

Finding himself completely outwitted, in order to draw Washington's attention, and, if possible, his forces, from Virginia, Clinton planned an expedition of fire, plunder, and murder, into Connecticut, putting Arnold in command. The destruction and cruelty were without parallel, but Washington did not stir a man from before Yorktown.

The allied forces speedily erected around Cornwallis a wall of fire. His only hope was to hold out until Clinton could detach a fleet to his aid. A letter in cipher signified that the fleet would sail from New York not later than October 5th, and urged him to hold out. They worked to strengthen their defences, but the Americans and French were equally zealous, advancing their parallels and erecting batteries, which they crowned with more than a hundred guns.

The 5th of October came and passed without sign of the fleet. Their repairs were still uncompleted. Another cipher letter assured Cornwallis that they would sail on the 12th of October. But he had begun to despair. The enemy's parallels and trenches were daily circumscribing him, and his works were crumbling before their effective fire.

At Gloucester, the British were shut in by dragoons under the Duke de Lauzun and the Virginia militia.

Tarleton had made one sortie with hope of breaking through the besiegers, but they were ridden down and driven back. Tarleton's horse was captured, and his rider narrowly escaped.

Two strong redoubts remained to be taken by assault. Washington assigned one to the French, the other to the Americans. They received their orders with the greatest enthusiasm. The French officers and soldiers had equally imbibed the love of freedom, and were proud to be the defenders and saviors of the young Republic.

There was also much emulation between the attacking