

moved on to the attack. The light infantry on the right, led by General Howe, and the Grenadiers, on the left, by General Pigot, the first to attack the lines, the latter the redoubt.

The attack was commenced by a sharp cannonade; the rebels having no artillery were obliged to keep within their lines. The troops advanced slowly and halting at intervals to give time for the artillery to produce its effect. The left wing, in its advance, had to drive the insurgents from the houses in Charleston, and in the conflict the town was set on fire and burnt.

In moving to the attack General Pigot's column deflected to the left so as to turn the redoubt, while General Howe marched on by the south of the Mystic and was thus exposed to a flanking fire from the Salient angle of the lines, and the force fronting his left, as well as from the re-entrant angle, and the line to the Mystic. His column was allowed to come within 30 yards, when they were met by a fire so heavy and destructive and well sustained that the British recoiled and gave way in several places. They were again rallied and again driven back, but at this junction General Clinton arrived on the field rallied the men and, outflanking the redoubt with Pigot's column, again advanced to the charge. The insurgents' ammunition being all nearly expended and no chance of a new supply, as Gage, or somebody for him, had stationed an armed transport in the Charles River at the isthmus, her guns making that outlet impassible, the British troops forced their lines with the bayonet and drove the insurgents before them towards the main land. In passing the isthmus they suffered severely, and indeed sustained their greatest loss, the Glasgow sloop of war, and some floating batteries enfilading it with their guns. This disastrous day cost the British a loss of 19 officers and 207 men killed, and 70 officers and 758 men wounded, total killed and wounded 1,050, or one-half the detachment, the rebels lost 154 killed and 304 wounded, total, 449.

The narrative of this war is filled with a series of the most astounding blunders the history of Great Britain records—fruitful as her history undoubtedly is in that particular—and the errors of this day stand on record as the most stupid series of blunders ever perpetrated by men calling themselves soldiers.

First—The troops were landed and formed for the attack up a steep hill in *heavy marching order* on a hot day in June, carrying a weight of 160 pounds per man. The surface they had to move on was covered to their knees with grass, and intersected with walls and fences.

Second—They were landed against the face of the works on the steepest part of the hill, while commanding as they did means by which they could have been landed in the rear thus completely uncovering them and compelling the rebels to fight on open ground,

or by simply occupying the isthmus starve them into a surrender.

Thirdly.—With plenty of armed vessels at hand the rebel works being uncovered in the rear were open to the fire of an boat mounting a gun and could be rendered untenable at once by moving such vessel up the Mystic, which was not done.

Fourthly.—No pursuit was ordered; no attempt made to take advantage of the rebel panic to crush them at once.

Fifth.—The extreme left of the rebel lines resting on the Mystic was nothing more than a breastwork of rails and hay; behind it was a hill commanding the redoubt and lines. An attack in force on this front without any other movement would have been decisive, but it is evident that Gage was not the only imbecile on the General staff of the British army in 1775.

Thus ended the famous action of Bunker's Hill, a victory by far worse than the most stunning defeat the troops of Great Britain ever received.

#### HOW DUELLING DIED OUT.

The Regiment du Roi, in garrison, at Nancy, had acquired a pre-eminently bad reputation for duelling practices; and so much had discipline suffered that the Duc de Brissac was commissioned to restore order at any cost. The day after assuming command of the regiment, the Duke invited the officers to a grand dinner, and when the servants had retired he addressed them in a courteous tone, with a pleasant smile on his lips, and told them he had no intention of interfering with their meetings. He was one of those he said, who disliked the idea of rust collecting on a sword. He begged, therefore, they would go on and amuse themselves as they pleased; "only" continued he, "before going out you will come to me and relate what has passed, and I will tell you what I think of it. After that you will be at perfect liberty to lunge at each other, if such be your pleasure. Do you agree to this gentlemen?" "Yes, Colonel," exclaimed his guests, with one voice.

The Duke was the first one to quit the table, and had hardly set foot in his own apartment when he was informed that two young Captains wished to speak to him—the Viscount Richard de R——, and the Chevalier Armand de T——.

"What do you want with me, gentlemen?" inquired the Colonel.

"Monsieur le Duc," replied the Viscount, "we came simply to inform you that we are going to fight one another to-morrow morning."

"Indeed? Why I fancied that you were friends of very old date."

"You are quite right, Colonel, we are and always will be, united in the bonds of the warmest affection."

"And yet you mean to fight one another!"

"Certainly, and with good cause as you shall judge for yourself," said the Chevalier. "I maintain in a roquelaure and without powder, while Richard asserts the contrary. We have agreed, therefore, to settle the point elsewhere."

"The subject of dispute is a very serious one undoubtedly," the Duke gravely remarked.

The two young men exchanged glances. "It is evident," continued the Colonel,

"that the roquelaure is only worn in the morning. But when does the morning end? Viscount R—— maintains that the roquelaure cannot be worn without a breach of etiquette in the early part of the day. The Chevalier T—— says that it can. The insult is emphatic. Fight by all means, but fight in earnest. A duel is a contemptible affair, if nobody is killed.

And he dismissed them with a slight movement of the hand.

On the morrow the Duke, perceiving the two Captains at the head of their respective companies on parade, remarked, in an angry tone, "The affair did not come off; then, gentlemen?"

"I beg your pardon, Colonel," replied the Chevalier; "and the proof of it is the superb thrust which I received," pointing to his arm in a sling.

"Hem! a scratch! and you stopped there! You forgot that the point at issue was a most serious matter—a question of etiquette! Come, gentlemen, you must set to again, till one or the other is left on the ground."

The two Captains fought a second time, and the Viscount received a wound which confined him to his bed for three months. In the meanwhile, several officers had demanded permission to fight, but were desired to wait until the two friends had settled their little difference. One day the Duke met the Viscount taking the air, leaning on the Chevalier's arm.

"Ah, ha!" he exclaimed. "So you are once more about again. That's right. Without further delay you will have the goodness to begin again to-morrow. And this time let there be an end of it; I don't like quarrels that drag on for such a length of time."

The poor young men concluded the affair very completely this time. They ran each other through, and both fell dead upon the spot. The Duc de Brissac then called together the officers who had applied for permission to fight, and said: "Now, gentlemen, you can bring your disputes to an issue, but, as I cannot allow the service to be prejudiced by these affairs, they must come off one at a time. And it must be understood that each quarrel is carried out to a conclusion similar to the one that has just terminated."

The officers withdrew without a word, but they did not fight. Duelling ceased, and the regiment became one of the most orderly and best disciplined in the whole French army.

KING THEODORE'S SON.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—We are informed that Prince Alamayoo, son of King Theodore of Abyssinia, will leave England for India under the care of Capt Speedy, by the next steamer from Southampton. The Indian climate will probably suit him better than our own, and it would have been an act of great unkindness on the part of Government to have severed the boy from his guardian, who has received an appointment in Oude. He is represented to be an intelligent and loveable boy, with great quickness of observation and a somewhat excitable temperament. His tastes, as far as they are yet developed, are on the side of manliness and muscularity. He has ridden to hounds and brought down his bird with a fowling-piece. The boy and his guardian are much attached to each other, and with apparently a good natural disposition on the one side, and gentle judicious treatment on the other, we may not unreasonably look for excellent results.

PROMOTION IN THE LIFE GUARDS.—Lieutenant the Marquis of Graham, 1st Life Guards, is about to obtain his captaincy in the extraordinary short period of three years.