

London, the militia this time coming last in our brigade. A rumor regarding the object of this counter march soon spread through the ranks. The enemy was not going to attack us here, but was trying to turn the position on both sides, one column pointing to Reigate, the other to Aldershot; and so we must fall back and take up a position at Dorking. The line of the great chalk range was to be defended. A large force was concentrating at Guildford, another at Reigate, and we should find supports at Dorking. The enemy would be awaited in these positions. Such, so far as we privates could get at the facts, was to be the plan of operations. Down the hill, therefore, we marched. From one or two points we could catch a brief sight of the railway in the valley below running from Dorking to Horsham. Men in red were working upon it here and there. They were the Royal Engineers, some one said, breaking up the line. On we marched. The dust seemed worse than ever. In one village through which we passed—I forget the name now—there was a pump on the green. Here we stopped and had a good drink; and passing by a large farm, the farmer's wife and two or three of her maids stood at the gate and handed us hunches of bread and cheese out of some baskets. I got the share of a bit, but the bottom of the baskets must soon have been reached. Not a thing else was to be had till we got to Dorking, about six o'clock; indeed, most of the farmhouses appeared deserted already. On arriving there, we were drawn up in the street, and just opposite was a baker's shop. Our fellows asked leave, at first by twos and threes, to go in and buy some loaves, but soon others began to break off and crowd into