

To His Lordship the Earl Cornwallis, general commanding...

My Lord,

Please allow the following letter to serve as a report of the recent actions transpiring on and about the New Garden Road on the 15th of March, year of our Lord 1781.

As you well know, the local area is seething with rebels and wild dogs and our camp was nearly overrun with a combination thereof. Still, the morning began well; there were a few troopers suffering from the flux but a quick trip to the physic for a good bleeding mended all and we were soon mounted and pressing down the New Garden Road for the Quaker Meeting House with Goodricke's two companies of Guards and von Roeder's Jaegers in tow.

Several sightings of rebels were made early on and these were identified as dragoons of the 4th Legionary corps - a particularly vicious group of rebel dragoons hailing from the middle north colonies of his Majesty's Americas.

Typically, these rebel dragoons fled before us and we gave chase only to find that they had laid a sort of trap for us on the back ridge of an open field. We'd no sooner entered the field than their officer cut across his front to take a swipe at me with his blade - cheeky bastards those 4th Dragoons - and a general melee broke out. Not sure at what else might be laying about, I ordered my men to fall back and urged Goodricke's Guards to come up and deploy in a most urgent fashion. Goodricke responded. The rebel horse fell back and the route seemed open to the Meeting House when suddenly scores of rebel foot began streaming out on to the field with arms at the trail.

Goodricke's men began to fire but the rebel foot kept coming and quickly deployed with rifles on our left and a company of regular infantry to our center and right. I quickly urged the second company of Guards to move up at all haste. Again, they responded. A galling fire was eventually ripping across the field, which arrested the rebels' advance and I called for Roeder's Jaegers to come up and extend our flank in some open trees to our right. The jaegers gamely swept forward and opened a flanking fire on the rebel foot company before our right front. These same rebels soon fired a full volley at our Guards and I led a charge upon them. We swarmed about them, our blades flashing down and no doubt we would have cut them down to a man but for the rebel dragoons who came charging forward to their relief. We turned about and met their advance, the clanging of swords rang fast and furious with neither side giving ground until both parties' ranks were scattered from the swirling nature of the fight and each side withdrew. At this point I must comment on the state of the rebel horse. One rebel in particular was mounted astride a giant behemoth of an animal. At first

glance I thought of Hannibal and his elephants but the hip splayed trooper swinging his sword atop this gnashing beast couldn't be ignored and I believe was eventually cut down as evidenced by a helmet lying on the field after the fight.

By now the Guards were pressing the rebels back across our entire front. Our musketry was telling upon the rebel ranks and many were shot down to fall upon the field. The jaegers pressed the advantage on the flank and in short order the rebel foot began to flee. We charged after them, driving their dragoons from the field in one final charge with sword in hand.

We followed in their wake, advancing to the cornfield with no more sight of the rebel advance guard until the general action began. We were then placed in reserve and were here joined by the second troop. Together we made a final charge upon the rebel militia and took four prisoners that I ordered into custody after a brief interrogation that yielded nothing of value.

If I may I would like to direct your Lordships' attention to all the dragoons on the field that day, they were all simply outstanding in both drill and discipline, and, despite the hard fight and distinct lack of pistol follies and sabre fairies, I believe morale continues to run high. I know many have fond memories of the late campaign - some even more so than others - and all are looking forward to the coming expedition to the Chesapeake.

I remain, your most humble and obedient servant,

Banastre "Bloody Dan" Tarleton