

down with prodigious slaughter. They still, however, courageously moved forward, closing up the broken ranks with fresh troops. But when they came within reach of the musket and deadly rifle, the whole American line was one sheet of fire. It was in vain that the British officers endeavored to urge forward their troops to certain slaughter: the bravest of them fell at the head of their columns. They at last shrunk from the contest, in which they saw nothing but universal ruin. The columns broke, and fled in the utmost confusion. A few detachments only could reach the ditch, where they were devoted to sure destruction. A few platoons, led by Col. Renee, reached the ditch and clambered up the rampart; but in an instant not one of them was left alive. The repulse was universal. The astonished Britons stood aghast for a few minutes, when in a fit of phrenzy they made the second effort; but with the same unfortunate result. They were now rolled away from the field, which was left covered with the slain; a most shocking and pitiable scene of carnage. The commander-in-chief, General Packenham, fell almost at the commencement of the action; soon after him, Generals Kean and Gibbs were dangerously wounded, and Genl. Lambert retired from the field with the fragments of the army, the flower of the British forces, accustomed to conquer in the wars of Europe.—Two thousand men fell in this ill fated assault which will be remembered while history lasts.

On the opposite side of the river things were not so brilliant. The British had crossed over