

The Revolution resorted to expedients which were successful; she alleviated this widespread distress by two perilous means—the assignat and the maximum. The assignat was the lever, the maximum was the fulcrum. This empiricism saved France.

The enemy, whether of Coblenz or London, gambled in assignats. Girls came and went, offering lavender water, garters, false hair, and selling stocks. There were jobbers on the steps of the Rue Vivienne, with muddy shoes, greasy hair, and fur caps decorated with fox-tails; and there were waifs from the "cesspool of Agio in the Rue Valois," with varnished boots, toothpicks in their mouths, and smooth hats on their heads, to whom the girls said, "Thee and Thou." Later the people gave chase to them as they did to the thieves whom the Royalists styled "active citizens." For the time theft was rare. There reigned a terrible destitution and a stoical probity. The barefooted and the starving passed with lowered eyelids before the jewellers' shops of Palais Egalité. During a domiciliary visit that the Section Antoine made to the house of Beaumarchais, a woman picked a flower in the garden; the crowd boxed her ears. Wood cost four hundred francs in coin per cord; people could be seen in the streets sawing up their bedsteads. In the winter the fountains were frozen; two pails of water cost twenty sous; every man made himself a water-carrier. A gold louis was worth three thousand nine hundred and fifty francs. A course in a hackney coach cost six hundred francs. After a day's use of a carriage this sort of dialogue might be heard: "Coachman, how much do I owe you?" "Six thousand francs."

A greengrocer woman sold twenty thousand francs' worth of vegetables a day. A beggar said, "Help me in the name of charity! I lack two hundred and thirty francs to finish paying for my shoes."

At the end of the bridges might be seen colossal figures sculptured and painted by David, which Mercier insulted. "Enormous wooden Punches!" said he. The gigantic shapes symbolized Federalism and Coalition overturned.

There was no faltering among this people. There was the sombre joy of having made an end of thrones. Volunteers abounded; each street furnished a battalion. The flags of the districts came and went, every one with its device. On the banner of the Capuchin district could be read, "Nobody can cut our beards." On another, "No other nobility than that of the heart." On all the walls were placards, large and small, white, yellow, green, red, printed and written, on which might be read this motto, "Long live the Republic!" The little children lisped "Ça ira."

These children were in themselves the great future. Later, to the tragical city succeeded the cynical city. The streets of Paris have offered two revolutionary aspects entirely distinct—that before and that after the 9th Thermidor. The Paris of Saint Just gave place to the Paris of Tallien. Such antitheses are perpetual; after Sinai, the Courtille appeared.

A season of public madness made its appearance. It had already been seen eighty years before. The people came out from under Louis XIV. as they did from under Robespierre, with a great need to breathe; hence the regency which opened that century and the directory which closed it. Two saturnalia after two terrorisms. France snatched the wicket-key and got beyond the Puritan cloister just as it did beyond that of monarchy, with the joy of a nation that escapes.

After the 9th Thermidor Paris was gay; but with an insane gaiety. An unhealthy joy overflowed all bounds. To the frenzy for dying succeeded the frenzy for living, and grandeur eclipsed itself. They had a Trimalcion, calling himself Grimod de la Rogniere; there was the "Almanac of the Gourmands." People dined in the entresols of the Palais Royal to the din of orchestras of women beating drums and blowing trumpets; the "rigadooner" reigned, bow in hand. People supped Oriental fashion at Môt's surrounded by perfumes. The artist Boze painted his daughters, innocent and charming heads of sixteen, *en guillotines*; that is to say, with bare necks and red shifts. To the wild dances in the ruined churches succeeded the balls of Ruggieri, of Luquet, Wenzel, Maudit, and the Montansier; to grave citizenesses making lint succeeded sultanas, savages, nymphs; to the naked feet of the soldiers covered with blood, dust and mud succeeded barefooted women decorated with diamonds; at the same time, with shamelessness, improbity reappeared; and it had its purveyors in high ranks, and their imitators among the class below. A swarm of sharpers filled Paris, and every man was forced to guard well his "luc," that is, his pocket-book. One of the amusements of the day was to go to the Palace of Justice to see the female thieves; it was necessary to tie fast their petticoats. At the doors of the theatres the street boys opened cab doors, saying, "Citizen and citizeness, there is room for two." *The Old Cordelier* and *The Friend of the People* were no longer published. In their place were cried *Punch's Letter* and the *Rogues' Petition*. The Marquis de Sade presided at the section of the Pike, Place Vendôme. The reaction was jovial and ferocious. The Dragons of Liberty of '92 were reborn under the name of the Chevaliers of the Dagger. At the same time there appeared in the booths that type, Jocrisse. There were "the Wonders," and in advance of these feminine marvels came "the Inconceivables." People swore by strange and outlandish oaths; they jumped back from Mirabeau to Bobèche. Thus it is that Paris sways back and forth; it is the enormous pendulum of civilization; it touches either pole in turn, Thermopylæ and Gomorrah.

After '93 the Revolution traversed a singular occultation; the century seemed to forget to finish that which it had commenced; a strange orgie interposed itself, took the foreground, swept backward to the second awful Apocalypse; veiled the immeasurable vision and laughed aloud after its fright. Tragedy disappeared in parody, and rising darkly from the bottom of the horizon a smoke of carnival effaced Medusa.

But in '93, where we are, the streets of Paris still wore the grandiose and savage aspect of the beginning. They had their orators, such as Varlet, who promenaded in a booth on wheels, from the top of which he harangued the passers-by; they had their heroes, of whom one was called the "Captain of the iron-pointed sticks;" their favourites, among whom ranked Gouffroy, the author of the pamphlet *Rougiff*. Certain of these popularities were mischievous, others had a healthy tone; one amongst them all, honest and fatal—it was that of Cimourdain.

II.—CIMOURDAIN.

Cimourdain had a conscience pure, but sombre. There was something of the absolute within him. He had been a priest,

which is a grave matter. A man may, like the sky, possess a serenity which is dark and unfathomable; it only needs that something should have made night within his soul. The priesthood had made night in that of Cimourdain. He who had been a priest remains one. What makes night within a man may leave stars. Cimourdain was full of virtues and verities, but they shone among shadows.

His history is easily written. He had been a village curate and tutor in a great family; then he inherited a small legacy and gained his freedom.

He was above all an obstinate man. He made use of meditation as one does of pincers; he did not think it right to quit an idea until he had followed it to the end; he thought stubbornly. He understood all the European languages, and something of others besides; this man studied incessantly, which aided him to bear the burden of celibacy; but nothing can be more dangerous than such a life of repression.

He had from pride, chance, or loftiness of soul, been true to his vows, but he had not been able to guard his belief. Science had demolished faith; dogma had faded within him.

Then, as he examined himself, he felt that his soul was mutilated; he could not nullify his priestly oath, but tried to remake himself man, though in an austere fashion. His family had been taken from him; he adopted his country. A wife had been refused him; he espoused humanity. Such vast plenitude has a void at bottom.

His peasant parents, in devoting him to the priesthood, had desired to elevate him above the common people; he voluntarily returned among them.

He went back with a passionate energy. He regarded the suffering with a terrible tenderness. From priest he had become philosopher, and from philosopher, athlete. While Louis XV. still lived, Cimourdain felt himself vaguely Republican. But belonging to what Republic? To that of Plato perhaps, and perhaps also to the Republic of Draco.

Forbidden to love, he set himself to hate. He hated lies, monarchy, theocracy, his garb of priest; he hated the present, and he called aloud to the future; he had a presentment of it, he caught glimpses of it in advance; he pictured it awful and magnificent. In his view, to end the lamentable wretchedness of humanity required at once an avenger and a liberator. He worshipped the catastrophe afar off.

In 1789 this catastrophe arrived and found him ready. Cimourdain flung himself into this vast plan of human regeneration on logical grounds—that is to say, for a mind of his mould, inexorably; logic knows no softening. He lived among the great revolutionary years and felt the shock of their mighty breaths; '89, the fall of the Bastille, the end of the torture of the people; on the 4th of August, '90, the end of feudalism; '91, Varennes, the end of royalty; '92, the birth of the Republic. He saw the revolution loom into life; he was not a man to be afraid of that giant; far from it. This sudden growth in everything had revived him, and though already nearly old—he was fifty, and a priest ages faster than another man—he began himself to grow also. From year to year he saw events gain in grandeur, and he increased with them. He had at first feared that the revolution would prove abortive; he watched it; it had reason and right on its side, he demanded success for it likewise; in proportion to the fear it caused the timid, his confidence grew strong. He desired that this Minerva, crowned with the stars of the future, should be Pallas also, with the Gorgon's head for buckler. He demanded that her divine glance should be able at need to fling back to the demons their infernal glare and give them terror for terror.

Thus he reached '93. '93 was the war of Europe against France, and of France against Paris. And what was the revolution? It was the victory of France over Europe, and of Paris over France. Hence the immensity of that terrible moment, '93, grander than all the rest of the century. Nothing could be more tragic: Europe attacking France and France attacking Paris! A drama which reaches the stature of an epic. '93 is a year of intensity. The tempest is there in all its wrath and all its grandeur. Cimourdain felt himself at home. This distracted centre, terrible and splendid, suited the span of his wings. Like the sea-eagle amid the tempest, this man preserved his internal composure and enjoyed the danger. Certain winged natures, savage yet calm, are made to battle the winds—souls of the tempest; such exist.

He had put pity aside, reserving it only for the wretched. He devoted himself to those sorts of suffering which cause horror. Nothing was repugnant to him. That was his kind of goodness. He was divine in his readiness to succour what was loathsome. He searched for ulcers in order that he might kiss them. Noble actions with a revolting exterior are the most difficult to undertake; he preferred such. One day at the Hôtel Dieu a man was dying, suffocated by a tumour in the throat—a fœtid, frightful abscess—contagious perhaps, which must be at once opened. Cimourdain was there; he put his lips to the tumour, sucked it, spitting it out as his mouth filled, and so emptied the abscess and saved the man. As he still wore his priest's dress at the time, some one said to him, "If you were to do that for the king, you would be made a bishop." "I would not do it for the king," Cimourdain replied. The act and the response rendered him popular in the sombre quarters of Paris.

They gave him so great a popularity that he could do what he liked with those who suffered, wept, and threatened. At the period of the public wrath against monopolists, a wrath which was prolific in mistakes, Cimourdain by a word prevented the pillage of a boat loaded with soap at the quay Saint Nicholas, and dispersed the furious bands who were stopping the carriages at the barrier of Saint Lazare.

It was he who, two days after the 10th of August, headed the people to overthrow the statues of the kings. They slaughtered as they fell; in the Place Vendôme, a woman called Reine Violet was crushed by the statue of Louis XIV., about whose neck she had put a cord, which she was pulling. This statue of Louis XIV. had been standing a hundred years; it was erected the 12th of August, 1692, it was overthrown the 12th of August, 1792. In the Place de la Concorde, a certain Guinguetrot was butchered on the pedestal of Louis XV.'s statue for having called the demolishers scoundrels. The statue was broken in pieces. Later, it was melted to coin, into sous. The arm alone escaped; it was the right arm, which was extended with the gesture of a Roman emperor. At Cimourdain's request the people sent a deputation with this arm to Latude, the man who had been thirty-seven years buried in the Bastille. When Latude was rotting alive, the collar on his neck, the chain about his loins, in the bottom of that prison where he had been cast by the order of that king

whose statue overlooked Paris, who could have prophesied to him that this prison would fall, this statue would be destroyed? that he would emerge from the sepulchre and monarchy enter it? that he, the prisoner, would be the master of this hand of bronze which had signed his warrant; and that of this king of Mud there would remain only his brazen arm?

Cimourdain was one of those men who have an interior voice to which they listen. Such men seem absent-minded; no, they are attentive.

Cimourdain was at once learned and ignorant. He understood all science and was ignorant of everything in regard to life. Hence his severity. He had his eyes bandaged, like the Themis of Homer. He had the blind certainty of the arrow, which, seeing not the goal, yet goes straight to it. In a revolution there is nothing so formidable as a straight line. Cimourdain went straight before him, fatal, unwavering.

He believed that in a social Genesis the farthest point is the solid ground, an error peculiar to minds which replace reason by logic. He went beyond the Convention; he went beyond the Commune; he belonged to the *Évêché*.

The Society called the *Évêché*, because its meetings were held in a hall of the former episcopal palace, was rather a complication of men than a union. There assisted, as at the Commune, those silent but significant spectators who, as Garat said, "had as many pistols as pockets."

The *Évêché* was a strange mixture; a crowd at once cosmopolitan and Parisian. This is no contradiction, for Paris is the spot where beats the heart of the peoples. The great plebeian incandescence was at the *Évêché*. In comparison to it, the Convention was cold and the Commune lukewarm. The *Évêché* was one of those revolutionary formations similar to volcanic ones; it contained everything, ignorance, stupidity, probity, heroism, cholera, the police. Brunswick had agents there. It numbered men worthy of Sparta, and men who deserved the galleys. The greater part were mad and honest. The Gironde had pronounced by the mouth of Isnard, temporary president of the Convention, this monstrous warning: "Take care, Parisians! There will not remain one stone upon another of your city, and the day will come when the place where Paris stood shall be searched for."

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

JULY 3.—A German squadron is to be immediately despatched to Spanish ports.

General Zaballa has 108 cannons, and hopes soon to finish off the Carlists.

The American pilgrims have been disbanded, and many of them are en route for home.

A New York policeman is under arrest for robbing a man on his beat of a large sum of money.

Gill, who murdered Sullivan last week in New York, has been sentenced to the State prison for life.

M. de Cassagnac, of *Le Pays*, and co-editors have been acquitted of inciting the citizens to mutual hatred.

The plans of the late General Concha are being carried out by the Republicans. The General was buried yesterday with imposing ceremonies.

A despatch from Pictou to the New York Merchants' Exchange says there is no foundation whatever for the report of the loss of the steamer *Faraday*.

Dr. Hammond, of New York, having examined the brain of the printer reported to have died from hydrophobia, inclines to the belief that deceased came to his death by hard drinking—a not uncommon species of hydrophobia.

All rail-lines from New York to the Pacific coast have declared war against the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., and reduced their through freight rates to San Francisco. The Steamship Co. are about to build three new vessels, to surpass all the others at present in their service.

JULY 4.—There were three thousand arrivals at Long Branch yesterday.

The number of mad dogs and their victims increases in the cities of New York and Brooklyn.

The Postmaster-Generalship was yesterday offered, by cable, to Mr. Jewell, United States Minister at St. Petersburg, and he accepted it by cable.

The Count de Chambord has published a manifesto to the French people, in which, *inter alia*, he says his birth made him King of France.

Dr. Butt's Home Rule motion was discussed in the Imperial House of Commons on Thursday night, and after a lengthy debate was rejected by 458 nays to 61 yeas.

Despatches from Calcutta give very favourable accounts regarding the famine district. The crops are in excellent condition, and only 400,000 persons are now being fed by Government.

The customs authorities at Cadiz are exacting tonnage dues of two plasters per ton on vessels clearing for America, and one plaster per ton on vessels clearing for European ports.

A statement has been published of the information supplied by the Department of Public Works to contractors tendering for the Pacific Railway Telegraph line.

Lord Derby, Foreign Secretary of State, during a debate in the House of Lords last night, stated that England had decided to send a representative to the International Congress at Brussels, as a refusal to do so might render her action liable to misconstruction.

Mayor Havemeyer, after consulting eminent legal authority as to their eligibility, has reapportioned the condemned Police Commissioners Charlick and Gardner. The New York press condemns the step in very strong language, and calls upon Governor Dix to remove the mayor.

JULY 6.—The Carlists have reinvaded Bilbao.

A Paris despatch says M. de Coulard died yesterday. Passports are no longer required of American travellers in France.

The Crown Prince of Germany and his wife are staying at Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Active operations are to be resumed by the Republicans in Navarre in a fortnight's time.

A revolution has broken out in Tangiers, and the rebels are said to be in possession of the official buildings.

The Roman Catholic Bishop Gowan died suddenly of cholera morbus in Cincinnati on Saturday.

A fire in Alleghany City, supposed to have originated from fire crackers, swept away over a hundred houses. The loss is estimated at some \$300,000.

The report of Bishop Smith is officially published, deposing Rev. Dr. Cummins from his office of Bishop and minister of the Church.

A negro at Enterprise, Missouri, was taken from jail and promptly lynched yesterday by the citizens, for an outrage on a little girl of five years of age.

L'Union has been suspended for a fortnight by the French Government, partly because of its attack on the Septennate, and also because it published the manifesto of Count Chambord.