

great dishonor that exasperated by their defeat, they committed awful depredations along the line of march. The pursuit never flagged, and it was not until Percy had crossed Charlestown Neck, where he was protected by gun boats, that the Americans ceased their fire.

Of this retreat, Washington said: "If the retreat had not been so precipitate as it was—and God knows it could not well have been more so—the ministerial troops must have surrendered, or been totally cut off." The loss of the British on this most memorable day was, in killed, wounded and missing, two hundred and seventy-three. The Americans suffered but a trifling loss amounting to forty-nine killed, thirty-four wounded, and five missing.

It is extremely probable that had Gage not been so hasty in acting, the Revolution would never have been completed. But for a few rounds of ammunition and other implements of war he hurried on the Americans to the brink of the precipice. There they turned upon him and made a determined stand. "The next news from England must be conciliatory or the connection between us ends," said Doctor Warren. The conciliation was never effected, the connection was broken. On that morning the English had marched out with all the splendor and pomp of military show; in the evening defeated, disgraced, routed, they were beleagured in their very stronghold.

Bancroft, in speaking of this eventful day, beautifully portrays the effect of the conflict. "Darkness closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war-

messages from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop, till it had been borne north and south and east and west, throughout the land. It spread over the bay that receives the Saco and Penabscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and ringing like high bugle notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale. As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watch fire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac, near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onwards and still onwards through boundless groves of evergreen to Newbern and Wilmington. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border, and despatched it to Charlestown, and through pines and palmettoes and moss-clad live oaks, still further to the south, till it resounded beyond the Savannah. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the loud call might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Halston, Wattauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough