

**STORIES**  
ABOUT  
**ARNOLD, ANDRE, AND CHAMPE;**  
FOR THE USE OF THE  
CHILDREN OF THE UNITED STATES.



NEW-HAVEN,  
PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.  
1830.

Stephen Trumbidge

New Haven

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STORIES  
ABOUT  
ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR;  
ANDRE, THE SPY;  
AND  
CHAMPE, THE PATRIOT:  
FOR THE  
CHILDREN OF THE U. STATES.

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WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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NEW-HAVEN,  
PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.  
1830.

DISTRICT OF CONNECTICUT, SS.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty fourth day of May, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. H. MALTBY, of the said District, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—

“Stories about Arnold the Traitor; Andre the Spy; and Champe, the Patriot; for the children of the United States. With engravings.”

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.” And also to the Act, entitled, “An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, ‘An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

CHA'S A. INGERSOLL,

*Clerk of the District of Connecticut.*

A true copy of Record, examined and sealed by me,

CHA'S A. INGERSOLL,

*Clerk of the District of Connecticut.*

## STORIES, &c.

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### INTRODUCTION.

“Where have you been?” said General H— one day, to his little son, as the latter came running in, quite out of breath.

“Only up street, Sir,” replied Charles.

“And what did you see up street, my son?”

“Why, father,” replied Charles, “I saw a gentleman, who asked how you did, and he said that he knew you well, and he wished to see you; but that he was in haste.”

“And who was that gentleman?”

“Why they called him—let me think—General—somebody; but I will tell you what he said father,—he said he was with you in the war,—and that he hoped I should one day be as great a patriot, as you was. What did he mean by *patriot*, father? I never heard any one call you so before.”

“Well, I will tell you what it means. A patriot is one that loves his country, and is willing to do much to serve her.”

“Were there other patriots in the war?” asked Charles.

“Yes, many,” replied General H—. “General Washington was a patriot; and General Putnam, and many others. They loved their country; they fought for her; and they would have died to save her, had it been God’s will.”

“Were all the people in America patriots, in the war-time?” asked Charles.

“Not all—but most were. All the *officers* in the army were great patriots, but *one*.”

“Who was that one, father?”

“His name was *Benedict Arnold*. He was a general; but he was a traitor—a vile traitor.”

“A traitor! pray father what is a *traitor*?”

“A traitor is one who hates his country, and tries to ruin it.”

“Did General Arnold try to ruin his country?”

“Yes—but, thank heaven, he did not succeed.”

“Pray, father, what did he do? Did he kill any one? Won’t you tell me about him? I love to hear about the war.”

“Well, sit down, Charles, and I will tell you the story. But you must never be a traitor, Charles, *you* must be a patriot. A traitor is always despised. A man should always love his country, and should stand by her in the hour of danger.”

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EARLY LIFE OF ARNOLD.

“I will first tell you something about General Arnold, before he went to the war.

“He was born in Connecticut; and when he grew up he became an apothecary. An apothecary, is one who sells medicine. But he did not like this business, and went to sea, and became master of a vessel.

“When the war came on, he was chosen captain of a company of soldiers; and marched with them to Cambridge, near Boston. Here the American troops were stationed.

“At this time, Arnold appeared well. He was a brave man. He loved his country. He was willing to fight for her. He was so much respected, that he was chosen to be a colonel in the army.”

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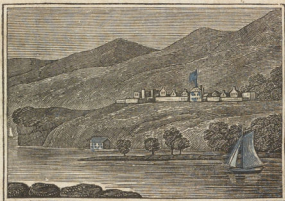
ARNOLD GOES TO TICONDEROGA.

“Arnold was now a colonel. He was much pleased, and wished to distinguish himself.

“He had soon an opportunity. He was sent to Ticonderoga, with Colonel Ethan Allen. A body of troops were sent with them. These troops were called ‘*Green Mountain Boys*,’ because they came from the Green Mountains, in Vermont. They were brave men.

“They were sent to Ticonderoga. This is an

Indian name of a place, on Lake Champlain, in the State of New-York. There was a strong fort there. I believe I have a picture of the fort," said General H—. "Here it is."



"This fort was built by some French soldiers. But the British owned it now, and there were British troops in the fort to defend it.

"Colonels Arnold and Allen and their troops, at length reached the fort. The British knew not

of their coming. They entered it with swords drawn, and bayonets pointed. And Colonel Allen came up to the British captain, and pointing his sword to his breast, said, 'Sir, surrender the fort.'

"Ah!" said the captian, "by whose authority, do you demand this?"

"I demand it," said Colonel Allen, "in the name of the great Jehovah, and of the Continental Congress."

"This was a bold speech. It was an improper speech. But the British captain was alarmed. 'Here,' said he, 'are the keys, we are your prisoners.'"

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STORY ABOUT COL. ALLEN.

"I recollect a pretty story about Colonel Allen, when he was a boy. You will like to hear it, Charles," said Gen. H—, "and I will stop to relate it.



“Colonel Allen was born in Cornwall. This is a small place in Connecticut, north of Litchfield. When he was quite a lad he loved mischief, as well as you do, Charles. He was a kind of captain for the boys, in the village where he lived.

“At that day there were but few school houses, in the retired parts of the country. The people in Cornwall had either not built one, or it was burned down. So it was concluded to make use of a small building, which had been used as a butchery, or a place to kill beef.

“The room was fitted up, and here the children went to school. In the middle of the room, there was an iron staple drove into a beam overhead; and from that staple hung a pulley, which had been used to draw up the cattle to dress. The ropes were still in the pulley; but they were so fastened to the side of the house, as not to be in the way.

“The schoolmaster was an old man. He often became tired; and then he would take his seat, in

an old elbow chair. While the children were getting their lessons, he would take a short nap, especially in the afternoon.

“One afternoon—it was a warm day in summer—the old schoolmaster took his seat, and soon began to nod. Young Allen watched him. He went on nodding, till at last, he was fast asleep. Now for real sport, thought Allen. He whispered his plan, and all were ready in a moment.

“The rope belonging to the pulley was taken down very carefully, and the hook, fixed into one of the slats of the old man’s chair.

“And now for a hoist, ‘slow—carefully’—whispered Allen—and up went chair and schoolmaster together, to the beam; and there he was fastened, till his nap was over. Here is a picture of the old man, in his chair.



“He slept well and long; for he was tired. Most of the children took their seats, and watched their schoolmaster more than they did their books. Allen kept them still, so that the old man might have his nap out.

“At length, the master fell a-snoring, and then the boys could contain themselves no longer. They laughed out, and so loud, that the schoolmaster awoke.

“Who!—wh-wh-at!—where!”—exclaimed he, surprised and confounded to find himself hoisted up so high. “Let me down—let me down—you young rouses—I’ll take care of you—what a piece of impudence is this!—let me down, I say, instantly.”

“Alarm now spread through the whole school. Before they had thought only of the fun—now, they thought only of the whipping.

“There was one boy who was quite calm. That boy was Allen. He rose and told the old gentleman, that they would let him down, if he would promise not to punish any one.

“I’ll promise no such thing—no, not I,” said the offended old man. “A fine piece of business this—you have insulted me—I’ll punish every one of you. Let me down, I say, instantly.”

“Sir,” said Allen, “we read this morning in the spelling book, that *“When the cat sleeps, the mice will play.”*

“ Ah ! you young rogue,” said the schoolmaster, now beginning himself to smile,—“ All that is true, —yes, very true—you think *I* did wrong to go to sleep, do you? Well, well, perhaps I did. Let me down—say nothing about it—and the *next time* the cat sleeps, the mice *may play*.”

“ The boys now sprung to the rope, and the old schoolmaster was soon safe, once more, upon the floor. He had given his word that he would punish no one, and he kept it. His displeasure was soon over. The roguish boys had indeed done wrong; but he felt that he himself had forgotten his duty.”

Charles was much pleased with this story, and laughed quite heartily. “ But,” said he, “ father, ought not the schoolmaster to have punished Allen?”

“ No,” replied General H—, “ not after he had promised not to punish any one. Allen, no doubt did wrong, and might have been justly punished, had the schoolmaster made no promise. It was a

roguish piece of business, but the schoolmaster himself did wrong in getting to sleep."

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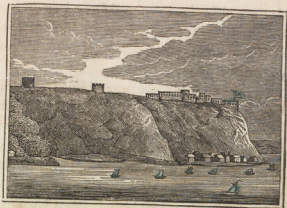
ARNOLD GOES TO QUEBEC.

"Well," said General H—, "I will now go on with my story about Arnold."

"Every one thought that he did well at Ticonderoga. The capture of that fort was fortunate for the Americans.

"Soon after his return, he had eleven hundred soldiers put under his command. With these he marched into what is now called the State of Maine, east of Massachusetts. He was directed to go to Kennebeck river, in that State, and follow that into Canada.

"Canada was then held by the British. The capital of Canada is Quebec. Here is a picture of the place.



“It was to take this place, that Colonel Arnold and his troops were sent into Canada.

“It was in September when Arnold and his men started. The distance was more than two hundred and twenty miles. The country was all a wilderness.

“They were two months, on their journey. The snow fell deep. Winter came on in that part of the country. The forests were so thick, that

they were obliged to cut a road for a long distance. Large and rapid streams impeded their progress, and high and dangerous mountains often exposed them to great danger.

“At length, their provisions failed. Famine stared them in the face. For several days they lived on some dogs which the soldiers had with them; and when the dogs were eat up, they eat the leather of their cartridge boxes, and even of their shoes.”

“Why did they not go back?” asked Charles.

“They had gone too far to go back,” replied General H—. “Their only safety lay in pushing forward. Colonel Arnold told the soldiers to keep up good courage, and they did. They suffered much and long; but, at length, they reached Quebec.

“They found General Montgomery there, with some American soldiers, waiting for them. When the soldiers were rested, they attacked the city.



But the place was strong and they were defeated. The brave General Montgomery was killed. Here is a picture of the battle. You see General Montgomery falling.



“ Colonel Arnold was also badly wounded. A musket ball struck his leg, and some of his soldiers carried him from the field. The American troops suffered much. Many were killed, and the rest were obliged to flee,

BRAVE CONDUCT OF ARNOLD IN CON-  
NECTICUT.

“When Arnold’s wound was healed, he returned. Not long after he had another opportunity to show his bravery. I will tell you,” said Gen. H. “how it was.

“Some British soldiers came into Connecticut. They were two thousand in number. Their object was to destroy some public stores, such as flour, beef, powder, and the like, at Danbury, in the western part of the State.

“Col. Arnold heard of their march. He had only a few soldiers with him; but he hastened forward. At length he came up with them.

“They saw him and his troops approaching. He rode forward, and came within a few yards. Several hundreds of the British leveled their guns, and fired at him, at the same moment. His horse fell, and he fell with it. His horse was killed; but he was not hurt.

“A British soldier sprung forward, to plunge a

bayonet into him. But he was too quick. He leveled a pistol and shot the soldier dead, and then made his escape. This was a wonderful escape. Here is a picture of the scene.



“ Another horse was soon ready, and again Col. Arnold rode after the enemy. Another ball struck his horse in the neck ; but I believe did not kill him.

“ The enemy could not be stopped. They destroyed the stores and retreated.

“When Col. Arnold’s brave conduct was known at Philadelphia, Congress ordered a fine horse to be purchased for him, all caparisoned.”

“*Caparisoned!* father,” asked Charles, “what is that?”

“I am glad you ask, my son,” said Gen. H—. “A horse caparisoned, is one all equipped, or ready for an officer to ride. A war horse has besides a saddle and bridle, a martingal—a rich covering over the saddle, and what are called *holsters*, on the pommel of the saddle, in which the pistols are carried.”

“Sometime after Col. Arnold was made a general,” observed Gen. H—. “We shall, therefore, now call him General Arnold.

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ARNOLD TAKES COMMAND OF PHILADELPHIA.

“Father,” said Charles, “I thought you said that General Arnold was a traitor—but, I think, he

must have been a great patriot. You said a patriot is one who loves his country and fights for her. I am sure you make out that he fought very bravely."

"He did fight bravely, and he was at first a patriot. Few men served his country better—few showed more courage. But it did not last. A man may, for a time, act well, and wickedly afterwards. I shall pretty soon come to the sad part of his history.

"Some time after," now continued Gen. H—, "Arnold was again badly wounded, and unable to go much abroad. General Washington permitted him, therefore, to go to Philadelphia, and take charge of the troops stationed there.

"In Philadelphia, he was, not long after, married. The lady whom he married was very beautiful, and very accomplished. She was the daughter of a gentleman, who was a tory. *Tories* were those, who thought the war wrong, on the part of the Americans.

“It was a sad thing for Arnold, that he married into a tory family. He now lived in great style. He kept a coach and fine horses. He had much company, and made great dinners.

“All this cost much money. He run into debt, and had not the means to pay. This led him to do wrong. He made the people in Philadelphia advance him money, and wasted the public funds. Some said that he kept incorrect accounts, and charged the government, when he ought not.

“This was sad conduct in one, who had shown so much bravery, and who until now had conducted so well. After this, things grew worse and worse. At length, Congress took the matter up, and ordered a court-martial to try General Arnold. A court-martial consists of several officers, who act as a court, to try officers or soldiers for improper conduct.

“General Arnold was, therefore, tried, and found guilty of having done wrong. General Washington



“Across one part of the river, where the balls could not well reach, a great chain was thrown. The links of this chain were made of iron bars, two inches thick—the links were eighteen inches long. It was fastened to rocks, on each side of the river.”

“Father,” said Charles, “I should think so heavy a chain would have sunk.”

“I was going to tell you,” replied Gen. H—,

“how it was kept from sinking. A number of logs were placed in the river, and the chain placed across them. The logs floated, and held up the chain.”

“But could not a vessel break this chain?” asked Charles.

“No, several tried it. All the sails were spread before a strong wind; but they could not break it, nor could they pass over it.

“West Point was, on account of the fort, and on account of this chain, an important place. It commanded the river. General Arnold knew all this; and he thought that if he could get command of this fort, he could gratify his revenge.”

“How?” inquired Charles.

“Be patient,” said General H—, “and I will tell you. This piece of American history, I wish you to understand.

“General Arnold now wrote several letters to Sir Henry Clinton the British general, then in



New-York. In these letters, he offered to endeavor to get command of West Point, and then to deliver it into his hands."

"What!" exclaimed Charles, "so wicked as this! He was indeed a traitor."

"Yes," said General H— "a vile traitor—a wicked man to sell his country."

"Sell it? father, I thought you said, he wished to be revenged?"

"Yes, revenge was his object; but he was an avaricious man, he wanted pay for the wicked deed."

"And did the British general offer him money?"

"Yes, thirty thousand pounds sterling,—more than one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

"This was offered; and, now General Arnold set himself to work, to get command of the fort."

"Pray, father, how could he do this?—you said that he had left the army."

"He *had* left it,—but he now pretended to re-

gret his past ill conduct. He pretended to love America, better than ever. He said he wished once more to fight in her service; and to help drive the British from our shores.

“His wishes were, at length, made known to General Washington. That great and good man liked not the plan. For a time, he did not listen to it. But some high officers persuaded him, at length, to give the command of West Point to General Arnold.”

“Father,” inquired Charles, “did Gen. Washington know that General Arnold was so bad a man?”

“Certainly not,” replied General H—, “had he suspected him, he would not have trusted so important a place in his power. No; he suspected no such thing. But he could not approve of General Arnold’s spirit, in leaving the army. But he was yet lame,—he *appeared* to regret his past conduct, and General Washington consented.”

ARNOLD TAKES COMMAND OF WEST  
POINT.

“Arnold had now succeeded, in one part of his plan. He soon came to West Point. He saw General Washington, who was at that time there, and thanked him.

“The news of his appointment spread abroad. It reached Philadelphia. Mrs. Arnold was in that city. She knew her husband’s plan. She knew he meant to deliver West Point into the hands of the British.

“She was in a large party, when the news was told her. She fainted away.”—

“Why did she faint away, father?” asked Charles—“was she so glad?”

“At that time, people thought it was on account of her joy, that her husband was restored to the army, and to the favour of Washington. They did not know the plan of General Arnold. But

she knew it, and she was now alarmed, lest the plan should fail, and her husband be hung."

"Why did she not dissuade General Arnold from the plan?"

"I told you, my son," replied General H— "that Mrs. Arnold belonged to a tory family—she was a tory—she felt her husband's disgrace—she wished he might be revenged ;—but she feared that his plan might be discovered."

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MEETING BETWEEN ARNOLD AND  
ANDRE.

"General Arnold was now anxious to carry his plan into execution. He wrote a letter, therefore, to Sir Henry Clinton to send some one to see him, and to contrive with him in what way the fort should be surrendered.

"*Major Andre* was aid to General Clinton. He was a young man. His appearance was noble. His mind well informed. His manners very agree-

able. General Clinton told *him* the plan, and he wished for leave to go and see Arnold.

“To this General Clinton consented. Accordingly, Major Andre went on board a vessel, called the *Vulture*, and sailed up towards West Point.

“Every thing now seemed to promise success. General Washington left West Point to go to Hartford, in Connecticut. He would be gone some time. In that time, General Arnold intended to deliver up the fort.

“When General Washington was going, General Arnold went down to the river with him. They crossed the river together. As they were crossing General Washington saw the *Vulture* lying at some distance, down the river. He took a spy glass, and looked at her. General Arnold felt terrified. But no discovery was made; and, on the bank, they shook hands, and separated.”



“That night, Andre came on shore. He wore a grey surtout. This concealed his uniform. Arnold and he met. The night was dark. They repaired to a house, and there locked themselves in a room, and *there* plotted together.”

“When will Washington return?” inquired Andre. “On the 26th or 27th of September,” replied Arnold.

“Well,” said Andre, “let us contrive to take

the fort the day before ; and when Washington returns, we can take him. He will know nothing about the surrender. We will be ready to seize him, and carry him to New-York."

"Oh!" exclaimed Charles, "what a plan!"

"It was a wicked plot indeed," said General H. "But General Arnold did not wish Washington to be taken. He was willing to surrender the fort—but he was not yet quite wicked enough to wish Washington hung."

"Hung! father—hung!—would Washington have been hung?"

"Likely enough," replied General H—. The British thought him a traitor. If they would not have hung him, it would have gone hard with him, in some way.

"Arnold now gave to Andre a plan of the fort, on paper, and told him where the British troops must land. He said he would take care to have the soldiers out of the fort at the time, and they

must spring forward, and appear to take it by surprise.

“When all things were thus settled, Arnold and Andre separated. Andre put the papers into his boots, and went towards the river, to return to the vessel.

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ANDRE TAKEN.

“Andre came to the river. He was stepping into the boat, when the men refused to row him.

“Why?” asked Andre.

“The vessel has gone down the river too far,” said they. “We cannot row so far.”

“The vessel gone?” asked Andre, with surprise. “Why gone?”

“She has been fired upon,” replied the boatmen, “from the opposite shore, and has dropped down the river, to get out of the way.”

“Andre was alarmed. The boatmen were Americans. They had brought him ashore, by order of Arnold. Now, they refused to row him back.



“He left them, and went back to Arnold. “Bid your men,” said Andre, “row me to the vessel.”

“Arnold was perplexed. “No,” said he, “we shall be discovered. It will not do to force these men. Come,” said he, “change your dress, and return by land to New York.”

“Andre objected. This was dangerous, he said. He must pass several American guards. They would suspect him, and take him.

“Arnold said he would give him a passport—that is a paper, directing all Americans to let him pass. Andre, at length, consented—changed his dress—took his passport, and proceeded on his way, under the guidance of a tory, by the name of Smith.

“The next night they lodged at Crompond. On the following morning, they pushed forward; and, at length, came in sight of the ground occupied by the British. Once on this ground, and Andre was safe. That ground was in sight, at a distance.

“Smith durst venture no further. “You are

safe," said he to Andre. "I must go no further; good bye."

"Here they parted. Smith took the road north; Andre the road south.

"He proceeded forward, and for a time saw no one. But, just as he was about to pass the lines, a man sprung from the thickets, and seized the reins of his horse. He was armed with a gun.

"Where are you bound?" said he to Andre. And while he was asking the question, two others came up. Here is a picture of the scene.



“Where are you bound?” Andre thought he was safe. He answered not the question, but asked *them*—“Where do you belong?” “Below,” said they.

“Below?” said he—“well, so do I.” He thought they were British, because they said “below.”

“This was a sad mistake for him—a fortunate mistake for America—fortunate, I might add,” said Gen. H—, “for liberty and for the world.”

“Well, so do I,” said Andre. “I am an English officer; I am on urgent business; I must not be detained.”

“You belong to our enemies, then,” exclaimed one of the men—“we are Americans, and we arrest you.”

“Andre was astonished. He was now a prisoner. He bethought himself. He pulled from his pocket, his passport, and gave it to them. But they regarded it not. He had told them who he was, and they would not let him go.

“Let me go,” said Andre, “and I will give you my watch, this horse, and all the gold I have.”

“No,” said the men—“we want nothing.”

“They now pulled off his boots, and lo! there were the papers, which Arnold had given him. This was enough. “You must go with us,” said they—and they led him to a distance to an American officer, who commanded in that neighborhood, by the name of Colonel Jameson.”

“Who were the men, who took Major Andre?” asked Charles.

“Their names,” replied Gen. H—, “were *John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart.*”

“They did well, father,” observed Charles.

“Nobly,” replied Gen. H—, “*they were patriots, indeed. Many men would have loved gold, too well, to have refused it, as they did. But, Charles, these were honest and patriotic men, as well as brave men, in the war.*”

“I should think the country ought to have rewarded these men,” said Charles.

“They did, my son. Congress thanked them, and gave each one a silver medal, and promised to pay them each two hundred dollars every year, as long as they lived.

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ANDRE A PRISONER—AND ARNOLD'S  
ESCAPE.

“Andre was conducted to Col. Jameson, as I said. Jameson asked him his name.

“*Anderson*,” replied Andre. “Be so kind, sir, to give information to General Arnold, that I am detained a prisoner.”

“This was artful. He wished Arnold to know this, that he might himself escape, before the plan was discovered. Col. Jameson did as Andre requested. At the same time, he sent Andre to South Salem, to the house of a Mr. Gilbert, to be kept there a prisoner. Here is a view of the house where Andre was tried and confined.



“ I told you that there were papers found in Andre’s boots. These papers, Col. Jameson sent off to Gen. Washington, by a man on horseback, who was told to go with all speed.

“ The man missed of General Washington, who was on his return to West Point, from Hartford.

“ The letter which Andre desired to have written to Arnold, did not reach the latter, so soon as was expected. It was on a Monday, when he received it.

“That was the very day, he expected the British troops from New York. He had heard nothing of Andre. He knew not that he was taken. At that very time, he was preparing things to deliver up the fort.

“The letter was handed to him. Several persons were by, when he opened it. He read—for a moment, he appeared horror-struck. He went out of the room.

“He paused—he thought—he asked himself, what he should do? Andre was indeed a prisoner—but could he not still let General Clinton know in season to deliver up the fort, before General Washington should return?

“He thought—he pondered—contrived;—but, in the midst of all his anxiety, two American officers arrived at West Point, and asked to see him.”

“Sir,” said they to him, “General Washington has sent us forward to say, that he will be here, within a few hours.”



“General Washington was yet ignorant of what had been going forward. The man who had carried the papers, had missed him.

“But Washington was at hand, and all would now be known. Arnold was terrified, and well he might be. He concealed his feelings, as well as he was able, but resolved to fly immediately.

“He flew to Mrs. Arnold—he opened the door, and exclaimed—“All is discovered :—Andre is taken—Washington is near ;”—and at that moment the thunder of a cannon told that he had arrived, at the river. “Burn,” said he to his wife,—“burn all my papers :—I must fly to New York.”

“In a moment, he was gone. He mounted a horse, and fled towards the river. He had a boat there. He called the boatmen. He sprung into it, and bid them row down to the Vulture, which was still waiting for Andre. He reached the vessel, and told the story ;—her sails were immediately spread, and before a brisk wind, she went rapidly towards New York.



“ Washington soon reached West Point. He inquired for General Arnold. The two American officers told him what they had seen. Arnold had fled. But, why, they knew not. No one knew, but his wife ; but she would not tell.

“ Washington was almost always calm. But he was not calm now. He felt anxious ;—for a short time he trembled. He could not fathom the mystery.

“ But it was soon disclosed. The man with the papers arrived. He delivered them to General Washington, with a letter from Col. Jameson. Washington read it. All eyes were fixed upon him. His countenance changed. He grew pale. At last, he spoke :—

“ Arnold has betrayed us !”—All were amazed. Terror run through every man’s heart. Were there others at West Point, in the secret ? were there traitors still left ?

"No," said Washington—"this is impossible—only Arnold could prove a traitor."

"But, again he thought there *might* be. No time was to be lost. He gave his orders. The fort was secured. Those who he knew to be faithful, were called, and all things put in readiness.

Here Charles inquired,—“Father, *were* there others engaged with Arnold?”

“No, my son, not one,” replied General H—, “not a single officer—not a single soldier. They knew nothing of it—they were free from so foul a stain. Even the aids of General Arnold—his bosom friends—were clear.”

“My son,” continued General H—, with strong feeling—“we can never be sufficiently thankful to God, that this plot was thus early discovered. Had it succeeded, Washington might have been seized—the British might have conquered—the glory of America might have been extinguished.

ANDRE TRIED—CONDEMNED—AND EXECUTED AS A SPY.

“Arnold had escaped—but Andre was still a prisoner. When he was informed that Arnold had gone to New-York, he told who he was.

“General Washington had now a solemn and painful duty to perform. Major Andre was a spy. According to the rules of war, a spy, if taken, must die.

“A court-martial was formed to try Major Andre. They met, and heard the evidence against him. It was all clear. They could not but condemn him, and they did condemn him. It was a painful scene when the decision was made known, and when the sentence was pronounced.

“Washington signed his death warrant. This was one of the most painful acts of his life. Andre was, indeed, guilty—but Arnold was more so. The plan was his—the offer came from him.

“Andre was a young man—in the morning and

vigor of life—fair, graceful and accomplished. He was an enemy ; but, for his consenting to be a spy, he was noble. This was unworthy of him.

“ The day appointed for his execution, at length, arrived. He wrote a short letter to General Washington, requesting that he might be *shot*, and not be hung. That noble and generous man wished to grant the request ; but it would not do.

“ The appointed hour came. Troops were drawn out—the procession formed and marched with slow and solemn step to the place.

“ When they came in sight of the gallows, Andre halted—he shuddered—he shrunk back—he did not know that he was to be hung. Washington had from kindness, not replied to his letter.

“ For a moment, he shrunk back—but again he proceeded—he mounted the scaffold—the drop fell—and in a few seconds Andre was no more.”

“ Oh !” exclaimed Charles, “ had it been Arnold instead of Andre !”

“You feel,” said General H— “as all felt, on that sad occasion—as all felt through America. Had Arnold suffered, no one would have pitied him—and not a tear would have been shed. But many tears *were* shed—the officers wept, and the hardy soldiers too.”

“Father,” asked Charles, “what became of Mrs. Arnold? Did the officers seize her?”

“No my son—she was a woman—it would have been unmanly to have injured her. No—General Washington told her that her husband had escaped to New-York, and she was at liberty to follow.

“She soon left West Point. No unkindness was shown her. She went to Philadelphia to see her parents once more. When she had seen them, she bid them a final adieu, and joined her husband, in New-York.”

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ATTEMPT TO TAKE ARNOLD.

“Father,” said Charles, “you told me that Gen. Arnold fled to New-York—what became of him?”

“Yes, he fled, and he escaped. He was appointed a general in the British service; but he was never respected by them. How could he be? He was a traitor to his country—he had involved Andre in ruin—he was known to be a wicked man. No one loved him—no one esteemed him.”

“And did he get his money, father?”

“Not all that had been promised. The plan had failed, and he could not demand it. But it is said, that he received ten thousand pounds, or about forty-two thousand dollars.”

“It could give him little comfort, one would think,” observed Charles.

“You think right, my son. It was the price of villainy. It was a dear reward. He sacrificed conscience for it, and ruined his good name forever. His memory will be despised, as long as the history of the transaction shall last.

“I have yet more,” continued General H— “to tell you about Arnold. Before Andre was hung,

General Washington thought it possible to take Arnold—and could *he* be taken, Andre, perhaps, might be released.

“Washington thought the subject over. He knew it was a difficult undertaking. But, then, he wished, if possible, to make an example of Arnold—he wished to save Andre.

“At length, he thought of a plan. No time was to be lost. He sent for Major Lee. Washington was alone, when the Major entered his marquee or tent.

“I have sent for you,” said Washington, “to assist in a delicate and difficult plan. I wish to take Arnold. Read these papers”—handing him a bundle. “They will tell you my plan.”

“Lee read the papers. “Well,” said Washington, after he had finished, “do you know a man who can be trusted—one who is willing to risk his life—one who is prudent, and yet firm and sagacious?”



“Lee thought a few moments, and replied, he did. “I have,” said he, “a sergeant, in my band, by the name of *Champe*. He has courage, prudence, and perseverance.”

“Well,” said Washington, “go, and see him. Tell him the danger ; but tell him, that I will reward him handsomely. Tell him too, that he must go immediately. The trial of Andre will soon come on. If he is to be saved, Arnold must be taken soon.”

“Lee went forth, and called *Champe* aside. He opened the plan—which was for him to go to New-York—to find where Arnold lodged—to seize him by night, and to convey him across the Hudson, where horses should be in readiness, to conduct him to Washington.

“*Champe* hesitated for a time ; but, at length consented to go. It was then nearly eleven o’clock at night. He was soon ready ; and mounting his horse, took his way for New-York.



“He had not been gone long, before Captain Carnes, the officer of the day, came in haste, to Major Lee, and informed him that a soldier on horseback had been seen secretly leaving the camp.

“Who can it be?” asked Major Lee, as if he knew not. “Go,” said he, “and assemble your men, captain, and when you have discovered who it is, come and let me know.” This was designed to give Champe time to escape.

“Carnes went out— assembled his men— called the roll— when, lo! it was discovered that Champe— sergeant Champe— the *honest* sergeant had gone.

“Was it possible, that Champe had deserted? It was scarcely possible, thought Carnes, and yet he *had gone*. A pursuing party was soon formed, and was ordered to Major Lee’s quarters. They came thither, and with them, the vigilant captain.

“Lee delayed them as long as possible, without exciting suspicion. He could not tell them how the matter stood, without telling the plan. This would not do. So he bid them go—“take him if

you can," said he. Yet he secretly hoped, that Champe would escape.

"The party now started. Champe had been gone only about an hour. But he had improved that hour. He thought, perhaps, he might be pursued, and he went as it were, on the wings of the wind.

"The pursuing party went in like manner. It was a dark night, and they were in danger of being plunged from their horses. So was Champe in danger of being thrown from his. Yet both had good reasons for going as fast as possible.

"Champe had the advantage. He had the start; and, besides this, *he* had nothing to do, but to flee. *They* had to discover the road he had taken, and this was sometimes difficult."

"How *did* they discover the way he had gone?" asked Charles. "I cannot imagine."

"It was not so difficult, as might seem. All the shoes of the horses belonging to the American army, were made in the same form, and each shoe had a

stamp upon it, which left an impression, or mark in the road. By means of this impression, Champe was tracked. A shower had fallen a little before, and the mark was, therefore, quite plain.

“When day light appeared, the mark was still more easily seen. The pursuers, therefore, went on still more rapidly. They rode faster than Champe; and, after a time, they saw him from the top of a hill, at a considerable distance before them. Here is a picture of the scene.



“ At the same moment, the sergeant saw them. He well knew, he supposed, their object. The spurs went still deeper into the sides of his horse, and his flight was for life. He had some miles yet to go, before he could reach the river.

“ Further on, Champe was lost sight of. But, he was soon seen again, and was now rapidly approaching the river. As he drew near, he prepared to make a plunge into the water.

“ At a distance in the river, were lying two vessels at anchor. They belonged to the British. “ Could I make the people on board these vessels hear,” thought Champe, “ they would send a boat to my assistance.”

“ When he reached the shore, his pursuers were within a few hundred yards of him. He threw himself from his horse, and plunged into the water, at the same time calling for help. Here is a picture of Champe swimming for the vessels.



“ He swam for his life. He called still louder. The people on board one of the vessels heard him—they saw him—and, in an instant after, a boat was seen struggling through the water, urged forward by several lusty oarsmen. She went like a bird in the air. Only a few minutes, and she came up with Champe. A strong man caught hold of his arm; and at one spring, he was on board—and was safe.

“ His pursuers came to the shore ; but there they stopped. They saw Champe in the water—in the boat—then in that boat, and safely rowed towards one of the vessels. They were sadly disappointed. They had done well—better for America by *not* taking Champe, than if they *had* taken him ; but this, they did not then know, nor suspect.

“ They took the sergeant’s horse and returned with it to the camp. Major Lee had slept but little that night. He felt anxious, lest Champe would be taken. At length, he heard a shout. It was the sound of many voices. He listened, and he heard numbers exclaiming, “ The rascal is killed.”

“ He hurried out, and there were the pursuers, and there was the horse of Champe—but him he saw not. “ Poor Champe,” thought he, “ is indeed no more ;” and he repented that so valuable a life had been thus lost.

“ A moment after, however, the explanation came. Champe had escaped. This was good news, and

he hastened to tell General Washington the glad tidings.

“Champe was soon taken to New-York, whither he wished to go. The British thought that he was a deserter and he did not tell them that he was not. They urged him to enlist into their army. But he said, “No, if I enlist, and am taken, I may be shot.” So, for a time, he would not enlist.

“At length he found where Gen. Arnold lodged. He told his plan to one man, whom he could trust, and who promised to assist him.

“After a time, he found it best to enlist, as he could then see General Arnold more frequently, and not be suspected. That general had a garden, near the house, in which he lived, and in this garden he used to walk, almost every evening, before going to bed.

“Champe discovered this fact, and laid his plan to seize General Arnold, some evening, in the garden—to *gag* him, and then bear him off to the ri-



ver. A boat was there to be ready, and by means of this, he and his friend would take him across.

“When he had fixed upon this plan, he wrote about it to Major Lee, and told him what night to be on the opposite shore, with horses, to take Arnold to General Washington.

“The appointed night came. Major Lee was on the spot—he waited long—watched till his eyes ached—but no boat came—no boat was seen. What could this mean? He waited till morning, but Champe came not, and no messenger came to make any explanation. Major Lee and his party were obliged to return, in sad suspense; and, when Washington was told how it was, he said he feared that Champe had come to harm.

“The trial of Andre could not well be delayed. He *was* tried—condemned and hung, as I told you. But, what had become of Champe, both General Washington and Major Lee were at a loss to conjecture.



“After a time, however, a letter was received from the faithful soldier. It explained the whole—it told how his plan came to fail.

“That very night, when he expected to have seized Arnold, he found that the general had changed his residence. Champe was now a British soldier; and the next day was ordered to go to Virginia, with other troops, under command of Arnold himself.”

“Oh! what a pity it was,” exclaimed Charles, “that Champe should fail.”

“Yes, it did seem a pity, indeed,” replied General H—.

“And, what became of Champe after this?”

“He went, as I said, to Virginia. But sometime after his arrival, he found an opportunity to desert. And, now, once more, he made his way back to the American army. His former fellow soldiers were surprised to see him. But Major Lee told them the whole story, and Champe was beloved and respected more than ever.

“ Champe continued in the army, but a short time longer. General Washington thought it prudent for him to be discharged, lest he should be taken by the British, when he would be shot.

“ Champe was, therefore, honorably discharged. General Washington rewarded him, as he had promised. The faithful soldier returned to Virginia, where he had formerly lived ; and, not long after, removed to Kentucky, where, in a few years, he died.”

“ He was a brave man,” said Charles.

“ Yes, he *was* brave,” replied General H.—  
 “ he was more than brave—he was *honest*—he was a *true patriot*. Champe will be remembered with honor ;—Arnold will be perpetually, and justly despised.”

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#### ARNOLD GOES TO VIRGINIA.

Here Charles inquired of his father, whether he could tell him any thing more about General Arnold.

“Something more,” replied General H. ; “but nothing that is honorable to him.

“I told you how Champe attempted to take him, and how he failed, because General Arnold went to Virginia.”

“Was he afraid of being taken, that he went.”

“No ; but he wished for an opportunity to fight against his country. And he offered to go, at the head of such troops as might be given him, to any part of America.

“Gen. Clinton proposed to him to go to Virginia.”

“Was he made an officer in the British army ?” inquired Charles.

“Yes—a brigadier general, and seventeen hundred men were put under his command, with these he sailed to Virginia.

“Arnold and his men landed near Richmond, the capital of Virginia. This he took ; and in that part of the country he did all the mischief in his power. He plundered houses—destroyed stores,

and seized such property, as he was able to bring away.

“ Even the poor negroes, who were slaves, he seized upon, and a cargo load of them he sent to the West Indies, where they were sold, and the money was used for his private benefit.

“ At another time, he took an American captain prisoner. Arnold inquired of the captain “ what the Americans thought of him ?”

“ Think !” said the captain—“ they think you are a traitor.”

“ And what would they do with me,” asked Arnold, “ should they take me ?”

“ Do with you ! they would cut off your *leg* that was wounded in *their service*, and that they would bury with all the *honors of war*. *The remainder of your body, they would hang on a gallows.*”

“ That was a bold man,” observed Charles.

“ Bold indeed !” replied General H— ; “ the thought was a good one, and must have stung the traitor to the heart.

“Arnold stayed sometime in Virginia, and then returned to New York.

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ARNOLD GOES TO NEW LONDON.

“After his return, General Clinton proposed to him, to go and destroy two forts near New London, in Connecticut.”

“What!” exclaimed Charles, “attack the soldiers of Connecticut? I thought you said that General Arnold was born in Connecticut? Could he wish to injure the people of his own state?”

“He *was* born in Connecticut, my son; but nothing was now too vile for him. It pleased his wicked heart the more, the greater his revenge was. His malice grew deeper and deeper. He was willing to shed the blood, even of his former friends, if his hatred might only find vent.

“He therefore gladly accepted the proposal; and was soon on his way with troops, for New London. On his arrival, he landed at some distance

from the city, and divided his troops into two companies.

“One company, he sent to attack Fort Griswold, opposite to New London, on the river Thames. This company was commanded by Colonel Eyre. He was an unmerciful man, and willing to do any thing to serve Arnold.

“Colonel Eyre, with his troops, advanced upon Fort Griswold. The Americans made a long and brave resistance; but they were at last obliged to surrender. The gates were therefore opened, and the British entered.

“Who commands the fort?” demanded Colonel Eyre, as he entered. Colonel Ledyard advancing, replied, “Sir, *I did* command; but *you* do now.”

“What did he mean by this?” asked Charles.

“Why, that he surrendered. And at the same time he gave his sword to Colonel Eyre—who, at the same moment, plunged it into the brave Ledyard’s bosom, and he fell a corpse. Here is a pic-

ture of Col. Eyre plunging the sword into Ledyard's bosom.



“ Oh ! horrible ! ” exclaimed Charles.

“ Horrible, indeed ! ” rejoined General H—. It was a cruel act. A savage could not have done more barbarously.

“ But, this was not all. An inhuman butchery of the American soldiers followed ; although they



had laid down their arms. Almost every American in the fort was either killed or wounded.

“One thing more completed the horrors of this part of the expedition. Several of the wounded soldiers—bleeding and suffering as they were—were taken and put into a waggon. They were then dragged to the top of a high hill, and sent violently down. The waggon met an appletree at the bottom, and was dashed in pieces, and some of the soldiers were instantly killed.”

“Father, was this by General Arnold’s order?” asked Charles.

“Not in every particular. He was not there. But he had probably given orders, not to spare any. The guilt rested upon him.”

“Where was General Arnold?”

“He was with the other party, with which he marched to New-London. This city he set on fire, and reduced the greater part of it to ashes.”





“Before this, he had covered himself with guilt and disgrace—but to that guilt and disgrace, he now put the finish.

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ARNOLD GOES TO ENGLAND.

“I have but little more, my son,” said General H—, “to add, about this wicked man. When the war was over, he accompanied the British ar-

my to England. Here he purchased a house, and spent the remainder of his life.

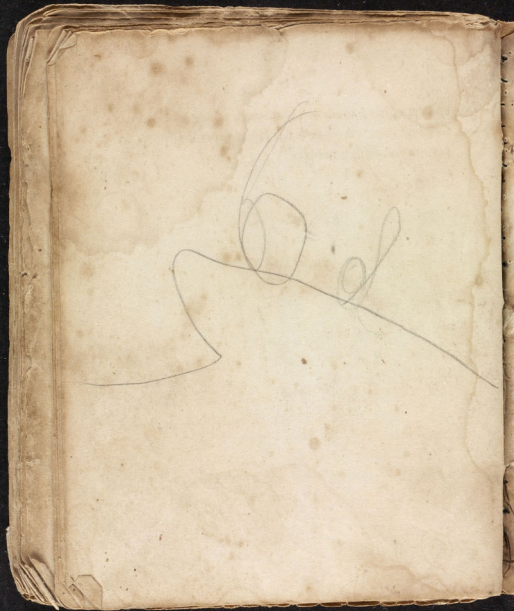
“But he was despised as much in England, as he was hated in America. He was once in the house of commons in London—the house of commons you know is a branch of the British Parliament—when a nobleman rose to speak. But he saw Arnold there, and immediately he sat down, saying, “I will not speak while *that man*—pointing to him—is in the house.”

“Arnold died in 1801. I do not believe that a single man in England lamented his death—I am sure no one could justly lament it in America. I hope he repented of his crimes; but I never heard that he did. Had his wishes been answered, America would be still in bondage to England.

“Let us be thankful, my son, that a wise providence overrules all events. God was kind to the people of America. They put their trust in him,

and he carried them safely through a long and distressing war. And now we are a great and prosperous and happy people.”

THE END.



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