

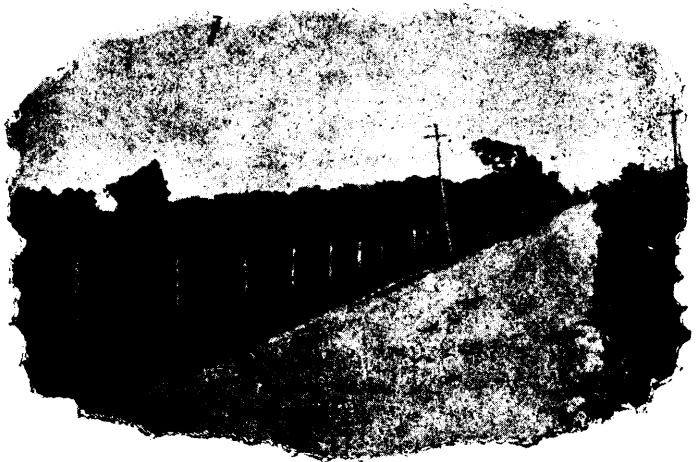
off from the centre or they would all be killed," but the words had scarcely escaped his lips before the thundering explosion came, and he himself and two of his officers lay dead in the road. Major Plenderleath follows up the charge towards the guns. There is confusion in the darkness, but he soon rallies his men, and up the hill they rush into the very mouths of the cannon. The American artillerymen have just recovered from their daze sufficiently to gather at the guns, but the foremost of them are run through by the bayonets of the British, while the others quailed and fled before the fierce charge. The guns were now in the hands of the British, who turned them upon their foes. As Major Ogilvie charged up towards Gage's house, 500 of the enemy who were camped in the lane connected with the road, flew madly up the hill, leaving their blankets, knapsacks and some of their arms behind them and seeking shelter in the woods. While these scenes were being enacted the main body of the British halted at the camp fires still burning in the flat and sought their light to replace their flints and reload. Feeble as this light was, it was enough to reveal the forms of the soldiers to the Americans, who had now recovered from their first panic. While the British were still loading, the dark hill before them was suddenly illuminated far and

near with a crashing volley from the whole American line. Following the dreadful flash and crash came a desolate silence, broken after a moment by the groans of wounded and dying, and by the clinking of ram-

rods along the American lines. A faint "click-click-click" rattled along the gloomy hill, succeeded by another echoing roar and a shock of artillery. Again the trees, the tents, and all about live as in momentary day, and again the rain of bullets is followed by moans and dying words among the British. They were a cruelly, plain mark, standing before their camp fires, with a foe so well posted scarce a hundred yards away. Yet the brave 8th and 49th never flinched, but soon gave back their volleys from below. For a while now there is an incessant roar and rattle from hill and vale, and a dull flame from many rifles throws a glowing light on the battlefield.

The guard at the little cabin door near the foot of the hill had, of course, fled with the first onset of the British, and now directly in the face of the fire, four of the men who had been confined therein were seen running excitedly to the British. Strange to say, they reached the lines and came out safely.

The left wing of the British did not



THE BATTLE GROUND, LOOKING TO EAST BANK.

stand long in the flat, but charged across it and up the hill, in the face of their foes, to such a purpose, that the American lines were broken and would soon have been put in utter disorder had not General Chandler, seeing the danger,