PARIS.

First Three Days of the Struggle the Between the Commune and Republic in the Capital.

HOW THE CITY WAS ENTERED

Surprised and Desperate, the Insurgents Prepare for the Dying Struggles.

THE FIGHTS AT THE BARRICADES

The Women of Montmartre Fighting Like Tigers.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOULEVARDS.

Desperate Encounters on the Second Day in the Streets.

BURNING PARIS.

Men, Women and Children Feeding the Flames.

ARRESTED AND SHOT.

Dead Bodies Dragged from the Houses and Thrown in the Streets.

DESTRUCTION OF THE PALACES.

PARIS, May 23, 1871.

In all parts of Paris the troops of the government are victorious and the Commune is put down, but the victory has been purchased at an appalling price. So far as relates to public buildings and historic monuments the city is in ruins, the desperate men who have fought the government having done their utmost to prevent the splendor of the city surviving what they call its liberties. Mined with gunpowder and wetted with petroleum, the great edifices are either blown into the air or given to inextinguishable fire, and no one can say yet whether the worst has come or whether anything is to be left of what was Paris. With all this horror in men's thoughts, they pass with indifference the corpses that are scattered in all the streets, and take no heed of the blood that stains the pavement at every step. Nay, they denounce their neighbors for sympathy with the Commune, and see with satisfaction the summary murder on the street that follows the denunciation. They drag out of the cellars the men who fought in the barricades yesterday, and are hiding away today, and invite the soldiers to kill them and the soldiers do it. With all this the fighting still rages, and the actual and possible horrors of the situation are without parallel in the history of civilized cities.

MONDAY—THE FIRST DAY.

Fighting began in the city near daylight on Monday morning, May 22. Indeed the people of Paris generally were awakened by the sound of the firing in the streets, and then knew for the first time that the regular troops were inside the city, so that the HERALD despatch announcing the fact of

THE ENTRANCE,

which left Paris at 7 P. M. on Sunday night, probably announced this important event to your readers as soon as it was known to people here. It was wonderful to see the effect upon the people as the news passed from mouth to mouth—whispered at first with much misgiving, and then with full confidence passed from neighbor to neighbor, as the roaring cannon in the Champs Elysées rendered it a thing impossible to doubt. The old men and women left in charge of houses, from which the owners had departed for the rural districts; the *concierges* at the hotels and furnished houses saluted one another out of the windows with an air of gayety and a cheery "*Ah! tiens! il y a quelque chose aujourd'hui!*" The old woman at my little hotel came out and scrubbed the small stone court with a broom and plenty of fresh water—a thing she has not done before this long while—while the young mistress of the establishment talked to her lately gloomy and neglected macaw in tones that drew from him unusually discordant screams of sympathetic joy. But it was otherwise with a National Guard to whom I spoke on the Boulevard, and with all the other National Guard whom I met in other places.

"WE HAVE BEEN SOLD,"

they said; "we are betrayed; the reactionary battalions gave up the gates. But the republic is not dead yet." So it was everywhere—the old story of treason. Frenchmen, if you will believe Frenchmen, are never fairly beaten, and what they lose is lost by some one's treason.

A RAPID MOVEMENT.

Troops have been pushed in rapidly during the night, and a force was in the Trocadero, another as far down the Champs Elysées as the Round Point, another in the Parc Monceaux, and still another in the Military School and on the Champ de Mars. Troops, I say, had been pushed forward rapidly to occupy even so many points; but they might have been pushed more rapidly still, and a sufficient cavalry could, between daylight and noon on Monday, have occupied every important point in the city, and Paris would have been spared the terrible disasters that have fallen upon it since. On Monday early the resistance was discouraged and disorganized; the National Guards were straggling away from their battalions with a conviction that the cause was lost, and that individuals might as well save all that remained to them—their lives. All that resolute courage which has since

ALMOST GLORIFIED THE CAUSE OF THE COMMUNE

with its desperate resistance appeared later, and barricades at which the greatest fights were made were not built yet by Monday noon. At daylight on Monday the soldiers of Marshal MacMahon were building a redoubt in the Champs Elysées for the guns with which they intended to batter down the great barricades on the Place de la Concorde, and at that hour the rear of the barricades was completely unprotected and could have been reached by the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré without firing a shot. Shells from this battery of Marshal MacMahon's, and not the Communists,

SET FIRE TO THE MINISTRY OF FINANCES,

and while it was burning the pompiers, who hastened gallantly to their duty, were assisted by the National Guards, and the Guards even stopped all passers-by and compelled them to help the firemen in their attempts to extinguish that first of the conflagrations. But Marshal MacMahon being a great soldier had to do things in a formal military way, and as his chief of staff, General Borel, is perhaps the best type of the genius of incapacity to be found even in the French army, it was not to be expected that he would conduct a military operation in a way to make it quietly effective and at the same time simple. So the great guns in the Champs Elysées threw their

THOUSANDS OF SHELLS INTO THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

and crushed all the fronts of the houses in the Rue de Rivoli. So they threw hundreds of shells even clear over the houses in the Rue de Rivoli to explode in the narrow streets around the Marché St. Honoré, and threw some even as far into the heart of the city as the Place de la Bourse. Other great guns in the same neighborhood threw the shells that crushed to powder the facade of the Foreign Office, on the south side of the Seine, and even

TORE THE PALAIS LEGISLATIF ALL TO PIECES,

to frighten out of it that pitiful pigmy of insurrection, the wonderful Bergeret. On the other hand, the guns in the barricades on the Place de la Concorde replied with energy, as did guns on the terrace of the Tuileries, and between all this cannon fire across the Place de la Concorde, although some of the colossal statues are greatly injured, and one has her head knocked off, the Obelisk of Luxor is still erect and still looks calmly on more wonderfull scenes than any, perhaps, it ever saw in Egypt.

THE BARRICADE MANIA.

It seemed on Monday as if the men of the Commune were suddenly seized with a barricade mania, as if, like a man deprived of reason who merely mumbles forever his last rational utterance, putting it into all improper and inappropriate places, the people were just going on to build barricades without any perception of the reason why they did it or any judgment of the use of these obstructions. In every street, at every corner, men with crowbars and pickaxes were

TEARING UP THE PAVEMENT

and throwing up the earth, while two or three always stood by with loaded muskets to compel every one coming along to stop and help. Others pulled all the wine barrels out of the cellars, and these filled with earth swelled the proportions of the barricades. Many went into the houses and threw all the furniture of the people out of the windows, and especially all mattresses. These latter were plied on recklessly and men with pipe and hose, did their utmost to saturate them with water, and to wet completely all other inflammable material. On the Rue de Rivoli there were

SIX BARRICADES BETWEEN THE TUILERIES AND THE HOTEL DE VILLE,

the first at the corner of the Place du Palais Royal, another was on the Rue St. Honoré, at the same place, and another on the quay at the other side of the river, nearly continued the same line. Even the few shops lately open were now, of course, all closed. Some streets were entirely deserted, and immediately around the corner one would come into a street filled with excited National Guards, running confusedly hither and thither, shouting orders, of which no one took notice; breaking open doors, staving in barrel heads, endeavoring by example, it would seem, to communicate excitement to the people. I went

TO THE PLACE VENDOME.

There was not a soldier to be seen. Shells exploded there, sent up from the Champs Elysées. Nobody was to be found in the place where Bergeret and, later, Dombrowski had had their headquarters. The table was set, but the breakfast was not touched—all the indications of a precipitate movement—whether to the rear or the front was not evident. Beds, from which the occupants had but lately gone, were as they had left them. I went from room to room and saw only my own image in the great mirrors and heard only my own footsteps on the polished floors. Going thence into

THE RUE DE RIVOLI,

I saw the barricades there filled with ready defenders, and saw the ruin that the shells had made and were making on the fronts of the houses. At that moment the Ministry of Finances was burning, fired by the shells from the Champs Elysées or the Trocadero. Thence I went to the Tuileries, where I found

BERGERET.

He was just coming in from the Corps Législatif, whence he has been driven by the shelling, leaving behind him also an untasted breakfast. He had just assumed the command in the Place de la Concorde and was throwing up an earthwork in the front of the Tuileries, into which, while I was yet there, two twelve-pounders were placed. These immediately opened fire on the Champs *Elysées*, and presently sent to the right about a line of troops that was approaching the Place de la Concorde. I watched the effect of this fire from the Salon Rose, recently

THE BEDCHAMBER OF THE EMPRESS.

It was a beautiful day. Far up the broad avenue, now so magnificently green, the sunlight seemed to dance in waves on the treetops, and obscured by its brilliancy the view of the great Arc de Triomphe, that, towering over all surrounding objects, so grandly closes the magnificent perspective.

BURNING PARIS.

To my right was the Ministry of Finances in flames, from which liquid tongues of fire darted upward and were lost in the heavy rolling column of black smoke, which the wind drove toward the centre of the city. Far to my left, toward the Ecole Militaire, another heavy column of smoke arose, darkening the sky in that quarter and giving to the sunlight a strange lurid color; and between the great conflagrations, and between the Tuileries and the Arc de Triomphe, magnificent in the sunlight, the artillery of the government and the Commune roared with their furious interchange of destructive elements.

BERGERET'S MADNESS.

Bergeret is no doubt insane. At that moment he regarded the situation as promising for the success of the Commune, and talked of shutting the gates of Paris and cutting off and capturing by a turning movement, operated from Montmartre, all the National troops that were in the city. He conceived of Dombrowski as in command of the great turning movement, while Dombrowski, if he had succeeded in the plan he contemplated, was at that moment on the Belgian frontier. Two bullets flattened themselves against the marble mantel as we discussed this piece of Communal strategy, and Bergeret laughed in great glee at the notion of sleeping that night in the Emperor's chamber. He said that if the worst came he would not be taken alive, and that if he died his death struggle would shake Paris from centre to circumference.

FROM THE TUILERIES

I went up to the Boulevard Haussmann, where the hardest fighting of Monday was then raging. Completely arrested in their centre, the troops stood in front of the Place de la Concorde, while on their right they had swept forward and captured everything up to the Pont Neuf, and on their left they had gone forward along the Avenue Friedland to the Caserne Papinière, and from the Parc Monceaux, by the Boulevard Batignolles, to the very foot of Montmartre. There was a hard fight at the Caserne, and the troops captured it, and thus threatened at once Montmartre from a new side, the quarter of the Opera by the Boulevard Haussmann and by the Boulevard Malesherbes, the Madeleine and the rear of the great barricades on the Place de la Concorde. At the moment I reached the Boulevard Haussmann there was rapid firing. The National Guards still held this boulevard as high up as its junction with the Boulevard Malesherbes. Bullets fired from higher up toward the Caserne were falling near Rue Auber. One man went across the street on a run and a dozen bullets hit all around him; but he got over safely. A girl of sixteen crossed after him, but the street generally was very clear.

PEOPLE WERE HALF WILD WITH FEAR

and excitement. Pale, frightened faces showed a moment at the windows and disappeared suddenly at the sound of a musket shot, the sense of danger and curiosity dividing their empire in the minds of all. Shots were fired from windows, apparently in wantonness, but there may have been private revenges. Two spectators were hit on the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue Chaussée d'Antin by shots from an opposite window.

BLOOD STAINS WERE ON THE SIDEWALKS

in many places. National Guards crept almost on their faces to the corners in the side streets, waited for a good shot, fired and sprang back. True Indian warfare in the heart of Paris!

BY MONDAY NIGHT

the troops had made progress, but their operations along the whole line were not pushed—rather they were held in suspense, waiting upon the movement against the Buttes Montmartre, which it was important to carry first, that the Commune might not have that commanding position for its final struggle. It was in the heart of Paris, so far as concerned the fire, a quiet night.

TUESDAY, THE SECOND DAY.

MONTMARTRE.

From the Gare St. Lazare, up the Rue d'Amsterdam, and from the Parc Monceaux, by the Boulevard Batignolles, the troops operated in a front attack by different streets on the barricades in the Place Clichy, Place Blanche and Place Pigalle. At the same time a column of troops moved by the line of the city wall along all the bastions and opened the gates behind Montmartre to a stronger body coming from outside the wall. Now the Communists had only counted upon defending Montmartre on the side toward the city, depending, perhaps, upon the Prussian neutrality at the other side. It happened, therefore, that while men, women and children—for

AT MONTMARTRE THE WOMEN ALSO FOUGHT DESPERATELY—

were defending the barricades from the attack by the streets named, the troops coming by the gates went up to the buttes almost unresisted, and by noon this natural fortress was in the hands of the troops.

THE MADELEINE AND THE OPERA.

Simultaneously with the operation against Montmartre another operation was pushed down the Boulevard Haussmann towards the Opera House and the Boulevard des Italiens, and a third down the Boulevard Malesherbes towards the Madeleine and the rear of the great defences in the Rue Royale and the Rue St. Florentin. On the Boulevard Haussmann the most desperate resistance was encountered, at the junction of the Rue Auber and the Rue Carmartin, where there was a large barricade; but towards noon the soldiers in the windows of all the houses looked down into the barricade so completely that the National Guards could not be kept there. One captain, hoping to inspire his comrades by his example, not only stayed there, but, scorning any cover, stood up on the barricade, and some of his men, crouching below, loaded their guns and handed them up to him, and he alone kept up the fire till his head was pierced by a bullet and he fell dead.

SEVERAL PRISONERS

were taken in this barricade, among them a boy of sixteen, and the soldiers made them kneel, and so kneeling blew out their brains. Into the open mouth of one who had been killed that morning they thrust a copy of the filthy revolutionary print, *Père Duchesne*. At the Opera House, too, there was a hard fight, but it was carried.

IN THE BOULEVARD MALESHERBES

the barricade just above the Madeleine was taken and retaken several times, for it was like the keystone in the arch to all the defences of that quarter. Once, when the troops had been repulsed and were again coming forward, some Guards, making semblance of a purpose to surrender, drew a group of soldiers near to them and killed them all. At eleven o'clock A. M. the soldiers stormed it and held it, and the defenders taking refuge in the Madeleine, there was a desperate combat in the very church itself, and the soldiers visited their vengeance on the prisoners. With the capture of this position and the Opera all was ready for a general forward movement across the whole quarter toward the Boulevard and the Tuileries, and then ensued the most terrific struggle of the day—

THE BATTLE OF THE BOULEVARD.

At four P. M. on Tuesday the war came with the greatest energy upon the grand Boulevard. Here raged for two hours and a half, and all the way from the Madeleine to the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, the most resolute, obstinate and bloody battle of the city. Looking out of a window at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Neuve des Capucines, I saw for some time a desultory firing from a barricade in the Rue de Sèze, which looked toward the Rue Tronchet behind the Madeleine, and saw the men of the Commune compelled to cross the street, one at a time and in a stooping posture, to escape the fire of the troops. Bullets from the troops at that time reached the Boulevard down the Rue de Sèze and the Rue Canmartin, and also swept up the Boulevard from the neighborhood of the Madeleine. Shells of enormous size swept down the Boulevard from the barricade at the Place de l'Opéra, whence the Communists fired on the regulars at the Madeleine. Shells also reached the Boulevard by the Rue Canmartin. Only those who have known the beautiful and brilliant Boulevard des Capucines in the days of its sunshiny splendor can ever imagine what a

PANDEMONIUM

it became when swept by this storm of iron and lead; but any one can readily figure to himself the difficulties under which the retreating National Guards crossed a street so covered at once by the fire of both sides. Suddenly the movement in retreat became more positive. The soldiers, moving at once from the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue Tronchet, were pushing down the Rue Canmartin, the Rue Godot de Mauroy, the Rue de la Ferme des Mathurins and the Rue de Sèze,

CONCENTRATING A TERRIBLE FIRE

at the junction of these streets with the Boulevard des Capucines. The National Guards came on the run, stooping a little to get the cover of the barricades they were leaving behind them, moving close to the walls to expose themselves as little as possible to the fire, or, in other cases, making a reckless run for life; hugging a corner that covered them for a moment from the fire in one direction, yet afraid to linger there lest the fire in the next minute should come down the other street; stopping in a doorway to load and give the advancing regulars one more shot; so they came to the Boulevard, nobody standing defiantly up to face the fire. One guard, in running across the Rue de Sèze, dropped some papers from his pocket, and walked steadily out and picked them up. That was a solitary act of indifference to the danger. He was not hit. But now all these men were crowded under cover of the walls on the northern side of the Boulevard. These covered them completely from the fire down the side streets, but at the same moment the troops, firing up the Boulevard from before the Madeleine, sent showers of bullets that picked them out one by one and dropped them

DEAD OR DYING IN THE DOORWAYS OF ALL THE HOUSES.

Every moment, too, the troops were coming closer and closer down the side streets; and thus pushed from behind they were forced to the effort to cross the Boulevard. Presently a little respite came, for some men of the Commune, advancing from the Place Vendôme and from the barricade at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli, occupied the windows of all the houses on the south side of the Boulevard, and from there opened a fire on the troops near the Madeleine and those coming down the Rue Canmartin and the streets below and above it. For a moment this diverted attention, and in that moment the wretches huddling on the north side of the Boulevard rushed to the cover of the defences on the other side. Many got into the barricade at the head of the Rue Neuve des Capucines; others into that at the head of the Rue de Luxembourg, and others into the cover of Rue Neuve St. Augustin and Rue St. Asnaud.

DEATH'S HARVEST.

But many also fell on the way; some, faint-hearted, stopped at the little shelter of the kiosques and were killed there; some dropped stark and straight on their faces half way over, and some fell crouching into the angle of the wall and the pavement, as if fairly beaten down by the weight of the bullets they received, as the grain is beaten down by the rain. Some, hit at the very face of the barricade, clambered over only to fall dead on the inside. One fellow had a sort of psychological fascination for my eyes, and I could not look away from him as he lay dying, apparently, in agony, and not passing away in that painless change which has been said to result from gunshot wounds. He had fallen at the corner of the Rue de Luxembourg, and lay stretched on the pavement half way between the houses and the gutter. For two or three minutes after his fall he seemed already dead, he lay so still, and the blood from under him streamed down the smooth asphaltum pavement to the gutter. Presently, recovering from the first shock, he turned to his left side; but the effort was all from his shoulders, and the bullet had probably cut his spine. He then turned to the other side. He was trying to turn on his face and get up, but his legs were useless. He was fastened down more fearfully than Prometheus. But his struggles moved the sympathy of his comrades who saw him from inside their barricade, not ten feet away. Two brave fellows made a rush to bring him inside the barricades—in the uncounting spirit of a generous sympathy perilling two lives to save scarcely more than a corpse—risking the chance to take his place rather than see him lie there helpless in their sight. One took him by the shoulders, the other by the feet, and the distance from where he had lain to the safe cover was half passed—but the pitiless shower from across the street was too much;

THE LEADEN DROPS FELL

too fast and furious to miss a space so large as that covered by the figures of three men. The man at the feet of the wounded man fell, not even to struggle, but held to the feet in the grasp of death, and the other dragged the weight of both bodies with the last effort of his life, and fell inside the opening at the end of the barricade.

THE TYPE OF SCENES.

All this I saw from the window of the house of a friend in which I had taken refuge, and I dwell thus on the detail of one scene because it is the type of what I saw in many other places—the type of scenes that passed at every corner of the streets of Paris during three days. But now all around me burst forth

A MUSKETRY FIRE WITHOUT PARALLEL

for its intensity and incessant fury. On the north side of the boulevard the troops had entered the houses by the side streets, and thus came to the front windows without being in the least exposed to the fire from the barricades. They went up as high as the third and fourth stories, and fired down into the barricade across the street, leaving only a small angle safe from their shots, so that to be covered completely by the barricade a man had to crouch close to the pavement. On their side the National Guards were in the houses also, for they had compelled the residents on the side streets to open their doors. Hence it became a storm of fire from innumerable windows, not only into the street, but into the other windows; and the rooms of the houses were traversed by the bullets as thickly as ever was

THE HOTTEST SPOT ON THE HARDEST BATTLE FIELD.

I was in a front room at that sharp angle formed by the Boulevard des Capucines and the Rue Neuve des Capucines—a room lighted by three windows that stretch from floor to ceiling, and protected only by the spaces of wall between the windows. Even these spaces afforded protection only from the musketry fire, for a shell would have come through the wall anywhere. Bullets traversed this room, coming up the boulevard and out of the Rue de Seze and from the houses at all the three corners where the Rues Seze and Cammartin meet at the boulevard, entering the windows directly and diagonally. Into this room the National Guards did not come—partly, perhaps, because the American flag was flying at the window, and partly, perhaps, because a man could not have shown himself there and lived. Mattresses were fastened up before the windows, in the hope to stop the bullets or flying fragments of shell; but the hope was vain. The bullets traversed the mattresses and the backs of sofas that supported the mattresses, and pierced the doors at the other side of the room. All the walls were cut to pieces. One large mirror on the further wall of the room was pierced by four bullets within as many seconds. The whole floor was strewn with the scraps of curled hair that the bullets going through the mattresses carried with them. The little escritoire on which I wrote was pierced by a bullet through the upper part, and the splinters fell on my paper.

DREADFUL CONFLICT.

For two hours and a half this frightful contest was kept up without the least abatement. From eighty to a hundred men were defending each of the two barricades in the little angle under my eyes, but not more than twenty could remain in either one at a time. All the rest were kept inside the courts and entrances of the houses further down, and as the men in the barricade exhausted their ammunition or fell others crept cautiously forward till they were under fire, and then rushed to the cover of the barricade to take their places. All hit in the barricades were hit in the head. As they fell their comrades carried them into the little shops near by that they might receive assistance, and they died in those little shops and in the courts of the larger houses. Others died up in the rooms on the second and third stories of all the houses where they were fighting and where they were hit as they crept to the windows to deliver their fire. At half-past six this combat was fought to a standstill, and all the defenders of the two little barricades that I looked into were either dead or wounded, or, having exhausted their ammunition, had gone to the rear. Then came

A CHARACTERISTIC CIRCUMSTANCE.

These two barricades that were no longer defended—from which not a shot came—covered the rear of important positions. One, that in the Rue Luxembourg, led into the rear of the position made by the famous barricade of the Rue St. Florentin, and the similar barricade at the end of the Rue de Rivoli on the Place de la Concorde. The other, on the Rue Neuve des Capucines, covered one of the best approaches to the Place Vendôme. Although the importance of the position must have been known to the commander of the troops, I did not see any of that dashing readiness to rush forward and take possession of the defences from which the National Guards had been driven. On the contrary, the commander was disposed to be satisfied for a while with the peaceable possession of his own side of the street. But the Communists, not counting on this and feeling the importance of the position, saw the necessity of keeping up at least a show of fight, and one came forward from the Place Vendôme under fire for at least half the distance. Whether he was the only one who would come, or whether it was deemed that only one was necessary to keep up the required show of resistance, I cannot say; but this one

DID HIS DESPERATE DUTY WELL.

Once in the barricade he crouched close to the earth, even sitting in the gutter and leaning back on the curbstone to be more completely covered; and hundreds of men in all the windows across the street were waiting with their pieces ready for the least movement he might make. It was all silent, and he crept to a place where he could pass the barrel of his gun between the sand bags on the top of the barricade; but the moment the piece came in sight outside the sand bags all around it were torn by a hundred bullets. He withdrew his gun, dropped, and waited his chance again. And so he kept on till, in spite of the attention with which he was watched, he had fired away all his ammunition—with what effect I know not—and the last I saw of him, as the night came on, he was fumbling with his right hand among the fragments of paper in the street searching for cartridges that might have been dropped by careless shooters earlier in the day, and his movements were slow and peculiar, not with the deliberate slowness of steady nerves and cool blood, but as if with the debility of a man bleeding from deadly wounds. In the morning, when I saw the regular troops in possession of that barricade, he was there still, his head as cold and calm and indifferent to all around him as the curbstone on which it rested. But

THE FIGHTING OF TUESDAY

did not end at nightfall. The great cannon in the barricade on the Boulevard des Italiens was, with that barricade, captured at night, and its fire was immediately turned down the Rue Quatre Septiemore on the Place de la Bourse; and at ten P. M. an attack was pushed simultaneously toward that position and toward the Place Vendôme, which in the meantime had been reoccupied. It was no time to be out. No lamps—no gas—a soldier with the frenzy of blood in his brain, or a Communist desperate with defeat, at every step; and the

WHISTLING BULLET AND THE SCREAMING SHELL

still filling the air with their tune of death. Remembrance of the horror of that night will long be handed down in France as the bitter legacy of bad ambition, tyranny and political frenzy. At ten o'clock the fire which had been raging all day on the Rue de Rivoli seemed to have terribly increased, and pushing explorations in that quarter I found that

THE PALACE OF THE TUILERIES WAS ON FIRE.

Desperate Bergeret was keeping to his destructive programme. Compelled to abandon the Tuileries by an attack pushed from all directions, he had fired it, distributing in all the departments, as I have heard, bundles of hay wet with petroleum. At midnight I lay down, but not to sleep, for a twenty-four-pounder, within a hundred yards of my bed, fired every five minutes, rendered that respite impossible. I felt the shock of a great explosion in the night, but did not see it. It was the Luxembourg palace.

WEDNESDAY—THE THIRD DAY.

Very horrible—wearying the mind with its horrors—was the third day in this appalling drama. At six A. M. the fighting was in full fury in the Rue Lafayette and the Rue Faubourg Montmartre, pushing the insurrection to its last refuge on the Buttes Chaumont; and a battle was in progress near the Hôtel de Ville and at what is called the Pointe St. Eustace, near the Church St. Eustace, in the Rue Rambuteau principally; but the fighting at all these points was of the same character with that described above, full of the energy,

THE SAVAGE TEMPER

of desperation; for whatever mercy was shown before there was none on either side to-day. People looked upon the burning city and saw in the many conflagrations an evident general attempt at widespread, wholesale destruction, and their hearts were hardened and closed against every thought and sentiment of pity. The Tuileries were burned, the Louvre was burning, the Palace of the Legion of Honor, the Cour des Comptes, the Luxembourg were in flames; the Ministry of Finances was totally destroyed; the whole western side of the Rue Royale was

A MASS OF BURNING RUINS;

so was a part of the Rue de Rivoli, and the fire had already caught the Palais Royale. From half a dozen different parts of the sky vast columns of smoke indicated the furious spread of the great conflagrations, and men, women and children were taken in the act of feeding the fires with petroleum. Men, women and children thus taken were all forthwith shot. In the Rue Aujon a grocer was taken who had sold petroleum—people said to feed the fire, but nobody stopped to inquire too closely—they only shot him. Six firemen were charged with playing

PETROLEUM INSTEAD OF WATER

on the fire. If there was any evidence that it was petroleum and not water there was none now it came into the machine, whether by their fault or not; for it was no time to take evidence—they were marched away and shot. In the midst of all this a cavalcade of 300 women, taken prisoners at Montmartre and those districts, passed by, with their hands tied behind them. As they passed along they shouted

"VIVE LA COMMUNE!"

If it had not been for the soldiers other women, not more gentle, would have murdered them then and there. In all the districts where there had been fighting on Tuesday in the little streets near the barricades people dragged out and threw into the street the dead bodies of the National Guards who had crept into these places to die. In many cases where the wounded were not quite dead the soldiers finished them. Many were thus dragged out who had only hidden away when the retreat was cut off, and very lucky were they who, captured this Wednesday morning, were marched away to the prisons. Many, very many, were "passed" into the other world "by arms," according to the horrible phrase by which the French soldiers inform you that they have murdered some one with their guns.

THE CITY NEARLY OCCUPIED.

Now, Wednesday night, with the whole city except a little district at one extremity in the hands of the troops, but with explosions and conflagrations it is feared yet to come, I close this letter—not because the story is all told, or for scarcity of material, but because I am literally exhausted with writing of all these horrors.

How the National Assembly Received the News of the Burning of Paris—M. Thiers' Recital of the Deed—Indignation of the Members.

The sitting of the National Assembly commenced in the afternoon of the 24th ult., at half-past three o'clock. M. Thiers, who spoke with a voice broken by emotion, said he was always ready to listen to the advice of the Assembly, and added:—

The melancholy events of which Paris has become the scene cause me deep affliction. The insurrection is overcome. The odious act—one unparalleled in history—of which some villains have just been guilty, is the crowning act of their despair. The generals, desiring to treat the city with lenity, withheld any attack upon public monuments in which the insurgents had taken up positions. This morning they carried the Place de la Concorde. The Ministry of Finance, the Hotel of the Conseil d'Etat, the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and the Palace of the Tuileries were burned by the insurgents. When the troops gained possession of the Tuileries it was but a mass of smouldering ashes. (Cries of indignation.) The Louvre will be saved to us. Another grievous piece of intelligence is that the Hotel de Ville is in flames. (Renewed outburst of indignation.) I am convinced that the insurrection will be completely conquered by this evening at the latest. No one could have prevented the crime of these wicked wretches. They have made use of petroleum for their incendiary purposes and have sent petroleum bombs against our soldiers. What remedy can be applied? you will ask. Let us preserve a cool judgment. The remedy is union. Without that we shall never attain to anything but resolutions which will be disputed and ever disputable. Let us first complete the victory; it has been difficult to procure. The best of the generals of the army have shown an amount of talent and valor which has excited the admiration of foreigners, who have expressed it to us. After what we have already done I implore the Assembly to allow us to complete this work, which weighs heavily upon us, inasmuch as our efforts are directed against Frenchmen. There should be no distrust of us. When the insurrection shall have been suppressed we shall not fail to punish, according to law but implacably. Our right of pardon we invite you to share with us. It is false that the National Guard is being rearmed. Some officers, partisans of order, caused the rappel to be beaten at Passy, and have collected men who are known to be trustworthy. I have given orders that this proceeding be discontinued. It is by an error that M. Jules Ferry has been mentioned in the *Journal Officiel* as Prefect of the Seine. No one could be found willing to accept the responsibility and burden of that office. Such a functionary, however, was absolutely necessary to intervene between the army and the civil population. An appeal was then made, and not without success, to the patriotic devotion of M. Ferry, who has already performed those functions. All that is but provisional. The population must be disarmed. (Loud applause.) Maires will be appointed. Be not impatient. Leave us to finish our task, and never again will the country see such an insurrection. I long for repose. You can confer it upon me—("No! No!")—but pray do not add to our difficulties. We share your sorrows, your anguish. Allow us to act with calmness. We have need of all our coolness and of full freedom of mind. (Applause, especially from the left and centre.)

Amid much agitation the sitting was closed.

OBITUARY.

Commodore Andrew Arcedeckne.

A special despatch from our correspondent in London announces the death, last week, of Commodore Andrew Arcedeckne, of the Royal Yacht Club, London. This distinguished yachtsman was a son of the late Andrew Arcedeckne, of Gievering, and was born during the year 1822. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and succeeded his father as Lord of the Manor of Gievering in 1849. He was a magistrate of Suffolk, was High Sheriff in 1856 and patron of two livings.

The deceased gentleman was a universal favorite in yachting and dramatic circles. Although not a particularly active yachtsman personally, he was an enthusiast in the cause and did much toward popularizing the sport in England. He was also passionately attached to the drama, and was himself an excellent amateur actor. He visited this country several times, always enjoying his visits, he being an ardent admirer of Americans, who were always received by him at his home in England with lavish hospitality. Commodore Arcedeckne was an intimate friend of the Wallacks of this city, and through the influence of the elder Wallack was elected an honorary member of the Dramatic Fund Association, to which he was a regular subscriber. He last visited New York about twelve years ago. His death will be deeply regretted by all yachtsmen and members of the dramatic profession, both of whom were much to him. Personally he was a whole-souled, hospitable, charitable gentleman, whose large fortune was always at the service of his friends and the poor, and who, in the social circle and in public life, was distinguished for his unsullied character and high sense of honor.

THE QUARRYMEN AGAIN.

The Society Men Attack a Party of Laborers and Seriously Injure Two of Them.

Shortly after six o'clock last evening a gang of about sixty society quarrymen, who were returning from a funeral, attacked a party of quarrymen who were working in Fifty-eighth street, near Sixth avenue, and attempted to drive them from their labor by throwing stones at them. Captain Killilea, of the Twenty-second precinct, receiving information of the affair, headed a party of policemen and started for the scene of operations. Upon arriving there the society men left in hot haste, but not until they had seriously injured an old man and a boy. The police gave chase, but were unable to come up with any of them, so no arrests were made.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF HOMŒOPATHY.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1871.

The Homœopathists celebrated the twenty-seventh anniversary of the American Institute for Homœopathy by a convention this morning at the Mercantile Library. Dr. Guernsey, chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, delivered an address, welcoming the delegates. The President of the Institute, Dr. Beckwith, of Cleveland, Ohio, responded.

WEST POINT.

Conclusion of the Examination of the Graduating Class.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT.

He Attends Evening Parade and Takes a Little Stroll.

WEST POINT, June 6, 1871.

The examination of the graduating class in engineering was concluded this afternoon, and the branch next in order of importance taken up. During the afternoon the class was exercised on the plains in

CAVALRY TACTICS.

There was a large number of spectators present.

The President, accompanied by his father and brother and daughter, arrived on the Mary Powell this evening, and was received at the wharf by General Pitcher, who had a carriage in waiting for him. As soon as the President reached the plains

A SALUTE OF TWENY-ONE GUNS

from Battery Knox was fired by a detail of cadets. He was very warmly greeted by the officers of the post and appeared to be right glad to get back to this his favorite resort once again. He was present at

THE EVENING PARADE,

and after supper strolled about, out of the reach of the crowd of the curious, in the company of a fragrant Havana. He will remain here until next Monday.

THE WEEHAWKEN MURDER.

Cunningham Taken to Trenton—The Case of His Sympathizer, Policeman Harney.

Patrick Cunningham, the murderer of Anthony McDonough, bade farewell to his wife and children yesterday morning, at the Hudson County Jail, and was taken to Trenton to commence his twenty years of expiation. His case is pretty sure to bring about a change in the law regarding the punishment for different degrees of murder. Eight of the jury held out for four hours for a verdict of murder in the first degree, while the other four, though convinced of the prisoner's guilt, and not possessing a high order of intelligence, had their feelings worked upon by the impassioned appeals of Mr. Abbett, the prisoner's counsel, for mercy, not to the criminal himself, but to his wife and children, who sat facing the jury in court. There was a feeling among the majority of the jury that it would be far better for the ends of justice to effect a compromise than to be discharged after a prolonged disagreement. There was a possibility that the trial in such a case would be put off till next term, and in the meantime the two witnesses—Egan and Coyne—without whom the case would fail through, might disappear, not to return. Hence the verdict of murder in the second degree. Judge Bedle imposed

THE HEAVIEST SENTENCE

prescribed by the law—imprisonment for twenty years. The feeling of ninety-nine men out of every hundred in the community is that this punishment is too light, considering the enormity of the crime. Imprisonment for life is the punishment imposed in New York for this degree of murder, and public opinion in New Jersey is drifting towards a change which will assimilate the laws in this respect to those of New York.

Another singular feature in the late trial was the absence of the Attorney General. It was the first case of an atrocious murder tried during several years in the State without the aid of the Attorney General or some lawyer of great ability delegated by him. The Prosecutor of the Pleas for the county had to bear the entire burden, and the verdict tells the result.

HARNEY, THE POLICEMAN

who was called before the court and fined for tampering with the jurors on behalf of his friend, poor Pat Cunningham, is to be put on trial without delay before the Police Commissioners of Jersey City. At the meeting of that body on Monday night a committee, consisting of Messrs. Goetz, Edmonson and Hutton, were appointed to investigate the case and report to the full Board. The case will be thoroughly sifted.

SHOCKING WIFE MURDER IN MASSACHUSETTS.

An Aged Woman Beaten and Burned to Death by Her Husband—The Fiend Arrested.

BOSTON, June 6, 1871.

West Roxbury, or that portion of it known as Roslindale, has had a sensation which has greatly disturbed the equanimity of the residents, being no less than the death of an aged woman at the hands of a brutal and fiendish husband. At least this is the character of the occurrence so far as it appears from circumstantial evidence at present obtained. The particulars are these:—In a house on Short street, leading from Brown's avenue, Roslindale, have lived alone for more than nine years, Michael Brennan and his wife Ann, each of whom, we are informed, had seen about sixty years of life. It had been well known to the neighbors for some time that this couple did not live together in an altogether happy manner, and of late complaints have been frequent from the neighbors that Brennan was in the habit of beating his wife, or at least that she was heard to scream as if receiving violence. Through these complaints which had been made to the police Captain A. McDonald was led to make an investigation, and for that purpose went on Friday last to the house of Brennan. He found Mrs. Brendan on the bed, evidently in a dying condition, and noticed marks of bruises on her head and shoulders, which, in response to his inquiries, she said she had received in a fall down stairs. We did not hear that she said anything to implicate her husband, but subsequent revelations tend to show that she was reticent on this subject through fear of her husband.

On Friday night the woman died, and it was deemed best by the authorities to have an autopsy made. This was done, and indicated that the woman had received the most cruel treatment. Aside from the marks before referred to there was found on one of her shoulders a bad cut, on her breast bruises as if from blows and elsewhere on her person large discolorations, which seemed to have been the result of kicks. On one of her hips was discovered a blister as large as one's hand, and on her back the imprint, in blister, of the top of a cooking stove, the circles described by the stove covers being clearly defined in her flesh. It was also found that five of her ribs were broken and a sixth fractured.

Yesterday an inquest was held by Coroner Steadman, at which the above facts appeared, and a verdict was rendered to the effect that the woman came to her death from blows inflicted by her husband sometime between the 23d of May and the date of her death.

Brennan has been arrested and is held in custody. He denies all charges of maltreatment, and says his wife's injuries were the result of a fall down stairs and a fall upon the stove about three weeks since, she being an invalid and unable to move about with certainty. Brennan drives a job team in that vicinity and is reported to be worth some property. He is held for examination.

PICNIC OF THE ST. DOMINGO CLUB.

The St. Domingo Club of the Sixteenth ward enjoyed its first picnic Monday. Alderney Park was visited by the excursionists, who were transported down the bay in two large barges and a steamer. Wallace's brass and string bands furnished the music, and the merry party were more than pleased with the memories of the day