

The columns advance more rapidly, still pouring in their heavy volleys. On they came seemingly about to sweep over the entrenchments, when that continuous stream of fire again met them, and the dense ranks melted like snow before it. Again they broke and fled; again the wild hurrahs broke forth, but only for a moment. Then all was hushed. The Americans had expended all their ammunition, and were driving home their last cartridges.

Evening was now drawing on, the sun was bathing the hill with its golden light as the British moved forward to the third attack. They had thrown aside their knapsacks, and, reserving their fire marched with fixed bayonets up to the very entrenchments. But one volley smote them, for the Americans had fired their last cartridges and moreover, their guns were without bayonets. Clubbing their muskets they beat back their assailants until the order came, reluctantly, to retreat.

The little troop at the rail fence did their part nobly, and saved the rest of the army. Putnam made a vain attempt to rally his troops on Banker Hill. His commands, his entreaties were of no avail. Heedless of his own danger he interposed himself between the enemy and his men. Single handed he strove to stem the torrent. Warren too placed himself before the enemy, and raising his flag strove to arouse them. While doing this, an English soldier who recognized him shot him down. Night soon covered with her sombre mantle the dead and dying on the battle field. The patriots retired to Prospect Hill where they encamped. Bunker Hill was England's, but the victory was ours. The loss suffered by the Americans was one hundred

and forty-five killed, and three hundred and four missing. Fifteen hundred of England's best troops lay dead on the field. Would that they had shed their blood in a nobler cause. No one has ever questioned their bravery; no one ever shall; but it is to be regretted that they were fighting not for liberty, but for slavery.

Gallant men we mourn for you, noble soldiers we honor you, bravest of brave never shall you be forgotten. Your memory blooms in our hearts, and never shall it wither. You saved a nation, the nation honors you, and will honor you.

When the news of your bravery and heroism flashed over the country, your names were on every lip, every heart breathed forth a prayer of gratitude to you. Every hand was raised to declare that so long as Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill are remembered no tyrant, no oppression shall exist in the land you sprinkled with your precious blood.

"What American can pass by the field of Bunker Hill as though it were an ordinary place"? Remembrances sad but fond cling to the spot, where now stands a colossal monument erected in the honor of those who fought at Bunker Hill.

This contest produced at once an open war. Now there could be no question of treason or rebellion. It was man to man, sword to sword. England was taught a bitter lesson, she learned that might is not right, and profited by the instruction.

In closing this paper, I shall quote a few lines from Webster's speech at the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument. But alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in