

did, I would not for the world leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days." He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears in spite of his efforts to suppress them, and with difficulty collected himself enough afterwards to add, "I wish to be permitted to assure him I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclination as to his orders." His request was readily complied with, and he wrote the letter annexed, with which, I dare say, you will be as much pleased as I am, both for the diction and sentiment.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that since it was his lot to die, as there was a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference to his feelings, he would be happy, if it were possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought this indulgence, being incompatible with the custom of war, could not be granted; and it was therefore determined in both cases to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

When he was led out to the place of execution, as he went along he bowed familiarly to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked, with some emotion, "must I then die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate (said he) but not to the mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added "It will be but a momentary pang;" and springing upon the cart performed the last offices to himself, with a composure that excited the admiration, and melted the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had any thing to say, he answered, "Nothing but to request you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man." Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies, he died universally esteemed and universally regretted.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of Andrie. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. 'Tis said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies to many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated and inspired esteem, they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome, his address easy, polite and insinuating. By his merit he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he is at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity; sees all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favourable a light, as through the medium of adversity. The clouds that surround him are to many shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down little vanities that, in prosperous times, serve as to many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humanity that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy; and are more disposed by compassion, to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of Andrie's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satire of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general that can make most traitors in the army of his adversary; is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit Andrie; while we could not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is however a blemish in his fame, that he once intended to prostitute a flag; about this a man of nice honour ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great; let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

Several letters from Sir Henry Clinton and others were received, feebly attempting to prove, that Andrie came out under the protection of a flag, with a passport from a general officer in

actual service, and consequently could not be justly detained. Clinton sent a deputation composed of lieutenant-general Robertson, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. William Smith, to represent, as he said, the true state of major Andrie's case. General Greene met Robinsan, and had a conversation with him, in which he reiterated the pretence of a flag, urged Andrie's release as a personal favour to Sir Henry Clinton, and offered any friend of ours in their power in exchange. Nothing could have been more frivolous than the plea, which was used. The fact was, That, besides the time, manner and object of the interview, change of dress, and other circumstances, there was not a single formality customary with flags; and the passport was not to major Andrie, but to Mr. Anderson. But had there, on the contrary, been all the formalities, it would be an abuse of language to say, the sanction of a flag for corrupting an officer to betray his trust ought to be obligatory. So unjustifiable a purpose would not only destroy its validity but make it an aggravation.

Andrie himself has answered the argument, by ridiculing and exploding the idea in his examination before the board of officers. It was a weakness to urge it. There was in truth, no way of saving him: Arnold or he must have been the victim, the former was out of our power.

It was by some suspected, Arnold had taken his measures in such a manner, that, if the interview had been discovered, in the act, it might have been in his power to sacrifice Andrie to his own security. His insinuation of double treachery made them imagine Clinton might be induced to give up Arnold for Andrie, and a gentleman took occasion to suggest this expedient to the latter, as a thing that might be proposed by him. He declined it: the moment he had been capable of so much treachery, I should have ceased to esteem him.

The intamy of Arnold's conduct, previous to his detention, is only equalled by his meanness since. Besides the story of writing to Sir Henry Clinton, assuring him that Andrie had acted under a passport from him, and according to his directions, while commanding-officer at a post, and that, therefore, he did not doubt, he would be immediately sent in; he had the effrontery to write to general Washington to the same purpose, with the addition of a menace or retaliation, if the sentence should be carried into execution. He has since acted the farce of sending in his resignation. This man is in every sense deplorable. Added to the scene of knavery and prostitution, during his command in Philadelphia, which the late seizure of his papers has unfolded; the history of his command at West-point is a history of little as well as great villainies. He practised every dirty art of speculation, and even stooped to connections with the cutthroats of the garrison to defraud the public.

To his conduct, that of the captors of Andrie forms a striking contrast: he tempted their integrity with the offer of his watch, his horse, and any sum of money they should name. They rejected his offers with indignation; and the gold that could seduce a man high in the esteem and confidence of his country, who had the remembrance of past exploits, the motives of present reputation and future glory to prop his integrity, had no charms for three simple peasants, leaning only on their virtue and a sense of duty. While Arnold is handed down with execration to future times, posterity will repeat with reverence the names of VANWERT, FUALDINO and WILLIAMS.

Answer to traitor Arnold's address, in the Pennsylvania Journal of October 13, 1780.

TO BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Esteemed friend,
I HAVE just seen thy friendly "address to the inhabitants of America." Thou seemest kindly anxious to assign thy reasons for joining the "king's arms." I profess myself to be one of America, whom thou prettily and modestly termest, "want abilities or opportunities to detect the artifices by which we are, or rather have been duped."

In short, I am one of those sort of men, whom thou esteemest, by reverting the maxim, "more fool than knave." Therefore, as is my manner, will speak to thee freely; and as thou callest aloud for "candour and justice," I trust sooner or later thou wilt at least receive the latter.

Thy country friends, Benedict, I do assure thee, art not well pleased at thy mischance, though they still think, that thy plan was inimitably infamous; nor do they approve of thy conduct in giving the cause for thy going in, as thereby thou unfoldest a trope, which amounts to nothing less than a monstrous hyperbole, or in the plainness of diction—a barefaced lie; and

which in the end will uncurtain the several notorious reasons and well mixed opiates, that country adherents have from time to time called their complicated villainy.

Why, Benedict, didst thou say a word of the "French, or French faith," or any kind of faith? As such a word dropped, callous as thou art, must remind thee of thy unparalleled rise the crimson glow upon thy accursed face, and whisper perfidy even to "protestant ears."

I really wish, Benedict, thou hadst used a less "disguise," and more confidence, for thyself, instead of the juvenile blood of the infant Andrie resting only upon thy midnight dream, thou wouldst at this moment have been engaged in the inmost recesses of hell with the intention murder of thousands adding testimony to thy cruciated soul.

Since thy escape from the yet impending judgment which still awaits thee, I have been contemplating the celebrated villains of old—Nero, Caligula, and the fictitious Calaban; and allow, Benedict, that thou hast proved thyself the most transcendent rascal, that ever disgraced the annals of time; and though so egregiously monstrous in the shape of man, has not been permitted by heaven to execute his bloody purposes, his good intentions we conjecture will not be requited with British honour. Nay, would a contrary conduct even impeach the guiltless name of Clinton?

Thy friends are extremely happy to find thy reception was "honourable," and that thou intendest to "re-unite to the British empire."

Such worthy characters, Benedict, we know, have long upheld the royal cause, and have only to lament, that thy injured country cannot winnow her internal villains to join motley crew,

Thine in haste,
BENJAMIN BROADBENT.

P.S. "To thy disadvantage it is circulated that when Sir Henry introduced thee to thy former soldiers, several of them left the room. Thou wilt contradict this report we doubt not, as it may discourage such of thy friends as who meant to join thee as opportunity served."

TO THE PRINTERS OF THE MARYLAND GAZETTE.

Elk-Ridge, October 25, 1780.

THE case of a certain elderly gentleman in the neighbourhood where I live, hath something in it so singular and affecting, that I cannot but bear requesting the favour of you to communicate some particulars of it to your readers. I have made it my business to obtain the best information concerning the cause and progress of his disorder. As I am a near neighbour to a poor, unfortunate gentleman, I have had frequent opportunities of seeing, and conversing with those who attend, or visit him; from whom I have received a most exact and circumstantial account of his deplorable case. Indeed I have sometimes seen him myself, when he has walked or rode out for the benefit of the air, but confess, I never saw him in the unhappy condition I hear he is often in: I mean in one of the fits, with which, I understand, he is frequently seized, to the total deprivation of his sensible faculties. When I first heard of his situation and was made acquainted with the symptoms which attended it, I imagined, from the remarkable similarity between them, and those which are occasioned by the bite of a mad dog, that a poor gentleman might, sometime in his life, have met with that terrible accident: but upon a diligent enquiry into the matter, I have not been able to discover, that he ever complained of anything of the kind. Indeed I have since been convinced, that that could not be the occasion of it, from a circumstance, which puts the matter beyond a doubt. It is remarked, that those who have experienced that dreadful calamity, do conceive a most invincible aversion to all kinds of quids, particularly to water. This antipathy hath not as yet, that ever I heard, been discovered in him, which is a satisfactory proof that his disorder originates from some other cause. It was once hinted to me, and I am now of that opinion, though I thought it at first a very foolish one, that there is some mischievous, occult quality in the continental currency, which affects his senses and understanding in so extraordinary a manner; for it hath been observed, that these have constantly sympathized with it in the stages of its decline. It is well known to every one, that the decay of our money, since from its existence, hath proceeded by very perceptible degrees, till it arrived at its present decrepitate state. Those who have had an opportunity of noticing the origin and course of the unfortunate gentleman's distemper, all agree, that he began to be affected much about the same period. This was at first discovered by starting in his sleep, and slight contractions in