INSURGENT PARIS.

First Scenes Inaugurating the Reign of Terror.

PARIS RULED BY MONTMARTRE.

The Capital Under the Rule of the Red Republicans.

TIMIDITY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Guns, Ammunition and Provisions in the Hands of the Rioters.

FEARS FOR THE WORST RESULTS.

The Herald Correspondents' Visits to the Disturbed Districts.

PARIS, March 7, 1871.

Whatever may be the ultimate result there can be no doubt that Paris is in such a critical condition that any moment may see the outbreak of an insurrection little less formidable than that of 1848. I mentioned in my last the efforts that were being made by the leaders of that reddest of republics which has declared itself *en permanence* at Belleville and Villette, to drive their followers to frenzy by false reports. The character of these proceedings may be judged from this one statement, which was industriously circulated among the disaffected. Forming part of the force ordered to reinforce the garrison of Paris, the Forty-fifth regiment of the line marched in from the west, and proceeded, with the usual accompaniment of drumming and fifing, through the streets forming the most direct route to the Palais de l'Industrie, where it is now quartered. This innocent proceeding was made the peg on which to hang a report that the regiment was but the advanced guard of the Army of the Loire, who were bringing the Comte de Paris in triumph to the Tuileries, after having pronounced for an Orleanist restoration. This allegation had much the same effect on the reds as their distinguishing color is said to have on a bull: every available man mustered under arms, outposts were strengthened, rifles, cannons and mitrailleuses were loaded, and all day they held themselves ready to repel an expected attack. Every American who has resided in Paris can testify to the readiness and rapidity with which most unlikely reports spread and gain credence. They form the topic, first, of the loungers and business men, who throng the boulevards, cafés and the Bourse; thence, in magnified proportions, they are conveyed home to madame, and speedily become the property of the domestics and *concierges*, who industriously recount the wondrous news to every one in the quarter. It is not surprising, therefore, under these circumstances, and under the combined influence of rumors of an Orleanist reaction and a threatened raid of the Montmartre republicans, that before night Paris was thoroughly alarmed, and at nine o'clock the *rappel* was again beaten. This interesting proceeding, with which we are now tolerably familiar, does not, now that we are again enjoying the luxury of gas, create the same amount of unreasoning terror as when heard in the dark. But reasonable people are getting tired of these constant alarms, and public opinion is growing stronger and stronger that the government ought not to lose a moment in dealing with the criminal fanatics who are doing their best to make republicanism ridiculous. The present inaction is part of a policy which, whatever its demerits, has the credit of being humane.

GENERAL DE PALADINES OVERRULED.

The authorities, in opposition, it is said, to the wishes of General d'Aurelles de Paladines, who was for bringing the "out-and-outers" to reason at once by immediate venesection, desire to keep matters in *status quo* until the garrison of Paris is so strong that any attempt at resistance will be hopeless, when it is probable that the gentlemen who now so freely express their intention to *mourir pour la république et la commune* may again exhibit that discretion which events during the siege have shown them to possess in an eminent degree when their own safety is imperilled. During the whole night the National Guards of the orderly districts of Paris remained under arms, ready to repel an attack on the Prefecture of Police, which was not, however, made. Messrs. *les émeutiers* apparently having come to the conclusion that the government would not permit a renewal of the scenes which took place at the police stations, which were surrendered without resistance. The bearded men of Belleville and Villette make light of the youthful troops of the Loire Army, who have already reached Paris, and declare that they are such "infants in arms" that the mere sight of hirsute antagonists, who have sworn not to give up a stone of their strongholds, will suffice to strike terror and panic into their breasts. The position recalls the story of David and Goliath—*absit omen*. Though these poor lads did not make so good a figure as might have been expected in front of the veteran legions of Prince Frederick Charles there is no reason to doubt that they will prove competent to disperse and disarm the set of impracticable idiots who are now doing their best to make government of any kind impossible.

M. GUSTAVE FLOURENS,

who most worthily occupies the position he has attained among his violent and outrageous *confrères* is exhibiting the resplendent patent leather riding boots which were first brought into public notice on the table of the Hotel de Ville on the occasion of the "red" invasion, on the 31st of October last, as commander of one of the barricades. In addition to an unbounded stock of vanity and folly this arch agitator also possesses no inconsiderable amount of animal courage; it is, therefore, not at all improbable that, if a collision takes place, a mitrailleuse belt or a Chassepot bullet may end his political career.

A CRUISE THROUGH THE MONTMARTRE QUARTER

reveals a state of things which may be considered I suppose, as normal in a district of permanent *émeute*. Newsboys and newsmen—for the trade is not monopolized as with us by the rising generation—with stentorian quality of voice shout "*Le Vengeur!*" or "*Le Cri du Peuple!*" the wine shops drive a brisk trade with the thirsty souls who oscillate with much regularity between them and the street corners, where crowds are harping on the old string, and talk about being betrayed and watching over the safety of the republic. I counted in the Montmartre district forty-seven guns of various calibres, twenty of which are in battery, loaded and

LAID FOR SHELLING THE VERY CENTRE OF PARIS.

I was informed and saw myself some confirmation of the statement that there are enough of trained seamen, gunners and artillerymen of the regular army wearing national guard uniforms to man all these pieces of artillery. Several of the barricades have mitrailleuses. Chassepots and ammunition appear to have been pillaged in sufficient plenty to serve out to any one who applies for them.

ON THE HEIGHTS OF BELLEVILLE

there are fifteen more guns loaded and laid, and in the Place d'Italie a considerably greater number. A friend of mine, who has some data for exact computation, assures me that altogether the reds have in their possession 150 guns and ten batteries of mitrailleuses—a pleasant prospect truly, when we reflect that at any moment the most baseless rumor may induce these fanatics to open fire on their fellow citizens and upset every calculation with respect to the future of this unhappy country. My experience in the republic of the north of Paris was not of a character to make me anxious to revisit it more frequently than I am obliged. To say that any one not in uniform or wearing a blouse, plus a kepi and a loaded Chassepot, is

LOOKED UPON WITH SUSPICION,

is to state the proposition in its mildest form. The mania for wearing uniform and for discovering spies, which appeared to diminish slightly after the signing of the armistice, has set in again with redoubled energy, and woe betide any respectable person in *mufti* whose curiosity has so far overpowered his prudence as to induce him to penetrate into this interesting region. Fortunately for myself, perhaps, the vigilance of the more active patriots was somewhat relaxed, when I made a hasty reconnoissance last night by the fervor with which the rioters were fraternizing with some sailors, artillerymen and Mobiles—apparently received accessions to their strength—who were doing "justice" to the round of republican hospitality in the most approved fashion.

THE MORE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF THE REVOLUTION-1878

has been a well-devised attempt to extend their movements into the provinces. A meeting was held in the Vaugirar section, at which Mobiles, soldiers and sailors were represented in considerable force. Out of compliment to these arms, who the revolutionary National Guard are striving hard to conciliate, a sailor was voted to the chair and a soldier and Mobile Guard to the posts of vice presidents. The oratory was of the most outrageous and inflammatory character. One of the speakers denounced the generals who had deceived the people during the siege of Paris; another was equally severe on the Assembly for ratifying a treaty of peace. He declared that it had violated its mandate and had no longer a legal existence. The large majority of the National Guards, who hold themselves aloof from the insurrection, were denounced as reactionaries of the worst type, and a resolution was passed by acclamation affirming the principle of electing their own officers and binding themselves to pay

NO OBEDIENCE TO GENERAL D'AURELLE DE PALADINES,

whom they declared to be an imperialist at heart. An announcement being made that three divisions of infantry, nine batteries of artillery and a division of cavalry were approaching Paris to reinforce the garrison, the proposition was discussed whether they should not be met by armed resistance at the railway station. At Belleville a similar meeting, but composed entirely of National Guards, resolved to repudiate their new Commander-in-Chief, General D'Aurelle de Paladines, and both meetings appointed committees to organize provincial bodies for acting in concert with the Central Association in Paris. Much satisfaction was expressed at a successful attack which had been made during the previous evening on a depot of arms in the Rue Lafayette, by which a considerable number of new Chassepots were obtained. After the meetings broke up the superfluous energy of the audience was expended by patrolling their several quarters, visiting and fraternizing with the men on guard at the outposts, and, worse still, in some instances approaching in dangerous proximity to the positions occupied by the government troops, with the intention, if possible, of inducing desertion. It is impossible at present to calculate the ultimate effects of this most ill-advised *émeute*. We may even now credit it with the

INITIATION OF A SERIOUS DISCUSSION

among reasonable men as to whether it will ever be possible to train the whole of the French population to arms. Men whose opinion deserves respect and who do not jump hastily to conclusions are beginning to enunciate the doctrine that internal peace will be much better secured and external safety in no wise jeopardized if the National Guard is at once abolished as a French institution. They declare that the defects in the national character will always prevent the urban population of France from imitating the civic virtue of Americans, who are as ready to become peaceful, industrious civilians again, when danger has passed away, as they are to take up arms at the call of their country. This feeling is growing rapidly and not without reason among people who have had the opportunity of seeing how harmless against an enemy are the vaporing *canaille* who now keep

PARIS IN AGONY

of suspense. The very regiments now holding a revolutionary Saturnalia in Belleville and Villette and Montmartre are those which, after being got outside the *enceinte* only by the greatest difficulty to assist in Ducrot's gallant sortie on the Marne, ran off disgracefully in face of the whole army before coming under the fire of the Germans. The rapidity with which they covered the seven or eight miles separating them from their homes pursued past the regular troops, the forts and the *enceinte* as they re-entered Paris, by the groans and hisses of all who saw them, will long be remembered to their discredit.

DURING MY HURRIED TOUR OF INSPECTION

I was struck by the frequency of groups indulging in their usual pastime of tossing for five and ten centime pieces; but even this hardly prepared me to find a party of officers engaged in the same agreeable occupation, franc and five franc pieces being substituted for the copper or rather bronze of their men. At the head of the faubourg Montmartre I took advantage of a corner wine shop, while discussing a *petite verre* of a vile, fiery compound, dignified with the name of cognac, to watch several companies going through their drill, and I am bound to say that men and officers, who seemed of rather a superior class, were fully up to their work. Orders were given smartly and intelligently, and were obeyed promptly, and I was little surprised to see a deployment into line, after advancing some distance in open column of companies, effected with precision, without loss of distance and with excellent dressing. Just before some suspicious glances from some of my nearest neighbors had warned me that it would be wise to take my departure, I saw a man of fashionable appearance whom I have met frequently on the boulevards, go up to the officer in command of the battalion, and, after exchanging a few words with him, hand what appeared like slips of instructions to officers in command of companies. Descending from the heights of Montmartre I passed several groups of the disaffected cordially endorsing the charge which has been made against the government in *Le Vengeur*, by M. Pyat, of trying to induce the population to revolt. This singular indictment, which has been spoken of for some days past, has now been set forth in due form by the Democratic deputy, who, your readers will probably remember, dissolved the Chamber at Bordeaux of his own motion and on his own authority. It takes the form of

AN ACCUSATION AGAINST GENERAL VINOY

of menacing the peace of the city because he refuses to recognize the supreme authority of the Central Committee of the National Guard. The proceedings of M. Pyat would be simply amusing if he were not the chosen representative of 150,000 Parisian voters, whom he can influence to the extent of conflict with the regular troops. It ought not to be forgotten that this gentleman, though taking upon himself to dismiss the Chamber, refuses to resign his seat, and insists on continuing to draw his pay as a deputy.

AMONG ANOTHER CLASS,

Passing a fine looking battalion of National Guards—the Thirty-second—who were standing to their arms in what I thought was still the district occupied by the revolutionists, I was agreeably disappointed to find, from the conversation of a group of officers on the sidewalk, that they were upholders of law and order, and were posted where they were by General d'Aurelle de Paladines, to act as a check on their unruly neighbors, whose outposts were not more than one hundred yards distant. Getting into conversation with these gentlemen I was informed that their battalion and nine others had been detailed for this important duty, and would remain under arms all night. As we were talking guards and outpost sentries were placed, arms were piled, and the men broke off and overflowed the few cafés within the narrow limits beyond which they were not allowed to pass. This morning their Colonel informed me General d'Aurelle de Paladines received all the superior officers of the National Guards who would attend his levee, and seems to have produced a favorable impression. He declared his entire adhesion to republican institutions, and repudiated with some warmth the bias towards imperialism which had been laid to his charge. But at the same time he did not at all hide his fixed determination to maintain strict discipline and put down disorder in the force entrusted to his charge, letting fall a few words expressive of his dissatisfaction at the revolutionists having been so long allowed to have their swing, and of his intention to prohibit all meetings of men in uniform, except when paraded by his authority, and all use of military organization save for the purposes defined by law.

THE SCARCITY OF STREET CABS

has been felt so severely in the better parts of the city since the termination of the siege that a vigorous effort was necessary to checkmate the exorbitant demands of the few *cochers* who are still in possession of giant specimens of the power of equine endurance. Happily *La Compagnie des Petites Voitures* have proved equal to the occasion, and we are delighted to find they have just struck a bargain with the German commissariat departments for 5,000 horses, at an average price of 360 francs each.

ANOTHER DIFFICULTY.

The disbanding of the Garde Mobile promised at first to go on smoothly enough; but, unfortunately, an occurrence has just taken place which threatens to create a *mobiot* difficulty as well as a Garde National difficulty. A company belonging to the Department of the Seine was paraded this morning in the Rue de Laval, and on being informed by the captain that until they were discharged their pay would be reduced from 1f. 50c. to 40c. they broke out in open mutiny, declared that it was an attempt of their commanding officer to swindle them, and threatened him with death. The unfortunate officer was only saved from prompt execution by the intervention of some of the civilian inhabitants who secured his escape in a carriage. The *émeute* spread to other battalions, who paraded without arms, and deputed some of their officers to remonstrate on their account with the authorities.

REGULAR TROOPS STATIONED AT THE PRISONS.

The Guard National have been relieved at the prisons of St. Pélagie, Mazas and Lasanté by troops of the line, and orders have been given to have regiments in readiness to repel any attempt which may be made to rescue the twenty political prisoners who are still incarcerated in St. Pélagie, an attack on which is considered imminent.

THE GARRISON OF PARIS

is to be made up to 40,000 troops of the line, under General Vinoy, all of whom will be assembled here by the 11th inst. The poor fellows are struggling in by regiments at a time, and those from the Loire district show unmistakably, by their ragged, slovenly, half-starved appearance, how hard a time they have had, and how impossible it would have been for them to withstand to hardy, well fed, well provided German forces, to whom they were opposed. They are looking forward with delight to the prospect of a few days' rest and full meals, and, from what I know of French soldiers, I have no doubt that, if these are vouchsafed to them, a very few days will suffice to revive their spirits and wonderfully improve their appearance.

Signs Before the Storm—The Rioters and of What Classes They Are Composed—Visitors Should Keep Away from Paris.

PARIS, March 8, 1871.

Nothing but the sullen countenances of the Mobiles along the Champ Elysées and the snappish character of their dispositions all over Paris could be noted yesterday as

HERALDING COMING WAR.

As I walked up and down the Place Vendôme several times I heard sinister remarks upon the passers. One gentleman going along quietly with a cane and a cigar was greeted in an ugly voice and by repeated salutations, "Aristocrat! Aristocrat!" This incident explains the real feeling of the population at this moment—it is one of suspicious ugliness; but fortunately, I believe, impotent to do evil. But the stranger feels this uncomfortable indifference and what-business-have-you-here look more now than during the siege, for then all suffered together. Now, I went up to several shop windows yesterday, and found each time that a group of moody soldiers would gather round—not inspecting the window, but my person, with impertinent curiosity. They would laze off—perfectly idle, nothing to eat, possibly many of them with no money.

WHO ARE THE RIOTERS.

It is this class, including also the 290,000 workmen lately sustained by the government, but now put upon their own resources, that people fear so much, and who will be dangerous to the peace of Paris. Driven to desperation and whipped to humiliation they are neither inclined to amiability or industry. Large knots of these classes are strung along through the quarter between the arch and the Place de la Concorde.

STRANGERS, KEEP AWAY.

Paris is yet in no condition for pleasure seekers. Cabs, very few, let for five francs an hour, and a trip to Versailles in good style costs twenty-five francs. Rooms and apartments are cheap, and eating is not expensive when you know where to go and get it. Circulation is difficult about town because of the scarcity of horses.

PRUSSIAN OFFICERS

have been coming into town in disguise and by various means visiting the city. Yesterday morning three Bavarian officers, fully uniformed and equipped, arrived at the Orleans Railroad station, coming from Grier, exhibiting a requisition of the German commander of that place in payment for the fare. The *chef de gare* refused to accept the paper, and the three Bavarians were conducted to the Mairie by the *Garde Nationaux*. There was

TROUBLE YESTERDAY

in the Rue de Larue. The Mobiles of the Tenth battalion mustered and were paid off their back dues by the commandant. The men claimed seventy-five centimes a day, but the commandant paid but forty. The battalion, exasperated at this conduct, remonstrated *en masse* at the house of the commandant, posting guards and crying for vengeance upon his head. The commandant tried to harmonize the multitude, but the multitude would not listen; and the Mobiles, with the primary intention of killing him, relaxed, and he was taken to the bureau of the Central Republican Committee and there detained. He was forced to agree to pay the discrepancy to-day.

Exciting Scenes About Town—Raising the Red on the Bastile—How the Insurgents Are Provided With War Material—Paris Ruled by Montmartre.

PARIS, March 9, 1871.

The Boulevard was crowded last night as it has not been for months. The *demi monde*, soldiers, officers, foreigners and all civilians seemed to be abroad, and every corner had its national assembly, where orators were dispensing some new political faith.

To-day Paris is absolutely

UNDER THE GOVERNMENT OF THE RED.

The *drapeau rouge* flies from the lofty Bastile; the cannon of Montmartre command the richest part of Paris; the Central Committee of Resistance issues its edicts, makes arrests and defies the municipal authorities; citizens have no security in the streets, and an immense system of espionage is kept up by men of bloodless faces, lustreless eyes and villainous hearts. You can be immolated in any dark dungeon put *au secret*, and without you are in a position to parley or bribe your case is a hard one indeed. This, gentlemen, is "equality, fraternity;" yes, I suppose French liberty, too. I have heard many sign for the empire.

RAISING THE RED FLAG.

When the *drapeau rouge* was displayed from the Bastile; it was put up by three marines, who ascended to fasten the flag of France, but members of the National Guard menaced them, fired a pistol shot at them and forced them to display the *drapeau rouge*. When they came down they were put in the vaults of the Bastile, and there confined as prisoners. Beautiful evidence of republicanism—black flags all over Paris, meaning mourning—really correct symbols of the form of piracy referred to.

WAR MATERIEL IN THE HANDS OF THE RIOTERS.

It now turns out that there are 260 pieces of artillery, seventy mitrailleuses, two caissons of powder, large quantities of munitions and eight battalions of the National Guard, organized and controlled by the Committee of Resistance, and this, *en tout*, is the nucleus of the red republic.

BEFORE THE BASTILE.

Yesterday there was a manifestation in front of the Bastile in commemoration of the 24th of February. The Two Hundred and Twentieth battalion rallied, followed by swarms of unhealthy *gamins* bearing a banner inscribed "*Insurrection du Lyonais!*"

It appears that the Garde Nationale had a certain right in keeping the caissons and munitions they did, for these were fabricated by private subscription, and reverted to the Garde Nationale by a personal proprietorial right not shared by the government. The only complaint is that they have used these arms to menace the public peace, and therefore by law they have lost all title to them.

THE GENERAL CONDITION OF PARIS

to day is alarming, and the situation grows worse and worse, and may culminate in bloody riots. For my own part I believe these people talk much but do not mean fight, unless they can, by some unforeseen advantage, attack a man in the dark or do brave deeds with the guillotine and firebrand. Gutting houses, eternal proscription for Germans, growing hatred for Americans, seizing returned prisoners as traitors, incendiary journals, demanding more pay and less industry, general moroseness of temper, and the creeping suspicion upon the face you see on the Boulevard, is Paris ruled by Montmartre, and the rule has just begun.

The Misguided Parisians Led On by the Demagogues of the Press—Worse Than the Prussians—Fear for the Future—The Government Should Act With Determination.

PARIS, March 9, 1871.

The misguided people of Paris still keep watch and ward over their artillery at Montmartre. Marauding parties continue to attack convoys of ammunition delivered up into the possession of the government by disbanded Mobiles, and so to increase their means of doing mischief. The black cloud of anarchy is gathering blacker and thicker over Paris, and the unscrupulous demagogues who conduct the *Mot d'Ordre*, the *Vengeur*, the *Cri du Peuple*, and the last wretched sheet which has appeared, *Les Bons Amis du Père Duchêne*, are doing everything in their power to receive it into a torrent of destruction to fall upon the city. The inhabitants of the insurgent quarters of Paris have forgotten for the moment their rage against the Prussians and have turned their wrath against everything animate or inanimate which is symbolical of law and order among themselves.

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which have espoused the cause of tranquility and good government by ministering daily, as they do, to the desire for revenge against the Germans, which animates all—orderly and disorderly alike—keep the respectable people in a chronic state of ferment and so divert their attention from giving that consideration which is due to the unhappy and perilous state of the capital, and from taking that prompt and resolute action in conjunction with the military authorities which alone can save the city from the reign of terror which now exists. Meantime the accidental discharge of a musket, the reckless order of a drunken ruffian, the dissemination of a false report among these credulous, ignorant people who hold Montmartre, may in an instant send a hundred shells shrieking through the air to fall and burst in the boulevards, streets and courts, or to crash through the roofs and walls of houses, killing or maiming or frightening many hundreds, or, perhaps, thousands of people. Nearer, and with more accurate topographical knowledge, the gunners of Montmartre can inflict more damage upon Paris in a single night than did the besieging Germans in a month.

THE GOVERNMENT NOT ALIVE TO THE NECESSITIES OF THE HOUR.

The government makes no official sign, from which it would appear that the gravity of the situation was fully appreciated by its members. At the War Department talk is loud and open of the steps to be taken to disarm and disperse the mob which now disturbs the peace of the city, and of the condign punishment to be inflicted on the ringleaders; but as yet no movement of troops has taken place to effect these objects. All the troops are reported to have arrived here that can be had; but General Vinoy, who commands them, has only spoken as yet of what he is to do; he has done nothing.

GENERAL D'AURELLES DE PALADINES

does not appear to have been cordially accepted by the National Guard, which he has been appointed to command, and were he the determined, resolute, self-relying officer which his military career has proved him not to be, he could not, under the circumstances, wield the disunited, undisciplined force with effect against the people, with whom are confederated so many of themselves.

THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES,

the petty demagogues, who are the Mayors of most of the arrondissements, are *participes criminis*—if not actively so at least they are so, inasmuch as that when they were called into council by General d'Aurelles they excused and palliated, and in some instances, justified the conduct of their constituents.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD DO.

These being the facts as to the state of Paris it is difficult to see a ray of hope that peace and quietness will be restored, unless it be that the government is quietly and silently maturing plans which will be suddenly and energetically carried into execution.

VICTOR HUGO.

A Herald Correspondent Interviews the French Novelist.

WHY NAPOLEON MADE WAR.

Paris During the Siege and the Incompetency of the Leaders.

THE NEXT GREAT WAR.

The German Empire Will be Overthrown.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

BORDEAUX, March 2, 1871.

It was not without a good deal of hesitation that I went to see and talk to Victor Hugo. There is such an atmosphere of greatness hanging about the grand old man, such an assumption of authority and superiority in his judgment of men and things; he has such a reputation as an autocrat in society, although a republican in politics, that ordinary people are rather afraid of approaching him, and feel somewhat uneasy in his presence. You do not know just how you will be received by this man, who judges everything by a standard of his own, and cares as little for the opinions of the world as for the winds that blow.

VICTOR HUGO'S HOME.

I was received in a large and simply furnished room on the first floor of the very modest looking house in which he lives, rue de la Course. A table in the centre, with two or three books, which, judging from the rank they hold in literature, probably belong to the landlady; a large mat under it, covering half the brown painted floor; a little French clock on the mantelpiece, a sofa and a few chairs—an ordinary French parlor, in fact. I just had time to observe these things when the door opened and

THE AUTHOR OF "LES MISERABLES"

and "Les Châtiments" stood before me. Not a large man, but strong and robust for his age. White hair and beard, and a rosy, healthy complexion, that tells of a vigorous constitution and a temperate life. No deep furrows on that face, no heavy lines on that forehead, but a clear, steady light shining from dark blue eyes, that look upon you like the blue sky seen from the bottom of a deep well—one of the very few great Frenchmen in whom you are not disappointed at first sight. He gave me a searching glance upon entering that, under the circumstances, was anything but reassuring, then advanced and shook me cordially by the hand.

"Is France such a happy country," said he, "that an American should come so far to see her?"

"There may be more to see and learn in an unhappy country than in a happy one," I replied.

M. HUGO—True, very true; and that being the case you have new an excellent chance to learn a valuable lesson. Well, what do you Americans think of the situation?

CORRESPONDENT—It is undoubtedly a desperate one. And yet I think that if the French people could make up their minds to a few sacrifices, and would continue the struggle, they would yet be victorious.

M. HUGO—I am sure of it. But they have been so enervated by twenty years of the empire that they are lost to all sense of honor, patriotism or justice even, and prefer selling their brothers to the Prussians—a thing they have no right to do, a thing they cannot do—to losing a cow or a pig. "What's that to us," they say, "as long as we can sell our own?"

CORRESPONDENT—Did you foresee the result of this war?

M. HUGO—Not in the least. I, having been twenty years in exile, knew nothing of the real state of affairs, and as this imposing Bonaparte had based his chief claim to consideration on the fact of his having made France the greatest military Power in Europe, I supposed he had not failed in that respect, at least, and thought he would probably conquer the left bank of the Rhine. He, on the contrary, goes and makes war without generals, without armies, without cannon, without anything, against the most formidable military organization the world ever saw, and *il s'est laissé gober comme un oiseau par un lâche*. I can understand why he should want to make war against Prussia, but not how, knowing his own strength and that of his enemy, he ever dared to undertake it.

CORRESPONDENT—I do not comprehend, for my part, why, after the *plébiscite* had confirmed him in power and re-established him, as it were, on the throne, he should have wished to make war at all.

M. HUGO—That is easily explained. In this Bonaparte were united two separate and distinct personalities, two individualities—the man of December, of the *coup d'état*, and the nephew of his uncle, the successor of Napoleon I. Now the attacks of the republicans had weakened the former, and the Mexican war had destroyed the military prestige of the latter, and he sets about concocting a plan to vindicate both characters in the eyes of the world. The *plébiscite* was the first great step toward the execution of this plan, and that reinstated the man of December. The conquest of the Rhine provinces was to re-establish the nephew of his uncle in the high position he held in the eyes of Europe before his failure in Mexico. We have the result before us in the ruin and degradation of France.

CORRESPONDENT—You were in Paris during the siege. What were your impressions of the Parisians during those five months of hardship and suffering?

M. HUGO.—Their conduct was heroic. Paris has won more glory during those five months of siege than the rest of France lost during the war. And not only men but women also gave proof of the greatest courage and fortitude. Without food, without light, without fire, through the long cold winter, with sickness and disease and starvation and death encircling them, and bursting bombs and shells raining upon them, not one man or woman or child was heard to complain. It was noble; it was heroic.

CORRESPONDENT.—What is your opinion of the Paris government?

M. HUGO.—It was utterly incapable. It is nonsense to say that five hundred thousand men could not break through the lines of investment extending miles in length, if they had been under the command of a capable leader. The Parisians wanted to fight; they would have fought well had they been allowed. I myself, old as I am, would have shouldered a musket or led a regiment. But they would not let us. Trochu may have meant well, but he has not the least military spirit. Instead of continually attacking the enemy here and there by night and day, killing them in detail, harassing them incessantly, giving them no rest and accustoming his own men to stand under fire, training them into veterans, he lay still and did nothing and let the enemy fortify himself and starve him out, making only one serious effort, and that a poorly directed one, to make a *trouée*.

CORRESPONDENT—Did the armies in the provinces co-operate sufficiently with the army in Paris to make a *trouée* possible?

M. HUGO—There has been evident mismanagement in the armies of the provinces, whether on the part of M. Gambetta or the generals in command I do not know. Of course it was hard to make a *trouée* in the air without a point to fall upon; but it seems utterly inconceivable that two armies, amounting to nearly a million of men, in their own country, with every road and highway known to them, should not have been able to cut the communications of a force inferior in number, so far away from its base of operations, besieging an immense city like Paris, incapacity, sir, everywhere.

CORRESPONDENT—Will the French soon renew the war?

M. HUGO—Assuredly, they will never accept these conditions of peace as permanent. They will commence arming immediately. In ten years—in five, perhaps—they will have four million soldiers ready to take the field. The Germans on their side will not remain inactive, and the next war will be one of the most terrible ever recorded.

CORRESPONDENT—What will be the result?

M. HUGO—*Les Etats-Unis d'Europe*—a word first pronounced by me in 1848.

CORRESPONDENT—How so?

M. HUGO—The French were beaten this time by the empire, but they will march to victory under the banner of the republic. They will be prepared, and they are better soldiers than the Germans, who, drunk with success, will grow careless. They will be victorious and will overthrow the German empire as the Germans have overthrown the French, but instead of pursuing their conquests they will say—*voyons donc!* Are we going to pass our lives devouring each other like wild beasts? We have rid you of your emperor, you have rid us of ours; give us back our provinces and let us be friends. Then will be realized the grandest dream of the nineteenth century—the United States of Europe.

CORRESPONDENT—You think, then, the republic is safe in France?

M. HUGO—Be sure of it. We have law, justice and authority on our side, and with these we shall know how to maintain the republic. Its opponents must traverse a revolution, and a bloody one, to accomplish its overthrow; and I do not think they have the courage to attempt it. The republicans have always been revolutionists, and the weight of authority was against them. Now the tables are turned and the monarchists are revolutionists and bad citizens, and demagogues and extremists, and all the rest of the nonsense that was so current during the empire, and the republicans will not forget it. But they shall have every right, except that of tying themselves hand and foot and handing themselves over to another emperor or king.

Here I took my leave, but not until he had requested me to give through the columns of the NEW YORK HERALD his kindest regards to his many friends and sympathizers in America. I left him feeling I had been in converse with one great mind, at least, that will leave an impress on the nineteenth century. There is something sublime in the life of this grand old man, who single handed fought the empire twenty years, with the world against him. This statesman and philosopher, this poet and prophet, whose words have been verified and whose predictions have been fulfilled in the blood and smoke of Sedan and the ruin and dishonor of France. "That is to last," said he nineteen years ago; "you tell me that will last. No, no, no; by the blood that rushes through our veins it will not last. Ah! if it did, it would be that there was no longer a France upon the earth—no longer a God in heaven."

It is easy for those who ridiculed Hugo and worshipped the Emperor to insult him now that he is down. Here is a man who denounced his crimes from the first, who defied him in his might, who flung in his face and in the face of Europe, which had recognized and legalized the crime that fiery invective, "Napoleon le Petit!" A man who, standing upon the eternal principles of truth and right, defied Europe and laughed at the silly world that was toadying to a blockhead, and who never for one moment, in a long spell of twenty years, acknowledged the supremacy nor forgave the crime of December.

FRANCE DISTRACTED.

Stormy Scenes in the National Assembly.

The Members from Lorraine Withdrawing—Touching Incident—Rochefort's Letter, Tendering His Resignation—Felix Pyatt—He Raises a Storm—He Offers His Resignation and Leaves the Chamber.

BORDEAUX, March 4, 1871.

To-day the Assembly met, although there was very little to do, and everybody went just to see what might happen. Occurrences take place and great events transpire in the French Assembly when least expected. Witness day before yesterday, when they declared the *déchéance* of the empire in a sudden whirlwind of passion and indignation, evoked by one of its defenders.

The auditorium was, as usual, full at an early hour, and the box reserved for the journalists jammed. With the lights and the chandeliers, and the crowd, and the gaily dressed ladies, and the boxes, and the theatrical decorations, you almost forgot that you were in the most remarkable Assembly ever convened—one that history will talk much about—and you would catch yourself wondering when the curtain would go up and the play begin. At half-past one most of the members were already in their places, or talking excitedly in the aisles—did you ever see Frenchmen talk any other way?—and the noise and the heat became almost insupportable.

THE LORRAINNIAN MEMBERS WITHDRAWING.

M. Varoy, Deputy from the Meurthe, reads, in the name of his colleagues and their 140,000 constituents in that part of Lorraine, a letter of farewell to France. He read it with a trembling voice, in which the accents of grief were unmistakable. But the Assembly was uneasy during its reading and evidently afraid of being reproached, and would much rather not have heard these last words of farewell spoken by an abandoned and broken-hearted brother, and they drown his voice with murmurs whenever a strong expression occurs. He tells them he is going to deprive them of one last illusion, which is, that instead of one-fifth of Lorraine they are losing nearly one-half, and proves it by figures, and concludes by hoping that they may find in their hatred to the Germans the fire to a lie from their abasement and come at last to the deliverance of the unhappy people he represents. And so, having spoken their last word in the Assembly and taken their last leave of France, the poor fellows sadly and silently withdrew.

CONFUSION.

The noise recommences, the Chairman's bell begins ringing again—it generally is going about half the time—and a member proposes that a committee be appointed to assist the government in looking into the financial condition of the country and perfecting some plan for putting the national credit upon a better footing.

CALLED TO ORDER.

The Speaker, M. Grévy, announces that he has received a letter from Jean Dupontes, which he intends to read to the Assembly. There is then ensued a general "hush, hushing," which continues at least five minutes, caused by every individual member making as much noise as he reasonably can, to make all the rest know that he wants silence. Silence is at last established and the Speaker proceeds to read the letter. "Who is it from?" "Who is it from?" whisper the reporters. "Hugo," says one; "Louis Blanc," says another; "Gambetta," still a third. "No, no; Rochefort," cries a fourth, and everybody concludes that it is Rochefort. In the meantime the Speaker commences to read—

ROCHEFORT'S LETTER.

CITOYEN PRESIDENT—("Oh! oh!" from the benches.) Our constituents have given us a mandate to represent France, one and indivisible. By its vote of the 1st of March the Assembly has abandoned two provinces—dismembered France and ruined the country. It no longer represents the country, and its decisions are, therefore, null and void. Besides, the vote of four generals of the army and the significant absence of three others formally contradict the assertion of M. Thiers as to the impossibility of continuing the war. We cannot, therefore take part a day longer in the proceeding of an Assembly that is no longer legal.

ROCHEFORT, MALON,
RANI, TRIDON.

There is silence for a moment, when some one cries out, "*Bon voyage*," and the Left rise as one man protesting indignantly against this manner of accepting resignations.

A STORM ENSUES,

in the middle of which Felix Pyat wishes to know why his letter has not been read.

The SPEAKER—I have received no letter from you.

M. FELIX PYATT—That cannot be, for I sent one, and am sure it was received. (Shouts of "Oh, oh! *C'est infamet!*")

The SPEAKER—I can only say that I have received no letter from you, or I should have read it. Have you a copy of the letter in question?

FELIX PYAT—I have.

SPEAKER—Then have the kindness to read it.

FELIX PYAT (mounting into the tribune)—I wish to convince the Assembly that

ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT IS A FORGER.

Here ensued a scene of uproar and confusion that baffles description. Every man was on his feet, yelling, shouting, gesticulating with clinched fists, and talking without the slightest hope of being heard, and probably not caring, for that matter. Through all this noise and din you could hear, now and then, the desperate ringing of the Speaker's bell, making you think you were assisting at the biggest kind of an American fire.

M. Felix Pyat in the meantime coolly folds his arms on his breast and calmly waits for the storm to blow over, which it finally does, the ringing of the bell coming out clearer and clearer, until at last it masters the noise, and tranquility, comparatively speaking, once more reigns.

M. Pyat then commences to declaim his letter, but is interrupted by cries of "*Lises, lises, seulement!*" He puts up his eyeglasses and pretends to read what he evidently knows by heart. But that is too tame for him; he cannot contain himself in that way and dashes down the glass, and bursts forth with a trumpet-like voice that masters the house and makes itself heard above the din and uproar at the furthest corners of the room.

NICE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PEOPLE.

"The vote of the majority of this Assembly imposes upon me an imperative duty, that of declaring that it destroys my authority as representative. I am a representative of the people and not its master, and if I have been silent before the vote was taken it was that I was not authorized to discuss such a treaty. I have received an imperative mandate from the people. (Cries of "Oh! oh!" and "Your conscience!") My conscience is in unison with that of my constituents. I do not know what your instructions may be; but I know what mine are—an honorable peace—France one and indivisible. Now what is the signification of the vote of the majority? Peace at the price of honor. (Prolonged uproar. M. Pyat waits for a lull in the storm and then continues, making every word distinctly heard in every part of the room.)

PEACE AT THE PRICE OF A PART OF FRANCE!

I ought, then, to protest, not by my resignation—("Oh!" "Oh!")—for the Assembly has not the right to accept it. It has destroyed its right by its vote—(the House resounds with ironic shouts of laughter)—mutilating France; it has killed itself; it no longer represents France—France entire, that elected it the 8th of February. (Immense tumult for a few moments. M. Pyat takes up the letter, and, after waiting a few moments, proceeds.) I must, then, faithful to my instructions, to the unity of France and to my duty, represent my country as it was when its capital did me the honor to choose me. I retire, therefore, from this Assembly, which can no longer represent but a part of it, and I shall never return as long as this parricidal vote is not annulled.

PYAT WITHDRAWS.

M. Pyat then descended from the tribune and left the Chamber.

It is strange the majority do not see that they lose more than they gain in such contests as these. Even M. Pyat's enemies must have admired the cool courage and quiet self-command he displayed and the skilful manner in which he carried his point and made himself heard, making every word tell, in spite of the noise and confusion, his powerful voice mastering the storm, as it were, and bearing it down. If they had let him go on and speak his speech, as the Speaker had accorded him the permission, the incident might have passed almost unnoticed, and they would have spared themselves a defeat and their enemy a victory.

There was nothing of further note occurred, and the House, after validating a few elections, adjourned as usual at six o'clock.

GAMBETTA.

He Unbosoms Himself to a Herald Correspondent.

THE LATE CAMPAIG