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*SHEA, OF THE IRISH BRIGADE*

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they marched, for not a living thing had been left behind. In all that wide plain only desolation remained. Here and there the night wind fanned into glow the embers of a burned hut, and once, as I rode aside in search of water, it was only to find the dead body of a peasant, shot running with a child in his arms. The same bullet had sufficed for both. A few steps away lay a dog bayoneted. I hastened from the spot, leading my horse, and listening, but there was no sound except the wind. The very silence weighed on me.

Yet it was not those who had already passed I feared. I knew where they would be by now — across the river, no doubt, in touch with the English guards — but there were others to follow — Austrian, Hanoverian, Dutch — all straining for the same goal, the investment of Tournay. They would come this way; at any instant I might hear the rattle of their accouterments, the heavy tread of feet; and soon it would be dawn. It was this knowledge which spurred me to decided action. I no longer felt fear of pursuit, for,