

## ANOTHER CHAPTER OF MY MEMOIRS.

### HOW I BECAME A JOURNALIST.

BY MR. DE BLOWITZ.

MORE than one account has been published of the circumstances under which I adopted a journalistic career. As none of them resembles the truth, or was obtained from me, I do not think I shall be blamed if I, in turn, give my version of the story. The fact that it has been considered of sufficient interest to be told entitles me to come forward and state the facts without being accused of presumption. Instead of the fantastic tales which have been published, there will be told in the following pages, I venture to say, a simple narrative, every line of which is derived from *une source absolument autorisée*. No doubt it is always easier for an author to amuse the reader by writing as fancy or caprice may dictate. At the risk of being dry and bald, however, I will confine myself to telling accurately what happened, my greatest ambition being to leave no one the chance of misrepresenting as his whim, fancy, or passion may dictate facts in which I am so deeply interested.

In 1869 the second French Empire was still in power, but it showed signs of yielding to the numerous and combined assaults of the liberal opposition. When a throne has been seized by a bold stroke, when it has been retained by repression, when the hold over the country rests on the docile vote of the unthinking masses, there can be no abandonment of the absolute prerogatives the ruler has bestowed on himself. The slightest concession becomes a weapon in the hands of the assailant, and the autocratic fortress only remains impregnable so long as no breach can be made. In 1869, however, the torrent of the opposition had been dashing for seventeen years against the foundations of the second empire, and the attentive eye could already discover wide breaches made in the fortification which surrounded the throne of Napoleon III. At Paris, however, the central power remained under great illusions, and played with the fire of liberal reform. In the provinces, on the contrary, the representatives of the government felt that their power was diminishing. They came into

collision with audacious opponents, and in consequence of the opposition they met with they became more overbearing, more tyrannical, and, for that very reason, more unpopular. From this vicious circle was no retreat or escape but by revolution or reaction.

For many years I had been living at Marseilles. I had married a native of the great southern French city. Her father had been *trésorier payeur de la marine*; her uncle, on the father's side, a brigadier-general. Her mother was a descendant of a noble family in the Var; and her maternal uncle could show, by a somewhat elaborate genealogy, that his ancestors were connected with the Bourbons. I was not at that time naturalized, and I considered it almost a duty to stand aloof from the domestic politics of France. Nevertheless, in consequence of the relations into which I was brought by my marriage, I was supposed by everybody to belong to the legitimist party, at the time militant around me. The elections of 1869 were at hand. It was apparent the contest would be violent in the extreme. All sides were preparing for the fight. The opposition formed a league called "the Liberal Union," within which there was room made for the three parties—the legitimists, the Orleanists, and the democrats. The government did what it could to strengthen its position. It re-enforced its *préfets*; it decorated with the Legion of Honor its chief political supporters, or dismissed auxiliaries of whom it was not sure. In the great centres it established newspapers to all appearance violently democratic, but the real purpose of which was to sow dissension among the parties forming the Liberal Union.

During the day the editors or their staffs wrote articles denouncing the empire and the royalist party. At night these same journalists repaired to the *préfectures* to receive their instructions. This was the state of affairs more especially at Marseilles. There the candidature of M. de Lesseps, in opposition to M. Thiers and M. Gambetta, was very popu-

lar. Gambetta and his pretensions were made the subject of endless jokes and laughter on the part of the pseudo-democratic official press. M. de Lesseps's candidature was represented as quite independent. This was his only chance of success, for if there had been a suspicion that it was official, his position would have been irremediably compromised. Strange to say, I was the man who almost unwittingly dealt the fatal blow to his chances. Even at this time the uncontrollable desire to get at the bottom of sensational reports haunted me. While it was strongly suspected at Marseilles that M. de Lesseps was an official candidate, and while the government was making every effort to prove the contrary, one of my friends had gone to Egypt. I kept up a correspondence with him. In writing me he recounted, with much detail, incidents which threw a strong light on the whole subject. An orderly officer of the Emperor had arrived in Egypt. A special train was placed at his disposal by Ismail Pasha. This officer had lost no time in posting on to M. de Lesseps. At the urgent request and in compliance with an almost formal order of the Emperor, the constructor of the Suez Canal, who, as such, had already become popular, consented to become a candidate for Marseilles. Without considering the consequences, I lost no time in communicating this information to one of my friends—the editor of a legitimist newspaper. The news burst like a tempest on the public of Marseilles, and swept away in its irresistible whirl the candidature of M. de Lesseps. The very next day the socialist newspaper, in obedience to orders, made an incredibly violent attack on me. I was terrified at what I had done. I was somewhat in the position of an elephant from whose back a cannon has been discharged, and which first feels the shock without knowing whence it comes. I was a foreigner without protection, at the mercy of a government still feared. My friends begged me to take no notice of the abominable calumnies directed against me by the sham-democratic newspaper, which for years since that time has been the source whence the abuse poured upon me has been drawn. I was innocent enough to raise an action in the law courts, in which I was successful. When the case came to an end, however, the newspaper had ceased to appear, and

the editor, as the reward of his electioneering services, had obtained the post of *subpréfet* in an out-of-the-way corner of the Basses-Alpes. In the election M. de Lesseps had the support of a wretched minority; and it was M. Gambetta who was, to the surprise of everybody, returned by a majority of two to one. He entered the Corps Législatif triumphantly. The journal and its editor disappeared, but the defeated *préfet* survived, and it was on me that he sought to avenge his defeat. In a long report, which I have since had it in my power to peruse, he applied for my expulsion from France. Not more than an hour after it was written he saw my wife in the street, and was not ashamed to hold out to her the very hand which had just signed that miserable denunciation. The same evening I was informed of the facts, and hurried off to Paris to ward off its consequences. M. Thiers took the matter in hand, and the demand for my expulsion was put aside. My friends advised, nay, besought me to leave Marseilles, and toward the end of 1869 I took their advice, and retired to a small property in the Drôme, near Valence. Such was my first experience of journalism, and it might well have led me to abandon the career. But another destiny was in store for me.

I lived for some months in my retreat, reading books, but chiefly the newspapers of France, Germany, and northern Europe, to pass away the time. I had no other resource. When the Hohenzollern question came up, I wrote regularly to M. Thiers, who continued to show me great good-will, giving him the news which reached me. I knew that since the hurried conclusion of peace between Prussia and Austria in 1866 the Germans expected a conflict with France, and were preparing for it. I knew that the southern states of Germany were under the watchful and suspicious surveillance of Prussia, and I also knew that if there should be a war the result would cruelly disappoint the hopes of France. I never ceased writing to this effect, and bringing facts confirming my opinions to the knowledge of M. Thiers, whose own experience had led him to similar conclusions. When the war did break out I contemplated with terror from my retreat the complete and fatal ignorance prevalent in France, and the false feeling of security which was to be so promptly and terribly

dispelled. One piece of disastrous news rapidly followed another—Reichshofen; Spiekern; the abandonment of the first lines of defence; the retreat; the admitted want of food, arms, and supplies; the telegrams of MacMahon, "I am defeated, send me supplies"; and lastly, the astounding despatch from Napoleon III.: "We have been surprised in the very act of forming. The enemy had also mitrailleuses," left no doubt as to the future toward which France was drifting. They showed the recklessness of some, the presumption of others, the criminality of all. They were everywhere received with anguish. The provinces were both exasperated and struck with terror. The *préfets* hid themselves. Their orders were set at defiance. Their safety was doubtful. Around those supposed to belong to the opposition, the recruits of the future began to gather. I ventured to leave my retreat; but as I predicted the fall of the empire, I was again denounced. A new inquiry was opened, in order to remove one who dared to make such predictions from the soil of France. The proceedings had just been commenced when the disaster of Sedan was followed by the fall of the empire.

M. Péigné-Crémieux, the son-in-law of M. Adolphe Crémieux, was appointed *Préfet* of the Drôme. On his arrival at Valence, I applied for my complete naturalization. Some weeks later I became a French citizen, and received a letter from M. Adolphe Crémieux, then Minister of Justice, who said: "Your application for naturalization in the midst of our great disasters is for me the signal of a new life for us. A country which in the midst of such catastrophes recruits citizens like you is not to be despaired of." As always happens, having been persecuted by the empire, I was ranked in the now dominant party, and those who had stood aloof from me showed a great desire to be on better terms. However, my friends dissuaded me from returning to Marseilles.

The history of Marseilles after the fall of the second empire, from the 4th of September, 1870, to the 4th of April, 1871—that is to say, for seven months—if chronicled from day to day faithfully and with its striking details, would certainly form one of the most characteristic and picturesque chapters in a systematic account of the revolutions of the nineteenth century. As yet it has not been told, and I can

only refer in this place to its incidents as affecting myself, and as having determined conclusively the course of my life. After the fall of the empire, the city fell into a state of grotesque and lamentable anarchy. Numerous bodies were hastily formed under the pretext of drawing the Germans from the south of France. They were kept together to protect the country from an improbable and chimerical invasion. One of the leaders had proclaimed himself commissary of the government. He had brought together into a noisy and discontented but purely home-abiding National Guard all the "foaming dregs" of Aristophanes. From that element of roughs, rowdies, loafers, and thieves he drew the pretorian group who surrounded him, and by means of whom he terrorized the city. It had not as yet been pillaged, because many of these freebooters were afraid of being anticipated by some of their fellow-plunderers. In fact, they watched each other with a vigilance which far surpassed anything that could have been done by a regular police. There was, of course, an appearance of something being done. One great object was to create military *entrepôts* where the *bons citoyens*, the true, good citizens, those who inspired terror in the others, could send boots or shoes pasted together by machinery; coats with seams basted with electric speed; gunpowder flasks as solid as sardine boxes; cartridges which sometimes went off, but never propelled a bullet, harmless to all but those who used them—supplies, in short, prepared with a rapidity only surpassed by the speed with which they became useless. The central power was kept in complete ignorance of all these doings. The Civic Guard—for this was the name bestowed on an undisciplined rabble—had taken possession of all the administrative centres of the town—the telegraph and the post-office, the mairie, the préfecture, and the railway station. The utmost care was used to isolate Marseilles, to cut it off from all communication with the central power. The leaders from this time dreamt of forming a league independent of the central government, based on an ill-defined idea of a southern secession, which was to complete the dismemberment of the French father-land. Gradually, however, the central government was made aware of what was passing. It became alarmed. An attempt was made

to regain the possession of power in the great southern seaport. The spontaneously created commissary-general was dismissed, and a M. Gent was appointed *préfet* of Marseilles, who had the sacred title of a *proscrit* of the 2d December. It was thought, no doubt, that this pontiff of the revolution would disarm the people who had Marseilles in their grasp. He was on the point of leaving for the city, and special troops were despatched to protect him.

As I had now become a naturalized Frenchman, I considered it a duty to assist my adopted country as I best could. I accordingly went from Valence to Avignon to take the same train to the south with the new *préfet*, and to judge with my own eyes of the state of things at Marseilles. At Avignon we were informed that the Civic Guard had determined to offer resistance, and that the Nerthe tunnel had been undermined, in order to blow up the train bringing the new *préfet*. The Civic Guard of Marseilles anticipated the nihilists of later days in giving this welcome to Czar Gent. However, the train started from Avignon, and was not blown up under the Nerthe. On arriving at Marseilles, we found the railway station in a state of siege. No one could get admission unless in the uniform of a National Guard. Whilst my baggage was being examined I looked at the armed patriot who had undertaken the task. He replied to my scrutiny by a jeering glance. It was a coachman whom I had dismissed for theft some months before. Naturally he had joined the Civic Guard. Slapping his gun with his hand, he said to me, "*À bientôt!*" When I left the station I saw the new *préfet* in an open carriage, escorted by—that is to say, a prisoner in the hands of the Civic Guard, who were conducting him to the *préfecture*. An hour afterward, in the drawing-room of the house, a revolver was fired at him, and he was wounded in the thigh. Thus the armed band who had for a time ruled the town protested against the new *préfet*. However, the new magistrate met with a share of respectable support. Under the pretext of giving some of the most dangerous leaders military rank, they were sent to parade in the camps, and the town became more tranquil. An organized resistance was gradually formed in France. The north had Faidherbe; the west, Chan-

zy; the east, Bourbaki; D'Aurelles de Paladine marked with one bright page, Coulmiers, the gloomy record extending from Reichshofen to the surrender of Paris. Already, however, amid desperate efforts, civil war was descried rising amid blood and fire behind the struggle with the foreign foe.

It was foreseen that those who held the reins of power would no longer yield them up to make way for an Assembly constituted by regular election. At the beginning of the month of January, 1871, I was sent on a secret mission to M. Thiers, who was then at Bordeaux. The game seemed lost, and it was desired to know from him what should be done to repair the serious losses sustained. Bordeaux at that time presented a strange spectacle. The Tours government had been removed thither. It held the provinces, while the government of national defence was shut up in Paris. Gambetta was the soul, the head, and the arms of this organization, and his dictatorship, except in a few southern towns like Marseilles, met with no opposition. Even these towns pretended to obey him, and the dominant party at Marseilles, which, like himself, contemplated a resistance to the elections, feigned to follow his initiative, while putting forward obstacles to the free exercise of the national will. The winter was severe, and Bordeaux was under snow at the time of my arrival. Having become the seat of government, it was invaded by a motley army. Thither had repaired adventurers of every class, men and women in want of bread, place-hunters, amateur strategists, the inventors of explosive engines destined to annihilate whole armies at a blow—in short, all who were hungry and would fain die of indigestion. The hotels of every class, even the private houses, were crowded, and I drove for hours through the town in a snowy February night knocking at every door in vain. My cab horse was utterly exhausted. I was cold and hungry when at last I reached a paltry public-house where there was a chance of accommodation. I took the place of a traveller who was still in his room, but on the point of leaving. Miserable as the place was, officers of every rank were among the guests. There were in Bordeaux at that time commandants and captains enough to command an army, and, in fact, one was about to be organized to utilize the officers whose

sheathed sabres clattered idly on the pavement of the town. The war ministry and a section of the government were installed at the préfecture. There was not enough room there for all the offices. The rooms and lobbies had been divided by screens, on which could be read, written in chalk: "Infantry Division," "Cavalry Superintendence," "Field Artillery Supplies," etc. From morning till night military men moved about in the uniforms of all branches of the service. There were officers who displayed ostentatiously scarfs supporting their wounded arms, or walked bareheaded, showing the black or white bands which marked the wounds inflicted by the enemy's sabres. All were in want of places, promotion, or decorations. They reminded you of cripples who on the dusty roads of Italy follow with gymnastic bounds the carriage of the traveller. Others, again, arrived fresh and smart at the seat of the ministry, who had organized "*corps francs*," but they inspired so little confidence that they were forbidden to cross the Gironde bridge, and were confined to the suburbs. They took the title of commandants, and had donned the most fantastic and brightest uniforms I saw. One wore a beaver with large tricolor plumes, a doublet of blue velvet ornamented with lace, bagged trousers of red velvet, and boots with gold-lace fringes falling back over the tops. These heroes had more the appearance of riders at a circus than of soldiers, and when you saw them sauntering in front of the paper partitions which separated the military offices, you could not help expecting every moment to see one of them take the great hoop spring through the fragile walls of lath and paper which surrounded him. I never could have imagined such a scene for those who had the good of the country at heart. It was impossible not to look behind the comic foreground of the picture and see the humiliating reality beyond.

Some days later I saw M. Thiers. He occupied a small drawing-room in a flat of the Hôtel de France, where he held his audiences. He looked older, and was irritable, and discontented with men and things. He had just made a tour through Europe to seek help for France. Everywhere he had been received with the deep respect due to his person and to the noble and unfortunate client whose cause

he defended. But his eloquence was met by distinct refusals, politely masked under sterile expressions of sympathy. Everywhere, thanks to the skill of Count Bismarck, France was blamed in ambiguous words for having provoked the war, and with having desired it. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that this journey led to no result. It had shown Europe the necessity of not allowing France to be altogether annihilated. Years afterward, M. Bismarck said to me: "At Versailles, at the time of concluding the peace, I lay awake night after night. I had hurried things to a conclusion. Thiers had touched the heart of Europe, and I expected every minute to receive some potentate's telegram intended to interfere with our arrangements, and to bring about complications which would have troubled the *tête-à-tête* I had so elaborately prepared." M. Thiers criticised chiefly the military arrangements made on the Loire. He had covered the walls of his drawing-room with military maps, and standing with his left hand in his waistcoat, and his right hand stretched toward the maps, he pointed out, with all his habitual vivacity, how the forces on the Loire should have been distributed to secure success, or at least to avoid checks.

"I have come here," he said, "to throw myself into the lion's jaws. I am watched as an enemy, and if I were to attempt to leave, I should be arrested. Ranc is dreaming of nothing else, and he controls the police. I have risked my health and my life in travelling through Europe. I have undergone more bitter disappointment than the heart of man can endure, and they have found no better means to deprive me of the merit due to my enterprise than to maintain that I left Paris under the pretext of wandering over Europe, but in reality to escape being shut up in the French capital. Gambetta fears and hates me. He sees in me an adversary who is a danger to his dictatorship, and he is right!"

In his usual way while speaking, he walked to and fro rapidly, from one end of the little room to the other, noiselessly in his slippers, stirring his soap lather, whetting his razor, hanging his small looking-glass on the window which looked into the street. Then he began to shave. Suddenly he started backward, the razor in his hand, with a scared look, one side of his face shaven, the other

white with soap. He exclaimed: "There he is!—sure enough!—Ranc!—this man who is constantly passing under my window, to watch me, and find some pretext for putting me in prison. He must not see me;" and he remained motionless in the darkest corner of the little room. In a few minutes he went back to the window and began to shave again. When he had done, he said: "Go back to Marseilles. Convince our friends that at present nothing but the republic is possible. The end of the fight with the foreign invaders is not far off. But we shall let loose all the forces of civil war if we do not declare beforehand that it is the republic we want. These people who have the reins of power do not want to lose their grip. The time is approaching when France should go to the ballot-boxes for the election of an Assembly. The whole question is there. Unless this is accomplished, we are lost. Everything should be done by those who want order with peace to carry out the elections when they have been decreed. I trust we shall meet again in happier days, and I never will forget that you became a Frenchman in the time of our misfortunes, or the services you have done us, and are now doing us." Later on, it was this idea of Crémieux and Thiers as to my joining the ranks of the forlorn that Edmond About expressed with picturesque concision in saying, "Il s'est fait naturaliser vaincu."

Marseilles had remained in a state of anarchy. The wretched rabble who ruled were not inclined to lose their hold. The new *préfet* was really their prisoner. The war was virtually at an end, but they continued to accumulate stores, and they manifested a bellicose ardor all the greater because they knew that thenceforth no one would take them at their word. The idea of the southern league was more triumphantly revived than ever, and they manifested a determination to resist the elections, which were to put an end to their odious tyranny. Happily the journey of M. Jules Simon to Bordeaux put an end to the dictatorship of Gambetta. A kind of legality seemed to be established. The peaceful citizens, feeling their safety at stake, went to the poll. The deputies were appointed. But even in ascertaining the result, the armed pretorians interfered. They wanted by force to uphold the defeated candidates.

The Assembly met at Bordeaux. It intrusted M. Thiers, elected in twenty-seven departments, with the melancholy duty of concluding the peace. This having been done, Marseilles protested more than ever. It objected to this as a humiliation. The government left Bordeaux. M. Thiers, who was at its head, took up his abode in Paris. No one dared to disarm the Civic Guard, which remained in command of the town. There was no attempt made to use the intervention of the army. It was feared there would be civil war if it obeyed, and a more serious disaster if it refused to interfere. Admiral Crosnier was ordered to Marseilles, and it was proposed to give him a guard of marines. But just at this time the *émeute* of 1871 broke out at Paris. In the Place Vendôme French blood was spilled; not, however, so much by Frenchmen as by the cosmopolite revolutionists who had made Paris the scene of their operations. M. Thiers left for Versailles. Mont Valérien fortunately remained in the hands of the French army. The Commune followed. It had almost immediately its *contre-coup* at Marseilles. On the 23d March, five days after the proclamation of the commune at Paris, it was proclaimed at Marseilles. The *préfecture* was placed in charge of the revolutionary forces. The *préfet* was taken prisoner. The enemies of order from every foreign country, the flower of the terrorists of the whole globe, were sent to the city. It was the Pole Landeck who, with the help of the ready, docile pen of a Marseilles *avocat*, Crémieux, published incendiary decrees, urged the army to revolt, and proposed to sack the town. General Espivent de Villeboisnet, perceiving symptoms of insubordination among the soldiers under his command, who, for the most part, were young recruits, took measures to protect them from the mutinous contagion to which they were exposed by the revolutionary propaganda. He removed his headquarters to Aubagne, at a distance of fifteen or twenty kilometres from Marseilles, and between that town and Toulon. The commune then called out the whole National Guard. It was discovered, however, that the "*mauvais bataillons*" had received instructions to appear with guns loaded as their watchword. In consequence that part of the National Guard, thenceforth described as "the National Guard of Order," was told

not to obey the summons. The revolutionary corps only turned out, and filed off, with cries of "Vive Paris!" "À bas Versailles!" The commune was as powerful and triumphant as it had been at the arrival of Préfet Gent. The préfecture was in its hands. It occupied the barracks. At the Hôtel de Ville a mulatto named Job laid down the law. The railway station and the post-office were in the hands of the revolutionaries. They had possession of the telegraph offices. They suppressed every suspected letter. They retained every telegram which might have informed the regular government at Versailles of the frightful state of affairs in the great southern city. It was while things were in this state that I met M. Ternant, the director at Marseilles of the Eastern Telegraph Company, who received his despatches by the government wire, and transmitted them by his own cable to Oran. I had let to this company the place of business they occupied near the Bourse, in a house that belonged to us, alongside of the State Telegraph Office.

M. Ternant and I resolved to throw a ladder from one house to another, and this being effected, to open a direct and secret communication with the outside. The thing was done. Ternant set himself to work. It was Lyons that first replied, and put us in communication with Versailles. While the communards thought they had a complete hold of the wires, we were able to inform the government of their doings. M. Thiers fully appreciated the danger. If the commune had triumphed at Marseilles, the whole of the south of France would have burst into insurrection, and no one could calculate what would have been the extent of the disaster. Accordingly, in reply to the first telegram, he gave orders through us to General Espivent to recover possession, at whatever cost, of the town. Until that time the general had refused to return to Marseilles, unless promised the co-operation of a part at least of the National Guard. He knew that the soldiers, deceived as to the state of matters, would reverse their guns if they did not see the National Guards alongside of them. From that time my plan was laid. I invited about twenty persons who belonged to the National Guard of Order to meet at night in my house, which could be entered and left from another street through

the garret. Those whom I invited all came. The state of affairs was alarming. A frightful catastrophe might be expected at any moment. The citizens were without defence, and the town might be given up to pillage and incendiarism. The protests of the consuls had proved unavailing. The rabble had one fixed idea—that they must without delay take advantage of a power that otherwise might slip out of their hands. Accordingly the little group of orderly citizens who met at my house formed an energetic resolution. They decided that, in company of two delegates, I should leave that very night for Aubagne, in order to bring back as soon as possible General Espivent. Commandant Nivière was one of those who accompanied me. He belonged to the Battalion of Order of the Plain. I have forgotten the name of the other delegate. A dozen young men who were at the meeting undertook to keep up the communication between Aubagne and Marseilles. Ten or twelve others belonging to the National Guard undertook to get 1500 National Guards to come out on the entrance of the troops and join them.

We started for Aubagne, where we arrived just at daybreak. I was bearer of the telegrams received from Versailles, and the engagements in writing undertaken by the National Guards. We had narrowly escaped the Civic Guards, who had been sent to take us into custody as we were leaving by the back entrance to my house. My wife was informed that thoughts were entertained of placing her in confinement as a hostage, and in consequence she took refuge with her adopted daughter at Aix. All this occurred on the 2d of April. On the following day I was present at a council of war. The general was attended by Colonel Munier, now a general and the commandant at Bayonne, the commissary Vigo Rousillon, Commandant De Villeneuve, brave soldiers, some of whom had stopped at Aubagne on their way to Africa, while the others formed part of the brigade. All were anxious to do what they could to help. None, however, knew Marseilles. Their strategic combinations, in consequence, ran the risk of being unsuitable. It was indispensable that the town should be taken at once by securing possession of decisive positions. Otherwise all would be lost, for no prolonged assistance could be relied upon if the issue appeared doubt-

ful. As specially acquainted with Marseilles, I was admitted to the council at which the arrangements were made. The secret was well kept. The same men who made me acquainted with what was going on at Marseilles, on the 3d of April left Aubagne on foot at ten o'clock at night, and took to the houses of the members of the National Guard an order to be ready to repair to certain places of meeting at half past four in the morning. The troops left Aubagne at one o'clock. At half past four they advanced in three directions, and seeing the National Guard ready to support them, they passed through the tunnel of the station and took possession of the barracks. They placed two cannon, with the necessary ammunition, on the top of the hill of Notre Dame de la Garde, two pieces were placed on the walls of the station, one on the Place de la Justice, and two at the entrance to the Rue de Rome, on the Place Castellane, where General Espivent had fixed his head-quarters. It is not necessary that I should go into the details of that horrible day. Everybody did his duty, and I was, I trust, no exception to the rule. I had given my word of honor to the general that all his orders should be transmitted. And this was in fact done, for the young Marseillais who had placed their services at my disposal discharged their duties as orderly officers with the greatest coolness and courage and devotedness.

Those who lived in the quarters of Marseilles where the fighting took place; those who heard the shot whistling through the air; those who, under a bright and splendid southern sun, crossed the deserted streets of the terror-stricken town, where no sound was heard but that of the bullets rebounding from the walls and pavement; those who saw young soldiers falling around them, killed by French weapons handled by men who were invisible; those who saw the marines from Toulon rush out with a bound on the préfecture which the rebels had armed with mitrailleuses; those who saw these marines with hatchets cutting down the gates amid a shower of bullets—will never shake off for a moment the deep and terrible impression left on their memories by the horrors of this dreadful and appalling mid-day dream. The struggle was continued into the night, but by that time it was confined to the préfecture, where the insurgents, hunted from court to

court, from cellar to cellar, by the light of torches and lanterns, defended themselves desperately till daybreak. Next day, the 5th of April, the battle had been won; the commune of Marseilles had been extinguished by the defenders of the legal government of France. Admiral Crosnier was set free. He was ordered to Toulouse; but by a mysterious fate, the secret of which he never revealed, if it was more than an exaggerated feeling of honor, this brave sailor, the victim of a revolutionary revel, some weeks afterward died by his own hands. On the 5th of April we continued still to patrol the town. A few shots were fired through closed blinds. There were many threats uttered, but the town remained quiet, and the population returned to work. General Espivent and my comrades of the National Guard appointed me to report personally to M. Thiers at Versailles what had taken place, as, having been an eyewitness, I could narrate the facts better than any one else. Accordingly I set out for Versailles on the 6th of April as delegate of the National Guard of Order of Marseilles specially authorized to make a verbal report to the government on the events of which Marseilles had just been the scene. I went directly and without stopping to Melun. There I understood and perfectly realized for the first time why the people of the south of France were to be excused for not having participated in the warlike outburst which had animated the north, east, and west. Melun was occupied by the Germans. Soldiers who wore the pointed brass helmet guarded the entrances to the bridges that crossed the Seine. The people of Melun walked about with a depressed look. They did not dare to speak a word to each other. Their appearance brought home to me the horrors of an invasion in all their crushing significance. I could account for the irresistible fury with which a down-trodden people will rush to arms when goaded and irritated by the pressure of the enemy's heel on its neck.

I had to stop at Melun. At Paris the commune was at its apogee. I was not going to plunge unnecessarily into danger, so I had to reach Versailles by a roundabout way. It was impossible to find a conveyance. I was recommended to apply to the German officer in command, and as I could speak his language, I was able to procure a cart and horse on



payment of an extravagant sum. I was joined by an upper employé of the finance department, who was also on his way to Versailles. Two chairs were put into the cart and fastened to it, and it was in this conveyance that I reached my destination on the evening of the following day. The confusion was a hundredfold greater than at Bordeaux. The National Assembly was sitting there. The government of M. Thiers was also there. Politicians, those who had claims against the state, the *intrigants* in quest of places, pleasure, and rest, had, as usual, repaired to the seat of power in a suffocating crowd. There was not an empty corner. The smallest accommodation, every morsel of food, was an object of contention. It was only by exciting the compassion of a head waiter at the Hôtel des Réservoirs that I obtained permission to pass the night on a chair. Thanks to my costume, I was stared at as if I had been some newly discovered animal. I had set out in the dress of a National Guard, with a revolver stuck in my belt. I was tanned by the sun, and my face, unshaven and ill-washed, bore traces of the fatigue I had undergone. I was advised to go at six in the morning to the préfecture where the government was sitting, and where M. Thiers and M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, Secretary-General of the government, held their audiences at that early hour. I went. The door-keeper admitted me with some suspicion, although I had intrusted my revolver to the keeping of a waiter at the hotel. My name, however, was sent in to the Secretary-General, and I was requested to wait.

"Leave at once," said General Espivent when I quitted him. "You are taking to the government the news that tranquillity is restored in the principal town of the south. You have been the active and devoted servant of those who have been successful. You will be received with open arms."

I had left at once, and presented myself, and this was my reception. At the request of the door-keeper I sat down, looking in the direction of the room occupied by M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire. I was convinced that in a few moments I should see him come out "with open arms" to hear my account of the dark days through which I had just passed. Alas! I waited hour after hour, crushed and dispirited, worn out by fatigue, want

of sleep, and hunger. I was not in the best temper. I was still in the anteroom at noon—always waiting. I was getting unsteady from weakness. I got up in a temper, and asked the door-keeper when I could come back. I was told that there would be no further audience till next day. I went out. Great grief is silent, so is great anger. I was exasperated. I thought over all the efforts I had made to make those in authority aware of the truth, and to do justice to those who, perhaps in an obscure way, had devoted themselves to the cause of order, and I felt bitterly that I was neglected. After doing so much, it was hard to be left sitting on the stool of an antechamber while crowds of audacious *intrigants* seemed to mock me as they passed through a door kept shut in my face. Tired and vexed beyond expression, I went through the town in search of better accommodation than I had on the previous night. I scarcely ate, and it was not till ten o'clock at night I could find a sleeping-place. I paid in advance, and without undressing I lay down. It was nine days since I had been in bed. I fell into a lethargic slumber. When I woke it was dark. On the table, by the light of a wax candle, I saw that meat, bread, and wine had been put out for me. I could remember nothing. I was in a fever. I drank only a few drops of wine. The door was locked outside, and I concluded, dreamily, that I was in a prison. I undressed and went to bed, and again fell asleep. Some one woke me; I jumped up with a start. It was the good woman who had let me her room. She had been alarmed about me, and had gone to fetch a doctor. It was six o'clock in the evening, and I had been asleep forty-four hours. The doctor ordered a bath, a bowl of bouillon, a soothing medicine, and rest. I wrote a letter, however, to M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, and two days later—that is, five days after my arrival in Versailles—I again returned to the préfecture. M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire had fixed an hour for the interview. This time I was received. He was standing in an unfurnished room, where there was no chair and no means of sitting down—a precaution taken against unwelcome or long-winded intruders or applicants. He was a tall, burly, broad-shouldered man, with gray hair, a powerful bony head, drooping slightly toward the left shoulder. He had thick eyebrows, un-

steady and somewhat dull eyes, and a powerful mouth. His face was completely shaven. He was dressed in black, with a wide loose overcoat, and he wore slippers which resembled shoes, or perhaps it might be more correct to say shoes which resembled slippers. His arms fell loosely from his shoulders, and he swayed from right to left as he rested alternately on either leg. He listened, and acknowledged by words, indistinctly muttered, "Oui, oui," that he had heard what was said to him. From time to time while I spoke he half opened the door, to show that the crowd of applicants was increasing. At last, suddenly turning round, he interrupted me. He said: "That is good—that is good. Come back and see me." Before I knew what had happened I was again in the anteroom.

Two days later, however, he sent me a message, asking me to come back at eight o'clock in the morning. When I saw him he made no remark, but took me at once to see M. Thiers. Without sending in his name, he opened the door of the cabinet occupied by the President of the republic. It was a room very simply furnished. In one of the corners there was a small, narrow, and low camp-bed, covered with brown leather. The floor was littered with maps, and M. Thiers was on his knees stooping over a plan of Paris, which he was carefully examining.

M. St.-Hilaire, turning toward me, said, "He is a great strategist."

M. Thiers looked up and recognized me. Still on his knees, he said: "Oh yes! You have come from Marseilles. Fortunately it is all at an end there. You have been directed to make a report to me; you must see Calmon. I have no time at present. I cannot attend to it until I have recovered Paris from the *mauvais citoyens*." Addressing M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, he added: "Tell Calmon to hear what he has to say attentively. He will speak to me about it afterward." Then he stooped down again over the plan he was studying.

I next saw M. Calmon, under-secretary at the Ministry of the Interior. He was of middle stature, with a narrow and bald head. He had a quick, penetrating glance and a sarcastic smile. He did not want so much to know who had done their duty as to know who the men were who had neglected it. I could give

him no satisfaction. I had not gone there to make complaints. We had done all that was possible. There was no one to blame. Finding this to be my opinion, M. Calmon listened very inattentively. His lips assumed an expression of indulgent banter. What, after all, was this revolution in the provinces, a parody of the true, the great commune, the only one entitled to the attention of the government. I felt my position ridiculous. I cut down what I had to say, and left hurriedly, convinced that my best course was to return to Marseilles. I regretted bitterly that I had undergone so much useless fatigue, and exposed myself to such disappointments. That very evening, however, I received a letter stating that the report of General Espivent had been sent off, and requesting me to see General Leflo, the Minister of War, to whom it was addressed, and to whom I was requested to give explanations not included in the report. I waited for some days before calling at the Ministry of War. When I did go, I was received at once by General Leflo. He had got the report and had read it. He sent for the plan of Marseilles, and asked me to explain what had happened. He gave great praise to the arrangements that had been made, but when I told him that we had gone down right in front of the *préfecture* at Marseilles, where the insurgents held out, he started up.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you went past it? It is a miracle you ever went a step farther. The insurgents must have been driven quite mad by fear, otherwise they would have shot down every man of you. Ah! these young soldiers showed pluck, wonderful steadiness not to fall back! Come again to see me. Come back, and I promise you that I too will do my duty."

Some time after this I was led to take a step which had no small influence on my destiny. At Marseilles, the commune having been put down, those citizens who had taken refuge in the cellars to escape danger had crept forth from their places of concealment. These valiant persons were wonderfully unanimous in the view they took of what had happened. To justify their own cowardice they called in question every daring act attributed to those who had taken part in the struggle. The danger had been ridiculously exaggerated. I was specially singled out for

attack, and even now there are people at Marseilles who have not pardoned me for the share I took in saving them. It was noticed that my name had been placed at the head of the general's report, and that I was referred to specially in words more than flattering. My success did not gratify all my fellow-townsmen. It was openly said that I remained at Versailles in order to get a decoration at the expense of my comrades, for whom it was my mission to secure justice. Hearing all this, I went at once to M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, the chief secretary to the Minister of War, or at all events the official intrusted with the duty of considering claims to decorations. I was received frankly enough by M. de Clermont-Tonnerre, but he became cold, and drew himself up almost haughtily, when I told him that I had come to speak of the recompenses to be given to the Marseilles National Guard of Order. He was so besieged and worried by applicants for decorations that he could not help showing bad humor when any new claimant turned up.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, interrupting him. "I think you misunderstand the object of my visit. I have not come to ask a decoration; my object is quite different."

He looked surprised and pleased. He became quite charming when I explained to him that as mandatary of my comrades it was my duty to ask that my name should be scored out in the proposed list of decorations, if there should be one. He took a note of my request, and said he would keep it in mind. It was then the beginning of May, and through him I learned that the nominations would not appear until the month of June. I had no farther occasion to prolong my stay at Versailles, away from my family, and I accordingly wrote to M. Thiers to ask for an audience to bid him farewell. I do not know if others believe they have presentiments of their future. Certain it is that I never had any. I seize rapidly and in all its details the situation in which I am placed. I improvise as rapidly as my thoughts supply a plan of action which the circumstances immediately suggest. But I do not see far into the future as to anything in which I am personally concerned. I may have anticipated by reasoning the course of events flowing directly and within a short period from the circumstances I have observed,

but certainly I never have been able to raise the curtain which hid the future of my own life. I have sometimes an uncomfortable feeling of treachery when I see those who meditate foul play, but beyond this sensation I am never suspicious, and those whose custom it is to stab from behind have always found me an easy victim. To compensate for this drawback, I enjoy an immense indifference to the blows dealt against me, and a power of instantaneous recovery from attachments, however ardent, as soon as I feel that I have been betrayed by those on whom I have committed the mistake of erroneously bestowing my affection. I accordingly went into the study of M. Thiers persuaded that it would be for the last time. I found him standing; and he came forward, and received me in a way that was more than friendly.

"My reception has not been encouraging to you," he said, "for you have not come back. I was in the deepest anxiety when you saw me last. I thought all was lost. Now I know that we shall get over this trial. I am more my own master than heretofore, and I am ready to hear what you have to tell me. I am aware of the great services you have rendered. I have had letters from friends at Marseilles which leave no doubt of the fact."

He then put a number of questions to me, but while he listened to my replies he assumed a more serious look, restraining himself, and assuming toward me a more official tone. It so happened that I could not remember a French phrase I wanted, and I made use of a Provençal localism to express my thought. The words were welcome to a man born in the very heart of Provence. They put him in a charming humor. His eyes sparkled under his glasses. The exuberance of the sunny south had full play, and seeing him in this happy frame of mind I abandoned the manner of an official reporter, and described events on both their burlesque and gloomy sides—events which would have tempted the brush of Callot, who illustrated so strikingly the lights and shadows of revolution. Gradually both of us joined in friendly bursts of laughter.

"Well," said M. Thiers, becoming once more serious, "what are you to do now?"

"I came, Monsieur le Président, to bid you farewell, for I am going to-morrow to return to my family, whom I have left behind me in the south."

"You must not do that," he said, briskly. "My friends do not recommend you to go back at present, and tell me I must keep you here. Remain a little longer, as it is in your power to do so. Everybody in this place speaks well of you, and I myself have long highly appreciated you. The step you took to avoid being decorated was very favorably commented on. Do not be impatient. Come back and keep me acquainted with your movements, and shortly I will look after your affairs. You may be very useful to us."

This visit, of course, changed all my plans. I knew that some new field was opening for me, but I did not attempt to foresee what it was to be. My own schemes and combinations have never led to anything as regards myself, and I have always allowed my steps to be guided in the main by the blind chance of fate. But I had noticed that M. Thiers listened with greater attention than before to my account of the events at Marseilles, and that in the course of the visits I paid him he was not displeased to hear my opinion of men and things. He himself at times gave vent to his thoughts in my presence. As one instance, I may mention that I knew before anybody that he meant to place General Cissey, whose military advice he thought highly of, at the head of the Bureau of War. In order to give additional interest to my interviews with M. Thiers, and knowing that the miserable siege of Paris, above all things, absorbed his attention, I got into the habit of going round the lines of attack to note what was being done. As I was provided with passes, I went to Mont Valérien and to the batteries erected on the neighboring heights. I went in the afternoon to witness from the interior of the batteries on Mont Valérien the melancholy spectacle of the struggle, so full of agonizing incidents, to recover possession of Paris from the madmen who persisted in retaining it under their yoke. The commune had secured a gun-boat, which often lay under one of the arches of the Point du Jour, where it was sheltered from the fire of Mont Valérien. From the batteries it was watched closely. You heard the cry, "Point," and while the projectile whistled through the air or burst on the ground there was another order, "Fire," and you could see the shell dashing furiously into the Seine and throwing back its waters, while the mischievous gun-

boat slunk back, without veering, under cover of the bridge. I shall not attempt to describe the impression produced on me by passing events. It was French cannon that were fired on both sides as soon as the roar of the German artillery had ceased.

There were days more gloomy than others. You saw a litter pass rapidly through the court. You heard the question asked, "What is it?" and the reply, "A man wounded." "Where?" "In the leg." "Seriously?" "Yes," and everybody felt vexed and grieved, and turned round to conceal tears. When I told these things to M. Thiers he seemed much affected. He would also turn away his head, and I left without farther conversation. On one occasion, however, he could not restrain his grief and anger. On the previous evening I had gone from Versailles to St. Germain. At the latter place I was standing under the windows of the Pavilion Henry IV. In front of me Mont Valérien could be dimly seen in the distance. The fire was still directed from it on Paris, and there was a cross-fire from the batteries covering the Seine. The flash of the cannon could be traced on the horizon, and their roar was repeated in echoes throughout the valley. At my feet was Pecq, occupied by the Germans. Their bugles were sounding the call to retire for the night. In the first-class saloon below which I stood, the windows of which were thrown wide open, in the midst of the clattering of glasses and the explosion of champagne bottles, there was a company of young French men and women sitting round the table, laughing and making jokes and singing indecent songs. Yes! these things I have seen with my own eyes. When next day I told what I had witnessed at St. Germain, M. Thiers was ferocious with indignation. He exclaimed, "Such things make one despair of human nature."

Some days later, I think it was on Sunday, the 21st of May, I had gone to Brimborion, where a battery had been erected under the orders of Commandant La Bedolière. This officer, who was leaving for Versailles, took me on the right side of the battery to a casemate which was not in use, which overlooked Paris. Inside there was a young American lady looking through a loop-hole. We spoke for a few minutes of what was to be seen. Suddenly the young lady,

looking again through the hole, exclaimed: "What is this? Look here! I think some one is waving a white flag over the ramparts." I took up my glass, and I saw a white flag waving violently, no doubt at the end of a stick which I could not distinguish. At the same time there was a great stir among the soldiers, who were encamped all round on both sides of the Seine, and we could see great files formed and marching off. Again the demon of journalism took its hold of me. I turned to the young American lady, whom I have not seen since then, and—I hope she will pardon me—I said to her: "Remain here, madam, and be good enough to notice attentively what happens. I shall be back in half an hour."

I left the casemate, and rushed to the Sèvres road, where I had left my cab. I said to the driver, "You shall have a good *pourboire* if you will drive me full gallop to the Versailles préfecture."

He did all I wanted. As chance would have it, I met M. Thiers in the court-yard of the building, just on the point of taking his constitutional daily drive. I ran up to him. "Monsieur le Président," I said, "the troops are entering Paris."

M. Thiers gave a sudden start. "Where do you come from?" he asked.

"From Brimborion. A man"—it was afterward known to be M. Ducatel—"was waving a white flag on the ramparts, and the troops are now moving."

"So much the better," said M. Thiers, composedly. "When was it?"

"I think about four o'clock."

"That is right. I was afraid they would not be so punctual, and I was awaiting the news, but you must say nothing about it. Keep that in mind."

He left me very quietly. But ten minutes afterward I saw him leave in a carriage, accompanied by two officers of his military household. They were soon at full gallop, and took the road for Paris. Next day it was generally known that the "Versaillais," as they were called, had entered the capital. Then opened the gloomiest page in the history of France. On one side were the vandals of the commune, doing their best to burn Paris to the ground, murdering innocent hostages, unchaining all the horrors of civil war; exhibiting all the heroism, every act of ferocity and cowardice, into which human nature when unrestrained will rush. On the other side were the troops, irritated

by the struggle, humiliated by the duty that had fallen upon them, exasperated by so many horrors. Torrents of fratricidal blood deluged the pavement of the great French city. While the struggle was going on, there could be seen arriving at Versailles, escorted by the soldiers, gangs of prisoners, the savage rabble who had plundered and spread conflagration, and who, in blind obedience to their leaders, had committed unparalleled acts of barbarism. They arrived on the great Place d'Armes, under a bright and broiling sun. The perspiration ran from their faces, blackened with gunpowder and dust. Their clothes were in tatters, smelling of smoke and petroleum. There were women, with features distorted by hatred and anger; precocious children, casting a stealthy look around them; and old men, crushed by defeat, with patches of clotted blood on their white hair and beards, marking them out as apostles of revolution. Some, who had been jolted amidst the lumber heaped on the carts, were taken out and put flat on the ground. They lay, stiff and motionless, with their eyes wide open and staring, as if, after a long fit of madness, they had lost all consciousness of an outer world. The captives were separated into groups, and sent to improvised prisons, where an attempt was made to shelter this army of disorder. They had added shame to defeat, who had with fire and sword ravaged Paris. They had done what no foreign enemy had dared to do, inscribed "Delenda est Carthago" on its walls. A few years only have passed, and yet these things are already forgotten. The authors, the instigators, the men who took part in these most horrible of crimes, raise their heads, and claim the inner side of the pavement. They make a boast of the patriotism of which they dare to assume the monopoly. But those who lived in the midst of these horrors, those who saw into their depths and witnessed the widespread misery and agony they caused, have preserved a fresh and never-to-be-effaced remembrance of the feelings they aroused in every healthy and honest mind. It will be for the historian to tell with calm serenity what occurred on those momentous days of grief and discouragement. It has been a great source of regret to me that circumstances retained me at Versailles, and that I could not from day to day watch close at hand the ex-

ecrable misdeeds, the infamous enterprises of these ignorant reformers, who, for the enjoyment of a temporary triumph, gave the reins to human passion without examining the problems they raised, and without even making an attempt to solve them.

M. Thiers had not thanked me for bringing the news of the entrance of the troops into Paris. He had given way to a feeling easily explained in wishing to show me that he was expecting the information I brought him. In reality he was very thankful to me for the effort I had made to put him first in possession of important news. Some days afterward he made me tell in detail all that had occurred. He was very much amused with the stratagem I had employed to keep the young American lady inside the casemate.

After some reflection he said: "Certainly it is a latest news department that would best suit you. In a day or two I think I shall be able to say something of your future career." When I saw him again he told me he thought of giving me a consulate. "It will be only a starting-point," he said. "I will send you to Riga, with the rank of consul-general; but, depend upon it, you will not remain there long. I send you there simply to hierarchise you."

I concluded that the affair was settled, and began to study the situation and business of Riga. But M. Thiers reckoned without his host. He had not the power, as he supposed, to give me the appointment. His government had been brought together hurriedly. He had distributed the portfolios among the parties of whom the majority of the Assembly was composed, and he had given the larger share to his supporters; but unity by no means reigned in the cabinet. He had put the Ministry of Public Works into the hands of M. de Sarcy, an avowed legitimist. This gentleman was somewhat advanced in years, and not ready in accommodating himself to new situations. He stooped; he was thin; he had a long face, an aquiline nose, and a scrutinizing glance; he was always engaged in mustering obstruction votes, and while flattering M. Thiers, readily raised obstacles to all his plans. The Minister of the Interior was a friend, but access to the department was guarded by the high functionaries of the empire, who defended it against invasion. M. Durangel, hard, im-

penetrable, sharp as a blade of steel, controlled political affairs. He was under the belief that the republic was an accident, a mere temporary state of things, to be replaced shortly by the restored empire. M. Jules Favre was Minister of Foreign Affairs; the Count de Pontecoulant was the chief of the cabinet of the ministry. Both belonged to the new *régime*. On M. Jules Favre chiefly fell the part of Jeremiah—that of making lamentations. He had to bring before the Assembly unsatisfactory settlements, painful transactions, and humiliating concessions. When he went up the steps of the tribune to make a speech, you could not fail to be struck with his long, lean form, always dressed in black clothes much too wide for him; his gray bristling beard; his olivaceous complexion; his quivering lips; his long, emaciated head, with its thick-set, stubborn, bristling hair, always in wild confusion. When you heard his soft, harmonious, sad, whining voice, pouring out long sentences with an academic cadence, the room seemed gradually to be hung with crape, and the air to echo with half-stifled sobs. Seven years afterward Prince Bismarck said to me: "When I was at Versailles, and M. Jules Favre saw that I persisted in speaking a language he did not understand, with his hair bristling and his arms folded, he would go into the darkest corner of the room. He then produced on me the somewhat enervating impression of a huge bat."

While the Chancellor spoke, I could indeed imagine this great tear-shedder spreading his wings and throwing a dark shadow over the National Assembly. His prophetic vocation, and the all-absorbing labors it implied, certainly prevented him from making himself acquainted with the urgent business of his ministry. M. Desprez, M. Meurand, M. Jagerschmidt, and others were really at the head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. M. Meurand zealously protected the consular fortress against the invasion of any new element. He did it with all the rabidness of a man who was resolved that his masters on returning to power should not be able to accuse him of having badly administered their fortune. When M. Thiers proposed me for the post at Riga, without openly thwarting him, he postponed the affair.

The *Journal Officiel* had appeared. The month of June had come. My associ-

ates at Marseilles, those whose names had been proposed on the list referred to, were all decorated. I was not included. This was all right. It was what I had requested. I could say nothing. All the same I could not help thinking that my advice had been too literally accepted, and that as the whole of my comrades had been decorated, I should have had the same satisfaction. The day after the *Journal Official* was published I saw M. Thiers. He was in very good spirits.

"Well," he said, "you should be very well pleased. All your friends have been decorated and you are left out."

I felt that he was bantering me, and I made no remark.

He went on: "You have done something for your friends if not for yourself. You might repeat with Virgil, '*Sic vos non vobis!*'" Then, changing his tone, he said, "I have got St.-Hilaire to write to Meurand. He proposes you should be sent to Roustehouk, with the title of consul. But it is to Riga I want you to go, and to that post you will be appointed."

Two days afterward one of my friends came in haste to my house. He said: "Do you know you have been decorated, and on the best possible grounds."

The *Journal Official*, in fact, after my nomination used these words: "gave evidence of the most disinterested devotion to the cause of order . . . exposed himself to the greatest danger on the 4th of April in conveying the orders that had been entrusted to him." I take this opportunity of reproducing this statement of the considerations on which my decoration was granted. Let those note them who, after my time, have to defend my memory, should it ever be attacked.

As soon as the communications with Paris had been opened, I went into the town. I called, among others, on my old and dear friend Mr. Frederick Marshall, whose eldest daughter was at the time very ill. Of her let me say one word. She was a girl of fifteen, of high spirits, and of bright and poetic beauty, with qualities of heart and soul which made her too good for this commonplace world. It was at this house I met for the first time Laurence Oliphant, then the special correspondent of the *Times*. Sitting with him for hours near the couch of the sick girl, I soon yielded to the charm which Oliphant inspired in all

who had the good fortune to be brought into intercourse with him. He had come to France in compliance with an order from the head of the sect to which he then belonged, the "Brethren of the New Life." He fulfilled his mission with the ardent docility of a well-initiated and sincere disciple, and from the somewhat lofty stand-point of a man who had drunk too deeply of the sweets of life not to despise them. His observations were sharp and severe, but his political doctrines were of unswerving rectitude, and his judgments on men and things were both caustic and infallible. His letters in the *Times* were read with avidity, combining as they did accurate observation with a lively style. This, at all events, is what I have heard, for I never read them myself.

We very soon became intimate. He was not long in seeing that he had no hope of inducing me to accept his doctrines of religious philosophy. With regard to me he abandoned all idea of proselytism, and became chiefly my guide and master in political matters. At Versailles my affairs made little progress. The month of July came and was almost at an end, and yet M. Thiers had not succeeded in carrying the day against the resistance of M. Meurand, who persisted in his desire to send me to Roustehouk, which, he said, was an excellent "poste d'observation." I was quite disheartened.

On the 21st of July Mr. Marshall said to me: "I must tell you something that has just happened. Mr. Hardmann, who is Oliphant's colleague at Versailles, is obliged to leave for England, as his wife has to undergo a surgical operation there. He will not return for a fortnight. Oliphant is very much put about. He cannot be both at Versailles and in Paris, and he is looking out for some one who could at least do a part of Hardmann's work. I did not venture to ask you to take Hardmann's place, but Boby [the name of endearment given by her family to the sick girl] thinks the work would amuse you, as you see M. Thiers daily, and you complain of having little to do."

"She is quite right," I replied. "She has the second-sight of a soaring spirit. The proposal not only pleases me, it does me an immense service, for in this way I can see M. Thiers without the unpleasant necessity of reminding him of his promises."

Marshall lost no time in giving my

reply to Oliphant, who was very much pleased. We met, all three. Then Oliphant, who as yet had not spoken to me of his business occupations, gave me the necessary explanation of the duties discharged by Hardmann, but he asked me to undertake only that share of them they had in common. He requested me to begin next day. I listened attentively to what he said, but he saw that I had some difficulties which I did not venture to express.

He said at last: "You seem to have some hesitation. Is it the remuneration you do not like to speak about?"

"Not at all," I replied, promptly. "In this case there is no question of money. I can assure you it is something much more embarrassing. But before beginning, I should like to know something more about the paper. I should like to see a number of the *Times*."

All were amazed.

"What!" exclaimed Oliphant, "you do not know the *Times*?"

"Excuse me," I replied, "I know the *Times* very well. I know quite well what it is. I have a friend at Marseilles—M. de Prat—who concludes all his political discussions with the words, 'You cannot call that in question, it is the *Times* that says so.' The phrase has become proverbial among his friends. But I have lived long in the remote southern provinces, and I have never seen a copy of this paper."

Oliphant broke into a loud laugh. Then he went out of the room, and came back with a copy of a number of some twenty pages, which he spread out on the floor, covering the best part of it. I was amazed.

"A friend of mine," I said—"M. Ernest Roudel—has always told me I ought to write to a roomy daily paper. I think that size would satisfy him."

Mr. Oliphant then explained to me the mechanism of the paper—the telegrams; the leaders; the record of Parliamentary proceedings; the law and police reports; the money market and commercial intelligence; the foreign correspondence; the letters addressed to the editor; the court circular and fashionable news; the reports of speeches out of Parliament and of sermons by eminent preachers; the paragraphs; the literary, dramatic, musical, and artistic criticisms; the column of births, deaths, and marriages; the

meteorological reports and storm warnings; the sporting news, including horse-races, yachting, cricket matches, etc.; the articles on geographical discoveries and on scientific questions; and reviews of important books.

I was shown the long compact columns of advertisements, all carefully scrutinized, classified, and arranged under headings, where supply and demand are brought into juxtaposition with the regularity of machine work; where no advertisement unworthy of the newspaper is at any price allowed to find admission; precautions being taken to insure the *bona fide* of the advertiser. All this explained to me the success of the great English newspapers, how they came into possession of the vast resources at their disposal, and the benefits they confer on the people, for whom they are at once a curb, a power, a stimulant, and a glory. I was delighted to find employment, even for a time, on the greatest of such journals.

Next day I went to Versailles. I found M. Thiers irritable, and little inclined to hear what I had to say. I thought the moment unfavorable to tell him of my temporary appointment, and said nothing about it.

The National Assembly as it then was had been the product of an instinctive movement of self-preservation on the part of the nation, still quivering from the wounds it had received. It had on one side the imperial party, of which the mutilated fragments writhed under the disasters of the war they had provoked, and the mutilations to which they had exposed the country. On the other side was the republican party in a state of wild excitement, inflamed by the desire of victory, and of effacing by the renewed glory of France the last vestiges of imperial domination. The country at that time was leaning toward the royalist candidates, who had opposed the empire, and who continued their opposition to the warlike republicans. It returned to the Assembly a conservative majority, with the evident purpose of securing peace, and of saving what remained of the state from the German conquerors and the French republican strategists. Accordingly, as soon as peace had been concluded, as soon as the National Assembly had taken the steps to enforce its execution, all parties expressed the opinion that its mission was at an end, and that the



convocation of a constituent Assembly was at hand. But the National Assembly had declared itself sovereign. It had resolved to retain the power of dissolution, and believed it even had a right to dispose of the future destinies of the country. M. Thiers appeared to be the great obstacle to the realization of the ambitious plans which each of the parties secretly cherished. The Bonapartists had reformed their ranks under the direction of M. Rouher; the Orleanists rallied under the orders of the Duc de Broglie; the legitimists had at their head M. Chesnelong, M. de Mun, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, and M. Cazenove de Pradines—"le glorieux amputé de Patay"; and it was announced to M. Thiers that Gambetta and General Faidherbe, with a view to the approaching elections, proposed to place themselves in every department at the head of the lists, in order to obtain *plebiscites*. It was, I may remark in passing, the royalists who established the *scrutin d'arrondissement* against Gambetta, while afterward it was the republicans who established it against Boulanger; and the plebiscitary idea, a bequest of the empire, is destined to tempt more than one ambitious adventurer who dreams of enslaving an unconscious nation.

M. Thiers understood very well that this two-headed *plebiscite* was directed against him. He was very indignant, and accused the royalists of perfidy, the republicans of ingratitude, and the Bonapartists of impudence. I left him without daring to speak of my new occupation; but on retiring I felt quite discomfited to have come back with empty hands. Reflecting, however, on what M. Thiers had said, I drew up a note, which I sent to Mr. Oliphant. He was very much pleased with it.

"It is an excellent despatch you have just given me," he said. "There is nothing to alter in it. All that has to be done is to send it off as it stands. You are a born journalist; you show all the symptoms of the vocation."

He then sent off my first telegram to the *Times*. I was to see M. Thiers next day, but Oliphant wrote on the following day, from the information I supplied, an admirable letter, which made it unnecessary for me to go to Versailles. In the afternoon of that day I was walking in the boulevards, and I bought a number of the *Liberté*. In the "latest news" I saw the tele-

gram I had sent on the previous night; and published in all the evening papers under the words, "A telegram from Paris to the *Times* says." It was one of the strongest emotions I ever experienced in my life. The power of the telegraph in its connection with journalism flashed upon me at that moment, and I felt I could turn it to account. I then resolved that I should remain in Paris and become a journalist. I telegraphed to my family to join me, and they did so. When I told my wife what I had done, she listened to me with amazement, and I must add she heard of my resolution with some chagrin. She was the daughter of a functionary who had known nothing of the world of journalism. From the first she saw that my resolution was not to be shaken, and it required no small firmness on her part to look with equanimity on what seemed the doubtful prospect before us. The encouraging words of my friends Marshall and Oliphant helped to console her, and gradually she took a deep interest in my work, which has not diminished since then. The day after the publication of my first telegram I went to see M. Thiers, not without some apprehension. He was awaiting me with impatience.

"Tell me," he said, briskly, "how it comes about that the *Times*, and, following it, all the French papers, were able to publish a conversation which I have had with no one but you?"

There was no room for hesitation. I told him the truth. It was a theatrical surprise. He too saw at once the strength it might give him in an indirect but striking manner to introduce his ideas into the public mind. At the same time I believe he felt that he would be relieved from continuing the struggle against M. Meurand, who defended his position with the utmost tenacity, not from any dislike to me personally, but because he felt that, by the breach I should make, the army of candidates would make their way into the consular citadel, which he was protecting against a capitulation. M. Thiers put a great many questions to me. He was disappointed when I told him how temporary my appointment was.

The conversation I had with him supplied me with matter for a new telegram, and for a fresh and no less admirable letter by Oliphant, and it was in this way that we were able to carry on our common work. Some days afterward I asked

permission from M. Thiers to visit with Oliphant the prisons in which the communists were confined. M. Thiers gladly granted the permission. I must explain that Mr. Hardmann, carried away by his feelings and without taking into consideration the frightful difficulties the government of Versailles had to overcome, had hastily and in perfect good faith given an account in his letters of these temporary and defective makeshift buildings which had produced a deep impression on public opinion all over Europe. M. Thiers was delighted to see the errors set right which had found their way into these letters. It was in the company of Colonel Gaillard, who at that time assisted General Appert, that we went through the prisons of the Orangerie, the Chantiers, and the camp of Satory, where the communists were confined. General Appert, who afterward discharged the duties of Russian ambassador in a way which gained general esteem, was at that time intrusted with the organization and direction of the temporary prisons. He displayed in this duty all the humanity compatible with the circumstances. The events had taken everybody by surprise. Each day that passed between the 21st and the 26th of May, between the incendiary fires, the massacres, and the fusillades—the most horrible episode in modern history—had sent swarms of captives to Versailles. They were huddled together in the only way possible.

The first thing to be done was to see that they did not die of hunger. Between the early state of things and that in which the prisoners could be regularly lodged in a habitable prison there was a wide distance, and six weeks after the arrival of the communists at Versailles, when we visited them, they had not yet been classified into groups. What was this commune? Never will it be possible to know its true history. The simple reason is that it sprang from a jumble of hallucinations. It grew rapidly into power amidst a frenzy of physical and nervous excitement, fanned into the wildest fury amid the fire, the smoke, and the bloodshed of a struggle without a purpose. When we visited the prisons the commune was not yet extinct. We saw it, still hideous, grotesque, and sublime. In the prison of the Chantiers we saw a young female prisoner squatting on the floor who attracted special attention. She was one of the most beautiful

women I have ever seen. Her long black tresses fell over her bare shoulders, and as she had torn her dress to shreds, not to wear the clothes of the "accursed Versailles," you could see her naked body through the rents. She was tall and graceful, and on seeing visitors approaching she reared her head proudly, like a war-horse about to neigh. Her bright eyes glistened, a blush overspread her face. She compressed her lips, ground her teeth, and burst into a shrill, defiant, vindictive laugh when she recognized the officer of the prison who accompanied us. In the last struggle of the commune she had been fighting at the side of her lover. She had seen him fall, and, armed with a dagger, had rushed upon the captain who had just taken the barricade, and furiously stabbed him, plunging her weapon again and again into her victim. Before she could be removed from his body she had cut, bit, and torn it with all the fury of a hyena. She was taken to the prison covered with blood, which she had dabbled over her body and clothes. She had to be bound and gagged before she would allow the blood to be washed off. Hideous!

At Satory, while we were passing through the camp, one of the prisoners jauntily came up to Colonel Gaillard, smiling most graciously. I never saw a more ridiculous caricature. He was thin, bony, and narrow-shouldered. His head was compressed, and his features looked as if they had not been meant to take their places in the same face. He was in rags, but he wore like a Castilian beggar soiled linens—on which it would have been necessary to write, "This is a shirt"—a long, loose overcoat, and tall, dilapidated black hat. He was a student, nicknamed "Pipe-en-Bois," who had discharged the duties of secretary to the Delegate of Foreign Affairs. On one occasion he had offered a pot of beer to Lord Lyons, to pass the time while waiting in the Grand Salon d'Attente at the Quai d'Orsay. The offer had not been accepted, but had been acknowledged with a smile. He came up to Colonel Gaillard.

"They tell me, colonel," he said, "that we are to be taken down to be called as witnesses before the court-martial. Can you inform me how long we shall be kept there?"

"I am sorry I cannot, as I do not know," was the colonel's courteous reply.

"Excuse the liberty I took," continued Pipe-en-Bois, drawing together his overcoat; "it was only to know what linens would be required."

Grotesque!

The commune was also sublime. A prisoner, a man, had been taken with arms in his hands, imprisoned, and condemned to death. His wife made heroic efforts to save him, and succeeded in securing the sympathy of a man who had influence in these times. Her husband was saved from capital punishment, and was condemned to transportation. Left alone and abandoned, without resources, she had formed an intimacy with the man who had saved her husband. After living for years with this lover, to whom she was deeply attached, she besought him, to apply for a pardon for her husband. Although he felt he was destroying her happiness and his own, he did so. The husband returned full of love for the wife who had saved him from execution and procured his liberation. On the way home, however, he learned the truth. He changed his name, disappeared, and lived in hiding for many years. Then, when divorce became possible in France, he wrote to his wife: "Apply for a divorce against me; I will do all I can to secure one for you. Marry him and be happy."

Sublime!

Oliphant wrote admirable letters on this visit, in which he gave a most accurate description of what he saw, and they produced a great impression. The *Times* then asked permission to send Mr. Charles Austin, a clever and humorous writer, to the fortified prisons in the south of France as special correspondent, and his communications to the paper completely rectified the misimpressions that had prevailed with respect to the treatment of the French political prisoners.

It was just at the time when my new occupation had the greatest charm for me that Mr. Hardmann returned to recommence his duties. The waking was hard to bear. M. Thiers thought of applying on my behalf to the *Times*. He was now accustomed to see me. I was one of the political elements which gravitated around him. He was unwilling that any change should be made. Oliphant, however, objected. He said it would be a sure way of losing all chance of admission on the staff of the paper. M. Thiers accordingly abandoned his scheme. Riga,

this eternal phantom of the snowy North, came once more to the front. This time M. Thiers promised formally to hand me my letter of appointment within eight days. Riga! It appeared to me now a place of exile. I had drunk too deeply of the sweets of a life the very struggles of which were full of delight. I clung to it. I made some advances to the Paris newspapers. I soon felt that to become a French journalist, talent, even if one has it, does not suffice. Many other qualities are necessary, and these I did not possess. Extreme suppleness, readiness in understanding the public taste and in conforming to it, are indispensable in a French editor. He must possess besides the art of repelling a public adversary by alarming the individual, skill to command influence by asserting the possession of it, a natural way of using the editorial "we" without a smile, a perfection of style which throws into the shade the interest of the facts and the skill with which they are grouped, a brilliancy of detail which dazzles and distracts attention, something which is at once aggressive, bold, and sceptical. All these gifts the French newspaper man possesses instinctively, and brings them to perfection by living in a special *milieu*. I felt that I was destitute of all these qualifications, without which no one can reach an eminent position on the French press. Sadly, then, I determined on the course I should take. I resolved to see M. Thiers in the course of the day, and to remind him of the letter of appointment he had formally promised to obtain for me. Breakfast had just been finished, when suddenly Oliphant made his appearance. He had a telegram in his hand.

"Hardmann," he said, "was called back the day before yesterday. He will not return to Paris. I telegraphed yesterday to the *Times*, and I have this moment received a reply. A proposal is made to give you a permanent appointment. If you accept, you will remain in the mean time with me, and the other matters can easily be regulated."

My satisfaction was so apparent that I had no need to reply. I set out for Versailles, where I announced to M. Thiers that Mr. Hardmann had again left, and that I was once more to take his place. He told me my appointment to Riga was ready, and that he would delay its announcement till he heard from me again, for I did not tell him that I was perma-

nently engaged by the *Times*. I must confess that for a long time I concealed the fact from him, and that frequently by asking for my appointment to Riga I overcame the difficulties that arose between him and me. When he became aware of the truth, he, in turn, said nothing of it to me, but I felt that "Riga" was of no more use. Fortunately at this time I had multiplied my sources of information. Frequently the relations between M. Thiers and me became less cordial, for I had to give news which embarrassed him, instead of the one-sided information which he communicated to me to help his policy. Here is one instance. One evening M. Thiers, who had by this time taken up his abode at the *Élysée*, had a private reception. M. Timachief, the Russian minister, was for a short time in earnest conversation with him. The President was evidently annoyed. I went to another part of the room not to overhear what was said. As I was leaving, M. Thiers said to me:

"The Russian minister congratulated me yesterday morning on the discipline I have introduced into the republican party. He said the European monarchic governments were much impressed by it."

I did not for a moment call in question the accuracy of the statement, but it was in no respect consistent with the attitude of the two speakers I had seen in conversation. I accordingly resolved to wait for a time before writing on the subject. As it happened, on making my way out of the palace I overtook Count —, the *préfet* of one of the chief French departments, who had stopped at the gate and was busy writing notes in the light of the gas lamp. I went up to him. I said:

"My dear *préfet*, the detectives will take us into custody. They will think you are making plans of the palace to carry out some plot."

"Their imagination will bring them no reward," he said. "I was simply taking a note of some remarks made by M. Thiers, whom I found very indignant, and on good grounds too, *ma foi*. It appears that M. Timachief, the Russian minister, used strong language in speaking to him this evening about the revolutionary speech made at Romans by Gambetta, which, he said, would spread alarm in the European monarchies." After a moment's reflection he added, "I

think it would be a service to everybody if you were to mention the fact."

I remained with him for a few minutes, talking of general subjects; but on leaving I lost no time in writing that M. Timachief, after having congratulated M. Thiers on the discipline he had introduced into the republican party, had on the following night—that on which I wrote—protested strongly against the disquieting attitude it had assumed. I am going, for the benefit of younger journalists, to give a hint which a good many of them whom I know would do well to keep in remembrance. When a man gives a correspondent an important piece of news, the latter should remain with him for a time, but change the conversation, and leave him while it has turned on something quite insignificant. If the correspondent take his departure abruptly, a flash of caution will burst upon his informant. He will reflect rapidly, and will beg the journalist not to repeat what he has said till he sees him again. The information would be lost, and the correspondent would suffer an annoyance that might have been saved if he had heard nothing. A newspaper has no use for confidential communications it cannot transmit to its readers.

Taking this view, I published my double information. An explosion followed. The conservatives were delighted, and set M. Thiers at defiance. Prince Orloff was irritated. M. Thiers was so much exasperated that he went so far as to say to me:

"I never spoke of that to any one. You should have communicated with me before repeating what had been only partially told to you." He thought I had overheard his conversation with M. Timachief.

I was indignant. I gave way to one of those fits of nervous excitement which at times will master us. I replied, in a loud voice, "The ruler of a state commits a great imprudence when he receives a journalist who can repeat aloud what is told him in a whisper," and I burst out of the room furiously.

Three weeks afterward I met M. Thiers in the *Galerie des Tombeaux*. He came up to me smiling. "You are certainly a good journalist," he said; "but your nerves are so highly strung that I shall never think of making you an ambassador." Then he asked me to come and see him, as he had an interesting piece of news to give me. Peace was restored between us.

This is a sufficient illustration of the difficulty a newspaper correspondent has in both serving his friends and telling the truth, and how prudent it is for him to accept no favor which can give those who bestow it a right or claim to control him.

A short time after I had officially entered on my duties as a *Times* correspondent, Mr. Oliphant took a holiday, and, with the approval of the newspaper, intrusted me with the non-telegraphic correspondence. I was delighted to see my first letter copied into the newspapers of every country. I had the same satisfaction in 1872, when I gave an account of my interview at Antwerp with the Comte de Chambord. Not long afterward a lucky accident secured for me the approbation and good-will of Mr. John Delane, who for thirty-two years was editor of the *Times*, and who, I need scarcely say, was the most competent judge of the merits of a journalist, and the honor and glory of the profession.

In the year referred to, Mr. Delane came to Paris, and I then saw him for the first time. I accompanied him to Versailles, and we were present at a sitting of the Chamber, which was entirely taken up by an admirable speech of M. Thiers, delivered amidst the greatest excitement. We returned together to Paris, and the same night Mr. Delane left for London. It was toward the end of April, and I went with him to the station. At that time there was no proper arrangement for the publication in Paris of the debates at Versailles. The summary appeared very late, and the report of the proceedings given by the *Soir* could not be had in Paris in time to be made use of by us.

"What a pity," said Mr. Delane, on leaving me, "that things are so badly organized! If we could have given that speech from one end to the other in to-morrow's paper, what a glorious thing it would have been!" When he had left, a wild idea came into my head. Following an old habit which I still retain, I sat down and shut my eyes. I then strove to call up the image of the Assembly, with M. Thiers in the tribune, and as I had listened very attentively to what he said, it seemed as if I could hear him speaking, and that I could write down his speech. I went at once to the telegraph office in the Rue de Grenelle. I got writing materials in an empty room. There I put

in operation my mnemonic process. Alternately I shut my eyes to see and hear M. Thiers, and then opened them to write out the speech for the wire. I was able to recall and report all his speech, which was, of course, instantaneously transmitted to London. When Mr. Delane next morning opened the *Times* in England he found in it two columns and a half reporting the speech he had heard on the previous afternoon at Versailles. The direct wire the *Times* obtained two years afterward—in May, 1874—and which has now been so generally imitated, was the result of the effort I made on this occasion to outstrip the Paris journalists in reporting their own news.

Mr. Oliphant had come to Europe from America in compliance with orders he had received from the founder of a sect, whom he spoke of as "the prophet Harris." Under orders from him, he left the *Times* and Paris, and went back to America. He had for years led a troubled life in London. He had in turns amused and scandalized his countrymen by the publication of a satirical sheet, the *Owl*. He was beginning to reflect on the vanity of a life leading to nothing great or noble when he made the acquaintance of Mr. Harris, who was looking out in Europe for converts and recruits to join a colony they had founded in the United States. His doctrine soon took a firm hold of the imagination of Oliphant. He recognized "the prophet" as one whom it was his duty to serve and obey. In proof of this, he submitted to the hardest and meanest work. Thus, as a laborer, he drove carts filled with manure for the new colony—the "Brethren of the New Life." Harris had sent Oliphant back to Europe on the outbreak of the Franco-German war, and it was then he entered the employment of the *Times*, at first as a special war correspondent, and afterward as chief Paris representative of the paper. He had married a charming wife, whom he easily converted to the new faith; she, in fact, accepted her husband's teaching with the docility of a loving heart, blind to the errors of the apostle. From the commencement of our official relations I had taken special care to make known to my colleague what were my religious opinions, in order to avert any controversy or misunderstanding between us.

The first time he began to explain his doctrines I interrupted him. "Excuse

me," I said, "I think we might settle for good this question of proselytism, which might cause differences between us. I cannot accept the views of your prophet, which are based on pride. He has proved to you that you are greater than other men because you have submitted to drive a dust cart. I prefer the word of Christ, who taught us not to consider ourselves greater or better than other men, because we are dust ourselves. Humanity oscillates between atheism which rejects reason, and reason which bows to faith. Those who would substitute gravitation for the law of God, those who would explain the everlasting harmony of the world by successive aggregations arising out of chaos in fulfilment of an unconscious and sublime *ordonnance*, claim a greater effort from me than those who ask me to believe in one God and in the doctrine of the Trinity. When I have admitted that God created the world, I have expressed a belief certainly which makes revealed religions appear infinitely less miraculous, and a thousandfold more acceptable, than the theory of spontaneous creation and automatic development. That from the midst of the people of God trodden under the hoof of the pagan conqueror in the corrupt Græco-Roman world there should have arisen a prophet who, instead of hatred and revolution, preached charity, forgiveness, brotherly love, and good-will toward all men, was itself a greater miracle than any of those

attributed to Christ during His sojourn on earth. Unless you can teach me a religion which inculcates precepts more sublime than those of the divine philosopher of Nazareth, which your prophet does not do, leave me my faith without seeking to trouble it. You may make an unhappy man, but you will not make a disciple."

Oliphant did not reply. He was perhaps pleased I had spoken with so much sincerity, and the subject was never again referred to. He was a man who could not submit to discipline in the ordinary business of life. He lost his temper if he received any orders, and he resigned at the first remark that interfered with his arrangements. It was Mr. Hardmann, whose place I had taken two years before, who succeeded him, and with whom I was associated as assistant correspondent.

The limits of this article compel me to close at this point my account of my entrance on journalism. I have attempted to record in their simplicity facts which interest me closely, and which have been told by others with amplifications not intended to give the truth, but to misrepresent it at my expense. I have never courted applause or feared criticism. I know that a reader will not continue to peruse what bores him. I have accordingly no apology to make to those who have followed me to the end for having dwelt so long on my unimportant personality.

## SLEEP'S CONQUEST.

BY CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

**I**NVISIBLE armies come, we know not whence,  
 And like a still, insinuating tide  
 Encompass us about on every side,  
 Imprisoning each weary outpost sense,  
 Till thought is taken, sleeping in his tents!  
 Yet now the conqueror, with lofty pride,  
 Becomes our guardian, with us doth abide,  
 And plans all night our wondrous recompense.

He takes away the weary, worn-out day,  
 And brings To-morrow—bride without a stain;  
 Gives us fresh liberty, a chance to mend;  
 Life, hope, and friends enhanced with fresh array.  
 Then, when we fail, he conquers us again,  
 Paroling us each day until the end.