

{PARTSIANA}

(THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE BOMBARDMENT)

OR,

THE VOLUNTEER

WITH

THE BESIEGED ARMIES,

• 1870-71.

ADVENTURE, ANECDOTE, AND
ACTIVE SERVICE.

BY

CAMERON STUART MACDOWALL,

INDIAN ARMY, 

(3RD BOMBAY LIGHT CAVALRY,)

AUTHOR OF "VIA DOLOROSA; OR, THE HALF-SIN OF LADY MARGARET."

LONDON:

PROVOST & CO., 26, HENRIETTA ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

1871.

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ONE OF THE MANY VICTIMS OF THE BOMBARDMENT

(CUT IN TWO BY A SHELL IN THE CENTRE OF PARIS.)

DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR FROM A VERY ROUGH SKETCH OF THE CORPSE.

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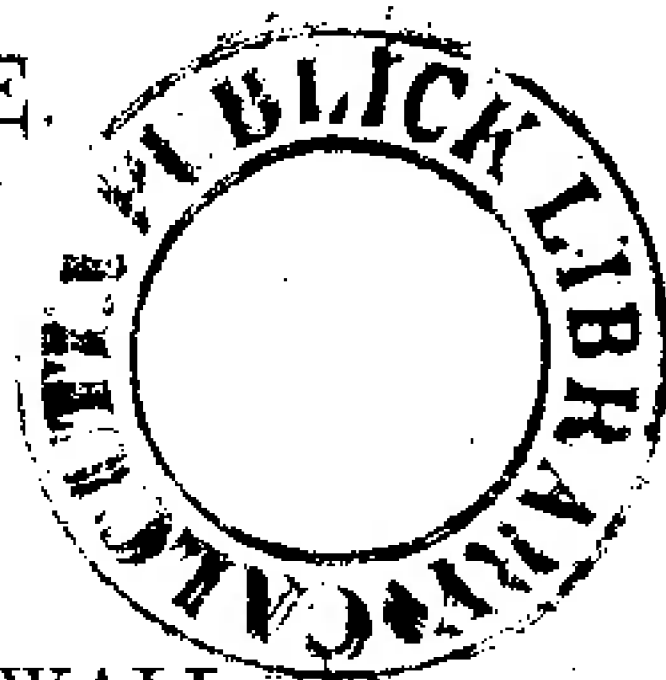
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Vl.c.13

A WARNING

TO THE READER BEFORE HE BEGIN.

—o—

IN the constitution of a Government I am an uncompromising advocate for a *hereditary, constitutional, and Parliamentary* KINGSHIP.* I inflict this information on you, my gentle victimised friend, for the following reasons:—

Both the British and the French public bitterly hate—with a grand, deep, John-Bull loathing—all sorts and descriptions of *hypocrisy*.

I hope I am too old a traveller to have, or rather to meddle with, any politics at all, when in foreign countries (“*cela ne regarde pas les étrangers*”), nevertheless in the following pages it has been impossible for me to avoid showing, nor did I wish in a book to conceal, my opinions. If, therefore, any one think that I am fond of revolutions, or changeable Presidents of Republics,† instead of *hereditary* ones, like our crownship; if he think I am what is, erroneously enough, called a Republican (Re-private-faction-al would be more correct), he is utterly wrong and may throw me aside.

If, again, the supporters of despotism think that I acknowledge any other divine right of kings to be or do anything else but their duty to the common weal, “like any other

* *Monarchy*, meaning government by one who rules entirely *by himself*, without Parliaments or *pressure* of any kind, is quite a libel on the British throne.

† As at present constituted Great Britain is a *perfect* Republic, with a hereditary President or King.

man," then such "Legitimists" are utterly wrong also, and may perhaps as well not read me.

A king or president should be *hereditary*, if for no other reason than expediency, the safety, the good, the tranquillity and happiness of the nation. If the king turn traitor to the Constitution he may be called to account, like any other offender, but his nearest relation should always be chosen to replace him. IT IS AS DANGEROUS TO CHANGE THE INDIVIDUAL OR THE LINE OF A LEGITIMATE REIGNING FAMILY, AS IT WOULD BE TO CUT DOWN THE UNION-JACK ON BOARD OF A BRITISH SHIP (MERCHANTMAN, OR MAN-OF-WAR). Our Queen is the *living* emblem of England, Ireland, and Scotland, exactly as the Union-Jack is their *inanimate* representative. Were it worthy of her I would have asked permission to dedicate this Journal to the illustrious author of the "Queen's Diary."

A word to my French readers. I would advise them, like me, never to interfere with the politics of *other* nations. In their own words, "*cela ne regarde pas les étrangers.*" They have no right to impose on others *their* ideas of government, and they waste valuable time by shouting nonsense concerning *Universal Republics*, instead of organising, or trying to organise, a government of *some* sort at home, in their own country.

I would propose indeed, as the only solution for France, a confederation of the Gauls or of the Franks, consisting of a Grand Duchy of Brittany, a Republic of the Seine, a Grand Duchy of Anjou or Normandy, or as many as the people like,—and Republics of the East, North, West, or South of France, or in as many provinces as chose to adopt that form of disorganisation. (?) The presidency of the Confederacy should be of course, as in the old German Empire, elective. By this means France, instead of being divided into fractional parts, which mutually hate, despise, and constantly *supplant* each other: (Bourbonists, Orleanists, Moderate Republicans, Red ditto, Terrorists, Socialists, &c. &c.)—France would have in her bosom the elements of

Emulation in lieu of Discord! Emulation, which keeps up the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race; which inspires our youthful cricketers and gymnasts to accomplish labours of which a gladiator might be proud; emulation, which leads to the most heroic deeds; *emulation*, which alone enabled Von Bismarck to *send half a dozen kings, and grand dukes, and nations to do his bidding by pitting them one against the other*; emulation, which is the true source of half the greatness (of deed or thought) in the world we live in!

MORE THAN HALF VON BISMARCK'S FORCES AND ALLIES WERE ROMAN CATHOLICS, BE IT REMARKED! —(viz. *half* of the Prussians, Saxons, &c., *all* the Bavarians, Baden Badeners, Wurtembergers, and all those fine soldiers, the *Poles*), they were, many of them, enemies of Prussia at first, and Prussia Proper had neither *men* nor *money* to stand ALONE! It was *only emulation* that made these allies shed their blood and strive for victory as they did.

Perhaps the Roman religion had something to do with the Bavarians, Baden Baden, Wurtemberg, Prussian, Polish, and other German Roman Catholic troops, against the Voltairean French; for the French have long ago *utterly and entirely and altogether given up Roman Catholicism* (the exceptions in the case of old women, and children, and a most *worthy clergy*, only prove the rule). The German Roman Catholics cannot and will not sympathise with this abandoning of the old faith.

I must say, however, that, except amongst perhaps some Socialists, I never *saw* the slightest symptoms of *fear*, in man, woman, or child, during the siege. The National Guard fought like men; but, alas! also like a civilian in the hands of a *prizefighter*, full of pluck, courage, and endurance, but unfortunately (as must always be the case with raw, undisciplined troops) hitting out bravely but wildly, not knowing which way to turn or "dodge" for the avoidance of the enemy's blows. I must also bear witness to the courage, the endurance, the calmness, the good behaviour of the Parisians in their great

trial—not two well-authenticated murders during the five months; no robberies to speak of; no unseemly gaiety; spy-hunting pursued at last, out of sheer love of fun rather than real rancour; and what drunkenness there was, greatly aggravated by the food-emptiness of the stomachs of the drinkers.

I must also inform the reader that I violated no law of neutrality in exposing my life with a regiment to tend the wounded. I joined the French because they were weakest in number, as every Briton should do. Although an old soldier I take the name of volunteer—which has become almost identified of late with the fine bodies of men who are now familiar to our sight as household words, and who may some day prove so useful to us—because I *volunteered* my medical services with the war-companies for active service, and refused to take pay, freely and kindly offered; and because I have often volunteered* for active service before. I must tell all volunteers, however, that I believe a volunteer, having once offered his services, is bound to abide by martial law *exactly* as if he were the most *regular soldier in the world*, until the end of his exercise, duty, or campaign. Despotism is the only possible law during the time of war. In military affairs and in the field, obey first, and argue afterwards, should be the only rule. It is the only one which ensures the safety of all.

I subjoin a testimonial, or “Etat de Service,” given me by the 37th Battalion, to prove that I really was where I say, and really saw what I describe.

I also give a translation of it:—

COPY.

“GARDE NATIONALE DU DEPARTEMENT DE LA SEINE
(MOBILISÉE).

“8^E SUBDIVISION, 37^E BATAILLON.

“*Paris, le 31 Janvier, 1871.*

“Je soussigné Chef du 37^e Bataillon, certifie que Monsieur .

* Volunteering for particular service is not, I freely admit, a very military proceeding.

Cameron MacDowall, docteur en médecine, à fait le service au 37^e Bataillon de la Gard Nationale sédentaire de la Seine, employé d'abord à la défense de l'enceinte; et aussitôt les *Compagnies de Guerre* organisées, dans le dit Bataillon; Monsieur MacDowall, à *marché* avec elles: 1^o le 21 Décembre au bas Bourget Bobigny et avante-postes; Rentrées à Paris la 31 même mois: Parties de nouveau le 13 Janvier, 1871, pour les postes avancés du sud: Cachan. Batterie Millaud, Moulin Cachan et autres, postes (Montrouge, Fort D'Issy, &c.) qu'elles ont occupés j'usqu'an 28 Janvier, jour de leur rentrée à Paris:

“ En foi de quoi, je délivre à Monsieur Cameron MacDowall la présente attestation, et en outre, comme témoignage de son zèle incessant, dans l'accomplissement de ses devoirs de médecin, pendant tout le temps qu'il est resté avec le 37^e Bataillon.

“ Je me plais à lui témsigner, en mon nom et celui de tous les officiers du Bataillon; les sentiments de notre estime et de nos meilleurs sympathies:

“ Le Chef de Bataillon, Commandant le 37^e Bataillon
du 12^e Régiment de Paris de la Garde Nationale
de la Seine (Mobilisée).

“ ERN. FRANCILLON.”

TRANSLATION.

“ GARDE NATIONALE DU DEPARTEMENT DE LA SEINE
(MOBILISÉE).

“ 8^E SUBDIVISION, 37^E BATAILLON.

“ *Paris, January 31st, 1871.*

“ I, the undersigned Chief of Battalion of the 37th, do certify that Mr. Cameron MacDowall, Surgeon and Physician, performed the ‘service’ of the 37th Battalion of the Garde Nationale Sedentaire of the Seine, employed first in the defence of the ramparts; and that as soon as the *war-companies* were organised in the said Battalion, Mr. MacDowall *marched* with them. 1stly, to the Lower Bourget, &c. and advanced posts on the 21st December (1870). He returned to Paris on the 31st, same month. He again marched with them on the 31st January, 1871, for the advanced posts on the South: Cachan,

Millaud's Battery, Cachan-Mill, Montrouge and Issy Fort, and others, which the war-companies occupied till the 28th January, 1871, the day of their return to Paris.

"In faith of which I deliver to Mr. MacDowall the present testimonial, and moreover as a testimony of his unceasing zeal in the accomplishment of his medical duties during the whole time that he remained with the battalion.

"I am pleased to testify to him in my name, and in that of all the officers of the battalion, the sentiments of our esteem and of our best sympathies.

"ERN. FRANCILLON,

"Chief of Battalion, Commanding the 37th Battalion of the 12th Regiment of the National Guard (Mobilisée) of the Seine."

I find I have still something to say in answer to a question which I have frequently been asked, viz. "Why didn't they fight, go a-head, break through the Prussian lines?"

If this is intended to apply to the National Guard war-companies, I have only to say that I have *seen them at work*, and that they did fight most bravely, most recklessly, just like an untrained but plucky man does when unfortunately in the hands of an experienced prizefighter. They were always willing and eager to advance, and did advance, as the testimony of the officers of the line and Mobiles enthusiastically proclaimed. This, of course, does not apply to *some* of the Socialists and "Reds," as will be seen further on; men who are now causing disturbances in Paris. It does not apply also perhaps to *all* the Mobiles, or even *all* the Zouaves or line (in spite of what the *Standard* newspaper says). The Mobiles are men who have either purchased substitutes in the army with their own hard-earned money, or who have drawn lucky numbers. (They had also worked for months and months in frost and snow and battle.) And such men can scarcely be expected to be *contented* soldiers, or even soldiers at all. The *Standard* newspaper is only speaking of a few

large town battalions when it says they are so much inferior to the line. They are almost all bigger and better-looking than the line, which is badly fed and wretchedly, hideously accoutred. Their clothes are too long and too loose, and their kit far too heavy. The line and Zouaves who misbehaved were all raw levies (as will be seen in the text). I, with my own eyes, saw them in their retreat from Chatillon. My cousin and I both remarked that they were like great soft girls without a hair on their face. But I maintain that the National Guards, with the exception of some Reds and Socialists (not all the Reds or Socialists either, say two or three thousand), the National Guards are heroes.

Why, then, did they always retire? Simply—oh, patient reader!—because the order came from General Trochu to give up what positions they had taken, and to return to their positions. Was, then, General Trochu to blame? After calm reflection and weighing the pros and cons, I think that he was *not*. I never could understand his not making three or four simultaneous sorties on different points; I cannot dissimulate that there were points where men could be got into a front line more easily than between the river's curves (from Malmaison to Montretout for example); I know that at most of these points a front of 10,000 men was *alone possible*, and that it was impossible in these places to bring up 100,000 into action. But I also know that an advance from a centre to a circumference is synonymous with marching through a river whose waters close behind you; I know that General Trochu was well aware that the National Guard is the backbone and stay of the French population, both gentle and working class—almost all fathers of families, even the war-companies—artists, commercial men, manufacturers, capitalists, men of genius, letters, &c.; I know that the Germans (it is ridiculous to call six different nations Prussians) when they had retreated to a second line of heights quietly

opened fire (such a fire!) from three sides on those heights which we had carried, and massacred us like game at a "battue"—I know all this, and I say that a man-like Trochu, with troops brave, but incapable of manœuvring with military precision, might well recoil from the awful responsibility of leading on such men to "supply humus" (fertile soil) "in the fields for the benefit of future generations" (his own expression).

I have never spoken to this gentleman, but I presume he will write his own version of affairs. It will be one of the most interesting documents of modern times.

The necessity for publishing, without a moment's delay—if it is to be read at all—any work concerning the siege of Paris, has prevented me from revising properly the contents of this little book.

PARISIANA.



I.

THE START.

I WAS too ill to follow either army in its march to the frontiers of their respective countries, although, during a short period of returning health, I had applied officially to be sent there as a medical commissioner. As such commissioners were not sent from the *Indian Army*, I determined, since the mountain would not come to Mahomet, to go to the mountain; *i.e.* to go to Paris and see what I could in the neighbourhood, either by excursions by rail, cab, on horseback, or otherwise. I therefore left London by the special train at the Victoria; taking with me a small portmanteau, containing principally shirts, stockings, handkerchiefs, my commission (in the Turkish Contingent of the Crimean War), signed by our dear Lady and Sovereign the Queen—that grand, flowing, regal signature, which, seen once, can never be forgotten—and a Foreign Office passport. I also took my uniform, with war medals, &c., in case of levées or reviews; four bundles of Manilla cheroots, £30 in gold, a pair of spurs, and my Scotch cap for travelling. I had with me neither brandy-flask nor wine, and recommend neither in campaigning or elsewhere. I will explain why.

When I came home from India, I was suffering from fearful dysentery and was recommended and ordered opium in different shapes and doses, and port-wine, brandy, &c.

The consequence of this was simply a horrible delirium and a constant wish to blow my brains out. On omitting the opium for a few days this was greatly aggravated, and I believe that only my extreme debility prevented my dashing myself out of window. As the wine and stimulants were continued, and as I *believed* them necessary myself, I soon began to feel that I was becoming palsied in my limbs and utterly miserable in spirits. At last it struck me that the spirits were the *cause* of my palsy twitching of the limbs, and not the dysentery. I therefore, one fine day in April, returned to my old drinks—water, tea, coffee, &c. and in three days I was in high spirits, although my dysentery continued as bad as ever.

I here, as a medical man, enter my unqualified disapproval of the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants in disease. Tea and coffee prevent waste equally well, and nourishment (milk, or beef-tea, &c.) is a much better stimulant, as a rule, with ammonia, ether, &c. As a tonic, and to create an appetite, a very moderate use of wine is sufficient, if necessary, and then there is always the danger of acquiring the habit, and almost the necessity, of continuing and increasing the dose. For me, and for the vast majority of mankind, alcohol in any shape is an unmitigated evil—a disgusting and dangerous indulgence. It was only great pain and the advice of others that made me have recourse to it. It diminished the pain certainly, and thus I continued its use; but I found out at last what a treacherous and deadly crutch it was. I advise all hunters and travellers, whether here or in India, when about to undertake heavy work, either in the saddle, on foot, or by rail, to trust to coffee, tea, food, and claret and water (at the utmost). Whether spearing the wild boar, or awaiting the tiger in India, or tracking game in Abyssinia, I, and many others, never drank anything else all day.

I arrived in Paris at about 8 o'clock in the morning, after having been almost obliged to stop at Calais through

my cursed dysentery. I had bidden good-bye to a very agreeable American gentleman at Dover, who was the only person I met that seemed perfectly to understand my desire to "prospect" on the battlefields of the continent. In fact he understood perfectly my expedition. He was bound for Belgium on business of importance, or, I believe, he had half a mind to come on to Paris himself. I am sorry that I do not remember his name.

My first care was to visit some relations of mine who resided at the Château of Suresnes or Puteaux. The beautiful garden and park were neglected, the ladies and children were gone, and my cousins John and Charles were preparing to follow them to the sea-coast, or to their native shores of Britain. The Château of Puteaux lies immediately under the fort of Mont St. Valerien—a small Gibraltar. My cousins introduced me to the Commissioner of Taxes, M. Guerin, a gentleman who speaks English well, has been much in England, and who has ever since treated me with the most unceasing kindness. This gentleman in his turn introduced me to the Commandant of the 37th Battalion of the National Guards, M. Francillon. I had known also, on a former visit, M. Delon, of the same suburban village, who also is one of my kindest friends. Although a man of considerable wealth, he will not accept a higher grade than corporal* in the National Guard (37th Battalion). I therefore early decided, as I could not march with the regular armies (I could scarcely walk or ride half a mile at a time), that I would solicit permission to accompany this battalion as an amateur and volunteer surgeon as long as my leave lasted. In the meantime, however, I hoped to make an excursion as far as Rheims to see what I could by rail.

II.

I AM TAKEN FOR A SPY, AND THREATENED WITH
BEING THROWN INTO THE RIVER.

On returning one afternoon from Suresnes by the banks of the river, looking out for a cab or fiacre, I observed a group of surly-looking men, evidently half tipsy, scowling at me from the roadside. At last I heard a sort of growl —“He’s a spy, a Prussian; we must throw him into the river.” My very long whiskers, in fact, were not at all like French ones, and I have often been advised to shave them. In a few moments I was surrounded, and if one of my cousin’s gardeners had not seen and recognised me, and told them who I was, I believe I should not have been writing these pages.

Suresnes and Puteaux are now almost entirely abandoned —deserted townships, as if stricken with the plague. M. Guerin’s and Delon’s and my cousins’ houses, with their splendid furniture half gone, half huddled away into corners or cellars; the gardens, with the fruit hanging half ripe on the trees, the lovely geraniums, roses, daturas, and hortensias falling, petal by petal, untended and alone, presented a spectacle which war, and war alone, could evoke, and which was well calculated to inspire a deep sense of its horrors. For a short time, in spite of my sickness, I hoped to be able to accompany, as a tourist, a young Englishman* with a corps of volunteer riflemen. I was told, however, that they were proceeding by forced marches towards the south-east, and were not likely to be back before the termination of my leave. I was almost

* Mr. Free, late of the Bengal Army. This gentleman, having no whiskers himself, at last persuaded me to shave mine, and then laughed at me. He was a fine fellow, however.

confined to my bed or the sofa, so that in every way this was out of the question; indeed it was not certain that the corps was not going towards Lyons, which was quite out of the way of adventures. I therefore tried to get strong as soon as I could, and try my trip to Rheims.

One day, while painfully strolling, or rather crawling, along the Champ Elysées, I was again taken for a Prussian spy. I had noticed that three ladies were watching and following me. I knew that such persons were employed by the police for *spy-hunting*, and began to feel uncomfortable, or rather annoyed. Soon one of the ladies, profiting by an accident which occurred on the roadside, asked me, "what had happened; if any one was hurt?" I answered as politely as I could. She continued the conversation by remarking that I spoke with a foreign accent, and, asking me curtly enough, if I were not a foreigner (*i.e.* not a Prussian). When I told her that I was an English army surgeon, she looked at me with the utmost incredulity, and told me that she had taken me for a Prussian. In the meantime I noticed that she had sent one of her companions towards the men of the Garde Mobile, who were encamped all about the Palace, and in less than a few seconds, I found a black circle of men closing gradually round me and the three ladies of the police. "*Your king*," said the oldest and the least good-looking of the three, "*your king* thinks we are not ready for him; but we are; we have millions of soldiers."

I was thunderstruck at the impudent and ignorant accusation, which might so easily prove my death-knell. Murmurs of vengeance and of impatience, full of danger, began to be heard around me, and repeating that I was an Englishman, I—as I always do in moments of difficulty demanding calm reflection—lighted a cigar! The circle seemed to close denser and more threatening around me. The words "I'd stick a bayonet into a Prussian as soon as look at him," were heard close to me. The only slightly pretty

●

young woman of the three seemed to turn sick and pale and asked to retire, when I suddenly remembered that I had my passport with me. "See," said I, "here is my passport."

"Oh, as for passports," said they, "there are so many passports now-a-days that they signify nothing at all." The youngest woman I thought was about to faint: her lips trembled and became blanched; she seemed to feel a real horror at my approaching death, and remorse at being an instrument in my supposed betrayal. I cast her a look of smiling gratitude, and thanked her mentally for not resembling the other two hags in their stupid blood-thirstiness. She nearly fainted. I really did not know what to do, and felt—distinctly felt—for the second time (once at the river), I am now happy to say, since all tourists go in search of sensations—the *emotions* of a man *condemned to death* and proceeding to *execution*. As I was being huddled about, a really nice old lady, with hair silvery white, cried out: "That gentleman has a distinctly English accent. Take him to his ambassador's, and you'll soon see if I do not speak the truth."

Thanks, dear—aye, and pretty—old dame, for your timely suggestion. "Take me," said I, "to the British Embassy."

So said, so done. The porter or gatekeeper was present. His testimony was sufficient, and I returned to my apartments in the Champs Elysées without further harm.

One morning, just as I was thinking whether I was strong enough for a trip to Chalons or Rheims, I heard of the capitulation of Sedan, the most inexplicable and disastrous affair of the war, when eighty thousand men found themselves surrounded by a countless circle of artillery and two hundred and fifty thousand men, and hemmed inside of a little town, almost without defences; jammed into narrow streets, crowded to suffocation in the small

was all but exhausted, though there were hundreds of field-pieces. The wretched, insignificant ramparts were like toys in size and number, such had been the terrible carelessness or helplessness of the Government. I think that, under such circumstances, the chiefs were right to sign the capitulation, to avoid what would have been a simple slaughter of extermination, and conversion of Sedan into a butchers' shambles.

It has been said that a sortie might have been attempted with the bayonet alone. It must be remembered that this would have been the signal for bombardment which, from the small size of Sedan, would have exterminated every woman and child in the place! Already, six times during the two preceding days, attempts had been made to cut through those two hundred and fifty thousand Prussians (who were thus five to one nearly), to burst through that wall of rifled cannon ranged as close as infantry—and with what result? Mountains of dead so thick that the corpses *could not fall*, that men died standing, propped up by corpses, or by men in the death-throes that had *not room to sink down to earth*. Besides, an army, in my*opinion, *has* a right to die, even uselessly, in the open field, or in a fortress. It has *no* right to die when it carries with it the destruction of hundreds of women and children. MacMahon was grievously wounded, and, though many voices were raised against capitulation, I think that Whimpfen (a German name) was right to sign. Besides, how was it possible to resist the pressure exerted by an imperious and even yet all-powerful master—the Emperor?

I will at a future stage relate how it was that MacMahon, the chivalrous, the brave, the soldier absolutely without fear or reproach, who accomplished one of the most difficult changes of front ever practised on the field of battle,* whose retreat from Ereishwiller and Reischofen, with the

* It will be seen hereafter that MacMahon was *forced* to delay, by

sacrifice of only two regiments of cavalry, is the admiration of all military tacticians ; how MacMahon arrived forty-eight hours too late to join Marshal Bazaine, who expected him on the 30th or 31st of August instead of 2nd September, between Metz and Sedan. By this delay the army of Prince Frederick Charles was enabled by forced marches to prevent a junction, and to cut the French army in two. First of all, it must be remembered that MacMahon advised a retreat upon Paris, which would have been the best movement in the end. Secondly, sixteen hours more were lost by the delay of a telegraph answer from the Minister of War in Paris, and which MacMahon was ordered to wait for (it appears by the Emperor). Thirdly, it is asserted that false despatches were received in forged cypher, apparently from Bazaine, but in reality from the Prussian camp. (!) Fourthly, it is roundly asserted that the Emperor himself, who was still his master and sovereign, delayed MacMahon by stringent orders concerning arrangements for his (the Emperor's) personal safety and escort.

III.

I VOLUNTEER.

I was thus, after the capitulation of Sedan, obliged to renounce my trip to Rheims, and indeed I was almost confined to my bed with dysentery.

On the 4th of September the Republic was proclaimed in the Legislative Assembly. The National Guards (three or four battalions), without arms, proceeded to the Chambers, fraternised with the soldiery in the most friendly manner, demanded the privilege of guarding the Parliament; and the thing was done, for the simple reason that the whole of Paris, high and low, rich and poor, were absolutely sick and tired of the "Régime Impériale." It was not a rebellion of any sort; it was the quiet, solemn assumption of authority by the entire mass of the population—nobles, merchants, men of science, traders, workmen, and soldiers. The remains of the army, commanded by General Vinoy, was in full retreat upon Paris; my only hope was, that I might see something in the immediate vicinity.

I was now seriously ill, quite unable to travel, and scarcely able to crawl out for a few hours in the middle of the day. I was beginning to be afraid that I would not be able to return to London before the expiry of my leave (the 4th of November). I was at last confined to my bed. One morning (the 18th of September) my landlord, Mr. Matthews, 43, Rue Jules Favre, Champs Elysées, after asking me if I were a little better, informed me, to my utter astonishment, that the Prussians had surrounded Paris, and that the last lines of railway were cut! I saw there was nothing left me but to make the best of a bad job, and to try and get better as soon as I could.

At the beginning of October I was sufficiently recovered to be able to call on the commandant and doctors of the 37th Battalion of National Guard. I was tired of doing nothing; of eating the food of the besieged; of being what is called "a useless mouth." I know no law which prevents a physician from alleviating the sufferings of humanity, whether soldiers or otherwise, fellow-countrymen or not. I therefore offered myself as a volunteer and amateur surgeon, *without pay* of course,* to be attached to the regiment. My services were most flatteringly accepted. I was made a member of one of the numerous messes, facetiously called "popottes," of the corps, and entered immediately into the exercise of my functions. I had no introduction to any other regiments,† and I was indeed too ill to accompany a marching regiment if I had. I was allowed *not* to wear the uniform; but as a measure of safety, to avoid being continually arrested in the streets as a spy, or being shot by my own men as well as by the enemy in action, I was *advised* to wear at least the "kepi," or forage cap, with its band of crimson velvet, and three silver cords of a surgeon in the National Guard.

* As an officer in H.M.'s service, I consider that I have no right to serve (even as a medical man) for money any other Government without the permission of my Queen.

† And I was told that there were 200 surgeons at the Val de Grace ready for service in the small line (regulars) force round Paris.

IV.

THE MAID OF NANTERRE.

The medical station of the battalion was at the Boulevard Péréire, near the ramparts.* The proprietor and his most ladylike wife† had placed almost the whole of their house at the disposition of the authorities ; a beautiful bedroom was assigned to me, and I gradually improved in health as the weather became cooler.

One evening, at the mess, we were talking about the Prussians, who had appeared on the banks of the Seine at Carrières, opposite Nanterre. Nanterre is a village, beyond the fortress of Mont St. Valerien, the birthplace of St. Genevieve, and celebrated for its cakes and its fire-brigade, facetiously called the “Pumpers of Nanterre,” now, since their good behaviour as soldiers, raised to the distinction of “Pumpers of France.” Many men of the battalion, which consisted of the National Guard of the villages of Puteaux, Suresnes and Nanterre (ordered into the interior of Paris), were inhabitants of Nanterre. Stories were circulating round the table, of Prussians who could be seen from Nanterre, and who could be *shot by franc-tireurs*, and *who shot in their turn*, on the banks of the river. Captain de Chobert was going next day to Nanterre, to bring in some wine which was still left in his cellar. I suggested to him that it would be a pleasant trip to go and drink the waters of the Seine in sight of the Prussians, and to see what they were doing, and how much I would like to do it. “By Jove, we’ll try it,” said he ; “come with

* Our rampart is the weakest point in the defence of Paris ; and the enemy will come, if he comes, straight upon us—more glorious than pleasant, this !

† Monsieur and Madame Augustin. He would not *take rent* (I found out afterwards) from me. I made him accept a small Indian object as a keepsake.

me!" "Thanks," I replied, "I'll be ready at nine o'clock to-morrow." "Bravo! Monsieur MacDowall," echoed round the table, "but mind we are responsible for your life; don't get into trouble."

At 9 o'clock we got into spring-carts, in one of which was a farmer's wife and her daughter, the owners of both the vehicles, and in the other Captain Chobert and myself.

After visiting the house where St. Genevieve was born in the year 407, and the miraculous well with the waters of which she cured her old blind mother,* we foraged for breakfast. I bought chocolate, a pot of jam, and almonds and raisins at the only grocer's that was open (the owner had come to remove the remains of his goods). He had nothing else to give me. M. Chobert had some sardines, wine and vinegar, and oil and walnuts. Madame Germont brought bread, salad, potatoes, coffee, and sugar. We had no meat. As for milk we had had none in Paris for a month past. It is reserved for the sick and wounded.

After breakfast we started—M. Chobert and I—to look at the Prussians. To my astonishment, Mademoiselle Germont, the farmer's daughter, declared that she would go as far as she could *with us*. When about 800 yards from the river, we insisted that she should stay behind. Some peasants were picking potatoes in the fields. Mademoiselle Germont insisted on going on a little farther. She presented the very incarnation of the Republic—large, pale, and handsome, somewhat muscular in appearance; she strode on with firm step and eye, and seemed to feel no fear and know no danger.

I felt that it was time to be inflexible. I handed her the "binocular," and insisted that she should not proceed a step farther, as we would be considered scoundrels if we allowed her to do so. With the glass she would be able to see even the moustaches of the Prussians.

* St. Genevieve, Patroness of Paris, was the daughter of Severus and of Gironia. She found means to stay the advance of Attila's invading hordes by encouraging the Parisians to the highest pitch of bravery and enthusiastic *faith in success*.

Chobert and I then proceeded in a slightly "slantindicular" direction towards the river. We had already seen a Prussian sentinel in the doorway of a long wall, on the opposite side of the river.

I now noticed for the first time that Chobert had brought a Snider *carbine** with him, and although he hid it as much as he could by slinging it behind his back, it still shone brightly enough to be very "sensationally" dangerous. However, there was nothing for it but to advise him to keep it as "dark" as possible, and on we went. At last I made a quiet but rapid glide to the river, and, stooping down, drank, with some slight feeling of uncomfortableness,† from the hollow of my hand, the water of the Seine, keeping my eye steadily on the Prussian sentinel on the opposite bank (there was an island in the middle where Prussians were said also to be), about 150 yards off. Chobert was delighted, and rapidly followed my example. I had stolen a march on him. To our horror we saw, on returning, that Mademoiselle Germont *had advanced* slowly a good fifty yards nearer than where we had left her. To my greater horror still, I noticed Chobert *unslinging his carbine*, for at this moment three Prussians, a corporal and two men, who had relieved some guard, appeared with a dog leisurely walking along the bank. I knew well enough that his shot would "draw" a hundred from the opposite bank. "Do you wish to see that young woman riddled with bullets, Chobert?" cried I, "and these few poor peasant-women and children picking potatoes massacred by your fault? For God's sake be quiet; already it may be too late, your carbine shines like a mirror." "Mon Dieu! I never thought of the girl and those poor people," said he; "thanks, thanks, I will be prudent."

* French name for a small fusil rayé.

† Sentinels, of course, do not fire except when they are in danger; but a man with a companion *armed*, who suddenly stoops down after gliding up warily, could be easily mistaken for a franc-tireur, many of whom had been thus shot, and some of whom were now about the place.

We rejoined Mademoiselle Germont, who declared that with her glass she had *almost* seen the moustaches of the "detested enemy." The bullets and shell of Mont St. Valerien hurtled over our heads as we returned to Paris in the same order we had come. These projectiles were directed towards the right of Carrières where the enemy were forming batteries.

I have never since seen Leontine Germont. I believe she is married now to her long-affianced lover.

21st. Oct.—Cannonading to the S.E. at the fortifications. I take the 2.30 p.m. train of the Circular Railway which surrounds the whole of Paris, in a cutting of about thirty feet deep, overgrown with ivy and ferns, crossed by pretty ornamental bridges and varied by rockeries. As I approach Billancourt, I see the large siege-pieces, pointed at an angle of ten to fifteen degrees elevation, throwing shell on the heights of St. Cloud, Montretout, &c. in very good "form," by the artillery of the National Guard (mostly old army bombadiers, civil engineers, armourers, &c.).

I remarked, with astonishment, that the only point from whence the fire was returned by the Prussians (they kept quite still along the most of the line) sent their shells considerably short of us. It appears their attention was chiefly engaged by a reconnaissance of Generals Ducrot and Trochu near Malmaison (where the Empress Josephine-Beauharnais, the divorced first wife of the Great Napoleon, used to cultivate the beautiful roses which bear the name). There was not much to see, save the crowds of ladies and children promenading quite calmly and collectedly near the ramparts. I am sure they none of them saw the shells bursting some distance off in the Bois de Boulogne. We were not allowed to go out of the gates. Took some coffee and a cigar, and watched the fire. All over, went home, 6.30 train.

Ducrot's reconnaissance was successful; he repulsed the enemy from Malmaison and Jonchères, and retired quietly. Not much of a brush; two guns lost, three taken.

On my way home saw a crowd listening to a street

orator. I heard him say, speaking of Napoleon III., "Yes, citizens, he followed the policy of that clever, but dangerous, *Scotchman—Machiavelli.*" (!) "Bravo, bravo!" shouted I, to prevent my bursting out into laughter. "Bravo, mille fois, bravo!" Some gentleman near me set the example, and we all roared to our hearts' content.

As a Scotchman of the Scotch, Scotchy, and the son of a Highlander, I beg to say that the man was more in the right than we who laughed, and that the author of the great treatise on Diplomacy* and Government *was*, perhaps, no other than a Scotchman, and added an *h* to his name only to avoid the horrible cacophony which the Italian pronunciation of *c* by itself would entail. I need not inform my readers that *Maci Abel* might be pronounced in Italian *Matchi-Abel*! By adding an *h* it becomes *Machi Abel*, but is then pronounced in Italian *Maci Abel*. There is no need to laugh at this, oh ye Londoners. I do believe the great writer to have been of Scotch descent—probably or possibly.

22nd.—To Vincennes to see the regiments at ball practice, first time. Now, although we have privates, corporals, and sergeants, &c., in the battalion who are millionaires and decent shots, and a large sprinkling of old soldiers besides (by the bye, the pay of ALL ranks, from colonel to private, is exactly fifteenpence a day, and only when *called out*), there are many men who probably never held a gun in their hands in their lives. The firing was therefore very wild but with wonderful aptitude the men after the third round made very good platoon discharges. The Governor of the castle, seeing me with my medals and my Crimeo-Turkish star on my old velveteen shooting-jacket, came up to where I was and conversed for some time most politely about shooting, &c., and the mortality of Paris.†

* Wrongly called "Politics."

† I will here remark that the Turkish Government gave every man who landed in the Crimea a war medal, and, to some, a star. With due deference to Lord Panmure, I think it was a mistake to give the English Crimean war medal only to those who landed before Sebastopol. Many of these last saw less service than those who landed at Kertch

To return to our chassepots. Two artillerymen of the regular army were firing at the butts. I asked to examine their arm. "See, mon capitaine;" and they entered into a professional description of the piece, cutting open a cartridge, &c. "But, mon capitaine, try it." They, at 200 mètres, had been riddling a plank two feet square, with a white rag which fluttered every time the plank was struck (there were no targets for the platoon-firing, of course). Now, although I have burnt a considerable quantity of powder in my life after big and small game, I am anything but a crack shot. Nevertheless, as once at a firing parade in my own regiment, I, by the most wonderful luck, smashed the earthenware pot in the middle of the target, from horse-back (and never, in consequence, consented to try again), this time I invoked my former luck for the honour of old England, and, bang! at the very first shot fluttered the rag. I like the chassepot myself, as a *light*, straight-carrying affair, better than the snider. The cartridge is not, however, waterproof, but the munition boxes *are*; and also the men's pouches. Indeed, it would not be difficult to render them so, either by using oiled-silk or paper boiled in linseed oil and litharge, in the manufacture. The Governor of Vincennes told me that three months ago there were no more than 20 rounds per man, now there were nearly 1,000.

We lunched at a restaurant in Vincennes—roast horse*

or went to Kars. Many of them never went farther than Balaclava. I will state my reasons. On the continent, when an Italian or Frenchman is seen wearing the Turkish war medal or the Medjidie star, you are sure to see on his breast also the Crimean medal of the Queen of England; and this whether he served at Kertch, Sebastopol, or Petro-Pauloski. Therefore, when an Englishman is seen wearing the Medjidie star of Turkey, *without* the English Crimean medal (which is the case with all the English officers who only landed at Kertch in the Crimea, where there was some fighting and a great deal of hardship), such an Englishman is constantly taken for a spy, or, in peace time, for an impostor, and subjected to much questioning and inconvenience on the Continent, in England, in India, and Turkey even.

* I lived on HORSE (full soldier's rations for four months, and diminished rations about 3 oz. per day, with half a pound of straw, chaff, wood, rice, barley, oats, and a little whole wheat, flour, &c. &c., made

disgustingly *underdone*, as roast meat *always* is in France. I could not touch it, nor some tripe which others said was good. I ate bread and drank coffee. Saw a grand-looking cantinière with a small double-barrelled rifle slung at her back, and a waistbelt of cartridges. These women are ordered not to go into action; they sell brandy, wine, bread, coffee, &c., and make a good deal of money. In my opinion they are, especially when not pretty, a good deal in the way; but when pretty they raise the "morale" of the soldiers in the line. They by law must be married, not widows of soldiers. Who would not fight under the eyes of a pretty woman, even when she is on a hill, out of danger?

I received to-day the following letter from Dr. Chenu, C.B., President of the Medical Committee of the International Society:—

" PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE, CHAMPS ELYSÉES,
" PARIS, 21st October, 1870.

" SIR,—I come, in the name of the Medical Committee of the International Society and in my own, to thank you for the communication which you addressed us, relating to the employment of the 'water-dressing'; the use of which, I hope, will be of useful succour to the wounded of our ambulances.

" Be pleased, monsieur, to accept the grateful expression of my most distinguished sentiments,

" CHENU.

" A Monsieur MacDOWALL."

I have translated literally to show the French idioms. Surgeon Chenu is one of the most distinguished military

into bread, for the rest of the time). Horse is excellent when stewed or boiled for quite *eight hours*. It is unpalatable when roasted or broiled. It is *purplish* when underdone, and the fat has an ochre tinge. I *steadily improved* in health on the *full* rations, but the diminished rations soon brought me down again. Those who were not soldiers, or who had not money, had the greatest difficulty in procuring even the diminished rations. We felt exhaustion, rather than hunger, after a few days, for the *appetite* at last *failed*, from the depression of continued hunger.

medical men in Europe, and the historian of the Crimean Campaign, &c. The new modifications in the mode and use of water-dressing seemed to him therefore worthy of attention. I sincerely hope they will be of use.

It is astonishing what Paris has done to strengthen itself in these few days. There were only about 300 cannons on the ramparts, now there are 1,600; the embrasures are perfect as they are numerous; the powder magazines are wonderfully covered with hills of turf, already beginning to sprout with verdure; the casemates for the National Guards are also far advanced towards completion. There are 60,000 to 80,000 regular troops and Mobiles between the walls and the forts, and 300,000 armed National Guards and ditto artillery on the ramparts and outside. There are 30,000 marine artillery, sailors, and marine infantry in the forts.

Another line of railway has been laid down at the foot of the ramparts for the immediate transport of troops, ammunition, and succour on any given point. The Circular Railway, sunk some fifteen yards in a cutting round Paris, forms the natural ditch of a second line of ramparts which have been formed on its inner side, armed with batteries of cannon, and "mitrailleuses" at each bridgeway. Barricades are in every street.

The Garde Mobile is composed of all those young men who had been exempted from serving, either by drawing lucky numbers at the conscription or by purchasing substitutes. This immense corps had been allowed to fall into inactivity by not being called out for drill, &c., every month as they ought. But a worse abuse had crept into the army. A man for a large sum of money was *always* exempted from serving, even if he could *not find a substitute* (which was not always easy). The *Government* was *supposed* to find one for him. Enormous sums of money were made this way. The soldier existed on paper, and the money, which was supposed to go towards military

charities and to forming a fund for ameliorating the condition of the army—this money disappeared into the pockets of Government officials, to be squandered in the wildest and most extravagant luxury. It is very possible that the Emperor was not acquainted with this enormous spoliation; but surely the machinery was bad which could allow of such wholesale misappropriation. O France, thou wert indeed deceived and garotted! Thou thoughtest that thou hadst 800,000 soldiers and more; *two-thirds existed only on paper*—official foolscap!

Some time back I saw some Zouaves and soldiers who had deserted before the enemy. They were of a provisional battalion to replace the Zouaves utterly exterminated at Wissembourg, &c. They were mere boys, with smooth cheeks and red lips like girls. Only those of a certain age were executed.

I saw also the Mobiles of Brittany*—the same race as our Welshmen. They were singing in chorus their weird old national air, as follows (said to be 900 years old):—



Ar-mo - ri - ca, daughter of the dark and a - zure deep,



We thy sons will ne - ver, never i - - dly sleep



till our blades in our foes' heart blood we steep!

* They were very fine young fellows, who spoke in a language closely resembling the Welsh. Like most ancient airs, their song was in the minor key. The biggest men I saw, however, were from the centre of France: they were *much* bigger than the line.

V.

CHATEAUDUN.

Since the battle at Chateaudun the National Guard have become really soldiers. About 1,500 of them, it is said, and 500 franc-tireurs, or *paid* volunteer riflemen, defended their little town, and killed no less than 1,800 of the 6,000 Prussians who attacked them. They had caused all the women and children to leave some time *before* the fight. This is as it should be, and I doubt if any town or village has the *right* to defend itself against the enemy until the women and children are gone.

Chateaudun was the birthplace of the "Beau Dunois" the Crusader, who also distinguished himself as a brave follower of Jeanne d'Arc. It is now, it seems, a heap of ruins. The brave men who defended it from noon till 10 at night were almost entirely of the National Guard, as stated above. They fell (at least half of their number), but it was after killing a large proportion of the invaders, and only when the flaming walls of their *own houses* fell around them did they yield an inch.

"Sorties" are to be made by companies of the battalions of the National Guard *mobilised*. I volunteer at once to accompany those of the 37th. Some companies have already taken part in the actions when occupying the forts. I am getting rather tired of skirmishes like those at Chatillon, Clamart, Malmaison, &c., where bullets whistle harmlessly above our heads and large guns seem to cause more noise than harm. Besides, I can scarcely ever get permission to go outside the gates when an action is going on.

One day, General ~~Guicrot~~, instead of reading our "permit" from the Mayor or municipality, simply tore it

into pieces and threw it on the ground. My friend Delon is hard at work fitting out his drag as an ambulance-waggon, and getting the necessary documents to go where we like without let or hindrance. But I hope that the 37th Battalion will be one of the first to make a serious sortie on the enemy, as it is formed of the inhabitants of the environs, and knows *personally* the whole line of country between Malmaison, Valerien Fort, and St. Denis. It is chiefly composed of hard-handed labourers, workmen, &c., who have wisely elected for their officers, sergeants, corporals, &c., gentlemen who can afford to pay for the luxury.

27th October.—Saw a very pretty young girl with her mamma, both of them with hair of the red, red gold. “At least,” thought I, “there are *some* golden tresses amongst the Parisians.” At this moment, the pavement being slippery, the elder lady nearly fell. The exclamation in English “Take care!” having escaped from my lips, “Ah sure! I’m not hurt yet; thank you all the same,” was the answer from the buxom, slim and golden-haired pair in *unmistakeable brogue*.

Neither fair hair, nor chestnut hair, nor beauty, are *common* in Paris; but, when a girl *is* pretty there, she has something about her which *intensifies* it to a surprising degree. It is certainly not forwardness, nor impudence, nor artificiality, in the real sense of the word, nor richness of costume. It can only be expressed in French; it is a “*Je ne sais quoi!*” I saw this morning a face which (except one, of course) pleased me more than any I have ever viewed. Like the other two, I shall probably never see it again.

This morning the future cantinière, or vivandière* of the 5th Company, breakfasted with us at the little mess. To

* This was not Mademoiselle Schewske, of whom I shall presently speak, and who, I believe, joined the 6th Company.

the honour of the regiment, although her husband is of Prussian extraction and was obliged to leave France, she has been elected to the post in order to make a living. She is a handsome and good woman, though very dark. Darkness is like "chiaro oscuro," or the Parisian "Je ne sais quoi;" it intensifies beauty. Thus, a beautiful blonde (beautiful in feature and expression) would become *intensely* beautiful if she could be converted into a brunette. An ugly blonde would be more *intensely* ugly as a brunette. The other day one of the members of the mess brought his sister-in-law and her niece, with the husband of course, to dine with us. It is a pity such invitations are not more numerous in larger messes, and especially in England and India. They are really humanising. I will describe one which I think may prove the patriotism of French women.

VI.

MADemoisELLE SCHEWSKE, AN ACTRESS OF THE
 "VARIÉTÉS," AS A VIVANDIÈRE.

One evening we were warned that the next day we should meet a Mademoiselle Julia Schewske (what a beautiful name is Julia! it is imperial in ancient Rome, it is Byronic, it is Rosseau's Julie, it is Shakesperian, it is the most splendid month of the year!), one of the actresses of the Theatre des Variétés, and her aunt, who were both acquaintances of one of the members of the mess. Mademoiselle Julia was to dine with us. This lady had been a volunteer nurse in an ambulance, thus nobly serving her country—all theatres are closed—but she had been obliged to leave it on account of ill-health. She now wants to be a cantinière (vivandière) in the 37th Battalion. She lives in our neighbourhood. We had soup, sardines, roast mutton,* salad, vegetables, fruits, preserves, cakes, and some excellent Bordeaux. I took *half* a glass out of complaisance (and slept ill in consequence). We talked about real courage, &c. I maintained that many daring acts were not real courage: for instance, that a good rider with his colours on, booted, and spurred, and well mounted, with the eyes of the grand stand, and the loved eyes of beauty, fixed on him at the start for a steeplechase, displayed very ordinary manliness. ("You, mademoiselle, are a horsewoman, I presume?" "I adore horse exercise, monsieur."†) But that when training his horse himself, before well knowing his capabilities for taking him over a 4 foot wall, in the grey of the morning, with *no living soul* to see him, perhaps, break his neck, he showed rare courage, in putting him at it.

* We were not yet reduced exclusively to horse.

† French women, since the Empire, are beginning to like horse-riding very much—*vide* the Empress.

“Oh, oui, indeed,” was heard everywhere. “Do you train your own horses, monsieur?” “Ah, mademoiselle, I speak not of myself; but many officers of my regiment do this, I can assure you.” She looked at me with a complimentary look of incredulity as to my own incapacity, which was very pleasant and flattering.

“Since you do not drink wine, monsieur, what *do* you drink?” “Tea, when I can get it.” “Ah, I will have both tea and coffee when I am cantinière; indeed, as my mother was of English extraction, I am very fond of tea myself. But why do you not drink wine? Have you sworn not? Are you a ‘titottal’?” “No; see, I drink this half glass to the success of France. But once, when I was very ill, to soothe pain I was ordered to take wine and opium. I soon began only to wish for death, and I believe would have killed myself if I could. (I had, also, mental troubles.) Luckily, I thought at last that the wine and not the disease depressed me, so I gave it up entirely. Suffering alone had made me take it, and greater suffering, from its effects, made me leave it. I think that many men, especially when in pain, are likely to fall into the same state, and as I feel much better with tea, I stick to that; and I look upon alcohol for many people (say five out of ten) as the most unmitigated evil.” “Hold! I think I will drink nothing but tea. You frighten me; not that I ever drink more than a glass or two of wine, and HATE champagne.”

We all retired to the drawing-room, where there was a piano. I was asked to sing, and, after I had forced some one to begin, I sang a beautiful French romance, “Il ne faut plus aimer,” of Camille de Vos. I am not much of a singer, but I learnt this song from a beautiful English lady,* who sang it in the most perfect style, with intense expression and feeling—a great musician and *composer* herself.

I therefore owe to her the having sung it with effect this

* Mrs. W. B. J——, the wife of one of our most remarkable authors.

evening. In a few minutes the poor girl came and sat by the piano, and I saw the large tears gathering in her eyes. What had been her history? It was certainly not of any one present she was thinking. I should like to know her story. I'll try.

After our music was all over, the subject of this lady being the cantinière of the 6th Company came again on the *tapis*. We all tried to explain to her that the battalion was composed chiefly of rough country-people from the environs, who could not probably have very much money to spend, whose loud, coarse language would frighten her, &c. &c.; that a battalion from Paris would suit her better.

"There is nothing I hate more than a battalion of fops, who are impertinent in look, manner, and speech, and if one shows disapproval of their impertinent foppery they treat you as a prude. Every one of them thinks he has a right to insult an actress. I was offered the Battalion of . . . ; I refused it 'Net!'"

"Well, mademoiselle, since you are determined to try it, accompany the battalion when it marches out for exercise on Friday next. Put on a forage-cap and your riding-trousers, with the body of your riding-habit, and a short skirt, and we will get you a permission to come. We will also give you a small barrel for carrying the brandy in. At least you will be able to judge if we are not right in trying to dissuade you."

"But I must have a carbine and cartridges."

"I will lend you both," said M. Gagneux.

"Well," said the lady, "it is an *affaire faite*."

And she took her leave, accompanied by her aunt, of course.

Mademoiselle Schewske is a quiet, pretty girl, with light brown hair, and of good reputation. She is anxious to continue earning her livelihood on another stage than that of a theatre, since that is closed to her for the time being.*

* As my company was a *marching* company, I did not see her again. All I was able to learn about her grief was that HE (her

Saw a National Guard eating *cat* ! * It had been stewed in claret, and *he said* it was very good.

Saw a father soundly box his daughter's ears—the brute !—I did not think such a thing possible. The slim “girlie” rushed away and leant against the wall in a paroxysm of tears. I went up and kissed her hand (she was about eleven years old), and gave her a flower I had in my coat. Father looked sheepish ; girl brightened up.

Metz has fallen, and rumours that Bazaine surrendered in the name of Napoleon III. are rife.

Paris very excited. The village of Bourget had been taken from the Prussians by General Belmare on the 29th (without orders from General Trochu). He had only three regiments and four guns, and one mitrailleuse ; the enemy came next morning, 30th, with forty cannon and 40,000 men, and retook it of course, as the Government, or Belmare had *not been able* (?) to send reinforcements to hold it !! To-day, 31st, it is falsely said that Trochu has retaken it again in person. But in the meantime discontent has risen to such a height that a sort of revolution has taken place.

Trochu is down and the “Commune” is up. Paris is more excited and dejected than ever ; I will relate what Lieutenant Poisat, of our mess, who happened to be, in person, on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, told me himself,—the Commune was up indeed—the tyrannous, red, deadly Commune.

At about 2 o'clock, some men of two battalions of the National Guard, from the “Red” quarters of the town, surrounded the Hôtel de Ville, crying “Vive la Commune !” “Down with Trochu and the Government

affianced husband) had had a bullet through his heart at the beginning of the war. I believe the lady will appear some day on the London boards.

* I gave five francs to the cook or messman to tell me whenever there was cat or dog on the table. He used to come behind my chair and whisper “Bow-wow-wow” or “Miaou, miaou, aou, aou,” as the case might be. I was afraid of trichina disease.

of inaction !” Suddenly two pistol-shots are fired, no one knows whence. “Our brothers are being murdered !” shout some Reds and Socialists. The National Guards begin to load. Other battalions arrive (three in number), the Ministry bow from the windows, and expostulate. But at the cry “Vive la Commune,” the gates of the Town House are suddenly burst in, the windows are thrown open ; it is all over ! Little rolls of paper are thrown from the windows containing the words : “It’s all right, the elections for the *Commune* are agreed to ; this is the list of the new Government—Dorian, President ; Flourens, Deleschuse, Blanqui, Felix Pyat, &c., Ministers ; (Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc refused to serve, but were named). Dorian is the late Minister of Public Works. A rich, honest ironfounder of St. Etienne, liked by *all* ; he has worked steadily and well for the defence of Paris. But what a mixture of low *ambitious* agitators are associated with him ! He himself is said to have *refused*. Victor Hugo, the great poet, and Louis Blanc, the administrator, historian, and student (I have often seen him at the British Museum), have both *resolutely refused* to be elected as Ministers of this the usurping faction. Paris is much excited ; the Commune is much dreaded ; the “deadly, tyrannical, red Commune !”

But what *is* the Commune ? Paris has a right to eighty municipal *elected* Councillors, and a President ; and as Paris thinks itself France, these Councillors and their president, *think* * they will (and wish to) be the masters of France ! The moment for electing them being quite inopportune, demanding valuable time and strict *scrutiny* and *supervision*, General Trochu and the Government had refused to allow the election—but now, General Trochu is down, and is nobody.

* The very cause of the hatred of the Provinces for the Commune, the real cause of the disunion now reigning in France, is this wish of Paris, or rather the Reds in Paris, to govern France.

VII.

THE COMMUNE.

A preternatural gloom is over Paris, the birthplace of the guillotine and the Reign of Terror! The “*rappel*” is being beaten in many quarters. The National Guard are to hold themselves in readiness at their *quarters*, not in their own homes. “*Nous verrons!*”

10 o'clock.—What is that? It is the “*générale*” beaten under our windows. Up and dress, and away with the 37th Battalion to the Hôtel de Ville. What a strange, quick, hurried, nervous beat is the “*générale*.” The drums themselves seem to pant with stirring excitement and apprehension. We are again in 1793—98. The spirits of Danton, of Carrier, of MARAT, of ROBESPIERRE, seem to hurtle, with strident and gasping utterances, through the stormy, dripping streets, their lips dabbled with blood, their gory hands clutching at shadows, their great hungry eyes peering into the gloom, restless, mad, craving for blood! The rain falls thick and quick; but a vapour seems to rise from the very stones: it moistens the hands and face; you look at your clammy fingers in the faint, fitful moonlight, partially obscured by the hurrying clouds—is not this mist, this *warmish*, heavy, penetrating steam, the vapour of BLOOD?

At 2 o'clock a.m. (1st November), after many halts and obstructions, we were in sight of the Hôtel de Ville. As I do not write by copying from the newspapers, I almost always only tell what I have seen or heard from a personal friend.

1st Nov., 2 o'clock a.m.—Lieutenant Nyon, of the 37th

Battalion, has just *seen* General Le Flo, who has escaped from the Hôtel de Ville, under the pretext that he was going to keep *back* the immense array of National Guards who are coming to the rescue of the Government. Trochu had also got out some time before. "The situation," said General Le Flo, "is most serious (*excessivement tendue*). The Commandant of the National Guard (General Tamisier, he who had once said to a rebel crowd of Reds, Socialists, &c., 'Citizens, a voice more eloquent than mine will persuade you to listen ;' and at the same time he pointed to the quarter of the horizon where the sound of *cannon* was beginning to be heard), he and the ministers, Jules Favre, Garnier Pagès, Jules Simon, General Ducrot, &c., are all prisoners to the men of Belleville (1,500), with bayonet, pointed at their breasts. You may expect to hear firing any moment."

This was news indeed! At about 3 o'clock, General Trochu, who had escaped with Jules Ferry in the afternoon (*dragged out* by a well-behaved battalion of National Guards), arrived, and, accompanied by a large escort, went straight back to the Hôtel de Ville to deliver his friends, amid cries of "Vive Trochu! Vive la République!"

The General was well mounted, and sat his horse well and with his high forehead, or rather half-bald head, looked strikingly like the Stratford bust of Shakespeare.

I must here pause to say that the Socialist Reds, and a few of the National Guard of Belleville (say 2,000), had declared that they would "*slaughter the ministers*," &c. who were in their hands if force was used to turn *them* out of the Hôtel. But as 80 of their own men were prisoners, in the hands of the National Guard of Paris (25,000), they were told that these men would be "instantly shot" if they touched a hair of the ministers' heads; they were powerless.

A battalion of Mobiles now penetrated into the Mansion House and delivered the prisoners, not without much

hustling. Flourens, who commands the National Guard of Belleville (the St. Giles of Paris), and others, will probably be tried for treason: his followers all slunk away, and we got home safely at 5 o'clock in the morning. Trochu is up again!

1st Nov.—Placards are posted on all the walls, demanding (as the Government wishes to know the desire of the majority) on Thursday, the 3rd, a simple vote of “Yes” or “No” as to whether the Government is to “remain as it is or not.”* The municipality is to be elected on Saturday—a mayor and two adjuncts—in each arrondissement (district) of the town.

It is to be remarked that, when Rochefort said yesterday that the elections were to take place immediately, the Communists had cried out, “No elections; we want the Commune!” Yes, indeed; they wanted a Commune, *without* the little formality of elections! Even the elected municipality, it must be remembered, was *suppressed* during the Empire! This was wrong. It is our Lord Mayor, and Aldermen, and Council, &c., with larger powers; but the Commune in '93 was in fact only a despotic dictatorship over *all France*, which *usurped* Government.

2nd Nov.—How was Trochu saved yesterday? The 106th Battalion at 8 o'clock was in the Council Hall of the Hôtel de Ville, confronting the franc-tireurs of Tibaldi, (a dangerous corps of a dangerous system of badly-disciplined and disobedient and almost independent troops), the only two *red* and rebel battalions of the National Guard (out of 269 battalions loving order and justice), together with all the rebels of Belleville, having Flourens, Blanqui, &c. at their head. “Let us save the General,”

* Talking of plébiscites reminds me that at the time of the Emperor's plébiscite, the votes of the whole army (ayes and noes) were scarcely 400,000! No one thought of noting this revelation of the strength of the French army—EXCEPT *De Moltke and Bismarck*!

was shouted by the brave 106th Battalion, "Let us save the Chief of the Government!"

A sapper of the battalion passed an arm round the slim waist of the General, and dragged his light burthen into the midst of the corps. The guns of the rebels were now levelled at his braided forage-cap. The sapper whips it off the General's head, and substitutes his own. Shouts of "We'll have him back!" "We'll save him!" "They shall not take him out!" were heard on all sides. It is said that Flourens struck up the guns that were levelled at the General: it is one of the few things to his credit. The General was got out by the battalion, like a certain lieutenant I knew once, whose company of sepoys saw him down to the pier and on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamboat for Europe *in their midst*, with fixed bayonets, till he was safe out of the clutches of his numerous—creditors! The General's life had been in the greatest danger during the day: fists had been held under his chin, guns levelled at him, his words shouted down, &c. It is said that he had looked more or less "*impressioné*"; but as he and all the ministers were more or less hungry and fatigued, and in immediate apprehension of death, it is not to be wondered at. The bravest, especially if they have rosy cheeks, show a change of colour in front of a *crowd* of roughs, reds, or assassins! Nevertheless he had steadily refused to give up the reins of government.

VIII.

THE GUILLOTINE.

3rd Nov.—Quite by chance I chose yesterday afternoon to pay two visits. It only strikes me this morning what coincidences they both were. Yesterday was still the day of terror, and the “Commune” was only scotched—not killed, perhaps: Death and the *guillotine* were in the air still. The names of the people I called on were Mr. and Mrs. GUILLOTIN (senior) and Mr. and Mrs. Guillotin (junior)!! I had owed them a visit for some time. The elder lady is such a pretty, old, tender-hearted creature, constantly in the hospitals! &c. &c. Her son is a fair-haired, blue-eyed National Guard; her husband—such a chatty, good, pleasant old fellow as you seldom meet, and handsome withal—is a manager of a LIFE ASSURANCE Company!! the daughter-in-law is half English; and the baby is a picture of gentleness. They live in a street of the Faubourg St. Honoré. Guillotin died in the *same* quarter. They are not descendants of the good man. I may as well add that Dr. Guillotin was NOT the *inventor* of the guillotine!*

* Dr. Guillotin only proposed, in the Constituent Assembly, that some more humane method should be adopted to kill men, than hanging, the hatchet, &c. He proposed that some “simple mechanism” be invented for the purpose. (The *Moniteur*, No. 70, of the 9th October, 1789.) He also proposed that no civil “dishonour should attach to the families of the condemned,” and that “the confiscation of their goods should in no case ensue; that the body of the executed should be buried with the ordinary rites, and that on the register *no mention* should be made of the *mode* of death.”—*Moniteur*, 1789.

* Guillotin consulted the great surgeon, Louis, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Medicine, who discovered that, as the *finest* blade of a knife, seen through a microscope, is dentated like a saw, a horizontal blade is of no use. The “*Manaya*” of Italy (see the *Symbolicorum Quæstionum Libri* of Bocchi, Bologna, 1555), or the

"Maiden" of England and Scotland, are horizontal. (Camden's *Britannia*, edition of 1722.) Thomas Pennant found this instrument, the Maiden, lying in a corner, as if quite forgotten, in one of the lower rooms of the Parliament House in Edinburgh. (Pennant's *Tour*.) Such a horizontal blade could not, falling perpendicularly, act as a saw, and was bad, though loaded with lead between two uprights. It tore the head off, &c. Louis suggested a concave or convex blade. But it was Tobias Schmidt, a German pianoforte maker, who proposed to make, and first did make, the instrument, as it was to be afterwards used, with an OBLIQUE blade. About 3,000 people were thus executed during the Reign of Terror (twenty-three months) in Paris. It was not quick enough; drownings (*noyades*) and *sabrades* helped it!

The great anatomist, Sömmerring, believed that the head could feel after being guillotined. "Haller," said he, "affirms that a head grinned horribly when a surgeon pushed his finger into the canal of the cervical vertebræ. Has not Weikhard seen the lips move? And has not Leveling, on irritating what was left of the spinal cord—has he not seen horrible convulsions? People worthy of faith have told me that they saw cut heads that ground their teeth!" Leveillé Wedekind, Le Pelletier, René Georges, Gastelier, Cabanis, have tried to upset this opinion that the brain could feel when deprived of blood.

It is probably absurd. A simple blow on the head is enough to destroy all sensibility. My horse once fell at a gallop: I was perfectly insensible for an hour. But here there was *concussion* of the brain itself. "But once a wonderful opportunity occurred for testing this. A man condemned to the guillotine promised solemnly to his friend that he would move his eyelids up and down. The eyes both were found closed—*closed for ever!*" (*Gazette Medicale*.) This, however, proves nothing very clearly or satisfactorily; for they may have been open at the time of death, and closing is a movement!

A word on capital punishment, and I have done with this note. Society has a right, perhaps, to inflict the same penalty—*death*—on those who have caused death; but not *more!* Now, a criminal, condemned, suffers sometimes, even for forty days, a *thousand* deaths, and more than deaths, until he is executed. The murdered man, his victim, has seldom, if ever, been kept in any torturing expectation or *suspense*. Society has therefore only a right to kill a man (if it have really such a right) *immediately* the judge passes sentence, then and there! A blow on the head with a mechanical hammer, suspended over the dock, would alone be strictly just, and at the same time most humane! Deathbed repentances are nonsense; so there is no use delaying execution.

IX.

COINCIDENCES.—SECOND SIGHT.

4th.—Fenced with Private Leopold, &c., in the Regimental Salle d'Armes. Touched him once, for which he immediately ran me through the body *thrice*—or would have done so, if we had been fighting with swords. Nice fellow. Shall go again. •

As the seventh child of a seventh son, and a Highlander, I ought to have second sight. If I were superstitious, many curious coincidences would have made me believe in the gift. I prophesied that a great event would happen to a lady in three years. She reminded me some months ago of my prophecy, and announced its accomplishment. I once dreamt of a fellow-student, whom I believed to be at the Cape of Good Hope. The first person I met in the streets next day was this very same Bailey. He had been obliged by illness to give up the idea of going to the colony.

I received a letter from a cousin of mine in Paris last year, saying that the very morning of the day when he received my letter announcing my return from India, and when they still all thought me to be *in* India, his brother John came home, saying that he had seen me, Cameron, on the Boulevards. I was indeed in London, and my letter came by post, almost as he was speaking, which announced my arrival there. I felt that some evil was coming, but laughed at it, and know that it is only a coincidence, but I was *laid up sick to death all the winter*.

A beautiful datura plant which I had given to my cousin in 1863, was nearly crushed by carriage-wheels in 1868-9. I was at that date in the deepest physical and mental

suffering in India. A dear sister died, but the plant and I revived.

I hope the visit to the Guillotins does not presage anything concerning the guillotine and my neck!

I have predicted a triumph for France on or about the 110th day of the war, for last night's aurora borealis was 110 degrees height above the horizon, *and I wish to cheer up the French.*

4th Nov.—The *Rappel* says there are, 2 a.m.—

239,000 ayes for present Government,
42,102 noes.

The *Moniteur* at 12 at night—

293,000 ayes,
21,000 noes.

Evening—

321,373 ayes,
53,585 noes,

without the army and some sections.

Saturday, 5th November.—Army and Mobile Guard and National Guard.

236,623 ayes,
9,053 noes.

Total of all votes 557,996 ayes (90 per cent.)

62,638 noes (10 „)

Rumours of an armistice are rife. Our military promenade was put off yesterday. Pyat, Flourens, Blanqui, &c., have all written to the papers declaring that the present Government, or one member, Dorian, had consented to the “Commune Municipale,” that they used no violence, &c., and that they are now cheated. Nevertheless, mayors and adjuncts are being elected to-day, not to govern France as the sanguinary Commune of 1798, but to manage the city only, of course. It is doubtful how many of the Government consented to this Commune; but if any did, it was with the point of the bayonet at their heart or, as Shakespeare has it, the “halberd at their

breast." But the name of a "Commune Revolutionaire," which pretended to govern France and upset any Government, to guillotine and ~~slay~~, is banished; and, indeed, it would never have been elected had Faction kept the reins. At the Hôtel de Ville they would have named their own creatures by a *coup d'état*. They had even shouted "No elections; la Commune!"

Saw Rubens' wife to-day, that is to say, I saw a lady nearly run over by a cab, whom I immediately thought to be Flemish by her resemblance to Pierre Paul's numerous portraits of his second spouse. As I saved her from out of the horse's way she was very thankful, and shortly asked me, as she spoke French with a slight accent, "Spricht Flamsch?" "Do you speak Flemish?" Wasn't I proud of my ethnological and physiognomical acumen? Indeed, I find that study most interesting. In England how easy it is sometimes to trace the Angle, the Saxon, the Dane, the Norman, the Briton, the Gael or Celt, in their lineaments, and what a magnificent race the mixture sometimes produces,—or some mixtures at least. This, with all deference to our great Disraeli, who is quite right when he says that the Jewesses of the East, at least on the banks of the Euphrates, Tigris, shores of the Persian Gulf, &c., are a splendid type. The Jews at Bushire, Persia, were the handsomest men we saw during Sir James Outram's campaign, and one of the prettiest ladies at a ball given by the benevolent millionaires, the Sassoons of Poonah and Bombay (India), was an exquisite Jewess of Bagdad origin. I think the line has been bred too much in-and-in in Europe. A little mixture would be good.

The Flemish lady was very fat and rather pretty. She told me she was going to leave Paris with the Belgian Embassy. When I told her that she reminded me of Rubens' wife, she was kind enough to say that I was not absolutely unlike Peter Paul, or even Vandyke (or Van-

dicke, as she correctly pronounced it), and we parted with a *very* low bow.

Whilst I was in the house of Captain Roger, on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, a quarter I hardly ever went to before in my life (but as Roger lived in a country house in the eastern environs of Paris, he now is as near it as he can be to protect his property)—in comes Madame Roger des Genêts, a chatty old lady.

“Brother-in-law, I have just been taking such a long walk with Victor Hugo. He said he was too tired, and you lived too far off, for him to come and see you this evening.”

Now, I have often, in India, dreamt that I was near the great poet, and had the pleasure of speaking to him, for I am very fond of poetry. Remark the coincidence in the very name of the Boulevard *Beaumarchais*, the great dramatic poet and author of *Don Juan*, *Marriage of Figaro*. Hugo is greater even than he. I did not know Roger at all, but went there with my friend M. Guerin on business. On returning home, I meditated the following verses, and immediately committed them to paper. You may skip them, and probably will, gentle reader :—

TO VICTOR HUGO.

I.

It is not, sir, that you have never lent
Your patriot lips to kiss a despot's feet,
Not only that your heart and wealth you lent,
To rescue starving children from the street

II.

It is not that, in exile, you preferred
Your lonely wanderings on a sea-girt rock;
To all the applause of France, your country, heard
Like distant waves that seemed your heart to mock.

III.

That you did leave your loved poetic throne,
 To work for France with pen ensteep'd in gall,
 And shunned the woods, the flowers, and birds, to moan
 And sob your heart out o'er your country's fall;

IV.

Not only that of Him the crucified,
 The poet of Truth, the Beautiful, the Wise,
 You always speak with love and reverence wide,
 And words to bring tears into atheists' eyes;

V.

It is not that your mighty voice and ken,
 Still prophets styled the Third, the Last! In fine—
 Your Chastisements* fulfilled—that with your pen
 You blow up tyrants as a match the mine!

VI.

It is not that here, with us, you refused
 To lend your name to Faction—though it named
 You ruler, without asking—and abused
 The mighty force that ever with it stayed;

VII.

Not only by all this I'm forced to bring
 My homage, Master, like a poor leaf whirl'd
 To your throne's foot; 'tis that you make to *ring*
 The vaulted heav'n: yea! are, while you sing,
 A Perfect Living Poet of the World!

C. STUART MACDOWALL,

Author of "Via Dolorosa, or the Half-sin of Lady
 Margaret."

I signed myself as the author of the above little book, to show that I was of the fraternity of Literature, however humble, and to give myself a *sort* of right to address the Great Poet.

* "Les Chatiments," a collection of poems predicting the downfall of the Second Empire.

X.

THE POWER OF RIDICULE.

Yesterday, the power of ridicule in France was well exemplified. At a meeting of Materialists and Atheists, the first orator that rose to spout his nonsensical rhapsodies began by shouting out, "Gentlemen, *thank God* I am an *Atheist!*" The perfect yells of laughter which greeted this outburst were at once inextinguishably and irrevocably fatal both to the orator and to the meeting. They laughed, they whistled, they cracked a thousand mad jokes at the miserable and discomfited speaker; they shrugged their shoulders, and shook their sides with delight; and, finally, rushed into the street absolutely roaring with fun and frolic.

The same thing took place at a meeting for the election of one of the mayors this morning. A speaker, who made things worse by not seeing his mistake, and continuing gravely his oration in spite of rising mirth, said, "Citizens, I propose that every mayor (*mare*) should, *must* be a *father*."—"Hullo there! hold hard, old boy, not so hossy!"—"Draw it mild—what an interesting female!"—"No lectures on Zoology or the Metamorphoses of Ovid, if you please!"—"The mayor's wife must then grow a beard and wear the breeches, eh! *ma foi*, since her *husband* is to be *unsexed!*"—A doctor in the stalls, "*I won't be his accoucheur!*" &c. &c.)

"Gentlemen," said the astonished and thick-pated orator, "I repeat every *mare* (mayor) *must* be a *father*. *Nothing is more easy to bring about.*"—"Go it, old bloke!"—"Ho! ho! ho! *vétérinaire enragé, va!*"—"What would you have? Monsieur wishes to be father and mother

at the same time!"—"C'est patriotique, ça!"—"It is matriotique also!"—"Oh! oh!"—"Chair him!"—"Let him speak—or squeak!"—"Beware his ten nails, now that he is a woman!"—"Get down, old female!"—"Rather say female hippopotamus!"—* No; female donkey!"—"Ah, ah! Burr! Ya! Hooray!" &c.)

The pun holds good in English: mare, mayor. In French it ran on the words *maire* (mayor), pronounced the same as *mère* (mother), and also on the word *père* (father).

Rochefort has resigned. Was he disgusted with the drunken rioters of the Hôtel de Ville? He also quarrelled with his colleagues in the Government for changing the elections of the "*gouvernement de la commune* Revolutionnaire" (eighty elected representatives who would have capsized Trochu, and governed France themselves, the whole eighty as an executive ministry!) into simple legal elections of a mayor and two adjuncts for municipal purposes. Thirdly, his own partisans blamed him for having had a hand in the proposed armistice. And this is the end, for the present at least, of Count Luçay de Rochefort.

7th.—I saw a man of science, M. Morin, this morning, who was at the Hôtel de Ville during the whole of the 31st as a spectator. He told me some anecdotes which also illustrate the power of ridicule. On the common council table, one orator was so tall that he was constantly knocking his head against the drops of the chandelier, and interrupting himself to rub his occiput and look up to avoid another accident. Although very serious and clever, the laughter and yells of the men standing around on the chairs, velvet sofas, arms of fauteuils, &c., of the *gamins* or street-arabs hanging on to the curtains and pilasters like bunches of currants, obliged him at last to get down quite discomfited and crestfallen.

At one time there were *five* different Governments

table at which General Trochu and the ministers sat, twenty orators stood screaming, yelling, bellowing like mad bulls. It was at this time that some one said to Jules Favre, "Don't be afraid." "What do you mean?" said the minister, who doesn't wear a moustache, and whose lips probably, therefore, showed some slight sense of danger.

Jules Simon, the Minister of Public Instruction, said, on hearing a volley of menaces, "Kill, shoot us *at once* if you are determined; *we are ready!*"

A rather fat commandant of rebels, about 9 o'clock, thinking that the new Government was all right, and having found probably plenty to eat and drink in the splendidly supplied kitchens of the Hôtel de Ville, began quietly to snore on a bench. On awakening two hours afterwards, he went into the offices of the Government, and seeing every one at work again or quietly smoking cigarettes, &c., "This is well, citizens," said he; "at work again. Where is Blanqui?"

"Gone to bed, probably!"

"How, gone to bed! That's not the way to be a good minister. Where are Flourens, Cluseret, Pyat?"

"Gone to bed; gone to bed."

"Citizens, you must be mistaken; they can't be all gone to bed."

"Well, they're all gone to the devil, at all events, for gone they are. Go also home thyself, respectable-looking, but deluded, individual, to thy anxious, and perhaps too-confiding, spouse."

The Government had changed during the forty winks!

XI.

THE NATIONAL GUARD MOBILISED OR CALLED INTO ACTIVE SERVICE.

Blanqui, Pyat, Milliere, and Flourens have written to the papers, denying that they sent orders on the Treasury for a million of francs, as was stated. Flourens is certainly a very rich man, and has a fine, handsome, honest-looking head and brow.

It is not certain whether the Garde Mobile and National Guard penetrated into the Hôtel de Ville or not, by a *tunnel* from the neighbouring barracks to the cellars of the Town Hall. Such a tunnel comes in very handy for a house where a Government sits. This is advice to Government architects!

King William and Bismarck have refused one of the conditions* of the armistice (revictualling of Paris for twenty-five days). It is said that in Belleville a price has been offered for Trochu's head. The ringleaders of the 31st, except Flourens and Blanqui, have been arrested. These are hiding! Drunken women marched to the Hôtel de Ville, and kicked up a disgusting row,—chiefly oldish and ugly women.

Drunkenness, I have long remarked, had greatly increased under the Empire of late years in France. It was a little worse during the first days of the revolution. It is less prevalent just now. Government have decided to call out 100,000 National Guards for general service, to "Mobilise" them, as it is called. (They have already got all the old soldiers who had served seven years.) This 100,000

* In fact, they do not care twopence farthing for England, or even

is to be thus composed :—1st, volunteers ; 2nd, bachelors and widowers without children, from twenty to thirty-five years of age ; 3rd, ditto, ditto, from twenty to forty ; 4th, married men without children : each class only when the preceding one is exhausted ; 5th, ditto with children. This is the right thing at last ! For the honour of old Scotland I have inscribed my name as a volunteer surgeon in these active service war-companies. I know no law which prevents me from succouring wounded fellow-creatures gratis. I did not carry arms (I did not wish to kill anybody), nor the Geneva cross, as I am a soldier, and indeed in action it is quite useless as a protection from shells and bullets.

Saw a waiter, who said he had had the honour of being employed to wait at banquets given to our gracious Sovereign during the visit of her court to Paris. I asked him if he had been a servant at the Tuileries (or at what palace ?) “ Ah no, sir,” said he, “ it was at a magnificent banquet given by the Freemasons’ Lodge, (!) Avenir, to her Most Gracious Majesty ! for you must know that in England and Spain, and some other countries, great ladies are admitted to Freemasonry !!! ” Here was news ! New to me, and to others, I should think. The man was positive, though polite and respectful. After all, why should not crowned female heads, as well as male, be of the *Royal Arch* ? Talking of Masonry, the Lodge “ Grand Orient ” has (?), we hear, not only cited, but condemned King William and Bismarck to *death* (?) for crimes against humanity ! Such is the popular *presumption* of the gullible public ! The same public will have it that Orsini, who attempted the life of Napoleon III., was designated by lot for the deed, by Freemasonry !!! That the war of Italy was undertaken by Napoleon to satisfy the Society of Freemasons in Italy !!! They thus confound “ Carbonari ” and other secret societies with Freemasonry.

Rothschild refused to cash a cheque on a London bank

for me to-day ; yet his brother or cousin is a British subject and M.P. (I admire many Jews very much, especially our great and benevolent family of Syrian millionaires in India, the Sassoons of Bombay.) But a French and very amiable Hebrew money-lender cashed my cheque at a reasonable discount without making any fuss, and without half the introduction, &c., which I took to show the Rothschilds. I do not understand it yet.

XII.

I AM KEPT IN PARIS.

Yesterday all British subjects who could, left with the military and diplomatic attachés. I had applied *just one day* too late to be included in this first list. Indeed, if it had not been for the *newspapers*, I should not have known that *any one* was allowed to go to England. On hearing that such a thing was possible, I immediately went to the Embassy, for my leave "was up," or rather my furlough was ended. To my delight I was told that the first list of names had just been sent to "Mister" Bismarck, that I must leave my name and address to be included in the *second*, if such an one was ever sent, and that I would be duly informed, &c. Thank heaven, I may yet see something worth relating. All this occurred last month.

Bismarck refuses to admit food, and the armistice is shaky.

10th.—To-day I saw well-dressed people, especially *men*, young girls, boys, *children*, who seemed to me for the first time to be haggard and HUNGRY! It is too horrible!

I am not a *useless* mouth, for I work hard and eat little, or I should feel miserable.

The National Guards object that the new levies, viz. four marching companies from each battalion to form new regiments of four battalions, will introduce strangers to each other and their officers, destroy their *esprit de corps*, &c. &c., and that if the four companies (very strong ones) are to form a small *separate* regiment of men who thus know each

other, the bachelors and widowers without children, may be less numerous in one regiment than in another ; the result will be that fathers of families will have to march ! Say in the 100th Battalion these have to go, there may be bachelors, &c., kicking their heels in the 101st ! Here is a dilemma.

13th.—Government have got out of the difficulty by calling *all* bachelors of 25 to 35 into *active* line service as by law of 10th August last, never *until now insisted on* !

This is as it should be ; some of the papers demand a plébiscite, or general vote of no or yes, as to whether the country desires Peace, or War ; Armistice, or perseverance in hostilities ! Now why *not* have a plébiscite of this nature ?—Simply, gentlemen, that it is wrong and impossible, without great danger, to let the public and Prussians know what *resources* or *wants* we have, and a knowledge of those wants *alone should influence such a vote*.

I discovered this morning that France is *not at all Republican* ! !

The horror, the dread of “ Reds,” Communists, Chartists, Socialists, and Fenians of all descriptions, is so deeply engraven in the minds of all right-thinking people, that, much as they would like a Constitutional Government, and to be rid of what is called personal government,—Napoleonism, Cæsarism, &c., still, in the dread of an “ indigestion ” caused by social anarchy, they prefer a *strong* Government of any sort ; like the late Earl of Derby, who preferred the gout to washy Marsala wine in lieu of port.

At a club meeting of Reds the other day, a wretch even spoke of the *enemies* of his country as better than “ our Royalists *at home* ” ! Such was his blind hatred of anything like hereditary rule, and yet hereditary rule is everywhere the law as far as *property* is concerned, and property in men, viz. serfism, slavery, has only, or, at least, first been abolished by *Kings* (constitutional ones) ! In the

The Southern Republicans in America did all they could to *keep up* their institution of slavery, and it was only abolished by the force of circumstances (brought about, for *other* reasons, by war).

An officer of artillery has invented a means of converting old 12-pounder smooth-bores into excellent breech-loading rifled cannon.

The artillery, which has been so often abused unjustly, has rendered this service. The inventor introduces a tube of brass into the old bronze piece while it is red-hot, and which on cooling forms an "amalgamated adhesion" with the brass. This piece is then rifled, and converted into a breech-loader.

I got myself revaccinated the other day, as my friend Doctor Piojey has fifty patients with smallpox, and not one of them *had ever* been vaccinated in childhood or at all! Hear this, and tremble, ye howlers against vaccination and the immortal Jenner! Scarcely one of those who have *not* been vaccinated in youth has escaped the terrible disease, and all are disfigured or dead!!

"By the bye is there not a Lord Jenner in England? You are so liberal, so just, so enlightened, in comparison with us!"—this was asked me by a French savant. I felt humiliated indeed in answering. This gentleman had known a Baron Dupuytren, a Baron Larrey, &c. &c. "No, monsieur," said I; "men can get peerages for great deeds, and also for destroying life and causing pain, not for giving health and alleviating suffering. A baronetcy is enough for that. It is our ministers too, not our kings and queens, who are to blame. It is well known that her present Majesty has frequently proposed peerages (whose holders *need not necessarily be representatives, or legislators*) for great medical men: God bless her for it!"

To-day I heard in the street,—“The plan of General

Only a penny!" A good deal of money was made before the trick was found out.

It is related of Trochu, that being at the Tuileries one evening, before the declaration of the war, he remained so silent and dejected, when all the Imperialists around were clamouring to arms, that General ——— made some remark upon it. "I hate war!" said General Trochu. "How?" said General Drawing-room Fire-eater, "hate your profession!" "Yes," resumed Trochu, "because, sir, *I have seen much of war*, and nothing but necessity will make me wish to be the cause of it."

At a club of the Belleville Reds, one man in a state of epileptic frenzy and eloquence "made the women look at each other with horror and pale lips—struck dumb on hearing his horrible blasphemy."* He was talking about kicking up a revolution in the celestial regions. "He would scale the walls of heaven," &c. &c. "Better go up in a balloon," said some witty *enfant de Paris*, "but take lots of ballast; you are so empty and lightheaded, old bloke." "They'll both burst!" said another. Orator came to grief at once.

I predicted, as noted, when the aurora borealis appeared over Paris to an elevation of 110 degrees, that, it augured a triumph or success to the French, and that, on the 110th day of the war. This evening, by chance, we fell to counting the days since the 18th—19th July. I thought the time had not come. Judge of my surprise—I actually felt frightened—a mixture of uncomfortableness and awe,—when we found that the day was past, that the 110TH DAY of the war was that on which General Aurelle de Palladines gained the FIRST FRENCH VICTORY, the RECAPTURE OF ORLEANS. And I am a seventh child of a seventh son, and the son of a Highlander. Of course this is only a coincidence, and yet it is curious!

To-day I determined to write to the commandant of the

* *Moniteur Universel*, 20th November.

4th Battalion, that of the fashionable Champs Elysées, the quarter I lived in for some years as a boy, and where my old acquaintances live, and I told M. Guerin, my kind friend, that I intended to volunteer as a supernumerary volunteer surgeon, without pay of course, for the war-companies of *that* battalion.*

The *very same evening* M. Guerin, at a café, entered into conversation with a stranger, apparently, who afterwards recognised *him* as having seen him with an Englishman who had a very long moustache. "It is my friend MacDowall," said he; "he wishes to volunteer for the war-companies of the 4th Battalion." "*I*," said the stranger, "*am captain in the war-companies of the 4th Battalion.* Here is my card. Moreover, I know Mr. MacDowall, for I remember my company insisting that I should stop him in the street once, to see if he were not a Prussian!† Bring him to me. I shall be delighted to have him."

The next evening I was at the Countess of Ligondé's, near the Champs Elysées, the *very street* I lived in twenty-four years ago. In comes my friend Guerin. I did not know of his having met the above-named stranger (viz. Monsieur Uldaric de Grandpré) — "Mac! you want to enter the war-companies of the 4th Battalion? well, I know a gentleman who belongs to them. It is a Captain de Grandpré. *He lives in this house. He is now on the floor beneath us!*" I felt slightly uncomfortable again — awed — am getting accustomed to it, however. Oh,

* On second thoughts, I preferred remaining with my kind friends of the 37th.

† Dr. Robert Millar, late of the Bombay army, I hear is in Paris, and has been taken up thirty-one times as a spy, has been imprisoned, put in irons, &c. Bob Millar, as he is affectionately called, was always getting others out of, and himself into, trouble. He knocked a skipper down upon his own quarter-deck once for insulting a lady. I hear that he is now going in for damages against General Trochu for loss of kit, false imprisonment, &c. I cannot find out where he is living in Paris, but hear of him.

Wilkie Collins, you are right—coincidences are wonderful! M. Guerin told me this same evening, for the first time, that he must have seen me twenty-six years ago, without knowing me, for that he used to come and play in the house we lived in with the young Counts de Ligondé and D'Autemar and De la Salle. *These were all present this evening!* It is all very curious! for *I have only known Guerin of late years.*

Saw a very tall old woman stopped as a Prussian spy. The street-arabs seemed delighted. When some friends recognised her, the old dame was not at all frightened, but red with rage, not for being taken for a Prussian, mind you, but for being supposed to be—a man! She vociferated at this as being the “unkindest cut of all!”

Tried to eat roast horse again, as nothing else was to be had. Obligated to give it up. And yet, when well and thoroughly boiled or stewed in a little wine or brandy, I can always eat it. It is then *excellent*. But roasted, or as horse-steak, and though well done, it has, even when tender and *kept*, always been unpalatable to me.

Bought some currie-powder (Crosse and Blackwell's) and chutney to-day—both very good.

The *Rappel* of to-day is so abusive towards General Sir F. Trochu, K.C.B., and the Government, that I really am almost sorry that I wrote verses in honour of the father of the editor. This editor is Charles Hugo. *He* is ruining himself and his father in the esteem of all sensible men. But his father must be a little to blame. “Il se *perd* lui et son *père* qui est *paire* (de France) et ses confrères.”

XIII.

MACMAHON.—MY ENDEAVOUR TO CHEER THE PEOPLE
BY THE PROPHECY DODGE.

25th Nov.—To-day in the printed copies of the Imperial correspondence and telegrams, in answer to one from Palikao to MacMahon, asking why he did not march from Sedan straight to the rescue of Bazaine at Metz, MacMahon, who had once already been *obliged* to renounce his original design of retreating from Chalons on Paris, answered as follows:—

“TO THE MINISTER OF WAR, PARIS.

“SEDAN, the *31st August, 1870. 1.15 a.m.*

“MacMahon makes known to the Minister of War, that he is FORCED to retire on Sedan.”

It is evident that the reason of the Emperor for *forcing* MacMahon to come back and to remain at Sedan, was because he, the Emperor, required the 100,000 men to guard his person. MacMahon, with tears in his eyes, was obliged to obey. It appears that after all he *had* gained thirty-six hours in advance of Prince Charles. He pleaded this, and begged and prayed all to no purpose. He remained with the Emperor by *force*, got wounded in seeking death rather than defeat and capitulation. Oh, well done, great and glorious captain! May none bearing the name of MacMahon ever fear death!

Speaking of MacMahon reminds me of his retreat from Reischofen, with the sacrifice of only some cavalry. Listen, oh, White, Melville! and you, Laurence of Guy Livingstone memory, and warm the cockles of your hearts! and you, Dr. Lever, or Harry Lorrequer, listen! When MacMahon, at Reischofen, saw that his army was

being uselessly massacred by forces which were eight to one, and that retreat was necessary to avoid extermination, and to save as many soldiers as possible for another day, he called General Legrand, who commanded the cavalry, and seizing his hand said, "General, I am going to change front and retire. Do you see the enemy over there? You must immediately *attack them, and continue to charge and attack*, and be as LONG ABOUT IT AS YOU CAN;" and, like Nelson and Hardy, they embraced each other. "For God's sake take care of yourself, Legrand." Legrand smiled. MacMahon turned quickly away. Poor Legrand! and poor 2,000, or so, of cavalry! They *were* long enough about it! The remnants of the French army were saved; but the 2,000 and Legrand stayed so long about their heroic work, that *they* never came back—never! The God of battles called them, all covered with glorious wounds, to rest that night in heaven with their old comrades-in-arms of Balaclava. (See verses, p. 59.)

MacMahon has now a wound about ten inches long on his thigh—few commanders-in-chief are *ever* wounded. His wife is a British woman, I believe. He is said to be very absent-minded, *except* on parade or in battle.

Saw an old sub-officer of the Guides Imperial Light Cavalry, Monsieur Nyon. He told me that in his troop once were the following names of *common troopers*:—Prince de Chabot Rohan, the Marquis de Lauzun, a Prince Murat, and the present General Ducrot's brother, &c.; and—raised from the *ranks* of another regiment—Sub-lieutenant the Marquis, now General, Gallifet. It is fair to say, that this regiment, and *all* the men, have greatly and gloriously distinguished themselves in the war.

Also the National Guard yesterday greatly distinguished themselves in the retaking of Bondy (72nd Battalion of Passy) from the Prussians at the north-east suburb of Paris.

Passy is near the Champs Elysées.*

Went to the Faubourg St. Germain to see my Abyssinian comrade, the Count de Seyve. He is dead! Monsieur de G—— and C. de G—— also are both in the *country*!

My letter to the *Moniteur*, about my prediction at the time of the aurora borealis, is inserted this evening; it is as follows:—

“ To the Editor of the *Moniteur Universel*.

“ Nov. 26th, 1870.

“ Monsieur,—La nuit de l'aurore boréale, je prédis devant de nombreux témoins, un triomphe pour la France. J'ai prédit ce triomphe pour le cent dixième jour de la guerre.

“ Si vous voulez calculer depuis le 19 juillet, vous verrez que le cent-dixième jour de la guerre nous avons gagné la bataille d'Orleans! Ce n'est qu'hier soir que nous avons songé à faire le calcul. ~

about the “bluster” of the National Guards, do so simply because they never went to a sortie, except with the rear-guard, in a cab, or under an umbrella. One of these gentlemen, after saying that the National Guards would never do anything, declares that he counts on “the provincial Mobiles and the men of the faubourgs and environs only.” Now, every one of these men of the faubourgs and environs is a *National Guard*! So much for the correspondent's accuracy. Shades of Seveste, of Perelli, and of a hundred other artists, actors, poets, singers, men of science and of letters, merchants, honest tradesmen, and professional men (whose cold corpses lie, scarce buried, around Paris), how must your rest be disturbed and embittered by the croakings of this unsoldierly pseudo-litterateur! Why the very Reds—a few hundred—who behaved *badly*, were under the impression—the firm conviction—that Trochu had sent them out to an “untenable post” on purpose to be massacred and got rid of—nothing could persuade ~~them~~ to the contrary. *I am certain that, as a rule, no Frenchman is a coward.* But troops who have lost confidence in their Generals and Government, *will never try to do anything.* Nevertheless, the Garde Nationale, as individuals, fought splendidly. Of the 100,000 mobilised, it is true never more than a few were, or could be, brought into action. It is no easy matter to bring large bodies of men to a front of some thousand yards when you are *surrounded* on three sides! Besides, as I said in my prefatory remarks, General Trochu knew the National Guard to be the *population* of Paris, and shrank at turning them into food for powder. For although they were soldiers, you cannot make regiments and brigades and divisions that *can manœuvre* in a few weeks, nor perhaps make such of National Guards at all. Any man who says the National Guard, as a rule, are not brave men, simply lies—under a mistake.

“ Si j'étais plus superstitieux que je ne le suis, je croirais à la *seconde vue*, car je suis *Ecossais* et *septième* enfant d'un *septième* fils, conditions voulues dans les montagnes d'Ecosse pour la vue surnaturelle.

“ Eh bien, monsieur, quoique je ne sois pas superstitieux, je crois à des *sympathies* qui font *deviner* les choses et je *sens* que la France *triomphera* à la longue. Déjà j'ai *senti* que l'aurore boréale, s'élevant à 110 degrés de l'horizon, pouvait suggérer un espoir qui s'est accompli.

“ A la prise de Magdala, en Abyssinie, j'ai vu, au grand jour, un *périhélon*, phénomène très rare ; j'ai *senti* et prédit le succès définitif de l'expédition. Pourtant nous n'avions que quinze jours de vivres, les pluies commençaient et nous étions à 300 lieues de notre base d'opérations—la mer !

“ Je déclare que je n'ai pas le *moindre doute* que les Français *triomphent* ; je le *sens* depuis longtemps.

“ C. STUART MACDOWALL,” &c.

TRANSLATION.

“ To the Editor of the *Moniteur*.

“ Nov. 26th, 1870.

“ Sir,—On the night of the aurora borealis I predicted before numerous witnesses a triumph for France. I predicted this triumph for the 110th day of the war.

“ If you will count up from the 18th–19th July you will see that on the 110th day of the war France gained the battle of Orleans,” &c.

Next morning the fashionable paper, the *Gaulois*, had the following kind and true remarks :—

“ Nov. 27th, 1870.

“ L'on a parfois des pressentiments qui se réalisent plus ou moins, M. Stuart MacDowall ne *pressent* pas, il *sent* ; ce n'est pas parce que nous croyons aveuglément—quelque douce qu'elle nous soit !—à sa prophétie que nous la relevons dans le *Moniteur* ; mais un peu de double-vue, en ces temps, où la

simple vue nous permet à peine de voir, n'est vraiment pas de trop !

" Donc, cet Ecossais sentimental (quoique aide-major volontaire des compagnies de guerre de la garde nationale), nous communique son 'sentiment' sur la situation.

" Ecoutons-le," &c.

The *Gaulois* calls me a sentimental Scotchman !

I alluded to the perihelion which I saw at Magdala, in Abyssinia, and did all I could to raise the spirits and cheer up the hearts of the French, so cruelly overmatched by five or six different countries—Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemberg, Baden, &c. ; but I had lost almost *all hope*. The French, men, women, and children, however, to do them justice, never *showed fear* of any kind, although they also felt little hope. I add the list of witnesses for mere form.

" PARIS, 26 Nov. 1870.

" Nous soussignés certifions que Monsieur C. Stuart MacDowall a prédit à l'époque de l'aurora boréale un triomphe pour la France le 110me jour de la guerre.

" LEHEC,

" *Lieut. 37 Bat.*

" A. GERMONT,

" *Lieut. 37 Bat.*

" G. POISAT,

" *Ingénieur.*

" GUERIN,

" *Percepteur, Receveur municipal de Puteaux (Seine).*

" V. LARGE,

" *S.-Lieutenant au 37 Bataillon.*

" J. C. NUTTING,

" SAINT SALVI.

" NYON,

" *Sous-Lieut. 37 Bat.*

" C. PAILLARD,

" *Lieutenant au 37 Bat.*"

All the quarter is amused and cheered by and joking about this. My friends are delighted at being able to smile and make repartees again. None have yet thought of asking if I squinted since I have *double* view, but they bang me on the shoulder and say, "Cagliostro of the period, come and dine with us to-night—horse *à la* second sight, and *partridge of the future*." (Rats 6d. each in the markets;—*fact*!)

At a club of Reds, or Socialist Republicans, the other night, a speaker proposed that no National Guards should march unless the priests went with them.

A voice: "Where will you put them?"

"In *front* of us, of course!"

Another orator said, "*I propose that we don't march against the enemy at all. If we do, old Trochu is likely to 'do' us out of the Republic in our absence.*"

A woman here shouted out with great good sense, "Lot of cowards, you have thirty sous a day for being soldiers, and we are starving." An indescribable hubbub terminated the evening.

The *Gaulois* republishes this morning Victor Hugo's splendid (for a Republican) profession of faith of 1848. It is as follows:—

"On me demande toute ma pensée: la voici:

"Deux républiques sont possibles: l'une abattra le drapeau tricolore sous le drapeau rouge—dressera la statue de Marat—ajoutera à l'auguste devise *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*: l'option sinistre "*ou la mort*"; fera banqueroute; ruinera les riches sans enrichir les pauvres; anéantira le crédit qui est la fortune de tous, et le travail qui est le pain de chacun; fera des gros sous avec la colonne; abolira la propriété et la famille; remplira les prisons par le soupçon et les videra par le massacre—fera de la France la patrie des ténèbres;—nierait Dieu; remettra en mouvement ces deux machines fatales qui ne vont pas l'une sans l'autre: la planche aux assignats et la bascule de la guillotine;

ardemment, et après l'horrible dans le grand que nos pères ont vu, nous montrera le monstrueux dans le petit.

“ L'autre fondera une liberté sans usurpation et sans violence, une égalité qui admettra la croissance naturelle de chacun, une fraternité non de moines dans un couvent, mais d'hommes libres; donnera à tous l'enseignement comme le soleil donne la lumière gratuitement; introduira la clémence dans la loi pénale et la conciliation dans la loi civile—assurera la propriété comme la représentation du travail accompli, et le travail comme l'élément de la propriété future; respectera l'héritage, qui n'est autre chose que la main du père tendue aux enfants à travers le mur du tombeau—bâtera le pouvoir sur la même base que la liberté, c'est-à-dire sur le droit; dissoudra l'émeute et la guerre, ces deux formes de la barbarie; fera de l'ordre la loi des citoyens et de la paix la loi des nations; grandira la France; conquerra le monde; sera en un mot le majestueux embrassement du genre humain sous le regard de Dieu.

“ De ces deux républiques, celle-ci s'appelle la civilisation, celle-là la Terreur. Je suis prêt à dévouer ma vie pour établir l'une et empêcher l'autre.

“ VICTOR HUGO.

“ *Assemblée nationale du 26 mai 1848.*”

Nothing can be finer than this, for a Republican (and every man has his tastes).

TRANSLATION.

“ Two republics are possible. One will strike down the tri-colour flag, under the red flag,—will raise the statue of Marat—will add to the august device:—‘Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,’ the sinister option ‘or death!’ will be bankrupt; will ruin the rich without enriching the poor; will annihilate *credit*, which is the fortune of all, and work, which is the bread of all; will melt down the column (‘of the Place Vendôme’) to make penny pieces; will abolish property and the family tie; will fill the prisons by suspicion, and will empty them by massacres; will make of France the native soil of darkness and ignorance; will

fictitious paper-money, and the wooden plank of the guillotine ; in one word, will do coldly what—the men of '93 did with fire, and after the horrible things amid the great ones which our fathers saw, will show us monstrosity in the midst of littleness.

“ The other will found a liberty without usurpation or violence ; an equality which will admit of the natural growth of all ; a fraternity, not of monks in a convent, but of freemen ; will give education to all as the sun does light ; will introduce clemency into penal law and conciliation into civil law ; will make property secure as the representative of work *done* or accomplished ; and will protect work as the element of future property ; *will respect inheritance, which is nothing else than the hand of the father stretched out to his children through the portals of the tomb ;** will build power on the same basis as liberty, that is to say on right ; will dissolve rebellion and war, those two forms of barbarism ; will make Order the law of citizens, and Peace the law of nations ; will aggrandise France ; conquer the world (?)† ; will be, in one word, the majestic fraternal embrace of the human race‡ under the eye of the Deity.

“ Of these two republics one is called Civilisation, the other Terror.—I am ready [continues the superbly-eloquent writer] to devote my life to establish the one and to prevent the other.”

National Assembly of 26th May,—Revolution under Louis Phillipe—1848.

We march to-morrow morning, 5 o'clock, in the direction of the N.E. of Paris ; destination unknown !

Bedtime.—I have been thinking of MacMahon all the day before yesterday, and to-day. I cannot sleep, so get up and write the following verses. The reader may skip them if he likes, and—as I said on a former occasion—probably will.

* The *italics* of this splendid simile are ours.

† A Republic *such* as England possesses, with a *hereditary* President, or Representative King, might ; but one with a changing President—never.

TO MARSHAL MACMAHON, K.C.B., DUKE OF
MAGENTA, &c. &c.

I.

He's dead, my Captain, he whom you did send
To stop pursuit, and close the foemen's track.
You little thought, when all your troops did wend
Their way adown the valley, that he'd ne'er come back!

II.

"Stop them, Legrand," you said, "*long* as you *can*!"
What time a bombshell tore your horse's flank.
"Great God! MacMahon's down; now every man!
Trot, ~~CANTER~~, CHARGE!" rang out along the rank.

III.

This was your first great grief: *they ne'er came back*!
But when, long after, you were *made* to stay,
And lose a day to guard HIM*; *then*, alack!
Your second grief did come—again *they*† won the day.

IV.

"Charge! Charge!" Crimea's, Magenta's Duke! you said;
When lo! the iron smote you like a lash!
Yet still you sat, hemmed in by serried dead;
Your torn flesh hanging—like a sabretache!

V.

'Twas all in vain! He whom your honour bound
You to obey capitulated,—maybe, well
'Twas so. God grant that it may so be found!
But you, my hero! who your wound may tell?

VI.

'Twas in your heart, my warrior!—in your heart,—
Stung to the quick by France, fair France's woes.
You felt the pang; you could bear any smart,—
Pain, exile, wounds, deformity, but THOSE!

* The Emperor Napoleon III.

† The Prussians.

VII.

France and your soldiers lost by those
Clerks, ministers,—yea, diplomates, forsooth!
They robbed the rich, the poor, their lord, they rose
By night, and forged and lied. They hid—nay, *killed*
the truth!

VIII.

They told you they'd a thousand thousand men,
“And guns and stores—for years!—and cloaks and boots!”
They lied; they sent you forth to death, and then—
You could not sift their books;—they lied, sir, in their
throats!

IX.

Oh may some peaceful home by the sea-shore,
With her, the British maid, whom thou didst wed,
Soothe thy proud spirit, sorrowing evermore,
Since thy sword, tied—by force,—to battle may not lead!

XIV.

FIRST FALSE SORTIE.

We started at 5 a.m. I took with me a macintosh and blanket, rolled and worn like a cross-belt ; my traveller's pouch, containing an'extra silk shirt (can't wear flannel—wish I could), two pairs socks, four handkerchiefs, a small tin of dry tea (the lid serves me as a cup), and four days' sugar, with all my money and papers round my waist ;—no arms. I have no wish to kill anybody, and neutrality and my profession (?) forbid; a good stick, a pencil and paper, a throat scarf for the night—(quite dark). Marched straight to Belleville, out through fortifications to Fort of Romainville, round it, thence to Fort of Noisy, past that to a position on the left of Rosny. Stood all day in the mist and rain, but, like old soldiers, our National Guards had lighted a hundred fires, five minutes after our arrival on our ground, and were cooking when the order to march came. Marched a short way. Prussians had retired, it appears, from Avron ; we came *back* too to our soup,* ate it and the boiled meat, and were ordered then to return to Paris, as further attack on the fort or from the fort was evidently postponed, and Avron was carried. We have not got our *tentes d'abri* yet, so are not yet camped outside of the walls.

30th.—It appears that the Prussians had inundated the whole of the valleys before us yesterday by letting out the waters of the Marne river.

Cannonading has been incessant all the night, and con-

* *Soup is the ruin of the French army.* It takes four hours to make, at the least. Hot coffee, steaks, chops, or cold cooked meat, should alone be tolerated on marching days.

tinues now quicker than the second-hand of a watch can tick. I hope our battalion will march again to-day; but we are not yet fully equipped, no *tentes d'abri*. I slept so soundly last night that I heard nothing through the night. The firing is to the S.E. (2 o'clock). Firing also on the S.W. and N.W. Stay with my battalion for fear it should march without me; cannot therefore go on a voyage of discovery. Indeed, I would not be allowed to go out of the walls of Paris.

Yesterday, it appears, at a concert for the poor, all the artistes, orchestra, ticket-takers, &c. sang and played in full uniform, not having time to change their costume.*

Ducrot's proclamation to the 2nd Corps terminates with these words, "May God lend us his aid!" He is a fine fellow. Those who say he broke his word of honour lie under a mistake. He only promised the Prussians that he would go to constitute himself prisoner at Pont à Mousson. He *went* there, but found a means to escape.

General Trochu, who absolutely (by a new law) prohibited the press from speaking of the movements of troops, preparations, &c., yesterday warned it against giving (perhaps) deceptive information on the result of to-day's doings, even of *successes*, as many apparent retreats will only be feints, and many apparently ridiculous victories may be only "demonstrations" prepared beforehand.

This is admirable as forethought and legislation. I wish he were more active, though.

1st.—We were roused up this morning at half-past 3 by the rappel, and started off for Vincennes, thence to the right of the redoubt of the Faisandries, where we stayed all day in the cold, awaiting an advance on the enemy.

* Our London favourite, Jules Lefort, though an excellent soldier,

The day, however, was chiefly employed in burying the dead. Ducrot has *recrossed* the Marne.*

A rather pretty cantinière, from whom I bought six cups of coffee, told me her feet were cold, and asked me what she should do for it. As every one around her was expected to say something complimentary, I said, "Let me cover them with kisses." Her husband took off his hat, and bowing, said, "Thank you, mon Major" (the title given to a Chirurgien Aide-Major). "Julie, thank monsieur for his *gracieuseté*." He was a very handsome man this husband, and both he and his wife seemed much pleased. And this is the real type of the cantinière—(and sensible husband). And the more I see of them the more I find it true. She must be married, she must take all compliments in good part, she must have no preferences—(except for her husband), and by smiling on all, and pleasing all, she will make lots of money by the sale of weak brandy, bread, and chickoried coffee. In garrison she has the purveying of messes, and is generally a good caterer. I am almost tempted to think that when she is pretty she greatly raises the "morale" of the soldiery, for you can scarcely keep these pretty little women in the rear, and even there they look on and appreciate the deeds of valour you perform. I therefore think that the cantinière is a good institution, and I retract the opinion I emitted against them at the beginning of this work. I don't know what battalion this little woman belonged to, but her husband told me she was the joy of his house, and an excellent mother. "Take care of yourself, my polite major," said she, full of smiles; "adieu!"

As we had no *tentes d'abri* yet, we returned to quarters in the evening.

* This was the end of all our sorties. We carried positions, and were always ordered back again. Nor were sufficient sorties made

2nd Dec.—Roused up by a false alarm at 3 a.m. Dressed and got ready to start. Order countermanded. Went to bed again, after drinking eight cups of tea, which the excellent concierge, Madame Thibert, 138 Boulevard Péréire, made for me. Yesterday the *Liberté* newspaper having spread a false report of defeat, the people of Paris burnt the whole edition on the public thoroughfares, and General Trochu has prohibited *by law* “*any report whatsoever concerning the war other than the official one.*” Well done, Trochu ! at last.

XV.

SECOND FALSE SORTIE.

We are ordered to be at the Place du Trone at 5 a.m. to-morrow. We are to march in the direction probably of Juvisy. It is very cold—freezing. Bought a pair of warm gloves, and a map of the country. We are going out to-morrow probably for a good twelve days. So good-bye, gentle reader,—perhaps for ever!

We marched at 3 a.m. to the Place du Trone, thence to Vincennes Fontenay-sous Bois, the Fort of Nogent, and lastly to the right flank of the Fort of Rosny again. Fires were immediately made, spite of the snow, and we ate bread and made coffee. I patted a dog which a man had in a string. I thought it was a regimental pet. I turned to look for it a few minutes afterwards. It was killed and being prepared for soup by the hungry-eyed Guards. I noticed that every dog they met was whistled to and cajoled—alas! not to be caressed, but to be eaten by men who seemed ashamed of the act which the demon Famine forced them to commit!

At 2 p.m. General Trochu came from the direction of Rosny. He bowed to the saddle-bow at the cries of "Vive Trochu!" "Gentlemen of the National Guard," said he, "I thought I should require you to-day; but the enemy has retreated from the heights I wanted to carry." It is to be remarked that a corporal of the National Guard speaking to his squad always says, "Gentlemen!" (or *now*) "Citoyens"; but I have never heard this last on parade yet, or scarcely ever, except in public speeches.

Monseigneur Bauer has written to the papers declaring that he (who is Chaplain-General of the ambulances)

and his colleagues were *fired upon* during the late action, although they had the white flag with its red cross up, and had sounded a parley on the bugles. It is impossible to doubt the reverend gentleman's word. He is a model of all virtues. Dr. Austin, the correspondent of the *Times*, signs the letter as a witness. Mr. Austin, LL.D., was the correspondent of the *Times* in Abyssinia, if I mistake not. I wonder where he lives.

A cantinière was killed the other day. Her husband was brought to the rear stone dead. She immediately, after kissing his cold lips, seized her carbine and rushed to the front. After firing a few shots she fell to rise no more.

The Prussians, it appears, have cantinières also. One of them declared she had lost a purse near Rheims (the papers say). The Prussian authorities forced the town to give her 600 francs as a compensation.

XVI.

A PHILOSOPHICAL COUNTESS.

Had a long conversation with the Countess of S—— on the miseries occasioned by war, the horrors of famine, disease, &c.

“Ah, madame, you are tackling the most difficult of questions: the *origin of evil*. Some say it is a punishment for the disobedience of our first parents; some, that it is the punishment of our own faults.”

“Sir, I cannot believe that an *all-powerful* God could *tempt*, or *allow* the serpent to *tempt*, men to disobedience, or punish a faculty of disobeying, which faculty He himself had given. I cannot, also, believe that such disobedience would be punished in innocent descendants. I *deny* flatly that the sufferings of humanity are of their own making. Is *hydrophobia* caused by *man's fault*? Is smallpox? Is hereditary disease of all sorts—consumption, mania, cholera, deformity, blindness, deafness? Monsieur, an *all-powerful* God would *never permit evil* in *any* shape.”

“Then, charming lady, it appears to me that you deny the existence of an all-powerful God altogether.”

I thought I had her here. Not at all. Leaning towards me, the pretty old lady said, with a quiet intonation:—

“Monsieur MacDowall, I believe in God; but, ‘since long ago,’ I do not believe that He is *ALL-powerful*! He is *POWERLESS* for *evil*! It is the grossest *insult* to Him to call Him *Omnipotent*. Sir, I saw a poor little child die of hydrophobia the other day, in the most terrible suffering. An aunt of mine was literally eaten away by a cancer which lasted for years. Do you think that I will ever believe that God, if He were *OMNIPOTENT*, would permit this? No, sir; our Divine Master, our beloved Christ himself, was not *able* to *remove all* evil and suffering from the world, although He

died for it. And this is why we love Him, why all men love Him ! If He had been able to remove evil, and had *not done so*, it would be ridiculous to love Him or God. For He is the personification, the incarnation of the Spirit of Good—of God, in fine ; *not* omnipotent, but battling with the Spirit of Evil, the demon, whom He will one day, if we love and imitate Him, vanquish and obliterate. Sir, it is *impossible* that God *can* be ALL-powerful. It is the unpardonable sin to call Him OMNIPOTENT ! It is insulting Him in the most tender recess of his divine heart. It is rendering love towards Him a dead letter to say that He *permits* disease and suffering, even if we add that good might come of it ! It is this doctrine of *Omnipotence* which has made religion a mockery for the majority of mankind, for the poor, the suffering, and labouring classes, and for children. How *can* a child love God with its whole soul, with its whole heart, when you tell it that *God sends* all the bitter little sorrows that it suffers ? It is this doctrine of Omnipotence that makes the Roman Catholics—perhaps wiser than you think—honour so much the child-Messiah, the Virgin, the Saints, all personifications of the Spirit of Kindness. Sir, when God shall be OMNIPOTENT—and the time will come, if we imitate Christ, whom, knowing to be as yet powerless to prevent all evil, we *can* love with our whole heart—when God and Christ shall be omnipotent, then, and then only, the wicked shall cease from troubling and the weary shall be at rest. It is nonsense, and only fit for idiots, and slaves, or maniacs, to say that children ought to be punished for the faults of their parents ; to say that God could permit *any* evil if He could help it !”

“My dear lady, you are a great philosopher, but your idea is that of Zoroaster.”

“Truly, M. MacDowall, I know that the ancient Magi of Persia taught all this. But you are wrong to call it an *idea*. It is the only religion which has an *irresistible logic*

Zoroaster did not limit clearly enough the power of his two principles—one of Good, one of Evil. He attributed very contradictory acts to each. The modern Parsees of India, besides ridiculous ceremonies, which are perhaps no great harm after all, have adopted theories which they have taken from the Jews, Hindoos, Mussulmans, &c. The true religion of Christ has yet to be preached. He who said, ‘*If Thou canst, oh make this bitter cup to pass away!*’ (the true translation of the Syrio-Chaldaic passage), He is not yet understood by us Catholics, and even less by the Protestants, especially the Calvinists. When it is known that God is only capable of doing *good*, and is as yet *incapable to prevent all evil*, the whole wide world will find its greatest joy, its most *elevating* pursuit, its most perfect, nay, *only* consolation, its greatest *pleasure, even*, in worshipping Him;—not in begging, like insulting courtiers, his favour, but in loving his ineffably kind heart, in contemplating his beautiful life, and in kissing his divine lacerated feet!”

I was deeply moved, and to show that I too had reflected on the subject, I said, “*Du reste!* The whole of nature, poetry, philosophy, and science show us everywhere the *two* principles. Night and day,—cold and warmth; organisation and disorganisation; life—putrefaction; peace—war; Pluto—Jupiter; God—the Serpent; Christ—Satan; Vishnou (Krishna)—Shiva; Ormuz—Ahrriman; Mephistopheles—the cross of Christ, and His helping grace to poor Marguerite!”

Madame replied, with a smile of satisfaction, and smoothing her dear old white hair, “You must not forget acids, the antagonists of alkalies; and white hairs, the antipodes of raven locks!”

“Ah, madame, I don’t dislike white hair!”

“Yes, yes; on a *young* face, *mon enfant*. We know all about that! Then you have the positive and negative in electricity, the two poles of the magnet, *Qui sais je!* But I have said enough on this subject.”



XVII.

THE REDS.—FRENCH INFANTRY.

Some "Reds" of Belleville have shown the white feather.* General Clement Thomas has disbanded one of their battalions for cowardice. Here is his order of the day:—

EXTRACT.

"Il résulte des documents qui précèdent: que deux compagnies du bataillon des tirailleurs de Belleville, de service dans les tranchées, ont pris lâchement la fuite devant le feu de l'ennemie; que le bataillon a refusé de se rendre à son poste sur l'ordre qui lui a été donné, et que, s'y étant rendu plus tard, il l'a abandonné au milieu de la nuit.

Un certain nombre d'hommes du bataillon ayant mérité par leur conduite de ne pas être confondus avec ceux que frappe cet ordre du jour, ils formeront le noyau d'organisation d'un nouveau bataillon.

"Le général commandant supérieur des
Gardes Nationales de la Seine,

"CLEMENT THOMAS.

"Paris, le 6 décembre 1870."

TRANSLATION.

"It results from the documents which precede, that two companies of the battalion of the riflemen of Belleville on duty in the trenches took to flight on the approach of the enemy; that

* These ignorant men were under the settled conviction (I am certain of this) that the Government had sent them to an untenable post, on purpose to have them massacred and got rid of. As I have

the battalion refused to be at its post when the order was given to that effect, and that having gone there later, it abandoned it at the approach of night, &c. &c.

"A certain number of men of the battalion having merited by their conduct not to be confounded with those thus cited, will form the nucleus of a new battalion.

"The general commanding the National
Guard of the Seine,

"CLEMENT THOMAS."

The papers say that the Prussians, having found out that we surgeons wear a velvet band round our caps, have chosen their best marksmen, with the "Dreyse" carbine, to pick us off, and thus deprive the wounded of our services.*

At Champigny, on the 2nd and 3rd (November) nineteen officers of Zouaves were killed out of twenty-seven. This was the battalion which had seen some of its raw lads *give way* at Chatillon last October. This is a provisional regiment of Zouaves, *i.e.* raw levies to re-form the regiment literally cut up at the beginning of the war. Now they have nobly but bitterly recovered their renown. They charged a battery of guns five times, and at last succeeded in capturing them. But at what a sacrifice! What a fatal mistake after all! Our Balaclava over again!

This is the place to say a word about the *French* infantry. Marshal Bugeaud says in his book, "The *British* infantry is the finest in the world; happily it is not very numerous!" There must be some good reason for a French officer to speak thus. I will try to explain it as satisfactorily as possible. The French infantry is only great in charging with the bayonet. It will *not* wait and continue stationary in order to keep up a steady well-nourished fire. It wishes and tries constantly, in spite of

* The proportion of killed and wounded amongst surgeons and

orders, to carry everything at the point of the bayonet. Now as rifles carry 600, 800, or 1,000 yards, they begin their charge as soon as they *begin* to feel the enemy's fire, and consequently have to run at least 600 yards, *without being able to fire a single shot*. They are thus decimated before getting to their object, and without even wounding a single one of their foes! This manner of acting is good for cavalry, and, therefore, the French cavalry, contrary to what one would expect, is, or *was*, better in hand.* But infantry must be like artillery or a mitrailleuse *now-a-days*. If you attempt to move it forward for a space of 600 yards, it must *necessarily cease* its fire for a *fatally long* space of time.

A British subject, of the name of Richard Wallace, has given 200,000 francs for firewood for the Parisian poor. This is a counterpoise to a fool of an English tourist who writes to the *Morning Post*, and *tells* how he lights his fire, or has his fire lighted, at St. Cloud, in the Prussian camp, with mahogany *furniture, sofas, chairs, &c.*, belonging to private individuals!†

* Our *military* riding and ~~theirs~~ are the same, and could perhaps be altered for something a little more like the hunting seat. (?) The Light Dragoons (*vide* the 10th Hussars, whom I saw do good work at Kertch in the Crimea, and who had just come with Arab horses from India) are the fellows to *ride*!

† A piano, &c., is very good and legitimate firewood when there is nothing else to be had; it makes—especially the *inside* of it—a bright, clear, perfumed flame. But in the woods of St. Cloud, &c., the Germans had an unlimited supply of firewood!

XVIII.

ROYALISM AND REPUBLICANISM.

Had a very long discussion this morning after breakfast about legitimacy and hereditary monarchy, or rather sovereignty, for monarchy signifies government by a single individual, without parliaments, &c.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I am a Legitimist!"

A poor officer of Mobiles had used these words whilst under chloroform. "I am a Legitimist," said he, "*but you must not tell!* I am a Legitimist; nevertheless, France before all. I will die willingly for France!" &c.

"I am a Legitimist also, gentlemen," said I. "I look upon the crown as the heritage of the royal family, of the descendants of our kings."

"Then the people of Britain are the *property* of her Majesty Queen Victoria!" said Mr. P —.

"No, sir," I replied; "the British people are *not property*, but the crown, the appointment, the *function*, the *being the representative*, the personification, the living emblem (as the British flag is the inanimate one) of the nation, the crown and the function of sovereignty or kingship is the inheritance of Queen Victoria, transmitted from her Plantagenet, Tudor, and Stuart ancestry; an inheritance is sacred; as Victor Hugo says, it is 'the hand of the father stretched out to his children through the portals of the tomb!'"

"But *one man*," said Mr. F., "has no right to govern, *alone*, a whole nation."

"Nor does the Crown-holder do so with us," I said; "the king in England is not less the servant of the Constitution than the nation is; nay, as the nation *made* the

Constitution, he is more so. But if he violate it, *that* is no reason why his son or nephew should be deprived of the crown. If that son be unfit *constitutionally*, by his religion or otherwise, *that* is no reason why his grandson, brother, or *cousin* should be deprived of the throne. I would always have it pass to his *nearest relative* who has the qualifications required by the Constitution. Thus the toil and danger and trouble of *choosing*—a president, if you will—is avoided. The battles of parties and of powerful individuals to obtain the post—in fact, many tremendous sources of civil war—are annihilated; and one great source of peace and prosperity is thus preserved, namely, that the king is not obliged, like your Napoleons and Fredericks, &c., to be constantly *winning* cruel victories abroad in order to be acceptable at home, nor to be crushing liberty to maintain his unstable power. Industry, liberty, and prosperity *cannot progress* if the family of the crown-wearers or the occupants of the presidential chair (if you will) be constantly *changing*. The function of being the hereditary constitutional representative of the nation is as distinctly property as any sort of property is. And property is *not* robbery, though Prudhon* says it is, for it is simply ‘work accomplished,’ as Victor Hugo happily calls it. On account of some deeds of valour, of justice, or of virtue, the crown was made hereditary in a certain family ages and ages ago. It might have been otherwise; but it is certainly lucky that it was so made; and I think a nation cannot make a greater mistake than in changing the family of its representative magistrates.”

“Ah! but if a king be not the great, clever genius which his ancestors were? if he have not great capacities?”

“Gentlemen, I really think that kings with ‘great •

* Prudhon modified his ideas, and, indeed, only investigates in his work the *false* ideas about inalienable property.

capacities,' as you call them, are more or less out of place. What is wanted in a king is a kind heart, a polite bearing, a rigorous respect for constitutional government, neither a criminal extravagance nor a humiliating penury. There should be no fanaticism in religion. He should show neither shamelessness nor prudery in the conduct of life, but observe great *punctuality* in all public ceremonies."

"But you *worship* stupidly your kings; you would kiss your Queen's feet."

"Sir, such a thing is not even hinted at. I *might* kiss the feet of the *woman* (my Queen) who I know has, and *because* she has, *suffered* more than is the lot of most daughters of men; but the law demands nothing of the sort. *Du reste*, *messieurs*—like yourselves, I dare say—it would be the *second* woman's feet that I have kissed."

An indescribable hubbub here put an end to the argument. "Ah! the second very likely; the second *hundredth* probably! Give heed to him a little; Brigand de MacDowall, *va!*"—"Voyez-vous ce Stuart? Bravo, Mac! Bravo, Major!"—"Champagne round, gentlemen!"—"To thy health, O Scotchman of my soul!"—"Trinquiez!"—"Trinquons!"—"Vive le MacDowall!" &c. &c.

It appears from the following that mitrailleuses were known in the fourteenth century:—

"LES MITRAILLEUSES AU XIV^E SIÈCLE:

"Dans le petit sac de campagne d'un officier prussien tué d'un éclat d'obus, on a trouvé, dit le *Rappel*, une copie d'un manuscrit français du seizième siècle qui n'existe qu'à la Bibliothèque nationale, et qui traite de l'art de l'artilleur.

"Il résulterait de ce manuscrit que les canons se chargeant par la culasse sont antérieurs aux canons se chargeant par la bouche, et que les mitrailleuses ont précédé les canons.

ribaudequins, et se composaient de quatre canons de mousquet unis et posés sur un affût porté par des roues pleines. Au quinzième siècle, on fit des ‘orgues de bombardes’ à six canons.

“ Les bombardes se chargeant par la culasse étaient formées de deux pièces : la chambre à feu et la volée, qui étaient unies par un coin qu’on arrachait avec des tenailles pour charger.

“ Il n’y a rien d’étonnant, d’ailleurs, à ce que les mitrailleuses soient une invention ancienne, puisque les revolvers ne sont pas une invention nouvelle.

“ Je trouve dans une vieille chronique la preuve de mieux que le revolver-pistolet—du revolver-fusil.

“ Cette chronique, écrite en 1585 par Samuel de Carteret, dit en propres termes :

“ ‘ Ledit bailly avait trouvé une invention de tirer de sa harquebus cinq à six traits de boulez l’un après l’autre, et à plusieurs marques, toutes d’une même charge et d’un même feu.’

“ Et la *Liberté* extrait du *Journal de Henri III.* les lignes suivantes, qui constatent une mitrailleuse du seizième siècle :

“ ‘ Le 26 septembre 1557, à la Croix-du-Tiroir (ou Trahoir), rue de l’Arbre-Sec, fut rompu et mis sur la roue un Normand nommé Chantepie, qui avait envoyé au seigneur de Millau d’Alègre, par un laquais, une boîte artificieusement par lui composée, dans laquelle étaient arrangés trente-six canons de pistolet, chargés chacun de deux balles, et y était un ressort accommodé de façon que, ouvrant la boîte, ce ressort lâchant faisait feu, lequel prenant à l’amorce à ce préparée, faisait à l’instant jouer les trente-six canons et jeter soixante-douze balles, dont à peine se pouvaient sauver ceux qui se trouvaient à l’environ.

“ ‘ Cette boîte fut par ce laquais envoyée sous le nom de la demoiselle de Compigny, sœur dudit Millau, avec une lettre par laquelle elle lui mandait qu’elle lui envoyait une boîte du rare et émerveillable artifice, afin qu’il la vit. Or, avait Chantepie montré au laquais comme il fallait ouvrir ladite boîte, lequel de fait l’ouvrit en la présence de Millau, et soudain se lâchèrent tous lesdits canons, desquels néanmoins ne fut ledit Millau que peu ou point offensé ; deux ou trois balles donnèrent dans les

The following account from an American paper shows how the poor people, old men, women, and children, trying to come out of Metz, were shot down like dogs, although they had a white flag up :—

“ Le *New York Times* du 30 octobre, cité par le *Soir*, dit tenir le récit suivant d'un officier d'état-major du général Picard, qui aurait pu franchir les lignes prussiennes le jour de la reddition de Metz. On voit que les récits des journaux américains doivent être accueillis avec une certaine réserve :

“ “ La veille, mercredi, eut lieu une des scènes les plus épouvantables qu'il soit possible d'imaginer.

“ “ A deux heures de l'après-midi, une foule compacte d'habitants sans armes venait de se répandre dans la plaine par les portes de l'ouest. Il y en avait de tout âge et de tout rang, de l'un et de l'autre sexe, et à peu près au nombre de 10,000.

“ “ A leur tête marchaient un homme et une femme. Cette dernière portait un drapeau blanc. Derrière suivaient une centaine d'enfants, porteurs également de petits drapeaux blancs. Un fort détachement de soldats français les forçaient à avancer dans la plaine. Il est bien certain que ces pauvres gens étaient chassés ainsi à cause du manque de nourriture, et pour leur éviter une morte épouvantable en les conservant dans l'intérieur des murs.

“ “ Comme ils approchaient, un officier prussien passa devant les lignes de ses avant-postes et leur donna l'ordre de faire feu sur eux. Le peuple avançait toujours. Quand ils arrivèrent à portée des Prussiens, ceux-ci commencèrent le feu. Croyant à une surprise, ils s'avancèrent encore en agitant le drapeau blanc.

“ “ L'homme que était en avant tomba frappé d'un boulet. La femme, toujours agitant le drapeau, continua de marcher, tandis que les enfants effrayés pleuraient et criaient. Le feu des Prussiens était toujours vif et soutenu, comme s'il se fût agi d'une colonne ennemie. La femme fut frappée et roula à terre avec son drapeau.

“ “ Ce fut alors un horrible désordre ; cette masse affolée courait en tous sens, cherchant à fuir. Le feu ennemi devenait encore

de cette foule inoffensive, engagea une terrible fusillade. Le combat s'ensuivit.—La route fût bientôt couverte des cadavres des femmes et des enfants.

“ Les forts le *Villeux* et les *Bottes* mitrillèrent l'ennemi jusqu'à ce qu'il ne resta plus un Prussien.

“ Après cela, les troupes françaises s'en retournèrent, entraînant a leur suite cette foule terrifiée, qui se précipita bientôt dans la ville par toutes les portes restant ouvertes.

“ Ces pauvres gens affamés furent contraints de rester et de coucher dans les rues. Les enfants criaient, les mères sanglotaient, en songeant à la mort de ceux qu'elles aimaient. Ils restèrent ainsi toute la nuit dans le plus profond désespoir, résignés à mourir de faim, jusqu'à ce qu'ils apprirent la capitulation.”

Had a long conversation to-day with Madame de G—— on hereditary monarchy, theology, and transmigration, &c. With regard to the first subject, I insisted on the fact that a king was the *living* emblem of a nation, as the flag (say the Union Jack) is the inanimate emblem of the (British) land; and, after having spoken and listened for about half an hour, I thought it time to take my leave of this very beautiful woman, who was so kind as to hear my long discourse. Madame de G—— is singularly like some portraits of Mary Queen of Scots. She wore this morning a purple-crimson velvet jacket, trimmed with delicate fur, which heightened the resemblance. I rose to take my leave, when, I know not how, we turned to theology, and I described my conversation with the Countess of S—— about the two principles, one of good, one of evil. This took three-quarters of an hour, and, as I continued standing, hat in hand, at the end of each of my tirades, Madame de G—— said:—

“ Mais, monsieur, I pray you be seated.”

“ Madame, I have an appointment at two; I *must* go!”

Then I listened to her remarks and talked for another quarter of an hour. Then, again, Madame said:—

“ Monsieur, pray be seated.”

“Madame, I must really not annoy you any longer.”

“But, monsieur, my doctor tells me that the *soul* cannot exist without the body !”

Here I’m off again upon one of *my* hobbies—to confute Materialists.

“Even if it were true, madame—which I don’t admit—that the soul cannot exist without matter, without the living body ; our masters, the ancients and the Brahmins, tell us that in *that* case there is nothing absurd in supposing that our souls *pass* into the *bodies* of other beings or animals which are at the precise time being born.”

“Monsieur, pray be seated.”

“Madame, I *must* now take my leave.”

“But, Monsieur MacDowall, tell me first what I shall be ?”

“Madame, there is nothing improbable in the supposition that, if you are not again born as a beautiful woman, very like Mary Stuart Queen of Scots, you may be born as a beautiful white dove.”

“But I am a brunette !”

“Well then, madame, you may become, in a future state, a splendid *bird of paradise* !”

“Monsieur, *will* you not take a seat ?”

“Madame, I must go ! How like you are to Queen Mary Stuart as you look a little to one side ! You are not the only person I have seen resembling the unfortunate Queen. Madame A——, who owns the house in which I am lodged, is also very like her. Your hair will turn grey sooner than other women’s. All Stuarts’ hair does this, since the Queen’s did so in a single night. My grandmother was a Stuart ; see, I am white on the temples !”

“Monsieur, pray *do* sit down, and tell me what was the colour of the Queen’s hair and eyes.”

“Madame, I must take my leave now. I will go and try to find an engraving of the lovely Queen. Her hair was brown, and her eyes hazel grey. Good-bye, majesty.”

XIX.

M. JULES SIMON'S CONFIDENTIAL LETTER TO MY
FRIEND.—THE AMERICANS.

By a strange mistake, many bombs were thrown from Montrouge on both French and Prussians, while parliam-enting under a flag of truce.

A Protestant gentleman who saw the Brothers of Charity picking up the wounded under fire on the field of battle and among the bullets at Champigny, Avron, Montmedy, Villiers, &c., said: "I did not believe in the religion of these men before; now I am almost persuaded by them. But to-morrow I will be a Protestant again."

All honour to the brave Christian Catholic Brothers. It is but fair to say, however, that many Hindoos and Mussulmans in our Indian regiments, are very heroes of valour.

Nine Sisters of Charity died last week at the smallpox hospital. Nine volunteers were called for, *thirty-two* presented themselves.

Three or four Zouaves had made a vow, that he who should reach the Prussian guns *first* should gain a bet. The poor fellow who did so had only time to utter two words in falling dead. Those words were: "I've won!" (By an eye-witness in the *Gaulois*.)

An order of the day directs "that no quarter be given to Prussians who do *not throw down their arms*, but who *only raise the stock of the gun*." It appears that at Hay, and Epinay, and Chatillon, the front ranks of German soldiers raised the stocks of their rifles, and when the French advanced to make them prisoners, the ranks of Germans *behind* opened a most destructive fire.

Another dodge, which took in the poor Mobiles at a village

in the south of Paris was this : From the first storey windows the Germans threw down their haversacks (some say their arms), and when the poor Mobiles ran forward to pick up the sacks and make their owners prisoners, the Germans from the *second* storey of the houses opened a most deadly fusilade. All this may be called "ruse de guerre," but I scarcely thought it was the way of men of the north.

Dec. 15th.—To-day I saw an autograph letter of one of the Ministry, M. Jules Simon, to Corporal Delon of the National Guard, who is a distinguished manufacturer. It was dated the 14th of November. In it the minister says:—

"You are right to be anxious that we should act with promptitude, but the newspapers mislead you, and we *durst* not make public the fact that some time back we had *little powder and few cannons*. We begin to receive both. The work goes quickly, but it is *not yet* done. (14th November.)

"Yours, &c.,

"JULES SIMON."

This shows what a hideous chaos this devoted Ministry found on coming into power. What resolution and courage they needed to continue their work, and bring Paris to the pitch of defensive *organisation it now is at*.

16th Dec.—Went to-day to see the ambulance of the Americans, established by voluntary contributions by those citizens of the United States, and some English who reside in Paris, for the care of all seriously wounded men. It is in the Avenue Urich (formerly De l'Impératrice). I was very kindly received by Dr. Swinburne, who had just finished an operation, and he directed an assistant to show me the premises. "Dr. MacDowall belongs to the *British* army," said he ; "you'll show him everything."

I saw a number of elegant women tending noiselessly and cheerfully the sick and wounded. Several young ladies were singularly beautiful. Dressed with all the skill of Parisiennes, it was pleasant to hear them speaking charming American-English ! On leaving, I asked if, in

case I were wounded, I could be brought to the American ambulance, "for I am going to make a sortie with my battalion to-morrow or the day after."

"I guess you can," was the answer, "if you are *severely* wounded! We have not room for trifles."

I saw some hideous mutilations by cannon-shot, &c.

The sick are tended in *tents* only; the experiences of American surgeons during the late war in the States having shown that purulent infection, pyæmia, gangrene, &c., never occur in tents. (?)

I assisted at a banquet given to us (the war-companies) before we march, by the companies who remain behind. I made a little speech.

TRANSLATION.

"Gentlemen,—I, as a Scotchman and British subject, drink to France,—the beautiful France which I now see, like a fair woman, whose heart is devoured, whose limbs are mangled, by vultures who fix their talons in her flesh. (Loud applause.) But if her heart be laid bare and her limbs be bleeding and torn—I say it in the face of all Europe!—her honour is, and ever will be, intact and without stain! (Loud and reiterated applause.) Gentlemen, in the sorties we are about to make, we will meet with formidable weapons of war, bullets will fall as thick as hail. Well, gentlemen, let them come! They can pierce only hearts that are palpitating with the love of beautiful, noble, valorous France! (Indescribable and vociferous applause.)"

A thousand shook me by the hand, and *Freemasons' grips* were frequent.

I also made another speech in proposing, as a foreigner, the health of the National Guard.

TRANSLATION.

"Gentlemen,—I propose the National Guard! It will soon be called the Valorous Guard! Soldiers! some Germans who are quartered at Bercy are *constantly* sending you insulting written messages sealed up in bottles which thus drop down the

river and reach us. These messages insult your mothers, wives, and relatives (I too have relatives who have married Parisiennes*). They say that these ladies shall clean their insolent booted feet! Gentlemen, there is everywhere a limit of decency to the shamelessness of insult which cannot be passed without incurring the scorn of all mankind. Well, gentlemen, these Germans at Bercy—I hope that all are not guilty †—have dared to pass that limit! . . . Every brave British soldier and sailor—*every* other *real* soldier and sailor—will blush for them! If we were as inhuman as they, we might say that we will wash our women's feet in the blood of their insulting upbraiders. But no! That blood is too pale and revolting; it has too much of the sinister tinge of the spy, of falsity, of brute force (of 8 against 1!). We would not deign to use it to lave the adorable feet of our Parisian women! (Loud, prolonged, and frantic applause)."

The order has come that we are to march to-morrow, 20th Decembêr, at half-past 7. It is now 2 o'clock a.m. I must go to bed.

Gentle reader, I must again say farewell. Our destination is unknown: I may never return. The cannon is now, even now, sounding through the night!

* A cousin of mine, Madame Lacroix, flatly refused to leave Paris, but stayed with her husband throughout the siege.

† "For if they were it would be necessary to change the laws of civilised Europe,—it would be necessary to forbid all Germans again to come across the frontiers, for France at the contact of their feet would thrill with horror and indignation," &c. &c.

XX.

FIRST REAL SORTIE.

20th December.—Marched to Pré St. Gervais, N.E. of Paris. Slept in empty houses. Made tea in a jam-pot. Very good; but some of the leaves bob up against my nose. (Were quartered and slept in empty houses, the villages being, like all those round Paris, abandoned; 10 degrees centigrade below freezing point.) I always carry a small tin of tea and a small jug of block-tin which can stand the fire and can boil about a pint of water. It is very convenient. The hospital corporal runs his belt through the handle, and carries it thus quite easily. He also carries my bed on his knapsack. It is a *bag* of impermeable cloth, lined with two blankets also sewn as a bag: sheepskin would be better. Made fires in our room with any wood the corporal could find. Still too cold to sleep well.

21st.—Cannonading began at early morn. At 9 a.m. marched to Little Drancy. (*See Map.*) Incessant cannonading; took up our position behind a wall, and lit fires; cold intense. At half-past 3 went with Captain Piat, Lieutenant Coutil, and others towards Bourget (*see Map*) to see the Prussians. When we were about three fields off Great Drancy we saw a retrograde movement of French field-batteries. I counted about ten shells explode in the field beyond us. Two artillery horses were thus blown up, like rabbits jumping in clover; caissons were being smashed, and men dismounted every minute. The position was untenable. Still a French field-battery continued to blaze away for some time. At last the retreat

became general, but quite orderly. An assistant-surgeon was here blown to atoms dressing a wounded man.

Hullo! what's that? A Prussian shell has just burst immediately before us in the *very field* where we stand. Some one cried out, "That's only 150 paces off; we had better retire at once." They all did so. I had to order a little boy of eleven years to do so too, for he was eager to come on.* I had my doubts, however, as to the shell having burst 150 paces off, and declared loudly that it was only 50 paces. "No, it's 150," repeated Captain P——. "Well, then, I'll measure it," said I; and I proceeded to advance in the direction where the shell had burst, counting my steps as I went, for I didn't like to be beaten, as I think myself a pretty good judge of distance. I thus counted up to 36 paces.

A bright, laughing Parisian "pur sang," devil-me-care young fellow, by name Alphonse Goubbron, of the 3rd Company, followed me. Thirty-six paces brought me about two-thirds of the distance towards where the first shell had fallen, when, bang! *another* shell burst *immediately on my left*. The enemy had the exact range of the field we were encamped in, nor could we well see where the shells came from; for, with their rifled cannon, the enemy were so far off that it was like being cannonaded at the Regent Circus from St. John's Wood. •

Goubbron and I looked at each other, and, by a tacit understanding, flew off to count the paces to this *new* explosion. We *both* now *ran* instead of walking, for evidently the field was becoming a dangerous "locus standi." It was the first time I had been fired at by *rifled* cannon, and I am sorry to say that, in my eagerness to pick up some of the still smoking earth, and in the trepidation caused by the *certainty that we were being fired at* by the Prussians, who evidently are "so d—d cunning of

Pepinière. Richard Wallace has given 60,000 francs more for the wounded of yesterday.

“ M. Vallace, qui a déjà, depuis le commencement de la guerre, donné des sommes importantes pour les ambulances* et les diverses souscriptions patriotiques, a encore versé hier une offrande de soixante mille francs.

“ Vingt mille francs doivent être distribués aux blessés dans le combat de ce jour.

“ Quarante mille francs seront donnés, à titre de secours, aux veuves et orphelins des victimes de cette même journée.”

21st.—A Christian Brother was killed.

“ L'un des Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne qui font le service des brancardiers des Ambulances de la Presse, a été blessé hier mortellement, par une balle qui lui a traversé la poitrine, pendant qu'il donnait ses soins à une soldat. Ce frère se nomme Frère Néthaline.”

The cold has almost put a stop to military operations. The French have, however, been obliged to abandon Avron as an untenable neutral ground. The Prussians now have begun to bombard the Forts of Noisy, Rosny, and Nogent, without doing any damage to speak of. Casemates are of great use, it appears, contrary to what was generally believed.

While at Pré St. Gervais and Romainville, where I saw Paul de Kock's birthplace, and where I found one of his books in the chalet which I occupied, I met Mr. O'Flinne, who asked me, in French, the road to Bondy. He had his own fine pair of black horses in a light ambulance waggon, and was going in search of wounded. This gentleman, who served in the British Army in India, but who has retired from the service, has been for some time a resident in Paris, and is well known for his fine horses and no less fine horsemanship. He sent his wife and people to Ireland, and determined to stay and see the siege. He placed his horses entirely at the disposal of the American

* He also established an English ambulance for the wounded.

ambulance, on condition that he should drive them as much as possible himself, and became one of the most active members of this excellent undertaking. Major O'Flinne, than whom Britain has no more loyal subject, looks like, and is, a man who would ride at and over the very devil himself. After the affair at Bourget and Drancy, I saw in the Parisian papers the following, which I translate:—

“We are informed of an act of intrepidity by an Irishman, Mr. O'Flinne, who was with the French at the affair of the 21st December.

“He advanced in front of the enormous masses of Germans, crying out, ‘Vive la France—à bas la Prusse.’”

O'Flinne told me afterwards that he had thrown away his red cross, ambulance forage-cap,* and wanted to head another charge on the Bourget; that there were only a few Prussians in the village, and that some Frenchmen hearing him cry “Vive la France,” told him to cry “Vive la République!” and told him that they had strict orders to stand fast on this point of the attack; that these orders were formal, &c. &c. One of the officers asked “who that was?” “It's an Englishman gone mad,” said a voice. “Every one should be mad this day,” said O'Flinne; “now or never, follow me!” “Come back here to us, sir,” said the French officer, “you will be killed. We have strict orders not to move from this spot.”

Such was the fact, and indeed there was no intention of *holding* the Bourget, which was soon after covered with shot and shell from the Prussian batteries which had retired in the direction of Blanc Mesnil and Aulnay.

By the bye, when called upon by a French soldier to cry “Vive la République!”* O'Flinne rather imprudently shouted, “Never, at least till you have gained it!”

Mr. O'Flinne takes me frequently to the American ambulance, where I am most kindly received. I can't

* “Cry thou”—tutoyeing him quite familiarly.

stand the hot punch, however, with which we drank the new year in. O'Flinne cannot understand that I have an idiosyncrasy against the toleration of strong liquors. They make me melancholy and wretched.

Not much doing now in Paris, except going to the "Point du Jour," near Auteuil (*see Map*), to be under fire. Here even some ladies and children venture. I went under the viaduct which leads to the bridge over the Seine, and which seems to be the favourite mark of the Prussian batteries of Meudon and Sèvres. I saw no women *outside* of the viaduct; "Gavroche," alias "Goss," alias the street-arab or gamin de Paris, is, however, here in his glory, and is truly admirable. On entering with Monsieur Thibert, what the papers have called, "a garden ploughed up with shells," we were saluted by several of these brave young scamps, who were stooping down and hiding behind trees, in most melodramatic attitudes, with shouts of "Gare la bombe, monsieur!" at every whistling projectile that sounded around us. Immediately after the explosion, these children rush down to pick up pieces which, weighing in their hand with all the acumen of commercial dignity, they pronounce to be worth ten, twenty, or fifty sous, and run off to offer them for sale to the Parisians. But, indeed, the whole of this quarter is now so dangerous that spectators are not allowed to approach. I saw two boys *swinging* most merrily on a garden swing, by the river side, in one of the most exposed spots in the neighbourhood!

I went to-day, with Major O'Flinne and Mr. Pollock, to see the French General, Muller, at Rothschild's château at Boulogne. The General received us most kindly, and begged us to drive his aide-de-camp to the bridge of Sèvres, to receive the American minister's dispatches. On nearing the bridge where this French parliamentary post, as it is called, is situated, we noticed the white flag of truce hoisted on the parapet. Immediately on the other side

of the half-blown-up bridge was the Prussian battery of Sèvres, which continued to blaze away, and to be blazed at, during the whole of the parley, in most dangerous proximity to the post. We were ordered to remain a little behind, and the aide-de-camp, with a man carrying a white flag, advanced as far as he could on the bridge. The Prussian officers came forward in the same manner, but accompanied by a very handsome brunette, elegantly dressed—Madame Cordier, it appears, a wealthy *Parisienn*e from the provinces, who wished to rejoin her friends in Paris.

There were no instructions, however, to receive this charming creature into her native city, and she was informed that she must apply by letter to General Trochu. She returned with the Prussian officers, conversing quite calmly, whilst shells from Paris, admirably directed, it is true, on the Prussian redoubt, were bursting a few hundred yards above her. Well done, beautiful Madame Cordier! It is true that in Paris they did not know that there was a lady in the case, or they would have ceased firing altogether. The French guard-house, although a sort of flag-of-truce post—a *poste parlementaire*—was at first riddled with bullets and shells by the Prussians! Even now the troops are obliged to sleep in the cellars, to avoid losing any more men. The walls are fearfully mauled about. This is barbarous.

The bombardment of Paris is now going on most furiously on all sides. Shells by the hundred are bursting in the southern quarters; many have fallen in the Garden of the Luxembourg. (*See Map.*) Women and children are falling victims. But the most inexplicable and disgusting part of this barbarous style of warfare is, that, without even summoning the place, without notice of the commencing bombardment, the Prussians *single out the hospitals*, although surmounted by the red cross of Geneva, as the

children! many deaths have been caused by shells, and infants grievously mangled. At the hospitals, de la Pitié, du Val de Grace, du Midi, de la Salpetriere (for old, infirm people), de l'Ourcine, &c. &c., many women, men, and children have been killed or mutilated! Can any demoniac rage equal this detestable barbarity? A word of notice according to the laws of war would have enabled us to move the sick, the women and children, &c., into safe places! I have not much of the sentimental ideas concerning the sparing of monuments, &c., but I hold the *sudden* bombardment of dwelling-houses and hospitals to be a crime which the God of Justice and Goodness will *never* pardon! Besides, did not the King or the Prince Royal of Prussia say that it was on the Emperor, and not the French people that he made war? After all, however, as mere operations of war, the famous Krupp cannonading has not much *alarmed* the Parisians yet. They sleep in the cellars or move into other quarters, and if the projectiles do not increase immensely in ratio, I think that the Prussian authorities will be disappointed in their immediate expectations. At Auteuil, also, their artillery did not seem to me to *aim very* wonderfully.

XXI.

SECOND REAL SORTIE.

13th January.—Orders have come to the barracks that we are to be off to Cachan and the Fort of Montrouge at 2 p.m.

I had an appointment with Mr. Wallace, who has given such large sums to the poor of Paris. He is getting up a *British* ambulance, and if I were not under orders for active service *this afternoon*, I would be most happy to give my services: I will do so whenever I am *in* Paris. This gentleman kindly cashed a small cheque for me. I will explain why my banker neglected to give, and I to ask, for a letter of introduction and credit to some banker in Paris to the extent of the small capital which I possess. I never dreamt that I should be so ill as not to be able to leave Paris before it was invested;—indeed, I never thought it *would* be invested, nor probably did Messrs. Henry S. King & Co. I was accustomed to send cheques to them, through Arthur & Co., and when acknowledged by them in London, Arthur & Co., whom I never saw before in my life, cashed them. I was just thinking of getting *all* my capital over when I heard that all communication with London *was stopped*. Now I cannot get any *more* money without asking great favours, which I dislike much; and therefore I say with pride I share the troubles of the besieged. Confound the Prussians, for putting a man to this trouble and bother for money, instead of letting open letters pass out in safety.

At 2.30 (about) p.m. we started for *Montrouge*, passing quarters bearing marks of bombs, &c. Arrived at 6, and

took possession of empty houses, as usual ; shot and shell coming from Chatillon and Clamart, and bursting occasionally in this neighbourhood, and flying incessantly over our heads.

14th January.—Sent to the ambulance “des Sœurs de France” for a carriage to send a sick officer back to Paris.

I am the only surgeon with the battalion, Dr. Foucault being confined to bed in Paris for a few days. A pretty little lady, with the red cross of Geneva on, came in a fiacre or cab to see the sick man off. I conversed with her. She is the daughter of a Mr. Winch, an employé on Galignani's newspaper. She is an *English girl*, though born in Paris, and is working like a little angel for the sick and wounded. God bless you, Mélanie Winch ! Hear her and her sister laugh as the shells pass over our heads or burst not very far from us !

15th.—A shell has just burst in the *house opposite* me, having been badly pointed at, or come over the fort which is close by. Cannonading is incessant. At 6 p.m. the carabineer company of the battalion are ordered to go and mount guard at the trenches and at the outpost of “Millaud's Battery.” I volunteer to go with them, as a surgeon will probably be required. To get to this outpost we have to go along a road which is swept by the enemy, and which, passing by the Fort of Montrouge, leads in front and to the left of it. Luckily the firing has abated much, and we reach the battery (*see Map*) without any loss, although shells were flying about. We enter by long trenches and lodge the men in rude huts covered with four feet of earth. There are three field-guns, one of which has been dismounted during the day by Prussians ; a lieutenant of artillery in command, a most gentlemanly young Polytechnician, some artillerymen and “Mobiles,” are there.

We are to pass the night ! The snow is thick ; there is no fire in the sort of small mud casemates in which I am

I have eaten nothing but bread for three days; the mess is not yet in working order, and yet it is quite entrancing to stand by the entry of the mud hovels, casemates (!), and see the shell which has just come over our head burst in and round the battery.*

16th.—At about 2 a.m. I roll myself in my blanket and sleep—partly with cold, I think. 5 a.m.—We are relieved; the lieutenant tells us that to return will be the most difficult, as the firing has begun with redoubled vigour. It is *St. William's* day. We cannot return by the road, but have to make a long *détour* not much safer to get back to Montrouge at 7 o'clock. Mess breakfast, salt beef, (!) boiled rice, coffee. A good number wounded in the fort last night. Bombarding is going on most unremittingly.

* Oh that I had the pen of a Dickens to describe all that these shells seemed to say to me in the night, when every one was sleeping round me (except the sentinels)! Thus: "Whiou, whiou, whiou, iou, iou, iou! I'm coming, I'm coming, I can't help it! They put all sorts of fiery things into my head, and then they send me flying away, away, till I burst; but I don't always do so, and then they're angry, but I am pleased, and rest a little. Keep back there, I know I shall burst *this* time; further back! Lord love you, why did you come into this battery, why didn't you stay where you could get out of the way? Here you are cooped up, poor man. Back, back! again I say; I would not hurt you for the world, *myself*, if I could help it. But this wearisome, wearisome war makes me and my sisters the slaves of everybody. Take care, keep back, I say! I burst sideways sometimes—most times we burst straight up; but there's no knowing for quite certain, they ram us and jam us and choke us up so, and they put a lead coat on us now! I'm never certain of anything. Back, back! I hate war myself! Whiou, whiou, iou, iou, iou, iou, Ba-BANG! There, God help you!" [When close to a shell that bursts on "impact" (I think it is called) of a percussion tube, you hear *two* sounds].

XXII.

NIGHT WORK IN THE FORT OF ISSY.

6 p.m.—Two companies to start off immediately; destination unknown. Eat a hurried dinner of salt horse and rice. (Scurvy is beginning to appear in the corps.) Volunteer to go, as I want to see as much as I can. I roll my bed like a cross-belt and we start for the General's quarters. We there learnt that we are to go to the Fort of "Issy" (*see Map*) to work at repairing damages. Issy is the fort which has been the most severely bombarded during the siege. We start with some other troops about 7.30. It is dark and muddy, but as the thaw has set in it is not cold. A slight drizzle falling. We proceed through the villages of Montrouge, Vanves, Issy, &c., shells still incessantly falling some yards to the left. We are obliged to make a great *détour* to enter the fort. Enter the fort! Ah, there's the rub! Enter a fort bombarded by siege artillery, and that artillery Prussian, the finest in the world. Gentle reader, or scientific bombadier, who are reading me, this was a great moment for a sensation-hunter. In the daytime, I am told, it is *impossible* to enter or come out of Issy, but at night the firing lessens. On approaching the gates we see the buildings are all aflame, and shells are falling on every side; we hurry on in single file, and are *stopped* at the entry by carts coming out with wounded, &c., only twelve men hurt during this horrible delay; at last we get in and cross the courtyard as quickly as we can. All the shells fall beyond us, the barracks are in a blaze of burning ruins, and this sight made us feel, even before entering, that we were going into a doomed and death-stricken place. As

we reach the ramparts we enter a narrow passage made of thick boarding "shored" up against the casemates, for pieces of shells, bursting in the courtyard, fly in all directions. As we enter this passage, thick with mud, a strange stench assails us—*wounded men are being carried past us on stretchers*, and we are obliged to squeeze up against the wall to let them pass; they are going to Paris. The brave, kind ambulance men are full of courage and humanity. A young soldier turned sick at the sight of the wounded. At last we reach one of the powder-magazines which has been seriously damaged. Four men give their rifles to a *fifth*, and taking a barrel of powder on their shoulders transport it to the gate, where it is loaded on a waggon and carried to Paris. Four others do the same in silence and with order, quite like old soldiers. And so on to the end.

We go back to Montrouge at about 2 o'clock a.m., hurrying across the courtyard and out of the gate as quickly as we can, and down the road from the fort. I will not attempt to say how many shells burst around us while so doing. I am persuaded that at Issy we could not have done this by daylight, or if the firing had not much abated. I counted two shells in half a minute, but this was not constant. We saw for a long time the burning barracks, like weird and fiery sentinels, in the distance. The casemates are very large and strong. Who is the idiot who says that casemates are out of date? Gibraltar is one huge casemate.

17th.—I have a bad cold and sore throat. Nothing to be done but go in the direction of the forts and see the renewed terrible bombardment.

18th.—Yesterday I hear that in the advanced battery, Millaud, where I passed the night of the 15th—16th, a number of men were killed and wounded; one man having lost both legs and an arm. He said in dying, "I must learn to write with my left hand." I think *I* have almost a charmed life, to have escaped so on the 15th.

I went to-day in search of more pieces of shell that should burst *in sight* of me, for I have been asked to bring back some such to Paris. I go to the last house to the south of the village of Montrouge, in the direction of the fort of that name. (*See Map.*) Here I have a fine view of the shot coming from Bagneux, pounding the fort most unmercifully. I can almost hear the voices in the fort, and recognise distinctly the horn of the look-out man (a sailor of course—all the forts are chiefly garrisoned by sailors) to warn that a shell is approaching. I notice that about 200 yards off a shell burst very regularly every five or six minutes; I advance within a respectable distance to look for pieces, when, bang! and, whiz-iz-z-iz! something flies directly over my head, with a most strident curious noise. It is a most *jagged* piece of the shell which has burst upwards, has described an arch above, and fallen between me and Paris. I mark the spot as the earth flies upwards, and having marked the doorway in which I had stood, I *run* to pick it up, for fear I should lose sight of the spot where it fell. I then pace the distance back to the spot where I had been standing—exactly 51 paces.

The piece is a hideous jagged portion of the lead covering a large projectile. I see some more shells burst about the same place, but cannot see where the pieces fall, and return home.

20th.—Go with my surgeon, Dr. Foucault, to the battery (abreast of it), which is an outwork of the Fort of Vanvres, to the east. Shell fall unpleasantly close; go to try and pick up pieces, when, whiew-ew-ew! the bullet of what is called “rampart-rifles” (long heavy rifles, fixed on a pivot-rest) makes us beat a retreat; we were at the farthest outpost. (*See Map.*)

6 p.m.—Receive a newspaper from Paris. Yesterday (19th): sortie. They say that about 100,000 men, having been moved towards the Fort of Mont Valerien, consisting of troops of the line, artillery, cavalry, Garde Mobile,

very large contingent of Garde Nationale, successively carried, not without receiving and inflicting great losses, the heights of Malmaison, Buzanval, Garches, St. Cloud, Montretout, Ville d'Avray, and Sèvres. The enemy retired to Vaucresson (?), but about 5 in the afternoon brought from Versailles so terrible a park of artillery, and opened so stupendous a fire from the neighbourhood of this Vaucresson, that the French, who had not time to entrench themselves and raise epaulements and batteries, were being needlessly decimated. They were ordered to retire, except from St. Cloud and Montretout, under shelter of the guns of Mont Valerien. It is said that some Red Republicans* and Socialists again showed the white feather.

Ducrot, who was coming from St. Denis with his corps, was stopped by the Prussian batteries of Bezons and Carrières for two hours; but I doubt if, even without this, the French could have pushed on as far as Vaucresson—a very elevated, strong, and commanding position. Some heavily-armed ironclad locomotives were moved rapidly along the St. Germain's Railway as far as opposite Bezons, and quite to Nanterre, to the rescue of Ducrot, and enabled him to pass on to Reuil and Malmaison. Shades of Watts and Stephenson, how your ghostly hearts must have thrilled at this! Your engines changed into moving fortresses; your drivers and stokers converted into gunners and bombardiers; your great panting leviathans, so long peaceful and aldermanic, become like the industrious fathers and husbands of Paris, grand and terrible men-of-war, guarding the sacred soil of an invaded country, and vomiting upon its enemies an irresistible avalanche of fire and death! You cannot but feel proud of the French who first used your great inventions in actual war on land, for it was in defence of their hearths and homes.

* This has been denied. I have before said that these men had a "fixed idea" that General Trochu *wanted* to have them killed.

At Montrouge Fort a sailor came back to his watch from the kitchen ~~without~~ the kettle. He called the kitchen "galley-fire" (*café-bouill*).

Lieutenant ~~says~~: "You great stupid, where's the soup for the watch?"

"My lieutenant, a shell fell right before me, it didn't burst, but the mud and stones struck the kettle slap out of my hands to port (*babord*) and knocked me over to star-board (*tribord*). 'Taint *my* fault. It's the fault of the shell. The shell is the fault of the Prussians. Therefore, it's the Prussians who are to blame!"

20th.—No. 3 Company is to mount guard in the advanced battery of Millaud again to-morrow, from 6 a.m. to 6 a.m. next day. The officers of the company asked me if I would like to accompany them. This is the battery where I passed the night of the 15th, and where such terrible deaths and wounds had been inflicted; it is subject to a cross-fire from the Prussian batteries of L'Hay, Sceaux, Bourg la Reine, Fontenay-aux-Roses, and Bagneux. (*See Map.*)

As I had been there once already, I think it was scarcely fair to ask me to go again; but, for the honour of old Scotland, I consented.

21st, 3.15 a.m.—I have awaked all right, call the corporal to roll up my bed, and sling it as a cross-belt, make and drink a large quantity of tea, take some roller-bandages, lint, ligatures, and an artery forceps, and now, farewell, gentle reader, perhaps for the last time; for entering and coming out of this battery is most dangerous, even in the dark. To wile away the time (till 5), I shall write some verses to that French lady whom I saw *actually under fire* at Sèvres. I shall finish them, some day, and inflict them on you, gentle reader, if I come back.

At 5 we proceed along the highroad, past the Fort of Montrouge, to the redoubt, or advanced battery of Millaud, in silence and darkness; some shell fly over our heads, and some fall near us. The Prussians are still in the

Very soon after entering the battery, a shell fell on the corner of the road by which we entered, for it was now grey dawn.

I find here the young Lieutenant (of artillery) De la Judie, who is again on guard. He shows me that we are enfiladed by Prussian batteries at L'Hay (on the S.E.), at Bourg-la-Reine and Sceaux (to the south), and at Fontenay-aux-Roses and Bagneux (on the west). Luckily, the Prussians at L'Hay fire only over our heads at Montrouge Fort, their pieces being of great calibre. We therefore *only* fire at their battery, which is quite visible; and the moment we do so, the Prussians send four shot, one after the other. The look-out man blows a whistle, and the men, leaving their piece, crouch down behind the *traverse* (I do the same), as the *rampart* does not protect from an enfilading fire: the shell either passes close over our heads and bursts in dangerous proximity on the courtyard of the redoubt, or arrives with a tremendous "thud" and explosion at the side, *opposite* where we lean our shoulders up against the traverse. It is useless for us to fire at more than one Prussian battery. We have only three guns, and the Prussian batteries of Fontenay, Bagneux, &c., have rendered our *western* embrasures quite unfit for use; the Prussians having some fifteen pieces constantly pounding on us on that side, and having successively dismounted every gun and killing many men on that side. We fired three times, every half-hour or so, and were invariably *answered* by four shot from the batteries before we could fire our *second* shot. The look-out man with the whistle had a most cadaverous countenance, and his post and functions made him sufficiently like a weird bird of evil omen or Angel of Death; but when I inform you that the fellow had a most strange and peculiarly sepulchral voice, and that he added every now and then to his whistled warning the very disagreeable words, "*Here comes a very bad one!*" you may imagine that I thought he was uselessly and very unneces-

sarily "piling up the agonies." Not so, however; though a very disagreeable addition, the words are necessary to conquer the carelessness and insouciance of the men. I saw one sickly lad, who looked about eighteen years of age, without a hair on his chin, turn a little pale about the lips at the words, "Here comes another bad one!" He looked at me with his great melancholy eyes and said, "Keep closer, monsieur, they pass *very close and low!*" We were only spattered with mud and sand from the shell scraping the epaulement above our heads.

I went to the guns with M. de la Judie every time he fired but once, when I was in the men's casemate seeing to a wounded man; and once when he fired a shot without telling me he was going to do so. I ran up, but he had ordered, "cease firing." I returned down from the rampart to the lieutenant's casemate, and, as he followed, a shell from the west passed close over his head and burst right in front of us. I measured the distance from where I was standing—*exactly ten paces.** I felt distinctly, for the first time in my life, the *wind of a shell exploding*. Luckily the pieces are carried more or less in the direction of the trajectory, so that if the projectile passes over your head you are pretty safe. I picked up one piece of hot metal, however, *between* me and the explosion, at exactly *eight paces* off. It was lead, and, being part of the base of the cylindro-conical shell, came backwards. They were beginning now to "*drop*" shell into us, I think. We must, then, necessarily be off, for if they can get near enough to give us what is called a "*plunging fire*," that is, *drop bombs*, not shells, straight down upon us, two or three would end our misery. In *this* case the pieces burst in every direction, backwards as well as forwards. The lieutenant proposed that we should risk going out before it was quite dark, as he had finished firing for the day, and .

* This battery had been dug and made by civil engineers, and the door of our casemate was almost quite within range of the enemy's shells. The traverses and approaches were abominably dangerous.

the *men* could not move out in a crowd before dark, as they would certainly be seen in consequence of their mass. We therefore, at 5 p.m., soon after a shell from the Prussians, walked hurriedly along the trench, *in which* numbers of shells had exploded, and turned round the fatal corner, as it was called (where the trees were jagged and cut to pieces) —*rather quickly*. Got home to dinner at 7.

XXIII.

BOMBARDMENT CONTINUED.

23rd.—The news has come from Paris that, the night before last, some hundreds of the Red Republicans of Belleville went to the Mazas Prison and released Flourens and all the other prisoners who were imprisoned there on account of the disturbances of the 31st of October. They went to the Mayoralty of the 20th arrondissement, Belleville, and 4,000 rations of bread and wine, stored for the poor, disappeared during their sojourn (officially exact). At 2 p.m., about 150 of this same Belleville quarter, 101st Battalion, came to the Hôtel de Ville, and soon after a shot was fired which severely wounded the Mobile adjutant on duty, as well as many National Guard officers and men, also on duty. The Mobiles of Brittany then opened the gates and cleared the place. After the firing had ceased and order was supposed to be restored, the misguided and insensate Reds *reopened* fire from the neighbouring houses and killed several people; they were again dispersed and some prisoners made. Thus a few hundred men have been able to cause civil war when the Prussian guns are sounding in our ears! Conclusion—*they are* Prussians in heart—worse than Prussians. To procure heaven knows what sort of socialism, or rather destruction of all rights, they would *sell France to any one*. Flourens, a man of education and wealth, with a forehead like Shakespeare, is nevertheless quite mad with ambition and wild theories. He is the son of one of the most distinguished savants of France.

Government is going to prosecute this time with vigour.(?)

Trochu has given the command of the army to General Vinoy, but remains head of the Government. Dorian, a great ironfounder, a civilian, who has worked incessantly in

making cannon and ammunition and organising labour, is named (?) Minister of War, to the satisfaction of every party.

Deaths this week in Paris	4,465
Increase over last week	483

Smallpox	380
Typhoid fever	375
Pneumonia (inflammation of lungs)	1,024

Besides this, every day and night the Prussian shells kill, on an average, 6 women, 8 men and girls, and 8 children! Their names are regularly published.* The number is not very large yet. But what an inexpiable crime! What a hideous Cain-spot, like the cicatrix on a felon's shoulder, you, Counts Von Bismarck and De Moltke, have not hesitated to affix upon the fair brow of Prussia, by inveigling, betraying your royal master into killing, day after day, and night after night, women, young girls, children, old men, and the wounded in their beds! Eternal execration will pursue you, sirs. You are the first who deliberately *aimed* your deadly projectiles into *the heart of a populous city*, at hospitals, women and children—aye! with cool deliberate aim, day after day and night after night.

No Briton or Frenchman would ever have done this! There is no Briton whose heart would not turn *sick* at the thought, whose soul would not scorn thus to slay the innocent and helpless! Aye, sirs, we would spurn the man who would *dare* to *suggest* such a mode of warfare! Shame, shame, eternal shame, on you who have authorised it! What! *Little girls cut in two; little babies pounded into jelly; women torn open; sick and wounded dashed to pieces in their beds; daily, not by stray shots aimed at the ramparts, but day after day and night after night, with regularity and intent prepense, at the Val de*

* About 600 were thus killed in all.

Grace Hospital, the Midi Hospital, &c. &c., and in the *centre of Paris*) by your *long-range* cannon! What! You almost neglect the fighting men at the ramparts, and *aim deliberately* at defenceless beings and civilians! Europe will stare, and scarcely believe all this! I *solemnly here*, on my soul's salvation, *aver that it is a fact!* The human mind recoils from the thought! But I have *seen* it! I hear *now*, in the dark midnight, shells from Chatillon passing *over* my head FOR PARIS! We can now *easily distinguish* them from those destined for *us* here at Mont-rouge. I have *seen* houses burst into by shells as we came here from Paris. The *names* and addresses of the victims *are published* daily.

Oh, Shame! Shame! Shame! The laws of war, of common humanity, are torn to shreds by the Prussians. Prussian Generals (blush all ye, my military friends) do not direct and carry on war only, but—Murder!

23rd.—Went into advanced trench with No. 3 Company. Saw opposite us the *Prussian trenches*—heads of Prussians occasionally. In spite of stooping we were seen, and two balls whizzed past us.

24th.—A terrible “accident” occurred to-day, I hear, in the battery Millaud, where I was the day before yesterday!

All the papers speak of the National Guard as having fought like old soldiers. The *Siècle* says, “On the 19th the acts of bravery of the National Guard were simply innumerable.” They were indifferently in the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd line of attack, and lost an equal proportion with the other troops. Poor Perelli, the great pianist, had his right wrist fractured. Rignault, the painter of the beautiful picture “*Salomé*,” was killed dead, and so on, with hundreds of other civilian soldiers.

I notice that soldiers begin to wear their blankets hung by a string round the neck in front of their body, like an apron. They thrust their hands into it like a muff. Now some six weeks ago I addressed to the papers a plan of

carrying the blanket *in front*, which I maintained would protect from spent bullets—more or less! For this, however, it should be folded better than most of the men seem to do it. There is no doubt, however, that, sooner or later, the havresack for which I have taken a patent in England (and the designs of which I long ago gave gratis to the French Government, both before and after Sedan, without reserve), the haversac-cuirasse, will soon be universally worn in front during action. It, or something very like my haversack, has been patented and adopted in the Russian army. This haversack is quite impermeable to ordinary rifle bullets and pieces of bursting shells. It protects both the chest and abdomen, and can be easily thrown from the shoulders to the front, and *vice versa*.

Walking near the fort a shell burst not very far from me. Soon after I heard a piece coming with a loud buzz in my direction. I have an excellent ear for sound and pitch. I know from the noise that the piece is jagged, and of the lead covering of the shell; but I cannot for the life of me say whether it is coming to my left or right hand. I jerk myself first to the one then to the other, for it seems to me, curiously enough, to be now to the left, now to the right! I hear a splash in the field behind me, two feet deep in mud and water. I did not go after it. It probably passed directly over my head, in the direction of a line drawn between my left ear and my right. This day I therefore call my “Shell-bursting-auscultation-day.”

24th.—Foggy. Firing very dull; has almost ceased. Mend a hole in my shoes (upper leathers) with a surgical needle and thread; must look out for a shoemaker in the company.

25th.—Firing still dull; only shells continue to pass over our heads, as they do all day and night, *for Paris!* Finish my verses, which I also worked at in the battery Millaud under fire. Asked Lieutenant Coutil, formerly

Legion of Honour? At the siege of Rome he volunteered, it appears, to reconnoitre the Gateway (portcullis) of Cavallo Villegiosa. Advanced alone under fire, found the gateway quite walled up, and returned with a bullet in his calf. Garibaldi is *now* fighting on the *same* side with him.

At the battle of the 19th (sortie in front of Mont Valerien) the losses in dead and wounded of the 1st Corps (composed exclusively of National Guards) is nearly 900, including many officers. One of these, M. Seveste, an actor of the Théâtre Français, lies badly wounded in his theatre, now transformed into a hospital.* The cross of the Legion of Honour hangs at his bedhead. Charles Bernard, violoncellist, first prize of the Conservatoire de Musique, was killed.

26th.—In the Rue des Ecoles, not four street-corners distance from Notre Dame, in the very centre of Paris, another seamstress-girl, a poor grisette,† had *both her legs broken while sitting in her room* by a shell-splinter which came crashing through the roof! Now, no artilleryman in the world could possibly give such an elevation to his piece *by mistake*. We can walk, and often *do* walk, within 300 yards of the fortifications or ramparts, and the shells (the range is so well known) never fall more than 200 yards in front of or beyond them. But shells are day and night *aimed* at Notre Dame, the Pantheon, the Hospitals, &c., *on purpose to kill innocent people!*

Hear Count Bismarck, in his answer to the protestation of the Corps Diplomatique. He cites Vattel (a quite *irresponsible* author, and not the mouthpiece of the laws of war or the regulator of the rights of nations), who says‡

* Since dead of pyæmia. † See Frontispiece.

‡ Vattel says :—"Détruire une ville par les bombes et les boulets rouges est une extrémité à laquelle on ne se porte pas sans de grandes raisons. Mais elle est autorisée cependant par les lois de la guerre, lorsqu'on n'est pas en état de réduire autrement une place importante de laquelle peut dépendre le succès de la guerre ou qui sert à nous porter des coups dangereux."

that "a town, &c., may be bombarded when there is no other means of reducing it." Now I will remark, first, that shelling the women and children of Paris is not the way that men who *are* men would *ever* employ, even if they thought it the way to reduce the place. Secondly, that they would not shell the houses, barracks, buildings, or even the citadel (Paris has none), without warning the women and children to hide, or letting them come out (which Count Bismarck refuses). Thirdly, he must *know* that killing some* women and children, by not warning them in time, is *not* the way to reduce a town; for it exasperates the wavering and the lazy, and the defenceless are simply, as soon as possible, put into the cellars, &c. Fourthly, he might as well have cited Robespierre, or Attila, or Nero, or the d—l, as Vattel, or any blackguard or irresponsible author. But, indeed, poor Vattel is strangely interpreted by the Chancellor of the North, as I have endeavoured to show. Count Bismarck concludes as follows (take heed, all ye nations of the world!):—

"In no case can it be permitted for any nation whatever, after it has declared war against its neighbours, to preserve its fortress from redition by invoking the mercy of the enemy for the *inoffensive population*; for the strangers who inhabit the fortress, or *the hospitals which are in it*, and under the shelter of which its troops seek an asylum (!), and in which (!), after each of their sorties, they may under shelter of these hospitals (!) prepare others.†

"I am, &c.,

"BISMARCK."

* There have been *over* 500 victims *murdered* thus.

† Von Bismarck's original words:—"En aucun cas il ne peut être permis à une nation quelconque, après avoir déclaré la guerre à ses voisins, de préserver sa forteresse principale de la reddition, en invoquant les égards de l'ennemi pour la population inoffensive, les étrangers qui habitent la forteresse, ou les hôpitaux qui s'y trouvent et au milieu desquels ses troupes cherchent un asile, dans lequel après chacune de leurs attaques, elles pourraient, à l'abri des hôpitaux, en préparer d'autres."

The idea of 500,000 fighting men, or even 100,000, finding a shelter for the purpose of reorganisation—say, in King's College or the Middlesex Hospitals—is the least abominable, for it is the most ludicrous, portion of this precious document.

It would then appear to Count von Bismarck that because *we*, the British, declared war with Russia in 1853, the Russians had a *right*, not only to surround Portsmouth, but to *refuse* to let any women or children *come out*, and then proceed to *burn the whole* place—hospitals, town, and all. Gra'mercy, sir! if this be Prussian warfare, Fenian or Indian mutineers' warfare, it is *not British*. We allowed (and so did the French) every woman and child to leave Sebastopol who wished. Besides, it would be impossible to bombard the ramparts of Sebastopol or Portsmouth (small towns) without *some* shot reaching, *unwittingly*, the interior or even centre of these places. Now, the most clumsy artillerist in the world could *easily* avoid doing this while bombarding the forts and fortifications of Paris. Besides, the *Government and venal Parliament* which *declared* the war have long since *disappeared*! Shall the nation, the opposition, the people, be made responsible for their act? Most of the members of that Parliament were forced on the electors.*

But enough, sir; your precious document shall remain the eternal dishonour of the Prussian Chancellor. You shall not escape punishment of some sort for inaugurating such doctrines! No honest man but will spurn your document; no honest man—by Heaven!—that will not spit upon your document; no honourable soldier—I'll swear it—but will tear to shreds and grind under his heel, amid the ordure of the streets, your Mephistophelian, foul, and cannibal document!

* The men who shouted "à Berlin" in Paris were paid by the police, it is well known! Did not the Prussian King say he made war on the Emperor, not on France?

Two men were killed yesterday on the high road, near Montrouge, where I "auscultated" the shells, and so narrowly escaped a splinter! Funeral to-day.

Here are my verses alluded to above:—

TO MADAME CORDIER,
WHOM I SAW UNDER FIRE AT THE BRIDGE OF SEVRES.*

I.

We wait on this side of the Bridge of Sèvres,
To parley with a Prussian flag of truce;
The firing from the Paris ramparts never
Ceasing to shell—straight opposite to us—

II.

A Prussian battery, some yards up th' other bank,
The battery responding hard and fast.
For, only, musketry is ordered to be blank
And silent, while the interview shall last.

III.

Shells, straight from Paris, coming o'er our heads,
Burst on the other side in dangerous proximity;
Especially for folk on *that* side. Shreds
Of lead and iron fly about like dimity.

IV.

And then—confound the shells!—they *will* fall short
Sometimes, and burst—bang!—deuced near to us;
And may, next time, come "slap into our port
Or starboard quarter," as Jack says; or, worse,

V.

"Rake us abaft." However, men are men,
And we must do our duty. But, see there!
A woman! Yea; and elegant as when
Fresh from her toilette-glass, with glossy hair,

* We had driven there the French flag-of-truce officer with Major
[unclear] which he had placed at the French General's

VI.

And small sweet-booted feet and well-glov'd hands,
And dainty fur-trimm'd cloak, she oft
Has stept into her chariot! This commands
Our wond'ring admiration; while aloft,

VII.

And to her left, the deadly shells explode
Most dangerously near. She comes across
The bridge, far as the broken arch. A load
Of horror weighs on us. 'Tis but a toss

VIII.

Of Fortune's die—God!—whether some stray splinter
Of our own shells crush not that sweetest form!
They know not, at our ramparts, that a daughter
Of Eve, a gentle woman, braves the storm

IX.

Upon the Bridge of Sèvres! Prussian guns
Continue to invite the dire response.
She comes, escorted by some northern Huns,
Serious, but pretty. “Madame, for the nonce,

X.

“We have no orders that may let you pass.
Write to the General, pray.”—Here burst a shell
Above. By Heaven! she raised her gold eye-glass,
And, gazing at Paris, answer'd, “Very well,”

XI.

Most coolly, yet a little pale, as best
Becomes a woman in great danger. “There,
Farewell, my lady, you have stood the test!”
To come back to your parents, and to share

XII.

The horrors of the siege, you left the sure
Retreat of your château. Your husband there
Had died, through woes of France he could not cure.
Yea; you are grand and brave as you are fair!

XIII.

A thousand tongues shall chronicle thy fame,
 Bright daughter of fair France ; and when
 Thou shin'st amongst the brave, we'll cite thy name :
 " Thou art the fitting Sister of such men ! "

In answer to the protestation of the people of Great Britain against the bombardment of Paris (the centre of the town), a miserable, lying Prussian newspaper, the *Tribune*, dares to accuse *us* of bombarding in the "*same way Delhi and Lucknow !*" I ask every Indian officer who was present, if ever a single shot was *aimed* at points, from which the mutineers' firing did not distinctly come ; if ever a single shot was thrown at anything but batteries, forts, towers, and ramparts, where we tried to dismount *guns*, or on buildings, from which repeated and deadly volleys of jingals and of musketry unmistakeably proceeded. All these officers will indignantly and truly answer in the negative ! But has a single French shot proceeded from within a mile—yea a mile—of the *Pantheon*, or most of the quarters bombarded, by the Prussians, in Paris ? It is really beneath one's dignity to make answer to this distortion of the *Tribune*. It continues its strange lucubrations thus :—

" The petitioners had better counsel the British Government to observe better the laws of *neutrality* than it does."

Can Prussian arrogance, nay impudence, go further than this ?

28th.—To-day, in consequence of the repulses of Chanzy in the west, near Mans, of Faidherbe in the north, of Bourbaki in the south-east, and the hunger* reigning in Paris, an armistice is all but decided upon. Firing was suspended at midnight.

* Thirty grammes (about two ounces) of horseflesh only to each person, and very dear ; poor people can't afford it. Bread of wood, straw, chaff, rice, &c. &c., and flour ground, together, half a pound.

XXIV.

THE ARMISTICE.

It appears from the letters found at the Tuileries, that the Whitworth gun, experimented with at Vincennes, and at Meudon, in 1862 or '63, was abruptly refused by the Emperor or his immediate surroundings. The whole corps of artillery were delighted with Mr. Whitworth's models, and loudly asked for their adoption. The Government withdrew them for fear they would be adopted, as it was afraid of the expense of changing the old artillery, loaded by the muzzle. It had spent so much money on pleasure that it could afford none for safety!

The King of Spain has given 50,000 francs to the poor of Madrid. Mr. Wallace, a British subject, has already given more than 500,000 (*five hundred thousand*) to the poor and suffering of Paris!

The 4th Zouaves, on the 19th, were twenty-six hours without eating, or quitting their haversacks. (It was the same with most of the troops.) They alone lost 400 men. It was remarked by all, that this day (a complete thaw) was singularly bad for the French Artillery to drag their guns up the heights. The mud was two feet deep in the fields. All of the white walls, behind which the Prussian forces awaited the advance, were, of course, loop-holed, but a new dodge or "Jim" was employed. The loop-holes were pasted over with *white paper* and thus were invisible!

I must go and see the ambulance founded by the wife of our commandant, Madame Francillon, at immense expense of money, constant and untiring labour and devotion, such as Frenchwomen have almost a *specialité*

for! I hear this small hospital is a model of cleanliness, order, and efficiency. It is in the quarter of St. Germain, and must have been *under fire* these last days, as bombs fell frequently enough *in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain*. It would have had to be moved if this barbarous siege of the centre of Paris had continued.

A touching scene took place when Admiral Saisset went to the fort to order the sailors to evacuate it.

Admiral Saisset is the idol of his sailors. At a word or gesture they will go and front death for him, and yet he is a very severe disciplinarian. But how good and kind to them also!

The Admiral's son was killed at Montrouge lately. At the news of the armistice these brave sailors got together in groups. One of them, a regular old seadog, spoke first.

"When, after an unequal and bloody fight, we are about, at sea, to fall a prize into the enemy's hands, what ought we to do?" "Scuttle the vessel, the ensign aloft," answered a voice. "That's so!" said the auditory, "remember the *Venger*." (Brueys' ship at the battle of the Nile!) And they all agreed to blow up the fort rather than leave their guns.

An hour afterwards, when the Admiral came to ask them to leave their cannons, they remained respectful and silent, but did not move an *inch*! The Admiral prayed, and expostulated, and cajoled, and explained that it was to the Mobile Guard and not the Prussians that they would give up their fort, and at last they obeyed.

A loud pistol-shot was, however, heard, followed by another. Post-Captain (commanding) Larret de la Malignies, the actor of oft-repeated acts of heroic bravery, and of commanding aspect, but who had seemed profoundly dejected for some days past, had shot himself in the head first, and, the wound not proving fatal, afterwards in the heart. He had frequently been heard to say, some days previously, "I'll never strike." Like all French naval officers, he was a man of good family and highly educated.

Ménu of a dinner eaten at Hill's private rooms, ten francs a head, exclusive of wine (of course), to celebrate the return of Peace :—

MENU.

Pain de Siege (siege bread).

SOUPS.

Bouillon de Cheval (horse soup).

ENTREES.

Cotelettes de Chien (dog), aux petits pois.

Civet de Chat (cat), à la Parisienne.

Ane (ass), à la sauce Soubise.

Termines de Souris (mice), et de rats à la Chinoise.

ROASTS.

Filet de Mulet (mule), à la Portugaise.

Roti d'Autruche (roast ostrich).

Petits Pois à l'Anglaise.

Pommes de terre maître d'hôtel.

SALADES.

Mâche et Celeri.

Plum pudding (horse suet).

Mr. Hill, who, it appears, used to keep a celebrated restaurant on the Boulevard des Capucines (now sold to another firm), intends opening luncheon rooms as soon as things come round a little.* His daughter and wife have been indefatigable in their subscriptions to and attendance at the American ambulance (like many other English); and, indeed, so great has been the assistance given by the

* In the Rue Scribe he told me. This gentleman asked me to be so kind as to deliver a friendly message to the Rev. Mr. B——, of the Argyle Meeting-house Rooms. I did so in person on my arrival in London. I thought the congregation seemed to be rather showily

English, Irish and Scotch to this ambulance,* that I am surprised that the Union Jack was never hoisted beside the Star and Stripes and Tricolour.

Mr. Hill, it would seem, was asked to put down a dinner for the above-mentioned object (to celebrate the return of Peace), and as good as he could make it. He, I think, with extreme good taste, declared, that as far as horse, cat and dog, mice, rats, &c. &c. went, he was ready to do his duty as a public caterer; but that for luxuries in fish and flesh, the times were too sad, the public misery too great, as yet to permit even an effort to procure anything of the sort.

They say that poor General Bourbaki, Charles Bourbaki, unable to bear the defeat of his forces in the south-east, or the chance of being accused of treachery or incapacity — the constant verdict against unsuccessful Generals in this country—has put an end to his life by blowing his brains out with his own hand. This would not astonish me. Bourbaki is an Algerian officer, who gained immortal laurels as the organiser of irregular troops, Spahis and Turcos, like our own Outrams, Hodsons, Jacobs, &c. Many a camp song rung with his name.† He always led his faithful Arab sepoy to victory; and it was said, that though so long the General of native troops, no one could handle a division better than Charles Bourbaki. In fact, as he was a pupil of the military schools, and a man of great intuitive talent, he was always considered, and rightly, a most excellent commander. He could not bear the idea of disgrace, however; it drove him mad. Now, of course I don't approve of suicide, but it is

* Major O'Flinne, Messrs. Pollock, Ablett, O'Conel, &c.

† Gentle Turco,

Quand autour de ta boule

Gracieusement s'enroule

Ce calico

A qui le doit tu à qui?

A Bourbaki,

A Charles Bourbaki!

Gentle Turco,

When round thy head

Gracefully rolls

That calico turban,

To whom dost owe it?

To Bourbaki,

To Charles Bourbaki!

fine to see occasionally a man, whom the very chance of being falsely accused of treachery drives perfectly mad ; a man whom the woes of his country, when they have come to the climax, deprive of his cool reason ; a man of whom the vexatious interference of a Gambetta-sent Commissary, forsooth ! by fettering and controlling his movements, and thus preparing defeat, causes the brain at last to crack with sorrow for the certain ruin of his soldiers, and who then, not knowing what he is about, lays violent hands on himself ; a man whom such things in fine *do* sting to the quick.

4th.—To-day the funeral of poor Mr. Swager, an American subject, who was studying law in the “Quartier Latin.” He was killed by a *Prussian* shell, which burst into his rooms, at the end of last month. The poor fellow was at once taken to the American ambulance ; but the low living inseparable from the state of siege had already so reduced him, that he soon succumbed. He is buried in the cemetery of Vaugirard, 19th division, 2nd line, 31st grave. It is a worthy place of pilgrimage for future tourists, both American and British. We should be but one family, especially in the open doorway of the sepulchre. God give him rest !

Received a telegram from London, dated 22nd November :—

“ Ask Messrs. Arthur & Co. for 1,000 francs. The India Office says you should write to them.

“ HENRY S. KING & Co.,

“ 45, Pall Mall.”

Arthur & Co., who knew that I had got cheques cashed *since* the 22nd November at 40 per cent. interest, refused, in consequence, I suppose, to give me the 1,000 francs. In fact, all the English bankers, both Israelite and Christian, seem to be in “a paroxysm of funk” that they are going to be victimised. I got a very nice *French* son of

Israel, as above related, to cash me £50; but he "can't afford," he says, "to *rishk* any more!"

Apropos of elections, a Mr. Marinoni has placarded his *carte de visite* (!) all over the walls of Paris.*

* The *Gymnast Paz* says that, in spite of Blondins and Leotards, the French have not half enough of gymnastics yet. He therefore proposes himself as a future M.P. My friend Captain Daubeny will highly approve of this.* He used to keep us at the trapeze and bar for hours together.

XXV.

THE ELECTIONS.

“A CONVERSATION FROM THE *SOIR* NEWSPAPER.

“Hodge, scratching his head: ‘One thing is certain, I’ll never find forty-three names to put on my voting list for Wednesday! And you, Master Politician, do you know—there! thoroughly know—*ten* men to whom you would confide the key of your apartment, your purse, your wife, your children?’

“Politician, reflecting: ‘Ten is a large number, but the case is not the same.’

“Hodge: ‘I think it is exactly the same case, since those whom we are to choose are able to dispose of us, almost body and soul; and remark, that it is not ten men, but forty-three, whom I must name Members of Parliament for Paris (*députés de Paris*).’

“Politician: ‘Hum! Ha! In fact, the thing is, ar— rather ar— ticklish, you know.’

How unjustly the French believed us English and the English Government to be *inimical* to them will be seen by Mr. Gladstone’s letter which follows, published in French, by this paper. I will not give the English, which, of course, my readers have seen in the *Times*:—

“J’apprends que quelqu’un ayant une position officielle ici vient de recevoir la copie d’une lettre adressée par M. Gladstone à un membre du Parlement anglais, qui certainement pourra désabuser les français qui considèrent jusqu’à présent le cabinet anglais comme ayant des sentiments hostiles envers le gouvernement français. Je vous envoie le texte de la lettre:

“Hawarden Castle, Chestre,

“10 janvier, 1871.

“Mon cher Monsieur,—Il est impossible de lire sans un

profond intérêt la lettre de M. Bénard, que vous avez eu l'obligeance de m'envoyer.

“ Nous, qui considérons avec une peine énorme les horreurs continues et croissantes de cette guerre, nous ne devons pas être étonnés si, dans son agonie, car ce n'est après tout qu'une agonie d'héroïsme, le peuple de Paris, combattant pour sa patrie, n'a pas toujours compris d'une manière correcte nos motifs et souvent nos actes.

“ Jamais le gouvernement français ne nous a demandé de le reconnaître.

“ Il n'y a pas eu de demande dans ce genre depuis la mission de M. Thiers, qui a eu lieu, il y a plusieurs mois, peu de temps après la formation du gouvernement. Cependant, dans toutes les occasions, nous avons toujours agi envers eux et avec eux comme si leur origine avait été la plus régulière du monde, et jamais aucun de nos actes ou aucune de nos paroles n'a pu faire croire que nous ne les jugions pas dignes, au plus haut degré, de notre sympathie et de notre affection.

“ Croyez-moi, mon cher Monsieur, bien sincèrement.

“ Tout à vous,

“ (Signé) W. E. GLADSTONE.”

—(*Moniteur of Bordeaux.*)

I wrote the following letter yesterday :—

“ To the Worshipful the Lord Mayor of London.

“ My Lord,—I have been witness to the vast sympathy and gratitude of the French people* for the noble present of the English or rather the British residents in London. Nevertheless, as the quantity, although enormous in pro-

* Some of the London papers are very irate at the National Assembly not voting an expression of thanks for the supplies sent from London. And yet the National Assembly would simply have stultified itself if it had. It just now is the parliament, the government of the country. Wrongly, no doubt, the government believe that in return for the French Government's help to us in the Crimea, they had a right to expect our Government's help in the late war. Officially it can take no notice of private friendly assistance. Nothing could be more irregular *even* did they have *no* grudge or fancied grudge against us. Besides, although this last consideration would *never* have weighed with them, what is two days' food to people ruined for months to come?

portion to the subscribers, will scarcely supply more than a few ounces to the 500,000 suffering (200,000 inhabitants of the suburbs are added to the population), I venture to entreat your Lordship to endeavour to either raise another subscription or to encourage Liverpool, Manchester, Dublin, Birmingham, &c., to follow your truly noble example and that of the citizens of London.

“No one can imagine what sufferings even the well-to-do people and I also have had to endure, while feeding on straw bread and horse-flesh; nor the heroism with which all bore these horrors. But now the *poor see supplies arrive* which (except the London present) they cannot buy for their starving children.

“I have the honour to be,

• “My Lord,

“Your Lordship’s most obedient servant,

“C. M.”

16th February.—I have fed so long on this horse-flesh and straw bread, that yesterday, having gone to the Passage Jouffroy to eat a wholesome dinner for four or five francs, exclusive of wine of course, and although eating as slowly as I could, and with excellent appetite, I actually got quite sick about the end of my dinner, and had to leave the place. I found the profusion of good things too much for a long-debilitated stomach. I run about all day now to the hospitals and ambulances seeking to find out material for a report on the progress of disease, and cannot help seeing much of Paris in doing this, and have had to remark particularly the low state of what I will call *public statuary* in Paris. People can cross the Tuileries now close to the windows, and some statues which I never saw before are seen on the “perrons” (balconies) and alcoves. Amongst these are some lions in marble—such lions! a mixture of cat and griffin, with impossible snarls on their ridiculous faces. (Is this not true, great Ruskin?) They are not quite so bad, however,

as the *modern bronze* lions at the Chateau d'Eau, on the Boulevard du Temple! These last, about ten, are *all alike*, and equally absurd—a mixture of dog and monkey with impossible anatomy. Those on the Place de la Concorde have muscles on their flanks carved out in defiance of all laws of nature, and in flat contradiction with any dissection ever made, or with the aspect of the animal, as seen easily in any zoological garden. The lions in marble in the Luxembourg Gardens are simply, both for art and anatomy, beneath contempt. Barriés', at the South Tuileries gate, are pretty good. This strange negligence of *models* in sculpture (especially of animals) is a fruitful sign of negligence in almost everything else. The human frame is more or less neglected also, but not to the same ridiculous degree. I know that the fawn in the celebrated Greek statue, the Diana Huntress, is not quite a fawn, but it is much better than these wretched lions of Paris. My young friend Durtz, a full private in 37th Battalion National Guards of Paris, who has his studio at Puteaux, never does anything without a model. I recommend his admirable bronze heads to connoisseurs at the exhibitions where he generally has a bust or two. No muscle, no bony process, &c., but is from the life. But the Parisians have been so long content to think themselves the first in everything in this world, that they have been content to think these lions very ugly, very griffin-like, and impossible and ridiculous, but that probably there were no more natural-looking bronze ones anywhere else. I wish I could show them our Landseer's at Charing Cross.

I remarked a few civilians riding to-day. I would have painted up at the entrance to every avenue (in large letters) where there is a ride in Paris, the following notice:—“Gentlemen are requested to keep their elbows in and not to turn their toes out, but straight to the front while on horseback. It is impossible to *ride properly* with the

toes turned *out*, and there is the danger of their being caught in the spokes of the wheels of passing carriages!"* But indeed, the French, although they understand something of the breaking-in of cavalry horses,† do not seem to care to learn to have a good seat. The artillery seem to me the best drilled troops in France. The Chasseurs de Afrique may ride well enough perhaps, but their little Barbary ponies are strangely overweighted. With regard to the Spahis (native Algerian cavalry), their native saddlery, like that of some of *our* irregular Indian cavalry, is so bad, that it would soon render inefficient *any* corps. The men are ~~v~~ery fine men. With regard to the French army, the line is simply, as Hogarth said or painted long ago, under-fed, under-sized, and badly clothed. (I, who am not a tall man by any means at all, am above the standard.) The well-to-do, and well-grown and well-fed men purchased substitutes. There is very little discipline, organisation, or subordination in the army (now at all events, since the Republic); and with the exception of the qualities furnished by a great deal of reckless bravery and courage, gaiety and individual fertility of resource, French troops are the least *in hand* of any I have ever seen.

I must, however, bear record that the battalion with which I served—the 37th Battalion War-Companies (12th Regiment) of the National Guard—was said, by no less a person than General Clement Thomas, to be one of the best-looking war battalions of mobilised guard he had seen. This is not to be wondered at; the Adjutant-Major, M. Flour, is an old African and Crimean soldier, and he and other of the officers are Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour. My friend Francillon, the Commandant (of the immense commercial firm at Puteaux), has studied the

* I saw a staff officer with a good seat I thought. I knew him later, his name was *John Lewis Brown*, born, bred and reared in Paris, but of Scotch parents.

† See the late Nolan, General Smith, K.C.B., 3rd Dragoon Guards, &c. &c. on the "*Système Baucher*."

manual and platoon exercise, company and battalion drill, under their direction with untiring zeal and application. He made (with Colonel Lambert, a distinguished Crimean officer, who commands the whole four battalions of us, forming the 12th Regiment) a reconnaissance in the trenches with the coolness of an old soldier. There is, however, of course, almost *no* strict *discipline* in most of the National Guard or civic troops in general. This is not to be expected. But I must protest against the idea that they are not soldiers and first-rate men, individually (with the exception of some Socialists and Reds,* &c., a ridiculous *minority*) as brave as lions. There can be no mistake about this, their conduct (the *war-companies*) at *Chevilly*, Joinville, Choisy, in the forts and trenches, where many left their bones, was admirable, simply admirable. The large number of National Guard killed at Montretout—indifferently—in 1st and 2nd line of attack; their serious grumbling at the prospect of an *armistice*; their patience in trying to keep a family and themselves on 30 sous (15 pence), when meat cost 50 pence (100 sous) the pound (for a good two-thirds of these men have nothing to live on but their work, and work there was none); all this proclaims loudly that the National Guard (the “war” companies and the “sedentary” ones also, if need had required) were no carpet-soldiers. Indeed, a good third of them *are old soldiers*, but *all* behaved admirably. I cannot speak of the distant provinces as I was not there; but I declare that he simply lies under a mistake and telleth a falsehood, who dares to say a word against the pluck and good fighting qualities of the immense bulk of the Paris and environs’ National Guard!

I see that Monseigneur Landriot, the Principal of the College (entirely conducted by secular clergy) in which I learnt most of what I know of Latin and Greek, is now

* All Belleville is not Red Republican or Socialist, thank God. There are whole battalions and quarters of honest inhabitants there.

Archbishop of Rheims! With my private English tutors in Edinburgh and in Paris I don't think I learnt anything at all, except a little geometry, which I liked as a sort of reasoning puzzle-game. At the "Collège Bourbon," in Paris, Rue St. Louis d'Autin, I might, had I been a *distinguished élève*, have learnt a good deal, for then I should have been pushed on; but I scarcely knew French, and whenever the Professor had occasion to see my exercise, a dialogue, something like the following took place:—"Ah, Monsieur MacDowall! stay! you are a Scotchman, are you not? Stuart MacDowall? You are of the family of Marshall Macdonald I see."

"Pardon me, sir, our name is spelt with a *w*—*wall*."

"That is fact! and in Celtic language the *w* and *g* are frequently interchangeable, *wall*, equal to *gall*. *Wael* = *Gael*; your name means the Son of the dark Gael, or Gaul. You see I know something of the Celtic language. *Après ça*, perhaps your name may mean Son of the Devil; *Mac Diaoul* (devil), not that I wish to give offence! But as to Stuart, if you are a Stuart also, you ought to be a Roman Catholic (not that we have any religion at all in France just now, I think), but all Stuarts should, I think, for decency's sake be Roman Catholics!"

"I think so too, sir, and I *am* a Roman Catholic; many *Highland* clansmen are so."

"You are then quite an aristocrat; I don't like you the less for that at all, mark me."

"But, sir,"——

"Gentlemen, you see before you an 'aristo.' He is 'gentle,' the little MacDowall, but you see is a vertebrate animal, very much like the rest of us poor mortals." . . .

"But, sir!"——

"Oh, I don't blame you for being a Catholic and aristocratic; all Stuarts should preserve their characteristics!"

"But, sir, my grandmother belonged to the *clan* Stuart: she was not a 'noble' in anything but goodness; and of the

MacDowalls, there is not, I think, one alive bearing a title of nobility."

"Well, monsieur, you are, I am sure, neither less nor more welcome on that account in this class. Gentlemen, the Scottish clans offer a wonderful and admirable example of — say genealogical federation. The chief (almost all powerful) must shake hands with the humblest of his clan, who calls him habitually 'cousin.' Hospitality used to be *given* in their mountains, but railways and hotels have somewhat changed all this now-a-days. The rights of the clansmen were much more extended than you would suppose in studying feudalism."

Rub-a-dub ! rub-a-dub ! drrr ! (the drum beating the end of the class or school-time.)

"Gentlemen, the time is up, it appears. We will resume our very important and interesting 'conference' of fiefs and the middle ages at another time."

Hooray ! and all rush out to go home. The College Bourbon is a day college (now Lycée Condorcet).

Being a Roman Catholic I was debarred practically from the great advantage of going to any of our grand public schools.

But to return to the dear Archbishop of Rheims, Monseigneur Landriot. Many a time do I remember seeing this accomplished Churchman (he is one of the best *geologists* in France) laugh till the tears came into his eyes over a page of our immortal Dickens (the "amiable author," as he used to call him). The Professor of Rhetoric also, l'Abbé Farges, translated, with my school-boy help, the whole of Shakespeare, and almost all Byron, &c. &c. He had already read the whole of Goëthe in the original, and knew Spanish and Italian literature thoroughly.

To return to the dear Archbishop. It appears that no notable at Rheims offering to get up on the Prussian-manned railway-train, to run the risk of being shot at

superior, insisted on getting up on the locomotive as a hostage himself. It is said that the Prussians showed some degree of shame on seeing this distinguished and noble-looking dignitary of the Church ascend the post of danger.

20th.—To-day I have all the symptoms of an attack of smallpox, constant shivering, headache, pain in back, sickness, &c. Obligated to go to bed all day. No money from London yet.

• 21st.—A little better; two pimples on my face, still headache, pain in back.

22nd.—Still pain in back; better in other respects.

I remember seeing a little dog eat *cat* (cooked) and refuse to eat *dog*. But to-day an *eclaireur* of the Seine told me that the cook of his squad, having killed many dogs this month, had become a very Marat, nay the Robespierre, the Carrier of dogs, in the eyes of the canine race. There had, occasionally, fallen some blood on his clothes, and he could never go out, with any of these on, but he was followed by a most formidable escort of dogs of all sizes, hues, breeds, and dispositions, who came up, took a sniff at him one after the other, and continuing to literally “dog” him through “Bobigny,” “Pantin,” “les Lilas,” &c., kept up an ominous and perpetual growling and howling, yelling, snarling, and snapping; their tails straight out, their muzzles foaming and low on the scent; leaping over one another, crushing, crowding on his heels, looking up wildly betimes in his half-averted and affrighted face, but ever following steadily, “doggedly,” like a band of witches, like the flying demons in a picture of St. Anthony’s temptation, a Walpurgis-nacht Revel, or our own Burns’ immortal Tam-o’-Shanter chase! This continued so long and so often; dogs wherever he turned; dogs every day; dogs every night; dogs, demons, devils everywhere, and always running faster if he ran, stopping if he stopped, that the poor fellow became seriously affected. After a few days he began to think that *one* of these

dogs *might be mad* ! Next he thought that *most* of them must be so. After a few more days of trouble and anxiety, their glaring eyes, their watering mouths, and eager chase, gradually and irresistibly impressed him with the idea that they were *all* of them mad ! Imagine a man who sees himself followed by a legion of mad dogs ! He was nearly, nay, he was soon to a certain extent, mad himself. He could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, and durst not go out to take exercise.

At last he consulted the surgeon. This gentleman told him to kill numerous cats, being of a facetious turn of mind ! This made matters worse ; the dogs nearly ate him up, when he went out again ; actually snapping at bits of his breeches, and tearing his gaiters to shreds, to get a taste of poor pussy's blood. At last he was obliged to burn his whole wardrobe.

Theophile Gautier, in passing through the ambulance of the *Théâtre Français*, tells how you could hear the following strange conversation amongst the holy sisters of charity—(how different they are from our lay nurses !):—

1st Nun (speaking) : “Where is Sister St. Mary Magdalene ?”

2nd Nun : “Oh ! she's gone to the theatre of the Palais Royale.”

I have no doubt that if the distinguished *feuilletoniste* had listened, he would have often heard something like the following:—

1st Nun : “Call Sister St. Agnes.”

2nd Nun : “Oh, she ! she's gone to bring over the men—that were wounded last Saturday.”

“What men ?”

“Why, the Guards, of course—the National Guards from Montretout. Sister St. Mary of Egypt is with her, and that pretty little *chère ange*, Sister St. Julia.”

“How do the men look, poor fellows ?”

“Why, they all seem to be *hard hit* ! mostly about the

(Enter a surgeon, breathless): "Where is the Reverend Mother St. Cecilia?"

"Why, sir, she said she could *not* stand it any longer, but that she **MUST GO ON THE STAGE**—to see the boxes—of lint and bandages—that have just arrived from England."

Surgeon: "Oh, very well. Have you seen that English surgeon, Mac—Mac—Dow—all,—who sent his card yesterday, and is to come to-day to the place?"

Nun: "Yes, sir; Sister St. "Virginie" took him to the green-room; and Sister St. Felicité took him to the focus (*foyer*—a large splendid saloon in French theatres). He seemed quite satisfied."

"Oh, I have no doubt of it!"

"Sister St. Placida then took him to the bed (and he was very much affected)—of poor Mr. X——."

One of the most curious results of sailors being in the numerous barracks of the town—having come in from the forts—is that you may see them in the most dangerous positions, warming themselves in the rays of the winter sun. They seem to *sit and stand up, on the open window sill* of the second, third, or fourth storey by *preference*. Here they may be seen reading some old penny novel, with a pipe in their mouths, as unconcernedly as if they were on the pavement.

The fact is they are so accustomed to being up in the rigging of ships, that they don't feel that disagreeable dizziness which I confess quite overpowers me.

At last I got my money from London (on the last Saturday in March). As it *was Saturday*, I could not then go to Rothschilds', nor the next day. I left Paris on Monday, as any wilful absence from London, now that my leave of absence is up, is almost desertion. Couldn't stay at Brussels, except to see the bronze lions in the Place du Congrès. Not to be compared to Landseer's, or scarcely better than a plaster cast to be seen in the Marylebone

Road (or New Road). I *must* see Thorwalsden's at Lucerne.

Stayed some hours at Antwerp: *devoured* Rubens and Vandyke's pictures, &c. Oh what would I have given to have been able to stay *one* day more! Such pictures! We have little notion of the Flemish School from the court-pictures in France and England. Rubens' "Descent from the Cross," in the Cathedral; the mystic "Marriage of St. Catherine," St. Augustin's Church; his own family, in the matchless picture in St. James's; the "Assumption of the Virgin," the "Elevation of the Cross," are *all* priceless and peerless! The *mother* of the Crucified I think is *most* sublime in the "Crucifixion," in the Museum; but is *matchlessly* the "Mater dolorosa," in *all* these magnificent pictures. The "Descent from the Cross" is—all things, considered, viz. subject, execution, colouring, drawing, *anatomy*, and pathology—the *finest picture in the world*. (What does Mr. Ruskin say?) I can, of course, answer for the anatomical and pathological portion as an "expert," which many of our pre-Raphaelite's are *not*.

Vandyke is less numerously represented. If my readers wish to see one of *his* best pictures, they should take the train to Edinburgh, and go to the Roman Catholic Chapel in Broughton Place. Over the high altar is a Vandyke's "Descent from the Cross," which it is well worth the trouble of the trip to see, even if Edinburgh were not the most beautifully romantic city in the north of Europe. The vision of St. Augustin is Vandyke's best picture I think at Antwerp.

I recommend one of Van Noort's pictures (in St. Augustin's Church, I think). He was the *Master* of Rubens and Jordaens. You can see the qualities which led to *their* future reputation. It is "Christ speaking to the Fishermen." The heads are better than most of Jordaens', and would be masterpieces if signed: Rubens. What colouring too!

Schuts, and two De Voses, &c. &c. have great qualities. Of the moderns I will not speak, but they are worthy of the school.

On coming to London hot haste, the first thing that struck me was that the ladies were all five months behind-hand in the fashions, had very gawdy-looking clothes on, and ridiculous chignons. Paris *ladies* dress in sombre colours, and mostly wear their hair low down on the neck, *often in a net!*

I have left Paris, and come home as soon as I possibly could. I hope I shall not get into trouble with the India Office for my forced absence without leave.

London and life appear very dull and dirty. Reader, farewell!

But lastly, to the French I must say that they should really not be bitter against England and our Government. *How was it possible for England, as Mr. Gladstone says, to make overtures for peace, when M. Jules Favre said that the ONLY BASIS MUST BE, "NOT A STONE OF OUR FORTRESSES, NOT AN INCH OF OUR TERRITORY"; when M. Gambetta declared that "the only basis must be that EVERY GERMAN SOLDIER MUST FIRST CEASE TO SOIL THE TERRITORY OF FRANCE."*

To propose terms on such conditions as these was *impossible*; it would only have been seeking a refusal—an insulting refusal. No Government can do this. And yet, when the time came, *we* were the first to act; NOT Russia, as the French seem to think.

I was so accustomed to the roar of cannon and noise that a cab-horse knocked me clean over before I heard it coming, or thought about it at all, yesterday.

Again farewell, my bored one!

NOTE.

TRUE CAUSE OF THE WAR.

COUNT BISMARCK'S CIRCULAR.

(Extracted from the Standard.)

Probably the cardinal point of this remarkable document is Count Bismarck's declaration that Germany "was fully able to cope with France." The great Minister knew more: he knew all the weakness of the French military system and the strength of his own, and he foresaw that march of events which Europe has witnessed with feelings of surprise. That was the real origin of the war. Count Bismarck knew the power of Prussia, and was quite willing to use it at the first favourable opportunity.

Unconscious of their danger—unconscious of their terrible mistake—the French Government played into the hands of the great master of modern statecraft. The Duke de Gramont said, on the 13th of July:—

"The King had authorised the Prince of Hohenzollern to accept the Crown of Spain; all that France now asked was that his Majesty would forbid the Prince to alter at any future time his decision to withdraw that acceptance. . . . France did not call upon Prussia to prevent the Prince's going to Spain; all she desired was that the King should forbid him to change his present resolution to withdraw his candidature. If his Majesty would do this, the whole affair would be absolutely and entirely at an end."

Earl Granville, though urged to do so, did not second this demand by France, but he suggested that, as the King of Prussia had consented to Prince Leopold's acceptance, he might "with perfect dignity communicate to the French Government his consent to the withdrawal." Count

Bismarck immediately telegraphed to London that this was a proposal which "it would be impossible for him to recommend to the King"; adding, that "any further concession to France would be a humiliation."

Next we come to an apparently small but very significant fact. The author says:—

"Nor was Count Bismarck satisfied with meeting the mediation of the British Government with a rude rebuff. On the evening of the fatal 13th of July the following telegraphic dispatch was published in a special supplement to the Prussian ministerial organ, the *North German Gazette*. I copy the dispatch, title and all, just as it was transmitted by Count Bismarck to the Prussian Ambassador in London:—

" 'Telegram addressed by the Prussian Government to Foreign Governments.

(TRANSLATION.)

" 'After the news of the renunciation of the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern had been officially communicated to the Imperial French Government by the Royal Spanish Government, the French Ambassador at Ems further demanded of his Majesty the King to authorise him to telegraph to Paris that his Majesty the King engages for all future time never again to give his consent if the Hohenzollerns should again return to their candidature. His Majesty the King thereon declined to receive the French Ambassador again, and had him told by the adjutant in attendance that his Majesty had nothing further to communicate to the Ambassador.' "

Not alone was this piece of "news" thus telegraphed all over Europe, letting the world know that at a critical period the ambassador of a great and sensitive nation had been publicly slighted, but it was circulated in Berlin in an unusual manner. After quoting a Berlin letter describing the publication of the special supplement to the *Norddeutsche Zeitung*, and the warlike excitement in Berlin that ensued, the author* adds:—

* Scrutator.

“ Note particularly the significant sentence: ‘ At nine p.m. newsboys were to be seen in great numbers in the principal thoroughfares, distributing gratis a special supplement to the *Norddeutsche Zeitung*,’ the official organ of the Prussian Government. Who sent those newsboys on their warlike mission? Count Bismarck would probably be able to answer the question.

“ But Count Bismarck, not content with rousing the warlike feeling of Berlin to fever heat, telegraphed immediately to foreign Governments the inflammatory paragraph which he had published in the *North German Gazette*. The natural result followed. Paris hurled back the defiance of Berlin. But let it not be forgotten that it was Berlin—misled by a *ruse* which, read by the crimson light of the last six months, may be justly characterised as diabolical—that threw down the gauntlet. In crying ‘ à Berlin!’ Paris, after all, was only returning answer to Berlin challenging her ‘ to the Rhine,’ and shouting ‘ Nach Paris!’ ”

This little incident, trifling in fact, though grave, as revealing the wishes and plans of the Prussian statesmen, changed the whole character of the negotiations. Lord Lyons testifies to the “ pacific ” tone in French official circles on the 13th. “ But,” adds Lord Lyons, “ in the morning all was changed ”; and in the dispatches of our ambassador, as in the declaration made to the Chambers on July 15th, the publication of this unfortunate announcement is given as the occasion for the final rupture of negotiations. The Duc de Gramont admitted that the King had not treated M. Benedetti with the rough discourtesy which had been boasted of by the Prussian Government;—

“ But that Government had now chosen to declare to Germany and to Europe that France had been affronted in the person of her ambassador. It was this boast which was the gravamen of the offence. It constituted the insult which no nation of any spirit could brook, and rendered it, much to the regret of the French Government, impossible to take into consideration the

mode of settling the original matter in dispute which was recommended by her Majesty's Government."

It would seem clear, from the subsequent declarations of the King himself and of M. Benedetti, that there was really no "scene" at Ems; that no discourtesy was shown to the French Ambassador; but that, on the contrary, the King had granted him three audiences, and, finally, had simply declined further discussion of the Hohenzollern question--referring the Count to his Ministers, a natural and usual reply to be sent by any king to any minister. So that, finally, the war took place; not because there had been "a breach of etiquette at a watering-place," but because it pleased Count Bismarck to play on the susceptibilities of France by an official assertion telegraphed to every European Court that the ambassador of France had been refused an interview!

STATISTICAL NOTES

ON THE

MORTALITY FROM SICKNESS, COMBAT, BOMBARDMENT, &c.

I here give four tables compiled from the Registrar's weekly returns. The two first are the most important, as being made during the bombardment by the new Registrar, Dr. Worms, on a new plan. Unfortunately he only once (one week) could get returns from the *army*, &c., or from all the *mobilised* National Guard. These, like the Army Returns, were sent, of course, to the War Office, and will appear in about two years. The accidents from bombardment are only those caused directly by shells or splinters, not by falling in of walls, &c., which were, of course, more numerous.

Drs. Gordon and Wyatt will, I have no doubt, be able to furnish fuller details. These gentlemen were accredited to the French Government by our War Office. They had better official opportunities for obtaining information; they have both been made Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour.

(A.)

*Specimen of Weekly Return, from which is compiled
the annexed Table.*

MAIRIE DE PARIS.

DIRECTION DES AFFAIRES MUNICIPALES.

2^e DIVISION.—2^e BUREAU.

Bulletin Hebdomadaire des décès déclarés à l'état civil du
28 janvier au 3 février, 1871.

CAUSES DE DECES.	Population civile d'après le recensement arrêté le 7 janvier 1871: 2,019,877 habitants.				ARMÉE.	TOTAUX.
	AGES				Troupe de ligne et garde mobile.	
	au-des-sous de 1 an.	de 1 an à 15 ans.	de 15 ans à 50 ans.	de 15 ans et au-dessus.		
Variole.....	52	54	109	22	21	258
Scarlatine.....	...	7	6	...	4	17
Rougeole	1	19	1	...	8	29
Fièvre typhoïde	1	58	57	15	193	324
Erysipèle	6	1	2	3	...	12
Bronchite.....	112	139	96	166	114	627
Pneumonie	31	52	88	138	156	465
Diarrhée	57	38	11	43	1	150
Dysentérie	4	14	10	26	9	63
Cholérine.....
Angine couenneuse...	3	9	3	1	...	16
Croup	2	6	8
Affections puerpérales	14	14
Affections chroniques et accidents divers.	447	301	594	916	134	2,392
Accidents de guerre:						
Combat.....	273*	14	...†	287
Bombardement	9	9	... •	18
Totaux	716	995	1,269	1,353	638	4,671

Vu: l'Inspecteur du Service médical,

Dr. JULES WORMS.

* Does not include all the mobilised National Guards *outside* of the Paris ramparts.

† Not received.

Observations.—Le détail de ces causes de mort est indiqué dans le *Bulletin de Statistique municipale* publié mensuellement.

(B.)

TABULAR STATEMENT,

Compiled from the Weekly Returns given in at the "Mairie de Paris,"
from the 21st January to 17th February, 1871, inclusive.
(Four Weeks.)

CAUSES OF DEATH.	CIVIL POPULATION, according to Census taken 7th Jan. 1871, 2,019,877, including 300,000 National-Guards.				TOTAL.	Percentage of Deaths on Civil Population.	ARMY.		GRAND TOTALS, Civil & Army.	
	Under 1 year.	From 1 year to 15 years.	From 15 years to 50 years.	Above 50 years.			Line and Mobiles (say) 55,000.	Percentage of Deaths.	Deaths.	Percent. Population & Army.
Smallpox	165	159	503	70	897	·044	87	·158	984	·049
Scarlatina	1	20	10	1	32	·002	5	·009	37	·002
Measles	23	86	2	...	111	·005	22	·040	133	·006
Typhus	2	196	270	47	515	·025	680	1·236	1,195	·059
Erysipelas	11	3	9	9	32	·002	1	·002	33	·002
Bronchitis	394	527	336	646	1,093	·094	404	·735	2,307	·114
Lung Diseases..	115	204	361	572	1,252	·062	630	1·141	1,882	·093
Diarrhoea	191	182	46	158	577	·028	9	·016	586	·029
Dysentery	11	38	50	96	195	·009	32	·058	227	·011
Cholera	3	...	3	...	2	·003	5	...
Diphtheria	5	28	9	7	49	·002	1	·002	50	·002
Croup	21	45	2	...	68	·003	1	·002	69	·003
Puerperal cases	60	1	61	·003	61	·003
Chronic affec- tions and Ac- cidents*	1,858	1,304	2,292	3,281	8,735	·434	433	·788	9,168	·454
War cases—										
Combat	2	579	23	†604	·030	171	·311	775	·038
Bombardment	...	12	33	21	72	·004	17	·031	89	·004
TOTALS...	2,797	2,806	4,565	4,938	15,106	·747	2,495	4·532	17,601	·871

* Are detailed in a Monthly Return, which is just now six months *in arrear*. Many were accidents indirectly caused by the bombardment.

† This does not include all the Mobilised National Guard *outside* of the Paris ramparts at sorties, forts, trenches, &c. &c. Like the Army Returns, some were only received during *one week* this month, being sent with them to the War Office, not to the Municipality.

SPECIMEN OF WEEKLY RETURN.

(C.)

MAIRIE DE PARIS.

BULLETIN HEBDOMADAIRE DES DECES CAUSES PAR LES PRINCIPALES
MALADIES REGNANTES D'APRES LES DECLARATIONS A L'ETAT CIVIL.

CAUSES DE DECES.	PARIS.	LONDRES.	BRUXELLES.	NEW-YORK.	FLORENCE.	
	POPULATION : (1868) 1,825,274h. Du 18 au 24 septemb. 1870.	POPULATION : (1870) 3,214,707h. Du au 187	POPULATION : 1er jan. 1870. 176,706h. Du au 187	POPULATION : (1869) 1,000,000h. Du au 187	POPULATION : (31 déc. 1869) 904,001h. Du 28 août au 3 sept. 1870.	Du 4 au 10 sept. 1870.
Variole	158	Les renseignements ne sont pas parvenus.	...	Les renseignements ne sont pas parvenus.
Scarlatine	15	
Rougeole	6	
Fièvre typhoïde	45		...		3	7
Typhus
Scorbut	1	
Erysipèle ..	3	
Bronchite	61		...		} 9	2
Pneumonia	62		...			
Diarrhée	43	
Dysentérie	9	
Choléra
Angine cou- enneuse	6	
Croup	5	
Affections puerpérales...	6	
Autres causes ...	852		...		76	78
Total ...	1,272		...		88	87

(D.)

TABULAR STATEMENT.—Compiled from the Weekly Returns given in at the Mairie de Paris from 18th September, 1870, to 20th January, 1871, inclusive (18 weeks). A specimen of this first form of Weekly Return is attached. It does not contain the distinction of age, or that of army from civil population, as was afterwards the case.

Weekly Returns.	Smallpox.	Scarlatina.	Measles.	Typhoid Fever.	Typhus.	Scurvy.	Erysipelas.	Bronchitis.	Pneumonia.	Diarrhoea.	Dysentery.	Cholera.	Diphtheria.	Croup.	Puerperal Cases.	Other Causes.	Total Number of Deaths.
1870.																	
Sept. 18 to Sept. 24	158	15	6	45	..	1	3	61	62	43	9	..	6	5	6	852	1272
" 25 Oct. 1	210	4	5	56	8	36	46	46	33	1	5	8	10	886	1344
Oct. 1 " 8	212	13	16	54	56	56	50	69	18	2	2	8	5	972	1483
" 9 " 15	311	15	12	51	11	55	64	72	26	2	9	5	10	964	1610
" 16 " 22	360	7	7	55	10	70	66	76	23	3	5	4	4	1056	1748*
" 23 " 29	378	9	5	62	8	77	71	99	49	1	7	5	8	1099	1878
" 30 Nov. 5	360	6	12	61	11	72	69	87	32	1	9	6	12	1004	1762
Nov. 6 " 12	409	7	9	62	7	82	79	91	39	1	14	5	6	1064	1885
" 13 " 19	431	14	9	94	12	92	73	91	25	2	5	10	8	1198	2064
" 20 " 26	386	17	11	103	17	89	81	92	25	1	9	11	11	1074	1927
" 27 Dec. 3	412	9	21	140	9	99	92	76	25	1	6	10	8	1115	2023
Dec. 4 " 10	311	10	22	137	7	107	108	83	33	1	8	6	9	1526	2455
" 11 " 17	391	11	22	173	16	100	131	103	38	2	9	12	15	1615	2728
" 18 " 24	388	11	19	227	14	172	147	73	30	3	6	11	6	1627	2728
" 25 " 31	454	5	19	250	10	288	201	98	51	..	13	16	8	1897	3280
1871.																	
Jan. 1 to Jan. 6	329	13	31	251	9	343	262	151	52	3	19	20	11	2186	3680
" 7 " 13	339	11	40	301	10	457	390	143	46	3	22	20	11	2189	3982
" 14 " 20	380	8	44	375	18	598	426	137	42	..	13	27	15	2382	4465
Totals	6336	185	310	2494	..	1	186	2914	2418	1630	586	27	167	189	163	24706	42312
Percentage*	317	009	015	125	009	146	121	815	029	001	008	009	008	1235	2115

* On Estimated Population of 2,000,000.

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VIA DOLOROSA;
OR,
THE HALF-SIN OF LADY MARGARET.
BY
CAMERON STUART MACDOWALL,
INDIAN ARMY (3RD BOMBAY CAVALRY).

Opinions of the Press.

" 'To have the deep poetic heart is more than all poetic fame,' says Alfred Tennyson. It is more, too, than some kinds of poetic power, which frequently exist, with very little of the heart indeed. Whatever amount of power 'M.' may have, he shows every indication of the more important essential. The feeling which seems to have impelled him to verse is plainly genuine; the tender sadness which marks his muse is not of a nature to be assumed. And when we add that he clothes delicate sentiment in equally delicate diction, we should be understood to be giving high praise. In some places his lines may be said to want the strength which comes from concentration, but this we take to be the result of wilful neglect, for there are passages elsewhere which indicate more mastery over the material. The first 'poem,' which is by far the longest of the three, is, we are told, a tale suggested partly by a secret revealed on her death bed by a beautiful English girl, and partly by an inscription which the author saw upon a Russian tombstone—raised over an English lady. It is a tale of sorrow, but sorrow made as sweet as may be, and told with unfailing grace and refinement. Sometimes the versification is careless, as we have said, but it is generally descriptive; and were the author a painter instead of a poet, we should say that he was more of a colourist than a draughtsman. There is painting, for instance, in such lines as 'The perfumed, vaporous, violet, seas of Ind:' and in suggestions like 'The lilac twilight of the East' which immediately follows.

" It is difficult, however, to quote from a narrative tale in justice to the author. . . . 'Unnamed and Unclaimed,' and 'The Exile,' have merits of a different kind, though both poems are appropriate to the title of the book, and are necessarily sorrowful. We should like to see the author in more pleasant fields of poesy. His fancies would surely be more free among fresh flowers than in wreathing *immortelles*.—*Court Circular*.

" Both as regards subject and matter, this neatly-got-up volume of poems will be highly prized."—*Observer*.

" Yet another volume of poetry, and one by a writer of considerable power. The story is curious. . . . Amongst the gems that are scattered through this painful story is the following burial hymn, sang by serfmen and matrons. . . . On some pleasanter theme we hope to meet the author again."—*Royal Leamington Spa Courier*.

" The writer of 'Via Dolorosa' is a man of more power than Mr. —, and his strength is seen in his ability to say what he wishes to say with more point, conciseness, and energetic directness. The author deserves praise for wasting neither words nor art in delaying the tragedy. He goes right on to a swift end. The power spent on 'Via Dolorosa' might have been better employed on some happier and less melodramatic theme. The lyric ease and grace of the author are exhibited in two burial hymns at the end. The one sung by Russian peasant girls; the other by serfmen and matrons. . . . 'The Legend of Valsalva; an anatomist of Bologna, 1666,' is a stranger story still—a ghastly, ghoulish story. Valsalva is in a dissecting-room with a female corpse on the table. And (as he says)—

'The knife was in my fingers, the small knife thin and keen,
My cuffs turned back for labour, with a mind intent to glean
The secrets of the house of life, by breaking thro' the seal—
The waxen seal of death, that hung on limbs that once could feel.'

The shudder one feels on reading some of Tom Hood's terrible verses comes with such a beginning."—*Manchester Guardian*.

LONDON: PROVOST & Co., 36, HENRIETTA ST., COVENT GARDEN.