

Then the drummer on duty beat "the assembly," and the garrison, excepting that part on guard, obeyed its summons, and informally congregated in the central open space-within the fort canopied by the unclouded blue sky. From the group of officers the adjutant of the regiment advanced a few steps and announced the orders of the day. Unfolding a newspaper handed him, he read the resolution of the American congress, particularizing the insignia of the flag of the new republic.

Standing at less than an arm's length from one another as were the seven hundred and more officers and men, they formed a scene strangely impressive in many of its features. The sharply defined lineaments of each sun-browned face turned toward the adjutant plainly expressed a firm adherence to a cause which needed for its support men of recognized stability of character and of unwavering faithfulness. The robust yeomen, hardy mechanics, and hale merchants, forming that compact body of continental soldiery, were commonly dressed in clothing made of pliant buckskin or durable homespun. Their commanding stature and healthful appearance were significant of their physical ability to win creditable renown in frequent and long-sustained conflicts with the troops of Great Britain. It apparently mattered little to those stalwart patriots whether their swords were patterned by skilled armorers or forged by rural blacksmiths, whether their fire-arms were long, smooth-bore rifles or heavy flint-lock muskets, save that they were weapons of war sufficient when properly used to hold in check or defeat an enemy.

While silently watching the hoisting of the flag and the breaking out of its brilliant colors in the baptismal light of the descending sun of that holy day, they were suddenly so enraptured by a conception of the honor of possessing so glorious a banner to symbolize their country's rise and independence, that with one accord they unitedly voiced their joy in loud and hearty cheers while the drummer beat an accompanying salute.

"Beneath that primal banner stood  
Heroes from vale and shadowy wood ;  
Grave veterans from New England's soil,  
And men well used to battles' broil,  
From where broad Hudson rolls its tide,  
From sunny glen and green hill-side ;  
Gathered to battle for the right,  
To win or perish in the fight."

On Monday, the men engaged in heightening the walls early became targets for the enemy's German riflemen, who killed one and wounded seven. On the following day only one man was killed by the Hessian sharp-shooters, although several bombs, thrown into the fort from the five-inch mortars or