

# CAMDEN GAZETTE.

(Volume III)

CAMDEN (S. C.) SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1818.

(Number 111.)

## PRINTED For the Proprietors.

THE price of subscription is Three dollars per ann. exclusive of postage—and in all cases where the paper shall be delivered at the expense of the proprietors, will be Three dollars and Fifty cents—Payable at the time of subscribing.—Advertisements, 50 cents for every eight lines the first insertion—half price afterwards.—Printer.

From the Port Folio March, 1818.

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL. Written for the Port Folio, at the request of the Editor.

By H. DEARBORN, Maj.-Gen. U.S. Army.  
On the 17th June, 1775, it was determined that a fortified post should be established at or near Bunker's Hill.

A detachment of the army was ordered to advance early in the evening of that day, and commence the erection of a strong work on the heights in the rear of Charlestown, at that time called Breed's Hill; but from its proximity to Bunker Hill the battle has taken its name from the latter eminence, which overlooks it.

The work was commenced and carried on under the direction of such engineers as we were able to procure, at that time. It was a square redoubt the curtains of which were about 50 or 60 feet in extent, with an intrenchment, or breast work, extending 50 or 60 feet from the northern angle, towards Mystic river.

In the course of the night the ramparts had been raised to the height of 6 or 7 feet, with a small ditch at their base, but it was yet in a rude and imperfect state. Being in full view from the northern height of Boston, it was discovered by the enemy as soon as day appeared, and a determination was immediately formed by Gen. GAGE, for dislodging our troops from this new and alarming position. Arrangements were promptly made for effecting this important object. The movements of the British troops indicating an attack, were soon discovered; in consequence of which, orders were immediately issued for the march of a considerable part of the army to reinforce the detachment at the redoubt on Breed's Hill; but such was the imperfect state of discipline, the want of knowledge in military science, and the deficiency of the materials of war, that the movement of the troops was extremely irregular and devoid of every thing like concert—each regiment advancing according to the opinions, feelings or caprice of its commander.

Col. STARK'S regiment was quartered in Medford, distant about four miles from the point of anticipated attack. It then consisted of thirteen companies and was probably the largest regiment in the army. About ten o'clock in the morning, he received orders to march. The regiment being destitute of ammunition, it was formed in front of a house occupied as an arsenal, where each man received a gill cup full of powder, fifteen balls and one flint.

The several captains were then ordered to march their companies to respective quarters, and make up their powder and ball into cartridges, with the greatest possible dispatch. As there were scarcely two muskets in a company of equal calibre, it was necessary to reduce the size of the balls for many of them; and as but a small proportion of the men had cartridge boxes, the remainder made use of powder horns and ball pouches.

\*This distinguished veteran is still alive, in the eightieth year of his age, and resides in the State of New-Hampshire. He is one of the only three surviving General Officers of the Revolutionary War. The other two are Maj. Gen. Sir Charles Mordaunt, and Brig. Gen. Sir John Burgoyne, and both are now in the service of Great Britain.

At the time our regiment was formed in rear of the railed fence, with one other small regiment from New Hampshire, under the command of colonel Reed, the fire commenced between the left wing of the British army, commanded by general Howe, and the troops in redoubt under colonel Prescott, while a column of the enemy was advancing on our left, on the shore of Mystic river, with an evident intention of turning our left wing, and that veteran and most excellent regiment of Welsh fusiliers, so distinguished for its gallant conduct in the battle of Minden, advanced in column directly on the railed fence; when within 80 or an 100 yards, displayed into line, with the precision and firmness of troops on parade, and opened a brisk but regular fire by platoons, which was returned by a well directed, rapid, and fatal discharge from our whole

line. The action soon became general and very heavy from right to left. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes the enemy gave way at all points, and retreated in great disorder; leaving a large number of dead and wounded on the field.

The firing ceased for a short time, until the enemy again formed, advanced and recommenced a spirited fire from his whole line. Several attempts were again made to turn our left, but the troops having thrown up a slight stone wall on the bank of the river, laying down behind it, gave such a deadly fire, as cut down almost every man of the party opposed to them; while the fire from the redoubt and the rail fence was so well directed and so fatal, especially to the British officers, that the whole army was compelled a second time to retreat with precipitation and great confusion. At this time the ground occupied by the enemy was covered with his dead and wounded. Only small detached parties again advanced, which kept up a distant, ineffectual fire, until a strong reinforcement arrived from Boston which advanced on the southern declivity of the hill, in the rear of Charlestown. When this column arrived opposite that angle of the redoubt which faced Charlestown, it wheeled by platoons to the right, and advanced directly upon the redoubt without firing a gun. By this time our ammunition was exhausted. A few men only had a charge left.

The advancing column made an attempt to carry the redoubt by assault, but at the very first onset every man mounted the parapet was cut down, by the troops within, who had formed on the opposite side, not being prepared with bayonets to meet a charge.

The column wavered for a moment, but soon formed again; when a forward movement was made with such spirit and intrepidity as to render the feeble efforts of a handful of men, without the means of defence, unavailing, and they fled through an open space, in the rear of the redoubt, which had been left for a gateway. At this moment the rear of the British column advanced round the angle of the redoubt and threw in a galling flank, fire upon our troops, as they rushed from it, which killed and wounded a greater number than had fallen before during the action. The whole of our line immediately after gave away and retreated with rapidity and disorder towards Bunker Hill; carrying off as many of the wounded as possible, so that only thirty six or seven fell into the hands of the enemy, among whom were Lt. Col. Parker and two or three officers who fell in or near the redoubt.

When the troops arrived at the summit of Bunker Hill, we found Gen. Putnam with nearly as many men as had been engaged in the battle; notwithstanding which no measures had been taken for reinforcing us, nor was there a shot fired to cover our retreat, or any movement made to check the advance of the enemy to this height, but on the contrary, Gen. Putnam rode off, with a number of spades and pick axes in his hands, and the troops that had remained with him inactive during the whole of the action, although within a few hundred yards of the battle ground and obstacle to impede their movement but musket balls.

The whole of the troops now descended the northwestern declivity of Bunker Hill and recrossed the neck. Those of the New-Hampshire line retired towards Winter Hill, and the others on to Prospect Hill.

Some slight works were thrown up in the course of the evening,—strong advance pickets were posted on the roads leading to Charlestown,

and the troops, anticipating an attack, rested on their arms.

It is a most extraordinary fact that the British did not make a single charge during the battle, which, if attempted, would have been decisive and fatal to the Americans, as they did not carry into the field fifty bayonets. In my company there was but one.

Soon after the commencement of the action a detachment from the British force in Boston was landed in Charlestown, and within a few moments the whole town appeared in a blaze. A dense column of smoke rose to a great height, and there being a gentle breeze from the south-west, it hung like a thunder cloud over the contending armies.—A very few houses escaped the dreadful conflagration of this devoted town.

From similar mistakes, the fixed ammunition furnished for the field pieces was calculated for guns of a larger calibre, which prevented the use of field artillery, on both sides. There was no cavalry in either army. From the ships of war and the large battery on Copp's Hill a heavy cannonade was kept up upon our line and redoubt, from the commencement to the close of the action, and during the retreat; but with very little effect; except that of killing the brave Major Andrew M'Clary of Col. Stark's regiment soon after we retired from Bunker Hill. He was among the first officers of the army. Possessing a sound judgment, of undaunted bravery, enterprising, ardent and zealous, both as a patriot and soldier. His loss was severely felt by his compatriots in arms, while his country was deprived of the services of one of her most promising and distinguished champions of liberty.

After leaving the field of battle I met him and drank some spirits and water with him. He was animated and sanguine in the result of the conflict for Independence, from the glorious display of valor, which had distinguished his countrymen on that memorable day.

He soon observed that the British troops on Bunker Hill appeared in motion, and said he would go and reconnoitre them, to see whether they were coming out over the neck, at the same time directing me to march my company down the road towards Charlestown. We were then at Tuft's house near Ploughed Hill. I immediately made a forward movement to the position he directed me to take, and halted while he proceeded to the old pound, which stood on the site now occupied as a tavern house not far from the entrance of the neck. After he had satisfied himself that the enemy did not intend to leave their strong posts on the heights, he was returning towards me, and when within twelve or fifteen rods of where I stood, with my company, a random cannon shot, from one of the frigates lying near where the centre of Craig's bridge now is, passed directly through his body and put to flight one of the most heroic souls that ever animated man.

He leaped two or three feet from the ground pitched forward, and fell dead upon his face.—I had him carried to Medford, where he was interred, with all the respect and honors we could exhibit to the manes of a great and good man.

He was my bosom friend; we had grown up together on terms of the greatest intimacy and I loved him as a brother.

My position in the battle, was more the result of accident, than any regularity of formation, I was on the right of the line at the rail fence, which afforded me a fair view of the whole scene of action.

After completing the necessary preparations for action, the regiment formed, and marched about one o'clock. When it reached Charlestown neck we found two regiments halted, in consequence of a heavy enfilading fire thrown across it, of round bar, and chain shot, from the Lively frigate and floating batteries anchored in Charles river and a floating battery lying in the river Mystic. Major M'Clary went forward, and observed to the commanders, if they did not intend to move on, he wished them to open and let our regiment pass: the latter was immediately done. My company being in front, I marched by the side of Col. Stark, who moving with a very deliberate pace, I suggested the propriety of quickening the march of the regiment, that it might sooner be relieved from the galling cross fire of the enemy. With a look peculiar to himself, he fixed his eyes upon me and observed with great composure, "Dearborn, one freshman in action is worth ten fatigued ones," and continued to advance in the same cool and collected manner. When we reached the top of Bunker's Hill, where general PUTNAM had taken his station, the regiment halted for a few moments for the rear to come up.

Soon after, the enemy were discovered to have landed on the shore of Morton's point in front of Breed's Hill under cover of a tremendous fire of shot and shells from a battery on Copp's Hill, in Boston, which had opened on the redoubt at day-break.

Major general Howe, and brigadier General Pigot, were the commanders of the British forces which first landed, consisting of four battalions of infantry, ten companies of grenadiers, and ten of light infantry, with a train of field artillery. They landed as they disembarked, but remained in that position until they were reinforced by another detachment. At this moment the veteran and gallant colonel STARK harangued his regiment in a short but animated address; then directed them to give three cheers, and make a rapid movement to the rail fence which ran from the left, and about two yards in the rear of the redoubt towards Mystic river. Part of the grass having been recently cut, lay in winnows and cocks on the field. Another fence was taken up—the rails run through the one in front, and the hay; or mown in the vicinity, suspended upon them, from the bottom to the top, which had the appearance of a breast work, but was in fact no real cover to the men; it however served as a deception on the enemy. This was done by the direction of the "committee of safety" of which Wm. Winthrop, Esq. who then and now lives in Cambridge, was one, as he has within a few years informed me.

At the time our regiment was formed in rear of the railed fence, with one other small regiment from New Hampshire, under the command of colonel Reed, the fire commenced between the left wing of the British army, commanded by general Howe, and the troops in redoubt under colonel Prescott, while a column of the enemy was advancing on our left, on the shore of Mystic river, with an evident intention of turning our left wing, and that veteran and most excellent regiment of Welsh fusiliers, so distinguished for its gallant conduct in the battle of Minden, advanced in column directly on the railed fence; when within 80 or an 100 yards, displayed into line, with the precision and firmness of troops on parade, and opened a brisk but regular fire by platoons, which was returned by a well directed, rapid, and fatal discharge from our whole

line. The action soon became general and very heavy from right to left. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes the enemy gave way at all points, and retreated in great disorder; leaving a large number of dead and wounded on the field.

The firing ceased for a short time, until the enemy again formed, advanced and recommenced a spirited fire from his whole line. Several attempts were again made to turn our left, but the troops having thrown up a slight stone wall on the bank of the river, laying down behind it, gave such a deadly fire, as cut down almost every man of the party opposed to them; while the fire from the redoubt and the rail fence was so well directed and so fatal, especially to the British officers, that the whole army was compelled a second time to retreat with precipitation and great confusion. At this time the ground occupied by the enemy was covered with his dead and wounded. Only small detached parties again advanced, which kept up a distant, ineffectual fire, until a strong reinforcement arrived from Boston which advanced on the southern declivity of the hill, in the rear of Charlestown. When this column arrived opposite that angle of the redoubt which faced Charlestown, it wheeled by platoons to the right, and advanced directly upon the redoubt without firing a gun. By this time our ammunition was exhausted. A few men only had a charge left.

The advancing column made an attempt to carry the redoubt by assault, but at the very first onset every man mounted the parapet was cut down, by the troops within, who had formed on the opposite side, not being prepared with bayonets to meet a charge.

The column wavered for a moment, but soon formed again; when a forward movement was made with such spirit and intrepidity as to render the feeble efforts of a handful of men, without the means of defence, unavailing, and they fled through an open space, in the rear of the redoubt, which had been left for a gateway. At this moment the rear of the British column advanced round the angle of the redoubt and threw in a galling flank, fire upon our troops, as they rushed from it, which killed and wounded a greater number than had fallen before during the action. The whole of our line immediately after gave away and retreated with rapidity and disorder towards Bunker Hill; carrying off as many of the wounded as possible, so that only thirty six or seven fell into the hands of the enemy, among whom were Lt. Col. Parker and two or three officers who fell in or near the redoubt.

When the troops arrived at the summit of Bunker Hill, we found Gen. Putnam with nearly as many men as had been engaged in the battle; notwithstanding which no measures had been taken for reinforcing us, nor was there a shot fired to cover our retreat, or any movement made to check the advance of the enemy to this height, but on the contrary, Gen. Putnam rode off, with a number of spades and pick axes in his hands, and the troops that had remained with him inactive during the whole of the action, although within a few hundred yards of the battle ground and obstacle to impede their movement but musket balls.

The whole of the troops now descended the northwestern declivity of Bunker Hill and recrossed the neck. Those of the New-Hampshire line retired towards Winter Hill, and the others on to Prospect Hill.

Some slight works were thrown up in the course of the evening,—strong advance pickets were posted on the roads leading to Charlestown,

and the troops, anticipating an attack, rested on their arms.

It is a most extraordinary fact that the British did not make a single charge during the battle, which, if attempted, would have been decisive and fatal to the Americans, as they did not carry into the field fifty bayonets. In my company there was but one.

Soon after the commencement of the action a detachment from the British force in Boston was landed in Charlestown, and within a few moments the whole town appeared in a blaze. A dense column of smoke rose to a great height, and there being a gentle breeze from the south-west, it hung like a thunder cloud over the contending armies.—A very few houses escaped the dreadful conflagration of this devoted town.

From similar mistakes, the fixed ammunition furnished for the field pieces was calculated for guns of a larger calibre, which prevented the use of field artillery, on both sides. There was no cavalry in either army. From the ships of war and the large battery on Copp's Hill a heavy cannonade was kept up upon our line and redoubt, from the commencement to the close of the action, and during the retreat; but with very little effect; except that of killing the brave Major Andrew M'Clary of Col. Stark's regiment soon after we retired from Bunker Hill. He was among the first officers of the army. Possessing a sound judgment, of undaunted bravery, enterprising, ardent and zealous, both as a patriot and soldier. His loss was severely felt by his compatriots in arms, while his country was deprived of the services of one of her most promising and distinguished champions of liberty.

After leaving the field of battle I met him and drank some spirits and water with him. He was animated and sanguine in the result of the conflict for Independence, from the glorious display of valor, which had distinguished his countrymen on that memorable day.

He soon observed that the British troops on Bunker Hill appeared in motion, and said he would go and reconnoitre them, to see whether they were coming out over the neck, at the same time directing me to march my company down the road towards Charlestown. We were then at Tuft's house near Ploughed Hill. I immediately made a forward movement to the position he directed me to take, and halted while he proceeded to the old pound, which stood on the site now occupied as a tavern house not far from the entrance of the neck. After he had satisfied himself that the enemy did not intend to leave their strong posts on the heights, he was returning towards me, and when within twelve or fifteen rods of where I stood, with my company, a random cannon shot, from one of the frigates lying near where the centre of Craig's bridge now is, passed directly through his body and put to flight one of the most heroic souls that ever animated man.

He leaped two or three feet from the ground pitched forward, and fell dead upon his face.—I had him carried to Medford, where he was interred, with all the respect and honors we could exhibit to the manes of a great and good man.

He was my bosom friend; we had grown up together on terms of the greatest intimacy and I loved him as a brother.

My position in the battle, was more the result of accident, than any regularity of formation, I was on the right of the line at the rail fence, which afforded me a fair view of the whole scene of action.

After completing the necessary preparations for action, the regiment formed, and marched about one o'clock. When it reached Charlestown neck we found two regiments halted, in consequence of a heavy enfilading fire thrown across it, of round bar, and chain shot, from the Lively frigate and floating batteries anchored in Charles river and a floating battery lying in the river Mystic. Major M'Clary went forward, and observed to the commanders, if they did not intend to move on, he wished them to open and let our regiment pass: the latter was immediately done. My company being in front, I marched by the side of Col. Stark, who moving with a very deliberate pace, I suggested the propriety of quickening the march of the regiment, that it might sooner be relieved from the galling cross fire of the enemy. With a look peculiar to himself, he fixed his eyes upon me and observed with great composure, "Dearborn, one freshman in action is worth ten fatigued ones," and continued to advance in the same cool and collected manner. When we reached the top of Bunker's Hill, where general PUTNAM had taken his station, the regiment halted for a few moments for the rear to come up.

Soon after, the enemy were discovered to have landed on the shore of Morton's point in front of Breed's Hill under cover of a tremendous fire of shot and shells from a battery on Copp's Hill, in Boston, which had opened on the redoubt at day-break.

Major general Howe, and brigadier General Pigot, were the commanders of the British forces which first landed, consisting of four battalions of infantry, ten companies of grenadiers, and ten of light infantry, with a train of field artillery. They landed as they disembarked, but remained in that position until they were reinforced by another detachment. At this moment the veteran and gallant colonel STARK harangued his regiment in a short but animated address; then directed them to give three cheers, and make a rapid movement to the rail fence which ran from the left, and about two yards in the rear of the redoubt towards Mystic river. Part of the grass having been recently cut, lay in winnows and cocks on the field. Another fence was taken up—the rails run through the one in front, and the hay; or mown in the vicinity, suspended upon them, from the bottom to the top, which had the appearance of a breast work, but was in fact no real cover to the men; it however served as a deception on the enemy. This was done by the direction of the "committee of safety" of which Wm. Winthrop, Esq. who then and now lives in Cambridge, was one, as he has within a few years informed me.

At the time our regiment was formed in rear of the railed fence, with one other small regiment from New Hampshire, under the command of colonel Reed, the fire commenced between the left wing of the British army, commanded by general Howe, and the troops in redoubt under colonel Prescott, while a column of the enemy was advancing on our left, on the shore of Mystic river, with an evident intention of turning our left wing, and that veteran and most excellent regiment of Welsh fusiliers, so distinguished for its gallant conduct in the battle of Minden, advanced in column directly on the railed fence; when within 80 or an 100 yards, displayed into line, with the precision and firmness of troops on parade, and opened a brisk but regular fire by platoons, which was returned by a well directed, rapid, and fatal discharge from our whole

line. The action soon became general and very heavy from right to left. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes the enemy gave way at all points, and retreated in great disorder; leaving a large number of dead and wounded on the field.

The firing ceased for a short time, until the enemy again formed, advanced and recommenced a spirited fire from his whole line. Several attempts were again made to turn our left, but the troops having thrown up a slight stone wall on the bank of the river, laying down behind it, gave such a deadly fire, as cut down almost every man of the party opposed to them; while the fire from the redoubt and the rail fence was so well directed and so fatal, especially to the British officers, that the whole army was compelled a second time to retreat with precipitation and great confusion. At this time the ground occupied by the enemy was covered with his dead and wounded. Only small detached parties again advanced, which kept up a distant, ineffectual fire, until a strong reinforcement arrived from Boston which advanced on the southern declivity of the hill, in the rear of Charlestown. When this column arrived opposite that angle of the redoubt which faced Charlestown, it wheeled by platoons to the right, and advanced directly upon the redoubt without firing a gun. By this time our ammunition was exhausted. A few men only had a charge left.

The advancing column made an attempt to carry the redoubt by assault, but at the very first onset every man mounted the parapet was cut down, by the troops within, who had formed on the opposite side, not being prepared with bayonets to meet a charge.

The column wavered for a moment, but soon formed again; when a forward movement was made with such spirit and intrepidity as to render the feeble efforts of a handful of men, without the means of defence, unavailing, and they fled through an open space, in the rear of the redoubt, which had been left for a gateway. At this moment the rear of the British column advanced round the angle of the redoubt and threw in a galling flank, fire upon our troops, as they rushed from it, which killed and wounded a greater number than had fallen before during the action. The whole of our line immediately after gave away and retreated with rapidity and disorder towards Bunker Hill; carrying off as many of the wounded as possible, so that only thirty six or seven fell into the hands of the enemy, among whom were Lt. Col. Parker and two or three officers who fell in or near the redoubt.

When the troops arrived at the summit of Bunker Hill, we found Gen. Putnam with nearly as many men as had been engaged in the battle; notwithstanding which no measures had been taken for reinforcing us, nor was there a shot fired to cover our retreat, or any movement made to check the advance of the enemy to this height, but on the contrary, Gen. Putnam rode off, with a number of spades and pick axes in his hands, and the troops that had remained with him inactive during the whole of the action, although within a few hundred yards of the battle ground and obstacle to impede their movement but musket balls.

The whole of the troops now descended the northwestern declivity of Bunker Hill and recrossed the neck. Those of the New-Hampshire line retired towards Winter Hill, and the others on to Prospect Hill.

Some slight works were thrown up in the course of the evening,—strong advance pickets were posted on the roads leading to Charlestown,

and the troops, anticipating an attack, rested on their arms.

It is a most extraordinary fact that the British did not make a single charge during the battle, which, if attempted, would have been decisive and fatal to the Americans, as they did not carry into the field fifty bayonets. In my company there was but one.

Soon after the commencement of the action a detachment from the British force in Boston was landed in Charlestown, and within a few moments the whole town appeared in a blaze. A dense column of smoke rose to a great height, and there being a gentle breeze from the south-west, it hung like a thunder cloud over the contending armies.—A very few houses escaped the dreadful conflagration of this devoted town.

From similar mistakes, the fixed ammunition furnished for the field pieces was calculated for guns of a larger calibre, which prevented the use of field artillery, on both sides. There was no cavalry in either army. From the ships of war and the large battery on Copp's Hill a heavy cannonade was kept up upon our line and redoubt, from the commencement to the close of the action, and during the retreat; but with very little effect; except that of killing the brave Major Andrew M'Clary of Col. Stark's regiment soon after we retired from Bunker Hill. He was among the first officers of the army. Possessing a sound judgment, of undaunted bravery, enterprising, ardent and zealous, both as a patriot and soldier. His loss was severely felt by his compatriots in arms, while his country was deprived of the services of one of her most promising and distinguished champions of liberty.

After leaving the field of battle I met him and drank some spirits and water with him. He was animated and sanguine in the result of the conflict for Independence, from the glorious display of valor, which had distinguished his countrymen on that memorable day.

He soon observed that the British troops on Bunker Hill appeared in motion, and said he would go and reconnoitre them, to see whether they were coming out over the neck, at the same time directing me to march my company down the road towards Charlestown. We were then at Tuft's house near Ploughed Hill. I immediately made a forward movement to the position he directed me to take, and halted while he proceeded to the old pound, which stood on the site now occupied as a tavern house not far from the entrance of the neck. After he had satisfied himself that the enemy did not intend to leave their strong posts on the heights, he was returning towards me, and when within twelve or fifteen rods of where I stood, with my company, a random cannon shot, from one of the frigates lying near where the centre of Craig's bridge now is, passed directly through his body and put to flight one of the most heroic souls that ever animated man.

He leaped two or three feet from the ground pitched forward, and fell dead upon his face.—I had him carried to Medford, where he was interred, with all the respect and honors we could exhibit to the manes of a great and good man.

He was my bosom friend; we had grown up together on terms of the greatest intimacy and I loved him as a brother.

My position in the battle, was more the result of accident, than any regularity of formation, I was on the right of the line at the rail fence, which afforded me a fair view of the whole scene of action.

After completing the necessary preparations for action, the regiment formed, and marched about one o'clock. When it reached Charlestown neck we found two regiments halted, in consequence of a heavy enfilading fire thrown across it, of round bar, and chain shot, from the Lively frigate and floating batteries anchored in Charles river and a floating battery lying in the river Mystic. Major M'Clary went forward, and observed to the commanders, if they did not intend to move on, he wished them to open and let our regiment pass: the latter was immediately done. My company being in front, I marched by the side of Col. Stark, who moving with a very deliberate pace, I suggested the propriety of quickening the march of the regiment, that it might sooner be relieved from the galling cross fire of the enemy. With a look peculiar to himself, he fixed his eyes upon me and observed with great composure, "Dearborn, one freshman in action is worth ten fatigued ones," and continued to advance in the same cool and collected manner. When we reached the top of Bunker's Hill, where general PUTNAM had taken his station, the regiment halted for a few moments for the rear to come up.