

Mrs. Arnold and wish to get there as soon as possible ; you may go and take your breakfast with her and tell her not to wait for me. I must ride down and see what is going on this side of the river.' I followed Hamilton and Lafayette, perhaps I was so carried into the past that I anticipated being received by the lovely Mrs. Arnold herself.

"The whole scene flashed before my eyes like an illuminated picture, Arnold polite and affable, helping his guests, and his wife in pretty morning costume dispensing coffee and sweet smiles. The man who had just closed a bargain to sell his country for twenty thousand pounds and who believed that every preliminary to the successful transfer had been properly managed, was in unusually fine spirits. His scheme was the pivot upon which the fate of the prospective nation balanced. He saw no probable hindrance to its turning on the side of kingly power, and with his own future aggrandisement he could afford to be genial. But hark ! a sudden sound as of a horseman riding rapidly into the yard pierces his ear with singular apprehension, a letter is placed in his hands, he reads, pales, makes some indifferent remark, rises with accustomed grace, and without apparent haste and begs to be excused, saying that he has been unexpectedly called across the river. As he steps briskly through the hall he orders a horse to be saddled ; he springs up the fine old staircase two steps at a time ; he calls a servant, and with choked and forced utterance sends for his wife who comes to his room promptly at his bidding. He catches her in his arms and holds her convulsively to his heart for an instant, whispers his danger and farewell, and is gone. There is little occasion to watch the foiled traitor in his wild flight for life. We have done with him."

But the house stands like a triumphant flagstaff to mark the most critical moment in American history ; its walls and timbers echo and re-echo the thrilling statement that if Andre had reached New York according to the programme we should have had no Centennial to celebrate. No wonder that this ancient dwelling is dear to the public heart and it will continue to grow dearer and more dear as time rolls on.

It was built in 1750, by Colonel Beverley Robinson, son of Hon. John Robinson, of Virginia, who was President of that Colony on the retirement of Governor Hood, and Speaker of the House of Burgesses for 22 years. This handsome property, comprising some 1,000 acres of the best land on the river, came into the possession of Colonel Robinson through his wife, who was the daughter of the wealthy Lord of the Phillipse Manor. They lived in a handsome city mansion of their own, at the time they designed and erected this romantic dwelling in the wilderness.

But even to-day as you walk through the broad entrance Hall of Beverley House, noting the elaborate design of its staircase and the size and finish of its stately apartments, you are forcibly

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