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WHOLE NO. 198

## SELECT POETRY.

### A SUMMER EVENING.

The eve, the sun behind the hill  
Has hid his glorious face;  
The lowering clouds now seem set out  
Upon a general race.

Lead peals of denfening thunder strike  
Upon the listening ear—  
Man recollects his God the while—  
His conscience too, with fear.

A splendid shower will soon descend,  
From yonder teeming cloud,  
Twill soon rush on with rapid speed,  
With torrents roaring loud.

A solitary star peeps out,  
Above a dripping cloud,  
That's stationed in the western sky,  
Hard by a flying cloud.

The rain in torrents now comes down—  
It raps the window pane—  
The wailing lough, it wets high break—  
The peeping hill and plain.

Thy quiet now, the rain has ceased—  
On come the shades of night;  
Bright Cynthia now unveils her face,  
And sends forth silvery light.

Mount Pleasant, Duplin Co.  
MALVINA DONALD.

## SELECTED STORY.

### THE RUBY CROSS; OR, BENEDICT ARNOLD'S AMULET.

BY MARY W. JASNYN.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moon and  
softer skies,  
Breaths of tropic palms in clatter, knots of Para-  
diso—  
Hinge the heavy-drooping bower, droops heavy  
fringed tree,  
Summer seas of Eden, lying in dark purple depth  
of a

TENNESSEE.  
With eager, impatient footsteps, Benedict  
Arnold paced the white sand of a quaint,  
sprawling old West Indian town, whose an-  
tique houses, with their pillared balconies,  
their arabesque work, their open courts and  
sparkling fountains, give to it such a foreign  
look, and that air of romance so peculiar to  
old Spanish cities—while his vessel lay anchored  
in the blue waters of the harbor of Havana.

For Benedict Arnold, in his youth, was a  
merchant, trading to the West Indies, and com-  
manding his own vessel—the little sloop which  
then, in a snowy mast and tapering spars, clear-  
ly defined against the blue sky, 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 plowed the  
waters of the Atlantic to those islands which  
the gods of beauty upon the ocean's breast,  
shot just the frowning battlements of Moro  
Cape, and rode gaily into the harbor of  
Havana, but it was to be his last one: for al-  
ready had the difficulties arising between his  
native land and the mother country there was  
a call for America's brave sons, and every drop  
of the untamed blood of youth in Arnold's  
veins was roused at the trumpet tone of war.

Nor was it the love of a glory alone which  
impelled him to return and enlist under free-  
don's banners, but that there, unquenchable pas-  
sion for excitement which characterized his life  
from childhood, which made him, in boyhood,  
a rover to the British camp, then as hastily  
brought him home again, sent him to the tropics  
as a merchant, where he won great wealth, and  
in after life unparalleled bravery which dis-  
tinguished him on the battle fields of his coun-  
try.

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

Alas, there was a struggle going on in his  
heart between his newly aroused feeling of pa-  
triotic ardor and a system, and another and ten-  
der sentiment. For Benedict Arnold was  
reeling in the first love-dream of his youth.

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

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

This 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 tem-  
perament.

But even this bold, determined man, loving  
as he did, passionately and strongly, could no  
longer linger there; even his first love-dream  
had no power to bind him any longer; he was  
now to leave his lovely Havana, while that  
brave heart, waiting for the rush of war and  
the glory of conquest, but within his breast.

And that day he had said:  
"One more meeting in the shades of the old  
Moorish garden; one last kiss upon Inez Velasquez's  
sweet lips, and then I must away."  
What Benedict Arnold's purposes for the  
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, on, out of the harbor he pushed,  
with hasty oar dashes—the vigorous beat of his  
oars, the hasty stroke of his athletic arm, types  
of his whole life, impetuous, daring, free, and  
spurning control.

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, vary-  
ing in every shade of gold and green and crimson,  
the rank growth of the luxuriant soil.  
Forth from the matted vines gleamed mag-  
nificent blossoms, swaying up and down on  
their long pensile stems, like gorgeous, flame  
winged birds flitting to and fro; bright crimson  
petals, loosened from ripe and calyx, fell  
here and there about his boat upon the sea;  
long feathery sprays plumed and nodded in the  
bainy 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 climate, the  
sparkling waters, and the gleaming constella-  
tions which walked forth into the deep night  
skies with a glory unknown to his native north-  
ern land? And above all, could he gaze no  
more upon those eyes which beamed forth bright-  
er than the sunlight for him?  
Yes, yet his resolve was unchangeable; he  
must go hence. What will not a proud, am-  
bitious man do, and dare, and suffer for his  
own aggrandizement!

And still on he rowed, over waters drink-  
ing into a deep purple in the shades of gather-  
ing 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 it being out  
seaward, some winds replete with odors almost  
sicken in their sweetness; still on his head  
rained showers of crimson and snowy petals;  
and still, on, he went, but "dark purple depths  
of sea" 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 climate! But this  
"A blood in my veins must be cooled in north-  
ern airs, ere long," murmured Arnold, as he  
drew his skiff ashore at an opening, beyond  
whose vista of arched vines might be caught  
glimpses of the white walls of a villa, and stood  
for a moment with rapt head beneath the star-  
light.

"A glorious land to live, and the man I love  
in; but such a life would kill me. I must have  
action, the stern strife, the combat," he ex-  
claimed, as he parted the vines stole up a  
flight of marble steps, and entered the flowery  
walkway beyond.

Here, amidst the bright starlight, glared the  
white walls of an old Moorish mansion built  
around an open, paved court, where a fountain  
played and shimmered like silver in the star-  
light.

There, in a quaint-looking old garden, with  
green terraces and broad flights of marble steps,  
where the stately palm read its red coronal  
high above all other trees, where the scarlet  
pomegranate trees its scarlet blossoms on the  
air, had the first love-dream of Benedict Arnold's  
life begun, there, too, was his own lips,  
that night, to speak the words which led to  
this.

There, too, it died; but in after years, when  
the flash of glory was on—beside the watch  
fires of Quebec, in the rush of the battle, and  
the stillness of the calm night-time, did no mem-  
ory of that trusting Spanish girl, who had  
loved her love on the gay, gallant, and chivalric  
young American come to his heart?—of  
the girl who came there to meet him under the  
starlight, who cried, "O, do not go!"—stand-  
ing there beside her, amid her caresses and her  
tears, he said, "Inez, I must depart."

"Nay, Inez, beloved! My country has need  
of me; 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 thee."

Yet even this, that hour, Benedict Arnold  
meant what he uttered. In his 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  
this Spanish maid when the battles of his coun-  
try were won; had he never woven for himself  
a web of aggrandizement and ambition—he  
had been spared the name of a "traitor!"

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 fol-  
lows thy steps; but if it pales, then beware, for  
danger is nigh thee. Wear it for my sake;  
and looking upon it, remember Inez."  
And this blood-red ruby cross, henceforth to  
be worn next to his heart, was Benedict Arnold's  
talisman—his charm—his amulet.

### CHAPTER II.

And a voice was poured on the free winds far,  
And the land rose up at the sign of war.  
Max HEMANS.  
O, Fame! Fame! next 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 con-  
quest.

But all, the picture has a darker side!  
There were sufferings which had no parallel  
in the people's annals. An army of men re-  
solved 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' breast, and sent them forth to the  
battle field a "God speed" on their lips.  
But over all these "daring soldier's eagle  
spirit of a brave man had swayed; through all  
the toil and blood of the eight years' war  
his eagle saw the future glorious destiny of  
his country.

And he, the eagle spirit and eye, was that  
great, good man, George Washington; and be-  
side him, sustaining and helping him in his ar-  
duous tasks, were brave and gallant aids, fore-  
most among whom stood Benedict Arnold.

And in those years of peril and struggles, by  
deeds of gallantry during his war against his  
birth. Certainly if ever man won glory by toll  
and bravery, that man was Arnold.  
Through the dark pine forests of Maine, with  
his band of iron men, through the deep winter  
forges shrouded in snows, across rivers, cold  
dark, and treacherous, down steep and rapid,  
and penetrating the tangled, unknown forestness  
of an untrodden region, had he not supposed a  
perilous journey.

And then, when keeping guard by the watch  
fires within 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 attest that the tide of pa-  
triotic manhood within his veins.

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

For then, that full star, which no hand can  
wipe away, had no settler's home, no claim  
of claim, upon his name. No, thank  
God, there were years when he was no traitor.

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

Who, looking down the vista of the fu-  
ture, would have said: "This man will betray  
his country?"  
That man of foresight and prudence, George  
Washington, did not look for a traitor when,  
in a letter to Congress, recommending that Ar-  
nold should be sent to the northern army, he  
wrote:

"He is active, judicious and brave, and an offi-  
cer in whom the public will repose great confi-  
dence."  
Arnold himself knew not to what depths he  
should fall, when, galled by the tardiness of his  
country in entering 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  
Quebec and Saratoga, which had culminated  
at Saratoga had no 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 dis-  
mantled, a drift, and going down in a black,  
midnight sea.

CHAPTER III.  
I kept my course through past ingratitude;  
I saw  
Could not but see those insults as they fell.  
BROWNING.  
His scorn is lying on my heart like snow,  
My eyes are weary and I faint would sleep;  
The quietest sleep is underneath the ground.  
ALEXANDER SMITH.  
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 that—but  
to show how a brave man may sometimes be  
wounded into madness.  
Benedict Arnold has his glory and his crimes;  
he had his wrongs, too.

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

And such proceedings these terribly galled  
this impetuous man. Thus, afterward his ser-  
vices were recognized, when the board of war de-  
clared that his character had been unjustly as-  
persed, 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 com-  
mission; but when, at the instance of Wash-  
ington, 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 fol-  
lowed wherein he honored himself and America;  
when he was junior in command he was at once  
leader and hero.

In May, 1778, Arnold joined the army at  
Valley Forge, and shortly afterwards took up 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, still, the friend and companion of  
her hero husband.

As, that in all these long years since his  
ship sailed out of the harbor of Havana, and he  
turned his prow towards his native land, in those  
years of glory on the battle field, with such  
men as George Washington, Ethan Allen, and  
Daniel Morgan for his companions, in the bril-  
liant snoues of Philadelphia, with the bright  
eyes beaming upon him, and such a woman as  
Margaret Arnold for his wife, with such honors  
as Congress conferred, though manly, had  
heaped upon him, alas! that Benedict Arnold had  
no memory of the promise his lips had spoken,  
no thought of the Spanish girl who long ere  
this had been laid so long under the gay green  
sod of her native Indian isle!

For sweet Inez Velasquez was dead.  
The Spanish blood of her veins flowed not  
so strong within her veins as the gentler tide  
caught in the heart of her blue-eyed English  
mother. Her pride could not crush her reason-  
ness, hence her life went out in the struggle.  
Month after month, year after rolled their  
wreath 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 de-  
serted her, and then she died and died.  
Truly for the heart-broken Inez,  
"The quietest sleep is underneath the ground."  
And thus it was in that quaint old Moorish  
garden, washed by the ocean tides sweeping  
outward from the harbor of Havana, they lay  
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 stary  
jaspines waved to and fro like a cloud of hovering  
angels, and the scarlet pomegranate blossoms  
flattered down like a flock of flame-winged birds  
continually alighting upon her grave.

Poor Inez Velasquez!  
All at 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 leaped upon his breast,  
while the fires of ambition were smothering with-  
in—the baleful flames, which, when wakened  
there, would lap up the very life blood of his  
honor.

### CHAPTER IV.

Tras day. But now fore large and bright,  
The stars are round the crescent moon,  
And now it is a dark, warm night—  
COLERIDGE.  
—Many perils have I passed,  
Nor know I why this next appear the last!  
Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,  
Nor shall my followers find me falter here.  
BYRON'S CORSAIR.  
It was the moon of night.

Ever since the gay twilight set in had Ge-  
neral Arnold been closeted in the library of his  
mansion, then known as the Penn House, with  
his business agents, 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 com-  
mand 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  
sees weary, wearied to death, at the treasonable  
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 re-  
spected trust in him; Washington was his friend;  
and in the great wrong he had planned, and  
which seemed almost upon the eve of consumma-  
tion, had he no cause for remorse?

And for, 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 confirmed him in the command of West  
Point; and in that tiny inked roomed writing  
desk, which stood upon the little table in the  
southern bow window, where Margaret Arnold  
could often 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, Inez,  
knew that her lively letters, detailing the gath-  
erings of her life in the Quaker City, and Major  
Andre's replies, which, tied together with a  
diamond ribbon, filled one corner of her writing  
desk, were the vehicles of her husband's treason  
—that, interlined between her delicate chiro-  
graphy, he had written promises to deliver West  
Point over to the British.

Arnold knew that the game was begun—  
String 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, bold man  
troubled.

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 receded written in lurid characters, as  
with a pen of fire, the single word, "Traitor!"

The spirit of the night, and his rapidly flash-  
ing thoughts, maddened him. He rose, and  
strode the room.  
"Tis the infernal plot!" he muttered, look-  
ing up. "By heaven, had any man said to me at  
Quebec or Saratoga—Benedict Arnold, you  
will one day pay the traitor! I would have  
ground him back to dust beneath my heel!—  
But now—now, and he smote the air with  
a clenched fist, "now what an I but that accused  
thief?"

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?  
I would not have heaped upon me? Did not a  
lawless mob assault me, and surround my sweet  
Inez? Did not Congress treat me dishonorably,  
unjustly, shamefully? Did not George Wash-  
ington inquit me at Morristown? And shall I  
sit here weeping mourning because the hour of  
my revenge is nigh? No! This cursed coun-  
try shall have cause for weep, as it has given me  
cause for the deed I have done. Congress shall  
have reason for repentance now. George Wash-  
ington 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 of my veins! Now—now, I can avenge  
myself! Ha! 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 jew-  
els, 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 lit her eye, and a tender  
smile quivered around her lips.  
"Margaret, you here?" he said. "I thought  
you were some brilliant, brave, 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.

walking to and fro. "Yes, I will sleep, Mar-  
garet; 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 pausing beside her, he laughed ner-  
vously. "O, my sweetest wife does not know  
what a true-hearted, loyal patriot Benedict Ar-  
nold 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.  
"No; it is nothing, Margaret. You are  
frightened. I have been making the necessary  
arrangements for leaving Philadelphia, and am  
only fatigued; that is all, he replied, evasively.  
Arnold groaned aloud in the bitterness of his  
humiliation, and covered his face with his hand.  
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, plead-  
ing that he would try and sleep ere dawn.  
"I can find no time for rest. The hours of  
the night are precious. Much yet remains un-  
done before my husband's departure. 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 man-  
drel, whereon a solitary candle burned and flick-  
ered 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 a moment suspended from her dainty white  
neck, by the slender chain of gold, and burning  
red as fire 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 slyly deposited  
it—in my writing desk! How kind and  
thoughtful of you to make me such a dainty  
gift! But how queer to put it there! In your  
writing desk, where you put your letters, with  
my new jewels, I was quite the one of  
the party to-night, and was traced some half  
dozen times where they were purchased, or if  
they were family jewels. Indeed, one gentle-  
man sought the privilege of examining them,  
and declared the ruby real, of immense value,  
and the antique workmanship of the chain ex-  
quisite. Pray, where did you get them, Ar-  
nold?" she playfully retort.

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

General Arnold went back and stood beneath  
the light upon the mantel and gazed long and  
earnestly up on the trinket he 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, what is it? What if her words,  
which I deemed but an idle supposition, should  
prove true? By heavens, they are, they are  
true, and I am lost! And Arnold checked  
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, im-  
pulsive 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, breathed air, fragrant of pome-  
granate 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 the  
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  
loved 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 Gen-  
eral Arnold came, and with a heavy heart  
Arnold set forth for West Point.

### CHAPTER V.

Listen! There's shame, and hissing, and con-  
tempt, and none but laugh who names me; none  
but spite successful scorn upon me. BROWNING.  
The 21st of September came, the day ar-  
ranged 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 garrison; but all her  
fascinations failed to drive the moodiness from  
his brow, or the dark fairs which held him  
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 ver-  
iest trifles discomposed and annoyed him.

And then, ere 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 offi-  
cers of the garrison in honor of their comman-  
der and his youthful and beautiful wife. There  
were many brilliant gatherings on those days—  
for America had accomplished belles and beau-  
ties, and gay and gallant men—but none where  
gay or braver met than at that night at the  
old fortress of West Point.

Such men as General Hamilton and Lafayette,  
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, and stole to a lonely  
unfrequented spot some little way distant with-  
in the American lines.  
And there, awaiting him, he found Major John  
Andre; there he delivered to him the papers  
the possession of the enemy—the plans and  
drafts of the fortifications. Base traitor!

There was much to be said, many instruc-  
tions to be given; for in the excitement of his  
revengeful hopes, Arnold had forgotten his fears,  
and the morning dawned and found them still  
together.

Major Andre could not effect his return to the  
British camp by daylight; hence he must be  
concealed till evening shades again shrouded  
the earth.

That day went by, and in the darkness of  
night, Andre set forth upon his journey; but  
after that there came tidings which caused Ben-  
edict Arnold's cheek to turn pale, and his heart  
to thrill with fear.

For the warning of the palting cross had  
proved true, Andre was a prisoner; his scheme  
had failed; he was in danger.  
Then followed ten long weary days; days  
of agony to brave John Andre, in his solitary  
confinement, his trial, and his doom; days of  
terror, and shame, and fear to the traitor, who  
lay concealed on board the sloop of war "Vul-  
ture"; and when in agony of remorse, he heard  
the solemn midnight gong booming over the wa-  
ter, and telling the tale of the unhappy Andre's  
death, when the Vulturne stood out to sea, he  
sat mute and white in the cabin, with the stain  
of a terrible sin—the murder of John Andre—  
upon his soul.

Then, convulsively grasping the ruby cross,  
he cried, "Inez, Inez, thou art avenged! Thy  
gift did warn me, but I late—too late! The  
danger came nigh, and too late to power to turn  
it from me."