

Clinton, chief commander at New York. As he had read extensively, had a vigorous memory, brilliant powers of conversation, understood several languages, wrote poetry, and was a fine singer, he became naturally a universal favorite in all select circles. His enthusiasm for the loyal cause was unbounded; and Sir Henry Clinton appears to have committed to his pen the treasonable correspondence which was conducted for more than eighteen months with Benedict Arnold. Their letters were written in disguised hands, Arnold using the signature of "Gustavus," and André that of "John Anderson." Some of these letters are believed to have been written in the Kipp Bay House, a cut of which is inserted on page 56. This edifice, erected of Holland brick, in 1641, was considered a mansion of such respectable grandeur during the revolution, that in the forced absence of the proprietor, who was a whig, it was made the headquarters and place of banqueting and pleasant resort of British officers of distinction. Here Sir William Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Percy, General Knyphausen, Major André, and their satellites beguiled many a weary hour. It was at this house that Major André partook of his last public dinner in New York, and with his characteristic conviviality sung at the repast a song beginning:

"Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy boys,
Whose business 'tis to die?" etc.

In ten short days from that time this gay and accomplished officer was a prisoner, and found it his sad "business to die" as a malefactor.

But we have somewhat anticipated our story. André was selected to ascend the Hudson, have an interview with Arnold, and complete the arrangement for the capture of West Point. From the "Vulture," an English man-of-war, he landed near Haverstraw, at dead of night, held the expected conference with the American traitor, lay concealed for some time

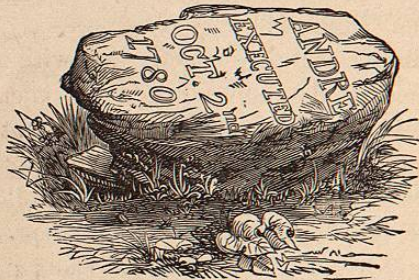
within the American lines, but was captured at Tarrytown, in an effort to return to New York. After an impartial trial he was, at the age of twenty-nine years, executed as a spy, at Tappan, October 2, 1780.

While there are some points of similarity in the career and fate of these accomplished young men, there are also remarkable contrasts in the treatment administered to them by the authorities into whose hands they fell. Neither of them contested the principles upon which they were sentenced, but manfully recognized the importance of these rules of war, though André begged that the application of the rule might be changed, and he shot instead of hanged—a matter to which Hale was profoundly indifferent.

Hale was approached by the authorities with advantageous offers, on condition that he would join the enemy, which he resolutely spurned, at the loss of his life; but André was subjected to no such temptations. Hale, captured in the afternoon, was executed at day-break on the following morning; while André was granted ten days to prepare for his approaching doom. Hale, during the short period of his confinement, was made in every conceivable manner to feel that he was considered a traitor and a rebel. He saw no friendly countenance, and heard no word of respect or compassion. The hasty letters he wrote to his father and sister were destroyed, and he was even denied the use of a Bible and the counsels of a clergyman at his execution. On the other hand, the generous Americans, half-forgetting the treachery of André, lavished to the last their attentions and affections upon his accomplished person, Washington shedding tears when he signed his death-warrant. André, as he was going to die, with great presence of mind and the most engaging air, bowed to all around him, thanking them for the kindness and respect with which he had been treated, saying, "Gentlemen, you will bear witness that I die with the firmness becoming a soldier." Hale had received no respect, and no kindly attentions; hence, he had none to

return. He was a mere youth, but with a manly courage, mighty in death on the scaffold, exclaimed, "I am so satisfied with the cause in which I have engaged, that my only regret is that I have not more lives than one to offer in its service."

While we can but respect the attainments and admire the bearing of André, we are no less favorably impressed with the manly accomplishments and fortitude of Hale, several years his junior, who passed through one of the most trying ordeals in the history of the world, and whose name has not had its deserved prominence in American history.



ARNOLD IN NEW YORK.



AMONG all the blackened names that darken the pages of New York history, no one has stood forth so conspicuously, or been so emphatically a hissing and a by-word among all classes, as that of Benedict Arnold. He was born of respectable parentage at Norwich, Conn., January 3, 1740, where he received the usual common-school education of his day, being designed by his friends for a mercantile career. His early associations and habits gave evidence of an unprincipled, adventurous, and changeable

nature, which unfortunately grew worse and worse through all his career. His greatest talent was doubtless in military pursuits, where he always appeared as an intrepid, dashing, and successful chieftain. Among the first at the outbreak of the Revolution to abandon business and mount the saddle, he was during the early northern campaigns more conspicuous than any other, exhibiting everywhere a genius and fortitude challenging the respect of friend and foe. But his treacherous and selfish nature, his vanity and extravagance, were everywhere as conspicuous as his military successes, resulting in repeated perplexities and difficulties, rendering him forever unpopular and an object of public suspicion. Overlooked and slighted by Congress in its army appointments, convicted of peculation and reprimanded by his superiors, and strangely ambitious for luxury and display, he satanically resolved to betray his country's cause, and sell his influence for a bag of gold. He was probably long restrained from this traitorous undertaking by the counsels of Washington, who highly appreciated his abilities, though he disapproved of his unscrupulous conduct. Recovering from a wound received in battle, he was appointed to the command of Philadelphia. Here he married for his second wife Miss Margaret Shippen, whose father was subsequently chief justice of Pennsylvania, and was at that time considered one of the chief men of the State, though strongly attached to the tory interest. His wife was one of the chief belles of the city, and probably added some stimulus to his extravagant temper. She had been an intimate friend of Major André, with whom she con-



tinued to correspond after her marriage, and which probably paved the way for the undying dishonor of her husband. Having resolved on great treachery, Arnold sought and obtained from Washington command of West Point, one of the principal bulwarks of the country and the key to the interior. His iniquitous correspondence with British officials is believed to have been continued for eighteen months before its detection. In this he proposed to so dispose of the troops at West Point that the place, with all its forces and munitions, would fall an easy conquest; for which he was to be rewarded with a General's commission in the royal army, and a purse of £10,000 of English gold. Deserting his country which had raised him from obscurity, robbing her of his influence and service, seeking with artful strategy to enslave her patriots and desolate her plains, in the period of her deepest poverty and distress, he committed one of those unpardonable crimes which the world has never been able to overlook. Twice he narrowly escaped capture; a singular providence, however, ordered that his crime should not be wiped out with his blood, but that, through the twenty-one years of his ripened manhood, his dejected crest should be blazoned with the marks of his infamy, and that he should live and die a despised exile from the land of his nativity. He would have been captured, and humanly speaking should have been, by Washington at West Point, had it not been for the unaccountable stupidity of Colonel Jameson, commander at North Castle, to whom André was given after his arrest. The papers found in his stockings, containing plans of all the West Point fortifications, a description of the works, the number of troops, the disposition of the corps, etc., etc., were all in Arnold's handwriting. These Jameson dispatched to Washington, but insisted on sending a letter stating these facts to Arnold, which apprised him of his danger and led to his hasty flight. The letter from Jameson was received by Arnold while at breakfast with his wife and several officers. He was greatly startled, but quieted the officers by stating

that his presence was needed at the fortifications, and that he would soon return. His wife, with her infant child, had come from Philadelphia to join him at his post of duty but ten days previously. Summoning her to their private room, he informed her of his crime, and the necessity of his immediate flight. Overwhelmed with the announcement, she screamed, swooned, and fell upon the floor, and in this perilous condition he left her and fled for his life. Gaining the "Vulture," still anchored in the river, he proceeded to New York. Here he received his royal commission, and at length the stipulated price for his treason; but his crime was too naked and wanton to secure respect even from those for whom he had sacrificed his honor. He soon caused multitudes of patriots to be arrested and cast into dungeons, but in his precipitate flight from West Point he had left all his papers, and hence could produce no evidence against them. Covered with scorn, he lived in partial concealment, sometimes in the Verplanck House in Wall street, and again on Broadway, near the Kennedy House, Clinton's residence and headquarters. To save him from utter contempt when he rode out, English officers attended him, though it is said many of them thought it an ungracious task to appear at his side in the streets. While here, a plot was laid in the American camp for his capture, which nearly succeeded. The American troops were so stung with the disgrace he had brought upon their arms, that many were ready to enlist in any feasible enterprise to bring him to speedy retribution. Sergeant-major Champe, of the American dragoons in New Jersey, was the daring spirit of the band, who, by a connivance with his commanding officer, deserted the ranks and galloped toward the Hudson, but so hotly was he pursued by several troopers not in the secret that he plunged into the river and swam across to New York. His perilous adventure gave the strongest evidence that his desertion to the British was genuine; hence, he was warmly received by all. He thus gained free access to Arnold's residence in Broadway, and adroitly matured a

plan for his capture. His comrades were to cross from New Jersey in a boat opposite the house, under cover of darkness, pass up through an adjoining alley, enter the garden and gain access to the rear of the dwelling, seize and gag the victim, carrying him by the same route to the boat. Champe had loosened the pickets of the fence, the hour was appointed for the undertaking; but unfortunately, on the day previous to its execution, Champe's regiment was ordered to embark for Chesapeake, and Arnold removed his headquarters to another dwelling. Champe's comrades were punctual at the rendezvous, where they waited several hours for his appearance; and then returned in disappointment to camp. Not long after Champe made his escape from the southern army, and returned to his friends, to clear up the strange mystery that had hung over his conduct. Arnold left New York to command an expedition against Virginia, and afterwards led one against New London, Conn.; and is said to have watched with fiendish cruelty the burning of the town, almost in sight of the place of his birth. At the close of the war, he went to England, where he died unlamented, in 1801. It is said that he once expressed the sorrow that he was the only man living who could not find refuge in the American Republic.

B. Arnold M. J. S.

BRITISH EVACUATION.



CORNWALLIS.

THE surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, on the 17th of October, 1781, with seven thousand English troops, was really the signal for terminating the weary struggle. Lord North, the English Premier, was compelled to resign the following March, and Rockingham, the leader of the peace party in Parliament, was appointed to fill his place. Negotiation followed for many months, ending in the complete emancipation of the colonies from British rule. On the 25th of November, 1783, at 12 m., the British flag was taken from the staff on the fort, the troops embarked, and the long expatriated citizens were allowed to return to the full possession of their city and property. Washington tarried until the 4th of December, when he took his farewell of his officers amid such expressions of profound sorrow as have rarely been exhibited in army circles. The city, seven years a prison and military depot, had greatly sunken into decay; commerce was wholly ruined, and general desolation brooded on every side. Though escaped from the boiling caldron of war, it was long disquieted with civil feuds growing out of the late struggle. Its population at the close of the war amounted to about twenty-three thousand, and though numerous improvements were contemplated, so deep and universal was the poverty of the population that little of public enterprise was undertaken for more than fifteen years.

THE BURR AND HAMILTON TRAGEDY OF 1804.



HAMILTON.

REVOLUTIONARY period opens a wide theatre for the development of the rarest genius, and for the grandest display of all the richest qualities of the human soul. And while it is true that great benevolence, patriotism, or self-sacrifice at such times glows with a richer coloring, it is no less true that selfishness, speculation, and treason, are branded with a deeper infamy. The stirring events of the American Revolution brought to the surface a multitude of able and brilliant men, some of whom by directness and sterling integrity towered higher and higher through all their history, while others equally gifted, choosing the tortuous paths of stratagem and guile, sunk into national contempt, and blackened their names with undying disgrace. While few names in American history, on their bare announcement, suggest more than those of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, it would be difficult to find two young men whose early circumstances presented more numerous points of similarity, or upon whom nature and providence had more profusely lavished their gifts and opportunities. Born in the middle of the eighteenth century, with but eleven months' difference in their ages, educated in the first circles of the times, fortunate in their matrimonial alliances; both small of stature, beautiful in person, courtly in carriage, rarely gifted in mind, distinguished for gallantry on the field of battle, and for success at the bar, they certainly had opportunities wide as the world for the realization of the highest worldly satisfaction, and for immortal renown.

Hamilton was born in the West Indies, where he lost his mother in childhood; his father early failed in business, continuing through life in poverty and dependence, leaving his son under the charge of relatives. The Revolution found

young Hamilton a student in King's (Columbia) College, where he displayed such extraordinary qualities of mind that he soon rose from obscurity to shine through life as a star of the first magnitude in the political and intellectual world. Having adopted New York as the city of his residence, he espoused the colonial cause unfalteringly, and early entered the army. He took part in the battle of Long Island, retired across the Harlem river as a captain of artillery under Washington when New York was abandoned to the enemy, shared the dispiriting retreat through the Jerseys, bore honorable part in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and assisted at the capture of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. He early became aide-de-camp to General Washington, whose confidence he always retained, conducting much of the General's correspondence during the war, receiving from him the appointment of first Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and assisting him in the preparation of his memorable Farewell Address. In all the early conventions in which the principles and forms of our government were settled, and in the pamphlet and periodical literature of his times, his influence was scarcely second to that of any other in the country. The practice of duelling, rife in his times, and by which he lost his eldest son, a youth of twenty years, two years previous to his own sad death, he utterly condemned; yet, yielding at last to the persistent demands of a false honor, he was mortally wounded at Weehauken by a ball from Burr's pistol, July 11th, 1804, and expired on the following day, in his forty-eighth year.

The rise of Burr was not so completely from obscurity. His father and grandfather having been pre-eminently distinguished for both moral and intellectual greatness, he inherited the prestige of a great and honored name. Grad-



BURR.