

did not speak too soon ; for besides our fellows straggling to the rear, lots of volunteers from the regiments in reserve were running forward to help, till the whole ground was dotted with groups of men. I hastened back to my post, but I had just time to notice that all the ground in our rear was occupied by a thick mass of troops much more numerous than in the morning, and a column was moving down to the left of our line, to the ground now held by the Guards. All this time, although the musketry had slackened, the artillery fire seemed heavier than ever ; the shells screamed overhead or burst around, and I confess to feeling quite a relief at getting back to the friendly shelter of the lane. Looking over the bank, I noticed for the first time the frightful execution our fire had created. The space in front was thickly strewn with dead and badly wounded, and beyond the bodies of the fallen enemy could just be seen—for it was not yet dusk—the bear-skins and red coats of our own gallant Guards scattered over the slope, and marking the line of their victorious advance. But hardly a minute could have passed in thus looking over the field, when our brigade-major came moving up the lane on foot (I suppose his horse had been shot), crying, “Stand to your arms, Volunteers! they’re coming on again;” and we found ourselves a second time engaged in a hot musketry fire. How long it went on I cannot now remember, but we could distinguish clearly the thick line of skirmishers, about sixty paces off, and mounted officers among them ; and we seemed to be keeping them well in check, for they were quite exposed to our fire, while we were protected nearly up to our shoulders, when—I know not how—I became