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Choice Poetry.

THE ROAD ROUND BY KENNEDY'S MILL.

The steam carriage now rushes eagerly o'er
The fields where I smelt my golden years I have ranged;

When closed for the day, with a smile, were our rooms;
And we rushed, with a shout, from the pedagogical frown;

As I thought of change, and of death, and of care;
And I thought of my love, who had left me so far;

ROLL ON, SILVER MOON.

As I strolled on my way, at the close of the day,
I gazed on the beauties of June.

Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveller on his way,
While the nightingale's song is in tune;

Roll on, silver moon, guide the youth once so brave,
Cut down like a rose in full bloom;

Roll on, silver moon, guide the youth once so brave,
Cut down like a rose in full bloom;

Select Tale.

THE RUBY CROSS: OR, BENEDICT ARNOLD'S AMULET.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.

CHAPTER I.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moon and softer skies,
Prestid of tropic lands in slumber, haze of Paradise;

With eager, impetuous footsteps, Benedict Arnold paced the white sea strand of a quaint, strange old West Indian town,

For Benedict Arnold, in his youth, was a merchant, trading to the West Indies, and commanded his own vessel—the little sloop which then, with snowy mast and tapering spars, clearly defined against the blue sky, lay like a thing of beauty, idle and motionless, on the waves.

This was not his first trip to the tropics; many a time ere this his vessel had ploughed the waters of the Atlantic to those islands which he likened of beauty upon the ocean's breast,

Nor was it the love of country alone which impelled him to return and enlist under Freedom's banners, but the fierce, unquenchable passion for excitement which characterized his life from childhood; which had made him, in boyhood, a rover to the British camp, then as happily brought him home again, sent him to the tropics as a merchant, where he won him great

wealth, and in after life gave him that unparalleled bravery which distinguished him on the battle-fields of his country.

But why, as the first faint notes of war, borne over the waters, fell upon Benedict Arnold's ear, amid the luxuriance of those West India Isles, did he linger there? Why did his good ship lie idle, with fringed sail and drooping pennon, in the harbor of Havana?

Ah, there was a struggle going on in his heart between this newly aroused feeling of patriotism and excitement, and another and tenderer sentiment! For Benedict Arnold was revelling in the first love dream of his youth.

And this was why his sloop lay motionless upon the waters of the harbor; why, day after day, his brow was still fanned by tropic airs; why, then, at nightfall, impatiently watching the sun dipping his weary head into the purple western waves, he hastily strode to and fro on the white sea strand.

And when the evening gun boomed from Moro Castle, he drew his little skiff from the deep cove where it lay sheltered, and with a few bold, vigorous dashes of the oar, pushed out of the harbor.

That was the hour when he kept tryst with the beloved one; with her whose dark Spanish eyes had burned their way into his heart; whose tender love words and caresses woke in all its glow his own peculiarly ardent southern temperament.

But even this bold, determined man, loving, as he did, impetuously and strongly, could no longer linger there; even his first love dream had no power to blind him always; he was no man to loiter in his lady's bower, while that brave heart, panting for the rush of war and the glory of conquest beat within his breast.

And that day he had said: "One more meeting in the shades of the old Moorish garden; one more kiss upon Inez Velasquez's sweet lips, and then I must away."

What Benedict Arnold's purposes for life were, he scarce knew then; but with the one idea of change, of excitement, he had exclaimed: "I will no longer tarry here. The dream is sweet, passing sweet, but it must be broken."

And so on, out of the harbor he pushed, with hasty oar dashes—the vigorous beat of the oars, the hasty strokes of his athletic arm, types of his whole life, impetuous, daring, free and spry.

Once out on the bay, his skiff sailed rapidly on close to the shore, where trailing vines, from the luxuriant gardens lining the water's edge, dipped down into the tide.

From the very margin of the bay rose a dense, tangled mass of rich vegetable life, varying in every shade of gold, and green and crimson, the rank growth of the luxuriant soil.

Forth from the matted vines gleamed magnificent blossoms, swaying up and down on their long, pendulous stems, like gorgeous, flame-winged birds flitting to and fro; bright crimson petals, loosened from ripened calices, fell here and there about his boat upon the sea; long feathery sprays plumed and nodded in the balmy air; indeed, it was a perfect wilderness of green and bloom, an intoxicating atmosphere of odors.

O, these warm West Indian Isles, the Eden of the world, lying in "dark purple depths of sea!"

How Benedict Arnold's tropic heart revelled in the intoxicating richness everywhere about him!

And could he leave this magic clime, the sparkling waters, and the gleaming constellations which walked forth into the deep night skies with a glory unknown to his native northern land? and above all, could he gaze so more upon those eyes which beamed far brighter than the starlight for him?

Yes, yes; his resolve was unchangeable; he must go hence. What will not a proud, ambitious man do, and dare, and suffer, for his own aggrandizement!

And still on he rowed, over waters darkening into a deeper purple in the shades of gathering night under the magnificent blaze of that southern starlight, a starlight so like day.

And still the long vines and green mosses trailed down into the water; and floating out seaward, came winds replete with odors almost sickening in their sweetness; still on his head rained showers of crimson and snowy petals; and on, on, he went past visions of beauty, which seemed more like glimpses of fairy-land than any reality on earth.

An hour had elapsed since the rover left the harbor, and the full blaze of a tropic night lay over land and sea.

"A glorious land—a magic clime! But this hot blood in my veins must be cooled in northern air, ere long," murmured Arnold as he drew his skiff ashore in an opening, beyond whose vista of arching vines might be caught glimpses of the white walls of a villa, and stood for a moment with bare head beneath the starlight.

"A glorious land to live, and dream, and love in; but such a life would kill me. I must have action, the stern strife, the combat," he exclaimed, as he parted the vines, strode up a flight of marble steps, and entered the flowery wilderness beyond.

There, 'neath the bright starlight, gazed the white walls of an old Moorish mansion, built around an open, paved court, where a fountain played, and shimmered like silver in the starlight.

There, in a quaint-looking old garden, with green terraces and broad flights of marble steps, where the stately palm reared its turfed coronet high above all other trees, where the scarlet pomegranate tossed its scented blossoms on the air, had the first love dream of Benedict Arnold's life begun; and there, too, were his own lips, and the first kiss which then, with snowy mast and tapering spars, clearly defined against the blue sky, lay like a thing of beauty, idle and motionless, on the waves.

This was not his first trip to the tropics; many a time ere this his vessel had ploughed the waters of the Atlantic to those islands which he likened of beauty upon the ocean's breast, nor was it the love of country alone which impelled him to return and enlist under Freedom's banners, but the fierce, unquenchable passion for excitement which characterized his life from childhood; which had made him, in boyhood, a rover to the British camp, then as happily brought him home again, sent him to the tropics as a merchant, where he won him great

beside her, amid her caresses and her tears, he said, "Inez, I must depart."

"Nay, Inez, beloved," she whispered tenderly, "may it must be so. My country has need of all her sons to aid in her struggles, but when the victory is won, then will I come back to love and thee."

And there, in that hour, Benedict Arnold meant what he uttered. In his first youthful love dream, that bold man was nearer the kingdom of heaven than he ever was again. Had he kept the faith he pledged; had he gone back to that Spanish maid when the battles of his country were won; had he never worn for himself schemes of aggrandizement and ambition—he had been spared the name of a "traitor."

But the voice of mad, unquiet spirit, was stronger far than that of affection; he crushed down all such thoughts, and said firmly, though tenderly:—"Inez, I must go; but I will not forget. We will meet again, beloved."

Yet ere he went forth from her presence for ever, Inez Velasquez had flung about his neck a slender green chain of antique but exquisite workmanship, from which hung suspended a blood-red cross, cut from the sparkling ruby-stone.

"Wear this when you fight your country's battles," she cried. "Wear it next your heart; 'twill guard you from harm. It was a gift to my sire, by Granada's sovereign in his native Spain. He has often worn it in the fray of war, and it proved a talisman to guard him. When the ruby gleams red as blood, safety follows thy footsteps; but if it pales, then beware, for danger is nigh then. Wear it for my sake; and, looking upon it, remember Inez."

And this blood-red ruby cross, henceforth to be worn next his heart, was Benedict Arnold's talisman—his charm—his amulet.

CHAPTER II.

And the land rose up at the sign of war.

O, Fame! Fame! Fame! best grandest word to God, Alexander Smith.

Years, thick, crowding, and full of strange, gallant, daring deeds, unknown before in the world's history went by. An infant people had thrown off their shackles, and proudly taken a place among the nations of the earth.

There were brave words, thrilling thousands of stout American hearts, spoken in Congress; there were tales of war and victory repeated over at nightfall, beside every hearthstone in the land; there were battles and the flush of conquest.

But all the picture has a darker side! There were sufferings which had no parallel in the people's annals. An army of men resolved to "fight to the death," lay at Valley Forge, almost naked and starving, in the dead of a severe winter. Mothers girded the sword to their sons' breasts, and sent them forth to the battlefield with a "God speed" on their lips.

But over all of these suffering soldiers the eagle spirit of a brave man held sway; through all the toll and bloodshed of the eight years' war, his eagle eye saw the future glorious destiny of his country.

And he of the eagle spirit and eye, was that great, good man, GEORGE WASHINGTON; and beside him, sustaining and helping him in his arduous toils, were brave and gallant aids, foremost among whom stood Benedict Arnold.

And in those days of peril and struggles, by deeds of gallant daring, his star attained its zenith. Certainly, if ever man won glory by roll and bravery, that man was Arnold.

Through the dark pine forests of Maine, with his hand of iron firm, through deep wildernesses shrouded in snows, across rivers, cold, dark, and turbid, down steep and rapid, and penetrating the tangled, unbroken fastnesses of an untrodden region, he had accomplished a perilous journey.

And then, when keeping guard by the watch fires without the city on the heights of Quebec, in the keen, piercing cold of a Canadian winter, on the victorious battle plain, the gallant deeds of this brave man attested that the deed of patriotism ran strong within his veins.

And afterward, at Saratoga, where his good right arm turned the tide of battle and won the victory—at the glorious sea fight of Lake Champlain, where he was at once hero and general—America had no need of more daring men to fight her battles than the same Benedict Arnold.

For then that foul stain, which no hand can wipe away, had not settled down, like a cloud of blackness, upon his name. No, thank God, there were years when he was no traitor.

To his after life years this foul deed. Let us not talk of it now—only of his glory. Times when no truer, more patriotic heart beat in an American bosom than his.

Who, then, looking down the dim vista of the future, would have said—"This man will be a traitor?" That man of foresight and prudence, George Washington, did not look for such treason, when, in a letter to Congress, recommending that Arnold should be sent to the northern army, he wrote:—"He is active, judicious, and brave, and an officer in whom the militia will repose great confidence."

Arnold himself knew not to what depths he should fall, when, galled by the tardiness of his country in conferring the rank upon him he had so fully earned, he resigned his commission with these proud words:—"I am ready to risk my life for my country; but honor is a sacrifice that no man ought to make."

O, no; his star, which had risen so brightly at Ticonderoga and Quebec, which had culminated at Saratoga, had not yet begun to slope down the sky of honor, when, alas! it was a star no more, but a brilliant meteor flashing down a darkening sky—a blazing ship, "with broken masts dismantled all," adrift, and going down in a black, midnight sea.

There were five long years of glory granted to Benedict Arnold—five years, wherein he wrote the record of dazzling deeds upon the scroll of fame—five years wherein his heart,

warm and yielding as the fresh molten lava, had no time to cool and harden, and become like iron in the scoria of pride and revenge, which afterwards encrusted it.

And in those five years of glory, whether on land or sea, amid the burning heats of a southern summer, or the rigors of a northern winter, he never once quailed before the foe.

And even then, in the toilsome march through the wilderness, on the snow-crowned heights of Quebec, at Saratoga, Danbury, and Champlain, in conquest and in glory, still that blood-red cross had never dimmed, but lay like a sentinel of fire, guarding his heart—that heart which, amid its dreams of glory, had well nigh forgotten the giver of this ruby amulet—sweet Inez Velasquez.

CHAPTER III.

I kept my course through past ingratitude; I saw— Could not but see those insults as they fell.

His scars lay on my heart like sores, My eyes are weary, and I faint would sleep; The quietest sleep is underneath the ground.

There came a time when, deny it as we may, Benedict Arnold received injury at the hands of the country he had so faithfully served.

We say this, not to palliate the crime of his treason—Heaven forbid!—there were no wrongs great enough to drive a true heart to this—but to show how a brave man may sometimes be worried into madness.

Benedict Arnold had his glory and his crimes; he had his virtues, too.

There were aspirations cast upon his hitherto fair fame. He had been accused of seizing certain goods at Montreal without lawful warrant. Congress had appointed five major generals, all his juniors in rank, without remembering in the distribution of her favors, the hero of Quebec and Champlain, and then sought by the paltry gift of a war horse, to recompense him for the blood he had shed in the service of his country.

And such proceedings as these terribly galled this impetuous man. True, afterward his services were recognized, when the board of war declared that his character had been unjustly assailed, and Congress gave him the rank he had so fully won; but their tardiness and neglect had sunk into his heart to rankle there.

Chafed and stung, he had resigned his commission; but when, at the instance of Washington, he was called to join the army in the north, he did not hesitate, but again went forth to fight his country's battles.

And then a series of brilliant victories followed, wherein he honored himself and America; when he was junior in command, was at once leader and hero.

In May, 1778, Arnold joined the army at Valley Forge, and shortly afterward took his residence at Philadelphia, where he married his lovely child-wife, the beautiful Margaret Shippen, the friend and correspondent of Major Andre, the leader of fashion and gaiety in the Quaker City, yet, withal, the friend and companion of her hero husband.

Alas that in all those long years since his ship sailed out of the harbor of Havana, and he turned its prow toward his native land, in those five years of glory on the battle-field, with such men as George Washington, Ethan Allen, and Daniel Morgan, for his companions—in the brilliant saloons of Philadelphia, with bright eyes beaming upon him, and such a woman as Margaret Arnold for his wife—with such honors as Congress eventually, though tardily, had heaped upon him—alas that Benedict Arnold had no memory of the promise his lips had spoken, no thoughts for the Spanish girl who long ere this had been laid to sleep under the gay green sod of her native India Isle!

For sweet Inez Velasquez was dead! The hot Spanish blood of her sires flowed not so strong within her veins as the gentler tide gushed from the heart of her blue-eyed English mother. Her pride could not crush her tenderness, hence her life went out in the struggle.

Month after month, year after year, rolled their weary circles into the eternity of the past, and still the impetuous, gallant American, who had won her heart, came not.

Then she knew that Benedict Arnold had deserted her, and then she drooped and died.

Truly for the heart-broken Inez:—"The quietest sleep was underneath the ground." And thus it was that in that quaint old Moorish garden, washed by the ocean tides sweeping out from the harbor of Havana, they laid her down to sleep; thus it was that where her life began it ended; where her heart was won, it broke, and over her white headstone the stony jaspines waved to and fro like a cloud of borrowing angels, and the scarlet pomegranate blossoms flattered down like a flock of flame-winged birds continually alighting upon her grave.

Poor Inez Velasquez! And all the time, while the ruby life-tide was ebbing within thy heart, thy gift, the blood-red cross, had never paled upon thy lover's. Still, like a thing of fire, it burned upon his breast, while the fires of ambition were smothering within—those baleful flames, which when awakened there, would lap up the very life-blood of his honor.

Step by step he was walking the path which would end in ruin. Slowly his star was sloping downward way.

And so they made the Spanish maiden a grave amid the richness of the tropics, and all luxuriant, beautiful things. Better by far for Benedict Arnold had he died, too, and been laid to sleep beside her—he had not lived to become a traitor then.

CHAPTER IV.

Two days. But now, few large and bright. The stars are round the crescent moon. And now it is a dim, warm night—

Many a pearl have I ceased, Nor know I why this next appears the last! Yet so my heart forbade, but must not fear. Nor shall my followers shed no figure here.

It was the noon of night. Ever since the gray twilight set in, had General Arnold been closeted in the library of his mansion, then known as the Penn House, with

his business agent, writing letters, and making the necessary arrangements for the disposal of his personal property in Philadelphia; for that day had he received from Washington the command of West Point, and the morrow's sun must see him on his journey thither.

But when midnight came, all arrangements were completed. Transfers had been made, deeds signed, large sums of gold deposited in his agent's hands, to meet the immense debts which he had incurred by his lavish prodigality and princely style of living; and when the bells from the old State House pealed forth the hour of twelve, Arnold was alone once more.

Slowly settling himself in his arm chair, after the sound of his agent's receding footsteps had died along the hall, he leaned his elbow on the table, and his head upon his hand.

His face looked anxious, pale, and careworn; and well it might; for those last few months of his life had not only left their iron impress upon his brow, but in his heart.

His very attitude betokened weariness. He wore weary, wearied to death, at the tremendous game he was playing; for it was no light thing, even for that daring, indomitable, rash man, to become a traitor.

He had an honored name; his country reported trust in him; Washington was his friend; and in the great world, he had planned, and which seemed almost upon the eve of consummation—had he no cause for remorse?

And for fear, too, for what if he should fail? It was no idle game he held in his hand; and the stakes were fearfully heavy.

Yonder, in his cabinet, lay the commission from Congress, which had raised him to the rank of major-general; before him, upon the table, lay the letter from the commander-in-chief, which conferred him in the command of West Point; and in that dry inland rosewood writing-desk, which stood upon the little table in the southern bow window, where Margaret Arnold came often to sit near her husband, and pen her friendly letters to John Andre, lay the replies to his offers of treason.

And General Arnold's youthful wife little knew that her lively letters, detailing the "gossamer" of her life in the Quaker City, and Ma or Andre's replies, which, tied together with a dainty blue ribbon, filled one corner of her writing-desk, were the vehicles of her husband's treason—that, interlined between her delicate chirography, he had written his promises to deliver West Point over to the British.

Arnold knew that the game was begun. Stung his conscience ever so fiercely, it must be played through; but in that midnight hour, when everything was arranged, and he seemed on the very verge of success, that bold, had man trembled.

Like a panorama, every scene of his eventful career passed before his mental vision—the dark pine forests of Maine, the walls of Quebec, the blue waters of Champlain, the battle-field of Saratoga; and over and above all this brilliant scroll seemed written, in lurid characters, as with a pen of fire, the single word, "Traitor, traitor!"

The quiet of the night, and his rapidly rushing thoughts maddened him. He rose, and strode the room.

"'Tis the infernal plot!" he muttered, huskily. "By heaven, had any man said to me at Ticonderoga or Quebec—'Benedict Arnold, you will one day play the traitor,' I would have ground him back to dust beneath my heel! But now—now," and he smote the air with clenched fist, "now what am I but that accursed thing?"

Then his mood changed. His lips grew firm, as though cut from iron; his eye blazed with hate and scorn.

"Yet why," he went on, "why should it madden me so? Have I not had cause for this? Were not abuses heaped upon me? Did not a lawless mob assault me, and surround my dwelling? Did not Congress treat me dishonorably, unjustly, shamefully? Did not George Washington insult me at Morristown? And shall I sit here weakly mourning because the hour of my revenge is nigh? No! This cursed country shall have cause for weep, as it has given me cause for the deed I have done. Congress shall have reason for reprimand now. George Washington shall not have it to say that he rebuked me publicly, and I tamely bore the insult."

"I gave them the best years of my life—the strength of my manhood. I shed my blood like water; but, by Heaven, they've had the last drop from my veins! Now—now, I can average myself! Hat this should be a royal hour!" and, in his intense excitement, he strode to and fro with flashing eyes.

Suddenly a white hand, sparkling with jewels, was laid upon his arm, and a soft voice said:—"General Arnold—my husband!"

He turned, and his beautiful child-wife, clad in white fleecy garments, as though attired for a festival, stood beside him.

A soft beam lighted his eye, and a tender smile quivered around his lip.

"Margaret, you here?" he said. "I thought you were at some brilliant levee, to-night."

"I did go," she replied, "but thoughts of your pale face haunted me, and so I ordered the carriage home again. And now I find you restless and excited, pacing the floor. You have some trouble. This command to West Point involves you in some way. You are ill, perhaps. What is it, Arnold?" and the true-hearted wife clung to his arm.

"No; it is nothing, Margaret. You are frightened. I have been making the necessary arrangements for leaving Philadelphia, and am only figuratively, that is all," he replied, eagerly.

"But these long night watches, after days of toil, are too much for you. Arnold, they are killing you. You must get sleep before you start on your journey."

"Sleep? I wonder if I ever sleep again!" he echoed, wildly, shaking off her arm, and walking to and fro. "Yes, I will sleep, Margaret, but not until I reach West Point. There I must needs slumber soundly and sweetly—patriots always do, do they not?" and coming back and pressing beside her, he laughed nervously. "O, my sweetest wife does not know what a true-hearted, loyal patriot Benedict Arnold is!"

"I know my husband for a brave and noble soldier," said Mrs. Arnold, proudly.

Arnold groaned aloud in the bitterness of his humiliation, and covered his face with his hands. The iron fangs of remorse were beginning to fasten upon his soul.

"A brave and noble soldier." Alas! and that is all! To a patriot's name he had no claim. Still his young wife stood beside him, pleading that he would try and sleep before dawn.

"I can find no time for rest. The hours of the night are precious. Much yet remains undone before my journey," was his reply. "I go early in the morning. You will join me by the 21st. Till then, adieu, Margaret, sweet wife, for I must bid you leave me now." And with the gallantry of a lover, he kissed her, and was leading her to the door of the apartment.

Margaret Arnold took her husband's arm. As they passed beneath the high marble mantel, whereon a solitary candle burned and flickered in the tall bronze candelabra, Arnold's eye caught the glimpse of something red and bright upon his wife's neck.

Rapidly thrusting his hand into his bosom, he as rapidly drew it forth again; then bending over her, and grasping the ornament, he asked, in a husky voice:—"Margaret, how came you by this?"

For there, suspended from her dainty white neck, by the slender chain of gold, and burning red as a rose upon her bosom, hung the ruby cross.

"This!" echoed Mrs. Arnold, taking the cross from her husband's fingers. "O, to be sure. I found it where General Arnold stily deposited it—in my writing desk! How kind and thoughtful of you to make me such a birthday gift! But how queer to put it there! But pray where did you procure it? I assure you that, with my new jewels, I was quite the belle of the party to-night, and was asked some half-dozen times where they were purchased, or if they were family jewels. Indeed, one gentleman sought the privilege of examining them, and declared the ruby real, of immense value, and the antique workmanship of the chain exquisite—Pray, where did you get them, Arnold?" she playfully retorted.

General Arnold saw her mistake, for she had not noticed his quivering white lips, and he resolved to profit by it, and in a calm voice as he took the cross, he replied:—"So my Maggie is pleased with her gift? Well, then, I am glad; but go now—yet leave me the workmanship at my leisure, for it is a foreign trinket. There, go now." And receiving the cross from her hand, they parted, with a good-night kiss, at the door.

General Arnold went back and gazed long and earnestly upon the trinket he had held.

"I must have dropped it from my neck into her writing desk," he murmured, remembering how, at dead of night, he had risen from his bed to write in his wife's letters his messages to Major Andre. "How strange that I did not miss it!"

"But, ah! what is this! What if her words, which I deemed but an idle superstition, should prove true? By heavens, they are, they are true, and I am lost!" and Arnold shrieked aloud; for Inez Velasquez's gift, the ruby cross, had grown pale beneath his gaze.

Minutes, long to him as hours, went by; and he only murmured in a strange, hollow voice:—"I shall fall. The warning came, but too late—too late!"

And then, as waters will sometimes bubble up clear and limpid from the deep black spring, so from the heart of that proud, passionate, impetuous man gushed forth memories of that love dream of his youth.

And with tears in his eyes, he wandered in spirit along the terraced walks of that quaint old Moorish garden, under the blazing starlight of tropic skies, breathing air fragrant of pomegranate and orange; and, one by one, as a monk counts his beads, he said over the broken words uttered in that sweet, sweet springtime of his heart.

"Dead, dead!" he murmured sadly. "I know it all now. All these long years cannot have gone by, and her heart not broken."

"Alas! and thus it has been from my youth up! Thus, every good and lovely thing I have crushed in my path, and now, now," he added in a hollow voice, "with this warning of my doom, what have I to look forward to but death, or, worse far, contempt and scorn?"

And so the hours of night wore on, and gray morning came, and with a heavy heart Benedict Arnold set forth for West Point.

CHAPTER V.

Little. There's shame, and blushing, and weeping, and now, but I wish who name me; some best spite, some best scorn upon me.

The 21st of September came, the day arranged for the consummation of Arnold's treason, for delivering the stronghold of the American army, West Point, up to General Clinton.

Arnold, who had been joined that day by his lovely wife, was at the garison; but all her fascinations failed to drive the moodiness from his brow, or the dark fears which held him in thrall from his heart.

That onset of the ruby cross had exerted a wonderful effect upon him. He was by nature far removed from superstition, or any belief in the wonderful. Sometimes he strove to believe that it was but the fancy of his own excited brain; yet it would not do. He had become nervous and weak in the extreme, and the veriest trifles discomposed and annoyed him.

And there, even before his eyes, he saw the single, terrible word "traitor;" but the game was begun, and he must play it out.

It was a brilliant festival night at West Point; for a ball was given by the young officers of the garison in honor of their commander and his youthful and beautiful wife. There were many brilliant gatherings in those days—for America had accomplished battles and beauties, and gay and gallant men—but none where gayer or braver met than on that night at the old fortress of West Point.

Such beautiful women as Margaret Arnold joined in the dance, and the walls resounded with the echoes of laughter, and strains of music.

At midnight, with a cautious, stealthy tread, Arnold led the revellers,