

quarter nor got it. Ah, the good and gallant Sir Ralph! We all felt as if we had lost a father; but he died as the brave best love to die. The field was all our own; and not a Frenchman remained who was not dead or dying. That action, master, fairly broke the neck of their power in Egypt.

"Our colonel was severely wounded, as I have told you, early in the morning; but, though often enough urged to retire, he had held out all day, and had issued his orders with all the coolness and decision for which he was so remarkable; but now that the excitement of the fight was over his strength failed him at once, and he had to be carried to his tent. He called for Bill to assist in bearing him off. I believe it was merely that he might have the opportunity of speaking to him. He told him that, whether he died or lived, he would take care that he should be provided for. He gave Captain Turpie charge, too, that he should keep a warm side to Bill. I overheard our major say to the captain, as we left the tent, 'Good heavens! did you ever see two men liker one another than the colonel and our new sergeant?' But the captain carelessly remarked that the resemblance didn't strike him.

"We met outside with a comrade. He had had a cousin in the forty-second, he said, who had been killed that morning, and he was anxious to see the body decently buried, and wished us to go along with him. And so we both went. It is nothing, master, to see men struck down in warm blood, and when one's own blood is up; but oh, 'tis a grievous thing, after one has cooled down to one's ordinary mood, to go out among the dead and the dying! We passed through what had been the thick of the battle. The slain lay in hundreds and thousands, — like the ware and tangle on the shore below us, — horribly broken, some