

The Millheim Journal

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RATES ON APPLICATION.

PERFECT TRUST.

My boat is on the open sea
Which storms and tempest toss:
I know not of the ill to meet
Before I get across.
I do not know how long or short
The fitted trip may be;
But patient I'll abide His time
Who built the boat for me.
The fully manned in every part,
Is the anchor fair;
The compass that it has is Faith,
And every oar is prayer.
Sometimes I see the breakers nigh,
The ocean madly roars,
But all I do is simply this—
Bend closer to the oars.
At times the waves run mountain high
And threaten me to strand;
I fear not, for He holds them in
The hollow of His hand.
The fog at times obscures my course,
I see the way but dim;
But well I know I cannot drift
Beyond the sight of Him.
I know not where the shoals may lie,
Nor where there the whirlpools be,
It is enough, dear Lord, to feel
That they are known to Thee.
And thus content I glide along,
If either slow or fast,
Well knowing He will surely bring
Me safe to port at last.

THE EMERALD RING.

"For my part, I'm tired of regular proper picnics," said Eva Harrold as she stood on the upper portico of "The Double Hill House," among the White Mountains, and talked with a circle of her own particular friends. "Who cares to drive away from here, with a well-packed luncheon basket, bound for a certain place, and sure of coming straight back from that place as soon as the luncheon is eaten? Where is the fun in that? What I should like, would be to set off, no one should know where, and without one crumb of provision. Then we should have some chance of an adventure before our return."

"Yes! For we should all starve to death in these lonely woods," laughed the girls.
"I think not—that is, if you will all trust yourselves to me!" exclaimed Herbert Hale, who lived (of late) only to humor the countless caprices of the handsome Baltimore heiress, and to execute her commands. "We will let the horses choose their own road, once we are well away from here, and then we will abide by what we happen to find, wherever they may take us. I promise that you shall not starve. And I make only one condition."

"What is that?" they cried.
"You must all be ready to start from this door exactly at half-past eleven o'clock to-morrow, if the morning is fine."

All agreed to be punctual, and the group broke up, for it was nearly time to dress for dinner.
Miss Harrold did not take the trouble to thank her votary in words. But, as she passed by him, she held out her hand, with a queenly smile.
He bent low over it, and felt himself amply repaid for all the thought, care and pains which this "impromptu" expedition was to cost him.

As he walked toward the further end of the long piazza, lost in calculation, a shrinking little figure drew aside, with a start, out of his way. A delicate, childlike face looked up at him.
Two weeks before that day Eva Harrold had not arrived at the Double Hill House, with her party of fashionable friends.
And Herbert Hale, worn out by a long winter of toil in his law-office, had been only too happy to spend those first days of his mountain holiday at Lillian Archer's side.

His heart smote him, as he saw the crimson flush on her face, and the trembling of the perfect lips that tried to greet him calmly.
"I hope you will not fail to make one of our party to-morrow," he said, kindly, as he passed her.

And Lillian, who had not seen that kiss pressed upon the white hand of the heiress, felt her foolish heart flutter with one of the old throbs of joy.
"Perhaps he has found out what a flirt Eva is," she thought, hopefully.
"And he did seem really to care for me, until she came."

So Lily joined the "new departure" (as the picnic party called themselves) on the next morning.
She looked very modest and pretty in her white lawn dress, dotted with blue embroidered spots, and her white clip hat, with its broad blue ribbon.
And the heiress, resplendent in ribbons of cardinal red, insisted that Lily should occupy one side of the front seat, while she took the other, leaving the centre seat for Herbert, as charioteer.

His face was a study, for a moment, as he saw this unexpected arrangement. But he said nothing, and they drove off along a new and unknown road.
After two hours the horses were rested and plentifully fed. But nothing was offered to the ladies, until the carriage drew up before an old-fashioned brown farm-house, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon.

Here a "dinner tea," beginning with stewed chicken, and ending with 'berry shortcakes' piled high on immense china platters, awaited them.
They ate like famished creatures, all save Lily, whose aching heart was causing her a martyrdom of pain.
The horses were stabled in the far-

mer's barn. The picnic party, enjoying every moment of their novel pleasure, danced upon the green before the low, brown house, to the farmer's violin.

Miss Harrold waltzed once with Herbert, in token of her gratitude for a very pleasant day, she said. Then she sat apart, near Lily, and watched the brilliant scene.
They started home by moonlight. But ere long the sky darkened, and a wild western wind began to wail along the lonely road. The horses seemed a little restive over this sudden change. Herbert alighted to soothe them and to rearrange the harness.

"Lily!" whispered Eva, "my neuralgia is coming on again, on this side of my face and this wind makes it worse. Change places with me, will you, dear?"

It was done.
The clouds lowered more and more, but the horses trotted swiftly on. And beside Herbert, Lily was not at all afraid.
Suddenly, in the darkness, she felt a hand on hers. Herbert leaned toward her, whispered "Darling!" in the old, fond tones, and left a small package in her hand.

Breathless, and almost bewildered, with the sudden change from gloom to perfect joy, Lily sat silent, till they drew up again near the hotel.

Every one rose at once. Every one seemed to try to spring out of the carriage at once.

In the confusion, Lily knew that she was helped out by a stranger—not by Herbert.
But what did that matter while that whisper rang in her ears, and while she held that precious package in her hand?

She left them, telling their adventures to an inquisitive circle in the drawing-room, and followed fast on Eva Harrold's steps, as she hurried to her room for the night.

The door once closed upon the world, Lily opened the package.
It contained a small velvet easket. The easket held a beautiful emerald ring; and with the ring was this letter:

"I cannot tell you here all that is in my heart for you. May I speak with you to-morrow afternoon, in the dear old parlor? Wear this ring, to-morrow, as a token, if you consent."
"The dear old parlor?" Yes, that was where they two had spent so many happy hours—just at first—before Miss Harrold came.

"What is that?" they cried.
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TEN years ago a blast furnace which would make 400 tons of metal per week on 600 tons of fuel was considered a big thing. There are blast furnaces in Pittsburgh which produce 1500 tons of metal per week on less than 1500 tons of fuel. The old method of heating permitted the flame to pass out of the furnace stack at a temperature of 3000 deg. F. They are now using the regenerating stoves in Pittsburgh, and do not let the gases out until they have utilized all the heat except 300 deg.

Chasing the Electric Light.

Not long ago a Denver and Rio-Grande engineer came into Denver after several weeks' absence on the southwestern extensions. He arrived near Littleton about eleven o'clock at night, indulging in fond anticipations of soon meeting with his family, of whom he is passionately fond. The night was dark and gloomy, heavy and threatening clouds obscured the full moon, overcast the face of the heavens with an inky pall of blackness, and rendered the outlines of the distant mountains indistinguishable. But he was used to the sombre surroundings of night and loved his engine as a man loves and pets a favorite horse. He had traversed with it the continental divide, and sped through the deepest canons and past the sharpest curves overhanging yawning chasms and gorges, and it had always proved true to his trust, escaping dangers as though endowed with reasoning powers. Therefore he was in a happy frame of mind, the past leaving no remorse and the future bright, when suddenly he discovered a gleaming headlight directly in his front. With the promptness that can only be obtained through long and patient schooling in the face of peril he reversed the steam and put on the air brakes. There was a rough grating and a jar for a few moments upon the swiftly revolving wheels, and the train came to a stop. After waiting for several minutes he alighted and listened, but no sound met his ears except the pattering of a few stray rain drops and the hissing of steam as it escaped from his own engine. He immediately clambered in and out of his cab several times, and at length carefully started his train for the purpose of a nearer approach, and of ascertaining the cause of the delay. He ran at a slow speed for several minutes, passing at least a mile and a half, with no practical diminishing of the distance between himself and the unaccountable light. He then opened the throttle still wider, and the engine bounded along with a velocity startling even to experienced engineers, but the glow of the light ever remained abreast, undimmed and unchanged by time or space. The fact was a startling one, and in spite of all his endeavors the thought of evil spirits making themselves manifest crowded upon his bewildered mind until the sweat ran down his grim face and each particular hair twisted around like a writhing serpent. Determined to solve the problem at any cost, and whether angel or devil, with life or death at its command, to meet and fathom the mystery, he pressed on. The throttle was opened wide, the fireman shored coal into the furnace with a recklessness that could only arise from a full knowledge that he did not have it to pay for. The train roared as it swept down the plains through the darkness, and at length rushed into Denver at the speed of forty miles an hour, startling people for blocks around, who, bounding from their beds, believed that some dire calamity had happened or was about to occur. Arriving at the depot, the train was stopped, and the engineer sent the fireman for a policeman. Officer Minart was soon found, who hastened to the call and declared himself ready to perform anything within his line of duty. The engineer slowly pulled off his coat, and offered the officer five dollars to kick him across three squares, having discovered that he had been chasing the electric light on the Union depot tower.

Chew Plug It's The Nastiest.

Tobacco, like the Canadian thistle, is a weed, and, while it is indigenous to the American States, its cultivation as a commercial commodity is limited almost entirely to the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Connecticut, Ohio and Illinois. The Virginia and Kentucky product is used almost exclusively in the manufacture of plug; the product of the other States goes into cigars and cheap smoking tobacco, except that quite all of the fancy plugs are wrapped with North Carolina leaf. Before the war, in Rapides Parish, Louisiana, an immense business was done in growing perique tobacco, used exclusively for smoking, though put up in plugs shaped somewhat like a champagne bottle. It sold at fabulous prices and by old smokers was esteemed higher than opium by the Mussulman. Very little perique is grown now.

In the days preceding the war, tobacco was cultivated almost entirely by slave labor, there was no federal or state tax upon it, and no incentive to manufacturers to cheat or adulterate. When slavery was abolished, when the government put a heavy tax upon its sale, the cunning American began devising ways for defrauding the luxurious consumer, for as yet no means have been devised for detouring the revenue department. Many apocryphal stories are told of the way plug tobacco is doctored and adulterated, but, sifted down, the truth is fully expressed in the words of a prominent manufacturer: "Nothing ever goes into tobacco as deleterious or injurious to the constitution as tobacco itself." Nevertheless, skilled workmen command extraordinarily high salaries for the dexterity with which they will take a cheap or damaged lot of tobacco and so disguise it in a wrapper as to deceive even an old tar.

An average plug-tobacco manufacturing establishment works about 200 hands. The tobacco is sorted into four grades, from which are produced as many as seventy-five or a hundred different brands, the pencil of the artist and the skill of the photographer being brought into requisition for ornamental designs to catch the toothless old man as well as the precocious boy. While the government requires every package to bear the stencil-mark of the manufacturer, it would be supposed that none but straight goods would be put

up; but it is with tobacco as with whisky—always a fair demand for the stuff, be it ever so vile. Licorice, oils, molasses, glucose, and similar sweets, are liberally used by some manufacturers, and while it is certainly a cheat, it is as well a harmless one. For example, on August 20, Virginia plug was quoted at 4 to 4 1/2 cents, government tax added 16 cents, yet the manufactured product was quoted as low as 17 cents. Evidently the worker-up of these lugs had the tobacco chewer by the lug.

But in fine-cut tobacco and cigars is where the greatest deception is practiced. A western manufacturer says that there is no end to the adulteration of fine-cut goods. Machinery has been so improved that, as he says, with one pound of tobacco liquor, obtained by boiling down stems and refuse leaf, one pound of rag weed, and one pound of slippery elm bark five dollars' worth of fine-cut chewing tobacco can be produced. The suggestion of slippery elm bark was a new one, and the inquiry was pursued further. He said it was nicely shaved, and mixed with tobacco; that it had a pleasant, sweet taste, and the tobacco together, and made the "quid" last a long time. This bark costs about four cents a pound, and as it sells as high as seventy-five cents a pound, one can easily see the enormous profit resulting. A gentleman who knows says that nearly all the slippery-elm trees in Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan have been denuded of their bark, yet a leading wholesale druggist in Chicago affirms that 50,000 pounds of slippery-elm bark would, for legitimate druggist and medicinal trade, glut the entire market of the United States.

In cigars, cheroots, cigarettes, and smoking tobacco is probably where the public get robbed the worst. The canning devices are so many that even good judges are imposed upon. It used to be a boast among gentlemen that they could always select a fine brand of cigars, and of course they smoked no other. The other day an old smoker, whose devotion to the weed costs him five dollars every week, admitted that he couldn't tell Havana filled from Connecticut stuff. The dishonest article, however, is the product of the big manufacturer, for the small country manufacturer cannot afford the machinery nor conceal the lotions and decoctions that are brought into requisition by his wealthier competitor. It is quite safe to assume that about the purest, —no, not purest, for it is any one thing impure it is tobacco,—the honest cigar is the hand made cigars of the local manufacturer. And yet, one of these relates a sad tale of how even he was led to be dishonest. He had a small store on the West Side, and was joined in his labor by his wife, two daughters and a son, and an occasional "jour." By buying close, manufacturing square, he had built up a splendid local trade. One day a tramp jour, came along, and he gave him work. He was the soberest and steadiest fellow he had ever employed, and even his girls got to liking him. He was a good workman, and easily persuaded his employer to let him work overtime of nights and Sundays. For a month or two the little manufacturing establishment dotted on the new workman. But all at once and without any apparent cause the trade began to fall off. First one old customer and then another quit purchasing, so that the manufacturer became financially embarrassed. He went to one of his heaviest purchasers and asked him why he had taken his trade elsewhere. The gentleman showed him why. Opening one of the manufacturer's boxes, he showed him the usual handsome cigar, but, tearing it open, it was found to be filled with mashed stems and brown paper soaked in tobacco liquor. The manufacturer went home, watched his model jour, and found that the work he was doing in overtime was stealing his employer's good cigars and palming in their place his own worthless ones, selling the good ones on his own account.

This much can be said to the credit of the tobacco dealer: His product is purely a luxury,—in no sense entering into the medicinal, mechanical arts,—and, being, as luxury, no law, not even public opinion, can restrain him from the practice of any little cheat to enhance his profits. Which brings up again the admission that in all his cheats "nothing is put into tobacco more deleterious to the human system than the tobacco itself."

Attend to Your Watch.

There are very few of the many who carry watches who ever think of the complexity of their delicate mechanism, and of the extraordinary and unceasing labor they perform. There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years, without a particle of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service. For example, the main-wheel makes four revolutions in twenty-four hours or 1,440 in a year; the second or center-wheel twenty-four revolutions in twenty-four hours, or 8,760 in a year; the third wheel, 192 revolutions in twenty-four hours, or 70,080 in a year; the fourth wheel, carrying the second hand, 1,440 in twenty-four hours, or 525,000 in a year; the fifth or scape-wheel, 12,960 in twenty-four hours, or 5,292,000 revolutions in a year, while the beats, or vibrations, made in twenty-four hours are 432,000 or 157,680,000 in a year.

Not on My Books.

One day this past summer a little knot of men, among whom were two Michigan-ers, got into a dispute in Deadwood regarding some of the ancients. A part of the crowd held that Cato was a great poet, while others asserted that he was an orator, and it was finally agreed to leave it to a grocer around the corner, who was supposed to be well posted on most all matters. The crowd therefore proceeded to his store in a body, and the spokesman brusquely queried:

"Say, Jim, can you settle a dispute?"
"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.
"Well, then, what was Cato's best hold?"
"Cato—Cato—hold on a minute!" replied Jim, as he started for his desk. He opened his ledger, ran down the index to "C," glanced over the names and then returned and said:

"Don't find him here on my books, and I reckon he was some scrub who jumped in here awhile, got down to roots and then took the cross-cut for Gunnison. Did he go through any of you?"

Benedict Arnold.

Benedict Arnold, after his retirement from New York and the butcheries he committed on his countrymen as a British major-general, reappeared on the American Continent as a citizen and merchant of St. John, New Brunswick. We have obtained some information on the subject quite new to the people of the United States. A highly respectable gentleman by the name of Lawrence, a furniture dealer in St. John, Canada, obtained from the executor of Mr. Chipman, the Colonial Solicitor General, who was a friend of Arnold, and his counsel in his numerous lawsuits at St. John, several autograph letters and other documents throwing considerable light on the career of that vindictive adventurer. Mr. Lawrence is a gentleman of a fine, intelligent, American countenance, with milk-white hair. He converses with difficulty on account of his bad hearing, but he cheerfully gave me such information as he supposed would be pleasing to me, and also produced autograph letters of Arnold and of his wife, the celebrated Miss Shippen, of Philadelphia. It appears from these that Arnold left New York City pending the treaty of peace with Great Britain, when he was apprehensive that he might be in personal danger on account of the rigorous refusal of the Americans to consider any terms of concession for the Tories in arms. He therefore sailed in one of three vessels, all of which departed from New York about the same time, in the year 1782. Among the officers in this company were Lord Cornwallis, Colonel Tarleton, Colonel Simcoe, of the Loyalist Rangers, Major Ross—perhaps the same officer who was subsequently killed at the attack on the city of Baltimore—and several others. The vessel he was on was called the Robust; another vessel of the trio was called the London. When they were within a short distance of the British coast, making for Falmouth or Southampton, a French privateer captured one of these vessels, and the other two were some time afterwards taken by a Massachusetts Tory, was one of the prisoners. He says in a letter: "I was soon recognized by an American privateer, who upbraided me with having deserted my country." Geyer took this American aside and bribed him to say nothing about his status. They then gave 1,200 guineas ransom for the vessel, and were allowed to take her into an English harbor. Arnold's vessel escaped.

The next letter in Mr. Lawrence's possession is dated Halifax, and says that General Arnold has just arrived (1785) in that port in a brig of his own, and is going to settle at St. John. "What an acquisition!" says the writer, using the exclamation point as if he doubted whether such a citizen as Arnold would be of any good to St. John. Arnold soon arrived at St. John with his vessel, and landed his effects, and built himself a storehouse at what is called Lower Cove Slip, on the point of St. John between the mouth of the river of that name and Courtney Bay, or the Backwater. It is immediately opposite the island in the harbor called Partridge Island, which Whittier in his poem has mistakenly called "Isle of the Phoenix." Here Arnold took a partner named Munson Hoyt, a Connecticut citizen, or refugee. He built vessels and sailed them from St. John to the West Indies. He also maintained a lumberyard at Carleton, near the falls of St. John. Sometime afterward he built a house on the northwest corner of King and Germain streets, two short blocks above the market slip, which was standing until 1868, when it was destroyed by a fire. It was a wooden house, a story and a half high, with a big gable. Here he resided with his wife and children, some of whom may have been born in St. John.

He was suspected by the citizens from the beginning, partly on account of his services in the rebel American cause and partly because he was a traitor to that cause for no other consideration than revenge and money. A cloud was upon his character all the time he was in St. John. He was of a litigious spirit, and figured in the courts continually. His store took fire some time after he had been in business and burned to the ground, and he recovered considerable insurance upon it. A year or more afterward his old partner, Hoyt, publicly accused him of having set fire to the store. Arnold at once instituted a suit for slander, laying damages at £10,000. An abstract of the testimony and the charges in this case is in possession of Mr. Lawrence, which I saw. Among the charges in the indictment is one that Hoyt said "his character was as black as could be." Filing his rejoinder to this in court Mr. Hoyt said: "It would be impossible for any man to have a blacker character than Benedict Arnold." Arnold alleges in his affidavit that he is a faithful citizen of the Crown and of good general character and commercial standing, and that he has been damaged to the amount claimed. The jury returned a verdict of \$3 to \$4.

In course of time, Arnold went to the West Indies as a ship-chandler and purveyor for the British fleet. He wrote a letter from Martinique detailing his hazards. His wife, who signs her name Margaret Arnold, (Arnold called her "Peggy," also writes a letter which I read, referring to the remarkable escapes of the General in the West Indies and speaking of his courageous exertions as the only reason why he was saved. Her letter begins something to the following effect: "I cannot admit that I would ever like to live in St. John again, but I have the best wishes for some of the people there, among them my dear friends the Chipmans. Dear old England is in a bad way on account of the outrageous treatment she has received by her allies." She then writes politics for a few sentences, intimating that the Ministry has been severely handled by its opponents, the Whigs. Her letter shows that she was a woman of education and considerable address, and bears out the common opinion in taking Arnold away from the Americans and their cause.

There is another letter in Mr. Lawrence's possession from Benedict Arnold, defending himself from the jealousy of his peers in the British army for having received £2,000, or \$10,000, by order of the King in person, as a full eighth of certain property and prizes captured while acting against his former countrymen in Virginia. He names several of these officers high in rank as having shown a very miscreant spirit. He says that he never, put in the least petition on his behalf, but that the Ministry and the King stepped forward and ordered him to have an eighth. It thus appears that Arnold was tolerably prosperous while in the British cause. He not only

received \$30,000 for betraying his post in the Highlands, but got at least \$10,000 prize money, and possibly more, in other captures. Mr. Lawrence says he was the recipient of a regular pension. It is also known that he had about 5,000 acres of land given him somewhere in Canada. With this money he went into business.

After his retirement from St. John and the West Indies he settled in London, where he died obscurely about 1801. His wife survived him a few years. His son, who was a babe at the time of his treason in the Highlands and was named Thomas Robertson Arnold, lived to be a lieutenant-general in the British army, signaling himself in Egypt. He came to St. John many years afterward, and while entering the house his father built burns into tears. This son died about ten years before the opening of the American War of Secession in Brompton, London. Mr. Lawrence said to me: "If the British government had possessed officers of the enterprise and thoroughness of General Arnold, the American colonies would not have effected their separation. The regular officers sent out to subdue the American Colonies were too considerate and politic for that kind of work." Another gentleman of St. John, who was sitting by said: "What the British wanted to put down America was a man of the ability of Lord Clive, who conquered India. He was an unscrupulous man in his methods, but tremendous for results." The site of Arnold's house is now occupied by a brick store, built since the fire of 1877. The site of his store at Lower Cove Slip is still empty, and is said never to have had a house upon it since the store burned down. In the history of St. John there figure several other persons of the name of Arnold, perhaps his sons. As is well known, General Arnold was descended from one of the Colonial Governors of Rhode Island.

How the Czar is Crowned.

Although some ceremony of inauguration accompanied the succession of the early Grand Princes of Moscow, Tver, Kiev, etc., and the first two Czars of All the Russias, Ivan IV (Vassilievich), surnamed the Terrible, who came to the throne when he was sixteen years old, in 1547, seems to have been the first Czar who was crowned according to our modern notion of that ceremony. But his coronation was performed with little of the pomp and paraphernalia used in these days. The ceremonial now ordinarily followed was first observed at the accession of Feodore Iovitch, the last of the dynasty of Rurik, in 1584, and he was the first Czar who received at the hands of the Patriarch the consecrated oil from leaving the old Palace of the Kremlin for the Cathedral of the Assumption, the Czar is preceded by a cortege conveying his regalia. There are received by the clergy with a cloud of incense and a murmured blessing at the church door, and then deposited inside in the place appointed for them. They compose the various crowns of the ancient and modern kingdoms and principedoms included at the time in the Russian Empire; the imperial standard of yellow satin embroidered with the arms and devices of the same provinces; the sceptre, globe, and the imperial purple, and the cross worn on the breast, in which is set a piece of the true cross. Nor should his historic cap be forgotten, called by the Russians *bary*, signifying the weight of empire and the responsibility which the new sovereign is taking upon his shoulders. It is richly jeweled, and ornamented with enamels portraying different scenes out of the Old and New Testament. The story goes that it once belonged to Constantine Monomachus and was sent to the Grand Prince Vladimir II by the Emperor Alexis Comnenus in the year 1116 A. D. After the Czar has made the profession of the Orthodox faith he is helped by the Metropolitan of Kiev and the Archbishop of Moscow into the Imperial mantle. The crown is then brought and placed on his head, the officiating priest intoning something like the following formula: "Most potent, glorious, and adorned by all the courts continually. His store took fire some time after he had been in business and burned to the ground, and he recovered considerable insurance upon it. A year or more afterward his old partner, Hoyt, publicly accused him of having set fire to the store. Arnold at once instituted a suit for slander, laying damages at £10,000. An abstract of the testimony and the charges in this case is in possession of Mr. Lawrence, which I saw. Among the charges in the indictment is one that Hoyt said "his character was as black as could be." Filing his rejoinder to this in court Mr. Hoyt said: "It would be impossible for any man to have a blacker character than Benedict Arnold." Arnold alleges in his affidavit that he is a faithful citizen of the Crown and of good general character and commercial standing, and that he has been damaged to the amount claimed. The jury returned a verdict of \$3 to \$4.

In course of time, Arnold went to the West Indies as a ship-chandler and purveyor for the British fleet. He wrote a letter from Martinique detailing his hazards. His wife, who signs her name Margaret Arnold, (Arnold called her "Peggy," also writes a letter which I read, referring to the remarkable escapes of the General in the West Indies and speaking of his courageous exertions as the only reason why he was saved. Her letter begins something to the following effect: "I cannot admit that I would ever like to live in St. John again, but I have the best wishes for some of the people there, among them my dear friends the Chipmans. Dear old England is in a bad way on account of the outrageous treatment she has received by her allies." She then writes politics for a few sentences, intimating that the Ministry has been severely handled by its opponents, the Whigs. Her letter shows that she was a woman of education and considerable address, and bears out the common opinion in taking Arnold away from the Americans and their cause.

There is another letter in Mr. Lawrence's possession from Benedict Arnold, defending himself from the jealousy of his peers in the British army for having received £2,000, or \$10,000, by order of the King in person, as a full eighth of certain property and prizes captured while acting against his former countrymen in Virginia. He names several of these officers high in rank as having shown a very miscreant spirit. He says that he never, put in the least petition on his behalf, but that the Ministry and the King stepped forward and ordered him to have an eighth. It thus appears that Arnold was tolerably prosperous while in the British cause. He not only

received \$30,000 for betraying his post in the Highlands, but got at least \$10,000 prize money, and possibly more, in other captures. Mr. Lawrence says he was the recipient of a regular pension. It is also known that he had about 5,000 acres of land given him somewhere in Canada. With this money he went into business.

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