

by Lord Percy "what aim?" the man replied "why, the cannons at Concord." Lord Percy justly indignant turned on his steps and acquainted General Gago with surprise and disapprobation of what he had just heard: the latter said his confidence had been betrayed for he had communicated his designs to one person only besides his lordship. The detachment under Col. Smith was conveyed in boats up Charles River to a place called Phipps from where they landed in the night and at once marched towards Concord, every precaution was taken to prevent the country from being alarmed, but they had only proceeded a few miles when the firing of guns and ringing of bells showed them that all their precautions were futile.

Lt.-Col. Smith at once detailed six companies to secure the bridges and the different roads to Concord by a forced march; these companies reached Lexington, a town about fifteen miles from Boston, about five in the morning and as they advanced saw a body of men under arms on a green adjoining the road. On the approach of the British troops they were ordered to disperse which they did in some confusion but immediately the King's troops were fired upon from behind stone walls and out of some adjoining houses by which one man was wounded and Major Pitcairn's horse killed in two places; the troops returned the fire by which some of the minute men were killed and the rest dispersed; the Grenadiers having now joined the whole detachment marched on to Concord.

As it approached the town another body of armed men were seen assembled on a hill the light infantry were ordered to disperse them whilst the Grenadiers marched on to Concord. As the light infantry ascended the hill the militia retreated through the town and passed over the bridge on the other side of it; both bridges were immediately taken possession of and the Grenadiers commenced at once to destroy the stores.

While this was doing the militia who had retreated over the bridge appeared again to the number of three or four hundred and advancing up to it were fired on by the British troops; the fire was returned and a sharp action ensued across the river in which several were killed and wounded on both sides: the purposes of the expedition being accomplished the light infantry posted on the bridge was withdrawn and the detachment began their march towards Boston.

The whole country was by this time alarmed, the minute men, Volunteers and Militia assembled from all quarters and taking advantage of every bit of cover, in houses, behind walls, trees and fences kept up a desultory and teasing fire on the columns, while the militia who had been engaged at the bridge reinforced with others pressed heavily on the rear.

Badly commanded, cooped up within the limits of a narrow roadway without over making an attempt to drive away the enemy on their flanks, exhausted by over

exertion from the night before and the absurd mode in which they were equipped, the men being in heavy marching order they suffered themselves to be driven by a contemptible foe like sheep to Lexington where they were met by Lord A. Percy with a reinforcement of 800 men and two pieces of artillery which that officer had almost compelled Gago to detail in support of Lieut.-Col. Smith's column, being convinced that an attempt would be made to cut it off, and which would have succeeded only for this opportune aid.

Lord Percy formed his detachment in square with sections covering front, flank and rear of his position, within which Smith's column enjoyed repose and refreshment, they were so exhausted that they were obliged to lie down to rest; an eye witness describes their state of prostration as that of dogs after a hard chase, their tongues hanging out of their mouths.

As soon as the troops were rested and refreshed Lord Percy resumed his march towards Boston, harrassed all the way by the rebels who kept up an incessant fire, but owing to his judicious movements he managed at intervals to get them within striking distance and so salutary were the lessons thus received that it made them more cautious and helped to secure him from much loss.

They reached Boston at sunset worn down with their long march the first detachment having traversed forty and the second thirty miles, both amounted to over 1800 men, and lost 65 killed, 137 wounded and 49 missing; the loss of the rebels was never accurately known, they had over fifty killed and must have had twice as many wounded; the spirit with which they were actuated is evidenced by the fact that they scalped the dead soldiers of Smith's column.

This was the first blood drawn in the most remarkable contest which history notices, brought about by falsehood and treachery, its inauguration was a scene of wanton bloodshed and barbarity unrelieved by a single noble or generous trait.

It is needless pointing out how Gago's passion for talk prepared the way for this catastrophe, but Lieut.-Col. Smith might have withdrawn his detachment with small loss if he had first crushed the militia at Concord, one stunning defeat would probably have settled the question at once, and after all the bluster Massachusetts would have accepted the situation, and it was easy to administer that, or not choosing to do so have covered the flanks with skirmishers and driven the rebels from cover; but Smith was only a soldier of Gago's school incapable of appreciating or understanding his duty.

The Hungarian soldiers, by a recent government order, have been permitted to work in the fields for a period of three weeks. Each employer is required to pay to the government 34 kreutzers, or 15c. a day, for the wear and tear of the clothes worn by the soldiers.

"THAR'S FOLKS OUT HERE!"

A WRITER, who signs himself "E. D. P.," in the *West Georgia Gazette*, tells this pretty good story of the late war:

Our corps (Longstreet's), already decimated from exposure, want of food, clothing and medicine, and by the deadly rifles of skulking bushwhackers, in the vicinity of _____, Tennessee, where we had wintered—cut off from all communication with Dixie, after the disastrous affair at Missionary Ridge, the loss of which stronghold forced our leader to raise the siege of Knoxville. These almost daily battles had so terribly thinned our little remnant, that when we arrived in front of Richmond there were so few left that we hailed with delight the advent of the conscripts, though we laughed until the tears came in our eyes to see the poor fellows come into camp looking so sad and ready to cry. Poor fellows! we pitied them. But their tearful countenance and long jean coats—the skirts of which almost reached the ground—and haversacks made of half a bolster case, filled with baked pullets and biscuits, to say nothing of two or three bed quilts hanging on their shoulders was intensely ludicrous to us.

We were getting together in a skirmish party early one morning, to drive some Federal sharpshooters from our front, when one of the above poor fellows, who "didn't want for fits," came into camp "ter be a soger," and he was forthwith put on the detail, armed, and told to do as the other men did. Scrambling over the breastworks the line deployed and advanced briskly through a field near the wood, along the edge of which were the Feds. Bang! whiz! whiz! zip! and a Minie made a dab at our hero's feet. He cut a double shuffle, and looked askance at his comrades: but seeing they took no notice of it, concluded it was an accident, and went on a few steps further, when a crushing volley from the woods acted like a heavily charged galvanic battery on our hero's system. He fairly yelled with amazement and consternation, as, cutting a pigeon-wing that would have done credit to a Blondin, he tore himself loose from the quilts, haversack and gun, and with bursting eyes and quivering lips, through which, in hard drawn breathing issued, "O, Lor-d-y! O, me-e-e!" and with that long coat-tail flapping perpendicularly to the zenith, he made for the safe side of a tree, and in a voice of agony, above the ringing of rifles and the wild yell of our charging line, he shouted.

"I say, you men over there in the woods: My God Almighty, don't shoot this way! Thar's folks out here!"

H. M. ironclad "Favourite" has arrived at Halifax. The petty officers and seamen of the ironclad flagship "Royal Alfred" have presented Admiral Sir R. Mundy with a beautiful silk flag as a testimony of their gratification at his recent promotion.

Every soldier in the Camp of Chalons received a copy of the Emperor's recent speech printed on a card.

BREAKFAST.—EPP'S COCOA.—GREATFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homoeopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. By thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold by the Trade only in 1 lb., 1/2 lb., and 1 lb. tin-lined packets, labelled—JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. 26-281