

SKETCHES IN PARIS.

A correspondent who was in Paris during the whole of the Communist rebellion, thus describes the last scene in that bloody drama.—The night (Monday, 22nd May) was comparatively quiet, save the irregular firing of the insurgents in the Rue Lafayette, and the peppering of the musketry in the distance. On Wednesday morning our insurgents had disappeared; they had withdrawn as soon as the barricade across the Faubourg Montmartre was taken, to the barricades at the end of the Faubourg Poissonnière and the Church of St. Vincent de Paul. We were therefore between two fires, shells exploded on every side, whilst the crackling noise of chassepots was unceasing. People called to one another, telling what they could see, according to the disposition of their windows. One person said he was sure that he had seen (behind the trees of the Square Montholon) a general and his staff; that they had remained there some minutes—*Mais pour sûr ils ne sont pas loin!* Impatience overpowered prudence, and one after another the more courageous or imprudent inhabitants, keeping close to the wall, stole down the street in front, to the place where the insurgents had been firing from the day before, and cautiously peered round the corner, in the hope of catching a glimpse of deliverers. When a shell arrived they all rushed back to their doorways, but came creeping out again directly afterwards. The whole morning passed in this way; but about two in the afternoon, a gentleman at a window better placed than ours, called out, *Ah! les voilà, vive la ligne!* and immediately they came charging down in single file on each side of the street, formed at the top, and started to take the barricade of the Faubourg Poissonnière by assault. Windows were thrown open; handkerchiefs waved; some threw out tri-coloured ribands; others held out whatever they could lay their hands on representing the then national colours. We were delivered—but from this moment up to Sunday morning the fighting scarcely left our quarter, and the insurgent shells fell in all directions. Sleep was impossible. At night the sky was in flames. Each one asked if it would not be his turn next to burn. A cellar was hastily fitted up with some carpets and a stove, the children and the women were installed therein, whilst the male portion of the house was occupied with filling pails and tubs of water, and keeping watch in a warehouse at the back stored with wool and paper cuttings. Bullets and shrapnel shot fell like rain in the court yard, breaking the windows, knocking down the chimneys, and tearing up the slates. Two nights and days of this infernal uproar added to the continual thundering of the batteries of Montmartre, firing broadsides into Père la Chaise and the Buttes Chaumont, brought us to Sunday. Towards two o'clock all was quiet, when there came pouring down from Belleville and Villette the insurgent prisoners: one convoy consisted of about 6,000. At the head came the staff, then the soldiers of the regular army who had fraternised with the insurgents on the 18th of March, their coats and pockets turned inside out: they knew what fate was awaiting them outside the ramparts. Then came the insurgent National Guards, most of them dressed as workmen; they had changed their uniform in the hope of being able to escape, and fought in their ordinary dress. One of these unfortunate beings as he passed threw a dirty piece of paper towards the crowd lining the roadway; a gentleman at my side picked it up, it contained a name and address with the words, 'Please call and say his wife has been killed on a barricade.' I asked one of the Chasseurs à Cheval if all was finished? he told me that the last had surrendered at three o'clock. I started immediately for Belleville.

The Hôtel de Ville was a magnificent structure, dating in part from 1628. The additions of 1842 to this municipal palace cost £640,000, and some of the saloons were the most gorgeous in Paris, perhaps in the world. Here, in the days gone by, the Prefect of the Seine was wont to entertain his 7,000 guests in the great gallery, with its gilt Corinthian columns and 3,000 wax-lights—the whole suite of rooms comprising six or seven grand saloons. In and about the building were five hundred statues and busts of French celebrities, from Charlemagne to Louis XIV. in a full-bottomed wig. As a specimen of magnificence in the modern French taste, the furniture and decorations of the Hôtel de Ville were unrivalled. Here have been enacted many famous and infamous scenes in the history of Paris. Here the first Commune held its bloody sittings; here Robespierre took refuge with his partisans, and was found by the soldiers with his broken jaw, when he had shot himself in despair; the Citizen King, Louis Philippe, was presented here to the people by Lafayette, from a central window; here the soldiers were quartered in 1848; and here in 1871 was the stronghold of the last Commune, as fanatical and destructive as the first.

M. Etienne Arago asks that the Hôtel de Ville should be left in ruins, rearing its sacred and shattered walls in the sinister grandeur they now wear. M. Castagnary rushes at this idea, stigmatising it as nothing but romance, and demands the restoration of the city palace before all; while a third energetically points out the opportunity of totally suppressing the Hôtel de Ville, from which every revolutionary movement has come.

The idea of preserving the ruins is all very fine, and, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* remarks, the Hôtel de Ville is a pretty ruin, and no great harm can ensue by letting it lie in its present condition. But France herself is also a pretty ruin, and although tourists may flock to see her in her sensational condition, and she may make a certain amount of money by thus exhibiting herself, yet judging from her past she ought to have a future, and if not for her own sake, for the sake of that world in which she may be an agent for good as she has been for evil, she should rather strive to rise like a phoenix than yield to the temptation of falling asleep on the ashes of her glory.

A correspondent of the London *Times* observed the other day, while speaking of the courage and ferocity shown by the women of Paris during the late insurrection, that the French nation would be indeed a terrible nation if it consisted entirely of Frenchwomen. The fair sex certainly occupies a more prominent position in France than in any other European country. In peaceful times the lion's share of the work is performed by the women. While Jules and Alphonse are lounging in *cafés* and *cabarets*, sipping pernicious absinthe, or smoking caporal tobacco, Marie and Celestine are hoeing and weeding and digging in the fields, or busily attending to the wants of their customers, if they are in the shopkeeping line. In time of war the Frenchwoman still more strongly asserts her prominence. Every regiment is accompanied by its *vivandières* and its *cantinières*. During the Prussian siege of Paris the women, it can scarcely be denied, showed a more determined

and undaunted spirit than the men, and it is not impossible that if Trochu had modified his plan of operations to the extent of allowing the Amazons of the Seine to march against the enemy, some of the old fervor of 1792 would have been revived and the besiegers would have been discomfited. La Pétroleuse! what a terrible significance has this newly invented name! Is it possible that those who belong to what is emphatically styled the gentler sex can perpetrate such atrocities? We do not believe the Versailles libellers who assert that all such criminals were the scum of Paris. Twelve months ago, probably enough, the Pétroleuse was an industrious, well-behaved woman, with a husband and children. Then came the siege—her husband lost his work, served in the ranks of the National Guard, and was gradually converted into a lounging, dissipated idler. Meantime his wife waited day after day, in the frost and snow, for her scanty share of rations, and had the inexpressible grief to see her children die for want of the nourishment on which childhood thrives. The capitulation must have come as a bitter pang to one who had suffered so much. Can we not imagine that such a poor creature, demoralized by want of work, and with her brain weakened by slow starvation, would hail the establishment of the Commune as a sort of millennium which would cure all her troubles, and would therefore burst into a fury of uncontrollable mania upon its violent suppression? Though the hand of this woman lighted the flame which burnt some of the finest buildings of Paris she is possibly not the most guilty author of the conflagration. Those were the miserable jealousies and ambitions which within twelve months have converted her from a respectable woman into a Pétroleuse? Other people may have to answer this question some day before a tribunal at which all secrets will be made known.

The Grand Opera-House, lately erected on the Boulevard des Italiens, was occupied by the soldiers of the regular army, on Tuesday the 22nd May, without much difficulty, the Communists still defending their barricades in the surrounding streets. An interesting performance then took place, which was plainly beheld from an attic window of the Hotel Chatham, by the correspondent who writes the following:—"Over tiles and turning cowls of chimneys, we could see the vast roof of the New Opera, sloping down on each side of the great bronze Apollo, who holds his gilt lyre above his head, and over which has floated for six weeks an immense red flag. We saw a row of little pigmy men emerge from a corner and climb like insects about the stair-cases which rib the roof. They were soldiers of the Line, in red trousers and white gaiters, for the Opera-House had already slipped out of the hands of the insurgents. A terrible fusillade was meanwhile raging in the neighbouring streets, and we watched with intense anxiety the movements of the red-legged people on the roof. A man crawled cautiously up the balustrade, half enveloped in a huge tri-colour, which he succeeded in planting on the angle of the building. A subdued clapping of hands from the neighbouring windows might be heard; but the whole was not yet complete—the red banner had to be got down from the lyre of Apollo on the front, a by no means easy task, considering that the figure is upwards of 30 feet high, and within direct range of the Federal troops below. Several men endeavoured to shoot it down with chassepot bullets, but this attempt, although reiterated, proving a failure, one young fellow, more daring than the rest, actually climbed from limb to limb of the gigantic bronze, and tore it down with his hands, while bullets whistled around him, striking every now and then the frieze, or coping, of the pedestal. He accomplished his task in safety, and disappeared with his trophy."

PHOTOGRAPHY IN PARIS.—The keen commercial spirit of Frenchmen is beginning to resume its sway in Paris, and the photographers are making capital out of late disasters, and are, it is to be hoped, recompensing themselves for past losses. The Paris correspondent of the *Echo* says:—"Photographs of the ruins from all points of view cram the shop windows by the side of the portraits of the principal Communists. One indignant shopkeeper labels his wares with epithets, such as 'the infamous Pyat,' 'the bloodthirsty Raoul,' 'the fiend Delescluze.' The portraits attract general attention, especially among foreigners, whose only regret is they couldn't see these gentlemen alive. However, I daresay Tussaud will do all she can do to satisfy this want." The correspondent of the *Daily News* casts doubt on the genuineness of these portraits, and says, speaking of the ingenious devices for making shells useful, if not ornamental, which may be seen in Paris:—"There is at least one comfort for the inexperienced in purchasing this kind of relief, namely, that they run little danger of having a supposititious article palmed off on them, seeing that the supply of shells, burst and unburst, in Paris just now, is likely to be sufficient for almost any possible demand. As much cannot be said of the photographs of the leaders of the Commune, which daily attract crowds of passers-by in all the print shops. Many of these portraits are purely fanciful, to my certain knowledge. There is one of Dombrowski in particular, which is not even a bad likeness of the late 'General of the Army of Paris.' In to-day's papers I see a letter from a lawyer, complaining that his photograph is being sold as that of a prominent member of the Commune, and that he by no means appreciates the joke, as he is in continual fear of arrest in consequence." The fear of falling a victim to the assiduity of the photographer is not confined, apparently, to the lawyer spoken of, for "An Old Parisian" from whose experience among the ruins we last week quoted, says, in a subsequent letter in the *Telegraph*:—"I have before referred to going out to see ruins—I distinctly state I decline going out to see any more. I have supped full of them, and they have given me indigestion. I have just been nearly caught by a photographer; but I turned a deaf ear, or rather a closed eye, on that black devil and all his works."

TALK PHOTOGRAPHS.—*Galvani* says that "photographs exist of the ruins of the Vendôme Column in which the portraits of National Guards, in triumphal attitudes, are plainly recognisable. Each of these heads, after having been enlarged, has now been placed in the hands of the detective police. A series of views of the principal barricades also were published just before the troops entered Paris, and several hundred portraits of insurgents are given. The likenesses will in many cases lead to the condemnation of the men so depicted." The *Echo* says:—"Should our own police think it necessary to provide against a similar contingency, the remarkable taste exhibited by all English agitators against the Government for indulging in demonstrations and marching in their thousands will give many opportunities for the execution of instantaneous portraits of all the 'disaffected element' of our population."

VARIETIES.

The Royal "We"—(Generally) *Ennui*.

The Four Seasons—Mustard, Salt, Pepper, and Vinegar.

Curious Crockery and Sloppy Garments—(H)ewers of wood and drawers of water.

The leading champions of "woman's rights" are generally found to be "man's lefts," or disappointed and jilted old maids.

The Detroit papers have discovered a new method of driving away the organ-grinders. Every day or two they have a small paragraph like this: "Organ-grinders in Memphis make about ten dollars a day."

A paper with a descriptive turn walks into rhetoric as follows: "While enjoying these moments—blissful moments which come but twice in a lifetime—once when he finds his mother's preserves, and the other—as mentioned," etc.

AN ORTHOGRAPHICAL MATTER.—A Massachusetts genius advertised his business, the other day, by sending around in the rear of a circus procession a modest one-horse conveyance, carrying a huge banner, inscribed, "T. McCarthy is dyeing on West street; call and see him."

During the late war a vine-grower of Senlis had three casks of wine which he was particularly anxious to save from falling into the hands of the Prussians. He buried them, and on the spot raised a large black wooden cross, on which was painted in white letters the inscription, "Here lie three caskets" in the German language. His ruse succeeded admirably. The casks were piously saluted.

Some people extract the most abundant gratification out of trifles light as air. An American tourist, visiting the Cumberland Lakes, says: "I was not a little gratified to find that the best omnibus at Windermere station bore the American flag." "This omnibus," says the correspondent triumphantly, "rapidly filled, while the others were forced to start with almost empty benches—a glowing tribute to the popularity of the flag."

A JOB'S COMFORTER.—I was at the Central Criminal Court. Harry Shepherd was there; he told me a droll anecdote of my old friend Harry Greville, who in the American war was one of four who were doomed to decide by chance which of them should be put to death. The lot fell on Sir Charles Asgill, but he was eventually saved. On the night before his intended execution, Greville was deputed to sit up with him and comfort him. "Well," said one of his friends, "what did you say to keep up his spirits?" "Oh, I don't know," said Greville, "I said, pooh! pooh! never mind."—*Smith's Anecdotes.*

The wickedest woman in New Orleans, as we learn from the *Picayune*, is 70 years of age, frowsy, fat, wrinkled, repulsive, and dressed in black silk. Recently she stood at her gate, and a little bird nestled near her, "when the old woman fixed on the bird her burning black eyes. There was a swift, electric glance shot from them, magnetic in its influence. It appalled even the heart of the bird, the free habitant of forest aisles, where it caught the murmur of leafy serenades: it fluttered and gasped under the spell of that evil eye, then fell to the ground and died." What an extraordinary person!

A couple in Dubuque have a fine way of getting along without work. The wife gave out that her husband had gone to Wisconsin, and that she was left to get along as best she might. This, of course, excited the compassion of all the benevolent people in town; and she has been supported by the different churches during the past winter. The other day a benevolent lady visited the woman, and opened the door without knocking. She was somewhat surprised to see a pair of boots disappear under the bed, and still further astonished when she discovered that the owner of the boots was the husband who was supposed to be in Wisconsin, but who, in reality, had lived comfortably on the pious fraud they had been perpetrating throughout the entire winter.

A GIANTIC STRAWBERRY STORY.—People fond of strawberries had better go straightway to Minnesota. A gentleman who has visited that part asserts that he has seen scores of miles of country a degree of latitude north of Fort Totten, which was an almost continuous plantation of wild strawberries, growing in many of the richer spaces, not on horizontal vines, but on bushes, many of them three and four feet high, on which the clusters of this delicious fruit attained a size rarely reached by the most assiduous cultivation. So profuse, he says, was this native production of strawberries on what is called the Pembina mountain—where the plant takes the upright form in the very pride of its exuberant fruitfulness, as if it disdained to creep along the earth with its scarlet crown of glory—that the cart wheels, crushing the berries as they revolved, were red with this wild vintage of the plains, and left long crimson trails behind them. The cows should have followed and gone over the same track, putting cream along it, and shaking ground sugar from baskets attached to their tails.

A wager once came off, the terms of which were as follows: "I will bet any man £100 that he cannot make a million strokes with pen and ink within a month. They were not to be mere dots or scratches; but fair down strokes, such as form the child's first lesson in writing. A gentleman accepted the challenge. The month allowed was the lunar month of 28 days; so that for the completion of the undertaking an average of 36,000 strokes per diem was required. This, at 60 per minute, or 3,600 per hour—and neither the human intellect nor the human hand can be expected to do more—would call for ten hours' labour in every 24. With a feeling of the respect due to the observance of the Sabbath, he determined to abstain from his work on Sundays, and by this determination he diminished by four days the period allowed him, at the same time, by so doing, he increased the daily average of his strokes to upwards of 41,000. On the first day he executed about 50,000 strokes; on the second nearly as many. But at length, after many days, his hand became stiff and weary, the wrist swollen, and without interrupting his progress over the paper, it required the almost constant attendance of some assiduous friend to besprinkle it with a lotion calculated to relieve and invigorate it. On the 23rd day the million strokes, exceeded by some few thousands, "to make assurance doubly sure," were accomplished; and the piles of paper that exhibit them testify that, to the courageous heart, the willing hand, and the energetic mind, nothing is impossible. These interesting papers are not placed in the archives of the Royal Society, of which their author is a fellow, but were claimed and received by the person who made the wager.