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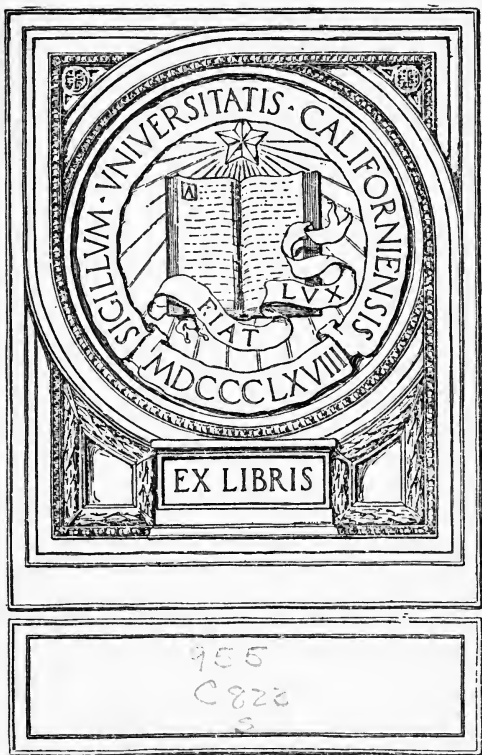
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*The*  
*SCARLET COAT*

*A TALE OF THE*  
*Stays of Yorktown*

*by*  
*Mr. CLINTON ROSS*

*NEW YORK*  
*Stone & Kimball*  
*1846*











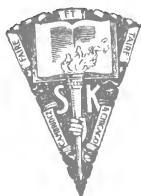
# THE SCARLET COAT





THE SCARLET COAT

BY  
CLINTON ROSS



NEW YORK  
STONE & KIMBALL

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THE  
AMERICAN

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TO

GEORGE COCHRANE BROOME.

MY DEAR BROOME, — Before this tale of York Town I put your name — that too of my own county in New York — which commemorates the Revolutionary service of Lieutenant-Colonel Broome, — the honorable name of a line of American gentlemen, soldiers, and sailors.

Yet more to me is the memory of the careless days, when together we rode the long miles of the hill country.

At New York,  
March 17th, 1896.

438713



*THE* wind roared in the chimney, sending a gusty flame from flickering log over the tawny collies by the hearth,—while the Host told again a tale of *The Rivals*; not an heroic figure altogether,—this Captain of *Armand's Horse*; nay, rather a bit of ordinary human passion,—not pitched to the high notes,—against the background of the great, passionate siege.

“Yet,” said the Host, “he was the greatest of our family. Only when blinded by his passion for the charming mistress of *Fervon House* did he act inefficiently. His rivalry with *Fairmount* is indeed the darkest of his long, honorable history. I wish he were a figure more heroic; but I only can tell you of him as he was. And it brings him before me to sit here, as he sat a century since, with collies of the same strain as *Fem* and *Beth* there before the fire. When the wind growls

*as it does to-night, he seems to come out of the past ; and his two escapes from Colonel Tarleton appear no longer improbable. Yet he moves perhaps a rather pale figure against the lurid background of great events. The life of my great-grandsire then seems only a thread of continuity on which is hung the main tale — the national tale — worthy an epic.”*

*“ My dear fellow,” I said, “ you are too declamatory. Now let us judge of the story.”*

*When without more urgency, as he was vain with his subject, the present master of Jervon House began the tale of The Scarlet Coat, which indeed might be put better, A Tale of York Town.*

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## Chapter I.

How Lord Cornwallis wrote Sir Henry Clinton relative to the Marquis de la Fayette, "The Boy can't escape me;" and how Captain Kenneth lost his road when on his way to ask further reinforcements from Governor Jefferson.

**T**O make all worse the mare fell lame. But in the darkness, densened by the rain, neither Finch nor his master could tell the reason. The poor brute only set up a dismal neighing, and Kenneth swore a little.

"I dunno, sar, how much farther she can go. Had n't you better, Marse John, ride mine, and let me lead the lady?"

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"Poor girl," said Kenneth, softly, "she 's had a deal of hard work lately."

"It was hard when we was runnin' with the Marquis," said Finch, fumbling for flint and steel, and up to his ankles in the mud. The light fell in a little circle about, and just then was a flash against low, dull clouds, followed by a rumble as if all the artillery were now above.

"It 's bad, sar," said Finch at last.

"Oh, the devil," said Kenneth. "It only adds to the rest of the bad luck. Come, Finch, we 'll rest 'em both a bit by walking."

"Look out for holes," said Finch, as he stumbled into one.

You can imagine what Virginian roads were in June, 1781, by riding over them even in June, 1896. The commandant of Armand's remnant of horse (now that Armand, Marquis de la Ronairie, was with General Gates in Carolina) found himself swearing again. It was not Kenneth's way to swear; but to all their other

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troubles were added these of the limping mare, and the uncertainty of the road. If this had been one of the counties along the Potomac, Kenneth could have corrected it easily, for he often said that those roads he could follow blind-folded. He had been bred in Prince William, excepting for the three years in England, and six months in Westchester when the manor had fallen to him. Westchester was become the bloody, neutral ground of the Revolution, and Kenneth had left his acres there practically abandoned. He had been in the fight from the first, from Canada to Camden town; and now he was only Captain; although he had done much that was brave, and clever, Kenneth was not the man to push himself. The chance had been always too early or too late. And he was waiting it, a man of thirty-five, now commandant of the sixty remaining of Armand's horse with the little Marquis' fleeing army in Virginia. Of all the French gentlemen who came to

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fight with us Colonel Armand, too, had received the least recognition, and, yet, none did better service, as Lieutenant Colonel Henry Lee himself has attested. Why should Kenneth care when better men than he had no better recognition.

Kenneth thought of this as he and Finch struggled through the mud in the thunder-storm of that June night. Once he felt in his pocket to see if the letter from the little Marquis were safe. It was rather a useless mission at the best he thought, but it was his order to carry it out; to make it more imperative by his vivid description of the army's need. Governor Jefferson must raise more militia, the "little" General had written. He was doing his best, but what could he when outnumbered three to one? The General-in-Chief expected him to protect Virginia. That was patently absurd when all his wit was needful to keep Lord Cornwallis from catching his army of defence, like a rat cornered at a baiting. The

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General knew that Governor Jefferson had done much, but he must do more. The appeal to the General-in-Chief in New York had been fruitless, for His Excellency had answered that he only could spare General Anthony Wayne and eight hundred of the Pennsylvania line. The Marquis de la Fayette continued that he had not heard a word from General Wayne, while Lord Cornwallis was at his heels; and Baron Steuben with his small force was guarding the stores at The Fork. Governor Jefferson must raise men. Captain Kenneth would tell the Marquis' dire strait in greater detail.

Yes, the Captain could, and his own, too, now as he stumbled along that muddy way by the little mare that he loved, and that had borne him in many a good fight. Kenneth could tell of inefficiency, of frightened Virginia militia; but of the little Marquis now only good. At first sharing the common opinion that the Chief had made a lamentable mistake in sending this

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boy to command in Virginia, he lately had decided that the "boy's" tactics in conducting the retreat before the overwhelming force could not have been better. Kenneth had ended by thinking of him no longer as "the boy" but as "the general"; and had resented that intercepted dispatch of the one masterly British General, Earl Cornwallis, which had read, "The boy shall not escape me."

But could he? Was n't it all over?

Such a night as this, stumbling with a disabled horse over an unknown road and added to all utter physical weariness, was enough to make the most hopeful dismal. The Army of the South had been outmanœuvred and defeated. Virginia was at the conqueror's mercy. An invasion was threatened from Canada. There was no money to pay the ragged, worn-out soldiers. The people were tired of war. The king of England's navy seemed to be keeping his French Majesty's navy busied in the West Indies, even if Monsieur de



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Rochambeau was in Connecticut with some few vessels around Newport.

“The jig is up,” said the Captain of Armand’s to himself. He felt as if this particular expedition were up, this useless mission to Governor Jefferson (for what indeed could the Governor do more than he was?); at least his, Kenneth’s part of the dance was up. He could go no farther, positively not another step; tired, drenched, hungry. Finch’s voice interrupted with “A light.”

A light this certainly was from a point apparently back from the road, toward which they now turned. Kenneth did not care. He would take any risk for food and rest. Finch and he and the horses groped their way toward a building, half hidden by trees, but which the frequent flashes showed to be a dwelling of some consequence. But no one questioned their approach, nor was there at once a response to the loud summons Kenneth made with the knocker. while his servant waited

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shivering, and yet with a black's confidence in his master to do all things. The single light gleamed from a shuttered window. At last were steps behind the door, and a voice, a woman's.

“Who are you?”

“A traveller who has lost his way.”

“I can't admit you.”

“I'll break in, then,” Kenneth began angrily. “You would n't leave a dog out in such a storm!”

“I don't dare, sir,” came the voice more timidly.

“Are you alone?”

“Perhaps.”

He noted that it was a well-toned voice.

“Well!” he began, “what shall I do?”

For answer he thought he heard whispers. He could not be sure. Possibly it was only the wind and rain. No, he was sure. The woman was not alone. His mare whinneyed, angering him; and again he sounded the knocker, and emphasized his demand with his fists on the oaken panel.

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“Wait! can’t you?” came the same voice, impatiently; “you can’t expect me to admit you in a moment, in these times.”

“I have waited,” he added unreasonably.

For answer bolts were drawn; a chain rattled; the door oped; and candle light flickering in the sudden gust, showed him a long Virginian hall, of a house of more than ordinary consequence, he saw at once. But he chiefly noted the person standing there questioning with her eyes.

She was not more than twenty; a full face; with an exquisite mouth, now firm enough, and yet that might pout, or laugh; the most irresistible mouth, Kenneth decided, there at the door. The eyes were darkish blue or black. The brow, low and broad, was framed by the reddish blond hair disarranged as if by the hat having been taken off hastily. In one hand she held a riding whip; and the rounded figure was shown by the folds of a dark green habit, mud-spattered,

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as if she had not been long from her horse.

She, on her part, saw a tall man ; dark eyes and thin, close lips, being the features of this swarthy Kenneth of Prince William. Every Kenneth for generations had the broad shoulders, muscular body, dark eyes, and firm mouth, with that singular look quite inconsistent with all this masculine force ; something almost womanish despite the firmness. If in the old days Kenneth had been careful about his dress, hard service left that sometimes impossible, and now out of the rain he thought of this because she seemed charming.

“I have lost my way,” he began.

“I really am sorry, but what can I do ?”

He stared a moment.

“I might ask the favor of your roof,” he said bluntly.

“I am alone, I regret —”

A voice interrupted, and there entered a man, tall, slender, fair as the girl,

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in a scarlet coat. Kenneth knew exactly to which regiment the color belonged. Involuntarily his own hand went to his pistols. The other came forward courteously.

“You must excuse us in these times, sir. But of course we would not turn any one away in such a storm. Jock.”

A little black appeared.

“Get a lantern and show the gentleman’s servant the stable.”

Now it was Kenneth’s turn to be on his manners; and while he expressed his obligation he wondered at the fright the girl’s face suddenly expressed. She was staring at the young officer as if she feared for his safety. They went into the room whence the man in the scarlet coat had appeared. The young man seemed to read his query.

“Yes,” said he, motioning the visitor to a chair. “I’ll not hide the matter. I’m Captain Richard Jervon of Burgoyne’s; from the contingent at Charlotte.”

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“How can you?” began the girl, reproachfully.

But Kenneth understood. General Burgoyne’s captured army was encamped at Charlottesville. The question had been since Lord Cornwallis’ entry into Virginia whether they might not forget themselves, and rise. And why was this Captain Jervon so far from Charlottesville? And why had they been fearful at his knock? Was Captain Jervon on his way to Lord Cornwallis? And how did he chance to be in that coat, the livery of active service?

Yet Kenneth tried not to show his interest too strongly; not to forget he was enjoying their hospitality. He was startled by the girl’s voice; and noting how nearly like the two, he decided they were brother and sister.

“Virginians are not usually so chary of their hospitality,” she began with a little smile, so evidently forced, of apologetic courtesy.

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“I see you are Virginians,” said Kenneth. “I understand, too, how the disorder has made great care needful. I think you are very good to me.”

“And then we are alone here,” went on Jervon; “while the house is only lodging for the night. It belongs to Fairmount, of whom you know.”

“Ah, Fairmount of neither side,” Kenneth said.

“Not as we are. We of the Jervons naturally stand by the king. I was in the army before the trouble —”

“I understand,” said Kenneth, simply. “My brother was for the King.”

“Your brother, sir?”

“Was killed at Monmouth, Captain Jervon.”

“Oh, I beg your pardon,” the other cried. “I understand how you feel, sir. I have been out of it; a prisoner up there so long; I only have been exchanged —”

“And you are on your way to join Lord Cornwallis?” Kenneth began.

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Jervon looked at him questioningly for a moment.

“Yes,” said he.

“Dick,” interrupted the girl here, “you always talk too much.”

She looked at Kenneth with such evident suspicion and dislike that he was chagrined. Wet as he was, weary, mud-spattered, he remembered again how poor an appearance he made, — remembered, too, how he had heard of these Jervons, represented now by him of Jervon House and a boy and girl, who had been bred in England. He understood how the girl might be here to meet her brother from Charlottesville. But why should they be suspicious of him? as an American officer? Was it possible that Jervon was on his way to convey information of an uprising among the prisoners at Charlottesville? He remembered that Governor Jefferson had feared this, and now, thinking of these possibilities, Kenneth returned the young lady's look with interest. In the stronger



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light of this room he saw she indeed was undeniably pretty. He noticed the exquisite coloring of her hair which seemed to send back a glint to the sparks on the hearth. For, although a June night, a log was there with the chairs drawn up, showing where the brother and sister had been talking. Ancestral Fairmounts looked down on the three. Yet, if his sister showed fear, Captain Jervon was nonchalant.

“Pray be seated,” he said again. “You must be hungry. The house, although almost deserted, still has a cook.”

“You are very good,” Kenneth began again. “I should explain, I’m John Kenneth, commandant of the remnant of the Marquis de la Ronarie’s horse.”

“You are from the Marquis de la Fayette?” Jervon asked.

“Yes.”

“On your way to Charlottesville?”

“I did not say that,” Kenneth interrupted calmly, “but I should like to know what road I am on.”

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“The Charlottesville road. I thought you might be on your way to the Governor.”

Kenneth did not answer. The girl's suspicious eyes began to irritate him.

“I beg your pardon for my curiosity,” Captain Jervon said at this point. “You will understand how suspicious we are of everybody now-a-days.”

“We are forced to be,” acknowledged Kenneth, laconically.

“We would better arrange for Captain Kenneth's dinner, Charlotte.”

“Ah, yes, Captain Kenneth, I trust you will allow us that pleasure.”

“I am sorry to trouble you so much,” Kenneth said, looking at her with renewed interest, and wondering at the habit with evidence of miles of the road.

“Oh, it's no trouble,” she began, and paused.

The storm still was keeping its uproar, but through it all another sound was evidenced. They listened, each with dif-

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ferent degrees of interest. Now it was that the young lady began to smile, and that Kenneth's hand went to his sword.

“Dick,” said the girl, “he is here.”

“Who?” asked Kenneth.

But if the noises of the storm had hidden their approach, he now could have no doubt but that many horsemen were before the house; that some even now were dismounted at the door. He looked about anxiously when he was sure of this, seeking a chance. Yet he might not wish it.

The hall-door slammed. It had been left unbolted then. A short thick-set man, swarthy, with penetrating black eyes, was on the threshold.

“You are here, then?”

“Yes,” said Captain Jervon, “luckily we reached here.”

But Charlotte Jervon interrupted. Her voice was low, and eager; her eyes flashed nervously; and she looked defiantly at Kenneth.

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“You are in time, Colonel Tarleton, to get a messenger from the Marquis de la Fayette to Governor Jefferson.”

Kenneth stepped forward.

“Thanks for your hospitality which has brought me again into Colonel Banastre Tarleton’s hands. I did not know you were so far up country, Colonel.”

“Gad, — you are that fellow, Kenneth,” said Tarleton.

“Well, I can’t deny it.”

“I suppose, as you are my prisoner again, that I shall have to ask for your papers. You see we are so far, Mr. Kenneth, because we have good horses.”

“Taken from Virginian stables.”

“Rebels’ stable,” said Banastre Tarleton, smiling.

Jervon interrupted.

“I hope you do not think we expected Colonel Tarleton so soon, Captain Kenneth. I should be the last person in the world to use hospitality as a cloak for treachery.”

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“You plainly have forgotten, Captain Jervon, that you are one of Burgoyne’s captured officers on parole at Charlottesville,” said Kenneth, quietly.

“You lie, sir,” cried Jervon. “I was exchanged yesterday as I told you. If I am here by appointment to meet Colonel Tarleton it’s all fair enough.”

Charlotte Jervon turned from the hearth.

“Sir,” she said violently, “I believe you were dangerous to my brother’s safety. I warned you not to enter this house, but you insisted. You have brought it on yourself.”

She faced him unflinchingly.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Kenneth, but if you have any papers I must see them,” said Tarleton.

Kenneth looked about him, at the three persons in the room. Outside was the jingle of trappings. To try to run was complete folly. And on the other hand he hated, indeed, to give up his message which would declare his general’s

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plight. Yet easily they might search him. He would as well do it gracefully, when forced to it.

“If you may be a messenger to Thomas Jefferson, I expect to have His Excellency as a fellow-prisoner of yours before noon to-morrow.”

Tarleton spoke as a man who could not be thwarted, and Kenneth suddenly understood the significance. Colonel Tarleton was there with his troopers to abduct the General Assembly of the State at Charlottesville and Governor Jefferson in his home at Monticello. He had fallen in with the raiders easily, thanks to having been lost in this storm. He looked about again, and this time particularly at Charlotte Jervon who stood by the hearth, her back again half turned. Captain Jervon appeared rather shamefaced at the apparent trick. And what did it matter? Heavens, the enemy knew how small a force the Marquis had. With sudden bravado Kenneth produced the packet, but instead of

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handing it to Colonel Tarleton, flung it on the table.

“There it is, Colonel, and may it do you a deal of good!”

Tarleton looked his prisoner over carefully. He was a keen observer of men, quick-tempered himself, appreciative of others' bravery, as his memoirs show conclusively.

“I am sorry, Captain Kenneth,” he said courteously. “I believe you have given me all.”

Kenneth noticed he gave him his title, instead of the “Mr.” with which British officers commonly styled officers of the United States.

“For my part I wish to make such reparation as I can. If you will give me your parole?”

“Ah, I will not,” said Kenneth, defiantly. “Not to-night at least,” he added.

“Well at least we can make enough use of Mr. Fairmount's house to offer you a bedroom upstairs, although as you will not

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give a parole I suppose I shall have to have a guard before your door."

"And the windows, thanking you," remarked Kenneth, ironically.

"Ah, true," said Tarleton, smiling. "But we can put you in the attic where, if I remember this house, the window is small, and where even so daring a man as yourself will not care risking a broken leg or neck. Is that satisfactory, Captain Kenneth?"

Kenneth had been watching Banastre Tarleton carefully, in a quandary about the man. With his small stature, his boyish face, he appeared very young, and indeed at this time he was but twenty-six, nine years Kenneth's junior. Knowing his readiness, his cleverness, his bravery, our Captain of Armand's admired him. He believed the stories of Tarleton's needless cruelty exaggerated, although there might be ground for thinking that several times he had lost his temper, and been carried on to excesses, notably at Waxham. But



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Kenneth remembered another occasion when the King's Colonel of dragoons had been considerate of him.

"I always have found you courteous, Colonel Tarleton, within the limits of duty."

"And I you, always a brave man," said the other.

"We will not forget, Captain Kenneth, that we still owe you dinner," said Jervon.

"You would better show them the room, Dick," Charlotte Jervon said.

Tarleton was at the door, calling a man there, and telling him the situation, Kenneth surmised.

"You will not forget my servant in the stable," Kenneth called back from the door.

"Humph, Captain," Banastre Tarleton answered, "you forget we are not on a ride for pleasure."

"Oh, I beg pardon," said Kenneth. They had been courteous, however; had not even asked his sword and pistols.

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“I thank you, Colonel Tarleton, I’ll add.”

Banastre Tarleton smiled again, when his dark face could become even charming. The girl still by the hearth watched Kenneth. He returned her stare with a contemptuous smile, and turning again went into the hall where Captain Jervon waited candle in hand, with two of Tarleton’s dragoons.

Jervon very civilly said good-night, adding he regretted the circumstance.

“You doubtless did not expect to meet king’s officers so far up-country.”

“Frankly I did n’t. I hope you’ll not forget my man.”

“Nor that you want supper.”

Kenneth heard his voice to the man in the hall, and then steps creaking on the stair. He had closed the door. Kenneth could hear the guards’ voices, and the key turning. He looked about the room, a small place, with a great fireplace, filling nearly one side. There was a dormer

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window. Looking out he saw only blackness and the wet thrust in sheets against a rattling sash. The flickering candle displayed the polished floor, two chairs, a table, a chifionier, a high square bedstead, a ticking clock in a corner.

The key turned. A curtesying black woman with a tray stood in the door, the tall sergeant of Tarleton's behind. Kenneth acknowledged the attention for he was hungry. A dusty bottle of red wine was creditable to the Fairmount cellar. The servant watched. The sergeant grinned, but did not attempt conversation.

And the two passed out; the door was locked! The prisoner could hear the guard stumbling outside.

He stretched on the bed. The pattering rain timed his thoughts dismally. Banastre Tarleton probably would catch the Virginian Assembly and Governor tomorrow, and here was he, Kenneth, powerless. And what was Lord Cornwallis doing against the Marquis? he asked

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himself despondent contrary to his habit. And then he thought of the girl who had led him into this house, against her will to be sure. But how plainly she had feared and disliked him. She was fearful for her brother. Yet Kenneth resented the glibness with which she had betrayed him to Colonel Tarleton. If Tarleton were bound to know, that gave no reason for such astonishing eagerness. She certainly was the most detestable girl he ever had known. The Jervons, eh? Yes, they were an old family, distinguished, in Virginia as in England, as arrantly Tory as Lord Fairfax himself, or as Kenneth's Westchester neighbor, Colonel Pierre De Lancey.

The girl was very pretty; yes, charmingly spirited. But — faugh! he had no use for girls who disdained him! And he laughed at himself. He had done with women. He indeed had known too many to his regret. How that wind howled! Ugh! he was in a predicament. But

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Banastre Tarleton had acted very decently. How fearfully matters were going! They all might hang from Washington down, — those not killed fighting. And how was the little Marquis? he ended by asking again. He heard the guard outside swearing. The wind and rain rattled the pane; there was a whistling down the chimney. Well, he was out of the weather. But, as that fellow Jacques said in Shakespeare's play, there was worse than rough weather; to be Banastre Tarleton's prisoner. But that girl's reddish hair, and dark blue eyes, and mouth! — How tired he was; how stiff after that drenching. As his eyes closed, he asked another question: How did it chance that this Jervon had not been exchanged? and then he remembered special charges against him, which, if not tangible, at least had held him at Charlottesville.

## Chapter II.

How Captain Kenneth found a new use for a large chimney ; and how Governor Thomas Jefferson was bothered when seeking a quotation from Horace.

HE must have slept long ; for, despite his last intention to awake at dawn and to use all his wit for means of escape, it was broad daylight of the morning of June 13, 1781, when he awoke. At first he failed to remember the chain of circumstances bringing his present plight, and then he recalled all, from the lost road to the unexpected appearance of Banastre Tarleton. Looking from the dormer window he saw, as Tarleton had said the night before, that he dared not risk the drop to the ground, while almost certainly he could be picked out with a musket by any one pass-

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ing below. From previous experience in the Carolinas he now had no wish to test the mettle of Colonel Tarleton's dragoons. The sun was low over the Eastern hills; the landscape lay dripping after the long storm. With the clearing, the weather, which yesterday had been cold for a Virginian June, had turned hot again. If the night before Kenneth had been at a loss for his bearings, he now was chagrined at this confusion. For the hills were all familiar; he knew almost every inch of that country. Charlottesville was not eight miles away. If he had but kept on through the storm he would have reached it. Now, having turned into this house, he was Banastre Tarleton's prisoner on a raid which neither his General, the Marquis de la Fayette, nor he had expected, although they certainly should; anything was to be expected of the capable Earl Cornwallis; anything of his daringly efficient Lieutenant-Colonel.

The window was out of the question, Kenneth saw now clearly, as he turned

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back into the room. Tiptoeing to it, he tried the door to find it locked, as he had expected; while he heard some one moving outside, as if his guard were stretching lazily; and then it was still, excepting for the chirping of swallows in the chimney. He examined that chimney with interest.

This was a square structure around which the house had been built perhaps seventy-five years before. With a sudden idea he remembered how in his own house in Prince William was a similar chimney, and how as a boy he had climbed it. This was even larger than that other. But the swallows made the same quarrelsome twitter as in those old days, and he laughed at his memories. Then he was on his knees on the hearth, looking toward the sky. A bird flew across the blue. He could see where the passage from below met that from the fireplace where he knelt. He was a large man, but he could try. The stones irregularly laid gave projections, and



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he was sure he was agile enough to climb up there and hide if he could do no more. Strangely they had left him his sword and pistols, he remembered again. Why had Banastre Tarleton omitted the usual attention to the prisoner, — of disarming him? Possibly this was because of the readiness with which he had delivered the Marquis' dispatch to Governor Jefferson. He had seen he must take his capture gracefully. Yet the omission had been unlike the Lieutenant Colonel of Cornwallis' dragoons. But, having his weapons, he wondered whether he could climb the chimney with these impediments. At least, when luck had favored him so unaccountably he was not the man to neglect its advances.

The sun already higher, the house would be wakening; and he must hurry. Of course he would make an abominable noise, but he must. Slipping on his clothes hurriedly, taking the spurs from his boots, and buckling the sword as

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closely as he could, Kenneth waited for any noise in the house. But it was still, and he began.

He did make some noise, he found, while the swallows sharply reproved him. The stones gave him the foothold he had expected, and laboriously he raised himself. He had not miscalculated the size of the aperture, and he mounted foot by foot, clinging by his finger tips and his toes to every jutting stone. Ten minutes passed before he found himself, hot and breathing hard, astride of the projection separating him from the opening below. Peering down this he saw another line of separation into the passage to the fireplace on the first floor, and, farther down, the straight passage ended in the blackening logs and the square of light showing the fireplace probably in the great room on the ground floor where he had been taken prisoner. He rested for some moments while the swallows whose nests he had disturbed still fluttered

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and chirped madly; but save for their noise his movement apparently had been unobserved.

Deciding to go, if he could, as far as the ground floor, since he knew the way out from that room, carefully with aching fingers and toes he began the descent, knowing how easy it was to fall. Should he slip, he certainly would have broken limbs, to say nothing of the disappointment. It seemed hours before, hot and blackened, and making a dreadful uproar, he fancied he found himself standing on the little ledge made by the great stones above the lower fire-place. Here he could rest, although in a most uncomfortable position, looking down on the charred logs across the fire-dogs. The disturbance of the swallows grew less; the house still seemed quiet, and he was only hesitating about venturing into the room. At least the boyish experiences in the house, in Prince William, had stood him in good stead; but he was blackened

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and smothered, and the heat of the June morning was stifling in that cramped place. He must take the risk; and then it was made impossible by slamming doors, footsteps, and voices. The door oped into the room, and he heard Banastre Tarleton, —

“We’ll be in the saddle in an hour. I go straight to Charlottesville after what you have told me; detaching Captain McLeod to catch Jefferson at Monticello.”

“That was a good stroke in getting the wagon train,” answered Captain Jervon.

“Yes, but it’ll be a better if Colonel Simcoe gets hold of the stores at The Fork, and frightens away that hot-headed German, Steuben.”

They were interrupted by hurried steps.

“What the devil!” Tarleton began.

“Colonel, the prisoner is n’t in the room.”

“What d’ye mean? He could n’t have gotten away.”

“He’s gone.”

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“Have you looked under the bed? up the chimney?”

“Sir, he is n’t in either place.”

“Why, he had n’t wings.”

“He’s gone, sir,” said the sergeant, stolidly.

“There’s only one solution,” answered Tarleton, grimly. “Sergeant Thoms, you’re under arrest.”

“Yes, sir,” came a sullen answer.

More steps followed, and then Tarleton’s voice, —

“It does n’t much matter; we’ll get there before he can, — with our horses. I have n’t any time to look him up when I need every minute, and every man.”

“The men are mounted, sir.”

“Come, Captain Jervon.”

“Yes. But I thought I heard a noise in the chimney.”

For a moment Kenneth trembled. Was he caught again?

“Nonsense,” said Tarleton. “It’s the swallows. That fellow Thoms is the

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matter. He's a South Carolinian deserter. I've told His Lordship you never can tell when those fellows may turn tail. Come, we have no time."

"You made a mistake in leaving him his sword and pistols," Jervon observed.

"I was to blame for that. Humph, I never was chicken-hearted but I had cause to regret it. When a man's a soldier,—particularly in a civil war,—he must forget even that he is a gentleman,—or else he will be most terribly outwitted."

"Perhaps you are right," commented Jervon, ruefully.

And Kenneth heard their retreating steps. He thought he would cry out with the painfulness of his cramped position. Every muscle ached. He heard the rattle of the trappings, the order, and the clatter of many hoofs ever fainter. Now he would take his risk. But first he examined as best he could the priming of one of his pistols, and it was with

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pistol in hand that he stepped down onto the hearth.

If he had been seen, he must have presented a sufficiently terrifying spectacle, his clothes awry, his face blackened.

But no one was there.

He noticed a scarlet coat across a chair back. If he were not mistaken this was the very coat Captain Jervon had worn the day before.

“Humph, our captain changes his colors now that he is on the expedition back to Charlottesville.”

He looked at his own dirtied garment. If he wore Captain Jervon's, the color and facings might be of service should he fall in with Tarleton's scouts. He tried it.

“The king's livery fits me,” he was saying aloud, when a voice interrupted, —

“Yes, Captain Kenneth.”

Turning in dismay, he saw in the door the detestable young woman of his experience the night before.

“You can go now,” she said calmly.

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“I have no desire to afford you further inconvenience.”

“I can't say I'm glad to meet you again,” he retorted.

“Spare your wit,—if it be wit,” she retorted. “I—I hate you,” and she stamped her foot.

“I can understand that readily. I must appear like Othello,—without his skill with the sex.”

She stepped aside, as he moved toward the door.

“For having tried to injure me,” he commented. “Good-by, Miss Jervon, and no thanks for your hospitality.”

She only looked at him disdainfully out of those charming eyes, and he half regretted his attitude.

“It is dangerous for you to be here alone,” he commented.

“How did you know?” she cried. “I can take care of myself,” she added.

“I believe you. I suppose they will stop for you on their return.”



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She made no answer.

“I don’t suppose you would take me for a guard should I volunteer.”

He noted the hair that had been so disordered the night before now was neatly brushed. She looked charming, but vixenish.

“I could n’t volunteer. You need have no fears,” Kenneth said; and remembering his danger, he stepped past her, and out of the door, stopping but to bow mockingly, and carrying with him a picture of her standing there, as he went out into the hot June sunshine to the stable. The little black hostler of the night before stared with fearful question. One horse was there, and to his delight this was his mare. Afterward he was to know that Finch’s protestations that she was lamed had led to this stroke of fortune. Saddles and bridles were gone. The boy chattered at his questions, until at last Kenneth led her out, mounted bare-back, knowing he could guide her with halter and hand.

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“Poor girl,” he muttered, for he loved this animal that had carried him far, and among many desperate affairs. She gave him answer with her knowing brute’s eyes; and he was glad that shortly the stiffness passed away, and that she sprang forward with her old spirit.

One purpose was clear, and that to get to Monticello before Tarleton. He knew in the broad day every road of this countryside, and he turned into an unfrequented one that lay much nearer than the one he supposed Tarleton had taken. He was right, for he came on a man who watched him at first suspiciously.

“Have you seen anything of the British?”

“Hem, you ’re one,” grunted the other.

“A lamb once stole a wolf’s skin,” said Kenneth. “I ’m from General de la Fayette to the Governor.”

He risked the man’s politics; but the country people had small taste for the marauds made in the king’s name.

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“Are you?” answered the lank Virginian. “I know ye now, Cap’n Kenneth.”

“Yes.”

“They’ve been beatin’ the country, damn ’em! Last night they took a wagon train of things on its way to Ginr’l Gates.”

“I know it.”

“Now they’ve stopped at the Walkers. I reckon they caught there Kernel Simms, and the two Mister Nelsons.”

“So you think I can reach Monticello before them?”

“By hard ridin’, Cap’n, and takin’ the back road. D’ye know it?”

“Yes,” Kenneth called back, and the mare was rushing along the levels and panting up the slopes. Yes, her stiffness had gone.

At last, over the slope, Monticello was sighted. Throwing his halter to a negro, he hurried in without announcing himself. The Governor was in his library bend-

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ing at a desk strewn with papers and books.

This was that now famous library of Monticello where that masterly intelligence presided. On that desk were written the papers informed with the fine reason. Yet, the June morning when Kenneth entered this room, the reputation of the lord of Monticello was at its lowest. For, as his warm admirers admit, Jefferson was poorest when war-governor of Virginia.

“You will be taken, sir,” Kenneth began hastily.

“So I’ve been told, Captain Kenneth. The Speaker and some members of the assembly have been frightened away, but I wanted to consult this ode of Horace.”

Kenneth never knew which ode (the Governor’s writings may tell), for a servant interrupted.

“The British are winding up the hill, sir.”

“Perhaps we would better run for it, Kenneth.”

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“I should, sir, if I were you,” said Kenneth, wondering.

“I suppose you are from de la Fayette?”

“My General needs more men.”

“Humph, as if I did n’t know so much. But we will discuss that in the saddle.”

He mounted in the same leisurely manner, knowing he had twenty minutes before Tarleton’s troopers, and then cautiously took a path towards Carter’s Mountain. Kenneth deplored that his mare had not had more rest.

“I can get you another,” said the Governor.

“I will take you at that,” Kenneth assented, “if you ’ll send her on to me. I would n’t part with that mare for her weight in gold.”

“You are the true Virginian about a horse or a petticoat, I fancy. But what does that French boy General think I can do more than I am?”

“It’s his need, sir.”

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“The State’s need. Do you think they have Virginia well in hand?”

“Yes, and still —”

“And still — ? What more can I do ? I have resigned as governor, but they won’t appoint a successor, and so, what may I do ?”

“What shall I tell my General then ?” Kenneth asked, after he had told of the adventure depriving him of the “little” General’s letter.

“Heaven knows,” said the philosopher of Monticello, tersely. “The Marquis must take care of himself.”

If he and the Governor escaped to Carter’s Mountain, Kenneth’s reflections were gloomy enough after this interview. He saw there was no other course than that of returning with no satisfaction to offer. He left the good little mare that had done him such service, riding away on the fresh mount of the Governor’s, and knowing that his General was probably somewhere in Louisa County. On the way he heard that Tarle-

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ton had taken several members of the Assembly at Charlottesville, and had seized a thousand new muskets and four hundred barrels of gunpowder which the American cause could ill afford to lose. Many from the captive army of Burgoyne had joined the British dragoons, — at the instigation of Captain Jervon, Kenneth decided. Monticello had been spared ; but another property of Governor Jefferson's, Elk Hill, had been plundered, and the throats of the young horses cut. The country people cursed, telling him this.

Kenneth rode along wearily, although a dip in the stream had refreshed him after that dusty flight down the chimney of the Fairmount House. His scarlet coat, known to be a King's uniform, excited much comment and some fear. Tarleton's troopers had left these country folk eager to run from their shadows.

The second afternoon he heard that his General, joined by General Wayne and the Pennsylvania line, now lodged at Boswell's

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Tavern in Louisa, which Kenneth reached at sundown. His expedition had been fruitless, and had left him minus a servant and a horse that suited him. He, too, had a vivid impression of a young woman with reddish hair, as well as of a frightful struggle in a chimney. He entered hurriedly to the Marquis, General Wayne, and Colonel Mercer.

“What is your report, Captain?” asked the youthful General.

“Of failure, Your Excellency.”

“So I fancy: stores taken,—cattle and property destroyed,—some of the Assembly abducted; I have heard, Captain. Now we understand they are moving to seize the supplies at Albemarle Old Court House.”

An aide-de-camp entered.

“Your Excellency,” he cried, “the scouts bring information that the enemy’s van is moving under Colonel Tarleton with the plain intention of attacking.”

“Ah, are they?” asked General “mad”



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Anthony Wayne. "As we are here we're in a pretty enough fix."

"I'm well aware of it, gentlemen," the youthful leader replied, "and the General-in-Chief has given this command to me, — to bring it out. If you please, we won't give up yet. Now, Captain Kenneth, I believe you have something to say."

### Chapter III.

How The Marquis de la Fayette, surprised by the report of a Manœuvre of the Earl of Cornwallis, decided from Pursued to become Pursuer.

KENNETH hesitated, looking at the earnest faces about him under the candle light, — General Wayne's, Colonel Mercer's, the boyish French nobleman's.

“We have excellent reason to think, General, that Colonel Tarleton has been reinforced by Major Needham's Seventy-Sixth Regiment,” added the aide-de-camp.

“*Le Diable!*” said the Marquis, nervously. “What more?”

“They wish to force us to a battle, or to abandon the stores at Albemarle,” said Colonel Mercer. “I don't see but

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that we shall have to do one or the other."

"You have asked me, sir," said Kenneth, quietly; "if you will allow me, there is a chance."

"What kind of one, Captain? Yes, I indeed asked you. We have been joined by some of the mountain militia; but what are these few against such a force, so well disciplined? If we had Baron Steuben's contingent! But as well as we can find out the Baron is running from his fear which he saw in the shape of Colonel Simcoe at The Fork. Now, to be honest, I am for retreating again. I don't dare risk a battle, any more than a week ago, before we had General Wayne's good help."

He spoke rapidly, for by this time he had learned his English, earlier as much an object of derision as the General-in-Chief's attachment. Now the army, like our Captain of Armand's, had veered to His Excellency's opinion. In making de

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la Fayette a major-general over American veterans, the astute Chief had been flattering a nation. The French treaty later justified him; and until now, here in Virginia against odds, the "little" Marquis, as they had begun to style him fondly, was giving reason for Washington's confidence in his military ability. But now the Marquis fairly was cornered; he either had to fight or to leave the valuable stores at Albemarle Old Court House to be destroyed, as those at Charlottesville and The Fork, and earlier at Westham and Richmond, had been. Was he to fail after all? Had he been schooling himself all in vain to restrain his natural impetuosity, which had longed for a fight?

"You have forgotten one thing," observed the Captain of Armand's.

"We have, — nothing," cried Wayne, angrily, at this impertinent cavalry captain.

"I have been asked my opinion," Kenneth went on with what self-control he could muster. "And if the General will

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allow, I will venture it: that we should retreat."

"There is nothing new in that opinion," even Colonel Mercer sneered.

"But this is a retreat to a position between the enemy and the stores, where he dare not attack."

"What do you mean?"

"There's an abandoned road that can bring us to a point in Colonel Tarleton's rear, if we act at once," Kenneth continued now excitedly. He easily lost that readily mustered self-control.

"You have been studying the General-in-Chief's favorite tactics," observed Wayne, who ever preferred the fight to the retreat.

"I confess that I could not have had a better master, sir," retorted the Captain of Armand's remnant.

"By Heavens, Captain, you could n't," interrupted the "little" General, impetuously. "We'll do that very thing you advise. Pass the orders."

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And then it was all bustling. If Kenneth were weary with his ride, made longer by his need of avoiding the enemy's posts, he now was at this night's work. He declared, in telling the story of the retreat, that, strong as he was, he believed he would have given out had it not been for the good toddy of the landlady of Boswell's.

The activity of their recent movements had made that little army ready for any sudden manœuvre; and soon they were all laboring over the road. It was rough and narrow, overgrown with thickets, worse indeed than most Virginian roads even in the experience of de la Fayette's artillery officers, who at dawn encouraged the tugging horses at the guns. Kenneth as being in some sense the projector of the enterprise was everywhere; the tall, boyish leader at his elbow. There was danger enough if the enemy had known; but by noon the next June day, Colonel Tarleton's scouts brought him the news that the "Boy" had escaped this time; that the new

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position on Mechunck Creek was before the coveted stores, and that it could not be taken without the bloodiest of uncertain struggles. In addition he heard that Baron Steuben had recovered from his recent fright at Colonel Simcoe, and that his junction with de la Fayette could not be prevented. Tarleton bore this news himself to Lord Cornwallis whom he found in much perplexity over a communication he just had had from Sir Henry Clinton.

In the mean time, all these things having been done, and his General's force increased by Colonel Campbell's men, our Captain of Armand's remnant was sleeping in the grass under the June sun, his scarlet coat hid by a blanket. So fagged was he that his orderly hardly could arouse him, which, indeed, was unusual of so experienced a campaigner, habituated to sleep with one eye open.

“Captain!” cried the orderly again;  
“Captain!” until Kenneth rubbed his

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eyes, and was aware that the afternoon sun had brought the shady spot of his choice into its glare.

“How long have I slept?”

“Two hours.”

“What! I miss that rascal, Finch. I suppose he is serving some King’s officer. Well, what is it, Brooke?”

“Prisoners.”

“Eh,” said Captain Kenneth, on his feet now. “Where are they?”

“A corporal, and three privates of Simcoe’s, escorting a young lady, sir.”

Our Captain now was by Brooke’s side, taking long strides, the sunshine bringing out all the faded colors of the scarlet coat that had served under Burgoyne. About a turn he came on a familiar face, now tired and petulant, of the girl of his adventure when on his way to Governor Jefferson. She, too, saw him with surprise, and still in her brother’s coat.

“I am caught,” she announced.



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“Our positions are reversed,” said Kenneth, with mock solemnity.

“And I can go no farther? It’s necessity.”

“It’s war, I am afraid, Miss Jervon, and your escort took the wrong road.”

“I am sorry,” she said, with vexatious tears. “Captain Jervon, my brother, and Lord Cornwallis, too, insisted it was safer for me to be sent back.”

“It seems then that His Lordship is a bit afraid of us.”

“Not of rebels, sir,” the girl retorted; “but for me, because unfortunately I am a woman.”

“His Lordship was right,” said Kenneth. “And I will say that in the disordered state of the country you were very daring in leaving Jervon House. It seems,” he could not resist adding, “Captain Jervon turned from prisoner-of-war to belligerent.”

“My brother, sir,” said Charlotte Jervon, with all the dignity she could sum-

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mon, "has been too long inactive not to wish to do all in his power to help put down this rebellion."

"This revolution," smiled Kenneth. "Oh, I beg pardon; it's a question of definition and success. But I must say that I don't understand the policy at head-quarters which exchanged a British officer and turned him into a belligerent here in Virginia."

"It was lucky," said the girl from her point of view, smiling triumphantly.

"But one thing, Miss Jervon, you must excuse me saying, and that is I didn't exactly like the way your brother put on his scarlet coat to meet Banastre Tarleton, and then doffed it when he went back to Charlottesville. Doesn't that appear to you like a spy's part?"

"I would have you know, sir, there is no spying against rebels. Everything is fair."

"So John Andre thought."

"Do you mean," she began paling, and he was angry with himself for the luck-

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less expression his former pique had led him to.

“Forgive me, Miss Jervon,” he cried, “I’m a lout.”

“I don’t care what you think,” she said, proudly. “I notice you still wear my brother’s coat.”

“To tell the truth, Miss Jervon, we warriors of Congress are a ragged lot, and since I left my soot-colored coat at Mr. Fairmount’s, I really have n’t another in my wardrobe.”

“Oh, you are welcome to that, if such is the case,” said Miss Jervon, condescendingly enough. “But I must get on my way. Surely they can’t object to that?”

“I am sure the Marquis would be the last person to; but unfortunately your escort will be detained, and you can’t go on alone.”

“I can; and I will.”

“Oh, but you won’t,” Kenneth interrupted. “I am sorry your men were so unlucky as to take the road they did, which

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they probably thought led to the quieter country. It did, until we held this position."

"I must go. My brother will worry to death. Can't you help me?" Her manner all at once changed, and she faced him as coaxingly as before she had disdainfully.

A sudden idea occurred to Kenneth. He wondered that it could. It was so preposterous. Yet, the girl should have protection; should be out of the way of the armies. Surely that was but common humanity.

"I will do what I can, Miss Jervon," he said. "Now I will lay the case before my General, as favorably as I may."

"I shall believe you when I hear the result," she called after; but Kenneth did not change the idea on which he now was acting. He must not let the girl's dislike influence him. And this was a queer notion. Did it come from the scarlet coat he was wearing?

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At head-quarters he found the greatest perplexity.

“What is it?” he asked.

“His Lordship is retreating.”

“It can’t be,” he cried. “It’s not like Cornwallis. How do you account for it, when if he persevered he surely in the end would cut us to pieces?”

“No, it’s not like him. In fact, it is n’t my Lord at all.”

“You mean it is Sir Henry’s order?”

“Exactly,” Mercer replied; “Cornwallis’ commander-in-chief’s idea.”

“If that be the case,” the General said, “I’ve decided what we will do.”

“And that is?”

“From pursued, turn pursuers, keeping ten or twenty miles in his rear.”

“Perhaps the tables are turning,” cried General Wayne, kindling. “I agree with you, General de la Fayette.”

And while they talked the orders were passed to break camp.

“I have a favor to ask?” Captain Ken-

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neth said, when he could get the General's ear.

"Anything, Captain, after last night. I have recommended your promotion, you may like to know."

"I thank you for it," said Kenneth, "much. But what I wish is leave."

"Leave? Now?"

"It's this." He ran over the circumstance of the captured escort,—of the young lady. "It's better she should be removed to a place of safety. I want to take her there. I know the country well enough to do it. You simply will lose one poor troop captain."

"For a week, say?" mused the Marquis. "I suppose she is pretty," he added with a smile.

"That's not the point, Your Excellency. She's a woman, who hates me—"

"I can't believe it, Captain."

"And yet she is a woman, while even if of the other side she is of one of the important Virginian families."

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“We must conciliate such a family?”

“I should n't ask it, if I did n't think so.”

“Well, go then,” said de la Fayette now, gravely. “Of course we can't give the prisoners taken with her a chance to run. But, mind you, be back, Captain, as soon as you can.”

“You know I certainly will.”

“And I won't forget my recommendation for your promotion.”

“I thank Your Excellency,” said Kenneth, “much.”

When some minutes after he rejoined Miss Jervon, he said,—

“The General has granted your request.”

“Oh, that's good of him.”

“But with an escort.”

“Well, perhaps that is better.”

“But of only one man.”

“I am sure one will be better than none if he is a person to be trusted.”

“Of that you must be the judge, Miss Jervon; I chance to be he.”

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“You?” she began, blushing. “You? Impossible! I won’t go with you.”

“You must, — or not at all.”

“If that is the case —”

“You will?”

“Yes, — I will. I am obliged, Captain Kenneth.” But she turned her back on him, and her tone was disdainful.

“Brooke!” said Kenneth, “order my horse, — at once. I am rather bothered, Miss Jervon, at the loss of my servant. I have to pass some orders about my command, and then we can start.”

But she still stood with her back turned.

What a fool he was, he reflected, to do this for such a vixen. It must be this abominable scarlet coat had affected his brain.



## Chapter IV.

How Captain Kenneth acted as Miss Jervon's escort ; how at a certain Tavern on the road he defended his General against the charges of a member of the Virginian Assembly ; and how he again joined the Marquis at New Kent Court House.

WHEN Kenneth returned again from his errand, Charlotte Jervon still kept her surprising silence. She leaped lightly into her saddle, and neither saying a word, they were well out of the camp on the same old road the army had taken in the manœuvre from Boswell's, — a way “that goes by the name of the Marquis' road to this day,” says Burke's “Virginia.”

“We have many miles to cover and it is rather late,” said Kenneth at last. “The

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road is so bad that we would better hurry when we can."

"I have no objection," said she, and they cantered, to find themselves brought to a walk by the rough ground. They now were turned into a forest path, and Kenneth counted that soon they would be out of reach of either army. Until that moment he felt his fear would continue, for he knew there were stragglers, and that disturbed Virginia now was quite as dangerous as parts of Jersey and New York had been.

Possibly he was piqued by his companion's silence; for he said, —

"I see that you find me an unwelcome escort; but you know I had no other course."

"To the contrary, you wrong me," she said almost humbly. "It really is very good of you, Captain Kenneth, — after the treatment you had at our hands."

"Oh, don't mind that. It is war time, you know. Did n't I seize your brother's coat as eagerly as Banastre Tarleton did

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my dispatch to the Governor? Much good did it do him, I think," Kenneth ended.

"But what you said about the loss of your servant made me feel responsible."

"And my mare, too. Oh, I can't blame you for her loss. My own hard riding did that, and I suppose Governor Jefferson is giving her the best care."

"And then — to add to all this — you are leaving your duty — to escort a rattle-brained girl. I don't know why."

"I may be trying to win a Tory — to my way of thought."

"And you'll have your trouble for your pains, Captain Kenneth, I am afraid. The Colonies will have to give up very soon."

"Well, I will confess, it looks badly. This State seems to be at your mercy certainly. It may be that I am trying to curry favor with a probable victor."

"You indeed shall have it," commented Charlotte Jervon. "But still, to

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be in earnest, I feel you have put me under obligation, — I do really; and that I have been selfish in permitting you to come with me.”

“Oh, we’ll not mind apologies, — one way or the other, Miss Jervon. I’m your escort until I may hand you over to your friends. If you don’t mind we will say nothing more about it. Besides —”

But he stopped here.

“Well, before we change the subject, do let me know what you are beginning with that ‘Besides’?”

“It would have been abominable to have left you alone. You could n’t have stayed in camp. I did n’t care risking sending you over to Lord Cornwallis. I wonder now —”

“What?”

“Why the Marquis did n’t suggest me doing that instead of going on this longer ride?”

“Well, why did n’t you? — why don’t you? It is n’t too late.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“ Because I think it will be safer for you to go directly to the sea-board. If you did reach the British lines, the two armies are moving about so fast, that you would n't be safe.”

“ And what difference is that to you ? ”

Here was the question direct which Kenneth could not quite answer himself. He had said to himself that there was some occult influence from the scarlet coat ; and that it was but common humanity, which was reasonable enough.

“ Oh,” said he, finally, “ I know if you were my sister, I should feel in some way responsible for your safety. I know this country, too, better perhaps than many others.”

“ It is extraordinary of you,” commented the young lady, coldly.

“ I don't think so,” Kenneth interrupted stolidly. “ Any one would have done as much. The Marquis himself approved my course. What I don't quite see — ? ” He hesitated again.

## The Scarlet Coat

“Well?”

“If you will know,” he went on, “I don’t quite understand Captain Jervon permitting you to go to Fairmount’s to meet him. He must have known of the state of the country.”

“Oh, you need n’t think he permitted it,” cried Charlotte Jervon. “I asked no one’s leave. I am living with my uncle, Captain Kenneth. I left even without his permission. He is very old, and ill. I don’t believe any one could have been more surprised than my brother when he saw me in Charlottesville.”

“You met him there? I did n’t understand that.”

“Yes. I had the permission of Mr. Fairmount to lodge at his house. He is in Petersburg as you know, but then he was persuaded when I wrote him telling him that Dick and I might want to use his house. He is a kind of third cousin of ours. Possibly you know him.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“ He knew you were going to Charlottesville ? ”

“ No, he didn't believe I would go. I don't suppose he would have been so ready, had he. I started out by myself, with a single servant, — the black boy Jock you saw, Captain Kenneth. Do you remember ? ”

“ Very well indeed.”

“ I did n't know exactly how I should do it; but I reached Lord Cornwallis, who was very nice. He said he admired my spirit, — by way of being gallant, I suppose.”

“ So did I, — when you betrayed me so anxiously to Colonel Tarleton.”

“ Oh, you must forgive me that. I want you to, since you have put me under obligation. Before that I did n't care particularly.”

“ And you do now ? ”

“ I hope you don't think me so rude a girl as not to appreciate your most polite attentions. If I did speak out

## The Scarlet Coat

that day, I was nervous about Dick Jervon."

"Oh, I understood that perfectly," Kenneth said. "I hope you don't think I did n't, — at least now."

"Well, I hope you do. And to continue my story, Lord Cornwallis knew my uncle, Surdam Jervon, very well. He knew our family in England, too. And then Colonel Tarleton helped. I think him very nice, don't you?"

"Humph, he's a capable cavalry officer."

"Well, I don't suppose we can agree exactly about people, being on different sides."

"No, we can't expect that."

"But Colonel Tarleton is a very interesting man, really, although he is rather too stout, I think. He reminds me a bit of my cousin, Jerome Fairmount. You said you knew Jerome. He is a tall man, where Colonel Tarleton is so short, you know; and he has taken no active side in



## The Scarlet Coat

the trouble, although he will now, I think; but their features are rather like.”

“I have heard that Mr. Fairmount is politic.”

“He has a great estate, Captain Kenneth, which he does n’t care risking, although as every one knows, his sympathies are with the King. Now he is doing all he can to help Lord Cornwallis.”

“So it has been reported, — to us. Possibly he may profit.”

“Oh, of course he will. Mind you, I don’t admire his prudence. I like a man decided, — like my poor brother, who has worn out his heart while a prisoner at Charlottesville. But Jerome would have permitted my journey no more than my uncle. He did n’t fancy I would take it.”

“I suppose he has a right, then, — to permit, and to forbid.”

He thought she reddened; but it may have been the exercise, and the heat, — the afternoon having fallen very hot.

## The Scarlet Coat

“Yes, Captain Kenneth, he has.”

Kenneth remembered the man distinctly now, and that he had disliked him in the old days. He, however, had small respect for the considerable number of persons who waited the end of the contest without taking the risk of partisanship.

“Well,” continued Charlotte Jervon. “You know about the rest. To make a long story short, I reached Charlottesville; and you knocked at my cousin Fairmount’s door that night when my brother and I were expecting Colonel Tarleton. If I were rude, you frightened me half to death. You were n’t wearing a coat of the right color, you know.”

“And I am now?”

“I am afraid, Captain Kenneth, that it’s only coat. I suspect you are as incorrigible a rebel as ever.”

If he made a jesting retort, he was not quite so sure of this himself. The scarlet coat, while certainly not influencing his opinions, had made him act strangely

## The Scarlet Coat

enough indeed as Miss Jervon's escort. Was he falling into one of the old susceptible moods of his discarded youth? But it did not pay to ponder too much so perplexing a question.

As a matter of fact the acquaintance-ship from that long ride on lonely roads drove questions out of Kenneth's mind. It was inevitable that he should come to know Charlotte Jervon rather better, and that he should begin to believe his presence as her escort as a logical sequence. That part of Virginia was sparsely populated in those days; and on the long miles they talked together without a single interruption save that their own moods might make. The late afternoon was hot enough certainly; and yet it was serenely beautiful in the tangled, fragrant woods, or by the blossom-strewn meadows. Now and then a squirrel or rabbit, and once a deer, scampered across the road.

But all they did I cannot record here;

## The Scarlet Coat

for it certainly is obvious from that already said. Our officer of Armand's remnant was at his best, and Charlotte Jervon forgot that she was talking with an enemy. They wandered on from subject to subject until they came to the understanding of acquaintance.

Kenneth had calculated on reaching Brillwood's wayside house in that wild land. That would necessitate a ride of twenty-five miles, which were rather difficult on account of the unfrequented roads he felt it prudent to follow. And, indeed, it was past sundown when he made sure that the inn was only a mile distant. His companion now was silent, — out of utter weariness he knew, and he felt much concern over the last mile through the thick forest, where it already was dark. He rode close to her, encouraging her, as he felt only his duty, with now and then a word, to which she responded wearily. Their horses, too, were fagged; and delightedly he saw the inn.

## The Scarlet Coat

“You may see the lights of Brillwood’s,” he said then; “our first stop. I hope, Miss Jervon, that this rough ride has not been too hard for you.”

“Oh, really,” she answered, looking at him in the twilight of the Virginian June, “I have not been so displeased with you as I might have fancied.”

“Did you then think you would be?” he began, laughingly.

“Well, I did, frankly, Captain Kenneth. I never am quite sure about those officers who are —”

“Rebels.”

“Well, yes.”

“Thank you,” said Kenneth. “But I am sure you will not be vexed to have reached the end of to-day’s journey.”

Kenneth did not express his own fear that Brillwood’s might have changed; although, as it was so far out of the lines of the armies, he hoped that it might not have been disturbed by the events which had led most of the men to shoulder their mus-

## The Scarlet Coat

kets, if indeed Brillwood were not covertly a Tory.

He was reassured by the black stable-boy, and by the fat, red-complexioned woman at the door.

“Oh, Captain Kenneth,” she cried, remembering the other days when he had hunted there. “I am glad to see you, and the young lady—” She looked at him inquiringly, as if she knew not whether to congratulate him on a certain event; but ended by courtesying, for she recognized the gentry, while Kenneth explained that he asked her best accommodation.

“Ye shall have it, sir, as your name is Kenneth. Brillwood is n’t here, having gone with General Campbell to join the Marquis.”

“I am from General la Fayette,” Kenneth explained. “The young lady I am escorting is Miss Jervon.”

“Of the Jervons?” said the landlady, courtesying again. “I am glad of the opportunity, Miss.”

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Mrs. Brillwood proved by the dinner that she counted this an occasion. He never forgot the rude hospitality, although many things were to intervene between him and that quiet time. Charlotte Jervon was there opposite. They talked indeed like old acquaintances; and then she bade him good-night, turning back to thank him again for all the trouble he was put to. Oddly enough, he had small wit to answer. He remembered only that he stared, while he thought himself a witless fellow. And he carried a vivid impression of his charge as she stepped into the low-ceilinged hall, and called back,—

“ Good-night, Captain Kenneth.”

The room was strangely dismal after she had left. He stumbled into the deserted tap-room where there just had entered a traveller and his servant, the master a little wiry person, who regarded Kenneth with interest.

“ Ah, Captain Kenneth ? ”

“ Mr. Fielding,” Kenneth said.

## The Scarlet Coat

“ Yes, of the Assembly. You are from the Marquis ? ”

“ Yes, he is my General.”

“ What a pity it is that we have n't General Washington to protect the State, — or at least General Greene. Sending this boy to look to us is atrocious.”

“ Wait, Mr. Fielding,” Kenneth said smiling. “ My General has had to work against odds.”

“ Ah, yes, he is your General,” said the other, looking Kenneth over with cold, scrutinizing gray eyes. “ But the importance of our State is not to be underestimated. The enemy recognize the stores of tobacco, rice, and indigo, they have to draw on. If the rest of the Colonies are lost, the King's government expects to retain Virginia. And yet who is given us to defend us against Lord Cornwallis ? — a French boy ! ”

The gentleman grew earnest as he addressed in that room with the low ceiling this arrant Captain of Armand's. Ken-



## The Scarlet Coat

neth had learned to respect the French. Was not his own commander, now absent, a French nobleman?

“Ah, Mr. Fielding, you are a member of the Assembly, as you say. You are speaking as you might there. But I swear to you, sir, no one could have done better under the circumstances, than the Marquis de la Fayette, with the few men he has had to command.”

“Well, well, he is a boy,” retorted the other.

“With an inferior force. Remember he has run before Cornwallis because it was prudent.”

“There are other reasons I know for the conditions. But Nelson will replace Jefferson as governor. My point, Captain Kenneth, is that the leaders should not have put a boy over us, — and he a foreigner.”

“The Commander-in-Chief is kept busy about New York,” Kenneth answered this person in kind, “and General Greene in

## The Scarlet Coat

the Carolinas. But, sir, I have confidence in the Marquis. Wait,—say a month. Now I bid you a very good-night.”

He looked out of his narrow window-panes, reflecting on what this lean person of substance and of political importance had said.

And what indeed was happening to that boyish General? And here was he, Kenneth, away from him, on a Tom fool's errand, because his fancy about a girl had persuaded it. But the girl's voice, her eyes, returned. He did n't care. It was all as it should be; and he slept, to wake in the stillness, with the moon through the window panes leaving yellow squares on the floor,—awoke, as men will in the night, to think of much that has not been clear in the day. Yesterday he had been with that bustling army, and already he was so far away; battle and stolen marches seemed no part of his life,—a singularly hard life, since his brother's death. He remembered

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then, Warrington, Pemberton, and Sylvester of Colonel Smallwood's, — and others who had had brothers on the King's side, and Pemberton's, too, had been killed. It was a common enough story ; but was any loneliness quite so deep as his own ? Through the window came the sounds of the summer night and of peace. Would the war ever be done ? and if it were over what was left for John Kenneth, the heir of a good family, neither rich nor poor, who indeed had not won great fame at the profession of arms ? Why could n't he sleep, he asked ; and then he thought of her he escorted ; and all the details of the day before were outlined like the little square panes in the room in patches of moonshine. The wilder part of the journey was over, although it would take two or more days before they should see Surdam Jervon's house on its hill. The lean, garrulous member of the Virginian Assembly bothered Kenneth's fancies. The man stood for the world, and mean

## The Scarlet Coat

little gossip. It suddenly occurred to him that the reason this person bothered him was his feeling that custom should be observed,—that Miss Jervon should have a maid and a servant. That would put the journey above gossip, and the girl's face appealed to Kenneth there in the night. A dog bayed. The moon paled. The dog sent out again its long wail, and Kenneth had again that queer feeling of complete isolation and forlornness, which was as strange of him as this new consideration for the comfort of the young woman put in his care by chance. The moonshine faded; the horizon he could see in leafy outline from the open window. The moon entered the chinks of the opposite closed sash. Curiously Kenneth noticed the detail, and then was sleeping to be wakened by a knock and Mrs. Brillwood's porter's voice declaring he had overslept.

If as he dashed cold water in his sleepy eyes the fancies of the night mostly were

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gone, one remained. Out of his window he saw Miss Jervon on the little lawn watching the lean member of the Assembly mount his horse. Her eyes were bright, and her face fresh and charming as if she never had known a moment's weariness.

"You are late, Captain," she greeted Kenneth.

"I must confess," he said. "How pretty you look indeed, if you will allow me."

"How can I, when I only have this gown? I really feel quite embarrassed, Captain Kenneth,—more than you can fancy."

"I know that vanity is a part of a young woman's equipment."

"Is it?"

"As hunger is of mine."

"And of mine,—I'll confess so much at least."

But she went on as they breakfasted explaining that she had left her luggage, that she really had several changes with her

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when she came up country. Part had been left at Richmond to hasten the journey, and the rest, as she had said, at Fairmount's because her brother had insisted she must not be too much encumbered.

“But it is n't as if I were going to a dance, — say to-night,” she laughed gayly at her escort. “I dare say a habit is all that I shall need until we surprise my uncle by rushing in on him. I suppose he must be half dead with anxiety now. But I am talking much more than you are. Did you think for a moment, Captain Kenneth, I could chatter like this — when we met that rainy night?”

“Never at all. I wonder how the horses are, and the servants.”

“The servants?”

“I am going to borrow a boy and a maid for you from Mrs. Brillwood.”

“Sure, you can have 'em, Cap'n Kenneth,” said this good woman, courtesying, “and Brillwood would say so much, sir, I'm quite positive.”

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She continued: that the war had made some of her negroes dissatisfied; but that Captain Kenneth could have the maid and boy and two extra horses, the soldiers, thank Providence, not having reached to that part of Virginia. "It's better that ye should have 'em, Cap'n," she added *sotto voce*. "Ye mus'n't forget there are 'em that gossips even in time of war."

Miss Jervon did not have the benefit of this last remark, but she looked Kenneth full in the face with those clear eyes.

"You are the most thoughtful man I ever knew."

"I am thinking of my own comfort," Kenneth retorted, laughing. "You do me too great justice in attributing unselfishness to me, Miss Jervon."

She looked away then, flushing a little he fancied, and then said in a low voice, "I suppose we ought to be started, Captain Kenneth."

"You are thinking of Jervon House?"

"Yes," said she, as he went after the

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horses and Mrs. Brillwood's servants. The morning still was dewy, and the countryside fresh and sweet. The road now permitted long canters, that stirred their pulses, and left their horses panting.

"We must not forget that we have many miles to cover," Kenneth said, pulling his horse down. "Two more days, — yes to-morrow evening, we should reach Jervon House."

He was ready to add, although he did not, that this would be all too soon.

"Captain Kenneth," his companion began gravely. "You let me say a deal of myself yesterday, and yet you said nothing of yourself."

"There is not much to say."

"Ah, yes, there must be. You spoke of your brother."

"Malcolm Kenneth. He was a major in one of the volunteer legions for the King."

"And you loved him?"

"I suppose we fought, as boys will; but,



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latterly, our only difference was political. We were the last Kenneths. I am the only one now."

"And how did you happen to be on that side then?"

"The question is absurd, Miss Jervon, if you will allow me. You yourself know enough families divided."

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"My father came to Virginia because he was out for the Stuart claimant in '45. I suppose I ought to have stood by a king. But perhaps it was the thought that the Hanoverians are not Stuarts which led me to support Mr. Henry when he talked in the House of Burgesses. My brother and I had many quarrels about it,—but there were no very serious ones. I believe we did have some heart-burning, when we were younger, over a girl."

"Oh, fie! a girl? Captain Kenneth. I never thought you susceptible."

"But I am. That was long ago, however. The girl married another, and we

## The Scarlet Coat

both laughed over it in the old home. There is a big chimney in that house. Malcolm and I climbed up it when we were boys, and it was that recollection which led me to try the chimney in your cousin Fairmount's house."

"To my embarrassment."

"Well, it must have been very much so. I was worse than a chimney-sweep, and exasperated and ungallant, I know."

"Ah, yes, you were. But to return to the subject. What was that girl like?"

"I can't remember."

"You are fibbing, Captain Kenneth."

"Oh, another girl has put her out of my mind lately. Now, — I think I have about ended with myself."

"You have said nothing about yourself, — about your life before the war."

"It was n't a life to be talked of; a young Virginian's, — fox-hunting, some play, more drink than was exactly good. Malcolm was the finer of the two, I assure you. He never did what I did."

## The Scarlet Coat

“Dreadful things, Captain Kenneth, I can imagine. And what have you done in the war?”

“That’s answered. I’m only captain, a poor one. Malcolm and I had some property in Westchester through our mother, but that we succeeded in scattering. The estate in Prince William is mortgaged. Well,—as for the war, I fell in with a French nobleman, Armand, Marquis de Ronarie. I served with him. He never has been properly recognized. Why should I find fault?”

“You should — should be higher.”

“Oh, I am sure it is good of you to say that, — tremendously, Miss Jervon. I will have you talk to General Washington, or Congress.”

“You would be more than captain if you served the King.”

“Oh, but I should n’t.”

“I know that you are staunch to your opinions. Well, we won’t quarrel on their account, — shall we?”

## The Scarlet Coat

Kenneth remembered this ride many times in the busy days that were to follow,—which were to mean so much in his career, and in the cause he served. They talked of many things along the long miles. They stopped that night to take the hospitality of a family that had not forgotten the Virginian blessing to passing traveller. The next day the borrowed servants from Brillwood's carried lunch which they ate under the trees. That day was not very different. Its incidents you may imagine from those which have gone before, and at sundown Jervon House loomed on its hill above the broad river. They both fell silent.

“You stay with us,” she began.

“Well, to-night, and then I must rejoin my General.”

Surdam Jervon was carried down the broad stairs in the strong arms of his valet, William.

“I am glad to know you, Mr. Kenneth,

## The Scarlet Coat

and I have to thank you much indeed for your kindness to my niece."

"I am glad to be of any service, sir," Kenneth answered.

"I knew your father," Jervon went on, "a brave man, a prejudiced adherent of the Pretender. I'll not attempt to convert you to true principles, if you are his son. I suppose I can't do that," he added affably. "Ah, Mr. Kenneth, I was a strong young chap in those days. Now I am a wreck. My legs are useless. Sometimes I am driven over to Lord Fairfax's, whose case is almost as bad. We are two broken old fellows. But it does me good to see a fine man like you. You have your father's build, and I am sorry you disagreed with your brother and the rest of us, and took the wrong side."

"Lord Dunmore rather disgusted me."

"His Lordship deserted Virginia, — ran away. He made more trouble for the King than any other cause," said Jervon excitedly.

## The Scarlet Coat

But here Charlotte entered in a dinner gown that made her different from the companion of his ride.

“Jerome has been here, — a dozen times, — worried about you.”

“Jerome can wait,” said the hostess, blushing prettily, as she did the honors of her uncle’s table.

“My nephew, Jerome Fairmount, is not like my other nephew, Captain Jervon, — a good soldier, sir. Jerome is politic. I don’t like his non-committal position, but I suppose I should be that, — if I had his property.”

“Doubtless,” said Kenneth, absently.

“You know you would n’t, uncle,” Charlotte Jervon said. “How absurdly you talk! But we know you.”

“I don’t like the way things are going,” the old man went on peevishly. “Here is Lord Cornwallis running before the Frenchman. There’s no doubt His Lordship is drawing back to the seaboard, and leaving the State to the rebels. I suppose

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my friend Richard Henry Lee will like that well enough; but I don't; I can't."

"Have you heard where General de la Fayette is? You know he is my commander!"

"He was at Dandrige's on the South Anna, the last I heard. But I hope all will come out well,—as it must, if those monsieurs only would attend to their own affairs. But when you put Englishman against Englishman in civil war, and to it all add Frenchmen,—well, it's bad enough, Mr. Kenneth."

So they talked, and Kenneth wondered if this demure young woman at her uncle's table was indeed the companion,—yes, comrade of that long ride.

"I have been writing Dick, Captain Kenneth. I have told him all you have done for me, and I have asked him to see that your servant—the man Colonel Tarleton took from Fairmount's—be sent you. I'm sure Dick will see that he is."

## The Scarlet Coat

“He’s invaluable. I should like him back.”

And then they were in the great room, and Charlotte Jervon sang Scotch ballads, she said in honor of the Virginianized Scot. “I’m clumsy at the dialect,” she laughed.

“Oh, it was before my time, when we were Scotch,” Kenneth retorted. But he was certain Miss Jervon’s voice was charming. She blushed and sang again. The June moon fell over her. Old Jervon talked garrulously, and then the hour of “good-night” came.

But again Kenneth could not sleep. He thought of all that had happened, even to Mr. Jervon’s twitting him about the coat he still wore. He indeed must get a new one when he once was back with the army, — were that possible when the commissary department was so low in supplies.

Early the next morning he said “good-bye.”

“I really am sorry to have you go, Captain Kenneth,” Charlotte Jervon said.



## The Scarlet Coat

“It was a jolly ride, and I am sorry to go. But I must get back. Oh, that was good of you to think of writing Captain Jervon about my man, Finch.”

“And don’t I owe you much?” said she. “How absurd for you to thank me for anything. Certainly I have made you a deal of trouble. Was n’t that fat old landlady at Brillwood’s nice?”

Surdam Jervon sent for him to come upstairs to his room. It was too hot for him to descend; his gout was too painful.

“I am obliged to you,” he said, propped in pillows, speaking as the head of the Jervons.

And Kenneth was mounted, looking back at Charlotte Jervon in the doorway until a turn hid her. Then he whipped up rather gloomily. But he had his duty with the army.

## Chapter V.

How General de la Fayette had from Mr. Fairmount an Explanation of Lord Cornwallis' Manœuvres.

KENNETH met many rumors of the Marquis' failures and successes since he had left him that afternoon on Mechunck Creek; one declaring that Lord Cornwallis really was retreating, and another, more generally believed, that the King's cunning general was but trying to draw his youthful opponent into an ambush. Yet even the appearance of an enemy's retreat gives good heart, and many told Kenneth that "the Frenchman" was n't so bad a leader, and after all General Washington might have been right. "The General-in-Chief usually is," Kenneth commented laconically.

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Oh, the "little" General was getting on well, the cross-road informant would continue; his army certainly was increasing; now at least eight thousand. Kenneth did not believe this could be possible although he was glad to think popular opinion was changing as to his General's ability. He strengthened the impression of the probable increase of the army, remembering that it was the Marquis' policy to make a show of large numbers by scattering forces along different roads, by never encamping in line, that spies and deserters might be deceived. As a matter of fact Kenneth had discovered, on the evening when he rode into headquarters at New Kent Court House, that the army was about forty-four-hundred strong: General Wayne's Pennsylvania line; and General Muhlenberg's New England light infantry, tried veterans; and the Virginian militia under Generals Campbell and Lawson; and Colonel Febiger's eighteen months men; and Major McPherson's combined infantry and cav-

## The Scarlet Coat

alry; Major Call's and Willis's riflemen; Lieutenant Mercer's dragoons; and the French Major Galvin's little corps from Vose's Massachusetts light infantry. Nor must I omit in this list the brave Colonel Butler who had been a distinguished figure in army affairs since Stony Point. Lord Cornwallis' army was nearly double, to be sure; but nothing, as I have said and every militiaman knows, gives a soldier heart so much as to feel an enemy on the retreat. Yes, His Lordship was leaving Virginia for the seaboard with some ulterior purpose hard to fathom; retreating before an inferior enemy who marched close at his heels by day and by night. Kenneth's delay in joining his General indeed had been occasioned by the rapidity of the Marquis' movements, the uncertainty of his whereabouts from hour to hour.

"You are hard to find, Your Excellency," he said, that night at headquarters, noticing how the few days' success had changed de la Fayette's expression.

## The Scarlet Coat

“You are back,—but not quite in time, Captain. I am afraid you can't figure in the little brush to-night.”

“What's that, may I ask?”

“Oh, you see it's General Wayne's idea. I am prudence itself. But I still have to hold myself in, Kenneth. I want to fight, and I get so tired of perpetual reconnoitring. Yet I must remember I'm responsible for the army, Captain. And then Colonel Wayne comes to me,—‘mad Anthony,’ I believe you call him,—and he says, ‘General, now there are Simcoe's rangers stealing cattle and burning supplies down toward Williamsburg. Now let me, General,’ says your brave ‘mad’ General Wayne, Captain; ‘let me order the van to intercept those rangers of Simcoe.’ I reflect, Captain; mind you, I reflect that it will have a good effect on the troops to do a little fighting; and I say, ‘Go on, General Wayne. Catch that fellow Simcoe.’ And they are gone, and I wanted to be with them, Captain. And — and I

## The Scarlet Coat

wonder what is happening down there toward Williamsburg. But here you are back, Kenneth, after your excursion of gallantry. Was the lady pretty? Ah, I didn't see her; I'm a married man, you know, Captain Kenneth. I'm afraid of these pretty American Meeses. But you, — ah, you still wear that scarlet coat."

"I am going to appeal to the commissary for another, Your Excellency. I came near getting a bullet several times with it on my back. I am again here, sir, to serve. I am sorry I was away at so critical a time."

"Oh, never mind the past, Captain. It's what is to happen. What is his Lordship trying to do? I can't make out; attempting to reach his shipping, it would appear. But why? Or is it all a feint to put me 'in a corner,' as you say? Oh, I have to be careful."

"You decided, I remember, you thought he was acting against his own judgment, and on Sir Henry Clinton's."

## The Scarlet Coat

“So it seemed then; so it may now. But I confess I’m at my wit’s end. Only I must shift my camp. I must sleep with both eyes open, and I never can tell at all. Oh, I wish to know!”

An orderly interrupted.

“A gentleman has come through the lines with a pass from the Governor of Virginia, — a Mr. Fairmount.”

“Who is he?”

“One of the great landowners, sir,” said the orderly, who was a Virginian.

“Tory? Whig?”

“His interests appear to keep him both,” said Kenneth. “This is a curious coincidence. You know this man is a relative of the Jervons. Miss Jervon was the young lady I escorted. But the Jervons are decidedly for the King, and this Fairmount is cautious.”

“Oh, yes, I see. He has a French landlord’s cunning; wishes to be safe whichever side wins. Yes, show Mr. Fairmount in,” the General continued

## The Scarlet Coat

to the orderly. "But don't you think," he went on to Kenneth in a low tone, "that augurs well for us, — that such a person should think it safer to consult us at least. Ah, Mr. Fairmount, I believe."

There entered a man of forty, of medium height, and a figure not ungraceful, if inclined to stoutness. Deep-set grey eyes were the features of a rosy face, strong, and sometimes even commanding. They said Fairmount inherited the accurate sense of property, enabling him to deal out to each his due, not a tittle more nor less. No man could get near this intellectual, even personality, ever apparent self-master.

"I am glad to know you, sir," said the Marquis, "for of course I know your name."

"It is very good of Your Excellency so to state," the visitor said. "The Governor wished me to lay some matters before you. I have this letter from him."

"Shall I read it now?"

"If Your Excellency pleases."



## The Scarlet Coat

As the General scanned the paper, Fairmount turned to Kenneth.

“I believe I have to thank you, sir, for a courtesy to my cousin, Miss Jervon. She is a bit impetuous, and her deep attachment to her brother led her on that dangerous excursion forbidden by her family, — indeed without their knowledge. She told me particularly how good you were.”

Kenneth said something in reply, but he did not like that which Fairmount's word and tone implied — certainly an air of possession such as she had said was his right; and she had told Fairmount “particularly.” Yet really there was every reason why she should, he reflected, analyzing his resentment.

“Mr. Fairmount,” said the Marquis, “I want to ask your permission to show this paper to Captain Kenneth, for the simple reason he understands Virginian matters better than I, while my other officers now are on duty.”

## The Scarlet Coat

Fairmount looked at Kenneth, as if hesitating ; but there was nothing of this in his voice.

“Why, it’s at Your Excellency’s disposal.”

“Excuse us for a moment. Read that, Kenneth,” the General said, drawing the Captain of Armand’s aside.

“DEAR MARQUIS,” it ran, “the bearer is Jerome Fairmount, as you may know, one of the greatest Virginian proprietors. I will explain in stating his acreage is as extensive as Lord Fairfax’s ; a man to gain, even at this late day.

“We can’t afford not to conciliate him. He has been hand and glove with us, and hand in glove with the Tories. He has no hesitancy in declaring his position, that he wants to preserve his property from confiscation ; nor does he incidentally wish to prejudice his neighbors. But now, he tells me, he has reason to believe we may be successful. I don’t know his sources of information. But I am sure he can render you some signal service ; and I commend him to your favor.

“I am, my dear Marquis,

“Yours faithfully,

“THOMAS JEFFERSON.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“You know there is no discussion of means in war,” Kenneth commented coldly.

Fairmount here interrupted, “Will you pardon me for interrupting, that I may explain. I want my position fairly stated, General de la Fayette. I trust Captain Kenneth is discreet, as I know he indeed must be. It may be that preserving this appearance of neutrality, — which your nature and youth — I beg your Excellency’s pardon — may not permit you to appreciate quite, — it may be that I can prove of greater service than I otherwise could.”

“Do you not run some risk of being thought a spy?” the “little” General said.

“Not at all,” Fairmount said. “They think on account of my associations, my relatives, my vested interests, I certainly must be with them; nor can you, sir, imagine a man of my position sinking to that. General Jefferson has put it exactly. I wish to keep my neutrality unquestioned,

## The Scarlet Coat

to preserve my property. From the first, sir, I have believed this contest might turn either way."

The listeners perhaps admired the cold intellectuality of which this masterly frankness was no mean part. He stated his position without quibbling, and if you accepted his statement you could not censure him afterward; he indeed had anticipated inimical insinuation. His cleverness had a magnetic effect both on the youthful General, and on the older, perhaps more skeptical Kenneth.

"Now this is the conclusion I have reached, General de la Fayette, and it may influence your action somewhat: you have wondered why Lord Cornwallis has been retreating against his established reputation, when again and again he could have cut you into pieces?"

"He has had the chance, several times," said the General, brusquely.

"Oh, you could n't have prevented him, although everybody must acknowledge that

## The Scarlet Coat

you, General, have conducted this campaign almost beyond criticism. But I'll tell you the reason for his Lordship's manœuvre; just this: he had orders to go no further in subjecting Virginia until he had established a permanent post on the coast for military and naval operations. He has been undecided between Gloucester and Yorktown, —or both, —or Portsmouth possibly."

"Yes, I understand," said de la Fayette kindling. "Your statement proves the case; he has not wished to sacrifice any troops. No, he could not risk any, —under the conditions of his orders. That explains why the same General, who attacked General Greene with double his numbers, now runs from my little force."

"And, sir," Fairmount continued, "to-day his Lordship has received an order from Sir Henry to dispatch him by the thirty transports now in the bay the following troops. To make sure, I'll read the list." He took a paper and read, while the others listened amazed. "A consid-

## The Scarlet Coat

erable part of his Lordship's army, you understand."

"Sent because Sir Henry fears an attack on New York from the combined force?"

"Yes, exactly. Now the point I would make," Fairmount went on in that studied, precise tone, "is that Your Excellency will see that Cornwallis is not trying to entrap you. On the contrary, he is bound to send those regiments North. You can harass his rear, I believe, without too great risk of his turning; and lastly you may anticipate a more equal force."

"You have brought valuable information, confirming suspicions, Mr. Fairmount. But —"

"General de la Fayette, I am telling you exact truth, and my motive is, as Governor Jefferson has said, that you may remember it, should I require that."

"Otherwise, I am to forget?"

"I think you understand me."

Kenneth thought the Marquis' own tone conveyed admiration of a superior

## The Scarlet Coat

mind, if contempt for an inferior moral nature. Yet, remembering his position, he treated his visitor with great and cautious consideration. The Marquis de la Fayette had learned the need of policy as well as that of military strategy. Now, he said, he trusted Fairmount would remember to keep him informed. Fairmount replied that he hoped the Marquis would believe him ; but he must not excite suspicion by remaining too long in the American quarters. The General, of course, would not forget that the visit must be held confidential. He bowed then affably to them both, expressing again to Kenneth his sense of obligation for courtesy to his cousin ; and went out with the Marquis's permit to pass the lines, and, leaving an impression of smooth wit, of keen understanding of others' foibles, and some perplexity, in both the General and the troop captain.

“ What do you make of him, Kenneth ? ” the Marquis asked. “ You perhaps have had more experience with men than I.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“That, exactly as he has described himself, he is playing for favor, with both sides.”

“Has he told the truth?”

“I believe he has; for what would it avail him, in the event of our success, unless he could show us a service?”

“Might he not have another object —?”

“What does the knowledge he has given tempt you to do unless to be more confident? How could he gain, save in the one way of showing us service?”

“Ah, that I am afraid of,—too great confidence. Captain, I can't stand this perpetual manœuvring. I want to fight them once. If General Wayne may push them hard to-night, I shall not be there.”

“And my troopers are, and I am not,” said the Captain of Armand's, rather gloomily himself.

“Ah, we shall have an action yet, Captain; and you shall be colonel of an independent troop like Colonel Lee's. What's this, Peabody?”



## The Scarlet Coat

There had entered a messenger of General Wayne's. Every moment was then active ; any day General de la Fayette was ready to move, with the consequence of his troops being almost exhausted, between heat, lack of sleep, constant marches.

Listening to General Wayne's messenger, the Marquis turned excitedly, and Kenneth found all at once that he had a duty assigned him. Again he was in the saddle, taking but time to change the King's coat. He could no longer wear the wrong uniform.

By hard riding, made longer by false trails, he joined McPherson's retreating dragoons late the next morning. For his Lordship's army had moved on the Americans sent out to break Colonel Simcoe's raid. Yet Lord Cornwallis went no further than to protect the attacked posts, which, Kenneth concluded, indeed was in keeping with the information Fairmount had advanced the General.

## The Scarlet Coat

The Marquis and his staff made no doubt the week following that the mystery of the retreat was explained, and he wrote the Commander-in-Chief that he believed he had good information that Sir Henry was frightened by the strong force about New York; consequently that Cornwallis' force was to be much reduced. But it was not until later that the first idea came to the American army in Virginia that something might be done in that state to make defeat victory.

Kenneth was busied these early July days, for the most with the cavalry along outlying posts; and so tired was he that he had little time to think of those quiet days when he had ridden with Charlotte Jervon in a Virginia undisturbed by the roll of guns. He wondered at Jerome Fairmount; failing to understand a character such as his, and yet unconsciously finding himself admiring the man's extreme cleverness; if his moral obliquity might be great, he yet commanded the certain respect we

## The Scarlet Coat

give mental adroitness, even against our judgment. Our Captain remembered how familiarly Surdam Jervon had spoken of this man to his niece, and the girl's blush.

One of these July mornings Kenneth awoke rubbing his eyes; for Finch was there at the tent door polishing his boots. "Yes, it's me, Mars," grinned Finch; "and they've dragged me 'round; but Cap'n Jervon, who's a fine gen'l'man, sar, sent me back to you;" and Kenneth read, —

"DEAR CAPTAIN KENNETH, — You have put me under a burden of gratitude for your great kindness to Charlotte. The least we can do is to return your servant, with an apology from both Colonel Tarleton, who wishes to be remembered, and from myself, for having kept the fellow so long. I am, my dear Captain, y'r's to command,  
RICHARD JERVON."

Kenneth laughed over Finch and the note, which made him remember that Charlotte Jervon had said the man should

## The Scarlet Coat

be returned. It at least was good of her. And how was this old Finch? But Finch inquired about the little mare. It was just as well that "the lady" was in Governor Jefferson's stable, although he was fearful the "niggers thar" would n't know enough to give her decent care. No, he did n't know that he could tell Master John anything about his "Lardship"; they'd him working too hard for a civilized "nigger, sar"; and so the old man (he must have been seventy) chattered on, and Kenneth laughed until an order came from head-quarters.

He was indeed busied, and never more so than in that eventful fight at Green Spring.

## Chapter VI.

How the Marquis fought His Lordship at Sir William Berkeley's House of Green Spring; and how Captain Kenneth, forgetting Duty, was reminded of the Lapse.

THE night before, the van lay on arms eight miles from Jamestown, and at dawn a deserter came, saying that only the enemy's rear remained on the Jamestown side of the river. At once General Wayne was leading, with Mercer's, McPherson's, Galvan's, Call's, Willis's, and Armand's. Presently in their hurried march they came in view of Green Spring. The enemy's outposts were a half mile farther; and scouts brought conflicting rumors; some that both Cornwallis and Tarleton were on the north shore; others that only a covering party was left. Gen-

## The Scarlet Coat

eral Wayne hesitated, looking across the marsh bridged here by a narrow causeway ; but the waving bushes beyond gave no answer, and the hot June sun beat down. While they deliberated, the "little" General (reddish hair, retreating brow, tall, thin, awkward figure), came pounding up.

"Oh, we will risk it," he said. "Order up the Pennsylvanians and light infantry. But" (not forgetting his lately gained prudence), "we will leave the militia at Bird's Tavern."

Cautiously the American van pushed forward, the rattling musketry began ; and Colonel Tarleton's outposts fell in. The uneven ground, the massed foliage, left it all uncertain what lay behind. Was it but a scattering rear-guard ? Was it Lord Cornwallis himself trying to draw them into ambush ?

The fire kept up. The riflemen replied. They could see that the British posts still continued to withdraw. Kenneth found himself in a quandary, as he

## The Scarlet Coat

watched. His horse was shot under him. Disentangling himself he caught another riderless.

“The General wishes to see you, sir,” cried a breathless aide.

“What does it mean, Captain?” de la Fayette asked.

“That, sir, those posts resist too obstinately to be unsupported.”

“I wonder if we can’t learn something?” the General continued, pointing to a bushy peninsula. For answer Kenneth turned that way with the General, leaving his command for the reconnoitre.

“By gad, Your Excellency,” Kenneth said, looking back from the water’s edge; “a feint. Their whole army is there.”

“Quick, we must decline a general action,” the “little” General cried, his homely face paling; but even in the brief time of his absence a smart action had begun.

Already past sunset, the river bottoms

## The Scarlet Coat

were heavy with smoke hastening the twilight. The retreating enemy had turned on Major Galvin in General Wayne's van. For three minutes General Wayne had "a choice of difficulties;" to retreat, throwing panic into those behind, or to advance as if he had thousands to follow. Charge he did in that deepening shadow. Grape thinned his ranks; brought him to a stand-still, but not to a retreat, as Kenneth, now at his place in the van again, often testified. For fifteen minutes each held its own. Again Kenneth felt his horse tremble and fall; in fact every field officer was dismounted, while not a horse was left at the guns. But Wayne, brave and impetuous, yet was not without an ounce of caution. He saw he never could stand before the overwhelmingly increasing foe. "Back," the order sounded, when already many were running; the foe following, tumbling and falling in the gloom.

Yet the sound lessened; the pursuit faded.



## The Scarlet Coat

“The darkness! God be thanked for the darkness,” the tall “little” Marquis cried. “They are afraid, — not of us, but of the darkness.”

“General,” said mad Anthony, riding up, “you are right. If the sun had been up we’d been down.”

“We nearly lost everything. But,” General de la Fayette’s voice was firm again, “General Wayne, you know we have n’t.”

Yet if the army were saved for the hour one hundred and forty-five were killed and missing. The General, sure that the enemy did not intend to follow up his advantage, waited, until, as the east colored after that hot and tedious night, the retreat began.

“Why does n’t Cornwallis follow it up?” the wearied Captain of Armand’s was muttering, his tired legs listless over his poor brute’s flanks. The rear was far away now from the rest, its men scattered cautiously here and there, pausing

## The Scarlet Coat

now and again. The landscape turned grayish, and white, and clouds massed at the horizon to silver, and gold, and into flames.

“Another day!” muttered our Captain, despairfully. At such an hour, when one has had excitement and long hours of physical effort, vitality and hope (which is of vitality) are lowest.

A stir was behind, and Captain Kenneth again was alert, and Sergeant Brooke was calling: —

“Bring him up, men. We have caught a captain, sir, and three men.”

“You have, Kenneth,” said Captain Jervon, coming up.

“Step back, men, if you please,” Kenneth said, and dismounted.

“It’s unfortunate,” he added, reviewing certain possibilities.

“Why any more than for another poor devil?” Jervon asked.

“Won’t it be charged that you may have had to do with certain of Burgoyne’s

## The Scarlet Coat

command, prisoners of war, turning belligerents ? ”

“ I can't deny that. I am no liar even for my skin ; nor does it shame me, after my long period of prisoner, to have done all I could for His Majesty.”

“ Others, not I, will bring this up. They must. You should n't be prisoner.”

“ I am free to confess it no particular pleasure.”

“ And I can prevent it. For don't believe I underrate your danger from a military court.”

“ And how can you prevent it ? ”

Kenneth looked back at his men who were watching.

“ I can let you go, Jervon.”

“ But you ? ” said the other. “ You will be breaking your duty. You can't.”

“ My duty ? ”

“ Brooke.”

“ Sir ! ”

“ You must release Captain Jervon. Take him back to the lines.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“But, sir?”

“I know my mind, Sergeant, and the circumstance. You have the order.”

“Kenneth,” whispered Jervon, “if I ever may give you a return —”

“Oh, nonsense! Go! while you have the chance, and before I change my mind.”

“I can’t neglect a chance.”

“Of course not. Go, I tell you.”

Yet when he had gone, Kenneth was half disposed to call him back. He had been false to his position. The thought bothered him. And suddenly the sounds of the military court buzzed in the ears of his imagination. He fancied his men looked at him queerly. Would he better tell the Marquis? or General Wayne? But why should he? Probably the matter would n’t be noticed in the excitement of the retreat. Yet he himself should. He would n’t have any peace until he told. How indeed had he happened to do such a thing? Yet he knew well enough.

## The Scarlet Coat

As the main body went on, the covering parties of the rear drew in. Kenneth had forgotten his weariness; but not his extraordinary fault. Yet the events of that morning duty were not over. Two others were brought him, a gentleman and servant.

“I have General de la Fayette’s pass, Captain Kenneth,” said Jerome Fairmount, for this was he. “I wish to see him as soon as possible.”

“Yes, pass Mr. Fairmount.”

Fairmount hesitated, and turned back.

“Captain Kenneth, we must be good friends.”

“Yes, of course,” Kenneth assented. “But,—I’ll be frank in stating that a fellow playing with sides, taking neither, never was to my taste.”

“You may be right. You have n’t my caution, Captain Kenneth. It’s a question of natures. But I was going to say I left Jervon a short time ago.”

“Well, what of that?”

## The Scarlet Coat

“I beg pardon, Captain Kenneth, did n't you forget, — well, duty?”

“What do you mean?”

“This: I want your friendship, — or your self-interest. I can forget what Captain Jervon told me.”

“You need n't,” said Kenneth. “No, I think you need n't bother, for I will tell the Marquis. Besides the service was for your kinsman. You should be pleased.”

“Oh, I am,” he said, his voice changing perceptibly. “I don't think you quite understood me.”

“I did, — perfectly. Sergeant Brooke, you will see that Mr. Fairmount is directed at once to the General.”

“You did n't understand me. I appear to have made a mistake,” Fairmount said, almost eagerly.

“That's strange of you,” the Captain of Armand's retorted, riding away, and giving the other indeed no chance to answer.

## Chapter VII.

How Captain Kenneth heard that from Colonel Tarleton confirming his previous opinion of Mr. Fairmount.

GENERAL de la Fayette was in council, but as was his wont, on hearing the Captain of Armand's presence, he ordered him admitted.

The first Kenneth saw, in the low room of the old rectory, was Jerome Fairmount, who faced him, showing neither resentment nor surprise, as if indeed he were of no import to him.

Generals Wayne and Campbell, Colonels Mercer and Hamilton, and the artillery Captain Savage, distinguished in yesterday's affair, were there.

"You are in time, Captain," de la Fayette said. "I was indeed about sending for you."

## The Scarlet Coat

“I have a report to submit to your Excellency.”

“Let that wait for a moment, if it is n't too important. It's this, Captain Kenneth: I wish to send a message to the Commander-in-Chief, that I shall write, but which some person who understands should explain, to answer from acquaintance with the situation the questions General Washington may ask. I have the papers made out,” he continued, advancing to a table.

“In the first place, you know how Mr. Fairmount told the reason for Lord Cornwallis' retreat. Nothing could have added to our persuasion of the exact truth of his statement more than that my Lord, despite yesterday's advantage, has withdrawn across the James. Now listen to that I have written the General: ‘That the subjugation of this state was the great object of the ministry was an indisputable fact; I think your diversion’ — about New York, you know — ‘has been of more



## The Scarlet Coat

use to the State than my manœuvres ; but the latter has been much directed by public views. So long as my Lord wished for an action, not one gun has been fired ; the moment he declined it, we have been skirmishing ; but I took care never to commit the army, — You can bear witness to that up to yesterday ? ”

“ I was to blame for yesterday, Your Excellency,” General Wayne interrupted, with that frankness which turned detractors to friends.

“ I wished it, General Wayne, as much as you. But we are lucky that we are not destroyed. To continue my letter : ‘ I had an eye upon European negotiations, and made it a point to give His Lordship the disgrace of a retreat.’ Now, Captain Kenneth, on top of this — I won’t read my letter further — comes our friend, Mr. Fairmount. I have been talking with him more or less all day. He says His Lordship will not occupy Portsmouth with his diminished force, but instead

## The Scarlet Coat

Yorktown and Gloucester. And he makes a suggestion,—an admirable one we believe here,—which is that, so many of His Lordship's forces having been sent here, it would be possible for the General-in-Chief and le Comte de Rochambeau to pretend an attack on New York, while really marching rapidly here to us. I believe, if my king's fleet should appear, it could be done,—that we could catch his Lordship." His eyes kindled. He walked rapidly to and fro. He lapsed into French, although he now had mastered his English.

"But the proposition must not get beyond us here,—not a soul must suspect." He stopped, turning to Kenneth:

"Do you think you can explain to General Washington?"

"I am certain," Anthony Wayne said. "No one knows the case better than the Captain."

"I dislike to leave my troop," the Captain of Armand's said slowly. "You know I have been away."

## The Scarlet Coat

Jerome Fairmount explained with apparent courtesy: "I don't think there will be fighting at present. His Lordship will be busied at fortifications."

"It seems," said Kenneth, "that you, Mr. Fairmount, have gone over to our cause —"

"Because, Captain Kenneth," said the other coldly, and still seeming boastful of self-interest, "I am persuaded that His British Majesty, between you and your French allies, cannot possibly hold the Colonies. This manœuvre will take Cornwallis; and end the war. I never shall lay claim to the idea. All I wish, should it be undertaken and proven successful, is that you who are here will protect my interests in this state against my enemies, who may say that I have appeared the Tory and my estate should be confiscated."

"The King would pay you back, Mr. Fairmount," sneered the Captain of Armand's, "by act of Parliament."

"I am trusting to your certain memo-

## The Scarlet Coat

ries, gentlemen, rather than to uncertain acts of Parliament," Fairmount replied, still displaying neither resentment nor discomfiture.

"But the fleet that will co-operate?" Colonel Mercer asked. "Comte de Grasse is about the Spanish main?"

"I have private advice that le Comte de Grasse will be here," the Marquis answered. "His Excellency will have dispatches to that effect, I believe, in thirty days."

"When shall I start?" the Captain of Armand's said.

"If you can, now."

"I will, Your Excellency. I need but my own servant."

"You can have six troopers."

"I know the country too well. The dispatches will be safe enough. As I take it, no one should know of this suggestion of Mr. Fairmount's?"

"Certainly, no one."

Kenneth looked his doubt of Fairmount. The man was enigmatical.

## The Scarlet Coat

“ May I have private word with Your Excellency ? ”

“ Well, Captain ? ”

“ I have a confession.”

“ I am no priest, Kenneth,” smiled the General.

“ I took a prisoner, and let him go, because — ”

“ Because, Captain ? ”

“ He was Captain Jervon, the brother of Miss Jervon, of Jervon House,” Kenneth said, making his explanation complete.

“ Bon Dieu ! ”

He looked serious : he frowned ; but said,  
“ Don't mind, my dear Kenneth. I am young, — younger than you. I like women. What man does n't ? Have n't I a wife in France ? Let the matter go, Kenneth. Don't mind ! I say. But — if I were you I would n't mention it. As for me, I will forget it. I need you now.”

And, in louder tone, the rest heard,

“ Captain Kenneth, you understand ? We trust you for your best.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“You may, sir.”

The last impression was of Jerome Fairmount.

But the “little” General had lightened one burden; had risked censure for him.

Yet it was past nine before he started. He had been re-called for additional instruction; and was told that Fairmount already had gone to the British lines.

“And we think he is in our interest?” Kenneth commented.

“What other purpose has he? How may you explain him if he really is n’t, with the selfish object he avows?” the Marquis asked.

“I don’t know? Yet the man is a deal too frank with his protestations that he is doing all this selfishly.”

He turned, taking the Marquis’ hand, “I will do as well as I can. Good-bye, sir.”

And he was outside in a night of lowering clouds, where Finch waited.

The query followed along those roads :

## The Scarlet Coat

If the "little" General had taken a burden, there was the other thought of Jerome Fairmount; her cousin; and more; a strong, powerful man, always self-master. He could give her much; and was the man for woman's fancy. Women liked such as he; that was certain, when they thought seriously about men, not impulsively.

Kenneth must have muttered, for Finch asked what he wished. "Finch, I was saying, 'I am a fool.'" Finch expostulated.

And time passed.

At dawn they were to find a change of mounts: a station in the line of military expresses between North and South. Kenneth remembered the place was near Jervon House. He might stop which would not take much time; if foolish of him, he would like to pay his respects to Surdam Jervon. He laughed at his self-deception.

They were riding sleepily, master and servant, the horses lagging.

## The Scarlet Coat

“You are prisoner, sir.”

Yes; a hundred figures seemed to be about.

“To whom?”

“Colonel Tarleton.”

“Damn the nigger! He has gotten away,” said a voice.

“It can’t be helped.”

“My servant’s horse has good wind,” the captive said, thinking of his dispatches. They were leading him back from the road.

Presently was a circle of lantern light among the trees, where stood a short, thick, swarthy man, with deep, black eyes.

“I really am sorry, Captain Kenneth. You know I like you,” said Banastre Tarleton, for it was he. He looked at Kenneth oddly, as if he thought this an excellent joke, and added,

“But we had the information, and I told His Lordship I would dare.”

“You would dare anything, Colonel



## The Scarlet Coat

Tarleton. This is the third time I'm your prisoner."

"Draw back, men," Colonel Tarleton said. "We can't talk, Kenneth. I want your dispatches to Washington."

Kenneth, seeing the situation graver, felt his heart beat. The troopers withdrew on the order. He glanced into the gloom of the bushes and a slight opening in the circle. He and Tarleton were almost alone, for a space of twenty feet, and he was mounted, and Tarleton dismounted, the orderly with his horse well in the background.

Yet a great absorbing, sickening curiosity held him.

"My dispatches, Colonel Tarleton? How did you know?—if I have them. Only one man could have told you?"

He leaned forward.

"Fairmount?"

Tarleton started.

"How do you know?"

"Ah, I am right? He is a spy."

## The Scarlet Coat

“ You think him in your interest ? ”

“ You think him in yours ? ” the Captain of Armand’s retorted.

But in which was he ? There might have been suspicions with Lord Cornwallis. He had tried to strengthen his position with His Lordship by betraying Kenneth. Yet he had given the Marquis valuable information. What did he mean ? What his exact position ? Why, it was plain ! The man was trying to show to each side a service, and he actually could. Kenneth laughed.

“ I am afraid neither of us can catch that fellow, Colonel Tarleton. You want my dispatches ? ”

Tarleton approached. Kenneth looked longingly at the break in the circle. He took his hand from his bosom without the papers.

“ Colonel Tarleton, nearer if you please.”

Banastre Tarleton could catch his bridle. The good Finch at least had run.

## The Scarlet Coat

Tarleton stepped nearer, the lantern under one arm, waving great yellow dabs over trees and bushes.

“What is it, Captain Kenneth?” he asked, not discourteously.

He was near enough. Kenneth pressed the spurs, and brought his fist quickly between Banastre Tarleton’s eyes. The horse plunged as Tarleton, short and sturdy, staggered under the startling blow. The troopers, blinded by the glare in the glade, hardly saw horse and rider dashing through that careless opening of the circle in the bushes, the gloom swallowing them. They were after, Banastre Tarleton quickly on his feet, and in the saddle.

The bushes were a fringe near a bend of the road the Captain of Armand’s had been following, and wildly he ran along this way, up hill and down, cries and hoofs ever fainter. They would not dare follow, he thought, so far North as he was.

The military post-house indeed must be

## The Scarlet Coat

near; and there, if he were not wrong was a company of newly enlisted Virginian militia on the way to General Campbell.

He had escaped. The horse lessened its gait in sheer exhaustion, and, no fearsome sounds following, Kenneth did not urge. The horse had aided his own quick wit.

But that man Fairmount? He cursed the name; and then he remembered the Jervons. He had decided to write this all to General de la Fayette; and now he changed. But he must; it only would be honorable. Well,—he would think about it.

And there was the dawn, and the post-house, and Finch himself, and the company of riflemen. Yes, Banastre Tarleton had feared to follow.

If Finch were mad with pleasure, he thought his master capable of anything. Kenneth accused him of having run and left him; but tears came into the black's shining eyes, and the Captain of Armand's ended with laughter.

## The Scarlet Coat

He told the lieutenant of the riflemen of his adventure. The recruits were eager to be down the road.

“Catch Tarleton, — catch an eel,” said Kenneth, as he started with the fresh horses. But the lieutenant said he would like to put hands on that particular eel; his hands were strong even for slippery creatures.

“Good luck to you, lieutenant. May you catch him, and we all may bless you. Report to General de la Fayette that you passed me here, and my adventure with Banastre Tarleton; and — that’s all.” He did n’t add, as he had half a mind to, “Tell him to have an eye on one Fairmount.”

The fields lay hot in the July morning. Kenneth expected to reach at noon another post in the line of military expresses, where he would sleep, and start at six to journey in the night coolness.

Presently they came to a detour that led to Jervon House. It made his course

## The Scarlet Coat

two miles longer. But he took it; and about a turn he saw the manor on its hill. He rode to the door, and at the moment, as chance would have it, Charlotte Jervon met him.

“Captain Kenneth! My uncle will be delighted. His gout is very painful to-day; yet he will see you, I know.”

The charming face was marked by an exquisite mouth, that might pout or laugh; the most irresistible mouth, Kenneth had said. The eyes were darkish blue or black. The brow, low and broad, was framed by the reddish blond hair disarranged as if by the hat having been taken off hastily. In one hand she held a riding-whip, and the rounded figure was shown by the folds of a dark green habit, mud spattered as if she had not been long from her horse, as at that first meeting.

And again, the mistress of Jervon House saw a tall, dark man. Every Kenneth of that line had the same broad shoulders, muscular body, the dark eyes,

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and firm mouth, with that singular look of finesse almost inconsistent with all this masculine force ; something almost womanish. For she appeared to Kenneth — and Kenneth, indeed, to her — exactly as on that first meeting of the rainy night.

“I can’t wait, thanks. I am on my way North. I could n’t resist a glimpse of you.”

Why should n’t he rest here instead of at noon at the regular post ?

“That is nice of you,” she said. “And, Captain Kenneth, Dick told me how kind you were to him.”

“He should n’t have told you,” he said brusquely. “It was violation of duty, and almost put me in a fix.”

“I hope it did n’t.”

He could n’t resist interrupting.

“I saw another kinsman of yours recently, Mr. Fairmount.”

He was tempted to tell the whole story, and, then, his intention made him angry.

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“I am sorry I can’t wait,” he began conventionally enough.

“Oh, but you know you must.”

“I wish I might. Please give my respects to Mr. Jervon,” he said, springing to the saddle. “And good-bye, Miss Jervon.”

But he did not look back.

“Hurry, Finch, we must make up for lost time.”

Once, in the course of that day, he caught himself saying,

“Heavens, what a mess God and man have made of this world!”

He remembered how, after his escape from the chimney, he himself had donned the livery of the king in the shape of that coat of scarlet which was the particular color of her brother’s, Captain Jervon’s regiment under Burgoyne. It seemed fitting that this coat should have been not merely red, but scarlet, as typifying something of a particular and intense meaning. He had been different since that moment ;



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and now to his tried and disturbed fancy it signified a traitor's coat. Fairmount was the capable trickster, always doffing and donning again this livery of scarlet. And yet, was not he himself wearing it? should he hide his knowledge of the man's treachery? The insignificant act of having worn Captain Jervon's regimentals of that particular scarlet became again significant to Kenneth's distorted fancy.

## Chapter VIII.

How Captain Kenneth reported to the Commander-in-Chief encamped then at Dobbs Ferry; how he found himself in the power of an insidious enemy; and how General Washington at last was persuaded to the famous march against Lord Cornwallis.

**I**T took ten days for General de la Fayette to communicate with his chief, a period, to his present messenger, fearfully long. The Captain of Armand's had only his thoughts, his fears, and for some reason an unusual depression, against his nature, a foreboding of he knew not what. And strangely he still found himself vacillating; now deciding, as was in-

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deed bounden duty, to tell General Washington what he knew of Fairmount from Banastre Tarleton; and again he knew he could not; for he remembered this would hurt the girl he had left that morning in Virginia.

And how preciously considerate our brave trooper again was of another's feeling! And this, too, was against his nature. He could not understand; and knew himself, always a known quantity, suddenly an unknown one.

At Philadelphia, a great, brilliantly gay place, after his long campaigning, he stopped for a half day to lay some of his General's perplexities before Robert Morris.

That calm, self-held man he found, too, the least irritable.

"The Marquis wants money, General Washington demands it. But how am I to get it? If the new French loan only would appear! But it has n't, Captain Kenneth."

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“Yet you can’t blame the men. They have to eat; to live; their pay is so much in arrears. You don’t know, sir, the trouble we have to hold them. You do know the Marquis has drawn again and again on his own resources.”

“I know we owe him a deal. I know — But, Captain Kenneth, I am at my wit’s end; I borrow here, and there, in driblets. But, — I will do what I can. I promise to send General de la Fayette something, — to-morrow certainly. I don’t know how I shall do it, but I will, — in some way. I have to make General Washington a remittance on the same day. I don’t know how I shall do that. But,” he added smiling, “we bring everything about. We may find a way for this. The trouble is the country is drained even of its shillings, and the people tired of war. The prospect is dark.”

“Yes,” said the Captain of Armand’s, voicing his own depression; and, then, his

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nature resenting that unnatural condition, "but we must find a way."

"Ah, we will," said this first of the adroit financiers of whom the United States since has produced so many, yet none who had to cope with mightier problems.

Again Kenneth was on the road, thinking of his troubles, which after all he said some days were delusions. He simply would state the case to the General-in-Chief; and, yet, the next hour, he again had reached the other conclusion.

Coming Northward he heard the Chief was encamped at Dobbs Ferry, and the French on the hills at the East in a single line reaching to the Bronx. At Dobbs Ferry, late the July afternoon, Kenneth's good friend Colonel Pemberton told him the General-in-Chief was in the Comte de Rochambeau's lines.

"You don't know the gay time we are having, Jack," Pemberton said gayly. "You would n't think it was more than a review among those French chaps. We

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have barn dances for lack of better places, and my wife tells me confidentially that she has quite lost her heart to Berthier of Rochambeau's staff."

"I suppose you are jealous."

"Oh, I say, a fellow feels it a personal compliment when his taste is applauded. It's almost funny to see some of these young gentlemen from Versailles with their fine white and green that leave us a terribly seedy lot. They are here, as if out for a dance. But, Jack, what's the matter with you? You look downhearted. You have had too much hard work, I believe, there in Virginia. A man can't stand everything."

So this brave, boastful Pemberton chattered on. He, too, had known much that Kenneth had; and like him had a brother killed on the other side. They had been friends in the quiet days, and were still, although the fortune of war had kept them apart. Nearing the destination, they heard a military band at a jovial air. The July

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twilight was rising. The sky hovered cloudless. And there in an open grassy place were tinkling glasses, and the glint of trappings. On some camp tables were plans of Trenton, and of West Point.

“You see that’s rather a neat piece of military construction,” said the Count Dumas, to whom Pemberton had introduced Kenneth, and who was pleased to find one understanding his tongue. “You see how it’s builded, of gingerbread, knives, forks, and spoons. Eh, Captain, I hope we shall be able to do something. By the way, how charming your American ladies are!”

But the Count Dumas stopped, drawing himself up very straight, for Pemberton approached with no less a personage than the General-in-Chief.

“You are from the Marquis?”

“For that reason alone I ventured to interrupt, Your Excellency.”

He handed the dispatches.

“Kenneth,” the General said finally, “I see that my confidence in the Marquis

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has not been misplaced. He has done well indeed. But you can explain. Come, we will sit down."

Carefully Kenneth reviewed the situation, referring finally to the explanation they first had had from Fairmount that the reason for Lord Cornwallis' conduct in Virginia was from Sir Henry's order, and his need of additional troops.

"Yes," said the Chief slowly, "I understand that. Sir Henry is afraid for New York. The proposition Fairmount made for us to march to Virginia is one I long have entertained. But, Captain Kenneth, it's a dangerous expedient, dependent on the exact co-operation of the different forces, nor have we sure information from the Comte de Grasse."

He paused, looking at Kenneth keenly.

"What do you think is Fairmount's object in approaching us? Being a Virginian, you, of course, know him?"

"He has not hesitated to state his belief that we shall win."



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“How can he, at this juncture? Yet, Captain Kenneth, he is of the shrewdest of my acquaintance. He has great interests in our State, and I am glad he has concluded to be on our side. At this crisis we need all we can get,—men, influence, money. I am hard put to it for all three. I have not over five thousand men to-day, when I ought to have fifteen. The State Assemblies won't and can't respond. I tell you, Captain Kenneth, it sometimes is darker in these days than it was, even after Long Island. As for the march de la Fayette has suggested, or Jerome Fairmount, that only can be a last resort, you know. It is too dangerous. As I say, I have had it in mind.”

Kenneth fidgeted. Why did he not tell that he knew of Fairmount's treachery? Yet he could not.

“I suppose they'll not talk?”

“I am sure they will not, Your Excellency.”

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“Still you know how it is about too many cooks. And Jerome Fairmount?”

Kenneth hesitated, yet “I don’t know” was all he said.

“I can understand you don’t,” said the General, whose way with men was to have the appearance of consulting them, when really he relied and acted on his own reason, circumstances permitting. “But this extraordinary march, Captain, at the best, is extremely improbable; almost impossible. I don’t believe Sir Henry, should he hear it, would believe I could dare it. In the event of my acting on it I should not let those nearest me know. It would be probably between the Comte de Rochambeau, the Comte de Grasse, and me. So I don’t know it makes difference now if the notion may have occurred to several persons. At any rate for a time we will keep up demonstrations against New York.”

This left Kenneth thinking. The General was contemplating the Virginian expe-

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dition, and perhaps it occurred to the Chief he was saying too much even to this discreet Captain of Armand's, for he added: "It's extreme improbability at the best, the very best. Bear that in mind, Captain."

"I may bear much in mind, Your Excellency, but not on my lips," said Kenneth smiling.

"And it indeed depends on Monsieur de Grasse. You say the Marquis has advice that he may sail for the Chesapeake? Neither de Rochambeau nor I have that."

"I suppose it was a letter from Versailles, yet probably surmise."

"Probably. Captain, won't you join us? I shall be glad to make a faithful officer, who never has had his deserts, known to the French officers, His Excellency, Count de Rochambeau, and the Duke de Lauzun, whom you will like."

"If Your Excellency will excuse me, I am dusty, and tired out. I covered many miles to-day. I think a bed will be my best doctor."

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“And, Captain,” the General continued, “you may know that General de la Fayette’s recommendation has been noted, and mine added. You have a lieutenant colonel’s commission, identical with Henry Lee’s.”

Kenneth flushed.

“Your Excellency!” he said after a moment: “I am extremely obliged; but Colonel Armand deserves promotion.”

“He is with Gates now, is n’t he? I think you are right. But you have won the place, Colonel Kenneth. I dare say you prefer to remain with General de la Fayette?”

“Yes, Your Excellency.”

“He is much attached to you. Now, good night, and I hope you may feel like yourself in the morning.”

He took Kenneth’s hand, pressed it, saying again, “Good night, Colonel.”

Yet Kenneth felt no elation; only the dull sense of depression, to which were added aches in every muscle. He was

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conscious of speaking crossly to Pemberton. No, thanks, he would n't do anything at all save turn to bed ; he was not companionable for a civilized man. A little later he found himself swearing at Finch, who looked surprise. What had come over his master ?

What indeed, he himself asked, tossing that night. He had betrayed his duty in releasing the girl's brother ; and now in not telling the Commander-in-Chief what he had from Colonel Tarleton about Fairmount. Once, twice, he had clarity in the night stillness undisturbed but by passing challenge. Yet what, after all, did Kenneth's silence signify ? General Washington had said he understood this Fairmount. Doubtless he would take all information from that quarter with due caution. But the fact remained that he, Kenneth, should have told ; he was not relieved from his own dishonesty. For it was plain dishonesty ; he could not deceive himself. And, again he would see

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the girl's face; and he knew he would have done it again, and could not undo it by telling the General.

How hot he was; how the flesh burned. And he thought his brother was in the tent by his side, talking as he had long ago; and they were in the old house,—the dear, brave Malcolm, so much better than he,—he, who had died in the battle. For while he talked with him he knew he was dead, and yet he still talked on.

And so, talking loudly, and crying out strangely, Finch found him in the morning; and, frightened, rushed to Colonel Pemberton; and when Pemberton came, he stood for a moment, and Kenneth, still talking, did not see him although his eyes were on him.

“Damn it!” said Pemberton, getting up from his knees by the camp-bed. “Your master has the fever. Quick! get Doctor Jackson.”

The surgeon came, and looked down; and shook his head.

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“It’s those James River bottoms, Pemberton, and a man who’s lost sleep and regular food. But we will see what we can do.”

Yet days passed, and Kenneth still lay there, not knowing all the new events; how the General-in-Chief had been disappointed of reinforcements, but how with his ally he had made further feints against New York; and how Sir Henry, persuaded that his post was the object of his enemy’s attack, wrote Lord Cornwallis to order three regiments from the Carolinas; how at last on August 14th, the Comte de Grasse’s dispatch came to Comte de Rochambeau that he would be in the Chesapeake in September; and how the resolution was taken for that long four hundred miles against Lord Cornwallis.

Everything depended on exact secrecy; that no deserter might carry the news of the real destination. Even those trusted in the generals’ counsels declared they did not suspect. Sir Henry thought the move-

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ment was one to seize Staten Island and co-operate with the French fleet. But he was undeceived. The allied armies kept on to Philadelphia. General Arnold's raid into Connecticut did not distract. Sir Henry must have been in consternation, when he heard of it all.

The Americans first marched through the capital, their officers and staffs mostly well uniformed now, but the line still rather ragged.

The next day came Monsieur de Rochambeau's contingent into the smiling town, its white uniforms and green facings all neatly brushed.

"They made me ashamed," Colonel Pemberton wrote to Kenneth who was convalescent, perhaps thanks to Surgeon Jackson's copious blood letting. "Why, we were a dirty lot, I can tell you; and were ashamed of ourselves when the women cheered from the windows. Not that I should care so much when I have a wife; but, then, a man likes to appear



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decently. And the next day when the Frenchies came, looking as if they were just out for a review before their king, I tell you we were n't proud. But the people seemed to remember that we have done something."

"Well, Philadelphia cheered, and the French officers were dined and wined; and financier Morris borrowed twenty thousand hard dollars from Monsieur de Rochambeau just to make our poor devils imagine there might be more coming. And then we kept on; rather fearful I tell you, Jack, for only God knows whether we shall get there before my Lord of Cornwallis may give us the slip."

The Marquis, however, was taking care of that part, calling on the new Governor Nelson for more militia, ordering General Wayne to join General Greene, and then writing him the truth, that he should go no farther than to the south of the James to cut off his Lordship's retreat.

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Then the "little" General had a fright. He thought his foe about to sail away. In haste he wrote the General-in-Chief, frightening him in turn, already disturbed enough by lack of news from Comte de Grasse's essential fleet. But whether His Lordship underrated his danger, or the British admiral was in fault, he did not at once avail himself of his means of flight, but kept on with sturdy British doggedness at the York Town works.

Now at the head of the Elk, which the allies had reached, this notice was sent: "It is with the highest pleasure and satisfaction that the Commander-in-Chief announces to the Army the arrival of Count de Grasse in the Chesapeake with a very favorable naval and land force."

Ah, you may believe it was with satisfaction! Monsieur de Grasse was arrived; the Marquis de Saint-Simon had landed his little army to co-operate with the Marquis de la Fayette; and lastly, — although this some days later, — Monsieur

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de Grasse gave fight to Admiral Graves outside the capes, and while a drawn battle, His British Majesty's commander held it prudent to withdraw. Then Louis XV.'s other admiral, de Barras, hove in sight, — de Grasse's superior in rank, if not in this command. With two captured frigates the two admirals now turned to the blockade.

The meantime the land forces were marching merrily to the meeting.

The Commander-in-Chief had left them some days previous to visit his house of Mount Vernon, for the first time, in fact, during six horribly long years. There he dined the Comte de Rochambeau, and then rode away to Williamsburg, the point of meeting before York Town, reaching there, indeed, in advance of his army, which appeared to be lagging.

Then before the Commander-in-Chief went out on the bay to arrange details with Admiral de Grasse, he waited to dine with the Marquis de Saint-Simon, — that

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nobleman insisting on giving a dinner to the officers of the various commands.

At that dinner was present Kenneth, the new Lieutenant-colonel of an independent troop, now Aide to the General de la Fayette.

He had remained with General Heath's command, a convalescent, irritated at lack of strength. Certainly disease had seized when events were most interesting. For much had occurred during the few days of his fierce attack by the enemy in the blood. Yet again his head was clear; the phantasmagoria of the days before he had been taken had passed. He now saw the situation clearly, and he said the reason for his weakness had been in the fever. Ah, he was sure. Being again a clear-headed man with the fever out of him, he saw that Charlotte Jervon was rather a nice person who had appealed to his sympathies. He was not sorry for that, he was certain. Nor had his omission to report what he knew of Jerome Fairmount

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apparently led to bad result : the march to the South had been undertaken ; and bade fair to be successful ; yet his course had been blameworthy, he acknowledged ; and was due to the fever, he said again with his sudden wish to exonerate himself with himself.

Sylvester of the staff visited him one day.

“I am back with an important message to General Heath, but only for a day. Fairmount ? Oh, that chap is hand in glove with us. They say he is spoken of as candidate for governor when Governor Nelson chooses to get out. You know it will be a matter of choice with Nelson. A bit of a Tory, did you think him ? Well, if Fairmount were, he apparently is n't now. I'm glad you are better. Jackson says you are the most unruly subject he ever had on his hands. You will be in the saddle in a week. Did he tell you that ? Oh, he did n't. But cheer up.”

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And this brave, laughing Sylvester (who had been like Pemberton, a captain of Smallwood's) went out, leaving his smile behind. Poor Kenneth, who never had been an invalid, turned to his letters. One was from the Marquis, who remembered his stricken Captain, the new Lieutenant-colonel. Kenneth looked up from his General's cheering words to think of what Sylvester had said.

And how was Charlotte Jervon, who was promised to this coolly politic individual? Kenneth felt his face flushing, and just then Finch brought a letter in a woman's hand.

DEAR CAPTAIN KENNETH, — I am sorry to know of your illness, but now you are better. My uncle and Jerome, who says he liked you so much, — “the liar,” Kenneth muttered, — join in sending you warm regards. Dick is with Lord Cornwallis. We have n't heard from him in a long time. Y'r's faithfully, dear Captain Kenneth, C. JERVON.

He read it again, again; and did not like that “Jerome.” But — bother the girl!

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He was thinking altogether too much of her. And he would not, he declared again. What he would do was to get his strength, and report to his new command with the Marquis.

Possibly the will has to do with speedy convalescence; for in a few days he was in the saddle, and started South despite Surgeon Jackson's exclamations. The air and movement brought strength. Nearing Williamsburg he felt as himself. He did not make a detour this time to Jervon House. That "Jerome" in her letter deterred, if nothing else. He at least was strong enough.

Presently he was in the lines, and had found his General. Yes, de la Fayette had missed Kenneth.

"You will have your troop too, dear Captain, — dear Colonel, I mean. Oh, by the way, your old commander, the Marquis de la Ronarie is here."

"Armand here?" Kenneth cried, for he liked this French nobleman to whom

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he owed his military chance. And Armand his old subaltern saw that night at the Marquis de Saint-Simon's dinner. Kenneth always was serving under Frenchmen, but as has been said he never had asked favors and had served where he had a chance.

The Saint-Simon dinner was a joyous occasion. If everybody were impressed with the great moment, they were serious over it, not underrating the adversary although he was cornered. His old friends were there, Kenneth found, and he himself, with the praise of the General-in-Chief and of his own corps, too, a person of some greater importance than ever before. Pemberton, the honest, simple Pemberton, could not see enough of him, and — Who was this person?

“I am glad, Colonel Kenneth, to see you again.”

It was Jerome Fairmount, calm, triumphant, the friend of Governor Nelson now, of General Washington, the great



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land-owner on the right side. Did the fellow know he knew of his treachery? He hesitated about his hand. He, Kenneth, really had protected this man; and he loathed the fellow, and could not, would not take his hand.

“You have the advantage of me,” he said coolly, glaring into the other’s face, and he added. “You are too much a liar, pretender.”

The words were coolly distinct. Men stopped in talk.

For a moment Jerome Fairmount looked at him, and hesitated, as if deliberating whether to challenge; whether he should answer.

“Colonel Burton will wait on you — your second — in my behalf,” he said at last, breathing hard.

The others understood; a whisper ran along the table.

“On me, Mr. Fairmount, with Colonel Kenneth’s permission,” Robert Pemberton was saying.

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“Very well, Colonel Pemberton,” said Fairmount bowing coldly, and turning to his seat.

Kenneth felt that at last a long deceit was over.

An orderly approached.

“Colonel Kenneth, may I see you a moment?”

“It’s this, sir,” said the man, when they were by themselves where the eyes from the table followed.

He handed a note.

“DEAR COLONEL KENNETH,” it ran. She then knew of his promotion. “I must see you for a moment, — at once, — on a matter of the greatest importance. C. JERVON.”

“Where — ?” he said, turning to the orderly.

“Miss Jervon, and her servants, sir, are waiting at your quarters.”

## Chapter IX.

How Lieutenant-colonel Kenneth came to be censured by The Commander-in-Chief.

EVENTS had followed one another confusedly; his insult to Fairmount (perhaps from his own pent-up feeling; perhaps from Marquis de Saint-Simon's good wine), and the surprising summons from the young woman who really was behind all this. Kenneth was like a man in a dream when he followed the orderly from the lights, the vivacity, the splendor of that banquet into the outer gloom.

"Miss Jervon!" he began, noting every line of her features, almost with a lover's jealousy.

"Yes, Captain, — Colonel Kenneth, I mean. I must congratulate you, I believe."

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“I must congratulate myself on seeing you again,” he said with a bit of stiff formality.

His lips may have been capable only of those phrases because he remembered he just had insulted her cousin, her lover, her *fiancé*. He repeated all these epithets.

“And now, Colonel Kenneth,” she said, her voice trembling a little, “I have to beg a favor. I must get to Lord Cornwallis’ camp at York Town. My brother is wounded. I don’t know how badly.”

“I am sorry,” he said, “believe me.”

“I do, Colonel Kenneth. I am sure you are.”

He noticed she wore the dark green habit she had when she had met him last at the door of Jervon House. “And so I came to you. I had a pass into your lines; but now the officer in charge will not let me go out toward York Town.”

“His order, I suppose. I will inquire.”

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“At once, please. Every moment counts.”

“You are not alone?”

“I have five men. My uncle chose them. He says he never was mistaken in the purchase of a servant, and these are very faithful. Do not be alarmed on that account.”

“And how is Mr. Jervon?”

“He is rather well, thank you, considering how badly he usually is. Now he is much depressed about Lord Cornwallis. I heard him tell William, only last night; ‘Come, William, carry me up to bed. It’s high time for me to die.’”<sup>1</sup>

“May I see the pass, Miss Jervon?”

He hesitated. “You know Mr. Fairmount is here?”

“Yes, Colonel Kenneth.”

<sup>1</sup> The remark is one attributed to Lord Fairfax on hearing of the surrender of York Town. His Lordship was in much the same physical condition as Mr. Jervon.

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“ And why — ? ”

“ Well, — he is n't in the army.”

“ He is influential with General Washington. And — ”

“ Are you sorry I came to you ? ”

“ No, but — ”

She interrupted coldly,

“ Naturally Mr. Fairmount would do anything for me. But at the same time he might prevent me going to Dick.”

“ And I will not ? ”

“ No, you will help me,” she said decidedly.

“ How do you know ? It is not without danger for you to cross to their lines in the night. I don't think less of you than, — Fairmount.”

“ You must,” she said. She looked him full in the face. “ You must help me, Colonel Kenneth, for I must get to Dick.”

“ Forgive me ; he is dear to you.”

“ And wounded.”

“ I will see what I can do,” he said.

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“ Please sit down, and rest. You have a hard ride before you.”

“ Then you think you can ? ”

“ I will try.”

“ Thank you, — much.”

The words followed him as he went to the officer of the patrols.

“ It’s my orders, Colonel Kenneth,” this officer said, “ from the General-in-Chief. I don’t dare transgress. I could n’t, you know.”

“ It’s a serious case, Major Wynne,” Kenneth said. “ It’s but common humanity. Miss Jervon’s brother is wounded ; she does n’t know how badly. I will be responsible to the General-in-Chief.”

“ Write that down, over your signature, Colonel. You will be responsible.”

“ Yes,” and he wrote it. “ The General is at that dinner. I don’t want to interrupt him now ; and Miss Jervon must not be made to wait.”

“ Very well, Colonel Kenneth,” said

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Wynne, vising the pass. "It's only my position; but I'll risk it, on your word."

"You are entirely right, Major Wynne," Kenneth replied, hastening back with the pass; and telling her, and hearing her thanks.

He followed her out, and helped her to mount.

"I hate to have you go alone. It is dangerous. But I can't go myself, now. It would take a deal of formality for leave, could I get it; and it only would delay you."

"I know," she said; "I know, Colonel Kenneth."

"And who is the leader? Oh, I see, — William."

"My uncle let me have him, — poor uncle."

Kenneth was speaking to this fellow, telling him to be careful; to look after his mistress; although knowing he would do his best.

"Good night, Colonel Kenneth," she



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called back as the darkness of the clouded night absorbed the little troop, and the hoof clatter too faded.

Kenneth had forgotten the dinner ; and the insult to Fairmount. Now he remembered. And she had come to him, Kenneth, not to Fairmount ? Yet, he had insulted this Fairmount, confessedly first with her.

Ah, he must be back to his place at the table ; his absence would be noted ; and there would be comments. He would apologize ; certainly would as demeaningly as you pleased.

At the door he met Pemberton.

“ They are breaking up. I have the man’s challenge. It is now. You have the choice. Burton and I have chosen the place. It must be in an hurry, or not at all. No one can tell where any of us may be to-morrow.”

“ A challenge ! I thought — ”

“ Oh, no, Jerome Fairmount could n’t, after that. He must challenge you, Ken-

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neth, don't you see? He would lose prestige in Virginia, if he did n't. He could n't avoid it, you know."

"I was about to apologize —"

"Apologize! Dem me, man, you can't. Absurd!"

He hated the fellow; was certain of that; and after the unaccountable treachery of giving that information to Banastre Tarleton, he had ever right to hate him and to refuse his hand and to insult him.

"I am rather good with the sword."

"The sword it shall be. I'll tell Burton. Are you ready?"

"Now?"

"Yes, they are waiting, Fairmount, Burton, and Monsieur Robillard, Rochambeau's surgeon. A Frenchman is more professional in these affairs. We have a place where we shall not be disturbed, among thick trees. It will be by lantern light. I have the swords."

He left Kenneth who walked up and down nervously; and every moment with

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fiercer desire to fight this calm, coldly intellectual fellow, this rascal, who took everything as if merely an intellectual machine.

Presently a little group approached. Yes, the four; all closely muffled. He could not mistake Fairmount's figure. The French surgeon was talking to Burton in a business-like manner.

"This way," Pemberton said. "Keep heart, old chap. We all hate that fellow. He's positively unhuman. I won't say inhuman. He is as bloodless as his enemies say General Washington is. But the General applies himself to public affairs, and this one to private. That's one difference, with ten thousand others."

The inner lines were passed; all knowing the word. Pemberton, who was acquainted with Williamsburg, leading, they came into an open space. Monsieur Robillard struck a light, firing the two lanterns, and placing them in a position to shed a glare over a space of waving grass tops. He opened a surgical case, the steel sending

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back a flame from the lantern. Burton and Pemberton examined the swords. Fairmount threw aside his cloak. He was still calm, Kenneth thought, and yet very pale. Had the man then bravery with which he had n't credited him?

"Now, if Colonel Kenneth may think it proper to apologize," Burton said.

"Colonel Kenneth will not apologize," Kenneth interrupted. "I would like to say a word to Mr. Fairmount, but understand distinctly, gentlemen, it is no apology."

"Well," said Fairmount aside to Kenneth; "what is it?"

"This; Miss Jervon was in Williamsburg an hour ago. She came to me —"

"To you?" asked the other with sudden interest.

"Yes, to me, sir," Kenneth went on violently, "instead of to you. It was strange, was n't it?" he continued with conscious triumph. "She wished a permit to pass to York Town. I persuaded Major Wynne to let her have it."

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For the first time in Kenneth's knowledge Fairmount seemed to lose temper.

"You fool," he cried. "And you let her run that danger?"

"For her brother — wounded."

"Is n't she more than her brother? her little finger more than all the Captain Jervons in the world?" His manner changed. "And she came to you, instead of to me?"

He turned to the others.

"No, Colonel Kenneth does not apologize. I think we are ready."

As they stood opposite, and it began, Kenneth was conscious of rage; yet tried to control himself, as the first signal came. He thought he knew the fence.

But this civilian's skill, the adroitness controlled by a calm mind, surprised. If Jerome Fairmount had been in rage, now you could not suspect it. Every movement was foiled; and Kenneth was angry, and was conscious, too, that he was weak from that wretched fever. The ground

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was bad. Suddenly he slipped, and was on his knees, defending himself. A thrust of Fairmount's sent his weapon into the tall grass, the light scintillating. For a moment the armed and disarmed looked into each other's eyes, while the seconds called. Fairmount's point was at his foe's breast; his eyes coldly triumphant. Yet, suddenly his expression changed. Lifting the point, he said quietly, —

“Well, Colonel Kenneth, are you satisfied?”

“No, I am not,” Kenneth answered on his feet. “Why didn't you kill me?”

“For reasons of my own. I came near doing it, I'll confess.”

“Well, sir, to your guard again. Pemberton, my sword!”

“I'll not fight you,” said the challenger. “Don't provoke me, if you please.”

A voice here interrupted hurriedly, of an aide of the Commander-in-Chief.

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“Gentlemen,” Sylvester said, coming breathlessly into the light, “you all are under arrest, by the General’s order. You are to come to him, now.”

Never had Kenneth been so chagrined, as he followed the others. At head-quarters the aide told them to wait; His Excellency wished to see the principals first.

The Chief plainly was excited.

“What’s this, gentlemen?” he cried. “On the eve of the most important event of this war I find you brawling. What do you mean by it? I thought better of you, Mr. Fairmount.”

Fairmount answered in modulated tone, “Your Excellency, I will confess it my fault.”

Kenneth stood dumfounded, and could not understand the statement. But he should not be outdone by his enemy’s good manners; he certainly must not be.

“I gave the insult, Your Excellency.”

“Doubtless, Colonel Kenneth,” said the General with a certain contempt.

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“I know the code among all gentlemen. I suppose I must find fault with manners rather than with you. Privately you had a right to fight. I suppose Mr. Fairmount as a private citizen is not amenable. But with Colonel Kenneth it’s different. He is of the Army of Congress. He has no right to bring his quarrel in at such time. Your conduct, Colonel Kenneth, is criminal.”

“And mine, if Your Excellency please,” Fairmount continued. “If I be not in the army, at least I am serving the cause.”

“I know that well, Mr. Fairmount; no one indeed better than I. Now, if you please, will you leave Colonel Kenneth alone with me, Mr. Fairmount? I will see you in a few moments.”

Fairmount inclined his head, and passed out, even proudly, Kenneth fancied; and he resented the man’s air. But the Chief now declared more surprising anger.

“Colonel Kenneth, you are a fool.”

“I may be, Your Excellency.”



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“ I thought you were to be trusted.”

“ And I have not been ? ”

“ You have been acting against discipline.”

“ Your Excellency, what of the other, — the spy ? I'll bear my share, but by heavens, not all.”

The General gave him a keen glance. “ The spy ? ” he asked, as if curiously.

“ Well, perhaps not technically one. But a fellow like Arnold, betraying anything for his own best chance.”

“ What do you know of him ? ”

“ He told Colonel Tarleton of the papers General de la Fayette sent you by me July last. Colonel Tarleton laid an ambush for me ; caught me ; told me this himself. I escaped by a hare's chance.”

“ You never told me this.”

“ I never did.”

“ But you should have.”

“ I acknowledge that.”

He hesitated.

“ I'll be frank. Fairmount is betrothed

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to Miss Jervon, whom I did not wish to hurt."

"And why now?" the Chief asked with the same quiet curiosity.

"But I think she should know—that the world should—this man's double-dealing."

"I believe I understand now your provocation for the insult."

"That is the whole story, Your Excellency."

"Now, Colonel Kenneth, I'll tell you something," the Chief said. "I knew of that adventure you had with Colonel Tarleton."

"You knew, sir? From whom?"

"Mr. Fairmount."

"Your Excellency?"

"Yes, he told me himself."

"And what did you say?"

"I don't know I need report my remarks. But this you may know: Robert Morris has a particularly high opinion of this same Fairmount."

"I acknowledge that Fairmount is

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clever enough to make a pretty appearance.”

“Well, more than that, he has made great personal sacrifices to help this nation financially. Ask Robert Morris.”

“Am I to understand, as I surmise now to be the case, that Your Excellency would allow your agent to give such information to the enemy as would imperil important dispatches from the Marquis to Your Excellency?”

“When a man won’t crack a nut, of course he’s bound to say in self-defence that it’s too hard, Colonel Kenneth. Did it ever occur to you that Colonel Tarleton misstated — lied about — to be accurate — the sources of the information he had leading to that ambush?”

“It did n’t.”

“Well, he did.”

“And how, pray, did Your Excellency know that? You say, from Mr. Fairmount?”

“Because I had the same report from

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British sources; put out with the intent of making me lose faith in Fairmount.”

“But you did n’t? You asked Fairmount himself?”

“Yes.”

“And believed him?”

“And believed him.”

“You had cause?”

“The best reason any man can for faith in another.”

“And you mean? — he is on our side?”

“I have stated it.”

Kenneth hesitated.

“Your Excellency must have thought it strange that I didn’t tell you of my adventure.”

“Now I have your explanation. As for your conduct to-night, I should have you court-martialled — reduced in rank.”

“Your Excellency should.”

“But I won’t, Colonel Kenneth. Only do your duty well the next days, and this shall be forgotten.”

“I thank Your Excellency.”

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“Good-night, Colonel Kenneth. It is very late—too late—with our French friends’ dinner, and so much for the morrow. I expect to inspect the fleet by Count de Grasse’s invitation. Good-night, Colonel.”

That last “good-night” sounded kindly to Kenneth, and yet did not lessen his pique; and he carried surprise and chagrin outside to his quarters.

Had he been eager to think ill of the man, because he wanted him to be unworthy of her? How Fairmount had rated him for suffering her to go alone to York Town! And had she reached there safely? Had Kenneth been right in letting her go? He knew his reason,—pity for her suffering over Captain Jervon. But her little finger was worth more than all the Captain Jervons, Fairmount had said; and Fairmount had been right. His regard was finer than his, Kenneth’s. How vaingloriously he had told Fairmount of her appeal to him. He had no right to

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that vainglory; she had turned to him simply because she knew Fairmount would not suffer her to go; and worst, he had been at Fairmount's mercy, and Fairmount had spared him.

## Chapter X.

How Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth, by favor of General de la Fayette, was in the assault on the Rock Redoubt; and how, taken through his own rashness, he again met Colonel Tarleton.

POSSIBLY Doctor Robillard talked, for this had been an interesting event to those who held the *code d'honneur*, indeed the most honorable of all. I will not say he did; it may have been Colonel Pemberton, and of him, an individual, a bit given to talking too much, as his Memoir evidences, it was possible. And it may be indeed that none of these talked. The affair had been open enough in all conscience, at so public an occasion as the Marquis de Saint-Simon's dinner. It was told about very particularly even

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to the General-in-Chief's reprimand; although of that nothing was said, save that it had been severe. Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth was on duty next day, and Colonel Pemberton; and Jerome Fairmount was in evidence. He even was in conference with the Chief for several hours, — probably on a subject relating to the finances.

Yet a little quarrel was not so interesting that it could take attention in matters of the greatest moment. The troops were moved forward, as the records tell, and the Americans went into permanent camp at the right of the Beaverdam Creek, the French at the left. There was some skirmishing on the right with the Anspach veterans, but the position was taken without particular interference. On the morning of September 30th, a surprise awaited the allies; for the enemy had retired from their outer works. French and Americans did not know that His Lordship felt unequal to an extended



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operation with the vastly superior forces now arrayed against him. He thought it better to withdraw, to make sure at least of the inner works; there to wait the expected arrival of Sir Henry Clinton by sea. His Lordship made no doubt of that aid, as he attested many times after in meeting criticisms of his generalship.

Kenneth was busied these days, when he indeed wished to forget himself. He was piqued at the censure from the Chief, considerably as this had been put; nor did he relish the thought that perhaps he had been wrong in his estimate of Jerome Fairmount. He still clung to the "perhaps"; still disliked the man, the more because he seemed to have put him, Kenneth, in the wrong. If there were the excitement of taking the positions before the enemy's works, there was that in Kenneth's heart which made him wish activity, and the simplicity of the old time when he had not been bothered by such regrets.

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Nor did he care to feel that he was in this man's debt for his life, and he grasped at straws in his own justification. Fairmount had said that he would not have suffered Miss Jervon to cross that night to the enemy. But her uncle, Surdam Jervon, had permitted it. Yet this rankled: that Fairmount would have so influenced her as to have prevented it; and that Kenneth had yielded, and done exactly as she wished. This was to say that Fairmount was more powerful with her than he. He laughed at himself; for why should n't Fairmount be? He went over all these phases of the matter in the time he had to think. His duty every day so busied that he had small time. He was in consultation now with his own General, now with the General-in-Chief, who showed not in the slightest that he had felt cause to censure the Lieutenant - Colonel of Dragoons.

And then came the rumor, authenticated by observation that morning, that the en-

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emy had abandoned the outer line of works. Colonel Alexander Scammell, field officer of the day, called to him, —

“Come, Kenneth, we’ll look into it.”

And he was by Scammell’s side reconnoitring the deserted works.

“They have gone certainly,” Scammell said, looking out toward York Town.

“Why — d’ ye think?”

“They probably expect Admiral Graves’ help, and think with their present numbers they will be better able to hold the inside works.”

“Let’s ride a little that way.”

“Do you think it safe?” Kenneth asked.

“I want to see what’s to be seen from that height. You can stay, Colonel Kenneth, if you wish.”

He rode on by himself, and Kenneth followed, hearing a sergeant say, —

“The Colonel is getting out too far.”

And then he rode nearer, cautioning Scammell again.

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“Do you see, Kenneth,” Colonel Scammell said, turning, “they have given up every post this side of the creek excepting that at Nelson’s Farm.”

“Now I think we would better turn back,” Kenneth said. “They ’ll begin firing when they see the investiture. I’m not brave enough to care to make myself a target.”

He himself was well back toward the lines supposing Scammell at his heels, when he heard cries behind.

A dozen of Tarleton’s troopers had sprung up as if from the ground. Scammell was struggling. Kenneth called to the men in the redoubt to sally. But it was too late. The field-officer of the day was being hurried toward York Town between two troopers. And then the watchers saw a horrible thing. Scammell seemed to try to turn, when a third trooper, apparently fearing the prisoner would get away, shot him in the side. They could see him tottering in the saddle, — the two troopers

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supporting him; and all were lost over a slope, while shot began to fall from the town, especially on the companies engaged in the construction of the new redoubts. The allies did not reply, keeping at the works; only pausing to move the bodies when a single shot tumbled over four men of the Pennsylvania line.

“We’ll remember that shot, fellows,” said one of the workmen, mopping his brow. “We’ll remember it, and Con’ll Scammell.”

“That we will,” said several, steadily at their labor. The feeling throughout the army was of patient expectation; that at last His Lordship of Cornwallis, the one dreaded of the King’s Generals, was in a corner.

Late that day an outside sentry posted behind a sand-bag gave notice of some with a truce from the town. A wounded man was being carried on a litter. Earl Cornwallis begs to return Colonel Scammell

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on parole to his friends, regretting much the horrid circumstance.

“Don’t blame the trooper who shot me,” poor Scammell gasped. “A man loses his head in the battle rage, you know well.”

But that trooper had ended him. This brave soldier and gentleman died at Williamsburg the evening of the sixth.

But if Scammell had been imprudent the General-in-Chief was not less, on the afternoon of the first, when, with General Du Portail of the Engineers, he crossed the mill-dam at Wormley’s Creek and advanced to within three hundred yards of the enemy’s works. Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth and Captain Smith conducted a covering party, and you may imagine Kenneth’s fear with the Scammell affair so fresh in mind. But the General’s daring was unobserved, and he returned safely to the lines.

It was, you may believe, a period of most anxiety for that great leader. And

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the success of the siege signified not only the probable speedy termination of the war, but the firm establishment of his own fame.

All the officers displayed the greatest energy, if perhaps the brunt of responsibility fell on General Knox's artillery. Being short of gun wagons, the Chief offered the General his own luggage vans, asking his subordinates to send theirs.

One day an order was passed forbidding officers to wear "red coats."

Ah, how had a certain "red coat" — the King's coat — been involved in his affairs! Kenneth still clung to the fancy of Fairmount donning and doffing this coat.

Yet Fairmount has been right about her. She was in those works in danger. Now that she was there she would remain with her brother, Kenneth was certain. He had no word of Captain Jervon's condition. To add to his fear was the order "to avoid any communication with the houses or in-

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habitants in the neighborhood," small-pox being epidemic.

He was busied superintending many operations, using that knowledge he had acquired through the years of laborious service. If his work had been mostly in the field, he had not neglected the theory of the siege. The Marquis often consulted him; and his old commandant, and ever good friend, Colonel Armand, was often at his side. Yet he felt strangely nervous, queerly inactive for all his activity. He envied the French the brush they had with his old enemy, Colonel Tarleton, before York Town. The field was so much better than the siege for a restless soul, who was wondering how it was with one person behind those enigmatical works.

Yet when, after the stilly night darkened by a soft rain, the first parallel was thrown up, it was heartening at the wet dawn to think that the meshes of the net were drawn tighter; to imagine the consterna-



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tion in the foe's ranks. The guns now kept up; to add to it all was the sight of beating drums, and flying flags, as the companies passed to and fro in relief of the posts. There had been fighting at the extreme left which the French held. Kenneth envied the fate of the French officer killed in a gallant little charge, and the twenty men who had fallen with him.

The most surprising part indeed of it all was the little hindrance the enemy seemed to give. The work went on with ever increasing activity day and night. No longer did a relief corps march with drums and flying flag, but quietly, to a new position, where guns were being mounted with patient care. Expectation, suppressed excitement, were in every heart. And what may be happening behind those works, Kenneth asked again and again.

The busy days dragged to Armand's ex-Captain.

"The fire will be opened to-day," he heard an aide declare to his General.

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“It’s the opinion then that there are sufficient batteries?” de la Fayette asked.

“The Chief thinks that at least we can try,” the other answered.

Monsieur de Rochambeau opened the game at the extreme left with firing on the redoubt of the Fusileers. The General-in-Chief himself sighted the first American gun. Kenneth heard it crash among the houses in York Town. A favorite sight was the house of Mr. Nelson, Secretary of the Commonwealth, for report ran that there my Lord of Cornwallis was quartered.

This evening Mr. Secretary Nelson himself came across.

“You have broken through my house,” he said.

“And what became of My Lord?” Governor Nelson asked.

“He pitched his tent close behind the works.”

“Did you see Miss Jervon there?” Kenneth asked of the arrival.

“Yes. She won’t leave.”

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“It is like her,” said our Lieutenant-Colonel. “How may Captain Jervon’s wound be?”

“He is on duty, I believe. But you are right, Colonel. It’s a poor place for women. How did Fairmount permit it?”

But Kenneth did not say that he, not Fairmount, had been to blame. Fairmount had been right. It seemed as if he were always so. Yet, Kenneth added, in his wish to pick a flaw, he was a man of policy. If he had spared Kenneth’s life, he probably thought it but prudent when indeed he would have incurred great odium by taking it. Our Colonel’s antipathy for the man seemed to increase.

He was standing with the Marquis, general officer of that day, at Machin’s battery. The Secretary and Governor watched.

“To what particular spot,” the “little” General asked Governor Nelson, “would Your Excellency direct that we should point the cannon?”

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“There, to that house. It is mine, and, now that the Secretary’s is nearly knocked to pieces, it is the best one in the town.”

A cheer went up at this Governor of the Commonwealth. But Kenneth shuddered as the shot sailed across the sky, and fell crashing into York Town.

That night was lit with bursting shells, while, to add to the impressiveness of the scene, the enemy’s ship Charon burst into flames. The din was incessant. At dawn, Oct. 11th, fifty-two pieces were playing on the enemy who no longer seemed to answer.

Encouraged by this apparent weakness, a second parallel was attempted. The noise aided it. Baron Steuben’s men worked between the two fires: that from York Town now much lessened; and that from their own in the parallel at their backs. The enemy made sorties to add to the pleasure of that digging. The sight must have been “beautifully tremendous,” as Martin’s Gazetteer declared with an ap-

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parent consciousness of the ineffectiveness of adjectives. "Horribly tremendous," Kenneth thought.

"But look you," Colonel Steuben said to de la Fayette's aide; "while to-night's work brings us within musket shot of them, I can't succeed with those two British redoubts between us and the river. Now, if you please, see General de la Fayette. Have him see General Washington. Look out, my man, hold your head lower," the Baron added as a shell came dangerously low, and Kenneth dodged to the parallel.

Yes, those two batteries must be taken in some way, that was certain; "But we must wait our chance," said the Chief.

There was a bit of envious emulation among the regiments for this most important duty. Those impetuous fellows of the regiments Gattenois and Royal-Deux-Ponts were beside themselves with delight when they had the privilege of trying for

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bastion redoubt Number 9. "Ah," says Colonel Deux-Ponts, in his charming Diary, "that moment seemed to me very sweet." It must have been "very sweet," indeed, as these chasseurs and grenadiers marched forth, Baron d'Estrade as Deux-Ponts' junior. "Wer da?" cries the Hessian guard from the redoubt. Ah, it was "sweet," as with a "Vive le Roi" grenadiers and chasseurs retorted.

The redoubt was taken. *Auvergne sans touche* the Gattenois became again by grace of His Majesty, Louis.

While de Rochambeau's Colonel was at this service, so "sweet" to him, General de la Fayette was trying to prove that his light infantry were the best in the world through the training of those marches up and down the James, — a campaign which really had led to this siege, our "little" Marquis might remember had he been vainglorious. Discreetly he selected his battalions. Yes, Colonel Gimat's, and Colonel Hamilton's, and — why, yes, Colo-

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nel Laurens' and Nicholas Fish's. Gimat should have the command. There were some heart-burns here. "Your Excellency," Colonel Hamilton said to the Chief, "that command should be mine." There was no resisting that impetuous "should be." The Chief liked Hamilton. "You must give it to him, de la Fayette. Why it would be the greatest disap —"

"And what of Gimat?" asked the "little" Marquis, no longer "little;" now the "great." It was the mentally "little," and the "little" in years and experience, his old detractors had meant, for he stood over six feet; beyond six feet now in achievement.

"Oh, let Hamilton have it," coaxed the Chief. "You know really it's his right, too, as field officer of the day."

And Hamilton had it. Naturally Colonel Armand and his friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth, were among the volunteers.

How patiently they waited the signal,

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these honored ones. At last the six shells sounded, and on they went. If they began with precise order, their ardor left them presently forgetful. In face of a hot fire their blood boiled. Slipping, struggling, some falling, they were over the side, Captain Mansfield first ; but Colonel Armand and the chosen of the volunteers not the least in that *melée*. Captain Olney fell back wounded, envying Colonel Laurens who had the Commandant, Major Campbell, by the shoulder : —

“ You ’re prisoner, sir.”

The defence was hopeless ; the remnant of the defenders retreated over the farther wall. Colonel Hamilton had covered himself with glory. Carried away by his excitement, Kenneth was after them. Like his friend Colonel Pemberton at Princeton, he ran too far.

“ At least we have an officer ! ” cried two, grabbing him.

“ Let me have a chance at him,” cried a maddened corporal.



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“He’s mine,” cried the other, authoritatively.

An ensign interrupted them.

“What’s this, men?”

“Major Campbell’s redoubt is taken.”

“We know it, — and the Major?”

“Taken. But we have this one.”

The noises were deafening. Shells seemed to fill the sky.

But Kenneth was in York Town. What a horrid piece of fortune, indeed! Yet how much worse was that of the besieged with those important redoubts now added to their enemy’s second parallel!

“Come with me,” the ensign was saying. “We at least have you, an officer,” he added grimly. “Bend low! Something happens to those who put their heads above parapets.”

He paused dismally, and continued, —

“Major Cochrane, sighting a gun, by His Lordship’s side, looked over and had his head clean cut from his shoulders.”

“That must have been horrible enough.”

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“Ugh,” said the ensign by his prisoner’s side, “it’s all bad enough, — that His Majesty’s soldiers should be brought to this pass!”

“But we might have been,” Kenneth retorted.

“You have had a deal of luck. You could n’t have done it if it had n’t been for those Frenchmen out in the bay, and if Admiral Graves or Sir Henry had stood by us. Somebody is enough to blame; His Lordship certainly is n’t.”

“Where are you taking me?”

“To His Lordship, sir,” said the other. He was a little rosy boy, not more than eighteen.

Presently they came to a tent among others behind a line of earthworks.

“The houses are too good targets for your gunners. About a week ago some chaps were dining, among ’em a Scot lieutenant, who ’d said, ‘Come on, Maister Washington. I’m unco’ glad to see ye.’ Well, Maister Washington came to

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him as he was raising a spoonful of soup. He was all cut up, as well as the adjutant of the Seventy-sixth, and its quartermaster, while the commissary-general was killed. 'I'm unco' careful about Maister Washington's' bullets, sir. And now you've the two redoubts, demme."

So the little ensign chattered on nervously.

In the space by the tents all was bustle; officers passing in and out.

"I'll leave you for a moment,—to report the one prisoner in place of two redoubts. Oh, you're important, sir, I can tell you."

He went inside.

Presently another came out whom Kenneth recognized.

"Colonel Tarleton!"

"Kenneth? — again? Well, you're caught after giving us — me I mean — the slip so many times. You did surprise me when I had you last."

This was indeed the Tarleton Kenneth

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knew; but no longer light, dashing; no longer the man who had terrorized the Carolinas and indeed Virginia.

“The General, His Lordship, wishes to see you. He’ll be at liberty in a few moments, I think. Ah, we are busy, Captain Kenneth. I never thought we should come to this. I crossed over from the Gloucester short under cover of the darkness, to find that you have the two redoubts.”

“It was rather unfortunate for you,” Kenneth said, not forgetting that Tarleton always had treated him generously. They stood silent for a moment, under that sky lit with bursting shells.

“And Captain Jervon? how is his wound?”

He asked, although he had heard from Mr. Secretary Nelson.

“I believe he is around again, on duty. No more than a scratch.”

“And Miss Jervon?”

“Gad, Kenneth, she is a spirited young

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woman. She is lodged here against everybody's persuasion to have her return."

"There are some women, you know, who are petty officers' wives. I will find Captain Jervon, if you wish," Colonel Tarleton continued.

"I should like to see him."

"I believe you borrowed his coat. I have heard the story."

"One more question?"

"One I hope I can answer; not about how I fought the French Duke de Lauzun over at Gloucester some days ago. Yet that was a pretty enough fight. I don't like," the Lieutenant-Colonel ended gloomily, "being cooped here."

"I am sorry,—partly sorry."

"I understand. Thank you for that much, Captain Kenneth. If Sir Henry only will hurry down his reinforcements it may be yet all well."

"Never count on a battle until it is done," said de la Fayette's Colonel of Dragoons, not forgetting good manners.

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“Oh, we shall fight it out. His Lordship is taking a long time in seeing you. But what did you want to ask?”

“Do you remember the last time you caught me?”

“And how you slipped through the circle? I was just speaking of that.”

“You know you told me then, Fairmount had given you the information leading to that little surprise?”

“Did I? Oh, no; if you will rack your memory you will find that you suggested it to me?—although I may have agreed.”

“How did you know then I was carrying despatches North?”

“From a spy,—but not Fairmount.”

That was as the Chief had said. It was true then that Fairmount was not a spy.

“But you tried to prove he was one?”

“No, he was n't. I'll be frank, Captain Kenneth. We wanted you to think him against you, because we wished to

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gain his interest. We have tried in this rebellion to keep, and gain, the interest in the King's cause of the Americans themselves. You know Fairmount is an important person in Virginia."

"No one better than I."

"Well, he hesitated between the two sides. He seemed to consider the loyalist cause the right; but at last he turned."

"That degree of policy in a man is against me."

"And me, you know well. Now I believe he has gone over to you. I am not sure but that from the first he may have been on your side. Yet he hid it from us, that's certain,—while at last it is equally certain he was a spy —"

"Spying on you?"

"Yes, exactly. There's no doubt of him now."

Then Kenneth had been both right and wrong. The man had tried to be on both sides; now he was frankly American.

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But the General-in-Chief had held his aid valuable. He had given Kenneth his life — put him in his debt. Nor indeed had Kenneth any good reason for believing that he was not worthy of Charlotte Jervon. He certainly had shown her great consideration, and likely, — why yes, surely Charlotte Jervon was not disappointed in him, or in her promise. He, Kenneth, had been the arrant fool.

“His Lordship wishes to see you, sir,” said the ensign returning.

Lord Cornwallis was conversing with an officer of the Engineers and Colonel Abercrombie.

“We must make a sortie, Colonel Abercrombie. Why we can’t stand it. They’ll blow in all our works. With that new parallel, we sha’n’t have, a few hours more, a gun left that we can use.”

“To-morrow night I think will be best, My Lord,” here said Colonel Tarleton, who had followed the prisoner.

“Yes, to-morrow night will be the time,



## The Scarlet Coat

Colonel Tarleton, I'll grant. This is the prisoner, eh? You ventured too far beyond the Rock Redoubt, I'm told."

"That's plain, my Lord," de la Fayette's Lieutenant-Colonel answered.

"How many guns have they for this second parallel? Yet I hardly expect you to tell?" his Lordship asked.

"I don't object. I think there'll be seventy-two at least. As Your Lordship was saying, I do not see how you can prevent your guns being made useless."

He pitied this good General, whose record had no flaw; who had proven his efficiency. His face showed the strain he was under. This was not the same man of the victories in the Carolinas; now a man worn and dried.

"If Sir Henry only would hurry! But he does n't. I must take care of myself. They are conducting this siege well, Colonel —"

"Kenneth, of General de la Fayette's."

"Well, Colonel Kenneth, you are

## The Scarlet Coat

prisoner of war. Give me your parole, and I shall be glad to take it."

The offer was generous; yet meant that he could not fight longer in this siege.

"At present there's small chance of exchange," His Lordship went on; "but we can't tell, you know. We may be chasing yours directly."

Kenneth hesitated. Yet why should he disregard that courtesy? The strong man talking, the strong General surrounded, but yet strong, appealed to him.

"I give it — freely," he said impulsively. "And I am obliged to Your Lordship."

"Oh, it is Colonel Tarleton's suggestion. Thank him. But I thought you might say something. I see you won't. We have had few deserters from you lately. I know rats don't run to a sinking ship."

For a moment My Lord seemed to be reflecting gloomily. At last he said,

"Well, thank you. You think the allies can mount seventy-two guns on their new parallel?"

## The Scarlet Coat

“Quite as many, My Lord.”

“Hum, Colonel Tarleton, what do you think of our chances to cross to Gloucester? to retreat that way?”

“We’ll wait.”

“Sir Henry may come, you mean?”

“At any rate, we can see what may come of the sortie you were suggesting to Colonel Abercrombie.”

“Yes, we must do that. How their guns keep up! Our poor ones don’t make much answer now. Oh, Colonel Kenneth, you can go now! And I’ll confess your guns are rather appalling.”

Kenneth met an officer walking rapidly toward His Lordship’s tent, who stopped, and then came forward.

“Captain Jervon.”

“Oh, Kenneth. I owe you some good favors.”

“I am here prisoner on parole.”

“I am sorry. But wait, you must share my quarters. You’ll find it difficult to find any other, and you would better accept.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“I shall be glad to.”

“Wait, please, until I make my report to Lord Chewton. I sha’n’t keep you here more than a minute.”

That young gentleman could not be courteous enough.

“It’s this way, if you please, Kenneth. I’m glad to give you so slight a favor. We’re all rather troubled here. I confess I’m worried to death. We never expected to have to defend this place. We have considered it always as only a temporary post, to be held until we had our reinforcements. But they have n’t appeared. We expect them every day, as we have from the first.”

They were approaching an old rambling house well surrounded by earthworks.

“I’m worried mostly about Charlotte. But she won’t leave, she says. Would you like to see her? She is up yet, I think. This is the least dangerous spot in the works. Come in, won’t you?”

## The Scarlet Coat

He opened the door, and there she was, reading, by an elderly woman, Mrs. Leighton, a quartermaster's wife.

Ah, the experience had told. Kenneth felt his heart beating. How strange indeed that it should! And he knew suddenly why he had so little regret at his capture.

"And Colonel Kenneth!" the color covering her face even by those sputtering candles.

"A prisoner taken to-night; now on parole."

"I am glad you are not hurt."

"Only in feelings."

"I brought him here because I knew he would be more comfortable," Captain Jervon said.

"We may be turned into the general hospital any day. There are six officers' families, I believe. We have nearly the safest spot in York Town. The surgeons threatened to drive us out, although we have a hospital here already."

## The Scarlet Coat

“You ought to rest, Charlie. She’s working over ’em all day, all night, Kenneth. Poor girl, she’ll wear out. Now go to bed, Charlie. I must, for I’m dead tired, and I don’t know when I may be called out again.”

“He worries me so, Colonel Kenneth. I’m so afraid —”

“I know you are,” Kenneth said.

“She came here because she heard I had a scratch, and now she won’t be driven away. You’ll have to go over to Gloucester to-morrow, or to the Guadalupe.”

“The Charon was burned. Why not the Guadalupe? You’ll drive me to the worst places. I won’t go a step, Dick Jervon, as long as there’s some poor fellow suffering as you may some day.”

At the moment a man looked in, plainly a surgeon. Above the din Kenneth heard groans from the inner room.

“If you’ll come here a minute, Mrs. Leighton?”

## The Scarlet Coat

“Yes, Doctor Black,” the Quartermaster’s wife said, following.

“That’s the kind of experience my sister has.”

“You really ought to leave,” Kenneth said to her.

“I will remain here, Colonel Kenneth, while I am needed. Please don’t say anything more about it,—neither of you. Have you seen Jerome Fairmount lately?” she asked, looking at him keenly, he fancied.

“No, Miss Jervon.”

He wanted to cry out that Jerome Fairmount had been right; he, Kenneth, should not have permitted her to pass.

“Nor of my poor uncle, I fancy. I wonder how he endures it all.”

“You forget we are all dead tired, Charlie, and you too,” said Jervon, sleepily.

“Can you sleep in such a racket, Colonel Kenneth?”

“I have managed to get accustomed

## The Scarlet Coat

to it by this time. Good-night, Miss Jervon."

He noticed the eyes now weary, that he thought should show only laughter.

He followed Jervon.

"We sleep outside in a tent. You share my quarters. Hello, Jem."

A black came from the tent.

"Fix two cots, you sleepy rascal. Quick. I'll fall to sleep standing. It's beastly for her to be here, Kenneth, but nothing can move her. I wonder what's going on? This is the first time in five days I have slept outside the works. Eh, Jem, are you ready?"

In a moment Kenneth, too, was in bed. At first unable to sleep,—although so well accustomed to the noises of battle,—he ran over the hurried events of the last hours. But chiefly her face bothered. Captain Jervon breathed hard at his right; and suddenly he slept out of utter exhaustion.

He was wakened by some one shaking



## The Scarlet Coat

him, and looking up in the gray light he saw the surgeon of the previous night.

“Come, we want your help to move the wounded. They’ve started another battery, and we can’t stay here without all being blown to kingdom come.”

As if in emphasis Kenneth saw through the opened tent door a shell plowing up the earth not twenty feet away. Captain Jervon and his servant were not in the tent. He thought of Charlotte Jervon.

“I’ll be there in ten seconds,” he cried, already on his feet.

## Chapter XI.

How Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth, being a prisoner on parole within the lines at York Town, served as Surgeon's Assistant; and how Captain Jervon was commended by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Abercrombie for bravery in a certain sortie.

THE scene was of utmost confusion, in a noise terrifying with its emphasis of pounding and bursting missiles; meaning that the disabled might be torn even in disability. The new parallel had left this place no longer a haven. Kenneth, who had known so much of war, who had slept again and again while the guns kept up an incessant turmoil, found himself sickening in dread of this new experience;—men and some women hastening to and

## The Scarlet Coat

fro from the house; sutlers, the camp-followers; a surgeon calling his direction; the haggard faces of these sick; yet scarcely less haggard than the faces of these who were trying to get them out of range of this new fire, which signified the completion of Baron Steuben's night work, the second parallel.

The house itself was already shattered; the earth about scattered again and again by falling projectiles; and out of the leaden sky was a warm, slow drizzle; so that the figures rushing to and fro on missions of mercy were dripping and gruesome. It was like a picture by an artist whose soul had been pervaded by the dismalness of the Inferno; but Dante, in all his range of imagery, could not have made a scene so utterly wretched; like a judgment-day where all were adjudged to hellish torture with no vision of an opening Heaven, the Infinite Pity.

And yet it was but a phase of Kenneth's trade, — but the success of his Chief's

## The Scarlet Coat

engineering corps; but the cleverness now proven in the idea of the second parallel. And yet, for all that he should have been pleased, this left him dismal. His animosity died away; it was like firing on an unarmed man; like Jerome Fairmount thrusting his point when he had Kenneth weaponless at his feet. One's spirit stirs even for a worsted enemy. It remains a peculiarity of those allied races who are British that they lose their animosity for an enemy down; nor can we understand the old Latin's lust for the blood of the powerless in the arena; nor the enthusiasm of the modern Latins for the maddened bull,—with the chances of life carefully removed.

But for all this scene Earl Cornwallis yet had not given up; yet planned under the night's darkness to silence some of the new guns; yet looked longingly to the sea for a stir and a commotion telling him English sailors were for his relief.

And, as you know, the scene was the more gruesome to our Lieutenant-Colonel

## The Scarlet Coat

because he thought of her who the last night had lodged in the shattered house. And where was she now? He saw, as he asked, Captain Jervon's servant, busied in supporting a man with a bandaged leg.

"Here, if you please, sir," called the surgeon, Black, who had wakened Kenneth. "Give us a hand, if you will."

He had no time for inquiry. The helpers were all insufficient, near every soldier being at his post in the works; for Lord Cornwallis' force had been fearfully reduced by death, wounds, and disease.

The fire kept up. Sometimes a man fell, to be dragged back into safety.

"It's only a few rods to carry them," Black said again to his new assistant. "There seem to be more here than we thought. They've been increasing so fast the last days that they have taxed all our resources."

Kenneth was helping Jervon's man,

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now at one side of a litter on which a boyish officer was stretched.

“Damn the rebels!” said the invalid. “Oh, if I were not laid up here! But I am — I am —”

“Where is your master?” Kenneth asked the man.

“The Captain was called to his post at dawn.”

“And Miss Jervon.”

He motioned vaguely, and Kenneth saw a figure in a long red fatigue coat, and an officer’s hat. She was standing in range, directing the bearers of another of the improvised litters. When Jem and he had put down their burden, Kenneth hastened toward her. Her lips were firm set, if her pallor were great, and her eyes faded with unusual dark circles.

“Be a little more careful, men,” she was saying. “Poor sergeant, he’s hurt —”

“Beyond the doctor, mem, thankin’ ye,” said the man, looking his gratitude. “It’s somethin’ to have a lady lookin’ after a

## The Scarlet Coat

poor devil. But, mem, you ought not to stay outside here. I'm done for anyway."

"Oh, perhaps not, sergeant. Your voice is strong."

"Do get back," Kenneth said.

"Don't bother about me, Colonel Kenneth; please to go back. There are some more left."

"But don't return yourself. It's unnecessary. You look like your brother in that coat," he added.

"It's Dick's, — poor Dick's, Colonel. He's at his post. Do go, please."

And he, remembering, ran back. The roof of the house crashed in.

"That's 'n 'ot fire," one cried impatiently. "Quick, there're but three more."

They hastened with those three; and then they were back; no more hurt; and the workers breathless. Cots were scattered; canvas thrown over them; tents pitched briskly by tired arms.

And now the shells burst over their heads.

## The Scarlet Coat

“Thank the Lord, they have n’t yet a battery that’ll reach this spot,” the surgeon said.

He was busied enough rushing about, and Kenneth fell easily into the way of it.

“You are so kind, Colonel Kenneth,” said the wearer of the red fatigue coat.

“You should rest. You look too tired.”

“I did n’t sleep, as you may guess.”

“Yes, I can fancy that.”

“It was n’t the noise.”

“Are you not worth more than, — ‘ten thousand Captain Jervons’? Jerome Fairmount told me that night when I let you pass over here.”

“Did he say that? I suppose he felt bound to.”

“And he scored me for letting you!”

“You were not to blame; I insisted.”

“But he would n’t have suffered you, — had you been ever so insistent.”

“I know that.”



## The Scarlet Coat

“And you made me do it. You made me.”

She looked at him from under the odd, three-cornered captain's hat.

“You did it because I wanted you to.”

“I never shall stop blaming myself.”

They were by themselves now, apart from that improvised hospital.

“There are enough there for a moment. I think, Colonel Kenneth, I never should have forgiven you if you had not let me pass. I have been able to do something here. A woman is needed, when there are so few of us.”

“It's sweet for a poor chap brought to his back to have a woman's care, I'm free to acknowledge. But you — ? How tired you look, and I remember you so differently. And Jerome Fairmount thought of you; would have prevented you. I was weak.”

“I like you to be, — in that way.”

“You made me,” he said again.

“That may be why I like it.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“And you could not have induced him. That was the reason — you told me yourself — you came to me.”

“I know that.”

“He is very fair. Yet I have a confession to make. I did n't like him; I can't like him.”

“You have such different natures. I am not surprised.”

“I must tell you, — to be strictly frank —”

He paused, wondering why he was going on in this surprising manner, so unlike his own. But he must tell her; he would; he could not feel easy until he did. The scene itself was so remarkable; so fearfully different. All that noise and constant excitement acted on one, leaving one different. She was changed, and he as well. A great simplicity was over everything, — that of the most horrible anxiety of the battle. And now a black coated man was passing out from one of the tents, a regimental chaplain.

## The Scarlet Coat

“Another!” said Charlotte Jervon, almost despairfully he thought. Why should he trouble her with himself?

“I am sorry,” he began, “for you.”

“I think of Dick. The next may be he.”

“Don’t think of that. Remember the chances of war —”

“If Sir Henry only would come!”

“He may —” he found himself saying.

“Oh, you mustn’t say that as if you wished it. You must not be a traitor to your side, — even out of politeness to me, — to us.”

“I didn’t say exactly I wished it. I will say I wish it would end.”

He went on — violently it seemed to himself.

“Yes, I wish it would end in one way or another that you may be freed from this terrible situation. I never shall stop accusing myself.”

“You must not accuse my, — my friend.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“ And how much better a friend was — ”

“ Ah, sir, he should be more.”

“ Yes,” said Kenneth.

He stepped on, looking out over the dismal scene. His back was toward her, for he felt he could not face her that moment. Yet suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder. She was laughing.

He looked about at her, and her eyes bubbling with enigmatical merriment on his.

“ I was laughing,” said she, growing serious, “ because you have made me.”

A sudden gladness held him too, there in that noiseful place.

“ Do you mean ? ”

He tried to take her hand ; but she drew away, now soberly.

“ I mean — just nothing, — excepting what I said. You forget we are getting drenched here.”

“ Oh, forgive me,” he said, following her, “ my forgetfulness.”

She paused.

## The Scarlet Coat

“ Good-bye, Colonel Kenneth, for a little while.”

She looked tired, he thought again.

“ And you will rest ? ”

“ Thank you. You are always thoughtful— ”

“ Not so thoughtful as Fairmount,” he found himself exclaiming.

“ Don’t speak about it! Don’t,— please ! ”

“ But, — I must.”

“ Well ? ”

“ It’s this. I insulted him.”

“ You insulted him ? Why ? ”

“ Because, — I know now, I hated him, — hate him now, because you belong to him.”

“ You must n’t say that.”

“ And we fought — ”

“ And — ? ”

“ Oh, you need not worry,” he went on bitterly ; “ he disarmed me, — could have killed me — ”

“ And ? — ”

## The Scarlet Coat

“He gave me my life.”

He waited, looking at her.

“He is fair; generous. General Washington has told me I did him injustice. Now I concede it. At first I could n't understand a man,—like that,—who juggled such a question as this in his understanding. But now I know he is not for me to understand; but—I must tell you—he deserves you infinitely more than I. And I hated him; I wanted to make him little, despicable,—because—of you.”

“You must go—now,—please. You must.”

“Can you forgive me—?”

“I have nothing to forgive, Colonel Kenneth,” she said, he thought wearily, and she was gone inside, leaving him there, wondering at himself. What he had said had been most cowardly; yes, entirely. He had brought his own selfishness into the question; had talked of himself; had bothered her.

## The Scarlet Coat

“Colonel Kenneth, you are to share my quarters, I believe,” said the surgeon, Black, his voice sounding even cheery.

“Where is Captain Jervon?”

“I suppose Captain Jervon’s quarters will remain in the trenches for the present.”

But Kenneth was thinking of what he had done, and said, —

“At least, Doctor, put me into your service. Let me do something.”

“I’ll take you at your word,” Black said; “I have too few assistants.”

All that day our Lieutenant-Colonel worked at this new calling of nurse; all day found his hands clumsy, his skill poor, and, yet he tried as well as he could, seeing some die, hearing many groan. War suddenly became a new matter. Wounded himself on two occasions he never had thought of it in this sense; if he had seen men fall in the field, excitement had distracted. Now was only that dull, persistent roll of guns, and new faces, — new

## The Scarlet Coat

cries of pain, — added to Surgeon Black's care. If he had been in the surgeon's care with his own wounds, these had occupied his mind, and although he might have noted the others, it was not as to-day when these others became all interesting, all important; when he acted toward them as if it had been from his General's orders; when with a clumsiness of which he was only too well aware he played the novel rôle of nurse. She had played the same rôle; was now, although he did not see her.

It appeared indeed as if she avoided him, for he did not see her again, as the long, dull, horribly noisy, busy day drew on into twilight. He remembered as if it were all far away, — as far away as the time when Malcolm and he had climbed up and down the chimney in Prince William; remembered his chagrin at being taken in storming the redoubt when the victory had been Colonel Hamilton's. He no longer regretted that he was not in those busy events outside the works. He imagined the of-



## The Scarlet Coat

fficers going on their rounds of duty ; General Knox's practical attention to his guns ; Steuben's repressed German glee over the practicability of his second parallel ; the second parallel that had brought so much havoc into the work against which it had been builded. These thoughts passed ; while this great, stalwart, active person, this redoubtable captain of the most redoubtable horse in many a piece of brisk active border service, did those acts of a nurse's duty that his nearest friends would have thought foreign to his nature.

“Come,” said Black, “you have had enough of this, and we are a deal obliged, I for one can tell you. You must rest a bit. Time is up. Rest and eat. You are at my mess. Come on, Colonel ; it's been a fearful day, has n't it ? Possibly you don't consider it so fearful being on the other side. But I tell you it is. It has worn on you, and, demme, on me.”

“You have been about the busiest of all,” said Kenneth, as they sat at rations.

## The Scarlet Coat

“Have some of this pork, Kenneth. Fresh meat is running rather low, the commissary tells me. You were taken at the wrong time, were n't you? It was kind of His Lordship to take your parole within the works when I don't know how you could have crossed over, however hard you might have wanted to and tried. But you are here now, and you've been blessedly nice, too. You have, I declare. When I'm so short, I appreciate it. It's a dark night, is n't it? I wonder what'll happen now. I hope His Lordship will order a charge. It can't be much worse, even if we do lose some more.”

“And how is Miss Jervon, by the way?”

“Ah, Colonel, there's a brave girl. But the strain has been fearful for her. I never have ceased to wonder how women can endure so much. She has been at her duty; I call it hers. It's a shame she is here.”

“Yes, it is.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“But she would n't go back, and she has been a deal of service to us, I can tell you.”

“I understand.”

“But still it's unnatural that she should be. Heavens, how I wish I were out of this infernal province of Virginia, and in Perthshire. Nice music!—those guns! How they keep 'em up! I don't see how His Lordship does. Most of ours have been choked. But it is a beastly spot to defend. We really were surprised here.”

And so Surgeon Black chattered, himself under an excitement; finally ordering Kenneth at least to try to get some sleep.

“You need it, man. Oh, you must. I have had mine. A man is not made of iron.”

Kenneth did not intend it; yet he must have slept, to be wakened again by some one peering into his face.

“Jervon?” he said, sitting up.

Jervon looked serious.

“Kenneth, it's this. I am out for a

## The Scarlet Coat

little charge that's ordered under Colonel Abercrombie. We're going to silence some of those batteries, or die at it, I tell you. Damn 'em! begging your pardon, Kenneth; I suppose you can't exactly share that sentiment."

"Yes, I can — now," said Kenneth. "I'm sorry you are on that duty."

"Oh, thanks, I know you are. But you need n't be. I wanted something to do badly enough after being here. I tell you this is the sort of a thing that takes the strength out of a man, particularly when he has been a prisoner as long as I was with Burgoyne's. But, Kenneth —? They're stiller, d'ye notice? We'll be at them directly. And Kenneth?"

"Yes."

"Will you have an eye on her, — if I should n't come back. They all will, of course; but you are a Virginian."

"I will indeed."

"I knew you would. I never shall forget how you let me go after Green Spring,

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and when we had treated you so badly, up there towards Charlottesville.”

“ Oh, that was natural enough,” Kenneth laughed.

“ But you ’ll remember ? ”

“ Of course. But nonsense about not coming back. You will — ”

“ With some satisfaction out of your rebels if I come back at all, you may believe. Oh, I say, my time is up.”

“ What time is it ? ”

“ About twelve-thirty, and bless you, Kenneth, don’t forget. I ’m a fool, I know, to make such a fuss ; but something may happen in a night charge under your guns.”

“ Oh, I have been in them.”

“ I know. You were in the one on the Rock Redoubt and — Well, you were caught. I must run. Good-by again.”

And he was gone. Kenneth went to the tent door. It was strangely still ; the firing almost stopped ; the drizzle gone ; but the night dark. The surgeon’s quar-

## The Scarlet Coat

ters were adjoining those of his immediate patients, and Kenneth heard men groaning, and some calling out in delirium, and the more measured tones of the attendants.

But although he felt his duty there, he went first toward her lodging. It was all still there, and he turned back to report to Black. He was resting for the moment, his assistant replied, but he, the assistant, gladly would accept Mr. Kenneth's offer to serve again.

And Kenneth went to that unwonted task.

“Is His Lordship given 'em it back?” one said. “Damn my uppers, Doctor, I wanted to be in it to the end, but one o' 'em shots caught me there,—just 'twixt the ribs,—bustin' 'em in, Doctor. Oh, you're n't the Doctor, 're ye? But I do want to be there.”

“I'm sorry, really. But,—just keep heart, my man.”

“It's not like the King's men to be whipped. It looks like it, don't it?”

## The Scarlet Coat

“ Oh, we can't tell — ”

“ Sir Henry hisself may be here, you mean. Oh how that hole there hurts! It's done <sup>me</sup> a mighty deal o' hurtin' and bleedin'. Yet my voice is purty strong, is n't it? Thank ye, sir.”

He lay quiet for a time and then moaned.

“ Come here, please, sir. Is n't it purty still? Seems to me, it is. Look here, Doctor, but you're n't the doctor. I'm Corporal Dorking, of Col'n'l McPherson's, — bless him for a good Col'n'l! — Seventy-First. You know us. Were n't any o' 'em Dutchies. Good Englishmen, every one. It makes me sick, to think o' 'em Dutchies. I never did like the notion of Lord North sendin' 'em over to fight the other Englishmen here. For they be Englishmen, Doctor. I keeps forgettin' you're n't the doctor. What was I goin' to say? ”

“ I would n't talk too much, if I were you.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“It’s just this. Down under my jacket, tied close,—they took it off, but it’s somewhere, I fancy. Down under—come nearer, sir, please, I don’t want ’em to hear—some o’ ’em might take advantage. It’s this, sir; there’s a matter of eight sovereigns, all new uns with His Blessed Majesty’s own face on each an’ iver un. Will you see,—should this blessed hole do for me?”

“Oh, you’re all right.”

“Mebbe; mebbe not. You can’t tell, sir. Just see, I’s going to say, that they’re sent to Mrs. Tom Dorking, at the Peacock, Brighton. You’ll remember. She’s my mither, and—Damn me, sir, I think o’ her blessed face some way, ’n think what a blessed rascal I was toward her. I can’t help it. I can’t, Doctor; but you’re n’t the doctor.”

“I’ll do it, my man, of course I’ll do it,—should there be need. But there won’t be.”

“Now turn me over, please, sir. I



## The Scarlet Coat

don't seem to be able myself. Ay, that 's more cumf'table. Bless ye, sir. How did you get un o' the rebbles' uniforms? I would n't wear it if I was you. Some water. Thank 'ee, sir."

And Dorking of Colonel McPherson's Seventy-first was quiet for the present.

So occupied was Colonel Kenneth at this duty of nurse that he did not notice how time passed, how the scene turned gray, how still it was, the great guns having indeed nearly stopped. Suddenly was a brisk firing, the rattling of distant musketry; and he understood that His Lordship's projected sortie had begun. The movement was understood; for the hospital followers were many outside watching. Looking toward a tent he now knew, he saw there a figure in the same red coat she had worn in the drizzle and excitement of the yesterday.

"Dick is there," she said, as he came up. "Oh, Colonel Kenneth, it seems as if every discharge touched my heart."

## The Scarlet Coat

“ I know ! I know ! ” he said. “ But — Ah, Miss Jervon, think of the many times he has been out. He always has returned.”

“ But then I was not so near, and did not know.”

“ Wait,” said he. “ You have been patient through all this. Keep it up just a bit longer. He ’ll be back. I ’m sure he will be.”

“ I like to hear your voice. It gives me heart, Colonel Kenneth.”

Suddenly she extended her hand ; and for a moment he held it, pressed it, until she drew it away.

“ I owe you much.”

“ I, you more.”

“ Have you forgotten how I treated you that first night ? — so long — so long ago.”

“ That made me think of you.”

“ And I of you. But — you must n’t now.”

“ Captain Jervon told me to — told me to look after you. If I might — ? ”

## The Scarlet Coat

What he did n't say was in his eyes, and he knew she saw it.

“You, — must n't forget.”

“I'll not.”

What an idiotic fool he was! Had he lost all his pride indeed? — to so show himself to a woman who belonged to another? What if she did? Had he not, too, a right, if he could get her? If he could? But he did n't know that. He tried to harden his face; and to turn away, almost coldly.

But she called him back, and as strangely as the other time her voice sounded lightly, almost joyously.

“Colonel Kenneth, do me a favor.”

“Anything,” he said, forgetting his pride.

“Well, it's this; I'm going in. Will you wait and tell me if you hear from Dick. I know you are tired. But — I'm selfish. I have such a headache. I must lie down a moment. You won't mind, and I shall think of Dick, — and of

## The Scarlet Coat

you waiting for him, and I shall feel almost as if he were safe."

Her face was flushing in that dull light.

"You will, won't you, please? And forgive me!"

"What? — for liking Fairmount more —?"

He spoke almost savagely, and she bridled, he thought afterward.

"He at least would n't take that tone. You forget, too, he has rights for me — to respect."

"I am a brute," he cried; "it's I who must ask forgiveness."

She had turned back to the tent door.

"You'll do this for me, I know."

She paused, looking up at those bastions and redoubts, hiding so much, and went in.

An hour passed. Drums sounded. Challenges passed. A relief corps trotted by to its post. The men certainly appeared jaded, and discouraged enough.

What if something had happened to

## The Scarlet Coat

Captain Jervon? what of this despairful sortie? He felt in some way responsible, not for the sortie, against his own indeed, but for Jervon; it was as if she were in that tent trusting him to look to Captain Jervon. He felt suddenly powerless. What did it all signify?—all that he had done? or tried to do? He was a prisoner with a parole extending to the first sentry line. Ah, he had not cared for that at first! And, now, he was thinking of this spirited girl, who dared so much to be with her brother, with the army of the loyal cause in which she and hers believed. At last one of hers, Jerome Fairmount, had not believed that way. He had waited, and weighed pros and cons; only had decided toward the end. And how much did policy enter even into General Washington's character? He, the General, had feared that Kenneth might hurt Fairmount more than he had feared for Kenneth. That was patent in that little talk after that chagrining duel.

## The Scarlet Coat

But, if he could not understand this Fairmount, at least he must do him justice. Both the Commander-in-Chief and a woman like Charlotte Jervon could agree in respecting, honoring the man. Yet, if nothing could keep him from disliking him, he at least hereafter would cultivate some degree of self-control in speaking of him.

A voice was over his shoulder; that left him glad, although it was a voice broken, troubled.

“Jervon!” he managed to say. He noticed his coat was torn, turned into faded red, his face blackened.

“It’s only a bit of powder, Kenneth. Gad, I think I have n’t a scratch. I almost wish I had, if it were n’t for —”

“For Charlie,” said Kenneth, calling her for the first time by that name.

“Yes, Charlie. Oh, but we had a nasty time of it; left twenty killed, and taken; had a battery, and spiked four guns that were rather unpleasant to us here, when,

## The Scarlet Coat

— Kenneth, — your dear French friends — I wish they were across the Styx — began their ‘Vive le Roi,’ — and forced us back. We had to come back to you because they were ten to one. Well, we are in the lines, and I suppose I’ll be mentioned. Abercrombie said so. But where is she? In the tent, eh?”

He was gone, and presently Kenneth saw them, arm in arm. She even was laughing, and nodded across to him as if she were saying, “I thank you, Colonel Kenneth, for bringing my brother out of that horrid affair.”

Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Chewton, aide to the General, came running up.

“I have orders to bring you to His Lordship, sir. Colonel Tarleton will explain, I believe.”

Following Lord Chewton, Kenneth looked back to see them still walking to and fro, her face upturned to Captain Jervon’s blackened one.

## Chapter XII.

How my Lord Cornwallis planned to Imitate a Certain Famous Retreat of his Rival ; but

How at ten o'clock of Oct. 19th, 1781, a Drummer in Red beat a certain Parley from one of His Lordship's Parapets.

“ **T**HANKS, Chewton,” Banistre Tarleton was saying, “ I'll explain to Mr. Kenneth, for I believe His Lordship wishes you at once.”

It was then no longer “ Colonel,” Kenneth noticed. The troop commandant's tone was irritable, his face weary and vexed. Yet, as if remembering himself, he said with his old good-nature in treating this present prisoner,

“ Black, of the surgeon's department, has reported your good favor of assistance, sir.”



## The Scarlet Coat

“Any one would have done so much, I’m sure.”

“Perhaps Mr. — ah, I’ll have it, ‘Colonel’ Kenneth. It is decent of you at any rate. I suggested to His Lordship to ask you certain questions. General O’Hara said you doubtless would n’t answer.”

“Of course no questions will be asked I could n’t.”

“It’s about your familiarity with that part of this province lying beyond Gloucester.”

“You doubtless have enough loyalists in your counsels. Why do you ask me, sir? There is Captain Jervon.”

“Opinions differ about a certain movement.”

“A movement? Is Sir Henry — ?”

“No, not he. I wish to Heaven he, or Graves, or Rodney were in the bay. But, beginning with the ministry, ending with the admiralty, and incidentally including a certain General now in New York, everything has been managed — wrong — al-

## The Scarlet Coat

most maliciously it seems to me. But we have n't given up. Do you know I'd rather surrender to you, — colonists, than to those French gentlemen. I wish it were Crecy again. But, — it's York Town, worst luck, and French. You may be rebel colonists, but you are our own. It is n't so much for an Englishman to be whipped by an Englishman defending an English principle, as some at home insist you are. But it's a matter of a different complexion to give in to a Frenchman. Yet — ”

“ The Commander-in-Chief is Washington, — an American, — an Englishman, before our declaration.”

“ That impertinent declaration of yours that so angered the King.”

“ So ignored him, begging your pardon.”

“ Oh, I'll allow that, — if you wish.”

“ But it's not so serious as that? a surrender? ” Kenneth asked.

“ No, not that, yet. We have n't given up, as I told you. But, — I may as well

## The Scarlet Coat

be frank since your parole keeps your mouth shut, and as you can't get out. The truth is we have n't a half-dozen guns fit for use. The rest your precious French and Colonial gunners have made worthless. Every hour we hear from the Chief of Artillery, 'one more gone.' Then that little sortie failed. Abercrombie did succeed in spiking four guns, but they have commenced again."

"Yes, the General is ready to receive Mr. Kenneth and yourself, Colonel Tarleton," Lord Chewton announced.

It seemed to Kenneth as he entered the head-quarters, that Earl Cornwallis had aged even since his last sight of him, — his eyes sunken; his beard badly kept; his neckerchief disarranged; his voice husky; all betokening a man ill in mind and body, who, yet, as His Lordship's lips declared, holds himself by some of the old masterfulness.

And this was he who had made the King's power feared in the Carolinas;

## The Scarlet Coat

who, it had been said but a few months before, practically had restored that shaken power; a brave, clever man of many expedients; an experienced general who was to do much in India,—who was to gain other distinction; a cold, self-contained man. What mental struggle is more fearsome than that leading a self-held man to expression! My Lord of Cornwallis' whole person told his mental agony; for at that moment it was no less, Kenneth saw, and pitied.

“You are,—ah, I remember, Colonel Kenneth of the rebels. I did not expect to have to hold this place, Colonel Kenneth. And holding it, I have had no support,—although I have an inferior force, now much reduced by illness and death.”

“I am well aware of the disadvantages Your Lordship has been under from the first of this siege,” the American Colonel of Dragoons responded.

“Well, now, sir, we are going to give it up. We are going to do what Wash-

## The Scarlet Coat

ington did so well on Long Island, — to retreat to-night. Knowing the country, do you think I may get away? Colonel Tarleton said you would answer with a certain frankness, although we cannot expect you to be quite frank. You cannot get out of the works; I have your parole, I believe, to that effect, and that you will not attempt communication with the enemy.”

“Your Lordship means that you intend trying to cross to Gloucester this night, and to retreat Northward.”

“To run before them to New York; exactly, Colonel Kenneth.”

“You will have one chance in a hundred, My Lord, — not more.”

“What was the percentage for and against your own General at Long Island? or when I thought I had him before he surprised Colonel Mawhead at Princeton?”

“Perhaps, — yes, My Lord, I’ll grant it; it’s a chance not greatly different.”

“And knowing Virginia,” His Lordship said now more eagerly, “do you not

## The Scarlet Coat

think, with a day's march in their van, I might not get away? The chance is worth trying, — at least."

"At least worth trying, My Lord," Kenneth acknowledged.

"Colonel Kenneth, I'm not to be caught here, — where the worst of bad luck has put me, — at the mercy of a superior land force, with the most efficient fleet the King of France ever put on the seas holding me back on that side. It's this or nothing, sir."

"I feel the compliment of Your Lordship asking me," Kenneth said. "I of course may not be quite frank in what I say. My prejudice naturally —"

"Is with the rebels. Ah, too many good Englishmen in these colonies have their opinions that way for us to fight very spiritedly, — now."

"We are good Americans now, My Lord," Kenneth said. "The King has made many mistakes —"

"Ah, His Majesty's ministers have,

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I'll grant you, Colonel Kenneth. I have made mistakes myself — ”

“Your Lordship's foes in war concede your great strategy, My Lord,” Kenneth answered sincerely.

“I thank you, Colonel Kenneth, — much for this little talk. I trust,” My Lord added, “that this affair will turn out to the best of our wishes. Major Ross, you'll show Colonel Kenneth out. I have a word still for Colonel Tarleton.”

At Surgeon Black's quarters, Kenneth noticed the enemy's firing again was incessant.

“You notice,” he said to the aide, Major Alexander Ross, “that we over there are at it again?”

“How can I help it?” the other said irritably, and then, with more self-control:

“We are in desperate strait, Colonel Kenneth. His Lordship has acknowledged so much to you, I believe, and why should n't I? Yet for that little plan? Ah, it's uncertain.”

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He looked up at the lowering sky, for the rain had recommenced, with an accompaniment of wind.

“It does n't promise well. But, — it's as you wish it, sir. I suppose I shall hear more of our guns are disabled. Good-morning, sir.”

Kenneth thought of the Major's Chief, whom he had left, the disappointed, defeated General. Would the expedient win? By such a rash attempt Wolfe gained Quebec and Kenneth's own General had turned defeat — ah, more than once.

Suddenly another phase of war was recalled by a cortege from one of the surgeon's enclosures.

“It's your friend, Dorking of the Seventy-First —”

“I thought —”

“Internal bleeding.”

“The seventh, this morning.”

Kenneth remembered “Mrs. Tom Dorking, the Peacock, Brighton —” the



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mother. Yes, at least the eight sovereigns should reach their destination, and Dorking was but one who left some one in England sadder. He spoke to Black of the commission, the man's thought in that dismal night. "We'll remember the poor devil, Colonel," the surgeon said. "Yes, there's the package inside his jacket. Demme, Kenneth, I believe even war can get monotonous,—as Mr. Fox remarked to the ministry."

The dull day dragged.

The companies passed back to their duties, as the afternoon's new movement was evidenced. Kenneth looked toward Gloucester, and he longed to be in his own camp,—to tell them. How that would interest! For what if His Lordship should succeed in giving them the slip?

The rain by this time was lessening, and Kenneth thought it promised to clear.

Remembering his duty as volunteer in the hospital service, he again turned to

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this work with a memory of the dead Dorking.

“We are to be left, Colonel Kenneth, — the sick, wounded, and greater part of the stores.”

“You know about it then, Doctor?”

“I have my orders to that effect, and the Surgeon-General’s letter to deliver to General Washington.”

“How about the prisoners?”

“I suppose your parole is to be extended; but, still, you will be on parole.”

He wanted to ask about Charlotte Jervon, whom he had not seen since he had left her when Lord Chewton had brought Lord Cornwallis’ summons.

Going outside, relieved from his duty for a moment, he saw more evidences of the attempted movement. It was now sundown, a clear sky above, but black clouds massed both at the west and east; and the promise of storm with the freshening breeze seaward might be fulfilled.

Charlotte Jervon came towards him, in

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a simple gown, that made her look fair at that moment. She was rested, and there was a dash of the old color over her face.

“They will not let me go, Colonel Kenneth. Dick and I are to be parted. I can speak to you because Dick tells me His Lordship called you into the conference.”

“I had that honor,” Kenneth said. “I am glad to see you look so much better.”

“I must have been a fright the last days.”

“You have been wearing yourself out with worry and work over the wounded.”

“I have only done my duty, Colonel Kenneth. I never can thank you enough for having let me come here.”

“I never can blame myself enough.”

“Not if it has pleased me, Colonel Kenneth?”

“I should n't have let you. Oh, no, I was culpable. Still it has been pleasant to see you, for these few minutes at a time.”

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“Hush, Colonel Kenneth. Are you sorry it is all over, as it seems, here?”

“I must be glad,—for ours, and for you.”

“They can’t go together, Colonel Kenneth. This—is frightful for the King’s cause. Poor Dick is terribly troubled.”

“And his sister; I know they both must be.”

“And when they have crossed, do you think they will be able to break through the French there?”

“That is not impossible. The danger will be afterward, as well as at first in crossing to Gloucester.”

“You mean,” she said, understanding, “if the rebels knew they might attempt an assault.”

“It seems to me as if His Lordship had admitted too many persons to his confidence.”

“Perhaps he has n’t so many. But my anxiety is for my brother, Colonel Kenneth.”

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“ Oh, don't be troubled. Please forgive me. I know you can't help it ; but it'll not be so dangerous an affair as the sortie last night.”

“ I know. I wish him in it all, Colonel Kenneth ; and yet — ”

“ I wish I were in it,” he cried with a yearning for his suddenly interrupted activity. “ Here am I a prisoner in York Town ; knowing they may escape, and unable to send a word, — to do a thing — ”

“ And you have been kind in that hospital work, — so kind, Colonel Kenneth.”

“ I have done only what little I should have.”

“ You have been brave in captivity. Ah, there is our Captain. His face is n't so black as it was this morning, and he has a new coat. But I never was happier at seeing him than when he had the torn one, and the powdered face.”

“ I can believe you.”

“ Oh, how are you, Kenneth,” said Captain Jervon joining them. “ I have

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just a moment, Charlie, before I shall be off again."

"I am always saying good-by to you, Richard Jervon," said she.

"But I always turn up, as prisoner or something."

"You sha'n't be a prisoner again."

"Oh, we can't tell," said Jervon, gloomily. "We can't tell. Come here, Charlie, I want to say a word to you. Good-night, Kenneth."

And brother and sister left him standing there, noting again how much alike they were. He saw neither for some time after. He was restless. The camp indeed held a hushed expectancy.

About ten o'clock when again the firing almost had stopped, the embarkation began. The night was very dark. The easterly wind had died away, and the boats, of which only sixteen could be had, made at first an easy crossing. The scanty means of transportation, however, left it a slow one.

Hours lagged. The companies on

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guard were withdrawn from the works, the allies indeed not suspecting. Again our Lieutenant-Colonel longed to violate his parole, to try to run for it, and to tell them before it was all too late. How delighted Colonel Armand, his old commandant, would be to know! How the "little General," would like to dash over those silenced defences against the enemy who so recently had made him run and run.

Yet the chance was desperate, and Kenneth felt a certain sympathy, as I have said, for this defeated foe at his last extremity.

Just then was lightning, and an angry thunder-clap, and a scurry of rain, and a rush of wind. A voice had come out of the sky. The little waves on the York Town beach began to roll ominously.

"That's a bad turn of the weather," commented Surgeon Black at our paroled prisoner's shoulder, as they stepped under a ready canvas. One pushed hastily by, preceded by two others with lanterns.

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“My Lord, the General,” Black said. “Only the light infantry, the greater part of the guards, and some of the Twenty-Third are across. I don’t like this blow. I have seen that bit of water near impassable.”

A sense of doom settled over all in York Town.

No boat could live in that storm ; those that put out last were forced down stream. So the surgeon who had pushed out into the storm brought Kenneth word.

“It’s two o’clock now, and the order has been passed to stop the embarkation. Half the army is on this side ; half on the other.”

“If ours knew ?”

“Demme they don’t, man, I hope,” the surgeon said.

The rain dashed torrents. The wind tossed and pushed the tent where they were. Kenneth thought of Charlotte Jeron, who must have been fearful enough that dragging night.



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He looked out at the hurrying figures.

“You would better take some sleep, Mr. Kenneth,” the surgeon said kindly, as on the other occasion, and yet his voice sounded gruffly. Kenneth did not wonder at it.

“We may need your assistance again. We can't tell how many fractures, and worse, I may have on my hands by dawn. How that storm howls! It's as demonstrative as the enemy's guns were yesterday. They seemed to have stopped now, — out of respect for the storm, I fancy. D'ye know they say we have n't a gun that can speak back? and the works all going to ruin. Turn in, Mr. Kenneth!”

Ah, good Scot surgeon, good subject of His Majesty, George the Third, by grace of God, King of Great Britain, but no longer King of certain colonies, — ah, Surgeon Black, it was your own fierce disappointment at the way matters had turned which left you addressing this Virginian gentleman now as simple “Mr.” Let

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them beat us, if they could, Black, surgeon in His Majesty's service, at least would deny them right to military titles.

Kenneth had had no sleep since the previous evening, and was not loth to avail himself of the surgeon's suggestion. The storm roared above. Everything rattled. But Lord Cornwallis' army was divided, some on the Gloucester short, some left in York Town, by favor of this blow which sent the river rolling waves not to be ridden by such boats as His Lordship commanded.

But how was it with Charlotte Jervon ?

The roaring, swearing wind (Kenneth remembered a sailor who declared that the wind sometimes swore) — this unruly, angry wind left his fears more troublous. Yet complete weariness prevailed.

The storm had died. The wind no longer blew out of the sea to Lord Cornwallis' discomfiture. But a sound — the old familiar roll, and roar, and tear of guns — fell on the sleeper's awakening sense. Rubbing his eyes he was outside, noting

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the clouds had parted and that a sun — which marked nine in the morning — was trying to break through mist and smoke. The roar was all from outside. No reply at all was made from the works.

“They ’re stilled as I told you last night, man,” said the Scot surgeon.

He looked a man who had had a run of fever; sleeplessness, worry, fear, rage, all were in those worn eyes.

“I have n’t given much attention to the sick. Demme, the rest of the corps can do that. I can’t stand this kind of thing. We ’re trying to get our men back from Gloucester. Their shot is worse than that hellish storm, man. Eh, there ’s His Lordship.”

Yes, there walked His Lordship, wrapped in a great coat, — My Lord, the General, bent and jaded, — and, about, officers of the staff, the engineers, and artillery.

“He ’s a sick man.”

“Yes,” assented Kenneth. “Yes.”

Then was a strange, fearful thing.

## The Scarlet Coat

And yet this was but a boy in red who stood on one of the high parapets facing the shot.

What did he mean ?

“ A drummer,” said Black.

The red coated drummer began to beat. You could not hear him. The noise made that impossible. You could see him. You could feel every drum tap. Suddenly another was by his side, a tall officer, Major Alexander Ross, aide-de-camp to My Lord of Cornwallis. Red were the coats against smoke and mist. The persevering sun brought out the colors clearly. The drummer tapped vigorously, despairfully. You could not hear him yet. Suddenly, My Lord's aide-de-camp raises a flag, — a white flag.

The roar dies away dismally : a groan through poor, shaken York Town.

“ My God ! My God ! ” cries the Scotch surgeon.

My Lord the General is still in the foreground, with the little group of officers.

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He turns away dejectedly toward his quarters. The morning has grown strangely, ay, fearfully still. You can hear the drum beats from that parapet now.

A girl stood at her tent door watching. Tears were in her eyes.

“It’s terrible,” said she. “Terrible.”

“It’s war, dear,” he answered not knowing what he said.

“And my poor uncle at Jervon House! It will kill him.”

“I am thinking of you.”

“And Dick, who was taken with Burgoyne’s, is taken — again. Will they? — will they hold it against him — what he did at Charlottesville — in leading Colonel Tarleton there?”

“They will forget it,” said he. “Ah, yes, we will make them. Oh, my dear, why do you look so sad? I will not have it. You must not. It hurts me.”

“It must not. You have no right, Kenneth.”

## The Scarlet Coat

She turned back and gave him her hand and looked into his eyes, — for one moment ; and, turning again, left him.

The drummer on the parapet no longer beat.

The hush of defeat and of victory lay over York Town.

The sun of the clearing October morning battled with mist and smoke.

## Chapter XIII.

How Lord Cornwallis' Army marched  
between the lines of the Allies to  
the tune "The World Turned  
Upside Down."

FOR two hours, the General-in-Chief of Congress and King Louis, said he would wait for Earl Cornwallis' proposals. The blindfolded officer with the white flag listened, and thought the victors arbitrary. But then victory leaves the victor so. Our officer, perhaps, ground his teeth.

His General, Earl Cornwallis, had asked for a suspension of hostilities for twenty-four hours; he would return within the two hours with His Lordship's explanation of that he wished. They knew the dire strait my Lord was in; they could n't help knowing.

If the fleet might appear in the bay even now, and scatter the French in the

## The Scarlet Coat

old British way in sea fights! our envoy may have exclaimed.

The officer on that sorry duty was back at his headquarters. There his General still kept his self-control, although plainly a man ill in heart and body. He would ask for all he could under the circumstances,—that his troops should be sent to England under a parole not to serve during this war, either against the United States or France.

Again the envoy returned.

“Inadmissible,” said the General-in-Chief of the Allies. He was thinking, too, of that long-delayed fleet appearing and breaking up the Comte-de-Grasse’s blockade of the foe’s port. His Lordship must surrender on the exact terms of the American surrender (the capitulation that still rankled) at Charlestown.

Back to York Town came the envoy, rather more disheartened than before, if that were possible.

We can imagine the discussion,—the hardness of the condition; but the Gene-



## The Scarlet Coat

ral of the King of England was but a beggar now. He must do this, or put his poor remnant to certain slaughter. Well, let the commissioners meet on that basis.

And the night of truce came on and passed wearily. You may suppose there was great jubilancy in the French and American lines, and the most horrid chagrin in the British. In the morning His Lordship's commissioners, Lieutenant-Colonel Dundas and Major Alexander Ross, met Viscount de Noailles, for le Comte de Rochambeau, and Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, for His Excellency, the General-in-Chief.

All day they worked over the terms; the victors insistent, the conquered persistent.

"Colors are to be cased, and drums to beat a British or German march. That was the way you made us beat our tune at Charlestown," Laurens insisted.

"But His Lordship did not command there," said the other.

## The Scarlet Coat

“It was the English, Major, as now. This remains an article, or I cease to be commissioner,” Laurens cried.

You may believe they wanted to say, “Make it so if you can.”

But the victors could, would, did, as is the way of victors.

“Yet there’s an air we can find,—perhaps,” said the chagrined Major.

“There’s that old march, do you know it?” Dundas asked grimly: “‘The World Turned Upside Down.’”

The prisoners of war in York Town knew, when the drummer beat from the parapet, they could expect freedom; Kenneth that his parole need not be kept after, perhaps, the morrow.

He had not seen Charlotte Jervon again on the seventeenth.

Through the stilled seventeenth, and its quiet night, he did not attempt to go near her. But in the morning he knew he must.

He started, intending to ask Mrs.

## The Scarlet Coat

Quartermaster Leighton, or one of Charlotte Jervon's servants. Nearing the tent, he saw some one who made him turn about suddenly.

This was Jerome Fairmount, as calmly perfect as ever, who naturally was there to ask about Miss Jervon. He bowed coldly to the prisoner-of-war, and passed on, and Captain Jervon met him. Kenneth did not see him again that day; and he tried to avoid both Captain Jervon and his sister. He only chafed under the negotiations which delayed his freedom, and the meeting he anticipated with his comrades.

But the next morning Lord Cornwallis' two commissioners were seen in the lines.

"The articles are signed, I fancy," the Scot surgeon said almost fiercely.

At noon two flags appeared in the redoubts at the left. Kenneth recognized Colonel Butler, the commandant under his own flag. The King of France's

## The Scarlet Coat

colors headed a hundred men led by the Marquis Laval.

A black, William, the Jervons' servant, asked for Colonel Kenneth. Miss Jervon begged the Colonel to come to her, if he would kindly.

Yes, the Colonel would ; but he went rather coldly. He now had no intention of trespassing on what was plainly another's preserve.

If her face were tired, worn, she yet appeared charming he thought, as she stood there in her habit.

“ Poor Dick Jervon,” she was saying ; “ he has gone to join in his part of the surrender. I thought I could not bear to see it.”

“ Why do you, then ? ” Kenneth asked. He was forgetting his good resolutions.

“ Would you have me, Colonel Kenneth, not dare to look at that of which my brother is a part ? If he is humiliated, I can at least let him know I am watching, and wish him brave in defeat. That is

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why British soldiers win so much, Colonel Kenneth."

"Yes, and why we are winning at last."

"Will you return to your corps?"

"I seem to be forgotten. I even don't know whether my parole may be over."

"It must be, since your soldiers have possession of the redoubts. But, — Colonel Kenneth, I intended to ask you to act as my escort to —"

"May I, Miss Jervon?"

"If they have forgotten you, I have n't. Ah, it has begun! Do you hear? What are the drums playing?"

He was helping her into the saddle; was mounting one of her horses she said was at his disposal, and side by side, William following, they rode out to view that scene.

"What is that air?" she asked again.

"It's 'The World Turned Upside Down.' Yes, it is."

"Yes, the world is," said she.

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The captive army moving along the Hampton Road appeared like masters in their new uniforms; had it not been for the dogged faces, — the set expressions, — the repressed fierceness that led some to break their muskets.

“They said they should appear like soldiers of a great king defeated because His Majesty is fighting in many places. I think the new uniforms are appropriate, Colonel Kenneth. Look at Dick! Do you see him there? Poor Dick, — it is hard enough for him.”

“And where is Lord Cornwallis?”

“Ill. He could n’t endure it, Colonel Kenneth. You can understand. General O’Hara has His Lordship’s sword, I believe.”

Kenneth looked at the two lines now drawn up. He should be there. But, as he had said, they apparently had forgotten him! And he was here, with Charlotte Jervon.

He saw faces, so many of them familiar,

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so many dear, — saw Armand, Marquis de la Ronarie, whom he had served so long ; the “little Marquis,” too; saw the great General, and on the other side King Louis’ officers ; saw many who had been with him during the long years of hard service. Between the lines, the English Army marched, well appointed, brave, efficient soldiers. The green and white of the French shone as one line ; the Americans were on the other, appearing poorly, ill uniformed, tattered and torn, yet victorious. He was tattered, torn, and, — defeated.

“ I saw Fairmount yesterday.”

“ Yes.”

“ I dislike him, — still. I can’t help it.”

“ You should n’t. He is just, Mr. Kenneth, and kind.”

“ I know. I have General Washington’s and your words, and he spared me once, as you know.”

“ Yes, and he told me ; it was, he said, because he knew I liked you, — although he hated you, I think.”

## The Scarlet Coat

“ And he did that — for you ? ”

“ Yes, he has done more ; he has released me.”

Her voice was low ; her eyes on the scene before.

“ You mean — ? ”

“ I respect him.”

“ I know that.”

“ But — ” Her voice, too, broke. “ I love you.”

At that moment General O'Hara — who represented Earl Cornwallis in this pageant — was tendering his Chief's sword to General Lincoln, who stood for General Washington. Immediately General Lincoln, while acknowledging this act of submission, courteously returned that captive sword, — the emblem of the Capitulation of York Town.

The drummers beat again the refrain, “ The World Turned Upside Down.”



In Epilogue  
THE OFFICIAL LETTERS OF  
THE COMMANDERS

*Earl Cornwallis to Sir Henry Clinton.*

AT YORK TOWN OCT. 20th, 1781.

SIR, — I have the mortification to inform Your Excellency that I have been forced to give up the posts of York and Gloucester, and to surrender the troops under my command, by capitulation on the 19th instant, as prisoners of war to the combined forces of America and France.

I never saw this post in a very favorable light ; but when I found I was to be attacked in it, in so unprepared a state, by so powerful an army and artillery, nothing but the hopes of relief would have induced me to attempt its defence ; for I would either have endeavored to escape to New York by rapid marches from the Gloucester side, immediately on the arrival of General Washington's troops at Williamsburgh, or, I would, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, have attacked them in the open field, where it might have been

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just possible that fortune would have favored the gallantry of the handful of troops under my command. But, being assured by Your Excellency's letters that every possible means would be tried by the navy and army to relieve us, I could not think myself at liberty to venture upon either of those desperate attempts ; therefore, after remaining for two days in a strong position in front of this place, in hopes of being attacked, upon observing that the enemy were taking measures which could not fail of turning my left flank in a short time, and receiving on the second evening your letter of the 24th of September, that the relief would sail about the 5th of October, I withdrew within the works on the night of the 29th of September, hoping by the labor and firmness of the soldiers to protect the defence until you could arrive. Everything was to be expected from the spirit of the troops ; but every disadvantage attended their labor, as the work was to be continued under the enemy's fire, and our stock of intrenching tools, which did not much exceed four hundred when we began to work in the latter end of August, was now much diminished.

The enemy broke ground on the night of the 30th, and constructed on that night, and the two following days and nights, two redoubts, which with some works that had belonged to our out-

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ward position occupied a gorge between two creeks or ravines, which come from the river on each side of the town. On the night of the 6th of October they made their first parallel, extending from its right on the river to a deep ravine on the left nearly opposite to the centre of this place, and embracing our whole left, at the distance of six hundred yards. Having perfected this parallel, their batteries opened on the evening of the 9th against our left ; and other batteries fired at the same time against a redoubt over a creek upon our right, and defended by about one hundred and twenty men of the 23rd regiment and marines who maintained that post with uncommon gallantry. The fire continued incessant from heavy cannon, and from mortars and howitzers, throwing shells from eight to sixteen inches, until all our guns on the left were silenced, our work much damaged, and our loss of men considerable. On the night of the 11th they began their second parallel, about three hundred yards nearer to us. The troops being much weakened by sickness, as well as by the fire of the besiegers, and observing that the enemy had not only secured their flanks but proceeded in every respect with the utmost regularity and caution, I could not venture so large sorties as to hope from them any considerable effect ; but otherwise, I did everything in my

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power to interrupt their work, by opening new embrasures for guns, and keeping up a constant fire with all the howitzers and small mortars we could man. On the evening of the 14th they assaulted and carried two redoubts that had been advanced about three hundred yards for the purpose of delaying their approaches and covering our left flank, and during the night included them in their second parallel, on which they continued to work with the utmost exertion. Being perfectly sensible that our works could not stand many hours after the opening of the batteries of that parallel, we not only continued a constant fire with all our mortars, and every gun that could be brought to bear on it, but a little before daybreak, on the morning of the 10th, I ordered a sortie of about three hundred and fifty men, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, to attack two batteries, which appeared to be in the greatest forwardness, and to spike the guns.

A detachment of guards with the Eightieth Company of Grenadiers, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, attacked the one ; and one of light infantry, under the command of Major Armstrong, attacked the other ; and both succeeded, by forcing the redoubts that covered them, spiking eleven guns, and killing or wounding about one

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hundred of the French troops who had the guard of that part of the trenches, and with little loss on our side. The action, though extremely honorable to the officers and soldiers who executed it, proved of little public advantage ; for the cannon, having been spiked in a hurry, were soon rendered fit for service again ; and before dark the whole parallel and batteries appeared to be nearly complete. At this time we knew that there was no part of the whole front attacked on which we could throw a single gun, and our shells were nearly expended ; I had therefore only to choose between preparing to surrender next day, or endeavoring to get off with the greatest part of the troops ; and I determined to attempt the latter, reflecting that, though it should prove unsuccessful in its immediate object, it might at least delay the enemy in the prosecution of further enterprises. Sixteen large boats were prepared, and upon other pretexts were ordered to be in readiness to receive troops precisely at ten o'clock ; with these I hoped to pass the infantry during the night ; abandoning our baggage, and leaving a detachment to capitulate for the towns-people, and the sick and wounded ; on which subject a letter was ready to be delivered to General Washington. After making my arrangements with the utmost secrecy, the light infantry, greatest part of the guards, and

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part of the Twenty-Third regiment landed at Gloucester; but at this critical moment, the weather, from being moderate and calm, changed to a violent storm of wind and rain, and drove all the boats, some of which had troops on board, down the river. It was soon evident that the intended passage was impracticable; and the absence of the boats rendered it equally impossible to bring back the troops that had passed, which I had ordered about two in the morning. In this situation, with my little force divided, the enemy's batteries opened at daybreak. The passage between this place and Gloucester was much exposed; but the boats having now returned, they were ordered to bring back the troops that had passed during the night, and they joined in the forenoon without much loss. Our works in the mean time were going to ruin; and not having been able to strengthen them by abatis, nor in any other manner than by a light fraizing, which the enemy's artillery were demolishing wherever they fired, my opinions entirely coincided with that of the engineer and principal officers of the army, that they were in many places assailable in the forenoon, and that by the continuance of the same fire for a few hours longer, they would be in such a state as to render it desperate, with our numbers, to attempt to maintain them. We at that time could not

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fire a single gun ; only one eight-inch and little more than a hundred cohorn shells remained ; a diversion by the French ships of war that lay at the mouth of the York River was to be expected. Our numbers had been diminished by the enemy's fire, but particularly by sickness ; and the strength and spirit of those in the works were much exhausted by the fatigue of constant watching and unremitting duty. Under all these circumstances, I thought it would have been wanton and inhuman to the last degree to sacrifice the lives of this small body of gallant soldiers, who had ever behaved with so much fidelity and courage, by exposing them to an assault which, from the numbers and precautions of the enemy, could not fail to succeed. I therefore proposed to capitulate, and I have the honor to enclose to Your Excellency the copy of the correspondence between General Washington and me on that subject, and the terms of the capitulation agreed upon. I sincerely lament that better could not be obtained ; but I have neglected nothing in my power to alleviate the misfortune and distress of both officers and soldiers. The men are well clothed and provided with necessaries, and I trust will be regularly supplied by the means of the officers that are permitted to remain with them. The treatment in general that we have received from the enemy since our surrender has

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been perfectly good and proper ; but the kindness and attention that has been showed to us by the French officers in particular, their delicate sensibility of our situation, their generous and pressing offer of money both public and private, to any amount, has really gone beyond what I can possibly describe, and will, I hope, make an impression on the breast of every officer, whenever the fortune of war should put any of them into our power.

Although the event has been so unfortunate, the patience of the soldiers in bearing the greatest fatigues, and their firmness and intrepidity under a persevering fire of shot and shells, that I believe has not often been exceeded, deserved the highest admiration and praise. A successful defence, however, in our situation was perhaps impossible ; for the place could only be reckoned an intrenched camp subject in most places to enfilade, and the ground in general so disadvantageous, that nothing but the necessity of fortifying it as a post to protect the navy could have induced any person to erect works upon it. Our force diminished daily by sickness and other losses, and was reduced, when we offered to capitulate on this side, to little more than three thousand two hundred rank and file fit for duty, including officers' servants and artificers ; and at Gloucester about six hundred, including cavalry. The enemy's army consisted



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of upward of six thousand French, nearly as many Continentals, and five thousand militia. They brought an immense train of heavy artillery, most amply furnished with ammunition, and perfectly well manned.

The constant and universal cheerfulness and spirit of the officers in all hardships and dangers deserve my warmest acknowledgment; and I have been particularly indebted to Brigadier-General O'Hara and Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie, the former commanding on the right, and the latter on the left, for their attention and exertion on every occasion. The detachment of the Twenty-Third regiment, commanded by Captain Apthorpe, and the subsequent detachments, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, deserve particular commendation. Captain Rochfort, who commanded the artillery, and indeed every officer and soldier of that distinguished corps, and Lieutenant Sutherland, the commanding engineer, have merited in every respect my highest approbation; and I cannot sufficiently acknowledge my obligations to Captain Symonds, who commanded His Majesty's ships, and to the other officers and seamen of the navy, for their active and zealous co-operation.

I transmit returns of our killed and wounded; the loss of seamen and towns-people are likewise

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considerable. I trust Your Excellency will please to hasten the return of the *Bonetta*, after landing her passengers, in compliance with the article of capitulation.

Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie will have the honor to explain this despatch, and is well qualified to explain to Your Excellency every particular relating to our past and present situation.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

CORNWALLIS.

## II.

*His Excellency, General George Washington  
to the President of Congress.*

HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR YORK, 19 OCT. 1781.

SIR, — I have the honor to inform Congress, that a reduction of the British army, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, is most happily effected. The unremitting ardor, which actuated every officer and soldier in the combined army on this occasion, has principally led to this important event, at an earlier period than my most sanguine hopes had induced me to expect.

The singular spirit of emulation, which animated the whole army from the first commencement of our operations, has filled my mind with the highest pleasure and satisfaction, and had given me the happiest presages of success.

On the 17th instant, a letter was received from Lord Cornwallis, proposing a meeting of commissioners to consult on terms for the surrender of the posts of York and Gloucester. This letter (the first which had passed between us) opened a correspond-

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ence, a copy of which I do myself the honor to enclose ; that correspondence was followed by the definitive capitulation, which was agreed to and signed on the 19th, a copy of which is also herewith transmitted, and which, I hope, will meet the approbation of Congress.

I should be wanting in the feelings of gratitude, did I not mention on this occasion, with the warmest sense of acknowledgment, the very cheerful and able assistance, which I have received in the course of our operation from His Excellency the Count de Rochambeau and all his officers of every rank in their respective capacities. Nothing could equal the zeal of our allies but the emulating spirit of the American officers, whose ardor would not suffer their exertions to be exceeded.

The very uncommon degree of duty and fatigue which the nature of the service required from the officers of engineers and artillery of both armies, obliges me particularly to mention the obligations I am under to the commanding and other officers of those corps.

I wish it was in my power to express to Congress, how much I feel myself indebted to the Count de Grasse and the officers of the fleet under his command, for the distinguished aid and support which has been afforded by them, between whom and the army the most happy concurrence of sentiments

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and views has subsisted, and from whom every possible co-operation has been experienced, which the most harmonious intercourse could afford.

Returns of the prisoners, military stores, ordnance, shipping, and other matters, I shall do myself the honor to transmit to Congress, as soon as they can be collected by the heads of the departments to which they belong.

Colonel Laurens and the Viscount de Noailles, on the part of the combined army, were the gentlemen who acted as commissioners for forming and settling the terms of capitulation and surrender, herewith transmitted, to whom I am particularly obliged for their readiness and attention exhibited on the occasion.

Colonel Tilghman, one of my aids-de-camp, will have the honor to deliver these dispatches to your Excellency; he will be able to inform you of every minute circumstance, which is not particularly mentioned in my letter. His merits, which are too well known to need any observations at this time, have gained my particular attention, and I could wish that they may be honored by the notice of Your Excellency and Congress.

Your Excellency and Congress will be pleased to accept my congratulations on this happy event, and believe me to be, with the highest esteem, &c.

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Though I am not possessed of the particular returns, yet I have reason to suppose that the number of prisoners will be between five and six thousand, exclusive of seamen and others. <sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This letter was referred on the 24th to a committee of Congress (Randolph, Boudinot, Varnum, and Carrol), who reported a series of resolves, which were adopted. The thanks of Congress were voted to General Washington, Count de Rochambeau, and Count de Grasse respectively, and also to all the officers and soldiers. Two stands of colors, taken at Yorktown, were presented to General Washington; two pieces of field-ordnance to Count de Rochambeau; and a similar tribute to Count de Grasse. A horse, properly caparisoned, and an elegant sword, were given to Colonel Tilghman, who had been the bearer of the dispatches containing the news of the capitulation. It was also resolved that Congress would cause to be erected at York Town a marble column, adorned with emblems of the alliance between the United States and France, and inscribed with a succinct narrative of the events of the siege and capitulation. — *Journals*, October 29th.

THE END.

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