

GENERAL JOHN DE KALB.<sup>1</sup>

On the 29th of June, 1721, John Kalb, the child of Hans Kalb and Margaret, his wife, peasants, was born in the German town of Hüttendorf. On the 19th of August, 1780, Major-General Baron De Kalb died prisoner of war in the American town of Camden, of wounds received three days before, in the defeat of the American General Gates by the English General Cornwallis. How and when did this peasant become a baron, and mingle his name with great historic names and great historic events? We find him at school at Kriegenbronn, a peasant boy still. We see him leave his native place at sixteen to earn his living as a butler. We lose sight of him for six years; and suddenly find ourselves face to face with him again towards the end of 1743, with the distinctive *de* between the Jean and Kalb of his half gallicized name, and the rank of lieutenant in the regiment of Löwenthal, a body of German infantry in the service of France. How did he, in six short years, succeed in transforming the obsequious butler into the haughty baron? That he did thus pass from a peasant to a noble, and put on, as though they had been his birthright, the air and bearing of nobility, is a fact which Mr. Kapp has fully established, although he has not been able to explain it, and, accepting it as one of the secrets of history, we pass directly with him from the peasant's cottage to the camp in Flanders.

Frederick of Prussia, the greatest general of his own day, was the teacher of Steuben, the subject of Mr. Kapp's first contribution to American history. Kalb's teacher was Marshal Saxe, "the professor," according to Frederick himself, "of all the European generals of his age." And thus the lessons of the two greatest soldiers of their time passed

through two brilliant adventurers to the camp of Washington. Both lives belong in part to the American historian. Toward the latter part of 1743, when Washington was going to Mr. Williams's school at Brydger Creek and Greene was a babe in arms, Kalb comes into the light of history as a lieutenant in one of the most brilliant German regiments in the service of France. In a single year he took part in three sieges and one hotly contested battle; and still following the history of his regiment, through which only we can trace his own, we find him at Fontenoy and every decisive action of the war except the battles of Lafeld and Raucoup. In 1747 he was made captain and adjutant, and was entrusted with the important duties of "officer of detail," duties of great responsibility, comprehending the internal administration of the regiment and an active correspondence with the ministers of war. In his brief intervals of leisure he found time for study, devoting himself chiefly to modern languages and those branches of the higher mathematics which were essential to the scientific departments of his profession.

The eighteenth century was still an age of mercenary soldiers. Men of hereditary rank let themselves out for military rank and the chances of military distinction. The German regiments in the French service were especially favored, and commissions in them were eagerly sought after. "There is not a general officer in Germany," said Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick to Boisgelin, "whatever his nobility, who would not consider himself as very fortunate in being able to enter the service of France. What a happiness to fight by the side of Frenchmen, and live with them in Paris during peace."

The foreign regiments in the French

<sup>1</sup> *Leben des Amerikanischen Generals Johann Kalb.* Von FRIEDRICH KAPP. Mit Kalb's Portrait. In deiner Brust sind deines Schicksals Sterne.—Schüller. Stuttgart: Cotta'scher Verlag. 1862.

*The Life of John Kalb, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army.* By FRIEDRICH KAPP. New York: privately printed. MDCCCLXX.

service were not all upon the same footing. Each had its own contract, and its own articles of war. Questions of discipline were decided differently in different regiments, one capitulation approving what another condemned. It was the duty of the officer of detail to make himself familiar with all these distinctions, and be prepared to defend the rights of his own regiment before the minister of war.

De Kalb was in the garrisons of Pfalzburg and Cambrai, during the peace which preceded the Seven Years' War. The records of his regiment bear witness to his intelligence and zeal. But war was approaching. While deciding the European question, the treaty of Aix la Chapelle had left the American question undecided; and the American question was the question of the age, carrying with it the transformation of dependent colonies into the greatest of republics. War with England was inevitable. De Kalb looked to it for honor and fortune. As a first step toward them he addressed a memorial to the minister of marine, containing a detailed plan for the formation of a foreign regiment of marine infantry. Germany, Denmark, Sweden, England, and above all, Ireland, were to furnish the men, who were to be thoroughly trained to service in different parts of the world, and especially to sudden landing on a foreign coast. De Kalb aimed high, but he aimed justly. He would have made Irish discontent a source of weakness to England and of strength to France. But he lacked court patronage, and failed.

A minute history of the Seven Years' War would hardly bring the name of De Kalb into prominence, owing to his subordinate position. He took part in nearly all its great battles, however, and won the favor of De Broglie, the best of the French generals. The peace of 1763 found him a lieutenant-colonel in rank, though in fact only a captain by purchase in the regiment of Anhalt. It gave him, however, an opportunity of adding largely to his private fortune, by his successful advocacy of the claims of several princely and noble families

of Wetterau, for supplies furnished the French army during the war.

The war was over; what was to become of those for whom war was a profession? Assistant quartermaster-general, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, De Kalb had strong claims to promotion; but none of his hopes in this direction were realized. During the administration of the provident Colbert, a Hollander named Robin, skilled in the manufacture of cloth, had been allured to France, where his services were rewarded by a patent of nobility. The occupation was handed down from father to son, and at the time of De Kalb's visit to Paris, a grandson of the original immigrant was living with his wife upon the fruits of his own and his ancestors' industry, in pleasant retirement at Courbevoie, near Paris. A younger daughter, "accomplished, sprightly, and beautiful," lived with them. She was betrothed to De Kalb in the first winter after the peace, and married on the 10th of April, 1764. They were both Protestants.

De Kalb was very happy. He had never fallen into the dissolute habits of his times and profession. Temperate in all things but the thirst of glory, he sought happiness at his own fireside. An adventurer hitherto, he was now the head of an honorable family and the master of an independent fortune. Money, like other gifts of fortune, came flowing in upon him from many sources. He threw up his captain's commission, and retired from service, with a pension as lieutenant-colonel.

But he had not read his own heart aright. The memory of his old life, of its adventures, its vicissitudes, its brilliant rewards, began to stir within him. Before a year of that domestic life which promised such happiness was over, he was once more knocking at the doors of men in power. His letters to his wife show how warmly he loved her and how readily she entered into his feelings.

It was now that his attention was called for the first time to the dispute between England and her colonies.

French indignation at the ignomin-

ious treaty of Paris of 1763, which stripped France of her colonies in North America, had found full utterance in the ministry of the Duke of Choiseul. France had reached the lowest depths of humiliation. Her troops had lost their moral strength by a succession of defeats. Her ships of war had been annihilated. Her ships of commerce had been driven from the seas. Even in the Mediterranean, which she had learnt to look upon as her own, they crept stealthily from port to port. Had Pitt remained at the head of the ministry, the house of Bourbon, which he hated so bitterly, would have become a third-class power both in France and in Spain. But the fall of Pitt opened the way, if not for the recovery of all that had been lost, at least for revenge.

Choiseul availed himself skillfully of the opportunity. He resolved to renew the struggle for the mastery of the ocean, and in a few years had sixty-four ships of the line and thirty-six frigates afloat. In 1764 M. de Fontleroy, an agent of the active minister, was sent to North America to study on the spot, and see whether the report that a question of taxation was fast alienating the affections of the British colonists from the mother country was true. In 1766 the answer came. Fontleroy, entering fully into the views of his employer, traveled over the land in its length and breadth, taking careful note of its rich soil, its abundance of grain, its vast stores of iron, its boundless forests of timber, its capacious harbors and mighty rivers. The inhabitants, he said, were a hardy, bold, and enterprising race, growing daily in wealth and power, fully conscious of their strength. Choiseul smiled at the flattering report so favorable to his own wishes, and continued his inquiries. How well they were conducted, the extracts from New England sermons still preserved in the French archives attest.

It was evident that there was a general fermentation in the colonies, but how extensive, and how like to prove lasting, it was difficult to say. The minister resolved to send a new agent,

and fixed upon De Kalb for the delicate and difficult office. "M. de Kalb," say his instructions, "will repair to Amsterdam and there direct his particular attention to the rumors in circulation about the English colonies. Should they appear to be well founded, he will immediately make preparations for a journey to America.

"On his arrival he will inquire into the intentions of the inhabitants, and endeavor to ascertain whether they are in want of good engineers and artillery officers, or other individuals, and whether they should be supplied with them.

"He will acquaint himself with the greater or lesser strength of their purpose to withdraw from the English government.

"He will examine their resources in troops, fortified places, and forts, and will seek to discover their plan of revolt and the leaders who are expected to direct and control it."

On the 2d of May he received his passports, letters, letters of introduction to the French ambassadors at Brussels and the Hague, and twelve hundred francs for his traveling expenses. On the 15th of July he addressed his first dispatch to Choiseul from the Hague.

He had done his duty thoroughly, visiting all the sea-ports of Holland, and conversing with men who had lived in the colonies. A German who had passed fifteen years there, and was actually collecting new colonists to carry back with him, assured him that, in spite of appearances, the breach between the colonies and the mother country was as wide as ever. The English troops were but twenty thousand in number, and those twenty thousand were so widely scattered that they would find it hard to cope with the four hundred thousand militia of the colonists. The Germans of Pennsylvania could raise sixty thousand men. The Irish population was numerous, and ready for revolt. The provincial assembly were resolved to maintain their rights by the sword. The English, on the contrary, asserted that the spirit of resistance had been laid by the repeal of the Stamp Act. De Kalb

listened attentively to both statements, and suspected exaggeration in both. He had early learned the art of judicious doubt. Choiseul, with his hot Celtic blood, was more sanguine than his Teutonic agent.

Meanwhile the work of raising emigrants for the colonies went briskly on. At Rotterdam De Kalb saw twelve hundred of them, traveling from Cologne. They were all crowded into four of the small and inconvenient ships of those days.

De Kalb's first dispatch had hardly reached the minister, when tidings of the temporary lull in the tempest which followed the repeal of the Stamp Act came to Europe. He asked for new instructions. "As it is possible and even probable," answered Choiseul, with the sure perception of a true statesman, "that this quiet will not be of long duration, it is the will of his Majesty that you should make immediate preparations for a speedy tour to America, in order to satisfy yourself by personal inspection as to the condition of the country, its harbors, ships, land forces, resources, weapons, munitions of war, and provisions,—in short, as to the means at our command if disposed, in case of a war with England, to make a diversion in that direction. You will adopt the greatest precautions in sending me your report."

The instructions of Choiseul were promptly obeyed. On the 12th of January, 1768, De Kalb landed at Philadelphia.

An expression in his first report, written three days after his arrival, shows how promptly he had fathomed the real nature of the relations of the mother country to the colonies. He calls them an "invaluable magazine of raw productions, and a most profitable market for English manufactures." Looking at them from this point of view he cannot conceive that the British government will spare any efforts to secure such a mine of wealth. He quickly sees, also, that the dispute is far from being adjusted. In Holland the English party had assured him that the repeal of the Stamp Act had been vol-

untary. In Philadelphia he learns that it had been wrung from the ministers by organized resistance. He was struck by the substantial union of the provincial assemblies. He attaches great importance to the renunciation by Boston of British commerce. He sees the full significance of the part borne by women in the dispute, a part of sacrifice and self-denial. "They deny themselves tea, they deny themselves foreign sugar. They will have no more fine linens from England, but sedulously ply their spinning-wheels to prepare them linens of their own. Silks, which they cannot yet make for themselves, they will do without." He detects also signs of temporizing on the part of the Parliament. The troops treat the colonists with greater forbearance. The commanding general, instead of prosecuting libels and pasquinades, pretends to ignore them, and the authors, though well known, go unpunished. He has not had time to study the military question, but foresees many obstacles to carrying on war with militia, and obstacles equally great to the formation of an army in a country so extensive and so divided. In one thing he saw that the temper of the colonists had been misjudged. The remoteness of the centre of government inspired them with a spirit of freedom and enterprise, and their taxes were really very light; but they had no desire to "shake off the English supremacy with the aid of foreign powers." The immediate object of popular hatred was the House of Commons; of popular admiration, William Pitt.

On the 20th of January he writes again. He has had time to look about him, and to sift and verify his observations. It is very interesting to study the impressions of an intelligent foreigner at this critical moment, and compare them with those of our own public men. America was so little known that the wildest stories were repeated without exciting a doubt, and it required no common sagacity to form a calm and deliberate opinion in the midst of so many contradictions. A circumstance which caused him no little alarm was to find

that his letters had been opened in their passage through the post-office. Would they not all be opened and the information which he had so laboriously collected be read in Downing Street before it reached Versailles? What, too, would become of his mission if the letters of the minister should be intercepted? He resolved to forestall the danger by hastening his tour of observation and returning home in April. The few days that had passed between his first and second dispatches were sufficient to convince him that the indignation excited by the Stamp Act had not been appeased by its repeal. The declaratory act, by which Parliament claimed the right to bind the colonies in all cases whatever, was equally unacceptable, and the tax on tea, paper, and glass which followed was interpreted as an indirect method of enforcing the principle of the Stamp Act. Neither did it escape De Kalb's attention that a bitter feeling had been awakened by the restraints with which the Parliament had hampered American industry. No sooner had the manufacture of iron become almost equal to that of England than it was prohibited by law. The same repression of manufacturing enterprise had been extended to other branches of industry. And he esteemed the restrictions imposed upon American commerce equally unwise and unjust.

On the 25th of January, 1768, he started for New York. It was a long, tedious, and disastrous journey. The land carriage was cold and slow. The passage of the Delaware was difficult and dangerous. It took three days to reach Princeton. A fresh wind was blowing when he reached the Kill, but it was fair, and the landlord of the Ferry Inn and the ferryman himself said that the passage was safe. There were five men to cross and four horses, and although it was already between eight and nine in the evening, they set sail. But no sooner had they reached the middle of the stream than the wind chopped round, and drove the helpless little craft upon a small island half-way between the ferry and the mouth of

Fish-Kill Creek, where she sank. The horses were drowned, and the baggage lost; but the passengers, partly by wading and partly by swimming, reached the shore. It was but half a mile from the ferry, but they could not make themselves heard. There was neither tree nor shrub to shelter them from the bleak wind. They huddled close together to get what warmth they might from the contact of their bodies. They stamped with their feet and threshed with their arms, and walked up and down to keep off the sleep which leads to death. The heavy hours wore slowly on. At eleven a ferry boy died; at three, Mr. George, a passenger. Day came at last, but it was not till nine that the survivors were seen from the shore, and a boat was sent for them. Benumbed, unconscious, hardly able to move their limbs, they were placed in a sleigh and conveyed to the house of Mr. Mercerau, whose name reappears a few years later in a useful though not a brilliant position in the war of independence. The first instinct of the half-frozen men was to crowd around the fire, and they paid for the imprudence by the loss of fingers or toes, and in one instance of a leg. The wiser De Kalb bathed his feet and legs in ice-water, and then ate and went to bed. His baggage was lost; and with it "several hundred louis d'or, the badge of his order, and the key to his cipher." It was not till the end of February that he was able to renew his correspondence with the minister.

"The colonies," he writes on the 25th of February, "seem to intrench themselves more and more in their system of opposition and of economy. It is said that the merchants of London are already beginning to feel the effects of this policy; that in consequence of it the wages of labor are fallen off; that a number of the trades, by combining among themselves, have destroyed the business of those who worked for less than the established prices." Then passing to the subject of taxation, which he has evidently studied with great intelligence and care, he says, "The assembly at Boston have just resolved to

remonstrate with the court against the tea tax, as will appear from the accompanying English documents, which I inclose in the original in order to excite less suspicion in case this letter should be intercepted. The dissatisfaction with the impost grows out of their aversion to being taxed by the Parliament instead of by the representatives of their own provinces. It would seem to me that the court of St. James mistakes its own interest. If the king would ask the colonies for sums much larger than the proceeds of the imposts in dispute, they would be granted without any objection, provided the colonists were left at liberty to tax themselves, and, as free subjects, to give their money with their own consent. During the late war they have paid enormous sums, larger ones than the king demanded, because he approached their assemblies with the same formalities as he observed in calling upon Parliament for subsidies. It is a matter of surprise that the court has discarded this advantageous method, and that the people of Great Britain are ready to subvert the fundamental polity of the kingdom by taxing their fellow-citizens without their consent, when they submit to the same proceeding only at the hands of their representatives in the House of Commons. The colonies have the same right; they can only be taxed by their own assemblies. The king would therefore have to make an application for that purpose to every single colony. But the colonies themselves would not favor the last alternative, partly on account of the expense involved and partly on account of the certainty of finding themselves in a minority on all occasions, which would unavoidably constrain them to participate in every war waged in Europe by England or by the Elector of Hanover. They would prefer a parliament or a continental assembly, a power which, however, would soon become dangerous to the crown. All classes of people here are imbued with such a spirit of independence and freedom from control, that if all the provinces can be united under a common representation, an independ-

ent state will soon be formed. At all events it will certainly come forth in time. Whatever may be done in London, this country is growing too powerful to be much longer governed at such a distance. The population is now estimated at three millions, and is expected to double itself in less than thirty years. It is not to be denied that children swarm everywhere like ants. The people are strong and robust, and even the English officers admit that the militia are equal to the line in every respect."

His observations at Boston confirm those at Philadelphia and New York. "I meet," he writes, "with the same opinions as in the provinces already visited, only expressed with greater violence and acrimony. The four provinces composing New England — Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire — appear to be more firmly united among themselves, on account of the community of interests, than the remaining colonies. Massachusetts in particular, the most wealthy and populous, gives the impulse and the signal of independence to the rest. In spite of this restive spirit, however, they all, from the leaders down to the humblest citizen, seem to be imbued with a heart-felt love of the mother country. The inhabitants of this province are almost exclusively Englishmen or of English stock, and the liberties so long enjoyed by them have only swelled the pride and presumption peculiar to that people. All these circumstances go to show but too clearly that there will be no means of inducing them to accept of assistance from abroad. In fact, they are so well convinced of the justice of their cause, the clemency of the king, and of their own importance to the mother country, that they have never contemplated the possibility of extreme measures." Nothing struck him with such surprise as the commercial spirit of the colonists. "I am more and more astonished," he writes, "at the number of merchantmen to be seen in the ports, rivers, and bays, from the Potomac and Chesapeake to Boston harbor. And in addition to these, numberless ships are in

course of construction. What must have been the trade of these colonies before the disturbances began? Nor am I less struck with the flourishing appearance of the interior."

From Boston, De Kalb went to Halifax, making everywhere the same inquiries and obtaining the same answers. The ultimate separation of the colonies from the mother country he looked upon as inevitable, but it was to the steady increase of their population and prosperity, and not to foreign bayonets, that he looked for it. He had done a great deal of work in a very short time, and developed civil talents of a very high order. His reports contain views of the colonies which throw a clear but sober light upon the aims and character of the colonists and the resources of the country. He saw from the first what our own statesmen were several years in seeing, that the Canadians could not be counted by the French government as allies.

But, meanwhile, a grave difficulty arose. In spite of all the pains he had been at to secure the transmission of his letters, they had reached his wife with the seals broken. It was evident that he was an object of suspicion, and should his communications with the minister be interrupted it would be impossible for him to continue his work. He resolved, therefore, to return to France, make new arrangements for his correspondence, and hold himself at the minister's orders if a new mission should be thought necessary.

It is evident that De Kalb had been strongly impressed with the resources and rapid growth of the colonies, but what was the part of France to be in the impending contest? Evidently that of an interested state, seeking for an opportunity to avenge itself on an enemy. And how could that revenge be made sure? De Kalb believed that France could obtain her end only by watching. The day of separation would surely come. To endeavor to hasten it would be risking all on a single throw when the game was already in her hands.

There is another value in these re-

ports. They bear directly on the question of the motives of France in the treaty of 1778. De Kalb's mission affords the strongest evidence that whatever may have been the aims of Vergennes, Choiseul was seeking the humiliation of England.

In April, De Kalb sailed for England, and on the 12th of June was in Paris. Of all his reports five only had reached the minister. But he had the materials of other reports in his portfolio, which he arranged and sent to the duke. Through the rest of the summer and early fall Choiseul's interest in the colonies was unchanged. But another question had risen, which now absorbed his attention. He had long been trying to strengthen France in the Mediterranean by the subjugation of Corsica. And here first comes to view the Garibaldi of the eighteenth century, the Italian Paoli. To seize upon Corsica was to weaken England. Still more deadly was the blow which he meditated through the colonies. By a system common to all, the commerce of each was confined to the mother country. Could this restriction be removed, and the productions of North America be admitted into the colonies of France and Spain, what a blow would be given to the commercial prosperity of England. So thought Choiseul. So thought Count Châtelet, the French ambassador at the court of St. James. But the Spanish ambassador, Grimaldi, saw in it the building of the English colonies into a powerful republic, an evil example to the French and Spanish colonies, and his reasoning prevailed. Had he gone a little further, he would have foreseen that the colonies were making rapid strides towards independence by virtue of a law more powerful than the decrees of parliaments or kings. Absorbed by these questions the French minister felt that he had no more need of De Kalb and his reports, and coolly threw him off. Choiseul was a great minister, but, like most of his class, regarded men as tools to be taken up and laid down at will. A few months later he found that in spite of all his services, and while his brain was still teeming with

designs for the glory of France, he too was but a tool to be cast aside at the caprice of a vile woman and still viler king. Had Choiseul remained in power, it is difficult not to believe that the war of independence would have begun under different auspices and led to speedier results. Still, De Kalb's mission was not lost.

The next two years were years of deep humiliation for those who loved France. The downward impulse which society had received from the licentious administration of the Duke of Orleans reached the lowest point of degradation during the last years of Louis XV. The position which the bold bearing and broad statesmanship of Choiseul had won for France was lost by the incompetence and corruption of his successor. It was not till Vergennes was firmly seated in the chair of foreign affairs that America became once more a subject of interest to the French cabinet.

For De Kalb, these years were not without their pleasures, although tranquil beyond any others of his restless career. They were years of domestic happiness and that pleasant provision for the future which so naturally follows the appearance of children at the fireside. Still the ambitious and active nature would out. No chance of promotion escaped his watchful eye. But while Louis XV. lived, all his efforts to obtain active service failed. The accession of Louis XVI. opened brighter prospects. His friends and early patrons, the two brothers De Broglie, returned to court, and soon we find De Kalb in active life. When in 1775 the Count de Broglie went to Metz as military commander-in-chief, he took De Kalb with him. America, too, was again looming up on the political horizon, and Vergennes, like Choiseul, hated England. The minister of war gave him a private audience, and he asked for a brigadiership. In November the commission of brigadier-general for the islands was given him. It was in the colonies that he was to win his grade. This period of his career deserves a careful study for its connection with the history of the French alliance. But the

full story of the wiles and craft by which the way was prepared for the treaty of 1778 would carry us too far beyond the circle of De Kalb's individual action.

Assistance was to be given to the colonies as far as it could be done without compromising France. War was to be avoided as long as possible, and accepted only when the Americans had given unequivocal proofs of their strength and perseverance. With this view, arms and money were to be supplied secretly, and for this purpose Colonel du Courdray, an artillery officer of distinction, was sent on an apparent tour of inspection to the forts and arsenals, but with secret instructions to select an ample supply of arms for the use of the insurgents. It is in this connection that we first meet the name of Beaumarchais in American history. De Kalb was to go as a volunteer, on leave, and without imperiling his position in the French army. Too cautious to hazard himself without a positive agreement with some trustworthy agent, he resolved to wait the arrival of Silas Deane, the secret agent of the Americans, who was daily expected at Paris. Deane eagerly grasped at the opportunity of securing the services of so experienced an officer, and assured him of the grade of major-general with rank from the 7th of November, 1776. De Kalb and Vergennes would have smiled could they have seen the closing sentence of the dispatch in which the unskilled agent announced the negotiation to Congress. "This gentleman," he writes, "has an independent fortune, and a certain prospect of advancement here; but being a zealous friend to liberty, civil and religious, he is actuated by the most independent and generous principles in the offer he makes of his services to the states of America." On the 1st of December a formal contract was signed, De Kalb affixing his name to it for himself and fifteen others. On the 7th of December a new contract was signed, and on this we find the name of Lafayette, the first time that we meet this beloved name in American history. This important transaction did not escape the watchful eye



of the English ambassador, who immediately reported it to his government. But England did not want a war with France, and delayed her revenge.

Meanwhile the arms and military stores destined for the insurgents reached the different ports at which they were to be embarked. A large number of officers also appeared in the streets of Havre and other sea-port towns. Love of adventure, thirst for distinction, an ill-defined zeal for the rights of man, had kindled the enthusiasm of the young nobility. Some of them of large fortune and high rank resolved to take an active part in the contest. But instead of following the course which the relations between France and England required, they talked loud in the streets, discussed their plans in coffee-houses, and went further than Lord Stormont's spies in supplying him with materials for remonstrance.

On the 14th of December the Amphitrite sailed with Du Coudray and his suite. Like De Kalb, Du Coudray, on reaching Philadelphia, was to rank as major-general, thus outranking native officers of the highest merit. When the tidings reached the colonies it excited a menacing dissatisfaction. But for the moment the danger was averted. The accommodations of the Amphitrite and the storage of her cargo were found unsuitable for a long voyage, and she returned to L'Orient. With such evidence in his hands Lord Stormont addressed an energetic remonstrance to the French minister, who, not yet prepared for war, forbade the expedition. At this critical moment came the tidings of the disheartening campaign of 1776. Vergennes felt that the hour was not yet come, and ordered the stores which had already been put on shipboard to be detained. Du Coudray sailed alone on the 14th of February, 1777. De Kalb resolved to wait a more favorable opportunity. Meantime, De Broglie had written him an extraordinary letter.

It is hard to say how far De Kalb shared in the delusion of his patron. His knowledge of the colonies was the result of personal intercourse, and it

seems impossible that he could have fallen into so great an error upon so important a point as their willingness to put a foreigner at the head of the government. Yet Silas Deane, fresh from Congress, believed that the young nation, distrustful of its actual leaders, would gladly put a general of approved skill at its head. The affair of Du Coudray soon taught him better, and when De Kalb reached Philadelphia, he shut up in his portfolio the record of his patron's ignorance and presumption, and no attempt was made to carry out the foolish scheme.

It was during the interval of waiting, that De Kalb became intimately associated with Lafayette. The union was a profitable one for both. De Kalb had age, experience, and practical knowledge; Lafayette, wealth, high rank, and the ardor and enthusiasm of youth. They encouraged each other in the resolve that the temporary delay should not prevent them from carrying out their plan. Lafayette had serious obstacles to apprehend from the opposition of his family, especially from that of his father-in-law, the Duke d'Ayen. At his request, in fact, the ardent young nobleman was ordered to renounce his project and travel in Italy with his family. A consultation with the Comte de Broglie was at once held, and it was resolved that Lafayette should buy and freight a ship, and sail without delay for the colonies, De Kalb and eleven officers accompanying him. De Kalb's letters to his wife contain a minute history of the embarrassments, both small and great, which delayed their embarkation. At length, on the 20th of April they sailed, and on the 15th of June made land on the coast of South Carolina.

Thus it happened that Lafayette, one of the earliest abolitionists, was brought for the first time into contact with slavery on his landing in the country in which he first fought the battles of freedom. The ship-captain was out in his reckoning and did not know where he was. Lafayette and De Kalb, with one of their companions and seven sailors, took to the boat and rowed toward

the shore to look for a pilot. The first persons they met were three negro oystermen, who could only tell that they belonged to a major in the American army, and that the coast was infested by hostile cruisers. But they guided the strangers to their master's house, which they reached about ten in the evening, being received there with characteristic hospitality. There was much to ask and tell. Huger, for that was the major's name, told the progress of the war. De Kalb and Lafayette could speak of the public sentiment in France, to which American eyes were turned with deep anxiety. It was an auspicious beginning.

From Huger's hospitable mansion they proceeded to Charleston, where their ship had already arrived, and, disposing profitably of the cargo, hastened toward Philadelphia with as much speed as the heat of July would permit. The day after their arrival they presented themselves at the door of Congress; and now for the first time they saw what trouble Deane had caused by his unauthorized promises of rank and high pay to foreigners. They had come at an unfortunate moment. Du Coudray's arrogant claims had raised a general ferment of indignation. Congress was fast losing the confidence of the army. Greene, Knox, and Sullivan had offered their resignations. Would it be just or even safe to accept them, and fill their places with foreigners? Congress determined to make the best of its awkward position. It was resolved that the officers for whom no provision could be made should have their expenses paid, and return home. Lafayette asked to be allowed to serve as a volunteer without pay. He had brought private letters from Franklin as well as Deane, which called attention to the moral strength his name would give to the American cause in France. His prayer was granted, and he received the commission of major-general. But his generous nature did not allow him to stop here. He resolved to use all his influence to secure De Kalb, and assured his friend that he would not accept his own com-

mission unless a similar one should be given to him. With equal generosity De Kalb refused the offer, and advised the young general to join the army without delay.

How the discarded officers felt may be learnt from a very acrimonious letter which De Kalb addressed to the President of Congress on the 1st of August, 1777. But bitterly as he wrote on this occasion, he had seen too much of the world not to feel that Congress was substantially in the right, and that an army commanded by foreigners would be a dangerous foundation to build upon in a civil war. In this dilemma Congress took the wisest course, disavowed Deane, and assumed the expenses of the rejected officers. De Kalb was employed to arrange and present their accounts, which were accepted and promptly paid.

Meanwhile the shrewd diplomatist had not passed so many weeks in Philadelphia in vain. Part of the time, it is true, he was confined to a sick-bed, but even that was a means of bringing him into personal contact with some of the leading members of government. No one could converse with him often without being convinced of his fine parts, extensive observation, and sound judgment. As these gentlemen compared their observations they became convinced that De Kalb was too valuable a man to be rejected. Accordingly, Congress resolved to appoint another major-general, and offered the commission to him, with the same date as that of Lafayette. The offer found him at Bethlehem, where he was making a visit to his Moravian brethren. His first impulse was to reject it, for he did not know in what light his acceptance would be looked upon by his patrons, the De Broglies, and the officers who had accompanied him. Further reflection convinced him that there was no good reason for a refusal. On the 13th of October he set out for the army.

He was welcomed by the officers as a brother in arms. Conway alone, who was already engaged in the infamous cabal which bears his name, looked coldly upon him, complaining that De

Kalb had been his inferior in France and could not justly be allowed to outrank him here. But Conway was already too well known in the army to find adherents there, although in Congress he had friends enough to procure him the coveted promotion even in direct opposition to the avowed wishes of Washington. De Kalb's story now becomes closely interwoven with the story of the war. He was sent in November with St. Clair and Knox to examine the fortifications of Red Bank, by which Washington still hoped to starve Howe out of Philadelphia. He was present at the council of war which was called to decide upon the propriety of an attack upon Philadelphia, and voted with the majority against it. Fortunately for the historian he was as fond of his pen as of his sword, and his minute and frequent letters to his wife and the Comte de Broglie are full of history, and valuable as a record not merely of events but also of opinions. It was some time before he was able to form a correct idea of Washington. His personal qualities he was struck with at once; but the campaign of '77 had not been a brilliant one, and mistakes had been made which he laid at the door of the commander-in-chief. "I have not yet told you anything of the character of General Washington," he writes to the Comte de Broglie, on the 24th of September. "He is the most amiable, kind-hearted, and upright of men; but as a general he is too indolent, too slow, and far too weak; besides, he has a tinge of vanity in his composition, and overestimates himself. In my opinion, whatever success he may have will be owing to good luck and to the blunders of his adversaries, rather than to his abilities. I may even say that he does not know how to improve upon the grossest blunders of the enemy. He has not yet overcome his old prejudices against the French." This language sounds strangely as applied to Washington; yet it is historically important to know that it was actually used, though at the time of the Conway cabal, when Washington's enemies were bold and loud. But there is

no reason to suppose that De Kalb was in any way connected with that infamous intrigue.

A few weeks later his opinion is materially modified. "He is the bravest and truest of men," he writes, "has the best intentions and a sound judgment. I am convinced that he would accomplish substantial results if he would only act more upon his own responsibility; but it is a pity that he is so weak, and has the worst of advisers in the men who enjoy his confidence." He had already written, "It is unfortunate that Washington is so easily led." This is nearly the language of Lee and Reed a year before. They had all mistaken for want of decision the self-distrust which arose from a consciousness of inexperience. It was not long before De Kalb's opinion was still further modified. "He must be a very modest man. . . . He did and does more every day than could be expected from any general in the world in the same circumstances, and . . . I think him the only proper person, . . . by his natural and acquired capacity, his bravery, good sense, uprightness, and honesty, to keep up the spirits of the army and people, and . . . I look upon him as the sole defender of his country's cause. Thus much I thought myself obliged to say on that head. I only could wish in my private opinion he would take more upon himself and trust more to his own excellent judgment than to councils." This language was a decided renunciation of the schemes of De Broglie.

De Kalb was with the army during its last operations before Philadelphia and its bleak winter encampment at Valley Forge. He was restless and dissatisfied. Among his many hard experiences this was the hardest. His judgment as a scientific soldier was offended. His aspirations for military distinction were thwarted. He longed for the well clad and thoroughly disciplined armies with which he had fought under Saxe and against Frederick. He poured out his soul to his wife and his friend, and there was a great deal of bitterness in it. He condemns in unmeasured terms the

choice of encampment, saying that none but an enemy of the commander-in-chief could have advised him to risk his army in such a position. His picture of camp life is almost a satire. He seems hardly to know how to speak of the love for titles which makes every man a colonel, or of the love of display which wearies the troops with unprofitable parades, and leads officers of every grade to strip the ranks in order to secure a full array of unnecessary servants. The expense of living he finds enormous, and believes that many bills are paid which will not bear examination. "I am the only general," he writes, "who practices economy. Nevertheless, at the last camp I had to pay my purveyor of milk and butter two hundred and forty-two francs for the consumption of two weeks." He does not know what his pay is, whether a hundred and fifty dollars a month or two hundred; but whichever it may be it will be paid in paper and be subjected to a discount of four hundred per cent. before he can get silver for it. The contractors make, he has no doubt, fifty per cent. on their contracts; and through the whole department of supplies he finds a dangerous spirit of speculation. Nothing, however, gives him greater pain than the jealousies and bickerings of the French officers. Few as they comparatively were, they were divided into parties, and embittered against each other by an intolerant party spirit. The only exception was Lafayette, who, attaching himself to Washington, seemed to have no other view than the success of the cause to which he had dedicated his fortune and life.

What tried him yet more was that he could not secure at Valley Forge those laurels which had been his chief aim in coming to America. Then came rumors of European wars, and visions of honors won under his old commander, De Broglie, began to float before his dazzled eyes. Then his diplomatic ambition was awakened, and he thought it would be a pleasant thing to be the French envoy to Congress, or to represent France in Protestant Geneva. Sometimes, also, while he wrote to his wife, he longed

for more tranquil scenes and a purer happiness; he would throw up his commission and go home to live with her and their children. Dreams, all of them. The weeks and months passed on, and every day the fetters which his ambition had forged grew firmer.

But the winter was not altogether an inactive one. From the Conway cabal sprang the expedition to Canada, framed solely to detach Lafayette from the commander-in-chief. The snare was avoided by Lafayette's insisting upon De Kalb instead of Conway for second in command. When the two generals reached Albany they found that no preparations had been made for the opening of the campaign; neither men nor stores had been collected. It was too late to begin, and they returned to camp.

Meanwhile came the tidings of the French alliance, which seemed to make the victory of the Americans certain. "But for the late treaty," De Kalb writes to his wife, "I should have returned to you ere this. Now I cannot and will not do it for various reasons, two of which I shall here specify. In the first place, war between England and France having become inevitable, should I fall into the hands of the English while at sea, my treatment would be that of a French prisoner of war. . . . In the second place, the alliance with the United States transforms me from an officer on two years' furlough into a general of the French army, with the same if not a better title to promotion than if I had never quitted France. Henceforward, therefore, I shall only return by express command of the minister."

De Kalb was one of those who thought the contest virtually ended by the alliance with France. But his conjecture was not realized. For four more campaigns De Kalb remained with the army, but by a singular fatality was not present at any of its battles. His patience was sorely tried. "As often as a Frenchman returns home," he writes to his wife, "my heart is ready to burst with homesickness."

"What I am doing here is extremely

disagreeable. Without my excellent constitution it would be impossible to bear up long under this service. Yesterday I made the most wearisome trip of my life, visiting the posts and pickets of the army in the solitudes, woods, and mountains, clambering over the rocks, and picking my way in the most abominable roads. My horse having fallen lame, I had to make the whole distance on foot. I never suffered more from heat. On my return I had not a dry rag on me, and was so tired that I could not sleep. My temperate and simple habits greatly contribute to keep me in good health. My general health is very good, and I hardly notice the annoyances of camp life. Dry bread and water make my breakfast and supper; at dinner I take some meat. I drink nothing but water, never coffee, and rarely chocolate or tea, in order to avoid irritating my eyes. . . . I have now no more earnest wish than soon to see you and the children again, and never to leave you more. If our separation is destined to be of any advantage to us it is dearly paid for."

He bears emphatic testimony to the barbarity with which the war was carried on, on the part of the enemy. The English peace commissioners had threatened it when they saw that their mission had failed, and Sir Henry Clinton did not scruple to put the threat in execution. "General Clinton," De Kalb writes, "having left a garrison in New York, is amusing himself with plundering, burning, and ravaging. Fairfield, Bedford, Norwalk, New Haven, and West Haven have already felt his rage. The mode of warfare here practiced is the most barbarous that could be conceived; whatever the enemy cannot carry off in their forays is destroyed or burned. They cannot possibly triumph in the end. Their cruelty and inhumanity must sooner or later draw down upon their heads the vengeance of Heaven, and blast a government which authorizes these outrages." Such words from an officer who had gone through the Seven Years' War and seen with his own eyes the inhumanity with which it

was carried on, afford a strong confirmation of the charges which the Americans brought against the English.

It is pleasant to find a burst of enthusiasm in so deliberate a man as De Kalb. A letter from Washington announcing the capture of Stony Point came while they were still at table. "I drank no wine," he writes, "as the others did, yet I was carried away by the same enthusiasm."

We meet another trait in these letters, worth remembering. "The taking of Stony Point forms an epoch in the history of the war of American independence, because it was on this occasion that our troops first ventured to attack the intrenchments of the enemy, and because they displayed great valor in doing so. The action lasted only twenty-five minutes. A hundred or a hundred and twenty of the British were killed or wounded, while we had thirty killed and sixty wounded. I mean to tell the truth in spite of what the newspapers will say about our losses, greatly exaggerating, of course, the number of the fallen foe and cutting down our own casualties. But I am unable to appreciate the subtlety of this system of lies told by everybody and believed by no one."

From the French alliance to the spring of 1780 De Kalb, constantly with the army, shared all its hardships, cold, hunger, fatigue, the nights on a camp-stool or on the bare ground, clothes falling about him in rags, and his ink freezing in his pen, as he writes close by the fire. He resolves to go to Philadelphia to buy clothes. He has to pay four hundred dollars for a hat, for a pair of boots the same, and for other things in proportion. He wants a good horse, but is asked a price equivalent to ten years of his pay, and therefore falls back on his old stock. Some details given in his letters are not very creditable to the public spirit of certain officers. His division was composed of one regiment from Delaware and seven from Maryland, in two brigades, the first under Smallwood and all Marylanders, the second under Gist and containing three Maryland regiments and one from Delaware, two thousand and

thirty men in all. From time to time some of the States sent their officers supplies of a kind which could not be found in the market — coffee, cognac, tea, and sugar. As commanding officer, De Kalb would be entitled to a share; but Smallwood, violating both the laws of military subordination and the laws of good breeding, set a watch over them to prevent any of them from going into the hands of De Kalb, who, he said, not being a Marylander, had no right to them.

“My march,” he writes to a German friend from Petersburg, Virginia, when on his way to reinforce the southern army, “costs me enormous sums. I cannot travel with my equipage, and am therefore compelled to resort to inns. My six months’ earnings will scarce defray the most indispensable outlay of a single day. Not long since I was compelled to take a night’s lodging at a private house. For a bed, supper, and grog for myself, my three companions, and three servants, I was charged, on going off without a breakfast next day, the sum of eight hundred and fifty dollars. The lady of the house politely added that she had charged nothing for the rooms, and would leave the compensation for them to my discretion, although three or four hundred dollars would not be too much for the inconvenience to which she had been put by myself and my followers.” No wonder that he should add, “And these are the people who talk of sacrificing their all in the cause of liberty.”

I feel myself bound to give these details. Those who look upon the history of our war of independence as an unqualified history of generous sacrifices forget that base and ignoble passions manifested themselves by the side of the noblest. We had but one Arnold, but we had many lesser villains, who played the spy on both sides, sometimes fought on both sides, and grew rich by speculating upon the necessities of their country. Our national history, like the early history of Rome, has suffered greatly from apocryphal heroism.

Meanwhile a change had taken place in the strategy of the British general.

Experience had shown the impossibility of conquering the Americans by the north. He resolved to carry the war into the south. Savannah was taken; siege was laid to Charleston. Lincoln, who was in command in the south, called earnestly for reinforcements; and on the 3d of April, De Kalb was ordered to march with his division to the succor of the besieged city. It was a long and weary march, during which men and officers were exposed to great hardships. It was an occasion also which called out De Kalb’s military and executive talents to the best advantage. Supplies of all kinds were wanted, and he hurried on to Philadelphia to urge upon Congress the necessity of employing all its authority in order to collect them. The means of transportation, in particular, were wanting. Virginia promised them, but he writes to his friend Dr. Phyle, of Philadelphia, “I meet with no support, no integrity, and no virtue in the State of Virginia, and place my sole reliance on the French fleet and army which are coming to our relief.” With every step in advance his embarrassments increased. “What a difference between war in this country and in Europe,” he writes to his wife. “Those who do not know the former know not what it is to contend against obstacles.” At Petersburg he received the tidings of the fall of Charleston, an event which had been foreseen and provided for. The enemy had as yet no firm footing in the Carolinas, and he was to prevent them from gaining one. He pressed on, his difficulties daily increasing, for the farther he advanced, the more difficult he found it to obtain wagons and food. North Carolina had prepared no supplies for the Continental troops, reserving all her stores for her militia, a body utterly untrustworthy for a campaign of marches and countermarches, and deeply tainted with toryism. As chief in command and consequently brought into frequent contact with dilatory legislatures and ignorant militia, De Kalb had much to endure. He had physical trials also, hardly less annoying, which he describes to his wife in those long and frequent letters which

give so pleasant a picture of his married life. "Here I am at last," he writes from Goshen, on the borders of North Carolina, "considerably south, suffering from intolerable heat and the worst of quarters, and the most voracious insects of every hue and form. The most disagreeable of the latter is what is commonly called the tick, a kind of strong black flea, which makes its way under the skin, and by its bite produces the most painful irritation and inflammation, which lasts a number of days. My whole body is covered with these stings."

One of his worst foes was hunger. Failing to obtain provisions from the State executive, he was compelled to send out foraging parties, a painful and yet an insufficient resource, for the farmers were living on their last year's crop, which was nearly exhausted, while the new crop, though full of promise to the eye, was not yet ripe; and although the commanders of these parties were ordered to treat the inhabitants with the greatest leniency, they could not but add materially to the miseries of the suffering country. When this resource failed, he was compelled to advance towards the richer districts.

It is only by minute details that such pictures can be made faithful, or such services as De Kalb's be placed in their true light, though even in this hasty sketch there is enough to prove that he possessed some of the soldier's highest qualities in the highest degree. But we are near the end. On the 13th of July a letter from General Gates announces to De Kalb that the command of the southern army has been transferred to the successful leader of the northern army of 1777. De Kalb replies on the 16th, from his camp on the Deep River, giving a concise description of his condition and prospects, and expressing his satisfaction at the promise of being relieved from so difficult a command. If anything could have prepared Gates's mind for a true conception of the condition of his army, it would have been an unvarnished tale like this. But his brain had been turned by success, and fancying that the men who had lent a deaf ear to the rep-

resentations of De Kalb would act with energy and promptitude at the call of the favorite of Congress, he pushed on to Wilcox's Mills, on the Deep River, where the famishing army lay encamped. De Kalb received him with a salute of thirteen guns, and all the pomp and circumstance that his scanty means would permit, and then sank with a lightened heart into the subordinate position of a commander of division. Gates paid him the compliment of confirming his standing orders, but startled officers and men by ordering them to hold themselves in readiness to set out the next morning on the direct route to Camden. When reminded in a written memorial, signed by all the leading officers, that the direct route led through a desolate and barren region, and that there was not food enough in camp for a single day, he replied that supplies of provisions and rum were on their way from the north and would reach the army in two days at the furthest. "I have but to stamp my foot," said Pompey when speaking of his readiness to meet Cæsar, "and armed men will start from the soil of Italy." "I have but to show myself," thought Gates, "and Cornwallis will take refuge in Charleston."

The disastrous march began. Disease, heat, and hunger fought for the enemy. Mutiny was twice at the door. Neither supplies nor reinforcements came. Molasses was used to temper the brackish water. The only meat was the meagre beef of the pine barrens, in small quantities. For bread they ate unripened corn, and peaches still half green. By the 13th of August they were within thirteen miles of the enemy. On the 15th the heavy baggage, camp equipage, the sick, and women and children were sent to the rear, and orders issued for a night march. A council of war was called, not for consultation, but to confirm the general's plan of action. The confidence in his judgment had not been increased by the knowledge that he had estimated his strength at seven thousand men, when he had but three thousand and fifty-two fit for duty. The confidence in his tactics was shaken when it

was seen that against all military laws he had placed at the head of a column in a night march Armand's cavalry, a body of raw and undisciplined foreigners. De Kalb urged that the army should remain at Clermont, a place strong by nature, and capable of being made stronger by art. This too, he argued, was the true course for the American army, the motley composition of which was much better adapted to defense than to attack; but this wise counsel was not heeded. "We may have Cornwallis against us," said an officer. "He will not dare to look me in the face," was Gates's reply. "I wonder where we shall dine to-morrow," said another. "Dine, sir!" was the reply, "why, where but in Camden? I would n't give a pinch of snuff for the certainty of eating my breakfast at Camden to-morrow, and seeing Lord Cornwallis my guest at table."

At ten in the evening the tents were struck, and the troops filing into position, the march began. The sky was clear, the stars shone brightly; but the air was sultry, and night had none of its wonted coolness to repair the strength consumed by the burning heat of the day. Silence was enjoined under penalty of death. The deep sand deadened the rumbling of the artillery and the heavy tread of the men. The air gleamed with myriads of fire-flies. But every now and then men sickened and fell out of the ranks. Meanwhile Cornwallis, little dreaming that his enemy was so near, was advancing at the head of twenty-two hundred and thirty-three men, in the hope of coming upon the Americans by surprise at Clermont. Thus the two armies were fast approaching each other, each ignorant of the proximity of the other. At about two in the morning they met in a glade in the pine forest, which fell off with a gentle declination towards Saunder's Creek, about half a mile distant, and was covered on both flanks by impenetrable marshes, a position not wanting in strength, but too narrow for the easy management of troops. A brisk fire followed the collision, and in the skirmish Armand's cavalry was thrown back

upon the first Maryland brigade, which caught the panic and broke. But Porterfield's light infantry held its ground and drove the English back, though with the loss of their gallant leader. Both sides paused, and drawing back waited with throbbing hearts to see what daylight might reveal.

From some prisoners who had been taken in the skirmish, Williams, the adjutant-general, learned that Cornwallis himself was at the head of the hostile army, and hastened with the intelligence to Gates. The inconsiderate general could not conceal his amazement. "Let a council be called," was his comment upon the unwelcome tidings. Williams hurried to De Kalb. "Well," said he, "did not the commanding general immediately order a retreat?" The council met in the rear of the American line. "You know our situation, gentlemen," said Gates; "what had we better do?" A deep silence followed. De Kalb had already twice offered wise council, which had been rejected. It was not in his nature to offer it again. The first to speak was the impetuous Stevens. "We must fight, gentlemen; it is not yet too late; we can do nothing else, we must fight." "We must fight, then," said Gates; "gentlemen, to your posts."

At break of day the battle began. The first scene was soon ended. Unable to stand the fierce onset of Cornwallis's veterans, the Virginia militia broke and fled, carrying the North Carolinians with them in their headlong flight. "I will bring the rascals with me back into line," exclaimed Gates, and pushed after them, not stopping till he reached Charlotte, sixty miles from the field of battle. And now the interest centres in De Kalb. The final hour of the veteran who had fought under Saxe, and taken an honorable part in the Seven Years' War, was come in the last and only honorable hour of the battle of Camden. He had drawn up the army, putting himself at the head of the men of Delaware and Maryland. A dense fog hung over the battle-field, pressing the smoke so low that it was



impossible to distinguish objects even at a small distance, and it was some time before he became aware of the flight of the left wing and centre. Then gathering all his forces around him, conscious of his danger but not despairing of victory, he led them to the charge. It must have been a thrilling sight to see how firmly they held their ground, how they fired volley after volley into the enemy's ranks, how when they had opened their way by their musketry they followed it up with the bayonet. Above them all towered the gallant German at their head. His sword was stained deepest, his battle-cry rang clearest; there was triumph in the keen flash of his eye — if not the victor's triumph, the triumph of duty done. Three times he led his willing men to the charge. Three times they were forced back by superior numbers. For numbers began to tell. His horse was shot under him. His head was laid open by a sabre-stroke. Jaquette, the adjutant of the Delaware regiment, bound up the wound with his scarf and besought him to withdraw from the fight. Without heeding the appeal, De Kalb led the charge on foot. Wound followed wound, but he held his ground desperately. At last, concentrating his strength in a final charge, Cornwallis came on. The Marylanders broke. De Kalb fell, bleeding from eleven wounds, still at this supreme moment strong enough to cut down a soldier who was aiming his bayonet at his breast. "The rebel general, the rebel general!" shouted the enemy, as they caught sight of his epaulettes. "Spare the Baron De Kalb," cried his adjutant, Dubuysson, vainly throwing himself upon his body and trying to shield it with his own from the thirsty bayonets. He spoke to hearts hardened by the

fierce spirit of battle. The furious English raised the helpless warrior from the ground, and leaning him against a wagon began to strip him. At this moment Cornwallis and his suite rode up. They found him already stripped to his shirt, and with the blood streaming from eleven wounds. "I regret to see you so badly wounded, but am glad to have defeated you," said the victorious general, and immediately gave orders that his brave antagonist should be properly cared for. For three days his strong frame struggled with death. Dubuysson watched by his bedside. English officers came to express their sympathy and regret. Soldier to the last, his thoughts were with the brave men who had faced the enemy so gallantly at his command, and just before he expired he charged his faithful adjutant to give them his "thanks for their valor and bid them an affectionate farewell."

On the 19th he died, three days after the battle. The Masons of the British army took part in his funeral, and buried him with Masonic rites. Gates announced his death to Congress in terms of warm admiration; and Congress voted a monument to his memory, which has never been erected. Till 1821 the solitary tree under which he had been buried was the only record of the spot where he lay. Then proposals were made to erect a monument to him at Camden, and after some delay the work was begun. Little progress had been made, when Lafayette's last visit to this country in 1825 reviving for a moment the sense of local rather than of national obligation, the illustrious Frenchman who had been De Kalb's first companion was, with peculiar propriety, asked to lay the corner-stone of this tardy tribute to the memory of his heroic friend.

*George Washington Greene.*