

was despatched with black Cæsar to carry to the invalids all the comforts that could be extemporised for them, and to give to them, and any one else who might come in her way, the benefits of her good nursing. Marjorie and Liliás would gladly have gone too, but they knew that it was quite out of the question, and so did not even suggest it.

Of Percival and Heathcote the lads knew nothing, except that they had seen the former's company charging in the last fierce onset, and were sure that he was not in command. Payne, however, they had seen lying on the field, quite dead, where the fallen lay closest. But they spared the sickened hearts of their hearers any details of what they had seen on the blood-stained battle-ground. There,—amid rock and fern, under the quiet stars and the moon brightening through the hazy air, as the twilight descended over height and river, blending all objects into the same dusky hues,—lay many a strong manly form, the cherished pride and darling of a distant home, or the prop and stay of an unconscious household, stricken down by the death which had come in the iron shower, or at the bayonet's edge, in the mad rush of the hot conflict. The Americans, doubtless, believed that they were fighting for the national honour, and many had bravely won a soldier's honourable death. The fallen British soldiers deserved as much honour from their country as any who fell on the famous Continental battle-fields of