VII. DEBATES IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ON THE DAYS OF JUNE.

SESSION OF NOVEMBER 25, 1848.

What had to be determined before the Assembly and the country was upon whom devolved the heavy responsibility for the painful days of June. The Executive Committee was then in power; ought it not to have foreseen and provided against the insurrection? General Cavaignac, Minister of War, and, moreover, invested with dictatorial powers by the National Assembly, had alone issued orders.

Had he issued them in time? Could he not have crushed the riot at the outset instead of permitting it to gain strength, spread and develop into an insurrection? And, finally, had not the repression which followed victory been unnecessarily bloody, if not inhuman?

As the time for rendering an account approached Cavaignac became thoughtful and his ill-humour was manifest even in the Chamber.

One day Crémieux took his seat on the ministerial bench, whence he approved with an occasional "Hear! Hear!" the remarks of the orator who occupied the tribune. The speaker chanced to belong to the Opposition.

"Monsieur Crémieux," said Cavaignac, "you are making a good deal of noise."

"What does that matter to you?" replied Crémieux.

"It matters that you are on the ministerial bench."

"Do you want me to leave it?"

"Well—"

Cremieux rose and quitted his bench, saying as he did so:

"General, you compel me to leave the Cabinet, and it was through me that you entered it."

Crémieux, in point of fact, had, as a member of the Provisional Government, had Cavaignac appointed Minister of War.

During the three days that preceded the debate, which had been fixed for the 25th, the Chamber was very nervous and uneasy. Cavaignac's friends secretly trembled and sought to make others tremble. They said: "You will see!" They affected assurance. Jules Favre having alluded in the tribune to the "great and solemn debate" which was to take place, they burst into a laugh. M. Coquerel, the Protestant pastor, happening

to meet Cavaignac in the lobby, said to him: “Keep yourself in hand, General!” “In a quarter of an hour,” replied Cavaignac with flashing eyes, “I shall have swept these wretches away!” These wretches were Lamartine, Gamier-Pages, and Arago. There was some doubt about Arago, however. It was said that he was rallying to Cavaignac. Meanwhile Cavaignac had conferred the cross of the Legion of Honour upon the Bishop of Quimper, the Abbé Legraverand, who had accepted it.

“A cross for a vote,” was the remark made in the Chamber. And these reversed roles, a general giving a cross to a bishop, caused much amusement.

In reality we are in the midst of a quarrel over the presidency. The candidates are shaking their fists at each other. The Assembly hoots, growls, murmurs, stamps its feet, crushes one, applauds the other.

This poor Assembly is a veritable *fille a soldats*, in love with a trooper. For the time being it is Cavaignac.

Who will it be to-morrow?

General Cavaignac proved himself to be clever, and occasionally even eloquent. His defence partook more of the character of an attack. Frequently he appeared to me to be sincere because he had for so long excited my suspicion. The Assembly listened to him for nearly three hours with rapt attention. Throughout it was evident that he possessed its confidence. Its sympathy was shown every moment, and sometimes it manifested a sort of love for him.

Cavaignac, tall and supple, with his short frock-coat, his military collar, his heavy moustache, his bent brow, his brusque language, broken up by parentheses, and his rough gestures, was at times at once as fierce as a soldier and as passionate as a tribune. Towards the middle of his discourse he became an advocate, which, as far as I was concerned, spoiled the man; the harangue became a speech for the defence. But at its conclusion he roused himself again with a sort of real indignation. He pounded on the desk with his fist and overturned the glass of water, much to the consternation of the ushers, and in terminating he said:

“I have been speaking for I know not how long; I will speak again all the evening, all night, all day to-morrow, if necessary, and it will no longer be as an advocate, but as a soldier, and you will listen to me!”

The whole Assembly applauded him enthusiastically.

M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, who attacked Cavaignac, was an orator cold, rigid, somewhat dry and by no means equal to the task, his anger being without fierceness

and his hatred without passion. He began by reading a memoir, which always displeases assemblies. The Assembly, which was secretly ill-disposed and angry, was eager to crush him. It only wanted pretexts; he furnished it with motives. The grave defect in his memoir was that serious accusations were built upon petty acts, a surcharge that caused the whole system to bend. This little pallid man who continually raised one leg behind him and leaned forward with his two hands on the edge of the tribune as though he were gazing down into a well, made those who did not hiss laugh. Amid the uproar of the Assembly he affected to write at considerable length in a copybook, to dry the ink by sprinkling powder upon it, and with great deliberation to pour the powder back into the powder-box, thus finding means to increase the tumult with his calmness. When M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire descended from the tribune, Cavaignac had only been attacked. He had not then replied, yet was already absolved.

M. Garnier-Pagès, tried Republican and honest man, but with a substratum of vanity and an emphatic manner, succeeded M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire. The Assembly tried to crush him, too, but he rose again amid murmurs. He reminded his hearers of his past, invoked recollections of the Salle Voisin, compared the henchmen of Cavaignac to the henchmen of Guizot, bared his breast “which had braved the poignards of the Red Republic,” and ended by resolutely attacking the general, with too few facts and too many words, but fairly and squarely, taking him, so to speak, as the Bible urges that the bull be taken, by the horns.

Garnier-Pages propped up the accusation that had almost been laid low. He brought the personal pronoun much too frequently into the discussion; he acted ill-advisedly, for everybody’s personality ought to have been effaced in view of the seriousness of the debate and the anxiety of the country. He turned to all sides with a sort of disconsolate fury; he summoned Arago to intervene, Ledru-Rollin to speak, Lamartine to explain. All three remained silent, thus failing in their duty and destiny.

The Assembly, however, pursued Garnier-Pages with its hooting, and when he said to Cavaignac: “You wanted to throw us down,” it burst into a laugh, at the sentiment as well as at the expression. Garnier-Pages gazed at the laughing house with an air of despair.

From all sides came shouts of: “The closure!”

The Assembly had reached a state in which it would not listen and could no longer hear.

M. Ledru-Rollin appeared in the tribune.

From every bench the cry arose: “At last!”

Silence ensued.

Ledru-Rollin’s speech had a physical effect as it were; it was coarse, but powerful. Garnier-Pages had pointed out the General’s political shortcomings; Ledru-Rollin pointed out his military shortcomings. With the vehemence of the tribune he mingled all the skill of the advocate. He concluded with an appeal for mercy for the offender. He shook Cavaignac’s position.

When he resumed his seat between Pierre Leroux and de Lamennais, a man with long grey hair, and attired in a white frock-coat, crossed the Chamber and shook Ledru-Rollin’s hand. He was Lagrange.

Cavaignac for the fourth time ascended the tribune. It was half past 10 o’clock at night. The noise of the crowd and the evolutions of the cavalry on the Place de la Concorde could be heard. The aspect of the Assembly was becoming sinister.

Cavaignac, who was tired, had decided to assume a haughty attitude. He addressed the Mountain and defied it, declaring to the mountaineers, amid the cheers of the majority and of the reactionaries, that he at all times preferred “their abuse to their praise.” This appeared to be violent and was clever; Cavaignac lost the Rue Taitbout, which represented the Socialists, and won the Rue de Poitiers, which represented the Conservatives.

After this apostrophe he remained a few moments motionless, then passed his hand over his brow.

The Assembly shouted to him:

“Enough! Enough!”

He turned towards Ledru-Rollin and exclaimed:

“You said that you had done with me. It is I who have done with you. You said: ‘For some time.’ I say to you: ‘For ever!’”

It was all over. The Assembly wanted to close the debate.

Lagrange ascended the tribune and gesticulated amid hoots and hisses. Lagrange was at once a popular and chivalrous declaimer, who expressed true sentiments in a forced voice.

“Representatives,” said he, “all this amuses you; well, it doesn’t amuse me!”

The Assembly roared with laughter, and the roar of laughter continued throughout the remainder of his discourse. He called M. Landrin M. Flandrin, and the gaiety became delirious.

I was among those whom this gaiety made heavy at heart, for I seemed to hear the sobs of the people above these bursts of hilarity.

During this uproar a list which was being covered with signatures and which bore an order of the day proposed by M. Dupont de l'Eure, was passed round the benches.

Dupont de l'Eure, bent and tottering, read from the tribune, with the authority of his eighty years, his own order of the day, amid a deep silence that was broken at intervals by cheers.

The order of the day, which was purely and simply a reiteration of the declaration of June 28: "General Cavaignac has merited well of the fatherland," was adopted by 503 votes to 34.

Mine was among the thirty-four. While the votes were being counted, Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Jerome, came up to me and said:

"I suppose you abstained?"

"From speaking, yes; from voting, no," I replied.

"Ah!" he went on. "We ourselves abstained from voting. The Rue de Poitiers also abstained."

I took his hand and said:

"You are free to do as you like. For my part I am not abstaining. I am judging Cavaignac, and the country is judging me. I want the fullest light thrown upon my actions, and my votes are my actions."

1849.

IV. A VISIT TO THE OLD CHAMBER OF PEERS.

I. THE JARDIN D'HIVER. FEBRUARY, 1849.

In February, 1849, in the midst of the prevailing sorrow and terror, fetes were given. People danced to help the poor. While the cannon with which the rioters were threatened on January 29, were, so to speak, still trained ready for firing, a charity ball attracted all Paris to the Jardin d'Hiver.

This is what the Jardin d'Hiver was like:

A poet had pictured it in a word: "They have put summer under a glass case!" It was an immense iron cage with two naves forming a cross, as large as four or five cathedrals and covered with glass. Entrance to it was through a gallery of wood decorated with carpets and tapestry.

On entering, the eyes were at first dazzled by a flood of light. In the light all sorts of magnificent flowers, and strange trees with the foliage and altitudes of the tropics, could be seen. Banana trees, palm trees, cedars, great leaves, enormous thorns, and queer branches twisted and mingled as in a virgin forest. The forest alone was virgin there, however. The prettiest women and the most beautiful girls of Paris whirled in this illumination *a giorno* like a swarm of bees in a ray of sunshine.

Above this gaily dressed throng was an immense resplendent chandelier of brass, or rather a great tree of gold and flame turned upside down which seemed to have its roots in the glass roof, and whose sparkling leaves hung over the crowd. A vast ring of candelabra, torch-holders and girandoles shone round the chandelier, like the constellations round the sun. A resounding orchestra perched high in a gallery made the glass panes rattle harmoniously.

But what made the Jardin d'Hiver unique was that beyond this vestibule of light and music and noise, through which one gazed as through a vague and dazzling veil, a sort of immense and tenebrous arch, a grotto of shadow and mystery, could be discerned. This grotto in which were big trees, a copse threaded with paths and clearings, and a fountain that showered its water-diamonds in sparkling spray, was simply the end of the garden. Red dots that resembled oranges of fire shone here and there amid the foliage. It was all like a dream. The lanterns in the copse, when one approached them, became great luminous tulips mingled with real camellias and roses.

One seated one's self on a garden seat with one's feet in the grass and moss, and one felt the warmth arising from a heat-grating beneath this grass and this moss; one happened upon an immense fireplace in which half the trunk of a tree was burning, in proximity to a clump of bushes shivering in the rain of a fountain. There were lamps amid the flowers and carpets in the alleys. Among the trees were satyrs, nude nymphs, hydras, all kinds of groups and statues which, like the place itself, had something impossible and living about them.

What were people doing at this ball? They danced a little, made love a little, and above all talked politics.

There were about fifty Representatives present that evening. The negro Representative Louisy Mathieu, in white gloves, was accompanied by the negrophile Representative Schoelcher in black gloves. People said: "O fraternity! they have exchanged hands!"

Politicians leaning against the mantels announced the approaching appearance of a sheet entitled the "Aristo," a reactionary paper. The Brea affair,* which was being tried at that very moment, was discussed. What particularly struck these grave men in this sinister affair was that among the witnesses was an ironmonger named "Lenclume" and a locksmith named "Laclef."

* *General Bréa was assassinated on June 25, 1848, while parleying with the insurgents at the Barriêre de Fontainebleau*.

Such are the trivial things men bring into the events of God.

II. GENERAL BREA'S MURDERERS. March, 1849.

The men condemned to death in the Bréa affair are confined in the fort at Vanves. There are five of them: Nourry, a poor child of seventeen whose father and mother died insane, type of the gamin of Paris that revolutions make a hero and riots a murderer; Daix, blind of one eye, lame, and with only one arm, a *bon pauvre* of the Bicetre Hospital, who underwent the operation of trepanning three years ago, and who has a little daughter eight years old whom he adores; Lahr, nicknamed the Fireman, whose wife was confined the day after his condemnation, giving life at the moment she received death; Chopart, a bookseller's assistant, who has been mixed up in

some rather discreditable pranks of youth; and finally Vappreaux junior, who pleaded an alibi and who, if the four others are to be believed, was not at the Barrière de Fontainebleau at all during the three days of June.

These hapless wights are confined in a big casemate of the fort. Their condemnation has crushed them and turned them towards God. In the casemate are five camp beds and five rush-bottomed chairs; to this lugubrious furniture of the dungeon an altar has been added. It was erected at the end of the casemate opposite the door and below the venthole through which daylight penetrates. On the altar is only a plaster statue of the Virgin enveloped in lace. There are no tapers, it being feared that the prisoners might set fire to the door with the straw of their mattresses. They pray and work. As Nourry has not been confirmed and wishes to be before he dies, Chopart is teaching him the catechism.

Beside the altar is a board laid upon two trestles. This board, which is full of bullet holes, was the target of the fort. It has been turned into a dining-table, a cruel, thoughtless act, for it is a continual reminder to the prisoners of their approaching death.

A few days ago an anonymous letter reached them. This letter advised them to stamp upon the flagstone in the centre of the casemate, which, it was affirmed, covered the orifice of a well communicating with old subterranean passages of the Abbey of Vanves that extended to Châtillon. All they had to do was to raise the flagstone and they could escape that very night.

They did as the letter directed. The stone, it was found, did emit a hollow sound as though it covered an opening. But either because the police had been informed of the letter, or for some other reason, a stricter watch than ever has been kept upon them from that moment and they have been unable to profit by the advice.

The gaolers and priests do not leave them for a minute either by day or by night. Guardians of the body cheek by jowl with guardians of the soul. Sorry human justice!

The execution of the condemned men in the Bréa affair was a blunder. It was the reappearance of the scaffold. The people had kicked over the guillotine. The bourgeoisie raised it again. A fatal mistake.

President Louis Bonaparte was inclined to be merciful. The revision and cassation could easily have been delayed. The Archbishop of Paris, M. Sibour, successor of a victim, had begged for their lives. But the stereotyped phrases prevailed. The country must be reassured. Order must be reconstructed, legality rebuilt, confidence re-erected! And society at that time was still reduced to employing lopped heads as

building material. The Council of State, such as it then was, consulted under the terms of the Constitution, rendered an opinion in favour of the execution. M. Cresson, counsel for Daix and Lahr, waited upon the President. He was an emotional and eloquent young man. He pleaded for these men, for the wives who were not yet widows, for the children who were not yet orphans, and while speaking he wept.

Louis Bonaparte listened to him in silence, then took his hands, but merely remarked: “I am most unhappy!”

In the evening of the same day—it was on the Thursday—the Council of Ministers met. The discussion was long and animated. Only one minister opposed recourse to the scaffold. He was supported by Louis Napoleon. The discussion lasted until 10 o’clock. But the majority prevailed, and before the Cabinet separated Odilon Barrot, the Minister of Justice, signed the order for the execution of three of the condemned men, Daix, Lahr and Chopart. The sentences of Nourry and Vappreaux, junior, were commuted to penal servitude for life.

The execution was fixed for the next morning, Friday.

The Chancellor’s office immediately transmitted the order to the Prefect of Police, who had to act in concert with the military authorities, the sentence having been imposed by a court-martial.

The prefect sent for the executioner. But the executioner could not be found. He had vacated his house in the Rue des Marais Saint Martin in February under the impression that, like the guillotine, he had been deposed, and no one knew what had become of him.

Considerable time was lost in tracing him to his new residence, and when they got there he was out. The executioner was at the Opera. He had gone to see “The Devil’s Violin.”

It was near midnight, and in the absence of the executioner the execution had to be postponed for one day.

During the interval Representative Larabit, whom Chopart had befriended at the barricade of the barriers, was notified and was able to see the President. The President signed Chopart’s pardon.

The day after the execution the Prefect of Police summoned the executioner and reproved him for his absence.

“Well,” said Samson, “I was passing along the street when I saw a big yellow poster announcing The Devil’s Violin. ‘Hello!’ said I to myself, ‘that must be a queer piece,’ and I went to see it.”

Thus a playbill saved a man’s head.

There were some horrible details.

On Friday night, while those who formerly were called *les maitres des basses oeuvres** were erecting the scaffold at the Barrière de Fontainebleau, the *rapporteur* of the court-martial, accompanied by the clerk of the court, repaired to the Fort of Vanves.

* *The executioner in France is officially styled*

l’executeur des hautes-oeuvres.

Daix and Lahr, who were to die, were sleeping. They were in casemate No. 13 with Nourry and Chopart. There was a delay. It was found that there were no ropes with which to bind the condemned men. The latter were allowed to sleep on. At 5 o’clock in the morning the executioner’s assistants arrived with everything that was necessary.

Then the casemate was entered. The four men awoke. To Nourry and Chopart the officials said: “Get out of here!” They understood, and, joyful and terror-stricken, fled into the adjoining casement. Daix and Lahr, however, did not understand. They sat up and gazed about them with wild, frightened eyes. The executioner and his assistants fell upon them and bound them. No one spoke a word. The condemned men began to realise what it all meant and uttered terrible cries. “If we had not bound them,” said the executioner, “they would have devoured us!”

Then Lahr collapsed and began to pray while the decree for their execution was read to them.

Daix continued to struggle, sobbing, and roaring with horror. These men who had killed so freely were afraid to die.

Daix shouted: “Help! Help!” appealed to the soldiers, adjured them, cursed them, pleaded to them in the name of General Bréa.

“Shut up!” growled a sergeant. “You are a coward!”

The execution was performed with much ceremony. Let this fact be noted: the first time the guillotine dared to show itself after February an army was furnished to guard it. Twenty-five thousand men, infantry and cavalry, surrounded the scaffold. Two

generals were in command. Seven guns commanded the streets which converged to the circus of the Barrière de Fontainebleau.

Daix was executed first. When his head had fallen and his body was unstrapped, the trunk, from which a stream of blood was pouring, fell upon the scaffold between the swing-board and the basket.

The executioners were nervous and excited. A man of the people remarked: "Everybody is losing his head on that guillotine, including the executioner!"

In the faubourgs, which the last elections to the National Assembly had so excited, the names of popular candidates could still be seen chalked upon the walls. Louis Bonaparte was one of the candidates. His name appeared on these open-air bulletins, as they may be termed, in company with the names of Raspail and Barbès. The day after the execution Louis Napoleon's name wherever it was to be seen had a red smear across it. A silent protest, a reproach and a menace. The finger of the people pending the finger of God.

III. THE SUICIDE OF ANTONIN MOYNE. April, 1849.

Antonin Moyne, prior to February, 1848, was a maker of little figures and statuettes for the trade.

Little figures and statuettes! That is what we had come to. Trade had supplanted the State. How empty is history, how poor is art; inasmuch as there are no more big figures there are no more statues.

Antonin Moyne made rather a poor living out of his work. He had, however, been able to give his son Paul a good education and had got him into the Ecole Polytechnique. Towards 1847 the art-work business being already bad, he had added to his little figures portraits in pastel. With a statuette here, and a portrait there, he managed to get along.

After February the art-work business came to a complete standstill. The manufacturer who wanted a model for a candlestick or a clock, and the bourgeois who wanted a portrait, failed him. What was to be done? Antonin Moyne struggled on as best he could, used his old clothes, lived upon beans and potatoes, sold his knick-knacks to bric-à-brac dealers, pawned first his watch, then his silverware.

He lived in a little apartment in the Rue de Boursault, at No. 8, I think, at the corner of the Rue Labruyère.

The little apartment gradually became bare.

After June, Antonin Moyne solicited an order of the Government. The matter dragged along for six months. Three or four Cabinets succeeded each other and Louis Bonaparte had time to be nominated President. At length M. Leon Faucher gave Antonin Moyne an order for a bust, upon which the statuary would be able to make 600 francs. But he was informed that, the State funds being low, the bust would not be paid for until it was finished.

Distress came and hope went.

Antonin Moyne said one day to his wife, who was still young, having been married to him when she was only fifteen years old: “I will kill myself.”

The next day his wife found a loaded pistol under a piece of furniture. She took it and hid it. It appears that Antonin Moyne found it again.

His reason no doubt began to give way. He always carried a bludgeon and razor about with him. One day he said to his wife: “It is easy to kill one’s self with blows of a hammer.”

On one occasion he rose and opened the window with such violence that his wife rushed forward and threw her arms round him.

“What are you going to do?” she demanded.

“Just get a breath of air! And you, what do you want?”

“I am only embracing you,” she answered.

On March 18, 1849, a Sunday, I think it was, his wife said to him:

“I am going to church. Will you come with me?”

He was religious, and his wife, with loving watchfulness, remained with him as much as possible.

He replied: “Presently!” and went into the next room, which was his son’s bedroom.

A few minutes elapsed. Suddenly Mme. Antonin Moyne heard a noise similar to that made by the slamming of a front door. But she knew what it was. She started and cried: “It is that dreadful pistol!”

She rushed into the room her husband had entered, then recoiled in horror. She had seen a body stretched upon the floor.

She ran wildly about the house screaming for help. But no one came, either because everybody was out or because owing to the noise in the street she was not heard.

Then she returned, re-entered the room and knelt beside her husband. The shot had blown nearly all his head away. The blood streamed upon the floor, and the walls and furniture were spattered with brains.

Thus, marked by fatality, like Jean Goujon, his master, died Antonin Moyne, a name which henceforward will bring to mind two things—a horrible death and a charming talent.

IV. A VISIT TO THE OLD CHAMBER OF PEERS. June, 1849.

The working men who sat in the Luxembourg during the months of March and April under the presidency of M. Louis Blanc, showed a sort of respect for the Chamber of Peers they replaced. The armchairs of the peers were occupied, but not soiled. There was no insult, no affront, no abuse. Not a piece of velvet was torn, not a piece of leather was dirtied. There is a good deal of the child about the people, it is given to chalking its anger, its joy and its irony on walls; these labouring men were serious and inoffensive. In the drawers of the desks they found the pens and knives of the peers, yet made neither a cut nor a spot of ink.

A keeper of the palace remarked to me: “They have behaved themselves very well.” They left their places as they had found them. One only left his mark, and he had written in the drawer of Louis Blanc on the ministerial bench:

> *Royalty is abolished.*
>
> *Hurrah for Louis Blanc!*

This inscription is still there.

The fauteuils of the peers were covered with green velvet embellished with gold stripes. Their desks were of mahogany, covered with morocco leather, and with drawers of oak containing writing material in plenty, but having no key. At the top of his desk each peer’s name was stamped in gilt letters on a piece of green leather let into the wood. On the princes’ bench, which was on the right, behind the ministerial

bench, there was no name, but a gilt plate bearing the words: “The Princes’ Bench.” This plate and the names of the peers had been torn off, not by the working men, but by order of the Provisional Government.

A few changes were made in the rooms which served as ante-chambers to the Assembly. Puget’s admirable “Milo of Crotona,” which ornamented the vestibule at the top of the grand staircase, was taken to the old museum and a marble of some kind was substituted for it. The full length statue of the Duke d’Orleans, which was in the second vestibule, was taken I know not where and replaced by a statue of Pompey with gilt face, arms and legs, the statue at the foot of which, according to tradition, assassinated Caesar fell. The picture of founders of constitutions, in the third vestibule, a picture in which Napoleon, Louis XVIII. and Louis Philippe figured, was removed by order of Ledru-Rollin and replaced by a magnificent Gobelin tapestry borrowed from the Garde-Meuble.

Hard by this third vestibule is the old hall of the Chamber of Peers, which was built in 1805 for the Senate. This hall, which is small, narrow and obscure; supported by meagre Corinthian columns with mahogany-coloured bases and white capitals; furnished with flat desks and chairs in the Empire style with green velvet seats, the whole in mahogany; and paved with white marble relieved by lozenges of red Saint Anne marble,—this hall, so full of memories, had been religiously preserved, and after the new hall was built in 1840, had been used for the private conferences of the Court of Peers.

It was in this old hall of the Senate that Marshal Ney was tried. A bar had been put up to the left of the Chancellor who presided over the Chamber. The Marshal was behind this bar, with M. Berryer, senior, on his right, and M. Dupin, the elder, on his left. He stood upon one of the lozenges in the floor, in which, by a sinister hazard, the capricious tracing of the marble figured a death’s head. This lozenge has since been taken up and replaced by another.

After February, in view of the riots, soldiers had to be lodged in the palace. The old Senate-hall was turned into a guard-house. The desks of the senators of Napoleon and of the peers of the Restoration were stored in the lumber rooms, and the curule chairs served as beds for the troops.

Early in June, 1849, I visited the hall of the Chamber of Peers and found it just as I had left it seventeen months before, the last time that I sat there, on February 23, 1848.

Everything was in its place. Profound calmness reigned; the fauteuils were empty and in order. One might have thought that the Chamber had adjourned ten minutes previously.

SKETCHES MADE IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

ODILON BARROT.

Odilon Barrot ascends the tribune step by step and slowly; he is solemn before being eloquent. Then he places his right hand on the table of the tribune, throwing his left hand behind his back, and thus shows himself sideways to the Assembly in the attitude of an athlete. He is always in black, well brushed and well buttoned up.

His delivery, which is slow at first, gradually becomes animated, as do his thoughts. But in becoming animated his speech becomes hoarse and his thoughts cloudy. Hence a certain hesitation among his hearers, some being unable to catch what he says, the others not understanding. All at once from the cloud darts a flash of lightning

and one is dazzled. The difference between men of this kind and Mirabeau is that the former have flashes of lightning, Mirabeau alone has thunder.

MONSIEUR THIERS.

M. Thiers wants to treat men, ideas and revolutionary events with parliamentary routine. He plays his old game of constitutional tricks in face of abysms and the dreadful upheavals of the chimerical and unexpected. He does not realise that everything has been transformed; he finds a resemblance between our own times and the time when he governed, and starts out from this. This resemblance exists in point of fact, but there is in it a something that is colossal and monstrous. M. Thiers has no suspicion of this, and pursues the even tenour of his way. All his life he has been stroking cats, and coaxing them with all sorts of cajolling processes and feline ways. To-day he is trying to play the same game, and does not see that the animals have grown beyond all measure and that it is wild beasts that he is keeping about him. A strange sight it is to see this little man trying to stroke the roaring muzzle of a revolution with his little hand.

When M. Thiers is interrupted he gets excited, folds and unfolds his arms, then raises his hands to his mouth, his nose, his spectacles, shrugs his shoulders, and ends by clasping the back of his head convulsively with both hands.

I have always entertained towards this celebrated statesman, this eminent orator, this mediocre writer, this narrow-minded man, an indefinable sentiment of admiration, aversion and disdain.

DUFAURE.

M. Dufaure is a barrister of Saintes, and was the leading lawyer in his town about 1833. This led him to aspire to legislative honours. M. Dufaure arrived in the Chamber with a provincial and cold-in-the-nose accent that was very queer. But he possessed a mind so clear that occasionally it was almost luminous, and so accurate that occasionally it was decisive.

With that his speech was deliberate and cold, but sure, solid, and calmly pushed difficulties before it.

M. Dufaure succeeded. He was a deputy, then a minister. He is not a sage. He is a grave and honest man who has held power without greatness but with probity, and who speaks from the tribune without brilliancy but with authority.

His person resembles his talent. In appearance he is dignified, simple and sober. He comes to the Chamber buttoned up in his dark grey frock-coat, and wearing a black cravat, and a shirt collar that reaches to his ears. He has a big nose, thick lips, heavy eyebrows, an intelligent and severe eye, and grey, ill-combed hair.

CHANGARNIER.

Changarnier looks like an old academician, just as Soult looks like an old archbishop.

Changarnier is sixty-four or sixty-five years old, and tall and thin. He has a gentle voice, a graceful and formal air, a chestnut wig like M. Pasquier's, and a lady-killing smile like M. Brifaut's.

With that he is a curt, bold, expeditious man, resolute, but cunning and reserved.

At the Chamber he occupies the extreme end of the fourth bench of the last section on the left, exactly above M. Ledru-Rollin.

He usually sits with folded arms. The bench on which Ledru-Rollin and Lamennais sit is perhaps the most habitually irritated of the Left. While the Assembly shouts, murmurs, yells, roars, and rages, Changarnier yawns.

LAGRANGE.

Lagrange, it is said, fired the pistol in the Boulevard des Capucines, fatal spark that heated the passions of the people and caused the conflagration of February. He is styled: Political prisoner and Representative of the people.

Lagrange has a grey moustache, a grey beard and long grey hair. He is overflowing with soured generosity, charitable violence and a sort of chivalrous demagogy; there is a

love in his heart with which he stirs up hatred; he is tall, thin, young looking at a distance, old when seen nearer, wrinkled, bewildered, hoarse, flurried, wan, has a wild look in his eyes and gesticulates; he is the Don Quixote of the Mountain. He, also, tilts at windmills; that is to say, at credit, order, peace, commerce, industry,—all the machinery that turns out bread. With this, a lack of ideas; continual jumps from justice to insanity and from cordiality to threats. He proclaims, acclaims, reclaims and declaims. He is one of those men who are never taken seriously, but who sometimes have to be taken tragically.

PRUDHON.

Prudhon was born in 1803. He has thin fair hair that is ruffled and ill-combed, with a curl on his fine high brow. He wears spectacles. His gaze is at once troubled, penetrating and steady. There is something of the house-dog in his almost flat nose and of the monkey in his chin-beard. His mouth, the nether lip of which is thick, has an habitual expression of ill-humour. He has a Franc-Comtois accent, he utters the syllables in the middle of words rapidly and drawls the final syllables; he puts a circumflex accent on every "a," and like Charles Nodier, pronounces: "*honorable, remarquable*." He speaks badly and writes well. In the tribune his gesture consists of little feverish pats upon his manuscript with the palm of his hand. Sometimes he becomes irritated, and froths; but it is cold slaver. The principal characteristic of his countenance and physiognomy is mingled embarrassment and assurance.

I write this while he is in the tribune.

Anthony Thouret met Prudhon.

"Things are going badly," said Prudhon.

"To what cause do you attribute our embarrassments?" queried Anthony Thouret.

"The Socialists are at the bottom of the trouble, of course.

"What! the Socialists? But are you not a Socialist yourself?"

"I a Socialist! Well, I never!" ejaculated Prudhon.

"Well, what in the name of goodness, are you, then?"

"I am a financier."

BLANQUI.

Blanqui got so that he no longer wore a shirt. For twelve years he had worn the same clothes—his prison clothes—rags, which he displayed with sombre pride at his club. He renewed only his boots and his gloves, which were always black.

At Vincennes during his eight months of captivity for the affair of the 15th of May, he lived only upon bread and raw potatoes, refusing all other food. His mother alone occasionally succeeded in inducing him to take a little beef-tea.

With this, frequent ablutions, cleanliness mingled with cynicism, small hands and feet, never a shirt, gloves always.

There was in this man an aristocrat crushed and trampled upon by a demagogue.

Great ability, no hypocrisy; the same in private as in public. Harsh, stern, serious, never laughing, receiving respect with irony, admiration with sarcasm, love with disdain, and inspiring extraordinary devotion.

There was in Blanqui nothing of the people, everything of the populace.

With this, a man of letters, almost erudite. At certain moments he was no longer a man, but a sort of lugubrious apparition in which all degrees of hatred born of all degrees of misery seemed to be incarnated.

LAMARTINE. February 23, 1850.

During the session Lamartine came and sat beside me in the place usually occupied by M. Arbey. While talking, he interjected in an undertone sarcastic remarks about the orators in the tribune.

Thiers spoke. “Little scamp,” murmured Lamartine.

Then Cavaignac made his appearance. “What do you think about him?” said Lamartine. “For my part, these are my sentiments: He is fortunate, he is brave, he is loyal, he is voluble—and he is stupid.”

Cavaignac was followed by Emmanuel Arago. The Assembly was stormy. “This man,” commented Lamartine, “has arms too small for the affairs he undertakes. He is given to joining in mêlées and does not know how to get out of them again. The tempest tempts him, and kills him.”

A moment later Jules Favre ascended the tribune. “I do not know how they can see a serpent in this man,” said Lamartine. “He is a provincial academician.”

Laughing the while, he took a sheet of paper from my drawer, asked me for a pen, asked Savatier-Laroche for a pinch of snuff, and wrote a few lines. This done he mounted the tribune and addressed grave and haughty words to M. Thiers, who had been attacking the revolution of February. Then he returned to our bench, shook hands with me while the Left applauded and the Right waxed indignant, and calmly emptied the snuff in Savatier-Laroche’s snuffbox into his own.

BOULAY DE LA MEURTHE.

M. Boulay de la Meurthe was a stout, kindly man, bald, pot-bellied, short, enormous, with a short nose and a not very long wit. He was a friend of Hard, whom he called *mon cher*, and of Jerome Bonaparte, whom he addressed as “your Majesty.”

The Assembly, on January 20, made him Vice-President of the Republic.

It was somewhat sudden, and unexpected by everybody except himself. This latter fact was evident from the long speech learned by heart that he delivered after being sworn in. At its conclusion the Assembly applauded, then a roar of laughter succeeded the applause. Everybody laughed, including himself; the Assembly out of irony, he in good faith.

Odilon Barrot, who since the previous evening had been keenly regretting that he did not allow himself to be made Vice-President, contemplated the scene with a shrug of the shoulders and a bitter smile.

The Assembly followed Boulay de la Meurthe, congratulated and gratified, with its eyes, and in every look could be read this: “Well, I never! He takes himself seriously!”

When he was taking the oath, in a voice of thunder which made everybody smile, Boulay de la Meurthe looked as if he were dazzled by the Republic, and the Assembly did not look as if it were dazzled by Boulay de la Meurthe.

DUPIN.

Dupin has a style of wit that is peculiar to himself. It is Gaulish, tinged with the wit of a limb of the law and with jovial grossness. When the vote upon the bill against universal suffrage was about to be taken some member of the majority, whose name I have forgotten, went to him and said:

“You are our president, and moreover a great legist. You know more about it than I do. Enlighten me, I am undecided. Is it true that the bill violates the Constitution?”

Dupin appeared to think for a moment and then replied:

“No, it doesn’t violate it, but it lifts its clothes up as high as possible!”

This reminds me of what he said to me the day I spoke upon the Education Bill. Baudin had permitted me to take his turn to speak, and I went up to the presidential chair to notify Dupin.

“Ah! you are going to speak! So much the better!” said he; and pointing to M. Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, who was then occupying the tribune and delivering a long and minute technical speech against the measure, added:

“He is rendering you a service. He is doing the preparatory work. He is turning the bill’s trousers down. This done you will be able to at once—”

He completed the phrase with the expressive gesture which consists of tapping the back of the fingers of the left hand with the fingers of the right hand.

LOUIS BONAPARTE.

V. FEELING HIS WAY.

I. HIS DEBUTS.

Upon his arrival in Paris Louis Bonaparte took up his residence in the Place Vendome. Mlle. Georges went to see him. They conversed at some length. In the course of the conversation Louis Bonaparte led Mlle. Georges to a window from which,the column with the statue of Napoleon I. upon it was visible and said:

“I gaze at that all day long.”

“It’s pretty high!” observed Mlle. George.

September 24, 1848.

Louis Napoleon appeared at the National Assembly today. He seated himself on the seventh bench of the third section on the left, between M. Vieillard and M. Havin.

He looks young, has a black moustache and goatee, and a parting in his hair, a black cravat, a black coat buttoned up, a turned-down collar, and white gloves. Perrin and Leon Faucher, seated immediately below him, did not once turn their heads. In a few minutes the galleries began to turn their opera-glasses upon the prince, and the prince gazed at the galleries through his own glass.

September 26.

Louis Bonaparte ascended the tribune (3.15 P.M.). Black frock-coat, grey trousers. He read from a crumpled paper in his hand. He was listened to with deep attention. He pronounced the word “compatriots” with a foreign accent. When he had finished a few cries of “Long live the Republic!” were raised.

He returned leisurely to his place. His cousin Napoleon, son of Jerome, who so greatly resembles the Emperor, leaned over M. Vieillard to congratulate him.

Louis Bonaparte seated himself without saying a word to his two neighbours. He is silent, but he seems to be embarrassed rather than taciturn.

October 9.

While the question of the presidency was being raised Louis Bonaparte absented himself from the Assembly. When the Antony Thouret amendment, excluding members of the royal and imperial families was being debated, however, he reappeared. He seated himself at the extremity of his bench, beside his former tutor, M. Vieillard, and listened in silence, leaning his chin upon his hand, or twisting his moustache.

All at once he rose and, amid extraordinary agitation, walked slowly towards the tribune. One half of the Assembly shouted: "The vote!" The other half shouted: "Speak!"

M. Sarrans was in the tribune. The president said:

"M. Sarrans will allow M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to speak."

He made a few insignificant remarks and descended from the tribune amid a general laugh of stupefaction.

November 1848.

On November 19 I dined at Odilon Barrot's at Bougival.

There were present MM. de Rémusat, de Tocqueville, Girardin, Leon Faucher, a member of the English Parliament and his wife, who is ugly but witty and has beautiful teeth, Mme. Odilon Barrot and her mother.

Towards the middle of the dinner Louis Bonaparte arrived with his cousin, the son of Jerome, and M. Abbatucci, Representative.

Louis Bonaparte is distinguished, cold, gentle, intelligent, with a certain measure of deference and dignity, a German air and black moustache; he bears no resemblance whatever to the Emperor.

He ate little, spoke little, and laughed little, although the party was a merry one.

Mme. Odilon Barrot seated him on her left. The Englishman was on her right.

M. de Rémusat, who was seated between the prince and myself, remarked to me loud enough for Louis Bonaparte to hear:

“I give my best wishes to Louis Bonaparte and my vote to Cavaignac.”

Louis Bonaparte at the time was feeding Mme. Odilon Barrot’s greyhound with fried gudgeons.

II. HIS ELEVATION TO THE PRESIDENCY. December 1848.

The proclamation of Louis Bonaparte as President of the Republic was made on December 20.

The weather, which up to then had been admirable, and reminded one more of the approach of spring than of the beginning of winter, suddenly changed. December 20 was the first cold day of the year. Popular superstition had it that the sun of Austerlitz was becoming clouded.

This proclamation was made in a somewhat unexpected manner. It had been announced for Friday. It was made suddenly on Wednesday.

Towards 3 o’clock the approaches to the Assembly were occupied by troops. A regiment of infantry was massed in rear of the Palais d’Orsay; a regiment of dragoons was echeloned along the quay. The troopers shivered and looked moody. The population assembled in great uneasiness, not knowing what it all meant. For some days a Bonapartist movement had been vaguely spoken of. The faubourgs, it was said, were to turn out and march to the Assembly shouting: “Long live the Emperor!” The day before the Funds had dropped 3 francs. Napoleon Bonaparte, greatly alarmed, came to see me.

The Assembly resembled a public square. It was a number of groups rather than a parliament. In the tribune a very useful bill for regulating the publicity of the sessions and substituting the State Printing Office, the former Royal Printing Office, for the printing office of the “Moniteur,” was being discussed, but no one listened. M. Bureau de Puzy, the questor, was speaking.

Suddenly there was a stir in the Assembly, which was being invaded by a crowd of Deputies who entered by the door on the left. It was the committee appointed to

count the votes and was returning to announce the result of the election to the Presidency. It was 4 o'clock, the chandeliers were lighted, there was an immense crowd in the public galleries, all the ministers were present. Cavaignac, calm, attired in a black frock-coat, and not wearing any decoration, was in his place. He kept his right hand thrust in the breast of his buttoned frock-coat, and made no reply to M. Bastide, who now and then whispered in his ear. M. Fayet, Bishop of Orleans, occupied a chair in front of the General. Which prompted the Bishop of Langres, the Abbé Parisis, to remark: "That is the place of a dog, not a bishop."

Lamartine was absent.

The *rapporteur* of the committee, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, read a cold discourse that was coldly listened to. When he reached the enumeration of the votes cast, and came to Lamartine's total, 17,910 votes, the Right burst into a laugh. A mean vengeance, sarcasm of the unpopular men of yesterday for the unpopular man of to-day.

Cavaignac took leave in a few brief and dignified words, which were applauded by the whole Assembly. He announced that the Ministry had resigned in a body, and that he, Cavaignac, laid down the power. He thanked the Assembly with emotion. A few Representatives wept.

Then President Marrast proclaimed "the citizen Louis Bonaparte" President of the Republic.

A few Representatives about the bench where Louis Bonaparte sat applauded. The remainder of the Assembly preserved a glacial silence. They were leaving the lover for the husband.

Armand Marrast called upon the elect of the nation to take the oath of office. There was a stir.

Louis Bonaparte, buttoned up in a black frock-coat, the decoration of Representative of the people and the star of the Legion of Honour on his breast, entered by the door on the right, ascended the tribune, repeated in a calm voice the words of the oath that President Marrast dictated to him, called upon God and men to bear witness, then read, with a foreign accent which was displeasing, a speech that was interrupted at rare intervals by murmurs of approval. He eulogized Cavaignac, and the eulogy was noted and applauded.

After a few minutes he descended from the tribune, not like Cavaignac, amid the acclamations of the Chamber, but amid an immense shout of "Long live the Republic!" Somebody shouted "Hurrah for the Constitution!"

Before leaving Louis Bonaparte went over to his former tutor, M. Vieillard, who was seated in the eighth section on the left, and shook hands with him. Then the President of the Assembly invited the committee to accompany the President of the Republic to his palace and have rendered to him the honours due to his rank. The word caused the Mountain to murmur. I shouted from my bench: “To his functions!”

The President of the Assembly announced that the President of the Republic had charged M. Odilon Barrot with the formation of a Cabinet, and that the names of the new Ministers would be announced to the Assembly in a Message; that, in fact, a supplement to the Moniteur would be distributed to the Representatives that very evening.

It was remarked, for everything was remarked on that day which began a decisive phase in the history of the country, that President Marrast called Louis Bonaparte “citizen” and Odilon Barrot “monsieur.”

Meanwhile the ushers, their chief Deponceau at their head, the officers of the Chamber, the questors, and among them General Lebreton in full uniform, had grouped themselves below the tribune; several Representatives had joined them; there was a stir indicating that Louis Bonaparte was about to leave the enclosure. A few Deputies rose. There were shouts of “Sit down! Sit down!”

Louis Bonaparte went out. The malcontents, to manifest their indifference, wanted to continue the debate on the Printing Office Bill. But the Assembly was too agitated even to remain seated. It rose in a tumult and the Chamber was soon empty. It was half past 4. The proceedings had lasted half an hour.

As I left the Assembly, alone, and avoided as a man who had disdained the opportunity to be a Minister, I passed in the outer hall, at the foot of the stairs, a group in which I noticed Montalembert, and also Changarnier in the uniform of a lieutenant-general of the National Guard. Changarnier had just been escorting Louis Bonaparte to the Elysee. I heard him say: “All passed off well.”

When I found myself in the Place de la Revolution, there were no longer either troops or crowd; all had disappeared. A few passers-by came from the Champs-Elysees. The night was dark and cold. A bitter wind blew from the river, and at the same time a heavy storm-cloud breaking in the west covered the horizon with silent flashes of lightning. A December wind with August lightning—such were the omens of that day.

III. THE FIRST OFFICIAL DINNER. December 24, 1848.

Louis Bonaparte gave his first dinner last evening, Saturday the 23rd, two days after his elevation to the Presidency of the Republic.

The Chamber had adjourned for the Christmas holidays. I was at home in my new lodging in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, occupied with I know not what bagatelles, *totus in illis*, when a letter addressed to me and brought by a dragoon was handed to me. I opened the envelope, and this is what I read:

The orderly officer on duty has the honour to inform Monsieur the General Changarnier that he is invited to dinner at the Elysee-National on Saturday, at 7 o'clock.

I wrote below it: "Delivered by mistake to M. Victor Hugo," and sent the letter back by the dragoon who had brought it. An hour later came another letter from M. de Persigny, Prince Louis's former companion in plots, to-day his private secretary. This letter contained profuse apologies for the error committed and advised me that I was among those invited. My letter had been addressed by mistake to M. Conti, the Representative from Corsica.

At the head of M. de Persigny's letter, written with a pen, were the words: "Household of the President."

I remarked that the form of these invitations was exactly similar to the form employed by King Louis Philippe. As I did not wish to do anything that might resemble intentional coldness, I dressed; it was half past 6, and I set out immediately for the Elysee.

Half past 7 struck as I arrived there.

As I passed I glanced at the sinister portal of the Praslin mansion adjoining the Elysee. The large green carriage entrance, enframed between two Doric pillars of the time of the Empire, was closed, gloomy, and vaguely outlined by the light of a street lamp. One of the double doors of the entrance to the Elysee was closed; two soldiers of the line were on guard. The court-yard was scarcely lighted, and a mason in his working clothes with a ladder on his shoulder was crossing it; nearly all the windows of the outhouses on the right had been broken, and were mended with paper. I entered by the door on the perron. Three servants in black coats received me; one opened the door, another took my mantle, the third said: "Monsieur, on the first floor!" I ascended the grand staircase. There were a carpet and flowers on it, but that chilly and unsettled air about it peculiar to places into which one is moving.

On the first floor an usher asked:

“Monsieur has come to dinner?”

“Yes,” I said. “Are they at table?”

“Yes, Monsieur.”

“In that case, I am off.”

“But, Monsieur,” exclaimed the usher, “nearly everybody arrived after the dinner had begun; go in. Monsieur is expected.”

I remarked this military and imperial punctuality, which used to be customary with Napoleon. With the Emperor 7 o’clock meant 7 o’clock.

I crossed the ante-chamber, then a salon, and entered the dining-room. It was a square room wainscotted in the Empire style with white wood. On the walls were engravings and pictures of very poor selection, among them “Mary Stuart listening to Rizzio,” by the painter Ducis. Around the room was a sideboard. In the middle was a long table with rounded ends at which about fifteen guests were seated. One end of the table, that furthest from the entrance, was raised, and here the President of the Republic was seated between two women, the Marquise de Hallays-Coëtquen, née Princess de Chimay (Tallien) being on his right, and Mme. Conti, mother of the Representative, on his left.

The President rose when I entered. I went up to him. We grasped each other’s hand.

“I have improvised this dinner,” he said. “I invited only a few dear friends, and I hoped that I could comprise you among them. I thank you for coming. You have come to me, as I went to you, simply. I thank you.”

He again grasped my hand. Prince de la Moskowa, who was next to General Changarnier, made room for me beside him, and I seated myself at the table. I ate quickly, for the President had interrupted the dinner to enable me to catch up with the company. The second course had been reached.

Opposite to me was General Rulhières, an ex-peer, the Representative Conti and Lucien Murat. The other guests were unknown to me. Among them was a young major of cavalry, decorated with the Legion of Honour. This major alone was in uniform; the others wore evening dress. The Prince had a rosette of the Legion of Honour in his buttonhole.

Everybody conversed with his neighbour. Louis Bonaparte appeared to prefer his neighbour on the right to his neighbour on the left. The Marquise de Hallays is thirty-six years old, and looks her age. Fine eyes, not much hair, an ugly mouth, white skin, a

shapely neck, charming arms, the prettiest little hands in the world, admirable shoulders. At present she is separated from M. de Hallays. She has had eight children, the first seven by her husband. She was married fifteen years ago. During the early period of their marriage she used to fetch her husband from the drawing-room, even in the daytime, and take him off to bed. Sometimes a servant would enter and say: "Madame the Marquise is asking for Monsieur the Marquis." The Marquis would obey the summons. This made the company who happened to be present laugh. To-day the Marquis and Marquise have fallen out.

"She was the mistress of Napoleon, son of Jerome, you know," said Prince de la Moskowa to me, sotto voce, "now she is Louis's mistress."

"Well," I answered, "changing a Napoleon for a Louis is an everyday occurrence."

These bad puns did not prevent me from eating and observing.

The two women seated beside the President had square-topped chairs. The President's chair was surmounted with a little round top. As I was about to draw some inference from this I looked at the other chairs and saw that four or five guests, myself among them, had chairs similar to that of the President. The chairs were covered with red velvet with gilt headed nails. A more serious thing I noticed was that everybody addressed the President of the Republic as "Monseigneur" and "your Highness." I who had called him "Prince," had the air of a demagogue.

When we rose from table the Prince asked after my wife, and then apologized profusely for the rusticity of the service.

"I am not yet installed," he said. "The day before yesterday, when I arrived here, there was hardly a mattress for me to sleep upon."

The dinner was a very ordinary one, and the Prince did well to excuse himself. The service was of common white china and the silverware bourgeois, worn, and gross. In the middle of the table was a rather fine vase of craquelé, ornamented with ormolu in the bad taste of the time of Louis XVI.

However, we heard music in an adjoining hall.

"It is a surprise," said the President to us, "they are the musicians from the Opera."

A minute afterwards programmes written with a pen were handed round. They indicated that the following five selections were being played:

1. *Priere de la "Muette."*

2. *Fantaisie sur des airs favoris de la "Reine Hortense."*
3. *Final de "Robert Bruce".*
4. *"Marche Republicaine."*
5. *"La Victoire," pas redoublé.*

In the rather uneasy state of mind I, like the whole of France, was in at that moment, I could not help remarking this "Victory" piece coming after the "Republican March."

I rose from table still hungry.

We went into the grand salon, which was separated from the dining-room by the smaller salon that I had passed through on entering.

This grand salon was extremely ugly. It was white, with figures on panels, after the fashion of those of Pompeii, the whole of the furniture being in the Empire style with the exception of the armchairs, which were in tapestry and gold and in fairly good taste. There were three arched windows to which three large mirrors of the same shape at the other end of the salon formed pendants and one of which, the middle one, was a door. The window curtains were of fine white satin richly flowered.

While the Prince de la Moskowa and I were talking Socialism, the Mountain, Communism, etc., Louis Bonaparte came up and took me aside.

He asked me what I thought of the situation. I was reserved. I told him that a good beginning had been made; that the task was a difficult but a grand one; that what he had to do was to reassure the bourgeoisie and satisfy the people, to give tranquillity to the former, work to the latter, and life to all; that after the little governments, those of the elder Bourbons, Louis Philippe, and the Republic of February, a great one was required; that the Emperor had made a great government through war, and that he himself ought to make a great one through peace; that the French people having been illustrious for three centuries did not propose to become ignoble; that it was his failure to appreciate this high-mindedness of the people and the national pride that was the chief cause of Louis Philippe's downfall; that, in a word, he must decorate peace.

"How?" asked Louis Napoleon.

"By all the greatness of art, literature and science, by the victories of industry and progress. Popular labour can accomplish miracles. And then, France is a conquering nation; when she does not make conquests with the sword, she wants to make them with the mind. Know this and act accordingly. Ignore it and you will be lost."

He looked thoughtful and went away. Then he returned, thanked me warmly, and we continued to converse.

We spoke about the press. I advised him to respect it profoundly and at the same time to establish a State press. “The State without a newspaper, in the midst of newspapers,” I observed, “restricting itself to governing while publicity and polemics are the rule, reminds one of the knights of the fifteenth century who obstinately persisted in fighting against cannon with swords; they were always beaten. I grant that it was noble; you will grant that it was foolish.”

He spoke of the Emperor. “It is here,” he said, “that I saw him for the last time. I could not re-enter this palace without emotion. The Emperor had me brought to him and laid his hand on my head. I was seven years old. It was in the grand salon downstairs.”

Then Louis Bonaparte talked about La Malmaison. He said:

“They have respected it. I visited the place in detail about six weeks ago. This is how I came to do so. I had gone to see M. Odilon Barrot at Bougival.

“‘Dine with me,’ he said.

“’ I will with pleasure.’ It was 3 o’clock. ‘What shall we do until dinner time?’

“‘Let us go and see La Malmaison,’ suggested M. Barrot.

“We went. Nobody else was with us. Arrived at La Malmaison we rang the bell. A porter opened the gate, M. Barrot spoke:

“‘We want to see La Malmaison.’

“‘Impossible!’ replied the porter.

“‘What do you mean, impossible?’

“‘I have orders.’

“‘From whom?’

“‘From her Majesty Queen Christine, to whom the château belongs at present.’

“‘But monsieur here is a stranger who has come expressly to visit the place.’

“‘Impossible!’

“‘Well,’ exclaimed M. Odilon Barrot, ‘it’s funny that this door should be closed to the Emperor’s nephew!’

“The porter started and threw his cap on the ground. He was an old soldier, to whom the post had been granted as a pension.

“‘The Emperor’s nephew!’ he cried. ‘Oh! Sire, enter!’

“He wanted to kiss my clothes.

“We visited the château. Everything is still about in its place. I recognised nearly everything, the First Consul’s study, the chamber of his mother, my own. The furniture in several rooms has not been changed. I found a little armchair I had when I was a child.”

I said to the Prince: “You see, thrones disappear, arm-chairs remain.”

While we were talking a few persons came, among others M. Duclerc, the ex-Minister of Finance of the Executive Committee, an old woman in black velvet whom I did not know, and Lord Normanby, the English Ambassador, whom the President quickly took into an adjoining salon. I saw Lord Normanby taken aside in the same way by Louis Philippe.

The President in his salon had an air of timidity and did not appear at home. He came and went from group to group more like an embarrassed stranger than the master of the house. However, his remarks are *a propos* and sometimes witty.

He endeavoured to get my opinion anent his Ministry, but in vain. I would say nothing either good or bad about it.

Besides, the Ministry is only a mask, or, more properly speaking, a screen that hides a baboon. Thiers is behind it. This is beginning to bother Louis Bonaparte. He has to contend against eight Ministers, all of whom seek to belittle him. Each is pulling his own way. Among these Ministers some are his avowed enemies. Nominations, promotions, and lists arrive all made out from the Place Saint Georges. They have to be accepted, signed and endorsed.

Yesterday Louis Bonaparte complained about it to the Prince de la Moskowa, remarking wittily: “They want to make of me a Prince Albert of the Republic.”

Odilon Barrot appeared mournful and discouraged. To-day he left the council with a crushed air. M. de la Moskowa encountered him.

“Hello!” said he, “how goes it?”

“Pray for us!” replied Odilon Barrot.

“Whew!” said Moskowa, “this is tragical!”

“What are we to do?” went on Odilon Barrot. “How are we to rebuild this old society in which everything is collapsing? Efforts to prop it up only help to bring it down. If you touch it, it topples over. Ah! pray for us!”

And he raised his eyes skywards.

I quitted the Elysee about 10 o’clock. As I was going the President said to me: “Wait a minute.” Then he went into an adjoining room and came out again a moment later with some papers which he placed in my hand, saying: “For Madame Victor Hugo.”

They were tickets of admission to the gallery of the Garde-Meuble for the review that is to be held to-day.

And as I went home I thought a good deal. I thought about this abrupt moving in, this trial of etiquette, this bourgeois-republican-imperial mixture, this surface of a deep, unfathomed quantity that to-day is called the President of the Republic, his entourage, the whole circumstances of his position. This man who can be, and is, addressed at one and the same time and from all sides at once as: prince, highness, monsieur, monseigneur and citizen, is not one of the least curious and characteristic factors of the situation.

Everything that is happening at this moment stamps its mark upon this personage who sticks at nothing to attain his ends.

IV. THE FIRST MONTH. January. 1849.

The first month of Louis Bonaparte’s presidency is drawing to a close. This is how we stand at present:

Old-time Bonapartists are cropping up. MM. Jules Favre, Billault and Carteret are paying court—politically Speaking—to the Princess Mathilde Demidoff. The Duchess d’Orleans is residing with her two children in a little house at Ems, where she lives modestly yet royally. All the ideas of February are brought up one after the other; 1849, disappointed, is turning its back on 1848. The generals want amnesty, the wise want disarmament. The Constituent Assembly’s term is expiring and the Assembly is in savage mood in consequence. M. Guizot is publishing his book *On Democracy in France*. Louis Philippe is in London, Pius IX. is at Gaete, M. Barrot is in power; the bourgeoisie has lost Paris, Catholicism has lost Rome. The sky is rainy and gloomy, with a ray of sunshine now and then. Mlle. Ozy shows herself quite naked in the role of

Eve at the Porte Saint Martin; Fréderick Lemaitre is playing “L’Auberge des Adrets” there. Five per cents are at 74, potatoes cost 8 cents the bushel, at the market a pike can be bought for 20 sous. M. Ledru-Rollin is trying to force the country into war, M. Prudhon is trying to force it into bankruptcy. General Cavaignac takes part in the sessions of the Assembly in a grey waist-coat, and passes his time gazing at the women in the galleries through big ivory opera-glasses. M. de Lamartine gets 25,000 francs for his “Toussaint L’Ouverture.” Louis Bonaparte gives grand dinners to M. Thiers, who had him captured, and to M. Mole, who had him condemned. Vienna, Milan, and Berlin are becoming calmer. Revolutionary fires are paling and seem to be dying out everywhere on the surface, but the peoples are still deeply stirred. The King of Prussia is getting ready to seize his sceptre again and the Emperor of Russia to draw his sword. There has been an earthquake at Havre, the cholera is at Fécamp; Arnal is leaving the Gymnase, and the Academy is nominating the Duke de Noailles as Chateaubriand’s successor.

V. FEELING HIS WAY. January, 1849.

At Odilon Barrot’s ball on January 28 M. Thiers went up to M. Leon Faucher and said: “Make So-and-So a prefect.” M. Leon Faucher made a grimace, which is an easy thing for him to do, and said: “Monsieur Thiers, there are objections.” “That’s funny!” retorted Thiers, “it is precisely the answer the President of the Republic gave to me the day I said: ‘Make M. Faucher a Minister!’”

At this ball it was remarked that Louis Bonaparte sought Berryer’s company, attached himself to him and led him into quiet corners. The Prince looked as though he were following Berryer, and Berryer as though he were trying to avoid the Prince.

At 11 o’clock the President said to Berryer: “Come with me to the Opera.”

Berryer excused himself. “Prince,” said he, “it would give rise to gossip. People would believe I am engaged in a love affair!”

“Pish!” replied Louis Bonaparte laughingly, “Representatives are inviolable!”

The Prince went away alone, and the following quatrain was circulated:

En vain l’empire met du fard,

On baisse ses yeux et sa robe.

Et Berryer-Joseph so derobe

A Napoléon-Putiphar.

February, 1849.

Although he is animated with the best intentions in the world and has a very visible quantity of intelligence and aptitude, I fear that Louis Bonaparte will find his task too much for him. To him, France, the century, the new spirit, the instincts peculiar to the soil and the period are so many closed books. He looks without understanding them at minds that are working, Paris, events, men, things and ideas. He belongs to that class of ignorant persons who are called princes and to that category of foreigners who are called *êmigrês*. To those who examine him closely he has the air of a patient rather than of a governing man.

There is nothing of the Bonapartes about him, either in his face or manner. He probably is not a Bonaparte. The free and easy ways of Queen Hortense are remembered. “He is a memento of Holland!” said Alexis de Saint Priest to me yesterday. Louis Bonaparte certainly possesses the cold manner of the Dutch.

Louis Bonaparte knows so little about Paris that the first time I saw him he said to me:

“I have been hunting for you. I went to your former residence. What is this Place des Vosges?”

“It is the Place Royale,” I said.

“Ah!” he continued, “is it an old place?”

He wanted to see Beranger. He went to Passy twice without being able to find him at home. His cousin Napoleon timed his visit more happily and found Béranger by his fireside. He asked him:

“What do you advise my cousin to do?”

“To observe the Constitution.”

“And what ought he to avoid?”

“Violating the Constitution.”

Béranger could not be induced to say anything else.

Yesterday, December 5, 1850, I was at the Français. Rachel played “Adrienne Lecouvreur.” Jerome Bonaparte occupied a box next to mine. During an entr’acte I paid him a visit. We chatted. He said to me:

“Louis is mad. He is suspicious of his friends and delivers himself into the hands of his enemies. He is suspicious of his family and allows himself to be bound hand and foot by the old Royalist parties. On my return to France I was better received by Louis Philippe at the Tuileries than I am at the Elysee by my nephew. I said to him the other day before one of his ministers (Fould): ‘Just remember a little! When you were a candidate for the presidency, Monsieur here (I pointed to Fould) called upon me in the Rue d’Alger, where I lived, and begged me in the name of MM. Thiers, Mole, Duvergier de Hauranne, Berryer, and Bugeaud to enter the lists for the presidency. He told me that never would you get the “Constitutionnel;” that in Mole’s opinion you were an idiot, and that Thiers looked upon you as a blockhead; that I alone could rally everybody to me and win against Cavaignac. I refused. I told them that you represented youth and the future, that you had a quarter of a century before you, whereas I could hardly count upon eight or ten years; that I was an invalid and wanted to be let alone. That is what these people were doing and that is what I did. And you forget all this! And you make these gentlemen the masters! And you show the door to your cousin, my son, who defended you in the Assembly and devoted himself to furthering your candidacy! And you are strangling universal suffrage, which made you what you are! I’ faith I shall say like Mole that you are an idiot, and like Thiers that you are a blockhead!’”

The King of Westphalia paused for a moment, then continued:

“And do you know, Monsieur Victor Hugo, what he replied to me? ‘You will see!’ No one knows what is at the bottom of that man!”

THE SIEGE OF PARIS. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOKS

BRUSSELS, September 1.—Charles* leaves this morning with MM. Claretie, Proust, and Frédérix for Virton. Fighting is going on near there, at Carignan. They will see what they can of the battle. They will return tomorrow.

* *Victor Hugo’s son*.

September 2.—Charles and his friends did not return to-day.

September 3.—Yesterday, after the decisive battle had been lost, Louis Napoleon, who was taken prisoner at Sedan, surrendered his sword to the King of Prussia. Just a month ago, on August 2, at Sarrebrück, he was playing at war.

To save France now would be to save Europe.

Shouting newsboys pass, with enormous posters on which are the words: “Napoleon III. a Prisoner.”

5 o’clock.—Charles and our friends have returned.

9 o’clock.—Meeting of exiles at which Charles and I are present.

Query: Tricolour flag or red flag?

September 4.—The deposition of the Emperor is proclaimed in Paris.

At 1 o’clock a meeting of exiles is held at my house.

At 3 o’clock I receive a telegram from Paris couched in the following terms: “Bring the children with you.” Which means “Come.”

MM. Claretie and Proust dined with us.

During the dinner a telegram signed “François Hugo” arrived, announcing that a provisional government had been formed: Jules Favre, Gambetta, Thiers.

September 5.—At 6 o’clock in the morning a telegram signed “Barbieux,” and asking the hour of my arrival in Paris, is brought to me. I instruct Charles to answer that I shall arrive at 9 o’clock at night. We shall take the children with us. We shall leave by the 2.35 o’clock train.

The Provisional Government (according to the newspapers) is made up of all the Deputies of Paris, with the exception of Thiers.

At noon, as I was about to leave Brussels for Paris, a young man, a Frenchman, accosted me in the Place de la Monnaie and said:

Monsieur, they tell me that you are Victor Hugo.”

“Yes.”

“Be so kind as to enlighten me. I would like to know whether it is prudent to go to Paris at present.”

“Monsieur, it is very imprudent, but you should go,” was my reply.

We entered France at 4 o'clock.

At Tergnier, at 6.30, we dined upon a piece of bread, a little cheese, a pear and a glass of wine. Claretie insisted upon paying, and said: "I want particularly to give you a dinner on the day of your return to France."

En route I saw in the woods a camp of French soldiers, men and horses mingled. I shouted to them: "Long live the army!" and I wept.

At frequent intervals we came across train-loads of soldiers on their way to Paris. Twenty-five of these passed during the day. As one of them went by we gave to the soldiers all the provisions we had, some bread, fruit and wine. The sun shone brightly and was succeeded by a bright moon.

We arrived in Paris at 9.35 o'clock. An immense crowd awaited me. It was an indescribable welcome. I spoke four times, once from the balcony of a café and thrice from my carriage.

When I took leave of this ever-growing crowd, which escorted me to Paul Meurice's, in the Avenue Frochot, I said to the people: "In one hour you repay me for twenty years of exile."

They sang the "Marseillaise" and the "Chant du Depart."

They shouted: "Long live Victor Hugo!"

The journey from the Northern Railway station to the Rue Laval took two hours.

We arrived at Meurice's, where I am to stay, at mid-night. I dined with my travelling companions and Victor. I went to bed at 2 o'clock.

At daybreak I was awakened by a terrible storm. Thunder and lightning.

I shall take breakfast with Paul Meurice, and we shall dine together at the Hotel Navarin, in the Rue Navarin, where my family is staying.

PARIS, September 6.—Innumerable visits, innumerable letters.

Rey came to ask me whether I would consent to join a triumvirate composed as follows: Victor Hugo, Ledru-Rollin, and Schoelcher. I refused. I said: "It is almost impossible to amalgamate me."

I recalled several things to his mind. He said: "Do you remember that it was I who received you when you arrived at the Baudin barricade?" * I replied: "I remember the

fact so well that—. And I recited the lines at the beginning of the piece (unpublished) upon the Baudin barricade:

La barricade était livide dans l'aurore,

Et comme j'arrivais elle fumait encore.

Rey me serra la main et dit: Baudin est mort…

* *Representative Baudin was killed on the barricade in the Faubourg Saint Antoine on December 2, 1852, during Louis Bonaparte's coup d'Etat.*

He burst into tears.

September 7.—Louis Blanc, d'Alton-Shée, Banville and others came to see me.

The women of the Markets brought me a bouquet.

September 8.—I am warned that it is proposed to assassinate me. I shrug my shoulders.

This morning I wrote my "Letter to the Germans." It will be sent tomorrow.

Visit from General Cluseret.

At 10 o'clock I went to the office of the Rappel to correct the proofs of my "Letter to the Germans."

September 9.—Received a visit from General Montfort. The generals are asking me for commands, I am being asked to grant audiences, office-seekers are asking me for places. I reply: "I am nobody."

I saw Captain Feval, husband of Fanny, the sister of Alice. * He was a prisoner of war, and was released on parole.

* *Wife of Charles Hugo.*

All the newspapers publish my "Appeal to the Germans."

September 10.—D'Alton-Shée and Louis Ulbach lunched with us. Afterwards we went to the Place de la Concorde. At the foot of the flower-crowned statue of Strasburg is a register. Everybody comes to sign the resolution of public thanks. I inscribed my

name. The crowd at once surrounded me. The ovation of the other night was about to recommence. I hurried to my carriage.

Among the persons who called upon me was Cernuschi.

September 11.—Received a visit from Mr. Wickham Hoffman, Secretary of the United States Legation. Mr. Washburne, the American Minister, had requested him to ask me whether I did not think that some good might result were he to intervene *officiously* and see the King of Prussia. I sent him to Jules Favre.

September 12.—Among other callers was Frédérick Lemaître.

September 13.—To-day there is a review of the army of Paris. I am alone in my chamber. The battalions march through the streets singing the "Marseillaise" and the "Chant du Depart." I hear this immense shout:

For France a Frenchman should live,

*For France a Frenchman should die.**

* *The "Chant du Depart."*

I listen and I weep. On, valiant ones! I will go where you go.

Receive a visit from the United States Consul-General and Mr. Wickham Hoffman.

Julie* writes me from Guernsey that the acorn I planted on July 14 has sprouted. The oak of the United States of Europe issued from the ground on September 5, the day of my return to Paris.

* *Victor Hugo's sister-in-law.*

September 14.—I received a visit from the committee of the Société des Gens de Lettres, which wants me to be its president; from M. Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction; from Colonel Piré, who commands a corps of volunteers, etc.

September 16.—One year ago to-day I opened the Peace Congress at Lausanne. This morning I wrote the "Appeal to Frenchmen" for a war to the bitter end against the invasion.

On going out I perceived hovering over Montmartre the captive balloon from which a watch is to be kept upon the besiegers.

September 17.—All the forests around Paris are burning. Charles made a trip to the fortifications and is perfectly satisfied with them. I deposited at the office of the Rappel 2,088 francs 30 centimes, subscribed in Guernsey for the wounded and sent by M. H. Tupper, the French Consul.

At the same time I deposited at the "Rappel" office a bracelet and earrings of gold, sent anonymously for the wounded by a woman. Accompanying the trinkets was a little golden neck medal for Jeanne.*

* *Victor Hugo's little granddaughter.*

September 20.—Charles and his little family left the Hotel Navarin yesterday and installed themselves at 174, Rue de Rivoli. Charles and his wife, as well as Victor, will continue to dine with me every day.

The attack upon Paris began yesterday.

Louis Blanc, Gambetta and Jules Ferry came to see me this morning.

I went to the Institute to sign the Declaration that it proposes to issue encouraging the capital to resist to the last.

I will not accept any limited candidacy. I would accept with devotedness the candidacy of the city of Paris. I want the voting to be not by districts, with local candidates, but by the whole city with one list to select from.

I went to the Ministry of Public Instruction to see Mme. Jules Simon, who is in mourning for her old friend Victor Bois. Georges and Jeanne were in the garden. I played with them.

Nadar came to see me this evening to ask me for some letters to put in a balloon which he will send up the day after tomorrow. It will carry with it my three addresses: "To the Germans," "To Frenchmen," "To Parisians."

October 6.—Nadar's balloon, which has been named the "Barbes," and which is taking my letters, etc., started this morning, but had to come down again, as there was not enough wind. It will leave to-morrow. It is said that Jules Favre and Gambetta will go in it.

Last night General John Meredith Read, United States Consul-General, called upon me. He had seen the American General Burnside, who is in the Prussian camp. The Prussians, it appears, have respected Versailles. They are afraid to attack Paris. This we are aware of, for we can see it for ourselves.

October 7.—This morning, while strolling on the Boulevard de Clichy, I perceived a balloon at the end of a street leading to Montmartre. I went up to it. A small crowd bordered a large square space that was walled in by the perpendicular bluffs of Montmartre. In this space three balloons were being inflated, a large one, a medium-sized one, and a small one. The large one was yellow, the medium one white, and the small one striped yellow and red.

In the crowd it was whispered that Gambetta was going. Sure enough I saw him in a group near the yellow balloon, wearing a heavy overcoat and a sealskin cap. He seated himself upon a paving-stone and put on a pair of high fur-lined boots. A leather bag was slung over his shoulder. He took it off, entered the balloon, and a young man, the aeronaut, tied the bag to the cordage above Gambetta's head.

It was half past 10. The weather was fine and sunshiny, with a light southerly breeze. All at once the yellow balloon rose, with three men in it, one of whom was Gambetta. Then the white balloon went up with three men, one of whom waved a tricolour flag. Beneath Gambetta's balloon hung a long tricolour streamer. "Long live the Republic!" shouted the crowd.

The two balloons went up for some distance, the white one going higher than the yellow one, then they began to descend. Ballast was thrown out, but they continued their downward flight. They disappeared behind Montmartre hill. They must have landed on the Saint Denis plain. They were too heavily weighted, or else the wind was not strong enough.

The departure took place after all, for the balloons went up again.

We paid a visit to Notre Dame, which has been admirably restored.

We also went to see the Tour Saint Jacques. While our carriage was standing there one of the delegates of the other day (from the Eleventh Arrondissement) came up and told me that the Eleventh Arrondissement had come round to my views, concluded that I was right in insisting upon a vote of the whole city upon a single list of candidates, begged me to accept the nomination upon the conditions I had imposed, and wanted to know what ought to be done should the Government refuse to permit an election. Ought force be resorted to? I replied that a civil war would help the foreign war that was being waged against us and deliver Paris to the Prussians.

On the way home I bought some toys for my little ones—a zouave in a sentry-box for Georges, and for Jeanne a doll that opens and shuts its eyes.

October 8.—I have received a letter from M. L. Colet, of Vienna (Austria), by way of Normandy. It is the first letter that has reached me from the outside since Paris has been invested.

There has been no sugar in Paris for six days. The rationing of meat began to-day. We shall get three quarters of a pound per person and per day.

Incidents of the postponed Commune. Feverish unrest in Paris. Nothing to cause uneasiness, however. The deep-toned Prussian cannon thunder continuously. They recommend unity among us.

The Minister of Finance, M. Ernest Picard, through his secretary, asks me to "grant him an audience;" these are the terms he uses. I answer that I will see him on Monday morning, October 10.

October 9.—Five delegates from the Ninth Arrondissement came in the name of the arrondissement to *forbid me to get myself killed*.

October 10.—M. Ernest Picard came to see me. I asked him to issue immediately a decree liberating all articles pawned at the Mont de Piété for less than 15 francs (the present decree making absurd exceptions, linen, for instance). I told him that the poor could not wait. He promised to issue the decree to-morrow.

There is no news of Gambetta. We are beginning to get uneasy. The wind carried him to the north-east, which is occupied by the Prussians.

October 11.—Good news of Gambetta. He descended at Epineuse, near Amiens.

Last night, after the demonstrations in Paris, while passing a group that had assembled under a street lamp, I heard these words: "It appears that Victor Hugo and the others—." I continued on my way, and did not listen to the rest, as I did not wish to be recognised.

After dinner I read to my friends the verses with which the French edition of *Les Châtiments* begins ("When about to return to France," Brussels, August 31, 1870).

October 12.—It is beginning to get cold. Barbieux, who commands a battalion, brought us the helmet of a Prussian soldier who was killed by his men. This helmet greatly astonished little Jeanne. These angels do not yet know anything about earth.

The decree I demanded for the indigent was published this morning in the "Journal Officiel."

M. Pallain, the Minister's secretary, whom I met as I came out of the Carrousel, told me that the decree would cost 800,000 francs.

I replied: "Eight hundred thousand francs, all right. Take from the rich. Give to the poor."

October 13.—I met to-day Théophile Gautier, whom I I had not seen for many years. I embraced him. He was rather nervous. I told him to come and dine with me.

October 14.—The Château of Saint Cloud was burned yesterday!

I went to Claye's to correct last proofs of the French edition of *Les Chatiments* which will appear on Tuesday. Dr. Emile Allix brought me a Prussian cannon-ball which he had picked up behind a barricade, near Montrouge, where it had just killed two horses. The cannon-ball weighs 25 pounds. Georges, in playing with it, pinched his fingers under it, which made him cry a good deal.

To-day is the anniversary of Jena!

October 16.—There is no more butter. There is no more cheese. Very little milk is left, and eggs are nearly all gone.

The report that my name has been given to the Boulevard Haussmann is confirmed. I have not been to see it for myself.

October 17.—To-morrow a postal balloon named the "Victor Hugo" is to be sent up in the Place de la Concorde. I am sending a letter to London by this balloon.

October 18.—I have paid a visit to Les Feuillantines. The house and garden of my boyhood have disappeared.

A street now passes over the site.

October 19.—Louis Blanc came to dine with me. He brought a declaration by ex-Representatives for me to sign. I said that I would not sign it unless it were drawn up in a different manner.

October 20.—Visit from the Gens de Lettres committee. To-day the first postage stamps of the Republic of 1870 were put in circulation.

Les Châtiments (French edition) appeared in Paris this morning.

The papers announce that the balloon "Victor Hugo" descended in Belgium. It is the first postal balloon to cross the frontier.

October 21.-They say that Alexandre Dumas died on October 13 at the home of his son at Havre. He was a large-hearted man of great talent. His death grieves me greatly.

Louis Blanc and Brives came to speak to me again about the Declaration of Representatives. My opinion is that it would be better to postpone it.

Nothing is more charming than the sounding of the reveille in Paris. It is dawn. One hears first, nearby, a roll of drums, followed by the blast of a bugle, exquisite melody, winged and warlike. Then all is still. In twenty seconds the drums roll again, then the bugle rings out, but further off. Then silence once more. An instant later, further off still, the same song of bugle and drum falls more faintly but still distinctly upon the ear. Then after a pause the roll and blast are repeated, very far away. Then they are heard again, at the extremity of the horizon, but indistinctly and like an echo. Day breaks and the shout "To arms!" is heard. The sun rises and Paris awakes.

October 22.—The edition of 5,000 copies of *Les Châtiments* has been sold in two days. I have authorised the printing of another 3,000.

Little Jeanne has imagined a way of puffing out her cheeks and raising her arms in the air that is adorable.

The first 5,000 copies of the Parisian edition of *Les Chatiments* has brought me in 500 francs, which I am sending to the "Siècle" as a subscription to the national fund for the cannon that Paris needs.

Mathe and Gambon, the ex-Representatives, called to ask me to take part in a meeting of which former representatives are to form the nucleus. The meeting would be impossible without me, they said. But I see more disadvantages than advantages in such a meeting. I thought I ought to refuse.

We are eating horsemeat in every style. I saw the following in the window of a cook-shop: "Saucisson chevaleresque."

October 23.—The 17th Battalion asked me to be the first subscriber of "one sou" to a fund for purchasing a cannon. They will collect 300,000 sous. This will make 15,000 francs, which will purchase a 24-centimetre gun, carrying 8,500 metres—equal to the Krupp guns.

Lieutenant Maréchal brought to collect my sou an Egyptian cup of onyx dating from the Pharaohs, engraved with the moon and the sun, the Great Bear and the Southern Cross (?) and having for handles two cynocephalus demons. The engraving of this cup required the life-work of a man. I gave my sou. D'Alton-Shée, who was present, gave his, as did also M. and Mme. Meurice, and the two servants, Mariette and Clémence.

The 17th Battalion wanted to call the gun the “Victor Hugo.” I told them to call it the “Strasburg.” In this way the Prussians will still receive shots from Strasburg.

We chatted and laughed with the officers of the 17th Battalion. It was the duty of the two cynocephalus genie of the cup to bear souls to hell. I remarked: “Very well, I confide William and Bismarck to them.”

Visit from M. Edouard Thierry. He came to request me to allow “Stella” to be read in aid of the wounded at the Théâtre Français. I gave him his choice of all the “Châtiments.” That startled him. And I demanded that the reading be for a cannon.

Visit from M. Charles Floquet. He has a post at the Hotel de Ville. I commissioned him to tell the Government to call the Mont Valérien “Mont Strasbourg.”

October 24.—Visit from General Le Flo. Various deputations received.

October 25.—There is to be a public reading of *Les Châtiments* for a cannon to be called “Le Châtiment.” We are preparing for it.

Brave Rostan,* whom I treated harshly one day, and who likes me because I did right, has been arrested for indiscipline in the National Guard. He has a little motherless boy six years old who has nobody else to take care of him. What was to be done, the father being in prison? I told him to send the youngster to me at the Pavilion de Rohan. He sent him to-day.

* *A workingman, friend of Victor Hugo.*

October 26.-At 6.30 o’clock Rostan, released from prison, came to fetch his little Henri. Great joy of father and son.

October 28.—Edgar Quinet came to see me.

Schoelcher and Commander Farcy, who gave his name to his gunboat, dined with me. After dinner, at half past 8 I went with Schoelcher to his home at 16, Rue de la Chaise. We found there Quinet, Ledru-Rollin, Mathé, Gambon, Lamarque, and Brives. This was my first meeting with Ledru-Rollin. We engaged in a very courteous argument over the question of founding a club, he being for and I against it. We shook hands. I returned home at midnight.

October 29.—Visits from the Gens de Lettres committee, Frédérick Lemaitre, MM. Berton and Lafontaine and Mlle. Favart for a third cannon to be called the “Victor Hugo.” I oppose the name.

I have authorised the fourth edition of 3,000 copies of *Les Châtiments*, which will make to date 11,000 copies for Paris alone.

October 30.—I received the letter of the Société des Gens de Lettres asking me to authorise a public reading of Les Chatiments, the proceeds of which will give to Paris another cannon to be called the "Victor Hugo." I gave the authorisation. In my reply written this morning I demanded that instead of "Victor Hugo" the gun be called the "Châteaudun." The reading will take place at the Porte Saint Martin.

M. Berton came. I read to him *L'Expiation*, which he is to read. M. and Mme. Meurice and d'Alton-Shée were present at the reading.

News has arrived that Metz has capitulated and that Bazaine's army has surrendered.

Bills announcing the reading of *Les Châtiments* have been posted. M. Raphael Felix came to tell me the time at which the rehearsal is to take place tomorrow. I hired a seven-seat box for this reading, which I placed at the disposal of the ladies.

On returning home this evening I met in front of the Mairie, M. Chaudey, who was at the Lausanne Peace Conference and who is Mayor of the Sixth Arrondissement. He was with M. Philibert Audebrand. We talked sorrowfully about the taking of Metz.

October 31.—Skirmish at the Hotel de Ville. Blanqui, Flourens and Delescluze want to overthrow the provisional power, Trochu and Jules Favre. I refuse to associate myself with them.

An immense crowd. My name is on the lists of members for the proposed Government. I persist in my refusal.

Flourens and Blanqui held some of the members of the Government prisoners at the Hotel de Ville all day.

At midnight some National Guards came from the Hotel de Ville to fetch me "to preside," they said, "over the new Government." I replied that I was most emphatically opposed to this attempt to seize the power and refused to go to the Hotel de Ville.

At 3 o'clock in the morning Flourens and Blanqui quitted the Hotel de Ville and Trochu entered it.

The Commune of Paris is to be elected.

November 1.—We have postponed for a few days the reading of *Les Châtiments*, which was to have been given at the Porte Saint Martin to-day, Tuesday.

Louis Blanc came this morning to consult me as to what ought to be the conduct of the Commune.

The newspapers unanimously praise the attitude I took yesterday in rejecting the advances made to me.

November 2.—The Government demands a “yes” or a “no.”

Louis Blanc and my sons came to talk to me about it.

The report that Alexandre Dumas is dead is denied.

November 4.—I have been requested to be Mayor of the Third, also of the Eleventh, Arrondissement. I refused.

I went to the rehearsal of *Les Châtiments* at the Porte Saint Martin. Frédérick Lemaitre and Mmes. Laurent, Lia Felix and Duguéret were present.

November 5.—To-day the public reading of *Les Châtiments*, the proceeds of which are to purchase a cannon for the defence of Paris, was given.

The Third, Eleventh and Fifteenth Arrondissements want me to stand for Mayor. I refuse.

Mérimée has died at Cannes. Dumas is not dead, but he is paralyzed.

November 7.—The 24th Battalion waited upon me and wanted me to give them a cannon.

November 8.—Last night, on returning from a visit to General Le Flo, I for the first time crossed the Pont des Tuileries, which has been built since my departure from France.

November 9.—The net receipts from the reading of *Les Châtiments* at the Porte Saint Martin for the gun which I have named the “Châteaudun” amounted to 7,000 francs, the balance going to pay the attendants, firemen, and lighting, the only expenses charged.

At the Cail works mitrailleuses of a new model, called the Gatling model, are being made.

Little Jeanne is beginning to chatter.

A second reading of *Les Châtiments* for another cannon will be given at the “Théâtre Français”.

November 11.—Mlle. Periga called today to rehearse *Pauline Roland*, which she will read at the second reading of *Les Châtiments*, announced for to-morrow at the Porte Saint Martin. I took a carriage, dropped Mlle. Périga at her home, and then went to the rehearsal of to-morrow's reading at the theatre. Frederick Lemaitre, Berton, Maubart, Taillade, Lacressonnière, Charly, Mmes. Laurent, Lia Felix, Rousseil, M. Raphael Felix and the committee of the Société des Gens de Lettres were there.

After the rehearsal the wounded of the Porte Saint Martin ambulance asked me, through Mme. Laurent, to go and see them. I said: "With all my heart," and I went.

They are lying in several rooms, chief of which is the old green-room of the theatre with its big round mirrors, where in 1831 I read to the actors "Marion de Lorme". M. Crosnier was then director. (Mme. Dorval and Bocage were present at that reading.) On entering I said to the wounded men: "Behold one who envies you. I desire nothing more on earth but one of your wounds. I salute you, children of France, favourite sons of the Republic, elect who suffer for the Fatherland."

They seemed to be greatly moved. I shook hands with each of them. One held out his mutilated wrist. Another had lost his nose. One had that very morning undergone two painful operations. A very young man had been decorated with the military medal a few hours before. A convalescent said to me: "I am a Franc-Comtois." "Like myself," said I. And I embraced him. The nurses, in white aprons, who are the actresses of the theatre, burst into tears.

November 13.—I had M. and Mme. Paul Meurice, Vacquerie and Louis Blanc to dinner this evening. We dined at 6 o'clock, as the second reading of *Les Chatiments* was fixed to begin at the Porte Saint Martin at 7.30. I offered a box to Mme. Paul Meurice for the reading.

November 14.—The receipts for *Les Chatiments* last night (without counting the collection taken up in the theatre) amounted to 8,000 francs.

Good news! General d'Aurelle de Paladine has retaken Orleans and beaten the Prussians. Schoelcher came to inform me of it.

November 15.—Visit from M. Arsène Houssaye and Henri Houssaye, his son. He is going to have Stella read at his house in aid of the wounded.

M. Valois came to tell me that the two readings of *Les Châtiments* brought in 14,000 francs. For this sum not two, but three guns can be purchased. The Société des Gens de Lettres desires that, the first having been named by me the "Châteaudun" and the

second “Les Châtiments”, the third shall be called the “Victor Hugo.” I have consented.

Pierre Veron has sent me Daumier’s fine drawing representing the Empire annihilated by *Les Chatiments*.

November 16.—Baroche, they say, has died at Caen.

M. Edouard Thierry refuses to allow the fifth act of “Hernani” to be played at the Porte Saint Martin for the victims of Châteaudun and for the cannon of the 24th Battalion. A queer obstacle this M. Thierry!

November 17.—Visit from the Gens de Lettres committee. The committee came to ask me to authorise a reading of *Les Châtiments* at the Opera to raise funds for another cannon.

I mention here once for all that I authorise whoever desires to do so, to read or perform whatever he likes that I have written, if it be for cannon, the wounded, ambulances, workshops, orphanages, victims of the war, or the poor, and that I abandon all my royalties on these readings or performances.

I decide that the third reading of *Les Chatiments* shall be given at the Opera gratis for the people.

November 19.—Mme. Marie Laurent came to recite to me *Les Pauvres Gens*, which she will recite at the Porte Saint Martin to-morrow to raise funds for a cannon.

November 20.—Last evening there was an aurora borealis.

“La Grosse Josephine” is no longer my neighbour. She has just been transported to Bastion No. 41. It took twenty-six horses to draw her. I am sorry they have taken her away. At night I could hear her deep voice, and it seemed to me that she was speaking to me. I divided my love between “Grosse Joséphine” and Little Jeanne.

Little Jeanne can now say “papa” and “mamma” very well.

To-day there was a review of the National Guard.

November 21.—Mme. Jules Simon and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt came to see me.

After dinner many visitors called, and the drawing-room was crowded. It appears that Veuillot insulted me.

Little Jeanne begins to crawl on her hands and knees very well indeed.

November 23.—Jules Simon writes me that the Opera will be given to me for the people (free reading of *Les Châtiments*) any day I fix upon. I wanted Sunday, but out of consideration for the concert that the actors and employés of the Opera give Sunday night for their own benefit I have selected Monday.

Frédérick Lemaitre called. He kissed my hands and wept.

It has been raining for two or three days. The rain has soaked the plains, the cannon-wheels would sink into the ground, and the sortie has therefore had to be deferred. For two days Paris has been living on salt meat. A rat costs 8 sous.

November 24.—I authorise the Théâtre Français to play to-morrow, Friday, the 25th, on behalf of the victims of the war, the fifth act of "Hernani" by the actors of the Théâtre Français and the last act of "Lucrece Borgia" by the actors of the Porte Saint Martin, and in addition the recitation as an intermede of extracts from *Les Châtiments*, *Les Contemplations* and *La Légende des Siècles*.

Mlle. Favart came this morning to rehearse with me *Booz Endormie*. Then we went together to the Français for the rehearsal for the performance of to-morrow. She acted Doña Sol very well indeed. Mme. Laurent (Lucrèce Borgia) also played well. During the rehearsal M. de Flavigny dropped in. I said to him: "Good morning, my dear ex-colleague." He looked at me, then with some emotion exclaimed: "Hello! is that you?" And he added: "How well preserved you are!" I replied: "Banishment preserves one."

I returned the ticket for a box that the Théâtre Français sent to me for to-morrow's performance, and hired a box, which I placed at the disposal of Mme. Paul Meurice.

After dinner the new Prefect of Police, M. Cresson, paid me a visit. M. Cresson was the barrister who twenty years ago defended the murderers of General Bréa. He spoke to me about the free reading of *Les Châtiments* to be given on Monday the 28th at the Opera. It is feared that an immense crowd—all the faubourgs—will be attracted. More than 25,000 men and women. Three thousand will be able to get in. What is to be done with the rest? The Government is uneasy. Many are called but few will be chosen, and it fears that a crush, fighting and disorders will result. The Government will refuse me nothing. It wants to know whether I will accept the responsibility. It will do whatever I wish done. The Prefect of Police has been instructed to come to an understanding with me about it.

I said to M. Cresson: "Let us consult Vacquerie and Meurice and my two sons." He replied: "Willingly." The six of us held a council. We decided that three thousand tickets should be distributed on Sunday, the day before the lecture, at the mairies of the twenty arrondissements to the first persons who presented themselves after

noon. Each arrondissement will receive a number of tickets in proportion to the number of its population. The next day the 3,000 holders of tickets (to all places) will wait their turn at the doors of the Opera without causing any obstruction or trouble. The “Journal Officiel” and special posters will apprise the public of the measures taken in the interest of public order.

November 25.—Mlle. Lia Felix came to rehearse *Sacer Esto*, which she will recite to the people on Monday.

M. Tony Révillon, who is to make a speech, came to see me with the Gens de Lettres committee.

A deputation of Americans from the United States came to express their indignation with the Government of the American Republic and with President Grant for abandoning France—“To which the American Republic owes so much!” said I. “Owes everything,” declared one of the Americans present.

A good deal of cannonading has been heard for several days. To-day it redoubled.

Mme. Meurice wants some fowls and rabbits in order to provide against the coming famine. She is having a hutch made for them in my little garden. The carpenter who is constructing it entered my chamber a little while ago and said: “I would like to touch your hand.” I pressed both his hands in mine.

November 27.—The Academy has given a sign of life. I have received official notice that in future it will hold an extraordinary session every Tuesday.

Pâtés of rat are being made. They are said to be very good.

An onion costs a sou. A potato costs a sou.

They have given up asking my authorisation to recite my works which are being recited everywhere without my permission. They are right. What I write is not my own. I am a public thing.

November 28.—Noel Parfait came to ask my help for Châteaudun. Certainly; with all my heart!

Les Châtiments was recited gratis at the Opera. An immense crowd. A gilt wreath was thrown on the stage. I gave it to Georges and Jeanne. The collection made in Prussian helmets by the actresses produced 1,521 francs 35 centimes in coppers.

Emile Allix brought us a leg of antelope from the Jardin des Plantes. It is excellent.

To-night the sortie is to be made.

November 29.—All night long I heard the cannon.

The fowls were installed in my garden to-day.

The sortie is being delayed. The bridge thrown across the Marne by Ducros has been carried away, the Prussians having blown open the locks.

November 30.—All night long the cannon thundered. The battle continues.

At midnight last night as I was returning home through the Rue de Richelieu from the Pavilion de Rohan, I saw just beyond the National Library, the street being deserted and dark at the time, a window open on the sixth floor of a very high house and a very bright light, which appeared to be that of a petroleum lamp, appear and disappear several times; then the window closed and the street became dark again. Was it a signal?

The cannon can be heard at three points round Paris, to the east, west and south. This is because a triple attack is being made on the ring the Prussians have drawn round us. The attack is being made at Saint Denis by Laroncière, at Courbevoie by Vinoy, and on the Marne by Ducros. Laroncière is said to have swept the peninsula of Gennevilliers and compelled a Saxon regiment to lay down its arms, and Vinoy is said to have destroyed the Prussian works beyond Bougival. As to Ducros, he has crossed the Marne, taken and retaken Montédy, and almost holds Villiers-sur-Marne. What one experiences on hearing the cannon is a great desire to be there.

This evening Pelletan sent his son, Camille Pelletan, to inform me on behalf of the Government that to-morrow's operations will be decisive.

December 1.—It appears that Louise Michel has been arrested. I will do all that is necessary to have her released immediately. Mme. Meurice is occupying herself about it. She went out this morning for that purpose.

D'Alton-Shée came to see me.

We ate bear for dinner.

I have written to the Prefect of Police to have Louise Michel released.

There was no fighting to-day. The positions taken were fortified.

December 2.—Louise Michel has been released. She came to thank me.

Last evening M. Coquelin called to recite several pieces from *Les Châtiments*.

It is freezing. The basin of the Pigalle fountain is frozen over.

The cannonade recommenced at daybreak.

11.30 A.M.—The cannonade increases.

Flourens wrote to me yesterday and Rochefort to-day. They are coming round to me again.

Dorian, Minister of Public Works, and Pelletan came to dine with me.

Excellent news to-night! The Army of the Loire is at Montargis. The Army of Paris has driven back the Prussians from the Avron plateau. The despatches announcing these successes are read aloud at the doors of the mairies.

Victory! The Second of December has been wiped out!

December 3.—General Renault, who was wounded in the foot by a splinter from a shell, is dead.

I told Schoelcher that I want to go out with my sons if the batteries of the National Guard to which they belong are sent to the front. The batteries drew lots. Four are to go. One of them is the 10th Battery, of which Victor is a member. I will go out with that battery. Charles does not belong to it, which is a good job; he will stay behind, he has two children. I will order him to stay. Vacquerie and Meurice are members of the 10th Battery. We shall be together in the combat. I will have a cape with a hood made for me. What I fear is the cold at night.

I made some shadows on the wall for Georges and Jeanne. Jeanne laughed delightedly at the shadow and the grimaces of the profile; but when she saw that the shadow was me she cried and screamed. She seemed to say: “I don’t want you to be a phantom!” Poor, sweet angel! Perhaps she has a presentiment of the coming battle.

Yesterday we ate some stag; the day before we partook of bear; and the two days previous we fared on antelope. These were presents from the Jardin des Plantes.

To-night at 11 o’clock, cannonading. Violent and brief.

December 4.—A notice has been posted on my door indicating the precautions to be taken “in case of bombardment.” That is the title of the notice.

There is a pause in the combat. Our army has recrossed the Marne.

Little Jeanne crawls very well on her bands and knees and says “papa” very prettily.

December 5.—I have just seen a magnificent hearse, draped with black velvet, embroidered with an “H” surrounded by silver stars, go by to fetch its burden. A Roman would not disdain to be borne in it.

Gautier came to dine with me. After dinner Banville and Coppée called.

Bad news. Orleans has been captured from us again. No matter. Let us persist.

December 7.—I had Gautier, Banville and François Coppée to dinner. After dinner Asselineau came. I read *Floréal and L’Egout de Rome* to them.

December 8.—The “Patrie en Danger” has ceased to appear. In the absence of readers, says Blanqui.

M. Maurice Lachâtre, publisher, came to make me an offer for my next book. He has sent me his *Dictionary and The History of the Revolution* by Louis Blanc. I shall present to him Napoleon the Little and *Les Châtiments*.

December 9.—I woke up in the night and wrote some verses. At the same time I heard the cannon.

M. Bondes came to see me. The correspondent of the “Times,” who is at Versailles, has written him that the guns for the bombardment of Paris have arrived. They are Krupp guns. They are awaiting their carriages. They have been arranged in the Prussian arsenal at Versailles side by side “like bottles in a cellar,” according to this Englishman.

I copy the following from a newspaper:

M. Victor Hugo had manifested the intention to leave Paris unarmed, with the artillery battery of the National Guard to which his two sons belong.

The 144th Battalion of the National Guard went in a body to the poet’s residence in the Avenue Frochot. Two delegates waited upon him.

These honourable citizens went to forbid Victor Hugo to carry out his plan, which he had announced some time ago in his “Address to the Germans.”

“Everybody can fight,” the deputation told him. “But everybody cannot write *Les Chatiments*. Stay at home, therefore, and take care of a life that is so precious to France.”

I do not remember the number of the battalion. It was not the 144th. Here are the terms of the address which was read to me by the major of the battalion:

The National Guard of Paris forbids Victor Hugo to go to the front, inasmuch as everybody can go to the front, whereas Victor Hugo alone can do what Victor Hugo does.

“Forbids” is touching and charming.

December 11.—Rostan came to see me. He has his arm in a sling. He was wounded at Créteil. It was at night. A German soldier rushed at him and pierced his arm with a bayonet. Rostan retaliated with a bayonet thrust in the German’s shoulder. Both fell and rolled into a ditch. Then they became good friends. Rostan speaks a little broken German.

“Who are you?”

“I am a Wurtembergian. I am twenty-two years old. My father is a clockmaker of Leipsic.”

They remained in the ditch for three hours, bleeding, numb with cold, helping each other. Rostan, wounded, brought the man who wounded him back as a prisoner. He goes to see him at the hospital. These two men adore each other. They wanted to kill each other, and now they would die for each other.

Eliminate kings from the dispute!

Visit from M. Rey. The Ledru-Rollin group is completely disorganized. No more parties; the Republic. It is well.

I presented some Dutch cheese to Mme. Paul Meurice. Sleet is falling.

December 12.—I arrived in Brussels nineteen years ago to-day.

December 13.—Since yesterday Paris has been lighted with petroleum.

Heavy cannonade to-night.

December 14.—Thaw. Cannonade.

To-night we glanced over *Goya’s Disasters of War* (brought by Burty, the art critic). It is fine and hideous.

December 15.—Emmanuel Arago, Minister of Justice, came to see me and informed me that there would be fresh meat until February 15, but that in future only brown bread would be made in Paris. There will be enough of this to last for five months.

Allix brought me a medal struck to commemorate my return to France. It bears on one side a winged genius and the words: “Liberty, Equality and Fraternity,” and on the other

side, round the rim: “Appeal to Universal Democracy,” and in the centre: “To Victor Hugo, From His Grateful Fatherland.’ September, 1870.”

This medal is sold in the streets and costs 5 centimes. There is a little ring in it by which it can be suspended to a chain.

December 16.—Pelleport* came to-night. I requested him to visit Flourens, in Mazas Prison, on my behalf, and to take him a copy of *Napoleon the Little*.

* *One of the editors of the “Rappel.”*

December 17.—The “Electeur Libre” calls upon Louis Blanc and me to enter the Government, and affirms that it is our duty to do so. My duty is dictated to me by my conscience.

I saw the gunboat “Estoc” pass under the Pont des Arts, going up Seine. She is a fine vessel and her big gun has a terribly grand appearance.

December 18.—I worked a magic lantern for little Georges and little Jeanne.

My royalty for Mme. Favart’s recitation of *Stella* at a performance given by the 14th Battalion amounted to 130 francs. My agent took my royalty in spite of my instructions. I have ordered him to turn the money over to the sick fund of the battalion.

M. Hetzel writes: “The closing of the printing office is imminent, as I can get no more coal to keep the presses going.”

I authorise another issue of 3,000 copies of *Les Châtiments*, which will bring the total for Paris up to 22,000.

December 20.—Captain Breton, of the Garde Mobile, who has been cashiered on the charge of being a coward, brought against him by his lieutenant-colonel, demands a court-martial, but first of all to be sent to the firing line. His company leaves to-morrow morning. He begs me to obtain for him from the Minister of War permission to go and get himself killed. I have written to General Le Flô about him. It is likely that he will take part in to-morrow’s battle.

December 21.—At 3 o’clock this morning I heard the bugles of the troops marching to battle. When will my turn come?

December 22.—Yesterday was a good day. The action continues. The thunder of cannon can be heard to the east and west.

Little Jeanne begins to talk at length and very expressively. But it is impossible to understand a word she says. She laughs.

Leopold has sent me thirteen fresh eggs, which I will reserve for little Georges and little Jeanne.

Louis Blanc came to dine with me. He came on behalf of Edmond Adam, Louis Jourdan, Cernuschi and others to tell me that he and I must go to Trochu and summon him to save Paris or resign. I refused. I should be posing as an arbiter of the situation and at the same time hamper a battle begun and which may be a successful one. Louis Blanc was of my way of thinking, as were also Meurice, Vacquerie and my sons, who dined with us.

December 23.—Henri Rochefort came to dine with me. I had not seen him since August of last year, when we were in Brussels. Georges did not recognise his godfather. I was very cordial. I like him very much. He has great talent and great courage. The dinner was a very merry one, although we are all threatened with incarceration in a Prussian fortress if Paris is captured. After Guernsey, Spandau. So be it.

I bought for 19 francs at the Magasins du Louvre a soldier's cape with hood, to wear on the ramparts.

My house continues to be crowded with visitors. To-day a painter named Le Genissel called. He reminded me that I saved him from the galleys in 1848. He was one of the insurgents of June.

Heavy cannonade during the night. A battle is in preparation.

December 24.—It is freezing. Ice floes are floating down the Seine.

Paris only eats brown bread now.

December 25.—Heavy cannonade all night.

An item of news of present-day Paris: A basket of oysters has just reached the city. It sold for 750 francs.

At a bazar in aid of the poor at which Alice and Mme. Meurice acted as vendors, a young turkey fetched 250 francs.

The Seine is freezing over.

December 26.—Louis Blanc called, then M. Floquet. They urge me to summon the Government to do something or resign. Again I refuse.

M. Louis Koch paid 25 francs for a copy of the *Rappel* at the bazar in aid of the poor. The copy of *Les Châtiments* was purchased by M. Cernuschi for 300 francs.

December 27.—Violent cannonade this morning. The firing of this morning was an attack by the Prussians. A good sign. Waiting annoys them. Us, too. They threw nineteen shells, which killed nobody, into the Fort of Montrouge.

Mme. Ugalde dined with us and sang "Patria." I escorted Mme. Ugalde to her home in the Rue de Chabanais, then returned to bed.

The concierge said to me:

"Monsieur, they say that bombs will fall in this neighbourhood to-night."

"That is all right," I replied. "I am expecting one."

December 29.—Heavy firing all night. The Prussians continue their attack.

Théophile Gautier has a horse. This horse was requisitioned. It was wanted for food. Gautier wrote me begging me save the animal. I asked the Minister to grant his request.

I saved the horse.

It is unfortunately true that Dumas is dead. This has been ascertained through the German newspapers. He died on December 5 at the home of his son at Puys, near Dieppe.

I am being urged more strongly than ever, to enter the Government. The Minister of Justice, M. Emmanuel Arago, called and stopped to dinner. We talked. Louis Blanc dropped in after dinner. I persist in my refusal.

Besides Emmanuel Arago and the friends who usually dine with me on Thursdays, Rochefort and Blum came. I invited them to come every Thursday if we have many more Thursdays to live. At desert I drank Rochefort's health.

The cannonade is increasing. The plateau of Avron had to be evacuated.

December 31.—D'Alton-Shée paid a visit to me this morning. It appears that General Ducros wants to see me.

Within three days the Prussians have sent us 12,000 shells.

Yesterday I ate some rat, and then hiccoughed the following quatrain:

O mesdames les hétaires

Dans vos greniers, je me nourris:

Moi qui mourais de vos sourires,

Je vais vivre de vos souris.

After next week there will be no more washing done in Paris, because there is no more coal.

Lieutenant Farcy, commander of the gunboat, dined with me.

It is bitterly cold. For three days I have worn my cloak and hood whenever I have had to go out.

A doll for little Jeanne. A basketful of toys for Georges.

Shells have begun to demolish the Fort of Rosny. The first shell has fallen in the city itself. The Prussians to-day fired 6,000 shells at us.

In the Fort of Rosny a sailor working at the gabions was carrying a sack of earth. A shell knocked it off his shoulder. “Much obliged,” commented the sailor, “but I wasn’t tired.”

Alexandre Dumas died on December 5. On looking over my notebook I see that it was on December 5 that a large hearse with an “H” on it passed before me in the Rue Frochot.

We have no longer even horse to eat. *Perhaps* it is dog? *Maybe* it is rat? I am beginning to suffer from pains in the stomach. We are eating the unknown!

M. Valois, representing the Société des Gens de Lettres, came to ask me what was to be done with the 3,000 francs remaining from the proceeds of the three readings of Les Châtiments, the guns having been delivered and paid for. I told him that I wanted the whole amount turned over to Mme. Jules Simon for the fund for the victims of the war.

January 1, 1871.—Louis Blanc has addressed to me through the newspapers a letter upon the situation.

Stupor and amazement of little Georges and little Jeanne at their basketful of New Year presents. The toys, when unpacked from the basket, covered a large table. The children touched all of them and did not know which to take. Georges was nearly furious with joy. Charles remarked: “It is the despair of joy!”

I am hungry. I am cold. So much the better. I suffer what the people are suffering.

Decidedly horse is not good for me. Yet I ate some. It gives me the gripes. I avenged myself at dessert with the following distich:

Mon diner m'inquiete et même me harcêle,

J'ai mange du cheval et je songe a la selle.

The Prussians are bombarding Saint Denis.

January 2.—Daumier and Louis Blanc lunched with us.

Louis Koch gave to his aunt as a New Year gift a couple of cabbages and a brace of living partridges!

This morning we lunched on wine soup. The elephant at the Jardin des Plantes has been slaughtered. He wept. He will be eaten..

The Prussians continue to send us 6,000 bombs a day.

January 3.—The heating of two rooms at the Pavillon de Rohan now costs 10 francs a day.

The Mountaineers' club again demands that Louis Blanc and I be added to the Government in order to direct it. I continue to refuse.

There are at present twelve members of the French Academy in Paris, among them Ségur, Mignet, Dufaure, d'Haussonville, Legouvé, Cuvillier-Fleury, Barbier and Vitet.

Moon. Intense cold. The Prussians bombarded Saint Denis all night.

From Tuesday to Sunday the Prussians hurled 25,000 projectiles at us. It required 220 railway trucks to transport them. Each shot costs 60 francs; total, 1,500,000 francs. The damage to the forts is estimated at 1,400 francs. About ten men have been killed. Each of our dead cost the Prussians 150,000 francs.

January 5.—The bombardment is becoming heavier. Issy and Vanves are being shelled.

There is no coal. Clothes cannot be washed because they cannot be dried. My washerwoman sent this message to me through Mariette:

"If M. Victor Hugo, who is so powerful, would ask the Government to give me a little coal-dust, I could wash his shirts."

Besides my usual Thursday guests I had Louis Blanc, Rochefort and Paul de Saint Victor to dinner. Mme. Jules Simon sent me a Gruyère cheese. An extraordinary luxury, this. We were thirteen at table.

January 6.—At dessert yesterday I offered some bonbons to the ladies, saying as I did so:

Grace a Boissier, chêre colombes,

Heureux, a vos pieds nous tombons.

Car on prend les forts par les bombes

Et les faibles par les bonbons.

The Parisians out of curiosity visit the bombarded districts. They go to see the shells fall as they would go to a fireworks display. National Guards have to keep the people back. The Prussians are firing on the hospitals. They are bombarding Val-de-Grâce. Their shells set fire to the wooden booths in the Luxembourg, which were full of sick and wounded men, who had to be transported, undressed and wrapped up as well as they could be, to the Charité Hospital. Barbieux saw them arrive there about 1 o'clock in the morning.

Sixteen streets have already been hit by shells.

January 7.—The Rue des Feuillantines, which runs through the place where the garden of my boyhood used to be, is heavily bombarded. I was nearly struck by a shell there.

My washerwoman having nothing to make a fire with, and being obliged to refuse work in consequence, addressed a demand to M. Clémenceau, Mayor of the Ninth Arrondissement, for some coal, which she said she was prepared to pay for. I endorsed it thus:

"I am resigned to everything for the defence of Paris, to die of hunger and cold, and even to forego a change of shirt. However, I commend my laundress to the Mayor of the Ninth Arrondissement."

And I signed my name. The Mayor gave her the coal.

January 8.—Camille Pelletan brought us good news from the Government. Rouen and Dijon retaken, Garibaldi victorious at Nuits, and Fraidherbe at Bapaume. All goes well.

We had brown bread, now we have black bread. Everybody fares alike. It is well.

The news of yesterday was brought by two pigeons.

A shell killed five children in a school in the Rue de Vaugirard.

The performances and readings of *Les Châtiments* have had to be stopped, the theatres being without gas or coal, therefore without light or heat.

Prim is dead. He was shot and killed at Madrid the day the king after his own heart, Amedeus, Duke of Genoa, entered Spain.

The bombardment was a furious one to-day. A shell crashed through the chapel of the Virgin at Saint Sulpice, where my mother's funeral took place and where I was married.

January 10.—Bombs on the Odéon Theatre.

Chifflard sent me a piece of a shell. This shell, which fell at Auteuil, is marked with an "H." I will have an inkstand made out of it.

January 12.—The Pavilion de Rohan demands of me from to-day on 8 francs a head for dinner, which with wine, coffee, fire, etc., brings the cost of dinner up to 13 francs for each person.

We had elephant steak for luncheon to-day.

Schoelcher, Rochefort, Blum and all the usual Thursday guests dined with us. After dinner Louis Blanc and Pelletan dropped in.

January 13.—An egg costs 2 francs 75 centimes. Elephant meat costs 40 francs a pound. A sack of onions costs 800 francs.

The Société des Gens de Lettres asked me to attend the presentation of the cannon to the city at the Hotel de Ville. I begged to be excused. I will not go.

We spent the day looking for another hotel. Could not find one suitable. All are closed. Expenses for the week at the Pavilion de Rohan (including the cost of a broken window-pane), 701 francs 50 centimes.

Remark by a poor woman anent some newly felled wood:

"This hapless green wood is under fire; it didn't expect that it would have to face it, and weeps all the time!"

January 15.—A furious bombardment is in progress.

I have written a piece of poetry entitled "Dans le Cirque." After dinner I read it to my Sunday guests. They want me to publish it. I will give it to the newspapers.

January 17.—The bombardment has been going on for three nights and three days without cessation.

Little Jeanne was cross with me because I would not let her play with the works of my watch.

All the newspapers publish my verses “Dans le Cirque.” They may be useful.

Louis Blanc called this morning. He urged me to join with Quinet and himself in bringing pressure to bear upon the Government. I replied: “I see more danger in overturning the Government than in supporting it.”

January 18.—M. Krupp is making cannon for use specially against balloons.

There is a cock in my little garden. Yesterday Louis Blanc lunched with us. The cock crowed. Louis Blanc paused and said:

“Listen!”

“What is it?”

“A cock is crowing.”

“Well, what of it?”

“Don’t you hear what it says?”

“It is calling: ‘Victor Hugo!’”

We listened and laughed. Louis Blanc was right It did sound as if the cock were crowing my name.

I gave some of my bread-crumbs to the fowls. They would not eat them.

This morning a sortie against Montretout was made. Montretout was taken. This evening the Prussians captured it from us again.

January 20.—The attack on Montretout has interrupted the bombardment.

A child of fourteen years was suffocated in a crowd outside a baker’s shop.

January 21.—Louis Blanc came to see me. We held a council. The situation is becoming extreme and supreme. The Mairie of Paris asks my advice.

Louis Blanc dined with us. After dinner we held a sort of council at which Colonel Laussedat was present.

January 22.—The Prussians are bombarding Saint Denis.

Tumultuous demonstrations at the Hotel de Ville. Trochu is withdrawing. Rostan comes to tell me that the Breton mobiles are firing on the people. I doubt it. I will go myself, if necessary.

I have just returned. There was a simultaneous attack by both sides. To the combatants who consulted me I said: “I recognise in the hands of Frenchmen only those rifles which are turned towards the Prussians.”

Rostan said to me:

“I have come to place my battalion at your service. We are five hundred men. Where do you want us to go?”

“Where are you now?” I asked.

“We have been massed towards Saint Denis, which is being bombarded,” he replied. “We are at La Villette.”

“Then stay there,” said I. “It is there where I should have sent you. Do not march against the Hotel de Ville, march against Prussia.”

January 23.—Last night there was a conference at my quarters. In addition to my Sunday guests Rochefort and his secretary, Mourot, had dined with us. Rey and Gambon came in the evening. They brought me, the former with a request that I would subscribe to it, Ledru-Rollin’s poster-programme (group of 200 members), and the latter, the programme of the Republican Union (50 members). I declared that I approved of neither the one nor the other.

Chanzy has been beaten. Bourbaki has succeeded. But he is not marching on Paris. Enigma, of which I fancy I can half guess the secret.

There appears to be an interruption to the bombardment.

January 24.—Flourens called this morning. He asked for my advice. I responded: “No violent pressure on the situation.”

January 25.—Flourens is reported to have been arrested as he was leaving the house after his visit to me.

I had a couple of fresh eggs cooked for Georges and Jeanne.

M. Dorian came to the Pavilion de Rohan this morning to see my sons. He announced that capitulation is imminent. Frightful news from outside. Chanzy defeated, Faidherbe defeated, Bourbaki driven back.

January 27.—Schoelcher came to tell me that he has resigned as colonel of the artillery legion.

Again they came to ask me to head a demonstration against the Hotel de Ville. All sorts of rumours are in circulation. To everybody I counsel calmness and unity.

January 28.—Bismarck in the course of the pourparlers at Versailles said to Jules Favre: “What do you think of that goose of an Empress proposing peace to me!”

It has become cold again.

Ledru-Rollin (through Brives) says he wants to come to an understanding with me.

Little Jeanne is unwell. Sweet little thing!

Leopold told me this evening that I was the subject of a dialogue between Pope Pius IX. and Jules Hugo, my nephew, brother of Leopold, who died a camerico of the Pope. The Pope, on seeing Jules, said to him:

“You name is Hugo, is it not?”

“Yes, Holy Father.”

“Are you a relative of Victor Hugo?”

“His nephew, Holy Father.”

“How old is he?” (It was in 1857.)

“Fifty-five years.”

“Alas! he is too old to return to the Church!”

Charles tells me that Jules Simon and his two sons passed the night drawing up lists of possible candidates for the National Assembly.

Cernuschi is having himself naturalized a French citizen!

January 29.—The armistice was signed yesterday. It was published this morning. The National Assembly will be elected between February 5 and 18. Will meet on the 12th at Bordeaux.

Little Jeanne is a trifle better. She almost smiled at me.

No more balloons. The post. But unsealed letters. It snows. It freezes.

January 30.—Little Jeanne is still poorly and does not play.

Mlle. Périga brought me a fresh egg for Jeanne.

January 31.—Little Jeanne is still ill. She is suffering from a slight attack of catarrh of the stomach. Doctor Allix says it will last for another four or five days.

My nephew Leopold came to dine with us. He brought us some pickled oysters.

February 1.—Little Jeanne is better. She smiled at me.

February 2.—The Paris elections have been postponed to February 8.

Horsemeat continues to disagree with me. Pains in the stomach. Yesterday I said to Mme. Ernest Lefèvre, who was dining beside me:

De ces bons animaux la viande me fait mal.

J'aime tant les chevaux que je hais le cheval.

February 4.—The weather is becoming milder.

A crowd of visitors this evening. Proclamation by Gambetta.

February 5.—The list of candidates of the Republican journals appeared this morning. I am at the head of the list.

Bancal is dead.

Little Jeanne this evening has recovered from her cold.

I entertained my usual Sunday guests. We had fish, butter and white bread for dinner.

February 6.—Bourbaki, defeated, has killed himself. A grand death.

Ledru-Rollin is drawing back from the Assembly. Louis Blanc came and read this news to me to-night.

February 7.—We had three or four cans of preserves which we ate to-day.

February 8.—To-day, elections for the National Assembly. Paul Meurice and I went to vote together in the Rue Clauzel.

After the capitulation had been signed, Bismarck, on leaving Jules Favre, entered the room where his two secretaries were awaiting him and said: "The beast is dead."

I have put my papers in order in anticipation of my departure.

Little Jeanne is very merry.

February 11.—The counting of the votes progresses very slowly.

Our departure for Bordeaux has been put off to Monday the 13th.

February 12.—Yesterday, for the first time, I saw my boulevard. It is a rather large section of the old Boulevard Haussmann. “Boulevard Victor Hugo” is placarded on the Boulevard Haussmann at four or five street corners giving on to this boulevard.

The National Assembly opens to-day at Bordeaux. The result of the elections in Paris has not yet been determined and proclaimed.

While I have not yet been appointed, time presses, and I expect to leave for Bordeaux to-morrow. There will be nine of us, five masters and four servants, plus the two children. Louis Blanc wants to leave with us. We shall make the journey together.

In my hand-bag I shall take various important manuscripts and works that I have begun, among others, *Paris Besieged* and the poem “Grand Père.”

February 13.—Yesterday, before dinner, I read to my guests, M. and Mme. Paul Meurice, Vacquerie, Lockroy, M. and Mme. Ernest Lefevre, Louis Koch and Vilain (Rochefort and Victor did not arrive until the dinner hour), two pieces of poetry which will form part of Paris Besieged (“To Little Jeanne,” and “No, You will not Take Alsace and Lorraine”).

Pelleport brought me our nine passes. Not having yet been proclaimed a Representative, I wrote on mine: “Victor Hugo, proprietor,” as the Prussians require that the quality or profession of the holder of the pass be stated.

It was with a heavy heart that I quitted this morning the Avenue Frochot and the sweet hospitality that Paul Meurice had extended to me since my arrival in Paris on September 5.

THE ASSEMBLY AT BORDEAUX. EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOKS.

February 14.—Left yesterday at 12.10 P.M. Arrived at Etampes at 3.15. Wait of two hours, and luncheon.

After lunch we returned to our drawing-room car. A crowd surrounded it, kept back by a squad of Prussian soldiers. The crowd recognised me and shouted “Long live Victor Hugo!” I waved my hand out of window, and doffing my cap, shouted: “Long live France!” Whereupon a man with a white moustache, who somebody said was the Prussian commandant of Etampes, advanced towards me with a threatening air and said something to me in German that he no doubt intended to be terrible. Gazing

steadily in turn at this Prussian and the crowd, I repeated in a louder voice: “Long live France’!” Thereat all the people shouted enthusiastically: “Long live France!” The fellow looked angry but said nothing. The Prussian soldiers did not move.

The journey was a rough, long and weary one. The drawing-room car was badly lighted and not heated. One feels the dilapidation of France in this wretched railway accommodation. At Vierzon we bought a pheasant, a chicken, and two bottles of wine for supper. Then we wrapped ourselves up in our rugs and cloaks and slept on the seats.

We arrived at Bordeaux at 1.30 this afternoon. We went in search of lodgings. We took a cab and drove from hotel to hotel. No room anywhere. I went to the Hotel de Ville and asked for information. I was told that there was an apartment to let at M. A. Porte’s, 13, Rue Saint Maur, near the public garden. We went there. Charles hired the apartment for 600 francs a month and paid half a month’s rent in advance. Then we started out in search of a lodging for us, but could not get one. At 7 o’clock we returned to the station to fetch our trunks, and not knowing where we should pass the night. We went back to the Rue Saint Maur, where Charles is, negotiated with the landlord and his brother, who had a couple of rooms at 37, Rue de la Course, hard by, and came to an arrangement at last.

Alice made this remark:

“The number 13 clings to us. We were thirteen at table every Thursday in January. We left Paris on February 13. There were thirteen of us in the railway carriage, counting Louis Blanc, M. Béchet and the two children. We are lodging at 13, Rue Saint Maur!”

February 15.—At 2 o’clock I went to the Assembly. When I came out again I found an immense crowd awaiting me in the great square. The people, and the National Guards who lined the approaches to the building, shouted: “Long live Victor Hugo!” I replied: “Long live the Republic! Long live France!” They repeated this double cry. Then the enthusiasm became delirium. It was a repetition of the ovation I met with on my arrival in Paris. I was moved to tears. I took refuge in a café at the corner of the square. I explained in a speech why I did not address the people, then I escaped—that is the word—in a carriage.

While the enthusiastic people shouted “Long live the Republic!” the members of the Assembly issued and filed past impassible, almost furious, and with their hats on, in the midst of the bare heads and the waving caps about me.

Visit from Representatives Le Flo, Rochefort, Locroy, Alfred Naquet, Emmanuel Arago, Rességuier, Floquot, Eugene Pelletan, and Noel Parfait.

I slept in my new lodging at 37, Rue de la Course.

February 16.—At the Assembly today the result of the Paris elections was proclaimed. Louis Blanc was first with 216,000 votes; then came myself with 214,000 votes, then Garibaldi with 200,000.

The ovation extended to me by the people yesterday is regarded by the Majority as an insult to it. Hence a great display of troops on the square outside (army, National Guard and cavalry). There was an incident in this connection before my arrival. The men of the Right demanded that the Assembly be protected. (Against whom? Against me?) The Left replied with the shout of: "Long live the Republic!"

When I was leaving I was notified that the crowd was waiting for me in the square. To escape the ovation I went out by a side door, but the people caught sight of me, and I was immediately surrounded by an immense crowd shouting: "Long live Victor Hugo!" I replied: "Long live the Republic!" Everybody, including the National Guards and soldiers of the line, took up the shout. I drove away in a carriage, which the people followed.

The Assembly to-day elected its committees. Dufaure proposes Thiers as chief of the executive power.

We dined at home for the first time. I had invited Louis Blanc, Schoelcher, Rochefort and Lockroy. Rochefort was unable to come. After dinner we went to Gent's, Quay des Chartrons, to attend a meeting of the Left. My sons accompanied me. The question of the chief executive was discussed. I had the following added to the definition: appointed by the Assembly and revokable by that body.

General Cremer came this morning to enlighten us concerning the disposition of the army.

February 17.—At the Assembly Gambetta came up to me and said: "Master, when can I see you? I have a good many things to explain to you."

Thiers has been named chief of the executive power. He is to leave to-night for Versailles, the headquarters of the Prussians.

February 18.—To-night there was a meeting of the Left, in the Rue Lafaurie-Monbadon. The meeting chose me as president. The speakers were Louis Blanc, Schoelcher, Colonel Langlois, Brisson, Lockroy, Millière, Clémenceau, Martin Bernard, and Joigneaux. I spoke last and summed up the debate. Weighty questions were brought up—the Bismarck-Thiers treaty, peace, war, the intolerance of the Assembly, and the case in which it would be advisable to resign in a body.

February 19.—The president of the National Club of Bordeaux came to place his salons at my disposal.

My hostess, Mme. Porte, a very pretty woman, has sent me a bouquet.

Thiers has appointed his Ministers. He has assumed the equivocal and suspicious title of "head president of the executive power." The Assembly is to adjourn. We are to be notified at our residences when it is to be convened again.

February 20.—To-day the people again acclaimed me when I came out of the Assembly. The crowd in an instant became enormous. I was compelled to take refuge in the lodging of Martin Bernard, who lives in a street adjacent to the Assembly.

I spoke in the Eleventh Committee. The question of the magistracy (which has petitioned us not to act against it) came up unexpectedly. I spoke well. I rather terrified the committee.

Little Jeanne is more than ever adorable. She does not want to leave me at all now.

February 21.—Mme. Porte, my hostess of the Rue de la Course, sends me a bouquet every morning by her little daughter.

I take little Georges and little Jeanne out whenever I have a minute to spare. I might very well be dubbed: "Victor Hugo, Representative of the People and dry nurse."

To-night I presided at the meeting of the Radical Left.

February 25.—To-night there was a meeting of the two fractions of the Left, the Radical Left and Political Left, in the hall of the Academy, in the Rue Jacques Bell. The speakers were Louis Blanc, Emmanuel Arago, Vacherot, Jean Brunet, Bethmont, Peyrat, Brisson, Gambetta, and myself. I doubt whether my plan for fusion or even for an *entente cordiale* will succeed. Schoelcher and Edmond Adam walked home with me.

February 26.—I am 69 years old to-day.

I presided at a meeting of the Left.

February 27.—I have resigned the presidency of the Radical Left in order to afford full independence to the meeting.

February 28.—Thiers read the treaty (of peace) from the tribune to-day. It is hideous. I shall speak to-morrow. My name is the seventh on the list, but Grévy, the president of the Assembly, said to me: "Rise and ask to be heard when you want to. The Assembly will hear you."

To-night there was a meeting of the Assembly committees. I belong to the eleventh. I spoke.

March 1.—There was a tragical session to-day. The Empire was executed, also France, alas! The Shylock-Bismarck treaty was adopted. I spoke.

Louis Blanc spoke after me, and spoke grandly.

I had Louis Blanc and Charles Blanc to dinner.

This evening I went to the meeting in the Rue Lafaurie-Monbadon over which I have ceased to preside. Schoelcher presided. I spoke. I am satisfied with myself.

March 2.—Charles has returned. No session to-day. The adoption of peace has opened the Prussian net. I have received a packet of letters and newspapers from Paris. Two copies of the *Rappel*.

We dined *en famille*, all five of us. Then I went to the meeting.

Seeing that France has been mutilated, the Assembly ought to withdraw. It has caused the wound and is powerless to cure it. Let another Assembly replace it. I would like to resign. Louis Blanc does not want to. Gambetta and Rochefort are of my way of thinking. Debate.

March 3.—This morning the Mayor of Strasburg, who died of grief, was buried.

Louis Blanc called in company with three Representatives, Brisson, Floquet and Cournet. They came to consult me as to what ought to be done about the resignation question. Rochefort and Pyat, with three others, are resigning. I am in favour of resigning. Louis Blanc resists. The remainder of the Left do not appear to favour resignation *en masse*.

Session.

As I ascended the stairs I heard a fellow belonging to the Right, whose back only I could see, say to another: “Louis Blanc is execrable, but Victor Hugo is worse.”

We all dined with Charles, who had invited Louis Blanc and MM. Lavertujon and Alexis Bouvier.

Afterwards we went to the meeting in the Rue Lafaurie-Monbadon. The President of the Assembly having, on behalf of the Assembly, delivered a farewell address to the retiring members for Alsace and Lorraine, my motion to maintain their seats indefinitely, which was approved by the meeting, is without object, inasmuch as the

question is settled. The meeting, however, appears to hold to it. We will consider the matter.

March 4.—Meeting of the Left. M. Millière proposed, as did also M. Delescluze, a motion of impeachment against the Government of the National Defence. He concluded by saying that whoever failed to join him in pressing the motion was a "dupe or an accomplice."

Schoelcher rose and said:

"Neither dupe nor accomplice. You lie!"

March 5.—Session of the Assembly.

Meeting in the evening. Louis Blanc, instead of a formal impeachment of the ex-Government of Paris, demands an inquiry. I subscribe to this. We sign.

Meeting of the Left. They say there is great agitation in Paris. The Government which usually never receives less than fifteen dispatches a day from Paris has not received a single one up to 10 o'clock to-night. Six telegrams sent to Jules Favre have not been answered. We decide that either Louis Blanc or I will interpellate the Government as to the situation in Paris, if the present anxiety continues and no light is thrown upon the situation.

A deputation of natives of Alsace and Lorraine came to thank us.

March 6.—At noon we lunched *en famille* at Charles's. I took the two ladies to the Assembly. There is talk of transferring the Assembly to Versailles or Fontainebleau. They are afraid of Paris. I spoke at the meeting of the Eleventh Committee. I was nearly elected commissioner. I got 18 votes, but a M. Lucien Brun got 19.

Meeting in the Rue Lafaurie. I proposed that we all refuse to discuss the situation in Paris, and that a manifesto be drawn up, to be signed by all of us, declaring our intention to resign if the Assembly goes anywhere else than to Paris. The meeting did not adopt my plan, and urged me to speak to-morrow. I refused. Louis Blanc will speak.

March 8.—I have handed in my resignation as a Representative.

There was a discussion about Garibaldi. He had been elected in Algeria. It was proposed that the election be annulled. I demanded to be heard. I spoke. Uproar on the Right. They shouted: "Order! Order!" It all reads very curiously in the "Moniteur." In face of this explosion of wrath I made a gesture with my hand and said:

“Three weeks ago you refused to hear Garibaldi. Now you refuse to hear me. That is enough. I will resign.”

I went to the meeting of the Left for the last time.

March 9.—This morning three members of the Moderate Left, which meets in the hall of the Academy, came as delegates from that body, the 220 members of which unanimously requested me to withdraw my resignation. M. Paul Bethmon acted as spokesman. I thanked them, but declined.

Then delegates from another meeting came with the same object. The meeting of the Central Left, to which MM. d’Haussonville and de Rémusat belong, unanimously requested me to withdraw my resignation. M. Target acted as spokesman. I thanked them, but declined.

Louis Blanc ascended the tribune (in the Assembly) and bade me farewell with grandeur and nobleness.

March 10.—Louis Blanc spoke yesterday and to-day—yesterday about my resignation, to-day about the question of Paris. Grandly and nobly on each occasion.

March 11.—We are preparing for our departure.

March 12.—Many visits. My apartment was crowded. M. Michel Levy came to ask me for a book. M. Duquesnel, associate director of the Odéon Theatre, came to ask me for *Ruy Blas*.

We shall probably leave to-morrow.

Charles, Alice and Victor went to Arcachon. They returned to dinner.

Little Georges, who has been unwell, is better.

Louis Blanc dined with me. He is going to Paris.

March 13.—Last night I could not sleep. Like Pythagoras, I was thinking of numbers. I thought of all these 13’s so queerly associated with our movements and actions since the first of January, and upon the fact that I was to leave this house on a 13th. Just then there was the same nocturnal knocking (three taps, as though made by a hammer on a board) that I had heard twice before in this room.

We lunched at Charles’s, with Louis Blanc.

I then went to see Rochefort. He lives at 80, Rue Judaique. He is convalescent from an attack of erysipelas that at one time assumed a dangerous character. With him I found

MM. Alexis Bouvier and Mourot, whom I invited to dinner to-day, at the same time asking them to transmit my invitation to MM. Claretie, Guillemot and Germain Casse, with whom I want to shake hands before I go.

On leaving Rochefort's I wandered a little about Bordeaux. Fine church, partly Roman. Pretty Gothic flowered tower. Superb Roman ruin (Rue du Colysée) which they call the Palais Gallien.

Victor came to embrace me. He left for Paris at 6 o'clock with Louis Blanc.

At half past 6 I went to Lanta's restaurant. MM. Bouvier, Mourot and Casse arrived. Then Alice. We waited for Charles.

Charles died at 7 o'clock.

The waiter who waits upon me at Lanta's restaurant entered and told me that somebody wanted to see me. In the ante-chamber I found M. Porte, who lets the apartment at 13, Rue Saint Maur, that Charles occupied. M. Porte whispered to me to get Alice, who had followed me, out of the way. Alice returned to the salon. M. Porte said to me:

"Monsieur be brave. Monsieur Charles—"

"Well?"

"He is dead!"

Dead! I could not believe it. Charles! I leaned against the wall for support.

M. Porte told me that Charles had taken a cab to go to Lanta's, but had told the cabman to drive first to the Café de Bordeaux. Arrived at the Café de Bordeaux, the driver on opening the door of the cab, found Charles dead. He had been stricken with apoplexy. A number of blood vessels had burst. He was covered with blood, which issued from his nose and mouth. The doctor summoned pronounced him dead.

I would not believe it. I said: "It is a lethargy." I still hoped. I returned to the salon, told Alice that I was going out, but would soon be back, and ran to the Rue Saint Maur. I had hardly reached there when they brought Charles.

Alas! my beloved Charles! He was dead.

I went to fetch Alice. What despair!

The two children were asleep.

March 14.—I have read again what I wrote on the morning of the 13th about the knocking I heard during the night.

Charles has been laid out in the salon on the ground floor of the house in the Rue Saint Maur. He lies on a bed covered with a sheet which the women of the house have strewn with flowers. Two neighbours, workingmen who love me, asked permission to watch by the body all night. The coroner's physician, on uncovering the dear dead, wept.

I sent to Meurice a telegram couched in the following terms:

Meurice, 18 Rue Valois—

Appalling misfortune. Charles died this evening, 13th. Sudden stroke of apoplexy. Tell Victor to come back at once.

The Prefect sent this telegram over the official wire.

We shall take Charles with us. Meanwhile he will be placed in the depository.

MM. Alexis Bouvier and Germain Casse are helping me in these heart-rending preparations.

At 4 o'clock Charles was placed in the coffin. I prevented them from fetching Alice. I kissed the brow of my beloved, then the sheet of lead was soldered. Next they put the oaken lid of the coffin on and screwed it down; thus I shall never see him more. But the soul remains. If I did not believe in the soul I would not live another hour.

I dined with my grandchildren, little Georges and little Jeanne.

I consoled Alice. I wept with her. I said "thou" to her for the first time.

March 15.—For two nights I have not slept. I could not sleep last night.

Edgar Quinet came to see me last evening. On viewing Charles's coffin in the parlor, he said:

"I bid thee adieu, great mind, great talent, great soul, beautiful of face, more beautiful of thought, son of Victor Hugo!"

We talked together of this great mind that is no more. We were calm. The night watcher wept as he listened to us.

The Prefect of the Gironde called. I could not receive him.

This morning at 10 o'clock I went to No. 13, Rue Saint Maur. The hearse was there. MM. Bouvier and Mourot awaited me. I entered the salon. I kissed the coffin. Then he was taken away. There was one carriage. These gentlemen and I entered it. Arrived at the cemetery the coffin was taken from the hearse. Six men carried it. MM. Alexis Bouvier, Mourot and I followed, bareheaded. It was raining in torrents. We walked behind the coffin.

At the end of a long alley of plane trees we found the depository, a vault lighted only by the door. You descend five or six steps to it. Several coffins were waiting there, as Charles's will wait. The bearers entered with the coffin. As I was about to follow, the keeper of the depository said to me: "No one is allowed to go in." I understood, and I respected this solitude of the dead. MM. Alexis Bouvier and Mourot took me back to No. 13, Rue Saint Maur.

Alice was in a swoon. I gave her some vinegar to smell and beat her hands. She came to, and said: "Charles, where art thou?"

I am overcome with grief.

March 16.—At noon Victor arrived with Barbieux and Louis Mie. We embraced in silence and wept. He handed me a letter from Meurice and Vacquerie.

We decide that Charles shall be buried in the tomb of my father in Père Lachaise, in the place that I had reserved for myself. I write a letter to Meurice and Vacquerie in which I announce that I shall leave with the coffin tomorrow and that we shall arrive in Paris the following day. Barbieux will leave to-night and take the letter to them.

March 17.—We expect to leave Bordeaux with my Charles at 6 o'clock this evening.

Victor and I, with Louis Mie, fetched Charles from the Depository, and took him to the railway station.

March 18.—We left Bordeaux at 6.30 in the evening and arrived in Paris at 10.30 this morning.

At the railway station we were received in a salon where the newspapers, which had announced our arrival for noon, were handed to me. We waited. Crowd; friends.

At noon we set out for Père Lachaise. I followed the hearse bareheaded. Victor was beside me. All our friends followed, the people too. As the procession passed there were cries of: "Hats off!"

In the Place de la Bastille a spontaneous guard of honour was formed about the hearse by National Guards, who passed with arms reversed. All along the line of route

to the cemetery battalions of the National Guard were drawn up. They presented arms and gave the salute to the flag. Drums rolled and bugles sounded. The people waited till I had passed, then shouted: “Long live the Republic!”

There were barricades everywhere, which compelled us to make a long detour. Crowd at the cemetery. In the crowd I recognised Rostan and Millière, who was pale and greatly moved, and who saluted me. Between a couple of tombs a big hand was stretched towards me and a voice exclaimed: “I am Courbet.” At the same time I saw an energetical and cordial face which was smiling at me with tear-dimmed eyes. I shook the hand warmly. It was the first time that I had seen Courbet.

The coffin was taken from the hearse. Before it was lowered into the vault I knelt and kissed it. The vault was yawning. A stone had been raised. I gazed at the tomb of my father which I had not seen since I was exiled. The cippus has become blackened. The opening was too narrow, and the stone had to be filed. This work occupied half an hour. During that time I gazed at the tomb of my father and the coffin of my son. At last they were able to lower the coffin. Charles will be there with my father, my mother, and my brother.

Mme. Meurice brought a bunch of white lilac which she placed on Charles’s coffin. Vacquerie delivered an oration that was beautiful and grand. Louis Mie also bade Charles an eloquent and touching farewell. Flowers were thrown on the tomb. The crowd surrounded me. They grasped my hands. How the people love me, and how I love them! An ardent address of sympathy from the Belleville Club, signed “Millière, president,” and “Avril, secretary,” was handed to me.

We went home in a carriage with Meurice and Vacquerie. I am broken with grief and weariness. Blessings on thee, my Charles!