

In the meantime, on the Sunday night, while we were resting quietly, (most of us thinking, no doubt, that the fighting was all over,) the enemy was receiving heavy reinforcements, and on Monday, at daylight, advanced against us with their fresh men and the remnant of their beaten army of the day before.

Our rest, short as it was, had its effect on us. Every man seemed ready again for action with renewed energy. The men were in capital spirits, and scarcely seemed to realise even as yet, the horrors of a battle field.

Such was the seeming callousness of these men, that even when the well known distant murmur told us too plainly that the enemy would be soon in sight, one of them turned to me and said, "I say, Steve," (a way they had of abbreviating my name) "while we are waiting for those d—d Yankees, give us an imitation of Sothern as Lord Dundreary." My feelings had already become pretty well blunted by all I had gone through, but when I reflected that before the day was over, we might both have to face Eternity, a gloom came over me, which even the well remembered eccentricities of this inimitable actor whom I had known and esteemed, could not dispel.

As I have said, the Federals had received heavy reinforcements, and to contend against this immensely superior force, we had only the men engaged in Sunday's fight, less the killed and wounded.

It was therefore decided to fall back to Corinth, which was accordingly done, our brigade being on the reserve, and holding the enemy in check, (in fact, driving him back) and fighting desperately till the afternoon, when we were completely worn out. About three or four o'clock on Monday afternoon we commenced falling back to Corinth. No pursuit