

indemnity of *forty thousand francs* which the commune of Draveil is condemned to pay to the Bavarians.

JANUARY 15.

This morning the staff of the Prince of Saxony had a great beating for game in the forest. Hearing the firing so near me I was greatly excited. I believed it to be the arrival of some French advance guard; but from the atelier windows, which command the whole wood, I saw between the leafless branches swarms of fellows in Saxon Tam o' Shaners, beating the bushes and running and calling in the thicket, while the sportsmen, bedecked with gilt and plumes, were in ambush at every turning of the path. At the cross-roads of Gros-Chêne a great bivouac fire blazed before a tent. There the sportsmen came to breakfast at the sound of a flourish of trumpets. I heard the clinking of glasses, uncorking of bottles, and the hurrahs of the drinkers. Finally the massacre of roes and pheasants recommenced. Ah, if Père Guillard had been there, who knew so well the number of his game and the favorite walk of his deer, and overlooked coveys and terriers—how pained he would have been to see all this jumble! The pinions hesitated in the air, no longer knowing where to fly to escape the shots. The dismayed hares and rabbits fled between the legs of the hunters, and in the midst of the rout one wounded roe came to take refuge in the courtyard of the Hermitage. The eyes of hunted animals have an expression of astonishment and tenderness which is truly heart-rending. This one made me pity her, pressed close to the curbstone of the well, scenting the wind, marking the soil with her bleeding feet. I felt a redoubled indignation against these pillaging people who fling themselves, with the voracity of locusts, upon vanquished France, her vineyards, houses, wheatfields and grand trees, and after razing the country exterminate even the game in order to leave no living thing.

I shall never forget that hunt, hand in hand with war, under that lowering and sombre sky, in that landscape white with frost, where the golden gleam of helmets and horns passing among the branches, the galloping and the halloings, recalled the Black Huntsman of the German ballads. At the fall of day files of carts came to pick up from the roadside all this piteous, moaning game. It was sinister as a battle night.

JANUARY 20.

All day they have been fighting below Paris. But the tumult of the artillery did not reach me so distinctly as on the second of December. I found that there was in the sound of that distant battle I know not what impression of weariness and discouragement.

JANUARY 30.

It is ended. Paris surrenders. The armistice is signed.

#### FINAL REMARKS.

I here conclude this journal, into which I have attempted to put the impressions of my five months of solitude. To-day I returned to Draveil in the doctor's carriage, but this time without hiding. The roads were full of peasants returning to their homes. Several have already recovered their land. All the countenances are sad, but no complaint is heard. Is it fatalism or resignation? In the village, which is still occupied, the Prussians display their triumph, tranquilly insolent. Meanwhile, they appeared to me to be less fierce with the residents. I saw that those going away were holding country children by the hand. There was a sort of impulse to return to their forsaken homes and their sluggish life which had been disturbed by this long war. . . . Returning in the evening I saw, at the threshold of the keeper's house, Mère Guillard in deep mourning and scarcely recognizable. Poor woman! her husband dead, her home in ruins! It is complete misfortune. I heard her weeping as she