EASTON GAZETTE.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

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The Boston Courier has the following notice of the new work just issued by Jared Sparks, Esq. on the Life and Treason of Bendict Arnold:

BENEDICT ARNOLD.—There was never a good cause without a traitor, & Benedict Arnold had all the qualities, direct & collateral, to make a distinguished one. His Biography forms a volume by Mr. Sparks, and that part relating to the treason and to Andre is especially interesting. Benedict was born at Norwich 1740. He had an excellent mother, but his father was a man of suspicious integrity, little respected and less esteemed." He was, while a lad, apprenticed to druggists, but he was of little benefit to his master. He had a passion for mischief and giving pain. No sport was pleasant to him that did not occasion suffering. He began his career by robbing birds' nests refining upon the usual practice, by maiming the young birds in the sight of the old ones, that he might be diverted with the cries of both. He took pleasure also in scattering broken phials in the path, that the children might cut their feet in going to school. He was as daring as he was cruel—sometimes he would astonish his playmates by clinging to a large water wheel and making revolutions on it, beneath and above water. Of course, with cruelty and courage, he had the requisites for a soldier, and enlisted at the age of sixteen, but soon after deserted, to change his manner of cutting short human life, by becoming a druggist at New Haven.—He soon became a merchant, a dealer in cattle to the West Indies, a navigator of his own vessels, a duellist, a bankrupt.

There were two companies of militia, called the Governor's guards, and in 1775 [illegible] was chosen to command one.—After the battle of Lexington, sixty of them as volunteers, marched to Cambridge. Arnold waited on the Committee of Safety and proposed to surprise Ticonderoga and he was commissioned by them a Col. in the Massachusetts service, for that purpose. But Ethan Allen was on the same expedition before him, and reaped the laurels, having, though with Arnold at his side, effected the surrender of the fortress "in the name of the Great Jehovah and of the continental Congress."

As he delighted in difficulties as a salmon likes to swim against the stream, he was pleased with the project of penetrating to Quebec, through the eastern wilderness. Arnold was the leader and received from Washington the commission of Colonel. He had eleven hundred good men, and such field officers as Christopher Greene, Daniel Morgan, and Return Jonathan Meigs. They met with difficulties enough for any lover of them, and found few advantages when they emerged from the wilderness to the French settlements, where to this day old men recount the only event that ever happened in their simple annals the "descent of the Bostonians."

The event of the assault on Quebec is well known.—When the expedition was abandoned, Arnold, now a Brigadier, commanded at Montreal—and when he quit he seized goods in the hands of merchants, for the public service, a transaction in which his motives were censured. Col. Hazen, with whom he left the goods in charge, liked not the commission, and neglected it, for which he was tried by Court Martial, which for refusing one of his four witnesses, Arnold challenged collectively—or insulted them, and gave them, to understand that he would give satisfaction to any or all.—Gates acted "dictatorially" as he confessed, and which generally are less ready to confess that to do, for he dissolved the Court martial when it demanded Arnold's arrest.

On the enemy's approach towards the ports, Arnold commanded the flotilla in which he had desperate fighting, and left his galley only when it was a wreck, and then setting it on fire as he left it, defended it on the bank till it was consumed. His daring achievements captivated the multitude, though the discriminating saw the defects in his character.

In 1777, Congress in appointing five new Major Generals—all his juniors in rank,—omitted him.—This was a grievance he never forgot. He had a memory retentive of what he called injuries.—In a skirmish at Danbury he displayed much skill and courage, and was soon after appointed Major General, though his commission was dated after the commissions of the five. In fact, a knowledge of Arnold's moral obliquities was spread in Congress, and the members of that august body respected themselves too much to respect him for his mere military qualities. They had some old fashioned preference for virtue. They, however, gave him a horse. An account which he presented against Congress was of an amount to make men inquire how a person of his limited resources of wealth and credit, could on his own responsibility command such sums as appeared in the balance of account. In short for a successful man he lived too soon: fortune threw him upon the world 60 years too early. Now, his qualities of mind, would have made his fortune and provided for all his relations. He had pride enough to make up for some deficiency of better feelings—and tendered his resignation but on the same day Congress received a letter from Washington recommending that Arnold should be sent to the northern army, and he went. On the approach of Burgoyne, the first battle was fought principally by detachments from Arnold's division, though by Gate's order no general officer was permitted to go out. At this time, there was no love between Gates and Arnold. Arnold demanded a pass to join General Washington, which was granted—but on reflection, perceiving the hazard of his reputation, he remained, though in no command his division being under the charge of Gates himself.

When the second battle commenced, Arnold was in a state approaching to frenzy, and after a while, without orders or permission, rode full speed to the field. Gates sent Major Armstrong after him, with orders, which Arnold surmising, kept himself out of the way. He sought the hotest parts of the field, and issued commands where he thought it necessary! His conduct was represented as rash in the extreme. But the "crowning glory" was his assault of the works and driving the Hessians from their camp. He was shot through the leg & his horse killed under him. The success secured the victory. Without command, he directed one of the most important battles of the revolution;—yet he appeared demented—some supposed him to be intoxicated—others to have taken opium. He struck an officer, who instead of killing him on the spot, on the next day demanded redress—when Arnold expressed his regret and entire ignorance of the offence. After this battle Congress relented and gave him the full rank he claimed.

He was next invested with the chief command at Philadelphia, a situation of too much delicacy for his temper. His pecuniary embarrassments pressed hard upon him—but he studied profusion instead of retrenchment. He had stepped into debt so far that "returning was as bad as to go o'er." He involved himself in quarrels with the Pennsylvania authorities, and was reprimanded by the decision of a Court Martial.

But the devil had entered into his soul, even before this blow to his pride, he had made advances to the enemy under a feigned name. He thirsted both for revenge and money. He lived in a style of splendor—keeping a coach and four, when more honest men walked in the mud. He had more ways of raising means than were ever tried by Robert Morris, and entered into desperate speculations, and privateering—He requested a loan of the French Minister, on condition of making himself useful to the French King. But the Minister was a high-minded ally, and could not listen to what might affect the interest of the colonies He gave Arnold good counsel—when like the Castilian beggar, "he asked for money, not advice."

About this time he was married to a lady of great wit and attractions, Miss Shippen, whose predilections were on the royal side. Most ladies, it has been said, are monarchists, because beauty is despotic.

Arnold was now chewing the bitter cud of his treason, and he rightly concluded, that his reception with his new friends would be graduated by the injury he could do to his old ones. A most important place was West-Point, and he wished to be in command of it that he might make a profitable bargain for giving it up to the enemy. But to be placed in command there, required caution and dissimulation. He managed it at last, but not without creating surprise in Washington that an officer of Arnold's character should require so quiet a post.

The correspondence had now been kept up with the enemy nearly eighteen months. Mrs. Arnold was a correspondent with Andre, and Arnold found this a convenient mode of communicating, without exciting the suspicions of his wife. Arnold signed himself Gustavus, and Andre wrote as Anderson Both wrote in a disguised hand. Arnold gave no clew to his name or station—but sometimes gave important intelligence. It was obvious to General Clinton that the writer was a person of intelligence, and on terms of intimacy with the American leaders, and after weighing all things he supposed that it could be none other than General Arnold. Believing him, however, to be in disgrace, after his court martial, and finding him in his present station, a useful correspondent, he held out no tempting offers. But the command at West-Point gave the affair a new importance, & a scheme was concerted for a meeting with Arnold, and some British agent, some man, as Arnold required, of "his own mensuration;" finally he insisted that Adjutant General Andre should be the envoy.

Andre then did not propose himself to go on this service, but yielded to the wishes of Clinton, expressed at the solicitation of Arnold.

Andre was engaged in a counting-room till that military inciter, an unrequited attachment, made him a soldier, and when once in the lists his merits and accomplishments raised him speedily.

Much of the correspondence between him and Arnold was carried on in a mercantile phrase; enough to mislead others as to the nature of the subject. Arnold wrote, "a speculation might be easily be made, to some advantage, with *ready money*." Both parties understood the subject so well that a hint was as good as a page.

The Vulture vessel of war, anchored up the river with Andre on board, and on that very day the plotters were to meet. General Washington crossed the river on a journey to Hartford.

He crossed in Arnold's barge, and looking at the Vulture through his glass, made some observation in a low voice, to those sitting near him, at which Arnold manifested great emotion. Lafayette too touched a tender point, saying, "General Arnold, as you have a correspondence with the enemy, you must ascertain what has become of Count Guichen." Arnold demanded what he meant, supposing that all was discovered.

Andre was positively instructed by Sir H. Clinton, not to change his dress—or go into the American lines—or take papers. He expected himself that Arnold would come off to the Vulture. But after some obstacles they met at a house on shore; Andre clothed in his uniform, but enveloped in a blue great coat. On the next day a cannonade was commenced by Col. Livingston, upon the Vulture, which was obliged to drop down stream. Andre beheld it not without emotion. After breakfast the plot was finished and the conditions settled. The conditions have never transpired—but the payment was no doubt to be large. Clinton wrote to the ministry that a plan of such vast importance ought to be pursued at "any expense." The post was to be weakened by sending out detachments of troops, and other facilities afforded the captors. Andre was furnished with a plan of the works and other papers. He demanded to be put on board the Vulture. Arnold assented but suggested difficulties and recommended the return by land. Arnold put the papers between Andre's stockings and feet, and the unfortunate Major left the house on his last journey. He had a pass from Arnold, and at night sat out with Smith, who opposed his going on board the Vulture, and there was no course but to try to reach New York by land. He put on one of Smith's coats, leaving his own. On the road, the sense of his danger must have been uppermost in his mind, for he was reserved, grave and thoughtful.

At the out-post Arnold's pass was exhibited, but the officers were very inquisitive to know what was the urgent business of Smith and his companion beyond the lines. Their answer was, to meet a person who would communicate important intelligence. The representations of the dangers of a night journey, moved Smith, who, much to Andre's regret, determined to rest in the vicinity till morning.

In the morning Andre's countenance brightened as he had passed the last patrol, and he became cheerful and entertaining. Smith, who had a reverend fear of the Cow boys, soon left him to pursue his way alone, and returned to report to Arnold.

On the same morning seven persons, residing near the river, agreed to watch the road armed, to intercept suspicious stragglers or droves of cattle. Four were stationed on a hill in sight of a long line of road, and three were concealed in the bushes by the way side. Their rank was humble but their names are immortal. The circumstances of the capture, the trial and the execution, are too well known to be repeated. Andre lost for a moment his circumspection, and this cost him his life, and saved West Point, and perhaps the American cause. He was not especially an object of suspicion to his captors, till his replies made him such. It was his impression, but an unjust one that a present sum of money would have purchased their forbearance, but he had but a little of the Continental. He was taken to the post of Colonel Jameson, who, with the papers before him including Arnold's pass, yet sent his prisoner and a letter to Arnold, hazarding the opinion that the papers found in the stocking were of "a very dangerous tendency." He added, that he had sent the papers to General Washington. Major Talmage, however, who was absent, saw the case as it was, on his return, and at his solicitation Andre, was brought back. As soon as the Major saw him and observed his manner of turning on his heel in walking to and fro, he was convinced that he had been bred to arms.

Andre now wrote to Washington, declaring his name and rank, for the sense of duplicity weighed upon him. His mind was relieved and he became cheerful, and won the favor of the officers. Circumstances had involved him in an excursion within an enemy's lines, though he had no intention at first of quitting the vessel. He was willing to profit by treason, to be the agent in purchasing it but he had not anticipated the risk of being known in the odious and infamous character of a Spy.

Washington had now returned from Hartford, and was going to West Point, when he was pursuaded to visit the French minister, then at Fishkill.

The aids went to Arnold's house, where during breakfast, a letter was handed to him, which he opened and read in the presence of the company. It was not of a kind to add to his pleasures; it being the same which the sagacious Jameson had written two days before, detailing the capture of Andre. He controlled himself saying to Washington's Aids-de-camp, that he must go immediately to West Point, his present quarters being at some distance on the other side of the river. He went to Mrs. Arnold's chamber, told her briefly that his life depended on his reaching the enemy's lines without detection. She swooned and fell senseless and in that state he left her, mounted a horse and rode with all speed to the river. He entered a boat, directing the oarsmen to keep in the middle of the stream. They, supposing that all was right pulled as his directions, for the Vulture. Here he told the six boatmen that they were prisoners, but they answered with spirit that they were not, having came with a flag of truce. The commander disdaining such pitiful spite though he did not interfere with Arnold's order, paroled one man, and sir H. Clinton let all at liberty. Washington, on approaching West Point, was surprised that Arnold was not there—and after inspecting the garrison, went to at Robinson's house.—But, Hamilton met him countenance, spoke to him in a low voice, and they retired to the house together. Jameson's letter had arrived in the absence of the commander in Chief and as it was represented as of the utmost importance, it was opened by Hamilton. Washington called Lafayette and Knox, to whom he showed the papers, saying calmly to Lafayette, "whom can we trust now?"

His feelings are severely tried by the grief of Mrs. Arnold, who was frantic with distress. She was unacquainted with the treason till it was detected.—She soon received her husband, who had but one corsair virtue, his attachment to her.

Arnold, carried on that small part of the war that the British commander entrusted to him in the spirit of a bandit. He plundered and burnt the settlements on James River in Virginia. In this expedition he made prisoner of a captain, and asked him what the Americans would do with him should he become their pisoner? The captain answered—"they will cut off your leg which was wounded in a good cause, and bury it with the honors of war and hang the rest of your body on a gibbet."

His next buccaneer expedition was in the neighborhood of his native place, where he had mangled birds some thirty years before to the pleasure of hearing their cries. A person with a taste for such music would be pleased with a conflagration, and he accordingly burnt New London. His officers were men of his own stamp—one to whom Col. Ledyard at Fort Griswold, surrendered his sword killed that brave officer with his own weapon. Arnold, with a feeble imitation of Nero, mounted a steeple to see the burning of the city. This was his last military exploi He had done enough for glory, and retired from the field.

He lived, however twenty years, and the only subsequent acts that are recorded of him are such as any petty scoundrel might perform. They were unworthy his genius and reputation; they denote a hero that would rob a hen-roost as well as sell is country.

When sailing for England, he engaged the cabin of a vessel, but took in a couple of Scotch officers, that offered to pay their passage to the captain, who declined to receive it, and referred them to Arnold. They departed, & when Arnold paid his bill he insisted that their share should be deducted. He, however paid the demand, persuading the captain to draw on the officers for their passage money. The draft came back protested, but as it was payable to Arnold, he collected it of the captain. The officers also had paid him in London.

The horse that was shot under him at Saratoga belonged to Col. Lewis, who requested a certificate of the loss, to receive the value from the Treasury. Arnold evaded, and at last gave him an order for a fine arraganset mare of his own. But there was no such mare to answer the order, and as to the horse that was killed, Arnold himself drew its value from the Treasury.

It was a profitable animal to him, for when about to sail for England, he borrowed two hundred dollars of a brother officer, giving an order on Col. Lewis, for the amount which he said was due for a horse sold three years before. This double trick was discovered when the payee called on the drawee. Such was Benedict Arnold, who died in London, 1801

EXECUTION OF CAPT. HALE.

The case of Capt. Nathan Hale has been regarded as parallel to that of Major Andre. His young officer was a graduate of Yale College, and had but recently closed his academic course when the war of the revolution commenced. Possessing genius, taste, and ardor, he became distinguished as a scholar; and endowed in an eminent degree with those graces and gifts of nature which add a charm to youthful excellence, he gained universal esteem and confidence. To high moral worth and irreproachable habits were joined gentleness of manners, an ingenious disposition, and vigour of understanding. No young man of his years put forth a fairer promise of future usefulness and celebrity, the fortunes of none were fostered more sincerely by the generous good wishes of his associates, or the hopes and encouraging presages of his superiors.

Being a patriot upon principle, and an enthusiast in a cause, which appealed equally to his sense of justice and love of liberty, he was among the first to take up arms in his country's defence. The news of the battle of Lexington roused his martial spirit, and called him immediately to the field. He obtained a commission in the army, and marched with his company to Cambridge. His promptness, activity, and assiduous attention to discipline, were early observed. He prevailed upon his men to adopt a simple uniform, which improved their appearance, attracted notice and procured applause. The example was followed by others, and its influence was beneficial. Nor were his hours wholly absorbed by his military duties. A rigid economy of time enabled him to gratify his zeal for study and mental culture.

At length the theatre of action was changed, and the army was removed to the southward. The battle of Long Island was fought, and the American forces were drawn together in the city of New York. At this moment it was extremely important for Washington to know the situation of the British army on the heights of Brooklyn, its numbers, and the indications as to its future movements. Having confidence in the discretion and judgment of the gallant Colonel Knowlton, who commanded a Connecticut regiment of infantry, he explained his wishes to that officer, and requested him to ascertain if any suitable person could be found in his regiment, who would undertake so hazardous and responsible a service. It was essential, that he should be a man of capacity, address, and military knowledge.

Colonel Knowlton assembled several of his officers, stated to them the views and desires of the General, and left the subject to their reflections, without proposing the enterprise to any individual. The officers then separated. Capt. Hale considered deliberately what had been said, and finding himself by a sense of duty inclined to the undertaking, he called at the quarters of his intimate friend, Captain Hull, (afterwards General Hull,) and asked his opinion. Hull endeavored to dissuade him from the service, as not befitting his rank in the army, as being of a kind for which his openness of character disqualified him; adding that no glory could accrue from success, and a detection would inevitably be followed by an ignominious death.

Capt. Hale replied, that all these considerations had been duly weighed that "every kind of service necessary to the public good was honorable by being necessary," that he did not accept a commission for the sake of fame alone, or personal advancement; that he had been for some time in the army without being able to render any signal aid to the cause of his country, and that he felt impelled by higher motives of duty not to shrink from the opportunity now presented.

The arguments of his friend were unavailing, and Capt. Hale passed over to Long Island in disguise. He had gained the desired information, and was just on the point of stepping into a boat to return to the city of New York, when he was arrested and taken before the British commander. Like Andre, he had assumed a character, which he could not sustain, he was "too little accustomed to duplicity to succeed." The proof against him was so conclusive; that he made no effort at self-defence, but frankly confessed his object; and again like Andre, without further remarks left the facts to operate with his judges."—He was sentenced to be executed as a spy, and was accordingly hanged the next morning.

The sentence was conformable to the laws of war, and the prisoner was prepared to meet it with a fortitude becoming his character. But the circumstances of his death aggravated his sufferings, and placed him in a situation widely different from that of Andre. The facts were narrated to General Hull by an officer of the British commissary department, who was present at the execution, and deeply moved by the conduct and fate of the unfortunate victim, and the treatment he received. The provost-martial, to whose charge he was consigned, was a refugee, and behaved towards him in the most unfeeling manner; refusing the attendance of a clergyman and the use of a bible, and destroying the letters he had written to his mother and friends.

In the midst of these barbarities, Hale was calm, collected, firm; pitying the malice that could insult a fallen foe and dying man, but displaying to the last his native elevation of soul, dignity of deportment, and an undaunted courage—Alone, unfriended, without consolation or sympathy, he closed his mortal career with the declaration, "that he only lamented he had but one life to lose for his country." When Andre stood upon the scaffold, he called on all around him to bear witness, that he died like a brave man. The dying words of Hale embodied a nobler and more sublime sentiment breathing a spirit of satisfaction, that, although brought to an untimely end, it was his lot to die a martyr in his country's cause. The whole tenor of his conduct, and this declaration itself, were such proofs of his bravery, that it required not to be more audibly proclaimed. The following tribute is from the muse of Dr. Dwight:

"Thus, while fond virtue wished in vain to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hapless grave;
With genius' living flame his bosom glowed,
And science charmed him to her sweet abode;
In worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of peace, the rising grace of war."

There was a striking similarity between the character and acts of Hale and Andre, but in one essential point of difference the former appears to much the greater advantage. Hale was promissed no reward, nor did he expect any. It was necessary that the service should be undertaken from purely virtuous motives, without a hope of gain or of honor; because it was of a nature not to be executed by the common class of spies, who are influenced by pecuniary consideration; and promotion could not be offered as an inducement, since that would be a temptation for an officer to hazard his life as a spy, which a commander could not with propriety hold out.—Viewed in any light, the act must be allowed to bear unquivocal marks of patriotic disinterestedness and self-denial. But Andre had a glorious prize before him; the chance of distinguishing himself in a military enterpise, honours, renown, and every allurement, that could flatter hope and stimulate ambition. To say the least, his personal advantages were to be commensurate with the benefit to his country. But whatever may have been the parallel between these two individuals while living, it ceased with their death. A monument was raised and consecrated to the memory of Andre by the bounty of a grateful sovereign. His ashes have been removed from their obscure resting place, transported across the ocean, and deposited with the remains of the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. Where is the memento of the virtues, the patriotic sacrifice, the early fate of Hale? It is not enscribed in marble, it is hardly recorded in books. Let it be the more deeply cherished in the hearts of his countrymen.

LEGISLATIVE DRAFTSMEN.

John Holmes lately made in the Legislature of Maine, the following characteristic speech on the order introduced into the House of Representatives to employ a person to draft bills and resolves for the members. And he carried his point, for after a sharp debate the order was indefinitely postponed by a vote of 86 to 80.

Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to this Order. The effect of it would be to *employ a lawyer to make laws for us*. This is not what we came here for, sir. We cannot delegate our trust in this manner; if we could, we had better all of us go home. Let the committees who report bills draft them: they can do it better than a lawyer can do for them, for the simple reason that they best understand their own ideas. Besides, there are lawyers enough in the House: I can see *three* right round me, and I am a sort of a lawyer myself.

Yes, sir, here are four lawyers, and four good fellows we are too. But it does not require legal attainments to draft bills. Here is my friend from Bangor; do you think that he could not draft a bill about lumber better than a lawyer? And my friend from Kennebunk-port; give him a law about fish and molasses—I mean, sir, the West India Trade and the Fisheries—would he need a lawyer to help him?

Sir, it is disgraceful to the State, that our committees should be unable to draft bills; and out of the State they laugh at us. I remember that some gentlemen had been reading the reports of our proceedings; they came to me and asked me what was meant by employing a *Draftsman* of bills? Sir, I really did not know what to say; and I pretended not to understand it. At last, I told them I guessed it was a *misprint* I told them that it probably meant a draftsman of plans of roads and bridges.

I believe the order will increase the influence of the legal profession, which is already too great. They had some hand in the laws of last winter; of fifty public laws, *seven increase the salaries of office holding lawyers!* This is a fair specimen of *modern retrenchment!* To be sure, sir, the salary of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was cut down a little; but the other Justices of that court increased their salaries enough to make it up. MODERN ECONOMY! *Gaming at the spiggot and loosing at the bung!*

I will give you another little story about lawyers. One of them was imported in-

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