

slough on the north of the hill, and then constructed a rustic redoubt by filling up the space between two fences, with newly mown hay. Still the fortification was far from complete, but no more could be done. The patriots stretched themselves upon the ground to snatch a few moments of repose. They had toiled without ceasing all the night, and had no provisions, except what little they had brought with them in their knapsacks. They had not even a drop of water to quench their thirst.

At noon the British began to move from Boston. Among them was a large number of grenadiers under General Howe. Their scarlet coats and golden trimmings, their flashing bayonets and field pieces presented a gorgeous spectacle. At one o'clock the transports were landed at Moulton's Point, north of Breed's Hill. Here Howe paused to form his troops in better position. The Americans took advantage of this delay, and strengthened their position, while Putnam began to throw up a rampart on Bunker Hill. General Warren arrived on the scene at this moment, and the command was tendered to him, but he refused, saying that he had come as a volunteer, and was happy to serve under and learn from a soldier of Prescott's experience.

The scene was one of grandeur and excitement. Behind that slight rampart were fifteen hundred American patriots awaiting the attack of twenty-five hundred trained soldiers. The houses and roofs of Boston were literally black with people who had come to witness the momentous struggle about to take place. Many a fervent prayer was there offered up for the husbands, sons and sweethearts, that they might win

the day, or else die the sweet death for liberty.

At last the English columns began to move. On the left was General Pigot who was ordered to mount the hill and carry the redoubt. On the right was General Howe, ordered to attack the flank and cut off the retreat of the patriots. When Prescott saw the enemy in motion he made the round of his works, encouraging and animating his men, by word and deed. His orders were few and simple. "Hold you fire till you can see the whites of their eyes." After this he took his place, the most exposed, and calmly awaited the onset.

The array of the British was beautiful, every now and again they would stop, pour in a close heavy discharge of musketry, and then march on. Not a shot answers them from the redoubt, but silence foretold death and carnage. At last the enemy were nearly upon the wall. Suddenly a voice cried "Fire," and a sheet of flame ran along the whole line, and the front rank of the army sank to the ground. Their comrades pressed over them, but the same reception was tendered them. Still they struggled but vainly. Rank after rank went down, and then the whole army breaks and retreats toward the shore. An exultant cheer goes up from the little redoubt, and its echoes are answered by the people of Boston.

The troops are formed once more; they are in motion, and steadily they advance. Columns of smoke are seen rising from Charlestown, which the English had wantonly set on fire. They had hoped that the smoke would cover their advance and confuse the deadly aim of the Americans, but the heavenly breeze turns it to the sea, and the danger is over.