

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

MARCH, 1894.

No. 5.

THE TUILERIES UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE.

BY AN INMATE OF THE PALACE.

THE storm of the French revolution of 1848 came so suddenly that the royal family fled from the breakfast-table without even the most trifling preparation. The mob was at the gates of the Tuileries, and all was panic and confusion. In the general bewilderment the Queen alone was calm, and strongly opposed the abdication, which, however, Louis Philippe was persuaded to sign in favor of the Comte de Paris, just as in 1830 Charles X. had abdicated in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux, afterward known as the Comte de Chambord. The royal party fled through the garden, while the Duchess of Orleans made a brave but ineffectual attempt to save her son's crown by going with her children to the Chamber of Deputies. But all was over. The mob broke into the assembly; the young princes and their noble mother were saved with difficulty, and returned no more to the Tuileries, where the mob had now the mastery. The royal apartments were pillaged; the throne, carried in triumph by the populace, was burned. All was riot and confusion. Happily, the improvised government prevented further destruction by declaring the Tuileries national property.

From this time the Tuileries remained uninhabited till the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic. But in January, 1852, Napoleon removed from the Elysée to the Royal Palace, which, a few months later, on December 2, 1852, he solemnly reentered as emperor, passing under the triumphal arch of the principal entrance, adorned with the inscriptions: "Vox Populi

Vox Dei!" "Ave Cæsar, Imperator!" And yet people will talk seriously of the "will of the nation"! Could any one who witnessed the wild enthusiasm of the first days of the Second Empire doubt its sincerity? And then—what a fall!

Nearly two months later, on January 22, 1853, the Emperor convened all the great functionaries of the state in the throne-room of the Tuileries. There he announced his intended marriage—a marriage in opposition to all the traditions of his predecessors, a circumstance which, with his characteristic adroitness, he presented at a great advantage. All were astonished. No one, however, had any time for opposition, if any had been intended; for only a week after the announcement the civil marriage took place at the Tuileries, preceding, according to custom, the religious ceremony, which was celebrated on the following day at Notre Dame. The young Empress, who had remained at the Elysée during the interval, then returned in state to the Tuileries, and appeared in her white robe and veil on the fated balcony of the Salle des Maréchaux—the last royal bride who would ever stand there.

The splendor of the First Empire now reappeared at the Tuileries. The etiquette of that period was restored as far as possible—less stately than that of the time of the Bourbons, but more royal than the excessive simplicity of the court of Louis Philippe. The household of both Emperor and Empress was appointed, and the principal functionaries were given apartments in the palace. These were furnished with

somewhat bare and dreary magnificence; the rooms looked stately, but empty and uncomfortable, and many small articles of modern upholstery had to be purchased by the occupants to adapt the majestic rooms to the habits of the day.

It must be acknowledged that the Tuileries, built at different periods, and arranged for various necessities, was not a convenient habitation. Several of the large galleries had been cut up into apartments for the use of the numerous members of Louis Philippe's family; these were separated by passages having no means of external light or ventilation, so that lamps burned day and night, and the air was close and heavy. The different floors communicated in the interior by narrow winding staircases, also lighted at all times; so that the first impression to visitors was strangely lugubrious and funereal. Two floors had also often been made out of one, so that the ceilings were low, and the deep windows prevented the free transmission of light, especially darkening the rooms situated toward the north. The conveniences of modern life were very imperfect. During the greater part of the Emperor's reign there was not even water put in, and the daily supply of the inmates was brought up in pails to the various apartments. The sanitary arrangements and drainage were very bad; in the regions inhabited by the servants, the air was absolutely pestilential.

The Empress occupied the first floor, communicating by a small private staircase with the apartments of the Emperor, which were on the ground floor, near those afterward devoted to the use of the Prince Imperial. In the first years of the empire the furniture of the private apartments was not remarkable; but at a later period the rooms used by the Empress were arranged with exquisite taste and elegance.

The first salon, furnished in two shades of pale green with gold tracings, contained an immense mirror, which reflected the whole view of the gardens, and of the Champs Elysées as far as the Arc de l'Etoile. Above the doors were painted tropical birds with bright plumage. This delightful and charming room was used by the chamberlains and ladies-in-waiting. It opened into the Salon Rose, furnished and decorated in different shades of rose color. The chimney-piece was of white marble, adorned with lapis lazuli and gold; the doors were decorated with paintings of flowers; the ceiling represented the Arts paying homage to the Empress, and a genius carrying the Prince Imperial in the midst of flowers.

It was there that visitors admitted to the honor of a private audience awaited her Majesty's pleasure. Thence they were ushered

into the Salon Bleu, which was decorated with medallion portraits of the Duchesses de Cadore, de Persigny, de Morny, the Princess Anna Murat (afterward the Duchesse de Mouchy), and the Countess Walewska. Here, in the midst of flowers and rare gems of art, the Empress received her guests with such grace and kindness that all felt immediately at home, and all stiffness soon disappeared. The only trying moment was that of taking leave, etiquette forbidding visitors to retire till a gesture or a gracious bend of the head authorized them to do so, while the good-nature of the Empress, shrinking from what seemed to her an unkind proceeding, often prolonged the interview to an extent which was embarrassing to both sides.

Beyond the Salon Bleu was a small room with a writing-table used by the Empress, opposite to which hung a portrait of the Prince Imperial as an infant, wearing the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honor on his little white frock. About the walls, in glazed cases, were autographs and various historical relics.

A small boudoir, protected against drafts by a folding-screen with glass panels, divided this room from a library surrounded with book-cases of ebony and gold.

Then came a dressing-room, an oratory in which was an altar concealed by folding-doors, and the bedroom of the Empress.

The Emperor and Empress took their lunch together in their private apartments; but they dined with the suite, or, according to technical phrase, "*le service d'honneur*," all wearing evening dress. On Sundays, immediately after the lunch, was the mass, which the Emperor and Empress attended with some ceremonial, accompanied by all the service d'honneur, the gentlemen in full court uniform, and the ladies in elegant morning dresses.

On ordinary Sundays the royal party were in a gallery facing the altar; but during Lent they came into the lower part of the chapel, where prie-dieux and arm-chairs covered with crimson velvet were prepared for the Emperor and Empress, who were received in state by the clergy at the door, when the deep-voiced official announced in a loud tone, "*L'Empereur!*"

The Emperor always wore the uniform of a general with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor; the Empress, exquisitely dressed, moved by his side with a grace and dignity which none present could forget. The Emperor's grave countenance and manner impressed the bystanders with a sort of awe; but his figure was ungainly and ill proportioned, and his swaying gait was displeasing.

The sermon, to the great annoyance of the preachers, was timed to last exactly half an hour, and began immediately after the gospel



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DISDERI.

NAPOLEON III. AND EUGÉNIE.

of the mass, when the gentlemen in attendance turned the chairs of the Emperor and Empress so as to place them exactly in front of the pulpit. The preacher began his address with a low bow, saying, "Sire—Madame," instead of the usual "Mes frères." The Emperor sat motionless, his clasped hands before him; but his peculiar habit of incessantly twirling his thumbs often disconcerted the preacher, who was further disquieted by the limited time granted to him, and by the presence of an official who stepped forward and stood before the altar as a warning to conclude the discourse, which was often wound up with evident haste.

The imperial chairs were then turned toward the altar, and the service was continued with exquisite singing, and a seemingly angelic accompaniment of harps. Immediately after mass, the Empress gave audience to those who had obtained that privilege.

On Thursday of Holy Week the "Stabat Mater" was sung in the chapel by the first artists; all the ladies were then dressed in black, with black veils, the effect of which was very solemn.

All the inmates of the palace were subjected to a sort of military discipline. The gates, always guarded by sentinels, were closed at midnight; any one returning after that hour was noted by the officer in command, and reported the next morning. Every day the picket of guards was changed, and a fresh password was given.

No strange workmen were admitted. All the repairs and changes in the internal arrangements of the palace were managed by the upholstery department,—called "La Régie,"—whose rule was supreme and often very inconvenient, as the men employed by La Régie had skeleton keys, and asked leave of no one before entering their private apartments.

"We have orders from La Régie," was the reply to every remonstrance.

"But why did you not execute these repairs during our absence, instead of removing all our chairs and tables just when we absolutely require them?"

"We had not received orders."

It was necessary, on temporarily leaving the palace for any time, to put away carefully in private receptacles all valuables or papers; for, if left in the imperial articles of furniture, the slightest apparent flaw would cause everything to be turned out and given over to the mercy of servants while repairs were executed. No parcel could be removed from the palace without the authorization of La Régie—perhaps a necessary measure of precaution to prevent imperial or national property from being disposed of by some unscrupulous official.

With regard to the proceedings of La Régie, I can quote my own experience, having literally had all my furniture removed, and being left to stand in the empty room without a chair, till I went and begged two chairs from my neighbor in the palace, the Archbishop of Bourges! I remember once going through a complete siege for three days, when I was alone at the Tuileries, being determined to keep out La Régie till the day of my departure for the summer. I remained with locked doors, and parleyed with the servant who attended on me, before opening to allow him to bring in my meals. Once, when I went to complain to the Duchesse de Bassano of the petty annoyances of the administration of the palace, she told me that she was not more privileged than I was myself, and quoted instances of what she had to endure in the way of such provoking measures.

Besides the military guards of the palace, there was a strong force of detectives always standing about the principal doors, in groups, conversing together carelessly, with apparent indifference, while their sharp eyes watched keenly all those who came and went. Every inmate of the palace was of course well known to these men, who were dressed to look as much like ordinary gentlemen as they could, although a practised eye quickly recognized the scowling, sinister glance and a sort of disreputable look which made the contact of these men what the Scotch would call "uncanny." The ladies of the palace were often surprised to receive bows in the street from unknown individuals, who, also, would often spring forward to help them in any difficulty, on which occasions the rule was to receive their advances most graciously. They were not men whom it would have been prudent to offend in any way by misplaced haughtiness, and it was often really convenient to hear from some stranger the authoritative and unexpected "Laissez passer madame," when any uninitiated ordinary policeman or sentinel was troublesome.

The Emperor usually went out in a phaëton or brake, which he drove himself, attended only by one gentleman, and two grooms in livery. When the peculiar beat of the drums announced the passage of any member of the imperial family, a crowd, always sprinkled with detectives, gathered before the gates, and, as the drums beat the salute, "One-two—one two-three — one-two — one-two-three," the Emperor passed out, slightly touching his hat in acknowledgment of the cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" The expression of his face, especially in the last years of the empire, was always grave and care-worn, but impenetrable, and as expressionless as a mask.

The Empress went out in an open carriage and

four, with outriders and postilions in green-and-gold liveries; she was always smiling, graciously bowing, and invariably putting on a pair of apparently tight-fitting new gloves, a slight dereliction from imperial etiquette which was often remarked.

The young Prince Imperial, attended by his governess, and afterward by his tutor, was always accompanied by a military escort, which was considered necessary for his safety; but all hearts warmed to the pretty boy who so gracefully raised his little cap and smiled so confidently and so happily. The Parisians, even those of the lower orders, always spoke with tearful affection and regret of "le petit Prince."

When the Emperor thus left the palace, without any apparent state, an unpretending little coupé or brougham was always seen to follow at a short distance; this contained the chief of the police attached to the Emperor's person, whose myrmidons were scattered along the way. There was one, especially, a Corsican named Alessandri, who was devoted to the Emperor with a sort of canine fidelity, and was always near him when he went out; so that to the initiated the presence of Alessandri was symptomatic of the approach of the sovereign. It was Alessandri who arrested the would-be assassin Pianori, and who disabled him by the ready use of his Corsican stiletto. It was Alessandri who, on the terrible night of the Orsini explosions, forcibly drew the Emperor and Empress from the shattered carriage, in the midst of the darkness and confusion, the cries of the wounded, and the struggles of the fallen horses of the escort, crying:

"Sire, madame, descendez!"

There was no time for ceremony; the strong hand of the faithful Corsican disengaged them from the wreck, and dragged them into the opera-house, where at least they were safe.

Many persons thoughtlessly criticized as unfeeling the presence of the imperial party at the opera after such a terrible catastrophe. But it should be remembered that the explosion had torn up the pavement and extinguished the gas, and that there were many victims to be cared for, and many precautions to be taken, before the Emperor and Empress could safely return to the imperial home, where on that eventful night all was anxiety and terror.

What a triumphant return it was! All the houses on the way were lighted up to the very skylights. In the street a dense crowd was swelling and surging about the carriage; and, as it slowly advanced at a footpace, the prolonged roar of the multitude was heard like the sound of ocean waves coming from afar, and getting louder and louder as the carriage drew near—"Vive l'Empereur!"

All the attendants and ladies were grouped at the door to receive those who had borne the trial so bravely; but as the Empress crossed the threshold, for the first time her undaunted spirit failed her, and, throwing herself into the arms of the Duchesse de Bassano, she burst into tears.

When a ball took place in the private apartments of the dignitaries of the household, and it was announced that the Emperor and Empress would be present, great precautions were taken for their safety, especially in the case of costume balls, where masks were tolerated, and of course constituted a serious danger. All guests wearing masks were required to remove them before entering the ball-rooms, to allow their features to be examined; detectives stood about the entrance, and mingled with the guests. Many of them were dressed as attendants, and carried trays of refreshments through the rooms.

The police force of the empire was a curious and complicated institution, but it cannot be denied that in those days life and property enjoyed a degree of security which afterward did not exist. A remarkable instance of the acuteness shown was related to the writer by a personage concerned in it, the Comte de G—— F——, well known in the highest Parisian society of that time.

The Comte de G—— F—— was intimate with an old marquise of the aristocratic Faubourg Saint-Germain; he had known her for many years, and even had the habit of addressing her by the affectionate term of "maman."

One day, on paying "maman" a visit, he found her in a state of great agitation; she had just discovered that she had been robbed of a large sum of money, which she had placed in her bureau pending its investment by her *agent de change*.

The count soothed her as well as he could, and, having ascertained that she had not yet mentioned what she had just discovered to any one but himself, he urged her to keep the matter secret, and to leave the management of it in his hands, which she consented to do.

The count then went at once to the chief of the police, who listened attentively, and merely remarking that the theft must have been committed by some one well acquainted with the house, asked carelessly what were the habits of the marquise. The count answered that she led the quiet life of an elderly lady, only varied by a dinner-party every week, on that very day; but that she was so disturbed by her loss that probably on this occasion the guests would be put off.

"On no account!" cried the prefect of police. "Tell your friend, above all things, to make no change; she must give her dinner-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DISDERI.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

party as usual—but she must allow me to send her a guest."

The count started. "What—a detective? My friend will not like the idea at all."

"If she wishes to recover her money, she must let me manage this matter in my own way. Be so kind as to go to the Passage Delorme, opposite the Tuileries Palace, at five o'clock this evening. You will find there a young man who will address you by name, and who will call himself M. de Saint-Julien. You will take him to your friend, and he will join her party. Leave the rest to me."

A good deal disturbed, the count returned to the marquise, who at first was horrified at the idea of a detective for a guest; but she yielded at length, and the count went, as agreed, to the Passage Delorme. The gallery was empty, and the count was beginning to look into the shop-windows to beguile the time, when he saw a young man, fashionably dressed and of remarkably elegant and gentlemanly appearance, who also began to look at the toys. After a short pause, he accosted the count.

"Monsieur, you are, I believe, waiting for some one."

"Monsieur," answered the count, "I am, indeed, expecting some one to meet me; but I should be greatly surprised if that individual were yourself."

"I have the pleasure of addressing the Comte de G—— F——?"

"Yes."

"I am M. de Saint-Julien."

Greatly astonished, the count bowed, and at once began to pace the gallery with the newcomer, who questioned him with astute quickness as to the circumstances of the robbery, and, after quietly stating his opinion that the thief must be some one well acquainted with the ways of the marquise, he added:

"Now take me to your friend's house."

"But," said the count, "how shall I know if you have discovered any clue?"

"I will make this gesture," and the detective made a rapid circular motion with his right hand, holding the forefinger extended.

This point being settled, "M. de Saint-Julien" was duly introduced to the marquise. Soon he had charmed every one present by his perfect ease of manner and brilliancy of conversation.

The count sat gravely watching the strange guest, little pleased at his apparent forgetfulness of the only motive which explained his presence in such society. But at the close of the dinner M. de Saint-Julien, still carelessly talking and laughing, looked toward the count and rapidly passed his hand, with the forefinger extended, round the wire of the finger-glass before him, but in such a manner that it seemed

the natural accompaniment to what he was saying.

On leaving the dinner-table the count eagerly approached him, and whispered:

"You made the sign?"

"Certainly."

"You are on the track?"

"I know who it is."

"Who?" cried the count.

"The servant who was behind your chair. He is the man."

"How can you possibly know?" exclaimed the count, greatly astonished.

"I suspected that the robbery has been committed by a professional thief, so I used words and expressions which, although they would not attract your notice, yet, as I employed them, had another meaning in the thieves' dialect, or *argot*. The man at once recognized in me a police officer, and turned pale. He is the thief."

"But," cried the count, "of course he will now try to escape."

"Do you take me for a fool?" said M. de Saint-Julien. "The house is guarded at every door." The man really did try to escape, and was immediately stopped. His sleeping-chamber was then searched, and the whole sum was found except a few francs, spent probably at some café. A few months later the count was walking on the Terrasse des Feuillants in the gardens of the Tuileries, when he met a policeman in the usual dress of his class, with a good-humored but very ordinary expression of countenance, wearing the small mustache and pointed beard of the *sergent de ville*. The man accosted him, and was not recognized until he revealed himself as M. de Saint-Julien.

The splendor of the state balls will be well remembered by all those admitted to them, and the charm of the more valued private balls called "the Empress's Mondays," at which her gracious kindness could more easily be appreciated.

It was a period of luxury and magnificence such as will not soon return; and the apparent prosperity of the empire continued to increase without interruption till the year of the great Exposition in 1867, when all the sovereigns of Europe came to Paris to be the guests of Napoleon III., as their fathers had done during 1811, in the reign of the founder of the dynasty. But, as in 1811, this culminating point of prosperity was not to be reached with impunity; there was nothing beyond, and the terrible downfall was at hand.

The first note of the knell was rung by the death of Maximilian, the news of which reached the Emperor on the very day when, in all his glory, he distributed the prizes of the

great Exposition. Then came political complications, physical weakness, entailing moral torpor, and at last the fatal war of 1870, to which the Emperor went with the worst forebodings, and with the despairing resignation of a doomed victim. Let those who accuse him of having presumptuously and rashly undertaken the task under which he fell read the sad proclamation of the beginning of the campaign, and compare it with the spirited resolution which announced the Italian war—that war which was a triumphant march through Lombardy, crowned by the glorious victory of Solferino. What a departure from the Tuileries was that, and what a return! Alas! that magnificent success had taught the French nation to believe itself invincible, and led to the fatal delusion of 1870—a delusion which, however, was not shared by the Emperor, who seemed to feel that his day was come.

Who can forget that war?—the bewildering succession of defeats, the astonishment and fury of the French nation as each telegram came! The unfortunate Empress had remained at the Tuileries, where she had established a field-hospital, and there she received, day by day, the war-bulletins, which became more and more appalling, till at last one day a telegram was given to her: “The army is vanquished and in captivity—I am myself a prisoner. Napoleon.”

What the suffering of the following night must have been to the Empress is beyond imagination. She was alone, in front of an unprecedented calamity. Here was a wife and mother in the responsible position of regent, left to face the hatred of an exasperated nation, which, alas! not unjustly attributed the disastrous war to her influence. She had said, “This is *my* war,” and those unfortunate words will never be forgotten or forgiven in France. The constant prosperity of the empire had deluded her into the belief that it would always continue; she had looked forward to glory, to increase of territory, to the gratitude of the nation, and she had only provoked a series of calamities such as the French had never yet seen. Now all hope was gone; but still she could not immediately realize the consequences of the Emperor’s position, and she could not imagine that, in the very presence of the conquerors, the nation would reject its unhappy sovereign. Her first words on hearing the terrible news had been, “Do not think of me—think of France”; but France and the empire still seemed to her inseparable.

She rose at six o’clock on the morning of September 4, and at seven heard mass in her private oratory for the last time. Then she received the ministers, and General Trochu, who was profuse in his protestations.

“Madame, I am a Catholic and a Breton, and I will die at your feet sooner than harm shall reach you!” A few hours later General Trochu was at the head of the provisional government at the Hôtel de Ville, and the Empress Eugénie was left to her fate. And yet the man was no traitor. He was a talker, saying more than he meant; full of good intentions, but also full of vanity; considering himself indispensable to the safety of the nation, and sincerely convinced that all, including his promised allegiance to the Empress, must be sacrificed to the general good.

Meanwhile the progress of events was fearfully rapid. Every half-hour brought more disastrous news. The Chamber of Deputies had been invaded by the mob; the downfall of the empire had been decreed; the republic had been proclaimed. The cries of the popular fury were heard in the very gardens of the Tuileries, and the enraged populace was coming nearer and nearer. The crowd reached the reserved garden in front of the palace, and tore down the emblematic imperial eagles. It was then a quarter past three in the afternoon.

The Austrian and Italian ambassadors now entreated the Empress to leave the palace, but she warmly rejected the proposal. The daughter of a noble race, with the heroic blood of the Germans flowing in her veins, she could not but consider flight as an act of cowardice. She was a sentinel left to defend a post, and she would die there. The roar of the mob became louder and louder; the cries of “Vive la République!” were distinctly heard.

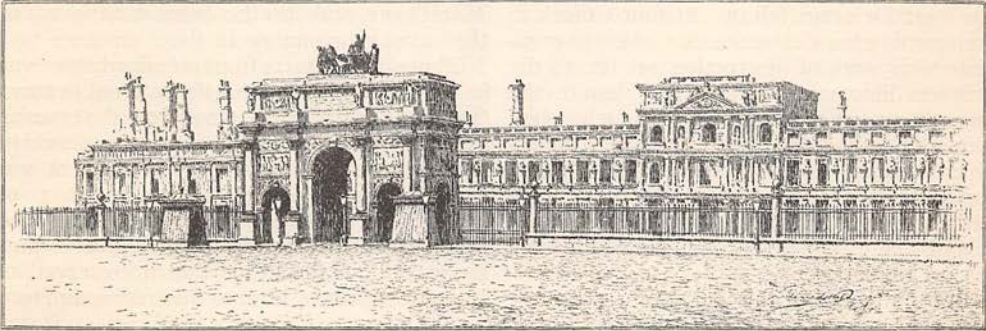
“Madame,” then said her faithful secretary Pietri, “by remaining here you will cause a general massacre of your attendants.” She seemed struck by this, and, turning to General Mellinet, she said, “Can you defend the palace without bloodshed?” “Madame, I fear not.” “Then all is over,” said the Empress. She turned to those present. “Gentlemen, can you bear witness that I have done my duty to the last?” They hastily answered, “Yes,” again urging her to leave.

All her usual attendants of the service d’honneur were assembled in the rose-colored room, a fairy bower, ill-suited as a frame for such a tragic picture, and which she was never to see again. She bade farewell to all. Strange to say—and the inexplicable fact has never been denied nor excused—not one of those present offered to follow her; not one asked her where she was seeking a refuge. Let us hasten to add that her ever-faithful friend and follower, the Duc de Bassano, was not there; he was at the senate-house, vainly trying to stem the flood. But there were others who could have filled his place. All were bewildered and absorbed by selfish fears. One lady, who filled a secondary

though confidential post in the household, Madame Lebreton, sister to General Bourbaki, followed her unhappy mistress into exile. With one faithful attendant, Pietri, and the two ambassadors, the Empress threaded the galleries communicating with the Louvre, while the mob broke into the Tuileries on the other side. There was a door of communication which was found locked, and for one brief moment anxiety was intense; but the key was

shown on this occasion by Dr. and Mrs. Evans. Nothing that could be done for her comfort was neglected, and Dr. Evans never left his imperial guest till he had safely landed her on the English shore. Here, at least, there was neither ingratitude nor selfish fear, and the conduct of Dr. Evans on this memorable occasion will be remembered as a title of honor to his name and his country.

The last days of the Tuileries were at hand.



DRAWN BY F. L. M. PAFE.

RUINS OF THE TUILERIES, FROM THE PLACE DU CARROUSEL.

happily found, and, crossing the splendid Gallery of Apollo in the Louvre, the fugitives found their way into the *place* opposite the church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois.

Two columns of insurgents were coming in different directions; the danger was great, and the Austrian ambassador, Prince Metternich, went in haste to seek his carriage. Meanwhile a street boy called out, "There is the Empress!" Much alarmed, the Italian ambassador, Chevalier Nigra, hastily thrust the Empress and Madame Lebreton into a hackney-carriage, and turned to silence the boy. The driver, frightened at the approach of the mob, drove off in violent haste, and the two ambassadors immediately lost sight of the vehicle.

The Empress had no money about her, and when, on reaching a quieter region, the driver asked her where he was to take her, she knew not whither to go. Several calls were made at the houses of friends; none were at home, and the Empress, utterly exhausted, and not knowing where to find a refuge, suddenly remembered that Dr. Evans, the American dentist, lived near, and to him she went. Dr. Evans was about to go to dinner, and at first refused to see the unknown lady who came at such an unpropitious time; but as she insisted upon speaking to him, he came out, and was struck with astonishment on finding himself in the presence of the fugitive Empress. To his honor be it said that never in the days of imperial prosperity could she have met with more respect or more devoted zeal in her service than

The sovereign people, proud of entering the palace of kings, went there for dreary fêtes during the siege and the commune, while the Marseillaise was recited by the tragic actress Mlle. Agar, and a virago sang a street song glorifying "*La canaille*"—"C'est la canaille! Eh bien, j'en suis!" a proposition which none felt inclined to deny.

But the Tuileries was soon to perish in a catastrophe recalling memories of Nineveh and Babylon. Bergeret, the communist leader, had declared that the Tuileries would be in ashes before he left it, and he kept his word. On May 21, 1871, the Versailles troops entered Paris, and on the 23d, Bergeret, in a war-council, decreed the destruction of the palace. In this dreadful task he was assisted by a butcher named Bénot. During the afternoon of that fatal day, omnibuses and carts loaded with gunpowder and petroleum repeatedly crossed the court of the Louvre and the Place du Carrousel, while their contents were thrown into the central pavilion of the Tuileries, called "*Pavillon de l'Horloge*." Bénot collected petroleum in buckets, with candles and brushes, and led his associates through the splendid galleries, where they dashed petroleum over the hangings, the floors, doors, and walls. Here and there they placed jars of petroleum, a barrel of gunpowder on the ground floor, and a heap of combustible matter in the magnificent Salle des Maréchaux. All was connected by trains of gunpowder.

When all was ready, with the delight of a

madman, Bénot set fire to the building. At a few minutes to nine the great clock stopped, under the influence of the fire. At ten o'clock the conflagration was raging in all its fury, while Bergeret and his so-called "officers" went quietly to dinner at the Louvre barracks, and then came out on the terrace to enjoy the sight of their fiendish work.

It was an awful but magnificent spectacle. At eleven o'clock, there was a terrific explosion, and the central cupola, the chef-d'œuvre of Philibert Delorme, fell in. At four o'clock in the morning the Communists, wishing to complete their work of destruction, set fire to the priceless library of the Louvre, despite the earnest entreaties of the keepers, who shed tears as they saw treasures which were impossible to replace utterly destroyed. The whole building was threatened with destruction, including the picture-galleries and the museums. Happily, MacMahon's troops arrived in time to save the latter.

But the palace of the Tuileries was a mere

wreck, though beautiful still. The graceful outlines yet remained; the stones were not blackened, but reddened, by the flames, and seemed to bear a strange, lurid glow. The fire had done its work with strange caprice; here and there amid the crumbling ruins a wooden shutter or a piece of drapery had escaped. The hand of the clock-dial still pointed to the fatal hour. Fragments of the green velvet curtains, embroidered with golden bees, the imperial emblem, could still be seen in the Salle des Maréchaux, and also the crimson hangings of the canopy belonging to the Empress's bed. Nothing but the mere front remained, however, in any shapely form, and the internal destruction could easily be discerned from the exterior. Still, this sad memento of civil war and savage passions was worthy of preservation; it was beautiful, with the sad beauty of the ruins of Heidelberg. The halo of its glorious past seemed still to surround it; but greater than its beauty was the lesson that it conveyed of the consequences of revolutionary anarchy.

Anna L. Bicknell.

THE GREAT SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.



FOR two weeks John Skelly had been without work. Every morning at daybreak he left the tenement-house in which he lived, and walked about the city looking for employment.

At first he had tried the stone-yards, for he was a granite-cutter by trade. Failing in this, he had wandered along the streets facing on the North and East rivers, hoping to find a position on the wharves or in the shipping-houses. He had struck into the heart of the great city, and had applied to the contractors of the new buildings. In several instances he had been referred to the foremen of the granite-cutters, but in each case they refused to employ him on the ground that he was a non-union man.

As a matter of fact, business was at a very low ebb throughout the whole city. New York was full of men who had been idle all summer — men who had lived in the city all their lives, who had friends, and who knew where work was to be found, if, indeed, it was to be found at all. Skelly was a stranger; he had no friends and little money — nothing but a crumpled letter from his last employer in Maine, and a family in a Harlem flat.

Every evening he climbed up the narrow, dirty stairs of the tenement-house, and greeted his wife with a face that told of his ill-success

better than any words could have done. In return, his wife, who had never wished to leave the little town in Maine where she had married and always lived, never spoke of their trouble, and her silence hurt Skelly much more than if she had abused him. He saw her face becoming more colorless, and the heavy rings under her eyes growing darker every day. The little boys were doing well enough, but his girl was ill, and needed medicine and good food. She had always been delicate, and the stifling air of the tenement had broken her down, and now she lay all day in her bed, except for a few hours every fair day, when she was carried out on the landing of the iron fire-escape. It was a poor substitute for the fresh air and the green fields of her country home. The rent was paid until the end of the month. There were two weeks to run, and Skelly had ten dollars in his pockets. He knew how helpless his position was, and he wished to send the child to the hospital; but the mother was hopeful, and would not have it that way. She believed that she could nurse it back to strength and health without money better than the doctors could with all their science. Skelly sat on the side of the girl's bed one night, and read her to sleep. As her eyes closed, he made a vow that at whatever cost he would find work, and at once. The next morning found him at the New At-



EUGÉNIE