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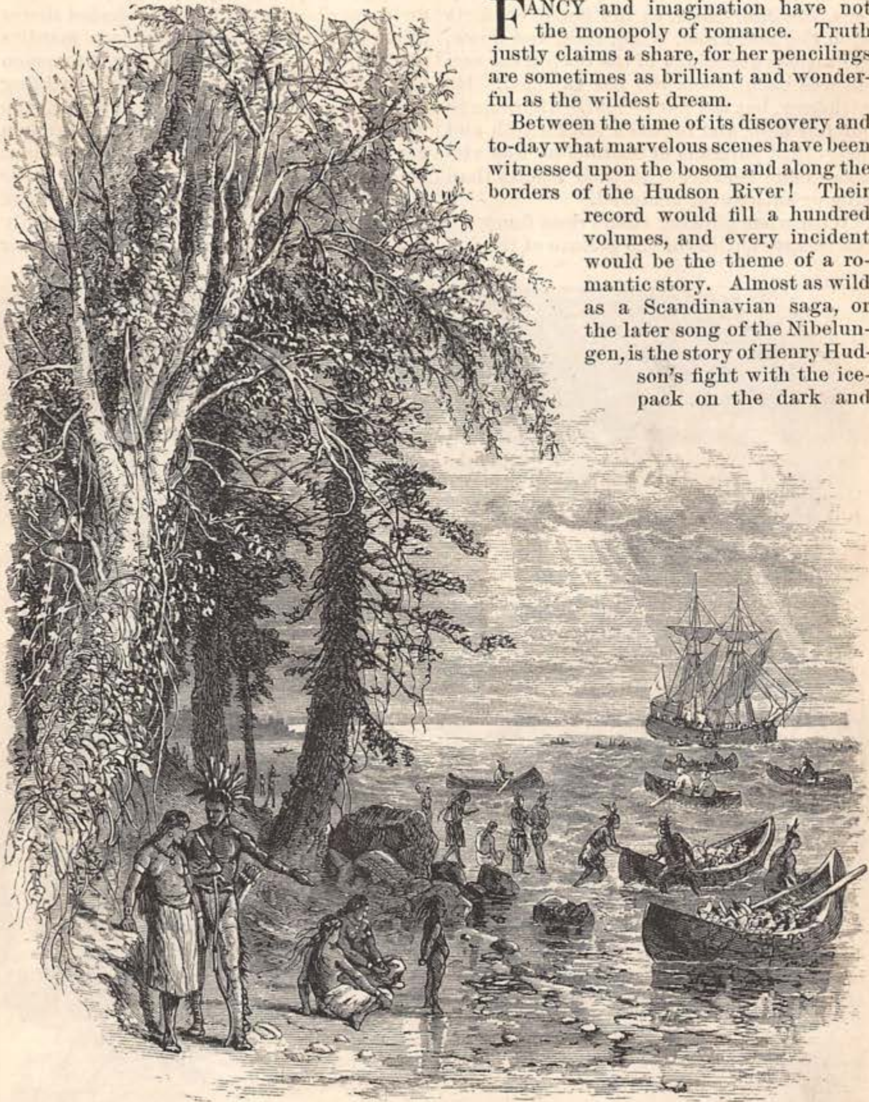
THE ROMANCE OF THE HUDSON.

[First Paper.]

FANCY and imagination have not the monopoly of romance. Truth justly claims a share, for her pencilings are sometimes as brilliant and wonderful as the wildest dream.

Between the time of its discovery and to-day what marvelous scenes have been witnessed upon the bosom and along the borders of the Hudson River! Their record would fill a hundred volumes, and every incident would be the theme of a romantic story. Almost as wild as a Scandinavian saga, or the later song of the Nibelungen, is the story of Henry Hudson's fight with the ice-pack on the dark and



THE DISCOVERY OF THE HUDSON.

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turbulent sea between the North Cape and Nova Zembla, his bold and perilous voyage across the stormy Atlantic, with his prow turned toward the mysterious west, and his marvelous passage for about thirty days over the bosom of the beautiful *Ma-hie-can-i-tuck* of the Mohegans, which now bears his name. The terrible Thor never fought more valiantly with the heroes whose combats were sometimes shadowed to the minds of the Northmen in the pale flames of the aurora borealis; no old sea-king of the Norwegian coasts ever showed more pluck than did Hudson with his little yacht of ninety tons, the *Half-Moon*, in his fierce conflicts with Fog and Frost, Wind, Hail, and Snow, the furious guardians of the open polar sea. He was vanquished, but not subdued. He withdrew, but did not retreat. He came to our fair land, and between the fortieth and forty-third parallels of latitude he won victories more beneficent in their results than king or kaiser ever achieved.

With what glowing colors does fancy fill the meagre outline of the picture of the discovery of the river and the voyage upon it, drawn by the quaint pen of Juet! The navigator and his crew were all alive to impressions of the novelty and beauty, the poetry and the prophecy, of the vision that burst upon them on that fair September day in the year 1609, when they anchored in the bay at the mouth of the great stream. Even the dull chronicler gives us hints of the scene and the emotions it created. Before them stretched into the azure haze far northward the strait of Hudson's dream, through which the *Half-Moon* should pass from sea to sea, and open a way to long-lost Cathay. Swift canoes shot out from the shaded shores filled with men clad in gorgeous mantles made of feathers or furs, and with women beautiful in form and feature, sparkling black eyes, and teeth like purest pearls, who were scantily clothed in colored hempen garments fringed with tinted deer's hair. Bright copper ornaments were on their necks and arms, and braids of glossy black hair spangled with wampum fell gracefully from beneath broad scarlet fillets upon their

THE FIRST GREAT TIPPLE ON NEW YORK ISLAND.

FIGHT WITH A SAVAGE.

unconcealed bosoms. These all came with fruit and vegetables, green tobacco, copper pipes, and kindly gestures, to trade and be friends with the strange white men. Hudson first introduced "fire-water" among the savages on the banks of the river.*

Such, then, were the merchant marine and the commerce of the harbor of New York, where now a thousand ships may be daily seen in the service of traffic, bringing and distributing its amazing treasures of necessaries and luxuries for the use of millions of civilized people. This was the pleasant opening chapter in the romance of the Hudson. A darker one followed.

Hudson, trained in the artificialities of civilization, would not trust the savages, and kept them at bay. Suspicion begat suspicion, and led to violence. Under cover of darkness, some of Hudson's men in a boat, returning from an exploration, were attacked by savages in a canoe. After a sharp conflict, one of the English sailors was slain by an arrow that pierced his throat. Sadly his companions buried him in the soft earth at Communipaw the next day, while wondering women and children of the Hackensacks watched them from the neighboring heights. This was the first of many tragedies performed on the borders of the river, in which Europeans played a part, and with which the romance of the Hudson abounds. Its scenes dwelt long in the memories of the Indians. It was the theme of exulting songs among young braves at the war-dance. An aged squaw who came from Hoboken to the

* There was a tradition a hundred years ago among some of the neighboring tribes, that an old chief said had been handed down from generation to generation, in which it was stated that when the Indians here first saw the ship, which seemed a huge white thing moving up, they thought it was some monstrous fish, but finally concluded it to be the canoe of the great Manitou visiting his children. Runners were immediately sent to the neighboring tribes, who flocked to the place of rendezvous. Sacrifices were prepared, and a grand dance ordered for his reception. Hudson, dressed in scarlet and attended by a portion of his crew, came ashore, and the chiefs, grave and respectful, gathered in a semicircle around him. Hudson, to show his friendly feelings, poured out a glass of brandy, and tasting it himself, handed it to the nearest chief. He gravely smelled of it, and handed it to the next one, who did the same, and passed it on. In this way it went the entire circle without being tasted. At last a young brave declared it was an insult to the great Manitou not to drink after he had shown them an example, and if no one else would drink it, he would, let the consequences be what they might. So, bidding them all a solemn farewell, he drained the goblet at a draught. The chiefs watched him with anxiety, wondering what the effect would be. The young brave very soon began to stagger, till at length, overcome by the heavy dose, he sank on the ground in a drunken stupor. The chiefs looked on at first in still terror, and then a low, wild death-wail rose on the air. But after a while the apparently dead man began to rally, and at length jumping on his feet, capered round in the most excited, grotesque manner, declaring he never felt so happy in his life, and asked for more liquor. The other chiefs no longer hesitated, and following his example, the first great tipple on New York Island took place, ending in a scene of beastly intoxication. From that time on the name of the island in the Delaware language signified "the place of the big drunk." Many people think it would be a good name for it now, or at least portions of it, not only where the "sachems" do congregate, but other places.—J. T. HEADLEY.

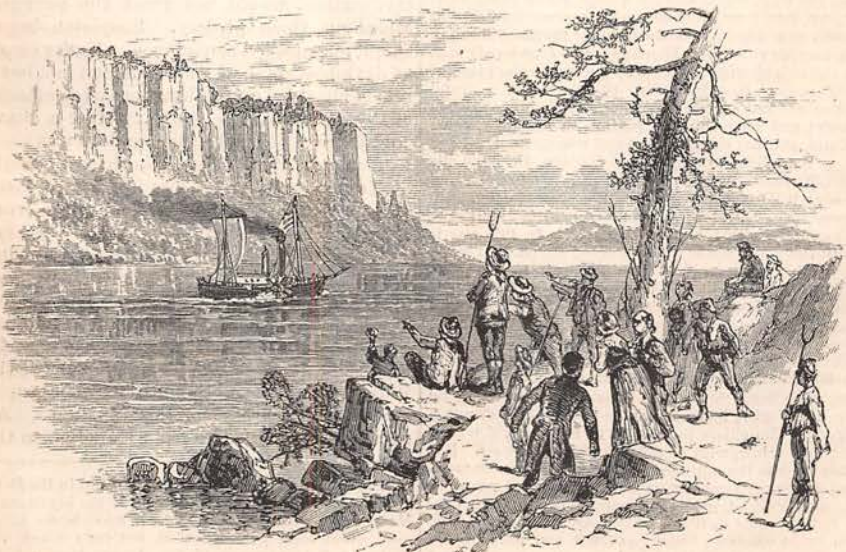
house of Governor Stuyvesant in the Bowerie, to ask mercy for her people, told him in words of bitterness that her young husband was killed in that night affray, fifty years before.

On one occasion when the *Half-Moon* was at anchor near Peekskill, an Indian, climbing cautiously up the rudder, stole some clothing, and was shot dead while escaping with his booty. A boat put off from the ship to recover the things which he had left floating on the surface, when another Indian leaped into the water, and swimming up to it, seized it in his hands and attempted to overturn it as he would a canoe. The cook, snatching a sword, with one blow cut off one of his hands, and after a struggle to swim ashore with one hand, the savage sank to the bottom.

Every part of the region through which the Hudson flows, from the wilderness to the sea—the Upper, Middle, and Lower—is clustered with romantic associations. These have found expression in every form of literature and art. Each mountain and hill upon its borders, from the lofty Tahawus and its giant fellows, which stand around its head waters three hundred miles from the ocean, to the Highlands, the Palisades, and Washington Heights, in sight of the sea; every valley, from the Scarron (Schroon), with its beautiful lake and swift streams, to the fertile Hackensack and the Bronx; and every considerable tributary, from the Sacandaga that flows through the ancient domain of the Mohawks to the Croton, which pours untold blessings into the lap of New York—is rich in legends and traditions and the verities of history. The tales of Cooper have thrown a charm over the Upper Hudson, and the genius of Irving has made the Middle and Lower portions of the stream glow with the splendors of romance.

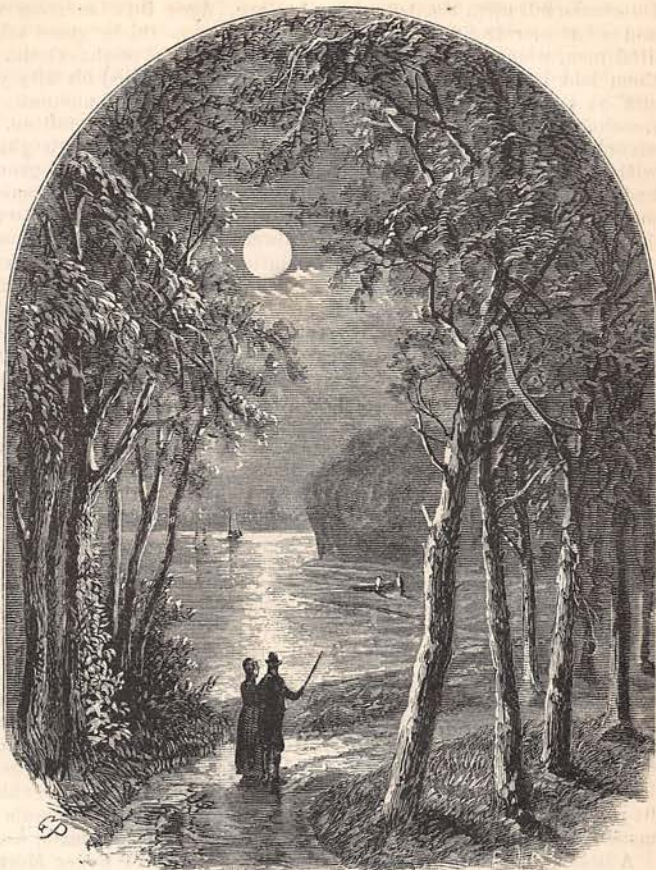
From a morning steamboat plying between New York and Albany may be seen, during a day's voyage, most of the places and objects on the borders of the river which are embalmed in history and legend.

The steamboat itself is a romance of the Hudson. Its birth was on its waters, where the rude conceptions of Evans and Fitch on the Schuylkill and Delaware were perfected by Fulton and his successors. How strange is the story of its advent, growth, and achievements! Living men remember when the idea of steam navigation was ridiculed. They remember, too, that when the *Clermont* went from New York to Albany without the use of sails, against wind and tide, in thirty-two hours, ridicule was changed into amazement. That voyage did more. It spread terror over the surface of the river, and created wide alarm along its borders. The steamboat was an awful revelation to the fishermen, the farmers, and the villagers. It came upon them unheralded. It seemed like a weird craft from Pluto's realm—a transfiguration of Charon's boat into a living fiend from the infernal regions. Its huge black pipe vomiting fire and smoke, the hoarse breathing of its engine, and the great splash of its uncovered paddle-wheels filled the imagination with all the dark pictures of goblins that romancers have invented since the foundation of the world. Some thought it was an unheard-of monster of the sea ravaging the fresh waters; others regarded it as a herald of the final



THE "CLERMONT."

conflagration at the day of doom. Managers of river-craft who saw it at night believed that the great red dragon of the Apocalypse was loose upon the waters. Some prayed for deliverance; some fled in terror to the shore, and hid in the recesses of the rocks, and some crouched in mortal dread beneath their decks, and abandoned their vessels and themselves to the mercy of the winds and waves, or the jaws of the demon. The *Clermont* was the author of some of the most wonderful romances of the Hudson, and for years she was the victim of the enmity of the fishermen, who believed that her noise and agitation of the waters would drive the shad and sturgeon from the river.


THE ELYSIAN FIELDS AND CASTLE POINT.

The *Clermont* was a small thing compared with the great river steamers now. Fulton did not comprehend the majesty and capacity of his invention. He regarded the *Richmond*, the finest steamboat at the time of his death, as the perfection of that class of architecture. She was a little more than one hundred feet in length, with a low dingy cabin, partly below the water-line, dimly lighted by tallow-candles, in which passengers ate and slept in stifling air, and her highest rate of speed was nine miles an hour. Could Fulton revisit the earth and be placed on one of the great river steamboats of our time, he would imagine himself to be in some magical structure of fairy-land, or forming a part of a strange romance; for it is a magnificent floating hotel, over four hundred feet in length, and capable of carrying a thousand guests by night or by day from New York to Albany at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Its gorgeously furnished parlor, lighted with gas and garnished with mirrors and rich curtains, its cheerful and well-ventilated dining-room, and its airy bedrooms, high above the water, compose a whole more grand and beautiful than any palace dreamed of by the Arabian story-tellers. It is the perfected growth of the Indian's bark canoe.

Looking toward the Jersey shore as the steamboat sweeps out of her slip, you may see at the northern extremity of the village of Hoboken a bold rocky promontory, called Castle Point. There the Hackensack Indians had a fort and council-house, and there a sad tragedy was performed on a winter night in colonial times. There had been a bitter feud a long time between the New Jersey Indians and the Dutch on Manhattan, which the blood-thirsty Governor Kieft had fostered. Mutual violence often occurred, and each watched for an opportunity for revenge. The Hollanders found it in February, 1643. The fierce Mohawks, bent on extorting tribute from the tribes below the mountains, swept down from the Highlands at that time like a northern tempest, driving large numbers of the weaker tribes upon the Hackensacks at Hoboken. Kieft ordered a strong force of Hollanders to attack the fugitives there. At midnight the

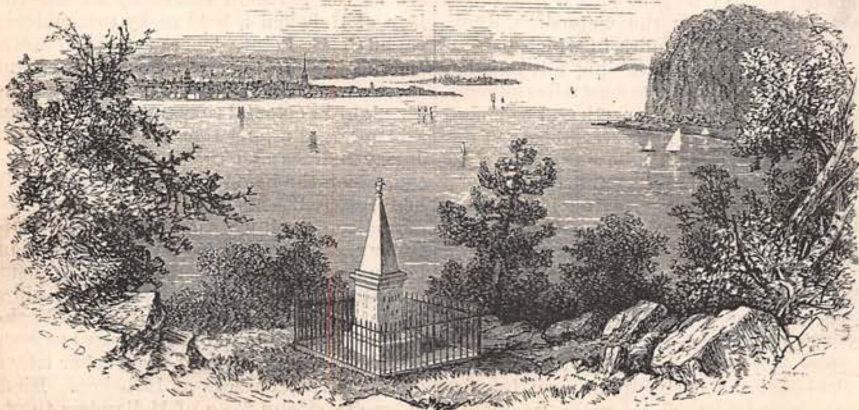
Dutchmen fell upon the defenseless Indians, and before morning murdered almost a hundred men, women, and children. Many of them had been driven in terror over the cliff at Castle Point, and perished in the freezing waters below. It was an aged survivor of this horror who sought an audience with Stuyvesant at his house. To him Kieft had bequeathed a large legacy of trouble, for the massacre had excited the hottest indignation of the Indians far in the interior of the country, and dreadful retaliation followed.

Upon the gentle slopes a little north of Castle Point there existed only a few years ago a magnificent open forest covering a rich greensward, where now private taste and munificence have planted charming dwelling-places. That spot of wood and greensward was called the Elysian Fields. It was indeed a paradise of beauty and repose. Some of the trees appeared like Anakim of the forest in Kieft's time. They stood in stately ranks from the river's brink back to a thicker wood. Their shadows were sought on summer days by hundreds from the city across the river, and the wood was filled with strollers on moon-lit evenings. The sylvan scene formed a delightful contrast to the fiery streets of the metropolis. These attractions and more may now be found in the Central Park, that wonderfully romantic fairy tale in the history of the city of New York. A sketch from the Elysian Fields looking out upon the moon-lit river and the slumbering city beyond it, made thirty years ago, is here given.

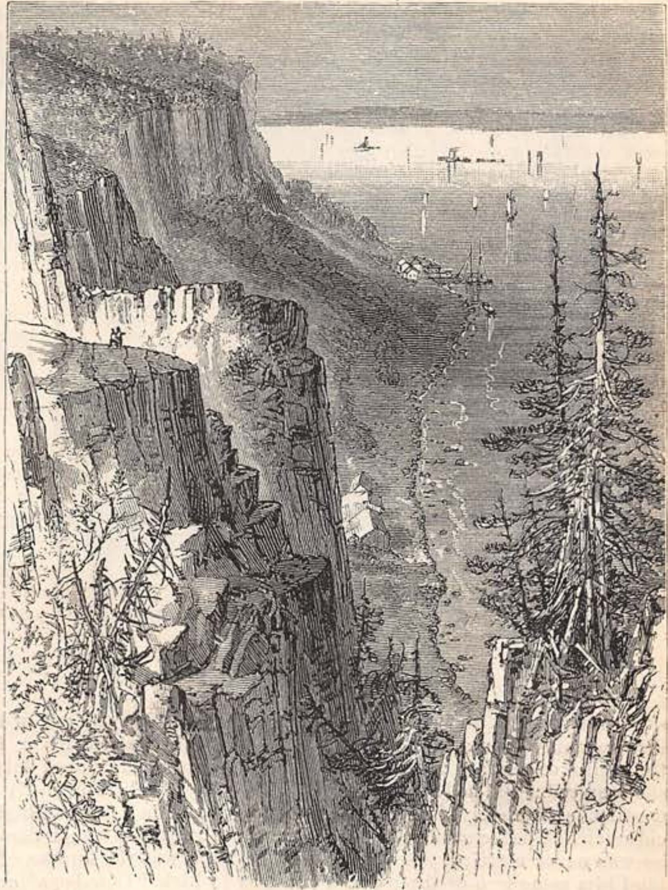
A little above the Elysian Fields, at Weehawken, you may see with an opera-glass, in a grassy nook at the foot of the hills near the water's edge, the form of a great arm-chair made of rude stones. There Colonel Burr, then Vice-President of the United States, murdered General Hamilton in a duel seventy-one years ago. Burr lived a dark fugitive from virtuous society more than thirty years afterward, and the wife of his bright victim mourned her loss in widowhood for fifty years. Iconoclasts destroyed the monument erected there to the memory of Hamilton.

Washington Heights, on the eastern shore, form the highest ground on Manhattan Island. At their base may be seen a little rocky point projecting into the river, on which are small grass-covered mounds shaded by cedar-trees. That is Jeffry's Hook of the Revolution; and those hillocks are the remains of a battery placed there to cover *chevaux-de-frise* and other obstructions which were placed in the river to prevent British ships passing up the stream. These mounds have been well preserved for almost a hundred years.

On the crown of the Heights, then called Mount Washington, the Americans built a fort at the beginning of the old war for independence, with strong outworks, and called it Fort Washington. In the autumn of 1776 it was garrisoned by 1000 men. After the American army had fled across the Hudson into New Jersey, it was invested by British, German, and Tory troops. This movement Washington saw with anguish from Fort Lee, on the top of the Palisades opposite. He knew the peril that menaced the post, and contemplated its abandonment. Overruled by a council, he sent re-enforcements. A demand was made for a surrender. Informed of this, the chief crossed the river with Generals Putnam, Greene, and Mercer, and made his way stealthily to the house of Roger Morris, his old companion in arms in Braddock's fight, and one of Braddock's aids, in which he had his head-quarters a few weeks before. Morris, now a loyalist, had fled with his wife, the beautiful Mary Philipse, whose charms had won the heart of young Washington twenty years before.



MONUMENT SHOWING THE SPOT WHERE HAMILTON FELL.


THE PALISADES.

From the Morris house, a mile south of Fort Washington, the chief had made a hurried survey of the field of operations, when a young, small, and very pretty *vivandière*, the wife of a Pennsylvania soldier, who had followed the chief, like a guardian angel, from the river, came up reverently, touched his arm, and whispered in his ear. Washington immediately ordered his companions into the saddle, and they galloped back to their boats. Fifteen minutes after they had left the Morris house (late Madame Jumel's), yet standing on Harlem Heights, a British regiment, which had been crawling stealthily, like a serpent, up the rocky acclivity, appeared at the mansion. They had been seen by the vigilant camp-follower, and her whispered warning had saved Washington and his generals from capture. The fort fell, after a severe fight that strewed Mount Washington with graves. Below the beautiful gardens that now adorn Washington Heights repose the mingled remains of American, British, and German soldiers. Many of the survivors of the garrison became the victims of cruelty in the British prisons and prison-ships at New York.

Between two hills, one wooded and desolate, the other bare and inhabited, just above Washington Heights, flows a narrow stream. It is Spuyt den Duyvel Creek, which, with the Harlem River, separates Manhattan Island from the main-land. Its queer name often puzzles the curious, who inquire for its origin. Diedrich Knickerbocker solves the problem. He tells us that when Anthony Van Corlear, Governor Stuyvesant's great trumpeter, was on a mission to stir up the country to war beyond the Harlem River, he came to this stream. There was no ferry-boat there. The wind was high and the waters were turbulent. Feeling the urgency of his errand, Anthony swore he would cross the creek *en spuyt den duyvel* (in spite of the devil), and taking a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, he plunged into the stream. When half-way over, he was seen to struggle violently, and giving a vehement blast of his trumpet, sank forever to the bottom. The clangor of the trumpet aroused the people far and near, who hurried to the spot in amazement. "Here an old Dutch burgher," says the chronicler, "famed for his veracity, and who had been a witness of the fact, related to them the melancholy affair, with the fearful addition (to which I am slow of giving belief) that he saw the devil, in the shape of a huge moss-bunker, seize the sturdy Anthony by the leg and drag him beneath the waves." The stream and the wooded point have been called Spuyt den Duyvel ever since.

"Spiting Devil!" shouted the brakeman on a Hudson River car one evening, as the train "slowed" at this spot. "What gave this place so queer a name?" a young woman asked a stranger who was sitting by her side. He told her Irving's story, supposing

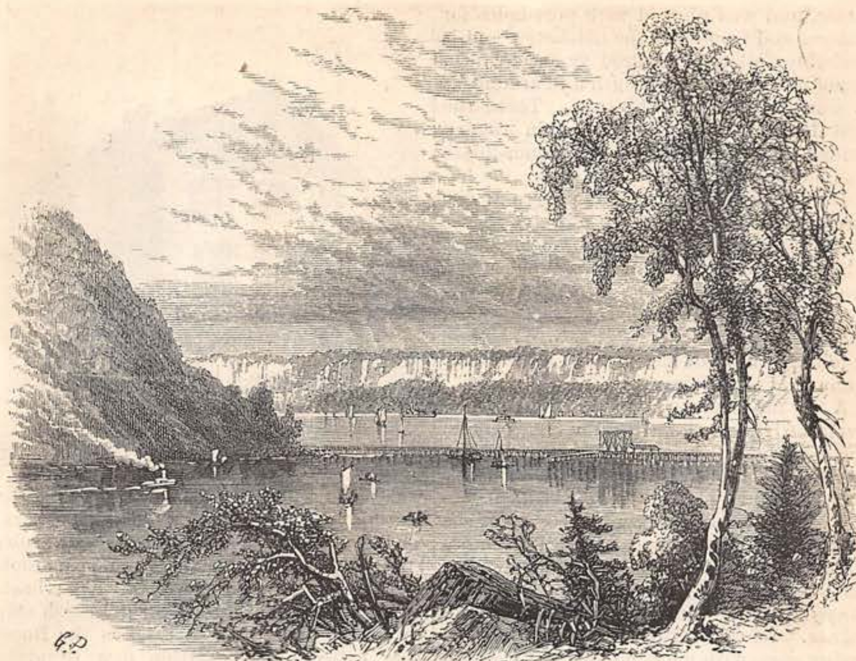
HALL OF THE LATE MADAME JUMEL'S MANSION.*

she understood it to be a legend. Not so. Her womanly sympathies were aroused by the recital of the fate of the trumpeter, and she inquired, "Did he leave a family?" The gentleman modestly referred her to the chronicle. That chronicle says: "Though he was never married, yet did he leave behind him some two or three dozen children in different parts of the country, fine, chubby, brawling, flatulent little urchins, from whom, if legends speak true (and they are not apt to lie), did descend the innumerable race of editors who people and defend the country, and who are bountifully paid by the people for keeping up a constant alarm and making them miserable."

From this point to the Highlands is spread out before the eye of the voyager the beautiful Hudson River front of Westchester County, its slopes dotted with growing villages linked by costly country-seats, and its lands in a state of highest cultivation. Between the Spuyt den Duyvel and the Croton was the famous "Neutral Ground," over which "Cow-boys" and "Skinners"—British and American bands of marauders—roved and plundered with impunity in Revolutionary times, until it became a very purgatory for the peaceful inhabitants. Over this domain marched and countermarched the Continental army. Here rested the French troops under Rochambeau, and here the loyalists carried on a distressing warfare while the British had possession of the city of New York. Here was the scene of the capture of André, which, perhaps, saved the American cause from ruin. Almost every acre seen from the river by the voyager from Manhattan Island to Peekskill has been made classic to Americans by events of the old war for independence.

A few miles north of Spuyt den Duyvel is the large village of Yonkers—*Jonkheer*—"young lord." It is really a child of the Hudson River Railway. Thirty years ago a church, a few indifferent houses, a single sloop at a small wharf, and the gray walls and roof of a venerable structure, which you may see stretching among the trees parallel with the river, composed the whole borough. That old building is the Philipse Manor-house, now occupied for municipal

* The Morris or Jumel mansion contains at the present time the following articles: 1. A stand said to have belonged to Voltaire. 2. An elaborate embroidery of flowers, surrounded by a golden chain on a white ground, by the Empress Josephine. 3. A large black leather trunk with quaint steel bands, locks, handles, etc., believed by the family to have belonged to Napoleon I., and used by him on his journey to Moscow. The room at the end of the hall is furnished with articles once owned by General Moreau, and bought at the sale of his effects by Madame Jumel. The hall contains many paintings, the last of a collection of one hundred and twenty-four once owned by the Jumels. There are also drawings and engravings of distinguished people who have been visitors at the house in years past—Aaron Burr, Napoleon III., Prince Napoleon, Jerome Bonaparte, and Henry Clay. There is also a fine portrait of Napoleon I. The walls and wood-work of the hall are delicate blue, white, and gold, and the general effect is very striking when seen for the first time.



MOUTH OF SPUYT DEN DUYVEL CREEK—PALISADES IN THE DISTANCE.

purposes by the public authorities of Yonkers. The more ancient part was built soon after the purchase of the property in 1682. There the Hon. Frederick Philipse, of a noble Bohemian family, and second lord of the manor, lived in almost princely style after the house assumed its present shape and size in 1745. Its rooms are large and wainscoted; its ceilings are high, and the whole interior shows tokens of wealth and taste. In the drawing-room, the ceiling of which is ornamented with arabesque-work, the charming Mary Philipse, daughter of Lord Frederick, was married to Captain Roger Morris, already mentioned, in January, 1758.

That wedding was a pleasant romance of the Hudson. The leading families of the province and the British forces in America had representatives there. The sleighing was good and the weather was mild. So early as two o'clock in the afternoon the guests began to arrive. The Rev. Henry Barclay, rector of Trinity Church in New York, with his assistant, Mr. Auchmuty, was there at three o'clock. Half an hour later the marriage was solemnized under a crimson canopy, emblazoned with the golden crest of the family (a crowned demi-lion, rampant, rising from a coronet), in the presence of a brilliant assembly. The bridemaids were Miss Barclay, Miss Van Cortlandt, and Miss De Lancey. The groomsmen were Mr. Heathcote, Captain Kennedy, and Mr. Watts. Acting Governor De Lancey (son-in-law to Colonel Heathcote, lord of the manor of Scarsdale) assisted at the ceremony. The brother of the bride, the last lord of the manor, decorated with the gold chain and jeweled badge of office of his family as keeper of the deer forests of Bohemia, gave away the bride, for her father had been dead seven years. Her dowry in her own right was a large domain, plate, jewelry, and money.

A grand feast followed the nuptial ceremony, and late on that brilliant moon-lit night most of the guests departed. While they were feasting, a tall Indian, closely wrapped in a scarlet blanket, appeared at the door of the banquet hall, and with measured words said, "Your possessions shall pass from you when the Eagle shall despoil the Lion of his mane." He as suddenly disappeared. His message was as mysterious as the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. The bride pondered the ominous words for years; and when, because they were royalists in action, the magnificent domain of the Philipses was confiscated by the Americans at the close of the Revolution, the significance of the prophecy and its fulfillment were manifested. Such is the story of the wedding as told by Angevine (son of the favorite colored valet of Philipse), who was sexton of St. John's Church at Yonkers for forty-five years.

The first building erected by Philipse on his estate is yet standing at the mouth of the Pocanteco Creek, just north of the village of Tarrytown. It is a strong stone

house, and was pierced with port-holes for cannon and loop-holes for musketry, and is probably full two hundred years old. On account of its great strength and armament it was called Castle Philipse. There the first lord of the manor lived in rugged feudal style until the lower manor-house was built at Yonkers.

During the Revolution there were at different times many stirring military scenes at Dobb's Ferry and on the waters near, where the Americans had a block-house and two redoubts. A portion of one of the latter may be seen in excellent preservation on the beautiful grounds of Mrs. G. W. Hatch, adjoining those of the present owner (Mr. Archer) of the Livingston place.

A few miles above Dobb's Ferry, and just north of Irvington station, may be seen, on the low bank of the river, half concealed by the foliage, the white cottage of "Sunnyside," around which cluster pleasant memories of its late beloved owner. Some of the best of Irving's romances of the Hudson are connected with that charming home of his, such as *Wolfert's Roost* and the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. The cottage itself is a romance. It was originally a stone building, Irving says, with many gables, and modeled after Governor Stuyvesant's cocked hat. It was built by Wolfert Acker, a self-exiled privy councilman of Stuyvesant's court, as an asylum from trouble. He was fretting his life away in the city because nobody agreed with him. He did not find rest there. His wife opposed him as much as did the citizens, and, the chronicler says, "the cock of the roost was the most hen-pecked bird in the county."

The Roost passed into the possession of Jacob Van Tassel, a valiant Dutchman and a Whig, whose long goose gun became the terror of "Cow-boys" and "Skinners" and marauding craft on the river, and secured the dwelling from violence. Alas! Jacob

CASTLE PHILIPSE.

was made a prisoner by the British, and he and his goose gun were carried to New York. The Roost was then garrisoned by Jacob's stout wife and stouter sister and still stouter Dinah, a negro servant. One day a boatful of armed men came from a British ship to attack the "Rebel Nest," as the Roost was called. The garrison flew to arms. They seized mops, pokers, shovels, tongs, and broomsticks, and gave terrible volleys of words. There was a dreadful uproar, but in vain. The house was plundered and burned, and the invaders tried to carry off Laney Van Tassel, the beauty of the Roost. Then came the tug of war. Mother, aunt, and Dinah flew to the rescue. The struggle continued to the water's edge, when a trumpet-voice from the ship bade the men desist. So the beauty escaped "with only a rumpling of the feathers." The Roost was

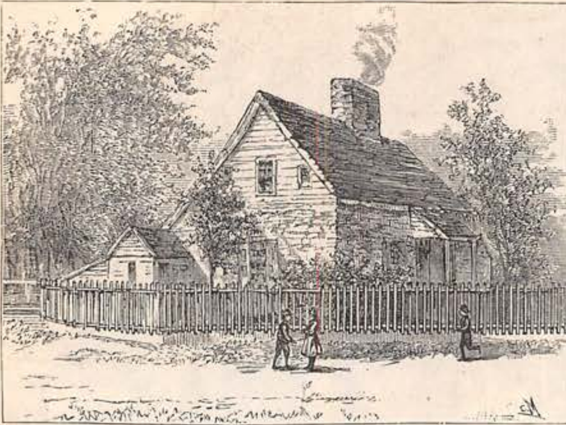
THE PHILIPSE MANOR-HOUSE.

SUNNYSIDE.

built in more modern style after the war. So Irving found it, with its ancient walls, and upon these he fashioned the delightful cottage of "Sunnyside." At the foot of its grassy bank, on the margin of the river, yet bubbles up in undiminished volume the delicious spring of water which tradition says Femmetie Van Blarcom took up near Rotterdam and brought over in her churn.

The Tappan Sea, before "Sunnyside," has its legends. One of these is a match for that of the phantom ship of the South Atlantic. A thousand sailors have declared that they have seen that ship and its master when passing the Cape of Good Hope. The story is that a plucky Dutch captain, having long breasted head-winds, swore a fearful oath that he would beat around the cape if it took him until the day of judgment. He has been beating ever since—a phantom known as the Flying Dutchman. Rambout Van Dam, a roistering young Dutchman of Spuyt den Duyvel, crossed the Tappan Sea on Saturday night in his boat to attend a quilting frolic on its western shore. He drank, danced, and caroused until midnight, when he entered his boat to return. He was warned that it was on the verge of Sunday morning. He swore a fearful oath that he would not land until he reached Spuyt den Duyvel, if it took him a month of Sundays. He pushed from shore, and was never seen afterward; but he might be heard by sailors and believing landsmen plying his oars over the lonely waters at midnight in never-ending voyages between Spuyt den Duyvel and the western shore—the Flying Dutchman of the Tappan Sea.

Beyond the broad grassy bay just above Tarrytown, where was once deep water for the anchorage of large vessels, may be seen Castle Philipse, and a little further on, a quaint-looking building of stone and brick, with a small cupola, close by a cemetery. That is the famous Sleepy Hollow Church that figures in Irving's legend. It was built in 1699 by Frederick Philipse, the first lord of the manor, and Catharine Van Cortlandt, in commemoration of their marriage. In it, according to the legend, Ichabod Crane, the Connecticut school-master, led the singers of psalmody on the Sabbath; and near it flows the placid Pocanteco, at the bridge over which, by the church, Ichabod had his direful encounter with the goblin known as the "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow." The legend is too well known to need full repetition here. Suffice it to say that Ichabod loved Katrina Van Tassel, and so did Brom Bones, a stout young Dutchman. Ichabod lingered one night at the breaking up of a party at Van Tassel's to say a soft word or two to Katrina, and then mounted his lean horse, Gunpowder, and departed for home. Near the bridge he discovered a horseman just behind him, who carried his head on the pommel of his saddle. Ichabod spurred on, and when he had crossed the bridge, and thought himself safe, he looked back to see the goblin vanish. At that mo-



THE VAN TASSEL HOUSE.

ment the spectre rose in the saddle and threw his head at Ichabod. In another moment the school-master lay sprawling in the dust, and Gunpowder, pursuer, and the dreadful missile all passed like a whirlwind. A broken pumpkin was found at the spot the next morning. Shrewd people guessed that Brom was the "headless horseman" on that occasion. Ichabod was never heard of afterward, and Brom married Katrina.

On the western shore, opposite Tarrytown, may be seen a very long wharf, from which a road passes among the hills to the village of Tappan, near which André was executed; and near Tarrytown is a white marble monument on the spot where he was captured. The story of that arrest and execution we shall relate in our next paper.

The long low headland that stretches out from the eastern shore and divides the Tappan Sea from the Haverstraw Bay is Croton Point—"Teller's Point" of the Revolution—and famous for its grapes and wine. The Kitchewan Indians, who owned it, had a castle near the neck, and a burying-place on the Van Cortlandt estate close by. In earlier times the belief was prevalent that the sachems buried there might be seen at night with their wives and sweethearts strolling among the woods and glens in the vicinity. Haunted Hollow, between the Van Cortlandt Manor-house and the point, was a favorite resort for these "walking sachems of Teller's Point."

Off that point the British sloop of war *Vulture* lay after André had left her on his fatal errand to meet Arnold near Haverstraw.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN—SLEEPY HOLLOW.

THE VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE.

Up the narrowing bay at the east, below Croton Point, and beyond the line of the Hudson River Railway, may be seen, near its head, a quaint old mansion. The water, once deep, now rapidly changing into salt meadow land, is Croton Bay, in which Henry Hudson anchored his little exploring vessel. The mansion is the Van Cortlandt Manor-house, one of the most ancient and interesting in its associations of its class on the Hudson. Recent discoveries, while repairing it, of loop-holes for musketry near the floor in the dining-room clearly show that it originally composed a fort, which was probably built by Governor Dongan soon after he purchased the domain, almost two hundred years ago. John Van Cortlandt enlarged it to its present dimensions in the early years of Queen Anne's reign, and from that period until now its broad roof has been accustomed to shelter men of renown in almost every sphere in life. Washington, Franklin, Schuyler, Lafayette, Whitefield, Asbury, and others have been entertained there. Its owners were men of note in the colony. At the time of the Revolution, and afterward, the head of the family (Pierre) was an eminent civilian, and his son was a patriotic soldier. Descendants occupy the mansion sanctified by age and generous deeds.

History and romance tell of stirring scenes at the Van Cortlandt Manor-house. The record of one must suffice. Governor Tryon attempted to seduce the lord of the manor into the ranks of the royalists when the war for independence was kindling. With his charming wife and the accomplished Miss Watts and his courteous secretary, Fanning, Tryon went to the manor-house, and intimated that honors and more broad acres awaited the master when he should espouse the cause of the king. The "Get thee behind me, Satan," reply, courteously given to the tempter, made Tryon say to Fanning, "Come, we'll return; I find nothing can be effected here."

Over the main entrance to the manor-house hangs the strong bow of *Croton*, the sachem whose name has been given to the Kitchewan river and bay; and within the mansion are interesting mementos of the country from which and the family from whom the Van Cortlandts came—the Dukes of Courland, in Russia. Among its minor claims to respect and veneration is its possession of an invisible ghost, which, like a stately dame or charming belle, rustles its rich silk garments as it passes through a certain room at the midnight hour. Nature holds the key to the mystery, and persists in refusing to unlock the secret; nor will she reveal the origin of the sound of heavy footsteps in the great hall sometimes heard in the silent watches of the night. The mansion is haunted in the day by the most gentle spirits.

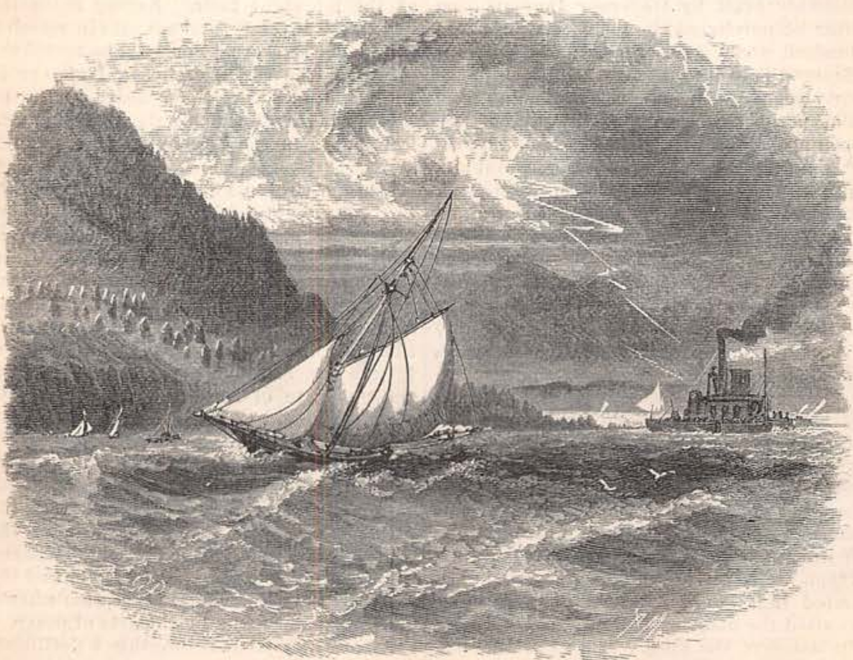
Passing Croton Point, the boat goes into the broad expanse of Haverstraw Bay, whose waters and shores form an amphitheatre in which stirring events have occurred. Here, at the sunsetting of a bright, crisp November day in the year 1825, was read with wondering eyes a chapter of one of the most thrilling of the romances of the Hudson. It was the brilliant nuptial procession at the marriage of Neptune with the naiads of the forest. Gayly decked steamboats, sloops, canal-boats, and other vessels—a right royal fleet—were bearing the Governor of the State and other notables, with water from Lake Erie to be cast into the Atlantic Ocean, in commemoration of the completion of the Erie Canal, which wedded the great lakes to the Hudson River and the sea. It was a triumphal procession after a glorious victory won by the arts of peace.

Almost fifty years before this, a flotilla of a different character and for a different purpose was seen on Haverstraw Bay. It was

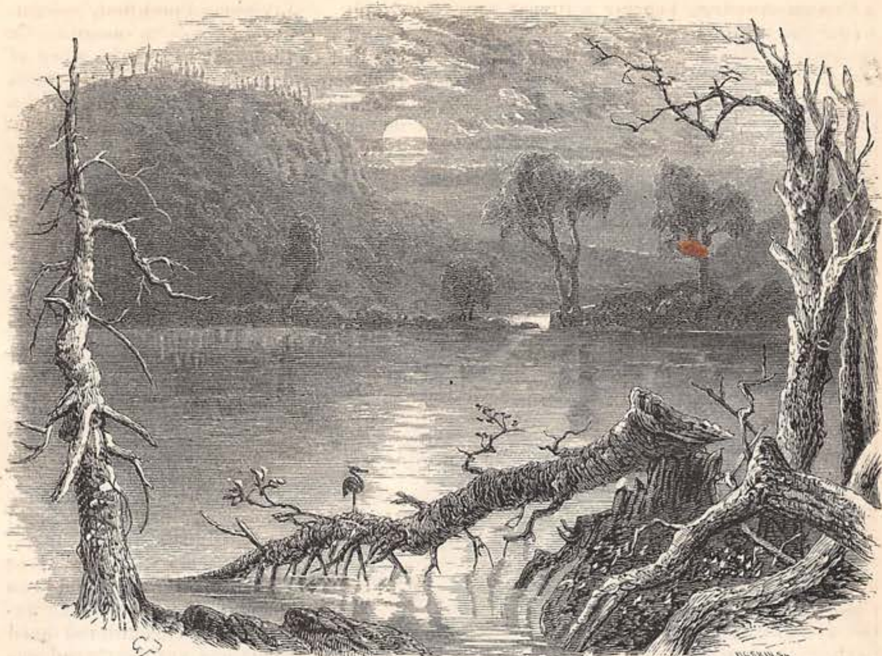
a British squadron, bearing a British army under Sir Henry Clinton, working mightily to enslave the Americans. On the upper verge of that bay, on the western shore, is seen a high, rocky, solitary promontory crowned by a light-house. On the opposite side is seen a promontory more gentle in aspect, and containing a considerable village. The former is Stony Point, the latter is Verplank's Point. Upon these the baronet landed his troops. With a part of them he swept around the lofty Donder Berg above, from Stony Point, and falling with heavy force upon Forts Clinton and Montgomery in the Highlands, feebly manned by the Americans, captured them. He was seeking to form a junction with Burgoyne, then struggling with armed American yeomen on the borders of the Upper Hudson. But Clinton was foiled. He constructed a fort on Stony Point and garrisoned it, but did not carry victory above Anthony's Nose. The embankments of that fort may be seen in front of the light-house.

Almost two years later Stony Point was the scene of another stirring romance. The chances for success in a night assault upon the garrison there were talked over at the head-quarters of Washington at West Point. The impetuous General Wayne—"Mad Anthony"—was then in command of troops in that vicinity. "Can you take the fort by assault?" Washington asked Wayne. "I'll storm hell, general, if you'll plan it!" was the reply. "Try Stony Point first," solemnly answered the chief. An assault was planned, and on a hot July night, when all the dogs in the neighborhood had been killed to prevent their barking making a discovery, Wayne, with a small force, crawled unobserved, under cover of darkness, to the narrow causeway across a marsh that connects the promontory with the land. They had ascended the rocky acclivity and were almost to the sally-port before a sentinel discovered them. Then the garrison was aroused, the drums beat to arms, and in the face of a terrible storm of grape-shot the assailants pressed forward with the bayonet. At two o'clock in the morning of July 16, 1779, Wayne, who had been stunned by a bullet, wrote to his chief, "The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnson, are ours." The cannon were carried away on *bateaux* to West Point, and the fort was destroyed.

After passing the two points, the voyager finds broad and beautiful Peekskill Bay spread out before him, appearing like the northern termination of the arm of the sea, as the yet salt Hudson seems to be. But soon the magnificent serpentine sweep of the stream around the Donder Berg and Anthony's Nose dispels the illusion, and the Highlands rise in their grandeur on each side, flanking the river with wooded hills more than a thousand feet in height along a distance of more than ten miles. To the



THE DONDER BERG.



BLOODY POND.

northeastward stretches Peek's Kill and the Canopus Valley, wherein once lay a portion of the Continental army, and where the torch of German mercenaries, under the British General Tryon, made a brilliant conflagration of a village and American army supplies at an early period of the war for independence. Between the kill, or creek, and the village of Peekskill is a high rocky ridge, on the southeastern slope of which, north of the borough, a notable little romance occurred in 1777. General Putnam, whose exploits on the Upper Hudson have made that region famous in history and tradition, was in command there. A young man, a scion of a good family in Westchester County, was arrested on suspicion of being a spy, and was brought before Putnam. On his person were found enlisting papers signed by Tryon, and other evidences of his guilt. Sir Henry Clinton sent a note to Putnam, with a flag, claiming the culprit as a British officer, and making insolent threats of wrathful retaliation in case the young man should be harmed. Putnam replied in writing:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, *7th August*, 1777.

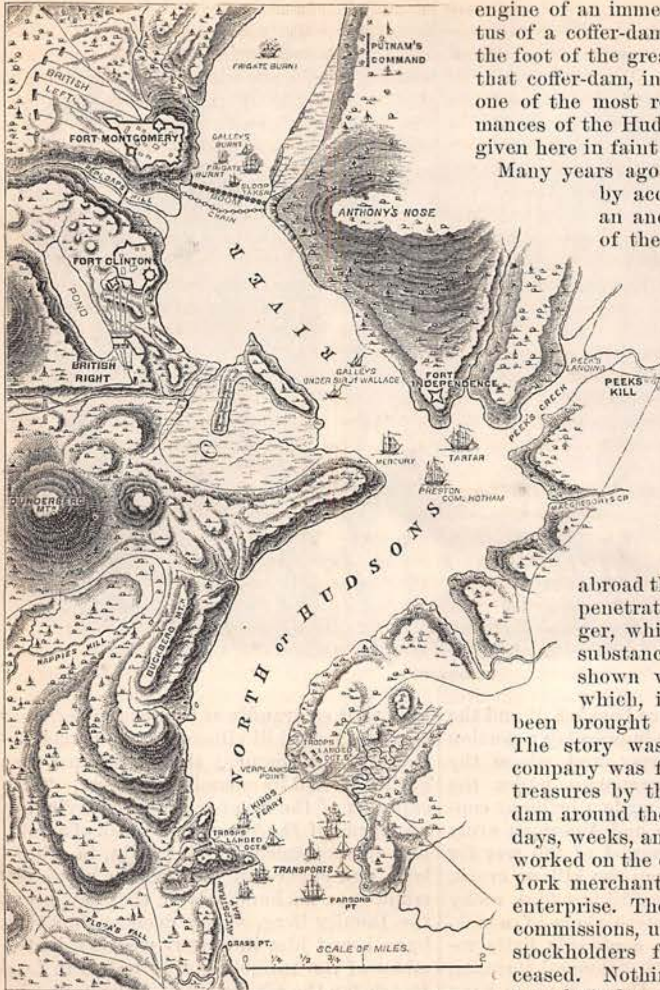
"SIR,—Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P.S.—He has been accordingly hanged."

No spy was ever found in Putnam's camp after that.

The Donder Berg (Thunder Mountain), that rises so grandly at the turn of the river opposite Peekskill village, was so named because of the frequent thunder-storms that gather around its summit in summer. "The captains of the river-craft," says Irving, in his legend of *The Storm-Ship*, "talk of a little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk-hose and sugar-loaf hat, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, which, they say, keeps the Donder Berg. They declare that they have heard him in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in Low Dutch for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder-clap. Sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps in broad breeches and short doublets, tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air, or buzzing, like a swarm of flies, about Anthony's Nose; and that at such times the hurry-scurry of the storm was always greatest." The romancer tells us that at one time a terrible thunder-gust burst upon a sloop when passing the Donder Berg, and she was in the greatest peril. Her crew saw at the mast-head a white sugar-loaf hat, and knowing that it belonged to the goblin of the Donder Berg, dared not climb to get rid of it. The vessel sped swiftly through the Highlands into Newburgh Bay, when the little hat suddenly sprung up, whirled the clouds into a vortex, and hurried them back to the Donder Berg.

"There is another story told of this foul-



PLAN OF THE ATTACK ON FORTS CLINTON AND MONTGOMERY, OCTOBER 6, 1777.—[DRAWN BY A BRITISH OFFICER, AND PUBLISHED IN LONDON IN 1784.]

weather urchin," says the romancer, "by Skipper Daniel Ouselesticker, of Fishkill, who was never known to tell a lie. He declared that, in a severe squall, he saw him seated astride of his bowsprit riding the sloop ashore, full butt against Anthony's Nose, and that he was exorcised by Dominie Van Giesen, of Esopus, who happened to be on board, and who sang the hymn of St. Nicholas, whereupon the goblin threw himself up in the air like a ball, and went off in a whirlwind, carrying away with him the night-cap of the dominie's wife, which was discovered the next Sunday morning hanging on the weather-cock of Esopus church steeple, at least forty miles off."

A sketch is given (p. 646) of one of those storm scenes at the Donder Berg, made by the writer many years ago, when the steam-engine of an immense pumping apparatus of a coffer-dam was in operation at the foot of the great hill. The story of that coffer-dam, in all its details, forms one of the most remarkable of the romances of the Hudson. It may only be given here in faint outline.

Many years ago an iron cannon was by accident brought up by an anchor from the bottom of the river at that point. It was suggested that it belonged to the pirate ship of Captain Kidd. A speculator caught the idea, and boldly proclaimed, in the face of recorded history to the contrary, that Kidd's ship had been sunken at that point, with untold treasures on board. The story went abroad that the deck had been penetrated by a very long auger, which encountered hard substances, and its thread was shown with silver attached, which, it was declared, had been brought up from the vessel. The story was believed. A stock company was formed to procure the treasures by the means of a coffer-dam around the sunken vessel. For days, weeks, and months the engine worked on the coffer-dam. One New York merchant put $20,000 into the enterprise. The speculator took large commissions, until the hopes of the stockholders failed and the work ceased. Nothing may be seen there now but the ruins of the works so began close at the water's edge. At that point a *bateau* was sunk by a shot from the *Vulture* while conveying the captured iron cannon from Stony Point to West Point after the victory by Wayne. The cannon brought up by the anchor was doubtless one of these.

Anthony's Nose, opposite, has a bit of romance in the legendary story of its origin. We are told by the veracious historian, Knickerbocker, that on one occasion Anthony the Trumpeter, who afterward disappeared in the turbulent waters of Spuyt den Duyvel Kill, was with Stuyvesant on a Dutch galley passing up the river. Early in the morning Anthony, having washed his face, and thereby polished his huge fiery nose, whose flames came out of flagons, was leaning over the quarter railing, when the sun burst forth in splendor over that promontory. One of its brightest rays fell upon the glowing nose of the trumpeter, and reflect-

ing, hissing hot, into the water, killed a sturgeon. The sailors got the dead monster of the deep on board. It was cooked. When Stuyvesant ate of the fish and heard the strange story of its death, he "marveled exceedingly;" and in commemoration of the event he named the lofty hill, which rises more than twelve hundred feet above the bosom of the river, "Anthony's Nose."

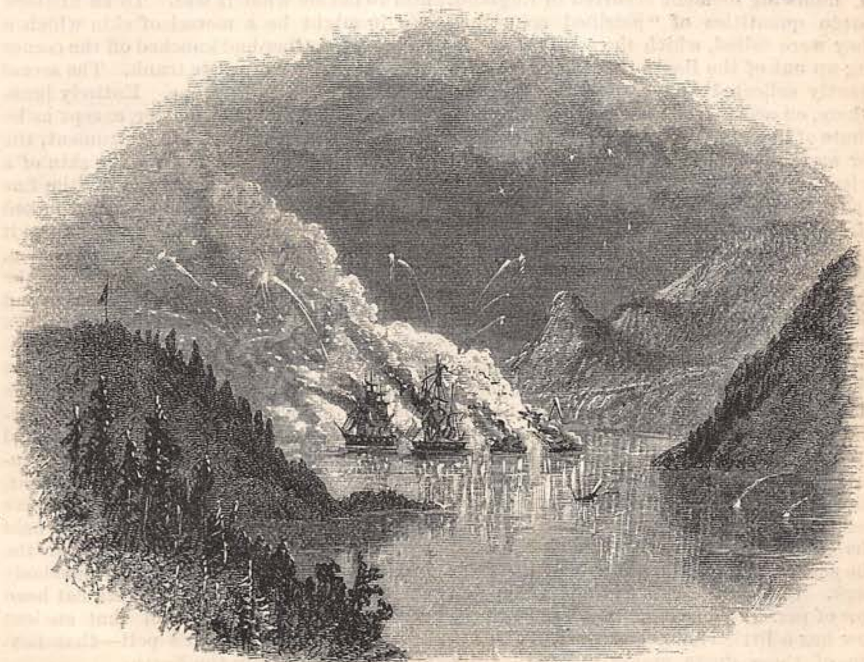
As the steamboat sweeps around the Donder Berg, with Anthony's Nose on the right, the theatre of one of the most interesting of the romances of the Hudson is presented in lofty Bear Mountain in front, Lake Sinnipink, or Bloody Pond, on a broad terrace at its base, and Poplopens Creek flowing into the river on the western shore between high rocky banks. Upon these banks lay Forts Clinton and Montgomery, the former on the south side of the creek and the latter on the north side.

These forts were built by the Americans for the defense of the lower entrance to the Highlands against fleets of the enemy that might ascend the river, for it was known from the beginning that it was a capital plan of the British ministry to get possession of the valley of the Hudson, and so separate New England from the other colonies. In addition to these forts, a boom and chain were stretched across the river from Fort Montgomery to Anthony's Nose to obstruct the navigation.

We have observed that Clinton swept around the Donder Berg with a part of his army, and fell upon Forts Clinton and Montgomery. That was on the 7th of October, 1777. The brothers Generals George (Governor) and James Clinton commanded the little garrisons. They were brave and vigilant. It was not an easy task for the enemy to approach the fort through the rugged mountain passes, watched and attacked by scouting parties. They had divided, one party, accompanied by the baronet, making their way toward evening between Lake Sinnipink and the river. There they encountered abatis covering a detachment of Americans. A severe fight ensued. The dead were thrown into the lake, and it was called Bloody Pond.

Both divisions now pressed toward the forts, closely invested them, and were supported by a heavy cannonade from the British flotilla. The battle raged until twilight. Overwhelming numbers of the assailants caused the Americans to abandon their works under cover of darkness and flee to the mountains. Before leaving, they set fire to two frigates, two armed galleys, and a sloop, which had been placed above the boom.

That conflagration was magnificent. The sails of the vessels were all set, and they soon became splendid pyramids of flame. Over the bosom of the river was spread a broad sheet of ruddy light for a great distance, and the surrounding mountains were brilliantly illuminated by the fire, which gave aid to the fugitives among the dreary

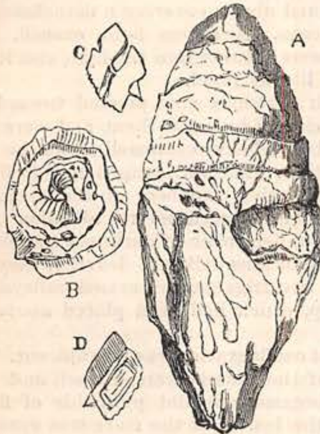


BURNING THE SHIPS.

hills. These features of the event, with the booming of the loaded cannon on the burning vessels when the fire reached them, answered by echoes from a hundred hills, produced a scene of awful grandeur never witnessed before nor since on the borders of the Hudson. It was a wild and fearful romance, that ended in the breaking of the boom and chain, and the passage up the river of a British squadron with marauding troops. These laid in ashes many a fair mansion belonging to republicans as far north as Livingston's Manor, on the lower verge of Columbia County.

THE MICROSCOPE.

By PROFESSOR SAMUEL LOCKWOOD.



COPROLITE AND FISH SCALES.

II.—ITS WORK.

IT was about forty years ago when the following incident occurred in England. Large quantities of "petrified cones," as they were called, which the sea kept washing up out of the lias formation, were constantly collected and carried to the mills, where, on account of their richness in phosphate of lime, they were ground into powder for agricultural uses. They were called in science "coprolites," for they proved to be, under the microscope, the fossil excrements of extinct reptiles. Thus examined, these fossil ordures were found to contain scales, teeth, and other *indigesta* of fishes. One of these, an unusually interesting specimen, contained on one side a perfect scale, which Dr. Buckland submitted to a young naturalist who had just attained some reputation for his knowledge of fishes. The young man took out his pocket microscope, and, to the astonishment of the veteran geologist, promptly answered that the scale belonged to the *Pholidophoros limbatus*. The astonishment of the elder *savant* grew into amazement when the young man further added, in the confidence of positive knowledge, that the scale was from the left side of the fish's neck. Usually on each side of a fish is a row of perforated scales. Each scale in the row has a little channel or duct. The union of these ducts makes a lateral tube, whose use is to convey the mucus evolved by certain glands in the head along the sides of the fish. By looking at the cut representing the coprolite and fish scales, this is easy to be understood. Here A is a coprolite of a great extinct lizard. B is a section of the upper end, showing scales and sundry other *indigesta*. C is the under side of the magnified scale, with the little mucous duct. D represents the upper side of the scale. There is a little spike-like point on one side, which fits into a slot in the adjoining scale. The slot to receive a similar point is shown on the opposite side of the same scale. Surely all that was most deftly done. But the young man? Oh, it was Agassiz.

However, the above was not high-class microscopic work. It rather evinced first-rate knowledge as an ichthyologist than particular skill in the use or *technique* of the microscope.

There is a story that an eminent microscopist had a bit of substance submitted to him to decide what it was. To an unaided eye it might be a morsel of skin which a baggage-smasher had knocked off the corner of a smoothly worn hair trunk. The *savant* appealed to his microscope. Entirely ignorant of this tiny bit of matter, except as he had taken counsel with his instrument, the wise man declared that it was the skin of a human being, and that, judging by the fine hair on it, it was from the so-called naked portion of the body, and, further, that it once belonged to a fair-complexioned person. The strange facts now made known to the man of science were these: That, a thousand years before, a Danish marauder had robbed an English church. In the spirit of the old-fashioned piety the robber was flayed (let us hope that he was killed first), and the skin was nailed to the church door. Except as tradition or archæological lore had it, the affair had been forgotten for hundreds of years. Time, the great erodent, had long ago utterly removed the offensive thing. Still, however, the church door held to its marks of the great shame, for the broad-headed nails remained. Somebody extracted one, and underneath its flat head was this atomic remnant of that ancient Scandinavian malefactor's pelt—that fair-skinned robber from the North.

Let us now, with becoming confidence,

They occupy the inner walls or lining of the mouth, the nose, and the breathing tubes, and elsewhere. Each epithelial cell has its cilia or lashes, some as many as thirty. In their several departments they are a busy crew, quite lowly, but decidedly useful, like those who clean the decks of the stately ship. Could we see them at their work in one's nose or any of the mucous passages, this is what would be seen: every one of these little things is immersed in the mucous lining; standing thus as if in the flow of a sewer, it draws its threads or lashes in a curve-like motion upward, that is, in a direction from the outlet of the nostril; then, with a more rapid movement, the lashes are brought downward in a curved position toward the outlet. As this singular activity is carried on by many millions of these epithelia, the effete mucus is driven toward and expelled at the natural outlet.

It would seem, then, from this analysis of the microscope, man is the paragon of animals in a sublimer sense than even the great poet dreamed. Indeed, the devout scientist when peering into these matters often beholds things which seem to him as visions almost unlawful to be seen or uttered. While a vulgar conception may entertain the notion of great or small in the creative works, the microscope dispels the illusion by showing the marvelous nature of the so-called small things, and the amazing fact that the one entity, whatever it may be, among material things, is itself an infinity of microscopic wonders. So that Saint Augustine, in an unscientific age, must have been moved by a scientific instinct when he wrote, "Deus est magnus in magnis, maximus autem in minimis" (God is great in great things, but He is especially great in the smallest things). In the old economy stood the Urim and Thummim. It is not clear what their precise functions were. It is plain that they were consulted in dark matters, and that the literal meaning of these stones is "light" and "perfection." So in modern science stands the microscope. Its little lenses, the ocular and the objective, are the Urim and Thummim, and for clear judgment, only the true priest of science can seek counsel thereof.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HUDSON.

[Second Paper.]

JOHN ANDRÉ.—[FROM PORTRAIT BY JOSHUA REYNOLDS.]

THE career of Major André on the borders of the Hudson River during a few weeks in the fall of 1780 has formed an attractive theme for the historian, the poet, the painter, and the sculptor. His youth and personal beauty, his mental culture and rare endowments, his social and official position, the magnitude and importance of the undertaking in which he perished ignominiously, and the tragic ending of his life have cast a glamour of romance around the deeds of one who was acting simply as a go-between in the service of two unscrupulous conspirators of high rank in the belligerent armies, plotting against the liberties of American patriots. He was sacrificed to the ambition and avarice of these two men.

John André, a captain in the British service, first appears in our history as a prisoner of war taken by General Montgomery at St. Johns, on the Sorel, in Canada, late in 1775, whence he was sent to Pennsylvania with several other captive officers, and paroled at Carlisle. The autograph order by John Hancock, then President of the Continental Congress, for taking that parole, and the parole itself, in Captain André's handwriting, and signed by him and nine fellow-officers, are in the possession of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, to whose kind courtesy we are indebt-

ed for several of the illustrations which accompany this brief sketch of that unfortunate officer's career.*

Captain André was the son of a Swiss merchant in London, where he was probably born, and was about twenty-four years old when he was made a prisoner. At an early age he had mastered several of the modern languages of Europe, and had become an expert musician, a promising painter and draughtsman, and a graceful dancer. His reading was extensive, and his general knowledge of *belles-lettres* literature was remarkable for one so young. From his pen flowed graceful rhymes, and from his lips a sweet voice, affluent of words that bewitched all who came in contact with his handsome face, as delicate and tender in expression as that of a woman.

ANNA SEWARD.

Young André entered his father's counting-room as a clerk when he was nearly seventeen years old, but the death of that parent soon changed the current of the young man's life. With his mother, a younger brother, and three sisters he spent the ensuing summer in the interior of England, and at Lichfield he made or renewed an acquaintance with the family of Thomas Seward, canon of the cathedral there, and living in the bishop's palace. His house was the centre of a literary circle in that neighborhood, composed of such young men as Thomas Darwin, author of *The Botanic Garden;* William Hayley, who wrote about *The Tears of Penelope;* Sir Brooke Boothby, author of *Triumphs of Temper;* Richard Lovell Edgeworth, father of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist; and Thomas Day, whose delightful story of *Sandford and Merton* charmed young England almost a hundred years ago as much as did *Robinson Crusoe*—"a book," wrote Leigh Hunt, "which I shall always remember and always be grateful for." These were then only young aspirants for literary fame, an almost nebulous galaxy, of which Anna, a daughter of Canon Seward, was the "bright particular star." She was the planet around which the others revolved as satellites, paying homage to her genius and praising her poetry, "most of which," Walter Scott, her biographer, said, "is absolutely execrable." The grace and beauty of her person and her rare conversational powers made her very attractive.

It was in this circle, and especially in the company of Anna Seward, that young André spent a delightful summer. Canon Seward had in his family, as his ward, a young lady named Honora Sneyd, a daughter of a dear departed friend. Her blue eyes, golden hair, graceful person, a slight hectic flush on her cheek that heightened the brilliancy of her charming features, her sweetness of temper and her vivacity of manner, won the heart of young André. The maiden was equally

* Dr. Emmet possesses a very rare collection of portraits, autograph letters and other writings, maps, broadsides, etc., which illustrate the career of André. With these he has illustrated Sargent's *Life and Career of Major André*, and a smaller volume entitled *Andréana*. The pictures are neatly inlaid by an expert with great skill. Sargent's 12mo volume, so illustrated, makes five thick octavo volumes, and *Andréana* makes two volumes the same size. These seven volumes contain between forty and fifty rare autograph letters and other writings, including those of André and Anna Seward, and almost three hundred portraits, views of places and things, maps, vignette head and tail pieces, etc., some of them painted in water-colors. Among the portraits is a miniature likeness of André drawn in India ink by Sir Joshua Reynolds. From this valuable picture Dr. Emmet has generously allowed us to make the engraving that accompanies this paper. Sir Joshua also painted a portrait of André the natural size.

impressed by André's mind and person. It was a clear case of "love at first sight," and not many days had passed by when they were solemnly affianced. André's love for Honora inspired his first effort to delineate the human face. He painted two miniature likenesses of her, one of which he gave to Miss Seward, and the other he kept for his own consolation during absence from her. This he carried in his bosom until the latest hour of his life.

Miss Seward was delighted, and tried to speedily light the torch of Hymen, but wiser counselors interposed. The extreme youth of the lovers made their nuptials then undesirable. They might "marry in haste and repent at leisure," and so time was given them by the parent and guardian for repentance before marriage by a long separation.

It has been observed that in all love af-

HONORA SNEYD.

fairs there are two parties, the one that loves and the one that is loved. Miss Sneyd seems to have been in the latter category. She soon repented, and in 1773, four years after her engagement to André, she became the second wife of young Richard Lovell Edgeworth, but not the mother of Maria. André's love remained unquenched. His letters to Anna Seward were filled with affectionate sentiments toward the object of his love. He disliked the business of a merchant, but for her sake he resolved to pursue it. "All my mercantile calculations," he wrote, "go to the tune of *dear Honòra*. When an impertinent consciousness whispers in my ear that I am not of the right stuff for a merchant, I draw my Honora's picture from my bosom, and the sight of that dear talisman so inspirits my industry that no toil appears oppressive." Anna Seward summed up the matter in rhyme, saying:

"Now Prudence, in her cold and thrifty care,
Frowned on the maid and bade the youth despair;
For power parental sternly saw, and strove
To tear the lily bands of plighted love;
Nor strove in vain; but while the fair one's sighs
Disperse like April storms in sunny skies,
The firmer lover, with unswerving truth,
To his first passion consecrates his youth."

André had always expressed a preference for the life of a soldier to that of a merchant, and failing to re-awaken the tender passion for him in the bosom of Honora Sneyd, he obtained the commission of a lieutenant in the most ancient regiment in the British service, the Seventh Foot, or Royal Fusileers, organized in 1685. That was in the spring of 1771. He afterward spent a considerable time in Germany. Just before he sailed for Philadelphia in 1774 (to observe the movements of the Continental Congress?), to join his regiment in Canada, he made a farewell visit to Miss Seward, who proposed to introduce him to two of her literary friends, Cunningham, the curate, and Newton, her "minstrel," as she called him. On the night before the introduction Cunningham had an extraordinary dream in two acts. He saw in his vision a great forest, in which he was alone. Presently a horseman approached at great speed. As he drew near the dreamer, three men suddenly sprang from some bushes, seized the rider, and bore him away. Mr. Cunningham awoke, and falling asleep again, he saw in a vision a great multitude of people near a large city, and while he was looking at them, a young man, whom he recognized as the horseman who had been seized, was brought out and hanged upon a gibbet. Mr. Cunningham repeated these dreams to his friend Newton the next morning, and when, the same day, Miss Seward introduced André, who was then a captain, he recognized in his face that of the unfortunate rider of his dream.

Captain André, as we have observed, was made a prisoner by the Americans at St. Johns, and sent to Pennsylvania. Concerning his capture, he wrote to a friend: "I have been taken prisoner by the Americans, and stripped of every thing except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that, I yet think myself fortunate." That was written more than two years after Honora's marriage to Mr. Edgeworth. On his way down the Hudson Valley, André met Colonel Henry Knox, then on his way to select cannon at Ticonderoga for the siege of Boston. They were young men of about the same age. In a cottage they spent a night together in the same bed, and were charmed nearly all night with each other's conversation, for Knox, as a bookseller, was well acquainted with English literature. As a member of the board

of officers that tried André at Tappan about five years afterward, Knox had to perform the painful duty of pronouncing his doom.

Captain André was exchanged, and next appears conspicuous at Philadelphia as a chief actor in planning and carrying out the imposing entertainment given in honor of Sir William Howe, called "The Mischianza." There he became an aid-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, Howe's successor, and was such an active and useful officer that he was soon made assistant adjutant-general of the army, with the rank of major. He was serving in that capacity when Clinton captured Charleston, in May, 1780, and made General Lincoln and his little army prisoners of war. Dr. Emmet possesses an autograph letter of André written at that time to Assistant Commissary-General George Townsend, of which a *fac-simile* is here given to show André's handwriting.

There seems to be good authority for believing that André was in Charleston during the siege, acting as a spy, in the disguise of a backwoods Virginian who came to Lincoln's camp as a driver of cattle. Colonel Hamilton Ballendine was another, but who, less fortunate than André, was arrested and hanged.

The scene of the major's career was now shifted to the Hudson River. He accompanied Clinton to New York in the summer

Head Qrs the 3 June
1780

Sir

The General desires
You will give Orders ~~that~~
Gen Lincoln be provided with
6 dozen of Wine and 4 or
five Sheep or Calves by the
Commissary of Captures may
be able to supply the Wine
You will be pleased to further
pay for, & make it the
business of one of the persons
under you to see as above
~~that~~ every comfort which
can be given him be put
onboard.

J Andre Dy Adj Gen

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER BY MAJOR ANDRÉ.

after the capture of Charleston. There he was active in correspondence with the leading Tories in Lower Pennsylvania and Delaware, and with General Benedict Arnold in relation to his proposed treason.

It was during that summer when events occurred which inspired André to write one of the best known of his poems, "The Cow Chase." In July the American army was stationed in the upper part of Bergen County, New Jersey, and the Pennsylvania line was in command of General Wayne. With its two brigades, Moylan's dragoons, and some guns of Proctor's artillery, the whole force amounting to something less than two thousand men, Wayne started from camp on an expedition to worry the British and Tories on Bergen Neck, break up the garrison of a block-house at Bull's Ferry, near Fort Lee, that protected British wood-cutters in the neighborhood, to seize cattle, and to disperse any armed forces found in the vicinity. Wayne was repulsed at the block-house, chased toward his lines, and some of the cattle and other spoil which he had gathered were rescued by the pursuers, while some of his straggling soldiers were made prisoners. André wrote a humorous satirical poem, in three cantos, giving an exaggerated description of the affair, in the measure and style of "Chevy Chase." It was written partly for the fun of the thing, and partly to retaliate in kind for satirical assaults made by the other side upon André and his friends. The first canto appeared on the 16th of August, the second canto on the 30th of the same month, and the third canto on the 23d of September—the day on which André was arrested. Between the appearance of the first and second cantos an "Intercepted Letter from Tabitha, in New York," appeared in print, written, it is believed, by Miss Susannah, daughter of Governor William Livingston, of New Jersey, who in time became the mother-in-law of President Harrison. In it she made some allusion to André, and he, in the third canto, after noticing Lafayette, touched Miss Livingston gently, in this wise:

"And all the land around shall glory
To see the Frenchmen caper,
And pretty Susan tell the story
In the next Chatham paper."

André ended his poem with the following lines:

"And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrio-drover Wayne
Should ever catch the poet."

And now I've clos'd my Epic Strain
I tremble as I shew it,
Lest this same warrio-drover Wayne
Should ever catch the Poet.

Finis

FAC-SIMILE OF A VERSE OF THE "COW CHASE."

Under the signature of André to a copy of these verses some one wrote these lines:

"When the 'epic strain' was sung,
The poet by the neck was hung,
And, to his cost, he finds too late
The 'dung-born tribe' decides his fate."

The secret correspondence between Arnold and André began early in 1779, when the wrath of the former was kindled by disgrace brought upon himself by his own bad conduct. In June, 1778, he had been appointed military governor of Philadelphia, where he lived in an extravagant and ostentatious manner. He married the beautiful young daughter of Edward Shippen, a leading loyalist of that city, with whom André had been intimate during the British occupation, and who figured conspicuously as one of the ladies of the tournament of "The Mischianza." How far (if at all) she promoted the correspondence between her husband and André may never be known. Arnold's extravagant living soon involved him in debts, and to extricate himself he became guilty of malfeasance in office. Official complaints were made to the Congress of his dishonest practices. He was tried and found guilty by a competent court, and was sentenced to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief of the army. It was done by Washington at the beginning of 1779, as delicately as possible, but the disgrace stirred the naturally bad heart of Arnold with feelings of revenge, and he resolved to betray his country into the hands of its enemies. He immediately opened a correspondence on the subject with Sir Henry Clinton, through Major André, in an elab-

THE BEVERLY ROBINSON HOUSE.

orately disguised hand, over the signature of "Gustavus," while the latter signed his letters "John Anderson." For a year and a half he kept the enemy well informed of important secrets concerning the movements of the patriots and their friends, and it was finally agreed that he should endeavor to obtain the command of the important post of West Point, in the Hudson Highlands, with its dependencies, and then to betray the whole into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton. Arnold succeeded in procuring the appointment on the 3d of August, 1780, and very soon afterward he made his head-quarters at the country-seat of Beverly Robinson, on the rich plateau of land opposite West Point. That house is yet standing, and the style of its interior then has been preserved to this day.

The holding of the post at West Point was of the first importance to the Americans. From the beginning of the war a capital plan of the British government had been to acquire military possession of the Hudson River region between Lake Champlain and the sea, hold it by a line of military posts, and so separate New England, the accorded head of the rebellion, from the rest of the provinces. To prevent this, strong military works had been erected in the Highlands, through which the river flows in a narrow and sinuous course. Immense supplies had been gathered there, and the works were regarded as impregnable to an army of twenty thousand men. Sir Henry Clinton knew that he could not conquer the post with any force at his command, so he bargained to have it delivered into his hands for the consideration of a brigadier-general's commission in the British army and fifty thousand dollars in gold. The king and the ministry approved the conspiracy, and refugee loyalists in England promoted it.

It became necessary for the contracting parties to have a personal interview to settle definitely the terms of the bargain and the details of the proposed military operations for achieving the grand object. The correspondence had been carried on in well-understood commercial phrases. In a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, so disguised, written on the 30th of August, Arnold demanded a personal interview with André ("John Anderson"), to which the baronet agreed. Then Arnold tried to have that interview at his own quarters in the Highlands, to which he invited André to come in disguise, and directed Colonel Sheldon, in command of an outpost on the lower lines, to forward to him a person from New York—a valuable emissary—who might appear. André would not consent to assume the position of a spy, so he wrote to Colonel Sheldon, over the signature of John Anderson, saying:

"I am told that my name is made known to you, and that I may hope your indulgence in permitting me to

HALL IN THE BEVERLY ROBINSON HOUSE—HEAD-QUARTERS OF ARNOLD.

meet a friend near your outposts. I will endeavor to obtain permission to go out with a flag which will be sent to Dobbs's Ferry on Monday next, the 11th instant [September, 1780], at 12 o'clock, when I shall be happy to meet Mr. G——. Should I not be allowed to go, the officer who is to command the escort—between whom and myself no distinction need be made—can speak in the affair. Let me entreat you, Sir, to favor a matter so interesting to the parties concerned, and which is of so private a nature that the public on neither side can be injured by it."

Sheldon was puzzled. He had not heard of the name of "John Anderson." Supposing him to be Arnold's "emissary," he sent the letter to the general. It puzzled the traitor too, for he found it difficult so to explain it as to satisfy Sheldon that the affair was an entirely innocent one. Arnold prepared to meet André at Dobbs's Ferry. On the 10th he went down to the King's Ferry in his barge, and passed the night with Joshua Hett Smith, a prominent citizen living near Haverstraw, and the next morning he proceeded toward Dobbs's Ferry, where André and Colonel Beverly Robinson (in whose house Arnold had his head-quarters) were waiting for him. He bore no flag, and guard-boats on the river at Dobbs's Ferry fired on him, and pursued him closely as he fled across the river to a place of concealment. He returned to his head-quarters the same night. Having gone down the river toward the enemy's post, he felt it necessary to write an explanatory letter to Washington, in which he falsely stated that his object was to establish signals as near the enemy's lines as possible.

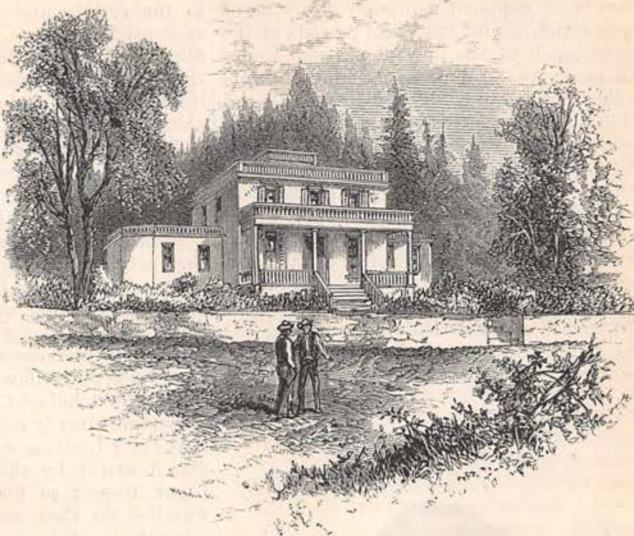
Washington was now about to make a journey to Hartford, in Connecticut, with Lafayette and Colonel Hamilton and other aids, to hold a personal conference with Rochambeau there. When he arrived at the King's Ferry, Arnold was there with his barge to convey the party across the Hudson to Peekskill. The British sloop-of-war *Vulture* lay in full sight below. While viewing her with his glass, Washington spoke to his officers in a low tone, which made Arnold uneasy. At that time the Count De Guichen was expected on our coast with a French squadron, and the conversation dwelt upon that topic, when Lafayette, turning to Arnold, said, "General, since you have a correspondence with the enemy, you must ascertain as soon as possible what has become of Guichen." Arnold was disconcerted for a moment, and demanded what he meant; but he soon recovered his composure, and no more was said on that point. Arnold believed that his plot was discovered or suspected, and he resolved to bring matters to a head while Washington was in Connecticut.

Arnold had received an open letter, written to General Putnam by Colonel Robinson, asking a personal interview concerning the land of the latter in the Highlands. It was covered by one to Arnold, asking him to hand it to Putnam. Arnold understood its covered meaning, and showed it to Colonel Lamb and others at West Point. He frankly laid it before Washington, who, after reading it, said only the civil authorities could act in the matter, and that he did not approve of personal interviews with the enemy. After this expression of opinion, Arnold dared not so far disregard it as to meet Robinson, so he informed him that on the night of the 20th he should send a person on board the *Vulture* who would be furnished with a boat and flag of truce. To disarm suspicion, and to let the enemy know at what time the commander-in-chief would return from Hartford, he added, in a postscript, "I expect General Washington to lodge here on Saturday next, and I will lay before him any matter you may wish to communicate."

Robinson sent this letter to Clinton, with the assurance that he would remain on board the *Vulture*, not doubting that Arnold himself was the "person" who would come to the vessel. Clinton dispatched André in a flag-boat to the *Vulture*, instructed not to change his clothes, receive papers, go within the American lines, or in any way assume the character of a spy. He too expected Arnold on board the *Vulture;* but the traitor took a course less dangerous to his own person. He had again passed a night at the house of Joshua Hett Smith, near Haverstraw, where he was joined by his wife and child, who were on their way from Philadelphia to head-quarters. There he made arrangements with Smith to go to the *Vulture* in a small boat on the night of the 20th, and bring ashore a British officer for consultation on an important subject, and in the event of the conference being protracted, to furnish a room at his house wherein it might be completed. Smith took his family on a visit to Fishkill, and so secured an empty house for the use of the conspirators. How far Smith was intrusted with a knowledge of the conspiracy will never be known. He was tried for complicity in the treason, but declared his ignorance of the plot, and was acquitted for want of evidence. The Scotch verdict "not proven" is the verdict of history, for the circumstantial evidence is all against him.

Smith did not accomplish his errand at the time appointed; but on the night of the 21st he went in a boat with muffled rowlocks and two good oarsmen from Stony Point to the *Vulture* off Croton (then Teller's) Point, and conveyed a letter to Colonel Robinson, whom the bearer personally knew. That letter gave Robinson information concerning the strength of the garrison at West Point and the writer's readiness to conclude the matter, couched in commercial phrases. Arnold expected Robinson would meet him, but the colonel declined to go ashore, and

advised André not to do so; but the major, eager to carry out a plot that seemed so ripe for execution, entered the boat with Smith, his scarlet uniform concealed by a long surtout. The latter bore two passes signed by Arnold, one for André and one for himself and his oarsmen, to be used in case they were interrupted by any of the American water patrols. They were landed near the mouth of a small creek on the western shore of Haverstraw Bay, near the foot of Long Clove Mountain, almost five miles from Smith's house, where Arnold was waiting for them in a thicket of fir-trees. He had ridden a horse from Smith's house, accompanied by a colored servant with another. To this retreat Smith led André, when Arnold requested his accomplice to return to the boat and leave the two conspirators alone.



SMITH'S HOUSE.

It was a serene, star-lit night, and a little frostiness was in the air. The conference lasted long, and was not ended when Smith came and warned them that the day was about to dawn. André reluctantly consented to go to Smith's house to complete the arrangements. They mounted the horses brought for the purpose by Arnold, and in the gloom they rode through the hamlet of Haverstraw to the house of Arnold's half-trusted assistant, yet standing on an eminence known as Treason Hill. At Haverstraw the voice of a sentinel startled André, for it was the first intimation he had received that he was within the American lines. He comprehended his perilous position, for he was without a pass or a flag; but it was too late to recede. They reached the mansion just as daylight appeared breaking over the Van Cortlandt manor. At that moment the booming of a cannon down the river [illegible]eard, and in the gray morning twiligh[illegible]saw the *Vulture* weigh anchor and drop [illegible]he stream. Colonel Livingston, statio[illegible]Verplanck's Point, had been told tha[illegible]ssel lay in such shallow water, with[illegible]annon-shot of the shore, that her bott[illegible]rested on the mud at low tide. He se[illegible]e men to Teller's Point, who cannona[illegible] so severely that she was compelled to we[illegible]n anchor to escape destruction or capture.

During that morning the whole plot was arranged in an upper room of Smith's house. André was to return to New York with information, and on a certain day that was fixed the British troops, which were already embarked in the fleet of Admiral Rodney for a pretended expedition to the Chesapeake, were to be ready at a moment's warning to ascend the Hudson. Arnold was to weaken the posts at West Point by dispersing the garrison. When the British should appear, he was to send out detachments among the mountain gorges at a distance from the works, under the pretense of meeting the enemy on their approach, and so allow his troops to be slaughtered or captured in detail. Fort Putnam, that commanded all the works, was to be weakened. The boom and chain that were stretched across the river from West Point to Constitution Island were to be so weakened also that a slight concussion from a vessel in motion would break them and make a free passage for the British fleet up the Hudson. When all was arranged, Arnold handed to André reports which explained the military condition of West Point and its dependencies, and requested the major to place them in his stockings under his feet. Fatal mistake! Clinton had instructed André not to go within the American lines nor receive any papers. He had done both, and so had woven a web of difficulty out of which he could not escape.

Arnold left André toward noon and returned to West Point, where he prepared to finish the wicked work of treason. Under

the pretext of its needing repairs, one of the links of the great chain (each weighing over two hundred pounds) was removed, and its place was supplied temporarily by stout ropes which would snap like threads at the heavy touch of the bow of a vessel under full headway. He prepared Fort Putnam so that an enemy could easily enter it, and made such disposition of the troops as to weaken their strength. Then he waited with anxiety for the appearance of the British armament at the lower entrance to the Highlands.

André spent the day uneasily at Smith's. Toward evening he asked Smith to take him back to the *Vulture* that night. The latter, who was greatly alarmed by the firing on that vessel, refused to do so, pleading illness as an excuse, but offering to ride half the night on horseback with his guest if he

JOHN PAULDING IN MIDDLE LIFE.

would take a land route. This alternative had been talked of in the morning, and Arnold had left an order for "John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains or below."

André was compelled to yield to circumstances, and at dusk that evening he and Smith, accompanied by a negro servant, had crossed the King's Ferry and were passing through the works at Verplanck's Point. The major had been persuaded to exchange his uniform for a citizen's dress—another fatal violation of Clinton's instructions. They pressed forward on the road toward White Plains without interruption until they were stopped by a sentinel near Crompond, about eight miles from the ferry. Captain Boyd, in command there, was satisfied by Arnold's pass that all was right, and persuaded them to remain in that neighborhood until morning, much against the judgment and will of André, who passed a sleepless night. Before sunrise on the 23d they were again in the saddle, and at Pine's Bridge, that spanned the Croton, they parted company, Smith assuring André that he was on neutral ground and past all danger. With a light heart the major pursued his journey alone.

That neutral ground was infested by plunderers, who had impoverished the whole region from the Croton to the Spuyt den Duyvel Creek. At the hour when André was approaching Tarrytown, seven young men of that neighborhood, who had banded for the purpose of wresting spoil from the plunderers while on their way toward the British camp, were watching for that game near the road where it crosses the creek that flows out of Sleepy Hollow—the scene of the encounter of Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman, already mentioned. They knew that their business was unlawful, and they feared arrest by the patrols of Sheldon's Light Horse; so four of the young men watched for them on a hill-top, while the other three—John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams—lay concealed in bushes near the road watching for the plunderers. At about nine o'clock in the morning, while they were playing at cards, they observed a horseman approaching the little bridge near the ancient Sleepy Hollow church. "He looks like a trader from New York," said one of the young men to Paulding, who seems to have been the leader of his party. Another said, "He appears like a gentleman, well dressed, and with boots on; you had better step out and stop him if you don't know him." As André ascended the gentle slope on the south side of the bridge, the three young men stepped from the thicket into the road, and Paulding, presenting his musket, ordered him to halt. "Gentlemen," he said, "I hope you belong to our party," seeing a jacket of the royal uniform on Paulding's back. Paulding asked, "What party?" He said, "The Lower Party," meaning the British. They told him they did, when he said, "I am a British officer, out in the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute;" and to show that he was such, he pulled out his gold watch. Paulding told him to dismount, when the full peril of his mistake flashed upon [illegible]'s mind. "My God!" he said, "I mu[illegible] any thing to get along," and pulled [illegible]nold's pass. He dismounted, told [illegible]e was going to Dobbs's Ferry on [illegible]ss for the general, and warned the[illegible] to get themselves into trouble by [illegible]aining him. Paulding assured him that they did not intend to rob him, but insisted that he must be searched. They took him into the bushes under a great tulip-tree for the purpose, but could

CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ.

find nothing that would justify them in detaining him. They were about to let him go, when it was suggested that something might be in his boots. He was ordered to take them off, when they found the papers which he had placed between his feet and his stockings. Paulding, with an oath, exclaimed, "He is a spy!"

André's captors asked him how much he would give them if they would let him go. He offered large sums in money and goods, but Paulding declared that not ten thousand guineas would induce him to release his prisoner. They conducted him to the head-quarters of Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, of Sheldon's Light Horse, at North Castle, the nearest military post, and delivered him and the papers into the custody of that officer. With stupidity unparalleled, and with the evidence of Arnold's treason before him, Jameson determined to send the prisoner to that general and the papers to Washington. When Major Tallmadge, of the same corps, returned from duty that evening and heard of the affair, he was astonished, and boldly expressed his suspicions of Arnold's fidelity. But Jameson would not listen to such suspicions. He had sent André under an escort, and with him a letter to Arnold, in which he stated that the prisoner, "John Anderson," had been taken while on his way to New York with a "parcel of papers," which, he thought, were "of a dangerous tendency." Tallmadge remonstrated so warmly that Jameson was induced to recall the escort with the prisoner, but insisted upon sending the letter to Arnold. As soon as he saw André, Tallmadge perceived by his manner and gait that he was a military man, and his suspicions of Arnold's fidelity were confirmed. He conducted the prisoner to Colonel Sheldon, at Salem, where André, when he learned that the papers taken from his boot had been sent to Washington, immediately wrote a letter to the chief frankly avowing his name and rank, and giving a brief account of the events which had brought him into his perilous situation. The letter was read to Major Tallmadge, sealed, and forwarded, and from that hour the prisoner's mind seemed relieved of a great burden. By Washington's orders André was

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

taken by Major Tallmadge first to West Point and then to Tappan, on the west side of the Hudson, then the head-quarters of the American army.

Meanwhile stirring events had taken place at Arnold's head-quarters. Washington and his companions had taken a more northerly road from Hartford than the one they had traveled when going into Connecticut, and so they missed the messenger who bore the papers found in André's boot, and the major's frank letter to the chief. They reached Fishkill on the 25th, where they were detained; and at an entertainment given them, they sat at table with Arnold's go-between, Smith, neither party having any suspicion of what was going on below. Washington sent his baggage to Arnold's quarters, with an intimation that he and Lafayette and Hamilton and other aids would be there to breakfast the next morning. They were in the saddle before daybreak, and were traversing the mountain roads before sunrise. When near the Robinson house, Washington turned down a lane to examine a redoubt near the river-side, when Lafayette reminded him that by delay they might keep Mrs. Arnold's breakfast waiting for them. "Ah," said Washington, "I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. You may go and take your breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I will be there in a short time."

Hamilton and another aid rode on, and were cordially received by Arnold and his wife. They were soon seated at breakfast in the low-ceiled room, yet preserved as it was then. While they were at table a letter was handed to the general. He supposed it would announce the appearance of the British armament below. Instead, it was the appalling letter of Jameson, written on the evening of André's capture. With almost perfect composure, he sat a moment engaged in conversation, when he begged his guests to excuse him, as business of importance demanded his immediate presence at West Point; and rising from the table, he left the room. His wife's experienced eye saw trouble in his countenance, and she followed him. He gave orders to the cockswain of his barge to order a horse immediately. "Any horse—even a wagon-horse!" he cried, and then he hastened to Mrs. Arnold's chamber, to which she had retired. In a few hurried words he told her that they must part, perhaps forever. She screamed aloud and swooned. Her cry brought her maid, whom Arnold ordered to take care of her mistress. Then pressing his wife to his bosom, and kissing their sleeping child, he returned to the breakfast-room, mentioned her sudden illness to his guests, and leaping upon the horse of one of his aids at the door, dashed down a path which led to his barge, half a mile distant, followed by his cockswain on foot. In a few moments he was out in the stream with stout oarsmen, and going swiftly, with a favoring tide, toward the *Vulture*, about eighteen miles below, telling his men he must get there in all haste, in order to meet Washington on his return. The promise of two gallons of rum for extra exertions made the oarsmen bend to their task with vigor, and so the traitor escaped to the shelter of a vessel of the enemy. He meanly delivered his bargemen as prisoners to the captain of the *Vulture*, who released them in New York.

Arnold and Robinson both wrote letters to Washington, and sent them by a flag to Verplanck's Point. The traitor protested that his wife was innocent of his plans, and asked protection for her and their child. Robinson, stating that André had gone up on public business at the request of Arnold, and bore his permit to return, declared that he could not be held a prisoner without a violation of flags, and requested his immediate release and permission to return to New York.

In the mean time the messenger sent by Jameson with the papers taken from André's boot and the prisoner's letter to Washington had arrived at the Robinson house, where Hamilton remained while the chief and his other aids went to West Point. Hamilton, as secretary, opened the package, and discovered the treason. He waited impatiently for Washington's return. He came at two o'clock, and immediate steps were taken to arrest the fugitive traitor, but they failed, for he had several hours the start; and at evening came the news that

the *Vulture*, with Arnold on board, had sailed for New York. "Whom can we trust now?" said Washington to Knox, Lafayette, and others, while his eyes were suffused with tears. Measures were taken to secure the post from the attack which Arnold had made arrangements for, and in a day or two it was evident that the danger was overpast.

The condition of Mrs. Arnold on the day of her husband's flight was truly pitiable. "She for a considerable time," Hamilton wrote, "entirely lost herself. The general went up to see her. She upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved, another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have pierced insensibility itself. All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother showed themselves in her appearance and conduct." She had been only one year a mother and not two a bride. Toward evening she became more calm, and the next morning Washington kindly assured her of her husband's personal safety by his flight to New York. The next day Washington received a letter from Sir Henry Clinton, inclosing one to that officer from Arnold, both, like Colonel Robinson, setting forth facts which, it was thought, would relieve André of the imputation of being a spy.

On the 29th of September Major André was brought before a board of general officers, convened by Washington in the old Dutch church at Tappan, to inquire into his case (he being accused of acting as a spy within the American lines), and, if found guilty of the crime charged, to determine what the punishment should be. The board was composed of Major-Generals Greene, Stirling, St. Clair, Lafayette, R. Howe, and Steuben, and Brigadier-Generals Parsons, James Clinton, Knox, Glover, Paterson, Hand, Huntington, and Stark. Greene was the president of the board, and John Laurance the judge-advocate-general. André submitted a written statement of his case, and was personally examined. After a pa-

ARNOLD'S ESCAPE.

MRS. ARNOLD AND CHILD.

tient and fair trial he was remanded to prison, when the court deliberated long and carefully. They finally came to the conclusion "that Major André, adjutant-general of the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that, agreeably to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death." On the following day Washington signified his approval of the finding of the court in these words: "The commander-in-chief approves of the opinion of the board of general officers respecting Major André, and orders that the execution of Major André take place to-morrow at 5 o'clock P.M."

There was no question among military men as to the *equity* of this sentence, but there was a general desire among the American officers to save the prisoner's life, for his youth, candor, gentleness, and fortitude exhibited at his trial had won the admiration of every beholder. Washington was willing to spare him, if justice and the good of the service would allow. The only way to save him was to exchange him for the traitor who had drawn him into these dreadful toils. A formal proposition for such an act could not be made, but the bearer of a package from Washington to Sir Henry Clinton (containing copies of the report of the proceedings of the court, their decision, and a letter from André to his general, in which he said, after acquitting Clinton of all blame, "I have a mother and two sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income") informed a British officer that if Sir Henry would give up Arnold, no doubt André would be saved. That officer went to Clinton with these words, but the latter could not in honor give Arnold up. But, in great distress because of the peril in which his favorite officer was placed, the baronet tried by negotiation to save André's life. The execution was postponed for a day, but nothing was offered to change the opinion of Washington as to the justice of the sentence and the expediency of executing it. Clinton was informed on the morning of the 2d of October that André would be executed as a spy at noon that day.

The prisoner did not fear death, but he ardently wished to die as a *soldier* by being shot, rather than as a *spy* by being hanged, and he pleaded earnestly for the boon in a touching letter which he wrote to Washington on the day before his execution. "Sympathy toward a soldier," he wrote, "will surely induce your excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor. Let me hope, Sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem toward me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as a victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet." Unwilling to wound the prisoner's feelings by a refusal, Washington did not answer the letter, and André was left with the consoling hope that his wish might possibly be gratified. He spent the brief period of existence left him in cheerful conversation with visitors, and in the practice of his favorite amusement, making sketches with pen and ink. Among these mementos of his last hours was an outline portrait of himself sitting at a round table. It was presented to Jabez L. Tomlinson, then the acting officer of his guard, and it is preserved in the Trumbull Gallery at Yale College.

Major André was hanged on an eminence near Tappan village at twelve o'clock on

FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY MAJOR ANDRÉ.*

the 2d day of October, 1780. On that morning his breakfast, as usual, was sent from Washington's table. After breakfast he shaved, dressed himself in the bright uniform of his rank in the British army—scarlet coat, rich green facings, buff vest and breeches, and boots—and putting his hat on the table, said to the officers in attendance, "Gentlemen, I am ready at any moment to wait on you." At the appointed time a large detachment of troops were paraded and an immense concourse of people were assembled. Nearly all of the general officers were present on horseback, excepting Washington and his staff; and it is said that the general never saw Major André, having avoided a personal interview with him.

The prisoner walked from his place of confinement to that of execution between two subaltern officers, arm in arm. He betrayed no emotion until he came in sight of the gallows, when he perceived that his earnest wish was not to be gratified—that he must "die on a gibbet." He recoiled for a moment, but instantly recovering his composure, he said, "I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode." When every thing was in readiness, and he was standing on his coffin in a wagon that was to move quickly from under him, he was told that he had an opportunity to speak. In a firm voice he said, "I beg you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." The wagon moved from under him, and he almost instantly expired. It was only a "momentary pang." The executioner was a Tory of the Ramapo Valley, named Strickland, who was a prisoner in Washington's hands, under sentence for some crime. No American soldier was willing to perform the odious service, and this Tory was induced to do so by a promise of pardon and freedom. He was thoroughly disguised by thickly smearing his face with the outside of a greasy pot. "A more frightful-looking being I never beheld," said an eye-witness. On that occasion Benjamin Abbot, a drum-major, who died at Nashua, New Hampshire, in 1851, at the age of ninety-two years, played the Dead March.

André's regimentals were removed when his body was put in the coffin, and were given to his servant. His mortal remains were buried at the foot of the gallows, where they lay until 1821, when, by order of the Duke of York, the British consul at New York caused them to be disinterred and sent to England, where they were placed near a mural monument which King George the Third had erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. That monument is in the form of a sarcophagus resting on a paneled base and plinth. On the front of the sarcophagus is a design in low relief representing Washington and officers in a tent at the moment when the chief received the

* The following descriptive title is affixed to the original engraving: "A Representation of Major John André, Adjutant-General to the King's forces in North America, going from the *Vulture* sloop of war to the shore of Haverstraw Bay, in Hudson River, the night of the 23d of September, 1780, in a boat which was sent for him (accompanied by a Mr. Smith), under the sanction of a flag of truce, by Major-General Arnold, who then commanded the rebel forces in that district. The above is an exact copy of a drawing sketched with a pen by Major André himself, the morning on which he was to have been Executed, with a desire (it is supposed) of perpetuating a Transaction which terminated most fatally for him, and found on his table with other papers the next day (being that of his death) by his servant, and delivered by him on his arrival at New York to Lieutenant-Colonel Crosbie, of the Twenty-third Regiment, who has caused this engraving to be taken from the original in his possession, as a small mark of his friendship for that valuable and unfortunate officer."

ANDRÉ'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

report of the court of inquiry, and a messenger had arrived with André's letter to Washington petitioning for a soldier's death. Near by are seen two men preparing the prisoner for execution upon a tree, while Mercy, accompanied by Innocence, bewails his fate. On the base is the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Major JOHN ANDRÉ, who, raised by his merit at an early period of life to the rank of adjutant-general of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country on the 2d of October, A.D. 1780, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his FOES. His gracious sovereign, KING GEORGE THE THIRD, has caused this monument to be erected."

The king settled a pension upon the family of André, and to wipe out the imputed stain produced by his death as a spy, the monarch conferred the honor of knighthood on André's brother.

Never was sympathy more genuine and feeling more real than that exhibited by Washington and the American officers on the occasion of André's execution. So testified the king in the inscription on the monument; and yet there are English writers of our day who insist that the show of sympathy was a farce. The author of "The Civil and Military Transactions" department of the *Pictorial History of England* says, "Some American generals, too, *lamented* [referring to the phraseology on the monument], but kept twisting the rope that was to hang him;" and falsely adds, "There are accounts which say that the deep sympathy and regret was all a farce, and that André, who was a wit and a poet, was most cordially hated by the Americans on account of some witticisms and satirical verses at their expense."

In the London *General Evening Post*, November 14, 1780, there was given a false report of André's "last words," in which the unfortunate man was made to say, "Remember that I die as becomes a British officer, while the manner of my death must reflect disgrace on your commander." On reading this account, Anna Seward, André's early friend, wrote her famous "Monody,"* in which she uttered the following unjust sentence, with others of like tenor:

"O Washington! I thought thee great and good,
Nor knew thy Nero-thirst for guiltless blood!
Severe to use the pow'r that Fortune gave,
Thou cool, determin'd murderer of the brave!
Lost to each fairer virtue that inspires
The genuine fervor of the patriot fires!
And you, the base abettors of the doom
That sunk his blooming honors in the tomb,
Th' opprobrious tomb your harden'd hearts decreed,
While all he ask'd was as the brave to bleed!"

Before the vessel that bore the news of André's execution to England had sailed, Washington wrote, "André has met his fate, and with the fortitude which was to be expected from an accomplished man and gallant officer." Again, "The circumstances under which he was taken justified it, and policy required a sacrifice; but as he was more unfortunate than criminal, and as there was much in his character to interest, while we yielded to the necessities of

* In Dr. Emmet's collection may be seen the original of the following bill, in the handwriting of Miss Seward:

"17th August.
2|6 Mr. Cadell to A. Seward, Dr.
1781. To 100 Monody's on Major André, £9. 0. 0.

"LICHFIELD, *July* 14, 1781.

"SIR,—One month after the date please to pay the contents of the above to J. Jackson or order, and you'll oblige your humble servant, ANNA SEWARD.

"To Mr. Cadell, Bookseller, E. 2477, Strand, London."

The Monody was "printed and sold by J. Jackson, for the author," at Lichfield.

rigor, we could not but lament it." André's watch, sold for one hundred and fifty dollars for the benefit of his captors, was bought by Colonel William S. Smith, of the American army, who sent it to the British general Robertson, in New York, with instructions to send it to André's sisters.

The Americans have ever been generous in their sympathy for "the unfortunate Major André," and have faithfully observed his request to remember that he "died like a brave man." "His king," says Bancroft, "did right in offering honorable rank to his brother and in granting pensions to his mother and sisters, but not in raising a memorial to his name in Westminster Abbey. Such honor belongs to other enterprises and deeds. The tablet has no fit place in a sanctuary dear from its monuments to every friend to genius and mankind."

On the earnest recommendation of Washington, the captors of André (Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart) were each rewarded by the Congress by an annual pension of two hundred dollars, and a silver medal bearing the legend, "VINCIT AMOR PATRIÆ"—the love of country conquers.

JUST IN TIME.

NOT a sound broke the stillness—not a window jarred; not a door creaked. It might have been the Enchanted Palace where the beautiful Princess of famous memory slept for a hundred years, and every body about her slept, from the first tiring-woman down to the lowest scullion.

It certainly was the enchanted *château*, for in the great saloon a maid held fast by the gilt chair she ought to have been dusting, and nodded, brush in hand. The steward nodded in his den over a long account that would not return a verdict sufficiently in his favor. The chief butler nodded in a pantry, as if doing worship to the glittering array of plate set out to be scoured. Slaves, gathered from so many different quarters of the globe that when awake they made the house a new Tower of Babel, slept too soundly, in any convenient spot which offered, to nod at all. From the dark dungeons underneath, where a huge wicked furnace winked a drowsy red eye, to the furthest attic, in which a small maid had fallen asleep in the act of hiding cake purloined from last night's festival, not a sound, not so much as a breath from the chill wind that complained without. The Enchanted Palace, surely; for, behold, in an upper chamber which looked like an enamel picture by some rare old Flemish artist, sat *la belle au bois dormant*, snowy draperies, golden hair, and all. Her eyes were open, a book on her knee; but she saw neither a line of the volume nor any thing about her.

A Sleeping Beauty, surfeited with the good things of this world, who did not mean to be lazy or selfish, but whom nothing interested specially; who was bored by people, tired of amusements; to whom nothing of any consequence ever happened or ever would—heigho!—who needed, in short, a hard mental shaking, a strong sensation, so powerful a blast from some bugle, whether the call of duty, love, or necessity, that her soul would wake from its trance.

It was a dark, miserable morning. The clouds were evidently inclined for a storm; but, not able to decide between rain and snow, they took it out in looking sullen and black, just as a woman pouts when she can not make up her mind whether to scold or cry.

Blanche Osgood nestled lower in the easy-chair by her dressing-room fire, and mentally vowed that she would not stir for a hundred years at least. She was fond of making exaggerated statements which would have caused our grandmothers to stare in horror; but we of the latter half of this wonderful century are not easily surprised into staring, and are never horrified, by words or deeds.

Presently the picture of still life was broken, without the slightest remorse on the part of the intruder. Aunt Deb came in like a whirlwind sent to announce the arrival of the Huntsman and his train. She had just swept through the house and startled every slumberer into guilty confusion, causing the steward hopelessly to blot his list of figures, and so alarming the small maid by her voice in the halls below that she dropped her stolen sweets and incontinently sat upon them till they were flatter than her funny little nose.

"A fine bracing morning," pronounced Aunt Deb, dressed to go out, and muffled to her eyebrows, according to her habit. It was one of her pet insanities always to believe herself in danger of a sore throat, though she never got it any more than if her bronchial tubes had been made of brass. "A brisk, tingling air, Blanche."

"Ugh!" said Blanche, in disgust, unconsciously imitating the sound wherewith, according to popular tales of border life, Indian chiefs invariably begin and end a conversation.

"The carriage is at the door," continued Aunt Deb, regardless of that contemptuous utterance.

"Let it stay there, if it likes," quoth Blanche, lazily.

"Not I," pronounced Deb, shaking her feathers and her furs as vigorously as if she suspected moths therein. "I am going straight down to fight that committee."

Blanche did not know what one she meant, and was too indolent to ask. Aunt Deb was always fighting some committee or other—whether she had the slightest con-