

of them, by the shot; and blood and brains lay spattered on the sand. But it was a worse sight to see, when some poor wretch, who had no chance of living an hour longer, opened his eyes as we passed and cried out for water. We soon emptied our canteens, and then had to pass on. In no place did the dead lie thicker than where the forty-second had engaged the invincibles; and never were there finer fellows. They lay piled in heaps, — the best men of Scotland over the best men of France, — and their wounds and their number and the postures in which they lay showed how tremendous the struggle had been. I saw one gigantic corpse with the head and neck cloven through the steel cap to the very brisket. It was that of a Frenchman; but the hand that had drawn the blow lay cold and stiff not a yard away, with the broadsword still firm in its grasp. A little further on we found the body we sought. It was that of a fair young man. The features were as composed as if he were asleep; there was even a smile on the lips; but a cruel cannon-shot had torn the very heart out of the breast. Evening was falling. There was a little dog whining and whimpering over the body, aware, it would seem, that some great ill had befallen its master, but yet tugging from time to time at his clothes, that he might rise and come away.

“ ‘Ochon, ochon! poor Evan M'Donald!’ exclaimed our comrade; ‘what would Christy Ross or your good old mother say to see you lying here!’”

“Bill burst out a-crying as if he had been a child; and I couldn't keep dry-eyed neither, master. But grief and pity are weaknesses of the bravest natures. We scooped out a hole in the sand with our bayonets and our hands, and burying the body, came away.”

“The battle of the 21st broke — as I have said — the