeing how the matter stood, and what was chiefly in his light, Arnold resolved to place himself in a position where his favor would be likely to command the price he demanded. Accordingly he importuned Washington for the command of West Point, till the latter, though greatly surprised at his request, gave him charge

of the post. And early in August, 1780, he went up the Hudson, and established his quarters in the Robinson House, on the eastern side of the river and a few miles below West Point. Here he continued the secret correspondence with André industriously, both of them still using the names of Gustavus and John Anderson, and wording the letters after the style of men engaged in a commercial transaction. It was Arnold's plan to betray West Point and its fortress, which was in fact the key to the Highlands, into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton. It was André's aim to do the most effective service he could for his king, conscious that a glittering reward awaited him if he should be successful.

The transaction, in few words, was to be thus: — Since it was known that it was the design of the Americans and French to coöperate against the British, in New York, the critical moment when the American forces would be drawn away was to be seized for the consummation of the treachery. Washington would be down near King's Bridge, and the French would be on Long Island; and then it was that the British were to sail up the Hudson in a flotilla of boats as far as

the Highlands, and land and surprise West Point, which, after a mere show of resistance, was to be surrendered by Arnold. Thus would the Eastern and the Western States be dissevered, and Washington's favorite plans of warfare would fall to the ground.

Arnold of course thought he would not be driven from the country in case of the success of this project, but that his treachery would be kept a secret always; and, indeed, had Great Britain by this means obtained control on our soil again, it is not likely that he would have suffered from any discomfort; on the contrary, he might have held high and important trusts.

Major André was at this time in the thirtieth year of his age; accomplished and popular; social in the extreme; the favorite with the officers; and as ready to write a squib in rhyme, or help the ladies on with their party plays, as he was to risk his life in the service of his king. He was a native of Switzerland, but had been educated in a counting-room in London. At eighteen he had fallen in love, but the parents of the young lady broke off the match; and to his dying day he wore next his heart the portrait of her who

shared his affections. He was taken prisoner by Montgomery at the capture of St. John's, in Canada, and wrote to a friend at the time, that he had been stripped of everything by his captors "except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth." He could paint and draw, write verses, and make himself agreeable to all around him; and in the theatrical shows with which the British officers solaced their idleness in New York, he was always ready to take an active part.

Having been intimately acquainted with Mrs. Arnold during his stay with the British army in Philadelphia, and before her marriage, he made use of so fortunate a circumstance to cover his correspondence now with her husband. It was not, however, what a man with the highest and most delicate sense of honor would have permitted himself to do. Mrs. Arnold afterwards rested under the stigma of being privy to the nature of this correspondence; but there is nothing to show that it was more than an unfounded suspicion. Had André been alive, he would have set the matter right with a word.

Irving well says of André and his correspond-

ence with Arnold through such a channel,—
“ Various circumstances connected with this nefarious negotiation, argue lightness of mind and something of debasing alloy on the part of André. The correspondence carried on for months in the jargon of traffic, savored less of the camp than the counting-house; the protracted tampering with a brave and necessitous man for the sacrifice of his fame and the betrayal of his trust, strikes us as being beneath the range of a truly chivalrous nature.”

Having thus opened the way, the next thing in order was an interview; it was necessary for Arnold and André to see one another. Arnold wanted André to come to his quarters at the Robinson House, in disguise, using his fictitious name; but this risk he refused to run. Then the proposition was to meet near the outposts, at Dobb's Ferry, and on what was called the “neutral ground;” to this André at last consented. The time appointed for the meeting was the 11th of September, at twelve o'clock meridian.

André was punctual, but Arnold was kept away by an unforeseen occurrence; he was coming down the river in his barge, from the house

of Mr. Joshua H. Smith, just below Stony Point on the western side, when the British guard-boats near Dobb's Ferry fired upon him and compelled him to return to the shore. He had no flag with him, and the guard were of course ignorant of his business. During the night he returned to the Robinson House, to make his arrangements all over again. André went back to the British vessel in the stream. In order to keep suspicion out of the thoughts of Washington, Arnold wrote to him of his trip down the river, and pretended he had made it in order to provide against surprise from the enemy's movements in their vessels.

Another negotiation for a meeting was opened. Washington was to be absent at Hartford, to confer with Count Rochambeau and other French officers in relation to the attack on New York; and then, thought Arnold, would be the time for the meeting with André. The British sloop-of-war *Vulture* came up the river and anchored just below Teller's Point, to be of service while the plot was hatching. Col. Beverly Robinson was on board, the same who once owned the "Robinson House" at which Arnold now made his head-quarters; he was a royalist, and all his prop-

erty had been confiscated. In order to get word to Arnold, he pretended not to know but what Putnam was still in command in the Highlands; and so sent a letter to the latter concerning his property, requesting an interview, enclosed in another letter to Arnold. If Putnam was absent, he asked that Arnold might meet him in his stead, as he wished to talk further of his property.

Washington sailed across the Hudson in Arnold's barge, on the 18th of September, on his route to Hartford. Arnold went over with him, and with the rest of his staff. The Vulture was in sight, and Washington looked at it through his glass. Those who recalled the incident afterwards, remembered that Arnold appeared uneasy and full of concern all the time. While going across, also, Lafayette remarked to Arnold, speaking of the French fleet under Guichen that was looked for every day upon the coast,—"General Arnold, since you have a correspondence with the enemy, you must ascertain as soon as possible what has become of Guichen." Arnold asked him what he meant; he acted strangely, and doubtless thought the whole plot was exposed, and that this method and place had

been chosen to confront and arrest him. While on the road to Peekskill, Arnold laid before Washington the contents of this letter of Robinson, and asked what he had better do; Washington advised him to take no notice of it, as it was out of the line of military proceeding; if Col. Robinson wished his property restored to him, he must apply to the civil authorities.

But Arnold heeded the advice by sending an answer by a flag directly back to Robinson, on board the Vulture; and in this answer he took occasion to say that a person with a flag would come alongside in a boat, on the night of the 20th; and in order to blind other parties, should the letter fall into their hands, he added that Washington would probably return on the Saturday following, and, if he had business with him, he could communicate it by this messenger of the 20th.

This was exactly the hint wanted to fill up the existing gap in the arrangement. André came up the river again on the 20th, therefore, went on board the Vulture, and met Col. Robinson. He inquired of him for Arnold; but he was not there, and never meant to be there. The time

had not yet arrived when a British vessel-of-war was the safest place for him.

On the night of the 20th, no boat came alongside; on the next night, however, the watch on deck descried a little craft gliding silently over the water, with three men in it. Their oars made no click as they worked in the rowlocks; the blades dipped silently in the river, as if the whole was the work of magic. It was about half past eleven o'clock. An officer hailed them from the deck. The man in the stern answered that they came from King's Ferry, and were going down to Dobb's Ferry. Upon this he was ordered to come alongside; and in another moment he was climbing over the rail upon the deck.

This man was Joshua H. Smith. Arnold had employed him to go on board, and told him that he was to bring back a person who was to fetch him important news from New York. To prevent surprise and capture, he carried passes from Arnold in his pocket, answering both for himself and those with him. He also bore a letter to Col. Robinson from Arnold, in which the latter said, — "This will be delivered to you by Mr. Smith, who will conduct you to a place of safety.

Neither Mr. Smith nor any other person shall be made acquainted with your proposals; if they (which I doubt) are of such a nature that I can officially take notice of them, I shall do it with pleasure. I take it for granted Colonel Robinson will not propose anything, that is not for the interest of the United States as well as of himself." He wrote in this blind way about "Colonel Robinson" in order to guard against detection in case of an accident to the letter.

Robinson pretended to Smith to be too unwell to go on shore himself, and introduced to him a gentleman in his place by the name of John Anderson, — who was, as the reader knows, no other than Major André. Smith declared that even then he did not suspect anything wrong, inasmuch as André was dressed in a great-coat of blue, hiding his uniform and entirely concealing his character. Besides, Robinson's plea of ill health was very natural, and he assured Smith that Mr. John Anderson knew all about the business in hand, and would make the arrangements and give the information just as well as he could himself.

Robinson, for all this, was strongly opposed, in

fact, to André's going on shore at all; he knew not what Arnold's promise of protection was worth, — the promise of a man who was plotting to betray his country. But he was overcome by the superior zeal of André. The latter saw a dash of adventure in an undertaking with so much risk in it, and it offered more attractions to him on that account.

He therefore went down over the vessel's side into the boat. Little, indeed, did he think that he was going on an errand from which he would never return. The Captain of the *Vulture* wanted one of his own boats to go out armed and escort this one; but both Smith and André objected to it, as more likely to attract attention. Besides, they were going under a flag of truce, and an armed boat would be quite out of character in company with such a flag. This was a reason subsequently offered by Sir Henry Clinton.

The boat, thus freighted with secrets on which depended the life of a nation, glided silently over the water towards the western shore. Not a syllable was spoken by the watermen, and the few words exchanged by Smith and André were very low. A little after the hour of midnight

they landed at the foot of a mountain, full of shadows and mystery, called Long Clove. This was about six miles below Stony Point.

Arnold was already there, half hidden in the bushes, but watching with an anxious look for the approach of his midnight visitor. Twice already they had been foiled in their attempts to secure a meeting, and it was gratifying now to feel assured that all the obstacles had been removed. Arnold had come down that night from Smith's house on horseback, and a servant rode another horse; the distance was between three and four miles. The servant retired a little distance with the horses, and was waiting further orders.

Smith came up from the water first, and felt his way about in the darkness until he had approached near Arnold's hiding-place. As soon as he found that, he returned and brought back André with him. He then left the two men together, and went back again into the boat to await the result of the interview. Thus these plotters against Liberty stood concealed in that lonely place, at the hour of midnight, with no person near to interrupt their consultation. It



MEETING OF ARNOLD AND ANDRE AT MIDNIGHT.

was an hour that each had ardently wished for, but had eluded them both till now.

Hour after hour passed, and Smith began to feel impatient. It was not so easy a matter, either, to sit in a boat and resist the influences of the air of a night in September. Presently he went up the bank into the bushes again, and, in a whisper, reminded Arnold that it was getting late, and the chances of being discovered by the morning light were thickening. But the traitorous business was not yet completed; more time was wanted to make all things clear to André, and the arrangements had not been concluded for Arnold's remuneration for his infamy. The latter therefore urged André to remain on shore till the next night, promising to conduct him to a place of safety, and then to send him to the Vulture again. He consented, and the boat was sent higher up the river into a little creek that set in on the shore.

Arnold and André then mounted the two horses the servant had been holding in the thicket, and rode off to the house of Smith. Their road took them through the little village of Haverstraw; and there the demand of the guard for

the countersign sent a shudder of alarm to the heart of André, for this was the first evidence he had that he was within the American lines. Even if he had desired to go back, it was too late then: he had reached a point from which he could not so easily recede.

They came to the house at daybreak, and went into an upper room. Smith had two days before sent away his family on a visit to their friends in Fishkill, thirty miles above, and on the other side of the river. Hardly had they shut the door, when they heard the thunder of cannon below. From the window of the chamber André saw, with sinking spirits, that a party of Americans were firing on the Vulture from Teller's Point, having secretly carried down cannon during the night; Livingston, who commanded at Verplank's Point, heard on the day before that she lay within cannon range, and resolved to compel her to change her position. André thought at one time that the vessel was on fire, and his heart almost misgave him. But she at length weighed anchor and dropped down the river beyond cannon shot reach.

The two men ate their breakfast, and then

proceeded to finish the business of the meeting. The whole plot was laid open, explained, and agreed upon; and then the sum of money which Arnold was to receive was named, in case the treason turned out successfully. Arnold gave André a plan of the works at West Point, together with papers properly explaining them; these he told him to conceal between one of his stockings and his foot, and, in case he met with trouble, to destroy them. Arnold then got ready to go back to his quarters at the Robinson House, on the other side of the river. But before he left, he informed André that he had better return to New York by land, since the Vulture had gone further down the river, and it might not be so easy for him to get on board of her; André, however, opposed this idea, and urged that he should be sent to the vessel on the same night. Arnold agreed to this, but furnished him with a written pass, which would be of service in case he should be obliged to go down by land. The pass read as follows:

“HEAD QUARTERS ROBINSON
HOUSE, Sept^r 22^d, 1780

“Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the Guards

to the White Plains, or below, if He chuses. He being on Public Buisness by my Direction.

B. ARNOLD M Genl”

It was ten o'clock in the forenoon when Arnold left the house. André stayed alone all day in the chamber. What his thoughts were no one can tell. There is little doubt, however, that he looked wistfully towards the Vulture down the stream, and many a time wished himself safe on her deck; the moment he was there, all danger was behind him; his work would be complete, and his reward secure.

Arnold had arranged with Smith, who still remained at home, to take André back to the Vulture as soon as it was dark; and André supposed that such an arrangement would be carried out. After his capture, he wrote as follows concerning it: — “ Arnold quitted me, having himself made me put the papers I bore between my stockings and feet. Whilst he did it he expressed a wish, in case of any accident befalling me, that they should be destroyed: which I said of course would be the case, as when I went into the boat I should have them tied about with a string and

stone. Before we parted, some mention had been made of my crossing the river and going another route; but I objected much against it, and thought it was settled, that in the way I came I was to return."

Yet there was some trouble, and Arnold had evidently expected there would be; for he had provided three passports, — two for Smith, and one for André. Smith's gave him a free right to travel either by water or by land, and André's we have already given a copy of. When it came night, André supposed his anxiety was at an end; and he told Smith that he was all ready to be rowed down to the Vulture again. But Smith objected; he said that he had been attacked with ague in consequence of his exposure of the previous night, and did not wish to repeat so dangerous an experiment; yet he was willing to accompany him on horseback, which was strikingly inconsistent, to say the least, since his health would suffer no more from one journey than the other. The only explanation that can be given is, that he was really afraid of being fired upon on his way to or from the Vulture, since she had again come up and anchored in her old posi-

tion. He said he was perfectly willing to cross the river with him at King's Ferry, and put him safely on his route into the lower country; but as for venturing in the open boat again, it was not to be thought of.

André was distressed beyond description. He pleaded with Smith to take him back by the way he came; but it was to no purpose. As Smith had promised to accompany him on horseback for a considerable distance, he closed with his offer in lieu of what he thought the safer course. He could not for a moment, however, banish the thought from his mind that he was within the American lines.

He came, as we have said, in a military coat, over which was buttoned a long blue surtout; this he now laid aside, at the suggestion of Smith himself, borrowing from him a citizen's coat, which he wore in its stead. There were three in this silent little party going down from Smith's house to the river: Smith, André, and a negro servant. André could not help feeling the humiliation of his situation, whenever he thought of his disguise. At sundown, they came to King's Ferry and crossed to Verplank's Point. They

travelled along quietly for some eight miles, on the road down to White Plains; Smith trying to engage him in conversation on the war, and André studiously avoiding all the answers he could. He appeared taciturn and thoughtful; there was nothing of his usual gaiety about him. When they first came over to Verplank's Point, Smith went up to the works and called on Colonel Livingston, telling him that he was going above presently, and would take charge of whatever letters he wished to send; but André and the negro rode on. Smith hastily excused himself to Livingston on account of company, and hurried along and overtook them on the road.

Towards nine o'clock in the evening, they were stopped by a patrolling party, near Crompond. Being challenged by the sentinel, Smith got off his horse, handed the bridle to his servant, and stepped forward and asked who the captain was. "Captain Boyd" — the sentinel answered. The captain, overhearing his name called, made his appearance and began to put his questions. He was exceedingly inquisitive, asking Smith who he was, where he belonged, and what was his business. Smith answered him promptly, and

told him that he carried a pass from General Arnold. Even after that, the captain inquired how far he was going that night; Smith replied, "as far as Major Strang's, or Colonel Drake's." The captain informed him that Strang was away from home, and that Drake had removed to another part of the country. He then insisted on seeing the passport, and went on a little ways with the party to a house, in order to get a light. André began to be seriously alarmed, and followed on with trembling; but the sight of the pass seemed to mollify the captain somewhat, although he was still as full of curiosity as ever.

He took Smith aside therefore, and begged to know what could be the urgent business that took him and his friend down so perilous a road in the night. Smith deceived him as well as he could, saying that he and his friend Mr. Anderson were sent by General Arnold to meet a person near White Plains, from whom they expected to procure important information. The captain earnestly advised him not to go on that night, for the Cow Boys had been out upon the road, and it was dangerous; and further recommended that they should stay till morning at the house of Mr.

Andreas Miller, where they would find a good bed and all that they wanted. Smith went and told André what the captain said; André would not hear to it at all; he was for going on at all hazards. Finally he went and brought Captain Boyd, and they argued on it together. He asked Boyd which was the safest road to White Plains; the captain told him that both were very dangerous, but the one through North Castle was the least so; for the Cow Boys, or *lower party*, were out on the Tarrytown road, and had done a good deal of mischief. André remembered this afterwards, and acted upon it in choosing his route.

Finally Smith declared that *he* should stop over night at Miller's house, and André found himself forced to fall in. The people at the house treated them cordially, and offered them the best they had; but being called out of bed to entertain travellers, they were not able to do what they otherwise might. André and Smith were compelled to sleep in the same bed, and Smith said that André lay and tossed pretty much all the rest of the night. At earliest dawn he arose, called the negro servant, and ordered the horses to be got ready for starting on again. The honest

farmer would not take any money for his hospitality, and, bidding him and his family good morning, they struck off on the road leading to Pine's Bridge. André's heart began to feel light again; Smith declared himself astonished at the sudden and marked change in his demeanor. He talked gaily of whatever came into his mind. Thus they kept on till they came within two miles and a half of Pine's Bridge, where Smith resolved to bring his part of the journey to an end. They went up to a farm house near by, which had just been plundered, and got a bowl of hasty pudding and milk to eat, after which Smith divided his funds with him, and bade André farewell. Here they parted.

CHAPTER XI.

TAKEN IN THE TOILS.

SMITH, with his servant, hurried back to Fishkill the same evening, where, as we have stated, he sent his family in order to give up his own house to Arnold's use. On his way he called on the latter at the Robinson House, and dined with him. Arnold was thus put in possession of all that had thus far transpired.

Below Pine's Bridge, it was the Cow Boys' domain. These were chiefly British refugees, given to stealing cattle from the peaceful inhabitants, and driving them off to New York; and hence their very appropriate name. There was another party, called the "Skinners;" these pretended to favor the American cause, whereas they even laid in with the Cow Boys to rob all within their reach. By these two lawless parties the thirty-mile strip above New York, known as the "Neu-

tral Ground," was infested. If a person was friendly to the cause of the Americans, the Cow Boys plundered him; and if he declined expressing his sentiments from motives of prudence, the Skinners stripped him on account of his want of patriotism. So that between the two, the unoffending inhabitants fared badly enough. In fact, the barbarities practised on the Neutral Ground formed a war by themselves, even more dreadful to those who suffered than the open conflicts between opposing armies in the field.

It was through this ground that André now had to find his way. He crossed Pine's Bridge, and had gone on about six miles, when he came to a place where the road forked; the left led to White Plains, into the interior of the country, and the right along the course of the Hudson. It was his purpose originally to take the left hand road, and so Smith had advised him; but remembering what Captain Boyd had told them the evening before about the Cow Boys, or *Lower Party*, being out, on the Tarrytown road, he thought he should be safer among them if he should happen to fall in their way, and so he decided to take the right hand. In that moment

of doubt his life was literally poised. Had he taken the left hand route, he would no doubt have got on unharmed.

As fortune would have it, on that very morning a company of seven young farmers in that neighborhood had met and agreed to proceed to a certain point on the Tarrytown road, and challenge whoever came along. Four of them took their position on a hill from which they could see the country for a wide circuit; the other three, named John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, stayed down near the road running along by the banks of the river. Two of these three were playing cards in the bushes, as the best way to wile away the time, and the other kept a sharp lookout on the road.

The story has been told so much better than we could hope to tell it by Paulding himself, that we offer no excuse for giving it in his own language:—

“Myself, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams were lying by the side of the road about half a mile above Tarrytown, and about fifteen miles above King’s Bridge, on Saturday morning, between nine and ten o’clock, the 23d of Septem-

ber. We had lain there about an hour and a half, as near as I can recollect, and saw several persons we were acquainted with, whom we let pass. Presently one of the young men, who were with me, said,—“There comes a gentlemanlike-looking man, who appears to be well dressed, and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop, if you don't know him.” On that I got up, and presented my firelock at the breast of the person, and told him to stand; and then I asked him which way he was going. ‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘I hope you belong to our party.’ I asked him what party. He said, ‘the Lower Party.’ Upon that I told him I did. Then he said, ‘I am a British officer out of the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute;’ and to show that he was a British officer, he pulled out his watch. Upon which I told him to dismount. He then said, ‘My God! I must do anything to get along!’ and seemed to make a kind of laugh of it, and pulled out General Arnold's pass, which was to John Anderson, to pass all guards to White Plains and below. Upon that he dismounted. Said he, ‘Gentlemen, you had best

let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble, for your stopping me will detain the General's business;' and said he was going to Dobb's Ferry to meet a person there and get intelligence for General Arnold. Upon that I told him I hoped he would not be offended, that we did not mean to take anything from him; and I told him there were many bad people, who were going along the road, and I did not know but perhaps he might be one."

Paulding asked André his name, and he told him it was 'John Anderson;' he also said he should have let him go after seeing the pass in General Arnold's handwriting, but for his having, a little before, called himself a British officer. Paulding inferred, from his pulling out his watch, that he meant by it only to show that he *was* a British officer, and not to offer it as a bribe.

Another of the three men, David Williams, gave his testimony on the matter to the same effect; and added some further particulars, which we subjoin in his own language:—

"We took him into the bushes, and ordered him to pull off his clothes, which he did; but on searching him narrowly we could not find any

sort of writing. We told him to pull off his boots, which he seemed to be indifferent about; but we got one boot off, and searched in that boot, and could find nothing. But we found there were some papers in the bottom of his stocking next to his foot, on which we made him pull his stocking off, and found three papers wrapped up. Mr. Paulding looked at the contents, and said he was a spy. We then made him pull off his other boot, and there we found three more papers at the bottom of his boot within his stocking.

“ Upon this we made him dress himself, and I asked him what he would give us to let him go. He said he would give us any sum of money. I asked him whether he would give us his horse, saddle, bridle, watch, and one hundred guineas. He said ‘yes,’ and told us he would direct them to any place, even if it was that very spot, so that we could get them. I asked him whether he would not give us more. He said he would give us any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and bring it to any place that we might pitch upon, so that we might get it. Mr. Paulding answered, ‘No; if you would give us ten

thousand guineas, you should not stir one step.' I then asked the person, who had called himself John Anderson, if he would not get away if it lay in his power. He answered, 'Yes, I would.' I told him I did not intend he should. While taking him along we asked him a few questions, and we stopped under a shade. He begged us not to ask him questions, and said when he came to any commander he would reveal all.

"He was dressed in a blue overcoat, and a tight body-coat, that was of a kind of claret color, though a rather deeper red than claret. The button-holes were laced with gold tinsel, and the buttons drawn over with the same kind of lace. He had on a round hat, and nankeen waistcoat and breeches, with a flannel waistcoat and drawers, boots, and thread stockings."

Having secured their prisoner, they marched off with him to North Castle, which was the nearest military post, and nearly a dozen miles inland. Lieutenant Colonel Jameson was in command there. They walked off through ravines and across fields, striking the straightest track possible, one of them going ahead and occasionally taking the horse by the bridle, while the rest

distributed themselves on either side. It formed a ludicrous picture; and André afterwards sketched it with a pen, and presented it to one who had been with him during a part of his captivity. They put him several questions, but he declined answering any of them. At noon they came to a farm-house; the housewife was struck with the sad looks of the youthful prisoner, and urged him to share their frugal meal, while she likewise apologized for having nothing better to offer him; he thanked her for her kindness, but declared with a shake of the head that he could not eat.

When they reached North Castle, Jameson examined the papers that were taken from his stocking, and recognized the handwriting of General Arnold. The first thing he did was to send these off post haste to Washington, who was at Hartford. André used his eloquence with great effect upon Jameson, and prevailed on him next to despatch a message to West Point, informing Arnold that Mr. John Anderson had been detained as already described. It is difficult to understand what Jameson could have been thinking of; for if Arnold was really a participator in the plot, this was merely giving him warning of

his danger and allowing him time to make his escape. Jameson did more even than to send the letter: he sent André along with it! The like of such infatuation and folly has rarely been seen.

The prisoner had been gone but a little time, when Major Tallmadge, who was second in command and had been off all this while on duty at White Plains, returned to his post. The moment he heard the story, he seemed to understand the whole matter; he believed that Arnold had been guilty of a treasonable correspondence with the enemy. He insisted that André should be ordered back without an instant's delay, and pledged himself to take the responsibility on his own shoulders. Jameson was hard to persuade, but he finally yielded to Major Tallmadge's entreaties; he countermanded his order sending André forward to Arnold, and had him brought back, — but the letter he suffered to go on. He refused even to suspect his commander of a crime of so heinous a character.

André came back again under guard. He was confined in a room, and began to pace up and down the floor, lost in thought. Major Tallmadge observed his step closely, and saw by the way he

turned on his heel that he was a military character. Very soon after, he conducted him to Lower Salem, thinking him there more secure, as it was still farther within the American lines. They reached this place, after travelling during the night, at eight o'clock in the morning. Here he was forced to share the room of Mr. Bronson, having but one window and one door, and which on that account could be more easily guarded. André was tired when he was placed in this room, and said but little; he was troubled at seeing the soiled condition of his clothes, and accepted the loan of a change from Bronson, while his linen and nankeen underclothes were gone to be washed. After this he began to feel a little more revived, and showed more disposition to talk.

His affable manners pleased all who saw him. He was genial and gentlemanly, and indulged in a strain of agreeable conversation that won them over to him at once. It was while he was confined here at Lower Salem that he sketched the ludicrous scene of his being led away on horseback into captivity.

André was aware by this time that the papers

found on him had been sent off to Washington, and he determined to throw off all further disguise. He therefore sat down and wrote a letter to Washington, telling him who he was, and what was his rank, though he honorably abstained from drawing Arnold into the gulf of his own guilt, as he easily might. He explained that he was in no sense a spy, but had come to meet a person who was to give him intelligence on ground which neither army pretended to occupy. His attempt to prove that disguising his dress and name was not necessarily against him, since he did it only to get himself beyond the American lines, into which he was carried against his own will and stipulation, — was quite ingenious, however inconclusive it might have been.

He showed the letter to Major Tallmadge when he had finished it, and immediately felt relieved of a great load. From that moment he was himself again: lively, cheerful, talkative, and winning. Those who had him in charge never forgot to their dying day the impressions his engaging manners and conversation made upon their hearts.

Washington set out from Hartford on his

return to the Hudson two or three days earlier than he had intended, owing to a disappointment in relation to the operations of the French fleet, about which he had gone on to confer with the French commander. Lafayette was with him, as were also General Knox and his suite; with these two in particular he was wont to unbend. He travelled, in going to Hartford, what was called the lower road, which run through Danbury to Peekskill, and it was thought he would return by the same way; instead of that, however, he took the upper road, which led him through the upper highlands to West Point. On the afternoon of the 24th of September, he reached Fishkill, eighteen miles distant from Arnold's headquarters. Word was sent on that the commander-in-chief would be there to breakfast on the next morning.

The next day they were in the saddle as soon as it was light, and on their way to the Robinson House. Their course lay through the Highlands, and the scenery and the morning air were invigorating. They had come within a mile of the Robinson House, when Washington was observed, instead of keeping on the road, to turn

his horse's head down a cross road leading to the river. Lafayette spoke to him, and told him that he was on the wrong road, adding that they had best keep along, for Mrs. Arnold would be waiting breakfast. "Ah! you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold!" said Washington in reply. "I see you are eager to be with her as soon as possible. Go and breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me; I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river, but will be with her shortly."

Lafayette and General Knox, however, turned off with Washington; but Colonel Hamilton and the aide of Lafayette kept on, and presented to the fair hostess their commander's apology. They sat down to breakfast as desired, — Arnold and his wife, and Hamilton and McHenry. Mrs. Arnold had been there not more than four or five days, having come from Philadelphia with her infant child, some six months old. She was as agreeable and chatty as ever; but Arnold himself sat at the table gloomy and taciturn. He had reason to be thoughtful, for this was the day on which the plot with Sir Henry Clinton was to be carried out, and the enemy's boats were to come

up the river. Washington had come back from Hartford two days earlier than he had expected him, and his visit to West Point now was going to throw all his plans into disorder.

While he was plunged in this sea of doubt and perplexity, a messenger on horseback dashed up to the gate, alighted and delivered a letter. It was the one Lieut. Colonel Jameson had written him respecting the capture of André, in which he also stated that the papers found in the prisoner's boot had been sent on to Washington at Hartford.

Arnold took the letter and broke the seal in the presence of the company. It was all he could do to suppress his agitation, as he eagerly read its contents. Few men could have gone through what he went through in that single moment, and not betrayed themselves. He immediately rose from the table, went to Mrs. Arnold's chamber, and thence sent a servant down to call her up to him. She obeyed the summons, and thus the guests were left alone at their morning meal. When she was in the room, he told her that he was a ruined man, and that instant flight was all that could save him from death! She swooned

at the intelligence, and fell helpless to the floor. He did not stop to assist her, but hurried down stairs and sent up the messenger that had just arrived, to her aid. Without a moment's delay he threw himself into the saddle of the horse standing at the door, and dashed down to the river by a path that goes by the name of Arnold's Path to this day. His six-oared barge was moored close by, and he ordered his oarsmen to row with all speed down to Teller's Point.

He had hardly gone, when Washington arrived at the house. Learning that Mrs. Arnold was sick, and that her husband had gone over to West Point—as he said—to meet him, he ate his breakfast hurriedly, and went back again across the river. He left word that he should be with the rest of them at dinner. As he went over, he noticed that no salute was fired at his approach, as expected. When he landed, too, he saw that no proper reception had been made for him. Colonel Lamb came down the bank alone to meet him, expressing the greatest surprise at his arrival; had he known of his coming beforehand, he should have received him in a very different manner. “Is not General Arnold here?”

inquired Washington. Lamb answered that he was not, and had not been there in two days. Washington was perplexed, yet he suspected nothing. He stayed at the fortress through the morning, and then went over again to dinner.

Meantime the papers that Jameson had sent to Hartford, and that missed Washington on his way back in consequence of his travelling the other road, had reached the Robinson House; and as they were said to be of the greatest importance, Hamilton opened and examined them. The messenger, on finding that Washington had come back to West Point, turned upon his course, passing through Lower Salem where André was confined; and now he took André's letter to Washington along with him, too; so that this letter, together with the papers that were found on him, told who he was at once.

As Washington and his party were coming up from the river to the house, Hamilton met them. He spoke briefly to the commander-in-chief in a low voice, and both withdrew in private as soon as they got in. Washington was astounded, yet he preserved his calmness, as the damning facts were laid before him. He soon joined his mili-

tary party again, and, taking Lafayette and Knox aside, communicated to them the whole story, putting the papers into their hands. He only exclaimed, — “Whom can we trust now?” — but that exclamation was crowded with meaning.

Hoping to arrest the flight of the traitor, he sent Colonel Hamilton at the top of his horse's speed down to Verplanck's Point, below the Highlands, which commanded the river at a narrow part; he was to order Livingston to play his battery upon the boat and bring it to. Dinner was soon after announced, and they all sat down to the table. Washington was as self-possessed in the midst of so terrible a discovery as he ever was. “Come, gentlemen,” said he, pleasantly, “since Mrs. Arnold is unwell, and the general is absent, let us sit down without ceremony.” Having heard of Mrs. Arnold's situation, he went up stairs to endeavor to soothe her feelings; the meeting was a most remarkable and exciting one. Hamilton wrote of her condition, that “she, for a considerable time, lost herself. The general went up to see her, and she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved, another she melted into tears. Sometimes

she pressed her infant to her bosom and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have pierced insensibility itself. All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct." To Washington it must have been painful indeed.

Hamilton meanwhile spurred on to Verplanck's Point, but he arrived there too late. Arnold had passed some time before, having got some six hours the start; it was ten o'clock in the morning when he fled, and when Hamilton reached the Point it was four in the afternoon. On entering the boat, Arnold told his oarsmen to row with all speed down the river, for he had important business on board the *Vulture*. He promised them two gallons of rum, if they would do their best. As he passed Verplanck's Point, he displayed a white handkerchief, which gave his boat all the protection needed. He reached the *Vulture* in safety, and told the whole story to Capt. Sutherland; and then he gave up his oarsmen as prisoners! Few acts could have been

meaner than this. The men protested, saying that they came under the protection of a flag of truce; but they were taken on board and carried down to New York the same night. Sir Henry Clinton, however, showed his scorn for such an act by immediately liberating and sending them back again.

A flag came over from the Vulture to Verplanck's Point while Hamilton was there, bringing a letter from Arnold to Washington. He still protested his love for his country, but believed he would be judged harshly by the world. He asked no favor for himself, but simply protection for his wife from every insult and injury that a mistaken vengeance of his country might expose her to. "She is as good," said he, "and as innocent as an angel, and is incapable of doing wrong." And he begged that she might be permitted to return to her friends in Philadelphia, or go to him, as she chose. She set out in a few days for her father's house in Philadelphia. With this came also another letter from Col. Beverly Robinson, asking for the release of André on the ground that he had gone ashore under the protection of a flag of truce, and at the invitation of an American general

The hour was one of the greatest doubt and danger. No one could tell how far the plot had extended itself. It was not possible to say who were innocent, and who were guilty. Washington now knew that the enemy had all the intelligence they wanted of the fortifications at West Point, and took instant measures to secure their safety. He sent orders over to have the force there disposed to the best advantage to guard against a sudden attack, especially on that very night. He also issued orders to General Greene, who was in command at Tappan, to put a division of his troops in motion at once, and to hold the rest in readiness. And finally he sent word to Col. Jameson to take all possible care that André was neither rescued nor made his own escape; and to send him to that place by a strong guard by some road not generally travelled. The order reached Jameson at midnight, and André was at once apprised of its nature; he started out of bed and prepared to obey the summons promptly. Before he left, he offered his thanks to the gentlemen around him for their kindness, and assured them that he never could meet them anywhere again as enemies. It was

a dark and rainy night, and the travelling was difficult. They reached the Robinson House the next morning, the 26th. Washington would not see the prisoner, however, and did not see him from first to last. On the same evening he was taken over to West Point, and remained there till the morning of the 28th, when he was carried in a boat down to Stony Point, and thence under an escort to Tappan.

Joshua H. Smith was likewise arrested on the night of the 25th, at Fishkill, and taken to the same place. Washington gave directions to have them kept in separate houses, and on no account to be allowed to see one another. "I would wish," said he, "the room for Mr. André to be a decent one, and that he may be treated with civility."

CHAPTER XII.

ANDRÉ'S EXECUTION.

MAJOR Tallmadge had personal charge of André, from the hour he left his bed at Lower Salem till the day of his execution. They were both young men, and very soon conceived an ardent attachment for one another. Tallmadge thought his prisoner one of the most delightful companions he had ever seen.

They went on board the barge to go down to King's Ferry, on the morning of the 28th. The two youthful officers sat side by side on the boat's after-seat. While sailing silently past the frowning heights of West Point, with the fortress in view, Tallmadge asked André if he should have taken a part in the attack, if Arnold had carried out his plan. André answered him that he should; and he pointed out the piece of level

ground on which he expected to land with a select body of troops, and from which he would have gone by a certain route up the mountain to a place overlooking the entire parade-ground of the fortress!

Tallmadge was much excited with hearing André tell what he was going to do, and asked him what was to have been his reward; "nothing but military glory," said he; "the thanks of his general and the approbation of his king, would have been a rich reward for such 'an undertaking."

Reaching King's Ferry, they found an escort of dragoons and started off at once for Tappan in their company. Riding along through a mountain defile, André ventured to ask Major Tallmadge what he thought would be the result of this affair, and in what light he would be considered by General Washington, and a military tribunal, if one should be ordered. Tallmadge tried to evade the question for a time, but being urged for an answer, he finally said as follows:—

"I had a much-loved classmate in Yale College, by the name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the battle

of Long Island, General Washington wanted information respecting the strength, position, and probable movements of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, and was taken, just as he was passing the outposts of the enemy on his return. Said I with emphasis, — ‘Do you remember the sequel of the story?’ ‘Yes,’ said André, ‘he was hanged as a spy! But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike?’ ‘Yes, precisely similar; and similar will be your fate!’ ‘He endeavored,’ adds Tallmadge, ‘to answer my remarks, but it was manifest he was more troubled in spirit than I had ever seen him before. We stopped at the Clove to dine and let the horse-guard refresh. While there, André kept reviewing his shabby dress, and finally remarked to me, that he was positively ashamed to go to the head-quarters of the American army in such a plight. I called my servant and directed him to bring my dragoon cloak, which I presented to Major André. This he refused to take for some time; but I insisted on it, and he finally put it on and rode in it to Tappan.’”

André was confined at Tappan in a building

which is still pointed out as the "76 Stone House," and treated with the utmost kindness and sympathy. Washington reached the camp as soon as his preparations for the safety of West Point were concluded, and immediately summoned a board of general officers to inquire into the case; they were to say in what light André should be regarded, and what disposition should be made of him. This board of officers met on the 29th,—the next day. Meantime Sir Henry Clinton despatched a letter to Washington from New York, covering another from Arnold, demanding the release of André on the ground of his having been invited within the American lines by an officer, under the sanction of a flag of truce. Arnold likewise argued to the same effect, insisting that he had a perfect right to send for André under the protection of a flag, and concluding that he had no doubt the prisoner would be forthwith released and sent to New York.

But neither letter moved the mind of Washington. The Board met as ordered; General Greene presided; six major-generals and eight brigadiers composed the court. André was brought before them, but told that he need an-

swer no questions which would even embarrass his feelings. He carefully concealed everything that might implicate others in his own guilt, but frankly confessed all the facts that related to himself. On his confession alone the board made up their report, which was as follows: — “that Major André, adjutant-general of the British army, ought to be considered a spy from the enemy, and ought to suffer death.”

André did not expect this, yet he preserved his calmness still. His conduct was manly to the end. “I foresee my fate,” said he, “and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen; conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me.”

He expressed much tender regard for Sir Henry Clinton, who, he said, “had been too good to him.” He could not bear that his commander should ever reproach himself, or that others should reproach him, for the fate with which he was now overtaken. He would not leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days. He burst into tears while saying this, and requested permission to write to Sir Henry, which

was granted. In the letter he spoke tenderly of his mother and three sisters, hoping they would be treated with kindness. Washington sent a letter to Clinton along with his, acquainting the British Commander with the finding of the court, but saying nothing of the sentence. Captain Ogden was selected to bear these two letters to the enemy, and directed to ascertain from the officer to whom he delivered them, if Sir Henry Clinton would be willing to give up Arnold on condition of André's release. Clinton received the proposal, but declared it would be both un-military and a breach of honor to surrender one who had deserted from an enemy to his own camp.

Washington made an attempt to capture Arnold, resolved, if it could be done and he could be brought back to the American camp alive, to release André and make a merited public example of the traitor himself. To this end a young Virginian named John Champe, but twenty-four years of age, and a sergeant-major of cavalry, was induced by Major Lee to peril his life, and undertook the dangerous task with a fixed determination to bring back the victim to the commander-in-chief.

In order to give the whole transaction an air of naturalness, and keep the plan a secret from his comrades, young Champe pretended to be a deserter. It was his design, as soon as he reached New York, to enlist in a corps which Arnold was at that very time trying to raise, and procure some situation in the same that would place him near the traitor's person. When the right moment came, he was to seize Arnold during the night, thrust a gag in his mouth, bind him, and carry him in a boat across the Hudson into Bergen woods, in New Jersey. To carry out this bold project, the only help he was to have was to come from a man belonging in Newark.

The whole affair was kept as secret as possible. Washington was anxious to learn its result from the time it was entered upon. But he was strenuous in insisting that on no account should Arnold be brought back otherwise than alive. "No circumstance whatever," said he, "shall obtain my consent to his being put to death. The idea which would accompany such an event, would be, that ruffians had been hired to assassinate him. My aim is to make a public example of him, and this should be strongly impressed upon those who are employed to bring him off."

Sergeant Champe took his cloak, valise, and orderly book at eleven o'clock at night, and, with all possible caution, went and untied his horse, sprang on his back, and was off. Major Lee then went to bed. *The brave young sergeant had all sorts of dangers to run, and the chances were even, at best, if he could get beyond the lines without either detection or pursuit. The guards on the road were thickly stationed, additional watchfulness having everywhere followed the discovery of Arnold's perfidy.

Major Lee had been abed but a little more than half an hour, when an officer came up to his quarters in the greatest haste and alarm, saying that one of the guard had challenged a dragoon, who, instead of giving the countersign, put spurs to his horse and escaped. In order to give the sergeant all the time he could, Lee pretended to believe that the guard must have taken somebody else for a dragoon, and thought it useless to make a stir about nothing. But the officer who brought the news persisted in his statement, until Lee found it would not do to deny him an investigation. So he told him to call up all the dragoons, and run through the roll to see if any

one was missing. In a few minutes he came back bringing word that the sergent himself was not to be found, and had carried off with him his horse, arms, baggage and orderly book.

Much against his wish, Major Lee allowed a party to set out in pursuit; but he threw as many petty obstacles in their way as his ingenuity could devise, and so managed that Champe finally had a full hour the start of them. Besides this, the party in pursuit had to stop along the route to see if they could follow the deserter by his horse's tracks; this likewise gave Champe an advantage.

They rode on in hot pursuit until the day dawned. Then they came to the brow of a hill, and strained their gaze to see if they could discover any signs of him. As luck would have it, there he was, not more than half a mile ahead! Plying the spur and urging on their horses at the top of their speed, they began very rapidly to gain on him. But just at the moment they saw Champe in advance, he happened to see them; and he also put his horse to his highest mettle. It was a fearful race. Already he saw over his shoulder that his chances for escape were small.

He was on the river road, and a couple of British galleys lay at anchor near the shore. One of his pursuers was about two hundred yards behind him. His purpose was quickly taken. He threw himself from his horse, dashed headlong into a bog, and, plunging into the river, called out to the men on board the galleys to help him. They immediately sent out a boat and took him on board.

The pursuers returned without their prisoner, but greatly chagrined at thinking that they had lost him. Champe went to New York, procured exactly such a situation as he desired, and had fixed the night on which his plan was to be carried into execution. Arnold was to be surprised at night in a garden in which he was wont to walk, taken on board a boat, and carried straight across the river. Lee was all ready and waiting at the appointed place, with three dragoons and six horses to assist in carrying out the enterprise. But all was overturned by Arnold's removing his quarters to another part of the city, on the very day which was to crown the undertaking.

Champe found much difficulty in deserting

back again to the Americans, but he did so after a time, and was rewarded most generously by Washington for his bravery and the temporary sacrifice of reputation to which he had so nobly submitted. It was a deed that drew upon him universal admiration.

It was determined that the execution of André should take place at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 1st of October; but Washington received a second letter from Clinton, dated Sept. 30th, stating that there were some circumstances connected with the case which had not yet been laid before the board; and he stated that he should send up a commission on the following day to Dobb's Ferry, to lay these facts before Washington, or whomsoever he might appoint. On this account the execution was delayed; Washington was anxious to allow the prisoner every chance he had.

The next day, General Greene went down to meet the commission that were sent by Clinton, at Dobb's Ferry. They came up the river in a schooner with a flag of truce, having Colonel Beverly Robinson on board. But one landed, General Robertson, he being the only military

man on board. Greene and Robertson had a long interview, but nothing new was presented: Greene left and promised to report to Washington all that had been urged.

He also bore a letter from Arnold, in which the traitor went through a long argument to show that he had a right to do as he did, and that André ought not to suffer for it. Arnold added that if André was finally executed, it would be because of the passion and resentment of the board that had condemned him; and he pledged himself to retaliate to the fullest extent on such Americans as might thereafter fall into his power. Arnold further went through the mockery of tendering his resignation as a major-general in the American army, and added, with matchless impudence, that he was actuated by the same principle, in deserting to the enemy, which had been the governing rule of his conduct during the contest!

Arnold's letter was treated with silent scorn; but Greene wrote briefly to General Robertson, saying that the conference he had had with him was reported with exactness to Washington, but

that his mind was nowise changed. Robertson believed that Greene had nevertheless failed to convey every circumstance to Washington, and so addressed the latter a statement of his own; this done, he and his party returned to New York by the way they came.

By this delay, André gained a respite of nearly a whole day. He was calm and resigned, betraying no loss either of courage or spirits. His continued cheerfulness was a wonder to all who came in contact with him. During the day he drew a hasty pen-and-ink sketch of himself, seated at the table in the guard-room. The original is to be seen in the Trumbull Gallery of Yale College, together with a lock of his hair, which was taken from his coffin at the time his remains were removed from Tappan to England. He made a present of this sketch to the officer on guard. An accurate copy forms the frontispiece to the present volume.

It was now made known to him that he must die at one o'clock on the following day, the 2d of October; he received the tidings with composure, betraying nothing like fear, merely remarking that

since it was his lot to die, he had a choice in the mode. Upon which, he sat down and addressed a letter to Washington, as follows:—

“SIR:—Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor.

“Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me; if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet.”

This was a touching appeal from an unhappy man, who desired to be shot rather than hanged. But Washington could give him no hope that his request would be granted. The fate of the spy was hanging on the gibbet; the board of general officers had decided that André was a spy; and,

according to the laws of war, he must expect to meet with death in the ignominious manner he so dreaded and detested. It was indeed a hard fate for him; but he had voluntarily brought it upon himself, and his punishment must serve as a standing example for the warning of others. Still, Washington was merciful, even while sternly pursuing the course of his duty; since he could not grant André's last request, he saved his feelings as much as possible by keeping him ignorant of the mode of his death to the last.

The morning of the 2d came. André was as composed as ever; all around him were sensibly filled with a sympathy that gave them indescribable pain. His servant came into his apartment,—the same who had come up with his uniform from New York to tend him in his last moments,—and could not keep back the flow of tears as he looked at his still pleasant face. “Leave me,” said André to him, “till you can show yourself more manly.”

Dr. Thatcher, who was present during the whole scene, thus graphically sketches it:—

“His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been

done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual, and, having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard-officers, "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you."

"The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops was paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled; almost all our general and field officers, excepting his Excellency and his staff, were present on horseback; melancholy and gloom pervaded all ranks; the scene was affecting and awful.

"I was so near during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every movement and participate in every emotion, which the melancholy scene was calculated to produce. Major André walked from the stone house, in which he had been confined, between two of our subaltern officers, arm in arm; the eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who, rising superior to the fear of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignified deportment which he displayed.

"He betrayed no want of fortitude, but retained a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he

knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most conformable to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted. At the moment, therefore, when suddenly he came in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started backward and made a pause. ‘Why this emotion, sir?’ said an officer by his side. Instantly recovering his composure, he said,—‘I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode.’

“While waiting and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation; placing his foot on a stone, and rolling it over, and choking in his throat, as if attempting to swallow. So soon, however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon, and at this moment he appeared to shrink; but instantly elevating his head with firmness, he said,—‘It will be but a momentary pang!’ and, taking from his pocket two white handkerchiefs, the provost marshal with one loosely pinioned his arms; and with the other, the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, banded his own eyes with perfect firmness, which

melted the hearts and moistened the cheeks not only of his servant, but of the throng of spectators. The rope being appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head and adjusted it to his neck without the assistance of the executioner. Colonel Scammell now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. He raised his handkerchief from his eyes, and said,—‘I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.’ The wagon being now removed from under him, he was suspended and instantly expired.”

His conduct from first to last was that of a polished, generous, and courageous person. His step to the gallows was firm, and he betrayed no emotion save when he was first made aware of the mode of his violent death. He was composed in his mind, and his countenance showed that he had made up his resolution to meet his fate without fear or flinching. He wore his own uniform, which was that of a British officer. After the body had been suffered to hang till life was extinct, it was taken down and buried only a few yards distant. His servant attended him till all was over, and remained till the sods were

placed over his grave. The military uniform was taken from the body before burial, and given to this faithful servant.

Such was the melancholy end of a young and brave man, whose name is never mentioned save with a feeling of sympathetic regret. The news of his death was at once despatched to Sir Henry Clinton, who in turn published it to the British army. "The unfortunate fate of this officer," said he, "calls upon the commander-in-chief to declare that he ever considered Major André a gentleman of the highest integrity and honor, and incapable of any base action or unworthy conduct." Not a syllable was said respecting either the cause or the manner of his unfortunate end.

A monument was erected to the memory of Major André in Westminster Abbey, by order of the king. In 1821, his remains were disinterred, and carried over to England, where they were buried again near by the monument. In striking contrast is this with the death and burial of young Capt. Nathan Hale, the martyr spy, who was hanged by the notorious Cunningham on the morning after his capture. He was not permitted to see a bible before he died; and the

affectionate letter he had written his mother was wantonly torn in pieces before his eyes. No spot is pointed out, that can be named as the place of his burial. André expired, exclaiming that he wished them "to bear witness that he died like a brave man;" Nathan Hale's last words were,— "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!"

The captors of André were recommended to the attention of Congress by Washington, as having averted the heaviest calamity that could have befallen the American arms. Congress publicly voted them patriots, presented each of them with a farm, settled on them a pension of two hundred dollars a year for life, and ordered to be struck a silver medal, bearing on one side the engraved word FIDELITY, and on the other the motto *Vincit amor Patriæ*. Washington presented these medals to them at head-quarters with much ceremony. It is said that Van Wart, one of the captors, was present at André's execution, and was so deeply moved by what he saw that he never wished to speak of the event afterwards.

Smith was arrested and tried on a charge of

being concerned in the plot of treason; but the court found nothing against him. Yet there were some points in his conduct that have never been made clear to this day. He was either the deepest of knaves, or the greatest of fools.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRAITOR'S BARBARITIES.

ARNOLD was now made a brigadier-general in the British army. He thus held rank with honorable men; and he lived to know that by those men he was scorned and detested. Clinton paid over to him, as agreed, six thousand, three hundred and fifteen pounds sterling, as the sum necessary to make up what he had lost by his treachery.

Col. Laurens, the aid-de-camp to Washington, remarked of the fate of André, that "Arnold must undergo a punishment comparatively more severe, in the permanent, increasing torment of a mental hell." But Washington replied that he lacked feeling. "From some traits of his character," said he, "which have lately come to my knowledge, he seems to have been so hackneyed in villany, and so lost to all sense of honor and

shame, that, while his faculties will enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse." He also wrote to Governor Reed, of Pennsylvania,—"Arnold's conduct is so villanously perfidious, that there are no terms that can describe the baseness of his heart. That overruling Providence which has so often and so remarkably interposed in our favor, never manifested itself more conspicuously than in the timely discovery of his horrid intention to surrender the post and garrison of West Point into the hands of the enemy. * * * The confidence and folly which have marked the subsequent conduct of this man, are of a piece with his villany, and all three are perfect in their kind."

Arnold was nowise satisfied, however, in his new position and among his new friends, and he therefore published an address to the Inhabitants of America, in which he sought to defend his conduct. He said he had always considered the Declaration of Independence to be hasty and ill-considered; and he blamed Congress for having plunged the people into a long and expensive war, without first submitting the matter to their vote. And as a final argument, he declared that

he could have nothing further to do with a cause which had for an ally such an enemy to Protestantism as France! This was, indeed, "Satan rebuking sin!"

He likewise published a proclamation, inviting the officers and soldiers of the American army to leave a sinking and unworthy cause, and join the side of the king for *true* American liberty; and he offered large amounts to such as would desert, with additional pay for whatever they might bring over with them that would be useful in war.

Both the address and the proclamation were treated with supreme contempt. Washington said of the address, — "I am at a loss which to admire most, the confidence of Arnold in publishing it, or the folly of the enemy in supposing that a production signed by so infamous a character will have any weight with the people of these States, or any influence upon our officers abroad." No such desertions followed from his proclamation as he expected. It was all nothing more than a trick to make Clinton and the British think him a person of vastly more influence and importance than he was.

Arnold's wife left her husband's former quarters at the Robinson House, and went immediately to her father in Philadelphia. She had at one time resolved to separate from her husband altogether; but she was prevented from doing this by the course pursued by the executive council of Pennsylvania. They thought she was privy to his treachery from the time his mind first conceived the infamous thought; and they therefore told her she must quit the State within fourteen days, and not return as long as the war continued. Her friends tried to influence the council to milder measures, but to no purpose. Her father promised them that she should not write to General Arnold, and she signed a writing to the same purpose; and she further engaged "to receive no letters without showing them to the council, if she was permitted to stay."

But they would hear nothing to it. She was absolutely *driven* out of Pennsylvania, and forced to rejoin her husband in New York. The people were so incensed at the conduct of Arnold, that they burned him in effigy in almost every town and village. Of course, journeying on to her husband, she could not but be made aware of

these transactions; but she never was treated with any disrespect herself on her husband's account. She came into one village just at evening; the inhabitants were making ready to burn him in effigy; a great excitement pervaded the place; but as soon as it was known that she was among them, they all dispersed to their homes, and refused to add to the poignancy of the wife's sufferings by publicly showing their detestation of the husband's crime. She went from this country along with him, at the close of the war, to England, where her own character, position, and youth helped a little to sustain him in the eyes of the world; and at the expiration of five years, she returned to Philadelphia. But her old friends treated her with so much coldness that she resolved not to trouble them with her presence again. Her death took place during the winter of 1796. There is no evidence in existence that she ever knew of the design of her husband to betray his country, until he confessed all at the moment of his flight.

In the latter part of December, and about two months after his treason, Arnold received from Sir Henry Clinton the command of a force of

sixteen hundred men, which sailed from New York for the coast of Virginia. The British troops in that quarter had been recently drawn off to aid Cornwallis, who was operating against the Carolinas; and Arnold was despatched to hold the Virginians in check, if they should think of making any movement to unite with General Greene. He established his post at Portsmouth, on Elizabeth River, where he got ready boats of light draught to send up Albemarle Sound and the Chesapeake Bay. Still, Sir Henry Clinton put but little faith in him, and accordingly sent along two other officers with the expedition, with whom Arnold was to consult and advise before taking any step in that region.

They experienced rough weather off the coast, and the vessels were separated; but on the 30th of December they all met, with the exception of one ship and three transports, having four hundred men on board, in Hampton Roads; these last arrived five days after, having lost half the cavalry horses, and been obliged to throw many of their heavy guns into the sea. Arnold went straight into the country, and began his career of burning, destroying, plundering and cruelty.

Having thus struck terror into the hearts of the inhabitants, he withdrew again to his post at Portsmouth.

Lafayette and others laid a plan to capture him there, and it came very near being successful. Washington took a deep interest in the plan, and would have been rejoiced to take the traitor alive; but circumstances alone protected him. If he had been captured by the Americans, it was Washington's fixed resolution to have him hanged at once.

While Arnold subsequently held command of the army in Virginia, General Phillips having died there and left it to him, he sent a flag of truce to Lafayette, with a letter. Lafayette received the letter and opened it; but the moment he saw the name of Arnold signed at the bottom, he utterly refused to read it, and told the officer who brought it that he would have no communication whatever with such a villain. Even Lord Cornwallis, who afterwards came to Virginia with his forces, and finally surrendered to the Americans at Yorktown, told Lafayette that as soon as he arrived he sent Arnold down to Portsmouth, for he would never consent to associate with a person of such a character.

An American captain was taken prisoner while Arnold was in Virginia, and the latter asked him what he thought his countrymen would do with him, if he should fall into their hands. "They will cut off the leg which was wounded while you were fighting for the cause of liberty," said he, "and bury it with the honors of war; and the rest of your body they will hang on a gibbet!"

In April, 1781, Arnold returned to New York. During that summer he did nothing. But in September, Clinton despatched him on a ravaging expedition against New London, in Connecticut, but a few miles from the spot on which he was born. There were valuable stores collected in that town, and, being a fine seaport, it was easily approached by the enemy's vessels. He had full license to plunder and destroy; and his conduct showed his true character. All his old resentments he now felt that he had an opportunity to wreak upon his friends and neighbors; whatever ranklings he felt in his heart, he determined now with a sullen and fiendish malice to gratify.

He marched with a force of about twenty-

three hundred men to the extreme eastern end of Long Island, from which point he crossed the Sound and landed at the mouth of the Thames river. There he divided his command into two bodies. New London lies on the west bank of the river, and about three miles from its mouth; and the town is protected by two forts, — Fort Trumbull on the west side, and Fort Griswold on the east.

As soon as he made his appearance before the former, the garrison deserted it and fled backwards upon the city; his troops outnumbered what they could bring together before the place, and a resolute defence would have been of no avail. The detachment that he sent over on the east side against Fort Griswold, met with a stout resistance. This fort stood upon quite high ground, and held a commanding position. Col. Ledyard was in command, — the brother of the celebrated traveller, John Ledyard. The little garrison made a most determined defence, and killed one officer after another who led on the British over the walls. One of the officers fell at the hands of a negro, who ran him through with a spear. At length, however, a foothold was

gained within the works, though the enemy suffered badly before they secured it. Col. Ledyard ordered the garrison to cease further resistance, and prepared to surrender. Offering his sword by the handle to the advancing British officer, the latter demanded — “Who commands this fort, sir?” “*I* did, sir,” answered Ledyard, in a manly voice, “but *you* do now.” Upon which the heartless barbarian seized the sword extended to him, and plunged it through the brave Ledyard’s heart. He fell dead at his feet. The vest he wore on that bloody day is still preserved in the Wadsworth Athenæum, at Hartford, and the rent is to be seen through which his noble spirit was let out to heaven.

After consummating a barbarity like this, the enemy put the entire garrison to the sword, sparing not a single one of them. One hundred and five valiant and true men on that day were enrolled on the list of the immortal names in our country’s history. The blood in the fort flowed in streams, and the officers and soldiers were compelled to wade in it. The dead, dying, and wounded Americans were picked up and piled together indiscriminately in a wagon, which was

set going from the top of the hill, and rushed on with all speed to the bottom. It struck a tree just before it reached the foot, throwing out some of the dying ones with the shock, and extorting deep groans and piercing shrieks of anguish from lips that even then were almost mute in death. So cruel and barbarous a mode of torture to the persons of helpless captives, was never before recorded among the practices of a civilized nation. What makes the affair still more terrible to contemplate, the commander to whom the fort was surrendered was a native of American soil; and, like the traitor Arnold himself, the main body of these barbarians in disguise were heartless refugees from the cause of their country. The names of those whose lives were given as a forfeit to Liberty on that memorable day, are chiselled on a tall granite shaft whose shadow daily falls across the spot where they fell fighting.

Arnold himself marched on New London after capturing Fort Trumbull, and set fire to the town. It is said that he climbed up into the belfry of a steeple, and from that perch looked down, like Nero upon Rome, on the devastation of which he was the author. Families fled on this side

and that in wild dismay, unable to save anything from the sudden wreck of their household treasures. The rich became poor in an hour. All were placed upon a common footing, and all became sufferers and destitute alike. Arnold's memory could not have failed, at that hour, to remind him of a similar scene in the village of Danbury, when he was himself spurring on his horse to overtake Tryon, who played the ruthless incendiary there. But what his thoughts must have been, as he contemplated the flames rolling about the roofs of a peaceful population, and many of them, too, known to him from his boyhood up,—it is not for us to attempt to tell. He must have felt that he was what Jefferson called him, when he made his destructive incursion into Virginia,—*a parricide*. The past had no recollections so sweet, that they could avert his inhuman resolution from the pursuit of its own cruel course. His heart was become like stone. A merciless fate was forcing him on.

He withdrew with his forces after this act of barbarism, having had time barely to escape the aroused vengeance of his countrymen; and this was the last appearance he ever made in a public

capacity in the country. He remained quiet in New York till the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, which was practically the end of the war. The officers of the British army scorned and detested him, and Sir Henry Clinton saw how unwilling they were to serve near his person; he therefore offered him a passage with his family to England, and in the month of December, 1781, the outcast set sail accordingly. It were better to have even an enemy upon our soil, than the foot of a traitor.

From this time forward, little was known and much less was said about him. He sank gradually out of notice. For twenty years after this he lived, and made an effort to be a man among men; but the load of infamy which he had to carry on his shoulders, was as much as mortal man could bear. There are several anecdotes related of his meanness and duplicity, which came out subsequently; but nothing can add an iota to the weight of the damnation under which he labored already.

While he was in London, the question of negotiating a peace with the United States was talked of; and parliament presented a bill to that effect

to the king. Arnold was seen standing near the throne. One of the Lords declared aloud, that "however gracious might be the language he had heard from the throne, his indignation could not but be highly excited at beholding his majesty supported by a traitor!" Another Lord had risen to speak, on another occasion, when he chanced to observe Arnold in the gallery. Instantly he took his seat again, and, pointing with his finger at him, exclaimed in a loud voice, — "I will not speak while that man is in the House!"

Some time after the peace, Arnold came over to St. Johns, in New Brunswick, and embarked once more in the West India trade. The government aided him, furnishing him with contracts to supply provisions to their troops in Jamaica. He prospered greatly, building ships and sending them out to the West Indies on profitable ventures. His style of living was as ostentatious and extravagant as when he was in command of the city of Philadelphia. The population of St. Johns was made up chiefly of persons who had fled from the United States, and had settled there after the war.

Arnold soon grew as unpopular in that place as

he made himself in every other. He had two ware-houses, in which his goods were stored, and while he was gone to England one of them was burned in the night to the ground. Two of his sons slept in the building that night, but could give no explanation of the manner in which the fire was set. Suspicions were soon excited that there was foul play in the case, especially as it was known that the building and goods were insured for a very large amount. A suit with the company grew out of this affair, but Arnold at last recovered his insurance.

Yet the people of St. Johns were not satisfied. They believed him a knave. Eager to express their opinion of the man, therefore, they made an effigy, stuck a label on it that read "*The Traitor,*" and hung it before the windows of his house. A mob collected around it very rapidly. They grew so tumultuous that an officer was obliged to make his appearance and read the Riot Act to them. This dispersed them for a time, but they soon reassembled, and hung up the effigy for public derision again. The excitement became so intense that the military were finally called out; but the people gratified their feelings by

casting the effigy into the flames, before they separated.

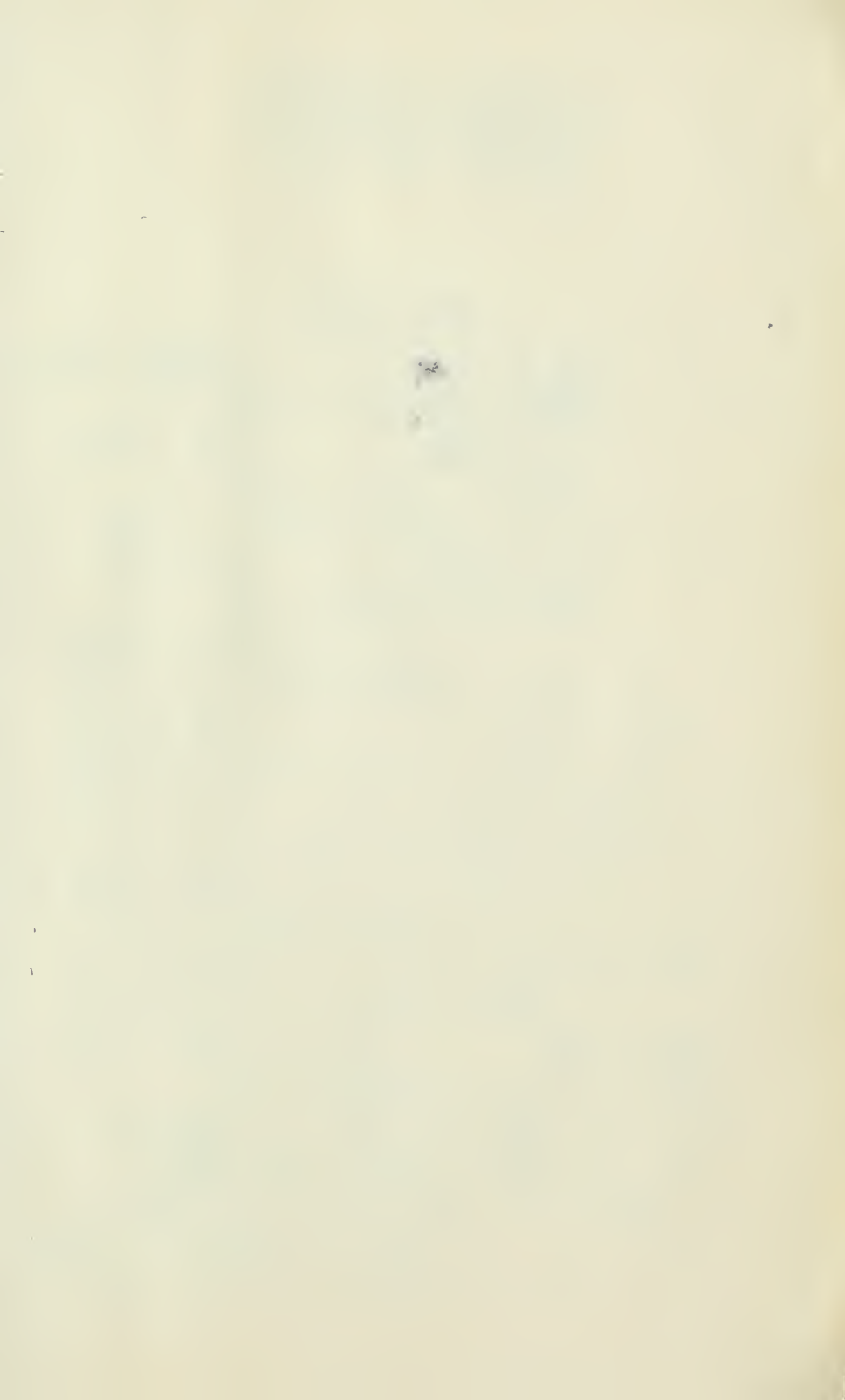
Not long after this, it is supposed that he left St. Johns, and went over to England again. There he remained during the rest of his life, occasionally making a voyage on business to the West Indies. He asked for a command in the army when the war between England and France broke out, but the government were obliged to refuse his request, since not a single officer could be found who would serve with him. By high and low he was alike detested. Already he was himself what his name has been ever since, — an outcast on the face of the earth. His death took place in London, on the 14th of June, 1801, — he having survived his second wife about five years, and learned in a long course of twenty years how hard a thing it is to stem the torrent of the world's scorn and indignation.

It is told that at the approach of death, he asked, as he sat in his chair, to have his old Continental uniform brought out, — the same in which he had so bravely fought the battles of his native country. The coat was put upon his shoulders, and he looked around and surveyed his

appearance with a strange mingling of emotions. While thus enveloped in the insignia of a glorious and successful Revolution, and no doubt smitten with remorse at the thought of the crimes for which he was answerable, — alternately toying with the honored uniform and deploring the depth of infamy into which he had plunged himself, — life took its departure, and the soul of the traitor went to another world. His old uniform was his winding sheet. He had lived both to honor and disgrace it.

It was time the end had come.





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MAR 11 1982	OCT 19 1985	NOV 21 1986
MAR 15 1982	OCT 7 1985	APR 07 1989
MAR 30 1982	NOV 15 1981	OCT 12 1981
APR 19 1982	NOV 10 1985	OCT 07 1981
APR 23 1982	NOV 10 1985	NOV 23 2006
DEC 20 1982	JUN 13 2005	OCT 23 2005
JAN 2 1983	OCT 04 1986	NOV 23 2006
JAN 16 1983	OCT 26 2005	OCT 19 2010
MAR 1 1983	NOV 15 1981	DEC 10 2005
MAR 24 1984	SEP 1 1991	OCT 19 2010
MAR 27 1984	SEP 08 1981	DEC 08 2006

