

## THE VICTORY OF THE DEFEATED.

A Story of General Washington's Retreat After the Battle of Long Island.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CLINTON ROSS.

IT HAS been recorded by the enemy as one of the important battles of the war; indeed, a most bloody, decisive affair. In the abey of London it is put down in a list of Lord Howe's great achievements, yet the fact of the matter remains that it was, too, a victory for the defeated. One of the greatest victories of any time was the masterly retreat the chief made across the river. Out of the most disheartening circumstances he won for us our hearts again.

In connection with this affair of Long Island, my cousin and I, who, as you know, were on the different sides, had two remarkable adventures. Being involved with Lord Stirling's retreating division on a mission of the general's, whom should I catch as prisoner but my own cousin. When, afterward in the withdrawal from the works, the few prisoners were being carried to the boats, he, in the confusion, hid, and I, rushing back to the defenses, was caught by him—as he cried out the warning to the enemy. I was taken, even as they got away. So, in describing this masterly retreat, I have to make known, too, his and my own adventures.

Now let me begin with the day of the battle.

The whole event makes that day in some respect the most terrible of my life. What did we know of war for the most? We had Bunker Hill and a few fights behind us, but what did we know of the reality, which began with that sanguinary retreat that left fully 2,000 dead out of 5,000 actually engaged? That men, for the most part farmers, utterly inexperienced in warfare, stood up so bravely as they did seems to be sufficiently wonderful. The real trouble with us, indeed, was not so much on the side of our soldiers as that our generals were completely outwitted and outmaneuvered. The illness of General Greene had brought to the care of the works new managers, who in the haste of the moment were in some confusion, not having had the time to properly prepare themselves; so, while of the three passes in the hills two—that to the south toward Gravesend and the Narrows and that toward Flatbush—were guarded, the fourth, through the Bedford hills, was left without a vestige of defense. This news being brought by a spy to Sir Henry Clinton, that general performed his now famous night march and occupied this pass. In the morning the British divisions at the Narrows advanced toward Smallwood's Marylanders and Haslet's Delawareans, engaging yet not closely pushing them, while at the same time the Hessians, vigorously attacked our Colonel Hand in the central pass, near Flatbush. Presently the fatal fact was borne to us. A booming of guns was heard from Bedford way. We knew the flank had been turned and that these vanguards—Sullivan's, Haslet's and Smallwood's—were in danger of being cut off from us. The next thing to be expected was the massing of the British divisions before the works on the heights, which it is doubtful if we could hold, while when once they had carried the position New York would be at their mercy, and more ships of the line were beating up the bay, plainly to cut off our retreat.

It was at this moment that the general in chief ordered me in some way to get word to Lord Stirling of his danger, for from our point of vantage on the heights we could see Lord Cornwallis' troopers defiling in the fields, which Lord Stirling's officers from their positions would not see. The chief's choicest troops were in the most fearful danger, and there was left none but militia to man the works.

"Captain Manners," he cried, "you can see the situation. It's a race between you and Cornwallis." Then he made that well known remark—I never had heard him use an oath before—which ended, after passion, in sadness, "What brave fellows I must lose this day!" You must know all this while there were puffs of smoke and loud reports toward Flatbush, where General Sullivan's men were being cut down, bayoneted without mercy by the Hessians, maddened to the battle fury. You can understand, then, how that calm leader was so aroused, he who was then perplexed in that great command, with all the uncertainty of the situation about him. How was he to defend New York, then, with the broad stretch of the inlets about it? And now he saw the men who were for the defense of Brooklyn heights being cut down. He saw all the reasons for defeat and, yet, like all men who win others' faith, he did not lose faith in himself.

There were at that time in New York colony or state two branches of the family of Manners. My father and his stood by the colonies, my uncle and his by the king—for good reasons of property. So it chanced that I found myself arrayed against John Manners, my cousin. I knew he was down there among the king's men who had volunteered, and he was my best friend and comrade. That I, Jim Manners, was out of consideration for the influence he had in New York. I was then barely 18, a captain, respected, I believe, by the general in chief. You will scarce understand that situation now. I was old for my years, so I was doing that service; so I was riding down from the works; so, knowing the lay of the land, I was carrying the order of the chief to our Lord Stirling.

I say riding down. Directly I aban-

doned my mare; I was poking through the underbrush; directly found Lord Stirling's eyes on me.

"They'll have you surrounded," I cried. But too late; they were down on us. We were at it hand to hand. I wonder what those who had decried the uniforms and discipline of the Marylanders and Delawareans would have said to it. But they were too numerous, and I, who was in it, found myself running—retreating, that is, if that phrase be more self respectful.

In a little chunk of woods I came on an officer.

"Jim," said he; my cousin, you know.

"Jack," said I.

"You're prisoner," said he.

"Not if I know it," said I.

The others bore away; we were quite alone in that glade—with beyond us somewhere the noise of struggle. I scarce know how it happened; here was I, sent as a staff officer, involved; here was I, struggling with my best friend, my old comrade and playfellow,



"You are my prisoner, Jack."

committed to the other side by the fortune of our opinions, which were the causes of that civil war; for the king and his taxes or against.

Now we were near alike and quite evenly matched; we had thrown down our weapons—as if they were not fair.

"You are my prisoner, Jack."

And he responded:

"I think it's the other way, Jim."

Then I tripped him.

"Well, old chap," said I.

"You gave me that fall fairly," he said admiringly.

"Well, you are my prisoner," said I.

"It's the old trick," I added.

"Well, yes," he said sullenly, "but I don't see how you are to get me away."

"Nor I."

Just then in the glade—it was a grassy stretch with great trees about—a man appeared; then others; of Delaware, Colonel Haslet's command.

Jack, my cousin, raised himself.

"Well?"

"I have a prisoner," said I.

"A prisoner," said they. "It's a question how we are to get back to the lines. We have 22."

"I have the twenty-third—out of my own family," I retorted.

The noise of the fight swept past us.

"I am Manners, you know, captain in the Westchester Loyalists," said Jack.

I laughed.

"I am his cousin, captain in the New York side of the question—of the general's staff," I cried.

"Oh, Jim, you know that fall better than I," he retorted.

"So it seems," I said, yet not triumphantly; I was sorry for him. A score of men were about us, telling how gallant a fight Colonel Smallwood had made against the greatest odds.

"We with Smallwood's were rallying here," the man went on.

At the moment an officer burst through the glade with an order.

"Take the prisoners back," he said, indicating a stretch behind the trees. At the moment they burst in on us, it seemed from everywhere; the peaceful glade turned to fighting, to struggling.

Now, it's hard to say exactly what a man says or does in such a struggle. I at least hardly know. I saw men fall and rise; I knew we turned back again. I know we were outside in the open—that is, I was conscious of wading to my knees in the mud and water of the marsh—of whizzing shot-of men in red on the cliff beyond, and then it all fell quieter. We were under the heights, which blazed down over our heads. We were rushing up the incline.

Ten minutes after I, tattered, powder begrimed, was standing by the chief.

"I was there too late, sir," I said.

"They were already surrounded."

"Yes, yes," he said sadly, for the carnage of ours at that moment seemed inconceivable.

"We have 23 prisoners," the officer of Haslet said.

"What of that?" he cried irritably.

"Lord Stirling and General Sullivan are prisoners, and I don't know how many dead."

At the moment a man came up with a little smile of self laudation on his face.

"We bring 22—no, 23 of them captured," Captain Manners has the twenty-third."

Then I recollected it all. I had the twenty-third. My own playfellow and cousin—John Manners. They had rushed him in.

"Well, well," said the chief, "including Sullivan's, some 2,000 are lost."

Nor had he, as it proved, underestimated it.

Now he looked about darkly. They had carried all our outposts. They were down there under the works themselves. Would they try to carry them?

But as it proved, General Howe, who

commanded, thought he had us, without further bloodshed. He did not calculate on what happened. We were ready for a desperate resistance, though our general counted on something better—on the tactics which later won him his renown, and indeed our independence; the retreat, to repeat, of the weaker before the stronger.

We watched, and guarded and mourned. The prisoners put somewhere in the works—not in this case sent across to New York—were not so depressed as prisoners should be. They rather were gleeful over the result, for I looked up my cousin in the long, busy night. We had reason to be disappointed enough, the wounded without tent or shelter—the uncertain projects of the force massed there below our works, who appeared already to be devising regular approaches. Nor did we know what they might be doing over in New York. For though we had regular communication with the town—boats putting to and fro constantly—our news, but emphasized the seriousness of the situation. The New Yorkers who were left behind in the town were beside themselves with the terror of abject fright. The words, in short, that were brought to us from there but emphasized the seriousness of our position.

Now that I am writing this, so long after, there gathers about the whole situation the picture of one man, the chief. I can see him, after the fearful moments when on the height he had watched the slaughter of his best men without any power to stop it—I can see him, say, as if 'twere yesterday instead of now, a matter of several score of years. That Virginian gentleman's self contained figure in the darkness of that busy, dreadful night gave me at least confidence. We had to rely on some one. Our own wit could devise no means. Who better than he, the chief? I know now that this was the day of his lowest fame. We feirly had been worsted. The chance of the survival of the self declared United States appeared of the smallest. We could not survive, indeed. We could not endure against the splendid discipline of the king's army—we at the best a set of sorry farmers with no knowledge of warfare at all, at the best with nothing but our firm belief in the principle we were maintaining. It was indeed the night of the merest chance, which was, in fact, seemingly beyond question or retrieve against us.

That night, tired out as I was, I looked up my cousin again. The prisoners, such as they were, were housed in a little farm building—a cornhouse, as I remember—which was about the center of our works. I found Jack Manners not at all dispirited, though he confessed that his fare was not of the best.

"'Tis all over with you, Jim," he said. "You would better submit."

"Yes, it is a dark moment for us," I confessed.

"The darkest," quoth he. "If you have made me prisoner, Jim, we have won."

"You have won," said I, almost desperately.

"Poor old Jim!" said he. "Poor old Jim!"

"Oh, well," said I at last, "the word 'poor' is best said by him who says it last."

The others watched us talking. Did they understand that we, though on opposite sides, were the staunchest friends? The whole of the struggle—when I had caught him—came back to me with dull forcefulness.

"The general asks for you, Mr. Manners," a voice said over my shoulder.

"Oh, well, Jack," I was saying to him, "we are at the best a lot of farmers."

"Our kin," said he.

"Goodby," I said, giving him my hand, which he pressed, and I went out and left him.

Along the line of the defenses, I looked at their line, which was so near. A few lights burned there. Perhaps they were sleeping. But we hardly dared sleep. Suddenly a great weariness, a great sadness, clutched my heart. I was thinking of the men who had died that day in those fields beyond that pall of gloom.

Then I came into a tent, where the general sat talking to Colonel Glover.

"I think we can get enough," the colonel was saying.

"You're tired, I dare say," said the general, turning to me with those weary blue eyes. In some way they always were weary, yet with depths of lassitude, which suddenly might flash into resolution.

"We must get more boats," he said.

"The water front should be scoured," Colonel Glover went on. "My men can't accomplish everything," he added.

"Hear the colonel, captain. I have dispatched Hamilton and Colonel Grayson. You must cross the river to New York."

Why I was to cross to the town was declared in the next sentence. The danger, the fearful danger, was that the enemy's fleet would get up the river at our backs—that we should be surrounded. I saw quickly that the general's idea was to transport ours across the river in face of that victorious army, that waited there below us, quite sure or having us at the utmost extremity—which we were to prove a case of overconfidence—should his plans not miscarry.

I remember now that crossing at the river, and how I came into the Bowling Green. Every soul about New York seemed to be awake, every one frightened out of his or her wits. I did my duty as directed. Men were dispatched cautiously up and down to collect the boats—cautiously, I say, for the whisper of a spy or a traitor would have spoiled all.

The dawn was coming dark and lowering when I crossed again to Brooklyn and reported to the chief. He seemed not to have moved from the

position he had been in when I had left him.

"Well, well, Manners," he said, turning. "Ah, you look used up!"

"I am, sir," said I frankly. And I went on with my report of what had been done in the town toward procuring the boats.

"I am told that in the retreat yesterday—it is yesterday," he said, with a faint smile; "possibly today is ours—I am told you took your own cousin a prisoner."

"Yes, your excellency. It was a strange coincidence that we should be pitted against each other—old playfellows, the best friends, as we are."

"That," said he, "is a condition of civil war—kin against kin."

He seemed lost in thought; the blue eyes that Stuart pictured so often seemed even sadder. But his lips were firmly set—pursed together.

As I passed out there was a faint pattering of rain; down below was a bustle in their lines. Then I threw myself down in a corner of a cabin that had been built of rough boards during the night. I awoke after a long time, with the sound of spade and pick in my ears, from their lines, as it proved, for we could hear quite distinctly every sound from their side. A veil seemed over everything.

"Fog," said one, for while I slept a white, dull mass of mist had scurried up from the lower bay and wrapped us up in its folds. As I sat up I reflected on what I knew of the situation, of what had been done the night before. Nine thousand men with all the munitions of war were to be retired across the river. Was that possible? Could we do it without them knowing it? It seemed completely beyond any possibility.

Then I was up, and after a bite to eat was reporting and rushing about carrying the orders.

Those poor fellows whose powder had been wet by that slow rain felt completely lost at the order. I wish I might remember what I heard them say, or, rather, I wish I had the writing skill to repeat what I do remember. But doubtless 'twas all voiced by the Jersey sergeant who declared dubiously that he regarded this night of white, penetrating fog his last on earth and began to will his possessions, even down to his tobacco. Yet I am sure men who were so raw, so unskilled, never behaved better. They had been beaten, completely beaten, and yet they had some slight spirit left. 'Twas as I recall it wondrous in the extreme.

General Mifflin was to man the lines that they might not suspect. He had arrived that day, as I remember, with Shee's Philadelphians and Magaw's other Pennsylvania regiment, a splendid lot of well disciplined fellows who raised our spirits considerably. While I slept, that whole long day, there had been, I was told, some skirmishing, which had not disturbed my heavy senses. General Mifflin had seen earlier in the afternoon from near Red Hook, the fog then lifting, every evidence of the preparations of the enemy's feet at Staten Island. We hardly knew whether indeed behind that mist they might not be cutting off the well devised retreat. I remember how we stood, anxious, till a man of Glover's Marblehead men leaped on shore.

"There's no fog across the river," said he, "starchlight; no, the ships have not yet put up."

Then we said the chance was ours, the chance of a victory for the defeated. The first detachment now withdrew, silently, cautiously, I need not say. What a running about was there! I lost sight of the prisoners. I even forgot my cousin back there in the pen. The prisoners were indeed left to the last.

It seemed the most noiseless proceeding, though it must have been quiet enough. About half had crossed when there came suddenly a deafening roar. We paused fearfully, every man of us. I think. Was that gun from our own or the enemy's line? (I now think it was not proved which it was.)

The chief stood watching the boats, directing each line, when General Mif-

marched back. And, heavens be thanked, the British had not seen.

I at last carried the real order to General Mifflin to withdraw. With the general were the prisoners.

"There are only 22," came a dismayed voice. We were by the boats then.

"Who?" I asked quickly.

"Your cousin, captain—Mr. Manners seemed not to be there."

I rushed back into the silent works, leaving the river and the last boats. Suddenly a dim figure rose from behind a gun with a cry. I leaped forward.

"Jim," said he.

"Jack," I cried.

We rolled over together—in our second contest. But his voice rang out suddenly. There came a cry from below.

"Oh, ho, hello! They are running!" my cousin cried again, despite my best efforts to hold his mouth.

Perhaps they heard. They at last had noted that the sentries had been withdrawn. As I struggled with him men pushed over the works. Below, on the river side, it was silent—a far car dip, a muffled cry.

"I have a prisoner!" Jack cried, rising. "Quick! They've got away. Quick, I say! D've hear? You can fire on 'em yet, Jim, you're mine now," he added, turning to me.

"Yes, yes," I said. "Yes. Let go, you old chap; let go!"

"I've turned the tables on you," he said, laughing.

"Granted, Jack," I said.

"'Tis too late. The last boat is on the river," a man said, running back. The men were still pouring over the lines—hundreds of them, thousands of them.

I was a prisoner certainly, but I remember I cried out exultantly:

"They've escaped—escaped! The victory of the defeated," a phrase I use now in writing this account.

"But you're a prisoner, Jim," repeated my cousin, who had given the alarm to them, who had hidden behind the gun in the confusion of General Mifflin's withdrawal.

"Yes; that's true enough," I said. I was exchanged a month after, and I was never again pitted so directly against my cousin. You doubtless know him. Continuing in the king's service, he became afterward a famous general. More to me than that, he was ever my boyish friend, yet putting duty above friendship.

The episode of my taking him a prisoner of his retaliation in the moment of the victory of the defeated, is, it was agreed by all who knew it, most remarkable. But then the greater deed of the retreat itself was scarcely less so, was the renewal of the faith in the cause and in Washington himself, which in the end won.

It Cost Her a Quarter.

There are times when one hasn't the courage to correct an error of speech, times when to do so would cause embarrassment. The truth of this is very keenly felt just at present by a certain woman who lives in a boarding house on the east side. The trouble all came about by her using the wrong word, that caused the misinterpretation of her meaning, to correct which she lacked the courage. It happened like this: She had a quarter in her hand when she went to dinner, which she forgot and left lying on the table.

"Did you pick up that quarter?" she asked her husband as he came out of the dining room.

"No, you'd better ask George," he replied.

"Did you get that quarter, George?" she called out.

George is the big eyed, shiny faced, black boy who carries a trayful of dishes on the palm of his hand as a dining room girl never can. His countenance fairly beamed as he pocketed the quarter.

"Yes'm, missus, thank you, much obliged."—Kansas City Journal.

Where Woolf Learned Poverty.

Michael Angelo Woolf, whose black and white sketches of street waifs endowed with most of the ambitions of more favored children have given him a lasting place in the hearts of the people, knew what it was to be poor himself. For many years he was an actor. Once his company was stranded as far away from civilization as they could possibly get. Weeks afterward Mr. Woolf walked into New York an artistic wreck. He was seedy, polished with wear, but clean. He was unshaven and wore no shirt. His boots consisted entirely of soles held to his feet by fragments of uppers, and his toes were painted black so that from a distance he looked like a man with the gout to whom his shoemaker had been uncommonly kind.

It appeared that Woolf was the only man in the company who had received his salary in full. He had spent every cent of it in paying the railroad fares home of the women of the company and had walked back every step of the way.—Saturday Evening Post.

Five Foot Worms.

Occasionally we see in our gardens angieworms six inches long or more, and we think they are unusually big fellows. But Madagascar sports an angle or earth worm five feet long. Australia has one which is four feet long and as thick as one's finger. In Sardinia these worms grow to a length of two feet and a half.

The old saying that never was any creature created without having a purpose and an excuse for living is exemplified by the work the angieworm does in improving the soil. It eats the earth and then deposits it in small mounds on the surface. The mounds of the Madagascar worm are from three and a half to five pounds in weight. If left undisturbed, in half a century these mounds would form a strata of fertilized earth three feet thick.

## Look Out for the First Chapters



Our old enemy's turn had come again.

## John Topp, Pirate

By Weatherby Chesney and Alick Munro

## An Exciting Tale of Adventure on Land and Sea

We have purchased the serial rights of this thrilling story and it will appear in installments in this paper, beginning soon.

It will be found well worth reading. Watch for it.



## The Mystery of Count Landrinof

By Fred Wishaw

This is a new story which we have purchased and which will appear in this paper. The scene is laid in Russia and England, the incidents being those attending the search for a Russian nobleman who strangely disappeared from his home and family. The searchers were two English educated young men and a bright detective. The plot is complicated and interesting.

## LOOK OUT FOR THE FIRST CHAPTERS

### ORIGINAL NOTICE.

In the District of Crawford county, Iowa, December Term. William Albert, Plaintiff, vs. Kate Bull, Francis Bull, Reuben Bull, Henry J. Bull, Eliza C. Bull, Anna Bull, and the unknown claimants of the east half of the northeast quarter of section 18, township 33, range 37, west of 5th p. m. defendants.

To the above named Defendants:— You are hereby notified that there is now on file in the office of the District court, of Crawford county, Iowa, a petition of the plaintiff in which he claims: That he is the absolute owner in fee simple of the following described real estate, to-wit: The east half of the northeast quarter of Section No. 18, Township 33, Range 37, West of the 5th P. M. in Crawford county, Iowa. That he is credibly informed and believes that the defendants, Kate Bull, Francis Bull, Reuben Bull, Eliza C. Bull and Anna Bull, or some one claim adverse to the plaintiff in said property. That he does not know and has not information sufficient to form a belief as to what interest the said unknown claimants have or claim to have in said property, but he is credibly informed and believes that whatever the said interest may be the same is held and claimed adverse to this plaintiff, and whatever interest they may have or claim to have, the same is derived from or through the defendants, Kate Bull, Francis Bull, Reuben Bull, Henry J. Bull, Eliza C. Bull and Anna Bull, or some one or more of them. That the name of any and all of such unknown claimants are unknown to the plaintiff, and that he sought diligently to learn the same. And the plaintiff prays that his title and estate in and to said property be established and confirmed against the adverse claims of all the defendants above referred to and that said defendants and all persons claiming by, through or under them be barred and forever estopped from having or claiming any right or title adverse to the plaintiff in and to said premises, and that the said defendants be adjudged to pay the costs of this proceeding. And that unless you appear thereto and defend before noon of the second day of the next term of said court, commencing at Des Moines, Iowa, on the 10th day of December, 1900, default will be entered against you and judgment rendered thereon. Dated this 9th day of October, 1900. LEE & ROBB, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

**CASH** for acceptable ideas. State if patented. THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md. Subscription price of the PATENT RECORD \$1.00 per annum. Samples free.