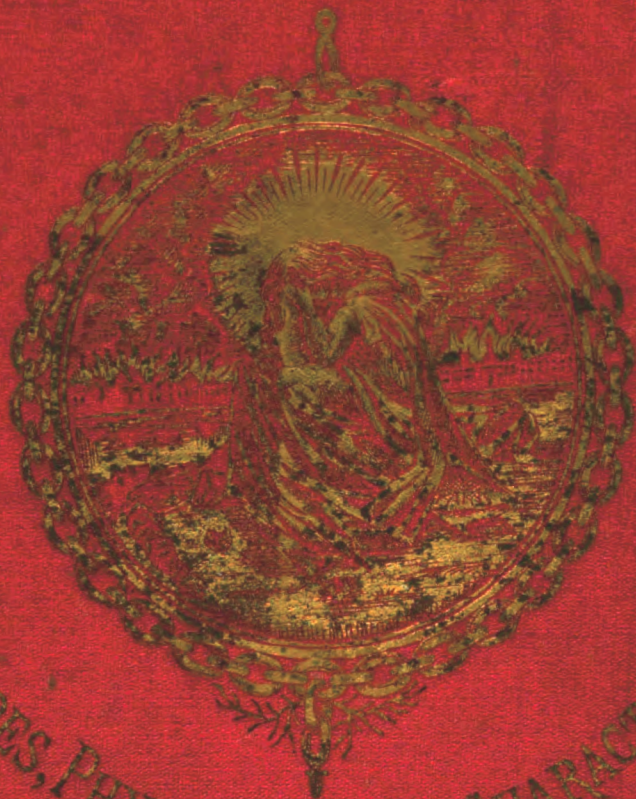


THE  
COMMUNISTS OF PARIS  
— 1871 —



TYPES, PHYSIOGNOMIES, CHARACTERS

BY

BERTALL

POPULAR ENGLISH EDITION

PARIS — EDOUARD BLOT ET FILS AÎNÉ,  
7, rue Bleue,

THE  
**COMMUNISTS OF PARIS**  
1871



TYPES — **PHYSIOGNOMIES** — CHARACTERS

BY  
**BERTALL**

WITH

*Explanatory Text descriptive of each Design written expressly for this Edition*

BY AN ENGLISHMAN

Eye-witness of the Scenes and Events of that Year

**BUCKINGHAM AND C<sup>o</sup>**  
**PARIS**

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# INTRODUCTION

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Two years have now passed away since the last Insurrection of PARIS, — the greatest in recent times of the dissatisfied Masses against existing Society. In the Age we live, such a lapse of time is sufficient to cast events so familiar then far back into the Shade of History, and to render them almost forgotten to those without personal reasons for remembrance. Hence not a few may possibly say, that this Work and its Subject are out of date, and that their interest for the general public is gone. To others also, viewing the Circulation from a mercantile point, the Title may prove its own worst Enemy; since happily for the good repute of the World's common sense, the word COMMUNE is now only known with reprobation, and execration for the special doctrines and actions the Name revives.

To any therefore who with these feelings cast the Book aside without opening it, there is naturally nothing to be said. It may however be hoped there are enough of others, Students of their own Times, and Collectors of the Curiosities of human life, to justify an Undertaking that neither aims at sensation nor the reputation of a mere ephemeral value; but which is a simple delineation to the eye, of living Characters who once passed before us. It may indeed be asserted that M. BERTALL'S "Album" is the visual Text-book of the PARIS COMMUNE of 1871.

There are various modes of recounting History. Some Readers are like certain Travellers, — dissatisfied if their minds are not filled and burthened with Dates, Places and Names, and word Representations of the Doings and Sayings of the chief Heroes of a Period or Locality. Others there are, who — more wise — are not content to be thus turned into a mere Storehouse of the skeleton frame of History, enabling them so easily to pass for well informed Persons; but who prefer being mentally impressed also with the real nature and living figure of a bygone Epoch. The former Class will not receive too much satisfaction perhaps in the following pages; — but those who search more deeply into the reality of the Past may perchance find what they want, since the "Album" assumes to tell its Tale by an appeal to the outward

sense of Sight. Indeed it is more than doubtful, if the most copiously rendered History could leave its Readers so entirely imbued with the Notion of what the COMMUNE and the COMMUNISTS really were, as must result from a careful study of these Forty Types of the Persons, Classes and Manners, of that strange unhappy Spring-time.

To the Frenchman, and more especially to the Parisian, the Figures are sufficiently endowed with National Characteristics, to enable their being published in their own Country without explanation. But to the Foreigner, and to none more than the English speaking World, they will be fortunately so peculiar, uncouth, and even improbable, that only the initiated would be able fully to gather their meaning from the Pictures alone. Therefore, in preparing an English Edition, it has been deemed advisable to add some descriptive Notice to each, as a key to the Reader; — although it is by *the aid of the Artist's pencil and brush only*, that the Student must look for the more direct insight into the exceptional Features and Vagaries of the Moment they depict.

Both the Artist and the Writer of the Text were resident in Paris, each pursuing professional engagements as Journalists, during the Period of the COMMUNE. Hence they were Eye-witnesses of the Persons and Events they describe; — the one, with the ready pencil of the trained Caricaturist and Observer of every day Manners, employing it among and upon his own Countrymen; the other, a Stranger in the Land, viewing Actors and Occurrences as though from afar off, and unbiassed by the passion of the hour. With this combination of qualities, the Volume is presented to the public, claiming to be what it simply is; — a faithful portraiture of the Actualities of the Time, without disguise or exaggeration. Any who were also Witnesses, will corroborate the claim. — And with regard to those who are of opinion that this Reproduction is late in the day, or that it were well to leave the Subject and its Actors in Oblivion; it may perhaps be enough to urge here, that tardiness in matters of Historical Truth is not always to be condemned; and since Oblivion will not wipe away the Communist Stains from our modern Civilization, nor prevent their reappearance or imitation, it were yet better and wiser to paint them as they have been, before a renewal or resuscitation is attempted. Signs are not wanting indeed, of the gathering of Clouds in the far distance.

September, 1873

J. E.

## ARTIST'S PREFACE

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This Collection is neither the work of Imagination nor Fancy.

As Editor, during the reign of the COMMUNE, of the Paris edition of the "SOIR", notwithstanding its suppression under three successive forms; — and also as Editor and Artist of the "GRELOT", the only satirical Journal that then had courage, in spite of so many dangers, to appear and persist in its course to the end; — I have seen defiling before me, those unlooked for Apparitions, those peculiar and sinister Physiognomies, those Scarves Laces and Feathers, with all their insane accompaniments, as well as the Actors and Supernumeraries, who have played their parts in that strange and sanguinary Drama, where Comedy disputed the palm with Tragedy.

Now that all have disappeared, and the Actors are either no more, or have retired into obscurity; that the Costumes and gay Feathers have vanished, as chaff before the wind; I have endeavoured to reproduce some of the PHASES, PHYSIOGNOMIES and CHARACTERS, which can no longer be recalled actually.

It has occurred to me, that the portrayal of such little Episodes of the History of the Days we live in, will at least have a curious interest for many.

In default of other merit, the Collection claims to be just and truthful.

BERTALL

Paris, July 1871.

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As time rolls on, and the Moment — when that strange and disastrous Masquerade was developed in PARIS — recedes from our view, it all seems more and more impossible. And yet there is reason to believe, that the Actors have but retired behind the Scenes, demanding to reappear on the Stage hereafter.

Will their Manners and Costumes be the same? — *That is the question.*

Or have they passed into oblivion or ever? Such is the hope of one who has seen them at their work.

BERTALL

Paris, 1873

PARIS — ÉDOUARD BLOT ET FILS AÎNÉ, IMPRIMEURS  
7, rue Biene, 7

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TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 1.

COSTUME OF GENERAL IN CHIEF  
(BERGERET LUI-MÊME)

# COSTUME OF GENERAL IN CHIEF

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(BERGERET LUI-MÊME)

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M. BERTALL has happily selected JULES BERGERET as Type of the genuine Communist General. Of the many Commanders possessed by the insurgent Army during its two months and a half of Civil War, *he* of them all was essentially the Parisian politician, the mouthpiece of Montmartre, an active Member of the celebrated *Comité Central*, and Representative of Belleville in the COMMUNE Chamber. A Printer in his civilian capacity, and sometime — it is said — librarian Clerk, his military reputation rested upon the not uncommon occurrence of having been *sous-officier* in the Army in his younger days. His popularity among red Republicans may be judged from the fact, that the Bellevillites elected him to the Hotel-de-Ville Parliament by 14,000 votes.

On the EIGHTEENTH of MARCH 1871, he was among the busiest of the busy at Montmartre, fanning the flame of Insurrection there : — though it is but fair to add, that the Court-martial enquiries into the Events of that day, disclose no evidence of his having participated in the murders of the Generals THOMAS and LECOMTE. The physical energy and egotism of the man's Nature then pushed him to the front. A by no means exaggerated sample of those then emerging from comparative obscurity into temporary Power, BERGERET well represents the excessive personality of the Actors of the Insurrection, as opposed to any thing that may be fairly ascribed to patriotic motives. For example, in the History of this same EIGHTEENTH of MARCH, we have the picture of the Montmartre *Mairie* as the resort of Patriots "continually coming and going, popping in for latest news or to give advice, and then vanishing. In the midst of which, says an Eye-witness of the scene, "rushed in a *great big man* to make formal offer to the Mayor of his sword and person, in the cause of the Republic and Insurrection." — On which oblation being hurriedly made, the *great big man* disappeared like the rest. Popular tradition and the Eye-witness alike credit BERGERET, as the Hero in question; — though whether the identity be true or false is very immaterial. There were many others than he, little and ordinary sized as well as great and big, who made votive offerings of "swords and persons" at the shrine of what they called the People's Cause. But we know that BERGERET *was* one of those continually coming and going, and before the day closed had installed himself at the Place Vendôme, in the late head-quarters of the French Army, hastily eva-

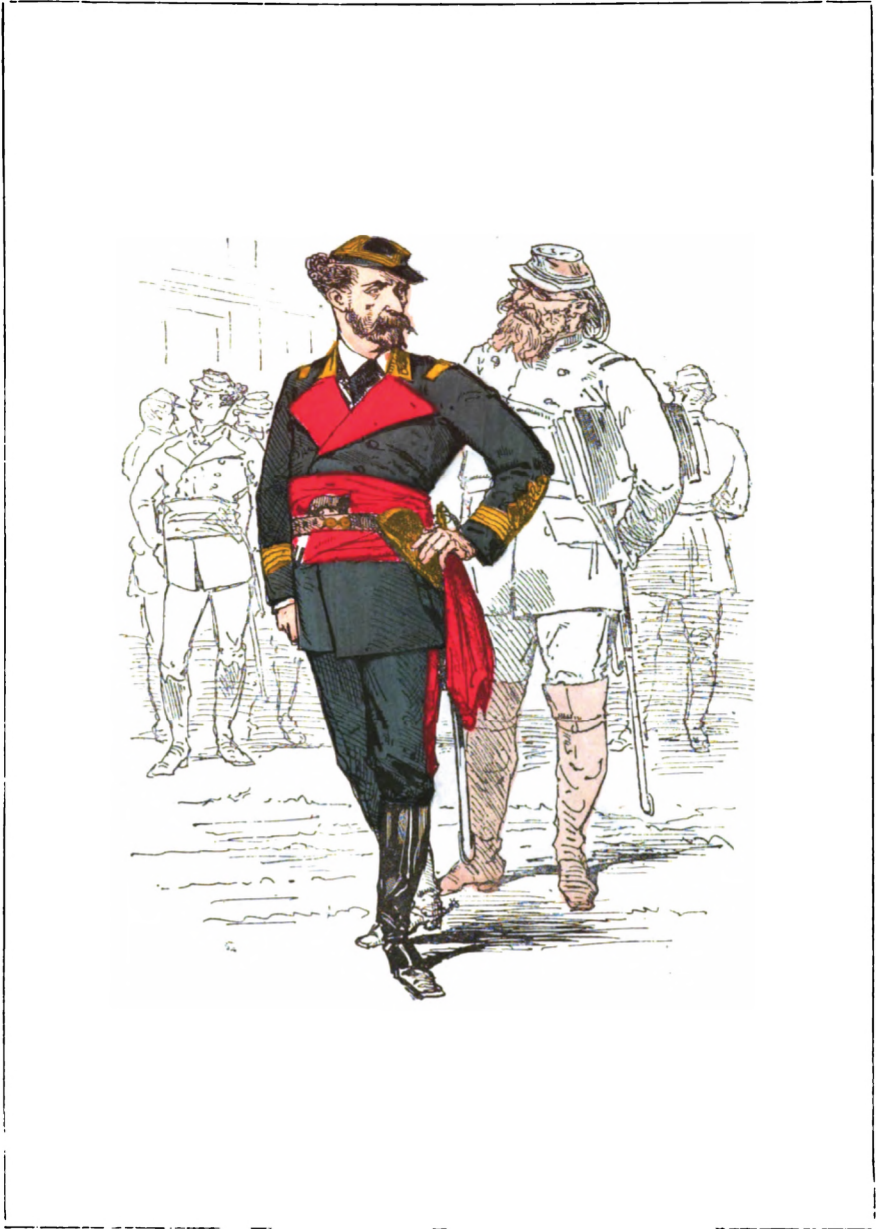
cuated by General VINOY but a few hours before; — naming himself and indeed becoming *de facto* COMMANDANT DE LA PLACE DE PARIS.

A fortnight later, on the SECOND of APRIL — day of the actual outbreak of the Civil War — we find BERGERET occupying a still more prominent position. He has become the special Representative of “RED” Military-ism, and is in command of a *Corps d’Armée* that sallies forth from the *Porte Maillot en route* for VERSAILLES; — destined however to return disorderly in a very few hours, panic stricken by the firing from Mont Valerien; the which cutting his detachment in two, prevented the vanguard from retreating at all, and sent the rear precipitately homewards. The general population of PARIS were not however informed of this misadventure. On the contrary, a flaming placard was issued late in the evening, announcing that the National Guard were on the road to VERSAILLES, with “GÉNÉRAL BERGERET *lui-même*” at their head. Yet a little later it was further reported, that the General had had two horses killed by an *Obus*. This dispatch certainly did not say that the General’s cattle had been shot *under* him; but it nevertheless was a little ambiguous, and likely to mislead those who had not seen the gallant and ponderous Leader of the COMMUNE Host, go forth to battle in a *carriage and four*; — a slight detail enabling those who knew it, to account for the preservation of the Hero on other than miraculous grounds. But soon the little episode got wind; the never failing Parisian palate for humour — however serious the position — was tickled; and BERGERET became “*himself*” — “BERGERET *lui-même*” — as he will probably remain until History has forgotten him.

In the first half of the COMMUNE period, he was a prominent representative of the “offensive at any price party”; on which account as well probably as because of his total military incapacity, he was displaced by CLUSERET (Minister of War) from his post as COMMANDANT DE LA PLACE; — from which time he held an inferior position, being chiefly employed outside the Fortifications. Other men than those first acclaimed by the National Guard, had then obtained firmer hold of the helm; — men whose day of conditions with France was past, and whose only prospect of a Future lay in the improbable throw of the die “Success.

When the end came, and the Army had re-entered PARIS, “BERGERET *lui-même*” continued his sublime and most characteristic *rôle* of “Patriotic (talking) Citizen,” by disappearing from view, without further perilling his person or reputation. His last known appearance was as Leader of the gang which fired the Tuileries; — since when he has been “wanted,” and naturally enough has not turned up publicly. No suspicion exists however that he met with any accident during the street fighting of the last fatal week, and many contend that with others of the “front heroes” of the Spring of 1871, he is now safely housed in London — *or elsewhere*.

TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 2.

ÉTAT-MAJOR  
(THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE — COMITÉ CENTRAL)

# ÉTAT-MAJOR

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(THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE. — COMITÉ CENTRAL)

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The STAFF QUARTERS of the *Comité Central* — which Body, having secretly fomented the Insurrection, eventually assumed its direction — is one which in itself requires little comment. Here again may be noted the “dressy get up” of the Civilian Soldier — raised so suddenly to his brief span of Power. But to our Memory, the Orderly in attendance is an equally faithful Type, as He whom the Colourist’s brush has decked out in his gay, but not incorrect attire. The long hair, untrimmed beard, and be-spectacled features of him in the background, are no less characteristic in their way, than the trimly brushed locks and ferocious mustachios of the Officer in front. The more intelligent of the Federates — so far as mere Brain-Designing Power may be reckoned — occupied a middle place between the rank and file, and those who floated or were pushed to the surface. Generally speaking, these were recruits of all ages from the Student quarters. With them the dishevelled beard and long waving hair were signs of their titular craft — though Science or Literature may have owed them no debt, save in the lowest stratum of Journalism. Some — who were old enough — had been Actors in the events of 1848; among whom indeed were not a few who lived upon the republican prestige of those Jays. And the younger ones were apt disciples of the traditions their Elders taught. Not impossibly is the trim Colonel in the foreground but a child or even a tool, in the hands of him with the portfolio of papers.

The *especial* “COMITÉ CENTRAL” was but little known until the actual outbreak of the Insurrection. The name indeed was common enough in every *arrondissement* of PARIS, none of which was without its Central Committees of many kinds. But *that* which for a time wrested the Parisian power from the hands of the new and untried Government of the Country, had worked much in the back-ground, and was unique of its kind. In some respects it may be termed the “Common’s House” of the National Guard Federation, though until Events brought it into notoriety, it was far from a fair representation of the whole. On its first assembling at the Hotel-de-Ville, we only count twenty one names — inclusive of that of LULLIER, member *ex officio* by virtue of his short Career as “General” [but three days!]. So little also was it known to the world, and we might almost suppose even to the secret Police, that the retreating Ministry fleeing to VERSAILLES, cast yet a last placard on the walls of PARIS, crying out

“ WHO ARE THE MEMBERS OF THIS COMMITTEE? NO ONE AT PARIS KNOWS THEM. THEIR NAMES ARE NEW TO ALL THE WORLD.

Circumstances however — partly accidental — made it Imperial for a time, in outward Power at least. But internally, it was ever as a House divided against itself, and only the chaotic Surroundings gave it cohesion. Composed in the main of mere mechanical Workmen, — its groove of Thought or Action was as narrow as the limited order of educated intelligence amongst its Members. These for the most part were personally (if they may not be also considered so *collectively*) the children of the working-man's Society — the “ International. ” To use the expressive words of their “ General ” LULLIER, himself a wild madcap, but by comparison honest; — “ *They knew only what passed near them. They were like him whose horizon is limited by the circumference of one small hole, through which he is looking.* ”

Such was the general character of the Committee that assumed Power, and held it by a certain vague Terror, until formal birth was given to the COMMUNE on the TWENTY EIGHTH of MARCH. But, though it then retired from the Hotel-de-Ville, it maintained its attributes of Parentage; scrupling not to criticise, and to praise or blame, the Acts of its Offspring.

And perhaps its Spirit yet lives : more widely scattered it may be feared, than the well-wishers of European order and tranquillity desire.



## TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



№ 3.

THE FEDERATE  
(FEDÉRÉS — MÉNILMONTANT-CHARONNE)

# THE FEDERATE

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(FÉDÉRÉS. — [MÉNILMONTANT-CHARONNE])

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From General or Colonel to full Private is but a step, and among thorough-going Republicans not a very long one. Is there any one who was in PARIS during MARCH, APRIL and MAY 1871, who has not seen this very Gentleman *in propria personâ* — and in the very act? His career as Soldier has not been a lengthened one, nor of the strictest discipline; but the past Siege has made him look upon camp life — *inside the town* — as on the whole rather pleasant and very proper to his Nature. He has discovered and still finds, that it is vastly easier thus to earn his fifteen pence (*30 sous*) a day at least, with certain supplies of bread, meat and wine — not to hint at other little perquisites appertaining somewhat to that we call booty or blackmail, — than to work laboriously at his trade for eight or nine long hours. Has not his brave attitude already so impressed the German Warriors, that if the latter have not been *exactly* conquered, they have at any rate not dared to break the Treaty by which they agreed not to occupy the whole of PARIS? The FEDERATE *knows*, if all the world does not, that it was only fear of HIM which prevented General MOLTKE from quartering “all” his Army among the Parisians; or that deterred the Soldiers who did enter, from freeing the barriers agreed upon in the provisional Treaty of Peace. And moreover, is he not now standing out for LIBERTY? Does he not look all a Patriot — ready for any eventuality! Nay, he will even be prepared if necessary or temporarily expedient, to run away to fight another day in the service of the Holy Republic.

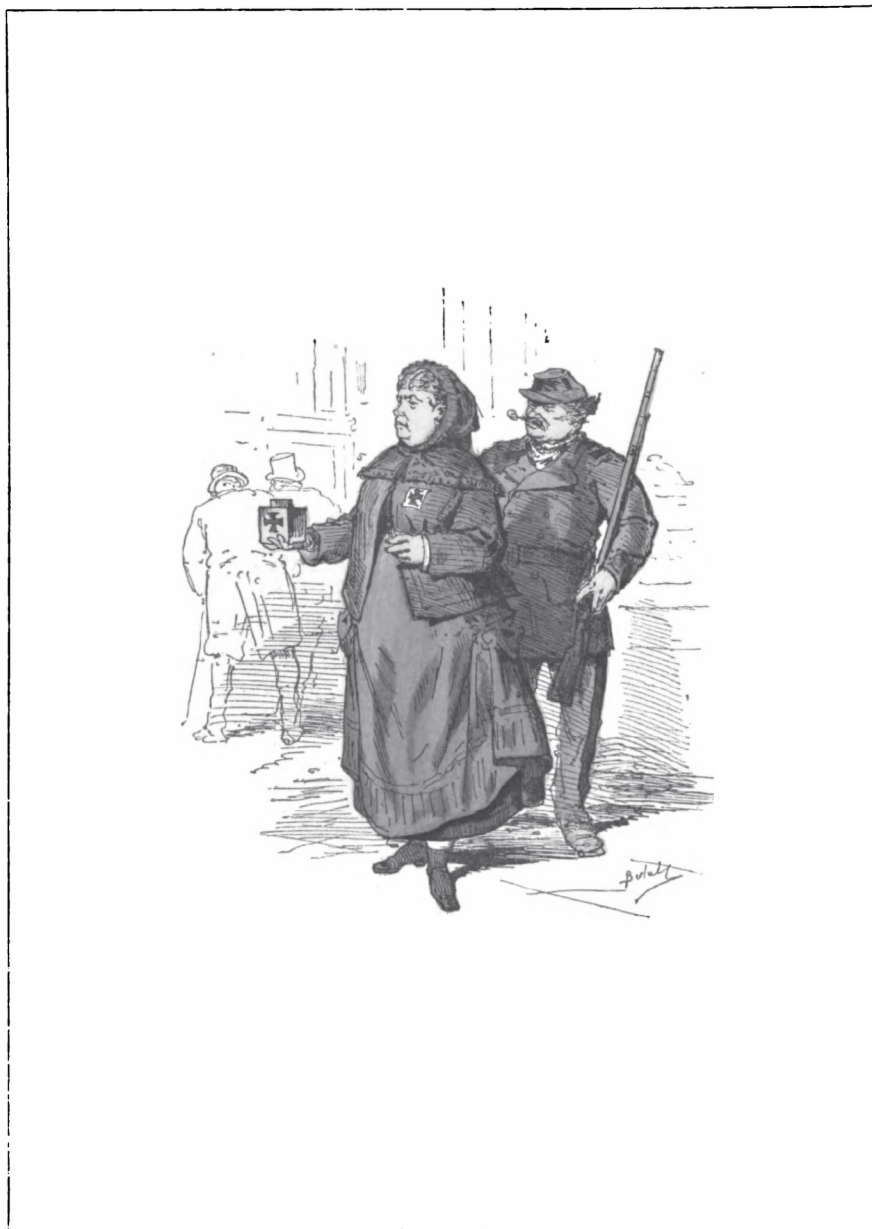
But even He has grievances — moderate and reasonable though they be. The Captains of his Legion are absurdly particular in desiring his regular attendance on Parade; which scarcely accords with his notions of LIBERTY, to say nothing of EQUALITY and BROTHERHOOD. They even desire his attendance on military service at unseasonable times, regardless of hours and weather; and to march outside the Walls, no matter how inconvenient. Still he has his compensation — in addition to the more substantial ones hinted above. He is Soldier — SOLDIER of the PEOPLE — an actual Power of the moment *inside* PARIS, and visible Sign of the Cry, *Plus de militarisme* — no more of professional soldierdom. Through HIM the landmarks of Society are to disappear, and the World generally is to be regenerated. He has been flattered to the skies by the Generals



of the first Siege, and perhaps it is not extraordinary therefore that he should be loth to disbelieve all they have told him of his intrepid bravery. All he asks now, is to continue as he is. When they speak of abolishing the National Guard *and his thirty sous per diem*, with all the Etceteras — flags, drums and trumpets (vocal and instrumental), not excluded, — his delicate Susceptibilities are wounded. As a rule, he does not clamour to be led forth to the fight as loudly as in the German Siege, when a deaf ear was returned to his patriotic demand. But his outward attitude is uncompromisingly aggressive, even though he prefers choosing his own time and place of action. One thing however is a *sine qua non*. He insists that his pay shall be punctually distributed each evening. “Credit” to the Leaders he serves — even for a week — cannot be thought of.

Throughout the reign of the COMMUNE, the numbers of the Federated Host were naturally greatly exaggerated. Official statements at first spoke in round numbers of Three Hundred Thousand. It is doubtful if even on paper two thirds of such estimate ever existed. With few exceptions, the upper class of the civic Force, who had swelled the numbers in the presence of the foreign Enemy, had already retired from the Capital; either to rejoin their families and seek repose after their privations, or to escape the complications visibly increasing. Thus was PARIS left a prey to the armed Citizens of Belleville, Villette and Montmartre, and the suburban Quarters on the left bank of the Seine. But even of these, as week by week rolled on, scores and hundreds daily vanished. Most who had aught to lose, and who were not political fanatics or of the criminal classes, found means to elude the vigilance of Sentinels who watched at the various gates. When, scarcely a fortnight before the beginning of the end came, the ill-fated young ROSSEL summoned all who would volunteer in a general Sortie, to parade on the Place de la Concorde; — what a ghastly array awaited him! The present Writer was there, and can testify to the ragged Skeleton of a tattered-malion Army, which came at the call of the rash Enthusiast. Little wonder that the Sight chilled him to the Heart's core, and that on retiring he at once gave in his resignation, as Commander of a Force in which neither Strength nor Numbers remained. When PARIS was at length entered, the number of FEDERATES actually on service must have been very far below a Hundred Thousand; and reckoning their wholesale desertion into hiding places in the presence of the conquering Army, the Thousands who fought to the last at the Barricades may be counted only by TENS.

# TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



№ 4.

**CITOYENNE QUÊTEUSE**  
(FOR THE WOUNDED COMMUNISTS)

# CITOYENNE QUÊTEUSE

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
No term in our own language enables us fitly to translate the Calling of the Heroine of this Illustration. Though the familiar Geneva Cross on her breast and on the Alms box she carries bespeaks her passing profession, the English eye — not habituated to the outdoor life of our Continental Neighbours — may at first fail to appreciate all the tale the Figures speak. Familiar as we are at home with the machinery of public Meetings, gigantic Advertisements, and special Sermons, to express attract and reflect our Sympathies, or enlist our pecuniary Charity, the full significance of a Street Collection can perhaps at first be barely recognised. The estimable Maidens of mature experiences, who in our free land make house to house visitations on behalf of their pet Society for the healthy conversion of Jew, Negro, or Papist, have little in common with their Sisters on the other side of the Channel; who on great occasions in Church and in Ball rooms, at Concerts and sometimes in the Streets, make their QUÊTES on behalf of the “ who or the “ what ” that chances to rouse the interest of the moment. Still less has the gentle Member of our “ Dorcas ” Committee, anything in common with the CITOYENNE we now treat of — who indeed may not herself be classed with the ordinary QUÊTEUSES of her own people, though she imitates their outward action in the circles open to her. The habit of QUÊTES in public, as well as the outdoor *Café* life of our Gallic Neighbours, must be borne in mind when this drawing is studied.

Let it be remembered also, that for nine long and dreary months PARIS had been accustomed to daily and hourly Collections, in public and in private, for wounded Sufferers. Especially let those who were Witnesses of the moving scenes of 1870-1871, glance back at those days of the previous JULY and AUGUST, when the elaborately and extravagantly organised, but alas! too late and well nigh useless Ambulance Waggon, paraded the streets of the Capital. Let them recall to Memory the slow *tramp tramp* of those sad processions, bringing the harsh reality of Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death, home to the gazer's own door, — though the actual scene of War was yet not near. Let them remember the comparative magnificence of those efforts of Charity, so well meant and munificently fostered, but for want of ordinary appliances so ill-served; — with all their human machinery of Doctors, Students, Chaplains, Brothers and Servers, marching by the side. And the attendant Stewards — as *we* would call them — ever and anon thrusting their white wands of Office among the Bystanders, who not only uncovered reverently as the *Cortège* passed, but pressed forward; each one only anxious not to be behind the other, in casting his mite into the bag that hung from

the outstretched wand. — Then having reflected on that, and perhaps upon many other scenes of like import since, but all of them descending in the scale of grandeur as time wore on; let them look on this Picture, and see to what depths the work of "SUCCOUR FOR THE WOUNDED" had fallen in these latter days.

Not but that true Charity may be found in humble attire, without pomp or outward bravery; — where indeed perchance she oftener dwells. Only having seen this Lady more than once — and "many of her, ever with like attendant *Cavalier*; and having watched her in the flesh, almost as a Spy upon her actions (if full confession be made), we utterly and entirely repudiate the assumed sanctity of her motives. If the Donors of *gros sous* imagine they contributed aught to the relief of human Suffering, in nine cases out of ten they grievously err. They may have aided a certain form of human enjoyment, as the interior of a not remote Estaminet might have enlightened them, had they watched; — but beyond that, their Benevolence was imposed upon.

For surely Benevolence of a certain order it must have been to prompt an offering at all. The most purblind mortal would fail to imagine either beauty or grace, in such Shadow of our typical and most real QUÊTUSE, that might attract his imperfect Eyesight. She has a certain plumpness and roundness, it is true, — but scarcely that of Youth; and in place of the softness of her Sex or the *Esprit* of her Countrywomen, there is more of the Roman Matron than should accord with a solicitation à *l'amiable*. She is however neither the first, nor by many hundreds the only one, who not only during the COMMUNE but in the past War also, made a thriving trade of the avocation. Those were days too, when so formidable a feminine Presence accompanied by her armed Escort, was not unlikely to impress weaker Minds with an idea, that though there was no compulsion — yet they *must*.

There is one small detail of this Picture, which may not be overlooked. Two elderly men are hobbling away together. We know not if it was intentionally, that the Artist thus pourtrayed a curious incidental phase of PARIS life in those days. Save the Federated National Guard, hardly a Male — of French Nationality — was then to be found in its Streets, unless he were very young indeed, or decidedly on the wrong side of Five and Forty. Should any one of "serving" age be found *out*, and unable to give evidence of present active service, he was marched to the *poste* and confined, until he consented to retake his arms, as in the past Siege. Hence the thoroughfares were naturally empty of such raw material for Citizenship. Surely never before were the gay Boulevards of Paris so bare of their resplendent *Flâneurs!* 

# TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



No 5.

THE POLICE PREFECT  
(PRÉFET DE POLICE. — LE CITOYEN RAUL RIGAULT)

# THE POLICE PREFECT

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(THE CITIZEN RAOUL RIGAULT)

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Though appearance belies his age, the Head of the COMMUNE Police was not TWENTY FIVE years old; and in Memory he remains rather as an Individual apart, than the Type of a Class. Even in the parody of a Government in which he played so important a rôle, the peculiar talents of RAOUL RIGAULT, the POLICE PREFECT and subsequently PROCUREUR of the COMMUNE, were happily rare.

A Member of that Student Class, from which the peculiar Parisian Radical is reared, neither time, nor circumstances, nor his proclivities, had tended to raise him from the lower Strata of the mud of the *Quartier Latin*. Thrice within the seven months preceding the COMMUNE, had he seized Authority at the Police Prefecture. Thrice in that period had Revolution interrupted the more or less settled Order, affording opportunities for unknown men and boys to thrust themselves forward. On the FOURTH of SEPTEMBER 1870, he had attempted to instal himself: but the Government of the National Defence, Representatives of the " People " as they might be, were scarcely democratic enough to appreciate his merits. Again he tried, two months later — on the THIRTY FIRST of OCTOBER; and for a brief space — minutes rather than hours — held actual Office, until that little Insurrection ending abortively, he fell with it. But on the EIGHTEENTH of MARCH 1871, his peers came to the surface, with neither the Will nor the adequate Power at the first if they had wished it, to dislodge the wild Medical Student, who then a third time rushed to the Prefecture, and assumed the Executive Power. — Such details are worth noting in a description of one, who is found occupying so important a nominal position.

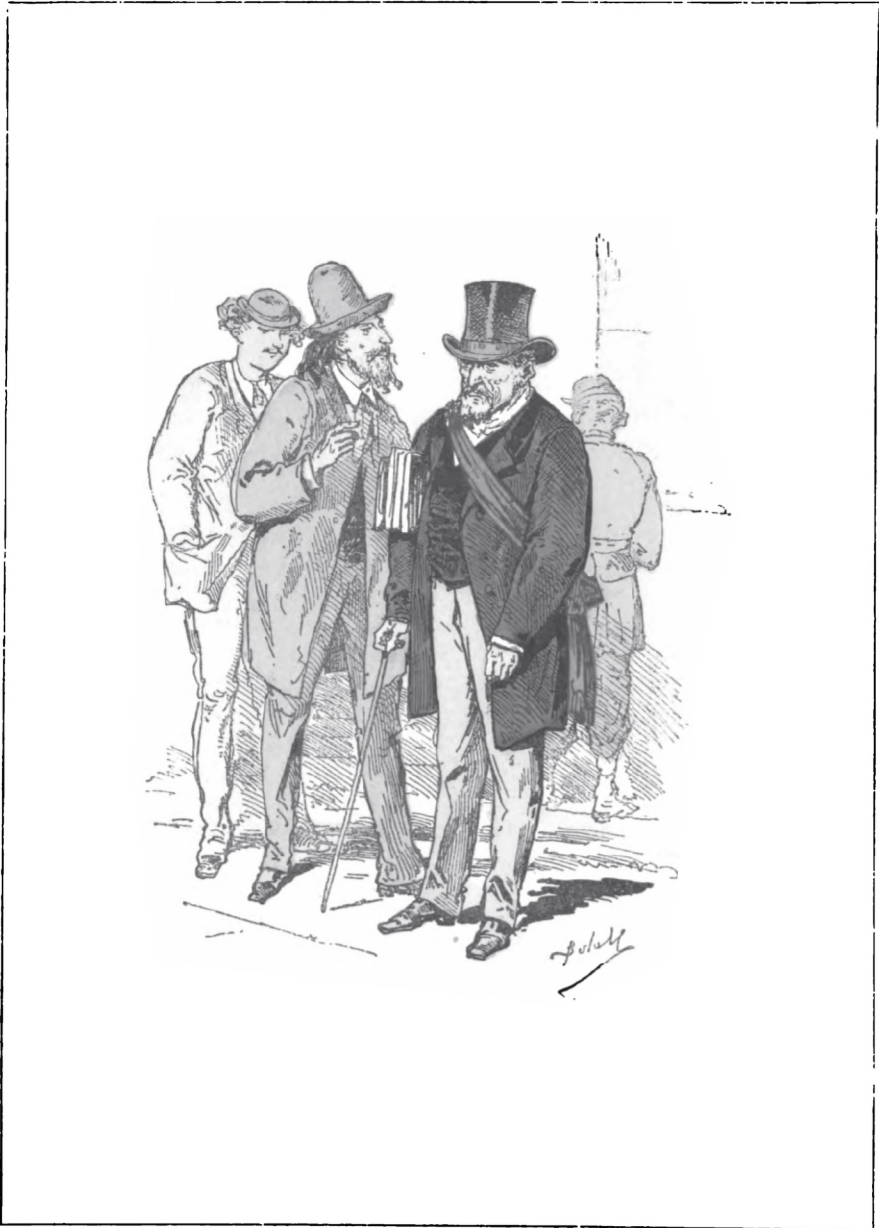
Nor was the position by any means nominal in his case. How he fulfilled it, and employed the perilous Power, was the " Terror " of the Time; — nay, the chief Terror of the COMMUNE period. To make arrests was the aim and the end of his Calling. No mere insane democratic Enthusiasm appears to have spurred him to the task; and he was too young in years to have been animated by personal revenge for past " Wrongs, " inflicted by Society or by fallen *Régimes*, as in the case of some of the elder Communists. The lust of Cruelty dwelt in him. Any silver lining of Mercy or Remorse to relieve the blackness of his brief and *very little* history, was painfully absent. His prisoner Hostages were to him but as sheep in the slaughter house; whose coming death he contemplated, referring to

it in their presence, as coolly as of the most ordinary event of the hour. Some latent idea of emulating the Memory of MARAT, may perhaps have influenced him. When votes for the formation of a sub-Committee—to be called the SALUT PUBLIC — were taken, and each one gave his opinion for, or against, and *wherefore*, RIGAULT voted “for,” assigning as his reason, “that he would desire to revive all that *was believed* to be the true History of the Terror of 93, though he feared such History was erroneous, and that the real Epoch had been much milder than tradition taught” — and according to him, *it ought to have been*.

Freethinker in all things, and like the rest of his crew, a Professor of absolute Materialism in matters of Faith, the Clergy were naturally his chief Antipathy. To fill his cells with the “*Calottins*” was his delight; and the higher the grade, the better pleased and the more insulting was this miserable usurper of the Bureau of a FOUCHÉ. Neither position nor age was protection from his scoffs. When MONSIEUR DARBOY, brought Prisoner before him, dared yet to raise his voice in warning, styling him “*mon enfant*” with every privilege of Age and Station, this dispenser of socialist Justice bade the Archbishop be silent, “for there were *no children* there. Even more insulting was he to the venerable ABBÉ DEGUERRY, Curé of the Madeleine, — whose THREE SCORE YEARS AND TEN had been literally spent in the service of his fellow-man, and mainly as Parisian Parish Priest of conspicuous Virtue and Charity. In reply to the formal questions of Name and Calling, the aged Ecclesiastic had replied, “Priest of the Catholic Church. — “Write down, ‘Priest by *métier*’ (trade),” interrupted RIGAULT. — “No,” retorted the Abbé impetuously; “Say rather, ‘Priest by Vocation.’” — History will not forget these few words of the silvery haired old Man, in the presence of the Boy, then Master of his person; upon whom he must have gazed in all the dread consciousness, that it was indeed his Murderer who spoke.

And but a few days later, all three were to appear at another Bar—greater still. The Bishop and the Priest were among those murdered in the last days at La Roquette; and since the downfall of the COMMUNE, the World knows no more of RAOUL RIGAULT. He died — it is believed — during the Street fighting of the last week, at the hands of the infuriated Soldiery, who were then conquering the Capital and if report speaks truly, his death was as merciless as his latter life. Recognised and seized in the Street — so the Story goes — he was immediately placed against the wall of a house, and there “passed by arms, without attempt of trial or judgement. Like many other tales of the time, the Rumour arose that this history of his death was a Fable, invented to divert suspicion and cover his flight. But Fable or not, no confirmation of his escape has since been whispered, and the Rumour has long died away. There is little doubt that the PROCUREUR of the COMMUNE met the Fate he had so often meted out to others, during the previous two months.

# TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



A° 6.

MINISTER OF WAR

(LE MINISTRE DE LA GUERRE. — DELESCLUZE)



# MINISTER OF WAR

(DELESCLUZE)

From RAOUL RIGAULT, the Student Socialist and Offspring of a younger school of Radicals, we turn with comparative relief to the Picture of LOUIS CHARLES DELESCLUZE; even though we know him of old to have been a Fanatic and Teacher of Doctrines, incompatible with our social laws. He was the leading Representative in the COMMUNE of the elder *Révolutionnaires*, who had little in common with the proletarian element that dominated the Insurrection of the EIGHTEENTH of MARCH. Men who could date back to the politics of the second exile of the Bourbons, were not very plentiful among the Insurgents of 1871. FELIX PYAT was indeed a Cotemporary, but his proverbial facility in ever escaping at the moment of danger, did not give him the rank of Martyr, which DELESCLUZE enjoyed. BLANQUI perhaps might have shared such honour, only he was absent. Citizen BESLEY, — *Doyen* of the COMMUNE — was older in years, but his Junior in fact, if Imprisonments, Exile, and Transportation, constitute any difference of Age in the political-man.

To attempt an outline of DELESCLUZE's Career, would be but a tale of Opposition to every existing Government of his Time, and would far exceed the space at our command. Educated for the Bar, he early in the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE became involved in secret Societies, and after many vicissitudes, took ultimately a leading part in the Reform Agitation, that culminated in the famous Banquets, and cost the KING OF THE FRENCH his Crown.

After the Revolution of 1848, DELESCLUZE enjoyed the most — if not the only — successful part of his political life. His Associates in revolutionary projects being landed, he was sent as *Commissaire Général* to the *Départements du Nord et Pas-de-Calais*. But even then he could not resist his propensities, and was more than suspected of taking part in a futile Conspiracy, to proclaim a Republic at Brussels. The failure of this Scheme robbed him of his brief popularity, and though he enjoyed the friendship and support of M. LEDRU-ROLLIN, he fell in esteem and position, and was again forced to take refuge in England, where he remained five years. Then however the pavements of PARIS attracted him, beyond his judgement. Relying upon the lapse of time, he returned; but only to be discovered, arrested, and imprisoned, and finally transported to CAYENNE; — from which captivity, the general Amnesty of 1859 released him.

Years later, towards the close of the Empire, he once more took an active part in public affairs, as Editor of the "Réveil"; and reaching the height of his popularity among the "Reds" during the German Siege, was elected Parisian Deputy to the National Assembly at Bordeaux, by over 150,000 votes. Never before had CHARLES DELESCLUSE received such outward proofs of popularity.

At first he was personally aloof from the Events, which brought the Insurrection to a climax. His name only however, was sufficient to identify him with the Ultras; and he was naturally elected a Member of the COMMUNE Chamber. There he held a position all his own. Speaking by comparison with the degenerate Republicans of the new Revolution, he was in a manner a Giant of the Past, seeing himself surrounded by miserable Pygmies, inept and conceited in all the pride of a little Knowledge. It may be fairly assumed, that he was as much opposed to the peculiar Doctrines and Aims of the Working-Men around him, as he openly expressed himself to be against the small Spite and personal Jealousies, by which they were eaten up. Yet he could not leave them, any more than they could dispense with him. The last card was played; the die was cast; he must go on with the work to the bitter end; — and he knew it. His chief place was in the last Phase of the COMMUNE, after CLUSERET had been deposed, and ROSSEL had retired in disgust, from the Ministry of War. Then there was no one else to be found for the post; and this outwardly dried up and withered, parchment skinned and always physically suffering, but vigorous and desperate old Man, became the last WAR MINISTER of the COMMUNE.

That Stage was brief, but sharp; much enduring probably, rather than active. The very Appointment proved that the end was at hand; and none felt so more than himself. The last week soon came. Retreating daily before the Soldiers, he waited till the Friday. It was the fifth day of fighting at the Barricades, and though all was already lost, the Cannon yet thundered through and the Bombs flew over the Streets of PARIS, and every where around arose the Columns of Flame and Smoke from incendiary Fires. Then *alone*, in the midst of indescribable desolation, where — but a few minutes before — savage Men and Women had fought as Furies only can, and where yet lay the bleeding Corpses of those who had fallen, he advanced to a deserted Barricade at the Château-d'Eau; and there — in the Civilian Costume he ever wore, in preference to the gilded trappings and uniforms of those around him, — calmly and deliberately selected the Rioter's death, rather than survive his last defeat, and again brave the perils of so chequered a life.

He had outlived his time. The aspirations of his youthful Republicanism found themselves realised in old Age, by contact with Men who made a trade of the Word, and whose social Creed was at the bottom but a Cry for "Wages." What wonder that, Wifeless and Childless, he was content to cry "Enough," and to resign a Life, already forfeited to Military Justice!

TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N<sup>o</sup> 7.

THE FAIR DELEGATE OF THE CAFÉ DE MADRID  
(DÉLÉGUÉE DU CAFÉ DE MADRID)

# THE FAIR DELEGATE

OF THE

## CAFÉ DE MADRID

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(DÉLÈGUÉE DU CAFÉ DE MADRID)

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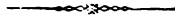
In close geographical proximity to the fashionable haunts of PARIS, but far remote in associations, thought and action, from the upper Ten who simmer placidly before their more gorgeous Cafés on the Boulevards des Capucines et Italiens, are the Café de Madrid on the adjacent Boulevard Montmartre and its ordinary *habitués*. Between the latter and the aristocratic "Grand," only a short space of pavement runs; but in the clients of the two establishments, is a whole world of variance — a generation of dissimilarity.

That of "Madrid" is the resort of a certain class of Parisian Journalists, more famed for the manufacture and circulation among themselves, of current *bons mots* and passing flights of fancy involving delicate [and indelicate] innuendoes, than for the more solid parts of their profession. It is the "Exchange" of tales of the hour, and the birthplace of much "News" derived from "authentic sources." From the depths of "bocks" consumed within its precincts, many a wild Rumour startling PARIS and echoing throughout EUROPE, has been evolved.

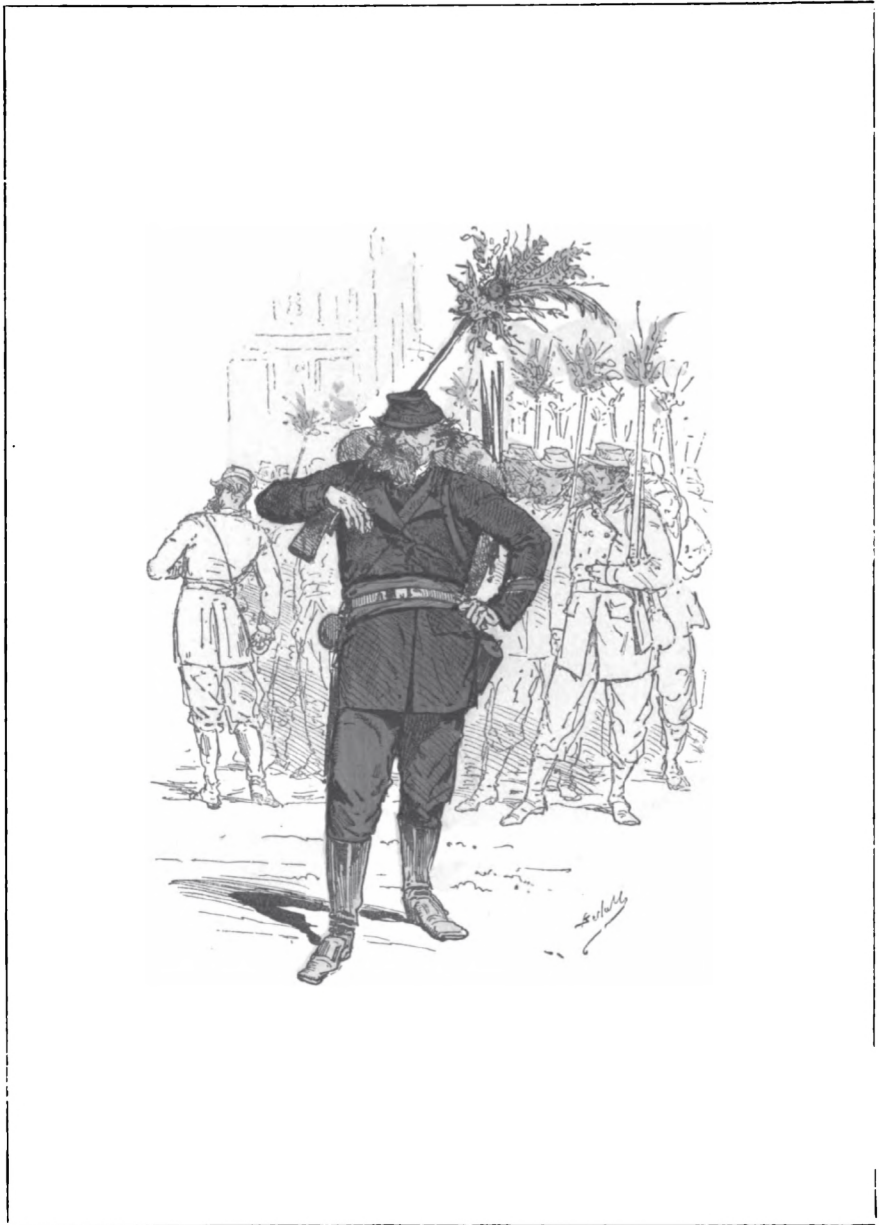
At a time like that of the COMMUNE, when the more sober Writers of PARIS had either left for a safer region, or — if remaining — were in comparative hiding, the Café de Madrid had occupants *sui generis*. The Printing Houses — only lately freed from their censorship, and revelling as it were in their unwonted licence — seemed then only careful to avoid what ordinary proprieties at other times suggest, and teemed forth the doubtful wit and republican effusions of the FELIX PYATS, the ROCHEFORTS, and the PASCHAL GROSSSETS of the hour, without stint or reserve. Such as these, and more especially their familiars and hangers on, more at home in the purlieus of the *Quartier Latin* than on the leafy Boulevards, were they who then kept tryst at the ordinary Press rendez-vous. Nor were they unaccompanied by those of the gentler — oft-times fiercer — Sex. When each Man's mind fermented, fair — aye, and dark; nay of many shades; — CITOYENNES DÉLÈGUÉES, were not far behind the lords of Creation in their Enth-

siasms, lofty or debased, as the case might be. Perhaps even they often excelled him. With the inversion of all Things political, so also were many social Observances overturned; and though the Figures of this Picture are not many, and the action is simple, yet it tells us much. By it we see how Women's "Rights," were then upheld most practically, and her "Wrongs" threatened to be avenged. THE FAIR DELEGATE OF THE CAFÉ DE MADRID not only had her place there, but maintained it with spirit. From her general attitude, and the unmistakable cast of her Countenance, may be gathered the extent of her earnestness. May we not also infer, what was her private opinion, and fervent contempt — not unexpressed — of the "*Canaille*" at VERSAILLES!

Very fitly too does the expression on her temporary Companion's face — half languid, half amused — depict the absence of any strong feelings, or reality of Patriotism, among the majority of the Men in the COMMUNE. With the bulk of these, the Insurrection was but a Cover for continued idleness, acquired in the first Siege; a Means for a renewal of Holyday, which freed them from any present necessity for Work; when no Authority existed to enforce that Order and outward Decorum, so repellent to the freeborn Nature and Manners of the Radical Socialist.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



No 8.

THE RETURN FROM THE BASTION  
(RETOUR DU BASTION)

# THE RETURN FROM THE BASTION

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(RETOUR DU BASTION)

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An every day and most life like Scene, more especially to be witnessed during the latter half of the days of the COMMUNE, when Spring had set in. Let the Reader, who knows PARIS, place himself in thought upon the Boulevard de Courcelles, and he will see in this Picture an Actuality of the Period, without exaggeration. It is a Company returning — we will say — in the early morning, from a night's service at the Earthworks, erected for Artillery purposes outside the stone Fortifications. And it not being a peculiarly dangerous duty — though attendant with much noise of Cannon and rumbling of Mitrailleuse — these were wont to return thus jauntily, not too greatly depressed by Casualties, with actual laurels of Spring blossom (perhaps also with more useful culinary Greens) on their bayonets, as they themselves were covered by the laurels of a valorous reputation, in the eyes of proud and affectionate Relatives, and admiring Comrades and Neighbours. If Sound could achieve such Glory, they had indeed done their best all night to earn it. These were the Heroes who kept PARIS awake, by their never ceasing firing; powerfully seconded from Mont Valérien and the VERSAILLES outposts. — To them were the Public generally, and Journalists especially, indebted for a foundation whereon goodly Superstructures of fearful Midnight Attacks, and Struggles in the small hours — when no Man could or *ever did* see, — were erected and portrayed, pen and ink-ily.

These marches into PARIS, even though other trophies of Victory than the signs of Nature's renewal of vegetation might be wanting, were by no means disastrous; — being generally bloodless, also scratchless. Occasionally indeed a stray uncivilised shot may have hurt a Comrade, and if not severely enough to have required immediate conveyance to his Litter or the Ambulance, his Company would bear him back with much sympathetic pomp and republican gravity. But such incidents were exceptional, and this Picture very properly knows them not. The air of the whole is decidedly gay. Were we not conscious indeed that we are gazing upon virtuous Republicans, one might almost expect to hear the "Ave Cæsar!" ascending. Only the "Morituri te salutant" is not so easily realised. The Parisian Federate will not in all respects, bear comparison with the Roman Gladiator.

And the Figures are as natural to the life, as we so well remember them.

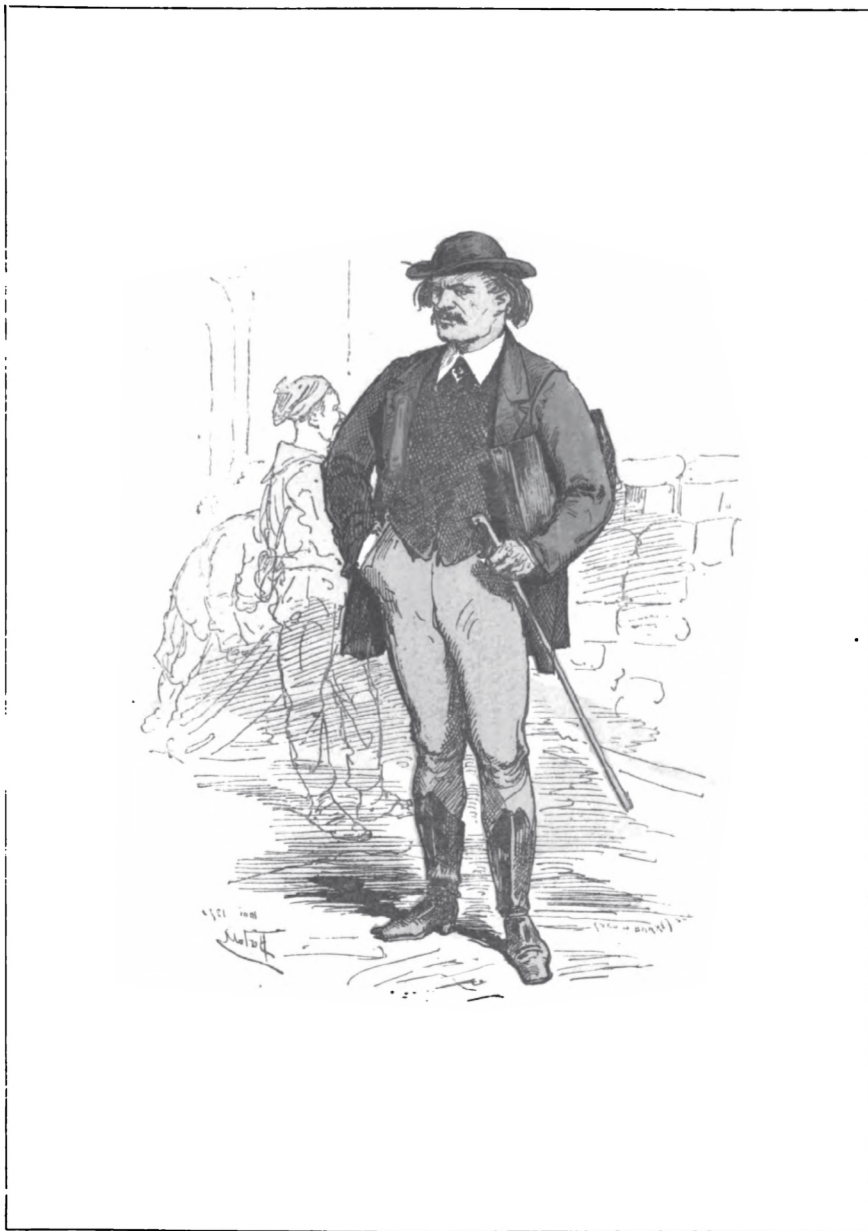
As one looks on the Picture, the old time revolves before our eyes; — not more as regards him, who arm a-kimbo leads the way, than also with the casual passer by, whose elegant back proclaims that *his* night's service has been performed in the interior of PARIS, enabling him to turn out comfortably in the sprucest of military trim, after doubtlessly a dramatic farewell with the Lady of his choice; — from which it is possible both have already nearly recovered.

Let it not be supposed we would speak lightly of the horrors of a Civil War as this was, or of the actual destruction of life and limb that occurred. Words cannot paint all that must be felt, when the Fact of Men *and* Women of the same kindred, in savage conflict together, like beasts of the field, is seriously considered. Few things however are without their lighter element; and especially is it rare to find aught of the most serious in the land of the Gauls, that has not its full share of Comedy. Now, viewing the Time with more calmness, and from a stand-point raised above the excitement of the hour, we are forced to the conclusion — that it was not the military episodes, which were most grave; and that of them and of the Casualties both among the Versaillists and the Federates, there is much in contemporary accounts to be largely discounted, before we can arrive at their real estimate. Writing at this distance of time, without any necessity for "piling up the agony," or to stimulate a feverish public and encourage Editorial expenditure, by means of "facts" emulating the black Crows of our school days; — a careful review of much that has transpired since induces us to affirm, that the history of the daily life within PARIS, the details of the COMMUNE mis-rule, the manners of the Communist and non-Communist inhabitants [politically and socially], and the atrocities perpetrated under the guise of Patriotism, together with the action of the very few honest Men of the Movement, have infinitely more importance and interest, than the mere fighting and military Operations.





## TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 2.

MEMBER OF THE COMMUNE  
(MEMBRE DE LA COMMUNE. — LE CITOYEN VALLES)

# MEMBER OF THE COMMUNE

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(THE CITIZEN VALLÈS)

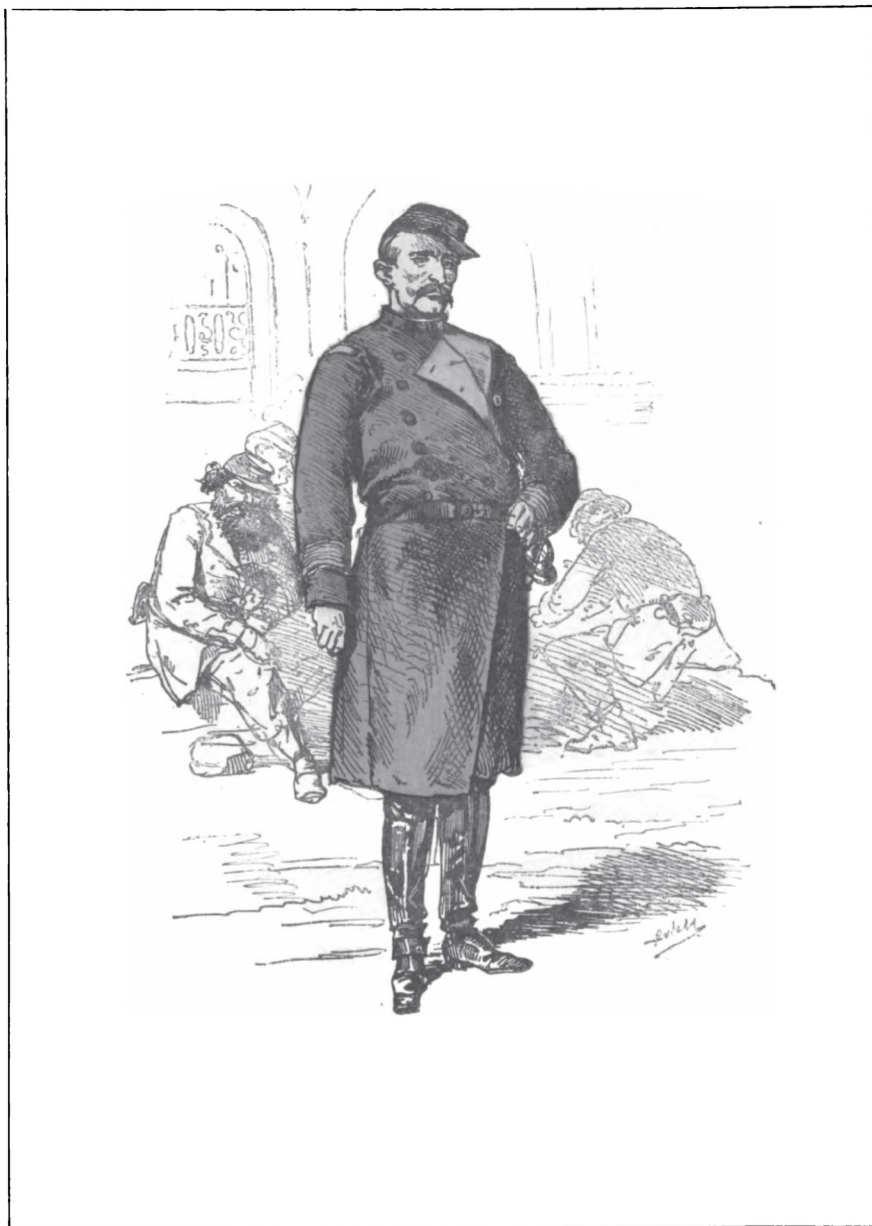
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In dealing with his Subject as a whole, it was not merely necessary for the Artist to take note of the decided Ultras, but also to depict the average MEMBER OF THE COMMUNE. His selection of JULES VALLÈS as Type of such more *practically* moderate and therefore less vicious Communist, was wisely made. Had the average Member been Deputy at the VERSAILLES Assembly, instead of to the COMMUNE Chamber, he would indeed have there formed a Unit of the extreme Left. But in the Holy Republic, One and Indivisible, as in other Institutions more or less sacred, there are Republicans — and Republicans. And though JULES VALLÈS, and many others with him, were terrible Democrats in a way, their lesser lights could scarce fail to pale before the glorious effulgence of a RAOUL RIGAULT or a FERRÉ. There are degrees of comparison in all things.

It was a happy idea to draw him in ordinary Civilian attire of somewhat a Bohemian cast, with a Folio under his arm. It fitly expressed the moral and actual rank, which he held among those with whom he was associated. Save as a Parisian *littérateur*, wielding a most facile pen, JULES VALLÈS was nothing; and there were enough of others in a similar position, to merit for the Class a prominent space in a Communist grouping.

*Ex uno disce omnes.* For a few years the name of JULES VALLÈS had been before the Parisian World, as a ready Journalist and Pamphleteer on various topics; but as a somewhat eccentric Thinker, and impracticable Politician. Of course he was democratical, and equally of course had suffered prosecution and punishment under the Empire, for the crimes of his Pen; — without which indeed he might never have occupied a front position in the COMMUNE. Hardly arrived at middle Age, he was old enough to have acquired an unstable reputation among those who recognised talents, and may have wished him well; but yet young enough, still to achieve something worthy of a name. The majority of the Hôtel-de-Ville Regenerators of Society, were more of his stamp than is generally believed. But the same want of action, that prevented them from vigorously carrying through their theoretical doctrines in person, made them useless to stem the current of a Tide that bore bolder and more desperate Men on its Wave; and powerless to withstand the effects of the Ignorance and criminal Passions around them. They had sown the Seed, and were reaping the Harvest.

TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 10.

GÉNÉRAL COMMANDANT  
(LE CITOYEN LA CÉCILIA)

*grave Circumstances in which we are placed, to establish unity in the administrative Services for War.*" — Therefore let the "General" CLUSERET be Minister of War, with full powers of Action.

Then did CLUSERET form as it were a bridge, spanning the space between the Civilian Generals, and those who came after with greater claims to military Capacity. Originally a Soldier by Profession himself, although one of Adventure now, he brought Men more versed in military Science, gradually to the fore. ROSSEL was one. He however stood in a manner alone, associating indeed with those around him, but scarcely being of them; nor did he ever assume the titular Generalship. But under and after CLUSERET, a trio of Generals came, who must ever be looked on as the main apology possessed by the Insurgents for strategic capabilities at all (such as they were); — DOMBROWSKI, WALEWSKI and LA CÉCILIA; the first and the second both Foreigners, Russian or Polish as their names denote, and the third as much Italian as Freuch.

It is the last who has been selected as a Type. Let the Reader refer to the first Picture in the Collection, and then turn back to this. He will see what we have desired to impress; — the difference between the Generals at the beginning, and towards the end of the COMMUNE.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 11.

CITIZEN PROTOT, MINISTER OF JUSTICE

(LE CITOYEN PROTOT. MINISTRE DE LA JUSTICE)

# CITIZEN PROTOT

## MINISTER OF JUSTICE

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(LE CITOYEN PROTOT, MINISTRE DE LA JUSTICE)

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An actual incident is here represented, which occurred when the Chief of the Parisian Bar came to the Communist MINISTER OF JUSTICE, to remonstrate or intercede on behalf of the ARCHBISHOP of PARIS, M. BONJEAN, President of the High Court of Appeal, and M. GUSTAVE CHAUDEY, Barrister and Journalist, who had all been arrested by the COMMUNE. But first it is worth while to see Who and What was this titular MINISTER OF JUSTICE in the Communist Government.

One of the first Arrests of notable Personages made at this cruel time was that of the President BONJEAN. He had indeed been absent from PARIS when the Insurrection burst out, and the other Ministers of State and Generals of the Army had fled from the Capital. But *he*, the highest Judge in the Land, deemed it due to his Office to come especially at the moment of Danger. He came, and all the World now knows the result; his early Imprisonment, and subsequent Murder at La Roquette. So little time had he lost in hastening to PARIS, that it was on the TWENTY THIRD of MARCH—only five days after the Insurrection—he was arrested. And on that same day, the “*Père Duchesne*,” an infamous daily Print but much in the confidence of the *Comité Central*, and looked upon as their “public feeler” Organ, called out for the Magistrates of the Empire to be turned to the door, and in the same breath pointed out the CITIZEN PROTOT as the right man to be MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

This Citizen was little more than a Youth, and an almost briefless Barrister, save that he had already been engaged for the defence in one or two noted political Cases, — briefs that probably brought him more socialist Honour than Fees. He had also in himself suffered prosecution for participation in revolutionary projects, — alone enough to gain the admiration of the Mob, who are reported to have at times concealed their pet Advocate in the recesses of the *faubourg* Saint-Antoine, from the researches of the Police; lodging him and feeding him for months together, turn and turn about among the working Denizens of that savoury district. But beyond these causes for popularity, he appears to have possessed certain physical attributes of Muscle and Bone, which the Admirers of republican Justice — wise in their Generation — evidently considered the correct thing in a

MINISTER OF JUSTICE. Let us glance for an instant at the picture of his qualifications, drawn by the elegant "*Père Duchesne*" already referred to; a Journal of four Pages, measuring *eight by five inches* in length and breadth. — The Contents ought therefore to have been perfect, if the old Proverb held good :

“ He will fit you like a glove.

“ He is also a proud Patriot, a born Sansculotte, a perfect Socialist, and that which does not spoil a —, firm at his post, shrewd as a Countryman, valiant as a Soldier, and able to drive all the Hypocrites of Reaction into their holes.

“ SIX FEET HIGH, AND THE GRIP OF A BLACKSMITH, PHYSICALLY AND MORALLY.

“ I TELL YOU BUT THAT. ”

Could Photograph be more exact, or even so near to the Life? We not only recognise the force of the *moral* and *physical* Type, but seem to *feel* as well as see this very muscular Socialist. — Though THE CITIZEN PROTOT, were he possessed of any of the ordinary Susceptibilities of Mankind, might have been tempted to exclaim — “ Save me from my friends! ”

It was to this sturdy Representative of democratic Equity, that M. ROUSSEAU, *Bâtonnier* of his Profession, came to plead in person on behalf of the illustrious Victims. It was a bold Act, fraught with much possible Danger; — for how could he hope to escape! But in this one respect his Junior was able to keep faith; although he could neither mitigate the Sufferings of those already Prisoners, nor avert their Fate. He talked much in reply of the necessity for Hostages, deprecating the probabilities of any worse reprisals. These came however, none the less; and not one of the Three petitioned for, escaped Death from the bullets of the Patriots.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 12.

A BOX AT THE THEATRE, MAY 1871  
(UNE LOGE EN MAI, 1871)



# A BOX AT THE THEATRE,

MAY 1871

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(UNE LOGE EN MAI 1871)

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It was hardly to be expected that Parisian Patriots would abstain from the enjoyment of their Theatre, merely because they were besieged by their own Countrymen, and surrounded by all the horrors of Civil War; and truth to say, many others than they were not sorry for such limited relaxation as Circumstances allowed. Therefore, although everything was indescribably gloomy and dirty, and no Conveyances, save public Cabs and Omnibuses, were to be found in Thoroughfares ordinarily so gay, the doors of some of the Playhouses yet remained open, and — more remarkable still — if not crowded, were at least moderately filled.

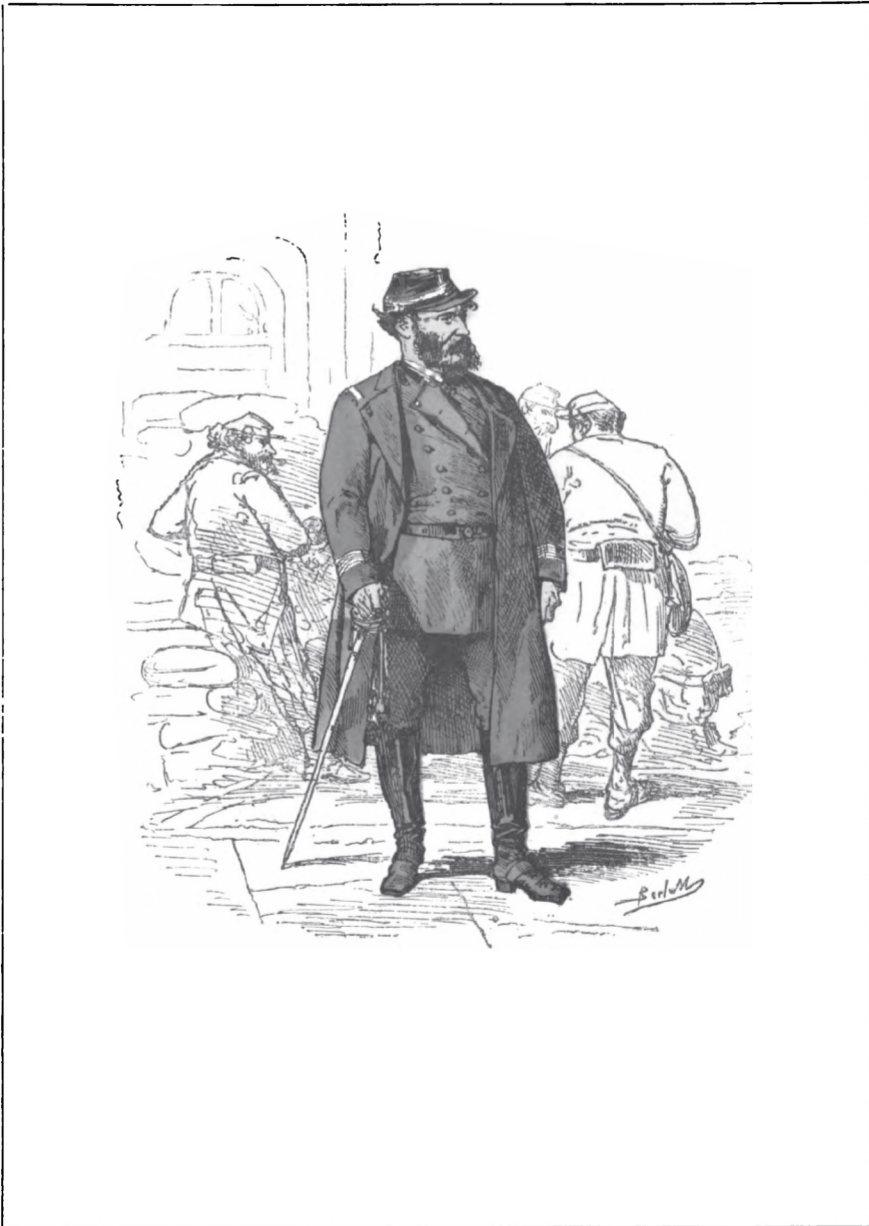
But no resplendent Beaux, diammond glittering Dames, or yet more brilliant Belles, were to be found in their *Loges*. Another World occupied their places; one more disposed to be easily pleased, than critically appreciative; for though the performances were mediocre, the Audiences gained what they chiefly yearned for, — *pour passer le temps* in the midst of the terrible *ennui* of everything. The two thirds of PARIS who were not Insurgents, but simply patient Spectators awaiting the end they had power neither to hasten nor retard, went solely for distraction. But such of the Federates whose leisure enabled them to frequent the Theatre, had other reasons than merely to relieve the tedium of suspense. They had their official rank to display, and *Citoyens* filled the late Imperial Boxes with a vast deal of Dignity. Nor were they unaccompanied by *Citoyennes*. There were few without a Mistress in Command, who took an important part in these semi-state visits; and whose desire for Pleasure was to be satisfied by a seat in places, where at other times she had often cast longing eyes at more fortunate Sisters. The *Lorette* of the Period, by no means of high grade in her own class, was the Leader of *ton* in the COMMUNE, and ruled the Fashion at PARIS. To what depths had the Queen Metropolis fallen!

No wonder that the Thespian Art was at a very low ebb. The standing farce of "*Relâche*," — that traditional puzzle to Travellers of ancient days, when FRANCE and its Capital were not so well known to all of us as the Strand or the Haymarket, — was announced at most of the doors. The "*Théâtre Français*,"

the "Gymnase," the "Gaité," with other Houses ranging downwards in the professional scale, were open indeed occasionally during greater part of the Time; but nothing new, or anything like a revival was attempted; and it was more perhaps to relieve the Artists, who had had but a sorry Winter and were having a sorrier Spring, that they were kept going at all. Then there was also the never failing excuse or attraction both for Artists and Audience, of Benefits for the Victims of the War; and the paternal COMMUNE, ever on the watch to enlighten the People, more particularly if francs could thereby flow into the needy Exchequer, organised Concerts at the Tuileries, in addition to throwing open the Palace at so much a head. — It is curious now to read that on Monday morning the TWENTY SECOND of MAY, the first day *after* the Troops had gained an entrance, the Journals advertised more than a dozen performances for the Evening, at the regular Theatres, ranging in quality from the "Délassements Comiques" to an artistic *réunion* at the "Théâtre de l'Opéra. And yet though few suspected the actual end had come, all knew that things were *in extremis*; and before that Evening came, the thoughts of Parisians were far enough away from all idea of Pleasure or Playgoing. A BOX AT THE THEATRE, MAY 1871, had become simply a matter of History.



# TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 13.

**COLONEL**  
**(IN COMMAND AT THE PLACE VENDOME)**

# COLONEL

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(AT THE PLACE VENDÔME)

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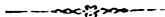
It is by Contrasts that we learn to appreciate the full significance of Facts. How then more aptly to depict a COLONEL of the COMMUNE, than in connection with a Site so famous for warlike reminiscence as the Place Vendôme, and by the side of that Column recalling the greater Glories of France — so recent, and yet all past and gone? Surely if the Spirit of the mighty Chief then looked down from where his effigy still stood, and could see all that passed at its base, he would have heartily concurred in the destruction of a Monument, contaminated at the last by such surroundings! If ghostly Might could have availed aught, would he not rather have given his aid to the deed, so that even his Statue should hide its face, and — as in fact it soon did — bite the very dust in shame, instead of rearing its head aloft, over the miserable counterfeits of Soldiers encamped beneath.

The COLONEL before us is an average specimen. Let us say perhaps, he is neither very wicked — nor very good. His chief crime after all, may have been to have taken up arms as a temporary Speculation. He is not of the ultra Patriot stamp, but in his way is a Man of the World. He will not be found at the last defending his Barricade, or ending as Martyr. He will rather go quietly home, losing his sword down a friendly sewer, and destroying his tell-tale uniform with all possible speed. If since, by good and rare chance, he has escaped denunciation by bosom Companions, he has long ere now cast his socialist skin, and become a sober Citizen of the Conservative Republic. Should such happily be, none louder than he in his earnest horror of those times, and his tales of what took place. Though he speaks now in the third person, he has every right to talk of them. He might enlighten us much on many a Midnight Arrest; he could give satisfaction to certain absent Proprietors, as to what became of valuable little odds and ends, which somehow or other have never since turned up. During his brief Career, he lived *en bon Prince*. If he did not put by for a Future, it was not for want of opportunities.

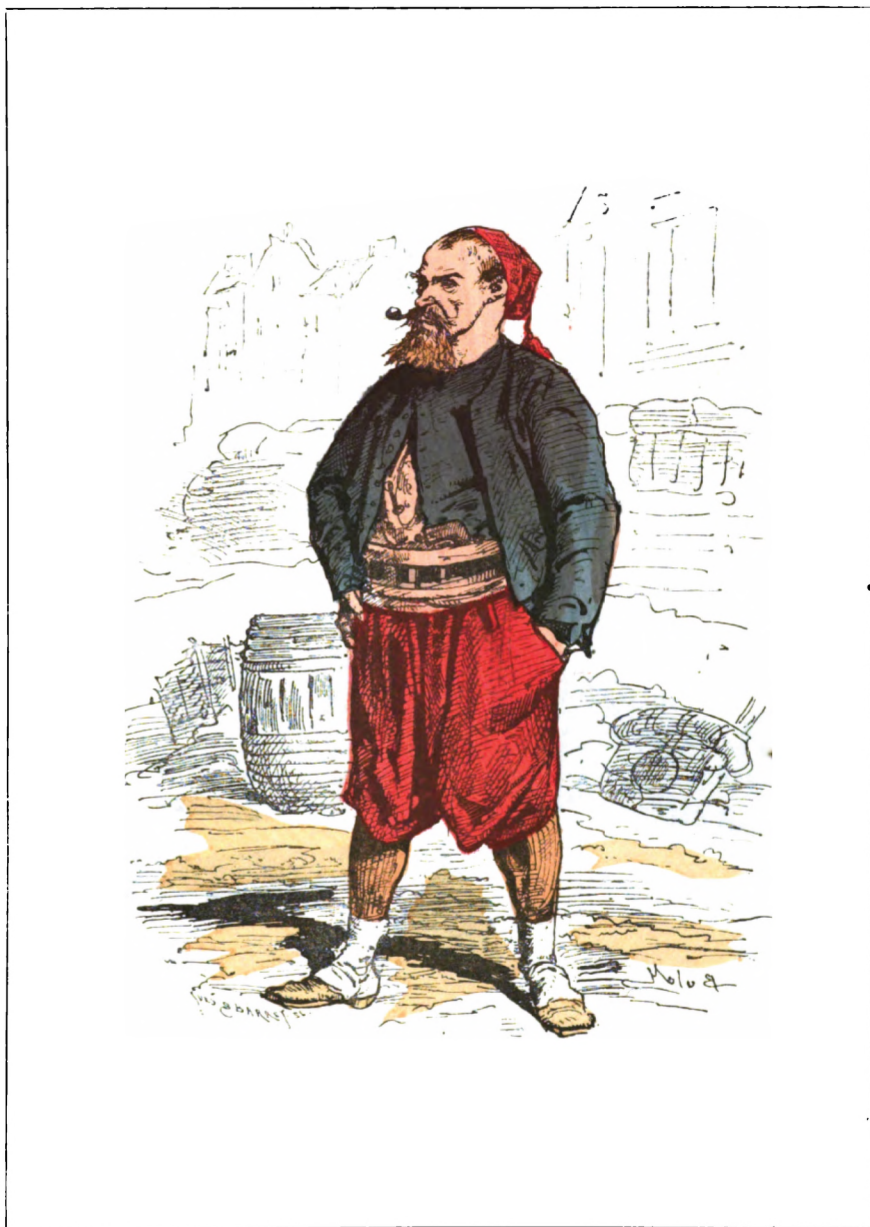
But he may not have been so fortunate as to conceal his *incognito*, and escape. If so, he now forms one of the many Thousands, who are colonising New Caledonia; to qualify for which, he has appeared before a *Conseil de Guerre*, and has done his best to prove how disinterested his Motives were,

in taking part with Insurgents. He has tried hard to convince his hardhearted and incredulous Judges, that he but made a sacrifice of himself and his real Principles, for the sake of assuaging — if possible — the horrors of the time.

In fact, not a few of these did afterwards in their capacity as Prisoners, urge this plea in arrest of Judgement, or mitigation of Sentence; — drawing inferentially quite a contrast in their individual favour, between the Government and the Soldiers of France retreating before the Insurrection, and themselves remaining behind to brave its perils. — As their military Judges were of those who retreated, it is not wonderful they were slow to believe.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



# COMMUNIST ZOUAVE

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What business can a Zouave have in a grouping of National Guards? He was the last in the Army of France, whom one might have expected to see in the Society of Insurgents, to whom his very name was synonymous with Royalty and Legitimacy, Popery and Fanaticism. In the Communist Journals and Proclamations, the " Pontifical Zouaves of Charette " were ever coupled with " Chouans and Vendéans; with " Imperialist Sergeants-de-Ville, Corsican Bravos, and Catholic Bretons; " — a distinguished Company perhaps, but sufficient in themselves to make the hair of the Patriot stand on end.

Yet, though the phenomenon may indeed puzzle some future Student of History, he was nevertheless there; in uniform — if not absolutely in flesh and blood. The COMMUNIST ZOUAVE may perchance have been a Deserter from his proper ranks; but more probably he was a Parisian Citizen, with a martial-garb furnished from clothing found in the various barracks. In this way not only were Zouaves, but Sailors and many similitudes of Warriors, improvised in the Communist Masquerade.

It was one of the boasts of the COMMUNE that the rank and file of the Army were in its favour, had they dared to express it; and that daily desertions took place in consequence. Hence it was very necessary to keep up the delusion by an outward assumption of the character, although none could be deceived in the unmistakable carriage of the *Ouvrier du quartier du Temple*. — But yet another cause may be found for their appearance on the Stage. It was a favourite accusation in PARIS then against the Versaillists, that Soldiers were disguised as National Guards, to deceive the Patriots and draw them into a net. In this suggestion, unwarranted as regards the Army, may we not also find much of the *raison d'être* of the COMMUNIST ZOUAVE !

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# TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 15.

DELEGATE TO THE WAR ARSENAL  
(DELEGUÉ AUX MUNITIONS DE LA GUERRE. — LE CITOYEN ASSI)



# DELEGATE

## TO THE WAR ARSENAL

(ASSI)

Here we have not only a Type, but the Portrait of One who was the leading Representative of the classes at the bottom of the Parisian Revolt. ADOLPHE ALPHONSE ASSI was essentially the "Workman"; with intelligence enough to have risen high, had he stuck to labour. But local Circumstances having made him somewhat of a Martyr at the Creuzot Manufactories, he had of late years occupied a prominent position in the "International, as professional Agitator and Leader in Trade Strikes. From thence the road downwards was easy. Events seemed to have been ordered exactly to suit his case. The renewed liberty of Meeting and Speech-ifying at the Clubs; the waning Order in the latter days of the Empire; the general stir up of all things by the German War; the Revolution; the continuance of the Country's disasters; the Siege; and the Chaos that emerged from the whole; — were precisely the soil fitted for the fertile growth of such social weeds. From the Secret Society or the Club Committee of other times, to the greater *Comité Central* of the Siege, was a natural sequence; so that when before dawn on the Morning of the EIGHTEENTH OF MARCH, trusty Scouts of Insurrection ran with the News that the Army had scaled the Heights of Montmartre and dislodged the Patriots, Assi was among the first to be summoned; and before TWENTY FOUR Hours had passed, found himself in possession and actual Governor of the Hotel-de-Ville.

Notwithstanding this apparent Popularity, there was however a strange mixture of confidence and distrust in the general estimation he was held in. The simple Proletarian believed in him, as he will ever do in any one plausible enough to gain his ear. But the more purely political Republicans looked askant. These not unnaturally despised him as a *parvenu* in Insurrection, who aped the lead, when as yet he scarcely knew the Alphabet of the business. Some murmured he was Spy and Traitor; a few openly called him Buonapartist in disguise; and many disliked him personally, on account of his Conceit and assumption of Manners. Strange that such a Man, comparatively unknown to the World, should be found in the front of an *émeute* so suddenly accomplished! But he could not hold it. An Actor and *Poseur*, largely endowed with the national gift of the

tongue. — when the tide was in his favour, he did remarkably well. So soon however as Matters became complicated, and the position dangerous to guide, then the *mere able Workman* was proved, and found wanting in skill to float on the troubled waters.

He suffered his turn of Arrest. *Cela va sans dire*. Soon deposed from his position as Governor of the Hotel-de-Ville, the COMMUNE imprisoned him on pretence of treason. But his liberty being restored, a reputation for some talent in Chemistry, and the possession of a Secret for the manufacture of such infernally devised explosive Bombs, as the Warring World had never yet dreamed of, gained him the post of DELEGATE TO THE WAR ARSENAL. How far he was Impostor in this, Charity forbids us to say; but at least his great Secret was never developed. He is represented here *en grande tenue*. All the adjuncts of the military garb fit him like a glove. And yet, O Reader! be not deceived. He is as guiltless of fighting *in person*, as for years his hands had been comparatively free from manual toil. We have his own Authority for saying, that though ranking during the first Siege as an Officer in the National Guard and drawing the Pay thereof, he had never absolutely donned his uniform until the EIGHTEENTH of MARCH. The fact is curious, but perhaps not singular. It is but another phase, another form of the professional Agitator, subsisting on the fruits of other men's labour, rather than the work of his handicraft.

Decidedly ASSI was a FAILURE. Like the frog in the fable, he imagined himself Statesman. First successes aided the inflation; and in due time he burst, — the close of his public Career forming yet another symbol of the Character we have attempted to draw. PARIS had been at last entered by the troops. The TENS of THOUSANDS were fast slinking into their holes, and the THOUSANDS were preparing to defend the Barricades. Surely, one would say, that at the moment of danger, he who was the visible exponent of the mighty PROLÉTAIRE, would have been by his side! But our Hero was wiser in his generation. Within a few hours of the entry of the Versaillists, ASSI was at the École Militaire, a Position soon to fall, and therefore necessary to evacuate. Instead of retracing ground, and sharing in the final struggle, he rode with some trusted Comrades in the other direction *towards the Enemy*, professing to make a *reconnaissance!* The result was very simple. These confiding lambs suddenly found themselves in the midst of an Infantry Company, and becoming the first Prisoners taken, were removed in safety to VERSAILLES, out of danger — and away from the horrors of what is now commonly called the INFERNAL WEEK.

Things might have been worse. The timely Arrest, not only saved his life then, but enabled him at his trial to repudiate successfully all participation in the Assassinations and Burnings of the dying COMMUNE; — whilst those inflamed by such as he to the Commission of Crime, had paid the penalty at the Barricade, or would do so soon at Satory, or on the Hulks.

TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 16.

CANTINIÈRES

# CANTINIÈRES

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Neither lovely nor graceful to look upon, every fair Reader will admit. It is a shock to our general illusions, to find the traditional *Cantinière* of Romance, transformed into the likeness before us. Yet must Truth rather than Fiction be drawn by the real Observer of Manners. National Guard CANTINIÈRES were not enlisted from pretty village Maidens, blessed by the Curé, and burning with ardour to be Sister or Mother to each Man or Boy in the Regiment. They were Recruits from a sterner walk of Life, trained amid crowds and associations, not much fitted for the preservation of the loftier Virtues. That they could be true to their respective Companies may be inferred; — but it was in the companionship of Vice, and in being ready tools for the acquisition or disposal of plunder, which at other than War-time, might be called by an ugly name.

Were it possible, we would fain give our Heroine, her portion of honour as a patriot *Citoyenne*. But to do so, were rather to trench upon the boundaries of actual life. There were *some* among them perhaps, as in the first Revolution there were *many*, who had Sincerity and Faith in the Cause they espoused. They would go out with patriotic Battalions, bearing a second Gun by the side of their lords; which, if need be, they could use equally as well. Nay, Spinsters would march; some girt with sword, or with no other weapon than the Scissors of a more lawful calling; ready and willing to wound the first traitor Versaillist they might encounter. Such as these however were not CANTINIÈRES, on whom the Men depended for their hot Coffee and Brandy, and to be useful in the thousand and one odd jobs, scarcely suitable for any not already half or wholly unsexed.

It was in the closing Scenes however that they played their principal part, when Murder and Robbery ruled undisguised, and Despair and Frenzy were at their height. Then the CANTINIÈRES emerged from their more strictly professional Duties, and became active Agents of the final Wrath that fell on the doomed City. Without them, the spirits of the last Defenders of the Barricades might have earlier succumbed; and to them may be directly attributed much of the prolongation of the Strife, and of the wilful destruction of Life and Property in the last days. Under their guidance were first ransacked and then set on fire, chief part of the private dwellings that fell a prey to the Flames of the COMMUNE in its Agony.

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**TYPES OF THE COMMUNE**



N° 17.

**THE DELEGATE CITIZEN**  
**(LE CITOYEN DÉLÉGUÉ)**

# THE DELEGATE CITIZEN

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(CITOYEN DÉLÈGUÉ)

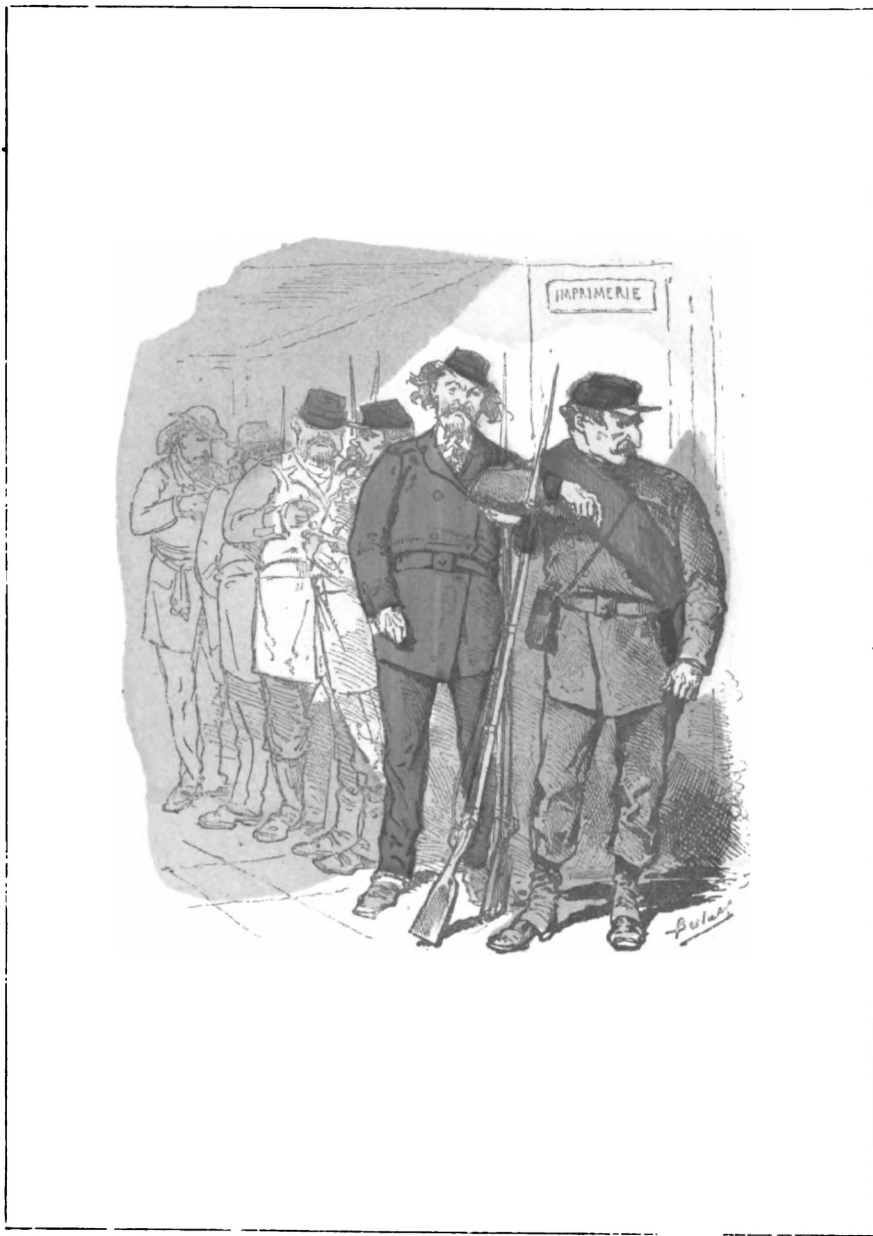
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Gently, if you please. This is not one of your blustering Declaimers; but a useful Man, who can do much under cover of great guilelessness and suavity of manner. The DELEGATE CITIZEN was much appreciated in his *Quartier*. He was essentially the local Man, keeping up his relations with exterior politics. So certain was his position, that he could even retain in his button hole the red Ribbon of Merit, which nearly every one in PARIS then saw fit to discard, as a remnant of the old World and Society, which were to disappear for ever under the benign influences of the new COMMUNE.

So much did our DELEGATE CITIZEN work softly and in the background, that it is really difficult to assign him his proper place in detail. He was the receptacle of much information, but the retailer of little. A good deal of his time was spent on the Boulevards; but none of it would be wasted, nor were his other moments idle. He was a Civilian in every sense of the word. No gilt braidings or other military glories attracted him. Had his lot been cast in favourable Spheres, he might have risen to some eminence in Diplomacy.

Where is he now? Off Toulon on the *pontons*; confined in a French Fort; or basking in the fair climate of New Caledonia? — Not he. Walk through the PARIS promenades, and there under the shadow of the green Trees, he may yet be found; pursuing his path as of yore, although now on different objects. The Police know him, but they also know his uses [to themselves possibly], and he remains unmolested. He will not be now found however in front of the larger *Cafés*. Those chairs are once more filled by their more accustomed Occupants; and the old DELEGATE CITIZEN has resumed his resting place on the public seats, apparently idling, but ever taking notes, watching, thinking — and scheming. The red Ribbon of Honour is always there.

## TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 19.

PERQUISITION AT A PRINTING OFFICE  
(PERQUISITION DANS UNE IMPRIMERIE)

# PERQUISITION AT A PRINTING OFFICE

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(PERQUISITION DANS UNE IMPRIMERIE)

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Inasmuch as a hostile visit to a Printer's was but a minor evil, and involving little domestic grievance — since the heads of the Establishment were seldom caught personally, the Artist has been able to give full rein to his vein for Drollery, and has most happily hit off by a few strokes of his pencil, the serio-comic villainies of a Band of would be Desperates.

The Causes for such a proceeding will be more apparent to those accustomed to Countries where the printing trade is gagged, than to Englishmen with whom all is free. Formerly every Printer in France required permission, and was under the direct supervision of Government, as well as being bound under heavy penalties not to print treason, or aught that was secret, unlicensed, or contrary to the Powers that happened at the moment to be. But the Revolution of the FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER altered that, giving freedom throughout to carry on the business unlicensed. The Spirit however that had dictated the old laws, yet lived in the ultra Republican, as it had existed formerly in the Conservative Buonapartist. What the Government of the National Defence had done as a popular act, and in the name of Liberty, the Communists practically undid. The former had lacked either the Will or the Courage to interfere much even with the "Press", and hardly at all with the private handbills, placards and pamphlets, that swarmed on the walls and in windows during the first Siege. — And a roaring trade Printers had had of it! But the Communists ruled somewhat differently. Journals, not wholly in their service, were promptly suspended, and a Printer who dared accept "Copy", emanating from any of what was called the "Party of Order", ran the risk of not only having his premises invaded and put under seals, but perhaps also his Type and Machinery maltreated. Most careful of all were they to prevent the publication of anything at PARIS, issuing from the Government at VERSAILLES.

There was also not unfrequently another reason behindhand for a PERQUISITION AT A PRINTING OFFICE, more especially if such Office did Newspaper work. In such cases, the Perquisition was only the prelude to a Requisition. With so many professional Writers among the COMMUNE Leaders, it was advisable to find free



vent for their ideas and pens ; and as Proprietors of the printing presses were only human in their private capacities, they were naturally somewhat chary in giving Credit to the new Customers who daily came to them. Therefore when the COMMUNE saw fit to suspend the publication of a Newspaper that had offended, it would often couple with the injunction, a *Bon* to print another in its place ; — some “ Cri du Peuple ”, or a “ Marseillaise ”. And it was more than the Printer-dared risking, to disobey the *Bon*, however precarious he might know his new Clients to be. After all, it was better than having his premises and material removed from his charge entirely, as had happened to some.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



# LA COLONELLE

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Women have at all times, and never less than at periods of popular excitement, taken a large share in public events in FRANCE. The ordinary Frenchwoman is not trained to the solitary domesticity of Home, and her personal Liberties and her Capacities for outside affairs are therefore proportionately greater than if she were. In all ranks she assumes her full share in the business and more intimate interests of Life, in the same degree as she also bears its Responsibilities, and has her own legal Rights, coupled with — yet distinct from — those of her Husband. In more cases than not, among the middle and lower Classes, a very large portion of the details of family affairs, besides those simply domestic, devolve on the Woman; while her lord is content with a general *surveillance* that does not interfere with his habitual attendance at the Café; — forming therein a striking contrast to Englishwomen, and more especially to those resident in our larger commercial Centres, who encased in their suburban band-boxes of Retreat, see and understand no more of the World beyond their own Walls, than the caged Birds; and are as dependent upon their Husbands or Brothers for Ideas, as they are also by law — as married Women — for their daily provision. An Englishman becomes thus the outside Slave of his family, and in return is Autocrat at Home. *Un Français n'est pas si simple*. He prefers Ease to Honours.

But like all things Human, this feminine liberty and activity, so useful at ordinary times, becomes troublesome when diverted from more private Concerns. If the affairs of her family are the first thing a Frenchwoman is earnest in, the second is decidedly a yearning for politics; so that, if perchance she be without the first to engross her, the second absorbs her whole Mind, making her what she is in the midst of Tumults, Revolts, and Insurrection. [If Women and Men could be separately and fairly polled, we believe the fair Sex would ever preponderate on the Radical side of any question whatever]. — Hence was the COMMUNE no exception to the ordinary rule of Insurrection in reproducing the female element, — though not in the same proportions as when their great Grandmothers pulled Cannon bodily, from PARIS to VERSAILLES; and being only a partial Revolt, of a Class not much given to ordinary social propinities, — an undue proportion of *legal* Spinsters, whatever they might be in reality, took part in it. Family cares these had none, and their very existence as well as their proclivities, required them to be ardent supporters of the system happening for the moment to be in favour with the *Sans-culotte*, whose temporary Fortune they shared. Seamstresses, female artificers and the like, were of those who chiefly composed

the feminine Troops of the COMMUNE. There was also another Class — rather a peculiar one; Schoolmistresses of Communal and other Schools of second and third rate order, some of whom had been famous as Committee Women in the first Siege, and Orators at the female Clubs in the second; who ended by donning the Sword and Uniform, which some of them had proposed wearing in the German War, without then receiving sufficient encouragement to carry their valour into practice.

To what special class LA COLONELLE belonged, we can only surmise; — it is not necessary to define her too accurately. She is however no Myth, but existed actually *en chair et en os*; and figured as she is here represented, in one of the first batches of Prisoners brought to VERSAILLES, after Civil War had commenced. The Soldiers and Spectators were in no humour then to show favour even to the Sex, and amidst the gibes and blows and missiles with which the Arrivals were greeted, she did not escape. Indignant Salutes were offered her, and rough hands tore off the gold *galons* from her Képi and the Stripes from her Uniform, leaving only ghastly shreds of her once magnificent attire, to declare how completely unsexed and low she had fallen at the last, in her assumption of Manhood.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 20.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE TELEGRAPH  
(COSTUME DU DIRECTEUR DU TÉLÉGRAPHE)

# COSTUME

OF THE

## DIRECTOR OF THE TELEGRAPH

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(COSTUME DU DIRECTEUR DU TÉLÉGRAPHE)

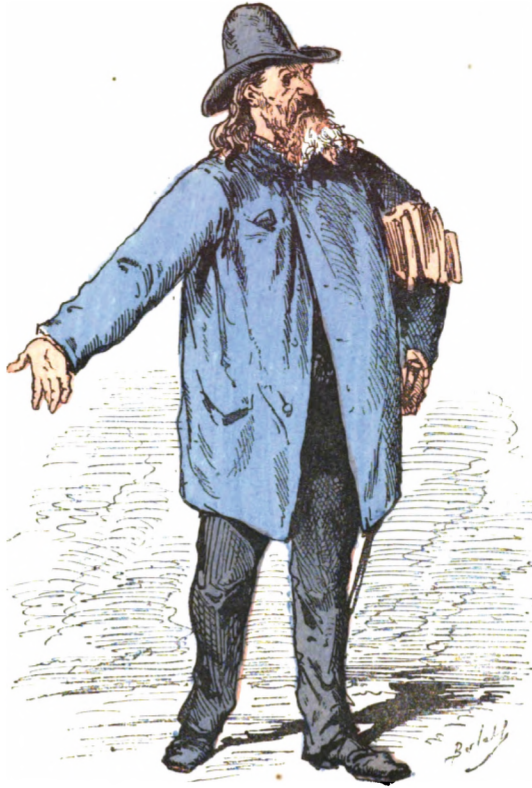
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If ever Imperialist functionary excelled this specimen of uniformed Officialism, he must have been grand indeed. Save for the surroundings, one might almost imagine him to be Emperor himself, rather than an Underling.

Yet he was not only a Character of the period, but a living Actuality. The ex-DIRECTOR OF THE TELEGRAPH at PARIS, having — like other chief public Servants — been suspended and imprisoned, a junior clerk in the Service found favour in the eyes of the intelligent Rulers at the Hôtel-de-Ville. Heaven knows what his qualifications were! When afterwards tried by Court Martial, for the illegal assumption of title and office, an old Story of youthful Shortcomings in the strict path of Honesty was revived. But this might only be Scandal, — though if true, a most excellent reason for his Appointment under the COMMUNE. Fortunately however, qualifications in his case were secondary; for, there being no communications then open with the Country, his work was from the first very limited, and soon became still more circumscribed by the suspension of all private Telegraphy within PARIS also. Hence he had ample time at his disposal, to air his elegant person and tight fitting uniform in public; and having unwonted funds in his pocket, spent them not niggardly; — neither vulgarly, in “bocks” or “chopes.”

For our Hero's tastes were fashionably flavoured. Each evening he would repair to the Café Riche, and there partake of a repast, worthy his official Status — and Uniform. The Artist has caught him in the act of descending the steps of that aristocratic Restaurant, fortified by his sumptuous meal, cheered by the fragrant weed, the observed of all, — and especially to the vast amusement of two Bellevillites passing by.

TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N<sup>o</sup> 21.

A BOULEVARD ORATOR  
(ORATEUR DU BOULEVARD)

# A BOULEVARD ORATOR

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(ORATEUR DU BOULEVARD)

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Those who have only seen PARIS at times of Peace and comparative Calmness, can form little idea of what its chief thoroughfares are, when all private business is suspended and even family concerns are forgotten, amid the excitement of public affairs. Then is the whole Hive of pleasure-making Workers overturned, and the Bees and the Drones alike swarm upon the Boulevards, buzzing furiously, and with their tongues stinging vigorously.

Circles of Politicians and eager Newsmongers gather together on the pavements; some small, others large, and a few at certain corners of the Streets taking up the whole Roadway as well. Useless for the Police to cry "*Circulez, Messieurs!*" — even if they have courage to put in an appearance at all. Nothing less than a Troop of Soldiers might disperse such Groups and Grouplets; in the centre of each of which is the BOULEVARD ORATOR, who has been the nucleus of its first gathering, keeping it alive by windy Discussion and oracular Speeches.

Who the BOULEVARD ORATOR may be in private life, or what Calling or Profession he has been originally or follows at calmer times, must remain unexplained; — for no man can tell. But in periods of political disturbance, he invariably turns up. A chance word or remark from some Bystander, be it ever so simple, suffices to attract him; and straightway the Argument begins. Some one is sure to disagree, and others will confirm. Sharp words ensue, growing louder as each becomes animated. Passengers are attracted, who listen at first, assisting afterwards; and in shorter time than this takes to write, the circular crowd is formed. It soon extends many Men deep, and a dozen or more are joining in the wordy Conference, with right arms and forefingers thrust frantically over their Neighbours' heads, and wildly gesticulating in the air. Meantime the ORATOR in the centre, is loudly combatting with those nearest him. Many times has he apparently broken away in disgust, or despair of convincing his fellow Citizens. For a moment perhaps his tongue has been silent, but his brain and eye are ever at work; and unable to control himself, many a time has he again burst forth in a torrent of language.

Our BOULEVARD ORATOR is literary beyond a doubt. He may never have published, but no question at all he has written; — perhaps more than is



good for him. The probabilities are, that save in his own private and very select circle, he has not been appreciated as he should be. His hair, the tossing of his head, the very act of his arm visibly jerking from its socket, are enough to stamp him; and to show that he is one who might have set the Seine on fire — had not a cruel World denied him the opportunities. As it is, he is compelled to content himself with his native heath, — the Boulevards.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 22.

POLICE COMMISSARY

(COMMISSAIRE DE

# POLICE COMMISSARY

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(COMMISSAIRE DE POLICE)

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The French *Commissaire de Police* is ordinarily endowed with extensive powers and attributes; but in recurring to the *Commissaire* under the COMMUNE, we must discard all notion of the cool and silent Official, ruling supreme at the *poste* of his *Quartier*. The professional and trained Police were then far away from PARIS in the Spirit, and it was rather dangerous to venture inside, in the Flesh; — for the Patriots had a knack of lynching any old *Sergent-de-Ville* unhappily found. [It must be remembered that the two Fraternities had many antipathetical reasons in the Past, for knowing each other tolerably well.] Then also, ordinary Crime — or at least the detection thereof — was scarce, if not apparently absent from PARIS; for nothing more natural, than that common Thievery should decline, when its Professors had risen from the gutters, and become responsible Agents of the new Civilization. Therefore was the POLICE COMMISSARY then of a different *genus*. A keen eye for an *Aristo* was a first necessity, and after that a blind one for little abuses of Authority, committed by Patriots in the excess of their ardour.

Moreover he was not a solitary Animal, but fond of Companionship, of the nature that Adam may have yearned for before the creation of Eve. The POLICE COMMISSARY of the COMMUNE was nothing without his Mate; she not only consoled him in private, but cheered him at his public work, sharing in his duties and representing him in his absence. The most famous of these was the fair young Widow Leroy, *chère amie* to a certain Schoolmaster, whose patriotic merits had raised him to the honour of *Commissaire* of his district. She ruled at the *poste*, where her lord was the titular Chief; and right democratically she exercised her rights of Attachment over the persons of suspected Royalists and Versaillists, and of Confiscation of their goods and chattels.

The POLICE COMMISSARY given us here, does not however emanate from one of the “dangerous” districts. His lot was cast in a rich *Quartier*, where he reigned over politer Circles than the majority of his Brethren; and though the proportion of Aristocrats under his nominal rule was larger, yet the wish or the means to interfere with them was comparatively smaller. What work there was, generally took place at night. Hence, as will be seen, he had often leisure during the regular office hours, for personal recreation with Madame by his side.

TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



No 21.

THE ARREST PARTY  
(PELTON D'ARRESTATION)

# THE ARREST PARTY

(PELTON D'ARRESTATION)

The PELTON D'ARRESTATION was a regular adjunct to each Police *Commissaire*. It was supposed to be always on duty, ever at command to seize such "Suspect" as might be indicated by Authority or anonymously. But practically, its Members were birds of the night, doing their work in the dark, and often late on into the small hours of the morning.

"Royalists and "Buonapartists," "Aristocrats generally, and "Versaillist Traitors" or "Thiersites" especially; — all these were the ordinary fish for whom the nets of the Federates were laid. But their most precious morsel was the Priest or the Christian Brother, or any one appertaining to the Clerical Order. To ensnare some of these was reward enough for much patient waiting, and made up for other untoward accidents, that might happen to temporarily disturb the ordinary sweet temper of a Patriot. They made martial visits to Churches, under the curious pretence that Guns and Gunpowder lay hidden there, and thenceforth the sacred Building was either shut up, — after its *valuables* had been taken charge of and sent to the Communist Treasury, *if not elsewhere*; — or quite as probably it was occupied as Guardhouse, where some *sous-lieutenant* in the National Guard would sit in State at the Altar, smoking the Calumet of Peace upon the Bishop's throne itself. As an agreeable diversion, they would sometimes take up floors and ransack the Vaults for Bones; which, when found, were duly exposed for the Contemplation of the Faithful — [Patriots *bien entendu*] — as the Remains of quondam innocent Maidens and *their* Offspring, respectively beguiled by and born to the atrocious *Calottins*, who were understood to have thus got rid of the living traces of their guilt. St. Laurent's in the Boulevard Magenta, was a burning and a shining light in the way of Skeletons it could show; nay, — Bones were absolutely found in the outer Walls, and curious or indignant Citizens came with pickaxe, to expose these dead Witnesses of the treatment of the Daughters of the People by the *Soutanes*, and how even the Churches had been composed of the Bones of their illicit Children; — threatening loudly one day to lynch a foolish Naturalist, rash enough to pronounce them as belonging to Dogs and to Chickens rather than Babies, and so silly as to hint that the Builders had mixed them with mortar, the better to concrete the Walls. It is difficult to say from whence this rabid Antipathy arose, for certainly

no other Faith, or aught of religious fanaticism incited it. There was neither question of Doctrine, nor Protest against error; nor even could it be said that much rationalist Philosophy dwelt among them. A few indeed might talk at times of *La Raison à Notre-Dame*, in the same breath as they would shriek for *La Convention Nationale*; but these were only the outward Phrases in mimicry of a Past, without any Soul in the Present to revivify the Body; and with all, it seemed as if pure Malevolence alone dictated their hatred.

Thus it was that very early in the COMMUNE, the Clerical dress disappeared from the Streets; and though at first some of the Churches remained open, Civil War had hardly begun before Mass was said secretly, and at length with closed doors in places only known to the more devout. But for all that, the Clergy as a body stuck to their posts manfully; nor, though his schools were shut — under pretence of reopening them with secular teaching, — did the Christian Brother shrink from the Danger. All stayed at PARIS, and though often obliged to lodge in new quarters, and to walk about — if at all — in lay garbs, they were ever within reach of Parishioners requiring their Services. The peril they ran was amply proved, not only by the continued and daily Arrests, but also by the number of Martyrs they furnished at the Ending. — The personal malice and hatred of Citizen Patriots towards their Clerical Victim is sufficiently impressed in the Artist's Illustration, to indicate the hard time before him. They have generously allowed him to take a bundle of Clothes, but if he has happened to have any Money in the House or his pockets, they have relieved him of its charge, making quite a show of generosity in *lending* him thereout some Ten or Twenty Francs, to aid in getting over the first few days of Prison; — for did it not all belong to the Poor, and were not the People the fitting Almoners thereof? As one of these Hostages, who was fortunate enough to escape, and who had been a foreign Missionary, afterwards declared; — “ I have lived for years among Heathens and Savages, and witnessed many revolting Scenes; but never before did I behold or experience such Crime and refinement of Cruelty, as during the reign of the COMMUNE. ” — This Priest had a right to speak, for his experience had been gained in a many weeks residence in the Cells of the Police Prefecture and the Prisons of PARIS.

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TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 24.

RAOUL RIGAULT'S GUARD  
(GARDE PARTICULIER DE RAOUL RIGAULT)

# RAOUL RIGAULT'S GUARD

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(GARDE PARTICULIER DE RAOUL RIGAULT)

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Having already drawn the character of the Master in the sketch of "THE POLICE PREFECT," it were superfluous to repeat it in that of his Man. As the one was, so was the other likely to be; hard and cruel, unflinching in his work. Picked up from the slums of the Student Alleys, RAOUL RIGAULT'S GUARD was at any rate a devoted Servant. He could indeed hardly afford to turn a willing ear to the entreaties of Prisoners' friends; but his disposition was also in accord with his duty, and he knew very well how to guard his Employer's privacy. If the pleadings of the fair Sister, or Mistress, or Wife in the Drawing, were not powerful enough to gain access to his Chief, or to secure an interview with the Object of her prayers, or even to obtain some amelioration in his fate; it must be left to be imagined how slightly were Mortals of coarser mould attended to — unless they had the power to enforce their demands.

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TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 23.

THE CITIZEN OF MOLDAVIA AND WALLACHIA  
(LE CITOYEN. MOLDO-VALAQUE)

# THE CITIZEN OF MOLDAVIA AND WALLACHIA

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(UN CITOYEN MOLDO-VALAQUE)

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Whilst the Civic Guard kept watch over PARIS in Persons and Clothing which were not over nice to say the least, and the un-uniformed inhabitants of the doubly beleaguered City went about in the slouchy-est of hats, and linen more soiled than agreeable — [for *les blanchisseuses* were great Patriots, and therefore not always to be depended on for anything so common as Work], — we were enlivened here and there by Children of other and sunnier Climes, who carried their hearts upon their sleeves, and had it been possible when gloom and anxiety sate everywhere, would have shed some gaiety around, by their Manners and Costumes.

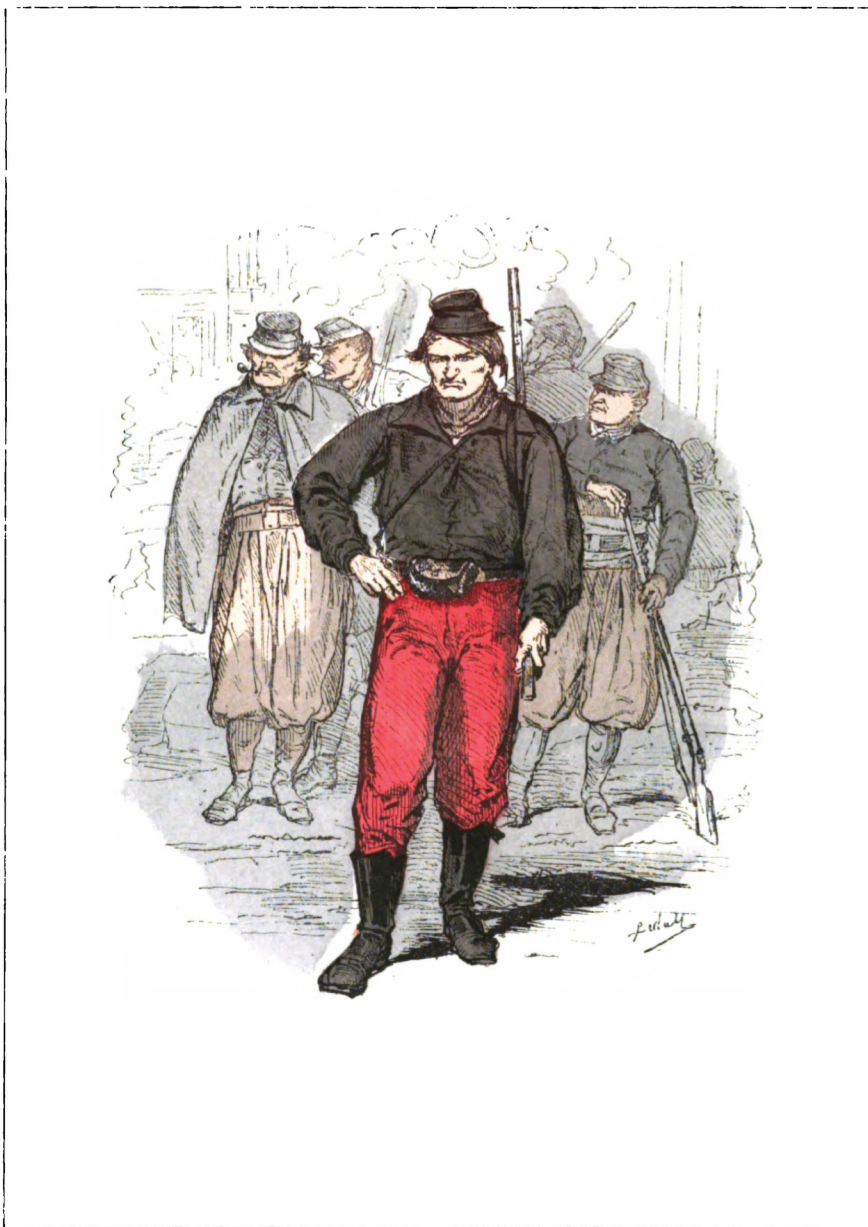
Of such Figures, not the least was THE CITIZEN OF MOLDAVIA AND WALLACHIA, who aired himself each day on the broad Boulevards, prancing up and down on horseback, attired as he is painted here. It was a boast of the COMMUNE that Citizen Republicans hastened from all parts to acclaim it, and if possible to hail it in person. And numberless Foreigners then at PARIS were cited, who had ranged themselves in its ranks; Citizens of all Races, — Latin, Saxon, Celtic and Slavonic; nay, even the Teuton was not absent, and great show was made of electing a German — albeit a naturalised Frenchman — as Member of the COMMUNE.

But though a living Reality, it is questionable if the mere presence of this CITIZEN argued much in favour of any actual sympathy with Democracy on the Banks of the Danube; — perhaps even, it might be, to the contrary. At all times the familiar resort for the outpourings of Europe, the Events of 1870-1871 had more than ever thrown open the gates of PARIS to Adventurers of all kinds; — save only the more substantial and wealthy, who had fled like rats from a falling house. These were come, partly for refuge, but mainly for what might turn up; hoping in the general scramble to secure something, and at the least to gain a living, in the Profession of Adventurer Politician or Warrior. For this question of daily bread was most urgent and necessary. The number of needy Foreigners then at PARIS, to whom even the lowest National Guard Pay was of primary moment, can only be realised

by those who mixed with all Classes of the Time, and encountered them. Our gaudy Hero however, flew at loftier game than a sorry Thirty Sous per diem. Perhaps he was happy in being the solitary Representative of his distant Principalities; but at all events his native Costume was a Host in itself, and being also a polyglot edition in person of European languages, all these earned him a higher Wage; more befitting the maintenance of such fashionable appearance, as was consistent with the Time.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 26.

THE AVENGERS OF FLOURENS  
(VENGEURS DE FLOURENS)

# THE AVENGERS OF FLOURENS

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(VENGEURS DE FLOURENS)

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To enter as nearly as possible into the feelings of this very determined but slightly misanthropical looking Gentleman, it is necessary to recur for a moment to the Story of the Hero he is supposed to avenge, and the Circumstances under which he and his Comrades were enrolled.

GUSTAVE FLOURENS, to whom we have already had occasion to refer, was one of the younger race of Republicans, with whom France was infested during the latter years of the Empire; though he differed from the majority alike in his attainments, as also in a Sincerity and Courage born of Rashness. Yet young, the force of Character had carried him high above those he mixed with; though none the less dangerous therefore as a visionary Enthusiast, in matters social as well as political. Member of an influential Parisian family, the young FLOURENS had been launched in life with a liberal education, which together with his Father's *prestige*, had secured him the Chair of History at the College of France, when only TWENTY FIVE years old. This opportunity for distinction in Letters was however lost to him, by the materialist Opinions that ran through his Lectures, in consequence of which he was deprived of his Professorship.

Then followed the usual life of the Revolutionary Outcast from the grooves he had been born and trained in. An Exile, rather than a Traveller, he journeyed through Europe and the East, now studying and at other times lecturing and writing, and ever seeking for opportunities to promote Insurrection against existing Power. At length the partial renewal of political Liberty, and especially the withdrawal of the interdiction to the Clubs, brought him back to PARIS in 1869; from which period he ran the ordinary routine of those among whom he had become a Chief. Speech-making in the first place, more free than wise; — then prosecutions for exceeding the limits allowed, duelling with aggrieved opponents, actual imprisonment at times, but oftener in hiding or in flight from legal process; until at length the Revolution of the FOURTH of SEPTEMBER put a term to the Warrants that had issued from the Imperial Government. But it did not put an end to the spirit of insubordination. Though the Colleague of ROCHEFORT on the Commission for Barricades during the German Siege, FLOURENS ceased not to conspire in private, and openly to attack the Government of the National Defence. As Commandant of the Belleville National Guards, he bore a leading

share in the wretched Insurrection of the THIRTY FIRST of OCTOBER, for which he was imprisoned; but the affectionate Patriots having bodily rescued him from Jail, he remained in safe hiding at PARIS (though condemned to death by Court Martial *per contumacium*) until the memorable EIGHTEENTH of MARCH once more dragged him to light. — By such safe and sure and very narrow roads, he reached his final great Office of General of the COMMUNE.

Now arrived at his Goal, he became the most active exciter of Civil War, and commanded a detachment of Guards, who started for VERSAILLES on the SECOND of APRIL. But less prudent than the majority of his followers, who wisely retreated home at a very early date, he advanced with part of his Staff as far as Rueil; — and there being surrounded by Gendarmes, was killed on the spot after attempting to shoot the Officer in command. The news of this at PARIS naturally made him more of a Hero than ever, and every Socialist hailed him, PROTOMARTYR of the Cause. "FLOURENS DEAD" was a Cry that few could withstand, where the living Man had been worshipped as the rising Sun of the new School; and a Corps was formed, sworn to avenge his blood, and especially to search out and retaliate on the actual Author of the deed.

Did they perform their Will? Alas! for the value of good Resolutions; — History knoweth not. That they made some noise within the Walls of PARIS, and were supposed to be the most irreconcilable of all the Desperates of the hour, may be admitted. But beyond that, there is no true Story to tell. We rather think that the Artist has been happier in catching the gloomy and moody inaction of the AVENGER, than we should be in attempting to narrate his exploits. He may be ranked with many an "Eclairneur," "Franc Tireur," and terrible "Enfant Perdu" of the War Days.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 27.

THE CLUB IN A CHURCH  
(CLUB ÉGLISE)

# THE CLUB IN A CHURCH

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(CLUB A L'ÉGLISE)

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The World has often heard of the Parisian CLUBS, and of their political Influence and Consequences; but we question if any who have never had opportunities of visiting them, imagine what dismal and gloomy places of entertainment they are, or rather *were*. Even when monster CLUBS were opened at a public *Salon* or the Music Hall Theatre, free to all, and analogous as nearly as possible to our English public Meetings, the general tameness or the ephemeral violence, were wont to produce — to the Foreigner at least — a saddening rather than a healthy feeling. Not that there was any absence of excitement, or at times of strong passionate feeling; — but the fervour and rage were the fruit of passing Events, or sprang from the Action and Words of the Speaker, soon to die away. Between the French Political Club and the English Election Meeting, may be discovered the chief secret of the two Systems of Government suitable for each Nation. In the one, the mass of Hearers sit to be lectured to and instructed by Speakers — hired either for Pay, or equally professional as the People's politicians; in the other, the Auditors give the tone to the Meeting, and though an Orator may furnish them with Phrases and also with Facts, it is the general feeling that will finally leaven his Words — whether he be Conservative or Liberal. An Englishman abroad on his tour, is too apt to cry — “Why are these not as us?” — “Why cannot they adopt our Constitution, and be happy for ever?” — forgetting we are not all made alike; and that on the whole, the Gaul rather prefers being talked to, and tickled into fury by his favourite Deity of the moment; — though none so restive, when once he casts off the yoke, to which he has so willingly harnessed himself. “Codger's Hall” or the “Discussion Forum,” is a Hall of dazzling intellectual light, compared with the ordinary Parisian CLUB, even though it be of Montmartre, Villette, or Belleville.

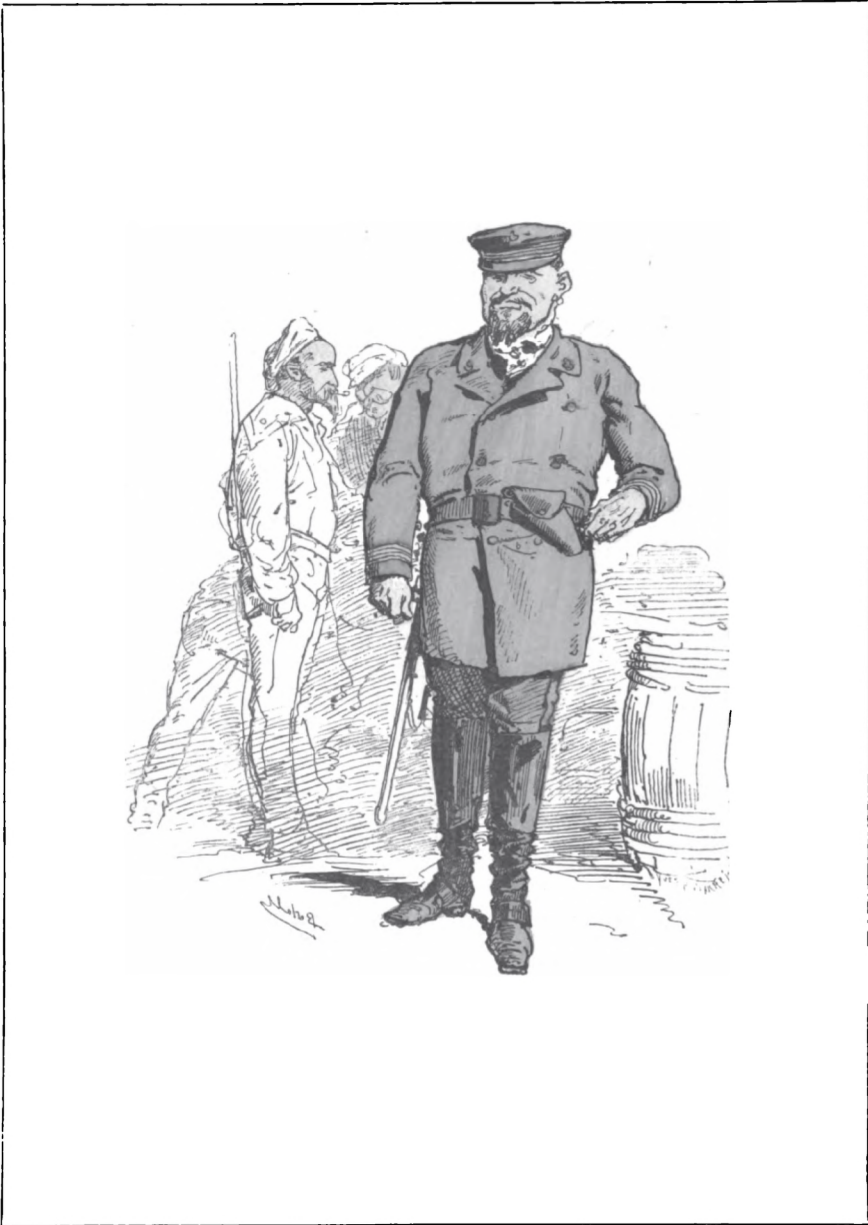
It may have been some unexpressed feeling of this kind, or that something new and attractive was necessary to arouse the undoubted lethargy of Parisians generally, which induced the COMMUNE to throw open the larger Churches for evening CLUBS. “The People must be instructed,” they said, acknowledging thereby that it was not *out* of the Masses their proletarian Doctrines came. “They require Education; — not a Priestly but a Secular Teaching. What better place to do so, than in Buildings so long the abode of Craft and Bigotry,



and from pulpits that have only rung with such blasphemy to Patriots, as rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's!" Therefore let the great doors be opened! and if crowded Congregations were proof, the CLUB IN A CHURCH was a great success. — It was a strange and singular sight. The lighted Nave and Aisles, filled by the wondering and wandering Multitude; with the Chancel Sanctuary, stripped of every Ecclesiastical trapping, all dark and black as Night. From the pulpit thundered the wild bearded Politician in *Garde Nationale* uniform, reminding us in his very grotesqueness of Stories of our own Round-heads. But could our Puritan Ancestors have come forth, and listened to the themes selected for the Place of Preaching! Or perhaps it was the black eyed, raven haired Girl or Woman, with glances of Fury flashing in the Gaslight, shrieking forth the most miserable balderdash, upon social Ethics, Marriage, Education, and universal Liberty — which she did not term *License*. Opposite the pulpit in the Wardens' box, were ranged the Committee of Management, occasionally interrupting with a statement, or a call to time, or perhaps to order; while facing the Speaker hung — not yet pulled down — the massive Symbol of Redemption, on which the Preacher's eyes are ordinarily fixed; and below were the tightly packed Congregation, filling every chair, and crowding in the Aisles shoulder to shoulder.

Old and Young, and the Middle-aged were there; white-haired Grandfathers and downy chinned Boys; aged Women in bright *bonnets blancs*; Mothers of families bearing Children in their arms; and fierce looking Girls whose dark tresses were as uncombed, as their general gait and evident life were unkempt. National Guards, inexpressibly dirty and their hair flying over their ears, fitted to and fro; with the cutty pipe — not always alight — in their mouths. Here on side Altars, and there on the steps of the Confessional, sat Citizens philosophically looking on, while clouds of Tobacco incense arose from their lips to the lofty roofing, mingling in their ascent with the odours of the People, The fashion was to wear the Hat or Cap without disguise, but occasionally — not unfrequently — some might be seen furtively removing their head covering, in mute homage to the Sanctity of the Place, and half afraid of the desecration they saw, though manifestly unwilling that their Neighbours should observe the Weakness. Nay, individuals there were who from force of habit, crossed themselves on entering, stopping short when they saw the motley Assemblage, and found the *Bénitier* not there. Many there were also of the simply curious, come forth to see this Manifestation of the Socialists; — grave Men, the Thinkers and Observers of Manners, as well as the Runners after new sensations; also Women of the higher Classes in sober garb, desiring to see for themselves if such Things could be; yet shuddering at the profanity they found, and the strange words of the Preachers, and the applause they elicited from the Sympathies. Voices and Hands, of the novel Congregation.

**TYPES OF THE COMMUNE**



N° 28.

**OFFICER OF MARINES**  
(LE CITOYEN DURASSIER)

# OFFICER OF MARINES

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(LE CITOYEN DURASSIER)

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The MARINES of the COMMUNE, although quite a feature, were not very great as Belligerents. Still the Fleet of the Seine was a Fact. Its Gun Boats existed; and big were the reports we were entertained with, as to the execution they performed up the many windings of the river. Moreover, if any one doubted the truth of these naval battles, the Sceptic had only to go to the Quay-Side near the *Palais de l'Industrie*, and see for himself the little "Farcy" and two or three other *Cannonières* lying alongside, — all battered, bruised and stove in, by the Bombs of the Enemy. These were patent to all the World, and whatever their valorous exploits may have been, one thing was certain; — that the Communist Navy had been soon extinguished by the Versaillist Guns, from the heights of Meudon and the famous redoubt of Chatillon.

But the Citizen Sailors were much more prominent to our outward senses. Prevented by these adverse causes from plying their gallant trade on a professional element, and from going down — to the *river* in *boats*, or braving the dangers of their rather shallow Deep, their main exploits were acted on land. That they took to *terra firma* and its *habitudes* with sufficient gusto, to prove themselves Citizens of the World, let us frankly acknowledge. The Reader scarcely requires to be told from what classes the Communist Sailor was actually enlisted. — The Commander DURASSIER, given us here as Type of an OFFICER OF MARINES, must be taken as he seems, for which only he is worth; — as the Citizen lay figure, clothed in the Coat, the Cap and the Stripes, of a naval Captain. The Jacks behind him are better Types still, and will be easily recognised as familiar acquaintances, by those who saw them in the flesh.

In default of other Work, the MARINES were often mustered to keep the line in the Streets, on occasions of any exceptional display. Those who saw the fall of the "Colonne Vendôme, will especially remember how they kept the ranks on that day in the rue de la Paix; keeping back the Crowd with much interchange of fun — Parisian rather than nautical; while their eccentric Officers, and still more eccentric Members of the COMMUNE, galloped furiously up and down the Centre of the Road, clinging to the saddles and manes of bewildered horses; the latter wondering most probably like sensible brutes, to what order of Biped their strange Riders could possibly belong.

## TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 29.

ARTILLERYMAN  
(L'US POINTEUR)

# ARTILLERYMAN

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( UN POINTEUR )

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Our Communist ARTILLERYMAN was an important functionary in name and fact. The Insurrection had been *based* on a question of "Cannon", and would therefore have been very little without him. The Patriots had become strong by means of the Guns they had seized at the Fortifications and dragged to their interior Strongholds, when the German Armistice was declared; and the whole Affair had burst out upon the Government attempting to retake them. Without such illegal possession by the Insurgents, the remnant of the disorganised French Army would never have been forced to retire from PARIS; and subsequently, the whole Spirit of the Population of Belleville, Montmartre and Montrouge, required being kept at white heat by the nightly — nay, hourly — reminder of Artillery Thunder. Hence the Band that not only sought for, but achieved a fair share of "bubble reputation at the Cannon's mouth," was as numerous as it was also decidedly promiscuous.

The bulk of them, though excellent *freres*, were however — fortunately in the interests of humanity — not the best *marksmen* in the world. It would indeed be perhaps one of the most interesting records of modern Warfare, to ascertain the amount of Powder burnt and *Obus* fired by the Federates in the Civil War; and then, after knowing the real extent of human damage actually inflicted, to find how much Ammunition was necessary per Head to accomplish a Patriot's Vengeance. We imagine the average expenditure would rather surprise the World.

The ARTILLERYMAN before us is a Citizen Hero, whose familiarity with his Gun was acquired on the Buttes Montmartre and Chaumont. Though of the regular rank and file of his Order, he was however only at work at ordinary times, when it was mainly necessary to keep the air re-echoing with perpetual Cannonading, as a signal to the City — and of course to the UNIVERSE watching him — that the Sentinel was awake. At other moments; at night when attacks might be expected; and at times when Movements of the Versaillists were noticed; others than the simple Citizen — guileless of much brilliancy of execution, — were called into requisition. The late Siege had resulted in many of the younger Mobiles especially, being more or less perfectly instructed in Artillery practice; and who, after the Peace preliminaries, had been left in PARIS, idle

and disarmed. The majority of these had been found at the *Casernes*, too late to escape with the Army, and were first virtually imprisoned at the various Forts to the South, that had fallen into the power of the COMMUNE Generals. Some of them, to their credit, refused to the last to give the Insurgents the benefit of their knowledge; although it was often made almost a question of immediate life or death. But there were many who did not resist overmuch, and who perhaps stirred by the combative spirit around, were unable or unwilling to withstand the liberal offers made them, of position and pay. As much as five, six and seven francs per diem, soon began to be paid the skilled ARTILLERYMAN, in addition to rations and *whatever he might pick up*, — no unimportant adjunct; and towards the close, whatever daily Wage he chose to ask for was given ungrudgingly. When the Treasury was at its last gasp, and none could say in the Morning where the Evening Pay was to come from, the POINTEUR was ever thought of and provided for first.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



# THE GARIBALDIAN

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A modern Insurrection without a GARIBALDIAN were like the Play of Hamlet without the Prince : — too much to expect. Therefore when the *Comité Central* made ex-Lieutenant LULLIER their first General, the Appointment was formally declared to be only provisional, pending the arrival of General GARIBALDI; none other than the Italian Hero being fitted to lead the Parisian Patriots. But the Hermit of Caprera gave no signs of willingness to join in a Workman's riot, and the notion dwindled to a report that the General's Son — MENOTTI GARIBALDI — was actually in PARIS. This however also turned out to be mythical, and only founded on the fact that half a dozen " Red Shirts " had been seen careering about the neighbourhood of the Hôtel-de-Ville.

Reduced to such small dimensions, the Garibaldian feature in the COMMUNE might perhaps be dismissed, but for the Artistic Colouring in idea and form, given by the Name and Costume. Fortunately for Society, the day has gone by, when — except among the wildest of " Reds " — THE GARIBALDIAN can excite much Enthusiasm, or even Respect. The Capitals of Europe have had but too great cause for an intimate acquaintance with the Gentry, who under their mock titles of Colonels and Captains have long exercised their Callings as *Chevaliers d'industrie*, trading under the questionable Colours of an Italian Campaign more or less real, and sheltered by the semi-romance of the Name and Character of their Chieftain. The Setting of the Star GARIBALDI, long time happily sinking in the political horizon, was surely accomplished in the rôle he had played in France, during the German War. It wanted but to be adopted by the *Comité Central*, to complete the extinction of his living fame; and to be known only by History, as a brave and virtuous but not over wise Man — of One Idea.

So even GARIBALDI fell away from the cards. Still there were many who employed his Name to gain temporary rank and authority among the Insurgents. And they were welcome, for at least they knew something of the Science of Soldiering, which the Nationals did not; and their claims to or assumption of the " Shirt, " procured their election to the many vacant Grades, with threefold ardour. Moreover THE GARIBALDIAN was able to rival the CITIZEN OF MOLDAVIA AND WALLACHIA in his gaudy attire, — a detail of no mean importance in the actual life of those days.

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# TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 31.

MOBILE OF 1848

MOBILE DE 48)

# MOBILE OF 1848

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(MOBILE DE '48)

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History ever repeats itself, though its proportions may be modified or exaggerated. Revolution has followed Revolution in France, all bearing the same outward marks, and in some respects so similar as to appear a mere imitation. Still as each has broken out, so has its Might and its Greatness of Purpose or Action gradually diminished, since the FAITH of a People evinced in the first and the grandest, and roused out of long smouldering Wrongs, has disappeared from the Scene. The declension has been by degrees, and the worst Actors of the first COMMUNE, were as Giants and Gods compared to their miserable Imitators EIGHTY years after. Among the latter as a whole, was neither Belief, nor Originality, nor Honesty of Intention. Their great Grandfathers had had *something* to pull down, *some abuses* to correct; but these smaller Men found only Chaos, and had no other ideas than to set their Selves up, on the Seats of Power.

Mingled however with those of the Present, were also some Leaders and many Disciples of the Past. Time had cut off any possible living Type of the first Revolution; and that of DRELSCLUZE was the most ancient School represented in person. But the Republican of 1848 was scarcely past his prime in 1871; many of whom were to be found — more often however in the ranks than the van.

The full Private in the COMMUNE Army given us here, stood somewhat apart from the rest; for he was but fulfilling his Visions of Youth, dreamed of through the years of his earlier Manhood. As MOBILE OF '48, he had fought in the Streets, side by side with National Guards, and in the defence of Republican Order. Then he believed that Kingship, call it by Royalty or Imperialism, had disappeared from *his* World. But this glimpse of Utopia had been dispelled; and though under the long years of the substantial Government of the Empire, he lived only to prosper in his material Concerns, it was ever the solace of his leisure hours, to groan under the yoke and thralldom of the Power, that was securing him Ease and Competency; and to sigh for the Phantom of younger days. And now again he has turned out, he scarcely knows why — unless indeed from habit, learned in the past Siege. But at least there is a Cry ringing through the City, that the Versaillists are really Royalists under the thin guise of a Conservative Republic; and that is sufficient to make him stand to his Gun — without an excessive Sympathy with the mere Socialism around.

TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 32.

THE FORLORN HOPE  
(ENFANTS PERDUS)

# THE FORLORN HOPE

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(ENFANTS PERDUS)

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From whatever point of view we regard this Picture; — from its French title *ENFANTS PERDUS*, or our English equivalent *THE FORLORN HOPE*, its Significance is equally applicable. Anything more “lost” or “forlorn” can hardly be imagined than these Heroes, who disdainful of a Soldier’s restraints or of military discipline, hid behind hedges and houses, in the valorous hope of picking off a stray Enemy from behind a tree or a wall, — their practical Rendering of the chivalrous Chattering then heard, of Hostages for Hostage, and Three Heads for One. So the *ENFANT PERDU* followed his safe freebooting Career, and almost ever in the immediate vicinity of the Wine Shop.

Much in the Civil War and second-Siege of *PARIS*, though repeated on a smaller scale, bore a close resemblance to Events in the foreign War. Substituting French for German Versaillists and Federates for Soldiers, we had the like *cadre*. The same reports of the Country rising to the rescue of the Capital were circulated; *PARIS* again rang with Tales of the ferocity and treachery of the Enemy; the Measures proclaimed by the *COMMUNE* were in many respects but copies of those of the Government of the National Defence; and similar Bodies of Volunteers were formed, with the identical no-results of the Past. Noise and many Words abounded everywhere, and amid the Babel, it was difficult to perceive how slight was the corresponding Action.

As we look on “*THE FORLORN HOPE*” in the Picture, the Bravos are yet in the glory of their Career. But the end is soon coming, when they will not appear so light and free. Before long all that has been so much vaunted and talked of, will be gone like Chaff before the Winds, and every Corps of Desperates will be broken up, and blown into wandering Atoms. No more Vows and patriotic Oaths of Vengeance then; they will have belonged to a Past, which for the moment must not be even remembered. Solitary and distressed, each one not already in hiding will be picking his way amid general ruin and disaster, searching for a Shelter from the Doom he so surely anticipates; only desirous of finding Rest and Concealment in some hole, till the violence of the Conquerors’ Rage shall be spent; and Capture *without* immediate Death be the portion of those made Prisoners. A *FORLORN HOPE* indeed, but all that will then remain to the magnificent *ENFANT PERDU*.

**TYPES OF THE COMMUNE**



**ENGINEER OF BARRICADES**  
**(LE CITOYEN GAILLARD PÈRE)**

# ENGINEER OF BARRICADES

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(THE CITIZEN GAILLARD, PÈRE)

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That Providence which mercifully tempers the wind to the shorn Lamb, and has beneficently endowed the Porcupine with its defensive quill, probably imbued the Parisian with an innate capacity for Barricade-building, as some compensation for his insurrectional propensities. If Street Warfare is but second Nature to the Masses of that beautiful City, where Civilization is supposed to reign supreme; — then it was only fitting, that they should be also gifted with the Science of tearing up pavements, to convert them into stony ramparts.

Then again, there is a certain Humour in the Art, peculiarly belonging to the Gallic temperament. Let us say that an Insurrection or a Revolution breaks out on the Monday morning. An Observer of Events, anxious to know and to see as much as possible, may start forth on his Journey. A few yards from his door he first encounters the Citizens busy at work with pickaxe and shovel, who will not hear of his passing on without giving a helping hand, if only to pile up the Stones in regular order, — the period of such involuntary Servitude being reckoned as passengers in the thoroughfare are few or many. Throughout the City, the same; no avail for the Foreigner to plead his Nationality, — he must work to aid Patriots; and though down by-streets and alleys he may dodge to escape them, — yet the *click click* goes on all around, and every one's hands and clothes show signs of the only Work done that day. By night the Streets are all "up," and the dawn shows them guarded by Citizens — Male and Female — in battle array, awaiting the Troops of Order. Carefully come the latter, Street by Street; the Battle goes on, the Cannons roar, and the wide Boulevards are swept with Shot and Shell. Our travelling Observer has long ere this been shut off from all possible return to his domicile; he lingers where best he may find shelter, cowering with other non-fighting Denizens of the Pandemonium, under deserted roofs or simply naked walls, or may-be sharing the hospitality of friends, themselves glad of the companionship of a Stranger, to distract them from the horror of the week. Hour by hour glides noisily on, day by day drags its wearily slow but stirring existence to the Watchers, and still the Soldiers creep through the City, fighting inch by inch; each Barricade is taken, as a matter of course, but not without Death and Bloodshed — their only Results; and at length the Town is conquered. He who started on his tour

of inspection or curiosity on the Monday, is at length — perhaps only on the Saturday — enabled to return. He sets out at quick pace; but lo! — hardly has he gone the length of a Street, before he hears the old word “Halt!” Soldiers — real ones — are on guard; and in the midst, there lies the now broken heap of Stones, an artistic Rampart a few hours before, on which Citizens are once more at work, tearing it *down* this time, and *relaying* the Road. The Observer of Events must do the same, here and elsewhere all the way home, paying muscular toll to the Restorers of Order, in like manner as he paid it to the Insurgents of the previous Monday; — until at length he reaches his door, more impressed as to the powers and consequences of Barricades, than his tired Brain at that moment appreciates; and ruminating perhaps on the Differences and Resemblances 'twixt THEN and Now.

During the COMMUNE, the Art was carried out *theoretically* to greater perfection than even PARIS had ever known before. It had the advantage of a forerunner, in the Commission of Barricades organised during the German Siege, whose labours and plans it adopted, carrying them to perfection *as far as they went*. But in this “as far as they went,” lay the main error. In the first Siege, the only aim in the Barricade Idea, had been to give satisfaction to the ‘Reds, and to keep them quiet by the sight of their Streets dug up and fortified at their doors, — without the most distant notion of using them. Hence these erections were only in the *interior* of PARIS, and the intelligent COMMUNE in the beginning overlooking this fact, sought only to follow in the same steps, doing so with much artistic skill and useless ingenuity. In its latter period however, when Soldiers rather than the Belleville Patriot held the helm, their ENGINEER — the Citizen GAILLARD — received peremptory orders to construct them further out, and near to the outer Fortifications, as a second line of defence. Especially did CLUSERET, though then deposed from his position as Minister of War, write vigorously as to the concentration of every energy upon defences necessary on the lofty points of the Barrière de l'Étoile, the Trocadéro, and the Rond-Point de Grenelle, as well as upon the Fortifications of the Buttes Montmartre and the Panthéon. “If the Population will only commence in earnest” he wrote, “they may be accomplished in Twenty Four hours.”

But the day for such rising of the Population was past, if indeed it had ever been; and though important Barricades were put together at these places, they were as practically useless for defence as though they had never existed; and when PARIS was entered, were early deserted. It was at the improvised Street Barricade, hastily run up under that curious Parisian instinct, where the final Battle was really waged. — Of the Citizen GAILLARD himself we have not spoken, because in treating of the Communist ENGINEER OF BARRICADES, it is the peculiarity of his Office and Work, and not the Man, that claims attention.

TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 34.

FERRE AND HIS EXECUTIONERS  
(FERRE AND HIS EXECUTIONERS)



# FERRÉ AND HIS EXECUTIONERS

(FERRÉ ET SES EXÉCUTEURS)

We are now fast approaching the last Scenes in the COMMUNE, when the timid and lukewarm had already fled or disappeared, and only those who had played the chief Parts, and anticipated but small Mercy, were left and were hastening the final Events. By what hand of Madness these latter were guided must ever be incomprehensible. Save for the Acts of Murder of the last fortnight, the majority might at least have saved their lives, when the day of reckoning came. But a Nemesis that none could withstand was goading them on. They could not stop short of the Crimes with which Europe was horrified, and the name of Communist — perhaps happily — for ever linked. Not content with giving to the World during their two month's reign, a thorough enunciation of socialist Politics and Rule; so soon as the visible end drew near, the desperate Few took concert together for the despatch of many of their Victims, for the Murder especially of the prisoner Hostages, and finally concocted their plans for the destruction of the City in the face of the Conqueror. If they must be beaten, then should PARIS become a second Moscow, and all Men should see how Patriots fell. — Such were their words; and the fulfilment was not tardy, though somewhat short of the heroic mark.

Of this Band — we ought rather to write *Banlitti* — THÉOPHILE FERRÉ was a Chief. He was the Associate and intimate Companion of RAOUL RIGAULT, and in character they were a worthy pair — *arcades ambo*. It is needless to retrace here, who this diminutive specimen of Mankind had been, or how he had become what he was; for to do so would be but to reiterate that which has been already told of others, who had run the Career of the young social Democrat. Like RIGAULT, he had scarcely lived his first Quarter of a Century, and nothing but his Crimes prevent it being well to bury his Memory in oblivion. But it may be better to resuscitate him for an instant, if only to show off another Pigmy Republican, an Ape of History, whose only identity with the Past lay in his natural taste for cynical Crime and Cruelty.

The Scene of the Drawing is laid in the interior of a Prison, the Hour — most probably Midnight. The cessation of fighting and defection of National Guards immediately around PARIS, followed by the gradual but sure advance of the Versaillists, have shown that not many days can elapse before the City will be

blocked. Therefore secret Warrants of Death have been manufactured, and distributed among trusty Members of the same Council that issued them, to go forth to certain of the Jails, and get rid of some unpleasant Witnesses, yet lingering in their living tombs. If such policy for the stifling of evidence was shortsighted, let it be remembered it was only socialist Communists who initiated it. Their more illustrious Victims were reserved for a final Holocaust; but in the meantime, there was many a poor private Gendarme, caught up in the early days, and detained through nine long weeks in the torments of suspense, thus to be silenced and put out of the way. Some of these survived to tell the tale; — how they had been summoned out of their first sleep, and made to descend without even dressing; and how they then found themselves in the presence of the Hôtel-de-Ville Emissary, in red Sash of Authority, armed with the Warrant and Will and Power to shoot them. So unguarded and desperate was the Moment, that a few — a very few — fled down dark Corridors, with which the prison Guardians (being but new Warders) were unacquainted, and aided by Fortune found holes to hide in till the Danger was over, escaping in the end to give evidence as to how their Comrades had been led to Death. In this way also was GUSTAVE CHAUDEY — a Republican Barrister and Writer, but never a Socialist — summoned from his prison Chamber in the dead of night, and despatched without notice or ceremony. Had not this Picture been sketched months before the Court Martial enquiry revealed the details of M. CHAUDEY's fate, we should have thought they had inspired it, so identical were some of them with the *tableau* before us.

FERRÉ lives no more. He was condemned to Death for actual participation in Murder, and there being no possible ground for reprieve, he was shot at Satory, side by side with ROSSEL, and a private Soldier — a Deserter. This was the first batch of Communists, executed judicially; and it was singular that each of them represented one of the three most distinct, but most widely apart, elements of the COMMUNE. — FERRÉ, type of the ultra Cruelty, and attempted Imitation of the History of '93; ROSSEL, standing almost alone, or among the very few, as an honest Enthusiast, unstained with personal Crime, but a military Deserter and therefore impossible to be spared; and the Third, a representation of the ignorant Trooper, turned Citizen without knowing why or wherefore, but possibly because Circumstances so led him.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



# DUCATEL

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As the eye turns gratefully from a long Winter Season to the green budding hedges of Spring, so with a similar relief may the Mind hail this modest Picture of a Hero. Eccentric Forms have satiated our taste for the Repulsive or the Marvellous, and though we must yet see some Scenes of Horror and Sorrow before we can close the Volume, the brief interlude of a Man of Peace and Honour is still pleasant, as a foreshadowing of the hour when these Types were to pass away, to be known we may hope only in History.

Sunday, the TWENTY FIRST of MAY, was a fine Spring-day. Parisians unable to go out of the besieged City, promenaded the Champs Élysées and the Boulevards, although quietly, calmly, and anxiously. Many a heavy heart was among all classes of Citizens, and nowhere more so than at the Hôtel-de-Ville. There, all Signs told that the end was not far off, though perhaps it was hardly thought to be so near. The dwindling Federates had almost struck from fighting; the *postes* near the *fauxbourgs* were often neglected; and outside within a few Hundred yards, were the Versaillists ready to seize the first opportunity. — Between three and four in the afternoon, the Commandant TRÈVES was in the Bois de Boulogne, watching if he could see any movements; when suddenly, a white Flag was observed waving near the Porte St. Cloud, which a Glass showed to be held up by a Civilian. Much wondering whether this was a trap or not, but inclining rather to the former view, he advanced with a Sergeant cautiously. Hardly had they come within hearing distance, when a Voice was heard crying, “COME ON, THERE IS NOBODY HERE.” — Still doubting, yet hoping, they sprang upon the drawbridge, seizing hold of the Man as their Prisoner. — “MY NAME IS DUCATEL. PARIS IS YOURS IF YOU WILL TAKE IT. LET YOUR TROOPS ENTER; FOR ALL IS ABANDONED.” — Circumstances seemed to prove the Statement, and though precaution required that DUCATEL should at first be guarded as Prisoner, all turned out as he said. Soon the Telegraph carried the News far and wide, and MARSHAL MAC-MAHON gave orders for the general assault. By Midnight greater part of the French Troops had entered, unknown to the Parisians or even at the Communist War Ministry; and every communication with the City was effectually cut off. THE INFERNAL WEEK had commenced.

DUCATEL — [they styled him the SAVIOUR of PARIS] — met with a hearty recompense. Already a Government *employé*, he received a more lucrative Post, and his fellow Citizens subscribed enough money to purchase him a handsome Annuity.

TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



# THE BARRICADE

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(LA BARRICADE)

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The Action of this Picture is laid at a moment when all was Riot and Madness; and when, though she may seem somewhat theatrical, its Fury Heroine lived her full life. Then it was, that while Fear or Frenzy was on every one, the Woman so often rose beyond others in animal Courage; and with none else bold enough to play Ensign in the teeth of the Cannon, would flaunt her red Flag in the midst of the Smoke and Carnage, to reanimate faint-hearted Waverers. Unreflecting, and in her passion ignoring all peril, she clung to THE BARRICADE with a tenacity worthy a loftier Martyrdom. Nor possible Victory could come, nor even the Hope; but with whole Soul encompassed by Hate for that other portion of the World — not hers — whose Resurrection was heralded by the red-trowsered Soldiers in front; she would die at her post — as she did — sooner than yield.

Strange emblem of Civilization! Not improbably may her last night have been spent in dissolute Orgy; more possibly still she had just taken part in Scenes of violence, plunder and destruction; perhaps even her hands bore the stains of Blood and personal Vengeance; and like the tigress, hunted to her lair, but enorting Defiance to the last, with every wild passion surging in her bosom; — she stood there, red Banner and flaming Torch in hand, braving Shot and Shell, rather than surrender.

Yet look not upon her without some pitiful Compassion. Her lights were small, but her needs had been great. Steeped in Vice, and neither Woman nor Human she might be in her ending; but still — rare to see — she was firm to her last Standpoint and only Creed upon Earth. Sister of Mankind! her struggling lot had been ever at variance with the title. Man had trampled on her; Women had outlawed or enslaved her; and Nature's Wants had accomplished the rest. Was it so wonderful, that with such heritage as this, Society did not seem to her all that it should be? More singular and passing all comprehension, that untutored and unlettered, without Religion or Remorse for herself or others, her last Act here should have been to cling steadfastly to that faint Shadow of a Duty — the only one she knew; and to die for an ideal Belief, in what a hard life's training had made her imagine the sole Panacea for her evils of Cold, Hunger, and Thirst, — *La République Sociale*.

TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 37.

MARIN PÉTROLEUR

# MARIN PÉTROLEUR

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There were organised Bands of these, systematically told off by FIFTIES and HUNDREDS, to the various public Buildings doomed to the Flames. An eyewitness of the Operations, who had venturously scaled the roof of the Ministry of Finances, has given us a vivid description of their work. Stores of Petroleum were collected together, evidently in anticipation; and long brushes and cloths prepared for the final Scene. Then these hordes of Incendiaries were let loose, and after plentifully besmearing Ceilings and Walls with the liquid fire, the remains of the Barrels were poured over the Floors, and the whole left to the mercy of the devouring element.

Those who have since visited the Ruins at PARIS, will remember the clean and almost white appearance of the charred Walls, so different to the results of an ordinary Fire; all bearing silent testimony to the *modus operandi* of this INFERNAL WEEK, whereby the Conflagrations were swift and doubly sure. In this way, did the Tuileries, the Hôtel-de-Ville, the beautiful Palace of the Légion d'Honneur, and that more massive one — of the Conseil d'État and the Cour des Comptes, become stately Ruins rare to see; almost lovely to look upon, save for the Associations they revive; and only fit, to be retained as they are and covered with Ivy, in perpetual Memorial of the COMMUNE, and of what may come forth from the Socialist.

But the Work of the MARIN PÉTROLEUR was not confined to the public Buildings, nor among the larger Gangs. Stragglers were dispersed through the Town to act under what local orders they might receive — especially from *Canti-nières* and patriot *Citoyennes*, — to lay waste to the neighbourhood of Barricades about to be abandoned. And other motives than public ones entered into their actions. Many a private House or Apartment was destroyed out of secret malice and revenge. The great Drapery Warehouses, known as the “*Tapis Rouge*,” were professedly fired — because one of the Partners, as Captain in the National Guard, had counselled submission to the Government, and surrender of the Montmartre Cannons, even before the Insurrection broke out.

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TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



N° 39.

UNE CITOYENNE  
(PRÉPOSÉE A LA GARDE DE LA RUE DE LILLE)

# UNE CITOYENNE

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(PRÉPOSÉE A LA GARDE DE LA RUE DE LILLE)

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For a better acquaintance with **UNE CITOYENNE**, we must refer for a moment to the time and place at which we are introduced to her. She is in the rue de Lille, the heart of what all the World knows as the *faubourg* St. Germain, the name whereof at once carries thought back to the *Noblesse* of FRANCE, with all their Royalist and Feudal traditions. Its ancient Hotels or Mansions, all shorn of the old Splendour when a wealthier Aristocracy than that of to-day were Owners, yet stood whole and entire around their moss grown Courtyards, a few hours before. But the whole *Quartier* stank in the nostrils of the Patriots, and the Site had been long marked in advance for destruction. Especially was the rue de Lille held in least favour; for not only did it contain these private Dwellings of the hated Class, but also on one side of it were those massive Palaces, imbued with none save Regal or Imperial Memories — the outward Signs of the Conseil d'État, and the Légion d'Honneur. Then also did not the very Stones, Bricks and Mortar yet stand, where once met a Club, as famous for its Royalist proclivities, as for the Men who formed it; — whereof the names of a Guizot and a THIERS suffice to show why the virtuous Citizens should raze the place to the ground. Therefore when the time for a general Conflagration came, a chief Band of Incendiaries occupied the Spot; and whilst other hands were busy in preparing Walls and Floors with Petroleum for the rapidly advancing flames, our CITOYENNE left on guard at the *poste* roamed wildly, and half drunkenly frantically about; now calling on Stragglers to return, or again warning the inhabitants of Houses and the hidiers in Cellars to come forth; — and through it all, the Army kept creeping on from the right and the left, announcing their approach by the *Ovas*, that flew through the air with loud thundering explosion, scattering its fragments amid the wreathed Smoke of Communist Fire and Rage, which ascended skywards in token of Wrath against the old Society.

**UNE CITOYENNE** is not a **JEANNE D'ARC**, and may indeed be ranked with a very different class of her Sex. She is not clothed in mail, nor does she pretend to Man's attire; though she has long forsaken her Womanhood, and cast her lot in with Males. If perchance she has ever been Mother, the claims of Maternity have not been acknowledged nor its privileges known; and in ferocity she is far the Superior of any Man near. Nor when the Soldiers come to closer quarters, is she the

one to flinch; but in as far as she can, returns Fury for Fury, and Blow for Blow. It may be she becomes Prisoner, and still lives in transportation; some from this very rue de Lille met such Fate — Women in name, but on whose antecedents and deeds as disclosed at the trials, this pen would rather not dwell. Most probably however her ending is more definite. In the Picture we see her yet at large, and in full force, crying “ To Arms! ” — a few hours later she will form part of a different *tableau*. Then she will be in the power of the Soldiery, who have but one efficient mode of silencing a Virago so untameable. At first it is possible, they may try a comparatively gentler method. We shall find her perhaps thrust with others — some half Women still — into Waggon or Cage, or aught that will hold them securely, till they can be carried alive to their prison. But she of them all will not be hushed. Like the thirsty Hyæna, she has tasted Blood; her own yet runs rampant in her veins; and though caught, tied and bound — aye, perhaps even gagged, — she still finds means of utterance. To let her so stay, were to foster Mutiny among the other *enragées*, to end only in a general Massacre. There is no resource then, at a moment when Insurrection must be stamped and pressed out, but to take her from the rest, and tame her *for ever*, the black eyes flashing and the streaming hair waving Defiance to the last. — We write no imaginative episode, but one we have seen, and of which we shall never lose the Remembrance.



TYPES OF THE COMMUNE

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A PAIR OF PÉTOLEUSES  
(LES PÉTOLEUSES)

# A PAIR OF PÉTROLEUSES

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(LES PÉTROLEUSES)

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In all the period of this Reign of Terror, there was nothing so singular as the panic which sprang up at PARIS in these last days, in respect to Women supposed to be going about stealthily after nightfall, with cans of Petroleum on their arms and matches in their hands, intent upon pouring the one down Basement Apertures, and setting Houses on fire with the other. Out of these Women, or the Tale thereof, arose the new name of PÉTROLEUSE; though how far they really existed in sufficient numbers to justify the fear that fell upon all, is perhaps not necessary to search into too closely here. It is however a matter of curious interest to enquire, how such a dread began, and still more how it could last, involving such elaborate precautions being taken to avert the evil.

In the heat of the fighting, both PÉTROLEUSE and PÉTROLEUSE were undoubtedly Actualities. The sudden and wilful waste of property lying near the Barricades defended by Federates proved it; though whether when the excitement was passed, *Citoyennes* were adventurous enough to brave instant death, in districts already conquered, and rigorously guarded by Soldiers, is quite another assertion. Yet the notion existed in every one's imagination, and there was not a House nor a Shop, but where every ground floor Opening, that could possibly serve as receptacle for ignitable materials, was hermetically sealed. Even Keyholes and Chinks were carefully stopped, as not being beneath the notice of the PÉTROLEUSE; and the Work began gradually to assume almost an artistic form.

At first all was done hastily, for the assumed Danger was imminent; — it was not unnatural perhaps, when Stories of Greek Fire and Petroleum running like Water through the Fireman's hose, were rife and on every one's tongue. Then also the Idea was strengthened by the certain Fact, that many Women out after dark, had been summarily shot by the Soldiers on suspicion; — some with cans it was supposed; and others *without* them, it was known. But even after the Insurrection was quelled, the Mania continued; and for weeks it was the Fashion in the more wealthy *Quartiers* to wall up with solid Masonry every open space on the *rez-de-chaussée*. — Therefore a true Artist of the Time could scarcely abstain from including A PAIR OF PÉTROLEUSES among his Types; and the Picture may be most surely accepted, as an embodiment of what all the World believed in, and feared at the Moment.

TYPES OF THE COMMUNE



EN ROUTE FOR VERSAILLES  
(EN ROUTE POUR VERSAILLES)

# EN ROUTE FOR VERSAILLES

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( EN ROUTE POUR VERSAILLES )

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LAST SCENE OF ALL! Insurrection is no more, and Order has triumphed. MARSHAL MAC-MAHON is Master of burning PARIS, with many Thousand living Prisoners in his hands, and the dead bodies of as many Hundreds gaping for speedy burial. It is Sunday, the TWENTY EIGHTH of MAY, and as bright a Mayday as can be seen in all sunny France. The Boulevards literally blaze with Sun, and the Parisians — strange Race! — throng them to excess, while from every House and nearly every Window the Tricolour waves, in token that the Conquering Hero has come. Is this the PARIS that has slumbered for two months and more, just awakening to find that the hideous dream is over? Wondering Curiosity is on every face, more Women are out than the Thoroughfares have witnessed for many a long day, bright eyes are once more sparkling, and all looks gay — and by comparison festive; public Carriages charge what they like to-day, for there is an interregnum for all sumptuary laws, and every one is making the round of the smoking smouldering Ruins; — the work of the COMMUNE makes temporary gala to that two thirds of PARIS; who have lain on their backs so long, waiting for what may turn up. The familiar red trowsers are again cheerfully greeted, the Estafettes galloping swiftly to and fro are at times almost cheered, and the promenading Crowd walk carefully — stepping aside at times — so as not to disturb tired out Boy-Soldiers, recent Recruits in the new Army of France, who lie about the Streets asleep in shady places; some with motionless body turned to the Earth, and others with faces to the Sky; — but all resting, making up for many night's watching. For their hard week's Work is over, and the second Siege of PARIS has passed away.

But in the midst of this comparative light heartedness, there is abundant Woe and Lamentation in the newly freed Capital. The Hour of Retribution has sounded, and the Army is vigorously crushing the remains of Insurrection. The Mandate has gone forth for no more summary Executions, if Arms are surrendered; but the Orders for the arrest of any or all are rigorous, and none that an Officer in command may take fancy to, shall be spared. Especially must the "dangerous" parts be purged, nay cleared and rooted out. Belleville has but just succumbed. The heights of Père Lachaise and the Buttes Chaumont are yet strewed with the Dead and Dying. These are heaped under Sheds indiscri-

minately, one upon another, awaiting the arrival of carts to remove them; and the contortions of some yet alive, though scarcely breathing, can be distinguished among the stiffened limbs of the Dead. Streets are *cernées*; Houses are entered; and woe to any found there still in Arms, or even with recent Wounds; for the Soldiers have little Mercy. Here and there a few are dragged to the door and shot, but this is only done now as a warning to *réfractaires*, and not in wholesale numbers. The inmates however — from the Infant to the tottering Grandmother — must come forth, and be sent to VERSAILLES. Day and night, for a week and more to come, these melancholy processions are to file through PARIS; and on this Sunday, they are never ceasing. Painful groups of whole House-fuls may be met, composed of many sets of *Locataires*, making up in the total a strange heterogeneous Collection of a City's life atoms; and smaller ones, with only a family in custody, but a whole one; Father, Mother and Children; — perhaps even of three Generations. Such as these are on the way to the temporary lock-ups, prior to being sent to their permanent Prison.

But to go to VERSAILLES, larger Gangs are formed either direct from the popular *Quartiers*, or from the accumulations in the City Jails. They number from Two or Three Hundred to Two or Three Thousand each, according to circumstances; and are guarded by mounted Gendarmes, or *Chasseurs à cheval*. In the first rank are placed the Soldier Insurgents they have found, with their jackets turned inside out, and arms tied behind their backs. These march with parched throats and beating hearts, for they well know their instant Doom as Deserters, when they shall reach the Bois de Boulogne. Behind them are the Federates and Civilians, of both Sexes and all Ages. Hoary headed and shrivelled old Men and Women are supported by their younger Companions, without whom they could not keep pace with the quick stepping horses of the Gendarmes. Children are among them, so young as to require carrying in their Parents' arms, whilst others are trotting or being dragged along as fast as their poor little limbs allow, wondering what it is all about. Not a Man among them may wear a head covering; — though the glaring heat can well cause a *coup de soleil* on the long march to VERSAILLES. As each batch leaves its temporary Prison, they must kneel down on the pavements of PARIS, and humbly deposit their hats and caps on the ground, in token of submission to Order. — A merciless, pitiful Sight it all was, not to be forgotten in a Hundred Years! Nor were they the guilty Ringleaders, who were so treated. Most of these had escaped altogether, and the few of them taken and not shot at once, were secured more privately.

In the whole of M. BERTALL'S Sketches, there is not one more lifelike, or any that gives a more startling Picture of reality, showing also the Comedy that would peep forth from the very Gravity of the Subject, in the virtuous indignation of the front Dame among these Ladies EN ROUTE FOR VERSAILLES.



