

My Captive

**A Tale of
Tarleton's Raiders**

by Joseph A. Altsheler



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Publication History

This book was first published in 1902.



1 A Trying Situation

I looked at the prisoner, and I was vexed by doubt. With a battle on one side of him and a woman on the other, what is a man to do? She returned my gaze with great, pure eyes, which seemed to say I was a villain, a monster; yet I had been doing my exact duty, that of a faithful soldier in the cause of the Continental Congress and freedom, while she—a woman, a girl—had presumed to turn from the things for which God had intended her and to meddle with war. I was more than vexed—I was angry: angry at her for attempting such a task, and angry at myself for being forced into a situation so full of troubles.

On the right, in the fringe of woods a quarter of a mile away, the last rifle-shot had been fired, and its echo was speeding across the far hills. The powder flashed no more, and the smoke rose in lazy coils over the ground on which men had fought and some had died. The victors, the

captured detail with them, were riding away. I almost fancied I could hear the beat of their horses' hoofs, and the dead, I knew, lay with their faces upturned to the sun, waiting there until the last trump called them to rise again. And here was I, an atom, left in the drift of the armies, cut off from my comrades, and alone with this girl.

The horses shifted about uneasily, stamped their feet, and once mine raised his head and neighed, as if in truth he heard the beating hoofs of the galloping detachment. He knew that his comrades too were leaving him, though I cannot say that it was a desertion intended by either horse or man.

The girl's look of reproach turned to one of inquiry. She sat on a log, her little riding-whip hanging idly in her hand. For the first time I took note of her face—the delicate but firm moulding of each feature; the clear depths of her dark-blue eyes; the bronze gold of her hair, clustering in tiny curls around her forehead; the rose red of her cheeks, like a flush; her lithe, strong young figure. Why is it that when God wishes to make women especially wicked and troublesome He

makes them beautiful?

“Well, you rebel,” she said, “when do you propose to set me free?”

“When you give your word of honor that you will tell Cornwallis nothing about the strength of Morgan’s forces and our present movements.”

“That I will not do.”

“Then you remain my prisoner.”

Yet I would have been a fool even to have taken her word of honor. What woman has any regard for the truth in military matters? If she could find a chance, she would certainly give information that would bring Cornwallis, as well as Tarleton, on Morgan.

“I think that it is enough for Englishmen themselves to fight us without sending their daughters also against us,” I said.

“My father did not send me,” she said quickly; “I came of my own accord.”

“So much the worse,” I replied.

But nothing was to be gained by standing there and talking. Besides, it is never well for a soldier

to dispute with his prisoner. A captor should bear himself with dignity and reserve. I would show my quality.

I untied the horses and led them to the log on which she was sitting.

“Get up!” I said curtly and in a tone of command.

The natural rose-flush of her cheeks deepened a little.

“You speak as if you were my master,” she said.

“That is just what I am—for the present,” I replied. “Mount your horse at once.”

She gave me a sidewise look from eyes that flashed, but she stood upon the log.

“This log is too low, and the saddle is too high,” she said.

I stepped forward and held out my hand to assist her.

“Don’t touch me, you rebel!” she cried, and leaped lightly into the saddle.

I felt hurt.

“I wish you wouldn’t call me a rebel,” I said.

“Why?”

“It’s impolite.”

“But it’s true.”

“Well, perhaps it is in a way, and in a way too I am proud of it. Are you proud of your King?”

“Yes.”

“It doesn’t take much to arouse English pride.”

“You will think more of him when the war is over. It will pay you to do so.”

“Meanwhile we will wait until then.”

“What do you purpose to do with me—keep me a prisoner?”

“It is my misfortune.”

“The courtesy of a rebel.”

“I shall take you to General Morgan.”

“Then Tarleton will rescue me. Your Morgan cannot stand before him.”

I was afraid that she spoke the truth. We were outnumbered, and, besides, more than half our force was raw militia. The odds were great

against us, and knowing it, I did not reply to her taunt.

While we were talking she sat in the saddle with the easy seat of a good horsewoman. I held my horse loosely by the bridle. She was twiddling the whip in her hands. Suddenly she leaned over and lashed my horse across the eyes with her whip. The blow was given with all her might, and the startled animal reared, jerked the bridle out of my hand, and ran away.

“Good-by, Mr. Rebel!” she shouted, and drawing her whip across her own horse galloped off in the opposite direction.

I believe I swore. I was angry and alarmed too, for this girl, with her messages and accurate news about us, was a formidable enemy, escaped, who might cause the destruction of the entire army of the south and the loss of all the southern colonies. I drew a pistol, it being my idea to kill the horse, but it was a shot that I could not risk. I thrust the weapon back in my pocket and ran after my horse. He was thirty or forty yards away, half-mad with rage and pain, his bridle swinging beside him.

I am a very good runner, but I do not claim to be as swift as a horse. Nevertheless, I made speed as I ran after him, and I whistled and shouted with a vigor that must have convinced him of my intentions. I looked back once, and the girl and the horse she rode were growing smaller as they sped over the desolate and unfenced fields. My need of a horse too was growing more pressing. Mounted, there was hope; afoot, there was none.

I whistled all the calls that a friendly and well-treated horse should know, and meantime did not neglect to run after him with the best speed that I could command. Presently he seemed to understand and to remember that I was not responsible for the blow. He slackened his pace, looked back over his shoulder at me, and whinnied. I whistled encouragingly, he whinnied again, and, remembering who I was, his best friend, came to a full stop, for he was a most intelligent animal. In half a minute I overtook him, leaped into the saddle, and turned his head the other way.

“Now, old horse,” I cried, “you can gallop, but you gallop my way.”

I wore my spurs, and I gave him a touch of the steel. That was enough, for he was always ambitious and proud of his speed, and away we flew over the fields after the disappearing girl. She was a full quarter of a mile away, and her figure was growing dim on the horizon. Another quarter of a mile and she would be in the woods, where the concealment of the trees would enable her to elude my pursuit. Moreover, these English girls are often daring horsewomen, and even at the distance I could see that she rode like a trooper. But I knew the country and she did not, and I hoped to secure from it some chance that would enable me to overtake her.

I encouraged my horse. I did more than encourage—I appealed to his pride and his sense of gratitude. I reminded him how I had ridden him all the way from the Hudson when I came south with Greene; how I had tended him and cared for him and fed him, often when I was compelled to go hungry myself. I appealed to him now not to let that girl escape when so much depended on her capture, when I would be eternally disgraced, and he with me, if we

permitted ourselves to be tricked and outwitted at such a time by one red-cheeked English girl.

He was a sensible animal, and he understood. He said nothing, not even a little snort, but his stride lengthened, and the swift and regular beat of his hoofs on the turf was music.

“Good horse, Old Put, good lad!” I said. I had named him Put, after Old Put, the famous Connecticut General, because he was so reliable and steady. He shook his ears slightly as a sign that he would do his best for me, having no time to say more, and ran a little faster. I kept a sharp watch for stones and holes in the ground, having no mind to risk a fall, which might ruin all, and nursed my comrade’s strength, for on land as well as sea a stern chase is a long one.

The figure of the girl and the horse she rode was growing larger; good proof that I was gaining, which was not enough, however, for I might continue to do so, and yet she could elude me in the woods unless I was close upon her when she reached them. Her long hair had fallen down and was streaming behind her like a ribbon of spray with the sunshine on it, but I felt like

giving that yellow hair a jerk just then could I have put my hands upon it.

“Steady, Put!” I said to my faithful comrade. “Do you see that girl with the yellow hair? Yes? Well, note the horse that she is riding, a common troop-horse, clumsy, ill-bred, no pedigree. Are you going to let yourself be beaten by him?”

His ears wagged violently, and he ran a foot to the second faster. We struck a piece of beautiful turf, evidently an old field left to itself until it could recover its fertility, and with the soft grass deadening and easing his footfalls Old Put raced for life. I could almost count the yards that we gained, and still she was not in the forest. She had not looked back until then, and it was a hasty glance, followed by a quick lashing of her mount. I judged that she too had noticed the gain and would now be unmerciful to her horse. I was exultant, willing to boast of it, and I shared my feelings with Old Put.

“Notice that yellow-haired girl again, Put,” I said. “When we catch her this time we will take care that she does not serve us such a trick again. If we cannot trust an Englishman, Put, how on

earth can we put any faith in an English woman?”

Put had received a slight slash once from the sabre of an Englishman who, offering to surrender to me, had tried to back out of it, and he knew what I meant. For the first time he uttered a slight snort, called one new muscle into play, and we steadily shortened the distance between us and the girl.

She would have got into the wood a few moments later, but she abruptly reined in her horse, turned him half about, and galloped off to the left. I guessed the trouble at once. The heavy rains often wash great gullies in our South Carolina soil, and a kind Providence, wishing to oblige me, had placed one of these in her way. It was equal to a gain of two hundred feet without an effort, and I turned Old Put at once into the course she was taking.

“Don’t you see, Put,” I said, “that the Lord is on our side, and she and that burnt-brown cob of hers, who has passed most of his life hitched to a sutler’s wagon, will be delivered into our hands?”

Old Put fairly neighed, his first real expression

of triumph. He was as sure of the victory now as I, and I had confidence in the judgment of my old comrade.

“Stop! stop!” I shouted to the girl. “If you don’t stop, I’ll shoot!”

I had a long-barrelled horse-pistol, which I drew and flourished magnificently. I was within hearing though not shooting range, and I trusted that I would be able to frighten her into yielding.

But she did not stop. She had worn her whip into shreds, and thin red streams of blood zigzagged across the horse’s sides, but she pounded on with the stump. I felt a genuine pity for her horse, hack though he was, but none for her.



2 Keeping a Prisoner

No more gullies thrust themselves across the way, and the girl was within twenty feet of the wood. She took another hurried look at me, and seeing my rapid gain, alarm appeared on her face. She drew a little toy pistol from the cloak she wore and levelled it at me, or at least that seemed to be her intention. I call it a toy pistol, because I, a full-grown soldier, would have felt deep shame had I been caught with such a weapon in my possession. She pulled the trigger, and the bullet cut the uncomplaining air somewhere, but not in my neighborhood. This bombardment cost her at least twenty feet of the distance between us, but she thrust the terrible weapon back in her cloak and galloped on, with Old Put thundering at her heels. Then she was into the wood, and I was not far behind, shouting to her to stop, telling her that I would surely overtake her and she was merely wasting the breath of both our horses and our own. Still she paid no heed, guiding her horse

between the trees and through the bushes with considerable skill.

But, seeing the wood thicken presently, I was tempted to laugh. It was obvious now that the end of the race had come and I was the winner. The forest became so dense, the bushes clustering in thickets and the vines interlacing from tree to tree, that it formed an impenetrable wall. What I had feared would help her had been my best ally.

She stopped short and sat stiffly on her horse, her back turned to me. I wondered if she would draw out that amazing pistol again and threaten me with it, but she made no such attempt, evidently having arrived at wisdom at last. She dropped the stump of her switch on the ground and kept the back of her head towards me. Some beams of sunshine came through the tall trees and gleamed across the long curls of tawny gold, tinging them for the moment as if with fire.

I rode up by her side, and then, as she seemed to ignore me, I asked Old Put to take me around in front of her. There I could see her face. It was pale, sad, and reproachful, and a tear ran down either cheek. For the moment I felt a little pity for

her despite her perverse nature and all the trouble she had given me. .

“I am sorry I have to do this,” I said.

“Sorry for what?” she asked.

I saw that I had made a mistake. One should always be polite to a woman, but never apologetic.

“That I had to overtake you,” I replied.

“Yours is the better horse,” she said, wiping away the tears with an angry little brush of the hand. “I like to ride, and I always enjoy a good race. That was the reason I challenged you to it, though I did not know you had such a good horse.”

This was a new view of the case, but I had a thought, or, rather, a reflection.

“It was a good race,” I said, “but wasn’t that a false start?”

“How so?”

“Didn’t you take an advantage?”

“I was entitled to it. I am a woman.”

“So women expect to carry that rule even into warfare?”

“Certainly.”

I was glad that I had never been forced to wage war with one of the feminine sex before, and hoped never to meet the necessity again. One likes to stick to the rules in military matters, and then he has some idea what to expect.

“The horses are very tired,” I said.

“They look like it,” she replied.

The poor animals were panting, and their coats were damp. I took the reins of her horse from her hand and held them firmly in mine.

“What are you going to do?” she asked.

“I think I’d better hold the reins of both,” I said. “Will you please dismount?”

I set her a good example by jumping down myself. She could not say that the prisoner was compelled to walk while the captor rode. I stepped forward to assist her, but again she refused my help, and sprang to the ground unassisted.

Old Put gazed angrily at the girl who had struck him. Then he snorted with triumph and looked contemptuously at the horse beside him. The latter seemed to be ashamed of himself, and his attitude was apologetic, but he had done his best, and therefore should not have been blamed.

“Come,” I said, “we will get out of this wood and walk back across the fields. Keep by my side. I will watch you; I do not want any more treachery.”

I spoke with great sternness, as the mite of pity I felt when I saw the tears had gone. She obeyed with surprising meekness and walked beside me, while I led the horses, holding both bridles in one hand. I was glad that I had been so sharp with her, and I saw now it was the proper way with rebellious women. A man has only to show towards them a stern, unyielding temper, and they submit at once. She was crushed, and again that mite of pity rose up in my breast, for nearly always we feel a trace of sympathy for those whom we have vanquished.

Her head drooped, there was a faint appeal in her eyes, and her walk showed weariness. She

seemed to have forgotten that her hair was loose down her back, as she let it hang in long curls of gold, burnished where the sunshine fell upon it, dark in the shadow.

The yellow of the sun was deepening into red, a sign that the afternoon was waning, and I was anxious about the future, for which, like a good soldier, I felt it my duty to provide. She must have seen the care in my face, for she asked,—

“Are you thinking how we shall reach General Morgan?”

“General Morgan or someone else.”

“Is it far to his camp?”

“I cannot say. I do not know where he is. The American camp just now is of a shifting character.”

“To keep out of Tarleton’s way, I suppose?”

“Either that or to find him.”

Then she seemed to repent of her gibe at our running away from the British.

“But General Morgan is a brave man, I have heard,” she said.

That warmed my heart.

“He is a brave man,” I replied, “and, what is more, he is a fine soldier and general.”

“What a pity he is not on the right side!”

“Let’s not quarrel about that again.”

I thought I could afford to be generous, my situation was so superior to hers.

After that we walked along in silence for several minutes. The red tint of the sun deepened; faint shadows appeared in the blue velvet of the sky.

“I want to ask you one question,” she said presently.

“There is nothing to prevent your asking it.”

“But I want an answer, direct and correct.”

“If it does not interfere with the progress of the campaign.”

“I don’t think it will do that.”

“What is it?”

“What is your name?”

I laughed. It had never occurred to me before

to tell her.

“It is true,” I said, “that we have not had an introduction, though we are seeing a good deal of each other’s society, but it is not too late. My name is Philip Marcel.”

“Why, that sounds like French, and I thought you were an American.”

“Both are true. I am an American, and the name Marcel used to be French. I am of French descent partly, and I may have British blood too, though I shall not boast of it. There are many of us in South Carolina.”

“But I thought you were Northern. You said you had been serving in the Northern army of the rebels——”

“The patriots!”

“Well, the patriots, then, under Mr. Washington.”

“General Washington!”

“Well, General Washington.”

“Yes, I have been serving in the Northern army of the patriots under General Washington, but he

has sent me south with General Greene and the others, mostly Southerners themselves, to redeem this part of the country from the British raiders. But I am a South Carolinian.”

She relapsed into silence again, and I imitated her example. I had enough of importance anyhow to think about without talking to a girl, an enemy, but presently I recollected.

“Pardon me,” I said, “but you have forgotten something too.”

“What is it?”

“You have not told me your name.”

“That is true, and the introduction cannot be complete until I do.”

“Certainly not.”

“My name is Howard.”

“Howard! What Howard?”

“Julia Howard. My father is John Sinclair Howard, major in Tarleton’s legion. I was born in Devonshire, England, and I am here with my father, having nobody else to look after me, until such time as these rebellious colonies are put

down and restored in their allegiance to their lawful sovereign, George III., King of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, God bless him!”

I thought that God could find something better to do than to waste His time blessing King George, a fat German blockhead, but I kept the thought to myself just then.

“Then, mark my words, Miss Julia Howard, of Devonshire, England,” I said, “you have come here to stay.”

“I don’t believe it.”

“It is a prediction; it will come true.”

Her look was full of unbelief, and we relapsed into silence again. The shadows grew in the sky. The sun blazed like fire, and my old trouble about the future came back.

The horses ceased to pant and walked now with springy steps, their weariness gone. Old Put thrust his nose under my arm and whinnied gently. He was talking in the language that we two understood. I rubbed his soft nose.

“Yes, old fellow,” I said to him, “you have done your duty well, as you always do. We’ll stop

soon, and then I'll find you something to eat."

He whinnied again and rubbed his nose on my sleeve, for he understood.

"He looks like a good horse," said the girl.

"Never better," I replied, and with emphasis.

"I like a good horse," she said.

"So do I. That's the reason I'm so fond of Old Put."

"I wonder if he would be as friendly with me?"

"I don't know. He usually likes old friends best, but still he is a horse of fine taste."

Her evident admiration of Old Put appealed to me, and I thought I would give her the little compliment. Women like such things, and, again, I felt as if I could afford to be generous.

She put her hand upon his nose and stroked it gently. It was a white, well-shaped hand, with pretty, tapering fingers. Old Put must have admired it. He assisted in the rubbing task, swaying his nose gently to and fro, and he whinnied once softly, after his custom when he was talking to me. He seemed to have forgotten

the blow she had given him.

“See,” she said triumphantly, “he has found a new friend, a good friend, and he knows it. He is almost as fond of me as he is of you.”

I was surprised, greatly surprised. Heretofore Old Put had always proved himself to be an excellent judge of character, and now he was putting his trust in this English girl, who had shown herself to be unworthy of any confidence whatever. Poor Old Put! Another masculine dupe! He was growing old; he was falling into his dotage. I felt a certain sadness at these signs of mental decay in my faithful horse. But they marched on, his silky nose pressed closely against her arm, and meanwhile the sun was sinking and the shadows were deepening and lengthening.

“I do not think it is necessary for us to walk any more,” I said. “The horses are now thoroughly rested from their race and are willing to do their part, which is to carry us.”

She looked at her ugly brown hack in some dismay.

“He’s such a rough traveller, I believe I’d rather continue walking,” she said.

He certainly had a most irregular, jumping kind of gait, which would make him an unpleasant mount for anybody, but there seemed to be no resource. Horses were not running loose around us for me to catch.

“But we can’t help it,” I said. “We can ride slowly. If he misbehaves, use that switch you have picked up.”

She walked steadily on.

“Now, if he were like this one,” she said, stroking Old Put’s nose, “I would be glad to ride again.”

“Suppose I change the saddles, then,” I said, “and let you ride Old Put?”

It was a great concession for me to make, but her appreciation of my horse had touched me for the moment.

“Do you think he would let me?” she said, looking at Old Put doubtfully and timidly.

Now I was indignant. It was a slur upon the

character of Old Put, one of the gentlest and best bred of horses, to insinuate that he would behave badly with a lady on his back.

“No man except myself has ridden him in years,” I replied. “Perhaps no woman has ever ridden him at all, but that is no reason why one should not ride him now.”

“But I am afraid,” she protested again in timid fashion. All her courage seemed to have gone. Again I say you have only to be stern with a woman to keep her at your feet.

“Nonsense!” I said a little roughly. “We’ll stop talking about this and do it at once.”

I halted the horses and changed the saddles, while she looked doubtfully on. Old Put submitted like an angel, and I drew the girth tight. Then I continued,—

“Now, if you would know what a real saddle-horse is, Miss Howard, just jump up there.”

“Will you help me?”

Another proof of her subdued condition!

I held out my hand in most gallant fashion. She

leaned on it a moment for support, and sprang into the saddle. Then, giving Old Put a cut with the switch which she had picked up, she galloped away.

“Good-by, Mr. Marcel!” she shouted. “I ride the better horse now.”

She turned Old Put’s nose to the southwest, and away she went at the very best speed of which my good horse was capable, and that was much. Her yellow hair flew in the wind, as before, like the streamers of a defiant battle-flag, and either with or without intent the red cap she wore was set rakishly and saucily on one side of her head.



3 The Merit of a Good Horse

I paused, not to swear this time, but for a momentary reflection on the vanity of man and the deceitfulness of woman in taking advantage of it, and then I sprang upon the back of that old brown hack—confound him for an army mule without the ears!—and gave chase. I had no switch or whip, but I rowelled him and kicked him in the sides until I frightened him into a greater speed than he or anyone else believed to dwell within his long frame. He gave a wild snort, and we plunged after the fleet girl, rocking and swaying like a boat in a stormy sea, but even with such exertion he could not compare with Old Put. Despite the anxiety of the moment, I noted his inferiority with some pride, but then I remembered how much depended upon the success of the pursuit, and continued to urge on my own mount.

Strive and strain as we could and ride and

thump as I would with all my arms and legs, we lost ground rapidly. The girl turned her head once to look at me, and I thought I saw a look of triumph on her face, but I suppose it was my imagination, which was industriously tormenting me just then. I groaned at the certainty of her escape, and then hope seized me, for I remembered suddenly that I too had a trick to play. Old Put and I possessed a common language in which we often talked with perfect understanding. I put two fingers to my lips and blew between them a long, shrill whistle, which cut the air and travelled like the scream of a fife. It was a request, a command even, to him to stop and wait for me. He twisted his long neck in the manner of one listening, looking back at me to see what I meant, but he went on, though with slightly diminished speed, his manner indicating that he was uncertain what I had said.

The girl was belaboring him with the switch, for she must have noticed his decreasing gait. I whistled again, and as Old Put's pace sank to a trot she beat him fiercely. A third whistle, and Old Put, now in perfect accord with me, stopped

stock still; not only that, but he faced about and neighed joyously. The girl threw the remains of her switch upon the ground and began to cry, not pitifully, but angrily, fiercely. I rode up slowly and held out my hand to Old Put, who rubbed his nose against it. He knew his master and best friend. Never had I beaten him, and now there were stripes and welts on his side where she had pounded him.

“Why did you not tell me what sort of a horse he was,” she cried, “and then I would not have made myself look so ridiculous, sitting here as if I had been tied and waiting for you to come up?”

“Miss Howard,” I replied in some astonishment, “do you expect me to show you the way to escape?”

“I do not expect anything from you, a rebel,” she said, “Do not speak to me again.”

All right; that suited me. I did not wish to talk to her. She used words only to inveigle me into some incautious mood. But it was necessary for me to tell her to dismount in order that I might change saddles again, as I did not intend to give

her another such opportunity. I did not offer to assist her, having had enough of that, but stood beside the brown hack, watching her with a look that was now strictly military.

“Why don’t you help me down?” she said angrily. “Have you no courtesy for a lady?”

“You have declined such assistance from a rebel before,” I replied to her unexpected question.

“And I decline again. You needn’t offer it,” she said abruptly, springing to the ground, when I had no thought of offering it.

As soon as she was off his back Old Put showed the greatest distrust of her and aversion. He shied as far away from her as my hold on his bridle would let him, and his big, dark eyes shone with wrath. I was glad that he had come back to his senses, and he, like I, should have known her thoroughly from the first and always.

“We don’t intend to be deceived by her again, do we, old comrade?” said I to him.

He nodded his head in emphatic fashion, and his big eye winked intelligently. Her face flushed

a little, but she took no other notice.

“Look well at this lady, Put,” I said. “Do you note her?”

He nodded.

“She’s English, we’re Americans, and therefore she’s an enemy and not to be trusted. Watch her well,” I continued.

He nodded violently.

“Now, Miss Howard,” I said severely, “I’ve changed those saddles, and they are ready for our use when we need them, but meanwhile we’ll walk again, as we’ve tired our horses out for the second time, and all your fault too.”

She said nothing, but walked on in the way which I had indicated, keeping eight or ten feet from me. She had ceased to cry and had given her features a fixed and angry set.

I was troubled greatly. We had wasted so much time over her futile efforts to escape that the problem of a night’s shelter had grown more difficult and pressing, and I intended that my attention should not be diverted from it again. Therefore I would take precautions. I drew from

my pocket a long silk handkerchief, a trophy of the Monmouth campaign, which I had preserved with great care.

“Hold out your hands,” I said.

“What would you do?” she asked, turning upon me a look of fire.

But I was firm. My experience had been too great.

“Hold out your hands,” I repeated. “I intend to bind them together. You play too many tricks.”

“You are not a gentleman.”

“You have told me that three or four times already. It won’t bear further repetition.”

“I will not submit to such a thing.”

“Then I will have to use force, which will make it much more unpleasant for you.”

I hated to do what I had planned. It was rude and severe, but then there are few who have had women prisoners like mine, and consequently there are few who are in a position to judge me. I prefer greatly to deal with the regular forces, but in this case I had no choice, and so I strengthened

my will and proceeded.

“Hold out your wrists,” I repeated. “I shall not hurt you. I merely wish to keep you out of further mischief.”

“I shall never forgive you,” she said.

I could afford to laugh at such a threat.

“I trust that nobody will forgive me until I ask it,” I replied.

She looked at me, her eyes full of rebellion. I thought she was going to raise her hand to strike me, but women are so changeable and uncertain. Instead she held out her hands meekly.

I bound her wrists together and noticed that they were white and well moulded. The handkerchief was soft and could not pain her at all, and, besides, her hands were bound in front of her and not behind her. She need feel no inconvenience, but she must realize that her opportunities for mischief were diminished vastly. Old Put looked at her with an air of triumph, as much as to say, “Now, miss, you are being punished, and punished deservedly, for beating me so much.” That seemed to be her own

understanding of herself.

We resumed our march, the horses walking behind us. The rim of the sun was now meeting the rim of the earth, and the western skies were tinged with ruddy fire. In the east the misty gray of twilight was descending on field and forest, and the chill of night was creeping over everything. Even in our South Carolina latitudes the nights are cold in midwinter, and I shivered as a twilight wind, with a raw edge to it, swept over the plain.

There was a heavy cloak hanging at her saddlehorn, for she had not ventured upon her journey unprepared. I took it off and threw it over her shoulders. It fell below her waist like a greatcoat, and I buttoned it securely around her neck.

“You are a barbarian,” she said.

“I know it,” I replied, “but I do not intend to let you suffer more than is necessary for your own good. That is the kind of barbarians we are in this country.”

The land was lone and desolate, for we were on the sterile slopes of the hills. It was thinly

peopled at the best of times, but now, raided incessantly by Tarleton's Legion, which knew no mercy to anything, whether animate or inanimate, and plundered too by wild bands which claimed to belong to either army, as the occasion served, and perhaps belonged to neither, the people had fled to securer regions, where one side or the other was master. Only those who have seen it know the sufferings of a country harried by opposing armies and predatory bands. I had hoped to find some friendly farmer bolder than the rest with whom my prisoner and I could obtain shelter, or if not that, at least an abandoned house which would give us a roof, but I saw no sign of a human face except our own, and no roof appeared either in the fields or among the trees. It was a solitude bleak and cold, and the declining sun, now half-way behind the earth, warned me that it would soon be time to stop. The darkness would be upon us, and in a land of hills, gullies, and no roads we could not travel well without light.

Despairing of such shelter as I had expected, I turned our course towards a thick grove of trees

rising like a great castle on the left. When we entered it, the shadows already made darkness there, and the night-wind moaned among the dry branches of the trees. I saw the girl shiver, and again I felt pity for her in spite of all that she had tried to do, though I lost none of my distrust and caution.

Almost in the centre of the grove was a small open space, sheltered from the rush of cold air by the great trees which grew so thickly around it. It seemed to me the likeliest spot we could find for a camp. I hitched the horses to boughs of the trees and took from my pocket a small flask of that cheer which a good soldier seldom neglects. I drew the stopper and handed it to the girl.

“Take a little of this,” I said. “You must if you do not expect to catch your death of cold.”

“I would if I could,” she replied, “but I cannot while my hands are tied.”

“I had forgotten the handkerchief,” I continued, “but I don’t think we’ll need it any longer. You have been warned sufficiently.”

I unbound her wrists and replaced the

handkerchief in my pocket.

“But don’t forget,” I said, “that this handkerchief is an evidence that I have put my mark upon you and that you belong to me—that is, you are my prisoner until such time as I choose to give you up.”

Her face flushed.

“I will not endure such talk,” she replied, “from a rebel who within six months may be hanged by his outraged King for treason.”

“You can’t escape it,” I said, “and the King can’t hang me before he catches me. It’s a long way from London to South Carolina, and I hear the King is fat and lazy and suffers from seasickness.”

But she drank the whiskey, just a little of it, though enough to put more sparkle in her eye, and handed the flask to me without a word of thanks. Then she sat down on a fallen tree and looked idly in front of her, as if she had no interest whatever in anything.

I gathered up armfuls of the dry brushwood and tossed them into a heap, which I ignited with

the flint and steel I always carried. The fire blazed up rapidly and snapped as it bit through the wood. Its merry crackling drowned the desolate moan of the wind, and the long red ribbons of flame and the fast-forming bed of live coals threw out a kindly heat that fended off the chill of the night. Even the girl, angry and humiliated as she seemed to be, felt the influence of the light and warmth, and edged along the log until she was much closer and the fire could shine directly upon her face. Old Put was frank in his appreciation, coming to the full length of his tether and wagging his head in a manner which said to me as plain as day, "You have done well." Even the stupid brown hack understood and imitated Old Put's example.

Higher rose the fire and drove back the shadows, but the darkness was now rolling up to the circle of light, and beyond the sparkle of the flames began to rise like a wall. The sun was gone, and a faint, fading pink tint in the west marked the way his flight had taken him. Over all the world the twilight drooped, and the winter wind mourned the dead day.

“Are there ghosts in the forest?” suddenly asked the girl.

“None that I ever heard of,” I said.

“It is so unlike England.”

“How?”

“So much wilder.”

I had heard of their forests there, or rather what they call forests, —some acres of trees, with the undergrowth cut away and the lawns shaven, every rod patrolled by keepers or workmen, a mere plaything of a forest,—but here in America are the real forests, just as nature made them, the desolate wilderness through which the wild animals howl, while the lone wind plays its song on the branches or leaves of the trees. This is the real forest, a place in which man becomes about as big as a cork on the sea. Never the lone hunter, though fifty years his home, fails to feel its immensity and desolation. The girl drew the edges of her cloak a little more tightly and moved as close to the fire as the end of the log would allow her.

“If you will permit me,” I said, “I will give you

a better seat by the fire than that.”

She rose without a word, and I rolled the log well within the warmth of the blaze. She resumed her seat, and the firelight flickered and played over her face, tinting her cheeks with deep red and spangling her bronze-gold hair with patches of scarlet and crimson. The little red cap had been pulled securely down on her head, and, sitting there in the alternate light and darkness, her figure lithe and strong, she looked like some Saxon wood-nymph.

But I did not cease my good deeds. I call myself a forethoughtful trooper, and from the saddle-bags I carried across my saddle-bow I took a cold chicken, a piece of cold boiled ham, and some hard biscuits, a dinner fit for a prince, or rather an honest American citizen, which was better, in these hard times of war. To this royal collation I added a canteen well filled with water, remembered the stout little flask in my breast-pocket, and the repast was complete, all but the serving.

Her eyes sparkled at the sight of the good things. Wood-nymphs, Saxon or other, must eat.

“Let me carve the chicken,” she said.

“You have neither a table, plates, nor a knife,”
I said.

“This log will serve as a table, some of those clean dry leaves as plates, and you can lend me a knife.”

“How could I lend you a knife, a weapon, after all the tricks you have tried to play upon me? You don’t forget this, do you?”

I took the little toy pistol with which she had tried to shoot me out of my pocket and held it up before her, but she laughed. Women don’t seem to have any conscience, or at least they forget their crimes, which is convenient for their peace of mind.

“Give me the knife,” she said, “and don’t waste time. I’m hungry.”

I distrusted her as much as ever, even more, but I opened the blade of my clasp-knife and handed it to her.

“A very good knife,” she said, “but I have no doubt it was stolen from an Englishman. Ah, here it is—the name of an English maker on the

blade!”

“It was not stolen!” I exclaimed indignantly. “I took it from him fairly at the battle of Monmouth, where he fell into my hands.”

“That, I suppose, is a good enough title for a rebel,” she said, and began to carve the chicken.

It was a fine, fat chicken, beautifully roasted, and she showed that she knew how to carve, for she deftly clipped off a leg, which she held up before me.

“That looks fat and good to eat,” she said, “and it’s a fine chicken, but I’ve no doubt it was stolen from a loyal subject of King George.”

“It’s not true!” I exclaimed in some wrath. “He was a Tory farmer, I admit, but I did not steal the chicken. I took it before his eyes, and he never said a word.”

“Afraid, I suppose; but it doesn’t make any difference to you. It will taste just as good to a rebel. Here, take your piece on this big, clean leaf, and eat.”

I obeyed. She carved off a portion for herself too, and ate with a good appetite. Then I handed

her the canteen of water and told her to drink.

“Don’t be afraid,” I said. “I took that water out of a clear brook in the wilderness, and the land through which it flowed belonged to God, not to any Englishman or Tory.”

“But how about the canteen?” she asked. “Did you steal that from any English soldier or take it by violence, which is worse?”

I showed her the name of the maker, a Boston man, upon it.

“A vile rebel town, the worst of them all,” she said.

But she took a good drink out of it, and when she handed it back to me I imitated her example. Then, while the fire crackled and blazed higher and the circle of light widened and the darkness beyond it thickened, we ate and drank, and I grew cheerful. I had defeated all her attempts, and tomorrow I would find Morgan and give her into other hands and be rid of all my troubles; yet I was compelled to admit once again that she was very beautiful with the firelight flickering and playing over her face and hair, but all the world

knows, as I have said, that the handsome women are most dangerous, the most cunning, and I was on my guard against any new attempt of hers to escape. Still, when I looked around at the blackness of the night and heard the sigh of the cold wind above the crackling of the fire, I did not think that she would dare to attempt it. I knew no woman would venture alone on a winter night into that uncanny wilderness, and, knowing it, I felt easy.



4 Supper and Song

The horses looked jealously at our supper. I was sorry for them, especially Old Put, whose great, intelligent eyes said in the purest English, "I too am hungry, master." But I could do nothing. I had no provender for horses, and so I told him to wait as best he could until morning and I would find something for him, if I had to rob a patriot farmer to do it. He bowed his head in resignation like the wise horse he was, while the brown hack, not so well bred, tugged at his bridle-rein and thrashed about until I threatened him with a big stick.

After the chicken the girl served the cold ham and drank from the canteen again. I did likewise. Moreover, I urged her to wet her lips at the flask a second time as a further precaution against cold, which she did literally and no more. I was liberal rather than literal, for I was a soldier and knew its value. I took my blanket from my saddlebow and urged her to wrap it around

herself, but she said "No;" that her heavy cloak was sufficient, and she would not deprive me, even if I was a misguided rebel. I saw that she spoke truly, as her cloak was of the most ample character, and so, having no further compunction, I wrapped the blanket around me, Indian style, and, sitting down on the dry leaves in front of the fire, leaned my head against the log. She sat on the log at the other end, leaning her head against a dead bough which was thrust straight up in the air. I had put the remains of the provisions back in my saddle-bags.

Triumphant, warm, well fed, my cheerfulness, my satisfaction with myself, increased. I stared into the bed of red coals and saw figures, pictures, there. Near the centre of the bed the coals had fallen into such shape that I could trace distinctly the epaulets of a general, and I knew that those epaulets were for me. The coals crumbled into new shapes and built the house which was to be mine when the war was victoriously over and I was ready to retire to it with my honors. She too seemed to be engaged in the same business, for she was staring with half-

closed eyes into the dreamy coals.

“Why are you a rebel?” she asked. “Is it from pure perverseness? They say all you Americans are so.”

“They tell many things about us in England that are not true,” I replied, “and this is one of them. The English themselves have often been rebels, and their present royal family, one of the worst they have ever had,—and they have had the Stuarts,—was placed on the throne by a just rebellion.”

“You must know,” she replied, “that in England the character of the sovereign is nothing. It is the sovereign principle. The worse the sovereign, the better the court likes him.”

We relapsed into silence and our study of the red coals. Old Put whinnied gently, raised his head, and looked beyond the fire, as if he saw something in the darkness impenetrable to all but horse eyes.

“I’d better look to that,” I said. “Old Put is not going to give a warning for nothing. He has a character to lose.”

“A wild-cat, maybe,” she suggested.

“Perhaps, but I’ll see.”

I rose, still keeping my blanket wrapped around me, and ordered her to stay where she was under pain of being bound again. She promised, and I believed that she would not stir from her position on the log. The darkness and the desolation were not inviting.

I walked out into the black bank of the night, but could neither see nor find anything. I made a complete circuit around the oasis of light from the fire, and all was peaceful and quiet. I returned to the log, ready to scold Old Put for giving a false alarm, but refrained, reflecting that he might be nervous and irritable, owing to his lack of food.

“What did you find?” asked the girl, looking at me with bright eyes.

“Nothing.”

“I thought you wouldn’t find anything. It was a wild-cat, or maybe a harmless little squirrel.”

“Aren’t you afraid of the wild animals?”

“Not with such a brave rebel as you near me.”

I opened my eyes a little wider and looked at her. It was the first time that she had complimented me, even in that half-handed way, and I was surprised.

“I thought you did not allow me the possession of any desirable quality whatsoever,” I said.

“You are improving,” she replied. “Perhaps it is due to my society. I may yet make you a loyal follower of King George and save you from the hangman.”

I had my doubts about the “loyalty,” which is a term devised for the protection of sovereigns in their crimes, but I said nothing just then. She too relapsed into silence. The heap of coals grew and glowed in the depths with deep crimsons and scarlets, throwing out a generous heat and wooing me to sleep. Despite my sense of caution and the efforts of my will, my eyelids drooped. The castles in the coals became more indistinct and wavered as if they were made of red mist.

Old Put whinnied again and raised his head high in the air, like one who listens. I was wide

awake in an instant and on my feet again.

“Put,” I said, “if I find that you have given a false alarm a second time you shall have nothing to eat in the morning.”

“I wouldn’t bother about it,” said the girl. “It’s only a squirrel or a rabbit. Any horse would notice the passing of such an animal. Their senses are keener than ours.”

She was growing very considerate of me!

But I searched the wood again, and finding nothing returned to my comfortable place. Old Put was restless and shuffled about; but, angry at his idle alarms, I commanded him roughly to keep quiet, and he obeyed.

The girl was humming softly to herself, as if she were thinking of her far-away English home. I supposed she was lonely and homesick, and again some pity for her crept into my heart.

“Are you singing of your sweetheart?” I asked, meaning to cheer her up.

“I have none,” she replied.

“Not now, perhaps, but you will have some

day.”

“That is a different matter.”

“What kind of a sweetheart would you choose?”

“A soldier, a gallant English soldier, one loyal to his King through all.”

She continued to hum her little song, whatever it was. Something stirred in the wood, and Old Put, despite my previous command, whinnied and stamped his feet.

“Confound that beast, whatever it may be!” I said. “It must be a wild-cat attracted by the light of our fire.”

“Let the wild-cat go,” she said. “Listen and I will sing you a song that will tell you what my future betrothed and husband shall be. It’s an old Scotch song of devotion and loyalty, but we English sing it too, and like it as well as the Scotch. ‘Dumbarton’s Drums’ we call it.”

“Sing,” I said.

Then she sang:

**Dumbarton’s drums beat bonnie O,
When they mind me of my dear Johnnie O!**

How happy am I
When my soldier is by,
While he kisses and blesses his Annie O!
Tis a soldier alone can delight me O,
For his graceful looks do invite me O!
While guarded in his arms
I'll fear no war's alarms,
Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me O!
My love is a handsome laddie O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish or gaudy O!
Though commissions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he'll serve no longer a cadie O!
A soldier has honor and bravery O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery O!
He minds no other thing
But the ladies or the king,
For every other care is but slavery O!
Then I'll be the captain's lady O!
Farewell, all my friends and my daddy O!
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats I'll be ready O!
Dumbarton's drums sound bonnie O!
They are sprightly like my dear Johnnie O!
How happy I shall be
When on my soldier's knee,
And he kisses and blesses his Annie O!

Her voice was deep and true, and the old war ballad was music in my ears. As the melody rose and fell in the lonely night my eyes drooped again and my brain became dim with advancing slumbers, like a child soothed to sleep by the

song of his mother. I was tired as a dog, I had ridden long and far and had worked much, and every nerve and muscle in me cried aloud for rest. But I roused myself as she finished and the last note of her song died in the darkness.

“That is a proper military song,” I said, “and nobly sung, but I object to the sentiments of your hero. He minds no other thing but the ladies or the King. The ladies are all right, but no King. Leave the King out!”

Old Put was stamping his feet again.

“That’s right, Put,” I said. “Applaud the song, for it was well sung, though you and I, who are good Americans, don’t altogether like the sentiments. That, I take it, is an old song of loyalty to the Stuarts. It is a singular thing to me how wholesome-minded English people can invest the Stuarts, whom they kicked out of their country, with so much romance and charm when all history shows they were an utterly debased lot, and nobody knows it better than the English themselves.”

“The sentiments of the song, King and all, are

perfectly correct, and I'll sing that verse to you again."

She looked at me with a look half of defiance, half a smile, and sang:

**My love is a handsome laddie O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppish or gaudy O!
 Though commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he'll serve no longer a cadie O!
A soldier has honor and bravery O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery O!
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king,
For every other care is but slavery O!**

She sang it still more softly and gently than before, and, though my eyelids drooped again, I turned my gaze from the bed of coals to her face. The firelight played ruddily over her eyes and cheeks, and the expression there seemed tender and far-away, as if her thoughts had gone from this dark night and the war-torn fields of South Carolina to the green English meadows and peaceful sunshine.

When she finished, I raised my hands and clapped them together.

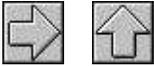
"Well done!" I said. "Well done!"

“Done well enough for us,” said someone, and strong hands reached over the log and grasped me by the wrists. My languor and my sleepiness were gone in an instant, and I made a powerful effort to wrench myself loose, but I had been taken too suddenly. Three or four men flung themselves upon me, and I was crushed under a great weight, while the firm grip was still on my wrists. I managed to deal somebody a heavy kick and heard a grunt of pain, but in a few seconds I was overpowered, and, like a wise man, ceased to struggle further.

Singularly enough, one of my early thoughts in that moment was of relief that Old Put should prove to be a true prophet, having enjoyed such a good character in that respect so long. I had been a fool not to take his warning more seriously. Then I wondered why the girl did not cry out at the sight of struggling men and the sound of oaths and blows, a violent medley usually very terrifying to women. I caught one glimpse of her, and she was sitting on the log, her back against the upthrust bough, leaning upon it as lazily as if she were in a rocking-chair in a parlor. The

firelight still played over her face and eyes, but the soft and tender expression which had pleased me was gone. Instead the look that she turned upon me was a mixture of dislike, malice, and triumph.

After meeting such a glance it was a relief to me to look another way and see who had captured me.



5 A Change of Front

“Truss him up good,” said one. “These rebels are not to be trusted, even when they are tied.”

I gave careful notice to the man who spoke, evidently the leader of the party. He was of middle size, middle age, and truculent features. His most noticeable characteristic was his drooping eyelids, which would induce the casual observer to think he was fast asleep, though in reality he was wide awake. He was dressed in the uniform of a captain in the British army. I set him down as a partisan chief on a small scale. He had five comrades, cast in the same mould as himself, all dressed in British soldiers’ uniforms and rather wild of look.

They bound me securely and set me with my back to the log and my face to the fire, much in the position that I had occupied while the girl was singing. Confound her for lulling away my caution and suspicions in such a manner! I had no

doubt now that she had seen the red uniforms of the British when first I went into the wood to search for the cause of the noise. I was a fool to let my distrust of her decrease for a moment.

“That was a complete job, Miss Howard,” said the leader, “well done by everybody, and your part is the best done of all.”

“You have rescued me from the hands of a rebel, Captain Crowder,” she replied, “and I am back with my own people, for both of which I thank you.”

I thought it was time for me to say something.

“It is true you have trapped me between you, Captain Crowder, for so I hear the lady call you,” I said, “but I wouldn’t exult, because the next chance might be mine, and it would hurt your feelings for me to pay you back.”

“I don’t know about any next chance for you,” he replied, “because here in the South we generally hang rebels.”

I did not reply to his threat, thinking that I had said enough, and turned my head away. My glance fell now upon Old Put. His eyes were full

of reproach to me. The I-told-you-so expression was there, and the I-am-sorry-for-you-and-myself expression was mingled with it. "I will never lose faith in you again, best of all comrades!" I signalled back.

Captain Crowder, having seized me, also seized my camp, evidently with the intention of spending the night there. He posted one sentinel, while the others sat around the fire, making themselves comfortable. The girl occupied her old seat on the tree-trunk, leaning against the projecting bough.

"Do you know where my father is, Captain Crowder?" she asked.

"With Tarleton," he replied.

"And where is Tarleton?"

"Hot on the chase of the rebel, Morgan, and his men."

"Can we overtake Tarleton by noon tomorrow?"

"Undoubtedly, for he has to go rather slowly, not knowing just where Morgan is. He doesn't want to run past the game. Morgan's hard to

catch, but when Tarleton once comes up to him there'll be an end to one rebel army."

I listened to this conversation with the closest attention and continued to listen while he described Tarleton's movements, force, and equipment. If I could escape him and the hangman's rope with which he had threatened me, this information would be of great value to our cause. I was glad that, for the sake of precaution, I had torn up the girl's letters and other written facts about us when I captured her, for now she could rely only upon speech. I waited for her to tell Crowder about me, but she said nothing upon that point, and I reflected that her reticence was natural, as she would want to give her information herself to Tarleton, and thus secure all the credit, instead of letting the guerilla, Crowder, claim at least half of it.

Two of the men disappeared in the wood and returned in a few moments, leading the horses of the band, which they tethered to the trees near by. I guessed that they had seen the light of our fire at a distance and, leaving their mounts there, had crept upon me.

“You will excuse us, Miss Howard, while we eat and drink a little,” said Crowder. “We’ve ridden far to-day, and we’re tired and hungry.”

Their appearance was sufficient indication that they needed food and rest, as the grime of travel was thick upon them. They rummaged their haversacks and saddle-bags and produced bread and meat, which they began to eat greedily. They were absorbed like wild animals in their repast and paid no attention to anything else.

The girl rose and walked over to me. Reaching down, she seized the end of my silk handkerchief, which was projecting from my pocket, and jerked it forth. She threw it into the fire and watched it burn, the red heat gripping the delicate silk and converting it in a moment to ashes. Then she turned upon me a face of flame.

“You dared to bind me,” she said—“you a rebel, and I an English woman, the daughter of a loyal English officer! You dared to insult me so!”

“And I presume that is the reason you burn the handkerchief with which I bound you,” I said.

“Yes.”

“Now that you have begun the job of burning, I suppose you would like to burn me too, as I am the man who tied the handkerchief, and I did so because you deserved it.”

She was silent, but her cheeks were as red as ever.

“I congratulate you upon your rescue, your rescuers, your company,” I said.

“They are loyal British soldiers.”

“They wear the British uniform. Any ruffian and robber may do that.”

“I have seen Captain Crowder himself in the army of Cornwallis. My father knows him, and I do too.”

“You know his face, and that is all. He may be a good enough British soldier when he is with Cornwallis, but elsewhere he is anything that suits his purpose. Look at him and his comrades now.”

Every man had produced a bottle and was drinking deeply from it. The odor rose and was too strong to be swept away by the wind.

“Look at them,” I repeated. “I congratulate you on your company.”

They drank deeply and replaced their bottles in their pockets, where I was sure they were not destined to remain long. The red fled from the girl’s face, but she said nothing, and giving me the same curious look of mingled triumph and defiance, went back to her old place on the log. There she sat, staring straight into the fire, as if she were wholly oblivious of me and the other men around her.

The partisans were in great glee. They laughed and cracked rough jokes, and presently, as I had expected, pulled out the bottles again and took long, deep draughts, once, twice, thrice. Their faces flushed from the effect of the strong spirits, and the loudness and roughness of their talk increased. Crowder, the leader, was the loudest and roughest of them all.

“That was a fine song you sang to that fellow there when you set him a-napping for us to catch, Miss Howard,” he said presently, “and we like music too, don’t we, boys?”

“Yes, yes!” they roared, all together.

“And won’t you kindly sing that song or another as good for us, Miss Howard?” he continued.

She made no answer, staring straight at the red embers, her cheeks pale.

“I say, Miss Howard, don’t you hear?” exclaimed Crowder roughly.

“Yes, I hear,” she replied, “but I’m sorry I can’t oblige you. I can’t sing any more.”

“If you can sing for that d—d rebel there,” continued Crowder, “I should think you could sing for us, who are good and loyal English like yourself.”

She was silent again.

“Didn’t we rescue you?” he continued. “Aren’t we your saviors? Don’t you owe us gratitude?”

Still unanswered, he swore an oath and said to his comrades:

“Here’s gratitude for you, lads. Well, if she won’t sing for us, we can sing for her. How do you like this, my lady? It’s called ‘I’ll Ovre the

Muir to Maggy,' and it goes very well with the song you gave us just now."

Then he sang the old song, which like the girl's was Scotch:

And I'll owre the muir to Maggy—
Her wit and sweetness call me—
There to my fair I'll show my mind,
Whatever may befall me.
If she loves mirth, I'll learn to sing,
Or likes the Nine to follow,
I'll lay my lugs in Pindar's spring
And invoke Apollo.
If she admire a martial mind,
I'll sheath my limbs in armor;
If to the softer dance inclined,
With gayest airs I'll charm her;
If she love grandeur, day and night
I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favor in my prince's sight,
And shine in future story.
Beauty can work wonders with ease
Where wit is corresponding,
And bravest men know best to please
With complaisance abounding.
My bonnie Maggy love can turn
Me to what shape she pleases,
If in her breast that flame shall burn
Which in my bosom blazes.

His voice was not unmusical, and he had some idea of rhythm and measure. His comrades joined him, and they roared out a chorus which must

have penetrated to the farthest edge of the wood.

“I’ll not only sing for you, Miss Howard,” said Crowder, “but I’ll dance for you too.”

It was plain enough that the man was drunk, and was relapsing into his natural condition of savagery. I hoped that he would fall into the fire, but he did not. His drunken head swayed from side to side, but he kept step to the measure of the song.

One of the men drew his empty bottle and beat upon its side with his knife-blade. It made a lively tinkle that sounded like music, and the others, seeing his success, imitated him. Crowder had not only a vocal but an instrumental chorus as well. His zeal increased, and he danced like an Indian at a scalp-dance, while the men roared out the song and beat their bottles with enthusiasm.

“Again I congratulate you on your company, your glorious band of rescuers, Miss Howard,” I called out to her.

I know she heard me, but she did not reply. Her lips were set firmly, although her cheeks were growing paler and paler, and she seemed to be

white to the hair. I tugged at my bonds, but I could not move them.

The song stopped for a moment, and Crowder, looking around for further amusement, spied me.

“A good song, boys, and good fun,” he cried, “but here’s better fun. Let’s hang the prisoner and see him squirm.”

The others, as drunk as their leader, shouted their approval, but the girl sprang up.

“You shall not do that!” she cried.

“And why not, miss?” asked Crowder. “He is our prisoner.”

“Because I will not permit it!” she cried.

They roared with laughter.

“If you do,” she said, “I will report your act to Colonel Tarleton. This man is an important prisoner. He can guide Tarleton to Morgan, and he will do it to save his life. He must be taken safely to the British camp. Tarleton will reward you well.”

“All right, if you say so, Miss Howard,” he said. “Anything to oblige, especially one as

handsome as you are. And we won't hang him to-night. Maybe we will do it in the morning anyhow, but that's no reason why we should stop the fun now. A soldier's life is hard, and he ought to make merry while he can."

He took a large flask from his haversack and shared it with his men. Then they began to sing and dance again, all of them wild with drink.

It was an orgy of savages. The fire died down and ceased to blaze; only the red embers glowed in the darkness. I could feel the blackness of the night as it rolled up and encircled us more closely. The girl was immovable. Her tawny hair shone in the dim light, and I saw that her face was still white, but that was all.

One of the men fell down presently from sheer exhaustion.

"Let him lie," said Crowder. "He'll sleep as well there as anywhere."

The man never moved, but began to snore, and a second one yielded to exertion and whiskey and, stretching himself out on the ground, went to instant sleep. Crowder himself was the third, and

was followed speedily by the others, including the sentinel, who had joined without objection in the orgy. The six men were sound asleep in a slumber heavy with weariness and liquor.

A last brand fell over in the coals and blazed up. The girl rose from the log, and by its light I saw that her face had turned from white to red. She walked quickly over to me and said in a voice shaking with excitement and alarm:

“Take me away from here, Mr. Marcel! Take me away at once! I would rather be with you than these men, these savages, these brutes! Nor is your life safe here!”

“They wear the British uniform; they must be loyal British soldiers,” I could not keep from saying.

“I do not know what they are,” she replied, with alarmed insistence, “but let’s go. Pray take me at once.”

She pulled at my shoulders as if she would have me rise and go on the instant.

“Untie my wrists,” I said.

She tugged at the cords, but could do nothing.

They were tied too tightly.

“Take a knife from that drunken fool’s belt,” I said, indicating one of the men. “Don’t be afraid. He won’t wake.”

She secured the knife and cut my bonds. I rubbed my wrists together for a few minutes to take out the stiffness and restore the circulation. Again she urged me to start without delay.

“Wait a minute,” I said. “We must provide ourselves.”

They had taken my arms from me when they bound me, and I recovered them, adding to my supply Crowder’s pistol and some ammunition. Then I turned to the horses.

Old Put’s great dark eyes flamed with approval and gladness. He had stood at his halter’s length, watching the orgy and my rescue with attention and understanding.

“We’ll bid farewell to these beasts now, old comrade,” I said in a whisper, patting his nose.

He was too cautious to whinny a reply. The brown hack was near him, but I saw another among those belonging to the guerillas which I

fancied much more than him. I hastily changed Miss Howard's saddle to his back, assisted her to mount, and sprang upon Old Put.

I turned the heads of our horses towards the northwest, but as the woods before us were dense and interlaced with wiry bushes and creeping vines, we dared not attempt more than a walk. The horses stamped and neighed as we left them. The girl's mount stepped on a large, dry branch, which broke with a crack like a pistol-shot. Nor did ill luck stop at that. The abandoned horses, frightened by the report, neighed and stamped again, creating a great uproar.

The sentinel, who was the least drunk of the party, sprang to his feet. He was yet half-dazed with sleep and liquor, but he saw the dim figures of a man and a woman riding away from the little encampment, and he knew that, according to the plans of Captain Crowder, it was not what should be. He fired a hasty pistol-shot in our direction, the bullet clipping the dry twigs above our heads, and then shouted to his comrades to awake, giving emphasis to his cries with many sturdy kicks.

“Look out for your head!” I shouted to Miss Howard. “An untoward bough might prove fatal. And be sure you stay with me.”

“I’ll not leave you,” she said.

“Now, Old Put,” I continued, “lead us out of this.”

He curved his long neck in the darkness and looked ahead with sharp brown eyes. I let the reins fall loose, and he wound about among the trees with a judgment that was never at fault. The other horse kept close at his side. Behind us we heard the cries of the awakened men as they leaped upon their horses and rode after us, shouting to us to stop. Two or three more pistol-shots were fired, but the air received them.

If the men could see at all, it was but dimly, though they could follow us by the hoof-beats of our horses and the tearing of the vines and slapping of the bushes as we passed. They made such a prodigious cursing and swearing that we were never in any doubt as to where they were. I had a mind for a moment to send towards them a pistol-ball which would stop their noise, but I

concluded that the greater uproar they made the better it would be for us, as it gave us exact warning of their approach. They did not seem to be gaining upon us, which was a satisfaction for the present. Out on the plain they would see us more distinctly, but I believed that our horses could leave them there.

I saw a beam of light shining through the lattice-work of the boughs, and then another and another, and knew that we would soon be in the open. The girl's horse stumbled, and she uttered a little cry of dismay, but in a moment the animal was steady on his feet again, and we went on. The beams grew more numerous and fused into a broad shield of moonlight. Two minutes more and we would be out of the wood and into the cleared ground, with the fields racing behind us.

But the light had its evil for us. Against its broad silver disk we were silhouetted like the man in the moon, and the popping of pistols told us that we had become good targets. One bullet passed so close to my head that I thought it must have cut a lock of hair in its passage, and I took it as a warning to hurry.

“Haste, Miss Howard!” I said. “We want to be beyond pistol-shot in the cleared ground, for the light will help them there.”

She was riding well, and her expression was firm and courageous. We shook the reins against the necks of our horses, and, taking the chances of bush and vine, sped into the open as a volley of pistol-shots whistled after us.

I uttered a shout, half of pleasure, half of defiance, to our pursuers, and bade Old Put show them what it was for a real racer to run his best. I had confidence too in the horse that the girl rode, for he was long-limbed. He looked like a strong animal, and he certainly had a clean, fast gait that kept him alongside of Old Put.

I regarded our escape as assured, and the girl seemed to take a like view of the case. Belief showed in her eyes.

“Miss Howard,” I said cheerfully and egotistically, “I congratulate you on the improvement in your company.”

“At any rate, you are still a rebel, with a rope around your neck.”

“I seem to have been preferred to the British behind us, who do not have ropes around their necks, but deserve them. Remember that I ride with you at your own invitation.”

“Then you consider me still your prisoner?”

“Oh, I am yours; but, whether one or the other, I am to be guide.”

The men behind us were silent, and we were sure of gaining upon them. I could see their figures rising out of the plain in the misty gray light, gigantic and distorted in shape, and the thud, thud of their horses' hoofs, as regular as the ticking of a clock, came to our ears.

“Which way do we go?” asked the girl.

“To Morgan, of course.”

“Then I shall soon be with my father and friends again.”

“Why do you think so?”

“Because Tarleton will certainly take Morgan, and, of course, I shall be recaptured.”

She looked at me with much of the old sparkle and defiance and the absolute faith in British

valor that British defeats seemed unable to shake. I was annoyed, and my patriotic pride was hurt.

“You take it for granted that Tarleton will win if he should overtake Morgan?”

“I do.”

“Yet you have heard the news from King’s Mountain?”

“A chance, an accident.”

“The same chance, the same accident, may happen again.”

“Never.”

I could not say her nay, for were we not retreating steadily before the advance of Tarleton, a retreat that seemed to all to be the part of wisdom, for again let it be said that we were fewer in numbers, far inferior in equipment, and more than half of our little army were raw troops, farmers! The exhilaration of the flight and escape disappeared for the time, and a heavy depression took its place.



6 In a State of Siege

Old Put stretched his neck, and the regular, steady beat of his flying hoofs was music to a man who loves a good horse. But the new horse too lengthened his stride and kept by my side. I judged that he was a good comrade for Old Put. The plain, grassy and undulating, rolled away before us, and I could not see its end.

Our pursuers hung on, and I distrusted their silence. It betokened resolution, a determination to follow us mile after mile, to cling to the chase like hounds after a deer. I judged that among Crowder's motives chagrin at having made such a fool of himself and a desire to repair the error were the strongest. The men did not spread out fan-shape, but followed us in a close group. I was still sure that we were gaining, though very slowly, and they seemed to think so too, for presently they fired two or three shots, as if they hoped to frighten us with spent balls. The girl's

horse swayed a bit to one side, and I thought he had stumbled again, but she said he was merely startled by the pistol-shots, and pulling him back into the true course we galloped on.

We crossed a swell of the earth, and far out on the plain I saw the dim outlines of a small house, or rather log cabin, rising from the earth. The girl's horse threw up his head and uttered a neigh, or rather a cry or a great sigh, for it was almost like that of a human being, and staggered from side to side, his pace sinking quickly from a sure gallop to a shaky trot. His great eyes were distended with pain and fear, and blood and foam were on his lips. A dark-red clot of blood appeared upon his side, and I knew then that one of the bullets which I thought would fall short had struck him and the wound was mortal.

Without my hand pulling upon his rein Old Put stopped and looked at the other horse with eyes of pity and sorrow, for he knew what was going to happen—he knew he was going to lose one who had been proving himself a worthy running mate and comrade.

I leaped from Old Put's back and snatched the

girl from the saddle just as her horse reeled and fell, giving up his honest life with one great groan.

I half-lifted, half-pushed the girl upon Old Put's back, where she sat securely despite the man's saddle. Once she protested, but I roughly bade her be silent and obey me and we would escape yet. Then she said no more.

"See the house yonder?" I said. "We will reach that and beat them off. Maybe we will find allies there. This should be a patriot region."

I rested one arm on Old Put's shoulder. The girl was on the horse's back, and I, partly supported by him, ran by his side. It is a trick that the borderers will tell you is common and useful enough. Old Put gave me great assistance, for he understood, and as we flew along my feet at times seemed not to touch the ground.

Our pursuers reached the crest of the swell and raised a shout of triumph as they saw the dead horse in the path, and the single horse running on, carrying one of the fugitives and half-carrying the other.

I took a quick look backward and calculated that we would reach the hut in time. Our pursuers evidently did not think so, for they fired no more shots. The girl was silent, her hands folded upon the pommel of my saddle and her face all white again. She left the direction of everything to me.

The cabin continued to rise from the plain, the corners, the eaves, and the roof appearing until it stood before us distinct and near at hand.

“Now, Put, old comrade, greatest of horses,” I cried, “we are nearing the goal! Show them how much strength and speed you have kept in reserve for this last effort! Show them what you can do when you try your best!”

He replied by deed, and I fairly swung through the air as we raced straight to the cabin. I expected some tousled head to appear, roused by the thunder of so many hoofs, but none came. The place remained silent and lone. There was a small garden, but no fence around either it or the house.

Old Put dashed straight for the door, as if he knew what was wanted of him, which, in fact, he

did, and stopped five feet in front of it so abruptly that the girl would have shot over his head had I not held her.

She sprang to the ground. I slipped the bridle off Old Put, gave him a slap, and cried,—

“Go!”

He galloped around the house and disappeared, his hoof-beats dying away in the darkness. Then I pushed open the door and rushed in, dragging the girl after me. I slammed it back and looked for the bar that is commonly used as a fastening in such frontier houses. There it was, and I shoved it into its place. Nothing but a battering-ram could break in that door now!

“Safe for the time!” I cried. “I defy them to take us in this fort!”

Then I looked around me. The girl, half-fainting, had staggered against the wall and was leaning there. It was a house of but a single room. On a wide brick hearth a fire was still burning, or rather smouldering, yet it threw out enough light to disclose the contents of the place. No human being was there. Everything of value except the

heavy furniture, which was of the rudest description and worth not much more than raw lumber, had been removed, and the whole appearance of the room indicated that its occupants had taken a hasty departure. It was easy enough to guess the cause. Some poor family, frightened by the converging of the armies upon this region, and with good reason too,—for no other State was harried in this war as was ours of South Carolina,—had gathered up their portable goods and fled to safer quarters, and perhaps not an hour before our arrival, as the fire still burning proved.

“They might have made things a little more comfortable for us,” I said cheerfully, for my spirits had gone up with a leap; “but it’s good as it is, and we haven’t any right to complain. Mr. South Carolina Farmer, whoever you are and wherever you are, we thank you.”

The girl smiled faintly and walked mechanically to the fire, where she sat down on a rude stool and spread out her fingers before the coals as if she were in her home.

“Take a little of this,” I said, for I saw that she

was half-dazed. There was yet some whiskey in my flask, and I handed it to her. She obeyed me like a child and drank.

Then I turned my attention to the single window, which was closed with a heavy but ill-fitting shutter, a few wandering moonbeams finding a way through the cracks. Peeping out, I could see the guerillas dismounted beyond pistol-shot and holding a conference.

“They are talking, but let ’em talk, my dear,” I said to the girl. “They can’t get us in this cabin. What a neat, stout little place it is!”

I really began to have a friendly feeling towards her. We had been through so many dangers together, and, besides, she was my prisoner. It is much easier for the conqueror to be generous to the conquered than for the conquered to be generous to the conqueror.

She did not reply either to my words or my manner. Her cheeks, which had been so white before, were faintly flushed with pink, but I could not tell whether it was the fire or not. She seemed to me to be in a state of collapse, natural to a girl,

even the strongest and bravest, after so much.

“Now set the table for us,” I said. “We must eat a little after our long, hard ride, for we will need our strength. See if you can’t find a candle in that cupboard. And here, take my bundle and get out the food.”

I handed her the wallet of bread and meat which I had snatched from Old Put’s back almost with the same motion with which I had swept off his bridle. She took it, drew the rough pine table to the centre of the room, and spread the food upon it. Then, sure enough, she found in the cupboard a piece of old tallow candle, which she lighted and stuck in the middle of the table. These simple household duties seemed to revive her. Her eyes brightened, her color came back, and her first thought was half to defend, half to apologize, for her previous collapse.

“I was tired merely,” she said. “I did not lose courage. Don’t think that. I’m an English girl.”

“I never said you lost courage,” I replied. “I think that you have borne yourself bravely, almost as well as an American girl would have

done in the same situation.”

“Show me the one who would have done better,” she said, with a snap of the eye.

But that was manifestly impossible at the time, and I made no such attempt.

“The table is ready, and we wait only for the army to take a seat and enjoy itself,” she said in a light tone.

“Come and have a look at our enemies first,” I said, noticing how her strength and courage had come back and how well they became her.

She put her eyes to one of the cracks and looked out. Crowder and his men, unconsciously imitating us, had begun to make themselves comfortable, first by building a great bonfire, and then by sitting around it and keeping warm. They had tethered their horses near, and from their position they could watch the house very well and detect us if we came forth.

“Why do they follow us so persistently?” the girl asked.

“For a variety of reasons,” I replied. “I might mention as one that they are anxious to take me.

You know you informed them that I was the bearer of very important news which I would tell, under proper pressure, to Tarleton.”

“But that was not true.”

“They do not know that it was not.”

“I wish they were real British soldiers,” she said. “I do not believe that any of them ever saw England. I believe they are American Tories, maybe American rebels in British uniforms.”

I did not care to argue with her, such is the strength of prejudice founded on teaching and training, especially British prejudice, and most especially the prejudice of British women.

“Why did you take off his bridle?” she asked as she turned away from the window.

I had hung up Old Put’s bridle on a nail in the wall.

“In order that I may have it when I want to put it on him again, which won’t be long, I hope,” I replied.

“Why, the horse is gone!” she said.

I laughed, laughed in her face, which turned

red, and then, seeing that it was red, deliberately laughed again. Here was a woman who prided herself on her intelligence and quickness of mind, and with good cause too, so I had begun to believe, and yet after passing a day and part of a night in Old Put's presence she knew so little about him!

"Why do you laugh?" she asked redly and angrily.

"I laugh at your ignorance," I replied, "the fact that you know so little of our comrade, in many respects the shrewdest and ablest of us three, as he is certainly the swiftest and the strongest. That horse has not left us. I merely took his bridle off in order that he might not be troubled with it, that he might eat better, for no doubt he will find, somewhere around here, even in winter, a bit of grazing on some sheltered and sunny southern slope. He will take care of himself and come back to us when we need him."

"But suppose the guerillas take him?"

"I wish I was as sure that they would not take us," I said.

Then I led the way to the table. I drew up the stool for the lady and an old pine box that I found in a corner for myself. A little water was left in the canteen. She drank part of it and said,—

“Here’s to the health of King George!”

“Yes,” I said as I drank the remainder of the water, “this is to the health of King George—George Washington! I’m glad to see that your conversion has begun.”

She frowned at me, but we had an amicable dinner over the scraps nevertheless. I stopped at intervals to watch the progress of the partisans outside. They had not yet made any movement against us, and all sat or lay around the fire. I counted them—six—and I knew that all were there, as choice a lot of scoundrels as one could find on the soil of the thirteen colonies.

I turned my eyes away from the crevice to look at the girl. The rest and the bite of food had made a wonderful improvement. She was a true English rose, I could see that—a rose of Devon or Warwick or Kent, or whatever is fairest among their roses—a girl with yellow hair that shone

like fresh gold in the sun, tinted with red in the firelight, and a brow of white and cheeks of the warm pink that is the heart of the pink rose. Oh, well, as I said twice before, everybody knows that the most beautiful women are the most dangerous, and I wondered if these Saxon maidens of England were ever an exception. For a moment I felt a feeling of warmth and kinship to old England, but then this England, which is so kind to herself and so appreciative of her own merits, has never been anything but an enemy to us.

“What are you thinking of, Mr. Marcel?” she said suddenly, as she looked up. “Why are you so serious?”

“I am astonished that you should address me as Mr. Marcel and not as a rebel with a rope around his neck.”

She patted the floor meditatively with her foot and looked away from me and at the fire.

“It was a mistake due to forgetfulness,” she replied with an air of resentment. “I will not do it again.”

“I would not forget epithets when you speak of us,” I said. “You will get out of practice, and then you will be unlike the remainder of your countrymen and countrywomen.”

“Do you want another quarrel?” she asked pointedly. “I should think that we had enough to do to carry on our quarrel with those men outside.”

She went to the window and took a long look.

“They are still by the fire,” she said, “and I see your horse too. He is dining, like the rest of us.”

“Where?” I cried, for I was somewhat surprised at the early reappearance of Old Put.

“There’s another crack here. Use it,” she said. “Don’t you see him grazing over there to the left in that field surrounded by a tumbledown fence, or rather the rails of what used to be a fence?”

In truth it was Old Put, about fifty yards to the left of the cavalrymen and grazing with supreme horse content, as if no enemy were within fifty miles of him. It was a southern slope on which he stood, and I suppose some blades of grass had retained their freshness and tenderness despite the

wintry winds. It was these that Old Put sought, with the assiduous attention to detail and keen eye for grist characteristic of him.

There was a fine, full moon, shedding a silver-gray light over the earth. Old Put was clothed in its radiance, and we could see him as distinctly as if he stood at the window—the tapering head; the velvety nose, which slid here and there over the grass in search of the tender stems; the sinewy neck, and the long, powerful body, marked often, it is true, by wear and war, but in the prime and zenith of its strength. My saddle was still upon his back, but that was a trifle to which he had long since grown accustomed in his life with a cavalryman.

How rash of him, I thought, to come so near the British! The doubt which I had of Old Put when he allowed himself to be deceived by the girl came back to me. Perhaps he was really growing old, falling into his dotage. Surely nothing else could account for his taking such a risk! I would have shouted to him to go away had I thought he could hear me, but I knew my voice could not reach him, and in suspense and anxiety

I merely watched that old horse as he continued to graze almost within the light of his enemy's camp-fire.



7 The Temper of Old Put

My fears found ample justification, for the men soon turned their attention to the horse, and two rose and approached him. I looked upon him as one impounded, and he alone was to blame, for he should have known better. One of the men made a wide circuit and came up carefully behind, while the other approached with equal caution from the front, whistling in a soft and coaxing way and holding out his hand. Evidently they appreciated the value of a good horse, and no doubt they had stolen enough from patriot farmers to have experience. Old Put never raised his head to look at them, but continued his hunt for blades of grass. He certainly heard their approaching footsteps, and I was convinced now that his dotage was really at hand.

“I thought you said he was the most intelligent of us three,” said the girl ironically, “and here he is, gone to sleep and letting himself be taken, to

be used perhaps as a common cart-horse.”

Her words were an insult to us both, Old Put and me, but I knew no timely reply, and I endured them in silence.

The man in front, emboldened by Old Put’s gentleness, approached more rapidly and was soon within fifteen feet of the horse. Old Put raised his head, and looking at the intruder a moment lowered it and went on nipping the grass.

The fellow, holding out his hand, stepped forward and seized Old Put by the neck. The horse, with a neigh that was human in its anger, turned and bit deep into his shoulder. A scream, wilder, more fearful than any I have ever heard before or since, rose from the man’s throat as the horse reared high in the air and smote him to the earth with his forefeet. The girl turned her eyes away in horror as he was crushed to pulp beneath the fierce beat of the steel-shod hoofs, time for but one cry being given to him, but I kept mine at the crevice, though I will confess that the blood was rather a chilly torrent in my veins.

The other man, the one behind, faced about and fled when he saw the death of his comrade, and the single look that I had of him showed fright to the marrow. The horse, raising his head, trotted away over the hill. The moonlight fell upon him there in distorted rays and enlarged him into a gigantic figure. In the gray light he looked like some phantom horse, a wild creature that brought death.

The band, recovering from the momentary paralysis caused by the sudden acquaintance of their comrade with death, snatched out their pistols and fired at the horse as they would have fired at a man in his place, but their aim was wild, for Old Put gave no sign of a hit, trotting steadily on, his figure growing larger and more threatening in the exaggerating rays of the moonlight, until he disappeared beyond the swell of the earth. The thing that had been living lay in the dead grass, and I was glad that it was hidden almost by some rocks and the roll of the earth.

“He is gone, Julia,” I said, “and I don’t think those men will try to take my horse again.”

I laughed a little, with a rather forced gayety,

for the influence of the sudden tragedy was still upon me. Yet I was glad that Old Put had redeemed himself so conclusively from the charge of incaution and dotage, which I would never again bring against him, even should they come to be true in the course of the years.

The girl came back to the crevice, and we watched the British for some minutes. After the hasty discharge of the pistols they returned to the fire, making no movement either to pursue Old Put or to remove the body of their dead comrade. They would have liked well enough to obtain a good horse, but they were not going to bother about such a trifle as a dead man.

“Do you think they will attack us?” asked the girl.

“Well, no; not yet, at least,” I replied. “The advantages of the defence are too great, and these men are mere raiders and robbers. They are not going into a dangerous venture unless the chances are on their side. Perhaps they think we will become frightened and surrender tomorrow.”

“You surely will not do that?”

“I had no such intention, worthless rebel as I am, but if you say surrender I will go out and notify them this minute.”

“You know I meant nothing of the kind.”

She spoke rather sharply, and leaving the window went back to the table, which she began to clear away. She gathered up the scraps and put them back neatly. Then she brushed the crumbs off in her hand, for lack of anything else, and threw them in the fire, and having done that pushed the table to one side against the wall. I made no offer to help her, as she did everything with such skill and despatch, and I was content to watch her. Nor did she say anything to me, but, her work done, took her stool again and sat down at the corner of the hearthstone, leaning her head against the wall of the chimney and gazing into the dying fire.

The last log was smouldering on the hearth and threw but a feeble light. I blew out the candle, thinking we might need it in case our enemies made any hostile movement, and the darkness

gathered at once in half the room, only a dim light showing as a fringe to the fire.

“I think you’d better go to sleep,” I said to the girl. “It is always well to save one’s strength, and now is a chance for rest.”

“And you?”

“I don’t want any sleep. I’ll stay at the window and watch.”

“But you need rest as well as I.”

“Why do you bother yourself about a villanous rebel who is going to be hanged anyway by his justly angry King?”

“I wish you would stop talking that way.”

Her tone was rather plaintive. Undoubtedly she was tired and worn by anxieties, and I obeyed her request. I made her wrap her cloak around her, and though she declared stoutly that she would not go to sleep, merely wishing to lean her head against the wall and rest, her eyelids drooped and fell, and in two minutes she slumbered.

The fire sank lower, eating its way along the log until only a few inches of wood were left.

The girl slept soundly. The curve of the chimney into the wall formed a kind of nook, and her head and shoulders rested easily there like a picture framed against the rough logs, which were unplastered and not even smoothly hewn. I trusted that she would sleep the night through, and as the fire sank lower and lower and the darkness crept up to the hearthstone, almost hiding her figure, the stillness of midnight came, and I could hear her regular breathing in the dead silence.

I went back to the window. The fire of the British faced it, and I could see that three of the men had lain down and gone to sleep. The other two were sitting up, weapons at hand, and I inferred that, they had been detailed as sentinels, though their lazy attitudes showed well enough that it was a job they did not like. For all I could tell at the distance, these men too might be asleep sitting.

I watched them for a half hour or more, and grew very tired of the business. The brightness of the moonlight culminated, and the earth lost its silver tint, shading into a dark, dull gray. The

figures of our besiegers became shadowy and shapeless. It was a time for sleep, and I felt it in all my bones. A trooper doesn't ask much. If I could have taken my blanket and put myself down on a reasonably smooth piece of turf under the shade of a tree, with the certainty that no enemy would waken me, it would have been sufficient. I would have slept the sleep of the just, or the tired unjust, which is often as good.

I drew the old pine box up to the window and sat on it, resolved to listen, now that I was weary of looking. I wondered what had become of Old Put, the manslayer, and tried to discover why I had been such a fool as to distrust him even for a moment.

Thus musing, I discovered that the fire had gone out; that I could see nothing—in fact, that the room was pitchy dark. I opened my eyes, remembering that all things must be dark to a man with his eyes shut, and saw again the flickering fire and the figure of the girl half-reclining in the chimney-corner.

This would not do. I was the whole army—horse, foot, artillery, and baggage-wagons,

commander-in-chief, colonel, captains, and privates—and we could never go to sleep all at once. I undertook to walk briskly around the room in order to stir my sluggish blood into watchfulness, but that would wake the girl, and I did not want to do such a cruel thing. I stopped in front of her and looked at her face attentively. Asleep she did not look at all the spitfire she was awake. Mingled with her beauty now was a certain wanness, a something that was pathetic, a look that appealed to a man for protection and strength. After all, she was but a girl, and why should I care for the bitter things she said when probably half the time she said them she was sorry?

I went back to the window and looked out once more. The besieging army was taking its comfort. The part which had stretched itself on the ground remained stretched, and the part which watched sagged more than ever towards the horizontal. It was a lazy army, that was evident, and I resolved that I would set it an example of superiority.

Having made these brave resolutions, I sat down on the stool and leaned my head once more

against the wall, not because I was tired and sleepy, but merely that I might reserve my strength for a crisis, the most necessary thing in the world to a soldier, every man of experience knowing that an army fights better if it goes into battle well fed, well clothed, and well rested. It was a good argument, that bore extension, and I closed my eyes that they too might have rest, as they felt weary and clogged. Then, do what I would or could, weariness and sleep took charge of me. Tired muscles rose in open and defiant rebellion against mind and will. The combat was short and fierce, but matter triumphed over mind, and in five minutes I was in the midst of a sleep that was heavenly with rest, unpeopled by bad dreams, with my head back against the wall and my breathing long and regular. Meanwhile the bed of coals on the hearth became smaller and paler. The rim of fire narrowed. Coals turned from red to black and then to gray and crumbled into ashes. The darkness crept up to the very edge of the hearthstone and then invaded it. The girl was completely in the shadows, and the pale glimmer of the fire was but a faint light left in the room.

The sleeping man and the sleeping girl were tired, very tired, and they slept soundly. If they had dreams, they were pleasant ones, and no thought of danger entered into them. The men around the camp-fire had moved away to the other side of the world, and the little cabin was peaceful for them, inside and outside. Sleeping thus, they did not see the men rise from the camp-fire and approach the hut, now veiled in a darkness which made such a movement safe. They reached the cabin without alarm or a sign from the watcher who was not watching, and at last the leader tried the shutter of the window. He pried at it with his knife and moved it a little. Then he put his ear to the crack and could hear nothing within. Replacing his ear with his eye, he saw the feeble glimmer of the fire and no more. He was sure that those whom he wished to take were asleep, and he exulted, for a fierce anger mingled with his other desires to recapture both. He pried again at the window, and with greater leverage it yielded further, and wood scraped against wood. He stopped and listened once more, but the inmates of the cabin never stirred.

Putting his ear to the wide crack that now intervened between the shutter and the wall, he listened again and heard the steady, regular breathing of someone inside and below. He knew it was the breathing of a sleeping man, too loud and strong for a woman, too even for one awake, and he reached up and pulled the shutter wide open on its rude leather hinges. Then he grasped the edge of the window with both hands and raised himself up.

My sleep grew troubled at last and then turned into a nightmare. Some huge wild beast, after the fashion of beasts in nightmares, was sitting on my chest and blowing his breath in my face, while I had no power to move a muscle. I was cold to the marrow and waited for him to devour me, but instead he dwindled away and became misty. With one great effort I threw him off my chest and sprang to my feet. My head struck against somebody else's head as I sprang up, and that somebody else swore an oath that had the savor neither of a nightmare nor a dream, but of reality.

Cold air and moonlight rushed in at the

window, but most of the passage was filled up by the shoulders and head of a large man whose face I could not see owing to the imperfect light. He held in his hand a pistol which he fired at me, but now the imperfect light was to my advantage and not his, for his bullet, avoiding me, buried itself with a chuck in the log walls, and the report confined in the small room roared like a cannon-shot.

Moved more by impulse and instinct than by thought, I snatched out my own pistol and fired at the head in the window. The man uttered a deep sigh; the body dropped forward and swayed there; I heard the light drip, drip of something on the floor, and then the body fell inside the room.

The girl, suddenly awakened by the terrible sounds and half in a maze, cried out in fright and then began to ask in a high, trembling voice what had happened.

“The British have attacked us,” I said. “One of them was in the shadow, and I threw him back. Stand out of the range of the window.”

I did not want her to see the thing lying on the

floor under the window, and I shoved the table in front of it.

She obeyed, for I spoke the last sentence very sharply. The window was wide open, and, expecting to see another face there, I held my second pistol ready; but none appeared, and I had no doubt that they feared Crowder was dead.

Taking the risk, I reached out an arm, seized the shutter, and slammed it shut, securing it as best I could with the leather strap and nail used as a fastening. Then, with my ear near the crevice, I listened, but could not hear our enemies. I feared at first to look out lest I should receive a bullet, but still hearing nothing I applied my eye and saw that the men had gone back to their fire. They were all there—four. I counted them and knew that none was missing. They were deliberating evidently over the fall of their leader and what next to do, and I took an immediate resolution.

“Light the candle,” I said to the girl. “Hold it to the fire. There’s enough heat left to start the wick to burning.”

She did so, and saw that something lay behind the table.

“What is that?” she cried.

“The dancer and singer of last night,” I replied, seeing that I would have to tell. “The leader of those desperadoes outside came into our fort, but he came into his grave.”

She retreated, shuddering, to the farthest corner of the room.

“Now, you do exactly as I say,” I continued. “Remember that you are the rank and file of this army, and I am its commander.”

“I will obey you,” she said.

I quickly reloaded my pistol.

Then I shoved the table away again and, overcoming my repulsion, dragged the dead body to a sitting position. A chill struck into my marrow, but I pulled off the red British coat and, having thrown off my own, put it on. Then I gathered up the wallet of food and Old Put’s bridle and took down the bar from the door.

“Come,” I said; “we are going to leave this

place while they are planning by the fire and their backs are turned to us.”

It was a bold measure, involving many risks, but I believed that it would succeed if we kept our courage and presence of mind. For at least two or three minutes they would think I was Crowder, victorious, and that would be worth much. When I had taken down the bar, I stopped a moment.

“Keep by my side,” I said. “Remember that we must become separated by no chance. Here, take this pistol! You can shoot, can’t you?”

She said “Yes,” and took the pistol. Then I opened the door and we dashed out, running with quick and noiseless steps across the clearing towards the wood, which rose in a dim line ahead of us.

While the window opened towards the camp-fire of the besiegers the door did not, and we had gone perhaps fifty yards before they saw us. This I knew by the surprised shout that came to our ears, and looking back I saw them hesitating, as if in doubt about my identity, and at last running

towards their horses. I was glad that they would pursue on horseback, and I had taken that probability into consideration when we made a dash from the house, for even at the distance I could see that the dim forest looked dense and a poor place for the use of horses.

“Courage, Julia!” I said, taking her hand. “In a minute or two we will be into the woods, and they mean safety.”

I looked back a second time. The guerillas had reached their horses, mounted them, and turned their heads our way, but in doing it their time lost was our gain. Unless lamed by some unlucky pistol-shot, we would surely gain the wood. They fired once or twice, and I heard the thunder of their horses’ hoofs, but I had little fear. I still held the girl’s hand in mine, and she made no effort to draw it away. She was running with a firm, sure step, and, though her face was white and her eye excited, she seemed to retain both her courage and presence of mind.

The wood was not as far as I had calculated, and when our pursuers were many yards away we dashed into it at such headlong haste that I

tripped over a vine and fell upon my nose, burying it in a pile of soft leaves, which saved it from harm. But I was up again, rejoicing at the accident, for in a wood interlaced with vines horses could make no progress.

“I hope you are not hurt?” asked Julia anxiously.

“Hurt? Not a bit of it!” I replied. “What a blessing these woods are! How dark it is in here, and what a blessing that is too!”

In fact, the wood was our good luck and our best luck at that, for even we on foot found it difficult to make our way through it. Afar we could hear the British cursing in profusion and variety as they strove to force their horses through the dense bush.

“Hold my hand,” I said to Julia, “for otherwise I might lose you in all this darkness and density.”

But instead of waiting for her to take my hand, which she might not have done, I took hers, and, bidding her again to step lightly, I led the way, curving among the trees and bushes like a brook winding around the hills in search of a level

channel. My object was to leave our pursuers at a loss concerning our course, and we soon ceased to hear their swearing or the struggles of their horses. I dropped into a walk, and, of course, the girl did likewise.

“I think we are safe now,” I said. “There is not one chance in a hundred to bring them across our path again. What a fine wood! What a glorious wood! There is no such wood as this in England. It grew here especially for our safety, Julia.”

“It did grow up in time,” she replied, “but now that you think us safe again you can call me Miss Howard, and not Julia.”

“That’s true, and now that we are safe again I must ask you, Miss Howard, as an especial favor to me, to please quit holding my hand.”

“I am not holding your hand, Mr. Marcel!” she replied indignantly. “It is you who are holding mine, but you shall not do so a moment longer.”

She tried to jerk her hand away. I let her jerk three or four times, and then I added as an afterthought:

“It is very dark here, and there is still danger

that we might become separated. I think I will let you hold it a little longer, but I shall endure it merely because it is a military necessity.”

She gave her hand a most violent jerk, and it nearly slipped from me, but I renewed my grip in time.

“Simply a military necessity,” I repeated, and, seeing that it was useless, she made no further effort to withdraw the hand. I could not see her face, the darkness being too great, and therefore had little opportunity to judge of her state of mind. We walked on in silence, winding here and there through the wood, with an occasional stop to listen, though we heard nothing but the common noises of a forest—the crackling rustle of dry leaves and twigs, the gentle swaying of some old tree as the wind rocked it, and the soft swish of the bushes as they swung back into place after we had passed between.



8 Julia's Revenge

We walked for nearly an hour, and during the last three-quarters of it kept straight to the northwest, in which direction I thought Morgan, with his little army, lay, or rather marched. At last the bush became thinner and the trees stood farther apart. I inferred that we were approaching the end of the forest, and I was not sorry, as the travelling was hard, and I believed that we had lost our pursuers. Presently we came into the open, and I let the girl's hand drop.

“Which way are we going now?” she asked.

“Wait a moment,” I said.

I put two fingers to my lips and blew between them a whistle, soft and long and penetrating.

“Why do you do that?” asked the girl in a fright, coming towards me. “You will bring them upon us again.”

“Wait,” I repeated, and I blew the whistle a

second time. We stood motionless for two minutes, and then I heard a faint crush, crush, as of approaching footsteps.

“They are coming!” cried the girl, seizing my arm. “Let us run into the wood again.”

“Wait,” I said for the third time.

The footsteps approached rapidly, and a figure, gigantic and formidable in the gray light, appeared through the trees. The girl cried aloud in a panic of terror and gripped my arm.

“Don’t be alarmed, Julia dear,” I said. “See who it is!”

Old Put walked up to me, gave his glad, familiar whinny, and rubbed his nose on my disengaged arm. Then he started back, and his eyes flamed with wrath.

“Don’t be angry, old comrade,” I said. “It is true I wear a red coat, but it is only a disguise, a ruse, and I will get rid of it as soon as I can.”

He wagged his head as a sign that my apology was sufficient, and made no further protest. I slipped the bridle on him, and the girl broke into a nervous laugh of relief.

“Did you think Old Put would desert a comrade?” I asked.

“Wait here just a moment,” I continued. I led Old Put a little distance and, gathering up some dry leaves, wiped the stains off his hoofs. Then I returned with him to her and told her to jump upon his back, but the horse shied away from her, showing aversion and anger.

“Never mind, Old Put,” I said. “It is all right. She won’t beat you again. She likes us both.”

“It seems to me that you are rather inclusive in your statements,” she said.

“Get up,” I ordered, and, giving her a hand, I assisted her to jump upon the back of Old Put, who had received my explanation with perfect confidence and assumed a protecting air towards her.

“And now once more for Morgan,” I said.

“Which, of course, means Tarleton in the end,” she said. “And I want to say, Mr. Marcel, that when the rebel army is taken I shall not forget the service that you have done me at a great risk to yourself. My father has influence with Colonel

Tarleton, and I shall ask him to secure your good treatment while in captivity.”

She spoke with quite an English—that is to say, quite a patronizing —air.

“You are very kind,” I replied, “but Morgan has not been caught yet, has he, Old Put?”

Women think it their right to abuse a man and receive nothing but chivalry in return.

The old horse shook his head defiantly, and I felt encouraged. We had entered a good country for travelling and at last came into something that was meant evidently for a road, but it very much more resembled a gully washed out by the rains. It led in the right direction, and I followed it, despite my persuasion that we were now in territory practically occupied by the British, and were much more likely to meet them in the road than in the fields or forest. But I was tired of such difficult travelling, and, being extremely anxious to rejoin Morgan, I chose the course which promised the best speed.

Old Put carried the girl, and I walked on before, holding his bridle in my hand. I sank into

a kind of walking doze—that is, I slept on my feet and with my feet moving. I was but dimly conscious, but I knew that I could put my trust in Old Put and that he would warn me if she made any attempt to escape. Whether the girl was asleep or wide awake I knew not, for my brain was too tired and dull then to tell me, but, looking back once, she seemed to be awake. She had slept well in the hut, while only a short nap had fallen to me.

We were in the darkest hours, those that stretch out their length between midnight and dawn, and I walked on over a dim and shadowy world. Sometimes I was not conscious that my feet touched anything but air. This queer feeling that I was walking on nothing lasted for nearly an hour, and then my half-sleep took another phase. I came back to earth, and the red clay of the road took on for a while the color of blood. The trees by the roadside raced past, rows of phantoms, holding out withered arms and making gestures that I did not understand. Once the dead face of Crowder rose up out of the road and confronted me, but when I said, “You were a murderer and

worse, and compelled me to kill you,” and walked boldly at him he melted away like so much smoke, and I laughed aloud at such a poor kind of ghost that would run at the first fire.

“What on earth are you laughing at?” demanded the girl from the horse’s back.

I awoke with a jerk and replied,—

“At your gratitude.”

But I was on the verge of sleep again in five minutes, and the trees and the hills and the bushes were playing new tricks with me. The bushes were especially impudent, nodding to me and then to each other and then saying aloud:

“Here he goes! Look at him—making a fool of himself and wasting his time over an English girl who hates him and all his countrymen!”

I picked up a stone, threw it at one excessively impudent bush, and shouted at the top of my voice,—

“It’s a lie!”

“For Heaven’s sake, Mr. Marcel,” cried the girl, “what’s the matter? Have you a fever?”

“I was dreaming,” I said confusedly, and I made no further explanation, for she asked no more, merely saying that she hoped it was not worse than that.

The trees and bushes did not cease to nod at me and waggle their heads at each other and make jeering remarks about me, but I paid no further attention to them, treating them with the lofty scorn of silence, which is supposed to be the most effective of all replies. The road led into hilly country, but I tramped on in my dream, becoming dimly conscious that it was growing light. Afar off there in the east, just where the sky touched the earth, was a bar of light. As I looked it broadened and began to roll up like a great wave of molten silver. On the horizon the hills and trees rose out of the darkness.

Old Put turned his face to the daylight and whinnied approval. An answering whinny came as twenty cavalymen galloped around a hill, opening in two lines and closing up again, with us in the centre.

“Wake up! Wake up, man! Why, you’ll walk into a river or over a cliff if you sleep on in this

way,” said one of the cavalrymen, leaning over and slapping me vigorously on the shoulder.

I awoke and looked up at his bewhiskered English face and his be-striped English coat, and was filled with confusion and dismay.

“Why, he isn’t awake even yet!” said the officer, with a laugh. “Are you from Cornwallis?”

His tone, though eager, was friendly, and the reason for his question flashed upon me. It was the red coat that I wore, Crowder’s coat, which had served me one good turn already.

“Yes,” I said, “my name’s Hinkle, and I’m from Cornwallis with an important message for Tarleton. I was pursued last night by a gang of rebels, who shot my horse, but I escaped them in the wood. An hour ago I overtook Miss Howard here, who also has an important despatch for Tarleton, and I am trying to pilot myself and her to him at the same time.”

The officer raised his hat to Miss Howard and regarded her with open admiration.

“Your bravery and loyalty equal your beauty, Miss Howard,” he said. “England can never

suffer when we have such as you. Don't you remember me? I'm Lieutenant George Cuthbert, and I had the honor of an introduction to you at Lord Cornwallis's ball in Charleston some months ago."

"Indeed I do," she said in a tone of recognition, "and I hope that we shall meet again soon under such peaceful circumstances, but now I must hasten on, for my message will not wait, and so must this kind soldier, who has been such an assistance and protection to me. Can you direct us by the best road to Tarleton?"

"Keep straight in the way you are going," replied the officer, "and if you hurry you ought to overtake Tarleton before noon. Have no fear of the rebels. Tarleton is driving them all ahead of him, except one small party to the south of here, for which we are looking. I'd give you an escort into Tarleton's camp, but I need all my troopers for the task I have in hand."

"I thank you for your courtesy and information, Lieutenant Cuthbert," she replied, "and I hope that we shall meet again soon in Charleston when all these rebels are taken."

“And that will not be long, Miss Howard,” he said with a gallant bow.

He gave the word to his troopers, and they galloped on.

During this ordeal the behavior of Old Put was something wonderful to see. Though he hated a redcoat as a cat hates a snake, he seemed to understand that he had a part to act and that he must act it well. All his true character disappeared. He was a shambling, drooping horse, with his head down and ready to submit to anything, just an ordinary, oppressed British horse of the lower classes, not a proudspirited American horse, conscious of the Declaration of Independence and the truth that all men and horses are born free and equal.

But when the last of the British troops had disappeared around the hill and the gallop of their horses had sunk into a mere echo, Old Put resumed his former and true character—his figure expanded, he held up his head once more. He was the true patriot, equal to all. I was glad to see the change, for that was the character in which I liked him best.

We went on for a long time in silence, barring a request from the girl that I ride and let her walk in my place. I declined abruptly, saying I was a cavalryman, with such few opportunities for walking that I intended to enjoy one when I had it.

The sun, following the new light in the east, had appeared above the hills. The far crests and forests flamed with red gold, and we trod silently on in the shining light of the morning. “Why did you not take your opportunity,” I asked at length, “and return to your own people? Why did you not tell them back there who and what I was?”

She remained silent, and I looked back at her.

“Julia,” I said, and she did not seem to notice that I had called her by her first name again despite her command, “why did you not tell them who I was and let them take me a prisoner?”

“I have called you a rebel with a noose around your neck, and it is true. The noose is always there, and it was pressing very close at that moment. For you to have been taken a prisoner then meant your death. I could have taken the

chance of returning to my own people then only by hanging you.”

“How? I do not understand you.”

“Look at the red coat you wear. ‘A spy,’ says Tarleton, who knows no mercy. ‘Hang him at once!’ and you are hanged.”

I had forgotten the coat, which, having served me well twice, might serve me very ill the third time.

“I must get rid of this coat soon,” I said. Then I added as an afterthought: “But what is it to you were I hanged? It would be only one more wicked rebel meeting the fate that he deserves. Why should you put yourself to trouble for me?”

I looked back over my shoulder, though I may not have had the appearance of looking. I saw a flush as of the morning that was around us overspread her face, and she gazed afar over my head, her eyes shining with something I had not seen there before. I asked her no more, but the morning continued to grow into a splendor and radiance passing all previous knowledge of mine.

The sun crept up, and the light reached all the

earth, west as well as the east. We were still in the red-clay road, winding among lone hills and deserted fields and patches of primitive forests. We came to a brook of cool, clear water, babbling over the stones.

“Here we rest,” I said, “and eat breakfast. Jump down, Julia.”

She sprang down, and all three drank at the brook—Julia, Old Put, and I. Then we ate the remains of our provisions, while the horse found some tender stems of grass by the brookside.

“I think we had better leave the road now,” I said, “for this is the enemy’s country, and I do not want to meet any more of Tarleton’s men.”

It was my purpose to make a circuit around Tarleton and join Morgan, and she made no objection, but suggested that she walk with me.

“I am tired of riding,” she said, “and it will be good for the horse too.”

I threw the bridle-reins over Old Put’s head, told him to follow us, and we started on our great curve around Tarleton. Being a Charleston man, I knew very little of that part of the country, but in

my campaigning with Greene and Morgan I had obtained some idea of the lay of the land, and I knew the general course I ought to follow. Besides, I felt very good, and I was full of enthusiasm. But little of the country had been cultivated, and as the forest was not dense there was nothing to stay our progress. We marched steadily on, and what impressed us most was the desolation of the land. But thinly peopled in the first place, everybody here, as in the country through which we had travelled the day previous, had fled before the advance of the armies. We passed two abandoned cabins in the scanty fields, but saw no other sign of human habitation. Yet it did not sadden me. The sunshine was beautiful, and the old world was fresh and young.

“In a few years, Julia,” I said, “when the last of Tarleton’s raiders is sent across the sea or to his final home, and we win our freedom, all this will be peaceful and populated.”

She said nothing—nothing about the valor of the English and the speedy destruction of the rebels—but looked abroad over the country with kindling eyes. It was fair to see, even in winter,

with its rolling hills and sloping valleys and streams of sparkling water, a fit place for the growth of a noble race of freemen. But just then it was the most unhappy part of all our continent. Neither man nor woman could expect mercy where Tarleton's raiders came, and all the books will tell you—and tell you rightly—that the war was more ferocious in the South than in the North, and most ferocious of all on the soil of South Carolina. Where partisan bands ravage and fight, and the people of the soil themselves are set and embittered against each other, then war is seen at its worst.



9 As Seen in a Dream

We were young and vigorous. The girl was tall, straight, almost as strong as I, and mile after mile dropped behind us. The air had the crisp, fresh coolness of a South Carolina winter, like a Northern day in autumn. The sun, climbing steadily towards the heavens, shone in full splendor and in an atmosphere as pure as that over the sea. We could see far to right and left and before us, but we saw neither men nor horses, just the rolling hills and valleys and the straggling forests.

“So much the better,” I said to Julia, “for the lonelier the country the less obstacle there will be to our flight. Morgan is retreating towards the Broad River, and as we have surely passed around Tarleton by this time, we ought to overtake him by night. I hope he will have plenty to eat, for I think that you and I will miss our dinner.”

“Do you know,” said she, “I begin to hope that Tarleton will not catch Morgan? It would be an awful scene, and perhaps some of the rebels are good men after all.”

“Perhaps.”

“Couldn’t the war be ended in some way without more years of fighting — by some sort of compromise? Suppose each side should give up a little?”

“We might make the proposition, you and I, to Congress and the King.”

“Don’t jest. I’m in earnest.”

“Then I’m afraid there’s no chance for a compromise, and there hasn’t been for four or five years. Either we go free or we do not. You English like to boast of your courage and tenacity, and we make the same boast of ourselves. It has to be fought out to the end, win or lose.”

“I am sorry.”

She spoke truthfully, as she looked her sadness, but the wind soon blew it away, bringing back the sparkle to her eyes and the rose-flush to

her cheeks. We stopped about noontime to rest, and Old Put made use of the opportunity to hunt for green grass, stopping at times to look benevolently at us and to indicate that his state of mind was content. We were both hungry, but we had nothing better to do than to watch Old Put nibble for his dinner, which he did very industriously until I called to him and told him it was time to start.

Julia again refused to mount the horse, and we strolled on together. I felt safe now, and, coming to a cabin whose owner had been bold enough to remain and guard his own, I offered to trade him the fine British coat I wore for any coat of his own, however old, provided it would hold together on my shoulders. He produced the garment and made the trade, by which he was a great gainer, and asked me no questions, differing therein from the country-people of the Northern regions through which I had campaigned so long. Moreover, he looked very curiously at the tall girl with me.

“You are American,” he said to me just before we started.

“Yes.”

“The lady looks English.”

“She is English.”

“It is very strange.”

“You are right. It is strange.”

Such were my thoughts as we walked away. The man, who seemed to live there alone, half hunter, half farmer, stood in his cabin-door and watched us until we passed out of sight.

I prevailed upon the girl to ride awhile, but after an hour on horseback she dismounted again, saying that she preferred to walk. About the middle of the afternoon we met a farmer who confirmed my belief that Morgan had passed on towards the Broad River, though he knew nothing of Tarleton. An hour later, as we were passing through thick woods, someone cried out to us to halt. I almost sprang up in my astonishment, and the girl uttered a little cry of fright, for neither of us supposed anyone to be near, having seen and heard nothing, and Old Put, I suppose, was tired or dreaming.

“Stop,” I said to Julia; “it may be friends.”

Two men on horseback came from a position among the dense trees. They were dressed in rough homespun gray, and looked like Americans, the two facts together inducing the belief that they were militia scouts of Morgan's.

"An American and his lady," said the foremost to me. "You are a soldier, are you not?"

"Yes," I replied.

"And on the way to Morgan too, I take it. Keep straight to the northwest, and you will overtake him. We are good patriots too."

"Thank you," I said. "Morgan seems to keep a sharp watch. I hope that we shall overtake him before nightfall."

He had ridden very close to me.

"I don't think it, my fine fellow," he said. "We will take good care of both you and the lady, for we are Tarleton's scouts, not Morgan's."

I saw then that the appearance and manner of the men had deceived me, but no thought of surrender to them entered my mind. I snatched at my pistol. The fellow, who was as wary as a

panther, saw the movement and drew his own weapon. We fired almost at the same time. I saw him reel in his saddle, but not fall, and I was conscious of a thrill of pain in my head, followed by a heavy, crushing sensation, as if I had been struck by a hammer. I staggered, falling to the ground upon my hands and knees. Consciousness left me entirely for a few minutes and then came back dimly, just enough for me to dream and to create events for myself.

In this dream I saw a girl with tawny gold hair and blue eyes raise a pistol and fire at the second rider, who had drawn a cavalry sabre. The man, shouting with pain, dropped his sabre, clapped his other hand to his shoulder, and galloped after his comrade, whose horse, frightened by the shots, was running away with him. Both disappeared in the wood, and the girl, who stood for a minute or two watching, the empty pistol in her hand, seemed to feel sure that they would not come back, for she rushed to the wounded man on the ground and raised his head in her arms.

I watched her with a curious interest, this blond girl who had been so bitter of speech and

yet so much the master of herself. The man had risen to his knees once, but had fallen back from weakness. His eyes closed almost, his face became very white, and there was blood on his hair. She raised his head and kissed his face, once, twice, and more, and begged him not to die. "Live! Live for yourself and for me, Philip, for I love you, my hero!" she said, and a great bay horse stood looking and listening. She flew to a little brook she saw flowing through the wood, and bringing water in her cap poured it upon the man's face, while the horse nodded approval. Then she washed the blood out of his hair and bound up the wound with something white. "No, Put, I will never leave him," she said, "I will never leave him, for he has saved me from death and worse, and I love him—I tell you I love him!" whereupon the great horse nodded his approval with extreme vigor.

I came to myself, and I was sorry that the dream was over. It had been pleasant, very pleasant, and I was willing to dream on. I had a headache, but when I put my hand to the spot which ached I knew that the wound was not

serious,—that it was nothing but a trifle. A bullet, clipping under the skin, had glanced along my skull and passed on, inflicting a slight concussion, like a heavy blow from a man’s fist, but that was all. I had seen many men who had suffered similar wounds in battle and were as good as ever the next day.

“You are not going to die, are you, Mr. Marcel?” tearfully asked the most modest and demure of blond English maidens, standing before me.

“My intentions are the precise opposite,” I replied. “I have so much to live for.”

It is curious how rapidly the feelings develop under the stress of great hardships and danger. The day and a half that I had been with her were equal to a year and a half of ordinary time.

“Would you bring me a little of that cool water to drink in your cap?” I asked. “I see that the cap is wet already, and it won’t hurt it.”

She brought the water, and I drank. It was as cold as ice and as refreshing as nectar as it ran down my throat. I have seen men lying on the

battlefield begging for water as if it were the one great gift of heaven to our kind.

I felt twice the man that I was a minute before. The girl was strangely quiet, even shy, and more than ever I believed it my chief duty to protect her.

“No, Julia,” I said; “this rebel against the King means to live. So far from dying, I haven’t had anything more than a knockdown which has left a sore spot on my head and a little ache inside it, but I can travel as well as ever. Here, Old Put is waiting for you. Get up and ride.”

But she declined with indignation.

“I will not do that,” she said. “You may be a rebel—in fact, I know you are—but you shall not walk while you are wounded. You must ride.”

As I was still a little dizzy I yielded at last, though I did not like to do it, and rode for a couple of hours. Then, feeling as strong as ever, I dismounted and made Julia take her turn on horseback. But at the end of an hour she too dismounted, and we walked on together as before, not talking much, but happy. The sun was

again retreating before the night, and the western skies were aflame. The light fell full upon the girl's face, and her beauty, splendid and glowing before, was tender and spiritual now.

“We shall be in Morgan's camp soon, Julia,” I said, “and I will have to resign my prisoner.”

“I shall consider myself your prisoner until I am retaken by the English,” she said.

I did not reply, but I was willing to accept my responsibilities.

Old Put, who was walking slowly behind us, after his custom, raised his head and neighed. It was not a whinny, but a loud, sonorous neigh that could be heard afar. It was full of meaning too. And a quarter of a mile ahead of us on one of the open ridges I saw the cause—a troop of a dozen horsemen riding towards us at a half-gallop. Old Put neighed again, long and loud.

“Ought we not to escape into the wood?” exclaimed Julia in alarm. “There is time yet. Those troopers may be English.”

She did not seem to notice the strangeness of a suggestion from her that she hide from the

English, but I was confident.

“They are not English,” I said. “They are Americans. Old Put knows his friends. Trust him.”

In truth, the horse uttered his loud and joyous neigh a third time, and I had not the slightest apprehension, for it was impossible to deceive Old Put when he was wide awake.

The horsemen saw us and quickened their pace to a gallop. As they approached I could recognize the Continental buff and blue, and, telling Julia that it was all right, we walked gravely on to meet them. Old Put, his demonstrations of joy made, followed after with equal sobriety.

They were dashing riders, those men, and their curiosity must have been aroused by the sight of the girl, for they came on at the long, swinging gallop of the good cavalryman, and quickly enclosed us.

“Good-evening, Colonel,” I said to the leader, saluting. “I am happy to see you again and to join your command.”

It was Colonel William Washington, the distant

cousin of our great Commander-in-Chief, one of the finest cavalry commanders of our time, a fine, open-faced man of about thirty.

“Why, Marcel—Phil Marcel!” he cried in surprise, “is it you?”

“Yes, it is I, Colonel.”

“And the lady?”

“The lady is my prisoner, Colonel, an English spy!”

“Did she give you that wound on your head?”

“I said a lady, Colonel.”

Every hat came off, and there was admiration as well as respect in the bow that each trooper made.

“The lady carried the news of our most important movements,” I said, “and I was compelled to hold her a prisoner.”

“You have done well, Mr. Marcel,” said my Colonel.

I thought so too. Perhaps I had done better than I thought.

“Now that I have brought the prisoner in,” I said, “I will have to resign her into your hands, Colonel.”

“It will be but for a brief space, as the camp of Morgan is only three miles back. There are some American women there who will take care of her.”

“But I wish to remind you of one thing, Colonel.”

“What is that?”

“A lady cannot be shot or hanged as a spy, even though she be a spy.”

He laughed the hearty laugh that I like to hear from a man. “Have no fear,” he said. “We are Americans.” Then he laughed again that deep, resonant laugh which I like. “I will send two men back with you and the prisoner, but I am on a scout to find Tarleton and ascertain when he is likely to attack us.” “Do we mean to make a stand?” I asked. For the third time he laughed. “Why, boy,” he said, “you don’t expect Morgan, who, with Arnold, was the hero of Saratoga, to run away, do you? He only wanted a little time to

drill his men and get his grip on them, and now he's ready to welcome Tarleton to the fray."

"Then you will have Tarleton by morning," I said, and I explained all that I had heard or learned otherwise in my flight with the prisoner, to which he listened with an interest that indicated its importance and made me feel mine.

"Good! Good, Marcel!" he exclaimed more than once. "This is precisely what we wanted to know. And so Mr. Tarleton is hot on our heels and will attack in the morning? Well, Philip Marcel, I think you will see to-morrow as pretty a little battle as was ever fought on this continent, and neither Colonel Tarleton nor I nor any other can tell yet what the result will be."

Julia was standing by me, and her old spirit suddenly flamed up.

"I can," she said, "and I only hope that instead of falling in the battle you will be taken a prisoner, for to-morrow night your army will not exist."

"Miss Howard," said Colonel Washington, bowing—I had given her name—"we have more

admiration for the ladies than confidence in their military predictions.”



10 In Morgan's Camp

Then we proceeded to the encampment, and Colonel Washington himself went with us, his plans being changed by my news. My head was buzzing with excitement. We were going to fight Tarleton at last, though with all the odds against us, numbers, discipline, and arms, while Tarleton himself had won his reputation as the ablest and most successful cavalry commander in the British service. We might again experience the disgrace and disaster of Camden, but Morgan was no Gates, and perhaps, on the other hand, we might equal the exploit of the wild borderers at King's Mountain, though it was a little too much to hope for that. But still we would fight, and to a young man it always seems better to fight than to run.

“Old comrade,” I said to my horse, “we meet the enemy to-morrow!”

He nodded joyously and then looked gravely at the bandage around my head.

“It is nothing,” I said. “I will take it off to-night. My head is well.”

He nodded again, as if all his troubles were over.

The wife of Captain Dunn, of the South Carolina militia, was in the camp, a lady whom I knew, my distant kinswoman, and Julia was given into her charge.

“Take good care of her, Cousin Anna,” I said. “Remember that she is my prisoner.”

“Your prisoner, is she?” she replied enigmatically. “But remember, Philip, that the captor often becomes the captive.”

“Cousin Anna,” I said indignantly, “I hope you are not going to preach our defeat by Tarleton on the very eve of battle. It will have a discouraging effect.”

“I said nothing about the battle. Go and attend to your work, Philip. I will take care of the girl.”

To Julia I said:

“We fight to-morrow, and I may not see you again.”

Then I bent down and kissed her lips.

She replied very simply and earnestly:

“May you live through it, Philip!”

Cousin Anna’s back was to us, and she did not see or hear.

I turned away and began to examine the camp and this field, destined to be the scene of a memorable battle which was itself the opening of one of the greatest, most skilful, and successful campaigns ever conducted on the soil of our continent.

We were on a long slope, consisting of several hills rising above each other like the seats of an amphitheatre, though at a much greater elevation, as the slope was so slight that it offered no impediment to the gallop of a horse. The men were gathering up fence-rails, which they were using for the camp-fires, and I noticed many old tracks of the feet of animals. To my question one of the men said:

“We are going to fight where the cows pastured. Don’t you know that this army is camped on the cow-pens of a very worthy man

named Hannah? And these rails are the last that are left of his pens.”

Behind us flowed the wide, deep, and unfordable Broad River, retreat thus being cut off in case of defeat. I asked the meaning of this strange military maneuver, which meant either victory or destruction, and again the explanation was ready:

“More than half of our men are militia, and you can never tell whether militia will run like rabbits or fight like devils. All early signs fail, and General Morgan says it’s cheaper to have the river behind us and make ’em fight than to station regulars in the rear to shoot down the cowards.”

Presently I saw General Morgan himself passing among the men and preparing for the expected attack in the morning.. This was one of our real heroes, a fighter and leader and no politician, a man whom the great Washington esteemed and loved to reward. I had seen him at Saratoga and elsewhere, and his figure as well as his name always drew attention. Over six feet high and built in proportion, with a weight of two hundred pounds, and a large, fine, open face, he

was a type of the true American, the best of all men in mind and body.

There was plenty of provender in the camp, and I gave Old Put the first solid meal that had come to him in several days. I wanted him to be in good trim for the morrow, for he and I were to take our proper place with Washington's cavalry, to which we belonged, only a handful of men, but able and true and capable of doing great things in the nick of time. There had been some question about the bandage on my head, which I wore as a precaution against taking cold in the scalp-wound, but I showed that it was only a trifle, and Colonel Washington rightfully remarked that such a slight wound would only increase a man's efficiency on the battle-field. Then he presented me with a fine sabre, which I needed badly, and told me to lie down on the ground and go to sleep; but I could not sleep just then, and with the freedom of our colonial armies I roamed about the encampment.

The camp-fires flared up in the cold January darkness. The men sat around them, talking and playing with old greasy cards or singing the

songs of the hills and the woods. Some of the soldiers were asleep on their blankets or the bare ground, for we were always a ragged and unhoused army at the best, and only a few of the officers had tents.

A sharp breeze came across the river, and the flames bent to it, their light flickering over wild, brown faces that knew only the open air, wind, rain, hail, or whatever came. Most of them still carried curved and carved powder-horns and bullet-pouches, inseparable companions, over their shoulders, and long, slender-barrelled rifles, so unlike the British muskets, lay at their sides.

Smoke rose from the fires and blew in the faces of the men, deepening the brown and giving them another shade of the Indian. A curse mingled now and then with the singing and the talk of the card-players, and from the borders of the camp came the stamp of the horses and an occasional neigh. In the darkness, half-lighted by the reeling fires, the camp became a camp of wild men, whose faces the wavering light moulded into whatever grotesque images it chose.

We were but a little army, only nine hundred

strong, but many of us had come great distances and from places wide apart. An arc of a thousand miles would scarce cover all our homes. There were the militia, South Carolinians and Georgians, raw troops, whom one can never trust; then the little remnant of the brigade that De Kalb had led on the fatal day of Camden, splendid soldiers whose line the whole British army could not break, the survivors now eager to avenge the disgrace their brethren suffered on that day; then the stanch Virginia troops, that we knew would never fail, and near them our two or three score of cavalrymen under Washington—a little army, I say again, but led by such leaders as Morgan, Washington, Howard, and Pickens! Down the slopes the sentinels were on watch, but there was no fear of a surprise, for the scouts were just bringing in word that Tarleton could not come before daylight, and then, owing to the slope and the open ground, his approach would be seen for a great distance.

The new men talked the most, some about the coming battle, eagerly, volubly, others about things the farthest from it, but in the same eager,

voluble, unreal tone. The veterans were silent mostly, and already with the calm and hardihood of long usage were seeking the rest and sleep which they knew they would need. A tall, thin man, with a wild face, whom I took to be one of the preachers at the great revival meetings so common on the border, rose in the midst of the camp and began to speak. Some listened, and some went on with the talking and card-playing. I could hear the rustle of the pasteboard as the cards were shuffled. He was a fighting preacher, for he exhorted them to strike with all their strength in the coming battle, and if they must die, to die like Christian heroes. He prayed to God for the success of our arms, then stepped from the stump on which he stood and disappeared from my sight. He fought in the front line of the South Carolina militia the next day.

I sought my own place in our troop and lay down upon one half of my blanket, with the other half above me. Old Put gnawed at some fodder by my side.

“Wake me up in the morning when you see the first red gleam of the British coats, old comrade,”

I said, and, knowing that he would do it, I closed my eyes.

But sleep would not come just yet, and I opened my eyes again to see that the fires were sinking and the darkness was coming down nearer to the earth. Half the men were asleep already; the others were quiet, seeking slumber, and the steady breathing of nearly a thousand men in a close space made a strange, whistling noise like that of the wind. A flaring blaze would throw a streak of light across a sleeping soldier, showing only a head or a leg or an arm, as if the man had been disjointed. I would hear the faint rattle of a sentry's fire-lock and the heavy hoof of a horse as he crowded his comrades for room. An officer in dingy uniform would stalk across the field to see that everything was right, and over us all the wind moaned and the darkness gathered close up to the edge of the dying fires. Weakness overpowered my excited brain and nerves, and I slept.



11 The Battle

I was awakened in the morning by the shoving of Old Put's cold nose, which said as plain as speech, "Rise, my master, and prepare for the enemy." Most of the other men were up, and the camp cooks had breakfast ready, bread, meat, and coffee. I threw off my blanket and began to eat with the others.

It was the misty region between night and day. The scouts told us that the British would soon be at hand, and by the time the breakfast had been despatched the rim of the sun appeared in the east, and the day was coming. Then the General formed the line of battle, and each of us took his appointed place.

On the first rise of the slope stood the South Carolina and Georgia militia, the raw troops, in a line about a sixth of a mile long, under the command of the iron-nerved Pickens. They were expected to give way before the charge of the

enemy, but Pickens was ordered to hold them in line until they could deliver at least two volleys with the precision in firing which all these farmer boys possessed. Then they were to retire behind the veteran regulars under Howard, who were on the second slope, one hundred and fifty yards in their rear. An equal distance behind the second rise sat we cavalymen on our horses, commanded to pull on our reins and wait the moment upon which the fate of the combat should turn.

Thus stood our little army, expecting the rush of the battle which, as I have said, was to be one of the most important and decisive of our war. I stroked Old Put's neck and bade him be cool, but he was as calm as I and needed no such encouragement. The man on my left, Bob Chester, a Pennsylvanian, suddenly whispered:

“Don't you hear that faint rumbling noise, Phil? That's the hoof-beats of cavalry.”

“Silence there!” called the Colonel.

No one spoke again; but, bending my ear forward, I could hear the far drum of the horses'

hoofs, and I knew that the English army was coming. Old Put raised his head and snuffed the air. A red gleam appeared upon the horizon and broadened rapidly. A thrill and a deep murmur ran the length and breadth of our army.

“Oh, if those militiamen will only stand until the General bids them retire!” groaned the Colonel.

That he believed they would not I knew, since it is a hard thing for new men to stand the rush of a seasoned army superior in numbers and equipment.

The sun was just swinging clear of the earth, and betokened a brilliant morning, yet it was cold with the raw damp that often creeps into a South Carolina winter, and I for one wished that the men could see a little more of the day and loosen their muscles a little better before they fought.

The whole British army now appeared in the plain, cavalry, infantry, and field-pieces, in a great red square. I could plainly see the officers giving their orders, and I knew that the attack would come in a few minutes.

“Eleven hundred of them and no raw troops,” said Colonel Washington. “We know that exactly from our scouts. I think our cavalry will have something to do to-day.”

One officer, in the gayest of uniforms, I took to be the barbarian Tarleton, the British leader whom we hated most of all, for, with all his soldierly qualities, he was a barbarian, as most of his brother British officers themselves say.

I wanted to see the faces of those farmer boys down there on the slope who were to receive the first and fiercest rush of the enemy and to check it. I knew that many of them were white to the eyes, but their backs were towards me, and I could not see.

“They don’t appear to move,” whispered Chester. “Their line looks as firm as if it were made of iron.”

“Like untempered iron, I guess,” I replied — “break like glass at the first shot.”

A bugle sounded in the front of the British squares, and its notes, loud and mellow, came to us, but from our ranks rose only the heavy

breathing and the shuffling of men and horses.

The trumpet-call was followed by a cheer from more than a thousand throats, and then the British rushed upon us. The brass field-pieces on their flanks opened with the thunder that betokens the artillery, and mingled with their roar were the rattle of the small arms, the throb of the drums, and the clamorous hoof-beats of their numerous cavalry.

The face of their red line blazed with fire, their red uniforms glowing through it like a bloody gleam, while the polished bayonets shone in front.

“They are firing too soon and coming too fast,” said Colonel Washington. “By God! look at those militiamen! They are standing like the Massachusetts farmers at Bunker Hill!”

It was so. The raw line of plough-boys never wavered. It bent nowhere, and was still as straight and strong as an iron bar. The plough-boys knelt down, and, as the British cheer rose and the red line flaming in front swept nearer, up went the long-barrelled border rifles. I fancied that I could

hear Pickens's command to fire, but I did not, and then all the rifles in a line a sixth of a mile long were fired so close together that the discharge was like the explosion of the greatest cannon in all the world.

The smoke rose in a thick black cloud, which a moment later floated a dozen feet above the earth and revealed the British squares shattered and stopped, the ground in front of them red with the fallen, the officers shouting and reforming their lines, while our own plough-lads, still as firm as the bills, were reloading their rifles with swift and steady hands.

We cavalymen raised a great shout of approval, which the regulars on the rise in front of us took up and repeated. A second volley was all that we had asked from the militiamen, and it was sure now. Even as our cheer was echoing it was delivered with all the coolness and deadly precision of the first. Again the British squares reeled and stopped, but they were veterans, led by the fiery Tarleton, and they came on a third time, only to meet the third of those deadly volleys, which swept down their front lines and blocked

the way with their own dead and dying.

“The battle is won already,” shouted Colonel Washington, “and it’s the farmer boys of South Carolina and Georgia who have won it!”

Never did veteran troops show more gallantry and tenacity than those same farmer boys on that day. Two volleys were all that were asked of them, yet not merely once or twice, but many times, they poured in their deadly fire at close range, again and again hurling back the British veterans, who doubled them in number and were supported by artillery and many cavalry, while we old soldiers in the two lines behind stood silent, not a gun or a sabre raised, and watched their valor.

They retired at last, not broken, but in perfect order, and at the command of Pickens, that we who stood behind them might have the chance to do our part of the day’s work.

The smoke hung low in clouds and half hid both armies, British and American. A brilliant sun above pierced through it in places and gleamed on clumps of men, some fallen, some

still fighting. Shrieks and groans strove for a place with the curses and shouts.

Again rose the British cheer from the throats of all those who stood, for, the militiamen retiring before them, they thought it was a battle won, and they charged with fresh courage and vigor, pouring forward in a red avalanche. But the regulars, the steady old Continentals, who now confronted them, received them with another volley, and more infantrymen fell down in the withered grass, more riderless horses galloped away.

The battle rolled a step nearer to us, but we cavalymen, who formed the third line, were still silent and sat with tight reins, while directly in our front rose a huge bank of flame and smoke in which friend and enemy struggled and fought. Even Old Put, with his iron nerves, fretted and pulled on the reins.

The long line of the British overlapped the Continentals, whom they outnumbered three to one, and the General, whose gigantic figure I could see through the haze of smoke, ordered them to retreat lest they should be flanked.

Again the British cheer boomed out when they saw the regulars giving ground, for now they were sure that victory was theirs, though more hardly won than they had thought. But the retreat of the regulars was only a feint, and to give time for the militiamen behind them to come again into action. General Morgan galloped towards us, waving his sword to Washington, and every one of us knew that our moment had come.

“Forward!” was the single command of our leader, and the reins and the sabres swung free as we swept in a semicircle around the line of our friends and then at the enemy. At the same moment the regulars, ceasing to yield, charged the astonished foe and poured in a volley at close range, while the militiamen threw themselves in a solid mass upon the British flank.

We of the cavalry were but eighty strong, with fifty more mounted volunteers behind us under Major McCall, but we were a compact body of strong horses and strong horsemen, with shortened rifles and flashing sabres, and we were driven straight at the heart of the enemy like the cold edge of a chisel.

We slashed into the British, already reeling from the shock of the Continentals and the militiamen, and they crumpled up before us like dry paper before a fire. Our rifles were emptied, and the sabres were doing the silent but more deadly work. Amid all the wild din of the shouting and the musketry and the blur of the smoke and the flame I knew little that I was doing except hack, hack, and I was glad of it. I could hear steel gritting on bone, and the smell of leather and smoke and blood arose, but the smoke was still in my eyes, and I could only see enough to strike and keep on striking. We horsemen, one hundred and thirty strong, were still a solid, compact body, a long gleaming line like a sword-blade thrust through the marrow of the enemy. We cut our way directly to the heart of the English army, and their broken squares were falling asunder as our line of steel lashed and tore. The red army reeled about over the slope like a man who has lost power over his limbs. I struck at a trooper on my left, but he disappeared, and a second trooper on my right raised his sabre to cut me down. I had no time to fend off the blow, and in one swift instant I expected to take

my place with the fallen, but a long, muscular brown neck shot out, two rows of powerful white teeth inclosed the man's sword-arm, and he screamed aloud in pain and fright.

“Do you surrender?” I cried.

“Yes, yes, for God's sake, take him off!” he shouted. “I can fight a man, but not a man and a wild devil of a horse at the same time!”

“Let him go,” I said to Old Put, and, the horse unclasping his teeth, the man gave up his sword.

The smoke was lifting and clearing away somewhat, and the fire of the rifles declined from a steady crackle to jets and spurts. A dozen of the militiamen seized one of the brass field-pieces of the British, and Howard's Continentals already held the other. Everywhere cries of “I surrender! I surrender! Quarter! quarter!” arose from the British horse and foot, who were throwing down their arms to receive from us that quarter which we willingly gave, but which the bloody Tarleton had so often denied to our men.

I could scarce believe what I saw. The whole British army seemed to be killed, wounded, or

taken. The muskets and bayonets, the swords and pistols, rattled as they threw them upon the ground. Whole companies surrendered bodily. An officer, his gay uniform splashed with mud and blood, dashed past me, lashing his horse at every jump. It was Tarleton himself, and behind him came Washington, pursuing with all his vigor and lunging at the fleeing English leader with a bayonet fastened at a rifle's end. He returned after awhile without Tarleton, but there was blood on his bayonet. Tarleton, though wounded in the shoulder, escaped through the superior speed of his horse, to be taken with Cornwallis and the others at Yorktown.

The General raised his sword and cried to us to stop firing and striking, for the field was won and the battle over, and he spoke truly. Far away showed the red backs of some of the English fleeing at the full speed of their horses, but they were only a few, and almost their entire army lay upon the field, dead and wounded, or stood there our prisoners. The defeat that so many of us feared had proved to be the most brilliant little victory in our history, a masterpiece of tactics and

valor, the decisive beginning of the great campaign which won us back the Southern colonies, one of the costliest of all her battles to England. I have told you how it was, just as the histories, both English and American, tell it to you. All honor and glory to the gallant plough-boys of South Carolina and Georgia, who received the first shock of the British army and broke it so bravely! Of the eleven hundred British veterans who attacked us only two hundred escaped from the field, and we took all their cannon, baggage, ammunition, and small arms, even of those who escaped, for they threw them away in their flight. The killed, wounded, and taken just equalled the numbers of our entire army, and we had only twelve men dead.



12 Looking Ahead

I returned towards the Broad River, where, under the lee of a little hill, a tent had held six or seven friendly women. Julia came out, her face still pale, for she had heard all the crash and tumult of the battle.

“It is over, Julia,” I said,—I had hid my bloody sword,—“and the British army no longer exists.”

“And the victory is yours! Yesterday I thought it impossible.”

“Your countrymen make the same mistake over and over again, but they pay the price.”

We walked towards the field, and we met some men bringing in a gray-haired prisoner, a tall, fine-looking officer. Julia, crying aloud in her joy, ran forward and embraced him. He returned the embrace again and again with the greatest tenderness.

“Father,” said Julia, “we are now prisoners

together.”

I watched them for a few minutes, and then I stepped forward and said:

“Good-morning, Major Howard.”

He stared at me in the icy way of the Englishman who has been addressed by a stranger.

“I do not know you, sir,” he said.

“My name is Philip Marcel, and I am your future son-in-law.”

He was now unable to speak.

“It is true, sir,” I said. “Ask your daughter.”

He looked at her. She smiled and reddened.

Old Put was standing by, and he nodded his head in approval. He had liked her from the first.

“Your daughter is to be my wife,” I continued with emphasis, “and you are to live with us and like us.”

These were resounding boasts for a young soldier to make, but they all came true after Yorktown.

