

THE
FEMALE SPY;

OR,

TREASON IN THE CAMP:

A STORY
OF THE REVOLUTION.

By EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "FAIR REBEL," "ROSALIE DU PONT," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "LENI LEOTI,"
"MIKE FINK," "FOREST ROSE," "ELLA BARNWELL," ETC., ETC.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY U. P. JAMES,
No. 177 RACE STREET.

Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, by

EDWARDS & GOSHORN,

In the Clerk's Office of the United States' District Court for the District of Ohio.

THE
FEMALE SPY;

OR,

TREASON IN THE CAMP.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAVALCADE.

It was on a bright, beautiful morning, near the close of summer, in the year of our Lord 1780, that a small cavalcade was seen ascending one of the romantic hills that tower aloft and overlook the glassy Hudson, some forty miles above the city of New York. This cavalcade was composed of eight grown persons and an infant, and was moving slowly forward in double file. At the head of the procession rode a rather fine-looking American officer, dressed with great care and precision, and bedecked with all the trappings belonging to the high rank of a major-general. He was about forty years of age, rather *embonpoint* in figure, had a ruddy complexion, and, as was customary at that period, wore his hair brushed back from his forehead and temples, clubbed, and neatly tied with a dark ribbon behind. Every thing about this man bespoke a natural desire for pomp and ostentatious display; and this vanity was clearly expressed in his countenance, which is, after all, about as good an index of the heart as we can find. His front face was oval, almost round, with prominent cheek-bones; a handsome nose, inclined to the Roman; dark expressive eyes, full of intelligence and fire; a massive, but retreating forehead, whose prominences along the line of the brows denoted keen and active perceptive faculties; and a mouth and chin both well formed, but around which lurked an expression both voluptuous and sinister. That he

was a man of the strongest and most violent passions, the discerning physiognomist needed but a single glance to discover; and he could see, at the same time, that he was a man of more daring than principle, although the outward man too often showed the smooth-faced hypocrite. That he was vain, proud, arrogant, voluptuous, grasping, tyrannical, revengeful, cunning, secretive, seductive, prodigal, courageous even to rashness—in short, that he was a perfect dare-devil, and a most selfish voluptuary, would have been discovered almost immediately by the close observer; while one relax in scrutiny, who judged men by their speech and actions, rather than looks, might have known him for years as a very clever, winning, agreeable gentleman, with no worse fault than being, perhaps, at times a little too extravagant, headstrong, rash, and, we will even add, benevolent, for his own good.

This officer rode a coal-black steed, most gorgeously caparisoned, considering that he belonged to the American service, and that our country was then struggling with poverty against the richest and most powerful nation on the globe. Not that we would contend against his *right* to equip himself and steed in as costly a manner as his rank would allow; but when we take into consideration that perhaps one-half of the very soldiers he had commanded were now in a state little better than absolute starvation—that Congress was in a great perplexity concerning the means of raising funds to continue the war, so gloriously begun, to a successful issue—we can at least

condemn this ostentation as being in decidedly bad taste for one who pretended to have the good of his country solely at heart. The housing of the General's steed was embroidered with gold; his saddle, bridle, and martingale were mounted with gold; as were also his holster pistols, and the handle of his sword; the latter having the additional foolish extravagance of being studded with diamonds.

By the side of the General, on a palfrey gorgeously caparisoned, rode a young and beautiful female. To judge by her animated countenance and sparkling eyes, seen in such pleasing contrast with those of her companion, as she turned her head from side to side, with the eagerness and buoyancy of youth, to admire the majestic scenery on every hand—shaking, by the motion, the long-flowing curls that fairly wantoned in the breeze under her dark riding-cap, and played at hide-and-seek with the ostrich plume that swept gracefully over it and down one side of her fair face—to judge by her looks, we say, as thus seen, one would hardly think that more than sixteen summers had rolled over her head. But she was older by several years, and had seen more of life than one would have thought possible from her girlish appearance, being already a wife and a mother.

Next behind the two personages thus described, rode the two aids-de-camp of the General, also finely equipped, and wearing the uniforms assigned to the rank of major; and next behind these officers rode two black females, one of whom carried an infant in her arms; while the rear-guard was composed of two black male servants in livery.

Having brought the whole party to your notice, reader, it may be as well to say here of whom it was composed. The one first described was Major-General Benedict Arnold; the lady by his side was his wife; the aids-de-camp were Majors Varick and Franks; the blacks were the household servants of the General, and the infant was his own child by his present wife.

At the moment introduced, the head of the cavalcade was just gaining the summit of a high hill, which commanded one of the finest landscapes to be found in any part of the world; and as it came suddenly upon the

vision of the lady, she exclaimed with enthusiasm, while a warm color came into her face, and her bright eyes fairly danced with delight, "Beautiful! O, gloriously beautiful! is it not, dear Benedict?"

"A very fine scene," answered the General, in a business-like tone, that rather damped the girlish ardor of his young partner—for coldness and indifference check enthusiasm, as water quenches fire.

Mrs. Arnold gave her husband a reproachful look, pouted her pretty lips, and then reining up her palfrey, turned her gaze again upon the scene, and became wholly absorbed in contemplating the view before her.

Had we the graphic pen of a Scott, or a Cooper, we should attempt to sketch the scene in question, with some idea of giving the reader an outline of its beauties, though with the certainty of coming so far short of the reality, as to make it but a crude drawing; but with our own humble powers of description, it seems little short of rashness to venture upon so grand an undertaking; and yet we can not in justice let it pass unnoticed.

Imagine, then, reader, that you are standing upon an eminence, which, if not as high as some of the neighbouring hills, is at least sufficiently elevated to command a view of all the others, and of all that lies immediately below you. You stand with your face toward the east, and behold the bright sun of an unclouded sky, some half an hour above the horizon, pouring a flood of mellow light upon each object, and giving the animation of life to each inanimate thing you behold. You cast your eye downward, and perceive a broad sheet of water, environed with wild, romantic hills, that are in turn covered with trees, whose luxuriant foliage, of various hues, relieves the view of all monotony, and gives to it such a quiet, soothing, mysterious charm, that it seems you might gaze forever and not grow wearied. This sheet of water, which lies before you, is from two to three miles in breadth, and some six in length; and yet, from your high stand, and the deceptive formation of the hills, you are almost led to believe that, with a little extra exertion, you could cast a stone from one shore to the other. On the side next to you, the sunlight rests bright and

glorious, and the tiny wavelets, formed by the soft breath of morning, sparkle as they roll, like so many jewels; while the opposite side still lies in somber shadow, with the lofty hills, which rise above it, as deeply, and with all the minuteness of nature herself, mirrored in its dark, glassy bosom.

This sheet of water forms that beautiful portion of the Hudson river, known as Haverstraw Bay; and, as you gaze upon it, it seems like a pond, or lake, owing to the peculiar formation of the encircling chains of hills, which cut off all further view of the stream both to the north and south, where it narrows to its ordinary width, and where, as it appears to you from your position, the approaching hills unite and form one chain, instead of, being two, divided by water.

At the northern extremity of this bay, you behold two fortifications, one on either side of the river. The one farthest from you is called Verplank's Point, and the one nearest to you, Stony Point. Between these two fortresses, which are garrisoned by Americans, plies a boat, to convey passengers across; and this is called King's Ferry. Just below you, looking toward Stony Point, and fairly imbedded in the Dunderberg hills, is a small village, of the same name as the bay; and just beyond this is Haverstraw Creek, which, finding its head-waters in the mountains behind you, flows down through a fertile valley, and loses itself in the Hudson. Still farther on, some two or three miles distant, you behold a solitary mansion, with out-buildings, and grounds laid out in the good old English style, and which are now in a high state of cultivation. From where you stand, a traveled road passes directly through Haverstraw village, and continues along up the bank of the river, over an undulating and mountainous country, running within a few rods of this mansion, and conducting you direct to the ferry. Most of the country is heavily wooded, but here and there an open spot bespeaks cultivation.

The scene is grand and beautiful; and as you gaze upon it, lost in rapture, the morning carols of the feathered songsters, the lowing of cattle, the chattering of squirrels, the chirping and humming of insects and bees, make a lulling melody in your ear, which you would

not exchange for the artificial music of the greatest masters.

For several minutes Mrs. Arnold seemed entranced with the view before her; but the General, who had halted by her side, grew more and more impatient every moment, and at length said:

"Come, my dear, when you can spare time, we will set forward, for Smith expects us to breakfast; it is already getting late, and we have at least two good miles and a half to ride. Yonder you see his mansion, a little off of this road."

Mrs. Arnold turned upon the General a flashing eye, gave her head a haughty toss, and tightening her grasp upon the bridle-rein, bestowed a severe cut with her riding-whip upon the flanks of her palfrey, and, without deigning a reply, rode away down the hill, at a pace that not only endangered her safety, but troubled the General not a little to keep by her side.

As the small cavalcade entered the little village of Haverstraw, the citizens all came to the windows and doors to look at it; and many waved their handkerchiefs, and made other demonstrations of joyful respect; while a few soldiers, that chanced to be present, headed by a sergeant, drew up in military style, and presented arms—during which the shrill notes of a fife, and the roll of a kettle-drum, were heard in honor of the occasion.

To all these tokens of respect, General Arnold scarcely deigned a nod, but rode along with as much uncivil hauteur as if he were a grand bashaw, receiving the homage of his slaves. But his arrogant bearing did not add any thing to his greatness in the eyes of the simple-minded citizens of Haverstraw, many of whom turned away in disgust, and made a very unfavorable comparison between him and other American generals who had at different times passed through the village. And one old woman even went so far as to let her indignation be known to the General himself; for he had hardly passed her door, when she called to a young man who stood near, in a loud, shrill voice:

"Tommy, who is that ere man, that's got so much fillagree-work about him and his boss?"

"Hush! mother," replied the one addressed, in a low voice, "that's General Arnold, who's lately been appointed to the command at West Point."

"O, that's General Arnold, hey?" almost screamed the old woman, determined he should hear her; "that's the man as was court-martialed awhile ago! I've heard he was a brave man, but I know he haint got much manners."

Arnold heard every word of this, and he bit his nether lip till the blood sprang through, and a dark frown, like a thunder-cloud, gathered upon his brow. But he took no other notice of it, and did not turn his head toward the speaker, as did none of the others, save the blacks, who looked at the old woman, and showed the whites of their eyes, amazed that any one should dare speak so irreverently of their master.

A sharp ride of about twenty minutes brought the cavalcade to a gateway opening into an avenue leading up to the mansion before spoken of, which stood on an eminence, and commanded a view of the whole bay. As the party turned into the inclosure, and rode up toward the mansion, they were met on the way by the host—a tall, well-formed, good-natured looking gentleman, of thirty-five or forty years—who bowed very obsequiously to the General and his lady, and said something about being too highly flattered in being honored with such distinguished visitors.

"We will let that pass," smiled Arnold, condescendingly, all traces of anger and haughtiness having vanished from his countenance. "We will let that pass, Mr. Smith, and beg you will present us to your good lady, with whom Mrs. Arnold is anxious to become acquainted; and in doing so, we will consider honors divided, and the obligation on our side."

"What flatterers you great generals are, when the whim seizes you," returned the overjoyed host. "No wonder you are always successful among the fair, as well as in the field;" and he nodded familiarly to the General's wife, who bestowed upon him a passing smile; but the moment his gaze was withdrawn, allowed her pretty pouting lips to curl into an expression very like contempt.

"I suppose we have inconvenienced you some," pursued the General, in a tone so changed from his usual overbearing manner, even when addressing his equals, that his aids and servants looked at him in surprise, and even his wife turned her pretty face toward him, as if to be certain she had heard aright. "I suppose we have inconvenienced you some, friend Smith, by keeping breakfast waiting; but the fact is, we did not leave Tappan so early by an hour as I intended; and then Mrs. Arnold here, who has never before seen any of our highland scenery, must of course stop to admire it, and thus are we belated."

"Why, bless my soul, General Arnold, you must have your breakfast very early, if you call this late—for see! the sun is hardly an hour high."

"Yes, we soldiers begin our duties early. But here we are, at the very steps at last, and I assure you I have a good appetite."

"Allow me, General, to assist you."

"No, Mr. Smith, my aids will do all that is necessary. If you will take charge of Mrs. Arnold"—

"Why, bless me, yes," interrupted the delighted host; but before he could reach the side of the fair lady, she had dismounted; and throwing him her bridle-rein, she darted up the steps, and stood on the portico alone, where she amused herself by whipping the leaves of the vines that clambered up a trellis, till the whole party was ready to enter.

"Still lame, I see, General," said Smith, as he walked up the steps behind Arnold, having given the horses in charge of his own and the General's servants.

"Yes, it was an ugly wound I got at Behm's Heights, and it is slow to heal. Were it not for this, I could not content myself with a life so inactive as holding the command of such a place as West Point."

"No, General, we all know your *penchant* for daring feats; and the very wound that drags you down to inactivity, speaks volumes in your praise. O, it was bravely done, and the whole country rings with applause."

"Yes, it is a rather ungrateful country, after all, Mr. Smith," Arnold returned, with a sneering curl of the lip. "By which I mean," he

added, quickly, perceiving that Smith looked up in surprise, "that many of the leading men of the country, even in Congress, are actuated by the most selfish motives; and to promote the interest of a friend, or revenge themselves for some trivial affront, descend to the meanness of seeking to undermine the reputation of one who has won every laurel he wears at the mouth of the cannon, amid the roar and carnage of battle."

"You allude to yourself, General?"

"I do, and to the cowardly attempt to degrade me by court-martial. O! would I had the scoundrels at my feet, that I might spurn them from me with a kick! But, by heavens! the day shall come!"

The General paused here, for he was about to make an impolitic speech; but Smith finished the sentence, by adding:

"When your enemies shall be made to regret their unwise doings."

"Exactly, Mr. Smith," rejoined Arnold, in an altered tone, again smiling blandly; "you have anticipated my words. But come, I am sure we are delaying breakfast, and these things are certainly best discussed on a full stomach."

Smith instantly hurried forward, threw open the door, and offering his arm to Mrs. Arnold, led the way to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Smith was formally presented to the General, his lady, and aids. Breakfast being almost immediately announced, the guests sat down, without making their toilet, other than performing the ablutions necessary after a morning's ride. During the meal, the conversation, as was natural at that exciting period, turned upon the war; and many were the speculations to which this subject gave rise.

"Do you think it possible for us to conquer in the end, General?" queried Smith.

"Well, it is a hard question to answer," replied Arnold. "The country is in a very impoverished state, money it is almost impossible to raise, relief-notes are worse than nothing, and the soldiery is in a state of starvation. Of course, I hope the best; and heaven is witness how much I love my country, and how my hearts bleeds for her—but I have my fears. Were it not for the

arrival of our French allies, under Chevalier de Ternay, and Count de Rochambeau, I, for one, should almost be ready to despair; and even as it is, they are of no assistance to us at present, being wholly inactive at Rhode Island."

"But the blockade cannot last forever," returned Smith, "and once a junction is effected between Washington's army and his allies, the British will have some trouble to maintain even the foothold they now have, to say nothing about their getting possession of more territory."

"That is true," rejoined Arnold; "but then I fear there will be greater delay in effecting this so much desired union, than you anticipate. But we will hope for the best, and trust that the overruling Power will sustain us in our battles for the right, and bring us triumphantly through our trials."

"I heartily wish the war over," said Mrs. Arnold, joining in the conversation; "and hope, ere another year rolls around, it will be decided, one way or the other."

"But you certainly have a preference as to which side conquers?" spoke up Mr. Smith, earnestly.

"Well, really now," answered Mrs. Arnold, with one of her sweetest smiles, displaying two rows of pearly teeth, "I can not say I have much choice. On some accounts I should like the Americans to gain the victory; and then again there are reasons why I should like the British arms to be triumphant. My father, and most of my relatives, think it would be no more than right for the mother country to regain her own; and besides, some of my warmest friends are among the English officers, with whom I became acquainted while the British army held possession of Philadelphia, which is, as you are probably aware, my native place, and the present residence of my father."

"Truly, I hardly expected to hear the wife of so distinguished an American general express such Tory sentiments," rejoined Mrs. Smith, with a gay laugh.

"Well, Mrs. Smith," said the General, with a meaning smile, "you must make allowance for my better-half, on the score of her susceptibility to flattery. No one knows better how to use this latter weapon, among the fair sex,

than a red-coat; and for the term *friends*, which Mrs. Arnold has used in connection with British officers, please substitute *admirers*, and you have an easy solution of the enigma."

"Aha! I understand it all now," rejoined the hostess, with an arch look and ringing laugh. "Bless me!" she continued, "there must be something in it—for see how she blushes! 'Pon my word, General, if I were in your place, I should grow jealous at once; for who knows but she may even now be corresponding with a former suitor!"

"Good faith, you have guessed my secret, and I may as well own up and be done with it," replied Mrs. Arnold, gayly.

"Then you really do correspond?" queried Mrs. Smith, mischievously.

"Most assuredly."

"Frankly answered, upon my word. Why, General, if I were in your place, I should feel very uncomfortable, I assure you. Does not the green-eyed monster have any hold upon you?"

"None whatever, thanks to my unrivaled attractions," replied Arnold, laughing.

"He flatters himself," rejoined his wife—"but we shall see."

In this manner the meal passed off very cheerfully; and soon after it was finished, the General declared he must be on his way, as he desired to reach head-quarters before night; and as he designed going up the river in a barge, the progress homeward would necessarily be slow. Accordingly the horses were ordered out, and the party was soon mounted. As Smith had volunteered to accompany them to King's Ferry, the General and his lady took leave of Mrs. Smith, first exacting a promise that she would visit them as often as convenient in their new home. They then set off, in the same order they had ridden hither; Smith, as a mark of honor, being assigned his place at the right hand of the General—a distinction that made him feel not a little vain, for he was a man on whom flattery of this kind had a very inflating effect.

As they approached Stony Point, the officer in command fired a military salute; and the echoing and re-echoing of the cannon among the hills produced a grand effect. The Gene-

ral's barge was in waiting, manned by four oarsmen. It was a beautiful vessel, and richly carpeted from stern to bow, with stuffed seats for the General and his family, and a silk canopy to protect them from the searching rays of the summer sun, above which the stars and stripes lazily floated on the breeze that swept up the bay, or came down from the hills loaded with the perfume of a thousand flowers. Here the General and his suite dismounted, and the horses were given in charge of the male servants, with orders to cross the ferry and conduct them to head-quarters on the opposite or eastern side of the river. Then, seeing his lady, aids, and servants into the barge, the General drew Smith aside, and, in a low tone, said:

"I suppose, from your position here, you have frequent opportunities of getting information from the British of considerable importance?"

"It sometimes happens that I am so fortunate," replied the other.

"Well, if you will be kind enough to convey me whatever intelligence you have, and to none other, you will put me under an obligation which I shall take the earliest means of discharging."

"I will do so, General; and if I can render you the least service in this way, the satisfaction which a knowledge of this will give me, will be ample remuneration."

"Thank you, friend Smith, thank you!" returned Arnold, with a great show of cordiality. "Well, come up and see me as soon and as often as you can—Joshua Smith will always be a welcome guest at the head-quarters of General Arnold. The boat waits, and I must go. Adieu! and remember what I have said." Then shaking Smith's hand with a greater show of warmth than the occasion seemed to demand, so much so that Smith himself was rather surprised, General Arnold turned away to the barge; but apparently recalling something of consequence, that had slipped his mind, he again returned to the other, and added: "By the by, Mr. Smith, suppose I should desire your assistance, ere long, in an affair of some considerable importance, requiring great secrecy and discretion?"

"General Arnold may command me at any and all times, and I shall be proud to serve him."

"Enough! adieu!" and the General entered his barge, which was immediately pushed out into the stream, where, with the assistance of a small sail rigged up in the bow, it began to glide, with a pleasing ripple, over the glassy bosom of the romantic Hudson.

When about midway between Verplank's and Stony Point, there was a bright flash on either side of the river, and the roar of cannon again reverberated afar, and awoke the sleeping echoes of the hills; and at the same moment a band of music struck up a spirited march, which, considering it was done in honor of her husband, came across the water to the ears of the young wife with a peculiar melody. Thus, amid the roar of cannon, the inspiring strains of martial music, with colors flying, and all the accessories of military greatness, General Arnold passed on his way to the command of that important post—the key to the liberties of this glorious country—which in heart, if not in deed, he had already bartered for British gold, British rank, and a life of damning infamy.

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL FEATURES OF 1780.

At the precise period our story opens, Sir Henry Clinton held possession of New York city, which was then the head-quarters of the British army in this country. The American army—of which General Washington was Commander-in-chief—was encamped on the west bank of the Hudson, at a place called Tappan, about twenty miles above New York; the left wing resting on the river, near Dobb's Ferry, under Lord Stirling; the right wing, extending back into the country, under General Greene: and the van, composed of five or six battalions of light infantry, thrown somewhat forward, and under the command of the Marquis de Lafayette.

Between the outposts of the two armies, on the east side of the Hudson, was a considerable range of country, known as the Neutral Ground. This, on the breaking out of the

war, was rather thickly settled with farmers of the better class, who found New York a very convenient market for their grain, fruit, and vegetables; but, after the war began, and the British got possession of the city, the depredations committed upon them by two organized classes of banditti, denominated the "Cow Boys," and "Skinners," forced most of them to forsake their homes, and become wanderers, until the establishment of peace.

These thieving, plundering, house-breaking, house-burning, and murdering bands, were diametrically opposed to each other, and met in many a bloody skirmish; but they not unfrequently leagued together, robbed alike both Whigs and Tories, and then divided the spoils. The Cow Boys belonged to the British, and received their appellation from their business, which was to scour the country, and whenever they could find a Whig farmer, known to be such, to seize upon his cattle, and drive them within the British lines, where they were killed and fed out to the army, the drivers receiving ample remuneration for their services. As might be expected, the establishment of such a system of plunder, by those high in authority, led to the most deplorable results; for men, sanctioned to steal, soon give their worst passions full sway, and hesitate not to commit the most diabolical crimes to gratify a single whim. And when, therefore, instead of confining themselves to the mere taking of cattle by the "right of might," we find them breaking open houses, plundering them of every thing of value, and then often wantonly and maliciously setting them on fire, and murdering the inmates in cold blood, we must only regard their original license as a little extended; and hold those high in power morally responsible for all their damning acts.

Ostensibly to put down or counteract these depredators, the second band of cut-throats was organized, who went by the appellation of "Skinners"—though why so called, we are unable to say, unless from the fact that they literally skinned the country of every thing left by the first party. The Cow Boys warred upon the Whigs, the Skinners upon the Tories; and between the two, as we have said, they devastated the whole country, and either killed the owners of the soil, or forced them to for

sake their once happy homes, and undergo the most terrible privations. A few of the inhabitants, who were led to think a flight would bring no change for the better—and who, perhaps, had hopes of being unmolested, notwithstanding the fearful evidences to the contrary, which they almost daily had in the fate of some harmless and inoffensive neighbor—remained upon the Neutral Ground throughout the war; but they lived a life of constant terror, concealing themselves at night under fences, in hay-ricks, in barns, in tree-tops, in hollow trees, and in every out-of-the-way place of imaginable security, ready to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving in the morning, if so fortunate as to find themselves unharmed, and their dwellings untouched by the hands of the ruthless destroyers.

At this period, the constitution of the state of New York required that every person, living within its jurisdiction, should take the oath of allegiance; otherwise they would be considered Loyalists, or Tories, and their property, if they had any, would be confiscated. To prevent the latter grievance, many perjured themselves, and outwardly appeared as Whigs, while they secretly favored the war of King George, and gloried in every success of the British arms; but these pseudo-republicans were generally known, or were, at least, so strongly suspected, that the Skinners boldly ventured to attack and despoil them, in which worthy undertaking they were sometimes assisted by the Cow Boys, who pretended to regard them as staunch rebels or Whigs, and as such their legal victims; so that between the two parties, their duplicity proved of little or no avail in securing them the protection they desired; and thus many of them were forced by circumstances to come out in their true colors, and seek a safe asylum within the British lines.

As it was very important there should be no communication between the two armies, it was made a lawful proceeding for scouting parties to arrest all strangers found traveling across the neutral territory, and take them before their respective commanders, where, unless they could give a satisfactory account of themselves, they were held in custody as spies, or suspected persons, and every thing of value

in their possession handed over to their captors, as a reward for the vigilance and fidelity of the latter. Thus, the exigencies of the times established a regular system of espionage and lawful highway robbery—for we can scarcely give it a milder or less criminal term, although fully aware its heinousness was greatly mitigated by the peculiar circumstances controlling those who sanctioned it.

Such as we have described was the deplorable state of affairs in that section of country known as Westchester county, lying north of New York, and extending up the Hudson a distance of some thirty miles, and which will form no small portion of the theater of events we are about to lay before the reader; but as we shall be obliged, in the course of our narrative, to go over the ground more thoroughly, and bring up some of these horrible scenes in thrilling detail, we shall return from this justifiable digression, to touch upon matters of greater present importance.

The two hostile armies, at the precise period we have chosen to open our story, were both in a measure inactive; but were watching each other with the guarded keenness of two well-matched combatants, who feel and know that a single wrong movement will give the other a victory fatal to all hopes of recovery, and deem it safer to stand for a time on the defensive, than to risk a defeat by becoming the assailant. Both had spies secretly and assiduously at work, to gain intelligence of the real designs of the other; yet each commander of the respective armies, knowing this, was so very cautious, so unusually reserved in his communications, even to those who frequently had his confidence, that the little information obtained through espionage, generally amounted to nothing more important than mere conjecture.

The position of General Washington and Sir Henry Clinton, at this juncture, may not inappropriately be likened to two great chess-players, each zealously watching the other, and each equally prepared to win the game in the event of his opponent making a single wrong move.

In the month of July, a short time preceding the opening of our story, intelligence was received by both armies at the same time,

that Chevalier de Ternay had arrived at Newport with a French fleet and an army, under the command of Count de Rochambeau, as allies of the Americans. This news in the American army, and throughout the country generally, produced the greatest joy, and raised the drooping spirits of the half-starved, badly-clothed, and unpaid soldiers, as well as those of the citizens and Congress, to the highest degree, and of course produced exactly the opposite effect on the British and Tories. General Clinton at once foresaw that, in the event of a junction being formed between Washington's army and his allies, in all probability the combined forces would besiege New York, and the British army be forced to surrender or evacuate the town; and to prevent this junction, he determined himself to proceed at once to Newport, and attack the French.

This design of Clinton was quickly made known to Washington by his spies, and the latter at once put his army in motion, and crossed Dobb's Ferry, with the intention of sitting down before New York, and, if he found it sufficiently weakened by the force withdrawn, to attack it forthwith. Whether Clinton feared Washington would be successful in his absence, or whether another and better plan suggested itself, certain it is that he suddenly changed his mind, and debarked his troops; and Washington, hearing of this, recrossed the river, and returned with his army to Tappan, where we find him at the opening of our story.

But as if fortune were determined to alternate between the two parties, ere fairly deciding the contest for either, there occurred about this period two events, which spread a temporary gloom over the Americans, and rejoiced the British in the same ratio. The first was the intelligence of the overwhelming defeat of General Gates in South Carolina, and the second the arrival of an English fleet at New York, under command of Sir George Rodney. These two events gave a new turn to affairs; and Clinton was in daily expectation of hearing that Washington had given up all hopes of forming a present junction with the French, and was preparing to go south to attempt to remedy the disaster. And he was

daily too, looking forward to another event, the consummation of which would be of greater importance than all the rest; and which will be developed in the course of this true history.

Meantime we will return from the general features of the period, and resume the detail of our story.

CHAPTER III.

TREASON IN EMBRYO.

ON the corner of Broadway, at its junction with a beautiful park, commonly known as the Battery, there stood, at the time of which we write, a handsome brick mansion, of large dimensions, with marble steps, and iron balcony and balustrades, before the front entrance of which two sentinels were ever pacing, night and day. In the first story of this mansion, in the front apartment, which, being on the southern side of the dwelling, overlooked both Broadway and the Battery, a British officer, in the full dress of a major-general, was walking up and down the white-sanded floor—for, at the period we speak of, a carpet was more of a luxury than it is now-a-days, and was used very sparingly even among the wealthy. The room contained but little furniture, but that little was of the richest quality then manufactured. Some half a dozen massive mahogany chairs, with high backs, and quaintly carved, were ranged round the walls, together with two or three lounges. In the center of the apartment stood a large, heavy, mahogany table, on which lay a few books, one or two English newspapers, a quire or two of white paper, some manuscript, three or four letters, and pens and ink. Drawn up to this table were three arm-chairs, unoccupied, from one of which the officer now pacing the room had just arisen. Between the windows in front was a small double mirror, with a glass frame, ornamented with flowers of gold-leaf; and around the white walls hung several pictures in black frames. Add to all these a couple of vases, filled with flowers, which stood on the high mantel, and the crimson curtains that hung at the windows, and you have

a list of all the articles that the room contained.

The officer referred to was a man of low stature, but very fat and corpulent, with a broad, full, heavy face, a very prominent nose, and large gray eyes. The general expression of his features combined intelligence with benevolence, and a rather studied reserve. He was dressed with great care. His cravat, the frill of his shirt-bosom, and the ruffles around his wrists, depending over his hands, and even the hands themselves, were all of snowy whiteness; and every thing, however trivial, was in its place. All this evidenced a man very orderly, punctilious, and formal, and such were his prevailing characteristics.

It was not far from the middle of the day, and the windows all being open, a soft, delightful breeze, which swept up from the bay across the Battery, stole into the room, rustled the curtains, played with the loose papers on the table, and passed out again cityward. The General seemed thoughtful, but not excited; for he paced the room with a slow even tread, his eyes bent on the floor, and his hands crossed behind him. Occasionally he would halt before the windows looking southward, and gaze out upon the bay—where several large ships of the line were riding at anchor, with a few sloops and smaller craft sailing lazily about in various directions—and then in the same thoughtful manner, resume his walk.

Some twenty minutes or half an hour were passed in this manner, when a quick tread was heard on the marble steps of the mansion, and the next moment an officer, in full uniform, stood in the open doorway, and made the military salute due to his superior.

As the new-comer, as well as the one just described is destined to figure rather conspicuously in our drama of life, we shall pause here to give a brief description of his personal appearance. In stature he was rather tall, but exceedingly well formed, with a very graceful and dignified bearing. His age was between twenty-five and thirty—much nearer the latter than the former—though, to judge by his fair, open, almost beardless countenance, one would not be disposed to regard him much beyond his teens. He was what might

be termed a handsome man, in every particular; and if the face may be taken as an index of the heart, then was his heart one of the purest and noblest that ever beat in the breast of a human being. His features were fine, regular, and intelligent to a degree that would not fail to arrest the attention of the most casual observer. He wore no wig nor cue, but short curly hair, which was brushed back from his temples and forehead. The latter was high, broad, and noble, and, united with his dark, lustrous eyes, and the rest of his comely countenance, gave him that dignified look of lofty intelligence for which he was so remarkable. If there were any defect in the beauty of his countenance, it was in the great breadth between the eyes; but as this perhaps would not be thought a blemish, scientifically considered, his face in contour, feature, and expression, might be set down as being as perfect as any to be found in the sex masculine. We say sex masculine; for beautiful woman more nearly approaches our ideal of perfection; but, at the same time, whatever in man resembles her beyond that proper limit which we assign him as manly, we condemn as too effeminate, and consequently discard as a blemish, if not a deformity. Let it be understood, then, that we wish to say, that the personage we have just been describing occupied that medium stand between the two sexes which gave him all the dignity and manliness of the one, with the delicate refinement and sweet urbanity of the other.

"Well, Major, I am glad you have arrived," said the General, addressing the new-comer in a less formal manner than was his wont when speaking to an inferior; "for the courier has been here in your absence, and left another mercantile missive for you, and you know I am deeply interested in this correspondence just now."

"But why did not your excellency open it, and satisfy yourself at once concerning its intelligence?" queried the other, advancing to the table, and taking up a letter bearing the superscription of "*Mr. John Anderson, Merchant, New York*," the seal of which he instantly broke.

"Because," said the General, in reply, "I know of no plea that can justify a friend in

opening the confidential letter of a friend, without that friend's permission."

"Pardon me," returned the other, looking round to his superior, while he tore open the epistle, and struck it across the back of his left hand, to straighten the wrinkles: "Pardon me, if I say, I think your excellency is a trifle too much a stickler for the most delicate points of etiquette—points so delicate, indeed, that the breach is in the observance, rather than otherwise, as the present instance witnesseth. If I did not give your excellency permission to open these letters, it was because it never occurred to me that your excellency would see any of them before myself; but lest the same thing should again occur, I now formally declare to your excellency, that Sir Henry Clinton is duly authorized by Major Andre, to open at any and all times, all letters which may accidentally or designedly fall into his possession, bearing the superscription of *Mr. John Anderson, Merchant*," and the speaker closed with a pleasant laugh.

"Good faith! you are as formal as a prime-minister," smiled the other. "I thank you, however, for the permission granted, and would fain know the contents of the one in hand as soon as possible."

"Well, here it is," rejoined Andre; and he read aloud as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—In recurring to the business on which I last addressed you, I must beg leave to repeat what I then said, that the junior member of the firm is decidedly opposed to the partner proposed by the senior; and there is no doubt in my mind, if the senior pushes the matter, and I think he will, that a rupture will ensue, and a dissolution follow: in which case he begs me to say, he will come to New York, and enter into speculation there quite largely—provided, in all cases, an offer is made that suits him—otherwise he will remain where he is. In coming to New York, in these troublous times, you must, sir, be aware, a merchant runs a great risk, and inducements must be held out accordingly. Mr. M—— is a man of capital, which is true to my knowledge; and he can command a certain market, that will be sure to make the fortunes of all those concerned with him; and I leave

it to you to say, whether you will form a new copartnership under these favorable auspices or not.

"Answer as soon as convenient; and in the meantime, in behalf of Mr. M——, believe me, dear sir,

"Your most obedient and humble servant,
"GUSTAVUS.
"*Mr. John Anderson, Merchant.*"

"Well, what think you now, Adjutant?" inquired Sir Henry Clinton, when the other had finished the epistle.

"I am more than ever convinced, your excellency, that our previous surmises are correct."

"You feel confident, then, that General Arnold, and Gustavus, are one and the same person."

"I do."

"Well, I agree with you; but, *entre nous*, what a consummate rascal he must be, to seek this mode of betraying his country into our hands."

"Your excellency must not overlook, that he is thus returning to the allegiance of his king," suggested Andre, with a peculiar smile.

"A fig for his allegiance, since it is prompted by no honorable motives, but solely with a view to bettering his own condition."

"No doubt we all too much act from selfish motives," returned the other.

"There is a good deal of truth in that; and there is an old adage, that 'we should not look a gift-horse in the mouth.' But with motives we have nothing to do in the present instance. The result to us is all-important, and if the scheme succeed, farewell to Mr. Washington's dreams of glory, as well as those of his coadjutors; for King George the Third will surely reign again in rebel America, and as surely will a few of the leaders of this rebellion pay the penalty of their temerity on an English scaffold. How cleverly the man has worded his letter, as in fact he has all of them; for no one, however suspicious, would think there was so treacherous a plot contained in so apparently an open mercantile correspondence. Let me see the letter. Ah! here he says, 'The junior member of the firm is decidedly opposed to the partner proposed by the

senior.' Now, how do you translate that, Andre?"

"Simply, that it refers to the French alliance. Washington is, of course, the senior, and Arnold himself the junior, and the partner proposed is the Count Rochambeau."

"I think the same. And he goes on to say, that if the senior pushes the matter, there will be a rupture, and of course a dissolution of copartnership, when he will be willing to come to New York, and enter largely into speculation, provided proper inducements are held out to him; which means, I suppose, that as an equivalent for yielding up his honor and betraying his country, we must give him a colonel or general's commission, with a few thousand pounds of ready money. Well, well, we must buy him, at any price, provided we can be made sure of his scheme succeeding. In order to do this, there must be a personal interview; and who so capable of negotiating the matter as yourself, Major? for you know all the facts of the case, from being the sole correspondent on our side."

"I am ready and willing to engage in any undertaking which your excellency may deem advantageous to the cause I serve," replied Andre.

"Of course I do not wish you to run any risk in the affair; but, on the contrary, to remember you have my especial command to avoid all hazard; for sooner than evil should befall you, Adjutant, I would lose the opportunity of putting a *coup de grace* to this war through the channel afforded me, by treachery."

"Your excellency is very, very kind," returned the other, in a voice tremulous with emotion; "and though I never expect to be able to cancel the debt of gratitude I owe you, for the many favors done me, yet I trust that time will give me an opportunity of expressing, in other manner than by words, the true feelings of my heart."

"Tut! tut!" rejoined Sir Henry Clinton; "you overrate the little I have done for you and overlook the fact, that I, as well as all others, have been in a greater or less degree governed by selfish motives. But to the point. It is necessary that some one should meet Arnold, alone, and arrange every thing

to the satisfaction of both parties; for this can not be effected in a correspondence where neither party dare speak out, for fear the letters may be intercepted, and the whole plot be ruined by an untimely exposure to the enemy. Arnold has recently been given the command at West Point; and if, through his treachery, we can get possession of this stronghold, glorious victory is surely ours, and the war will be brought to a close in less than six months. I know the place well, and also its importance; for in the campaign of 1777, I had occasion to examine it. It is situated in a narrow pass of the Hudson, among the highlands, and so fortified by nature and art, that, occupied by a full and determined garrison, our whole army would be unable to carry it. Now, what I want is this; Washington is evidently determined on a junction with the French troops; and if he effect it, he will either attack New York at once, or march his army south; in either case West Point will be the grand depot for his military stores; and if matters can be so arranged, that just at the moment when the deposit is made, this fortress can fall into our hands, the death-blow to his hopes will be given; for, in the impoverished state of the country, it would, of course, be impossible to recover from the misfortune; and disheartened and disgusted, the rebels would prefer the service of King George, with good pay and plenty to eat, to fighting for democratic liberty, on an empty stomach, with no hope of an ultimate reward. Aside from this, our possession of West Point would enable us to command the river, hold free communication with our friends in Canada, and intercept all dispatches between the eastern and southern states, which must necessarily cross the Hudson."

"I understand, General, the great importance there is for having a personal interview with Arnold, if, as we suspect, he is our mercantile correspondent," replied Andre; "and of that, I think there should be no doubt, although we cannot be positive till we know more. Shall I write an answer to this letter?"

"Yes, and so word it, that he shall understand his rank and name must be immediately made known, and that a meeting between the

parties must be brought about as soon as possible. You can say you are anxious to effect a copartnership of the kind proposed, and that you have ample capital at your command to make it an object for him to connect himself with your house. Say also, that under the expectation of an arrangement of the kind being effected, you are about making extensive preparations to carry on business on a large scale; and that, in a few days, if his answer still be favorable, *you will proceed to ship a heavy amount of goods for the market proposed*. He of course will understand by this, that our troops will be put in readiness for instant embarkation; and we can give out that we are about setting out on an expedition to the Chesapeake; and the recent arrival of Sir George Rodney's fleet, and the news of Gates' defeat, will assist us materially in giving the air of truth to this false report. Of course, Washington will hear of our intention through his spies, and will be the more eager to form a junction with his allies, in order that the combined forces may attack the city the moment it is weakened by the withdrawal of a large detachment of our troops. Now, the result is easily foreseen. Washington, at the head of his main army, as I have every reason to believe, will move upon King's Bridge and Morrisania—a detachment will menace Staten Island—while the French allies will approach the city by way of Long Island. Thus they will aim to distract us by three separate attacks; but in the meantime we will seize West Point, with all its supplies, throw their plans into confusion, and perhaps, by concentrating our whole force upon the French (for Washington will be obliged to fall back), be able to block up their retreat, and take them prisoners, and thus close the campaign of 1780 more gloriously than any since the commencement of the war."

"This is a consummation devoutly to be wished," returned Andre, with enthusiasm, "and I already feel proud at the thought, that I shall be an humble instrument in bringing it about."

"Ay, and if it succeed; it shall be the best year's work you ever performed," pursued Sir Henry; "for as certain as that we both live to see it, so certain shall you have a pro-

motion, that shall make the proudest proud to call you friend."

"Ah! Sir Henry, from my soul I thank you; for since the unfortunate termination of all my hopes of domestic felicity, I have become—I do not deny it—almost wildly ambitious to distinguish myself in the service of my king and country. To me there ever seemed something grand and glorious in one obscurely born raising himself to an enviable station; and if I, through your invaluable friendship and disinterested partiality, succeed in doing this, your excellency can readily imagine in what estimation, as my patron and benefactor, you will be held by me."

"Well, well, we shall see, we shall see. By-the-by, did you receive your usual missive from Mrs. Arnold? Ah! you sly one, I see by that blush you did. But no matter—it is none of my concern—only I must say, that as a girl, she was one of the most fascinating I ever beheld. How she could fancy such a personage as Arnold, with such disparity in their ages, passes my understanding; though well I know there is no accounting for woman's caprices. Well, I will leave you to yourself a few minutes, and let you indite an answer to Gustavus, which must be sent off by a messenger who leaves at two o'clock;" and Sir Henry Clinton walked slowly out of the apartment into the hall, passed the sentinel that paced to and fro before his door, and ascended a flight of stairs leading to the upper parts of the mansion.

The moment he found himself alone, Andre opened a neatly-folded, sweet-scented billet-doux, bearing the delicate tracery of a female hand, and perused it hastily. When he had finished, he laid it upon the table; and from a concealment nearest his heart, drew forth a small miniature, done on ivory, upon which he gazed for several moments, in an abstracted mood. Then heaving a long, deep, mournful sigh, and with one hand brushing the dew from his eyes, he exclaimed, in a low, tremulous tone:

"Oh! Honora—sainted Honora! thou madly-loved, wildly-worshiped, but wantonly-sacrificed being! how fades all other beauty and loveliness when brought to compare with

thee! They consigned thee to another; but death took pity on thee, and annulled the perjured contract. Sweet saint in heaven! pray intercede for him who loves thee still, with a devotion that can never change. A short time, at the longest, and death will reunite us, to part no more forever!"

He pressed his lips with affectionate reverence to the painted ivory as he spoke, and carefully returned it to the place whence taken. Then seating himself at the table, he laid Arnold's letter open before him, and taking up a pen, prepared to write an answer.

Alas! in the morning of life, in the meridian of his glory, poor Major Andre little dreamed to what a horrible doom this dealing with a traitor was destined to consign him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERIOUS BEAUTY.

At the time of which we write, New York was scarcely more than a village, compared to its present size and dense population. All that portion of the town now laid off so regularly, with its wide clean streets intersecting each other at right angles, on which front the splendid mansions of the wealthy, was then devoted to agriculture, with here and there a farm-house, the tenants of which looked upon themselves as living in the country, a goodly distance out of town. Pearl-street (then called Queen), where it intersects Broadway in front of the Hospital, was the extreme northern, as Catharine-street was the extreme eastern, limit of the city; and but few of the more wealthy cared to live so much in the suburbs as even this, unless it were during the warm months of summer. The mansions of the latter, at this period, were generally on Broadway, near the Battery, on Wall and Broad streets, and on Queen-street; and even this part of the town, now so crowded with five and six story edifices, devoted to commerce on a grand scale, with scarcely ground enough unoccupied to give one a sight of the sun at noonday, was then generally laid off with extensive gardens, and not unfrequently with private parks, as large as the largest of the present public squares.

On the street last mentioned, namely, Queen, not far from where it now crosses Fulton, stood a double two-story brick dwelling, with colonade, balcony, marble steps, and an exterior finish not usually seen at that period. A large silver plate, on one of the folding-doors that gave you entrance, bore the single but aristocratic inscription of "Percy." The doors also opened by means of a silver knob, and a heavy silver-mounted knocker stood ready to summon a servant to undo the inner fastenings. You entered a wide old-fashioned hall, whose high, frescoed ceiling, painted floor, massive antique furniture, wainscoted walls, of a somber hue, hung round with generations of portraits, and with rich old paintings by the great masters, gave it an air of gloomy, stately grandeur, and bespoke the owner a man of wealth, who prided himself on his lineage. At the right of this hall was a double drawing-room, divided by folding-doors, and furnished in a light fanciful style of magnificence, which strangely contrasted with the apartment just described. A large pier-glass occupied the space between the front windows, reaching nearly from the ceiling to the ground. The windows themselves were shaded by damask curtains, and a rich, soft carpet, whereon the half-buried foot gave back no sound, covered the floor. This of itself was sufficient at that day to bespeak opulence, and every thing corresponded with this unusual display of taste and affluence.

The rear of the mansion opened into a beautiful shrubbery, with green and flowery walks, beyond which was a garden, extending down to the East river, a distance from the dwelling of some two or three hundred yards. Here were, a long hot-house and arbors at every turn, and the whole was fenced in by a high wall of masonry.

A broad winding staircase led to the upper parts of the mansion, which was divided into various compartments, from which we shall only select one for description. This was an elegant little boudoir, the windows of which overlooked the river and the grounds already mentioned. The room was not carpeted, and in fact this luxury here would have been superfluous; for nothing could add to the chaste-

ness and beauty of the snowy white and highly polished floor. Neither did the apartment contain much furniture; but what little there was in it, was of the most costly material and truest workmanship. A beautiful toilet-table of carved rosewood stood between the windows, surmounted by a mirror in a rosewood frame. On this table was the usual number of scent-bottles, brushes, and combs, and before it stood a rosewood chair, of delicate workmanship, having turned legs and rounds, and a split cane seat. Two other chairs, of the same material and make, stood in the room, one of them in front of an open window, and the other facing a small escritoire, also of rosewood, with a bookcase surmounting it. The lid of the escritoire was down, and displayed paper, pens, and ink, with several letters neatly folded and arranged in its pigeon-holes with precise order. The folding-doors of the bookcase were also open, and three rows of books, consisting of poetry, history, biography, and romance, bound in morocco, with the lettering in gold, in the costliest style of art, were exposed to view. Besides the articles mentioned, a large round mahogany table occupied the center of the apartment, on which lay several pieces of music and a guitar. Several pictures adorned the snowy walls; and on the marble mantel, over a large fireplace, which was hidden by a painted fire-board, were a couple of vases, filled with freshly called flowers, whose sweet odors reperfumed the balmy air that stole in from over the garden. The room had a softened light, for it was shaded by vines clambering over the trellis of the windows, and by snowy linen curtains, that swept gracefully down from the upper casement, and, being parted below, were suspended on glass knobs to the right and left. But the most beautiful and attractive object in the apartment yet remains to be described. On a delicately carved mahogany lounge, covered with damask, which extended along the wall farthest from the windows, a beautiful female, robed in the purest white, was gracefully reclining. We say a beautiful female; but the term is all too impotent to convey any idea of a seraphic comeliness seldom seen, and never excelled. Her skin was as fair as a lily, and so clear and transparent that

one could fancy a soft halo was exhaled therefrom, which surrounded it like a glory. Her face was of Grecian formation, and would have made a model for an artist seeking to paint a divinity, so perfect was every feature, and so ethereal the whole. Yet with all this comeliness of formation, there was not, as is too frequently the case, only the mere animal to admire; but combined with it was an expression of intellect, of soul, of the very highest order. You could not gaze upon that countenance, and fancy it a superior work of art; for in every lineament was there an evidence of its having been wrought by the hand of a Deity. Her lips were like ruby, her teeth like pearl, her eyes black and sparkling, and her raven hair, in glossy ringlets, clustered around a neck of alabaster. Her form was like a Hebe, graceful and airy; and when we add that she was just in the bloom of eighteen summers, we fancy the picture of terrestrial beauty is nearly complete.

We have said she was reclining upon the lounge. One snowy arm, on which her head rested, was half buried in her raven ringlets, that swept wantonly over it in beautiful profusion. Her other hand held an open book before her, and her black sparkling eyes were fixed intently upon the printed page. As if aware her beauty needed no extraneous appendages, she wore no ornament, with the exception of a diamond ring that glittered on the third finger of her left hand. Her drape-ry, of snowy linen, was perfect in its arrangement, though apparently unstudied, with one tiny foot just visible, covered with a white satin slipper.

Such was Rosalie Du Pont, the belle of New York, the admired, the courted, the envied beauty of the day, and, we will add, the heroine of our story, who is destined to figure conspicuously in the following pages. Who, or what she was, the reader must for the present be kept in ignorance. Even those who fancied they knew her best, knew her only as the sprightly, gay, eccentric, witty, accomplished and beautiful Rosalie Du Pont, niece of Graham Percy, a staunch Loyalist, devoted heart and soul to the cause of King George.

But they knew her not.

The time we have chosen to introduce

Rosalie, was some three hours subsequent to the conversation between Major General Sir Henry Clinton, and Adjutant General Major Andre, as recorded in the foregoing chapter. For a few moments, she remained in the position described, wholly absorbed with her book; and then suddenly looking up, she turned her head aside in a listening attitude. At the same instant, there came a light tap on the door; and stretching out her hand, without rising, Rosalie turned the knob and threw it open. This proceeding disclosed a straight, slim, and rather tall mulatto boy, apparently about fifteen years of age, standing quietly in the doorway, as motionless, and with the same immobility of countenance, as a wax figure or statue. On being signed to enter by Rosalie, he slowly walked into the apartment, softly closed the door behind him, and then turned to his mistress, as if for further orders. His features were good, and seemed not to lack intelligence, though there was something about them would strike a stranger as being very peculiar. He wore a tight-fitting roundabout, buttoned close to the throat, with a white linen collar, of perhaps an inch in width, turned over it at the neck. His suit was entirely black, with bright metal buttons, and fitted his handsome figure with great exactness. Small slender feet were incased in morocco boots of high polish, and one hand held a cap, surrounded by a gold band, not unlike those worn by military officers of the present day. His hair was black, short, and curly, and his eye still blacker, and capable of a very intense and fiery expression, though in general it appeared soft and mild as now.

"Well?" said Rosalie in a whisper.

The youth instantly partly unbuttoned his waistcoat, thrust one hand into his bosom, and drew forth a letter, which he held up before him with a gleam of triumph.

On beholding the missive, Rosalie sprang to her feet, eagerly caught it from the hand of the other, and breaking the seal, hurried to the window and devoured its contents. Then turning to the boy, she inquired, but still in a whisper;

"Did you find this where you did the last one?"

The boy nodded in the affirmative.

"Did you place the one I gave you as I directed?"

The boy nodded again.

"Did you meet with any adventures worth relating?"

The boy advanced to the table, picked up a pen, and wrote, in a light, genteel, legible hand:

"I saw Dame Hagold's house burned by the Skinners."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Rosalie, with a start. "So the old fortune-teller is burned out, eh? What became of her, do you know?"

Again the boy wrote:

"She escaped, and took refuge within the British lines."

"But where were the Cow Boys, when the burning took place?"

The mute—for such he was—answered in the same manner as before:

"Within sight."

"And did they not try to prevent it?"

"No."

"And why, do you think?"

"Because they were leagued with the Skinners to get her money."

"Did they get any?"

"I overheard Dame Hagold saying she had lost two hundred dollars."

"And where were you all this time?"

"Concealed in a thicket near."

"Were you not frightened?"

"I did not think myself in safety."

"In returning to town, were you stopped by the sentinels of the out-posts?"

"Twice, but showed my passport, which proved satisfactory in both cases."

"What time did you get within the lines?"

"About daylight."

"How long have you been returned?"

"Three hours or more."

"What have you been doing?"

"Sauntering about the town."

"Any news?"

"Yes; there is a rumor Sir Henry intends to embark for the Chesapeake."

"Do you think it true?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because, if true, it would be kept more secret, at least for the present."

"What then do you think the meaning of it?"

"That it is some design to mislead the American commander."

"For what purpose?"

"I can not say."

"Did you gather any news of Washington's designs?"

"Yes; he will set off soon on a visit to Count Rochambeau at Hartford."

"Did you communicate this intelligence to Sir Henry Clinton?"

"Yes."

"What said he?"

"He thanked me, and you through me, for our zeal in the royal cause; but cautioned me against needless exposure, lest I should be taken by the rebels and hung as a spy."

"A very proper precaution for him," returned Rosalie, with a meaning smile.

The mute smiled also, but made no reply, and the other proceeded:

"But is there not danger in this business, Mune? Suppose, for instance, you should be taken by the Skinners, and passports from the commanders of the hostile armies be found on you, what would be the consequence?"

The mute passed his hand quickly around his neck, and then holding it above his head, and letting the latter drop forward toward his bosom, made a gurgling sound, the whole intimating that he would be hung as a spy.

Rosalie shuddered and turned pale.

"Poor Mune," she said, "this must not be for me, for I could never forgive myself. No, no; you must not venture so again. Sooner than that I will go myself."

The mute started, with a look of alarm, and catching up the pen, wrote nervously:

"Impossible! you would surely be discovered. Mune would die for the beautiful Rosalie without a murmur."

"I know you would, Mune, I know you would," returned the other warmly, a tear trembling in her eye; "and for this reason I should feel your loss only the more keenly. No, I am resolved—seek not to change my purpose; your habiliments will exactly fit me,

and you and I must change places, as we have more than once done before."

"But I could not personate you during so long an absence as this mad whim would require, without being detected," wrote the mute.

"I will arrange every thing for this purpose. It is well known that I am a girl of strange caprices—gay, wild, and wayward—so that what I do out of the ordinary way, will cause less surprise than would the same freak performed by any other lady of my acquaintance. Now, in a few days, my uncle will sail for a southern port, as bearer of dispatches from Sir Henry Clinton, and my aunt will go to spend a few weeks with a friend on Long Island, leaving the house and most of the servants in my charge. Well, during her absence, if I feel disposed, I can manage my plot in this way. I will give out that I am going to keep my room for a week, during which time I will see no one, and speak to no one—that my meals, and so forth, must be brought to the door of my boudoir, and there left, without any questions—that if I want any thing, I will write on a piece of paper and leave it outside; and that all visitors inquiring for me, must be told that I am, in one of my whims, and will not see them—the rest I am sure you can perform, with no other inconvenience than being a close prisoner till my return. But enough for the present—for the remainder can be told when the moment for the execution of my scheme arrives, which possibly may never come. By-the-by, Mune, are you much fatigued?"

"Not if my mistress requires my services," wrote the other.

"Will you ascertain then, if Dame Hagold has returned to her old quarters in the city?"

The mute bowed, and passed out; and as the door closed behind the messenger, Rosalie continued: "Poor dumb Mune, what an invaluable treasure as a servant! Ah! who, even among her associates, suspects her of being other than she seems? It was a capital whim, that led me to dress her as a youth at first; for now she can serve me as no waiting-maid could; and such is the affection she bears me, that I can safely trust my life in her hands. Ay, for that matter, I am even now

in her power, if she be evil disposed; but still I have no fear;" and taking up the letter Munece had brought her, Rosalie was soon lost in its perusal.

At this moment there came a light tap on the door; and on being bidden to enter, a servant approached Rosalie bearing a neatly-written card on a silver waiter:

"Ha! Major Andre?" said our heroine, as her eye fell upon the inscription. "Say to him I will be with him presently. Surely," she continued to herself, as the servant quitted the room, "surely, I can not have made a conquest of the proud, handsome, accomplished, and gallant Major, during our brief acquaintance! and if not, what brings him here to-day?" and her features slightly paled. "But, then," she added, forcing a look of unconcern she did not feel, "why not here as well as elsewhere? and why not to-day as well as at any other period? Pshaw! why does my heart beat quicker? is it so wonderful that he, more than another, should call to while away an idle hour with one whose beauty is overpraised, whose talents are overrated, and whose eccentricity has made her a topic of conversation in every circle? No, I will think not. But this letter must be destroyed. Yet why so? It contains nothing improper; and who would know the author? No, no, it shall be preserved;" and touching a secret spring in her rosewood escritoire, she disclosed a small aperture, into which she thrust the epistle; and then making a hasty toilet, descended to the drawing-room, where she found the young Adjutant-General awaiting her presence, who, on her queen-like entrance, arose, with a courtly grace, and made the salutation of the day.

CHAPTER V.

THE INTERVIEW.

"PARDON my intrusion!" said Andre, with a bland smile; "for I fear this unseasonable hour makes my presence unwelcome."

"How slyly you gallant officers of King George fish for compliments!" returned Rosalie, laughing, "for well you know your presence is never unwelcome to the fair."

"And if we slyly fish for compliments, as you say," rejoined the Adjutant, gayly, "we seldom bait our hook in vain; for the wittiest of your sex, I perceive, can flatter as well as others."

"O, if you deem what I said flattery, I grant you so," responded Rosalie; "for I thought that so plain a truth would pass for staple fact, and nothing more be thought of it."

"Nay, stop, prithee, or you will make me vain by sly reiteration."

"Good faith! I see not well how that can be."

"How so?"

"Because one can not make what is already made."

"Ha! now the cutting sarcasm comes," returned the Major, laughing and coloring.

"Only a truth, as plain as the other," said Rosalie, archly.

"You think me vain, then?"

"Assuredly."

"In what way?"

"In being the handsomest and best-dressed officer in the Royal Army!"

"You mistake me, Miss Du Pont."

"I must beg to contradict you. No gentleman, so precise in toilet as yourself, can with impunity boast his freedom from vanity to me."

"But this precision is a duty every gentleman owes to society."

"Call it what you will, 'tis vanity that prompts it."

"I trust you do not think me over-nice in dress."

"Nay, nor under-nice; for then the term I just applied to you would not be a correct one. You are exactly what you should be, to be a well-dressed man. The frill of your shirt-bosom, the ruffles around your hands, have neither a plait too much nor too little. The tie of your cravat is precisely *à la mode*, and your sword knot has no fault to answer for. Your coat fits you as it would a tailor's block, and your boots and buttons are brighter than your eyes."

"But not so bright as yours, Miss Du Pont," returned Andre, rallying.

"Aha! you think to buy me off with flat-

tery, eh? but you shall not do it. Let me see! the next thing is your hair. Ah, how nice it is combed, and brushed, and curled, and oiled, and scented, and" —

"Come, come, Miss Du Pont," interrupted Andre, "if you go on this way, you will force me to believe what I have heard of you."

"Of me? is it possible that any one dares to talk of me in my absence? And what have you heard?"

"That you — But I think I'll not tell you, just to punish you for making a jest of me."

"Jest of you, indeed!" exclaimed Rosalie, arching her brows. "I assure you, I was never more in sober earnest in my life. But as you refuse to tell me, why, I must go on with my personal *critique*."

"Nay, now, if you will desist, I will tell you what I heard — is it a bargain?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, report says you are the most beautiful and eccentric creature in the city."

"Is that all? Why, I have heard that repeated so often, that the matter has become stale. Really, I thought that Adjutant-General Major Andre would be the last one to retail rusty gossip."

"Nay, I did not deem it such, Miss Du Pont," replied the Adjutant, coloring, and compressing his lips, a little vexed in spite of himself. "Do you know now," he pursued, rather maliciously, "that I should regard Miss Rosalie as one of the most interesting beings in the world, were it not that she mixes so much bitter with the sweet."

"Ah, sir, that is so it shall not pall the taste," returned Rosalie, good-humoredly. "And another thing: were I to show only my fascinations to the accomplished Major Andre, he might fall in love with me, and forget the absent."

"The former, perhaps, but not the latter."

"Nay, you could not truly hold to both, 'ye can not serve God and Mammon,'" was the quick rejoinder. "And besides, I would have no lover sighing for another."

"And I could never forget the absent," said Andre, mournfully.

"Then I see we can not be lovers: and so, a truce to this *badinage*, and let us endeavor to be friends."

"With all my heart, Miss Rosalie; and Heaven forbid we ever be enemies. And since we have come to an understanding, I may venture to make known my business here."

Rosalie gave him a quick, searching look, and a close observer could have seen the blood retreating from her face, till even her cheeks became ghastly pale. Fearing he might notice it, she turned her head aside, and in an assumed, careless tone, said:

"Well, I am all attention."

"In the first place," resumed Andre, "Sir Henry Clinton bids me thank you warmly, for your untiring efforts to render yourself useful to the royal cause, and says if there is any thing he can do to serve you in return, you must command him."

Rosalie looked hard at Andre as he said this, and seeing by his open countenance there was no duplicity in his speech, she breathed more freely, and answered:

"I am much obliged to his excellency, for his distinguished consideration, and should I require a service at his hands, assure him I shall make bold to ask it."

"And by this token it shall be granted," rejoined Andre, extending to Rosalie a diamond ring of very peculiar workmanship. "His excellency also bade me give you this, and request you to wear it for his sake; and whoever returns it to him and seeks a favor, within his power to render, that person shall not ask in vain."

"I will wear it for the giver's sake, and remember its talismanic power," replied Rosalie, placing it on her beautiful, tapering finger, as a companion to the only one she wore. "You see this," she continued, pointing to the other: "that also is the gift of a very dear friend, else would it not be there; for jewelry, as mere ornament, I despise."

"And well you may," said Andre, gallantly; "for nature has done so much for you, that seeking to enhance your beauty by things of art, is like holding a candle to the sun, or attempting to paint the rainbow."

"Well, I see you can flatter, too," replied

Rosalie: and then added, gravely: "But flattery, sir, I despise, as much as I do gewgaws."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Du Pont, but I can not help saying you are a very singular being."

"Yes, singular, because I despise ornament and flattery, and prefer sense to nonsense. I am aware, sir, I form a rare exception to most of my sex; but would to Heaven I could not say so! When I say my sex, I mean those of my own age and position. But on you gentlemen much of the blame must rest, after all; for from the time a girl is old enough to be thrown into society, you make it a point to fill her ear with flattery and nonsense; and though she may be averse to these at first, yet time makes the poison both palatable and apparently harmless; and she grows to like it, and even to require it, to keep her mental system from being prostrated by *ennui*: whereas, did you take a different course at the start, and treat her like a rational being, talk to her as if she had common understanding, and seek to elevate her by your superior knowledge, to let her know and feel that she is, in its true sense, a *woman*, sent here as a helpmate to man, to rear and educate his children, and occupy no inferior position in the great drama of life, you would entirely renovate this feminine imbecility, and find in the gentler sex companions fit to be partners in all your undertakings, to rejoice in your prosperity, to stand unshrinking by your side in the hour of adversity, when even a broken reed to lean on would be an invaluable treasure."

"This is a great truth you have spoken," returned Andre, gazing upon the other with a look of sincere admiration: "a great truth, Miss Du Pont; and it raises you, in my esteem, as far above the butterfly legion of your sex, as they stand in the divine right above the lowest order of animated beings. If I flatter you now, pardon me, for it is the flattery, only of earnest truth, spoken with no false purpose, but warm from the heart. But notwithstanding I regard your censure of our sex just, in a great measure, yet I must take exceptions; for with most young ladies, we are forced to talk trifling nonsense, or be de-

prived of their valuable society; as higher thoughts and more dignified discourse are looked upon by them as vulgar, and are certainly unsuited to their understandings and tastes. It is their bringing up; and we must go back to childhood, and their parents, for the true cause of this deplorable evil, and apply there for the remedy, after all."

"I grant you this is true, so far as it goes," replied Rosalie; "but you must take into consideration the customs of society, and not blame the mother too much, who, wishing to see her daughters shine in the fashionable world, takes especial care that they shall have just such knowledge as the fashionable world requires; and you well know the general parlance of the drawing-room excludes all discussions of a literary and scientific nature. The evil, I may say, is with all parties; and the sooner it is eradicated, the sooner will mankind reach the goal of intellectual happiness."

"Pray, Miss Du Pont," returned Andre, "may I ask where you received your education, and what position your parents occupied, or do occupy?—for I know not whether they are living or dead: and, in fact, only know so much of your history as report gives out, which is limited to the fact that you are the niece of Graham Percy."

"And to those who seek to know more I have but one answer—that I am a myth, an enigma, and so for the present wish to remain."

"I crave your pardon, then, for my inquisitiveness, and assure you, that whether nobly born or not, your talents alone are sufficient to entitle you to rank with the proudest of the realm."

"Again, sir, I must chide you for overstepping the limits prescribed. I perceive you are determined to flatter me, whether I like it or not."

"Forgive me this time, Miss Du Pont, and I will promise not to offend again."

"Be it so."

"Would it be an impertinent question to ask if you write? for persons of your turn of mind are very apt to commit their thoughts to paper."

"I have written some little, to while away a leisure hour."

"Would it be asking too great a favor to request you to show me some of your compositions?"

"Why, for the most part, they are in a crude state; and really, sir, I must confess myself too modest to venture placing them before a person of such critical judgment, and well-known literary attainments, as Major Andre. Rather let me request that you will favor me with some of your last poetical effusions—some, for instance, that have not been published."

"I would with pleasure, Miss Du Pont, only it so happens that I have nothing on hand at present. The last article I wrote is a satirical poem, founded on an amusing occurrence in one of the skirmishes of old General Wayne, and that I gave to the editor of the *Royal Gazette* this morning."

"It is not published, then?"

"No; he said it would appear soon, however."

"What is it called?"

"The *Cow Chase*."

"A curious title."

"Ay, and for that matter, a curious subject poorly handled."

"I should like to see it."

"You will, soon enough, no doubt."

"You write poetry altogether, do you not, Major?"

"Why, poetry is my delight; but I am forced to write a good deal of prose, in the way of correspondence, etc."

"You have some female correspondents, I presume?"

"A few—only a few."

"Do you write prose to them?"

"Poetical prose," laughed Andre. "It would not do, you know, to be very prosy with a sentimental lady. The periods must be well rounded, and every sentence must contain some metaphorical nonsense; else one is called stupid, and dismissed, without so much as a chance to sue for pardon. But truly, Miss Du Pont, I am forgetting the real business on which I called, after all; and as I have an engagement with Sir Henry at four o'clock precisely, you must pardon me for

checking the conversation at so interesting a moment. On Tuesday next, there is to be a grand military ball at the mansion of Sir Henry Clinton, and I have called to know if I can have the pleasure of your company thither."

"I will not promise positively," replied Rosalie; "but if I go at all, I will do myself the honor to accompany you."

"Thank you;" and Andre rose to take his leave.

"By-the-by, Major Andre," said Rosalie, also rising, "you have not told me what news there is in town?"

"Why I believe there is none of any importance. The rebels, we hear, are very anxious to effect a junction with their French allies—but whether they will or not is very uncertain."

"And if they do?"

"I suppose they will proceed to attack the city."

"Oh! merciful heaven! another siege! the very thought of it terrifies me," cried Rosalie, in well-feigned alarm. "I have been through one; and heaven knows, I never wish to be connected with another."

"Nay, have no fears, then; no harm will be done here, depend upon it."

"How know you that? Ah! you merely say so to reassure me; for of course, you can not tell what will happen in such a case, any more than myself."

"True, it is impossible for any one to say what will, or what will not happen; but I have more knowledge of what will be the result, if the Americans attempt to take New York, than you can possibly have."

"And what will be the result?"

"A signal defeat."

"You speak confidently."

"I speak what I know. An event is about to happen, Miss Du Pont, that will— But I forget myself. I trust I shall have the pleasure of your company to the ball."

"I will endeavor, sir, to do myself the honor. But one word more, on this subject. Should the Americans and their allies attack New York, during the absence of Sir Henry and his army, it seems to me they must find an easy victory."

"And who says Sir Henry is going to be absent with his army?"

"Why, it is everywhere reported that he is about embarking his troops on an expedition to the Chesapeake."

"Then report must make obeisance to you on starting, Miss Du Pont; for it is not more than three hours since his excellency and your humble servant held the matter under discussion, and I was not aware it had become generally known, even among the officers, as yet."

"It is true then?" said Rosalie, watching the countenance of Andre closely. "It is true, then, Sir Henry sails shortly for the Chesapeake?"

"It is true, he designs setting out on an expedition of considerable importance ere long."

"To the Chesapeake?"

"Why not?"

"Nothing; only my mute, who picked up the intelligence and brought it to me, seemed to think it was only true in part—that the expedition in reality is intended for another destination."

"Indeed! and did he learn what other?"

"No; for beyond the report given out, all is mere conjecture. But you know, Major, whether it is true or not."

"And grant I do?"

"Perhaps you will favor me by saying whether it is, or is not, to be as reported."

"And why, if I may ask, are you so anxious to know?"

"Why, my fears make me anxious; for if the force here is weakened, New York will certainly fall into the hands of the hated rebels."

"Then rest easy, Miss Du Pont; for the force here will assuredly not be weakened—at least for the present."

"Ah, thanks! you take a weight from my heart. Well, if I can conveniently, Major Andre, it will afford me great pleasure to accompany you to Sir Henry's entertainment."

"I shall make dependence on you—now remember! Adieu."

"*Au revoir!*" responded Rosalie; and the gallant Major Andre took his departure.

"So" said Rosalie, as the door closed

behind him. "So, then, this expedition is not designed for the Chesapeake. Aha! there is some plotting here—a deep stratagem. What can it mean? Can it be Sir Henry meditates an attack on the Americans, or on the French? There is something in the wind that bodes no good to the *right* cause, and I must have this mystery unraveled. Now, then, to answer my letter;" and Rosalie Du Pont glided gracefully out of the splendid drawing-room, and went bounding up the broad steps to her own charming little boudoir.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ASTROLOGER.

ABOUT ten o'clock on the night succeeding the events recorded in the last few chapters, a solitary individual, in a citizen's dress, was hastening down a narrow, crooked street, which then ran from Broadway to Queen. The night was hot and sultry, and a heavy, black thunder-cloud, that stretched its huge front along the western horizon, from which the lurid lightning issued with a gloomy glare, betokened the approach of a shower. The street threaded by the wayfarer, as we have said, was very narrow, and, unlike the streets of the present day, it had no sidewalks, but was paved with small, round stones all the way across, and had but one gutter, which was in the center—the sides, instead of the middle, being the highest. The street was dark and gloomy, and was lighted only by the occasional flashes of the approaching storm. The buildings on either side were low wooden structures, with steep, pointed roofs, and overhanging gables presenting to the street, and though very picturesque to look at from without, were not exactly the kind to tempt a stranger to an interior exploration.

Before one of these, however, our nocturnal wayfarer paused; and observing it for a short time, by the almost constant flashes of lightning, he approached a little gate that opened into a narrow passage between two buildings, and lifting a lion's-head knocker, gave three loud raps. Immediately the voice of a negro responded from the opposite side:

"What dar?"

"A stranger, who desires to consult the great Carlo Carlini," was the answer.

The negro opened a wicket door in the gate, of some ten inches square, and reconnoitered the stranger; and then saying he would just run and inform his master, disappeared. In a few minutes he returned, unlocked the gate, and bade the visitor enter. Shutting and locking the gate behind the latter, the negro passed him, and led the way to a side-door, which he opened, and ushered the other into a long, dark hall, with low ceiling, and with no other furniture than a rough-looking table, on which stood an iron lamp, whose sickly flame dispelled just enough of the darkness to make the dimness of the place visible. From this hall, just to the right of the entrance, a rickety flight of stairs led to the second story; and up these the negro continued, first securing the door behind him. On reaching the next story, the guide took the stranger by the hand, and led him along under a steep roof, in total darkness, till he came to another flight of stairs, which descended about half way to the lower story. On reaching the bottom of these, the black guide continued to lead the way, through a narrow, crooked passage, till the stranger, becoming alarmed, seized him by the throat, and threatened to blow his brains out on the spot, if he did not instantly promise to reconduct him to the street.

"Ye-ye-yes, massa stranger, sartinly I will, ef you don't want to go no fuder," cried the astonished negro; "bu-bu-but you most dar now, and I t'o't mebbly you'd like to see massa Carlini."

"So I should, you rascal; but you are not conducting me to him."

"Ye-ye-yes, massa, I is, sartin—on'y jest a little bit fuder, and you see for you'self."

"Go on, then—but remember there is a pistol at your head, primed and cocked; and if you attempt the least treachery, you shall be the first victim."

"No-no-now, massa stranger, jest don't, please, hold dat instrument so proxumatic to dis chile's head; case it might go off consequentially, you know, and den poor Tom hab no brains in his interregnum."

"Silence!" cried the other, sternly, "and go on!"

After continuing through the narrow, crooked passage some time longer, the negro came to another door, on which he made three distinct raps with his knuckles. Instantly, as if by magic, it flew open, and disclosed a light so brilliant, that the stranger started back, and covered his eyes with his hands. When, after a little, he withdrew them, he found himself standing alone, in a small room, or vestibule, the walls of which were black, covered with illuminated hieroglyphics. By what sorcery he had been thus suddenly transferred from where he stood a moment or two since, exceeded all speculation. The brilliant light and black guide had both vanished, and the stranger almost doubted that what he now beheld was real. The apartment was about four feet square; and the only apparent outlet was a door immediately before him. A soft light filled the room; but whence it came, he could not tell, unless through the hieroglyphics, which appeared to be ground glass. Half bewildered, he stood and gazed around him for a few moments, and then approaching the door, made an effort to open it, but it was fast. At the same instant, a clear, distinct, ringing voice, said:

"Who enters the Chamber of Fate, must knock."

Acting on this suggestion, the stranger applied his knuckles to one of the panels of the door; and like the other, it flew open, as if by magic, and disclosed a black screen, with a single illuminated light figure in the center, holding in one hand a pen, and in the other a scroll, with this inscription over its head,

"Fate writes the destinies of individuals, of nations, of worlds."

The wondering stranger had barely read the words, when the screen parted in the center, and disappeared, and a large apartment was before him, the walls of which were hung with black drapery, and the ceiling of which represented the heavens, as seen in a bright, starry night. But the most remarkable object in the room was the occupant, and on him the stranger gazed with a feeling akin to awe. He was a personage apparently between forty

and fifty years of age, with a countenance strongly marked by deep lines, and so deadly pale as to appear almost frightful. To this unearthly pallor, his long, raven hair, falling in wild profusion around his neck and over his shoulders, and his small, black, fiery eyes, formed a most striking contrast. He was dressed in a close-fitting suit of black velvet, which set off his fine figure to the best advantage, and not a single ornament was on his person. He was seated on a black stool, before a black table, on which lay manuscript, soiled white paper, pens, and ink. On the opposite side of the table was another black stool, and above the table hung a ponderous globe lamp, of ground glass, which filled the apartment with a soft, even light. Pointing to the vacant seat, the astrologer—for such he professed to be—said:

"Put up thy weapon, young man; no harm will befall thee here."

The stranger, who still held the pistol in his hand, uncocked and concealed it beneath his vestments, and advanced to the stool, which brought him face to face with the astrologer. He was a handsome, well-formed man, something under thirty years of age, with an open, frank, and highly intelligent countenance. The excitement of the last few minutes had made him very pale; but as he took the seat indicated by the other, he said, with assumed *nonchalance*:

"I will return my weapon, as I see there is no use for it here; but wandering about an old building, with no very prepossessing guide, and that, too, in a darkness impenetrable to the eye, is a very different thing. By-the-by, Signor Carlini—I suppose I am right in the name?"

"My name, sir, is Carlo Carlini," replied the other, almost sternly.

"Well, Carlo Carlini, I must say you have a very admirable arrangement for impressing the vulgar with a due sense of your greatness in the occult sciences."

"Didst come here, sir, to tell me this?"

"O, no—because I knew nothing of it till I came. Or, rather, I should say, I had heard there was something of the kind, but did not believe it could be done half so skillfully and

impressively. Why, it beats the jugglery of the mother country."

"Young man, beware!" cried the astrologer, angrily, his black, snaky eyes flashing, and the purple veins of his forehead and temples beginning to stand out like whipcords. "Beware how thou dost ridicule mysteries beyond thy ken!"

"'Pon my faith, one would think you were threatening me, by your stern speech and sterner look," returned the stranger, with forced assurance, for he did not in reality feel so much at his ease as he wished to make the other believe.

But he did not deceive Carlini, who, whatever other qualifications he might possess, was certainly a keen physiognomist, and could read the thoughts, or at least the characteristics, of a man by his countenance, as easily as he could the title-page of a book.

"Young man," he answered, "I do not threaten, but rather caution. I see thou doubtst my ability to exhibit a miracle; and yet thou art afraid to put me to the test."

"Come, come, that is too good," returned the other, jocularly. "Afraid, indeed! Why, I came here expressly for that purpose."

"Sir," returned the astrologer, "thy skepticism shall be removed." He then fixed his eyes sternly upon the other, and after gazing upon him for perhaps a minute, resumed: "Now, sir, thou art wholly in the power of Carlo Carlini; and until I will thee, thou canst not stir hand nor foot."

The stranger made an effort to do so, but finding it impossible, was so affected, that cold perspiration pressed through the pores of his skin, and stood in beads on his face and hands.

"Art satisfied?" inquired the astrologer.

"I am satisfied you possess a power which I never believed till now was given to mortal."

"Enough, then,—and now to business."

"What brings thee here?"

"It is reported you can tell a man's fortune by the stars."

"I profess to do so."

"I would know the past and the future."

"Why the past?"

"Because, if you can tell what will happen, you can what has happened; and as you tell me right or wrong concerning the latter, so

shall I know what dependence to place on your predictions."

"Be it so. Where wert born?"

"England."

"Place?"

"London."

"Age?"

"Twenty-nine years, one month, seven days, and [looking at his watch] three hours."

"I will cast a horoscope, and make the calculation."

The astrologer then took a bundle of almanacs from a drawer in the table, and having selected one, examined it for a few moments attentively. He then referred to an ephemeris of the same year, and taking up a pen, marked a square on a white sheet of paper. Within this square, near the black lines, he next made characters to represent the different planets, placing each in such position as the rules of his craft dictated. This done, he examined them attentively for several minutes, and again taking up his pen, began to make figures with great rapidity. In this manner he was occupied some half an hour, during which time a dead silence reigned in the gloomy Chamber of Fate—or, at least, a silence broken only by the rumbling thunder of the approaching shower—and the stranger, pale as death, and with compressed lips, sat and watched him, as though upon the first syllable he should utter depended all his hopes.

At length, raising his pallid, corpse-like face, and his black, snaky eyes from the work before him, the astrologer regarded his guest for a short time, with something like a mournful expression, and then said, in a clear, sonorous voice of great solemnity:

"My friend, go home, and seek not to know the mysterious ordination of the Book of Fate."

"Wherefore do this?" queried the other, with a slight tremor in his voice, although he evidently made an effort to seem at ease.

"Because it is not well with thee," was the solemn answer. "Seek to know no more—but go home, and be earnest in thy prayers."

"You think, then, I have not long to live?"

"Seek to know no more!" was the still solemn rejoinder.

"Speak out, Signor Carlini! I am a man, and a soldier, and have no vulgar fear of death," returned the other, more firmly.

"Ha! thou art a soldier, then?" said Carlini, eyeing the other closely; and if a soldier, an officer in the king's army—for no man of thy address, look, and manner, can hold the humble station of a private. The stars did not deceive me, then, though thy dress is far from corresponding with thy calling."

"Well, sir," returned the other, "since you know me to be a soldier, speak out what else you know, for I would hear the worst at once."

"Thou wilt have it, then?"

"Yes; but first you shall tell me of the past, for reasons already named."

"I will tell thee so much of the past, as will convince thee my words are true. The last years of thy life have been rendered unhappy, by reason of a great disappointment."

"The nature of that disappointment?"

"Love."

The young man started, colored to the temples, and then said, with a sigh,

"True—too true—but go on."

"That event, sir, changed thy course of life. Had it not occurred, long years of happiness had still been thine—on so trifling a matter does our good or evil destiny sometimes depend. Of an ardent, high-souled temperament, thou didst fall in love with a beautiful lady, who as ardently loved thee in return, and who was in every respect worthy to become the partner of thy bosom; but friends and fate interfered, ye were separated, she was married, and to drown thy sorrow, thou didst forsake thy former employment in disgust, and take up the noble profession of arms. The lady so loved, wedded another—but her heart was thine, as her untimely death hath proven. Like a flower plucked from its parent stock, she withered and passed from among the living to the holy mansion of the just."

"She did! she did!" cried the young officer, covering his face with his hands, and rocking himself to and fro in great mental agony. "By what means you are possessed of this knowledge, Signior, I know not—but it is the painful truth."

"Well, sir," pursued the other, "since that period, thy fortunes have been various; and

by the stars I read, that from the captivity of war thou hast been delivered, and been favored with the confidence and friendship of those high in power—in sooth, hast been elevated to such a rank as might well make older heads than thine proud of the distinction.”

“Again true,” responded the stranger.

“And have I told thee enough of the past?”

“Yes, yes—I would now hear of the future.”

“Alas! that thou foreseest me to tell thee thy doom.”

“My doom?”

“Ay; for as surely as that thou continuest in thy present profession, so surely wilt thou die a sudden and violent death.”

“Well,” replied the other, “I have no fears of a soldier’s death. I am prepared for the fate of war, and trust, if I fall, I shall fall gloriously, in the cause of my king.”

“But thou wilt not die in battle.”

“No?—how then?—by accident, or by the hand of an assassin?”

“Neither; *thou art doomed to die upon the scaffold!*” said the astrologer, in a tone of great solemnity.

The stranger started, and at the same instant a crash of thunder shook the house to its very foundation, as if in confirmation of the awful words. True, there was nothing remarkable in this, considering that the shower had been some time approaching—but coming as it did, in conjunction with the sentence uttered by the astrologer, it made a very startling impression upon the mind of one whose nerves were unusually relaxed by what he had just heard. For a minute or two he spoke not a word; and then rallying, said, with a forced laugh:

“Come, come, my friend, you can not be serious in what you have said—so own up that you have spoken to frighten me.”

“I would to heaven I could, and speak truth!” returned the other; “but the stars—not I—have spoken, and they never lie. I have but translated their language, at thy earnest solicitation.”

“And how long ere the consummation of this dire event?” asked the officer.

“It is near at hand—it is even now impending; and at the very longest, I can not stretch the time beyond three months.”

“And is there no way to avoid it?”

“Art about setting out on a dangerous enterprise?” was the interrogative reply.

“Not that I am aware of, Signior. It is possible I may absent myself from the city for a few days, on an affair of considerable importance; but in doing so, I shall run no risk whatever, at least none is apparent. Stay, should I be successful in this adventure, I may soon be called into battle—but there, you say, I shall not die.”

“Avoid the present contemplated enterprise, if possible,” said Carlini.

“That I can not do, consistent with duty and honor, and therefore can not do at all.”

“Then the consequences must rest with thee—thou art warned.”

“But you say I shall die on the scaffold?”

“I have spoken.”

“But I see not how that can be, since I am certain that my heart contains no treason.”

“Young man,” pursued the astrologer, sternly and solemnly, “it is not for me to argue my own assertions with one who is prone to be skeptical. What I have said, I believe to be as true as holy writ. I have done.”

The stranger arose, and threw upon the table a gold coin.

“Is that satisfactory?” he inquired.

“No, for I would not take money from one to whom it has been my unpleasant duty to utter such painful words.”

“But if those words prove true,” rejoined the other, with an evident attempt at jocularity, “I shall not need the money, and you should have something for dispatching a man prospectively.”

“Stranger, thou art standing upon the verge of an awful abyss—consider well thy steps!” returned Carlo Carlini. “Thy levity lessens not thy danger. Take back thy gold—our interview is ended.” As he said this, he arose and touched a small brass knob that projected above the table. In a moment a black servant, not the one who had conducted the stranger hither, made his appearance, holding in one hand a light.

“Conduct this gentleman to the street by the nearest passage,” pursued Carlini, addressing him, “and then return to me.”

“And since your master refuses this, take it you, for your trouble,” said the stranger, handing the negro the gold, whose eyes fairly sparkled on receiving it. Then turning to the astrologer, the officer continued: “I may in time call upon you again, to prove you mistaken in your prediction.”

“Never!” returned Carlini.

“We shall see,” was the response, as, with a graceful bow, the officer withdrew, to follow his guide.

He saw nothing more of a wonderful nature, but was conducted direct to the street, by a near passage. The rain was falling in torrents; but unmindful of this, the stranger plunged into the storm, and a moment later was lost in the gloom.

CHAPTER VII.

A TRAITOR’S SCHEMES.

THE course of our narrative again calls us to the residence of Joshua Smith, on the bank of the Hudson. It was an early hour on the morning of a fine day in September, and on the grounds owned by Smith, near the river, in a retired and beautiful valley, through which the Haverstraw creek makes its last journey to the Hudson, two individuals were standing, looking off upon the bay, and engaged in conversation. These two personages were General Arnold and the proprietor of the grounds.

Arnold had come down from head-quarters in his barge the day before, had spent the night at Smith’s house, but not finding a suitable opportunity for a private interview, had invited Smith to take a short stroll down by the river’s bank. The scene that now lay before them was one of rare beauty. The sun was just rising above the eastern hills, and pouring a flood of golden light down upon the quiet bay, whose bright waters seemed bent on making a suitable return in the shape of a succession of silver wavelets. The air was soft and balmy, the dew sparkled on leaf and blade, and flower, and the birds skimmed over the waters gayly, or sang most sweetly from among the foliage of a surrounding sylvan grove.

But neither the sun, the water, the birds, nor the charm of the whole combined, made any visible impression upon the mind of the plotting General, who, as soon as he could properly bring the discourse to suit his purpose, said:

“By-the-by, Smith, if I remember rightly, I said something to you the morning I conducted Mrs. Arnold up the river, about keeping a good look-out on the enemy, and reporting to me only, all intelligence you might gather of any importance.”

“You did, General; and my reply was that I should be very happy to serve you in any way, and that you might rely on me to use my best endeavors to this purpose.”

“True; and that you have no superiors in this business, I have the word of my predecessor, General Howe, who recommended you in the highest terms, as a wealthy citizen, devoted heart and soul to the American cause; and said that you had a written permission from him to pass the guards at all times, and do as you might think proper, without question or hindrance.”

“General Howe so honored me with his confidence,” returned Smith, proudly.

“I will do the same, Mr. Smith,” rejoined Arnold. “I should have given you the pass before this; but the fact is, I have had so much to see to since taking the command at West Point, that the matter was entirely overlooked till this morning. Here is the required paper; and though it confers upon you privileges that, in these troublous times, can be given to the very fewest number, yet I feel certain no act of yours will ever make me regret my confidence in your integrity and honor.”

“I trust I may be deserving of your excellency’s distinguished consideration,” rejoined Smith, as he took the proffered paper.

“By-the-by, I suppose you have no important intelligence to communicate now?”

“None, your excellency; unless it be a rumor of Sir Henry Clinton’s intended expedition to the Chesapeake.”

“Ah! yes, I have heard something of that,” replied Arnold; “and I really do not know whether to believe it true, or not. It is all important that I have information direct from

the city; and this brings me to an affair in which I may require your aid."

"Your excellency has only to command, to be obeyed," answered Smith.

"Thank you; you see the matter is just this: There is a young man in New York, acting as a spy for me, with whom it is all important I should have immediate communication; and I have hit upon a plan by which I think it can be effected. This young man, whose name is Anderson, is believed by the British to be devoted to their cause, and, not unlike yourself, holds Clinton's written permit to pass the outposts of the enemy at any and all times. By a letter recently received from him, I learn he has something to communicate of the utmost importance, and I am now on my way to meet him, by appointment, at Dobbs' Ferry, and would like your company down, if it would not be trespassing too much upon your time."

"I shall only be too happy to accompany you, General."

"Thank you—thank you kindly, Smith. Really, it is so tedious going by one's self, with no more congenial spirits than a few common boatmen, to converse with whom is like throwing pearls before swine. You will accompany me, then?"

"With great pleasure, General."

"Then I will step into your library, write a short note to Colonel Sheldon, and be ready to set off in a few minutes. By-the-by, friend Smith, suppose any thing should occur to-day to prevent this interview; could I ask of you, as a great favor, that you would let me have the use of your house for a short time, where-in to meet my expected messenger?"

"Certainly, General—my house is at your service."

"Could you not manage to have your family absent? The fact is, you see, my dear Smith, I wish, for important reasons, to have this interview as private as possible. 'Tis true, I am now going openly to meet my secret agent; but in this case he bears a message from Sir Henry Clinton, and this amply cloaks the real designs of both. In short, my dear Smith, to make you my confidant in this matter, I expect to meet Mr. Anderson openly, in the presence of others, and before them attempt a negotiation concerning the exchange of cer-

tain prisoners; but hope, ere the interview is over, to find an opportunity to fix upon a secret meeting, that I may be able to get the desired intelligence; and as it may be possible I shall require the use of your house, if you will be so obliging as to get your family and most of your servants removed, I will endeavor, if in my power, to requite the obligation."

"Certainly, my dear General, certainly; it shall be done. I will take my family to Fish-kill, under pretence of paying a visit to my relations; and on my return therefrom, I will call at head-quarters, and inform your excellency thereof."

"Just the thing, precisely; and now, as all is arranged satisfactorily, we will retrace our steps to the house, and prepare for our trip down the river. I declare, it will be delightful on the water to-day, and I am really eager to be afloat. By-the-by, as to this affair, it may be as well not to mention it to any one—not that there is any thing wrong about it—but then you know, my dear Smith, we military men always make it a point to keep our most trifling acts from the quizzing, vulgar, gossiping herd."

"I understand, General," replied Smith, evidently elated at the idea that he, a mere citizen, was thus raised so far above the "gossiping herd," as to possess the confidence of so distinguished a general. "I understand the matter, and your excellency may rely upon the secret being as safe with me as if no breast held it but your own."

The General and his tool—for Smith was neither more nor less than one—now returned to the house of the latter; and being conducted at once to the library, Arnold proceeded to write the following epistle:

"SMITH'S HOUSE, BELOW STONY
POINT, Sept. 11, 1780."

"SIR,—Your letter, inclosing that of John Anderson to you, in which he states he will come out with an escort to Dobbs' Ferry, and be there to-day at twelve o'clock, in order to have the interview with me of which I spoke to you, was received in due time; and as there are some things in Anderson's letter of an equivocal nature, which I do not understand,

And as you say you are too unwell to ride down there yourself to meet him, for the purpose of conducting him to your quarters, as I requested, I have concluded to attend to the matter myself, and am so far on my way. Smith will accompany me. In writing to Anderson, over the signature of *Gustavus*, requesting this interview, I was obliged to be very circumspect, lest the missive should fall into the hands of the enemy, and so defeat our plans, with the most serious results to him to whom it was directed. I managed, however, to make him understand that if he came within the American lines, he would be under your protection; and hence, I suppose, his letter to you, of which there are parts, as I said, particularly those relating to an escort and a flag, which I do not understand. However, I will go down and attend to the matter myself, and trust to find all right. Should I fail in having an interview with him to-day, and should he come within the American outposts, you will send an express to me, and allow Anderson to follow with an escort of two or three horsemen, as my wounded leg renders it extremely difficult, not to say painful, for me to ride so far as Salem. If your health will permit, I should like you to accompany the escort.

"When General Parsons returns from Connecticut, you may show him this letter, and explain the whole affair, so that there may not seem any mystery about it. By complying with these requests, you will much oblige

Yours, etc.

B. ARNOLD."

"COL. SHELDON."

Having folded and sealed this letter, General Arnold dispatched it to Salem, Colonel Sheldon's quarters—on the east side of the Hudson, some fifteen or twenty miles distant—and then, accompanied by Smith, went down to his barge, which was awaiting him, all manned, at the mouth of the creek just below. In a few minutes, the barge was floating over the glassy waters of Haverstraw Bay, bearing its treacherous freight, the oars of the boatmen glistening in the sun like so many bars of silver.

And here we find it proper to interrupt the thread of our story, in order to briefly chari-

ele the plot of the perfidious Arnold to sell his country to the foes of human liberty.

Of strong and violent passions—haughty, self-willed, headstrong, overbearing—with a temper that could brook no control, and a vanity that led him to acknowledge no superior—combined with an intrusive ostentation, a lavish extravagance, a reckless prodigality—Benedict Arnold was a man calculated to make far more enemies than friends, and run through a fortune in a very short space of time.

He was born in 1740, at Norwich, Connecticut; and even in boyhood displayed that daring recklessness, that obduracy of conscience, that irritability of temper, that innate cruelty and brutality, which so infamously distinguished him in after life. Robbing birds-nests, and even maiming and mangling the young birds themselves, within view of the old ones, that his ears might be greeted with their cries of distress, was one of his favorite amusements. And what could be expected of the man, who, as a boy, displayed such a brutal, vicious nature? Nor was this all. He delighted to torment his schoolmates, by playing dangerous tricks upon them, and then beating them if they dared to inform on him. Even at this age, he seemed to stand in fear of nothing; and one of his feats of daring was to go down to an old mill, not far from his father's residence, and while the big water-wheel—which, in those days, was generally outside and uncovered—was going round, to catch hold of one of its arms, and go round with it—now suspended high in the air, now wholly immersed in water—to the great astonishment and even alarm of the by-standers.

These traits of character were rather sharpened than softened by time, and consequently, in the army, Arnold had few or no friends, beyond the admirers of his rash daring and personal prowess. While he held command of the army in Philadelphia, he gave so much offense to the citizens and civil authorities, that complaints were made against him, and he was subsequently suspended and tried by court-martial. The sentence of the court, however, in consideration of the valuable service he had rendered the country in several battles, was very light, the verdict being that he should receive a reprimand from the com-

mander-in-chief, and he allowed to resume his official duties. But Arnold chafed not a little under this dishonor, and secretly resolved to be revenged on a country which he now regarded as very ungrateful. His worst passions were roused by this slight upon his dignity, to call it by no harsher term, and he immediately set about carrying out a devilish scheme, which he had planned in his idle moments. In doing this, he had two objects—to revenge himself upon his enemies, and accumulate a good round sum to support him in his extravagance. His style of living while in Philadelphia was far beyond his means. He had a large mansion, furnished in the most expensive manner, gave balls and dinners to distinguished characters, and kept his coach and four, with an array of livery servants commensurate to his other follies. In consequence of this, he contracted debts he could not pay, and an appeal to Congress to liquidate them proved abortive. In this strait, he was ready to sell himself, body and soul, for gold. Not that he cared a straw about the moral obligation of his debts—but without new funds, he saw that he must dispense with new luxuries, and this was a sore grievance.

About this period, an event occurred which opened a ready means to the accomplishment of the base project he had in view. Among the belles of Philadelphia, was one universally acknowledged queen. This was the youngest daughter of Edward Shippen, afterward distinguished as chief justice of the state of Pennsylvania. She was young, being scarcely eighteen, beautiful, gay, attractive, accomplished, and ambitious. Her father rather favored the royal cause, and his was one of the families that remained in Philadelphia during the period the British held the town. She was much admired, courted, and flattered by the British officers, "and was a conspicuous personage at the gorgeous festival of the *Mischianza*, an entertainment given in honor of Sir William Howe, on the occasion of his resigning the command of the army, and departing for Europe." Her acquaintance with Andre was on so familiar a footing, that she corresponded with him after the British army had retired to New York."

* Sparks' Life and Treason of Arnold.

Arnold, at this time a widower bordering upon forty, became acquainted with Miss Shippen, and was so smitten with her charms, that he soon made her an offer of his hand; and she, ambitious, and dazzled by his splendor, unwisely accepted it. They were shortly after married; and at the opening of our story, as the reader has seen, they had an infant only a few weeks old.

By this alliance, Arnold was thrown among a class of persons opposed to the rebellion, as they termed the war, and all their arguments, of course, were in favor of the treason he meditated. The correspondence between his wife and Andre, which he was privy to, also laid him under new temptations, as by this means he could make direct advances to the British commander, with whom Andre was a great favorite. He wrote in a disguised hand, and over the signature of "*Gustavus*," and further concealed himself behind a mercantile mask, so that should any one of the missives fall into the wrong hands, it would attract no more notice than an ordinary business letter.

But even in this disguise, Arnold, by his ambiguous language, conveyed such accurate information concerning American officers of great importance, that Sir Henry Clinton, to whom Andre showed the letters, became deeply interested in their contents and the unknown writer, and began to dictate the replies, which were ever returned, as we have seen in a former chapter, over the signature of "*John Anderson*."

Thus matters went on for a long time, without any definite result. Arnold was anxious to sell his country at a price that would pay him a fortune in British gold; but Clinton did not care to buy, unless, to use a common parlance, he could get his money's worth; and this was not to be got in the mere person of a treacherous general. No, it was not the man he wanted; it was what he might bring with him; and as for a long time there was little prospect Arnold would ever be able to bring any thing, so the discreet British general held out just sufficient encouragement to keep him corresponding, in which capacity, under present circumstances, he was likely to be more useful to him than in any other.

At last Arnold solicited and obtained the

command of West Point; and no sooner was this effected, than the overture of the traitor assumed an importance, a magnitude, in the eyes of Sir Henry Clinton, commensurate to the result to the royal cause in the betrayal of the stronghold of an enemy into his hands—a stronghold, in fact, which at this time was a key to the possession of the country—and he directed Andre to hold out such mysterious inducements as would hasten the negotiation to the desired crisis.

It was not positively known to Clinton or Andre, that Arnold and Gustavus were one and the same; but there was strong circumstantial evidence of such being the fact, and they of course acted upon this supposition. It was necessary, however, to make the matter certain, and also to conclude a definite bargain, and this could only be effected by a personal interview. For this interview, Arnold was as eager as Clinton; and there was no one who could act as a substitute for the chief himself so properly as Andre, who had all along been the correspondent on the British side, and consequently knew every thing connected with the transaction from first to last. Arnold even hinted that Andre should be sent to his head-quarters, and there, under the disguise of a person devoted to American interests, make an arrangement satisfactory to both parties; but this proposition Clinton declined—fearing that the man who was willing to play the infamous part of a traitor to his country, might take it into his head to prove treacherous to those with whom he was dealing. He finally consented that Andre should meet him on the Neutral Ground, and preparations to carry out this plan were accordingly made. Arnold, to insure the success of his plot, and also to blind the eyes of any who might watch his movements, informed Colonel Sheldon, who commanded the American outposts on the east side of the Hudson, that he expected a secret agent from New York, who would bring him a full report of the plans of the enemy, and that if such a person came within the American posts, he must be conducted to Sheldon's own quarters at Salem, and an express be immediately sent to Robinson's house, where the General himself resided. Suspecting nothing sinister, Sheldon promised

compliance with the General's request; and Arnold immediately wrote to Andre, informing him of the arrangement. On receiving this letter, Andre at once wrote as follows to Colonel Sheldon:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 7, 1780.

"SIR,—I am told my name is made known to you, and that I may hope your indulgence in permitting me to meet a friend near your outposts. I will endeavor to obtain permission to go out, with a flag, which will be sent to Dobbs' Ferry on Monday next, the 11th instant, at twelve o'clock, where I shall be happy to meet Mr. G—. Should I not be allowed to go, the officer who is to command the escort, between whom and myself no distinction need be made, can speak on the affair. Let me entreat you, sir, to favor a matter so interesting to the parties concerned, and which is of so private a nature, that the public on neither side can be injured by it.

"With all due respect, I have the honor to be

"Your most ob't. and humble servant,
"JOHN ANDERSON.

"To COLONEL SHELDON."

This epistle proved an enigma to Colonel Sheldon, who had never before heard of the name of the writer; but supposing it to come from the person to whom General Arnold had alluded as his secret agent, he inclosed it in one of his own to the General, asking an explanation of the language concerning the flag and escort, and saying he was himself too unwell to ride as far as Dobbs' Ferry by the time appointed, and hoped the General would either attend to it himself, or employ some other trusty messenger.

The reply of Arnold, written at Smith's house, the reader has already seen. Even he was at loss to explain the ambiguous language of Andre; but it was enough for his purpose to know that Andre was to be at Dobbs' Ferry at such a time, and he was resolved to meet him at all hazards. Knowing that his progress down the river would be observed, he put in the clause respecting having his letter shown to General Parsons—who was daily expected on from Connecticut to take command of a body of troops in the vicinity of Sheldon's

quarters—in order that, should any suspicion be entertained of his movement, this might be brought forward as an incontestible proof of his innocent frankness.

As by this digression we have made the reader acquainted with the general outline of Arnold's maneuvers, for the completion of his treasonable projects, we shall now return to the General himself, and follow him down the river to the place of his intended meeting with Andre.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DANGEROUS MISTAKE.

THE day, as we have said, was truly delightful, with a soft south breeze, that stole up the bay, bearing on its invisible wings the sweet incense of forest and plain, over which it had passed in light dalliance. The scene was one fully calculated to make an impression on any mind more susceptible to the beautiful than that of the plotting traitor. A broad glassy sheet of water spread out its smooth surface to the bright sun, environed by hills, some of which rose majestically above its tranquil bosom, clothed with a forest whose foliage presented the variegated hues of early autumn, and whose inverted summits could be seen far down the silent depths of the flowing river, along its shadowy margin. To the right, peeping out from among the hills, was visible the little hamlet of Haverstraw, with the flag of freedom floating above it, and spreading its starry folds to the gentle breeze. Behind were the fortifications of Verplank's and Stony Point, apparently resting upon the water, with the same glorious banners of liberty gently waving over parapet and bastion. Near the fortress of Verplank's Point, upon the side of the hill, a few white tents dotted the dark background, with soldiers sauntering about among them, adding life to a portion of the scene, and increasing the picturesque beauty of the whole.

All these charms of scenery were not without their effect upon Smith, as, with long-measured strokes, the hardy boatmen made the gay barge skim over the bright waters,

which rippled under her prow that pleasing sound so soothing to the ear, and in such harmonious keeping with the delighted vision. For some time no one spoke; Smith was busy drinking in the surrounding beauties of flood and field, Arnold with dark thoughts of his own, and the boatmen stood too much in awe of their stern master to venture a remark of any kind in his presence.

At length Smith broke the silence.

"Do you know, General," he said, "I think this bay a sort of kaleidoscope?"

"Eh!" returned Arnold, starting from a deep reverie, and looking hurriedly around. "Eh! why so?"

"Because, come on it as often as I will, it always assumes new beauties; and the charm it presents this morning, methinks I have never seen equalled."

"Very fine, very fine," replied Arnold, in the same tone of indifferent acquiescence he would have praised a garden patch. "I said the ride would be delightful. An excellent place for fishing here, I should judge."

"O, very," returned Smith, somewhat ironically, fixing his gaze upon the little village of Haverstraw, where a few loiterers were seen on the high bank, watching the progress of the General's barge down the river.

"Yonder, to the right, is a fine-looking mountain," resumed Arnold; "has it a name?"

"Yes, your excellency, it is called Long Clove."

"Hum! another Dutch appellation, I suppose?"

"Doubtless."

The conversation dropped here, and save an occasional common-place expression, nothing more was said, till the party had passed the Long Clove on the right, and Teller's Point on the left, where the river suddenly contracts to about its usual width, and then as suddenly expands into another broad sheet of some ten miles in extent, known as Tappan Bay, which, with its beautiful, romantic, and majestic scenery on either hand, may not inappropriately be likened to a large mirror set in a heavy-carved frame. At the farther end of this bay, where the Hudson again narrows to its regular channel, the traveled route from

Tappan to White Plains crossed the river, and this crossing was known as Dobbs' Ferry.

"Ah! here we are, in sight of our destination," exclaimed Arnold, with an unusual degree of animation; and as he spoke he opened a small telescope he carried with him, and brought it to his eye. After looking through it a short time, he resumed: "There is a sloop-of-war, if I mistake not, lying at anchor about two miles below the ferry. I can not divine for what purpose she is there."

"Perhaps she brings you freight, General," suggested Smith.

"That may be; but why stop so far down?"

"For a good reason, perhaps," answered Smith. "She may not care to be in too close proximity to those white tents which dot the west bank of the ferry."

"But she should carry a flag of truce, and that, of course, would protect her."

"It may be she has other business up here," suggested Smith again.

"Ah! that is true—it must be so—for if she brings the persons seeking an interview with me, I am sure, if they come with honorable intentions, they need have no fear to come even into the American camp. We are not such barbarians as to forget what is due even to our enemies, when they see proper to approach us in the peaceable form prescribed by the law of nations. I declare, it makes my blood boil to think of the insults heaped upon us in every way, by these overfed, arrogant, bull-dog red-coats; and when I get into a fight with them, I always make it a point to wipe off old scores—at least I have some satisfaction in letting out the heart's blood of a few of old half-cracked King George's minions. It has been a long while now since I have been able to rest well of nights, just because this crippled leg ties me down to inactivity; but I trust the time will soon come, when a little more blood-letting will allay the fidgets, and give me sounder sleep."

As Arnold said this, his eyes flashed, his features flushed, and he must have been keen of penetration indeed, who could have pronounced this assumed indignation other than real.

"Well," said Smith, in reply, "in the first place, as regards this vessel, you are not

sure, General, that she has come up on the business that interests you; and in the second place, allowing that she has, it is too early for the appointment; and unless the business can be transacted by another as well as your excellency, it would be as proper for her to wait below for the present."

"Right, Smith—you are right—I did not think of that. Twelve o'clock is the time set for the meeting, and it is now hardly ten. I thank you for the suggestion. Row, men, row—we must be at Dobbs' Ferry in two hours, and it is good ten miles."

The men renewed their exertions, and the barge sprang over the glassy waters. Arnold threw himself back in a reclining attitude, and became lost in reverie; while Smith, taking up the glass, amused himself in looking through it at the different objects both on land and water.

As the party drew near Dobbs' Ferry, the shrill notes of a fife, and the roll of the drum, came borne across the water from the American encampment on the right, where a cluster of white tents, retreating in military order behind the hills that lined the shore, could be seen, with here and there a company marching to and fro, their plumes waving, and arms glittering in the sun like bars of polished steel. On hearing the music, Arnold arose from his recumbent position, and looked long and steadily toward the western shore, during which time a close observer might have seen a shade of uneasiness cross his sinister features. This encampment was the head quarters of Washington; and knowing himself a traitor, he feared lest some unforeseen circumstance might expose his guilty design, ere it were brought to a consummation.

"Now, then, for the eastern shore," he said, when about half a mile above the ferry: "I think I will land on that side of the river."

In a few minutes his barge drew near some half a dozen British gun-boats, which were stationed in that part of the stream to intercept communications, and otherwise annoy their foes in every possible manner. Every thing went well, till the treacherous general had got within some two hundred yards of the nearest craft, when suddenly Smith exclaimed:

"General Arnold, what means the unusual commotion on that boat? See! the men are running to and fro across the deck, and seem to be making preparations to attack us. There is an officer looking at us through a glass, who seems also to be giving orders to his men."

"O, merely curiosity," returned Arnold; but the words had scarcely passed his lips, when a bright flash was seen from the deck, and a cannon-ball came whizzing over his head, followed by the booming sound of a piece of ordnance.

"D—n—n!" cried the General, starting up in rage. "Do the infernal scoundrels intend to murder us in cold blood? Ha! there they go again," he continued, as another bright flash was seen, and two balls came in close proximity, one cutting across the stern of the barge, and the other striking the water a few feet short of the mark at which it was aimed. "By heavens! I wish I were near enough to cut a few of their cursed throats."

"See!" cried Smith in alarm, "they are making preparations to overhaul us, and the other boats are no longer idle spectators. There! they open their cannonades;" and as he spoke, three more flashes were seen on board as many of the other boats, and three more balls came whizzing through the air, one of them actually passing between the speaker and Arnold, the latter of whom ground his teeth in rage, and uttered a horrid oath.

At the same moment a small boat was lowered from the nearest gun-boat, into which sprang some half a dozen armed men, who, each seizing an oar, began to row directly toward our party.

"By —!" exclaimed Arnold, "they do intend to capture us, and no mistake. This must not be. All together, men; and pull, pull for your lives! for if taken, a stout rope or a British prison will be your doom. Give way, lads—give way! and if you beat them, you shall have a gallon of rum each."

The General might have spared this tempting offer to men whose every nerve would be strained to avoid the horrors he had just set forth, and who, consequently, would not be likely to increase their efforts for life, for the additional luxury of a gallon of rum. They grasped their oars with that look of savage

sternness, so frequently seen on the faces of the lower class in a moment of extreme peril, and fairly bent them with their Herculean strength, as they drew them home with long, regular, but rapid sweeps, every stroke almost lifting the barge from the water, and sending it skimming over the surface, with a velocity one would have hardly thought possible for it to attain by such means. For a while the gun-boats kept up a regular cannonade—their shot falling all around our adventurers, and, as fate would have it, leaving the barge and those it contained untouched—but as soon as the pursuing party had got far enough away to render their firing perilous to them, it ceased, and then the danger to the pursued lay only in the event of being overtaken.

"Pull away, men! pull away!" cried Arnold, a good deal excited. "Pull away now, all together!—by —! the foe is gaining on us. O, the — scoundrels! if I only had a swivel here to pepper them! Eternal curses on them for a set of blockheads! There, now, give way! give way! that was nobly done; how the oars bend; we shall escape them yet! only hold out a little longer! See! we are rapidly gaining the western shore. The — bull-dog ignoramus—not to know any better than this! O, I'll teach them—only hold out a little longer, noble lads;" and thus alternately urging forward and encouraging his own men, and cursing his pursuers for every thing mean and base, Arnold continued for some fifteen minutes, by which time the small boat was within fifty yards of the barge, and the latter some quarter a mile yet from a point of safety.

"We are lost!" exclaimed Smith, as he looked on the sinking and fainting boatmen, down whose hard, weather-beaten features the sweat was rolling in streams, without a rag upon their bodies from which a child might not have wrung water. "See, they can not hold out, and our pursuers are gaining on us faster than ever! General, we must take the oars ourselves!"

"I'll be — if I do!" roared Arnold; "I will lay to and fight them first. I've got two pistols and a sword with me, and I'll have satisfaction out of some of the cursed red-coated scoundrels! Ha! see! we are saved, if we can

only hold out five minutes longer;" and he pointed to the shore down the river, near the ferry, where two American gun-boats were seen to spread sail, and stand out toward him. "Come on, you — thieving scoundrels!" he now yelled to his pursuers, exultingly. "Come on, I say, and catch a tartar."

For a few minutes the pursuers seemed to renew their exertions, as if aware the fugitives were on the point of escaping them. They now gained rapidly upon the General's barge, and there was every prospect that the latter would be captured ere the succoring gun-boats could get near enough to afford any protection.

The distance had been lessened to about twenty-five yards between the small boat and barge, when the boatmen of the latter simultaneously rested on their oars, and declared themselves unable to pull another stroke.

"Then by —! we must fight!" roared the General, uttering a blasphemous oath; and standing up in the stern of his boat, he drew his pistols, and holding one in each hand, pointed them at his pursuers, who were now rapidly coming within pistol-shot.

"Surrender!" cried the officer in command of the small boat, a heavy-bearded, bronze-colored, Sampson-like fellow. "Surrender, or — you, we will give you no quarter."

Arnold answered by discharging one of his pistols at the speaker, the ball of which passed within an inch of his head—so near, in fact, that its whizzing caused him to incline his head one side. And this trivial movement saved his life; for at the instant he dodged his head, a six-pound shot brushed his ear, and immediately the heavy boom of a cannon rolled across the water. The pursuers dropped their oars, and both parties turned with surprise to the shore, where they beheld a detachment of artillery, with two field-pieces, from one of which the smoke was just clearing away, while along the barrel of the other an officer was glancing. The next moment he stepped back, the match was applied, a bright flash was seen, and as a heavy volume of smoke rolled toward the boats on the river, a ball struck the water about two feet short of the small boat, and, glancing, passed between a couple of the boatmen, dashing the spray in

their faces, followed by the same heavy booming roar.

Instantly the order was given to put about and row back. The men obeyed with alacrity; and a minute or two later, more than a hundred yards divided the pursuers and pursued.

"There they go, the — prowling, foreign thieves!" growled Arnold.

"A lucky escape!" said Smith, drawing a long breath of relief.

"Ay, lucky for them," was the General's response.

The bargemen now resumed their oars, and in a few minutes the General and Smith were landed on the west side of the river; the gun-boats put back to their former station, and the artillery, after firing one or two more unsuccessful shots at the retreating foe, retired from their position on the hill.

As Arnold stepped upon the bank, a young, athletic, noble-looking officer, with fine, regular, handsome features, a clear hazel eye, and an appearance both prepossessing and commanding, approached him, and making the military salute, said:

"I trust you are not injured, General."

"No, thanks to timely assistance, and the cowardice of our pursuers. Am I indebted to you for this escape, Captain Milford?"

"Only partially. I was waiting here for an escort to take me across, when I chanced to spy your predicament, and immediately communicated the intelligence to Major Holton, who ordered a detachment of artillery to take a couple of six-pounders up the hill to your relief."

"I am deeply obliged to both Major Holton and yourself," returned Arnold blandly.

"You say you are waiting here for an escort to take you across. You are still with Colonel Sheldon's detachment of cavalry, then, on the opposite side?"

"I am, General."

"Where are you quartered?"

"At Northcastle."

"May I inquire what brought you here?"

"I was sent by Lieutenant Colonel Jameson, who commands the detachment at Northcastle, to Colonel Sheldon at Salem, with a verbal message concerning some recent depre-

dations of the Cow Boys and Skinners; and Colonel Sheldon, on receiving the message, requested me to be the bearer of a letter from him to General Washington."

On hearing this, Arnold slightly started, and turned a little pale; but quickly recovered his self-possession, without his emotion being noticed by the other, and in a tone of assumed indifference, replied:

"Ah! a letter to General Washington, eh? Have you any idea of the nature of its contents?"

"I have not, sir."

"You delivered it, of course?"

"I left it with Lord Stirling, as General Washington and aids are absent."

"Absent!" repeated Arnold, feeling greatly relieved at this intelligence. "Do you know whither he has gone?"

"I do not, sir—I did not inquire."

"Hum! hum! I am sorry, as I wished to see him ere my return." Then after a pause: "Where did you cross the River?"

"At King's Ferry."

"And intend to return by Dobbs' Ferry?"

"Ay, sir, as soon as the escort is ready."

"A word with you aside;" and stepping out of earshot of Smith and the boatmen, Arnold continued: "I suppose, Captain Milford, you are kept rather busy on the outposts at present?"

"Why, yes, sir—what with an occasional skirmish with the Cow Boys, now and then administering a flogging to the Skinners, overhauling travelers, catching spies, and keeping close watch upon the movements of the enemy generally, we have little time to be idle."

"Well, what I wish to say, is," pursued Arnold, in a very bland tone, "I am expecting a young man to come up from New York, who will bring me intelligence of the secret plans of the enemy; and should you chance to fall in with him, you will at once conduct him to Colonel Sheldon's quarters, who already has my instructions concerning him."

"Is his name Anderson?"

"It is."

"Then I have already received similar orders from Colonel Sheldon himself."

"Ah! well, yes; then it is all correct."

At this moment a voice called Captain Mil-

ford, and looking up the steep bank that here arose above them, the General and Captain espied an orderly sergeant standing on the brow of the hill.

"What is it, Champe?" inquired the young Captain.

"The escort is ready."

"Ah! then I must go," said Milford. "Adieu, General;" and turning away, he sprang up the hill with great agility.

"Present my warmest regards to Colonel Jameson and Major Tallmage," Arnold called after him.

"I will do so, General," was the reply of the young officer, as he gained the brow of the eminence and disappeared.

Arnold, accompanied by Smith, now went down to the ferry, where he passed the day in waiting for an interview with Andre. Whether the latter was on the opposite side or not, he did not know; but the parties did not meet. Arnold chafed and swore a good deal to himself at the blunder of the guard-boats, and was altogether in a very unfamiable mood at his signal failure. Why he had been fired upon, when his presence was expected by the enemy, sorely puzzled him; but he thought it probable that the withdrawal of the guard-boats had been either overlooked by those who knew of his coming, or that it was supposed he would approach with a flag, which, for many good reasons, he did not think proper to do.

As night drew near, with no appearance of Andre, the General went into the ferry-house, and procuring pen, ink, and paper, wrote a letter to General Washington, which he sent to Lord Stirling's quarters by one of the boatmen. This letter, after expressing the regret of the writer that the commander-in-chief was absent, went on to state some important matters concerning his command at West Point, and incidentally, as it were, mentioned that he, Arnold, "had come down the river to that place, in order to establish signals, which were to be observed in case the enemy ascended the river; and also to give additional directions respecting the guard-boats, and to have a beacon fixed on a hill about five miles below King's Ferry, which would be necessary to alarm the country."

Having written this to lull any suspicion

which might by chance be raised in regard to his presence at that time in that quarter, Arnold felt more secure; and waiting at the ferry till after sunset, he went up the river in the night, landed Smith near his own mansion, and continued on to his head-quarters at Robinson's house, which he reached a little before daylight on the following morning.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WAGER.

THE plan of our story now requires us to return to Captain Milford, whom we left on the point of departing from the American encampment for his quarters, at Northcastle, some fifteen or twenty miles distant, back in the country, on the opposite or eastern side of the Hudson. The escort before referred to was composed of ten strong, robust dragoons, commanded by Sergeant Chanipe, the same who had called Milford while conversing with Arnold. As the Sergeant will figure somewhat conspicuously in our narrative, it may not be improper here to give a passing description of his personal appearance.

In stature he was about six feet, and his broad, massive chest, and large, brawny, muscular limbs, gave evidence of a man of very superior strength. His countenance was in keeping with the rest of his person, and in its general expression was grave, thoughtful, and even taciturn. He had a large Roman nose, thin, compressed lips, angular cheeks, rather prominent cheek-bones, cool gray eyes, stern and penetrating, and a high, broad, intellectual forehead, which, projecting just over the eyes, indicated great perceptive faculties. You could see at a glance that he was a man of stern integrity, invincible courage, and inflexible perseverance—one who would shrink from no responsibility, if once convinced he was acting honorably, but one who could not be bribed to do a mean or dishonorable action. His hair was sandy, and his skin was naturally of that fair, soft, effeminate texture pertaining to individuals of this class; but constant exposure to all kinds of weather had made it rough, and given it a peculiar red hue sometimes produced by holding one's

hands in very hot water. He was apparently about thirty years of age, and had a rather thin sandy beard, which he kept closely shaved.

As Sergeant Champe rode along by the side of Captain Milford, the contrast between these two officers was somewhat striking. The latter, as we have already said, was a well-formed athletic man. He was not bony, and not so muscular as his companion; but still he was not much his inferior in strength, and certainly his superior in agility, which, doubtless, as an antagonist, would have given him the advantage in any struggle where mere animal force was not absolutely necessary. He was nearly six feet in height, straight as an arrow, and built very compact and solid, every portion of his frame and limbs being well knit together. His countenance was open, intelligent and manly, with fine, regular, handsome features, and a full, clear hazel eye, which would reflect every emotion of its owner—being soft and mild with sympathy, languid with love, sparkling with wit and mirth, and flashing with anger. In the round, well-turned chin, full, handsome lips, dilating nostrils, and clear, open brow, were expressed decision and firmness without undue severity, voluptuousness without sensuality, pride without haughtiness, and intelligence without conceit. In short you could see at a glance that he was "every inch a man," possessing a noble soul, full of lofty, generous thoughts, where the baser passions held no place. Brave, resolute, and energetic, he had the confidence of his superiors, and was already looked upon as a suitable personage for promotion, when a proper vacancy should occur in the corps in which he served. His complexion was dark, with dark-brown hair, and his skin was browned by exposure, but had none of that reddish tinge which so peculiarly marked his companion. His age was about twenty-five.

Captain Milford and his escort crossed the ferry without molestation, and took the road leading to White Plains, where it was thought probable he would fall in with some of his corps, and be able to dispense with the dragoons, who had orders to return as soon as they should see him to a point of safety. The road to White Plains lay over an uneven

hilly surface, only partially cleared, with here and there a deserted farm-house, or the ruins of one, as landmarks of the plundering devastation which had swept over the country. The party was now on the Neutral Ground, of which we have before had occasion to speak, and every-where the horrors of war were visible. Farms which a few years since had been under the cultivation of the industrious husbandman—with horses, cattle, kine, and sheep roaming over their verdant fields—now appeared gloomily desolate, with tall rank weeds occupying the former place of the golden harvest, and broken down fences every-where bespeaking neglect and decay.

As the party rode along, silent and thoughtful, Captain Milford and his companion gazed around upon the cheerless scene, without uttering a word, till at length the former, in a tone of some despondency, partly addressing his companion, and partly expressing his thoughts in soliloquy, said:

"Oh! when will this desolation cease?—when will these deserted dwellings again behold their rightful tenants?—when will these black ruins give place to cheerful homes?—these farms, that now run to waste, feel the pruning hand of the industrious yeoman?—and under what banner of sovereignty will this much-needed change be effected?"

"When the proud eagle floats the stars and stripes above the tri-colored cross of St. George, will all these things be," calmly replied Champe.

"Do you think, my friend, there is such a blessing in store for us?" inquired Milford.

"Can you doubt it?" interrogatively answered the other.

"Heaven knows I would not—but I can not help thinking that at present our prospects are rather gloomy."

"What! with a noble French force embarked in our cause?"

"Ay, Champe, even with this; for as yet no junction between the two armies has been effected; and the news of Gates' defeat in the south, and the recent arrival of Sir George Rodney's fleet at New York, will, I fear, fully counterbalance the elation felt by the country on learning that France is with us in our unequal struggle, and leave us in a state of mind

scarcely more sanguine than before this event."

"*'Nil desperandum de Republica,'* is my motto," returned Champe, sententiously.

"And so it is mine, as a general thing," returned Milford, coloring at this well-conveyed reproof; "but my fears for success sometimes subject me to feelings of despondency; and the scene upon which we are gazing, and the train of thought associated with it, has been productive of an effect to which I strive to be as much a stranger as possible. When a matter lays so near the heart as the success or failure of our arms does mine, I hardly think the best of us can be blamed for having our fears of the result, Sergeant."

"Do not understand, Captain Milford, that I blame you for your fears," replied Champe; "for Heaven knows it is a trying crisis in our history; but if we make our doubts a public topic, the disaffected will have an opportunity to enlarge upon them, prognosticate therefrom certain success to the royal cause, and thereby cause the disheartened and timid to shrink from lending us their countenance and support. No, no; whatever we may think, feel, or fear, Captain Milford, we must make an outward show of unbounded confidence in our own resources; for as the chameleon takes the hue of whatever object supports it, so the common soldier argues triumph or defeat from the assurance or indecision of those who command him."

"Right, Champe," returned the Captain, warmly; "you are right, and I thank you for the timely caution; for though I have never given expression to my thoughts or feelings before any of my men, yet there is no knowing what I might have done in an unguarded moment. But *entre nous*, Sergeant Champe, what is your own private opinion as to the result of this contest?"

"That we shall ultimately triumph."

"Do you really think so, my friend?"

"I do. You and I, Captain, may not live to see it; but as certain as that there is a just God in heaven, so surely do I believe the reign of monarchy is at an end on this soil already hallowed by the blood of patriots fighting for freedom. Look around you, and behold the facts on which I found this prophecy!

You see these houses in ruins, or falling to decay; you see these once peaceful and happy homes deserted; and where are the tenants, the rightful owners of the soil, whom we are too weak to protect? Go search the army list, and you will find the names of nearly one half of those capable of bearing arms enrolled thereon. When men freely sacrifice home, wealth, and all domestic comforts, and, taking the hard fare of the unpaid, half-starved, common soldier, periling their lives in the cause of their country against a well-fed, well-paid, well-disciplined army, with every inducement held out to them to desert and return to their so-called allegiance, what chance has his Majesty of ever finding faithful subjects in such citizens? His overwhelming host of minions may succeed in crushing them for a time; but like the fabled Hydra, for every head decapitated a new one will grow upon the old trunk, and they will be fairly represented in their posterity."

Champe spoke with an enthusiasm almost foreign to his nature; for, as a general thing, he was a man of action rather than words, and at all times calm, cool, and self-collected; but this only showed how near his valiant heart lay the subject which the Captain had introduced. His own enthusiasm aroused that of his more excitable companion; and the moment he had concluded, Captain Milford exclaimed, at the same time extending him his hand:

"Sergeant Champe, henceforth count me among your warmest friends. O, would that our army were composed entirely of such men as you! there would indeed then be no cause to fear the result of our struggle. The chivalrous blood of old Virginia runs in your veins; I am a native of New England; but though there may in some minds exist a prejudice between the descendant of a Cavalier and a Puritan, yet I trust no such simple accident of birth may ever be cause to weaken the warm friendship I now pledge you."

"Rest assured, Captain Milford, no such trifling matter will ever have any weight with me. No matter where born, nor of what parentage; I feel that we are brothers, embarked in a noble cause, and on my part no effort shall be wanting to preserve the fraternal and friendly

tie. Nay, more, Captain; I acknowledge I feel honored by being allowed to distinguish you from the many, by the term you have just proposed; and though not a man given to flattery, I beg leave to say in return, that no officer of your years and rank stands higher in the army, on the score of courage and ability, than yourself."

This unequivocal compliment, coming from one of Champe's well-known integrity, caused a glow of pride to mantle the handsome features of the gallant Captain; but he instantly said, with a gay laugh:

"I cry you quits, Sergeant, ere my vanity has an opportunity to get the better of my judgment."

The party now ascended a steep bill, which commanded an extensive view; but there was little in the gloomy aspect of the country to put one of a contemplative turn of mind in a cheerful mood. The land was still uneven and hilly, with the exception of a fertile plain, which stretched away from the base of the eminence for the distance of about half a mile, the farther portion of it bounded by a little rivulet, which wound around the foot of a ridge similar in appearance to the one from which our party were taking their survey. About midway of this plain was an old, quaint, dilapidated structure, with steep roof, small windows, huge chimney, and pointed gables, which, before the war, had been used as a dwelling for an honest, industrious Dutchman and his family. It was now, like most of the houses in this quarter, untenanted, save by an occasional straggler, who, perchance, belated in reaching his intended destination, ventured to pass the night within its gloomy walls. There were at this time no out-buildings belonging to it; but here and there a heap of black, charred rubbish, half-buried in rank weeds, proclaimed where had been several, ere the plunderer came with his destroying brand. Why the dwelling was preserved beyond the general wreck, we are unable to say; though it might have been too well defended to permit the cowardly incendiaries to get near enough to fire it, without too much risk of their own unworthy lives; or it might have been, as was sometimes the case, that the marauders were satisfied to burn the out-

houses and barns, and drive off the folded cattle by the light of the conflagration. Whatever the cause of its preservation may have been, matters not to our story; enough for our purpose, that it stood alone, as we have described it, another landmark of the terrible devastation which had swept, and was still sweeping, over this portion of the country.

"Yonder is another tenantless house," said Captain Milford, gazing at it from the brow of the hill, "and there is no knowing but it once contained another argument in support of your prediction, Sergeant, in the shape of a true patriot now in the army."

"I know not whom it contained," replied Champe, fixing his cool gray eye steadily upon it; "but if I were given to sporting, I would wager my horse against yours, Captain, that it is not now tenantless."

"Indeed, Champe," returned the other, "what induces you to think so?"

"A head, attached to a body, which just now disappeared from one of the windows."

"The open window?"

"Yes."

"I will not contradict you; but I must say I think you are mistaken; for I was looking straight at that when I spoke, and both before and after, and I saw nothing."

"Then I must congratulate myself on having the best eyesight, Captain."

"You really think, then, you saw a human head?"

"More—I know I did," was the positive rejoinder.

"Well, if you did, Champe, you doubtless saw the head of some vagabond; and it will afford us a little pleasant pastime to overhaul him, and hear his blundering account of himself; but so confident am I that you are mistaken, that I will wager twenty-five dollars of Continental scrip, against the middle button of your coat, that you neither find a human being in the house, nor see one leave the premises."

"Done!" said Champe. "Forward, men—keep your eyes upon yonder building, and tell me if you see any one leave it."

He spurred his horse as he spoke, and dashed down the hill, Captain Milford keeping him company, and the others following at

a fast gallop. A few minutes' ride brought the party to the old structure, when Champe ordered his men to surround it, and throwing himself from his horse, approached the central door, and pushed it back on its rusty hinges. Milford also dismounted, and both together entered a large, gloomy-looking apartment, with low ceiling, and a fireplace of sufficient dimensions to consume at least a half-cord of wood at a time.

Our friends at once commenced a search for the occupant, if such there were; and after carefully examining the first apartment, they proceeded to the next, and from that to the next, and so on through the whole house, peeping into every nook and corner, and even crawling along under the steep roof, and feeling with their hands close to the eaves, where it was too dark to see. But so far nothing but dirt and cobwebs rewarded them for their trouble; and when at last every room in the house had been brought under their inspection, Captain Milford said, with a laugh:

"Well, Sergeant Champe, I shall now be under the disagreeable necessity of calling on you for that button. It is a pity to spoil the looks of your coat; but then, you know, your eyes not being quite so sharp as you supposed, you may perhaps not be able to discern the difference."

"Laugh while you may, Captain," returned the Sergeant, good-humoredly; "but I am just as confident of winning now as before."

"Indeed! why, I thought our search complete."

"You forget the cellar."

"True enough—but we shall not be able to explore that without a light."

"Then we must have a light."

"But where will you get it?"

"I saw an iron stick, with a piece of candle in it, standing on one of the shelves of the dresser, in the first room we entered. Even here, it seems, my eyes do better service than yours."

"We shall see."

"Of course we shall," returned Champe, drily; "else what were the use of our eyes in a wager like this?"

The two officers now descended a flight of old creaking stairs, to the ground floor, and

having lighted the candle, by means of flint, steel, and punk, which Champe carried with him, they proceeded to explore the cellar. The air here was impure, damp, and cold, and the walls were covered with slime. There was little in it, and consequently the search was soon over, without discovering any body but themselves.

"Well, what say you now, my friend?" asked the Captain, triumphantly. "What think you of your eyes and the button?"

"You forget the oven," replied the other.

"Very well, we will search the oven; but we might have done that before coming down here."

Our friends ascended to the first floor, and proceeded to search the oven, which was large, and built in the chimney, on one side of the fireplace. It was empty.

"Well, what next?" asked Milford.

"The chimney."

"Good faith! will you ever be satisfied?"

"Not till I find the head, save the button, and win the scrip," was the reply.

The friends approached the chimney, looked up, saw the blue sky through the top, but nothing in the shape of a human being.

"Come, come, Champe," laughed Milford, "I must have the button; so pray make a virtue of necessity, and yield the wager. Even you, who saw the head, must now see that you have lost."

Champe made no reply; but taking hold of the huge chimney stones with his hands, and placing his feet on such as projected, he quickly ascended some ten feet, to a point where another flue entering, left a small space concealed from the view of any one below. After remaining here a moment or two, he carefully descended, and without replying to the triumphant jests of his companion, who was now more importunate than ever for the payment of the wager, he gathered up a handful of loose straw that was lying in one corner of the room, and lighting it with the candle, threw it into the fireplace. He then entered the adjoining room, did the same thing there, and then quietly rejoined his companion, without speaking a word.

For some moments nothing was audible but the crackling flame, as it greedily de-

voured its combustible food, sending up a huge volume of thick, black smoke; but at length a snuffing, sputtering sound was heard, quickly followed by a voice in the real nasal twang, peculiar to a certain portion of the New Englanders, which, in a sort of smothered shout, managed to articulate loud enough for our friends to hear:

"Let me eout! let me eout!—murder, fire, brimstone, thunder and lightnin', let me eout! and darn it to darnation, stop off your darned old fire and smoke! or I swow to Guinea, I'll jest report the hull capoodle on ye to General Washington, and have ye hung for a set of prowling vagabonds and thieves! O, boo-oo-ough—stup-f—stup-f—ough! Murder! fire! let me eout!"

The voice had proceeded thus far, ere Milford and Champe, both convulsed with laughter, could succeed in removing the burning straw from the two fireplaces; and then as much more time was spent in putting it out; when the Sergeant, in a stern, commanding tone, said:

"Come down here, you sneaking varlet, and give an account of yourself." Then in an undertone to Milford he added: "He is evidently a countryman of yours, Captain, and the making of his distinguished acquaintance will cost you twenty-five dollars."

"Well," laughed the other, "I can see the joke, if I couldn't the head. I think you must have stolen the eyes of a lynx, Sergeant, and faded them to a light gray."

A great snuffing, sputtering, and coughing was now heard in the chimney, down rattled the soot in large quantities, and down soon came the cause of this disturbance, and the author of the sublime language which we have recorded as uttered in a moment of great bodily fear and partial suffocation.

CHAPTER X.

A LIVE YANKEE.

THE new-comer, thus singularly introduced to our friends, was one of those rare specimens of the *genus homo*, in giving birth to which New England stands unrivaled even at

the present day. He was tall, lank, bony, and round-shouldered, had a long, sharp nose, and sharp features generally, with small, keen black eyes, that peeped out from under a low forehead, and glanced about with a shrewd, cunning, suspicious expression. His hair, somewhat between a tow-color and dirty brown, was long, uncombed, and not only fell around his face and neck in no very elegant profusion, but over his low forehead even down to his eyes. It was impossible for our friends to guess his age, owing to his face being literally covered with soot; but as we do not need to wait for him to perform a very necessary ablution, we may as well state here, that about thirty winters had passed over his head. His dress was in keeping with his own ungainly person. A kind of surtout, made of homespun cloth, served the double purpose of coat and waistcoat. Under this was a tow-colored shirt, with a flaunting bandanna tied carelessly around his neck. His trowsers were too short to reach the tops of his heavy cowhide brogans, and as he wore no stockings, there was in consequence an ample display of bony ankles. A hat, with an immense bell-crown, and a rim of an inch in width, which came tumbling down the chimney just after its owner, all covered with soot and dirt, completed his attire. He was, take him all in all, a singular being; and you could hardly judge, by looking into his countenance, whether to pronounce him honest or dishonest, harmless or dangerous, there was such a curious commingling of candor and duplicity, simplicity and cunning, timidity and boldness. His eyes, as we have remarked, expressed both shrewdness and suspicion, and his sharp, intelligent features showed an active mind, either for good or evil. A half-smile, which lurked around the corners of his mouth, gave him a look of easy assurance, and was at the same time of so doubtful a nature, that one was at a loss whether to attribute it to good-humor or natural deceit.

Brushing the soot and dirt in some measure from his face, hair, and eyes, and spitting it from his mouth, he looked at the two officers with a mingled expression of anger, fear, and curiosity, and then said:

"Consarn it all! why didn't ye say you

wanted me to come deown, without raising sich an all-fired smoke? I swow! I thought the hull darned old shanty was afire—I did, by thunder."

Captain Milford, in spite of his efforts to look serious, burst into a hearty laugh; but Champe, with a grave countenance, sternly demanded:

"Who are you, and what brought you here?"

"You want to know who I be, do ye?" was the rather insolent rejoinder.

"Answer my questions, knave, or I'll have you tied up and flogged."

"Wal, then, as I see you're in 'arnest about it, I'll tell ye. I'm Joshua Snipe—ginerally called Josh for short—all the way from the state of Connecticut, and I was fetched here by my legs."

"And what were you doing here?"

"Darn it all, I thought you knowed that; I was hiding up the chimbley."

"And why were you hiding?"

"So you wouldn't find me."

"And why were you afraid we should find you?"

"'Cause you officer fellers al'ays bother a feller so asking questions."

"And if your pursuits and intentions were honest, why should you have any fear to be questioned?"

"Wal, I didn't want the trouble of answering; and besides, I couldn't tell, so fur off, but you might be Britishers."

"Well, sir, answer me truly—for what purpose are you here? and what business have you in this part of the country?"

"Why, I haint no business here at all, and that's what troubles me; 'cause you see I'd like tarnal wal to git into some kind of business, if so be I might make a speck by it. I'll jest tell ye the hull on't, and may be you can help me a bit. Ye see, old Snipe, my dad, was as brave a chap as could be skeered up in our parts, and al'ays had a sneaking notion arter a fight, so much so that all the neighbors, for a great way round, called him Fighting Snipe. Wal, he was tarnel poor for a long spell arter I got to be a youngster, and used to go out to days' works for Deacon Sam Peabody, a near neigh-

bor of ourn. I guess you never heerd tell on the deacon, n ay be."

"Go on with your story, sir, and be brief."

"Wal, he used to go out to days' work for the deacon, and used to arn jest enough to keep marm and six children, all gals but me, from starving."

"Well, well, Mr. Snipe," interrupted Champe, "we care nothing about this rignarole. Come to the point, and be as brief as possible, for our time is precious."

"Darn it all, that's jest what I'm coming to, if you'll let me alone. Wal, you see, dad he had a putty hard time on't, and we too—but arter a while, marm she tuck sick and died, and the deacon he died, and dad he got the place to halves of the deacon's widder, and then we got along better, only he sot me to work, and I had to pull up like a nigger—but we got enough to eat, any how."

"I see you are trifling with us, fellow," again interrupted the Sergeant, seizing Mr. Joshua Snipe by the collar. "Come, we must take you along, and let you tell your story elsewhere."

"I aint a trifling with ye, I swow, by gosh, I aint!" cried the now frightened Yankee. "Every word I've told ye's true as preaching, and a darned sight truer'n some kinds of preaching I've heerd afore now."

"But why don't you come to the point?" asked Captain Milford, sternly.

"I'm coming to the p'int as fast's I can. I aint a woman, by a darned sight, and so I don't see as how I'm 'spected to keep up with one talking," returned Josh, rather angrily.

"You are a shrewd knave at all events," said the Sergeant, releasing his hold on the Yankee's collar, and turning his head aside to conceal a broad grin, while the Captain laughed outright. "But you have only got three minutes to finish your story in," pursued Champe, "and so I give you fair warning."

"Wal, as I's a-saying," resumed Josh, "arter marm and the deacon died, and dad got the deacon's widder's farm to halves, we got along putty wal, till the war come on, and then dad, who hadn't had a fight for a long spell, said he was going to Bosting to jine it. Wal, the next day he set out, and the fust

thing we heerd from him was, that he'd been killed at Bunker's Hill."

"Ah! this sounds better," interrupted Milford. "So your worthy father was one of the first martyrs on the shrine of freedom."

"Wal, I calculate he was—least ways he got killed in the Bunker fight, if that's what you mean, Ginerall." h

"I am only a captain," smiled Milford; "but go on with your story, for we have delayed here too long already."

"Wal, Capting, since you will have it so—but I swow you look like you oughter be a ginerall, if you aint—wal, as I's a saying, arter dad got killed, I stuck to widder Peabody's farm like a tick to a sheep, till all the gals got married off—the youngest one, Eunice, went last March—and then I packed up my duds, and told the deacon's widder she might get somebody else to farm it, for I was jest a going to tramp a bit, and see the world for myself. The deacon's widder hated to let me go like darnation, and I reckon Sal Stacy didn't like it none too well; but ye see Sal had another feller a courtin' her, and she thought may be she could git him, and kind o' gin me the sack; but I calculated I'd be even with her, and I shouldn't wonder if I was; for jest afore I left, the other feller left too, and so she's got nobody now."

"Ah! then here is your secret, after all, Mr. Snipe," returned Milford, good humorously. "Disappointed in love, you thought, like many another gallant knight, you would drown your grief in the wild excitement of war. Eh! is that it?"

"Wal, so'thing like that, Ginerall—Capting I mean," returned Josh, with a rather simple look. "Wal, ye see, I sot off, and 'tramped about a good bit, till I got clean out of money; and then I let myself to a farmer through haying; and arter that I jest thought I'd come over here to the army, and see how things looked; and if it suited me, I'd a notion I'd list, and try fighting a spell, jest for variety."

"So you wish to enlist, do you?" demanded the Sergeant.

"Wal, I don't know yit, 'cause I haint seen the fellers train—arter I've seen 'em train, I can tell better."

"Are you aware, Mr. Snipe, that you are in a very dangerous part of the country?" pursued Champe. "I am surprised you have not been robbed and murdered, traveling thus, alone, without even a passport."

"That's just what I's coming at, Major."

"I am only a sergeant, sir."

"Ye-a-s,—I thought you looked like you might be a major, so fierce and dignified like. Wal, Sargent, since you will have it so, I's jest a going to say I'd been robbed of every darned thing I'm worth, but these ere clothes, and I've been kicked and cuffed about as if I was a nigger. But when I git to General Washington's lines, I calculate to tell him the hull story; and if he's the man I take him for, I guess the darned scamps 'll wish they'd never had nothing to do with Josh Snipe. But now I think on't, I'll jest tell ye so'thing that's a going to happen to-night—so'thing that'll make your hair stand right up, I guess."

"Well, out with it, and be quick!" said Champe.

"Wal, ye see, as I's coming down through the country here, and not exactly liking the chaps I meet on the road, I thought I'd take it cross-lots. I got robbed day before yesterday, and ever since I've been afeared some of the darned scamps would kill me. I'll jest up and tell ye how it was."

"Never mind that, now, my good fellow," interrupted Milford, "but come directly to the point of the story you set out with."

"Wal, ye see, arter being robbed and kicked about a good deal by them ar darned thieving scamps I's telling ye on, I begun to be putty keerful how I let any body see me; and so, for the last two nights, I've slept out o' doors, in the branches of the trees—and a putty considerable darned hard kind of a bed it was, I tell you. Wal, last night I mounted a tree, arter chucking an ear of old hard corn I found in a mean-looking house I come by in the daytime, and I'd jest got myself cleverly fixed for a nap, with my back agin a big limb, and lots of branches each side to keep me from rolling off—I'd jest got fixed this way, I say, and was beginning to feel right dozy, when I heerd a lot of fellers all talking together, putty loud, jest as if they was disputing about so'thing, and getting mad. I laid right still, and lis-

tened, but couldn't make out a darned thing for a good spell, though the fellers was coming right toward where I was all the time—but jest as if they knowed I was in the tree they kept lowering their voices all the way up. At last I heerd one on 'em say:

"Now hush, can't ye, and not make sich a darned noise about it! 'Spose any body 'd be a listening?" and then another feller said—

"Pshaw! you talk like a fool, Jack—as if there was any one about here to listen, at this time of night. By Jupiter! I'd like to catch any feller a listening—I'd jest cut his darned heart out on him."

"I swow to Guinea! I never felt more uncomfortable in my life, than I did when I heerd that feller say that; and the way the sweat rolled off o' me, made me think o' the time when I first tried to keep up with dad a mowing, on Deacon Sam Peabody's widder's farm. I knowed if they found me out, there'd be one Snipe less in the world, putty tarnal soon, too; and being as I thought a good deal of that Snipe, I jest held right tight to the limbs, and didn't breathe louder 'n thunder, no how. Wal, the fellers—there wasn't less nor seven or eight on 'em—they kept talking away, and disputing about this and that, and 'tother, till I wished to thunder they'd clear out and let me go to sleep. By'm-by, one on 'em says—

"Wal, you can do's you like; but if I've got any thing to do or say in't, I'll have the throats of every one on 'em cut, and the old shanty burnt up with them all in it."

"Jemima," says I to myself—"so there's murder about; and here you be, Josh Snipe, you good-for-nothing feller, a listening to it, without daring to say your soul's your own. Now," thinks I, "If I could only see General Washington, and tell him all about!"

"Well, well, cut your story short," cried Champe, impatiently, "and come to the point. Who are these men? and whom do they intend to pillage and murder?"

"You want to know who they be, do ye? Wal, there you git ahead of me; but they're some darned scamps or other, you may depend upon it. All I know consarning the persons they're going to attack is, that I heerd one o' the fellers say there was four on 'em—an old man, his wife, one son, and daughter—

and that he agreed to kill three, and take the gal for his pains; but another feller said he shouldn't do that, for the gal had got to be killed along with the rest."

"And did you hear the name of this family?" asked Milford, anxiously.

"Ye-a-s, I heerd one of the fellers mention it—but consarn me, if it hasn't slipped my mind. Let me see? Bont—Bony—Burt?"

"Burnside," suggested Milford.

"Ye-a-s, that's it—Burnside—I guess you know 'em, don't ye, Capt'ing?"

"Ay, sir, and a worthy family they are. By heavens! they shall be protected, too, and these midnight assassins shall reap the reward due to cut-throats! You overheard this last night?"

"Yes, Capt'ing."

"And the attack is to be made to-night?"

"Yes, Capt'ing, about ten or twelve o'clock."

"Then no time is to be lost—it is now hard upon three. Champe, can you be spared from your corps over night?"

"I regret to say I can not, Captain. Major Lee gave me express orders to set out for camp the moment I should see you to a point of safety. He said it was possible you would find some of our corps at White Plains, in which case he should expect to see me before sunset."

"Ah! this makes it bad!" returned Milford, musingly. "The Burnside's live about five miles below here; and should none of my men be at White Plains, it will be a rather tedious ride to Northcastle and back again, in time to prevent this horrible tragedy. But prevent it I must, and will, at all hazards. You are not deceiving me in this matter?" he queried, fixing on Josh a searching look.

"Wal, I calculate I aint, Capt'ing," was the cool reply. "Why, what good d'ye think it 'ould do me to lie about it?"

"None, Mr. Snipe, unless you have a penchant for a striped back," was the marked rejoinder.

"I don't know what you mean by *pang-shang*," said Josh, simply; "but I am not any ways curious about a striped back—for dad brat me enough o' that when I was a youngster."

"Perhaps if none of my corps are there," pursued Milford, musingly, "I can fall in with Paulding and some of his men, and persuade them to accompany me. Go I will, at all events, if I go alone."

"And who is this Paulding?" asked Champe.

"A trusty fellow, and one of a brave little band of scouts, who have done us and the country good service, in procuring important intelligence from the enemy, arresting suspicious characters, and, to some considerable extent, protecting the inhabitants around here against the marauding bands of Cow Boys and Skinners. They are generally scouting in this quarter, or below, and it is more than probable I can learn of their whereabouts at White Plains, even if I do not find some of the party there. Come, we must be on the move. Champe, I will pay my wager at the village. Josh, you must go with us—you can ride behind one of the troopers."

Thus saying, the Captain led the way out of the house, mounted his horse, and in a few minutes the whole party arrived at the village of White Plains, at this time containing scarcely more than a dozen houses. As none of his corps had been here through the day, Milford made inquiries for Paulding, and learning that he was somewhere about the place, he told the Sergeant he could get along without him. The two officers then shook hands and parted—Champe to return to camp, and Milford to prepare for a new adventure.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS.

ON the same day that the events of the last few chapters occurred, Rosalie Du Pont was seated in her little boudoir, beside one of the windows, which commanded a southern view. Her position was one of careless ease. Her soft, white arm, bare to the elbow, was resting on the casement, her head upon her hand, with her beautiful fingers half buried among her raven ringlets, which, in wanton profusion swept down her lovely face, and in rich, heavy rolls lay upon her alabaster neck. Her soft, dark eyes were fixed mournfully upon some objects without, and a shade of

deep, sad thought rested on her features, and ever and anon her snowy bosom would swell with a long, heavy sigh.

A casual observer would have seen little in the view to make her sad. The curtains of the window were drawn aside, and through a trellis covered with creeping vines, a gentle breeze stole in, and kissing her lovely person as it passed, played wantonly with the loose papers on her escritoire, the music leaves on the table, and gliding around the apartment, slipped out through the open doorway, softly, silently, and unperceived. Looking down through the vine-clad trellis of the window, the eye fell upon the shrubbery and garden before mentioned—then upon the dark river, gliding calmly and silently along—and then, continuing the view in the same direction, upon the heights of Brooklyn, and the redoubts and military works, where, a few years before, the American army had taken refuge, after that disastrous battle by which the British gained a decided victory, and subsequently, from this cause, the possession of New York, which they had ever since retained.

But not upon any thing we have mentioned was the gaze of the beautiful Rosalie riveted. Turning more to the left, and looking across that point of land, a part of which is now used for naval purposes, a portion of Wallabout Bay was visible, with several dark hulks floating upon its bosom. These only she saw, and these, and the thoughts associated with them, caused her features to assume that mournful look, and her breast to heave those long, sad sighs. And good cause had she for mournful looks and sighs, if that her gentle heart were tuned to throb with sympathy for brave men doomed. Those low, dark, floating hulks were English prisons for Americans; and from their noisome holds, where disease, fed by disease and absolute starvation, ran riot, more than eleven thousand human beings were borne to an untimely grave, and their bones left to whiten and decay beneath the dark waters.

"Oh! cruel, cruel war!" murmured Rosalie, wiping a tear from her eye; "and cruel, cruel tyrants of a race that would be free! Are these the horrid means ye use to make yourselves masters of those who will not bend the knee to earthly monarch? Out upon such

cowardly assassination! for I can call it by no milder terms. Meeting a gallant foe upon the open field, and man to man, life staked 'gainst life, there striving for the victory, is noble, even in so base a cause as yours, compared to such a vile resort as this. Think Heaven will smile upon your murderous deeds, and crown your efforts with success? No! for Heaven is just, and ye will find it so in time. Oh! that the time were come to end this human butchery, and let the broad white folds of gentle peace float o'er a land now red with blood of martyrs! Ay, *martyrs*—that's the word—martyrs on freedom's holy shrine—martyrs in a cause that has the undivided sympathy of every philanthropic heart throughout the world. Europe is looking on in wonder at this long-protracted struggle, and even monarchy itself begins to sympathize with the unfortunate, and lend its powerful aid to right the wronged. France, *la belle France*, my native land, home of my childhood, thou, I am proud to say, hast set a noble example, in sending hither aid to the oppressed! And thou, noble champion of liberty—thou who from thy ancestral halls of luxury and ease didst come to lift thy arm against the foes of them that would be free—thou noble, gallant Lafayette!—immortal honors shall be thine! and millions yet unborn shall couple thy proud name with his, the man of men, the great, the good, the heaven-sent Washington!

"Oh! that I were a man!" pursued Rosalie, with enthusiasm: "that I were a man, possessed of a hundred lives, that I might lay each down in the great sacred cause of liberty, to show these minions of King George how much I hate—these noble patriots how much I love them!"

As Rosalie said this, with swelling heart, glowing features, and in a tone too loud for prudence, a hand lightly touched her shoulder. She started, her face grew ashy pale, and turning, she beheld Munee standing quietly by her side. In an instant she recovered her self-possession, the blood again coursed rapidly along its proper channels, and in a hurried voice she said:

"You here, Munee? how long have you been listening?"

The mute caught up a pen and wrote:

"Too long, did I serve King George as faithfully as my mistress."

"I have been imprudent, Munee, I see; very imprudent; but yonder is the cause. You see that boat, returning to that hulk, Munee! It has been out on an unhallowed mission—to consign more tyrant's victims to their watery grave! Poor fellows! *their* earthly troubles at last are over; and I could rejoice at their fate, did I not know how soon they will have company from among the living; and sympathy for those so doomed usurps the place of joy. But art sure, Munee, no other listener heard my treasonous thoughts?"

"There were none near when I entered," wrote Munee, "and I took the precaution to close the door. But my sweet mistress must not so risk her thoughts aloud again."

"I will not, my kind friend, believe me," said Rosalie, seizing the hand of the mute, and pressing it warmly. "But the horse?"

"Awaits its rider," wrote the other.

"At the place I named?"

The mulatto nodded an affirmative.

"Then quick! assist me to make my toilet for this new adventure. Make haste—braid up my hair! What! tears, Munee! Come, come, be not so sad—no harm will befall me, depend upon it! I shall be back to-night, or early in the morning, for to-morrow night I must attend Sir Henry's ball. You shake your head, but you shall see. You must personate me, Munee, in my absence. You need not fear interruption, now that uncle and aunt are both away; for while you were gone for the horse, I called the servants together, and told them they must not intrude upon my privacy to-day, under any circumstances, and they promised obedience. Now I think of it again, Munee, perhaps it would be as well for you not to make any change in your apparel; and should any thing happen—there, do not look so frightened! I do not mean to myself—should any thing happen, I say, that might expose you, and inquiry be made for me, you can simply answer that I am out, and you know not how soon I may return. It was lucky I thought to have you get another suit throughout, the exact counterpart of the one you wear; for by this addition to our wardrobe, there can be two Munees at the same

time—Munee the elder, and Munee the younger;" and Rosalie laughed gayly, not because she felt in a laughing humor, but that her seeming light spirits might raise the spirits of her desponding servant.

Some half an hour was spent in completing the metamorphosis of Rosalie from a young lady into a stripling boy; but when done, the change was so great her own father would not have known her. Her long, flowing ringlets were braided close upon her crown, and then covered by a curly, black wig, which had been procured expressly for the purpose. The jacket and trowsers fitted her as if made for her; and when she stood before the glass, with the gold-landed blue cloth cap upon her head, she burst into a gay laugh, and said:

"Pardon me, Munee, if I hurt your sensitive feelings—but really, I see nothing to prevent our being twin *brothers*, except our color, and that is easily remedied with this preparation."

As she spoke, she took up a vial of dark liquid, and pouring out a small quantity, rubbed it freely upon her hands, face, and neck. In an instant her fair, white skin assumed that sallow-brown hue peculiar to the mulatto, and even Munee acknowledged her to be a very handsome representative of the colored race.

"And now good-by, Munee, till to-morrow. Pshaw! you must not cry, girl! I tell you I will be prudent. Ah! the passports—I was nearly forgetting them. Good-by!" and shaking Munee's hand warmly, Rosalie bounded out of the room, and down the stairs, leaving the other standing pale and motionless, and gazing after her with tearful eyes.

Rosalie turned up Queen-street, and walking very fast, soon reached a cross-street leading out of an open space on the summit of a hill. Taking this, she hurried down the hill, into a low, marshy portion of the city, where stood several mean-looking houses. Selecting one of these, she rapped hastily on the door. It was opened by a large, fat woman of forty, with broad, heavy features, which were, in some measure, relieved from dulness, by small keen, intelligent black eyes.

"Well, boy, what do you want?" she inquired, in a harsh, gruff tone.

"Is this the residence of Dame Hagold?" interrogatively rejoined Rosalie.

"Yes, Dame Hagold stops here—what then?"

"Can I see her?"

"What's your business with her?"

"That I can only reveal to herself."

"Well, tell it to me, then—I'm her."

"It is private, and must not be spoken where it can possibly be overheard," said our heroine, in a low tone, glancing cautiously around.

"O, it's private, hey? Come in, then;" and as the other entered, Dame Hagold closed the door with a slam, and added, "Who sent ye?"

"My mistress."

"And who's your mistress?"

"Any listeners?"

"No, I never have them things—there's nobody in the house but us."

"Well, then, it was Rosalie Du Pont sent me."

"Ha! Rosalie Du Pont, hey!" returned the other, with a look of interest, her tones becoming less harsh, and her manner more respectful. "So Rosalie Du Pont sent you?" she continued, eyeing her guest very closely. "How long have you been in her service?"

"Only a few days."

"I thought so. I knowed I never seen ye before. Well, what are ye laughing at. I reckon you haint been taught your place as yet. Where's Munee, her tother servant?"

"He is with her still."

"Be you brothers?"

"Yes."

"How comes it you can talk and he can't?"

"He was sick, about five years ago, and lost his speech."

"O, that's it, hey? Well, if you comes from Miss Rosalie, you've got her ring, I 'spose?"

"Yes, here it is," returned the other, holding out her hand.

"Ha! two on 'em, hey! and both diamonds. What's tother for?"

"What—why, that—that is for something else," purposely stammered Rosalie, averting her face.

"Young chap, you're a spy," cried the other, indignantly, seizing Rosalie roughly by the arm. "You aint what you pretend you

is, or else you stole that ring—so own up, or it'll be the worse for ye."

"I am not what I pretend to be, sure enough," laughed Rosalie; "but I think my disguise is perfect, since it has deceived you, mother Hagold."

"Why, who are you?" queried the dame, in surprise, releasing her hold, and looking eagerly and searchingly into the laughing face of her guest. "No, it can not be—yes, it is!" and hurriedly, as she spoke, the dame tore off the cap and wig—"Yes, it is, as I'm a sinner, Rosalie Du Pont herself! Why, gal, what are you up to now, you eccentric creature? Why, if I'd a been your mother, I wouldn't known ye from a half-bred nigger boy. Well, well, this is a curious world, and no mistake. But again I ask, what are you disguised this way for?"

"I am going into the country, toward White Plains."

"Not alone?"

"Yes."

"Why, what ails the gal? you surely won't run sich a risk?"

"How much of a risk is it?"

"A powerful one—all your life's woth, in these troublous times. The Cow Boys and Skinners is out every night now, and don't let any one off they can git their hands on to. My curses on 'em both for plundering me, and burning my house!" cried the dame, savagely. "But I've marked 'em, and I'll be even with the villains yet, if I live."

"Well, I am resolved to go, if only for the novelty of it. You know, mother Hagold, when I once set my mind upon a venture, it is no trifling matter can stop me."

"I know you're self-willed and headstrong as old Nick himself; but still I must protest agin your going out there to git captured, and may be killed—for sartingly one, or tother, or both 'll happen to ye."

"I think not. But tell me—have you any news since I saw you last?"

"Well, no, not much woth telling—news are scarce now. I can't find out nothing about Sir Henry's plans. All I can pick up is jest the same old story, about the Chesapeake expedition; and it don't vary but trifling, though I don't believe much into it, after all."

"Have you made any thing at your business, lately?"

"Not much—times is getting dull—and as long as there aint much chance of a fight, soldiers don't keer particularly about their fortunes. I advertised in the Gazette, Saturday, that I'd come back to town, and could be found at my old quarters, in Queen-street, every night after seven; and last night I had two customers, one on 'em a gentleman. He kept his face hid a good deal; but I knowed he was a gentleman by his hand, before I seen his face."

"You did see his face, then?"

"Yes, I seen it, and I knowed him at once, although he was disguised as a citizen."

"Who is he?"

"Guess."

"I can not."

"Major Andre."

"Indeed! and what kind of a fate did you predict for him?"

"Well, not over good; his palm was dreadfully cut up with trouble, and his line of life stopped powerful sudden. Poor fellow! I reckon the next fight he gits into will finish him."

"God forbid!" rejoined Rosalie, solemnly; "for he is one of the most noble young men I have ever met. But I have always noticed the good die first. How did he take your prediction?—did he seem to put any faith in what you told him?"

"Well, I don't hardly know; he looked kind o' sad and troubled, and said as how it tallied pretty well with what another fortune-teller had told him."

"Who?"

"He didn't say, but I guessed it was Carlini. He axed me what I thought of one man's holding another motionless jest by his will—and you know Signor Carlini's got the knack of doing them things."

"And what did you answer him?"

"That it wasn't nothing so very wonderful to them as understood the hidden sciences of man's composition; for if mind governed matter, mind was the most powerfulest; and some minds being more powerfulest than other minds, could govern them, and will their matter to do as they pleased."

"A very lucid explanation," laughed Rosalie. "But, come; I must be going; for the afternoon is half spent already, and I design being back in the morning; and to-morrow night intend to accompany this same gallant Major Andre to Sir Henry Clinton's ball."

"Heaven forbid you be disappointed!" ejaculated the dame. "But do you know where you're going?"

"I wish to see the Burnsides: they are true, are they not?"

"As steel. A right smart ride that—do you know the road?"

"No, and it is part of my business here to have you point it out, so I shall make no mistake."

"Gal, you're mad—mad as a moon-struck loon—to think of making sich a venture as this, and you not even know the way at that! I declare I'll jest go down and tell your uncle Percy of your folly."

"What? betray my confidence, Dame Hagold?—for shame!"

"Well, well, you know I aint in earnest, Rosalie; but I declare I ought to do something desperate, to stop you. Are you going to ride?"

"Yes."

"Then you'll sartainly be capturd; but I can't help it."

"No, good mother, you can not help it; and so be quick, now, and tell me the road—for every moment's delay makes my return just so much later."

"But pray tell me what you're going for?"

"Partly for a ride, and partly to convey some intelligence I have gathered, that may be of importance to our friends."

"Why don't you send Munee?"

"Why, you know he is dumb; and the last time he was out, as he informed me to-day, when I questioned him closely on the subject, he was near losing his life, because he did not answer the challenge of the outpost guard. He stopped, and groaned, and the sentry advanced to him with leveled musket, when he held out his passport, and by signs made him understand he could not speak. I had rather venture myself, than have any harm befall him."

"But you can send somebody else?"

"No, I would rather trust myself, this time at least. But the road, mother?—you forget the road."

The dame, in a few hurried sentences, now conveyed to Rosalie the desired information, coupled with much caution and advice, respecting how to proceed, and how to conduct herself in the event of such and such things happening.

"And now good-by," she said, in conclusion, "and may the great God preserve you from all harm!"

"Amen!" responded Rosalie, in a solemn tone; and giving the other's hand an affectionate squeeze, she took her departure.

CHAPTER XII.

TRoublesome ADVENTURES.

On quitting the premises of Dame Hagold, Rosalie hastened to the junction of Queen-street and Broadway—which was here nothing more than an unpaved road—and continuing up this some two hundred yards, she came to a very genteel-looking farm-house, near which a fine, noble steed, bridled and saddled, stood tied to a sapling. As she began to undo the halter, a man came out of the house and inquired if the horse belonged to her.

"If it was left here an hour or two since, by a dumb boy, for one Henry Pierpot, it does," replied Rosalie.

"All right," replied the man; and vaulting upon the back of the noble animal, Rosalie put spurs to him, and galloped away up the road, leaving a cloud of dust behind her.

During the first half hour, she passed several parties of soldiers, none of whom offered any interruption, though more than one petty officer eyed her very hard. By this time she was some four or five miles on her way—city and suburbs had entirely disappeared—and the road she was travelling led over a wild, hilly country, with only here and there a habitation at long intervals. Suddenly, as she turned the angle of a hill, she came upon another party, of a dozen in number, headed by a sergeant, who had stopped at a spring beside the road to rest themselves, make a frugal repast, and replenish their canteens. Some were sit-

ting around the spring, eating their lunch and cracking jokes; others were stretched at full length upon the ground, under the shadow of a few tall oaks, with their hats lying by their side, and their knapsacks serving them for pillows; while another party of four, among whom was the sergeant, were amusing themselves with a game of cards. As Rosalie suddenly burst upon them, the sergeant and several others sprang up in surprise; when finding they had been disturbed by nothing more important than a "white nigger," as one of them termed our heroine, they began to vent their spite upon the innocent cause of this interruption, in a series of coarse imprecations and ribald jests, such as it had never been poor Rosalie's misfortune to listen to before, and which caused her heart to sink within her—though she managed, by a powerful effort, to cloak her fears, under a well-assumed indifference. But she was not allowed to pursue her journey without still more alarming demonstrations of the sergeant's displeasure; for she had scarcely passed the party, and was just beginning to congratulate herself on escaping from such a vulgar crowd, when the leader called out gruffly:

"Halt, you — mongrel thief, and give an account of yourself! Who are you? and what are you doing up in this quarter, hey?"

At first Rosalie thought of putting spurs to her horse, and ridding herself of the party by flight: but a moment's reflection convinced her this course would be both impolitic and dangerous—the former, because it would attach suspicion to her, as being on an unlawful business; and the latter, because in all probability the sergeant would order his men to fire, and a chance shot might arrest her progress forever. Besides, what had she to fear from British soldiers, while she had in her possession the passport of their chief, which they were in duty bound to respect? Resolved upon her manner of proceeding, she wheeled her horse suddenly, and fixing her eye sternly upon the sergeant, who was leisurely approaching her, she said, in a tone of severe dignity:

"Did you address that language to me, sir?"

"Yes — ye! to you," answered the officer, with a swaggering air.

"Have a care, sir, or I will report your insolence where you will least like to hear from it."

"Who are you?" inquired the sergeant, more respectfully, evidently a little awed by the bold, confident, haughty tone of the other.

"This paper will inform you," answered Rosalie, drawing the passport from her pocket and handing it to the sergeant, who opened it and read:

"Permit the bearer, a mulatto youth, to pass the British lines and outposts, at all times, without question or hindrance.

"H. CLINTON, Major-General.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, NEW YORK,

"Aug. 15, 1780."

"That's all right," said the sergeant, respectfully returning it; "but I couldn't know you had it, you see, when I stopped ye. Pass on!"

Rosalie made no reply, too glad to escape without more words; and putting spurs to her horse, she soon left the party far behind her.

She met with no other adventure, except being once or twice required to show her passport, till she reached a wooden structure spanning the stream that divides Manhattan Island from Westchester county, when a sentinel, pacing before it, not only demanded her written authority to cross the bridge at that time of day—it was past sunset, and beginning to grow duskish—but when he had received and examined it, gave it as his private opinion that it was a forgery, and called the officer of the guard—a strapping, big-headed Dutchman, who was sitting on the steps of the guard-house close at hand, quietly engaged in smoking a *meerschäum*—to come and look at it.

"Yaas," drawled the other, slowly taking the stem of his pipe from his mouth, and lazily puffing out a thin, white wreath of smoke, with an air of great satisfaction and self-complaisance: "Yaas, dat ish all perry vell for me to comes to you; put you pringst him to me, an lat wilt pe all very mush petter."

After examining the paper by the light, carefully turning it over some half a dozen times, and scrutinizing the signature right-side-up, up-side-down, sideways, and in every

other possible manner his beetle-headed guardship could think of—besides making the sentry read it over to him, till the latter could repeat it from memory—this wonderful specimen of Hollandish extraction at last decided the matter in this wise:

"I tink him all pe rights mit Sir Henree's own hand write; put ash it pegins for to grows dark, I tink de poy better pe keeps in te guard-house all nights, till ter morning—eh! Shon?"

"Do it, sir, if you dare!" cried Rosalie, in a sharp, firm tone; for overhearing the conversation, she saw that the quickest mode of making an impression upon the dull comprehension of such a dolt, would be by a bold, confident, and threatening manner. "Ay," she continued, "I repeat, do it if you dare! and as I live, I will have you court-martialed for disobeying the orders of your commander-in-chief. Sentry, give me back that paper, and let me pass, or I will make it the worst day's work you ever had a hand in! Good heavens! is it possible that Sir Henry's private messengers are no better respected than this? and even his own signature regarded as doubtful authority! I shall take good care to let him hear of this."

"Shon," said the Dutchman to the sentry, laying down his pipe, and looking anxious and troubled—"Shon, ter poy speaks goot, and Sir Henree may be not like him. I tink him over, and I tinks I gives him a mug of peer, and lets him co, mit himself, and dat will pe petter ash goot."

At this moment the attention of all three was directed to the bridge, by the clattering of horses' feet on the opposite side. The sentry resumed his post, and almost at the same moment two British officers, splendidly equipped, and mounted on two noble beasts, covered with foam, dashed across, when their progress was arrested by the challenge of the sentinel:

"Halt! who goes there?"

"Friends: Here are our passports; examine them and be quick!" and as the sentinel ran to the guard-house for a light, the two new comers walked their horses along, till they came abreast of Rosalie, where they drew rein, when one of them, whose features Rosalie

could not distinguish in the deepening darkness, but whose white hair denoted him to be a man somewhat advanced in life, said, jocularly—

"Whom have we here for a traveling companion?"

"Unfortunately for myself, gentlemen, I am going the other way," answered our heroine, "so soon as these dolts here can be satisfied that Sir Henry Clinton's written permit is sufficient authority for allowing me to do so."

"And do they dare dispute that?" questioned the second horseman, quickly. "I must look into this matter. Where is the paper, boy?—for by your size and voice I judge you are not yet a man."

"I gave it to the sentry, who I believe gave it to the officer of the day," replied Rosalie, in a tone that was nigh betraying her agitation; for she fancied the other's voice was not unknown to her, and now feared this second investigation might result in more serious consequences than the first.

Already she regretted having drawn so much scrutiny upon herself by her imprudent remark; but it was now too late to repent, and so she nerved herself for the trying moment.

The Dutch officer now advanced to the horsemen, and making the military salute, said, as he reached them their papers:

"Pegs bardon, shentlemens, for make you stops. All ish rights—all ish goot."

"But why do you detain this boy, here?" demanded the younger horseman. "He tells me you have his passport, signed by his excellency, Sir Henry Clinton; let me see it!"

"Here it ish. I pegs"—

"Get me a light," interrupted the other authoritatively.

The light was soon brought, and the frightened Dutchman began to stammer forth another apology, when he was again interrupted by the horseman, with, "Peace, man!" and at the same moment the light and paper were held before his face, and every feature of his handsome countenance was revealed to the trembling Rosalie, who saw her worst fears confirmed.

The young officer was Major Andre, and

his companion was Colonel Beverly Robinson.

"This is all correct," said Andre, "so far as the pass is concerned," and he turned his large, lustrous eyes full upon Rosalie. "And I see nothing wrong here," he added, after a close and severe scrutiny of her person. "Why do you tremble so, boy?" he continued, observing that Rosalie was greatly agitated. "No harm can befall you here; though if you ride much farther on this road to-night, I will not answer for your safe return. You have been wrongly delayed here, and those who have taken upon themselves the responsibility of retarding a messenger bearing the pass of Sir Henry, couched in such positive terms, had better have a care how they exercise such unlawful powers in future. Not a word in your defense!" he continued, sternly, addressing the Dutchman, who was once more on the point of trying to exonerate himself. "Not a word in your defense, sir, but thank your lucky stars if my good nature lets you off with nothing more severe than a reprimand. And you, boy," he went on, turning again to Rosalie, and eyeing her somewhat suspiciously, "it must be important business that takes you into the country to-night. The date of this pass is rather old; and as it confers marked privileges, the bearer must certainly be a personage of some importance. May I ask if Sir Henry sends you himself?"

"He does not," replied Rosalie, by a master effort, speaking in a calm, quiet tone. "But the permit, which you pronounce genuine, I believe is positive on the point of prohibiting the bearer from being annoyed with questions."

"You are right, boy," rejoined Andre, coloring, and restoring the paper to Rosalie. "You are right, lad, and I am wrong in questioning you. Ride on!"

"And yet," hesitated our heroine, "lest you should suspect me without cause, I may venture to say that I am in the service of Miss Rosalie Du Pont."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Andre, with a marked change in his demeanor; "then I must say you serve a noble mistress. But I thought her messenger a mute; and you, I perceive, not only have a tongue, but can use it with an elegance of diction seldom found in persons of

your class. Pardon me! but you are not he who passes for dumb?"

"Not exactly," was the smiling response; "he you mean is my twin brother."

"Ah! yes; I see now, there is a strong likeness. I thought you resembled some one I had seen, but did not know where to place you. Have you been long with Miss Rosalie?"

"Only a couple of days. I came on a visit to my brother, and expect to leave shortly. I undertook the task before me, rather than let him risk his life again in this manner."

"Ay, it is a very risky business, boy, and I am sorry to see one so young and inexperienced as you seem to be, making so bold a venture. If you are taken by the rebels, you know the old saying, 'a long rope and short shrift.' Miss Rosalie should be more prudent with those that serve her than she seems to have been of late; for though I can but applaud her loyal spirit, in striving to assist her king and country all she can, yet the little she can do for us, over and above what is done by others, is certainly not commensurate to the hazard she runs. But I am delaying you and myself. Commend me to your mistress, if you see her before I do, which is hardly probable, unless you return to-night, which Heaven send you may do in safety! Come, Colonel, we must make up for this delay;" and putting spurs to his horse as he spoke, Andre dashed away up the road, the Colonel following close behind, and soon overtaking him.

Rosalie watched the two officers till their shadowy forms were swallowed up in the darkness; and then, without replying to the Dutchman—who, laboring under the belief that he could only escape some terrible calamity by a complete exculpation of himself, was already enacting the ludicrous tragedy of murdering the "king's English"—she put spurs to her own gallant steed, and soon found herself on the other side of the bridge.

Night had, by this time, unfurled her sable wings, and settled over reposing nature. Clouds, flitting athwart the heavens, shut off a goodly portion of starlight, and made the night dark; and the sighing of a strong breeze among the trees, rendered it unusually gloomy. The scenes through which she had passed, the

many warnings against danger she had received, the loneliness of her situation, the uncertainty that lay before her, all conspired to depress the spirits of Rosalie to an unwonted degree; and more than once she was on the point of turning back, when she would seem to overcome her fears with a hasty "pshaw," and allow her steed to continue upon his course.

The road she was traveling was none of the best, even for that period, and led over a rough, hilly country, in many places heavily wooded on either side; and frequently, as Rosalie descended into some dingle, where interlocking branches overhead made it impossible for her to distinguish a single object, she would cling to her beast, and shudder, with the dread of some impending calamity. Her progress was necessarily slow; and when a couple of hours had elapsed, after crossing the bridge, without bringing her to her destination, she began to grow weary and discouraged, and to regret having been so foolish as to undertake such a serious adventure. She now came to a fork of the road, and took the right; and after continuing along this for something like an hour, without finding the house she sought, her heart sunk with despair; and she fully resolved, if the next half mile did not reward her efforts with success, she would retrace her steps, and return home, much wiser for her sad experience.

At this moment, the glimmer of a distant light caught her eye; and as this was the first she had seen since crossing the bridge, it made her heart bound with joy; and putting spurs to her jaded steed, she rode forward at a fast gallop. As she drew nearer to the light, it suddenly disappeared, which somewhat damped her hopes, lest it should prove but a deceitful ignis-fatuus after all. She did not slacken her speed, however, but kept her gaze steadily fixed in one direction; and a ride of a quarter of an hour brought her alongside of a genteel-looking farm-house, which, from the description received from Dame Hagold, she doubted not was the residence of the Burnsides, and the dwelling from which she had seen the light, though all now appeared dark within, as if the family had retired for the night.

Dismounting at once, she approached the

door, and rapped loudly. Receiving no answer to this, she rapped again, and again, each time louder than before—but still no answer. Rosalie now became alarmed, lest something had happened to the family; for well she knew they lived in a portion of the country where, and at a period when, neither life nor property were safe against prowling bands of plunderers and assassins. Almost fearful to make another trial, lest she should attract the notice of some lurking marauder, and yet not wishing to return with her perilous enterprise unaccomplished, she finally resolved upon one last desperate effort; and procuring a heavy stick, she struck several times on the door, and shouted:

"What ho! within here! If you hear me, for the love of heaven let me in! I bring news of importance."

She listened again, and her heart bounded with joy, for she fancied she heard smothered voices in eager conversation; and she was about to repeat her demand for admittance, when a light step approached the door, and a stern voice said:

"Who's there?"

"A messenger from Rosalie Du Pont."

"Any one else?"

"No, I am alone."

The door was now speedily unbolted, and the voice said, hurriedly:

"Come in! come in!"

"But my horse," hesitated Rosalie; "he is fatigued, and must have immediate attention."

"Never mind the horse now, but hurry in, that I may bolt the door again."

"You need not be alarmed," began Rosalie; "there is no one—"

Her speech was cut short by the rush of a body of men from a thicket close at hand; and uttering a piercing scream of fear, she threw herself forward to enter the house; but ere she could accomplish her purpose, she felt herself roughly seized and hurled back; and at the same moment some six or eight dark figures flitted past her, and effected an entrance, uttering deep imprecations and horrid oaths. The next moment she heard the roar of a volley of musketry, succeeded by shrieks, groans, and a terrible confusion within: and as she turned, with the instinct of self-preservation,

to fly from such a scene of horror, a blow on the head, from an unknown hand, laid her senseless upon the earth.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ATTACK AND THE DISGUISE.

WE left Captain Milford at White Plains, going in quest of one John Paulding, for the purpose of organizing a party to proceed forthwith to the protection of the Burnside's. It will only be necessary here to say, that Paulding was soon found, and on being informed of the danger supposed to threaten this worthy family, who were known to be staunch Whigs, he not only gallantly volunteered his own services, but declared that, in an hour's time, he would place ten more brave fellows at the Captain's disposal. He was good as his word; and in less than an hour and a half from his arrival at White Plains, Captain Milford, at the head of twelve stalwart fellows, of whom Josh Snipe made one, all armed to the teeth, with muskets, pistols, cutlasses, and knives, was on his way to the residence of Peter Burnside.

As the design of Milford was to kill and capture as many of the marauders as possible, every precaution was taken to make the expedition a secret one; and in consequence of this, the whole party rendezvoused at a well-known wood, about a mile from the village, without horses, whence they set off afoot across the fields. Taking a circuitous route, in couples, within hailing distance of each other, and moving slowly and cautiously forward, they came in sight of their destination a little after sunset. Here they waited until it was quite dark, and then proceeded in a body to the dwelling of the Burnside's—the main party halting just in its rear, until the Captain should make known his business, so as not to occasion the family any unnecessary alarm.

Although an early hour in the evening, he found the shutters closed, and the door bolted—but had no trouble in gaining admittance; for the moment he mentioned his name, the door flew open, and he received a hearty welcome; this being not the first time, by several, the gallant Captain had been a guest be-

neath the roof of Farmer Peter, as the head of the house was sometimes familiarly denominated.

"Ah! glad to see you, Captain Milford," said the host, a stout, hale man, about fifty years of age, with gray hair, fresh complexion, and a fine, open, intelligent countenance. "In fact, we are always glad to see you; and Betty here, if you are away more than a week without calling, gets dreadful uneasy, and gives me no rest, for wondering what has become of Captain Milford."

"Now, father, I'll be even with you for telling every thing," returned Betty, a fine, stout, healthy, rosy-cheeked lass of eighteen, who might very properly be termed a rustic beauty; and as she spoke, she blushed to the temples, and went bounding out of the room to hide her confusion.

The old man laughed, and remarked that Betty was a fine girl, a little shy, but would make some honest fellow none the worse wife for all of that.

The hostess was a fat, fair, round-faced, matronly dame, of about forty-five, who, unlike most of her sex, used her ears far more than her tongue, and seldom joined in a general conversation, unless directly appealed to, and even then made her remarks short and to the point.

The only remaining member of the family, if we except two black servants—old Tom and his wife Dinah—was a bright, sprightly, handsome, black-eyed lad of fifteen, who, as soon as the first salutations were over, advanced to the Captain and said:

"Shall I see that your horse has an agreeable time over a few oats?"

"No, George, I thank you," returned Milford; "my horse is well stabled at White Plains."

"At White Plains!" repeated father and son in the same breath. "Surely you did not walk?" added the senior Burnside. And then, without waiting for a reply, continued: "But I see by your fatigued and heated looks you did; and so before I bother you with questions, you must have some supper. We have just finished; [the table, covered with a clean, white cloth, and set out with bright pewter dishes, stood shoved back against the wall, at

which the two blacks sat eating], but we will have something ready in a few minutes. Come, Dinah, hasten—the gentleman is hungry. Do you like ham and eggs, Captain?"

"All in good time, Mr. Burnside; but just now I have something important to communicate;" and the Captain, in as few words as possible, made the whole family acquainted with the object of his visit.

As might be supposed, alarm and horror sat on every countenance; and old Tom and Dinah were so frightened, that their eyes increased to nearly double their ordinary size, and their sooty complexions lost several shades of color.

The old farmer's first surprise over, he was prompt and decisive in his arrangements. The house was a two-story building, of moderate size, with a door central way of the front, which opened into a kind of vestibule, or entry, of some three feet by five, with an inner door on either side, and stairs facing the entrance, leading to the upper apartments. Of these two inner doors, the one on the left opened into a sort of dining and sitting room, where the meals were served, and where the family generally assembled in their every-day social circle; and the one on the right into a large square apartment, with painted floor, and frescoed ceiling and walls, which was kept reserved as a kind of parlor wherein to entertain visitors of note. Dividing the men into three parties, the Captain, at Farmer Peter's request, stationed two of them within the apartments just mentioned, and the other on the stairs, so that, on the entrance of the robbers, a terrible cross-fire could be poured in upon them, leaving them very little chance of escape. The women were withdrawn into a rear apartment up stairs, where the danger, in the event of an attack, would be less than in any of the lower rooms. In these positions, the several parties awaited the onset of the banditti in silence; for it was judged better to dispense with all conversation, so that in case any of the marauders should be prowling around, they would believe the family had retired for the night, and make the attack earlier than had been agreed upon in the conversation overheard by the Yankee.

Two hours were passed in this manner,

when Mrs. Burnside, becoming slightly indisposed, probably occasioned by nervousness, a light was taken into her room; and the windows not having shutters to them, allowed it to be seen from without; and this was what had caught the eye of Rosalie, and hastened her approach; although, as we have recorded, it was shortly after withdrawn.

The clattering of a horse's hoofs on the highway, and the arrival of Rosalie, were heard distinctly by all; and it was believed when she rapped on the door, that this was a scheme of the robbers to get the door unfastened by some one of the family, and thus effect an easy entrance. At first it was thought best not to take any notice of it; but when they heard the voice of the knocker, they knew it was either that of a female or a youth; and to prevent any mistake, it was decided, after a hurried consultation between Milford, Paulding, and Burnside, that the last-mentioned should approach the door, and challenge the party without, and then be guided by the answer as to further proceedings. The mention of the name of Rosalie Du Pont satisfied the farmer that the speaker had no connection with the villains expected; and in consequence the door was hastily unbolted, and the new-comer bidden to enter with all haste. Had Rosalie known the danger which menaced her delay, she would have escaped all harm; but ignorant of this, and anxious to have her horse cared for, she dallied till the bandits, concealed in some bushes close at hand, heard enough to lead them to suppose their presence suspected; when resolved to accomplish their design by a *coup de main*, they simultaneously rushed forward, and, hurling back Rosalie, effected an entrance before the door could be closed against them.

As they sprang into the house, Burnside darted into the room on the left; and at the same instant the three parties, from the right, left, and front, gave them the contents of their muskets. Three of the marauders were shot dead, four more were severely wounded and disabled, leaving their leader and one other—for their force consisted of ten persons, and nine had entered the dwelling—unhurt. The scene of confusion, and, on the part of the assailants, dismay, which followed this

discharge of musketry, baffles description. Shrieks, groans, curses, and shouts, resounded on all sides, above which the hoarse, stentorian voice of the leader of the bandits could be heard:

"We are betrayed! we are lost! h—! h—! curses on the traitor!—fire, villains, fire, and then retreat!"

As he spoke, he discharged both pistols toward the party on the left, and then sought to gain the door; but he was too late to effect his exit: for the door was closed, and between it and him were Milford and Paulding.

"Surrender!" shouted the Captain, presenting a pistol to his head—"or I fire!"

"Fire, and be —!" cried the infuriated ruffian, as he leaped forward to grapple with his opponent.

"I spare you for the halter!" rejoined Milford; and quick as lightning, he struck the bandit full in the face with the butt of his undischarged weapon; and as the blood gushed out of his nose and mouth, he fell back senseless upon his wounded comrades.

Meantime, Paulding secured and disarmed the other; and the rest of his men, leaping upon the wounded assailants, wrested from them their weapons, and could hardly be restrained from despatching them on the spot. The contest was a short and bloody one, but the victory for our friends was complete. Of those that entered the dwelling of the Burnside with unlawful intentions, not a man escaped; and fortunately none of the other party were injured beyond a scratch, which one of them received from one of the pistols discharged by the leader of the bandits.

As soon as order could be restored, the dead and wounded, along with the others, were taken into the family room and left under a strong guard; while the rest of Paulding's men, after reloading their muskets, headed by Milford, made a sally, to learn if any more were skulking about the premises.

One of the first objects they discovered on coming out of the house, was Rosalie Du Pont, lying unconscious where she had been struck down by the only one of the bandits that had escaped. Milford was one of the first at her side; and as he bent over, to examine her hurts, he said, sadly—

"Poor lad! I fear thou art an innocent victim of these accursed cut-throats; but, by heavens! they shall pay dearly for their wicked doings. Ah!" he continued, placing his hand on Rosalie's heart, "he is not dead. Goon, comrades; Paulding, I resign the leadership to you; scour the grounds well around here, and be certain there is no concealed foe. I will in with this youth, and see what can be done for him: perhaps he is only stunned, and not dangerously injured."

"Don't you want to help to carry him?" inquired Paulding.

"O, no—I can manage him with all ease," and as the others departed, Milford raised Rosalie in his arms, and bore her into the house muttering to himself as he went—"So, then, the lad is not dead, as I feared, Heaven be praised! and doubtless he bears something for me. Will you show me into a room with a bed in it?" he continued, addressing the host, who opened the door for him: "This poor boy is wounded—how badly I do not know—but, with your permission, I will be alone with him till I ascertain. You doubtless think my request a singular one—but—"

"O, no matter, Captain—no matter," interrupted the other. "You have your reasons, and that is enough for me. Thank Heaven, that along with other failings, I am not overly inquisitive! Right up the stairs, Captain, the first room on the left. Stay! shall I assist you?"

"O, no, I thank you; I will only trouble you for a light."

"Bless me, yes;" and as the farmer hastened into the next room for a candle, Milford ascended the stairs, and entering the apartment indicated by the host, deposited his burden on the bed.

Immediately after, the good man of the house handed in the light, inquired if there were any thing else he could do, and being answered in the negative, retired, closing the door behind him. Rosalie now began to show signs of returning consciousness; and on looking for the wound, Milford was surprised he could not find one. There were a few drops of blood on her neck; but he could find the skin in no place broken. The blood appeared to have issued from among her hair; but on

feeling and examining her head, all was dry, and no fracture was visible. For some moments Milford stood perplexed as to the mystery of this, during which time Rosalie was gradually reviving, when the idea suddenly flashed across his mind that the youth—for so he still believed her to be—wore a wig. No sooner had this thought entered his head, than he put forth his hand for the purpose of ascertaining if his conjectures were right; but at the same instant Rosalie started up suddenly, opened her eyes, stared hard at him a moment, glanced around the apartment, and exclaimed—

"Where am I? and why am I here? And you, Edgar Milford—you"—she continued, wondering—"how came you here with me? Am I awake, or is this a dream?"

"You are awake, boy; you have been wounded—stunned, I presume, with a blow on the head. But you seem to know me?"

"He calls me boy, and says I seem to know him," returned Rosalie, in a kind of wondering soliloquy, staring strangely upon the Captain. "Why, Edgar, do you not know me?"

"I have not that honor, my lad," answered the Captain, with a kind of haughty reserve; "but if you serve Rosalie Du Pont, as I have understood you do, perchance we may become somewhat better acquainted. You will please drop the familiar manner you have for some unknown cause adopted, of calling me by my given name, and henceforth address me as Captain Milford. It ill becomes one in your position—and, if I must speak plainly, of your color—to attempt to set up for an equal with those you have to deal with, merely because yoursweet, kind, noble-hearted mistress shows you undue lenity at home. I do not say this to hurt your feelings, but merely to put you on your guard for the future; for nothing is more disagreeable to me, and to others I know it is the same, than to be obliged to have any thing to say to a forward, upstart, impertinent servant. Perhaps you of the town think we of the country know nothing of good manners; but you must not overlook, that most of us have been in town a good portion of our lives, and therefore are not wholly ignorant of town etiquette. But enough of this; pray tell me

where and when you saw me before, for your face is new to me."

When Milford first began his reprimand, Rosalie looked at him in astonishment, for her mind was still a little bewildered from the effects of the blow on the head; but suddenly the whole truth of her disguise, position, and errand, flashed across her brain; and she blushed deeply; even through the dark stain that changed her fair skin to the hue of the mulatto. Milford saw the blush, but attributed it to a far different cause than the right one; and doubtless took much credit to himself for the effect of his words upon a rather impertinent servant; for Rosalie seemed very much humbled, and turned her head aside, as if in shame, but in truth to conceal a quiet laugh, which she found irresistible. At one time she resolved to tell him all; but on second consideration, deemed it the wisest course, for various reasons, to keep her own secret; and when he had finished speaking, she replied—

"I crave pardon, sir, if my language gave offense. I did not intend any disrespect. I have so often heard my mistress speak of you, as Edgar Milford, that, unconsciously, I had fallen into the same habit; but I will correct it."

"Ah! so you heard your mistress speak of me, eh? What did she say—a—I believe I have not been favored with your name as yet!"

"Henry Pierpot is my name. I don't know as I am at liberty to tell you what she said. But what has become of those ruffians I saw entering the house?"

"Some are dead, some are badly wounded, and all the living are prisoners."

Rosalie slightly shuddered, as she continued:

"But how happened it, Captain, that you were here at such a critical moment?"

"I had heard of their intentions beforehand. It was their design to rob and murder these worthy people, and then set fire to the buildings; but I am inclined to think they will never make another similar attempt."

"What will be done with them?"

"They will be taken to my quarters, at Northcastle, and there be tried and hung. But of your mistress—what of her? is she well?"

"Well, to the best of my belief, save a headache, which she had when I saw her last," replied Rosalie, again managing to conceal a smile.

"Nothing serious, I trust?" suggested Milford, anxiously.

"O, no, sir—I think not."

"But you have not told me where you saw me before."

"I think it was in Charleston. You were taken prisoner by the British."

"Ay, and owe my release to your noble mistress. But, surely, you are not the young lad that was with her then? I think she called him Munce; and if I remember rightly, he was dumb—or if not, at least he pretended to be so."

"Munce is dumb—I am no nearer related to him than a brother."

"Ah! I understand. But I have little time to spare—so we must talk fast. Do you bring any news for me? Were you intrusted with a letter for any one?"

"No; my mistress thought the risk too great for me to bear a written missive, and so my only message is a verbal one."

"For whom?"

"Why, I believe it was intended to reach you, through Mr. Burnside."

"Then you may as well tell me at once, and not trouble a third party."

"A certain person—I will call no names—bids me say, that the rumor respecting the design of Clinton to sail for the Chesapeake is false, and circulated to deceive the American commander. No force of consequence will be withdrawn from New York; but active preparations are being made for some enterprise of great moment, and Washington must be on his guard against a fatal surprise."

"Indeed!" said Milford; "this is important, and must be made known to our commander-in-chief without delay."

"And inform him also," pursued Rosalie, "that should he succeed in effecting a junction with his French allies, he can not, at the present time, please Sir Henry Clinton better, than by laying siege to New York with the combined forces—as the British general is not only fully prepared for this, but hoping and expecting it. The latter has some deep

scheme on hand—but what it is I am unable to say; though if one as humble as myself were permitted to give expression to conjecture"—

"Well, say on!" rejoined Milford, as the other hesitated.

"I should hint at treason in high places," concluded Rosalie.

"Good heavens!" cried Milford, with a look of alarm. "What foundation have you for this surmise?"

"Hardly any—none, perhaps, that would have weight as evidence. I must own it proceeds as much (if not more) from my own forebodings, as from any thing I have seen or heard. Doubtless I am influenced not a little by a dream I had last night, connected as it was with a slight incident which occurred the day previous. A week or so ago, a British officer, high in the confidence of Sir Henry, called to see me"—

"You?"

"My mistress, I should say," pursued Rosalie coloring; "I feel so much interested in her fortunes, that making myself identical may almost be pardoned,—called to see my mistress, I say, for the purpose of inviting her to a ball at Sir Henry's, which comes off to-morrow evening. Well, on Saturday he called again, staid a few minutes, and left. After he had gone, I saw a letter lying on the carpet, addressed to some person whose name I disremember—it certainly was not the officer's in question—and, prompted by curiosity, I opened it. The first and only words my eyes fell upon, were these:

"All is arranged for our meeting—have no fears to come within the American outposts! Colonel!"

"The name of the officer was on the opposite page; and ere I could turn to it, I heard the gentleman's step in the hall. I hastily folded the letter, and had barely done so, when this personage entered the room, and inquired if I had seen it. As I held it out to him, he colored deeply, and seemed not a little confused; but immediately rallied, and laughingly remarked it was a borrowed epistle, and the owner was very anxious to have it preserved. Well, so much for the letter—now for the dream."

"No matter about the dream, Henry," in-

terrupted Milford; "dreams go for nothing. Can you not recall the address of the epistle? for that is of more consequence by far. Be- think you now, seriously."

Rosalie pondered a moment, pressed her hand on her temples, and then exclaimed, suddenly:

"I have it! I have it! It was 'John Anderson, merchant.'"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Milford, with renewed interest. "So, so," he muttered, musingly: "so, so! then the young man is detected, and will doubtless swing for it!"

"You know something of this Anderson, then?" said Rosalie, in surprise.

"No, nothing, only his name."

"Do you think him a spy?"

"It is not always wise to give expression to one's thoughts, boy, in these critical times," replied Milford, with an air of reserve.

"Well, I must give mine so much expression as to say that I do think the individual in question a spy," returned Rosalie.

"Well, then, I am sorry for him."

"I think you misunderstand me, Captain—I mean a British spy."

"Ha! a British spy! say you so?" cried Milford, quickly. "What reasons have you for this suspicion?"

"I was about to tell you my dream."

"Confound your dream, boy! I have something more important to think about," rejoined the Captain, testily. "Who is the gentleman to whom you gave the letter?"

"I beg leave to withhold his name," replied Rosalie, with a cold, offended air.

"So, then, you wish to serve your mistress and her enemies at the same time, eh? By heavens! if I thought you were playing a double game, I"—

"Well, sir, speak out."

"No matter, no matter," returned the Captain, evidently half-ashamed of his suspicions and display of temper. "Have you any more news?"

"I believe I have mentioned all of any importance."

"When do you return to the city?"

"To-night, if possible. But may I be permitted to ask a question?"

"Say on."

"Do you know, or suspect, who wrote that letter to Anderson?"

"I suspect."

"Is he a man of stern integrity, above suspicion?"

"He is."

"Then my fears must be groundless," rejoined Rosalie, thoughtfully. "There can be no harm, however," she added, "in closely watching the movements of all parties."

"Certainly not," coincided Milford, "I hope you will have a safe journey back, Henry; and when you see your mistress, commend me to her in the warmest terms, and say to her that my thoughts are divided between herself and my country. Had I time, and it were safe, I would write. Warn her to be guarded, very guarded, in all she says or does; for were any harm to befall her, no one would more deeply grieve to learn it, than he who sends this message. God bless and preserve her! is my constant prayer. Be true to her, Henry, for her like you ne'er may find again."

"I will treasure up your words as my heart's blood," returned Rosalie, in a voice made tremulous by deep emotion.

She paused, her heart beat wildly, and she was on the point of making herself known, when the voices of the returning party were heard outside. Milford started up quickly, muttered something about duty, and left the room.

"Better as it is," sighed Rosalie, "for he would certainly not approve of this adventure."

Below stairs all was now noise and confusion, consequent upon the return of Paulding and his men, who reported that no more of the freebooters were to be found; though one of the men declared, that shortly after setting out in search, he distinctly heard the feet of a horse going at full speed.

"Then doubtless the villain has run off with my steed," said Rosalie, who overheard he remark.

Such proved to be the case—her horse was stolen—and she was obliged to procure one of the host, who had two in his stable, Captain Milford volunteering security.

It was near upon midnight when Rosalie

set out for home, which she did without making herself known to the Captain, although she had another *tête-à-tête* with him of a few minutes' duration, relating to some matters unnecessary for us to mention.

Without following Rosalie on her fatiguing and perilous journey back to town, let it suffice here to say, that by great good fortune she reached home in safety, a little after daylight, and, entering the house through the garden, stole up to her room, unperceived by any of the servants. Here she found poor Munez sitting in a chair, fast asleep—the faithful and affectionate creature having watched all night for her mistress, and only been overcome by wearied nature a few minutes before the arrival of the latter. We scarcely need add, there was heart-felt rejoicing, when the mute was aroused by the gentle touch and sweet voice of Rosalie. It was that rejoicing which is expressed by tears, and a heart too full for words.

Leaving Milford and his men to find their way back with their captives, we shall now turn to an entirely different scene.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BALL AND THE PLOT.

THE ball at Sir Henry Clinton's was a splendid affair. At an early hour in the evening, carriage after carriage, bearing gentlemen and ladies of rank and fashion, with powdered and liveried servants, rolled up to the door and deposited their distinguished burdens. The whole mansion seemed a blaze of light, so brilliantly was every portion of it illuminated. The large hall for dancing was in the second story, and occupied nearly the whole extent of the building—the partitions of the different rooms having been removed for this purpose—thus making a grand apartment, which was fitted up in a style commensurate to its size, the occasion, and the rank of him who gave the entertainment. Through this saloon—for it was worthy to bear the name—ran a row of fluted columns, beautifully twined with laurel, and hung round with the different banners belonging to the army and navy of Great Britain, while the royal colors

were festooned over the grand entrance. Magnificent drapery concealed the walls, and gave the apartment a gorgeous appearance; immense chandeliers, depending here and there from the ceiling, made it as light as day; while large mirrors, in every quarter, doubled and trebled the beauty, splendor, and grandeur of the whole. The platform for the musicians, covered with crimson velvet, was in the center; and here more than fifty of the best performers were stationed, whose united efforts filled every portion of the room with a strength of melody seldom heard.

But as it is not our design to enter into a detail of the ball itself, we shall therefore only touch upon such incidents as have a direct bearing upon our story. We may remark, however, *en passant*, that the saloon was well filled with personages of both sexes, possessing rank, riches, and beauty, among whom were a few alike distinguished in the field and the councils of the British nation.

Among the beauties present, Rosalie Du Pont was conspicuous. Robed in spotless white, with a pink rose on her bosom—her snowy arms bare below the elbows—her raven tresses falling around her alabaster neck—a single gold band around her head, with a large diamond sparkling in the center of her smooth, fair forehead, rivaled only by her flashing eyes—with all her features intellectually animated—she never appeared more fascinating, more lovely, more dazzlingly beautiful than now. And as she promenaded through the saloon, hanging on the arm of the handsome, accomplished, and distinguished Major Andre, every eye was bent on the pair, either in admiration or envy. Rosalie seemed in a great flow of spirits; mirth sparkled in her eyes, wit rolled from her tongue, and she became an object of universal note. Wherever she went, a crowd followed her, each one eager to be distinguished by being seen in so matchless a presence; and her engagements for the dance always numbered some five or six in advance of the present sett.

At length, becoming wearied with her *coterie* of admirers—wearied with the scene in which she was playing no inferior part—Rosalie refused any new engagements, and in terms so peremptory, that only one individual,

and he a conceited coxcomb, ventured to press his suit; and he, we may add, had little cause to congratulate himself on the result; for turning to him, with a look of haughty scorn, Rosalie said, in a tone of the most cutting sarcasm:

"Sir, are you a brazier by trade?"

"No, Ma'm'selle, I'm a gentleman," lisped the other, with an air of great affectation.

"Then I am at a loss to account for your having such a *brassy face*," rejoined Rosalie, turning away with an expression of sincere contempt.

A shout of laughter from those near enough to hear the conversation, attracted the attention of others more remote; but ere the retort of the beauty could be repeated, the coxcomb had left the saloon, nor did he again make his appearance among the guests that night.

It was a late hour when Rosalie concluded her engagements, and found an opportunity to steal from the saloon unfollowed. Hentled and fatigued, she sought the garden, which, beautifully laid out, and tended with great care, skill, and taste, by an experienced gardener, presented no mean attraction, with its vine-clad arbors, rosy bowers, shaded avenues, and labyrinthine walks, as the presence of more than fifty people, already strolling about here, bore ample testimony. Rosalie was not now in a mood to come in collision with any more admirers—she wished to be alone—and hearing loud conversation and laughter just in advance of her, as she was entering the garden, she turned back, and perceiving a door on the left opening into a library, lighted only by the great lamp in the hall, she stepped in here, hoping she might for a time wholly escape observation, and have to herself a few minutes of calm, quiet reflection.

It was not light enough in the library to enable Rosalie to read, even had she been so disposed; and after merely glancing at the goodly array of books on the shelves, she passed behind a screen that had evidently been set in here from some other room, and threw herself down upon a settee, which stood along the wall. Scarcely had she settled herself into a comfortable position, when a party approached the door, and a voice, which she immediately recognized as Sir Henry Clinton's, said:

"Step in here, gentlemen—we shall not be disturbed here; and as light is not necessary to our conference, I will close the door."

How many entered the library, Rosalie could not tell, nor of whom the party was composed; but she knew by the sound of feet there were several, and she was on the point of making her presence known, and beating a retreat, when she heard the door close, and found herself enveloped in darkness. At the same moment, Sir Henry proceeded, and the words that reached her ears arrested her attention, and held her spell-bound.

"And now, Sir George," he continued, "I will come to the point in as few words as possible. That our mercantile correspondent is General Arnold, there is in my mind not the shadow of a doubt. True, there has been no meeting between him and Andre, here, as yet, although there was an appointment for one yesterday, and which would have taken place, only for an oversight of Captain Sutherland, who commands, as your excellency knows, the sloop-of-war Vulture. The meeting, per arrangement, was to have taken place at Dobbs' Ferry, on yesterday, at twelve o'clock; and for this purpose the Vulture sailed up the river the night previous, bearing Andre, or Anderson, as he is known in the correspondence, and Colonel Robinson. The Vulture anchoring a mile or two this side the ferry, Major Andre thought it best to await the approach of General Arnold, before proceeding to the rendezvous. Near twelve, Arnold's barge was seen coming down the river; and landing on the east side of the Hudson, the Adjutant and Colonel set off to meet him. But a mistake occurred, which prevented the meeting, and was nigh being fatal to Arnold himself. Sutherland had neglected to withdraw the guard-boats; and as Arnold approached without a flag, they, of course, considered him a legitimate enemy, and fired upon him. He was doubtless a good deal astonished, and angered, and beat a hasty retreat, followed by a small boat, which was nigh overhauling him, when a couple of rebel guns opened upon it, and so he fortunately escaped capture, which would in all probability have spoiled our plans. I have not heard from Arnold since; and it is possible, out of

malice to us for this gross mistake, he may decline further negotiations; but I think not, as the stake, if he win, is in his eyes of too much importance to be sacrificed for a mere whim. Andre and Robinson remained on the east side of the ferry till near sundown; but finding there was no likelihood of a meeting, they procured a couple of horses, and rode into town, to make report to me of their failure."

"And what does your excellency propose now?" inquired another voice, which Rosalie took to be that of Sir George Rodney.

"Why, I have thought the matter over seriously," replied Sir Henry, "have consulted with my friends here, Andre and Robinson, on the subject, and we have finally decided on this plan, which, if your excellency and General Knyphausen approve, shall be carried into effect as soon as possible. Colonel Robinson will return to the Vulture, with orders to Captain Sutherland to take her up as far as Teller's Point, where the negotiation will be greatly facilitated, without any personal risk. The Colonel will then write a letter to General Putnam, under pretense he is still in the Highlands, soliciting an interview on private business. This he will inclose in one to General Arnold, requesting the latter to hand it to Putnam, or if Putnam has gone away, to return it, to him—adding, that if such be the case, he trusts, from Arnold's well-known humane and generous character, he will grant the same favor he was about to ask of Putnam. These letters, in one envelope, will then be sent with a flag to the officer commanding at Verplank's Point, some five or six miles above, with a request that the parcel be forwarded to Arnold's headquarters without delay."

"But suppose," interrupted Sir George, "that by any accident these letters fall into the wrong hands, suspicion be awakened, and they be opened and perused?"

"Well, what then?—there will not be a line in them which Washington himself might not read, without guessing, or even mistrusting, the object for which they were written."

"Only it might strike him as singular," pursued the other, "that a colonel in the British

service should request a private interview with one of his generals.

"I would grant you so, Sir George," rejoined Clinton, "were the officer in question any other than Colonel Robinson."

"And why not him as well as another?"

"Ah! I overlooked the fact that you know nothing of Robinson's private affairs. I will be more explicit. The house and grounds where General Arnold now resides, are the rightful property of the Colonel, which, by a law of the State of New York, has been made confiscate, because of the latter's adherence to the crown. The purport of the letters is to be a request for a private interview, for the purpose of ascertaining if some means can not be devised for recovering and retaining this estate, which, under existing circumstances, will seem all very right and proper. I believe I have stated the matter correctly, Colonel Robinson?" concluded Sir Henry, appealing to that officer, who made one of the party present.

"You have, your excellency," was the reply.

"Ha! I see it now," returned Sir George. "A capital plan: but go on, Sir Henry."

"Well, these letters," resumed General Clinton, "being forwarded to General Arnold, will of course convey to him the important fact that Colonel Robinson is on board the Vulture; and will be a sufficient excuse for him to return them in person—or, if not, by another party—in which case he can readily make known where and when an interview can be had. Such is our plan."

"And I like it well," returned Sir George. "I approve of it, most decidedly."

"I concur with Sir George," said another voice, in a foreign accent, which Rosalie doubted not was that of General Knyphausen, who commanded the Germans.

"I hope the scheme will be successful," pursued Sir George Rodney; and as I told you before, Sir Henry, I am ready to give you any naval assistance in my power."

"And again I return thanks for the offer," answered Sir Henry.

"I suppose it is unnecessary for me to suggest caution," pursued Sir George; "but we

should never for a moment lose sight of the fact that we are dealing with a traitor."

"I am too well aware of that," replied Sir Henry Clinton, "to run any needless risk; and this makes it so important there should be a personal interview with Arnold. Every thing must be arranged definitely, not only in what manner he is to surrender himself, the forts, and garrison to me—so that the King's troops, sent on the expedition, shall be in no danger from a counter-plot or surprise—but also the precise amount we are to pay him, and the precise rank we are to bestow upon him, in return for all the noble sacrifices he will make in our behalf."

"I care not for the gold," rejoined Sir George, sarcastically; "for every rascal can be paid in filthy lucre; but if this traitor is destined to hold rank in the British army, I thank Heaven my lot has been cast on the water."

"We shall be obliged to give him a commission, without doubt," answered Sir Henry; "and though I dislike the idea as much as your excellency can, yet the bargain is so important to the cause we serve, that we must make the end justify the means, and so put up with it."

"Ay, it should be a very important end that can justify such means," returned the other.

"So it is, Sir George—so it is an important end—no less than the end of this rebellious struggle—the *coup de grâce* of this war," replied the General, quickly.

"Ay, so you say, General Clinton; but you must pardon me if I do not see it in the same strong light as your excellency. If we succeed in getting possession of West Point and its dependencies, it will be an advantage gained, I readily admit—ay, a great advantage—but I can not so readily admit that it will be the finishing stroke, as you term it, of the war."

"Of course something must depend on the time when it falls into our hands," rejoined Sir Henry. "Now Washington, it is well known, to me at least, is on the point of effecting a junction with his French allies, and but for your excellency's arrival here with a fleet, would doubtless proceed at once to lay siege to this city; and may even do so as it is; at

all events, he will be likely to make West Point a depot for his military stores till some decisive plan of operations is determined on. Now, if we can get possession of this post at the critical moment when the deposit is made, we shall thwart his plans, cripple his exertions, breed disaffection in his army, and as Congress is too poor to recover from the blow, it is altogether probable our own terms will be acceded to, and so the rebellion will end to our own satisfaction and the glory of King George. But with your excellency's permission, I will take another opportunity to discuss this subject more at length, for I fear our company will be missed, and our friends be at a loss to account for our absence. Come, gentlemen, as our plan is settled for the present, let us return to the saloon, and join in the hilarious excitement of the occasion."

"With all my heart," returned Sir George, laughing; "for after so serious and important a council of war, I think a little music and dancing would not come amiss. Eh! Major?"

"Certainly not to me," replied a voice that Rosalie had not before heard, but which she at once recognized as that of Andre's. "I must hunt up my fair partner, and see if she will not honor me with her hand for another sett, notwithstanding I understand she has peremptorily refused more than a dozen eager admirers that pleasure already."

"Ah! Major, you are a lucky fellow," rejoined Sir George, pleasantly; "and many a one would give ten years of his life to stand in your shoes this night. I observed your partner closely, and must unhesitatingly pronounce her, not only the handsomest lady in the saloon, but the most beautiful creature I ever beheld."

"And as good and loyal as she is beautiful," chimed in Sir Henry. "I would there were more of her sex like her. But come, gentlemen, come;" and opening the door as he spoke, he went out, followed by all the others.

It were no easy task to portray the feelings of Rosalie Du Pont, as, half-dead with fear, afraid to move, or even draw a natural respiration, she listened to the detail of a scheme on whose failure or success the triumph or defeat of the American struggle for freedom

depended. There was no longer any mystery to her in the strange hints that Andre had thrown out concerning the success of the British arms, in the event of the allied armies besieging New York. The enigma of the Chesapeake expedition was now clearly solved; and the fears that, from some unknown cause, she had entertained, of there being treason in high places, now had a terrible confirmation—at least to her a terrible confirmation—for, as the reader has already seen, all her sympathies were enlisted in the American cause.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of inexpressible relief she saw the party depart, and found herself alone, undiscovered. Now came the thought of what was to be done. Had she a right to make use of the knowledge thus accidentally obtained, and endeavor to thwart this treasonous project? or was she bound to keep it as the secret of others, who were to all appearance her personal friends? She thought rapidly, and even with pain, but the struggle with herself was soon over. This secret had not been intrusted to her in confidence; she had learned it by one of fortune's chances, as it seemed to her providentially; and to make use of it to serve the cause whose interests she had at heart, seemed more a duty than a breach of faith. She was not pledged to retain the secret, and she felt it could inflict no personal injury, save on the person of a treacherous general, whose very acts condemned him in the eyes of those who were about to pay him for his villany. And was it not just and proper he should be punished for his meditated crime against a nation that had elevated him to the distinguished position he now held? Her heart whispered in the affirmative. By exposing him, she would only be taking advantage of an accident, the same as those who were to reap success from his perfidy; and that this was justifiable, under the circumstances, she felt convinced beyond a doubt.

"Had I overheard a plan to assassinate a friend I esteem," she argued, mentally, "should I not be accessory to the crime, did I not take immediate steps to make it known, and bring the guilty to justice? Conscience says yes. Then how much more necessary that I should act promptly from the present knowledge,

which threatens not merely the death of an individual, but of a nation—that will bring sorrow and woe not only to the present generation, but to generations yet unborn!"

Having thus settled all scruples with respect to the course she designed to pursue, the next question was how this important intelligence could be immediately conveyed to General Washington. There was no time to be lost, for the scheme of iniquity was already ripe, and on the very point of success, and the delay of a single day might be fatal to her hopes.

"I can not go myself," she reasoned, "and whom can I send? Ah! I have it," she mentally added, a moment after. "Yes, he must know of some one, and he has power to accomplish almost any thing he undertakes. I must see him this very night."

All these thoughts passed with lightning rapidity through the mind of Rosalie; and as she came to the final decision, she arose, and cautiously advanced to the door leading into the hall. Fortunately, no person was in sight, although voices could be heard at the top of the stairs and in the garden; and gliding forward with a quick, light step toward the latter, she soon found herself in the open air, where she drew a long breath of relief; for until now the fear of discovery had made her weak almost to fainting.

The garden was brilliantly illuminated; and by the light of the hundred lamps depending from the trees and shrubbery, she saw it was occupied by the larger portion of the guests, some of whom were seated under the arbors *tête-à-tête*, while others, arm-in-arm, were strolling about in every direction. A constant hum of voices, relieved every now and then by a gay ringing laugh, proclaimed general conversation and great conviviality. All seemed to be enjoying themselves, and, what was more important to Rosalie, all appeared occupied, for just now she desired above all things to be alone, that she might have time to regain her wonted composure, and seriously reflect upon the terrible plot she had discovered, and the part she was about to take to prevent its succeeding. Perceiving an unoccupied seat to the right of

the main avenue, where it chanced to be less light than elsewhere, she advanced toward this, thinking she might here escape observation, at least for a few minutes. But she was disappointed, for she had not advanced half a dozen steps, when she felt a hand lightly touch her arm, and a full-toned, musical voice said, playfully:

"Ah! truant, so I have found you at last. Come, the queen of night must not withdraw her luster, and leave us to grope in darkness thus early."

As Rosalie heard these words, a strange, faint, tremulous feeling made her whole frame quiver like an aspen; she felt the blood forsake her cheeks, and retreat to her heart; and a kind of awful dread rendered her powerless and unable to move. Fortunately it was only momentary in its duration; and partially recovering herself by a great effort, she half-turned her head, with a coquettish air, and in a tone of playful irony, replied:

"The gallant Major Andre must be short of metaphors to-night, or he would not compare such dazzling splendor as mine to the pale moon. Or," she added, quickly, "is it possible he is moon-struck?"

"I must protest the pale moon is no such bad comparison after all," rejoined Andre, catching a slight view of the other's features. "Why, Ma'm'selle Rosalie, your face is as white as a sheet, and your hand trembles nervously. Good heavens! are you ill?"

"Yes, I do feel slightly indisposed," murmured Rosalie, faintly. "I am glad you are here, Adjutant; for I would ask, as a favor, you will take me home without delay."

"Certainly, certainly. Take my arm back into the mansion, and I will call assistance, and order the carriage."

"No, no, do not call any one; I will remain here till the carriage is ready; I am strong enough for that. And let me beg of you, as a favor, you will not make my indisposition known to any one till I have gone, and then make my excuses and regrets to the host and his family. Do not look so alarmed, Major; it is nothing serious; a little faintness from over-exertion, and a heated room, perhaps. There, go and order the carriage, and I will be here on your return. Here is the number

of my shawl, which any of the servants will hand you."

"I will soon return," said Andre; and he hastened into the house.

He was good as his word; and in less than ten minutes Rosalie was on her way home.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ASTROLOGER AGAIN.

"I AM really sorry this has occurred," said Andre, as the splendid carriage, containing Rosalie and himself, rolled almost noiselessly over the flinty pavement; "for I had been anticipating great pleasure in being honored with your hand for another dance."

"And I sincerely regret my sudden indisposition has been the cause of depriving Major Andre of so important a gratification," replied our heroine, somewhat ironically.

"Pshaw!" rejoined Andre, in a vexed tone; "why will you always persist in putting a wrong construction upon whatever I say?"

"Because, against my express desire, you will persist in addressing to me meaningless compliments," replied Rosalie.

"Well, well, I will not offend again," returned the Adjutant. And then, as if to change the subject, he added: "Has your messenger returned yet from the country?"

"Yes, he came home this morning. But how know you any thing of his journey?"

"I met him at the bridge," and Andre proceeded to narrate the particulars of the meeting, little dreaming that the incident was more powerfully impressed upon the mind of his hearer than on his own.

"Ah! yes, I have heard something of this," said Rosalie, as the other concluded; "and taking all things into consideration, I hardly think I shall again send out for more news."

"Just the course I would advise," rejoined Andre; "for the little intelligence of the enemy's movements to be gained at present, is not adequate to the risk your messenger must necessarily run. Besides," he added, after a moment's pause, "I may as well inform you, apropos to your decision, that, for the present,

the other course will be wholly impracticable."

"I do not understand you," almost gasped Rosalie, alarmed, yet scarcely knowing what she had to fear.

"Why, his excellency, Sir Henry Clinton, for especial reasons, has just issued orders, to have the lines and outposts doubled, a vigilant watch to be kept, and no person, under the rank of major, to be allowed to pass toward the enemy, and not then, unless he show his written permit, bearing date the very day the attempt is made; and all persons coming from the enemy are to be arrested and conducted straightway to his presence."

Well did Rosalie now understand the wherefore of this caution; and her heart sunk within her, as she reflected on how small was the chance of conveying to Washington intelligence of the diabolical plot for the ruin of himself and country. But still she was determined the effort should be made; and while studying out some plan by which to effect her purpose, she suddenly recollected she was not alone, and that her silence might be mistaken for indifference or caprice, and she said, hurriedly:

"Major Andre must pardon me for not replying to his remarks; but, really, I feel far from well."

At this moment the carriage stopped before the residence of Rosalie; and as the Major assisted her to alight, and saw her into the mansion, he expressed a hope her illness would not prove serious, and said he should take an early opportunity of sending round to learn the state of her health. He then wished her a good night, returned to his carriage, and a moment later the sound of wheels announced his departure.

Rosalie now informed the servants who had waited up for her, that they were at liberty to retire as soon as they pleased, and she could get along without any assistance; and taking a silver lamp from the porter, she slowly proceeded to her own apartment, where she threw herself down upon a seat, with an air of extreme exhaustion. She had spoken no untruth, when she told the Major she was far from feeling well; for what with the excitement and fatigue of her journey to the coun-

try loss of rest for two successive nights, together with the startling plot she had just overheard—a plot which involved the ruin of her dearest and most cherished hopes—she was now in a fitter condition for the bed, than for the adventure she had in contemplation. But undue excitement lent a transient strength to her nearly worn out frame; and after sitting a few minutes to recover her shattered faculties, she hastily arose, and throwing off her ball attire, donned the disguise she had so successfully used the night previous. She now put out her light, locked the door of her dressing-room or boudoir, which communicated with her sleeping chamber, and stealing softly down the stairs, entered the shrubbery, and passed out of the garden through a wicket gate that opened upon the bank of the river.

Some fifteen minutes later, Rosalie stood before the gloomy residence of Signor Carlini, demanding of the black porter, who slept near the gate, instant admittance to the presence of his master, on pressing business; for well she knew the habits of the astrologer, who made it a point never to slumber while the stars shone, although he seldom received a visitor at so late an hour. To this demand the black replied, that his master was surveying the heavens from his observatory, as he styled a small cupola built on the ridge of the house, and that he had given express orders not to be disturbed.

"I must see him, nevertheless," replied Rosalie, "and I will stand between you and harm. Here, take him this ring, and say that the bearer must have immediate audience, on business that will not admit of a moment's delay. And for your trouble," added Rosalie, as the negro received the ring through the little wicket before mentioned, but still seemed to hesitate whether he should take it to his master or return it, "for your trouble here is half a crown, which, if you bring back a favorable answer, shall instantly have a fellow to jingle with it."

This was a temptation irresistible; and away went the black, with a haste that argued little fear of his master's displeasure. Presently he returned, and opening the gate, informed our heroine that, through a little extra persuasion of his own, his master had swerved

from his usual habit, and consented to see her. Rosalie was not slow to take the hint; and slipping another half crown into the hand of the guide, she followed him to the same apartment wherein we first introduced Carlini to the reader; though unlike her predecessor on that occasion, she saw no dazzling lights and no magic changes.

The Chamber of Fate was now exactly as we described it then, the astrologer was seated in the same manner and place, and the large globe lamp, hanging over the black table, shone on the same deadly-pale, strongly-marked countenance, and small, black, fiery eyes.

"Well, boy, thy business with Carlini?" said the astrologer, in the same clear, sonorous tone, making a gesture with his hand to the chair opposite. "This ring I know—is its owner thy mistress? and did she send thee? Come, speak! speak! for I have left the heavens, and all the starry host, to give thee audience."

"Are we alone?" asked Rosalie, glancing round the apartment.

"As much alone as two can be, while the spirits of departed friends keep us company," was the singular answer.

"I mean, is there no danger of our being overheard?"

"None; but if thy communication be a very important secret, thou mayest speak low."

"It is important," said Rosalie, hurriedly. "In the first place, I am Rosalie Du Pont."

"Thou?" returned the astrologer, arching his brows, with a look of surprise.

"Yes, I am in disguise. Behold! this is a wig; and look! this arm is as white as your own."

"Ah! my lady," began the other in an altered tone, at the same time rising and bowing with a deferential air.

"Hush!" interrupted Rosalie, with a gesture of impatience; "no time for idle ceremony now. I must say what I have to say, and be off; for the old church bell has just tolled three, and daylight must find me in bed at home. I will, therefore, come to the point at once. Not two hours since, I accidentally overheard a plot which threatens destruction

to all our hopes, and death to freedom. You start, Signor Carlini, as well you may, when I tell you this vile scheme is to be accomplished through the treachery of a distinguished American general, who has the confidence of Washington and Lafayette, and who has recently been appointed, by the former, to the command of one of the most important military posts in the country."

"Just Heaven! can this be true! of whom dost speak?" cried Carlini, greatly excited, his small black eyes fairly emitting rays like fire.

"Of General Arnold—no less—who, for a stipulated price, will betray West Point and its dependencies into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton. I see you are disposed to be incredulous, as I would be with less proof than I have had; but wait one moment, and I will convince you of the truth of my words. I will not scruple to tell you all in confidence; but remember! it must go no further; this I enforce, as a condition, on your honor as a gentleman."

"Which is sacred, my lady. Pray, go on."

Rosalie now proceeded to relate, in a hurried manner, how she had been at Sir Henry's ball, and what she had chanced to hear concerning the meditated treason of Arnold. And she wound up by asking:

"And now what is to be done? It is all important this scheme should be communicated to Washington immediately; and yet I am at a loss for means to convey the intelligence; and therefore have I sought you, who rarely fail in any thing you undertake."

"A trusty courier must be dispatched at once," replied Carlini; "this intelligence is too important to risk by any chance conveyance."

"But a courier will hardly be able to get through the lines, for—"

"He must have a pass," interrupted Carlini, decidedly, "even if it be a forged one; for in this strait, where the fate of a nation hangs in the balance, the end will surely justify the means."

"But a pass will not avail him," rejoined Rosalie, quickly, "as I was about to inform you when you interrupted me. I have it from Major Andre, that Sir Henry Clinton

has issued imperative orders, to have the sentries on the lines and out-posts doubled, and that no person, under the rank of major, shall be allowed to pass toward the enemy, and not even then, unless he bear a written permit, dated the very day he presents it."

"Ha! is this so?" exclaimed Carlini, knitting his brows, with a troubled look. "This is bad for us—unfortunate—decidedly so."

"You see they fear us," returned Rosalie; "they fear their diabolical secret may leak out; and they are taking every precaution to prevent its reaching our friends."

"But we must try and thwart their plans, nevertheless," rejoined Carlini, walking up and down the room. "Let me see! let me see! Ah! there is but one way—a courier must get through the lines. Does your ladyship know of any one, who, for love of country or gold, can be tempted to make the trial?"

"I know of no one," answered Rosalie, "and therefore have I come to you."

"It is a fearful emergency," rejoined Carlini, resuming his walk back and forth, and seeming to reflect intensely. "A fearful risk," he added, after a short pause. "But it must be done," he said, as if in conclusion of the argument held in his own mind: "ay, it must be done; it is the last resource; God grant it may not fail! for I love the youth and the cause I serve." Then turning to Rosalie, he continued: "There is one way, your ladyship, by which the trial can be made. There is in town a noble youth, whose life I saved, and who, out of gratitude for the act, solemnly vowed to do any thing honorable I might require at his hands. He loves me as a son, and I may add, I love him as a father—therefore you can readily understand how painful it is to my feelings to request him to set out on so dangerous a mission; for if taken, and the slightest evidence be adduced concerning his object, he will as surely swing as that I am a living man."

Rosalie shuddered, a faint, sickening feeling came over her, and staggering to a seat, she threw herself heavily down upon it, and placing her arms upon the table, rested her head upon them.

"Thou art ill, my lady!" said the astrologer, with a look of some alarm. "Surely

mere sympathy for one thou dost not know would not affect thee thus."

"Go on," said Rosalie, faintly; "do not mind me; I shall be better soon."

"Here, try some of this cordial," pursued the other, producing a vial of dark liquid. "If thou art faint, weak, and nervous, it will revive thee, and give thee new strength. Only a little, only a few drops," continued the other, as Rosalie reached out her trembling hand for the vial, "for much would do thee harm."

Rosalie touched it to her tongue, and returned it. A moment after she said:

"Ah! I feel better already: that should be called the Elixir of Life."

"Thou hast guessed the name, my lady. To resume my subject: I have thought of a plan by which the danger to this young man can be materially lessened. Should no paper of any kind be found upon his person, there would not, of course, be sufficient proof of any secret design to justify hanging him; and therefore he would not, in all probability, suffer any thing more serious than a short imprisonment and rude examination."

"You mean, then, he shall carry a verbal message," said Rosalie.

"No, my lady, for his word, unsupported by other evidence, might not be sufficient to induce Washington to take those prompt measures which the emergency of the case demands."

"But it would be enough to put him on his guard; and by watching the movements of the traitor, he might detect him in his rascality, and that would be all the proof he would need."

"True, that is true; but still I think my plan the best. But I forget, I have not yet explained it to your ladyship." Here the astrologer advanced to one side of the room, drew aside the black tapestry, and from a shelf in the wall, took down a box, which he opened, and shortly produced a silver bullet. "By this contrivance," he continued, exhibiting it to Rosalie, "we can send a written message without much risk to our messenger. I perceive you look puzzled, my lady—let me explain. Here, as you can see, when I press on the sides thus, a small door, or lid, flies

open, showing the ball to be hollow. Well, into this aperture our written message can be placed, and our messenger can conceal the bullet about his person. Should he be taken, he has only to swallow the ball at once, and then he will have nothing to fear. But, good heavens! your ladyship is ill!" exclaimed the astrologer, suddenly struck with the deathly pallor of the other, and an air of extreme exhaustion which all her efforts could not overcome. "Ha! she is sinking," he added, as he sprang forward to give her support.

"Air! air!" gasped Rosalie, faintly: and as she uttered the words, she sunk lifeless into the arms of the astrologer.

Stretching her fair form upon the table, Carlini hurriedly procured water, and dashed it into her face, at the same time pouring out a few drops of his Elixir of Life, with which he moistened her lips. Soon she began to revive; and when animation and consciousness had fully returned, she said:

"I will go home, Signor Carlini, and leave this business wholly with you."

"I will attend your ladyship," returned Carlini.

"No, no—I will not—"

"Nay, not a word—I shall go!" said the astrologer, in a decided tone.

And well was it for Rosalie he went; for so weak and faint was she, at times, as to be unable to stand without support. How she reached her own room, after Carlini, who persisted in conducting her to the foot of the stairs, left her, was ever a mystery to herself; but reach it she did; and when Munce entered her chamber shortly after daylight, and found her stretched upon the floor insensible, her surprise and grief may readily be imagined. To raise her up, strip off her disguise, wash the dark stain from her hands and face, and place her properly in bed, was the first care of the faithful mute; and to arouse the servants, and have a physician immediately sent for, her second.

Fortunately the disguise of Rosalie, and her absence from the house after her return from the ball, was never known to, or even suspected by, the rest of the household; and this she owed to the presence of mind displayed by Munce.

When Major Andre, faithful to his promise, called at an early hour to inquire after Rosalie, he learned, much to his surprise and sorrow, that she was delirious, and suffering from a raging fever of the worst type.

Leaving our heroine on her sick couch, and the astrologer to carry out the plan already known to the reader, we must again shift the scene, and introduce new characters upon our stage of action.

CHAPTER XVI.

WASHINGTON AND THE TRAITOR.

SOME several days after the events recorded in the last two chapters, and on a fine, delightful afternoon in September, a group of officers was collected on the western bank of the Hudson, at King's Ferry. The central figure of this group, and who was ever addressed with a certain air of deference by the others, was very tall, his stature not being less than six feet, but so symmetrically proportioned as not to appear much above the ordinary size, unless a comparison were made between him and those who stood around him, when his noble dimensions became strikingly apparent. There was a certain air of commanding majesty about this man, aside from mere proportions—a kind of god-like dignity, if we may use the term without irreverence—which none who saw him once could ever forget. Very few men could approach him without a feeling of awe; none dared presume on a trifling familiarity. And yet there was nothing withering, terrible, or even haughty, in either look, speech, or action. No, all was calm and quiet as a lake without a wavelet. His face was one a child would love, and stand less in awe before than even a man in years—it was so noble, so mild, so serene, so benignant, and so gentle in expression. And yet, withal, was it grave almost to sternness, dignified almost to cold reserve, and thoughtful almost to melancholy. You felt, in gazing upon it, you were looking upon the face of no ordinary man—that you stood in the presence of a superior being—a being to love and reverence. That broad, high, thoughtful brow; those large, soft eyes; that classic-

shaped nose; that handsome mouth; that well-turned chin;—in short, each feature, either separately or collectively, expressed a majesty before which that of mere royalty must sink in comparison as the puppet sinks before the man. It was the majesty of goodness, of greatness, set there by nature; and whether surrounded by princely velvet, or beggar's sackcloth, it could not be mistaken. Over this benign countenance, when in repose, lingered a sweet, almost melancholy smile, that proved one of its greatest charms, albeit it made you sad to behold it. It touched your inmost sympathies; and while you might sorrow to behold it there, you could not wish it otherwise. This officer wore a blue cloth military coat, in shape not unlike those now worn by the Quakers, which was fastened by a single button across the breast of his fawn-colored waistcoat, or vest. A white cravat, buffskin breeches, high top-boots, and a three-cornered hat, completed his attire, which set off his commanding figure to the best advantage. A heavy, gold epaulette pressed either shoulder, denoting his high rank, and a beautiful sword was attached to his girdle.

But why dwell on a portrait which is indelibly impressed upon the heart of every true American—ay, for that matter, every true lover of liberty throughout the world! Need we say more, than that the personage of whom we have attempted a slight description, was the commander-in-chief of the American forces, the father of his country, the immortal George Washington?

On the left of General Washington stood another important personage in our country's history. He was a stout, thick-set man, with a broad, heavy, strongly-marked, intellectual countenance. This was the Marquis de Lafayette. Grouped around the two generals, were several other officers, holding the rank of colonels and majors; and these composed the suite of Washington, who was now on his way to Hartford, to have an interview with Count de Rochambeau, for the purpose of effecting the long-desired union of the two friendly armies.

At the moment introduced, Washington and his retinue were looking at the beautiful barge of General Arnold, which, propelled by

two stout oarsmen, was rapidly nearing the shore; the General himself being seated in the stern, stiffly erect, pompously equipped, and steering with his own hands.

"Arnold certainly has a very handsome water-craft," observed Washington to Lafayette; "and on so fine a day as this, one could be more disagreeably employed than in gliding over the tranquil bosom of the Hudson. If we had any time to spare, I should not mind a short ride in it myself."

"With the General's permission, I think we may as well cross the river in it," returned the Marquis.

"Ah! true—doubtless we can test its luxury a little in this way," smiled the commander-in-chief.

The boat had by this time touched the shore, and Arnold immediately advanced toward the group of officers, with a dignified, respectful air, and a very placid countenance; but in truth, his feelings were very different from what they seemed; and though not appearing to do so, he closely scrutinized every feature and expression of every member of the party. He saw nothing, however, indicating a knowledge, or even suspicion, of his guilty design; and greatly relieved by this, his salutations were more cordial than usual.

"I give you good day, gentlemen," he said, touching his hat, and slightly lifting it from his head, with true military grace and politeness, and as a special mark of deference to his senior in command.

All returned the salute, even to Washington himself, with the same air of respectful courtesy, when the latter said, pleasantly:

"I was almost envying you, General, the possession of so beautiful a boat, and time to sail in it on a day like this."

"If your excellency will accept of it as a slight token of regard—"

"No, no," interrupted Washington, "I could not use it if I had it, for duty leaves no time for pleasure. I thank you all the same; and for the gift, if you will substitute the loan of it to cross the river—"

"Most certainly," interrupted Arnold, in turn. "I was about to ask of your excellency, as a favor, that you would honor me by passing over in it. I knew your excellency was

to set out on your journey for Hartford to-day, and I came down expressly to meet you though I feared I might be too late."

"Yes, I am on my way to visit the Count and hope soon to have matters arranged for more active operations than it has been our fortune to experience of late. The army has been rapidly increasing for some time by new recruits, who will not long be satisfied with mere drills: inactivity is a foe to content. How comes on your wound, General? I see you still walk lame."

"Yes, your excellency, and I fear there is little reason to hope any change for the better just at present. My surgeon tells me I must keep perfectly quiet—but that I believe is something I never did in my life, and I am, to quote a common phrase, almost 'too old a dog to learn new tricks.' Were it not that I fear active service at this time would cripple me for life, I assure your excellency, and you, gentlemen, I should not long be found in command of so idle a post as West Point."

"None know that better than his excellency and your humble servant," chimed in the Marquis of Lafayette, with a smile, and graceful indication of the head. "General Arnold never was represented, even by his enemies as a very quiet individual, particularly fond of retirement."

"At least not before his second marriage," remarked Washington jocularly; "but almost any man might be tempted to domestic retirement, with so young and beautiful a wife, saving your presence, General Arnold. But apropos: how is Mrs. Arnold, and the rest of your family?"

"I thank your excellency, they were well when I left home."

"I hope to have the pleasure of dining with your good lady on my return, and I shall also proceed to inspect the works at West Point—so I give you fair warning, General, to be prepared at all points."

"General Washington can never come save as a welcome visitor to the quarters of Benedict Arnold," was the cordial response of the wily traitor.

"Thank you," returned Washington, "and make sure I shall profit by the knowledge. Tilghman, (turning to one of his aids, whose

dress bespoke the rank of colonel,) do you think the horses have sufficiently rested to continue our journey?"

"I think so, your excellency," returned that officer, bowing; "but I will look to their condition myself, if such be your excellency's pleasure."

"Do so, and if not ready give orders to have them taken across at the earliest moment practicable. Meantime, we will cross ourselves; and what leisure I have, I will employ in an inspection of the works on the opposite side."

Colonel Tilghman touched his hat and withdrew; and immediately turning to another officer near, who was the quarter-master, stationed at Stony Point, the commander-in-chief continued:

"Major Kierse, I will see that that matter is attended to on my return. Tell Carson I think his prices are high, but do not positively reject. Get a refusal for a few days, say a week, and by that time I trust I shall know better what to do. If you can get him to fall ten per cent., however, close with him at once, and let him deliver at West Point. Adieu."

"Adieu! and may your excellency have a pleasant journey and speedy return;" and as this officer retired, Washington said quickly:

"Come, gentlemen, let us try Arnold's barge, and see what virtue there is in cushioned seats."

This was spoken without the slightest shade of sarcasm; but it seemed to touch the General, for his face flushed to the temples. He said nothing, however, and the party descended to the water, and entered the boat. Washington took his seat in the stern, as did also the Marquis, Arnold in the bow, and the other officers where they found most convenient places. As the boat pushed out from the shore, a military salute was fired from the redoubt at Verplank's Point; and as soon as its echoes had subsided, Washington observed:

"Colonel Livingston, it seems, is prepared to receive us." He then glanced down Haverstraw Bay, and perceiving a vessel anchored near Teller's Point, immediately produced his glass, and looking through it steadily, added, in a low tone: "It is a sloop-of-war—but for

what purpose is she there? Does any one know her name?"

"I do not, General," returned the Marquis.

"I believe, your excellency," rejoined Colonel Hamilton, who, sitting near, chanced to overhear the question, "she is called the Vulture; she passed Dobbs' Ferry in the night, I am told."

"But what is she doing there?" queried Washington, quickly, but still in a low tone. "She is certainly venturesome, to advance so far into the territory of an enemy, unsupported. She must be closely watched."

"I understand," returned the same officer, "that a boat put off from her bearing a flag, and came to Verplank's Point; but for what object I do not know."

"Ah! then, doubtless Colonel Livingston can tell us something about her," rejoined Washington, shutting his glass, and turning his attention to something else.

This conversation was carried on in a tone too low to be heard by Arnold, who, as we before remarked, was seated in the bow; but those who sat near him observed that he turned very pale while Washington was speaking, seemed very uneasy, and exhibited considerable emotion. Another incident shortly after occurred, which made the guilty man tremble, and by which he came near betraying himself. The conversation, as was natural, turned upon the war, and the object the party had in view.

"If we can only effect a speedy union with our land allies," said Washington, "and get the coöperation of Count de Guichen's fleet, we shall probably give Sir Henry's men something more important to do than stealing cattle, pillaging honest farmers, singing ribald songs, and plunging into general dissipation. Ah! that disaster of Gates was so unfortunate; but for that, I could think our prospects more flattering now than ever. However, we must not despair of retrieving our losses, even in the south."

"But what will Congress say to Gates?" inquired Lafayette.

"He will doubtless be removed," answered Washington, "even if it be not done already."

"And who will supersede him?"

"I do not know: Greene should, for he is an efficient commander."

"Does your excellency think the report true, concerning Sir Henry's expedition to the Chesapeake?"

"No, Marquis, that is only a feint to deceive us. Clinton has an object in view nearer home. I forgot to mention to your lordship, that I received positive information on this subject, from a young officer in Colonel Sheldon's detachment, who, by some means, procured it from one of our city friends."

"To whom does your excellency allude?"

Washington whispered a word in the other's ear.

"Ah! indeed?" said Lafayette, in a low tone; "I am glad to hear it. She has the true blood in her, General—pray heaven no harm befall her."

"Amen, Marquis," returned Washington, gravely. "It is a post of danger, which few in her position would care to undertake."

"But to come back to our starting-point," said the Marquis, after a moment's pause.

"Your excellency was speaking of Guichen—have you had any intelligence of him of late?"

"I am sorry to say, none whatever. It is strange, is it not, my lord? I am fearful some disaster has befallen him, or that he has returned to France."

"He would hardly do that, I think," replied Lafayette. Then looking toward the bow, he continued, in a louder tone, "General Arnold, since you have a correspondence with the enemy, you must ascertain, as soon as possible, what has become of Guichen!"

Arnold, who had taken no part in the recent conversation, but was busy thinking over his treasonous projects, on hearing himself thus addressed, in language that seemed to imply a knowledge of his guilty doings, and who for the moment thought his base plot had been detected, at first turned as pale as death, then quickly flushed up to the very roots of his hair, and starting to his feet, laid his hand upon his sword, and in a fierce tone demanded: "Who dares accuse me?—what does your lordship mean, by addressing such language to me?"

All looked surprised, but none more so than the Marquis, who hastened to reply:

"I did not intend any offense, General Arnold, but was merely alluding to the freedom of intercourse which, owing to the water communication, has ever existed between West Point and New York."

"I beg your lordship's pardon! I was hasty; I should have known," rejoined Arnold, in a tone of conciliation, who now perceived the gross mistake he had made, and was anxious to gloss it over. "I am always hasty—always rash," he continued, deprecatingly, as he reseated himself, and wiped the perspiration from his face; "it has been my failing through life, and will doubtless follow me to my grave."

At this moment, the barge touched the shore, and the party landed in silence, and walked up to the military works, where they were met by Colonel Livingston, with whom Washington immediately entered into conversation. These incidents concerning Arnold made no striking impression at the time, but were afterward recalled with painful distinctness, when the perfidy of the traitor had become known to the world.

About a quarter of an hour after crossing the river, the horses of Washington and suite were brought over, with an extra one for Arnold; and the whole party remounting, set off for Peekskill. On their way to this place, Arnold seemed in an unusual flow of spirits, and chatted and laughed gayly. This was done to quell any suspicion which might have been excited by his stupid blunder while crossing the ferry; but he might have spared himself this effort at joviality—for an effort it was, and a severe one, too, in his peculiar frame of mind—as no one of the party had the least suspicion of his guilt.

At Peekskill the party passed the night; and watching his opportunity, the wily traitor drew Washington aside, and said, with all seeming frankness:

"I have sought this opportunity, your excellency, to lay before you a private matter, and get your excellency's advice. Your excellency has doubtless heard that I this morning received a letter from the enemy, sent up from the Vulture by a flag to Colonel Livingston's quarters, and thence forwarded to my own?"

Washington merely nodded assent, and Arnold proceeded:

"Here is the letter; it is from Colonel Beverly Robinson, who inclosed another to General Putnam, probably on the same business. You perceive he is anxious to find some means by which he can recover and retain the estate where I now reside, and solicits a personal interview with me to advise with him what steps to take. Now I desire your excellency's opinion as to the propriety of my granting his request."

"By no means do it," replied Washington, as he finished a perusal of the epistle; "for your doing so would only afford grounds of suspicion in the minds of some, and all these things had better be avoided. We military men can not be too careful of our reputation at present; for we are watched by jealous eyes, and slander flies on every breath of air. Besides, you could do nothing in the matter, were you ever so much disposed; for it is a case which does not come within the powers of a military officer, or a military tribunal. The civil government of the state is the only authority that can act in his case; and I am surprised that a man of Colonel Robinson's reputed sense should think of applying to any other."

"I am happy to learn your excellency's views of the matter exactly coincide with my own," rejoined the traitor; "and I will embrace an early opportunity of returning Colonel Robinson, for answer, that his request will be impolitic for me to grant."

"Speaking of letters," pursued Washington, "reminds me that some days since I received one from you, in which you mentioned your intention of establishing a beacon about five miles below King's Ferry, whereby the country would be alarmed in case the enemy should make any demonstrations toward this quarter. Have you put your plan in execution yet, General?"

"I have not, your excellency."

"I wish you would, then, without delay, as, from some hints I have recently received of Sir Henry's designs, I think it an important precaution."

"I will attend to it, your excellency. But

may I inquire if your excellency apprehends an attack from the British soon?"

"It is always safe to be prepared," returned Washington, evading the question.

Arnold colored, bowed, but made no reply, and the interview ended here. The moment he was left to himself, the traitor ground his teeth in rage, and with a horrible oath, muttered, half audibly:

"By —! I will teach him how to answer me some day."

As we have before said, the party passed the night at Peekskill; and early the following morning Washington and his retinue resumed their route to Hartford; while General Arnold returned to West Point, and, knowing he had no time to lose, immediately took active steps toward the accomplishment of his infamous design.

CHAPTER XVII.

STRATAGEM MANEUVERS.

THE plan of Sir Henry Clinton for effecting an interview between Colonel Robinson and General Arnold, as detailed to Sir George Rodney, on the night of the ball, in the hearing of Rosalie Du Pont, was, as the reader has been made aware by the events of the preceding chapter, so far successfully carried out, as to have the letter of Robinson reach the hands of the traitor; and but for the arrival of Washington at King's Ferry at this important crisis, the desired meeting would have taken place, and Arnold's scheme of villainy would undoubtedly have been consummated. But as matters turned out, the traitor deemed it too impolitic, not to say hazardous, to venture an interview with Robinson in direct opposition to the advice of Washington, and therefore set his wits to work to bring about a meeting of a less public nature. To this end, on his return to head-quarters, he immediately wrote two letters to Colonel Robinson, one inclosed within the other, which he dispatched to the Vulture by an officer in a flag-boat. Both of these missives were carefully worded; but why two were sent, when one would have answered the purpose, is something we can not explain. The envelope letter merely stated, in

general terms, that the writer had consulted Washington, who disapproved the proposition, and said it was a business wholly belonging to the civil authority. The inclosed letter was more explicit, and, among other things, went on to say, that on Wednesday night, the 20th inst., a person would be at Dobbs' Ferry, or on board the Vulture, who would be furnished with a boat and a flag of truce, and whose secrecy and honor might be implicitly relied upon. He also advised that the Vulture should remain in her present position till the time appointed; and concluded by saying, that he expected Washington to lodge at Robinson's house on Saturday night next, and that he would then lay before him any communication he, Robinson, might wish to make.

Washington crossed King's Ferry on Monday, the 18th of September, and this letter was dated at Arnold's head-quarters the day following; and as it did not reach the Vulture till late in the afternoon of the same day, there was, consequently, but little more than twenty-four hours between its arrival and the time appointed for the meeting.

Previous to this, however, and shortly after his return from his first unsuccessful attempt to meet Andre—which, as the reader has seen, was only prevented by a mistake of the guard-boats—General Arnold, not knowing any thing of Sir Henry's plan in regard to sending Robinson, wrote a letter to John Anderson, in which, in his usual ambiguous style of a mercantile correspondent, he cautioned Andre not to reveal any thing to Colonel Sheldon or any other person, saying that he himself had made one confidant too many, who had prevented some very profitable speculations. He then concluded as follows:

"A person, in whom confidence can be placed, will be at the landing on the east side of Dobbs' Ferry, on Wednesday evening, the 20th inst.; and if you will be there, this person will conduct you to a place of safety, where I will meet you. It will be necessary for you to be in disguise—I can not be more explicit at present. Meet me if possible. You may rest assured, if there is no danger in passing your lines, you will be perfectly safe where I propose a meeting."

This letter bore the usual signature of

"Gustavus;" and on receiving it, Andre immediately consulted with Sir Henry as to what was best to be done under the circumstances. Robinson having already gone up the river on this business, it was finally decided to await some message from him, as it was more than probable the affair would be settled before the time appointed in Arnold's letter.

To further secure Andre against difficulty, Arnold, at the same time he wrote to him, also wrote to Major Tallmage—who, as the reader has already been informed, was quartered at Northcastle—and requested him, in case a person by the name of John Anderson arrived at his station, to send him without delay to head-quarters, escorted by two dragoons.

A copy of the letter which Arnold had written to Andre previous to Robinson's arrival at Teller's Point, was also inclosed to the last-mentioned officer by Arnold, at the same time he sent the others; and after a brief consultation on board the Vulture, Robinson and Sutherland decided to forward the whole three by express to Sir Henry Clinton, who would thus be informed exactly how matters were progressing. This was accordingly done, and Sir Henry received them at a late hour the same night.

Andre was with him when the courier arrived; and as soon as the letters had been read and commented upon, it was agreed that the latter should set out the following morning for Dobbs' Ferry, to meet the messenger of Arnold—or rather Arnold himself—for it was believed by both Clinton and Andre, that he was the individual alluded to in his correspondence, as it was customary for him to speak of himself in the third person, in order to make the deception more complete.

Ere his departure from New York, Sir Henry Clinton positively enjoined upon Major Andre not to change his dress, nor disguise himself in any manner, as proposed by General Arnold, nor to go within the American lines, nor under any circumstances whatever to take papers.

"Remember," he said, "you are dealing with a traitor—a being lost to every sense of honor and moral rectitude—and therefore you can not be too guarded how you place yourself in his power. But," he added, "I do not

think Arnold will ever ask you to venture within the American lines, as it is probable he will come off to the Vulture himself, and the business will all be transacted there. Now go, and may the Almighty bless you, guard you, and grant you a speedy return!"

"Farewell," said Andre, with a heavy heart; for the terrible prediction of the astrologer was now ringing in his ears, and a strange, unaccountable dread was creeping over him. "Farewell, Sir Henry! my friend! my benefactor! Should any thing occur that we never meet again——"

"Tut! tut!" interrupted the other hastily: "nothing of the kind shall occur. There, God bless you! go!"

Andre grasped Sir Henry's hand, pressed it to his lips, and sprang away with an overflowing heart. Alas! that we must say it—never to meet his benefactor again on earth.

It was Andre's first intention to go up to Dobbs' Ferry, and thence send a message to Captain Sutherland, requesting him to drop down with the Vulture to that place; but as it was rather late in the day when he arrived there, and as Arnold's letter stated a messenger from him would either that be night at the ferry, or on board the Vulture, Andre resolved to push forward to the vessel without delay.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when he arrived at his final destination, where he remained over night; but, much to his disappointment, without seeing Arnold, or receiving any message from him. His anxiety to complete the business in hand was now very great; for the time favorable to the object was fast slipping away; and it was well known, from Arnold's correspondence, that Washington was expected back on the coming Saturday.

On Thursday, the day following his arrival on board the Vulture, not having, as we just remarked, heard any thing from Arnold, Andre wrote a rather desponding letter to Sir Henry Clinton, in which, after stating what he had done, he went on to say that this was the second journey he had made without any ostensible reason, that a third would undoubtedly excite suspicion, and, therefore, he had thought best, under the circumstances, to

feign sickness, and remain where he was for the present, in the hope that something would soon transpire favorable to his object. And it was also possible, he argued, that Arnold, not knowing of his arrival, had sent a messenger to the ferry, who, in consequence, had missed him, and that a little more time might set every thing right.

As soon as this letter had been dispatched to Clinton; Andre, Robinson, and Sutherland, the only persons on board the Vulture who knew any thing of the treasonous plot, at once set to work to devise means of making Andre's presence here known to Arnold. An incident which had occurred the day previous gave them an excellent opportunity for doing so, without incurring any risk or exciting the least suspicion. On the day of Andre's arrival, a flag of truce had been exhibited at Teller's Point, seemingly to invite a friendly intercourse with the vessel. The captain so understanding it, had sent off a boat with another flag; but the moment it approached within a short distance of the shore, it was fired upon by several armed men hitherto concealed. This, of course, was a violation of the laws of war; and was deemed not only a fit subject for remonstrance, but a sufficient reason for dispatching a flag-boat with a letter to the American commanding officer. Accordingly, the dispatch was prepared, dated on board the Vulture, September the 21st, signed by Captain Sutherland, and countersigned by John Anderson, as secretary. This, of course, would convey to Arnold the important fact, that Andre was on board the Vulture; and yet, if read by others, would occasion no suspicion of a sinister design.

Let us now return to Arnold. It will be remembered that in a former chapter of this true history, we described an interview between the traitor and Smith, in which the latter agreed to have his family removed whenever the former should desire, in order that Arnold and Anderson might meet at his house, and be undisturbed in their intercourse. We will not impute to Smith any bad motive in thus readily yielding to the request of Arnold; for from all the evidence we have seen on the subject—and we have spared neither time nor expense in collecting the facts we here

record—we do not honestly believe that he had any idea of the base plot in which he was a very prominent actor. No; we believe that, being naturally vain, his better judgment was dispossessed by the flattering attentions of an officer holding the distinguished position of Arnold, and that he thought he was doing his country good service in assisting him to obtain accurate information respecting the designs of the enemy; this being the plea which Arnold held out to him for having an interview strictly private. Be this as it may, however, we will not longer interrupt our narrative to intrude our opinions upon the reader, but proceed to state the facts as they occurred.

After making a second appointment for Andre to meet him or his agent at Dobbs' Ferry, Arnold informed Smith what he had done, and further added that the time was approaching when he should expect him to fulfil his promise, not only in having his family removed, but in himself going down to the ferry to meet Anderson, for the purpose of conducting him to his own house.

Accordingly, on Monday, the same day that Washington crossed King's Ferry, Smith set off with his wife and family up the river, ostensibly to pay a visit to his relations in Fishkill, a small village on the Hudson, a few miles above West Point. Leaving his family there, Smith the next day set out on his return; and as Arnold's head-quarters was only a little out of his road, he called there on his way back to let the General know that so far his request had been complied with. Arnold had just returned from his trip down the river, and written the letters to Robinson, elsewhere mentioned; and consequently Smith's arrival could not have been more opportune, nor the information he brought more welcome than now.

Arnold now told him, that instead of proceeding to Dobbs' Ferry, as at first intended, he wished him, on the night of the following day, to go on board the Vulture, and bring on shore Colonel Beverly Robinson, who wished to see him in private on some business connected with the recovery of his estate; and to give the matter an apparent interest in his own eyes, hinted that Robinson might be induced to desert the British, which just at this

time would be of incalculable benefit to the American cause. He then gave Smith the customary pass for a flag of truce, and a letter to Colonel Robinson, together with directions how to pass the American gun boats, (which were always stationed on the river, whenever a British man-of-war came up, in order to prevent intercourse with the shore,) and how to proceed when he should get alongside the vessel. He also told him that Major Kierse, the quarter-master at Stony Point, would supply him with a boat whenever he should want one, and that he could proceed with all safety, as all the officers were acquainted with his purpose.

With these instructions and his papers, Smith left Arnold, and pursued his route home, where he arrived the same evening; and on the following day, Wednesday, he set about making preparations to execute the wishes of the General. But he met with two obstacles which completely frustrated his design. In the first place, there was no boat to be procured short of the Continental village, some miles distant; and, in the second place, he could not get any one who would consent to row it. He tried Samuel Colquhoun, one of his tenants, and used every kind of persuasion, argument, and even added a bribe; but all to no effect: the man positively refused to go; alleging as a reason, that he feared being taken up by the guard-boats.

Finding himself utterly foiled in his attempt to comply with the wishes of Arnold, Smith thought it advisable to forward the General immediate intelligence of his failure; and he accordingly mounted Colquhoun as an express, who rode all night, and reached Robinson's house just before sunrise. Arnold received Smith's written message in bed, and immediately sent the bearer word that no answer was required, and that he might return without delay.

At an early hour in the morning, Arnold started down the river; and as chance would have it, he arrived at Verplank's Point just as the flag-boat, sent off by Captain Sutherland, had left on its return to the Vulture. Colonel Livingston at once handed him the letter of remonstrance, countersigned by John Anderson. Arnold understood it at once; and it

was with a gleam of delight he thus learned that Major Andre had come up from New York, and was now on board the vessel at Teller's Point. To make preparations for bringing him on shore the following night, was now his sole object. With this design, he informed Colonel Livingston that he had been made aware there was a person on board the Vulture, who, if he could procure an interview with him, would give him secret intelligence of the enemy, and that to effect this purpose it was necessary he should have the counter-sign to pass the guard-boats without molestation. Not suspecting any thing wrong, Livingston readily gave him the word for the night, and also promised to provide against any accident happening to his messenger. Arnold's next care was to have a boat ready for the occasion, as Smith had written him that he had not procured one. For this purpose he crossed over to Stony Point, and not finding one there, despatched an officer in his own barge to the Continental village, which stood near a creek that emptied itself into the Hudson some distance above, with orders to bring down a row-boat from that place. Leaving directions with Major Kierse to send this boat, the moment it should arrive, to a certain place in Haverstraw Creek, Arnold now repaired to Smith's house, to make further preparations for the nocturnal journey of the latter and the completion of his own base design.

Having thus shown the maneuvering of all parties for several days, and reduced the whole affair within a definite compass, we shall now proceed to give the incidents which followed something more in detail.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MEETING OF ARNOLD AND ANDRE.

THE sun had set, twilight had almost deepened into night, and the stars, one after another, were just beginning to spangle the clear dome of the heavens, as, with impatient strides, General Arnold paced up and down a small square chamber in the second story of Smith's mansion. On two sides of this apartment were arranged several heavy book-cases, the shelves of which separated a goodly collection

of books of various kinds; and partly for this reason, and partly by way of distinction, the room was denominated the library. It occupied the south-eastern angle of the house, and had two windows, one looking east, and the other south, and these commanded an entire view of Haverstraw Bay. The apartment contained no superfluous furniture. Besides the book-case, there was an escritoire in one corner, several massive arm-chairs standing carelessly about, and a heavy oaken table in the center, on which books and papers were mingled in what we may be allowed to term literary confusion. On one of these books, which occupied a higher position than the rest, stood a neat silver lamp, whose clear but feeble rays were just sufficient to make objects visible, without bringing them into bold relief. As Arnold, in his impatient strides, passed this light, an occasional gleam fell upon his face, and showed it very pale, while now and then some muscle could be seen to twitch and quiver, indicating that the mind, which governs the outward man, was in a state of unusual excitement and agitation.

Several times did he halt before one or other of the windows, and peer out, with a quick, eager look; but only each time to experience a fresh disappointment, if one might judge from the haste with which he ever resumed his walk, and the bitter imprecations which occasionally passed his lips.

In this manner nearly half an hour rolled away, and the treacherous general was just working himself into a terrible passion, when a quick step was heard along the corridor, and the next moment the door opened, and Smith entered.

"Well?" cried Arnold, in an impetuous tone, turning almost fiercely upon the other.

"He will be here presently, your excellency," answered Smith, respectfully.

"Presently?" repeated the General, savagely; "and when is presently? he should be here now—ay, should have been here half an hour ago. Presently, indeed! Am I a dog, to wait patiently the coming of this man as if he were my master?"

"Well, General, it is not altogether his fault. I could not find him as soon as I expected, and then he complained of fatigue,

and said he could not come till he had eaten his supper."

"Umph! By——! then I am to wait for his *loggerheadship* to eat, eh? and the business of state to suffer for his empty belly? Well, well, things have come to a pretty pass, truly."

"I fear, your excellency, he will be of little service to you when he does come, unless your persuasive powers are greater than mine," rejoined Smith.

"You think he will refuse to go, eh?"

"I know he will."

"Indeed! well, let him—ay, sir, let him!" returned Arnold, sneeringly; and then, with sudden energy and a horrid oath, added: "By——! sir, he *shall* go!—mark that! I say he shall go!" and his features became flushed with passion, and his black eyes seemed to shoot rays of fire.

To this Smith made no reply; and after pacing up and down the room a few times more, Arnold stopped, threw himself heavily into a chair, and in an altered tone said:

"By-the-by, friend Smith, what was that you were telling me a while ago about the capture of a spy by the British? I only heard part, as, while you were talking, I was busy thinking over some important matters of my own. You must pardon my inattention—but recently I have had so much on my mind that I am only surprised I retain my reason."

"Why, your excellency was asking after news, and I replied that the most important I had heard was the capture of a spy, which intelligence a friend of mine picked up down the river. It seems that a young man was taken while attempting to pass the British lines, and while the guard was conducting him to the nearest station, he was observed to put something into his mouth and swallow. The guard related what he had seen to his commanding officer, who immediately had the prisoner searched; but not finding anything on his person, and his suspicions being aroused, he sent for the surgeon, who administered an emetic. The result was, the prisoner vomited up a silver ball, which, on being broken open, was found to contain a paper giving an account of a recently discovered plot of the British against the Americans."

"Indeed!" returned Arnold, quickly; "and did you learn the nature of this plot?"

"I did not."

"Well, and what was done with the spy?—hung, of course."

"If not, doubtless he will be," replied Smith. "I only heard that he had been sent to General Clinton's head-quarters for further examination, as it was supposed he was only an agent in the business, and not a principal, and there was a great anxiety to find out the latter. If his life is spared, depend upon it, it will only be by his turning King's evidence."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who said that one Samuel Colquhoun was below, who wished to speak with General Arnold.

"Show him up instantly," replied the General; and very soon after, a stout, muscular, coarse-featured individual, whose plain, dirt-soiled dress, heavy boots, sun-browned complexion, and calloused hands bespoke the ordinary laborer, entered the library.

"Well, Mr. Colquhoun, it seems you are here at last," said Arnold; "though I must be free to say your tardiness has tired my patience not a little. But let that pass. I have sent for you, my man, to request you will do me the favor of accompanying Mr. Smith in a boat to the Vulture, and bring thence to shore a certain person with whom it is necessary I should have a private interview to-night. The boat is already in the creek below here, and you have nothing to do but row down and back, and for this service I am willing to pay you liberally. Come, what say you?—will go, of course."

While Arnold was speaking, Colquhoun stood with his back against the door, and his hat in his hand, which he was looking down upon and twirling about in a rather embarrassed manner, evidently meditating upon the reply he should make to the General's request. When the other had done, he still hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Why, you see, your excellency, I should like to accommodate you—but the fact is, you see, I was up all last night, riding express, and I'm too tired to undertake so hard a job. Besides, your excellency, I don't much like the notion of going out on the Bay in the night;

for the guard-boats is all about; and if they should happen to get hold of us, as I know they will, it would be a right troublesome job maybe, and I'd much rather be clear on't. Now, your excellency, I wouldn't mind going in the morning, by daylight, with a flag of truce; but this night business don't suit; and so, although I'd like to oblige your excellency in every thing that's proper, I must, for the reasons I've told you, decline going to-night."

"Why, my good fellow, the morning will be too late," replied Arnold; "for there is a person on board the Vulture whom I must see to-night, and who must be brought on shore without delay. The business I have with him is of the utmost importance to the country; and if you are a true friend to your country, I am sure you will not hesitate to go on the mission I send you. You shall be furnished with a flag of truce, and I will give you the countersign, so that you will have no difficulty in passing the guard-boats."

"It seems to me," joined in Smith, "that you are wilfully obstinate, Sam. Can you not do what General Arnold requires of you for the public good? Remember, that I am to go with you, and whatever risk you may run, I shall, of course, run the same; and do you think I would venture on a dangerous enterprise, or insist on your accompanying me to-night, were it not all important this person, whoever he is, should be brought on shore?"

Colquhoun listened, twirled his hat round more than ever, and after some hesitation, again replied:

"Why, I'd like to accommodate ye, gentlemen; but I don't much like this night business, as I said afore; and besides, I don't see what use there is in going in the dark, when it appears to me that daylight might do just as well. It's out of the regular way of doing things; and these secret businesses always is dangerous, say what you like about 'em."

"The business on which I send you is no secret," replied Arnold; "it is one well known to all the officers; even Major Kierse furnishes the boat you are to go in; and the commanders of the guard-boats have had their instructions from Colonel Livingston himself, understand the countersign, and will let your boat pass without molestation. As to the

business being put off till morning, that is impossible; for it is absolutely necessary the man should be brought on shore secretly, in order to prevent the transaction from becoming generally known to the inhabitants, who would, of course, make more or less talk about it, start a thousand vague rumors, and in all probability defeat the great end I have in view for the public good."

"Well, General, if I was ever so much inclined to go, I couldn't manage the boat alone," rejoined Colquhoun.

"Well, then," chimed in Smith, "why not call your brother Joseph?"

"I don't believe Joe would go," answered Sam; "but to please you, I'll try him."

"Be quick, then, for I am very impatient, as we have delayed too long already," said Arnold; and as Colquhoun went out, the traitor added, to Smith: "The fellow don't intend to go, I see plainly; but by —! he shall, or it shall be the worse for him."

In about half an hour, Samuel Colquhoun returned, in company with his brother Joseph. Smith immediately took the latter aside, and used the same arguments with him he had done with Samuel, and with the same result, for the brothers had agreed upon one point while left to themselves, namely, that they would resist all persuasions, and refuse to embark in an enterprise which, notwithstanding all that Smith and Arnold might say to the contrary, they believed to be improper and hazardous. Arnold next tried his persuasive powers; but finding all his arguments fruitless, that the brothers were firm in their determination, he at length resolved upon a different course, and in a harsh, imperious tone, said:

"Men, you are stubborn and wilful, and have refused to comply with my request, just to have your own way. Now, if you persist in this—persist in refusing to give your aid to your country in a time of need—there remains but one course for me to pursue. I shall be obliged to look upon you as disaffected toward the common cause; and, by —! as surely as that my name is Benedict Arnold, I will put you both under arrest in less than twenty-four hours; so choose now between

doing a worthy deed, or being forever branded with disgrace."

On hearing this threatening language, the brothers became alarmed; and after a short consultation together, said, that under the circumstances, they would consent to do the General's bidding.

"Well, then," replied Arnold, "you must prepare to set off forthwith; and to show you that I do not ask your labor for nothing, I will promise you, as a reward for your services, fifty pounds of flour apiece."

Arnold then drew Smith aside, and after a short consultation, said, in conclusion:

"You have all the necessary papers—manage as I have directed, and you will have no trouble. Let there be as much expedition as possible. I shall be at the rendezvous before you."

Arnold then accompanied the party to the boat, which was at the landing near the mouth of Haverstraw Creek. A considerable delay had been occasioned by one means and another, and it was past eleven o'clock when the boat got under way, and retreated from the shore. By the General's directions, the oars were muffled, and not a sound was audible, as it glided over the tranquil waters, and was finally swallowed up in the darkness. Arnold watched it on its progress, till only a mere speck was visible, and then retraced his steps to Smith's house, with what feeling we must leave to treacherous souls to imagine.

The die was now cast; the last link which connected him with those great, immortal spirits, contending for liberty and the rights of man, was now broken; and nothing seemed to remain for him but success in his vile undertaking, or an ignominious death upon the scaffold. It was, therefore, with strange feelings, not unmixed with fears for the result, that Arnold reflected upon his work of treason; but there was no hesitation; he had coolly, deliberately, resolved upon his course of infamy, and he was now as determined as ever to push it through at all hazards.

As soon as he had returned to the mansion, he ordered one of the servants to saddle two horses, and prepare to accompany him; and

in less than half an hour, he was on the road leading to the village of Haverstraw. He did not enter the village, however, but, when fairly in sight of it, turned off to the left, and made his way as best he could to the bank of the river, at the foot of the Long Clove mountain—the place agreed upon between him and Smith as the rendezvous. Ordering the servant to remain at some distance with the horses, Arnold next ensconced himself in a dense thicket, and, with all the patience he could command, awaited the arrival of Andre.

Meantime, let us return to Smith. The night was clear and serene, the stars shone brightly in the great firmament above, and not a ripple disturbed the glassy surface of the tranquil bay, as the boat, steadily propelled by the strong arms of the oarsmen, glided silently over the bosom of the waters, with its white flag hanging motionless around the staff in the bow. Not a word was spoken, not a whisper breathed, as though each were too much impressed with his dangerous mission to give voice to thought. Gradually the boat approached its destination, undisturbed, till at last the dark sides of the Vulture loomed up dead ahead, within speaking distance. A moment after, a hoarse seaman's voice challenged:

"Boat ahoy! who are you, and whither bound?"

"Americans," replied Smith, answering according to Arnold's instructions, "going from King's Ferry to Dobbs' Ferry, with a flag of truce."

"Heave to, and come alongside with your d—d lubberly craft, before I scuttle her with a six-pounder," was the gruff response; and as Smith, anticipating some such reply, ordered the oarsmen to approach the ship's side as quick as possible, the officer of the watch continued to pour forth a strain of the most uncourtly epithets with which his sailor vocabulary was stored.

"You — lubberly, piratical rebels," he continued, "what are you doing out here at this time of night? A fine time to be sculling your worm-eaten craft over his Majesty's waters, on some thieving exploit, with a cowardly white rag stuck up to keep gentlemen

of our cloth from sending you to Davy Jones's locker! How dare you — rebel greenhorns approach one of his Majesty's vessels under cover of darkness? By —! I've a mind to give you the cat o'-nine, and run you up at the yard-arm, without time to say the Lord's prayer; and then you'd be too well served, for such — piratical dogs as you are!"

While the night-watch was venting his spleen in this manner, Smith improved the time in clambering up the side of the ship; and the sight of him standing coolly on deck, without any apparent fear, increased the fury of the officer to such a degree, that even Smith began to grow alarmed, lest he should proceed to some act of violence; but just at the moment when his rage appeared at the highest, a boy came on deck, and said:

"It is Captain Sutherland's orders that the man be shown into the cabin."

Smith followed the boy down; and on entering the cabin, perceived two officers, one of whom, dressed in a colonel's uniform, with gray hair, and a venerable countenance, he at once recognized as Beverly Robinson, with whom he had had some slight acquaintance previous to the war. The other person, dressed in a naval uniform, he did not know, but rightly conjectured him to be the commander of the Vulture.

"Ah, Mr. Smith," said Robinson, coming forward and extending his hand, "happy to renew our acquaintance, sir. Eh! what is this?" he added, as Smith presented Arnold's letter. "Addressed to me. Hum! take a seat, Mr. Smith, and I will see if any answer is required."

He broke open the missive as he spoke, and read to himself, as follows:

"Sir,—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 not, 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 any thing that is not for the interest of the United States, as well as himself."

This was signed Benedict Arnold, Major-General; and as soon as he had perused it,

Robinson turned to Smith, and asked him if he had any other papers.

"These passports are all," replied Smith, putting them in Robinson's hand.

The first read:

"This paper duly authorizes Joshua Smith to go to Dobbs' Ferry, with three men and a boy in a boat, with a flag, to carry some letters of a private nature for a gentleman in New York, and to return immediately, he having permission to go at such hours and times as the tide and his business suit;" and the other granted permission "to Joshua Smith, Mr. John Anderson, and two servants, to pass and repass the guards near King's Ferry, at all times."

Both bore recent date, and were signed by Arnold; and as soon as Robinson had read them, he understood the meaning; which was, that Andre, and not himself, should come on shore—they also serving to secure the boat from being detained by the water-guards, in case any of the latter had not been furnished with the countersign.

Robinson now spoke aside with Sutherland for a few minutes; and then apologizing to Smith for having neglected to introduce him to the Captain, immediately did so, and quitted the cabin, leaving the two in conversation.

At once seeking Andre, Robinson placed Arnold's papers before him, and said:

"I do not like this business. Arnold should have come on board himself, and not sent a third party. He evidently expects you to go on shore to him."

"And so I will," replied Andre.

"Well, I would not," rejoined Robinson, in a decided tone; "for between ourselves, I do not think too much confidence should be placed on the word of a man, who is, by this very interview, seeking to betray his country. No; let him come to you, or let the business fall through—it is too hazardous for you to go to him. Were Sir Henry himself here, I do not believe he would consent to your leaving the vessel."

"Well, perhaps not," responded Andre; "but I am tired and sick of this suspense, and will take upon myself all risks, for the sake of bringing the affair to an end. It is useless to

attempt to dissuade me, for I am fixed in my determination; so pray assist me to get away, that I may be back before the dawn."

"Well, you must conceal your uniform, for Smith is not aware you are a soldier. There, this blue overcoat will do it."

A few minutes after this conversation, Robinson conducted Andre, completely enveloped in a blue cloth greatcoat, into the cabin, and advancing to Smith, introduced him as Mr. John Anderson, adding:

"As I am at this time not in very good health, Mr. Smith, I have deputed this gentleman, who being perfectly acquainted with the business upon which the consultation is to be held, can fully act in my stead, and give all the information desired." Then turning to Andre: "You can express my regrets to General Arnold, Mr. Anderson, and say that ill health alone prevents my going on shore to see him to-night."

Andre bowed an affirmative, and led the way out of the cabin, followed by Smith. The Captain also accompanied the parties on deck, and proposed that one of his own boats should go armed and tow the other; but this being strongly objected to by both Smith and Andre, Sutherland did not urge the point, and the parties soon after embarked in silence. The Colquhouns, with muffled oars, now rowed steadily from the ship's side, and soon all were invisible to those who had watched them from the deck.

On their way to the rendezvous, Smith made several remarks, intended to draw his companion into conversation; but as Andre replied not, or answered only in monosyllables, the former ceased his vain attempts, and a deep silence, unbroken save by the rippling of the water against the boat's prow, succeeded. At length the shore was reached; and bidding Andre and the boatmen await his return, Smith disappeared up the side of the steep mountain. The exact place of rendezvous had been previously agreed upon between him and Arnold; and after groping about some time in the tangled bushes, a low, guarded voice in a nervous accent, inquired:

"Is that you, Smith?"

"Ay, your excellency."

"Hush! is all right?"

"Mr. Anderson has come on shore with me."

For some time there was no reply to this, during which the bushes just to the right of Smith were a good deal agitated, as if some person, closely hemmed in by them, were shivering with the cold.

"Conduct him hither," at length said Arnold, in an uneven voice; "and then be so kind as to leave us to ourselves for a short time. Ah! I believe I am getting a chill."

"I hope not, General, for I too well know what that is. Indeed, I have suffered a good deal with the fever and ague of late, and I fear this night's business will not be likely to mitigate the disorder."

Smith then returned to the boat, and requested Andre, or Anderson, as he supposed him to be, to follow him; and having conducted him to where Arnold was concealed, he left the parties together, in the darkness and dead hours of night, to consummate their diabolical plot of treason.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONSUMMATION OF THE TREASON.

ALTHOUGH Smith did not make it known to Arnold, either by his language or manner, yet he was any thing but pleased with the request that he should not be present at the interview between the General and Anderson. It seemed to imply a reserve of confidence which he had never noticed till now; and considering all the sacrifices he had made to bring about the meeting, he began to regard himself in the light of a dupe, or tool, for the completion of some purpose very different from that alleged by the General to him. The more he reflected upon it, the more vexed did he become; and he paced back and forth along the shore in no enviable mood, expecting every moment to see the concealed parties make their appearance. Minute after minute went by, an hour rolled away, and then another, and still the General and Anderson came not. The oarsmen, meantime, had fallen asleep in the boat, and Smith was thus left entirely to himself.

At last, his patience having become completely exhausted—more especially as the cold night dew was beginning to affect, somewhat seriously, a frame none of the strongest, and which had of late suffered no little from the tertian ague—Smith aroused the boatmen, and asked them if they were willing to assist in rowing the boat back to the vessel.

"No," replied Sam, "not an inch, even if General Arnold puts us under arrest for not doing it."

"Well," returned Smith, "it is near morning, and we must leave here, at all events."

He then went into the bushes toward the spot where Arnold was concealed, who hearing him approach, called out:

"Well, who's there?"

"The night is far spent," replied Smith, "and I have come to tell you that it is necessary the boat should leave here before daylight."

"Ah! then I will back to the vessel," said the voice of Andre, "and we will finish this business some other time, General."

"You can not return to-night, Mr. Anderson," rejoined Smith, "for no persuasion would induce the boatmen to go back; and besides, I fear we have hardly time to get up the bay before the break of day."

"Good heavens! what is to be done then?" cried Andre, in a voice that denoted alarm.

"Have no fear," replied Arnold; "I will conduct you to Smith's house, where you will be safe till I can find a way for you to return to your vessel. Follow me. I have two horses just up the hill, and the servant who rode one can go back afoot. I think, Smith, you had better have the boat rowed up to Haverstraw Creek as soon as possible, and we will meet you at your own house."

"Very well," replied Smith; and as he went back to the boat, Arnold and Andre proceeded to where the black was still holding the horses.

Bidding the latter hasten to his master, Arnold saw Andre mounted on one beast, and mounting the other himself, the two set off toward Haverstraw village, making a circuit as they neared it, so as to avoid notice. But they were not successful in eluding observa-

tion; for just as they came abreast of the place, the voice of a sentry cried out:

"Who goes there?"

"Friends," replied Arnold.

"Stand, and give the countersign."

"Congress," was Arnold's response.

"Pass on," rejoined the sentry; and our party continuing their course, soon found themselves in the broad highway.

"My God!" exclaimed Andre, as soon as he dared permit himself to speak; "is it possible that I am within the American lines?"

"Even so," said Arnold; "but have no fear, my friend, you are under my protection, and I assure you, you shall return in safety to your friends."

Andre did not reply to this, but his feelings it is impossible to describe. Unconsciously, as it were, he had placed himself within the very jaws of danger, beyond the power of retreat, and nothing could now be done but abide the result. Until he heard the challenge of the sentinel, he had fancied himself secure on neutral, or, at least, unoccupied ground; but now all the perils of his situation rose up before him, and strange forebodings filled his mind with gloom and dread. He remembered the awful prediction of the astrologer, and he shuddered as he recalled the words, "*Thou art doomed to die upon the scaffold.*" Might not those words come true? If detected, he would certainly be tried as a spy; and if convicted, the penalty attached to the crime, by all nations, was too well known to him to leave any doubt on his mind as to what would be his fate. He remembered, too, the caution of his kind benefactor, Sir Henry Clinton, not to go on shore, not to disguise himself, and not to permit himself to take papers. Two of these injunctions he had disobeyed, and his heart smote him for it, although he had reasoned himself into the belief that he was acting for the best. And then he thought what would be Sir Henry's feelings, should he hear his project had been discovered, and his messenger detected and doomed to death. And then his poor mother and sisters, in the far away land beyond the seas—how would they bear the news of his loss, their sole dependence, and what a stigma would an ignominious death bring upon the family name! In all his gloomy reflections,

Andre thought more of others than of himself, save so far as his death would contribute to their woe, and this showed the greatness and nobleness of a soul above the comprehension of meaner minds.

So lost was Andre in reflections of this nature, that several remarks of Arnold passed unheeded, unheard; and even such as were forced upon his notice, failed to arouse his conversational powers, or even draw his mind from its painful reverie. At last, just as dawn was breaking, they drew up before Smith's mansion; and bidding Andre alight and enter, Arnold conducted him at once to the library. Here, as Andre threw off his overcoat, Arnold for the first time became aware that he was in uniform; and with a start of surprise, he exclaimed:

"Ah! Major, you should have come in disguise; it will be as much as both our necks are worth, if you are discovered in these habiliments. Smith will see your dress, of course; but I must trump up some plausible story to him about your excessive vanity, and endeavor to procure a change, for it will not do for even him to know that you are a British officer."

"When I left the Vulture to meet you, of course I expected to return before daylight," replied Andre, rather coldly; "and therefore only provided myself for such an adventure. Had I been aware it was General Arnold's intention to detain me till morning, and then conduct me within the American lines, I certainly should have declined the risk of such a meeting, even had I known that the business on which I came would thereby never have gone beyond a very interesting mercantile correspondence."

"It was not my intention to detain you," replied Arnold, quickly; "but you well know our arrangements were not effected when Smith interrupted us, and you heard what he said about the boatmen refusing to take you back. I can not govern circumstances any more than yourself, Major Andre; and must say your sneering insinuations are in very bad taste, and ill-timed. You should not overlook the fact, that if through me you are placed in jeopardy, my neck is in just as much danger as your own."

What reply Andre would have made is un-

certain, had not Smith entered the room just as Arnold ceased speaking. He started back in surprise, on perceiving Andre in the full dress of a British officer; but Arnold immediately took him aside, and said:

"What foolish vanity some men have, my dear Smith. Now you see, this young Anderson, who never in his life aspired to any thing above a counting-house ledger, just to appear consequential in his interview with me, must foolishly go and borrow an officer's uniform, as if such trappings could influence my decision in any way."

"Ridiculous," sneered Smith.

"Ay, my dear friend, you may well say ridiculous; and would to Heaven that were the worst of it—I would then let him enjoy his borrowed honors; but just suppose he should be seen by any one—all the asseverations in the world would not convince a stupid head that he is not what he seems; and the report would go abroad that we are entertaining a British officer; and I need not say to one of your sound sense and judgment, what would be the consequence to us, should such a rumor once get started."

"He should change his dress, then, without delay," said Smith.

"Ay, my friend," rejoined Arnold, "that is just the point I was coming at; and if you will lend him some clothes of your own, I will insist on his doing so."

"I can furnish him a coat, if that will do," returned Smith; and Arnold signifying that a coat might answer, the former immediately quitted the room to get it.

In a few minutes Smith returned, bringing the desired article; and on presenting it to Andre, he at once divested himself of his own coat and put it on, and it proved to be a very good fit. Arnold now made some excuse and went out; and Andre, turning to Smith, said:

"You must pardon me, Mr. Smith, if I envy you the possession of this mansion and grounds. What a delightful view of the Hudson you have from these windows;" and he approached the southern one, as he spoke, and looked down the bay.

Morning had fairly dawned, and the whole landscape reposed in that soft, rosy light which invests every object with interest, if not

with beauty. No mist was on the water, and the eye had a full range of Haverstraw Bay, whose tranquil bosom was like a large mirror, or plate of burnished steel. Away in the distance, where the Hudson narrowed to its regular channel, and a bend in the river cut off all further view in that direction, the low, black hulk, and tall, trim, tapering spars of the Vulture, could be seen clearly defined against the slightly retreating back-ground of the picture. On this vessel Andre fixed his gaze with a wistful look, and sighed at the thought he was not now on board. Smith approached the window also, and glancing in the same direction, said, with a self-satisfied air, in reply to the other's remark:

"Yes, I have a very pleasant residence here for the summer season."

At this moment a bright flash was seen on the west bank of the river, opposite the vessel; another and another followed in quick succession, and then boom, boom, boom, came the roar of cannon.

"My God!" cried Andre, starting back, and clasping his hands with a look of horror, "they have attacked the vessel! Oh, heavens! what will become of me?"

"Do not be alarmed," returned Smith, in a soothing tone. "I do not apprehend they will do her much damage. See! they are active on board, and a few minutes will suffice to let them drop down the stream, beyond reach of the shot."

"Ha! look! behold!" cried Andre, again. "Great God! she is on fire;" and as he uttered these words, his pale, noble countenance wore an expression of such intense anguish, that Smith, who caught a glance of his features, afterward averred, that were he to live a thousand years, he could never forget that look.

The vessel did seem on fire, sure enough; and a bright sheet of flame shooting upward, and a dense volume of smoke rolling down toward the water, for a time completely obscured her decks and hulk. But presently the flames were got under, the smoke cleared away, the vessel dropped down the stream, the cannonade ceased, and Major Andre resumed his former composure. We may as well mention, in this connection, that the firing

upon the Vulture was occasioned by a report having been made to Colonel Livingston, that the ship was so near the shore the inhabitants of Teller's Point and vicinity were apprehensive boats would land and commit depredations, and he had, therefore, ordered down a detachment of artillery to force her from her position. The fire on board was merely the burning of some canvas and tar, which had caught by accident.

After breakfast, Smith left Arnold and Andre together in the library, and here the vile scheme of treason was consummated, and every arrangement made for putting the British in possession of West Point—ay, even the day set when the latter were to sail up the river to a bloodless victory. It is not our intention to weary the reader with a detail of the "bargain and sale" of this transaction—for we have not space, even if we had the inclination so to do—and therefore we shall give the substance of the agreement in as few words as possible. In the first place, Arnold was to make such disposition of the troops at West Point, as would weaken this post, and cause it to fall into British hands with but little, if any, bloodshed. For this purpose, so soon as it should be known that the enemy was ascending the river, small parties of the garrison were to be sent out in different directions into the gorges of the hills, under pretense of attacking the British; and here they were to remain idle, while the latter were to land, march up the hill by different routes, and simultaneously take possession of the works, with but trifling opposition. On his part, Andre agreed, that in the event of this plan being successfully carried out, General Arnold should receive from the British government the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, and the commission of brigadier-general in his Majesty's royal army.

Arnold then put into Andre's possession six separate papers, which, according to Sparks, were as follows: "First, artillery orders, which had recently been published at West Point, giving directions how each corps should dispose of itself in case of an alarm. This paper was of the utmost importance, as it would enable the enemy, when they should make an attack, to know the precise condition

of every part of the garrison. Secondly, an estimate of the force at West Point and its dependencies. Thirdly, an estimate of the number of men requisite to man the works. Fourthly, a return of the ordnance in the different forts, redoubts, and batteries. Fifthly, remarks on the works at West Point, describing the construction of each, and its strength or weakness. Sixthly, a report of a council of war lately held at head-quarters, which contained hints respecting the probable operations of the campaign, and which General Washington had sent to Arnold a few days before, requesting his opinion on the subjects to which it referred."

"These papers," said Arnold, as he gave them into Andre's possession, "I think you had better place between your stockings and feet, as they will be more concealed there than elsewhere about your person; and should any accident happen, I rely upon you, as a man of honor and a gentleman, to have them destroyed."

"Rest assured," General Arnold, replied Andre, "that I shall take good care to comply with your request; for my safety, as well as your own, depends upon my doing so. When I enter the boat, I will have them tied round with a string, with a weight attached; and if any danger menaces, they shall be sent to the bottom of the stream. And apropos: what time will the boat be ready for me?"

"Why," hesitated Arnold, "I have been thinking the matter over, and, all things considered, have come to the conclusion that it will be your best plan to return by land."

"How!" exclaimed Andre, in surprise; "am I not to be sent back to the Vulture?"

"If you insist upon it, of course; but if you take my advice, you will not; for in returning to New York by land, you will be more likely to escape detection, than in passing from here to the Vulture by water; for every night the countersign of the guard-boats is changed; and I could not learn what the word is for to-night, without incurring suspicion; and without it you would undoubtedly be captured."

"Notwithstanding this," rejoined Andre, in a decided tone, "I must return to the Vulture, and I insist upon General Arnold's keeping his promise, and putting me on board."

"Well, well, I will see what can be done," returned the other, evasively. "Meantime, let me see these papers secured as I requested;" and while Andre, taking off his boots and stockings, placed them next his feet, Arnold sat down at the table and wrote a few lines, which he handed the young officer, saying, "Here is your pass, and Heaven send you a safe and speedy return to the city. I must now leave you, and set out for head-quarters; but you may rest assured I shall look anxiously forward to our next meeting, when I trust a rebel passport will no longer be needed to make your journey up or down the Hudson a safe one. I will see Smith before I go, and give him the necessary instructions for guiding you safely back to your friends. Commend me to his excellency, Sir Henry Clinton, and say to him I hope the day is not far distant, when we, who have so long been enemies, may meet as friends. Adieu, Adjutant!"

"Farewell, General Arnold," returned Andre, solemnly: "God send we may meet again under different circumstances!"

The two officers then shook hands and parted; but the prayer of the young soldier was never granted.

CHAPTER XX.

THE JOURNEY.

It was between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, when Arnold and Andre separated for the last time; and as it was of material importance that none but those already in the secret should know of the latter's presence in Smith's mansion, the young Adjutant, in consequence, remained a close prisoner in the library, where the entire day was passed in solitude, not even the host himself intruding upon his meditations.

And a sad, weary day it was to Andre—a day spent in gloomy reverie, with dire forebodings. For hours did he pace to and fro across the chamber, with his head bowed upon his bosom, his eye riveted on the floor, but his vision far away, and fixed upon the scenes called up by his fertile imagination. And strangely varied were these imaginary creations. At one time he fancied himself

detected as a spy, hooted at by the rabble, dragged before a military tribunal, tried, condemned, and led forth to execution; at another time he was at the head of a gallant body of troops, storming the heights of West Point, and leading his men on to victory; and he saw the cross of St. George, by his direction, planted on the summit of the highest mount, and waving in victory; while the loud huzzas of the soldiery awoke the sleeping echoes of the pass, and told him his long-sought hour of glory had come.

And so life-like, so like reality, was each imaginary scene to Andre, that his countenance betrayed all the different feelings which such opposites might be supposed to excite; now sad, troubled, desponding, and gloomy—now bright, animated, enthusiastic, and joyous. But the dark scenes prevailed over the light, and his features, for the most part, wore a solemn, anxious, troubled look.

Occasionally would Andre pause at the window and look out—occasionally would he throw himself into a seat and seize upon a book; but nothing seemed to divert his mind from the one great object of solicitude—a safe return to his friends—and the day in consequence dragged slowly and wearily to a close; while action of body, in walking up and down his narrow limits, seemed actually necessary to keep pace with his excited and troubled thoughts.

Toward night, Andre grew more and more impatient to see darkness once more settle over the earth; and he watched the sun's decline with the same anxiety one in prison, whose time of confinement is nearly expired, might be supposed to await the coming of his jailer to set him free. At length the sun went down; and as his dying rays were about to depart from the lofty summits of the neighboring hills, Smith entered the library.

"Well," said Andre, advancing toward him with a hasty step, "is all prepared for my departure?"

"Yes, Mr. Anderson, all is ready. Your supper waits, and I have ordered out the horses."

"The horses!" exclaimed Andre, in surprise. "Am I to return as I came, in a boat?"

"No, that is impossible."

"How impossible?"

"I have no boat ready, and no one to row it if I had."

"Why not get the same boat and men you had last night?"

"Because the men would not go if I asked them, and were only induced to go last night by the threats, not the persuasions, of General Arnold; and he is not here now."

"But, surely, you can get others, Mr. Smith?"

"No, you are mistaken; there are none would run the hazard of so perilous an undertaking; and to tell you the truth, I should not like to repeat the excursion myself—not only on account of the danger attached to it, but because I have suffered all day with a chill from my venture on the water last night."

"O, this is vexatious!" rejoined Andre, in no very pleasant humor. "I would to Heaven I had never left the Vulture! I thought General Arnold had made preparations for sending me back in the same manner I came—at least he gave me to understand he would when we parted."

"He mentioned something about it to me," returned Smith; "but when I told him positively it could not be done, he replied that I must do the best I could to get you safely to the city, and left me two passports, one authorizing me to go by water, the other by land."

"Well," rejoined Andre, with a sigh, "I suppose I must submit to my fate. But do not let us delay; if the horses are ready, I am; which route do we take?"

"We must cross the river here at King's Ferry, and go down on the opposite side. But you will take some supper before you start?"

"No, I am in no mood for eating, though I thank you none the less for your hospitable offer."

Smith, however, prevailed upon Andre to eat a few mouthfuls; and shortly after the two set out, accompanied by a servant, and all three well mounted. Andre still retained Smith's coat, and left his own behind; but the blue-cloth overcoat, buttoned close to the throat, with its broad, heavy cape, completely concealed his dress, and gave him the appearance of a private citizen on a journey.

On their way to the ferry, Smith met several persons with whom he was acquainted; and to every one he had something to say in a jocular tone, indicating not only a mind at ease, but in an unusually light and buoyant state.

"How now, neighbor Mason," he said to one—"how comes on the bob-tail roan?—it's lucky for her the fly season is over."—"Ah, Peter, still with crutches, I see! I suppose, though, you will kick against them ere long." "Well, Parson Thorndike, I understand they are getting up a subscription for you as long as one of your sermons. If they contribute Continental scrip, there will not be much difference in the exchange."—"Ha! Bunstead," he said, to a red-nosed man, standing in the door of a sutler's shanty, "you are a capital sign for this place; for every one can see by your face there is plenty of liquor *within*."

The man laughed, and invited Smith to try a bowl of punch with him. He consented; but Andre rode on, and reaching the ferry before him, awaited in moody silence his coming.

As the party crossed over from Stony Point to Verplank's Point, Smith made several remarks about the taking of the former from the British the year previous; but as Andre did not reply, nor seem to take any interest in the matter, the other dropped the subject.

It was almost dark when they landed on the east bank of the Hudson, and rode up through the works at Verplank's Point. Smith stopped at Colonel Livingston's tent, which was near the road, and entered into conversation with that officer—but Andre and the servant continued to move along at a slow pace. In a few minutes Smith overtook his companion, and the party pushed forward in silence. Nothing worthy of note occurred, till some six or eight miles intervened between our travelers and the ferry, when a clear voice rang out:

"Who goes there?"

"Friends," answered Smith.

"Give the countersign!"

"I do not know it."

"Halt, then, for examination!"

Smith dismounted, and leaving his horse with his servant, went forward to where the sentry was standing, and inquired who commanded the party.

"Captain Milford," was the answer.

"And where can I find him?"

"Here," answered another voice; and turning, Smith discovered a person approaching him. "Well, sir," continued Milford, as he came up, "who are you? where do you belong? and what is your business here at this time of night?"

"My name," answered the other, promptly, "is Joshua Smith; my residence is a couple of miles below Stony Point; and myself and another gentleman are going down as far as White Plains, on important business for General Arnold, from whom I have a passport; and with your permission, Captain, we will resume our journey without delay."

"But may I inquire, sir, how far you intend to proceed to-night?"

"As far as Major Strang's, or Colonel Drake's."

"Well, sir, I am sorry to inform you, that Major Strang is not at home, and Colonel Drake has removed to another part of the country."

"Indeed!" rejoined Smith; "I am sorry to hear it."

"Better take lodgings in the neighborhood here, and go on by daylight," suggested Milford.

"No," answered Smith, "we must pursue our route to-night—for much delay is contrary to the General's express request."

"Pardon me, then! but I must examine your passport before you proceed further. My orders are very strict, and these are times requiring unusual vigilance."

"Here it is," said Smith, handing Milford a paper, "but you will not be able to read it in the dark."

"Very true; but if you will accompany me to the house yonder, it will be an easy matter to procure a light," returned the Captain.

"I will attend you," rejoined Smith; "but first I will speak a word with my companion;" and he hurried back to where Andre was awaiting him, on horseback, only a few paces distant. "Well," said the latter, in a low, agitated tone, "have we got into trouble already?"

"No, nothing alarming, Mr. Anderson. This officer is rather inquisitive, and we shall be obliged to humor him. He has now gone forward to yonder house to examine my passport; but give yourself no uneasiness—the

paper is all correct—and he will not dare detain us after reading it.”

“I feared something of this kind,” returned Andre, despondingly. “Oh! would to Heaven I had been put on board the Vulture!”

“Well, well, regrets will not mend the matter now; so come on, show a bold face, and depend upon it we shall get off without any difficulty.”

Smith mounted his horse as he spoke, and the party set forward toward the house in question, Andre silent and uneasy. As they drew up before the door, Milford, who had reached the house in advance of them, came out, and handing Smith the pass, said:

“I am happy to say, Mr. Smith, I find the paper all correct, and will no longer detain you—unless,” he added, “you will grant me the favor to step this way a moment.” Smith dismounted, and having followed Milford beyond earshot of Andre, the Captain continued: “If not objectionable, Mr. Smith, I should be pleased to know the name of the gentleman accompanying you?”

“Certainly—Mr. John Anderson.”

“Ha! John Anderson!” repeated the Captain, with a start, instantly recalling the conversation he had held about this personage at the house of Peter Burnside. “So-so,” he muttered to himself, “then he was not hung. Strange! But perhaps the boy lied about the whole affair! Ha! I see it now. The officer alluded to had Anderson’s letter, but believed Anderson to be a British spy, at the very time he was playing spy for Arnold. But then, again, who knows but he may be a British spy, deceiving Arnold? I would there were some way to ascertain.”

“Do you know this Mr. Anderson?” inquired Smith, interrupting the Captain’s meditations.

“No, not personally, though his name is somewhat familiar,” replied Milford, at the same time running over in his mind his best plan of operations to find out the mystery concerning Anderson—for mystery there undoubtedly was—and prove to his own satisfaction which party, Clinton or Arnold, was the real dupe of his duplicity. “Ah! I have it,” he said, mentally. “I must find out all I can from Smith, without letting him suspect my object; and if this is not satisfactory, I

will try and detain him over night, and give Paulding a hint to be on the lookout below.”

This plan being quickly arranged in Captain Milford’s active mind, he continued to Smith: “When I say the name is familiar, do not understand me, that I know this John Anderson and the one I have before heard mentioned to be identical—though, for aught I know to the contrary, they may be. But may I inquire what important business takes you down so near the enemy’s lines, and induces you and Mr. Anderson to travel so dangerous a road at night? I do not wish to be thought too inquisitive, Mr. Smith; but really, you can not know the perils of the route so well as I, or else your business is indeed of the most pressing nature.”

“You think the road dangerous, then?” queried Smith, in reply.

“Very dangerous, sir, indeed. The Cow Boys have recently been committing serious depredations, and are now believed to be far up the country. Of late they have leagued in several cases with the Skinners, and only last week I had a brush with them myself. I accidentally heard of a plot to attack and murder an honest farmer and his family, on a certain night; and raising a party, I went down to his protection, and succeeded in killing and capturing nine of the ruffians. What were not killed in the affray, have since been hung; but this, so far from producing a salutary effect upon the others, I believe has only tended to make them worse; for since then they have been more lawless and bloodthirsty than ever. They have murdered several innocent persons already, and, I understand, have vowed to be revenged, by taking two lives for one; so you can judge for yourself whether or not it is safe for you to pursue your journey to-night.”

“You certainly do not talk very encouragingly of the prospects ahead,” returned Smith, in a tone that showed he felt considerable uneasiness. “But nevertheless,” he continued, after a moment’s reflection, “I suppose I shall have to run my chance, for my business admits of little delay.”

“Pardon me, Mr. Smith—but it must be a very pressing emergency that requires you to put your life in such jeopardy.”

“Why, it is rather pressing,” replied Smith, hesitatingly. “The fact is, you see, Mr. Anderson and myself are employed by General Arnold to procure intelligence from the enemy, and we expect to meet a person at or near White Plains for this purpose, and any delay on our route might frustrate the interview and cause serious disappointment to all parties.”

“Well, Mr. Smith,” returned Milford, “I must say, with all due deference to your judgment, that I do not think the reasons you have given for pursuing your journey to-night, by any means justify the risk of doing so. You will be liable to surprise and capture at any moment, by some gang of marauders; and I hardly need add, after what I have told you, that if so taken, you will be uncommonly fortunate to escape with even life. Now, a few hours, certainly, can make no great difference in this matter; for knowing the danger and difficulty of travelling through such a country as this, your informant, if he gets to the rendezvous before you, will make all due allowance for your tardiness; and therefore I would seriously advise you, as you value your life, to turn back and take lodgings at one Andreas Miller’s, whose house you just passed on your way hither. If you have any scruples about seeking lodgings there, I will do the business for you; and as soon as it is daylight, you can set off and pursue your route with comparative safety. Come, what say you?”

Smith reflected a moment, and then replied that he would consult his fellow-traveler. Returning to Andre, he informed him what Captain Milford had said, and asked what he thought of his suggestion.

“I am for going on, at all hazards,” answered Andre, who, for reasons known to the reader, if not to Smith, preferred the dangers of the road to remaining in such close proximity to the patrolling party of one so prying and vigilant as Captain Milford. “Tell the Captain,” he continued, with something of irony in his tone, “that I am greatly obliged to him for his cautious suggestions; but that, knowing my own business best, I must decline accepting his well-meant proposition.”

“But,” hesitated Smith, “I can not say, all things considered, that I would like the road overly well to-night myself. It is now hard

upon ten o’clock, and will therefore only be some six hours to daybreak; by lying over, resting ourselves and horses, and going by daylight, instead of blundering along in the dark, we shall doubtless make up for lost time, and certainly travel with more safety.”

“Well,” rejoined Andre, with some asperity, “no argument will convince me it is better to wait than go forward.”

Smith made no answer to this, but called to Captain Milford; and on that officer’s approaching him, said:

“Mr. Anderson is desirous to get on as expeditiously as possible, and I wish to know which road you think the safest for us to travel.”

“Why, as to that,” replied Milford, “I consider neither safe; and though I do not count myself a coward, yet I frankly confess I should not like to ride alone over either to-night. Of the two, however, I should prefer the one through Northcastle; for the Lower Party, or Cow Boys, have recently been out on the Tarrytown road, and committed some serious depredations in that quarter. You will run great risk in taking either road; and I must repeat my advice, that you lie over till daylight—though of course you are at liberty to do as you please.”

“If we push on now,” said Smith to Andre, in a tone too low to be overheard by Milford, “the Captain will suspect there is something wrong, and perhaps set a spy to watch us; and as I said before, a few hours can make no great difference, except in our favor.” Then turning to Milford: “I shall take your advice, and lie over till morning.”

“You will find it to your advantage, believe me. Shall I accompany you to Miller’s?”

“O, no, I thank you, I will not put you to that trouble.”

No choice was thus left Andre; and accordingly he and Smith and the servant turned their horses’ heads in a direction opposite to the course they were pursuing, and bidding the Captain good night, were soon lost in the darkness. Captain Milford watched them out of sight; and then springing over a fence, he crossed an open field of some thirty rods in extent, when he came to a thicket, in the

centre of which a fire was burning, and around which were grouped some three or four figures, squatted upon the earth, while several others were lying stretched out on blankets, with their feet toward the flame.

"Josh!" called out Milford, halting just without the thicket.

"Here I be, Capting," returned a voice, with the real nasal whine.

"Come here, then, I wish to speak with you."

There was a rustling among the bushes, and the next minute our hero of chimney celebrity made his appearance.

"Wal, what d'ye want?" he said, as he came up to where the other was standing. "Some other darned pokerish expedition, I expect."

"You are right," returned Milford; "but come with me, and I will tell you as I go along."

"I knowed it," returned Josh; "I 'spect you think I've got as many lives as a cat has, don't ye, Capting?"

"I want you," pursued the Captain, in a low tone, without heeding the other's remarks, "to set out immediately for the cross-roads below Teller's Point, find John Paulding, and deliver him a letter."

"What! to-night?"

"Yes, this very night; and if he is not there, find out where he is, and take it to him, without delay."

"Gosh darn it! I've done a lot of things in my life, Capting, that was a great deal agreeabler than this."

"Doubtless; and you may have to do some, before you die, not so agreeable," returned the Captain dryly. "It is a dangerous route, I do not deny, and you will have to go afoot."

"You don't say! thunder and lightning! and I'm as tired as all git out."

"I should have no objections to your riding, were it safe; but if you ride, you must of course follow the highway; and I scarcely need tell you, that a horse does not move along without noise."

"That's a fact, Capting, clear as mud."

"And should any of the free-booters be about," pursued Milford, "the noise of a horse's feet would be likely to attract their

attention, and I presume you have no ambition to fall into their hands again."

"No, I'll be gall-darned if I have!"

"Therefore, your own feet will be safest," concluded Milford; "for you can either travel the road, or cross the fields, as you choose."

"Ye-a-s, I see, and a darned nice time I'll have on't. Wal, if I've got to go, I've got to, and that's the up-shot on't. Where's the letter, Capting?"

"That will soon be ready."

By this time the two had reached the highway; and bidding Josh await his return, the Captain went forward to the little shanty where he had procured a light to read Smith's passport, and after an absence of some five or ten minutes, again made his appearance; and handed Josh a sealed note, saying:

"Find Paulding, if he is to be found, and give him this missive, and you shall be paid well for your journey in addition to your regular wages. You will be likely to hear of him at Brinslow's, near Pine's Bridge. Here, take these pistols, powder and ball. Away, now, and mind you bring me an answer from Paulding!"

"I'll do it, or break a tug," said Josh. "Good-by, Capting."

"Good-by, and may you have a safe journey back! Do not forget to call at Brinslow's, as it is possible Paulding may be there."

"I shan't forget any thing 'cept 'tis the extra pay," laughed the Yankee, as he disappeared from the Captain's sight.

"Now, if this Anderson is a British spy," mused Milford, as he walked slowly up the road, "and on his way to New York, as I suspect, he will be likely, after what he heard me say about the Cow Boys, to take the Tarrytown road; and a hint to Paulding, to be on the watch and overhaul him, may somehow lead to an explanation of what I must confess looks to me very mysterious. There may be something more in the hints of that boy than I gave him credit for. He seemed shrewd, and intelligent, and such servants are sometimes ahead of their masters in getting at the truth of a mystery. At all events, there can be no harm in being cautious, vigilant, and prepared for the worst. Strange, he should hint about treason in high places, and then inquire if I

knew Anderson's correspondent to be a man of stern integrity! But pshaw! Arnold is above suspicion, though this man may be deceiving him. But speculations avail nothing now, and time perhaps will show;" and with this reflection, Milford turned off and sought his quarters for the night.

We must now return to our travelers.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CAPTURE.

At the house of Andreas Miller, Smith and Andre found a welcome reception; but the host was a man in humble life, with limited means and accommodations, and in consequence our two travelers were obliged to share the same bed. The night proved a troubled one to Andre; for dire forebodings crowded his mind, and deprived him of sleep. All night long he rolled to and fro on his bed, and moaned or paced the floor with an agitated step. It appeared to him that Captain Milford had somehow penetrated his disguise, and had purposely magnified perils to delay his journey, in order to have time to procure an order for his arrest. Every unusual sound he fancied to be the tread of armed men coming to make him prisoner; and he who had never in his life before been guilty of a dishonorable action—even if his interview with Arnold, under the circumstances, could properly be called one—now quaked and quailed like a wretch who had committed some heinous crime, and stood in fear of avenging justice.

In consequence of Andre's restlessness, Smith had little sleep; and much of the time he lay awake, and, as he afterward averred, wondered what so disturbed the mind of his companion.

Andre did not undress himself the whole night; and as soon as the first streak of daylight penetrated his humble apartment, he called his companion, and declared himself in readiness to proceed on his journey. The latter immediately dressed himself, aroused his servant, and in a few minutes the horses were at the door. The host, hearing the preparations of his guests for instant departure, also made his appearance, and urged them to delay a short time, and partake of breakfast;

but this Andre declined, pleading urgent business below as an excuse. Although warmly pressed to take pay for his hospitality, the host generously refused; and with many thanks for his kindness and trouble, our travelers set off in the gray light of morning.

The day proved a delightful one, neither too warm nor too cold for comfort, and the morning breeze stole over the romantic hills on their route, and came to our travelers with an invigorating effect. The patrolling guards of Captain Milford were passed without molestation or hindrance; and when he found himself fairly beyond them, on the highway to Pine's Bridge, the spirits of Andre, much to the surprise of Smith, rose in exact proportion to their late depression. He could not as yet look upon himself as safe; but in his view the worst dangers were passed; and as he had gone through these without harm, a bright hope of ultimate deliverance from his perilous undertaking and position made his heart buoyant.

Crossing one of the head-water branches of the Croton, the party ascended a steep hill; and on reaching its summit, whence a delightful landscape spread before them, Andre turned to Smith, and with a joyful animation of look, speech, and manner, strangely contrasting with his late gloom and taciturnity, suddenly exclaimed:

"O, what a beautiful scene!—how grand! how soul-inspiring! The sun just rising in all his golden splendor, and pouring his soft light down upon every object, giving each, as it were, a renewed life; yon tranquil Hudson rolling along in quiet beauty, showing the mountains their faces far down the silent depths; and those mountains, proudly lifting their heads far heavenward in the ethereal blue, as if conscious of their greatness and grandeur; and behold here and there a forest, here and there a plain, here and there a valley, here and there a sparkling streamlet, and here and there a farm-house, once the abode of peace and plenty, but now, alas! too often deserted. This only—the lack of the husbandman, with his well-fenced, well-tilled, well-stocked fields—his lowing kine, bleating sheep, and neighing and prancing steeds—these only are wanting to make the picture

complete, and enrapture the gaze of an artist. And this desolation comes of war, ruthless war, with its iron heel, gauntlet-hand, and bloody front. Oh! when will it cease, and benign peace repeople such scenes as these, and let all nature smile in the face of happy, contented man? Ah! who can love war for the sake of war, and laud the victor, whose title to fame is written in human blood and widow's tears! and the shouts for whose ensanguined triumph is answered by dying groans and the orphan's wail! And what, after all, are the victories of war, compared to the victories of peace! Is the sword of the warrior to be put on an equality with the poet's pen, the artist's pencil? Is the renown of having been more successful in human butchery than another, to carry the name of the so-called hero down to far posterity, along side of his who has uttered great truths, noble thoughts, heaven-inspired wisdom, and left behind him pure, lofty, and deathless creations of the mortal mind? No, no, no! What are the heroes of antiquity, compared with those giant laborers in the field of thought, who saved their names from total oblivion? Mere pigmies beside colossuses—mole-hills beside mountains—planets beside the universe! Then let war be put away from among nations; let arbitration settle all disputes; let standing armies be disbanded; and let the blood-red soldier turn his mind and bend his energies to the useful arts and sciences, and, instead of destroying his fellows, seek how he shall benefit mankind; and then will come the great jubilee of the world, and the human mind will then be seen in all that greatness which most nearly approaches the Divinity!

"Ah! I see, my friend," pursued Andre, "my enthusiasm, after my late taciturnity, surprises you; but the cool, invigorating air of the morning, and the splendid scene before me, have aroused me from my mental stupor, and led me into a train of thought, which ever has had, and ever will have, deepest hold upon my heart's sympathies."

"I was thinking while you were speaking," replied Smith, gazing admiringly upon his companion, "that you are other than you seem; and that if circumstances have placed

you in the counting-house, nature has been foully wronged; for she has given you oratorical powers which should be heard in the senate chamber of a nation."

"You flatter me beyond my abilities," rejoined Andre, coloring; "I shall never aspire to such a dignity."

Thus conversing, our two wayfarers rode cheerfully along. Andre occasionally giving evidence of possessing a lofty mind, in flashes of eloquence not unlike what we have quoted, and which deeply interested, and sometimes seemed fairly to charm his hearer. Nothing occurred to interrupt their progress, and almost before they were aware of it, they came opposite an humble dwelling, within some two or three miles of Pine's Bridge, when Smith, looking around him, declared that here his journey toward White Plains must end.

"But we will breakfast together before we part," he added—"that is to say, if we can find any thing to eat. Let us try at this shanty—we may be able to get something to stay our stomachs."

Accordingly, they rode up to the dwelling before mentioned, which they found occupied by a middle-aged Dutch woman. On inquiring if they could be accommodated with breakfast, the *vrouw* replied,

"I give you so goot as I got; put the tievish Cow Boys have been robbing me lasht night, and dey took away ebry ting so much dat I gives you no more ash pudding and melken."

"Well, well, good dame, we can do very well on pudding and milk," answered Smith, "so you will only make haste and let us have it, for we are anxious to be on the move."

"So quick ash der fire heats him," rejoined the other, as she flew about the room making the necessary preparation for our travelers' breakfast.

After Smith and Andre had satisfied their appetites, the former divided his small stock of Continental scrip with the latter; and having made arrangements by which Smith's horse should be returned or paid for, the two shook hands, and with many well-wishes for each other's safety and happiness, parted—Smith retracing his steps and pursuing the route to

Peekskill, and Andre proceeding direct to Pine's Bridge, and thence toward New York.

A short distance below Pine's Bridge, the road which Andre was traveling forked to the right, and led off to the highlands along the Hudson, and so on to Tarrytown, and this was called the river, or Tarrytown road; while the other continued straight forward, and led direct to White Plains—both having one terminus, namely, New York. When he came to this fork, Andre reined in his horse, and for a moment seemed undecided which route to take; but remembering Captain Milford had said that the Lower Party, or Cow Boys, had been far up the Tarrytown road, he chose this, as being in his view the safest: for the Cow Boys, belonging to the British side, would not be likely to trouble him, when once convinced he was an officer in the royal army. This decision showed the sagacity of Milford in his letter to Paulding—but let us not anticipate.

The day was delightful, the scenery on all sides beautiful, and Andre, believing himself nearly out of danger, jogged along in good spirits, occasionally turning on his saddle to admire some view more picturesque, romantic, and attractive than the others. At length, about ten or eleven o'clock in the day, he came to a deep dingle, through which flowed a gurgling streamlet of pure, fresh water. He halted here to let his horse drink; and while the animal was thus employed, he looked around; and for the first time since leaving Miller's that morning, a cold shudder passed over him, and he experienced an awful dread of some impending calamity. The dingle was very dark; for large spreading trees, with a dense undergrowth, walled in the path, or road, on either hand, and interlocking branches overhead almost excluded daylight. It was, in fact, just such a place as would make the lonely traveler think of robbery, murder, and all the worst crimes in the calendar; and hardly waiting for his horse to finish drinking, Andre jerked the rein, and spurred him up the opposite steep hill. He had scarcely advanced a half a dozen rods, after reaching its summit, when he heard a rustling in the thicket to his right, saw the bushes violently agitated, and the next moment a man sprang into the road before him, and pointing

a loaded musket to his breast, said, sternly: "Halt! or I fire."

Andre instantly turned pale, reined in his horse, and looked hard at the other a moment, as if to determine what course to pursue—whether to shoot him down, and attempt an escape by flight, or hold a parley with him, and endeavor to get off by milder measures. His decision was soon made; for the next instant two more stout fellows, armed with muskets, entered the road before and behind him, and convinced him that resistance were useless. All three had on round hats, and each wore a gray blouse belted around the waist. Their features were sun-browned, and each had that stern, sullen, dogged expression of countenance, so often seen on persons of the humbler class, when they have resolved upon some bold act, and yet are not exactly convinced in their own minds that their design is justifiable, nor what will be the consequence to themselves if they persist in carrying it out. But the one who first entered the road appeared the most intelligent of the three; and though his look was stern, and his determination seemed inflexible, yet his dark eye had a kindly gleam, and his whole countenance was marked by an expression of frankness, honesty, benevolence, and simplicity. It will only be necessary to add, that this individual was John Paulding; and that his two companions were David Williams and Isaac Van Wart—men in humble life, whose names were made immortal by the very deed we are on the point of recording.

Scanning each and all with a rapid glance, Andre looked Paulding full in the eye, and said, in a bland tone, and with as much composure as he could assume:

"I trust, sir, that you, and these gentlemen with you, will do me no harm."

"Where are you going?" demanded Paulding, in the same stern tone as before.

"Below," replied Andre.

"How far below?"

"Gentlemen," rejoined the Adjutant, evading the question, "I hope you belong to our party."

"What party?" asked Paulding.

"The Lower Party."

"Well, well—what then?"

"Then I trust it will only be necessary for me to prove to you I am a British officer, out of the country on particular business." He pulled out and exhibited a gold watch, as he spoke, as an evidence of the truth of his assertion—for, at that day, it was a very rare thing to find such an article of luxury in any hands but those of English officers, or English gentlemen. "After this," he added, "I hope you will not detain me a moment."

"The Captain was right," muttered Paulding to himself; and then, in a harsher tone than ever, and with brows contracted, he said to Andre: "Dismount, sir, at once."

Andre turned pale as death; he saw he had made a great mistake; but controlling his emotion as much as possible, he said, with a kind of laugh:

"My God! I suppose a man must do any thing to get along." He then dismounted, and producing Arnold's pass, continued: "Gentlemen, you had better let me go, or you will get yourselves into difficulty; for your stopping me will detain the General's business; and if you know any thing of Arnold, you know he is not one to treat lightly any disrespect offered to his messenger, especially when that messenger has his written guarantee of safety. I am on my way to Dobbs' Ferry, where I expect to meet a person who will give me intelligence of an important nature for General Arnold, and I demand to be released instantly, and allowed to pursue my journey."

"What's your name?" asked Paulding, looking at the passport.

"John Anderson," replied Andre.

"Then what did you say you was a British officer for?"

"Because you said you belonged to the Lower Party, and I thought that would be the easiest mode of getting past you."

"Well," returned Paulding, shaking his head doubtfully, "you musn't be offended, Mr. Anderson, at what we are going to do; we don't intend to take any thing from you; but there is so many bad people going about these times, that we have to be on the lookout for every body. I don't say, mind, that you be one of these characters; but you're a stranger to us, you know; and as you have told so far a crooked story, by your own ad-

mission, I feel myself in duty bound to have you searched. Ike, [to one of his companions,] just fasten the gentleman's horse, while me and Dave take him into the bushes here, and make him strip."

Who can tell the feelings of Andre, who now found himself on the point of exposure, at the very moment when he had felt himself most secure! They must have been terrible, if one might judge by his pale face and ashy lips; but like a brave man, he had resolved to bear his misfortune without complaint, and with true heroism; and as his captors were taking him into the bushes, he merely said:

"Gentlemen, I trust you will conduct your search with as much forbearance and delicacy as possible."

"You shan't have any cause to complain on that score," replied Paulding.

"We're not gentlemen born, as they say in England," chimed in Williams; "but we're not such boors but what we know how to treat a fellow-being with decency. There, this place will do; and now, Mr. Anderson, you may strip as quick as you've a mind to."

Andre, without a word, proceeded to divest himself of his blue overcoat; then his round hat; next the coat lent him by Smith—which was a deep claret, the buttons and button-holes laced with gold tinsel—next his nankeen waistcoat; and lastly, his breeches, which left exposed a flannel waistcoat and drawers, and high top-boots. Each article, as he removed it from his person, he handed in silence to his captors, who proceeded to search them with great care, but of course without making any important discovery.

"Nothing, so far," said Paulding.

"Not a stiver," returned Williams.

"We haint searched the boots," put in Van Wart, who had joined the party.

"That's true—we must look into them," rejoined Paulding. "Come, Mr. Anderson, will you take them off, or shall we do it for you?"

"I protest against this unlawful search," answered Andre, in a voice that quavered, in spite of his apparent efforts to be composed.

"We must do our duties," rejoined Paulding, in a determined manner. "You're suspected of something wrong, Mr. Anderson; but the

minute you give full proof of being innocent, you shall be set at liberty. Come, the boots!"

Andre groaned mentally, and a sudden weakness came over him, as he remembered the awful prediction of Carlini. He had not strength to withdraw the boots himself; but with a resignation bordering on despair, he sat down on a stone, and extended one foot to his captors. Van Wart instantly seized the boot, and drew it from his leg; and while the others were searching it, he proceeded to feel around the foot. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Here's papers!"

"Where?" cried Paulding and Williams, in a breath.

"Here, next his foot, inside the stocking."

"Quick! off with it!" said Paulding.

The stocking was jerked off with little ceremony, and three folded papers fell to the ground. Paulding seized, opened them, glanced at their contents, and immediately exclaimed:

"By heavens! he's a spy."

All now looked at Andre with that peculiar expression with which men of sympathetic feeling regard a fellow being irrevocably doomed to the law's last and heaviest penalty. Andre was very pale, but apparently calm; and he returned the look of his captors, with the expression of a brave man who knows his fate, and yet feels grateful for the commiseration of those whose duty hurries him to his doom. That silence and exchange of looks was far more solemn and impressive than words; for the language of the heart is ever more powerful than that of the tongue.

Paulding was the first to break the silence: "This is a mighty bad business, Mr. Anderson."

"Let's search tother boot," said Van Wart.

Andre took this off himself, also, the stocking, and handed Paulding three more papers, who, after looking at them, inquired:

"Any thing more, Mr. Anderson?"

"That is all, I pledge you my honor as a gentleman," replied Andre.

"Then you may dress yourself, as quick as you please, for you must go with us."

As Andre arose, and proceeded to don his garments, Williams said:

"You're caught in a mighty bad business,

Mr. Anderson, and I hardly need tell such as you what'll follow, unless you get away. Now, what'll you give us to let you go?"

"Any sum of money you may demand," answered Andre, eagerly, his features brightening with a ray of hope.

"Will you give us your horse, saddle, bridle, pistols, watch, and a hundred guineas besides?"

"Yes," replied Andre quickly; "and though I have not the money with me, I will send it to any place you may name, even if it be to this very spot, so that you shall be sure to get it."

"Well, wouldn't you give us more?" pursued Williams.

"Yes, I will give you any amount of dry goods, and, as I said before, any sum of money you may ask—ay, gentlemen, even though what you demand impoverish me and enrich you," replied Andre; "and I swear to you, by the soul of her I love best, who is now in Heaven! that I will religiously keep my promise, and send the amount agreed upon to any place yourselves may name."

"No," sternly interposed Paulding, "if you would give us ten thousand guineas, you should not stir one step!"

Andre's countenance fell. He saw, in that look of honest determination there was no hope—that however humble that man before him might be, he possessed a soul above corruption. He sighed, hung down his head, and was silent.

"Come," pursued Paulding, "hasten and dress yourself, for we must be on the march."

"Whither will you take me?" asked Andre, dejectedly.

"Where you'll be safe till you have your trial."

Andre shuddered, made no reply, but proceeded to don his garments with a haste that betrayed no little agitation.

"I suppose yew'll get away, if you find an opportunity," said Williams, inquiringly.

"Yes, I certainly shall," frankly answered Andre.

"Well, we don't intend to let you have an opportunity," was the chilling response.

"Look well to your muskets, boys," said Paulding—"see that the priming's in good order." And as each turned down the pan to put in fresh powder, he continued to Andre:

"We intend to treat you like a gentleman, so long as you behave decent; but if you attempt to get away, by heavens! we'll shoot you down like a dog."

When Andre had dressed himself, his captors conducted him to the road; and while two of them guarded him, one on either side, the third walked close behind and led the horse. In this manner they set off for Northcastle, the nearest military station.

For some time the whole party maintained silence, each busy with thoughts of his own. At length Paulding inquired:

"Is General Arnold concerned in this matter, Mr. Anderson?"

"That is a very improper question," replied Andre, evasively.

"Well, I'd like to know if your real name is Anderson?" put in Van Wart.

"Gentlemen, I am your prisoner," said Andre, with a lofty dignity that was not without its effect upon his captors; "you can command my person, but not my secrets. You are now conducting me, strongly guarded, to deliver me over as a spy to the proper military authorities. Let what you know suffice you for the present; and let me beg of you, as a favor, you will ask me no more questions. Enough, that I now assure you, when brought into the presence of a military commander, I will reveal all."

The men all looked abashed at this reproof, and no more questions were put to their prisoner. In the afternoon of the day of his capture, Major Andre arrived at Northcastle, and, together with all the papers found on his person was delivered over to Lieutenant Colonel Jameson, the commander of that military outpost.

CHAPTER XXII.

FLIGHT OF THE TRAITOR.

On examining the treasonable papers given him by Paulding, Colonel Jameson found them to be in the undisguised handwriting of General Arnold; and yet, so far from suspecting the General of any sinister design, he sought Andre for an explanation of the whole affair. This course was certainly a most extra-

ordinary one, considering that hitherto this man had been regarded as possessing common-sense. Andre, of course, represented the matter in the most favorable light possible, said that if confronted with Arnold he would make a full explanation, and requested that he might at once be sent to head-quarters. Absurd as was this request, yet Jameson was insane enough, or foolish enough—whichever you please, reader—to grant it. He immediately wrote a note to Arnold, saying, "I send to you, under the charge of Lieutenant Allen and a guard, a certain John Anderson, who was taken while going toward New York. He had a passport, signed in your name, and a parcel of papers, taken from under his stockings, which I think of a very dangerous tendency." Here he gave a description of the papers referred to, and concluded, "These I have reserved and forwarded to General Washington."

What could be more extravagantly foolish than this, when we take into consideration that Jameson had no sinister motive in so doing? Could not the man foresee that if Arnold were concerned in the plot, he would, of course, attempt an immediate escape? that whether he were or not, it was only right and proper that such a grave affair should have a judicial investigation, and that it was his duty to make all known to the commander-in-chief, and leave him to act? With regard to foresight, some men seem born like moles, and of this class was Jameson.

As soon as the escort had departed with Andre, Jameson dispatched an express, with the treasonable papers, to meet General Washington, then supposed to be on the road returning from Hartford, where he had been, as the reader knows, to hold an interview with the French Count Rochambeau. But Washington came back by a different route than he went, and, in consequence, the courier missed him.

As we design to be brief in touching upon this portion of our true history, we can not do better than quote the language of Sparks in his biography of Arnold:

"At the time when Andre was brought in a prisoner," says the biographer, "Major Tallmage, next in command under Jameson, was absent on duty below White Plains, and did not return till evening. He was filled with

astonishment when Jameson related what had happened, and could not refrain from expressing his surprise at the course that had been pursued. To his mind, the case was so clear, or, at all events, was attended by such peculiar circumstances, as not only to justify, but require, prompt, bold, and energetic measures on the part of Jameson. In short, he declared his suspicions of Arnold, and offered to take on himself the entire responsibility of proceeding on that ground. To this idea Jameson would not listen. He was agitated and irresolute at first, but finally refused to sanction any measure which should imply a distrust of Arnold.

Failing in this object, Tallmage earnestly requested that the prisoner might be brought back; to which Jameson, with some reluctance, consented. As the parties from below had been higher up the country than the post at Northcastle, there was room to apprehend that he might be recaptured; and this was, probably, the prevailing reason with Jameson for countermanding the order. Strange as it may seem, however, if any thing can seem strange in this string of blunders, he would insist on sending forward the letter he had written to Arnold, as will appear by his order of countermand to Lieutenant Allen.

"From some circumstances which I have just discovered," he wrote to that officer, "I have reason to fear that a party of the enemy is above; and as I would not have Anderson retaken or get away, I desire that you will proceed to Lower Salem with him, and deliver him to Captain Hoogland. You will leave the guard with Captain Hoogland, also, except one man, whom you may take along. You may proceed to West Point, and deliver the letter to General Arnold. You may also show him this, that he may know the reason why the prisoner is not sent on. You will please to return as soon as you can."

The messenger with this letter soon overtook Lieutenant Allen, who, instead of taking Andre to Lower Salem, as directed by Jameson, immediately set out on his return to Northcastle, which post he reached the same night. On beholding the prisoner, Major Tallmage was at once struck with his deportment, which he considered decidedly military, and especially his manner of walking the floor,

and turning on his heel; and he expressed to Jameson his conviction that the man had been bred to arms, and that, under the circumstances, he should be kept closely guarded till orders should be received from General Washington, or Arnold. As Northcastle was not so safe a military post as Lower Salem—which, being farther inland, was less exposed—it was accordingly decided that Andre should be conducted thither forthwith. In his consultation with Jameson, Tallmage, remembering the letter he had some days before received from Arnold concerning one John Anderson, could not avoid a strong suspicion of the General; and he so expressed himself to Jameson; but the latter refused to credit there being anything wrong in that quarter, and still insisted that the letter which Lieutenant Allen had brought back should be sent forward.

Finding he could do nothing with Jameson as regarded Arnold, Tallmage determined that Andre, at least, should not escape; and so he set off with him to Salem. On the arrival of Andre at this place, he was introduced to a Mr. Bronson, who was attached to Sheldon's regiment, and who occupied a small apartment, which he consented to share with the prisoner. Andre at first was in nowise talkative; but after having rested a while, and procured a change of a portion of his garments from his room mate, he relaxed into familiar conversation, and even proceeded to make a ludicrous sketch on paper of the escort and himself, which he handed to Bronson, saying:

"This will give you an idea of the style in which I have had the honor to be conducted to my present abode."

Sometime after this, knowing that all hope of being sent to Arnold must be abandoned, he resolved to throw off his disguise, and stand forth in his true colors. Accordingly, he sat down and wrote a letter to Washington, disclosing his real name, rank, and intentions, and begged to be treated as a gentleman and British officer. Without mentioning the name of Arnold, he stated that he had come up the river for the purpose of meeting a person on the neutral ground, in order to obtain important intelligence; that, unknown to himself at the time, he had been drawn within the Ameri-

can lines; as also what course he had pursued to get back to New York, and how he had been arrested by volunteers. This letter, which, had we space, we would give verbatim, was signed by Andre with his real name, and handed open to Major Tallmage, who perused it with astonishment. He had previously, as the reader knows, come to the conclusion that the prisoner had been bred to arms; but he had no idea he was a personage of such rank and importance.

Having stripped himself of all disguise, and frankly confessed the business on which he had been engaged, Andre felt greatly relieved in mind, and grew so cheerful and entertaining, that he won the regard of all who formed his acquaintance. We must now leave him, and follow up events in another quarter.

We left Smith going up the river. The same day he parted with Andre, he returned to his family at Fishkill; but on his way he called on Arnold, and informed him where he had quitted the person called Anderson. This greatly relieved the mind of the General, who believed that Andre would get safely to New York, and consequently that he had nothing more to fear. It has been stated that the express sent off to Washington missed him, on account of the General having taken a different route back than was expected; and the reader has seen that the letter dispatched to Arnold from Jameson, met with a delay, by reason of the return of Lieutenant Allen.

We must now repair to General Arnold's head-quarters, at Robinson's house. It is the second morning since the capture of Andre, and yet the General has heard nothing of his misfortune, and is, at the moment introduced, secretly congratulating himself that he is safe within the British lines. The servants of Arnold are busy preparing breakfast. Mrs. Arnold is superintending the domestic affairs within, the aids of the General have strolled out for a short walk, to catch the invigorating breath of morning, and he himself is slowly walking up and down the piazza, with a limping gait, and thinking how soon he will exchange his solitary residence in the country for one of life in the gay city, and his command of half-paid, half-starved rebels, for that of the well-paid, well-fed soldiers of King

George. Suddenly his attention is attracted to a baggage wagon, which turns up to the mansion, accompanied by three men, and filled with trunks. One of the men, separating from the others, approaches him, and doffing his hat, makes a respectful salute.

"Well," said Arnold, sternly, "what is your business?"

"So please your excellency," replied the man, bowing, "this is the baggage of General Washington and suite."

"Ha! so he has come at last? I am glad to hear it; but he is two days behind his time; I expected him on Saturday; where is he now?"

"I left him at Fishkill, your excellency, and he desired me to say he would be here to breakfast."

"At Fishkill? you mean Peekskill?"

"No, your excellency, he returned by the upper road, and staid last night at Fishkill. He did intend to lodge here, and set out from Fishkill before night to come down; but on the way he met the French minister and went back."

"Who is with him?"

"General Knox, General Lafayette, Colonel Hamilton, Colonel Tilghman, Colonel Lamb—"

"There, that will do, my man," interrupted Arnold. "You may take the baggage into the hall, and—but never mind, I will attend to it myself;" and as the other bowed and withdrew, he entered the house.

In a few minutes he came out again, and for the best part of an hour continued to walk up and down the piazza.

"Well, Varick," he said, as one of his aids now approached the house, "where is your companion?"

"Just below here, General; shall I call him?"

"You may as well inform him that General Washington will breakfast with us, and I expect him and suite every moment; so he had better not stroll away, for the meal is now ready, and we shall sit down immediately the company arrives."

Major Varick departed, but soon returned, accompanied by Major Franks. As they drew near the mansion, two officers dashed up the

road, and exchanging salutes with the General's aids, drew up before the General himself. These were Hamilton and Tilghman.

"Ah! good morning, gentlemen," said Arnold, blandly. "A fine morning for a ride; good air—excellent—but where are the rest of our friends?"

"Why, his excellency, General Washington, has just ridden down to examine the redoubts on this side the river," replied Hamilton; "and the rest of his suite, save ourselves, keep him company. He bade us ride forward and say to General Arnold, that as he should be some time detained, the breakfast had better not wait."

"Ah! just like our commander-in-chief," rejoined Arnold; "always business before pleasure; and oftentimes, as in the present instance, business before eating. Well, then, we will to breakfast. Come, gentlemen, leave your horses in charge of the baggage-men, and we will sit down to our repast without further delay. This way, gentlemen;" and Arnold passed into the mansion, followed by his own and Washington's aids.

The new-comers were introduced to Mrs. Arnold, and all sat down to the morning's meal. Arnold himself did the honors of the table, and seemed in fine spirits. Every thing went off pleasantly, and the meal was nearly finished, when one of the servants announced a messenger with a letter for the General.

"Bring it here," said Arnold.

The letter was brought, and, without rising from his seat, Arnold proceeded to break it open and read it in the presence of the company; it was the long-delayed missive of Jameson; and the first words his eye fell upon, showed the traitor that his scheme of treason was detected, and that Andre was a prisoner. He turned pale as death, and for a moment exhibited great agitation. There was no time to be lost, for his neck might be in the halter at any moment. Controlling his emotions with a powerful effort, he said, in a low tone:

"Gentlemen, I must beg you to excuse me.

My presence is immediately required at West Point. When General Washington arrives, inform him that I have been suddenly called over the river, but will return soon. William, [to one of his blacks,] saddle my horse, and bring him to the door without delay."

Arnold then quitted the room, sought his chamber, and sent for his wife. As Mrs. Arnold entered his apartment, he shut the door quickly, looked it, and then said, with great rapidity, while the muscles of his face fairly quivered with excitement:

"I have no time to mince matters. We are about to part, perhaps never to meet again. I have been concerned in a plot of treason, which is detected, and my life now depends on my reaching the Vulture."

"Oh! my God! my God!" shrieked Mrs. Arnold, in terror.

"Hush! or you will alarm the house! Farewell;" and the traitor turned back the bolt of the door to fly. As he did so, he heard a heavy fall on the floor. He looked around, and saw the partner of his bosom lying lifeless at his feet. Whether living or dead, he had no time to examine. "Poor thing!" he groaned—"poor thing!" and hurried down stairs. "Your mistress is ill," he said to a servant, as he passed through the house; "attend to her instantly." The next moment he was outside. The servant had not yet brought his horse, but one belonging to Varick stood saddled, and hitched to a post by the door. There was no time for idle ceremony. Jerking the rein loose, he mounted in haste, and the next moment was dashing away toward the river. There he found a boat ready, manned by six oarsmen. Dismounting, and giving his horse his freedom, he sprang into the boat, saying: "Push out, men! row for the center of the stream;" and as the boatmen, knowing nothing of his sinister intentions, obeyed him, he continued: "I want you, men, to row me to the Vulture with all speed. I am going with a flag, and bear important dispatches, and am in great haste to return; as I expect to meet General Washington at my house. Now, pull up, boys, let us see what you can do in the way of aquatic exercise, and you shall have two gallons of rum as soon as I return."

The men sprang to with energy, the oars bent with their strength, and the boat passed rapidly down the stream. We will not attempt to describe the feelings of the traitor on that guilty flight; but it must have been one of intense agony—not of remorse, but fear—

for every moment he trembled lest he should hear a military summons for the men to land the boat and deliver him up to justice. Time sped, and every minute he became more secure. At length he came in sight of King's Ferry, and his heart almost died within him. Could he pass this, he would be comparatively safe; but he feared lest Washington, having got news of his treachery and flight, had sent a messenger here before him. He would soon know; and taking a white handkerchief from his pocket, he held it up, and let it flutter in the breeze. Colonel Livingston saw it, and supposing the boat a flag-boat, sent down in haste, did not order it to land. Joy to the traitor! A little more time, and he would be safe. The Vulture was just in sight, at the lower end of the bay; he had only to reach that, and all fear of the halter would be at an end. He urged the men to do their utmost, and the boat sped over the waters. Nearer, nearer, and more near it drew to the Vulture, and the spirits and hopes of Arnold rose in proportion. At last the boat ran along side, and Arnold, mounting to the deck, ordered the men to follow him. Inquiring for Captain Sutherland, he was shown into the cabin, where he found that officer, to whom he at once made himself known, and conveyed the startling intelligence that Andre was a prisoner. He then called down the leader of the boatmen, and in a haughty, overbearing tone, said: "Sir, you and all your fellows are prisoners."

"What do you mean, General Arnold?" replied the man, with spirit. "Didn't we come aboard with a flag of truce?"

"That makes no difference, insolence!" returned the traitor, savagely. "I tell you, you are all prisoners; and by — I not one of you shall quit his Majesty's vessel."

"I appeal to you, Captain," said the man, turning to Sutherland. "I came on board with a flag of truce, and consequently have a right to depart. Do you detain me?"

"Why, I do not wish to interfere with General Arnold's arrangements," replied the Captain; "but I will grant you leave, on parole, to go ashore and get such things as you and your companions may want; and

doubtless when you get to New York, Sir Henry will discharge you."

Such proved to be the case. Sir Henry, like a man of honor and a gentleman, afterward set them all at liberty. We have recorded this incident, merely to show the low, little, despicable meanness of Benedict Arnold, in retaining as prisoners the very men who, by their manly exertions, had just saved his neck from the halter.

Let us now return to Washington.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WASHINGTON AT ROBINSON'S HOUSE.

WITHIN half an hour after the flight of the traitor, Washington, having finished his inspection of the redoubts, arrived at Arnold's head-quarters with his suite. Majors Franks and Varick, as the representatives of the absent General, met the party, and gave them a cordial welcome, stating that some pressing business had called Arnold over the river, but that he would soon return.

"Ah! so he has gone over to West Point?" said Washington. "Well, as I wish to visit the works there, I will make a hasty breakfast, cross over, and meet him. Come, gentlemen, don't let us stand on ceremony;" and he immediately led the way into the house. "Where is your mistress?" he inquired of one of the servants.

"She's taken suddenly ill, your excellency, and can't come down."

"H. I am sorry to hear it. I hope nothing serious?"

"I don't know, your excellency, she seems very bad."

"The breakfast is ready, your excellency," said another servant, approaching.

"Come, gentlemen, and sit down;" and the commander-in-chief immediately took his place at the head of the table.

The meal was a hurried one, and passed off in silence. As soon as Washington had finished, he arose, and merely saying to Colonel Hamilton, "You will remain here till we return, which I trust will be in time for dinner," he proceeded at once to the river, accompanied by all the others.

Here Arnold's barge was in waiting; and

stepping into it, with his suite, Washington ordered the men to row them over to West Point, which was a mile or two above on the opposite side. As the boat gained the middle of the stream, every one looked around with delight. The river was narrow, calm, and deep; and on either side steep mountains rose far heavenward, and in some places almost overhung the dark glassy waters, which gave back, with all the minuteness of nature, their rugged and romantic forms. To the right, some distance up the mountain, and half-buried in the checkered foliage of autumn, could be seen the mansion they had just quit- ted; while forward to the left, among the rocks, and retreating up another mountain, the redoubts of West Point were visible, with the im- pregnable Fort Putnam towering high above, and crowning the whole. The scenery here, in every point of view, was truly grand and majestic; and as the barge glided smoothly over the still water, with a faint pleasing ripple under her light prow, Washington cast his eyes around, and with cheerful animation, said:

"Well, gentlemen, I am glad, on the whole, that General Arnold has gone before us; for we shall now have a salute; and the roaring of the cannon will have a fine effect among these mountains."

"Ay," returned Lafayette, "every salute fired here will be a dozen; and we shall have a double welcome, in being greeted both by art and nature—for if echo has a home, it must be here."

The boat glided on, but no cannon was heard. Nearer and nearer it drew to West Point; but still all remained quiet. And to the surprise of all, no one was seen moving about, and no preparations for receiving such distinguished visitors were apparent.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Wash- ington, with a look of displeasure. "Do they not intend to salute us? are we not to be re- ceived with the respect due to our rank?"

The boat now headed to the shore, and at this moment an officer was espied wending his way among the rocks down the hill. He reached the foot of the acclivity just as the barge grated on the beach; and on perceiv- ing who were its occupants, he started, and his face grew scarlet with confusion.

"Pardon me, your excellency, and gentle- men," he said; "had I known of your coming, I should have been prepared to give you a different reception; but being taken wholly by surprise, as I am, I trust you will excuse my apparent neglect, and also my not having put the garrison into a suitable condition for a review."

"How is this, sir?" exclaimed Washington, in surprise; "is not General Arnold here?"

"No, your excellency," replied the com- mandant of West Point—for such the officer proved to be—"the General is not here, nor have I seen him for the last two days."

"This is most extraordinary," rejoined Washington, his astonishment increasing. "We were told he had crossed the river, and that we should find him here. How is this, Varick?"

"Such was the statement he made on leaving," answered that officer.

"It is as I tell your excellency," said the commandant.

"No one doubts your word, sir," rejoined the commander-in-chief. "Arnold is not here, and his absence is inexplicable. However, our visit must not be in vain. Since we have come, though unexpected, we must look round a little, and see in what state things are with you. Lead the way, commandant! Come, gentle- men;" and the whole party set off up the hill.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when General Washington and his suite re- turned to Robinson's house. As they landed at the foot of the mountain, and began to ascend by a winding path to the mansion, Colonel Hamilton was perceived coming to- ward them with a quick step, while his coun- tenance betrayed anxiety and alarm.

"What can have happened?" said Wash- ington to Lafayette, who was walking by his side. "Do you not see that Hamilton is very much agitated?"

"He seems so," replied the Marquis, "and his face is very pale."

"Well, what now?" asked Washington, anxiously, as the Colonel came within speak- ing distance.

"Something for your private ear, General." "Let us to the house then, at once;" and

quicken his pace, the commander-in-chief separated from the other officers, and walked alongside of Hamilton, without speaking, till both entered the mansion. Hastening to a private room, the General closed the door, and then said: "Well, sir? well, sir?"

"General Arnold is a traitor!" replied Hamilton, abruptly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Washington, with a start, "what proof have you of the charge?"

"These, your excellency," rejoined the other, presenting the papers taken from Andre's boots, and also the letter written by Andre himself.

A heavy frown gathered on the noble brow of Washington, as he threw his eye rapidly over each, and there was a slight agitation of the muscles around the mouth.

"When were these brought in?" he demanded, in a stern but even tone of voice.

"A few minutes before your excellency's arrival," answered Hamilton. "As they were represented to be of the utmost importance, I ventured to break them open."

"But why so much delay? Jameson's note is dated the twenty-third—this is the twenty-fifth—two days."

"Why, your excellency, it seems that the express dispatched to meet you took the lower road to Hartford, which he followed till he learned your excellency had returned by the upper. He then came back to Lower Salem, where Major Andre now is, and thus became the bearer of his letter also. But what is more strange, your excellency, it seems that Jameson dispatched a note to Arnold, telling him his confederate was captured, and that reached him this morning, which accounts for his hasty departure."

"I see it all now," almost groaned Washington, pressing one hand to his temple. "Oh! Hamilton, this is trying! this is trying! to fight a powerful enemy with such rank treason in the camp. But how do you explain Jameson's conduct, Colonel? is he in the plot, too?"

"I think not, General; for had he been in the plot, he would not have forwarded your excellency these papers, and would have managed to give his prisoner liberty; but his peculiar conduct I cannot explain, only by supposing that he did not look upon Arnold

as a traitor, and thought there was some design of the enemy to ruin his character."

"You may be right," replied Washington; "but his strange misconception and egregious folly are almost tantamount to an overt act. Arnold has fled to the enemy, of course; but it is possible he may have met with some unforeseen delay. Mount, Colonel, and ride in all haste to Verplank's Point, and tell Colonel Livingston to let no boat pass. Arrest the traitor, if possible—if not, take such steps for the preservation of the country as, in your judgment, the emergency demands, and report to me as soon as you have done. We know not how many are in the plot, nor on whom we can rely—therefore, be active, discreet, and vigilant. It is a heavy blow, to come at this time—but we must strive to ward it. There, go."

Hamilton, without a word, quitted the room, and ordering his horse in haste, mounted and rode swiftly away. Washington remained behind for a moment or two, buried in thought. His brow was clouded, and his features looked troubled; but soon the whole countenance resumed its naturally calm, serene aspect; and with his wonted slow, firm, dignified step, he made his appearance in the sitting-room. Here he found all the officers assembled, awaiting his appearance; and beckoning Lafayette and Knox to follow him, he returned to the same apartment where he had held the interview with Hamilton; and as he closed the door, said, without the least visible agitation in manner or speech:

"Gentlemen, I have most distressing intelligence to communicate. General Arnold has been detected in a plot of treason, and has fled to the enemy." Both officers gave a start of astonishment, and looked inquiringly at their commander-in-chief, who merely handed them the proofs, and added: "There, read for yourselves."

"Oh! this is terrible!" exclaimed the Marquis, after having hastily glanced over the different papers.

"The villain!" ejaculated Knox.

"Whom can we trust now?" said Washington, almost mournfully.

Some further conversation took place, relative to the steps to be taken to prevent the plot from succeeding; and then requesting the

officers with him not to divulge the secret to any one, Washington led the way back to the sitting-room, where he made several trivial remarks to the gentlemen there present, as though his mind were perfectly at ease.

"How is your mistress?" he inquired of a servant, who was passing in haste.

"She is very bad, your excellency," whispered the domestic. "She's raving, sir, and keeps a calling for you."

"For me?" returned the General, in surprise; "why did you not tell me sooner? But no matter; I will see her now; lead the way;" and Washington followed the servant to Mrs. Arnold's chamber.

Here he became involved in a scene calculated to unman a stoic, and unstring the nerves of the bravest. Mrs. Arnold—her lovely features deadly pale, and marked with strong emotion; her bright eyes gleaming strangely and wildly; her dress disordered; her hair disheveled, and falling in heavy masses around her neck and shoulders—was seated in a chair, with her infant in her arms, clasped to her breast, and she was swaying to and fro, and moaning piteously. On perceiving who had entered the room, she started up hurriedly, and advanced a step or two toward Washington. Then stopping suddenly, she drew herself up to her full height, and glaring upon him with the ferocity of a maniac, exclaimed:

"So you have come at last, General Washington, here, to face me in my own apartment? They told me villains were cowards, and I did not think you would thus venture in the open light of day. But they lied—villains are not all cowards—else why are you here?"

"Be calm, Mrs. Arnold," said Washington, soothingly. "Pray sit down, and be calm! I would not injure you for the world."

"Not me—oh, no, not me—ha, ha, ha! You told me lie there, General; you would not harm me, I know; but you would kill my child. Ha! ha! you start—you see I know. Yes, you would kill my child—my poor little innocent child, who never did any body wrong. Yes, I have heard all about it—it is a horrible plot you have concocted to murder this little innocent. My God! perhaps you have come now to do your butcher-work! But you shall not—you shall not!" she fairly shrieked,

straining the child closer to her bosom, and retreating to the farther part of the room. "No, no—you shall not harm it! Stab me, if you like—send my soul to its Maker—but touch not the child! Oh! harm it not!" she continued, softening her tone to one of ear-piercing pleading: "harm it not! harm it not! it never did you wrong. See! see! the little innocent smiles in your face—it is so sweet, so gentle," and she fell to kissing it, and to weeping.

"My dear madam," said Washington, much affected, "neither you nor your child have anything to fear from me; so I pray you be calm." "Ah! kind sir, good sir, I knew you would be gentle, and relent toward the unfortunate," replied the lonely mother, again coming forward, smiling through her tears, and taking the seat she had vacated on the General's entrance. "Yes, I knew you would be kind; for you are the great General Washington, of whom even his enemies speak in praise. You are he men call the Father of his Country, and I know you would not wrong one of your children! Is it not a beautiful babe, sir?"

"A sweet little child, madam," said Washington. "So like its father." Here a shriek of anguish indescribable interrupted the word that brought back to the poor wife a full sense of all her misery. "Oh! what was I about to utter!" she continued, wildly. "Look like its father! Oh Heaven! be merciful, and change it to some hideous monster, rather than let it wear the face that will doom it to undying infamy! Here, sir, here, sir—take and kill it—kill it in its innocence—and spare it the misery which must be its portion else its father is a criminal; he will die on the gallows; and the world, unsatisfied with this revenge, will heap insult on the child, and shun it as a viper—ay, worse, worse than a viper—the child of a traitor! Me the world may scorn, may deride, despise, hoot at, and insult in every possible form—I can bear it; but, oh! it tears my heart-strings to think such a destiny is in store for this little innocent;" and she again fell to weeping and moaning in the most heart-touching manner, occasionally ejaculating: "Poor child! God protect thee! it was wrong for thy father to treat thee so! he should have been true to his country; and his God, for thy sake, if not for his own."

It was a trying scene to Washington, to witness so young, beautiful, accomplished, and apparently innocent a wife and mother, bewailing the sad fate of herself and child, brought on by the infamous deeds of one in whom he himself had reposed confidence, but to whom he must henceforth be an implacable enemy, and should he be taken, must, as his judge, doom to the halter. He felt the delicacy of his position, and how impotent were words to heal the wounds of a heart so lacerated; and he took the first favorable opportunity of withdrawing from a spectacle so afflicting.

When he again entered the sitting-room, there was nothing in his look, speech, or manner to imply that any thing unusual had occurred to disturb his equanimity. Dinner being announced, he merely said:

"Come, gentlemen, since Mrs. Arnold is unwell, and the General is absent, let us sit down without ceremony."

This self-possession, and wonderful command of his feelings, were among the remarkable traits of this great man. Where others would have appeared excited and indignant, he preserved his dignity and evenness of temper. Yet the reader must not suppose him indifferent, or that his feelings were not tried as other men; nor must he attribute his slow, calm movements to any lack of energy, or want of decision. From the very first he had decided upon his course; but haste or agitation would betray something wrong and excite suspicion; and what this might effect it was impossible to tell, since he knew not how many, nor whom, might be concerned in Arnold's plot. It was necessary for him to be discreet and composed; and in exercising this great self-command, he showed not only his wisdom, but his superiority, in rising equal to any emergency.

When dinner was over, Washington arose, and with Lafayette and Knox, retired to a private room. Here a consultation was held and letters written and dispatched to the different military posts throughout the American lines. Haste was enjoined upon every courier; and such was the exertions made by each, that by midnight every mission was executed.

At midnight that night, Andre was summoned from his bed, to be escorted to General

Arnold's late head-quarters. The night was dark and dismal, and the rain fell in torrents. It was a gloomy journey.

At midnight that night, a party of armed soldiers, with fixed bayonets, and commanded by a French officer, burst into the room where Smith was sleeping with his wife, and ordered him to dress without a word, and follow them. He obeyed, and was also conducted through the cold, chilling rain to Washington's present quarters.

At midnight that night, the roll of the drum was heard in the American encampment at Tappan, the soldiers sprang from their beds to arms, and the left wing of the army was put in motion, and marched through darkness, mud, and rain, to King's Ferry.

Before the morning dawned, every officer, in every section of the country, had received his orders, and was hastening to obey them.

And all this was the work of the great commander of the American forces.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WASHINGTON AT HEAD-QUARTERS.

WE are aware that we have deviated from the rules which should govern every novelist, in so long neglecting many of our most important characters; but we must plead, in extenuation, that we have been recording facts, which in themselves possess so much of dramatic plot and incident, that we could not think of casting them aside and substituting fiction. Every one, we premise, has heard of Arnold's treason, and Andre's capture and untimely end; but, at the same time, the very fewest number have traced out, one by one, the machinations and incidents of that damnable plot, whose timely detection saved our beloved country from total ruin, and consigned to an ignominious death one of the brightest and noblest spirits that ever adorned the British army. Major John Andre was a victim of circumstances. Possessing genius of a high order, a disposition the most amiable, a soul above every mean and base action, accomplishments the most rare, beloved through life by all that knew him. Even the very act that doomed him to the gallows, was

looked upon by all as justifiable in him, save so far as the rigorous policy of war required that he should be made a startling example, to deter others from a like attempt. While Arnold, by every act of his, was damning himself as a dastardly traitor—Andre, in aiding his conspiracy, was only zealously serving his king. There can be no parallel drawn of either their deeds or motives. All stratagems in war, to gain a decided advantage, are granted as fair in the most strict codes of honor—the parties of whatever venture is made, of course abiding the consequences, if apprehended by the enemy. Andre made his venture, was detected, and the penalty of his *detection*, not his *crime*, followed; for no one can denominate that as crime, which is sanctioned by custom in every commander, of every army, in every portion of the world. Pure and noble-minded as was Washington himself, he did not scruple to have his secret agents, his spies, of whom to obtain important intelligence of the enemy's design; nor did he look upon these agents in any other light than as brave men, perilling their all in the cause of their country, without any hope of reward, beyond a satisfied conscience. Andre was himself an agent of Sir Henry Clinton; nor did he in his negotiations with Arnold once feel that his own honor was being compromised, however much, in his own heart, he might have despised the man with whom he was dealing. One question, by way of illustration, and we have done—though, candidly, we can not think that the conduct of poor Andre requires even this justification at our hands, to induce the reader to regret his fate. Had a British officer made an overture to Washington, to surrender to him, for a consideration, an important military post; does any one suppose he would, on the ground of honor, have rejected the proposition?—and had he deputed Colonel Hamilton to settle the preliminaries, would any one regard Hamilton as in the least debased by obeying the order or request of his commander-in-chief? Recollect, then, that what Colonel Hamilton's position in such an event would have been, Major Andre's was; and hence the sympathy that was felt for him in every circle throughout the land, among his enemies as well as among his friends.

The reader must suppose several days to have elapsed since the closing events of the foregoing chapter. In the meantime, the Vulture has gone down to New York, bearing the treacherous General to his new friends, with the intelligence of the failure of his scheme, and the capture of Andre. The wife of the traitor, hearing of the safety of her husband, and having become more composed, has gone with her infant to visit her friends in Philadelphia, prior to her joining the father of her child in New York. Andre has been removed from West Point to Tappan, the head-quarters of the American army, has gone through his examination before the board of general officers, and this is their report:

"First, that Major John Andre came on shore from the Vulture sloop-of-war in the night, on an interview with General Arnold, in a private and secret manner.

"Secondly, that he changed his dress within our lines, and under a feigned name, and in a disguised habit, passed our works at Stony and Verplank's Point; was taken at Tarrytown, in a disguised habit, being then on his way to New York; and when taken, he had in his possession several papers which contained intelligence for the enemy.

"These facts being established, it is our undivided and unanimous opinion, that Major John Andre ought to be considered as a spy, and as such, according to the law and usage of nations, to suffer death."

Washington had convened this board of officers—which consisted of six major-generals and eight brigadiers, of whom General Greene was chosen president—not as a court-martial, but to examine into the case of Andre, report facts, and express their opinion as to what should be done with him. And the foregoing is the report they brought him, which he subsequently transmitted to Sir Henry Clinton, and on which he acted, not as his inclination, but as duty prompted.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening of the second day following the examination of Andre; and in a private room of a house, known as head-quarters, in the little village of Tappan, the commander-in-chief of the American army was seated. The room was a very plain one, and was very meager of furniture.

A table stood before the General covered with papers and documents, and a wax-candle, burning in an iron stick, partially lighted the apartment, and gave a bold relief to his pale, calm, noble features. His countenance was grave and thoughtful, and a close observer might have detected a look of care, grief, and anxiety; though every lineament was perfectly tranquil, and nothing indicating passion was any where apparent. His head was uncovered, and his venerable hair, brushed back from the temples and forehead, exposed that broad, high, massive brow, which contributed so much to the majesty of his lofty bearing. In his hand he held a paper, which he was perusing slowly and thoughtfully; and when he had finished, he turned to the only occupant of the apartment beside himself, who was seated at a little distance from him, and said:

"This is indeed a trying crisis, my lord. No one, I think, will deny, that since the war began, I have had many a moment of deep affliction, of dark despondency; yet, sir, I have had very few so trying as the present. Evils that come upon us in the natural course of events, we strive to bear up against and remedy; but when we find our friends, those in whom we have reposed all confidence, suddenly deserting us, the heart receives a shock from which it is very hard to recover. We know not then where or how to seek remedy; we become suspicious, which makes us isolated; we know not whom to trust, nor with whom to counsel. Like the mariner without his compass, we have no guide on which we can rely; and we act upon adventure, fearing every thing we do is wrong; that instead of extricating ourselves from our difficulties, every step we take may be plunging us into others—that we may be steering a course directly opposite to the haven we would reach."

"What your excellency says is too true," replied the Marquis of Lafayette,—for he it was to whom the commander-in-chief addressed himself.

"Now that Arnold is gone," pursued Washington, "and his plot detected, I feel that such a man may well be spared from among us; for he was always rash, and always getting into difficulty; but I am uneasy lest he has seduced better men into his vile scheme. For

instance, in this intercepted paper, I find the name of one of our major-generals used in such a connection as to fasten upon him suspicion. It may be a trick of the enemy, to cause disaffection in our army, and loss of confidence in one another; and it may be founded on reality; and here lies the difficulty, we cannot say which."

"I see but one way to settle the matter," replied the Marquis; "and that is to send another spy into the enemy's camp, and let him confer with those already there."

"In that opinion I concur, my lord, and am even now taking steps for so doing. And I still have another object in view, which it is possible may be effected at the same time. I allude to the recovery of the traitor."

"Indeed, your excellency!"

"Yes; if Clinton will not give him in exchange for Andre—and I shall know whether he will or not on the return of Greene, whom I expect every moment—I have thought of a bold device of having him seized in the camp of the enemy, and conveyed across the river to Hoboken, whence he will be safely escorted to this place. Poor Andre! my heart bleeds for him, and I really wish there were some justifiable means of effecting his liberation. The only way it can be done, is by exchanging him for Arnold; and this I fear they will not do. Greene, who has gone to confer with a deputation from New York, concerning the prisoner's release, I have instructed to hint at the matter; but I have no hope they will accept the terms; in fact, they cannot do so honorably."

"Poor Andre! his is, indeed, a hard fate!" said Lafayette, in a tone of deep sympathy. "So young, so talented, so accomplished, so amiable, so every way worthy to live, with such a brilliant future before him!"

"Believe me, my lord," rejoined Washington, his voice for the first time betraying emotion, "when I signed his death-warrant I found my eyes growing dim; and, my lord Marquis, I seldom weep. And here," he added, "pray read that letter, which the prisoner sent me to-day, and then say, my lord, if it be not hard, for one who sympathizes in his noble, soldier-like feelings as I do, to refuse him his last request?"

The Marquis took the letter which Washington handed him, and read as follows:

"TAPPAN, 1st October, 1780.

"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 toward 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 toward me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed I am not to die on a gibbet.

"I have the honor to be, your

"excellency's most obedient,

"and most humble servant,

"JOHN ANDRE."

"And this request you can not grant," said Lafayette, as he finished the epistle.

"No, my lord, the customs of war will not permit it," answered Washington, mournfully. "Andre stands condemned as a spy; and if he pays the penalty awarded to his deeds, he must die by the halter. As the chief of the army of these united colonies, I must perform my duty, however painful it be to my feelings."

"Has your excellency so informed the prisoner?"

"No, I have sent no reply—nor shall I—as I know any I could make would deeply wound his sensitive feelings."

At this moment a hasty step was heard in the adjoining room, the door of the apartment opened, and a military officer, of a stern, resolute, uncompromising appearance, entered. It was Major-General Greene.

"Well, General," said Washington, "have you seen Clinton's delegates on this unhappy affair?"

"I have had an interview with General Robertson," replied that officer; "but nothing can be done in the way of exchange."

"Then Andre's case is hopeless," rejoined the commander-in-chief.

"So I should think," said the other, abruptly. "Robertson evidently had little idea with whom he was dealing. He opened his negotiation with fulsome flattery of myself, and expressed his satisfaction in being enabled to treat with an officer so distinguished, on an occasion so interesting to the two armies, and to humanity, and all that. I replied, that I was not there as an officer, but as a private gentleman, deputed by your excellency, and that the case of an acknowledged spy admitted of no discussion. He then, after some preamble, about being there to state facts, and all that, opened his heaviest battery, and peppered away, till I grew tired standing a target of his eloquence. His main arguments were, that Andre landed under sanction of a flag; that he acted wholly by the directions of Arnold—who, being a major-general, was clothed in authority—and therefore he could not be regarded as a spy. He then brought up Arnold's testimony in evidence; but I soon checked him there, by replying that Andre himself had admitted that he did not consider himself as properly acting under a flag, and that all Americans would believe Andre in preference to a vile traitor. He then wished to have the matter referred to Count de Rochambeau and General Knyphausen, and so on. The interview finally closed, by his requesting that I would represent the whole affair in the fairest light, to your excellency. The amount of it is, the enemy is seeking to gain time, hoping something may turn up in favor of the prisoner, and that he will be liberated."

"Well," rejoined Washington, firmly, "time can not be granted. We have delayed too long already; but I wished to give the prisoner another chance for his life. He would have suffered to-day, but for this interview. He dies to-morrow at twelve." He then picked up a pen, and wrote a few lines, and folding the paper, handed it to General Greene, saying: "There is the order for his execution. I rely upon you to see it carried into effect."

"There was no tremulousness in his voice, and nothing in his manner that betrayed emotion, save that he arose and walked once or

twice across the room, and then returned to his seat. But notwithstanding, the heart of Washington beat warm with sympathy, and he deeply felt for the unfortunate Andre.

Some half an hour later, the Marquis de Lafayette and General Greene took their leave; and almost immediately after, the guard announced Major Lee.

"Let him pass," said Washington; and as the new-comer entered the room, the commander-in-chief received him politely, offered him a seat, and then, without wasting words, continued: "I have sent for you, Major Lee, in the hope that you have some one in your corps, who is willing to undertake a secret and dangerous project. He must be a man in whom can be placed implicit confidence—brave, energetic, and discreet. I am free to admit that the project is one of great peril, and one that has more risk than glory. In a word, it is nothing more nor less than desertion from his corps, flight to the enemy, and a cunning but bold attempt to seize Arnold. If he succeed, he shall be amply rewarded; if his design is penetrated by the enemy, a gibbet will be his doom. Do you know of one answering my description, who loves his country enough to venture all this?"

"I think I do, General," replied Lee. "Sergeant Champe, of my command, possesses all the qualifications your excellency has named."

"In this paper, then, Major Lee," rejoined Washington, taking one from the table and handing it to the other, "you will find all necessary instructions. Whoever consents to undertake the service, I wish him to set out this night. You will please hasten the matter forward. Adieu."

Just as Lee departed, Captain Milford was announced and admitted.

"Well, Captain," said Washington, "have you come to a decision?"

"I have, your excellency: I will go."

"Bravely said. I could have preferred one of lower grade; but, for many reasons, I know of none so fitted for the undertaking. You

have already rendered your country good service in many ways, and shall not be forgotten. Your instructions are in this paper. Get them by heart, and destroy it, lest it fall into wrong hands, and cost you your life. Rosalie Du Pont, it seems, you already know. Be very guarded how and where you meet her; for should you be detected, it would be a double grief to me to know that she had become involved in the same difficulty."

"Her reputation and life are dearer to me than my own, your excellency," replied Captain Milford, warmly; and then, bethinking him what he had said, he looked confused, and his face became scarlet.

"Ah! is it so, Captain?" returned Washington, with a placid smile. "I knew not of this. I understand it all now. Well, well, Captain Milford, your secret is safe with me; and I will only add, be very prudent, and may what he prospered in all your undertakings! You will, if favored by circumstances, set out to-morrow night. Remember, that besides ascertaining if [here his voice dropped to a whisper] General ——— is leagued with the enemy, the seizure of Arnold is all important. But that paper will give you full instructions. And now, Captain, farewell!"

"Farewell, your excellency," said Milford, with no little emotion, taking the hand of the General, and pressing it reverently to his lips. "Should my evil star be in the ascendant—should I fall ignobly—I rely upon your excellency to clear my name of all dishonor. Again, farewell!"

"Once more adieu!" returned Washington; and the next moment he was alone. "A noble youth," he added to himself; "pray Heaven his fate be not like Andre's!" and he became lost in a silent reverie.

In "Rosalie Du Pont or, Treason in the Camp," will be found the Second Series and conclusion of The Female Spy