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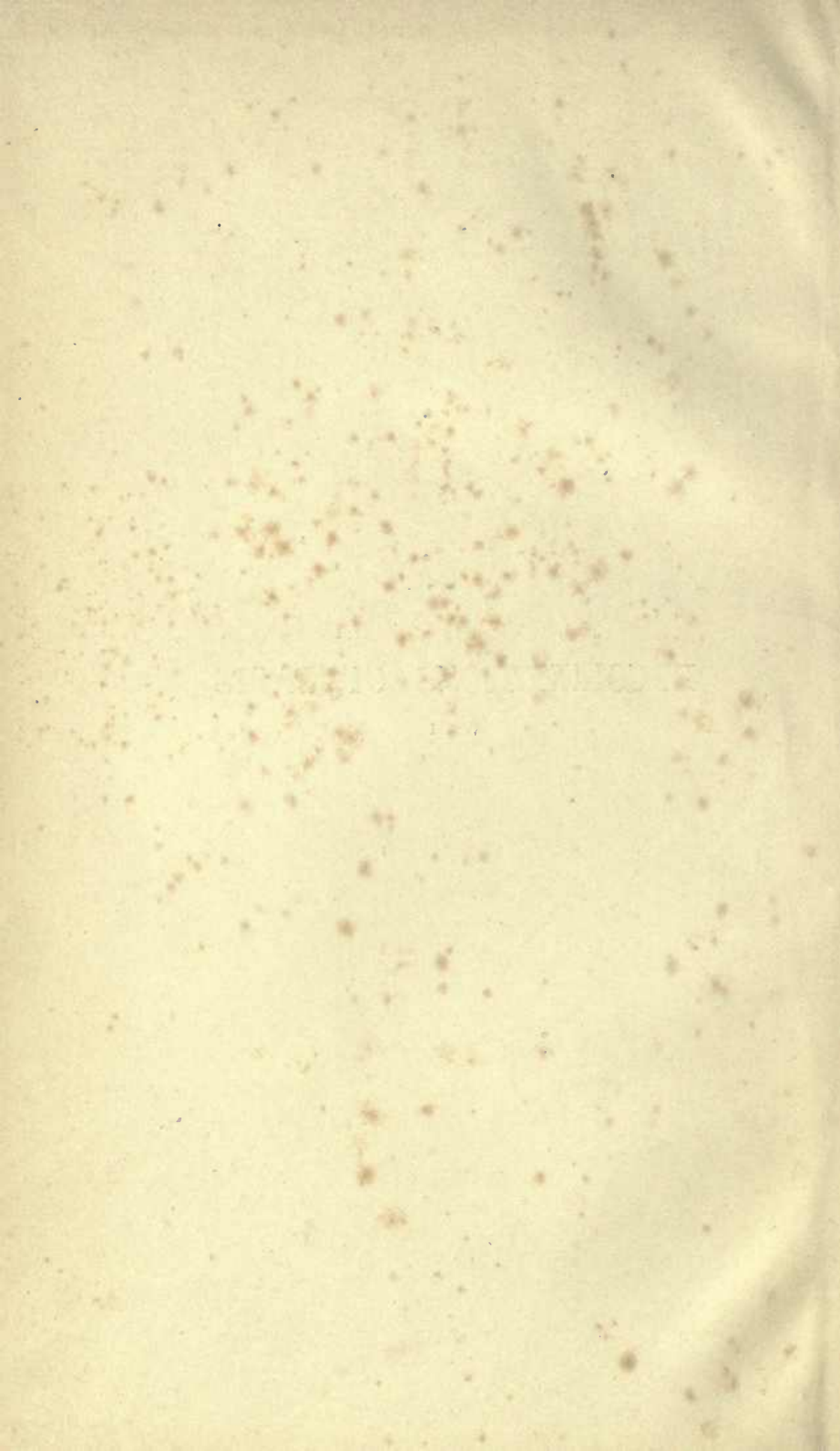
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RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS

VOL. I



RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS

BY

CAPTAIN THE HON. D. BINGHAM

AUTHOR OF

"THE SIEGE OF PARIS," "THE MARRIAGES OF THE BONAPARTES," "THE LETTERS
AND DESPATCHES OF THE FIRST NAPOLEON," "THE HISTORY OF THE
BASTILLE," "THE MARRIAGES OF THE BOURBONS."

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

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RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
LONDON & BUNGAY.

To Prince Battbyany Strattmann

DEAR BATHYANY,

Our friendship has already lasted some thirty years without interruption—how time slips away!—and as you have always displayed so much interest in my labour, permit me to offer you the dedication of the following pages.

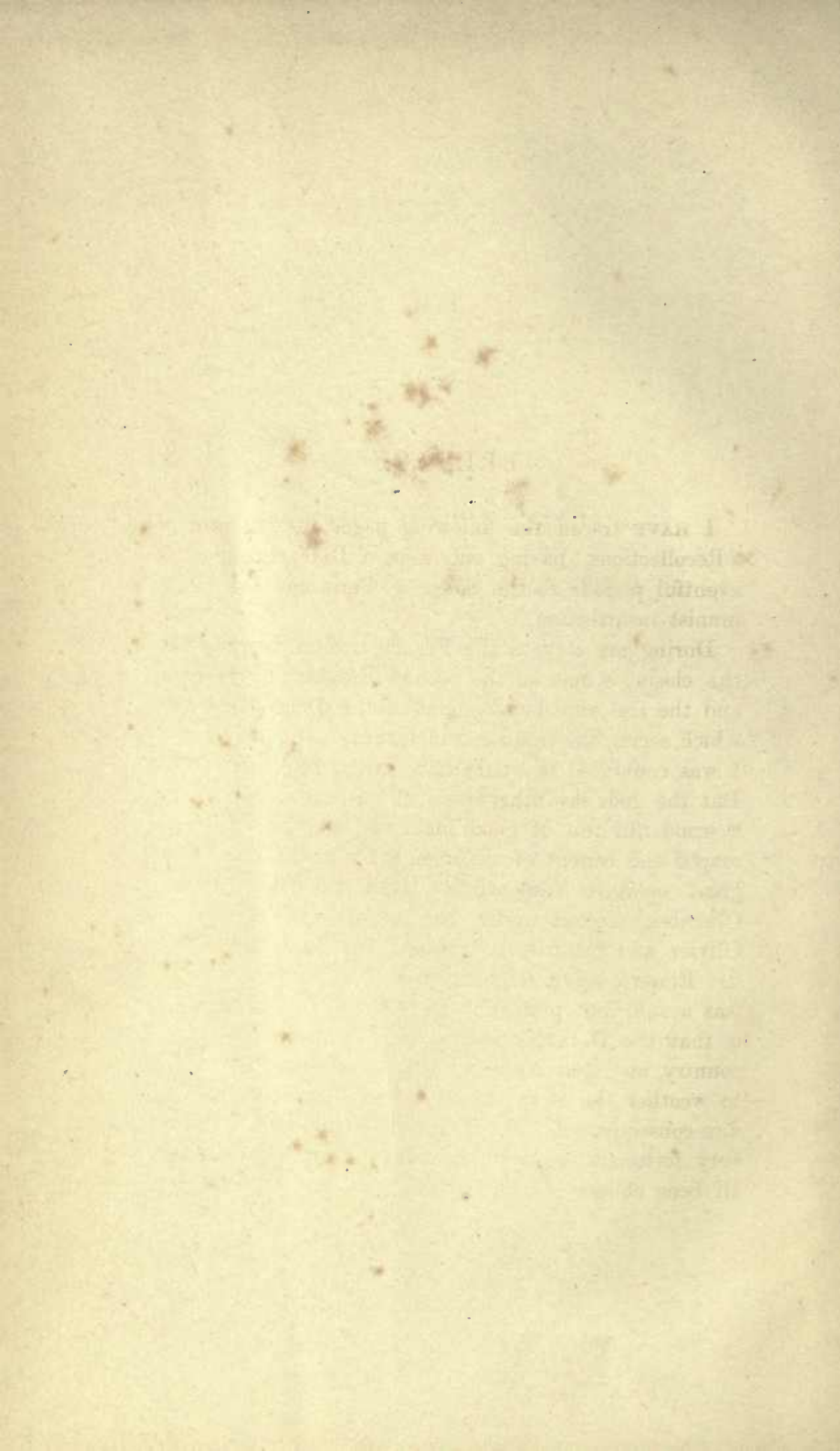
Ever yours most faithfully,

D. BINGHAM.

CHELTENHAM.

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PREFACE

I HAVE traced the following pages in the form of "Recollections," having only kept a Diary during such eventful periods as the Siege of Paris and the Communist insurrection.

During my stay in the French capital, I witnessed the closing scenes of the Second Empire and its fall, and the rise and development of the Third Republic, which, seeing the troubles which surrounded its infancy, I was convinced it would have but a brief existence. But the gods saw otherwise. It has certainly enjoyed a wonderful run of good luck. In the first place, it reaped the benefit of disasters for which it was in a great measure responsible. Had not the Liberal Chamber, elected under the auspices of M. Emile Olivier and his friends, refused men and money to the Empire, being confident that the National Guard was a sufficient protection for France, the probability is that the Germans would never have over-run the country, and that Napoleon III. would have been able to weather the storm which, in 1870, produced such dire consequences. The Third Republic has also been very fortunate in its Presidents, although they have all been obliged to resign office with the exception of

M. Carnot, who was assassinated. M. Thiers, favoured by the Legitimists and Orleanists, managed to pull the Republic through its first difficulties. Marshal Mac Mahon gave it respectability, and served it with honesty. The astute M. Grèvy filled his first term of office with credit to himself and to France, and but for the delinquencies of his son-in-law, Daniel Wilson,¹ would no doubt have happily terminated his second term. He stuck to his son-in-law, and was forced by the Chamber to lay down office. M. Carnot, elected President as neither M. de Freycinet nor M. Jules Ferry were able to secure the necessary majority, and who owed much to his name, got through his duties automatically, and cut a much better figure at the Elysée than did the parsimonious M. Grèvy, his *bourgeoise*, his daughter Alice, and his son-in-law Daniel, who sat at the receipt of custom and dabbled in the sale of decorations. M. Casimir-Perrier, who succeeded poor M. Carnot, had a short and not a merry time of it. Being a man of vast wealth he refused to be made a puppet of for so much a year and a palace or two to inhabit, and perhaps too unceremoniously made his bow to friend and foe, and retired into private life. When M. Felix Faure was elected I had left Paris. A good many persons thought and wished that instead of Felix Faure being chosen to fill the chair, a certain descendant of

¹ Daniel Wilson's father made a large fortune in France in connection with the introduction of gas, which fortune was squandered by Daniel in very good company as far as social position went. Daniel then sat in the Chamber of Deputies under the Empire, and distinguished himself on questions of finance. How he came to marry the only daughter of the very thrifty M. Grèvy would furnish matter for a pretty romance. But, as Rudyard Kipling would say, "That is another story."

Robert le Fort would have been called on to fill the throne.

More good luck for the Third Republic: no disturbance followed the removal of its Presidents. There was no guillotining as in the days of Louis XVI.; no occupation by the Allies as when Napoleon I. was forced to abdicate, and afterwards to seek safety in flight; no "three days of July" and gutters running blood, as when Charles X. beat a hasty retreat and sought the protection of the British Lion he had so recently bearded by seizing on Algeria; there was no such fighting in the streets as when Louis Philippe, who also bearded the British Lion and then crossed over to England, was forced to abdicate; no terrible three days of June, as when Cavaignac restored order, and *coup d'état* of December 2, as when the Second Republic was replaced by the Second Empire; no Sedan or insurrection such as preceded the establishment of the present order of things.

The Third Republic, too, enjoyed wonderful good luck in the matter of Pretenders and possible Dictators. Had the Comte de Chambord not clung to the white flag he would certainly have reigned; had he died and not stood in the way of the Comte de Paris, France would have seen another Constitutional Monarchy. Then the deaths of Napoleon III., of the Prince Imperial, of Gambetta and Boulanger, were all fortunate events for the present form of government. Fortunate, too, has the Third Republic been in securing the goodwill both of Czar and Pope. Russia has protected it from foreign dangers, and the Vatican from religious discord.

Writing as I did daily for the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, almost from its first appearance, under the able editorship of Frederick Greenwood aided by Hamilton Fyfe, and seldom taking a holiday, and writing also for the *Army and Navy Gazette* under my dear old friend Billy—I mean Sir William Howard Russell—for five-and-twenty years, and for other papers like the *Scotsman*, I kept a close watch on the ever-shifting scene of French politics, and naturally had many curious experiences, some of which I have set down in the following pages. If I have touched but lightly on many serious matters, it is because they have passed into the domain of history and are too well known.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS

1865—1885

I

DUC DE MORNY

ON March 10, 1865, Charles Auguste Louis Joseph, Duc de Morny, died. He preferred leaving this world as the Regent Philippe d'Orleans did. He had to choose between renouncing the pleasures or sins of youth and a sudden catastrophe, and he chose the latter. He was attended in his last illness by Sir Joseph Olliffe, an English doctor who had long practised here; and by those who were not aware of the real facts of the case, his treatment of the Duke was severely censured. Shortly before he expired, the Duc de Morny received the visit of the Emperor, who found the Comte de Flahault by the bedside of his son, for the Comte had been the lover of the Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III.¹

¹ Talleyrand is supposed to have been the father of the Comte de Flahault.

In his *Recollections of the Second Empire*, M. Granier de Cassagnac relates how, in 1852, M. de Morny took him into his confidence. "At a reception at the Ministry of the Interior he introduced him to an elderly gentleman of lofty stature and imposing appearance, and said, 'Let me present you to my father, the Comte de Flahault.'" We are then told that the future duke was brought up mysteriously by the Comtesse de Souza,¹ the daughter of the Comte de Flahault by his first marriage. He was afterwards adopted by the Comte de Morny, for a consideration, and assumed his name.

Louis Napoleon and de Morny never met until a short time before the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851.² The Prince made his half-brother Minister of the Interior, but he resigned office when the President

¹ Queen Hortense is said to have given Madame de Souza £8000 to pay for the child's education, which sum she lost at play.

² The success of the *coup d'état* was in a great measure due to the courage, coolness, and good-humour of de Morny, who took possession of the Ministry of the Interior, then occupied by M. de Thorigny, at the head of 250 Chasseurs. At the Opera on the evening before the *coup d'état* a lady, having asked him which side he would take in the event of the broom being necessary, de Morny wittily replied that he would take the side of the handle. In 1851 de Morny, like Prince Napoleon and all his friends, was in needy circumstances. He had had a *liaison* with a wealthy lady, Madame L——, who had a very fine mansion, now the Italian Embassy, at the bottom of the Champs Elysées, and who had made him a present of a bachelor's hotel, separated from her own by a drive. This the wits called *la niche à Fidèle*. In 1851 de Morny was obliged to sell this house and all it contained.

confiscated the property of the Orleans princes.¹ He was afterwards appointed to preside over the Lower House, and was looked upon as the *bear idéal* of a President of the Chamber; he was not only the pink of politeness, but there was a peculiar charm in his manner which disarmed faction; nor was he wanting in firmness. He was to the manner born. It is true that when he was President there was no uproarious Opposition; the Opposition consisted of only five members, but three of these were men of talent. The French Government was said to be a despotism tempered by epigrams, and Jules Favre, Emile Olivier, and Ernest Picard assailed the Second Empire in its zenith with a plentiful stock of shafts to compensate themselves for the want of liberty. But neither the venom of the first, the eloquence of the second, nor the wit of the third could ruffle the equanimity of the Duc de Morny, or disturb his dignity, and the consequence was that no scenes of violence disgraced the Chamber over which he presided. His personal appearance, too, was greatly in his favour; he was more distinguished than handsome; a man whom Lord Chesterfield would have found after his own heart, as far as the outward graces went.

The Duke retained his post as President until he

¹ This act of spoliation was wittily called "*le premier vol de l'aigle.*"

died, when, strange to say, he was succeeded by a natural son of the first Napoleon, Comte Walewski, who had a rougher time of it in the chair than his predecessor. De Morny was said to have been very proud of his "illustrious birth," as he termed it, and I remember hearing that he wished the Emperor, instead of creating him Duc de Morny (1862), to give him the title of Comte d'Auvergne, a title once borne by a royal bastard, to wit the son of Charles IX. and Marie Touchet.¹ This the Emperor refused, considering that it would be casting a slur on the memory of his mother. In 1857 de Morny had caused the Court no little annoyance by his pretensions. He had been appointed to go to St. Petersburg to represent France at the marriage of the Czar, and on this occasion he assumed as *armes parlantes* a hortensia in flower, and, to render this heraldic language more clear, took for his device—*Tace, sed memento*. At St. Petersburg, de Morny married the beautiful and wealthy Princess Troubetzkoi, who sorely bewailed his death, and who cut off her luxuriant tresses and placed them in his coffin. It was feared at one time that she would lose her senses, but she recovered and afterwards married the Duke de Sesto.

¹ It is curious to note that the Emperor was at Clermont, in Auvergne, when he signed the Duke's patent; also that de Morny, after leaving the army, established a sugar manufactory in that town which he afterwards represented in the Chamber.

The Duc de Morny was always considered one of the pillars of the State, and it was often remarked that with his death the glory of the Second Empire departed. There was some truth in this, but still the Duke was in a great measure responsible for the disasters which so quickly followed on his disappearance from the scene. In a word, M. de Morny was one of the instigators of that fatal Mexican expedition, in which the blood and treasure of France were uselessly squandered and her honour compromised.

A few words on this matter. England, France, Spain, and the United States had all to complain of wrong done to their subjects in Mexico, and as no redress could be obtained, the three European Powers agreed to use force. The Cabinet of Washington would take no part in coercive measures. The expeditionary force had hardly landed when it became evident that, contrary to treaty, the French meant to establish themselves in Mexico, and to set up an Empire there, and on closer examination their claims were considered preposterous. Spain and England withdrew.

The Duc de Morny had a pecuniary interest in this affair. The Emperor wished to carry out a plan which he had studied when a prisoner at Ham—the cutting of a Nicaragua canal—and his dreamy imagination was also tickled with the idea of amalgamating the

Latin races, and of giving away a throne in imitation of his great uncle. The Empress, too, was in favour of re-establishing the throne of Iturbide. As a Spaniard, she wished to see Mexico brought once more under Spanish domination, and as a fervent Catholic she desired the triumph of the Clerical party, and the defeat of the Liberals. There were several Mexican ladies in Paris at the time who encouraged the Empress in her ideas.

What induced de Morny to put a finger in such a pie? Lucre; filthy lucre. In his youth he had been a soldier; then he had gone into business, and been concerned in commercial speculations; then he had been elected a Deputy. His tastes were of the most costly description, and he was always in pecuniary difficulties. While the Mexican business was only simmering, there came to him one Jecker, a Swiss banker, who had negotiated a loan with Miramon, who had temporarily seized upon supreme power in Mexico. When order was re-established, and Juarez, the regularly elected President, ruled once more, matters looked very bad for Jecker, and in fact he became a bankrupt. As a last resource he went to Paris to see what could be done. He was fortunate enough to get an introduction to the Duc de Morny, and he laid his case before him; Juarez, he said, had refused to pay the money which he had advanced to Miramon (to overthrow Juarez!); might not the sum

owing be included in the French claims, to their mutual benefit? Jecker had advanced 750,000 dollars in exchange for 15,000,000 in Treasury bonds. If France would insist on the payment of these bonds, he would share the profits with the Duke. Here was a golden opportunity for turning a dishonest penny at the expense of the nation. De Morny accepted. To get over the difficulty of France trying to force Swiss claims down the throats of the Mexicans at the point of the bayonet, Jecker was accorded letters of naturalization,¹ and thus the Swiss claim was made a French claim.

Sir Charles Wyke, our representative in Mexico, thus referred to this matter in a despatch to Earl Russell.

When the Government of Miramon was drawing to a close, the house of Jecker lent him 750,000 dollars,

¹ Among the letters found in the Tuileries after the fall of the Empire, and published by the Government of the National Defence, was one written by Jecker to M. Conti, secretary to Napoleon III., and dated December 8, 1869. In this letter Jecker complains of having been ill-treated. I make one or two extracts—"You are aware that I was associated in the Mexican affair with the Duc de Morny, who pledged himself, in return for 30 per cent. of the profits, to cause my claims to be respected and paid by the Mexican Government. . . . In 1865, after the death of the Duc de Morny, the protection which the French Government had accorded me, ceased completely." And Jecker, "completely ruined in consequence of the Mexican expedition!" threatened to lay the whole affair before the public, and foresaw "the effect which such a confession will produce, and the bad light it will throw on the Government of the Empire, especially in the critical times in which we live."

and received in return bonds payable at a future date to the amount of 15,000,000 dollars. After this atrocious act Miramon was overthrown and replaced by his rival, Juarez, who was summoned by M. Jecker, then protected by France, to pay the above-mentioned enormous sum, on the ground that he must be held responsible for the acts of his predecessor. Juarez has refused, and his resolution is supported by every impartial person in Mexico. I have always understood that his Government would pay the sum of 750,000 dollars, with five per cent. interest, &c. &c.

Earl Russell instructed Lord Cowley to remonstrate with the French Government, and M. Thouvenel was inclined to withdraw the Jecker claims, but the influence of the Duc de Morny prevailed.¹ It was argued that every Government is answerable for the debts of the Government preceding it, and that France, during her many changes of *régime*, had always recognized this principle. Juarez, too, would have sent over an agent to plead his cause, but he had no money. A costly and sanguinary war followed. Napoleon III. had the ephemeral glory of setting up an Emperor in the person of the Archduke Maximilian, and a Mexican loan was floated in Paris, to enable him to ascend the throne; and out of this loan Jecker succeeded in obtaining, in spite of many earnest remonstrances,

¹ The Comte de Flahault was at this time French Ambassador in London.

no less a sum than 12,660,000 f.; for Maximilian, on the principle above referred to, was held to be responsible for the debt of Miramon. How much of this money went into the pockets of M. de Morny may be easily guessed.

When the first loan was exhausted, owing to the hole made in it by Jecker, a second loan was placed on the Paris market. It had required all the eloquence of M. Rouher in the Chamber, and all the efforts of the official and semi-official press, to get the first loan subscribed, and additional pressure had to be brought to raise a second. I remember hearing that even officers in the army, whose pay is not brilliant, were invited to subscribe, in a way they could hardly refuse.¹

The Opposition tried in vain, first to prevent the expedition, then to persuade the Government to withdraw from an affair which, as M. Thiers said, "is costing the country 14,000,000 f. a month, and necessitates the employment of 40,000 men, whose services may at any moment be required at home." M. Thiers

¹ France, in fact, lent to Mexico 300,000,000 f., or £1,200,000, of which sum only 3,549,948 f. has been repaid by Mexico. Taking into consideration the indemnity which the French Government felt itself morally bound to accord, the position of affairs in 1890 was that 160 f. have been paid on each bond of 500 f., leaving 337 f. still due; but this sum, with six per cent. interest, dating from July 1866, now comes to 802 f. The bondholders are now pressing the Government to force Mexico to pay their claims, and the bonds, known as *petits bleus*, are quoted on the Bourse at 9 f.

spoke like a prophet—the men, the money, and the military stores devoured by the Mexican expedition would have been invaluable in 1870.

It was not until 1866—a year after de Morny's death¹—that Napoleon III. determined to withdraw his troops from Mexico. It was with regret that he was forced to abandon Maximilian to his fate, but the United States would not hear of an Empire being erected on its frontier, in contradiction to the Munro doctrine, and when the civil war was over he received notice to quit from Mr. Seward in one of the most un-courteous despatches ever written—the French army was to evacuate Mexico within a very short period. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who had succeeded M. Thouvenel at the Foreign Office, remonstrated. He said that a great nation like France could not consent to receive so blunt a command. The American Ambassador here conveyed this remonstrance to Mr. Seward, who repeated his injunction, and adhered to the date which he had originally fixed for the evacuation of the French army commanded by Bazaine. With this insult, what M. Rouher had called “the brightest idea of the reign” terminated.

There was an epilogue. The news that the Emperor Maximilian had been shot, and that the Empress

¹ What an example of the irony of fate! A detachment of Austrian volunteers passing through Paris, en route for Mexico, joined in the procession which conducted the Duc de Morny to his grave.

Charlotte had gone mad, reached the Tuileries on July 2, while a ball was going on. It was the year of the Exhibition (1867). The Sultan was there. The Court went into mourning. On the 8th, the Emperor Napoleon III. reviewed the army of Paris—40,000 strong. On the 14th a mass was performed in the chapel of the Tuileries for the repose of the soul of poor Maximilian, and on August 4, the Emperor and Empress, having thrown off their mourning, went to the theatre to see Mr. Sothern play Lord Dundreary. So wagged the world.

I may add that when the Duc de Morny died there were 145 horses in his stables, which cost him about £20,000 a year. His works of art, sold after his death, fetched £100,000, and he left his heir over £30,000 per annum.

Here are a couple of anecdotes concerning him.

Alphonse Karr used to tell the following one. He said that two ladies, who had just arrived from the country and wished to see Paris, implored him to take them to the *bal masqué* at the Opera. After a little gentle pressure he consented, and everything passed off in the most agreeable manner possible. On leaving the ball at a late hour in the morning, the party adjourned to the Café Anglais for supper, and as the ground-floor was full, went up-stairs to a room in which two tables only were occupied. They had not long been seated, when four revellers, supping at one of the

tables, began to address impertinent observations to the ladies, and finished by laying hands upon them and endeavouring to remove their masks, in spite of all Alphonse Karr could do. Upon this the gentlemen at the other table rose and offered their services to the author of *Les Guêpes*, one of them saying, "If you desire it, we are quite ready to aid you in turning those unmannerly fellows into the street." Fortunately there was no necessity for resorting to physical force, for the aggressors, on seeing the turn which matters had taken, beat a hasty and undignified retreat. When all was over, Alphonse Karr and the ladies learned that the gentleman who had first intervened in their favour was the Duc de Morny.

Of refined taste, the Duc de Morny was a patron of art and literature, and he so far dabbled in the latter himself as to write several trifles, and among others a comedy called *M. Choufleury restera chez lui*, which was played at the Bouffes with considerable success. At the same epoch the Bouffes gave *Orphée aux Enfers*, which Offenbach set to his most sparkling music. This creation, which at once delighted the ear and made one hold one's sides with laughter, ran for months, and drew all Paris. One of the principal performers was an actor called Bache, who, off the stage, had more the appearance of a Methodist parson than a comedian, and who might be seen rambling through the streets all alone, very severely attired, and as if in quest of lost souls.

In fact, the Bache of the pavement offered a very strange contrast to the Bache of the boards. Now when *Orphée aux Enfers* was in full swing, and sending away crowds every night, poor Bache became immersed in a sea of trouble. He was summarily arrested, tried, condemned, and packed off to Ste. Pelagie, to be there incarcerated for the space of one month. The manager of the Bouffes was in despair; the felonious Bache was not an actor to be easily replaced; he cut so peculiar a figure on the stage, he was so lanky and sallow, so *sui generis*, that he was a popular favourite, and you might have as well attempted to play *Orphée aux Enfers* without Bache as *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark. Of what heinous crime had Bache been guilty? It appears that one day he was passing by a house the entrance of which was draped with black cloth. There was a hearse at the door, and a string of mourning-coaches drawn up behind it. The undertaker's men were loitering about until they should receive orders to go up-stairs and fetch the corpse. They waited and waited in vain, and then had to drive home empty, instead of going to Père Lachaise. What had happened? Why, Bache had suddenly made his appearance in the midst of the bereaved relatives and friends of the deceased, and in the most solemn manner had declared on the part of the authorities that he could not permit the body to be removed. Then he made his bow and departed, leaving doubt and con-

sternation behind him. Evidently there was a suspicion in official quarters that the defunct had not died a natural death, and that a *post-mortem* would be ordered. By degrees the funeral party broke up, wondering by what foul means the deceased had been hurried into eternity, and trying to guess who the guilty individuals could be, and why a crime had been committed. Up-stairs, with the coffin, were a few near and dear relations, sadly perplexed, but submissive to the law. They anxiously awaited some further action on the part of the authorities, and that action, when it came, added to their bewilderment. They were to be prosecuted for keeping a dead body above ground longer than by law allowed. This led to explanations, and in the end the author of the mystification was discovered and condemned to *durance vile*. In his despair the manager of the Bouffes appealed to the Duc de Morny—why should many suffer for the fault of one? Bache had played a most reprehensible hoax and deserved condign punishment, but why visit the sin of Bache on others—on the manager, on the comrades of the offender, and on the public? The Duke, with his usual tact and good-nature, soon managed to arrange matters to the satisfaction of all parties. Ste. Pelagie is a prison generally tenanted by men of letters, who manage to kill time there very pleasantly. It was settled that Bache, while continuing a prisoner, should be taken to the Bouffes every evening, under good escort, to

play his part, and, the performance over, be reintegrated in his cell.

What could have induced Bache to commit such a misdemeanour none ever knew. He carried the secret to the grave. To have looked at the man, you would have thought him incapable of playing a joke, even with death. It was the very grimness of his appearance which imposed upon the funeral party, and quelled all doubt as to the intruder being a ministerial functionary.

The story of Bache being let out of prison to perform his part in *Orphée aux Enfers* reminds me of a singular affair which took place in 1846. On July 8, of that year, a serious railway accident took place between Arras and Douai, in consequence of which M. Pétillet, the chief engineer of the line, who was held to be responsible, was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment. I may explain here, as I take the following from a French report, that the French fortnight is fifteen days, and the French week eight days. When M. Pétillet had been in the Madelonnettes for eight days, he was asked to organize a special train for Louis Philippe, who was going to Eu. Naturally M. Pétillet refused to accept any responsibility for a trip he could not superintend. He was consequently released from prison, and accompanied the King, who was so amiable during the journey that he felt sure of obtaining a full pardon. But M. Pétillet was sadly mistaken. On his return to Paris he was reinstated in prison, where he

had to remain, not eight days to complete his time, but fifteen days, because, according to law, his sentence was to be undergone without interruption. It is laughable to think what a comical expression the features of Bache would have assumed had a similar jurisprudence been applied in his case!

The Duc de Morny founded Deauville, and an equestrian statue in bronze was raised there to his honour; but it was pulled down after the fall of the Empire, and the municipal authorities still refuse his son permission to set it up again. The pedestal still stands there all forlorn, a "heap of testimony" of this political hatred. As for the Communists, one of their last acts was to wreck the splendid tomb which sheltered the Duke's remains at Père Lachaise.

II

ROGER DE BEAUVOIR

ONE day I was taken by a friend to see Roger de Beauvoir, who in his time had been a man of wit and fashion, good-natured, rather too fond of showing off, like most of his countrymen, and an intimate friend of Alphonse Karr. He ran through a considerable fortune, changed his name from Roger de Bully to Roger de Beauvoir, married an actress from the Théâtre Français named Mme. Doze, and had issue. When I saw him

he was living in the Batignolles, a not very aristocratic quarter, and was a mere wreck. We found him in a room almost destitute of furniture—a couple of chairs for visitors, and in one corner a mattress. He was seated in an arm-chair in the middle of the room, while his legs, swathed in flannel, reposed on another arm-chair. He was evidently in pain, and all the time we remained kept swaying backwards and forwards like a galley-slave labouring at the oar. And yet his conversation was cheery enough. It was a sad spectacle to see this poor fellow, still handsome and hardly past the prime of life, rocking himself to and fro in that lonely apartment, and with no prospect of recovering the use of his lower limbs—

“ . . . sedet æternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus . . . ”

In a letter to a friend he said—“ I pass terrible days, and still more terrible nights. Beneath my window I have a little garden where a few sickly flowers grow. . . . I receive a number of people in my arm-chair, though I am no *Scarron* ;¹ but what torture to have to listen to some people without being able to raise the siege and run away ! ”

One of his most frequent and welcome visitors was the Vicomtesse de Saint Mars, better known under her *nom de plume* the Comtesse Dash.

Alphonse Karr in his *Wasps* gives an account of a

¹ Scarron, the first husband of Madame de Maintenon, also a martyr and a wit.

literary squabble which took place between Roger de Beauvoir and Balzac, and which nearly led to a duel. Roger de Beauvoir asked his friend Leon Gatayes to act for him, but as he was always getting into scrapes and out of them, Gatayes refused to be his second, and strongly advised him to fight *sans phrases*. Being unable to secure the services of his friend, whom he called, owing to his experience in such matters, the "first of the seconds," Roger de Beauvoir sent a hostile message by other hands to the author of *La Comédie Humaine*. Now as Balzac was very portly, short of wind, and did not consider his offence worthy of bloodshed, he promised a rectification in his *Review*. The rectification never appeared, as the *Review* did not get beyond two numbers, and nothing more was heard of the duel. The quarrel arose in this way. A man called Peytel was condemned to death on very flimsy evidence. Balzac took up the cudgels in his favour. Roger de Beauvoir made a sharp attack on Balzac in verse, and told him that he was ill-combed, &c. Balzac retaliated by saying that Roger de Beauvoir was neither Roger nor Beauvoir; *inde iræ*. All this was very personal and paltry, but no blood was drawn.

One of the peculiarities of Roger de Beauvoir was his total want of confidence in banks and in all investments. If he did not keep his talents actually wrapped up in a napkin, he kept what money he had in a strong box, and lived on his capital.

III

CHANGARNIER

CHANGARNIER is dead, and thus a long, curious, and fitful existence has been brought to a close. Tomorrow there will be a display of flowers and of rhetoric over the grave of the old soldier; then dust to dust, ashes to ashes, and the grave-diggers when left alone will crack their jokes. I knew the deceased but very slightly; he was a bit of a dandy up to the last, and a most self-infatuated man, greatly overestimating what talent he possessed. He was fond of talking of "his sword accustomed to conquer," which was strange language on the part of an officer whose military reputation reposed for the most part on the manner in which he covered the retreat of the French army from before Constantine in 1836. When the Second Republic was established, Changarnier offered his services to the new form of government, and asked to be sent to the most exposed frontier. As no frontier happened to be threatened, our Bombastes Furioso was given the command-in-chief of the National Guard, and Louis Napoleon, when President, added to his command that of the first military division, or the army of Paris.

Now Changarnier did not behave well towards the Prince. After having offered to take him to the

Tuileries and to proclaim him Emperor, he conspired against him. One of his accomplices, Solar, relates that ten times the General girded on his sword to go to the Elysée to arrest the President, but finally decided that the arrest should take place on the occasion of a grand review to be held at Satory, after the troops had marched past. The arrest was to be accomplished by Solar and two of his friends on a sign from the General. The sign was not made. Strict orders had been issued that the infantry were to march past in silence; but when the cavalry rode past the saluting point, the colonel in command of the leading regiment rose in his stirrups, waved his sword, and turning round to his men shouted, *Vive Napoléon!* a shout which ran like wild-fire along the whole line, and was changed into *Vive l'Empereur!* when Colonel de Montalembert and his Lancers rode by. It was the enthusiasm of the cavalry which prevented Changarnier from making the preconcerted signal.

The General was shortly afterwards removed from his double command, and was one of the conspirators arrested during the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851. When the police-officer charged to secure his person forced his way into the apartment, Changarnier rushed from his bedroom in his night-shirt, without slippers, and a pistol in each hand. Assured that his life was in no danger, he gave up his fire-arms, dressed, and allowed himself to be driven to Mazas like a lamb.

On his road there, he remarked that the re-election of the Prince President was certain. Then he added, "Should the President declare war against a foreign power, he will be happy to come and find me in order to entrust me with the command of the army!"

The General did not remain long in captivity, and little more was heard of him until he wrote an article in a leading periodical to prove the immense superiority of the French over the Prussian army. Shortly afterwards the Franco-German War broke out, and exposed the fallacies of the article in question. When hostilities were declared, Changarnier applied for a command, and he even went to Strasbourg, where he was kindly received by the Emperor. His Majesty, while refusing him an active command, allowed him to remain with the Head-Quarters' Staff, and after the battles round Metz he was shut up in that place with the army under Bazaine. When a capitulation became inevitable, he offered to act as negotiator, but he was unable to obtain any concessions from the German commanders. Strange to say, although he was invested with no command, he insisted upon attaching his signature to the act of capitulation. Alas! poor Nicolas Anne Théodule Changarnier was ready to purchase notoriety at any price. Had he lived in the days of Eratostratus he would have burned down the temple of Diana na Ephesus sooner than have allowed his name to perish. One of his last acts was to aid

in the downfall of M. Thiers, being convinced that a grateful country would reward his services by calling him to preside over its destinies. It was a sad blow to his self-infatuation when he learned that everything had been arranged for Marshal MacMahon to succeed M. Thiers—a blow from which he never recovered.

IV

IRISHMEN

ONE of the first Irishmen I met in Paris was a dapper little man, with a slight amount of swagger and a very affected manner of speaking, but he was highly cultivated, excellent company, and had no mean share of mother wit. He had served for a time in the Lancers, but quitted the army, which did not leave him leisure enough to do nothing. When in Paris, where he spent most of his time, he used to live at the Westminster, in the Rue de la Paix, an expensive hotel, and there he died, somewhat like Alfred de Musset's Rolla, having spent his last farthing. It would perhaps be going too far to say that he poisoned himself, but for the last month of his existence he took nothing but cayenne pepper and curaçoa. He sometimes went over to London in the season to see old friends. I met him one day at Long's, which was then

kept by a worthy called Jubber, well known to all the golden youth of the period, and one whose experiences must have been extremely varied and often unpleasant. R—— was dining there in joyous company, O'F—— playing the part of host. I asked R—— the next day how he could possibly dine with a man who had squandered his last sixpence, upon which he replied, "I didn't dine with O'F——, I dined with Jub-bar!" And I suppose it practically amounted to that.

I remember poor R—— telling me of another dinner-party at which he was present—a festive and annual gathering of the "Irish lot," which took place, on the occasion in question, on board of O'S——'s yacht, which was lying in the Thames. My good old friend, W. H. R——, was one of the party, and late in the evening, when he had probably reached his cross tumbler, he took exception to the haw-haw dialect which R—— affected, and turning suddenly round, apostrophized him in the following terms, to which a rich brogue added an additional charm—"Sir," said W. H. R——, in a tone of exasperation, "I admire your conversation, but your exaggerated English pronunciation entirely destroys the pith of your remarks." There was certainly a wonderful Hibernian roll about this protest, set off with the brogue, which tickled R—— immensely, but did not cure him. I shall ever feel grateful to R—— for having presented me with Carlyle's *History of the*

French Revolution, and a copy of Swinburne's early poems.

Colonel Palmer, who introduced me to R——, also introduced me to a Mrs. Beamish, whose husband's family hailed from the county of Cork. She was an elderly widow when I was presented to her, had a snug little house, gave nice little dinner-parties, and was exceedingly agreeable, though excessively deaf. Her brother-in-law, a fine soldierly-looking fellow who had served in the bodyguard of Charles X., and was a staunch Royalist, was a frequent visitor. I remember him telling me how, quite accidentally, he saw two memorable events as a boy—he saw Napoleon ride into the Elysée on his return from the fatal field of Waterloo; and not long afterward, when creeping unwillingly to school, attracted by the sight of some soldiers in the garden of the Luxembourg at early morn, he peered through the railings and saw Marshal Ney shot. The statue of "the bravest of the brave," judicially murdered, now marks the spot where this deed was perpetrated. In what did Ney's crime consist? In joining the army under Napoleon, on the eve of Ligny, to fight against the enemies of his country, instead of following Louis XVIII. to Ghent.

About the same time, during a visit to Vichy, I made the acquaintance of Mr. O'Shea, a Spanish banker, who had retained all the characteristics of the Emerald Isle, impecuniosity excepted. I was very much

surprised at the richness of his brogue, especially when he told me that he had never been in Ireland, and that neither his father nor grandfather had been there. He one day told me a tale of a brother Spanish banker of great wealth, but sordid appearance, who, during a visit to London, was struck with admiration at the attitude of a small groom, who, in his leathers and tops, tight-fitting coat, and hat with cockadé, was standing with folded arms and imperturbable air at the head of a superb cab-horse, while his master was paying a visit. What a splendid article for importation, thought Don Alonzo, and how all Madrid would envy his possession! Whereupon Don Alonzo gravely approached the youth, and offered to take him into his service. The reply was short, sharp, and decisive—"What would a beggar like you do with a tiger like me?" And Don Alonzo thought that the best thing to be done was to beat a hasty retreat, and return to the banks of the Manzanares, and the Prado, and olla-prodrida, and all that sort of thing. Mentioning the brogue of the O'Sheas and others, reminds me that one day when crossing the Place Vendôme, I met an Irish Judge, who now occupies a very exalted position, and who sat for some time in Parliament. After the usual greetings the conversation turned upon foreign affairs, which appeared threatening, Mr. Gladstone's denunciation of the unspeakable Turk, and the scarecrows which the innocent Canon McColl was persuaded by a wag were impaled Christians—

“Shure,” ejaculated the Judge at last, “we should never have heard a word of all this if the ‘Boolgarian atrocities’ were not such a mouthful.” Ah! if the Canon had only seen his scarecrows in some land of one syllable, might not the Sublime Porte have escaped the invectives of Mr. Gladstone, ever ready to be made the sport of his exuberant eloquence? The Judge was evidently of this opinion. But was not a certain Spanish Ambassador in the reign of Queen Elizabeth greatly offended because her Majesty ordered an opulent citizen, one John Cutts, a man with a monosyllabic name, to receive him? Isaac Disraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, has cited many instances of the influence of names. Here it is a very common practice for literary men to follow the example of Erasmus and Melancthon; Voltaire, Molière, and Brantôme were all assumed names, and a recent author of scurrilous biographies eagerly purchased, who signed his pamphlets Eugène de Mirecourt, turned out to be a simple M. Jacquot. Had he signed Jacquot, no one would have read his prose. Napoleon I. attributed his marvellous success in early life to seven distinct causes, the seventh being his sonorous name. There is no doubt about the influence exercised here by both names and phrases, or *mots*. Of this I might furnish many examples.

There was one Milesian, or rather, as they say in America, “a fraud,” I never had the pleasure of

meeting. He exercised the humble profession of barber, but then, according to his own account, he was a direct descendant of one of the old Irish kings. On the strength of his illustrious lineage he managed to raise money. His name, he said, was Don Mac O'Levy—wonderful combination!—and not only was he entitled to enormous estates in Ireland, but the British Government duly acknowledged these claims every year in the Blue Book! The only thing required from him was to prove that he was the rightful heir, the real Don Mac O'Levy, and this the barber protested that he could easily do if any one would advance him money to go to Frankfort! in quest of certain documents necessary to prove his identity. I knew one poor Frenchman who was victimized by this mendacious rascal, and who was very angry with me because I pooh-poohed Don Mac O'Levy and his story, and refused to approach the British Government on the matter, or get him a Blue Book. Alas! when I last met the confiding Gaul his hat was greasy, his garments threadbare, and his shoes dilapidated. He blushed, poor fellow, as we shook hands, and informed me that he was on the road to fortune—the road which had worn out his shoes. I trust that he has got hold of something better than the barber this time. Alas! it is so easy to gull a Frenchman with any tale of wrong committed by perfidious Albion.

One day on a tramway I made room for a lady, and

this led to a conversation. After a while, she asked me if I was an Englishman, and I informed her that I was Irish. "Ah!" she said, "one of our best friends is a countryman of yours."—"Who may he be?"—"Le Comte de Tyrone."—"Strange, one of my ancestors, Sir Richard Bingham, sent over the head of one of his ancestors as a present to Queen Elizabeth." Perhaps I should not have mentioned this little episode of days gone by. It certainly did not create a favourable impression, and brought our intercourse to an abrupt close.¹

In the equivalent of our Court Guide, one finds a large number of Irish names. There are several MacMahons—the Marshal, Duke of Majenta, a Marquis, and two Counts, also a Mahon de Monaghams. Among other Macs are MacCarthy, MacDermot, and Macnamara, the Superior of the Irish College. Also of O's, not a few O'Connells, O'Connors, O'Donnells, O'Moores, O'Niels, O'Gormans, O'Keenans, O'Mearas, O'Callaghams²; and I have known here O'Heas, and O'Sheas,

¹ Earl of Tyrone is now the second title of the Marquis of Waterford.

² I read the following notice in *Galighani's Messenger* the other day—"M. Albert O'Callaghan is about to marry Mlle. Thérèse de Crécy. The O'Callaghan family is of Irish origin, but has long since become French, having contracted matrimonial alliances with the Dreux-Brézé and other distinguished families. The Crécy family belongs to the old nobility of Burgundy." The Crécy family can have nothing to do with our Crécy, which lies in Picardy.

and the O'Gorman Mahon. To a certain extent these old Irish families, victims to their fidelity to the ancient faith, keep up old traditions. They dine together on St. Patrick's Day, and no doubt curse the "pious, glorious, and immortal memory of William of Orange," and empty a glass in honour of "the little gentleman in the brown velvet coat."

By the way, I used to meet an O'Callaghan at the house of a mutual friend; he was highly educated, had a vast amount of native wit, but dropped his h's in a most lamentable manner, having been born and bred in Sheffield. In addition to other occupations, he filled the post of Professor of English in one of the principal colleges here and at Versailles. What the English he taught was like may be imagined from the following specimen. He told us that he was one day walking past one of the artificial lakes in the park of Versailles, when all of a sudden "the frogs set up an owl." The idea of frogs "owling" with an h would have been funny enough. I thought I should have died. Fortunately O'C—— imagined that we were laughing at the frogs.

One of the most interesting of my Irish acquaintances was Mr. Mahony, better known as Father Prout. We used often to meet of a morning at Galignani's in the editorial sanctum of Mr. Hely Bowes, who was then editor of the English side of the *Messenger*. At first the good Father treated me in a rather super-

cilious manner, but pleased with an article which I had written in the *Daily News*, he became more genial, and used invariably to greet me with, "Bon jour, Capitano," and he even got me to replace him as correspondent of the *Globe* when he went away on his holidays. I often take up his *Reliques* now, and smile over his quaint conceits and the tricks he played Tommy Moore. I have a great admiration for some of his translations, especially for the *Vieux Drapeau* of Béranger, which opens with—

"Comrades, around this humble board,
Here's to our banner's bygone splendour."

.

And afterwards—

"For every drop of blood we spent,
Did not that flag give value plenty?
Were not our children as they went
Jocund, to join the warrior's tent,
Soldiers at ten, heroes at twenty?"

And then—

"Leipsic hath seen our eagles fall,
Drunk with renown, worn out with glory;
But, with the emblems of old Gaul
Crowning our standard, we'll recall
The brightest day of Valmy's story."

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On the other hand, it is impossible to read his 'Lesbia hath a beaming eye,' his 'Charming Judy Callaghan,' and his 'Molly Carew' done into Latin verse without laughing; at least at the two latter.

He was pleasant enough when I met him, was Father Prout, although rather absent-minded. It more than once happened to me to come across him in the street, and in the midst of a conversation to see him walking quietly away with his hands folded behind him and his head bent slightly forward in profound meditation.

He lived a very solitary life in a small apartment in the not over-fashionable Rue des Moulins—a street of ill-fame. His conscience was somewhat ill at ease, for he had strayed away from the ancient faith, and was living beyond the pale of the Church. However, a short time before his death, the Abbé Rogerson, who long officiated here, persuaded him to return to the fold, and the quondam incumbent of Watergrass Hill pronounced his *mea maxima culpa*, and was received back into the bosom of the Church. This was all very well, but poor Frank Mahony passed from the hands of the Abbé Rogerson into those of a fanatic, who insisted on him going to mass at six a.m. and giving up whisky-and-water, a small flask of which he invariably carried about in his pocket. This caused his death. The whisky-and-water, never taken to excess, was a necessity. He died of paralysis of the throat. A short time after his death, the Abbé Rogerson made me a present of his office chair, in which I am now seated.¹

¹ The *Globe* published the following paragraph in 1891—

FATHER PROUT.

It is with special interest that we hear of the completion of

One day I was crossing the Rue Tronchet, when I ran up against M. Eugène Duffeuile, a writer of considerable talent, who, when I first knew him, was a contributor to that Academical paper, the *Débats*. When the *Débats*, under the Republic, accepted the existing order of things, he left it, and he is now one of the

the memorial of Francis Mahony initiated and promoted by Mr. Dillon Croker. That memorial has taken the form of a bust of Mahony, produced by a sculptor who dwells appropriately at Blarney, and now occupying a place in the Municipal School of Art at Cork—Mahony's birthplace. Mr. Croker tells us that he would have preferred a mural tablet over Mahony's grave, which is under the shadow of Shandon steeple—that Shandon of whose bells the deceased poet (for surely he was a poet) had sung so sweetly and fluently in the days gone by. That the Father Prout of latter-day literature deserved some recognition of the kind will scarcely be denied, even by the most persistent decriers of memorials. It is true that a man's works are his best monument, but in his native city he may well have honour done to him in a tangible and visible fashion. A typical Irishman, Mahony called for celebration at the hands of his countrymen, whose best characteristics he illustrated in brilliant and engaging style. He was one of the last of the publicists whose brilliancy was based upon wide linguistic knowledge, and exhibited mainly in wit and song. He wrote verse with equal facility in English, Latin, French, and Italian. And what he wrote had not technical cleverness only: it had *esprit* and humour, and was valuable *per se*. The *Reliques* of Father Prout are perhaps not much read now-a-days, when "each day brings its petty" literary "dust, our soon-choked souls to fill"; but for the students of the *belles-lettres* they will always have much attraction and charm. It was to the *Globe*, as our Paris correspondent, that Mahony contributed some of the best of his prose-work, and hence the personal pleasure with which we hear of the tribute that has been paid to his merits and his memory.—*Globe*.

most trusted advisers and friends of the Comte de Paris. He had a large volume under his arm, and when I asked him what prize he had secured, I was rather astonished to learn that it was a copy of the Bible, which he was taking home to read for the first time. I regret to say that I never learned what his impressions were, or if, when once he dived into Holy Writ, he was ever after tempted to search the Scriptures daily. But it struck me as very strange that a man of his culture should have passed the prime of life without having perused a work of even more than religious interest. This reminds me of John Augustus O'Shea, whose acquaintance I made in the old convent in the Rue de Lacépède, a rollicking young Irishman, with a wonderful flow of animal spirits, occasionally replenished. He was afterwards attached to the *Standard*, and was some years ago ordered by the editor to repair to Ammergau and there to write a report of the celebrated Passion Play. Passing through here, he called on my dear old friend, the Paris correspondent of the great Conservative organ, and confessed that he was rather in a quandary, as he knew nothing of the incidents of the Crucifixion. Knowing that I had devoted a good deal of time to the study of the early French Theatre and to Passion Plays, Hely Bowes sent Paddy O'Shea, as we irreverently called him, on to me, and I not only coached him up in the history of Passion Plays, but

gave him a copy of the New Testament, which was rather a revelation to him, and from which he gathered much useful information on his road to Bavaria. The letters which he wrote from A—— were much admired, not only for the erudition they displayed, but for the freshness of their views; the latter being no doubt attributable to the fact of the correspondent approaching his subject for the first time.

By the way, Paddy O'Shea had been a pillar of the Church. At least he had joined the Irish Volunteers, who, in 1860, flocked to Rome to defend the Holy Father against his rebellious subjects and the Piedmontese, and had seen service in Umbria and the Marches, under that renowned Paladin, General Lamoricière. I do not think, from the account he gave me of the campaign, that he had a very high opinion of the courage and tenacity of his comrades except in the matter of self-preservation. However this may be, the heroes, who were obliged to lay down their arms at Castelfidardo, were afterwards received by Pio Nono, who thanked them for their devotion, and gave them, not his toe, but his hand, to kiss. Paddy O'Shea, who perhaps over-rated the value of his services at the moment, or was overcome by emotion, told me that when his Holiness held out his hand, mistaking the Pope's intention, he endeavoured to draw the pastoral ring from his finger, a predatory act at which Pio Nono good-humouredly smiled.

Here, by the way, a great fuss was made over the defenders of the Pope, and masses were celebrated with much pomp for the repose of the souls of those who had fallen in the good cause. The clergy at that moment were highly irritated with the Imperial Government, and the Pope had just declared that "Perfidy and treason now reign supreme, and our soul is afflicted to see the Church persecuted, even in France, where the chief of the Government had shown himself so friendly to us, pretending to be our protector. Now it is difficult to distinguish whether we are protected by friends or held prisoners by enemies: *Petrus est in vinculis.*" The effect of this Papal allocution was immense. Among the most violent adversaries of the Government were Monsignor Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and Monsignor Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, the latter prelate going so far as to compare Napoleon III. to Pontius Pilate. It was rather through opposition to the Government than to procure any relief for the souls of the Papal Zouaves in purgatory that the masses were celebrated. Unfortunately for the clergy, and especially for Monsignor Pie, an untoward event occurred which excited almost universal hilarity. Among the gallant children of France who had rushed to the defence of Pius IX., was one Louis G——, and the Bishop of Poitiers, in addition to the prayers of the Church, pronounced a funeral oration of great eloquence in honour of the departed. He related,

from the pulpit, how, "before flying to the aid of the Holy See," G—— had demanded his blessing, and he told his congregation that he would never forget the expression of happiness which illuminated his face when he rose from his knees. And then, addressing himself to the defunct G——, he added — "Alas! neither father, nor mother, nor sister will weep over your death; but Poitiers, the town of your adoption, sheds its tears for you at the present moment. But this is not enough; we wish to see on the slopes of that hill by the Tiber where you are lying, not under the green grass and in the indolent attitude of the poet—*udum Tibur, supinum Tibur*—but in the blood-stained winding-sheet of the martyr, a modest monument erected over your tomb with these words engraved upon it: 'To Louis G——, who died in defence of the Papal States.' And on this marble all the most noble names of our province, &c., &c." And, blessed with a vivid imagination, Monsignor Pie declared that he saw the humble Zouave clothed in white raiment standing close to the Mercy Seat. Unfortunately for the Bishop of Poitiers, it soon turned out that Louis G—— was not dead but living. He did not fall fighting for the temporalities, and his mortal remains were not reposing on a lonely Roman hill-side. Louis G—— was in the flesh, and, before the tears of his adopted town were dried, was arrested for "divers swindlings," and was condemned to fifteen months' imprisonment

by the Correctional Tribunal of Laval. It may be imagined how this made the scoffers laugh, and with what pitiless raillery the over-confiding prelate was assailed!

A few years ago I made the acquaintance of an Irish gentleman and most accomplished scholar, who passed most of his time in turning Greek authors into very elegant English verse. He had once held a very high position in the literary world in London, but he got into trouble and sought refuge in this indulgent city. He had been accused of having stolen a valuable volume from a book-stall, and he was found guilty. His friends always maintained that he took up the work, dipped into it, and becoming engrossed in its contents, walked away with it quite unconsciously. It is certain that Macaulay, and other literary celebrities, never passed through Paris without paying the exile a visit. He lived in a very handsome apartment here, surrounded by works of art, and his library must have been a most valuable one. I have often wondered where and how he acquired his passion for books, and have smiled over an anecdote he told me one day, when the conversation turned on the memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington and duelling. "When I was quite a youngster," he said, "I remember my father, during a dinner, having an altercation with one of his guests, which ended in the lie direct. My father immediately rang for the butler, and ordered him to take candles and pistols into the

library." Shots were exchanged without effect; principals and seconds returned to table, and recent difficulties were drowned in fresh libations. But what a want of respect for books to fight in the library! Into what authors did the stray bullets find their way?

Another Irishman I met during the siege of Paris, a Major O'Flanagan, was said to have done the State some service in India, where he won the heart and rupees of a dusky princess. He was a fine-looking fellow, about six-foot-two, and reticent when not in his cups. He served in the Ambulance Corps. There was a good deal of hard fighting in and round Bourget, to the north-east of Paris, which was taken and re-taken several times. After one sanguinary struggle for the possession of the village, there was an armistice agreed to, in order that each side might bury its dead and remove its wounded. While these operations were being carried out, great was the surprise of both parties to see the Major, who had evidently been indulging too freely in the bottle, suddenly make his appearance on a very small animal, and, wild with whisky and excitement, gallop into the German lines, gesticulating violently, and shouting at the top of his voice, "*Vive la France!*" Fortunately for the Major, the Germans did not take a serious view of this irruption. They merely turned the head of the Major's horse round, and sent him back as fast as he had come. And a very

sad figure did the Major cut, half-sobered by the adventure, as he rode home with the loss of his cap, his long legs nearly touching the ground, and disconcerted by a storm of derision from both friend and foe. I did not see him again until the Communist insurrection broke out, when I met him on the Boulevards, quietly smoking a cigarette. "Ah! Major," I exclaimed, "they tell me that you have been pretty well shelled." "Had six in my bedroom," was the curt reply. I may explain that the Major and his wife lived in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, at a short distance from the Arc de Triomphe. Now, during the Commune, the Versailles troops kept up an almost incessant fire on the Arc de Triomphe from the two batteries—one at the Pont de Neuilly, and the other at Courbevoie.¹ Courbevoie, the Pont de Neuilly, and the Arc de Triomphe are in a straight line. The French guns threw a little to the right, and the consequence was that the houses in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, on the proper right of the above-named batteries, and on the side on which the Major resided, were regularly ploughed with shells. I lived just to the left of the Arc de Triomphe, and my house was struck merely by a few splinters.

The first day that the Versailles army opened fire

¹ I have explained, in another place, that the Versailles troops kept up a fire on the Arc de Triomphe to prevent the Communists from mining it.

up the Avenue, Charles Austin of the *Times* and Lewis Wingfield had gone to share the Major's hospitality. The repast had hardly commenced, when the guns at the Pont de Neuilly began playing, and this so alarmed the Major's wife that she got under the table. The position was whimsical. One does not often hear of a party breakfasting with a princess under the table.

The Princess insisted upon shifting her quarters as soon as possible, but the Major was not so easily dislodged. He gallantly stuck to his apartment, in spite of the entreaties of his spouse, who actually wrote to M. Thiers (the President), begging of him to order his artillerymen to cease firing when the Major was crossing the Avenue.

Both the Major and the Princess got safely through the siege and Commune, and then—mystery. We learned that the Major was not a major, and that he had been simply an officer's servant; also that the Princess was not his wife. What became of the false major I never heard; but he was deserted by the Princess, who remained here, married a fellow-countryman of her former admirer—an assistant apothecary at a chemist's in the Rue de la Paix; and this couple got into society, and their names used to figure in the list of fashionables invited to the Elysée when Marshal MacMahon was Consul.

Another Irishman I had the pleasure of meeting was

a Mac-somebody. For some reason or another he liked to make himself out a Scotchman, and he dressed a handsome lad of his in Highland costume. He was for many years an editor of *Galignani*, his duty being to mark out paragraphs in the French papers for translation. He was said to be cross-tempered, but I always found him pleasant enough. However, we were never on intimate terms. He was married to a very pretty young woman, and was as jealous as Othello. The report was, that before leaving home to take his seat on the editorial stool, he used to give his wife long sums to do, and that the unfortunate woman's existence, in the absence of her lord, was spent in poring over long columns of figures. Surely he might have given her a shirt to make! But what I chiefly remember Mac—— as, was neither editor nor husband, but collector. He seldom let a day pass without a visit to the Hôtel des Ventes, where one usually finds a dozen auctions in full swing. By dint of patience he picked up a curious and varied collection little by little. Strange to say, he purchased, at long intervals, the *bâtons* of three French Marshals, all three Marshals being of foreign extraction; that of Marshal Saxe, the son of the lovely Aurora von Königsmark and Augustus of Poland, called by Carlyle, owing to his numerous progeny, "the physically strong," and "the paternal man of sin." Is it not a mystery how the *bâton* of this old soldier, who died in opulence and

dissipation at Chambord, could have drifted into the Hôtel des Ventes? and it was knocked down for less money than the value of the silver with which it was ornamented! It is true that the auctioneer, shortly after the sale, said that there had been an error, and wished to put the *bâton* up again; but Mac—— had it in his pocket, and refused to part with it. Clearly the *bâton* of the Marshal who commanded at Fontenoy should have been purchased by a grateful country, and not allowed to pass into the hands of the stranger. The second *bâton* was that of one of Napoleon's heroes of Scotch descent—Marshal Lauriston, a grandson of the celebrated Mississippi Law, who started in life as a goldsmith in Edinburgh, and after ruining half Paris, died in a garret at Venice. How this *bâton*, too, found its way into the Hôtel des Ventes it would be difficult to explain. Looking at it reminded me not only of the gallant and honest soldier, but of the negotiator who brought us over the ratification of the treaty of Amiens, to the great delight of the people of London, who took the horses out of his carriage and drew him to Downing Street. By the way, a similar compliment was paid here to General Lafayette, when, on the proclamation of the Constitutional Monarchy, and after the Reign of Terror, the Directory, the Consulship, the Empire, and the Restoration had swept over France, he, the Marquis who had stirred up the Revolution, ventured back to Paris; only he never saw his horses

again. And the third *bâton*? Well, that possessed but little interest; it had been made for Marshal MacMahon, who, having some fault to find with it, returned it to the maker.

Mac—— had also two valuable swords by Andrea Ferrara, and you might almost have tied the blades in a knot. He was nearly becoming the possessor of a third, but it escaped him under the following circumstances. There were two Andrea Ferraras for sale, the hilt of one being richly inlaid with silver; he determined to remain satisfied with the other, which was plain, but at the same time the better weapon of the two. The former was put up to auction first, and went for a song; but for the other the bidding was fast and furious, and both irritated and astonished, Mac—— had to abandon the struggle. On inquiry, the mystery was explained. A gentleman, who was anxious to purchase an Andrea Ferrara, had sent a friend to the Hôtel des Ventes with instructions to secure the plain one, as the silver-mounted one would probably run to too high a price; hence the competition which ended in Mac——'s defeat. Among other curios were a quantity of silver playthings made for the children of Louis Philippe, which fell into the hands of the sovereign people when his Constitutional Majesty, umbrella in hand, sought safety in flight; also a picture, which came from the Tuileries, and bore the sign-manual of said people in the shape of a gash

from sword or bayonet. In fact, one could pass a very pleasant hour or two in examining poor Mac——'s collection. What became of it when he died I know not. When Mazarin, a few days before his death, tottered through the galleries of his palace, rich with all the art of Europe, he exclaimed to the friend on whose arm he was leaning, "To think that I must leave all these—and they cost so much!" And I can imagine, in poor Mac——'s case, the ruling passion also being strong in death; and both he and Mazarin enjoyed the reputation of being exceedingly close, and thus must have felt a double pang on leaving their treasures behind them. I believe that addition or multiplication drove the poor wife mad, and the son lost his life in India.

V

MARGUERITE BELLANGER

UNDER the Second Empire there was very little Court scandal, as Cæsar's wife was above suspicion; but the same cannot be said of Cæsar himself, whose escapades sometimes produced domestic broils, the noise of which reached the public ear, though in an uncertain and diluted form, thanks to the Press being muzzled. For example, in 1860, the Empress suddenly left for Scotland. It was at first supposed that

her object was simply to visit the home of her ancestors. Soon, however, it was whispered that there was a lady in the case; that when the Court was at St. Cloud, her Majesty, wishing to enter the Emperor's bedroom, had found the passage barred by Bacciochi, had boxed the chamberlain's ears, and had determined to leave the country; and it required a good deal of diplomacy and the intervention of Pio Nono to induce her to return. But, strange as it may seem, after this show of indignation, the Empress never objected to receive the lovely Comtesse de C—— at court, in spite of the length to which the Emperor carried his admiration for that lady. By the way, the Comtesse de C—— was the cause of another domestic broil at the Tuileries, which threatened to end in another flight. This matter became public property when the Empire fell.

In 1863, a certain Françoise Lebœuf, who commenced her career in a laundry, then took to the stage, and acquired a certain reputation at the music-halls and lesser theatres in the Latin-quarter as Marguerite Bellanger. She was presented to the Emperor. His Majesty had just been informed that a young lady, discreetly called at Court Mlle. de Fontanges, after one of the mistresses of Louis XIV., was in an interesting position. It was absolutely necessary to conceal this fact, and Marguerite Bellanger was asked to pass herself off as the mother of the child when the proper moment arrived. She consented. Mlle. de Fontanges

retired from the world, and Napoleon III. transferred his affections to Margot, just as Louis XIV. transferred his to the widow Scarron, who had been charged with the education of the children of the Marquise de Montespan.

The child came into the world on February 24, 1864, and the certificate of its birth set forth that it was of the masculine gender, born in Paris, 27 Rue des Vignes (the house of Marguerite Bellanger), the father and mother being unknown. This certificate was duly signed by the doctor and three other persons, who stated that they were ignorant of the name and residence of the mother! This looks as if Mlle. de Fontanges had gone to the Rue des Vignes to be confined. As it was, the child was passed off as the son of Marguerite Bellanger, and but for two untoward circumstances nothing more would have been heard of the matter. Entirely devoted to Margot, the Emperor neglected not only Mlle. de Fontanges, but the Comtesse de C——, who, finding that the bills of her milliner and coachbuilder had not been paid out of the privy purse, rushed off to the Tuileries and revealed everything she knew to the Empress concerning the creature his Majesty was mad about and the little boy he adored. It may easily be imagined that her Majesty was highly incensed at this unexpected denunciation which took her completely by surprise; she had, tolerated mistresses, but she would not tolerate a

bastard; this was an insult to herself and her son, and she would leave the country, and take him with her. In fact, the terms in which the Empress expressed herself were said to have been violent, picturesque, and Spanish. It was all in vain that M. Rouher, General Fleury, and then the confessor of her Majesty, the Abbé Deguerry, endeavoured to appease her. The Emperor and the Empress had not seen each other for two days, when M. Devienne (a son of the first Napoleon), First President of the Court of Cassation, came to the rescue, and finally arranged a *modus vivendi*.

On the breaking out of the storm, Marguerite Bellanger had been sent to pass a few weeks with her family in the Department of the Maine et Loire, and thither M. Devienne repaired on a mission. He was to persuade Margot to confess that she had deceived the Emperor with regard to the child, which was not his, but the son of another lover. Before starting he instituted some inquiries in Paris, and discovered two important facts—that Marguerite Bellanger had never given birth to a child either before or after her connection with the Emperor; and that she could not have been brought to bed on February 24. In fact, M. Devienne discovered that a doctor in the Rue des Champs Elysées had on the night of the 25th been aroused from his slumbers by a lady in the greatest distress, who, arrayed in her dressing-gown and with her head bare, brought him a lapdog who had a bone stuck in his throat. This

was Marguerite Bellanger, who, had she been confined on the previous evening, would hardly have been in a position to have paid the doctor, to whom she was well known, this nocturnal visit. M. Devienne after this inquiry started for Saumur, and what happened afterwards he thus related—"He found Margot at a farm near the village of Villebernier dressed as a peasant, short petticoat and wooden shoes; she was sitting at table with her parents round some cabbage soup flanked by pitchers of cider. She excused herself for receiving him in such a place, begged him to return to Saumur, and promised to pay him a visit there in the course of the evening. With many curtsies she accompanied him to his carriage, and bowing with great respect said, 'A safe journey to you, Mr. President; I shall be at your orders this evening.' Then in a lower tone and with a peculiar smile she added, 'You know, my old fellow, that you will have to pay me a supper.'"

The mission of M. Devienne was completely successful. Margot copied out two letters, one addressed to M. Devienne himself, and the other to her *cher seigneur*, in which she acknowledged that she had deceived him, and that the child to which she had given birth was not his. These letters shown to the Empress, and accompanied by expressions of contrition on the part of the chief culprit, brought about a reconciliation between their Imperial Majesties.

It was said at the time that several crosses of the Legion of Honour were distributed on this occasion to persons who had suffered from the resentment of the Empress; that two were made receivers, and one a Prefect. As for Margot, who had already received £40,000 for allowing a child to be mothered on her, she was presented with the Château de Monchy, purchased from the Marquis de Poret in the name of Auguste Bellanger. The price paid for this property was 700,000 f., and it has been declared that the Emperor defrauded the State by paying duty as if it had cost only 400,000 f.

I several times met the Emperor driving up the Champs Elysées of an evening in his brougham to the Rue des Vignes, where Margot held a veritable court. "The gravest and most frivolous persons flocked thither," wrote a chronicler during the siege; "ministers, senators, equerries, chamberlains, diplomatists, tenors, soldiers, and buffoons, picking up crosses and places which the lady of the house obtained with the greatest facility from her *cher seigneur*."

When Margot's letters were published in 1870, during the siege of Paris, the Government of National Defence ordered M. Devienne, First President of the Court of Cassation, to appear before the Court to answer for his conduct in having been mixed up in a "scandalous negotiation." He was superseded. And considering that he was the real author of the letters

in question, which contained a falsehood, it must be admitted that in his desire to patch up a family quarrel he had compromised the dignity of the ermine.

The child, whose existence had so ruffled the temper of the Empress, was brought up as Auguste Bellanger, and very few people know who his real mother is. The last I heard of Margot was, that when the Prussians were marching on Paris in 1870, they respected the Château de Monchy. Perhaps her *cher seigneur*, when a prisoner of war, interceded in her behalf, and begged that she and the little Auguste might not be molested.

VI

G——

“A QUEER nation!” said G——, who was himself a bit of an oddity, with nothing to do, and neither wife nor child. He delighted in poking his nose into strange places, and making strange acquaintances. Having been born in France, he was familiar not only with the tongue, but with the manners and customs of the French. The above exclamation—“a queer nation!”—had been elicited under the following circumstances. Seeing that a house was for sale, he presented himself as a would-be purchaser, although he had no idea of investing in real estate, and was allowed to visit the

various apartments. The first flat he found occupied by a gentleman in a *blouse*; he had a rubicund face, and was smoking a pipe. A variety of instruments and tracing-paper were on the drawing-room table. There was a large pier-glass over the mantelpiece; the ceiling represented a blue sky with a few clouds for scantily-dressed cherubs to sit upon; the cornices were gilded. Who dwelt upon the intermediate flats G— did not say, but on the fifth floor, where there was neither painting nor gilding, he found M. le Marquis and Mme. la Marquise de — cowering over a few embers, and looking the picture of misery and solitude.¹ Had M. le Marquis squandered the paternal acres and the dowry of his wife, and was his heart now gnawed by remorse, or was he one of the victims of the Revolution, which put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted—well, not exactly the humble and meek?

There are a great number of needy nobles in our Republican France, and what with the division of property and other causes, few houses have been able

¹ "I have seen a family of the old aristocracy send out every day for some horrible black broth smelling of grease, and running up a bill of £20. The wife bore a name celebrated in the history of the Revolution—a name sung by poets and immortalized by heroism and pity. . . . These unfortunates, listening to the dictates of their hearts, had given an asylum to an expelled monk, and nothing more strange than to see this chaplain blessing the repasts procured from a low eating-house in presence of a maid-of-all-work whose wages were unpaid."—DRUMONT, *La France Juive*.

to keep up their original splendour. Yet titles still possess their charms, and carry a certain amount of influence with them.

“You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

So true is this, that a few years ago the Republican Government issued an edict against persons using armorial bearings who had no right to them, and assuming titles to which they could lay no valid claim. This edict was passed in order to protect the trading community, which allows itself to be imposed upon, which gives credit to false counts and sham barons, and burns its fingers exceedingly.

I remember how on one occasion G—— returned to Paris with a bull-dog, which he had purchased in the Black Country at an exorbitant price. He was what is vulgarly termed “an ugly-looking customer,” and his training had been deplorable. In fact he was a “trial dog,” and when any likely-looking puppy was bred in the neighbourhood, he was sent to test his metal with Venture, as G——’s animal was called. Venture may have been born with the most peaceful disposition, but by education and as a matter of business he became decidedly aggressive. He had not been many days in Paris when he fell upon a Newfoundland dog in the street and killed him. This exploit naturally cost G—— a handsome sum, and gave him much trouble

with the authorities, who naturally poked their noses into the matter, asked G— for his passport, the Christian names of his parents, and if he had been vaccinated. A short time afterwards Venture thought it the correct thing to fly at an omnibus horse and seize him by the nostrils. Fortunately the horse shook him off, and unfortunately for Venture he fell so awkwardly that one of the wheels of the omnibus passed over his tail, and seriously damaged that appendage. This necessitated taking him into a chemist's shop, where amputation had to be performed. Venture behaved like a martyr during the operation, and didn't even look over his shoulder to see what was going on at the other extremity. G—, who after this accident was nicknamed Alcibiades, now began to think that he had had about enough of his new acquisition, and he was much relieved when the proprietor of that famous old restaurant, *Les Trois Frères Provençaux*, which, alas! has long ceased to exist, confided to him that he was very anxious to procure an English *boule*. I don't know where French naturalists place the bull-dog, but I remember being much struck when I first visited the Jardin des Plantes, where wild beasts are kept and lectures on natural history given, to read over the entrance a notice to the effect that no dogs or *boules* could be admitted.

To make a long story short, Venture was transferred to the proprietor of the *Trois Frères*; G— modestly

declining to accept any remuneration, which might have preyed on his conscience. Monsieur was duly warned of Venture's propensities, and earnestly advised not to allow him within reach of other animals of his species. Now Monsieur, who was a bit of a sportsman, was just starting for his country seat to have some partridge shooting, and had given fifty guineas for a couple of pointers. He placed Venture and the pointers in a cellar to pass the night, but took the precaution of muzzling the former, and chaining him to an iron pillar. The next morning, fully accoutred for *la chasse*, and with his gun over his shoulder, he descended in search of his pack; but what was his astonishment on opening the cellar-door to find himself warmly greeted by Venture, who was wagging what remained of his tail. He had torn off his muzzle, had broken his chain, had worried the two pointers, who were lying stone dead on the ground, and was evidently proud of his night's performance. It is almost needless to add that Monsieur requited that performance by blowing poor Venture's brains out. A sad dog was Venture, and he came to a sad end.

VII

DEMI-MONDE

ESTHER GUIMONT, CORA PEARL, PEPITA SANCHEZ, MME.
MUSARD, MME. DE PAIVA, ALICE DOUGLAS, BARUCCHI.

ESTHER GUIMONT died the other day, hardly in the odour of sanctity, and almost forgotten, and yet she played an active if not a brilliant part when Louis Philippe was King. She had been brought into fashion by Nestor Roqueplan, editor of the *Figaro*. Alphonse Karr in his *Log-book* says that the first exploit of this *coquine*, who afterwards became famous, was to captivate a greenhorn who had a *liaison* with a lady of quality, and, feigning jealousy, to persuade him to hand her over the letters of her rival. With these letters in her possession she proceeded to levy blackmail, and their writer had to sell her jewels in order to procure money enough to save her honour. This was the commencement of Esther Guimont's fortune. She afterwards had a *liaison*, which lasted a long time, with a celebrated political writer, and served as intermediary between him and a statesman frequently qualified as "austere."¹

Alphonse Karr, who knew her when she was young and lovely, met her afterwards when she was old and

¹ Guizot.

painted, and she upbraided him for never visiting her. "You will meet a number of your old friends at my house," she said. After a short conversation, he added—"There is a question which I have long wished to ask you; I have been acquainted with several of your lovers; you never prided yourself on your fidelity, and you have sometimes separated on bad terms; how comes it, therefore, that they continue to treat you as a friend?" "I can answer that question at once," she replied; "the reason is that I never leave a lover who is worth the trouble, or who may become some one, without having in hand the wherewithal to send him to the galleys." And, according to Alphonse Karr, this amiable creature, who had a finger in all the swindling and scandalous affairs of the day, both commercial and political, gave the lovers against whom she was not so well armed, hopes that she would leave them her ill-gotten wealth. I am sorry that I cannot add to this interesting sketch of modern society any information as to where Esther Guimont's money went.

A friend of mine told me the other day that as he was driving along the road to Geneva in company with a shoddy American who had been having a "fine high time of it" in Paris, he exclaimed—"There's Coppet, where the celebrated Mme. de Staël lived"—upon which Shoddy, who had evidently never heard of Necker's fair daughter—Staël the epicene, or Corinne

—asked if she were fair or dark, imagining her to belong to the *demi-monde*, and being rather surprised that he had never met her in Paris. B—— told this anecdote at the club dinner¹ one evening in presence of the Duc de Broglie, who threw up both his hands, exclaiming—“ Oh, ma pauvre grand'mère, ma pauvre grand'mère ! ” And what would Mme. de Staël herself have thought of the error?—“ she whose infancy and adolescence,” according to a confession attributed to Talleyrand, “ had been so carefully directed in the matter of modesty, that she would not perform her toilet in the presence of her mother's little dog.”

The ladies of the *demi-monde* played a very prominent part during the Second Empire, and displayed an amount of luxury which was simply scandalous. The *régime* was to a certain extent to blame for this. The first Napoleon found the crown in the gutter, as he expressed it himself, and picked it up with the point of his sword. The advent of the third Napoleon was less heroic, and he would in all probability never have recovered the Imperial crown but for the aid of a member of the English *demi-monde*. One evening I met a gentleman at dinner who was well acquainted with Mrs. Howard, the lady in question. He told me he was at Drury Lane one night when he met Mrs. Howard, who expressed a wish to ask his advice

¹ Members, as a rule, dine together at French clubs.

on an important matter. She confided to him that she had recently lost her protector, and that there were three claimants for the vacant place—the Duke of this, Lord that (both very wealthy and generous), and Louis Napoleon, who had next to nothing. She confessed that she was in love with the Frenchman. B. B., little dreaming of the destiny which awaited him, strongly advised her to accept the Prince, and she did so. The next time B. B. met Mrs. Howard was in a railway-carriage going down to Dover; she had with her all the ready money she could scrape together, and her jewels, and was on her way to Paris to lay her wealth at the feet of her lover, who, as they say in France, had the devil by the tail, and was surrounded by adventurers as needy as himself. Fortune smiled on the Prince, who always stuck to his friends, and he did not show himself ungrateful to Mrs. Howard. Their *liaison* lasted until the Emperor married, and his mistress, who had received the château of Beauregard and £12,000 a year, then retired into private life, and was little heard of. During the time that Mrs. Howard was the reigning favourite, festivities were frequent at Beauregard, and I remember a gentleman relating at a club what Mrs. Howard thought of one of her guests, Mlle. Eugenie de Montijo, and what she told “poor Louis” about his intended when she heard of the projected marriage. Mrs. Howard died long before the fall of the Empire. She

left a son behind her, who prides himself on being the natural son of Louis Napoleon, but who was born before the *liaison* with Mrs. Howard commenced. The Emperor created him Comte de Bechevet, refusing to give him the title of Beauregard, which would have been on the part of his Majesty equivalent to acknowledging a paternity to which he did not pretend. Not long after the Franco-German war, Beauregard was sold to a Hebrew banker.

It must be admitted that the Empress Eugenie was both a virtuous sovereign herself, and discouraged immorality in others. Whilst she was at the Tuileries the Court was remarkably pure as far as the women were concerned, and scandals were few and far between. But there was a great difference between Court and city. In the city vice stalked openly abroad, and became an institution. Now it was some famous actress, then a Spanish, an Italian, or an English woman, who held the "upper side of the pavement," and whose name was on every lip—or rather the name they assumed. Military names were at one time all the fashion. I remember one French *demi-monde* lady taking the name of Catinat, and another that of Soubise, while an English girl, whose father used to show visitors over the field of Waterloo, took, for a time, the name of Lady Wellington. I saw one of her cards. She dropped her title on being told that Lord Cowley, who was then English Ambassador here,

would bundle her out of Paris if he heard of her vagary.

The Englishwoman, however, "the most in view" here, was one Emma Crutch, who assumed the more euphonious name of Cora Pearl, and rose to the top of her profession. Among her many adorers was Prince Napoleon,¹ and the son of Duval who started the cheap restaurants here, called "Bouillons," and made a large fortune, would fain have placed his name on the list, and great was the scandal when that rash youth, in a moment of despair or jealousy, attempted to commit suicide in the house of the frail one. This was an immense shock to her princely and aristocratical adorers, especially to the twelve whose coats-of-arms figured in a certain necklace, which was thus described at the time by a Parisian chronicler. "From a massive gold chain depend twelve lockets of most exquisite workmanship, emblazoned with the devices of the best and oldest families of France. A central locket bears the

¹ The Emperor was very much annoyed by this *liaison*, and one of his familiar spirits suggested (the joke will bear translation) that the Prince should be decorated. When Prince Napoleon died in March 1891, one of the anecdotes published about him in the papers ran thus—"During one of his voyages, being in Dublin with Cora Pearl, and the report of his arrival having spread abroad, he was surprised in the not very edifying company of that lady by the Lord Mayor, who had called to pay him a visit. The adventure made a great noise, caused much scandal, and the Princess Clothilde, when she heard of it, was deeply afflicted."

arms of the lady herself with this appropriate motto, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.' Within the lockets are twelve portraits of . . ."

At one time Cora Pearl tried the stage. The house was crowded to suffocation with ladies and gentlemen of quality to witness her first appearance as Cupid in Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*. She played and sang tolerably well, but after three nights she disappeared from the boards, and retired into what one can hardly call private life. This was in 1867. I remember little of the performance, except that Cupid played with great self-possession, that she was not much encumbered with garments, and that the buttons of her boots were large diamonds of the purest water.

Whittaker in his obituary informs us that Cora Pearl died in July 1886. Few people knew where, or cared, for she had long been forgotten. The fact is that she died in the Beaujon Hospital, deserted by all her quondam admirers. A year before her death she got a French journalist to write her *autobiography*, but it contained little worth reading, and the probability is that this literary venture was simply a means of levying blackmail, and that her quondam adorers paid money in order not to figure in her *chronique scandaleuse*. She appears at this time to have been reduced to a state of abject poverty, having been robbed of over £20,000. In connection with this affair, a man named Printz was arrested and

condemned to five years' imprisonment. He stoutly refused to say what had become of the money. Shortly after his release he made the acquaintance of a man called Rodolphe, and told him that the money was safely lodged with a German banker at Berlin. The accomplices endeavoured to get a Paris banker to advance them £400 to go to Germany to claim the stolen property, but the banker had them arrested, and the last I heard was that the pair were awaiting trial.

There was also a Spanish woman of the Phryne class, who cut a considerable figure amongst the daughters of dissipation towards the decline of the Second Empire, and whose death under the Third Republic was enveloped in mystery. While still in the "flower of youth and beauty's pride," she was killed by falling from her balcony in the Boulevard Haussmann. This tragic event, which created quite a sensation at the time, was attributed by some to an accident, by others to suicide. One version was, that as her lover was leaving the house, she leaned over the balcony to say something to him, lost her balance, fell, and killed herself. Version two was, that there had been a dispute, and that Pepita Sanchez deliberately flung herself from the balcony in a moment of anger, with the intention of perishing at her lover's feet, and thus revenging her wrongs. There was also a third version, to the effect that the lady intended to fall on her "friend," but just missed him. He was the son of a

Hebrew who had amassed an immense amount of ill-gotten wealth in Russia during the Crimean War, by selling very vile vodki to the troops, and then complaining that he had been paid for the same with forged notes, which he forwarded to the Minister of War. The story, current here, was that the Czar, to save the honour of the Russian army, made good the loss sustained by the contractor, and afterwards learned that said contractor had himself forged the notes in question. Many other queer stories were told of this Hebrew, who commenced life as a costermonger in St. Petersburg, and who died in one of the finest mansions in Paris, to which *refugium peccatorum* he had been forced to fly when his iniquities became patent in the land of his birth. He lived like a patriarch, close to the Arc de Triomphe, surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, who formed quite a colony. Living opposite, I used often to meet him of a morning, when I went out, wandering round his vast hotel. He had more the appearance of a confiding British farmer than of a Semite in whom there was any amount of guile. And when the patriarch was gathered to Abraham's bosom, he had a gorgeous funeral, and his coffin was covered with garlands of white roses. One might have supposed that it was the body of Ophelia which was being borne to the grave.

The death of poor Pepita caused a good deal of commotion in the Hebrew colony, especially as the

police and then the Press put their noses into the affair. It was thought expedient to hush the matter up, which is always to be done with money. Of course to the Jewish instinct this process was very painful. Then all the mud was stirred up again when the property of the deceased was sold by auction, and no heir presented himself to receive the wages of sin. However, some months after the painful event, Paris was rather amused to learn that a Spanish charcoal dealer and his wife had come from the other side of the Pyrenees to claim the property of their daughter, and with the aid of the Spanish consul they made good their rights and titles, and returned to the Peninsula to pass the remainder of their days in ease and plenty.

Another lady came to us from America, and outshone most of her rivals. Musard, who started some concerts here, met her in New York while on a tour, married her, and brought her to Paris. She was very fair to look on, and attracted the attention of the sovereign of a neighbouring State, who made her a present of a large tract of land in the United States, which turned out exceedingly valuable. Oil was struck there, and the lady found herself possessed of £40,000 a year. She lived in a splendid mansion close to the Arc de Triomphe. She had a magnificent stud, and I used sometimes to meet her early in the morning driving four blacks in the Bois de Boulogne with her

coachman seated beside her; the turn-out was a thing to see, although the horses were a trifle heavy. The *Daily Telegraph* contained the following paragraph concerning this lady in its Paris correspondence—

“A curious *déjeuner* was given yesterday (April 1, 1866) by Madame M——, whose enormous fortune of a million sterling, whose beauty, seat on horseback, horses, carriages, hotels, stables, and the rest (diamonds?) are things daily talked of and displayed on the stage of this vast theatre of Paris. The guests assembled in a long gallery, draped with green curtains. Breakfast was served and eaten; coffee and cigars followed; then a bell rang and all the draperies were withdrawn. And where did the guests find themselves? Why, in the stable, where stood eighteen magnificent horses. . .”¹

An amusing story was told here lately. It appears that after the death of the Marquis of Hertford there was a great demand for his coachman, who was considered the best in Paris. After many offers had been duly weighed, the functionary in question condescended to accept the terms proposed by Madame Musard, subject, however, to the condition that he was never to be asked to drive M. Musard. He drew a sharp

¹ This of course was a plagiarism on what had happened years ago at Chantilly, when a Prince de Condé feasted some foreign potentate in those huge stables which lie a short distance from what remains of the old château, opposite the race-course stands, and which contain about one hundred stalls.

line between a woman living in open defiance of the seventh commandment and the husband who connived.

The ceilings of Madame Musard's sumptuous hotel were painted by no less an artist than Chaplin, who told a friend of mine that he found her one day sitting on the back stairs bathed in tears. On inquiring the cause, she informed him that she was bored to death. The fact being that, in spite of all her wealth, she could not get into the society of honest women, while she refused to frequent the *demi-monde*. She was therefore condemned to live in solitary grandeur as far as her own sex was concerned. She lost her good looks while still young. One morning, when driving in the Bois de Boulogne, the twig of a tree struck one of her eyes, and injuring a nerve, caused the lid to fall. This accident, trifling as it appeared at first, was the cause of her death, for she used lotions which affected her brain and killed her. She wished to leave all her vast wealth to her husband, but much to his credit he refused to take more than a share, so two-thirds of the property were divided between her brother and sister. She might have left some of it to the King or to the Prince, his scapegrace son and heir, who was often sadly in want of money to pay for his follies here.

The wonderful career of another woman is worthy of notice, to wit the daughter of a Jewish Pole called

Lachmann. She married a poor tailor in Moscow, but discontented with her lot she soon left her spouse and made her way to Paris. It is said that she arrived here on foot, that she walked the streets, and that one day exhausted from hunger she fell down in the Champs Elysées, and swore to herself that upon that spot she would build a mansion when Fortune smiled. And it was so. She was young, beautiful, had a charming voice, and was clever to an extraordinary degree. She soon had the good luck of finding favour in the sight of M. de Villemessant, the editor and chief proprietor of the *Figaro*, who "launched" her in the way she ought not to have gone. She began by contracting a morganatic marriage with the celebrated pianist Herz, who presented her at the Tuileries as his legitimate wife. In a very short time poor Herz was ruined and fled to America, and the tailor having departed this life, his widow consoled herself by marrying the Comte de Païva, a Portuguese nobleman in the diplomatic service. As with the pianist so with the diplomate; he was ruined, and the lady transferred her charms to the keeping of a wealthier suitor—the Count Henckel Donnersmark, a Prussian noble of immense fortune, who built her a splendid mansion in the Champs Elysées, to which all the wits of the Second Empire resorted. After a while the Comte de Païva, sick of life, committed suicide. The bullet with which he sought relief did not kill him at

once, and he lingered for some days in the Beaujon Hospital, where a friend of mine went to see him. His wife never even sent to inquire after him. The Portuguese dead and buried, the Jewess married her Prussian lover, and for the second time became a countess, and mistress not only of the sumptuous hotel in the Champs Elysées, but also of the historical château of Pontchatrain. When the Franco-German war broke out in 1870, the Count and Countess were naturally obliged to leave Paris, and during the siege we learned that the Count had been appointed German Prefect of the Department of the Seine et Oise. The war over, he was appointed Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, but afterwards returned to France; and the story ran that Gambetta and two of his friends used to dine with him and "the Paiva" every Friday, and this at a time when every one was convinced that the ex-Dictator breathing hatred towards Germany dreamed of nothing but revenge. The Countess appears to have purchased some of the jewels sold by the Empress Eugénie to revenge herself for not having been asked to Court, and to have raised a palace in Silesia on the plans of the Tuileries¹—a palace in which she died at the age of fifty-six years of a congestion of the brain.

¹ I remember having read that Bedlam was built on the model of the Tuileries, and that this greatly irritated the French King. Poor Tuileries! its two wings alone remain, and they are of modern construction.

Another member of the *demi-monde* who shone here for a while assumed the name of Alice Douglas, although she had nothing Scotch about her, and was, I believe, a Dutch Jewess. I cannot say under what circumstances she shifted her quarters from the Hague to Paris, but she was greatly admired here, and after a short and brilliant career married the heir to an English dukedom. It is true that the young gentleman renounced all claim to the strawberry leaves in exchange for a handsome allowance for himself, for his wife, and for certain children born before they met. This was paying a heavy price for making the lady honest and himself a fool. Strange to say, after marriage, this couple settled here instead of retiring to some remote nook. However, they lived quietly, and gave no further cause for scandal.

Apropos to Jews, I one day went to see a Hebrew on some business—let us say Gabriel; his friends called him the Archangel—he was in close conference with another individual, and wanted my advice. There was an introduction, and I found myself in presence of Garcia, the gambler of world-wide fame, who, after breaking bank after bank, ended by being broken himself.¹ He wished Gabriel to advance him

¹ Garcia was ruined by the Duc de Morny, in this way. The Duke was at Baden at the same time as the gambler, and wishing to see him play, asked him to take his seat at the tables. Not feeling in luck Garcia at first refused, but, on being pressed, consented, and lost a fabulous sum.

money to recommence his triumphs, explaining to him how success was certain, and how Fortune favoured the bold. Gabriel was sorely tempted to charter Garcia and to try his luck, and I was appealed to. I did not tell Gabriel that I had once burned my fingers over a martingale in a speculation similar to that now proposed to him. I simply refused to pronounce an opinion on what was a matter of chance, with no more solid base to argue upon than the freaks of Dame Fortune, with so much in favour of the bank. In the end the Archangel declined to be lured by the brilliant expectations of the tempter, and the tempter himself got into sad troubles shortly afterwards.

There was then living in a sumptuous apartment in the Champs Elysées a distinguished member of the *demi-monde*, an Italian named Barucchi, who gave parties, which were anything but "small tea," when a deal of gambling was done. To one of these Garcia was invited, and when he took the bank there was such a speedy transfer of coin that some of the sufferers began to suspect foul play, and finally the cards were seized and found to be marked. This was the end of Garcia here. There were evil tongues who whispered that the mistress of the house was in the swindle. However that may be, she soon afterwards disappeared from the scene, and people no longer beheld her, magnificently attired, driving round the lake in the

Bois de Boulogne reclining in a splendid phaeton, horses and liveries all to match.

By the way B—— informed me one day that Gabriel was not a strictly upright and conscientious merchant—that there were three Gabriels, brothers, who played into each other's hands, one residing here, another in London, the third at Vienna. When anything went wrong with the Gabriel here he saddled it on the Gabriel in London, and the Gabriel of London white-washed himself at the expense of the Gabriel of Vienna, and so on all round. And, if I am rightly informed, the three Gabriels, in their time as incomprehensible to the ordinary mind as the mystery of the Trinity, gave the law-courts of France, England, and Austria much thread to unravel, and, thanks to the difficulty of proving their entity, slipped through a countless number of meshes. Each Gabriel was pure where he "squatted," the other two being evil-doers. B—— told me that Gabriel's chief business lay in insuring ships beyond their value, and getting the captains to run them ashore. As chance would have it, I had hardly learned these peculiarities when I met Gabriel on the Boulevards looking as jovial as possible. In reply to my greeting, "Ah! M. Gabriel," he assumed a most woe-begone expression, exclaiming—"Have you heard of my misfortune?" I answered "No," upon which he whined out that he had just lost another ship, which had run aground going into New York. "And

the insurance money!" I said, and walked on with a laugh.

I met Gabriel but once afterwards, in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, whither he had transferred his household gods. He told me that he had just married his daughter to a French nobleman, and so I concluded that he had prospered in his nefarious practices, and had lost more ships. As the young lady was of very unprepossessing appearance he could not have sold her into bondage, but on the contrary must have given her a handsome dowry.

I have mentioned the audacity with which women of the *demi-monde* assumed great and honoured names, trailing them in the mire. One curious case of a double usurpation came under my notice some years ago. I one day returned the visit of a gentleman who had called to thank me for some civility shown to him by my family in Ireland. I found him seated in a garden at the back of a charming little house close to the Champs Elysées. He had evidently just finished breakfast; evidently also some one had been startled by my visit and had flown. E—— and I were soon on good terms; the day was hot, and I should be ashamed to say how many bottles of the most exquisite champagne were emptied before we rose from table to take a drive in the Bois. E—— had given £900 for the trotter which whisked us along at a pace which I considered alarming, and which he asked me if I did

not think "respectable!" The animal was, I believe, of the Orloff breed, and was one of a pair given to Kahil Bey by the Emperor of Russia. The other having been killed by an accident, the Bey parted with the one behind which I had the honour of sitting.

I was rather astonished at the luxury which E—— displayed in Paris, as in Galway he had lived very quietly, and had never done anything to astonish the natives beyond eating young donkey—a taste he had acquired in South America. He explained to me afterwards that he had lost several relatives within a few days of each other, on the eve of the celebrated "Black Monday"; that they had all left him money, which, when the crash came, he invested in stock which had fallen to next-to-nothing, but which rose again after the panic had subsided. This accounted for the hotel furnished with old Irish oak, for the champagne, for the trotter, and for the lady who had fled at my approach when I entered the garden. And who was she? Well, she had been married to the son of an Irish marquis, and she was Lady A. C——. She had run away from his lordship, who was a very deplorable lot, and at the time I speak of had formed a third alliance. She used to give herself out as a French lady of high rank—Alphonsine Louise Laure de Narbonne. All I know is that her first admirer found her getting up linen, and induced her to leave her iron and follow him. She had been an extremely

lovely woman, but when she met E—— she was no longer in the flower of youth and beauty's pride, but must have gained a good stock of experience. I very seldom went to the hotel in the Rue de Vernet. E——, who came of good people, ought not to have been vulgar, but he was, and having taken a lady of title to his bosom, he made his servants call him "my lord!" I was rather astonished one day to learn that E—— had been driven out of his little Paradise by his irregular Eve. The Black Monday fortune had dwindled down considerably, and the ex-washerwoman, foreseeing a catastrophe at no distant date, had warned her lover off the premises. E—— could do nothing; he had taken the house in *her* name, and she kept all the beautiful carved oak and other chattels.

When the legitimate lord and husband heard of this, he hurried back to take possession, and violent was the scene which passed between him and his erratic spouse. Alphonsine Louise Laure nearly died of vexation. It was she who had killed cock-robin, and she was not to enjoy the prey! When there was nothing to make the pot boil, the shackles of matrimony had been knocked from her delicate wrists, and she had been allowed, as they say here, "to throw her cap over the windmill," and now that she had realized what she fondly thought was independence, she was to resume her fetters! In the end matters were arranged; his lordship consented to depart for a consideration, and

Alphonsine Louise Laure once more became a grass widow, and was conspicuous for her ill-doings. In the end she died, I believe, of shame and anger at having been made the dupe of a handsome but profligate young Englishman of high family, who relieved her of a portion of her treasure. Ah! "the gods are just, and of our pleasant sins make instruments to scourge us."

And what a pickle was the nephew of his lordship! I first made his acquaintance when I was a lad at Rugby. He had been a Queen's page, and then went into the Guards, but not for long; then he lived, if not on his own wits, on the credulity of others and a sinecure. He was an Apollo on a rather small scale, if one can imagine the son of Jupiter and Latona with a strong brogue. At Rugby, where he took up his hunting quarters, his mode of life was so opposed to all notions of morality that he was requested to leave that ancient seat of learning, and many of the tradespeople were foolish enough to regret his departure, for had he remained longer their anguish would have been more poignant.

I saw him casually in after life, and one day met him in the Champs Elysées, when he told me that he was going to be married, and that he was waiting for his betrothed, Mrs. X——, whose divorce had made some noise in the world. As he expressed a wish to introduce me, I remained with him till the lady made her appearance. She was strikingly handsome, with a

beautiful complexion, hair, and eyes, but rather too much of a grenadier for Apollo. The marriage took place, and whether the pair were happy or unhappy during the honeymoon I know not; but Apollo shortly grew weary of his lady, and coolly informed her that their marriage was null and void, as it had been contracted one day too soon after the divorce. The matter was taken into Court, and the Court had to decide in favour of the defendant, who had conducted Mrs. X—— to the altar 364 days after her previous marriage had been dissolved instead of 365 as the law enacts. It cannot be said that the reputation of the gentleman suffered by this little bit of infamy; it was too lamentable for that already. He became an earl, and then a marquis, but I don't think that he ever ventured to take his seat in the House of Lords.

VIII

DEPUTIES, 1889, AND THE PRESS

ON January 17, 1873, I made the following observations in my daily letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then edited by Mr. Frederick Greenwood—

“A number of provincial journalists had an interview yesterday with the redoubtable quæstor of the Chamber, M. Baze. These gentlemen humbly requested that some accommodation might be afforded them for

following the debates, but the manner of their reception by M. Baze left little doubt as to the result of the application. The deputation withdrew, much irritated at the uncourteous language of the quæstor, who declared, among other things, that the old official analysis of the proceedings of the Assembly would be resorted to once more. This is very grievous, but it must be remembered that no one has been more badgered by the Press than M. Baze by the slings and arrows of adyverse criticism. The tone, also, of many of the papers in dealing with the Assembly is calculated to bring the Chamber into contempt, and to irritate deputies with the fourth estate. M. Gambetta's one eye, M. Dufaure's nose and waistcoat, M. Ernest Picard's rotundity, M. Naquet's hump, M. Batbie's volume, and the personal peculiarities of other members, are subjects for constant merriment on the part of several widely circulating journals, who despatch the funniest man on their staff to do the Chamber. Turning to the *Figaro* of this morning, I find the following pen-and-ink sketch of M. Belcastel, who yesterday asked for some explanations respecting the Roman incident. The funny man says— 'M. de Belcastel is less of a deputy than an apostle. He is one of those ascetic old monks of days gone by, with an angular head, pointed cranium, a yellow worn-out face, thin straight nose, grey eyes, hollow cheeks: he is thin, long, bony, wearied with fasting and prayer, and devoured by a single thought—mystical and pro-

found. His beard is short and grey like that of the old Christian martyrs, and envelops a wrinkled and austere mouth. The voice of M. de Belcastel is shaky, stifled, and without warmth. . . . He is a Peter the Hermit in a riding-coat,' &c. &c. M. Albert Millaud, the author of the above sketch, concluded his report with the following fable, entitled, 'M. Dufaure's nose and Providence,' which he attributes to M. Baze, the quæstor—

“ Dieu fait bien ce qu'il fait. Personne ne l'ignore.
Or, qui fit le nez de Dufaure ?
C'est Dieu—ce créateur parfait.

MORAL.

Le nez de Dufaure est bien fait.”

M. Baze is dead and gone long ago, but the funny man remains, and deputies are still held up to ridicule, as witness the following sketches of members sitting in the present Parliament, culled from the columns of the *Figaro*. I am told that deputies don't object, and, rather than be passed over in silence, prefer having their weak points, both mental and physical, exposed to the public view. The old French maxim that ridicule kills must certainly be wrong. But the sketches—

“COSMAO, DUMANEZ.—Fifty-two years of age. Doctor. Will not make much noise in the Chamber. Is called in his part of the country the mute doctor. Kosmao in Breton means old sheep; surname well suited to the new deputy, who will vote like a sheep any way that his chiefs desire.”

“M. HÉNON.—Barrister at Quimper. Republican, married, moderate fortune, belongs to a family of artisans, patronized by the Comte de Carné. Much amusement was caused during the elections by the production of the following letter—

‘M. LE COMTE,

‘I shall feel much obliged if you will be kind enough to obtain a *bourse* for the son of your quondam shoemaker.

‘HÉNON, PÈRE.’

Hénon *filis* is a hard worker and a distinguished orator.”

“CITIZEN BAUDIN.—Engaged in a porcelain manufactory. Socialist. Small, thick-set, long black beard; looks intelligent; head of an apostle. Condemned to death by default for the part he played during the Commune. Was sent to prison for provoking several strikes.”

“DOCTOR GRISEZ, Belfort.—Type of a rural doctor. Numerous patients, there being no other medical man in the district where he resides. Brought up in a seminary. Lisps. Will amuse the Chamber if he speaks. Will vote in favour of all Jacobin measures. Is a Catholic because he was born one, but is an enemy of religion. Reminds us that Darwin and Littré pretend that man descends from the monkey.”

“DOCTOR MANDEVILLE.—Like most country doctors,

vulgar in his manners and without distinction in his profession; incapable of pronouncing two consecutive phrases in public. No limits to his ambition. . . .”

“DOCTOR DAVID.—A very amiable, gay, and clever dentist. The author of several works on dental surgery. Knight of the Legion of Honour. . . .”

“DOCTOR HERBET.—Opportuniste and medico. Agreeable physiognomy. Small fortune. Bachelor.”

“DOCTOR LANGLET.—Cold, serious, intelligent, few patients, not rich enough to bring up his family without fees. Radical. Honest and austere. Has some difficulty in expressing himself in public.”

“DOCTOR THOMAS.—High colour, jovial face, but sarcastic smile; loses his temper easily. . . .”

“DOCTOR REY.—Another country doctor. Takes great interest in agricultural and viticultural questions. Looks like a churchwarden in Sunday clothes. An income of about £1200.”

“M. DEVILLE-GAMBETTA was the son of a grocer; he was a grocer himself, and, after having acquired a certain competence, was elected mayor, then Councillor-General, then deputy. Obstinate, good father, honest, and in spite of his uncouth manners would not hurt a fly.”

“M. DAVID.—Returned for Chateauroux because he is the son of his father, and because, at fairs, he sits down at table with peasants and horse-dealers. Middle height; pericranium lugubriously bald and shiny. Between the occiput and the fatty fold of the neck

there is a narrow fringe of bright red hair. Large fortune. Bachelor. Priest-hater. Was rejected for military service during the war of 1870 owing to his obesity."

"GENERAL MACADARAS.—A mystery and a marvel. Brought over a free corps in 1870, and hence 'General.' An Irishman. He was formerly a captain in the Indian army. It is related at Sisteron that he won battles all alone. Disappeared after the war. Reappeared three years later very rich, took a mansion in Paris, and purchased a château at Sisteron. Always took a prompter to public meetings. He talked of *le Répioubligue*, which did not prevent him from beating his Republican rival."

"COMTE LEMERCIER.—The new deputy for Saintes was born the same day as the Comte de Chambord. His mother, a daughter of Marshal Jourdan, died in giving him birth. Widower. No children; £5000 a year. He is justly blamed because, though an ardent Conservative and strict Catholic, he patronizes with speech and purse all the ungodly, freethinking, atheistical, and freemasonic works in his department. He breakfasts with the Almighty, and sups with the Evil One."

"M. GARNIER.—Returned for Marennes. Rich. Married. If Roger Bacon had not discovered the secret of powder, he would still fight with a crossbow. Was elected Councillor-General in 1867, when he had a

splendid Court costume made, in which he appeared at the Tuileries; his waistcoat was decorated with diamonds of the first water, which, since 1871, are used by Mme. Garnier to adorn the body of her dress."

IX

A BALL

I SHALL never forget an incident which took place at my first French ball. I knew nothing of the host or hostess, who were musical celebrities, and owed my invitation to Mme. de V——, whose husband possessed large vineyards in Champagne. About midnight I was dancing a quadrille with Mme. de V—— as my partner, and her daughter was *vis-à-vis*. Suddenly there was a flutter. A servant made a communication to the hostess, the hostess whispered something to Mme. de V——, who rushed over with the news to her daughter, and all three vanished, exhibiting signs of great excitement. Our quadrille was dislocated, and the gentleman opposite and myself, with our partners flown, were left looking at each other in mute astonishment. About ten minutes elapsed, when Mme. de V—— returned and explained the mystery. Her daughter had been married about twelve months before, and had brought a baby to the ball. This infant, installed in a neighbouring room, had been roused from his slumbers,

and requiring sustenance, had commenced to squall, and it was to appease him that the young mother had been hastily summoned, and Mme. de V——, of course, thought it necessary to accompany her daughter. I was all the more amused by this family incident, as for a moment I had been seized with a vague alarm that some untoward accident had happened. Although a grandmother, Mme. de V—— was extremely young-looking and handsome, and while her features beamed with intelligence and good-nature, there was something very majestic in her bearing.

When the ball was over, I was rather surprised to hear the host, who seemed to be

“Washing his hands with invisible soap
In imperceptible water,”

express his intense satisfaction to Mme. de V—— that all the ladies had done him the honour to appear in new dresses. This observation, coming from the *master* of the house, appeared to me rather strange, but M. B—— was far too highly flattered to conceal his delight.

X

CLOSE OF THE EMPIRE

IN 1867 we had a Universal Exhibition in the Champs de Mars, which was a great success in every way. It was not so large as that which followed, after the fall of the Empire, when Marshal MacMahon was President, but it was much more enjoyable. It attracted to Paris not only a vast concourse of people from all quarters of the globe, but several crowned heads, and but for a formidable display of artillery and a monster Krupp gun, we might have thought ourselves on the eve of the millennium. At last, said people, the famous declaration made at Bordeaux in 1852—*L'Empire c'est la paix*—is about to receive its consecration. The Bordeaux declaration, it is true, had been swiftly followed by the Crimean War, and afterwards there had been war with Austria, and military expeditions not a few.

The mention of the Bordeaux incident reminds me of a couple of good anecdotes. The declaration of the newly-crowned Emperor was hailed with such delight in Paris, that directly it was known, the Théâtre Français announced in its play-bill — “*Cantate*—

L'Empire c'est la paix." As ill-luck, and certainly not design, would have it, the last piece mentioned in the same play-bill was one of Alfred de Musset's charming proverbs, as they are called, entitled "*Il ne faut jurer de rien!*"

Anecdote number two is this—Bordeaux went to vast expense to give the Emperor a reception worthy, if not of his fame, of his name, and at one spot a splendid triumphal arch had been constructed, from which a superb crown of flowers with this legend—"*Il l'a bien mérité*"—was to descend as his Majesty passed through. Unfortunately on the night preceding the entry, there had been a violent storm which had disarranged the mechanism, and when the proper moment for lowering the crown arrived, the rope and the legend alone descended! It may be easily imagined that this little *contretemps*, which set the wits in a roar, was carefully hushed up.

The first two great sovereigns to visit Paris were the Czar, who was put up at the Elysée, and the King of Prussia, who was lodged in the Tuileries. The Emperor of Austria and the Sultan arrived afterwards. Driving along the Rue de Rivoli one sultry evening on the top of a coach, I remember seeing his Majesty William dining with some dozen guests, looking the picture of amiability. The windows of the banquet-hall were wide open. A few days afterwards I had another and better view of the Prussian monarch. There was a grand

review held in the Bois de Boulogne, to which I duly repaired, and the better to see I scrambled up on the roof of a cab. Hardly had I attained that elevated position, when a detachment of the Cent-Gardes swept by, and a few minutes later came riding abreast three sovereigns followed by a numerous and brilliant staff—the Emperor Napoleon III., with the King of Prussia on his right and the Czar on his left, and they all reined up at a few paces from me, for the French Emperor, seeing that the Cent-Gardes had taken a wrong direction, had sent an aide-de-camp forward to rectify the error, and while this was being done a halt was called, and the three potentates sat on their steeds conversing very cheerfully almost within earshot of where I was perched.

This same visit, by the way, very nearly had a fatal termination for the Czar, for on returning to Paris in an open carriage with the Emperor, he was fired at by a Pole called Berezowski. Fortunately the bullet missed the Czar, and the only damage it did was to wound the horse of an aide-de-camp and a lady called Madame Laborie, whose acquaintance I afterwards made; she was very little hurt. Naturally this untoward event caused great excitement and indignation, and it seemed likely for a moment that there would be a massacre of Polish refugees, or at all events that they would be banished from France. The Czar, however, behaved very well in the matter, and the ferment

cooled down. The Ultras of course excused the attempt.

On another occasion poor Nicolas was publicly insulted. He was paying a visit to the Palais de Justice, when a rising young lawyer of extreme opinions went up to him and shouted "Vive la Pologne, Monsieur!" in his face. This was M. Floquet, who afterwards modified his opinions, became President of the Chamber, served in more than one administration, and in 1888 filled the post of Prime Minister, or President of the Council as it is called here. In 1888, by the way, the Russian alliance was the great hobby, and it was feared for a time that the formation of a Floquet Ministry would be resented at St. Petersburg. However, the Russian Government consented to overlook M. Floquet's early bad manner and youthful indiscretion. The above incident reminded me of Peter the Great, who probably visited the Palais de Justice during his stay in Paris—at all events he visited the courts in London, and was much astonished at the number of lawyers he saw—"I have only two," he said, "in all my dominions, and I intend to hang one on my return."

At this moment there are a great many Poles of high and low degree in Paris, and one of Napoleon's pet aides-de-camp is Prince Poniatowski (grandson of the hero who perished in the waves of the Elster), with whom I am acquainted. He is loud in his praises of

the Emperor, and told me the other day that only upon one occasion had he received a reprimand from him. This was at Compiègne, where their Majesties were entertaining a select circle. The Baroness Burdett Coutts had been invited, and was to arrive for dinner. Dinner was announced, but there was no Baroness. The Emperor insisted upon waiting. Still her chariot-wheels tarried. An hour, two hours slipped away, but at last she came. Prince Poniatowski had forgotten to send to the station for her, and in despair she had at length chartered a country vehicle of some sort, had arrived at her destination, and had dressed. Naturally the Prince was reprimanded for his neglect.

The Poles had always been popular in France, if not from the time when the Duke of Anjou, afterwards Henri III. of France, was King of Poland, at all events since the days of Louis XV., who married Maria Leczinska, daughter of Stanislas, the exiled King of Poland. In 1733 came the war of the Polish Succession, which ended in France acquiring Lorraine for Stanislas, with reversion to herself on his death. In 1772 came the first partition of Poland, which was a sad blow to French influence, and was not accomplished without a struggle in which Francis Dumouriez, Choisy, and other French officers took a brilliant part. The same year France annexed Lorraine and Corsica. The second and third partitions of Poland speedily followed; both hateful to France, then unable to interfere, being

in the throes of the First Revolution, and "freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell," crying *Finis Polonia*.¹ Under the First Empire, Poles flocked to the standard of Napoleon, allured by his fallacious promises of re-establishing their kingdom. There was a Polish campaign: battles or butcheries of Eylau and Friedland, followed by Treaty of Tilsit, but no reconstruction of Poland, which Napoleon never seriously contemplated, only the creation of a Duchy of Warsaw, which did not long exist. It was when at Warsaw that Napoleon had a *liaison* with the Countess Walewska, who bore him a son, whom the Poles thought and hoped might one day reign over them. This was the Count Walewski, who under the Second Empire rose to be Foreign Minister, and was afterwards President of the Chamber. To come down to our days: in 1830 there was a rising in Poland, and another in 1861, which was put down with such cruelty that France remonstrated, and war with Russia was on the point of breaking out, the Poles fondly hoping that Count Walewski would induce Napoleon to strike a blow in their favour. Numbers of Polish refugees flocked to France, were welcomed with open arms, and received pensions. As late as 1891, there were one hundred and forty-eight

¹ Kosciusko escaped, and settled for a while in France. In 1812, Napoleon tried to persuade him, but in vain, to join in the march to Moscow, but he doubted the intentions of the Emperor, after the Tilsit affair.

of these unfortunates, including Theodore Wydlé, aide-de-camp to Dictator Langiewicz, in receipt of pensions.

No wonder that the sympathies of liberal France were on the side of the Poles, and shortly after the attempt on the life of the Czar there was a revulsion of feeling in their favour, which was so manifest that the Government did not venture to have Berezowski executed; he was merely transported to *La Nouvelle*, as the French criminal classes call New Caledonia.

Two events, before the close of 1867, caused much excitement and a painful impression in Paris—the news of the death of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico, and the wonders worked by the chassepot rifle at Mentana. The tragedy with which “the brightest idea of his reign” terminated was a sad blow to the popularity of Napoleon III. and the prestige of France, while his Italian policy was strongly condemned by all lovers of freedom, whose sympathy was enlisted on the side of Garibaldi, and not on that of the Pope. On the eve of conferring liberal institutions at home, the French Emperor attacked liberty beyond the Alps.

I was a pretty good cricket-player in my youth, and when at Rugby rose to be second in the eleven. I more than once played with old Lillywhite, who was the first to introduce round-arm bowling, and on one occasion I was asked to play with the All England eleven, which in those days used to travel about playing

the different counties, and generally took one gentleman with them. My parents, however, would not allow me to accept the offer. In 1867 I played my last match during the Exhibition. A small cricket club had been formed here, and one day the Emperor and Empress came to witness the game, which was duly explained to their Majesties by the secretary, Mr. Sparks. They even examined a cricket-ball. This visit saved the club, for a few days afterwards an old Oxford man while making a run tripped, fell, and broke his arm. The matter was at once reported to the police, and the club was going to be shut up as dangerous had not an appeal to the Emperor prevented so dire a contingency. With the aid of some artillerymen, who had come over with English guns to the Exhibition, we got up a very fair eleven, of which I was captain, and played a foreign eleven—an eleven of Spaniards! Spaniards, or Spanish-speaking lads, from the South American Republic, who were being educated in England, and had come over to Paris to see the Exhibition. Strange to say, this match was played on a plot of ground in the Bois de Boulogne known as the lawn of Madrid—a lawn in front of a *châlet* called Madrid, because Francis I. inhabited it for a time on his return to France, after having been released from captivity in Spain. Alas! we lost the match by one run. The Spanish bowling was a trifle too good for us.

The French have never taken to cricket. In the

South a funny incident happened with some Englishmen, who were indulging in the national pastime. The mayor of the *commune* in which they were playing, unable to understand what it was all about, and suspecting something dangerous to the safety of the State, confiscated bats, balls, and wickets, and sent them to Paris, asking for instructions. This was on a par with the rising which took place in Brittany, on the introduction of eight-day clocks, the peasants suspecting that they had some connection with the hated salt tax!

A short time ago I saw a sketch in an illustrated paper representing "Napoleon cutting his corns before Waterloo," and I reflected on the indifferent manner in which his countrymen still talk of that great disaster.

"We do not curse thee, Waterloo!"

wrote Byron in *An Ode from the French*; the funds went up as soon as the news of the defeat reached Paris, and Louis XVIII. was shortly afterwards welcomed back once more to the capital by his fickle subjects, though not with the enthusiasm of 1814.¹ What a light-

¹ In 1814, at a gala representation given at the Opera, in honour of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, the allied sovereigns were most enthusiastically received, and songs were sung in their praise, commencing thus—

"Vive Alexandre !
 Vive ce roi des rois, &c.

 Vive Guillaume
 Et ses guerriers vaillants," &c.

hearted people! The memorable phrase, never uttered—*La garde meurt et ne se rend pas*—half consoled them for the loss of the battle. I have often had Frenchmen say to me, after losing money at cards—“It’s my Waterloo.”

On August 2, 1761, Voltaire wrote—“I always imagine, when some great disaster occurs, that the French will be serious for six weeks. I have not yet been able to get over the idea.”

However, Voltaire himself erred in this way: continually covering serious matters with ridicule. I read an apology the other day for this method. Voltaire, said the writer, was thoroughly French, and the frivolity of his language, and sometimes of his conduct, explains his enormous influence over his contemporaries, and over France of to-day. In *Candide* (ch. xxiii.), where he wants to console his countrymen for the loss of Canada, he makes Martin speak of that colony as a few acres of snow. And how did he write to Frederick the Great, after that monarch had so roughly handled Soubise and his army at Rossbach?

“Hero du Nord, je savais bien
 Que vous tailleriez des croupières
 Aux soldats du Roi—très chrétien
 Qui vous montreraient leurs derrières!”

Be it remembered that at Rossbach the French lost 3000 killed, 7000 prisoners, and sixty-three guns, and that Soubise wrote to Louis XV.—“I address your

Majesty in the depth of my despair. The defeat of your army is total; I cannot tell you how many of your officers have been killed or captured." What remained of the army was dispersed, and the unfortunate General knew not what had become of it. Paris revenged itself in satiric songs and epigrams of this description—

"Soubise dit, lanterne à la main :
 J'ai beau chercher où diable est mon armée :
 Elle était là pourtant hier matin.
 Me l'a-t-on prise, ou l'aurais—j'égarée ?
 Ah ! je perdi tout : je suis un étourdi."

.

And the next year when Clermont,¹ nicknamed by Frederick the Great the General of the Benedictines, lost the battle of Crevelt, Paris sang—

"Moitié plumet, moitié rabat,
 Aussi propre à l'un comme à l'autre,
 Clermont se bat comme un apôtre,
 Me sert Dieu comme il se bat."

Or, half feathers, half bands, as fit for one as for the other, Clermont fights like an apostle, and serves God as he fights.

It is true that poor Clermont's army was, as a French historian (Dury) says, "very badly composed." When he took over the command from Richelieu, "he had to cashier eighty officers, and one saw 12,000 carts of

¹ The Count de Clermont, who belonged to the family of Condé, was titular Abbé of St. Germain des Prés, and hence the jokes aimed at him as a Churchman.

traders and sutlers with the army. On the day of battle there were 6000 marauders absent from the ranks."

Taine, in *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*, has noticed this fury of his countrymen for turning everything into songs and epigrams—"Alliances, battles, taxes, treaties, ministries, *coups d'états*." And he tells us how some young gentlemen of the Court, after discussing the *mot* of the day, recapitulated all the songs made on the disasters of France—"The song on the battle of Hochstadt (Blenheim) was found bad, and some of them said on this subject, 'I am sorry for the loss of this battle; the song is worth nothing.'¹ As a set-off, the song on the battle of Rosbach was found charming."

The other day I read a work recently published, *The Memoirs of Canler*, which contains a very graphic account of the great battle, or a corner of the field. As a conscript's view of what passed, I found it so interesting that I translated it.

¹ We had our popular verses about Blenheim, in which Southey said, for example—

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win.
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why, that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory."

XI

THE LATTER DAYS

HENRI ROCHEFORT did more at this time than any one else to render the Second Empire unpopular, with *La Lanterne*, a small pamphlet with red cover, which appeared every morning, and greatly rejoiced the Parisian mind. It was very audacious, very incisive, and very witty; it was eagerly purchased, and its circulation soon touched 100,000 copies. It said that there were 36,000,000 subjects in France, without counting those of dissatisfaction, and it flagellated the Imperial system with scorpions. Naturally this could not long be tolerated, and one morning Paris learned on awaking that Citizen Rochefort, *ci-devant* Marquis, had quitted its walls and had shifted his quarters to Belgium to avoid arrest. After this flight it was of course very difficult to procure *La Lanterne*, the publication of which was continued over the frontier. Copies, however, were to be had, if not for love, for money. They used to be smuggled into France in a variety of ways, and on one occasion the "merchant" who furnished me now and again with a copy at an average price of from four to eight shillings, received a supply enclosed in a bust of his Imperial Majesty Napoleon III.! Of course persecution rendered the little red

pamphlet more popular than ever, giving it the savour of stolen fruit, and the more it was persecuted the fiercer and more relentless it became. When the Emperor felt that the ground was slipping from under his feet, he determined to resort to a direct appeal to the nation. The Constitution of 1852 had been modified in 1860, and France was now asked to approve of the liberal modifications made since the latter date. Seven and a half million of voters out of nine million replied Yes! upon which Henri Rochefort took up his pen and wrote that Napoleon III. resembled a sick man getting out of bed and painting his face before venturing to look into the glass. And in fact, in spite of the *Senatus Consultum* and the seven and a half million voters, the Empire was sick unto death.

In the month of May we had a general election, which was disastrous for the Empire. Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and a number of other large constituencies, went dead against the Government. There was a great deal of excitement and some rioting in the provinces and the capital. I attended several of the political meetings in Paris, and was amazed at the violence with which the proceedings were conducted and the absurdity of the theories advocated. At the *Châtelet* theatre, M. Emile Olivier, who had adhered to the liberal Empire, met with a stormy reception, and it was long before he could obtain a hearing. It was all in vain that he

spoke at the top of his voice, all he said was drowned in uproar. He hit upon another plan which met with all the success it deserved. Instead of trying to make himself heard above the storm, he lowered his voice and spoke in an almost inaudible tone; then the people tried to catch what he was saying, and there were cries of Hush! hush! and in this way the young orator was able to declare and defend his policy.

The elections went sadly against the Empire in spite of its new liberal tendencies. In Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, and other large centres the official candidates were nearly all defeated, and it was only after a second ballot that Emile Olivier was returned. For many years the Opposition consisted of five deputies; after the elections of '66 it rose to thirty-five, and now it counted no less than 116, and among these were Henri Rochefort, Jules Ferry, and Gambetta, who had from a rather rowdy and impecunious law student just acquired celebrity by the boldness and eloquence with which he defended Delescluze at his trial for a press offence. Just after his speech, a portion of which I heard, I was presented to the young orator and to his client. A short time afterwards I met Gambetta just as he was going into the Chamber for the first time. He looked very awkward in a new suit of clothes, like a tradesman in his Sunday best. We exchanged a few words, and I wished him good luck, little imagining the rôle he was

about to play. I did not often go to the Chamber, but I heard Henri Rochefort address the House for the first time. He spoke from his place, contrary to custom, said only a few words, and the subject was one of no importance, but I was much struck by the amount of assurance he displayed. I also heard another speech which has remained impressed on my mind—the last speech made by M. Rouher before handing over the reins of office to Emile Olivier, in which he made an eloquent defence of his policy. He was pale with emotion; he had wielded almost unlimited power for about six years, and was evidently very loath to lay down office. He had succeeded Billault, on the death of that minister, and though shortly after his appointment a wit exclaimed—“Quantum mutatus à Billault!” he was a more able man than his predecessor. He had been given the nickname of the Vice-Emperor. On his resignation he received the comfortable berth of President of the Senate, which he was not long to enjoy.

Amongst other persons who came prominently to the fore at this period was M. Jules Grévy. He had sat in the Constituent Assembly in 1848, and in order to prevent the election of Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic, had proposed that no member of any family which had reigned in France should be eligible to fill that post. He went even further; he desired that there should be no President, little foreseeing that he would

afterwards himself be twice elected to fill that office. He was in favour of governing by means of Committees as in the days of the Convention, and, as a writer recently remarked, there will always be in Paris more partisans of the *régime* of the Convention than of the Presidential *régime*, which is a sort of elective royalty which easily turns into a dictatorship. It is true that the Convention had sixty-three Presidents who finished badly; eighteen were guillotined; three committed suicide; eight were transported; six were condemned to perpetual imprisonment; twenty-two were outlawed; and four went mad. The sixty-three Presidents above referred to were what we should call chairmen. When I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, he was *bâtonnier*, or President, of the Paris bar, and had recently been elected to represent the Vosges, of which department he was a native. His return, at a bye election, was considered the first slap in the face given to the Empire. In those days M. Grévy went every afternoon to the Café de la Régence for a game of chess or billiards, and I had been playing at chess with him one day when James Mortimer asked me if I knew who my opponent was. On replying in the negative, he informed me. M. Grévy was unlike most of his countrymen; he had no French exuberance, and always maintained a dignity of manner which was an effectual bar to familiarity. However, he was exceedingly amiable, and often furnished me with information on historical and

other topics, for he was well read, a good classical scholar, and a special admirer of Horace. He used sometimes to unbend so far as to call me *Perfide Albion* when I got him into difficulties at chess. I may mention that the Café de la Régence, in the Rue St. Honoré, has long been the head-quarters of chess-players in Paris. In an inner room is a little silver plate let into a marble table which informs the stranger that at that table Bonaparte was accustomed to play, probably in the days of the Revolution, when it was the fashion to say check to the Tyrant instead of to the king.

A little theatrical incident happened in 1869 which is worth mentioning. Be it observed that one of the privileges of the Théâtre Français is that of being able to take any piece performed at another house and to play it, of course remunerating the author, always enchanted with such an honour. Now when Count Walewski was Minister of the Emperor's household, and had the theatres under his control, the Théâtre Français wished to appropriate the *Demi-Monde* of the younger Dumas, which had been played with great success at the Gymnase, but Count Walewski forbade the bans on the ground that the comedy was immoral. Alexander Dumas revenged himself by relating how in 1840 a piece called *L'Ecole du Monde*, written by M. Walewski, was represented at the Théâtre Français, and how the author in a preface protested against the

charge of immorality brought against it, saying—"In the days in which we live there is a virtue rare and noble in a man, that of having the courage of his opinion." And Alexander Dumas added—"A man who, having attained power, says and does exactly the opposite to what he said, thought, and did before he attained it, that is not new, it is not original, but it is always amusing."

To this of course Count Walewski could only reply *tempora mutantur*.

This reminds me of a writer who after being appointed to the Censorship received an invitation to dine with several of his old comrades of the Press, and who declined in a witty quatrain, the two last lines of which ran thus—

"A la fois, on ne peut pas être
Braconnier et garde champêtre."

By the way, Count Walewski dedicated his play to Victor Hugo, who was continually at war with the censors.

Towards the close of 1869, the theatre of the Châtelet announced the performance of "*The Vengeur*, naval drama, in five acts." This created some astonishment, as it would be sure to lead to Republican demonstrations; but Anastasie, as the censorship is called, had become very indulgent under the Emile Olivier Government, and what had a liberal Empire to fear

from the representation of one of the most heroic acts of the Revolution on the boards of the Châtelet, even to the accompaniment of the *Marseillaise*?

Most people are aware of the French legend of our "glorious first of June," and how the *Vengeur*, sooner than strike her flag to "the enemies of human nature," went down with all hands singing the Revolutionary anthem. A report was made upon this sublime affair to the Convention by Bertrand Barrère, the Anacreon of the Guillotine, considered by Carlyle as a greater liar than Mendez Pinto, Munchausen, Cagliostro, or Psalmanazor, and who has received similar treatment at the hands of Macaulay.¹

Before going to the Châtelet to see this naval drama, I looked over the report of the sitting in the Convention

¹ In his essay on the "Memoirs of Bertrand Barrère, preceded by a historical notice by H. Carnot, 1843," Macaulay says of the hero—"There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we have never met with them or have read of them." And very hard was Macaulay on the father of our President of the Republic (1892) for his apology of this "spiteful yahoo." "It is no light thing," he wrote, "that a man in high and honourable public trust, a man who from his connections and position may not unnaturally be supposed to speak the sentiments of a large class of his countrymen, should come forward to demand approbation for a life black with every sort of wickedness, and unredeemed by a single virtue. This M. Hippolyte Carnot has done. By attempting to enshrine this Jacobin carrion, he has forced us to gibbet it; and we venture to say that from the eminence of infamy on which we have placed it, he will not easily take it down."

at which Barrère read his description of the battle. After expatiating in the language of the period on the heroism of the crew of the *Vengeur*, he cried—"Miserable slaves of Pitt and of Georges, did you think that French Republicans would deliver themselves into such perfidious hands, or would treat with enemies so vile as you? No! The Republic contemplates them, and they will know how to live or die for her . . . They might have deliberated an instant on their fate. But no, citizens, our brothers no longer deliberate; they see the English and their country; they prefer going to the bottom to dishonouring themselves by surrendering; they do not hesitate; their last prayers are for the Republic; they disappear."

At this point of the report the whole Convention rose and cried *Vive la République!* and the greatest emotion reigned in the galleries. It was declared that the English journals had themselves related this sublime episode, and when Barrère resumed his seat the Convention, in a fit of enthusiasm, voted a *fête* and hymns in its honour; also that a miniature *Vengeur* should be constructed and suspended from the roof of the Pantheon, and that the names of the sailors composing the crew should be inscribed on one of the pillars in the Temple of Glory. There was no *fête*; there were no hymns; no miniature *Vengeur* was suspended in the Pantheon, for the truth soon oozed out, and the Revolution had other fish to fry.

What happened was this. The *Vengeur* was sinking, and hung out signals of distress, whereupon "the enemies of human nature" sent boats to her assistance, and rescued 267 officers and men from a watery grave. The captain of the *Vengeur* was one Renaudin, and it seems that *he and his officers were the first to get into the English boats*; then followed the men who were unhurt; and the sick, the wounded, the dying, and the dead alone went down with the *Vengeur*. This is what appears from the report of the affair signed by Captain Renaudin and several of his officers, and dated Tavistock,¹ 1st Messidor, year 11.

Jal published this report, which is also to be found in the French naval history of Léon Guerin. Notwithstanding this, Renaudin was declared by M. Thiers to have been drowned, and by Lamartine to have been cut in two, whereas I have elsewhere read that he breakfasted on board the English flag-ship with Admiral Howe. He was certainly exchanged after some months of captivity, and on his return to France was made a rear-admiral and given a pension, on condition of holding his peace, and leading a retired life in some sea-coast village. He died in 1809.

I have but an indistinct recollection of the drama, which was of course written on the lines of Bertrand Barrère's report. Instead of Captain Renaudin, it was Captain Richard who commanded the *Vengeur*, and

¹ Where the captain was residing *en parole*.

Captain Richard was in love with the Citoyenne Annette. There was a Royalist conspiracy and other padding which made the audience impatient, and excited the hilarity of the gallery as well as that of the boxes and the pit. What cared the public for such accessories? What it wanted to see was the grand tableau, which had been extensively advertised. It came at last, and we had Captain Richard ordering his colours to be nailed to the mast, refusing to strike to the English; wild embraces, cries of *Vive la République!* singing of the *Marseillaise*, and finally the good ship *Vengeur* heeling over and disappearing beneath the waves with Captain Richard and his crew. All this was exceedingly well done, and excited universal enthusiasm. The drama was patriotic and Republican, and flattering to the national vanity, and these qualities were enough to ensure success. If the dialogue was lacking in interest, this defect was in a great measure atoned for by the beauty of the decorations, the richness of the costumes, and the excellent working of the machinery, which covered a multitude of sins. In addition to the tableau of the sinking of the *Vengeur*, there was another tableau deservedly admired, that of a *fête* in honour of Ceres given on the Pont-Neuf.

Close to me was seated a well-known and able critic, called Louis Ulbach, who "did" the melodrama for the *Figaro*, and I was much astonished at the boldness with which the next morning he demolished Bertrand

Barrère's fiction, and related what had really happened. However, it is difficult to kill a legend in France, especially when that legend is calculated to take the sting out of some disaster, and make heroes of the vanquished. It is always Marshal Tallard's remark to Marlborough after Blenheim—"Your Grace has beaten the finest troops in Europe." In 1892 the *Vengeur* was served up again to French patriotism, not in the shape of a play, but in that of a panorama. The doomed vessel was represented at the moment that she was going down. On the deck, which was red with blood, were bare-footed seamen with their red caps; some were locked in a last embrace, others shouting and singing and firing off their last cartridges. In order to strike the imagination of the spectator more forcibly, and to render a greater appearance of reality to the scene, shots were fired behind the curtain, and an invisible chorus every now and again sang the *Marseillaise*. It is only fair to add that the artist so far adhered to historical truth as to depict English boats putting off to rescue drowning Frenchmen, and for this concession M. Poilpot deserves great credit.

Other plays of a revolutionary character were performed now that liberal ideas were in the ascendancy. In one, which created rather a sensation, an actress appeared on the stage in rags and sang an abominable song, entitled *La Canaille*, asserting at the end of each

verse "*J'en suis.*" This was the triumph of rag-tag and bob-tailery in which the sovereign people made a very deplorable exhibition of themselves.

About this time I went to see Frederick Lemaître, the last time, I think, that he appeared on the stage. He was of course only the ghost of his former self, and his faulty articulation, more than his gestures, which at times were remarkable for their dignity and appropriateness, betrayed his great age. It was melancholy to witness this popular idol in its decay. What an actor and what a favourite he had been ! Here is what Victor Hugo said of him when he appeared in *Ruy Blas* in 1838—"As for Frederick Lemaître, what can be said ? The enthusiastic applause of the audience hailed him on his entry and followed him until after the *dénouement*. Dreamer and profound in the first act ; melancholy in the second ; grand, passionate, and sublime in the third ; he rose in the fifth to one of those prodigious tragic effects from the height of which the radiant actor dominates all the souvenirs of his art. For the old play-goers it was Lekain and Garrick in one. For us, his contemporaries, it was the action of Kean combined with the emotion of Talma. And then, everywhere, throughout the dazzling flashes of his play, Frederick has tears, real tears which make others weep ; tears like those of which Horace speaks : *Si vis me flere, dolendum est, est primum ipse tibi*. In *Ruy Blas* Frederick Lemaître realizes our ideal of a great actor.

It is certain that all his theatrical existence, the past as well as the future, will be illuminated by this brilliant creation. The evening of November 8, 1838, was not a representation, but a transfiguration." So wrote the poet in a note appended to the play.

Poor Frederick Lemaître ! it is strange that he lasted as long as he did, for he required a good deal of priming. Before going on the stage he used to work himself up to a certain, and sometimes an uncertain, pitch, rinsing his mouth with large quantities of wine, which he did not swallow but spit out. The fumes, however, at times overpowered him, and got him into scrapes. A friend told me that one evening he appeared on the stage in such a state of inebriety that the audience hissed, upon which the actor, losing his temper, took off his wig, blew his nose in it, and flung it into the pit. It may be imagined what an uproar ensued. Such an insult to the public could not be pardoned in the case of even such a culprit as Frederick Lemaître, who was forced to go down on his knees and apologize before he could reappear on the stage.

At this period, too, I went to see *Hamlet* performed at the Variétés. The translation was in verse, done by Alexander Dumas, who did not know English, and the part of the Prince of Denmark was filled by a woman, Dinah Felix, the talented sister of that great *tragédienne*, Rachel. I was much pleased with the performance, though it was not quite Shakespeare. The first play I

ever witnessed was *Hamlet* when I was a small boy at Rugby, and some of us sneaked down to a booth in which a company of strolling players were performing. The play made a great impression on my juvenile mind, and it has always had a peculiar attraction for me. I can still see in my mind's eye the actor who filled the rôle of Hamlet, a tall, slight, well-made fellow, with sunburnt face and dark close-cropped curly hair. I remember something too of Ophelia in a white satin dress.

Here *Hamlet* is exceedingly popular, and has been translated a dozen times. I am assured that two actors went mad over it. Certainly a poetical genius used often to come to me and declaim his rendering of the masterpiece; he could think of nothing but *Hamlet*, and he became, to say the least, very eccentric in trying to fathom our poet's philosophy. Portions of his work I found admirable.

Hamlet is sometimes played at the Théâtre Français when there is an actor considered capable of filling the chief part. The other favourite plays of Shakespeare here are *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *King Lear*; and *Midsummer Night's Dream* was not long ago successfully produced at the Odéon.

What would Voltaire say could he see the statue of Shakespeare standing in the centre of Paris, and our bard's works far more popular than his own? He seldom lost an opportunity of discharging a shaft

at him. In submitting his last play, *Irene*, to the Academy, he attacked Shakespeare in the preface for his manifold crimes against the traditions of the stage; he even mixed up rhyme and prose. He made people speak according to their condition in life.

I always admired Victor Hugo for his unbounded admiration of Shakespeare. In his preface to *Marie Tudor* he says—"The aim of the dramatic poet ought always to be, and above all, to search the great, like Corneille, and the true, like Molière; or, better still, and this is the highest summit to which genius can ascend, to attain at the same time the great and the true, the great in the true and the true in the great, like Shakespeare. For, be it observed *en passant*, it was given to Shakespeare, and it is this which makes the sovereignty of his genius, to conciliate, to unite, to amalgamate incessantly in his work these two qualities, truth and grandeur, qualities almost opposed, or at least so distinct that the defect of each constitutes the contrary in the others. In all the works of Shakespeare there is the great which is true, and the true which is great, and where things true and great are combined art is complete. Shakespeare, like Michael Angelo, appears to have been created to solve this strange problem, the simple assertion of which appears absurd—to remain faithful to nature while being at times unfaithful to it. Shakespeare exaggerated the proportions while respecting the relations. Admirable all-power of the poet! he

makes things higher than we are. Hamlet, for example, is as true as any of us, and he is much greater. Hamlet is colossal, and yet he is real. It is because Hamlet is neither you nor me; he is all of us. Hamlet is not a man—he is man." In his preface to *Cromwell*, Victor Hugo compares Shakespeare to a wide-spreading oak, and sneers at Voltaire's objections, not to his works, but to those of the Greek stage as well.

Poor Victor Hugo had much to suffer from the "Classics," and he hated them, and with some reason. When his *Marion Delorme* was brought out in 1829 the opposition to the "Romantics," as the new school was called, was so violent that a petition was presented to Charles, praying him to close the Théâtre Français. To this extravagant proposition the last of the Bourbon kings replied in a way which did him great credit—"In literary matters I merely occupy a place in the pit."

One of the traditions of the French theatre is that no murder can be done on the stage, and hence, when Othello was played, it was necessary for the Moor after making away with Desdemona behind the scenes to reappear flourishing a dagger, for it would never have done to have rushed on the stage with a pillow. Napoleon I., in one of his letters, refers to "the dagger of Othello," which sounds strange to English ears and requires explanation.

An author called Ducis, who lived in the last century, translated or rather adapted a great many of Shake-

spere's plays, and it is rather curious that he should have been elected to fill the chair in the Academy left vacant by the death of Voltaire.

Apropos to the Patriarch, as he is often called, I remember one day on taking my seat in a tramway, being greatly astonished on seeing in the corner of the car an old woman the exact image of him, as represented by Houdon's wonderful statue which stands in the vestibule of the Théâtre Français—Voltaire, a mere skeleton, seated in an arm-chair, leaning slightly forward, with his sunken orbs, his hollow cheeks and long bony hands, and yet with features beaming as it were with intellect. This statue the old woman resembled in a remarkable degree, and in addition her eyes glittered in the same way which those of Voltaire are said to have done.

During the Second Empire a good deal of influence was exercised by the Princess Mathilde, being the only daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon I., a cousin of the Emperor. She had been married to the Prince Demidoff, when twenty-one years of age, and after four years of married life they had agreed to separate. She had a fine hotel, was a clever, agreeable, handsome woman, and delighted in the society of men of letters who flocked to her hospitable mansion. For her sake more than one brilliant writer refrained from attacking the existing order of things. One fine-looking man, who occupied the post of minister or director

of Fine Arts, was especially favoured by the Princess for a long time, but in due time a rupture ensued. Soon afterwards the report was current in Paris that M. Edmond About was a candidate for the vacancy, and so sure was he of success that one evening, invited to dine, before going to table he gave himself all the airs of being master of the house. What happened to the literary coxcomb was the same fate as that which overtook the presumptuous Beau Brummel when he said—"George, ring the bell!" The incensed Princess rose and rang, without being asked, and ordered M. Edmond About's carriage.

The de Goncourt brothers, under date December 3, 1862, thus wrote, having received an invitation to dinner—"We were shown into a room hung with purple silk. Gavarni, Chennevières, and Nieuwerkerke had already arrived, and the Princess appeared. We sat down to table seven in number, and but for the gold plate engraved with the Imperial arms, and the gravity of the footmen, we would scarcely have imagined ourselves in the presence of royalty, for in this agreeable house there is complete liberty of mind and speech. The *salon* of the Princess belongs essentially to the nineteenth century, with a hostess who is a perfect type of the modern woman of the world. A woman as kindly as her smile; adorable in her simplicity, and possessing the art of putting you at once at ease. To-day among all these men she was delightfully simple

and charming, bewailing in a pretty witty manner the level to which women have sunk since the eighteenth century." Hence her guests were generally of her own sex.

The Princess Mathilde, unlike her brother, Prince Napoleon, remained always on good terms with her cousin, the Emperor, through whose good offices the Czar persuaded (?) Prince Demidoff to make her a handsome allowance.

Although the *salon* of the Princess was literary and not political—she received clever men of all shades of opinions—still it was impossible for politics not to crop up sometimes at such a stirring period as that which closely preceded the Franco-German War.

One of the most popular songs in France is *Les deux Gendarmes*, by Nadaud. A parody on it recently appeared which, strange to say, was first read at a supper given by the Princess Mathilde, at which M. Billault, then Minister without a portfolio, Sainte-Beuve, the Minister of Beaux Arts, a poet, a high functionary, a celebrated painter, a dramatic author, a member of the diplomatic corps and his wife, two other ladies of high rank, with celebrities from the French Academy and Institute, were present. The Princess Julia Bonaparte had informed her cousin that, during the day, M. Billault had read her a stinging song, in which the Emperor was roughly handled, and the Princess Mathilde insisted on the verses being read out

at her table. Every one swore to observe the most impenetrable secrecy, the servants were dismissed, and the doors closed. M. Billault, after a little pressing, read the following stanzas, the composition of a capital fellow, who had served in his office when he was Minister of the Interior—

A SAINT-CLOUD.

L'Empereur avec un ministre
 Flânait dans le parc de Saint-Cloud ;
 Sa moustache pendait sinistre,
 Ses doigts en tortillaient le bout :
 " Ah ! " disait-il, tout sombre et cloche,
 " Je vois du noir à l'horizon."
 " Majesté," répondait Baroche,
 " Majesté, vous avez raison."

" Depuis quinze ans que je gouverne,
 Qu'ai-je gagné ? haine et mépris.
 A mon régime de caserne
 Tout a plié—mais à quel prix ?
 La haine à tous mes pas s'accroche ;
 J'étais plus heureux en prison."
 " Majesté," répondait Baroche,
 " Majesté, vous avez raison."

" Pour quelque amour que je demande,
 Que faire et que n'ai-je pas fait ?
 Paris est beau, la France est grande,
 L'Europe admire—et l'on me hait !
 Beau le loin, suspect à l'approche,
 Je brille,—mais comme un tison."
 " Majesté," répondait Baroche,
 " Majesté, vous avez raison."

“Esprit libéral, âme bonne,
 Du bien même on me fait un tort ;
 Comédien, quand je pardonne,
 Et tyran, quand je frappe fort.
 Pour la plus petite bamboche
 On m'appelle un Don Juan grison.”

“Majesté,” répondait Baroche,
 “Majesté, vous avez raison.”

“Malgré le bâillon et la schlague,
 Tout se sait et se dit céans ;
 Ma presse elle-même me blague,
 Ma police est aux d'Orléans !
 L'entretien qu'avec toi je broche,
 Demain sera mis en chanson.”

“Majesté,” répondait Baroche,
 “Majesté, vous avez raison.”

“Qui sont mes conseillers ? Des ânes.
 Mes généraux ? Des racoleurs.
 Mes courtisans ? Des courtisanes.
 Et mes ministres ? Des voleurs.
 Mon Sénat ? Un appui bancroche.
 Ma Chambre ? Un faux diapason.”

“Majesté,” répondait Baroche,
 “Majesté, vous avez raison.”

“Qui me sert ? Des fous ou des reîtres ;
 Juges pourris, préfets crétiens ;
 Ici des cuistres, là des traîtres,
 Partout mouchards, voleurs, catins !
 Vidocq, Cartouche, et Rigolboche
 Dans ma cour tiennent garnison.”

“Majesté,” répondait Baroche,
 “Majesté, vous avez raison.”

“Sauf Persigny le janissaire,
 Et Billault l'éloquent trembleur,
 Qui de vous me croit nécessaire
 Et n'est prêt en cas de malheur ?

Pourvu qu'on ait rempli sa poche,
Le feu peut prendre à la maison."

"Majesté," répondait Baroche,
"Majesté, vous avez raison."

"Tout est possible et rien ne dure
Chez cette nation de fous,
Qui chasse et jette aux tas d'ordures
Ceux qu'elle adorait à genoux.
Qui mit mon oncle sur sa roche ?
La haine, et non la trahison."

"Majesté," répondait Baroche,
"Majesté, vous avez raison."

"Claremont, Prague, et Sainte-Hélène
Ont eu des hôtes qui, ma foi !
N'avaient pas eu beaucoup de peine
A régner beaucoup mieux que moi.
L'aigle et le coq mis à la broche
Sont un présage pour l'oison."

"Majesté," répondait Baroche,
"Majesté, vous avez raison."

"Qu'aujourd'hui pour demain je crève,
Qui de vous portera mon deuil ?
Mon fils est votre dernier rêve,
Toi, le premier, tu t'en bats l'œil ;
Plon-Plon, d'ailleurs, de pauvre mioche
S'apprête à barrer le blason."

"Majesté," répondait Baroche,
"Majesté, vous avez raison."

"Quoi ! j'aurai mis l'Empire au monde,
L'Europe en feu, la France à sac,
Pour gagner quoi ? L'éloge immonde
D'un Véron ou d'un Cassagnac ?
Pour trembler à chaque anicroche,
Et la nuit rêver de poison ?"

"Majesté," répondait Baroche,
"Majesté, vous avez raison."

Ainsi César vidait son âme . . .
Il se tut—car en ce moment,
Il voyait son fils et sa femme
Venir à lui, couple charmant.
On eût pu voir, vivant reproche,
Ses pleurs tomber sur le gazon.
“Majesté,” répondait Baroche,
“Majesté, vous avez raison.”

The first couplets were received with profound silence, succeeded by murmurs of stupefaction, stifled laughter, and cries of indignation. However, M. Billault got to the end of his task, in spite of the savage manner in which several of the guests were lashed by the merciless lyrist. The supper-party could not recover its tone, and broke up quite dispirited. The promise of secrecy was renewed by each person present. The next morning the author of the song presented himself as usual at M. Billault's house in the Rue St. Arnaud, and was informed of the success which his verses had met with in the Rue de Courcelles. The author reminded the Minister that he had promised not to show them. “There's no danger,” returned M. Billault. “I showed them in the morning to Madame Julia, who spoke of them to her cousin. I had them in my portfolio, and, my faith, it was necessary to be agreeable to the Princess, who laughed heartily. Never fear! all the people present are discreet; there was only the Prince and Princess de M——, the Chevalier N——,” &c. As M. Billault was speaking, a note

from the Tuileries was handed to him, which ran thus :

“MY DEAR MINISTER,

“I shall expect you to breakfast. Be good enough to bring with you the verses which you read last night at the Rue de Courcelles.

“Yours affectionately,

“NAPOLEON.”

The situation was embarrassing. When M. Billault went to the Tuileries, he took the author in his carriage, and, leaving him at the door of the palace, told him he would not be long, and that he would tell him everything that happened. When the Minister entered the Emperor's cabinet, his Majesty held out his hand, and asked him, with a laugh, what he thought of his police? “I knew all about the song at ten this morning,” he added, “and I give you my word Pietri had nothing to do with the matter. But let me see the song.” The Emperor read it over slowly, without saying a word, twisting his moustache, biting his lip now and then, sometimes smiling, sometimes shrugging his shoulders; then handing back the manuscript, he asked M. Billault if the author was personally known to him. The Minister said he was an upright man, and a faithful servant of the Government. “So much the better,” said his Majesty: “you can tell him that I don't want

to know his name, but that I should like to see his next production before it is read to the Princess Mathilde." Here the matter ended: M. Billault found out the next day who had betrayed the secret, but, used to similar acts of bad faith, he refrained from exposing the traitor.

The way in which the French name their streets in Paris suggested the following article, which I sent to the old *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1868. There have been a good many changes and additions of course since then.

XII

STREET NAMES IN PARIS

It really seems to us that some modification might be introduced into our street names, and that some of our King, Queen, and Duke streets, which recall nothing at all, might be advantageously rechristened. The Frenchman who visits London seldom fails to ridicule us for our excessive love of Waterloo and Wellington, as if the battle of the 18th of June were our only victory and "the Duke" our only hero. There must have been an attempt at better things some years ago when Maida Hill was named. The appellation should remind us that Maida, if a small, was a brilliant and

important affair. It was the first battle which made the French doubt their perfect invincibility: one of Napoleon's pet regiments bolted, General Regnier succumbed to General Stewart, and there was a notable person present on the French side, to wit, Paul-Louis-Courrier, whose pamphlets, written during the Restoration, are still read and admired as masterpieces of wit, style, and reason. It would be pleasant to be able to study history at every street corner. Why should the Black Prince be forgotten and Baker be immortalized? We doubt if even Mme. Tussaud could tell us who Baker was. The Briton may experience some sentiment of pride when he walks through Trafalgar-square, but Berkeley-square simply reminds him of "Jeames." They manage these things much better in France, where street history is in vogue. We still find in Paris such denominations as the Boulevards of the Daughters of Calvary, the street of the Scalded of St. Germain, and that frequented thoroughfare of which Thackeray wrote—

"A street there is in Paris famous
For which no name our language yields ;
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The new street of the little fields."

But the curious names one still beholds will be gradually effaced in time. To form Rue Bonaparte three streets were sacrificed, one of them called the "Iron-pot," and another barbarous appellation was replaced

some years ago by "Rossini," in which street, appropriately, *Figaro* has established its offices; and we may here mention that Beaumarchais has been honoured with a boulevard for his comedies, which set the Revolution rolling. Paris has not only seized on what is French, but what is foreign. Close by Rue Clovis may be found Rue Julius Cæsar, and Alfred de Musset and Lord Byron are commemorated in the neighbourhood of the Elysian Fields. Auber, Beethoven, Bellini, &c., represent music; Claude Lorraine, Rubens, Raphael, painting; Keppler, Galileo, Newton, Laplace, astronomy; Buffon, Cuvier, Lacépède, natural history; Molière, Corneille, Racine, Crébillon, the theatre; Voltaire, Labruyère, Montaigne, letters, &c., &c. There is even Nicot, who reminds us of the weed, and Abbé de l'Epée, of the blind. We are rather disappointed at not finding the name of Shakespeare,¹ and would humbly suggest that the "divine Williams" might replace "the Butchery of the Invalides" with advantage; and, again, we are astonished to find in the French capital the Passage of Waterloo. This was probably done by the *émigrés* on their return, and Henri Murger, were he alive, would doubtless recommend that it should be changed into the Passage of the Red Sea or Beresina.²

¹ Shakespeare has a statue now.

² In his *Vie de Bohème*, Henri Murger describes an artist sending to the Salon a picture of the Passage of the Red Sea.

Although the principal street in Paris is dedicated to Peace and the principal place to Concorde, military celebrities have by no means been neglected. All the exterior boulevards which form the inner circle of the fortifications are named after the great Marshals of the First Empire. Murat, Massena, Soult, Ney, Macdonald, Serrurier, Mortier, Jourdan, Victor, Lannes, Berthier, Bessières, Davoust, Lefevre, Kellermann, Suchet, and Gouvion St. Cyr. Napoleon commenced this system by calling streets after departed comrades — after Cafferelli, who fell at Acre; Desaix, at Marengo; Kleber, assassinated at Cairo; Billy, slain at Austerlitz; Marbœuf, who perished in the snows of Russia. The Bridge of Austerlitz up-stream, and that of Jena down-stream, which the Prussians, but for Wellington, would have blown up during the occupation, with the Rues de Rivoli, Castiglione, Mondovi, and Pyramides, were his work. Round the Place des Victoires, where still may be seen the bronze statue of Louis XIV. set up by Lafeuillade—that which stood in the Place Vendôme was hurled to ground during the Revolution—one may read the names of some of Louis' commanders, and that of Aboukir, which has nothing to do with our Nile, but celebrates a victory over the Mamelukes. However, not far from the Rue Aboukir is the Rue

which was refused. He touched it up and sent it in the next year as the Passage of the Beresina, and when it was again rejected he turned it into the Passage de l'Opéra.

Perée. Perée was an admiral who, with a single ship, sustained a combat with four of Nelson's frigates. Suffren has also his avenue for what Carlyle calls seven non-defeats against our Mathews in the Indian seas, but very few admirals fly their names at the street corners.¹

The Arc de Triomphe is, of course, a great military centre, from which radiate the avenues of the Grande Armée, Friedland, Jena, Essling, Eylau, and Wagram, and those of the King of Rome, King Jérôme, Josephine, and Queen Hortense; and round the Invalides cluster more military names. Amongst others we remark those of Dupleix and La Bourdonnaye, but Lally, who was so scandalously murdered, has not been thought deserving of mention. We cannot say that we have come across many streets apt to wound our national vanity; the Rue Port Mahon reminds us that the Duke of Richelieu snatched that important place from us; then, close to the Avenue Saxe, is the Place Fontenoy. In a small work on infantry tactics Marshal Saxe has left his opinion on record as to how British troops behaved at that battle when our allies refused to leave their entrenchments, and allowed the English column, which had carried everything before it, to

¹ Since the above was written matters have changed. The unfortunate La Pérouse has now a street, and so has poor Dumont d'Urville, who, after circumnavigating the globe, was burned to death with many other victims on the line between Paris and Versailles, when the train caught fire.

be crushed under the weight of the whole French army.

In the vicinity of the Luxembourg stands the Rue Chevert. Few persons may remember that Chevert was one of the causes of the Revolution; he was the only *roturier* who, under the Bourbons, gained by force of merit the *bâton* of Marshal. Louis XVI., horrified at the innovation, decreed in 1786 that no person could become an officer before obtaining from Cherin a certificate of nobility. With the whole country in the state Lord Chesterfield described it, one may imagine how this insane decree was received in Paris. Near the Jardin des Plantes is the Rue Guy la Brosse, which reminds us how a gentleman of that name commenced the zoological part of the gardens by removing, during the Revolution, a lion, a rhinoceros, and a few tufted pigeons from the Royal menagerie of Versailles, laying violent hands on some peripatetic bears, and robbing the Prince de Ligne of a couple of dromedaries. Surely these new denominations are better than the ancient ones to be found in the pages of Sauval and Dulaure, such as Trou-Punais, Vide Gousset, Coupe-Gorge, Qui-me-trouve-dure, and others unfit for publication. There are certain old historical names which one would be sorry to see disappear; there is the Rue Pelican, just behind the Louvre Hotel, where François I. and Triboulet caroused with the ladies of the quarter, and the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, which was fashionable in the days of

the Valois kings, where "the Admiral"¹ was murdered during the St. Bartholomew; but the old fantastic names are fast disappearing, and the number of saints is being gradually diminished. For instance, there used to be more than forty Rues Ste. Marie, and now there are only half-a-dozen.

One evening at this time I dined with an engineer called Merton, who had aided Mr. Brassey in laying down the first railways in this country. My right-hand neighbour at table was a Mr. Nelson, and by way of opening a conversation I asked him if he was a relation of our great Admiral. He said he was not. Then to my surprise a gentleman on my left exclaimed, "I am. Not only that, but I am also related to the Empress." He was a young Scotchman, a Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, with fair hair, very delicate features, and bore a marked resemblance to her Majesty.

I was looking over the papers one day at Galignani's, when Major Burke came in and shook me warmly by the hand. He was a very powerful-looking man and seemed in perfect health. One of his gallant brothers had fallen at Silistria at the beginning of the Crimean War, and a second had perished in Australia during an exploration. The Major had greatly distinguished himself before Sebastopol and elsewhere. He was now on his way home after having travelled through Spain. About ten days after his departure from Paris I was

¹ Coligny.

both greatly astonished and grieved to learn that he was dead. He asked a number of old comrades to dine with him at the "Rag," and when the dinner was over he rose, and in a short speech bid them farewell. The next day he had ceased to exist. He had fallen victim to a disease which required abundant nourishment to stave it off, and in Spain he had been half starved. The death of the three Burkes was a great blow to Galway, where the family had a fine place, and was much loved and respected.

Every now and again the question of the Talleyrand memoirs crops up, and we learn that their publication has been again put off, also that they will not prove very interesting.¹ In connection with this subject I have more than once seen in both English and French prints that Talleyrand married a Madame Grand, who was intensely stupid, and who once asked her husband if a Mr. Robinson who paid them a visit was the celebrated Robinson Crusoe. Now this is what may be found in the letters of Horace Walpole—alluded to by Carlyle in *Frederick the Great*, ch. v. Speaking of the diplomatist, Sir Thomas Robinson, he wrote—

"He was a tall, uncouth man; and his stature was often rendered still more remarkable by his hunting dress, a postilion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims, and once set off on a sudden in his hunting suit to visit his

¹ They have since appeared.

sister, who was married and settled in Paris. He arrived while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced *M. Robinson*, and he came in to the great amazement of the guests. Amongst others a French *abbé* thrice lifted his fork to his mouth and thrice laid it down with an eager stare of surprise. Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer he burst out with—‘Excuse me, sir, are you the famous Robinson Crusoe so remarkable in history?’”

Of course this took place before poor foolish Madame Grand was born.

In the year 1867 there was an attempt made to get up a festival in honour of Voltaire, to which I thus alluded in my usual letter to the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 22—

The attack made yesterday on Voltaire by the Bishop of Orleans may be said to have broken down. Increasing years have told upon Monsignor Dupanloup, and it was with difficulty that he could make himself heard in the Senate as he read a written speech filled with quotations proving the scepticism and wickedness of the Patriarch. One of the most formidable indictments brought against Voltaire is his treatment of Joan of Arc; and it is on the anniversary of the death of the Maid of Orleans that it is proposed to celebrate the memory of the author of *La Pucelle*. In the first place, *La Pucelle* was a *péché de jeunesse*; and, in the second, that immoral poem was aimed not so

much against Joan of Arc as against the clergy and superstition. In his *Essay on Morals*, which was a serious work, Voltaire wrote—"They burned her to whom in heroic ages altars would have been raised, when people raised altars to their liberators." The Liberals now put this pertinent question to the Clericals: How did you treat Joan of Arc? Captured at Compiègne, she was sold to the English, and by them handed over to the Inquisition, which condemned her to death. "Bishop of Beauvais," said the victim, "before going to the stake, I die by your hand, and I summon you before God." A cap was placed on her head bearing these words: "Heretic, relapsarian, apostate, idolatress;" and a placard which she wore set forth that "Joan who calls herself the Maid, liar, pernicious deceiver of the people, superstitious blasphemer of God, boastful, cruel, dissolute, invoker of the devil," &c. And when she had been burned, her ashes were flung into the Seine.

The defence of Voltaire is of course taken up warmly by such liberal writers as M. John Lemoine. What the Liberals say of Voltaire is that with all his faults "he was humane; he detested fanaticism; he slew with his sarcasm a crowd of wild and dangerous follies. Voltaire had qualities which we admire all the more because they are wanting at present—the power of indignation, the incorruptibility of ridicule. How many

superstitions which are grovelling around us would be swept away by a single peal of his laughter?" For, as Macaulay has written, "Of all the intellectual weapons which have ever been wielded by man the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire. Bigots and tyrants who had never been moved by the wailing and cursing of millions turned pale at his name," and "religious persecution, judicial torture, arbitrary imprisonment, the delay and chicanery of tribunals, the exactions of farmers of the revenue, the slave trade, were the constant subjects of the lively satire and eloquent disquisitions of Voltaire and his friends. On one side was a Church boasting of the purity of its doctrine, but disgraced by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, by the murder of the best of kings, by the war of the Cevennes, by the destruction of Port Royal. On the other was a sect laughing at the Scriptures, shooting out the tongue at the Sacraments, but ready to encounter principalities and powers in the cause of justice, mercy, and toleration." One might quote many English opinions favourable to Voltaire. What Carlyle thought of him may be judged by his frequent references to him in his *Frederick the Great*. Lord Brougham declared that the emancipation of the human mind from spiritual tyranny owes him a lasting debt of gratitude; Lord Campbell complained of the indiscriminate abuse of Voltaire in England, and Mr. Buckle says: "I have been the more particular in stating the

immense obligations of history to Voltaire, because in England there exists against him a prejudice which nothing but ignorance, or something worse than ignorance, can excuse." Lord Holland, by the way, makes some amusing remarks concerning Napoleon's opinion of Voltaire. He says: "He must in his heart have admired Voltaire. His own manner of seeing many things showed that he had read and studied him too." And yet "he was at some pains to decry Voltaire's philosophy, and he employed Geoffroy and Fontanes to write down the Encyclopædists." We are then told that, Geoffroy having been too severe in his criticism, Napoleon secretly atoned for the outrage on departed genius by silently erecting in a church in Paris a marble monument to the great and calumniated Philosopher of Ferney.

In the Senate yesterday great indignation was expressed concerning Rosbach, on the gaining of which victory Frederick the Great received the compliments of Voltaire in doggerel. But in those days everything ended in song, and all Paris lampooned "Madame de Pompadour's generals."

It was the same when the Comte de Clermont, Abbé de Saint-Germain des Prés, lost the battle of Creveldt, and when Coutades was defeated at Dettingen. That Voltaire should have at times spoken disagreeably of his countrymen is hardly to be wondered at. He was twice thrown into the Bastille: once for a satire he

never wrote, and the second time for calling out the Duc de Rohan-Chabot, who had caned him. He spent thirty years in exile, and his tragedies were removed from the stage to make place for the execrable works of Crébillon.

The sting, however, had been somewhat taken out of the debate in the Senate in consequence of a letter addressed by M. de Marcère to the Prefect of Paris, telling him that the Municipal Council had not the power to institute the *fêtes* they projected in honour of Voltaire. The Bishop of Orleans therefore simply demanded the prosecution of a new collection of the Patriarch's works, which M. Dufaure refused. The fight, therefore, lay between two members of the Academy who are alive over the merits of an Immortal who is dead.

There is one terrible accusation often brought against Voltaire, who at one time signed many of his letters—as did also D'Alembert and Diderot—*Ecr. Inf.* This was said by his enemies to refer to Jesus Christ, which was false. *Ecr. Inf.* was the abbreviation of *Ecrasons l'Infame*, and the *infame* was not, as the Clericals asserted, our Saviour, but intolerance—the intolerance of the Government and of the Church. This is explained in several of Voltaire's letters, and it required a vast amount of bad faith to put a profane construction on the device adopted by the Encyclopædists.

On August 15, 1869, the centenary of the birth of the first Napoleon was observed with great pomp

and circumstance, although Napoleon III. was lying ill at St. Cloud, his condition inspiring much alarm, and Marshal Niel, after a long and glorious career, had just expired. Now, a holiday is a real holiday in this country. Dear old Lawrence Sterne, in his *Sentimental Journey*, could not help exclaiming, "Happy people, that once a week at least are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance, and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth!" And so, in spite of a sick Emperor lying upon a sofa at St. Cloud, and a dead War Minister, much respected, and perhaps even loved by the nation, lying stiff and stark in the Rue St. Dominique, with orderlies taking charge of the body, the Gaul danced, and sang, and was merry. He witnessed a grand review in the Champs de Mars, and he scaled the greasy pole in quest of something more substantial than the bubble reputation. In fact at the top of each pole, in place of the traditional leg of mutton, was suspended a gold watch and chain. The theatres were all thrown open to the public; there was a magnificent display of fireworks in the evening, and all Paris illuminated. As for the Arc de Triomphe, it was one mass of flame; upon it were emblazoned in jets of gas, not only the name of the great soldier, but also the names of his chief victories. Then a chain of lamps on either side of the Champs Elysées ran from the great arch to the

Place de la Concorde. It was certainly a marvellous spectacle. And yet there were not wanting prophets of evil who declared that the writing on the wall was visible, and that they could trace the solemn warning, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin;" that the Empire had been weighed in the balance, and had been found wanting. And were not their forebodings true? Where was the Empire on the next 15th August?

In addition to illuminations, fireworks, review, free theatres, and greasy poles, an amnesty had been accorded in honour of the occasion, an act of grace to which Napoleon III. said that he had been instigated by a letter written by his great uncle—no date mentioned—setting forth that the best way to triumph over a political offender is to pardon him, for this changes the current of public opinion, and causes men to blame the person they had before regarded as a martyr, and to extol the generosity of the sovereign! When did Napoleon I. act upon this charming theory?—not in the case of the Duc d'Enghien, nor of his old military instructor, Pichegru, nor Georges Cadoudal, nor the poor bookseller Palm, nor Toussaint-L'Ouverture—but the list of martyrs would be too long to give.¹

¹ Strange to say, Louis, King of Holland, the supposed father of Napoleon III., having been violently attacked and calumniated by a priest, instead of throwing the culprit into prison, as his ministers advised, sent for him, convinced him that he was wrong, and made a friend of him. And for this he was soundly rated by his brother Napoleon.

By the way, a good many people thought it illogical to grant an amnesty in honour of a tyrant.

Of course there was a *Te Deum* sung at Notre Dame on the 15th, and any number of fulsome cantatas in honour of the hero. That performed at the Opera was written by Alberic Second. The first verse recounted the birth of Napoleon Bonaparte, and resembled a rather profane paraphrase of "Unto us a child is born." The final stanza in which the chorus joined ran thus—

" Des échos de la terre
Le nom de ce héros, jusqu'aux astres porté,
Retentira comme un coup de tonnerre,
Par tous les siècles répété.
Gloire à Napoléon dans cent ans légendaire !
Gloire ! Immortalité."

The French, certainly while they are about it, lay it on very thick. Take Chateaubriand's description of Napoleon on his way to St. Helena, where he writes—"Stretched on the ship's stern, he did not perceive that unknown constellations glittered over his head; his powerful glance for the first time encountered their rays [then he must have perceived them]. What to him were stars he had never seen from his bivouacs, and which had never shone over his Empire? And yet each one of them fulfilled its destiny. One half of the universe shed its light over his cradle, and the other half illuminated his tomb." Dear me! how disappointed the Southern Cross would have been had

Napoleon not been sent to St. Helena! Chateaubriand, of course, wrote the above before the remains of the great warrior were brought back to France in *La Belle Poule*, under the guardianship of the Prince de Joinville.

The same week as the great Napoleonic *fête*, there was performed an act of courage in Paris which deserves immortality. I thus described it at the time—

“A fearful accident has just taken place here at the Hippodrome, where Lucas has nearly been eaten by lions *coram populo*. He was to give his usual performance, but had hardly entered the cage, where were two lions and two lionesses, when one of the lions sprang upon him and seized him by the back of the neck. At the sight of the blood from the wound the other beasts got excited and fell on the unfortunate tamer. The spectators were in a state of fearful excitement, women screaming and fainting, and trying to escape. In the midst of the general terror, Lucas’s attendant, José Mendez, a Spaniard, kept his head, and, arming himself with a formidable iron weapon, entered the cage, and, taking the lions by surprise, rescued his master by the vigour of his attack. Lucas, dreadfully mangled, and in a condition which renders it difficult to say if he can survive, was dragged out of the cage, and immediately bandaged by a doctor. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the dauntless José Mendez, who smote the lions hip and thigh, and nearly killed

the whole lot. A couple of years ago the same Lucas was mauled at the Circus, and it was with much difficulty that he could obtain permission to recommence his performances on his recovery. The Prefect of Police at last consented to some private rehearsals, which having passed off without accident his veto was withdrawn. It will be long before poor Lucas furnishes another public entertainment, which was on the point of being a repast."

We have had our clerical scandal this week in the provinces; last week there was one in Paris. The usual story—a little girl and her confessor; but the victim is dead, and the priest has been spirited away, and we shall hear no more of the matter.

It was customary in France, when a priest got into trouble, to screen him from the secular arm by sending him off to some distant parish, where he appeared and officiated under another name. Father or Brother Pierre got into a scrape in Provence, and was hurried off to Picardy, where he became Father or Brother Jacques, and thus, with the connivance of the ecclesiastical authorities, saintly sinners escaped punishment, and there was no public scandal. This is no longer possible. The Jews used to play similar tricks until they were obliged to assume surnames.

In spite of several rather alarming incidents, Paris danced and was merry in the first days of 1870. Among other festivities, I remember a ball given by

a Colonel Norton in the Champs Elysées, where he occupied a fine apartment. He hailed from the other side of the Atlantic, and had acted as United States Commissioner during the recent Exhibition. The entertainment he gave was a fancy dress ball, and dancing was carried on with great spirit until past midnight, when the company found that there were no refreshments to be had, and that supper was altogether out of the question. The Colonel, who had some negro servants, gave out that the darkies had devoured all the good things provided for his guests; but it turned out that Chevet charged to furnish the supper had refused to deliver it except for ready money, which was not forthcoming, and the consequence was that we had to go empty away. However, in spite of the absence of all intoxicating liquor, the amount of flirtation done was, as our cousins would say, a caution, and there was great excitement amongst the ladies, when it was rumoured that a Bavarian Baron, in mask and disguised as a princess, had been admitted into their private room. The Baron had such wonderfully small feet that he escaped detection for a long time, and in fact it was not until the following day that the charge against him was fully proved. There was some talk of a duel, but all ended in a laugh. As for the Colonel, he afterwards took some magnificent offices in the Rue Scribe, where he established a bank, and managed to swindle one of the nicest and most accomplished English gentlemen I

ever met, who was utterly ruined. The wicked do not always prosper, and after a short and nefarious career, the gallant Colonel was obliged to put up his shutters; not only that, but he shifted his private residence from the Elysian Fields to a more gloomy quarter. In fact, he was committed to Mazas, in which prison he remained until the Commune broke out, when, having sworn that he had been confined on political grounds, he was released. I knew something of the cashier, who had formerly been in the employment of a well-known English money-lender, and he told me that the day before the Colonel's bank stopped, he observed a man walking up and down outside the offices for some time; at last he ventured in, and said that he wished to deposit a considerable sum of money, and this deposit the Colonel unhesitatingly accepted, a couple of hours before the premises were closed. The cashier, who had refused the money, said that it was a very hard case. The victim was a fellow-countryman of the Colonel, who had been working half his life in Italy, and was on his road home with his savings.

The English changer, mentioned above, also did what he ought not to have done, and after many years of prosperity took first to an extravagant mode of life, and then to malpractices. His sons protested against both; law proceedings were taken, and the changer was obliged to fly the country for a time. A most plausible individual he was. I had been changing cheques at his

office for about twenty years when the catastrophe happened. Shortly after his flight I met the changer in London, and seeing that he hesitated to address me, and knowing nothing against the man's character, I said—"Ah! Mr. So-and-so, how are you?" Upon this he threw up his eyes in the most melancholy way, and asked me if I had heard of his misfortune. "Yes," I replied, "I heard a vague rumour that you had got into trouble." He now heaved a deep sigh and exclaimed—"Only to think of being ruined by one's own flesh and blood, and a red-haired clerk!" A servant opened the hall-door at which I was standing, and this cut short our interview, the recollection of which has always amused me.

I was afterwards told a rather good story about the changer, and his method of doing business. An Irish lady, who was the superior of a convent, and had long been accustomed to deal with him, shortly before his decline and fall presented a cheque which was duly cashed. She then asked what he thought of the political aspect. This was in the Boulanger period. "Oh, madam," he said, "things are in a very precarious condition; we are living on a volcano." "Dear me! Do you think that there is any danger to be apprehended?" "Every danger, and if you have any money by you it would be well to place it where it will be safe." "Ah! I was thinking of lodging it in the Banque de France." "Madam, that would be most

indiscreet, for if we have another insurrection, that is the first place which will be plundered by the Communists." "Well, I will think the matter over."

A few days later Miss L—— returned, and said that she had made up her mind to entrust her money to the Rothschilds. Upon this the changer lifted up his eyes to heaven. He had nothing to say against the solidity of the house, but he added, "How can you, a Christian lady, confide in Jews? Did not the Jews crucify our Saviour?" "Alas! alas! what is to be done?" and in the end the Lady Superior persuaded the changer to take charge of her funds, and, needless to say, lost every penny. She confided her woes to a friend of mine, who recommended her to prosecute the culprit, but this she declined to do, and perhaps it would have been useless. "Then, madam, what course do you intend to pursue?" asked my friend. "To pray for him," was the simple answer.

The session of 1869 was closed in November with a speech by the Emperor, in which he declared himself responsible for order, which seemed to be seriously menaced, and on January 2, 1870, his Majesty summoned M. Emile Olivier to form a Cabinet, which was soon completed. This was a great step in the way of liberal government, and Paris was not a little astonished to learn a few days after the new Ministry had taken office, that Baron Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine or Mayor of Paris, who had found the city in brick and

left it in marble, had been dismissed. One of the chief causes for this act of ingratitude was a pamphlet written by M. Jules Ferry, entitled *Les Comptes Fantastiques d'Haussmann*.¹ It is true that enormous sums had been spent, and a good deal perhaps squandered in the marvellous transformation of the capital, but most of the money was expended in useful work, and not in the building of palaces like Versailles or the 'Trianons. Then "whispering tongues will poison truth," and of course it was rumoured that the open-handed Baron had feathered his nest as no other bird ever had done. This hasty act of M. Emile Olivier was afterwards atoned for, one of the noblest boulevards in Paris still bearing the name of our modern Vitruvius, surviving the Avenues de l'Impératrice, Josephine, de la Reine Hortense, the Rues de Morny, Billault, St. Arnaud, &c. While the great works were in progress, what are called the labouring classes had nothing to complain of, for there is an old saying in France—"quand le bâtiment va, tout va"—which is only natural, as when you build a house, you must furnish it. But when the works were done, and the Baron laid down his pickaxe and his trowel, the men who had reared a new city found that they had built themselves out of it. As if by enchantment they had turned dens like St. Giles, where they could get lodgings almost free, into broad streets and stately avenues, where none but the wealthiest

¹ Paraphrase of *Les Contes Fantastiques d'Hoffman*.

citizens could afford to dwell. They, the men of brick and mortar, the plumber, the glazier, the painter, the carpenter, the carver, the gilder, the slater, &c., &c., had to seek other quarters, many of them being driven beyond the fortifications far away from their work. Many years after his dismissal, Paris was astonished to learn that Baron Haussmann had died in relative poverty.

Another event worth recording happened early in 1870, when people were infatuated with Emile Olivier, —he was elected a member of the Academy. Now it is in accordance with tradition that no matter what the merits of a candidate, one or more of the immortals should vote for some one else. M. Emile Olivier was elected *nem. con.* Alas for the instability of things here below, before the day arrived fixed for the reception of the new Academician, poor Emile had fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate. His administration went to pieces even before the fall of the Empire in the month of September, and so harshly was his conduct and that of his colleagues judged, that he was never “received” by the Academy, and after years of waiting at last published in the columns of the *Figaro* the address he had intended to pronounce on taking his place among the forty immortals. And thus the only member unanimously elected was never accorded a public reception.

It must have been rather galling to the feelings of Emile Oliver when, shortly after taking office, he found

public attention diverted from him and his acts by one of the most startling crimes ever committed, and which made all France shudder.

A whole family of the name of Kinck was found murdered in a dreary waste called Pantin, of malodorous fame, lying just outside the fortifications not far from St. Denis. Intense was the excitement when a couple of carts containing half-a-dozen corpses passed through Paris on their way to the Morgue, the blood trickling from them. It soon became known that this wholesale slaughter had been accomplished by a young wretch called Troppmann, about twenty years of age. For a time he eluded arrest; managed to get to Havre, and was on the point of embarking for America when he was arrested. It need hardly be added that he was tried, condemned to death, and executed, the jury refusing to listen to the plea of insanity. I remember it being remarked at the time that the murderer's thumbs were unusually long, and persons with long thumbs for several months had a very uncomfortable time of it, being suspected of bloodthirsty designs.

It was on January 19, 1870, as will be seen by the following curious letter, that this arch-villain was executed—

“ Paris, le 20 janvier 1870.

“ MONSIEUR LE MAIRE,

“ J'ai l'honneur de vous faire savoir que le nommé Jean-Baptiste Troppmann, né le 5 octobre 1849

à Brumstadt, arrondissement de Mulhouse (Haut-Rhin), fils de Joseph et de Françoise Fromm, ajusteur mécanicien, demeurant en dernier lieu à Cernay (Haut-Rhin), est *décédé* hier, 19 du courant, à sept heures du matin, dans votre arrondissement.

“ Agréez, monsieur le maire, etc.,

“ MARMAGNE, greffier.”

One might easily be led to infer from the above official document that Jean-Baptiste Troppmann had not, like John the Baptist, lost his head, but had died a natural death.

Hardly had Paris recovered from the excitement caused by the crime when it was startled to learn that Prince Pierre Bonaparte, a man of quick temper, had shot down a young journalist called Victor Noir. The Prince was not on good terms with his cousin the Emperor, and was living in a retired house in Boulogne-sur-Seine, on the road from Paris to St. Cloud. Having given grave offence to the Ultra party—M. Flourens and others—it was determined to call him out, and in order to force the Prince to fight, one of the seconds selected to convey the challenge was a powerful and reckless young man who wrote in the press under the name of Victor Noir—a kind of bully. An altercation took place, and it is beyond doubt that Victor Noir struck the Prince, who snatched up a pistol and shot him. The other second, who was armed, but was unable

to discharge his revolver, being too much excited, or not understanding the mechanism, fled, leaving poor Victor Noir dead.

It may easily be imagined what a shrill scream issued from the Republican breast when this catastrophe occurred. It was, of course, presumed that the Emperor would stick to his cousin, and would never allow justice to be done. Immense capital was made out of the event. The Government without any hesitation decided that the homicidal Peter should be sent to trial, but not in Paris. The Ultras were not to be appeased by this minute quantity of oil cast on the troubled waters, and great preparations were made for a demonstration, the leading spirit being the newly-elected Henri Rochefort, who having escaped from the frying-pan was anxious to jump into the fire. Naturally, the day fixed for the demonstration was the day of the funeral. A revolutionary French mob seems to require a corpse in order to lash itself into a proper state of fury. The body of Victor Noir had been taken to the house in which he had lived in Neuilly, and before it an immense crowd assembled on the morning of the funeral. In fact, not only the narrow street in which it was situated, but the avenues leading to it were thronged with people, who appeared ripe for mischief. It was with great difficulty that the bearers and the mourning coaches, in one of which was seated Henri Rochefort, could make their way to the door. I had

squeezed my way as near to the house as possible, and soon had reason to regret my temerity, for the crush in the street became so great before the body was brought down, that a panic ensued, and had not the shutters of a large shop-front given way and a number of persons tumbled into the premises of a wholesale dealer, many of us would certainly have been trampled to death. However, no serious accident occurred, and after considerable delay the *cortège* got under weigh. When I had struggled back into the broad Avenue de Neuilly, my attention was drawn to the Arc de Triomphe, at the top of which were several officers in uniform watching the proceedings with their glasses. It was evident, therefore, that military preparations had been made to prevent any disturbance on the part of Henri Rochefort and his friends, and in fact a large body of troops had been concentrated at the lower end of the Champs Elysées, which later in the day dispersed them without loss of life. A cavalry charge was more than these heroes, who were intent on invading the Tuileries and the Assembly, could stand, and they evaporated. Henri Rochefort, who had not distinguished himself during this foolhardy affair, pale and haggard, rushed off to the Chamber, leaving his dupes behind him. As for Prince Pierre, he was afterwards tried, found guilty of manslaughter under circumstances of great aggravation, and sentenced to pay a heavy fine.

I have mentioned that he was on bad terms with his

Imperial cousin. He was a son of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the most intractable and independent of the Great Napoleon's brothers, who, having declined to put away his wife and marry a princess, received no throne as did Joseph, Louis, and Jerome.¹ It is related that when Pierre and his elder brother Lucien were in Rome, in their hot youth, they both fell in love with the same girl, and tossed up which should marry her. Lucien won the toss, and a priest was sent for who, on learning what had occurred, refused to join the pair in holy wedlock. Upon this Pierre produced a pistol, and the ceremony took place. Pierre did not marry until late in life, in fact under the Second Empire, when, much to the annoyance of Napoleon III., he led to the altar a sempstress of the name of Riffin. The Emperor wished to have the marriage annulled, and did what he could to induce Pierre to throw over his sempstress; but he stuck to her as his father had stuck to his wife. After the Franco-German war the Princess Pierre set up a milliner's shop in London.

Emile Olivier had fallen upon hard times. I remember Gambetta telling him very plainly in the Chamber that he must not count on his support or

¹ Prince Lucien, son of the Prince Lucien mentioned above, who passed many years in England, asked to see me when I was in London in 1873, to thank me for the way in which I had written about his mother. I found him wonderfully like his uncle in many respects. I had the pleasure of meeting him several times, and was much charmed with his conversation.

that of the Republican party. Then in the turbulent quarters of Paris the concessions made by the Emperor were construed into a sign of weakness and timidity, with the usual consequences,—incipient insurrection. Every day brought a fresh crop of trouble, and at last came the Spanish difficulty, which was destined to have such dire results. When Queen Isabella, driven from Spain, sought refuge in Paris in 1868, it was considered a bad omen, and it certainly proved the forerunner of much calamity for France. Her deposed Majesty settled here in a splendid mansion close to the Elysian Fields, the gates and railings of which were speedily ornamented with the *fleurs-de-lys* of the Bourbons. I went over the new residence of the ex-Queen one day in her absence; it contained some very fine paintings by Murillo and other Spanish masters, and was furnished with great taste and luxury. Her Majesty's bath, for I was admitted into the most private apartments, was of massive silver—*Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum*, was some one's reflection. The Queen was very well received by the Emperor and Empress. The King of Spain, who had paid us a visit a few years before and been magnificently entertained, also arrived and occupied a modest apartment, and at the same time Queen Christina, who took refuge here in 1841, resided in a fine hotel in the Champs Elysées. Queen Isabella was much liked in the quarter, owing to her kindly and charitable disposition, and was adored by

her household. Don Carlos paid flying visits to this capital, and had many followers attached to him, both French and Spanish. Many Legitimists consider him as coming next in succession to the French throne after the Count de Chambord. It almost seemed as if the saying of Louis XIV. had come true—"Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées."

In the merry month of May 1870, I was sitting in the *Café de la Régence*, long famed as a rendezvous for chess-players, when Mortimer, chess-player, dramatist, editor, &c., &c., came in accompanied by a small Briton, who appeared to be in a high state of glee. On inquiry, Mortimer, who was on intimate terms with the Emperor, informed me that he had just come from the Tuileries, after having introduced his little companion, who had discovered a means for preserving meat, to his Majesty. The Emperor had not only tasted some, but had ordered forty tons of beef for his Guard, which was not delivered till he had started for the seat of war. But of this more anon. One of the last celebrities who indulged in chess there was Alfred de Musset, who was too much addicted to absinthe, and too much of a poet, for so sober a game, which can hardly be considered as a relaxation. However, we are told that Napoleon found a relaxation in logarithms.

Apropos to poor Alfred de Musset, I heard the following anecdote—He was invited to the Tuileries to read a proverb, as his charming one-act comedies were

called, which he had just written. He consented on condition that no one should be present but the Emperor and the Empress. He had not long commenced when a door opened, and in walked a gentleman without being announced. The intruder was Baron Rothschild. Alfred de Musset angrily closed his manuscript. The Baron refused to go, and the poet refused to continue reading, until entreated by the Empress to finish his play. This shows the sway exercised by his Majesty Money at the Imperial Court.

Another Majesty or ex-Majesty I met several times as he took his walks abroad, looking, it seemed to me, somewhat disconsolate, although he expressed his satisfaction at having been relieved of a weight of care, and said that he could now sleep o' nights. This was Hudson, the Railway King, who resided for some time at the Hôtel Meurice, in the Rue de Rivoli, all alone—not even his son the Prince of Rails with him. Mr. Hudson appeared to be a very amiable man, who bore his adversity with fortitude, and without bitterness, which was wonderful, seeing the way in which he had been courted and flattered, and then neglected and spurned.

A few years before what curious tales were told of poor Mrs. Hudson! One of them still makes me laugh. A gentleman showing her over South Kensington, or some other museum, pointed out a statue, remarking—

“That is Marcus Aurelius,” whereupon Mrs. Hudson, who prided herself on knowing all the British aristocracy, exclaimed—“Lor’! how like the late Markiss!” This reminds me that there is an American lady, recently pointed out to me by one of her fellow-countrymen, who is addicted to making the most wonderful blunders in French, and has more than once set Paris in a roar. The question of wages given to cooks, said my informant, was being discussed the other night at a dinner-party, when she said—“*Je donne 50 f. par semaine à mon chef et une blanchisseuse!*” Meaning of course *blanchissage*—a washing, not a washerwoman. On another occasion, having found an almond with two kernels in it, she asked a Frenchman next her to *faire Philippe*; and when he said that he did not understand, she thus explained what is called, not Philip, but Philippine—“*C’est quand il y a deux amants sous la même couverture.*” Two lovers under the same blanket, instead of two almonds in the same shell!

Another sovereign I met in the Rue de Rivoli, or ex-sovereign, for he had been deposed by us, was the King of Oude. I went to pay a visit to my friend Captain Lynch, a great oriental scholar, who had married a charming Englishwoman at Bagdad, and had issue. The ex-King appeared to me more like an Englishman than the bad Eastern monarch we had deposed some ten years previously. I remember only

one peculiarity about him, which was that he ate but one meal a day.¹

One day I met my old Rugby schoolmaster, Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He was driving up the Champs Elysées in an open carriage, and seemed little changed. It was the same kind handsome face. Poor Doctor! how he disliked flogging boys. Shortly before I left Rugby there came a large circus to the town, which the Doctor consented to patronize. The whole school went to the performance, and I was hastening thither when I met young Wake in the quadrangle looking rather glum. "Not coming to the circus?" I asked. "Yes, but I have to be coached first." Just then the Doctor appeared in hat and gown, and the pair went into the special room set aside for corporal punishment, furnished with a block on which the victim had to kneel. After the execution the Doctor hurried home, disrobed, and went to the show, and the first thing that greeted his eyes on entering was Wake riding round the arena on the elephant. So the castigation could not have been very severe.

¹ Some years later I met another monarch also in the Rue de Rivoli—the King of the Sandwich Isles, who was staying at the Hôtel Continental. Lady Brassey had written to call, and I had a short interview with his Majesty. I was much amused a few days afterwards to see the King, wearing a straw hat, drive up in an open carriage to the Institute, to pay a visit to the Academy, several members of which body, arrayed in uniform—coats with palm-leaves on the collar—were on the steps of the building waiting to receive him!

XIII

BELLA, HORRIDA BELLA!

WHO was responsible for the war of 1870? All I can say is, that long before the war was declared, war was a common topic of conversation, and that it was in the hearts of the people. The only question was when and where the storm, which was so evidently brewing, would burst. Some few thought that it would be directed against "perfidious Albion," and that Belgium would be invaded and Waterloo avenged; but the general opinion was that the coming campaign would open on the Rhine. As far back as 1867 a declaration of war against Prussia appeared so imminent that in April there was a panic on the Bourse. It was pointed out that the Baltic seaboard of Prussia was singularly defenceless, and that the transports just returned from Mexico might pour 50,000 men into Pomerania and threaten Berlin from Stettin. The war feeling in the provinces was wonderfully strong, and pressure was to be brought to bear on the Emperor in the hope of getting him to engage in "a truly popular war." If

Paris was less inclined to fight, it was on account of the Exhibition which was to be opened in May.¹

I have already mentioned how the King of Prussia, like many other sovereigns, came here, and with him Count Bismarck and von Moltke to see the Exhibition, and the French afterwards said that it was the immense wealth they there witnessed which determined them to make war on the first opportunity. Even after the opening of the Exhibition, and when all seemed peace, a little incident occurred which created some sensation at the time in Paris, as it was supposed to show the anti-Prussian and very bellicose feelings of the army. This was in the month of August. Sixty of the pupils of the military school at St. Cyr, who had just passed their examination and were about to join their various corps, dined at the *Trois Frères* in the Palais Royal, a celebrated restaurant closed some years ago. After numerous toasts to the Imperial family, the Army, &c. had been drunk with the usual honours, the pupils separated, wishing each other not *adieu*, but *au revoir* till next spring *in Prussia!*

And this same spirit was constantly manifested up to the time that the great Franco-German difficulties ceased smouldering and burst out into flames. There were many causes to kindle this war. First of all there was Sadowa and the wonderful success of the Prussian arms, which was felt all the more acutely after the

¹ The bone of contention was at that moment Luxembourg.

miserable way in which the Mexican expedition was brought to an abrupt termination. Scuttle home at the arrogant bidding of Mr. Seward and leave poor Maximilian to his fate was a humiliating piece of business, a deplorable epilogue to "the brightest idea of the reign." Few Frenchmen ever heard of Mr. Seward's despatch, but all felt that a certain amount of French prestige had oozed away and ought to be made good. What a sorry figure did France cut in presence of a successful Prussia! Hence a terrible feeling of jealousy. Prussia was on every lip, and

"the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy which betrays where the anchor is hidden."

For four years before the war broke out, M. Thiers had never ceased bewailing in and out of the Chamber the loss of French preponderance in Europe. Then the French, in spite of Mexico, which had proved a severe drain upon their resources, were confident in their power to go anywhere and do anything. They had the chassepot, which had worked miracles at Mentana; they had the *canon rayé*, which was superior to any ordnance in the world; and the mitrailleuse, which had been secretly experimented at Meudon, and had given results enough to make one's hair stand on end. I remember being struck, just before the war, with the one-sided view taken by most of the persons with whom I conversed. The *audi alteram partem* seemed quite

foreign to their nature. I spoke to a retired "heavy" one day in praise of the Prussian cavalry, and he received my observations with a smile of compassion and a shrug of the shoulders, and was loud in the praises of his own men—" *Je les connais*," he added, as he took a huge pinch of snuff. Yes, but he knew nothing of the others. Poor fellow, the first reverses of his old comrades killed him.

The French, generally speaking, were in fact for some time before war was declared in a state of bubble-and-squeak, extremely restless and eager for the fray. Few people seemed to have any idea what a terrible and perilous affair war would be. There were exceptions. The Emperor was one. Prince Napoleon was another. He was cruising in the Baltic when he learned that affairs had assumed a serious aspect. He at once determined to return home, and on being asked where he was going, replied—"To Charenton (the French Bedlam); to that city of madmen which is shouting, To Berlin! and which is called Paris." A Jewish banker who had assumed the name of Merton and had made a large fortune here in an incredibly short time was a third. I remember when war was declared he said—"The Prussians will be round Paris in a month." He was laughed at as a false prophet, and went over to London, where he committed suicide. He had first been taken up by Cavour, who highly appreciated his sagacity. He was quite young. There were also exceptions among

military men like General Ducrot, who knew something of what was going on across the Rhine, and like Baron Stoffel, the French military attaché to Berlin, who in vain warned his Government, and told them to beware of the Prussian staff.

Nothing could equal the excitement when the Spanish-Hohenzollern affair cropped up. Here was the ardently desired opportunity for seizing on the Rhine boundary, for recovering lost prestige, for humbling the Court of Berlin. Whenever there appeared to be a chance of an amicable arrangement the popular fury knew no bounds, and the Ministry was called the "Ministry of Shame." Crowds of people marched along the Boulevards headed by bands playing revolutionary and patriotic tunes, and shouting—War ! War !¹

The withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidature, which satisfied the Emperor and ought to have satisfied the nation, was like oil thrown not upon water but upon fire. When the *Constitutionnel* published the following note it was thought that its offices would have been demolished, and journalists and deputies joined in their abuse of the semi-official print—

¹ Emile Zola in *La Débâcle* says (p. 10)—"The Boulevards were filled to overflowing, and bands with lighted torches were shouting—à Berlin ! à Berlin ! In front of the Hôtel de Ville, mounted on the box-seat of a cab, was a fine handsome woman with the profile of a queen, draped in the folds of a flag and singing the *Marseillaise*."

“The Prince of Hohenzollern will not reign over Spain: we demand no more, and it is with pride that we accept this pacific solution. It is a great victory which has cost neither a tear nor a drop of blood.”

On August 3, 1870, Gustave Flaubert wrote a letter to George Sand from Croisset, in which he said—“How now! you also are demoralized and sad? What then will become of the weak? . . . It seems to me that we are taking a leap in the dark. Here then is man in his natural state. Propound theories now! Boast about the progress, the intelligence, and the good sense of the masses, and the amiability of the French people. I can assure you that any one venturing to preach peace here would be knocked on the head. No matter what happens we are retarded for a long time. Perhaps the wars of races are going to recommence?¹ Before another century passes we shall see several millions of men slaughtering each other at a sitting. Perhaps Prussia will receive a good thrashing in accordance with the designs of Providence for the re-establishment of the equilibrium of Europe. . . . The respect, the fetichism displayed for universal suffrage revolts me more than the infallibility of the Pope. Do you believe that if France, instead of being governed by the mob,

¹ It was a very common idea at this time that the Latin races should unite and rule the world; and of course this plan could not be carried out without much shedding of blood.

was in the power of the mandarins we should be where we are now? If, instead of wishing to enlighten the lower classes, we had educated the upper classes, we should not have seen M. de Kératry propose to plunder the Duchy of Baden, a measure which the public considers quite justifiable."

However, for a moment it seemed as if war would be averted. The King of Prussia was at Ems, and insisted on the fatal Hohenzollern claim being withdrawn. To this Prince Leopold consented, and all cause for quarrel appeared to have been removed. Unfortunately the French Government was not contented with this diplomatic success, which had been hailed with delight in Paris, had sent up the funds, and had apparently given general satisfaction. In an evil moment M. Benedetti, the French Ambassador to the Court of Berlin, was now instructed to ask the King of Prussia, in addition to withdrawing the Hohenzollern claim, to give an assurance that that claim would never be pressed at any ulterior date. The King of Prussia, on being informed of this fresh demand, referred the French Ambassador to his previous answer, in which he had declared that he considered the Hohenzollern affair terminated; and when M. Benedetti asked for a further interview to discuss matters, his Majesty sent his aide-de-camp Lieutenant-Colonel Radziwill to him to say that he must positively refuse any further discussion on the second point. It was now declared

in Paris that the French Ambassador had been grossly insulted by the Prussian monarch, and the cry for war in and out of the Chamber was unanimous. When too late it was proved that this insult had never been offered.

After the war M. Ernest Pinard, who was Minister of the Interior for a short time under the Empire, published *Mon Journal*. Referring to the note in the *Constitutionnel* he wrote—

“I heard in the lobbies, in the tribune, and in the neighbourhood of the Chamber, language of which the following article, taken from one of the journals of the Boulevards, is but a pale copy.”

Then comes the following extract—

“It is not the Emperor Napoleon of his free will who declared the present war; it was we who forced his hand; we do not hide this. The warlike resolutions which we are about to take do not emanate from the Government. The Government was irresolute. It desired to allow itself to be disarmed by derisive concessions. Our resolutions come from the entrails of the country.”

And to the above M. Pinard added—

“The immense majority of the newspapers repeated that the conditions of peace were shameful, sinister, and ridiculous. In the evening (an evening I well remember) at the Opera, M. Emile de Girardin, one of the most hot-headed of the party, applauded by the

crowd, shouted for the *Marseillaise*¹ and *Le Rhin*, by Alfred de Musset, to be sung, and they were sung with enthusiasm. In the open-air concerts warlike songs alone were listened to, such as the *Chant de Départ* which Mehul wrote when Napoleon I. was at Boulogne meditating the invasion of England. At Musard's the great attraction was the *Entry to Berlin*, set to the roar of big guns with a chassepot accompaniment."

Who then can be singled out as responsible for the war? Had it not been declared there would have been a revolution. The Emperor was accused because he yielded. The Empress was accused because people said she considered that nothing but a successful war could secure the succession for her son; also that as a Spaniard and a Catholic she was indignant at the idea of a German and a heretic reigning at Madrid. Ministers were accused because M. Emile Olivier said that he went to war with a light heart, and the Duke de Gramont was accused because he had committed diplomatic blunders and had concealed the truth.

Emperor, Empress, Ministers, all incurred the national rage attendant upon want of success. And I must say that it filled me with indignation when, after the war, I saw the vilest caricatures of the Empress in the shop-

¹ Capoul, the favourite tenor of the Opéra Comique, was obliged to sing the *Marseillaise* in front of the Bourse standing up on the top of an omnibus; and Marie Sasse had to give the same hymn from her carriage.

windows, and M. Emile de Girardin driving daily in his open carriage and pair, lolling back luxuriously, and looking the picture of content.

The following anecdote will show with what gloomy forebodings the mind of the Emperor was filled. When war was declared, General Lepic, much to his annoyance, was appointed Adjutant-General of the Palace. Wishing to accompany Napoleon III. on active service, he protested. In his reply the Emperor said that he left him the care of the Empress, in which situation he would perhaps run greater perils than on the field of battle.

Another anecdote. "When Ministers presented the declaration of war to the Emperor, he not only refused to sign it, but tore it up in a passion, and, being ill at the time, went to bed. The Empress, on learning what happened, persuaded Ministers to re-write the declaration, and, suffering from intense emotion, took it to the Emperor, who signed it."

Many similar anecdotes were told at the time and afterwards, most of them related by people "about the Court," but none of them reposing upon any serious foundation.

I find in my notes that on Saturday, July 16, 1870, Senators went to St. Cloud, and presented an obsequious address to the Emperor. That his Majesty thanked them for their patriotic sentiments, and declared himself confident in their support. That great indignation

was expressed when M. Rouher, the President of the Senate, announced how some Prussians had crossed the Rhine about twelve leagues from Metz, and had violated the territory, and that in military circles it was supposed that the Prussians would have made a dash into Champagne.

And on Sunday, July 17—"The Emperor came from St. Cloud to the Tuileries this morning, when the Cabinet assembled to draw up the usual declaration of war, which will be despatched to Berlin this evening. It is thought that he will leave for Metz on Wednesday.

"Marshal Bazaine left here last night to take command of the 3rd corps, 80,000 strong. Marshal MacMahon, who is to command the 1st corps, is expected to arrive from Algeria this evening. The 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th corps are placed respectively under the order of Generals Frossard, Ladmirault, de Failly, Marshal Canrobert, and General Douay. General Bourbaki is to command the Imperial Guard. General Trochu is to have a division. General Changarnier, who is seventy-seven years of age, has offered his services.

"Last night the streets were again paraded by bands of students and workmen with flags and lanterns. The general cry was for war. There were a few people who shouted *Vive la paix!* but these were dispersed by the police. The greatest animation reigned in the vicinity.

of the Eastern Railway as regiment after regiment marched up to take train for the frontier. A great deal of embracing was done. It was with difficulty that the *vivandières* were torn from the arms of their admirers. An attempt was made to sack the house of M. Thiers for condemning the action of the Government, but the gates proved too solid, and resisted until the police arrived."

I saw the Emperor as he left the Tuileries (for the last time) and was driving along the Seine on the way back to St. Cloud. He was greeted with enthusiasm, and, if he had a worn expression, he appeared pleased with his reception. It may have reminded him of the ovation he received when he started for the Italian campaign, and the people promised not to stir in his absence. In fact, everything proved that he was moving in the popular direction, albeit against his will. This was the last sight I ever had of his Majesty, whose Empire was about to pass from him. War was proclaimed on July 23, and the Emperor went to Metz on the 28th.

Unlimited confidence was felt in the army and its ability to get to Berlin in a week, and news from the front, where matters seemed rather to hang fire at first, was awaited with feverish anxiety. At length came despatches announcing that the frontier had been passed, and a letter from Edmond About, one of the instigators of the war, boasting that he was the first to

enter the country of the enemy. There had also been an engagement in which the Prussians had been repulsed, and in which the Prince Imperial had distinguished himself under the eyes of his father, to the intense delight of the army. Every evening the Boulevards were crowded with people eagerly watching for the papers to appear. Reality was preceded by rumour; truth by fiction. The news from the frontier was cheering at first, and awoke the most lively enthusiasm. One might almost have supposed that the war was over, and Prussia ready to sue for peace. Some of this news soon turned out to be utterly worthless. One piece of false intelligence had created an immense impression, and it is still often alluded to as a *canard* of the first water. Paris was informed that the whole Prussian cavalry, white cuirassiers and all, had been destroyed at some imaginary battle by galloping into the quarries of Jaumont, and a war correspondent who visited the spot a week later gave a vivid and terrible description of the scene he witnessed—horses and their riders in one confused mass or jelly still quivering with life.

By degrees pleasant dreams were rudely dispelled, and news of disaster arrived—

“First a beak and then a wing,
Until the air grew black with ravens.”

And piteous it was to behold the painful expression

created by the intelligence of the successive defeats which marked the opening of the campaign. The Emile Olivier Ministry was overthrown, and a Cabinet formed under the direction of the Count de Palikao—the General Montauban who had commanded the French troops during the Anglo-French expedition to China. I used to go of an evening to the *Mairie* in the Rue Drouot, where the latest despatches were posted up on their arrival, and never shall I forget the scenes of patriotic anguish I there witnessed. The Government did what it could to deaden the shocks, and one day, to gain a few hours, the Count de Palikao, with the news of a crushing defeat in his pocket, said in the Chamber—“If I could only tell you all I know, Paris would illuminate this evening.” Then such rumours as this were circulated—“Marshal MacMahon has gained a great victory, and the Prince Royal of Prussia and 25,000 men have been taken prisoners.”

There soon, however, arose a cry in Paris against the Emperor, who was accused of incapacity, and the demand was general that he should hand over the command of the army to Marshal Bazaine. This was done. The true state of affairs could no longer be hidden. It was determined to form a camp at Châlons under Marshal MacMahon, and thither the Emperor repaired. Paris found a portion of the contingent which was to go towards forming a new army, and I must say that the raw material which left the capital

was not of the most promising description. I saw a regiment of Mobiles march. Some of the men were in carts; they were all accompanied by friends, male and female; there was a terrible uproar, shouting, laughing, and singing, not a vestige of discipline. One might easily have fancied oneself in Carnival time. I was not much astonished to learn, shortly after the departure of this queer force, that there had been troubles at the camp of Châlons, that the Emperor's baggage had been plundered and his shirts put up to auction.

Shortly before hostilities with Germany broke out I heard several debates in the Chamber on the military estimates. Marshal Niel was the War Minister, and wished to organize the Garde Mobile. This measure, which would have cost a good deal of money, but would perhaps have saved France from disaster, was so strenuously opposed by the new Liberal Opposition that little or nothing was done. The Republicans, always wrapped up in the achievements of the First Revolution, considered the National Guard equal to any emergency. Now, after a campaign of a couple of months, France was terribly in want of a reserve, and there was none to be found. One of the devices resorted to for the defence of Paris was to call up the firemen from the country. Never since the days of Falstaff was such an assembly of warriors witnessed. Many of them were tottering on the verge of the grave; they all wore quaint old uniforms and brazen helmets, and were ignorant of the

elements of drill. They excited peals of laughter, and were sent home. They were fit only for the stage, to figure in such a piece as *La Grande Duchesse* under the orders of General Boum.

The "Moblots," as the Gardes Mobiles were called, were a very different lot. They were all active young fellows, and only deficient in that training which Marshal Niel would have given them had he not been thwarted by the Liberals who, after the war, established obligatory service, and drilled and armed even school-boys.

Hearing that there was a battalion of Moblots encamped in the Bois de Boulogne just behind the racecourse of Longchamps, I set out one day to visit it. I had a friend in the ranks. I shall never forget my walk through the Bois. In ordinary times it would have been alive with any quantity of carriages, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, and pedestrians in quest of fresh air and an appetite. On the sunny afternoon in question I did not meet a single soul. The shady avenues and the shores of the lakes were alike deserted. It was a melancholy spectacle. I fancied myself for the moment Campbell's "Last Man"—

"Who shall creation's death behold
As Adam saw her prime.

.
Earth's cities had no sound, no tread."

It was not until I was close to the camp that I heard a human voice or saw a human being. There all was life

and animation. I half thought that I had broken in upon a fair. As I was walking through the tents inquiring for young de V——, there suddenly arose a great clamour. This was caused by the approach of four Moblots with a deer, which they had shot in the Bois, and slung on a pole. Their arrival was hailed with shouts of triumph and delight. I could not find my friend, who no doubt was out foraging with some comrades. Had the Moblots confined their depredations to poaching there would have been little to say, but they were not above doing a bit of loot, and the property of Sir R. Wallace hard by was not spared. The next day the camp broke up, and the battalion marched to join the army of Châlons. As for poor de V—— I never saw him again.

A few days later the Bois presented a more animated appearance, and there was much lowing and bleating throughout its length and breadth; in fact it was filled with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, destined for our consumption during the siege. The cattle were of indifferent quality, and had evidently not been stall fed. But I was struck with amazement at the sight of the sheep. I had no idea that such specimens of the ovine race existed. They all had a shabby under-bred appearance, and numbers of them resembled, not wolves, but Italian greyhounds in sheep's clothing. It was calculated that cattle and sheep would feed Paris for two months.

Before publishing his work on Sedan in 1892, Emile Zola contributed an article on that battle to the *Figaro*, September 1, 1891. I made a note of this, and here are one or two paragraphs—

“The army of Châlons, in spite of everything, showed itself great, for it was really an army of martyrs. After Sedan it was loaded with execrations, for no one could understand how 80,000 men allowed themselves to be made prisoners . . . Without doubt there were abominable scenes of insubordination; open revolts in the camp, and the pillage of the railway-station of Rheims. During the march knapsacks and muskets were flung away. Men, hungry and drunk, tumbled into the ditches or begged along the roads. An ever-increasing tail of stragglers sowed the country with a regular horde of vagabonds who levied contributions and robbed the peasants. And not an example was made, not a culprit was shot. There were too many of them.”

A week before the battle of Sedan was fought all Paris was applauding Marshal Bazaine for the skilful manner in which he had saved the country. He had had the talent to unite his forces under the walls of Metz, thus renewing the exploits of Massena at Genoa. He had disorganized three Prussian armies while preserving his positions. In a few days MacMahon would fall upon and destroy the remnant of the enemy's troops, and the march on Berlin would be resumed.

Such were the optimist opinions expressed by most of the papers. Not many hours afterwards we learned that Metz was completely isolated, and that the army of Châlons was on the march to relieve Bazaine.

In the meantime General Trochu, who was in command of a division watching the Pyrenees, was summoned to take the command of Paris; Admiral Roncière le Noury and 10,000 sailors were ordered here to man the forts, and preparations were actively pushed forward for the defence of the capital in the event of it being invested—guns got into position, ditch cut, sixty bridges blown up, and military zone cleared. All this was very alarming, and a good many sacrifices appeared to me to have been needlessly made. For instance, one of the bridges blown up was immediately under the guns of Mont Valerien, the most powerful of the forts round Paris—in fact between that fort and the *enceinte*!

Many excuses were offered by the French for their defeats. They were crushed by numbers. They were quite unprepared. There was much truth in both. After the war was declared it was found that the strength of the French army was not what it appeared upon paper. Marshal Le Bœuf, who was War Minister under M. Emile Olivier, had declared that everything was ready for war, and that not a gaiter-button was

wanting. When matters were put to the test everything was wanting. The magazines were found to be in the most deplorable condition. There had evidently been an immense amount of pilfering going on which had either been undetected or connived at. I one day asked a friend of mine in the War Office how Marshal Le Bœuf could have made such a declaration. He replied — “I know him well. He believed what he said. He is quite incapable of having told a falsehood.” He was the victim of lying reports.

Another cause of disaster was the jealousy existing between some of the commanders of army corps—jealousy which has been so often fatal to the French arms. The stories told on this subject appeared to me almost incredible, and yet many of them must have been true. The most glaring instance was that of General de Failly refusing to go to the assistance of General Frossard. I should have refrained from mentioning this case had I not afterwards found it referred to in the *Avenir Militaire* of October 21, 1886, in these terms—“From the beginning to the end of our military history, throughout centuries, it is always the same impious cry which is heard, as on the day of Spicheren: ‘X—— is in the filth (a coarser word in French), let him remain there.’” X—— being General Frossard. And appended is a note—“Vide *Les Méthodes de Guerre*, General Pierron, t. i. 2nd edition,

for examples.”¹ At first I thought this story beyond belief and refused to credit it.

Another failing will always be detrimental to the success of the French armies,—the want of respect for superiors. I remember one day asking a French officer quartered in Paris, how it came that the captains and lieutenants did not mess together. The reply was that if they did, the lieutenants would be deprived of the pleasure of abusing the captains. Does not this remind one of the state of the Grecian army before Troy, where Ulysses says—

“The general’s disdain’d
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exempl’d by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever.”²

France had passed through a terrible month of August. She had lost successively in thirty days the battles of Sarrebruck, Weissemburg, Forbach, Reichshoffen, Bourg, Gravelotte, St. Privat, and Beaumont. In Paris, however, it was still hoped that MacMahon would be able to relieve Metz, though there was much uncertainty as to his march.

On September 1, I went to the Chamber and heard M. Keller, whose name bespeaks his Alsatian origin,

¹ Emile Zola in *La Débâcle*, p. 12, says—“The Generals were jealous of each other; each one being intent upon winning his Marshal’s *bâton* without aiding his neighbour.”

² *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I., Scene iii.

make a very impassioned speech on the subject of the cruel way in which the Prussians were carrying on the siege of Strasbourg, not attacking the defences, but bombarding the town for eight or nine hours a day. The bishop, he said, had remonstrated, and been told by the besiegers that they were in too great a hurry to act according to rule, and therefore wished to intimidate the inhabitants and make them force General Uhrich to surrender. The Chamber was highly indignant, and when M. Keller laid before it an account of the gallantry of the inhabitants, declared that Strasbourg deserved well of the country, and should never cease to be a French town, the members stood up and cheered, the strangers in the galleries joining in the applause.

All sorts of rumours concerning German atrocities were floating about. At Vitry the invaders were said to have massacred a detachment of the Garde Mobile which had laid down its arms, refusing to recognize the men as soldiers, and considering them as armed peasants not responsible to the War Minister. The Prussians were also accused of firing on ambulance waggons.

Amongst the curious paragraphs which appeared in the press at this date, I jotted down a few, such as the following—"Yesterday a new-born babe was presented at the *Mairie* of the Pantheon ward, which bore, clearly marked on its forehead, a Prussian helmet." A correspondent, writing from Rheims, said—"Let me

terminate this letter with a truly French feat of arms performed by a lad of Epernay. When fifty Uhlans were flying before seven Sappers (!) one of them fell with his horse, and his pistol tumbled out of the holster. A boy, only twelve years of age, picked up the weapon and shot the Uhlan, who was struggling under his charger." What a feat to boast of! The *Figaro* tells us that the commandant of Phalsbourg, called upon to surrender, sent the plucky reply that he would hold out until his shirt-tail caught fire. We have also a wounded Turco and four boys armed with flint muskets putting a cloud of Uhlans to flight; of ten Zouaves falling on a hundred Prussians and slaying ninety. It is with such tales as these that the French try to keep up their spirits. Their credulity is something marvellous when the subject matter tickles their vanity.

On September 3, I was walking down the Faubourg St. Honoré, and turned into the British Embassy to learn if there was anything new. What a surprise awaited me! I saw Sheffield, the amiable secretary of Lord Lyons, who told me that they had just received a telegram from London, stating that the French had suffered a crushing defeat at Sedan, and that the Emperor had been made prisoner. What would happen next? On leaving the Embassy I went over the river to the Chamber. The sitting had not yet commenced, and the open space in front of the Palais Bourbon was

crowded with deputies chatting and laughing. I went up to a group which contained several members I knew, and after listening awhile to the conversation, asked M. Eugene Pelletan if he had heard the news.

“What news?”

“Why, that the army of Châlons has laid down its arms, and that the Emperor has surrendered himself to the King of Prussia.”

It may be well imagined what a sensation this intelligence created. I was pressed with questions. Where did I learn the catastrophe? When I mentioned the source of my information it was no longer doubted. There was great excitement and hurrying to and fro. At this moment M. Thiers arrived and was skipping up the steps of the Chamber, when M. Eugene Pelletan and his friends ran and told him what had happened. They at once went to a Committee-room to consult. M. Edouard Hervé, now a member of the Academy, to whom I then communicated my intelligence, offered me a seat in his carriage, and we drove along the Boulevards, where nothing had yet transpired, and where life was ebbing and flowing in its usual careless manner — people lounging about, and drinking and smoking at the *cafés*.

When the news became generally known the wildest excitement prevailed. What next? What would become of the Regency and the Government? Would political differences be laid aside for the moment, and

would the nation gather round the Empress until the Germans were disposed of? No.

The next morning it really looked like civil war. The city was in a ferment. National Guards were marching about in a manner which seemed to promise mischief. I heard that an attack was to be made on the Chamber. I took an open cab, drove to the Place de la Concorde, and found the bridge leading to the Palais Bourbon guarded by Gendarmerie à Cheval. No one was allowed to pass. A number of Republican deputies were standing on the steps of the Chamber watching events. As National Guards were coming up in force it looked as if a collision would take place. I stationed myself close to the bridge, but took the precaution of making the cabman turn his horse round, so that if the troops on the other side of the Seine and on the bridge opened fire we might execute a hasty retreat. Drums began to beat, and the people cheered the National Guards lustily as they marched up boldly to the foot of the bridge. Here a halt was made, and two or three officers advanced alone and began to parley with the Gendarmerie. I must say that I felt much relieved when I saw the officers of the two forces fraternizing and swords sheathed. The Gendarmerie retired, the bridge was left free, the National Guards crossed over, the deputies waved their hats, the people applauded, and there was more fraternizing, and one could see gendarmes on horseback embracing citizens

on foot. Here was a revolution accomplished without loss of blood, and I don't remember any one being hurt with the exception of President Schneider, who on his way to the Chamber received a blow on the head, and was with difficulty rescued from the mob by his escort.

The Chamber was won, but the flag waving over the Tuileries had betrayed the presence of the Empress, and there was a line of Voltigeurs of the Guard drawn up in front of the palace. The sovereign people having proclaimed the Republic, determined, as had been done more than once before, to take possession of the Tuileries. The bronze eagles which adorned the gates of the garden were torn down, one citizen being grievously wounded in the head during the operation, and the gates themselves were burst open. Again it looked like bloodshed; there was a deal of enthusiasm on one side; and bayonets, which glistened in the sun, on the other. Fortunately Victorien Sardou and Airmand Gouzien were among the invaders, and they addressed the people, begging them not to advance, and offering to go and ask the officer in command of the troops to permit the National Guards to replace the Voltigeurs.

I viewed this scene from the distance, and was glad to perceive matters again peacefully settled. The fact is that at this critical moment General Mellinet, who was in command of the troops, received a message from the Empress saying that she was about to leave the

Tuileries, and consequently there was no need of employing force.

Armand Gouzien, who is now an inspector of Fine Arts, wrote an interesting letter at the time describing what passed. I give it in an abbreviated form—"I have just witnessed a play that one does not see every day,—the fall of an Empire. Prologue: the defeat (Sedan); 1st scene: the Chamber; 2nd scene: the Tuileries . . . I went like every one to the Place de la Concorde to learn the news, but could not get past the gate of the Tuileries. It was said that the Republic had been proclaimed. The dejection of the day before had vanished; hope seemed to have been born again; there was joy on every face. I saw gendarmes and citizens fraternizing and embracing each other. There were ill-favoured men who pointed to the flag still flying over the Tuileries, indicating the presence of the Empress, and to the line of Voltigeurs of the Guard in front of the palace."

While the eagles were being pulled down Armand Gouzien turned and beheld Victorien Sardou, who, after an exchange of a few words, begged him to address the people. This he consented to do, with what success I have already mentioned. The pair set out on their mission to General Mellinet, with which officer Armand Gouzien had the good fortune to be acquainted. He continues thus—

"I thought I saw some very alarming movements on

the part of the Voltigeurs which reminded me of the *mot*—‘The chassepots did marvels.’ The first discharge would be for us. Perhaps we might receive another from behind. I felt a very vague and uneasy sensation in the region of the *épigastre*. This is easily explained by one not accustomed to take the Tuileries between meals. Sardou said that soldiers did not fire on a flag of truce, and hoisted his handkerchief on the top of his stick.”

After reaching the reserved garden where the troops were drawn up, the ambassadors asked to see General Mellinet, who came forward and said that the Empress had just left the palace.

“‘Then, General,’ said we, ‘there can be no objection to lowering the flag and allowing the National Guard to replace the Imperial Guard. In this way great misfortunes may be avoided.’

“The people came running from all sides, and appeared to be dropping from the trees. Sardou asked the General to speak to them, saying, ‘They all respect and admire you.’

“The General got up on a chair. In his chopped voice—for he has left a portion of his jaw-bones on the field of battle—he said that the Empress was no longer at the Tuileries, but that he had the guard of the palace, and he hoped that they would respect his orders.

“The glorious old soldier of the Crimea and Italy

was applauded. The flag was removed ; the National Guards relieved the Voltigeurs, and there was an immense cry of *Vive la République.*"

And so with tact and good temper an awkward moment was safely tided over, and Paris for a while was spared the horrors of civil strife.

Not very long ago General Mellinet was asked for his version of the affair, and I made a note of his reply. He said that when the crowd forced in the gates of the gardens of the Tuileries—

"It was about one p.m. ; I was inspecting the Grenadiers (? Voltigeurs) on guard at the palace. The gates at the Place de la Concorde were closed. For some hours numerous groups had been crossing the Place de la Concorde on their way to the Corps Législatif (just over the bridge). The Empress had received a despatch from Pietri, Prefect of Police, announcing the hostile sentiments of the National Guard, and stating that cries of *Vive la République!* had been raised at a great many points. On receiving this despatch the sovereign, in a moment of annoyance, stuck her penknife through it. Suddenly cries of—'To the Tuileries! To the Tuileries!' were heard ; the crowd rushed in a body towards the gardens, and the gates gave way leaving a free passage for the shouting multitude.

"The soldiers, who up to that time had been standing quietly behind their piled arms, seized their rifles and lowered their bayonets. Sardou, who was there

accompanied by Gouzien, called to the crowd—‘Do not advance, they may fire!’ At this moment Admiral Jurien de la Gravière came to me from the Empress, to tell me not to use my arms against the people. I replied that I would show the greatest longanimity, but that I could not answer for my men when our patience was worn out. At two o’clock Jurien returned with the same recommendation, adding that her Majesty was about to retire. The departure of the sovereign accomplished, I withdrew my men, who were replaced by the National Guard. . . . The crowd spread through the apartments, but no scandalous scenes took place. There were a few cries of *Vive la République!* and that was all. After the crowd had left, the following inscriptions were found written on the walls—‘Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!’—‘Death to thieves!’—‘Let us save France!’—‘Respect property!’—‘Apartments to let!’ You see that there was nothing very terrible.”

As I left the Place de la Concorde, I walked down the Rue de Rivoli, which was crowded with what one might well have believed to be holiday-makers; men, women, and children. On every face there was an expression, if not of joy, of relief; a great battle had been lost which jeopardized the safety of the capital, but then a despotism had been overthrown. I could not help reflecting that if the tyrant had not wished to give his country liberal institutions—to “crown the edifice,” as he called it—and had been allowed to remain quietly

on the throne, France would have been spared the most terrible of wars, in which she was destined to lose blood, treasure, territory, and prestige. As I passed along, I now saw Voltigeurs lying down under the trees in front of the Tuileries, calling to citizens through the railing, and a little further on a Voltigeur and a citizen in mufti doing sentry duty together before one of the gates of the Louvre.

As for the feeling of "joy or relief" felt by the people on the fall of the Empire, I could understand it in a great measure.

The Empress, I see by my notes, did not hear of the disaster of Sedan until five p.m. on Saturday, September 3. She shut herself up until midnight, and then asked for Persigny. At six a.m. on the 4th there was a Cabinet council, at which she announced her intention of laying down the Regency and of leaving the country, so as to avoid any useless effusion of blood. Would there have been any effusion of blood? Long before the Empress took her departure the rats had left the sinking vessel. The palace of the Tuileries was deserted; courtiers and servants alike had fled; it resembled Versailles on the day that Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were dragged back to Paris. The age of chivalry had fled. All the doors were open, disorder reigned everywhere; here and there were empty boxes; frames with the pictures cut out; every symptom of a hasty departure. Such was the account given by a person who at the

last moment wandered through the galleries in search of her Majesty to warn her of her danger.

What a picture, this deserted Empress, and how it reminds one of Byron's description of Parisina in disgrace!

“How changed since last her speaking eye
 Glanced gladness round the glittering room,
 Where high-born men were proud to wait—
 Where Beauty watch'd to imitate
 Her gentle voice—her lovely mien—
 And gather from her air and gait
 The graces of its Queen!
 Then—had her eye in sorrow wept,
 A thousand warriors forth had leapt,
 A thousand swords had sheathless shone,
 And made her quarrel all their own.”¹

The Empress herself afterwards complained bitterly in a letter (November 20, 1870, Camden Place, Chislehurst) of her desertion by one person, whose proud boast it was to be a Catholic, a Breton, and a soldier. This is how her Majesty wrote of General Trochu, who had recently been appointed Military Governor of Paris—“As for the affair of September 4, I shall merely reply that General Trochu abandoned me, if not worse.

¹ I remember how, during the palmy days of the Empire, a French officer called out and I believe killed a colonist in Algeria who had spoken disrespectfully of the Empress. There was an amusing side to this incident. M. de Villemessant, editor of the *Figaro*, drew particular attention to this act of gallantry, pointing out how the officer in question had risked his life on the borders of the Sahara, hundreds of leagues from the Boulevards, and consequently where there was no gallery.

He never appeared at the Tuileries after the Chamber had been invaded, nor did any of the other ministers, with the exception of three who insisted on my departure."

It is true that at this moment the mob, who shouted for Trochu to show himself, was informed that the General was ill. But he was quite well the next day, and adhered to the new order of things.

From all I learned at the time and from all I have gathered since, the Empress behaved with admirable courage during this terrible crisis, and never lost her head. She behaved with a coolness like Marie Antoinette, who tried to persuade Louis XVI. to defend his throne; like the Duchesse de Berri, who endeavoured to reconquer that throne for her son the Comte de Chambord; like the Duchesse d'Orleans, who took her children to the Chamber when Louis Philippe had fled, in the hopes of being named Regent until the Comte de Paris was of age. Another royal lady also behaved with intrepidity in 1870—the Princess Clothilde. On the morning of Sept. 4, she received telegrams from Florence begging her to return at once to Italy. Her reply was that she intended remaining in her palace as long as the Empress remained in hers, and that she would be the last to leave. She kept her word, and did not quit the Palais Royal until several hours after the Empress had left the Tuileries, and what was strange, the crowd un-

covered as she stepped into her carriage. Just before driving off she received another telegram—a despatch from her father—saying, “I thank you, my daughter, for the honour you have just done our House”—and her husband was at that moment in Florence endeavouring to persuade Victor Emanuel to give France a helping hand. In fact, if we are to believe M. George Thiebaud, one of Prince Napoleon’s intimate friends, the King of Italy was on the point of casting in his lot with France. The Prince said to him one day—“My father-in-law is very kind and very generous. I could say anything to him. Ah! it was not my fault if 100,000 did not reinforce us during the war. I had succeeded in the mission with which the Emperor had entrusted me a few days before Sedan. I had hurried to Victor Emanuel, who at my request had decided to interfere. It was all settled. Then, at the news of the disaster of Sedan, the King, greatly troubled, rushed to me, and clasping me in his arms said—‘Well, I have had a fine escape! What a folly I was about to commit, my dear Napoleon, through affection for you.’”

The story of how the Empress, with the aid of the Austrian and Italian ambassadors, Prince Metternich and the Chevalier Nigra, and the American dentist, Mr. Evans, who accompanied her to Deauville, managed to get away from the Tuileries, and how she was conveyed across the Channel in an English yacht, the *Gazelle*,

belonging to Sir J. Burgoyne, are matters of history.¹ Every one but the scum of the city was glad that her Majesty had effected her escape in safety, in spite of her unpopularity. She was regarded as the chief culprit in the matter of Sedan. It was she who had insisted on the march to Metz, and had raised her voice against the return of the Emperor to Paris. Suppose that no attempt had been made to relieve Bazaine, what would have been said? Napoleon III. afterwards, in a celebrated letter to Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, characterized it as a dynastic march, but it was also a popular march here, for Paris was perfectly certain that on the approach of the army of Châlons, Bazaine would cut his way out of Metz, form his junction with MacMahon, and drive the Germans back across the Rhine. As late as August 23, a French military correspondent of considerable standing informed the Parisians that—"Prince Frederick Charles and General von Moltke had wasted their force in vain efforts against Marshal Bazaine; and MacMahon, preceded by his Chasseurs d'Afrique, will soon sweep away the remainder of these arrogant conquerors who have had the audacity to declare Alsace and Lorraine German territory."

The declaration of the Republic created so much enthusiasm that for the moment the Prussians appeared to have been forgotten, and the people set to work to

¹ *Vide* the Log-book of the *Gazelle*.

wreak their vengeance on inanimate objects. Most of the emblems of the Empire quickly disappeared. The eagles suffered severely. The birds, which were too solid to be easily dislodged, like those which adorned the southern entrance to the Opera, intended for the personal use of the Emperor, were covered over with green baize. The names of many of the thoroughfares too were changed. The Avenue de l'Empereur became the Avenue Victor Noir, and the Rue Dix Décembre became the Rue Quatre Septembre, and so on.¹ Nicknames too were freely bestowed on the members of the fallen *régime*. The ex-Emperor, for example, was called Invasion III., and the following quatrain made its appearance—

“ Des deux Napoléon les gloires sont égales,
 Quoique ayant pris des chemins inégaux ;
 Le premier à l'Europe a pris ses capitales,
 Le second au pays a pris ses capitaux.”

However, the form of government was changed without effusion of blood, though I verily believe that had the sovereign people laid hands on the ex-Prefect of Police he would have been run up to a lamp-post. But M. Pietri made good his escape. M. Emile Olivier too might have fared ill had he been caught, for not only had he gone to war with a light heart, but

¹ Victor Noir was the bully who was shot by Prince Pierre Bonaparte, and Dix Decembre was the day upon which Prince Louis Napoleon was elected President of the Republic.

he was suspected of being in league with the enemy. In my notes I find that a gentleman who laughed at the idea of Marshal Le Bœuf having betrayed the army, and of M. Emile Olivier having sent 17,000,000 francs in gold to Prussia, was threatened with summary *injustice*, and on the advice of M. le Maire fled the country. Departments in no way menaced by the enemy were being pillaged by bands of peasants, who believed that the owners of castles had sent money to Prussia secretly.¹

I remember when I read of these things in so serious a paper as the *Débats*, considering that France was on the verge of another *Jacquerie*. Nor was this apprehension allayed when we learned that an amiable young gentleman, suspected of being a spy, had been burned to death over a fire of green faggots in the Dordogne.²

Numbers of persons now came pouring into Paris from the surrounding country, bringing with them their movables, and farmers their live stock. As I saw them crowding through the Porte Maillot I was minded of the description given by Macaulay in his *Lays of*

¹ It is a very curious fact that in the days of the First Revolution the peasants who set fire to the castles of the nobility thought that they were obeying the orders of the King. In Auvergne, says Taine, the peasants showed great repugnance to thus ill-treat such good masters!

² The murderers were tried, condemned, and executed after the war.

Ancient Rome, of the rush made into Rome on the approach of Lars Porsena—

“ A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.”

As I stood looking at the scene, a French friend of mine said bitterly that the enemy would plunder the whole country. I tried to reassure him by observing that the discipline in the German army was exceedingly strict, and that pillaging would not be tolerated, that an army which pillaged was an army disorganized ; and when the war was over, an English friend told me of two remarkable facts which came under his notice. One relating to the punishment of some German soldiers who had pillaged and burned a farm, and the other to the punishment of the inhabitants of a town who had falsely accused the invaders of having plundered them. In the first case the detachment accused of having committed the outrage was marched to the spot, and the farmer was asked to point out the culprits. This he did, and he afterwards expressed his deep regret that he had complied, for to his horror they were immediately shot. In the other case some inhabitants of Dieppe and the civil authorities of that town accused the German soldiers quartered there of having indulged in loot. Now the occupying force had been ordered to obtain receipts for all the

articles purchased. Upon the accusation being made, the troops were ordered to parade in heavy marching order, and then to depose their knapsacks, which were opened and examined in presence of M. le Maire and the Town Council, and the result was that receipts were found for all the ivory trinkets, &c., for which Dieppe is famous, found in their possession. The accusation having been proved to be false, a heavy fine was levied on the town. My friend Edward Blount (not the banker, but a member of the same family), who told me the above anecdotes, said that he had been much surprised at the friendly relations which, during the war, were established between the German soldiers and the townsfolk, and how he had often seen men in the uniform of the invading army driving market-carts, and otherwise aiding, especially women, in their daily work. One of his anecdotes greatly amused me. When the Empire collapsed it was fondly hoped the run of ill-luck would change; on meeting his shoemaker the day after the news arrived, that worthy disciple of St. Crispin rushed up to him and embraced him. On asking him the reason of this demonstration the reply was—"What, have you not heard the news? The Republic has been proclaimed, and we shall now slay all our enemies or drive them back headlong across the Rhine." Not long afterwards he again met the shoemaker, who endeavoured to avoid him—he was taking home a pair of boots ordered by a German officer!

To return to Paris. After the invasion of the Chamber on September 14, the Hôtel de Ville became the great centre of attraction, and thither the Liberal deputies repaired in order to form a Government. In the midst of the wildest tumult it was decided that this Government should be composed of members for Paris. This determination had hardly been arrived at when General Trochu made his appearance, and consented to take office on receiving the promise that God, the family, and property should be respected. Suddenly there arose an immense clamour. This was the crowd applauding Henri Rochefort, who had just been released from Ste. Pelagie, where he had been undergoing a term of imprisonment for certain articles written in the *Marseillaise*. His evident popularity was rather embarrassing for the new Government owing to his extreme views, but it being considered safer to have this firebrand with them than against them, the Government accepted him as a colleague. Was he not one of the members for Paris, and had he not aided in bringing the Empire into hatred and contempt?

While the deputies of Paris were thus taking over affairs at the Hôtel de Ville, there came news which created some little commotion. The other deputies, two hundred in number, though turned out of the Chamber itself, had met in the dining-room of the President, whose official residence adjoins the Corps

Législatif, and matters looked gloomy for the moment. Just then I saw M. Grévy arrive. He and two or three of his friends had been sent on a mission to see if it would not be possible to establish some common action. In fact the provincial deputies wished to have their share of the cake. M. Jules Favre, in his usual paternal way, informed the deputation that a Government already existed, but promised to send a definite answer in the course of the evening. The provincial deputies re-assembled at eight p.m., M. Thiers taking the chair. M. Jules Favre and M. Jules Simon were introduced, and said that in presence of an accomplished fact nothing could be changed; that if the Corps Législatif would accord its approbation the new Government would be grateful, but if it would not their liberty of action would in no way be hampered. M. Thiers told the delegates that they had undertaken an immense responsibility, and added, "It is our duty to offer up the most ardent prayers that you may succeed in defending Paris, because your success will be that of the country." Discussing matters after the departure of M. Jules Favre and M. Jules Simon, he said—"To offer any opposition to-day would be anti-patriotic; those gentlemen should meet with the support of all citizens in presence of the enemy. Let us wish them well." M. Buffet wanted to enter a protest, but to this M. Thiers strongly objected. The next day one hundred and twenty deputies, who were in favour of

protesting, met and appointed a committee of four to frame a protest, but the Prefect of Police, with the aid of a detachment of *francs-tireurs*, prevented this committee from meeting, and no more was heard of the Corps Législatif.

Strange to say, on September 14 senators were entirely forgotten. Passing by the Luxembourg in the evening, I saw that there were no sentries on duty, and was told that the National Guards charged with the protection of the palaces had joined the people and gone home. There was no invasion of the Upper House, which was abolished a few days later after shouting *Vive l'Empereur!*

The Government of National Defence was formed on the evening of September 14. M. Jules Favre was to have been President, and Paris was rather amused to learn the next morning that it was General Trochu who was President. It had been supposed that the General would have been satisfied with the post of Minister of War, but at the last moment he declared that in order to defend Paris properly it was necessary that he should occupy a preponderating position. And the lawyer gave way to the soldier. A Ministry was at once formed. M. Jules Favre took the Foreign Office, and General Le Flô the War Office. There was said to have been a rush for some of the Ministries, and that M. Ernest Picard set out to take possession of the Ministry of the Interior, but, on arriving, found M.

Gambetta already installed in the Place Beauveau and in telegraphic communication with several Prefects. Poor M. Picard, who was extremely podgy, having been outstripped by his younger and less corpulent colleague, fell back on the Ministry of Finance. I saw him there a couple of days afterwards looking very radiant. It was a beautiful summer day, and I found him with a friend on the balcony which overlooked the gardens of the Tuileries.

The new Government was mostly composed of lawyers, who soon found that General Trochu could out-talk any of them. Strange to say, two prominent men, destined one to be the first, the other the third President of the Republic, M. Thiers and M. Grévy, both refused to join the new Government. The next morning we read on the walls of Paris a proclamation stating that as the Chamber (which had been turned out of doors) hesitated, the people had taken the initiative, and demanded the Republic in order to save the country. The people had placed their representatives at the post, not of power but of danger (none of them received a scratch).

Then came the following paragraphs which might have been signed by Bombastes Furioso—"The Republic saved the country from the invasion of 1792; the Republic is proclaimed. The revolution is accomplished in the name of public safety. Citizens, watch over the city which is confided to you: to-morrow you will be

the avengers of the country." And General Trochu signed this clap-trap!

The first Republic had been declared under more glorious circumstances—after the battle of Valmy, when Dumouriez and Kellermann stopped the Duke of Brunswick and his Prussians in the passes of the Argonne, ever since known as the French Thermopylæ. The day after the news of this victory arrived, the Convention met and proclaimed the Republic. After French troops had imitated the Spartans on the frontier, French legislators proceeded to imitate the Roman Senate in the days of Brennus, and in reply to Brunswick, who wished to negotiate, said—"The French Republic can listen to no proposition until the Prussian troops have entirely evacuated the French territory." By the way, the despatch announcing the victory of Valmy was brought to Paris by the Duc de Chartres, afterwards King Louis Philippe.

The first act of the new Administration was to turn all the Imperialists out of office and to install Republicans in their place. The general opinion among the latter was that this change would soon bring the invaders to their senses; that they would remember what had happened in 1792, and would retrace their steps. A short time afterwards I followed M. Jules Ferry round the ramparts, and heard him harangue knots of National Guards, and speak to them as if Republican breasts were impervious to Prussian bullets,

in proof of which he thumped his own. People tried to lash themselves into the belief that the armies which had beaten the well-trained hosts of the Empire would be scattered like chaff before the raw levies of the Republic.

Many devices were proposed for the destruction of the invaders, and as the Prussians had suffered severely in the bowels in 1792 from eating unripe fruit, the good people of Paris called upon the owners of vineyards to leave their grapes for the enemy, in the fond hope that history would repeat itself. Another device which obtained much favour resembled putting salt on a bird's tail; it was to sprinkle the Prussians with petroleum, and when they were well soaked, to set them alight.¹ Any number of inventors too came forward with Greek fire and other terrible means of destruction. In the meantime the Prussians continued their march on Paris without meeting with any resistance. Their near approach to the capital was soon heralded by fresh swarms of persons flocking in from the country round, and seeking safety within the walls. There was also a considerable and hurried exodus

¹ This reminds one of Sydney Smith accusing Mr. Percival of wishing to bring the French to reason by depriving them of rhubarb and neutral salts. "What a sublime thought," he wrote in Letter x. to Peter Plymly, "that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne, that the bustling pestle is still, the mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude. . . ."

of the old and infirm, and also of foreigners. Two of my intimate friends were fortunate enough to catch the last train that left Paris, which was carried by storm.

I shall naturally never forget September 18, 1870, the day upon which the investment of Paris was completed. It was a lovely morning, and as I stood on my balcony and looked at the thickly-wooded hills stretching along from Argenteuil to St. Cloud, I could hardly imagine that those autumnal leaves glistening in the sun concealed thousands of armed men. I had no desire to leave Paris, and yet the feeling of being invested was a painful one. Large as the prison was, I was still a prisoner with a good many friends of the pen to share my captivity,—Charles Austin of the *Times*, Frank Lawley of the *Daily Telegraph*, Henry Labouchere of the *Daily News*, Thomas Gibson Bowles of the *Morning Post*, J. Augustus O'Shea of the *Standard*. Then there was Mr. Dallas, who wrote both for the *Times* and the *Daily News*, and Lewis Wingfield, who was a sort of free lance, and who told me that he had remained in Paris in the interest of Art. He was engaged on a piece of sculpture, and wished to obtain a good model of "agony." He thought that a sortie would probably furnish him with what he required. I may add that he at once joined the ambulance corps, and was most devoted in his attention to the sick and wounded.

As Bismarck was amiable enough to express it, we were about to stew in our own gravy. I went into town, and found National Guards exhibiting much enthusiasm round the colossal statue of Strasbourg, which stands, with the statues of several other French cities, in the Place de la Concorde. It was covered with flowers and flags. I heard one officer make a very patriotic speech, but the effect of it was sadly marred, as he was in constant danger of falling off the rickety table on which he was balancing himself. However, he seemed confident that Paris would be able to defend itself.

From what I could learn, the opinion of the Governor was that the capital would be able to hold out for six weeks, and as Governments here always exaggerate, I thought that the siege would certainly not last over a month, and I paid dearly for my mistake. Had not Alphonse Karr declared that Paris would capitulate if left one whole day without strawberries?¹ How then believe that the Parisians would prove as obstinate as they did? It is true that the strawberry season had passed. I laid in a very small store of provisions. On inquiring into our means of defence, I learned that they consisted in sixteen detached forts, several redoubts, gun-boats on the Seine; 360,000 National

¹ At the very beginning of the siege, a very reticent American, endowed with more perspicacity than myself, said to Labouchere —“They will squat, sir; mark my words, they will squat.”

Guards, not all armed ; 96,000 Moblots ; 62,000 regulars, 8000 sailors ; 5000 *francs-tireurs* ; and about 10,000 nondescripts,—say 500,000 men and 1500 guns.

Of the value of this force not much can be said. The regulars, consisting of two corps, are in a great measure demoralized, the 13th corps having, in order to escape destruction, fallen back hurriedly on Paris after the battle of Sedan. The 14th corps is of recent formation. The National Guards and the Moblots are untrained. As regards their colonels I made the following notes at the time:—Not one knows how to handle a battalion. Most of them have been elected on political grounds ; one man because he is an ardent socialist ; another because he was transported under the Empire ; a third because he shot a sergent-de-ville, and so on. The socialist is a lean, hungry, sickly, short-sighted, spectacled individual ; the returned convict is a decrepit old man past seventy years of age, and the assassin is an enthusiastic blockhead.

On September 6, M. Jules Favre, in his capacity of Minister of Foreign Affairs, wrote a circular, in which he asked if the King of Prussia intended to carry on this impious war, and concluded by declaring that France would not yield an inch of her territory nor a stone of her fortresses. This was considered very fine language, though not quite original ; it was approved of by all his colleagues, with the exception of M. Ernest Picard, and by the public ; but was it politic ? As an

English diplomate said to me, it cuts the ground from under the feet of friendly Powers inclined to mediate. How negotiate after such a hard-and-fast declaration? Having written his circular and nailed his colours to the mast, M. Jules Favre tried to obtain an armed intervention on the part of the great Powers. He soon found out that there was no chance of this. After appealing in vain to Italy, Austria, and Russia, and getting M. Thiers to go over to London to see what could be done, M. Jules Favre, when the enemy was at the gate, determined to appeal to Count Bismarck, and with the aid of Lord Granville and Lord Lyons, an interview was arranged, Mr. Malet, attaché, being despatched to German head-quarters to prepare the way. I saw Mr. Malet on his return (September 17), and he told me of the difficulties he had experienced in reaching his destination, Meaux, and in what a friendly spirit he had been received by Count Bismarck, who had known him at Frankfort in the days of the Diet, when Sir Alexander Malet was our representative at the Diet. The exact nature of his mission he of course would not reveal, but it soon transpired, as it was communicated to the Diplomatic Body. An arrangement seemed almost impossible. M. Jules Favre started for Meaux on the 18th, the day that Paris was invested, met Count Bismarck on the road, had an interview with him in a deserted farmhouse, and was told that Prussia wanted Alsace and Lorraine as the price of peace. Count

Bismarck had told Mr. Malet this, so M. Jules Favre could not have been greatly surprised. This was a sad blow for the author of the circular of September 6, who protested against such hard conditions, and spoke of the desperate defence which Paris and the provinces would offer, and the sacrifices which Germany would have to make before completing the conquest of the country. Also he spoke of a feeling of hatred and vengeance which would breed another war. Count Bismarck was not to be moved. Toul and Strasbourg would have to surrender in a few days. Bazaine was eating his horses in Metz, and Paris would soon be subdued by famine. As it was getting dark a second interview was agreed to, which was to take place in the evening at Ferrières, the seat of Baron Rothschild, where the King of Prussia and Field-Marshal Moltke had taken up their quarters. M. Jules Favre could obtain no concessions, and unable to restrain his tears, he bid Count Bismarck farewell and returned to Paris.

It appears that while the two statesmen were discussing matters, Field-Marshal Moltke, who is a silent man, sat in the corner of the room relaxing his military mind by the perusal of *Little Dorrit*.¹

¹ I have since read the following in the *Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus*, who thus describes Moltke—

“He was the most simple, unassuming, and kind-hearted man I ever met, even when he was at the summit of his glorious career. His calmness and composure never forsook him, and his powers of observation were marvellous. He was never put out,

M. Jules Favre went on his bootless mission without consulting his colleagues, who afterwards, however, approved of the step he had taken, and his rejection of the terms that Prussia wished to impose. Paris also

never uttered a hasty word. When Prussia was on the brink of war with Austria, and his aide-de-camp came to announce some important intelligence, he found General Moltke reading an English novel."

This letter, dated September 21, 1870, may be found in the works of Field-Marshal von Moltke—

"Ferrières is a castle three leagues to the east of Paris, furnished with royal pomp. It is the creation of the fifth great Power in Europe—the apotheosis of Mammon. It was here that Rothschild received the Emperor Louis Napoleon, as formerly Count Molé (*sic*) received Louis XIV. In our days it was the *parvenu* of power who paid a visit to the *parvenu* of money. The semi-official journals on that occasion spoke of the Emperor, seated in a chair, as having shot some rare birds, and notably a parrot, which in falling cried *Vive l'Empereur!* Now the watchword is no longer the same; the nation shouts *A bas l'Empereur!* And Ferrières has the head-quarters of unscrupulous enemies, who take the astonishing liberty of folding it in their iron arms as they have done with Metz and Strasbourg, and even the 'holy city' of Victor Hugo.

"Since yesterday Paris is entirely invested. We shall see how the 100,000 Mobile Guards spoken of in the papers will set to work to break the circle. The only intact corps in the French army, the 14th, tried to stop our advance on the south front. It was driven back with loss behind the forts. . . . With all that France has always big words at her service; she is *plus forte que jamais*; she does not possess an army fit to take the field, but she has the good fortune to possess M. Rochefort, professor of barricades and invincible patriotic hearts. . . . This did not prevent the Republic herself, in the person of M. Jules Favre, coming yesterday to the head-quarters of the enemy."

approved, and was very proud of the magniloquent phrase—"pas un pouce de notre territoire, pas une pierre de nos fortresses." However, we know that if brag is a good dog, hold-fast is a better. Be this as it may, the besieged were thrown into the most violent paroxysm of rage when they learned the demands of Count Bismarck — Alsace-Lorraine to be lost, and Strasbourg to be surrendered.

On the second morning of the siege, I was roused from my slumbers by a noise in the street, and this it was. At an early hour General Ducrot, who commanded the 14th corps, and was encamped to the south of Paris, seeing some Prussian troops marching on Versailles, attacked them with two divisions of infantry, one of cavalry, and sixty-eight pieces of artillery. A few shells sufficed to put a regiment of Zouaves to flight, and the remainder of the force was soon thrown into disorder, and ran. General Ducrot made a short stand at Châtillon, but that redoubt was unfinished, and he was forced to abandon it to the enemy.

The noise in the street was caused by a crowd of excited citizens, who were anxiously questioning some of the fugitive Zouaves, who had just arrived hot from the scene of action without firing a shot; others had dispersed themselves through the neighbouring villages, which they began to plunder. This was a serious matter. Here were troops of the line who in the first brush with the enemy had behaved badly; it is true

that they were little more than raw recruits. We thought that a severe example would have been made, but such was not the case. All that was done in the way of punishment was to march a number of the fugitives through the streets with their tunics turned inside out, with flour on their faces, and wearing round their necks a placard with "coward" written on it; and a strange sight it was to see a runaway Zouave being marched along between a couple of captors in blouses. The good people of Paris, so *badaud* by nature, seemed amused at this spectacle, and the runaways appeared by no means abashed, and smiled at the crowd through their flour.

The loss of Châtillon, taken while M. Jules Favre was negotiating at Ferrières, was a serious affair, for that unfinished and unarmed redoubt stands on some heights commanding the forts of Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge. Concerning this redoubt, and indeed the fortifications of Paris generally, some interesting anecdotes are told. For, instance when the Duc de Chartres came to Paris with the Valmy despatches in 1793, he had an interview with the terrible Danton, then Minister of Justice. Danton told the Duke to take care of himself, and that he would one day be king, and at the end of a long conversation said—"You, who have gone through the glorious campaign of '92, will comprehend where the weak point in our geographical position lies. Remember that Paris is the heart of

France, and do what we have not been able to do—fortify it.” And the Duke, when he ascended the throne as Louis Philippe, probably remembered Danton’s advice, for it was during his reign that the *enceinte* and the sixteen detached forts were constructed. He would have built a fort at Châtillon, but he could procure no more money. When the Duc d’Aumale came here in September 1870 to offer his services to the Third Republic, the first question he asked was if Châtillon had been fortified. A redoubt had been commenced there, and a contractor was busy terminating it, but just before the Prussians arrived the workmen struck for higher wages, and it fell into the hands of the enemy, as already stated, in an unfinished condition.

“National Property” has been scribbled up on all the public buildings, and the Champs Elysées and many of the chief boulevards have been turned as if by magic into encampments. The artillery has taken possession of the gardens of the Tuileries, to the discomfiture of nurses and babes, and several of the roofed-in markets have been appropriated for the manufacture of cartridges.

September 22, 1870, which corresponds to the first Vendémiaire, LXXIX. of the Republican Calendar, and is consequently the Republican New Year’s Day, was celebrated by a manifestation which fortunately terminated without bloodshed, as Louis Blanc and Victor Hugo objected to physical force being employed. They

wanted seats in the Cabinet, but not to fight for them. Two other ringleaders of this manifestation gave a more serious complexion to it. One was Blanqui, a hoary conspirator who has passed about forty years of his life in prison. The other, Gustave Flourens, a man of action, who fought against the Turks in Crete, met the well-known duellist, Paul de Cassagnac, in single combat, and was wounded; he afterwards took part in the Victor Noir riots, fired a pistol in the air, declared the Republic established, and made his escape to England, to return here with the fall of the Empire, and play mischief. However, in spite of Blanqui and Flourens, the manifestation passed off quietly.

On New Year's evening the Parisians learned that "our Fritz," as they delight to call the Crown Prince, had taken up his quarters at the château of Meudon, from which a splendid view of Paris is obtained. The outgoing tenant is Prince Napoleon. By the way, the *Curé de Meudon*, as Rabelais is often termed, wrote, four hundred years ago, a chapter, the perusal of which may have comforted some Parisians during the siege. It is headed—"How Gaster invented art and means not to be touched or wounded by cannon-balls."

The Parisians were inflicted with several manias at the beginning of the siege; there was the spy mania, then the signal mania, the gun mania, and so on. As regards the spy mania, it was so strong that some overzealous National Guards arrested General Trochu, and

were on the point of shooting him. The Queen's Messenger, Johnson, who arrived in Paris on the 19th, narrowly escaped being torn in pieces by an infuriated mob in spite of, or rather on account of, his uniform, for he was mistaken for a Prussian officer. Just as if Prussian officers would have chosen such a moment to drive about Paris! It was with the greatest difficulty that the Queen's Messenger, Johnson, reached the Embassy, and a few days afterwards, when sent with despatches to Versailles, he met with so much obstruction, in spite of passes, that he had to appeal to the Minister of War before he could get beyond the gates. I am afraid that there was too much swagger about our Queen's Messenger to please the French, who are easily conciliated with a soft speech. I had many occasions to test this. One paper, whose circulation is not large, proposed to shoot all Englishmen, but this extreme measure met with no support.¹

One arrest much amused me. It was that of an

¹ I was much amused one day on reading in the *Figaro* the following reflections on the subject of spies—"The Prussians are better informed than we are; their spies keep them well informed as to everything that is said and done in Paris, whilst we do not even know whether they are at Versailles, or on the road to Orleans. Without speaking of that absurd spirit of chivalry which makes us reject as unworthy and cowardly such means of information, we must inquire into the real cause of this inferiority." The writer then explains this to be that whereas the Germans pay well for their information, there is no special fund for spies in France. French chivalry, therefore, means want of secret service money.

American pastor. This divine, intent only on things above, was imprudent enough to take out his notebook in the Champs Elysées, and to jot down the heads of a sermon on the mysterious ways of Providence. He was pounced upon by some National Guards, and knowing nothing of French, had to pass the night in durance vile. Of course his Minister procured his release early next morning, for Mr. Washburne remained in Paris, refusing to imitate the other ambassadors who took their departure before the investment was completed. This, because the new Government here had been recognized at Washington.

It was rather fortunate that Mr. Washburne did stay, as he was allowed to communicate with Versailles and under certain conditions to receive letters and newspapers. The newspapers were not to be communicated to a second person, and consequently after Mr. Washburne had perused the *Times*, he hid it under his mattress. As we were always sneaking about after news from England, this secret soon leaked out, thanks to the venality of the chambermaid, whose duty it was to make his Excellency's bed. The abigail betrayed the unsuspecting diplomatist for a small consideration, and showed us his *Times* now and then. And it was a great relief to learn what was really going on across the Channel, for the papers here published the wildest statements—monster meetings in Hyde Park; threats to dethrone the Queen, and drive Mr. Gladstone from

office, unless they declared war with Prussia, and many more falsehoods called patriotic, and tending to keep up the courage of the besieged. This system was carried to such an extent that the Government interfered on one occasion, and knocked an offending editor sharply over the knuckles. The *Figaro*, in fact, published an apocryphal correspondence from Orleans, and the next day the Official Journal contained a note saying that it was all "a lie like those which the *Figaro* invents every day." But the people much preferred pleasant lies to disagreeable truths calculated to interfere with sleep and digestion.

By the way, the *Figaro* informs us—can this also be a lie?—that there are several ladies of high position in the pay of Prussia—that when that profligate statesman, the Duc de Morny, died, they found themselves suddenly deprived of their resources, and were driven to sell State secrets to Count Bismarck, on whose gold they still subsist. If this be the case, I have not heard of any of these ladies being arrested.

Another mania is the signal mania. Numbers of persons have been accused of communicating with the enemy by means of flags and lights, and on this subject I heard an amusing story. An elderly National Guard had a young and handsome wife, who naturally had a lover, who used to visit her when her husband was on duty. When there was a light in the window, that meant that the National Guard was at home, and the

lover had to go home disconsolate. One night a patrol remarked this beacon, considered it to be a signal to the enemy, rushed into the house, seized on the unfortunate husband, pulled him out of bed, and led him away captive. This untoward incident had hardly occurred when the lover appeared on the scene, and as there was no light in the window went up-stairs, and doubtless had little difficulty in consoling the lady for the temporary loss of her lord and master, who spent the rest of the night in the guard-room. I cannot say if he ever learned his misfortune, but it was the talk of the quarter, and caused no little amusement to others.

It was very painful to learn day after day of the Prussians occupying this and that place round the capital; but the Parisians, still light-hearted, were able to get up a laugh when they heard that the invaders had occupied Bondy. Now, Bondy is a forest which bears the same reputation Blackheath did of old. It is still supposed to be the local habitation of robbers, and when the Prussians took up their quarters under its boughs, the Parisians grinned and said, "They must feel quite at home there."

On September 23, Victorien Sardou, the successful dramatist, came in from Marly, being the last person to leave that village, of which he was *maire*.

St. Cloud, too, is in the grip of the enemy, and that town is very close to the south-west corner of Paris, known as the Point de Jour.

The other day the Prussians, who are accused of firing on flags of truce, and committing other irregularities, or rather enormities, were reported to have massacred the chief medical practitioner of the town. Naturally the Parisians, whose credulity is unexampled in matters detrimental to other people, swallowed the rumour without the slightest proof to wash it down. A few days later a resident of St. Cloud wrote to the papers showing that the unfortunate doctor had fallen by the hand of his own countrymen. "The inhabitants," he said, "find themselves placed in a very cruel position. Several of them have already been shot, not by the Prussians but by the *francs-tireurs*, who imagine the town to be occupied by the enemy, and fire on it day and night. The Prussians occupied the château only, which is not exposed to their bullets. Yesterday Dr. Pigache died of his wounds, and to-day it is impossible to venture out to pick up a man shot near the entrance of the park. This morning the white flag was hoisted, but the firing continued, and we were obliged to get under shelter." So there is recrimination, only it is the French who accuse the Prussians of firing on the flags of truce, whereas the French themselves are accused of a similar malpractice by their own countrymen.

The town of St. Cloud was a good deal damaged by shot and shell, but the beautiful and historical palace was utterly destroyed. The Prussians were afterwards accused of having burned it down, and this notice was

posted up on its ruined walls—"Palais de St. Cloud, incendié par les Prussiens." And the Prussians have ever since been accused of this barbarous act, whereas the palace was really set on fire by a shell from Mont Valérien, and burned by the French. I did not see it struck, but I saw the smoke going up from its ruined walls.¹

We all thought that Meudon had been plundered, when lo! two inhabitants of that village, who managed to cross the Prussian lines and get into Paris, informed us that this was not the case. Meudon, they say, has

¹ Colonel Keith Fraser and W. H. Russell, correspondent of the *Times*, were just riding to the palace, when, as the latter wrote, an enormous shell was seen coming like a descending balloon on the palace, through the roof of which it fell with a tremendous crash, and burst, shattering windows and walls and doors, and setting the building on fire almost instantly. That shell came from Valérien, which could not be seen from the palace. Naturally the gunners at Valérien could not see St. Cloud. But the French had an observatory at La Muette, whence they could see both Valérien and St. Cloud, and could direct the fire of the fortress by signal. It was known that the Prussians were in St. Cloud, and their battery at the Tower of Demosthenes could be both seen and felt by the French at La Muette. On the day in question it was arranged that a trial should be made of a big gun at Valérien against St. Cloud and the Prussian works, and an artillery officer was sent to La Muette observatory to watch the fire and signal the results. The first shot fell two or three hundred yards below the palace—a signal was made to that effect by the look-out man. The next shell fell on the château itself, with the result just described. The naval officer, M. Houze de l'Aulnoit, was at the observatory at the time, and he quotes the day and the hour of the incident, with all the authority of an eye-witness, from the journal he kept.

not been sacked, thanks to the officers, most of them Poles, who energetically protested. The doors of a few publicans and provision-dealers, who had left the place, were alone broken open. . . . The guns of Issy have destroyed some stables and covered workshops which were used as barracks by the Prussians. The roof of the left wing of the château has been carried away; the façade has been damaged and the outhouses knocked down. This was all the harm done.

At the end of September the engineers demolished a low wine-shop at Issy to which an historical souvenir was attached. The King of Prussia, when Prince Royal, was present when Paris fell into the hands of the allies in 1814, and put up at this inn. On returning from a drive one day a shell fired from a battery established close to the spot where the fort of Issy now stands buried itself in the wall just above the door, and there it remained visible until September 26, 1870; and a sign-board drew attention to its presence. The cabaret was demolished because it interfered with the fire of the fort. I wonder if the King of Prussia will revisit the spot.

The following incident, which took place on September 28, revealed a curious state of affairs. A lieutenant of the National Guard, who is a grocer by trade, was mobbed for having had the audacity to ask half a franc for a red herring. A number of privates belonging to his regiment took part in this small riot, which ended

in the lieutenant being obliged to close his shop and to nail the *corpus delicti* to his shutters. This looks bad both as far as food and the discipline of the civic force are concerned.

It may have been this little affair which shortly afterwards induced the Government to establish a bread and meat maximum. Whatever other tradesmen may do, neither butcher nor baker can follow the example of the lieutenant. By the way, the Government in calculating the meat supply does not appear to have taken horses, dogs, cats, &c. into account, and there are 90,000 of the former. Concerning cats and dogs I may relate the following anecdote.

During the First Revolution, when all Europe was marching on Paris, when a siege was apprehended and famine dreaded, the famous General Sansterre proposed that all cats and dogs in the capital should be slaughtered as "useless mouths." The General made out that they consumed as much food as 1500 human beings, and represented a loss of ten sacks of flour *per diem*. This proposal raised a great outcry, both the public and the Press strongly protesting against an act which would entail domiciliary visits and the pursuit of felines over the tiles. The various services rendered by cat and dog were eloquently pleaded, and it was also urged that in case of necessity citizens might be glad to eat them.

On September 30, General Vinoy marched out at the head of 10,000 men, and had a sharp brush with the

enemy at Villejuif. After taking some of the German positions he was, however, driven back by a superior force. The French fought well, and there was no running away as at Châtillon.

At a public meeting held last night a *fusil d'honneur* (?) was offered to any one who will shoot the King of Prussia. But no one has come forward to "bell the cat."

October opened badly. On the 2nd, M. Gambetta was obliged to make the painful announcement that both Toul and Strasbourg had fallen. Intense interest had been taken in the defence of the latter place. General Uhrich, the commandant, had been extolled as one of the finest soldiers ever born, and his name had been given to the Avenue de l'Impératrice. Strasbourg had been declared to be impregnable. The statue in the Place de la Concorde, crowned with flowers, had been the scene of daily manifestations, during which ardent patriots swore that the old Alsatian city should never be handed over to Germany. And now, how are the mighty fallen? Gambetta said that in falling the two strong places threw a glance at Paris, which glance appears to have meant that the Republic was one and indivisible, and must deliver them and revenge them. On its side the Government decreed that Strasbourg, instead of a statue of stone should have a statue of bronze in the Place de la Concorde.¹

¹ This decree has not yet been carried into execution. Strasbourg remains in stone, and is always covered with wreaths.

On October 2nd, too, General Burnside came into Paris to talk matters over with Mr. Washburne. His arrival created quite a flutter. It was naturally supposed that he was the bearer of some proposals for bringing the war to a termination, and the feeling was that if Bismarck wished to negotiate the Germans had had enough of it, and wanted to go home. The attitude of the capital had astonished them; the levy of troops in the provinces filled them with apprehension, and the Army of the Loire was preparing to strike a blow which would effectually settle matters, and repair the loss of Toul and Strasbourg. Alas! all these surmises were vain. General Burnside did not come in to talk war or politics, although he informed General Trochu unofficially that Count Bismarck's views had not changed since the meeting at Ferrières; he came in to arrange for the exodus of some 250 American citizens, who, having seen enough of the siege, and beginning to feel its inconveniences, wished to leave the beleaguered city. As for the Parisians, they are still full of confidence, and swear to stand by the declaration of M. Jules Favre.

By the way, I see that a new coin has been struck off which bears this device—"God protects France." It would surely have been more prudent for the Mint to have waited until the invaders had disappeared than to

As for General Uhrich, he was afterwards censured for his feeble defence of the city, and the Avenue Uhrich was changed to the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne.

venture to predict the intentions of the Almighty, and to fix them even in gold.

The censorship of the theatre has been abolished; not that this matters much, as all the theatres are closed, the actors having shouldered muskets, and all the actresses having taken to the ambulances. Paris, in fact, is getting very dull; the *cafés* are closed early lest we should run short of gas; food of every description is rising in price with a rapidity that makes one shudder for the future. All our pleasant promenades are closed; horse, foot, and artillery having invaded them, and what with their guns, tents, chargers, and camp-fires the previous tenants are clean driven out.

I was very unlucky at this time with the letters I addressed to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I sent one out by General Burnside when he left us. It never reached its intended destination. I entrusted another to a young friend of mine, Quested Lynch, who thought he could get through the German lines, but he was not allowed to pass. I confided a third to the Columbian Minister, but he too had to return; a fourth to our naval attaché, Captain Hore, but there was something wrong with his passport, and he had to come back. On October 14, Colonel Lloyd Lindsay was allowed to come into Paris with £20,000 in aid of the ambulance. I sent a letter out by his courier, but fear that it fell into the hands of the enemy. A few days later, when the Americans left, I asked a certain General, who went by the name

of the "strategist," to try and smuggle a couple of letters through to England. I had had them carefully concealed in the linings of a pair of new Wellington boots,—one letter in each boot; and as the said strategist was badly off at the time for shoe-leather, I asked him to accept the boots as a slight token of my gratitude. The General accepted the Wellingtons, which fitted him well, and left Paris with them, but what became of my letters I never heard. The "strategist" was probably too old a soldier to rip his new acquisition up in order to get them out. As for the letters despatched by balloon, but little confidence was felt in their safe arrival, and yet it appeared afterwards that most of them did in time reach their destination. A letter I addressed to the *Scotsman* was picked up in the Baltic and sent on to Edinburgh. The balloon had fallen into the sea, the unfortunate aeronaut had been drowned, but the mails had been recovered.

We have just had another case of too much zeal. Madame de Beaulieu, like many other women of rank and title, joined the Mobs of her native province in the capacity of *vivandière*, and came up here with her regiment, a small barrel of cognac slung over one shoulder, and a small case of surgical instruments over the other. As she was tripping along this morning to join her battalion she was arrested by a National Guard, who, seeing the whiteness of her hands and the elegance of her costume, took her for a Prussian spy.

She was immediately thrown into prison, and in spite of all efforts remained there for four days, and probably came out with hands of less suspicious colour than when she went in. However, it seems that there are spies in petticoats abroad. An influential paper declares that many of them pass through the French lines and spend the night in the camp of the enemy, which is not patriotic. The night before last an aide-de-camp of General Ducrot caused one of these women to be arrested. She turned out to be the wife of an officer made prisoner at Sedan!

The Germans were also supposed to obtain newspapers, &c. from poor French women who go out ostensibly to root in the fields for potatoes, but in reality to convey information to the enemy, for which they are well remunerated. On October 7, Uhlans were seen, close to Paris, conversing with the people, and an officer told me that at St. Denis friendly relations had been established between the French and German outposts, who were in the habit of exchanging tobacco and bacon. Paris was well supplied with the former article, whereas the invaders had little difficulty in procuring pork.

In the month of October there were two or three insignificant insurrections, and we really thought that, as the terrible Bismarck anticipated, Paris was about to stew in its own juice, and become an easy prey to the invader. On the 6th there was a fearful demonstration,

10,000 men from Belleville, under the orders of Citizen Flourens, marching on the Hôtel de Ville. Strange to say, there was no damage done, nor a drop of blood spilt, during the advance or the retreat of the 10,000. Arrived at their destination, they demanded that the National Guards should be armed with chassepots; that the Imperial system of opposing one Frenchman to three Prussians should be abandoned, and an entire change made in the military system; that a *levée en masse* should be ordered; that Garibaldi should be called to the aid of the Republic; that there should be municipal elections, and that all suspicious persons should be dismissed from the administration. The Government refused to grant these requests presented at the point of the bayonet; the 10,000 marched back to Belleville, and Citizen Flourens resigned a command to which no one ever appointed him. As for the Government, it issued orders that no more bodies of armed men were to be marched through the streets without its permission.

Three days later, in spite of the orders of the Government, there was another and more noisy demonstration, at which the ominous cry of *Vive la Commune!* was heard. There was a great display of force round the Hôtel de Ville, much marching and counter-marching, and General Trochu came forth and rode along the lines with his staff. At the moment my opinion was that the "red" battalions which had descended from their "sacred hill" considered the citizen battalions too

many for them, and therefore declined battle. But when the whole affair was over, I learned that none of the muskets were loaded, and consequently I had a good deal of emotion for nothing.

Sappia, the commandant of the 146th battalion of the National Guard, and the leading spirit of the demonstration of the 9th, was tried by court-martial and acquitted. Fortunately, Henri Rochefort, Blanqui, Louis Blanc, and Victor Hugo, all belonging to the extreme party, were opposed to physical force, and it was all in vain that, on the 16th, Flourens caused the *rappel* to be beaten once more at Belleville.

Great hopes were centred in Gambetta, who left in a balloon on the 5th, with the mission of rousing the provinces. I saw him just before he started, and he appeared confident of success, and if that description of eloquence which fires a people could have succeeded, Gambetta would have saved France, but enthusiasm could not prevail against trained troops.

Not many days afterwards there arrived a pigeon from Montdidier with a despatch under its wing, in which Gambetta announced that everywhere the people were rising, and that the Government of the National Defence was universally acclaimed—a despatch which sent a thrill of joy through the length and breadth of beleaguered Paris, and filled the souls of patriots with confidence in the star of the Republic. And the Gambetta despatch was quickly followed by another

which a pigeon brought us from Tours, declaring that —“The defence of Paris elicits the admiration of the whole world. The Prussians are demoralized.”¹

And the turbulent Flourens demanded that victory should be decreed after the manner of the First Revolution, that generals should be furnished with the means of fighting, and decapitated if unsuccessful. There was much talk of a sortie in force which was to be headed by General Trochu, having Henri Rochefort on one side of him and Jules Ferry on the other, both in uniform. And the General did issue orders to the effect that the National Guard were to march out in case of need! To ensure success Felix Pyat demanded that the clubs should be consulted on all military movements.

It was some consolation to know that the Government had ordered thirty-eight guns of large calibre, fifty bronze field-pieces, and seventy-five mitrailleurs. The attorneys and other corporations have offered guns, and there are offices in the streets for the reception of national offerings for the purchase of artillery. It appears that 1500 more guns are required for our defence. In fact we are full of fight, nor are the women behindhand. Battalions of Amazons have been

¹ In the letters of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann may be found one written on the eve of Dettingen, 1743, in which the following passage occurs—“They say Lord Stair has in his pocket, from the records of the Tower, the original patent empowering us always to conquer.”

organized by members of the sterner sex, Felix Belly and Jules Allix, who are supposed to be prophets, and the *Amazones de la Seine* have demanded to man the ramparts.

The other night Jules Allix presided over a meeting of Amazons, being supported in the chair by several female warriors. Reports from various districts, not of a very encouraging description, were being read out when an Amazon taxed the Ursulines of her quarter with certain malpractices. Upon this an indignant National Guard jumped upon the platform, denied the soft impeachment, upset the Committee table, and all was turmoil and uproar. The prophet sprang at the throat of the National Guard, and a terrible scuffle ensued, which would certainly have ended to the disadvantage of the former had he not received the assistance of some members of his battalion. When he reappeared on the platform his garments were much disordered, his locks were dishevelled, his face was pale, and he had the air of one who had seen a ghost and didn't like it. Seeing that his antagonist had vanished, he glared fiercely round him as if anxious to renew the combat, and soon recovered his composure. Now, the National Guard who had thus disturbed the harmony of the evening by defending the honour of the Ursulines was none other than the Duke of Fitz-James, a descendant of the Duke of Berwick, the son of Arabella Churchill and James II.

Every now and then amateur proposals to attempt a sortie were made to the Government. In December, M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire asked permission to raise a corps of *Tirailleurs de la République*—12,000 determined men who were to force the Prussian lines. But this affair fell through. After having been accepted in principle, General Trochu, who placed but limited faith in the valour and performances of irregulars, exacted that each member of this corps should furnish a certificate of morality; and the certificates sent in, the General refused to sanction the organization of the legion in question! But surely it was not with a very choice material that Rome was founded, or that Clive performed some of his brilliant exploits in India.¹

This decision of the Commander-in-Chief of Paris, who always considered himself, not as other men, but a Breton, a Catholic, and a soldier, reminded Charles Austin of the *Times* of the way in which Sydney Smith wrote about the objections we had at one time to

¹ Macaulay says in his Essay on Lord Clive—"The forts of Covelong and Chingleput were occupied by French garrisons. It was determined to send a force against them. But the only available force consisted of 500 newly-levied sepoys and 200 recruits who had just landed from England, and who were the worst and lowest wretches that the Company's crimps could pick up in the flash-houses of London. Clive, ill and exhausted as he was, undertook to make an army of this undisciplined rabble, and marched with them to Covelong. . . . He at length succeeded in forming a respectable force out of his unpromising materials." And in a very short time both Covelong and Chingleput fell.

employ Roman Catholics, and to conciliate Ireland at a moment when we were engaged in a desperate struggle with Napoleon, and he recited the whole passage taken from the letters of Peter to Abraham Plymly (Letter iii.).¹

By the way, the Quesnay de Beaurepaire who offered to raise this force of 12,000 immoral men, afterwards became Procurator-General of the Republic. He was the grandson of the General Beaurepaire who made himself famous under the first Revolution by blowing out his brains sooner than surrender Verdun to the Prussians in obedience to the orders of the Municipal

¹ "Here is a frigate attacked by a corsair of immense strength and size, rigging cut, masts in danger of coming by the board, four foot of water in the hold, men dropping off fast; in this dreadful situation how do you think the captain acts? He calls all hands upon deck; talks to them of king, country, glory, sweethearts, gin, French prison, wooden shoes, Old England and hearts of oak: they give three cheers, rush to their guns, and after a tremendous conflict succeed in beating off the enemy. Not a syllable of all this: this is not the way in which the honourable Commander goes to work; the first thing he does is to secure twenty or thirty of his prime sailors who happen to be Catholics, to clap them in irons, and set over them a guard of as many Protestants; having taken this admirable method of defending himself against his infidel opponents, he goes upon deck, reminds the sailors in a very bitter harangue that they are of different religions; exhorts the Episcopal gunner not to trust to the Presbyterian quartermaster; issues positive orders that the Catholics should be fired at on the first appearance of discontent; rushes through blood and brains examining his men in the Catechism and Thirty-nine Articles, and positively forbids any one to sponge or ram who has not taken the Sacrament according to the Church of England."

Council. For this he was buried in the Pantheon; had for epitaph—"He chose death rather than yield to despots"; and a pension was bestowed on his widow.

By the way, another General, who played a prominent part in the First Revolution, Lafayette, appears, at least on one occasion, to have been troubled with scruples of the same nature as those which influenced General Trochu. Gouverneur¹ Morris, who was American Minister to the Court of Versailles in 1789, wrote thus in one of his excellent despatches—"11th Oct. I told Lafayette that he must have coadjutors in whom he can confide. That as to the objections he has made on the score of morals in some, he must consider that men do not go into an Administration as the direct road to Heaven."

By the middle of October the Government had done much in the way of placing the city in a proper state of defence. The sixteen detached forts, which had neither casemates, platforms, bombproofs, nor magazines when the siege commenced, have now been got into fighting order. It is the same with the *enceinte*, upon which 11,000 workmen have been employed. All the sixty-nine gates round Paris have been closed, and the ditch made continuous. To get in and out of the gates now it is necessary to pass through a narrow gateway and cross a drawbridge. This proved a serious inconvenience afterwards, for when a *sortie* took place much

¹ Gouverneur was the baptismal name of Mr. Morris.

valuable time was lost in getting the troops beyond the walls. Several new batteries have been erected, and 2,000,000 sacks of earth placed along the parapets. The artillery now musters 13,000 strong, including 7000 blue-jackets, who man six of the forts. No less than 2140 guns have been mounted, and over 6,000,000 pounds of powder manufactured, together with round shot, shells, cartridges, &c.

Even should the Prussians break through the line of detached forts, which will be no child's play, and scale the *enceinte*, they will still have an interior line of defence to conquer in the shape of barricades, the erection of which has been entrusted to Citizen Henri Rochefort. Both the National Guards and the Moblots have picked up their drill in a marvellous way, but discipline, which, Carlyle says, "is at all times a kind of miracle and works by faith," is lax. The other day the men of the 117th battalion of the National Guard cashiered their Colonel for his political opinions, and it is feared in some quarters that the fact of allowing, or having allowed, the auxiliary troops to elect their own officers will prove detrimental to the service.

Here is an instance of the working of this system. A man called Sappia was elected to command a battalion of the National Guard. For having tried to induce his men to march on the Hôtel de Ville with loaded arms he was arrested, tried by court-martial, and, in spite of the clearest evidence of guilt, acquitted. During the

trial it was shown that this red-hot Republican had formerly been an Imperialist, that he had been dismissed from the army in Mexico, and that altogether he was a man of the most ignominious character. What can General Trochu think of this?

On the evening of October 24, Paris was much startled by the sudden appearance of the most magnificent aurora borealis, which illuminated the whole sky with an exquisite claret tint. This phenomenon was set down at first to some device on the part of the enemy; it was supposed that all the forests round the city had been set fire to simultaneously in the hope of roasting or smoking us out. As soon as the aurora borealis passed away the sky cleared up, the clouds disappeared, and as Astronomer Fonvielle wrote next day—"the stars then shone out with a brilliancy comparable to that which is reserved for the star of France when it shall have disengaged itself from the hideous Prussian fog."

It is recorded in history that during the Reign of Terror twenty-three theatres played nightly to crowded houses. Why not play now? The Théâtre Français replied to this question by giving a morning performance in aid of the wounded on October 25. The actors and actresses, however, compounded with the present doleful state of affairs by not appearing in costume, and the Horatii and Curiatii fought in presence of Rome and Alba in swallow-tailed coats, black unmentionables, and white

ties. Nor had Alceste and Celimene the heart to appear in slashed doublet and dress of the period. It may be mentioned that the green-room had been turned into an ambulance where several actresses nursed the wounded, and that there were three dead soldiers lying there during the performance.

The Moblots, brought up from the country, have been complaining of late that they have all the fighting to do, furnishing outposts and taking part in sorties, while the National Guards, all Parisians, remain snugly behind the ramparts. National Guards protest on their part that they are full of fight and eager for the fray. Well, they are to have a chance of displaying their metal, for General Trochu has asked for 40,000 able-bodied volunteers wherewith to form serviceable regiments, the battalions of the National Guard containing many men unfit for active service.

A Sergeant Hoff has been making a terrible name for himself. Hardly a night passes but he performs some daring exploit within the Prussian lines; he is said to have already slain some twenty sentries along the banks of the Marne.

On October 28, that very radical print, the *Combat*, was publicly burned because the editor, Felix Pyat, inserted a paragraph, with a deep black border, to the effect that Marshal Bazaine had sent to treat with the King of Prussia, in the name of Napoleon III. Indignant National Guards seized the paper in the kiosks, it being

considered high treason to suppose that Metz could fall. In the evening the city was thrown into raptures by the news that the Prussians had been surprised in a small village called le Bourget by the *francs-tireurs* of the Press and Moblots of the Seine, and driven from that advanced position with heavy loss. And this *coup* was executed by Parisians! What joy! What pœans!

The report made by General de Bellemare on the capture of le Bourget was curious in its way, and ran thus—"Wishing to utilize the *francs-tireurs* of the Press, who had nothing to do at Coureneuve owing to the inundations, I ordered a night attack on le Bourget . . . the enemy was surprised, driven from house to house, and finally fled" . . . some in their shirt-tails, it was said. The Prussian artillery opened fire on the village, and a desperate attempt was made the next morning to eject the Parisians, but without success.

The French, however, were not to hold le Bourget long. Intoxicated with victory and wine found in the cellars, the conquerors went to sleep on their laurels, and on the 30th allowed themselves to be surprised by the Prussians as they had surprised the Prussians two days before. At dawn the village was surrounded by 20,000 men, and out of the 3000 Frenchmen who held it, not a dozen escaped being killed, wounded, or captured. The Prussians, especially a portion of the Guard, fought with great animosity, having the disgrace of the 28th to wipe out. A friend

of mine who had a narrow escape—he was knocked down by a bullet which struck the collar of his tunic without piercing it, and when prone several Prussians in hot pursuit, thinking him dead, jumped over him—told me that the men of Queen Augusta's regiment worked away with their bayonets with terrible energy, grinding their teeth and plying their weapons with a yer! yer!

My friend Louis Ravenez breakfasted with me the next morning off a mule steak, and seemed none the worse for his adventure; as soon as "the rush of war was past" he had managed to make good his retreat. His family lived next door to us—a widow with two sons and two daughters; the two sons in the army, one quartered in the most exposed position on the north side of Paris; the other in a cavalry regiment in the provinces; the two daughters, both charming artists, ill. By this time we were living on rations which nearly always consisted of horseflesh; and horseflesh poor Marie Ravenez, the eldest daughter, could not touch. She was literally starving when the following device was resorted to. She was told that I had laid in a large stock of beef, and that as I liked horseflesh just as well, I would give her beef in exchange for her daily ration. The *ruse* answered, and Marie R. ate my horseflesh and I ate hers until the end came. So much for imagination.

The recapture of le Bourget filled Paris with grief

and consternation; the *francs-tireurs* of the Press and the Moblots of the Seine had been massacred almost to a man. Those who escaped declared that they had been on severe duty for fifty hours fortifying their position, and had been left for thirty hours without food, when they were attacked. The Duke d'Alençon taunted us with being able to fight only on a full stomach. He said of us—

“They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves :
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.”¹

But it seems that even the light-hearted Gaul requires propping up.

Ernest Baroche, a son of one of the ex-Emperor's Ministers, who was in command of the Moblots, behaved well at le Bourget. When he saw that further resistance was useless, he ordered his men to retire, and advancing alone fired half-a-dozen shots from his revolver into a Prussian column, and then fell riddled with bullets.*

It was on the afternoon of the disastrous le Bourget affair that M. Thiers returned to Paris after having visited one European court after another in the hope of obtaining an intervention of some kind. It was through the kind offices of the Emperor of Russia that he was allowed to re-enter this beleaguered city and to

¹ *King Henry VI.* Part I. Act I. Scene ii.

discuss matters with the Provisional Government. England, Italy, Austria, Russia had all been visited by the indefatigable little statesman and historian. I marvelled if, while he was being whirled through Europe at a high velocity, he remembered how years before, when Minister of Public Works, he crossed the Channel to see our railways, and reported dead against them, saying that they would be fit only to amuse the Parisians. He did not even approve of our macadamized roads.

October 31, another day of grief, mourning, and consternation. Only a couple of days ago the *Combat* was treated to an *auto da fé* for announcing the fall of Metz, and now the capitulation of Bazaine and his army is confirmed. The Government had kept the news back for a couple of days. What an overwhelming misfortune! M. Jules Favre goes out to treat with Bismarck, and in his absence the Châtillon disaster occurs, and now while M. Thiers is here talking over terms of peace, comes the le Bourget affair and the news of the terrible catastrophe at Metz, which will of course render the Prussians more exacting than ever.

Paris, so recently assured that Metz was impregnable, and was provisioned for months to come, was quite unprepared for this collapse, and immediately rose; the assembly was sounded in various quarters of the city, the disaffected battalions of the National Guard mustered with surprising alacrity, determined to overthrow the Government, as if that would mend matters. An

excited mob, in spite of a pelting rain, gathered in front of the Hôtel de Ville clamouring for the Commune, and shouting, "Down with Trochu!" "Down with the renegade Thiers!" "Long live the Republic!" "No armistice!" The Mayor Arago and General Trochu tried to harangue the multitude, but their voices were drowned in the tumult. Close to the scene of action I met my schoolmaster, and asked him like Marullus—

"Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?"

He told me that he was going to vote for the Commune.

Just as I reached the Hôtel de Ville, where the Government sat, the doors were forced in by the sovereign people, who inundated the apartments, displayed a red flag at the window, and proceeded to elect a new government. General Trochu and his colleagues were made prisoners, confined in their council chamber, grossly insulted, and called upon to resign. Fortunately during the tumult Ernest Picard, the wittiest and most unwieldy member of the Administration, eighteen stone of common sense leavened with any amount of Gallic salt, managed to slip through the fingers of the captors and to reach the Treasury, more than a mile away, where he at once put himself in communication with the civil and military authorities and the commanders of the well-affected battalions of the National Guard.

While the stout M. Picard was engaged in organizing his forces for the delivery of his colleagues, the invaders of the Hôtel de Ville were busy electing a Committee of Public Safety, and lists were being freely handed about. Henry Labouchere handed in to the clerk at the table the "reddest list of the lot."

The mob of course behaved *more Francorum* in those gilded saloons where Prefect Haussmann had not long ago received nearly all the crowned heads of Europe,—Queen of England, Czar, Emperor of Austria, King of Prussia, and Sultan—glass and china were broken, chairs smashed, sofas contaminated, painted walls and rich wainscots defiled. At one moment there were no less than three rival Governments issuing manifestoes and trying to carry on the business of Paris, the Provisional Government the while remaining in durance. The venerable Garnier Pagès, whose voluminous shirt-collars are as famous in France as those of Mr. Gladstone in England, fainted away, but was still kept prisoner. This state of affairs, shameful with the enemy at the gate, lasted for several hours, but just before the shades of evening gathered over the scene, help arrived in the shape of the 106th battalion of the National Guard, and the rioters quietly laid down their arms, and amid roars of laughter from the 106th as they passed under the Caudine forks, sneaked back to Belleville. A strong force of regulars had by this time reached the Hôtel de Ville, General Trochu and his colleagues were once

more free, and half-an-hour afterwards not the vestige of a rioter was to be seen, and the crowd which lined the Rue de Rivoli to see how things were going on heartily cheered the Governor of Paris as he rode past. And to think that during all this disorder not a drop of blood was shed, and yet none of the elements for a massacre were wanting—arms, liquor, and a mob of the vilest description ripe for mischief. M. Thiers left Paris at an early hour, just before the insurrection broke out. So ended the month of October.

Instead of punishing the rioters as they deserved, the humane Jules Simon has persuaded his colleagues to go, not to the country, which would be impossible, but to Paris, and to be duly elected. In fact the Provisional Government at present holds office by virtue of mob law only, having usurped authority when the Chambers were invaded on September 4.

M. Thiers had a narrow escape yesterday on leaving Paris. The authorities forgot to send notice of his passage to Mont Valérien, and the consequence was, when passing within range of that fort he was fired at, and a cannon-ball very nearly put a period to his existence.

On November 3, the elections took place quietly enough, and moderate people greatly rejoiced in the result. General Trochu and his colleagues obtained 557,996 votes, while only 62,688 votes were recorded in favour of the Commune. So order reigns in Paris,

and no more riots are to be tolerated, and about a dozen of the most violent Colonels of the National Guard have been cashiered.

Term commenced to-day at the Palais de Justice, but there were many vacancies on the bench, and our Minister of Justice, Arago, prohibited red mass, or the "Mass of the Holy Ghost," being performed as according to custom. I have not heard of General Trochu, whose platform is "God, Family, and Property," remonstrating.

There is an Anglo-American ambulance established in what until the other day was called the Avenue de l'Impératrice, leading into the Bois de Boulogne. It consists of a couple of large tents, in which the sufferers have plenty of air, and are admirably treated. I often visited this ambulance. On the first occasion I was rather startled on seeing a pretty young woman run out of a small supplementary tent with a scream. On inquiry it appeared that she had bravely volunteered to act as a nurse; but on an artilleryman arriving, fumbling in his pockets, and then depositing a finger which had just been shot off, on the table, she had uttered a cry of horror and fled. I often met two Zouaves there, who had passed through all the big battles round Metz unscathed, and had both been wounded in a sortie in the direction of Malmaison. The two comrades had both been wounded exactly in the same place; each had received a bullet in the calf

of the right leg. They had wonderful tales to tell, and they were cheery enough as they smoked their cigarettes in the sunny air, and hobbled about on their crutches. They had never been under so heavy a fire, they said, as at Malmaison, where they lost a comrade who had been through Gravelotte and other battles with them; it was as if handfuls of peas were being flung at them—so they expressed it.

The appeal made by General Trochu for 40,000 volunteers, wherewith to form fighting regiments, has not met with much success, although each volunteer as he stepped up to a kind of altar erected in front of the Pantheon to inscribe his name in a book of glory, was treated to a roll of the drum and given a decoration to wear in his buttonhole. Instead of the 40,000 volunteers required, only 12,000 have presented themselves.

Paris, which gave such an overwhelming majority to the Government the other day, and showed itself so reasonable, has to a certain extent reversed its decision. The twenty wards into which the city is divided, called upon to elect their municipal officers, have returned five mayors of the very reddest political dye, and this bids fair to breed trouble.

Another rather serious matter is that the Government now find it difficult to obtain the services of skilled workmen for the manufacture of rifles. All the artisans are in the National Guard, draw thirty sous a day, and amuse themselves by playing pitch-and-toss and

suchlike games on the ramparts. It is already asked what these men will do when the siege comes to a termination. We know that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do, and after having acquired habits of idleness, the Parisians will find it difficult to set to work again.

On November 6, Paris learned that the negotiations with Bismarck had fallen through, the terms on which the Chancellor would consent to an armistice being quite unacceptable. But for the revolt of October 31, it is supposed that some understanding might have been arrived at; but when Count Bismarck learned that Paris was in a state of revolt, and running short of food, he raised his demands, and M. Thiers has pleaded with the great Powers all in vain.

As we must continue to fight, the forces in and round Paris have been divided into three armies. The first army, composed of two hundred and sixty-six battalions of the National Guard, with a poor show of cavalry and artillery, is to be commanded by General Clement Thomas. The command of the second army, all regulars, has been given to General Ducrot. General Trochu, while remaining Commander-in-Chief, was to have the third army under his special orders, but for various reasons the command has been handed over to General Vinoy. This last army is to be divided into seven divisions, two of which will be commanded by Admirals.

In the midst of all these warlike preparations the

Government has found time to order the removal of the marble statue of the Empress Josephine, erected not long ago in the Avenue named after her, and on the site where a charitable institution which she had founded originally stood. Could anything be more spiteful and childish? Naturally the name of the Avenue has also been changed. It is now the Avenue Marceau. I presume that this iconoclastic act was ordered because the "bonne Joséphine," as the poor called her, was grandmother to Napoleon III. Will the Government set up the statue of one of Felix Belly's Amazons on the denuded pedestal? If so, let it be done in brass.

To-day M. Edmond About, who was the first man to cross the frontier when war was declared, writes in favour of peace, and blames the Government for having broken off negotiations. But Paris, partly encouraged by false news from the provinces, though we have had no pigeons now for ten days, seems determined to hold out. However, we are beginning to suffer both for want of food and fuel, and the Minister of Agriculture (fancy having such a Minister at present) has just ordered all persons having cattle, sheep, or goats to make a declaration to that effect under penalty of having them confiscated. One poor animal which had to be delivered up, to be eventually served out in rations, was much lamented in my quarter. This was a donkey belonging to a man who used to come round

with a cart collecting old bottles and broken glass. Every now and again he made a halt, and said to his ass, which was almost as clever as that of Baalam, "Now, Adrienne, bray for the ladies'-maids!" And upon this Adrienne would lift up her voice and bray. Then would come the order, "Now, Adrienne, bray for the cooks!" And again would Adrienne bray, but there was a very marked difference between the keys of the first and the second bray. And to think that poor Adrienne should have been eaten!

Alas! many other donkeys suffered the same fate. I myself breakfasted one morning on the ears of a donkey, and I remember shortly afterwards passing by a butcher's shop, and seeing exposed for sale the snouts of half-a-dozen of those animals, and that was all. A painful sight also was it to see slaughtered dogs hanging up in the butchers' shops, skinned and ready for cooking—greyhounds and bull-dogs and curs of low degree. People who had food to dispose of were now obtaining high prices. One day, strolling down the Rue de Rivoli, I looked into a jeweller's shop, and saw a piece of cheese for sale; while, in another direction, a maker of stays offered her customers puddings which looked anything but inviting.

On November 7, a patriotic editor thus wrote—
"Should the provinces decline to carry on the war, they will establish for ever the supremacy of Paris over the rest of France. How can the provinces dare to

speak of peace while Paris resists with so much heroism? Horseflesh is rare, and the meat of mules and asses is a delicacy. Penetrate to the heroic faubourgs, the laxity of whose ideas are blamed, and you will find what Count Bismarck calls 'the populace,' eating horses' lights, and food which even dogs recently disdained."

A large number of English residents left us to-day; and as Mr. Woodhouse has gone with them, we find ourselves placed under the protection of Colonel Claremont, the military, and Captain Hore, the naval, attachés.

On November 10, winter fell upon us, and it snowed hard all day, and it is difficult to find coal or wood. The authorities are having all the trees which lined our pleasant promenades on either side cut down; but this will not help us much, and we have no more gas. A very dismal place is Paris now of an evening. The *cafés*, instead of being brilliantly lighted, merely make darkness visible by means of a poor show of oil-lamps. The only thing we have plenty of is wine, which may not prove an unmixed blessing.

A few days ago I saw a sportsman in the Champs Elysées shooting sparrows, looking up into the trees in quest of game. Now these trees are to disappear, for firing is wanted for the hospitals and public buildings. It was a curious sight to see them felled. Round the first which I saw cut down a large crowd had gathered, intent upon every blow dealt by the woodmen with their gleaming axes. But then, as Rabelais long ago

told us, the Parisian is essentially *badaud*; he will in fact stand for hours watching the laying down of a gaspipe. How much more interesting the falling of a stately elm! But the tree had no sooner come crashing down than the *badauds*, great and small, male and female, fell upon it, and before the woodmen could interfere, had picked it to the bone, or rather stripped it to the trunk; boys and girls broke off the twigs, and men and women the branches, and away they scampered with their plunder, rejoicing at having secured the where-withal to make the pot boil. The whole scene passed with such rapidity, so eager was the scramble and so complete the devastation, that I laughed heartily as the band dispersed like a flock of vultures driven from a carcass, leaving the woodcutters mute with amazement.

Some historic trees, which is a pity, were afterwards sacrificed, and among them a row of splendid elms which shaded the Boulevard d'Enfer, and which had been planted in the reign of the Grand Monarque. Most of the old trees, too, in the Cour la Reine, on the river-side just opposite the Invalides, were forced to bow their stately heads to the axe laid at their roots. The story goes that these trees were planted in the year 1724 by the Duke d'Antin, Intendant of the buildings of his well-beloved Majesty Louis XV. The Duke caused four long rows of holes to be made, and by each hole stood a soldier of the Swiss Guard,

sapling in hand, which was planted to a roll of the drum.

An older tree than any of the above-mentioned is reported to have been sacrificed, to wit, a cedar said to have been planted by Sully in the days of Henri IV. in the Jardin des Plantes.

Nov. 11, the Prussians, having got some of their siege-guns into position, began to show their teeth quite in earnest, unmasking batteries at Meudon, Nogent, and Choisy le Roi, and commencing their attack on the detached forts. On the same day the postmen who were out of work received a military organization. There were certainly no foreign or provincial mails for them to distribute. Even our pigeons, some of which birds are sent out with every balloon, have been failing us of late, and there is a painful impression that the Germans have imported falcons from Saxony with the view of intercepting our feathered couriers, or that so many birds of prey have been attracted by the slaughter round Paris that our pigeons find it difficult to return to us.

Much abuse is daily lavished on the Prussians for employing spies, and certainly they appear to be well informed about all that occurs in Paris. Did not Frederick the Great laugh at Soubise after Rossbach for having twenty cooks and only one spy, whereas he, the Prussian monarch, had twenty spies and but one cook. That there be traitors in the French camp seems

very certain from what happened yesterday. A small detachment of cavalry approaching a French outpost by night, was duly challenged, and on the corporal crying, "*Qui vive?*"

"*France!*" was the reply.

"What regiment?"

"2nd Hussars."

The corporal, not liking the accent, called on the officer to advance and give the watchword.

"Verdoon!" was the answer.

The watchword was correct—Verdun; but the accent was so Teutonic that the French corporal ordered his men to fire, and three saddles were emptied, and the rest of the detachment galloped off.

As for spies, of course the French employ them. Lamartine tells us that towards the end of the last century M. de Ségur was sent on a mission to Berlin with these two words for his instructions—Seduce—Corrupt. He was to bribe the favourites, the mistresses, and the pet aide-de-camp of his Prussian Majesty. Unfortunately for M. de Ségur, two hours before he arrived at Berlin a copy of his secret instructions reached the Prussian Foreign Office. M. de Ségur's negotiations broke down, and he was so disgusted with his failure that he attempted to commit suicide. This was diamond cut diamond.

By the way, Mirabeau, who paid Frederick the Great a visit a short time before his death, had no very

high opinion of Prussian incorruptibility, for he wrote as follows in 1716—"There can be no secrets at Berlin for a French Ambassador unless he has neither money nor talent; that country is covetous and poor, and any State secret may be purchased for 3000 louis."

I may here relate a little anecdote. Some short time after the war, an English officer was sent to Berlin to try and find out something about a new rifle. He failed in his mission. On his way home he looked in at the War Office here to see an old friend, who asked him where he had been. On being informed, the French officer said—"Why didn't you come here instead of going to Berlin? we could have told you all about it." And the information which the British soldier failed to obtain at Berlin he obtained in Paris.

A great many suggestions are made in the hope of solving the problem of how to navigate balloons. One ingenious gentleman recommends that four eagles be harnessed to a balloon, maintaining that they may be guided by means of raw meat attached to a pole and held in the direction which the aeronaut wishes to go. All kinds of absurd things are pressed on the notice of the Government. This is nothing new. When Bonaparte was at Boulogne, and threatened to invade England, the lively Duchesse d'Arbantes (*ci-devant* Madame Junot) relates in her *Memoirs* how a General, who afterwards became Marshal, strongly advised the First Consul to mount a strong body of men on por-

poises, and thus to cross the Channel and destroy perfidious Albion.

On Nov. 10, the *Patrie*, contemplating the continuation of the siege with feelings of awe, wrote—"Berlin blockaded and separated from the rest of the world would only be so much *ennui* and pedantry the less, but Paris invested—Paris captive—is intelligence on strike. It is the life of the world which ceases; its heart which no longer beats." And the writer, in a strain worthy of Victor Hugo, goes on to say that it is hard to imagine such a calamity as Europe menaced with passing a winter without Paris, and that emperors and kings will certainly interfere to avert so great an evil.

There be eighteen clubs here, where much spouting goes on, and many wild theories are aired, but as yet no orator has sufficiently distinguished himself to make his mark. The Government does well to tolerate these clubs, in spite of their mad ravings, for they act as so many safety-valves. Thank goodness, they do not resemble the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs of the First Revolution, and we have no Marats, Dantons, or Robespierres, or at least they have not yet shown themselves. The twaddle indulged in is of an innocent description. Take this as a sample. A citizen proposed last night a simple method for capturing the King of Prussia, adding of course—"we shall deal generously and humanely by him, and let his countrymen have him

back if they like for £40,000,000." Rather a good price to pay *pour le roi de Prusse!*

During a snowstorm to-day a number of men suffered military degradation in front of the Ecole Militaire. One man called André Desquères had been found guilty of assassinating a corporal, and had been condemned to death by a court-martial, but the Government commuted the sentence. The other culprits had been convicted for desertion, theft, &c. What can such scamps care for having the buttons and epaulettes cut off their uniforms? During the proceedings a band discoursed a selection of airs from *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*, which lent a comic tinge to the affair, and was strangely out of season.

On the 12th there was some sharp fighting in the direction of Choisy le Roi, during which a good-looking young Irishman, whose acquaintance I had casually made, fell well to the front. He had thrown up his commission in her Majesty's service to cast in his lot with the *francs-tireurs*. He was an excellent type of his gallant and daring countrymen, and his nationality was unmistakable, reminding me of the lines—

“So frank and bold his bearing, boy,
Should you meet him onward faring, boy,
Through Chili's glow, or Iceland's snow,
You'd say—'What news from Erin, boy?'”

He appears to have been induced by his religious convictions to throw himself into the French ranks and

fight against Protestant Prussia. And the poor fellow met his death from a Bavarian bullet.

Sergeant Hoff has again been distinguishing himself, and has been mentioned in an order of the day for "an act of the greatest vigour. He got within twenty paces of a Prussian sentry and killed him; he also shot a comrade who came to the assistance of the sentry. Sergeant Hoff has already killed about thirty Prussians, and has received the Cross of the Legion of Honour." The above was signed by the Chief of the Staff, General Schmitz, who is familiarly called P. O. Schmitz, because his numerous bulletins are signed Schmitz, P. O. or *par ordre*.¹

It appears that it is revenge which nerves the arm of the redoubtable Hoff. His father is said to have been murdered by the enemy, and his brother, a *franc-tireur*, captured and shot.

I believe that most of the *francs-tireurs* who fell into the clutches of the Prussians were summarily executed,

¹ Edmond de Goncourt writes in his Journal, Ch. XXI., January 2, 1872—"Dinner of the Spartans. . . . General Schmitz, a military man who has something to do with literature, sat by me. He is an intelligent man, and has always something to say worth hearing. On some one mentioning Alsace and Lorraine, the General remarked—"I was in Italy in 1866, and an Austrian, Count Douski, said to me, "You are making blunders much as we have done, and are unconsciously preparing a war with Germany which will cost you Alsace and Lorraine." When I protested, he added, "You will lose Alsace and Lorraine for ever, because the small States are dying out," . . ."

as enjoying no military organization, being subject to no military authority, and being soldiers one day and civilians another as it suited their purposes. After the war was over Mr. Holt White, who had followed the operations of the Prussian army for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, told me that as he was one day, during the siege of Paris, passing in front of Prince Bismarck's windows, at Versailles, the Chancellor called him in and began to talk over the subject of the *francs-tireurs*, maintaining the necessity of shooting them when captured. Mr. Holt White having taken a different view, Prince Bismarck produced a copy of the *Pall Mall Gazette* from his portfolio, and said, "Read that article on the regulations, objects, &c., &c., of the *francs-tireurs*." Now this article kept by the Prince in his portfolio was one which I had written when the war first broke out, and in which I suggested that if the *francs-tireurs* carried out their programme, the war would resemble that waged by Red Indians, and that it would lead to reprisals.

November 13.—Provisions running short and very dear. The following are some of the prices asked—

A turkey, £2 4s.

1 lb. of fresh butter, £2 16s.

A goose, £1.

A carp, 16s.

A rabbit, 14s.

Henri Rochefort, having first resigned his position as

a member of the Provisional Government and then that of Inspector-General of Barricades, has enlisted as a private in the Artillery of the National Guard. As Citizen Henri Rochefort is as blind as a bat, he is not likely to do the enemy much damage.

November 15.—Paris was thrown into raptures this morning, it having been officially announced that General d'Aurelle de Paladines has gained a great victory at Orleans. The papers teem with allusions to Joan of Arc, and hope has once more been rekindled in the Parisian mind.

November 17.—Very difficult to obtain fresh meat at any price. The prospect of starving has operated a wonderful effect on people with delicate appetites. A dainty artist friend now frets like a spoiled child for that beef and mutton at which she formerly turned up her nose even after bitters. Courage, Mademoiselle; a large cattle-dealer, who has passed a contract with the Government for the supply of 30,000 oxen, left this beleaguered city last night in a balloon to commence operations. How he is to get his beeves through the Prussian lines, over which he must have passed by this time at a considerable elevation, is matter for speculation. Hardly anything but pigeons reach us, and though by an ingenious method of photographic reduction one of those birds can now carry under its wing as many words as are contained in the New Testament, it could hardly bring us even a single ox reduced by Liebig.

By the way, there was a rumour yesterday that a man had managed to get through the Prussian lines *à la nage*—swimming down the Seine,—and the Parisians, being of a gay turn even under difficulties, at once cried, “It’s Musard! it’s Musard!” I must explain that a man who is supposed to connive at the infidelities of his wife is called a *maquereau*, and this accusation was very generally laid to the charge of Musard.

That the mackerel does not frequent fresh water was a mere matter of detail. Ichthyology is not perhaps the strong point of the Parisian. Did not the renowned Jules Janin once describe the lobster as the “Cardinal of the sea,” never having seen any but boiled specimens of that crustacean? And did not Timothy Trim tell his million readers in *Le Petit Journal* that oysters were fed with oatmeal by means of a straw inserted between the shells?

November 18.—I find that a good sewer rat may be had after some haggling for three francs, there being no Government tariff on these rodents. The street boys angle for them down the sink-holes, and appear to enjoy the sport, which at times is lucrative, though they don’t yet obtain Derry prices. I fancy that the rats themselves are having a hard time of it, for this is what my wife saw in the Place des Victoires. She dreads rats, and, to her horror, one ventured out of the sewers in broad daylight, and made a rush at an egg-shell close to her, and hoping to find something inside plunged his

head into it. A couple of *gamins* who saw this endeavoured to catch the unfortunate animal, who was unable to withdraw his head from the egg-shell, and thus speedily fell a victim to his voracity, being unable to see where he was going.

Some parts of Paris were, and probably still are, infested with these useful scavengers. A friend of mine dining at a restaurant in the Passage de l'Opéra, was surprised to see a rat under his table, and on mentioning the fact to the landlord was told that it was impossible to keep the vermin out; it was useless to stop the holes up, as fresh ones were gnawed through in a night. "Every Saturday," he added, "we have a hunt; trap-doors are placed over each hole, and on cutting a string they all fall, and the rats being shut in we have a massacre. Come on Saturday, arm yourself with a stick, and bring a dog if you have one." My friend accepted the invitation, and I accompanied him. The string was duly cut, and about a dozen of us, armed with cudgels and reinforced by several terriers, entered the restaurant. In about half-an-hour a clean sweep was made, and the dead bodies of the victims, 175 by the tale, were laid in rows and counted; the muzzles of the dogs were washed, and mine host offered us a glass of wine all round. A similar massacre took place every week. The restaurant was situated just over the main drain.

Belleville, which is to Paris of to-day what the Faubourg St. Antoine was to Paris of the First Revolu-

tion, became very unruly at this period. Its battalions of National Guards refuse to go out against the Prussians, suspecting that once outside the fortifications the Government will have the gates closed, and will leave them to their fate. The well-affected battalions on their side fear that while they are engaged in a sortie the Bellevillois intend to plunder the city. By the way, all the volunteers which General Trochu obtained when he asked for 40,000 were furnished by the battalions of the aristocratic quarters. The battalion of the Madeleine, 2800 strong, furnished 1000.

The Bellevillois, be it observed, are always crying out against the clergy, and demanding the incorporation of ecclesiastics in the army. By law they are exempted from military service. It appears that there are at present 1015 priests in Paris, and of these 612 are over forty-five years of age, and consequently have exceeded the age at which laymen are liberated from the duties of the soldier. It is said that the heroes of Belleville would like to place the priests in the forefront of the battle, which would certainly be a good method for protecting their own worthless carcasses.

The newspapers constantly publish the most outrageous articles against the Prussian monarch, who is reported now to have taken up his residence at the Little Trianon, which recalls to the Parisians pleasant memories of poor Marie Antoinette, whose head they cut off. "It is here," says one writer, "that Father Gui-

Gui,¹ or, if you like it better, the drunken king, retires to digest his breakfast, smoking his Augusta, his holiday pipe, following with tipsy look the gyrations of his requisitioned tobacco. He is happy, this trooper; he enjoys all kinds of intoxications—wine, tobacco, blood. He is present in imagination at the performance of the *Marriage of Figaro*, in which Marie Antoinette played the part of the Countess; the Count d'Artois, the King's youngest brother, afterwards Charles X., was Figaro; the Chevalier de Vaudreuil, Almaviva; the Duke de Guiche, Bartholo; the Duke de Crussol, Bazile; while the part of the Page was filled by the Prince de Polignac, who, as Prime Minister of Charles X., signed the fatal ordinances." Yes, the fatal ordinances which sealed the fate of the Bourbon dynasty, the King flying to England, and the Prince also seeking safety in the disguise of a footman. And to think that the comedy of Beaumarchais is supposed to have been one of the factors which set that Revolution rolling which so rudely dispersed actors and audience of the Trianon Theatre!

The Government has now laid hands on all potatoes still for sale; they are to be served out with our meat rations, now so absurdly small that many persons refuse to go for them. Can one imagine having to wait for four or five hours every third day at the door of the butcher for a quarter of a pound, per inhabitant, of

¹ Short for Guillaume, or William.

doubtful beef? It is some consolation that my cook does not object to this, in spite of the bitter weather, because she and the other cooks have time to discuss the news of the day, and keep their tongues from growing rusty.

November 23.—Here are the kind of reports which help to keep us alive, and which buoy up our courage—“Some *francs-tireurs* recently stopped a train containing 120 Prussians, who were at once shot, as the Prussians never spare the *francs-tireurs*, and had just before executed ten prisoners.” “There was fighting at Pierrefit yesterday. An old National Guard of St. Denis greatly distinguished himself, taking his stand in front of the line and inflicting on the enemy losses relatively very sensible.” Which is rather vague. Then—“A naval gunner quartered in the fort of Bicêtre can lodge a cannon-ball in a hat at the distance of 5000 yards. Yesterday he allowed the Prussians to arm an earthwork, and then with three shells blew all their guns to pieces. He has been decorated, as has a similar expert at the fort of Double Couronne.” And concerning Prussian atrocities—“A peasant has just been shot at Meudon for burying bread and wine in his garden; while a poor stableman, whose only crime was wearing the Imperial livery, was summarily executed.” And all these things slip down the capacious Parisian gullet like melted butter.

November 24.—Another batch of documents found

in the Tuileries was published to-day, some of which are instructive. One is a telegram to the Emperor from the Duke de Persigny congratulating him on declaring war, and saying that the war was hailed with enthusiasm throughout the country. From another document we learn that his Majesty was so irritated at the way in which he had been treated by the Parisian Mobiles at the camp of Chalons—I have mentioned how they plundered the Imperial baggage, and put the Imperial shirts up to auction—that he ordered the corps to be broken up and dispersed among the frontier forts—Thionville, Belfort, Verdun, Toul, Sedan, &c., all of them, with the exception of Belfort, destined to fall into the hands of the enemy. I have also already mentioned how the firemen were brought up from the provinces to aid in the defence of Paris, and the queer figure they cut and the laughter they excited with their Roman helmets and quaint modern uniforms sadly in want of repair; most of them old men, untrained, and quite unfit for service of any description. There are three despatches published concerning these antiquated heroes, whose patriotism in coming hither was so loudly extolled by the Parisian press, who were thanked for the gallant way in which they had quitted their native villages, which might be burned to the ground in their absence, to protect the capital. But the despatches! On August 16, the Minister of the Interior received the following from the Prefect at La Rochelle—

“Order to send firemen to Paris creates great emotion. Most of them refuse to go. Population uneasy.” Another despatch reached the Minister on the same date from Tours—“The firemen hesitate. Will manage to set matters right. The measure found admirable by reflecting people,”—not by *pompriers*, as they are called, who do reflect, and don't wish to go.

The day following the Minister in his turn wrote a circular, which commenced thus—“The *elan* of the firemen is such that to avoid being encumbered it will be well to suspend further remittances (*sic*). Explain to these devoted men the reason for this temporary adjournment!”

The poor firemen who were hustled up to Paris did not remain many days, and must have returned home both sadder and wiser men. The difference between the official language in the above documents and the reality is considered rather striking. But when lies are told here no one has a right to throw stones.

November 27.—All the gates are closed to the public, which is as much as to tell the enemy, who are observant creatures, that a storm is brewing.

Paris learned to-day that a Vice-Admiral has been given the command of an army corps. Perhaps he will turn out a second Peterborough, who, we all know, was equally at home ashore or afloat when fighting was to be done.

Paris has also learned with some astonishment that a number of fugitives from Châtillon, who were supposed to have been executed long ago, have had their sentence commuted to ten years' imprisonment—*pour encourager les autres*. Further, that large quantities of hams and bacon have been discovered, and sent to the Central Markets to be there sold at a reasonable price. One "holder," in whose cellars 1700 hams were found, has committed suicide for fear of being strung up to a lamp-post, thus imitating the famous Gribouille, who drowned himself during a shower of rain for fear of getting wet.

A great outcry is raised against the rich, who, now that there are no more hay and oats, are feeding their horses on bread. A horse, they say, consumes 20 lbs. of bread *per diem*, and as there are 10,000 of them, 150,000 human beings are daily sacrificed in their favour as far as the staff of life is concerned. It may be useful to keep horses as a stock of fresh meat, but a horse will eat 2000 lbs. of bread in a month, and 300 lbs. of his flesh will feed only 500 persons for one day. Two butchers' shops have just been opened for the sale of small domestic animals. Over one shop can be read the following sign—"*Résistance à outrance! Grande boucherie, canine et féline.*" I witnessed a touching spectacle the other day. The manager of a strolling company of players found that he must part with the old horse Pompone, who had dragged him through all

France and Navarre. It was some time before the poor manager could make up his mind to part with his beast at the door of the shambles where the faithful drudge was about to close his career; he flung himself several times on Pompone's neck, embraced him, pocketed the blood-money, and then strode away in despair. The whole scene reminded me painfully of Théophile Gautier's *Capitaine Fracasse*.

Shades of Parmentier! We have had potato riots, and the stalls of several dealers have been overturned in consequence of the exorbitant prices demanded. Be it remembered, that the introduction of the potato here, towards the close of the reign of Louis XVI., met with considerable resistance, and it was not until Parmentier planted a field near Versailles and had it carefully guarded all day by gendarmes that the people took to them. When the shades of night fell, and the gendarmes were withdrawn, the field was plundered, and the old proverb of stolen fruit found to be true. The sly Parmentier, for having thus overcome the prejudices of his countrymen, was made a Count of by the King, took for *armes parlantes* a potato-flower, and was actually embraced by the Queen Marie Antoinette. I had the pleasure of often meeting his grandson. An anecdote.—When at Rugby the master of my form asked a youth where potatoes came from, and who introduced them? The reply was that they were imported from Ireland by Oliver Cromwell!

November 28.—Our walls are placarded to-day with an extract taken from an account of the occupation of Paris by the Allies in 1815, informing us that when Denon complained to Marshal Blucher that works of art were being removed from the Louvre, that rough veteran told him to “hold his jaw.” Seeing the fabulous number of works of art plundered by the French armies in Italy, Spain, and other countries, and how Napoleon when at Berlin seized on the sword of Frederick the Great, one can excuse the bluntness of the old Field-Marshal. Why, Napoleon took away even the pastoral ring and the tiara from the Pope.

There was a performance at the Opera last night in favour of the wounded. Why should it be necessary to sing and fiddle money out of the pockets of patriots at such a time as this? By way of an epilogue extracts from the *Châtiments* of Victor Hugo were read—portions abusing Napoleon III., not those concerning the flight from Waterloo. Finally, a collection was made in Prussian helmets. One’s faith in those trophies of war has been very limited since the discovery of a shop for their manufacture. The way in which new helmets were made to look as if they had seen service was rather amusing. The manufacturer employed a number of citizens to walk about in them for a certain number of hours in a room heated like an oven. They were then battered about and exposed for sale. This was like adulterating glory.

Towards evening strong bodies of troops were seen in motion, and a cannonade was opened which lasted all night long, and proved the beginning of strife.

November 29. —A proclamation was issued by the Government this morning, declaring that the supreme hour has arrived, and citizens were early thronging to the eastern gates for news, and thither I repaired. No civilians were allowed to pass, and we had to content ourselves with reports of the battle being waged in sight of the fortifications. The rapid discharges of artillery made all Paris tremble, and it may be readily imagined how sickening suspense was as we stood hour after hour shivering in the cold. For seven consecutive hours two hundred rounds a minute had been directed against the enemy's works, and when morning broke General Ducrot, who had declared that he would return to Paris dead or a conqueror, set his troops in motion and began to pass the Marne. At the same time General de Maud'huy attacked l'Hay, while Admiral Pothuan, with his naval brigade and war companies of the National Guard, made a dash at the Gare aux Bœufs. The French had very hard luck. The Marne suddenly rose, swept away a number of General Ducrot's pontoons, and prevented him from passing the river. De Maud'huy was making a gallant fight of it at l'Hay, and the Admiral had captured Gare aux Bœufs, when they learned the disaster to Ducrot's pontoons, and had to fall back. The grand operation had to be postponed.

On the 30th, before daylight, Paris was once more aroused by incessant discharges of artillery, and another anxious day had to be passed. By the way, the offices of the *Liberté* were mobbed yesterday evening because that paper gave a true account of the failure of Ducrot's attempt to cross the Marne, and there was some talk of lynching editor Vrignault and his staff.

To-day Ducrot got safely over the Marne at ten a.m., without being molested, the heavy artillery fire having cleared the ground in front of him. For a time he and his lieutenants operating with him met little opposition, and all went well until they neared some rising ground to the rear of the town of Villiers, which the Prussians had studded with redoubts. Here the French columns encountered a terrific fire, which caused them to waver. The officers at this juncture, and indeed throughout the whole battle, exhibited the utmost gallantry. A regular artillery duel ensued between the Prussian redoubts and thirty French batteries, whose guns were of course more exposed than those of the enemy. This struggle was continued for over two hours. The fight was carried on with great obstinacy on both sides, the army of Paris never having shown to such advantage, and it was not until the sun went down, after shining brightly all day, that firing ceased. The Prussians still held the redoubts beyond Villiers, while the French encamped on the ground which they had gained in the morning. The carnage was very great on both sides,

and the battle may be said to have ended in a draw. With evening came the usual crop of fallacious reports—"Trochu, at the head of 80,000 men, had pierced the Prussian lines, and was marching on Orleans to form his junction with the army of the Loire. The investment was a thing of the past. The question now to be settled was how to prevent King William and his men from effecting their retreat across the Rhine." The *Liberté*, which got into such a scrape yesterday for telling unpleasant truths, apologizes this evening in the most abject manner, editor and staff signing a solemn declaration to the effect that yesterday was a grand day for France, and to-day a still grander one.

December 1.—Many comments are made on yesterday's operations, and although the troops as a rule behaved well under trying circumstances, some of the Moblots bolted, and a hundred are said to have been cut down by the Gendarmerie. The Bretons, who had helped to put down the insurrection when General Trochu and his colleagues were made prisoners, declared at the time that they were not going to fight for the Parisians, and they seem to have kept their word. This is not very astonishing, seeing the deep religious feeling with which the Bretons are animated, and with what an eye they regard the frivolous population of the capital, in defence of which they have been forced to leave their much-loved home. Be it

mentioned that the Bretons retain their old customs, costumes, their flowing hair, and manner of living with greater tenacity than in any other part of France. If Voltaire's Martin, who insisted that people do not change, could see the Bretons of to-day, he would hardly alter his opinion. What does one find in *Candide*?—"Do you think," asked Candide, "that men always massacred each other as they do to-day? That they have always been liars, rogues, perfidious, ungrateful, brigands, weak, fickle, cowards, envious, gluttons, drunkards, avaricious, ambitious, sanguinary calumniators, debauchees, fanatics, hypocrites, and fools?"

"Do you believe," replied Martin, "that the sparrow-hawks have always eaten pigeons when they found them?"

"Yes, without doubt," answered Candide.

"Well!" said Martin, "if the hawks have always had the same nature, why do you suppose that men have changed theirs?"

December 2.—To-day many a patriotic fist is shaken in the direction of Wilhelmshohe, where the "Man of December" (*coup d'état* of '51), now "Man of Sedan," lies captive. Most of his accomplices are dead and gone: De Morny, St. Arnaud, Fould, Troplong, Billaut, &c. On the morning of December 2, nineteen years ago, five Generals were arrested in their beds and sent to Mazas—Cavaignac, Bedeau, Lamoricière, Changarnier, and Le Flô, also M. Thiers and other representatives

of the people. Changarnier was taken prisoner at Metz; Le Flô is our War Minister; M. Thiers is doing what he can for us in a diplomatic way. He never forgave Napoleon III., not for having him arrested and sent into exile, but for having him escorted to the frontier by a couple of gendarmes instead of a strong military escort.

However, while the Parisians were engaged in shaking their fists to the east, the Prussians made a desperate onslaught on the French position, hoping to tumble Ducrot and his men into the Marne, and they very nearly succeeded. The attack was so sudden that several officers of the staff were wounded before they could get into their saddles, and the main body was driven back on Champigny, where it found shelter and was able to check the advance of the enemy. At Brie, on the left, there was very severe fighting, and the French experienced heavy losses, which would have been heavier still but for a redoubt thrown up by General Favre, ex-aide-de-camp to the "Man of Sedan," and the fort of Nogent, within range of whose guns the Prussians had ventured. By nine a.m. the French had lost all the positions so painfully won only three days before; but thanks to hard fighting and General Favre's redoubt, which had escaped the vigilant eyes of the enemy and saved Ducrot, they were recovered before the end of the day, and the troops lustily cheered General Trochu as he rode along their lines and

complimented them on their valour. The losses are very heavy on both sides.

December 3.—It was like a bucket of cold water that the following bulletin fell upon the Parisians this morning—"The army of General Ducrot will bivouac to-night in the wood of Vincennes. It has repassed the Marne, and been concentrated at this point with a view to ulterior operations. About four hundred Prussian prisoners, among which a group of officers, have been brought into Paris to-day."—Signed, GENERAL SCHMITZ, P.O.

No wonder that Paris, whose hopes had been so high, should feel amazed and discouraged. The only advantage they have reaped during four days' almost incessant fighting is in possession of the plateau of Avron.

Among the officers who fell on the French side during these operations was General Regnault, who was very highly thought of. I dined in his company not long ago, and was much struck by his remarkable resemblance to Napoleon I., or rather to the portraits of Bonaparte when he was a lieutenant. There was a great charm about his manner.

Franchetti, too, who commanded a corps of irregular cavalry raised by himself, and who had distinguished himself during several sorties, had his leg smashed by a shell. A couple of days later I looked in at the Grand Hotel, to see Henry Labouchere, the sole

occupant of that vast caravanserai, and he told me that poor Franchetti was lying in the room next to his, and had just had his leg amputated. He did not survive the operation many days.

As for Labouchere, who amused us all immensely with his quaint observations and inimitable stories, he thought it prudent shortly afterwards to shift his quarters. The fact is that some of his letters addressed to London appear to have given great offence here, and there has been some talk of lynching their author. I recommended him to a nice, quiet, out-of-the-way hotel, where he would find himself extremely comfortable, and thither he repaired and remained in security.

In the evening I found the Boulevards in a great state of excitement, and newspapers being eagerly snatched up. It turned out that a report had got abroad of Bourbaki having captured Versailles. Also we learned that Vernon, which lies on the line between Paris and Rouen, has offered a most heroic resistance to the Prussians. Vernon has seen many changes of fortune. It appears to have been taken by Henry I., who built a castle there, one tower of which still remains. In 1154 it was recaptured by Louis VII., but shortly afterwards fell once more into our hands. Philip Augustus took it and lost it twice, first in 1190, and then in 1195. Vernon was then twice burned, first by Edward III. in 1346, and then ten years later by the Duke of Lancaster. Retaken by the Normans,

it once more fell into the hands of the English in 1419, and remained in our possession for thirty years. Then it was carried by assault by the celebrated Dunois, and annexed to France.

December 4.—Ducrot's retreat has been very well borne, and seems to have enhanced his military reputation. His retrograde movement was effected during a fog, and he has explained in the most satisfactory manner why he made it. There has been some fun poked at him for declaring that he would return to Paris dead or a conqueror. On inquiry it appears that General Ducrot, who is a most gallant officer, never uttered this bit of bombast, which was put into his mouth by Jules Favre, an adept in clap-trap.

General Ducrot, be it noticed, has just been white-washed by Field-Marshal von Moltke. The General, who was taken prisoner at Sedan, had been accused of having violated his parole. This he denied, and forwarded an explanation of his escape to the Field-Marshal, who considers it satisfactory. Unfortunately a good many French officers have been guilty of the crime wrongfully imputed to General Ducrot. Their excuse seems to be that they were not bound to keep faith with the Prussians, who had not kept faith with them, and were carrying on a war against France which they had declared to have been waged against the Empire. One French officer who violated his parole was General Thibaudin, who rejoined the army and

fought under an assumed name. This led to some unpleasantness when some years later the said General became War Minister. It was thought at the time that objections would have been raised at Berlin to this appointment. But Berlin merely shrugged its shoulders.

In my diary I find that Henry Labouchere, Frank Lawley, Lewis Wingfield, and Quested Lynch dined with me, and that we partook of moufflon, a kind of wild sheep which inhabits Corsica.

December 5.—The Members of the Provisional Government publish the following astounding letter, addressed to General Trochu at Vincennes!—

“GENERAL, AND DEARLY BELOVED PRESIDENT,

“For the last three days we have been with you in spirit upon that glorious field of battle where the destinies of the country are being decided. We should like to share your danger, leaving you all that glory which you have so well prepared, thus assuring by your noble devotion the success of our gallant army. No one can have a better right to be proud of it than you; no one can more worthily speak its praises; you forget yourself only, but you cannot hide yourself from the acclamations of your companions in arms [not even when riding along in front of their lines], electrified by your example. It would have pleased us to have joined our voices to theirs; permit us nevertheless to express

all the gratitude and affection which we feel for you in our hearts. Tell the brave General Ducrot, your devoted officers, and your valiant soldiers how we admire them. Republican France recognizes in them that pure and noble heroism which has already saved her. She knows that she can place her hope of salvation in you and in them. We, your colleagues, acquainted with your thoughts, hail with joy these great and glorious days during which you entirely revealed yourself, and which, we are profoundly convinced, are the commencement of our deliverance.

“ Accept, &c., &c.,

“ JULES FAVRE.	GARNIER PAGES.
JULES SIMON.	E. PELLETAN.
E. ARAGO.	JULES FERRY.
ERNEST PICARD.”	

It would be difficult to find anything more burlesque than the above twaddle, published when the “ General, and dearly beloved President ” had again sought refuge within the walls. It ought properly to have been addressed to General Boum of Gerolstein.

We heard a great deal at this time of General Trochu’s plan — a plan which for some inscrutable reason he has deposited with his notary, who keeps it under lock and key. As time went on, the General began to be chaffed about his plan.

The *Journal Officiel* complains of the Prussians

shooting armed peasants, and reminds them of what Prussian peasants did when their country was invaded by the French during the First Empire. The *Journal Officiel* omits to say that the trees on the other side of the Rhine in those days were black with the bodies of peasants strung up by the French.

Of course the summary executions complained of are very hard in the case of peasants whose villages are suddenly attacked, and who merely defend their homes. But it is another thing when a village has been spared the horrors of war, and the inhabitants, when they think that they may do so with impunity, take up arms and use them. Such was the case at Chatou, which lies half-way between Paris and St. Germain; the inhabitants, who had not been molested by the enemy, during a sortie, and when they thought that it was succeeding, joined in the fray, and I fear had to pay the consequences.

There is no probability of any further attack being made on the positions of the enemy for some time, as several divisions have been so severely handled that they will require a thorough re-organization. Then dissension is said to reign among the chiefs. The Government, which appears to be in want of funds, has laid hands on a portion of the funds recently voted for carrying on the works commenced by our dismissed Prefect Haussmann. Be it observed that the poor are better off now than in ordinary times, for they draw

rations like other folk, and large numbers are clothed and paid as National Guards.

December 6.—Another misfortune seems to have fallen on the French arms. This morning General Trochu received a polite note from Field-Marshal von Moltke, informing him that the army of the Loire had been defeated, and Orleans recaptured. If General Trochu doubted this, he might send a couple of officers to verify the fact. General Trochu has refused, we are told, in simple and dignified terms, and according to the *Temps* his reply “meets with general approbation, and excites an amount of enthusiasm which deadens the impression caused by the check of our army at Orleans. Our resolution to defend ourselves remains unanimous.” What a pity that General Trochu cannot handle his sword as well as he does his pen!

Then adds the writer, a naval officer—“sign of the times”—“General Noel (in command of Mont Valérien), seeing the scandalous disorders committed by the Mobiles, has established a court-martial, of which measure General Trochu must approve.” And a woe-ful picture is drawn of the indiscipline which prevails, the complaints of subalterns, nine times out of ten, being unheeded, as the Generals, not feeling themselves supported, are afraid to punish the culprits. “There is little or no drill, and it will hardly be believed that after three months of siege there are Mobiles who have not fired a shot even at a target. This is the case with

two battalions encamped in front of us. The soldiers spend their leisure in ransacking the houses, and getting drunk with the wine they find in the cellars, and in destroying for the sole pleasure of destroying. The cleverest sell what they find, often under the eyes of their officers, who, when they are not their accomplices, connive." . . . And December 7. — The officer who commands at Creteil has demanded the recall of the Belleville *tirailleurs* to Paris, in the midst of which corps Flourens (long ago dismissed) has re-appeared. These heroes of October 31 (insurrection) have deserted their posts in the trenches, pretending that they are betrayed, and refuse to return. Their cowardice is only equalled by their insubordination and debauchery.

December 7.—We heard to-day of the fall of Thionville. In the days of the first Republic that town gallantly resisted the Prussians, displaying a wooden horse on the ramparts with a bag of hay slung round its neck, and the garrison swore that until the horse ate the hay the place would not surrender. Poor Thionville!

December 8.—Citizen Sans has been abusing the noble Faubourg St. Germain of many crimes, and proposing, in the clubs, a visit to that aristocratic quarter and its abandoned residences. Now many of these, like the Hôtels de Luynes, de Galliera, and Duchâtel, have been turned into ambulances; that of la Roche-

foucauld is a canteen. Several noble ladies are acting as nurses. Several nobles who have passed the age limit have taken active service. The other day, at Champigny, the Marquis de Podenas and the Barons de Grancy and de Dampierre fell on the field of battle. It is told how de Grancy, who was a great sportsman, finding his preserves poached in spite of his keepers, went out himself, and after watching for several nights at last collared a man and took him to his château. His guilt was palpable, for his pockets were stuffed with pheasants. What was the Baron's surprise to find when the culprit had unmuffled himself that the poacher was de Dampierre—"A nice joke to kill my game," he said; "but you shall pay a fine of 500 fr. and remain here a month as my prisoner." The Duke de Broglie has one son who is in the hands of the Prussians; another in the army; and a third, who after serving in the navy took holy orders, is doing duty as military chaplain, and lectures at Creteil to the soldiers. A certain centurion who went to hear him the other evening told me that he was much amused at the way in which the *abbé* opened his meeting. He called for two volunteers to sing Halleluiah.

It appears that Victor Hugo was anxious to go out and fight during the recent engagements, but was prevented by the men of his battalion, who have no idea of the poet risking his life like an ordinary mortal. But have not many poets and men of letters seen

service between the days when Horace took to flight at Philippi and Byron drew his sword for Greece?

That firebrand Flourens has been arrested and ought to be sent to Charenton, where there are cells and strait-waistcoats, and to spare. How very severe the remark of Montesquieu, that his compatriots built lunatic asylums to induce the guileless foreigner to believe that all Frenchmen who were at large were in their right minds. The number of madmen at present perorating at the clubs and elsewhere in this beleaguered city would certainly destroy that belief now if it ever existed.

One French patriot declares to-day that the odour of Prussian uniforms is more obnoxious than that of French corpses. The smell of an enemy's corpse we know was accounted sweet by Vitellius, but this evidently does not include his tunic and overalls. Another patriot informs his readers that if the Spaniards were beaten in the pitched battles of Sommo-Sierra and Ocana, they took their revenge at Vittoria, when they indulged in a national war. And to think that our military historians have represented Vittoria, a battle in which the fate of the Peninsula was decided, as an English victory; the force under Wellington, 80,000 strong, utterly routing King Joseph and his army, hampered with the accumulated plunder of five years, capturing his Majesty's carriage, Marshal Jourdan's *bâton*, and a prodigious amount of dollars, and

all the enemy's artillery. Of Spaniards only 18,000 men were engaged. And for this Wellington received from Spain the title of Duke of Vittoria. This hardly resembled Mina and partisan warfare.

December 9.—My faithful cook, after an absence of a couple of hours, has just returned with rations for three days, which consist of one herring apiece. She does wonders, though not quite equal to the cook thus spoken of by Sir Walter Scott in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. And one hears that the soldiers are complaining, and yet they receive six ounces of meat besides bacon and biscuit.

“During the long and severe blockade of *Le petit Leyth* the *Maître de Cuisine* to the Marshal Strozzi maintained his master's table with twelve covers every day, although he had nothing better to place on it than the quarter of a carrion horse now and then, and the grass and weeds that grew on the ramparts. *Des par dieux c'était un homme superbe!* With one thistlehead and a nettle or two he could make a *roti des plus excellents*; but his *coup de maître* was when the surrender took place; and then, *dieu me damme*, he made out of the hind-quarters of one salted horse, forty-five covers; that the English and Scottish officers and nobility, who had the honour to dine with Monseigneur, could not tell what the devil any one of them were made upon at all.”

Four Prussian officers, prisoners on parole, were insulted to-day on the Boulevards. Fortunately they suffered no bodily harm.

Large numbers of mitrailleuses are being turned out, and we are informed that these weapons date back from Henri III. At least in the year 1587, a man named Chantepie was broken on the wheel for having sent to the Seigneur d'Allegre a box in which thirty-six pistol-barrels were arranged in such a way that on removing the lid a general discharge ensued. The servant who opened the box was killed, but his master was only slightly wounded. Chantepie underwent his punishment in the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, which still exists.

There has been no military report for nine days from P. O. Schmitz, who is supposed to have gone to sleep.

December 10.—To-day General Trochu, in a letter to P. O. S., expresses his sorrow that the four Prussian officers whom he sent to Paris should have been made the object of a hostile demonstration, as they were under the protection of the national honour. He says that he will at once arrange for the exchange of the officers, who "will be able to convey to the Prussian army but one impression, which is, that the moral condition of Paris, sustained by a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice, was never more solid, and that we are all preparing for the combat."

This letter was countersigned by M. Jules Favre.

The celebrated Sergeant Hoff has disappeared. He is supposed to have fallen on December 2, after having slain about one hundred Prussians.

In the bill of fare of a dinner given on this the 80th day of the siege, were among others the following dishes—

Potage Parmentier (potato soup).
 Hors d'œuvres : saucisson de cheval.
 Anguilles de Seine en matelote.
 Dos d'ânon en relevé, sauce chasseur.
 Croquettes de rats à la Duchesse.

And after the above, rabbit, hashed beef, salade, cheese, dessert.

December 11.—The violent ultramontane editor of the *Univers*, who delights in calling the King of Prussia Sennacherib, cannot comprehend how the Government does not order public prayers in these evil days, and a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Geneviève, the patron saint of the city. He is highly indignant with General Trochu for not having delivered battle against the heretics on the 8th, which was the feast day of the Immaculate Conception, when the Lord would certainly have been on their side. I cannot find any great French victory recorded on that date. Does M. Louis Veillot attribute the triumph of Austerlitz to St. Francis Xavier, on whose *fête* day that battle was fought? Must Napoleon share the credit of Jena with St. Eusebius, and that of Marengo with Bonaventura? A great many devout people do flock to the Pantheon, or church of St. Geneviève, to pray before the tomb of the saint; but it appears that the tomb is empty—only a cenotaph, the bones of the holy woman being

preserved in a golden case, and exhibited only now and then to the faithful.

Great excitement to-day in consequence of a number of bakers' shops remaining closed. Belleville thinks that it is to be starved. On inquiry it seems that there was no flour, but steam-mills have been set to work to repair the evil with all the speed possible.

December 12.—The papers relate how “*La mère Crimée*,” the oldest *cantinière* in the service, and who is decorated with the military medal for service rendered in the campaigns of Africa, Italy, and the Crimea, has just distinguished herself. She went out with a battalion on Wednesday, which came to a halt one hundred yards from the Prussian sentries, and was distributing *petits verres* all round, when one of the enemy peered out of a hole and was about to take a shot at her. “Wait a bit, Bismarck!” she cried, and snatching a musket from a corporal, fired and brought down her man. “*Bravo la mère!*” shouted the whole company and the old lady was borne off in triumph. And it is with stories like this that Paris consoles itself.

What is more serious, is the fact that the Government has now laid hands on all the wood, coal, and coke which remains, and that no more fancy bread is to be made.

December 14.—Paris cannot understand why no foreign Powers come to its aid, but did not Voltaire once say—“Little Frenchmen, love one another, for if

you don't, who the devil will?" "It is disgraceful," writes one editor, "seeing how we have aided every one—aided America against England, Greece against Turkey, Turkey against Russia, Italy against Austria, Rome against Italy; aided the Pole and the Fenian!"

And only to think of England, Austria, Russia, Italy, and Turkey now standing aloof! The other day a syndic, who had been intimate with Cobden, asked me if the French had not rescued the English army at Inkermann when they had such a fine opportunity of revenging Waterloo! "France," he added, "could forgive anything but injustice," and as an example he singled out the case of Pelissier, who "had never been pardoned for the gross outrage he committed in Algeria." I ventured to observe that if Pelissier did smoke some natives out of a cave, he afterwards was raised to the dignities of Marshal, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, Senator, Duke, Commander-in-Chief of the French army in the field, sent to London as ambassador, and that he finally died Governor-General of the very colony in which he had so gravely outraged public opinion. "Ah, yes," replied the syndic, "but that was under the Empire!"

December 15.—Went to dine at Voisin's, and met an Englishman who had long served in the French army as surgeon. He had seen a good deal of fighting in Algeria under Père Bugeaud. He told me that he had in his possession a letter from General Trochu,

written some years before, in which he foretold the defeat of the French army, and the siege of Paris. I regret that I did not see the letter, and can only say that Dr. Shrimpton was not given to romancing.

We have had no pigeons for some time, but this is explained by the fact that in winter those birds naturally go south, and that the pigeon released at Tours has to fight against his instinct in making his way to Paris.

There are many rumours current respecting the armies in the provinces. The *Figaro* opines that if the results are not satisfactory, the details are. If the army of the Loire has been cut in two, France has one army the more!

Baron Gaillard, who died the day before yesterday from a wound received during an attack on Epinay, was buried to-day, several members of the Government, though he had long served the Empire, attending his funeral. He had been nominated to the Legion of Honour, but the decoration arrived only in time to be placed on his coffin.

December 16.—General Clement Thomas reprimands the 214th battalion of the National Guard to-day, for having fled in a panic from Creteil, where it was on outpost duty. Another order of the day disbands the 147th Volunteers, which objected to going to Rosny, because the wives of the married men had not been paid their seventy-five centimes.

December 17.—Two pigeons, in spite of their natural

instinct to fly south, arrived from Tours to-day with despatches from Gambetta, which are not very reassuring. Every retreat is represented as a splendid retrograde movement, and the *Débats* happily accuses Gambetta of having invented *la fuite en avant*. But was not this invented by Shakespeare? Cloten, the son of Cymbeline, fights and complains—

“The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord*.—No ; but he fled forward still, toward your face.”

Cymbeline, Act I. Scene iii.

December 18.—To-day General Clement Thomas demands the dismissal of Commandant Leblois of the 200th National Guards, that officer and half of his battalion having reached the outposts in a state of intoxication.

It is feared that Paris will be bombarded, and patriotic editors are protesting against such an iniquity, reminding us of the obloquy under which England has laboured ever since Copenhagen was bombarded in 1808, and Washington in 1814, also of “the odious pillage of the Summer Palace at Peking.” The French, we are told, always behaved with generosity and humanity. But did not Napoleon I. bombard Vienna when the Princess he afterwards married was lying ill in her palace? Washington was not a capital when a few shells were fired into it after Bladensburg, and as for the Summer Palace, surely the French looted that before the English arrived? Did not General

Montauban pick up a splendid necklace there, which he presented to the Empress, who refused it ?

December 19.—The rations are miserable, and prices are decidedly high. Cheese is quoted at 18 francs per pound. An egg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ francs ; a box of sardines, 10 francs ; a rabbit, 30 francs ; a chicken, 25 francs ; a goose, 70 francs ; a peacock, 110 francs. One can still dine moderately at a good restaurant for a louis.

An officer tells me that the Prussians pick up all the stray dogs they can find, feed them well, and train them to do duty as sentinels.

Another despatch from Gambetta this afternoon. He speaks in the highest terms of the military talent displayed by General Chanzy. The optimists are delighted to learn that Manteuffel and his men could get no further than Honfleur. Probably they had no wish to perish like Pharaoh and his host.

The mortality is increasing at an alarming rate ; it rose from 2455 deaths the week before the last to 2728 last week.

December 20.—Orders have again been given for closing the gates, public opinion being strongly in favour of another sortie in force. The idea of Paris, which contains 600,000 fighting men, being invested by 150,000 Prussians, is repugnant to the feelings of patriots. To-day the Prussians fired their first shell into the city ; it passed over the detached forts, and fell into Montrouge on the south-west side of Paris. We

are assured that the battery which committed the daring sacrilege was immediately silenced.

General Clement Thomas now complains of the men of the 201st battalion, who reached the outposts at Issy in a state of intoxication ; broke into the church, profaned the altar and the sacred vessels, clothed themselves in the sacerdotal robes, and parodied the religious ceremonies. The consecrated bread and wine were handed round with revolting jokes, reminding one of the *Fête de l'âne* and other *fêtes* which used to be performed here in the Middle Ages in the churches, and with the sanction of the Church.

The clubs continue to rant. General Trochu was accused last night of having received 30,000,000 francs for betraying Paris, which proves that this city is worth more than a mass—the price at which Henri IV. purchased it. The other members of the Provisional Government are represented as “drawing immense salaries, being, as an orator at Belleville cried, very unlike the honest men of '93, who deposited their savings on the altars of the country, wrapped up in the corner of their pocket-handkerchiefs.”

At Durand's a young gentleman who complained that his *bif-tack de cheval* was very dark, was blandly informed by the waiter that this arose from the animal from which it was cut having been purchased from an undertaker.

December 21.—There was some very heavy fighting

at that old bone of contention, le Bourget, this morning, with a prelude by the neighbouring forts and some gun-boats which had crept down the Seine to join in the fray. At two p.m. placards signed by P. O. Schmitz were posted up all over Paris, saying that the fight was going on with every chance of success, and that 100 prisoners had been made. "The Governor is at the head of the troops." For a time the French carried all before them, and the men of the Naval Brigade fighting with their hatchets greatly distinguished themselves, but in the end were repulsed, losing 279 men out of 600 who went into action. It was found necessary to evacuate le Bourget. An attack to the right made by General Vinoy met with more success, and resulted in the capture of an important position.

Paris is in despair over the death of so many sailors, and Paris does well to bewail their loss, for the Naval Brigade is a splendid body of men, whose appearance, good conduct, and discipline deserve the highest eulogy. Several of the detached forts are manned entirely by blue-jackets, who regard their fort as their ship, and I believe that not a man has been punished since the siege commenced, which is saying a great deal, as Jack often obtains leave to take a cruise into Paris.

The French must be always gay. Last night there was a jovial party at Vachette's. This was the bill of fare—

Consommé de chien Bismarck.

Saucisson de l'âne à l'Allemande—Queues de rats à la Guillaume,
avec cornichons Bavarois.

Langue de chien à la sauce de Moltke—Oreilles d'âne avec bou-
lettes à la Saxonne.

Gigot de chien à la Prussienne—Côtelettes d'âne panées à la façon
de notre Fritz—

the dinner winding up with *croûtes Impériales*, or Imperial blunders.

December 22.—On the body of a Bavarian recently slain a curious love-letter signed "Mary" is said to have been found, forwarding two dollars subscribed by the mayor and municipal authorities of her village, to encourage her intended to smite hard on the "red-breeches."

December 23.—The men of the 23rd battalion who behaved deplorably the other day on the Marne have been so badly received by the women of Paris that they have asked to be allowed an opportunity for retrieving their character. The Colonel has been placed under arrest, but the officers and men have been sent on out-post duty, which is no joke just now with the glass many degrees below freezing-point.

A large supply of codfish is reported to have been discovered quite accidentally by a sailor. It appears that when M. Thiers had the forts round Paris constructed, he ordered them to be provisioned with 50,000 barrels of salt fish, which were quite forgotten. It was thought that these barrels contained cement,

until a man belonging to the Naval Brigade broke one open the other day. As they have been there ever since 1840, the fish will no doubt be rather dry eating.

Christmas Day.—No church-going to-day for want of pastors; no roast beef; no turkey; no plum-pudding. Would not Voltaire, who makes Madame de Kerkabon in *L'Ingénu* say, "Those cursed English, they think more of one of Shakespeare's plays, a plum-pudding, or a bottle of rum than of the Pentateuch," pity us? Labouchere and Lynch dined with me, and I managed to procure a chicken and a ham for the repast. The chicken I purchased, and the ham I found in the apartment of a friend, which I forced open.

My butcher, who displays the arms of England over his door, and goes by the name of the English butcher, has purchased a number of animals from the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and offered, among other luxuries, Polar bear and dromedary for sale. Also plum-puddings, which were mistaken by the Parisians for Prussian cannon-balls, and certainly they looked quite as deadly.

There is much ranting in the papers over Christmas, and several incoherent individuals have been let loose on the Press. "Nations like men," writes one of these, "have been nailed to the cross. Has not Poland been called 'the Christ nation'? To-day it is France, that is to say the expansion of liberty and progress, whose long agony astonishes the world, which looks on without moving, for she has gone through the defeats and humili-

ation of Pilate, who is England, and Caiaphas, who is Russia. Judas is at Wilhelmshoe." Then the King of Prussia is compared to Attila, who drags a horde of barbarians in his train. "But the resurrection of Republican France is at hand, and God will put the victory into her sabots—the glorious wooden shoes of '93." ¹

December 26.—The cold is intense, and many people prefer remaining in bed to facing the weather outside, or sitting up in a fireless room. The suffering in the trenches is very great, and I hear of one unfortunate soldier being found frozen to death with his gun up to his shoulder. We have a report of the trial of Lieutenant Muriel this morning, on the charge of breaking into a house and killing the proprietor—a charge fully proved. It came out at the court-martial that this officer had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for theft; on another occasion to two years, and on a third to three years; and when he was elected a lieutenant he was an escaped convict. Lieutenant Muriel has been let off with five years' hard labour.

There was some sharp fighting at Villa Evrard today, when the French were surprised, and many officers

¹ It is the custom of French children to put their shoes on the hearth on Christmas eve to see what the infant Jesus will give them, and they naturally find all sorts of presents in them the next morning.

and men fled, spreading alarm up to the walls of Paris. These fugitives are to be tried.

All Belleville, 60,000 strong, threatens to descend on the Hôtel de Ville to demand the release of Flourens, that Blanqui and Felix Pyat be allowed to show themselves, and that Garibaldi be proclaimed chief of the New Universal Republic.

With the Seine frozen over, one is not astonished at hoardings being broken down, and scaffoldings, palings, and even trucks and carts being seized upon for fuel. Wine, too, is running short. Last night at Blanqui's club a citizen denounced his landlord, who had prosecuted him for burning the door of his apartment. A citizeness declared that orders had been issued to pick up none but wounded officers on the battlefield, there being too many privates in hospital. She also stated that in her quarter the Sisters of Charity were in the habit of carrying the men who were dangerously wounded out into the night air so that they might die of cold (explosion of indignation). She had been seized, she said, by eighty Breton Mobiles and almost strangled, and in passing before an ambulance a pistol-shot had been fired at her (expressions of horror). And this is the kind of raving that goes on.

A curious old man died here yesterday, ninety-seven years of age, of the name of Lambert. He had acted as tipstaff during the Reign of Terror to Fouquier Tinville, whose very name sends a shudder through

one's veins. When the reaction came, Lambert fled to England, where he obtained a place in a brewery. In 1815 he returned to Paris with the Bourbons, and was allowed to live here in peace. His chief pleasure was the cultivation of flowers. The atrocities he witnessed in '93 continually troubled him, and he could seldom be induced to speak of them. We are told that his last words were—"Que Dieu sauve la France!" Only three persons followed his remains to the grave.

December 29.—Alas! P. O. Schmitz is obliged to announce another disaster this morning. The plateau of Avron, won a month ago and fortified with heavy naval guns, has been swept clear by the Krupp cannons. The French suffered severely before and during the retreat, and lost several guns. This retrograde movement conducted by General Trochu is highly commended by P. O. Schmitz. The Governor, he says, withdrew his seventy-four guns almost intact.

Some of the detached forts are being bombarded in a way which will put their powers of resistance to a severe test.

In ordinary times Paris gives relief to 105,000 poor people; that number has now increased to 471,000, and it was only the other day that the Municipality voted £20,000 for the establishment of extra national cantines, or cheap kitchens, which the Government, which has bought up large stores of food and fuel, keeps going. Paris, in addition to its own poor, has to

support a large number of families driven in from the surrounding villages occupied by the invaders, which families are lodged in sumptuous palaces which they treat like pigsties. About 500,000 lbs. of bread, £800 in money, and £80 worth of wood are distributed daily. In addition to this, there is a great deal of private charity. Sir Richard Wallace, for example, relieves not only English but French misery in the most munificent manner, devoting much time to his good works. The National Guards each draw 30 sous a day, and their wives 75 centimes, which is handsome pay, considering that a good dinner can be procured at the cantines on the ramparts for 4*d.*

M. Jules Favre states, not very positively, that both Prince Frederick Charles and General van der Tann have suffered defeat, and that the armies of the Loire are within twelve leagues of Paris. I don't think that this statement meets with general credence, to judge by the prevailing gloom which hangs over the city.

January 1.—We were promised a good ration of beef for to-day, but instead of that we have received only a poor one of horseflesh. It is not always more blessed to give than to receive; I had my Ravenez friends to dine, and we regaled ourselves on elephant. I must say that I found it oily, and did not like it. Our butcher, Dubooz, bought Castor and Pollux, the two elephants upon whose backs I have seen so many laughing children ride in the Jardin d'Acclimatation.

He calculated that they would give 3000 lbs. of flesh apiece, but they yielded only 2000. However, he must have made money by his bargain, as he charges 20 fr. a pound.

The Prussian fire is very heavy, but Paris consoles itself with the rumour that Chanzy, Bourbaki, and Faidherbe are close at hand, and that the enemy is bombarding to prevent us from hearing the sound of their guns, and marching out to form a junction with their advancing columns. According to P. O. Schmitz, the detached forts, which are being very roughly handled, have suffered little or nothing from the Prussian batteries.

The Parisians who have remained here when they might have fled into the provinces are so proud of themselves that they propose striking a medal in their honour, representing Paris repulsing the foreigner.

A Breton soldier died a couple of days ago in a godless ambulance, and his fellow Bretons wished to give him Christian burial, but to this the ambulance men objected, and so they hurried the corpse away and buried it without any religious ceremony. How deplorable !

Edgar Quinet informs us that forty years ago the illustrious Creutzer told him that he could only understand German philosophy when explained to him by a Frenchman, upon which Edgar politely replied—“That does not astonish me. You require a lantern

when you go down into the cellar." He adds that the Prussians wish to extinguish France because she is the light of the world.

January 2.—Just a year to-day since poor Emile Olivier took office, promising France the blessings of peace, a stable government, and liberal measures. And to think that the Emperor would have nominated the Ministry on the first, but objected to sign the decrees on a Friday for fear of ill luck!

During the last week of the old year the deaths among the civil population amounted to 3280.

January 3.—The firing has been very heavy, although the papers assure us that no sooner is a Prussian battery unmasked than it is silenced. How such lies can be written and swallowed passes all understanding.

P. O. Schmitz tells us to-day that a man caught in the act of deserting has been tried and shot. This is the first soldier executed under the third Republic. It is rather late in the day to begin making examples.

An officer having asked for leave to visit his dying mother, the General granted it, slyly remarking when he had retired—"Thou shalt honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land." It is said that Judge Bushe, the well-known Irish wit, being informed one day while on the bench that two lawyers had refused to "go out," one on the ground that his wife, the other because his daughter, was sick, wrote on a slip of paper—

“Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,
Improved the old Jewish command ;
One honoured his wife, the other his daughter,
That their days might be long in the land.”

This was quite half a century ago.

January 4.—Great hopes are entertained that Chanzy is about to deliver us. We are told that he has fought nineteen battles, won six, and drawn six.

The sum of £3200 is asked for the hippopotamus, but no purchaser has been found.

P. O. Schmitz tells us to-day that “the fort of Nogent received 1200 shells, which have not produced any more effect than those of the preceding days.”

January 5.—The *dies iræ* has come. A violent fire was opened this morning on the forts of Montrouge, Vanves, and Issy, and later in the day a number of shells were thrown into the south side of Paris, creating great consternation.

The Government calls on the people to show themselves “worthy of the army of the Loire, which has defeated the enemy, and of the army of the North, which is marching to our assistance.”

P. O. Schmitz says that a few shells have reached the quarter of St. Jacques, but without causing any alarm to the population.

An infamous proclamation has been issued by the “reds,” signed by delegates of the twenty wards, who demand the Commune, and attack the Government for

allowing 500,000 gallant Frenchmen to be cooped up by 200,000 Prussians. Better perhaps attack the Prussians. "Are the people who destroyed Bastilles and overturned thrones to wait in mute despair until cold and famine have chilled their hearts?" asks the proclamation.

General Trochu has replied to the "reds," and declared that he will never capitulate.

January 7.—The cold very severe. Twenty thousand trees have already been felled. The hard weather, so spies tell us, is killing 1200 Prussians a day.

January 8.—Paul de St. Victor, and indeed all Paris, are highly indignant, and this is the cause: Johann Deitrich of the 88th Regiment, German, was slain the other day, and in his pocket was found a letter from Margaret Schneider, asking him to loot her a pair of earrings in Paris. This letter quite upset the city for twelve hours, and furnished Paul de St. Victor with the occasion for penning a patriotic article four columns in length. "Kill France!" he cries. "Why, France is immortal. And Prussia thinks she can annihilate a great country in six months. France is a light, and a light cannot be killed. Only barbarians suppose that an eclipse devours the sun. Germany, having wished to kill France, can say, like Macbeth after the murder of Banquo, 'I have killed sleep.' The Rhine is no longer a river of water, but a river of blood and tears."

The members of the Diplomatic Corps are sending

a note to Count Bismarck, protesting against the bombardment of Paris. Mr. Washburne, the American Minister, wished this document, which is mild in form, to be much more comminatory; but some of the secretaries of legation insisted upon a modification of the original draft. It is observed that the Prussians ought to have given due notice of their intention to shell the city. One projectile is said to have fallen between two girls who were sleeping together, and to have hurt neither of them. A large number fell into the Faubourg St. Germain, and one on the left bank of the Seine just opposite to the Tuileries. The Prussians, in fact, are firing over the southern forts with a view of intimidating the besieged and forcing on a capitulation. One shell struck that most beautiful of parish churches, St. Etienne du Mont, but fortunately without doing much damage. Another struck St. Sulpice, and shattered the chapel of the Virgin to pieces. A third, the hospital of La Pitié, killing a woman. The school of St. Nicolas was also hit, one shell killing four little boys and wounding five others. P. O. Schmitz accuses the Prussians of firing purposely at the hospitals.

January 9.—The bombardment continues, and we have more casualties to deplore. Two shells have struck the Luxembourg Palace, which contains so many masterpieces of modern art. All this is very sad. However, M. Jules Richard, an able French war correspondent,

assures us that—"We have good news and true, and if the guns of Messieurs the Prussians treat us with a concert, the army of Faidherbe is playing an accompaniment in the distance. March, march, brave army; make forced marches; Paris awaits thee." And much more in the same lyric strain. In the meantime the "reds" bitterly complain of the way in which military affairs have been misconducted. Some unforeseen incident always happens to the French arms, while the Prussians are never surprised, and a long catalogue of French blunders is given.

January 11.—General Trochu astonished Paris this morning by announcing that two officers of the Mables, a lieutenant of the National Guard, a corporal, and three men have deserted to the enemy. Their names are held up to public reprobation. General Trochu thinks that they will be severely punished when they learn the successes of the armies of the Loire and the North.

In order to protect the military hospital of Val de Grâce—several times struck—General Trochu has directed some wounded Prussians to be conveyed there, and has notified this fact to Field-Marshal von Moltke. The hospice of Salpêtrière, which contains 3000 aged or infirm women, 1500 mad women and other patients, is reported to have been struck on Sunday night by no less than fifteen shells, and the hospital of La Charité eight times. No mention is

made of the number of victims. At the latter place it is reported, however, that a projectile burst in the room of a medical student, who was fortunately not at home, and smashed everything therein with the exception of a German pipe!

The number of deaths among civilians last week shows an increase of four hundred over those of the week before, and the undertakers are obliged to bury the dead by torchlight as well as by day.

January 12.—General Trochu announces the discovery of some horrible plot, and there is a report of traitors having been discovered among officers holding high command. A sortie had been planned to take place yesterday, when it was found that the Prussians over-night had massed large bodies of troops at the point about to be attacked. The *Siècle*, writing about this piece of treachery, says that only four Generals were aware of the plan—Trochu, Ducrot, Vinoy, and Schmitz. A Polish spy arrested to-day, and questioned about his accomplices, is said to have replied—"If you want to discover the spies, you must search for them in the headquarters staff." How pleasant!

People are flying from the left bank of the Seine, and among the fugitives one notes that Victor Hugo has deemed it prudent to shift his quarters. As far as I can see with a good glass, the southern forts have suffered terribly from the fire of the enemy's batteries.

January 13.—We learn that our Foreign Minister

has been invited to go to London, to take part in the Conference on Eastern affairs; but it is very unlikely that M. Jules Favre will leave Paris at such a critical moment as the present. And with what authority could he act?

Distressing anecdotes are current of persons who have been reduced to eat their own pets. My wife's nurse arrived this morning with a basket, and said to me in a most piteous tone—"You can eat him, sir; but I cannot." On raising the lid of the basket, I found the contents to be a tom cat, which was declined with thanks. Punch and Judy continue to beat each other about the head, but poor Toby has disappeared.

January 15.—We are evidently getting to the end of our provisions, for the Government has just ordered the slaughter of all the horses in Paris, with the exception of 2000, which are considered absolutely necessary for carrying meal and drawing hearses. The bread is something fearful, bran and chopped straw being mixed with the flour, and even a little sand to make it weigh. I put a piece this morning into a tumbler of water, and it went to the bottom like a stone. No wonder mortality is on the increase.

General Vinoy made a sortie this morning, but as the Prussians were on the *qui vive*, it was not persevered with. Several wounded Prussians were captured, and an officer who, having mislaid his spectacles, walked into the French lines unintentionally.

January 15.—Another shell has fallen into St. Sulpice, and destroyed a picture of the *Last Judgment*. This morning during service the whistling of shells was so incessant that the good *curé* dismissed his flock, but remained at his post himself, walking up and down the aisle like a captain on his quarter-deck.

Citizen Gagne, a well-known lunatic, proposes the slaughter of all persons over sixty years of age, and invites the venerable members of the Government to set an example by immolating themselves on the altar of a starving country.

January 17.—The Prussians continue to unmask new batteries, and the forts of Issy, Vanves, and Montrouge, which I can see from the Trocadero, appear little but a heap of ruins. One hears of people on the left bank of the Seine issuing invitations to dine, with *on bombardera* on the card, or *on recevra dans la cave*. But these jokes are current only on the right bank, which has not been bombarded. The bombarded portion of Paris now resembles a pest-stricken city, and we shall soon have grass growing in the streets. All public vehicles have long ceased running there. Casualties, however, are numerous. One shell killed three washerwomen, and carried off the arm of the husband of one of the victims. Three shells fell almost in the centre of Paris. One fell into the study of M. Littré, in his absence, and demolished a bust of Sainte Beuve, and a portrait of Auguste Comte on his death-bed.

January 18.—What dire humiliation ! This evening we learned that King William of Prussia was to-day crowned Emperor of Germany, in the palace of that haughty Louis XIV. who is said to have offered to make the Grand Elector, Frederick William, a king ; but who declined for the present. And now here is a King William crowned Emperor at Versailles, on the anniversary of the day on which in 1701 Frederick I. put the kingly crown on his own head, and then crowned his spouse. All is, no doubt, feasting and joy at Versailles, but here in Paris reign doubt and gloom, and it is rumoured that the colleagues of Trochu have at length lost faith in the military capacity of their dearly loved Governor and General, and have asked him to resign. It is evident the end is approaching, and that many-headed monster, the public, requires a scapegoat.

Now when people dine out they are respectfully asked to bring their own bread, as in the early days of the First Revolution. The clubs in the meantime are becoming more and more rabid, and suggesting all sorts of outlandish schemes for annihilating the enemy. One may say of their frothy orators as the clown in *Antony and Cleopatra* said of women—"He that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do." At one club it was proposed that the military dictatorship should be abolished and the command of the army divided among several Generals, behind each

of whom should be placed a Commissioner of the Republic charged to blow out his brains in case he proved a traitor. In another club the people were told that the contractors, having realized enormous sums by the sale of the elephants and other animals in the Jardin des Plantes, and of potatoes, now proposed a shameful capitulation. One citizen accused the clerks of the Bank of eating two cows and a calf while there was no fresh meat for the ambulance opposite. And so on *ad infinitum*.

The *Réveil* having yesterday criticized the conduct of General de Bellemare very sharply, that officer paid a visit to the editor and converted him, using the *argumentum baculinum*. This morning appeared an article in the same paper eulogizing the General rather beyond his merits.

To-day a shell fell into the study of the *savant* Daubrée, who for some years past has been studying the constitution and effects of bolides, and was far from expecting the visit of the spurious article manufactured by Krupp, which, fortunately for him, did not explode, but rolled harmlessly under his table. Another shell burst in the library of the scientific Abbé Moigno, who yesterday wrote a violent article against the bombardment. The reply was more violent still, for it pulverized a bookcase and fearfully lacerated 500 volumes. The Abbé himself escaped with a slight wound in the head, and said he would gladly shed more blood for the

salvation of France. He recently explained the miracle of Joshua, saying that it was the earth, not the sun, which stood still, but if the prophet had told our planet to cease revolving on its axis no one would have understood him. Did Joshua know it? Pythagoras knew that the earth went round the sun, not the sun round the earth, but that was about a thousand years after Joshua's time.

January 19.—This morning there was a sortie in force, 100,000 men marching out against the enemy without beat of drum, and rather taking the Prussians by surprise, and capturing the important position of Montretout, which had been lost on the second day of the siege. General Vinoy commanded the left, General de Bellemare the centre, and General Ducrot the right, under the eye of General Trochu. Unfortunately for the French, Ducrot, who had been obliged to march ten miles in the dark, and found his road blocked by a column of artillery which had lost its way, was unable to reach the post assigned to him in time; the Germans bringing up strong reserves the day ended in a repulse. The fighting was very severe, and the French losses amounted to 5000 killed and wounded.

The Government had little faith in the success of this sortie, but in deference to public opinion considered it necessary to make one last effort before throwing up the sponge. A great many of the National Guards engaged were under fire for the first time, and, to judge

by the number of stragglers who came flocking through the gates early in the afternoon, did not appreciate their baptism. I met numbers of disbanded men in the Avenue de la Grande Armée going home, having had, as they said, quite enough of it.

January 20.—On top of the repulse of yesterday comes the news that Chanzy has been defeated, with the loss of 10,000 men. Paris is in a ferment, and the "reds" once more threaten to give trouble. There is hardly any food left. We have devoured 40,000 horses and many other animals, and even our poor substitute for the staff of life cannot last a week longer.

Among the slain of yesterday France has to bewail the loss of the young artist, Henri Regnault, who in May last won the prize for painting at the Salon. Sevestre, too, of the Théâtre Français, has fallen, with Genaro Perelli, a composer; the aged Marquis de Coriolis, an ex-officer of Zouaves, and many others.

The bombardment of St. Denis was commenced to-day, after due notice had been given.

January 22.—General Trochu, having sworn that he would never capitulate, has handed over the command of the army to General Vinoy, who has appointed General de Valdou to succeed P. O. Schmitz¹ as chief of the staff.

¹ In de Goncourt I find—December 11. General Schmitz told the following anecdote about Inkerman. He was with Canrobert, Lord Raglan, and an English General, whose name I have

At noon an attack was made on the Hôtel de Ville by the "reds," to the cry of "Vive la Commune!"—but they were warmly received by the Breton and other Mobiles, and fled leaving behind them their leader, Sapia, and twenty rank-and-file. Lord Palmerston is reputed to have said, that when a Frenchman is in a minority he goes into a garret and makes cartridges. And this is what the "reds" have been doing all through the siege. Mazas was also broken into, and Flourens and other prisoners liberated.

These events threw Paris into such a state of excitement that an evening paper remarked that the death of the new Emperor William, due to an attack of apoplexy, passed almost unperceived.

January 23.—The Government has ordered the clubs to be closed, and several arrests have been made. *Trop tard*. The bombardment of Paris and St. Denis continues. Strange that a shell which struck the old

forgotten, but who spoke French indifferently; he called Canrobert's attention to the movements of the Russian army. "Are you not of opinion, General, that this would be a propitious moment to pursue the Russians? I believe that they could be destroyed." On hearing these words Canrobert turned to Lord Raglan, saying—"Is this your opinion also, my lord?" To which Lord Raglan replied—"Perhaps, perhaps; but it will be more prudent to wait until to-morrow morning." In the night the Russian army effected a retreat, and thus escaped extermination. Canrobert said very frankly before the Staff-major of both armies—"There is only one man among us, gentlemen, who saw clearly what was to be done." And he quoted the name of the English General. Name forgotten by Edmond de Goncourt.

church in which the bodies of so many French kings reposed till torn from their graves during the First Revolution, should have decapitated the statue of St. Denis. That holy man is supposed to have walked about with his head under his arm, a legend to be traced to the custom of burying Christian martyrs with their heads in their hands, ready to offer them to the Virgin on entering Paradise. Fortunately no shell fell into the vaults, which had been turned into a powder magazine.

January 24.—The end is at hand. This morning, famine staring us in the face, and a council of war having decided against another sortie, M. Jules Favre sent a note to Count Bismarck asking for an interview. A favourable answer having been returned, our Foreign Minister started for Versailles in the evening.

While negotiations were going on the bombardment continued, and it was not until ten o'clock on the 29th that the firing suddenly ceased, and the stillness of death seemed to reign over the French capital. After so much tumult the silence at first felt oppressive. One hears that a large portion of the National Guard is indignant with the Government for not continuing the struggle; these are the heroes who have never been beyond the walls. The line, the Mobiles, and the Naval Brigade, who fought and lost some 50,000 men between them, submit to their sad fate without an audible murmur, like brave men who have done their

duty, although detestably handled and thwarted by faction.

Some idea may be formed of the rough work which the Naval Brigade had to perform from the fact that three captains, one after the other, who commanded at the fort of Issy, were killed, and a fourth, sooner than strike his flag, blew out his brains.

When the question of how this city with its detached forts, *enceinte*, and garrison of 500,000 men was driven to capitulate, much blame will no doubt be thrown upon General Trochu for not having made better use of the materials at his disposal, which he might have done had he acted with vigour. Some people think that a Republican form of government is incompatible with discipline, but during the First Revolution the most rigid discipline was maintained in the army; not only were civil commissioners sent to accompany the Generals-in-chief with a portable guillotine, but the military code was exceedingly severe for the private soldier. Under the Jacobin War Ministers a man who strayed fifteen paces from his column or stole a chicken was shot. Had similar severity been practised during the siege, it is hard to believe that the Germans round Paris would have been able to hold their own. Then the civil commissioners displayed great bravery, and exposed their persons in a manner which the colleagues of General Trochu never thought fit to imitate. Not being given to fighting themselves, they tolerated

cowardice in others. Then men, who ran away at Châtillon (and afterwards) without firing a shot, and were condemned to death by court-martial, instead of being executed, received the same amount of punishment as is generally inflicted on a man who picks a pocket. Mutiny, too, was left unpunished, and this under a state of siege.

January 26th.—I find in my diary—"siege over."

END OF VOLUME I.



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