

SURRENDER  
*the*  
NIGHT

*MaryLu Tyndall*



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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



MARYLU TYNDALL

MaryLu Tyndall dreamed of pirates and seafaring adventures during her childhood days on Florida's coast. She holds a degree in math and worked as a software engineer for fifteen years before testing the waters as a writer. Her love of history and passion for storytelling drew her to create the Legacy of the King's Pirates series. MaryLu now writes full-time and makes her home with her husband, six children, and four cats on California's coast, where her imagination still surges with the sea. Her passion is to write page-turning, romantic adventures that not only entertain but expose Christians to their full potential in Christ. For more information on MaryLu and her upcoming releases, please visit her Web site at [www.mltyndall.com](http://www.mltyndall.com) or her blog at [crossandcutlass.blogspot.com](http://crossandcutlass.blogspot.com).

# ❖ DEDICATION ❖

To those who have been wounded by life

## ❖ CHAPTER 1 ❖

*Baltimore, Maryland, August 3, 1814*

**G**ong. Gong. Gong. The evening air reverberated with warning bells from St. Peter's church. Rose McGuire halted in her trek to the pigsty and gazed across the shadowy farm. Musket fire echoed in the distance. The British were on the move again. Punctuating the unrest crackling through the air, shards of maroon and saffron shot across the western sky, bringing into focus the line of cedar and pine trees that marked the end of civilization and the beginning of the dense forest of Maryland.

*Gong. Gong. Gong.* The eerie chime scraped a chill down Rose's spine. She glanced back at the brick house in the distance. Though she had yet to spy a redcoat anywhere near her farm, she should go back inside. Swallowing her fear, she emptied the bucket of slops into the pig trough. Grunts and snorts amassed in the putrid air above the enclosure, drawing her attention to her favorite pig, who waddled toward her to receive his evening scratch. Kneeling, she reached her hand in between the fence posts. "Hi, Prinney." His moist, stiff hair bristled against her hand as he lifted his head beneath her caress and nudged against the wooden railings, while the rest of the pigs devoured their kitchen scraps.

"You'll miss your dinner, Prinney. Better get some before it's gone." Rose stood and dabbed her sleeve over the perspiration on her

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forehead. A light breeze, laden with the smells of hay and honeysuckle, brushed her golden curls across her face. Flicking them aside, she drew in a deep breath, hoping the familiar scents would calm her nerves.

*Men and their wars.* She hated the war, hated the alarms, hated the violence. But most of all she hated the fear. Two years was far too long to live in constant terror of being overrun by a ruthless enemy.

Picking up her bucket, she hastened to the barn, gazing at her tiny garden as she went. Even in the dim light, she could make out the patches of red and yellow of the nearly ripe tomatoes and the spindly silk atop ripe ears of corn. She smiled. Despite the war, life went on.

Musket shot peppered the air. *Pop. Pop. Pop.* Somewhere close by, soldiers were being shot at or a settler was defending his land—somewhere close by, people were dying. Fear prickled her skin. Just a few more chores and she would go inside. Rose began humming a song her father taught her when she was young. She could still hear his baritone voice as he sang the words—words that always seemed to calm her.

*Oh fare thee well, my little turtledove,  
And fare thee well for awhile;  
But though I go I'll surely come again,  
If I go ten thousand mile, my dear,  
If I go ten thousand mile.*

Setting the bucket down on the dirt floor of the barn, Rose eased beside Liverpool, her milk cow. Why the song allayed her fears she could not say, for it was nothing but a lie. Her father had not even gone ten thousand miles away. Yet he had never returned. Rose shooed a fly from the animal's face and planted a kiss on her nose, eliciting a moo from the friendly cow and a jealous neigh from Valor, Rose's filly in the adjoining stall.

"Don't vex yourself, Valor. I'll take care of you next."

"Rose!" Aunt Muira's voice rang from their home across the small yard.

Rose needed no further encouragement. She would attend to the animals later. "Coming!" she shouted as she made her way through the barn, nearly stumbling over Georgiana, one of her chickens. Squawking, the bird darted across the hay-strewn floor.

*Gong. Gong. Gong.*

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Alarm gripped Rose's stomach. Did the signal mean what she thought? Surely the British would not come this close to Baltimore. Hurrying her steps, she approached the two-story brick house. Light cascaded from the windows like the golden water of Jones Falls in the summer sun, luring her inside to the warmth of the fire and comforts of home. Home. At least she had called it her home for the past five years.

Rose stepped into the kitchen, closing the door behind her. The smells of venison stew and fresh bread wafted around her as she removed her straw hat and hung it on a hook by the door. Cora, the cook, knelt over the massive fireplace, stirring something that bubbled inside the iron pot hanging over the fire.

"There you are, Rose." Aunt Muira, attired in a blue cotton gown with a white sash about her high waist, strutted into the room as if she wore the latest Parisian fashion. "Didn't you hear the alarm? For goodness' sakes, you know you are to come inside when the alarm rings. Oh, look at you dear, covered in dirt again." Her jewel-laden silver earrings—so at odds with her plain attire—twinkled in the lantern light as her sharp green eyes assessed Rose.

Rose glanced down at her gray linen gown and saw not a speck of dirt. But then again, her aunt had a propensity for spotting stains.

"Wash up and take off those muddy shoes, dear. Mr. Drummond awaits his supper." With that, Aunt Muira swung about and swept from the room like a fast-moving storm.

Cora stepped from the fireplace, hand on her back and gave Rose a look of reprimand. "Best do as she says, child." The dark-skinned cook scowled and nodded toward the sink. Black spongy curls peeked from beneath the red scarf wrapped about her head. "You know how the missus can get when her orders aren't carried out."

Slipping off her shoes, Rose skirted the food preparation table and poured water from a pitcher over her hands at the sink. "Do not think poorly of her, Cora. She only wants me to comport myself like a lady."

"Humph." Cora grabbed a cloth, opened the Franklin stove and pulled out a loaf of bread. Setting it beside one that was already cooling on the table, she mumbled, "I don't know nothin' 'bout that, miss. But have you seen Amelia? I could use some help carryin' this food into the dining room."

Rose dried her hands on a towel and smiled. "I have no doubt she

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will make an appearance when all the work is done.”

Cora chuckled and handed her a platter. Together they entered the dining room and placed bowls of steaming stew, fresh corn, and platters of cornmeal cakes on the table.

“Good evening, lass.” Rose’s uncle, Forbes, smiled from his seat at the table. Short-cropped gray hair sprang from his head in a dozen different directions and framed a ruddy face lined with the trials of a long life. The skin around his eyes crinkled as he squinted at the food-laden table. “Now, what have we here?”

Rose bent and kissed his cheek, then took a seat beside him. “Lose your spectacles again, Uncle?”

He chuckled. “Ah, they’ll turn up somewhere, I’m sure.”

“Wherever he last placed them, no doubt,” Aunt Muira added from her seat next to her husband. “Where is Amelia?”

Cora returned to the kitchen, mumbling under her breath.

Rose shrugged beneath her aunt’s questioning gaze. “I saw her this morning. She mentioned heading into town.”

“You should discipline that woman, Forbes.” Aunt Muira huffed. “She’s out of control.”

“Come now, dearest,” Uncle Forbes said. “She’s a grown woman and not our prisoner.”

“But we took her into our home to be a lady’s maid and companion to Rose. It would certainly be propitious if she would attend to her duties.”

“You worry overmuch.” Forbes smiled at his wife and took her hand in his.

“And you, dear Forbes, do not worry enough.”

Rose shifted her gaze between them as they shared a chuckle. “Amelia has been a great companion to me, for which I thank you both very much. But as a lady’s maid”—Rose shrugged—“well, let’s just say I have no need of a silly maid anyway.”

Uncle Forbes took Rose’s hand and gave her a wink. “It pleases me that you two have become such good friends. Now, shall we pray over this grand feast?” Bowing his head, he asked God’s blessing on the food, then ladled stew into his and Muira’s bowl before passing the pot to Rose.

“You must come inside when you hear the alarm, dear.” The candlelight shimmered over Aunt Muira’s copper-colored hair streaked with



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gray. At eight and fifty, Muira retained a beauty and a bearing that gave evidence of her privileged upbringing.

An upbringing similar to that which Rose had experienced, save in her case, all signs of fine breeding had long since dissipated. "But nothing ever comes of them." Rose glanced out the window where darkness had stolen the remaining light, then back at her aunt whose expression had scrunched into a knot.

With a sigh, Aunt Muira rose, circled the table, and wiped Rose's face with her napkin.

Rose gave her a timid smile. "My apologies. I thought I had washed sufficiently."

"I suppose I wouldn't recognize you if you were clean, dear." Her aunt returned to her seat.

Uncle Forbes swallowed the bite in his mouth. "They sound the alarms for a reason, lass. You should heed them as your aunt says."

"But I've yet to see a British soldier anywhere near here." Rose bit into a chunk of meat in her stew, savoring the aromatic flavors. "They wouldn't dare come close to Baltimore. Not after General Smith has gathered such a strong militia."

"I wouldn't put anything past those redcoats." Uncle Forbes spooned corn into his mouth. "Why, they have turned the Chesapeake Bay into nothing but a British pond. A pond from which they emerge like crocodiles to raid upon our poor citizens."

"Leaving hundreds of widows in their wake," Aunt Muira added glumly. "Ruined women and orphans."

A breeze fluttered the calico curtains at the open window and sent the candle flames sputtering.

*Ruined women.* Rose's stomach soured. She set down her spoon, her appetite gone. "Thank goodness for your charities, Aunt. You and Mrs. Pickersgill are doing much good for those women."

"And you could too, dear. If you accompanied me more often." Aunt Muira gave Rose a look of censure. "They need someone who understands what they have endured."

Uncle Forbes chomped on a piece of venison. "You know, my love, Rose does what she can. We must be patient with her as God has been patient with us."

Aunt Muira smiled at her husband. "I understand." But when his

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knowing gaze refused to leave her, she huffed. “Well perhaps I’m not patient. It has been five years, after all.”

Familiar guilt pinched Rose. “You know I care for the women devastated by this war,” she said. “But I’m not as strong as you are, Aunt Muira. I don’t have your courage.” Though Rose longed to be brave, once had even considered herself brave. But after. . . Well, afterward, her courage had abandoned her like everything else—like *everyone* else, including God. “When I look at those women, when I look into their eyes, I see myself.” Rose stared down at the cream-colored table cloth. “If only the nightmares would end.”

Reaching across the table, Aunt Muira took Rose’s hand in hers. “Forgive me, my dear. I simply wish you would learn to trust God.”

Trust? Rose grimaced. She had trusted God after her father had been murdered—had kept trusting Him after her mother died. But how could she trust a God who had allowed such a horrific thing to happen to her? “I am trying, Aunt.” She winced at her lie.

Aunt Muira drew in a deep breath and shook her shoulders as if to shake off the gloom that had descended on their conversation. She grabbed a johnnycake and placed it on her plate then glanced over the fare. “Oh I do miss having rice. And coffee.” She moaned. “And chocolate. It seems years since we’ve had such luxuries.”

Uncle Forbes snorted. “We are fortunate to have food at all with the British blockade.”

“More than missing food”—Rose leaned back in her chair and sighed—“I miss peace. I long to feel secure again.”

Uncle Forbes grabbed her hand and squeezed it. His brown eyes sparkled with understanding. “You have been through so much in your short life, lass. Peace will come again soon. God will take care of us.”

Shrugging off the platitude that had been proven false in her own life, Rose chomped on her corn cake, but the grainy, buttery flavor soured on her tongue.

Uncle Forbes took a swig of cider, dribbling some on his brown waistcoat, and set down his mug. He scratched his thick hair. “Let us pray this war will be over soon, and our lives can return to normal.”

“My word, Uncle. Normal only if we win.” Rose shook her head. If not. If America once more became a British colony, things would never be normal again.

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"Of course we'll win." Aunt Muira nibbled on her corn cake, reminding Rose that true ladies took smaller bites. "It is too much to think otherwise."

"Ever the optimist, dearest." Uncle Forbes gazed lovingly at his wife.

She returned his gaze, then moved her eyes to Rose. "And then perhaps you can finally marry. Goodness, you are all of two and twenty and fast becoming a spinster."

Rose opened her mouth to protest but her aunt continued, "I was eighteen when I married Forbes." The couple exchanged another adoring glance, sending a twinge of jealousy through Rose.

Rose glanced at her food, hoping for a resurgence of her appetite, but it did not come. "I have yet to meet a man who interests me." Or one who didn't sicken her. Truth be told, after rumors of her plight spread through Baltimore, very few suitors had come to call. And even if an honorable man took an interest in her, and she in him, Rose could only hope to have a marriage as good as her aunt and uncle's. If not, she wanted no marriage at all.

"What of Mr. Snyder, the councilman?" Aunt Muira drew a spoonful of stew to her lips. "He's been coming around quite often."

"He is a fat wit."

"Rose, lass." Uncle Forbes squinted toward her. "It isn't kind to say such things."

"I know he doesn't come from an honorable family." Aunt Muira dabbed her mouth with a napkin. "But he has become successful on his own merit."

Rose let out a sigh. "If I do ever marry, it won't be to a man with a dubious character." No, she needed a man she could trust implicitly—someone who would never take advantage of her.

"But dear—" her aunt started to protest when the sound of carriage wheels grated over the gravel in front of their house.

*Pound. Pound. Pound.* The front door resounded.

The heavy knock at this hour could only mean trouble. Rose's body tightened. Her glance took in the Brown Bess musket perched atop the fireplace.

*Pound. Pound. Pound.*

"Ah, yes." Uncle Forbes rose from his chair, as he no doubt

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remembered that Samuel, their footman, was no longer in their employ. "I keep meaning to hire a new man," he mumbled as he disappeared through the dining room door as if he hadn't a care in the world—as if there weren't British soldiers raiding the coast. Rose heard the front door open and anxious words exchanged. The intruding voice sounded like Mr. Markham, Uncle Forbes's assistant from church. Sharing a look of apprehension with her aunt, Rose headed toward the foyer.

A warm summer breeze trailed in through the open door and swirled about the room. Upon seeing Rose and her aunt, Mr. Markham dragged off his hat. "Sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Drummond, Miss McGuire, but there's trouble down at the church."

"Calm down, man. What sort of trouble?" Uncle Forbes squinted at Mr. Markham and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Some men in town caught a redcoat, sir. And they're threatening to string 'im up." He fumbled with his hat and cast an anxious gaze out the open door. "He's hurt pretty bad too." He glanced at Rose's aunt.

"Oh my." Lifting her skirts, Aunt Muira headed upstairs only to descend within seconds, medical satchel in one hand and a pair of spectacles in the other. "We should alert Dr. Wilson just in case the man's injuries are beyond my abilities."

Grabbing his overcoat from the hook by the door, Rose's uncle swept it over his shoulders.

"A lynching?" Cora entered the room, fear pinching the features of her face.

"Never you mind, Cora. Keep an eye on Rose and we'll be back soon," Aunt Muira ordered.

"Can't I come with you?" Rose said as the familiar fear clenched her gut once again. "I don't feel safe here without Samuel." She glanced at Cora.

"Don't be blamin' me for him runnin' off." Cora wagged her finger. "He was nothin' but trouble, that one."

"You're safer here than in town," her uncle said. "Mr. Markham will stay with you, won't you, sir?"

The gentleman nodded, seemingly relieved he did not have to return to the mayhem in town. "Indeed, I will."

Uncle Forbes patted his pockets and scanned the room. "My spectacles. Where are my spectacles?"

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"I have them, dearest." Aunt Muira handed them to him, then faced Rose. "Promise me you won't leave the house."

Rose swallowed. With the British afoot and the crazed mob in town, her aunt and uncle were venturing straight into danger. "I promise, but please be safe."

Without so much as a glance back, they sped out the door and slammed it behind them. The thud echoed through the lonely house. *Oh God, I cannot lose my family. Not again.*



Alexander Reed trudged through the thick mud. A leafy branch struck his face. Shoving it aside, he continued onward. All around him the chirp of crickets and croak of frogs joined other night sounds in an eerie cacophony. An insect stung his neck, and he slapped the offending pest. Behind him eight men slogged through the woods as silently as the squish of mud would allow, and before him, at their lead, marched Mr. Garrick, first lieutenant of the HMS *Undefeatable*.

The troops of men from various British warships blockading the Chesapeake had barely hauled their cockboats up on the land when darkness had descended. Alex huffed under his breath. This was a job for marines and soldiers, not sailors. Why Admiral Cockburn insisted that naval officers go ashore on these raids eluded Alex. He'd rather be back in the wardroom aboard the HMS *Undefeatable* sipping a glass of port than stomping through the backwoods of this primitive country.

Alex tried to shake the visions of senseless destruction, rape, and murder of civilians ordered by Admiral Cockburn and carried out by his small group that night, but they haunted him with each step. His stomach turned in revulsion. At least he'd been able to slip into the shadows during the worst of it and avoid forever scarring his conscience. Yet he didn't know how much more he could endure. As horrendous as war was, true gentlemen fought with honor and integrity, not by assaulting innocent farmers and their families. When he joined His Majesty's Navy, he had not signed up for this madness. He wanted to make an honorable name in battle and perhaps gain some prize money that would go a long way to erase the stain he'd made upon his family's name. Then maybe his father would welcome him home again.

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Home. Alex had been without one for so long, he'd forgotten what it felt like to have a place to call his own. And a family who loved him. Yet these raids brought him anything but honor. To defy orders, however, would bring court-martial upon him and most likely a sentence of death or worse—cashiering, a dishonorable discharge from the navy.

Garrick slowed and slipped beside Alex. Doffing his bicorn, he wiped the sweat from his brow with his bloodstained sleeve. "Easy prey, these ruffians, eh, Reed?"

"They are but farmers. I would not allow your pride to swell overmuch."

"Egad man." Garrick snorted. "You always were a sour pot."

A marine chuckled from behind Alex. "Did you see the look on that woman's face when we burst into her home?"

The purl of rushing water caressed Alex's ears, and he longed for it to drown out the men's malicious commentary.

"This silver tea platter will please my wife back home," another man whispered.

Alex's anger rose. "The silver is not yours, Grayson."

"Aye it is, Mr. Reed. A prize of war."

"Don't mind him lads," Garrick shot over his shoulder. "Reed's always been a stuffed shirt. His father's a viscount. *Lord Cranleigh*." He mimicked the haughty tone of the London aristocrats then snapped venomous eyes Reed's way. "Perhaps you believe this type of work beneath you, Reed? Don't like to get your hands dirty, eh?"

Ignoring him, Alex trudged forward. Sweat streamed down his back beneath his waistcoat.

Thankfully, a light ahead drew Garrick's attention away from him. "A farmhouse, gentlemen." Excitement heightened his voice.

Reed peered through the darkness. A small house with light streaming from its windows and smoke curling from three chimneys perched in the middle of a patch of cleared land. A barn nearly as big as the house stood off to the right, and a smaller one sat in the shadows to the left.

"Upon my honor, Garrick. It's just one farm. Leave them be," Reed said. "Captain Milford instructed us to strike towns, not single farms."

Garrick gazed up at the black sky, then turned to face Alex. His

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expression was lost in the darkness but his tone indicated nothing but sinister glee. "It grows late. You take the men and circle around back toward the ship. I'll meet you on board."

Alex released a heavy sigh and watched as Garrick turned, gripped his pistol, leaped over the short fence, and crept toward the unsuspecting farmhouse. If Alex were a praying man, he'd say a prayer for the poor souls within.

But he wasn't a praying man.



Rose hooked the lantern on a nail by Valor's stall. The bells and musket shots had ceased, giving her the courage to venture forth from the protection of the house and finish her chores. Although Amelia had returned, she and Cora had long since retired to their beds. How they could sleep at a time like this baffled Rose. Neither Mr. Markham's snores from the sofa in the parlor nor his meek demeanor when he was awake provided Rose with enough security to risk slumber.

Leaning her cheek against the warm horse's face, Rose drew a breath of the musky scent of horseflesh. "I'm sorry to have forgotten you, precious one." She pulled away and ran her fingers through Valor's mane.

Something moved in the reflection of the horse's eye. Something or someone.

Rose froze.

"Well, I daresay, what do we have here?" The male voice struck her like a sword in the back. Heart in her throat, she jumped and swung about. A man in a British naval uniform, dark blue coat and stained white breeches, glared at her with the eyes of a predator. A slow smile crept over his lips. His dark eyes scoured the barn and then returned to her. He took a step forward. Valor neighed.

Rose's legs wobbled. "I insist you leave at once, sir. This is a civilian home, and my uncle is within shouting distance," she lied, wishing her uncle hadn't left for town.

Wishing she'd kept her promise to stay in the house.

"Indeed?" He cocked a malicious brow and took another step. Blood stains marred his white shirt.

"You are a pretty thing, aren't you?"

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"Please sir, I am not at war with you. As is no one in my family." Rose's pulse raced. Her vision blurred.

"Ah, but that is where you are wrong, miss. All Yankee rebels are at war with Britain, the mother country." He grinned and rubbed the whiskers lining his jaw. "And what does a parent do with a rebellious child? Why, he gives the brat a spanking."

Rose's breath crushed against her chest. She darted a quick glance toward the open barn door behind her.

"You will give me what I want," the man continued. "Or"—he sighed and flattened his lips—"I'd hate to see this barn and all your animals go up in flames."

Liverpool mooed in protest.

Rose's head grew light. The barn began to spin around her. She could not endure this. *Not again.* "Please sir, I beg you." Her voice squeaked. "If you have any decency, leave me and my family be."

"Ah, there's the rub, miss. In truth, I have no decency."

Clutching her skirts, Rose made a dash for the door. Meaty hands gripped her shoulders and tossed her to the ground. Pain shot up her arms and onto her back. She screamed. Hay flew into her face. Valor neighed and stomped his foot. The frenzied squawk of chickens filled her ears.

The man shrugged out of his coat and tossed it aside. Never removing his eyes from her, he slowly drew his sword and pistol and laid them on the ground.

Terror seized her. She scrambled on her knees to get away. He grabbed her legs, flipped her over, and fell on top of her. His heavy weight nearly crushed her.

Rose closed her eyes and prayed for a rapid death.