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*SHEA, OF THE IRISH BRIGADE*

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of d'Enville, and felt the thrill as our sword blades touched. Ay! it was a good fight, and a fair one, but to kill d'Enville — a captain of the staff — meant death. There would be no mercy from his friend, Lord Clare. And I had killed him! even now the stain of the chevalier's blood was on my sword.

As he lay there on the floor, Bain, Kelly, O'Brien flung themselves between, as some started to seize me, and won me free passage to the door. Dazed as I was I knew what must be done. Whose horse I took God knows, but there were loaded weapons in the holsters, and the steed bore me well. A bullet followed, but by then we were speeding off in the night.

Twice they stopped me — at Antoine and Fontenoy — but I had the word: 'T was what O'Brien had whispered in my ear, and, thinking me an aide to Saxe, I found free passage. Oh, well, that was all over. However fierce the chase it could never come thus far afield, for the Austrians were between. I could rest until night, and then ride on, trusting the