

revenge, and I believe the same spirit animated every man in the ranks. Their eyes flashed, and they ground their teeth and pressed closer together. The very horses caught the mad spirit, and plunged forward as if impatient to lead us to our revenge and theirs. At this time there was not much to be seen. A heavy dense smoke hung over the valley, but the flaming mouths of the guns revealed themselves to our eyes at every moment as they belched forth their murderous contents of shot and shell.

“Now a shot tore through our ranks, cutting a red line from flank to flank, then a shell plowed an oblique and bloody furrow from our right front to our left rear; anon a ricocheting shot rose from our front ranks, fell into our centre, and hewed its way to the rear making terrible havoc in its passage. Oh! that was a ride. Horses ran riderless, and men bare-headed, splashed with the blood of their comrades pressed closer and closer and ground their teeth harder, and mentally swore a deadlier revenge as their numbers grew smaller.

“INTO THE GATES OF HELL.

“Alone and in front rode Cardigan still keeping the same distance ahead. His charger was headed for the centre of the battery. Silently we followed him. Up to this time neither my brother nor myself had received the slightest scratch, although we were now riding side by side with comrades who at the start were separated from us by several files. We reached the battery at last. Up to this time we had ridden in silence, but what a yell burst from us as we plunged in among the Russian gunners. Well would