

Shea, of the Irish Brigade:

A Soldier's Story

CHAPTER I

THE FUGITIVE

THE night was so dark and the road so bad, that in spite of my desire to move swiftly I dare not spur my horse. It must have been an ill-kept road at best, but now, rutted deep by the wheels of passing cannon, and dug up by cavalry hoofs, it had become almost impassable. Here and there along the way I had been obliged to circle broken-down wagons, and now and then a lifeless horse, while many a discarded musket and saddle littered the path. That the troops marching this particular route had been Austrian — Konigskegg's devils — I knew well, and I had no wish to fall into their hands. The uniform of the Royal Irlandais would be no passport to their favor.

And it was plain to see the mood in which