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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE INSURRECTION IN PARIS ***

THE INSURRECTION IN PARIS

RELATED

BY

AN ENGLISHMAN

An eye-witness of that frightful war and of the terrible evils which accompanied it

PRICE: 2 fr. 50 c.

PARIS

A. LEMOIGNE, EDITOR

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Paris, June the 25th 1871.

DEAR EDWARD,

To you who have been pleased to take some interest in what I wrote about Paris, I inscribe this small volume which, according to your suggestion, I publish under the form of a nearly day per day correspondence.

Yours truly,

DAVY.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

PARISIAN INSURRECTION.

The desire of appreciating *de visu* the results of a five month's siege in a town of two million inhabitants, unexampled in the annals of humanity, made me leave London on the twentieth of March.

Hardly landed in the Capital of France which I thought of finding tranquil and occupied in exercising its genius in repairing the disasters caused by the enemy, I heard with stupefaction that Paris, a prey to civil war, was under the blow of a fresh siege.

Sad change! the German helmets had given place to the French kepins; citizens of the same nation were going to cut one another's throats.

My first thought was to withdraw from this mournful and dangerous spectacle. Of what importance to me, a simple citizen of Great Britain, were the disorders and furies of that people, in turn our most cruel enemy or our friend according to circumstances, as European politics or the interests of sovereigns make of them our adversary or our ally?—Why expose myself voluntarily to the heart-rending and often dangerous trials of a war that had none of my sympathies either on the one side or on the other of the enclosure? Was I going to see a great people breaking its irons and fighting to death in order to recover its rights and liberty?—No—the French people had at last the government of their choice,—the Republic. There was, then, question of an impious war, undertaken by a blind multitude for the profit of a few hidden ambitions: that is to say, a war without grandeur and without interest for a simple spectator.

However, after due reflection, I overcame my repugnance. I had, in my excursions, remarked, among the armed bands, so many heterogeneous elements; that is to say, thousands of individuals of all social positions and of so many nationalities, that I began to think it would perhaps be useful to my compatriots to hear by and by a sincere recital, written by a disinterested pen, of the events about to take place.

I did not conceal from myself the dangers to which my curiosity would expose me; but had I not, and that too without any advantage, incurred as great dangers in escalading Mont-Blanc and in going up along the borders of the Nile? Besides, as is generally the case, the certainty of an imminent peril only served to strengthen my resolution. Moreover, not wishing to run any useless risk, I thought good to take a few precautions: I went to see Monsieur ***, an old French refugee that I had known at London, by the interposition of M. Causidiere. I asked him if he could not procure me a permission, a pass, some paper or other.

«Are you quite decided on staying?»

Asked that gentleman, whom I do not name for a reason that will be appreciated by the reader.

«Perfectly decided.»

«Could nothing, not even good advice, make you renounce your intention?»

«Nothing.»

«Then come with me to the Town-hall.»

I followed him; and, half an hour afterwards, I was in possession of a pass signed by two members of the Commune.

This precaution was not to be useless. A few days afterwards, going to see the fort of Vanves, strongly menaced, I was arrested and taken before the commander of the Fort.

This officer examined my pass; and, hesitating without doubt as to my identity, he put several questions to me in English. My answers certainly satisfied him, for he took me by the hand and said to me in a tone not without emotion:

«Go, Sir, I will give you some one to accompany you; I like the English; I have seen them under fire; I was at Inkermann.»

The next day, having advanced too near Courbevoie, I was arrested by a patrol, and taken before a Commander of the army of Versailles. There I exhibited a letter from the ambassador's.

«Ah!» said the Commander, «I knew in the Crimea two brave officers of your name.»

«John and Lewis—Captains—they were cousins of mine.»

«That is it exactly—what has become of them?»

«Lewis is in the Indies—John is dead.»

«He is very happy», said the commander sorrowfully, in bowing to me.»

I went back, not without thinking of those two men—of those two brothers-in-arms, who perhaps were going to fire upon each other, after having mingled their blood before the enemy for the defence of their country. Alas! I was destined to see greater crimes.

Certain, henceforth, of being able to get safely out of all scrapes, thanks to my pass of the commune and my papers from the ambassador's, I persevered in following step by step the events I am about to relate.

Not having the pretention to write the history of the French revolution, with an appreciation of its consequences, as was done by our illustrious compatriot Carlisle for the revolution of 93, I will content myself with a simple and daily account of what I have seen and heard, and nothing more.

The events offer of themselves sufficient interest and need not be augmented.

In default of merit to which this book, so rapidly got up, cannot pretend, I dare hope that its sincerity will gain for it the reader's sympathy and esteem.

Paris.

A certain calm reigned in the city in consequence of the hope that was entertained of seeing the commune come to an understanding with the government of Versailles. Several battalions even marched only because they were forced to do so. This hesitation was caused by the convocation of all the freemasons for bringing about a reconciliation between the two parties. It was, in fact, on this very day, that all the freemasons of Paris went to the Town-hall to hear pronounced, by several members of the commune, speeches of a fiery character and leading to civil war.

All efforts of reconciliation have failed. Dombrowski, then, has ordered the inhabitants of Neuilly to leave in 24 hours, having the intention to reduce the village to ashes. The day ended by the arrest of general Cluseret.

MAY 1^{rst}.

This day is signalized by the capture of the railway-station of Clamart, where the insurgents lost, in addition to 60 prisoners, about 300 killed by the bayonet. The soldiers of Versailles gave no quarter, excited as they were at the sight of the deserters of the Line who served in the ranks of the commune.

It was also on this day that general Mariouze retook the castle of Issy, having captured 250 insurgents. This number was increased by others, made prisoners during the day, and they arrived at Versailles 400 in number.

MAY 2nd.

The scaffolding for the destruction of the Vendôme Column is arranged, and the eighth of this month is the day fixed for its fall.

The fighting around Paris continues violent and the troops of Versailles press

steadily forward.

The railway-companies are taxed to the amount of 2,000,000 fr.

Let us terminate this day by the recital of the pillage of Notre-Dame.

NOTRE-DAME PLUNDERED.

People were astonished that the commune should have restored the treasure of Notre-Dame after having had it taken away. To day the astonishment will cease: the furniture and vases had been brought back only to be re-taken.

On monday, april 26th., in the afternoon, a certain number of national guards, accompanied by the self-styled delegates of the commune, loaded, for the second time, in two carriages, the treasure of Notre-Dame. Then, having doubtless met with some difficulties, they had the horses taken away and left the two carriages loaded.

The next day, at 1 o'clock, a pompous bill was stuck up at the town-hall and at the mayory of the 4th. arrondissement, announcing that the treasure of Notre-Dame had all just been restored. But, at about 3 o'clock, fifty national guards arrived at Notre-Dame, the horses were again put to, and the two vehicles were taken no body knows where.

These gentlemen are to return, for they have only done half their work; time has not permitted them to take all.

Such then is the end of the promises and protestations of gentlemen, members of the commune, who declare aloud that probity is their ruling virtue.

These gentlemen propose, moreover, it is said, to rake up, so to speak, the very ground; that is to say, to upset every thing in the church, cellars and calorifères. They insist on finding there arms and ammunition.

It is true that, during the siege, the gunners of the national guard, who occupied the park of artillery established round the basilic, demanded of the chapter's steward the authorisation to put in the cellars and calorifères their ammunition which was exposed to the shells of the Prussians, and that this authorisation was granted them without the least difficulty.

After the Armistice, they took away all these arms; but could they have had the indelicacy to leave some behind in order to be able to justify the impious and sacrilegious robbery they were meditating. This would be odious but not impossible in such times as these.

A few days before two men employed in guarding the church were arrested. They were kept 3 or 4 days, and, before being set at liberty, the keys of the church were taken from them. What took place is however unknown, for the poor fellows are afraid to utter a word.

A commissary came, in the name of the commune, to sequester the objects belonging to the church Sainte-Marguerite, in the little borough of St. Antoine. A picket of 10 national guards is in permanence in the church to keep sight of the clergy.

The church Saint-Merry has also been ransacked by the sicares of the Commune.

The vicar, fortunately, had stolen away from their *fraternal* visit.

The church Saint-Nicolas-des-Champs is transformed into a club-house.

The parishioners are robbed, plundered, driven from their temples, and the preaching of the Gospel is replaced in the pulpit by the declamations of epileptic tribunes.

At Plaisance they have sequestered a chalice and a sum of 175 franks, the personal property of M. l'abbé Orse, first vicar.

The curate, M. Blondeau, is in the prisons of the Commune.

MAY 3^d.

A manifestation, provoked by the Freemasons, took place in the afternoon. A body of several thousands of people crossed the Champs-Élysées, carrying green branches and white flags. Arrived at the gate Maillot, the firing ceased, but the manifestation was warned not to approach and that only two parliamentarians would be received. They accordingly presented themselves and will be this evening at Versailles. It is reported that yesterday 200 soldiers, wearing the uniform of troops of the Line, went down the Champs-Élysées. It was said they were deserters from Versailles. We can positively state as a certain fact, that from the first week of April no deserter has been counted in the army of Versailles.

MAY 4th.

Two brigades carried off last night the park, the castle and cemetery of Issy, taking 8 guns, ammunition and a hundred prisoners. They had a few dead and 20 wounded. The cemetery is about 210 yards from the fort. The capture of this fort appears imminent.

Yesterday, M^r. Thiers received two parliamentarians, freemasons, who declared, however, they had no mandate. M^r. Thiers gave them an answer similar to those already known; that he desired more than any body the end of the civil war, but that France could not capitulate before a few insurgents; that they must apply for peace to the commune who had troubled it.

Yesterday evening, a parliamentarian summoned the fort of Issy to capitulate.

The insurgents answered that they were going to deliberate about it, that they would give a reply in half an hour; then they asked for a prolongation of the delay.—The parliamentarian returned.

The negotiations for the capitulation, resumed in the morning, will probably succeed.

The coup de main on the farm of Bonamy, in front of Châtillon, was executed by a company of the 70th. and by that of the scouts of 71st.

Two officers of the insurgents were killed, and 30 insurgents killed or wounded. They made 75 prisoners and among them 4 officers.

The last military facts of the day took place in the quarries and park of Issy which were vigorously carried by the battalions of the brigades Derocha, Paturel and Berthe, with the assistance of the marine musketeers.

The insurgents, in very large numbers, retired precipitately, leaving numerous dead and wounded, as well as a hundred prisoners, 8 pieces of artillery, much ammunition and 8 horses.

Nothing particular this afternoon. The insurgents are busy about mining Paris, and the Versailles troops have silenced the firing of the fort of Issy which is now completely invested.

The fort of Issy is summoned to surrender, but Rossel, previously colonel, who has replaced General Cluseret, gives the parliamentarian a most arrogant answer of refusal threatening to have shot any other messenger of the army of Versailles, the bearer of such a demand.

MAY 5, 6th.

Such was the remark I heard made yesterday by a poor and very old peasant woman as she stopped work for a moment in a field above Montretout to look at the Fort firing. She followed up this admirable summary of recent military operations by asking me whether it was not amazing that somebody could not "invent" a means to put a stop to this Civil War. I think the whole world must concur with this poor old woman. It is always the same repetition that is certain, and it is so to even a greater degree

than she was aware of. Not only is the cannonading the same repetition, but the game of taking positions, giving them up and retaking them, to lose or abandon them once more, has been the night work of the last week. Except it may be by treason, or by the Commune falling to pieces, they are not nearer a march on Paris than they were three weeks ago. I won't say a month ago, because then the work could have been done by a few thousand good troops. A non-official organ of the Government now tells us to be confident, because "unless in the case of such accidents as one cannot suppose, or of unforeseen surprises, *some weeks* will be sufficient to bring to an end the necessary but sad enterprise of the attack on Paris!" The same paper is of opinion that only "some months" will have elapsed before order is restored in the capital. It thinks the *Journal Officiel* ridiculously sanguine, because the latter says, "our works of approach advance with a rapidity which elicits the admiration of all men of art, and which promises to France a speedy end of its trials, and to Paris a deliverance from the horrible tyrants who oppress it." Perhaps it is because the artillerists and other military men whom I meet are not "men of art," but certainly I cannot find that any of them take so bright a view of the position. I have just spoken with a very distinguished foreign officer who has seen the position here and who has been every where to look at the Insurgent side. He tells me that at the batteries outside the city he saw some very good men, but that, taken as a whole, the National Guards within the city are the most miserable lot he ever saw under arms. All the barricades are admirably made as to workmanship, but there is not one of them that could not be taken by troops approaching from streets at angles with the points at which those obstructions are placed. The Place Vendôme is "a rat-trap," and the Insurgent chiefs take good care not to make it their own Head-Quarters. The gallant gentleman to whom I refer believes that if the troops once got inside the *enceinte*, the insurrection would utterly collapse; but if the military confine themselves to the operations in which they are now engaged it will be a considerable time before Paris gives in. Such is the report of a competent and impartial authority. Rumours of the most contradictory character are rife from morning till night in the open air lobby of the Assembly—the Rue des Réservoirs. Deputies who "ought to know better" circulate very absurd *canards*; but, as remarks a local print, "*Que voulez-vous? On s'ennuie, il faut bien passer le temps!*" In my last letter of Thursday night I stated that the affair at Moulin Saquet was a repetition of that at the Clamart Station. I find to-day a contradiction of the statement that insurgents were butchered at Moulin Saquet. It is true, nevertheless. The Commune, wishing, no doubt, to keep the whole truth from their followers fearing its disheartening effect, state enough for their purpose, which is to represent the Versailles Government as assassins. It says that 15 of the National Guards were killed with knives. The fact is as I stated it. The redoubt was taken by surprise, and the soldiers gave no quarter. The number I gave as that of the wretched men killed by the bayonet was 450. I was under the mark. In his report of the affair General Cissey says,—"Two hundred insurgents were left dead on the spot. We have taken many insurgent officers and 300 prisoners and cannon." The Commune alleges that the redoubt fell into the hands of the Versailles troops by means of treason. In this instance I dare say the cry of "*Nous sommes trahis!*" is not far from the truth. The unfortunate garrison were asleep when the troops entered, the sentinels having, as is alleged, fled, when they found the enemy was upon them. There were 800 men in the redoubt, and before they could prepare any effective resistance the massacre was effected. Now, after all this slaughter and capture of prisoners and guns, Moulin Saquet is again in the hands of the Insurgents. The Commune boasts that the National Guards attacked it with much dash, and re-took it from the troops of Versailles. The fact is these troops found the place too hot for them, and were obliged to abandon it. It is exposed to the fire of Bicêtre, Ivry, and Hautes Bruyères. Was it worth while for the sake of eight cannon to commit such a terrific slaughter? Most of the prisoners taken on the occasion declare that they had been forced to serve, and that they had been sent to Moulin Saquet as a punishment for their having refused to march on Neuilly. Among the captives is an interesting looking young woman, in the uniform of a *cantinière*. Poor thing, she is wounded and in hospital. Her story is that some months ago she became the wife of a young man, who after the breaking out of the Civil War was forced to serve in the ranks of the Insurgents. For eight days she was without any tidings of him, and in her despair she adopted the uniform in which she was wounded and captured, in order that she might visit all the outposts in search of her husband. She had not succeeded in finding him, and she does not know whether he is living. Had she been successful she would have died by his side rather than have been separated from him again. I am happy to say that the wound of this heroine is only slight, and that everything is being

done to promote her recovery.

If the Insurgents have not actually re-taken the Clamart Station, the scene of the other slaughter, they have established themselves very close to it, in a cutting which forms a communication between the Station and a barricade on the line of railway. As the Station is under fire from Fort Vanves I have no doubt that the military found it impossible to hold it, and that if not now in it the Insurgents may re-occupy it whenever they like. Again, there was much boasting about the taking of the Château of Issy. We were told that it was an admirable position, completely screened from the insurgent fire, and affording an excellent vantage ground for riflemen. I saw it on fire yesterday. The Insurgents succeeded in making their shells reach it and making it very much too hot for the Chasseurs. The truth is the Insurgents have been doing the Versaillais quite as much damage as the latter have been inflicting on them. The fire from the batteries at and about the Point du Jour has been excellent. There must be artillerists there quite as good as any on this side. The manner in which the ruins of Fort Issy have been defended is surprising. There is not a roof or a window frame in one of its barracks, but from the embrasures in the earthworks the fire is still kept up from one or two points. To take it by assault would be a matter of no difficulty, but General Faron believes that it is mined, and even in its crippled position he won't venture to attack it at close quarters. With the exception of bayoneting some 500 poor wretches who could not defend themselves, taking a few hundred prisoners who are rather an embarrassment to them, and capturing a few cannon which they don't themselves want and which the Insurgents can easily replace, the Government has done nothing this week. In the words of the old peasant woman, *C'est toujours la même répétition.*

MAY 7th.

In consequence of a large placard posted over the walls of Paris this morning I passed through the gate of the private garden of the Tuileries, and made my way, in company with a crowd of citizens of all classes, through the apartments occupied but a few months ago by the ex-Emperor and Empress. The printed invitation announced that we might see the rooms in which the "tyrant" had lived, for the modest sum of 50c., but that, should we think proper to take tickets for the concert, "whereby these saloons might be at length rendered useful to the people," we should be permitted to enjoy the extra show gratis. I took a ticket, and joined myself to a thick stream of people who belonged to every nationality and rank of life, and whose remarks and criticisms were most edifying. There were shopkeepers and their wives, only too delighted to take advantage of the mildest dissipation; gentlemen whose National Guard trousers were rendered respectable by the gray jacket or blouse of a citizen; humdrum housewives who approved everything, and gaped their admiration of so much gorgeous wall-colouring; there were flaunting ladies in bonnets of the latest fashion and marvellous petticoats, who criticized the curtains and pointed the parasol of scorn at faded draperies; people who felt the heavy hand of the spectre of departed glory, and people who exulted at beholding the hidden recesses of an Imperial mansion laid bare to the jokes and ribaldry of Belleville and La Villette. Every class of Parisian society was represented in the throng that swayed and hustled through the rooms, but the saddest sight of all was a knot or two of decrepit veterans from the Invalides who leant against the balustrade of the grand staircase, and gazed with pinched-up lips and dry eyes at the National Guards on duty, lounging and carousing down below. The stairs were littered with bedding and cooking utensils, shirts and stockings hanging to dry over the gilt railings, while in the square at the stairs' foot were ranged benches and boards on trestles, and there the soldiers of the Guard sat in picturesque groups enough, contrasting in the carelessness and dirt of their general appearance with the lavish ornaments of marble and gilt work which served as a background to their figures. Marching orders, more or less thumbed and torn, hung in fragments from the panelled walls; names in pencil and names in ink, and names scrawled with a finger-nail, defaced the doors and staircase wall. A sentry stood at every door to see that the citizens behaved themselves—a precaution by no means unnecessary, the outward aspect of certain members of the crowd being taken into consideration. In the Salle de la Paix a number of women were busy uncovering a number of chairs for the promised concert, and in the Salle des Maréchaux beyond, where the concert was to be given, velvet benches were already occupied by old ladies

in white caps with baskets in their hands, who presented a stern aspect of endurance, as though they were determined to sit there through the preparations as well as the promised entertainment, and still to continue sitting until turned out by sword and bayonet. The "Salle des Maréchaux" exists no more except in name, for men on ladders were employed covering up the portraits which decorate the hall with screens of red silk—I suppose lest the past glory of French heroes should pale the brilliancy of the National Guard, just as the bas-reliefs of the Vendôme Column act as an outrage upon the susceptibilities of the Commune. White cloths were being tied over the busts of Napoleon's Generals, and everything relating to the past carefully obliterated—a rather foolish proceeding, considering that the bee-spangled Imperial curtains still hang over the doors, and festoons of the same drapery decorate the gallery above. The brocaded panels of the Salle du Trône were objects of much remark among the ladies, as were the tapestries of the Salle des Gobelins; but the bareness and total absence of furniture were commented on freely on all sides. Not a chair or a window blind, or even a door-plate or handle, is to be seen in any of the rooms, except in those used for the concerts, and the question arose, naturally enough. "Where is it all gone to?" The same demand was made so often of an elderly bourgeois on duty at the end of the Salle de Diane that he was fairly bewildered, and looked round for help, and hailing the gold stripes on my cap as a haven of relief, he forthwith seized upon me as a superior officer, and insisted on an explanation. "You know there were quantities of cases carried off during the time before Sedan," he said, "but, with all their cunning, they can't have dismantled a whole palace of this size, can they?" And the crowd stood round endeavouring to account for the nakedness of the land, until a remark that the Commune had been feathering their nests with the chairs and tables dispersed them laughing. The Empress's bedroom was a great attraction, Chaplin's charming decorations being subjects of sufficient interest, independent of the absent furniture. The looking-glasses which spring from the walls called down ejaculations of delight from a party of dressmakers, who carefully took notes of the mechanism, "in order to imitate it, my dear, when Paris becomes itself again." There was a large placard upon the wall of a kind of library, inviting the attention of the public to the secret arrangements in a recess whereby the Empress obtained her dresses and linen from some manufactory of garments above, and an old lady, after having carefully examined the elaborate details, turned away with a sigh and a shake of the head. "How foolish of them, after all, not to have done a little for us in order that they might have continued to abide in this paradise!" How different was the Empress's apartment this morning, bare and crowded with the dregs of the Paris population, from the night when I last saw it, the night of her flight, when bed-clothes still littered the floor, and gloves and little odds and ends of female finery told of recent occupation! All was silent then with the stillness of a coming storm; now the walls re-echo with a stir of unhallowed feet, and the spring sunshine streams in at the open window accompanied by whiffs from the garden below, while a distant cry reaches us from the street beyond of "*Le Vengeur*," "*Le Cri du Peuple*," "*Le dernier ordre du Comité du Salut Public*," and we detect curls of smoke about the Arch of Triumph, which remind us that the bombardment still goes on. A reflective sentry at the door of the *cabinet de travail* begged me to remark the portraits set round above the doors. "Those are the Empress's favourite ladies," he informed me; "are they not *salopines*, one would say, of the period of Montespan? And those were the ladies who were models for the women of our land—no wonder that Paris should have become the Gomorrah that it is!" In the evening the concert was given, and a wonderful bear-garden the Imperial Palace presented. Members of the Commune flitted about in red draperies and tried to find room on the already crowded benches for the struggling mob, who rubbed their hot faces with their unaccustomed white gloves, and used such language to each other as, it is to be hoped, those august walls have seldom heard. Meanwhile, the crowd increased in numbers, and by 8 o'clock the reception rooms were full, and some 2,000 people still stood in a long string in the garden outside. They behaved with the wondrous good nature which characterizes a French crowd, laughing over the absurdity of their predicament and waving the tickets, which they would never be enabled to present, jestingly at one another. In course of time the whole of the *jardin privé* was full of people, who looked up at the lights streaming from the windows, and sat about on chairs quietly smoking their cigars and enjoying the lovely evening, listening to the occasional boom at the other end of the long alley, where a bright flash which bore death upon its wings appeared in the sky from time to time, in mockery of the gas-lit chandeliers and feeble attempts at revelry that were going on above our heads.

The reigning scandal of the day is the affair of the Convent of Picpus. So highly roused has public indignation been by the supposed discovery of atrocities committed within those jealous walls that the people have been peremptorily excluded until the investigations of justice shall be complete. I managed, however, to penetrate within the precincts by attaching myself to the *cortège* of an English friend, who was journeying thither under special official orders, to investigate the case of an English Sister named Garret. In the Rue de Picpus, near Mazas prison, stand two large buildings, each surrounded by high walls, above which may be seen green trees at intervals. The one is an establishment of the Jesuites; the other the Convent of the White Nuns. The Jesuites Brothers escaped at the first sign of approaching danger, but the Sisters held their own until forced into cabs and conveyed to the cells of St. Lazare, there to await the results of a judicial inquiry into certain matters that are deemed suspicious. Arrived at the gate of the Convent, we were obliged to force our way through a crowd of angry people who demanded instant permission to enter, and who were as persistently swept back by a group of National Guards—we, however, being admitted inside the door under cover of the official pass and signatures. In the court-yard, under the shade of some fine trees, a few Guards were playing bowls in the Jesuit's alley, and making up to one of them, whose cap displayed tokens of authority, we mentioned our business, and begged permission to see what was to be seen. Our friend was very civil, accepted a cigar, and marched us off to go the rounds. He pointed out to us the fact, of which there certainly could exist no kind of doubt, that the two buildings communicated one with the other, by means of an old door which still exists at the back of a stable, as well as by other apertures in the garden wall, which show signs of having been recently closed up. The Jesuit's garden is a most beautiful one, occupying a space of some 12 acres, laid out with care and furnished with fruit trees of every description, pruned and trained after the latest horticultural designs. There are wondrously ingenious plans, too, for irrigating the beds, forcing pits and hothouses, and long alleys with vines trained over them. Through the old door above mentioned we passed into the Sister's garden, equally large and beautiful, though not kept with the same care. In the centre stands a gymnasium, I suppose for the use of the children brought up under the Sisters' care, and further is their cemetery, a lovely spot, where, under the heavy shade of ancient cypresses, lie bearers of some of the most ancient names in France—"Prince of Salm-Kyrbourg, immolated under the Terror, aged 49;" "Rochefoucauld," "De Noailles," "Montmorency," "the great Lafayette," the whole family of the Talleyrand-Périgords, and legions of Princes and Princesses. Some of the vaults have been opened, and many lead coffins, half-covered with rotting velvet and gold lace, lie exposed to the light of day, awaiting an examination at the hands of the Minister of Justice. At the extreme end of the garden, however, are the three little conical huts, side by side, resembling white ants' nests, which have been the prime cause of so much excitement and judicial inquiry. When the Convent was occupied by the National Guards these little huts were tenanted each by an old woman, enclosed in a wooden cage, like a chickens' pen, the three buildings being similar in size and construction, six feet square by seven in height, with a slate roof, through which daylight was visible, while the three old women were all of them hopeless idiots. The Lady Superior has kept her lips resolutely closed up to the present time, but admitted, when first questioned, that the three sufferers had lived in their hideous prison for nine years, in an atmosphere of stifling heat throughout the summer and half frozen with cold throughout the winter; "but," she added, "they were idiots when they came." The conductor of the inquiry replied that, if such were the case, it was illegal to have admitted them to the Convent at all, and that even supposing them to have been admitted, the place where they were found was not a fit dwelling-place for a dog. A key was discovered among her papers, labelled "key of the great vault;" but where this great vault may be has not yet been found out. The Superior and her nuns keep a uniform and persistent silence upon the point; excavations have been made at different points in the garden, and under the high altar of the chapel, but hitherto without effect. At one end of the nuns' garden stands an isolated building, in which were found mattresses furnished with straps and buckles, also two iron corsets, an iron skull-cap, and a species of rack turned by a cog-wheel, evidently intended for bending back the body with force. The Superior explained that these were orthopædic instruments—a superficial falsehood. The mattresses and straps struck me as being easily accounted for; I have seen such things used in French midwifery, and in cases of violent delirium; but the rack and its adjuncts are justly objects of grave suspicion, for they imply a use of brutal force which no disease at present known would justify. On our way back through the

gardens our guide made a *détour* in order to show us a great subterranean warehouse, where an enormous quantity of potatoes was stored, as well as barrels full of salt pork, while in a yard hard by lay grunting a fat pig. "Look at this!" cried our National Guard indignantly. "Look at these stores, which might have helped to feed the starving poor of the arrondissement during our six months' siege, and think that these people were begging from door to door the whole time for money to buy broken victuals for their pensioners!" Arrived at the entrance gate our guide nudged me, telling me in whispers to look at the old woman who was wandering about, followed by a younger one, stooping from time to time to pick up a leaf or rub her hands with sand and gravel. "That is Sœur Bernadine," he said, "one of the three prisoners of the wooden cages. She is the most sane in mind of the three, and we keep her here under the care of one of our wives to cheer her up. She is only 50, though she looks past 70. The other two have been removed, as they were rendered violent by the crowd and change of scene." I passed close to her and she looked up—a soft, pale face, with sunken eyes shaded by the frills of a great cap. She looked at me dazedly, without taking any notice, and stooping again, filled her hands with refuse coffee grounds, which she put into her mouth until prevented by her companion. Without showing the least prejudice in the matter, I think I can safely say that the ladies now shut up at St. Lazare will find it no easy matter to clear themselves of blame; for, though there are doubtless many suspicious circumstances that maybe explained away, there are also hard facts which will remain hard facts in spite of the most elaborate attempts at refutation.

MAY 8th.

In consequence of the bombardment daily expected from the Montretout batteries people have been hurriedly leaving Paris in great numbers.

Fort Vanves took fire last night, and had to be evacuated. It was found impossible to extinguish the fire. It is still burning.

The explosion at Issy arose from a torpedo, not a powder magazine. The Fort is evacuated.

There has been a general heavy firing to-day, and the Point du Jour has suffered severely.

Father Hogan, the *curé* of St. Sulpice, a British subject, was again arrested yesterday. Mr. Malet has with difficulty procured his release on condition that he leaves Paris.

The Government troops were compelled to evacuate the railway station at Clamart in consequence of the effluvia arising from the great number of unburied corpses in and about the station, which was then occupied by the Federalists, subsequently again evacuated by them upon the approach of the Versailles troops.

The Government have sent away to the Departments all the young soldiers who have parents or relations domiciled in Paris.

The statement that M. Schneider intended to remove his iron foundries from Creuzot to Stockton-on-Tees is incorrect. A large number of models and designs have been sent from Creuzot to foundries at Stockton-on-Tees, where it is intended to instruct a staff of workmen in the production of steel before commencing that branch of manufacture at the French establishment.

Fort Issy was captured and occupied by the Government troops this morning.

MAY 9th.—AND 10th.

Forts Montrouge and Vanves have been reduced to silence by a battery of mitrailleuses established on a parapet of Issy, which picks off Federal artillerymen when they show themselves. Seven guns on bastions 72, 73, and 74 have been dismounted by the new battery of Montretout and the bastions silenced. Many prisoners are said to have been taken at Issy yesterday.

The National Guards of Vaugirard and the Panthéon decline to march, barely a third

of their numbers having answered the call.

The Vendôme Column is definitively to fall on Friday.

The Lycée, on the high ground behind Issy, is being hurriedly formed into a fortress mounted with guns, earthworks connecting it with Vanves.

Three shells per second are said to have fallen on Auteuil this morning.

Nineteen battalions were reviewed yesterday by Colonel Rossel in the Place de la Concorde. Rossel continues to command in spite of his resignation yesterday, which is attributed to a quarrel with the Central Committee. The Committee of Public Safety is still sitting. It is rumoured that should he decline to withdraw his resignation, the functions of the Ministry of War would be absorbed by the Committee of Public Safety, who would attach to themselves an Assistant Military Commission, headed by Dombrowski.

MAY 10th.

The Committee of Public Safety, in consequence of the proclamation of M. Thiers, which was placarded in Paris, has issued a decree ordering the furniture and property of M. Thiers to be seized, and his house in the Place St. Georges to be immediately demolished.

The Commune, in its sitting of yesterday, decided to bring Colonel Rossel before a court-martial.

Delescluze has been appointed Delegate of War.

Colonel Rossel was arrested yesterday and handed over to the custody of Citizen Gerardin. At 5 p.m. an announcement was made to the Commune that Rossel had left with Gerardin. The Commune accepted the offer of General Bergeret to re-arrest Rossel. Nevertheless, at 2 o'clock this morning this had not been effected.

Félix Pyat, in the *Vengeur*, accuses Rossel of treason.

MAY 11th.

There is increasing discouragement among the National Guards, in spite of the retaking of Vanves. The *Vengeur* hints at a plot headed by Gerardin, and states that 400 National Guards, who exhibited no numbers of their battalions, were assembled for an unknown purpose at the Luxembourg; that at the same time officers who were making a domiciliary visit at Gerardin's house were attacked, and that in another quarter an attempt was made to assassinate Dombrowski.

A considerable portion of masonry from the Auteuil Viaduct has fallen into the water.

A search has been made at the Bank of France under the excuse of looking for arms. It is said that the *employés* of the Bank are armed and victualled, and will stand a siege rather than surrender the gold under their care.

In consequence of pressure from Delescluze the Central Committee abandon the direction of the War Administration, and Moreau resigns his office of Civil Delegate.

The furniture and pictures are being carted from M. Thiers' house, and sounds of hammering within suggest the commencement of its demolition.

Six newspapers have been suppressed—viz., the *Univers*, *Spectateur*, *Moniteur*, *Étoile*, *Anonyme*, and *Observateur*.

The batteries at Montretout continue a vigorous firing. Throughout last night they received only six shells from the Insurgents.

The shells thrown from the floating battery bridge at the Point du Jour and from the land batteries near that point generally drop short of the mark and fall either into the Seine or on the slopes of the railway by the right bank.

This afternoon I saw many projectiles from Montretout and Meudon explode among

the houses at the Point du Jour and the *enceinte* near it. The wall screening the Ceinture Railway between Auteuil and Vaugirard has been dreadfully battered in various places.

The Bois de Boulogne, in a semicircle from about the Villa Rothschild to Bagatelle, following the race course at Longchamps, is one vast camp, and from this camp to the village of Boulogne the work of constructing trenches parallel with the *enceinte* is being pushed rapidly forward. I saw hundreds of men working at them to-day.

The Fort of Vanves is still occupied by the Insurgents, but Moulin de Pierres and Châtillon cover it with shells.

By means of cannon shots the troops of Versailles have demolished the houses in the village of Vanves, as they concealed and covered the postern of the Fort. The military had succeeded in occupying the village, but were obliged to abandon it because the houses were exposed to the fire of the Insurgents.

There has been a sharp musketry fire to-day in the plantations to the north-east of Issy, and just over the Vaugirard road.

There has been fighting of the same kind in the direction of the St. Ouen station at the other end of the lines. The sphere of attack is again being extended, and in consequence of this the Insurgents are obliged to defend themselves at, perhaps, three or four points simultaneously.

MAY 12th.—13th.

There was a considerable movement in the city yesterday consequent on desperate attempts to enlist refractory citizens in marching battalions. Pressgangs paraded the streets all day, and many men within the ages of 19 and 40 were, it is said, temporarily incarcerated in the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette.

An extraordinary meeting was held at the Hôtel de Ville in consequence of a supposed discovery of a reactionary plot. Forty-seven Gendarmes, says the *Mot d'Ordre*, were found in the Marine Barracks disguised as National Guards, besides a great quantity of tricoloured *brassards*.

M. Beslay, surnamed the Father of the Commune, has retired, because he disapproves the confiscation of M. Thiers' goods.

The new batteries on Montmartre opened fire last night, but ceased this morning.

The 46th battalion Montrouge were relieved from duty two hours before their time last night because they talked of opening the Gates. This battalion consists for the most part of shopkeepers.

The new battalion called the "Vengeurs du Père Duchesne" were shut up in the Luxembourg Gardens, all points of egress being guarded, because they declined to march outside the city.

Difficulties have arisen in the Quartier Val de Grace, consequent upon the heavy tax recently levied on meat.

The Versaillais gunboats at the Asnières Bridge forced the Federal troops to recoil several hundred yards towards the city walls.

Félix Pyat announces his opinion publicly that the fall of the Commune is imminent.

Mortars are being placed on the top of the Arc de Triomphe.

The demolition of the house of M. Thiers has commenced.

The Central Committee have ordered that all the quarters of Paris shall be searched for arms and refractory National Guards. All the young men in Paris are to be armed.

MAY 14th.

A large crowd has been waiting in the Rue de la Paix since 4 o'clock to see the fall of

the Vendôme Column. Its fall had been officially promised at that hour, but up to half-past 6 it was still standing. It will probably fall to-day. The tricolour flag has just been attached to the statue, amid faint cheers from the crowd.

An Armistice has been arranged for next Wednesday, to enable the inhabitants of Vanves and the neighbourhood to remove.

Cluseret, Megy, and Schoelcher have been released.

The 8th and 11th Battalions have been disarmed on suspicion of being reactionary.

Paschal Grousset has sent a circular to the principal towns of France, inviting them to join the Communal movement.

The approaches are now within 150 metres of the *enceinte*, and a breaching battery is being constructed. The Montretout batteries have already made a considerable breach in the *enceinte* by the side of the Auteuil Gate, which has been demolished.

There was a very lively fusillade this afternoon between troops in the Bois de Boulogne and the Insurgents, who fired from houses and other shelter behind the *enceinte* between Passy and Auteuil. Mortars were also used by the military.

The Insurgents have shot a captain of Engineers who imprudently advanced beyond the Versailles lines.

In the Fort of Vanves a soldier of the Line has been found; his feet were tied together, and there are numbers of bayonet wounds in different parts of his body. The Insurgents had made him prisoner.

Of the 60 pieces of cannon left in the Fort, the greater number had been rendered useless by the fire of the troops.

It is believed that the garrison escaped by a subterranean passage communicating between Forts Vanves and Montrouge.

Every commander of an Army Corps will henceforward have the command of an Arrondissement, and will be answerable for the defensive measures undertaken in his zone.

All persons in the possession of sulphur and phosphorus must declare to the Commune the amount of each within three days.

La Cecilia has again undertaken the command at Petit Vanves.

Torpedoes are to be laid down at exposed parts.

The night has passed off quietly, and nothing of any importance has transpired.

The Versailles troops are under the walls of Paris, and are exchanging shots with the Insurgents on the ramparts from the Muette Gate to the Issy Gate.

The Federalists have been driven out of their entrenchments between Forts Vanves and Issy.

A battery is being erected in the garden of the Tuileries, from which the Communists will be able to keep up a flank fire upon the Champs Elysées.

There is no doubt of the existence of a serious conspiracy, possessing wide ramifications, in Paris to effect the overthrow of the Commune.

The Garden of the Luxembourg has been closed, and is occupied by four battalions of National Guards, as a precaution against the rising which is apprehended.

MAY 15th.

The *Journal Officiel* announced that the Column would positively fall to-day at 2. A great concourse assembled. Bands played. The Commune and their Staff, amounting to 200, attended on horseback. At 3.45 p.m. an attempt was made, which failed owing to the breaking of a snatchblock. The ropes slackened suddenly, injuring two men. Another attempt was made, fresh ropes having been added, and the Column fell at about 10 minutes to 6. It broke up in the air as it fell. The concussion was nothing like

what had been expected. No glass was broken or injury done to the Square, excepting that the Column forced itself into the ground. The excitement was intense. The crowd rushed with loud cheers to scramble for fragments, while speeches were made by members of the Commune, mounted on fallen masses, and red flags were hoisted on the pedestal. Immense crowds assembled in the streets outside, making it almost impossible to leave the Place Vendôme. It was forbidden to take away any fragments, and people were searched before leaving the Square.

MAY THE 16th.

Two hundred National Guards entered the Grand Hotel last night. After having searched every room, under the pretence of looking for arms, they retired with a good deal of plunder.

This is on that subject a letter forwarded by Mister van Henbeck to the *Figaro Journal*.

It has been spoken in different ways of the frequent searches made in the Grand Hotel, since the occupation by the admiral Saisset and his Staff, which had rendered the Hotel suspected by the "Commune" and the "Comité Central."

The last visit of these *Gentlemen*, has been marked by many strange proceedings:

In the night of may 15th a band of about 300 armed men, pseudo-sailors of the "Commune" and Belgian volunteers of both sex, rushed into the Hotel. During five hours these mad men, several of them being intoxicated, had to make in every part of the Hotel fantastic searches, they went breaking the doors and menacing the administrator, the clerks and servants.

They had no mandamus to do that, but the pretext was the arrestation of a battalion of "Gendarmes" and the discovery of a subterranean vault leading to Versailles.

The search for "Gendarmes" was not long to make, but the one for the vault was stopped only when they had found the wine cellar. The door was knocked out:

The great attention they paid to those investigations can be evaluated by a consummation of 1764 francs of wine.

That operation began at 4 a.m. and was out at 6.

The whistles of those supposed sailors and the trumpets of the "Fédérés" ordered the end of that small festival. The cellar was left a-side, and the servants of the Hotel were obliged to bring up in the court-yard those of the band who could not walk any more; at last, the troop went out carrying away a good supply of provisions as wine, cigars, watches, jewels and purses stolen in the servants' rooms, and also clocks and about a hundred table-plates belonging to the Hotel.

They went with empty hands, but the pockets were full. Two of the servants were obliged to go with them, and they said they would come back the next day to arrest many others.

These wicked orgies having no political character, I will address myself to the "Code pénal" for a repression, and I deliver into the hands of the "Procureur de la République" a complaint justified by the depositions of all my servants, and indicating the names of the chiefs of that curious performance.

Be good enough, Sir, to believe me yours most respectfully: V.....

Administrator of the Grand Hotel.

The Insurgents have evacuated all their positions between Fort Vanves and the *enceinte*.

The only gunboats now beneath the Viaduct at the Point du Jour are mere wrecks, and their guns have completely disappeared.

The Insurgents' battery on a bastion between Vaugirard and Montrouge has been firing frequently to-day. One of its shells came as far as Bas Meudon.

Fort Issy has been directing its fire upon the Point du Jour. About noon there were two conflagrations at the Point du Jour and one at Auteuil.

The soldiers working at the parallels and the breaching batteries are suffering from the musketry of Insurgents behind the *enceinte*. As many as 30 of them have been killed during one night, but the sap has been carried to within less than 400 metres of the ramparts.

The Insurgents are raising additional barricades in the Rue de Vaugirard, and also at Passy and Auteuil. Pontoon bridges and fascines in great numbers are being sent forward to the military foreposts.

The Committee of Public Safety has appointed a military Commission to replace the existing Commission; it is composed of Arnold, Avrial, Johannard, Tridon, and Varein.

Henri has been appointed Chief of the Staff of the War Ministry, and Mathieu commander of the troops posted between the Point du Jour and the Wagram Gate.

All mechanics over 40 years of age have been called out to work at the city defences. They will receive 3f. 75c. as daily pay.

Important resolutions are expected to be taken at the sitting of the Commune to-day, and the serious division will be terminated by the dissolution of the Central Committee, or by the absorption of the Committee of Public Safety in the Central Committee.

The Commune announces that the Versailles troops were repulsed in several attacks made by them last night upon the barricades at Châtillon, Moulin de Pierre, and Moulin Saquet.

There was a vigorous engagement yesterday evening at the Dauphine and Maillot Gates, and the Versailles troops were driven back with considerable loss.

It is rumoured that Fort Montrouge has been evacuated.

The Commune declares that it has a reserve force of 20,000 men.

Of M. Thiers' house little more, it is feared, than the outer walls remain standing.

MAY 17th

The "Majority of the Commune"—as the Commune is now spoken of in consequence of the secession of 22 of its members—has resolved to form a Central Club like that of the Jacobins, composed of delegates from various clubs of Paris, in order to keep itself *en rapport* with public opinion.

The 12th Legion has formed a battalion of women, who in addition to their other military duties are to disarm publicly all runaways.

The Communal Delegation of the 2^d Arrondissement, considering that slavery was considered immoral even before the American War, and that a standing army has been suppressed by the Commune, decrees that all houses of ill fame in their quarter shall be immediately closed, as involving traffic in human beings.

Peter's Restaurant was searched last night, and several arrests were made, among them officers of the National Guard suspected of complicity in the Tricolour Brassard Plot. The Restaurant is closed.

The heaviest firing to-day has been against the Point du Jour. Large pieces of Marine Artillery have been placed on the ramparts behind Montrouge.

A terrific explosion has just (6 o'clock) created general alarm. Enormous volumes of smoke are visible from a great distance. The cartridge manufactory near the École Militaire has exploded. Six hundred *employés*, chiefly women, are said to have been killed. Bullets were launched in all directions, killing and wounding many passers by.

The Insurgents have constructed a battery of Marine pieces, which much embarrasses the troops and retards the breaching works. Breaches will be opened at three points—namely, at Mortemart, opposite Auteuil, at Bastion 65, opposite the

Parc-aux-Princes in the Bois and in the neighbourhood of Vaugirard.

This afternoon the Insurgents fired from three batteries between the left bank ending the viaduct at the Point du Jour and Montrouge. One of these batteries was placed close to the Vaugirard Gate, and its fire was directed to a point at which the Engineers were supposed to be constructing a trench.

There were conflagrations this evening in Auteuil, the Point du Jour, and between the latter place and Vaugirard. The flame and smoke were distinctly visible. We hear it was the blowing up of a powder factory in the Rue de Wagram, Paris, or at the Trocadéro.

The Committee of Public Safety, in order to save the country from a military dictatorship, has associated Civil Commissioners with the various Generals of the Commune. With Dombrowski are joined Burger and Dereuve, with La Cecilia, Johannard, and with Wrobleski, Leo Meillet.

All passenger and goods trains leaving Paris have to stop outside the walls for examination. Trains contravening this order will not be permitted to proceed.

Possessors of petroleum are to declare the amount they hold to the authorities within 48 hours.

Fort Montrouge is still held, and is strongly supported by the Hautes Bruyères.

The Government troops have not yet occupied Vanves; they are pressing upon Billancourt and La Murette.

A letter of General Cluseret in the *Mot d'ordre* advises that every exertion should be made for the erection of barricades at the Barrière de l'Etoile, the Place Roi de Rome, and the Place Eylau, with a second line between the Passy Gate and the Grenelle Bridge, and a third line from the Pont de la Concorde to the Ouen Gate.

The Versailles and Auteuil Gates of Paris have been demolished by the cannonade. The neighbouring bastions are subjected to a tremendous fire, but do not reply.

Fort Issy, which is now in the hands of the Versailles troops, is vigorously bombarding Petit Vanves, Grenelle, and Point du Jour.

The last is utterly untenable by the Insurgent gunners.

A belief obtains that the Versailles Engineers are laying a mine under the walls of Paris in the direction of the Muette Gate. The disagreement between the Commune and the Central Committee continues.

The Versailles troops have made good their communications from Montrouge to Issy, and have established batteries on the glacis before Fort Vanves. They are vigorously attacking Bicêtre and Hautes Bruyères.

A terrible bombardment of the Maillot Gate and the Arc de Triomphe is going on.

The Federalists in the village of Malakoff are in danger of being cut off from Paris, while those stationed in the villages of Petit Vanves and Montrouge have been compelled to retire into the city.

Ladders for scaling the ramparts have reached the Versaillist outposts in the Bois de Boulogne.

The Versailles troops are endeavouring to cut a way through the wood to the Avenue of Neuilly.

The cannonade in the direction of the Arc de Triomphe is increasing in intensity.

MAY 18th.

To-day was a day of feasting, and National Guards surrounded the Churches of St. Augustin and La Trinité, and forced the priests to stop Divine service, and turned out the congregations. The establishment of the Sisters of Mercy of St. Vincent de Paul was also surrounded. An inventory was made of the goods, the Sisters being themselves placed under lock and key until to-morrow, when they will be turned out.

Bodies are being removed from the crypt of the Church of Les Petits Pères, near the Bank of France, for examination. Rumours are afloat that people have been recently buried there under false names, and bones strew the pavement on both sides of the church door.

The Versaillais are at a distance of 200 metres from the ramparts from the Point du Jour to Vanves. The National Guards in great numbers are assembled under the cover of the ramparts, and an attack is hourly expected. Shells have fallen on the bridge of Grenelle, killing several persons. An attack was made yesterday on the Zoological Gardens of the Bois de Boulogne, which turned out disastrously for the Federals.

The fire from the Insurgents' batteries on the *enceinte* has been stronger to-day than at any time previously since the opening of the new redoubt at Montretout. They have been throwing shells from La Muette against the troops in the Bois de Boulogne, but mortars placed in the Bois near the large lake have been responding vigorously, and a field battery at Mortemart, the south-eastern extremity of the Bois, has been protecting, by its fire, the Engineers working at the breaching battery, and also doing some damage to the Artillery on the bastion.

Between Passy and Auteuil the Insurgents are in considerable force behind the *enceinte*. Their three batteries on the *enceinte*, between the Point du Jour and Montrouge, have been firing on the military position at Bas Meudon and Issy. There has been a return shelling from these positions between the rival Artillery.

Engineers are engaged in sapping from Issy in the direction of Vaugirard. They are much exposed to the batteries of the Insurgents, but neither yesterday nor to-day did I see a single shell fall into the French lines where they are at work.

The Committee of Public Safety has issued an appeal to the National Guards calling upon them to secure the triumph of Paris, and describing the fearful results which would ensue from the victory of the Versailles troops.

A later attack which was made on Neuilly yesterday was repulsed.

This morning the Federal batteries at Montmartre are bombarding the Château Bécon.

The *Journal Officiel* of the Commune of to-day accuses the agents of Versailles of having caused the explosion of the cartridge manufactory, and says that a hundred persons have fallen victims to it. Four arrests have been made in connexion with this affair. The *Vérité* demonstrates that the explosion could not have been the result of intention, but was solely attributable to accident. The same paper states that no shell fell in the Champ de Mars at the time of the explosion.

The Versailles troops are constructing trenches within 200 yards of the Auteuil Gate, but the breach is not yet assailable.

Fort Montrouge still holds out, but offers only a feeble resistance.

The Communists claim to-day to have repulsed all attacks.

The bombardment is incessant.

The German troops are taking up imposing positions.

The tribunals of the Commune have decided to-day as to who among the prisoners in the hands of the Commune are to be regarded as hostages. It is asserted that three hostages will be executed to-morrow.

MAY 19th.

The firing was heavier last night than it has ever been. There were both a cannonade and a fusillade. Everybody thought that the Versaillais had at last made their assault. It appears that the Communists attempted a sortie, and were repulsed with great loss. Numerous waggons filled with wounded were taken to Versailles. Various battalions returned to Paris, apparently much dispirited. Numerous reinforcements, however, were brought up.

The bullets are falling so thickly about the ramparts that the Communists with

difficulty maintain their position there. The Versailles shell-practice has improved. The shells burst about the bastions instead of in the town.

The conscription is carried on with increased rigour, death being threatened to those who refuse to serve. A Lieutenant-Colonel and a Commandant have been sentenced, the one to 15 years' and the other to 10 years' imprisonment for cowardice, and their battalion has been dissolved. The Chief and Staff of the 6th Legion have been dismissed for not disarming the refractory battalions.

It is said the prisoners accused of firing the cartridge manufactory are to be shot in 24 hours.

Much fear is entertained for the fate of the hostages, whose execution has been so strongly advocated in the Commune, in reprisal for the alleged violation and murder of an *infirmière* by the Versailles.

Some iron cupola-shaped cases, capable of holding each 1,000lb. of powder, were to-day taken to the barricades near the ramparts for the purpose of blowing them up if necessary.

It has been proposed in the Commune to abolish all titles of rank, with the emoluments and advantages appertaining to them; also that all children now illegitimate shall be for the future legitimate; and that, instead of the present form of marriage, any man over 18 and woman over 16 may be allowed to go before a municipal magistrate and declare their wish to marry.

The only breaching battery that has as yet opened fire is that established in the Parc aux Princes, at 400 metres distance from the ramparts. It directs its fire against the *enceinte* at Auteuil, where the gates and the drawbridge have been destroyed.

The Fort of Montrouge is almost surrounded by the troops, who advance also by means of trenches towards the Redoubt of Hautes Bruyères.

Towards the South a series of attacks have been made, with the view of driving all the Insurgents on that side from their positions outside the *enceinte*.

Last night, in an affair at Lagrange, the military put 110 Insurgents *hors de combat* and made 43 prisoners.

All the breaching works are not yet completed.

To-day the Insurgents have been firing from La Muette, which is on the *enceinte* between Passy and Auteuil, and I observed that they had added to the number of their guns between the Point du Jour and Montrouge. Yesterday they had three batteries between those points; to-day they have been firing from five.

Mont Valérien has done very little to-day, and Montretout has not been so violent as usual, but the military batteries at Bas Meudon, Les Moulineaux, and Issy have been very active, as have likewise been the mortars and field guns in the Bois de Boulogne.

Twenty-one members of the Commune no longer attend the sittings of that body, but remain in their Arrondissements.

Four hundred Versailles Chasseurs are said to have deserted from their own side into Paris yesterday.

Batteries of 30 guns have been established at the Dauphine Gate.

The *Cri du peuple* says the Committee have determined rather to blow up Paris than capitulate.

A requisition has been made of the silver candlesticks at the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

No one without a special pass is allowed to leave the city at night by the Eastern or Northern gates.

The Commune has ordered that all prostitutes and drunkards shall be arrested.

A decree of the Committee of Public Safety, published to-day, orders the suppression of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *Avenir National*, *Patrie*, *Commune*, *Justice*, and five other newspapers.

No new journals will be allowed to appear until the end of the war.

All articles must be signed by the writer.

Attacks on the Government will be dealt with according to martial law.

Officers who hesitate to obey the orders of the Committee of Public Safety will be tried for high treason by court-martial.

The *Salut Public* alleges that one of the chief persons implicated in the explosion of the cartridge manufactory is Count Ladislas Zamoyski, and that papers have been found upon him proving him to be in communication with the Government of Versailles.

The same paper announces that the Germans demand that an armistice should be entered into between the Commune and the Versailles Government, in order that a *Plebiscite* of all France may be held to decide upon the future form of Government.

The Commune has seized the silver ornaments and other valuables of the Church of the Trinity. All the other churches of Paris will shortly be treated in a similar manner, and will then be closed.

All arrests and requisitions are being carried out by Flourens's corps of Avengers.

The demolition of the Expiatory Chapel was commenced to-day.

The gate at Point du Jour is destroyed.

Yesterday evening two battalions of troops carried the Ory Farm and Plichon House, near Fort Montrouge, at the point of the bayonet. The Federalists had about 400 killed and wounded, and lost 42 prisoners, including a Chief of Battalion. The troops also captured a flag, but subsequently evacuated the conquered positions, as they were too much exposed to the fire of the enemy. The loss of the Versailles troops was small.

THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

Foul is the bird that soils her own nest! As though they had not suffered enough of mortification and defeat at the hands of the enemy, the Parisians have succeeded in emptying the cup of disgrace to the dregs by dragging down the monument of their military glory, amid hoots and hisses, and toppling over the effigy of their greatest soldier-hero on to a bed of mire, at the same time publicly tearing the tricoloured national flag which has for so many years led their armies to victory. Upon the official announcement some days back that the Vendôme Column was to be sacrificed as an insult to the principles of fraternity, everybody laughed and thought it a good joke, never believing that the plan would be carried out, even in spite of the ominous scaffoldings and curtains which rose around its base. A few days later we were told that it had been sawn through, and that a solemn Festival would be held to commemorate this new display of liberty. We thought the party of Order would protest; that the veterans of the Invalides would make a movement; that the mass of the population would insist upon the abandonment of such a piece of folly. But we forgot the state of coma into which respectable Paris has fallen, and that those who had allowed themselves to be ground down by a tyrannical few would scarcely bestir themselves in defence of their public monuments. It became apparent that the column was really doomed, and the Rue de la Paix was crowded by an expectant multitude at about 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon; the balconies were filled with ladies; all the windows were pasted with paper to neutralize the expected concussion, while cake and newspaper vendors and *marchands de coco* plied a busy trade, and elbowed their way about among the people down below. Three ropes had been fastened round the top of the column beneath the statue, communicating with a crazy-looking windlass and anchor placed in the centre of the road at the entrance of the Rue Neuve des Capucines, and a long narrow dung heap filled with sand and branches had been spread in the square to deaden the shock of the falling mass. Public excitement was at its height, and the strangest surmises went from mouth to mouth as to how far the statue would be thrown, whether balconies would fall and slates be shuffled down, and whether the great weight would or would not crash through the vaulted arch into the sewers under the road. Still the crowd increased in numbers, when at about 4 o'clock

a cordon of National Guards was formed, who pushed back the people as far as the Rue des Augustins, leaving an empty space along the Rue de la Paix, which was duly watered in true Parisian style, and became the arena for a display of equestrian prowess on the part of sundry officers and members of the Commune. They rattled backwards and forwards at full gallop, and made figures of eight, and turned and twisted in a marvellous manner, suggestive rather of a circus than a barrack-yard; but their evolutions served to amuse the crowd, who waited patiently until sunset, when it became evident that the affair would be put off until the morrow. It turned out that the members of the artistic federation who, with Courbet at their head, had decided on this piece of Vandalism, had been playing off a little practical joke upon the crowd, for their preparations were not complete, and workmen were still hacking at the stonework from behind their curtain screen until evening had settled into night. With the easy good nature of a Paris crowd, everybody quietly went home, a few disappointed at the failure of a promised excitement, but by far the greater number rejoicing in their hearts at the reprieve of the bronze pillar which they had been accustomed from childhood to regard with pride. Tuesday's *Officiel* positively announced the ceremony for that day at 2, and the concourse was greater than ever. The Rue de la Paix and the space behind, up to the steps of the New Opera, was a sea of heads, and the *élite* of Communal aristocracy who held passes to the Square itself were forced to elbow their way and struggle through relays of guards long before the prescribed hour in order to be certain of getting there at all. So far all their arrangements were so bad as to suggest misgivings as to the result of the attempt. Three meagre ropes were to do the deed, while two beams, applied one on either side the column, were to give it the proper inclination as it fell. Now, every one knows that, from some fault in its construction, the Column has always leant a little towards the Ministère des Cultes, and people moved restlessly about, uncertain where to station themselves, lest the tottering mass, once set in motion, should fall in an entirely different direction from the one intended. The bed, too, which was to receive it seemed strangely small and narrow, and it appeared a matter of doubt whether the bronze Emperor might not force his way into one of the adjoining houses, and pay a visit as little desired as it was expected. Meanwhile, a party of workmen continued to drive wedges into the space which had been sawn, while others gave a finishing touch to the dung heaps and cleared away the curtains and scaffolding that had obscured their operations. At half-past 3 the Commune arrived on horseback, attended by their Staff, and placed themselves in front of the crowd in the Rue de la Paix—a mounted squadron of some 200 persons; while at a given signal a number of bands stationed at different points began to play a medley of patriotic airs, regardless of general effect. Trumpets brayed forth signals, and all strained their eyes into the dazzling sky, not without having first assured themselves of a safe retreat through some friendly doorway in case of a disaster, as the ropes were seen to tighten—"See! It moves!" "No, 'tis the effect of a passing cloud;" and, after a second's pause of intense anxiety one of the ropes snapped, knocking down in its whirl several men at the windlass. And now began a murmur and a shaking of heads, "Ah, I knew it could not succeed; they will be obliged to blow it up with gunpowder; shame on them for the attempt!" "Why cannot they leave it alone?" said one man to his neighbour, "it has cost so much." "Yes, it has," replied the other; "it has cost us millions of human lives on the plains of Germany and in the Russian snows." The attempt had failed, and people were preparing to move away, when news arrived that the Commune were not going to be thus baffled, but had sent for more ropes and apparatus, and were determined to have their way at any price. Meanwhile, the great figure looked calmly down upon his persecutors, seemingly as secure as ever, while the bands continued to play, and the horsemen galloped about the square. It was half-past 4 before the two new ropes arrived, and fully 5 o'clock before they had been hoisted to their places, not being attached to the capstan like the others, but held, one on either side the road, by 50 sailors each. Brute force had failed, and so they had determined to try the effect of a series of swings. People laughed at these renewed preparations; and could scarcely be kept close under the houses out of immediate danger. The ropes slackened and tightened again for a final effort, and a cry burst from the assembled multitude in the horror of a coming danger which might be incalculable as the great giant swayed for a few seconds and finally tottered down with an awful crash, separating into rings in the air, upon the foul bed which had been prepared for him: a shapeless mass of shattered metal and stone lying in uneven coils like some mighty serpent. The wooden sentry-boxes in the square reeled round and fell, while a cloud of filth and dust obscured the fallen monster, and men looked awe-struck at one another like naughty children who had

broken something which they ought not to have dared to touch. The moment of compunction was a short one, and a howling throng rushed with one accord into the noisome cloud, fighting and quarrelling for bits of bronze and stone, and a man near me drew back, half stifled for an instant, saying, with disgust, "See what a stench the Empire has!" The statue had fallen beyond the heap, and, having smashed the pavement into splinters, lay a wreck, with one arm broken and the head severed from the body, while women kicked and spat upon it, waving their arms wildly, and shouting, "*Vive la République!*" "*Vive la Commune!*" All the bands struck on the *Marseillaise* in different keys, a few people crowded on the remnants of the pedestal waving red flags and shrieking in their excitement, and a sergeant who endeavoured to unburden himself of an oration was speedily gagged and hustled down to make way for the great "Bergeret *lui-même*," who, in all the glory of a red scarf and tassels, waved his hat and struggled to be heard above the general hubbub of music, voices, and battering of bronze. "Citizens," he said, "the 26th of Floréal will be memorable in our history. Thus we triumph over military despotism, that bloody negation of the rights of man. The First Empire placed the collar of servitude about our necks—it began and ended in carnage—and left us a legacy of a Second Empire, which was finally to end in the disgrace of Sedan." Much more he said, but his voice was drowned in the continued hammering of metal, while our attention was distracted by peremptory orders to "move on." Such an order at such a moment was particularly exasperating, and led to many little tussles with citizens, who refused to consider this a pleasant opening to the era of liberty, an exasperation very considerably increased at the different exits from the square by an uncompromising search into the contents of pockets, and a consequent disgorging of trophies and remembrances. A fight was going on meantime in the Rue de la Paix between a company of Marines and the multitude of people gathered in the street, who struggled and fought with an energy worthy of a better cause in hopes of gaining a share in the spoils. As I emerged from the conflict into the comparative peace and coolness of the Boulevard, I was stopped by a procession—two battalions of National Guards returning much shorn of numbers, from the Bois de Boulogne, bringing with them in a furniture waggon a portion of their dead, among whom was their colonel, whose feet projected from under the flapping awning of the cart.

An order of the day of Marshal Mac-Mahon has been published in which he announces the demolition of the Vendôme Column. He says:—

"The foreigner respected it; the Commune of Paris has overthrown it. Men calling themselves Frenchmen have dared to destroy, under the eyes of the Germans, who saw the deed, this witness of the victories of our fathers against Europe in coalition. The Commune hopes thus to efface the memory of the military virtues of which the Column was the glorious symbol. Soldiers! if the recollections which the Column commemorated are no longer graven upon brass, they will remain in our hearts. Inspired by them, we know how to give France another proof of bravery, devotion, and patriotism."

MAY 20th.

M. ROCHEFORT.

Never have I witnessed a scene of greater excitement than the entry of Rochefort into Versailles as a prisoner to-day. He was brought in by the St. Germain road, and was seated in a family omnibus drawn by two horses. First came a squadron of gendarmes, then the omnibus, surrounded by Chasseurs D'Afrique, and lastly a squadron of the same corps. In the vehicle with Rochefort were his secretary, Mouriôt, and four police agents dressed in plain clothes. Outside the omnibus were an officer of the gendarmerie in uniform and two or three *sergents-de-ville* not in uniform. Rochefort's moustache had disappeared. He had himself shaved closely before setting out from Paris in order to disguise himself, but there was no mistaking him. It was half-past 1 o'clock in the afternoon when the *cortège*, arriving at the end of the Boulevard du Roi, entered the Rue des Réservoirs. Every one ran into the street, and shouts of execration were raised on all sides. It was no mere demonstration of a mob. The citizens of all classes joined in it. One man ventured to cry "Vive Rochefort!" He was kicked by several persons who happened to be near him, and was saved from further violence only by arrest at the hands of the *sergents-de-ville*. Along the rue des

Réservoirs, the Rue de la Pompe, the Place Hoche, the Rue de Hoche, and the Avenue St. Cloud Rochefort was greeted with incessant shouts of "*À bas l'assassin; à pied le brigand; à mort!*" The people wanted to have him out of the omnibus, and it was with difficulty the cavalry prevented them from dragging him out and inflicting summary execution. The cavalcade was obliged to go at a slow pace, but finally he was safely lodged in gaol. I believe that but for the precautions taken by the Government he would have been killed before he had got near it. The demand to have an example made of him, and the dissatisfaction at seeing him brought to prison in a carriage, were loud and general.

There was a tremendous fire against the bastions this morning at 5 o'clock, and a strong fire has been maintained all day.

The fire of the Insurgents is much weaker than it was yesterday and the day before, except at Vaugirard, and from there to Montrouge, where mitrailleuses and musketry were brought into requisition.

Up to 5 o'clock this afternoon Auteuil still shelled.

From 3 o'clock I have observed a very large number of the Versailles troops under arms at a short distance from the Point du Jour, and a considerable body of the Insurgents watching them from near the Vaugirard Gate.

At 5 o'clock the white flag was displayed at the Porte d'Auteuil.

Orders have been given for the troops to march onward and occupy it.

M. Thiers has issued a circular, dated noon to-day, in which he says:—

"Several Prefects having demanded that news should be published, the following answer has been sent to them:—Those persons who are uneasy are greatly mistaken. Our troops are working at the approaches, and at the moment of writing the breaching batteries continue their fire upon the walls. Never have we been so near the end. The members of the Commune are busy making their escape."

The breaching batteries are still keeping up a very heavy fire against the *enceinte*.

M. Thiers has sent a despatch to the Prefects announcing that the gate of St. Cloud was forced down by the fire of the Versailles guns, and General Douai then rushed with his men into the interior. The troops under Generals Ladmirault and Glinchamps were at once set in motion to follow them.

The Versailles troops entered Paris at 4 o'clock this afternoon at two different points—namely, by the St. Cloud Gate at Point du Jour, and by the gate of Montrouge.

The ramparts were abandoned by the Insurgents.

THE CAPTURE OF PARIS.

MAY 21st.—AND 22^d.

The great event of yesterday came upon every one by surprise. It had been expected, but not for yesterday.

Even the Marshal Commanding-in-Chief looked onward to at least six more days of sapping and mounting of batteries and actual breaching before his army would be able to make the final movement.

A certain number of the troops were inside the *enceinte* before any one but themselves knew of it, and Auteuil and the Point du Jour were shelled for nearly two hours after they had fallen into possession of the forces of Versailles.

One man, M. Clément, an officer of Engineers, played a prominent part in this historical affair. Soon after midday, proceeding cautiously in advance of a party of his men, who were lying in concealment between the nearest parallel and the Porte de St. Cloud, he crept up to the bastion and found it and the ramparts adjoining without a

single sentinel. Keeping near the ground, he waved a white handkerchief; it was seen by the small party of Engineers who were lying outside the last parallel, and also by Lieutenant Trèves, of the French Navy. At first the signal was not understood; but M. Clément continued to wave the handkerchief violently, and beckon to those who saw him to come on immediately. It was with difficulty 100 men could be collected in the trenches, but about that number advanced and occupied the deserted position. In the meantime the word was passed from post to post in their rear, and a batallion was soon on its way after them. By half-past 3 o'clock dispositions had been effected for occupying both Auteuil and the Point du Jour with a sufficient force, and proceeding to the other gates both right and left. The gates and drawbridge of Auteuil had been demolished several days previously, but the Insurgents had substituted an enormous barricade, which shut off the iron bridge uniting the Railway Station with the Viaduct.

The Division of General Vergeé marched direct upon Auteuil. Scarcely had the first column arrived there, when volleys of musketry were opened by the Insurgents concealed in houses. A few of the troops were put *hors de combat* by this fire, but the artillery of the Division turned their pieces on the ramparts against the enemy, Mitrailleuses were also brought into requisition by the troops, and within an hour the Insurgents had fled to a distance.

The Division of General Douai entered by the gate of St. Cloud, which is at the Point du Jour, and occupied the salient between the ramparts and the viaduct. Here there was a second bastion of considerable solidity. The soldiers entered the half-ruined barracks and casemates, and made prisoners of a number of Insurgents whom they found concealed there.

Immediate preparations were then made for the advance right and left, but as the enemy was still keeping up a fire from 7-pounders and Mitrailleuses, along the bastions between Vaugirard and Montrouge, a regular assault of these positions by the division under General Cissey was determined upon. I have already announced that it has been successful.

The Division began to march in by the Gates of Vaugirard and Montrouge. At 2 o'clock this morning La Muette was occupied without serious resistance.

A Division subsequently advanced to Passy to join that which had taken La Muette.

Such was the suddenness with which the occupation of the Point du Jour had been effected that, as I have stated, the firing from the military batteries continued for a considerable time after the first of the troops were in it. It was not till 4 o'clock that the order to cease firing in that direction left the Head-Quarters. In the meantime, hundreds of people stood on the Avenue and Terrace of Meudon watching the cannonade, and believing that all the posts of the Insurgents were still occupied by the enemy. Even the officers and men in the batteries did not know why the order to cease firing had been sent round.

I have just returned, after having followed in the rear of General Vinoy's last column, going to take up positions in the neighbourhood of the Trocadéro. I have wandered all over the Point du Jour, visited Auteuil, and have walked along by the bastions between the Gate of St. Cloud at the Point du Jour and the Gate of Auteuil. Having watched the other side of the Sèvres Bridge, I was surprised on passing along the Sèvres road to observe that, very little damage had been done to the houses at the end of it near the *enceinte*. One or two bore the marks of shells, but the fact is that nearly all had escaped, and what I saw at the *enceinte* and within it, shows that the artillery practice of the Versailles side had been exceedingly good throughout the bombardment. The people on the Sèvres road had kept their shops open amid all the terrible firing. Only some two or three houses had been closed. They stood at a dangerous angle to the batteries at Meudon. On one of them was chalked "*fermée pour cause du bombardement.*" Between the last of the houses and the ramparts, and at a distance of not more than 100 yards from the latter, were the newly-cut trenches which the troops had constructed. Good gabions protected them in front, and there was a plentiful supply of fascines lying all about. The doors of the Porte were no longer to be seen, except in little bits on the roadway. The drawbridge had succumbed bodily, and its place was supplied with some planks. The posthouse was in ruins, and the stone walls on either side between the gates and the parapet of the fortifications had been crumbled into rubbish; the glacis from the Point du Jour to Auteuil had been ploughed up in such a manner that not a yard of it was to be seen without a shell hole. To say

that the parapet had been riddled would not be correct. It is smashed here and there, and at intervals everywhere, but in no place between the two Gates I am referring to is the earthwork inside the parapet laid bare, nor has a breach, properly so called, been anywhere made. The doors and gate walls of both gates are smashed through, but all along, despite serious disfigurement, the parapet is strong still.

To come back to the Point du Jour—that is as much a ruin as the town of St. Cloud. From the gate to the Railway Station there is not a single habitable house; not three have roofs, and not one has its windows and walls intact. Every lamppost has been scattered about the road in small pieces, and a stranger who had not heard of the bombardment might be pardoned for supposing that the streets had been macadamized with the fragments of shells. Strange to say, the staircase leading from the Booking Office of the Railway Station to the line over head is uninjured, or nearly so, and by its means I was enabled to ascend and walk through that Viaduct which I have been looking at from a distance as shells have been battering it for the last six weeks. It is much knocked about, and so is the bridge underneath it, which in a series of arches spans the river, but both will be serviceable still after some repair. Huge stones, displaced from their settings and broken into small pieces, lie scattered on the bridge and its approaches. From the Viaduct I could see an immense conflagration in the neighbourhood of the Champ de Mars, and a combat between the troops and the Insurgents was going on. In the Place de la Concorde and the Rue de Rivoli, all down to the Trocadéro, reserves were in waiting with their chassepots stacked on each side of the road, but there was no fighting along the Quays. General Vinoy had established himself in his new Head-Quarters, and the 70,000 or 80,000 men already in the heart of the city are believed to be quite sufficient to dispose of the last desperadoes of the Commune. The sounds of battle we heard from more than one point, and yet every one spoke of the Insurrection as in its last agonies. Men and women once more held up their heads and snapped their fingers at Delescluze, Dombrowski, and the Commune, but there was sad evidence all around us of what this rebellion had done. There in the little cemetery behind the ramparts lay the unburied and mangled remains of 32 National Guards who had been killed at the batteries just above. The whole place was a picture of ruin and desolation. Passing out of the Point du Jour by the opening where the Porte de St. Cloud had stood, whole and entire, even after the Prussian bombardment, but where there is not a vestige of it bigger than a splinter now, I walked along the glacis in the direction of Auteuil. I was surprised to find that, at a distance of less than an eighth of a mile from the latter place, the military had fixed their gabions, sapped right up the glacis, and to within four or five yards of the fosse. The trenches had been cut across the Bois de Boulogne. Nothing, however, like enough of the parapet and the earthwork above had been thrown down to fill up the fosse. Indeed, no effort whatever had been made in the way of filling up, except at either side of the two Portes, so that an assault at any other than these points would have been a very difficult undertaking. On the glacis I saw the dead and decomposed body of a man not in uniform. He lay on his side, with one hand under his head and the other raised in the air. A gentleman who lives close by stated that the deceased, with two or three other men, had come out to fire stray shots at the soldiers in the trenches. As he lay there to-day I perceived that he had been pierced by several rifle balls. The gates at Auteuil have disappeared as completely as those at Point du Jour, and at the Railway Station behind the iron railway bridge over the road all the habitations are, so to speak, in a heap. The French term "*débris*" best describes what is left of Auteuil and its surroundings. Stone, mortar, iron bridge metal, lamp posts, trees, are smashed, pounded, and scattered. No one who visited Auteuil in happier times would recognize even the spot on which it stood. As specimens of successful bombardment the Point du Jour and the three barracks behind the *enceinte* that lie between them may be cited among the most complete that even modern artillery has succeeded in producing.

A great explosion, followed by a conflagration, occurred at half-past 12 at the Staff Quarters near the Esplanade of the Invalides.

Paris is now completely surrounded.

It is asserted that Dombrowski is hemmed in at Ouen.

The Insurgents have established a battery upon the terrace of the Garden of the Tuileries, the fire of which sweeps over the Champs Elysées; but this position has been turned by General Clinchamp, and there is reason to hope that the resistance will not

be of long duration.

The Versailles troops have already captured from 8,000 to 10,000 prisoners.

Fighting has been going on all this morning, the cannonade and musketry fire being incessant.

There is a large fire in the neighbourhood of the St. Lazare Railway Station, and a dense cloud of smoke hangs over the heights of Montmartre. Not only have the Germans completely isolated Paris, but all communication between Versailles and St. Denis is also cut off. Trains arriving from the North no longer enter Paris, but stop at St. Denis.

It is rumoured that the Prussians occupy Fort Vincennes.

The strictest orders have been given to the German outposts to drive back all Insurgents, and the advanced corps have been doubled tonight to prevent any from breaking through the circle of investment north of Paris.

A wounded Insurgent General attempted to pass the Prussian outposts, but was forced to retrace his steps.

MAY THE 23^d.

It may be desirable that I should add some particulars to the account I have already given of the way in which the troops moved from the *enceinte* to the different positions they occupied in Paris last night. The first column, proceeding between the railway and the Fortifications, made its way from Auteuil to La Muette; the second, starting from Auteuil, threw down a barricade which had been erected behind the railway arch, and, taking the Rue Raynouard and the Rue Franklin, proceeded by the high ground to the Trocadéro. This march was not a rapid one, because at every step precautions had to be taken against snares that might have been laid by the Insurgents. The Artillerymen and the Engineers entered the houses on the terraces and examined the powder stores in the Rue Beethoven in order to ensure the column against an explosion. The third column, setting out from the Point du Jour, marched along the quays to the Bridge of Jéna. At this point there was a junction of the three columns, and a line of occupation from Passy to the river side at that bridge was established. The fourth column crossed the river at the Point du Jour, and marched along the quay of Grenelle. Upon entering the Champs de Mars they found that the Insurgents were encamped in considerable force there. Skirmishers were thrown out, and, opening fire, they drove out the enemy without any serious difficulty, although the latter had a park of artillery. The Insurgents showed fight for some time, and a struggle was maintained on the right of the Champs de Mars, where the temporary wooden barracks have been erected. The Insurgents formed in a sort of hollow square at the four sides of the portion of the ground which for some time has been covered with artillery *caissons*, and responded to the attack upon them by a vigorous fire, but being opposed on two sides by an overwhelming force, they gave way, without any very great loss on either side. The tricolour was planted on the Pavilion d'École.

From the Arc de Triomphe there was no fighting down the Champs Élysées, but there was a struggle at the Palais de l'Industrie before the troops obtained possession of that building. Under the orders of certain members of the Commune, the Insurgents resisted with a musketry fire.

Montmartre kept firing in the direction of the Trocadéro throughout the day. Its fire did not kill or wound many men, but it retarded the advance of the troops towards the heart of the city.

The fire which I mentioned yesterday as having been seen by me from the Viaduct of the Point du Jour was caused by the blowing up of the riding school of the École d'Etat Major, which was filled with cartridges.

Dombrowski has not been taken. He escaped from La Muette when the troops entered, leaving behind him the silver service which was in the room where he had been about to sit down to dinner.

Assy, was taken on the Quai de Billy.

Montmartre has been carried after a rather sharp struggle. The tricolour now waves over the Buttes.

For some hours I witnessed the fighting to day. I found that early this morning all the important positions of Montmartre had been taken by the two Corps d'Armée of Generals Douai and Ladmirault. The latter General had occupied the station of St. Ouen and the Place of Clichy, and he had advanced to Montmartre by an external movement, keeping for some distance outside the ramparts. At the same time General Douai made a direct movement from inside the city by the Parc de Monceaux. In this manner Montmartre had been almost entirely surrounded. There was a hard contest, but the troops succeeded in entering the Buttes. A large number of the Insurgents were killed in the action, and about 4,000 were made prisoners. The number of cannon and mitrailleuses taken was very considerable, amounting to some hundreds. Belleville is still in the hands of the Insurgents, as are also the Hôtel de Ville and the Tuileries. The Red flag was floating on them at half-past 5 o'clock. Severe fighting was going on across the Place de la Concorde between the Insurgents occupying the mansion of the Ministry of Marine, at the corner of the Rue Royale, and the troops on the other side of the river in the Palace of the Corps Législatif. A gunboat which the Insurgents had under the Pont Royal, close to the Tuileries, was firing constantly. The Insurgents in the Rue de Rivoli and the garden of the Tuileries were using mitrailleuses and rifles, and the troops along the Boulevard at the edge of the Place des Invalides, close to the river, were attacking them with four-pounder guns. Fort Vanves was firing on the Insurgent positions in the neighbourhood of Montrouge and the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Federalists were shelling Vanves from Forts Montrouge and Bicêtre. There was musketry skirmishing at various points in the Faubourg St. Germain. The Insurgents occupy houses, from which they keep up a rapid fire to impede the march of General Cissey's troops. Among the prisoners taken to-day many have been recognized as old Reds who were actively engaged in the insurrection of June, 1848. A movement has been ordered which will result in completely shutting in the Insurgents within a circle formed by the whole Army of Paris. The Madeleine is in the hands of the military. Several fires have broken out in the city. Colonel Piquemalle, Chief of the Staff of General Vergé, was killed to-day.

The following circular despatch was yesterday forwarded to the Prefects of the several Departments.

"The tricolour flag waves over the Buttes-Montmartre and the Northern Railway station. These decisive points were carried by the troops of Generals Ladmirault and Clinchant, who captured between 2,000 and 3,000 prisoners. General Douai has taken the Church of the Trinity, and is marching upon the Mairie in the Rue Drouot.

"Generals Cissey and Vinoy are advancing towards the Hôtel-de-Ville and the Tuileries.

MAY 24th.

"The Generals, desiring to treat the city with lenity, withheld any attack upon public monuments in which the insurgents had taken up positions. This morning they carried the Place de la Concorde. The Ministry of Finances, the Hôtel of the Conseil d'Etat, the Palace of the Légion of Honour, and the Palace of the Tuileries were burnt by the insurgents. When the troops gained possession of the Tuileries, it was but a mass of smouldering ashes. The Louvre will be saved. The Hôtel de Ville is in flames. I am convinced that the insurrection will be completely conquered by this evening at the latest. No one could have prevented the crime of these wicked wretches. They have made use of petroleum for their incendiary purposes, and have sent petroleum bombs against the soldiers. What remedy can be applied? The best of the Generals of the army have shown an amount of talent and valour which has excited the admiration of foreigners.

I have just returned from witnessing one of the saddest sights that has occurred in the world's history.

I announced that the insurgents had set fire to several of the public buildings of Paris, the Royal and historical Tuileries included. Flames and bombshells are fast reducing the magnificent city to a huge and shapeless ruin. Its architectural glories

are rapidly passing away in smoke and flame, such as have never been witnessed since the burning of Moscow, and amid a roar of cannon, a screaming of mitrailleuses, a bursting of projectiles, and a horrid rattle of musketry from different quarters which are appalling. A more lovely day it would be impossible to imagine, a sky of unusual brightness, blue as the clearest ever seen, a sun of surpassing brilliancy even for Paris, scarcely a breath of wind to ruffle the Seine. Such of the great buildings as the spreading conflagration has not reached stand in the clearest relief as they are seen for probably the last time; but in a dozen spots, at both sides of the bridges, sheets of flame and awful volumes of smoke rise to the sky and positively obscure the light of the sun. I am making these notes on the Trocadéro. Close and immediately opposite to me is the Invalides, with its gilded dome shining brightly as ever. The wide esplanade of the École Militaire, almost immediately underneath it, is nearly covered with armed men, cannon, and horses. Shells from the positions of General Cissey, at Montrouge, are every minute falling close to the lofty dome of the Panthéon. It and the fine building of Val de Grace, near it, seem certain to be destroyed by missiles before the incendiary fire reaches them. There is a dense smoke close to St. Sulpice, and now flame rises amid the smoke, and the two towers of the church are illuminated as no electric light could illuminate them. Some large building is on fire there. Every one asks which it is; but no one can approach that Quarter to put the matter beyond doubt. Burnt leaves of books are flying towards us, and the prevailing opinion is that the Sorbonne and its Library are being consumed. There are a dozen other fires between that and the river. No one doubts that the Palais de Justice is sharing the fate of the Tuileries and the Louvres. The Château of the Tuileries has all but disappeared. The centre cupola has fallen in, and so has the roof along the entire length of the building. Some of the lower stories yet burn, for fire and smoke are rushing fiercely from the openings where up to this morning there were window-frames and windows.

The Louvre is not yet wholly gone, and perhaps the fire will not reach all its Courts. As well as we can make out through the flame and smoke rushing across the gardens of the Tuileries, the fire has reached the Palais Royal. Every one is now crying out, "The Palais Royal burns!" and we ascertain that it does. We cannot see Notre Dame or the Hôtel Dieu. It is probable that both are fast becoming ashes. Not an instant passes without an explosion. Stones and timber and iron are flying high into the air, and falling to the earth with horrible crashes. The very trees are on fire. They are crackling, and their leaves and branches are like tinder. The buildings in the Place de la Concorde reflect the flames, and every stone in them is like bright gold. Montmartre is still outside the circle of the flames; but the little wind that is blowing carries the smoke up to it, and in the clear heavens it rises black as Milton's Pandemonium. The New Opera House is as yet uninjured; but the smoke encircles it, and it will be next to a miracle if it escapes. We see clearly now that the Palais de Justice, the Ste. Chapelle, the Prefecture of Police, and the Hôtel de Ville are all blazing without a possibility existing of any portion of any one of them being saved from the general wreck and ruin.

The military are as far as the Pont Neuf on the left bank of the river, and just beyond the Hôtel de Ville on the right. Now, at 6 o'clock, it is all but certain that when this fire is extinguished scarcely one of the great monuments of Paris will have escaped entire destruction.

The barricade of the Insurgents at the end of the Rue Royale was taken last night by a movement in which the troops made their way from house to house, starting from the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, to the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré. The fighting in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré and the Avenue Marigny was very severe. Six shells fell and exploded in the grounds of the British Embassy. The two houses which formed the angles at the corners of the Rue Royale and the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré were burnt to the ground. The Place Vendôme was taken by the troops. In the Faubourg St. Germain during the whole night an energetic combat was raging between the Insurgents and the men of General Cissey's division.

The Versailles batteries are firing furiously against the Quarters which still hold out. By the aid of the telescope the horrible fact is disclosed of numerous dead and wounded left lying about the streets without any succour whatever.

MAY 25th.

I have been over a large portion of the city to-day and I am happy to say that, though large fires are still raging, the conflagration is not spreading to the extent that had been apprehended. The destruction done by the street fighting and the desolation which prevails in the principal Boulevards and other leading thoroughfares exceed all I could have imagined from a more distant view.

I went to the Porte de la Muette, and, getting round to the left, approached the Arc de Triomphe from the Avenue de L'Impératrice. All along I found trees, lamp-posts, and the façades of houses smashed by shells. Turning off by the Rue de Morny, I worked my way round to the Boulevard Haussmann. It was impossible to proceed along by the pavement, as on either side at intervals of a few feet felled trees and thick branches had been laid down by the insurgents to obstruct the passage of the troops. On Monday last the Federals had occupied the houses, and fired from the corridors. All the fronts of the houses were disfigured by rifle balls, the corridors were broken, and the handsome stone cornices very much battered. The beautiful columns of the Madeleine are sadly injured, the fluted edges having been in many places shot away. The two houses in the Rue Royale, at the corner of the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, were blazing still, and the smoke and ashes that flew from them were stifling the pompiers, who were working energetically there and at other points; some of their corps were shot. It had been discovered that they, instead of throwing water on the fires they were called upon to extinguish, were actually pumping petroleum into the flames, and so adding to their fury. When this was detected the guilty firemen were surrounded by a body of cavalry, conducted into the Parc de Monceaux, and there shot. I could count the number of people I met along the Boulevards, so few were those who ventured to walk about. The fears of petroleum and explosions are universal. The inhabitants had either stopped up, or were engaged in stopping up, every chink through which petroleum might be thrown into their houses. Their cellar lights, their ventilators, and their gratings were being made impervious by sand, mortar, and other materials. This precaution was taken because women and children partisans of the Commune, have in numerous instances been detected throwing petroleum into houses. Not a shop was entirely open, and those that opened only doors were inferior restaurants and wine houses. Around the railing in the Place Vendôme troopers' horses were tied. The bronze figure of the Emperor was on its back, the shattered and prostrate Column lay about in fragments. On visiting the neighbourhood of Montmartre, and ascending an Observatory there I found there was a cannon and musketry fire going on in the district of Belleville and the Buttes de Chaumont. The Insurgents had not been dislodged, and as the troops have undergone much fatigue since Monday a regular attack on Belleville will not be made till to-morrow morning. General Clinchant will bring his forces against it in the rear, and General Vinoy's soldiers will advance upon it from the Boulevards. On coming round by the quay to the Place de la Concorde I found that all the statues of the French cities are injured, and some very considerably. Of several the arms and heads are off. The splendid fountains in the centre of the Place are dreadfully smashed. The stone balustrade is badly broken in a hundred places. The lamp posts are all down, and this once charming spot presents a most melancholy appearance. I found a crowd looking over the wall of the wharf beside the bridge. I looked over and found a number of labourers digging a huge square grave in which to bury some 25 Insurgents, who lay mangled and dead along the wall.

The Hôtel de Ville is still smoking. So are the ashes of the Tuileries. Happily not very much of the Louvre is destroyed, and at the Palais Royal the fire was extinguished when only a portion of that building had been consumed. The Prefecture of Police is consumed, but the Palais de Justice is not, and the Sainte Chapelle has suffered but little injury. The greatest conflagration of to-day was that at the Grenier d'Abondance. The flames and smoke from it rose high over the city. There were other fires, but, happily, not in the centre of the city. I could not learn in what particular buildings they were rising, but I believe that a frightful fire is raging at the Entrepot des Vins, on the Quai St. Bernard.

M. Thiers has addressed the following Circular to the Departements:—

"We are masters of Paris, with the exception of a very small portion, which will be occupied this morning. The Tuileries are in ashes, the Louvre is saved. A portion of the Ministry of Finance along the Rue de Rivoli, the Palais d'Orsay, where the Council of State holds its sittings, and the Court of Accounts have been burnt. Such is the condition in which Paris is delivered to us by the wretches who oppressed it. We have

already in our hands 12,000 prisoners, and shall certainly have from 18,000 to 20,000. The soil of Paris is strewn with corpses of the Insurgents. The frightful spectacle will, it is hoped, serve as a lesson to those insensate men who dared to declare themselves partisans of the Commune. Justice will soon be satisfied. The human conscience is indignant at the monstrous acts which France and the world have now witnessed. The Army has behaved admirably. We are happy in the midst of our misfortune to be able to announce that, thanks to the wisdom of our Generals, it has suffered very small losses."

The troops have captured the Hôtel de Ville, and have occupied Fort Montrouge.

The military operations are being actively and energetically carried on by the three Corps which are now in Paris. It is hoped that they will be in possession of the whole of the capital by this evening.

It is asserted that General Vinoy has been appointed Governor of Paris.

The newspapers state that Delescluze, Cluseret, Félix Pyat, and Ranvier have been made prisoners, but the news is not officially confirmed.

Firemen have been summoned by telegraph from all the districts around Paris.

Fort Bicêtre has been occupied by the troops.

It is stated that Raoul Rigault was shot this morning.

A dense cloud of smoke still hangs over Paris, which gives rise to fears of fresh conflagrations.

Since noon to-day a south-easterly wind has arisen, causing the conflagration to extend in the direction of the Bastille, and threatening the city with destruction.

The Versailles batteries are firing vigorously upon Belleville.

The fires are apparently slackening. The wind fortunately veered round to the west at 5 o'clock this evening, and this change was followed by a calm, which has since continued. The sky is still lurid from the reflection of the flames, and the *débris* from the burning buildings fall at distances of 20 kilomètres.

It is said that the Mazas prison is burnt to ashes, and fears are entertained for the safety of the Archbishop, who was incarcerated there.

It is reported that considerable bodies of Insurgents attempted to escape from Paris in the direction of Aubervilliers and Romainville, but they were driven back.

The cannonading from the Versailles batteries at Montmartre against Belleville and Chaumont continues.

MAY 26th.

The attack on Belleville was made this morning soon after daybreak. General Clinchant approached it from the ramparts, and General Bruat's Division marched on it in front from the direction of the Rue de Paris. The troops had to attack seven barricades successively. When they had made a partial progress the Insurgents, seeing defeat inevitable, offered to surrender on condition that their lives should be spared. This was refused, and the struggle continued till the military succeeded. A large number of the Insurgents were shot. Many cannon and 22 red flags were captured.

Last night a large group of the Insurgents imprisoned in the docks of Satory, attempted a rising. The battalion in charge fired, and a number of the prisoners were shot dead. The portion of the Palais Royal consumed by the fire on Wednesday is the block of buildings in which Prince Napoleon resided. The library of the Louvre has been destroyed. The fire was arrested at the portion of the building occupied by the Gendarmerie. Between the Louvre and the Hôtel de Ville several shops and private houses have been reduced to ashes. The Théâtre Lyrique is burnt down. Of the Hôtel de Ville nothing remains but some walls. The Hotel of the Ministry of Finance and that of the Cour des Comptes are both destroyed. One of the towers of the Conciergerie, the Prefecture of Police, and a portion of the Palais de Justice are burnt. The Grenier

d'Abonbance has disappeared, after being in flames for many hours yesterday. A shell charged with petroleum struck and set on fire the turret of the Church of St. Eustache. This part of the building crumbled away; but the church itself was saved. In the Rue Royale eight houses have been entirely, and two partially, consumed by the fire which broke out at the corners of the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré. In the latter street four houses have been consumed. The upper story of the British Embassy has been much injured by shells. Several women have been arrested while in the act of firing on the troops, and it is said that one *cantinière* caused the death of ten soldiers by putting poison in their wine. Some of the women whom I have seen marched from Paris as prisoners are dressed in the uniform of National Guards. Not a few of the female prisoners are very furious-looking. Several attempts at escape and assassination have been made by prisoners. They are marched between a double line of Cavalry, each of the latter holding a revolver in his hand, with his finger on the trigger. Women found throwing petroleum into houses have been shot on the spot. Since Monday there has been a very large number of summary executions in the streets of Paris. At No. 27, Rue Oudinot, where Les Ambulances de la Presse have their Head-Quarters, the bodies of 52 persons thus despatched are now deposited. On one, which is dressed in the uniform of a National Guard, bank notes to the amount of 150,000f. were found.

Viard, a member of the Commune, was arrested in the Rue de l'Université yesterday. Gustave Courbet, an artist of celebrity, and also a member of the Commune, has died at Satory of poison, supposed to have been administered by himself. He expired in great agony. He it was who promoted the idea of destroying the Column in the Place Vendôme. Raoul Rigault, Procureur de la Commune, has been shot. Napoléon Gaillard, Director of the Barricades, was insubordinate at Satory, and was shot by the side of the fosse there. It is reported that Cluseret, Amouroux, and Clément, all members of the Commune, have been arrested.

Fort d'Ivry has been evacuated by the Insurgents. They blew it up on leaving, and the troops have taken possession of it. Six thousand insurgents surrendered at discretion this morning at the Barrière d'Italie.

The affair of Belleville is not yet concluded. There is fighting still. A great fire is raging in the direction Buttes de Chaumont.

MAY 27th.

If it is difficult to realize the present condition of Paris, it is still more difficult to describe it. We creep timidly about the streets, haunted by the constant dread, either of being arrested as belonging to the Commune, pressed into a *chaîne*, or struck by the fragment of some chance shell, and oppressed ever by the scenes of destruction and desolation that surround us; the whole forming a combination which produces a sensation more nearly allied to nightmare than to any psychological experience with which I am familiar, but yet requiring some new word to define it. The angry ring of the volleys of execution; the strings of men and women hurried off to their doom; the curses of an infuriated populace; the brutal violence of an exasperated soldiery, are sights and sounds calculated to produce a strange and powerful effect on the mind. Yesterday afternoon I drove over as much of the city already in the occupation of the Versaillists as was consistent with safety. Following the Boulevard Clichy in order to avoid the *chaînes* in the neighbourhood of the Madeleine, I passed the scenes of terrible fighting. The Place Clichy was a mass of barricades and shattered houses, the *façades* marked with bullets as if pitted with the smallpox, the windows smashed, and the evidences of a fearful struggle visible everywhere. It seemed as if the ground had been disputed here house by house; but from all I can learn of the resistance, the actual defenders of the barricades, though resolute men, were few in number. One of the most marked characteristics of this fighting has been the cowardice of the many as compared with the courage and resolution of the few; some of the barricades were abandoned by their defenders by hundreds, only ten or a dozen remaining to the last, and holding their ground until they were all killed or wounded. Passing up the Rue Lafayette, I reached the Head Quarters of the Fifth Corps, where, happening to know an officer, I was present at the examination of some prisoners who were brought in, as every soldier who thinks he has good ground for suspicion can arrest men or women, and drag them to the divisional tribunal. They are captured in shoals. One lame man with a villanous countenance, who was brought in while I was there, was accused of

being a *chef de barricade*, and having been taken in the act. He was put through a short sharp fire of cross-examination, his pockets emptied and his clothes felt, and he was then hurried off to take his place in the ranks of the condemned ones that are forwarded to Versailles. Instant execution is only ordered in the more extreme cases, excepting where the fighting is actually going on, and then the troops give very little quarter. The bitterness of the belligerents against each other is of a far more intense and sanguinary kind than that which ordinarily exists between combatants. The soldiery, looking at the pedestal on the Place Vendôme and at the numerous public buildings which in some form or other are associated with their military history, now all smoking ruins, can scarcely contain their rage, and not unnaturally vent it with ferocity on an enemy which deliberately planned the destruction of Paris as the price of victory to the conquerors, and who are even yet endeavouring to carry out their diabolical design of destroying the houses still uninjured by secretly introducing petroleum balls and fusées into the cellars. I saw a soldier suddenly seize a man as he was apparently harmlessly walking along the street; his pockets were emptied and found to contain cartridges and combustible balls of various sizes. Another soldier and a sailor rushed to the spot; the latter drew his revolver, and I expected would have shot the man then and there, but he was satisfied on seeing his comrade prick him sharply with his bayonet. The two soldiers then hurried the culprit off in front of them cuffing him occasionally on the head, and accelerating his progress with the points of their bayonets while they cursed him heartily. A small crowd eagerly followed to see his fate, which they loudly hoped would be instant execution; and, looking at the detestable nature of the contents of his pockets and of his intentions, one could scarcely blame either his captors or their sympathizers if they called for vengeance, and long ere this, he has probably ceased to exist. One woman was caught with these fire balls on two occasions, having succeeded once in escaping. As a general rule, the hand-dog look of the prisoners is their most striking characteristic. I passed one gang of about 50 yesterday, and tried in vain, as I walked by their side, to catch a man's eye, or even to see a face turned fairly up to the light of day. With heads bare, and eyes steadily fixed on the ground, they passed between rows of people, who howled and hooted at them, and it was not till I reached the head of the short column that I observed a slender figure walking alone in the costume of the National Guard, with long, fair hair floating over the shoulders, a bright blue eye, and a handsome, bold, young face that seemed to know neither shame nor fear. When the female spectators detected at a glance that this seeming young National Guardsman was a woman, their indignation found vent in strong language, for the torrent of execration seems to flow more freely from feminine lips when the object is a woman than if it be one of the opposite sex; but the only response of the victim was to glare right and left with heightened colour and flashing eyes, in marked contrast to the cowardly crew that followed her. If the French nation were composed only of French women what a terrible nation it would be!

The aspect of the Boulevards is the strangest sight imaginable. I followed them from the Porte St. Martin to the Rue de la Paix. There was fighting at the Château d'Eau, and without either a pass or an ambulance *brassard* a nearer approach to the scene of action was undesirable; indeed, until recently, the shells had been bursting here in every direction, and their holes might be seen in the centre of those pavements heretofore sacred to the *flâneurs* of Paris. Strewn over the streets were branches of trees; and fragments of masonry that had been knocked from the houses, bricks and mortar, torn proclamations, shreds of clothings half concealing bloodstains, were now the interesting and leading features of that fashionable resort; foot passengers were few and far between, the shops and *cafés* hermetically sealed, excepting where bullets had made air holes, and during my whole afternoon's promenade I only met three other carriages besides my own. The Place de l'Opéra was a camping ground of artillery, the Place Vendôme a confusion of barricades, guarded by sentries and the Rue Royale a mass of *débris*. Looked at from the Madeleine the desolation and ruin of that handsome street were lamentable to behold. The Place de la Concorde was a desert, and in the midst of it lay the statue of Lille with the head off. The last time I had looked on that face it was covered with crape, in mourning for the entry of the Prussians. Near the bridge were 24 corpses of Insurgents, laid out in a row, waiting to be buried under the neighbouring paving stones. To the right the skeleton of the Tuileries reared its gaunt shell, the framework of the lofty wing next the Seine still standing; but the whole of the roof of the central building was gone, and daylight visible through all the windows right into the Place de Carrousel. General MacMahon's head-quarters were at the Affaires Etrangères, which were intact. After a

visit there, I passed the Corps Législatif, also uninjured by fire, but much marked by shot and shell, and so along the Quais the whole way to the Mint, at which point General Vinoy had established his head-quarters. At the corner of the Rue du Bac the destruction was something appalling. The Rue du Bac is an impassable mound of ruins, 15 or 20 feet high, completely across the street as far as I could see. The Légion d'Honneur, the Cour des Comptes, and Conseil d'Etat were still smoking, but there was nothing left of them but the blackened shells of their noble *façades* to show how handsome they had once been. At this point, in whichever direction one looked, the same awful devastation met the eye—to the left the smouldering Tuileries, to the right, the long line of ruin where the fire had swept through the magnificent palaces on the Quai, and overhead again to-day a cloud of smoke, more black and abundant even than yesterday, incessantly rolling its dense volumes from behind Notre-Dame, whose two towers were happily standing uninjured. This fire issued from the Grenier d'Abondance and other buildings in the neighbourhood of the Jardin des Plantes. In another direction the Arsenal was also burning. One marked result of a high state of civilization is, that it has furnished improved facilities for incendiarism, which seem to have been developed even more completely than the means of counteracting them. Along the Quais under the trees, cavalry horses were picketed, and a force was about to leave General Vinoy's head-quarters just as I reached it, to support an attack which was even then being made upon the Place de la Bastille, where the Insurgents were still holding out. On the opposite side of the river were the smoking ruins of the Théâtre Châtelet and the Hôtel de Ville. Passing through the Place du Carrousel into the Rue de Rivoli, I had a more complete view of the entire destruction which has overtaken the Tuileries and some of the adjoining buildings. The lower end of the Rue de Rivoli towards the Faubourg St. Antoine was densely crowded with troops, and passage in that direction was interdicted, while at the other end, near the Place de la Concorde, there was a *chaîne*; so I struck once more across to the Boulevards, past the Palais Royal, a large part of which is burnt, wearied and sickened with the waste of ruins through which I had passed, and meeting with only one incident, when I found myself in the midst of a panic-stricken throng all running away from a series of cracker-like explosions, which turned out to be cartridges that from some unexplained cause had begun to go off spontaneously under our feet. To-day the firing is more distant and less audible. The insurgents are still holding the heights of Belleville and Père-Lachaise. In the Jardin des Plantes the loss of the troops was heavy, but up to this time they have won their ground with a less loss than could have been anticipated, and the fearful mortality of Generals which characterized the last "*Campagne Parisienne*" has happily not been repeated upon this occasion. So far, no General has been either killed or wounded.

The affair of Belleville is not yet concluded. There is fighting still. A great fire is raging in the direction of the Buttes de Chaumont.

Loud reports have been heard within the walls of Mazas, and it is supposed that the hostages have been massacred.

Courbet, Amouroux, Gambon, and Valles have been executed.

The night is quiet.

Shells have fallen on the Boulevard Ménéilmontant. Great hopes are entertained that the rains will check the conflagration. A few shells have fallen in the Rue de la Paix. Constant arrests or executions are being made of women who throw incendiary matter down the cellar gratings. Many bodies have been exhumed from under shattered houses, some with large sums of money on them. News reaches us that troops of the Line have occupied Ménéilmontant and the Cemetery of Père-Lachaise. The Federals had declared Père-Lachaise to be their last stronghold, and that they were prepared to defend it tomb by tomb. The National Guard will be dissolved to-morrow. Upwards of 1,000 prisoners were marched up the Boulevard this morning, escorted by mounted Hussars. Delescluze has been taken at Villiers le Bel. General Eudes and Ranvier have also been taken. The public buildings destroyed up to the present time are the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Ministry of Finance, the Cour des Comptes, the Prefecture of Police, the Palace of the Légion of Honour, the Caisse des Dépôts, Graineterie, and the Garde Meuble. The Panthéon was saved by a rush of Marines, who cut a slow match before it reached the powder barrels in the crypt. The Châtelet, Lyrique, and Porte St. Martin Théâtres have been burnt, also the great barracks of the Rue des Célestins. Part of the roof of St. Eustache has fallen in.

The fighting still continues round the Château d'Eau. There will be no difficulty, however, in disarming the National Guard. Valles fought for his life, and received a sabre cut across the face and several bullets before he finally fell close to the Tour St. Jacques. Rows of bodies line the quays awaiting burial where they fell. The individuals arrested will be tried by Court-Martial at Versailles. The Court-Martial will commence its sittings on Monday. Many women and children have been executed around the Luxembourg, having been convicted of firing on soldiers. Fort Bicêtre is still in Federal hands, but the garrison is said to have exhausted its ammunition. Bergeret gave the order for burning the Tuileries. General Douai, by promptness of action, prevented the fire spreading to the Louvre. Humour has it that Delescluze and Pyat, disguised as beggars, were recognized in the Rue du Petit Carreau, and shot. Thirteen women have just been executed after being publicly disgraced in the Place Vendôme. They were caught in the act of spreading petroleum. Such papers as have appeared announce the execution of the Archbishop of Paris and the curé of the Madeleine.

The Column Vendôme is to be rebuilt.

With an English friend I this morning made my way along the line of Boulevards running east of the Madeleine. A marvellous change had come over them since yesterday; they were crowded with troops of the Line and civilians fraternizing with them, and wandering about to look for the traces of the recent conflict without danger of being shot from windows or being pressed into the service of the Communists to build or fight behind a barricade. It was our plan to make for the Hôtel de Ville, and we took the Bourse in our way. Everything was so quiet that we half hoped the fighting in that part of Paris at any rate was over, and we were in consequence greatly astonished to hear near us the furious beating of the *rappel*, as regulars were all about. We thought for a moment a hot conflict was at hand, but we had forgotten, not unnaturally, considering how long it is since we had seen or heard of them, the Party of Order. It was they who were rallying valiantly at the Bourse round the new tricolour banner and a few gentlemen who wore tricolour *brassards* or pretty bunches of tricolour riband, and whose general tidiness and freshness contrasted strikingly with the grimy, business-like look of the real soldiers close by. These were streaming into the Place des Victoires, close by, receiving cheers and congratulations from the people about in the square or at the windows, who seemed delighted to see them. The men were in capital spirits, and told us they were carrying everything before them, that the Insurgents fought often well enough so far as mere pluck went, but were everywhere outmanœuvred, and at nearly every barricade found themselves taken at once in front, flank, and rear. This exactly tallied with what we had already heard and seen. An officer told his men to keep a sharp look out on the windows of the houses about, lest they should be surprised by a fusillade. "No fear of that," said a *bourgeois*; "not a gun will be fired at you in this Quarter." This looked peaceful enough, and we were considerably astonished therefore as we went up a street a little further on, the Rue d'Aboukir, I think, to find ourselves facing a barricade about 150 yards off, manned, and with a flag floating over it that looked very red. We stared hard and long, but the flag was unmistakably red, and therefore, supposing any Regulars to advance, we were directly between two fires. We accordingly turned into a side street and waited patiently, as it seemed impossible that Regulars and Reds so near each other should escape collision. The Regulars were sure to come on; the only question was whether the Reds would run. As I looked up another parallel street, the Rue de Cléry, I think, I found the question answered in an odd way. There, within thirty yards, were two officers of Reds lounging leisurely about and stopping now and then to talk to people at doors. I suppose they were told of the near approach of the Regulars, for they turned back in the direction of their barricade. But meantime the Regulars had advanced, and, therefore, the enemies were at one moment within 40 paces of each other, though, being in different streets, they were unconscious of each other's near vicinity. Both parties seemed, as they well might, thoroughly at home, the people, whatever might be their secret sympathies, showing a decent appearance, at least, of impartiality to all men with arms in their hands, and yet in a few minutes or seconds—for there was now no doubt that they were about to fight—everybody was on the *qui vive*, getting ready to escape if necessary. The extraordinary feature of these Paris street fights is that many of them go on with a crowd of non-combatants, men, women, and children, as close to them on both sides as if the whole affair were a theatrical representation of a sensational melodramatic kind, where a good deal of powder and blue lights would be burnt, but no bullets or lives would be spent. In streets in which fighting actually occurs no one of course shows except combatants, and these show as

little as possible, lying down or sheltering behind extempore barricades and windows. The people indoors, as may be supposed, do not keep near them, as the bullets fired down the sides of the streets under cover of doorways or corner houses glance and ricochet about in the wildest way. Scarcely a window escapes if the fight lasts long, but adjoining streets running at right angles to the fighting ground are for the moment comparatively safe, and the people crowd about the doorways in these, the more venturesome getting close to street corners, and every now and then cautiously craning their necks round to see, if possible, whether shots tell.

Perhaps the strangest thing about a Paris street fight is that up to the very last moment one sees people running quietly along, utterly unconscious of danger, right between two lines of fire, with loaded mitrailleuses within a hundred yards of them. One minute before the fight I am describing began this morning, an old lady, with a large market basket on her arm, was leisurely walking down the Rue d'Aboukir between the barricades and soldiers mustering quietly at the corner of the Rue Montmartre. She was probably making way to the Halles Centrales close by to get something for breakfast, in happy ignorance of the fact that at that very moment soldiers were firing, as far as we could see, right into it. I found afterwards that the Reds were then in occupation of it, and had loop-holed the Church of St. Eustache, which they held in great force. Shouts of warning from the crowd standing near me at the corner of the Rue Montmartre made her at last quicken her pace, though I doubt whether she quite understood them or knew her danger. I scarcely know whether Paris combatants at this period are considerate enough to wait till the ground is clear of non-combatants, or whether out of politeness each side was waiting for the other to fire first. In any case the regulars did not wait long. A colonel of the Staff, with cane in one hand and in the other a map of Paris, studying, stood at the corner of a side street, gave his men the order to commence instantly. A soldier on each side took a step forward, and exposing himself as little as possible fired up at the barricade. After he had fired he fell back to reload, and another all ready took his place, so that, though there were at first very few men—not more than 20 perhaps—firing was pretty hot. Quick came back the response of the Reds, and whizzing went their bullets down the street, or crashing against projecting corners of the houses, so near one's ears that it was at first hard to keep from dodging, despite one's convictions that only Irish guns shoot round corners. Ricochet balls were not only not more dangerous, but probably were less dangerous, at the corner than farther off. Some stood as near as they could to the soldiers. It would be impossible to do this with the Reds, as they would insist one's taking up a rifle and shooting or being shot; but the Regulars, so far from forcing, would not even allow an amateur to indulge in fancy shooting. But taking hurried shots round a corner at men crouched hundreds of yards off behind well-built barricades is too slow work to be satisfactory, and the officials came and began to show signs of impatience. The leader, from a safe post of observation, was able to take a cool searching view of the situation, and ordered some of his men, whose numbers were gradually increasing as they hurried up the street below, ducking heads and hugging walls, to mount some of the corner houses, while others extemporized a barricade in the street. To mount the houses was easy enough, though the door of one had to be broken in, and presently we heard glass tumbling down as muzzles of rifles were poked through the upper panes, and soon sharp cracks and thick puffs of smoke leaping out showed that the men had settled down to their work. The barricade was a more difficult matter, as it had to be made full in front of the enemy's fire; but it was contrived with wonderful coolness and rapidity, the civilians about eagerly bringing stones. Two or three barrels appeared as if by magic. By pushing the barricade cautiously across the street, by lying down under cover of one bit as they built another, the Regulars soon had cover enough to fire comparatively at ease straight up at the barricade, while their comrades at the windows took it from above in flank. I was sometimes within a few feet of them, and was much struck by their coolness and military common sense, if I may use the expression. They did the work before them in a quiet, business-like way, in what, during the late war, was considered by some the best feature of Prussian fighting, not shirking risk when it was necessary, but, on the other hand, not needlessly exposing themselves for the sake of swagger, especially of the officers. This morning, the officers not being wanted, had the sense to keep quietly out of harm's way and smoke their cigarettes like unconcerned civilians when not giving orders to their men. The Reds, on the other hand, fought capitally, keeping up a brisk and well-directed fire. Yet, strange to say, nobody was wounded; I mean on our side.

MAY 28th.

A week has elapsed to-day since the Versailles troops established themselves inside the *enceinte*, and the fighting has been incessant ever since; this is hard work enough for the assailants, who number nearly 150,000 men; but for the soldiers—if soldiers they can be called—of the Commune, the effort has already been almost superhuman. Gradually diminishing in numbers, constantly finding themselves forced upon a smaller area, and, therefore, the target of a more concentrated fire, hemmed in upon all sides, with ammunition and provisions falling short, exposed to a heavy rain, which has been falling incessantly for 48 hours, unable to seek repose in any spot sheltered from the shells of the enemy, which are pouring in unremitting showers upon every corner of their position, the situation of the Insurgents is desperate in the extreme, and it cannot be denied that they are fighting with an energy and a heroism worthy of a better cause. Reports are so varied and contradictory as to the fate of their leaders that even the Generals of the French army do not know positively who is commanding them; but if the prisoners are to be believed, the irrepressible Cluseret has again risen to the surface, and is the heart and soul of the defence. As the position of the Insurgents becomes desperate, it seems to produce a greater ferocity on both sides. The rebels neither ask nor give quarter; they have made up their minds that death, whether as combatants or as prisoners, is their only alternative, and men and women seem to be lashed up to a frenzy which has converted them into a set of wild beasts caught in a trap, and rendering their extermination a necessity. I went yesterday to the Jardin des Plantes, as the entire left bank of the Seine is now in the hands of the Government troops, and found M. Decaisne, the celebrated botanical professor, still safe and sound, after having passed through three days of unparalleled suspense. On Wednesday the *rappel* had been beaten by the Insurgents, and notice was publicly given that the Panthéon was to be blown up at 2 o'clock. The result was a general "stampede" of the inhabitants in an agony of terror and dismay. For two or three hours women and children came pouring out of the doomed quarter, unable to save any of their property, and not even yet assured that they had escaped the limits of the explosion. At 5 o'clock no explosion had occurred, and the rumour spread that the attempt had failed for want of a sufficient quantity of powder. I told you how the Panthéon was saved; the people went back to their houses, only to witness severe street fighting, the result of which was to drive the Insurgents slowly across the river, where they made a fierce stand at a *tête du pont* erected at the end of the bridge of Austerlitz. This had only been carried the evening before my visit to it, and bore all the marks of an actual battlefield. Here were eight or ten bodies strewn behind the barricade, with groups of women and young children gathered round inspecting them, and lifting, with a morbid curiosity, the cloths which had been thrown over them to conceal their distorted countenances. These men had been killed in hard fighting, men and accoutrements were strewn thickly around, the houses were smashed and riddled with shot. The barricade, a formidable earthwork and battery, was pounded into a mere heap—everything betokened a bitter struggle; and, indeed, I had already heard from a Staff officer that the Line had lost more heavily at this point than elsewhere. Passing along the side of the canal, we endeavoured to reach the Bastille, but were stopped by a battery which was firing at Père-Lachaise, and which was receiving shells in reply from the cemetery. We therefore retraced our steps past the long gaunt skeleton of the Prefecture of the Police, which was still smoking, and which had contained a body of political prisoners incarcerated by the Insurgents, but released by them in order to work at barricades. This proved their salvation, as they were enabled to effect their escape on the approach of the troops. It is reported, nevertheless, that some still lie buried beneath these smouldering ruins. To the right of the Bastille we could see a heavy volume of smoke rising apparently from a point corresponding to the position of the prison of Mazas. We are still in utter darkness as to the fate of the Archbishop and the clergy in confinement with him, but the tragedy of the Dominicans leaves us little hope. About 20 of these priests were imprisoned on Friday, the 19th, at Fort Bicêtre. On Thursday, when this had to be abandoned, they were hurried away to the Gobelins on the promise of being set at liberty. Instead of this they were driven to work on the barricades, then dragged to a prison in the Avenue d'Italie. At half-past 4 in the afternoon they were visited by a certain M. Cerisier with a company of the 101st battalion of the National Guards, who deliberately loaded in their presence. The outside door of the prison was then thrown open, and they were ordered to leave it one by one. As they marched out singly they were shot successively by order of

Cerisier, with the exception of the narrator of the occurrence, and one or two others who were either missed or slightly wounded and escaped. Twelve bodies of these unhappy men have already been recovered.

There is also no doubt that M. Gustave Chaudey, one of the principal editors of the *Siècle*, and a literary man of some eminence and high character, who had incurred the displeasure of the Communists, has been shot by them. On the other side the executions are wholesale. It is estimated that upwards of 2,000 persons have been shot already on the left bank of the Seine alone, evidently a small proportion of the total number. Wherever women and children are to be observed leaning over the parapet of the Seine intently regarding some object below, one may be sure that the attraction is a group of hideously mutilated corpses of men who have been brought down to the river side, and then with their backs to the wall have met their doom. On the sloping roads leading down from the *quai* to the river may also be seen inequalities where the road has been recently disturbed and where the freshly-turned earth indicates burial-places. Not far from these bodies were lying several dead horses, from which the people were cutting steaks. The inside of the Hôtel de Ville presents a curious scene, the solid masses of stone and lime of which the rubbish is composed having fallen in in the form of a crater, which fills up the whole central place. Under this mound are said to be buried from 200 to 300 Insurgents who were unable to escape at the last moment, and thus fell the victims of the conflagration they had themselves originated. The mutilation of the ornamental work of this magnificent specimen of architecture is simply hideous; there is scarcely a square inch of the *façade* untouched by shot or shell. Anxious, if possible, to judge of the progress of the attack which was being made on the Insurgent position at Père-Lachaise, I reached the Place Château d'Eau, which had been taken the day before from the Insurgents. I found it, however, impossible to go beyond the angle of the Wall near the Ambigu. Here a small crowd was collected which was dispersed by a shot just as I approached, and the place itself was a solitary desert, for it was swept from the heights of Belleville down the Faubourg du Temple. Passing along the Boulevard Magenta, we obtained from the point where the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis traverses the Rue Lafayette, a view of an Insurgent barricade, on which a red flag was still flying, and which was turned by the troops while we were there. We were looking down the long, straight line of street totally deserted, and in the far distance watching the barricade, beyond which rose the occasional puffs of smoke from a musketry fire, when we suddenly saw the red trousers scampering across in twos and threes, and then in larger numbers, and knew that the barricade had been taken, and that it was safe to come out of our cover and walk on the opposite side of the street. All this time the whistling and bursting of the shell overhead was as incessant and loud as I have ever heard on the field of battle. We were directly in the line of fire between Montmartre and Père la Chaise, although completely protected from it, as everything passed overhead. But the terrific rushing through the air of the projectiles, and the cracking and bursting at each end when they reached their destination, made a music which it requires a Parisian education thoroughly to appreciate. Heavy volumes of smoke rose from the besieged quarter, and the destruction of life and property upon the doomed area which the Insurgents have chosen as their final stronghold must be something appalling. Near the angle of the street at which we stood lay the dead body of a man, covered with a cloth, who had been shot not many hours before in an adjoining Court. It was evident from the looks and tone of the inhabitants of this neighbourhood that their sympathies were strongly with the Communists. They muttered gloomily and savagely to each other, scarcely daring to raise their suspicious glances from the ground, for they knew not which of their neighbours might not have denounced them, and that the day of danger was by no means past. Probably two-thirds of the men now gathered at their shopdoors had fought actively for the Commune. At the Prévôté of the 5th corps I had an interesting instance of the effect of denunciations. While there some men who had been intrusted with the arrest of General Henry returned from their expedition. General Henry, it will be remembered, was one of the earliest leaders of the movement, and I went down to see where he had openly established himself as Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard in the Vaugirard quarter. About the 16th of March, or two days before the Revolution several attempts were made to arrest him but the task was so dangerous that they all failed. Throughout the movement this man has exhibited daring and intelligence, and his capture is much desired. In consequence of the information received his haunt was visited, and the result I saw in the shape of a blue Prussian overcoat stained with blood and perforated with a bullet-hole, a tunic still more bloody and torn, a very jaunty braided jacket quite clean and

new, a Prussian undress cap, and a very handsome sword. The proprietor had evidently been wounded, and had succeeded in evading his captors, if still alive, by some secret contrivance, which, however, the honour of the denouncer was pledged to discover; it was evident that he had provided himself with a Prussian uniform, in the hope of passing through the German lines, and the blood on his coat would seem to indicate that he had made the attempt and failed. From this barrack, just prior to my visit, had been removed several wounded children, most of them under eight years old. One of the most horrible features of the war in a thickly-peopled city is to be found in the sufferings which it entails upon the innocent who are thus early familiarized with scenes of blood and violence, and who too often, unfortunately, are themselves the victims of them. The *gamins* of Paris love to dabble in petroleum and play with lucifer matches, and revel in destruction and conflagration. More daring than their elders, they stick with their mothers to barricades after the father of the family has deemed it prudent to retire, and numerous are the stories of their heroism and courage. Unfortunately, their propensities for arson render them liable to be shot, and it is sad to see how many children are often comprised in a band of prisoners. I went underground to the cells in which the prisoners were confined at the Prévôté, and wandered along narrow, subterranean passages, where the noisome exhalations were almost stifling, into dark cells, where the eye got at last sufficiently accustomed to the light to distinguish the relics left by the prisoners: here a pair of stays of which some female prisoner had divested herself, there a red cockade, all kinds of articles of clothing steeped in slime of indescribable foulness; and cowering at one end of the corridor a dozen prisoners waiting to know their fate. They were more respectable than usual, and not apparently of a very sanguinary type. They were all men. To-day no less than a hundred women were marched down the streets in one gang. The papers are so full of false reports that it is scarcely safe to give news which has not been verified. Thus, unless I had seen the Genius of Liberty on the top of the column in the Place de la Bastille, and visited the Jardin des Plantes, I might have reported the accounts, of which the papers are full, of the destruction of the figure on the Column and of the animals and rare plants in the gardens, which you will be happy to hear are all in a state of perfect health and preservation. I am afraid, however, it is only too true that half the Gobelins are destroyed, and that 67 of the "Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne" have been shot by their fellow-Christians of the Commune. A friend of mine saw Madame Millièrè in a prisoners' gang, and we have authentic intelligence to-day that her husband, one of the most pestilent of the apostles of Fraternity and wholesale slaughter, has been executed.

The streets are full of the National Guards of Order, carrying their rifles to the different dépôts to be given up, for the disarmament of the entire National Guard has been determined on, and it is to be hoped that this most useless body in time of foreign invasion and most dangerous one in moments of internal trouble will be extinguished and abolished for ever throughout all the towns of France. Meantime the Boulevards and streets from which the fighting has receded are slowly waking into life, the tricolor waves from the windows in token of loyalty and sympathy with the Government, and at least two cafés are open on the Boulevards, but as yet only here and there the shutters of a shop are lowered.

The roar of the batteries from Montmartre is still continuous, but it is hardly possible that the Insurgents can continue the struggle for 24 hours longer.

Fighting was going on at Belleville about an hour ago, but still there is every reason to believe that the insurrection is virtually over. A great number of prisoners, escorted by cavalry, have just been marched down the Boulevards. They were said to be 5,000, but this is probably an exaggeration. They came from the Buttes Chaumont, where many of them have been kept two days and a half without food. A more villainous collection of faces I never beheld. There were many women, among them some in men's clothes, some as *cantinières* or *ambulancières*, and very young boys and old men. Nearly 1,500 were Regular soldiers, or at least wore their uniform. Their coats were turned inside out, as a mark of disgrace. As they passed through the crowd lining each side of the Boulevards they were met with cries of "*A mort, crapule, fusillez-les!*" Four women in the Amazon uniform and the Regulars excited special indignation. One prisoner, near the New Opera, refused to march, and was twice stabbed with bayonets. He was then tied to a horse's tail, and afterwards placed on the horse, but he threw himself off, and again refused to march. He was put into a cart and carried off to the nearest place of execution to be shot. Another prisoner, who also

refused to march, was dragged by the hands and hair of the head along the road. The crowd called out to the soldiers to shoot him, and declared that but for the presence of the soldiers they would themselves execute summary justice on him. The troops, headed by the Marquis de Galifet, were loudly cheered as they passed.

I went early this morning to Père-Lachaise. Shells were still falling so thickly near the Boulevard du Temple that no one was allowed to pass. I had to go a very roundabout way to get to the Place Bastille, as at numerous barricades everybody who passed was compelled to assist in pulling them down. The barricades were of astonishing strength. Behind the barricade on the Boulevard Mazas lay three bodies of National Guards—apparently shot in its defence. A little lower down on the Boulevard Voltaire lay seven men dead, as if they had there made their last desperate stand. There were some old gray-headed men among them. We were told that their bodies were left there for recognition, and women occasionally came up and claimed them. The Regulars had also suffered severely there, but their dead had been immediately removed. Further on, the stone barricades had been protected by a second line of large sacks stuffed with rags and papers, and piled upon each other. At the corner of Rue Roquette lay over 70 corpses of men, executed for being found with arms in their hands. They lay piled over each other, and the pavement and gutters streamed with blood. The crowd were not allowed to approach them. We entered Père-Lachaise and found it full of troops, chiefly of the Marine Brigade. There is no truth in the stories that the cemetery was defended tomb by tomb. There had been no bayonet or even fusillade fighting there, but the shells had shattered many of the tombs, here and there laying bare the coffins below. The position was so strong that the Marines could account for its abandonment only by the fact that the Insurgents were utterly disorganized for want of leaders. The shelling, however, had been sufficiently vigorous to compel the troops to retire after they took it last night, and to return for reinforcements. They retook the position early this morning. The Insurgents had abandoned a battery of seven guns which commanded the whole position. We could see from it that sharp fighting was still going on at Belleville, probably the last stronghold. As we passed the prison of La Roquette, we heard about ninety rifle-shots and then a mitrailleuse, and were told by the troops that prisoners were being executed. We had great difficulty in passing through the Faubourg St. Antoine, and were stopped by at least five *cordons* of sentries. They told us that the Insurgents were *en fuite*, that the Quartier was *suspect*, and that, therefore, nobody was allowed to pass. When we got through, many people asked us to put their letters into the post for them, as they were close prisoners. The streets were filled with arms and equipments.

Only a few houses in Belleville still hold out. The Insurgents are surrendering by thousands. The insurrection is considered over.

Most of those who founded the Comité du Salut Public have been taken. The Insurgents are being shot by hundreds. In the Faubourg St. Antoine great numbers of men and women were found carrying petroleum, and at once shot.

The *Moniteur* says that Félix Pyat and Paschal Grousset left Paris yesterday in a balloon, which passed over Niort towards the sea.

MAY 29th.

By Saturday evening the various Corps of the Versailles troops, steadily converging on the Insurgents from the North, South, and West, had forced them into their last strongholds of Père-Lachaise, and at the Buttes Chaumont, in Belleville; and M. THIERS on Saturday announced that the final attack would be made on Sunday morning. But the troops waited no longer to finish their terrible work. On Saturday Père-Lachaise was taken by General VINOY; in the evening the Buttes Chaumont were carried by General LADMIRAULT. The two corps united, and the remaining Insurgents were forced into narrow space at the edge of the *enceinte*, where they are hemmed in between the Versailles troops and the Prussians, and must surrender or be killed. They have also been driven out of all the Forts except Vincennes, and those who hold that Fort have asked the Bavarian troops outside to permit their escape. At five o'clock yesterday all fighting had ceased.

"The Revolution is crushed;" but at what a cost, and amid what horrors! "Peace,"

says M. THIERS, "is about to be restored, but it will not succeed in relieving all honest and patriotic hearts of the profound sorrow with which they are afflicted." We know not, indeed, how or when such relief is to come; for ruin has been wrought and crimes have been perpetrated which will leave on Paris and on Frenchmen an ineffaceable brand. After the first appalling news of the great conflagrations, a faint hope had arisen that the ultimate result might prove less disastrous than had been apprehended, and it is true that a few of the noble buildings which were thought doomed have escaped. But the almost universal wreck would of itself almost obliterate for the moment the sense of relief, and the material ruin now constitutes the least horror in the scene. It is sufficiently distressing to picture every Quarter of the great Capital, which but the other day was the beauty of the world, scarred by conflagrations, torn by shells, pitted with musketry, and stained with blood. It is terrible to think that in a city "like Paris" fire and sword, and instruments of destruction still more hellish, have swept from West to East, and from South to North; that most of its noble palaces are but gaunt and blackened walls, and its finest streets laid in heaps of as utter ruin as the mounds of Nineveh. The mind is overwhelmed by the mere physical spectacle of this whirlwind of blazing destruction suddenly bursting over a noble city so near us, which we knew so well, and the inhabitants of which were but yesterday our neighbours and our friends. But even this is overpowered by the awful human ruin which it expresses and reflects. On both sides alike we hear of incredible acts of assassination and slaughter. The Insurgents have fulfilled, so far as they were able, their threats against the lives of their hostages as mercilessly as their other menaces. The Archbishop of PARIS, the Curé of the Madeleine, President BONJEAN, with priests, gendarmes, soldiers, and other victims to the number of 64, have been shot, and 168 others were only saved by the arrival of the troops. This massacre of distinguished and inoffensive men is one of those crimes which never die, and which blacken for ever the memory of their authors. But in the spirit of murder and hatred it displays the Communists seem not very much worse than their antagonists. It sounds like trifling for M. THIERS to be denouncing the Insurgents for having shot a captive officer "without respect for the laws of war." The laws of war! They are mild and Christian compared with the inhuman laws of revenge under which the Versailles troops have been shooting, bayoneting, ripping up prisoners, women and children, during the last six days. We have not a word to say for the black ruffians who, it is clear, deliberately planned the utter destruction of Paris, the burning of its inhabitants, and the obliteration of its treasures; but if soldiers will convert themselves into fiends in attacking fiends, is it any wonder if they redouble the fiendishness of the struggle? Fury has inflamed fury, and hate has embittered hate, until all the wild passions of the human heart have been fused into one vast and indistinguishable conflagration.

So far as we can recollect there has been nothing like it in history. The siege of Jerusalem may afford some parallel, but Roman soldiers never so utterly lost their self-control as the Versailles troops appear to have done. We are beggared for words to describe the scene, and exclaim that it is hell upon earth. It is nothing less. There are all the physical and all the moral accessories. Fire and brimstone, storm and tempest, torture, insult, hatred, despair, all forms of malice, murder, and destruction, have been raging in Paris during the last few days. Women forgetting their sex and their gentleness to commit assassination, to poison soldiers, to burn and to slay; little children converted into demons of destruction, and dropping petroleum into the areas of houses; soldiers in turn forgetting all distinctions of sex and age, and shooting down prisoners like vermin, now by scores and now by hundreds,—all combine to enact on civilized ground, and within the sight and hearing of their fellow-men, scenes which find a parallel only in the infernal regions imagined by prophets and poets. This is what human nature is capable of; for Frenchmen are men, and we shudder for our race. But, at all events, what hope is to be seen for France in this seething abyss? This tragedy is the end of eighty years of revolutions, of an eighty years' struggle after Liberty and Fraternity, eighty years of attempts again and again renewed to rebuild French Society on a new and harmonious basis. The end is a fiercer hatred, deeper divisions, wilder passions, and more eternal distrust. Will these six days of savage devastation tend to heal the existing breach between the lower and the middle classes of France? Will the mutual slaughter of soldiers and citizens tend towards that essential condition of a happy State; mutual confidence between the Army and the People? Will the blood of another butchered Archbishop sow the seeds of peace between the Priests and their Socialist foes? That which we seem at present to see in this outbreak of hell is the permanent creation of yawning abysses between classes,

institutions, memories, and men. Paris may, perhaps, be rebuilt; but what is to wipe out the blood with which every street of Paris is now stained, and when will women cease to hand down to their children the envenomed hatreds of May, 1871? Where, above all, are the signs of that combined generosity, firmness and foresight in statesmen or soldiers which alone could lay the first stone of reconciliation? The prospect is too black for France and for Europe for us to dare look forward. We have no heart at present to balance the faults and crimes of the two sides, or to assign the relative blame. We only see the worst outburst ever yet displayed of human passions; we see it at the close of fifteen centuries of Christian civilization; we see it in one of the most gifted races of the world, and we know not where to look for hope or consolation.

MAY 30th.

Paris is perfectly tranquil. Shops are opening. The streets are crowded with people examining the amount of damage done. Prisoners in groups of a hundred are being marched under escort down the Boulevards. Fighting ceased about 3 yesterday afternoon. A few shots were fired from the windows at Belleville, where frightful scenes are said to have been enacted. The more desperate characters, felons and escaped *forçats* of the worst description, turned at the last moment on their own comrades because they refused to continue the fight. Some women murdered with knives two young men for the same reason. In consequence of the firing from the windows, an immense number of executions occurred. The park of the Buttes Chaumont was strewn with corpses. The soldiers were so furious that the officers found it necessary to warn strangers of the danger of incurring suspicion. A few of the inhabitants of Belleville were declaring openly to passers by that the affair was not yet over, and that terrible reprisals would be wreaked upon the soldiers. These boasts have not yet been fulfilled, but general apprehensions are, nevertheless, entertained that those of the insurgents who have escaped justice will try to inaugurate a secret system of arson and assassination. Constant discoveries of petroleum are still being made. The danger is increased by the fact that women, who, on account of their sex, are more likely to escape notice, are really the most desperate. Great precautions are taken at night. The streets are full of sentries and all circulation is strictly forbidden. Any one who ventures out without the password runs the risk of being locked up all night. There are diversities of opinion relative to the Archbishop's fate even now. Some people affirm that he has escaped; but the evidence is in favour of his having been murdered at La Roquette.

Fears are entertained of an epidemic consequent upon the hurried burial of so many dead under the pavement of the streets.

MAY 31st AND JUNE 1st.

The search for Insurgents from house to house is still going on vigorously. It is still very hard either to leave or even to enter Paris, Gourde, the Communist Minister of Finance, has been found. It is said by Insurgents that Cluseret ought to be among the last batch of prisoners taken at Fort Vincennes. This being their last place of refuge it is expected that many other ringleaders will be discovered.

The Communist commander of that Fort sent to the Bavarian General a list of his officers and men, requesting for the former passes into Switzerland, for the latter passes into France. After various negotiations, the affair was left in the hands of General Vinoy, and it was agreed that all the garrison of Vincennes, having never fired a shot, should be detained prisoners only temporarily; but that all fugitives who had taken refuge there should be surrendered unconditionally. The garrison eagerly consented to the terms, and at once put their chiefs in prison. Orders were found on many of them, signed Ulysse Parent, for the burning of the Hôtel de Ville, the Bourse, and other places.

The Luxembourg is to replace temporarily the Hôtel de Ville, and the Staff has already moved there. Everything is going on quietly enough in most parts of Paris, but in the Belleville Quarter life is still unsafe. Not only shots are fired from windows, but occasionally Insurgents fire off revolvers upon officers at a few yards' distance. Many

fear that, notwithstanding the large numbers of the Insurgents caught, and the terrible example made, enough have escaped to give further trouble, if not by open resistance, at least by arson and secret assassination. The severities, moreover, exercised by the military authorities have produced a pretty strong feeling of reaction against them, and in some of even the least revolutionary Quarters the troops are scarcely popular, certainly not so popular as when they entered Paris. The Insurgents find many sympathizers to hide them, and assist their escape from Paris.

The policy of England with reference to those who have escaped is watched with great anxiety.

Active measures are being taken to cleanse the streets and rid them of the dead bodies, some of which had been buried where they fell under the barricades, with a foot or two of soil over them. Passers-by are pressed into the service as burying parties, and the English Embassy has received complaints from Englishmen of having been seized for this purpose. The smell of corpses in some places is offensively strong, and it is feared this hot weather following upon the heavy rain may breed a pestilence.

Traffic in the streets at night is getting easier, though the *cafés* have to be closed at 11. The unpopularity of the troops is no doubt, in part due to the deeply-rooted Parisian dislike of military rule and the abolition of the National Guard—a measure which, however necessary, under no circumstances is likely to be welcome.

The firemen of Havre who came to Paris to aid in extinguishing the recent conflagrations have returned home to-day.

One of the most important of the "hostages" who suffered death at the hands of the Commune—the most important person of their lay victims—M. Bonjean, was President of the Court of Cassation, and it was only the fact of his holding a high position, and being respected by all persons whose respect was worth having, that can have rendered him odious. He was a very old man, as old at least as the Abbé Deguerry. It was chiefly as a Judge and not as a politician that his name was known to the world, yet, all that was known of him as a politician was in his favour. Indeed, he enjoyed the rare distinction of being, perhaps, the one Liberal member of an Assembly so bigoted and so subservient as was the Senate under the Empire. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he remained firm at his post during the siege and during the far more perilous period of the conflict between M. Thiers and the Comité Central. His arrest was, so to speak, an accident, as he happened to be paying, or expected to pay, a visit, by appointment, to the house of his friend, the Procureur-général, when the police of the Communists were taking possession of the house of the latter officer. He bore his imprisonment, old as he was, with patience and resignation, remarking that for the last 40 years he had been self-condemned to upwards of 12 hours' hard labour a day over his books and papers, and that he could work as well at these in a prison cell as in a palace.

JUNE 2^d, AND 3rd.

Two days ago I was so fortunate as to meet Mons. Petit, the Secretary of the late Archbishop, who had only escaped from the prison in which he had been confined with the unfortunate Prelate the day before. M. Petit did not himself see M. Darbois executed, though he saw the procession pass and heard the firing. Out of 16 priests and 38 gendarmes confined in the prison, 26 were shot, and the fate of the remainder had been decided upon when an attempt to escape made by the criminal prisoners, who were the original occupants of the gaol, succeeded, and with the help of one of the gaolers the whole body made an attack upon the Insurgent guard, who, in fact, did not wait for it, but abandoned their post as soon as they perceived that all their prisoners were at liberty. The priests succeeded in changing their clerical costume, but not in sufficiently disguising themselves, for M. Petit saw four of his companions shot at the first barricade they reached; he therefore fled back to his prison, and, finding a common prison shirt, he reduced his costume to that garments and took refuge in a bed in the hospital ward. The prison was not again guarded, but those who casually passed through it supposed him to be a sick prisoner not worth notice; and here he remained until Sunday evening, when his suspense was put an end to by the arrival of the soldiery. In the Chapelle Ardente of the Madeleine lies the body of the *curé* of that church, who was shot by the side of the Archbishop, and a stream of

persons, mostly women, with saddened, awe-struck faces passed through it all yesterday afternoon. The body of the Archbishop has been recovered, and is at the Palace.

I have now explored Paris in every direction to judge with some degree of accuracy of the extent of the damage done, but I will spare you any detailed account of those scenes of havoc and ruin, that I have partly described already which differ in their character according to the agent of destruction, and which consist of ruins caused by shells and ruins caused by fire. Houses which have been destroyed by shells present a far more ghastly appearance than those which have been burnt, and the aspect of the street at Point du Jour is calculated to strike the imagination of those who are now entering Paris for the first time from Versailles by that gate. The same may be said of the houses on both sides of the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and in the neighbourhood of the Porte Maillot; but nothing that I have seen equals the Auteuil Railway Station, where the building, the line, and the railway bridge have all been crumpled up together, as if some giant hand had squeezed them into a shapeless mass. The iron bridge still spans the road, but with rails and girders so contorted and covered with *débris* that we were afraid to drive under it for fear the slight concussion caused by a carriage passing beneath might bring the tottering mass down on our heads. A little beyond, a sentry is placed to prevent people passing beneath a house which is on the verge of crumbling to the ground. It is a lofty, handsome building, elegantly furnished, and quite new, which has been completely cut in two, and the furniture of each successive story is thus exposed. One room on the fourth floor was apparently a boudoir, for the rich crimson-covered furniture stands trembling at the edge of the "*parquet*," and a heavy armchair threatens with the least jar to come down with a crash into the middle of the road. It was reserved for French artillery to complete the work which the German artillery began. I drove round this same road some days after the first siege, and, compared to their present condition, these suburbs might then have been considered well preserved and habitable. Looking at the long *enceinte* of fortifications with its battered breaches and crumbling embrasures, one is puzzled whether M. Thiers deserves more credit for the skill with which he put it up or for that with which he has knocked it down.

Anxious to see to what condition the conquerors have reduced the Insurgent stronghold at Belleville, I have returned from penetrating its disagreeable recesses. As usual, even in peaceful times, the lower part of the Faubourg du Temple was densely crowded with an agitated, restless throng, composed principally of women. Most of the shops were shut, probably because their owners were either shot or in prison. Those who lounged in their doorways looked surly and suspicious; nor is this much to be wondered at, for during the last two days every domicile has been searched in this Quarter from attic to cellar, and every street swarms with denouncers and soldiers. As we approached Ménilmontant the crowd became thinner, and the soldiers more numerous, until they almost lined the street on either side. Here and there were piles of broken arms and heaps of National Guard coats and trousers. The road was literally strewn with caps, which had been torn from the heads of prisoners and flung in the mud. Old women were rummaging in the heaps for something worth taking away which was not of a military character, as their operations were closely watched by the soldiery, who were by no means of an amiable type. Here were no signs of fraternization or amicable intercourse. At one place at least a dozen omnibuses were collected and crammed with arms and military stores, a magazine of which I saw in the process of being emptied. Three thousand Orsini bombs were also found. I have specimens of two kinds in my possession; one is circular, flat, and hollow, about six inches in diameter and an inch and a half thick, and fitted all round its edge with little hammers, which play upon a glass case inside filled with nitro-glycerine. Whichever way the bomb falls it is sure to strike one of these hammers, which explodes the nitro-glycerine. The other is a zinc ball, rather smaller than a cricket ball, filled with powder and covered with nipples, upon which are percussion caps. It cannot fall without striking a cap and exploding. It is natural that the discovery of such objects should exasperate the soldiery, for whom they were intended, and who cannot yet walk with any feeling of security along streets filled with a population who employ such diabolical engines of destruction. Hitherto, in most of the instances in which they have been used, the culprit has been a woman; more reckless and vindictive than the men, they have, in many instances, literally courted death, forcing their fate by acts of violence when escape was evidently impossible. Near the top of the steep hill which leads to the Mairie of Ménilmontant were several *cordons* of sentries, through which

we had some difficulty in passing, owing to a commotion which had scarcely yet subsided, and which showed how combustible were the materials of which the population here is composed. There had been an altercation between a sergeant of the Line and a citizen, in which the latter had offered some violence and had been shot on the spot; his body was still palpitating on the pavement as I came suddenly and unexpectedly upon it, and we were warned, by an angry cry of "*au large*" from a sentry, that it would be a very simple matter in the then temper of the soldiery to meet the same fate. It is easy to imagine the scowling looks and stifled curses of the men and women glaring from doorways and windows at the execution of a friend before their eyes, and we began to feel that we were objects of equal suspicion and dislike on either side. At every step we were challenged, and the fact that we had a military pass made it clear to the Bellevilleites that we were their enemies. We had now reached the crown of the hill—the very heart of Belleville, and the last stronghold of the Insurgents. It was crowded with soldiery: an hour in Belleville under existing circumstances is enough to satisfy the morbid appetite for excitement which may tempt people to go there. Notwithstanding the crowds on the Boulevards, many of the shops are still shut, in consequence of the absence of their owners from Paris. The difficulties of entering and leaving the city are still so great that many days must elapse before the ordinary population can return. Meantime, the want of gas makes the streets as they were in the darkest moments of the siege, and the gloom after dark, combined with the dangers of arrest, does not tempt people to remain abroad much later than 10 o'clock.

Yesterday, out of one of the houses from which a shot had been fired, an innocent Englishman, who, being elderly and deaf, knew nothing of what had happened, came downstairs unsuspectingly on to the pavement into the middle of the crowd, and had a very narrow escape for his life. Some ingenious self-constituted detective called out "That's the man," and the crowd, having long waited in vain for somebody, were only too glad to have a victim thus extemporized to their hands, and if a few of the cooler and more humane bystanders had not interfered, the Englishman might have been murdered in cold blood and in broad daylight. As it was, he got off with no more serious injury than torn clothes and a mauling which may keep him to his bed for a fortnight.

What, to those who have witnessed the recent transformation scenes in the great Parisian melodrama, is newest and strangest is the crowd of well-dressed holiday-making loungers streaming so thickly over the broad pavement that it is no easy matter to get through them, and occupying every available chair outside the adjoining *café*. Where in the world do they all come from? Many of them have stories of their recent experiences to tell which, well arranged, might make the fortune of a theatrical manager—stories so sensational that one would feel bound to refuse them credence if they were not in perfect harmony with the sensational scenes of which every third man's personal experience has supplied him with a specimen. One man has been close prisoner in a cellar two days and nights while fighting has been going on all around him and over his head. Another has had to fly amid bullets from the suffocating smoke of burning buildings, his ears still ringing with the cries of poor wretches who could not muster up their courage for the rush, and who risked a lingering death under the fallen ruins.

Numerous corpses have been dug out of cellars over which had fallen masses of burning houses, and many probably still remain, at which it is impossible to get. In the Rue Royale and its immediate neighbourhood last night the air was tainted with the unmistakable smell of putrefying bodies, which, it was supposed, were lying under the huge masses of smouldering woodwork and masonry still heaped upon them. The fire, though the engines have been at work at it six days and nights, has not yet been completely extinguished, and last night I and a friend, although he had his wife to protect him, were compelled to take our turn at the pumps. We in vain pleaded that we would not leave the lady alone. The head of the pressgang who had kidnapped us would be delighted to take care of her while we worked, and as soon as it appeared that we were only to work a short time—not to be kept on indefinitely into the small hours of the night—we were not sorry to lend a helping hand. A fresh batch of captives, condemned to hard labour, shortly came up and replaced us. One of our objections to being kept long at work was that it was getting late, and that after dark it is no very easy or safe matter to go about the streets.

JUNE 4th AND 5th.

Large crowds took advantage of the free permission accorded yesterday to pass through the gates of Paris, and to-day the streets are filled to overflowing with sightseers examining the ruins and other traces of the siege. Many foreigners have already arrived, some for pleasure, some to recommence business operations.

Arrests are still numerous of men and women, many of the arrested apparently belonging to the respectable classes.

It has been proposed to set on foot throughout Europe a subscription to restore the public buildings destroyed in Paris.

It is hoped that in two days the telegraphs will again be open to the public. The post is already working well, thanks to the exertions of M. Rampont.

All impediments in the way of entering and leaving Paris have been removed, as I said; persons are only required to show their passports when demanded by the police.

The military authorities have entertained favourably the requests of theatrical managers for permission to re-open the theatres, but the re-opening of the *cafés chantants* has not yet been authorized.

Aubry, agent of the International Society and treasurer of the Commune, was arrested yesterday.

It is said that, until further orders, no one is to be allowed to pass the gates of Paris after 9 p.m. Patrols of cavalry traverse Paris and the environs all night.

The *Figaro* calculates the number of insurgents still at large in Paris who have escaped military justice at 50,000 men. These persons will, it thinks, always constitute a source of danger, and will only await a favourable opportunity for exciting disturbances.

JUNE 6th.

A gang of prisoners passing down the Boulevard is a never ending source of interest, and with some reason, for the prisoners now are not the scum of Belleville and La Villette, swept at haphazard out of their lanes and alleys, but the more prominent men, who have been lying hid ever since, and are being discovered or denounced singly, so that there are seldom more than two or three in a batch, and these are generally persons of note. I saw two parties yesterday, one containing three men and two women, all of quite a different type from the ragged hangdog squads that used to be driven past between lines of cavalry. These were well-dressed, gentlemanlike men and modest, respectable-looking women who seemed by no means either afraid or ashamed of the position in which they found themselves. On another occasion I observed two men, also of the *bourgeoisie* class, both of them very superior to usual prisoners. One of them had his hands tied firmly behind his back. They both boldly looked the crowd that followed them in the face; but the arrest which caused the greatest interest was that of M. Paschal Grousset, who was caught hidden and disguised as a woman at 39 Rue Condorcet, and who was honoured with a conveyance and a cavalry escort to protect him from the crowd. M. Pyat still succeeds in evading the authorities, and there is even some doubt whether the numerous persons who went to see the body of M. Deslescluze when it was exposed in the church of St. Elizabeth, and who declared that they recognized it, were not the victims of a delusion, and whether that gentleman may not still turn up like Sir Roger Tichborne to discomfit the minds of his old friends, who now seem uncertain whether they know him or not.

Monday being the first day when the gates of Paris, as well as the railway stations, were open to the public, there was an influx and efflux on a large scale, the people who swarmed in were people from a distance who had taken refuge in the country, and were returning with their baggage to their homes. Those who swarmed out were for the most part sightseers whom events have kept close prisoners in Paris for the last two months, and who are now flocking to the outside of the *enceinte* to visit their

former haunts of pleasure in the immediate vicinity, which are now desolate wastes, and to compare the condition of the suburbs as damaged by the Germans with their present condition as destroyed by themselves. An examination for arms and weapons to be extended to every room in Paris is now being made, and the military authorities continue their active *perquisitions* for men and documents with tolerable success. Upon two successive occasions, however, shots have been fired within the last few days from a window in a house in the Place Beauveau upon officers, fortunately without injury, but the would-be murderer has not been found.

JUNE 7th.

Ten thousand incendiary bombs have been discovered in the catacombs. As 23,000 were manufactured by the Commune according to documents found on prisoners, and of these not many were used, a large number are believed to be still somewhere concealed.

Nearly all the missing pieces of the Colonne Vendôme have been recovered. It is thought the Column can be exactly restored.

A strange proposal is made to preserve untouched the ruins of the Hôtel de Ville. It is seriously discussed, and finds many advocates.

On the extradition question the more moderate journals suggest that Government should content itself with demanding the surrender of those Insurgents against whom it can make out some case of ordinary non-political crime.

Crowds still flock from all parts into Paris.

Perfect tranquility prevails, though numerous arrests continue to be made.

It is believed that the prisoners will be classified in three categories, the first consisting of persons against whom only minor charges are preferred, the second of those charged with offences which entail transportation, the third of criminals of the worst class, some of them being accused of offences which may be punished by death.

The funeral of the Archbishop of Paris and the other distinguished hostages assassinated by the Commune is expected to be a very imposing ceremony. A Commission of 50 Deputies will officially represent the Assembly on the occasion, but a very much larger number of Deputies will attend. The chief of the Executive power and the other members of the Government will be present at Notre-Dame, where the funeral service will be celebrated to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock.

The body of the Archbishop will be removed from the Archiepiscopal Palace, in the Rue de Grenelle, at 10 o'clock. It will be carried on a bed of state by seven Deacons. The seven Suffragan Bishops of the Archdiocese of Paris will act as pall bearers.

Monseigneur Darboy will be interred in the tomb of the Archbishops of Paris in the vaults of the Cathedral See.

The Abbé Duguerry will be buried in the vaults of the Madeleine, and the other hostages in the Cemetery of Père-Lachaise.

The cause of the delay in opening the courts-martial at Versailles to try the Communist prisoners is that a supplementary act of indictment has been rendered necessary by the discovery of important documents on several of the recently-arrested members of the Commune.

JUNE 8th AND 9th.

The inhabitants of the second Arrondissement have been warned that everybody who does not give up his firearms may be tried before a court martial.

An Anglo-Indian ex-officer is said to be gravely compromised in the Insurrection, but the number of British subjects engaged in it appears to have been ludicrously exaggerated:—not 20 have had cases made out against them.

The number of Communists belonging to the International and similar societies is

estimated at 120,000. Arrests are still numerous. One of the men who shot the Archbishop, and for whom the police had long looked in vain, was yesterday arrested at his funeral.

The *Journal officiel* publishes a circular note of M. Jules Favre, dated the 6th inst., in reference to the causes of the Parisian Insurrection. The principal of these is the collecting together of 300,000 workmen who were brought to Paris by the works executed under the Empire, and who were led away by Jacobin agitators, and who were vanquished on the 31st of October.

After that came the action of the International Society composed of working men, the doctrines and dangers of which are explained in the circular.

JUNE 10th.

It is calculated that 70,000 travellers entered Paris between Saturday and Tuesday by the Northern line alone. Many had to travel in luggage vans. Paris, notwithstanding, does not appear full. Most of the visitors make a very short stay. The dull condition of trade is loudly complained of.

The idea of burning the corpses which have not been properly buried has been abandoned; it is proposed to exhume all those buried in the Parc des Monceaux, the Jardin du Luxembourg, and other temporary burial places, and to transfer them to a new cemetery beyond Fort Vanves.

One hundred and fifty pretended firemen were executed yesterday at Versailles.

The Commander of the 9th Army Corps of Paris has issued a notice, stating that the surrender of arms has been slow, and the last delay has expired. The military authorities will, therefore, treat the offenders with severity. Active searches have been made in the Rue St. Honoré to-day.

The Courts-martial at Versailles will try the prisoners exclusively for offences against the common law, and will not consider them as political offenders.

JUNE 11th.

The close inspection which has been made of the sewers in Paris has already led to the discovery of large quantities of weapons and ammunition, and also of many ex-Federalist combatants, who, despairing of escape from the regular troops, sought refuge in the subterranean passages with whatever provisions they could secure. The greater part of these miserable creatures are in a most deplorable condition from hunger and the poisonous atmosphere of their hiding places. On Friday, at the angle of the Rue Vavin and the outer Boulevard, the scavengers found five bodies in the sewer, one that of an officer, and all mutilated by rats. The bodies were brought out by means of ropes, and after search for papers and documents, were interred in the Mont Parnasse Cemetery.

JUNE 12th.

On Wednesday the Commissary of Police for the Quartier Saint Victor received information that the ex-General of the Commune, Rossel, was in concealment at the Hôtel Montebello, upon the Boulevard St. Germain. The Commissary proceeded to the hotel, and upon searching the place found in a room on the third floor a person dressed in the uniform of the Eastern Railway service. Upon being questioned this person stated that his name was Tirobois, that he was an engineer living at Metz, but had been summoned to Paris by the railway managers on account of the pressure of traffic on the line. 'Are you sure of that?' asked the Commissary. 'Parbleu.' 'Well, in the name of the law I arrest you. You are Rossel.' 'I? not at all.' The prisoner was taken to the Prefecture de Police established at the Barracks of the Cité, and thence in a boat to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where the head-quarters of the municipal police are established. During the whole of the journey thither, being closely pressed with

questions by the Commissary, the pretended Tirobois continued his denials. Upon being further interrogated at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he replied, 'I have told you all I know about myself. Do not ask me any more.' Tirobois was then conveyed to the Ministry of War, where he was confronted with a number of persons who were detained in custody. Some of these declared that he was Rossel, but others, the majority, denied that he was the Communist ex-General. About 10 o'clock at night the prisoner was formally questioned as to his history. When the customary question, 'What is the name of your mother?' was put, he became confused, turned red, and, suddenly springing up, exclaimed, 'Why carry on this pretence any longer. Of what good is this acting and these lies. Yes, I am Colonel Rossel.' After this avowal the prisoner was removed under escort to the dépôt of the Prefecture. Upon being searched there was found 225f. in notes, a political article, and a longitudinal section of the different public monuments in Paris. The next day he was taken to Versailles and lodged at the Grandes Écuries. His real description is Louis Nathaniel Rossel, born at St. Brieuc (Côtes du Nord), September 9, 1844, of Louis and of Sarah Campbell. The *Figaro* states that the artist Courbet was captured at the house of one of his friends, a pianoforte maker in the Rue St. Gilles. He was concealed behind a bedstead, and, upon being threatened with a revolver, gave himself up without attempting resistance.

The destruction at the Gobelins has not been so extensive as had been apprehended. Only a small portion of the buildings has been burnt, and work has already been resumed in the parts which have been spared. Even in those rooms which have been destroyed not all the works of art have been lost, and especially the "Dead Christ" after Philippes de Champagne, and the portrait of Louis XIV, after Rigault, have been saved. The collection of ancient patterns has also been preserved.

JUNE 13th

Some disquieting rumours about the condition of La Villette have caused the troops quartered there to be strongly reinforced; nevertheless, perfect tranquility so far prevails.

Business is greatly improving, orders for *articles de Paris* coming in pretty freely, and the fine weather bringing increasing crowds of visitors.

Some further important arrests have been made, including Urbain, alleged to have been the principal instigator of the massacre of the hostages.

JUNE 14th.

Paris is rapidly resuming its old appearance. The Cafés and Concerts in the Champs Élysées recommence to-morrow, and various theatres are re-opening.

JUNE 15th.

People, in France, are discussing the causes of the late insurrection, and measuring the consideration to which the Insurgents, whether as rebels or refugees, are justly entitled. That the tendency of opinion should be strongly against the Communists is natural, for the justification of their revolt appears difficult, while their last acts have excited universal abhorrence. It is, indeed, perfectly true that they had no grievance against the Government which they defied, for though, perhaps, the National Assembly might not have voted for a Republic, no Republic which could have been voted by any Assembly of Frenchmen would have satisfied the Insurgents of Paris. The political leanings of the Assembly may be put out of the question in searching for the origin of the Civil War. That war was hatched in the brooding minds of Parisian workmen, intent on one single object, and it became practicable when the Revolution of September last put arms in their hands and the capitulation of February left them there still.

The one fixed idea of the workmen of Paris was that work entitled them to something more than wages. They had so long and so intently contemplated the relations

between labour and capital that they knew nothing of any other elements of human society, or of any other classes beyond employers and employed. They saw that a hundred workmen got their five francs a day each, and that the single person who hired them got his thousands a year. We are not aware that, as a rule, they were ill-paid or overworked, or in any way oppressed. We should infer rather that they were in the receipt of good wages, that they possessed education as well as skill, and that they had leisure enough and to spare for discussion and thought. The misfortune was that they thought of one subject only, until at last their conceptions grew actually monstrous. It was not all at once that they reached the doctrines recently declared. There is a wide difference between the ideas of 1871 and those of 1848. At the latter period the labourer was held simply to be worthy of his hire, and nothing was proposed beyond such an organization of labour as would insure a constant supply of work for all who wanted it, at wages determined rather by considerate adjustment than unrestricted competition. But the men of the Commune had advanced far ahead of such old Tories of Socialism and Democracy as LEDRU ROLLIN and LOUIS BLANC. Still occupied with the one single prospect of their daily life, and regarding the relations between capital and labour as the be-all and end-all of existence, they had reached the conclusion that all capital should be transferred bodily to themselves; that they alone ought to constitute society, that all other classes should be dispossessed as worthless, and all established institutions abolished as effete. They began their demolition with the nation itself. They would have no nation, no France, no French Government. They renounced not only all Kings and Emperors, but all Presidents, all Conventions, and all Parliaments, the latter especially. In the place of such authorities they proposed to substitute Committees of working men, and to cut up the country into such areas as Trade Unions might conveniently govern. For their own particular Union they thought Paris might serve well enough, and so they stipulated for their own sovereignty within these limits under the title of the Commune. On those terms—every other species of authority and power being excluded—they believed they could put into practice their one idea of turning their own little world upside down and making the working class everything and other classes nothing. As they never looked beyond their own workshops, they considered that none but working people had ever done any duties or suffered any wrongs, and that no others, therefore, were entitled to any rights. The one object of their hatred, envy, and antagonism was capital, and they resolved to take capital into their own hands. For the future they would lead easy lives, and be the lords instead of the slaves of their old and detested enemy.

In those pretensions and those desires originated the Revolution just suppressed. The war thus undertaken was a Civil War, conducted without the least respect to any laws of war at all. The flight of the Government left the entire Capital not only with all its resources, but with all its treasures and all its inhabitants, in the hands of the insurgents. With these advantages they preferred their demands. They asked for the Capital of France to be delivered over to them as an estate or province within which they might proscribe the worship of God, appropriate every form of capital, and depose all authority and all ranks in favour of their own. Failing this, and in the event of their being defeated in the actual war, they asked for amnesty and liberty to depart. At first they reckoned on victory, for the Assembly appeared disorganized and its armies wavering; the support of other great towns was anticipated, and the outlaws of every country in Europe—the veterans of the universal Revolution—had carried their swords to the service of its latest and ripest expression—the Parisian Commune. Moreover, they had tremendous means of extortion in their hands. They held possession of all that was precious and admirable in the Capital of France, and they declared that, if they were neither allowed to prevail nor permitted to escape, they would spare nothing in their vengeance. In preparation for the worst they stored combustibles in the noblest edifices of the city, and then, laying their hands on some of the most eminent and venerated of its inhabitants, they penned them in a body for the contingency of prospective slaughter. They had no more personal animosity against Monseigneur DARBOY than against any statue in the Tuileries or the Louvre. Animate and inanimate objects were marked for destruction on precisely the same grounds—the necessity of putting stress upon the enemy; and the threat was actually executed because its execution might improve the effect of terrorism another day. Of laws or of rules of war these men took not the slightest account. The military leaders of the insurrection had been trained in combats where every imaginable expedient had been held lawful, and the Committee of the International thought no price too high for the realization of their fixed idea. Soldiers and workmen alike were prepared for any extremity of outrage either in pursuit of victory or prosecution of revenge.

Such was the cause and such the conduct of this two months' war; but a war, nevertheless, it was, waged by a political insurrection on behalf of a political object. It is very true that the Insurgents aimed at no form of polity known to the world, and that it would have been impossible to content them by any measure of civil freedom or political rights. Their chief and most peremptory demand was, not for any rights of their own, but for the suppression of the rights of others. They denounced the extension of the suffrage to the rural population, and, as they were in a very small minority themselves, they protested against the right of any majority to outvote them, though they were preparing all the while to impose their own will on a constituency of ten times their number.

Such are my summary reflections concerning that gigantic insurrection.

Now, my Dear, that I have brought my daily correspondence to an end, happy shall I be, if such as may happen to read my small volume can find the perusal of it as interesting as you told it was to you.

I don't expect to stay much longer abroad: I shall soon return to England but quite heart-rent at what my eyes have witnessed, and notwithstanding my admiration for the noble qualities of the french nation, more than once, I fear, I shall not be able to refrain exclaiming: *Poor France!*

THE END.

HISTORICAL INFORMATIONS ABOUT THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS BURNT

The Palais Royal, built on the site of Cardinal Richelieu's Palace, faces the Louvre, and adjoins the Place des Victoires. Given by Louis XIV, to his brother the Duke of Orleans, it passed from him to the Regent Duke. Here, but not in the existing edifice, the Regent and his daughter held their incredible orgies; here lived his grandson Egalité, who rebuilt the palace after a fire, and relieved his embarrassments by erecting the ranges of shops. The Palais Royal Gardens were the nursery of the First Revolution; they were the favourite resort of Camille Desmoulins and the other mob orators not yet sitting in Convention; and in them was unfurled, on the 13th of July, 1789, that tricolour flag which was to prove even a deadlier symbol than the red and white roses plucked once for England's woe in our own Temple-gardens. At the Palais Royal Egalité hatched the plots which ended in his execution, when it was disposed of by lottery, to be bought back, repaired, and beautified by the Orleans family after the Restoration, and inhabited by them till the second death of the Monarchy, in 1830, removed them to the Tuileries. In 1848 the palace was plundered and the interior destroyed by the mob, who at the same time burnt Louis Philippe's fine library. The Palais was turned into a barrack, but when the new Republic developed into an Empire, it naturally changed back again into a palace. The Emperor made it over to his uncle Jerome, who left it to Prince Napoleon, by whom it was fitted up in sumptuous style. The great staircase and its balustrades and the Galerie des Fêtes were fine in art and in general effect, but nothing that may have been destroyed can be half so great a loss as the Library which went in 1848, or as the Hôtel de Ville, a magnificent structure, dating in part from 1628. The additions of 1842 to this municipal palace cost 640,000*l.*, and some of the saloons were the most gorgeous in Paris, perhaps in the world. Here in the days gone by, the Prefect of the Seine was wont to entertain his 7,000 guests in the great gallery, with its gilt Corinthian columns and 3,000 wax lights, the whole suite of rooms measuring more than 1,000 yards in length. In and about the building were some 500 statues of French celebrities, from Charlemagne to Louis XIV, in a full-bottomed wig. Painting, gilding, carving, glass, and velvet here had done their utmost, and as a specimen of magnificence in the modern French taste the furniture and decorations of the Hôtel de Ville were unrivalled. The building, however, was far from depending altogether on its sumptuous upholstery. Not only was the architecture worthy of all praise and the art of much of the decoration as intrinsic as its gold, but here had been enacted many famous and infamous scenes in the history of Paris. Here the first Commune held its bloody sittings; here Robespierre took refuge with his partisans, and was found by the

soldiers with his broken jaw; the "Citizen King" was presented here to the people by Lafayette from a central window; here the soldiers were quartered in 1848; and here in 1871 was the stronghold of the last Commune, less bloody in its life but more desperate in its death than the first.

The Palais de Justice is a vast pile, which includes the Sainte Chapelle, numerous courts of law, and the Prison of the Conciergerie. Anciently the site of palaces inhabited by the Kings down to Francis I., afterwards the meeting place of the Parliaments of Paris, it has been repaired and rebuilt since 1831 at a cost of nearly 1,000,000*l*. The courts of law open from the vast but inelegant Salle des Pas Perdus, which answers to our Westminster-hall. One of these courts was the Chamber of the Tribunal Revolutionnaire, and communicated by a small door with the Conciergerie Prison. In the precincts of the Palais stands, or stood, the Sainte Chapelle, an exquisite specimen on a small scale of the best style of Gothic architecture. The Chapelle was finished in 1248, having been built by Pierre de Montereau to enshrine the thorns of our Lord's crown and the wood of the Cross, relics bought for an immense sum from the Emperor Baldwin by St. Louis, and carried through the streets of Paris by the King barefoot. In 1791 the Sainte Chapelle became a club, then a corn store, then a record office; Louis Philippe commenced its restoration, and up to the fall of the Empire about 2,000,000*f*. had been spent upon it. It is in two stories, corresponding with the floors of the ancient palace; the lower chapel, or crypt, was intended for the servants, the upper, on a level with the Royal apartments, for the Royal family. The glass is exquisite, and the statues of the twelve Apostles date from the 13th century, and are admirable specimens of the art of their age. A small square hole to the south of the nave communicates with a room in which Louis XI was wont to sit and hear mass without fear of assassination.

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