

wail, as if he understood what was going on. My heart was very heavy, for I had just witnessed the invasion, and I now more than ever felt my own misfortune and utter powerlessness.

The following day there was more defiling. The rear-guard of the Bavarian *Chasseurs*, with their little oil-skin shakos, large visors, and iron-grey cloaks, trotted laboriously through the mud, and seemed overcome with fatigue. During these first few days, I had at several other times the opportunity of seeing German troops pass. Perhaps this was but a stratagem of our enemies, multiplying their movements to deceive us in regard to their numbers. In reality a French corps still had possession of the neighbouring country. One fine morning the cannon commenced to roar; there was a fight at Moulineaux, above Rouen. In that place, one of the finest sites of Normandy, and on a rising ground, is a heap of shapeless ruins, known all over the country as the castle of Robert le Diable. It is there, intrenched behind the crumbling walls and ancient moats, that some *Mobiles* of Ardèche were surprised, or, perhaps betrayed, and struggled energetically during three hours, managing their weapons like old soldiers, and occasioning great loss to the Prussians. In Rouen there was a moment of insane exultation, not kept in check even by the presence of the invaders. In proportion as the struggle was prolonged, hope and confidence returned to our hearts. On the watch, and trembling with emotion, I exchanged a few words with my right-hand neighbour, Father Gosselin, as he was familiarly called. Since Paul V's death I had become intimate with him, and we frequently chatted together. Formerly a *garde-mine*—exposed by his profession to sudden changes from heat to cold—he was at an early age attacked with rheumatic pains, which had by degrees robbed him of the use of his legs. The modest pension he was paid enabled him to get nursed at the

hospital, which he had not quitted for fifteen years. He was accustomed to his life there, and provided nothing interfered with his simple habits, if his tortoise-shell snuff box was filled with fresh tobacco every week, and his clean linen was deposited on the foot of his bed, he was perfectly satisfied. As we had opened the window to hear better, I said to him:—"Listen, they are fighting, the wounded will arrive presently. "Yes, corporal," he replied, alluding to my gold lace, which I had not worn for a very long time. "Ah! I am scarcely in good health, and it is with great difficulty that I can keep on my legs, and yet I would be delighted to yield my place to one of our brave soldiers."

The wounded did not arrive till the following day, and then under the care of a Prussian *Hauptmann*. Immediately on their entry into the town, without loss of time, but with the systematic regularity for which they are distinguished, the Prussians had taken possession of all the public buildings. A strong detachment watched the hospital, while their physicians went through the wards and examined the patients. They touched our sores, probed our wounds, and assured themselves with their own eyes that it was really French blood that stained the lint. Among us were several *franc-tireurs*, poor creatures who had been detained on the road, some by the enemy's balls, others, and by far the greater number, through misery and cold. Now the Prussians had the reputation of not liking the *corps-francs*; they were even already speaking of retaliation and revenge. The nuns at once hastened to throw into the fire every article of clothing that might compromise us. There still, however, remained the cards hanging over each of our beds, with different inscriptions, such as: "Avengers of Havre," "Hussars of Death," and such like pompous names, with which our volunteers loved to baptize their battalions. They hastened to change these cards, and with pious fraud replaced those by others, more modest ones, such as