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A Sketch from Revolutionary History.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S TREASON.

BY BENSON J LOSSING.

The defection of Arnold and his attempts to be[tray] the strong post of West Point, and its dependencies, into the power of the British army, was the ripened head of faction which had been festering in the Legislature and the Camp for more than three years. The stern and disinterested patriotism which marshalled a beleaguering army around Boston and declared, in solemn council, the thirteen Anglo-American colonies to be free and independent States, became diluted by the commingling of selfish ambition. Already, Church, Duche, Gallaway, Zubley and other smaller traitors who, like Peter, were courageous when danger appeared remote, and boasted loudly their love for the patriot cause, until the hour of its trial came, had denied their allegiance to their new faith by words or deeds and gave countenance to multitudes of the weak, vile and unprincipled, who openly espoused the cause of the King.

As the contest advanced and the night of the Revolution grew darker, ambitious men became [illegible], and, already, general officers and their [illegible] had secretly plotted against the good Washington, and found abettors in Congress. Arnold however had nothing to do with these intrigues for none made him a confidant, and he seldom confided in others. Yet it was not until his [illegible] alarmed the whole people, and awakened them to vigilance and the keenest scrutiny of the conduct of their officers in the field, that the faction was abashed. In his treason it culminated [illegible] came to a head; in his failure it waned—it discharged its impurities, and healthier action ensued. The time when Arnold's defection was discovered, in the autumn of 1780, was the gloomiest period of the war. Public credit had sunk to the lowest point of distrust. No prestige of a great achievement during the campaign, like that of the capture of Burgoyne could secure loans from abroad. The people of America were impoverished and discouraged. The whole business of the country was controlled by heartless speculators. The continental [money] had so depreciated that seven hundred dollars were sold for one dollar in specie. The governmental machinery of the confederation worked indifferently. New York city, the Virginia seaboard, and almost the whole of the Carolinas and Georgia, were in possession of the enemy, and the French army under Rochambeau, whose advent gave such [illegible] hope to the patriots, was lying idle at Newport, unwilling to engage in a campaign till another spring. In this hour of its weakness and distress, Arnold sought the utter ruin of his country, for the base purpose of gratifying petty spite; for the consideration of paltry, perishing gold!

Arnold was innately wicked and treacherous.—The mother who bore him was an exemplar of piety and sweetness of character, and daily cautioned him with words of heavenly wisdom. Yet, from the earliest childhood he was wayward, disobedient, reckless and profane. A stranger to physical fear, and always heedless of the consequences of [illegible] action, his hands were ever ready to the bidding of a peevish nature, or the impulses of [illegible]. When the tocsin of Freedom was [sounded] at Lexington and Concord, his impetuous spirit was aroused, and his feelings assumed the character of the most zealous patriots. He was [illegible] and went into the contest with a [illegible] desire to cast back the surges of [illegible] which were beating higher and higher against the liberties of his country. His brave exploits at Lake Champlain; his wondrous journey through the wilderness from the Kennebeck to the St. Lawrence; his assault on the capital of the Canadas; and his brilliant deeds at Ridgefield, and at Saratoga, excited the astonishment and admiration of his countrymen. Congress awarded [illegible], and the name of Arnold was a [illegible] the Northern Department. As a soldier and [illegible] he was the bravest of the brave, skillful and [illegible]; but in his social relations he was a moral [illegible], mean-spirited, and debased. [illegible] his military genius, but despised his avarice, selfishness, and profligacy. He was [illegible] of patriotism, because he lacked the [illegible] elements of that virtue, except personal courage. He was disliked by the leading men in the army, for he quarreled with his peers, and was [illegible] towards his subordinates. His avarice was notorious. "Money is the man's God, and to get enough of it, he would sacrifice his country." [said] Col. Brown in a hand-bill, almost four years before Arnold's defection. From the hour when temptation [illegible] him at Montreal and St. John's till the termination of his command at Philadelphia he was guilty of peculations, fraudulent and unworthy [illegible], which dimmed the lustre of his proud military fame.

Justice however, demands some light touches [illegible] dark picture. Envy, the bane of happiness, and the sure accompaniment of honors, was [illegible] among his fellow officers. The brilliancy of [illegible] and acts eclipsed their achievements, [illegible] jealous feelings excited thereby [illegible], and not very remote causes of his [illegible]. At the outset, when, in company with [illegible] Allen he assisted in the capture of Ticonderoga, he felt aggrieved by the seeming neglect of the civil authorities of Connecticut and Massachusetts; and during the five years succeeding, fresh instances of neglect occurred, and obstacles were [illegible] placed in the way of advancement and popularity, by those who hoped to shine in proportion to the waning of his fame. The very men who conspired against Washington, were most prominent in opposition to Arnold, and that officer saw [no] hope for justice, real or shadowy, at the hands of Congress. For faction was as rife there as in the army. With contracted vision he beheld, in the conduct of its political representatives, the ingratitude and injustice of his country; and the hatred which he fostered for the few was extended to the cause of which they were accredited supporters.—This feeling and the hope of pecuniary reward by which he might relieve himself of heavy and increasing embarrassments, extinguished his patriotism, and beckoned him to the bad pre-eminence of a mercenary traitor.

In consequence of a bad wound received in his leg while gallantly fighting at Saratoga, (and which was yet unhealed,) Arnold was not fit for active service when the British evacuated Philadelphia in the Spring of 1778. Washington, desirous of keeping him employed, appointed him military Governor of that city, in command of a small corps of soldiers. Fond of show and feeling the importance of his station, Arnold adopted a style of living incompatible with his resources and the character of a Republican. He made the fine old mansion of William Penn his residence; kept a coach and four; gave splendid soirees and banquets, and charmed the gayer portion of Philadelphia society with his princely displays. His station, and the splendor of his equippage captivated the daughter of Edward Shippen, a leading loyalist, and afterwards Chief Justice of the State. Her beauty and her accomplishments won the heart of the widower of forty. She had bloomed but eighteen summers, and admirers of every degree coveted her smiles, yet she gave her hand to Arnold and they were married. Staunch Whigs shook their heads in distrust, and the equally staunch loyalists were gratified. To the former this union augured of evil; to the latter it had promises of hope. Both were right interpreters.

Arnold's extravagance soon brought importunate creditors to his door. Rather than retrench his expenses, he obtained money by a system of fraud and prostitution of his official power. The city being under martial law, his power was supreme—He forbade shopkeepers selling certain articles, and then through agents he trafficked in those very articles, and sole them at enormous prices. The people were incensed, and a deputation went before the President and council of Pennsylvania, and preferred charges against him. These were laid before Congress and that body referred the whole matter to Washington, to be adjudicated by a military tribunal

After a delay of more than a year Arnold was tried and found guilty of two of four charges preferred against him. The court pronounced the mildest sentence in its power, a mere reprimand by the Commander-in-chief. Washington performed the duty with the greatest delicacy. "Our profession," said he, "is the chastest of all. Even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertance may rob us of public favor, so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that in proportion as you have rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment toward your fellow citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

What punishment could have been lighter? Yet Arnold was greatly irritated. He had anticipated a full acquittal, and a triumphant vindication of his honor. Even this slight punishment deeply wounded his pride, and instead of receiving it with the generous feelings of true honor and dignity he resented it as a meditated wrong. The rank weed of treason was already growing luxuriantly in his heart, for he had been for nine months in secret correspondence with the enemy in New York! now it bloomed; and its fruit expanded under the genial heat of intense hatred, fed by mortified pride, foiled ambition, the pressure of embarrassments, the want of employment, intercourse with loyalists, and a sense of public injustice.

When the great fete, called the Mischianaza was given in Philadelphia in honor of General Sir William Howe, in honor of his departure from America in the Spring of 1778, Captain John Andre was the most active and talented officer engaged in its preparation. He was a wit, a poet and a painter. Thwarted in an engagement of marriage with the charming Honora Sneyd, by the unwise scruples of her father, on account of the suitor's youth and obscurity, Andre placed in his bosom the miniature of his idol, painted by his own hands, joined the army, and came to America to seek, in the excitement of the camp, an alleviation of sufferings inflicted by disappointed love. He landed in Canada; was captured at St John's on the Sorel where he saved the picture of Honora by concealing it in his mouth; was taken to Pennsylvania; was exchanged and finally rejoined the army in New York.

Among the young ladies of Philadelphia who graced the *Mischianza*, was the gay and brilliant Margaret Shippen, who afterwards became the wife of Arnold. Andre was a frequent guest at her father's table, and Margaret continued her acquaintance with him, by the epistle, even after her marriage. Through this channel her husband opened a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the Commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, and quartered in the city of New York. For a time Arnold's letters were vague. His advances were slow and cautious. He assumed the name of *Gustavus*, and couched his letters in commercial phrases. Profound secrecy was obtained by both Arnold's wife, it is believed was ignorant of the true intent of her husband's letters, and Clinton had no other confidant than Andre and Col. Beverly Robinson. The latter was the son-in-law of Fredrick Phillipse, one of the largest landholders in America. Twenty years ago before, Washington, then a Virginia Colonel, had enjoyed the hospitalities of his house, and there became enamored of Mary Phillipse, the betrothed of Roger Morris, his old companion in arms in the battle of Monongahela. Of course his suit was rejected, and the young soldier gave his heart and hand to a charming widow of his own province. Robinson had an extensive acquaintance among the American officers. He early espoused the patriot cause, even as early as the era of the stamp act; but when the declaration of Independence was promulgated, he was unwilling to accede to so bold a measure as he dismemberment of the Brittish Empire, and he took up arms for the King.

West Point on the Hudson, fifty miles above New York, made strong by nature, strengthened by art, was an object of covetous desire to Sir Henry Clinton. It was the key to the northern country and the route to Canada, and the strong link of cooperation between the patriots of the Eastern and Middle States. Arnold knew its value to both parties and he resolved to make this betrayal equivalent for personal honors, and a large sum of money. When his determination was fixed, and his plans arranged, his deportment was suddenly changed: Hitherto he had been sullen and indifferent; now his patriotism glowed with all the apparant ardor of his earlier career. Hitherto he had pleaded the bad state of his wounds as an excuse for inaction; now they healed rapidly.

He was now anxious to join his old companions in arms, and to General Schuyler, Robert R. Livingston, and other influential men in Congress, he expressed his impatience to be in the camp or the field. Rejoiced at the change, and believing him to be sincere, they wrote letters to Washington commendatory of Arnold, and; in pursuance of his intimation, suggested his appointment to the command of West Point. At the same time Arnold visited the camp to pay his respects to the Commander-in-Chief, and expressed his desire to have a command, like that at West Point, for his wounds would not allow him to perform active service on horseback in the field. Washington was surprised; but, unsuspicious of wrong, acceded to his request, and on the 3d of August, 1780, gave him written instructions. His command included West Point and its dependencies, from Stony Point to Fishkill.

Upon a fertile plateau, high above the river and at the foot of a range of lofty hills, nearly opposite West Point was the confiscated country seat of Colonel Beverly Robinson, a spacions mansion for the times, and now a pleasent residence. There Arnold established his quarters, and elaborated his wicked scheme; and there he was joined by his wife and infant son, when his plans were ripe, and his treason almost consummated.

It was a part of Washington's plan for the autumn campaign, to make an attack upon the city of New York, with the combined French and American forces: the former to approach by the way of Long Island, and the other by crossing Kingsbridge, at the head of York or Manhattan Island. Arnold communicated the details of this plan to Sir Henry Clinton, and proposed that when the assailants approached, a large British force should proceed up the Hudson to the Highlands in a flotilla under Admiral Rodney, when the traitor should surrender West Point and its dependencies, excusing himself with a plea of a weak garrison. The anticipated result was a retreat of Washington toward the Highlands to regain the fortress and save his ample stores and the probable capture of the French army.

Sir Henry Clinton was delighted with the plan, and eagerly sought to carry it out. Hitherto he was not certified of the real name and character of Gustavus, although for some months he had suspected him to be Gen. Arnold. Unwilling to proceed further upon uncertainties, he proposed sending an officer to some point near the American lines to have a personal interview with his correspondent. Arnold consented, and insisted that young Andre, then the Adjutant General of the British army, and high in the confidence of Sir Henry Clinton should be the officer sent. They agreed to meet at Dobb's Ferry; upon the Neutral Ground, some twenty miles above New York. Thither Andre, accompanied by Colonel Robinson, proceeded; but the vigilance of the British water guard prevented the approach of Arnold, and the conference was deferred.

Sir Henry Clinton, anxious to effect definite arrangements with Arnold sent the Vulture sloop of-war up the river as far as Teller's Point, nearly opposite Haverstraw, with Colonel Robinson on board. The officer under pretense of making inquiries respecting his confiscated property communicated with Arnold, who, in an ambiguous answer, informed him that a flag and boat would be sent to the Vulture, on the night of the twentieth, to be used as circumstances might require. This fact was communicated to Clinton, and on the morning of that day, Major Andre after singing a song and taking wine with some fellow officers at Kipp's Bay, proceeded to Dobb's Ferry, and from thence in a barge to the Vulture. He was instructed to change his dress, not go within the American lines, receiving papers, or in any way act as a spy. It was supposed that Arnold himself would come to the Vulture, and that there the whole plan would be arranged. The wily general was not to be caught, and he chose a meeting place which involved less personal hazard.

About half way between Stony Point and Haverstraw, lived Joshua Hett Smith, a brother of the Tory Chief Justice of New York. To his house Arnold repaired and employed him to proceed to the Vulture at night and bring a gentlemen to the western shore of the Hudson. Smith was an active man; of considerable influence in his neighborhood, and is supposed to have been the dupe, not the voluntary aid of Arnold in his treasonable preparations. Unable to procure oarsmen, Smith did not proceed to the Vulture until the night of the twenty-first. As soon as the moon went down, he glided silently out of Haverstraw creek, muffled oars, and at a little past midnight reached the vessel anchored in the middle of the river. It was a serene, starry night, and not a ripple was upon the bosom of the waters. Cautiously he approached the Vulture, and by proper signal obtained admission on board; his oarsman waited but a few minutes when Smith accompanied by a British officer, descended into the boat. The latter was dressed in a scarlet uniform of the royal army, but all was covered with a long blue surtout buttoned to the chin, and a plain cocked hat covered his head. Not a word was spoken as they moved noiselessly toward a deep shaded estuary at the foot of Long Clove Mountain, a little below Haverstraw. Smith led the officer in the gloom, to a thicket near, by and there, in a low whisper introduced John Anderson (the name assumed by Major Andre, in his correspondence) to Gen. Arnold and then retired. The conspirators were left alone. There in the deep shadows of night, concealed from human cognizance, they discussed their dark plans and plotted the utter ruin of the patriot cause. There the arch traitor, eager for the coveted gold of a royal purchaser, higgled with the king's broker about the price of his infamy; there the perjured recusant, satisfied with the word of a honest man (for he dared not except a written bond), "sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage.

The hour of dawn approached and their conference was not ended. Smith came, and urged the necessity for haste, for the water guard would soon be on the alert, and it would be difficult to return to the Vulture. Much was yet to be done, and Andre reluctantly consented to accompany Arnold to Smith's house, nearly four miles distant and await the darkness of another night to return to the vessel. Expecting a protracted interview, Arnold had brought two horses with him. While it was yet dark they mounted, and as they passed in the rear of Haverstraw, in the dim twilight of earliest dawn the voice of a sentinel gave Andre the first intimation that he was within the American lines. He preceived the danger, but it was too late to recede. They reached Smith's house before sunrise, and at that moment the boom of a cannon came up from the bosom of the bay. Several charges quickly succeeded each other, and soon the Vulture, galled by an iron four pounder upon Teller's Point, weighed anchor, and dropped down the river beyond the vision of the conspirators. Deep inquietude stirred the soul of Andre. He was within the enemy's line, without a flag or pass. If detected, he would be called a spy—a name he hated as much as that of traitor. The ingenious sophistry of Arnold allayed his apprehensions, and in an upper room of Smith's house, the plan of the operators was determined, and there Andre passed a day of great solitude The plan was simple. Washington had gone to Hartford to confer with the French officers. It was agreed to consumate the scheme during the absence of the Commander-in-chief, instead of waiting for the uncertain movements of the armies.—The garrison at West Point was to be weakened by dispersion, and Clinton was to sail up the river with a strong force and take possession.

At noon, the whole plan being arranged, Arnold placed in Ander's possession several papers, explanatory of the condition of West Point and its dependence. Zealous in the service of the king and country, Andre disobeyed the commands of his General, and received them. At Arnold's suggestions, he placed them in his stockings under his feet, and receiving the following pass from the traitor, waited patiently the approach of night:

"HEAD QUARTERS,
Robinson's House, Sept. 22, 1780.

Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the grounds to the White Plains or below if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction.

B. ARNOLD, M. Gen."

Fully believing that no obstacle now interposed in the way of success, Arnold prepared for the reception of Rodney's flotilla with a strong force under Clinton. Pretending that it needed repairing, a link from the great iron chain which spanned the Hudson at West Point, was taken out and sent to the smith, and the garrison at Fort Clinton, on the point, was weakened by scattering the troops in detachment among the the several redoubts in the vicinity. Colonel Lamb, who commanded the garrison, wondered at the movement, but did not suspect his chief. So skillfully had Arnold managed in his plans, that no suspicion of his defection was abroad; and Washington held his conference with Rochambeau and Ternay, satisfied that West Point was in safe hands.

When night approached Smith positively refused to convey Andre back to Vulture, but offered to accompany him to the borders of the Neutral ground on the east side of Hudson. Andre remonstrated in vain He changed his uniform for a citizen's dress, and accompanied by a negro servant, Smith and Andre crossed King's Ferry, (now Verplanck's Point,) and turned their faces toward White Plains Andre was moody, for he felt uneasy.—They met with no interruption until near the little village of *Crompond, eight miles from King's Ferry*, when they were hailed by a sentinal. Arnold's pass was examined, known to be genuine and the travellers were about to pass on when the officer of the post magnified the dangers of the road, and persuaded them to halt for the night. Sleep was a stranger to the eyes of Ander, and at dawn they were in the saddle. When they approached Pine Bridge, and he was assured that he was on neutral ground, beyond the American lines, his gloomy taciturnity exchanged for cheerful garrulity, and he conversed in an almost playful manner upon poetry, the arts, literature, and common topics. A mile above the bridge, Smith handed him a small sum of Continental bills, and they parted, the former to proceed to Arnold's quarters and report his success, the latter to hasten toward New York. Andre, being told that the COWBOYS* were more numerous on the Tarrytown road, took that direction, contrary to the advice of Smith and others, who directed him to proceed by the way of White Plains. Andre was anxious to be among his friends, and as these marauders were such, he concluded that the Tarrytown road would be safe for him; if he fell into their hands, he would be taken to New York whither he was hastening. This was the fatal mistake.

On the morning when Andre left Pine's Bridge, a little band of seven young volunteers, went out near Tarrytown to watch the movements of the Cowboys and other depredators. Four of them (John York, John Dean, James Romer, and Abraham Williams) agreed to tarry upon a hill which commanded an extensive view of the highway, while the remaining three, (John Paulding, Isaac Van Wert, and David Williams,) were to be concealed in the bushes on the banks of a little stream, near the road. At ten o'clock in the morning, while engaged in playing cards, the young men saw a horseman, approached from the direction Sleepy Hollow. They confronted him, and demanded a knowledge of his business and destination. "I hope, gentlemen, that you being of our party," said the traveller. "What party?" inquired Williams, who presented his firelock to his breast. "The lower party," (meaning the British,) quickly replied the horseman. "I am a British officer out upon urgent business. I hope you will not detain me a minute." He was ordered to dismount, when he instantly discovered his fatal mistake. "My God!" he exclaimed, half laughing, "we must do any thing to get along;" and then showing them Arnold's pass, for the traveller was Major Andre. The young militia men were not as easily satisfied as the sentinel at Crompond. They insisted upon searching him They made him strip; ripped up the housings of his saddle, and finally ordered him to pull off his boots. He reluctantly obeyed, and beneath his feet were the papers given him by Arnold.

Andre offered his captors tempting bribes of money and murchandize, if they would allow him to pass on, but their patriotism was too dear to be bought with a price. They conducted him to the quarters of Colonel Jameson, at North Castle, the nearest post, and delivered him up. That officer with obtuseness of percept on most extraordinary, resolved to send him immediately to General Arnold; Maj Tallmadge, with better judgment, boldly expressed his belief that Arnold was a traitor, and finally induced Jameson to send the prisoner to Colonel Sheldon's quarters at North Salem, until more should be known respecting him, for, they had no suspicion of the rank and character of the young man in their custody. Jameson, however, would not suspect the fidelity of his General, and actually sent a letter to inform him that a Mr John Anderson was a prisoner in his hands.

On the morning of the 24th September, day fixed upon by the conspirators for the surrender of the Fort, Washington returned from Hartford. It was two days earlier than Arnold expected him. The traitor was astounded when a messenger rode up a little after sunrise, and announced the intention of the Commander-in chief to breakfast with him. On approaching Arnold's quarters, Washington directed La Fayette and Hamilton, who were with him to go on and breakfast with Mrs. Arnold, while he turned down a lane to the river to inspect a redoubt upon the bank.

Arnold and his guest were at breakfast when a messenger came in haste with a letter for the General. *It was from Jameson, announcing the arrest of Andre, instead of the expected intelligence that the enemy was moving up the river.* Agitated, but not sufficiently to excite the special notice of his guests, he arose from the table, hastened to the room of his wife, kissed his sleeping babe and telling his spouse in his hurried words that they must part, perhaps forever, left her in a swoon, mounted the horse of one of his aids standing at the door, dashed across the fields and down a declivity to a narrow pathway on the borders of a morass to a dock built by Col. Robinson and throwing himself in his barge, nerved the oarsmen with promises of large rewards of rum and money for *swiftness of speed, and was soon sweeping through* the race at Fort Montgomery. The old dock from whence the traitor escaped, is still there, but the Hudson River Railway has spanned the mouth of the swale, and cleft the rocky point, so that little of the original features of the scenery remain.

Washington went over to West Point before going to Arnold's quarters. He was surprised when informed by Lamb that the General had not been at the garrison for two days. He recrossed the river, and when he approached Robinson's house, Hamilton, greatly excited, met him and revealed the dreadful secret of Arnold's guilt and flight. His guilt was made manifest by the arrival of the papers taken from Andre, and his flight confirmed the dark tale which they unfolded. With these papers came a letter from Andre, frankly avowing his name and character. "Whom can we trust now?" said the chief with calmness, while feelings of the deepest sorrow were evidently at work in his bosom, as he laid before Lafayette, Hamilton and Knox the evidences of treason.

The condition of Mrs. Arnold excited Washington's liveliest sympathy. But one year a mother and not two a bride, the young creature had received a blow of the most appalling nature. She raved furiously and mourned piteously alternatively. The tenderest care was bestowed upon her, and She was soon sent in safety to New York, whither her fallen husband had escaped.

Pursuit of the traitor was unavailing. He had four hours the start. The Vulture was yet lying before Teller's Point, awaiting the return of Major Andre, and to her bulwarks Arnold escaped. She proceeded to New York that evening, and Sir Henry Clinton, informed of the failure of the scheme, was unwilling to hazard an attack upon the Highland fortresses, now that the patriots were thoroughly awake.

The main body of the American army was lying at Tappan, on the west side of the Hudson, near the present terminus of the New York and Erie Railroad. Thither Andre was conveyed after being brought to West Point, and in a stone house, near the Commander-in chief, he was strongly guarded. On the 29th of September, a court martial was convened near by, for his trial; and, after a patient investigation, it being proven, and confessed by the prisoner himself, that he was in the American lines (though not voluntarily) without a flag, they gave it as their opinion that he ought to suffer death as a spy. All hearts were alive with sympathy for the condemned, and Washington would gladly have saved his life, but the stern demands of the cruel and uncompromising rules of war, denied the petitions of mercy, and the Commander-in-chief was obliged to sign his death-warrant. He was sentenced to be hung on the afternoon of the first of October

Andre exhibited no fear of death, and to the last the workings of his genius were displayed. On the morning of the day appointed for his execution, he sketched a likeness of himself with pen and ink and conversed cheerfully with those around him upon the pleasures of paintings and kindred arts. But the manner of his death disturbed his spirit. He pleaded earnestly to be shot as a soldier not hung as a spy. But even this poor boon could not be allowed, for the rules of war demanded death by the cord and not by the bullet. His execution was delayed one day in consequence of the intercession of Sir Henry Clinton, and a hope that Arnold might be obtained and suffer righteously suffer in his stead. All was unavailing, and Major Andre, in the bloom of manhood, was hung at Tappan on the second of October, 1780, at the age of twenty nine years.

The youth, accomplishments, and gentleness of manners of the young soldier endeared him to all, and his fate was deeply regretted on both sides of the Atlantic. His king caused a mural monument of elegant device, to be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey; and in 1831, the Duke of York had his remains removed from Tappan and taken to London, where they now repose beneath his marble memorial, among those of many heroes and poets of old England. A halo of melancholy sweetness surrounds the name and character of the unfortunate youth, which increases in glory with the flight of time

The traitor, though unsuccessful, received ten thousand guineas from the British treasury, and the commision of a brigadier from the King. He served his new master faithfully. With the spirit of a demon he desolated, with fire and sword, the beautiful country near the mouth of the Thames, in Connecticut, almost in sight of the roof which sheltered his infancy; and with augmented ferocity he spread distress and ruin to the extent of his power upon the Virginia shores of the Chesapeake, and along the fertile borders of James and the Appomattox. Hated and despised by his companions in arms, and insulted and contemned in public places after the war, Arnold became an outcast like Cain, and like Esau, he found no place for repentance, though he sought it diligently with tears. He died in obscurity in the British metropolis, in 1801, and who knows the place of his grave!

The captors of Andre were highly applauded by the people and honored and rewarded by Congress. That body awarded to each silver medal, having on one side the word FIDELITY, and on the other VINCIT AMOR PATRIÆ, "the love of country conquers." They were also allowed each an annual pension of two hundred dollars during their lives. Public esteem for their services has erected monuments over the remains of two of them. Paulding's mortality sleeps beneath a chaste marble cenotaph in the Old St. Peter's church yard, two miles east of Peekskill; and over the dust of Van Wert, in the Greenburg church yard near the banks of the beautiful Nepara, in Westchester county, stands a plain Monument of White Marble. The former was erected by the corporation of the city of New York; the latter by the citizens of Westchester county. No public memorial yet marks the place of rest of David Williams in the church yard at Livingstonville, in Schoharie county.

The traitor and his victim, the captors, judges and executioner, have all gone to the spirit land whither the keen eye of the historian and moralist may not follow; and the myriads of hearts which beat with sympathy or indignation, as the sad intelligence of the tragedy at Tappan winged its way over our land, or sped to the abodes of intelligent men in the Old World, are pulseless and forgotten. Charity would counsel us to [illegible] respecting each.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

Yet it is well occasionally, to lift the veil from past events, though they may be dark and forbidden in aspect, for the wise and thoughtful they convey lessons of wisdom, and to the foolish and inconsiderate, the wayward and the wicked, they may speak a word of warning in season to curb an evil spirit and unrighteousness.

*The COW-BOYS were a set of people mostly, if not wholly refugees, belonging to the British side, and engaged in plundering cattle near the lines and driving them to New York. Their name indicates their vocation. There was another description of banditti called SKINNERS, who lived for the most part within the American lines, and professed attachment to the American cause; but in reality they were more unprincipled, perfidious, and inhuman, than the Cow-boys themselves; for these latter exhibited some symptoms of fellow feeling for their friends whereas the Skinners committed their depredations equally upon friends and foes.

By a law of the State of New York, every person refusing to take an oath of fidelity to the State, was considered as forfeiting his property. The large territory between the American and British lines, extending nearly thirty miles from north to south, and embracing Westchester county, was populous and highly cultivated. This was the famous Neutral Ground. A person living within that space, who took the oath of fidelity, was sure to be plundered by the Cow-boys: and if he did not take it; the Skinners would come down upon him, call him a Tory, and seize his property as confiscated by the State. Thus the execution of the laws was assumed by robbers, and the innocent and the guilty were involved in a common ruin.

It is true the civil authority endeavored to guard against these outrages, as far as it could, by legislative enactments, and executive proclamations; but from the nature of the case, this formidable conspiracy against the rights and claims of humanity could be crushed by a military arm. The detachments of Continental troops and militia stationed near the lines, did something to lessen the evil; yet they were not adequate to its suppression, and frequently this force was so feeble as not to afford any barrier against the inroads of the banditti.—The Skinners and Cow-boys often leagued together. The former would sell their plunder to the latter, taking in exchange contraband articles from New York. It was not uncommon for the farce of a skirmish to be acted near the American lines, in which the Skinners never failed to come victorious, and then they would go boldly into the interior with their booty, pretending it had been captured from the enemy, while attempting to smuggle it across the lines. [*Sparks.*