

them. You will not think that I was long in joining them, master, when I tell you that Bill himself was hardly two steps ahead of me. Colonel Westhope was everywhere at once that morning, bringing his men, in the darkness and the confusion, into something like order, — threatening, encouraging, applauding, issuing orders, all in a breath. Just as we got out, the French broke through beside our tent, and we saw him struck down in the throng. Bill gave a tremendous cry of ‘Our colonel! our colonel!’ and struck his pike up to the cross into the breast of the fellow who had given the blow. And hardly had that one fallen than he sent it crashing through the face of the next foremost, till it lay buried in the brain. The enemy gave back for a moment; and as he was striking down a third the colonel got up, badly wounded in the shoulder; but he kept the field all day. He knew Bill the moment he rose, and leant on him till he had somewhat recovered. ‘I shall not forget, Bill,’ he said, ‘that you have saved your colonel’s life.’ We had a fierce struggle, master, ere we beat out the French; but, broken and half-naked as we were, we did beat them out, and the battle became general.

“At first the flare of the artillery, as the batteries blazed out in the darkness, dazzled and blinded me; but I loaded and fired incessantly; and the thicker the bullets went whistling past me, the faster I loaded and fired. A spent shot, that had struck through a sand-bank, came rolling on like a bowl, and, leaping up from a hillock in front, struck me on the breast. It was such a blow, master, as a man might have given with his fist; but it knocked me down, and ere I got up, the company was a few paces in advance. The bonnet of the soldier who had taken my place came rolling to my feet ere I could join them. But alas! it was