

fire has ceased, but we hear the shooting of rifles so much nearer. My poor folks are helplessly frightened.

9.30.—I remember that a window has been left open in our bedroom, and that usually brings trouble, the invaders always pretending to have been shot from private houses. I run upstairs to shut it, and what I saw at that very moment I shall never forget. The square was quite deserted, the sun shining brightly on carefully closed houses and windows. The shooting was incessant, bullets fell everywhere, on the cobblestones, on the pavements, on the garden balustrades, raising almost undiscernible little flakes of dust. Suddenly I stood amazed, unable to move, fascinated by this novel sight; from the far end of a boulevard there came crawling along the trees grey shadows, some holding bicycles, some shooting as they walked on.

Before I had time to realize who they were the station square garden was full of them, taking cover under the bushes, behind the statues, shooting towards all the streets that converge to that place. One darted to jump over the railing; I distinctly saw a bullet prick the ground close to his foot. He jumped aside and fell behind a big lamp-post. Was he wounded? I did not stop to watch; for the first time I felt my curiosity too unsafe indeed. I ran down to join my family, all crying and praying, a most desolate scene, amongst our little babies horrified by our distraction, although unconscious of the real horrors that were taking place in front of our house.

10 a.m.—We could see a part of the action through the kitchen window, always dreading that bullets might find us, as we heard ricochets on all the outside walls. Then we suddenly listened to a new and strange sound, the most nerve-racking of that distressing morning, and saw the Maxim guns driven to all street corners successively. Their quick, continuous reports recall a very loud motor-cycle