

VARIOUS

HARPER'S NEW
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
NO. XVI.—SEPTEMBER,
1851—VOL. III

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No. XVI.—September, 1851—Vol. III**

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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

BY JOHN S.C. ABBOTT

II. DAWNING GREATNESS

While Napoleon was spending his few months of furlough in Corsica, he devoted many hours every day to the careful composition, after the manner of Plutarch, of the lives of illustrious Corsicans. Though he had made considerable progress in the work, it was lost in the subsequent disorders of those times. He also established a debating club, composed of the several officers in the army upon the island, to discuss the great political questions which were then agitating Europe. These subjects he studied with most intense application. In this club he was a frequent speaker, and obtained much distinction for his argumentative and oratorical powers. Napoleon, at this time, warmly espoused the cause of popular liberty, though most sternly hostile to lawless violence. As the reign of terror began to shed its gloom on Paris, and each day brought its tidings of Jacobin cruelty and carnage, Napoleon imbibed that intense hatred of anarchy which he ever after manifested, and which no temptation could induce him to disguise. One day he expressed himself in the club so vehemently, that an enemy, Salicetti, reported him to the government as a traitor. He was arrested, taken to Paris, and obtained a triumphant acquittal. Some years after he had an opportunity to revenge himself, most magnanimously, upon his enemy who had thus meanly sought his life, and whom he could not but despise. Salicetti, in his turn, became obnoxious to the Jacobins, and was denounced as an outlaw. The officers of police were in pursuit of him, and the guillotine was ravenous for his blood. He ungenerously sought concealment under the roof of Madame Permon, the mother of the young lady who had suggested to Napoleon the idea of "Puss in Boots." By this act he exposed to the most imminent peril the lives of Madame Permon and of all the members of her household. Napoleon was on terms of familiar intimacy with the family, and Salicetti was extremely apprehensive that he might discover his retreat, and report him to the police. Madame Permon also, knowing the hatred with which Salicetti had sought Napoleon's life, participated in these fears.

The very next morning Napoleon made his appearance in the saloon of Madame Permon.

"Well, Madame Permon," said he, "Salicetti will now in his turn be able to appreciate the bitter fruits of arrest. And to him they ought to be the more bitter, since he aided, with his own hand, to plant the trees which bear them."

"How!" exclaimed Madame Permon, with an air of affected astonishment, "is Salicetti arrested?"

"And is it possible," replied Napoleon, "that you do not know that he has been proscribed. I presumed that you were aware of the fact, since it is in your house that he is concealed."

"Concealed in my house!" she cried, "surely, my dear Napoleon, you are mad. I entreat you do not repeat such a joke in any other place. I assure you it would peril my life."

Napoleon rose from his seat, advanced slowly toward Madame Permon, folded his arms upon his breast, and fixing his eyes in a steadfast gaze upon her, remained for a moment in perfect silence.

"Madame Permon!" he then said, emphatically, "Salicetti is concealed in your house. Nay – do not interrupt me. I know that yesterday at five o'clock he was seen proceeding from the Boulevard in this direction. It is well known that he has not in this neighborhood any acquaintances, you excepted, who would risk their own safety, as well as that of their friends by secreting him."

"And by what right," Madame Permon replied, with continued duplicity, "should Salicetti seek an asylum here? He is well aware that our political sentiments are at variance, and he also knows that I am on the point of leaving Paris."

"You may well ask," Napoleon rejoined, "by what right he should apply to you for concealment. To come to an unprotected woman, who might be compromised by affording a few hours of safety to an outlaw who merits his fate, is an act of baseness to which no consideration ought to have driven him."

"Should you repeat abroad this assertion," she replied, "for which there is no possible foundation, it would entail the most serious consequences upon me."

Again Napoleon, with much apparent emotion, fixed his steadfast gaze upon Madame Permon, and exclaimed, "You, Madame, are a generous woman, and Salicetti is a villain. He was well aware that you could not close your doors against him, and he would selfishly allow you to peril your own life and that of your child, for the sake of his safety. I never liked him. Now I despise him."

With consummate duplicity Madame Permon took Napoleon's hand, and fixing her eye unquailing upon his, firmly uttered the falsehood, "I assure you, Napoleon, upon my honor, that Salicetti is not in my apartments. But stay – shall I tell you all?"

"Yes! all! all!" he vehemently rejoined.

"Well, then," she continued, with great apparent frankness, "Salicetti was, I confess, under my roof yesterday at six o'clock; but he left in a few hours after. I pointed out to him the moral impossibility of his remaining concealed with me, living as publicly as I do. Salicetti admitted the justice of my objection, and took his departure."

Napoleon, with hurried step, traversed the room two or three times, and then exclaimed, "It is just as I suspected. He was coward enough to say to a woman, 'Expose your life for mine.' But," he continued, stopping before Madame Permon, and fixing a doubting eye upon her, "you really believe, then, that he left your house and returned home!"

"Yes!" she replied, "I told him that since he must conceal himself in Paris, it were best to bribe the people of his own hotel, because that would be the last place where his enemies would think of searching for him."

Napoleon then took his leave, and Madame Permon opened the door of the closet where Salicetti was concealed. He had heard every word of the conversation, and was sitting on a small chair, his head leaning upon his hand, which was covered with blood, from a hemorrhage with which he had been seized. Preparations were immediately made for an escape from Paris, and passports were obtained for Salicetti as the valet de chambre of Madame Permon. In the early dawn of the morning they left Paris, Salicetti as a servant, seated upon the box of the carriage. When they had arrived at the end of the first stage, several miles from the city, the postillion came to the window of the coach, and presented Madame Permon with a note, which, he said, a young man had requested him to place in her hands at that post. It was from Napoleon. Madame Permon opened it and read as follows:

"I never like to be thought a dupe. I should appear to be such to you, did I not tell you that I knew perfectly well of Salicetti's place of concealment.

"You see, then, Salicetti, that I might have returned the ill you did to me. In so doing I should only have avenged myself. But you sought my life when I never had done aught to harm you. Which of us stands in the preferable point of view at the present moment? I might have avenged my wrongs; but I did not. Perhaps you may say, that it was out of regard to your benefactress that I spared you.

That consideration, I confess, was powerful. But you, alone, unarmed and an outlaw, would never have been injured by me. Go in peace, and seek an asylum where you may cherish better sentiments. On your name my mouth is closed. Repent and appreciate my motives.

"Madame Permon! my best wishes are with you and your child. You are feeble and defenseless beings. May Providence and a friend's prayers protect you. Be cautious, and do not tarry in the large towns through which you may have to pass. Adieu."

Having read the letter, Madame Permon turned to Salicetti, and said, "You ought to admire the noble conduct of Bonaparte. It is most generous."

"Generous!" he replied, with a contemptuous smile, "What would you have had him do? Would you have wished him to betray me?"

The indignant woman looked upon him with disgust, and said, "I do not know what I might expect *you* to do. But this I do know, that it would be pleasant to see you manifest a little gratitude."

When they arrived at a seaport, as Salicetti embarked on board a small vessel which was to convey him to Italy, he seemed for a moment not to be entirely unmindful of the favors he had received. Taking Madame Permon's hands in his, he said, "I should have too much to say, were I to attempt to express to you my gratitude by words. As to Bonaparte, tell him I thank him. Hitherto I did not believe him capable of generosity. I am now bound to acknowledge my mistake. I thank him."

Napoleon, after his acquittal from the charges brought against him by Salicetti, remained in Paris for two or three months. He lived in the most frugal manner, spending no money or time in dissipation or amusements. He passed most of his hours in the libraries, reading volumes of solid worth, and seeking the conversation of distinguished men. Without any exhibition of vanity, he seemed to repose great reliance upon his own powers, and was never abashed in the slightest degree by the presence of others, of whatever rank or attainments. Indeed he seemed, even then, to be animated by the assurance that he was destined for some great achievements. His eye was surveying the world. He was meditating upon the rise and fall of empires. France, Europe even, seemed too small for his majestic designs. He studied with intense interest the condition of the countless myriads of men who swarm along the rivers and the hill-sides of internal Asia; and dreamed of being himself the founder of an Empire there, in comparison with which the dynasties of Europe should be insignificant. Indeed he never, in all his subsequent career, manifested the least surprise in view of his elevation. He rose from step to step, regarding each ascent as a matter of course, never shrinking in the least degree from assuming any weight of responsibility, and never manifesting the slightest embarrassment in taking the command from the hands of gray-headed veterans.

While in Paris, he was, on the famous morning of the 20th of June, 1792, walking with his friend Bourrienne, along the banks of the Seine, when he saw a vast mob of men, women, and boys, with hideous yells and frantic gestures, and brandishing weapons of every kind, rolling like an inundation through the streets of the metropolis, and directing their steps toward the palace of the imprisoned monarch. Napoleon ran before them that he might witness their proceedings. Climbing, by an iron fence, upon the balustrade of a neighboring building, he saw the squalid mass of thirty thousand miscreants break into the garden of the Tuileries, swarm through the doors of the regal mansion, and, at last, compel the insulted and humiliated king, driven into the embrasure of a window, to put the filthy red cap of Jacobinism upon his brow. This triumph of the drunken vagrants, from the cellars and garrets of infamy, over all law and justice, and this spectacle of the degradation of the acknowledged monarch of one of the proudest nations on the globe, excited the indignation of Napoleon to the highest pitch. He turned away from the sight as unendurable, exclaiming, "The wretches! how could they suffer this vile mob to enter the palace! They should have swept down the first five hundred with grape shot, and the rest would have soon taken to flight."

New scenes of violence were now daily enacted before the eyes of Napoleon in the streets of Paris, until the dreadful 10th of August arrived. He then again saw the triumphant and unresisted mob sack the palace of the Tuileries. He witnessed the king and the royal family driven from the

halls of their ancestors, and followed by the frenzied multitude, with hootings, and hissings, and every conceivable insult, in momentary peril of assassination, until they took refuge in the Assembly. He saw the merciless massacre of the faithful guards of the king, as they were shot in the garden, as they were pursued and poniarded in the streets, as they were pricked down with bayonets, from the statues upon which they had climbed for protection, and in cold blood butchered. He saw, with his bosom glowing with shame and indignation, the drunken rioters marching exultingly through the streets of the metropolis, with the ghastly heads of the slaughtered guards borne aloft, upon the points of their pikes, as the trophies of their victory.

These hideous spectacles wrought quite a revolution in the mind of Napoleon. They effectually arrested the progress of all his tendencies toward democracy. He had been a great admirer of constitutional liberty in England, and a still greater admirer of republican liberty in America. He now became convinced that the people of France were too ignorant and degraded for self-government, that they needed the guidance and control of resistless law. He hated and despised the voluptuousness, the imbecility, and the tyranny of the effete monarchy. He had himself suffered most keenly from the superciliousness of the old nobility who grasped at all the places of profit and honor, merely to gratify their own sensuality, and left no career open to merit. Napoleon had his own fortune to make, and he was glad to see all these bulwarks battered down, which the pride and arrogance of past ages had reared to foster a worthless aristocracy; and to exclude the energetic and the aspiring, unaided by wealth and rank, from all the avenues of influence and celebrity. On the other hand the dominion of the mob appeared to him so execrable that he said, "I frankly declare that if I were compelled to choose between the old monarchy and Jacobin misrule, I should infinitely prefer the former." Openly and energetically, upon all occasions, fearless of consequences, he expressed his abhorrence of those miscreants who were trampling justice and mercy beneath their feet, and who were, by their atrocities, making France a by-word among all nations. This is a key to the character of Napoleon. Those opposing forces guided his future career. He ever, subsequently, manifested the most decisive resolution to crush the Jacobins. He displayed untiring energy in reconstructing in France a throne invincible in power, which should govern the people, which should throw every avenue to greatness open to all competitors, making wealth, and rank, and influence, and power the reward of merit. Napoleon openly avowed his conviction that France, without education and without religion, was not prepared for the republicanism of the United States. In this sentiment La Fayette and most of the wisest men of the French nation fully concurred. With an arm of despotic power he crushed every lawless outbreak. And he gathered around his throne eminent abilities, wherever he could find them, in the shop of the artisan, in the ranks of the army, and in the hut of the peasant. In France at this time, there was neither intelligence, religion, nor morality, among the masses. There was no reverence for law either human or divine. Napoleon expressed his high approval of the constitutional monarchy of England, and declared that to be the model upon which he would have the new government of France constructed. He judged that France needed an imposing throne, supported by an illustrious nobility and by a standing army of invincible power, with civil privileges cautiously and gradually disseminated among the people. And though in the pride of subsequent success he was disposed to gather all power into his own hands, few persons could have manifested during so long a reign, and through the temptations of so extraordinary a career, more unwavering consistency.

One evening he returned home from a walk, through the streets of the tumultuous metropolis, in which his ears had been deafened by the shouts of the people in favor of a new republican constitution. It was in the midst of the reign of terror, and the guillotine was drenched in blood. "How do you like the new constitution?" said a lady to him. He replied, hesitatingly, "Why, it is good in one sense, to be sure; but, all that is connected with carnage, is bad," and then, as if giving way to an outburst of sincere feeling, he exclaimed, emphatically, "*No! no! no! away with this constitution. I do not like it!*"

The republicanism of the United States is founded on the intelligence, the Christianity, and the reverence for law so generally prevalent throughout the whole community. And should that dark day

ever come, in which the majority of the people will be unable to read the printed vote which is placed in their hands, and lose all reverence for earthly law, and believe not in God, before whose tribunal they must finally appear, it is certain that the republic can not stand for a day. Anarchy must ensue, from which there can be no refuge but in a military despotism.

In these days of pecuniary embarrassment Napoleon employed a bootmaker, a very awkward workman, but a man who manifested very kindly feelings toward him, and accommodated him in his payments. When dignity and fortune were lavished upon the first consul and the emperor, he was frequently urged to employ a more fashionable workman. But no persuasions could induce him to abandon the humble artisan who had been the friend of his youthful days. Instinctive delicacy told him that the man would be more gratified by being the shoemaker of the emperor, and that his interests would thus be better promoted than by any other favors he could confer.

A silversmith, in one of Napoleon's hours of need, sold him a dressing-case upon credit. The kindness was never forgotten. Upon his return from the campaign of Italy, he called, rewarded him liberally, and ever after employed him, and also recommended him to his marshals and to his court in general. In consequence the jeweler acquired an immense fortune.

Effects must have their causes. Napoleon's boundless popularity in the army and in the nation, was not the result of accident, the sudden outbreak of an insane delusion. These exhibitions of an instinctive and unstudied magnanimity won the hearts of the people as rapidly as his transcendent abilities and Herculean toil secured for him renown.

Napoleon with his political principles modified by the scenes of lawless violence which he had witnessed in Paris, returned again to Corsica.

Soon after his return to his native island, in February, 1793, he, being then 22 years of age, was ordered, at the head of two battalions, in co-operation with Admiral Turget, to make a descent upon the island of Sardinia. Napoleon effected a landing and was entirely successful in the accomplishment of his part of the expedition. The admiral, however, failed, and Napoleon, in consequence, was under the necessity of evacuating the positions where he had entrenched himself, and of returning to Corsica.

He found France still filled with the most frightful disorders. The king and queen had both fallen upon the scaffold. Paoli, disgusted with the political aspect of his own country, treasonably plotted to surrender Corsica, over which he was the appointed governor, to the crown of England. It was a treacherous act, and was only redeemed from utter infamy by the brutal outrages with which France was disgraced. A large party of the Corsicans rallied around Paoli. He exerted all the influence in his power to induce Napoleon, the son of his old friend and comrade, and whose personal qualities he greatly admired, to join his standard. Napoleon, on the other hand, with far greater penetration into the mysteries of the future, entreated Paoli to abandon the unpatriotic enterprise. He argued that the violence with which France was filled was too terrible to be lasting, and that the nation must soon return again to reason and to law. He represented that Corsica was too small and feeble to think of maintaining independence in the midst of the powerful empires of Europe; that in manners, language, customs, and religion it never could become a homogeneous part of England; that the natural connection of the island was with France, and that its glory could only be secured by its being embraced as a province of the French Empire. And above all, he argued that it was the duty of every good citizen, in such hours of peril, to cling firmly and fearlessly to his country, and to exert every nerve to cause order to emerge from the chaos into which all things had fallen. These were unanswerable arguments, but Paoli had formed strong attachments in England, and remembered, with an avenging spirit, the days in which he had fled before the armies of conquering France.

The last interview which took place between these distinguished men, was at a secluded convent in the interior of the island. Long and earnestly they argued with each other, for they were devoted personal friends. The veteran governor was eighty years of age, Napoleon was but twenty-two. It was with the greatest reluctance that either of them could consent to draw the sword against the other. But

there was no alternative. Paoli was firm in his determination to surrender the island to the English. No persuasions could induce Napoleon to sever his interests from those of his native country. Sadly they separated to array themselves against each other in civil war.

As Napoleon, silent and thoughtful, was riding home alone, he entered a wild ravine among the mountains, when suddenly he was surrounded by a party of mountaineers, in the employ of Paoli, and taken prisoner. By stratagem he effected his escape, and placed himself at the head of the battalion of national guards over which he had been appointed commander. Hostilities immediately commenced. The governor, who with his numerous forces had possession of the town of Ajaccio, invited the English into the harbor, surrendering to them the island. The English immediately took possession of those heights on the opposite side of the gulf, which, it will be remembered, that Napoleon had previously so carefully examined. The information he gained upon this occasion was now of special service to him. One dark and stormy night he embarked in a frigate, with a few hundred soldiers, landed near the entrenchments, guided the party in the darkness, over the ground, with which he was perfectly familiar, surprised the English in their sleep, and, after a short but sanguinary conflict, took possession of the fort. The storm, however, increased to a gale, and when the morning dawned, they strained their eyes in vain through the driving mist to discern the frigate. It had been driven by the tempest far out to sea. Napoleon and his little band were immediately surrounded by the allied English and Corsicans, and their situation seemed desperate. For five days they defended themselves most valiantly, during which time they were under the necessity of killing their horses for food to save themselves from starvation. At last the frigate again appeared. Napoleon then evacuated the town in which he had so heroically contended against vastly outnumbering foes, and, after an ineffectual attempt to blow up the fort, succeeded in safely effecting an embarkation. The strength of Paoli was daily increasing, and the English in greater numbers crowding to his aid. Napoleon saw that it was in vain to attempt further resistance, and that Corsica was no longer a safe residence for himself or for the family. He accordingly disbanded his forces and prepared to leave the island.

Paoli called upon Madame Letitia, and exhausted his powers of persuasion in endeavoring to induce the family to unite with him in the treasonable surrender of the island to the English. "Resistance is hopeless," said he, "and by this perverse opposition, you are bringing irreparable ruin and misery on yourself and family." "I know of but two laws," replied Madame Letitia, heroically, "which it is necessary for me to obey, the laws of honor and of duty." A decree was immediately passed banishing the family from the island. One morning Napoleon hastened to inform his mother that several thousand peasants, armed with all the implements of revolutionary fury, were on the march to attack the house. The family fled precipitately, with such few articles of property as they could seize at the moment, and for several days wandered, houseless and destitute, on the sea-shore, until Napoleon could make arrangements for their embarkation. The house was sacked by the mob, and the furniture entirely destroyed.

It was midnight when an open boat manned by four strong rowers, with muffled oars, approached the shore in the vicinity of the pillaged and battered dwelling of Madame Letitia. A dim lantern was held by an attendant, as the whole Bonaparte family, in silence and in sorrow, with the world, its poverty and all its perils, wide before them, entered the boat. A few trunks and bandboxes, contained all their available property. The oarsmen pulled out into the dark and lonely sea. Earthly boat never before held such a band of emigrants. There sat Madame Letitia, Joseph, Napoleon, Lucien, Louis, Jerome, Eliza, Pauline, and Caroline. Little did those poor and friendless fugitives then imagine that all the thrones of Europe were to tremble before them, and that their celebrity was to fill the world. Napoleon took his stand at the bows, for although the second son, he was already the commanding spirit of the family. They soon ascended the sides of a small vessel which was waiting for them in the offing, with her sails fluttering in the breeze, and when the morning sun arose over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, they were approaching the harbor of Nice. Here

they remained but a short time, when they removed to Marseilles, where the family resided in great pecuniary embarrassment until relieved by the rising fortunes of Napoleon.

The English immediately took possession of the island, and retained it for two years. The fickle Corsicans soon grew weary of their new masters, in whose language, manners, and religion they found no congeniality, and a general rising took place. A small force from France effected a landing, notwithstanding the vigilance of the English cruisers. Beacon fires, the signals of insurrection, by previous concert, blazed from every hill, and the hoarse sound of the horn, echoing along the mountain sides and through the ravines, summoned the warlike peasants to arms. The English were driven from the island with even more precipitation than they had taken possession of it. Paoli retired with them to London, deeply regretting that he had not followed the wise counsel of young Napoleon. Bonaparte never visited Corsica again. He could not love the *people* in whose defense he had suffered such injustice. To the close of life, however, he retained a vivid recollection of the picturesque beauties of his native island, and often spoke, in most animating terms, of the romantic glens, and precipitous cliffs, and glowing skies endeared to him by all the associations of childhood. The poetic and the mathematical elements were both combined in the highest degree in the mind of Napoleon, and though his manly intellect turned away in disgust from mawkish and effeminate sentimentalism, he enjoyed the noble appreciation of all that is beautiful, and all that is sublime. His retentive memory was stored with the most brilliant passages from the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, and no one could quote them with more appropriateness.

We now approach more eventful scenes in the life of this extraordinary man. All the monarchies of Europe were allied, in arms, against the French Revolution, and slowly, but resistlessly, their combined armies were marching upon Paris. The emigrant nobles and monarchists, many thousands in number, were incorporated into the embattled hosts of these allies. The spirit of insurrection against the government began to manifest itself very strongly in several important cities. Toulon, on the shores of the Mediterranean, was the great naval dépôt and arsenal of France. It contained a population of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants. More than fifty ships-of-the-line and frigates were riding at anchor in its harbor, and an immense quantity of military and naval stores, of every description, was collected in its spacious magazines. The majority of the inhabitants of this city were friends of the old monarchy. Some ten thousand of the royalists of Marseilles, Lyons, and other parts of the south of France, took refuge within the walls of Toulon, and, uniting with the royalist inhabitants, surrendered the city, its magazines, its ships, and its forts to the combined English and Spanish fleet, which was cruising outside of its harbor. The English ships sailed triumphantly into the port, landed five thousand English troops, and eight thousand Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Piedmontese, took full possession of the place. This treacherous act excited to the highest pitch the alarm and the indignation of the revolutionary government; and it was resolved that, at all hazards, Toulon must be retaken, and the English driven from the soil of France. But the English are not easily expelled from the posts which they once have occupied; and it was an enterprise of no common magnitude to displace them, with their strong army and their invincible navy, from fortresses so impregnable as those of Toulon, and where they found stored up for them, in such profuse abundance, all the munitions of war.

Two armies were immediately marched upon Toulon, the place invested, and a regular siege commenced. Three months had passed away, during which time no apparent progress had been effected toward the capture of the town. Every exertion was made by the allied troops and the royalist inhabitants to strengthen the defenses, and especially to render impregnable a fort called the Little Gibraltar, which commanded the harbor and the town. The French besieging force, amounting to about forty thousand men, were wasting their time outside of the entrenchments, keeping very far away from the reach of cannon balls. The command of these forces had been intrusted to Gen. Cartaux, a portrait-painter from Paris, as ignorant of all military science, as he was self-conceited. Matters were in this state when Napoleon, whose commanding abilities were now beginning to attract attention, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general, and invested with the command of the

artillery train at Toulon. He immediately hastened to the scene of action, and beheld, with utter astonishment, the incapacity with which the siege was conducted. He found batteries erected which would not throw their balls one half the distance between the guns and the points they were designed to command. Balls also were heated in the peasants' houses around, at perfectly ridiculous distances from the guns, as if they were articles to be transported at one's leisure. Napoleon requested the commander-in-chief, at whose direction these batteries were reared, to allow him to witness the effect of a few discharges from the guns. With much difficulty he obtained consent. And when the general saw the shot fall more than half-way short of the mark, he turned upon his heel, and said, "These aristocrats have spoiled the quality of the powder with which I am supplied."

Napoleon respectfully but firmly made his remonstrance to the Convention, assuring them that the siege must be conducted with far more science and energy if a successful result was to be expected. He recommended that the works against the city itself should be comparatively neglected, and that all the energies of the assaults should be directed against Little Gibraltar. That fort once taken, it was clear to his mind that the English fleet, exposed to a destructive fire, must immediately evacuate the harbor, and the town would no longer be defensible. In fact, he pursued precisely the course by which Washington had previously driven the British from Boston. The distinguished American general turned aside from the city itself, and by a masterly movement planted his batteries on Dorchester heights, from which he could rain down a perfect tempest of balls upon the decks of the English ships. The invaders were compelled to fly, and to take with them their Tory allies. Napoleon did the same thing at Toulon. The enterprise was, however, vastly more arduous, since the English had foreseen the importance of that port, and had surrounded it with works so unapproachable that they did not hesitate to call it their *Little Gibraltar*. Napoleon, then but twenty-three years of age, undertook their dislodgment. Dugommier, a scarred and war-worn veteran, was now placed in the supreme command, and cordially sympathized with his young artillery officer in all his plans. The agents of the Convention, who were in the camp as spies to report proceedings to the government, looked with much incredulity upon this strange way of capturing Toulon. One morning some of these commissioners ventured to criticise the direction of a gun which Napoleon was superintending. "Do you," he tartly replied, "attend to your duty as a national commissioner, and I will be answerable for mine with my head."

Napoleon's younger brother, Louis, visited him during the siege. They walked out one morning to a place where an unavailing assault had been made by a portion of the army, and two hundred mangled bodies of Frenchmen were strewn over the ground. On beholding the slaughter which had taken place, Napoleon exclaimed, "All those men have been needlessly sacrificed. Had intelligence commanded here none of these lives need have been lost. Learn from this, my brother, how indispensable and imperatively necessary it is, that those should possess knowledge who aspire to assume the command over others."

Napoleon, with an energy which seemed utterly exhaustless, devoted himself to the enterprise he had undertaken. He shared all the toils and all the perils of his men. He allowed himself but a few hours' sleep at night, and then wrapped in his cloak, threw himself under the guns. By the utmost exertions he soon obtained, from all quarters, a train of two hundred heavy battering cannon. In the midst of a storm of shot and shells incessantly falling around him, he erected five or six powerful batteries, within point-blank range of the works he would assail. One battery in particular which was masked by a plantation of olives, he constructed very near the entrenchments of the enemy. He seemed utterly regardless of his own safety, had several horses shot from under him, and received from an Englishman so serious a bayonet wound in his left thigh that for a time he was threatened with the necessity of amputation. All these operations were carried on in the midst of the storms of battle. There were daily and nightly skirmishes and sallies, and deadly assaults, and the dreadful tide of successful and unsuccessful war ever ebbed and flowed. One day an artillery man was shot down by his side, and the ramrod which he was using was drenched with blood. Napoleon immediately

sprung into the dead man's place, seized the rod, and to the great encouragement of the soldiers, with his own hand, repeatedly charged the gun.

While the siege was in progress, one day, fifteen carriages, from Paris, suddenly made their appearance in the camp, and about sixty men alighting from them, dressed in gorgeous uniform, and with the pomp and important air of ambassadors from the revolutionary government, demanded to be led into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

"Citizen general," said the orator of the party. "We come from Paris. The patriots are indignant at your inactivity and delay. The soil of the Republic has been violated. She trembles to think that the insult still remains unavenged. She asks, Why is Toulon not yet taken? why is the English fleet not yet destroyed? In her indignation she has appealed to her brave sons. We have obeyed her summons and burn with impatience to fulfill her expectations. We are volunteer gunners from Paris. Furnish us with arms. To-morrow we will march against the enemy."

The general was not a little disconcerted by this pompous and authoritative address. But Napoleon whispered to him, "Turn those gentlemen over to me. I will take care of them." They were very hospitably entertained, and the next morning, at daybreak, Napoleon conducted them to the sea-shore, and gave them charge of several pieces of artillery, which he had placed there during the night, and with which he requested them to sink an English frigate whose black and threatening hull was seen, through the haze of the morning, at anchor some distance from the shore. The trembling volunteers looked around with most nervous uneasiness in view of their exposed situation, and anxiously inquired if there was no shelter behind which they could stand. Just then John Bull uttered one of his most terrific roars, and a whole broadside of cannon balls came whistling over their heads. This was not the amusement they had bargained for, and the whole body of braggadocios took to precipitate flight. Napoleon sat quietly upon his horse, without even a smile moving his pensive and marble features as he contemplated, with much satisfaction, the dispersion of such troublesome allies.

Upon another occasion, when the enemy were directing their fire upon the works which he was constructing, having occasion to send a dispatch from the trenches, he called for some one who could write, that he might dictate an order. A young private stepped out from the ranks and, resting the paper upon the breastwork, began to write, as he dictated. While thus employed, a cannon ball, from the enemy's battery, struck the ground but a few feet from them, covering their persons and the paper with the earth. "Thank you," said the soldier, gayly, "we shall need no more sand upon this page." The instinctive fearlessness and readiness thus displayed arrested the attention of Napoleon. He fixed his keen and piercing eye upon him for a moment, as if scrutinizing all his mental and physical qualities, and then said, "Young man! what can I do for you?" The soldier blushed deeply, but promptly replied, "Every thing," and then touching his left shoulder with his hand, he added, "you can change this worsted into an epaulet." A few days after, Napoleon sent for the same soldier, to reconnoitre the trenches of the enemy, and suggested that he should disguise his dress, as his exposure would be very great. "Never," replied the soldier; "do you take me for a spy? I will go in my uniform, though I should never return." He set out immediately, and fortunately escaped unharmed. These two incidents revealed character, and Napoleon immediately recommended him for promotion. This was Junot, afterward Duke of Abrantes, and one of the most efficient friends of Napoleon. "I love Napoleon," said Junot afterward, most wickedly, "as my God. To him I am indebted for all that I am."¹

At last the hour arrived when all things were ready for the grand attempt. It was in the middle watches of the night of the 17th of December, 1793, when the signal was given for the assault. A cold storm of wind and rain was wailing its midnight dirges in harmony with the awful scene of carnage, destruction, and woe, about to ensue. The genius of Napoleon had arranged every thing and inspired the desperate enterprise. No pen can describe the horrors of the conflict. All the energies

¹ It is pleasant to witness manifestations of gratitude. God frowns upon impiety. The wealthy, illustrious, and miserable Junot, in a paroxysm of insanity, precipitated himself from his chamber window, and died in agony upon the pavement.

of both armies were exerted to the utmost in the fierce encounter. To distract the attention of the enemy, the fortifications were every where attacked, while an incessant shower of bomb-shells were rained down upon the devoted city, scattering dismay and death in all directions. In the course of a few hours eight thousand shells from the effective batteries of Napoleon were thrown into Little Gibraltar, until the massive works were almost one pile of ruins. In the midst of the darkness, the storm, the drenching rain, the thunder of artillery, and the gleaming light of bomb-shells, the French marched up to the very muzzles of the English guns, and were mown down like grass before the scythe by the tremendous discharges of grape-shot and musketry. The ditches were filled with the dead and the dying. Again and again the French were repulsed, only to return again and again to the assault. Napoleon was every where present, inspiring the onset, even more reckless of his own life than of the lives of his soldiers. For a long time the result seemed very doubtful. But the plans of Napoleon were too carefully laid for final discomfiture. His mangled, bleeding columns rushed in at the embrasures of the rampart, and the whole garrison were in a few moments silent and still in death. "General," said Bonaparte to Dugommier, broken down by fatigue and age, as he raised the tricolored flag over the crumbling walls of the rampart, "go and sleep. We have taken Toulon." "It was," says Scott, "upon this night of terror, conflagration, tears, and blood, that the star of Napoleon first ascended the horizon, and though it gleamed over many a scene of horror ere it set, it may be doubted whether its light was ever blended with that of one more dreadful."

Though Little Gibraltar was thus taken, the conflict continued all around the city until morning. Shells were exploding, and hot shot falling in the thronged dwellings. Children in the cradle, and maidens in their chambers had limb torn from limb by the dreadful missiles. Conflagrations were continually bursting forth, burning the mangled and the dying, while piercing shrieks of dismay and of agony rose even above the thunders of the terrific cannonade. The wind howled in harmony with the awful scene, and a cold and drenching rain swept the streets. One can not contemplate such a conflict without wondering that a God of mercy could have allowed his children thus brutally to deform this fair creation with the spirit of the world of woe. For the anguish inflicted upon suffering humanity that night a dread responsibility must rest somewhere. A thousand houses were made desolate. Thousands of hearts were lacerated and crushed, with every hope of life blighted forever. The English government thought that they did right, under the circumstances of the case, to send their armies and take possession of Toulon. Napoleon deemed that he was nobly discharging his duty, in the Herculean and successful endeavors he made to drive the invaders from the soil of France. It is not easy for man, with his limited knowledge, to adjust the balance of right and wrong. But here was a crime of enormous magnitude committed – murder, and robbery, and arson, and violence – the breaking of every commandment of God upon the broadest scale; and a day of Judgment is yet to come in which the responsibility will be with precise and accurate justice awarded.

The direful tragedy was, however, not yet terminated. When the morning sun dawned dimly and coldly through the lurid clouds, an awful spectacle was revealed to the eye. The streets of Toulon were red with blood, while thousands of the mangled and the dead, in all the most hideous forms of mutilation, were strewed through the dwellings and along the streets. Fierce conflagrations were blazing in many parts of the city, while mouldering ruins and shattered dwellings attested the terrific power of the midnight storm of man's depravity. The cannonade was still continued, and shells were incessantly exploding among the terrified and shrieking inhabitants.

Napoleon, having accomplished the great object of his exertions, the capture of Little Gibraltar, allowed himself not one moment for triumph, or repose, or regret; but, as regardless of the carnage around him, as if he were contemplating a field over which the scythe of the mower had passed, immediately prepared his guns to throw their plunging balls into the English ships, and to harass them at every point of exposure. No sooner did Lord Howe see the tricolored flag floating from the parapets of Little Gibraltar, than, conscious that the city was no longer tenable, he made signal for the fleet to prepare for immediate evacuation. The day was passed by the English in filling their ships with

stores from the French arsenals, they having determined to destroy all the munitions of war which they could not carry away. The victorious French were straining every nerve in the erection of new batteries, to cripple and, if possible, to destroy the retiring foe. Thus passed the day, when another wintry night settled gloomily over the beleaguered and woe-exhausted city. The terror of the royalists was dreadful. They saw, by the embarkation of the British sick and wounded, the indications that the English were to evacuate the city, and that they were to be left to their fate. And full well they knew what doom they, and their wives and their children, were to expect from republican fury in those days of unbridled violence. The English took as many of the French ships of the line as could be got ready for sea, to accompany them in their escape. The rest, consisting of fifteen ships of the line and eight frigates, were collected to be burned. A fire-ship, filled with every combustible substance, was towed into their midst, and at ten o'clock the torch was applied. The night was dark and still. The flames of the burning ships burst forth like a volcano from the centre of the harbor, illumining the scene with lurid and almost noonday brilliance. The water was covered with boats, crowded with fugitives, hurrying, frantic with despair, in the abandonment of homes and property, to the English and Spanish ships. More than twenty thousand loyalists, men, women, and children, of the highest rank, crowded the beach and the quays, in a state of indescribable consternation, imploring rescue from the infuriate army of the republicans howling like wolves around the walls of the city, eager to get at their prey. In increase of the horror of the scene, a most furious cannonade was in progress all the time from every ship and every battery. Cannon balls tore their way through family groups. Bombs exploded upon the thronged decks of the ships, and in the crowded boats. Many boats were thus sunk, and the shrieks of drowning women and children pierced through the heavy thunders of the cannonade. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters were separated from each other, and ran to and fro upon the shore in delirious agony. The daughter was left mangled and dying upon the beach; the father was borne by the rush into one boat, the wife into another, and no one knew who was living, and who, mercifully, was dead. The ships, the magazines, the arsenals were all now in flames. The Jacobins of Toulon began to emerge from garrets and cellars, and frenzied with intoxication, like demons of darkness, with torch and sword, rioted through the city, attacked the flying royalists, tore their garments from their backs, and inflicted upon maids and matrons every conceivable brutality. A little after midnight two frigates, each containing many thousand barrels of gunpowder, blew up, with an explosion so terrific, that it seemed to shake, like an earthquake, even the solid hills. As at last the rear-guard of the English abandoned the ramparts and hurried to their boats, the triumphant republican army, nearly forty thousand strong, came rushing into the city at all points. The allied fleet, with favoring winds, spread its sails, and soon disappeared beneath the horizon of the silent sea, bearing away nearly twenty thousand wretched exiles to homelessness, penury, and a life-long woe.

Dugommier, the commander of the republican army, notwithstanding all his exertions, found it utterly impossible to restrain the passions of his victorious soldiers, and for many days violence and crime ran rampant in the doomed city. The crime of having raised the flag of royalty, and of having surrendered the city and its stores to the foe, was one not to be forgiven. The Jacobin government in Paris sent orders for a bloody and a terrible vengeance, that the loyalists all over France might be intimidated from again conspiring with the enemy. Napoleon did every thing in his power to protect the inhabitants from the fury which was wreaked upon them. He witnessed, with anguish, scenes of cruelty which he could not repress. An old merchant, eighty-four years of age, deaf and almost blind, was guilty of the crime of being worth five millions of dollars. The Convention, coveting his wealth, sentenced him to the scaffold. "When I witnessed the inhuman execution of this old man," said Napoleon, "I felt as if the end of the world was at hand." He exposed his own life to imminent peril in his endeavors to save the helpless from Jacobin rage. One day a Spanish prize was brought into the harbor, on board of which had been taken the noble family of Chabillant, well known loyalists, who were escaping from France. The mob, believing that they were fleeing to join the emigrants and the allied army in their march against Paris, rushed to seize the hated aristocrats, and to hang them,

men and women, at the nearest lamp-posts. The guard came up for their rescue and were repulsed. Napoleon saw among the rioters several gunners who had served under him during the siege. He mounted a platform, and their respect for their general secured him a hearing. He induced them, by those powers of persuasion which he so eminently possessed, to intrust the emigrants to him, to be tried and sentenced the next morning. At midnight he placed them in an artillery wagon, concealed among barrels of powder and casks of bullets, and had them conveyed out of the city as a convoy of ammunition. He also provided a boat to be in waiting for them on the shore, and they embarked and were saved.

Though the representatives of the Convention made no allusion to Napoleon in their report, he acquired no little celebrity among the officers in the army by the energy and skill he had manifested. One of the deputies, however, wrote to Carnot, "I send you a young man, who distinguished himself very much during the siege, and earnestly recommend to you to advance him speedily. If you do not, he will most assuredly advance himself."

Soon after the capture of Toulon, Napoleon accompanied General Dugommier to Marseilles. He was in company with him there, when some one, noticing his feminine figure, inquired, "Who is that little bit of an officer, and where did you pick him up?" "That officer's name," gravely replied General Dugommier, "is Napoleon Bonaparte. *I picked him up* at the siege of Toulon, to the successful termination of which he eminently contributed. And you will probably one day see that this *little bit of an officer* is a *greater man* than any of us."

Napoleon was immediately employed in fortifying the maritime coast of southern France, to afford the inhabitants protection against attacks from the allied fleet. With the same exhaustless, iron diligence which had signalized his course at Toulon, he devoted himself to this new enterprise. He climbed every headland, explored every bay, examined all soundings. He allowed himself no recreation, and thought not of repose. It was winter, and cold storms of wind and rain swept the bleak hills. But the energies of a mind more intense and active than was perhaps ever before encased in human flesh, rendered this extraordinary man, then but twenty-three years of age, perfectly regardless of all personal indulgences. Drenched with rain, living upon such coarse fare as he chanced to meet in the huts of fishermen and peasants; throwing himself, wrapped in his cloak, upon any poor cot, for a few hours of repose at night, he labored, with both body and mind, to a degree which no ordinary constitution could possibly have endured, and which no ordinary enthusiasm could have inspired. In a few weeks he accomplished that to which others would have devoted years of energetic action. It seems incredible that a human mind, in so short a time, could have matured plans so comprehensive and minute, and could have achieved such vast results. While other young officers, of his age, were sauntering along the windings of mountain streams with hook and line, or strolling the fields with fowling-pieces, or, in halls of revelry, with mirthful maidens, were accomplishing their destiny in cotillions and waltzes, Napoleon, in Herculean toil, was working day and night, with a sleepless energy, which never has been surpassed. He divided the coast batteries into three classes: those for the defense of men-of-war in important harbors; those for the protection of merchant vessels, and those reared upon promontories and headlands, under whose guns the coasting trade could hover.

Having accomplished this vast undertaking in the two wintry months of January and February, early in March, 1794, he joined the head-quarters of the army of Italy in Nice, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-general of Artillery. The personal appearance of Napoleon, at this time, was any thing but prepossessing. He was diminutive in stature, and thin and emaciated in the extreme. His features were angular and sharp, and his complexion sallow. His hair, contrary to the fashion of the times, was combed straight over his forehead. His hands were perfectly feminine in their proportions. Quite regardless of the display of dress, he usually appeared without gloves, which, he said, were a useless luxury, in a plain round hat, with boots clumsily fitted to his feet, and with that gray great-coat, which afterward became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV. His eye, however, was brilliant, and his smile ever peculiarly winning.

Napoleon, upon his arrival at Nice, found the French army idly reposing in their intrenchments among the Maritime Alps, and surrounded by superior forces of Austrians and Sardinians. General Dumerbion, who was in command, was a fearless and experienced soldier, but aged and infirm, and suffering severely from the gout. The sun of returning spring was causing the hills and the valleys to rejoice. Mild airs from the south were breathing gently over the opening foliage, and the songs of birds and the perfume of flowers lured to listless indulgence. Napoleon was pale and emaciate from the toils of his batteries at Toulon, and from his sleepless exertions in fortifying the coast. He now had an opportunity for repose, and for the recruiting of his apparently exhausted frame. He, however, did not allow himself one single day of recreation or of rest. The very hour of his arrival found him intensely occupied in informing himself respecting all the particulars of the numbers, positions, the organization, and the available resources of the two armies. He carefully examined every outpost of the French, and reconnoitred with the most scrutinizing attention the line occupied by the opposing hosts. He studied the map of the country. He galloped hour after hour, and day after day through the ravines and over the mountains, to make himself perfectly familiar with all the localities of the region. After a day of incessant toil he would spend the night with his maps and charts before him, with every meandering stream, every valley, every river carefully laid down, and with pins, the heads of some covered with red sealing-wax to represent the French, and others with blue to designate the enemy, he would form all possible combinations, and study the advantages or the perils of the different positions which the republican army might assume. Having thrown himself upon his cot for a few hours of repose, the earliest dawn of the morning would find him again upon his horse's back, exploring all the intricate and perilous fastnesses of the Alps.

A large force of Austrians were intrenched near Saorgia, along the banks of the fertile Roya, in the enjoyment of ease and abundance, and dreaming not of peril. Napoleon, with great deliberation, formed his plan. He had foreseen all probable contingencies, and guarded against every conceivable danger. A council was assembled. He presented his suggestions so forcibly and so clearly, as to insure their immediate adoption. Massena,² with fifteen thousand men, secretly and rapidly was to ascend the banks of the Oreglia, a stream running parallel with the Roya, till, far up near the sources of the two rivers, crossing over to the Roya, he was to descend that valley, and fall unexpectedly upon the Austrians in the rear. At the same time General Dumerbion, the commander-in-chief, with ten thousand men, was to assail the enemy in front. Napoleon, with ten thousand men, marching nearer to the Mediterranean coast, was to seize the important posts there, and cut off, from the fertile plains of the south, the retreat of the enemy. Thus, in three weeks after Napoleon had made his appearance at the head-quarters of the army in Nice, the whole force of the French was in motion. The energy of the youthful general was immediately communicated to the entire army. Desperate and sanguinary conflicts ensued, but the plan was triumphantly successful. The Piedmontese troops, twenty thousand strong, amazed at the storm thus suddenly bursting upon them, precipitately fled. Saorgia, the principal *dépôt* of the allied forces, and well stored with provisions and ammunition of every kind, was taken by the French. Before the end of May the French were masters of all the passes of the Maritime Alps, and their flags were waving in the breeze from the summits of Mt.

² André Massena rose from a common soldier to the rank of a commander, and became Duke of Rivoli and Marshal of France. "He was," said Napoleon, "a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previously to a battle. It was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, and of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, he gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the most perfect coolness and judgment. It was truly said of him, that he never began to act with skill until the battle was going against him. He was, however, *a robber*. He went halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he would discontinue his peculations I would make him a present of a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand dollars, but he had acquired such a habit that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious. Had not his bright parts been sullied by avarice, he would have been a great man." Massena lived through all the wars of Napoleon, and died of chagrin, when the master, whom he adored, was an exile at St. Helena.

Cenis, Mt. Tende, and Mt. Finisterre. The news of these sudden and unexpected victories went with electric speed through France. With the nation in general the honor redounded to Dumerbion alone, the commander-in-chief. But in the army it was well understood to whose exertions and genius the achievements were to be attributed. Though as yet the name of Napoleon had hardly been pronounced in public, the officers and soldiers in the army were daily contemplating, with increasing interest, his rising fame. Indeed General Dumerbion was so deeply impressed by the sagacity and military science displayed by his brigadier-general, that he unresistingly surrendered himself to the guidance of the mind of Napoleon.

An incident occurred, during this brief campaign, which strikingly illustrates the criminal disregard which Napoleon entertained for human life. It was then the custom with the Convention at Paris always to have representatives in the army to report proceedings. The wife of one of these representatives, a virtuous and beautiful woman, fully appreciated the intellectual superiority of Napoleon, and paid him very marked attention. Napoleon, naturally of a grateful disposition, became strongly but fraternally attached to her. One day walking out with her to inspect some of the positions of the army, merely to give her some idea of an engagement he ordered an attack upon one of the advanced posts of the enemy. A brisk skirmish immediately ensued, and the roar of artillery and the crackling of musketry reverberated sublimely through the Alps. The lady, from a safe eminence, looked down with intensest interest upon the novel scene. Many lives were lost on both sides, though the French were entirely victorious. It was, however, a conflict which led to no possible advantage, and which was got up merely for the entertainment of the lady. Napoleon subsequently often alluded to this wanton exposure of life as one of his most inexcusable acts. He never ceased to regret it.

Some years after, when Napoleon was First Consul, this lady, then a widow, friendless, and reduced to poverty, made her appearance at St. Cloud, and tried to gain access to Napoleon. He was, however, so hedged in by the etiquette of royalty, that all her exertions were unavailing. One day he was riding on horseback in the park, conversing with some members of his court, when he alluded to this event, which he so deeply deplored. He was informed that the lady was then at St. Cloud. He immediately sent for her, and inquired with most brotherly interest into all of her history during the years which had elapsed since they parted. When he heard her sad tale of misfortune, he said, "But why did you not sooner make your wants known to me." "Sire," she replied, "I have for many weeks been in vain seeking to obtain an audience." "Alas!" he exclaimed, "such is the misfortune of those who are in power." He immediately made ample provision for her future comfort.

The summer months rapidly passed away, while the French, upon the summits of the mountains, were fortifying their positions, to resist the attacks of a formidable army of Austrians and Piedmontese combining to displace them. Napoleon was still indefatigable in obtaining a familiar acquaintance with all the natural features of the country, in studying the modes of moving, governing, and provisioning armies, and eagerly watching for opportunities to work out his destiny of renown, for which he now began to believe that he was created.

But suddenly he was arrested on the following extraordinary charge, and narrowly escaped losing his head on the guillotine. When Napoleon, during the preceding winter, was engaged in the fortification of the maritime frontier, he proposed repairing an old state prison at Marseilles, that it might serve as a powder magazine. His successor on that station, proceeded to the execution of this plan, so evidently judicious. Some disaffected persons represented this officer to the Committee of Public Safety, as building a second Bastille, in which to imprison patriotic citizens. He was accordingly at once arrested and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Here he so clearly proved that the plan was not his own, but that he was merely carrying out the suggestions of his predecessor, that he was released, and orders were sent for the arrest of Napoleon. He was seized, and for fifteen days held under arrest. An order, however, soon came from Paris for his release. An officer entering his room, a couple of hours after midnight, to communicate the tidings, found, much to his astonishment, Napoleon dressed and seated before his table, with maps, books, and charts spread out before him.

"What!" inquired his friend, "are you not in bed yet?"

"In bed!" Napoleon replied. "I have had my sleep and am already risen."

"What, so early!" the other rejoined.

"Yes," continued Napoleon, "so early. Two or three hours of sleep are enough for any man."

Though the representatives of the government, conscious of the value of Napoleon's services, had written to the Convention, making such an explanation of the facts that he was immediately set at liberty, still they saw fit, in an ungenerous attempt at self-justification, to deprive him of his rank as general of artillery, and to assign him a post in the infantry in its stead. Napoleon, regarding this transfer as an insult, threw up his commission in disgust, and retired, in comparative indignance, to join his mother and the rest of the family, who were now residing at Marseilles. This was in the autumn of 1794, Napoleon being then 24 years of age. He spent the winter in comparative inaction, but carefully studying the convulsions of the times, the history of past revolutions, and the science of government. Tired of inactivity, early in May he proceeded to Paris, to seek employment. He was, however, unsuccessful. The government had its favorites to reward and promote, and Napoleon, deeply chagrined and mortified, found all his offers of service rejected. An old officer of artillery, who had seen but little active service, was president of the military committee. Rather superciliously he remarked to Napoleon, whose feminine and youthful appearance did not indicate that he was born to command, "You are too young to occupy stations of such responsibility as you seek." Napoleon imprudently retorted, "Presence in the field of battle, sir, ought to anticipate the claim of years." This personal reflection so annoyed the president that he sought rather to obstruct than to aid the aspirations of the young officer. His situation became daily more painful, as his scanty funds were rapidly failing. He even formed the plan of going to Turkey to offer his services to the Grand Seignior. "How singular it would be," said he, at this time, to a companion, "if a little Corsican officer were to become king of Jerusalem!"

One gloomy night at St. Helena, when Napoleon, unable to sleep, was endeavoring to beguile the weary hours by conversation, he narrated the following anecdote, illustrative of his destitution and his distress in these early days of adversity. "I was, at this period, on one occasion suffering from that extreme depression of spirits which suspend the faculties of the brain, and render life a burden too heavy to be borne. I had just received a letter from my mother, revealing to me the utter destitution into which she was plunged. She had been compelled to flee from the war with which Corsica was desolated, and was then at Marseilles, with no means of subsistence, and having naught but her heroic virtues to defend the honor of her daughters against the misery and the corruption of all kinds existing in the manners of that epoch of social chaos. I also, deprived of my salary and with exhausted resources, had but one single dollar in my pocket. Urged by animal instinct to escape from prospects so gloomy and from sorrows so unendurable, I wandered along the banks of the river, feeling that it was unmanly to commit suicide, and yet unable to resist the temptation to do so. In a few more moments I should have thrown myself into the water, when I ran against an individual, dressed like a simple mechanic, who, recognizing me, threw himself upon my neck, and cried, 'Is it you, Napoleon? How glad I am to see you again!' It was Démasis, an old friend and former comrade of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emigrated, and had afterward returned to France, in disguise, to see his aged mother.

"He was about to leave me, when stopping, he exclaimed, 'But what is the matter, Napoleon? You do not listen to me! You do not seem glad to see me! What misfortune threatens you? You look to me like a madman about to kill himself.' This direct appeal to the feelings which had seized upon me, produced such an effect upon my mind, that, without hesitation, I revealed to him every thing. 'Is that all?' said he, unbuttoning his coarse waistcoat, and detaching a belt which he placed in my hands. 'Here are six thousand dollars in gold, which I can spare without any inconvenience. Take them and relieve your mother.' I can not to this day explain to myself how I could have been willing to receive the money, but I seized the gold as by a convulsive movement, and, almost frantic

with excitement, ran to send it to my distressed mother. It was not until the money had left my hands and was on its way to Marseilles that I reflected upon what I had done. I hastened back to the spot where I had left Démais, but he was no longer there. For several days continuously, I went out in the morning and returned not till evening, searching every place in Paris where I could hope to find him. All the researches I then made, as well as those I made after my accession to power, were in vain. It was not till the Empire was approaching its fall that I again discovered Démais. It was now my turn to question him, and to ask him what he had thought of my strange conduct, and why I had never heard even his name for fifteen years. He replied that as he had been in no need of money he had not asked me to repay the loan, although he was well assured that I should find no difficulty in reimbursing him. But he feared that if he made himself known, that I should force him to quit the retirement in which he lived happily, occupying himself with horticulture. I had very great difficulty in making him accept sixty thousand dollars as an imperial reimbursement for the six thousand lent to his comrade in distress. I also made him accept the office of director-general of the crown gardens, with a salary of six thousand dollars a year, and the honors of an officer of the household. I also provided a good situation for his brother.

"Two of my comrades in the military school, and the two to whom I was most closely united by the sympathies of early friendship, had, by one of those mysteries of Providence which we often witness, an immense influence upon my destiny. Démais arrested me at the moment when I was about to commit suicide; and Philippeau prevented my conquest of St. Jean d'Acre. Had it not been for him I should have been master of this key of the East. I should have marched upon Constantinople, and have established an empire in Asia."

But reverses began now to attend the army in Italy. Defeat followed defeat. They were driven by the Austrians from the posts to which Napoleon had conducted them, and were retreating before their foes. The Committee of Public Safety were in great trepidation. In their ignorance they knew not what orders to issue. Some one who had heard of Napoleon's achievements among the Alps suggested his name. He was called into the meetings of the committee for advice. The local and technical information he had acquired, his military science, and the vast resources of his highly cultivated mind, placed him immediately at the head of the committee. Though young in years, and still more youthful in appearance, his gravity, his serious and pensive thoughtfulness, gave oracular weight to his counsels, and his plans were unhesitatingly adopted. He had studied the topography of the Maritime Alps with the most enthusiastic assiduity, and was familiar with the windings and characteristics of every stream, and the course of mountain ranges, and with the military capabilities of the ravines and glens. The judicious dispositions which he proposed of the various divisions of the army arrested the tide of Austrian conquest, and enabled the French, though much inferior in number to their allied foes, to defend the positions they had been directed to occupy. During all this time, however, while Napoleon, in the committee-room in Paris, was guiding the movements of the army in Italy, he was studying in the public libraries, during every leisure moment, with an assiduity so intense and inexhaustible that it could not have been surpassed had he been inspired with the highest ambition for literary and scientific honors.

In his occasional evening saunterings along the boulevards, as he saw the effeminate young men of that metropolis, rolling in luxury, and, in affected speech, criticising the tones of an opera singer, or the exquisite moulding of a dancer's limbs, he could not refrain from giving utterance to his contempt. When he was thus one evening treading the dusty thoroughfares and looking upon such a spectacle, he impatiently exclaimed, "Can it be, that upon such creatures fortune is willing to lavish her favors! How contemptible is human nature." Though Napoleon secluded himself entirely from haunts of revelry and scenes of dissipation, and from all those dissolute courses into which the young men of those days so recklessly plunged, he adopted this course, not apparently from any conscientious desire to do that which was right in the sight of God, but from what has been called "the expulsive power of new affection." Ambition seemed to expel from his mind every other passion. The

craving to obtain renown by the performance of great and glorious deeds; the desire to immortalize his name, as one of the distinguished men and illustrious benefactors of the human race, had infused itself so intensely throughout his whole nature, that animal passion even was repressed, and all the ordinary pursuits of worldly pleasure became in his view frivolous and contemptible. His ambition needed but the spirit of religion to sanctify it, to make it as noble an ambition as ever glowed in a human bosom. But alas! it all centred in himself. He wished to benefit the human race, not because he loved his fellow man, but that he might immortalize his own name.

At this time it can hardly be said that there was any religion in France. Christianity had been all but universally discarded. The priests had been banished; the churches demolished or converted into temples of science or haunts of merriment; the immortality of the soul was denied, and upon the gateways of the grave-yards there was inscribed, "Death is an eternal sleep." Napoleon was consequently deprived of all the influences of religion in the formation of his character. And yet his mind was naturally, if it be proper so to speak, a devotional mind. His temperament was serious, thoughtful, and pensive. The grand and the mysterious engrossed and overawed him. Even his ambition was not exulting and exhilarating, but sombre, majestic, and sublime. He thought of Herculean toil and sleepless labor, and heroic deeds. For ease, and luxury, and self-indulgence, he had no desire, but he wished to be the greatest of men by accomplishing more than any other mortal had ever accomplished. Even in youth life had but few charms for him, and he took a melancholy view of man's earthly pilgrimage, after asserting that existence was not a blessing. And when drawing near to the close of life he asserted that he had known but few happy moments upon earth, and that for those few he was indebted to the love of Josephine.

The National Convention now prepared another constitution for the adoption of the people of France. The executive power, instead of being placed in the hands of one king, or president, was intrusted to five chiefs, who were to be called Directors. The legislative powers were committed to two bodies, as in the United States. The first, corresponding to the United States Senate, was to be called the *Council of Ancients*. It was to consist of two hundred and fifty members, each of whom was to be at least forty years of age, and a married man or a widower. An unmarried man was not considered worthy of a post of such responsibility in the service of the state. The second body was called the *Council of Five Hundred*, from the number of members of which it was to be composed. It corresponded with our House of Representatives, and each of its members was to be at least thirty years of age.

This constitution was far superior to any other which had yet been formed. It was framed by the moderate republicans, who wished to establish a republican government, protecting France on the one hand from the royalists, who would reestablish the Bourbons upon the throne, and on the other hand from the misrule of the violent Jacobins, who wished to perpetuate the reign of terror. This constitution was sent down to the primary assemblies of the people, for their adoption or rejection. It was accepted promptly in nearly all the rural districts, and was adopted by acclamation in the army.

The city of Paris was divided into ninety-six sections, or wards, in each of which, as in our cities, the inhabitants of that particular ward assembled at the polls. When the constitution was tendered to these several sections of Paris, forty-eight of them voted in its favor, while forty-six rejected it. The royalists and the Jacobins, the two extremes, united in the opposition, each party hoping that by the overthrow of the Convention their own views might obtain the precedence. The Convention declared that the majority of the nation had every where pronounced in favor of the new constitution, and they prepared to carry its provisions into effect. The opposing sections, now thoroughly aroused, began to arm, resolved upon violent resistance. The Parisian mob, ever ready for an outbreak, joined most heartily with their more aristocratic leaders, and all Paris seemed to be rousing to attack the Convention. The National Guard, a body of soldiers corresponding with the American militia, though far better officered, equipped, and drilled, joined promptly the insurgents. The insurrection-gun was fired, the tocsin tolled, and the gloomy, threatening masses, marshaled under able leaders, swarmed

through the streets. The Convention was in the utmost state of trepidation; for in those days of anarchy, blood flowed like water, and life had no sacredness. It was not a mob of a few hundred straggling men and boys who were to surround their hall with hootings and to break their windows; but a formidable army of forty thousand men, in battle array, with artillery and musketry, headed by veteran generals, who had fought the battles of the old monarchy, with gleaming banners and trumpet tones, were marching down from all quarters of the city, upon the Tuileries. To meet this foe the Convention had at its command but five thousand regular troops; and it was uncertain but that they, in the moment of peril, might fraternize with the insurgents. General Menou was appointed, by the Convention, to quell the insurrection. He marched to meet the enemy. Napoleon, intensely interested in the passing scenes, followed the solid columns of Menou. But the general, a mild and inefficient man, with no nerve to meet such a crisis, was alarmed in view of the numbers and the influence of his antagonists, and retired before them. Shouts of victory resounded from the National Guard, through all the streets of Paris. They were greatly emboldened by this triumph, and felt confident that the regular troops would not dare to fire upon the citizens. The shades of night were now settling down over the agitated city. Napoleon having witnessed the unsuccessful mission of Menou, ran through the streets to the Tuileries, and ascending the gallery where the Convention was assembled, contemplated, with a marble brow and a heart apparently unagitated, the scene of consternation there. It was now eleven o'clock at night, and the doom of the Convention seemed sealed. In the utmost alarm Menou was dismissed, and the unlimited command of the troops intrusted to Barras. The office was full of peril. Successful resistance seemed impossible, and unsuccessful was certain death. Barras hesitated, when suddenly he recollected Napoleon, whom he had known at Toulon, and whose military science and energy, and reckless disregard of his own life, and of the lives of all others, he well remembered. He immediately exclaimed, "I know the man who can defend us, if any one can. It is a young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, whose military abilities I witnessed at Toulon. He is a man who will not stand upon ceremony." Napoleon was in the gallery at the time, and it is not impossible that the eye of Barras chancing to light upon him, caused the suggestion.

He was immediately introduced to the Convention. They expected to see a man of gigantic frame and soldierly bearing, brusque and imperious. To their surprise there appeared before them a small, slender, pale-faced, smooth-cheeked young man, apparently about eighteen years of age. The president said, "Are you willing to undertake the defense of the Convention?" — "Yes!" was the calm, laconic reply. After a moment's hesitation, the president continued, "Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" Napoleon fixed that eagle glance upon him, which few could meet, and not quail before it, and replied, "Perfectly; and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake." There was something in the tone and the manner of this extraordinary man, which secured for him immediately the confidence of all the members of the House. His spirit so calm and imperturbable, in the midst of a scene so exciting, impressed them with the conviction that they were in the presence of one of no common powers. After the exchange of a few more words, Napoleon said, "One condition is indispensable. I must have the unlimited command, entirely untrammelled by any orders from the Convention." It was no time for debate, and there was unhesitating acquiescence in his demand.

The promptness, energy, and unfailing resources of Napoleon, were now most conspicuously displayed. At Sablons, about five miles from Paris, there was a powerful park of artillery, consisting of fifty heavy guns. Napoleon instantly dispatched Murat, with a party of dragoons to take those guns, and bring them to the Tuileries. They were seized by the mounted troops, but a few moments before a party of infantry arrived from the sections, for the same purpose. The insurgents, though more numerous, dared not attack the dragoons, and the guns were taken in safety to Napoleon; and he disposed them, heavily charged with grape shot, in such a way as to sweep all the avenues leading to the Convention. The activity of the young general knew not a moment's intermission. He was every where during the night, giving directions, infusing energy, and inspiring courage. He was well aware of the fearful odds against him; for with five thousand troops he was to encounter forty thousand

men, well armed, well disciplined, and under experienced officers. They could easily besiege him, and starve him into surrender. They could, from behind barricades, and from housetops and chamber windows, soon so thin out his ranks, that resistance would be hopeless. The officers of the National Guard, however, had no conception of the firm, indomitable, unflinching spirit which they were to encounter. They did not believe that any one would dare to fire upon the citizens of Paris. The Convention were aroused to a most lively sense of the serious aspect of affairs, when in the gloom of night eight hundred muskets were brought in with an abundant supply of cartridges, by order of Napoleon, to arm the members as a corps of reserve. This precaution indicated to them the full extent of the danger, and also the unwavering determination of the one who was intrusted with their defense. As the light of morning dawned upon the city, the Tuileries presented the aspect of an intrenched camp. Napoleon had posted his guns so as to sweep all the bridges and all the avenues, through which an opposing force could approach the capital. His own imperturbable calmness and firmness and confidence, communicated itself to the troops he commanded. The few laconic words with which he addressed them, like electric fire penetrated their hearts, and secured devotion, even to death, to his service.

The alarm bells were now ringing, and the *générale* beating in all parts of the city. The armed hosts, in dense black masses, were mustering at their appointed rendezvous, and preparing to march in solid columns upon the Convention. The members in their seats, in silence and awe, awaited the fearful assault, upon whose issue their lives were suspended. Napoleon, pale and solemn, and perfectly calm, imperturbable and determined, had completed all his arrangements, and was waiting, resolved that the responsibility of the first blow should fall upon his assailants, and that he would take the responsibility of the second. Soon the enemy were seen advancing from every direction, in masses which perfectly filled the narrow streets of the city. With exultant music and waving banners, they marched proudly on to attack the besieged band upon every side, and confident, from their overpowering numbers, of an easy victory. They did not believe that the few and feeble troops of the Convention would dare to resist the people, but cherished the delusion that a very few shots, from their own side, would put all opposition to flight. Thus, unhesitatingly, they came within the sweep of the grape-shot, with which Napoleon had charged his guns to the muzzle. But seeing that the troops of the Convention stood firm, awaiting their approach, the head of one of the advancing columns leveled their muskets and discharged a volley of bullets at their enemies. It was the signal for an instantaneous discharge, direct, sanguinary, merciless from every battery. In quick succession explosion followed explosion, and a perfect storm of grape-shot swept the thronged streets. The pavements were covered with the mangled and the dead. The columns wavered – the storm still continued; they turned – the storm still raged unabated; they fled in utter dismay in every direction; the storm still pursued them. Then Napoleon commanded his little division impetuously to follow the fugitives, and to continue the discharge, but with blank cartridges. As the thunder of these heavy guns reverberated along the streets, the insurgents dispersed through every available lane and alley, and in less than an hour the foe was nowhere to be found. Napoleon sent his division into every section and disarmed the inhabitants, that there could be no re-gathering. He then ordered the dead to be buried, and the wounded to be conveyed to the hospitals, and then, with his pale and marble brow as unmoved as if no event of any great importance had occurred, he returned to his head-quarters at the Tuileries.

"How *could you*," said a lady, "thus mercilessly fire upon your own countrymen?" "A soldier," he coolly replied, "is but a machine to obey orders. This is *my seal*, which I have impressed upon Paris." Subsequently Napoleon never ceased to regret the occurrence; and tried to forget, and to have others forget that he had ever deluged the streets of Paris with the blood of Frenchmen.

Thus Napoleon established the new government of France called the Directory, from the five Directors, who composed its executive. But a few months passed away before Napoleon, by moral power, without the shedding of a drop of blood, overthrew the constitution which his unpyting artillery had thus established. Immediately after the quelling of the sections, Napoleon was

triumphantly received by the Convention. It was declared, by unanimous resolve, that his energy had saved the Republic. His friend Barras, became one of the Directors, and Napoleon was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and intrusted with the military defense and government of the metropolis. The defeat of the insurgents was the death-blow to all the hopes of the Royalists, and seemed to establish the Republic upon a permanent foundation. Napoleon manifested the natural clemency of his disposition very strongly in this hour of triumph. When the Convention would have executed Menou as a traitor, he pleaded his cause and obtained his acquittal. He urged, and successfully, that as the insurgents were now harmless, they should not be punished, but that a veil of oblivion should be thrown over all their deeds. The Convention, influenced not a little by the spirit of Napoleon, now honorably dissolved itself, by passing an act of general amnesty for all past offenses, and surrendering the government to the Directory.

The situation of Napoleon was now flattering in the extreme. He was but twenty-five years of age. The distinguished services he had rendered; the high rank he had attained, and the ample income at his disposal, gave him a very elevated position in the public view. The eminence he had now attained was not a sudden and accidental outbreak of celebrity. It was the result of long years of previous toil. He was now reaping the fruit of the seed which he had sown in his incessant application to study in the military school; in his continued devotion to literary and scientific pursuits, after he became an officer; in his energy, and fearlessness, and untiring assiduity at Toulon; in his days of wintry exposure, and nights of sleeplessness in fortifying the coast of France, and in his untiring toil among the fastnesses of the Alps. Never was reputation earned and celebrity attained by more Herculean labor. If Napoleon had extraordinary genius, as unquestionably he had, this genius stimulated him to extraordinary exertions.

Immediately upon the attainment of this high dignity and authority, with the ample pecuniary resources accompanying it, Napoleon hastened to Marseilles, to place his mother in a position of perfect comfort. And he continued to watch over her with most filial assiduity, proving himself an affectionate and dutiful son. From this hour the whole family, mother, brothers, and sisters were taken under his protection, and all their interests blended with his own.

The post which Napoleon now occupied was one of vast responsibility, demanding incessant care, and moral courage, and tact. The Royalists and the Jacobins were exceedingly exasperated. The government was not consolidated, and had obtained no command over the public mind. Paris was filled with tumult and disorder. The ravages of the revolution had thrown hundreds of thousands out of employment, and starvation was stalking through the streets of the metropolis. It became necessary for the government, almost without means or credit, to feed the famishing. Napoleon manifested great skill and humanity, combined with unflinching firmness in repressing disorders. It was not unfrequently necessary to appeal to the strong arm of military power to arrest the rising array of lawless passion. Often his apt and pithy speeches would promote good-nature and disperse the crowd. On one occasion a fish-woman of enormous rotundity of person, exhorted the mob, with most vehement volubility, not to disperse, exclaiming, "Never mind these coxcombs with epaulets upon their shoulders; they care not if we poor people all starve, if they can but feed well and grow fat." Napoleon, who was as thin and meagre as a shadow, turned to her and said, "Look at me, my good woman, and tell me which of us two is the fatter." The Amazon was completely disconcerted by this happy repartee; and the crowd in good-humor dispersed.

THE TREASON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD

BY BENSON J. LOSSING

[The engravings which illustrate this article, are from Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, now in course of publication by Harper and Brothers.]

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

As the contest advanced, and the night of the Revolution grew darker, ambitious men became bolder; and, already, general officers and their minions had secretly plotted against the good Washington, and found abettors in Congress. Arnold, however, had nothing to do with these intrigues, for none made him a confidant, and he seldom confided in others. Yet it was not until his bolder act alarmed the whole people, and awakened them to vigilance and the keenest scrutiny of the conduct of their officers in the field, that the factious spirit was abashed. In his treason it culminated – it came to a head; in his failure it waned – it discharged its impurities, and healthier action ensued.

The time when Arnold's defection was discovered, in the autumn of 1780, was the gloomiest period of the war. Public credit had sunk to the lowest point of distrust. No prestige of a great achievement during the campaign, like that of the capture of Burgoyne, could secure loans abroad. The people of America were impoverished and discouraged. The whole business of the country was controlled by heartless speculators. The continental bills had so depreciated that seven hundred dollars in paper sold for one dollar in specie. The governmental machinery of the Confederation worked inefficiently. New York city, the Virginia sea board, and almost the whole of the Carolinas and Georgia were in possession of the enemy, and the French army under Rochambeau, whose advent gave such joy and hope to the patriots, was lying idle at Newport, unwilling to engage in a campaign till another spring. In this hour of its weakness and distress, Arnold sought the utter ruin of his country, for the wicked purpose of gratifying petty spite; for the base consideration of paltry, perishing gold!

Arnold was innately wicked and treacherous. The mother who bore him was an exemplar of piety and sweetness of character, and daily counseled her boy with words of heavenly wisdom. Yet, from earliest childhood he was wayward, disobedient, reckless, and profane. A stranger to physical fear, and always heedless of the consequences resulting from action, his hands were ever ready to do the bidding of a perverse nature or the impulses of circumstances. When the tocsin of Freedom was sounded at Lexington and Concord, his impetuous spirit was aroused, and his feelings assumed the character of the most zealous patriotism. He was doubtless sincere, and went into the contest with a soul filled with desires to cast back the surges of despotism, which were beating higher and higher against the liberties of his country. His brave exploits on Lake Champlain; his wondrous journey through the wilderness from the Kennebeck to the St. Lawrence; his assault on the capital of the Canadas, and his brilliant deeds at Ridgefield, Compo, and Saratoga excited the astonishment and admiration of his countrymen. Congress awarded him special honors, and the name of Arnold was a

host in the Northern Department. As a soldier and leader he was the bravest of the brave, skillful and high-souled; but in his social relations he was a moral coward, deceptive, mean-spirited, and debased. Washington admired his military genius, but despised his avarice, selfishness, and profligacy. He was ever distrustful of his patriotism, because he lacked the essential elements of that virtue, except personal courage. He was disliked by the leading men in the army, for he quarreled with all his peers, and was reserved toward his subordinates. His avarice was notorious. "Money is this man's God, and to get enough of it, he would sacrifice his country," said Colonel Brown, in a hand-bill, almost four years before Arnold's defection. From the hour when temptation lured him at Montreal and St. John's, till the termination of his command in Philadelphia, he was guilty of peculations, fraudulent, and unworthy acts, which dimmed the lustre of his military fame.

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

From Cain to Catiline, the world hath seen
Her traitors – vaunted votaries of crime —
Caligula and Nero sat alone
Upon the pinnacle of vice sublime;
But they were moved by hate, or wish to climb
The rugged steeps of Fame, in letters bold
To write their names upon the scroll of time;
Therefore their crimes some virtue did enfold —
But, Arnold! thine had none; 'twas all for sordid gold.

Estelle Anna Lewis.

In consequence of a bad wound received in his leg while gallantly fighting at Saratoga (and which was yet unhealed), Arnold was not fit for active service when the British evacuated Philadelphia in the spring of 1778. Washington, desirous of keeping him employed, appointed him military governor of that city, in command of a small corps of soldiers. Fond of show, and feeling the importance of his station, Arnold adopted a style of living incompatible with his resources and the character of a republican. He made the fine old mansion of William Penn his residence; kept a coach-and-four; gave splendid soirées and banquets, and charmed the gayer portion of Philadelphia society with his princely displays. His station, and the splendor of his equipage, captivated the daughter of Edward Shippen, a leading loyalist, and afterward Chief Justice of the State. Her beauty and accomplishments won the heart of the widower of forty. She had bloomed but eighteen summers, and admirers of every degree coveted her smiles; yet she gave her hand to Arnold, and they were married.

Stanch Whigs shook their heads in distrust, and the equally stanch loyalists were gratified. To the former, this union augured of evil; to the latter, it had promises of hope. Both were right interpreters.

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

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

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

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

Among the young ladies of Philadelphia who graced the *Mischianza*, was the gay and brilliant Margaret Shippen, who afterward became the wife of Arnold. Andrè was a frequent guest at her father's table, and Margaret continued her acquaintance with him, by epistles, even after her marriage. Through this channel her husband opened a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton, the Commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, and then quartered in New York. For a long time Arnold's letters were vague. His advances were slow and cautious. He assumed the name of *Gustavus*, and couched his letters in commercial phrases. Profound secrecy was observed by both. Arnold's wife, it is believed, was ignorant of the true intent of her husband's letters, and Clinton had no other confidant than Andrè and Colonel Beverly Robinson. The latter was the son-in-law of Frederick Phillipse, one of the largest landholders in America. Twenty years before, Washington, then a Virginia colonel, had enjoyed the hospitalities of his house, and there became enamored of Mary Phillipse, the betrothed of Roger Morris, his old companion in arms in the battle of Monongahela. Of course his suit was rejected, and the young soldier gave his heart and hand to a charming widow of his own province.

Robinson had an extensive acquaintance among the American officers. He early espoused the patriot cause, even as early as the era of the Stamp Act; but when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated, he was unwilling to accede to so bold a measure as the dismemberment of the British Empire, and he took up arms for the king.

West Point, on the Hudson, fifty miles above New York, made strong by nature, and strengthened by art, was an object of covetous desire to Sir Henry Clinton. It was the key to the northern country and the route to Canada, and the strong link of co-operation between the patriots of the Eastern and Middle States. Arnold knew its value to both parties, and he resolved to make its betrayal the equivalent for personal honors and a large sum of money. When his determination was fixed, and his plans were arranged, his department was suddenly changed. Hitherto he had been sullen and indifferent; now his patriotism glowed with all the apparent ardor of his earlier career. Hitherto he had pleaded the bad state of his wounds as an excuse for inaction; now they healed rapidly. He was now anxious to join his old companions in arms, and to General Schuyler, Robert R. Livingston, and other influential men in Congress, he expressed his impatience to be in the camp or the field. Rejoiced at the change, and believing him sincere, they wrote letters to Washington commendatory of Arnold, and, in pursuance of his intimation, suggested his appointment to the command of West Point. At the same time Arnold visited the camp to pay his respects to the commander-in-chief, and expressed his desire to have a command, like that at West Point, for his wounds would not now allow him to perform active service on horseback in the field. Washington was surprised, but, unsuspecting of wrong, acceded to his request, and on the 3d of August, 1780, gave him written instructions. His command included West Point and its dependencies from Stony Point to Fishkill.

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

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

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

Sir Henry Clinton, anxious to effect definite arrangements with Arnold, sent the Vulture sloop-of-war up the river, as far as Teller's Point, nearly opposite Haverstraw, with Colonel Robinson on board. That officer, under pretense of making inquiries respecting his confiscated property, communicated with Arnold, who, in an ambiguous answer, informed him that a flag and a boat would be sent to the Vulture on the night of the twentieth, to be used as circumstances might require. This

fact was communicated to Clinton, and on the morning of that day, Major Andrè, after singing a song and taking wine with some fellow-officers, at Kip's Bay, proceeded by land to Dobb's Ferry, and from thence in a barge to the Vulture. He was instructed not to change his dress, go within the American lines, receive papers, or in any other way act as a spy. It was supposed that Arnold himself would come to the Vulture, and that there the whole plan would be arranged. The wily general was not to be caught, and he chose a meeting place which involved less personal hazard.

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

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

At noon, the whole plan being arranged, Arnold placed in Andrè's possession, several papers, explanatory of the condition of West Point and its dependencies. Zealous in the service of his king and country, Andrè disobeyed the commands of his general, and received them. At Arnold's suggestion,

he placed them in his stockings under his feet, and receiving a pass from the traitor (printed on the next page), waited impatiently for the approach of night.

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

When night approached, Smith positively refused to convey Andrè back to the Vulture, but offered to accompany him to the borders of the Neutral Ground on the east side of the Hudson. Andrè remonstrated in vain. There was no alternative but to remain. He exchanged his uniform for a citizen's dress, and at twilight, mounted on good horses, and accompanied by a negro servant, Smith and Andrè crossed King's Ferry (now Verplanck's Point), and turned their faces toward White Plains. Andrè was moody, for he felt uneasy. They met with no interruption, until near the little village of Crompond, eight miles from King's Ferry, when they were hailed by a sentinel. Arnold's pass was examined, known to be genuine, and the travelers were about to pass on, when the officer of the post magnified the dangers of the road, and persuaded them to halt for the night. Sleep was a stranger to the eyes of Andrè, and at dawn they were in the saddle. When they approached Pine's Bridge, and he was assured that he was upon neutral ground, beyond the American lines, his gloomy taciturnity was exchanged for cheerful garrulity, and he conversed in an almost playful manner upon poetry, the arts, literature, and common topics. A mile above the bridge, Smith handed him a small sum in Continental bills, and they parted, the former to proceed to Arnold's quarters and report his success, the latter to hasten toward New York. Andrè, being told that the *Cow-boys*³ were more numerous on the Tarrytown road, took that direction, contrary to the advice of Smith and others, who directed him to proceed by the way of White Plains. Andrè was anxious to be among his friends, and as these marauders were such, he concluded that the Tarrytown road would be the safer for him, for if he fell into their hands, he would be taken to New York, whither he was hastening. This was his fatal mistake.

On the morning when Andrè left Pine's Bridge, a little band of seven young volunteers, went out near Tarrytown to watch the movements of the *Cow-boys* and other depredators. Four of them (John Yorks, John Dean, James Romez, and Abraham William) agreed to tarry upon a hill which commanded an extensive view of the highway, while the remaining three (John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams) were to be concealed in the bushes on the bank of a small stream, near the

³ The *Cow-boys* were a set of people mostly, if not wholly refugees, belonging to the British side, and engaged in plundering cattle near the lines and driving them to New York. The name indicates their vocation. There was another description of banditti called *Skimmers*, who lived for the most part within the American lines, and professed attachment to the American cause; but in reality they were more unprincipled, perfidious, and inhuman than the *Cow-boys* themselves; for these latter exhibited some symptoms of fellow-feeling for their friends, whereas the *Skimmers* committed their depredations equally upon friends and foes. By a law of the State of New York, every person refusing to take an oath of fidelity to the State, was considered as forfeiting his property. The large territory between the American and British lines, extending nearly thirty miles from north to south, and embracing Westchester county, was populous and highly cultivated. This was the famous Neutral Ground. A person living within that space, who took the oath of fidelity, was sure to be plundered by the *Cow-boys*; and if he did not take it, the *Skimmers* would come down upon him, call him a Tory, and seize his property as confiscated by the State. Thus the execution of the laws was assumed by robbers, and the innocent and guilty were involved in a common ruin. It is true, the civil authority endeavored to guard against these outrages, as far as it could, by legislative enactments and executive proclamations; but, from the nature of the case, this formidable conspiracy against the rights and claims of humanity could be crushed only by a military arm. The detachments of Continental troops and militia, stationed near the lines, did something to lessen the evil; yet they were not adequate to its suppression, and frequently this force was so feeble as not to afford any barrier against the inroads of the banditti. The *Skimmers* and *Cow-boys* often leagued together. The former would sell their plunder to the latter, taking in exchange contraband articles from New York. It was not uncommon for the farce of a skirmish to be acted near the American lines, in which the *Skimmers* never failed to come off victorious; and then they would go boldly into the interior with their booty, pretending it had been captured from the enemy while attempting to smuggle it across the lines. —*Sparks*.

road. At ten o'clock in the morning, while engaged in playing cards, the young men saw a horseman approach from the direction of Sleepy Hollow. They confronted him, and demanded a knowledge of his business and destination. "I hope, gentlemen, that you belong to our party," said the traveler. "What party?" inquired Williams, who had presented his firelock to his breast. "The lower party" (meaning the British), quickly replied the horseman.

"I am a British officer, out upon urgent business. I hope you will not detain me a minute."

He was ordered to dismount, when he instantly discovered his fatal mistake. "My God!" he exclaimed, half laughing, "we must do anything to get along;" and then showed them Arnold's pass, for the traveler was Major Andrè. The young militia men were not as easily satisfied as the sentinel at Crompond. They insisted upon searching him. They made him strip; ripped up the housings of his saddle, and finally ordered him to pull off his boots. He reluctantly obeyed, and beneath his feet were the papers given him by Arnold.

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

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

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

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

The condition of Mrs. Arnold excited Washington's liveliest sympathy. But one year a mother and not two a bride, the poor young creature had received a blow of the most appalling nature. She

raved furiously and mourned piteously, alternately. The tenderest care was bestowed upon her, and she was soon sent in safety to New York, whither her fallen husband had escaped.

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

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

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

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

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

The captors of Andrè were highly applauded by the people, and honored and rewarded by Congress. That body awarded to each a silver medal, having on one side the word Fidelity, and on the other, *Vincit Amor Patræ*; "the love of country conquers." They were also allowed each an annual pension of two hundred dollars, during their lives. Public esteem for their services has erected monuments over the remains of two of them. Paulding's mortality sleeps beneath a chaste marble cenotaph in the old St. Peter's church-yard, two miles eastward of Peekskill; and over the dust of Van Wart, in the Greenburgh church-yard, near the banks of the beautiful Nepara, in Westchester county,

stands a plain monument of white marble. The former was erected by the corporation of the city of New York; the latter by citizens of Westchester county. No public memorial yet marks the place of rest of David Williams in the church-yard at Livingstonville, in Schoharie county.

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

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

Gray

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

MEMORIES OF MEXICO

The first action fought by the American army in the valley of Mexico, on the 20th August, 1847, was at Contreras. It was an attack upon a fortified camp, in which lay General Valencia with 6000 Mexicans, composed of the remnant of the army beaten by Taylor, on the hills of Buena Vista. It was styled "The Army of the North;" most of the soldiers composing it being from the northern departments – the hardy miners of Zacatecas and San Luis Potosi – and they were esteemed "the flower of the Mexican army."

On the previous day powder enough was burned to have cured the atmosphere for twenty miles around, yet there was nothing done. We held the ground, however, in mud up to our ankles. In this we lay shivering under a cold drizzle until the morning. By daylight we were at it in earnest. During the night two of our best brigades had crept, unperceived, through the clay "barrancas" close up to the rear of the enemy's camp, ready to spring. At daybreak old Riley shouted, "*Forward and give them h-ll!*" and before our foes – not expecting us from that quarter – could bring their artillery to bear upon us, we were in the midst of them. The action lasted just seventeen minutes. At the end of that time we had laid our hands upon thirty of Valencia's cannon, and taken about a thousand prisoners; and had the satisfaction of seeing the rest of them, in their long yellow mantles, disappearing through the fissures of the lava fields, in rapid flight along the road to Mexico. We followed, of course, but as our cavalry had not been able to cross the Pedregal, and the enemy were our superiors in retreat, we were soon distanced. As we came down upon the village of San Angel, the occasional blast of a light infantry bugle, with the "crack – crack – cr-r-r-ack" of our rifles in front, told us that we had still more work to do before entering the halls of the Montezumas. We were, in fact, driving in the light troops of Santa Anna's main army, lying we knew not where, but somewhere between us and the far-famed city.

It is not my intention to give an account of the battle that followed, nor should I have entered into these details of the fight at Contreras, but to put the reader in possession of "situations," and, moreover, to bring to his notice an incident that occurred, during that action, to a friend – the hero of this narrative – whom I will now introduce. I was then a Sub., and my friend, Richard L – , was the captain of my company; young as myself, and full as ardent in pursuit of the red glory of war. We had long known each other, had gone through the campaign together, and, more than once, had stood side by side under the leaden shower. I need not say how a juxtaposition of this kind strengthens the ties of friendship.

We had come out of Resaca and Monterey unscathed. We had passed through Cerro Gordo with "only a scratch." So far we had been fortunate, as I esteemed it. Not so my friend; he wished to get a wound, for the honor of the thing. He was accommodated at Contreras; for the bullet from an escopette had passed through his left arm below the elbow-joint. It appeared to be only a flesh wound; and as his sword-arm was still safe, he disdained to leave the field until the "day was done." Binding the wounded limb with a rag from his shirt, and slinging it in his sash, he headed his company in the pursuit. By ten o'clock we had driven the enemy's skirmishers out of San Angel, and taken possession of the village. Our commander-in-chief was as yet ignorant of the position of the Mexican army; and we halted, to await the necessary reconnoissance.

Notwithstanding the cold of the preceding night, the day had become hot and oppressive. The soldiers, wearied with watching, marching, and the fight, threw themselves down in the dusty streets. Hunger kept many awake, for they had eaten nothing for twenty hours. A few houses were entered, and the *tortillas* and *tasajo* drawn forth; but there is but little to be found, at any time, in the larder of a Mexican house; and the jail-like doors of most of them were closely barred. The unglazed windows were open; but the massive iron railings of the "reja" defended them from intrusion. From these railings various flags were suspended – French, German, Spanish, and Portuguese – signifying that

the inmates were foreigners in the country, and therefore entitled to respect. Where no excuse for such claim existed, a white banner, the emblem of peace, protruded through the bars; and perhaps this was as much respected as the symbols of neutrality.

It was the season when fashion deserts the Alameda of Mexico, and betakes itself to *montè*, cock-fighting, and intriguing, in the romantic "pueblos" that stud the valley. San Angel is one of these pueblos, and at that moment many of the "familias principales" of the city were domiciled around us. Through the rejas we could catch an occasional glimpse of the inmates in the dark apartments within.

It is said that, with woman, curiosity is stronger than fear. It appeared to be so in this case. When the inhabitants saw that pillage was not intended, beautiful and stylish women showed themselves in the windows and on the "balcons," looking down at us with a timorous yet confiding wonder. This was strange, after the stories of our barbarity, in which they had been so well drilled; but we had become accustomed to the high courage of the Mexican females, and it was a saying among us, that "the women were the best men in the country." Jestng aside, I am satisfied, that had they taken up arms instead of their puny countrymen, we should not have boasted so many easy victories.

Our bivouac lasted about an hour. The reconnoissance having been at length completed, the enemy was discovered in a fortified position around the convent and bridge of Churubusco. Twiggs' division was ordered forward to commence the attack, just as the distant booming of cannon across the lava fields, told us that our right wing, under Worth, had sprung the enemy's left at the hacienda of San Antonio, and was driving it along the great national road. Both wings of our army were beautifully converging to a common focus – the pueblo of Churubusco. The brigade to which I was attached still held the position where it had halted in San Angel. We were to move down to the support of Twiggs' division, as soon as the latter should get fairly engaged. Our place in the line had thrown us in front of a house somewhat retired from the rest, single-storied, and, like most of the others, flat-roofed, with a low parapet around the top. A large door and two windows fronted the street. One of the windows was open, and knotted to the reja was a small white handkerchief embroidered along the borders, and fringed with fine lace. There was something so delicate, yet striking in the appeal, that it at once attracted the attention of L – and myself. It would have touched the compassion of a Cossack; and we felt at the moment that we would have protected that house against a general's order to pillage.

We had seated ourselves on the edge of the banquette, directly in front of the window. A bottle of wine by some accident had reached us; and as we quaffed its contents, our eyes constantly wandered upon the open reja. We could see no one. All was dark within; but we could not help thinking that the owner of the kerchief – she who had hurriedly displayed that simple emblem of truce – could not be otherwise than an interesting and lovely creature.

At length the drums beat for Twiggs' division to move forward, and, attracted by the noise, a gray-haired old man appeared at the window. With feelings of disappointment, my friend and I turned our glances upon the street, and for some moments watched the horse artillery as it swept past. When our gaze was again directed to the house, the old man had a companion – the object of our instinctive expectation; yet fairer even than our imagination had portrayed.

The features indicated that she was a Mexican, but the complexion was darker than the half-breed, the Aztec blood predominated. The crimson, mantling under the bronze of her cheeks, gave to her countenance that picture-like expression of the mixed races of the Western World. The eye, black, with long fringing lash, and a brow upon which the jetty crescent seemed to have been painted. The nose slightly aquiline, curving at the nostril; while luxuriant hair, in broad plaits, fell far below her waist. As she stood on the sill of the low window, we had a full view of her person – from the satin slipper to the *reboso* that hung loosely over her forehead. She was plainly dressed in the style of her country. We saw that she was not of the aristocracy, for, even in this remote region, has Paris fashioned the costume of that order. On the other hand, she was above the class of the "poblanas," the demoiselles of the showy "naguas" and naked ankles. She was of the middle rank. For some moments my friend and myself gazed upon the fair apparition in silent wonder.

She stood awhile, looking out upon the street, scanning the strange uniforms that were grouped before her. At length her eye fell upon us; and as she perceived that my comrade was wounded, she turned toward the old man.

"Look, father, a wounded officer! ah, what a sad thing, poor officer."

"Yes, it is a captain, shot through the arm."

"Poor fellow! he is pale – he is weary. I shall give him sweet water, shall I, father?"

"Very well, go, bring it."

The girl disappeared from the window; and in a few moments returned with a glass, containing an amber-colored liquid – the essence of the pine-apple. Making a sign toward L – , the little hand that held the glass was thrust through the bars of the *reja*. Being nearer, I rose, and taking the glass, handed it to my friend. L – bowed to the window, and acknowledging his gratitude in the best Spanish he could muster, drank off the *agua dulce*. The glass was returned; and the young girl took her station as before.

We did not enter into conversation, neither L – nor myself; but I noticed that the incident had made an impression upon my friend. On the other hand, I observed the eyes of the girl, although at intervals wandering away, always return, and rest upon the features of my comrade. L – was handsome; besides, he bore upon his person the evidence of a higher quality – courage; the quality that, before all others, will win the heart of a woman.

All at once, the features of the girl changed their expression, and she uttered a scream. Turning toward my friend, I saw the blood dripping through the sash. His wound had re-opened.

I threw my arms around him, as several of the soldiers rushed forward; but before we could remove the bandage L – had swooned.

"May I beseech you to open the door?" said I, addressing the young girl and her father.

"*Si – sí, señor,*" cried they together, hurrying away from the window.

At that moment the rattle of musketry from Coyoacan, and the roar of field artillery, told us that Twiggs was engaged. The long roll echoed through the streets, and the soldiers were speedily under arms.

I could stay no longer, for I had now to lead the company; and leaving L – in charge of two of the men, I placed myself at its head. As the "Forward" was given, I heard the great door swing upon its hinges; and looking back as we marched down the street, I saw my friend conducted into the house. I had no fears for his safety, as a regiment was to remain in the village... In ten minutes after I was upon the field of battle, and a red field it was. Of my own small detachment every second soldier "bit the dust" on the plain of Portales. I escaped unhurt, though my regiment was well peppered by our own artillerists from the *tête de pont* of Churubusco. In two hours we drove the enemy through the *garita* of San Antonio de Abad. It was a total rout; and we could have entered the city without firing another shot. We halted, however, before the gates – a fatal halt, that afterward cost us nearly 2000 men, the flower of our little army. But, as I before observed, I am not writing a history of the campaign.

An armistice followed, and gathering our wounded from the fields around Churubusco, the army retired into the villages. The four divisions occupied respectively the pueblos of Tacubaya, San Angel, Mixcoac, and San Augustin de les Cuevas. San Angel was our destination; and the day after the battle my brigade marched back, and established itself in the village.

I was not long in repairing to the house where I had left my friend. I found him suffering from fever, burning fever. In another day he was delirious; and in a week *he had lost his arm*; but the fever left him, and he began to recover. During the fortnight that followed, I made frequent visits; but a far more tender solicitude watched over him. Rafaela was by his couch; and the old man – her father – appeared to take a deep interest in his recovery. These, with the servants, were the only inmates of the house.

The treacherous enemy having broken the armistice, the storming of the Palace-castle of Chapultepec followed soon after. Had we failed in the attempt not one of us would ever have gone

out from the valley of Mexico. But we *took the castle*, and our crippled forces entered the captured city of the Montezumas, and planted their banners upon the National Palace. I was not among those who marched in. Three days afterward I was *carried in* upon a stretcher, with a bullet hole through my thigh, that kept me within doors for a period of three months.

During my invalid hours L – was my frequent visitor; he had completely recovered his health, but I noticed that a change had come over him, and his former gayety was gone.

Fresh troops arrived in Mexico, and to make room, our regiment, hitherto occupying a garrison in the city, was ordered out to its old quarters at San Angel. This was welcome news for my friend, who would now be near the object of his thoughts. For my own part, although once more on my limbs, I did not desire to return to duty in that quarter; and on various pretexts, I was enabled to lengthen out my "leave" until the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

Once only I visited San Angel. As I entered the house where L – lived, I found him seated in the open *patio*, under the shade of the orange trees. Rafaela was beside him, and his only hand was held in both of hers. There was no surprise on the part of either, though I was welcomed cordially by both – by her, as being the friend of the man she loved. Yes, she loved him.

"See," cried L – , rising, and referring to the situation in which I had found them. "All this, my dear H., in spite of my misfortunes!" and he glanced significantly at his armless sleeve. "Who would not love her?"

The treaty of Guadalupe was at length concluded, and we had orders to prepare for the route homeward. The next day I received a visit from L – .

"Henry," said he, "I am in a dilemma."

"Well, major," I replied, for L – as well as myself had gained a "step." "What is it?"

"You know I am in love, and with whom you know. What am I to do with her?"

"Why, marry her, of course. What else?"

"I dare not."

"Dare not!"

"That is – not now."

"Why not? Resign your commission, and remain here. You know our regiment is to be disbanded; you can not do better."

"Ah! my dear fellow, that is not the thing that hinders me."

"What then?"

"Should I marry her, and remain, our lives would not be safe one moment after the army had marched. Papers containing threats and ribald jests have from time to time been thrust under the door of her house – to the effect that, should she marry 'el official Americano' – so they are worded – both she and her father will be murdered. You know the feeling that is abroad in regard to those who have shown us hospitality."

"Why not take her with you, then?"

"Her father, he would suffer."

"Take him, too."

"That I proposed, but he will not consent. He fears the confiscation of his property, which is considerable. I would not care for that, though my own fortune, as you know, would be small enough to support us. But the old man will go on no terms, and she will not leave him."

The old man's fears in regard to the confiscation were not without good foundation. There was a party in Mexico, while we occupied the city, that had advocated "annexation" – that is, the annexing of the whole country to the United States. This party consisted chiefly of pure Spaniards, "ricos" of the republic, who wanted a government of stability and order. In the houses of these many of our officers visited, receiving those elegant hospitalities that were in general denied us by Mexicans of a more patriotic stamp. Our friends were termed "Ayankeeados," and were hated by the populace. But they were "marked" in still higher quarters. Several members of the government, then sitting at

Queretaro – among others a noted minister – had written to their agents in the city to note down all those who, by word or act, might show kindness to the American army. Even those ladies who should present themselves at the theatre were to be among the number of the proscribed.

In addition to the Ayankeeados were many families – perhaps not otherwise predisposed to favor us – who by accident had admitted us within their circle – such accident as that which had opened the house and heart of Rafaela to my friend L – . These, too, were under "compromisa" with the rabble. My comrade's case was undoubtedly what he had termed it – a dilemma.

"You are not disposed to give her up, then?" said I, smiling at my anxious friend, as I put the interrogation.

"I know you are only jesting, Henry. You know me too well for that. No! Rather than give her up, I will stay and risk every thing – even life."

"Come, major," said I, "there will be no need for you to risk any thing, if you will only follow my advice. It is simply this – come home with your regiment; stay a month or two at New Orleans, until the excitement consequent upon our evacuation cools down. Shave off your mustache, put on plain clothes; come back and marry Rafaela."

"It is terrible to think of parting with her. Oh! – "

"That may all be; I doubt it not; but what else can you do?"

"Nothing – nothing. You are right. It is certainly the best – the only plan. I will follow it," and L – left me.

I saw no more of him for three days, when the brigade to which he belonged entered the city on its road homeward. He had detailed his plans to Rafaela, and bade her for a time farewell.

The other three divisions had already marched. Ours was to form the rear-guard, and that night was to be our last in the city of Mexico. I had retired to bed at an early hour, to prepare for our march on the morrow. I was about falling asleep when a loud knock sounded at my door. I rose and opened it. It was L – . I started as the light showed me his face – it was ghastly. His lips were white, his teeth set, and dark rings appeared around his eyes. The eyes themselves glared in their sockets, lit up by some terrible emotion.

"Come!" cried he, in a hoarse and tremulous voice. "Come with me, Henry, I need you."

"What is it, my dear L – ? A quarrel? A duel?"

"No! No! nothing of the sort. Come! come! come! I will show you a sight that will make a wolf of you. Haste! For God's sake, haste!"

I hurried on my clothes.

"Bring your arms!" cried L – , "you may require them."

I buckled on my sword and pistol-belt, and followed hastily into the street. We ran down the Calle Correo toward the Alameda. It was the road to the Convent of San Francisco, where our regiment had quartered for the night. As yet I knew not for what I was going. Could the enemy have attacked us? No – all was quiet. The people were in their beds. What could it be? L – had not, and would not explain; but to my inquiries, continually cried, "Haste – come on!" We reached the convent, and, hastily passing the guard, made for the quarters occupied by my friend. As we entered the room – a large one – I saw five or six females, with about a dozen men, soldiers and officers. All were excited by some unusual occurrence. The females were Mexicans, and their heads were muffled in their rebosos. Some were weeping aloud, others talking in strains of lamentation. Among them I distinguished the face of my friend's betrothed.

"Dearest Rafaela!" cried L – , throwing his arms around her – "it is my friend. Here, Henry, look here! look at this!"

As he spoke, he raised the reboso, and gently drew back her long black hair. I saw blood upon her cheek and shoulders! I looked more closely. It flowed from her ears.

"Her ears! *O God! they have been cut off!*"

"Ay, ay," cried L — , hoarsely; and dropping the dark tresses, again threw his arms around the girl, and kissed away the tears that were rolling down her cheeks — while uttering expressions of endearment and consolation.

I turned to the other females; they were all similarly mutilated; some of them even worse, for their foreheads, where the U.S. had been freshly burned upon them, were red and swollen. Excepting Rafaela, they were all of the "poblana" class — the laundresses — the mistresses of the soldiers.

The surgeon was in attendance, and in a short time all was done that could be done for wounds like these.

"Come!" cried L — , addressing those around him, "we are wasting time, and that is precious; it is near midnight. The horses will be ready by this, and the rest will be waiting; come, Henry, you will go? You will stand by us?"

"I will, but what do you intend?"

"Do not ask us, my friend, you will see presently."

"Think, my dear L — ," said I in a whisper, "do not act rashly."

"Rashly! there is no rashness about me — you know that. A cowardly act, like this, can not be revenged too soon. Revenge! what am I talking of! It is not revenge, but justice. The men who could perpetrate this fiendish deed are not fit to live on the earth, and, by heavens! not one of them shall live by the morning. Ha, dastards! they thought we were gone; they will find their mistake. Mine be the responsibility — mine the revenge. Come, friends! Come!" And so saying, L — led the way, holding his betrothed by the hand. We all followed out of the room, and into the street.

On reaching the Alameda a group of dark objects was seen among the trees. They were horses and horsemen; there were about thirty of the latter, and enough of the former to mount the party who were with L — . I saw from their size that the horses were of our own troops, with dragoon saddles. In the hurry L — had not thought of saddles for our female companions, but the oversight was of no consequence. *Their* habitual mode of riding was *à la Duchess de Berri*, and in this way they mounted. Before summoning me, L — had organized his band — they were picked men. In the dim light I could see dragoon and infantry uniforms, men in plain clothes, followers of the army, gamblers, teamsters, Texans, desperadoes, ready for just such an adventure. Here and there I could distinguish the long-tailed frock — the undress of the officer. The band in all mustered more than forty men.

We rode quietly through the streets, and, issuing from the gate of Nino Perdido, took the road for San Angel. As we proceeded onward, I gathered a more minute account of what had transpired at the village. As soon as our division had evacuated, a mob of thirty or forty ruffians had proceeded to the houses of those whom they termed "Ayankeeados," and glutted their cowardly vengeance on their unfortunate victims. Some of these had been actually killed in attempting to resist; others had escaped to the Pedregal which runs close to the village; while a few — Rafaela among the number — after submitting to a terrible atrocity, had fled to the city for protection.

On hearing the details of these horrid scenes, I no longer felt a repugnance in accompanying my friend. I felt as he did, that men capable of such deeds were "not fit to live," and we were proceeding to execute a sentence that was just though illegal. It was not our intention to punish all; we could not have accomplished this, had we so willed it. By the testimony of the girls, there were five or six who had been the promoters and ringleaders of the whole business. These were well known to one or other of the victims, as in most instances it had been some old grudge for which they had been singled out as objects of this cowardly vengeance. In Rafaela's case it was a ruffian who had once aspired to her hand, and been rejected. Jealousy had moved the fiend to his terrible revenge.

It is three leagues from Mexico to San Angel. The road runs through meadows and fields of magueys. Except the lone *pulqueria*, at the corner where a cross-path leads to the hacienda of Narvarte, there is not a house before reaching the bridge of Coyoacan. Here there is a cluster of buildings — "fabricas" — that, during the stay of our army, had been occupied by a regiment. Before

arriving at this point we saw no one; and here only people who, waked from their sleep by the tread of our horses, had not the curiosity to follow us.

San Angel is a mile further up the hill. Before entering the village we divided into five parties, each to be guided by one of the girls. L – 's vengeance was especially directed toward the *ci-devant* lover of his betrothed. She herself, knowing his residence, was to be our guide.

Proceeding through narrow lanes, we arrived in a suburb of the village, and halted before a house of rather stylish appearance. We had dismounted outside the town, leaving our horses in charge of a guard. It was very dark, and we clustered around the door. One knocked – a voice was heard from within – Rafaela recognized it as that of the ruffian himself. The knock was repeated, and one of the party who spoke the language perfectly, called out:

"Open the door! Open, Don Pedro!"

"Who is it?" asked the voice.

"Yo," (I) was the simple reply.

This is generally sufficient to open the door of a Mexican house, and Don Pedro was heard within, moving toward the "Saguan."

The next moment the great door swung back on its hinges, and the ruffian was dragged forth. He was a swarthy, fierce-looking fellow – from what I could see in the dim light – and made a desperate resistance, but he was in the hands of men who soon overpowered and bound him. We did not delay a moment, but hurried back to the place where we had left our horses. As we passed through the streets, men and women were running from house to house, and we heard voices and shots in the distance. On reaching our rendezvous, we found our comrades, all of whom had succeeded in making their capture.

There was no time to be lost; there might be troops in the village – though we saw none – but whether or not, there were "leperos" enough to assail us. We did not give them time to muster. Mounting ourselves and our prisoners we rode off at a rapid pace, and were soon beyond the danger of pursuit.

Those who have passed through the gate of Nino Perdido will remember that the road leading to San Angel runs, for nearly a mile, in a straight line, and that, for this distance, it is lined on both sides with a double row of large old trees. It is one of the drives (*paseos*) of Mexico. Where the trees end, the road bends slightly to the south. At this point a cross road strikes off to the pueblito of Piedad, and at the crossing there is a small house, or rather a temple, where the pious wayfarer kneels in his dusty devotions. This little temple, the residence of a hermitical monk, was uninhabited during our occupation of the valley, and, in the actions that resulted in the capture of the city, it had come in for more than its share of hard knocks. A battery had been thrown up beside it, and the counter-battery had bored the walls of the temple with round shot. I never passed this solitary building without admiring its situation. There was no house nearer it than the aforementioned "tinacal" of Narvarte, or the city itself. It stood in the midst of swampy meadows, bordered by broad plats of the green maguey, and this isolation, together with the huge old trees that shadowed and sang over it, gave the spot an air of romantic loneliness.

On arriving under the shelter of the trees, and in front of the lone temple, our party halted by order of their leader. Several of the troopers dismounted, and the prisoners were taken down from their horses. I saw men uncoiling ropes that had hung from their saddle-bows, and I shuddered to think of the use that was about to be made of them.

"Henry," said L – , riding up to me, and speaking in a whisper, "*they* must not see this." – He pointed to the girls. – "Take them some distance ahead and wait for us, we will not be long about it, I promise."

Glad of the excuse to be absent from such a scene, I put spurs to my horse, and rode forward, followed by the females of the party. On reaching the circle near the middle of the paseo I halted.

It was quite dark, and we could see nothing of those we had left behind us. We could hear nothing – nothing but the wind moaning high up among the branches of the tall poplars; but this, with the knowledge I had of what was going on so near me, impressed me with an indescribable feeling of sadness.

L – had kept his promise; he was not long about it. In less than ten minutes the party came trotting up, chatting gayly as they rode, but *their prisoners had been left behind!*..

As the American army moved down the road to Vera Cruz, many traveling carriages were in its train. In one of these were a girl and a gray-haired old man. Almost constantly during the march a young officer might be seen riding by this carriage, conversing through the windows with its occupants within.

A short time after the return-troops landed at New Orleans, a bridal party were seen to enter the old Spanish cathedral; the bridegroom was an officer who had lost an arm. His fame, and the reputed beauty of the bride, had brought together a large concourse of spectators.

"She loved me," said L – to me on the morning this his happiest day; "she loved me in spite of my mutilated limb, and should I cease to love her because she has – no, I see it not; she is to me the same as ever."

And there were none present who saw it; few were there who knew that under those dark folds of raven hair were the *souvenirs* of a terrible tragedy...

The Mexican government behaved better to the Ayankeados than was expected. They did not confiscate the property; and L – is now enjoying his fortune in a snug hacienda, somewhere in the neighborhood of San Angel.

THE POOLS OF ELLENDEEN

Joel Jerdan was a thriving retail hosier, in a close street at the eastern end of the vast metropolis. He had a snug little shop, and a nice, snug little wife, together with an annually increasing nice little family; and Joel himself, if we except one weakness, was the most diligent and steady little fellow to be found within the circuit where the musical bells of Bow are heard. Small in person, pleasing in exterior, and scrupulously neat in his attire, Joel Jerdan was always considered a peculiarly dapper, civil, smart tradesman. His father had pursued the same business in the same house; and though there were not large profits, there was certainly contentment, which Joel very wisely judged was far better. It did not require any vivid stretch of imagination to form a comparison between the venerable Izaak Walton, of piscatorial celebrity, and our hosier; for, like that immortal angler, Joel was devoted to his calling and usually confined to precincts of no large dimensions, but making his escape whenever he could to enjoy the sole recreation of his existence – that recreation being the sport with which Izaak's name is ever associated.

Joel Jerdan was a worthy disciple of this renowned piscator – at least, he would have been had he strictly followed that master's injunctions; but, if truth must be all confessed, the *one* weakness already alluded to in our little hosier, consisted of indulgence beyond the bounds of strict sobriety, when any prolonged or favorable "sport" more than usually elated his spirits. On such occasions, Patty, his faithful wife, of course lectured the recreant hosier most severely; while he, shocked and humbled, meekly promised "never to do so any more," and kept his word until betrayed into temptation again. Being a water-drinker at home, from motives of prudence, not to say necessity, it did not require much in the way of stimulus to render poor little Joel addle-headed. Whenever he could spare an hour or two on the long summer evenings, after the business of the day was pretty well over, leaving the shop to Patty's care, away sallied Joel to the docks, there to watch his float and forget his cares, until night's sombre shadows warned him that all sober citizens were retiring bedward. It was only at rare intervals that Joel enjoyed a whole day's fishing; for, in the first place, he could not absent himself from pressing daily duties, and, in the second, he had no friend resident in the country within easy access, to whom he could resort for an introduction to babbling streams and flowery meads. He had toiled early and late, as his excellent father had done before him; and when Patty's brother retired from official life (he was a nobleman's butler), and became proprietor of a small public-house about fifty miles from London, situated on the banks of a river much resorted to by anglers, and sent a hearty invitation to Joel to come and visit him, what words may paint the bright anticipations of the exulting hosier? He had not been well of late – needed summer holidays; and, in short Joel could not resist the tempting offer.

Patty urged her husband with affectionate solicitude, to "keep watch" over himself; but she loved him too well, and was too unselfish, to object to his accepting her brother's hospitality. "Make hay while the sun shines, my dear," she said; "you may never have such another opportunity. Business is slack just now – besides, baby is weaned, and I can mind the shop with Charlie; only – " here there was a private whispered admonition, the tenor of which may be inferred from Joel's answer, accompanied by a hearty kiss: "I promise you, my ducky, that I will never taste a drop, except when I get wet-footed, and *then* only just enough to keep the cold out."

"Ah, that cold, Joel!" replied Patty, "it's a queer thing, *that cold is!* always trying to gain a footing; and nothing but a sip of brandy to keep it out!" And the wife shook her head.

It was too much felicity for Joel Jerdan! – the gathering together his scanty assortment of rods and tackle – the laying out his hard-earned money to purchase more – the packing his portmanteau and setting out on a gay summer's morning!

Yet his dreams fell short of reality when Joel first beheld the paradise of greenerie wherein "The Swan" nestled on the picturesque beauties of Wood End. Here he could fish off the bank from

a variegated flower-garden, whose roses hung over the broad, deep waters, where monsters of the finny tribes abounded. Here he *did* fish off the emerald bank; but, alas! the fish were strangely shy or cunning. Joel labored most assiduously; but somehow, he caught nothing. There was always *something* wrong; either it was too hot, or the water was too clear, or the fish wouldn't take the particular bait at that particular spot, and they must be sought up or down stream for miles. And so Joel followed the river's course patiently, day by day striving most manfully to ensnare the wary inhabitants of the treacherous element, on whose tranquil bosom wan lilies reposed as peacefully as primroses on the hill-side graves reflected nigh. "Try the pools of Ellendeen," said one; and "Try the pools of Ellendeen," said another, until Joel determined he *would* try these far-famed still waters, though it was a good way up stream to reach them. However, a farmer offered to give him a lift in his cart, and drop him on the road to market, leaving Joel to work his way back to Wood End as might suit his sport or inclination; and well supplied with refreshing viands, stowed away in his basket, slung across his shoulder sportsman-like with leathern belt, Joel set forth to try his luck in the "bottomless pit," for so the deepest pool of Ellendeen was significantly named by the peasant-folk, with whom the domain bounding the water was in ill-repute.

Solemn and stately were the neighboring woods, and a gray castellated mansion frowned on the summit of a high hill overhanging the water. It was uninhabited now, the family were extinct, and, of course, there was a legend attached.

A former lord of Ellendeen was most anxious for a son and heir; but on his unhappy lady presenting him with nothing but daughters, he swore that on the birth of the next he would throw it into the pool beside the wood. He did so with his own wicked hands more than once; and tradition said that no less than four baby daughters of the ancient race of Ellendeen were engulfed in those deep, dismal waters, which refused to yield their dead, and, in short, proved to be "bottomless." However, whether it was that they were left very much to themselves, or that the fish in Ellendeen Pools were really finer than elsewhere, report had not exaggerated their abundance and size; and Joel, to his infinite satisfaction, managed to capture some "splendid fellows," according to his own phrase.

It was a solitary place. The river here was dark and sleeping; it was a fitting scene for the enactment of the baby tragedy. The air was sultry, as if a storm were brewing, clouds were lowering, and the heat was intense. There was "no cold" to keep out, and Joel's feet were perfectly dry, but so was his throat; and Edwards, his kindly brother-in-law, had placed a flask of brandy in the basket, saying he might like "a little in water by-and-by." Joel was very thirsty and he drank a vast deal of water out of a horn cup, pouring in just enough spirit to take the "chill off," which in his heated condition, was not safe or pleasant.

"I'll not forget my promise to my dear little Patty," said Joel to himself, as he sipped. "Not one drop of brandy *alone* will I touch. Ah, bless me! how her precious heart would ache if she were to hear this tale of the wicked lord and those dear innocents? She'd most think she could see their pretty upturned faces in the water. *I wonder, now, if there's any truth in such a queer story.*" And Joel fell into a reverie as he wondered; and, sitting down on the bank, he fell asleep, and dreamt that instead of hooking a fine heavy fish he had pulled out a baby girl! Great was his horror, and he awoke with a start, to find that darkness was rapidly gathering round him, while a few pattering drops now and then betokened the approach of a storm, as the grumbling thunder faintly died away in the distance. One draught to fortify himself, and Joel commenced his homeward route – a rather difficult undertaking, seeing that he was a stranger, and obliged to diverge frequently from the immediate proximity of the river, which, however, was a sure guide, as it flowed past "The Swan's" very door. But rivers are stray, winding things; and after an hour's hard toiling over uneven paths, moving slowly and carefully, for caution was extremely necessary on the river's bank, poor little Joel Jerdan became thoroughly nervous and exhausted, as the rain pelted down and the thunder burst over head. Wet through in a trice, he had recourse to his brandy-flask. "Even Patty would recommend it now," said he; and his thoughts reverted to his snug little room behind the shop, where, beside a comfortable fire, he was

wont to enjoy a frugal supper with his beloved helpmate. Now, here he was, wandering and houseless, uncertain of the way, wet through, and no sight or sound of human kind to greet his longing eyes or ears. No. He only heard the rushing of waters, the wailing of winds, and those strange, mysterious noises which issue from desolate woods by night. It was enough to appall a stouter heart than Joel Jerdan's; no wonder he had recourse to the brandy-flask!

"Catch me a-going a-fishing in a strange place again!" murmured he to himself; "only catch me at it, that's all!"

An impression that he was trespassing on haunted ground, and that, at the same time, his basket became heavier and heavier, oppressed Joel Jerdan with a sensation almost approaching to suffocation; and he ejaculated aloud, as if to increase his courage – talking *at* himself *to* himself – "Who says that Joel is tipsy? Who dares to say so is – is – a reprobate. Who dares to say that Joel Jerdan carries a basket full of dead babies instead of fish?" But just as the reeling piscator came to this portion of his argument, a light appeared but a short distance off, and, as he made toward it, a low, dull sound, as of monotonous knocking, fell on his ear, notwithstanding his perceptions were not particularly acute.

Joel staggered onward until he reached a building from whence the sounds appeared to proceed; and, creeping slowly toward an aperture, peeped in with a remarkably sagacious expression of countenance, no doubt, had the darkness permitted it to be visible. What he beheld there caused him to start backward so suddenly that, coming in contact with a felled tree, whose bared trunk was stretched along the ground, he fell violently on his face, the blood spurting from his nose, and a cry escaping at the same moment from the hapless intruder. Joel Jerdan had seen three spectral-looking men working at a coffin, engaged in finishing the dismal receptacle with all their might, as if it was wanted in a hurry. When he recovered from temporary stupor occasioned by his fall, the scared little man in vain essayed to speak or move; for his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and his legs were powerless to sustain his own slight weight. Once, indeed, he thickly muttered, "Brandy, more brandy!" but immediately sank back helpless and hopeless, for he heard a voice say, "We'll put him in when it is finished; it is just done. We're in good time, and it'll be the safest place for the drunken rascal." Poor Joel Jerdan! to be put in a coffin alive at the suggestion of one whom he considered an evil spirit!

He heard another one say, "Halloo! let's have a look into his basket! Ho, ho, they are fine plump ones. Put them in with him, and let's be off at once."

Off at once! *Where?* thought the terrified and miserable man – where are they off to? To the "bottomless pit" of Ellendeen, said Conscience, and for stealing the dread secrets of the haunted pool, in the shape of the long sought-for Ellendeen babies! As to the brandy-drinking, *that* was nothing – ghostly beings never interfered with such terrestrial matters! The knocking discontinued, a tramping of feet was heard, a bustle as of preparation, and Joel felt himself lifted up and laid in what he felt by instinct to be – a coffin! Oh, it was most horrible! and, with a violent effort, he jerked aside the lid which was placed lightly over him, half raising himself as he did so.

"If he turns restive," said an authoritative, stern voice, "we must secure him better, or he'll be in the water before his time comes, and make food for the fishes instead of sport for Beelzebub."

So they *were* conveying him to his nameless majesty, dead babies and all, perhaps mistaking him for the wicked defunct Lord of Ellendeen himself! Oh, as to his fishing in the still, deep pools, what had it done for him? whither had it led him? Joel retained sense to be aware that his impotent struggles only rendered things worse; for he was in powerful hands, and they tossed him about like a feather. Could his dear wife behold her husband in a coffin, what would her feelings be? And as Joel thought of this, his tears began to flow copiously. He sobbed and wailed like an infant, whining, and in a sickly maudlin tone; but it had a lulling effect, and he fell off into a sleep just as he was conscious of being lifted into a boat, and, amid gleaming torches, rowed rapidly from land, but whether "up" or

"down" stream he could not tell. But of course they are taking me to the "bottomless pit," and there they will cast me in with my unhallowed load, he thought.

Could it be the brandy that made Joel Jerdan confound the fish he had caught with the Ellendeen heiresses, who had slumbered beneath the wave for upward of a century? With a stifled cry for pardon on his lips, insensibility succeeded; and when Joel awoke next day at noon, in his own cosy bed at "The Swan," with the sun's bright beams streaming in through the chinks of closely-drawn curtains, he shuddered at the remembrance of his horrible adventure, much wondering how he came *there*, and also how he had come by a bandaged cheek, from which the blood was still streaming, and a head which throbbed to agony at every breath he drew.

"What a terrific vision!" he exclaimed feebly, but aloud. "Demons rowing me in a coffin to the bottomless pool of Ellendeen! Joel Jerdan! Joel Jerdan! it is a warning to prepare for thy latter end!"

"Nay, nay, brother Joel!" exclaimed the cheerful voice of his brother-in-law; "it isn't a death-warning, but only a gentle hint not to attack the brandy-flask too often; your head is none of the strongest, and won't bear it. However, be comforted, for you have brought back four as fine fish as have been caught hereabouts for long and many a day, though both they and you came to Wood End in *rayther* a queer sort, it must be owned – all packed up in a coffin together."

"Brother Edwards," murmured Joel, solemnly, "they were *not* fish; they were the babes of Ellendeen!"

"Poor fellow, so he is wandering again! There must be another blister on!" exclaimed Mr. Edwards, compassionately. And by the time another blister was put on, and more drugs had been administered, Joel's fever was so far reduced that he was able to collect his thoughts and attempt a description of the prodigious scenes he had gone through. "Why, that was old Matthew Filkins and his two big sons whom you took for demons," shouted Mr. Edwards, as he listened attentively to Joel's account of his midnight adventures. "Mat is a teetotaller, and thinks nothing of parceling a man to Beelzebub if he gets drunk; and between ourselves, brother Joel, I do not think that Matthew is far wrong, for drunkenness is the high-road to ruin at all times."

"Yes, yes, I know that," groaned Joel. "But they put me in a coffin, and rowed me away. How do I come *here*? Oh, I am a doomed man! I am a doomed man! I shall not be long out of my real coffin!"

"Not if you go on like this, my brother," replied Mr. Edwards, impressively, and with a serious air. "You have received a severe contusion on the head, besides other injuries; and it is absolutely necessary that you be kept quiet, and discard these foolish fancies. Old Matthew Filkins is our only undertaker hereabouts; his workshop and wood-yard are close to the river side, and by water he frequently conveys his dismal but needful burdens. The wooden box in which he laid you for safety was required urgently for the body of a poor lad who died of infectious fever, and was laid in his mother's hovel midst living brothers and sisters. Mat is a kind-hearted man, and he did that for the poor widow which he would have scrupled to do for a rich one; though night or day on the river is all the same to him, for he could guide a boat blindfold: man and boy, for seventy years, Matthew Filkins has journeyed on that highway. He thought that he was doing best by you; he found, by a letter in your coat-pocket, that you came from 'The Swan,' Wood End, and, as he dropped down stream past our door, he deposited *you*, brother Joel, on the threshold where we found you, in a sad state indeed. I believe old Mat considered his dismal box tainted from having had one in your state in it, far more so than when it contained the remains of the poor boy for whom it was destined."

"And so it was, so it was, brother Edwards," exclaimed the penitent and humbled Joel; "and before I am put in a coffin again, I deserve to be buried alive if I am not a reformed man. When I get drunk *again*, may I be hurled into the pools of Ellendeen, along with the little misses of respected memory. But I say, brother, we must keep this mishap a secret from Patty, for she would be hard of belief as to it's being a reality, as you say it is; she would stick to the warning, and make sure I was a doomed man."

Very grateful and pleased was Patty, as time progressed and temptations multiplied, to find that her dear husband was proof against the strongest. Never was he known to be in the least degree inebriated after his return from the memorable expedition to Wood End; and not even to keep the "cold out," would he sip a drop of "fire-water" undiluted. The "warning" had not been in vain; and a long while after the events recorded had taken place, when Patty was made acquainted with them by her loving husband, who detested all concealments from the partner of his cares, she exclaimed in pitying tones, "It was very natural, my dear, that your thoughts should run on the terrible story about those precious babies, you that have little ones of your own. For *my* part, nothing in the wide world would tempt *me* to go a-fishing in those deep dark pools of Ellendeen; I should expect, every time I pulled up a heavy weight to see a dear baby instead of a fish!"

"But my dear," deprecatingly returned Joel, "even if the tale be true, it happened a century back, you know."

"Ah, Jo, Jo!" cried Patty, with a sly smile, "if I had a brandy-flask in my basket, *perhaps* I might forget *that* important fact."

A WATERSPOUT IN THE INDIAN OCEAN

One of the noblest and most beautiful sights in the world is a gallant, symmetrical, full-rigged ship, clothed with mighty wings from keel to truck, cleaving through the waves under the influence of a "right merrie" wind abeam. There is something exceedingly grand, to behold it steadily gliding along, like a thing instinct with life; to see its towering pyramidal sails swelling to the generous breeze; to glance from its fluttering ensigns, and bright sides, and snowy canvas, to the contrasting deep blue sea, sparkling beneath the vertical rays of the tropical sun; to hastily run over in one's mind a few only of the spirit-stirring associations conjured by the object. But it is not with a ship in this exhilarating position that I have now to deal; to the reverse – it is with one which lay like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean" – being a large East Indiaman, chartered to convey troops to the Bombay presidency, and lying totally becalmed not far from the tropics.

I was languidly swinging in my hammock, one sultry morning, when not a breath of air was stirring strong enough "to blow a lady's curl aside," when I heard a sound which convinced me that something unusual had occurred to arouse the listless idlers lounging on the upper deck. It speedily increased to such a degree that all between decks who were able (myself included) rushed up, pell-mell, to discover the reason, and soon there were none left below but the miserable sick, who could not crawl from their stifling berths.

"What's the kick-up?" roared the gigantic corporal of the grenadier company, the moment he got his head above the combing of the hatchway.

"Niver sighted sich a jamb sin' the meet at Ballyshannon!" echoed a voluble Irish comrade. "Maybe a tu-an'-thirty-punder wouldn't mak' buthermilk of us all just now."

"Can ye no kape that long red rope i' yer own impty hid, but ye must let every body know ye're a gomulah? Ain't it a watherspout, eh?" fiercely responded a brother Emerald.

"A watherspout! an' what's that, avick? Summat to ate?"

"Ate! ye gossoon! Ay, it's summat as'll soon ate *yer*, big and ugly as yer are."

Some few happy-go-lucky reprobates laughed at Pat's sapience, but the majority felt the matter to be far too serious to permit their indulging in senseless merriment, and strove, with uncontrollable interest, to secure some position whence they could behold an object of which they had heard or read highly-colored accounts. I myself instantly sprang into the shrouds, and the whole spectacle then burst full upon me in all its novel grandeur.

As already mentioned, not a breath of air was stirring, and the vessel herself lay sluggishly on the briny ocean, the sails hanging in bags, or clewed up in festoons to the yards, and the masts motionless as Pompey's Pillar. At the distance of very little more than the ship's length, the sea was bubbling up in the shape of spiral cones of varying height and sizes, all of them springing from within a circle, the circumference of which might be equal to that of the ring of an equestrian circus. The vertical rays of the sun invested the falling spray with an indescribable beauty, but the level water appeared of a dull, strong, white color. The phenomenon was attended by a very loud and long-continued hissing noise, of a peculiar and terrifying kind. This was but the commencement of a waterspout. Every moment we expected to see the several columns unite in one; and, from their contiguity, there would, in such a case, be no hope of final escape. Either the ship would be totally engulfed, or every atom of mast, rigging, and all above deck, would be whirled a hundred fathoms through the air.

Travelers say that the serpent possesses the basilisk power of fascinating its prey by the glare of its eye, and certainly a waterspout is equal in that terrible attribute, for scarcely a man in the ship that saw it was able to withdraw his gaze from the fearful spectacle. All other faculties seemed to be absorbed, and even had they had the opportunity to flee, few would have been able to move a foot.

Many on board were personally cognizant that any extraordinary concussion of the air, as that produced by the firing of guns, had been known to cause waterspouts to subside, and the captain of

our ship had given orders to train two of the main-deck large carronades (for we were armed *en flute*) upon it, with heavy charges. But so riveted and entranced were all, that it was with extreme difficulty that either soldiers or sailors could be got to move; and only when some of the officers literally placed their own shoulders to the wheel, and exhorted, and even struck the gaping, bewildered men, were the guns charged and trained in the waist of the ship. Scarcely was this done, when five or six of the largest columns suddenly joined together, as though by a species of magnetic attraction, and formed one of colossal magnitude, high as the maintopsail-yard, the spiral motion rapidly increasing, and the whole body seeming to near the ship.

"We shall soon know our fate," exclaimed the captain. "Now, Tom," said he, to the old man-o'-war's gunner, "do your best – your very best."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the tough old salt, in that muttering, indistinct manner, common to old seamen when much excited. "Avast a minute!" grumbled he to an assistant, who was busy with the chocks. "Hand me that monkey's tail!"

Eagerly clutching with his fish-hooks of fingers the short iron crowbar so denominated, he rammed it as far as he could down the ample mouth of the piece, in a peculiar direction.

"Away, skylarkers! Sea-room, ye red-coats! There: *de*-press a little – more – so, avast!" He took a quick squint down the short but deadly tube, and then turned to the artillery-man presiding over the other carronade, with "Ship mate, are you all clear for a run?"

"All ready?" inquired the captain.

"All ready, sir," repeated the veteran tar.

"Very good," was the reply; and, springing on the capstan-head, the latter sang out at the top of his voice, "Now men, I want every one of you – red-coats and blue-jackets – to try your lungs! They're strong enough on most occasions, and don't be behindhand now. Our lives depend upon it." Here he paused; and, pointing significantly to the tremendous spout, which enlarged and neared the ship every moment, he impressively demanded, "Do you see yon big fellow?"

"Ay, ay," said the tarry-jackets.

"Yes," said the red-coats.

"Very well, then, all I've got to say, is, that if we don't thrash him, he will thrash us! So no demi-semi-quavers, but give three hearty cheers to frighten him away, for he's a real coward. Hats off, and up at arm's length!" They obeyed.

"Now, my hearties," continued he, well knowing in what strain to address them, "let us try if our throats can not drown the bark of these two bull-dogs of ours! Why, we're good-for-nothing, if we can't make as much din as a couple of rusty iron candlesticks! Hu-r-r-ah!"

As the gallant commander waved his hat aloft, the keen eye of the old gunner glistened with uncommon ardor, and, squirting a long stream of suspicious-looking fluid some odd fathoms from the ship's side, he muttered, "Here goes a re'g'lar wide-awaker" – applied the match to the priming – bang! bang! the two "candlesticks" blended into one simultaneous roar, accompanied by hurrahs which of themselves shook the sultry air.

The steady state of the ship was highly favorable to the marksmen, and the skill of the old gunner produced a result equal to his most sanguine expectations, for the "monkey's tail" struck fairly athwart the spout at an elevation of some fifteen feet, and the whole immense body immediately fell with a crash like that of a steeple, and before the cheering ended, all had subsided – old Neptune's face became unwrinkled as heretofore, ship and shadow again became double, rainbow-hued dolphins again glided like elfin shadows just beneath the translucent surface, flying-fish again skipped along it with redoubled zest, the huge albatross again inertly stretched its immense wings, the screaming sea-hawk again descended from the regions of immensity, where it had been soaring at an elevation far beyond the pierce of human vision, the white side of the insatiate shark again glanced in fearful proximity to the imprisoned ship; aboard which ship hearts rose as the waves fell, fear was indignantly kicked out of its brief abiding-place, tongues were again in active commission, feet were again

pattering, and arms again swinging about, shrill orders were again bandied, the pet monkey ran chattering aloft to complete its lately suspended dissection of the marine's cap, tarry-jackets again freshened their quids, hitched their voluminous trowsers, and made vigorous renewed allusion to their precious eyes and limbs, and red-coats once more found themselves at the usual discount.

So heavily had the guns been charged, that they rebounded across the deck, overturning a score of the very "finest pisantry in the world," who one and all vehemently asserted in the rich brogue, and with the lively gesticulations of their native land, that they were "kilt intirely, an' no misthake, at all, at all!"

I have only to add, that a glorious spanking breeze followed within a few hours; and many a poor fellow blessed the waterspout, from a vague notion that to its agency we were indebted for the grateful change. But what mysterious affinity there could be between a waterspout in a calm, and a breeze springing up soon afterward, I leave my scientific friends to discover and explain. Such things are above a plain seaman's philosophy.

**MAURICE TIERNAY,
THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE**

[Continued from the August Number.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A ROYALIST "DE LA VIEILLE ROCHE."

On a hot and sultry day of June, I found myself seated in a country cart, and under the guard of two mounted dragoons, wending my way toward Kuffstein, a Tyrol fortress, to which I was sentenced as a prisoner. A weary journey was it; for in addition to my now sad thoughts, I had to contend against an attack of ague, which I had just caught, and which was then raging like a plague in the Austrian camp. One solitary reminiscence, and that far from a pleasant one, clings to this period. We had halted on the outskirts of a little village called "Broletto," for the siesta; and there, in a clump of olives, were quietly dozing away the sultry hours, when the clatter of horsemen awoke us; and on looking up, we saw a cavalry escort sweep past at a gallop. The corporal who commanded our party hurried into the village to learn the news, and soon returned with the tidings that "a great victory had been gained over the French, commanded by Bonaparte in person; that the army was in full retreat; and this was the dispatch an officer of Melas's staff was now hastening to lay at the feet of the emperor."

"I thought several times this morning," said the corporal, "that I heard artillery; and so it seems I might, for we are not above twenty miles from where the battle was fought."

"And how is the place called?" asked I, in a tone skeptical enough to be offensive.

"Marengo," replied he; "mayhap the name will not escape your memory."

How true was the surmise, but in how different a sense from what he uttered it! But so it was; even as late as four o'clock the victory was with the Austrians. Three separate envoys had left the field with tidings of success; and it was only late at night that the general, exhausted by a disastrous day, and almost broken-hearted, could write to tell his master that "Italy was lost."

I have many a temptation here to diverge from a line that I set down for myself in these memoirs, and from which as yet I have not wandered – I mean, not to dwell upon events wherein I was not myself an actor; but I am determined still to adhere to my rule; and leaving that glorious event behind me, plod wearily along my now sad journey.

Day after day we journeyed through a country teeming with abundance; vast plains of corn and maize, olives, and vines every where: on the mountains, the crags, the rocks, festooned over cliffs, and spreading their tangled networks over cottages, and yet every where poverty, misery, and debasement, ruined villages, and a half-naked, starving populace, met the eye at every turn. There was the stamp of slavery on all, and still more palpably was there the stamp of despotism in the air of their rulers.

I say this in sad spirit; for within a year from the day in which I write these lines, I have traveled the self-same road, and with precisely the self-same objects before me. Changed in nothing, save what time changes, in ruin and decay! There was the dreary village as of yore; the unglazed windows closed with some rotten boarding, or occupied by a face gaunt with famine. The listless, unoccupied group still sat or lay on the steps before the church; a knot of nearly naked creatures sat card-playing beside a fountain, their unsheathed knives alongside of them; and, lastly, on the wall of the one habitation which had the semblance of decency about it, there stared out the "double-headed eagle," the symbol of their shame and their slavery! It never can be the policy of a government to retard the progress and depress the energies of a people beneath its rule. Why, then, do we find a whole nation, gifted and capable as this, so backward in civilization? Is the fault with the rulers? or are there, indeed, people, whose very development is the obstacle to their improvement; whose impulses of right and wrong will submit to no discipline; and who are incapable of appreciating true liberty? This would be a gloomy theory; and the very thought of it suggests darker fears for a land to which my sympathies attach me more closely!

If any spot can impress the notion of impregnability, it is Kuffstein. Situated on an eminence of rock over the Inn, three sides of the base are washed by that rapid river, a little village occupies the fourth; and from this the supplies are hoisted up to the garrison above, by cranes and pulleys; the

only approach being by a path wide enough for a single man, and far too steep and difficult of access to admit of his carrying any burden, however light. All that science and skill could do is added to the natural strength of the position, and from every surface of the vast rock itself the projecting mouths of guns and mortars show resources of defense it would seem madness to attack.

Three thousand men, under the command of General Urleben, held this fortress at the time I speak of; and by their habits of discipline and vigilance, showed that no over-security would make them neglect the charge of so important a trust. I was the first French prisoner that had ever been confined within the walls, and to the accident of my uniform was I indebted for this distinction. I have mentioned that in Genoa they gave me a staff-officer's dress and appointments, and from this casual circumstance it was supposed that I should know a great deal of Massena's movements and intentions, and that by judicious management I might be induced to reveal it.

General Urleben, who had been brought up in France, was admirably calculated to have promoted such an object, were it practicable. He possessed the most winning address, as well as great personal advantages; and although now past the middle of life, was reputed one of the handsomest men in Austria. He at once invited me to his table, and having provided me with a delightful little chamber, from whence the view extended four miles along the Inn, he sent me stores of books, journals, and newspapers, French, English, and German, showing by the very candor of their tidings a most flattering degree of confidence and trust.

If imprisonment could ever be endurable with resignation, mine ought to have been so. My mornings were passed in weeding or gardening a little plot of ground outside my window, giving me ample occupation in that way, and rendering carnations and roses dearer to me, through all my after life, than without such associations they would ever have been. Then I used to sketch for hours, from the walls, bird's-eye views, prisoner's glimpses, of the glorious Tyrol scenery below us. Early in the afternoon came dinner, and then, with the general's pleasant converse, a cigar, and a chess-board, the time wore smoothly on till nightfall.

An occasional thunder-storm, grander and more sublime than any thing I have ever seen elsewhere, would now and then vary a life of calm but not unpleasant monotony; and occasionally, too, some passing escort, on the way to or from Vienna, would give tidings of the war; but except in these, each day was precisely like the other, so that when the almanac told me it was autumn, I could scarcely believe a single month had glided over. I will not attempt to conceal the fact, that the inglorious idleness of my life, this term of inactivity at an age when hope, and vigor, and energy, were highest within me, was a grievous privation; but, except in these regrets, I could almost call this time a happy one. The unfortunate position in which I started in life, gave me little opportunity, or even inclination, for learning. Except the little Père Michel had taught me, I knew nothing. I need not say that this was but a sorry stock of education, even at that period; when I must say, the sabre was more in vogue than the grammar.

I now set steadily about repairing this deficiency. General Urleben lent me all his aid, directing my studies, supplying me with books, and at times affording me the still greater assistance of his counsel and advice. To history generally, but particularly that of France, he made me pay the deepest attention, and seemed never to weary while impressing upon me the grandeur of our former monarchies, and the happiness of France when ruled by her legitimate sovereigns.

I had told him all that I knew myself of my birth and family, and frequently would he allude to the subject of my reading, by saying, "The son of an old 'Garde du Corps' needs no commentary when perusing such details as these. Your own instincts tell you how nobly these servants of a monarchy bore themselves – what chivalry lived at that time in men's hearts, and how generous and self-denying was their loyalty."

Such and such like were the expressions which dropped from him from time to time; nor was their impression the less deep, when supported by the testimony of the memoirs with which he supplied me. Even in deeds of military glory, the Monarchy could compete with the Republic, and

Urleben took care to insist upon a fact I was never unwilling to concede – that the well-born were ever foremost in danger, no matter whether the banner was a white one or a tricolor.

"*Le bon sang ne peut mentir*" was an adage I never disputed, although certainly I never expected to hear it employed in the disparagement of those to whom it did not apply.

As the winter set in I saw less of the general. He was usually much occupied in the mornings, and at evening he was accustomed to go down to the village, where, of late, some French emigré families had settled – unhappy exiles, who had both peril and poverty to contend against! Many such were scattered through the Tyrol at that period, both for the security and the cheapness it afforded. Of these Urleben rarely spoke; some chance allusion, when borrowing a book or taking away a newspaper, being the extent to which he ever referred to them.

One morning, as I sat sketching on the walls, he came up to me, and said, "Strange enough, Tiernay, last night I was looking at a view of this very scene, only taken from another point of sight; both were correct, accurate in every detail, and yet most dissimilar – what a singular illustration of many of our prejudices and opinions. The sketch I speak of was made by a young countrywoman of yours – a highly gifted lady, who little thought that the accomplishments of her education were one day to be the resources of her livelihood. Even so," said he, sighing, "a marquise of the best blood of France is reduced to sell her drawings!"

As I expressed a wish to see the sketches in question, he volunteered to make the request, if I would send some of mine in return, and thus accidentally grew up a sort of intercourse between myself and the strangers, which gradually extended to books, and music, and, lastly, to civil messages and inquiries of which the general was ever the bearer.

What a boon was all this to me! What a sun-ray through the bars of a prisoner's cell was this gleam of kindness and sympathy! The very similarity of our pursuits, too, had something inexpressibly pleasing in it, and I bestowed ten times as much pains upon each sketch, now that I knew to whose eyes it would be submitted.

"Do you know, Tiernay," said the general to me, one day, "I am about to incur a very heavy penalty in your behalf – I am going to contravene the strict orders of the War Office, and take you along with me this evening down to the village."

I started with surprise and delight together, and could not utter a word.

"I know perfectly well," continued he, "that you will not abuse my confidence. I ask, then, for nothing beyond your word, that you will not make any attempt at escape; for this visit may lead to others, and I desire, so far as possible, that you should feel as little constraint as a prisoner well may."

I readily gave the pledge required, and he went on —

"I have no cautions to give you, nor any counsels. Madame d'Aigreville is a royalist."

"She is madame, then!" said I, in a voice of some disappointment.

"Yes, she is a widow, but her niece is unmarried," said he, smiling at my eagerness. I affected to hear the tidings with unconcern, but a burning flush covered my cheek, and I felt as uncomfortable as possible.

I dined that day as usual with the general; adjourning after dinner to the little drawing-room, where we played our chess. Never did he appear to me so tedious in his stories, so intolerably tiresome in his digressions, as that evening. He halted at every move – he had some narrative to recount, or some observation to make, that delayed our game to an enormous time; and at last, on looking out of the window, he fancied there was a thunder-storm brewing, and that we should do well to put off our visit to a more favorable opportunity.

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