

youth with the tired looking face, did you notice how he straightened up and squared his shoulders? How his eyes flashed when he heard the tell-tale sound? And the major, loud and clear ring forth his orders: "Support, attention!"

The firing has become general along the front. Look, the vanguard has gone into line of squads, then into line of skirmishers, and is hurrying forward double time. They are going around the turn. Listen! Hear the rattle of the musketry. It sounds for an instant as it used to sound in days gone by when we put half a dozen packs of fire crackers under a barrel and set them all off at once. Then comes a lull. We can hear the voice of the major once more: "First company, column left, fours right; second company, column right, fours left, *march!* double time, *march.*" And forward they go. "What is that? Is the vanguard falling back. No; I see it is only a couple of stragglers seeking the rear."

A noise in the bushes again. Here they come at double time. The commander must think the enemy is in force to be sending the reserve up as quickly as this. The bugle blows again. "Quick time, *march!* Deploy on first company, *march!*" And the column shortens and extends sideways and again goes ahead. See! Those in front are falling back. The rear line halts. The others come back, slowly firing as they come.

What! That deep roar to the rear is a sound pregnant with interest. Four times it is repeated. Four shells pass over our heads, breaking above the gorge below, from which the enemy is defiling. Their ranks are shattered, but the file closers fill them up and on they press. Our skirmish line seems to break in three parts, one part falling back around each end and one part through the line immediately behind it.

The main encounter is to come in the little stretch of meadow land immediately beneath us. A scene of carnage and of blood passes before our eyes. Deeds of heroism fit to live in song and story so long as the nation shall last will be ours to witness. The enemy are coming on. It is to be a bayonet charge. The word of command is given—"Cease firing, load"—and as the enemy draws near the lust of battle seems to be upon every man. Look how differently it seems to affect them. See that brave fellow there laughing in the face of death itself. And that man next to him—truly, there is a man. His face is white, his jaws are set. He realizes the danger, he fears it; but he intends to do his duty