

## CHAPTER XII.

### FOES IN THE CAMP.

It is much worse to have one foe in the camp than to have a host of foes out-side, for who can tell what harm he may do who comes in the guise of a friend?

In the year 1774 a young man, named John An-dré, came with the King's troops, and fought in their ranks at St. John's and Crown Point.

He had a brave heart, and a fine mind, and did much to keep up the hearts of the men when in the camp. He was fond of the fair sex and had praised in rhyme the charms of a Miss Ship-pen who wed Ben-e-dict Ar-nold in the year 1780.

Ar-nold had fought well on our side at the north, and won much praise. He had been a sea-man in his youth, and was both strong and brave. But he grew proud and vain, and sought to rank as high as the Com-mand-er-in-chief, with whom he found much fault.

Wash-ing-ton had great faith in him, and did not dream he was false at heart.

For some ill-deeds while at Phil-a-del-phi-a Ar-nold had been brought to court and tried and his guilt proved, and this had made him wroth

with Wash-ing-ton, and the cause he had sworn to aid.

He sought for a way to pay back the slight and raise him-self to fame. With this end in view he wrote to Sir Hen-ry Clin-ton--but did not use his own name--that he would like to join the cause of King George on the terms that he set forth. He was in need of funds for he was deep in debt, but Clin-ton did not see fit to make use of him.

Two or three more of his schemes failed, and at last he asked that he might have charge of the post at West Point. This Wash-ing-ton gave him, and in Au-gust Ar-nold fixed him-self in a fine house that stood on the east side of the stream, half a mile or so south of West Point.

From this place he sent notes to An-dré, the aide-de-camp of Clin-ton, who wrote back and signed his name John An-der-son.

Ar-nold's plan was to throw West Point and the High-lands in-to the hands of Sir Hen-ry Clin-ton at the time that Wash-ing-ton was at King's Bridge, and the Eng-lish troops in New York.

A fleet, with a large land force on board, was to come up to the High-lands, and Ar-nold would at once yield up the post in-to their hands. This act he thought would bring the war to an end, with the flag of King George at high mast, and then great would be the name and fame of Ben-e-dict Ar-nold.

That the scheme might not fail, Ar-nold wrote to An-dré to meet him at

Dobb's Fer-ry, Sep-tem-ber 11, at noon.

But Ar-nold had spent the night of the 10th at Hav-er-straw, on the west shore, and on his way back in his barge, as he had no flag, he was fired on by the guard boats of the King's troops. So he had to put off his plans for a day or two.

In the mean-time the sloop-of-war Vul-ture--a good name for such a bird of prey--was brought up the Hud-son so as to be near at hand to aid in the vile scheme.

On Sep-tem-ber 18, Wash-ing-ton with his suite crossed the Hud-son at Ver-planck's Point, in Ar-nold's barge, on his way to Hart-ford.

Ar-nold went with him as far as Peeks-kill, and talked with him in a frank way, and as if he were most true to the cause.

An-dré went up the Hud-son on the 20th and went on board the Vul-ture where he thought to meet Ar-nold. But Ar-nold knew it would not be safe for him to be there; so he kept in the back-ground.

The next night a boat crept up to the side of the Vul-ture in which were two men. Their oars scarce made a sound.

An-dré, who wore a blue great coat, went on board this boat and was rowed to the west side of the stream. Six miles south of Sto-ny Point they came to shore at the foot of a high mount known as the Long Clove. It was mid-night. Dark was the hour, and dark the place, and

dark the deed.

Ar-nold was there hid in the shade of the woods. A man was near who came to wait on him and take care of his horse. He and An-dré had a long talk. One, two, three hours passed, and still there was more to say. One of the men who had brought An-dré, and whose name was Smith, warned them that it was near day-break, and the boat would be seen by our guards if they did not go back soon.

Ar-nold feared that the sight of a boat on its way to the Vul-ture might bring harm to him and his scheme, so he urged An-dré to stay on shore till the next night. The boat was sent to a creek up the Hud-son, and An-dré on the horse that Ar-nold's man had rode, set off with Ar-nold for Smith's house.

The road took them through the small town of Hav-er-straw. As they rode on in the dark the voice of one of the guards at an out-post made An-dré start, for he knew he must be with-in our lines. But it was too late to turn back, and at day-break they reached Smith's house.

Scarce was the door closed on them when the boom of great guns was heard from down the stream. An-dré felt ill at ease, and had good cause for fear.

The fact was that as soon as Liv-ing-ston, who had charge of our troops at Ver-planck's Point, heard that the Vul-ture was with-in shot of Tel-ler's Point, which juts out 'twixt Hav-er-straw Bay and

Tap-pan Sea, he sent some men and some big guns to that point in the night to fire on the sloop-of-war.

An-dré kept a close watch on the scene from a top room in Smith's house. At one time he thought the Vul-ture was on fire; but his heart gave a throb of joy when he saw the sloop-of-war drop down the stream out of reach of gun shot.

Ar-nold gave An-dré the plans of the works at West Point, and told him what and how he was to do. As the Vul-ture had changed her place, he told An-dré it would be far more safe for him to go back to New York by land. And he would reach there in less time.

But An-dré said that he must be put on board the sloop-of-war the next night; and in case he should change his mind Ar-nold gave him a pass that he might go by sea or by land. At ten o'clock that morn Ar-nold left him to his fate.

Time moved at a slow pace with poor An-dré. Once on board the Vul-ture he would be safe; his task would be done, and West Point would soon be in the hands of the red-coats. As night set in he grew still more ill at ease, and asked Smith how he had planned to get him on board the Vul-ture.

It gave him a shock to learn that Smith had not done the least thing. The boat-men had gone home, and he would not take him on board the Vul-ture. But he said he would cross the Hud-son with him and start

him on the road to New York by land, and go some of the way with him on horse-back.

They set off at sun-set, and went for eight miles on the road to White Plains when they were brought to a halt by a band of our troops who were out as watch-men.

An-dré showed his pass signed with Ar-nold's name, and so they took him for a friend and not a foe. He wore a coat of Smith's that made him look like a plain man.

The two were warned that it was not safe for them to be on the road at night, as they might meet the Cow-Boys from the King's troops, who but a short time since had swept through that part of the land.

Smith was full of fears, and An-dré had to yield to his wish to take a bed in a farm-house near at hand. This they did, but An-dré could not sleep. He knew that he was not safe. At day-break he woke Smith, and made him haste to leave the place.

Two and a half miles from Pine's Bridge, on the Cro-ton Riv-er, An-dré and Smith took a scant meal at a farm-house which had been stripped by the Cow-Boys.

Here Smith took leave of An-dré, who was to go the rest of the way to New York a-lone. He felt no fear now, as he had passed our lines, and was clear of those who kept watch on the out-posts.

Six miles from Pine's Bridge he came to a fork in the road. The left branch led to White Plains. The right branch led to the Hud-son. He had thought at first that he would take the left hand road, as the right one was said to be filled with Cow-Boys. But he had naught to fear from them, as he was on their side; and as it was a more straight road to New York, he turned down it and took his course on the banks of the Hud-son.

He had not gone far when he came to a place where a small stream crossed the road and ran down a dell that was thick with trees. A man stepped out with a gun and brought An-dré to a stand. Two more armed men came up to aid the first one, whose name was Paul-ding.

Paul-ding's coat was in rags, and was of the kind that was worn by the King's troops. When An-dré caught sight of it his heart leapt for joy, for he was sure he was safe. So sure that he did not guard his tongue. He asked the men if they were on his side, and they said they were. He then told who he was, and that he had been sent to a post up the Hud-son and was in haste to get back. As he spoke he drew out a gold watch, such as few owned in those days, and none but men of wealth.

Think what a shock it must have been to An-dré when Paul-ding said they were not his friends but his foes, and he was in their hands.

Then An-dré tried to make out that what he first told was a lie, but that he would now tell the truth; and he drew forth his pass to prove that he was all right. Had he done this in the first place he might

have gone on his way. "A still tongue shows a wise head."

The men seized his horse by the rein and told An-dré to get off. He warned them that he had been sent out by Gen-er-al Ar-nold and that they would be ill dealt with if they held him back.

"We care not for that," they said, as they led him through the shrubs on the edge of the brook. They then went to work to search him, and took note of the way in which he was drest. They were poor men, and had not had a chance to see such fine clothes.

An-dré wore a round hat, a blue great-coat, 'neath which was a red coat decked off with gold-lace, a nan-keen vest, small-clothes and boots.

They made him take off his coat and vest, and found naught to prove that he had sought to harm their cause, and they had a mind to let him go.

Paul-ding, who had been twice in the hands of the red-coats and ill-used by them, was still not quite free from doubt. A thought came to his mind.

"Boys," said he, "his boots must come off."

At this An-dré's face flushed, and he said that his boots were hard to get off, and he begged that he might not lose time in this way.



But the men were firm. They made him sit down, his boots were drawn off, and the plans that Ar-nold gave him were brought to light.

Paul-ding looked at them and cried out,

"He is a spy!"

He then asked An-dré where he had got these plans. "From a man at Pine Bridge" he said; "a man whom I did not know."

As he put on his clothes An-dré begged the men to let him go. He would pay them a large sum, and stay with two of the men while one went to New York to get it.

Here Paul-ding broke in, "Keep your gold! We want none of it. Were it ten times as much, you should not stir one step!"

An-dré had to yield to his fate, and was led by the men to our post which was ten or twelve miles off. An-dré rode on horse-back with one man in front, and one at each side.

At noon they came to a farm-house, and those who dwelt there sat at the mid-day meal. The house-wife, whose heart was touched by a sight of An-dré's youth and look of grief, asked him to draw near and take some of the food. Then as she caught sight of his gold-laced coat, the good dame said that she knew it was poor fare for such as he, but it

was the best she had.

Poor An-dré shook his head, and said, "Oh, it is all good, but in-deed I can-not eat!"

When the four reached the out-post and Jame-son, who was in charge, saw the plans that had been found on An-dré, he at once saw that they had been drawn up by the hand of Ben-e-dict Ar-nold.

He at once did the thing he ought not to have done, which was to write to Ar-nold, and tell him that a man who said his name was John An-derson had been caught, and held, though he bore a pass signed by him. The plans found on him had been sent to the Com-mand-er-in-chief, and An-dré, with a strong guard was sent with the note to Ar-nold.

In a short time, Ma-jor Tall-madge, who was next in rank to Jame-son, came back from a trip to White Plains. He had a clear head, and as soon as he heard the case he at once urged Jame-son to send a man in haste to bring An-dré back. This was done, but Jame-son had not thought to have the note to Ar-nold brought back, so it sped on to let the knave know that his plot had failed.

As soon as Ar-nold read the note he sprang on the horse of the man who brought it, and rode with all speed to the dock where his six-oared barge lay moored. He threw him-self in-to it and bade his men pull out in mid-stream and row as fast as they could to Tel-ler's Point, as he must be back in time to meet Wash-ing-ton, who was then on his way to

West Point.

The guards knew his barge, so they did not fire on it, and a bit of white cloth waved in the air served as a flag of truce. He soon was on board the Vul-ture, where he gave him-self up, and the cox-swain and six barge-men with him. This was a mean act, and showed just what kind of a man Ar-nold was, but as soon as the men made it known that they had been led to think that all was right, and that a flag of truce gave them a safe pass, they were at once set free.

Ar-nold gave the red-coats much aid, and they were glad to make use of him. But they did not care to make friends with so base a man. At the close of the war, he went to Eng-land, and made his home there. He was shunned by all, and died in the year 1801, at the age of three-score.

As Wash-ing-ton drew near the fort at West Point, he thought it strange that no guns were fired. "Is not Gen-er-al Ar-nold here?" he asked of the man who came down to the shore to meet him.

"No, sir. He has not been here for two days past; nor have I heard from him in that time."

This was strange; but soon the note from Jame-son was placed in his hands, and when he had read of the deep-laid scheme, he said with a deep sigh, "Whom can we trust now?"

Word was at once sent out to the guards to check Ar-nold's flight, but

it was too late. He had slipped from their grasp.

Let us now see how An-dré bore his hard fate. He had the best of care, and made hosts of friends, who grieved that one so young, so well-bred, and of such high rank, should have done a crime for which he must be hung.

It was a great grief to Wash-ing-ton, who would have felt no pang had Ar-nold been in An-dré's place. But death to the spy! was one of the rules of war, and Oc-to-ber 2 was the day set for An-dré to be hung. He had asked that since it was his lot to die he might choose the mode of death; and begged that he might be shot. This Wash-ing-ton could not grant, though in his heart he longed to do so; but thought it best that An-dré should not know.

On the morn of the 2d, An-dré drest him-self with great care, in the full suit worn by those who bore his rank in the King's troops. He was calm, while all those near him were in tears.

He walked with a firm step to the place where he was to end his life, arm in arm with two of our troops. When he caught sight of the rope he gave a start, and asked if he was not to be shot. When told that no change could be made, he said "How hard is my fate!--But it will be but a brief pang!"

[Illustration: WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE--P. 94.]

Then he stepped in-to the cart, took off his hat and stock, loosed his shirt at the throat, put the noose round his neck and bound his own eyes.

When told that there was a chance for him to speak if he chose, he said "I pray you to note that I meet my fate like a brave man."

Then the cart was moved off and he was left in mid-air, and death took place in a short time. An-dré was laid in a grave near the place where he was hung, but in 1821 was borne to the land of his birth, and placed near the tombs of Kings and Queens.

He that breaks laws must pay the price. If you want to make friends, and to have them love and trust you--be true. Let no one coax you to sin. The eye of God is on you, and he sees all your deeds. You may hide your crime for a while, but you may "be sure your sin will find you out." Be not an Ar-nold nor an An-dré.