Cautious in proposing measures, he was assiduous in pursuing what he thought, after mature deliberation, to be right, and never counted the probable cost of a measure, when he had decided that it was necessary to be taken. When this Congress, which was sitting at Watertown, adjourned for the day, he mounted his horse and hastened to the camp. Every day 'he bought golden opinions of all sorts of men;' and when the troops were called to act on Breed's Hill, he had so often been among them, that his person was known to most of the soldiers.

"Several respectable historians have fallen into some errors in describing the battle in which he fell, by giving the command of the troops on that day to Warren, when he was only a volunteer in the fight. He did not arrive on the battle-ground until the enemy had commenced their movements for the attack. As soon as he made his appearance on the field, the veteran commander of the day, Colonel Prescott, desired to act under his directions; but Warren declined taking any other part than that of a volunteer, and added, that he came to learn the art of war from an experienced soldier, whose orders he should be

happy to obey. In the battle he was armed with a musket, and stood in the ranks, now and then changing his place, to encourage his fellow-soldiers by words and by example. He undoubtedly, from the state of hostilities, expected soon to act in his high military capacity, and it was indispensable, according to his views, that he should share the dangers of the field as a common soldier with his fellow-citizens, that his reputation for bravery might be put beyond the possibility of suspicion. The wisdom of such a course would never have been doubted, if he had returned in safety from the fight. In such a struggle for independence, the ordinary rules of prudence and caution could not govern those who were building up their names for future usefulness by present exertion. Some maxims drawn from the republican writers of antiquity, were worn as their mottos. Some precepts descriptive of the charms of liberty, were ever on their tongues; and some classical model of Greek or Roman patriotism was constantly in their minds. Instances of great men mixing in the rank of common soldiers, were to be found in ancient times, when men fought for their altars and their homes. The

cases were parallel, and the examples were imposing. When the battle was decided, and our people fled, Warren was one of the last who left the breastwork, and was slain within a few yards of it, as he was slowly retiring. He probably felt mortified at the event of the day; but had he known how dearly the victory was purchased, and how little honour was gained by those who won it, his heart would have been at rest. Like the band of Leonidas, the vanquished have received, by the judgment of nations, from which there is no appeal, the imperishable laurels of victors. His death brought a sickness to the heart of the community, and the people mourned his fall, not with the convulsive agony of a betrothed virgin over the bleeding corpse of her lover—but with the pride of the Spartan mother, who, in the intensity of her grief, smiled to see that the wounds whence life had flown, were on the breast of her son—and was satisfied that he had died in defence of his country. The worth of the victim, and the horror of the sacrifice, gave a higher value to our liberties, and produced a more fixed determination to preserve them.

"The battle of Bunker's Hill has often been

described, and of late its minutest details given to the public; but never was the military, moral, and political character of that great event more forcibly drawn, than in the following extract from the North American Review, for July, 1818:

'The incidents and the result of the battle itself, were most important, and indeed most wonderful. As a mere battle, few surpass it in whatever engages and interests the attention. It was fought on a conspicuous eminence, in the immediate neighbourhood of a populous city; and consequently in the view of thousands of spectators. The attacking army moved over a sheet of water to the assault. The operations and movements were of course all visible and all distinct. Those who looked on from the houses and heights of Boston had a fuller view of every important operation and event, than can ordinarily be had of any battle or that can possibly be had of such as are fought on a more extended ground, or by detachments of troops acting in different places, and at different times, and in some measure independently of each other. When the British columns were advancing to the attack, the flames of Charlestown, (fired, as is

generally supposed, by a shell,) began to ascend. The spectators, far outnumbering both armies, thronged and crowded on every height and every point which afforded a view of the scene, themselves constituting a very important part of it.

'The troops of the two armies seemed like so many combatants in an amphitheatre. The manner in which they should acquit themselves was to be judged of, not as in other cases of military engagements, by reports and future history, but by a vast and anxious assembly already on the spot, and waiting with unspeakable concern and emotion the progress of the day.

'In other battles, the *recollection* of wives and children has been used as an excitement to animate the warrior's breast, and nerve his arm. Here was not a mere recollection, but an actual *presence* of them and other dear connexions, hanging on the skirts of the battle, anxious and agitated, feeling almost as if wounded themselves by every blow of the enemy, and putting forth, as it were, their own strength, and all the energy of their own throbbing bosoms, into every gallant effort of their warring friends.

'But there was a more comprehensive, and vastly more important view of that day's contest, than has been mentioned; a view, indeed, which ordinary eyes, bent intently on what was immediately before them, did not embrace, but which was perceived in its full extent and expansion by minds of a higher order. Those men who were at the head of the colonial councils, who had been engaged for years in the previous stages of the quarrel with England, and who had been accustomed to look forward to the future, were well apprised of the magnitude of the events likely to hang on the business of that day. They saw in it not only a battle, but the beginning of a civil war, of unmeasured extent and uncertain issue. All America, and all England, were likely to be deeply concerned in the consequences. The individuals themselves, who knew full well what agency they had had in bringing affairs to this crisis, had need of all their courage: not that disregard of personal safety, in which the vulgar suppose true courage to consist, but that high and fixed moral sentiment, that steady and decided purpose, which enables men to pursue a distant end with a full view of the difficulties and dangers before

them, and with a conviction that, before they arrive at the proposed end, should they ever reach it, they must pass through evil report as well as good report, and be liable to obloquy as well as to defeat.

'Spirits that fear nothing else, fear disgrace; and this danger is necessarily encountered by those who engage in civil war. Unsuccessful resistance is not only ruin to its authors, but is esteemed, and necessarily so, by the laws of all countries, treasonable. This is the case, at least till resistance becomes so general and formidable as to assume the form of regular war. But who can tell, when resistance commences, whether it will attain even to that degree of success? Some of those persons who signed the Declaration of Independence, in 1777, described themselves as signing it, 'as with halters about their necks.' If there were grounds for this remark in 1776, when the cause had become so much more general, how much greater was the hazard when the battle of Bunker-Hill was fought!

'These considerations constituted, to enlarged and liberal minds, the moral sublimity of the occasion; while, to the outward senses, the movement of armies, the roar of artillery,

the brilliancy of the reflection of a summer's sun from the burnished armour of the British columns, and the flames of a burning town, made up a scene of extraordinary grandeur.'

"This eminence has become sacred ground. It contains in its bosom the ashes of the brave who died fighting to defend their altars and their homes. Strangers from all countries visit this spot, for it is associated in their memories with Marathon and Platæa, and all the mighty struggles of determined freemen. Our citizens love to wander over this field—they agreed to awake recollections, and the youthful to excite heroic emotions. The battle-ground is now all plainly to be seen—the spirit of modern improvement, which would stop the streams of Helicon to turn a mill, and caused to be felled the trees of Paradise to make a rafter, has yet spared this hallowed height.

"If 'the days of chivalry be gone for ever,' and the high and enthusiastic feelings of generosity and magnanimity be not so widely diffused as in more heroic ages, yet it cannot be denied but that there have been, and still are, individuals whose bosoms are warmed with a spirit as glowing and ethereal as ever swelled

the heart of 'mailed knight,' who, in the ecstacies of love, religion, and martial glory, joined the war-cry on the plains of Palestine, or proved his steel on the infidel foe. The history of every revolution is interspersed with brilliant episodes of individual prowess. The pages of our own history, when fully written out, will sparkle profusely with these gems of romantic valour.

"The calmness and indifference of the veteran 'in clouds of dust, and seas of blood,' can only be acquired by long acquaintance with the trade of death; but the heights of Charlestown will bear eternal testimony how suddenly, in the cause of freedom, the peaceful citizen can become the invincible warrior —stung by oppression, he springs forward from his tranquil pursuits, undaunted by opposition, and undismayed by danger, to fight even to death for the defence of his rights. Parents, wives, children, and country, all the hallowed properties of existence, are to him the talisman that takes fear from his heart, and nerves his arm to victory.

"In the requiem over those who have fallen in the cause of their country, which

'Time with his own eternal lips shall sing,'

the praises of WARREN shall be distinctly heard. The blood of those patriots who have fallen in the defence of republics, has often 'cried from the ground' against the ingratitude of the country for which it was shed. No monument was reared to their fame; no record of their virtues written; no fostering hand extended to their offspring—but they and their deeds were neglected and forgotten. Toward Warren there was no ingratitude—our country is free from this stain. Congress were the guardians of his honour, and remembered that his children were unprotected orphans. Within a year after his death Congress passed the following resolutions:

"That a monument be erected to the memory of General Warren, in the town of Boston, with the following inscription:

IN HONOUR OF
JOSEPH WARREN,
Major-General, of Massachusetts-Bay.
He devoted his Life to the
Liberties of his Country,
and, in bravely defending them,
fell an early Victim in the

BATTLE OF BUNKER-HILL,
June 17, 1775.
The Congress of the United States,
as an acknowledgment of his
Services and distinguished
Merit, have erected this
Monument to his
memory.

"It was resolved, likewise, 'that the eldest son of General Warren should be educated, from that time, at the expense of the United States.' On the 1st of July, 1780, Congress, recognising these former resolutions, further resolved, 'That it should be recommended to the executive of Massachusetts-Bay to make provision for the maintenance and education of his three younger children. And that Congress would defray the expense to the amount of the half-pay of a major-general, to commence at the time of his death, and continue till the youngest of the children should be of age.' The part of the resolutions relating to the education of the children, was carried into effect accordingly. The monument is not yet erected, but it is not too late."

JOHN LAURENS,

COLONEL IN THE AMERICAN ARMY,

"Son of Henry Laurens, was born in Charleston, in 1755. In youth he discovered that energy of character which distinguished him through life. When a lad, though labouring under a fever, on the cry of fire, he leaped from his bed, hastened to the scene of danger, and was in a few minutes on the top of the exposed houses, risking his life to arrest the progress of the flames. This is the more worthy of notice, for precisely in the same way, and under a similar, but higher impulse of ardent patriotism, he lost his life in the year 1782.

"At the age of sixteen he was taken to Europe by his father, and there put under the best means of instruction in Geneva, and afterward in London.

"He was entered a student of law at the temple in 1774, and was daily improving in legal knowledge till the disputes between Great Britain and her colonies arrested his attention. He soon found that the claims of the mother country struck at the root of