

A REIGN OF TERROR.

PARIS IN THE GRIP OF THE COMMUNE.

Murder of the Archbishop and Priests—The Religious Orders Insulted—A Tompest of Infidelity.

(CONCLUDED.)

These calm words made some impression on the captain of the inspecting squad and he contented himself with visiting the house. With a light degree of malice, the Mother Superior insisted on their searching every part of the house and painfully opened for them every corner and cupboard. The inspection lasted for six hours. When it was over, she spoke boldly to the thoroughly wearied men, who were now somewhat ashamed of themselves. Even the captain gratefully accepted for himself a pious medal, and said words which showed how painfully conscious these poor creatures of the Commune secretly were of the probable outcome of their hopeless attempt: "Perhaps I shall be sent to Cayenne [the place of transportation for French criminals]; if this is to be my fate I recommend to you, Reverend Mother, my wife and my children."

The Mother took advantage of his good disposition to smuggle into the prison where the Archbishop was detained a supply of linen and other necessities. Taking courage from this first success, she spoke with equal boldness to the commandant of the district who, on the report of his captain, came to thank her for the kind attentions she had shown to the soldiers who were occupying the neighboring house of the Capuchins. She gained a like influence over him, and was able to send out of Paris, through his means, five Capuchin Fathers and forty-six ecclesiastics. It is impossible to say how many priests she was thus the means of saving from the horrible massacre which was now slowly but surely preparing.

On the 1st of May the Commune publicly acknowledged that it was no longer competent for the direction of public affairs. Accordingly it constituted a Committee of Public Safety, composed of five members. The one who proposed this change openly declared that the Commune was henceforth obliged to take every means necessary for maintaining its authority, and that it would not shrink even before the necessity of cutting off heads. The doughty member who proposed this was an ex-druggist; and gloomy as the times were, one of the newspapers could not help remarking that this proposal no longer concerned pharmacy but was

DOWNRIGHT BUSINESS.

The churches were now transformed into popular clubs. Not the men alone, but the women as well, were seen to mount into the pulpit and give forth their ribald discourse. The venerable Church of Our Lady of Victories was despoiled and the priests arrested. All the rich offerings of piety were seized by the first comers. A cant-woman the next day offered for sale a cross, adorned with precious stones, which had fallen to her share. Other women of the same class, along with their male companions, clothed themselves with the poorest vestments and went through a horrible mockery of religious ceremonies at the very altar. It was plain to what hands this communal revolution which was to "inaugurate a new era" had fallen.

OF THIS WHOLE PERIOD A RESPONSIBLE WRITER SAYS:

The papers of the Commune also the best proof of a terrible truth which many eyes thinking people do not even dream of. They have the simplicity to imagine that circumstances alone may make men guilty. When we speak of the Commune, we understand those members of the movement which had its seat at the Hotel de Ville, and not the wretched National Guards who knew only how to drink and to sleep. Now the latter when they were sent out during the whole time their regular pay was not paid, and they were sent out to the most fertile pastures of the American wilderness. It was the actual head that was the most active.

Marshal MacMahon, at the head of the regular troops, was daily making the position more difficult. The Commune clearly saw that their time of respite could be prolonged but for a few days at most. With the violence of despair they resolved to concentrate in these few days what they had done during the first French Revolution. They began by destroying the great historical monuments of the city. The first to fall was the famous Column Vendôme, made of cannon taken from the Russian and Austrian armies by the first Napoleon. This was on the 16th of May. On the 21st the regular army under MacMahon entered Paris and the Commune was driven back behind its barricades. The Communists now began that incendiary work which in a few hours ruined what it had taken centuries to build. Their conflagrations destroyed alike the giant storehouses of modern commerce and the sumptuous palaces of the ancient monarchy. This is not the place to describe these ruins of Paris. But the four last days of power of this government "of the new era" were taken up by

SANGUINARY MASSACRES

which will long prevent the Commune and its system from being forgotten by the Christian people. During their long imprisonment the "hostages," as they were called, had had many a foretaste of what was in store for them. The Archbishop and the priests and religious had prepared themselves for almost certain martyrdom. They had the happiness of seeing united with their own Christian dispositions many of the soldiers and laymen who were their fellow-prisoners, but who had not in every case been happy enough to preserve the practice of the Christian faith. Mr. Washburne, thanks to his position as Minister of the great American Republic, was enabled to penetrate into the cell of the Archbishop. He was the first one seen by the venerable prisoner since his arrest, excepting his guard and the Judges of the Commune. On the recommendation of Mr. Washburne, an American lady was also enabled, under pretext of providing the prisoners with little necessities, to send them various messages; and finally the Holy Communion—the great comfort for their last

journey, Viaticum—was brought in concealed under the false bottom of a jar of cream. This manner of receiving the Last Sacrament is a vivid reproduction of what is well known in the lives of the early Christian Martyrs. There is more than one family resemblance between the persecution of the Paris Commune and that of Nero. The details of these last days have been more than once narrated. Even the guards were affected almost beyond endurance by the scenes going on before them. The Archbishop heard had grown during his imprisonment. One of the Guards, in his rude simple manner, placed his cap on the prelate's head and, offering his own great coat, insisted that he should escape under this disguise. The Archbishop nobly answered: "But they would know that it was you who had helped me to escape, and you would be shot. Now you are the father of a family and have your wife and children to support. My good friend, I cannot throw away the lives of others in this manner, and I shall remain where I am." On the 24th of May the members of the Commune finally gave their order. "The bandits of Versailles"—this is the name they gave to the army of the legitimate Government—"have killed several officers of the Commune at the barricades: accordingly the Commune demands that sixty-eight hostages, chosen especially among the priests, shall be massacred on the spot." This order was conveyed to the Prison of La Roquette, where the Archbishop with many others had been confined. The authorities of the prison vigorously declared themselves against the execution of sixty-eight hostages, to average two or three victims at most. At last it was settled that the number should be reduced to six. These six were to be Archbishop Darboy, the Parish Priest of the Madeleine, the two Jesuits, Ducoudray and Clere, from the scientific school at the Rue des Postes, the Abbe Allard, who had been a hospital chaplain during the war, and M. Bojjean, a civil official of high position—in all five priests and one layman. At eight o'clock in the evening, the "Avengers of the Commune," as they called themselves, entered noisily into the corridor of the prison. Their captain spoke in a voice so loud that all the prisoners could hear him from their cells: "We must make an end of this." One of his companions answered: "Yes, and this time we will lay them out!" They continued their march to the very end of the corridor. Then one cried: "Attention, citizens, and answer to the call of your names." Citizen Darboy. The Archbishop with him, emphatic tone made answer, "Present." His cell was opened and he passed forth into the hands of those who were to lead him to death. The five other victims were called forth in the same manner. With their executioners they moved out to the courtyard where the prisoners were in the habit of taking their daily exercise. The guards of the prison were deeply touched; they were not allowed to be present at the last scene. As the Archbishop stepped out into the night air he turned and

said: "I die in the love of my God, with submission to His Holy Will. I pardon, I pardon with Jesus-Christ on the cross. I die at the age of fifty-seven years and some days. If I had not probed by them! Yet I have confidence in the intercession of my Mother Mary notwithstanding my own sins." For the last two hours, I make my sacrifice from hour to hour. Blessed is he whom faith supports in his terrible moment!"

THE RANK OF VICTIMS.

Father Caubert was the second, and Father de Bengy the third. The name of the latter had been badly written and was pronounced, but the Father recognized it and answered with his usual simplicity and good-nature. Some of the condemned men asked leave to enter their cells to prepare themselves for the way, as they were in a lingers and without hats. "You are quite right as you are," was the answer, and they went off away. From the prison the company marched forward through the dense people of the quarter of Belleville. A man standing on a cart, with a red flag in his hand, announced to the swarming crowd the meaning of their procession. "Citizens, the devotedness of the people is worthy of a recompense. Behold, we bring you hostages to pay you for your long sufferings."

With these boasts the procession went on for nearly two miles, as far as the Rue Haxo. Here, beside a long building which had served as military quarters during the siege and was now appropriated to the Commune, there was a long open field, ending behind in a high unbroken wall. It was originally designed to be covered with troops and to be used as an open-air training place. The members of the Commune were not wanting to the occasion. With blasphemy in their mouths and some wild yells in their hands, these impious fellows after the manner that the guards had to use. They were to prevent the intended victims from being massacred before their time. The number of victims had been increased in other parts of the prison too. They were now packed heavily into this courtyard, and ranged without order along the great wall at the foot. It was nearly six o'clock in the evening. There was no light save the military lamps hanging from the walls, and the signal by which the prisoners were to be led to the execution. For a quarter of an hour nothing was heard but the confused noise of this prodigious assemblage. By seven o'clock everything was over. The dead had been stripped and mutilated with ball and bayonet, and the next day they were all thrust together into an outside-way pit by the way of the boulevard. Among the many victims, besides the three Jesuits, were four Fathers of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, commonly known from their chief house of Plepus, a priest from one of the parishes of that city, and

other who was the director of an institution of charity established in behalf of the workmen—as whose enemy he was now killed—and a saintly young ecclesiastic of the Sulpician Seminary. The lives of all these victims have been written, and show conclusively that they had prepared for

AN HEROIC DEATH

by the practice of every Christian virtue during life. Here, indeed, would be the true application of saying falsely attributed to another massacre—"God knew His own!" The Commune had decreed that none of the so-called hostages should be spared. The time was short, but a few hours would now bring the siege of Paris to an end and terminate the short career of this government of the "new era." The next morning—Saturday, the 27th of May—the soldiers of the Commune once more entered the Prison of La Roquette, opening all the cells and bidding the prisoners to come out. "If you don't come out," they said you will be killed. We are going to blow up the prison." There were still one priest among the prisoners. They went out of the prison gate hoping to find some refuge. But one of them, with a lay friend, was at once pitched upon by the National Guard. They were led away and, at a short distance from the prison they had just quitted, shot down and thrown into a trench. The two others were shot shortly after in the same neighborhood. Another took refuge in a street near the prison itself, and in there was an unwilling witness of the assassination of his brother, Monsieur Sarat, the first to be killed on that day. All of these victims had foreseen their death from the day before. One of them, the Abbe Beccot, wrote a few last words on a slip of paper, which was afterward found in his cell.

LAST DAYS OF THE COMMUNE.

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Meanwhile a similar bloody massacre had taken place at the other great Prison at Mazas. Here there were forty Christian Brothers and a number of seminarians, with others amounting to 750 in all. When the order of the Commune, however, came, the prison guards themselves revolted, seized the Communist Director looked him in a cell, and gave him liberty to all the prisoners. It was during the

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A Touching Incident.

A touching story is related by the Italian Cardinal of Naples. It concerns an old man who was in the care of the Villa of the Holy Spirit, a hospital for the aged, and who was suffering from a severe ailment. Fortunately a priest was passing at the time, and was able, with the help of several other people who witnessed the scene, to carry the dying man to his own parlor, and a child to him the last contents of the church. At the same moment the cardinal-bishop of Naples also happened to pass in his carriage. The crowd that had collected round the poor man on seeing the carriage ran, and in disposing the cardinal to stop and give the last distribution to the dying man. The cardinal at once got out and ordered that a red velvet cushion, which was in the carriage, should be placed under the poor man's head; and having put on the stole, surrounded by a large crowd that had collected, he administered the absolution for the dying, immediately after which he intoned the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. "A spectacle," the same journal says, "now and sublime was witnessed." From the street and from the balconies and windows of the houses near the hospital, the cardinal, with tears in his eyes, absorbed against the dying man, who shortly afterwards expired. The crowd silently and reverently, but as demonstration of sympathy for their cardinal, accompanied his carriage the whole way to his house. The discussion of Naples says that the old man was just over 100 years of age, and that he was an old servant in the law courts of Naples.—Pile.

IN ADVANCE

In advance age the declining powers are wonderfully refreshed by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It really does "make the weak strong."

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