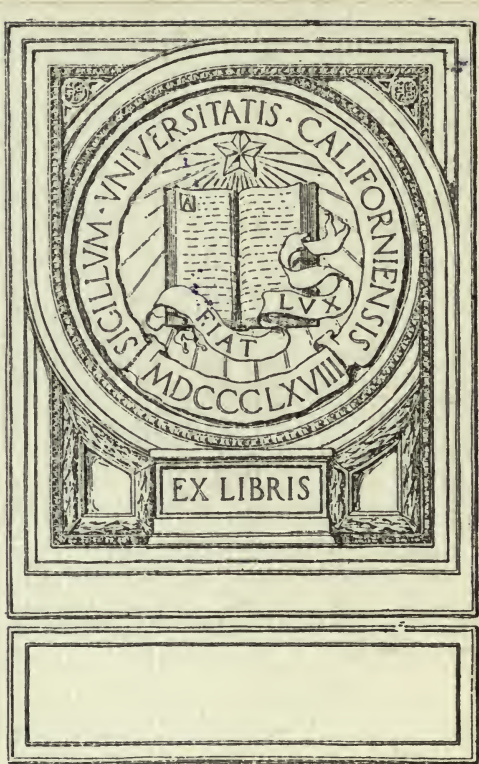


Archbishop Darboy
and
Some French Tragedies

1813—1871

L. C. PRICE





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FRENCH TRAGEDIES,

1813-1871.

BY

LEWIS C. PRICE,

Priest of the Diocese of Bath & Wells.

Author of "Catholic Christianity," Etc.

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD.
RUSKIN HOUSE, MUSEUM STREET,
LONDON.

1915

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THE PREFACE.

THE romantic scenes and exciting incidents which took place in France between the years 1813 and 1871, provide many pleasant hours of study and entertainment to the general reader, as well as to those especially interested in the locality where they happened. The simple record of these events easily creates a desire to find out more about them. To some extent that desire is gratified when, for instance, the reader is made to live once more in the lives of those who witnessed the Revolution of 1848, or who visited the gay salons of the Tuileries, or rode to meet the hounds in the Forests of Fontainebleau and Compiègne during the Festivities of the Second Empire.

It would not be easy to surpass the interest experienced by those privileged to stand upon the battle fields of Sedan, Bazilles, or Metz, while the scenes of bravery and bloodshed, of philanthropy and brutality, which took place there are carefully described; or to listen to the recital of those thrilling events of tyranny and revenge which happened in the streets of Paris during the Commune of 1871.

Apart from the consideration that the tragedies of the past make us grateful for the conditions under which we live at present, it is a pleasure to recall these scenes of former days, which were peopled by heroes, whose very names excite our sympathy and attention.

The pleasure which the study of these facts had given me, induced me to search for first hand information about them and

to place the details of that information at the disposal of those who enjoy the story of a real drama. I am aware that in dealing with this period of French life I am recording some incidents already more or less known to English readers. But I do not see how it could have been otherwise, for these very incidents occupy a prominent position in the period under consideration, and they frequently explain subsequent events which would be inexplicable without them.

At the same time, I am placing before the English reader many episodes and conversations of historical personages, and many touching scenes, especially in that part of the narrative dealing with the Commune, which have never yet appeared in English literature. I believe that these conversations and scenes will throw a fresh light upon the character of the men who ruled the Commune, and who therefore gave it a character in accordance with their own.

An important fact, almost unrecognised as yet, arises from this inference. Although these persons who controlled the Commune were certainly under the dominion of some "Fixed ideas," alike foolish and intolerant, they cannot be regarded as simply theorists who felt, rightly or wrongly, that they had a mission to fulfil for the benefit of humanity. They were mostly creatures of impulse and exaggerated passions who, having hitherto subordinated their inclinations from necessity, allowed them a full licence when once they had become masters of the situation. The Commune was not, therefore, the outcome of a mistaken benevolence, or of some impossible idea founded on a particular theory of Justice; it was the child of human passion, the illegitimate offspring of self-indulgence. Its best friends have never attempted to show that it was the logical sequence of any vital principle; they have only sought to justify its ferocity on the plea of provocation and extenuating circumstances. Its history—the tragic part of which is here recorded—is a warning to all those who are tempted to abandon themselves to the indulgence of impractical theories, for from every point of view the Commune was a failure. It brought its authors to ruin and led them to adopt a policy which no civilised nation could

possibly countenance, for it totally disregarded the laws of right and wrong, while it practically destroyed the last hopes of a speedy recovery from the disasters of the war with Germany.

The life of Archbishop Darboy, which exactly covers the period between 1813 and 1871, has never yet been brought before the English public; and although some works have appeared in France which deal with certain phases of his life, only two biographies of the Prelate have been published. As he was a pronounced Gallican, it is possible that some competent writers may have been prevented from recording the story of his life and works. Another explanation may be, that the Archbishop studiously avoided as much as he was able to avoid all inducements to participate in the doings of the fashionable world, and he thereby escaped the notoriety which he certainly would have gained had he frequented the famous salons of Paris while he was Archbishop. For Monseigneur Darboy was an excellent conversationalist, well informed as to things in general, and endowed with an easy method of expressing his ideas. He was always the *pièce de résistance* of a large circle whenever he attended any social event. Yet he hated notoriety of any kind. "Archbishops do not want to appear great people of the world," he once said when excusing himself for not occupying the prominent position which was reserved for him at a Court function. On many occasions, of course, he was unable to subordinate his position, and although he was naturally of a retiring disposition, he had frequently to take a prominent part in the doings of his day. The story of his life, therefore, discloses many hitherto unpublished incidents of much interest to those who like to listen to the story of the Second Empire and the Commune which followed it.

Year by year, with the facilities now offered of travelling on the Continent, a large and increasing number of Englishmen visit Paris. Its streets and buildings will frequently recall to the readers of this book many an incident of historical interest recorded here. The Treasury of Notre Dame, where the blood-stained cassock of Archbishop Darboy is preserved; the Pantheon and its environs so much beloved by the iniquitous "Public

Safety Commission ;" the crypt of the Madeleine in which repose the mortal remains of M. Déguerry, beneath a stone which records the fact ; the Convent of the Carmes, in which Archbishop Darboy lived when first he came to Paris—a deeply interesting building, containing ocular evidence of the horrible massacre within its precincts ; the Federal Wall in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, near which the bodies of the hostages were thrown after their execution—these and many other sites will afford a real and reflective interest to the readers of this narrative. Alas ! the Prisons of Mazas and the Grande Roquette, where so many deeds of interest have taken place, now no longer exist ; only in the street close to where the Grande Roquette once stood may still be seen the site, carefully marked on the pavement of the street where the guillotine was erected, which executed, among many others, Orsini and Tropsmann, both of European notoriety. In recording the events of this period I have not failed to note the details of some scenes which were certainly appalling, and which I was strongly tempted to omit altogether ; but upon reflection I felt that this would seriously damage the accuracy of the narrative, and that by so doing I should create a false and artificial impression as to the real conditions of Society at this period.

The trials of the Archbishop were many and great. That he passed through them all, retaining to the last a reputation for invariable integrity, is a valuable testimony to the value of his merits. But in order to correctly estimate his worth, it is necessary to know exactly the character of the times in which he lived.

I have not, of course, recorded every notable and sensational event of these days, indeed, some of the well-known sensational events I have deliberately omitted, as they appeared to be a repetition of deeds which must be referred to but need not be detailed ; on the other hand, I have expressly described some facts which appear, and really are, bloodthirsty and appalling, for the reason that to omit them would be doing an injustice to the Archbishop, when we consider the results he achieved under such difficulties.

In placing this narrative before its readers, I wish to say that I have visited the scenes of the Archbishop's life at Paris, Fayl-Billot, Langres, and Nancy, in order to accurately locate the events of his life before describing them. I have to record my thanks to the Ecclesiastical authorities of Paris and Nancy for allowing me to see several interesting relics relating to the Archbishop ; to the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells for letters of identification ; to the Vicar-General of Paris for a pamphlet and other information which he was kind enough to give me ; and to the Rev. Prebendary Daniel for decyphering an imperfect quotation.

LEWIS C. PRICE.

CHAPTER I.

HOME LIFE AND COLLEGE LIFE.

The bells of the mid-day Angelus were ringing both at Fayl-Billot and in the surrounding villages, as I entered the beautiful Church which adorns the native town of Archbishop Darboy. A feeling of suppressed emotion took possession of me, for I had come expressly to Fayl-Billot to live once more, as it were, the life of this good Bishop; and I had now commenced to trace his footsteps and to enter amid scenes dear and familiar to him. Past ages of French history, which often carry one's thoughts back to the pious days of St. Louis, or to the barbarous deeds of Henry the Third, lent no interest to this Church of Notre Dame at Fayl-Billot, for it is entirely a modern structure, and can claim no prominent part in the history of the past. And yet who would not feel a sense of awe, as well as interest, on entering this House of God so dear to the eminent Prelate, upon whose life the fiercest passions of humanity had spent themselves? No less than forty-five years had passed away since Archbishop Darboy, leaving behind him the changing scenes of Paris life,

had come one beautiful August morning in 1865 to bless the Foundation Stone of this House of God, in which those who were dear to him were so often to worship. How varied are the scenes of human life! Around me then, as the last echo of the Angelus died away, there fell a quietude and peace over that consecrated spot; yet that very Church contained a memorial to Georges Darboy—the Chapel of St. George—which recalled once more the wild scenes of Terror and bloodshed which took place during the Commune 1871, and through which the lamented Prelate passed.

On the 16th of January, 1813, Georges Darboy was born at Fayl-Billot. It was a memorable year indeed, for it was during this year that the star of Napoleon Bonaparte first began to wane. Wandering over the snows of Russia with a decimated Army, on his return to Paris, the Emperor sought to retrieve his losses by straining the resources of the country to their utmost limit.

With the death of the Archbishop, the Napoleon dynasty disappeared altogether.

The parents of Georges Darboy were of humble origin. They lived in the centre of the town, near the Market Place, where they kept some general stores, and were well-known to all around for their integrity in the management of their business and for the sincerity of their religious convictions. As the years passed on their prosperity increased, and there can be no doubt that the confidence which they had inspired materially helped to secure the success they enjoyed.

This moral force which continually surrounded the childish days of the future Archbishop left a permanent impression on his character.

Fayl-Billot stands at the top of a hill, and its elevated position exposes it in winter to all the severity of the weather. The cold of a January morning did not, however, prevent the parents of little Georges from obedience to the demands of religion, for on the day after his birth the infant was taken to the Parish Church, where his baptism was duly solemnized.

Indeed, so careful were his parents in acknowledging the Divine Authority of the Church, that in after years, when their son became invested with the dignity of an Archbishop, they ceased to "thee and thou" him (*tutoyer*) in acknowledgment of his spiritual authority. Georges, equally respectful of Divine authority, in no way reprov'd them, but contented himself with increasing his respect and affection for them both, and this he never ceased to show. When the Emperor intimated his intention of creating him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, the Archbishop wrote to his parents first of all to let them know the honour which had been conferred on him.

Georges was but one year old when the allied forces of Russia, Germany, and Austria invaded France in their efforts to defeat Napoleon; and as Fayl-Billot lay upon the high road from Burgoyne and Franche-Comté, it became quite clear that the foreign soldiery would enter, if not occupy, this peaceful little town. The system of warfare in those days was not carried out on

the same lines as in our own days, and a state of excitement hitherto unknown at Fayl-Billot at once took possession of its inhabitants. Various stories of harsh treatment and brutality committed by the soldiers determined Madame Darboy to remove for a few weeks to the village of D'Aurosay, situated in the valley of L'Amance, in order to avoid the threatened invasion. When the danger had passed away, she returned to the old home again, and for several years we hear nothing of the child who was destined to take so important a position in the land of his birth.

That one born in an obscure little town, far removed from the French Capital, the child of parents in humble circumstances, should become the Archbishop of Paris by the force of his character and abilities, and without any external influence whatever, would naturally lead us to expect clear indications of exceptional talent in his early childhood. These indications are not wanting. It happened that there lived at Fayl-Billot a M. Durand, who undertook to instruct the children of the place in elementary knowledge, and in due course Georges was placed under his control. We have the testimony of M. Durand himself that at the age of five years Georges could read correctly, and that so rapidly did he advance in his studies that on one occasion M. Durand told him he could learn nothing more in his school. "He knows more than I do" said the master, as he called the attention of his parents to the fact that little Georges possessed more than average ability. M. Durand was not the only one who had

watched the growing character of Georges Darboy. The Curé of Fayl-Billot, or, as we call him in England, the Rector of that Parish, M. Daubrive, had for some time noticed the reverent behaviour of the child as he joined in the services of the Church, and he first discovered in the boy an early vocation to the Priesthood. It was with this thought uppermost in his mind that the Rector of Fayl-Billot, in preparing Georges for his First Communion, carefully sifted the character of the future Archbishop, and finally secured him an entry into the little seminary at Langres—the See town of the Diocese—in preparation for the ecclesiastical vocation. This marks another stage in the history of Georges Darboy.

It has been often said, and with much truth, that the scenes of childhood create a permanent impression on the character which neither time nor space are able to efface. It would be difficult to find a better proof of the truth of this statement than is afforded in the case of Georges Darboy. All through his life the early associations of his childhood at Fayl-Billot were constantly remembered. The grand sights of Paris, the luxurious display of wealth and pleasure in the doings of Society, especially under the Second Empire, in no way destroyed the memory of these rural scenes. Here is a distant view of them.

Fayl-Billot is a small country town in the Department of Haute-Marne, being 25 kilometres from Langres, and is situated at an altitude of 300 metres. It is the chief town of the Canton, and contains 3,000

souls. When one has said that it is the centre of the corn trade of the district, and that no less than one hundred families are engaged there in basket making and in making chairs, and that it contains one of the handsomest churches in the Diocese of Langres, there is little left to be said of any interest to the ordinary visitor. To the readers of this narrative there still lingers the echo of that romance which terminated in the dreadful tragedy of 24 May, 1871.

On the site of the modern house built by the Archbishop, there once stood the modest villa in which Georges Darboy was born, and in which his parents died at a ripe old age. After their deaths the Archbishop erected the present modern house, in which he hoped one day to retire from the restless turmoil of Paris, "if," as he said, "God may permit me one day to rest there." It is very pleasantly situated. Close to the house a shady promenade leads to a little wood situated at the side of a hill, called the "Bois Banal." Here in the spring-time the nightingales sweetly sing their songs, even in the middle of the day; and many were the occasions when in childhood's days and manhood's prime the Archbishop would saunter slowly through the wood, first admiring the valley clothed with evergreen or fresh spring foliage and then, gazing at the distant view from the hill, which disclosed many familiar country scenes to him. On such occasions there arose in his heart a deep feeling of gratitude to God for the beauties of creation, and for the enjoyment which they gave him.

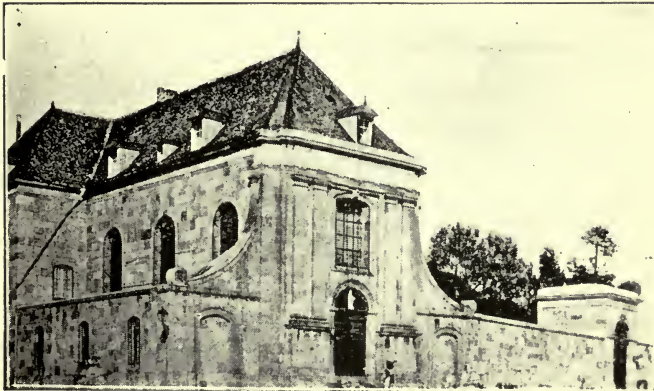
Often when pressed with the tremendous responsibility and anxiety of his high office as Archbishop of Paris, he loved to turn his thoughts to these quiet haunts of far-away Fayl-Billot, and thus amid other scenes to forget the difficulties which lay immediately before him. Among the recollections of his childhood which he never forgot was his First Communion in the ancient Parish Church at Fayl-Billot, only a part of which now remains. Indeed, the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, where so many stirring scenes in French history had taken place, was not too great a place to prevent him alluding to the village church in which he made his First Communion. It was to him a turning point in the journey of his life. Such was the early character of the man whose memory is one of the treasures of the See of Paris. Earnest and real in work and play, in filial duties and in the practice of his religion, we find no difficulty in tracing the characteristics of the Archbishop of Paris in the village lad of Fayl-Billot.

Georges Darboy was but fourteen when he first witnessed a great political upheaval. It was in the year 1827 that murmurs were first heard which finally terminated in the expulsion of Charles the Tenth from the throne of France. The popularity of Charles had never been very remarkable at its best, and when in 1827 a measure was brought before the Government to restrict the liberty of the Press, so great was the opposition that the Bill was at once withdrawn. But although the cause of dissension had

been removed, a feeling of irritation still lingered among the people of Paris, kept in reserve, as it were, for any future occasion. To the King this state of things soon disclosed itself. It happened shortly afterwards that a review of the National Guards was held on the Champs de Mars. As soon as the King appeared the crowd gave vent to its feelings by continual shouts of "Vive la Charte!" "Down with the Ministers!" It was a warning of the inevitable future, and disclosed the actual condition of affairs in the Capital. Just at this period Georges Darboy, the schoolboy, after leaving the house of Madame Séjournan, at Ouges, in which he had spent some time, bid farewell to the school at Fayl-Billot, and took the first steps which set him on the road to Paris. It was during the spring of 1827, after the strain of Lent and Easter, that Georges set out for Langres to enter the little seminary there. Langres, like Fayl-Billot, is situated on the top of a hill, and commands a very extensive and picturesque view of country scenery for many miles. The town is small, and, apart from some historical associations, would not attract the attention of a casual visitor. A light cog-wheel railway now conducts the visitors from the main line to the top of the hill on which the town is situated. It was late in the autumn when I visited it, and although the foliage of trees had long since disappeared, it was impossible to pass along the Ramparts in the vicinity of the Station without pausing to admire the undulating country which, like a map, unfolded itself to the gaze of passers by. On this favoured spot still stands the Grand



FAYI-BILLOT.
LE VAU AND PARISH CHURCH.



THE LITTLE SEMINARY, LANGRES.

Seminary, now used as Barracks for troops of the Reserve and Territorial forces, but which once embraced within its walls students who have left their impressions on the Church of France.

During the Franco-German war a corps of regular forces was raised at Langres, and the manhood of Haute-Marne, and even from Dijon, flocked to this "city on the hill" to fight the German foe. I am sorry to say that although many a sanguinary conflict was witnessed around the town, the forces of General Werder eventually defeated this patriotic corps, which found itself totally unable to compete with the trained soldiers of the German General. It was impossible to forget these scenes, which passed before my mind as I looked down from the Ramparts on the quiet country fields, where once the dead and dying had closed their eyes amidst the thunder of the cannon. "I suppose you well remember the war with Germany"? I enquired of an aged inhabitant, as he, too, stopped to rest himself and admire the view. "Ah, oui, Monsieur! I was but a young man then, but I can well recall the scenes. I can remember seeing the town full of German soldiers, and often and often I used to see them bringing in the poor fellows who were wounded in the engagements around us. I particularly remember seeing a large number who were wounded in the battle of Chaumont." "And no doubt you can remember Archbishop Darboy, also—he was a Professor in the Grand Seminary at Langres at one time"? "Yes, Monsieur, I can remember him perfectly; not when he was a Professor here, but when

he was Archbishop, I have often seen him walking about here," and pausing for a moment he abruptly closed the conversation with the remark—"He was a good man, undoubtedly. Good day."

Langres has a monument to the memory of the Philosopher Diderot, who was born there, and of whom it is very proud. Diderot was the son of a cutler, who commenced life in a very precarious condition. He was the originator of the famous *Encyclopedia*, which, although it made a great noise in the world, did not bring any great gain to its authors; indeed, it brought on them the strong arm of the Law, for it was publicly burned, and Diderot was for a time placed in gaol. He seems, however, to have been very easily treated, for it is on record that on one occasion he climbed the wall of the prison to pay his attentions to a certain lady, and at his own convenience returned to the prison without bringing on himself even a reprimand. We are indebted to Voltaire for the following interesting incident connected with Diderot's *Encyclopedia*:—"A servant of Louis the Fifteenth told me that one day, when the King, his master, was supping at the *Trianon* with a small party, the conversation happened to turn first upon the chase, and then upon gunpowder. Someone said that the best powder was composed of equal parts of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal. The Duke de la Vallère, who was better informed, mentioned that to make good gunpowder you required one part of sulphur and one of charcoal, to five parts of saltpetre. "It is curious," said the Duke de Nivernois, "that we should

amuse ourselves every day in killing partridges at Versailles, and sometimes in killing men, and getting killed on the Frontier, and yet be ignorant of how exactly the killing is done." "Alas!" said Madame de Pompadour, "we are all reduced to that about everything in the world. I don't know how they compound the rouge I put on my cheeks, and I should be vastly puzzled if any one were to ask me how my silk stockings were made." "It's a pity," said the Duke de la Vallière, "that His Majesty should have confiscated our *Encyclopædia*, which cost us a hundred pistoles a-piece; we should soon find an answer there to all our difficulties." The King justified his confiscation. He had been warned that the twenty folios which were to be found on every lady's table constituted the most dangerous thing in the world for the Kingdom of France; and he intended to find out for himself whether this was true or not before allowing people to read the book. When supper was over he sent three lackeys for the book, who returned each staggering under the weight of seven volumes. It was then seen, under the article "Powder," that the Duke de la Vallière was right, while Madame de Pompadour learned the difference between the old rouge of Spain with which the ladies of Madrid coloured their cheeks, and the rouge used by the ladies of Paris. She found that the Greek and Roman ladies were painted with the purple that came from the murex, and that, therefore, our scarlet is the purple of the ancients; that there was more saffron in the rouge of Spain, and more cochineal

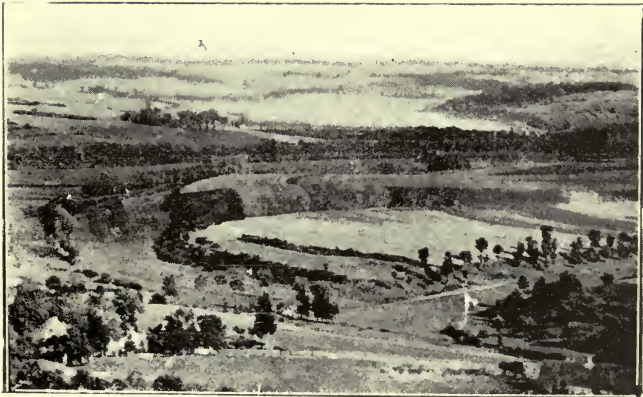
in that of France. She saw how they made her stockings by loom, and the machine transported her with astonishment. "What a splendid book," she cried. "Sire, you have confiscated a perfect storehouse of useful things. If one possesses it, one has at one's command all the wisdom of your realm."

Whatever impression the recollection of Diderot's memory may have made on Georges Darboy, it was impossible for him when first he came to Langres to subordinate the past associations of his life and to readily accommodate himself to his new surroundings at the little seminary. Although the science of theology had, even at this early stage of his career, enlisted the interest and quickened the intellectual faculties of the lad, he nevertheless succumbed to a temporary reverse, which I will now relate.

A bright spring morning had spread its influence far and wide along the large expanse of country over which the town of Langres presides. A fresh verdure covered the trees and fields for many miles with new life and colour, and the sparkling waters of the Digue de la Siez—a very prominent feature of the landscape—reflected the blue azure of the heavens. Georges Darboy, but a lad of fourteen, yet full of life and observation, slowly ascended the hill which led him to the little seminary. A new life lay before him. The responsibility of a worthy preparation for manhood, and a desire to make the very best of every opportunity which might present itself, were thoughts which frequently occurred to him. They were not, however, the only questions



FAYL-BILLOT—THE BOIS BANAL.



LANGRES.
VIEW FROM THE RAMPARTS.

which confronted him. A fervid recollection of the past often absorbed all other considerations also, and for a time the past again became the present. Here, at Langres, then lay the scene of these conflicting emotions and varying inducements upon the choice of which the course of his future life depended. He stopped for a moment and gazed upon the view which spread itself before him. A few farm houses, nestling at the foot of the hill, and the tall, green elm trees, which cast their long shadows on the fields below, at first secured his attention, and then, far away to the south-east, in the soft blue distance, he could just see the hill on which reposed the dear old home of those he loved at Fayl-Billot. As he gazed upon the peaceful country scene, tears filled his eyes! How he wished he could return there that very moment! Surely there could be no harm in allowing his mind to linger round the scenes of early childhood, and to indulge in the sacred emotions of filial affection! No, he would never forget to do his best, and he would always try to comply with the demands of duty; but his best efforts and every sense of duty could never quench the fire of that affection which was at once a Divine command as well as a law of nature. It was with these feelings that he entered the little seminary at Langres. The Superior received him kindly and talked with him on various subjects, and finally decided to place him in the fifth form. That night, as he lay upon his bed, a thousand thoughts passed through his mind—the new surroundings, so strange and different to what he had been accustomed—

the new companions, would they be kindly disposed to him or the reverse? Then the old home would force its recollections again and again before his mind, till at last he felt the separation from it more than his character could resist. Thus reflecting, he finally made up his mind to return home without delay, and to abandon any further idea of receiving Holy Orders.

The next day, while the boys were busily preparing their lessons, Georges hastily left the class-room in search of the Superior, and, having found him, unfolded at length his imprisoned feeling which he could no longer restrain. It was useless for him to remain there any longer; he had tried again and again to content himself with his new life, but every effort led to failure. He had no qualification for the Priesthood, and he was sure that it would be useless for him to pursue his preparation any further. The Superior, who at once diagnosed the malady, and who knew that home sickness could best be cured by obedience to duty, at once ordered poor Georges to return to his class-room, reminding him that he had left it without permission. Georges immediately returned to his work, but was by no means resigned to his fate, nor determined to persevere in his preparation for the Priesthood.

It was a battle of conflicting interests. The home ties and the natural inclinations in a lad of fourteen are not impartial witnesses. At such an age they appear to obscure all other faculties, which none the less exist even in early life. It is seldom that a lad of fourteen is called upon to determine his vocation to the Priest-

hood in England. The English Bishops do not require a candidate for Holy Orders to definitely proclaim his vocation until he has reached the age of twenty. It is not surprising to us, therefore, to find that Georges Darboy, when required to definitely decide as to the reality of his vocation at that early age of fourteen, although undoubtedly called to the Ministry of the Church, was tempted to put his natural inclinations in the front, and to subdue all other principles, however dear they were to him.

For a few days longer he continued the struggle, suppressed his inclinations, and controlled his pent-up feelings, till at last the strain gave way, and quietly and unnoticed he left the little seminary and hurried home once more to Fayl-Billot. On arriving there Georges soon experienced a severe disappointment. His sudden and needless return had afforded his parents no happiness whatever. On the contrary, it was against their wishes that he should have left the seminary. And so before Georges had time to realise the joys of home life again, on the following day his father took him back once more to the seminary, where the Superior received him with open arms. From this time Georges Darboy reconciled himself to the inevitable. He had learned the lesson that the ties of affection must be often sacrificed to the call of duty, and that both those he loved and those to whom he owed obedience required him to recognise this fact; and so, by hard work and perseverance, he forced his way to the top of his form and gained a reputation for rhetoric. His reputation,

however, was not restricted to the class-room. Possessing a merry nature and plenty of bonhomie, he became a pleasant companion to the rest of his comrades; and in after years they were wont to recall how he used to climb up the steep hill on which Langres rests without even stopping; or how he would often gaze from the windows of the seminary into the distant country scenes, his eyes filled with tears as his nature, so susceptible to good impressions, contemplated the works of God.

Thus two years of gradual development and preparation for an eventful future passed away. Georges had reached the age of 16 years when the little seminary no longer afforded him any further shelter; and so, with a feeling of regret and with youthful expectancy, he turned his steps once more to Fayl-Billot, where this time he felt certain of a hearty welcome. It was a time of some difficulty in the national history. In the year 1831 France was acutely divided between those who favoured the Charter, and the Libertists, who strongly opposed the Government. Outbursts of violence frequently pervaded the streets of Paris, and a spirit of unrest brooded over the Capital. It did not require much effort to fan the flame of discontent. Unfortunately, at this very juncture, an event occurred which violently inflamed the rival parties, spreading far and wide the burning embers of dissension.

There lived in Paris a man named Louvel, by trade a saddler, who, deeply imbued with fanatical and revolutionary opinions, had long meditated carrying out

an act of violence against the Bourbon family, whom he imagined were the most cruel enemies of France. This fanatic, as he himself admitted, had selected the Duke de Berri as his victim, because this Prince appeared to be the most likely son of the Duke d'Artois to carry on the Royal succession.

Having ascertained that the Duke intended to visit the Opera on the 13th of February, 1820, he armed himself with a pistol and loitered outside until an opportunity should present itself to commit the murder. Circumstances however did not favour his plans at first, and he found himself unable to approach the Duke as he entered the Opera, therefore, selecting a suitable position, he waited until the performance had concluded when, just as the Duke was conducting the Duchess to her carriage, Louvel stepped forward and shot him dead. The news of this atrocious crime threw Paris into a state of wild confusion. The partisans of Charles the Tenth seized the event to create a *tour de force* in the interests of the late dynasty, and an elaborate funeral service was arranged to be held in the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerois. This aroused the temper of their opponents, and a fierce fight ensued within the very Church itself, when both the Sanctuary and the Sacristy were disgracefully pillaged, and the Archbishop's Palace was destroyed. The unsettled condition of the Capital soon spread its unhappy influence in the provinces, until even the little town of Fayl-Billot, usually so quiet and orderly, and so far removed from the source of political dissension, now

divided itself into two hostile parties, especially in that part of it known as the Vau and Mont d'Olivette. Heated discussions took place in the streets, homes, carbarets, and auberges of the little town, until a climax was reached in July, when a lad was shot during the political quarrels which ensued.

It was just at this juncture that Georges Darboy returned home from Langres for a brief holiday prior to his entering the Grand Seminary, and he utilised some of his time in endeavouring to pacify the excitement of the people who were carried away by the political passions of the times. Having fulfilled this duty, he turned to the delights of home life once more, which, after a prolonged absence, seemed more pleasing than ever. During this vacation he took a great delight in walking through the Bois Banal with his sister Justine, and rambling with her through the country lanes, book in hand, where both brother and sister passed many a delightful hour reading together. No cares in life had yet cast their shadows on these two young lives. An affectionate family circle, a definite religious creed, and a life of self-control created the ménage of a happy home. They did not worry about the unknown future, while all within the home went smoothly from day to day. Could they but have seen the trials through which they were both destined to pass before they reached the goal of life, they would have valued even more those peaceful days, and those quiet country scenes, in which they spent the sunny hours of youth. It was the recollection of these happy

days, where both brother and sister shared the common enjoyments of home life and recreation, which increased the affection of the Archbishop for his sister Justine in after years, when harassed by the wear and tear of his Episcopal Office. It was the memory of these days which deepened his anxiety for her when, like himself, she, too, fell into the clutches of the Commune of 1871.

In the year 1831, the future Archbishop of Paris entered the Grand Seminary at Langres in preparation for Holy Orders. The curriculum of the seminary included every branch of training for the Priesthood—Dogmatic Theology, Moral Philosophy, Canon Law, Pastoral Theology, and Liturgical Science. As Dogmatic Theology was a very favourite study of Darboy, he found himself located in very congenial surroundings. Although busily engaged in his studies by day, he was wont also to lie in bed at night with a shaded lamp and read until the small hours of the morning; but he usually read with a note-book at his side, in which he entered quotations or registered thoughts which the subject he was studying suggested. Here are two of his notes which are worth recording: "Truth," he says, "is Catholic. It is not possible that any age or any people should be excluded from the truth." This statement has since been corroborated by a still higher authority than that of Georges Darboy, the seminarist. Some years ago the late Archbishop of Capetown expressed the same fact when referring to a difficulty which had arisen in his Diocese. "Truth is the same everywhere," said the Archbishop. "What is true in England must be true

in Africa, and what is untrue in Africa cannot become truth in England."

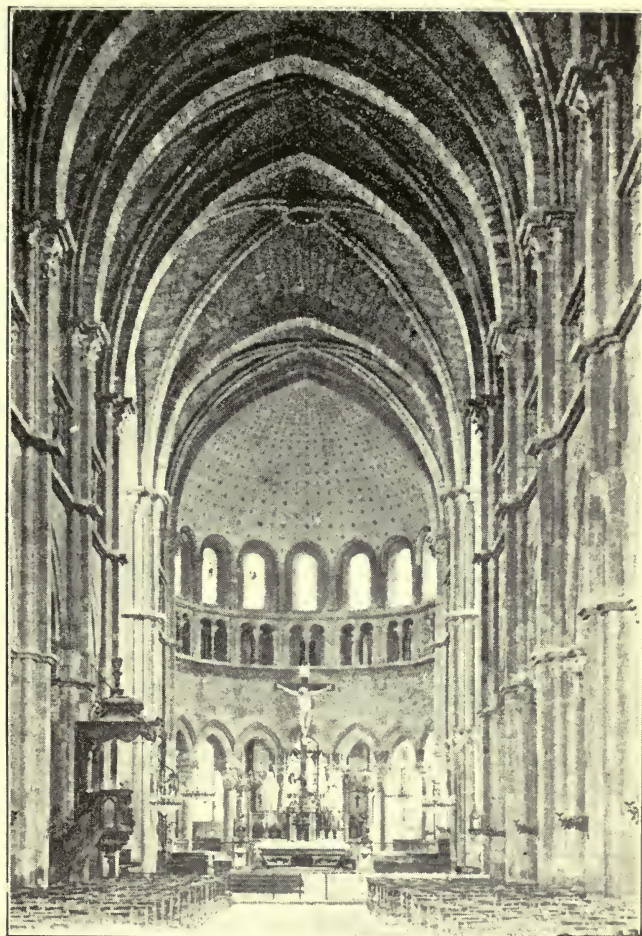
Another note contains almost a prophetic declaration, and is worth recording:—"Ah me," he wrote, "how happy should I be if I could die for my convictions"—a desire which, in the providence of God, he was permitted to endure. When Bishop Parisi ordained him Sub-Deacon on the 28th of May, 1836, he made a note which is also interesting, inasmuch as it takes us into his confidence and discloses the secret impulse of his soul on this occasion. "That day when I was led before the Altar," he writes, "I was not more than a novice in the Christian life, although I was twenty-three and a-half years old. I knelt on the steps of the Sanctuary, and the Bishop placed on my shoulders a vestment of glory—and then he said to me: 'Receive this white Stole from the hand of God.' And then he lowered my head as he sent the Holy Spirit to me, and my soul became His abode. Oh, happy day, when a Deacon is ordained! As it passes each year it recalls to me the memory of these sweet emotions, recreating my langour, and fortifying my feelings!" "I have written these lines," he concludes, "in the hope that I may recall them when they themselves shall have fallen from my memory. If I am true, they will sweep over my heart like a wave of joy."

The new Deacon was entrusted by the Bishop of the Diocese to the care of some experienced Priests, and they did not fail to note a charming characteristic in his practical devotions, which more than else helped to form

a true affection for the Ecclesiastical Estate. They had noticed, unknown to him, his frequent visits to the Sacrament of the Altar, in spite of the fact that his many daily duties afforded him little time for such acts of devotion. It mattered little, however pressed he might be, he always managed to kneel each day before the Tabernacle in which reposed the Presence of the Almighty. We ourselves will be able to see later on his very great affection for this august Sacrament, which came as a joy and strength to him during the horrors of the Commune. It is a trait in his character which must be noticed.

The year 1836 was now drawing to a close, and as the Advent Ember Season approached, the Bishop of the Diocese determined to admit Georges Darboy to the Priesthood. A few days of rest and change prior to his Ordination were thought advisable, and he therefore returned to Fayl-Billot for a brief visit. It was on this occasion that Monsieur Daubrive, the venerable parish Priest of Fayl-Billot, invited Georges to preach in the Parish Church. M. Daubrive was much respected by his flock. He had passed in the early days of his Ministry through the fire of persecution, having been imprisoned with many other Clergy during the Terror, at a time when a large number of them were massacred under scenes of bloodshed and cruelty which baffle description. He was but a simple village Priest, without any self-seeking, who devoted himself entirely to the flock entrusted to him. Georges Darboy, who much respected him, affectionately accepted the invitation

accorded to him. As soon as the news of this event became public the people of Fayl-Billot decided to show their appreciation of Georges Darboy, whom they remembered as a child, and they came to Church in such crowds that a large number of them were unable to gain admission. Those who were fortunate enough to hear the sermon were by no means disappointed. A strong faith, combined with a certain amount of natural eloquence, gave life and reality to his discourse. At times he employed an abandon which enabled him to disclose the powers of his soul, and to show to what extent the great Christian truths had helped to form his character. The sermon was long remembered by the people of Fayl-Billot. But these days of rest and change soon passed away, and as he was anxious to spend a few days at Langres before his Ordination took place, which was drawing near, he hurried away, promising to return as soon as possible. On Saturday, 17th of December, 1836, Bishop Parisis ordained him Priest, after which he once more returned to Fayl-Billot, for it was there, in the old Parish Church, assisted by two old friends, that he had decided to say his First Masse, and it was in the peaceful entourage of his family circle he wished to pass the first few days of his new life as a Priest. Calm and thankful, he revelled in the old home, and in the rural haunts which childhood had made so dear to him; but, alas, those happy days soon passed away, and Georges returned once more to Langres, there to await the orders and to receive his mission from the Bishop of the Diocese. His heart was full of hope and expectation.



LANGRES.
THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MAMME.

CHAPTER II.

LOUIS NAPOLEON. GALLICAN PRINCIPLES.

The Revolution of 1830, which seriously affected the commerce and industry of France for many years, retained its influence long after the Revolution had been forgotten through the medium of Secret Societies, which were busily engaged in fanning the flame of popular opinion. These societies were unfortunately aided by the unpopularity of the Government of Louis Philippe, and several insurrections followed, in which, of course, Paris took the lead. Barricades were erected in the streets, and fighting continued from time to time.

On the 28th of July, 1833, the King determined to review the National Guards, thinking that his presence and his interest in this popular force would help to allay the feeling of discontent and to encourage his supporters. Leaving the Tuileries in company with his sons, he proceeded to the scene of the review. Hardly had the royal cortége arrived at the Boulevard du Temple, when suddenly a jet of flame was seen, followed by a loud report, which issued from a neighbouring house. Cries of pain and terror followed the detonation on each side of the King, and when the smoke and excitement had subsided it was found that no less than forty persons had been injured and eighteen killed. Although neither the King nor his sons were wounded, yet a shot had grazed the King's forehead, and another had penetrated the coat of the Duke of Broglie. The instrument of the crime was an

infernal machine of twenty-five barrels, invented by a Corsican called Fieschi, who died on the scaffold with his two accomplices. This outrage was by no means the only danger which threatened the existing regime. While Louis Phillipe was still clinging to his tottering throne, another disturbing element appeared upon the political horizon.

On the morning of the 24th of October, 1836, Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor Napoleon the Third, commenced the first of a series of adventures which ultimately brought him to the throne. Having informed his mother, Queen Hortense, that on the following morning he intended to leave the Castle of Arenberg, in Switzerland, where they had both lived as exiles, in order, as he alleged, to undertake a hunting expedition of some days in the Principality of Echingen, he hurried out of Switzerland. As a matter of fact, the Prince had no intention whatever of hunting, his real objective was a visit to Strasburg, to which place he intended to proceed as a stepping stone on the road to Paris. He had previously arranged to meet Colonel Vaudrey, commander of the 4th Artillery of the Austerlitz Quartier, at Strasburg. On a cold, foggy morning then, and in a sad and thoughtful mood, the Prince set off in his carriage along the same road which three months before he had traversed full of life and levity on a journey to Unkirch and Baden. He himself has disclosed to us the mystery which surrounded this visit. "I shall be asked," he says, "what forced me to abandon a happy existence in order to incur the risks of a hazardous enterprise? I shall reply that a secret voice enticed me, and that nothing in the world could have induced me to put off to another time an enterprise which seemed to offer so many chances of success." At eleven o'clock in the evening of the 28th of October, 1836, he arrived at Strasburg, and put up at a small inn which had been engaged for him in the Rue de la Fontaine. On the following day he sub-

mitted to Colonel Vaudrey his plan of operation, and the conspirators decided to carry it out on the 30th of October, and to meet during the previous night on the ground floor of two rooms in a house located in the Rue des Orphelins. "At eleven o'clock in the evening," says the Prince, "one of my friends came to the Rue de la Fontaine to conduct me to the general rendezvous. We went together across the whole city; the streets were lighted by a beautiful moon. I took this fine weather as a favourable augury for the next day. I looked attentively at the places I was passing — the silence pervading them affected me. What was to replace this silence on the morn?" Among the conspirators was M. de Persigny, an intimate friend of Louis Napoleon through all the events of his life, whom the Emperor eventually created a Minister of the Interior. So intimate was their friendship, and so frequently did Louis Napoleon consult M. de Persigny, that between M. de Persigny's house in the Rue de l'Élysée and the Palace there existed a subterranean passage. Having embraced each other the Prince thanked them for their devotion, and assured them that from this hour their fortunes for good or evil should be shared together. Here is his own account of the meeting:—"The night seemed very long to us. I spent it in writing my proclamations, which I had been unwilling to print beforehand, through fear of any indiscretion. It was agreed that we should remain in this house until Colonel Vaudry notified me to go to the barracks. We counted the hours, minutes, and seconds. Six in the morning was the time appointed. How difficult it is to express what one feels in such circumstances! In one second one lives more than ten years. To-morrow I shall be the liberator of my country or I shall be dead! At last six o'clock sounded! Never did the strokes of a clock re-echo so violently in my heart; but in an instant the trumpet of the Austerlitz Quartier came to renew its palpitations."

The great moment was approaching! A messenger was sent to tell him that Colonel Vaudrey wished to see him. Wearing an artillery uniform and a staff officer's cap he rushed into the street, with M. Parquin in the uniform of a general, and a chief of battalion carrying an eagle. When the Prince entered the barracks he found the regiment drawn up under the command of Colonel Vaudrey, who, drawing his sword, exclaimed—"Soldiers of the 4th Regiment of Artillery! A great revolution is being accomplished at this moment. You see before you the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon! He comes to re-conquer the rights of the people; the people and the Army can rely on him. It is around him that all who love the glory and liberty of France should gather. Soldiers! you will feel, like your leader, all the grandeur of the enterprise you are about to attempt, all the sacredness of the cause you are about to defend. Soldiers! Can the nephew of the Emperor count on you?" to which they replied, "Long live Napoleon! Long live the Emperor!" Thus encouraged, Prince Louis commenced to address the soldiers as follows:—"Determined to conquer or die for the cause of the French people, you are the first to whom I wished to address myself, because there exist memories between you and me. It was in your regiment that the Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, served as Captain; it was with you that he distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, and it was again your regiment which opened the gates of Grenoble to him on his return from Elba. Soldiers! New destinies are reserved for you. Yours is the glory of commencing a new enterprise; yours the honour of being the first to salute the Eagle of Austerlitz and Lagram." Seizing an Eagle he then presented it to the soldiers, exclaiming—"Here is the symbol of French glory, destined likewise to become the emblem of duty." Moved by these remarks the soldiers did not hesitate to acclaim the Prince. They then commenced to march, with their band in front of them. Having succeeded

thus far, the Prince immediately proceeded to push his advantage further. With a party of these soldiers he hastened to the house of General Voirol, Commander of the Military Division. "General," he said, "I come to you as a friend; it would grieve me to raise our old tricolour flag without a brave soldier like you with us. The garrison is for me, make up your mind and follow me." To this the General replied: "Prince, someone has deceived you, and I am going to prove it to you this minute." But Louis Napoleon had no intention of allowing General Voirol to prove anything, for leaving a picket to guard him, he marched at once to Truckman Barracks. Here his offers were not only completely rejected, but the soldiers set upon him, tearing his clothes, taking his insignia from him, and finally imprisoning him in the guard-house, until he was ultimately transported to the United States.

Such, then, was the state of the country when the Abbé Darboy commenced his labours among the industrial population of St. Dizier, to which he had been sent. It would not be reasonable to suppose that while such storms disturbed the national life, the country towns remained impassive observers of these events. In too many cases they created such a feeling of discontentment with the existing order of things that they fostered a strong desire to secure a change of some kind, if only for the sake of change. Mechanics whose time is busily occupied in earning an honest living have not usually much opportunity of studying the political and economical questions of the day, and are often made the victims of any plausible orator who for his own purposes too frequently secures their support by promises which can never be fulfilled, and by theories which we know could not possibly be carried out. In the effort to control the restless passions of his flock, Darboy perceived that the utmost patience and perseverance were required. It was just after the attempt of Louis Napoleon to seize the Strasbourg garrison that

the Abbé Darboy left Fayl-Billot for St. Dizier. The roads in this part of the country at that time were in a very bad condition, and travelling was both slow and disagreeable. At a short distance from St. Dizier the diligence overturned, and Darboy, after liberating himself with difficulty, and covered with mud, set out on foot for the town. He arrived at the Rectory of Notre Dame late in the evening. Here he found M. Monny, the Priest-in-charge, who gladly welcomed him, and to whom Georges Darboy became much attached during the short time the two priests worked together. It was quite evident to all observers that the character and ability of the Abbé Darboy would not long remain obscure. He had not ministered many months in this parish before he had made an unmistakable impression on the people of St. Dizier; and an impression which was mutually reciprocated. Here he remained for three years, until the Bishop appointed him Professor of the Grand Seminary at Langres. The chair to which the Bishop had appointed him was that of Philosophy and Metaphysics, but on the following year he received as his special subject the study of Holy Writ.

There are two kinds of people who bring blessings to this world that God has made. There are those who have the power of making bad people good, and those who have the gift of making good people better. Archbishop Darboy undoubtedly belonged to the latter class. The excellency of his character and the example of his piety made apparently little impression upon the degraded characters who came into contact with him under the Commune. Indeed, his presence only seemed to aggravate them, and to stimulate their disgraceful treatment of him while they held him in their clutches. On the other hand, his ministrations were highly honoured by the Religious of the Convent at St. Dizier, and the influence of his piety and ability were openly acknowledged by the professors and students of the Grand Seminary. As was to be expected, promotion

rapidly followed in the footsteps of the brilliant young priest, for in the following year he was appointed to the chair of Dogmatic Theology. And here follows an important period in the life of the future Archbishop, for it was now, when busily engaged in the study of Dogma, that he gradually formed his knowledge and judgment on points of Theology which he was obliged to consider. It was now that his studies began to make a deep impression on his character. They sowed the seeds which produced permanent results in after life, and they also enabled him to decide by principle and historic evidence some controversial points on which he was called upon to use his judgment when Archbishop of Paris. It was now, too, that he came in contact with M. Bailly, who was strongly attached to the Gallican theory of Church Authority, which he defended and propagated with earnestness and zeal. As Professor of Dogmatic Theology, Darboy felt himself obliged to study deeply the question of Church Authority. This involved him in a continual study of historical evidence and Canon law. Before him lay two clear issues—the theories of Ultramontanism and Gallicanism—two geographical definitions which were alike historical and dogmatic. Within the sacred area of Revealed Faith there is no room for variety of creed or discussion. But the point which Darboy had now to consider had been regarded by no authority at that date as *de fide*. He was therefore free to form his own judgment on these matters, and he gave it in favour of Gallicanism instead of Ultramontanism. The question is one largely relating to ecclesiastical polity; the Gallicans declaring firmly in favour of the rights and status of the Episcopal Order, subject, of course, to the Councils and Canons of the Church; while the Ultramontanes strongly supported before all else the Papal Authority, to which they subordinated the Episcopal Office and every other authority. The question of a “National Church” did not come before Professor

Darboy—indeed, no theologian of any repute would think it worth his time to consider the theory of a “National Church.” Gallicanism affords no shelter to this peculiar idea. To Darboy, as to every Catholic Christian, there is but one Church, and one Faith, irrespective of every nationality. To him Divine Authority—infallible, definite, and administrative—resided in the Councils, Canons, and Universal Episcopate of Holy Church. To the Ultramontanes, the Pope alone stood supreme and infallible. So firmly did the Abbé Darboy accept and guard the Gallican principles, that at a later period of his life he earnestly defended the Gallican position, quite regardless of any consequences to his personal and ecclesiastical interests.

The new Professor was certainly master of every subject which he was called upon to explain. The laws of Grace and Nature were not matters of study to him, but real vital questions of the deepest interest; and so vivid were his discourses on these subjects that they created a deep enthusiasm among his pupils. And thus it happened that by the force of ability and worthiness of character he created for himself a pleasing environment at Langres, and the happy years at the seminary fled by too rapidly, leaving behind them pleasant, joyous recollections, and creating ties of friendship and affection which he frequently remembered through all his life. Outside the walls of the seminary other scenes were taking place; the times were charged with difficulties and excitement. It was about this time that the famous “Secret Societies of the Seasons,” advocating the equal division of property, prepared themselves to enforce their theories by any and every means they could control. These societies were, however, eventually suppressed, and their principal leaders, Barbes and Blanqui, were condemned to death, but by the clemency of King Louis Philippe, they were reprieved and sent into solitary confinement. This Blanqui became later on a factor of some importance, for the life of the

Archbishop became dependent on that of Blanqui, when the Commune controlled the affairs of Paris.

Another difficulty arose during the time Darboy was Professor at the seminary. Louis Napoleon, the future Ruler of France, having returned from his exile in the United States, came to reside in London. Full of ambition and perseverance, he had been working for the establishment of that Second Empire which, in process of time, became a great reality, exceeding even the dreams of its creator. In the year 1840 he published a book entitled "Les idées Napoléoniennes," the principal idea of which was the formation of a democratic Empire, with himself as Emperor. His faithful ally, M. de Persigny, whom he afterwards created a Duke, followed this publication with two flattering sketches relating to the Emperor, called—"Lettres de Londres" and "Visite au Prince Louis." These publications plainly showed that the failure of the Strasbourg attempt had by no means killed the ambitions of Louis Napoleon and his friends. On the contrary, his plans were rapidly developing. Under an assumed name, he hired from the London Steam Navigation Company during the month of July a steamer called "The Edinburgh Castle," with the ostensible plea of taking a coasting tour around the coast of Scotland, but in reality he intended to convey himself and sixty other conspirators, thirty of whom were discharged soldiers, uniformed by a vendor of second-hand clothes in Paris, to the French coast at Vimereaux, a little port four kilometres from Boulogne. Accordingly, between two and three o'clock in the morning of the 5th of August, just as day began to dawn, a yawl pushed off several times from the steamer to the French shore, landing each time several members of the expedition. When all were safely ashore they encountered some Custom House officials and a few soldiers, whom they first tempted to join their cause, but with no success. They then entered the barracks

at Boulogne, and for a time their appeal met with some success; but they were eventually ejected, and in the streets they experienced the same refusal. One of their party climbed the Grand Army Column and attempted to fix the Napoleonic flag on its summit, but a detachment of troops sent in pursuit of the invaders soon dispersed the little band. Louis Napoleon would have committed suicide at the foot of the column, but was persuaded not to do so. In the meantime his followers, pursued by the soldiers, rushed into the sea, intending to swim to their yawl. The soldiers, however, fired at them in the water, and many casualties followed. Prince Louis was hit, M. Viengiki was seriously wounded, M. Favre was killed, and Captain d'Hunio was drowned. Lieutenant Pollet, with five men and two Gendarmes, then got into a boat and captured the Prince, together with some of the exhausted swimmers, among whom were M. de Persigny, Colonel Voisin, and Dr. Conneau. All were made prisoners, while the Prince was taken to the Chateau and allowed to go to bed. The Sub-Prefect then telegraphed to the Minister of the Interior—"Louis Bonaparte is arrested. He has been transferred to the Chateau, where he will be well guarded. The conduct of the people, the National Guard, and the troops of the line has been admirable." After a brief stay at the Chateau, Louis Napoleon was transferred to the Conciergerie. Here he remained until the 7th of October, at which date he was finally incarcerated in the Fortress of Ham, situated in the Department of the Lomme. Thus ended the second attempt of Louis Bonaparte to seize the throne of France.

In far-away Langres, the future Archbishop of Paris, who ministered to Louis Napoleon on some of the most solemn occasions of his life, was unconsciously preparing himself in the class rooms of the Grand Seminary for the great position to which he was to be called. These three years were chiefly spent by him

in acquiring evidence relating to the authority of the Church, a subject in which he was deeply interested. His judgment in this respect obliged him to stand aloof from some members of the staff. It will be remembered that at this time Pope Pius IX. had not yet compelled the Catholics of his jurisdiction to accept the doctrine of Papal Infallibility as an article of the Faith; and the Abbé Darboy was therefore at liberty to use his own judgment in this matter. After much careful study of the question, and not without prayerful consideration, he gave judgment against it. He considered that the Ultramontane doctrines went beyond the legitimate conclusion of Catholic premises, and in so far as he was allowed to use his own judgment in this matter, he felt himself bound to reject them. On the question of Papal Infallibility he wrote in 1844—"It is all a theory of government." The inference which this statement implied was obvious. If Papal Infallibility was only a "theory of government," it could not be regarded as a revealed article of the Faith to be believed by all, but only as a "theory," convenient, no doubt, for administrative purposes, but by no means *de fide*. In this he showed himself to be perfectly true to his Gallican principles. He did not believe that there was any logical sequence between Divine Order as it had been bequeathed to the Church in Apostolic Days, and the theory of Papal Infallibility as the Ultramontanes defined it. This position he maintained as long as he was allowed to do so. "It is certain that this question of infallibility" said Archbishop Darboy at the Vatican Council, "is contrary to natural order and logic, and it is certain that the premature introduction of this question, above all, considering it from the point of view of primitive order, far from increasing the honour of the Holy See, causes it veritable harm." A strong Gallican element controlled the conscience of the Abbé Darboy, and in noting the gradual development of his character, this fact must be recorded.

On the 28th of December he paid a visit to Nancy, with the intention of performing the marriage of his brother there, and on the following year he again visited it, spending some of his holiday in the city of which he was one day to become its Bishop. In the meantime, his reputation as a preacher had become firmly established in the Diocese; and it was often noted that, whenever he preached in the Cathedral, the Bishop of the Diocese, Bishop Parisi, always seized the opportunity of attending.

During the year 1845 an interesting event took place which may perhaps be considered a landmark in the life of Darboy. The Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, who had been unwell for some time, by medical advice came to Ems, to take the waters there. As he was well acquainted with the Bishop of Langres, he seized the opportunity of visiting Bishop Parisi, in order to renew his friendship. Now it happened that the attention of the Archbishop had been previously drawn to a work of the Abbé Darboy on the Life of St. Deny's, the Areopagite, who was martyred on the hill of Montmatre, in Paris—the Martyr's Mount—and he requested that he might have an interview with the Author before he returned to Paris. There can be no doubt that this meeting between Archbishop Affre and the future Archbishop of Paris, so pleasing in itself, was the first step which eventually led Darboy to become Archbishop of Paris. The interview afforded them both mutual satisfaction. Archbishop Affre was too excellent a Prelate to allow an opportunity of this kind to pass without unconsciously pressing upon those with whom he conversed the sterling value of his own sincere character; and the Archbishop, on his part, also appears to have been much impressed during this interview with both the talents and address of the Abbé Darboy. It was a pity, the Archbishop thought, that Darboy should hide himself in a country town like Langres. He was too valuable to languish in a rural

Diocese. His talents could be well used in Paris, where a Priest of his calibre was always required. However, the Archbishop presented no definite preferment to Georges Darboy on this occasion, nor did the latter definitely pledge himself to work in the Diocese of Paris. Both determined to consider the matter, and there the interview terminated. Little did the Abbé Darboy dream at this time that he would one day become Archbishop Affre's successor—the very idea was beyond the possibility of his wildest dreams.

They wished each "Good-bye," and the Archbishop returned to the Metropolis, but he did not forget the impression Darboy had made on him. Accordingly, on the 13th of September, 1845, he wrote to the Abbé Darboy as follows:—"If you wish to devote yourself to useful studies, you could not make, I think, a better resolution than to settle in a House of Retreat, and perhaps in a Retreat House in Paris by preference. Whatever resolution you make, give up all hurried work—it is the death of true knowledge and of real talent. You have the second, and you can easily accomplish the first. You can, if you are patient, render great service to the Church. Do not miss your good vocation by being too eager to gather the fruits of your studies." Darboy read the letter with feelings of pleasure and regret. He felt deeply the kindness and honour conferred on him by the Archbishop of Paris, yet at the same time that kindness and honour involved a great sacrifice on his part. He had grown attached to Langres, where he had spent a time both profitable and edifying to himself and others. The associations, too, which connected him with St. Dizier, and above all with Fayl-Billot, the family circle, the charm of a country life, were all very dear to him, and he could not easily surrender so many inducements which had become a part of his very life and nature. And yet, he reflected, that a call to a more important and useful sphere of work, from the highest ecclesiastical authority in the land, was

not to be easily discarded. Placed thus in a quandary, between obedience to duty and inclination, the Abbé Darboy determined to distrust his own judgment, and to be guided by two men in whom he had much confidence. The two Priests to whose judgment he referred were the Abbé Boriollot (then Vicar-General of Langres) and M. Horiot, his former Rector at St. Dizier. They both counselled him to accept the offer of the Archbishop. Armed with this advice Darboy visited his Diocesan, who at first raised an objection to his departure, but this he eventually withdrew, and Darboy was free to follow the advice already given him. In the course of a few days he set out for Paris. When it became known to some of his friends that he had gone to Paris to permanently reside there, they wrote to him regretting the step he had taken, and questioning the wisdom of his decision. To this he replied in almost prophetic language: "I will always endeavour to do nothing which would dishonour me before God. By His grace I will confess my faith upon the scaffold." It would, of course, be fanciful to imagine that these words indicate a kind of presentiment of his future; yet the times in which he lived were charged with electricity, and events moved rapidly, especially in the Capital. Darboy could clearly see that a day might suddenly dawn when those who occupied a leading position might easily be called upon to prove the sincerity of their convictions under trying circumstances. Before his arrival in Paris he had received a letter from Archbishop Affre directing him to repair to the ancient House of the Carmes, in the Rue de Vaugirard, which had been recently purchased for the Diocese of Paris. The Abbé Darboy was by no means unacquainted with the history of the place, and its walls recalled to him no doubt past tales of heroism, suffering, and martyrdom; for during the Great Revolution the Assembly had imprisoned a large number of Bishops and Clergy in the Church and Convent of Carmes as a temporary prison. Here they were kept for

some time uncertain of the fate which was in store for them. However, on the 26th of August, 1792, the Assembly decided to banish them, but Marat and Danton, and those who sided with them, considered the sentence too lenient, and it was finally decided to massacre all who were imprisoned at Carmes, as well as those who were incarcerated in the Abbaye and Seminary of St. Fermin. On the morning of Sunday, the 2nd of September, in the Ember Week, a crowd of hired assassins entered the Convent garden, where several of the Clergy were assembled. They did not hesitate to show the object of their visit. They commenced their work at once by shooting those nearest to them, and then, maddened with a desire for blood, they rushed at their victims sword in hand, killing and beheading the rest, after which they placed their heads on pikes, and paraded the streets thus equipped. These horrible deeds of bloodshed lasted four days, during which no less than five hundred of the Clergy perished, including three Bishops.

Archbishop Affre had gladly consented to the purchase of this house for Diocesan purposes, because he considered that the memory of these martyrs for the Faith would be a continual stimulus to the Clergy who lived within its walls. He intended it to be a place for furthering the studies of the Clergy, and as a home for the auxiliary Clergy of Paris, or as we English Church-people call them, for the Missionary Clergy of the Diocese. To the Abbé Darboy the common life at Carmes became a very happy one, for his surroundings were thoroughly congenial to him. Common interests, common desires, plenty of enthusiasm, agreeable studies, and an excellent spirit of unanimity, all combined to unify the work and to unite their aims, and so in every way to promote the object of the Institution. To secure these results the entire environment of the Convent was well suited. It contained several shaded cloisters, narrow cells, large halls, numerous chapels, courtyards,

and some spacious grounds once so full of various flowers. The Abbé Darboy had a lodging situated in one of the angles of the building overlooking the Rue d'Assas. It consisted of two fairly large rooms which he kept in perfect order. He did not believe that a large mind could be too large to neglect details, whether in work or in religious ceremonial, and he continually instilled this truth in the minds of those who were placed under his control. Here, then, in the quietude of a Religious House, unknown to the inhabitants of the great city in which he came to work, he quietly took up his residence, and would have remained unnoticed by the world had not an unforeseen occurrence attracted public attention to him. It happened that soon after his arrival in Paris, the Abbé Cœur, afterwards Bishop of Troyes, a preacher of considerable merit, had been appointed to give a course of sermons in Advent at the Church of St. Philip du Roule; but just on the eve of the Advent season, one of his sisters was taken ill very suddenly, to which illness she eventually succumbed, and as the Abbé Cœur was therefore unable to keep his appointment, it was arranged that the Abbé Darboy should take his place. This was the first time the people of Paris had heard their future Archbishop preach, but so full of life, of force, and decision were his addresses on this occasion, that he created quite a sensation in the city, and from that time he ceased to be an unknown personality. Promotion rapidly followed. Archbishop Affre appointed him an Honorary Canon of Notre Dame de Paris, Master of the Conferences held at the Carmes, and Chaplain at the College of Henry IV. At the latter place the Archbishop often visited Canon Darboy, and in order to show his confidence in the Abbé, he frequently discussed with him the problems of the Diocese, allotting to him sometimes a special difficulty to handle. This was, of course, a great preparation for the future Archbishop; and in after years, when the government of the Diocese

fell upon his shoulders, his acquaintance with these problems must have been of infinite value to him.

While this preparation for his future was thus Providentially proceeding, other events of equal importance to the Abbé Darboy, which at the time appeared to have no more interest for him than for any other Frenchman, were taking place. Far away, in the North-West of France, among the marshes of the Somme, is the little town of Ham, which at that time contained a formidable fortress. It will be remembered that in this fortress Prince Louis Napoleon had been confined after his fiasco at Boulogne. For six years he remained a prisoner within its walls without making any effective effort to free himself, but the days passed slowly with his restless spirit, and he began once more to sigh for liberty, and above all for one more opportunity of carrying out the ambition of his life. After mature consideration he arranged a plan which he confided to his valet, Charles Thélin, and his medical adviser, Dr. Conneau. It happened that for some time the workmen had been repairing the staircase leading to the Prince's apartment, which they hoped to complete on the 25th of May, 1846. On the previous night the Prince, in bidding the Governor of the fortress, General Montholon, "Good-night," embraced him with such emotion that he nearly called attention to the very secret which he wished to hide. However, as M. Montholon afterwards admitted, he in no way suspected what was going to happen. On the 25th of May the Abbé Tolmache, Rector of Ham, who under the Second Empire became a Bishop and Chaplain at the Tuileries, intended to celebrate Masse in the Chapel of the fortress on the ground floor. Very early in the morning of the 25th the Prince sent him the following letter:—"Dear Mr. Dean,—I should be glad if you will put off until to-morrow, or the next day, the Masse you were about to celebrate to-day, for as I have suffered great pains on rising I am obliged to take a bath to relieve them." At

half-past six on the morning of the 25th of May, the workmen were busily painting the staircase. The Prince had risen earlier, and having shaved off his moustaches, assumed the blue blouse of a workman, a costume which his valet had previously procured for him from a man called Bandiguet. The receipt for this costume, which cost twenty-five francs, was found in the Tuileries after the Empress had hurriedly fled and the Commune had taken possession of the Palace. Having placed the blue blouse, soiled with plaster, over his coat, he covered his head with a wig of long black hair, and over it a peaked cap worn threadbare. He then put on a pair of wooden sabots, and darkened his complexion, until it was quite impossible for his most intimate friends to have recognised him. "I, myself," said Dr. Conneau, "would not have recognised the Prince." Finally, placing a pipe in his mouth, and putting a plank, which in reality was a shelf from his library, on his shoulders, he passed out of his room. In the meantime Thélin invited the workmen to have a drink, so as to leave the staircase free, and while they were thus engaged he hurried down to tell the Prince that the way was free, and he then informed the warders that the prisoner was ill in bed. Just as the Prince had started he met a workman, who, thinking he was one of his companions, made some remark to which no reply was given, but shifting the plank on his shoulder nearest the side on which the soldiers and warders were standing, he managed to completely hide his face. During his escape the Prince encountered several adventures. Just as he was passing the first sentinel his pipe dropped from his mouth. Fearing lest the sentinel should speak to him, he quietly picked it up and passed on. Then he encountered an officer of the guard, but the attention of the latter being fixed on a letter he was reading, the Prince passed along without being noticed. Then a workman met him, and actually came up to ask him a question. From this perplexity he was saved by

Thélin, who, following him directed the man's attention to something else. Having reached the last gate of the fortress, he noticed that the soldiers were attentively watching him, but putting on a bold face as he passed them, they opened the door for him and he was free! Hardly had he left the fortress than he encountered two workmen who were hurrying to their work there. Thinking he was one of their comrades they looked at him attentively, but again, just as they were near him, he shifted the plank to the shoulder nearest to them and pretended not to see them. Not stopping to speak to them he heard them say, "It's Bertrand." Once outside the fortress he walked rapidly in the direction of St. Quentin, until he reached the outside of the Cemetery of Ham, and here he waited for Thélin, who had hurried on to hasten the carriage which was to meet him there. "When about half-a-league from Ham," he wrote, "while waiting for Charles, I found myself opposite the Cemetery Cross, and fell on my knees before it and thanked God." Then, throwing the plank into a ditch near the Cross, he sat down and awaited the arrival of Thélin with the carriage. In less than an hour they were at St. Quentin. Discarding his workman's dress, he hid it in a ditch, and, securing a fresh carriage, arrived at Valenciennes about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, from which place he proceeded to Brussels, Ostend, and finally to England. In the meantime, in order to allay the suspicion of the Governor, Dr. Conneau placed a sham figure in Prince Louis' bed, and reported him as sick. After a time, however, the suspicions of M. Demarle, the Commander of the fortress, became aroused, and at 7 o'clock in the evening he went to the Prince's room and insisted on seeing him. Entering the chamber he walked straight to the bed, and at first mistaking the figure for the Prince, he remarked: "It seems to me that I do not hear him breathing," then looking more carefully and discovering that it was a hoax, he exclaimed: "What

does this mean? Are you playing a trick on me? Where is the Prince?" "Mon Dieu!" replied Dr. Conneau, "it is useless to conceal it from you any longer, the Prince has gone! Don't trouble about looking for him, and were he not in safety I would tell you nothing. Do whatever you like with me." "Gone! How? Where?" was the reply. "Excuse me, that is my secret," said the Doctor, "I have done my duty; do yours and search." "But at least tell me at what hour he went," said the Commander." "At 7 o'clock this morning," replied Dr. Conneau. "Very well, sir," said M. Demarle, "then re-enter your prison." Thus terminated the captivity at Ham. The Prince was once more free to plan and plot for the achievement of that ambition which seemed to absorb his whole being. Those whom he left behind were called upon to pay the costs of his ambition. Dr. Conneau was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and Th  lin was condemned in his absence to six months' imprisonment by the Correctional Tribunal of P  ronne.

When the Governor reported the escape of the Prince to his wife, Madame Demarle, unable to realise the scheming disposition of Louis Napoleon, exclaimed, "How could he dream of escaping, when I used to send him such good soup!" But, deplorable as it seemed to Madame Demarle, no one regretted the escape more than M. Demarle, who feared that he would be held responsible for the loss of his prisoner. In the end, however, even M. Demarle, benefitted by this event, for when Louis Napoleon became Emperor, he appointed M. Demarle Governor of the Palace of Saint Cloud.

In recalling the story of this romantic escape, one wonders what the feelings of its principal actor must have been as he faced the dangers which confronted him between his cell and the prison gates. He himself has satisfied one's curiosity. "I felt such confidence in my transformation," he says, "that I did not experience the slightest emotion when passing the different

sentinels. However, before arriving at the last one, the pipe I was carrying fell on my feet. This made me wince a little, but I soon remembered that to leave it there would be fatal, as the masons were strictly forbidden to leave their pipes in the yard, so I stopped and picked it up quickly." The escape from the Fortress of Ham under the circumstances somewhat increased the interest and goodwill of the people for the Prince; and the fiasco of Boulogne was forgotten in the remembrance of the bold and well-arranged adventures at Ham. In different ways, then, and in different spheres of life, these two men—the Abbé Darboy and Prince Louis Napoleon—were already attracting the attention of the nation, and were thus preparing the way for the high positions which they subsequently occupied. Louis Napoleon returned to London for two years, residing at No. 10, King Street, St. James', where on one occasion he acted as a special constable; while the future Archbishop of Paris contented himself with the performance of his duties at the Diocesan House of Carmes, without a thought of any kind that he would one day be called upon to occupy the Episcopal Throne at Notre Dame.

CHAPTER III.

Canon Darboy was now thirty-five years old. His personal appearance at this time has been described by an eye-witness, M. Alexis Pierron, Professor of the University of Paris. In his familiar sketch of Monseigneur Darboy he says :—"Like all the Priests of Paris at this time, he wore the costume of a layman, and this costume, severely simple, made him look still younger. His pale face, fine transparent skin, his regular features, his sweet expression, long brown hair, gave him quite the appearance of youth." "Above all," he adds "the firmness of his look at once revealed the man and a master of men."

Having made his reputation as a preacher, Georges Darboy was frequently requested to preach on important occasions in well-known Churches. We find him more than once appointed Select Preacher in the beautiful Church of St. Étienne du Mont, a Church which has always occupied a prominent position in Paris from the fact that it contains the Relics of St. Geneviève, the Patroness of the City. This Church was to secure a still larger notoriety a little later, when it became the scene of a terrible tragedy. Among many other Churches in which he preached may be mentioned that of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, from the tower of which the bell gave the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. As a preacher the Abbé Darboy had a charm which was inimitable, for his style

of preaching was totally unlike that of others, although, like all good orators, he was always original and always perfectly natural. His voice was not strong, but he had a very clear delivery, and his frequent habits of study had given him a very large vocabulary. Both in his native county as well as in Paris, his peculiar and persuasive style not only drew crowds to listen to him, but sent them away happy, and with a desire to come again to hear him. And it cannot be denied that such a teacher, and many of them, were undoubtedly required at this period, when crimes were increasing in number and degree to an alarming extent, and when bribery and corruption had entered even into some of the departments of the Government itself. The frauds of M.M. Teste and Despans de Cubières, formerly Cabinet Ministers, the notorious suicide of Count Bressons, and the shameful crime of the deputy Martin sufficiently indicated a low morality in official quarters ; but the dreadful tragedy of the Duchess de Praslins, which I am going to relate, aroused the moral conscience of the nation, and plainly proved that a vast field of labour lay before the Archbishop and his Clergy in their efforts to regenerate Society. The difficulties under which they worked may be judged by the nature of those crimes, which prepared the way for still greater national disasters ; and there is therefore no need to apologise for recording these true events of history, however much we may regret them.

On the morning of August the 18th, 1847, Paris was startled by the revelation of a fearful tragedy which had taken place in the Hotel Sebastian, in the Faubourg Saint Honoré. The Duchess de Praslins had been done to death, and her mutilated remains had been discovered by a servant who, hearing her bell, ran to her room and forced the door to wait on her. From the wounds on the body, the condition of the room, and other circumstances, it became quite evident to all that a long and terrible struggle had taken place between the Duke and

his unhappy wife. The evidence plainly showed that the Duchess must have been sound asleep when her husband quietly entered her room with intent to kill her, for she was dreadfully mutilated in the effort to ward off the murderer's weapon. Careful examination proved that she must have sprung from her bed and closed with her assailant, for the room was in great disorder, and everything indicated that a desperate struggle had taken place. But what inflamed public opinion even more was the fact that the Duke escaped his lawful punishment by committing suicide; for at the crisis of his trial he fell back unconscious in Court, and died that evening in prison from the effects of poison. The Press was indignant when it recorded the fact that the villain had escaped justice; some newspapers went so far as to pretend that the Duke de Praslins was not really dead, but that the authorities had sent him away to England. Indeed, some people asserted a long time afterwards that they had seen him in England and Switzerland alive and well. This alleged escape to England only added to the furor of the mob, already very much agitated by the details of the crime; and so great was the excitement that during the funeral procession of the Duke a large force of police was required to keep back the crowd from the hearse. Several people threatened to tear open the coffin, which, they declared, contained no body at all. Many honestly believed that the authorities had allowed the murderer to escape the penalty for his crime owing to his high position in Society; and the discontentment arising out of this misconception of facts was a warning of an approaching danger. The Society of "The Rights of Man," trading on this agitation, gained a new life and organized itself afresh in various parts of Paris. It was during this agitation that Clément Thomas first appeared upon the political horizon. He had been a former officer in a regiment of Cuirassiers, and he was appointed to drill the bourgeoisie troops in preparation

for a revolution. He was eventually murdered by the Communist mobs, and was thereby punished by the very people he had drilled and organized. Clément Thomas was associated with some others in the management of the Society of "The Rights of Man." They used the murder of the Duchess in order to promote their designs, and they printed her letters to the Duke in a cheap, pamphlet form for a few sous, selling them in the streets for the same purpose. Their efforts were not unfruitful. As time went on the discontentment with the Government increased, and by holding on to power after the opinion of the country was against it only strengthened the spirit of rebellion. At the commencement of the New Year, the 22nd of February, 1848, one of the agitations which always precede a great popular commotion took place. On the following morning Georges Darboy was seated in his room at the College of Henry IV., engaged in study, when a printer's compositor, an old man of sixty-five years, who came to submit an article on "Benedict Spinoza," which was to be published in "The Correspondent" Newspaper, informed Darboy that no less than 24,000 troops had just arrived in Paris to keep order, and that the Democratic cause was therefore lost. Anxious to ascertain the truth of this information, Darboy set out for the Carmes, passing through the populous neighbourhood which lies between the Carmes and the College of Henry IV. In all directions he noticed indications of the military, but there were indications also that the soldiers were in no sense hostile to the civilians with whom they mixed. About 9 o'clock that same evening he witnessed, beneath his windows, a huge procession coming from the Rue Soufflot and proceeding to the Place Maubert, by the Rue de la Montagne Sainte Geneviève. It was a torchlight procession, composed of from four to five thousand men, singing at the top of their voices all kinds of Democratic refrains. Darboy at once made enquiries as to the object and

purpose of this demonstration, and he was informed that the measures of reform had terminated favourably for the agitators; that M. Guyot, the President of the Council, had retired; and that M.M. Miers and Barrot had become invested with power; and, lastly, that all the reforms for which they had clamoured had been accepted.

Returning to his room he threw himself into his chair and gave himself up to wandering thoughts. Humanity had formulated and realised its wishes, its voice had been heard, and its demands accepted—what, then, would the future bring with it; how far would the leaders of the mob desire to lead their followers? Large questions, and complex problems, fraught perhaps with danger, rose before him—God alone could tell what the morrow would disclose. While thus considering the events he had just witnessed, and reflecting that after all they seemed a somewhat unusual way of celebrating a political victory, he was suddenly startled by the sound of the alarm bell, which began to toll in the tower of the Church of St. Étienne du Mont, situated behind the Pantheon. The tolling of this bell, as it echoed in the midnight air, aroused in his mind some strange forebodings. Something more than a mere political victory was surging round him. The alarm bell, the presence of the soldiers, and the excitement of the mob, painted a picture unlike any political victory. He noticed that although the neighbourhood of the Pantheon was then perfectly still and quite deserted, yet in the distance could be heard a sound like the breaking of the waves upon the shore, while from time to time could be clearly heard menacing shouts and cries of defiance, totally unlike the orderly procession which had so recently paraded itself before his windows. Presently, in the Rue de la Montague, three separate reports of a gun burst forth, adding to the alarm and uncertainty of the events which were happening around them. He was not left long to linger in uncertainty.

In the course of an hour all doubts as to what was really taking place were clearly removed, for a movement of troops commenced near the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, and a battalion of the line took up a position beneath the very walls of the College. From his windows Darboy could hear the confused orders and counter-orders of the military. Almost immediately after the soldiers had halted before the College, an officer wrapped in a military cloke rode up at full speed, his horse covered with foam, and, saluting the Commander, engaged in close conversation with him, which, nevertheless was perfectly audible to all who were near him. "Must we fire?" said the Commander, after listening to what the officer had told him. "Never!" replied the officer, "Never!" Hardly had he uttered these words than some hundreds of people passed along pressing against the troops. On seeing them, the soldiers immediately raised the butt ends of their muskets in the air, to show that they had no intention of interfering with them. When the crowd had disappeared and the street had become more passable, the soldiers quietly returned to their barracks.

The Government was not altogether ignorant of the position of affairs, for to some extent it had anticipated these events by ordering fifty-five thousand soldiers to hold themselves in readiness for any emergency. A plan had been arranged by which each body of insurgents would be hemmed in by the troops, and therefore unable to unite together. This plan, however, did not appear to have been carried out for some unknown reason, and the agitation increased in various parts of Paris. On the morning of the 24th of February various youths from different schools assembled from many parts of the city and formed a procession, singing the "Marsellaise" as they marched along. A regiment of Dragoons advanced and soon dispersed them, whereupon various regiments of Cavalry, Infantry, and Artillery poured into all parts of Paris, and at once the barricades

erected by the mob were deserted. The soldiers had nothing to do. They remained by their horses cold and weary, only too anxious to mount and gallop away. The National Guard, on the other hand, remained neutral, and in some instances openly showed its sympathy with the revolutionists. A small column of demonstrators organized in the Rue Sepelletier, joined by another body of men armed with pikes, paraded the streets until they reached the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where they came face to face with a battalion of the line drawn up in battle array. The sight of the glittering bayonets seemed to paralyze the insurgents, and they halted spontaneously. At this juncture, a strange and unaccountable misadventure followed, which unfortunately precipitated events. The flapping of the red flag in the wind, and the flashing of the torches carried by the mob, frightened the horse of the Commander, who, in endeavouring to subdue its vivacity, made it plunge into the battalion. Just at this moment a shot was fired by an unknown hand. The soldiers, considering themselves attacked, presented their guns, and without a word of warning the whole line fired into the mob. The echo of this fusilade was followed by the cries of mortal agony and the groans of the wounded. The light of the torches shed a lurid glare on the pavements stained with blood and heaps of corpses. The sight appalled the soldiers, their very boots were stained with blood. La Martine says: "The wounded dragged themselves along to die at the feet of their murderers." It was a very deplorable tragedy, for no one had given the soldiers orders to fire, panic alone had brought about the sad catastrophe. As soon as the friends of the wounded had recovered from the shock, they collected the corpses and placed them in large waggons with their wounds exposed to the gaze of all onlookers. On seeing this sad spectacle as it passed through the streets, the insurgents hurried home to their houses to search for arms, and from this time the silence of the night was

frequently disturbed by the sound of firing, as well as by the solemn pealing of the Church bells, warning all that a crisis was at hand.

While the affairs of the Kingdom were in this uncertain condition, Guizot, author, orator, philosopher, and statesman, whose name had become identified with the policy of the past, had hidden himself in a room in the Tuileries to watch the turn of affairs. Feeling the impossibility of his return to power and the insecurity of his personal safety, he attempted to escape from the Palace; but, being recognised as he passed through a wicket gate which communicated with the Carrousel, he was obliged, by some shots which were fired at him, to retrace his steps and to take refuge in that part of the Louvre which was occupied by the staff officers. Here he remained concealed until the darkness of the night allowed him to leave and seek a safer retreat within the Palace itself. Gloom and dismay monopolised the Salons. At the instigation of the Queen, Louis Philippe mounted his horse and reviewed some regiments and a few battalions of the National Guards, in the forlorn hope that his presence might to some extent retrieve his prestige. "Go and show yourself to the disheartened troops, and to the irresolute National Guards," said the Queen. "I will place myself in the balcony, with my grand-children and my daughters the Princesses; and I will see you die in a manner worthy of yourself, of your throne, and of our common misfortunes." Hardly had the Queen said these words than M. Rémusat, a confidential counsellor of the King, came to warn his Majesty of the hopeless condition of the Government. "Sire," said he, "your Majesty must know the truth; to conceal it at such a moment would be to render one's self an accomplice in the result. Your unconcern proves that you are under a delusion. Three hundred paces from your Palace the Dragoons are surrendering their swords, and the soldiers their muskets to the people." "Impossible!" replied the King, draw-

ing back with astonishment. "I saw it," respectfully replied M. de l'Aubépin, a staff officer, who was in attendance at the Palace. On hearing this, and feeling that no time was to be lost, the King, attended by his two sons, the Dukes de Nemours and Montpensier, and a few generals, mounted their horses at once and rode slowly past the troops. He was received by the regular troops with cries of "Vive le Roi," but the National Guards retaliated with cries of "Reforme! Reforme!" the password of the Revolutionists. The Queen and the Princesses standing on the balcony of the Palace watched the departure of the King and his two sons until they had disappeared; then, retiring to a Salon, they anxiously waited for his return. There was no need to explain to the Queen the result of their efforts, for returning thoroughly dejected their faces reflected the scenes they had witnessed. So rapidly, indeed, had the insurrection gathered its forces together that it soon blocked all approaches to the Palace—knocking at its doors and demanding admission, and even threatening to burst them open. Suddenly the sound of firing close at hand was heard. Immediately Marshal Brigeaud, who for a time commanded the National Guards and Regulars, mounted his horse and proceeded to interpose between the combatants. He was followed by the young General Lamoricière, of African fame, who galloped to the Carrousel amid a shower of bullets. His horse was killed beneath him as he rode and his sword was snapped in the fall. Although wounded in the hand he continued his mission undismayed. Entering a neighbouring house he had the wound dressed, and then, mounting a fresh horse, he spurred his steed at full speed in the direction of the Tuileries, intending to explain to the King the real condition of affairs. He found his Majesty surrounded by the Queen, their children, silent generals and ministers, just about to sign his abdication. Taking a pen in his hand, apparently calm and motionless, his Majesty wrote: "I

abdicate in favour of the Count de Paris, my grandson, and I hope that he may be happier than I have been." He then began to prepare himself for flight. Placing his sword on the table in the presence of his Court he exchanged his military coat for a plain black coat, and then, offering his arm to the Queen, he led her away. The silence of this last tragic scene was only broken by the sobs of the spectators. Owing to the disturbed condition of the streets he was obliged to escape secretly. Leaving by a door in his apartments, he proceeded by a subterraneous passage to the Garden of the Tuileries, crossing on foot the very garden which Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette with their children had crossed when they fled to the National Assembly for protection. As they proceeded the Queen said a few words of comfort to her husband in a low tone, while a small group of loyal adherents followed them in silence. At the bottom of the terrace of the Tuileries, two little carriages, engaged by an officer in disguise, awaited them. Here the Queen, suffering under the strain of suppressed emotion, gasped for breath and fainted away. The King lifted her in his arms and placed her in a carriage. The Duchess de Nemours entered the second carriage, and a squadron of Cuirassiers surrounded the two vehicles, which set off at full speed for the Quai de Passy. They did not, however, escape unmolested, for both the carriages were fired upon in the Champs Elysées, and two of the horses of the Cuirassiers were killed in front of the King. Passing St. Cloud his Majesty hurried on to Dreux where, entering the Old Palace, he spent the night. On the following morning they received news from Paris to the effect that a Republic had been proclaimed. This convinced them that their safety could no longer be certain in France, and they determined to escape in different directions in order to avoid suspicion. The Duke de Montpensier, the Duchess de Nemours, and their children proceeded to Jersey, while

the King and Queen, disguised in clothes of the plainest description, and seated in a closed carriage, fled to a secluded and unoccupied country house belonging to M. de Perthuis, situated near the Cap d'Honfleur, from which they intended to embark for England. The journey to the coast was full of excitement and danger. For instance, on arriving at Anet, although they were recognised, they were greeted with respect, but a different reception awaited them at Saint Audré. It happened to be market day there, and the town was crowded with people, whose curiosity was aroused by the advent of the new visitors. Some of them imagined that the King was M. Guizot, the late Prime Minister, and a cry was raised "It's Guizot! It's Guizot!" The excitement increased and became alarming, for it was impossible for either the King or the Queen to dismiss from their minds during their escape from Paris the sad flight of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to Varennes and their return to captivity. While the crowd pressed round their carriage eager to identify the travellers, three men advanced and closely regarded the back seat where the King was sitting. He wore a black cap drawn down over his forehead, his eyes were concealed by spectacles, and he had discarded the wig he usually wore. They looked at him suspiciously, and after retiring for a moment, returned again accompanied by two gendarmes, who demanded their passports. M. Maréchal, the Sub-Prefect of Dreux, who accompanied them, took one of the gendarmes aside and confided to him the secret escape of the King and Queen. Greatly confused at first on receiving this information, he quickly recovered his senses, and pretending to examine the passports and to find them correct, he allowed the carriage to pass. And now another danger threatened them. The town of Évereux was too close to Paris to remain long in ignorance of the King's abdication and flight, and the possibility of discovery as he passed through that town filled the whole party with

fresh anxiety. They dreaded even the distant view itself of Evereux, although it was necessary to pass through it if they were to escape from the fate which threatened them. At last the Church spires of Evereux began to loom before them in the distance. The very sight of them almost by impulse made them slack their speed. Anxiety was plainly expressed on the faces of them all. Each step perhaps would bring them nearer to captivity and possibly something worse than that. It was impossible to attempt to pass through the town—some other plan must be adopted. While thus reflecting, it suddenly occurred to M. Maréchal that one of his friends possessed a country house on the high road to Evereux, and stopping the carriage to enquire the way there from a labourer who was breaking stones on the road, the postilion proceeded at once in that direction. The owner of the house happened to be away, but the farmer and his wife, unconscious of the position of the travellers, received the King and Queen and showed them into a room beside the kitchen. Here their Majesties warmed themselves beside the fire and shared the rustic hospitality of their simple hosts. The farmer and his wife proving themselves to be good, honest, and homely people, it was thought wise to let them into the secret condition of the travellers. Their confidence was amply rewarded, for the good farmer and his wife at once took all the pains they could to improve the condition of affairs, and, knowing well the highways and byways of the country district, their host undertook himself to drive the Royal carriage and to avoid the town of Evereux, which had just received the news of the Revolution, and was in a high state of excitement. For the sake of prudence, it was decided that the King and Queen should travel by different routes, having previously arranged to meet each other at a lonely house shut in by trees, situated near the sea by the Cap d'Honfleur. There they remained for nine days, with

the blinds of the house down all day, and only during the night did the smoke issue from the chimneys. Then one very dark night the King left his shelter and proceeded on foot to Trouville, where he hid himself for two days in the house of M. Gueltier, fearful every moment of being arrested and brought back to Paris. Fresh difficulties awaited him here. Anxious to escape to England, his Majesty determined to hire a fishing boat from the port of Trouville to convey him out to sea, where an English steamer would receive him. Many ineffectual attempts were made to procure a fishing boat for this purpose, and at last the suspicions of the fishermen became aroused. Ventilating their suspicions, the King himself became aware of what they said, and he feared that at any moment he might receive a domiciliary visit from the military authority. He therefore felt he could no longer remain where he was. Setting out at night, and walking through the muddy lanes in pelting rain and in perpetual fear of pursuit or recognition, he took refuge with the Queen in the humble cottage of a gardener situated near the coast. After enduring many hair-breadth escapes on land and storms at sea, the Royal party eventually landed at Southampton, sound and safe from further anxieties.

While these events had been taking place, Paris witnessed the proclamation of the Second French Republic, which after only a brief term of life gave way for the Second Empire.

In a quiet, modest house in London—No. 10, King Street, St. James's, rented at £300 per annum—Prince Louis Napoleon had keenly watched the course of events for the last two years. With a remarkable self-control, he had patiently followed the decline and fall of King Louis Philippe's dynasty. When, however, the startling news first arrived in London that the abdication of Louis Philippe was a matter only of a few hours, he hastily packed his portmanteau and crossed the Channel, arriving in Paris on the evening of the 25th of

February, 1848. Here he stayed at the house of his friend, M. Vieillard, in the narrow Rue de Sentier, and from there he at once sent a letter to the Provisional Government couched in the following terms: "Gentlemen,—The people of Paris having destroyed by their heroism the last vestiges of the foreign invasion, I hasten from exile to range myself under the flag of the Republic which has just been proclaimed. With no other ambition than that of serving my country, I come to announce my arrival to the members of the Provisional Government, and to assure them of my devotion to the cause they represent, and of my personal sympathy." The Provisional Government was not, however, convinced that the Prince had no other ambition than to promote its welfare, and it immediately ordered him to leave France without delay. Submitting to the inevitable, Louis Napoleon at once set out for London, after addressing the following letter to the Government: "Gentlemen,—After thirty-three years of exile and persecution, I believed I had acquired a right to a home in my fatherland. You think that my presence in Paris will cause embarrassment just now, and therefore I go away for a while. This sacrifice will make evident to you the purity of my intentions and my patriotism. Receive, Gentlemen, the assurance of my high esteem and sympathy." This Revolution, which had destroyed the dynasty of Louis Philippe and had established a Second Republic, was completed with such rapidity that no one could guess what the effect of it might be either to the Church or country.

The Abbé Darboy, like many other people, was very much disturbed at the frequency of these sudden revolutionary outbursts of fury. Moreover, he had no sympathy with the tenets or methods of the new Government. Their declarations had afforded him no ground of confidence, while the Red Republicans, like M. Barbes and M. Blanqui, had created a great amount of uneasiness by endeavouring to introduce a "Com-

mittee of Public Safety," after the pattern of the Tribunal of the Terror, which worked such cruelty and bloodshed during the First Revolution. The prompt measures taken by M. La Martine to arrest these men certainly destroyed the Red Republican movement for a time, but the Government allowed many other evils to go unchecked, and it thereby brought discredit on its policy. If M. Darboy had little sympathy with the methods of the new Government, he had still less sympathy with its personality. In spite of the fact that M. La Martine had shown himself prompt in suppressing the designs of the Red Republicans, the Abbé Darboy appears to have regarded him as incapable of holding the reins of Government. "He has no idea of Government," he said, "and thanks to his complete ignorance and audacity, and to his vain-glorious incapacity, we shall soon be indebted to him for anarchy, then civil war, and finally for a Dictatorship." In this intuitive utterance he exactly foretold the course of French history prior to the establishment of the Second Empire as well as during a great part of that régime. It is a curious fact that during the time that M. Darboy was Chaplain at the Carmes, M. de La Martine paid a visit to the Convent in order to decipher some inscriptions written with blood on the walls of the cells by the Girondists during the reign of the Tribunal of the Terror, when he was collecting subject matter for his famous history of the Girondists. It will be remembered, perhaps, that the Girondists were members of the Convention, and although fanatically opposed to the Church and King, they were one degree less bigoted than the Jacobins. Having voted for the King's execution, they afterwards endeavoured to prevent it by making a referendum to the people. In their blind fury the Jacobins would have no referendum, nor yet any thought of pity; and so saturated were they with cruelty and oppression that they hailed Girondists themselves before the Red Tribunal, and in less than

seven days twenty-one of them were executed by the guillotine in the brief space of forty minutes. The principal interest attaching to the Girondists, apart from their mistaken tenets, was the brilliancy of their utterances, and the courage with which they one and all met their dreadful fate. Arranged in two rows before the scaffold, and guarded on either side by gendarmes, they struck up the "Marsellaise" while they waited their turns to ascend the scaffold. "I hope the edge of your guillotine is sharper than your scissors," said Ducos, a handsome youth of twenty-seven, as he underwent the "toilette" at the hands of the executioner, who commenced to cut his hair in preparation for his execution. On first hearing the sentence of death Boileau threw up his hat, exclaiming: "I die innocent"; while Sillery, who was lame, threw away his crutches, exclaiming: "This day is the finest in my life." They were a mistaken, but a courageous and interesting people, and it was at the Convent of the Carmes that they were imprisoned prior to their trial. From the Carmes they were conducted to the Conciergerie, and finally to the Place de la Revolution (Place de la Concorde now), where the guillotine was erected.

It could not be supposed that while France, and Paris in particular, were in such a state of unrest the ordinary routine of duties would be exactly observed anywhere; and the Abbé Darboy, finding that he had more time on hand than he usually enjoyed, turned his attention to the topical questions of the day. No practical man, he felt sure, could endorse all the theories of the hour. He fully sympathised with those good people who had been led away by fallacious arguments, clothed in brilliant phraseology, but he unhesitatingly condemned the spirit of unrest which forced so many to search after perpetual change or caprice. Referring to the clap-trap which was so often wrapped up in the words "Equality, Fraternity, Liberty," he says: "It is impossible to define what they

mean on all occasions, or the force of the words in the mouth of some parties." He doubtless recalled the words of Madame Roland as she passed the statue of Liberty on the way to execution: "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

The new Republic, however, did not show itself unfavourable to the Church. A certain *modus vivendi* had been arranged between the Ecclesiastical and Civil Authorities, by which each retained its supremacy in its own sphere. Just about this time M. Darboy took up his pen once more and wrote an interesting treatise, entitled "Priest and People," the object of which was to show both by argument as well as by historical evidence the great benefit Christianity had conferred, and was still conferring, on the temporal power of the day. It is a pity that he was not allowed to continue his literary labours at this time, for M. Darboy never produced an article which was uninteresting or wrote a pamphlet which did not contain some information or some original suggestions; but political strife at this period was still rising to the surface, and the atmosphere was obscured with revolutionary clouds. For about three months only, the new Government sailed over a quiet sea, but towards the end of June the Red Republicans, in consequence of the avowed intention of the Government to close certain industries, once more incited a large number of workers to arm themselves and to oppose by force the intentions of the Government. Again the streets of Paris were decorated with several barricades, a terrible slaughter followed, and the roads became saturated with blood. Paris was declared to be in a state of siege. The Faubourg du Temple, the last barricade of the insurgents, was stormed and captured after a heavy cannonade. No less than 16,000 persons were killed or wounded, while 11,000 were taken prisoners. The Abbé Darboy was a witness of many scenes of bloodshed; indeed, his own life was for a time in danger, as he happened to be living in the very

centre of the fighting, for the Pantheon had become a kind of fortress of the insurgents. On the 23rd of June a barricade was erected in front of the College, and as the day advanced the inmates found that every exit had been cut off and they were now entirely in the hands of the insurgents. Under the circumstances M. Darboy reflected that it would be best to approach their leaders, and, if possible, to obtain their goodwill. At about three o'clock in the afternoon he went out to the nearest barricade and asked the insurgents not to interfere with the College. "I found them looking ridiculous," he said, "but armed to the teeth." For no less than three-quarters of an hour he tried to reason with them, but, finding his efforts useless, he turned away, and was about to retire when he noticed one of the insurgents, who began to make some very animated observations, as if he contemplated some hostile action. Pretending not to notice the attitude of this man he approached him in a quiet manner and pointing to the windows of his apartment he said: "It is by that passage that I ascend to my rooms. You will know where to find me." He had hardly passed the threshold of his door than the report of a gun resounded and a shot entered the shutter of his room, breaking a glass and lodging in the middle of some bookshelves. This he rightly took to be a proof that they intended to ignore his request, and he therefore fell back upon his last resort, and attempted to secure their goodwill by making himself of service to them. Feeling convinced, after what had happened, that he would inevitably fall into their hands, and fearing that in this case they would probably treat him badly, he burned his papers and arranged his affairs, and then gave himself up to work exclusively in the ambulance which had been established in the College. To the dying he gave the consolations of Religion, and with his natural calm and sense of duty he organised the arrangements of the ambulance.

Professor Pierron, referring to his efforts, says : "One deed among many others deserves to be mentioned. He found lying in the garden of the College a poor insurgent stretched out almost dead. The Abbé Darboy approached the man, and said to the nurses who were preparing to throw him into the wagon with the dead : "This man is not dead, let us carry him away." To this they demurred. "Believe me!" he said to them in a tone which admitted of no refusal, "Take up the stretcher and march!" He was obeyed. When the wounded man came to himself it was found that a shot had traversed the lung; and on re-opening his eyes he saw his protector assisting at his bedside, he squeezed his hand, recommending his wife and children to his care, and prepared himself to die. In spite of the gravity of the case, the Abbé Darboy would not despair of saving the man, and he finished by bringing the surgeon for his advice. The wounded man remained in the Infirmary of the College until his convalescence. He was an ironmonger of the district, named Martin, who withdrew afterwards to his own native country, and perhaps he still lives there. He never refused to relate to everybody his history." Further details of this incident are also told by Professor Pierron thus :—"I had some business," he says, "relating to a broken lamp at an ironmonger's house in the Rue St. Jacques. This ironmonger had been my corporal when I was a National Guard in the 12th Legion, and I had naturally given him my custom in all matters relating to this industry. I only found a young apprentice at the shop; but Madame Martin, the wife of the master, was in the back of the shop. As soon as she recognised my voice she came to enquire as to what I wanted. 'The young man will attend you there,' she said, when I had shown them the damaged article. 'And why not M. Martin?' I said 'for the matter is rather important, and this young man is not sufficiently experienced in his trade to attend to it. 'Ah, Monsieur,'

she replied, 'it will not be to-morrow, nor even the day after to-morrow, that he will inhale the fumes of coal or handle the irons. He is laid upon his back, or in an arm chair, and not even at home, but in the College of Henry IV.' She told me that her husband had been wounded in the Rue Clovis the day when the Pantheon was taken, and that he had been picked up by the people of the College. From the description of the wound, it was evident to me that the man who had been pierced through and through, of whom the Abbé Darboy had spoken to us about, was precisely my former corporal. I found Martin with him when I went to look for my troop. He was not yet convalescent, but he considered himself as almost well. He was less depressed than one would have imagined, and he spoke without much effort or fatigue, but his voice had a strange sound—it had the sound as if it came from a deep well. He did not fail to tell me his history. 'I owe my life,' he said, 'to the Chaplain.' I stopped him at the beginning by remarking to him that there were two Chaplains at the Lycée. 'Which is the one of whom you speak,' I said. 'Ah, Parbleu! it is the little, the thin, the young one, the one who visited us in the Infirmary, who passed some hours and days with us, who made us laugh and cry, and who left us after each visit comforted and better! Ah! that man! that man! How he opened to us his heart! How he knew the way to lead us there! Will you believe that he has converted us? Yes, he would convert Abd-el-Kader himself.' I knew the Abbé Darboy, and was not ignorant of what he was capable of doing. 'We called him the 'Good Angel,' but it is I who gave him the right to this title. Without him, without his charity, I should not be here, and I could not relate my adventure.' 'You have already told me that you owe your life to him,' said Professor Pierron, 'but you have not told me how he saved you.' 'It was this way,' replied M. Martin. 'I was laid out upon the last barricade for an hour.

‘The last barricade! Had you then scaled it?’ said M. Pierron. ‘Not exactly,’ he replied, ‘but I will continue my story; and I will explain to you presently that which seems extraordinary to you. To be sure I was placed there among the dead, and only a very little bit removed from being dead myself. I still could hear and see, but it was impossible to move a finger, or even to make a sound. When the firing had ceased around the Pantheon, I saw a young priest in a black gown, followed by two men with aprons, carrying a stretcher.’ ‘This one is not dead,’ said the priest, ‘carry him away.’ The two attendants maintained that I was dead; if I were not completely so, it would not be very long before I was so; the Infirmary was already full up, the dead body ought to be left there, for I should not arrive alive even if there were still a vacant bed. ‘Let us go higher, to see if we have forgotten anything, we are sure, at any rate, that those on the other side have been buried by order.’ This, or even worse, is what they said about me. The Abbé Darboy asked them if they were Christians, and then with a voice abrupt and commanding came the words. ‘Take up the load and march!’ They obeyed in silence. He accompanied the stretcher, reciting some prayers and making the sign of the cross on my head. At the Infirmary he left me to the care of the Sisters. They examined my wound, and placed over it a temporary bandage until the Surgeon came. Martin next recounted to me by what chance he happened to be at the barricade in the Rue Clovis. The ‘Retreat’ was sounded, and instead of going to the Mairie he waited at the entrance of the gate, for the Mairie lay between Sourds, Muet, and Val de Grâce, and the National Guard had no further business in the Faubourg. Besides, he was no longer Corporal since the new elections, and no point of honour obliged him to give an example of absolute precision. Moreover, at the Mairie, his Captain himself had declared for the Insurrection, and three-fourths of the men had done like him. The

minority escaped, having been sent on march. Martin joined himself to the majority, convinced, in the innocence of his soul, that he was going to render a service to his country. Some minutes later he was in a trap, risking his life if he showed any attempt to flee, and if he did not flee, risking even more. He promised himself to seize the first favourable occasion to recover his liberty, but this occasion did not come." It need hardly be said that under the powerful influence of the Abbé Darboy—his "Good Angel"—M. Martin did not leave the Infirmary without receiving the Sacraments, once more restored to health in soul and body.

Another instance of the effective influence possessed by the Abbé Darboy in his ministerial work is worth recording. There lived in the Lycée Corneille a certain Professor, called M. Brunet, who was taken suddenly in a fit of apoplexy. Finding that his end was near, he sent at once for M. Darboy, who came in haste to administer to him the Services of Religion. Just as he was about to leave, the dying man signed to him to remain, and when he was seated he exclaimed in earnest words: "Speak to me. Speak to me of those things again, ever even to the end!" This M. Darboy continued to do, until the soul had fled from earth leaving the body to return alone to dust. The parting scene shall be told by M. Alfred Waelly, who lived in the same house with M. Brunet:—"I have never known," he says, "anything more gentle or more effective. I could have wished that an atheist were there. The eyes of my poor Brunet manifested a real happiness. His physical sufferings were suspended, for his right hand remained peacefully in mine, whereas before, at each throb of pain, he moved it convulsively to his chest. May God give me in my agony a Darboy for my comforter." These are some of the incidents in this brief but sanguinary Revolution in which the Abbé Darboy had a share.

It will be remembered that as soon as the shadows of the night had enveloped the great city on the 22nd of June, the struggle had commenced with the utmost energy. With the dawn of day, Paris was actually covered in all directions with barricades. To oppose these, General Cavaignac had collected his troops and had divided them into four parts, sending them into different quarters in the city. Paris has seen many scenes of street fighting, but it is alleged that none of them was fiercer than on this particular occasion. Many Generals were wounded, and so persistent was the combat, that General Cavaignac found himself obliged to use his cannon freely and even to resort to shelling. The storming of the Church of St. Geneviève, often called the Pantheon, close to the College of Henry IV., was the scene of a terrible conflict, in which the old grey walls of this venerable shrine were greatly damaged.

It so happened that Archbishop Affre had just been administering Confirmation in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, and for the sake of convenience had passed the night in the College in order to meet his old friend and compatriot, M. Gregoire, the Superintendent of the College. They discussed together the cause and effect of the Revolution, in which the Abbé Darboy joined, who, being greatly excited by the scenes of slaughter and bloodshed, expressed the profoundest indignation at what had happened. "Calm yourself," said the brave Archbishop, "and let us pray more for the dead." While he was uttering these very words, a body of insurgents, having scaled the College walls, was seen to rush across the gardens and to enter the courtyard. The Archbishop at once sent his Chaplain to interrogate them as to the nature of their visit, but fearing also that, if they found that he was there, they would seize him as a hostage, he gave strict injunctions not to let them know that he was within the College walls. As the moments fled by the situation became more and more alarming, for the

cannons, directed against the surrounding barricades, crashed into the Church of St. Geneviève, while explosions and grape shot rained into the courtyard of the College. For twelve hours the pupils endured with patience and courage this trying ordeal, but as the troops of General Cavaignac gained their way, the vicinity of the College became still more a focus for the Artillery, and the near approach of death and danger made them seek the consolations of Religion. Finding the Abbé Darboy in their midst, the students begged him to Confess them. With a smile on his face he replied: "Ah, you cowards, I know you well, you are not in such a hurry, even at Easter! However, here we are, and let us profit by these events," and he then proceeded to Confess them. As the troops of General Cavaignac gained upon the insurgents, the danger of mob law passed away, and in a few hours the insurgents yielded the place and fled for safety in all directions.

It was not possible that such scenes of fratricide could happen in the presence of so good a man as Archbishop Affre without causing him the greatest consternation. As Archbishop of Paris, he felt himself to blame to some extent for the want of brotherly affection among the members of his flock, and being as brave as he was good, he was always ready to face any danger, if by any means in his power he might put an end to these horrible scenes of bloodshed. It was just at this stage of the fight that the Vicar-General, M. Ravinet, approached the Archbishop and informed his Grace that the Revolution was practically defeated, when the Archbishop returned to his Palace. But although the Revolution was practically at an end, there still remained the strongest and most formidable barricade to overcome, situated in the Faubourg St. Antoine. What occurred there on this occasion may well be described in the words of Sir Archibald Alison: "But ere the attack on this barricade commenced, a sublime

instance of Christian heroism and devotion occurred, which shines forth like a heavenly glory in the midst of these terrible scenes of carnage. Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, horror stricken with the slaughter which for three days had been going on, resolved to attempt a reconciliation between the contending parties, or perish in the attempt. Having obtained leave from General Cavaignac to repair to the head-quarters of the insurgents, he set out, dressed in his pontifical robes, having the Cross in his hand, attended by two Chaplains, also in full canonicals, and three intrepid members of the Assembly. Deeply affected by this courageous act, which they knew was almost certain death, the people, as he walked through the streets, fell on their knees and besought him to desist, but he persisted, saying: 'It is my duty. A good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.' At seven in the evening he arrived at the Place de la Bastille, where the fire of the musketry was extremely warm on both sides. It ceased on either side at the august spectacle, and the Archbishop, bearing the Cross aloft, advanced with his two Priests to the foot of the barricade. A single attendant, bearing a green branch, preceded the Prelate. The soldiers seeing him advance so close to those who had already slain bearers of flags of truce, approached in order to give him succour in case of need; the insurgents on their side descended the barricade; and the redoubtable combatants stood close to each other, exchanging looks of defiance. Suddenly a shot was heard. Instantly the cry arose 'Treason! Treason!' and the combatants, retreating on either side, began to exchange shots with as much fury as ever. Undismayed by the storm of bullets which incessantly flew over his head from all quarters, the Prelate advanced slowly, attended by his Chaplains, to the summit of the barricade. One of them had his hat pierced by three shots, but the Archbishop himself, almost by a miracle, escaped while on the top. He had





ARCHBISHOP AFFRE.
SHOT AT THE BARRICADES
NEAR THE BASTILLE.

descended three steps on the other side, when he was pierced through the loins by a shot from a window. The insurgents, horror stricken, approached him where he fell, staunched the wound, which at once was seen to be mortal, and carried him to a neighbouring hospital. When told that he had only a few minutes to live, 'God be praised,' he exclaimed, 'and may He accept my life as an expiation for my omissions during my Episcopate, and as an offering for this misguided people.' Then, repeating once more, 'A good shepherd giveth his life for his flock,' he added, 'and may my blood be the last that is shed.' With these words on his lips he passed away. Mortally wounded on the 25th of June, he died on the 27th of that month. The Treasury of Notre Dame in Paris still contains the purple cassock, the shot extracted from the Archbishop's body, and the crucifix which was carried by the Archbishop on his perilous journey to the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine." This heroic act was not made in vain. The Archbishop's great sacrifice had its influence upon the savage passions which had taken possession of Paris. When it became known that he was dead, the insurgents at once applied to General Cavaignac for a general pardon, and they promised to capitulate immediately if he would grant it; but Cavaignac, feeling that peace could only be secured by making it impossible for the insurgents to renew their efforts, refused their offer. With the break of day, the Revolutionists were compelled to yield. How disastrous had been this brief Revolution may be judged from the fact that no less than six generals were killed, together with a rank-and-file on both sides amounting to nearly twenty thousand. Half of this number were buried, the other half were thrown into the Seine to find a grave for themselves.

It was not until Sunday morning, about 9 a.m., that the first news of Archbishop Affre's death was brought to the College. At first it was only reported

that he had been wounded near the Place Bastille, while he was bravely endeavouring to carry some words of peace to the insurgents. The report, however, was not actually confirmed until the following day, when the Abbé Darboy went himself to the Pantheon to visit General Bréa, whose head had been shattered by shot. Here he learned about the courageous efforts of the Archbishop, and of his serious condition. He had been but very recently in his Grace's company, and he returned to the College greatly depressed. To him it seemed against all reason that one whose only wish was to put an end to bloodshed should be so unmercifully done to death. This was, indeed, a mystery of iniquity.

CHAPTER IV.

BISHOP SIBOUR.—THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

Far away in the South-East of France, in the wild and versified country of the Basses Alpes, the Bishop of Digne, a suffragan of the See of Aix, administered Episcopal grace to the faithful of that Department. It could not be pretended that the little town of Digne, situated on its lonely hill, far removed from the great centres of population, had by its natural advantages or commercial efforts attracted the attention of Paris. Yet straight from this little provincial town its Bishop was called to occupy the Archiepiscopal throne at Notre Dame de Paris. It is true that Bishop Sibour was not altogether a stranger to Paris, having been formerly Vicar of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in that city. He had, however, various qualifications which fitted him for the post. He brought with him a very amiable disposition and habits of piety; and, moreover, he had already attracted some attention by his writings on matters of interest and importance to the Church. He was the author of one of the ablest works on the Canonical position of the Clergy in relation to their Bishops, entitled "Institutions Diocesaines." To these advantages may be added the important fact that he had taken a very real interest in endeavouring to procure liberty of religious teaching in the schools, a matter which was very much in the air at this period of French history. Upon questions of this nature Bishop Sibour had shown an ever intelligent and well informed mind. A translation into

French of the "Summa" of St. Thomas Aquinas had also brought him some commendation, and thus, both by his writings as well as by the charm of his personal character, Bishop Sibour was gradually becoming a leader of the French Episcopate. It may therefore be said with perfect justice that the obscurity of the little town of Digne was not sufficient to hide him from the public gaze.

In October, 1848, the Bishop bid farewell to Digne, and took possession of the See of Paris. Between the new Archbishop and the Abbé Darboy there was the common interest in literary labours which made them congenial companions to each other, while the capabilities of the Abbé Darboy, and the characteristic amiability of Archbishop Sibour, cemented the friendship, which deepened as time went on.

When Archbishop Sibour first came to Paris the writings of the Abbé Darboy had commenced to attract attention. He had recently published two volumes of a book entitled "The Women of the Bible," which were very favourably received, being considered by some as a "model of finesse," and by others as "graphic and picturesque." In course of time M. Darboy became quite a prolific writer, and it would not be possible to deal at length with all the subjects which he painted with his pen, for he was certainly a literary painter. With a few exceptions, it must suffice to record the results of his labours. While he was still residing at Carmes, he wrote a "Life of the Saints," and a "History of St. Augustine and St. Adelaide," two patron Saints of his family. These were followed by another work which, perhaps, was more appreciated by the public than any of his former books, entitled "Christ and the Prophets," containing clear and striking souvenirs of Bible days. M. Darboy had always experienced a profound affection and reverence for the earthly scenes of our Lord's life in Palestine, and, having made a voyage to the Holy Land, he set forth to paint, in his own

realistic way, the scenes which had passed before his eyes there. He used to often say that when the troubles and responsibilities of his life crowded upon him he would transfer his thoughts from Paris to Jerusalem, and that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to localise, with those who had visited the Holy Land, the events which had consecrated the country scenes and towns of Palestine. He does not appear to have taken much interest in pilgrimages to Rome, although he was deeply interested in the relics of antiquity which he saw there. The case was entirely different with regard to the Holy Land. It was not antiquity which captivated his thoughts when visiting the scenes of our Lord's life there, but a deep sense of reverence and meditation, which left an imperishable influence on his mind and character. When he became Archbishop of Paris he always encouraged pilgrimages to Palestine, and on one occasion he assembled the pilgrims at the Palace on the eve of their departure, and after entertaining them, he addressed them as follows:—"A Mission which, like yours, has for its object to maintain a free road to Jerusalem for our compatriots; to increase the pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and to make our language and our name known there—such a Mission deserves the sympathy of all the French, and I make it a duty and a pleasure to offer you my good wishes. But it is not for me to touch any more upon the political side of the question. That which interests one deeply is the religious importance of the work, and the good which it is able to do for Christian souls. It is impossible to visit the land consecrated by the Presence of Our Lord Jesus Christ, to search for, and to venerate the traces of His footsteps, without experiencing the emotions which confirm the Faith and increase Piety. If the image of creation is a kind of Sacrament which raises us towards God, will not also the places where the Great Mysteries of Religion were fulfilled crowd our hearts with a deep and practical impression?" Not content with his

former work on Palestine, he added yet another, entitled "Jerusalem and the Holy Land." This he published anonymously, but the picturesque language and the graphic style easily betrayed the personality of its author. In referring to the literary labours of M. Darboy, a brief allusion must be made to a learned discourse he addressed to the Vatican Council when Archbishop of Paris. On this occasion his language was more precise than graphic, but the careful selection of his arguments, and the inevitable consequence which he said would follow if they were overlooked, not only influenced a large number of the Bishops, but proved that the Archbishop had mastered his subject, and that he had the gift of clearly expressing the principles which he believed. Let one quotation suffice as an example of his style. Speaking on the question of Infallibility, he says:—"The theory has not for its object to establish the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Church, for all who know and believe are taught by the Catholic Faith that the Church is infallible, and, moreover, it has done so for twenty centuries also, but it has for its object to define, and propose as an article of the Faith, that by himself alone (*se solo*) the Sovereign Pontiff is infallible." This was exactly the view with which M. Darboy regarded the above theory, against which he fought with such power and energy, and his words define very precisely his position. By this time Canon Darboy, as he then was, had attained, through his literary labours, a position of importance among the learned Clergy of Paris, and it was probably this reputation which first attracted to himself the attention of the new Archbishop of Paris. The first meeting of Archbishop Sibour and his successor was brought about through the sudden illness of the Professor of Philosophy in the little Seminary at Paris. The temporary choice of another Priest to undertake this work fell upon the Abbé Darboy, who was presented to the Archbishop for this purpose by the Superior of

the Seminary. The confidence imposed in him was not misplaced, and he became permanently appointed to this office. Having thus made the acquaintance of the Abbé Darboy, the Archbishop soon began to regard him as a friend, and frequently invited him to the Palace, on which occasions he showed him much confidence and respect.

Not long after Archbishop Sibour had taken possession of the See, he conceived the idea of using the Press as a means of propagating the Faith, and of publishing a Catholic Journal, which should defend the Church clearly and temperately, and should make at the same time every possible effort to soften the hearts of those who, at this disturbed period of French history, were so often violently agitated. Like a wise man, he saw clearly that more was to be gained by teaching positive truth than by refuting errors; and that still more was to be gained by "speaking the truth in love." Feeling convinced, from his personal knowledge of the Abbé Darboy, that he was the one above all others who could best carry out his plans, he freely unburdened his mind to him, explaining his purpose, methods, and objective, and leaving the Abbé to think over the enterprise, and to acquaint him with the results of his deliberations. Eventually M. Darboy accepted the post of editor, with a staff composed of all branches of political opinion, but united absolutely on matters of religion. The new journal was called the *Moniteur Catholique*. This reasonable attempt to justify the Faith was not allowed to be made without a good deal of opposition, but the opposition did not daunt the staff. The subjects chosen were, of course, controversial, as for example—"The Origin of Evil," "The Cause of the Revolution of 1848," "The Irreligion of the French Press," "What Liberty is allowable to Catholics?" These articles exposed the illusions of political parties, and the false premises from which they too often issued; and it is hardly necessary to record the fact that the

Abbé Darboy found himself continually assailed by those who were bent upon destroying the Faith. It was a heartless and ungrateful task. For five months he endured the strain of it, at the end of which he placed his resignation as editor in the hands of the Archbishop. Monsigneur Sibour very much regretted the action of M. Darboy, and he did not delay to inform him that his resignation would not only do harm to the journal, but that it would injure himself also. "My Lord," replied the Abbé, "if that is a *prophecy*, I will endeavour to give it a flat contradiction; if it is a *threat*, it will soon pass away from the heart of your Grandeur." Recognising the determination of the Abbé, the Archbishop replied: "As you will, my dear Abbé, I love characters like yours," and the episode terminated.

While the ecclesiastical authorities were busily engaged in promoting schemes for the spiritual welfare of the people, fresh events were taking place in the political world which helped to prepare the path along which the Abbé Darboy was destined to travel. After the abdication of Louis Philippe, a Provisional Government had been established, and it immediately proclaimed a Second Republic from the Hotel de Ville, declaring that as the Monarchy had been abolished, an election for nine hundred members of the new Assembly had been fixed for the 9th of April. This was followed by another important change. The law of 1832, which banished the Bonapartist family from France, was abrogated, and Louis Napoleon returned to Paris in order to attend the election for the President of the Republic. An amendment had been proposed: "That no member of the families who have reigned in France shall be elected President or Vice-President of the Republic." All eyes were at once turned to Louis Napoleon, whose presence at this election had been noticed by everybody, and he was requested to express his opinion on the amendment. His reply was some-

what strange. He said: "I do not come to speak against the amendment. Certainly I have been recompensed enough in regaining my rights as a citizen to have now no further ambition." The amendment was, however, rejected, and with it another formidable barrier to the throne was removed. When, however, the election for the President began, it was clearly seen that the only issue lay between Louis Napoleon and General Cavaignac. A story is told in connection with this election of a workman, who brought the Prince a lithographic stone depicting General Cavaignac slaughtering the insurgents of the previous Revolution. "How much do you want for this stone?" demanded Louis Napoleon. The workman having named the sum, the Prince purchased it, and sending for a hammer, broke it in pieces immediately.

The return of Louis Napoleon was a plain proof of a political metamorphosis. Events were moving rapidly, and every day brought further proof of his popularity. One day, as he was riding with Commandant Fleury, the Prince happened to cross the Quai d'Orsay, near the barracks where the 2nd Dragoons were quartered, into which he entered. "Hardly had I told the non-commissioned officer of the guard the name of the almost unknown visitor," says General Fleury, "when this magic name flew from mouth to mouth, while the soldiers, running to the windows, shouted for Louis Napoleon with all their might. The Colonel of the regiment, who happened to be at the barracks, carried away by this example, shared the enthusiasm, shouting 'Long live Napoleon.'"

At last the eventful day drew near for the Presidential election. The balloting commenced on the 10th of December, and resulted in a majority of over four million votes for Louis Napoleon. On the 20th of December he took the oath as President of the Republic, after which, in semi-state, he proceeded to the Elysée where the footmen, wearing the imperial livery, the

Swiss Halberdiers and ushers, all plainly indicated a royal environment. "The long gallery, with its paintings of Carle Vernet," says General Fleury, "brought back the days of his earliest childhood to the Prince. He seemed to feel the contentment of a traveller who, after long years of absence, returns to his own home."

On the 24th of February, 1849, the anniversary of the late Revolution, the new President made a formal appearance in public at the Church of the Madeleine, when Archbishop Sibour celebrated Masse for those who had perished in this terrible conflict. The President on this occasion wore the uniform of a general of the National Guard, with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and a silver-laced hat surmounted by a very tall plume. Having thus proclaimed himself in Paris, he lost no time in showing himself in the Provinces. At Lyons he said: "Rumours of a *coup d'état* have perhaps reached you, but you have put no faith in them. I thank you for it." Having thus quieted public surmise and lulled its doubts to sleep, he pursued the path he had determined to follow with energy and determination.

On a bright autumn morning, the 30th of October, 1850, on the plain of Satory, near Versailles, a place where only a few years later many of those condemned to death after the Commune of 1871 were executed, Louis Napoleon held a grand review, and was greeted by several Regiments of Cavalry with cries of "Long live the Emperor!" It was no doubt a very pleasing reception to the Prince, but it in no way favoured his designs, for it aroused the suspicions of the Committee of the new Assembly, who immediately sent for General Changarnier and demanded an explanation. This explanation was given by Louis Napoleon himself, who, not thinking that the hour had arrived when he could safely throw off his mask, lulled the Assembly to sleep with the following remarks: "What

especially preoccupies me is not to know who will govern France in 1852, but so to employ the time at my disposal that the transition, whatever it may be, shall take place without agitation or disturbance." This incident was not lost upon Louis Napoleon. It thoroughly convinced him that both time and caution were required in order to carry his ambition to a successful issue; and he therefore determined to hasten slowly, and to feel his way before he threw off the mask and proclaimed himself Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. Carefully and thoughtfully he laid his plans, and one must admit that they were admirably conceived. He first began by adopting a policy by which he attracted the great forces of the nation to his side. For instance, he assumed a friendly, if not enthusiastic, attitude towards the Church, and he did not, therefore, anticipate any difficulty in this direction. Indeed, at the time of his election to the Presidency, neither Archbishop Sibour nor the Abbé Darboy concerned themselves with his election. The latter pursued his studies as before, interesting himself mostly in the great religious questions of the day. Not the least interesting of these questions is his reference to the English Church. Many Englishmen, who have travelled on the Continent, and who can speak the language of the country in which they travel, are often surprised at both the ignorance and the absurd ideas which prevail with regard to the history, position, and character of the Anglican Church. We can therefore heartily forgive the good Abbé Darboy if he also has supplied us with some unintentionally amusing statements, because he only knew just as much about the Church in communion with the ancient See of Canterbury as he was allowed to know from biased sources, and no more. An instance of this want of information is given by Archbishop Foulon, of Lyons, who, referring to the Abbé Darboy's remarks on the English Church, says that they are "one of the best

studies which have been made on that subject"; and that the Abbé Darboy "had replied with sagacity" to a question about the English Church which he himself had fabricated. The question referred to will amuse the well-informed by the very modest way in which it assumes for granted that his knowledge of our affairs was quite correct. It is not a difficult matter to create a very extensive *petitio principii* and then by the laws of logic to destroy it; yet something more comic than this was achieved. I do not want to say a word against the Abbé Darboy. We know that he was an excellent man, and all Catholic Christians, whether Anglican or Roman, respect his life and reverence his memory; but in recording his life it is impossible to omit incidents which, although excusable, at least create a smile. I exonerate him entirely from any meanness. He had been wrongly informed; his intentions were honest.

In the question which he created and which formed the basis of his argument in dealing with this subject, logicians will see false premises *a petitio principii*, and a fallacy of the false cause. "How is it," he asks, "that the Anglican Church has lasted three centuries (*sic*) with the elements and causes of destruction so vigorous and accumulative in appalling proportions by the multitude of sects (*sic*) which subtract or modify every day (*sic*) some article of the acknowledged Faith?" The good Abbé considered that the reason why the Bishops of England had maintained their spiritual authority and jurisdiction independently of the Pope was due to two causes. The English Church, he thought, was supported by the character of the people, as well as by the stability of the Government! And all these mistakes were due exclusively to the want of information! Had he been better acquainted with the religious history of England, he would never have invented theories so contrary to fact. Such events as the Great Rebellion, the beheading of Charles the First, the Martyrdom of Archbishop Laud, the perpetual

struggle with Puritanism, the Mar-Prelate Libels, the Persecution of the Clergy of 1640, not to mention the imprisonment of the seven Bishops in the Tower of London, and the continual struggle with the different Protestant bodies—these facts, to which many others could be added, completely destroy the artificial theory that the stability of the Government and the peculiar character of the people have *protected* the Church for three centuries! We can afford to be more generous, and to assert that the same Cause which supported the French Church through the Great Revolution also protected the English Church through centuries of adversity. We can frankly pardon the Abbé Darboy for his unintentional mistakes about us, and can still retain our high opinion of his talents. He at least cannot be charged with studiously preventing the publication of uncongenial facts, or of deliberately misrepresenting them. We English people know, so far as this matter is concerned, the *suppresio veri* and the *suggestio falsi* do not originate in France; and in these days of travel the evidence of facts is asserting itself in all directions.

The year 1851 brought great events before the world. Very quietly, yet very actively, Louis Napoleon was preparing his way for a *coup d'état* in spite of his statement that he was not preoccupied to know who would govern France in 1852. The Clergy, the Army, and the People generally were led to feel that Louis Napoleon was devoted to their particular interests, and so, to support him in whatever measure he might undertake, would be the surest way to serve their own interests. These indications preparatory to a *coup d'état* did not pass entirely unnoticed by the official world. For instance, General de Lamoriciere, with a wonderful intuition, had said: "The *coup d'état* will not be made until the President has found the man for it. When you see Saint-Armaud made Minister of War, say: 'Here comes the *coup d'état*.'" Only a short time after these words had been spoken, Saint-Armaud was re-called from Algeria to

Paris, and created a General of Division. On the 27th November, 1851, he was made Minister of War. In the opinion of General de Lamoricière the hour had struck for carrying out the suspected *coup d'état*. And although many members of the Assembly believed that Louis Napoleon was preparing the nation for this end, on the 6th of November the Assembly actually placed in his hands every facility for carrying out the *coup d'état* by granting him, as President, the right to call on the Army to assist him, and all other authorities whose concurrence he might consider necessary. Another well conceived plan to enlist in his interest the Democratic party then followed. It was an appeal to the Left, whose goodwill he was anxious to secure, and he obtained it by proposing Universal Suffrage. This proposal was rejected, as he must have very well foreseen, but it nevertheless crowned him with laurels in the opinion of the Left; and this was exactly what he wanted. With the interests of so many causes centered in himself, with the forces of the Army and the Police entirely at his disposal, the road became completely open for the accomplishment of his *coup d'état*. Urged on by the thought that the sands were quickly running out, and that his term of office as President would shortly terminate, he pressed the button which set the machinery in motion, and waited the result. The three chief conspirators in concert with Louis Napoleon were the Duke de Morny, his half-brother; General Saint-Arnaud, already referred to; and M. de Maupas, the Prefect of the Police. They had already fixed the 2nd of December for the *coup d'état*, being the anniversary of the Coronation of Napoleon the First, and the battle of Austerlitz. Thus the affairs of the State were once more thrown upon a stormy sea, over which the clouds of civil contention and rivalry hovered, threatening a repetition of the troubles of 1848.

In other directions, also, conflicting interests were creating difficulties. The Church in France was unable

to steer her course without suffering some of the effects of this political upheaval. Archbishop Sibour, considering that the Church was the only institution which, in the midst of Revolutions, remained unchanged and unchanging, very wisely directed that none of his Clergy should present themselves as candidates at the General Elections, although the Clergy in France were not debarred by the civil law, as the English Clergy, from seeking election in Parliament. Now it happened that among the Clergy of Paris, a priest and eminent orator, named Combalot, strongly resented this direction, and he accordingly wrote to Archbishop Sibour protesting against this Regulation of his Grandeur. To this letter the Archbishop directed the Abbé Darboy to reply. On receiving this direction M. Darboy somewhat hesitated, for he truly said: "It is unwise to fight if you cannot conquer, or to threaten if you cannot perform." The same evening, however, he wrote to the Archbishop, saying: "As a simple soldier I shall be happy to fight for my general." He accordingly set to work at once and sent a reply to the Abbé Combalot, consisting of sixty-four pages, in which he clearly pointed out the danger of a political priest, who, instead of teaching Christianity in the Confessional and in the Pulpit, would be pleading the cause of one of the four or five political parties in the State, not on behalf of God and his Church, but in the interests of a particular candidate. "It is to mislead the Priest," he says. "The Cross which touches Heaven, you abase to the level of a legal instrument. The Cross, all humid with Blood of God, you give as a support to matters which the hand of man has already corrupted. The Cross, which is the salvation of souls, you make the mistaken instrument of perishable interests!" His efforts called forth the general approval of the French Episcopate, and especially of that of the Bishop of Angers, who wrote to the Abbé Darboy saying that his docility and faith were of the same kind which

“formerly had built up the glory of this Church of France.” His efforts were crowned with success, for the Abbé Combalot wrote to Archbishop Sibour saying he did not intend to move any further in the matter. The incident is worth recording, for it registers a victory over which the Abbé Darboy had every reason to rejoice.

In the political world, however, troubles still threatened to disturb the nation's peace. It will be remembered that Louis Napoleon and his triumvirate had definitely fixed the 2nd of December as the day for carrying out the *coup d'état*. In the evening of the 1st of December he gave a concert at the Elysée to mask the events which were to follow it immediately; and to this concert he invited all the most illustrious people in Paris. Never did he show himself more calm or affable than on this occasion. During the performance, M. de Maupas, the Prefect of the Police, quietly waited to receive his instructions in the President's private office until the entertainment had concluded. To still further allay any suspicions, the Duke de Morny, the chief of the conspirators, attended the Opéra Comique that night to witness the performance of the “Chateau of Blue Beard,” and, strangely, arrived at the same moment as General de Cavaignac and General Lamoricière. In the course of the evening, Madame Siadièrce, in whose box he was seated, said to him, “Monsieur de Morny, is it true that they are going to sweep out the Chamber?” “Madame,” replied the Duke, “I don't know anything about it, but if there is any sweeping to be done, I shall try to be on the side of the broom handle.” When the Opera had concluded, the Duke, calm and genial, quietly returned to the Elysée, and arrived just after the guests had departed. The Presidential mansion was once more in darkness and solitude. A single lamp gleamed in the private office of Louis Napoleon. It stood on a little table in the room in which the Prefect of the Police was waiting

and examining some written documents which were to placard the walls of Paris at the dawn of day. In an adjoining room Colonel Béville also awaited, while the conspirators completed the details of their *coup d'état*. Suddenly Colonel Béville arose from his seat and hailed a cab, leaving the Élysée with a bundle of papers in his hands which had been signed by Louis Napoleon. Entering the cab he directed the driver to take him to the National Printing Office, where a company of mobilized gendarmes stood over the printers, one of them to each man, until all the Proclamations had been printed. At two o'clock in the morning everything had been completed. That night Louis Napoleon did not go to bed. He waited until the morning smoking a cigar, equally prepared to cross the frontier in case of failure, or to take possession of the Tuileries should success follow his arrangements. At half-past two a.m. M. de Maupas, as Prefect of the Police, informed his subordinates, the Police Commissioners, that a plot had been formed against the President, ordering them to arrest sixteen Representatives, including Generals Changarnier, Lamoricière, and Cavaignac, together with M. Thiers, and to incarcerate them in the Mazas Prison. Warrants for their arrests were handed to each of them, after which M. de Maupas said, "All these arrests, Messieurs, must be made before daylight." "Furnished with my warrant," says M. de Claude, a Police Inspector, "I had not made twenty steps from the Prefecture towards my post, where I was to await further orders, than I knew I was being dogged. A shadow never quitted mine. I pretended not to see it. But when I marched to the other bank, I led my spy into a strong light, which enabled me to see his profile out of the corner of my eye. By his squat figure, his vulture head, his bristling moustache, I recognised a Corsican. Truly I was well watched!"

The Prefect of the Police had no cause, however, to complain, for his orders were everywhere faithfully

obeyed. On the following morning, the 2nd of December, 1851, the Parisians found placards in all directions, endorsed by the President, which informed them that the National Assembly had been dismissed, and that a new Assembly was about to be elected. Some of the placards stated that Paris was in a state of siege, and in consequence that the Law of the 31st of May had been abrogated.

In order to secure for himself as many votes as possible at the new election, Louis Napoleon had also taken upon himself to establish the universal suffrage, believing that those to whom he had granted the franchise would in return for it support the political system which he offered them, and grant him the power which he asked them to give him. The next morning at ten o'clock, followed by his military household and a large staff of officers, he left the Elysée on horseback to review the troops collected in the Place de la Concorde. They gave him a hearty reception which greatly pleased him. From the National Guards, however, he anticipated quite a different kind of welcome. A notice had been given to prevent them from assembling, and in order to prevent any attempt to beat the "Roll Call," the drums had been either broken or carried away. From the Quai d'Orsay, no fear of any kind was to be expected, for most of the hostile representatives were located in the Mazas Prison, although for want of sufficient vehicles to convey them there several were placed for the night in the Cavalry Barracks at the Quai d'Orsay, and on the following morning were transferred to Mazas, or else Mount Valérien, and others to Vincennes. Those who had been incarcerated in the dungeon of Vincennes were liberated on the following day. They were driven away in the direction of La Salpêtrière, where the carriages suddenly stopped. "The Police Commissioners alighted," says M. Odilon, "and announced that we were at liberty. For some minutes we could

hardly credit so unexpected a denouement ; then each of us picked up his bundle and looked about for a vehicle." The same good fortune, however, did not await Generals Cavaignac, de Lamoricière, Changarnier, and some others. After a journey of thirteen hours they were imprisoned in the Fortress of Ham, where General Cavaignac occupied the same chamber which Louis Napoleon had inhabited for six years during his captivity there. They did not remain here long, however, for they were very soon transported over the Belgian frontier and released. The *coup d'état* was now practically complete. It did not, however, meet with blue sky and sunshine in every direction, for dark clouds of disapproval cast their shadows on the horizon and threatened an approaching storm. Outside the National Assembly it met with a very cold reception ; while some Representatives and a few newspaper men began shouting, "To arms ! To the barricades ! Long live the Republic !" Their efforts were brief and futile, for one of them fell riddled with shot and the rest immediately dispersed. This was the commencement of the terrible slaughter which reached its height on the 4th of December.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW VICAR-GENERAL AND THE NEW EMPEROR.—
THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.—TRAGIC DEATH
OF ARCHBISHOP SIBOUR.—ARCHBISHOP MORLOT.—
CONSECRATION OF BISHOP DARBOY FOR NANCY.—
ARCHBISHOP DARBOY, OF PARIS.

For two uneventful days after the details of the *coup d'état* had been completed, the conspirators remained watchful, anxious, and hopeful. Here and there were signs that difficulties were to be expected, but the great mass of the people appeared to be either indifferent or to acquiesce in the new order of affairs.

As the eventful morning of the 4th of December dawned it lighted the streets of Paris with its wintry gloom. It was indeed a fitting day for the completion of the *coup d'état*; a cold, drizzling rain, accompanied by heavy clouds, seemed a suitable prelude to the events which were about to follow. In different parts of the city a few barricades had been erected, which were manned by persons of various ranks in life, and even by boys, in spite of the fact that troops of all arms had been massed in various parts of the city, ready and on the *qui vive* for any outbreak which might require their interference. "Opposite to me," says a witness, "were the Seventh Lancers, a fine corps which had recently arrived in Paris. Suddenly, at the upper end of the line, the discharge of

cannon was heard, followed by a blaze of musketry and a general charge. The spectators on the Boulevards took to flight. They rushed in to open doors, or loudly demanded entrance at the closed ones. The firing was tremendous. Volley after volley followed so fast that it seemed like one continual peal of thunder. Suddenly there was a louder and a nearer crash. The Cavalry in the front of me wavered, and then, as if struck by panic, turned and rushed in disorder down the street, making the ground tremble under their tread. In a few minutes they came charging back, and firing their pistols on all sides. Then came a quick succession of orders. 'Shut all windows!' 'Keep out of sight!' 'Open the blinds!' It seemed that unexpected shots had been fired from some of the windows on the soldiers, from which they had suffered so much as to cause them to recoil. The roll of firearms was now terrific. Mortars and cannons were fired point blank at short range into the suspicious houses, which were then carried by assault. The rattle of small shot against windows and walls was incessant." For more than an hour this firing continued, and in some parts of the City it was continued even longer, as the troops covered a large area, and no less than forty thousand soldiers were engaged in the combat. So completely was Paris under the control of the military that every possible avenue was guarded by the troops, who fired on all persons attempting to approach any forbidden spot. "I noticed some pools of blood," wrote one who watched the fighting, "but the corpses had been removed; in a street I saw a well-dressed man gasping his life away on a rude stretcher. Those around me told me he had six bullets in him. In the Rue Richelieu there was the corpse of a young girl. Somebody had placed lighted candles at its head and feet. In those parts of the City where any attempt had been made to combat the military, the soldiers rushed inside the houses shouting and bayoneting just as they thought fit, so that in

some houses there was a large pile of corpses. At 4 p.m. the firing ceased, and with it the Second Republic also." No estimate was ever made of the number of victims slaughtered on the 4th of December; but undoubtedly a very large number of the killed were more or less passive spectators, in addition to those who were openly opposed to the *coup d'état* itself.

Just before these events happened the Abbé Darboy paid a hurried visit to his native village, desirous of meeting his parents once more, and of enjoying a little rest amid the rural scenes of his childhood. He only intended to pay a short visit on this occasion, but it became shorter than he intended it to be, for after he had spent only a few days at Fayl-Billot, he received an urgent letter recalling him once more to Paris. Immediately on his return to the College of Henry IV., or as it was now called, the Lycée Napoleon, he paid a visit to the Archbishop, who then and there offered him the post of Vicar-General, with a lodging in the Episcopal Palace. To this M. Darboy replied: "My Lord, if you still maintain your offer, as a man I take you at your word." The Archbishop smiled at this remark, and said: "I like your frankness, my dear Abbé, let us go, you are my man! Write to me to-night that you accept my offer, and at the next meeting your nomination will be complete." M. Darboy did not take long to make up his mind on this matter, for within a few hours he was installed in the Palace with his sister, who had also resided with him at the Lycée Napoleon. The position of Vicar-General under the administration of Archbishop Sibour was no empty honour or reward for personal merit. Archbishop Sibour was a practical Diocesan, who always employed the best means he could obtain to bring a good influence on both the Clergy and people committed to his charge. He administered his Diocese in much the same way as the Diocese of London has been administered in modern times. He organised an administrative Episcopal Council, which consisted of six

Vicars-General, over which he himself presided. To each of these he confided a district. Paris was therefore divided into six districts, under the supervision of the six Vicars-General, whose duties required them to supervise (1) Parish affairs, (2) Religious Education, (3) the Approval of Literature, (4) the Administration of Religious Communities, (5) the Regulation of Religious Ceremonies, and (6) the Promotion of Good Works. It must, of course, be understood that this Council in no way superseded the authority of the Archbishop. Its functions were precise and definite. It collected information, and gave advice to the Archbishop, who decided ultimately what steps were to be taken in each case. To the Abbé Darboy, with whom we are most concerned, was entrusted the supervision of Religious Education. He arranged a Diocesan syllabus, which he worked in quite an original way, and which is therefore worth recording. He first arranged that the doctrines of the Faith should be taught through the events of Church history, and to this he added a still more excellent method. Each heresy was made to explain or define some truth, according to St. Paul's declaration that "There must be also heresies among you, that they which are among you may be manifest." Each Martyrdom, every Council of the Church, or the lives of the Saints, were therefore used to illustrate some particular Article of the Faith; and thus definite religious convictions were made in early youth, and fixed in a way at once interesting and according to fact. The method met with much success and approbation, and in order to assist and encourage the Abbé in his endeavours, Archbishop Sibour instituted annually in his Diocese what he called "The Festival of the Schools," which in time became very popular, and was well supported. Thus absorbed in dealing with the spiritual and moral forces at their disposal, neither the Archbishop nor the Abbé Darboy gave much concern to the doings of Louis Napoleon, although the events which

were now taking place were destined to affect to a great extent the future career of the Abbé Darboy.

Having secured the reins of Government, the President now awaited with some anxiety the result of the coming plebiscite. It accorded to him a majority of nearly seven million votes, and thereby firmly established him in the position he had assumed. Surrounded by various squadrons of Cavalry, he made his way in state to Notre Dame to join in a solemn "Te Deum" on New Year's Day. His next step was to re-introduce the imperial eagles of the First Empire by a ceremonious distribution of them on the Champ de Mars. The ceremony was both religious and military. After reviewing the troops the Prince dismounted from his horse and ascended a lofty platform, from which he addressed the soldiers thus: "The Roman eagle, adopted by the Emperor Napoleon at the beginning of this century, was the most striking sign of the regeneration of France. It disappeared in our calamities. It must re-appear when France, risen from her defeats, mistress of herself, seems no longer to repudiate her own glory. Take back this eagle, then, soldiers, not as a menace against foreigners, but as the symbol of our independence, as the souvenir of a heroic epoch, as the signet of the nobility of each regiment. Take back the eagles then, which have so often led our fathers to victory, and swear to die, if there be need, to defend them." The eagles were then distributed to the various Colonels by the Prince, and after some salvos of Artillery the Archbishop of Paris commenced the Masse. As the Holy Sacrament was elevated a cannon was fired, the drums beat a salute, the trumpets sounded a march, the troops presented arms to the Divine Presence, and the flags lowered. When the Masse was ended Archbishop Sibour blessed the Standards, and the troops returned to their respective barracks. A few days after the ceremony Louis Napoleon alluded to this event in a message to the Corps Legislatif. He said:—

“ You have seen this proud Army which has saved the country rise still higher in the esteem of men by kneeling devoutly before the Form of God present upon the Altar. This is as much as to say that in France there is a Government animated by faith and the love of Goodness.” The Prince had no intention whatever of resting as he marched towards the goal he had for so many years attempted to reach. His next step was to visit the Provinces, and he accordingly arranged a visit to the Departments of the South. M. de Persigny, who had shared his imprisonment at Ham, and through whose assistance the Prince had escaped from the Fortress, had now become the Minister of the Interior. He was absolutely devoted to the Bonapartist cause, and he seized this occasion for pushing forward the imperial hopes which were so dear to the heart of Louis Napoleon. His first step was purely tentative. He wished to ask the Council of Ministers, he said, what attitude they ought to recommend the Prefects to adopt in case the people shouted “ Long live the Emperor ! ” If M. de Persigny had any hopes that his enquiry would smooth the way for establishing the Second Empire he must have been filled with dismay, for the question at once aroused a volcano of excitement. “ An unheard of scene occurred,” he says. “ It seemed as if I had put my foot into an ant hill. Questions rained on me from every side. The members of the Council got up, left their places, shouting and gesticulating. They gathered together in the recesses of the windows, talking excitedly together, then turning toward me like madmen, and asking me if I wanted civil war ? ” Meeting their excitement with a quiet and apparently submissive attitude, he made no further effort to push his object on this occasion. Undismayed by this exciting scene, M. de Persigny returned to his home to consider what course he had better adopt. Having reflected quietly for one day, he then thought out a plan which he decided to follow.

As a thorough Bonapartist, the affair was to him of the greatest importance, and M. de Persigny was a man of resource. Not a moment was to be lost, as Louis Napoleon was about to start on his provincial tour. Hurriedly writing a despatch, he ordered the Prefects of the Departments through which Louis Napoleon was about to pass to come to him without delay. On their arrival he directed them to salute the President as Napoleon III., explaining to them that the Duke de Reichstadt was Napoleon II., as his father, the first Emperor, so proclaimed him. All the flags, arches, and decorations, he said, were to be adorned with the words, "Vive Napoleon III.," adding in conclusion, "Manage your preparations as secretly as possible." His plans succeeded beyond all expectation. Louis Napoleon was everywhere proclaimed as the "Emperor Napoleon," while on his return to Paris a magnificent reception was accorded him amid the cries of "Long live the Emperor!" On his arrival at the Gare d'Orleans, after exchanging some words with Archbishop Sibour and a few others who had gathered to meet him, he was escorted by fifty-two Squadrons of Cavalry beneath triumphal arches and showers of flowers. To add still further to his triumphs, the Municipal Council and Prefect of the Seine addressed him thus: "Providence lends its voice to bid you terminate the mission it has confided to you, by resuming the crown of the immortal founder of your dynasty." On arriving at the Madeleine Church the various Communal Schools and Lycées, conducted by the Christian Brothers, with the Clergy and The Rector of the parish—the Abbé Déguerry, who shared the same fate as Archbishop Darboy under the Commune of 1871—saluted him enthusiastically. Louis Napoleon, pleased with this reception, reined in his horse, while the Rector addressed a few words to him. The Second Empire being now fully acknowledged, the new Emperor set himself

to secure his dynasty by contracting a matrimonial alliance. After several futile attempts to obtain a royal bride, his choice fell upon Señorita Eugenia de Montijo, who had recently attracted a certain amount of attention in Paris. Her grandfather on her maternal side was Scotch, said to be a descendant of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, while her father, the Condé de Teba, was a Grandee of Spain. She was therefore well connected on both sides of her family, although at one time her grandfather was so reduced in circumstances that he was compelled to sell fruit and wine at a Spanish *Venta de Vinos* in the *Calle de la Gracia*, Granada. In addition to being "simpatica," as the Spaniards term personal attraction, irrespective of personal appearance, she possessed a certain amount of originality and decision of character. Two incidents will perhaps illustrate this trait. The Duke of Alva, the first Grandee of Spain, a descendant of the celebrated Regent of the Netherlands, under the Empire of Philip II., was a frequent visitor at the house of the Condesa de Teba, where he enjoyed the society of both her daughters—Francisca and Eugenia. Unfortunately, both the Señoritas were conquered by the masculine charms of this young man. When, at last, in the opinion of their mother, mutual friendship had lasted long enough, she plainly gave the Duke to understand that he must declare his intentions or discontinue his frequent visits. He immediately requested the hand of Francisca, the elder sister. As soon as Francisca found herself free, she hurried away to tell Eugenia about the Duke's proposal. She found her sister in her bedroom, lying on her bed—not asleep, but with a wild look in her eyes and her features contorted by convulsions. A doctor was at once requisitioned, who aroused her from her torpor; but a fever of delirium followed, and it was during this development that they learned how Eugenia had hidden herself behind a door, and, having heard the Duke's proposal, was so depressed

that she immediately took poison, with the intention of destroying herself. Here is another incident which illustrates her character. One day the Emperor was reviewing his troops in the Court of the Tuileries, at which a large party of visitors had assembled. Happening to look up at the windows of the Palace he saw among the guests Eugenia de Montijo, with some other ladies, watching him. Drawing up his horse beneath the balcony where she was seated, he called out to her: "Tell me how can I reach you?" With decisive repartee and earnest sentiment she replied at once: "To the right, Sire, by way of the Chapel. Impératrice, où rien, Sire." During the hunting parties at Compiègne and Fontainebleau, which were a great feature of the Second Empire, the presence of Eugenia de Montijo was frequently observed, and the attention paid her by the Emperor on these occasions left little doubt on the minds of those who watched events that the Condesa Eugenia would one day become the Empress of the French. An event took place at this time which attracted some attention, and established beyond any doubt the belief that Louis Napoleon intended to marry the Condesa Eugenia de Teba. On the 13th of November, 1852 a great meet of the hounds took place at Belle Croix, a large open space in the Forest of Fontainebleau. It was a glorious autumn day. The superb forest of Fontainebleau was coloured with yellow, gold, and red shades, while the bright autumn sun lit up the forest glades and disclosed their depths to the merry huntsmen as they rode along the Valley of the Solle, from Fontainebleau to Belle Croix. A fresh invigorating air filled the riders with verve and energy. Amid these picturesque surroundings, the Emperor and the Señorita Eugenia de Montijo both mounted on horseback, made known to each other their romantic sentiments. The Emperor, delighted with the joys of the chase, is reported to have placed a crown of leaves on her head, saying, as he did so, that he hoped one day to



FOREST OF FONTAINBLEAU
(A MEET AT LA BELLE CROIX).

offer her a better crown. A month after this, another romantic incident occurred, which provided much interesting conversation in the different Salons of the *beau monde*. It was New Year's Day, 1853, a day universally observed in all parts of France with as much *élan* as we English people exhibit on Christmas Day. A large number of invitations to a ball at the Tuileries had been given, and Doña Eugenia was among those who attended it. A scene occurred during the ball which may, or may not, have hastened the marriage ceremony. This is what happened. The wife of a Cabinet Minister, having taken a personal dislike to Doña Eugenia, made some remarks about her as she passed which greatly disturbed her. Not long afterwards, finding her agitated and *triste*, the Emperor enquired the cause of her trouble, and on learning the reason, replied, "I will avenge you. To-morrow no-one will dare to insult you again." On the following day the Duke de Morny, the Emperor's half-brother, called on the Countess de Teba with a letter from the Emperor, in which he requested her daughter's hand in marriage. In less than a month she became the Empress of the French. After having arranged matters with his future mother-in-law, Louis Napoleon formally announced his engagement to the nation. The three great constituent bodies of the State assembled in the Throne Room, on Saturday, the 23rd of January, at noon, to hear the official declaration by the Emperor of his intended marriage with the Condesa Eugenia; and in order that the world outside might receive further confirmation, the "Moniteur" published the following statement: "This morning, at ten o'clock, Monseigneur the Bishop of Nancy, First Almoner to the Emperor, celebrated Masse in the Elysée Chapel in the presence of his Majesty and her Excellency the Countess de Teba. His Majesty and her Excellency received Holy Communion from the hands of his Grandeur." After the

civil formalities had taken place at the Tuileries the marriage was performed at Notre Dame on Sunday, 30th of January, 1853. It was a gorgeous function attracting to it a great number of the *nouveaux riches*, and enlisting the curiosity of the old nobility, who, nevertheless, declined to take any official part in the ceremonies of the day. Archbishop Sibour, with his assisting Clergy, among whom was his Vicar-General Darboy, met the Emperor and his spouse at the doors of the Cathedral. It was a very picturesque sight. The great pillars of the Cathedral had been draped with red velvet edged with golden palms, while no less than fifteen thousand candles illuminated the sacred edifice. When all had taken their respective places, the Duke de Cambacérès notified the fact to the Archbishop of Paris, who bowed to their Majesties and awaited them at the foot of the Altar. "You present yourselves here," said the Archbishop, "to contract marriage in the presence of Holy Church?" To which they both replied "Yes, Sir." The first Chaplain of the Emperor, the Bishop of Nancy, then presented, on a silver-gilt salver, the gold pieces and wedding ring to the Archbishop, who blessed them, after which the Bishop of Nancy handed them to the Emperor. The wedding Masse then followed, and the religious ceremony terminated. The Emperor and Empress, radiant with happiness, returned to the Tuileries amid the countless throngs of spectators and the "vives" of thousands of their subjects. Yet, hardly had the wedding festivities taken place, and the nation, contented with the thought that at last its Constitution was established, had turned its attention to industrial and commercial pursuits, than a cloud appeared on the Eastern horizon. For a long time the Czar had endeavoured to secure to the Bishop of Jerusalem supreme authority over the Holy Places there, and in so doing found himself strongly opposed by the Latin Bishops and Turkish Mahomedans. This was really the origin of the Crimean war, in which both

England and France joined issue to secure to the Turk and the Latin Bishops an equal legal authority over the Holy Places.

Another disturbing element now appeared on the horizon, for while the attention of Europe was directed towards the struggle in the East, Pope Pius IX. seized the opportunity of pushing forward the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, a theory which had been very much favoured by this Pope. It must be referred to here, *en passant*, because, in order to promote its acceptance, the Pope appealed to every Bishop who acknowledged his jurisdiction to accept it, with the result that Archbishop Sibour and his Vicar-General, Darboy, paid a visit to Rome together. During this visit the Pope created M. Darboy a Protonotary Apostolic, which M. Darboy at first regretted. Although he accepted the title he kept the fact a secret, and many of his intimate friends never knew that he had received this office. Writing from Rome to his parents at Fayl-Billot to announce his preferment to them, he says : "The Holy Father has been very kind to me. He has nominated me a Roman Prelate, which gives me the right to use the violet colour in some vestments, and to wear the mitre, with the permission of the Bishop, in religious ceremonies. As I am the only one of my colleagues to have this privilege, I shall not take advantage of it, but I shall content myself with the Pope's letters and the title, 'Monseigneur' given me (as to all Bishops), but do not address me so in your letters." On returning to Paris, Monseigneur Darboy took up his pen once more and threw himself into the literary and educational work of the Diocese. Some time before his heroic death, Archbishop Affre had requested him to write a life of Saint Thomas á Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. This request he had always regarded as a sacred command, but owing to pressure of work he had been unable to obey it until now. It is a work of interest to English people, because it brought him once

more into contact with the Church of England. In searching for information for the life of the Saint, the attention of Monseigneur Darboy had been drawn to a "Life of Saint Thomas, of Canterbury," edited by the Rev. Dr. Giles, a Priest of the Diocese of Oxford, which at first he intended to translate into French. After some correspondence between the two Priests, both Dr. Giles and the Abbé Darboy decided to edit a French edition conjointly; and it is a pleasant picture to witness the English Priest and the French Abbé carefully working together to prepare a biography of the English Archbishop for French Catholics. It was a symptom of peace and goodwill between the Church of England and the Church of France.

In the political world, it seemed also at this time that France itself, pleased with the appearance which the marriage of the Emperor had given to the Constitution, was beginning to settle down to a general condition of industrial and commercial tranquility. When, however, two years had passed since the marriage and no heir was born to permanently establish the throne, some disappointment and signs of discontentment became apparent. However, on the 16th of March, 1856, a little more than three years after the marriage, one hundred and one guns announced to the people of Paris that a Prince and son had been born to the Emperor. The national rejoicing was suppressed at first owing to the critical condition of the Empress, and for a time crowds flocked quietly to enquire for her Majesty at the Place de Carousal and at the Tuileries. During this time of anxiety and until the danger had passed, the Emperor appeared greatly agitated, pacing his room in a very nervous condition, and refusing to attend to any business. When at length all fears had been removed, then, full of pride and joy, he granted an amnesty to all political prisoners; allotted a million francs for charitable purposes; and finally, with tears in his eyes, received the little Prince Imperial in his arms and

presented him to the Court. The birth of the Prince Imperial, as the son of the Spanish Empress, a very devoted adherent to the Papal policy, was equally welcomed by Pope Pio Nono. He hoped to become the godfather of the child, and he took the opportunity of presenting the Empress with a golden rose, an especial favour which several Popes had employed as a reward for services to the Papacy. This pleased the Empress immensely, for it was considered by her as a great favour. After the excitement created by the birth of an heir to the throne had subsided, the nation, feeling satisfied with the stability of the Empire, pursued its even way. Monseigneur Darboy left Paris in the following September to pay a visit for several weeks to the Bishop of Nancy, the chief Chaplain of the Emperor. Nancy was too near Fayl-Billot to allow him to retrace his steps to Paris without paying it a visit as well. Writing to Archbishop Sibour while there, he says: "I have devoted fifteen days to my family. They walk with me over the hills of our village in the evening and morning, with my father and mother, aged sixty-six and sixty-nine respectively. The little excursions, the air of the country, and above all the charm of this sweet society, have made me more robust. I am better this summer, and I shall return to my work with new courage." Shortly before his return he again wrote a brief line to the Archbishop on the occasion of his Grace's Fête, which is quoted because it discloses the good feeling existing between himself and his superior: "It is your Feast Day to-morrow, my lord. Permit me to congratulate you with all filial affection, and to offer your Grandeur the offering of a heart which before God and man is sincerely devoted to you." Not very robust at any time, the Abbé Darboy felt greatly benefited by his holiday at the old country home, and he returned to Paris glad to see once more the Archbishop, and to give his services afresh to the complex duties which fell to his lot. He found, on his return, two hostile parties

quarrelling as to the evidence of Nature with regard to Divine Revelation, a subject in which he was deeply interested ; and before this controversy had come to an end the old year, 1856, had passed away. Hardly had the New Year dawned, than a terrible catastrophe befel the Diocese of Paris. Near the small country town of Lagny-sur-Marne, a little later better known for an engagement which took place between the Germans and the French, is the village of Serris. The Rector of this parish was a M. Louis Verger, who had been inhibited by the Bishop of Meaux. Prior to his appointment at Serris, he had served the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, in the Diocese of Paris, memorable for its connection with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. He had a very attractive appearance, and it is alleged that it was probably owing to this fact that he had been appointed Master of the Ceremonies at the Royal Chapel in the Tuileries, a post which carried with it the office of Crucifer. Having signified his intention of inaugurating the nine days' Fête of St. Geneviève, the Patron Saint of Paris, in the Church of Saint Etienne-du-Mond, where the remains of the Saint then reposed, the Archbishop visited that Church on the 3rd of January. The service commenced with a Solemn Procession, enriched with banners, cross, incense, and the usual vestments which are often used in English Churches for this purpose. The Archbishop and Clergy had proceeded but a short distance, when one of the Clergy suddenly approached his Grace as he was in the act of raising his hand to bless the people, and before it was possible to realise the intentions of the approaching priest, he plunged a dagger into the heart of the Archbishop, who at once fell helpless to the ground. He was immediately lifted by the surrounding Clergy, and carried on a plank, covered with a mat, to the adjoining Vicarage, where he soon passed away. The principal witness of this sad crime was Archdeacon Surat, the parish priest of Saint Geneviève, himself the

future hero of a dreadful tragedy, who at once hastened to inform his colleagues, Archdeacon Buquet and Archdeacon Darboy (for he had been recently appointed Archdeacon) of the tidings of this sad event. It was discovered upon examination of the deceased Prelate that with such precision and determination had the assassin aimed his weapon, that the Bishop's rochet and purple cassock only showed a simple red line on the right side of the heart, which indicated the fatal spot, although the knife had deeply penetrated the heart, causing almost instant death. A thrill of sorrow and indignation took possession of the congregation when they realised the fatal result of this sad tragedy, and the general public re-echoed the cry of sorrow when the details of the crime were published. That same evening at 9 p.m., the three Vicars-General removed the body of the lamented Prelate from the Vicarage of St. Geneviève to the Chapel of the Archiepiscopal Palace, which was immediately converted into a Chapelle Ardente, where, on the following day, for the space of eight hours, a crowd—actuated by sympathy, respect, and curiosity—passed before the mortal remains of the lamented Prelate. On the following day Monseigneur Darboy, acting in concert with the two other Vicars-General, and by their request, addressed a letter to the widowed Diocese, in which he said: "How shall I explain the atrocious crime which has carried away our holy Archbishop? What provocation had he given the parricide who lifted his hand against him? Many who had unreasonable prejudice against the pious Archbishop never retained it after they have known him; his soul only breathed charity, and he deserved to die, as it happened to him, while in the act of blessing." He then concludes with a very touching appeal, intended to awaken those who made no effort to heal the moral and spiritual evils of the day. "O Paris! Paris! You could never carry the weight of the crimes committed in your bosom! May your good works, so numerous and

so generous, touch the heart of God, and calm the anger of God! And may your death, O holy Archbishop, calm us and unite us, and may it strengthen us in the charity which you have preached through the whole of your life!" Almost directly the Archbishop had received the fatal wound, Louis Verger was arrested, and in due course brought to trial. It appeared in the evidence at the trial that the assassin had harboured no personal animosity against the Archbishop, who had always treated him with kindness and equity; a totally different thought had prompted the crime. Some of the witnesses stated that just as Louis Verger struck the Archbishop he was heard to exclaim, "No goddesses! Down with the goddesses!" It will be remembered that prior to this sad event Pio Nono had made the theory of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin *de fide*, cutting off from the See of Rome all those who either doubted or spoke against this doctrine. The mind of Louis Verger had been greatly disturbed by this decree, and undoubtedly it had led him to commit the crime, for as long as this doctrine was only considered a pious opinion, he had not troubled himself very much about the matter; but when he became bound to accept it as a condition of eternal salvation, a thing which no Catholic prior to December, 1854, was bound to believe, his mind became unbalanced, and he determined that the first fruits of this dogma should be the murder of the Archbishop of Paris. At the conclusion of the trial, Louis Verger was found guilty of the capital offence and was guillotined. The funeral rites of the late Prelate were solemnised in Notre Dame on the 10th of January. The scene was indeed sad and sombre, but a pathetic incident occurred during the procession which augmented the feelings. As the *cortège* was passing along the Quai d'Orsay, in front of the Palace of the Legion of Honour, on its way to the Cathedral, the Abbé Darboy, overcome by the emotion under which he

suffered, and moved by the sad strains of the military music, suddenly fainted, and was carried into the Barracks of Napoleon Bonaparte, and from thence to the Archbishop's Palace. The effect of his sudden collapse on the spectators was electric, for some of them believed that he also had been suddenly assassinated, and one of them cried "Ah! Mon Dieu! They have assassinated another priest." It was some time before he was able to attend to his duties again, as he suffered from a weak heart.

In the meantime, the selection of a successor to Archbishop Sibour had been under consideration, and before fifteen days had passed away the Emperor announced that he had nominated Cardinal Morlot, then Archbishop of Tours, to the See of Paris. The appointment was very acceptable to the Abbé Darboy, for Cardinal Morlot was a compatriot of Monseigneur Darboy, having been born only fifteen miles distant from Fayl-Billot, at Langres; and he was also personally known to Darboy, for while the latter was Vicar of St. Dizier, Archbishop Morlot paid him a visit there. As soon as the preliminaries for the translation of Archbishop Morlot had been carried out, every effort was made to hasten the induction of the new Archbishop, for Paris could not afford to be left long without its Bishop. The enthronement accordingly took place at Notre Dame, on the 25th of April, in the presence of a large gathering of the clergy and laity. Very solemn and searching must have been the thoughts of all concerned, and especially of the new Archbishop himself on this occasion. The religious problems and responsibility of a great city like Paris can be imagined to some extent by ordinary folk. To an episcopal mind of some experience they must have weighed heavily, and the recollection of the untimely fate of his two predecessors (Archbishops Affre and Sibour) must have continually recurred to Cardinal Morlot as he took part in the ceremonial of his enthronement. The

new Archbishop was more or less a stranger to the Diocese of Paris, but those who knew him well were convinced that no better selection could have been made to fill the vacant See. He was a man strongly impressed with a sense of duty, which outweighed every other consideration great or small, and in this respect he was just the character suited to the place and age—a man who thought a good deal of his own responsibilities, and very little about passing events. The times in which he lived were full of startling tragedies; of heroism and crime; and it would have been impossible for him to have survived these shocks had he allowed their weight to rest upon him without the comforting assurance that he had endeavoured to fulfil his own responsibilities.

Hardly had he resided a year in Paris than an increasing spirit of lawlessness began to show itself. The circumstances under which the Emperor had climbed the steps of the throne from the Prison of Ham were sufficient to create a certain amount of discontentment. Indeed, only six months after the *coup d'état*, even before he had become Emperor of the French, a plot was discovered to assassinate him; while a little later, during his famous journey in the South of France, an infernal machine had been discovered at Marseilles before his arrival. Although rumors reported that this was only a device invented by the imperial police to create a sentiment of sympathy for Louis Napoleon, yet as time went on the authorities discovered several fresh attempts, which leaked out in spite of every effort to hush them up. To such an extent had these attempts on his life increased, that it became necessary at last to establish an elaborate system of espionage to prevent them. The *Chambre Noire*, a real criminal department, was established within the walls of the Tuileries, over which the Emperor himself presided. A large number of men and women were engaged to find out the enemies of the new Empire, who penetrated into

every grade of Society, from the slums of Belville to the precincts of the Court itself. A very secret method was adopted when the various spies presented themselves to give the information desired at the *Chambre Noire*. They first of all breathed on the glass doors which led to the Black Chamber, and, having written their names on the haze caused by their breath, they wrote beneath their names the sum of money which was due to them for their work. The Emperor's cashier then paid the informant and wiped off the haze with the sleeve of his coat, leaving no trace of the transaction. The same system of espionage was adopted by other nations also. Some of the foreign beauties who adorned the Imperial Court were afterwards discovered to be first class informants to their respective Governments. It is said that a certain foreign lady, charming both in appearance and address, was the means of conveying intelligence as to the military condition of France for several years prior to the Franco-German war. A terrible tale of political intrigue, equal to that of any sensational novelette, is reported by one of Louis Napoleon's Secret Police, called Griscelli, relating to a well-known foreign lady of high rank, who enjoyed an important diplomatic influence.

Desirous of securing her favour the Emperor had given instructions to the effect that he intended to visit her residence one evening, and the necessary precautions for the safety of his Majesty were made accordingly. Orders were given Griscelli by General Fleury, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, to call that evening at eight o'clock for his Majesty, as the General, who was *au courant* with the affairs of the Black Chamber, suspected some treachery. Griscelli arrived a little before the appointed time, and the Emperor, somewhat surprised at his early arrival, remarked: "What is the news?" to which Griscelli replied by saying: "Sire, I want to know where we are going? Why? Because I am afraid that something may

happen to-night." Having given the dectective the address to which they intended going, they left the Tuileries in company with General Fleury, walking through the gardens of the Palace. To their surprise, when they reached the house, they found that no apparent preparation whatever had been made to welcome the Emperor. Walking quietly up the dimly lighted staircase, suspicions of a plot came vividly into the mind of Griscelli, and with the intention of communicating his fears to all, he muttered in a low tone to Fleury: "Look out, General, remember we are in the house of an Italian." On reaching the first floor a young maid-servant opened a door and invited the Emperor and the General inside, after which she returned to the landing, where Griscelli had hidden himself; in order that he might watch the course of events. Pausing for a few moments, either for reflection or else from precaution, she remained motionless; then, glancing cautiously around, she clapped her hands gently three times. Hardly had she done so than a man appeared on the landing, and without uttering a word or even making the slightest sound, walked towards the drawing-room door through which the Emperor had entered. Just as he was about to turn the handle he fell down dead against the door, stabbed by the hand of Griscelli. General Fleury, startled by the cry of the maid-servant and the noise caused by the falling body, hurried to the spot, and being already prepared for treachery, realised the situation at a glance. Taking the servant by force he fastened her in a cupboard, while Griscelli hid the body of the man; then returning to the drawing-room, he secured the door, ordering Griscelli to guard it outside until he returned, and, in company with the Emperor, he left the house. In a few minutes he re-appeared with two carriages, accompanied by Zambo, a member of the Secret Police. Entering the house the General proceeded to the drawing-room, from which, in company with Griscelli, he conducted the

hostess to a carriage which waited at the door of her house; then, returning once more to the fatal landing, he fetched the servant and placed her in the first carriage, together with the corpse, which Griscelli and Zambo carried between them. The second carriage was filled by the occupants of the drawing-room.

As soon as Louis Napoleon had returned to the Palace, Griscelli entered his study, where he found the Emperor apparently lost in deep reflection. On seeing the detective, he exclaimed in a tone of reproach: "More blood again! Why did you strike? It was probably some harmless wretch who had come to see the maid." "The sweethearts of servants are not usually supplied with recommendations of this pattern," replied Griscelli, drawing from his pocket a revolver and a stiletto with a poisoned blade, which he had taken from the pocket of his victim. The Emperor took them both into his hands and carefully examined them, paying especial attention to the pattern of the stiletto, after which he handed them back to Griscelli, nodding his assent in confirmation of the detective's statement. For his services on this occasion the Emperor liberally rewarded Griscelli. Almost immediately the hostess of that evening returned to Italy.

Of the many attempts upon the life of the Emperor there are some which cannot be omitted from any account which professes to record the cause and effect of certain national events, and their very details, distressing though they appear, very plainly show that the imperial régime, or perhaps its foreign policy, was creating difficulties which later on produced terrible disaster. About five o'clock in the afternoon of the 28th of April, 1855, the Emperor, attended by an aide-de-camp and orderly officer, was riding through the Champs Elysée, on his way to the Bois de Boulogne, where he intended to meet the Empress, who was also driving in the Bois, when a man named Giovanni Pianori, a shoemaker by trade, who was standing on the pavement at the

corner of the Rue Balzac, suddenly sprang at him, armed with a double-barrelled pistol. Firing twice at the Emperor, without hitting him, he flung away his weapon and took another from his coat. Before, however, he was able to fire the third shot, a plain-clothes detective, named Alessandri, drawing a dagger, rushed forward and seized the man. They both fell to the ground in a frantic struggle, and although Alessandri twice stabbed his opponent, Giovanni Panori was not finally secured until a second policeman arrived upon the scene. It afterwards transpired that Giovanni, as an Italian, was enraged with the Emperor for sending French troops to help the Pope, and he determined to take his revenge in this way. He was tried and found guilty of parricide, on the ground that the Emperor was the father of the empire. To say the least it was a very strange verdict, for Giovanni was not a French subject, and was not in reality a son of the empire; and, seeing that the Emperor had not even received a scratch, a verdict of parricide was certainly beside the mark. Barefooted, and vested in a long white shirt, with a black hooded veil hanging from his head, the costume prescribed for parricides, he fearlessly ascended the scaffold, shouting, "Vive l'Italie! Vive la République!" Another attempt must be recorded, which created a profound sensation not only in France but throughout Europe, and which nearly led to an European war.

On the evening of the 14th of January, 1858, a benefit performance had been advertised at the Grand Opéra on behalf of a notable baritone, named Massol, who was about to retire from the stage. Both the Emperor and the Empress, together with the *élite* of Paris, had signified their intention of attending the function, which included the performance of "Marie Tudor," and one scene from "Muette." The façade of the Opéra had been brilliantly illuminated, and the Theatre was crowded to its utmost. At half-past eight o'clock the Imperial carriages came at a slow pace along

the Rue le Pelletier. Three carriages, escorted by a company of the Lancers of the Guard, commanded by a Lieutenant, who rode close at the right hand door of the Imperial carriage, with a Sergeant of the Guard riding on the left side, composed the procession. Just as the Imperial carriage was about to enter the passage leading to a special pavilion, a violent explosion, like a thunder clap, was heard. At first, people inside the Opéra seemed to think that an explosion of gas had happened. This, however, was soon followed by a second report, which filled them with great alarm. As soon as the first bomb had burst fire-balls scattered their murderous projectiles, extinguishing the gas lamps, breaking the glass in all directions, and causing the horses of the carriages, and of the Lancers, to plunge with terror, and to trample on the fallen. To add to the horror of the darkness and uncertainty, heart-rending shrieks from the wounded and dying were heard in different directions, while a storm of projectiles from another bomb spread death and destruction still further. Amid the confusion which followed cries of "On demande des médecines à l'instant" ("doctors are wanted at once") were heard repeatedly. When the details of the crime had been ascertained, it was found that the effect had been most disastrous, for the first bomb had exploded among the Lancers, killing and wounding several; the second had burst beneath the front wheels of the Emperor's carriage, killing the horses and lodging no less than seventy-six projectiles beneath the iron plates which lined the coach; while the surrounding pavement actually flowed with blood. At the first explosion the Emperor attempted to escape from the vehicle, but as the door would not open both he and the Empress remained inside until General Roquet, who was seriously wounded in the neck, released them. When they alighted from the carriage it was found that the Emperor was slightly wounded in the face, while the Empress' dress was a little stained with blood.

Altogether no less than one hundred and sixty persons were killed or seriously injured by the explosion, including seven Lancers, among whom was one who, although mortally wounded, refused to leave his troop. When the Lieutenant in command enquired if any of his men were injured, "I am," replied the Lancer, raising his hand. He then fell back into the arms of a comrade and died shortly afterwards. When the first scare had passed, efforts were made at once to find the cause and perpetrators of the mysterious crime. The plot disclosed itself with greater rapidity than was at first expected. The chief culprit was an Italian, named Felix Orsini, who, injured by one of the explosions he himself had caused, repaired to a chemist's shop for treatment. At first the chemist regarded him with sympathy, as an innocent victim of some anarchist's plot, and so, indeed, would he have escaped if he had not foolishly commissioned his servant Gomez to return to the chemist's shop for the purpose of making certain enquiries which aroused the suspicions of the chemist, who made his suspicions known to the police. Both Orsini and Gomez were therefore arrested, their lodgings were searched, and an accomplice named Charles de Rudio, who passed under the name of Da Silva, was also arrested. While awaiting his trial in prison Orsini wrote a letter, which was published after his death, in which he admitted that bomb-throwing was a fatal error, and urging his followers to secure their wishes in the future by "unity of effort, the sacrifice and the practice of virtue," expressing a wish that his execution might atone for the blood he had shed. Both Orsini and Pierri were condemned to death, and Rudio and Gomez to penal servitude for life. The Empress endeavoured to persuade her husband to spare the lives of all the prisoners, and she requested Archbishop Morlot and others to use their influence for this purpose, but the Ministers and the Court refused to entertain the idea of pardon, owing to the number of people who had been

killed by the explosions. The execution, therefore, took place on the 13th of March, 1858, at the Place de la Roquette, outside the prison, which was surrounded by 5,000 troops. A Clerk read to the assembled people the sentence of death, and, on reaching the scaffold, both men kissed the Crucifix, while Pierri, leaning on the arm of a priest, commenced to repeat the Chant of the Girondins, which they sung as they were guillotined. He was executed first, Orsini, calm and collected, suffered directly afterwards. Thus the Emperor was reminded by these infamous attempts upon his life how unacceptable to many of the Italians was the policy which he had adopted with regard to Italy. They led him to re-consider his position, and to appreciate the folly of attempting to control the affairs of Italy. They also induced the Ecclesiastical authorities to redouble their efforts to promote goodwill and a better understanding between the various sections of the community.

At the request of the Archbishop, Monseigneur Darboy undertook a special course of sermons at the Tuileries during the Lent of 1859, in which, disregarding the presence of the Emperor and Empress, with excellent taste he took as his themes: "The Christian Duties," "The Supernatural Life," "Charity," and "Self-Control." Both the Emperor and Empress were deeply interested in his discourses, and on the Tuesday in Easter Week, by especial request, the Abbé visited the Tuileries, when the Emperor not only thanked him for these discourses, but presented him with his Majesty's portrait set in diamonds. His reputation as an ecclesiastic foretold very plainly that some high preferment would soon be given him. Thus, while the affairs of State were passing through a process of revision, the course of events affecting the future of the Diocese of Paris began to rapidly unfold itself. Cardinal Morlot, who was now growing old, and who had for some time felt himself unequal to the ever increasing burden of Episcopal labours in Paris, was anxious to

secure Archdeacon Darboy, first as his Suffragan, and afterwards as his successor. It was with more than one motive that he had requested Monseigneur Darboy to preach during Lent at the Tuileries. If the truth be told, he was very anxious that the Emperor should be well acquainted with the personality and merits of Archdeacon Darboy, and his efforts succeeded excellently. Having heard that the Emperor had been greatly pleased with Darboy, both as a preacher, and also in his personal contact with him, he felt that the moment had now arrived when he could safely disclose his plans to his Majesty. For this purpose Archbishop Morlot paid a visit to the Emperor, and expressed a wish that Monseigneur Darboy might become his Suffragan with the right of succession. To this proposal the Emperor at once assented, and he directed the Archbishop to inform the Minister of Public Worship (M. Roulland) as well as the Papal Nuncio, of his approval. Accordingly on the 1st of August the "Moniteur" newspaper announced that Bishop Menjaud, of Nancy, had been nominated Archbishop of Bourges, and that as the Vicar-General of Beauvais had declined to become his successor, Monseigneur Darboy had been nominated to the See of Nancy. In quick succession M. Roulland, the Minister of Public Worship, wrote to Archbishop Morlot with regard to Monseigneur Darboy's nomination to the See of Nancy as follows:—"My Lord, I have seen M. the Abbé Darboy yesterday, whom your Eminence desired to send me. I found him, as ever, with his calm experience, neither eager nor opposed. I thanked him heartily, but he made it clear that your compliance was necessary, for he said to me plainly: "I am like a child face to face with its father in the hands of the Cardinal." Give this, I pray you, my Lord, then your sanction for the Bishopric of Nancy, and on Tuesday I will carry the order for his Majesty to sign." On the 14th of August a Cabinet Meeting of Ministers was held, over which the Emperor presided. M.

Roulland seized the opportunity of completing the nomination of the Abbé Darboy to Nancy. "I have a good nomination, Sire, to the See of Nancy," said M. Roulland to the Emperor. "Then it is M. Darboy," replied the Emperor, with a smile of satisfaction, and taking a pen he at once signed the order, which was duly registered on the 16th of August and published on the following day. On the 26th of September the Consistory Chapter endorsed the nomination, and on the 13th of November the Abbé Darboy completed the formalities prior to his consecration by taking the oath in accordance with the terms of the Concordat arranged between Napoleon Bonaparte and the Pope. Placing his hands between those of the Emperor Louis Napoleon he swore to comply with the requirements of the Concordat. As only a few days now remained before his consecration, which was fixed for St. Andrew's Day (30th November), 1859, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris, he hurried back from Compiègne, where the Emperor had gone to take part in some hunting parties, and went into Retreat, in order to prepare himself for receiving the Episcopal character and authority. The talents of Monseigneur Darboy as a preacher and as a public man were too well known in Paris to allow his consecration to take place without creating a good deal of interest, and accordingly on St. Andrew's Day an immense number of Clergy and laity thronged Notre Dame in order to show their goodwill towards him. The consecrating Prelate was naturally Archbishop Morlot, who was assisted by the Bishop of Adras and the Dominican Bishop of Ispahan. It was one of those historical events which give such charm and interest to this ancient fane.

Resting in Paris only four days after his consecration, and anxious to make full proof of his ministry, Bishop Darboy left the capital on the 5th of December by an evening train for Nancy. The Archbishop accompanied him to the station of the Eastern Railway,

and embraced him cordially as he wished him "God-speed." On the Feast of the Patron Saint of Nancy, St. Nicholas' Day, the 6th of December, Bishop Darboy was enthroned in his Cathedral, and he seized the opportunity of addressing the Clergy, people, and soldiers, of whom the latter formed a large part of the population, Nancy being a fortified town on the German frontier. It was a great, and to Bishop Darboy, an agreeable, change to be able once more to breathe the pure country air in a place not far removed from his native home. The town of Nancy lies about 220 miles south-east of Paris, and is picturesquely situated amid woodland scenery on the river Merthe. The city itself is divided into two parts—the new town, containing the Cathedral and Town Hall and several Hospitals; while the old town contains the Cavalry Barracks, the Palais de Justice, and some fine squares. A University, and a flourishing trade in cotton and woollen goods, form the principal interest of the population. It was, on the whole, a pleasant See town, with plenty of scope for both ability and zeal. Entering on his new duties with much interest he found the first few days of his Episcopate followed their usual course. Many introductions were made, then the topography and character of the various districts, their needs and difficulties, had to be studied and remembered. Except for an outbreak of typhoid fever in a small manufacturing town, during which he freely exposed himself to the epidemic in visiting the sick, there is nothing of note to recall. But a feature of his visits to the different parishes is worthy of note, for it plainly proved to those who had the pleasure of entertaining him that he did not come merely as a duty and in the capacity of an official, with the object of impressing upon those whom he visited his personal importance, supplemented by an artificial amiability. On the contrary, he always did his best to encourage and uphold the parochial Clergy in every way he could, knowing how much they valued a word of genuine sympathy from



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their Bishop in the monotony of their parochial work. It was, therefore, his invariable rule to visit every Vicarage, remarking sometimes when he came, "You will not have a more docile parishioner in your house than me," and he scrupulously avoided yielding to prejudice or indulging in caprices. He thus gained the respect and affection of his Clergy by adopting the same fair system with them all.

Here is an instance of the way he visited a parish. "Exactly at nine o'clock," he writes to one of his Clergy, "I shall be at your door, and from the moment I arrive I shall be at your disposal." Soon after he had resided at Nancy, people began to notice another feature of his Episcopate. It was observed that, however busy he was, he made an invariable habit on every occasion of paying great attention to detail. The absurd theory that a great mind cannot afford to consider the details of work was a theory which Bishop Darboy disregarded on every occasion. Not only was he most precise in attending to matters both great and small, whether points of ritual in the Services of the Church, or in the administration of his Diocese, but he also required his Clergy to do the same, and he did not hesitate to call their attention to any disregard of detail which he might happen to observe. We are not surprised to learn, therefore, that he was always punctual in his appointments, careful in observing the Fasts of the Church, systematic in the treatment of his Diocese, and yet amid his many duties most careful in reserving certain hours each day for study. No wonder that, as soon as the Clergy and people knew their Bishop, they valued his sterling qualities. With one and all he was perfectly open and natural, and he possessed the great gift of grasping their personal sentiments and of offering an appropriate sympathy. Of the earnestness with which he fulfilled his duties there can be no doubt. He constantly urged the younger Clergy to acquire priestly virtues and to be instant in training and guiding

the young people, whom he called the "Charm of your Parish." It was during the time when Bishop Darboy was at Nancy, that Marshal Canrobert, of Crimean fame, was in command of the troops stationed there. The Marshal took a great interest in Bishop Darboy, visiting him almost every evening and staying with him for a long time. The Bishop, on the other hand, availed himself of the Marshal's friendship to visit the soldiers, to whom he frequently preached in the Barracks and in the Cathedral. On one occasion he spoke to them of God, as "that Great Captain who will one day pass in review the souls" of all men, alluding at the same time to France with so much natural emotion that the soldiers were deeply moved by his discourse. On the 29th of December, 1862, only two years after he had come to Nancy, Bishop Darboy received a telegram announcing the death of Cardinal Morlot, and informing him that the Archbishop had made him sole legatee of his will. The Bishop was not surprised to hear the news, as he had known for some time that the Cardinal had suffered from an affection of the heart, and that his conscientious discharge of the many duties which befel him only helped to aggravate the malady. On the following Monday, the 5th of January, 1863, Bishop Darboy went to Paris to assist at the funeral rites which took place three days later. On the very next day he returned to Nancy, once more to resume his duties there, but on that very day the Emperor in Council signed the decree nominating him Archbishop of Paris. The appointment was not altogether pleasing to the Empress, who was anxious that her Confessor M. Déguerry, the Rector of the Madeleine Church, who subsequently shared the same fate as Monseigneur Darboy, should become Archbishop of Paris. M. Déguerry was an excellent and brave parish priest, but he did not possess the ability nor power which Bishop Darboy had shown, and there can be no doubt that the Emperor's choice was

best. No time was lost in acquainting the Bishop of his nomination, and a courier was despatched to him at once with a letter signed by the Minister of Public Worship. "My Lord," wrote M. Roulland, "the Emperor in Council has signed a decree which nominates you Archbishop of Paris. I have given notice to the Nuncio, and the 'Moniteur' will publish it after to-morrow. I implore you to accept this burden in the name of our venerated Cardinal who has twice designated you to take his place. Come here! Come with us! God wishes it!" To this the Bishop replied "The letter of your Excellency moves me deeply. The grave news which it discloses, the kindly character and affection of your words, the decision of the Emperor—so honourable for me—all this touches one to the depth of my soul. I am not able to express what I feel in words nor by telegram." He however sent a telegram at once, stating that so far as he was concerned he accepted "the honour, and above all the burden," to which M. Roulland replied: "Thank you a thousand times for your loyal and courageous acceptance." A series of congratulations shortly followed from the Cathedral Chapter of Paris, from the Parish of St. Dizier which he had formerly served, as well as from different friends.

Leaving Nancy on the 8th of April, he took up his abode in Paris at the house of a bookseller whom he knew, adjoining the Quai des Grands Augustins, being anxious to avoid all publicity until his enthronement, and being desirous also of obtaining a quiet time to prepare himself for the charge of his new Diocese. Thus terminated an important epoch in the life story of this good Prelate. He now entered into the throes of that restless life which makes the history of Paris so full of charm and interest.

CHAPTER VI.

ARCHBISHOP DARBOY AND THE REV. DR. GILES.—
GALLICAN PRINCIPLES. — THE ARCHBISHOP'S
STRENUOUS OPPOSITION TO ULTRAMONTANISM.
—HIS SUBMISSION TO THE INEVITABLE.

In recording the events of the life of Archbishop Darboy, a few brief remarks must at least be devoted to that part of it which deals with his literary labours, as well as with his studies in the Science of Theology to which he devoted so much attention. For these two subjects certainly entered very much into the life of the Archbishop, and the record of his studies in these branches of learning supplies us with a narrative which is both historic and descriptive. It was the translation of the works of St. Denis the Areopagite, for instance, which first attracted the attention of Archbishop Affre to the Abbé Darboy, then only a country priest, and indirectly brought him on the road to Paris. "Les livres Saints," described by his critics as "beautiful histories," "full of grace, energy, and simplicity," drew upon him the attention of the public generally, and robbed him of his rural obscurity. "The life of St. Thomas à Becket," which he edited conjointly with Dr. Giles, an English Priest, introduced him to the English literary world. His letter to the Abbé Cambalot became a historic event of importance, quite apart from the merit it brought him as a work of

literature. It certainly guided the future ecclesiastical policy of France for many years, and it brought a peaceful solution to a matter which had given a great deal of anxiety to the Archbishop and his advisers, and it also brought a good deal of congratulation to its author from persons of importance. Among the many works of literature which came from the pen of Archbishop Darboy must be mentioned two publications which became very popular and deservedly so, for they dealt with a subject which not only suited his pen, but which he delighted to handle. "The Women of the Bible," and "Christ and the Prophets" were masterpieces of their kind. Archbishop Darboy loved the Holy Land with all his soul. He had visited it and had followed the footsteps of the Saviour through the villages and towns, by the sea shore, and on the mountains of Palestine until they had left such an impression on him that he never could forget their hallowed scenes nor the delight they had given him. Was it a wonder then, that in recording the lives of those whose names appear in the history of the Bible, that he reflected on the pages of his book picturesque descriptions of that land hallowed by the footsteps of the Son of God?

"And it was sweet to walk with Thee, along the shores of Galilee,"

Or, safe embarked in Peter's boat, o'er its blue waves with Thee to float."

The mental characteristics of Archbishop Darboy were by no means restricted to literature. As a preacher he certainly occupied a position above that of the ordinary parish priest. His flow of language was simple, natural, and appropriate, his subject matter replete with plain ideas and lessons drawn from legitimate premises. Whenever he preached he never failed to draw an audience and to make it feel that its time had not been wasted when he had finished his discourse. Indeed, on certain occasions he met with audible demonstrations of approval in the sacred building

which, however well meant, were not altogether to his liking. Perhaps another secret of his success as an orator was due to the fact that he was always reasonable in the selection of his subjects, taking care that they should be appropriate to the time and place where he was preaching; and whenever he was in the pulpit it soon became obvious to those who listened that he had a message to deliver, which was delivered with judgment and good taste. It was ever so much to his credit that he was understood and appreciated by all kinds of people. The Emperor liked his preaching in Paris; and the factory hands at St. Dizier, as well as the soldiers at Nancy, equally appreciated his clear and common sense discourses. After he had become Archbishop of Paris his literary labours practically terminated, owing to the many demands upon his time, but it was probably during this very period that his mental abilities shone more brightly and his influence on the Continent passed beyond the French frontier. It will be remembered that at this time the Church in France, although quite united in its loyalty to Catholic Faith and Practice, nevertheless contained two elements within its fold which were keenly opposed to one another. They were defined by two geographical names, although they denoted two theological definitions: Gaul being the old name for France, designated the "Gallican" Party, who chiefly regarded the welfare and interests of the Church in France; and "Ultramontane," meaning the land beyond (*ultra*) the mountains of the Alps, that is Italy, which designated the Ultramontane Party, who preferred the interests of the Church of Rome before those of the French Church. There are many differences arising from the position maintained by these two factions, but the principal difference relates to the important matter of Church Government. The Gallicans believe that the Church ought to be ruled almost entirely by the local Episcopate, while the Ultramontanes believe that

the Pope possesses a jurisdiction which enables him to over-rule the entire Episcopate if he thinks fit, and to impose on the Church any law or doctrine which he considers needful. Archbishop Darboy was a thorough Gallican, Pope Pius IX. was a decided Ultramontane. Both were consistent in accordance with the logical premises from which they deduced their conclusions. Archbishop Darboy took much the same position which many English Bishops maintain with regard to the Papacy, although he allowed to the Pope some claims which in England we do not admit. For instance, the Bishops of England do not believe that one Apostle—the Pope being his presumptive heir—had powers and favours bestowed on him which were not equally granted to the other Apostles. They do not believe that in laying the foundation of the Church Our Lord gave to one Apostle an authority which He withheld from the others, to the disadvantage of the rest. Archbishop Darboy, on the other hand, accepted the general authority of the Pope only as “a theory of Government” and not as a fact of revelation, as long as he was a Gallican; while the Ultramontanes accepted the authority of the Pope as a Divine Dogma, and not as a “theory.” Monseigneur Darboy was, therefore, quite consistent in acknowledging the Pope’s authority in a matter of ecclesiastical organisation, as long as he was allowed to remain a Gallican; but when he was urged to accept the absolute infallibility and supremacy of the Pope, the theory then became a dogma of far-reaching importance, no longer to be regarded as a theoretical problem, but as an actual fact of Divine origin. This he was most unwilling to allow, and in fact he refused to do so until circumstances obliged him to conform to the dominating power. I hope to show a little later on that, in accepting what he had always rejected, he was, nevertheless, acting quite conscientiously and consistently. Pope Pio Nono also was consistent in the line he took. Starting with the

premises that his authority was supreme and Divine, he consistently deduced the conclusion that his administration was infallible. How could he have done otherwise? Those who accepted the supremacy of the Pope as of Divine origin, but who rejected his infallibility, were unreasonable and illogical. For if it be admitted that the Bishop of Rome has, by Divine appointment, a supreme control over the whole Church both *de fide et de jure*, then it follows obviously that whatever he decrees must be infallible, otherwise this Divine authority which he possesses—assuming that he has it—would be lending itself to error, which is impossible. If, by Divine authority, the Pope be supreme, he has the right to impose on the Church any doctrine he may please to define—his own infallibility, the Immaculate Conception, the temporal power—in fact, any dogma which may in the future suggest itself to his approval. The doctrine of Papal Infallibility disclosed a view which had no horizon. No one knew then where it would lead to, no one knows now what it may develop in the future. All this Archbishop Darboy saw—the doubtful premises upon which this dogma was founded, and the uncertain issues of the theory, led him to offer it his most strenuous opposition; and, in doing so, he was supported by a large number of the French Clergy, who on his return from the Vatican Council loudly applauded “his moderation,” and many members of the Episcopate also threw in their sympathy with him. Indeed, just on the eve of this Council Archbishop Darboy, with three Hungarian Archbishops, twenty-nine French Bishops, and two Portuguese Bishops, sent a protest to the Pope complaining that they had received a printed circular before they had met in Council requesting them to endorse beforehand the doctrines of Supremacy and Infallibility, in which, after complaining that the Church had already great difficulty in defending the Articles of the Faith, and that this new dogma would give her enemies another weapon, they say: “We pray

you to order that the doctrine which they ask us to sanction may not be submitted to the Ecumenical Council." During the sessions of the Council, Archbishop Darboy sought both by argument and entreaty to induce its members to reject the dogma, and when his efforts failed in this direction, he then tried to get them to modify the terms of their definition. Not dismayed by the failures which had followed his previous efforts, he joined issue with several other Bishops in formulating a protest which they addressed to the Pope with reference to the voting in the General Council on the 13th of July, 1870. "Your Holiness is not ignorant of the fact," they say, "that eighty-four Fathers, compelled by their consciences, and induced by their love for the Holy Church of Christ, have expressed their vote in these terms: '*Non placet*'; that sixty-two others have voted, saying '*Placet juxta modum*'; and that, finally, seventy have been neutral, and have abstained from voting. Confirming, then, our votes by this present letter, we have determined not to assist at the Public Sessions which are to take place on the 18th day of this present month." And they announced to the Pope that, instead of voting, they had determined to leave Rome before the Sessions, and return to their Dioceses, as they did not wish to hurt his feelings by voting against his wishes. Before the voting took place, on the 20th of May, in the same year, while the question of Papal Infallibility was under discussion, Archbishop Darboy made a long and eloquent speech, in which he placed before the Council the many plain and weighty arguments which had induced him to oppose its acceptance. The discourse is worth reading, but only a brief allusion can be made to it here. He declines the dogma on the ground that it is contrary to natural order, logic, and primitive tradition, and that, instead of increasing the honour of the See of Rome, it will do it harm. He refuses to accept it because he says the Fathers of the Council have been frightened by "violent manifestations" into

accepting it contrary to the dignity and liberty of the Episcopate. "The scheme has not for its object to create the Doctrine of Infallibility, for all know and believe, concerning the Catholic Faith, that the Church is Infallible, and that it has continued so for twenty centuries; but it has for its object to define and propose, as an Article of the Faith, that by himself alone (*se solo*) the Sovereign Pontiff is infallible, and that this privilege of not being able to err extends also beyond the infallibility of the Church herself." He then proceeds to point out that if it is to be accepted as an Article of the Faith "it is necessary to show that this doctrine has not ceased to have the consent of the Fathers, of the Doctors, of the Bishops, of the Theologians—not only a few of them, but morally all of them, with all the Acts and Canons, and authenticated by the Ecumenical Councils, together with the Decrees of the Council of Constance; for it does not belong to us to re-constitute the Church arbitrarily, nor does it become us to change the conditions of the work Divine." Finally, after alluding to the fact that unity of doctrine already exists quite safely without defining dogmatically the Papal Infallibility, he adds: "Our ancestors themselves never separated the Bishops from the Sovereign Pontiff, nor the Pontiff from the Bishops" in the Councils of the Church. If an Archbishop of Canterbury had dealt with the question of Papal Infallibility he would have used precisely the same line of argument to defend the Anglican position as Archbishop Darboy adopted to defend the sovereignty of the Episcopate, for both the Anglicans and Gallicans believe that the evidence of Church history accords the entire Episcopate of the whole Church a complete independence of the See of Rome in matters of Faith, and they disallow the Ultramontane theory, which not only accords the Pope a complete independence, but an absolute superiority, over the united Episcopate of Christendom. Although it soon became quite clear to the Archbishop that all his efforts would be in vain, he neverthe-

less determined to allow no possible opportunity to pass which might delay or defeat the plans of the Ultramontanists. Considering that the right of judgment at the Council, which was quite a legitimate right, had been menaced, and that thereby the decisions of the Council would be discredited, he made a last appeal to the Emperor to use his influence to induce the Pope to withdraw the vexed question of infallibility from the deliberations of the Council. Unfortunately for the Archbishop, the hands of the Emperor were too full to allow him even to consider the petition. The German war cloud only too plainly indicated the threatening storm to meet which France was almost quite unprepared. The Emperor's ill health also completely prevented him from taking any fresh enterprise in hand, while the Empress, who had always supported the Papal policy, was not likely to encourage her husband in opposing the wishes of the Pope. The request of the Archbishop was therefore allowed to lie peacefully upon the table of the Imperial study. Henceforth not only Archbishop Darboy, but every Catholic in communion with the See of Rome, would have to accept whatever any future Pope might see fit to decree. Under the force of circumstances the Archbishop submitted to the inevitable. He could hardly have done otherwise. Let us appraise the position of Archbishop Darboy under these new circumstances. It must be remembered that he had accepted from his birth the primacy of the Pope in ecclesiastical matters; but, inasmuch as he had never regarded the Pope as infallible, it is obvious that this authority was not, in the opinion of Archbishop Darboy, of Divine origin. To him it was more a matter of convenience—a good theory of Government and nothing more. As a Gallican, Archbishop Darboy no more believed in the infallibility of the Pope than the Archbishop of Canterbury believes it. Yet now, upon pain of excommunication from the See of Rome, he was called upon to accept the Papal infallibility as

de fide. That the authority of the whole Church is infallible Archbishop Darboy and every self-respecting Catholic Christian believes and has always believed; for unless the Councils of the whole undivided Church be Divine, God's authority in matters of Faith would no longer exist in the world. Archbishop Darboy was a Frenchman, a sincere Catholic, and a firm believer in the infallible authority of Holy Church. Unless he now accepted the new dogma decreed by Pio Nono, he would be cut off from Communion at the Altars of his native land. Which of the two evils would be the worst? Which before God and man should he accept—excommunication or the doctrines of Papal Supremacy and Infallibility? If he rejected the latter he would have to forfeit the consolations of the Catholic religion in the land of his birth, and to seek them elsewhere. The conditions imposed on him were not his own making. He was not responsible for them. Under the providence of God he had been born a Frenchman, and now he was threatened with excommunication from the Altars of his native land, and separation from the Ancient Episcopal Authority of France, for no fault of his own making. Of the two evils he consistently, yet reluctantly, accepted the new doctrines, and accepted them honestly and honourably. Not enthusiastically, but certainly honourably. We should have thought less of him had he defied the Ancient Episcopal Succession belonging to the Sees of France.

In referring to the Gallican opinions of Archbishop Darboy, I have sometimes heard French people describe him as being very "discreet" in accepting the Ultramontane opinions when compelled to do so. Archbishop Darboy was too good a man to be guided merely by "discretion" in matters of vital importance. Two evils lay before him, and in obedience to his conscience, and to no other motive, he chose the lesser honestly, honourably, and without any mental reserve. The very earnestness and activity of his efforts at the Vatican Council

are sufficient to show that he was acting on strong and deep convictions. The very fact that his efforts were diametrically opposed to those of the Pope himself are sufficient to convince us that he was no time-server nor place-hunter, but a man whose conscience would not allow him to swerve from the path of duty without a life-and-death struggle. That the Pope was displeased with him, we know from the correspondence which passed between them on one or two occasions. From these facts, then, there steps forth the portrait of a man whose features are illuminated by a conscientious sense of duty, whose frank and open countenance bears the stamp of honesty and consistency, and whose features are those of Georges Darboy—Lord Archbishop of Paris.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ARCHBISHOP LAYS FOUNDATION STONE AT
FAYL-BILLOT.—FRIVOLOUS DOINGS OF PARISIAN
SOCIETY.—THE ABBE DEGUERRY.—THE POPE'S
DISPLEASURE WITH ARCHBISHOP DARBOY.—UN-
CERTAIN PRESENTIMENTS—GERMAN INTRIGUES.

By a happy coincidence, the Festival of St. Denis, the Feast of the Founder of Notre Dame, was selected for the enthronement of the new Archbishop. A large number of Clergy and laity, as well as the great State officials, attended the Cathedral to welcome him. It was a lovely spring morning, when all the world seemed full of hope. The old Cathedral, which had witnessed many similar gatherings, was completely filled with a congregation composed of all sorts and conditions of people, whose desire to see Monseigneur Darboy, now so well-known in Paris, invested with Archiepiscopal honours was accelerated by the beauty of the day. The Archbishop was conducted to his throne in the midst of an immense congregation, and so great was the throng that he could with difficulty secure a passage to it. The usual ceremonies with which we are familiar in our English Cathedrals then followed. Each of the Clergy knelt before him and kissed his Episcopal ring, as an act of canonical submission, and in return each received his Blessing, after which the Archbishop briefly addressed the people. Referring to this ceremony a little later, he wrote: "It was with profound emotion that I presented myself to my Diocese, and that I found myself mixed up

with all those who gathered in the ancient and noble Cathedral—the centre of a city which, according to report, gives a pattern and a balance to the entire world ; in the presence of that Altar where each day, after so many ages, the Blood of the merciful God streams forth through the piety of Bishops and Priests on behalf of the spiritual and temporal needs of France.”

If the character of a man is shown by his choice, it will be interesting to note the way in which the Archbishop administered his patronage. Among his first appointments it is recorded that he made the Abbé Surat Archdeacon of Notre Dame. The new Archdeacon had passed through a very stormy career. He had accompanied Archbishop Quélen when he was massacred, he was with Archbishop Sibour when he was stabbed in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, and finally he shared the captivity and fate of Archbishop Darboy under the Commune. A firm friendship developed between the new Archdeacon and his superior. Indeed, it was a common saying of the Archbishop, *Je suis Votre père*, and perhaps it was this saying put into action which formed the keynote of his Episcopal administration, and the explanation of the goodwill which on all sides he secured. Not long after his enthronement the Episcopate of Archbishop Darboy became conspicuous owing to a very memorable event which took place then. For twenty years the Cathedral of Notre Dame had been in the restorers' hands ; and although Popes had visited it, and great national events had taken place within its walls, the Cathedral had only been Blessed, but never Consecrated. It fell to the lot of Archbishop Darboy in modern times to consecrate this ancient and noble Cathedral in the presence of no less than thirty Bishops, after so many centuries of its existence. Almost directly after this event he received a pressing invitation to lay the foundation stone of the new church in the parish of his old home at Fayl-Billot. It did not require much persuasion to make the Arch-

bishop accept this invitation. The ceremony was fixed for the 27th of August, 1865, but the Archbishop, delighted with the opportunity of seeing his family again reached, Fayl-Billot a few days before the event. The country scenes, so familiar to him were then adorned with their summer growth and illuminated with a brilliant sunshine. The Bois Banal afforded him a cool and shady rest from the August heat, where, amid the songs of birds and the pleasant landscape of undulating country, seen from the hill on which the Bois stands, he threw off the cares and anxieties of the See of Paris and became once more Georges Darboy, the school-boy of Fayl-Billot. It was not for long, however, that the Archbishop was allowed to forget his Episcopal duties, for the 27th of August changed Fayl-Billot into a miniature Paris. From all the country round about crowds of people flocked into the little town to see the new Archbishop of Paris, their compatriot, and to join in the local festivities of the occasion. So great was the interest taken in the event that no less than twenty thousand people attended the function. The ceremony, which took place between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, commenced with a large procession, which passed around the old church and proceeded to the site of the new church on the hill. Crowds on either side assembled to welcome it, and as soon as they caught sight of the Archbishop a great cry of enthusiasm arose—"Vive Monseigneur! Vive Monseigneur!"—which for an instant drowned the solemn notes of the processional hymn. The Archbishop, blessing young and old as he passed, proceeded to the site selected for the foundation stone, and having duly laid it, gave an exceptionally interesting address, touched as he was by the moving scene before him. In the evening all the houses of the little town were illuminated in honour of the event, and the streets were filled with country folk from far and near, who seized the opportunity to participate in social gatherings.



FAYL-BILLOT.
THE PARISH CHURCH.

The Municipal Council of Fayl-Billot, in its "Compte Rendu" of 1870, referring to the building of the new church and the ceremony of 1865, gave the following interesting account of the procession:—"Who led it? Friends, parents, neighbours composed the procession. Proud of his elevation, the inhabitants of Fayl-Billot had invited to preside on this memorable occasion of their town a son of their soil. Pleased with their invitation, he hastened thither! This unity of sentiments, joined to the memories of his native country, gave to his accents a most touching eloquence when he told us his recollections and regrets which are always connected with our Commune." The Archbishop was also equally impressed with this event; it left with him a delightful memory, and whenever he met people who had witnessed it, he loved to discuss with them the incidents of this day. One of the most charming scenes which happened on this occasion is recorded by Professor Pierron, who tells us that among the many visitors who came to pay their respect to the Archbishop was an old Rector of eighty years, the priest who had taught the Archbishop his first elementary Latin lessons. When this aged priest entered the room, where the Archbishop was seated on a sofa, the room was full of fashionable people. Approaching the Archbishop, and anxious to pay him his proper reverence, he exclaimed: "Your Excellence! Your Eminence! Your Reverence!" The Archbishop, seeing his old friend, whom he had not met for many years, at once rose from his seat, seized the Rector with both hands, and made him sit on a chair by his side and talked to him. The aged priest, impressed by the kindness of his Grace, exclaimed: "Ah, Abbé, Abbé! You are still the same, then," and kissing the Archbishop on both cheeks he added: "He is still my little Georges!"

On his return to Paris the Archbishop found the political horizon more serene than when he had left it. The nation had unanimously accepted the Empire, and

now that a Constitution had been established, it turned its attention to industrial and commercial interests. As there is nothing good in this world without its attendant evil, it is sad to note that with the growth and prosperity of the Empire there came many foolish excesses of fashion, as well as certain doings in Society, which attracted much discussion and many comments. All those who linger in Paris over these days of the Second Empire will often hear about the doings of the Countess de Castiglione, who was noted for her wit, her beauty, and her caprices. Born in 1840, she was at the time when Archbishop Darboy came to Paris in the height of her beauty and pre-eminence among a brilliant circle of Court beauties. The pleasures of the Court were stimulated by her inventions and creations. To her charms were added various political undertakings of a mysterious nature. Yet, in spite of these picadillos, she became the *pièce de résistance* of Court Society in Paris, courted by the highest as well as by many others. To record all the vagaries of her conduct, by which she sought to rivet the attention of the world upon herself, would be labour lost, yet an allusion to her life affords some idea of the condition of Society at the time when Archbishop Darboy undertook the cure of the Diocese. The closing scene of her life affords a picturesque idea of all human affairs. As life advanced the charm of her beauty began to decline with unusual rapidity, and her repartee and wit very quickly lost their power. It became plainly evident to herself, alas, that her appearance was rapidly changing. She noticed, too, that those who once felt themselves highly flattered if she condescended to bestow on them a word, or even a smile, now began to neglect her company. Once courted by Royalty, she was now ignored by all her former admirers. To endure this treatment while all the world looked on was to her worse than death—yet what could she do? Only one way of escape suggested itself to her. She would shut herself up in her rooms and exclude the

visits of almost all her friends, in order that they might only remember her as she used to be when she charmed them by her beauty. She therefore admitted only a very few of her former friends, and darkened her rooms in order that they might not see her clearly. She even went so far as to exclude all looking-glasses from her apartments, so that she herself might not be depressed by the ravages of time. Her end was the natural consequence of a life absorbed exclusively in worldly ambition. When she died her funeral passed unnoticed in the streets.

Among the brilliant personalities of the Court at this time must be mentioned the Princess de Metternich, the wife of the Austrian Ambassador, who also was remarkable for her caprices. Although a foreigner, whose interests and sympathies were decidedly German, she nevertheless influenced the beau monde of Paris to a great extent, and was believed to be responsible for many of the extravagancies which helped to discredit the Second Empire. Apparently quite indifferent to public opinion, she seemed to follow any idea that entered her head. For instance, it is said that on one occasion the English Ambassador requested permission to smoke in her presence. She not only acquiesced, but drew a cigar from her pocket, offering one to the Ambassador and taking one herself. On another occasion, being confined to the house at Compiègne on a rainy day, in company with the Imperial party, who had gone there for hunting; by way of diversion, and to relieve the *ennuie* of the place, she suddenly seized one of the ladies-in-waiting, tripped her up like a school-boy, and laid her flat on the ground. It was not enough to excuse such follies on the plea of eccentricity. Public opinion refused to admit that any responsible person had a right to indulge in caprices of this kind, and instead of attracting, they rather increased the prejudice of most people against the Princess, while they also discredited the dignity of the Court itself.

Although at the time no visible effect was produced by these extravagancies, they nevertheless created a feeling of uneasiness, and threw doubt upon the value and seriousness of the Imperial régime, in spite of the external appearance of its magnificence. It was said that while the sun was shining with all its brilliancy on the gay capital during the Universal Exhibition of 1867, which attracted a number of Royal personages to it, including Queen Victoria, the Emperor of Russia, and the Crown Prince of Prussia, a feeling of uncertainty continually pervaded passing events, and a kind of presentiment of the terrible disasters which crushed the life of France within the space of two years hence was felt by many. Society needed now more than ever to be influenced by a sense of duty and responsibility, which not even all the activity and forethought of Archbishop Darboy were able to produce. Everybody knows that the crimes of Louis XV. principally caused the horrors of the French Revolution; indeed, Louis himself foretold it when he said: "After me the Deluge"; and it is equally certain from the evidence of history that the frivolity of the Second Empire, and the want of attention to duty, were largely responsible for the tragedies of "the terrible year" which for a time reduced the power of France to zero, and finally brought on her "the week of blood." Towards the close of the Second Empire several terrible tragedies occurred, increasing in number and degree as time went on, until the war with Germany and the Commune of 1871. In order to understand the way in which this happened it is necessary in the sequence of events to refer to some of the tragedies which were the progenitors of the Franco-German war and the Commune. In recalling a few of these past scenes, it will be noticed that frivolity, dissipation, and intrigue were continually *en évidence*, they were, in effect, the origin of the tragedies, just as the national crises were the offspring of these tragedies.

There figured in Parisian Society at this period a dashing and wealthy Guardsman, of an attractive appearance and address, named Prince Achille Murat. Both the wealth, the social position, and the personal attractions of the Prince had drawn the attention of the beau monde upon himself for some time. It happened on one occasion that both Prince Murat and the Marquis de Rocheford, the famous critic of the "Figaro," attended by chance the same theatre to witness "La belle Héliène," Rochefort, who seldom made any effort to control the impulses of his imagination, enquired in a loud voice if the Prince was really the original Achilles of "La belle Héliène." Annoyed at finding himself publicly ridiculed, the Prince sent his seconds to the offender. They met next morning in the Forest of St. Germain, in the presence of the Emperor and his suite, who had ostensibly visited the forest to enjoy a day's shooting. In an adjoining pavilion, Louis Napoleon awaited the result of the duel, and was delighted to learn that Rochefort had been wounded, while his cousin had escaped without a scratch. A sad fate, however, awaited the attractive Guardsman. Possessed of great wealth, Prince Murat grew careless in the way he spent it, with the result that he lost enormous sums in gambling, dissipation, and on the Stock Exchange, till at last, finding himself no longer able to indulge the passing fancies of his fickle nature, he terminated his life by shooting himself through the heart—the cruel fate of a wasted life. One morning, Paris was startled on hearing the tragic fate of the celebrated Baronne de Silvera. Although highly connected, and at one time occupying a prominent position in Court circles, from which she was eventually excluded, she gave herself up for some time to a life which separated her from the rest of her family. As she was unable to mix with the highest circles of Society any longer, she endeavoured, at least, to attract their attention by a very ostentatious display of wealth, frequently driving

with a very smart equipage in the Bois de Boulogne (the historic site of so many sad and happy love affairs) to a chalet situated in the Bois. No human affairs are eternal, least of all the pleasures of sin, and a day suddenly dawned on her when she discovered that the source of all her wealth had ceased; that she had now become penniless, friendless, and forlorn. In this miserable condition she allowed a few days to pass along, anxiously desiring to find some way to cure her sorrows and conceal her misfortune. One evening, as she was retiring for the night, she told her maids that she would not require their services, as usual, that evening. Two bottles were placed beside her bed, one containing cough mixture, the other morphia. It was the morphia which she selected on this occasion, but in order to dispel the idea that she had taken her life, she previously wrote on a piece of paper near her the following statement:—"I have made a mistake. It is useless to call my maid or anyone else. I know I am dying---nothing can save me." It was the termination of a life of persistent violation of Divine law and human welfare.

Among the sad instances of thoughtlessness in influential circles at this period this, at least, must be recorded. The death of Count de Camarata, who was related to the Emperor, cast a gloom on Paris and filled its inhabitants with a feeling of strange misgiving. To this day the sudden disappearance of the Count remains a mystery. The Abbé Bauer, a handsome priest of somewhat worldly tendencies, left among his papers at his death the following statement: "Three of us knew this secret, and two of us have gone to their graves without revealing it. I shall do the same." As the Count was a relative of the Emperor he always had the entrée of the Tuileries, and being a great admirer of the Empress, he laid himself out to be of service to her whenever he could. Like most women, the Empress although gratified by any attention paid to her, would never allow any familiarity or disrespect to be offered

her. One evening, it is said, that as she was leaning on the Count's arm, forgetting the respect due to her as Empress, he foolishly exclaimed in Italian, sufficiently loud enough to be heard by the ladies-in-waiting: "I love you." The Empress, indignantly resenting the remark, seized the first opportunity which occurred of reporting to the Emperor the indiscreet words of the Count. The next day Camerata was found dead, wounded by a shot in the head. It was alleged that Zambo, a detective, was the assassin. The cause of his death remains a mystery, but in order to evade the odium of public feeling and suspicion which surrounded him, Zambo escaped to London. Here he would have remained unnoticed, but Griscelli, also a member of the Secret Police, who had owed Zambo a grudge for some time, followed him there, and finally shot him under Waterloo Bridge. "Thus the gay romance of the Second Empire," says a writer, "was saddened by dramatic incidents even in its hey-day. Existences that caused envy, because they seemed replete with this world's enjoyments, when revealed by death in their true nature were proved to have been lives spent in dark despair."

The few instances above narrated afford an idea of the superficial view of life with which so many regarded their duties and responsibilities at this time. There were, of course, some who recognised the more serious issues and needs of the nation, but these had very little influence while Society at large was thus absorbed in a storm of pleasure and self-indulgence. One is not, therefore, surprised to find that those upon whom the nation's safety depended found themselves totally unprepared to meet the German invasion. However much we may deplore the fact, it is impossible to deny that many good citizens joined issue with the Commune in the false hope that by rushing to the opposite extreme they might make the excesses of the Second Empire a thing impossible for the future. This action only

created still greater sorrows and disasters for France. It was a time of great anxiety for those who watched the course of events with the welfare of their country at heart. Archbishop Darboy was not unconscious of the evils which existed in the city, nor of the difficulty of removing them. He plainly foresaw that unless a change came over Society for the better, the present régime was doomed, and that much suffering would be involved in the upheaval of forces. He determined, therefore, to make an effort to attract the beau monde as well as the beaux esprits of science, and to bring the influences of Religion on lives which were controlled exclusively by human passions. He accordingly delivered a series of discourses to these people, and he showed by scientific arguments the folly of being satisfied with a mere physical existence in which the spiritual side of man's nature was allowed to take no part. As a sensible man, he made no attempt to arouse the bad feelings of those whose hearts he wished to win by denouncing their follies and excesses. His appeal was made to both their heads and their hearts, in which he showed by forcible arguments the impossibility of separating Christianity from Science; and he made an especial appeal to the young people not to forget the family circle, the home life, or the Faith which protected the home and brought it peace. Unfortunately at this very time the Diocese of Paris sustained a severe blow, which to some extent neutralised the efforts of the Archbishop. It had always been a great satisfaction to him to know that large crowds had collected in Notre Dame to listen to the eloquent appeals of Father Hyacinth on behalf of the Christian Religion whenever he preached there, and that the influence of Father Hyacinth had been a power for good among a class of persons who did not usually allow themselves to consider the claims of Christian Doctrine. It came, therefore, as a severe blow to the Archbishop when he was informed that Father Hyacinth had refused to take his normal course of

sermons in Lent, and that he also intended leaving the Convent at Carmes. With great forebearance and with, alas, the fond hope of still retaining his valuable services in the cause for which he laboured, the Archbishop refrained from publicly reprimanding him. His separation from the Diocese of Paris was a loss which it could ill afford to endure, especially as so many Clergy were required to bring the softening influences of the Christian Religion on the gay and thoughtless members of Society who frequented the overcrowded salons and boulevards of Paris; for at this time Paris was attracting the attention of Europe through the opening of the Universal Exhibition, and its streets and hotels were filled with crowds in the pursuit of pleasure and excitement, whose interest in the more important duties of life was practically invisible.

The year 1867 brought with it, besides the Universal Exhibition, memories sad and gay. The pathetic fate of the Emperor Maximilian, who was executed at Queretaro, in Mexico, and for which, to a great extent, Louis Napoleon was responsible, created a feeling of resentment among a large number of people in France and elsewhere. It was also during the eventful year of 1867 that the Empress and the Prince Imperial nearly lost their lives. Very naturally the Empress conceived the idea while visiting Biarritz of paying a visit to her native country so near at hand, and for this purpose a number of her friends embarked in a despatch boat *en route* for San Sebastian. Besides the Empress, the party consisted of the Prince Imperial, then only eleven years old, the Duchess de Alba, sister of the Empress, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, Madame Carette, official reader to the Empress, and another lady-in-waiting, Dr. Corvisart and Monseigneur Bauer—all persons of interest. As soon as the steamer arrived at the well-known watering place, the sea, which had been calm at first, gradually changed its appearance and became so rough that the Captain declared it was

impossible to return to Biarritz, and he accordingly steamed for San Juan de Luz. As the shades of the approaching night began to fall, the huge breakers of the Bay of Biscay broke with fury on the rocky coasts of Spain and France. Owing to the tremendous surf which lined the coast, it was found impossible to bring the steamer near the shore, and the Royal party were obliged, therefore, to land in boats. The fisher folk of this well-known sardinne port, having ascertained that the Empress was on board, hastened along the shore with flare lamps and torches, to guide the boats into port. One of these boats safely reached the shore, but the one containing the Empress, her son, the admiral, the doctor and the priest, struck on a rock, and immediately commenced to fill. The pilot, perceiving the danger to which its occupants were exposed, lost his head, and, jumping into the sea, was hurled by the waves against the rocks and drowned. At this moment of peril, one of the sailors offered to swim to land and procure help, but the moment he jumped into the sea, as the tide was running out, he touched the sand, and it thenceforward became an easy matter, without the help of any boat, to land the party.

Shortly after this adventure another Royal personage also nearly lost his life in Paris during this remarkable year. The Czar had come to the French capital to attend the Universal Exhibition, and one day, while he and the Emperor Louis Napoleon were returning from Longchamps, a Polish refugee, named Berezowski, fired on the Russian monarch. This attempt on the life of the Czar was rendered unsuccessful owing to the vigilance of a young equerry named M. Rainbeaux, who, spurring his horse forward, effectually covered the Czar, the shot entering the body of the unfortunate animal instead.

The year 1867, which has been called sometimes "the great year of the Empire," might with equal propriety be called "the gay year," for Paris seemed to

be devoted more than ever to gaiety and amusement. Fancy dress balls, mask balls, and ordinary dances were continually indulged in by all circles of Society, and at the Tuileries more than anywhere else, perhaps, this was the case. Had the French nation but realised the extent to which Germany was arming herself, more serious thoughts and interests would have occupied its attention. The Abbé Déguerry, Confessor to the Empress, and Rector of the Madeleine Church, the church *par excellence* in which the world exhibited its fashions, strongly urged the people to remember the serious duties of life as well as its pleasures. It is said that he even preached a sermon before the Emperor and Empress, in which he especially condemned masked balls, alleging that they allowed a good deal of impropriety which would otherwise be impossible. Archbishop Darboy, also, labouring under that strange presentiment of coming danger which affected so many people during the last years of the Second Empire, endeavoured to give expression to these forebodings, condemning the excesses of Society as well as the strange theories put forward by the criminal classes as an explanation for their crimes. Referring to the catch words of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," which were then upon everybody's lips, he pointed out that each of these words had its own particular value, *according to the sense in which each person used them*, and he insisted that Liberty did not mean that everybody had the right and freedom to do whatever he liked, whether right or wrong. Then pointing out that wrong ideas were frequently the cause of most crimes, he cited the Revolution of 1846 as an instance in hand. With a prophetic perception of the horrors which befel the Gay City during the years 1870 and 1871, he wrote: "Who can say whether the errors of to-day may not produce the same fruits?" This remark aroused a certain section of the Press, and both the "Siècle" and the "Opinion Nationale" made some efforts to vindicate the Revolution, disclosing at the same time an

elementary feeling of dissatisfaction with the actual condition of affairs, and asking for a fresh régime. For a time the personality of the Archbishop became the central figure of an interesting picture, and therefore to the readers of these historic scenes a description of the personal appearance of Monseigneur Darboy at this time will perhaps be interesting. Many portraits of him still exist, and several contemporary descriptions of him have survived the storms of days that are passed. He is described by Bishop Févre as a man of middle height, "his hair thick on his temples, his forehead rather open, his eyes animated, his expression sweet, his demeanour simple and precise." Professor Pierron says: "His forehead was well formed, broad and wide, indicating signs of labour and thought; his eyes were quick and expressive." On the other hand, also, he describes the defects of his personal appearance. "His nose," he says, "is too big, his lips are too thick, his chin is too heavy, and he is lacking in finesse and grace." But, subtracting the defects of his personal appearance from the sum total of his personality, we find a large remainder in his favour, and this was evidently the opinion of his contemporaries, for he always appeared to attract and control whether in Church or in Society. Here is another description from one who had plenty of opportunity of observing the Archbishop. Madame Carette, a lady-in-waiting to the Empress, and official reader to her Majesty, thus describes him: "Here I saw every Sunday the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Darboy, Grand Chaplain to the Emperor, whose terrible death under the Commune throws a tragic shadow over his memory. Monseigneur Darboy, though eloquent as a preacher, was quite a silent philanthropist. He was thin and short, his face small, and his features long, and his hair, then turning grey, fell about his neck. In appearance he was modest and almost timid, his countenance being distinguished by its great gentleness, and even melancholy."

The Emperor, who always had a liking and respect for the Archbishop, had shown his confidence in him by appointing him Grand Chaplain to the Court, and by nominating him a member of the Imperial Council of Public Instruction. The Archbishop, on his part, was equally attached to the Emperor, and his genuine sympathy for Louis Napoleon led him to give several disinterested reproofs, as well as praise, in his private intercourse with his Majesty. One day, when the Emperor was referring to the Archbishop, he said: "When the Archbishop of Paris refers to me in public he says very pleasing things, when we are alone it is a little different, but I do not mind it, I accept all from him because it comes from a man who never flatters." Here is an endorsement of this statement of the Emperor, which sufficiently attests the genuine character of the Archbishop. A heated discussion arose one day about a State affair at a meeting of the Privy Council, the Archbishop, who, by virtue of his office, was a Senator, had sustained with some energy an opposite opinion to that of the Emperor and his advisers. Just as the Council was leaving the chamber, a Minister accosted him and said: "My Lord, your Grandeur has spoken excellently, but it is best to be passive." The Archbishop, turning round to the Minister, remarked in a quiet tone: "Monsieur le Ministre, you will do me the honour of believing that here method has no *locus standi*."

It was just about this time that the famous Baron Hausmann, the re-builder of Paris, came across Archbishop Darboy's path, and it happened thus. Among the many plans proposed for the improvement of Paris, Hausmann had decided to renovate the City Isle, and he wished to pull down the Archbishop's Palace, situated then close to Notre Dame. As a matter of fact, there was nothing very picturesque about the Palace, indeed, it had been already partly destroyed and greatly disfigured in a former riot; but the Parisians were

astonished to find that Hausmann had so little regard for such a monument of history, and that the Archbishop so easily acquiesced in the proposal. It was, however, a feature in the character of Monseigneur Darboy to submit to things in general so far as he was able to do so, in the hope of allaying the restless spirit of the times, and of neutralising his own personality also. He was known to say that he believed "en son temps, et en son pays."— This may account, perhaps, for many concessions that he made, which were well-known to be contrary to his wishes and religious principles, especially in the matter of Papal government and Papal infallibility, both of which he accepted, although he had previously opposed them. It is sad to think that all his concessions failed to create the conditions he desired. As Grand Chaplain to the Emperor his duties often called him to the Tuileries, and it happened on one occasion that the Empress announced her intention of assisting at the Masse of the Tribune, when, as Grand Chaplain, the Archbishop was expected to remain at the side of her Majesty during the Masse. As he very much disliked this duty he excused himself by saying that Archbishops did not want to appear to be great people of the world. This attendance on the Empress was no doubt a superfluous and unnecessary duty, but the excuse for neglecting it was by no means convincing. It was quite an impossible position for the Archbishop to assume, for his office and the fulfilment of his duties gave him an interest in a large number of State affairs which he was required to control and guide as far as he could. His very first speech as a Senator referred to the Pope's Encyclical dealing with the status of the Gallican Church. As a strong supporter of the freedom of the Gallican Church he spoke forcibly on this occasion on the rights of the Episcopate as an authority of Divine appointment, which he was by no means disposed to surrender if requested to do so. This gave great offence to those who favoured Ultramontane theories, and the Pope himself was by no

means pleased with the speech. He accordingly wrote to the Archbishop rejecting completely Monseigneur Darbois's conditions, which only allowed appeals to Rome on a few points, and protesting against the limitation of the power of the Roman Papacy over Diocesan Bishops which Monseigneur Darbois had defined. Neither was the Pope satisfied with the way in which the Archbishop administered his Diocese, and in particular with the visits of the Archdeacons to the religious houses of the Jesuits and Capuchines in Paris, which had been arranged by the Archbishop. The Pope wished to exercise a special jurisdiction over the religious houses independently of the Diocesan Bishops. And he had yet another complaint to make against the Archbishop which he did not delay to formulate. It happened thus: Marshal Magnan, a tall, imperious man, with a loud voice and heavy moustache, originally a notary's clerk, having enlisted as a private soldier under Napoleon Bonaparte, and having fought at Waterloo, had joined the Freemasons, being Master of the Grand Orient of France. From the very first, the Marshal had secured the goodwill of Louis Napoleon, inasmuch as he had given his military influence in favour of the *coup d'état*, and had still further cemented this attachment by the vigorous way in which he had put down the Red Republican risings in Paris. In order to show his favour to Marshal Magnan, the Emperor had appointed him Grand Huntsman, a sinecure which supplied him with a good salary without any obligations. At the death of Marshal Magnan, Archbishop Darbois was requested to perform the burial rites, and this request he accepted. The Pope, however, who had placed all Freemasons under a ban, was vexed with the Archbishop for blessing the funeral, and he alleged that as the Freemason symbols had been ostensibly placed on the coffin of the deceased there was no justification for performing the funeral rites of the Church. The Archbishop replied to the Pope by saying

that he did not notice the Freemason symbols, and in his letter, which he wrote a few days after the funeral, he said: "Permit me to tell you, simply and sincerely, that I am full of respect and devotion to your person, and that I have not had any other doctrines than those of the Church my Mother."

Although the year 1867 was the great year of the Empire, it was also the beginning of the end of the Imperial régime. No one at that time, however, could have foreseen that the war against Austria, in which the German and Italian troops took part, would have helped to circumvent the power of France, and to drive Louis Napoleon from the throne. Yet the defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa, by the allied forces of Germany and Italy, cemented the different German States into one united confederacy, and created the secret treaties by which the military forces of each of the German States were placed at the command of Prussia in time of war. The sequel of these treaties is the sad history of the Franco-German war.

Beneath the very gay exterior of the Second Empire at this time there lay a host of tragedies, which seemed to multiply from day to day. The very Court itself hid beneath its outward splendour mysterious histories and deeply-planned intrigues. No less than thirty-six thousand dossiers relating to suspected persons were found in the *Chambre Noire* when the Tuileries was burned during the Commune. The very Court receptions were frequented by spies of the Empire as well as by foreign spies in high positions of Society, both male and female. Princesses, Countesses, and Chevaliers of all orders acting for the foreign police so invaded the Salons of the Emperor and Empress that, when the Emperor wished to speak to some important personage, he was obliged to do so in private. After the battle of Sadowa, when Germany had consolidated its forces, and was desirous of regaining Alsace, the French Court was filled with German spies, while

the Department of Alsace itself was crowded out with Germans, who not only planned future events, but who tried their utmost to influence the population in their own interest. To illustrate the extent to which these plans were pushed, it will be necessary to recall two terrible political crimes which flash a vivid light upon the political doings of the day. Archbishop Darboy truly lived in troublesome times, and his lot was cast on an unusually stormy sea of strife and human passion. Some of the events which happened during the period are not only tragic, but their details are quite appalling; yet these very events, in all their hideous details, can alone explain the origin of those under-currents which, at the conclusion of the Archbishop's life, burst forth into violent storms, overwhelming everything that in any way opposed their course. I have already alluded to the fact that Germany had been actively influencing the people of Alsace in its own interest for some time. It was not until the conclusion of the Franco-German war that the effects of its labours were really disclosed, although strange facts, covering a period of many years, had occasionally removed the veil, disclosing to the dullest and most obtuse that an active foreign policy was circumventing the power of France in Alsace.

Towards the end of the year 1860 Paris, and indeed the whole of France, had been startled by a great crime, which hung like a heavy cloud, filling the country with a feeling of uncertainty and suspicion. M. Poinot, a Judge of the Imperial Court, and a devoted upholder of the Imperial régime, was returning on a cold winter evening from his country seat in the Department of the Aube, where he had been to collect his rents. It was an unusually cold and dark December evening when M. Poinot entered the Eastern express, *en route* for Paris, and only those who were obliged to travel ventured to perform the journey that night. Nothing whatever to cause any suspicion, either to the passengers or the

guard of the train, were noticeable during the journey. The train arrived safely and punctually at Paris, and the passengers dispersed in various directions and hastened to their firesides. Before the train was shunted from the platform, a railway official, in the ordinary course of his duties, opened the first-class compartment into which M. Poinsoot had entered, when he discovered the dead body of M. Poinsoot lying on the floor. He had been killed by a pistol shot. A search was at once set on foot, and two traces of the assassin, which he had left behind, were found. A police agent then visited the country seat of M. Poinsoot, at Chaource, and secured information which clearly indicated that a deserter from the 3rd Dragoon Regiment, an Alsatian, named Jud, was the assassin who had done to death M. Poinsoot. On hearing this the Chief of the Police, M. Claude, in company with a subordinate, proceeded at once to Mulhausen in pursuit of the assassin, from whence they set out on horseback for Ballons des Vosges, where they were overtaken by three Prussian soldiers. The subordinate French official was killed, a Prussian soldier pierced his heart with a sword, while two other military men seized M. Claude, gagged and blindfolded him, and, having dragged him up a mountain, placed him in a hut, where they unbound his eyes and freed his mouth. The hut contained several Prussian officers sitting round a table, one of whom addressed M. Claude in an obsequious and benevolent manner, informing him that no harm would be done to him, and that the French agent had been killed because he had opposed the efforts of the Germans in Alsace. He then assured him that as Alsace had been German formerly it would soon become German once more. "I have said enough, Monsieur Claude," said the German officer, "to show you that you cannot continue your investigation. Your spies are spied upon. Return to Paris. Jud is in a foreign country. He is no longer Jud; he bears another name. Go! but I tell you this; if you continue

your search, if by any possibility you return safe and sound from Fenette, you will be punished in Paris for your excess of zeal. The Emperor of the French himself will not be grateful to you for it. A magistrate like M. Poinsoit died because he tried to penetrate secrets. Jud killed him. Are you likely to be more fortunate? Now that you are free—reflect!" At the conclusion of these words they departed from the hut leaving M. Poinsoit to contemplate his position and to meditate upon their advice to him. Finding that the body of the detective had been removed and that it was therefore useless to make any further search for it, M. Claude returned to Paris, where it was decided to abandon the case altogether. M. Poinsoit had paid the penalty with his life for procuring too much political information, yet the very penalty itself had disclosed an unsuspected secret, and had brought to light some hidden forces which were preparing themselves to secure French territory.

Another thunderclap of the same kind, just on the eve of the Franco-German war, suddenly startled France, and once more vainly warned the French of the approaching storm. The evening of the 19th of September, 1869, was very wild and cloudy. Great gusts of wind swept the streets of Paris, and moaned around the fast-closed windows. Heavy black clouds obscured the moonlight, rendering the gloom intensively dark. Late in the evening a hackney coach hurried through the streets in the direction of Saint Denis. On arriving at the Pantin Gate the driver stopped his coach, as if he did not know which direction he should take. Immediately a young man put his head outside the coach and directed the driver to proceed straight ahead, upon which the coachman whipped up his horse and proceeded on his journey. The vehicle contained the man above referred to, who sat beside three children, and in front of him sat a lady with two more young children, seven in all. On arriving at a large grass field,

the driver was directed to stop, while both he and the lady, with the two younger children, alighted from the coach, the three other children being ordered by the young man to remain inside. "We are going to meet your father," he said, resting his foot upon the step of the carriage, "and we will bring him back again with us." Then, pointing to a high, white wall, at the other end of the field, which now and then disclosed itself beneath the uncertain intervals of moonshine, he turned, and led the way, the lady and children following. As a quarter of an hour passed away and no one returned, the driver alighted from his seat, and, with his back to the field, questioned the children as to why they were travelling so late. "We don't know," replied the eldest of the three, "our Papa has sent for us, and his friend has brought us here to meet him." On recalling the events of that night to mind later on, the coachman remembered hearing the barking of a dog, and some faint cries in the direction of the white wall, amid the roar of the late autumnal gale. In this condition of expectation a dreary half-hour passed away, then the young man returned alone, taking away with him the three elder children. As they alighted from the coach, he turned to the driver, and said with an air of authority: "You can go. It has been decided that we shall stay here," whereupon the coachman turned his horse and retraced his path at once to Paris.

It is not necessary to describe the scene, so precisely recorded by the Press, which was discovered on the following morning. Simply told, it amounted to this: Beneath two heaps of earth were discovered the bodies of a woman and five children, who had been done to death with the aid of a pickaxe. What followed was this:—Through the help of a photo found on the body of the woman, the assassin was traced to Havre, where he was identified. His name was Tropmann. He was a good-looking youth of nineteen years, with plenty of dark-brown hair, an arched nose, and a thick upper lip with

a slight moustache. In his address he seemed gentle and almost attractive. When arrested at Havre he tried to drown himself in the harbour; he was, however, brought to Paris, tried, and executed outside the prison of La Roquette. But the conviction and punishment for the crime did not allay the sensation and alarm which the affair had created. People asked themselves how it was that a youth of only nineteen years should so cruelly murder a helpless widow and five innocent children. There must have been some very strong and mysterious motive which induced him to commit this terrible crime, and to risk the danger to himself which it involved. In the sequence of events the veil was partly lifted, which only increased the anxiety created by the disclosure. During the trial certain facts came to light which plainly showed that the father of the unhappy family had also been murdered in the lonely Forest of Ufholtz, in the district of Belfort.

On the discovery of the crime, Tropmann no longer endeavoured to dissimulate. The body of the unfortunate man had been found near the Castle of Wattviller. This was the light which disclosed the motive of the crime, and it was explained by Tropmann as follows—“Kinck told me that he had overheard the previous night a party of strangers talking with great animation in one of the towers of the old Castle at Wattviller, which was in ruins, and in which Tropmann was engaged in counterfeiting coin. They were talking German,” he said, “and what Kinck heard was neither more nor less than projects of war against France,” and so in order that the information possessed by the Kinck family might die with them, Tropmann undertook to exterpate every member of the family. The whole sad tragedy was surrounded by mystery and terror, from which there issued one fact of great importance about which there could be no doubt whatever. Germany was actively preparing for a war with France long before that war had been declared, and therefore it followed

that Germany was not altogether against declaring the war for which she had spent so many years in preparation. Before the victories of the German arms, the Second Empire disappeared as quickly as the snow thaws before the sun.

CHAPTER VIII.

CRETEIL. DECLARATION OF WAR. DEPLORABLE
MILITARY NEGLECT. THE FRENCH CLERGY
COMMEND DARBOY'S EFFORTS AT ROME.
DEPARTURE OF EMPEROR FOR SEAT OF WAR.
BLOOD-STAINED BAZEILLES. BRAVE FRENCH
CAVALRY. SURRENDER OF SEDAN. ESCAPE
OF EMPRESS.

It was not possible for Archbishop Darboy to listen to the account of these terrible events in a spirit of indifference. Primarily responsible for the spiritual welfare of the great city, it shocked his moral sense to think that such horrors were committed in his Diocese, and that the passions of human nature in so many cases remained outside the spiritual forces at his disposal. Yet, sad as these events appeared to him, the Archbishop was not the man to yield to despondency. His character, naturally hopeful, and trained both by method and a sense of duty, enabled him still to pursue the path he followed, sure of ultimate success. The story of his life no doubt reveals his character, but the story of his methods gives an analysis of the way he formed it. And it is interesting to note his methods, for they enabled him to surmount many difficult situations in which he found himself, while they also proved a blessing to others who were dependent on his judgment and administration. A large number of his letters were found by the Communists when the mob broke into the Tuileries soon after the Empress had fled from Paris. They all

bore a family resemblance to each other. They were all brief and clear, and were expressed in precise terms. His daily life was also ruled by method. The Archbishop allowed no time to pass unused. Sometimes he rose from bed at 5 a.m., sometimes at 6 a.m., but never later. He commenced his daily work directly after he had completed his devotions, celebrating Masse immediately afterwards. He usually gave audiences after *déjeuner*, and when these were ended he either drove or paid a visit, finally retiring to bed about 11 p.m. He was an interesting conversationalist, being well informed in many matters, and to this gift he added the charm of being an excellent and intelligent listener, which made his company always acceptable. He had in a high degree that gift which the French call "abandon plein de charme." As a Bishop, he was truly excellent. He always made a great point of listening carefully to the information given him by the parochial Clergy, and whenever he met them he always remembered them and placed himself readily at their disposal when they desired to consult him. As a natural consequence, there existed a strong bond of sympathy between the Diocesan and his Clergy. As years passed on, his health, never very strong, showed signs of weakness, and on several important occasions he was obliged to abstain from Episcopal functions in Notre Dame. He was often unable to sing High Masse or to take the Ordinations, owing to the long fasts which are required from the Bishops and Clergy on these occasions; indeed, it happened once, while administering Holy Orders, he was seized with a fainting fit, and the Ordination had to be postponed. It was not, however, until he fully convinced himself that it would be better to avoid scenes of this description that he unwillingly accepted the inevitable. "A Bishop ought to know how to die standing," he said, in the endeavour to continue these duties, little suspecting, as he uttered these words, that he was accurately describing the closing scene of his life.

It was principally owing to his love for rural scenes, as a son of the country, and with the desire to husband his strength, that he rented at this time a country house at Créteil, situated only seven miles from Paris, where, in the quietude of the country, he arranged his plans and indulged his love of literary work.

During the summer of 1869, while the Archbishop was quietly resting at Créteil, he received an invitation from Pio Nono to attend a Vatican Council appointed by the Pope for the purpose of considering the dogma of Papal infallibility. The French Press strongly opposed this Council, for it considered that the Pope was endeavouring to force this dogma on the Church without sufficient authority or demand from the Episcopate. So strong were the protests, and so deep was the feeling in France against this measure, that the Archbishop, in his quiet retreat at Créteil, felt himself obliged to deal with the proposed dogma. "If for grave reasons," he says, in a pastoral letter he now published, "The Church considers it necessary to impose on us, under pain of eternal damnation, the obligation to believe it, she will not easily inflict a punishment so terrible as that of anathema." To this pastoral letter of the Archbishop, the Clergy replied:—"We are urged to express to your Grandeur our sentiments at the moment of your departure for the Council. You have explained in your Pastoral the method of conduct you wish to follow. We have recognised your moderation and your wisdom."

Soon after he arrived at Rome, he wrote to the Emperor:—"If I am not mistaken, liberty does not seem complete here, and consequently the authority of their decisions will be unsound; moreover, the tendencies which result from their orders are likely to produce results regrettable for the Church as well as for the States of Europe. I ask myself whether the general welfare, the interest of Society religious and civil, does not require that some one should come to our aid. Will

not the Government of the Emperor make known to the Pontifical Government the apprehensions which the appearances of the Council produce?" When he saw that it was no use for him to remain any longer in Rome, and that his efforts, joined to those of the Primate of Hungary, the Archbishops of Munich and Milan, with those of many other Bishops, were of no avail, he returned at once to Paris. It was a very critical time, for Prussia had just declared war on France, and Paris was in great confusion, endeavouring to arrange those military preparations which all France had for some time believed to be complete, even to the last button on the soldiers' gaiters. "Sire, you have the finest Army in the world," said Marshal Niel one day to the Emperor in Council. While Marshal Le Bœuf, the Minister of War, had assured the Emperor in Council, only eleven days before the declaration of war, that he would be able to place 350,000 men on the frontier within a period of fifteen days! Such was the general misunderstanding as to the condition of military affairs at the commencement of the war. On the other hand, Prussia had practically completed her preparations long ago. The Hohenzollern incident only provided Germany with the opportunity for carrying out her pre-arranged intentions. With the declaration of war Bismarck had declared that his labours were now ended; while the King of Prussia had ordered all his subjects residing in Alsace and Lorraine to return home directly the relations between the two countries became strained, and prior to the declaration of war. As both Alsace and Lorraine had been flooded with German pedlars and photographers, who had gone there to acquaint themselves with the habits of the country and people, a very large crowd of Germans arrived in Germany from this part of France. So carefully arranged had been the preparations of the Germans that within the space of eleven days their military authorities were able to concentrate no less than a million soldiers on the frontier to meet the French.

On the other side of the Rhine everything was unprepared. The transport, ammunition, and military stores of the French Army were all in the utmost confusion. "It is impossible to imagine the difficulties of every kind," said an eye-witness, "which assailed the army during the period of its formation." "At this critical moment of entering on the campaign," wrote General Montaudon, "the *personel*, the different arms, the supplies of every kind, are scattered in every direction, and the frontier towns, badly fortified, have neither comestibles nor munitions." Some of the reserve troops arrived at the front without any canteen, without a mess, without blankets, without munitions. Certain corps which were waiting for the harness of their horses received cases of saddles and nothing more, or else enormous parcels of bits and bridles, but neither girths nor reins. The city of Metz, which during the mobilisation had received four Army Corps, was unable to supply the soldiers with either sugar, rice, brandy, or salt, while it only provided them with very little meat, and a very limited supply of bread. The Third Army Corps, which arrived at Saint Avold on the 25th of July, had neither nurses, nor any ambulance, nor any cooking apparatus. "Everything is absolutely deficient" was the telegram sent by General de Ladmirault from the seat of war. In this unsatisfactory condition the troops commenced to mobilise and to entrain for the seat of war. The crowds which lined the streets of Paris, ignorant of the real condition of affairs, hailed with delight the handsome uniforms and appearance of the soldiers, as they marched along the boulevards they would never see again. Just before these historic days the Emperor and his family returned to Saint Cloud, where the following interesting incidents, recorded by M. de Piennes, chamberlaine to the Empress, took place. One afternoon, just before the declaration of war, the Emperor, on his way to the Council Chamber, entered the drawing-room, where the Empress was making some

arrangements with M. de Piennes. Seeing the Empress there he paused, and began to read to her the speech he had composed, which he had couched in most pacific terms. When he had concluded it she shook her head disapprovingly, and accompanied her husband to the Council Chamber. Having read the speech aloud he remained to take the votes of his Ministers, which from the favourable reception of his speech he clearly judged would be given in the interests of peace, when he was suddenly seized with a fainting fit, and had to be removed from the Council Chamber. On his return half-an-hour afterwards his Ministers, under the influence of the Empress, who declared that war was inevitable if the honour of France was to be maintained, had changed their minds, and a vote with a majority of four decided in favour of war. It was a valuable present to Bismarck. On receiving the news that war was to be declared Paris went wild with delight, amid the greatest excitement, and the oft-repeated shouts of "A Berlin! A Berlin!" and "A bas les Prussiens!"

Archbishop Darboy arrived in Paris on Saturday morning, the 22nd of July, on his return from Rome. He lost no time in summoning his Clergy to meet him. Eager to hear the result of his visit to the Pope, and anxious for directions as to their duties under the stress of war, the Clergy responded everywhere to the invitation, and so great was the number who attended that several of them were unable to enter the Salons of the Palace. They presented an address to his Grace, in which they praised the line he took, and the firmness with which he upheld it. The Archbishop was so deeply touched by the hearty reception they offered him that, knowing the common disappointment which they shared with him in the futility of his efforts, he found it difficult to restrain his emotion. He therefore briefly thanked them for their kindness, and assured them that they were continually in his thoughts while at the Council meetings, as well as in his journeys.

On the following Thursday, five days after his return, he hastened to St. Cloud to wish the Emperor and the Prince Imperial "Good-bye," as they were starting the next day (Friday) for the front.

It was a beautiful summer's day, and the Palace of St. Cloud, which was afterwards destroyed by French shells to prevent the Prussians from taking shelter there, was standing in all its glory. The beautiful park, then in full foliage and merry with the song of birds, suggested no thought of war, or of the historic scenes of former days which perpetuate its memory. Here Marie Antoinette had passed some happy moments before the harrowing events which closed her life. Here Henry the Cruel was stabbed by the Monk Jacques Clément; and here Henrietta of Orleans, the daughter of Charles the Martyr, of England, died, not without suspicion of poison. On the following morning the Archbishop celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, and communicated both the Emperor, the Prince Imperial, the Empress, and her two nieces. In taking leave of his Grand Chaplain, the Emperor commended himself and his son to the prayers of the Archbishop. It was the last time they were to meet again. On the 28th of July the Emperor, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, then only a lad of fourteen years, left St. Cloud to join the army in the field. A level passage had been cut, and a small platform provided in a retired part of the park at St. Cloud, to enable the Imperial family to join the railway without passing through Paris. Leaving their private apartments the Emperor, with the Empress and the Prince, walked towards the park entrance shaking hands and addressing a few words to those whom they met *en route*. Louis Napoleon wore the dress of a General of Division, the Prince that of a Sub-Lieutenant. Both father and son entered the train which awaited them, and were followed by various Generals. The Emperor, Empress, and Prince then embraced each other, and after a signal had been given

the train whistled and commenced to move. All present uncovered, while the Empress called out to her son: "Do your duty, Louis." This was followed by shouts of "Vive L'Empereur!" and the historic scene concluded.

The Royal travellers arrived at Forbach on the 2nd of August, the very day on which the French General Frossard crossed the frontier and drove back the Germans at Saarbruck. This was only a small engagement, but being the first time the opposing forces had met each other, its importance was easily over-estimated. Alas, only a few days after this the Germans won first the battle of Greisberg, and afterwards the battle of Reichoffen, in spite of the conspicuous valour displayed by the French Cuirassier Regiments. And although both these battles were unmistakable defeats for the French arms, they were at first falsely reported as victories. When the truth became known a state of great agitation passed over Paris. Under these circumstances, Archbishop Darboy paid a visit to the Empress in order to console and encourage her; but as the telegrams arrived from the seat of war announcing defeat after defeat, it became evident to all that exceptional efforts would have to be made to retrieve the losses and to defeat the foe. On the morning of the 2nd of September, the Archbishop again visited the Empress, who had returned to the Tuileries. He found her very anxious and disheartened, for two weary days had passed away without any news whatever from the Emperor. This unaccountable silence from the seat of war filled her with sad fears and apprehensions from which she could not free herself. She greatly feared that both the Emperor and the brave troops were in peril. She presented a very sad and careworn appearance, knowing full well that this mysterious silence foreshadowed no good news. A meeting of the Senate was held on the 3rd of September, at which the Archbishop was present. The Ministry had just received the over-

whelming news of a crushing defeat of the heroic army of 86,000 men hemmed in within the walls of Sedan, under the command of Marshal MacMahon. M. Rouher, the Minister of the Interior, took the Archbishop aside and informed him that the Emperor and all his Army were prisoners of war; that Marshal MacMahon was gravely wounded; and that it was quite impossible to calculate the dire results of such disasters upon either the Army or the populace. The Archbishop, who was a very patriotic Frenchman, could find no words to express the deep feelings of his heart. He foresaw that directly these facts became public property a series of disasters would immediately follow, which would inflict even a deeper injury on the country than that caused by the German enemy. He also saw that under these circumstances the Imperial throne could only last a few hours, and that riot and anarchy would take its place. "My Lord, my duty detains me here," said M. Rouher, the President of the Senate, addressing the Archbishop. "Go and seek the Empress, and carry to her on behalf of the Senate those encouragements of which she has need in this terrible crisis. I know the confidence which she has in your Grandeur, and I am persuaded that your visit to her will do good." The Archbishop at once set out on his mission. He found a great concourse of people as he hurried with eager haste along the Quai d'Orsay, and he therefore decided to return to his Palace and to drive in his carriage to the Tuileries. On arriving at the Court of the Palace he noticed that the sentinels had been removed, while shouts of *Vive la République!* convinced him that the old order of things had passed away. Hardly had he realised the situation of affairs than he found his carriage stopped, while various menaces were hurled at him as he proceeded through the streets. A policeman in plain clothes then came forward, and said to him in a low voice "Do not expose yourself, my Lord, I beg you, the Senate is dissolved," and jumping on the box and seizing the reins

he turned the carriage and drove back in the direction of the Archbishop's Palace.

The startling news of the capture of the Emperor, the defeat of the Army of MacMahon, and the tragedy of Sédan, which I shall presently detail, had now been published, and the Archbishop noticed various announcements of the fall of the Empire, and the proclamation of a new Republic. Nothing now remained for him to do but to return to his Palace and await events.

The frequent reverses of the French Army had now opened the road to Paris for the Germans. They experienced no difficulty in finding their way there, indeed, they appeared to be as much at home in the towns and villages of France, as they were in those of their own Fatherland. For example, when a German commander took possession of a cottage where he intended to sleep, he ordered some soldiers to turn every article of furniture out of the room. He then took off his boots, and placing a large map of the country on the floor, laid down to study it. He next ordered his Lieutenants to consult their maps, and to name all the villages, farms, bridges, and woods, indeed, every feature of the district, following their information on his own map. Having exhausted these details, he gave his orders for the following day, directing them to reconnoitre different districts with small bodies of troops. What wonder, then, that with such accurate information, and with maps so carefully prepared before war was declared, every difficulty was avoided, every advantage was seized, and the campaign fought and won? All the bravery of the unprepared French troops counted for nothing when their enemies were so admirably equipped and so much better served than they were. With plans carefully arranged, and a military service well provided, the Germans rapidly forced their way towards the French capital.

It is no doubt more noble to trust one's neighbours than to prepare to conquer them; but, as the world

appears at present, the primary duty of those who are responsible for the welfare and safety of each nation is to take every precaution to protect the integrity and security of the national life. The peace of each nation is undoubtedly secured by military power, however much we may regret the fact.

The deplorable events caused by the want of military preparation, which aroused the indignation of all Frenchmen, and which practically destroyed the Imperial dynasty, took place on the 28th of October, when General Wimpffen, with his courageous forces, surrendered to the German Crown Prince. On the early morning of the 1st of September, a dense autumnal fog quite obscured Sédan and the surrounding villages. At 4 o'clock that same morning, hidden by the density of this fog, and in accordance with the advice of General Moltke, two German corps crossed the river Maas, and deployed on the road to Mézières, while one Bavarian corps advanced to the village of Bazeilles, in order to impede the retreat of the French troops. Marshal MacMahon had no intention whatever of disturbing the peace on the 1st of September. Indeed, he intended to utilize that day by resting his weary soldiers in order to prepare them for a battle which he knew he must shortly undertake.

Beyond the river Maas dense silence prevailed. Hurrying noiselessly along at the early hour of five in the morning the Bavarian soldiers reached the outskirts of Bazeilles, which they found quite unoccupied, and knowing that the village itself was held by only a few naval and military French forces, they rushed into it suddenly cheering and shouting loud hurrahs. The French troops were completely surprised, but they rapidly recovered themselves, and immediately opened a very destructive fire upon the Germans from front, flank, and rear. Rushing upon the foe they fought in close quarters in the streets with tenacious valour and perseverance. As soon as General Lebrun realised the

danger, he sent a messenger at once to Marshal MacMahon informing him that the troops were already in action. Without delay MacMahon mounted his horse and rode to Bazeilles, where, having satisfied himself that the defence was well contested, proceeded along the high road overlooking the village of La Moncelle. On reaching an elevated spot he pulled up his horse, and while endeavouring to watch the movements of the troops through the fog, the fragment of a shell struck him on the thigh. He at once dismounted, and for a few moments fainted. On recovering, he found himself completely disabled, for the wound was severe. He was, therefore, placed on an ambulance and carried to the Sub-Prefecture of the town. As he was being conveyed to this place he met the Emperor, who was on his way to the field of battle. Speaking a few words of sympathy to the wounded Marshal, the Emperor proceeded on his route, returning later in the day to visit him. It is interesting to know that by permission of the Prussian King William, the Marshal eventually proceeded to the Ardennes, where he ultimately recovered from his wound. In the meantime the battle was raging furiously on both sides, with the varying results of ebb and flow, until the Bavarians were reinforced by three battalions, when, at ten o'clock, they finally took possession of the village. As there was a good deal of fighting at close quarters, dreadful scenes of bloodshed and cruelty surrounded this battle. Bazeilles had suffered so terribly from shell firing that before the day had passed it was nothing more than a heap of ruins; while during the combat many sad incidents occurred which have made the battle of Bazeilles a sad memory in the history of warfare.

Either because they had no time to escape before the unexpected arrival of the enemy, or else because they were too reluctant to leave their homes, many women and children took refuge in the cellars of some

of the houses, as soon as they found the enemy upon them. As Bazeilles was several times stormed by the German infantry, and also burned by the artillery fire, these unfortunate refugees were either burned or suffocated in these underground cellars. Another incident happened in this fight which must be recorded. It was noticed that during the battle, the Emperor exposed himself repeatedly in dangerous places, even where there was no necessity for him to do so. For instance, finding that the heaviest firing was happening at Balan, he left his escort and most of his aides-de-camps, together with a battalion of Chasseurs, all of whom he directed to remain in a place protected by a wall, while he proceeded forwards towards Balan followed by four officers. Two of these, General de Courson and Captain de Trecesson, fell wounded close beside the Emperor, while Captain Hendecourt was killed in the act of carrying a message from the Emperor to General Ducrot, who had succeeded Marshal MacMahon in command. Then, a little later, just as the German troops had taken possession of Bazeilles at ten o'clock, the Emperor dismounted, and slowly and silently, without any apparent emotion, walked to and fro under a storm of lead. Shells burst so close to him that he became covered with dust and smoke. In this dangerous position he remained for several hours without receiving any injury. Just as he returned to Sedan a shell exploded within a few yards of him, killing two horses but leaving him untouched. This evidence is interesting, for it corroborates the statement of the Emperor which he made later on, to the effect that he could not find death among his troops, a statement which some writers have tried to ridicule. Shortly after his return to Sedan, General Wimpffen gathered together 5,000 soldiers in the hope of making a last desperate effort to break through the German lines, requesting the Emperor at the same time to put himself at the head of this forlorn hope. The Emperor made no response to

this request. He well knew that such an enterprise would only increase the bloodshed without obtaining any benefit; and he did not like to oppose the honest effort of the General in case his opposition should be misunderstood. Finding it useless to accompany him any further, he started off for Balan in company with Lebrun. Just after he had left, General Ducrot, who had been fighting in the neighbourhood of Illy, returned to Sédan with the intention of joining General Wimpffen's forlorn hope. On his return to Sédan he found the place in a most deplorable condition. The streets were completely blocked with a mass of military baggage; soldiers, crowded in confusion together, were moving about without either formation or weapons, some of them were even trodden to death in the *mélée*. General Ducrot, who visited the Emperor at the Sub-Prefecture, has himself given us an account of the terrible condition of affairs at Sédan. "Napoleon," he says, "no longer preserved that cold and impenetrable countenance so familiar to the world. The silence which reigned in the presence of the Sovereign rendered the noise more startling. The air was on fire. Shells fell on roofs and struck masses of masonry, which crashed down upon the pavements. 'I do not understand,' said the bewildered Emperor, 'why the enemy continues his fire. I have ordered the white flag to be hoisted. I hope to obtain an interview with the King of Prussia, and may succeed in obtaining advantageous terms for the Army.' It was almost impossible to hear the voice of the Emperor, for the cannonade increased with such violence that even the building in which they were was struck, while shells burst in the courtyard and garden. 'It is absolutely necessary to stop the firing' continued the Emperor. 'Voilà! Write this—the flag of truce having been displayed, negotiations are about to be opened with the enemy. Firing must cease all along the line.' Then said the Emperor—'Now sign it.' 'No, sire,' replied General Ducrot, 'I cannot sign.

General Wimpffen is chief.' 'Yes,' replied the Emperor, 'but I don't know where General Wimpffen is to be found. Some one must sign.'

Shortly after this General Wimpffen returned to Sedan with the intention of securing reinforcements, and General Margueritte was ordered to advance with the reserve of cavalry, eastward of Floing, while four regiments of Cuirassiers, commanded by General Bonnemain, and several regiments of cavalry, commanded by General Fenelon, were ordered to take part in this great cavalry charge. General Margueritte started out, as usual, at the head of his Division, at a lively pace, the last column being obliged to gallop in order to keep up with him. As they passed General Ducrot, he shouted: "Gently with your horses! Gently with your horses!" Hardly had he uttered these words than a shell struck Captain du Bullet, of the 1st Hussars, mortally wounding him. Dismounting from his horse, Captain du Bullet dragged himself along the ground for a few yards, literally holding his entrails, and dying a few minutes afterwards. Then still pursuing his path in the direction of Floing, General Margueritte ordered his escort to halt while he pushed forward alone. The soldiers obeyed his order and halted. Turning to Sub-Lieutenant de Senneville, young Reverony, who had just been promoted to a lieutenancy, remarked: "The General is going to be killed. It is fatal to go ahead," then addressing the General he said: "Nothing in the world will induce me to leave you," and in defiance of the order to halt brave young Reverony kept close to General Margueritte in his perilous reconnoitre, some other officers following at a distance. They pursued their path until they reached the crest of the hill from which they saw dense columns of Prussian infantry in the direction of Mézières, only a thousand metres distant, marching towards them. "How many of them are there do you think, Pierres?" said General Margueritte to Reverony. "Eight thousand, my General," replied the latter. "But

look at all those who are coming behind them! It is a complete Army Corps," replied the General. It was, in fact, the Eleventh German Army Corps entire. Then, turning his horse in the direction of Floing, just under the crest of the hill, he rested near the road which leads to the village. Here, in the midst of a storm of shot, he pulled up his horse. The fire increased every moment, for the Prussian sharpshooters were now only 400 metres distant from where they stood. Suddenly the General's sword was shattered, and Sub-Lieutenant Senneville was wounded in the right thigh by a shot. In another instant a shot struck the General, who, throwing up his arms in the air, fell on his face to the earth. A shot had hit him in the mouth, severely injuring him. Supported by Reverony, the General moved a few steps in the midst of a shower of bullets, which whistled round his head. He was then conveyed on horseback to an ambulance.

When the troops saw their General wounded, as he proceeded on his way to the ambulance, they drew their swords and shouted "Let us avenge him." "Sound the charge, Barbier!" shouted Colonel Clicquot to his Sergeant-Major. Barbier sounded, and the order was repeated all along the line, the sound of which could be distinctly heard above the roar of shot and shell. General Rozal de Mandres has written a very graphic account of this famous charge which may here be quoted:—

"Spur, spur! cried the officers, leaning over their saddles, the leather of which creaked under the pressure of their knees. The horses feel, the men raised their arms and dug deeply. Spur, spur! and the charge rushed forward as before, while the bullets whistled like great flies when they clash with a heavy buzz. Shells tumbled as they fled; the wounded horses hobbled on their knees. At 150 metres distant the line of sharpshooters is thrown into confusion, there they perceived a large number of the enemy's troops who, before Maladrie and now



COLONEL CLIEQUOT.
WHO COMMANDED THE FAMOUS CAVALRY CHARGE AT ILLY (SEDAN).



LIEUTENANT PIERRES REVERONY.

almost on the top of Glorriette, formed groups in swarms or in squares, and awaited the charge. The first rank kneeling on the earth, they fired without stopping, without taking any aim, the gun at their hips, certain of hitting. A large white flag, bordered with gold, was in the centre of a principal line. Our infantry shouted 'For the Flag! For the Flag!' The charge of the French Cavalry which attacked the German lines was arranged in the following order. First came the Lancers, then the Cuirassiers, followed by the Hussars, and Chasseurs à Cheval. Urging their horses forward with all their might, the troops brushed away the German skirmishers and rode right into the German battalions which awaited them. With the utmost gallantry and determination they three times charged the German lines which mowed them down in rows and heaps. Colonel Clicquot was mortally wounded at the head of his regiment by a shot in the chest. Among the many killed and wounded in this famous charge may be mentioned Sub-Lieutenant de Groulard, who even passed the last Prussian line, where he was wounded by a bayonet thrust in his back and by a shot in his shoulder.

A German soldier of the 32nd German Regiment, in his reminiscences of the war, vividly describes the famous cavalry action as follows:—"There was something inspiring," he says, "in the calm of our firing lines facing the mighty rush of these masses of cavalry. Now the first squadrons had already come near. 'Steady!' commanded the officers, 'Don't fire!' Now they are quite close. With swords lifted up high they dashed in upon us. 'Fire!' rang out the word of command. Now a hail of lead rattled against the bold horsemen. What a magnificent, warlike sight! Steadily aiming, calmly firing, the infantry sends off shot upon shot, and the horsemen recoil as from a wall. A few steps in front of us they fall wildly in a heap. Here a horse falls, dashing its rider to the ground; there the horse and its rider

fall, as if struck by lightning; there again, riderless horses gallop about in crowds, rearing high and rushing back into their own ranks, they spread the confusion still further. Yet ever new squadrons press forward, those in rear pressing upon those in front, the front ranks partly take to flight, as if seized by a whirlwind, the confused masses roll about. With a sudden cry the horsemen stagger; ever calmly and surely the hail of shot from the infantry strikes in upon the writhing mass, horribly increasing the losses from second to second. Soon many hundreds of French horsemen cover the fields, and still they don't give up the bloody game as lost—ever anew they start on the ride to death. All honour to whom honour is due, even to the foe!" Another German writer also willingly testified to the valour of the French cavalry in this combat. "Although completely unsuccessful," he says, "still the French cavalry may be proud of the vigour and devotion it displayed on the day of Sédan, and which was appreciated even by their antagonists. King William himself, who was able to observe these heroic charges from his station expressed himself in a like sense."

The net result of these desperate efforts amounted to this—the French cavalry had covered itself with honour and glory, but all its bravery had failed to keep the foe in check. When the charges had ceased, and the remnant had returned to its quarters, the Prussian King ordered all the available artillery to concentrate its fire upon Sédan itself, by which it very soon silenced the French artillery, and practically set Sédan in flames. In this forlorn condition, a flag of truce was hoisted.

As soon as the Germans observed the flag they ceased their firing and a Bavarian regiment approached the Forcy Gate. Then, without any delay, the German King sent Lieutenant-Colonel Schellendorf to demand the surrender of both the Fortress and the Army. He was immediately conducted to the Emperor Napoleon,

of whose presence in Sédan the German authorities were unaware. The Emperor immediately informed Colonel Schellendorf that he would send his aide-de-camp, General Count Reillé, with a brief letter to King William. Schellendorf returned in haste to headquarters. Spurring his horse into a gallop he shouted out with a loud voice as soon as he approached headquarters: "Der Kaiser ist da!" Immediately a loud burst of cheering followed.

General Reillé, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, was an elderly gentleman of medium height and slender figure. He wore an unbuttoned black coat with epaulettes and shoulder straps, black vest, the famous French red trousers and polished riding boots. He wore no sword, but carried a riding stick. Quite half-an-hour elapsed before Count Reillé rode up the hill at a walking pace, with an Uhlan trumpeter in front of him, bearing a white flag of truce and an escort of Prussian Cuirassiers. Dismounting, he respectfully approached the King, and silently handed his Majesty the following letter from the Emperor, fastened with a red seal:—"Sire, my Brother,—Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, there is nothing left me but to surrender my sword into your Majesty's hands. I am, your Majesty's good Brother, NAPOLEON. Sédan, the 7th September, 1870." Directly the King opened the letter, all those around him moved away. When he had finished reading it he turned round and communicated its contents to those who stood near him; then, sitting on one chair, the King used the seat of another chair, held by Major Von Alten, who knelt in front of him for a table while he wrote the following reply to the French Emperor:—"My Brother,—While regretting the circumstances under which we meet, I accept your Majesty's sword, and request that you will appoint one of your officers, furnished with necessary powers, to treat for the capitulation of the army which has fought so bravely under your command. I, for my part, have

appointed General Von Moltke to this duty.—Your loving Brother, WILLIAM.” It was a very historic scene, simple enough in its details, but full of far-reaching consequences.

In due course a conference was held at Donchery during the night between Bismarck, Moltke, and Blumenstal on the German side, and Wimpffen, Faure, and Castelnau on the French side. After the usual preliminary courtesies an awkward pause ensued, which was broken by Wimpffen, who asked what conditions the Germans wished to impose on them. “They are very simple,” said Moltke, “the whole French Army must surrender, with arms and munitions. The officers may retain their arms, but they will be prisoners of war with their men.” To these conditions Wimpffen strongly objected, but finding the Germans were determined to force these terms upon them, he finally exclaimed: “I cannot accept the terms you impose; I will appeal to the honour and heroism of my troops, and will either cut my way through or stand on the defence of Sédan.” Without the least hesitation Moltke at once replied: “A sortie and defence are equally impossible. The mass of your infantry is demoralised; we took to-day more than twenty-thousand unwounded prisoners, and your whole force does not number more than eighty thousand. You cannot pierce our lines, for I have around you two hundred and forty thousand men and five hundred cannons in position to fire on Sédan. You cannot maintain your defensive there because you have not provisions for forty-eight hours; also your ammunition is exhausted. If you wish, I will send one of your officers round our positions, who will satisfy you as to the accuracy of my statements.” “It is equally impossible for me to endorse such a stipulation; we will renew the battle,” replied Wimpffen, in a tone of disappointment. With inexorable determination Moltke immediately replied: “The armistice expires at four a.m. At that hour precisely I shall commence to fire.” Here, on behalf

of the Emperor, Castelnau interposed, explaining that the Emperor had only given up his sword in the hope of securing an honourable capitulation." On hearing this Bismarck stepped forward and replied: "Whose sword was that—the Emperor's or that of France?" "Merely the Emperor's," replied Castelnau. "Well, then," said Moltke, with a gleam of satisfaction, "there can be no further question of any other conditions." Upon hearing this the French officers sent for their horses, and expressed a wish to retire, but Bismarck now prolonged the discussion, and eventually it was agreed to extend the armistice from four a.m. to nine a.m., in order that Wimpffen might place the German conditions before his fellow officers.

Taking leave of the German officers, Wimpffen returned at once to Sédan and informed the Emperor as to the result of the conference. Napoleon decided to start at five a.m. for the headquarters of the Prussian king, in the vain hope that by a personal interview more favourable terms would be obtained. Precisely, therefore, at five o'clock, the Emperor started in an open carriage, accompanied by two officers, and three more on horseback who rode behind the carriage. Quite expecting to return to Sédan, he bid farewell to nobody. As the carriage picked its way amid the ruins which made the streets of Sédan almost impassable, a few Zouaves on duty shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" Smoking, as usual, a cigarette, the Emperor looked pale and careworn as he drove in the carriage to Donchery. The scene was simple, but its historical importance to the national life of France was enormous. It was practically the closing scene of the Imperial régime.

Hardly had they proceeded a mile than at the little hamlet of Fresnois they met Bismarck on horseback. The German Chancellor had previously received a notice of the Emperor's impending visit from General Reillé, and had come to meet him. As soon as he approached the carriage from Sédan, Bismarck at once dismounted

and, uncovering his head, bowed to the Emperor, who immediately responded to his salute. The Emperor wore a dark blue military cloak, lined with red, which, being thrown back, disclosed his military decorations. Bismarck himself has given us a description of this interesting meeting. "I saluted," he says, "in military fashion. The Emperor took off his cap, the officers following his example, whereupon I also removed mine, although it was contrary to regulations to do so. He said 'Couvrez vous donc.' I treated him exactly as if he was at St. Cloud, and asked him what his commands were. He wished to know if he could speak to the King. I said that was impossible, as his Majesty's quarters were about two German miles away. I did not wish him to see the King before we had come to an understanding as to the capitulation. When he had arrived within a few hundred yards of the town he asked if he could stay in a house which he saw by the road. I sent my cousin, who had followed me, to view the house. On his report I told the Emperor that it was a very poor place. He replied that it did not matter."

This wayside cottage, painted yellow, with its white Venetian shutters, so humble in its appearance, gained through this visit a European notoriety. It belonged to a weaver, by name Fournaise, whose wife had just risen from her bed and was busy making the early morning coffee. The Emperor entered a little room and requested to be allowed to wait there until the King could come to meet him there. Sitting on a chair, and resting his elbows on the table, he gave himself up to the distressing thoughts which crowded on his mind. He was not allowed to rest long, for Madame Fournaise herself was tormented with the turn of events, and being very desirous to show her sympathy and respect to her Imperial guest, quietly entered the room, and in a sympathetic voice exclaimed: "Can I do anything for your Majesty?" The

Emperor, without even lifting up his head, replied: "Only to pull down the blinds," a request which she at once fulfilled. Here the Emperor remained for a few minutes, but the disturbed condition of his mind prevented him from remaining quiet for any length of time, and he suddenly rose from his chair, descended the rickety staircase, and, smoking many cigarettes, began to stroll up and down the little potato garden behind the cottage fenced round with wooden railings, then full of white blossoms. After which, stepping from behind the house, he addressed some remarks to six French officers of high rank, five of whom wore caps with gold trimmings and one in black. Soon after nine o'clock a troop of Prussian Cuirassiers came at a trot along the road, and on arriving at the weaver's cottage reined in their horses and proceeded to form a cordon round the rear of it. The lieutenant in charge, discourteously ignoring the presence of the Emperor and his officers, ordered two troopers to dismount and stand behind the Emperor's chair, shouting in a loud voice as they obeyed his orders, "Draw swords!" His Majesty, surprised at this want of courtesy, plainly showed the feelings of his mind by the expression on his face. Events now began to move quickly. Contrary to his hopes and expectations, the Emperor found himself unable to modify the stern conditions already defined by Moltke and Bismarck. A similar result now followed at Sédan. At a Council of War both General Wimpffen and the general officers of his staff found themselves entirely in the hands of the German military authorities, and that they had no choice whatever in the matter. Very reluctantly, therefore, they were obliged to accept the terms laid down by Moltke, and accordingly both Generals Wimpffen and Moltke signed the Capitulation of Sédan. Arrangements were at once set on foot to disarm and entrain the French troops. About mid-day some thousands of prisoners marched through the streets of Sédan on their way to Germany,

including sixty or seventy officers, several Cuirassiers in their picturesque helmets, blue Hussars, and many regiments of infantry. French guns with their ammunition, still drawn by French horses, passed through the streets, one of which bore the words written with chalk in German, "5 Jäger, Görlitz." Thus ended those terrible scenes of bloodshed which have made the name of Sédan a sad souvenir to both French and Germans, and which has so deeply stirred the patriotism of all Frenchmen, that its memory is still a living force in France. The French Army lost the battle of Sédan, it is true, but it did not lose its credit for valour or bravery when it lost the citadel. Indeed, the battle of Sédan covered the French cavalry with new glory.

As soon as Archbishop Darboy received the full details of the surrender of the Emperor to the King of Prussia, and of his imprisonment in Germany, he remarked: "I would accompany him in person if my departure would not resemble a flight, but I am Archbishop of Paris before I am Grand Chaplain; and if I leave my Diocese it ought not to be in the hour of danger." As he was, therefore, unable to minister to the Emperor in his exile, he commissioned a priest to act as Grand Chaplain in his stead, and he sent him to Wilhemshöhe, where the Emperor resided. On the 8th of September the Archbishop issued a statement in which he said: "One single thing ought to occupy and unite us all as brothers in a common prayer and united effort—to save France by saving Paris. May God protect our country and help by His wisdom and by His power those who labour for its defence." He then ordered that the hymn for the new Republic should be chanted in all the Churches of his Diocese. This direction which is recorded here was issued four days after the fall of Sédan. Those four days had witnessed momentous changes in France, for as soon as he was able to do so the Emperor forwarded to the Empress

at the Tuileries the following telegram: "The Army is vanquished, and in captivity. I am myself a prisoner. NAPOLEON." This news of the capture of the Emperor very soon became public. On the 4th of September the inhabitants of the Rue de Rivoli were awakened by the ominous cries of the newspaper boys, who shouted: "Napoleon Third a prisoner." So great was the excitement created by this astounding news that the clock had hardly struck eight a.m. than the inhabitants from all parts flocked to the centre of Paris, and an enormous crowd thronged the Boulevards in the hope of ascertaining further information.

It was a lovely autumn Sunday morning when, as usual, the populace of Paris had risen to enjoy the holiday and to fulfil their religious obligations. Around the Tuileries, a crowd of ragged, uninviting-looking individuals had gathered, some of whom were hanging on to the railings of the Royal Palace, as if waiting for an opportunity to enter it, while others pushed forward as if endeavouring to find some goal, shouting from time to time: "La Déchéance!" and "Vive la République!" or "A bas l' Empire!" Suddenly a band of about fifty men in blouses forced their way into the courtyard, and passed the sentries, while others of the same stamp effected an entrance by climbing over the railings of the Tuileries. Within the Palace anxiety and despair reigned supreme. Harassed by the cares which fell upon her, the Empress was obliged to take a good deal of chloral by night to induce sleep, and strong coffee by day in order to prevent her from breaking down altogether. While in this bewildered condition, she received a visit from the Ambassadors of Italy and Austria, M. Nigra and Prince de Metternich, who endeavored to persuade her to leave Paris at once, saying that unless she did so she would be massacred. Accepting their advice, she left them for a short time and prepared herself for her departure. Wearing a brown dress trimmed with fine gold lace, made by Worth,

and with nothing on her head, she returned to the Ambassadors and placed herself in their hands. Her appearance was somewhat distressing. Her tears had considerably disfigured her features, and she now put on a sombre black cloak with hood, the property of Madame Virol, which covered her hair and costume. Carrying a little black bag she took the arm of Prince de Matternich, while M. Nigra gave his arm to Madame Le Breton, an official reader to the Empress and sister of General Bourbaki. Treading her way along the galleries which communicated with the Louvre, she managed to escape the mob which broke into the Tuileries on the other side. As they hurried along the corridors, shouts of "Vive la République!" could be plainly heard both by the Empress and her three companions. They had only proceeded a short distance when a moment of intense anxiety occurred. One of the doors communicating with the Louvre was locked, which completely barred their passage, as none of the party had a key to fit it. All hope of escape for the moment seemed to leave the fugitives, until they remembered that a faithful servant possessed a key of this door, from whom it was procured, and in a few seconds they found themselves standing in the open street. Hurrying away on foot they reached the Church of St. Germain l' Auxerrois, where they engaged a fiacre.

"Drive to the Boulevard Hausmann," shouted de Metternich, without giving any number. The driver obeyed, but, just as the conveyance was starting for this destination a lad of fifteen, wearing a blouse, exclaimed, pointing to the Empress: "Why, it's the Empress! Why, it's the Empress!" This exclamation was fortunately drowned by the noise of the fiacre as it hurried along over the stone-paved street. On reaching the Boulevard Hausmann the travellers changed carriages, and drove to the house of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, then residing in Paris, who at that moment was driving in the Bois, and did not return

until an hour afterwards. On the following morning it was decided that the party should leave Paris in Dr. Evans' private carriage, and to facilitate this flight passes were procured for four persons, supposed to be British subjects—a doctor, a patient, and a nurse. Dr. Evans says: "It was about five o'clock on the morning of September the 5th, when I rapped upon the door of her Majesty's room, and informed her that the hour fixed for our departure was at hand." In a covered landau, painted brown, without any luggage, the travellers set out on their adventurous journey, the only attendants being a coachman and footman in grey livery, with black collars, who were seated on the box. The sky was cloudless, and only a slight autumn haze heralded the dawn of day. The carriage set out at full speed for Deauville, on the English Channel, apparently unnoticed by the people in the street. All seemed as usual. The street sweepers were busy at their work, the carts were coming in from the country with their daily market produce. No signs were to be seen of any precaution to prevent the flight of political personages.

On arriving at the Porte Maillot, an officer of the guard approached the carriage and ordered it to halt. A momentary thrill of excitement passed over the fugitives. Throwing down the right window and leaning out, Dr. Evans stated that he was an American, well known in Paris, and that he was going to spend the day with some friends. The officer asked no questions, and, being satisfied, he stepped back and looking at the coachman, said "Allez" (Go on). This danger passed, they once more felt the joy of freedom, until the first houses of Saint-Germain-en-Lage appeared in view, when, remembering that the Octroi, or Custom officers, would examine the carriage, a cloud of fresh anxiety once more darkened their surroundings. Quite contrary to their expectations the carriage was allowed to pass without inspection, as it was not the kind of carriage

which would be used for smuggling market produce. Pushing forward, they reached La Rivière de Sibouville at about ten o'clock in the evening, where, owing to the difficulty of procuring a change of vehicles, the whole party was compelled to pass the night at an auberge called "The Golden Sun." Here an incident occurred which for a time greatly alarmed them in their precarious position. In the small hours of the morning, when all were sound asleep after the trying ordeals of the past day, they were suddenly awakened by the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the voices of the horsemen outside the auberge. Startled from their slumbers through the commotion caused by the restive horses, whose riders for all they knew might be soldiers or emissaries of the new Republic who had run their prey to earth, they were still more startled when they heard a loud knocking at the door beneath their windows. The ever-recurring account of the flight of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to Varennes, and their capture there, seemed as if it were about to be repeated. They rose from their beds and very cautiously opened the windows to ascertain the meaning of this unexpected nocturnal visit. The requests of the riders and the gist of their conversation soon revealed to the frightened sleepers that the party was bent on pleasure, and that their existence at the auberge was quite unknown to those outside. Yielding once more to the demands of nature, for a short time they again forgot the fact that they were sleeping in the "Golden Sun," at La Rivière, instead of in the Tuileries at Paris.

Continuing their journey the next morning, partly by railway and partly by carriage, they finally reached the Hotel du Casino, at Deauville, where Mrs. Evans was staying. On entering the apartments occupied by Mrs. Evans, the Empress, very exhausted, tumbled into a chair, exclaiming, "Mon Dieu, je suis sauvée!" As soon as Dr. Evans had conducted the Empress to this hotel, he immediately set out for the Quai, to find a vessel

which would convey her Majesty to England. After much difficulty he discovered a small yacht of 42 tons, about 62 feet in length, manned by a crew of six hands, called the "Gazelle." The owner of the yacht was Sir John Burgoyne, to whom he made known the object of his visit, requesting leave for the Empress, Madame Le Breton, and himself to join him on his voyage across the Channel. To his surprise Sir John replied: "I regret, gentleman, I am unable to assist you in this matter; the little schooner, in such weather as we shall probably have, would be very likely to go to the bottom." Eventually, however, Sir John consented to receive the Empress and her party on board his yacht.

Shortly before midnight they left the Hotel du Casino hidden by the darkness of the night. Wild gusts of wind swept the street leading to the Quai de la Marine, while the roar of the waves could be clearly heard, warning them beforehand of the dangers which yet awaited them. At seven o'clock in the evening the "Gazelle" left her anchorage and moved out into the open sea. There was a perfect hurricane blowing. Large seas swept the deck from time to time, and for 24 hours the little vessel struggled with the tempest. At one moment the force of the waves was so great against the yacht that the Empress, thinking something serious had happened, sent a messenger on deck to know if any part of the vessel had been broken. The storm seemed at its greatest when the yacht reached mid channel, where the sea is always rougher, and several on board believed that their little vessel could not possibly survive the dangers which threatened it. However, at daybreak both the wind and sea fell, and the travellers entering the harbour at Ryde, crossed the Solent to meet the Prince Imperial at Hastings. That very night H.M.S. "Captain," commanded by Sir Hugh Burgoyne, a cousin of the owner of the "Gazelle," foundered at the mouth of the Channel amid the raging storm, taking

down with her a crew of five hundred officers and men. The Empress and her party had been more fortunate,

“Yet might those waters, if their tale were told,
A doctrine teach—a mystery unfold!”

With the departure of the Empress Regent from France, the existence of the Second Empire terminated, and our thoughts are turned again to the Archbishop of Paris, and to those who were left behind in Paris to weather one of the fiercest storms of human passion and lawlessness which history has yet recorded.

CHAPTER IX.

SIEGE OF PARIS. DUCROT'S SORTIE. POLITICAL INTOLERANCE. THE BATTLEFIELD OF CHAMPIGNY. PARIS VISITS THE TABERNACLES TO IMPLORE THE DIVINE HOST. PARIS SUCCUMBS. RED REPUBLICANISM BEGINS. ASSASSINATION OF GENERALS THOMAS AND LECOMTE. ARBITRARY EXECUTIONS. FLOURENS' AVENGERS. THE CITIZEN RAOUL RIGAULT. ARREST OF M. DEGUERRY. THE FIRST HOSTAGE. THE ARCHBISHOP IS ARRESTED.

After the Fall of Sédan, a direct road was opened to Paris for the Prussians, and only a few days elapsed before some German scouts were noticed in its environs. On the 19th of September, 1870, the fifty-one gates of admission to the French Capital were closed, while the railways which still communicated with the Provinces ceased to convey either goods or passengers. Solid walls were built across the permanent ways where they entered the city, and the following notice was posted on the walls:—"Citizens! The lines which connected Paris with France and Europe were cut yesterday evening. Paris is left to herself."

The Prussian forces, after leaving Sédan, at first pushed South in the direction of Paris, making their centre at Versailles. They very soon surrounded it, closing every exit, and cutting off all communication

with the outside world. King William and Bismarck took possession of Baron Rothschild's Chateau at Ferrières; and to this mansion, after many fruitless sorties, M. Jules Faure journeyed as the representative of the National Defence, in order to obtain an interview with the German Chancellor, with the hope of securing an armistice. It was an interesting visit, and M. Jules Faure has described it himself. "I was at the Chateau de Ferrières by eleven a.m.," he says, "but Count Bismarck did not leave the King's apartments before twelve. I then gathered from him the conditions that he demanded for an armistice. They were written in German, and he read them over to me. He desired to occupy as a guarantee Strasburg, Foul, and Thalsbourg; and as I had named Paris the day before as the place for meeting of the Assembly, he wished in that case to have possession of some fort commanding the city. He named Fort Valérien. Here I interrupted him. 'You had better ask for Paris at once,' I said, 'How can a French Assembly be expected to deliberate when covered by your guns? I hardly know if I dare inform my government that you have made such a proposal.' Tours was then named as a place for the Assembly. 'But,' said Bismarck, 'Strasburg must be surrendered. It is about to fall into our hands. All I ask is that the garrison shall constitute themselves prisoners of war.' At this I could restrain myself no longer. I sprang to my feet and said, 'Count Bismarck, you forget you are speaking to a Frenchman! To sacrifice a heroic garrison which has won our admiration and that of the whole world would be an act of cowardice. Nor will I even promise to mention that you ever made such a demand.' He replied that he did not mean to wound my feelings, he was acting in conformity with the laws of war; but he would see what the King said about the matter. He returned in a quarter of an hour, and said that his master accepted my proposal about Tours, but

insisted on the surrender of the garrison of Strasburg." These negotiations came to nothing; but in referring to them later on Bismarck said: "It is true that he (Jules Faure) looked as if he had wept, and I tried to some extent to console him. On my observing him more closely, however, I felt quite certain that he had not succeeded in squeezing out a single tear. It was merely a piece of acting on his part. He thought to work upon me in the same manner as a Parisian lawyer tries to move a jury. I am perfectly convinced he was painted at Ferrières, particularly at the second interview. That morning he looked much greyer, and quite green under the eyes. I am prepared to bet that it was paint—(grey and green), to give himself an appearance of deep suffering."

On the 28th of October came the overwhelming news that Marshal Bazaine, with two other Marshals, six thousand officers, and 173,000 men, had become prisoners of the Germans, while the fortress of Metz also was surrendered to the enemy. Two days after this great surrender, the Germans entered Metz. They found the place in a most pitiable condition. A German military writer, referring to the French soldiers who had been shut up in Metz, says: "The sorrows and hardships they had endured were clearly seen in the forsaken camps. The buildings were mostly destroyed, the gardens and plantations swept away, fences and hedges had vanished. Of vegetation there was not a trace left. The starving horses had gnawed off everything, even the bark of the trees. Many of these animals were seen in a piteous condition between the houses and the walls, motionless, awaiting death by hunger. Half brokendown, some sat on their haunches, others licked the mud at their feet, and many had sunk down in harness by the carts they drew. The ground of the camps formed extensive swamps, in which men, horses, and carts sank ankle deep. The mud had served as a bed of rest for some time to both officers and men.

Of straw not a trace was distinguishable from the common grey of the soil—the carcasses and horses lay in the morass. Corpses of soldiers also were found. These unfortunate men probably had died just before the surrender, and nobody had thought of burying them. It was hell on earth that these brave defenders had quitted. Indeed, one could not but respect an enemy who, under such circumstances, had held out so long.”

On the 28th of November great preparations were made for a grand sortie outside Paris. General Ducrot, the General in command, who, it will be remembered, had refused to take the responsibility of signing the order for a flag of truce at Sédan when requested to do so by the Emperor, on this occasion issued a proclamation, which concluded with these historic words: “I shall only return dead or victorious.” In connection with this proclamation Count d’Herisson relates an interesting incident. It had been the custom of General Ducrot to dine at a certain restaurant in the Rue de Miromesnil, which was frequented also by Ferdinand de Lesseps. One evening, while dining there, the proof of his proclamation was handed to him from the *Imprimerie Nationale*. After examining it with an air of approval, General Ducrot read it aloud to M. de Lesseps. When he had finished reading it he remained silent to hear what M. de Lesseps thought of it. “You ought to add,” said M. de Lesseps, after a brief pause, “some words like these—“as far as I am concerned I am resolved that I will only return dead or victorious.”” “Parbleu!” replied the General, “you strike hard!” Then, hesitating for a moment, he added “Very well, if you are bent upon it, dead or victorious it shall be.” Poor Ducrot! He returned from the sortie neither dead nor victorious—the master of neither death nor victory.

While military preparations were being made, both for the defence and relief of Paris, Archbishop Darboy was making fresh endeavours to prevent, if possible,

further bloodshed. As he was not allowed to correspond with the enemy during time of war, he requested a pastor to write to the Chief Minister of the Prussian Army, asking him to use his influence with the King and his advisers in the interests of peace. The effort, however, was not successful. Having failed to secure this result, he next turned his attention to the performance of ecclesiastical duties under the circumstances, making especial efforts to provide the Consolations of Religion, as well as temporal relief, for the wounded. Other cares also at this time confronted the Archbishop. Soon after the Germans had surrounded Paris, about the 17th of September, a spirit of depression and irritation broke out among many people in various parts of Paris, and unjustifiable acts of different kinds took place. Some of the inferior journals, trading upon the political passions of the street, filled their columns with abuse of the Clergy, of the Schools, and of the Religious Communities, with the natural result that certain Mayors illegally seized, by force, different Churches, using them for political clubs and public rendezvous. Some excluded religion from the schools, removing the Christian Crucifix from the classrooms, and destroying sacred emblems before the children, who on several occasions protested against such sacriligious acts. Not content with these excesses, they needed something more to gratify their unruly passions, and were not long in obtaining what they wanted. On the 31st of October these political "patriots" and "theoretical defenders" of their country organised an insurrection right under the very eyes of the Germans. "It was the second time," says a witness of these scenes, "since the commencement of the war that they had the sad audacity to rise in the presence of the enemy." The first injury they inflicted at this critical time was to invade the Hotel de Ville and to seize some of the members of the Government, after which they formed a new Government of their own! Among those placed

in prison was General Trochu, the Governor of Paris, with his suite. "Disgusted at this spectacle of disorder and shame," says a friend of Archbishop Darboy, "I hurried from this prison where it seemed to me all the infamous and ferocious doers appeared to hold a rendezvous. I betook myself to the Archbishop's Palace in a fiacre, which I found near the Place du Grève. Monseigneur Darboy was at dinner. I was introduced into his rooms. I recounted to him what I just heard. "To sum up" I said, "the revolt is victorious, and it is natural to expect anything from these new masters. If you wish to take any precaution, my Lord, the hour has come. You are at the mercy of the first criminal who may begin to cry 'To the Archbishop's Palace!'" He regarded me with a smile and said: "What would you do?" "My Lord, I should not have the presumption to tell you, because I do not know what one ought to do in a position so exalted as yours." "Ah, well!" he replied, smiling always with tranquility; "So far as I am concerned, I shall not stir. They can come at their pleasure; they will find me at home." "At least, my Lord, it will be well to place in safety your papers and valuables, and then is it very necessary that Mademoiselle Darboy should remain here?" "My sister is full of energy, and does not wish to be separated from me," he said with emotion. "With regard to the rest, we have taken our precautions in view of the Prussians. They will help us against the strikers. Let us fulfil the duty we have to perform. Let us give an example of calm and patience by continuing at our posts." In this uncertain condition they remained until at last the hour arrived for the grand sortie from which General Ducrot was to return either dead or victorious.

In order to divert the attention of the Germans from the real point of attack, two masked movements were made by the French in the direction of Gennevilliers and Choisy le Roi, in which the French

Marines exhibited great bravery. At daybreak the Regiments of the Line and Mobiles moved forward and drove the enemy back to Champigny. Following the road, with a wood on each side of it, the French rushed forward to meet their foe. From the shelter of their entrenchments, the German infantry poured a terrible fire into their ranks, and so startled were the French that for a moment they hesitated, but afterwards quickly dashed forward, bending low to avoid the fire. The Germans, noticing the effect of their fire, leapt forward and charged the French, but a timely reinforcement at this critical moment obliged the Germans to halt and act on the defensive. General Ducrot, who had one horse killed under him already, then led his men forward at a bayonet charge, in which he lost his second horse.

The fortunes of war were very variable on this occasion. At one time the German troops rushed forward, cheering and flourishing their rifles, and forced back the French troops as far as Créteil; when, however, hostilities had finally ceased, the French had the advantage of spending the night in positions formerly held by the Germans in the morning.

On the following day, when General Ducrot should have resumed the offensive he remained, inactive, using the day for burying the dead and digging fresh ditches and re-fortifying Champigny. It was a great mistake on his part, a mistake which the Germans turned to their own advantage, for on the following day, the 2nd of December, just before daybreak, the French allowed themselves to be surprised by the Germans, who attacked them with great violence in the terrible battle of Champigny. Those who survived the horrors of this battle describe it as one of the most deadly of all the battles fought during the Franco-German war. Count d'Herisson, who was present at it, describes some of the scenes he saw as follows: "While we were thus shouting with all our might in a most confidential

attitude, two German shells fell behind us in the middle of the crowded troops. Neither of them burst, the soft contact of the human body preventing them from striking the ground violently and from bursting by percussion. When they fell on the men they made the exact noise of a stone falling on the mud. One did not injure anybody, by what miracle I do not know; the other literally pounded two soldiers. Their comrades instinctively started aside and left, in an open space, the two poor devils beaten to a jelly, without human form, flattened, and as it were spread out, on the cold ground. I left Champigny and bore to the left. A lieutenant, whose company was sheltered behind the wall of the last garden, ran quickly towards us, drew me to him, and said: 'Don't go that way, Captain. You cannot go ten yards beyond that house without you and horse being blown to pieces.' I preferred not resting there, so I set spurs once more to my poor horse, who trembled under me, and was covered with sweat, notwithstanding the intense cold which froze my feet. I galloped thus for ten minutes. On this battle-field, which a short time before had been covered with living men, and where now the dead and dying seemed so numerous that they might have been taken for whole regiments lying down at halt, there was only one able-bodied man—a priest of the Foreign Mission. Alone and isolated, without appearing to have an idea of the danger he was running, he was doing his duty and attending to his ministry; he walked about beneath the shells and the bullets with a slow, gentle movement, as if he were crossing a dimly lit church in the evening on his way to hear confessions. When I saw him he was on his knees, with his black robe, bending over a Mobile, whose pale beardless face, wrinkled by suffering, gave him the appearance of a lad of twelve years. The priest placed his right arm under his head, and with his ear to the soldier's mouth he heard his confession." Alas! the courage, suffering, and mortality resulting

from this battle were of no avail! That evening Paris learned with amazement that the Great Sortie was a failure. They did not forget General Ducrot's declaration: "For myself, I am resolved. I swear it before you—before the entire nation—I will only re-enter Paris dead or victorious! You may see me fall, but you shall not see me retreat. Then do not falter, but avenge me. Forward, then! Forward! And may God protect us!"

In his endeavour to allow no opportunity to pass which might in any way benefit the soldiers, Archbishop Darboy wrote to the newly-appointed Minister of War as follows: "I have had the honour of offering your predecessor (three weeks ago) the Diocesan Settlements to be transformed into ambulances. Two of the Settlements—the Seminary of St. Sulpice and the Seminary of Notre Dame des Champs—have been accepted. They have received at one time forty, at another thirty, wounded or ill. The two others—the Seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardounet and the School des Carmes—do not appear to be fitted for this same purpose; but, I think, they would be serviceable for lodging the Gardes Mobiles. I am eager, for this reason, to place them at your disposal. Will you give the order that the matter may be investigated, and receive the attention which it requires? I thank you, Monsieur le Ministre, for having opened the forts to the priests who desire to help our brave soldiers in the midst of battles and danger. I have no need to add that other priests will follow the combatants to the ramparts, in order that they may bestow their care on them, and they will be found in the ambulances in order that they may not only fulfil the duties of their ministry, but more, if there is occasion, the duties of hospital attendants. The Clergy of Paris claim the honour of being in danger or pain, and of going wherever religion and patriotism may call them." These were not the idle words of one who knew nothing of the sacrifice to which he referred; for on several

occasions the Archbishop accompanied his Clergy to places which were well known to be points of danger during the siege.

On the night of the 27th of December the bombardment of Paris commenced. The weather was intensely cold, and the earth as hard and as slippery as glass. The Germans had prepared masked batteries, with the result that they placed their first shells on the Plateau d'Arron, to the great astonishment of the Parisians. Sometimes shells would burst every two minutes, causing great consternation among the civilians; but, as time wore on, familiarity moderated their anxiety, and men would even watch the flight of the messengers of death with evident interest. The first sign of an approaching shell appeared like a black object with a small bright spot in it, making a graceful curve in the air; when it came nearer a humming sound could be distinctly heard, until it dropped suddenly in some part of the city with a loud explosion. On the day following the commencement of the bombardment, as many as twenty-six houses were damaged by shells, while five persons were killed and five were wounded. Among the first victims of the German artillery was a turner, who was busily engaged in the work of his shop, and did not see the approaching messenger of death. One of the first shells burst in a Normal School near the Pantheon, while many tombs were destroyed in the Cemetery of Mont Parnasse. Besides the terror and danger caused by these shells, there was also a ludicrous result which often created much amusement. Directly a shell would fall in a street, men and women—in fashionable attire as well as in ordinary clothes—would fall down flat on their stomachs, no matter however dirty the ground might be. Both the act of falling and the after-effect were often very comical; and those who rose from the ground when the danger had passed away were frequently not too grateful for the means of escape by which they had saved their skins. But if

now and again the position of affairs created a laugh, the cloud of war perpetually hanging over the metropolis did not permit its presence to be forgotten. Under the series of adverses, many of the soldiers had begun to lose heart altogether, believing that it was useless to prolong the struggle. On the other hand, several regiments showed a strong determination to fight or perish in the attempt to relieve Paris. I remember an officer who had fought in several sorties telling me some years afterwards that he recollected the case of a certain National Guard, who, under various pretexts, had always evaded taking part in the sorties until an order arrived one day requiring everyone to take part in a particular sortie, and that one of the first to lose his life was this particular National Guard. Among the bravest and most active of the ambulance bearers were the Christian Brothers, who always advanced to the post of duty regardless of the peril they incurred. The French Church is indeed worthy of our esteem for the way in which her Clergy and laity courageously and unselfishly fulfilled their duty during the perils and privations of the siege. In the Church of the Holy Trinity, in the centre of Paris, may still be seen a white marble tablet with the following inscription:—"God is love. Under the inspiration of this truth, Trinity Church was converted into an ambulance during the siege of Paris, and the faithful of the parish becoming brothers and sisters of charity, lavished their endeavours with the most religious devotion on the noble victims of our heroic resistance, 1870—1871." *

On the 19th of January, 1871, Paris awoke to find the following proclamation placarded on the walls: "Citizens! The enemy slays our wives and children; he bombards us night and day; he covers our hospitals

* "Dieu est charité. Sous l'inspiration de cette Parole, L'église de la Trinité fut converté en ambulance durant la siège de Paris, et les fidèles de la Paroisse se faisant frères et sœurs de charité, y prodiquèrent leur soins avec le plus religieux développement aux nobles victimes de notre heroique resistance. 1870-1871."

with shells. The cry 'to arms!' resounds from every breast. Those among us who can offer their lives on the battle-field will march against the foe. Those who remain, jealous of proving themselves worthy of the heroism of their brothers, will submit, if need be, to the bitterest sacrifices, as a means of promoting the cause of the country. Let us suffer; let us die, if necessary; but let us conquer. Vive la Republique!" This proclamation was the precursor or another desperate sortie. When all the arrangements had been made for it, the troops bivouacked on the north-east of Paris in preparation for a life-and-death struggle. The night was very dark, and when the morning dawned a heavy fog completely obscured the scene of action. At seven a.m. General Vinoy's troops issued from Mount Valérien. They were hidden for a time by a little hill on which stands the farm-house of la Fouilleuse, as they advanced against Montretout, which was held by a detachment of Prussian Poles. After a savage hand-to-hand fight, which lasted until 9.30 a.m., the redoubt fell into the hands of the French forces. Next four villas, equally disputed in close quarters, fell into the hands of the French also, who after an hour and a half took sixty German prisoners. The Germans, seeing the success of the French troops, retreated precipitately to the shelter of the park at St. Cloud, while the French, with great determination, scoured the houses from cellar to garret in search of the enemy. It was a fight in which no human pity was shown on either side. Following up their successes, the French now made three charges á la bayonette, and bravely carried the position at la Bergerie, entering the grounds belonging to the Chateau of Buzenval. This chateau they retained for some time until the Germans secured reinforcements and, being supplied with better artillery than the French, compelled the latter to retire slowly once more to Mount Valérien after twelve hours of continuous fighting. With the darkness of the winter's evening at

half-past six the fighting ceased. The last sortie had failed to piece the enemy's forces which held Paris in its iron grip, and the French authorities were at last convinced that any further fighting was useless.

Among the many brave soldiers killed in the battle of Champigny, the nation mourned for General Renault. His funeral took place a few days after the battle. The Archbishop gave the Absolution, and seized the opportunity of saying a few words suitable to the occasion. Recalling the valour of the General and suggesting some thoughts applicable to the hour of danger, he reminded them that these fatalities were warnings to them all to consider their ways and to confess their faults.

Although the health of the Archbishop had suffered owing to the privations of the siege, which he shared alike with all, he did not in any way slacken in the performance of his duties. It was just at this time, while shot and shell were carrying sudden and unexpected death to many a household, that he preached a very effective sermon in Notre Dame, in which he enforced the great advantage, especially in that hour of danger, of joining in the Perpetual Adoration of Our Lord in the Sacrament of the Altar. It was there, he told them, that they would find the Ruler of the World, who alone had power to liberate His children from the world's oppressions. On another occasion he urged the people, in spite of all their reverses, to be calm, courageous, and trustful; words which the excited crowds who listened to him, forgetting the sanctity of the Church, loudly applauded. These sentiments he also expressed in a Pastoral Letter, issued on the 18th of January, in which he said:—"Owing to the violent and cruel character which the enemy gives to his attacks against Paris, the danger becomes from day to day more imminent and formidable. It is not necessary to think now, however, that our prayers have been in vain, certainly not that their object has been defeated. One

can regard, as a Grace of God, the firm resistance of Paris; what the population has shown of moral stability, of patience, of virile energy, exceeds what its friends had hoped, and what the enemy had feared." The Archbishop then appointed the 18th, 19th, and 20th of January as Days of Intercession throughout the Diocese for the Army and Nation. The Cathedral of Notre Dame was filled from end to end on all these occasions. The congregations were composed of all sorts and conditions of people, who, under the sorrows and trials which had befallen them and their families, eagerly besought the help of the Almighty in their hour of need. Young men and old, in different uniforms, mingled with the worshippers; while a large number of the congregation was vested in mourning for loved ones, such as a husband, a sweetheart, or a son, who had bravely fallen in defence of their homes and country. Amid the solemn tones of the plaintive music could be heard the moaning and explosion of the German shells outside.

On the 28th of January, the armistice commenced which placed Paris at the disposal of the Germans until peace had been arranged. Bowing to the inevitable, the Archbishop, preaching from his episcopal throne at Notre Dame, urged his flock to accept with Christian fortitude the defeats and misfortunes which had befallen them. It was the last time that he publicly exercised his office, and so great was the crush at Notre Dame on this occasion, that he had the greatest difficulty in proceeding through the aisles of this great historic Cathedral to convey the Divine Blessing to the kneeling crowds among whom he passed. The preliminaries of peace having been arranged, the siege came to an end, and the German troops for a time became the masters of Paris. They did not delay to show that they had gained an entry within its walls. "On the 1st of March," says a German writer, "the first squadron of the 2nd Regiment of Hessian Hussars stood ready at the Bridge of Neuilly, which the French had blocked

by a wall. My Captain, Von Colorab, ordered me to enter at a gallop, and to detach small patrols into the side streets. I myself, as leader of the first troop, rode at the head. The squadron followed at a slow pace, and behind them the 1st Battalion of the 87th Regiment. The whole detachment was detailed as an escort to the quarter-masters, while the troops told off for the entry were on parade at Longchamps. When the command was given to advance—I believe punctually at ten o'clock—I put myself in motion with my troops, the leading files, carbine in hand, the rest with drawn swords, and we advanced in full gallop through the long avenue as far as the Arc de Triomphe. I halted before the Arc de Triomphe till my troops were assembled and the squadron had come up, then we advanced towards the Place de la Concorde. My troops and squadron marched round the Arc de Triomphe, the ground underneath it being broken up. I, with the leading men, leapt at a gallop over the chains which encircle the monument, and went in front of the troop. On the Place de la Concorde I was put on picquet. Meanwhile a hugh multitude had collected, the whole place was crammed full, and being in continuous danger of being crushed, I had to be incessantly moving to find breathing space. We were kept there till the afternoon, and were then relieved by the Bavarian Uhlans."

A sad sight presented itself on all sides, and which, now that the danger to life and limb had passed, at once attracted the undivided attention of everybody. The ruins of Churches, houses, and handsome edifices, crushed by the German shells, exhibited themselves in every direction. The truly patriotic Frenchmen, grieving over the misfortunes which had befallen their country, and anxious to ignore the humiliation to the Frency Army caused by the presence of German troops commanding Paris, shut themselves in their houses and pulled down the blinds to hide the sight. On the 10th of March, arrangements were made, with the sanction of the

Archbishop, to celebrate Requiem Masses in the Churches of the Diocese on behalf of those who had been killed on the field of battle. Large congregations readily responded to the invitation to plead with the Almighty the Great Sacrifice of Redemption on behalf of those dear ones whose heroic deaths only increased the love of those they had left behind. The Churches on these occasions presented a very touching and ennobling picture.

The German soldiers remained in Paris for two days, during which time their presence secured order, for they were in no mind to allow any kind of disorder. Their retirement to the forts was, alas, the signal for the outburst of every evil passion which the Red Republicans had been obliged to restrain till now. As soon as the last of the German soldiers had left the city, the disaffected National Guards at once seized thirty howitzers and the ammunition left on the ramparts, and dragged them on the heights of Montmartre, menacing the safety and freedom of the inhabitants. Recognising the danger which threatened Paris from these unruly freelances, a Council of War was held with the object of repressing the disturbers. It condemned to death the leaders, who had threatened the peace and safety of Paris. They were Flourens, Blanqui, Lerault, and Grille. This was followed by a decree from General Vinoy, an old Crimean officer, who had taken the place of Trochu as Governor of Paris, suppressing the following seditious, and, in some instances, obscene journals:—*Le Vengeur*, *Le cri du Peuple*, *Le Mot d'Ordre*, *Le Père Duchesne*, *La Caricature*, and *La Bouche de Fer*. In no way deterred by these measures, the insurrectionists pulled down the tri-coloured flag placed on the July Column, and substituted the all-red flag, which was the badge of their party. An interesting incident immediately followed this act. Some sailors, who had no sympathy with these lawless mobs, endeavoured to replace it by

the tri-colour. They were at once seized by the mob and thrown, by them, into prison. One of the sailors especially brought upon himself the anger of the mob by handling the red flag in a manner which they considered disrespectful. On being questioned as to why he had done this, he replied: "I am a sincere Republican, but I prefer the tri-colour to the ensign of the demigogues. Under this flag," pointing to the tri-colour, "I have been five times round the world; but where has that thing ever been to?"—looking contemptuously at the red emblem.

The mob next commenced to erect some barricades in the streets, and two well-constructed barricades, guarded by sentinels, were placed in the Place St. Pierre. So threatening was the attitude of these revolutionists, that foreigners who had begun to re-enter Paris paused and finally ceased to come, with the result that business, which had begun to revive, came to a sudden standstill. One of the journals, referring to the insurrectionists, declared that "The mob does what it likes—drowns a policeman, flogs a woman, or demolishes a house at its pleasure; and no one dares to interfere. At this moment, the lowest rabble reigns in the capital of civilisation." Hour by hour the attitude of the mob grew more threatening, and it became evident to all that, unless some very decisive measures were taken, Paris would be at the mercy of any claptrap orator who sought to please the mob. On the 18th of March, therefore, very early in the morning, the Government troops marched to Montmartre, to the Bastille, and to Belleville, surprising the insurgents, who fled at the sight of the regular troops with undisguised cowardice. They took possession of their guns and commenced to level their barricades. Unfortunately for law and order, the troops were allowed to fraternise with the insurgents, who represented themselves as real patriots unjustly treated, and who really deserved well of the soldiers. Deceived by these plausible, and, as events

afterwards proved, false pretences, the soldiers who had been located in houses, balconies, and elsewhere, in order to fire upon the rebels, now descended from their posts and embraced the insurgents, believing that they were really good citizens. This fatal delusion greatly encouraged the mob, and also weakened the forces of law and order. At eleven o'clock some teams of horses were sent to fetch the guns taken from the insurgents. They had not proceeded very far when a number of National Guards obstructed the road and threatened to fire on the riders if they proceeded any further; at the same time a National Guard felled to the ground with the butt end of his rifle General Paturel, who had ordered his soldiers to fire on the opposing party, and a Captain of the Chasseurs also was shot for giving a similar order. Another crime followed almost immediately, when Generals Thomas and Lecomte were brutally assassinated. General Thomas was taken to a house in Rue de Rosiers and, after receiving many kicks and insults, was forced into the little garden at the back of the house. Here he was pushed against the wall, while several National Guards, standing only a few yards from him, and not even troubling to raise their rifles to their shoulders, fired at him from their hips. It was not until they had fired several bullets into his body that they killed him. While being thus tortured he stood bravely holding his hat in his hand the whole time. At the first shot he shuddered visibly as the discharge entered his body, but he still remained upright. At the second shot he still stood upright, but plainly showed a convulsive movement as fresh shot again entered his body. It was not until he had received fifteen bullets, the last of which hit him in the eye, that he fell forward, exclaiming as he fell the word "Cowards." On the same spot, afterwards, these butchers despatched also General Lecomte. His death was more speedy. On seeing the corpse of General Thomas he became visibly affected, but, recollecting himself, he

immediately turned round and, with a pale face, folded his arms across his breast and faced the firing party. At the third shot he threw up his arms and fell down dead. He was killed by the regular soldiers of the 28th Regiment of the Line, who had gone over to the insurgents. All this time the mobs from Bellville and Montmartre were busy in disseminating their ridiculous ideas. The walls of Paris were placarded with the catch words, "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality," all of which the Communists themselves destroyed. Several of them openly boasted that they wanted no Government of any kind whatever, because they said that every Government required taxation. "We want no religion and no marriage" said some, while others rejected the very thought of God and virtue, preferring to leave the world to the mercy of unchecked human passion and impulse. Such were some of the leading ideas of the Commune—the seeds which produced such a harvest of misery and tyranny among the inhabitants of the French capital. With this kind of programme in hand it is not surprising that the Church and Clergy soon became the victims of those who held these monstrous ideas. The Mayor of the Eighteenth Arrondissement, anxious to show the public the extent of his wisdom, exclaimed: "Look after the Priests, they are bandits, and the churches are their resorts, where they have morally murdered the masses by crushing France under the grip of the infamous Bonapartes—Faure and Trochu." Such incitement easily caught fire among a thoughtless crowd, whose passions were already highly inflamed by the sufferings of the late war, and who were hunting everywhere for a victim on which they could relieve their feelings. Almost immediately several of the churches were destroyed; then followed a series of assassinations, made under the most frivolous pretexts, which they nicknamed "executions." In this way no less than thirty-five men were done to death, three of whom were shot

by the National Guards at Bellville, only because they did not admire the dress of these Guards—and for no other reason! An old man of eighty-seven years, named Bignon, who had given evidence in a political trial as long as fifty years ago, was arrested in a café by a young Federal, and conducted by him to the Mairie of the Fourth Arrondissement, from which he was led forth to execution! A doctor, who was greatly liked for his benevolent disposition, went with a trumpeter to the bridge of Neuilly in the hope of making peace between the Government and the revolutionists. He was requested by the Government to consult the insurgents, in order that they might discuss and define their differences. On his return to the insurgent camp he was ordered by the Communists to join their ranks at once. Having refused to do so, he was immediately shot dead by a National Guard. When the Versailles' soldiers heard of this crime they clamoured to be led against the Communists, and swore to avenge this treachery. An opportunity presented itself sooner than they expected, for Gustave Flourens, a leader of the insurgents, was caught in a house at Rueil, which was surrounded by Gendarmes. Rushing upstairs one of them found Flourens attempting to escape from a window. Directly Flourens saw the Gendarme he fired at him, but the latter drew his sword and literally split Flourens' head in two with one blow. His death was regarded by his partizans as a great loss, and they organized a corps among themselves which they called "The Avengers of Flourens," adopting as their special uniform, blue blouses and red trousers.

The tyranny of the Commune, and the number of innocent people it condemned to death on the most frivolous excuses, sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world, and the people of Paris, over whom it domineered, began to feel that they had escaped the German shells only to meet with greater evils from their own friends.

A personality, whose name can never be forgotten by those who recall the history of the Commune, must now be called to the front. The citizen Raoul Rigault, although only twenty-five years old, was appointed head of the Communist police. He had been a medical student of the Latin Quarter formerly, and on several occasions had attempted to seize the control of the Prefecture. To make arrests appeared to be the one great aim of his calling, and, it must be added, his greatest pleasure. "So deeply did cruelty dwell in him," says a writer, "that he was regarded as the chief terror of the Commune." He looked upon the hostages which he captured with the utmost indifference, as if they were so many sheep for the abattoir. He would refer to their coming deaths in their presence, not merely as a matter of course, but as an event of no concern whatever. On one occasion he was heard to say "That he would desire to revive all that was believed to be the true history of the Terror of 1793." As a Freethinker and an Actualist, he was naturally opposed to the Christian religion, especially in its teaching on eternity. His animosity to it is well illustrated by a scene which happened at the Prefecture. The aged Rector of the Madeleine Church, a Clergyman who had devoted his life to faith and charity, was arrested as a hostage and brought before this young man. On being asked his name and calling, the aged ecclesiastic replied: "Priest of the Catholic Church." "Write down priest by trade" (*métier*) interrupted Rigault. "No," said the Rector, "say rather by vocation." In order to arouse public opinion against his victims, he insinuated that the Religious in charge of the Schools in Paris had needlessly abandoned their posts during the siege; whereas it is well known that the Christian Brothers, whose primary duty is to instruct the young, had left the Schools in order to attend to the wounded on the battle-field, and that many of them were shot by the fire of the enemy while doing so! Rigault and other

leaders of the Commune, in order to prevent the execution of some of the Communist agitators who had fallen into the hands of the Versailles troops, and in the hope of frightening the military authorities, began to consider the advantage of holding important hostages whose lives were valued by the Government. As one of their schemes was "to put an end to religion and marriage," it was only natural that they would consider the Clergy and Religious as being good hostages. On the 31st of March they arrested their first hostage—the Abbé Blondeau, Rector of Plaisance. He, with all the other hostages who were subsequently arrested, were sent to the Dépôt and confined in narrow solitary cells, in charge of a man called Garreau. Next followed M. Déguerry, the Rector of the Madeleine Church, who had gained some notoriety, not merely by his worthy character, but also by the fact that he had prepared the Prince Imperial for his first Communion, that he was Confessor to the Empress, and that the Empress had advocated his claim in preference to Bishop Darboy when the See of Paris fell vacant. His friends, knowing that his imprisonment would only benefit the Communists, urged him to escape without delay, and at their suggestion he made an ineffectual effort to do so. Discarding his cassock, he assumed the garb of a layman, and, leaving the Rectory by a side door, he scaled some garden walls until he reached the Church of the Assumption des Archives, inside which he passed the night. Attempting to leave this Church on the following day, he was, unfortunately, recognised by an insurgent, who, putting his hand on his shoulder, exclaimed: "In the name of the law I arrest you"! M. Déguerry admitted his identity at once, and requested permission to return to the Rectory to assume his clerical habit. On arriving there he found that his goods had been ransacked, and even the very buckles off his shoes had been stolen. He was taken immediately to the Dépôt, and imprisoned by order of Raoul Rigault.

In this state of affairs, a real reign of terror, it was obviously impossible for the Archbishop to doubt, even had he not been previously warned of the fact, that he would soon become a victim of their hostility also. Some of his friends even went so far as to offer him a place of retreat from the threatened danger. It was suggested that he should go to Versailles by a circuitous rout, or that he should leave his Palace and hide himself in Paris somewhere. To all these suggestions the Archbishop gave a decided refusal. "I am one of those," he said "who ought always to be found at my post." Although he clearly recognised the precarious condition in which he was placed, he nevertheless felt that, as the first Ecclesiastic of Paris, it would be impossible for him to desert his post in the hour of peril. On the other hand, many of his Clergy took an entirely opposite view of the circumstances. They were sure that he would be one of the first to be arrested, and that his arrest would only increase the difficulties of the Government, while it would place a power in the hands of the Communists which they would not fail to use against justice and order. From such a dilemma the Director of the Seminary of Paris, M. de Soye, determined to rescue the Archbishop. Accordingly, he sent a last and pressing message, informing his Grace that he had heard through the windows of his printing-office a conversation which plainly proved that the National Guards intended to arrest him. "I come afresh," he said, "to implore you to leave the Archiepiscopal Palace, and to take the necessary steps to safeguard yourself from such an outrage." From this fruitless appeal to the Archbishop, he next turned to Mademoiselle Darboy. Writing to her on the 1st of April, he urged her to compel her brother to escape without delay. "In twenty-four hours," he wrote, "there will be no time to do so."

The 2nd of April, 1871, was Palm Sunday. It was a bright clear day of early spring, Nature had once

more commenced to clothe the trees with green. The Archbishop rose early from his bed and said Masse, as usual. Then, after partaking of a hasty dejeuner, he strolled out into the garden of the Palace, delighting himself with the fresh, balmy air, and admiring the new-born flowers of spring, illuminated with the bright sunshine of that glorious day. Presently his sister joined him, and together their thoughts wandered far away to peaceful Fayl-Billot, with the quiet, solitary country scenes around it, and to those so dear to them who lived there. Suddenly the roar of the cannon on Mount Valérien aroused them from these pleasant thoughts, and vividly reminded them of the horrors amid which they lived. The movement of the troops which now began outside the walls of the Palace garden, the military marches, the keeping time, the drunken songs which clashed with the music of the National Guards, followed by the shrill cries of the newspaper boys, who shouted fictitious news of Communist victories, forced themselves on their attention. It was a painful contrast, which filled with sadness the heart of the Archbishop as he reflected on the miseries of the moment. Sad although it was to him, it was the last peaceful day, the last quiet talk between brother and sister, on earth.

On the following morning, the 3rd of April, the Archbishop occupied his time with the daily duties of his high office. Suddenly news was brought to him that half a company of the National Guards were stationed outside, and that they had come to take military possession of the Palace. Knocking at the principal door, the Commander, in accordance with superior orders, demanded the keys of all the doors which opened on the street or on the inner courts, and placed sentinels at every exit, with orders to allow no one to go out who was not provided with a pass. From that moment the Archbishop and his sister became actually the prisoners of the Commune. Not believing that they

would really arrest his person, the Archbishop continued, in spite of these disquieting proceedings, to fulfil his ordinary duties with trust and calmness. He attended the Archiepiscopal Council at the usual hour, and in bidding his Vicars-General "Good-bye," in the usual phraseology, "Till the coming week, Messieurs, if we are here, and if God please," he added on this occasion, "It is now more than ever the time to say this." Hardly had he returned to his study after the conclusion of this Council, than news was brought to him that a troop of fifty men had entered inside the court of the Palace. The Archbishop was not permitted to remain long in ignorance of the object of their visit. Two of them, Captain Révol, the delegate of the Prefecture of Police, and another companion, mounted the staircase and proceeded at once to the Archbishop's study. Rushing inside, and assuming an air of haste, they shouted: "The Jesuit Fathers have fired from a window in the School of St. Geneviève on the Federals in the old Street des Portes," and they ordered the Archbishop to go at once with them to the Prefecture of the Police, presided over by young Raoul Rigault, and to give an explanation of the event. Hoping to allay the fears of his sister, who he knew would be filled with terror on witnessing his departure under these circumstances, he called her into the study, and said: "These gentlemen wish me to accompany them for an instant. I will return soon." "My brother," she replied, "You shall not go alone, I will not leave you." "You cannot come, sister," said the Archbishop, looking at her with an expression of much sympathy. Two of the Vicars-General, M.M. Lagarde and Jourdan, who were in the next room, and had heard all that had passed between the Archbishop and Captain Révol, insisted on accompanying the Archbishop, hoping thereby to allay the fears of Mlle. Darboy. For this act of kindness Monseigneur Darboy affectionately thanked them both, remarking at the same time that one of them would be quite suffi-

cient. It was finally decided that M. Lagarde should accompany him, and he at once hurried off to fetch his breviary. As Captain Révol had already stated "that he did not doubt that his Lordship would be able to return to the Rue de Grenelle," the Archbishop remarked that it would not therefore be necessary for him to take his breviary; then, turning to M. Lagarde, he said: "You at least have not been arrested, and you will be able to give news of me to my sister and to these gentlemen."

A little after five o'clock the Archbishop bade "Good-bye" to his sister and the priests who were present when he left. They then directed their steps towards the great staircase of the Palace. As he left the study a very touching scene took place. Mdlle. Darboy seized her brother's hand and covered it with tears and kisses, exclaiming repeatedly as she descended the staircase, following him, the words, "Poor innocent! Poor innocent!" Standing at the open door she watched the carriage arrive with tearful eyes, and watched it until it had disappeared from view. She then returned to her room and allowed her sorrow to take its course.

As soon as the Archbishop, in company with the Abbé Lagarde, had entered the carriage, Captain Révol mounted the seat, while Journaux silently placed himself at the head of the men who guarded the coach. As the little procession crossed the principal entrance to the Palace many of the women, weeping greatly, knelt to receive the Prelate's Blessing, which the Archbishop at once gave them. And now the real meaning of his departure from the Palace was made known to him, for hardly had he entered the conveyance than M. Journaux handed him the order for his arrest, in virtue of which he became a prisoner of the Commune. It was signed by Raoul Rigault, and it read as follows: "Order is given the citizen Révol, Captain Adjutant attached to the Prefecture of the Police, to repair to the Archiepiscopal Palace to arrest Monsieur Darboy, so-

called Archbishop of Paris, and there to seize all his papers, which are to be most carefully scrutinised." The Archbishop's life was now at the mercy of one of the cruellest members of the Commune, the Commune which had already stained itself with innocent blood in the name of liberty and fraternity!

CHAPTER X.

THE PREFECTURE OF THE POLICE. RIGAULT'S CRUELTY.
M. LAGARDE ARBITRARILY ARRESTED. THE
ARCHBISHOP COMMITTED TO THE DEPOT.
ESCAPE OF ABBE JOURDAN. MADAME CORE.
REMOVAL TO MAZAS. THE SOLITARY CELL.
M. ROUSSE. FERRE, THE TYRANT. BLANQUI,
M. LAGARDE, AND M. THIERS.

Very soon after the Archbishop's arrest a search warrant was executed at the Palace. It was not, however, a search for compromising evidence against him. The Commune did not trouble itself as to the guilt or innocence of the Archbishop. He was detained as a hostage in the hope of paralysing the action of the Government; he was also detained to satisfy the animosity and vengeance of Raoul Rigault, the enemy of religion. The manner in which the search was executed left little doubt that the real object of the warrant was to secure money and valuables. Of the first but little was to be found, for the diocesan funds in these days of lawless violence had been previously removed elsewhere for the sake of safety. Of the valuables, a good amount was realised. Those who executed the warrant paid most attention to the sacred vessels of silver, the costly vestments, the ornaments of the Church, and the household silver. They did not hesitate to smash any piece of furniture which they thought contained money or jewels, and which they

were unable to unlock. During the whole night carts, laden with goods of different kinds, were leaving the Palace for destinations known only to the drivers. Large quantities of food which had been sent by England at the end of the siege for the relief of Paris, and had been stored at the Palace, were seized by the mob without any remonstrance whatever.

In the meanwhile, the Archbishop and his Vicar-General proceeded on their mournful journey, fearing the worst, but hoping for the best. On arriving at the Place Dauphine, in which the Prefecture of the Police was situated, Révol opened the door of the carriage, and the Archbishop alighted in a court filled with a motley crowd of persons. The little group made its way at once towards the office of Raoul Rigault, through a labyrinth of corridors. The apartments outside the office of the Prefect were filled with various individuals, smoking, drinking, and shouting, who took little notice of Révol and his prisoners. When they arrived at this ante-chamber they found among the crowd the Abbé Crozes, the Chaplain of La Roquette, the prison for the condemned. He had come to obtain from the Prefect a permit to enter the Dépôt, as he wished to see M. Blondeau, the Rector of Plaisance, who had been immured within its walls two days previously. The Archbishop paused to address a few words to M. Crozes until his own turn came to appear before this tribunal, presided over by Raoul Rigault. The examination of the Prelate was most grotesque, and at the same time most deplorable. The Archbishop was then 58 years old, his judge 25 years of age. The Archbishop had been called to occupy the highest offices in France; Raoul Rigault had appointed himself to the post he assumed. When the Archbishop entered the office, his hat under his arm, he saw Raoul Rigault seated in an armchair, raised above the rest, a table in front of him, covered with green cloth, placed in front of the door. He had his head covered with an embroidered military

cap. All his associates were seated around him, busily engaged in conversation, most of whom wore uniforms, with gold-laced military caps. The sight of the two cassocks evidently aroused Rigault's ire. Still seated, he shouted in a loud, brutal voice, accompanied by violent gestures: "You are the citizen Darboy? Very good! It's our turn now!" The Archbishop advanced a few steps, and with a very calm voice exclaimed: "Will you tell me, please, why I am arrested?" In order to show all the disrespect for the Archbishop which he could invent, Rigault turned his back on him, and addressed him over his shoulder sideways, not condescending even to look at him. "For eighteen centuries," he said, "you have oppressed us with your superstitions. It is time that this should cease. Your menials have massacred our brothers. Ah! well! Each has his turn. It is we who now have power, authority, and right, and we shall use them. Oh! we shall not burn you! We! we are more humane. No! but we shall shoot you! You have banished free thought in the name of your religion of Christ. It is now the turn for free thought to be equal with you!"

To every fact which the Archbishop adduced, he continually replied: "Nonsense! Consider, eighteen hundred years you have done this! That is sufficient to aggravate us!" At first the Archbishop did not take him seriously. He believed that, as Raoul Rigault brought forward no personal charge against him, but only alluded to past events of history, that he was merely trying to frighten or distress him, and he replied: "Do you imagine my children—" he had hardly uttered these words, than instantly commanding the Archbishop to keep silence, and furious almost beyond control, he shouted: "Des diables dans de l'eau bénite!" "There are no children here, we are the magistrates of the people, as you will understand by-and-bye." The Archbishop smiled. Seeing this, his features distorted with anger, Raoul Rigault again

shouted: "You smile, citizen! I repeat it, you will be shot, and in two days! We will then see if you will smile! Yes! You will be shot!" Then, addressing the Abbé Lagarde, he said: "And you also! Who are you?" "I have the honour to be the Vicar-General of my Lord Archbishop," he replied, "and I have had the honour of accompanying him." "Go along!" said Rigault, "don't give yourself airs! You also!—that is all I have to say." The Archbishop now thought the time had arrived for him to speak. "The Abbé, as a matter of fact, is my Vicar-General," he said. "He has not any warrant against him, and he is now only on my side because he agreed, at my request, to accompany me. I beg you, as a favour, to allow him to depart." Instantly Rigault replied: "Oh! The citizen is arrested! He remains under arrest. Your name?" "Lagarde." "All right!" Then turning to an agent of the Police, he said: "Quickly, an order for jail for citizen Lagarde, and take both of them off to the Dépôt immediately! Place them in cells separated from each other. Never two priests together! Captain, take them away!" But before this command was carried out, Rigault proceeded to complete the details of the committal for jail. Pretending to know nothing about Church Orders, he demanded the Archbishop's name and office. On receiving a correct reply, he wrote: "G. Darboy, ex-Archbishop of Paris." "You do not expect me to sign this statement do you?" said the Prelate. "And why not?" enquired Rigault. "Because in the first place," said Archbishop Darboy, "it is no less possible to dethrone an Archbishop than it is to make one; and in the second place, because I shall be Archbishop of Paris right to the end of my life; even if I am at Pekin I shall not lose my title." Realising the futility of attempting to control spiritual authority by temporal means, Rigault altered the description to: "M. Darboy, so-called Archbishop of Paris." The Archbishop glanced at his Vicar-General and smiled.

This arbitrary treatment of Monseigneur Darboy met with the unqualified approval of the Commune subsequently, who praised the firmness and energy of Raoul Rigault towards the defenceless Prelate. On leaving the Prefecture the Archbishop and his Vicar-General again crossed the ante-chamber in which they had entered when they first arrived. They found M. Crozes still waiting to receive his permit to enter the Dépôt in which his friend M. Blondeau had been imprisoned. Probably M. Crozes was not aware that a decree had been passed forbidding the Clergy to visit any prisoners, and that therefore his request would meet with a refusal. Indeed, so prejudiced were the members of the Commune against the Christian Religion, that during the whole time Paris was in their hands only one permission for a priest to visit a dying prisoner has been traced; and it was blasphemously worded thus: "These Presents are to authorise the Governor to allow the visit of Citizen B. to Prisoner A., who says he is a servant of Somebody called God!" To submit the Creator of the World to such petty insults seems unworthy of any human being; but these insults came from persons who wanted neither Religion, Morality, nor Government, and it would have been unreasonable to expect anything better from such people.

Unaware of the real condition of affairs, M. Crozes quite believed that the permission he desired would be granted him. His expectations now received a sudden blow, for just as the Archbishop and his Vicar-General passed him on their way to the prison at the Dépôt, M. Lagarde whispered in his ear: "We are arrested, the Archbishop and I," and at the same time he handed him a bunch of keys for Mdle. Darboy. "She shall have them this evening," whispered the Abbé Crozes, who did not imagine that he, too, was going to be arrested the next instant.

While the Archbishop was being subjected to the insults and menances of Rigault, harrowing scenes

were happening at the Palace. Directly after the Prelate had left the Palace, two sentinels were placed at each of the doors of his rooms, with instructions to allow no-one to enter them. In the other rooms the different members of the household anxiously awaited his return. At last the anxiety became so great that the Abbé Jourdan, one of the Vicars-General, hurried off in the direction of the Prefecture to make enquiries as to the reason of the delay. On his arrival he anxiously preferred his request, not knowing the real condition of affairs. Throwing off all disguise now, they forcibly pushed him aside with threats and insults, and paid no attention whatever to his enquiries. The Concierge, who happened to be passing then, said to him in a low voice: "Return to your house, or you are lost!" Acting on this advice, the Abbé returned, and so saved his life!

In the meanwhile Mdlle. Darboy sat lonely in her room, a prey to tears and sad forebodings, patiently awaiting the return of her brother. She had not remained very long in this sad condition before a Federal official suddenly entered her apartment and, showing her a warrant for her arrest, ordered her to follow him at once to the Concièrgerie at St. Lazare. Immediately afterwards Archdeacon Surat was arrested and conveyed in a carriage to the Prefecture. On arriving at his destination the aged Archdeacon waited outside the office of Rigault for an hour in the custody of two guards. When ordered to enter Rigault's office he timidly enquired of him the reason of his arrest. "The answer to this question," replied Rigault, "will be very short but very categorical. The Royalists ('Les Chonans'), the gentlemen of Charette, Vendée, and Cathelineau"—(meaning the Royalists and Clergy of the Great Revolution)—"have fired on our brothers, and have obliged us to make hostages; and every priest that we may find in Paris will serve for this purpose." "But, Monsieur, I am neither Royalist, nor from

Vendée. I am Parisian, and I do not at all see what I have to do in this matter." "Ah! don't assume your paternal mannerisms. We know all that. We are tired of Jesuitry; we do not want any more of it. For the first time you have the honour of having an atheistic government, and we will make you see that we do not recognise any other god than" (Bishop Surat did not catch the name of the new Commune deity, for Rigault shouted in a highly excited manner). "Consider that eighteen hundred years this has lasted, and it is necessary that it should end." Bishop Surat soon saw that facts and arguments were useless, and that as further discussion only excited Rigault, he, therefore, submitted himself to the inevitable, and became a prisoner of the Commune. For three days Archbishop Darboy was detained at the Concièrgerie, and it was during this time that an affecting scene took place which shall be recorded here.

Madame Coré, the wife of the Governor of the Dépôt, had been imprisoned because she had refused on one occasion to help the Commune, but being anxious to assure the Archbishop of her sympathy, with great difficulty obtained permission to see the Prelate, just before he was conveyed to Mazas after his three days' imprisonment at the Dépôt. She herself has left behind an account of this interview: "The moment I arrived," she says, "the Archbishop arose and held my two hands in his own. 'My lord,' I said to him, 'you are going to Mazas (prison).' 'I know it,' he replied. 'You will be shocked with what I am going to say to you—no doubt you are without money.' The Archbishop made a sign in the affirmative. 'Will you do me the pleasure of sharing this with me?' He accepted the offer saying, 'Thank you my child. I am now leaving my sister, will you promise me to be a sister to her during the continuation of these terrible events?' I gave him the assurance, and, melting into tears, knelt down before him. The Archbishop then raised his

hand and gave me his Blessing." At this juncture the interview was abruptly cut short, and an order was given the Archbishop to descend at once towards the entrance of the Conciergerie, and to prepare for his journey to the prison of Mazas. As he happened to pass along the corridors of the Conciergerie, peopled by National Guards and others, who watched the numerous victims of this "liberty loving" Commune, news was secretly conveyed to him that seven students from the Seminary of St. Sulpice had also been arrested. When they arrived at the entrance of the Prefecture they saw a prison van, fitted with cells for criminals, awaiting them, with several other hostages crowded near the door. The prison van was guarded by eight gendarmes. Just as the Archbishop attempted to enter the van, M. Bonjean, another hostage, also a magistrate under the Second Empire, simultaneously attempted to mount it. Politely withdrawing, in order to give the Archbishop precedence, M. Bonjean remarked with a smile: "After you my lord; religion first, justice afterwards." The Archbishop bowed and took his place.

The prison of Mazas, now no longer in existence, had once attracted much attention, for it was here during the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon that eighteen Deputies, known to be hostile to his usurpation, were detained for two days. It was situated near the Gare de Lyons, in the east of Paris, and in appearance it resembled a fortress. The cells were arranged around a central pavilion, in the middle of which rises the Chapel of the establishment, from which the Altar is visible to all around. The Commune closed the Chapel and imprisoned the Chaplain. A strict discipline was rigorously observed within the prison walls. The system of absolute isolation was adopted, and any prisoner attempting to communicate with another was severely punished. The Archbishop was incarcerated in cell number 62, which, by a happy coincidence, was situated only a short distance from that of M. Déguerry, who had been

previously conveyed to the Mazas. M. Lamazon, a Vicar who had served the Church of the Madelein under M. Déguerry, has given the following interesting details which took place during this time of terror: "I noticed," he said, "in one of the windows on the first floor of the building on the west, the Abbé Bayle, one of the Vicars-General of Archbishop Darboy. He did not hesitate to recognise me, and he informed me, by certain intelligible signs, that the hostages would have a common recreation at noon in one of the courts of the prison, and that M. Déguerry would be happy to see me, and to give some news about the parish of the Madeleine. At noon, one of the warders gave us the order to descend. I experienced a sweet emotion at the thought that I was going to meet again my Archbishop, my Rector, my Vicar-General, and some other friends, whom I included among the Clergy and Religious Orders of Paris. I placed myself in front of the door through which they would have to pass on the west of the bulding. My Lord Archbishop appeared the first. He was scarcely recognisable; his privations and the sufferings had created frightful ravages on his frail, delicate nature. Directly he appeared he was surrounded by his priests, who occupied, with me, the east of the building; the laity were less eager to express their sympathy with him. While he addressed me a friendly word, I kissed his hand, and M. Déguerry entered into the courtyard. I was for ten years one of the Vicars at the Madeleine. Knowing that he (M. Déguerry) was of an active nature, and had a sensitive disposition, I expected, after two days' captivity in a prison cell, to find him weak, depressed, and ill. Happily, he was nothing of the kind. His face was rosy and vigorous, his conversation almost animated and gay. In spite of his sixty-four years, he carried himself more erect than ever. He had, like my Lord Archbishop, suffered much; but privations and trials had not been able to impair his powerful constitution.

If I except a quarter of an hour which I shall devote to seeing Archdeacon Surat, P^{ère} Olivant, M. Bayle, M. Petit, Secretary-General of the Archbishop, M. Moléon, Rector of St. Séverin, and some other confrères, I passed all the recreation time with M. Déguerry. He asked me for news of his Clergy and of his parish. The closing of the Madeleine caused him a deep regret, but the news that nothing was broken, nothing desecrated, restored his good humour. He spoke little to me about the humiliating proceedings of Raoul Rigault, of the weariness and suffering of his long detention in his cell at Mazas. Not only did he not retain any bitterness in his heart, but he wished 'to dedicate the years which may still remain of his life to do more good to those who persecuted Religion and the Clergy, and to increase the ministry of love and eloquence to the deep and exceptional needs of Paris, to show that without Jesus Christ and his holy teaching there is nothing for the masses, or for the individual, but illusions, deceptions, and material and moral ruin.' M. Lamazon had also the privilege of discussing with the Archbishop the possibility of release. 'I have received some information in the prison of Mazas,' said the Archbishop, 'no doubt, under diplomatic pressure. A member of the Commune, and delegate of the Minister of Justice, has assured me that if the Commune has taken some hostages, it is only in obedience to the brutal desires of the lowest demagogues, and that if they compel them to execute some, his intention was to oppose it, at any rate, so far as the Clergy were concerned.' In spite of this statement, M. Lamazon writes: 'While they appeared to entertain no fear, I, for my part, never entertained any hope.'"

In a solitary cell, situated on the basement floor, the Archbishop passed his time, by order of Raoul Rigault. But the loss of liberty and the society of his friends only gratified his persecutors for a time—it did not satisfy the miserable cravings of their degraded

nature. Something more was needed to make their victim feel the extent of their hatred and ill-will, so a series of petty persecutions was invented. The Communist warders amused themselves by making fun of their prisoner, to show how little sympathy they had for his sufferings. Sometimes they described imaginary victories by the Commune over the Regular troops, and sometimes they knocked at his door, pretending they had come to fetch him for execution. On the other hand, various efforts were made, from time to time, to liberate the Prelate, but all ended in failure. Direct appeals were made to the tyrant Raoul Rigault, but he always dismissed them with the same dictum: "The criterion of our revolution is death to the priests." An interesting account of a futile attempt to free the Archbishop came to light after the fall of the Commune, in a deposition made by the Abbé Féron, before the Council of War which sat to try the revolutionary prisoners. "When I understood, by the newspapers, that the Archbishop had been arrested," says the deposition, "I desired to take some steps on his behalf. I returned to the Hotel-de-Ville, where a Commander named Rogeard introduced me. I made known my request, and was told to address myself to Raoul Rigault, at the Prefecture of the Police. I went there, and they declared that I was a good capture, and they wished to arrest me at once. Thinking I was lost, I told them they had no right to arrest me, not having any summons against me. I added that I was not the least afraid; that I had braved death for them against the enemy. They then left me alone." After two fresh attempts, M. Féron again visited the Concièrgerie. "On this occasion," he says, "Rigault asked me if I had come from the Archbishop's Palace. I requested him to conduct me to the Archbishop, and that, in the name of Liberty. He refused."

Not the least trouble which befel the Archbishop at this time, as he sat in his solitary cell, was the thought

of the danger and sorrow which surrounded his sister. Try as he would he could not dismiss this thought from his mind. Not knowing, as yet, that she had been arrested, he begged one of his guards to tell her to leave the Palace, and not to worry herself on his behalf, because he was as well as could be expected, and he wished her to put herself in a place of safety. Almost before the sound of these words had died away the news was conveyed to him that Mademoiselle Darboy had been arrested the day before. On hearing this appalling news he became deeply afflicted. "My poor sister in prison!" he cried wildly, "it is quite unreasonable!" From this moment but one thought seemed to occupy his time. The lonely hours, the dreary walls of his solitary cell, the uncertainty of the dangers which surrounded him, all these were obscured by the one ever-recurring thought, "My poor sister in prison!" "All the kindness you can show her," he said to a friend, "will go to my heart." Knowing the anxiety which her imprisonment would cause the Archbishop, Mademoiselle Darboy managed to send him a symptom of her sympathy and affection. It was a small crucifix, to which was attached a touching souvenir of their family. The Archbishop received it with joy and reverence.

In the meantime, Raoul Rigault had been endeavouring his best to execute his threat that the Archbishop and others should be shot. He did not like to take the sole responsibility for a wholesale execution on himself, although, so great was his influence with the ruling members of the Commune, that no doubt had he done so he could easily have justified his action so far as they were concerned. But the imprisoned Clergy had been ostensibly seized as hostages, and to destroy those hostages would be a fatal error which would have condemned him in the opinion of many who sympathised with the Commune. Some pretext must be found which would justify their execution. He had

not far to look for such a pretext. A newspaper, entitled *Mot d'ordre*, edited by M.M. Henri Rochefort and Henri Maret, at this moment published an article in which it accused the Clergy of carrying information from the advanced posts of the Commune to those of the Government. This accusation was supported by another newspaper, called the *Affranchi*, which asserted that the Clergy had deposited large quantities of arms in the Rue des Postes, which were intended to aid the Government troops. The object of these accusations was obvious. They were intended to prepare their dupes, and to justify the Communists for the terrible crimes which they had now determined to commit, but which they thought it wise to postpone in order to make it appear that in murdering their victims they were acting only with caution and judgment. Alas! this very delay only raised the hopes of their victims, for in their solitary cells they could hear hour by hour the near approach of the cannonade, as the Versailles troops irresistibly forced their way towards Paris. Perhaps, too, these forlorn hopes administered to the refined cruelty of Rigault's nature. This monster had himself commanded the firing party on a certain occasion, as he wished to watch the death of a prisoner who had fallen into a state of nervous collapse on hearing of his approaching execution. Rigault, therefore, had no intention of allowing his victims to escape his vengeance, even if their hopes of deliverance were increased by the delay, for he well knew that every chance of deliverance had vanished, and that an opportunity would soon occur which would enable him to carry out his threat. Outside the prison walls, those in sympathy with the hostages still hoped that the Government troops would enter Paris before the Communists had time to do to death their victims. Just at this juncture, M. Rousse, the Presiding Advocate, came to offer his services to the Archbishop, having previously received permission from Rigault to do so. The *Correspondent*

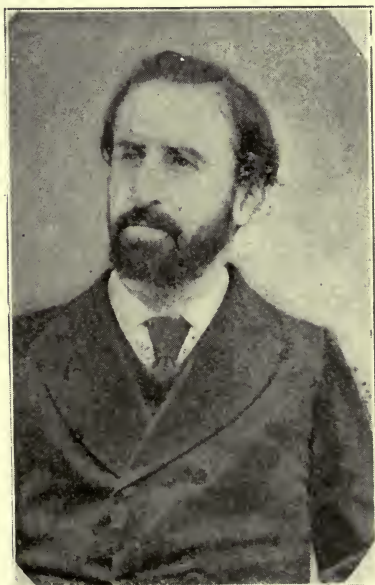
newspaper has published an interesting account of this interview. M. Rousse says: "I took a cab and was brought to Mazas. I asked to see the Archbishop in his cell, and not in the lawyer's parlour. This was accorded me with a good grace. 'He is very ill,' said the warder to me. Indeed, on entering inside the cell of the poor Archbishop, I was astonished at his careworn look of anxiety, and at his prostration. Thanks to the doctor of the institution, the regulation hammock for prisoners had been replaced by a bed. He was resting, fully dressed, his moustache and beard long, wearing a black cap, vested in a short thread-bare cassock, under which appeared the border of a violet cassock of worn appearance, the colour being very faded. He turned his head at the noise I made on entering, and, without recognising me, he divined who I was, and he extended his hand to me with a sweet, but sad, smile of penetrating delicacy. 'You are in pain, my Lord,' I said, 'and I am disturbing you. Do you wish me to return another day?' 'Oh, no!' he replied, 'thank you for coming. I am ill, very ill. I have had an affection of the heart for a long time, which the want of air and the régime of the prison have aggravated. I wish, in the first place, that you could delay my case, as they wish to try me. I am unfit to go before their tribunal. If they wish to shoot me they can shoot me here. I am not a hero, but I may as well die in this way as in another way.' I hastened to interrupt him: 'My Lord,' I said to him, 'we have not come to that yet,' insisting before all things that he could reassure himself, and I repeated to him the conversation I had with Rigault. In talking thus Archbishop Darboy became reanimated, and little by little cheered himself up. He unfolded to me in a few words some idea which he judged useful for his defence. 'I do not know,' he said to me, 'why their animosity is directed against me. I have incurred, on account of my ideas on certain subjects, the disfavour of the Court of Rome. When in 1863 I was called to the

Archbishopric of Paris, I explained to the Emperor my ideas about the separation of the Church and State; I begged him to concern himself as little as possible about the Clergy, and afterwards I have always avoided referring in any public acts to the Emperor and his Government. After my arrest, I was made to undergo some ridiculous enquiries. Either Rigault or Ferré said to me that I had appropriated the goods of the people. 'What goods?' I asked him. 'Why the Church's, the vessels, the ornaments.' 'You do not understand what you are talking about,' I replied. 'The sacred vessels, the ornaments, all that which is used in Divine worship belong to those persons who are called *Fabriques*, who have a perfect right to possess them; and if you seized them you would expose yourself to the written penalties of the law.' The Archbishop then spoke to me about his sister, who had been arrested after him about fifteen days ago. I asked him if I could do him any service, if he had need of anything. 'Nothing' he said to me, 'I need nothing. If they will allow it, they may come to shoot me here, I shall not be able to go below. The doctor ought to tell them so.' After half-an-hour's conversation I gave him my hand, and I pressed his with emotion. More than once I felt the tears rising. He wished me 'good-bye' with effusion, thanking me deeply for my kindness, my visit, the confidence which I gave him that the judgment would not take place directly. The promise that I made him of coming soon to see him had evidently revived him. When I rose up he threw back quickly the coarse blanket which enveloped him up to the waist, descended from his pallet before I could prevent him, and, grasping my hands in his own, conducted me to the door. 'You will return soon, will you not?' he said. 'Tuesday, my Lord,' I replied."

After leaving the Archbishop's cell M. Rousse proceeded to that of M. Déguerry, which was only two or three doors from the former. "When I entered," he



RAOUL RIGAULT.
PREFECT OF POLICE UNDER THE COMMUNE.



M. FERRE.
A CONFRERE OF RAOUL RIGAULT.

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says, " he was seated between the bed and the table, on the only chair in the cell. On the table were some books, some newspapers, and a little brass crucifix like those used by Religions. Without rising, the poor priest opened his arms and embraced me sincerely, then he forced me to take his chair, sitting beside me on the foot of his bed. I did not find him changed, he was only thin. His beard and white moustache contrasted with his ruddy complexion and dignified features, which set off the rest of his copious hair. With his usual graphic manner the good Rector set himself to recount to me the ridiculous proposals which Rigault and Da Costa had made to him. 'What is your business?' they asked. 'It is not a business, it is a vocation, a moral service which enables us to help souls.' 'Ah! humbug, only that! Tell us, what kind of rigmaroles do you say to the people?' 'We teach them the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'He is no longer Lord, we do not know the Lord,' they replied. The Abbé then requested M. Rousse to bring him one of his books to read, to which he replied: 'Willingly, Monsieur le Curé, I will bring it on Tuesday, when I return to see you.' 'Can you return, is that so?' 'Assuredly, so often as I wish. My permit is not limited.' 'Ah! I am very pleased, very pleased, thank you!'" And with tears in his eyes M. Rousse took his departure.

It has been stated already that M. Lamazon, an assistant Priest or Vicar of the Madeleine Church, had been imprisoned also at Mazas. He was brought before Ferré, a confrère of Rigault, a Communist of much the same stamp as Rigault, only perhaps a little less cruel. When M. Lamazon was brought before M. Ferré, he politely bowed to him and requested him to do him the favour of hastening his case as quickly as possible. To this M. Ferré replied, in a dry and contemptuous tone: "Stop that, citizen! You are here to listen to me, not to talk to me." It so happened that M. Lamazon had brought with him a number of the

official journal of the Commune in his pocket, containing a recent decree, in virtue of which every individual arrested by the Commune had to appear before a Juge d'Instruction within twenty-four hours of his arrest or else to be liberated.

"I wish in the first place, Monsieur," he remarked to him with firmness, "to solicit a favour, although it is really a right which I claim. In virtue of the decree of the Commune, which I am going to read to you, I ask to appear within twenty-four hours before a Juge d'Instruction." Raising his shoulders, and with a contemptuous smile, he replied in a firm voice, "Here's a simpleton, a real imbecile, who still believes in the decrees of the Commune! Captain! Conduct this citizen to prison." This was his only reply.

Some of the hostages were not only insulted like M. Lamazon, but also subjected to such harsh treatment that it became evident to them all that they were imprisoned, not only as hostages, but also of malice aforethought. For instance, when the Vicar-General Lagarde was transferred from the Dépôt at Mazas by Rigault's orders in a prison van, or, as the French call their "Black Maria," the "Panier Salade," he was confined in a horribly narrow compartment, without any other opening than the little grating in the ceiling, and he could not reconcile himself to the idea that he should remain for half-an-hour in this position, with hardly any air to breath; so terribly did it play upon his nerves that he beat repeated blows against the door which they had shut on him. The National Guard in the passage, realising the terror of mind which his prisoner endured, had pity on him, and allowed him to sit at the feet of the Archbishop, who had not been shut up in the same way.

The Communists, however, determined to use their victims for other purposes also. Soon after the prisoners had been removed to Mazas, the leaders of the Commune conceived the idea of obtaining some

advantage from the Government by means of the hostages. Allegations were made to the Archbishop, by members of the Commune, of cruelties and barbarous treatment perpetrated by the Versailles soldiers on the insurgent forces. Believing these statements to be true, Archbishop Darboy was induced to write the following letter, on Easter Eve, to M. Thiers :—

“Prison of Mazas, 8 April, 1871.

“M. le Président.—Yesterday, Friday, after an examination which I have undergone at Mazas, where I am detained at this moment, the persons who came to interrogate me have assured me that some barbarous deeds have been committed against the National Guards by different corps of the Army during the last combats; that they have shot the prisoners and just killed their wounded on the field of battle. These persons, seeing that I hesitated to believe that such acts could be perpetrated by Frenchmen against Frenchmen, have assured me that what they have declared is founded on evidence, certain and undeniable. This, M. le Président, induces me to call your attention to a fact so grave, which perhaps is not known to you, and to ask you to earnestly consider what ought to be done under such circumstances. If, on enquiry, you find that these atrocious excesses have added to the horrors of our fraternal quarrel, they would certainly be only the result of individual passions, and purely isolated acts of individuals. Nevertheless, it is possible, perhaps, to prevent their recurrence, and I think that you, more than anyone, can take efficacious remedies in this matter. In the midst of the present fight, knowing the character which it has assumed during the last days, no one would blame me for imploring all those who can do so to moderate it, or to put an end to it. Humanity and religion advise and commend this. I cannot do more than implore, and I do so full of confidence. My requests come from the heart of a man who, for many months, has been suffering from innumerable trials;

they come from the heart of a Frenchman, crushed at the sight of the evils which afflict his country; they come from the heart of a priest, of a Bishop, who is disposed to sacrifice all, even life, on behalf of those whom God has given him as compatriots and children of his Diocese. I beg you then, Monsieur le Président, receive the homage of my very respectful sentiments.

“G. DARBOY,

“Archbishop of Paris.

“P.S.—The terms of this explicit letter sufficiently prove that I have written it in accordance with the information laid before me, and I have no need to add that I have written it, not only without any pressure, but also spontaneously and willingly.—G.”

The Archbishop was quite right in saying that he was not obliged to send this letter. A fact which does not appear in the letter, but which is now known to be the truth, is that every kind of misrepresentation of facts was made to him by the Communists, in the hope that, by working on his sense of justice and humanity, they would induce him to do so. Had they not first laid their statements before him, he would never have written to M. Thiers. Here is an instance of the way they set to work. Shortly after his arrival at Mazas, the jailors conceived the idea of discussing with each other, in the corridors outside the Archbishop's cell, false accounts of terrors inflicted by the Government on its opponents; and stories of the most horrible cruelties practised by the Versailles troops on the Communists, which, if true, would certainly have induced anyone to try and put an end to them. They expressly lent him copies of the *Journal Officiel* of the Commune, which contained accounts of events written in the same strain. Knowing also the value of the Archbishop as a hostage, they entertained the idea that the Government would be quite ready to buy his safety dearly; and they already fixed in their minds the exact price which they would require in

exchange for him. In order to further stimulate the action of the Archbishop, they sent Benjamin Flotte, a friend of Eudes, Rigault, and Ferré, who recounted once more the alleged atrocities committed by the Government troops on Communist prisoners, who, it was alleged, were executed without trial; and on wounded prisoners unable to help themselves, who were stabbed to death on the battle-field. He suggested that an exchange might be made, on application to M. Thiers, between Blanqui, a well-known Revolutionist and conspirator, and the Archbishop, Mdlle. Darboy, Président Bonjean, the Abbés Déguerry, and Lagarde. Flotte had previously discussed the matter with Rigault at the Prefecture of Police. "We are going to commence," he told Rigault, "by means of the Archbishop, who is at Mazas, a negotiation in order to release Blanqui, now in the hands of these Versailles rascals. Do you wish me to take charge of this business?" To which Rigault replied, "Return to Mazas, have an understanding with Darboy—you have a *carte blanche*." That same evening Flotte visited the Archbishop and discussed with him the proposed exchange, which Monseigneur Darboy ultimately consented to accept, promising to write a letter to M. Thiers containing this suggestion, and to send it to Versailles by M. Lagarde, his Vicar-General, if allowed to do so. This subsequently led to a very large amount of correspondence and controversy, and it is therefore important to note these details. The Archbishop had consented to the exchange with Blanqui. The plan so far, then, had succeeded, and Monseigneur Darboy proceeded to write the following letter:—

"Prison de Mazas, 12th April, 1871.

"Monsieur le Président,—I have the honour to submit to you a communication which I have received last evening, and I pray you to give it the attention which your discrimination and your humanity judge most necessary. A very influential man, very intimate with

M. Blanqui in certain political ideas, and chiefly by the sentiment of an old firm friendship, is actively concerned with the endeavour to set him at liberty. Under these circumstances he has proposed to the Commissioners concerned in this matter this arrangement—if M. Blanqui is set at liberty, the Archbishop of Paris will be given his liberty, with his sister, M. le Président Bonjean, M. Déguerry, Rector of the Madeleine, and M. Lagarde, Vicar-General of Paris, himself the bearer of this letter. His proposal has been agreed upon, and it is on this condition that I am requested to apply to you. Although I am at stake in this matter, I venture to recommend it to your benevolence, and hope my motives will appear to you to be feasible. There are already too many reasons for quarrels and bitterness among us. Here is an opportunity presented of doing an act which, although it contemplates the persons and not the principles, will it not be wise to hold out our hands and thus endeavour to soften irritation? Public opinion will not, perhaps, understand a refusal of this kind. In bitter crises like these through which we pass, of reprisals and executions by riots, when only two or three persons are affected, a refusal would add to the terror of some, to the anger of others, and further aggravate the situation. Permit me to tell you, without any details, that this question of humanity deserves to claim your attention under the present condition of affairs in Paris. May I be bold enough, Monsieur le Président, to state my last excuse? Touched by the ardour which the person for whom I speak manifested for his friend Blanqui, my heart as a man, as a priest, has not known how to resist his touching appeals, and I have undertaken to ask you for the discharge of M. Blanqui as promptly as possible. It is this that I come to carry out. I should be happy, Monsieur le Président, if what I ask may not seem to you impossible; I should have rendered a service to several people and also to my country everywhere.

“G. DARBOY,

“Archbishop of Paris.”

On the following morning a warder knocked at the cell of M. Lagarde at six o'clock, telling the Abbé to accompany him to the Archbishop's cell. On arriving there Monseigneur Darboy read aloud the letter to his Vicar-General in the presence of M. Flotte, and enquired whether he was willing to carry it to M. Thiers. Having consented to do so, M. Lagarde waited until M. Flotte returned, as he had left the cell directly the letter had been read, in order to obtain a permit for M. Lagarde to go to Versailles. In an hour and a half M. Flotte returned with the necessary document. It read as follows: "Commune of Paris. Comité de Sûreté Generale. Paris 6.12 Avril, 1871. Permit the citizen Lagarde, Vicar-General, to go from Paris. The member of the Commune, Raoul Rigault." Below were two green stamps of the above Committee and the Federation of the National Guard of the 12th Legion. While he was waiting for this document, M. Monton, the director of the prison, formerly a bootmaker, offered him hospitality. He found himself in the company of some Communists, one of whom was dressed in a very fantastic costume—a grey military cape with a hood, a red sash, and a gold chain. This individual turned out to be M. Journaux, the individual who has already appeared in this narrative at the arrest of the Archbishop.

Armed with this passport M. Lagarde and his companions made their way to the Gare de Lyons. They experienced many difficulties during this very short journey, as the route had been cut in certain places. On arriving at Mélnun they were obliged to hire a carriage, for which they paid eighty francs, but the horse was in such a poor condition that it took them six hours to drive from there to Versailles.

At the first interview with M. Thiers, the Abbé Lagarde handed him the Archbishop's letter and gave him some details relating to the imprisonment of the hostages which very much surprised M. Thiers, who

expressed himself not opposed to the exchange of prisoners, although not anxious to treat with the rebels. M. Lagarde also paid some visits to various other ministers whom he wished to interest in his cause. In each of his visits he was accompanied by the Abbé Allain, Secretary of the Archbishop. Ten days passed away before M. Lagarde received from M. Thiers a sealed envelope containing his reply to the Archbishop. During those ten days M. Thiers received two more letters from the hostages. One from the Archbishop, who wrote to deplore "the barbarous acts and atrocious excesses" of the Versailles troops, and another from M. Déguerry, in which he implored them to stop executing the wounded and the prisoners, asserting that for each Communist thus executed two of the hostages would be done to death. Anxious to know the result of his appeal, and desirous in case of refusal to induce M. Thiers to consider the consequences of such a refusal, M. Lagarde demanded to know the terms of the reply which M. Thiers handed to him. "I regret Monsieur L'Abbé," replied M. Thiers, "to inform you that by a unanimous vote my Council has refused to make the exchange." "In that case," replied the Vicar-General, "I have only to trust myself to Providence and to retrace the road to Paris with the reply that you desire me to give." "Never mind," replied M. Thiers, with an air of sympathy, "please wait two more days." "But it will be very difficult to communicate with Monseigneur, and I have promised to let him know your reply as soon as possible," said M. Lagarde. "Return here on Monday," was the brief reply of M. Thiers. To the first letter of Archbishop DarboY complaining of deeds of cruelty, M. Thiers replied: "The deeds to which you call my attention are absolutely false, and I am truly surprised that a Prelate so clear-sighted as you, my Lord, should admit for an instant that they could have any degree of truth in them. The Hospitals of Versailles contain a quantity of wounded belonging to the in-



THE ABBÉ LAGARDE.
A VICAR-GENERAL OF PARIS.

surrection. I have stated, and I state again, that all the misled men who, having renounced their errors, shall lay down their arms, will have their lives protected, unless they have been convicted of participating in the abominable crimes which all honest men deplore. Receive, Monseigneur, the expression of my respect and regret which I feel on seeing you a victim of this hideous system of hostages." The second letter of the Archbishop did not receive so hasty a reply. After waiting ten days, M. Lagarde received a sealed letter for the Archbishop which he refused to deliver on the ground that it was sealed. M. Lagarde was aware of the fact that the exchange of prisoners had been rejected by the Government. It was the feeling that the letter contained statements which he was in a position to refute, and which it would be too late to refute, after he had returned to Paris, that induced him to refuse to deliver it to the Archbishop. It was a question of life and death to many people, and it was the last opportunity, the last word which he could say, to prevent the slaughter of many innocent lives. "I refuse Monsieur le Ministre to carry it under the conditions in which it has been given to me," said the Abbé Lagarde to M. Jules Simon, who handed him the letter. "Reflect well," Monsieur l'Abbe," replied Jules Simon in his gentlest tones; "what I am going to add is harsh, but it is necessary. If you will not go, the Government will be obliged to publish—" "Oh! Monsieur le Ministre," interrupted the Abbé, "if I am attacked publicly I shall know how to defend myself publicly. I have no reason to blush at what I have done." M. Lagarde remained firm, and determined not to leave Versailles, while M. Thiers still maintained what M. Emile Ollivier described as "an inexplicable hardness of heart." The Abbé had persuaded himself that the Communists did not really desire the release of Blanqui, who was now an old man, and unable to render much service to their cause. He felt certain that they

would be delighted to receive the refusal of M. Thiers ; indeed, it was the very thing he thought they wished to have, as it would then afford them a plausible excuse for killing the innumerable hostages who were now in their power. His delay was evidently causing them irritation and disappointment.

The following picturesque *expliqué* appeared just at this moment in the Communist newspaper, *Père Duchêne* : "The dogs are not going to content themselves with looking at the Bishops, they will bite them. Not a voice will be raised to condemn us the day when Archbishop Darboy is shot. It is necessary that Thiers should know it ; it is right that M. Faure, the guardian of the Church, should not be ignorant of it. We have taken Darboy as a hostage, and if Blanqui is not returned to us, he will die. The Commune has promised this. If it should hesitate the people will carry out the oath instead. Do not accuse it! Ah! I have great fear for Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris." Neither threats nor persuasion sufficed to change the attitude of M. Lagarde. "My return," he wrote, "which they had sought to obtain by every kind of menace and pressure, was really only a miserable pretext for Rigault and those who wanted, as he wanted, the immediate massacre of the Clergy."

On the 27th April the Archbishop wrote to the Vicar-General as follows:—"Monsieur le Vicaire-General, by repairing to Versailles on a mission which, from its character, and according to our common estimate, ought to take three or four days at the most, you have promised on your honour to return here whatever was the result of your application. Already fifteen days have passed since you left, and you have not returned. Your explanation is that they still tell you to remain to wait the issue of the present negotiations, and that they do not wish you to return to Paris at present. This reply is worth what it is worth ; but at least it is something. You should not have attempted

to write, but to report by word of mouth, whether favourable or not. Your word is false, you cannot deny it, and as I made myself responsible for it, I cannot approve of it. Therefore, if you are a prisoner and seriously prevented from coming, say so clearly; the public will know at least what to think. If you only are undergoing a moral pressure, and if you still control your own actions, I ask that you will return to Paris without the least delay. In case of refusal I shall not think of excusing your conduct when it is publicly condemned. Receive, Monsieur Vicar-General, the assurance of my sincere sentiments.—G. DARBOY, Archbishop of Paris.” The Abbé replied to the Archbishop by saying that he was not able to explain the difficulties which he experienced in carrying out his mission, but that he was still ready at all sacrifice to do his best.” He enclosed two documents which he requested his Grace to peruse. “These documents will suffice, I venture to hope, to enable your Grandeur to appreciate the painful situation in which circumstances have placed me. I am sure that you will find more reason to sympathise than to condemn.” On the 23rd of April the Archbishop replied to M. Lagarde as follows:—“On the receipt of this letter M. Lagarde is immediately to retrace his steps to Paris, and to re-enter Mazas. This delay compromises us gravely, and may have the saddest results.” Lagarde made no further reply, but remained at Versailles. The attempt had failed in all respects. Providence, however, still held out to the Archbishop further opportunities of allowing M. Thiers to exert a clemency without in any way compromising his policy. A General of the Commune had been captured by the Versailles troops during a sortie. As arms were found in his hands at the moment of his capture he was shot without a trial at Petit Bicêtre. After the execution the widow claimed the body of her husband, and her efforts were supported by the Archbishop, who sent two letters to Versailles by the Abbé

Sire, Director of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, requesting the Government to surrender the corpse to the widow. Unfortunately, the Abbé himself was captured by the Communists, and he himself became a hostage of the Commune. Nothing, therefore, came from this attempt. It was followed by another effort, which also proved a failure, the details of which are worth recording. A certain doctor, called Demarquay, had acquired some influence with the officials of the Commune by offering his services to their ambulances. As he did not spare himself, but frequently exposed himself to danger within the firing zone in the execution of his duties, he found himself not only tolerated, but welcomed in Communist circles. Believing that his influence was sufficient to justify him in making an appeal to Raoul Rigault on behalf of the Archbishop, he earnestly requested Rigault to grant Darboy his liberty. "Impossible, citizen doctor," replied Rigault, "the criterion of our Revolution is death to the priests!" Dr. Demarquay was not, however, deterred by this refusal, and he renewed his request, pointing out that the Archbishop had been unjustly imprisoned, and that this injustice was compromising the credit of the Commune. To this Raoul Rigault replied with freezing irony, "Enough! Enough! Although I know you are a qualified medical man, I shall have you shot if you continue to interest yourself in these scoundrels."

The failure of all these efforts cut deeply into the hearts of those whose sympathy and sense of justice compelled them to hope that the Archbishop would sooner or later be granted his freedom. They began to see that there was little chance for him of escaping the death which Rigault had long ago decided that he should suffer. His only hope of life in this world depended on the success of the Government troops to rescue him and his fellow prisoners from the clutches of these tyrants before they had time to murder them. That time had not yet arrived, for the simple

reason that the Communists were anxious to make these valuable hostages a powerful lever, which would compel the Government to favour their proposals. It is quite a question as to whether Rigault, if he could have had his own way, would have preferred to kill the hostages rather than obtain any concession from the Government by granting them their liberty. He possessed a pitiless nature, and he hated the moral influence and restraints of religion. The following incidents will illustrate these conclusions.

M. Chaudey, a well-known member of the Commune, but possessing just a touch of nature, was, like Rigault, a Republican and freethinker. On one occasion he had spoken against the excesses of the Commune, which he strongly and openly condemned. His words were published in the Federal journal *Le Père Duchêne*, and that very evening they were shown to Rigault by Delescluze. "I am surprised," said Rigault, "that Chaudey has not been arrested." The next day he was arrested, and was sent to the Prison of Sainte Pélagie. Efforts were at once set on foot to procure his release, but the cynical reply of Rigault to every representation made to him on behalf of Chaudey, was: "Between Tropmann* and Chaudey I can see no difference!" The day following his arrest his wife came to the Prison of Sainte Pélagie to visit him, not doubting for a moment that in the course of a few hours he would be set free. Having discussed various matters of family interest, she wished him "Good-bye," adding as she left him, "Good-bye until to-morrow." That very evening, about nine o'clock, just as Ranvier, who commanded the guard of the prison, had retired to his room in company with Prèau de Védel, Gentil, and three other warders, and was resting on his bed while the others seated near him were playing cards, a warder suddenly entered the room and announced that Raoul Rigault had arrived at the prison and wished to see the Governor. They rushed out quickly and found Rigault,

* See page 153.

his Private Secretary Slom, and another Commissioner of the Police waiting outside. Directly Rigault caught sight of them he shouted: "We have four scoundrels here, beginning with Chaudey! Go and fetch him!" A man called Berthier, under the orders of Ranvier, went to Chaudey's cell, while a warder called Clément hurried off to find a firing party. After some difficulty Clément at last secured eight men, commanded by Lieutenant Léonard, who placed themselves at his disposal. On entering Chaudey's cell Berthier found him vested in his dressing gown, engaged in writing. Berthier directed him to follow him immediately, as Rigault wished to see him. As soon as they met, Chaudey saluted his old comrade and desired to know the object of his visit. Without any sign of recognition Rigault contented himself by saying: "I have a mission to execute the hostages, and you are one. In five minutes you will be shot!" On hearing this Chaudey became painfully affected, and was on the point of fainting, but mastering his feelings caused by the sudden shock he had received, he protested against the perpetration of such a crime, and requested at least that he might have a little longer time to arrange his affairs. "Is it in order that you may see a Confessor?" said Rigault, "I didn't think you were such a Jesuit." Chaudey replied by saying: "Have you considered what you are going to do?" "The Commune has decided that all hostages shall be killed," replied Rigault, "because Blanqui has been assassinated, and you will have to pay for him." "You are mistaken, Rigault, Blanqui has not been assassinated, I am certain. If you delay my execution you will have some news of him, and perhaps be able to obtain his liberty." "It is quite evident that you are in touch with the Versailleses," said Rigault. "Look sharp! I have no time to amuse myself!" Seeing that there was no longer any hope of life for him, Chaudey exclaimed, "Ah well! I am going to show you the way a Republican knows how to die." Rigault

merely shrugged his shoulders and ordered his Secretary to get a pen and paper, and thus, before shooting his victim, he amused himself by dictating in his presence the death certificate in the following terms: "Before us, Raoul Rigault, member of the Commune, Procureur-General of the said Commune, there appeared Gustave Chaudey, ex-adjutant to the Mayor of Paris, Bouzon, Capdeville, and Pacotte, guards Republican, and we have informed them that inasmuch as the Versailleses have fired on us from their windows, and that it is high time to put an end to these attempts, therefore they are going to be executed in the court of this house. Paris, the 25th May, 1871. The Procureur of the Commune, **RAOUL RIGAULT**. The Secretary of the Procurer, **SLOM**." The three gendarmes referred to in this death certificate were at this time sleeping peacefully in their rooms, unconscious of the fate which awaited them.

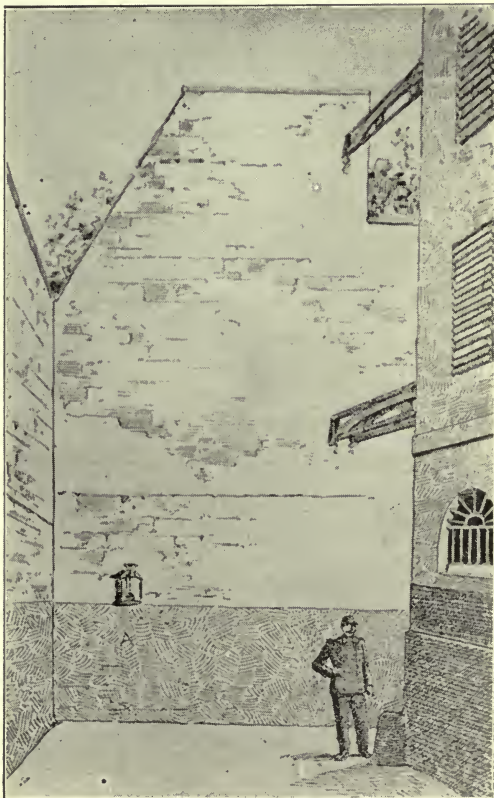
The firing party now entered the room in which the death certificate had been executed, and stood at attention, awaiting orders. "Is all ready?" said Rigault. "Yes," replied Prèau de Vèdel, holding a lantern in one hand and a gun in the other. At once the men surrounded Chaudey, and, hurrying him along the corridors, led him outside into the exercising ground of the Prison of Sainte Pélagie. In spite of the nervous strain which at this dreadful moment weighed so heavily upon him, Chaudey carried his head high and walked with a firm step. Just as they arrived at the place of execution the sad thought of leaving his wife and son asserted itself so forcibly that Chaudey was tempted to make one last effort to save his life. Turning round, and looking at the tyrant who had condemned him to death, he exclaimed: "Rigault, I have a wife, I have children!" but no sign whatever of pity could be seen on the countenance of this heartless monster. He contented himself with shouting, "No sentimentality for me!" adding also some words which must be left to the imagination. Convinced that nothing on earth

could avert his fate, Chaudey resigned himself to the inevitable, and, placing himself against the wall, buttoned up his coat and faced the firing party. On seeing this, and without a moment's delay, Rigault stepped aside to the left, and, drawing his sword, shouted "Fire!" At the first fusilade only his left arm was wounded. Raising his right arm, he shouted three times, "Vive la Republique"! Clément then fired at his stomach, immediately afterwards Gentil discharged his revolver at his head. Chaudey fell, and at once Préau de Védal jumped on his head. "That's all right," said Rigault, "he is jolly well dead, and now for the others." He then returned to the office, where the three gendarmes—Bouzon, Capdeville, and Pacotte—aroused from their first slumber, were waiting for him half-dressed. Rigault had hardly entered the room where they were standing, than he shouted out: "You are going to be shot!" "We are soldiers," they replied, "and we ought to be set at liberty." "Ah! yes, at liberty," replied Rigault . . . "but not here. Come along! March!" As they went to the place of execution they enquired if they were going to be executed one by one or altogether. "You ought to be shot in a heap," was the reply. They were placed against the wall in the same place where Chaudey had been shot, whose lifeless body was still lying before them. The firing party discharged their guns and two of the victims fell dead at once; but the third had hidden himself behind a sentry-box. Préau de Védal discovered his whereabouts, and was about to shoot him with his revolver there, when Raoul Rigault shouted: "Don't fire there! Bring him here, that he may die with the others." A third fusilade followed, and the fourth victim fell dead. As the echo of the firing died away, Préau de Védal exclaimed: "That's a good thing done, we have now cleaned this place." Rigault then left the prison, apparently pleased with his evening's work, not knowing that three priests had just been placed within its walls. During that night the



M. CHAUDEY.

EXECUTED BY THE ORDERS OF ROAAL RIGAULT.



THE COURTYARD WHERE CHAUDEY WAS SHOT IN THE
PRISON OF ST. PELAGIE.

four bodies were placed on a stretcher, which broke beneath their weight, after they had proceeded a short distance. A hand-cart was then procured, and they were taken to the hospital of Notre Dame de la Pitié, but not before their executioners had first appropriated from the body of Chaudey one thousand francs, a gold watch, and two insurance policies.

On the following morning, at nine a.m., a painful scene took place within the prison walls. Madame Chaudey, unconscious of the dreadful fate which had befallen her husband, brought her little son to see his father. To her surprise and disappointment she was informed that he had been transferred the previous night to the Prefecture of the Police, to which place they advised her to go. This was the prison over which Raoul Rigault, the Prefect of the Police, presided. A merciful Providence has not recorded the distressing scene which must have taken place between the affectionate wife and widow and the cruel, heartless tyrant who had given the word of command to destroy the father of her son.

It may be asked, what hope of deliverance could be expected for the Archbishop, seeing that his life was at the disposal of this merciless tyrant? At first sight there appeared to be no hope whatever; and yet Archbishop Darboy was not deprived of all encouragement. The prison doctor, M. de Beauvais, was a man of common sense, and he sincerely pitied the Prelate for having fallen into the hands of those who hesitated on no occasion to do whatever their impulses suggested. One day, when visiting the Archbishop in the course of his professional duties, he seized the opportunity of disclosing to him his personal sympathy. The Archbishop thanked M. Beauvais for his kindness, adding, with a smile, "Life is to me an even surface, it has neither height nor depth." Those who had the opportunity of seeing the Archbishop in his cell endorse this statement. Many of them were very much surprised to note the

calm resignation which characterised his conduct during this critical period. From the grating of his cell, at Mazas (which is now deposited in the Crypt of the Carmes, among the relics of the martyrs who were massacred there during the Great Revolution), the Archbishop could be seen spending his time in writing, or in devotions before his Crucifix. His face plainly showed indications of the nervous strain from which he suffered. On his breast he wore the Pectoral Cross of the martyred Archbishop Affre, and on his finger the Episcopal Ring of Archbishop Sibour, who, it will be remembered, had been stabbed in the Church of St. Etienne du Mond. During this part of his detention he was allowed both to receive and to send letters after they had been previously examined. He wrote several letters to his relatives, for thoughts of the family circle at Fayl-Billot naturally occupied much of his time. "Do not disturb yourselves," he wrote at the bottom of all his letters to them, in the hope of allaying their fears, "I am in want of nothing."

The monotony of his imprisonment was now relieved by the presence of Maître Plou, a French barrister, who had done much to further the interests of the Archbishop. His energy and perseverance surmounted all difficulties, and he was allowed to visit the Archbishop without any witnesses. An account of this interview has been preserved. "At the request of many people," he says, "and notably at that of M. the Abbé Amodru, the one prisoner who escaped from the assassins of La Roquette, I interviewed the citizen Prolot, on the 23rd of April, in order to obtain the discharge, if at least 'on leave,' of Archbishop Darboy, Mademoiselle Darboy, the Messieurs the Abbés Déguerry, Icard, Bayle, etc. It seemed right to negotiate the cause of Mademoiselle Darboy first of all, whose arrest was still more inexplicable than that of the other victims. The citizen Prolot appeared to adopt my reasons, and he referred me to citizen Moirey,

Examining Magistrate. On the 26th of April, I repaired to citizen Moirey. He had already interrogated Mlle Darboy, then imprisoned at the Dépôt. He appeared to recognise, even better than citizen Prolot, the expediency of the case, even in the interests of the Commune; and he gave me an appointment for the next day, the 27th of April, at the office of the Délégué à la Justice. Fresh complications, however, followed instead, and nothing was promised me; but citizen Prolot gave me a permit, which I still possess, to visit my client, who was transferred the day before to Saint Lazare." These efforts of Maître Plou, which appeared at first so barren, were in reality a great success, for on Friday, the 28th of April, about ten a.m., Mlle. Darboy was set at liberty.

A sad sight presented itself to her outside the prison. The ruins of humanity, as well as of the buildings which met her eye in every part of Paris, contrasted strangely with the new life in the world of nature on that bright spring morning. It seemed to her to be a dream of joy and terror, too tragic to be really true. Her release occurred before it was expected, for at the very time she regained her liberty several persons had met together for the purpose of securing her freedom. After obtaining her release, she remained in Paris until the evening, when she set out for Conflans-Charenton, and from there she went to Nancy, where she arrived two days after her departure from St. Lazare.

The story of her captivity may be briefly told. It appeared that after having been detained at the Prefecture of the Police, on her arrest, she was transferred, on the 26th of April, to St. Lazare. On the following day, Maître Plou came to see her, in order to plead her cause. "I told him," she said, "that I had no cause to plead, seeing that the people of the Commune had not told me that they had anything against me." To which M. Plou remarked: "These people are capable of anything." "The same day in the afternoon, a Prefect of the Police, M. Cournet, came

to see me at St. Lazare, and said to me : ' I have signed your release this morning. You can go then from here, but everybody will crowd around you. We know how much the Archbishop is loved.' I replied : ' Reassure yourself. If I go from here, I shall not linger in Paris. You shall know where to refer to me.' ' It is necessary,' he remarked, ' that you should render us a service, and that you should go to Versailles to plead the cause of M. Blanqui. If he is returned to us we will deliver up the Archbishop.' Then he added : ' It is necessary that you should sign this paper, that you engage to do this.' I replied that I was not a *persona grata* ; that M. Thiers did not even contemplate my existence ; that nevertheless, I would go voluntary to fulfil my mission with which he had charged me ; that I did not consider I was able to refuse it ; that he could be certain that I should place all my eloquence in its behalf, inasmuch as it would accomplish the liberty of my brother, but that I would sign nothing ; that I was ashamed of it all, especially of the prison. On leaving me, M. Cournet said to me : ' Consider the matter and I will return to-morrow.' I told him that ' to-morrow I shall have no different reply to make.' "

On the 6th of May the joyful news came at last to the poor Archbishop that his sister had been released, and that she had gone to join her brother at Nancy. This was just what he desired, and he wrote to his brother saying : " Justine ought to be with you. I am now happy, as her captivity was for me a great sorrow. I do not want anything, and under the circumstances I shall be able to procure whatever I may need. The only things I really require are air and liberty, but I wait with patience for the end of the ordeal. I am not badly treated, as has been alleged—compose yourself." There can be no doubt that in order to minimise the anxieties of his family the Archbishop also endeavoured to minimise his sufferings. He suffered much from the want of fresh air and freedom, which were to him most

essential, owing to the enfeebled condition of his health. Indeed, so greatly had his health suffered from his imprisonment that the prison doctor, M. de Beauvais, warned the jailors that if they did not give the Archbishop a different cell and modify their régime within fifteen days they would only have a corpse to guard. The warders conveyed this medical report to the Delegates of the Commune, and—not from a feeling of sympathy for his sufferings, for to several members of the Commune the contemplation of these misfortunes was a real satisfaction, but only because they feared that their leading hostage, whom they held in terrorem over the Government at Versailles, would disappear before they had quite finished with him—they gave directions that the Archbishop should be transferred to a larger and more airy cell.

Although the hope of his release seemed now impossible, yet a keen interest was still taken in the welfare of the Archbishop outside the sombre walls of the Prison of Mazas by those who still remembered and valued his spiritual ministrations. Among the most prominent of these was Madame Coré. She did not hesitate to identify herself openly with the welfare of the Archbishop, and to do her utmost to supply him with creature comforts. To such an extent, indeed, did she exhibit her sympathy with him that the notes found in the office of the Dépôt after the fall of the Commune plainly show that she had compromised her own liberty by what she did. As a brave woman, she was not deterred by the danger which she often incurred in conveying to him private messages from his family at Nancy, and *vice-versa*. Perhaps it was due to the information she gave as to the real condition of the Archbishop which induced some of his friends to make a fresh attempt to liberate him. Of all the efforts made to free the Archbishop from the power of these unreasonable tyrants—and a great many efforts were made to do so—this was, perhaps, the most interesting of them

all, on account of the scene within the prison cell which it reveals. The attempt was made by Count Anatole de Montferrier, a young man of ardent spirits, who, having come in contact with some members of the Commune, had gained their confidence. From them he easily obtained passports which enabled him to visit the Archbishop in his cell. "I entered," he said, "without the least difficulty on presenting the green card (of which he had four). I had a second card in my pocket for the Archbishop. I wore a double coat, and, knowing that the sentinels would be replaced at two o'clock, I had entered at 1.45, leaving a carriage standing at the entrance. I was immediately introduced to the Archbishop, and the warder on duty offered me, for my safety, to remain with me during the interview. I dismissed him, saying that I would call him if I had need of him. My Lord did not disturb himself; he did not even deign to raise his head to look at me. 'You are the citizen Darboy, ex-Archbishop of Paris,' I said to him in a loud and harsh tone, a precaution which I believed to be necessary in case anyone should hear us. He took me for one of his tormentors, and fixed a thorough look of resignation on me, which seemed to say to me: 'You know it well.' 'My Lord,' I then said, in a low voice, 'I am the Count de Montferrier, and I am come to save you.' At the same moment I placed before him my passport, signed by M. Bellart, Mayor of Calais, as well as my birth certificate. I spoke to him of Nancy, his former Bishopric, and the chief place of my native Department. I told him all the names of the persons whom he would know. He allowed me to speak without replying. At the first I showed him some medals which my pious sister had sent me for my watch chain. I placed them on his knee, asking him to cross them for me. He shook my hand, and regretted having suspected me for so long of wishing to involve him, and to hurry him to his doom; for the rule of the prison requires any prisoner to be shot immediately who

would attempt to escape. 'And how do you meditate accomplishing it, my friend,' said the Archbishop. 'Do you hear the step of the man outside, who is always there?' I showed him a handful of gold and a dagger, and I added: "The first contrivance will be sufficient; it is, so far, the only danger.' After that, thanks to my letters of introduction, they will present arms to us everywhere we pass.' He thanked me, and declared that his duty was to remain there. 'But, my Lord,' I replied, 'events are going badly. M. Thiers is bombarding Paris. Exasperation is at its very height, the people have become mad; there are going to be some calamities. The role of conciliator is becoming impossible. In an hour I promise you that I will have you taken to Saint Denis.' 'The unhappy people,' he said, calmly, 'who cut each other's throats, may allow me to mount a barricade, like Archbishop Affre, to arrest their blows, and to die like him.' He then asked me how I had been mixed up in this movement, and he approved of my attempt to bring about a conciliation. I determined to insist again. Finally he offered me his hand afresh, and added, with resignation: 'Blood strengthens a beginning.' As I was departing the sentinel said to me: 'Have you been well confessed, citizen?' I replied 'Yes,' not knowing exactly what I said. This man really thought that he had escaped from a great risk."

A few days after this futile attempt another effort was made to effect his escape. It was made by one of his guards; but there was very great suspicion about it as to whether it was not a trap to provide Rigault with an excuse for executing the Archbishop without further delay. The plan suggested by the warder was to be carried out at the moment when the Archbishop left his cell to take his usual regulation walk in the courtyard. "With this on your head," he explained, showing the Prelate his képi, "and this on your back," indicating his uniform jacket, "no-one would recognise you." The

Archbishop thanked him, but declined the offer in a peremptory manner. "My flight," he said, "would be the signal for a massacre of all the priests who are here, and perhaps all those who remain in Paris. I prefer to be shot than to be reproached for having caused others to be killed instead of me." This failure was followed by two other genuine attempts, which drew from the Archbishop the remark: "I am at my post, allow me to rest there."

Appeal were then made by the Cathedral Chapter to the Ambassadors of England, Russia, and Austria, and afterwards to Bismarck, General Fabrice, and others, with no result. The Communists were a law to themselves, and during the brief time in which they tyrannised over Paris, they were amenable to no one. Most people believed that when the hostages had served their purpose they would be eventually released, but there were some who knew the calibre of the men in power, and they never entertained any delusion as to the future. Among the many who actively interested themselves on behalf of the Archbishop was Mr. Washburne, the United States Ambassador. He visited General Cluseret for this purpose, and was informed by him that he had no power in the matter, and that he believed there was little chance of obtaining his request, but that he would accompany Mr. Washburne to the Prefecture, where he could procure a pass to enter Mazas. Together they arrived at the Prefecture at half-past ten in the morning. As Rigault was still sleeping profoundly when they arrived, Mr. Washburne was conducted to the Red Salon to wait, while General Cluseret went to arouse him from his bed. "When Rigault appeared," says General Cluseret, "he asked me if I had sufficient cause to intrude myself on the privacy of the Archbishop." "Yes," I replied. "But he has not been treated badly," he remarked, "we have not been treated so well ourselves!" "My dear friend," I replied, "that is not the point, the object is not to

make the Commune play an odious rôle, at once ridiculous and paltry. Sign this order allowing Mr. Washburne to communicate with the Archbishop of Paris whenever he pleases." I brought him a pen and ink. He signed it on his bed and returned it. I carried the paper to Washburne. We then returned together and re-entered our carriage; he went to Mazas and I to the Ministry. The affair had lasted perhaps ten minutes, certainly not more."

Mr. Washburne also relates the experience of his visit to the Prison of Mazas. "In company with my Private Secretary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mac Kean," he says, "I paid a visit to the Prison of Mazas, where I was admitted without difficulty. After having been shown into a vacant cell, the Archbishop was immediately brought in. I ought to admit at once that I was deeply touched at the sight of this venerable man. His thin, emaciated appearance, his slender figure slightly bent, his long beard (apparently he had not been shaved since his captivity), his haggard face indicating that his health was undermined—all about him was of a nature to touch even the most indifferent. I told the Prelate that at the instance of his friends I had obliged myself to intercede on his behalf, and although I was not able to promise him the satisfaction of obtaining his discharge, I was not a little pleased at having obtained permission to offer him a visit when I could acquaint myself with his needs and endeavour to secure some abatement of the cruel condition in which he was placed. The Archbishop thanked me cordially and with much appreciation for the good feeling I had shown him. I could not have been more pleased with his earnestness, and (shall I say it?) with the levity of his spirit, and as well with his interesting conversation. He seemed, however, to be conscious of his critical condition, and to be perfectly prepared for the very worst that could happen to him. No bitter word, not even a reproach, was uttered by him against his persecutors. 'He

waited,' he said, 'with patience the logical outcome of events, and he prayed that Providence would find a solution for these terrible troubles without causing any further effusion of blood!' In finishing his account Mr. Washburne said that the greatest dangers menaced the Archbishop, and that he could obtain nothing further than that the German General Fabrice had promised to offer his services as an intermediary."

A little later he paid another visit to the Archbishop. "Feeling a certain amount of disquiet on his behalf," says Mr. Washburne, "I returned on Sunday, the 21st of May, at mid-day, to see him, carrying a special permission from Raoul Rigault, in consequence of which I easily penetrated the prison; but when once I entered I found that it was not the same as formerly. The majority of the officials were new, and great confusion reigned inside. Almost all were more or less drunk, and my presence seemed to embarrass everybody. Instead of the ordinary politeness with which I had been always received, I was treated with contempt." On entering the small cell of the Archbishop, Mr. Washburne found his Grandeur somewhat sad and depressed, yet perfectly resigned. "Before this visit," he says, "I have seen the Archbishop six times, and it is a great satisfaction to me to think that my visits have been a real help to him. Our conversation has been chiefly on the efforts made to exchange him for Blanqui, the Chief Communist and Revolutionist. You would be astonished at his clear and concise views on this question, which are found among the documents I possess in his own writing. He always returned me thanks when I came to see him, and he was good enough to say on one occasion that one of the reasons why he wished to be released was that he wanted to let the world know that I had visited him in prison. The last time I saw him I was very touched on finding his health more feeble than formerly. The imprisonment aggravated his debility, and abated his strength."

Efforts were also made to procure the release of M. Bonjean, whose friendship was greatly valued by those who knew him, and whose imprisonment was therefore regretted by a large number of people. On the day after his arrest M. Paul Fabre, the Procurer-General of the Court of Cassation, at the peril of his life, made an application to Raoul Rigault on behalf of his old friend. That his request would be refused was apparent to everybody, as the Communists had, for some reason best known to themselves, expressed their undisguised delight at the capture of M. Bonjean, and were therefore in no way disposed to forfeit their prey which they so much appreciated. "It is impossible," said Rigault to M. Fabre, as he pleaded on behalf of M. Bonjean. "Why?" "Because your Bonjean was a Senator." "And what does that matter? Are you going to compound a felony?" "We are not going to make a felony," said Rigault, "We are going to make a revolution."

About the middle of May, a report was started that the hostages were about to receive judgment; and a prominent member of the French Bar, Maître Rousse, requested the Minister of Justice that he might have the honour and peril of defending the Archbishop. The Commune had appointed as Minister of Justice a very young barrister called Prolot, who, owing to his revolutionary sympathies, had hidden himself from the police during the Second Empire in the slums of St. Antoine for months together. He was described by the *Père Duchêne* newspaper as "six feet high, with the grip of a blacksmith, physically and morally." It was before this youth that Maître Rousse came to plead the Prelate's cause. It resulted in nothing. M. Prolot contented himself with talking generally about reprisals and the necessity of holding hostages. Indeed, it had been an open boast of Bonnard, an intimate friend of Garreau, the Governor of the Prison and friend of Rigault, that the Commune intended to

kill the hostages. "Please remember," he said, "that if the troops of Versailles enter Paris we will burn it, we will shoot all the priests, and Paris will be only a heap of dead bodies and ruins."

Thus the Archbishop remained in his cell at Mazas, while the weary days of uncertainty and expectation dragged themselves along. From hour to hour he could hear the roar of the cannon and the bursting of the Versailles shells, which each day seemed to come nearer, and yet no sign of deliverance appeared! Ambassadors, barristers, medical men, politicians, had all sought, on different occasions, to procure his release. All had failed. Seven dreary weeks of close confinement and nervous uncertainty had almost killed his hopes of deliverance, and enfeebled his constitution. The proximity of the fighting warned him that either deliverance or death were near. If the Versailles troops became the masters of Paris, the Commune would be forced to unlock the prison cells. The question recurred again and again—would they arrive in time to save the lives of innocent men; would the hostages, freed from the misery of their prison cells, once more breathe the free air of Heaven? The Archbishop listened to the distant roar of the cannon and the explosion of the shells with very anxious thoughts, expecting and hoping hourly to see the cell of his prison opened by a soldier wearing the uniform of France.

CHAPTER XI.

REMOVAL OF HOSTAGES TO LA ROQUETTE. M. BONJEAN. VIA DOLOROSA. THE CONDEMNED CELLS. THE DIVINE HOST, CONCEALED, ARRIVES AT LA ROQUETTE. PATHETIC VIATICUM. DARBOY'S BREVIARY.

On Monday, the 22nd of May, 1871, "A magnificent sun illuminated the Prison of Mazas," says M. Lamazon. Within its walls the hostages, torn between hope and fear, awaited the uncertain issue of the day. It soon became evident to them all that something outside the ordinary routine was happening, for at a very early hour in the morning an unaccountable agitation within the prison could be plainly heard. Something else also attracted the attention of the wondering hostages. They noticed that the din of the cannon and the rattle of the fusilade were drawing perceptibly nearer to their prison. As they listened their hearts beat quickly, for they rightly concluded that the Government troops were rapidly gaining ground, and that, therefore, the Revolution would soon be over, and their prison doors unlocked. To most of them, although not to all, this created a hope which they could not relinquish. And yet, hour by hour passed away without bringing to the captives in their dreary cells any indication of the relief they believed so near to them. At last the uncertainty of their position passed away.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon the heavy bolts which fastened the doors of their cells were drawn back, and a warder entered. In a few words he deprived them of the hope they fondly nursed, and announced the inexorable fate which yet awaited them. An order had been sent to them, he said, signed by Ranvier, Eudes, and Gambon, which directed that the hostages were to be removed at once to the Prison of La Roquette. The very sound of "La Roquette" must have created a shudder, for they all knew that La Roquette was the prison to which those condemned to death were sent, that it contained the Guillotine, and that just outside its walls numberless prisoners had been decapitated. The order for their removal was drawn up in the following terms: "Order is given to the Governor of Mazas to transfer immediately to the Grand Roquette (Depôt for the Condemned), the Archbishop of Paris, all the Priests, Bonjean Senator, the Spies and Police Sergeants, in effect, all who may have any importance as hostages." An eloquent silence followed the announcement of this order—it was the death blow to all their cherished hopes of breathing the free air of heaven once more, and of seeing again the friends they longed so much to meet.

It did not take the prisoners very long to prepare themselves and to commence their transfer. The Archbishop of Paris was the first to lead the way. But how changed he seemed! His long and neglected beard rendered him almost unrecognisable. At the commencement of his captivity the Commune had taken away from him his razors. "The Commune has no confidence in me," he said, "it will permit me to return the compliment, I have no confidence in its razors." As the Archbishop passed along the corridors it became evident to all who saw him that he was suffering greatly in consequence of his imprisonment. His face had become thin through privations of every kind, and a careworn look, which expressed the anxiety through which he had passed, was plainly stamped on his features. The number of

hostages to be transferred to La Roquette amounted to fifty-four, of whom thirty-eight were Priests ; two were Commissioners of the Police under the Second Empire ; one was a Principal of a College ; together with several others, including a man called Joseph Ruault, against whose name on the list Gaston Dacosta had written : " Keep this canaille for the firing party to deal with." The reason of this animosity of Dacosta for Ruault was due to personal feeling, and not to any political sentiments. Ruault had been a dealer in artificial stones, and had taken no prominent position in any political party. He had, however, committed an unpardonable crime in the eyes of Dacosta, for, during July, 1870, in the High Court, at Blois, he had given evidence against some men who had plotted a bomb outrage. At the moment of entering the vehicle, which was drawn up in the courtyard of the prison—it was an ordinary furniture van—the Archbishop noticed a Commissionaire, M. Millet, who had often rendered him a service. He raised his voice and said, as he looked at M. Millet : " In No. 43, Rue Richelieu, do not forget to give news of me down there" (meaning Nancy), with my earnest benedictions." It was in the Rue Richelieu, and in the house referred to, that Madame Coré had fled at last to escape the threats which her attention to the hostages had brought on her. This brief message was one last word of kind remembrance to her from the Archbishop of Paris at the moment when he left Mazas. In recording this incident Archbishop Foulon also adds : " That duty fulfilled, the Archbishop wrapped himself in an old overcoat to protect himself from the air, which was very keen, and from the rain, which fell at intervals ; and he awaited patiently the moment of his departure." By an unforeseen occurrence, and quite without the knowledge of either of them, the Archbishop's Secretary-General entered the vehicle and stood beside his Grandeur. Casually turning his head towards his

Secretary and recognising him, the Archbishop said, in a kindly way and in a low voice: "Monsieur Petit?" "What, is it you, my Lord?" replied the other respectfully, kissing his ring, "You seem to be very fatigued." "Yes, for the last two or three days I have been very ill. Directly I make any attempt to eat a little, I am obliged to leave my cell;" then with a sigh of resignation, alluding to the approaching end, he exclaimed: "At last!" So unwell had the Archbishop appeared, that the prison doctor had blistered him that very day, hoping thereby to relieve the nausea which so greatly compromised his powers of endurance under the prison régime. After the Archbishop and his Secretary had entered the furniture van, they were followed by M. Bonjean, M. Déguerry, Bishop Surat, M. Bayle, M. Perny, and M. Houillon—the last two being missionaries in China, who had returned for a brief visit to Paris. Many other hostages entered the vehicle as well. As they had been isolated for six weeks, the prisoners were pleased to be re-united once more, even if only for a brief time. It was, for many of them, an opportunity of exchanging their experiences, and for offering each other some words of encouragement. "Look, my Lord, at these two Orientals," said M. Déguerry to the Archbishop, "who have come to be martyred in Paris—is it not curious?" The Archbishop smiled, and then became serious again. The Abbés Perny and Houillon had come to Paris in order to publish some scientific works. They had been lodging at the College of Foreign Missions, on the walls of which are found some of the instruments of torture used at the various martyrdoms in China and elsewhere of some of its former members. Their arrest was made without any show of defence whatever, for they were neither hostages valued by the Government, nor political enemies of the Commune, but simply missionary Priests—the victims of a tyrannical despotism. The thought of martyrdom was no new thing to them. They

had already prepared themselves to face it, if need be, in the mission field. Some half-drunk National Guards had arrested them at the Pantheon, and had led them off to one of the centres of the insurgents, overwhelming them with insults and threatening them with a revolver as they went.

The story of the arrest of President Bonjean, on the other hand, had been very different. Just before he fell into the clutches of the Commune he had been residing at his country house near Poitiers, but as soon as the troubles of the Commune began, from a sense of duty as a magistrate, he hastened to Paris in the interests of law and order. Shortly after his imprisonment he wrote to his son : " My dear child, I will once more refer to what I have done in returning to my post, however sad may be the effects on our affectionate family. There is, you see, in doing one's duty a secret satisfaction which helps one to support with patience, and even with a certain gratification, the keenest sorrows. There is the saying from the Sermon on the Mount, whose sublime philosophy I have never before so well understood, ' Blessed are those who suffer persecution for righteousness sake.' " It is the same thought expressed by Sidney in another form in descending the steps of the Tower to place his head on the block ; he said to his friends, who were surprised at the gaiety of his demeanour at such a moment, " My friends, we must do our duty and remain merry even, on the scaffold." M. Bonjean recalled to the Archbishop some incidents of their former intercourse while they were preparing themselves for their last journey.

Around them the conversation of the hostages continued in low tones for a considerable time, as instead of leaving at once for their destination, they were detained for more than an hour in the prison yard at Mazas, in the open vehicle, for some unexplained reason. It was while waiting here that the hostages realised the terrors which awaited them outside the prison

gates. A real *via dolorosa* had been carefully prepared for them as they journeyed, with anxious fears, to the prison for those condemned to death. An immense and impatient crowd, having been informed that the hostages were about to be removed to La Roquette, knocked with violence at the prison gates, and threatened to force them open if they were not opened to them immediately. As soon as the gates were opened and the conveyance began to move it became evident to all the hostages that dangers surrounded them on every side. The rabble of Paris seemed to be concentrated on one spot in order to indulge to the utmost the hideous passions which lived within them. Men of savage appearance in blouses; coarse women, who shrieked and shouted incessantly; children who did their best to imitate their elders; were all united in loudly voicing their wild delight at the sufferings of their victims. Several of them wished to stop the vehicle and enter it, in order to gratify the violence of their frenzy on the helpless prisoners. One of the few hostages who escaped after the Government troops had entered Paris said afterwards: "I have lived twenty years among savages, and I have never seen anything so horrible as the faces of those men and women who raved at us during the painful journey from Mazas to La Roquette." In describing these scenes a writer in the *Correspondant* says: "Insults of the lowest kind, yells of the most shameless nature, sounded from time to time from mouths hideous to look at. We seemed to have a legion of infuriated devils in pursuit of us. The Archbishop lowered his eyes. I fixed mine from time to time on the venerable Prelate. Once or twice the Rector of the Madeleine said to him, 'Did you hear that, my Lord?' The Prelate remained silent. 'Stop! Stop!' cried they. 'What is the good of going any further? Down with the calotins? Give them the death blow here! Don't go any further! Down with them! Down with them!' Whenever they could get

a glimpse of a priest the cries and insults were increased." It was not by the mob only that these savage cries were uttered; even the National Guards, whose duty it was to conduct their prisoners safely to La Roquette, joined issue with the mob in threats and insults. As they drew near the Seine some of them shouted: "Into the Seine with the priests of Bonaparte!" It almost seemed a miracle that the wish was not carried out. "Ah, citizens," said one of the National Guards, wearing a képi, and armed with a chassepôt, "You are counting on the arrival of the assassins of Versailles! Indeed, this morning, at the Gate of Auteuil, we have done for them with our mitrailleuses. Twenty thousand prisoners are in our hands! The 'Chouans' and their accomplices have met the fate they deserved."

Those of the National Guards who took charge of their prisoners had the greatest difficulty in holding back the impulsive mob. There can be no doubt that the Commune fully appreciated the conduct of the rabble in tormenting its victims; but it was not prepared at that moment to allow them to be killed, because it still hoped that in the final settlement of affairs the hostages would be a valuable lever in softening the terms of surrender. It was from no feeling of humanity that their lives were saved during this terrible journey; on the contrary, there can be no doubt that the rabble were previously informed of the opportunity which would be given them of harrassing the victims as they journeyed to La Roquette, for they were all advised beforehand of the hour for the departure of the hostages. An open conveyance was supplied, too, in order to allow the mob to insult their victims easily; then the vehicle travelled all the distance at a walking pace, and instead of passing by the principal Boulevards it traversed the streets of the Faubourg, of St. Antoine, and all the quarters devoted to the Commune.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when they arrived at La Roquette, having taken nearly two

hours to do a journey which should have taken half-an-hour; and thus, after a terribly anxious time, they reached the prison exhausted and in a very nervous condition. At once they proceeded to dismount from the van, but as it had no steps the National Guards attached to it were obliged to assist their prisoners to descend. They absolutely refused to lend a hand to any priest. When all had left the vehicle they entered together without delay into the prison, and were immediately conducted to a small waiting room on the left-hand side of the entrance, so small, that they were scarcely able to move in it; and here they were detained for an hour and a half. Their removal to La Roquette had been so suddenly arranged that there had been no time to prepare the cells for them before they arrived; when, however, the arrangements had been completed, the door of the small waiting-room suddenly opened, and a man wearing a red girdle, red military trousers, and a red tie entered, and began to call over the roll of prisoners. This was François, formerly a packer, but now Communist Governor of the Jail, who, after having twice called over the names of the prisoners in a pompous and affected manner, announced to the Inspector of Mazas, "Received forty curés and magistrates." At the head of the first list they had placed the Archbishop, who was entered simply as "Citizen Darboy"; and in order to draw attention to this discourtesy a young National Guard of about eighteen shouted: "He is no longer a lord here, he is only one of the citizens." When these preliminary formalities had been completed, the prisoners were committed to the care of a Brigadier, called Romain, under whose command they proceeded to their various cells, each following the order as their names were entered on the list. On leaving the small over-crowded waiting-room, they congregated at the foot of the stairs of the first floor, each prisoner carrying a little bundle under his arms. Exhausted by the ordeal through which they had just passed, they rested them-

selves by leaning against the wall and awaited further orders. While resting here they were again re-counted for the third time. It appeared that there was some difficulty in procuring the particular cells allotted to the hostages, owing to the large number of prisoners who had been previously imprisoned at La Roquette by order of the Communists. When at last they entered their cells, Archbishop Darboy and his set found themselves located on the first floor of the west wing, a position which had been expressly reserved for them.

La Roquette contained three large cells which were reserved exclusively for those condemned to death, from which they proceeded to the execution of their dreadful sentence. Near these cells was situated the "Avant Greffe," or chamber in which the "toilette" was performed by the executioner, who cut the convict's hair round the neck before he placed his head through "the little window" of the guillotine. The hostages from Mazas found the prison of La Roquette very crowded on their arrival, for another large party of hostages was also incarcerated at La Roquette, together with forty National Guards not belonging to the Commune. Besides these, there was a large number of "Sergents de Ville," captured on the 18th of March at Montmartre, some soldiers of the line who fell into the hands of the Commune through the treachery of their comrades, a dozen artillerymen, ten ecclesiastics, some soldiers seized by the Commune because they refused to serve it, as well as others captured in various engagements with the Versailles troops. Altogether, La Roquette contained a very large number of human beings, whose only crime was their want of sympathy with the Commune.

After completing the roll call for the last time, Romain took a lantern in his hand, and, glancing at the Inspector by his side, shouted: "Allons, en route," then mounting the staircase they turned to the left, in the direction of that part of the prison into which so many

before them had entered to pass the last few hours of their lives. They thus arrived at the first cell of the corridor, the door of which was half opened. The Archbishop entered, and the door was immediately bolted behind him. Within its gloomy walls there reigned a profound darkness ; indeed, the only gleam of light which shone upon the unfortunate inmate then was that which came from the lanterns of the warders outside.

The cells of La Roquette were certainly designed to increase the miseries of their occupants. Not a chair, not a table, was to be found, only a simple iron bedstead, with a mattress and a thin covering of grey wool, sufficed to furnish the space within the gloomy cell. To add to these discomforts, the cells were far from clean, and it was consequently impossible to banish, by kindly sleep, thoughts of the poor wretches who had spent the last few hours of their human lives within these walls, nor to forget the oft-recurring thought that soon—how soon they knew not—the hour for their own execution would arrive. As soon as he had entered his cell, which was not merely dismal, but profoundly dark, the Archbishop moved cautiously about. He felt the walls in order to form some idea of the proportions of his cell, as well as to ascertain its contents. If the hostages had doubted the fate which awaited them hitherto, the situation in which they now found themselves gave them, at least, ample warning. They did not know that the Commune had already transmitted an order to the Governor of La Roquette to shoot the prisoners ; but that, not wishing to take such a responsibility on himself, he had declined to do so without first receiving a copy of the judgment, which was always usual in such cases. Their execution was therefore for a time delayed.

On the following morning, as the prison clock struck six, the prisoners were ordered to get up. Glancing at their new surroundings, they realised the

precarious condition they now occupied. They knew that the life of the Commune was drawing to a close, that it was almost in its death throes. In a brief time those who had been responsible for the horrors it had perpetrated would be called upon to pay the penalty for their crimes. To add to the number of these crimes would in no way increase the punishment. A few more or less would not avert the vengeance which they well knew would fall on them. They had long ago incurred the penalty of death, and they all knew that! If all the hostages were done to death the penalty would be still the same. Moreover, it was not likely that such a man as Raoul Rigault would allow his victims to escape the fate he had already prepared for them. Only a miracle could rescue them from the death which threatened them, and from which now only a few hours separated them.

Precisely as the clock struck eight the warders unlocked the doors of their cells, and to their great surprise allowed the hostages to enter the corridor and to meet each other. They found that many of them were quite unknown to one another; but the circumstances under which they met, and the common sufferings they endured, at once removed all other considerations. It was an immense relief to be able once more to share their common sorrows together, and to unite their hopes of deliverance, however few those hopes might be. Yet while they were thus allowed to meet each other for a brief time, they were continually reminded of the life-and-death struggle which surrounded them, upon the issues of which their fate depended. The Communists had planted a battery of eleven great marine guns in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, which continually hurled shells and petrol bombs into different parts of the great city. As the Cemetery was near the prison, the heavy detonation of their projectiles shook the prison cells, while the shells screamed around them as they rushed forth to complete

their errand of death and destruction. This battery did not cease to fire its deadly shot until the Versailles troops had gained possession of the Cemetery on the 27th of May, after a terribly blood-stained combat, fought hand-to-hand behind the tombstones of the famous Cemetery, and even in the vaults.

A little later on this same day, the hostages were again allowed to enter the courtyard for exercise. As the Archbishop issued from his cell, both the clergy and laity offered him their respectful sympathy. From time to time he found himself obliged to halt and rest, now against the wall and now against the sentry-box. Nor was M. Bonjean much better off. Walking in the courtyard, he found himself obliged to lean upon the arm of M. Rabut, whom he presented to the Archbishop. "What do you think is the meaning of our removal from Mazas to La Roquette, M. Rabut?" enquired the Prelate. "Do you think it augurs well for us?" "It means nothing good, my Lord, I fear," replied M. Rabut.

Among those who still appeared to have some hope of deliverance, and whose energy had not yet been crushed by the terrors through which he had passed, was the Abbé Déguerry. A worthy priest undoubtedly, he nevertheless differed in many respects from the ordinary type of French Rectors who ministered in the city of Paris. Speaking at the Club de Redoute, in 1851, he said, referring to the Protestant pastor Coquerel, who had just spoken: "Anyone who practices the precepts of the Gospel is my brother, even if he is a Protestant pastor." The open and genuine character of M. Déguerry appeared to be no asset in the opinion of the Commune. The sincerity of his character which had captivated a large number of his friends had made him a valuable hostage, whose freedom they well knew would be desired by a great many people. To Raoul Rigault, the fact that he was a priest fully justified his execution. Still retaining the impulsive traits of his

character, he repeatedly remarked as he walked around the courtyard: "What harm have we done to them? What reason could they have for executing us?" M. Déguerry's sense of justice and fair play made it impossible for him to believe that anyone could perpetrate a crime so great as to execute, not only a large number of innocent men, but men who had ministered without fear or favour to the spiritual and temporal needs of their fellow-creatures. In still believing that the Commune retained a sense of right and wrong, he stood alone among those who had assembled for the last time in the courtyard of La Roquette.

Mixing freely with his companions, the Archbishop discussed past events, and asked for information as to the condition of affairs in Paris, ecclesiastical and political. One of his companions remarks on this occasion: "I stood quite confounded when his Grandeur told us that he had never been treated otherwise than the least of the offenders. At La Roquette, even, his Lordship slept on a simple mattress without any covering. 'On the ground, and without rugs,' I remarked. His Grandeur replied by a smile. To-day the Abbé de Marsy, one of the Clergy of St. Vincent de Paul, made him accept his cell, which was a little less miserable than the others." Discussing the sad events which were happening around them, one of his priests then said to him: "My Lord, you have written the life of St. Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury; do you think, speaking theologically, if we were condemned to death, this kind of death would be martyrdom?" The Archbishop thought it would. "They will not kill us," he said, "because I am Darboy and you Mr. So and So, but because I am Archbishop Darboy and you a priest, and on account of our religious character—our deaths will then be martyrdoms." The conversation next turned on the state of Paris, and many were anxious to know how much longer the Commune was likely to hold out. "Are there many barricades in Paris?"

asked the Archbishop. "A great many, my Lord." "Ah! If I could only go and die like my predecessor! I envy the fate of Archbishop Affre." "They have assured me," said the Abbé Lamazon to the Archbishop, "that some of the representatives of the Foreign Powers have made some efforts on behalf of your Grandeur." "I have been informed of it," replied his Grace, "it is doubtless under this diplomatic pressure that Prolot has told me that if the Commune has taken some hostages, it has done it to appease the brutal demands of the lowest demagogues."

Some of the hostages still clung to a feeling of hope, although most of them had tried to banish the thought of it from their minds as a thing impossible. "In two days we shall all be free," remarked a priest. "From the miseries of life, it is possible, but from prison it is hardly possible," was the reply. During the time allowed them in the courtyard, the hostages gathered in groups around the Archbishop, whose extreme weakness did not permit him to remain standing upright for long. He was still obliged to lean his back against the wall, and in this position, with a remarkably calm address, he found a gracious word for all who spoke to him. One of those who paid most attention to the Archbishop was M. Bonjean. He had been, like Archbishop Darboy, one of the most prominent defenders of the Gallican rights of the French Church; and therefore between them both there was a common bond of sympathy in the mutual religious convictions which they shared together.

During their captivity, the Clergy had not been allowed to celebrate Holy Masse, and on this day, the 23rd of May, which happened to be the last day of their lives, they more than ever yearned to receive the Divine Food of the Eucharist. Providence did not refuse them this devout and proper aspiration, and the way in which their desire was granted reads like an incident in the early ages of the Church.

Among those in Religion who had been imprisoned was Mademoiselle Delmas, Directress of the Charitable Establishment known in Paris under the name of "The Home for Destitute Children." Some of the Clergy who had been imprisoned had told her their greatest trouble was that they had no opportunity of Communicating, and she had discussed with them the best way by which she could obtain for them this Great Consolation. The History of the Church records the fact that in times of persecution she has allowed the Faithful to Communicate themselves with a Consecrated Host when they were unable to procure a priest. The circumstances were so exceptional, that exceptional means became quite lawful. An ordinary milk can was procured with a double bottom to it. A number of Consecrated Hosts were then placed in it by a priest in order that all the hostages might receive Holy Communion. To carry in this manner the Divine Victim to the hostages, crushed and persecuted by Raoul Rigault, the relentless enemy of the Faith, amid a godless and lawless multitude, who feared neither God nor man, required courage, care, and determination. All these Mlle. Delmas possessed. Accompanied by only one member of her establishment, she set out two days before the Hostages were transferred to La Roquette, provided with this Precious Trust. Amid the peril of shot and shell, she traversed the long road, filled with barricades and ploughed in furrows by heavy projectiles, all the way from Notre Dame des Champs to Mazas. Warned beforehand as to the time when she would arrive, the Abbé Ducoudray received from her hands the box which contained the Divine Hosts. They were distributed secretly to each of the prisoners. With one of these Hosts the Archbishop communicated himself, and thus with his own hands received his Viaticum. He had been previously Confessed by the Abbé Olivaint on the preceding day.

With the shadow of death before their eyes, these helpless victims of prejudice and passion gained courage

and comfort to face the storm which threatened them, thus fortified by the Body and Blood of God. With the Eucharist in their midst, their dreary cells appeared to them illuminated with a light and joy which dispersed the gloom of La Roquette. The Abbé Clerc wrote a most touching letter almost at the point of death, in which he announced the arrival of the Holy Sacrament. "All has arrived in perfect order," he writes, "and all had been arranged with a skill and ingenuity which were admirable. There is now no more prison, no longer any solitude. Ah! Mon Dieu, how good you are! and how true it is that the sympathy of Your Heart can never fail! I did not dare to hope for such a blessing—to possess our Lord, to have Him as a companion of my captivity, to carry Him in my heart, and to repose on His bosom as He allowed the beloved disciple John. Oh! It is too much for me, and the thought overwhelms me. And yet, how true it all is! Oh, prison, dear prison! You whose walls I have broken by saying—'Blessed Cross.' What are you worth to me! You are no longer a prison! I had hoped that God would give me the Grace to die well; to-day my hope has grown into a true and solid confidence. I seem to be perfectly content with Him who strengthens me, and who accompanies me even to death." During these anxious hours, when their fate was hovering between death and freedom, the hostages found their one consolation in the exercise of their religion so far as they were allowed to practice it. Many of them had been arrested so suddenly that they had no time to procure their books of devotion. The Archbishop, however, was more fortunate than some of the Clergy in possessing his breviary. He had secured it during the earliest days of his captivity, and in the absence of every other religious help to which he was accustomed, he found it a great comfort to him. An interesting detail in connection with this breviary is related by Archbishop Foulon, which may be appropriately

recorded here. He says that after Archbishop Darboy's death it was returned to his family by the Abbé Gallet, the Vicar of St. Augustine's, Paris, who, during the last days of the insurrection, went to the Cemetery of Père la Chaise to see the departure of a convoy. On arriving there some Federals surrounded him, and ordered him to cry "Vive la Commune!" This he refused to do in spite of the threats and impetuosity of their demands. It would have gone badly with him had there not been among these insurgents one of their party who secretly admired the courage of the Abbé and his fidelity to his principles. This insurgent had been present at La Roquette when the hostages were executed. He not only used his influence to avert the threatened danger, but also seized the opportunity to hand to the Abbé Gallet the breviary of the Prelate, which had been found in his cell, saying: "I thought M. Abbé that this would give you some pleasure."

Precisely at half-past two o'clock the hostages were ordered to return to their cells from the courtyard of La Roquette, where they remained until the following day. Entering them again, they rested on their miserable beds, wondering how much longer they would have to wait before death or deliverance would free them from their present misery. Hour by hour they reflected, hoped, and prayed, until the last rays of daylight had left their cells, and the gloom of night had hidden from their sight their miserable surroundings. The prison clock chimed the midnight hour, and warned them that another day of captivity had passed away, and yet their fate remained unknown to them at least.

"O City! where my birth place stands, How art thou fallen
amid the lands!
Hark! from yon hill what tones arise—My peace is hidden
from thine eyes!
Oh! for that place of paths Divine, by the freed soul in
rapture trod—
The upper air, the fields that shine, for ever in the sight of
God."

CHAPTER XII.

24TH OF MAY. PELLETON OF EXECUTION. VERIG, MEGY, FRANÇOIS, HENRION, AND BEAUSSET'S SYMPATHY. FINAL ROLL CALL. THE VIA MORTIS. FEDERAL BRUTALITY. M. ALLET. THE LAST PRAYER ON EARTH. CRUEL TREATMENT OF THE ARCHBISHOP. THE EXECUTION OF SIX HOSTAGES. DEAD AT LAST. HASTY BURIAL. PERE LA CHAISE. LYING IN STATE.

On the morning of the 24th of May, the Archbishop was suddenly aroused from his meditation by the appearance of a stranger, who entered his cell and respectfully addressed him. It was the prison doctor of La Roquette, M. Trencart, who had come to attend him. Not having medically examined the Archbishop before, he was surprised to find him in such a state, and he expressed himself in strong terms, asserting that his patient was in a very precarious condition, and that he would have to be removed at once to the Infirmary. "You will be much better there, my Lord," he said, "You will have more air, a better bed, the care which you have not here, and (he added) perhaps you will be a little safer there." "I understand, my dear Monsieur," replied the Archbishop, "I understand, and I thank you, but for nothing in the world do I wish to be separated from the others." The Prelate decided to remain among his priests, anxious, of course, to leave,

but determined to be the last to go. Moreover, it almost seemed as if the hour of deliverance had come at last, for the firing was so fierce and so near to La Roquette that the proximity of the Versailles troops was evident to all. Those, alas, who looked for an immediate deliverance were the victims of a cruel disappointment. It was not until three o'clock in the afternoon that any break took place in the monotony of their prison routine. Punctually at three o'clock their doors were opened, and permission was given them to take their exercise in the courtyard. The Archbishop, in a very feeble condition, painfully dragged himself along. As he had been unable to take any food for many hours, he suffered from hunger and extreme weakness. Fortunately one of the hostages, the Abbé Olivaint, discovered a piece of chocolate in his pocket, which he offered to the Prelate, who received it with much gratitude. M. Olivaint was a professor of history in the University of Paris, a man of excellent character, cheerful, courageous, and devout. He was one of those men who make the best of circumstances, and to many of the hostages whose powers of resistance had been weakened by the sufferings through which they had passed, the presence of M. Olivaint was like a ray of sunshine on a dreary winter's day. In no less than two days after this incident he, too, was killed, meeting his death in the same even frame of mind which had characterised each event of his life.

During the period of recreation the Archbishop received some news of his sister Justine, which was given him by M. Amodru, together with some details concerning the churches in Paris. In referring to his conversation with the Archbishop on this occasion, M. Amodru remarks: "From the gist of our conversation I was able to gather that Archbishop Darboy had not yet the least presentiment of the blow which was going to fall some hours later." Yet it was at this very moment that the details of his fate were finally arranged!

Indeed, from the very first, as Raoul Rigault himself had declared, it had always been the intention of the Commune to kill the ecclesiastical hostages, a fact which was subsequently corroborated by evidence supplied to the Council of War appointed to enquire into the doings of the Commune. In giving his evidence before the Council, M. Ferdinand Evrard stated: "I was comparatively quite at ease concerning myself, because the day before I had an audience with François, the Governor of La Roquette, and he told me that he did not contemplate anything about my death; that if they gave him an order for it he would set me at liberty, but so far as the priests were concerned, they would all die."

If, as the day wore on, only a few hours of life remained for the hostages, it became equally obvious to all that the steady advancement of the Government troops also warned the Federals that only a few more hours of life remained to the Commune. It was the knowledge of this fact which urged them to complete their despicable programme. Already the Members of the Committee of Safety, and Central Committee of the Commune, forced by the progress of the Versailles soldiers to quit the Hotel de Ville, had taken refuge on the morning of the 24th of May in the Mairie of the Eleventh Arrondissement, situated in the Boulevard of the Prince Eugène, making this the seat of their Government. As all the information of the insurrection was brought to this place, they there learned that the regular army had advanced on all sides, that the defenders of the barricades had deserted in great numbers, and that many of the chiefs of the Commune were already in flight. These defections caused them to suspect the intentions of those who remained in power. When news of these losses became known, an exasperated crowd gathered under the windows of the Mairie. It was chiefly composed of those hideous factions calling themselves "The Avengers of Flourens," and "Sons of Père Duchesne," which the Commune protected like



FRANCOIS.
GOVERNOR OF LA ROQUETTE UNDER THE COMMUNE.



GENTON.
PRESIDENT OF THE INIQUITOUS PUBLIC SAFETY COMMITTEE,
FORMERLY A CARPENTER.

spoilt children. To calm their suspicions and to retrieve their confidence, a court martial was improvised inside the Mairie, over which a carpenter, called Genton, constituted himself President. It was this grotesque and paltry committee which passed sentence of death on the illustrious victims at La Roquette. With as little delay as possible, M. Genton hastened to find the Governor of La Roquette, in order to arrange with him about the details of the execution. While these proceedings were taking place the hostages were peacefully enjoying the fresh air of the courtyard, and a friendly intercourse with one another. At four o'clock they were ordered to return to their cells, which, on this occasion, were locked as well as bolted. When all were safely guarded, the Governor (François), went to an auberge to get some drink, and while there he noticed a group of Federals, preceded by Genton, hastening towards La Roquette. He shouted merrily: "Hullo! there's the peleton of execution. They're going to have some fun; look out for the cassocks!" Then, running in front, he shook Genton and Vérig by the hand, and saluted the assassin Mégy, who was then in command of the firing party. "Is it then for to-day?" he enquired in a merry tone. "Oh, yes!" replied Genton, and the party entered by the gateway of La Roquette. The Communist Lissagaray, who was condemned to transportation after the fall of the Commune, but who fled to London, tells us how this firing party had been selected. It is, of course, an *ex parte* statement, for although there had been on both sides a great deal of bloodshed in the fighting which took place at the various barricades, his account only mourns over the losses of the Commune, and totally ignores the fatalities which the Federals had caused. It is necessary to remember this in reading these details.

"Amid a crowd of Guards, exasperated at the massacres," says M. Lissagaray, "stood a Delegate of the Public Safety Commission, who said, 'Since they shoot our men, six hostages will be executed. Who will

form the peleton?' 'I! I!' was cried from all sides. One advanced and said, 'I avenge my father;' another, 'I avenge my brother.' 'As for me,' said a Guard, 'they have shot my wife.' Each one brought forward his right to vengeance. Thirty men were chosen and entered the prison." This was between five and six in the afternoon. A consultation took place as to the ways and means of carrying out the execution, and V^érig was directed to command the firing party, to whom they handed the secret plans they had agreed upon. In such a hurry and with so little care had they drawn up the sentence of death, that it was not settled at the time how many hostages were to be slaughtered. A National Guard was hastily despatched from the Boulevard Prince Eugène, where the Committee met, to La Roquette, with an order to massacre at once all the hostages, and especially the priests. The Registrar of the Prison, who was a reasonable man, on reading the order which was handed to him requiring the wholesale slaughter of so many human beings, became for a moment quite confused; but, rapidly recovering his presence of mind, he said: "Citizen, you deliver me an order—very good! Some Federal prisoners have been put to death on the barricade of the Rue Caumartin; they ought to be avenged—there is nothing better! But there is certainly here a *lapsus plumæ*. It is not sixty-eight that should be read; sixty-eight persons ought not to be killed to avenge two or three victims. I suppose they mean six or eight, and that is a good number. Return, then, to the Commune in order to rectify this error." The warrant also declared that the execution was to take place precisely at six o'clock on the same day. The National Guard took back the warrant and returned with it amended in about an hour. This time it demanded the execution of six hostages chosen from the Clergy. In the schedule the name of M. Bonjean was included. "Ah! there is an error here still!" said the Clerk. "We must

rectify it. A layman has nothing to do with this affair. Return to the Commune to cross off Bonjean, and then tell them that five is too many. This time the messenger absolutely refused to make a fresh application, and the number was definitely settled at six. A discussion then took place, and in spite of the anger of Mégy, who regretted the order which reduced the number of victims, Genton enquired for the names of the hostages, and wrote them in the following order:—“Darboy, Bonjean, Jecker, Allard, Clere, Ducondray.” Then, hesitating, he scratched off the name of Jecker and put in place of it the name of Déguerry. And yet the list was not in order, for François, fearing to take any responsibility upon himself, refused to deliver up the hostages, as the list still remained unauthorised. Genton was therefore obliged to run back to the Mairie, where the court martial was sitting, to obtain the necessary authority. On the day after the execution, François approached the Registrar of the Prison, threatening him with his revolver, and shouting: “You, there, I consider you a spy, and I shall blow out your brains if you come inside these walls! You are the cause why instead of sixty-eight we have had only six hostages killed. I do not want to see you any more!” And, aiming his revolver at the Registrar, he discharged it into his body. While the formal authorisation and selection of hostages was being made Mégy, François, Sicard, and Vérig, who had command of the firing party, remained near the entrance of the prison.

As several of these personalities took a prominent part in the last sad scenes of this drama, a few words about them will be of interest. Vérig was a man of slight figure, not quite the average in height, and somewhat youthful in appearance. He always carried a pistol in his girdle, dressed himself in a military uniform, and wore a képi hat. He endeavoured to overawe all who came under his command by frequently

shouting: "Forward! March! or I shall fire!" After the tragedy of La Roquette he entered a tavern in the vicinity of the prison and there boasted that it was he who had given the Archbishop his *coup de grâce*. It is asserted that he was captured in the act of flight by some Versailles troops, and, being tried and convicted at a drum-head court-martial, was shot on the very spot where he killed his victims. There was nothing at all remarkable in the appearance of Mégy, and certainly nothing which indicated any exceptional force of character. He had a very ordinary and inexpressive countenance. His career, however, proved that he possessed a restless mind and a total want of moral sense. In 1870 he had been condemned to twenty years of hard labour for blowing out the brains of a policeman who had come to arrest him. He was eventually condemned to death, and executed for participating in an insurrection of the Commune at Marseilles—a punishment which he well deserved. In appearance François was a little above the average height. He possessed an open countenance, but had an unpleasant expression in his eyes. He usually wore a white tie, and assumed ordinary civilian attire. He, too, was condemned to death by the Council of War as a murderer, and was executed at the drilling-ground at Satory.

While these three leaders of the firing party were discussing their final plans, one of the Inspectors, called Henrion, who from a sense of justice and humanity revolted against the murder of the hostages, approached the "Avengers of Flourens," who formed part of the firing party, and told them that if they killed the hostages they would become assassins. On hearing this, one of them replied: "What use is it of talking like that? It is absolutely necessary! Here is the order. We have already shot some of them at the Prefecture of the Police." This was more than Henrion could endure. He hurried hastily away, in order that he might not be

called upon to witness their cruelties, shouting in an excited manner as he went "They are going to kill them! They are going to kill them!" Unable to prevent the execution, Henrion next did his best to delay it, for in delay alone lay the one hope of deliverance. Had their execution been delayed only a few hours longer they would all have been set free. This the Commune determined to prevent, and this the friends of the hostages determined to realise if possible. Having ascertained the spot in the precincts of the Jail selected for the execution, and being the janitor of the prison, he hastened along a corridor through which the hostages would have to pass, slammed and locked some iron gates which barred their passage to the execution ground, and threw away the keys in an unlikely spot.

It was nearly seven o'clock in the evening before Genton returned with a warrant for the execution, signed by Ferré, which he handed to a warder called Beausset, with an order merely to call the roll of the fourth section. This man started to accomplish his task, thinking he was fulfilling a simple formality of no importance; but the moment he proceeded to the fourth section to summon the prisoners, he came in contact with the firing party, armed to the teeth. At the sight of them he seemed to lose all control of himself, and, completely overcome with emotion, he leaned against the wall with his foot on the first step of the staircase, and felt incapable of moving further.

As the warrant for the execution was now in order, François called the Brigadier Romain, and handed him the list, telling him to descend with him to the cells where the prisoners were detained, near the infirmary ward. The whole party then followed François downstairs until they reached the corridor where the cells of their victims were situated. A numerous company descended. It consisted of François, Mégy, Genton, Vérie, Benjamin Sicard, and Brigadier Romain, followed

by the "Avengers of Flourens," and various cavalry and infantry soldiers joined the original thirty—in all a company of about forty men. They all carried revolvers with them, and appeared quite light-hearted and pleased with the work they were about to do. Ferré, however, seemed to be under a different influence, for he walked with an imperious gait, and his countenance was wild and flushed as if he were either mad or drunk. He had become a kind of Plenipotentiary of the Commune, having almost the power of life and death in his hands. Many trembled at his gaze, fearing lest he should capriciously condemn them to an ignominious death. Some of the witnesses of this strange procession assert that Ranvier, the Mayor of Belleville, walked at the head of the procession, accompanied by Raoul Rigault. From evidence supplied to the Court of Enquiry respecting the Commune, after its fall, it appeared that Ranvier was undoubtedly present at the execution of the hostages. That evidence will be produced a little later at its proper place in this narrative. The Council of War which enquired into the deaths of the hostages elicited the following information respecting Ferré from Inspector Cabot, of La Roquette. "Were you at La Roquette as Inspector?" said the President. "Yes." "Do you know Ferré?" "Yes. He is a little dark man, he wore a Tyrolean hat. It was he who fetched the Archbishop and the five hostages" (for execution).

From a window in his cell, between the iron bars which guarded it, the Abbé Perny watched some of their proceedings, and he has left us a very touching account of them. "On the second and third floor occupied by those condemned at the Assizes," he says, "the windows were crowded by convicts, who watched with an anxious curiosity in order to find out the meaning of the unusual spectacle which confronted our gaze. My emotion became more and more acute when I noticed an officer of the insurgents half open the door which led

from the Court to the office, and exclaim with a solemn voice: 'The men of war, are they ready?' Without being initiated into military language I understood that they were going to shoot all, or a certain number of us. I knelt down in order to pray to God for strength and courage for all of them." When the firing party arrived at the corridor in which the cells were situated they made as much noise as they could, shouting horrible threats, and bumping the flagstones of the pavement with the butt-ends of their muskets. They then ordered Beausset to find out what cells were occupied by the hostages. Beausset, all trembling, replied: "I cannot; no, I will never go." Romain then held out to him the list containing the names of the hostages who were to be executed, shouting: "Imbecile! Don't you understand about the arrests?" Then, snatching the paper again from his hands, he proceeded to call the roll himself. Beausset, on the verge of collapse, hurried off and locked himself up in his room.

The 24th of May, 1871, was a very cloudy day. A heavy gloom created by the smoke from the burning buildings which the Petroleuses and their companions had set on fire, hung over Paris, and increased the denseness of the atmosphere. It was a fitting day for the deeds of darkness which stained its memory. The corridor into which the cells of the hostages opened was still half in darkness, in spite of pressing orders to light the lamps there. The members of the Commune who were taking part in the tragedy now assembled in the corridor. Wearing a heavy cavalry sword, which he had attached to his girdle, and which clattered continually on the pavement, Vêrig marched up and down the corridor, talking very loudly, and always using oaths whenever he addressed himself to the men he commanded. "Yes," he cried, loud enough for all the prisoners to hear, "it is necessary that all should be terminated." "Ah! this time we are going to lay them low," shouted Ferré in a tone of satisfaction, and, proceed-

ing to the further end of the corridor, Ferré again shouted "Attention, citizens! Reply when your names are called!" Twenty names of hostages appeared on the list, but the names of the six selected for execution on this occasion were marked with a red cross. They then opened cell No. 22, occupied by the Abbé Guerin, and enquired: "Are you citizen Darboy?" "No," replied M. Guerin, who would willingly have taken the Archbishop's place had it been possible, for on the following day he offered to exchange places with M. Chevriaux, the Headmaster of the Lycée de Vauves, should he be selected for execution. Passing on to the next cell, No. 23, they shouted: "Citizen Darboy!" "Present," replied the Archbishop, with a calm but feeble voice. They immediately opened the door of cell No. 23 and ordered him to come out. The Archbishop obeyed, and entering the corridor outside his cell, stood face to face with his assassins. Romain then shouted, "Bonjean!" The President replied, "Present," and at once came out of his cell, but, feeling cold he attempted to re-enter it saying: "Wait a moment, I am going to take my overcoat!" "It is useless," replied Romain, taking hold of him by the arm and stopping him, "You are very well as you are!" He then shouted, "Déguerry!" Either drowsy or else pre-occupied, M. Déguerry did not hear his name called, and a few seconds of silence followed. "My poor friend, it is you who they are calling," said Bishop Sûrat, who occupied the adjoining cell. Immediately the energetic old priest replied firmly: "Present," and stepping quickly outside his cell, which they had opened, came and stood beside Archbishop Darboy. To another hostage who did not respond as quickly as they wished, they shouted: "Must we come and fetch you?" When at length the six victims had left their cells and were standing in a group together wondering what would follow next, Brigadier Romain turned to François and said: "Go along, the list is complete!"

then, turning to the hostages, he shouted : " March ! March quickly, and go as you are ! " The execution party immediately approached their victims and surrounded them on each side, while Romain took his position at the head of the procession. Two Inspectors, standing along the wall, pale as death, their eyes filled with tears, averted their gaze. The mournful procession commenced to move forward. In the front marched M. Allard, his hands joined in the attitude of prayer. Then followed Archbishop Darboy, frail and suffering, leaning on the arm of M. Bonjean, who exclaimed in a quavering voice as he walked : " My dear wife, my dearest children ? " Immediately after him followed M. Déguerry and the Abbés Ducondray and Clerc. " Brutally hurried off at this hour, " said M. Perny, an eye-witness of these scenes, " as if the executioners were afraid of the light of day when carrying out their crimes, these illustrious victims were conducted immediately through the little round staircase which led to the courtyard where we took our recreation. In the court of the Infirmary they were obliged, it seemed, to halt for eight or ten minutes. They had not taken the keys of the gate of the Roundway : it became necessary to force the locks and bolts. " M. Perny who was only able to see these details through the bars of the grill in the door of his cell, could not see exactly what happened at the gates, which were not broken as he asserts. This fact was proved by de Costa, a civil engineer who had also been imprisoned in La Roquette. " What do you know about the assassination of the hostages ? " enquired the President of the third Council of War, " I assisted at it. " " Tell the Council what you saw, " said the President. " I was then standing at a window on the ground floor. At that moment, I heard in the prison an unusual commotion. They shouted in loud tones for Henrion, the janitor (le porteclefs) whom they could not find. At last the keys were discovered in a corner where they had been thrown or

deposited." There was no need therefore to force the locks and bolts of these gates. "Two medical nurses," continues M. Perny, "were able to see the cortége during these moments. They declared to me before my final escape from La Roquette that the victims were overwhelmed with the grossest insults."* While waiting for the door to be opened—the gate through which so many before had passed to the Guillotine that it had been nicknamed "The Gate of Death"—they commenced to discuss in the presence of the hostages as to which would be the best place to shoot them. Mégy was anxious to shoot them in the little garden, Vérig wished to shoot them elsewhere, and impatiently shaking the gate he shouted: "It has been done on purpose, it always happens so." He was certainly nearer the truth than he imagined. During this halt of eight or ten minutes the victims seized the opportunity for their devotions, and kneeling down they commenced to pray. On seeing this the Federals began to shout: "Go on you old brutes, you will soon be" So gross were the insults which they uttered that at last a Sergeant stepped forward and said: "Silence! leave them alone! You don't know what may happen to you yourselves to-morrow." Still kneeling, they turned to the Archbishop, who slowly rose from his knees, and lifting his right hand with the first three fingers extended, Blessed them with the Sign of the Cross, pronouncing this formula of Absolution: "Ego vos absolvo ab omnibus censuris et peccatis." The prayer over, the hostages rose from their knees and recommenced their sad procession, M. Allard preceding them as before. Raising his hand and eyes to heaven, he recited in a low voice the prayers for those in their last agony, interspersed with some ejaculatory prayers. All the other hostages remained silent. While these solemn prayers and thoughts were hovering round the victims at the point of death, Brigadier Romain was marching

* Also attested by Costa.

at the head of the cortége with his hands in his pockets whistling some tune! A few warders carrying lanterns disclosed the harrowing scene and the mental struggle of the hostages. As they walked some of the Federals asked the Archbishop: "Why have you done nothing for the Commune?" to which he replied: "My friend, you do not reflect that I have been arrested secretly on the very morning of the first battle. What could I do more than I have done to stop the civil war? In the name of God spare us at least these insults." An officer who heard these words said: "Yes, he is right; we have received orders to execute them, we ought not to crush them. . . . Keep quiet!" . . . "Scarcely had this band of savages disappeared from the corridor with their victims," says M. Perny, "than I rose up from prayer and bent against my window, which was open. Ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour had scarcely fled, than the cortége arrived beneath my window. I shuddered at the sight. Immediately I leant forward, having given an Absolution to the victims by raising my hand. M. Allard carried his armlet as a chaplain, and all the other insignia—his calabash, and some cases probably enclosing his papers, were suspended from his girdle. In passing before my window he raised his hands to heaven in a very touching manner and said loudly: 'My God! My God!' The tumult caused by the noisy conversation of the soldiers attracted the attention of the other prisoners incarcerated in the fourth division. Persuaded that all was over with the six hostages whose names they had heard called over, these prisoners followed with anxiety the preparations for their execution, believing that it would soon be their turn also to follow them. Putting their eyes between the bars of their windows, they managed, in spite of the increasing darkness, to discern the details of the horrible scene which was going to be enacted very near them." They were noticed by one of the assassins, who in order to show them what they were going to do, and what they intended to repeat

the following day, indicated by pointing to the Archbishop, who walked in front of him, accompanying this sinister performance with a coarse sneer. M. Bayle, Diocesan Overseer, whose cell overlooked the interior of the prison, had followed, from his grill partly opened, the details of the roll call. "In attempting to make the other prisoners whom he noticed from his window understand what was going to happen," says Archbishop Foulon, "he made many large signs of the cross, imitating the Episcopal Benediction, and repeated this sign as long as he thought it necessary for them to understand."

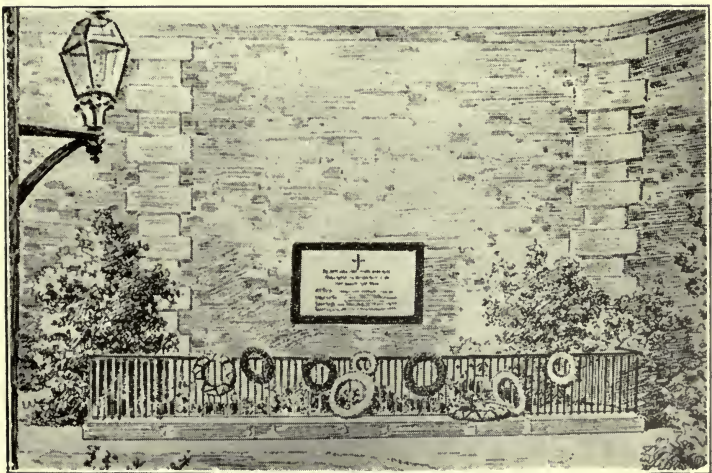
The battalion which formed the firing party was raked up from the dregs of the Faubourgs. It was mostly composed of young men from fifteen to eighteen years of age, whose early depravity had prematurely deadened their moral sense, and who were consequently handy servants of the Commune, always ready to execute its wishes. As the procession passed, they shouted: "To death! To death with the assassins, scoundrels, spies of Versailles!" also adding to these insults filthy and blasphemous epithets. So violent and gross was their behaviour that another Federal revolted against their abuse, exclaiming: "The men who are going to death ought not to be insulted. It is only cowards who insult the unfortunate." "On which side are you?" said one of the Federals to the Archbishop. "I am on the side of Liberty," he replied. "Have you done anything for the Commune?" "I have agreed to write a letter for you to Versailles," adding also that he was resigned to die, and that he pardoned those who were going to kill him. One of the assassins shouted in his ear: "Liberty!" "Do not profane the name of Liberty," said the Archbishop, "it is to us that it belongs, for we shall die for Liberty and for the Faith." "Enough! Enough!" they shouted, "this is not the moment to make sermons, tyrants are not entitled to so much consideration."

To insult they now began to add violence. The poor Archbishop, enfeebled by ill-health, privation, and mental strain, was only able to walk very slowly, and that, too, with great effort. One of the firing party, noticing that he did not walk quickly enough, struck him a blow so violent in the loins that the venerable Prelate was on the point of tumbling on the ground had not M. Bonjean, who had been walking with his hands behind the back of the Archbishop, supported him saying: "Accept my arm, my Lord; we will help one another, or, indeed, we will die together." The Archbishop allowed the magistrate to help him, but did not even turn to see where the blow had come from. This unpardonable and cruel treatment, however, was resented by one of the National Guards. Shortly after this incident, the Archbishop turned round to give his fellow sufferers a final Benediction, for they were now quite close to the place selected for their execution; but neither the nearness of eternity nor the pathos of the scene appeared to have any influence on the "Avengers of Flourens," for they shouted as the Archbishop pronounced the words of Blessing: "That's enough of prayers, hurry along!" This merciless treatment created a re-action in favour of the victims and softened the malice of another enemy; for a warder named Jannard, who had watched these brutalities, was so touched by what he saw that he secretly extended his hand to the hostages. Those who were nearest him affectionately pressed it, and their appreciation of his sympathy and their sincere affection so overcame the poor man that he was obliged to seat himself, as he felt his legs giving way beneath him. On arriving at the place chosen by Ferré for the execution, at the extremity of the rampart close to the Rues Folie Regnault and Vacquerie, the cortége halted. The six prisoners knelt to make a last brief prayer, while the priests gave the Absolution for the Dying: they then rose again immediately, and a warder, holding a lantern in his hands, called over their names once more.

The last gleam of daylight had left the dismal court, with its high walls of thirty feet on one side and its lofty buildings on the other. One single lamp illuminated the faces of the victims. All conversation had now ceased, and an impressive silence followed. The firing party halted, and began to arrange themselves in convenient order, while the hostages, according to instructions, advanced thirty paces in front of them, and then, turning round, faced their executioners. Along the wall, and in one rank, they ranged themselves as they were directed, standing upright, and fastening their eyes on those who at this moment were already aiming death at them. For a brief time they remained silent, moving their lips as they raised their prayers to heaven. Then the tragic silence ceased. Looking at Mégy and Genton, M. Bonjean spoke in words which could be plainly heard by all: "I pardon you." The Archbishop then raised his hand to Bless those who were going to shoot him, and the Abbé Déguerry, anxious to show that he had no fear of death, undid his cassock, and exposed his chest to their shot. In this way, while they were arranging the victims and the firing party was preparing itself, nearly six minutes of intense anxiety were spent. At last Mégy, impatient at the delay, shook Genton by the arm to hasten the execution. Genton at once took the hint, and, raising his sabre, shouted "Fire!" Suddenly a sharp fusilade was heard, then a prolonged and irregular firing, with two short intervals between, after which some separate blows resounded in the court, and a painful silence followed. The prison clock had struck the hour of eight, It was an hour of peace. The terror of death had passed away, and eternal rest and peace from the sorrows and trials of life had come to six heroes upon whom the fiercest storms of human passion had spent themselves. The victims fell—some upon each other, some by themselves. Their bodies lay as they had fallen, in a great pool of blood, for six hours.



MONUMENT TO ARCHBISHOP DARBOY
IN NOTRE DAME, PARIS.



THE WALL, WHERE THE HOSTAGES WERE MASSACRED AT
THE GRANDE ROQUETTE, NOW DESTROYED.

The Abbé Perny, who also was imprisoned at La Roquette, gives us the following interesting account of the execution: "At eight o'clock and a few minutes past," he says, "a horrible crackling sound vibrated on my ears. Six discharges of rifles, almost simultaneously, followed by some solitary blows, re-sounded in one of the courts of the prison. A deathly silence succeeded this noise. It reminded me that only a few paces from me had happened one of those monstrous crimes which make an epoch in the history of humanity. From the Prayers for those in their Last Agony, I passed to the Prayers for the Dead. Never have I fathomed the depth of God's pity before. I not only implored Him, I promised Him a worthy reparation for the victims of such an execrable and cowardly crime." After describing the feelings which he experienced as a hostage, and as a friend of those who were being killed, he adds: "The mournful sound of trumpets and drums, and the funeral clatter of a cart which made its way by the edge of the Charonne, seemed to put an end to this drama. The night between Wednesday and Thursday was for me a veritable night of torture. At each moment the inner and outer gates of the prison opened to bring in or take out some victims. A court martial—or rather some bandits disguised as judges—sat in the Registrar's office. They informed me later on that another court martial, chiefly composed of worthless gamins, sat at the Prison of the Little Roquette (used for young criminals) and delivered the victims which it committed without judgment to some armed bands of men and women, who gossiped and amused themselves by prolonging the torment of their victims. The unfortunate ones who were suspected of complicity with the "Chouans of Versailles," or who refused to kill for the Commune, were mercilessly sacrificed. With the sound of drums and trumpets, and the din of shot and shell at Père la Chaise, were intermingled the noise of carriages which brought suspects to La Roquette."

The sad scene enacted within the prison created a great sensation when it became known, and for some time afterwards every detail of the transaction was eagerly sought. It appeared that after the first discharge, the Archbishop of Paris was noticed to be still standing upright, although all the other hostages had fallen, his right hand raised in the act of Blessing, and his left hand supporting himself against the wall. "Ah! You are giving your Blessing," cried an assassin named Lalive. "Stop! here is mine!" and aiming at the hand of the Archbishop he discharged his rifle at it. As the Archbishop still continued standing upright, his tormentors approached, and striking him on his loins with their bayonettes and the butt ends of their rifles, beat him to death. The crime accomplished, the assassins retired to some neighbouring wine shops, where they boasted about the deeds they had just committed. V^érig, for instance, began to show his pistol to two prison warders who were there. "Look!" he cried, "it is still quite hot. I have come from helping to give that famous Archbishop his last blow." A Federal, who had just left the scene of the crime also, described the last agony of the Archbishop with great emphasis, mingling his description with some odious expressions. "He did not want to die," he said, "he raised himself three times, and I began to be ashamed of him."

After the murder of the hostages, at eight o'clock, a profound silence reigned throughout the prison till eleven o'clock. At that hour, however, the silence was broken by the arrival of some people who paraded the corridor near which the hostages of the fourth section were imprisoned. The party consisted of the Governor François and five of his officers, who came to make a search in the empty cells, and to seize any valuable things which the victims might have left behind there. François, obliged to grope his way in the dark in order to identify the cells, complained that their numbers

were not properly described, and that most of them were still occupied by other hostages. He knocked at No. 24 and demanded: "Who is here?" Brigadier Romain replied: "It is one called Bécourt, Rector of Bonne-Nouvelle." "Ah! He is for the next batch!" said François; then, pursuing their search, they passed remarks upon the wealth or poverty of each victim whose cell they visited. Entering the cell of M. Allard they found nothing. It will be remembered that the few chattels which he possessed were carried by him to execution. "Poor devil!" said François, shrugging his shoulders as he examined his cell which was quite empty. Collecting together whatever they found in the cells, they made one parcel of it, and carried it back to the house of the Governor François, where, after carefully examining its contents, they set aside anything which appeared to them to have some interest, and they burned the rest in a heap. On entering the cell of the Archbishop, they found that he had traced a Latin cross, with crayon, on the walls, adding the words: "*Vita, Salus, Robur, Mentio*"—life, health, strength, recollection; which referred, evidently, to the spiritual gifts bestowed by God on man. The grill of his cell at La Roquette is still preserved, which, through the kindness of the Archbishop of Paris, I have been allowed to see.

As the Commune was nearly in the throes of death, its leaders determined to hide the traces of their crime in the courtyard of La Roquette before the dawn of day disclosed its blood-stained details. Therefore, at two o'clock in the early morning of the 25th of May, a party of their accomplices returned to the scene of execution in order to carry away the bodies of their victims. They found the Archbishop resting on his right side. Next in order came M. Bonjean; then M. Déguerry, M. Clerc, and M. Ducoudray, and last of all M. Allard, whose head was resting on the body of M. Ducoudray. The bodies had become rigid, and were lying in a sea of

blood, which reached across the court at the foot of the wall. They first commenced their work by examining their pockets and ransacking their clothes, and in order to do this more quickly they ripped the material and pulled off the buttons. One of them, after tearing off the silver buckles on the shoes of the Archbishop, gave his body a violent kick, exclaiming as he did so: "Scoundrel! You cannot hurt any more after death!" The Archbishop wore on his finger the Diocesan Ring used by Archbishop Sibour, containing a sapphire of great value. He also wore the Episcopal Cross of Archbishop Affre, valuable above its intrinsic value for the noble memory which it re-called. These valued relics disappeared, alas! at that time, and have never since been recovered. After having thoroughly examined the corpses in quest of plunder, they picked up the bodies of Archbishop Darboy, M. Bonjean, and M. Déguerry, and threw them into a little hand-cart, which had been hired from a neighbouring contractor, and set out for the Cemetery of Père la Chaise. Two men were told off to pull it, the others pushed behind, and a guard of Federals formed the escort. They appeared to be a very merry party, for, making jokes about the dead bodies, they never ceased to laugh until they had arrived at the spot chosen for their burial. It was situated near the "Federal Wall," where so many of the Communists were shot after the Government had taken possession of Paris, on the south-east corner of the cemetery. No monument or tablet now indicates the exact spot in which they were interred, but there is no difficulty in localising the historic scene, as the subsequent execution of the Federals on the very spot has given a title to the area, and it is now called "The Federal Wall." Having reached their terminus they proceeded to dig a large trench, sufficient to hold the six corpses. "They ought all to be put in the same trench, with just a little earth on the top, that is all that is necessary for them," shouted one of the party, and

accordingly pêle-mêle, without either shroud or coffin, the bodies were hastily buried. They then returned to La Roquette to fetch the bodies of the Abbés Allard, Clerc, and Ducoudray, which were also deposited in the same place. For this work they each received the sum of sixty centimes! Some days after the fall of the Commune the death certificates of the hostages were discovered in the hall of the Mairie of the Eleventh Arrondissement, which was the last home of the members of the Commune. It was worded thus: "Committee of General Safety. To-day, 24th May, 1871, at eight in the evening, the names of Darboy (Georges), Bonjean (Louis Bernard), Ducoudray (Leon), Allard (Michel), Clerc (Alexis), Déguerry (Gaspard), executed in the Prison of the Grande Roquette. Commune of Paris."

On Easter Day, the 28th May, 1871, the Versailles troops, after a great slaughter and much fighting, took possession of the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, the higher part of which commands a large area of Paris. "Sheltered behind the tombs, the Federals disputed their refuge foot by foot; they closed in with the enemy in frightful hand-to-hand scuffles. In the vaults they fought with side arms. They rolled over and died in the same grave." The remnant of those who fought in the cemetery, to the number of 300, were finally mowed down by the mitrailleuses of the regular troops under General Vinoy. In two huge graves nine hundred corpses were piled together between layers of quicklime.

A few hours after the occupation of the cemetery steps were taken to exhume the hostages who had been buried already four days ago. Very heavy showers of rain had saturated the soil, and a great quantity of earth had been thrown against the walls, close to which the trench was situated, making their task both heavy and muddy. They searched the trench to the depth of a metre and a half. They then recovered a dead body wearing, on the left arm, the Red Cross of the Inter-

national Ambulance Society. By this badge they identified the body. It was that of the Abbé Allard, the Chaplain of the Ambulances, who, it will be remembered, wore this badge on his way to execution. At the extremity of the ditch was lying the body of President Bonjean, whose legs had been broken by the shot. To the left of him the tip of a violet cassock protruded from the earth, which clearly indicated the place where the body of the Archbishop of Paris reposed. The cassock was very much torn, and was partly covered by an overcoat, while his face also was half covered by his hat, placed thus in order to keep the earth from it, which was stained with blood from a gun-wound near his nose. Some of the firing party had evidently aimed at his face, others at his chest, and Lalive had fired at his hand, which he had raised to bless, as the thumb of his right hand was broken by the shot and the first finger was missing. The head of M. Ducoudray was terribly mutilated; neither he nor Père Clerc had any shoes on their feet, so suddenly and so peremptorily were they ordered to march to death, that they had no time to put them on. All the bodies were carefully lifted from the trench and placed on the bank which borders the footpath in this very interesting corner of the cemetery; they were then placed in coffins which had been brought for this purpose. "Père Escalle sent a grave-digger," says the Abbé Thèvin, "to search the surroundings for some old wreaths to make a kind of cushion to support the head of the Archbishop. During the absence of this man, I had the consolation of holding between my hands the head of Archbishop Darboy, while the earth was removed from his face. As I discharged this sad duty," he continues, "I noticed the scapulary of the martyr, all soaked in blood. I was not able to resist the desire to possess so precious a relic, breaking the cords which suspended it." Two hand-biers now arrived upon the scene, on the first of which the coffins of the Archbishop and that of M.

Déguerry were placed. The remains of M. Déguerry were eventually translated to the crypt of the Madeleine Church, of which he had been Rector. Near the spot where they lie is a monumental figure of the priest, engaged in prayer, and over his remains is written the following inscription in Latin :—*

* "HIC DORMIAT IN PACE
 JOHANNES GASPAR DEGUERRY,
 HUIUS PARCÆCIÆ S. M. MAGDALENE, ANNOS XXIV.,
 RECTOR ET PATER.
 QUAM OBLATÆ CUIQUE PRÆTULIT DIGNITATI
 VIR IN DIVINIS RITE EXSEQUENDIS RELIGIOSÆ GRAVITATIS EXEMPLAR.
 DECOREM DOMUS DOMINI APPRIME DILIGENS
 DOCTRINÆ DOMINI PRÆCES INDEFESSUS
 ERGA PAUPERES CARITATE PRÆCIPUUS
 SUMMIS IMPENDENTIBUS PERICULIS
 SÆPE DICERE AUDITUS.
 SINE SANGUINIS EFFUSIONE NON FIERI REMISSIONEM
 CAPTUS OBSES A NEFARIIS
 IN IPSA CUSTODIA CUI NOMEN LA ROQUETTE.
 IN ODIUM FIDEI ET JUSTITIÆ
 HOSTIA DEO GRATA IMPIE TRUCIDATUS EST
 DIE XXIV. MENSIS MAII,
 ANNO CHRISTI MDCCCLXXI.
 ÆTATIS SUÆ LXXIV."

Here may John Caspar Déguerry sleep in peace.
 For 24 years Rector and Father of this Parish of
 St. Mary Magdalene, which he preferred to every
 dignity offered to him. A man in duly executing
 his Divine office. an example of religious sted-
 fastness.

Loving in the first place the honour of the Lord's House.
 An untiring preacher of the Doctrine of the Lord.
 Burning everywhere with zeal for souls.
 Foremost in love towards the poor.

While the extremity of peril was threatening often heard
 to say :—

"Without shedding of blood there is no remission."
 Seized as a hostage by evil-doers
 in the very Prison of La Roquette,
 for hatred of the Faith and Righteousness,
 a sacrifice well-pleasing to God, was impiously slain
 on the 24th day of May,
 in the year of Christ, 1871,
 of his own age, 74.

The bodies of the Abbé, Clerc and Ducoudray were placed on the second bier, and those of M. Bonjean and the Abbé Allard were removed to the Cemetery Chapel

for the time being. The remains were escorted from the cemetery to the Archbishop's Palace by Père Escalle, a young Seminarist and Chaplain of the First Army Corps, the Abbé Lacroix, and twenty soldiers, both Infantry and Marine. A large and respectful crowd of spectators lined the route. It was about four o'clock when they arrived there. They were met at the entrance of the Palace by the Vicar-General, who had escaped from La Roquette. Preparations were immediately made for lying-in-state. The blood-stained vestments were removed—they may now be seen in the Treasury of Notre Dame—and fresh Episcopal robes were borrowed from a Prelate who was visiting Paris at the time. By his side was placed the body of Bishop Sûrat, who had also been shot three days after Archbishop Darboy's death, under the following circumstances. A few of the hostages who survived the 24th of May, acting on the advice of some of the Superintendents of La Roquette, attempted to escape from the prison. Among them was Archdeacon Sûrat. It was evidently only a trap, planned in order to hasten their destruction, for some convicts who had been released by the Commune were waiting below for the fugitives, armed and ready to put them to death as soon as they appeared. They were warned of this beforehand by other hostages who had discovered the trap; but longing for liberty, which they thought possible, and fearing that if they remained in prison they would be killed, they disregarded the warning, and were murdered as they passed along the passages of the prison.

When the preparations were complete for the lying-in-state, the Chapelle Ardente was open to the public, and for ten days a crowd pressed respectfully within the illuminated chapel around the mortal remains of the deceased Prelate. In their ranks were found no doubt a good number of those who had fought on the side of the insurrection, perhaps they had been pressed into its ranks, perhaps misguided by its false

intentions and ideas. They had come no doubt to see at last the folly of their ideals, and their presence there was a symptom of their sympathy and their repentance. It seemed as if they wished to endorse the statement of the Archbishop in his last testament: "I possess an incontestable recollection of the confidence which the Clergy of Paris and the faithful of the Diocese have given me." He certainly merited the confidence of every candid Frenchman, for he was thoroughly sympathetic and genuine. As a Bishop he treated both clergy and laity with every consideration. As a Churchman he conscientiously maintained, perhaps to his personal disadvantage, the canonical rights of the Episcopate in opposition to the theory of Papal Supremacy, as a strong supporter of the Gallican rights of the French Church within the limits of Canon Law. As a loyal and patriotic Frenchman, he did his utmost to unite and calm the minds of his countrymen for the good of France, efforts which entitled him to the respect and confidence of every true patriot. His lot had been cast on stormy seas, for he lived in times of revolutions, warfare, crime, and excessive worldly frivolity. He suffered for the shortcomings of those whose thoughtlessness invited the calamities which fell on France.

The death of the Archbishop did not become known to any of his relations until two days after the tragedy of La Roquette. At Nancy they quite believed that the Versailles troops had defeated the Communists, and, having entered Paris, had unlocked the gates of La Roquette before the Federals had time to kill the hostages. Accordingly M. Crussard, the brother-in-law of Archbishop Darboy, sent a letter to Fayl-Billot in which he said: "I am happy to announce to you the deliverance of your brother. This morning we heard by a telegram from Nancy as follow:—'My brother is delivered—Official telegram just received. All is going well. E. Darboy.'" It is needless to say

that this news delighted both his parents and the people of Fayl-Billot, but it was only a very short lived pleasure, for on Sunday, the 2nd of June, news reached Nancy that the Archbishop had been shot on the preceding Thursday. An official telegram was sent from Paris to the Prefect of the Department, with instructions to communicate the sad event to the family of Archbishop Darboy. It was naturally a very heavy blow to them, but the blow was heavier to bear inasmuch as the fear that this might happen had been banished from their minds by the Nancy telegram, and it was indeed hard to throw away the joy that telegram had given them and to return once more to a sorrow which they now knew was real and inevitable. There was, however, one source of consolation still left to them. The bitterness of death was passed, the worst was over, and the sufferings to which he had been subjected had been borne with patience and resignation. With that they would have to be content. It was now their's to do what all Catholic Christians—whether Greek, Anglican, or Roman—will always do, to plead the Holy Sacrifice for the Repose of the Souls they loved; and this without delay they proceeded to do in the village Church of Fayl-Billot.

CHAPTER XIII.

FLIGHT OF RAOUL RIGAULT. HIS EXECUTION. SERIZIER AND THE MASSACRE OF THE DOMINICANS. A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE. EXECUTION OF SERIZIER. MASSACRE IN RUE HAXO. GOVERNMENT REPRISALS. FUNERAL RITES OF THE ARCHBISHOP. HIS CHARACTER.

The Funeral of Archbishop Darboy did not take place until the 7th of June, and in the meantime between his execution on the 24th of May and his interment, events of deep interest followed one another in rapid succession.

It is very seldom that the perpetrators of great crimes are allowed to escape the vengeance which their crimes deserve, in spite of all their efforts to hide them from the eyes of the world. The name of Raoul Rigault had been too often associated with notorious crime and cruelty to allow his memory to be forgotten, or his personality to be hidden amid the chaos and confusion which reigned in Paris after the terror of the Commune had ceased. Yet, when he found his days of tyranny were drawing to a close, he abruptly left the Dépôt of the Police where he had reigned supreme, and turning his back on the companions of his crimes, he fled to another part of Paris, where he endeavoured to disguise himself. On the 18th of April, while the Commune was still all powerful in Paris, Raoul Rigault began to make his future plans of escape.

Near the Boulevard Arago there stood a small hotel called the "Gay-Lussac," the proprietor of which was a man named Chrétien. The position and appearance of the hotel had previously attracted the attention of Raoul Rigault, who considered it exactly the kind of place to hide himself whenever the Government troops should become the masters of Paris. Entering the hotel, therefore, he enquired for the proprietor, and, having inspected certain rooms, engaged a sleeping apartment for himself. The proprietor then requested him to give his name, his age, and occupation for registration. Rigault replied: "I am called Auguste Varonne. I am a business man. My age is 27 years. I was born in Spain, but have been living formerly with my family at Pau." Henceforth the hotel "Gay-Lussac" became the domicile of the unknown Prefect of the Police, in which he often entertained some very questionable company. He managed, however, to pass unrecognised, under the disguise which he had assumed. Having thus made his plans, he fondly thought that should any future emergency arise he had secured a kind of "oubliette," where he could rest and be forgotten until Time, which cures all things, should allow him to assume another personality, and once more to mingle with his fellow-creatures. He was, however, doomed to meet a speedy disappointment. It happened thus. About five o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th of May some soldiers of the 17th Battalion of the Chasseurs à pied, who had come to destroy a barricade in the Boulevard Arago, noticed a commander of the Federals hastily entering the hotel "Gay-Lussac." Without a moment's delay they fired at him, but missed him as he disappeared. He had not, however, escaped their clutches. The opportunity was too valuable to be neglected, and as the Federal leader had only just entered the hotel they felt quite sure they would be able to run him to earth if they followed him inside the hotel. Accordingly four or five of the

soldiers, led by a corporal, rushed after him, and entering the hotel demanded from the proprietor the place in which the Federal had hidden himself. As the hotel had only one entrance they fastened the door to prevent any egress, and then ordered the landlord to go and fetch the Federal officer. M. Chrétien at once complied with their instructions, and having ascended the staircase, found Rigault on the top of the stairs attempting to escape by the skylight on the roof. M. Chrétien called out to him: "The soldiers are below, you must descend," to which Rigault replied that he intended to escape by the roof of the house. This, however, did not suit M. Chrétien, who had no mind to shelter him or to forfeit his own life for that of Rigault, and he therefore shouted: "No. Descend and return! and unless you do so I will fire at you where you stand." Hesitating at first, but feeling that he really had no chance of getting away: Rigault called out, "All right, I am not a coward, let us descend!" and climbing down he came and stood beside M. Chrétien. On reaching the second floor Rigault met the corporal, who was accompanied by two soldiers. Without delay he exclaimed, "It is me!" and he handed up his sword and revolver which he was carrying, without making any attempt to use them. The soldiers immediately surrounded him, and, making him leave the hotel, led him in the direction of the Luxembourg Palace, where a judge was then sitting. As they were going there they met a Colonel d'état Major, who ordered them to halt, saying at the same time: "Who is that man?" Rigault himself replied: "It is me, Raoul Rigault, down with the assassins!" The corporal, who had carried his revolver in his hand in case Rigault should make any attempt to escape, on hearing who his prisoner was, did not wait for any word of command, but put his revolver close to Rigault's head, saying: "Short justice!" Rigault shouted: "Vive la Commune!" The corporal then fired and Rigault fell on his face, his arms stretched out

on the ground in front of him. While lying in this condition he was seized by a convulsion, and, to put an end to his miseries, a soldier fired at his left side and he expired at once. They then placed his corpse against a barricade where three other dead bodies were lying already, and they carried them all to a neighbouring house, where they remained for two days. Having placed a wisp of straw in the belt of Rigault in order that they might easily identify him, they received the following receipt from the Concierge of the house:—
“Received from the Concierge, M. Morut, residing in the Rue Saint Jacques, No. 250, four dead bodies, of which number Raoul Rigault is one. Brés, Captain of the National Guard, Rue de la Huchette, No. 19. Paris, 26 June, 1874.” Few criminals have more thoroughly deserved the punishment for their crimes than Raoul Rigault. Without a spark of human sympathy, he positively delighted to watch the sufferings of his fellow creatures; and we gladly turn away from the recital of his crimes with the thought that he can no longer indulge the brutal instincts of his nature on any human being.

Not satisfied by any means with the six victims of the 24th of May, the Communists determined to lose no time in carrying out a series of blood-stained atrocities. Accordingly, on the following day, the 25th of May, they decided to massacre the Dominicans of Arcueil. These Religious had acted as ambulance-bearers on the field of battle during the war, and had discharged their duties quite regardless of the dangers which threatened them. It happened, unfortunately for the Dominicans, that the 13th Legion of the Federals, located at Montrouge, near Arcueil, was commanded by a man called Sérizier, who had been created a colonel by the Federals, but who was formerly a worker in leather. During the Second Empire he had been condemned to a term of imprisonment for his political propensities, and had fled to Belgium, but, returning to

Paris as soon as the Communists controlled it, was placed by them in command of several battalions. Among the fixed ideas he unfortunately possessed was a great prejudice against the Church, and he took an especial delight in desecrating the sacred buildings. In the propagation of his ideas he was an enthusiast. He was also a fluent speaker, a great drinker, and at this time was living on charity. In physique he was of medium height and square-shouldered, having a low forehead, heavy lips, retreating chin, and restless eyes. To give more life to this portrait it must be added that he possessed a very harsh voice.

To the great regret of the Dominicans he took up his abode at the chateau of the Marquis de la Place, adjoining the Convent of the Dominicans. On the 17th of May the chateau caught on fire, the origin of which was surrounded in mystery. In a neighbourly spirit the Dominicans exerted their utmost efforts to extinguish the fire. Their efforts cost them dearly. It was well known that Sérizier had stored many valuable things in the chateau, which he had appropriated from different sources, and the loss of these had greatly vexed him. In his anger he charged the Dominicans with setting fire to the chateau, asserting that the reason why they did so was to give a signal to the Regular troops for the purpose of indicating his whereabouts. The Dominicans protested in vain; they might as well have listened and said nothing.

On the 19th of May, Sérizier's bodyguard, consisting of about one hundred and twenty men, surrounded the School of Louis le Grand, the headmaster of which was Père Captier, an amiable man and a former pupil of Lacordaire. Père Captier was well known for his even and pacific disposition, and to pretend that he had helped to burn the chateau was as absurd as it was obviously untrue. "I love those whom my Master loved," he wrote, "that is to say, the poor." But Sérizier would not allow himself to consider facts. He was

determined to wreak his vengeance on the Dominicans at all costs, and to indulge his pent-up hatred for those whom he considered to be his natural enemies.

When the battalion arrived at the School of Père Captier, he was walking in the courtyard with a young student named Jacques de la Perrière. Leo Meillet, who commanded the men, presented him with the order for their arrest in the name of the Commune, and informed him that the Community would be allowed half an hour to prepare themselves for their departure. Père Captier directed Perrière to ring the bell in order to collect the students and household, so that he might make known to them the order of their arrest. Considering that the reason for ringing the bell was really a sign intended for the Versailles forces, the magistrate of the Commune, Lucipia, who was among the battalion, threw himself upon poor young Perrière, exclaiming: "If you were not so young I should have you shot!" The sound of the bell, however, soon brought the students together, and when silence had been secured, Père Captier announced to them the order for their arrest, and for their immediate departure. They realised at once the dangerous position in which they found themselves, and they spontaneously knelt, and with tears in their eyes, requested their priest to Bless them. "My children," replied Père Captier, "you see what has happened. No doubt you will be examined. Be frank and sincere. Remember that while doing so they are trusting us. Whatever happens, do not forget to act like men, if need be, to die like Frenchmen and Christians. Good-bye!" He then Blessed them. The time they took to prepare for their departure was brief, and, having completed their arrangements, they re-assembled in the courtyard, and stood awaiting the next move in the harrowing drama. The Communists immediately arranged their forces, and the order was given to march. Surrounded by Federals, with guns on their shoulders, they marched to the Fort of Bicêtre, Sérizier,

Leo Meillett, and Lucipia accompanied them on horseback. As they passed through the streets the people maintained a sympathetic silence, knowing that they were going to be executed. They did not reach Bicêtre until seven p.m. On arriving there they were shut up in a hall for a time, during which several National Guards (with pipes in their mouths) came to have a look at them out of curiosity. Here they remained until the order was given to enter the fort, where they spent their first night, sleeping on damp straw and in great discomfort. A week of great suspense passed away under these conditions, during which sad fears as to the fate before them continually recurred. They however endeavoured to maintain a cheerful demeanour and to encourage each other, employing their usual devotions with great earnestness. During this week, on Wednesday, the fatal 24th May, an execution took place before their eyes in the courtyard in front of their cells. It was no doubt intended to produce a depressing effect on the captives of the fort.

On the following day a great commotion and continual sounding of trumpets took place inside the fort, owing to the advance of the regular troops on the south of Paris, who had silenced the guns of the Federals on the Butte-aux-Cailles. The captives easily divined the cause of the alarm and commotion, and for a brief time it raised their hopes, but these were soon dispersed by a battalion of National Guards, who, being unable to unlock the gates of their cells, broke them open with the butt ends of their rifles, and ordered the prisoners to start immediately with them for Paris. "You are free," said they, "only we cannot allow you to be in the hands of the Versailleses. You must follow us to the Mairie des Gobelins. You will go at once to Paris, where you will be free." It was a long and weary journey, during which insults and menaces were continually hurled at them. They had not proceeded very far before some shots were suddenly fired at them at close range, which

naturally created a panic. Believing that the Regular troops were upon them, a cry was raised on all sides: "Each man for himself—*Sauve qui peut.*" A stampede followed, and many Communists, fearing the fate which would befall them should they be captured with arms in their hands, threw them away, together with some of the valuables they had stolen. In the confusion one of the Dominicans managed to make his escape. He had allowed his beard to grow during the siege, and beneath his religious habit he wore the dress of a layman. Seeing the confusion and the terror in which many of the National Guards were thrown, he crept unperceived through the midst of the frightened Guards, and in a short time reached the Regular troops.

After a few minutes, when the alarm was found to be false, order was again re-established, and the procession entered Paris by the Barrier de Fontainebleau, and proceeded to the Mairie des Gobelins. On arriving there the captives requested that they might receive their liberty which had been promised them. To their surprise they were told that it was impossible to grant it, as the streets were full of people, who would not allow them to escape. "You will be massacred by the people," they said, "remain here!" Entering the courtyard, therefore, depressed and weary, they sat down on the earth to rest themselves. Shells were bursting all around them, and so dangerous did it become, that the National Guards evacuated the Mairie, taking their victims with them. Meeting a poor man on the road, whose sympathies they said were with the Regular troops, they shot him on the spot.

As they proceeded through the streets, shells repeatedly fell around them, and, in their anxiety to avoid them, they were obliged to run. Those of the prisoners who did not run quickly enough, they hit with the butt ends of their guns. At length they reached the Disciplinary Prison, in the Avenue d' Italie, in a

very feeble condition, suffering from nervous strain and want of nourishment. They found the prison already full of prisoners. As soon as they entered it they were ordered to work at the barricades near the Gobelins. Against this order they protested strongly, saying: "We are priests, and moreover we are neutral by virtue of our ambulance work. We do not carry arms. All that we can do is to tend the wounded, and take care of the dead. And, so far as this is concerned, you know we have always done so." No attention whatever was paid to these words. "Go along you old Cassocks!" said Bertrand, the warder, opening the door of the prison and presenting them with rifles. "Look sharp and go to the barricade!" When they got outside the prison walls and found themselves placed under the command of Sérizier, they thought that their last hour had arrived.

Owing to the rapid advance of the Government troops the barricade had become untenable, for shells were bursting around it on every side. As any attempt to return to the prison would be followed by death, they knelt down, were Confessed, and prepared for their end. While these events were taking place, news was brought to the Communists that Millier had been shot, that the Regulars were occupying the Prison of the Santé, and that the Pantheon, the centre of the Communist Government, had fallen. Depressed by these facts, Sérizier hastened to a neighbouring auberge, where he sought to drown his thoughts with drink, after which, excited by the news, by the drink, as well as by the sight of blood, which stained the pavements, he shouted: "Oh! It is like this, is it?" striking his pot on the counter, "very well, everybody must die! Let us look for some men of goodwill to break the heads of the priests." A man called Borbèche then came to the gate of the prison, and shouted to the prisoners: "Come out one by one!" The first who advanced was Père Coltrault. He had only made three steps when he was hit by a shot. He raised his hands to Heaven and said:

“Is it possible?” and fell forward dead. Père Captier then turned to his companions, and said in a voice very firm but very sweet: “Let us go, my friends, to the good God!” All immediately advanced running towards the fusilade. They sought shelter in all directions. A dozen were slaughtered before the chapel. Bréa, one of them, after he had fallen, roused by a spasmodic movement, moved his head. Seeing this, Sérizier shouted: “Fire! Fire! That beggar there is still moving!” They hastened to obey him, and the dead body received no less than thirty shots from the rifles. Some of the victims tried to escape by side streets, and one of them, the Abbé Grand-Colas, who had several shots through his overcoat, threw himself into an open house without being seen. The woman of the house, taking pity on him, dressed him in the clothes of her husband, and there he remained until the arrival of the Regular troops.

The Abbé Lesmayoux also escaped almost by a miracle. He had only been arrested at nine in the morning and conducted to prison by an escort of Federals, and there Borbèche examined him thus: “You are guilty,” said he, “of having concealed the wretches who fired from your window on the Federals.” To which the Abbé replied: “It would be better if you came with me and questioned my servant about it.” “Ah! your servant,” said Borbèche, “we know what she will say.” “You insult me,” replied the Abbé. “Under any other pretext you are at liberty to shoot me. For the sake of the good God, I am prepared for the worst.” Borbèche terminated his questions by placing his pistol against the figure of the priest, saying to his assistants: “This G—— there must be killed!” A Federal at this moment, hoping to save the Abbé, suggested that they should all go and have a drink. It effectually saved his life, for the Abbé was shut up in a cell by himself in the meanwhile, and was not called to the Massacre of the Dominicans by an

oversight. After the massacre, however, they handed him a rifle and ordered him to accompany them to the barricade. As they went they showed him, with an unmistakable amount of pleasure, the dead bodies of many of the Dominicans which they met on the road. The Federals pushed them about with their feet, and rolled them over in the dust. A crowd of people, collected from the dregs of that district, amused themselves by seating a body, still alive, against a wall; then stamping on it with the heels of their boots, and hitting it with the ends of their rifles, and uttering profane oaths they tortured the poor sufferer until they had extinguished the last spark of life in him. The Abbé Lesmayoux was horrified as he witnessed these proceedings.

Not long after this the cavalry of General du Barrail suddenly appeared on the scene. The surviving prisoners were saved! As they left the prison they stopped to examine the dead bodies of those who had been recently murdered. They noticed the body of Père Captier. His face was quite tranquil, and his eyes were opened. Père Bouvard, Chaplain at the College, was wounded in the eye and chest. Père Coltrault had been hit in the throat and on the right breast. Père Delhome had been wounded in an artery, for he was covered with blood. Père Chataigneret was covered with wounds. He had been hit by ten discharges. He was the youngest of all, and they had evidently selected him as a target. All the bodies were collected, and at first they were placed in the common grave of the cemetery, just as they were found; but on the 2nd of July, 1871, a solemn service was celebrated in the Parish Church of d'Arcueil, when Père Penaud—afterwards Bishop of Autun—delivered a funeral sermon to a crowded church of relatives, friends, and sympathisers. A month afterwards the bodies were placed in coffins and were buried. The bodies of Captier and his companions repose to-day at the angle of the Park d'Arcueil,

and on the grave so dear to their memories is written :
 " Let us go, my friends, to the good God," to which
 is added the following inscription :



" THOSE WHO REST IN THIS PLACE HAVE GIVEN THEMSELVES,
 EVEN TO THE LAST AT THE PERIL OF THEIR LIVES, TO THE
 RELIEF OF THE VICTIMS OF THE FIRST AND SECOND SIEGE OF
 PARIS; AFTER WHICH THEY WERE ARRESTED ON THE 19TH OF
 MAY, 1871, BY THOSE VERY PEOPLE WHO HAD ACCEPTED THEIR
 KINDNESS, BEING IMPRISONED DURING SIX DAYS, AND SUB-
 JECTED TO ALL KINDS OF PRIVATIONS, WITHOUT EVEN ANY
 FAULT FOR WHICH THEY COULD BE BLAMED. THEY WERE
 MASSACRED IN THE AVENUE D'ITALIE, THE 25TH OF MAY,
 1871, BY ORDER OF THE COMMUNE OF PARIS, IN HATRED OF
 THE CATHOLIC RELIGION."



" MAY GOD HAVE PITY ON THEIR MURDERERS."



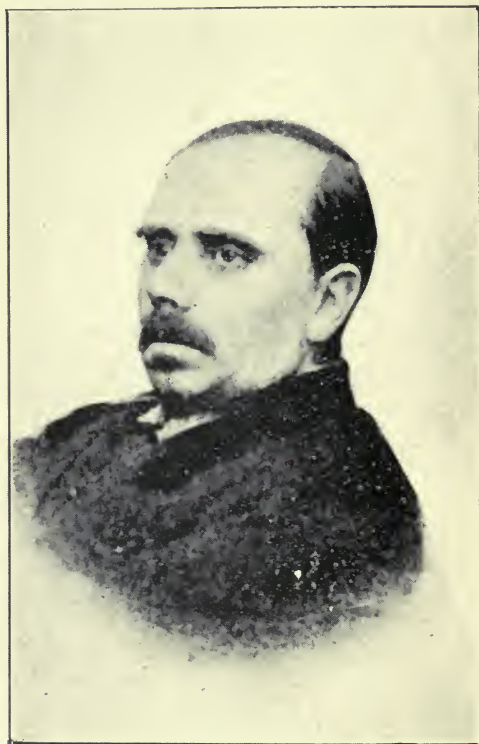
It will be asked, of course, what became of the
 murderers, and especially of Sérizier, who was the
 principal agent in this tragedy. So far as Sérizier is
 concerned, we have a full account of his subsequent
 history, and a most interesting story it affords of justice
 and retribution. Among the many victims of his
 heartless tyranny was a National Guard, whom he shot
 without any vestige of justice, but only on suspicion of
 being a friend of the Versailles troops. It proved to
 be the cause of his downfall. This National Guard
 happened to be the husband of a wife who loved him
 intensely, and she swore that she would be avenged of
 the death of her husband, no matter what difficulties she
 might meet with in securing a due retribution. Her
 first step was to find the whereabouts of Sérizier, for he
 had disappeared directly the Government troops became
 the masters of Paris. They told her on all sides that
 Sérizier was dead, that he had been shot at a barricade.
 She did not believe these reports.

On the 25th of May she learned that he had been
 seen in the Place Jeanne d'Arc, when he appeared to be
 very agitated, trying to hide himself; and that during

the night he had taken shelter in a house in the Rue Chateau des Rentiers, which he had left early in the morning of the 26th of May, dressed in working men's clothes. Here she lost all trace of him, but she did not for one moment despair of finding him eventually. She organised her plans in the hope of tracing him, for she was fully persuaded that he was hiding himself somewhere in the capital. She knew that he had been a leather worker, and that after a time the money which he had stolen from different sources would be exhausted, and that he would be then obliged to leave his hiding place in order to procure a means of livelihood.

There were at that time in Paris almost two hundred and twenty workers in leather, and she turned her attention to those who were engaged in this particular trade. Every morning and every evening, as the various hands went to or returned from their labours, she loitered about the streets taking account of each as they hurried past her. Weeks, and even months, passed by, while Sérizier, hiding himself from the public gaze, believed himself to be entirely forgotten. His memory was still living in the bosom of a woman whose love had been cruelly lacerated by a wanton assassination. At last, on the 16th of October, after nearly five months of patient watching, she noticed a man pushing a hand cart in one of the streets bordering on the Corn Exchange, and who, by the appearance of his figure, seemed the man she wanted. To him she was a perfect stranger; he neither knew her, nor the thirst for vengeance which she harboured. There would be no danger, therefore, if he saw her look at him, for one look she felt sure would be sufficient for her purpose. At the first glance she felt sure he was the murderer of her husband, and yet there was something different in his appearance, which for a moment made her hesitate as to whether it was really he. Then, carefully regarding him again, she felt convinced of his identity. His appearance, however, was certainly very

much changed. Before, he had a moustache, but now he was clean shaven, and he now seemed to be shorter and thicker than formerly. She noticed, on the other hand, the same wandering look in his eyes, which seemed more unsettled than ever. The next day she had the good luck to see him again talking to a workman, and, watching him at a distance, she noticed him enter a wine shop. Here was another feature which corresponded with his character, for he was known to be a great drinker, and he never neglected to indulge this propensity whatever happened. She waited patiently to see him leave the auberge, and she followed him at a distance and watched him enter the house of a Belgian leather-worker who employed some men. She did not at once denounce him, although she felt certain of his identity, but two hours after she had left he was arrested under the following circumstances. M. Grillières, the Commissary of the Police for that district, had himself been looking for Sérizier. One day a small shopkeeper informed him that Sérizier had been seen in the Rue Galande. At once M. Grillières set out for the Rue Galande, accompanied by his secretary and two inspectors. On arriving there he learned that Sérizier had left that district the evening before. Where had he gone? They knew he had been there. Enquiries were made. People were not sure, but they believed he had gone somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Halles. M. Grillières at once hurried there, and searched untiringly in every shop of leather-workers, but all in vain. He began to despair, when towards five o'clock in the evening, while crossing a little street which joined the Halle-aux-Blés, he saw near the door of a shop a furniture van laden with leather goods, which a workman was unloading. He entered the shop, where he found the proprietor, whom he commenced to question. "You are a leather-worker?" said the Commissary. "Yes, Monsieur," replied the proprietor. "I am a Commissary of the Police. How long have you been living in this district?"



THE COMMUNIST COLONEL SERIZIER.

HE COMMANDED THE ASSASSINS AT THE MASSACRE OF THE DOMINICANS.

“Since last night!” “Where were you before?” “In the Rue Galande.” “How many workers do you employ?” “Two! One who is occupied in unloading the van, and who has been with me for four years; and the other who has been engaged for fifteen days, and who works in my workshop on the third floor of this house!” “What is he called?” “Chaligny!” “He is not called Chaligny; he is called Sérizier, and I am come to arrest him.” M. Grillières then ascended the staircase. Arrived at the third floor, in a room whose door was partly opened, he saw a man arranging some tools on the table. He threw himself on him at the moment when the man, having raised his head and seeing an unknown person, extended his hand to seize a stiletto. The man said: “Why do you arrest me? I am called Chaligny?” The Secretary of M. Grillières, M. Duprat, who had been imprisoned as a hostage in the Prison of the Santé during the Commune, approached him and said: “You are Sérizier! I recognise you!” The man replied: “It is true; I am Sérizier. All is finished, and I know what has happened to me. But had I seen you on the staircase you would not have had me alive.” He did not make any resistance, but was quietly conducted to the Dépôt, in the custody of two policemen. While he was being conveyed there he said: “I have done enough to have my head blown off with lead. My business is clear. It is all the same to me. I regret nothing.”

On the 17th of February, 1872, he was condemned to death by the 6th Council of War. The inhabitants of the district of des Gobelins, whom he had terrorised, formally demanded that his sentence should not be commuted, and that he should be shot in the Avenue d'Italie, which was the principal scene of his crimes. He was, however, shot side by side with his friend Borbèche, on the Plain of Satory, regretted by nobody.

During the trials which preceded the deaths of the Dominicans at Arcueil, another tragedy was also taking

place in Paris. The day after the murder of the Archbishop, the history of a terrible crime commenced. On the evening of that day Brigadier Ramain, who was present at the execution in La Roquette, demanded fifteen more hostages for execution. Instead of fifteen, no less than fifty-two, consisting of Clergy, civilians, and soldiers, were marched to the Rue Haxo between a small body of Federals, one of whom was Ranvier, the Mayor of Belleville. As soon as it became known that they were some of the hostages from La Roquette who were being led forth to die, a large crowd gathered round them and followed in the procession. At half-past six in the evening they reached the "Cité Vincennes," now called the "Villa of the Hostages," the gates of which were closed after they had entered and the victims secured. The crowd were admitted to the gardens which adjoin the buildings. Directly they had entered, Ranvier mounted the balcony overlooking the gardens and shouted to them: "You have a quarter of an hour to make your wills if you wish to do so," then turning to the mob he said: "Go and shoot everyone on the ramparts." The escort immediately surrounded the fifty-two hostages and pushed them against a trench at the foot of a high wall at the end of the garden. The crowd followed them, singing and shouting and throwing stones at their victims. Varlin, a member of the Commune, terrified at the carnage which he saw was about to happen, and hoping to avert it, shouted as soon as he saw the chassépôts levelled to fire: "What are you going to do? There is a powder magazine here. You will blow us all up." Some other Communists also, sickened at these excesses, joined issue with Varlin, and went from group to group endeavouring to prevent the massacre. Their efforts were fruitless. The chassépôts went off on all sides, and one by one the victims fell.

The crowd in the street outside the garden applauded. From the balcony which overlooks the



AUBRY.



DALURRES.

TWO OF THE ASSASSINS WHO MASSACRED THE
HOSTAGES OF THE RUE TAXO.

scene of the crime some of the Communists watched the horrible proceedings with curiosity and amusement, smoking cigars! As the victims fell beneath the arms of the assassins the crowd grew more and more excited and blood thirsty. They compelled the National Guards and soldiers whom they had arrested to mount a little wall, in order that they might be fired at in a volley. The Clergy refused to mount the wall. One of them said: "We are priests, ready to confess our faith."

This butchery lasted an hour, for the mob fired just as it pleased, now picking off this victim and then that one, just as the caprice took it. When all had fallen, fifty-two bodies were put in a heap, some of them were not quite dead. To put an end to their groans they fired at the human heap with guns and pistols. On some, the monsters stamped, while one savage shouted: "Allons, les braves, á la baionnette!" "The braves" obeyed without a fear!

Before they departed from the scene of their crimes, they threw the dead bodies into a kind of dry well. The well still exists, and a mural tablet now marks the spot where the victims fell. The holes in the wall still show the marks of the Communist bullets.

Among the hostages imprisoned at La Roquette was the Banker Jecker, who was associated with Morny, the Emperor's half-brother, in the unfortunate affair of Mexico which terminated so fatally. It was hoped by some that he would purchase his freedom by handing a large sum of money to the Commune. "You would not be inconvenienced," said François, "if you gave us some hundreds of thousands of francs to get your liberty." "To do that," replied Jecker, "it is necessary, in the first place, that I should have them." At seven o'clock on the morning of the 25th of May they came to fetch him from La Roquette. On hearing this he asked them why they wanted him. Genton replied at once: "We want to shoot you!" "Why?" said Jecker. "Because

you have been the accomplice of Morny," said Genton. Realising that it was useless to argue, Jecker put his hat on his head and took his place between four Federals, saying: "Very well, I am ready!" They all marched to the ground adjoining Père la Chaise, on the side of Charonne. The journey took half-an-hour to perform, for it was made during a downpour of rain. On arriving, Genton ordered some men to prevent anyone passing along the place of execution. They then placed Jecker with his face against the wall, having first obliged him to remove his overcoat. He turned his head and said to them: "Do not make me suffer." They fired. He tumbled and rolled over still alive. They then gave him a final death blow, after which François searched his body, took his portfolio and purse, and Véric appropriated his overcoat. Dragging the corpse to a trench prepared for building purposes, they covered his face with a financial newspaper which they found in one of his pockets, and, finally placing his hat on his head, they left the corpse while they went to a wine shop to take some refreshments. Five hours afterwards the body was buried in the Cemetery of Charonne.

As soon as Paris had passed into the hands of the Regular troops, its inhabitants once more resumed their liberty. Disfigured by the German shells, still more disfigured by the petroleuses and conflagrations of the Commune, its pavements stained with blood in all directions—Paris told its own sad tale. Many of its sons had cruelly crushed it. One cannot wonder that the forces of law and order, moved by the sad sights and sad events which constantly presented themselves, were induced to make an example of those who were in any way responsible for these crimes; and to strike terror into the hearts of those who felt inclined to persist in propagating anarchy and bloodshed. Some of the first sentences on those convicted of crime during the Commune were passed at the Châtelet Theatre, where, one by one, the prisoners were brought before a court

martial, composed of officers and National Guards, to be examined. The number of prisoners was so great that but little time could be given to each individual case. They were asked certain questions and ordered to show their hands in order to see if there were any marks of powder on them. Those found guilty were escorted by a party of Chasseurs to the Ecole Militaire, where they were shot at once; others, caught with arms in their hands and refusing to submit, were shot by bodies of soldiers and sailors in the Luxembourg Gardens, or in the Courtyard of La Roquette, where it is alleged that the wall of the terrace was literally covered with brains, and that the executioners waded through pools of blood—facts which are terrible to contemplate, but none the less real. The reprisals continued from the 21st to the 30th of May. Their record undoubtedly discloses the fact that the punishments were often very severe. Many of the prisoners were tied together and marched off to Versailles. Those who did not walk quickly enough were pricked with bayonets.

The Paris correspondent of the "Times" describes the following scene:—"One man, a swarthy, burly fellow, with a shock head of black hair, sat down at the corner of the Rue de la Paix and declined to go any further, shaking his fist at the people and grinding his teeth. After several attempts at coercive measures, one of the soldiers lost all patience, and drove his bayonet twice into his body, telling him to get up and walk on like the rest. As might have been expected, this method was not successful, and so he was seized and placed on a horse, from which he speedily threw himself. He was then tied to the tail of a horse (which was mounted by a soldier) and dragged along the ground. He soon became faint from loss of blood, and, having thus been reduced to a quiescent state, was bundled into an ambulance waggon and carried off amid the shouts and execrations of the populace." A military surgeon,

writing to the "Gaulois," gives another account of the severity of the punishments inflicted on those who in their turn had shown no pity to their victims. The incident referred to in the "Gaulois" relates to a man called Jules Vallés, a prominent member of the Commune, and editor of the "Cri du Peuple," who was condemned to death by the court martial held in the theatre of the Châtelet.

"On entering the lane where the ominous sentence was to be carried out," the writer says, "the sentiment of self preservation gave him back the energy which seemed to have abandoned him. He wanted to flee; but, held back by the soldiers, he got into a horrible fury, crying 'Murder!' writhing and seizing his executioners by the throat, biting them, and offering, in one word, a desperate resistance. The soldiers were beginning to be embarrassed and a little moved at this horrible struggle, when one of them, passing behind, gave him such a furious blow in the loins with the butt end of his gun that the unfortunate man fell with a low groan. No doubt the spinal cord was broken. They then fired some shots with their revolvers straight into his body, and pieced him with bayonet thrusts. As he was still breathing, one of his executioners approached and discharged his chassépôt into his ear. Part of the skull burst open. His body was abandoned in the gutter till someone came to pick it up."

A correspondent, writing to the *Illustrated London News*, who passed by La Roquette the day after the hostages had been shot and the Regular troops had entered Paris, says: "Beyond this is a steep and narrow road that leads past La Roquette to the Cemetery of Père la Chaise. At this point a horrible sight presented itself. Upwards of eighty men lay piled upon each other, a mass of arms and legs and distorted faces, while the roads and gutters literally flowed with blood. These men had been taken with arms in their hands and had been placed against the wall and executed Sentries,

posted at intervals, kept back the crowd, but I, as a surgeon, was allowed to pass; and inside the walls of La Roquette I heard a series of some hundred rifle shots, followed by the tear of the mitrailleuse, and was informed by an officer standing by that Justice was doing her work. Two large furniture vans stood at the prison gate, one had already received its ghastly load, the other was being rapidly filled." No less than two thousand prisoners were detained at La Roquette, while outside the prison walls their numberless friends and relations waited to know their fate. Another correspondent says: "We found on the south side of the western half of the prison, in a sort of garden, a long row of dead bodies of the National Guard. They were those who had been fighting in the neighbourhood; and this place, being near the final struggle of the day before, had been used for their execution. There were about two hundred in the heap. They had been shot against the wall of the prison, on the right, where the last who had suffered lay just as they fell. Streams of blood still marked the pavement and indentations on the wall told either that the bullets had missed or had gone clean through the body. The dead had evidently been lifted and thrown on the heap, for they were piled up one on another. It was melancholy to see so many old men, with grey hair or bald heads, among this pile of dead." "About one hundred and twenty had been shot at once on this spot. Then the officer began to get tired of it, and took to inspecting the prisoners. He only allowed those to be punished who had blue marks on their shoulders from the recoil of the guns, or had hands black from powder, or smelt of powder; of course, the marks of a forçat, or returned convict, were also looked for. At first the firing was done at too great a distance, and often death did not result. They were sailors who had this duty to perform, and the officer ordered them to stand nearer, when they came so close that the muzzles of the guns almost touched the victims.

To make sure of the one hundred and twenty first shot, they went up to each again and fired a revolver into his ear. Strange to say, there was one man, only slightly wounded, but who managed so well to mimic the appearance of death, that the sailors said: 'He has no need of an extra touch,' and passed him over. As the others were shot they were piled over him, and in this dreadful position he lay seven hours. At last, getting up and approaching the sentinels, he said: 'Dieu m'a sauvé, Sauvez-moi!' This only resulted in the use of the revolver which he had escaped at first."

Some of the keenest members of the Commune almost welcomed death, persuading themselves that it would be a good thing for their cause. Perhaps they were right. One man handed the sailor who was about to kill him twenty francs, saying as he did so: "I shall not want them in the next world." Then a woman, who boasted that she had shot several of the Versailles soldiers, said: "One ought to do one's duty," and she bared her breast to receive the shot. When these executions had been completed the bodies were piled in a great heap, and were carted away in seven large vans. They numbered at least three hundred corpses.

As soon as the Army had defeated the Communists the soldiers entered La Roquette, in the hope of freeing the hostages, and especially the Archbishop. Directly Latour caught sight of those who were left, he shouted: "Here comes France!" He was the first to inform them that six of the hostages, including the Archbishop, had been shot within the prison walls. On hearing this the Colonel in command at once told him that he wished to find the assassins who had shot them. Latour replied that he only knew where Véric could be found, and they proceeded at once to the spot where he had fled. There they found him disguised as a navy. He had completely shaved his face, and met them smiling, as if his conscience were perfectly quiet. They brought him back to the prison, the scene of his crimes, and charged

him with the death of the hostages. In reply, he argued, swore, and bit his lips, declaring that he was innocent, and knew nothing whatever about the execution. Of his identity there was no doubt, and they therefore placed him in a straight jacket and shot him on the spot. Such were some of the steps taken by the Government to strike terror into the hearts of those whose crimes had needlessly added to the sorrows and injuries of their country.

On the 7th of June, at six o'clock in the morning, the body of Archbishop Darboy was carried from the Palace to Notre Dame, amid a vast concourse of people. As the *cortège* moved slowly along the soldiers paid their military salute to the illustrious victim. The streets, disfigured by the siege, by the fires, and the barricades, presented a very forlorn appearance. Notre Dame, where the interment took place, stood up majestically as a witness to the eternal goodness of God. At the entrance of the great cathedral the Bishops of Versailles, Contances, Châlons, Bayeux, Nancy, Parium, and Sura, and a large number of the Diocesan Clergy and Religious Orders were gathered together to receive the body. Among those who were privileged to stand near the catafalque were General MacMahon and President Grévy. The members of the Archbishop's family were seated near the entrance to the choir, among whom was Mademoiselle Juistine Darboy, who had been imprisoned by the Commune. The Bishop of Versailles pronounced the Absolution, and the Masse for the Departed was celebrated by the Bishop of Parniers, at the conclusion of which the coffin was removed to the vault where the Archbishops of Paris are laid in Notre Dame, and placed by the side of Archbishops Affre and Sibour. An eloquent sermon was preached by Père Perrand, which not only gathered up the characteristics of the life of the late lamented Prelate, but very concisely described the cause and remedy of the troubles which had fallen so heavily on

France. It was an interesting, instructive, and appropriate sermon, quite worthy of the historic occasion, and a brief quotation from it may be recorded here. The Preacher said: "It is necessary to choose between Christ and the Revolution, between the Gospel based simply on social justice and the false phantoms which have only produced ruins. Yes, it is time to choose between those who die, and those who kill; those who kill in the name of liberty, of universal fraternity, of civilisation and progress, and those who die like Christ, and, like Christ, loving, blessing, pardoning even with their last breath. The scenes which have been so justly called 'a horrible mystery of iniquity' are all simply the logic of evil pushed to its extreme consequence. There they are in all their horror, these deplorable theories of which we were not afraid as long as they were wrapped in carefully devised formulæ, and were only a limited and refined attack against God, against His Christ, against the Church, against the fundamental principles of morality and duty. The spirit of evil is unmasked in all its hideous deformity. May it be for its eternal contempt, and for final condemnation! Christianity is shown there (pointing to the coffin of the Archbishop) to be the same as it appeared in the first centuries of history. The world has grown old, but Christianity has not changed. It is always the the same Faith, the same patience, the same serenity, the same quiet and humble courage! Throughout the ages, all our martyrs have fallen into line: they continue the same tradition, as victorious to-day as in the time of Tertullian; their blood is shed to fertilise the earth, and to prepare an abundant harvest of Christian virtues!"

The untimely death of Archbishop Darboy undoubtedly helped to bring back many to the Church who had lapsed into indifference. The French Church of to-day is proud of the monument to his memory erected in Notre Dame, and with good reason,

for his gifts were many and diverse. When we recall the story of his life, we notice two brilliant virtues repeatedly recurring under different circumstances. He certainly proved to the world that he possessed convictions which he would not readily surrender, however great might be the pressure laid on him to give them up. He was no time server, no mere man of his day who built up a policy which would best serve his own private aims. His struggles with those who sought to reconstruct the constitution of Holy Church were totally against his chances of promotion, and he knew it. Yet no thought of self-interest made him restrain his efforts. To him it seemed, as it still seems to millions of Catholic Christians, that the constitution of the Church was made by God in the times of the Apostles, and therefore no power on earth could modify or in any way alter what God had done. This was the secret of his "Gallican," or historic, principles in Church matters. Archbishop Darboy had many merits, but one of the greatest, and one of the most prominent traits of his character, was his thorough conscientiousness—the clear evidence that he possessed convictions which were very dear to him. And the second brilliant virtue which shines forth from many an episode in the story of his life was his wonderful self-control. With him, no one could say that self was ever pushed to the front. Quietly and unobtrusively he did his work, but the very way he did it brought him notoriety. In the pulpit it was impossible to hide his talents. In his dealings with those he met each day, his many gifts shone forth in spite of himself. Self had no hand in lifting the school boy of unknown Fayl-Billot and of placing him upon the Archiepiscopal Throne of Paris. He reached that summit in spite of self. It would be difficult to give a greater proof of his self-control than was shown by the way in which he patiently submitted to the privations, persecutions, and injustices to which he was subjected, at both Mazas and La Roquette. A

master of self-control, he submitted patiently to a tyranny which the world has not often seen. Could there be in any man two greater virtues than conscientiousness and self-control? The readers of this narrative, so modern, so full of historic incidents, will find in Paris many ordinary scenes which, from their association with the life of Archbishop Darboy, will become full of interesting reflections, and which will recall the sufferings, the heroism, and the military valour of the brilliant French nation.

Archbishop Darboy awaits, in the Notre Dame, the reward of his faithful labours—"Labore fideque."
God rest his soul!

THE END.

NOTE.—The word "Masse" is written here as officially authorized by the English Church Prayer Book of 1549, now deposited in the British Museum.

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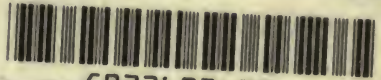
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