

didn't know. Anyway, it was all right; and the marches were packed with interest: the road always worth seeing. The troops of the Retreat saw much more of France than those who came afterwards, and our men like to be moving and seeing things.

Of course we saw no papers: we had no news. Our talk was all *inter-unit*: we never knew what other Army Corps, other Divisions, even other Brigades, were doing. Some of us never knew what we were doing ourselves: never knew when we were marching, or, very clearly, in what direction. The maps some of us had were sectional, and showed only the day's march, or less. When we were nearest Paris some of us hardly knew we were near it at all: thousands of us, I suspect, had no idea that the Germans were following hot-foot on our rear: most, so far as numbers went, had no notion, as I believe, that we were being pushed.

But when the turn came we soon learned that we had turned: every hour brought us on new traces of the enemy, who had been where we now were, and was gone. We heard of him in every village, and saw mementoes of his passage everywhere. He was close in front: had been here yesterday, last night, this morning. We had not re-taken the old road. We had come