

expected charge. They were wrought mostly by seamen from the vessels, — brave, tight fellows who, like Nelson, never saw fear, but they had been so busy that they had shot away most of their ammunition; and, as we came up to them, they were about despatching a party to the rear for more.

“‘Right,’ said Captain Turpie; ‘I don’t care though I lend you a hand, and go with you.’

“‘On your peril, sir!’ said Bill Whyte. ‘What! leave your company in the moment of the expected charge! I shall assuredly report you for cowardice and desertion of quarters if you do.’

“‘And I shall have you broke for mutiny,’ said the captain. ‘How can these fellows know how to choose their ammunition without some one to direct them?’

“And so off he went to the rear with the sailors; but, though they returned, poor fellows, in ten minutes or so, we saw no more of the captain till evening. On came the French in their last charge. Ere they could close with us the sailors had fired their field-pieces thrice, and we could see wide avenues opened among them with each discharge. But on they came. Our bayonets crossed and clashed with theirs for one half-minute, and in the next they were hurled headlong down the declivity, and we were fighting among them pell-mell. There are few troops superior to the French, master, in a first attack; but they want the bottom of the British; and, now that we had broken them in the moment of their onset, they had no chance with us, and we pitched our bayonets into them as if they had been so many sheaves in harvest. They lay in some places three and four tiers deep; for our blood was up, master; just as they advanced on us we had heard of the death of our general, and they neither asked for