

to Montpichet, where we had another cold *douche*—the news from Paris that the Government of the Republic had fled to Bordeaux. Was it 1840 over again? In 1840 the French Government had not at first taken so far a flight. Was not this a more fateful omen?

From Montpichet we continued our retreat through Tournau, marching all night, to the Château de Monceaux, where we arrived in the early morning. It lies hard by the villages of Liverdy and Cagny: coming out of the church of the latter the Ancient found himself face to face with a friend and neighbor, an officer of artillery; and they sat among the tombs and compared notes.

“What division are you in?”

“Were you at Le Cateau? What was it like?”

We were ordered out of Monceaux at five next morning: but—oh, joy! not onwards: 'bout turn: the Retreat was over. The rest of our marches had the Germans in front.

They were wonderful days those of our retreat: of breathless interest, and, after the very first hour or two, singularly cheerful, in spite of all the *douches*. The men were always cheerful, unquestioning, confident. It was a big strategic movement—perhaps a decoy: *they*