

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

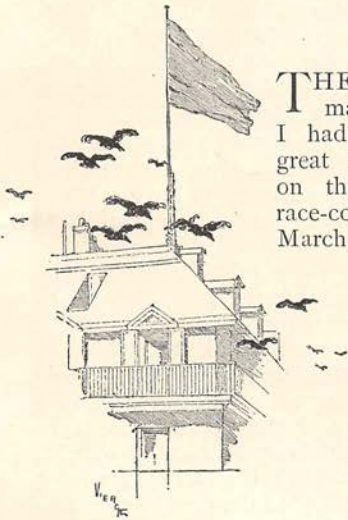
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No. 6.

WHAT I SAW OF THE PARIS COMMUNE.

I.



DRAWN BY VIERGE.

THE Franco-German war was over. I had witnessed the great Kaiser's parade on the Longchamps race-course on the 1st of March, 1871, and then had accompanied the German troops who marched down the Champs Elysées into the Place de la Concorde and the wrecked gardens of the Tuileries. A week later I had ridden behind the old Emperor and the Crown Prince of Saxony as the former reviewed the "Maas Armee," which the latter commanded, drawn up on the plateau between Champigny and Brie, among the grave-mounds beneath which lay the Germans and the Frenchmen who had fallen in the stubborn fighting of Ducrot's great sortie on the east side of Paris. Then my field-work was done, and I had hurried home to London to begin the task I had set myself of writing a book describing what I had seen of the great conflict.

I was toiling ten hours a day at this undertak-

ing when the Commune broke out. Promptly the manager of the "Daily News" dashed to me in a swift hansom, and urged me with all his force to start for Paris that same night. I refused; I was under contract to the publishers, and I burned to see my first book in print. For two months that peremptory manager gave me innumerable bad quarters of an hour, for he was not being served to his liking by the persons whom, in my default, he had commissioned to "do" the Commune for him. At length, on the afternoon of May 19, I finished the last revise of my book, and the same evening—to the great relief of my managerial friend, for a desperate crisis in Paris was clearly imminent—I left London by the Continental Mail.

In those troubled times the train service of the North of France railway was greatly dislocated, and it was nearly midday of the 20th when we halted in the St. Denis station. I foreboded no difficulty, since the halt at St. Denis was normal for ticket-collecting purposes; and I was chatting with a German officer of my acquaintance who commanded the detachment of the Kaiser Alexander Prussian Guard regiment in occupation of the St. Denis station. The collector serenely took up my ticket. There followed him to the carriage door two French gendarmes, who with all the official consequentialness of their species demanded to be informed of my nationality. I enlight-

ened them on that point, and turned to renew the conversation with Von Brockdorff. But the gendarmes were not done with me. They peremptorily ordered me to alight. I requested an explanation, and was told that no foreigners were now allowed to enter Paris, as the fighting force of the Commune was understood to be directed chiefly by foreigners. "But," said I, "I am a newspaper correspondent, not a fighting man." "*N'importe*," replied the senior gendarme; "you look, too, not unlike a military man. Anyhow, you must alight."

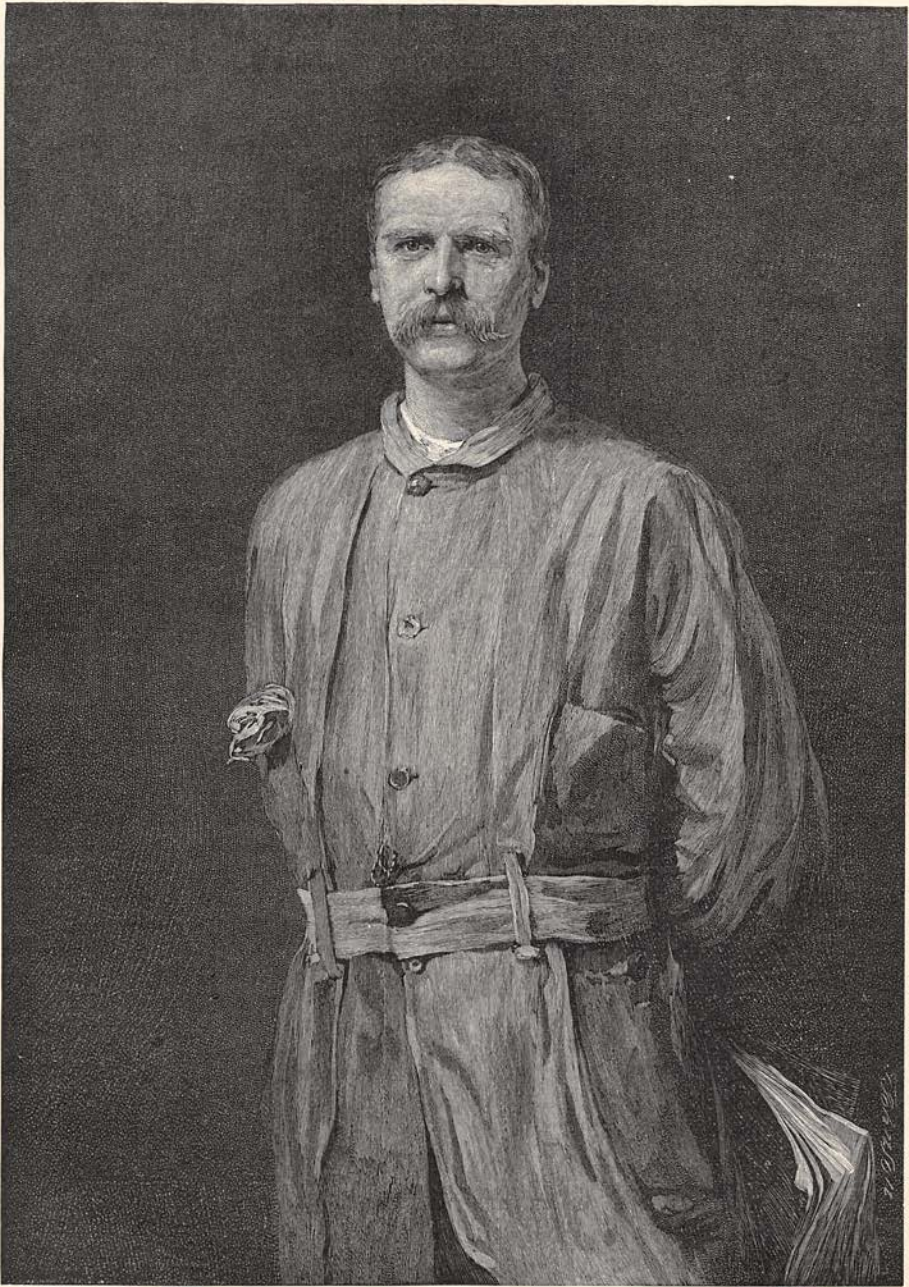
"What does this mean, Brockdorff?" I asked, when I had obeyed. "Surely you can do something for me, in charge as you and your fellows are of the station!" "No, my dear fellow," answered the Prussian; "we are here only to maintain order. Two days ago these swallow-tailed gentlemen came from Versailles, and our orders are not to interfere with them." The train went on, leaving me behind; the senior gendarme came up to me, and told me that I should have to return to Calais by the next outgoing train. A thought struck me, and I pleaded hard to be allowed to take instead a local train to Enghien-les-Bains, a few miles away, near the forest of Montmorency, where Brockdorff told me was still residing the Crown Prince of Saxony, to whose staff I had been attached during the siege of Paris. Brockdorff added his persuasions to my solicitations, and finally the gendarme thus far mitigated my sentence.

The Crown Prince of Saxony was at luncheon when I reached the château in which he had his quarters. He roared with laughter when I told him how the gendarme had served me. "These people at Versailles," he explained, "have been leaving the mouth of the trap open all these weeks, and pretty near all the turbulent blackguards of Europe have walked into it. Now they think all the blackguards are inside, and since they are just about to begin business, they have stopped both ingress and egress. Still," he continued musingly, "I am surprised that they did n't let you in!" The Prince has something of a sardonic humor, and he made his point; and I for my part made him my bow in acknowledgment of his compliment. Presently he added: "Mr. Forbes, when you were with us in the winter, we used to think you rather a *rusé* and ingenious man; but I fear now, since you are no longer with us, that you have become dull. Have n't you ever heard the proverb that there are more ways of killing a pig than by cutting its throat? There is a railway to Paris, my friend, and there is also a *chaussée* to Paris. On the railway there are these French gendarmes; on the *chaussée* there is only a picket of your friends of the Kaiser Alexander regiment, who have no orders to stop any one. Now, you join us at luncheon;

then we shall have coffee, and you will smoke one of those long corkscrew cigars which you may remember; and in the evening you will take the 'cocotte train' here in Enghien. If the gendarmes at the St. Denis fetch you out a second time, make them a polite bow, and walk into Paris by the *chaussée*; or, for that matter, you can take the bus from St. Denis."

It was already dusk when I boarded the "cocotte train," and ensconced myself between two young ladies of gay and affable manners, who promised so to cover me with their skirts, when we should reach St. Denis, that the gendarmes would not discover me. The train was full of the frail sisterhood of Paris, who were wont to pay afternoon visits to the German officers of the still environing army, and were now returning to town. Fairly concealed as the ladies and I thought myself, the lynx-eyed gendarme detected me, and I again had to alight. A commissary of police in the station courteously offered me quarters for the night, but assured me that my entrance into Paris was impossible. I declined his offer, and went into the street, where I found the German soldiers enforcing the old curfew laws. "Everybody must be indoors by nine," said the grizzled sergeant, "else I take them prisoners, and they are kept for the night, and fined five francs in the morning." He did not interfere with me, because I spoke German to him; and I found a hay-loft where I slept. The charge for sitting in a room in St. Denis was ten francs; beds were luxuries impossible to casual strangers.

On the morning of the 21st I left St. Denis by road, and walked straight into Paris without hindrance. The national guards of La Chapelle were turning out for service as I passed through, and there seemed nothing to find fault with in either their appearance or conduct. Certainly there was no unwillingness apparent, but the reverse. Paris I found very somber, but perfectly quiet and orderly. It was the Sabbath morning, but no church-bells filled the air with their music. It was with a far different and more discordant sound that the air throbbed on this bright spring morning—the distant roar of the Versailles batteries on the west and southwest of the enceinte. "That is Issy which gives," quietly remarked to me the old lady in the kiosk at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, as she sold me a rag dated the 22d and printed the 20th. I asked her how she could distinguish the sound of the Issy cannon from those in the batteries of the Bois de Boulogne. "Remember," she replied, "I have been listening now for many days to that delectable bicker, and have become a connoisseur. The Issy gun-fire comes sharper and clearer, because the fort stands high and nothing intervenes. The reports from the can-



PAINTED BY HUBERT HERKOMER.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

non in the Bois get broken up for one thing by the tree-trunks, and then the sound has to climb over the enceinte, the railway viaduct, and the hill of Passy." She spoke as calmly as if she had been talking of the weather; and it seemed to me, indeed, that all the few people who were about shared the good lady's nonchalance. Certainly there seemed nowhere any indication of apprehension that the Versaillist hand was to be on the Communist throat before the going down of that Sabbath sun.

I had a horse in Paris, which I had left there since the days of the armistice. It was the same noble steed on which I had ridden in by the gate of St. Ouen, the first "outsider" into Paris after the capitulation, on which occasion the hungry Bellevillites had gazed upon the plump beast with greedy eyes. My first quest was after this animal. I found it, but there was a sentry on the stable. The Commune had requisitioned the horse, and the stable-keeper had resisted the requisition on the ground that it belonged to a foreigner. The matter had been compromised by the posting of a sentry over the animal until the authorities should have maturely weighed the grave question. The sentry declined to depart when I civilly entreated him, nor would he allow me to take out the horse; so I had in the mean time to leave the matter as it stood. From the stable I went to the War Ministry of the Commune, on the south side of the river. The utter absence of red tape and bureaucracy there was a shock to the system of the Briton. I remember being pervaded by the same sensation when years later I went to see General Sherman in the War Department at Washington. Ascending a staircase (not in Washington, but in Paris), I entered a big room full of sergeants and private soldiers busting to and fro. Unheeded, I passed into an inner room, where I found the man whom I wanted writing among a number of other men in uniform, and a constantly changing throng of comers and goers. "Can I see the chief of staff?" I asked. "Of course you can; come with me." We went into a third room, a fine apartment, with furniture in the style of the First Empire; officers swarmed here, from commandants to lieutenants. Privates came in and had a word, and went away. Amid the bustle there was a certain order and also, seemingly, a certain thoroughness. Without delay I was presented to a gentleman who, I was told, was the *sous-chef* of the staff. I said I desired a pass to witness the military operations in the capacity of a correspondent. With a bow he turned to a staff-lieutenant, and bade him write me the order. The lieutenant set to work at once. He asked me whether I wanted an order for the exterior as well as for the interior operations, and said, "*Bon*," approvingly when I

told him I wanted an order that would allow me to go anywhere and see everything. The *sous-chef* signed it with the signature "Lefèvre Toncier," told me if ever I wanted any favor or any information to come to him, and made me a civil bow. I think I may reckon that this was the last permit signed by Communist authority.

General Dombrowski was the last of the many generalissimos of the Commune; he had held the command for about a day and a half. His headquarters, I was told, were away out to the west in the Château de la Muette, just behind the enceinte and close to the railway station of Passy. I went to the cab-stand in the Place de la Concorde, and told the first cabman to drive me to the château. "No, monsieur; I have children!" was the reply. I got a *cocher* less timid, who agreed to drive me to the beginning of the Grande Rue de Passy. As we passed the Pont de Jéna the Communist battery on the Trocadéro began to fire. Mont Valérien replied. One, two, three shells from it fell on the grassy slope where I had seen the German soldiers on their entry into Paris lie down and drink their fill of its beauties. One shell felled a lamp-post on the steps close by, and burst on the flags. My cabman struck, and very nearly carried me back with him in his hurry to be out of what he evidently considered an unpleasant neighborhood. There was nothing for me but to alight, and to go on foot up the Grande Rue. Here there was hardly any resident population, but a large colony of shell-holes. National guards, sailors, and franc-tireurs had quartered themselves in the houses, and lounged idly about the pavements. There were no symptoms of fear anywhere, and the shells were coming into the vicinity pretty freely. At the further end of the street I turned to the right through a large gateway into a short avenue of fine trees, at the end of which I entered the Château de la Muette. Dombrowski gave me a most hearty and cordial greeting, and at once offered me permission to attach myself to his staff permanently, if I could accept the position as it disclosed itself. "We are in a deplorably comic situation here," said he, with a smile and a shrug, "for the fire is both hot and continuous."

Dombrowski was a neat, dapper little fellow of some five feet four inches, dressed in a plain, dark uniform with very little gold lace. His face was shrewd—acuteness itself; he looked as keen as a file, and there was a fine, frank, honest manner with him, and a genial heartiness in the grip of his hand. He was the sort of man you take to instinctively, and yet there were ugly stories about him. He wore a slight mustache and rather a long chin-tuft, which he was given to pulling as he talked. He

spoke no English, but talked German fluently. His staff consisted of eight or ten officers, chiefly plain young fellows who seemed thoroughly up to their work, and with whom, not to be too pointed, soap and water seemed not so plentiful as was their consummate coolness. Dombrowski ate, read, and talked all at once, while one could hardly hear his voice for the din of the cannonade and the whistle of the shells. He showed great anxiety to know whether I could tell him anything as to the likelihood of German intervention, and it struck me that he would be very glad to see such a solution of the strange problem. We had got to the salad when a battalion commandant, powder-grimed and flushed, rushed into the room and exclaimed in great agitation that the Versaillist troops were streaming inside the enceinte at the gate of Billancourt, which his command had been holding. The cannonade from Issy had been so fierce that his men had been all under shelter, and when the Versaillists came suddenly on, and they had to expose themselves and deliver musketry-fire, the shells fell so thick and deadly that they bolted, and then the Versaillists had carried the gate, and now held it. His men had gone back in a panic. He had beaten them — *sacré nom*, etc. — with the flat of his sword till his arm ached, but he had not

gate of Billancourt. Dombrowski waited until the gasping officer had exhausted himself, then handed him a glass of wine with a smile, and with a serene nod turned to his salad, and went on eating it composedly and reflectively. At length he raised his head:

“Send to the Ministry of Marine for a battery of seven-pounders; call out the cavalry, the *tirailleurs* [of some place or other, I did not catch where], and send such and such battalions of national guards. Let them be ready by seven o'clock. I shall attack with them, and lead the attack myself.”

The Ministry of Marine, I may remark, had been turned into an arsenal. It was a sign of the times that the officer to whom Dombrowski dictated this order, like himself a Pole, did not know where to find the Ministry of Marine. Directions having been given him as to its locality, the lieutenant suggested that he might not be able to get a whole battery.

“Bring what you can, then,” said Dombrowski; “two, three, or four guns, as many as you can, and see that the tumbrils are in order. Go and obey!”

“Go and obey” was the formula of this peremptory, dictatorial, and yet genial little man. He had a splendid commanding voice, and one might have judged him accustomed to dictat-



FROM COMPOSITION PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TIME, BY APPERT, PARIS.

ENGRAVED BY P. AITKIN.

ASSASSINATION OF GENERALS CLEMENT THOMAS AND JULES LECOMTE, AT MONTMARTRE, MARCH 18, 1871.

succeeded in arresting the panic, and his battalion had now definitely forsaken the enceinte. The Versaillists were massing in large numbers to strengthen the force that had carried the

ing, for he would break off to converse and take up the thread again, as if he had been the chief clerk of a department.

While Dombrowski was eating his prunes



DRAWN BY VIERGE.

A BURSTING BOMB.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

after his salad,—like most Poles, he seemed a miscellaneous feeder,—there came bustling in a fussy commandant with a grievance. His grievance was thus expressed: “General, I have been complained against because I have too large a staff, and have been ordered to bring the return to you.” Dombrowski took the return, and read it. “A commandant,” he exclaimed, “and with a staff of ten officers! What!” Here he rose and swept his arm round the table with a gesture of indignation. “Look, citizen commandant! Here am I, the general, and behold my staff, nine hard-working men; and you, a commandant, have ten loafers! I allow you one secretary; go and obey!” And the discomfited commandant cleared out.

The shell-fire was increasing. Dombrowski told me that the Château de la Muette belonged to a friend of Thiers, and that therefore, although it was known to be his headquarters, there were orders that it should be somewhat spared. All I have to say is, that if

there were any efforts made to spare it, the Versailles gunners were very bad shots. One shell went through the wall bounding the avenue; another struck the corner of the house so hard that I thought it was through the wall. Dombrowski's nerves were strong, and he had trained his staff to perfection. When this shell burst he was speaking to me. I started. I don't think his voice vibrated a single chord. The officers sitting round the table noticed the explosion no more than if it had been a snapping-bonbon at a ball supper. A soldier waiter was filling my cup with coffee. The spout of the coffee-pot was on the cup. There was no jar; the man's nerves were like iron. There was good, quiet, firm, undemonstrative stuff here, whatever there might be elsewhere. Dombrowski's adjutant took me up-stairs to the roof, where there was an observatory. The staircase and upper rooms had been very freely knocked about by shell-fire, notwithstanding the friendship of M. Thiers for the owner of the château. The observatory, which was of

wood planking, was riddled with chassepot bullets; and when I showed myself incautiously on the leads, I drew fire with an alacrity so surprising that I was not in the slightest degree ashamed to make a precipitate retreat.

The park of the Château de la Muette slopes down to the enceinte in front of Passy. One could not see the enceinte for the foliage. Beyond the enceinte was a belt of clearing, then came the dense greenery of the Bois de Boulogne, and behind this green fringe was the bed of the great lake. From this fringe of wood great isolated puffs of smoke were darting out. Those were from single cannon. I saw no concentrated battery. But there clearly were at intervals single cannon in small emplacements at a distance from the enceinte of from 400 to 500 paces. From the edge of the fringe also, behind little trenches at the throats of the drives, smaller puffs spurted from the chassepots of Versaillist marksmen trying to pick off the Federals on the enceinte and on the advanced horn-works in front of the gates of Passy and Auteuil. Just above the gate of Passy the Federals had a battery on the enceinte, which was firing steadily and with good effect. The gate of Passy was not much injured, but might have been stormed by a resolute forlorn hope, were it not for the earthen outwork thrown up during the Prussian siege. The gate of Auteuil and the enceinte for some distance on each side were utterly ruined. This Dombrowski did not attempt to deny. But he pointed out that the advanced earthwork was held, and strongly held — not an obstacle, perhaps, it seemed to me, to thwart men bent on gaining an object or losing their lives, but quite sufficient to all appearance to keep the cautious Versaillists from exposing themselves in the open on the way to it. Further south, by the gate of Bilancourt and round to the Seine, the enceinte was no great thing to boast of. Certainly no man needed wings to get inside thereabouts. In proof of this, since I joined him, Dombrowski, as I have related, had received tidings that the Versaillists had carried that gate.

There was a good deal more risk than amusement in remaining in the observatory, and I descended to the ground floor. Dombrowski was standing, sword in hand, dictating three orders at once. He stopped to ask me what I thought of the prospect I had looked down on from the roof. I could not conscientiously express the opinion that it was reassuring from the Federal point of view. "I am just dictating an order," said Dombrowski, "which will inform Paris that I abandon the enceinte from the Porte d'Auteuil to the river. If you are a military man, you must recognize the fact that our loss of Fort Issy has made virtually un-

tenable that section of the continuous fortification of which I speak. Its province was to cooperate with, not to resist, Fort Issy. For several days past I have foreseen the necessity of which I am now informing Paris, and I have prepared a second line of defense, of which the railway viaduct defines the contour, and which I have made as strong as the enceinte and more easily tenable. Yes; the Versaillists are in possession of that gate you heard the flurried commandant talk of. They may have it and welcome; the possession of it will not help them very much. But, all the same, I don't mean to let them keep their hold of it without giving them some trouble, and so I am going to make an attack on them to-night. As like as not they will fall back from their occupancy of to-day, and then they will have the work to do over again to-morrow. But I am not going to fight with serious intent to retrieve this condemned section of enceinte, as the order I have been dictating for publication will show; but merely, as I may say, for fighting's sake. There is plenty of fight still in our fellows, especially when I am leading them."

I could not for the life of me make up my mind, nor have I done so to this day, whether Dombrowski's cheerful words were *blague*, or whether the little man was really in dead earnest. With a promise from him that he would not start on his enterprise without me, I went into a side room to write a few lines for my newspaper. I had finished, and was instructing the soldier messenger, whom Dombrowski's adjutant was good enough to place at my disposal, where to deliver the packet containing my message, when an urgent summons came to me to join the general. The little man was on top of a very lofty charger, which was dan-



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

FROM A PAINTING BY T. VAN ELVEN.

A SECRET SESSION OF THE COMMUNE.

cing about the lawn on its hind legs. For me, alas! there was no mount, big or little; my horse was in the stable behind the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, with that relentless sentry standing over it. Messenger after messenger had come hurrying in from the Point du Jour quarter entreating for immediate succor, as the



DRAWN BY VIERGE.

FIGHT AT A BARRICADE IN THE BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN. (SEE PAGE 815.)

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

holders of the positions thereabouts were being hard pushed. The cannonade and fusillade from the Seine all the way to the Neuilly gate, and probably beyond, continued to increase in warmth as we hastened down the Rue Mozart. The Versaillist batteries were in full roar; and it was not possible, had some guns still remained undismounted on the enceinte, to respond effectively to their steady and continuous fire of weighty metal. Some reinforcements were waiting for Dombrowski on the Quai d'Auteuil, partly sheltered by the houses of the landward side of the quay from the fire which was lacerating the whole vicinity. The tidings which greeted the little general were unpleasant when he rode into the Institution de Ste. Péline, which was occupied as a kind of local headquarters. It was the commandant of the 93d National Guard battalion who had come to the Château de la Muette to tell Dombrowski how his men had been driven from the gate of Billancourt in the afternoon. From what I could hurriedly gather, there had subsequently been a kind of rally. National guards had lined the battered parapet of the enceinte between the gates of Billancourt and Point du Jour and further northward to and beyond the gate of St. Cloud. For some time they had clung to the positions with considerable tenacity under a terrible fire, but had been forced back with serious loss, mainly by the close and steady shooting of the Versaillist artillery of the breaching-batteries about Boulogne and those in the more distant Brimborion. The gate of St. Cloud, as well as that of Point du Jour, had followed the Billancourt gate into the hands of Versaillists, who, having occupied the enceinte in force and the adjacent houses inside, had pushed strong detachments forward to make reconnaissances up the rues Les Marois and Billancourt, one of which bodies at least had penetrated as far as the railway viaduct, but had been driven back.

Dombrowski smiled as this news was communicated to him, and I thought of his "second line of defense," and of his assurance that "the situation was not compromised." By this time it was nearly nine o'clock, and it seemed to me that the Versaillists must have got cannon upon or inside the enceinte, the fire came so straight, so hot, and so heavy into and about the Institution de Ste. Péline. Dombrowski and his staff were very active and daring, and the heart of the men seemed good. There was some cheering at the order to advance, and the troops, consisting chiefly of *franc-tireurs* and men wearing a zouave dress, so far as I could see in the gloom, moved out from behind the viaduct into the Rue de la Municipalité (that was its name then, but I think it is now called the Rue Michel). A couple of guns—only field-

guns, I believe—opened fire on the Ceinture railway to the left of the Rue de la Municipalité, and under their cover the infantrymen debouched with a short-lived rush. Almost immediately, however, utter disorganization ensued, the result of a hot and close rifle-fire which seemingly came chiefly from over a wall which I was told inclosed the Cimetière des Pauvres. The Federals broke right and left. One forlorn hope I saw spring forward and go at the corner of the cemetery wall in the angle formed by a little cross-street, under the passionate leadership of a young staff-officer whom I had noticed in the Château de la Muette at dinner-time. There was a few moments' brisk cross-fire, then the Federal spurt died away, and the fugitives came running back, but without their gallant leader. Some affirmed that Dombrowski himself took part in this rash, futile effort, but the locality was too warm for me to be able to speak definitely on this point. Meanwhile there seemed to be almost hand-to-hand fighting going on all along the exterior of the viaduct. I could hear the incessant whistle and patter of the bullets, and the yells and curses of the Federals, not a few of whom owed the courage they displayed to alcoholic influences. Every now and then there was a shout and a short rush, then a volley which arrested the rush, and then a stampede back under cover. Soon after ten it was obvious that the fight was nearly out of the Communists. Dombrowski I had long since lost sight of. One officer told me that he had been killed close to the churchyard wall; another, that his horse had been shot under him, and that he had last seen the daring little fellow fighting with his sword against a Versaillist marine, who was lunging at him with his bayonet. After the Commune was stamped out, accusations of treachery to the cause he was professing to serve were made against Dombrowski. All I can say is, that so far as I saw him, he bore himself as a true man and a gallant soldier; and seeing that he lost his life in the struggle, it seems the reverse of likely that he had sold himself to the Versaillists.

Then came a sudden panic, and I was glad to make good my retreat behind the "second line of defense," which was not easily recognizable as a line of defense at all, and concerning which I suspected that Dombrowski must have been gasconading. Once behind the railway, the Federal troops held their ground for some time with a show of stiffness. Occasional outbursts of fire indicated the attacks made by detached parties of Versaillists; but those flashes of strife gradually died away, and about eleven o'clock the quietness had become so marked that I thought the work was over for the night, and that Dombrowski's anticipations had been at least partly realized. The pause



PAINTING BY LEON Y ESCOSURA.

THE RUE DE RIVOLI UNDER THE COMMUNE.

ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

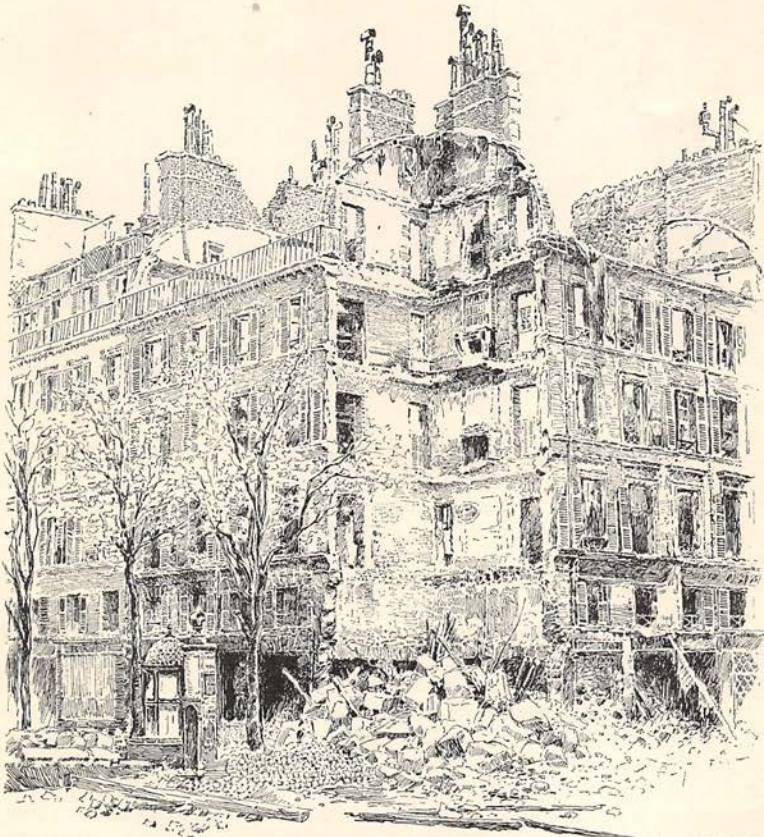
was deceptive. The Versaillists must have been simply holding their hands for a time to make the blow heavier when it should fall. No doubt they had their combinations to mature elsewhere. No doubt they were pouring in force into the area between the enceinte and the Ceinture railway. They were quiet for a purpose while they were doing this—lining the enceinte and packing the thoroughfares with artillery. We could hear in our rear in the distance the *générale* being beaten in the streets of Paris. A staff-officer, who spoke English like a native, came to me and told me how he mistrusted the pause, and feared that the supreme hour had come at last. It was near midnight when a strong fire of cannon and musketry opened on the viaduct. At the same moment there came on the wind the noise of heavy firing from the north. I heard some one shout: "We are surrounded! The Versaillists are pouring in by the gates of Auteuil, Passy, and La Muette!" This was enough. A mad panic set in. The cry rose of "*Sauve qui peut!*" mingled with the other shouts of "*Nous sommes trahis!*" Arms were thrown down, accoutrements were stripped off, and every one bolted at the top of his speed, many officers leading the *débâcle*. I came on one party—a little detachment of franc-tireurs—standing fast behind the projection of a house, and, calling out that all the chiefs had run away, left

them. Whether this was the case as regards the higher commands, I could not tell. I do not believe Dombrowski was the man to run, nor any of his staff. But certainly none of them were to be seen. There was a cry, too, that there was an inroad from the south; and so men surged, and struggled, and blasphemed confusedly up the quay in wild confusion, shot and shell chasing them as they went. In the extremity of panic mingled with rage, men blazed off their pieces indiscriminately, and struck at one another with the clubbed butts. Then battalions or detachments were met coming up, upon which surged the tide of fugitives, imparting to them their panic, and carrying them away in the rush.

There was an interval of distracted turmoil during which, in the darkness and in my comparative ignorance of that part of Paris, I had no idea for a time whither I was being carried in the throng of fugitives. The road was wide, and I was able to discern that it was bounded on the right by the Seine; by after reference to the map, I found that the thoroughfare we had been traversing was the Quai de Passy. After a while I struck out of the turmoil up a silent street on the left, and for a time wandered about in utter ignorance of my whereabouts. I can hardly tell how it came about that in the first flicker of the dawn I found myself on the Place du Roi de Rome (now, I be-

lieve, called the Place du Trocadéro). There was a dense fog, which circumscribed my sphere of vision, and I knew only that I was standing on sward in an utter solitude. A few steps brought me into the rear of a battery facing westward, from which all the guns had been carried off except one which had been dismantled, evidently by a hostile shell, and lay among the shattered fragments of its carriage. Close by, no doubt killed by the explosion of the same shell which had wrecked the gun, were two or three dead Communists. As it became lighter, and the fog was slowly dispersing, the slopes of the Trocadéro disclosed themselves on my left, and I realized that I must be standing in the Trocadéro battery of which I had heard Dombrowski speak on the previous afternoon. Looking westward along the Avenue de l'Empereur (now the Avenue Henri Martin), I saw a battery of artillery advancing up it at a walk, with detachments of sailors abreast of it on each sidewalk. I had not to ask myself whether these troops, advancing with a deliberation so equa-

ble, could belong to the beaten and panic-stricken army of the Commune. No; that could not be. They were, for sure, Versaillist troops coming to take possession of the Trocadéro. Indeed, had there been no other evidence, their method of announcing themselves by half a dozen chassepot bullets fired at the lone man standing by the battery was conclusive. I took the hint to quit, and started off abruptly in the direction of the Champs Elysées. I came out on the beautiful avenue by the Rue des Chailots, about midway between the Arc de Triomphe and the Rond Point; and lo! round the noble pile which commemorates French valor stood in close order several battalions of soldiers in red breeches. Thus far then, at all events, had penetrated the Versaillist invasion of Paris in the young hours of the 22d. The French regulars were packed in the Place de l'Étoile as densely as were the Bavarians on the day of the German entry three months before. No cannon-fire was directed on them from the great Federal barricade at the Place



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE ROYALE AND FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ.

de la Concorde end of the Tuileries gardens, but national guards were showing about it, and now and then sending a rifle-bullet ineffectively at the dense masses of the Versailles. The latter, for their part, seemed to take things very deliberately, and to be making quite sure of their ground before advancing

and then, tracking them by side streets, I found they pressed on steadily, firing now and then, but not heavily, till they reached the open space at the head of the Boulevard Haussmann, in front of the Pépinière Barracks. This was a singularly commanding position, and thus early one could fathom the tactics of the



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. APPERT.

TYPES OF THE PÉTROLEUSES.

1. Marie Menan, condemned to death for murder and incendiarism; 2. Marguet, life imprisonment for robbery and incendiarism; 3. Louise Bonenfant, cantinière and pointeuse in the artillery of the fédérés, life imprisonment; 4. Marie Grivot, orator of the Club, life imprisonment; 5. Augustine Prevost, cantinière of the fédérés, life imprisonment; 6. Angeline, cantinière, life imprisonment for robbery and incendiarism.

further. They had a field-battery in action a little way below the Arc, which swept the Champs Élysées very thoroughly. I saw several shells explode about the Place de la Concorde, and was very glad when I had run the gantlet safely and reached the further side of the great avenue. I was making toward the Parc Monceaux, when a person I met told me that Versailles troops, marching from the Arc along the Avenue de la Reine Hortense (now the Avenue Hoche), had come upon the Communists throwing up a barricade, and had saved them the trouble of completing it by taking it from them at the point of the bayonet. Here I very nearly got shut in, for as we talked there was a shout, and, looking eastward, I saw that a strong force of Versailles, with artillery at their head, were marching along the Avenue Friedland toward the Boulevard Haussmann. I was just in time to dodge across their front,

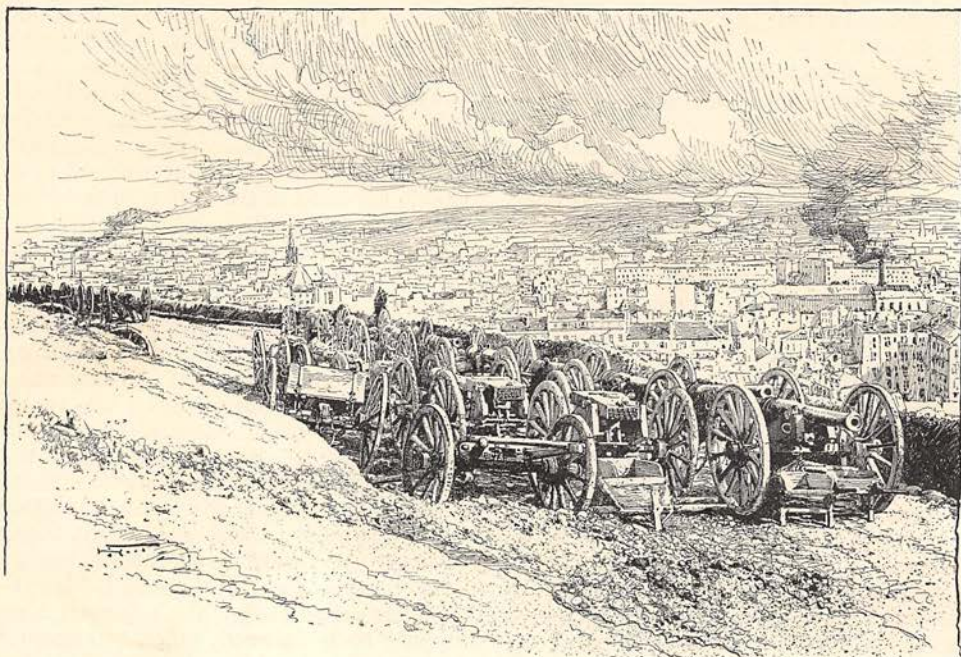
Versaillists. Occupying in strong force, and with numerous artillery, certain central points, from each of which radiated several straight thoroughfares in different directions, their design was to cut Paris up into sections, isolating the sections one from another by sweeping with fire the bounding streets. From this position, at the Pépinière, for instance, they had complete command of the Boulevard Haussmann down to its foot at the Rue Taitbout, and of the Boulevard Malesherbes down to the Madeleine, thus securing access to the great boulevards and to the Rue Royale, by descending which could be taken in reverse the Communist barricade at its foot, facing the Place de la Concorde. Desirous of seeing anything that might be passing in other parts of the city, I made my way by devious paths in the direction of the Palais-Royal. Shells seemed to be bursting all over Paris. They

were time-fuse shells; and I could see many of them explode in white puffs high in air. Several fell on and about the Bourse as I was passing it, and the boulevards and their vicinity were silent and deserted save for small detachments of national guards hurrying backward and forward. It was difficult to tell whether the Communists meant to stand or fall back, but certainly everywhere barricades were being hastily thrown up. All these I evaded until I reached the Place du Palais-Royal. Here two barricades were being constructed, one across the throat of the Rue St. Honoré, the other across the Rue de Rivoli between the Louvre and the hotel of the same name. For the latter material was chiefly furnished by a great number of mattresses of Sommier-Tucker manufacture, which were being hurriedly pitched out of the windows of the warehouse, and by mattresses from the barracks of the Place du Carrousel. The Rue St. Honoré barricade was formed of furniture, omnibuses, and cabs, and in the construction of it I was compelled to assist. I had been placidly standing in front of the Palais-Royal when a soldier approached me, and ordered me to lend a hand. I declined, and turned to walk away, whereupon he brought his bayonet down to the charge in close proximity to my person. That was an argument which, in the circumstances, I could not resist, and I accompanied him to where a red-sashed member of the Committee of the Commune was strutting to and fro superintending the operations. To him I addressed strong remonstrances, explaining that I was a neutral, and exhibiting to him the pass I had received from the War Department the day before. He bluntly refused to recognize the pass, and offered me the alternative of being shot or going to work. I was fain to accept the latter. Even if you are forced to do a thing, it is pleasant to try to do it in a satisfactory manner; and observing that an embrasure had been neglected in the construction of the barricade, notwithstanding that there was a gun in its rear, I devoted my energies to remedying this defect. The committeeman was good enough to express such approbation of this amendment that when the embrasure was completed he allowed me to go away. Looking up the Rue Rivoli, I noticed that the Communists had erected a great battery across its junction with the Place de la Concorde, armed with cannon which were in action, firing apparently up the Champs Elysées. Leaving the vicinity of the Palais-Royal, I went in the direction of the new opera-house. Reaching the boulevard, I discovered that the Versaillists must have gained the Madeleine, and their position at the Pépinière Barracks no obstacle intervened; for they had thrown

up across the Boulevard de la Madeleine a barricade of trees and casks. The Communists, on their side, had a barricade composed chiefly of provision-wagons across the boulevard at the head of the Rue de la Paix. For the moment no firing was going on, and as it was getting toward noon I determined to try to reach my hotel in the Cité d'Antin and to obtain some breakfast.

Leaving the boulevard by the Rue Taitbout, I found my progress hampered by a crowd of people as I approached the bottom of the Boulevard Haussmann. By a strenuous pushing and shoving I got to the front of this throng, to witness a curious spectacle. There was a crowd behind me. Opposite to me, on the further side of the Boulevard Haussmann, another crowd faced me. Between the two crowds was the broad boulevard, actually alive with the rifle-bullets sped by the Versaillists from their position about 1000 yards higher up. On the iron shutters of the shops closing it at the bottom—shops in the Rue Taitbout—the bullets were pattering like hailstones, some dropping back flattened, others penetrating. This obstacle of rifle-fire it was which had massed the crowds on each side. Nor were the wayfarers thus given pause without reason, for in the space dividing the one crowd from the other lay not a few dead and wounded who had dared and suffered. My hunger overcame my prudence, and I ran across without damage except to a coat-tail, through which a bullet had passed, making a hole in my tobacco-pouch. A lad who followed me was not so fortunate; he got across indeed, but with a bullet-wound in the thigh.

Having ordered breakfast at my hotel in the Cité d'Antin, a recessed space close to the foot of the Rue de Lafayette, I ran to the junction of that street with the Boulevard Haussmann just in time to witness a fierce fight for the barricade across the latter about the intersection of the Rue Tronchet. The Communists stood their ground resolutely, although falling fast under the overwhelming fire, until a battalion of Versaillist marines made a rush and carried the barricade. It was with all the old French *élan* that they leaped on and over the obstacle and lunged with their sword-bayonets at the few defenders who would not give ground. Those who had not waited for the end fell back toward me, dodging behind lamp-posts and in doorways, and firing wildly as they retreated. They were pursued by a brisk fusillade from the captured barricade, which was fatal to a large proportion of them. Two lads standing near me were shot down. A bullet struck the lamp-post which constituted my shelter, and fell flattened on the asphalt. A woman ran out



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LECOQRE.

CANNON OF MONTMARTRE ON THE EVE OF MARCH 18, 1871.

from the corner of the Rue Chaussée d'Antin, picked up the bullet, and walked coolly back, clapping her hands with glee!

After eating and writing for a couple of hours, I determined to go to the North of France railway terminus, and attempt to get a letter to my paper sent out. One saw strange things on the way. What, for instance, was this curious fetish-like ceremony going on in the Rue Lafayette at the corner of the Rue Lafitte? There was a wagon, a mounted Spahi as black as night, and an officer with his sword drawn. A crowd stood around, and the center of the strange scene was a blazing fire of papers. Were they burning the ledgers of the adjacent bank, or the title-deeds of the surrounding property? No. The papers of a Communist battalion it was which were being thus formally destroyed, no doubt that they should not bear witness against its members. The episode was a significant indication of the beginning of the end; nor were other tokens wanting, for English passports were being anxiously sought. At the terminus the unpleasant report was current that the Prussians had shunted at St. Denis all the trains leaving Paris, and were preventing everybody from passing their lines. There was one chance. I suborned a railway employee of acute aspect to get out of Paris by walking through the railway tunnel, and should he reach St. Denis, to give my letter to a person there whom I could trust to forward it. My emissary put the missive cheerfully in

his boot and departed, having promised to come to my hotel at 8 P. M., and to report his success or failure. I never saw him or heard of him any more.

On my way back from the Gare du Nord, I met with an experience which was near being tragical. Hearing firing in the direction of the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, I left the Rue Lafayette for the Rue Chateaudun. When I reached the Place, in the center of which the church stands, I found myself inside an extraordinary triangle of barricades. There was a barricade across the end of the Rue St. Lazare, another across the end of the Rue Lorette, and a third between the church and in front of the Place, looking into the Rue Chateaudun. The peculiarity of the arrangement consisted in this, that each of these barricades could be either enfiladed or taken in reverse by fire directed against the others, so that the defenders were exposing themselves to fire from flank and rear, as well as from front. I took a protected position in the church porch, to watch the outcome of this curious state of things. But the officer in command happened to notice me, approached, and ordered me to pick up the musket of a man who had just been bowled over, and to take a hand in the defense of the position. I refused, urging that I was a foreigner and a neutral. He would by no means accept the excuse, and gave me the choice of the cheerful alternative of complying or being forthwith shot. I did not believe

him serious, and laughed at him; whereupon he called to four of his men to come and stick me up against the church wall, and then constitute themselves a firing-party. They had duly posted me, and were proceeding to carry out the program, when suddenly a rush of Versaillesists came upon and over the Rue St. Lazare barricade, whereupon the defenders precipitately evacuated the triangle, the firing-party accompanying their comrades. I remained, not caring for the society I should accompany if I fled; but I presently came to regard my fastidiousness as folly. For several shots from Versaillesist rifles came too near to be pleasant, and in a twinkling I was in Versaillesist grips, and instantly charged with being a Communard. The people in the red breeches set about sticking me up against the church wall again, when fortunately I saw a superior officer, and appealed to him. I was bidden to hold up my hands. They were not particularly clean, but there were no gunpowder stains on the thumb and forefinger. Those stains were, it seemed, the brand marking the militant Communard, and my freedom from them just pulled me through. It was a "close call," but then a miss is as good as a mile.

Late in the afternoon the drift of the retreating Communists seemed to be in the direction of Montmartre, whence their guns were firing over the city at the Versaillesist artillery, now on the Trocadéro. The Versaillesists, for their

part, were also moving deliberately in the Montmartre direction, and before dusk had reached the Place de l'Europe at the back of the St. Lazare terminus. From this point on the north they held with their advanced forces a definite line down the Rue Tronchet to the Madeleine. They were maintaining their fire along the Boulevard Haussmann, and from their battery at the Madeleine they had shattered the Communist barricade on the Boulevard des Capucines at the head of the Rue de la Paix. The Communists were undoubtedly partly demoralized, yet they were working hard everywhere at the construction of barricades.

About 8 P. M. the firing died out everywhere, and for an interval there was a dead calm. What strange people were those Parisians! It was a lovely evening, and the scene in the narrow streets off the Rue Lafayette reminded me of the aspect of the down-town residential streets of New York on a summer Sunday evening. Men and women were placidly sitting by their street doors, gossiping easily about the events and the rumors of the day. The children played around the barricades; their mothers scarcely looked up at the far-off sound of the *générale*, or when the distant report of the bursting of a shell came on the soft night wind. Yet on that light wind was borne the smell of blood, and corpses were littering the pavements not three hundred yards away.

Archibald Forbes.



THE WHIST-PLAYERS.



HEY play whist, the beaux in their powdered wigs and velvet coats, the ladies in their brocade petticoats and fine stomachers. The west windows are open; a fountain plashes in the garden; the flower-beds are bordered with box, and the scent of the box comes in at the open windows.

They play whist. A beau shakes back the lace frill from his hand as he deals. A red jewel gleams on his finger. The ladies' brocades rustle; they frown softly at their cards. An hour-glass stands on a table inlaid with mother-

of-pearl; the sand in the hour-glass flows silently; the pungent smell of the box comes in at the open windows.

They play whist. A lady leads from her long suit; a beau takes the trick with a king. His black eyes flash under his white wig like eternal youth.

The fountain plashes in the garden; the pungent smell of the box comes in at the open windows; the sand in the hour-glass flows as silently as the lives of the players.

They play whist. A beau leads an ace; his partner trumps. A trick is lost, but he looks at her, and smiles. A trick is lost — but love is immortal.

Mary E. Wilkins.

WHAT I SAW OF THE PARIS COMMUNE. II.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.



SHORT-LIVED was the halcyon interval of quietude in Paris during the late evening of Monday, May 23. Before midnight, as I lay in my clothes on a sofa in the Hôtel de la Chaussée d'Antin, I could not sleep for the bursting of the shells on the adjacent Boulevard Haussmann. In the intervals of the shell-fire was audible the steady grunt of the mitrailleuses, and I could distinctly hear the pattering of the balls as they rained and ricocheted on the asphalt of the boulevard. There came in gusts throughout the night the noise of a more distant fire, of which it was impossible to discern the whereabouts.

The dismal din, so perplexing and bewildering, continued all night; daybreak brought no cessation of the noise. Turning out in the chilly dawn, and from the hazardous corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin looking cautiously up the Boulevard Haussmann, I saw before me a strange spectacle of desolation. Corpses strewed the broad roadway, and lay huddled in the recesses of doorways. Some of the bodies were half shrouded by the foliage of the branches of trees which had been torn off by the storm of shot and shell. Lampposts, kiosks, and tree-stems were shattered or upset in all directions. The Versaillists, hereabout at least, had certainly not advanced during the night; indeed it seemed that in a measure they had fallen back, and that the Communists were holding positions which the day before they had abandoned. The big battery of the former in front of the Pépinière Barracks at the head of the Boulevard Haussmann, a position the Versaillists had attained to on the previous morning, was still, so far as that boulevard was concerned, the limit of their occupation in force, although they held as an advanced post the slight barricade they had taken the day before across the boulevard about halfway down it, at the intersection of the Rue Tronchet. Over this outpost the battery at the Pépinière was steadily sending cannon and mitrailleuse fire toward the eastern end of the boulevard, where a few national guards still prowled behind casual cover, throwing a shot now and then at the intermediate barricade. Communist sergeants were running about the side streets and the Rue Lafayette, ordering the inmates of houses to close their windows but to open their shutters—this no doubt as a precaution against Versaillist sympathizers

firing down on the insurgents from the house-fronts. It was to be noticed that there had been no attempt anywhere on the part of the Communists to occupy the houses and fire from them on the advancing Versaillists. They had been content to utilize barricades, and such cover as the streets casually afforded. The Versaillists, on the other hand, were reported to be freely occupying the houses and firing down from the windows; this I did not yet know of my own knowledge, but I did know that they were for the most part very cautious in exposing themselves, and that, except in isolated instances, they had shown little enterprise, and done nothing material in the way of hand-to-hand fighting.

About six o'clock I went for a walk—not an unmixed pleasure just at the moment, nor to be indulged in without considerable circumspection. Getting into the Boulevard des Capucines, I found it still held by strong bodies of national guards, a large proportion of whom were very drunk, while all were quite at their ease and in lively spirits. The cross barricade between the head of the Rue de la Paix and the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, which had been shattered the day before by artillery fire from the Versaillist position at the Madeleine, was restored, strengthened, and armed with cannon and mitrailleuses. Nay, more, I was assured by Communist officers that the night firing one had heard had been mainly that directed by them from this barricade, and that it had compelled the Versaillist withdrawal from the Madeleine position. There was a certain confirmation of this in the fact that the great boulevards were now quite unharassed by Versaillist fire save for occasional vagrant obuses which appeared to come from the Trocadéro direction. I did myself the honor to partake of coffee with a hospitable but particularly tipsy squad of national guardsmen, and then struck down toward the Palais-Royal to ascertain how it had fared during the night with the Rue St. Honoré and the Rue de Rivoli. Several of the cross streets had suffered much from shell-fire, which was still slowly dropping; but the barricades at the Place du Palais-Royal were intact and armed, and the great barricade across the Rue de Rivoli at its junction with the Place de la Concorde was still strongly held by the insurgents, sure evidence that the Versaillists were not yet in the possession of the Place. The Rue St. Honoré, along which I walked westward, was crossed

by frequent barricades, strongly manned by detachments of drunken but resolute men. The strongest barricade was at the junction of the Rue St. Honoré with the Rue Royale. Just here I witnessed one of the strangest imaginable cross-question and crooked-answer spectacles. The Versaillists held in force the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, which is the continuation of the Rue St. Honoré west of the Rue Royale. They were thus in the rear of the great Communist battery facing the Place de la Concorde at the foot of the Rue Royale, yet could not take it in reverse because of the cross fire from the barricade which stood across the head of the Rue St. Honoré. And they were further blocked by the Versaillist fire from the Corps Législatif across the Seine on the further side of the Place de la Concorde, directed against the Communist battery at the foot of the Rue Royale, and sweeping that thoroughfare in its rear. The diagram will make the curious situation more clear; it was a deadlock the forcing of which neither side seemed inclined to attempt; the situation as it stood was passively in favor of the Communists.

There were no Versaillists about the Madeleine, whither the day before they had reached in force, and where it seemed they had made good their foothold. Clearly their policy was to



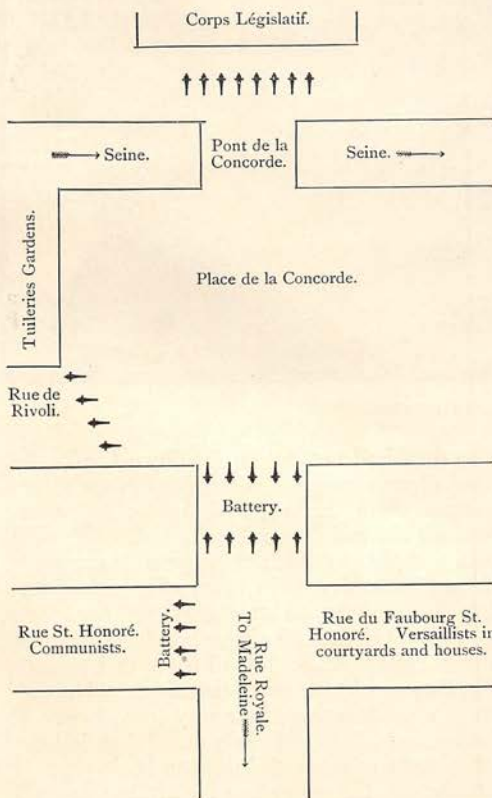
DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

FROM A PAINTING BY LEON Y ESCOSURA.

A VERSAILLIST.

take no risks, and to economize as much as possible in the matter of their own lives. A direct offensive effort along the wide boulevard would certainly have cost them dear; and, fresh as the red-breeches were from their German captivity, their spirit was probably held not quite an assured thing. It became presently plain that the policy of the Versaillist leaders overnight had been *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

Returning toward my hotel, I recognized how the Versaillist troops were engaging in the development of a great turning movement by their left. Yesterday they had reached the St. Lazare terminus, apparently on their way to Montmartre. Now they had got sure grip of the Place and Church of the Trinity at the head of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and were working eastward by the narrower streets in preference to traversing the wider Boulevard Haussmann. Between ten and eleven o'clock, we in the hotel heard the sound of a fierce fire at the back of the Cité d'Antin; and running into the Rue Lafitte, I recognized that the Versaillists had regained the Place of Notre Dame de Lorette,—the man-trap triangle in which I had got involved on the previous afternoon,—and were now fighting their way along the Rue de Châteaudun, which opens into the Rue Lafayette considerably eastward of the Cité d'Antin. Meanwhile a heavy fire down the Boulevard Haussmann was being maintained, so that my hotel seemed in imminent danger of being surrounded. Regaining its front, and going forward into the Rue Lafayette, I looked up eastward to the barricade across it at the junction of the Rue de Châteaudun and prolonged across the débouché of the latter street, and



could see the Communist defenders firing furiously along the Rue de Châteaudun. At length after a strong resistance they broke, and the Versaillesists gained the commanding position. I watched the red-breeches climbing over the barricade as they poured out of the Rue de Châteaudun and established themselves in possession of the barricade across the Rue Lafayette. Now (at 1 P. M.) they were firing westward down

tween three fires. There was not a civilian out of doors anywhere within sight; even the women, who were so fond of shell fragments, were under cover now. Communard after Communard, finding the Boulevard Haussmann too hot to hold him, was sneaking away out of the devilry, availing himself of the cover afforded by the Opera House.

Yet the Versaillesists hung back. At half-past



DRAWN BY VIÈRGÉ.

TREATING VERSAILLISTS TO WINE.

that street into the lower end of the Boulevard Haussmann, while other Versaillesist troops were pressing down the latter, firing heavily, and covered by shell-fire describing a parabola over their heads and falling in front of them. Thus the Communist detachments remaining about the bottom of the Boulevard Haussmann, not numerically strong, but singularly obstinate, were taken in front and rear; and indeed in flank as well, for a rifle-fire was reaching them along the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin from the Church of the Trinity. Parenthetically I may observe that, standing in the lee of a projection at the foot of the Rue Lafayette, I was hemmed in be-

two they had not got so far down the Boulevard Haussmann as to be abreast of the Opera House, from the arms of Apollo on whose summit the red flag still waved. The Versaillesists simply would not expose themselves. About five and twenty Communists were blocking the column with an intermittent fire. Two minutes at the *pas de charge* would have given the regulars the boulevard from end to end; but they would not make the effort, and instead they were bursting their way from house to house, and taking pot-shots out of the windows. This style of cover-fighting on their part, of course, left the street free for artillery and mi-



PAINTED BY R. DE LOS RIOS.

AN EXECUTION OF COMMUNARDS.

ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

traillouse fire, and certainly neither was spared. The shells and bullets were passing my corner in one continuous shriek and whistle; the crash of falling stucco and the clash of broken glass were incessant. So scanty were the defenders that scarce any execution was done by all this expenditure of ammunition; but it probably tried the nerves of the few Communists left. That their position was desperate was beyond a doubt; and this they quite recognized, but were resolute to hold on to the bitter end. Their efforts were really heroic. Just as all seemed over, they got a cannon from somewhere up to the head of the Rue Halévy, and brought it into action against the Versaillesist position at the Church of the Trinity. It was all weird and curious chaos. It was only of one episode that I could be the spectator, but the din that filled the air told vaguely of other strenuous combats that were being fought elsewhere. Above the smoke of the villainous gunpowder the summer sun was shining brightly, and spite of the powder-stench and the smell of blood the air was balmy. It was such a day as made one long to be lying on the grass under a hawthorn hedge, looking at the lambs at play; and made one loathe this cowering in a corner, dodging shot and shell in a most undignified manner, and without any matches wherewith to light one's pipe.

For another hour or more my neighbors the Communists, who had been reinforced, gave pause to the Versaillesist effort to descend the Boulevard Haussmann, and were holding their own against the Versaillesist fire from the Church of the Trinity and the barricade on the rise of

the Rue Lafayette. The house at the right-hand corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin and the Rue Lafayette—the house whose projecting gable was my shelter—had caught fire, to my disquietude and discomfort; but before the fire should seriously trouble me the impending crisis would probably be over. Furious and more furious waxed the firing all around. About the Opera House it was especially fierce. I had glimpses of fighting at close quarters in the open space before its rear front, and I could discern men shuffling along behind the low parapet of its roof. They carried packs, but I could not see their breeches, and was not therefore wholly certain that they were Versaillesists. A woman had joined me in my position behind the gable,—a woman who seemed to have a charmed life. Over and over again she walked out into the fire, looked deliberately about her, and came back to recount to me with excited volubility the particulars of what she had seen. She was convinced the soldiers on the roof were Versaillesists; yet, as I pointed out to her, the *drapeau rouge* still waved above the statue on the summit of the lofty building. The people of the hotel in our rear clearly shared her belief. Gathered timidly in the *porte cochère*, they were crying "Bravo!" and clapping their hands, because they hoped and believed the Versaillesists were winning.

The woman was right; they were Versaillesist linesmen whom we saw on the parapet of the Opera House. There was a cheer; the people of the hotel ran out into the fire, waving handkerchiefs and clapping their hands. The tricolor was waving above the hither portico.

The red flag waved still on the farther elevation. "A ladder! a ladder to reach it!" was the excited cry from the group behind me; but for the moment no ladder was procurable. As we waited, there darted down the boulevard to the corner of the Rue Halévy a little grig of a fellow in red breeches—one of the old French linesmen breed. He was all alone, and appeared to enjoy the loneliness as he took up his post behind a tree, and fired his first shot at a Communard dodging about the intersection of the Rue Taitbout. When is a Frenchman not dramatic? He fired with an air; he reloaded with an air; he fired again with a flourish, and was greeted with cheering and handclapping from the "gallery" behind me, to which the little fellow was playing. Then he beckoned us back dramatically, for his next shot was to be sped up the Rue Lafayette, at a little knot of Communists who, from a fragment of shelter at the intersection of the Rue Lafitte, were taking him for their target. Then he faced about and waved his comrades on with exaggerated gestures which recalled those one sees in a blood-and-thunder melodrama, the Communist bullets all the while cutting the bark and branches of the tree which was his cover. Ah! he was down! Well, he had enjoyed his flash of recklessness. The woman by my side and I darted across and carried him in. We might have spared ourselves the trouble and risk; he was dead, with a bullet through his head.

This little distraction had engrossed us only for a few minutes; the moment it ended, all our attention went back to the scene on the roof of the Opera House. A ladder had been at length brought; and a Versaillist soldier was now mounting the statue of Apollo on the front elevation of the house, overhanging the Place de l'Opéra. He tore down the *drapeau rouge*, and substituted the tricolor just as the head of a great column of Versaillist troops came streaming out of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin across the Boulevard Haussmann, and down the wide streets toward the great boulevard. The excitement was hysterical. The inhabitants rushed out of the houses with bottles of wine; from their windows money was showered into the street; the women fell on the necks of the sweaty, dusty men in red breeches, and hugged them with frantic shouts of "*Vive la ligne!*" The soldiers fraternized warmly; drank, and pressed forward. Their discipline was most creditable. When their officers called them away from the conviviality and the embraces,

they at once obeyed, and reformed companies promptly at the double. Now the Versaillist wave had swept over us for good; we were again people of law and order, and thenceforward abjured any relations some of us smug bourgeois might have temporarily had with those atrocious miscreants of Communards who were now getting decisively beaten. Everybody displayed raptures of joy, and Communist cards of citizenship were being surreptitiously torn up in all directions. It was now no longer "*citoyen*" under pain of being a suspect; the undemocratic "*monsieur*" revived with amusing rapidity.

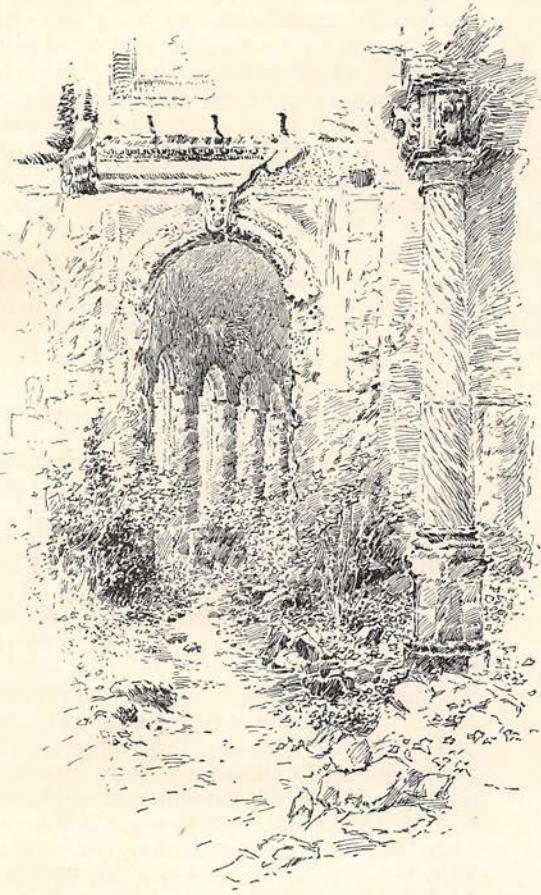
The Versaillist troops,—horse, foot, and artillery,—pouring in steady continuous streams down the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin and the Rue Halévy, debouched into the great boulevard at the Place de l'Opéra, taking in flank and rear the insurgents holding positions thereabouts and getting presently a firm grip of the Boulevard des Capucines westward almost to the Madeleine. This was done not without hard fighting and considerable loss, for the Communists fought like wild-cats, and clung ob-



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE PAVILION OF FLORA, LOUVRE, AFTER THE FIRE.

stinately to every spot affording a semblance of cover. Even when the success mentioned had been attained, the situation was still curiously involved. The Versaillists, moving down the Rue de la Paix, were threatening the Place Vendôme, but avoiding close quarters. The Communists for their part, threatened as they thus were with being cut off, nevertheless still



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCARDI.

RUINS OF THE COUR DES COMPTES.

held obstinately their artillery barricades at the foot of the Rue Royale and at the western end of the Rue St. Honoré. The rear face of the former had been fortified and armed; and so, although the Versaillist artillery hammered at its proper front from the Corps Législatif, its rearward guns were able to interfere with the Versaillist efforts to make good a hold on the much-battered Madeleine.

I was becoming exceedingly anxious to get some news sent out, and in order to ascertain whether there was any prospect of the despatch of a bag to Versailles from the British Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, I started up the now quiet Boulevard Haussmann, and by tacks and zigzags got into the Rue d'Aguesseau, which debouches into the Faubourg nearly opposite the British Embassy. Shells were bursting very freely in the neighborhood, but my affair was urgent, and from the corner of the Rue d'Aguesseau I stepped out into the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, intending to dart across to the Embassy gate. I drew back as

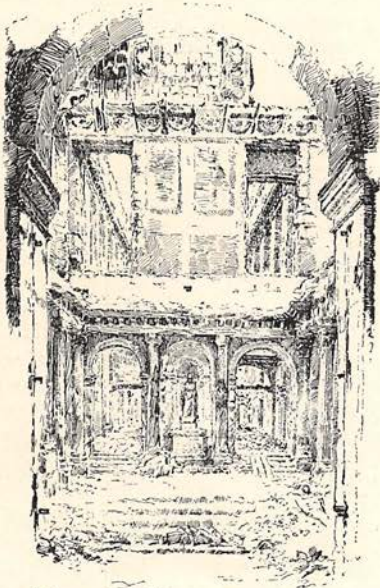
a shell splinter whizzed past me close enough to blow my beard aside. The street was simply a great tube for shell-fire; nothing could live in it. Hoping that the firing might soon abate, I waited in an entry for an hour. Around about me there were several ambulances (as the field hospitals had come to be called in the late war). Into one close by I saw, for a quarter of an hour, one wounded man carried every minute—I timed the stretchers by my watch. In others into which I looked, the courtyards were full of mattresses and groaning men. A good many corpses, chiefly of national guards, lay in the streets, behind the barricades and in the gutters.

It fell dusk as I waited, the fire rather increasing than abating in intensity, and I would waste no more time. As I returned toward my hotel, I had to cross the line of Versaillist artillery still pouring southward from the Church of the Trinity, and so down the Rue Halévy, toward the quarter where the noise indicated that hot fighting was still going on. The gunners received a wild ovation from the inhabitants of the Chaussée d'Antin. Where, I wondered, had the good people secreted the tricolor during all those days of the Commune? It now hung from every window in the still night air; the shouts of "*Vive la ligne!*" stirring it occasionally with a lazy throb. Still the work was not nearly done. Stray bullets whistled everywhere—

the women in their crazy courage had come to call them sparrows. And as the night closed in, from the Rue St. Honoré, the Place Vendôme, and the vicinity of the Palais-Royal and the Hôtel-de-Ville came the noise of heavy, steady firing of cannon, mitrailleuses, and musketry, accentuated occasionally by explosions that made the solid earth tremble.

After a night of horror that seemed interminable, there broke at length the morning of Wednesday, May 24. When the sun rose, what a spectacle flouted his beams! The flames from the palace of the Tuileries, kindled by damnable petroleum, insulted the soft light of the morning, and cast lurid rays on the grimy recreant Frenchmen who skulked from their dastardly incendiarism to pot at their countrymen from behind a barricade. How the palace blazed! The flames reveled in the historic rooms, made embers of the rich furniture, burst out the plate-glass windows, brought down the fantastic roof. It was in the Prince Imperial's wing, facing the Tuileries garden,

where the demon of fire first had his fierce sway. By eight o'clock the whole of this wing was nearly burnt out. When I reached the end of the Rue Dauphin, the red belches of flame were shooting out from the corner facing the private garden and the Rue Rivoli. It was the Pavillon Marsan, containing the apartments occupied by the King of Prussia and his suite during the visit to Paris the year of the Exhibition. A furious jet of flame was pouring out of the window at which Bismarck used to sit and smoke and look out on Paris and the Parisians. There was a sudden crash. Was it an explosion or a fall of flooring that caused the great burst



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

RUINS OF THE VESTIBULE OF THE TUILERIES.

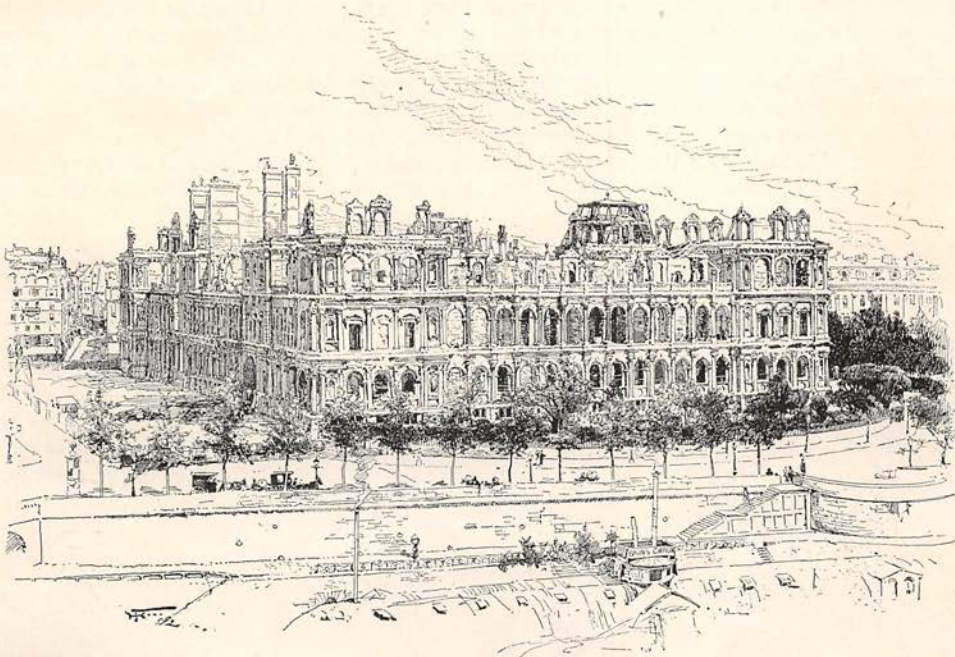
of black smoke and red sparks in one's face? Who could tell what hell-devices might be within that blazing pile? It were well surely to keep at a respectful distance from it. And so I went eastward to the Place du Palais-Royal, which was still unsafe by reason of shot and shell from the neighborhood of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Opposite was the great archway by which troops were wont to enter into the Place du Carrousel. Was the fire there yet? Just so far and no more. Could the archway be broken down, the Louvre, with its artistic riches, might still be saved. But there was none to act or to direct. The troops were lounging supine along the streets, intent—and who could blame the weary, powder-grimed men?—on bread and wine. So the flames leaped on from window to window, from chimney to chimney. They were beyond the arch now; the Pavil-

lon de la Bibliothèque was kindling—the connecting-link between the Tuileries and the Louvre, built by the late emperor to contain his private library. Unless an effort to stay the progress of the flames should be made, the Louvre and its inestimable contents were surely doomed. Indeed, the Louvre might be said to be on fire already, for the Pavillon de la Bibliothèque was counted a part of it. And on fire, too, were the Palais-Royal and the Hôtel-de-Ville, where the rump of the Commune were cowering amidst their incendiarism; and the Ministry of Finance, and many another public and private building. No wonder that Courbet, *soi-disant* Minister of Fine Arts, should have been sending far and wide, among friends native and foreign, in quest of a refuge wherein to hide his head!

I turned, sad and sick, from the spectacle of wanton destruction, to be saddened and sickened yet further by another spectacle. Versaillist soldiers, hanging about the foot of the Rue St. Honoré, were enjoying the cheap amusement of Communard hunting. The lower-class Parisians of civil life seemed to me caitiff and yet cruel to the last drop of their thin, sour, *petit bleu* blood. But yesterday they had been shouting "*Vive la Commune!*" and submitted to be governed by the said Commune. To-day they rubbed their hands with livid, currish joy to have it in their power to denounce a Communard and to reveal his hiding-place. Very eager in this patriotic duty were the dear creatures of women. They knew the rat-holes into which the poor devils had squeezed themselves, and they guided the Versaillist soldiers to the spot with a fiendish glee. *Voilà* the brave of France, returned to such a triumph from an inglorious captivity! They have found him, then, the miserable! Yes, they have seized him from out one of the purlieus which Haussmann had not time to sweep away, and a guard of six of them hem him round as they march him into the Rue St. Honoré. A tall, pale, hatless man, with something not ignoble in his bearing. His lower lip is trembling, but his brow is firm, and the eye of him has some pride and indeed scorn in it. "A veritable Communard?" I ask of my neighbor in the throng. "Questionable," is the reply; "I think he is a milk-seller to whom the woman who has denounced him owes a score." They yell, the crowd,—my neighbor as loud as any,— "Shoot him! Shoot him!"—the demon-women most clamorous, of course. An arm goes up into the air; there are on it the stripes of a non-commissioned officer, and there is a stick in the fist at the end of the arm. The stick descends on the bare head of the pale prisoner. Ha! the infection has

caught; men club their rifles and bring them down on that head, or clash them into splinters in their lust for murder. He is down; he is up again; he is down again—the thuds of the gun-stocks sounding on him just as when a man beats a carpet with a stick. A certain British impulse prompts me to push into the mêlée; but it is foolish, and it is useless. They are firing into the flaccid carcass now; thronging around it as it lies prone, like blow-flies on a piece of meat. Faugh! his brains are out and oozing into the gutter, whither the

it was dying hard, with dripping fangs bared and every bloody claw protruded. It held no ground now west of the Boulevard Sevastopol from the river north to the Porte St. Denis. The Place Vendôme had been carried at two in the morning; after a desperate struggle the last man of its Communist garrison had been bayoneted in the great barricade at the junction of the Rue Royale with the Place de la Concorde, and the Versaillist masses could now gather undisturbed about the Madeleine. But how about the wild-cat leaders of the



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

RUINS OF THE HÔTEL-DE-VILLE, AS SEEN FROM THE RIVER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LECADRE.

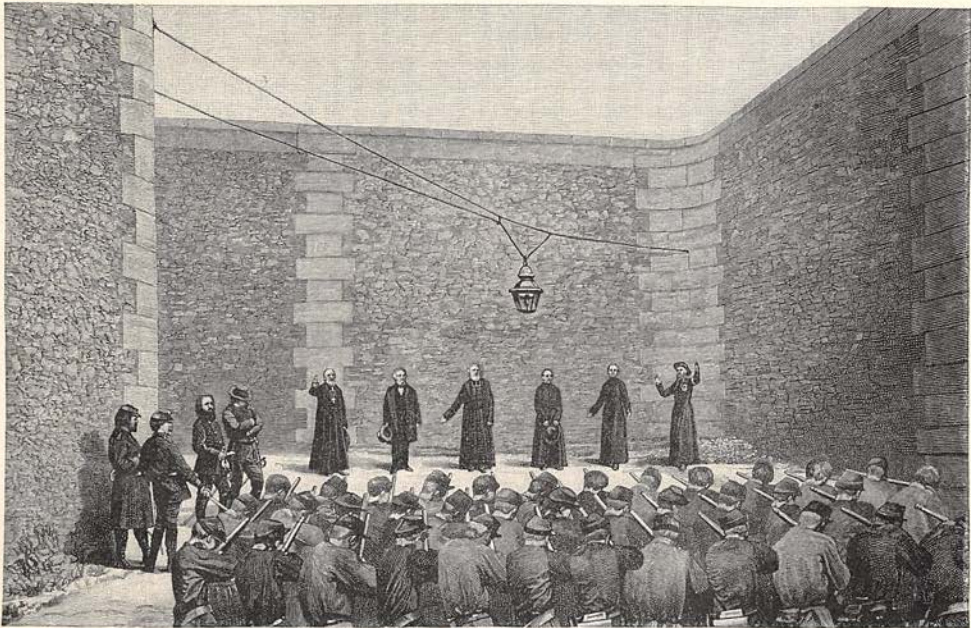
carrion is presently heaved bodily, to be trodden on and mangled presently by the feet of multitudes and the wheels of gun-carriages. But, after all, womanhood was not quite dead in that band of bedlamites who had clamored "Shoot him!" There was one matron in hysterics, who did not seem more than half drunk; another, with wan, scared face, drew out of the press a child-bedlamite, her offspring, and, one might hope, went home ashamed. But surely for the time all manhood was dead in the soldiery of France to do a deed like this. An officer—one with a bull-throat and the eyes of Algiers—stood by and looked on at the sport, smoking a cigar. A sharer in the crime surely was he if there was such a thing as discipline in the French ranks; if there was not, he might have been pitied if he had not smiled his cynical approval.

The Commune was in desperate case; but

Commune still in possession of the Hôtel-de-Ville, on which the Versaillist batteries were concentrating a fire heavy enough to be called a bombardment? Their backs were to the wall, and they were fighting now, not for life,—about that they were reckless,—but that they might work as much evil as might be possible before their hour should come. The Versaillists did not dare to make a quick ending by rushing straight at the barricades around the Hôtel-de-Ville; they were timid about explosions. But they were mining, sapping, burrowing, circumventing, breaking through party-walls, and advancing from back yard to back yard; and it was a question of only a few hours when they should pierce the cordon. Meanwhile the holders of the Hôtel-de-Ville were pouring out death and destruction over Paris with indiscriminate wildness and fury. Now it was a bouquet of shells on the Champs-Élysées; now a

heavy obus sent crashing into the already battered Boulevard Haussmann; now a great shell hurtling in the direction of the Avenue de la Reine Hortense. Cut off by this time from La Chapelle and the Gare du Nord, the Reds still clung to a barricade in the Rue Lafayette near the Square Montholon. For its defenders the way of retreat was open backward into Belleville. Canny folk, those Versaillists! The Prussians no doubt would have let them into Belleville from the rear, as they had let them into La Chapelle. But Belleville, whether in front or from rear, scarcely offered a joyous prospect. It seemed to me that for days to come there might be fighting about that rugged and turbulent region, and that there probably the Commune would find its last ditch. As for the people in the Hôtel-de-Ville, they, in the expressive old phrase, were between the devil and the deep sea. One enemy, with weapons in his hands, was outside; another, fire—and fire kin-

morning was in full swing. Denouncements by wholesale had become the fashion, and denouncement and apprehension were duly followed by braining. It was a relief to quit the truculent cowards and the bloody gutters, and the yelling women and the Algerian-eyed officers. I strolled away into the Place Vendôme, of which there was current a story that it had been held for hours by twenty-five Communists and a woman against all that the Versaillists found it in their hearts to do. A considerable force had been massed in the Place; sentries were in charge of the ruins of the famous column. In the gutter before the Hôtel Bristol lay a corpse buffeted and besmirched—the corpse, I was told, of the Communist captain of the adjacent barricade, who had held it to the bitter end and then had shot himself. The Versaillist braves had made assurance doubly sure by shooting over and over again into the clay that was once a man. And in the Place there



Mrs. Darbois. Boujean. Daguerry. Ducouiray. Clere. Alar.

FROM A COMPOSITION PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TIME, BY APPERT.

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

ASSASSINATION BY THE COMMUNE OF HOSTAGES IN THE PRISON OF LA ROQUETTE, MAY 24, 1871.

dled by themselves—was inside. Would they roast, or risk death at the bayonet point? was the question I asked myself as I left the soldiers stacking the corpses on the flower-beds of the garden of the Tour St. Jacques, and tried in vain to see something of the Hôtel-de-Ville from the Pont Neuf. Its face toward the *quai* was hidden behind a great blanket of smoke, through the opacity of which shot occasional flashes of red flame.

Further westward the merry game of the

lay another corpse, that of the Hecate who fought on the Rue de la Paix barricade with a persistence and fury of which many spoke. They might have shot her,—yes, when a woman takes to war she forfeits her immunities,—but in memory of their mothers they might at least have pulled her scanty rags over the bare limbs that now outraged decency, and refrained from abominable bayonet-thrusts.

And now here was the Rue Royale, burning right royally from end to end. Alas for the



FROM A COMPOSITION PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TIME, BY APPERT.

ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

ASSASSINATION BY THE COMMUNE OF SIXTY-TWO HOSTAGES, RUE HAXO, BELLEVILLE, AT 5 P. M., MAY 26, 1871.

lovers of a draught of good English beer in this parching lime-kiln; the English beer-house at the corner of the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré was a heap of blazing ruins. Indeed, from that corner up to the Place de la Madeleine, there was not a house on either side of the noble street that was not on fire. And the fire had been down the Rue St. Honoré, and up the Faubourg, and was working its swift hot will along the Rue Boissy. It was hard to breathe in an atmosphere mainly of petroleum-smoke. There was a sun, but his heat was dominated by the heat of the conflagration; his rays obscured by the lurid blue-black smoke that was rising with a greasy fatness everywhere in the air, filling the eyes with water, getting into the throat with an acrid semi-asphyxiation, poisoning the sense of smell, and turning one's gorge with the abomination of it. All up the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré the gutters were full of blood; there was a barricade at every intersection; the house-fronts were scored by shell-fire, and corpses lay about promiscuously. As I reached the gate leading into the courtyard of the British Embassy, the sight of a figure leaning against one of the pillars gave me a great shock. Why I should have been thus affected, it is necessary to explain.

Neither my colleagues nor I had been able to get a scrap sent out of Paris since Sunday night, and it was now noon of Wednesday. It was not for pleasure nor excitement that

we were standing by the Commune's bloody death-bed; we were on duty. I was wretched. Here I was miserably *en l'air*, witnessing indeed a momentous struggle, but the spectacle only useful professionally in order that I might with all speed transfer the pictures which had formed themselves on my mental retina to the pages of my newspaper, and thus make the world an early sharer with me in a knowledge of events on the phases and issue of which the world was hanging. This aim, this aspiration, must ever absorb the war correspondent to the exclusion of every other consideration whatsoever. It is for the accomplishment of this purpose that he lives; I do not know that he ought to continue to do so if he fails — certainly not if he fails because of a mischance for which he himself is responsible. On the Tuesday night I could endure the blockade no longer. Somebody must get out, if he should descend the face of the enceinte by a rope. It was arranged that at sunrise on the Wednesday morning the attempt should be made by a colleague whose cool courage events had well tested, who had a good horse, knew Paris thoroughly, and had a large acquaintance among officers of the Versaillist army. He took charge of one copy of the scrappy letters I had written in duplicate in the intervals of watching the fighting; we shook hands, wishing each other a good deliverance; and at noon of Wednesday I was congratulating myself on the all but assurance

that my letters were already somewhere about Abbeville on the way to Calais.

The cheerful impression was abruptly dissipated by the sight that caught my eye as I entered the Embassy courtyard. My unfortunate colleague was leaning against one of the pillars, deadly sick, his complexion positively green, his nerves utterly shattered. He had tried to get out, and, I doubt not, tried boldly and energetically; but he had failed. He had been fired upon, and maltreated; he had been denounced as a Prussian spy, and had escaped death by the skin of his teeth. Poor fellow! he had been spattered with the blood and brains of denounced men who had not escaped. He had given up, and had taken post where I found him as the likeliest point at which to meet me and tell me of his failure.

Of course, as the consequence of that misfortune, it behooved me to make the attempt. I pondered a few moments, and then went into the *chancellerie* of the Embassy, where I found Mr. Malet, now Sir Edward Malet, British Ambassador at Berlin. Malet, who was then second secretary, had remained in Paris to represent Great Britain, when Lord Lyons and the rest of the Embassy *personnel* had migrated to Versailles at the beginning of the Commune. He may be said to have been sitting among ruins, for the smash of the big house had been severe. The parquet flooring of the ball-room was chaos, and the ventilation of sundry rooms had been improved by shell-holes. In the garden walls were great gaps, through which the Versaillists had worked their strategic progress round the barricades, respecting much the wholeness of their skins.

I had met Malet in the early days of the recent war, when he came out of Paris to Meaux with communications for Bismarck. I told him I meant to try to get out, and asked him whether I could take anything to Versailles for him.

"My dear fellow," he said, "it's no use your trying. I sent off two messengers this morning; both have come back—both had been fired on. We must wait a day or two until things settle."

"I am going to try to-day, and immediately," was my answer. "You can help me, and at the same time further your own objects. Put your despatches into a big official envelop, address it to 'Her Majesty the Queen of England,' and intrust me with the packet. No harm can come of it, anyhow."

After a little excogitation Malet complied, and, pocketing the envelop, I went to the stable where my little horse was standing at livery. The Communist sentry had relieved himself, and the embargo was off; but the poor beast, having been half starved and long deprived of exercise, was in a state of great debility. However, I jogged gently along, meeting with no molestation, until, on the Quai de Passy, I essayed a little trot; for time was of value. Presently the poor creature staggered and then fell on its side, pinning me down by the leg. I sickened, partly with pain, for I thought my leg was broken; more, however, in the realization of failure to accomplish my purpose if this hurt had indeed befallen me. A line battalion was passing; half a dozen *piou-pious* were instantly around me. Some dragged the horse upon his legs, others raised me and carried me into a wayside cabaret. A glass of wine revived me; my leg was not broken, only the ankle dislocated. I ordered and paid for half a dozen bottles of Burgundy, my military friends carried me out and lifted me into the saddle,



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

THE GARDEN OF THE RUE HAXO, WHERE THE SIXTY-TWO HOSTAGES WERE ASSASSINATED. (FROM A DRAWING MADE IN 1891.)

and I went on at a walk, thankful that I had come so well out of the little disaster.

I encountered and surmounted sundry subsequent difficulties and dangers; but the crucial obstacle was still before me—at the Point du Jour Gate, whither I was making *en route* for Versailles. Walking up and down in front of the guard-house were a colonel and a major of the line.

"No, it is impossible; very sorry, but our

orders are imperative; you must apply for a permit to Marshal McMahon, whose quarters are at the *École Militaire*."¹ I urged; I entreated; I produced my envelop; but all to no purpose. The colonel went away; the major remained, and was so good as to accept a cigar. On his breast was the English Crimean medal, and on that hint I spoke yet again. I dwelt on the old comradeship of the French and English during the days of fighting and hardship before Sevastopol. That medal he wore was the Queen of England's souvenir; could he delay a courier carrying to her important despatches? The old warrior looked cautiously round; we were alone. He spoke no word, but silently with his thumb over his shoulder pointed down the tunnel under the enceinte, at the further end of which was the open country. When I had passed the sentry at the exit I drew a long breath of relief, and pattered on to Sèvres, at which place I left my horse and took carriage for Versailles, where my old war time courier was residing in the despatch-service of the "Daily News" resident correspondent.

As I drove up the broad avenue between Viroflay and Versailles, I overtook a very miserable and dejected company. In file after file of six tramped a convoy of Communist prisoners numbering over two thousand souls. Patiently and with some apparent consciousness of pride they marched, linked closely arm in arm. Among them were many women, some of them fierce barricade Hecates, others mere girls, soft and timid, here seemingly because a parent was here also. All were bareheaded and foul with dust, many powder-stained as well, and the burning sun beat down on the frowzy column. Not the sun only beat down, but also the flats of sabers wielded by the dashing *Chasseurs d'Afrique* who were the escort of those unfortunates. Their own experience might have taught them humanity toward their captives. No saber-blades had descended on their pates during that long, dreary march from Sedan to their German captivity; they were the prisoners of soldiers. But they were prisoners now no longer, as they capered on their wiry barb stallions, and in their pride of cheap victory belabored unmercifully the miserales of the Commune. For any overwheeled creatures who fell out or dropped there was short shrift; my driving-horse had been shying at the corpses on the road all the way from Sèvres. At the head of the somber column were three or four hundred men lashed together with ropes,—all powder-stained those,—and among them not a few men in red breeches—deserters taken red-handed. I rather wondered what they did in this gang; they might as well have died fighting on the barricades, as survive to be made

targets of a day or two later with their backs against a wall.

To hand Malet's despatches to the first secretary of the Embassy (Mr. Sackville West), and to eat a morsel, did not delay me in Versailles beyond half an hour; and then I was off on wheels by the circuitous route through Ruel and Malmaison and the pontoon bridge above Argenteuil, to St. Denis and the railway. As I drove along the green margin of the placid Seine, the spectacle which the capital presented can never fade from my memory. On its white houses the sun still shone; he did not withhold his beams, spite of the deeds which they illumined. But up through the sunbeams struggled and surged ghastly swart waves and folds and pillars of dense smoke. Ha! there was a sharp crack, and then a dull thud on the air. No gun-fire that, but some great explosion which must have rocked Paris to its base. There rose a convolulus-shaped column of white smoke, with a jet-like spurt, such as men describe when Vesuvius bursts into eruption; then it broke up into fleecy waves and eddied away to the horizon all round, as the ripple of a stone thrown into a pool spreads to the water's edge. The crowd of Germans who sat by the Seine steadily watching were startled into a burst of excitement. The excitement might well have been world-wide. "Paris the beautiful" was Paris the ghastly, Paris the battered, Paris the burning, Paris the blood-drenched now. And this in the present century,—aye, but twenty years ago; Europe professing civilization, France boasting of culture, Frenchmen braining one another with the butt-ends of muskets, and Paris blazing to the skies! There wanted but a Nero to fiddle.

Traveling to England and writing hard all the way in train and boat, I reached London on Thursday, May 25, and was back in Paris on Saturday, May 27. All was then virtually over. The hostages in La Roquette had been shot, and the *Hôtel-de-Ville* had fallen, on the day I left. When I returned the Communists were at their last gasp in the *Château d'Eau*, the *Buttes de Chaumont*, and *Père-Lachaise*; on the afternoon of the 28th, after just one week of fighting, Marshal MacMahon announced, "I am absolutely master of Paris." On the following morning I visited *Père-Lachaise*, where the very last shots had been fired. Bivouac fires had been fed with the souvenirs of pious sorrow, and the trappings of woe had been torn down to be used as bedclothes. But there had been no great amount of fighting in the cemetery itself. An infallible sign of close fighting are the dents of many bullets, and of those there were not very many in *Père-Lachaise*. Shells, however, had fallen freely, and the results were occasionally very ghastly.

¹ I am not positive that this was the place named.



ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

A CONVOY OF COMMUNIST PRISONERS.

DRAWN BY VIERGE.

But the ghastliest sight in Père-Lachaise was in the southeastern corner, where close to the boundary wall had been a natural hollow. The hollow was now filled up by dead. One could measure the dead by the rood. There they lay tier above tier, each tier powdered over with a coating of chlorid of lime, two hundred of them patent to the eye, besides those underneath hidden by the earth covering layer after layer. Among the dead were many women. There, thrown up in the sunlight, was a well-rounded arm with a ring on one of the fingers; there again was a bust shapely in death; and there were faces which to look upon made one shudder—faces distorted out of humanity with ferocity and agony combined. The ghastly

effect of the dusky white powder on the dulled eyes, the gnashed teeth, and the jagged beards cannot be described. How died those men and women? Were they carted here and laid out in ghastly lying-in-state in this dead-hole of Père-Lachaise? Not so; the hole had been replenished from close by. There was no difficulty in reading the open book. Just there was where they were posted up against yonder pock-pitted wall, and shot to death as they stood or crouched. Let us turn our backs on the blood-stained scene, and pray that never again may the civilized world witness such a week of horrors as Paris underwent in those bright, early summer days of 1871!

Archibald Forbes.



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

WALL WHERE THE COMMUNISTS WERE EXECUTED IN PÈRE-LACHAISE. (FROM A DRAWING MADE IN 1891.)

WHAT AN AMERICAN GIRL SAW OF THE COMMUNE.



AT the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war in September, 1870, we were obliged to leave Paris very suddenly, and with many others went to England, where we remained all the winter.

In the spring of 1871 my mother, getting very tired of traveling from one place to another with a large family, decided to come back to her home in Paris. All seemed quiet enough just then, and, as my mother very truly said she had never heard of two sieges immediately following each other, we settled ourselves in our apartment. Mr. Washburne, the American minister, hearing we were back, came in to see my mother, and told her to go

at once to London, for he thought Paris no fit place for women and children. This bit of advice was disregarded. After a few days had passed the gates of Paris were closed, and the second siege, commonly called that of the Commune, had begun.

Mr. Washburne was very kind, and came to see us often, sometimes finding us pretty well frightened. One evening when he came he found us on our way to the cellar for the night, but that was almost at the end of the siege. I may as well state here that I never got so far as the cellar, but my intimate friends, children of the concierge, informed me that a great many people had their mattresses brought down to the cellar, and slept there every night, experiencing, I suppose, a feeling of safety, as the only